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TO THE

Broadcast Pioneers Library

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April 1975
officials at the opening of their new Kansas City ticket office: E. M. Matjes, General Agent, Passenger Department; G. F. Ashby, President; C. J. Collins, General Passenger Traffic Manager; and D. R. Alexander, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

CENTER: James J. Rick and Robert T. Hensley, Jackson County and State of Missouri chairmen of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, look on as a physical therapist massages a polio victim in the isolation ward of Kansas City's Mercy Hospital. (See page 25.)

LOWER LEFT: Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano and one of America's best dressed women, tells WHB's fashion expert, Sandra Lee, what goes in the world of music and charm.

LOWER RIGHT: Ralph Bradford, Secretary of the United States Chamber of Commerce, drives home a point to Kansas City radio listeners.
A SEASON surrounds a man like the walls of his house or the air through which he moves. As he inhabits space, so he inhabits times, and alters and adjusts to it as trees do, or the creature of the animal world. He doesn’t moul or shed his skin. But he freezes or thaws emotionally, and reacts in spirit to the seasons. It is as if each—even each month—were a different house, of particular design and decor, mood and behaviour. January is a large house, chilly, plain and partician, lighted by north light, and done in chromium and glass. It’s a good place for settling down soberly (after the confetti has cleared away) to put our minds in order.

But the house of the season isn’t enough. Time is only a fourth dimension, space has the other three. And space is something of uncommon importance in the world today. The sun, say the astrologers, has his houses, the Republicans have their House—yes, and their Senate, too, but some thousands of ex-GIs have only a room with the in-laws. Even the U.N., that corporate body of the peace, has little place to lay its collective head. And peace itself has scarcely anywhere to live. She wanders through the world, putting in at temporary ports of call and sleeping in little hidden corners till she is hunted out again by hatred and greed and run out of town by organized suspicion. Some find her now and then asleep on a bench in the sun in some forsaken park. Sometimes you’ll find her on a hilltop where only the polemics of wind and oak leaves break the quiet. But in all the world there is very little place that peace can call her own. And she, of all entities, should have the world for a home and inhabit all the rooms like the sun its golden houses. Perhaps this year. . . . That is the hope of a good part of the world; in the new year, a new home, even on the site of the old one; a place to settle, to make one’s own hollows, to live graciously. The season isn’t enough. We need space and spirit within whatever season—a space within time—where we may feel at home, assured, and secure. Until this happy condition evolves, peace may likely wander about, a waif. And lucky the country who wakes up some morning to find it on the doorstep like a foundling, who takes it in, and gives it—like the queen—a room and a bed of its own.

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JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Art
Masterpiece of the Month: Guitar Player, Andre Derain, Contemporary French.
Lectures: January 15, 22, and 29 by the Director, Paul Gardner. Based on recent Gallery acquisitions.

Music

Dancing
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Tuesday and Friday nights, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra. Jan. 1-2, Ozzie Clark's Orchestra. Wednesdays, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, George Winslow's Orchestra. (La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main.)
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

Drama
(Music Hall)

Boxing
(Municipal Auditorium Arena)

Basketball
(All games at Municipal Auditorium Arena.)

Bowling

Conventions

Special Events
Resolutions are writ in bourbon on New Year’s Eve, but they’re faced by the gray light of day!

Ten-Point Program for Some Other Year

by CHARLES HOGAN

Back in the lost days when I still had full use of mental powers I made a New Year’s resolution. I made a resolution not to make any more New Year’s resolutions.

This dramatic decision was reached after it dawned that resolutions are very dull stuff. You make ’em; you break ’em! It’s like looking down a well, there’s no future in it!

But with the passing years the staunch and manly determination which upheld me in that stern resolve appears to have ravelled at the seams. For the first time since I was voted the “Boy Most Unlikely to Succeed” in the high school annual, I find myself back in the New Year’s resolutions racket in a big way.

In fact, much to my amazement, I seem to have signed a list of stuff to do or not to do in 1947 that is as full of pious promises as the United Nations conference. I am awash with good intentions.

For instance, now that the party has been over for a day or so (Oh, my aching over-indulgence!), it seems that I have sworn, throughout 1947, not to sing any more—any more—something or other, the writing is a little scrawly on the subject.

I must have made that vow while I was draped across the refrigerator demanding that somebody mix me another highball. But it is a fascinating resolution and at the moment I wonder what I have sworn not to sing.

Then there is an entry which says: “I resolve not to go in wading without hip boots.” This is an intriguing item, and must have been slipped in when I went out on the back porch to sulk while somebody recited Gunga Din.

It seems that in 1947 I am committed to a course of not—let’s, see, now—of not—(the writing is a little blurred) so I can skip that one. They can’t put me in Alcatraz for an honest mistake!

But there is a definite resemblance to my handwriting and the cryptic
paragraph undoubtedly contains something or other I mustn’t even think of for 12 months.

The fifth paragraph in this remarkable document looms out with astounding brilliance. (We are disregarding the fourth paragraph, of course, because it seems to be just a lot of little old squiggly kind of marks, punctuated with rings from somebody’s highball glass.) “I swear and affirm,” the fifth paragraph begins, “that throughout the year of 1947 I will not keep threatening to take an ax to that juke box but will go get an ax and do it!”

Under penalty of being jailed for perjury, or mawkery and high gawkery or something, it appears that I have pledged myself to give up stalking around the shack in my old, sagging robe and my whiskers. In fact, it seems that I have sworn to become a man of distinction. I am already cultivating the proper clutch for the glass.

This unfortunate promise is duly set forth. But for the life of me, I can’t recall writing it down at any time during the proceedings. Maybe I dashed it off while panicking nobody but me with an impersonation of Bert Williams.

In a dreamy sort of way I recall an interlude in the gaiety in which our hostess bobbed up right under my nose and shrieked: “What resolutions are you going to make for 1947? Come on, now, we’re all making lists of our resolutions.”

“Red-haws,” I remember murmuring.

“What?” she yelled.

“Red-haws!” I insisted firmly. “I am not going to eat any more red-haws in 1947.”

This seemed to me like an innocent conceit and a remark certain to get her to go away and try to wheedle somebody into eating some more anchovy paste and crackers. But the pleasantries was ill-timed. Instead of leaving me on the piano top she galloped out and came back with paper and pencil and yelled: “Here! Start your list!”

Thus, as nearly as I can figure, the list of resolutions started. Besides red-haws, it appears that I have foresworn pawpaws and — and — something. What is obviously a gargoyle, or possibly a griffin, is evident in the paragraph, though. It is reasonable to assume that I was swearing off gargoyles at the moment.

In addition, I am committed to eschew:

1. Drinking anything stronger than that new cola drink which scientific tests prove is not harmful for movie stars.

2. Smoking anything stronger than Cubebs, which have been shown by independent tests to be not harmful to movie stars.

3. Sleeping on mattresses which have not been proved, by the famous “Snore Test,” to be unharmful for movie stars.

4. Chewing tobacco which does not contain Atomium, the miracle discovery which has been proved by scientific research to be absolutely dandy for Trigger and other movie stars.

5. Using any cold cream which is just some kind of greasy goo. I am pledged for the next twelve months
to use either a cold cream that is guaranteed to make me as lovely as a movie star, or as desirable as a vestal with a rich father.

6. Gr-ll-xx-m-Joe-x-Suffolkdoxscae dill pickles—

I am further sworn to give up what appears to be annotated as playing my bagpipe on Sundays. (This is ridiculous on the face of it. Nobody ever plays a bagpipe—they just torture it to death).

Item eight or nine is a jimdandy and is a resolution which would stand all of us in good stead. It is a vow to abstain from the folly of riding on merry-go-rounds which have not been proved, by scientific tests, to be safe for movie stars.

But the sub-heading 10 is a dead loss all the way around, "I firmly resolve to"—That is Item 10 in its entirety. Certainly, I firmly resolved to do something or other, like maybe sitting down and dashing off the great American novel, or finally getting around to putting some jade Coroc on the walls of our library. Item 10 is a particularly nebulous thing. When I get around to it, I'm going to worry about that resolution, made in the greatest good faith and high determination.

Item 10 is followed by a long line which culminates in a brilliantly executed doo-dad. I am pleased to think this represents the true perfection of my work as an artist. It is a drawing of several parties in rebellion about something or other. Now that things are over I have titled it "Comes The Revolution, We Will All Be Eating Strawberries and Cream: Especially Comrade Me!"

Copies of this artistic masterpiece will not be sent upon request. After all, this sketch not only represents all that I have to show for my New Year's resolutions, it is the finest example of my resoluting work.

It was executed in the Hogan "Blue Period," I guess. Right between that guy, with gestures, demanding that somebody ship him "somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst" and our hostess loping out into the kitchen and screeching: "I found him! Here he is! Have you got your resolutions made up?" Even now, through the haze, it is easy to exclaim: "Boy, was I blue!"

But it is satisfying to know that I am not only pledged not to do several different kinds of wrong things in 1947 such as—well—the record becomes a bit vague again . . .

There must be something I have to do in 1947!

Probably it is to sign a resolution not to make any more resolutions. But this is where I came in!
IF YOU were born December 23 to January 20, your sun is in Capricorn, the sign of the goat, ruled by the planet Saturn. The new year should be good to you.

A Capricorn person is clever and ambitious, with innate ability to manage and direct others. A woman born under this sign will manage her home well, for she loves system and order. She will probably be greatly in demand for church, lodge, or club work, as she is a capable leader and has a natural ability for directing others. She loves attention and appreciation more than those born under any other sign.

Capricorn people have great determination; they are practical, industrious, frugal, cautious, reserved, serious, reflective, and subtle. They act largely from external motives, gaining points by cunning rather than by force. They strive to gain power and social influence, and are diplomatic and good organizers.

This sign tends to give a slender figure, thin face, dark hair and complexion. The physical weaknesses may center in the knees, breast, stomach or liver.

In business, these people are interested in mining, real estate, coal, grain, building material, basic utilities, and farming.

According to the Stars

by NELLE CARTER

A Capricorn person's best chance for marital happiness is to choose a mate born when the sun is in Taurus (April 20 to May 20) or in Virgo (August 24 to September 23), or in his own sign. Natives of Capricorn frequently meet with disappointment or delay in affairs of the heart, but when at last marriage is consummated, they are faithful to their mates, and are conscientious about performing all duties and obligations.

If you are a Capricorn person, Jupiter in your eleventh house will cause your friends to be very important to you during the coming year, especially until the latter part of next October, stimulating your most generous impulses and providing much pleasure. But be careful that the expansive rays of Jupiter do not cause you to indulge too much in extravagant entertainment, for Saturn in the department of partnership money will exact his toll.

Venus, the "Lesser Benefic," enters your sun sign in February, stimulating speculation, amusements, and love affairs. At the same time, Neptune, the planet of deception, will be shedding his rays on your first house Venus, so be on your guard about the middle of the month against misrepresentation in matters of love or business. Generally speaking, the year ahead looks very bright for the natives of Capricorn.
Can we stop the human waste?
Birth by choice instead of chance.

This year America will lose 7,000 mothers in childbirth. More than 150,000 families will know the tragedy and heartbreak of babies stillborn or dying during the first month of their lives.

America—a nation of only 130 million—must take some drastic step, or, during the next four years, it will produce one million children who will grow up so chronically ill or maladjusted as to be a burden on society.

This appalling waste in human life and health to a very great degree must be attributed to a problem which America has neglected too long... the accident of birth through chance, not choice. Ignorance and bigotry offer the challenge which this country must accept if it is to preserve the health, the social well-being, and the economic security of its family life.

Through ignorance of proper birth control methods, thousands of mothers become pregnant when their physical condition is unequal to the strain of child birth, and the health of both mother and child suffers. The economic capacity of family resources is strained to the point where family disintegration is unavoidable in countless cases.

Too often, the unplanned child grows up with a strong sense of being unwanted and unloved. One prominent judge estimates that of the juvenile delinquency cases under his jurisdiction, nine out of every ten are from broken homes, or evidence a strong feeling of being unwanted.

As for the divorce rate, which today is approaching 40 per cent of all marriages, many marital difficulties arise as the fear of more children places undue burdens on both parents. Or consider the opposite condition... sterility. Doctors claim that 10 per cent of all marriages are sterile, with resultant marital difficulties and unhappiness. Research, education, and active medical aid offer an answer to both these problems. Only through complete public acceptance and aid to this program can America develop better families, stronger families, and more enduring families.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the socially-minded Margaret Sanger recognized the evils which arose from the accident of birth, due to lack of knowledge concerning means of controlling the size of fam-
families. Her advocacy of birth control met with rigid opposition at first, but gradually public acceptance grew.

The Birth Control Federation of America was founded twenty-six years ago, but under that name it faced a wall of opposition due to the erroneous popular impression that a decrease in childbirth was its primary aim. Actually its goal was the opposite. Through healthier children born to healthier parents, the nation could be assured a larger number of strong and happy children.

Out of the pioneering efforts of that period, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America was formed. This federation is active in 38 states today, and is backed by nearly 50,000 American physicians and 19,000 clergymen.

At present, only two states, Connecticut and Massachusetts, raise legal barriers to education on birth control under medical auspices. It is fairly significant that both these states have low birthrates, much, much lower, in fact, than most of the states where birth control education is legally permissible. This bears out the claim of advocates of Planned Parenthood that such information does not decrease the birth rate, but tends to increase it by promoting healthful reproduction.

Seven states, all in the South, give parenthood education (one of the strong planks in Planned Parenthood's campaign) in their public health programs. In the South, the opposition is least, and the need greatest.

Planned Parenthood has two basic aims:--to save lives and to save homes. Toward this end, the association plans to spend two million dollars in 1947 to promote four phases of its program: Child-spacing information.
Education for marriage and parenthood.
Information for treatment of infertility.
Research in the field of human reproduction.

In more than 600 communities, Planned Parenthood offers approved medical advice to married couples on planning the size of their families and proper spacing of their children to insure the greatest health for the mother and child. These clinics gave counsel and medical service to more than 154,000 women, last year.

Often, such advice is directly responsible for saving a faltering marriage. And in a surprising number of cases, it is the husband who seeks advice. In one fairly typical case, a man just out of the state penitentiary came to the Planned Parenthood clinic in a large mid-western town. Prior to his prison sentence, he and his wife had had nine children in rapid succession. Now, driven by terror at the
thought of more children, his wife refused to return to him, even though she was not financially able to keep her children with her under any other arrangement.

Through counseling on birth control, the clinic was able to reunite the husband and wife, and prevent the tragedy of a broken home for their children.

These clinics work closely with competent physicians, to whom they refer any of their cases which need medical service that the clinic is unable to offer. They also integrate their work with that of the communities' welfare agencies, receiving a tremendous number of cases from these agencies. Most of the clinics also have their own social workers in the field, and their own libraries for pre-marital-information seekers.

One of the largest problems facing this country is abortion, which is usually the desperate alternative to birth control. Doctors estimate that at least three-fourths of a million illegal abortions are performed each year in America. There is no way to count the number of women who die as a direct result of such operations. Perhaps even more tragic are those who live, but face a lifetime of invalidism. Thousands more are made sterile as a result of these illegal abortions. Contrary to popular thought, authoritative sources claim that of the 750,000 illegal abortions a year, 90% are performed on married women to terminate unwanted pregnancies. In other words, it is a definite fact that with proper education, nine-tenths of this country’s abortions with their attendant evils could be eradicated.

Dr. Fred B. Kyger, medical advisor of the Kansas City chapter of Planned Parenthood, states that abortion is a much more frequent cause of sterility than either gonorrhea or endocrine disorders, which usually take the blame.

One out of every ten marriages is sterile. This percentage indicates the startling fact that there are three million married couples in America today who need help in overcoming in fertility. Estimates vary, but at least twenty percent of this childlessness can be erased by medical treatment (glandular medication, relief from adhesions, and the opening of blocked tubes, to mention a few.)

In close co-ordination with its services to the individual families, the federation also provides the public with printed educational material on fertility control.

THROUGH its medical committees, it seeks to stimulate wider teaching on the subject in medical schools. There is great opportunity in this field, as fewer than half the grade A medical schools include courses in the control of fertility for their students.

The federation cooperates in promoting sufficient interest in the subject to lead to the establishment of clinics in hospitals. Of 4,884 general hospitals, only 69 actually offer clinical services in this matter today. Here too, there is a huge field for expansion.

Planned Parenthood strongly backs all efforts to advance industrial health, knowing that healthy parents produce healthy children.

The research program of the Fed-
eration plans to initiate a broad program in the long-neglected field of the physiology of human reproduction, which will have as its principal aims investigation into the causes and cure of sterility, and the discovery of a simple, acceptable, and inexpensive method of contraception. To further the program, a series of grants have been made to establish universities and laboratories.

Any thinking person must realize that the problems which Planned Parenthood seeks to solve are vital to the health of the nation. Up to now, the American public has not had the opportunity to support its work, due in part to wartime restrictions, and in part to the Federation's own decision to further local organization before making any national appeal.

However, during February and March, the Federation will ask the American public to contribute $2,000,000 to insure the continuance of its work . . . $2,000,000 to help stamp out the third highest cause of deaths in the country—birth ailments.

Keep this thought in mind when you are writing your check, and make it a big one . . . for yourself . . . for America!

CHANGING TIMES

Women not only keep their girlish figures—they double them.

An elderly plutocrat went to a rejuvenating expert and asked: "Can you make me twenty-five again?"
"Yes," was the reply, "but it will cost you $500."
"Can you make me eighteen?"
"Yes, but it will cost you $2,500."
"I'll have the operation for eighteen."
Six months later the expert called for his money.
"Nothing doing," said the patient. "I'm under age and if you say I'm not I'll sue you for fraud."

Women are attractive at 20, attentive at 30, and adhesive at 40.

In the old days—a twelve-year-old boy was six so he could travel at half-fare, but now he is sixteen so he can drive a car.
There was a year—a very bad one. It was 1907, a year of chaos and financial panic.

There was some land—a ten-acre tract of low-lying ground a day's wagon ride from Kansas City. It was such a bit of property as would give today's FHA experts a hearty laugh, without streets, without utilities, without transportation lines. It was a deserted subdivision which had lain dormant since the boom-time Eighties—and now it was encircled by the City Dump, two stone quarries, and "Razor Park," a Negro recreation area. Anybody could see it was a mess.

There was a man—an inexperienced visionary of not more than twenty-four or twenty-five without a cent in his pocket.

And so our story begins, with a time, a place, and a protagonist.

What happened next you won't believe. It seems incredible that anyone could be so ill-advised. But the penniless young man took the near swampland in the panic year—and determined to subdivide it as residential lots! His name was Jesse Clyde Nichols, and he called his real estate travesty the "Country Club District."

People began talking about J. C. Nichols, as you can well imagine. Before long he was in the newspapers. But it wasn't exactly the sort of talk such inauspicious beginnings might indicate. For instance here's part of what the Kansas City Star said in 1909:

"Where he got his insight into the development of real estate is somewhat of a mystery. Six years ago he was a student at the University of Kansas.

"However that may be, he became a real estate operator with one million dollars behind him to spend in the development of 1,000 acres of land in the same time it would take the average man to reach the position of confidential clerk in a rental agency."

In two years, his capital had risen from absolute zero to one million dollars, and his holdings had increased a hundred times!

That was the beginning. It was the start of a residential district which now has 6,500 homes and 160 apartment buildings covering 4,000 acres and housing 40,000 people.

But it was the beginning of much, much more. It was the start of a new idea in city planning. J. C. Nichols knew what he was doing. He had
fixed ideals of land use and residence building, ideals that were unique in the field. He was working with a particular thought uppermost in his mind: it need cost no more to build a beautiful community than an ugly one.

Today, architects, real estate men, and community designers from all over the world—literally and actually all over the world—make the trip to Kansas City to study the results Mr. Nichols has achieved. Every week he confers with droves of them from the United States and a dozen or so from foreign countries.

Most realtors open a subdivision, sell the lots, and move blithely on to new pastures with never a thought for the district they brought into being.

But J. C. Nichols doesn’t operate that way. He learned the hard way. A post-graduate course at Harvard under Dr. O. M. W. Sprague and a bicycle trip around Europe (he had worked his way across on a cattleboat), convinced him that he wanted to devote his life to city-planning. He wanted to create interesting, unusual, and beautiful residential areas and maintain them as such throughout the years.

So he returned to Kansas City, which he felt sure would benefit from industrial growth and colonization southward and westward. He had no capital, but he borrowed money from some farmer friends and built a series of small houses for workmen in Kansas City, Kansas. With the profits he was able to purchase the 10-acre tract in Missouri, and so the Country Club District was launched.

During the morning young Nichols dug drainage ditches and laid board sidewalks. Then a change of clothes transformed him to a salesman in the afternoon.

In the beginning, all was not heavy cream and strawberry tarts, despite the youthful enthusiasm, vitality, and a liberal dash of foresightedness. The initial venture brought soul-searing experiences from which bitter lessons were learned. Foremost was the way building restrictions have of going all to pot.

The original lots sold were restricted for only ten years, and covered just the cost of the houses, setback from the streets and single family residential use. Within three or four years buyers became leary of what might happen when restrictions ran out, and lots became difficult to sell.

When the term did expire, it was impossible to get all owners to join in setting up new restrictions. Owners were, by then, scattered over the country; some corners had taken on high value as business sites; many properties were under guardianship and trusts.

At tremendous costs, Nichols succeeded in buying back all of the land and repairing his original mistakes; he was obstinately determined that nothing would reduce the value nor mar the beauty of his subdivision. He vowed never again to sell a homesite that would go back in value, and never to offer property not protected against the influence of bad surroundings.

It was apparent that success for his plans depended upon making every
piece of land more valuable and retaining a practical, active interest in each one long after it was fully paid for.

So he put his mind to the restriction problem and evolved, over a period of time, a plan of self-perpetuating restrictions, wherein the restrictions automatically extend themselves unless affirmative action to abandon them is taken by some majority of owners. This plan has been widely copied and is in itself a very real contribution to community planning.

Then he got hold of a great deal of land, thinking he would develop it from the standpoint of overall unity. To protect the land, he built special "buffers." To the north he put up apartments—large, attractive buildings, set on winding streets and well-landscaped. Along the western boundary he laid out a series of four golf courses. With his property thus protected Nichols went into action. The appearance of the land today is a tribute to his wide vision and good taste.

He designed the Country Club District with several main arteries to carry the bulk of traffic, but kept the other streets narrow, gently winding, constantly beckoning.

This breaks the monotony of ordinary rectangular street patterns, and gives more individuality to the homesites. Too, the easy curving frequently makes possible the saving of fine old trees, stone ledges, and other important features.

Land contours have not been graded away. Hillside sites are utilized to their utmost advantage. Streams have

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**NICHOLLS' NOTES ON SELLING**

J. C. Nichols, the dean of city-planners who controls almost 40 subdivisions in Kansas City, is recognized throughout the United States as a master of personal salesmanship. He addresses his large selling staff at weekly meetings, and here are some of the rules he has outlined for them:

*Never swear unless you are damned sure the other fellow likes to swear.*

*Always remember that your client has a perfectly good reason for his own opinion, and simply because he disagrees with you it does not necessarily follow that he's a fool.*

*Never talk so loudly when talking to a client that he keeps thinking about the loudness of your voice rather than the things you are saying to him.*

*Diplomacy is letting the other fellow have your way.*

*You lose if you win an argument with a client.*

*Look your client straight in the eye.*
been retained and beautified, with occasional fords and picturesque bridges.

In addition, Mr. Nichols has retained a quantity of land for parkways, fountains and statuary. He has imported almost half a million dollars worth of artwork from Europe—sculptured benches, Italian well-heads, marble columns. His district is now referred to by realtors as the "Outdoor Museum of Art."

What's more, he has made the large investment in art objects pay off! Crews of workmen keep everything in perfect condition. Residents have developed a great pride in their neighborhoods and actively aid in maintaining them. Vandalism is no problem at all.

The result, of course, is a constant increase in property values. The
bugaboo of nearly every realtor is that tag-end lot which remains unsold, declines in appearance and value, and all the while runs up an expensive tax bill. But Country Club lots always sell for more as time goes on, because neighborhood improvements make them more desirable.

One of the most distinctive features of the Nichols’ area is its system of shopping centers. The National Real Estate Journal calls them “the best developed shopping areas in the world.”

There are now almost 40 subdivisions, served by seven groups of shops. Each group is comprised of one and two story buildings of harmonious architecture—all Norman, all colonial, all Italian or what-have-you. Each group is different in design, but planned to fit congenially into the surrounding residential area.

The gateway to the District is the Country Club Plaza, the principal business center. It didn’t just grow, but was painstakingly planned.

The Plaza is Spanish in motif. It covers an area of ten square blocks, has three very large free parking stations, and houses 250 stores and professional offices. There is no single department store: the small, exclusive shops fill the need adequately, and give more personal service.

Nichols spent $25,000 in beautifying the Plaza parking stations alone. The whole area was built, and is owned and managed, by him. He allows no protruding or overhanging signs, and carefully regulates window displays and store arrangements. The buildings are stucco. They have red tile roofs, imported wrought-iron grillwork, and small flagstone patios with fountains.

And that brings us back to Mr. Nichols himself. As you’ve probably guessed by this time, he may be conservatively described as a dynamo. At 65, he is robust and full of vitality. He keeps longer hours than any of his employees, and young men trying to impress the boss have been known to crack under the strain. Lounging in an easy chair to watch J. C. Nichols work would exhaust the average man in something under an hour.

His mind is an amazing thing. It has the ability to envision progressive plans on a grand scale, and also to focus on every minute detail necessary to carry those plans into action. It works effortlessly, but with surprising speed.

Few completely thorough men are also progressive. J. C. Nichols is both.

He is an optimist with indomitable will power. His parents were hardy pioneers of Olathe, Kansas. Comfortably set up financially, they would gladly have given their only son a college education. But he preferred making his own way.

He worked through the University of Kansas where he was a member of Beta Theta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa, and set a scholastic record which is still unbroken. Then he went to Harvard for a post-graduate course.

Finally he decided to abandon cloistered halls for the business world—and when he came in, it was with both feet!

Time, of course, has brought Mr. Nichols many honors, locally and na-
tionally. In 1926 President Coolidge appointed him a member of the National Capitol Park and Planning Commission, the government arm devoted to the task of making Washington the world's most sightly capital city. Presidents have come and gone in the intervening 20 years, but Mr. Nichols has been reappointed by each of them.

In addition, he has held other government advisory posts. he has been an official of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and of many national groups sponsoring civic betterment. He is an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, and the American Society of Landscape Architects.

J. C. Nichols' services to his own community are legion. He plays a leading role in every civic undertaking. For eight years he was a member of the Board of Education and President of the Kansas City Art Institute. For 17 years he has been chairman of the board of trustees of the William Rockhill Nelson Trust for the collection and exhibition of art housed in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Atkins Museum of Fine Arts. He was a force in war housing and sparkplugged several fund campaigns. Even a partial list of his memberships and activities would be staggering.

The Country Club District covers ten percent of Kansas City's total area, but Mr. Nichols has always worked on the theory that anything which bettered the city would also further his own interests. So he doesn't confine himself to his own territory. He devotes time, money and valuable ideas to improving any phase of the city's life or any one of its districts. His whole organization may be counted upon to co-operate fully on downtown, industrial, traffic, suburban, or residential problems.

The Nichols Companies build and sell speculatively houses ranging in price from $5,000 to $100,000. They build more expensive homes on order. Bungalows and two story houses are not mixed indiscriminately. They are grouped separately in natural, cohesive neighborhoods.

At the present, small houses for veterans are an all-out project. A new subdivision, Prairie Village, has been opened for small and exceedingly attractive homes priced upwards from $9,000. As in all Nichols' subdivisions, landscaping is extensive, and a complete shopping center will be erected. Prairie Village will have its own schools, churches, and recreational facilities—designed to fit into the overall architectural scheme.

Prairie Village is the latest subdivision in the famous Country Club District, but it won't be the last.

That's the story. As you can see, it has no ending. It had a quick beginning, and it had a middle which showed what can be done, against odds, if the determination is great enough. Luck was not in our cast of characters.

Now there is another year—a new one, and we hope a good one.

There's some land—4,000 acres of the country's finest residential property.

And there's a man. His name is J. C. Nichols—keep an eye on him!
Puerto de Arribada

Port of Call in the Southwest, where art, atmosphere, and tortillas are blended under an ancient rooftree.

by JETTA CARLETON

As you drive west out of Albuquerque, headed for the desert on Highway 66 (on which a number of musical aggregations urge you to get your kicks) you may notice a small sign that points down a straggling dirt road. The sign indicates that down that road you'll find La Placita. And so you do. It's a low rambling adobe building facing the plaza of Old Town. Here once lived the governor of New Mexico under the Spanish flag. Now it's a series of quaint dining rooms. They call it La Placita—the little place.

This is the site visited in their respective times by such eminent explorers as the Spanish Conquistadores and Duncan Hines. When the Conquistadores appeared on the scene, neither plaza nor placita was there. That was in 1540. By the time Mr. Hines arrived, a number of changes had taken place. Among them was the building, in 1706, of a mansion called La Casa de Armijo. It remained the house of the Armijos until the late eighteen hundreds, and finally, six and a half years ago, was purchased by C. F. and W. C. Brown, who turned La Casa into La Placita. And that's where Duncan Hines came in. Today above the entrance to La Placita hangs the familiar Hines stamp of approval. Inside you may sample the proof.

The specialty of the house is, of course, Mexican food, but you may eat American if you'd rather. The prices are on a par with the doorways: both are low. (If you're over five-foot-nine, duck!) The range is sixty-five cents to $1.35, except for T-bone steak, which sets you back a buck-fifty. But even a T-bone steak is small potatoes (this sentence sounds like a pot-pie) by the side of comedas Mexicanas. After all, that's what you came here for. And you'll turn from...
the pot roast, the chicken pie, and the menu you can read to the *enchiladas* and *guacamole* and *jugo de fruto con tostadas* that taste as wonderful as if you knew what you were eating. Even if you have to order by the index finger method, you can't go wrong. And we hope for your sake you have a discerning tongue that can develop a taste for that unleavened cornmeal they press out in circles and call *tortillas*. They look—and for all we know, taste—like cardboard, but they’re habit forming.

*La Placita* serves hot sauce on request. But take it easy. The innocent are often cauterized by mistake. As bread, we suggest you choose the *sopaipillas*. They’re hot and crisp and puffy and greasy. Beyond that we haven’t the faintest idea what they are, except delicious.

*La Placita* is a composite of five dining rooms, plus some kind of living quarters, the kitchen, a curio shop, and a second story. All we know of the upper regions is the ancient carved stairway leading up. If you’re the female of the species you pass by the stairs as you go down a hallway to the powder room. The plumbing, incidentally, was installed somewhat later than 1706.

The entrance to *La Placita* is off the long front porch. You stumble down a short but unexpected ramp into a curio shop, where you’re surrounded by bright tin trays, baked clay piggy banks, blue Mexican glassware, and those inevitable silver bracelets with turquoise. In this room as in all the others there’s a white plastered fireplace that looks more like an igloo than a fireplace. The fireplaces and the walls are the only things plastered in *La Placita*. No liquor is served.

In the curio shop you give your name to Mr. Crawford, a polite gentleman barricaded behind a case of Indian jewelry. Then you browse among *serapes* and *bateas* and the displays of local art (the exhibit changes each month) until there’s a table for your party. Mr. Crawford in a voice as beautifully modulated as a dinner chime announces your turn, and in you go, following a Spanish waitress dressed in a long flowered skirt and a peasant blouse.

If you’re lucky, you’ll draw the patio. It has a beautiful old uneven floor paved with flagstones worn smooth by the feet of Spanish grandees long before cash customers began to flock in. And in the center of the patio is a tree—a real, live tree reaching toward heaven. The reach is only slightly obstructed by a
glass roof which the Browns installed a few years ago. But in summer the roof opens and there you are, *al fresco*.

To make the atmosphere complete, Spanish music throbs gently through the rooms. But you needn’t look up from your *aguacate* (alligator pear to most of us), for the music is recorded and relayed from the outer room. You won’t be seeing any smoldering Latin with a guitar and that geeve-me-your-leeps look in his eye. But you may very likely see any visiting celebrity who happens to have stopped over enroute, TWA, to Hollywood or New York. Most of them get here, sooner or later. And perhaps every second guest in the room is an artist or a writer. The region around Albuquerque is a celebrated art preserve. And if you could make a discreet under-the-table survey you’d probably find —Oh, keep your mind above the belt! —more cowboy boots per flagstone than in any other dining room along Route 66.

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**WEIGHTY REMARKS**

A bearded rustic, in the big city for the first time, saw people using a weighing machine. He watched awhile, and finally got up enough courage to step aboard himself. When he dropped in his penny, out popped a card bearing a picture of Van Johnson. For a moment he studied it, then stared critically into the mirror of the machine.

“Shucks,” he said, turning to an onlooker, “this contraption don’t take sech a very good picture, does it?”

> ▲

A fat woman stepped on scales which were out of order. The indicator stopped at 47 pounds.

A nearby inebriate watched the scene intently. Finally everything focussed and he let out a shriek. “My Gawd!” he cried. “She’s hollow!”

**Husband**—“Rosie, do you know anything about my wife’s whereabouts?”

**Rosie**—“Yessuh, Boss—Ah thinks Ah put them in de wash.”

> ▲

**Well-padded Posy:** “Young man, I am a physical culture instructor. I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium.”

**New Clerk:** “Yes, ma’am, and how big around is your gymnasium?”

> ▲

**Pessimist:** “How many will this car hold?”

**Optimist:** “Three, but six can get in if they’re very well acquainted.”

> ▲

It’s all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don’t compliment her too highly.
"It's amazing—the beautiful fur you can get from an old wolf!"
The hardwood hijinks are new, but they're fun for all.

**BASKETBALL Baby!**

by SAM SMITH

This is the basketball season, the beginning of those winter months when the hardwood sport rules as the supreme spectator, as well as the top participation game in these United States.

As great games go, basketball still is an infant. But it's a lusty infant. A few years ago the crowd estimates for the year placed basketball attendance at 80,000,000 persons. Believe it or not, that was twice the number of persons who witnessed the year's football classics.

Dr. Forrest C. Allen, the Kansas University coach who has been teaching the game for four decades, says it is the "only major sport that is the invention of one man's brain." Football, for instance, has been in the process of evolution for a thousand years. All others of our national games have been handed down through the ages, evolving considerably before reaching us.

But the game of basketball was invented by the late Dr. James Naismith just fifty-five years ago. Today there probably are more basketball teams in the nation than those playing any other sport. It's tailor-made for the Sunday School leagues, for college intramurals, for the high schools, the big universities.

It's a common denominator in sports. It's a great leveler extending the same enjoyment to the Epworth League class in the church down the street that it provides for major university quintets.

Being a new game, it is still in the process of evolution. Only last March, at the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball tournament in Kansas City, the twelve-foot basket was tried. Given a whirl, too, was a plan for dividing the court into ripple-like circles to facilitate broadcasting of the game so listeners could better visualize the play. Neither idea drew a warm reception from the audience. The point is that they were tried, that the game is still developing.

The late Dr. Naismith was a student at the International Y.M.C.A. Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts, when he was commissioned by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, his adviser, to work out an indoor game that would harness the activities of a class of
eighteen irrepressible physical education students.

All other team games played throughout the year were outdoor games—football in the autumn, baseball and track in the spring and summer. Naismith at first sought to modify football for indoor play but that would not suffice. After all, what was football if tackling were eliminated?

So Naismith hit on the idea of nailing a pair of peach baskets from the inside rim of the running track. He looked around for a ball and selected a soccer football because of its bouncing qualities. He divided those eighteen men into two teams of nine each. There were three forwards, three centers and three guards, and zone lines kept the players within their areas.

Forwards were chosen for their ability to hit the shaky peach baskets with that soccer ball. Centers were picked for their hustling tendencies and the guards were the leftovers. They were the ones who couldn’t shoot.

Compare that with today’s version which sees the guards quarterbacking much of the offense, as well as performing like a fifty-cent leech on defense.

Naismith had no idea how his brain child would develop. He envisioned a game in which 25 or 30, or even 50, would play on a side. He foresaw a mass game. Incidentally, there was one early day basketball game at Cornell which possibly had quite a bit to do in changing that.

In that game, there were 40 men on a side. The affair got a trifle out of hand and the players tore one end out of the wooden gymnasium. Cor- nell gave up the game, considering it too expensive to equipment and building.

So, with such examples to guide them, students of basketball soon set the number of players at five per team. But a considerable number of Naismith’s first rules have been handed down with little change and today are the law of the greatest winter sport in the land.

Basketball spread around the world. Before the recent war eliminated friendly athletic strife in many lands, at least 50 nations and territories were playing the game. For one thing, international Y.M.C.A. secretaries trained at Springfield planted the game in foreign lands. It caught on.

With elimination of the center jump and the inclusion of the three-second and 10-second rules, basketball offense has become more and more a carefully plotted military maneuver. The three-second rule prohibits a pivot post man from remaining in the free throw area for more than three seconds at a time, the 10-second rule makes it necessary for the offensive team to move the ball across the mid-court line in that period of time, thus preventing stalling.

Now you see a game played partly with the fire department type of fast break, mixed with carefully timed set screen plays designed to shake a man loose close in for a pot-shot at the hoop.

When you find a team capable of both, you’re in for a beautiful evening of basketball because it takes good ball handling and flawless floor play to
make the fast break go, and it takes clever ball handling plus polished offensive play to assure the success of the set plays.

Recent years have seen the development of the skyscraper players, the "balcony boys" who can reach above the basket at its 10-foot level. Legislation against goal-tending — just standing there batting the ball away or out of the hoop — is making them into good all-around players in numerous cases. The top instance, of course, is Foothills Bob Kurland who, after three years with the Oklahoma Aggies, is now with the Phillips Oilers.

Basketball really takes the spotlight late in each season with the Madison Square Garden invitational, the NCAA and the NAIB tournaments. Between them, they draw the best in the land, the first two attracting the top teams generally of the larger leagues, the latter the hustling winners in the various districts in the smaller college category, although all comers are eligible if they meet the requirements of the NAIB.

Basketball has developed somewhat differently in various parts of the country and so has officiating. The NAIB, beyond its competition-building effect, is performing an excellent service to the game by bringing coaches together for clinical discussion of their mutual problems.

Ned Irish and his basketball promotion in Madison Square Garden doubtless helped skyrocket the game, but it's growing all the time in its own right. It's perfect for all who want a winter game of combat, and schools too small to support football teams often turn out court quintets which claim national attention.

And mammoth field houses on college campuses are jammed of a winter night. Balconies in public school gymnasiums fill up, too, for the recreation league games matching church and all-employee teams. You can't call some of that good basketball, even if you're playing it, but it's good, clean sport and you're in it for the fun of it.

That's basketball, whether the jersey bears a church insignia or the champion's shield of the NAIB or NCAA. That's Dr. James Naismith's bequest to the youth of today—a brainchild grown to a lusty yowling infant!

In Richmond they say that General Lee made a striking picture during the surrender ceremony at Appomattox—erect, well-groomed, wearing a jeweled sword and a handsome new full dress uniform. Grant, on the other hand, was clad only in his ragged old Union suit.
We are forever a people of paradox
Singing hymns to freedom
Nailing freedom to a tree.
We are forever big
Forever little
Forever wanting and not getting
For the want is past when we receive.
We are forever singing
Forever laughing
To hide the silence of unshed tears.
We are forever doing this and that
Saying we'd like nothing better
Than doing nothing at all.
Doing nothing well is an art
And we are not artists
We are skilled workers.
And so the baker
Goes back to his baking
And the lathe turner
Goes back to his lathe
And the newly-wed
Goes back to her bed
With the latest copy
Of TRUE ROMANCE!

My head has an ache
My back has a pain
And my third corn tells me
We're sure to have rain.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high
O'er hill and dale.
But when I tried to tell
The judge, he simply said,
"Six months in jail."

My heart is such a wayward thing
It never can love softly.
I've noticed though
It never pounds
Unless I've had my coffee.

Last night
I dreamed that I was called
To give account for all I'd done.
Old Satan said, "I'll match you, kid!"
The strange thing is—I won!

Sunset and Evening Star
And one clear call for me
And may there be
No shoving at the bar
For everything's on me.

When I was young
I had a way
Of fabricating tales
Now that I'm old
I've lost my touch
And simply bite my nails!

A short beer
Is something
You can have
Five more of
Before you
Have to go!

Some people are born great
And other people
Gain weight
Even though they diet.
They Fought Polio
—and Won!

They battled death and crippled limbs and mass hysteria when they struggled with the most dreaded disease of our day!

The resolution recently signed by the Mayor of Kansas City, and reproduced on the following page, gives the reader only an inkling of the dynamic part played by the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis and the Kansas City hospitals in their struggle against the dreaded disease.

One day last January a small group with a serious purpose met in the chapter’s council room and began mapping plans to cope with poliomyelitis should it strike Kansas City during 1946.

The city had not been faced with an epidemic for three years, but for some inexplicable reason, Chairman Jim Rick felt that the community would be faced with a serious outbreak in the coming summer. Rick realized there was no medical explanation for the fact that Kansas City’s epidemics have always run in a cycle of three years, but the cycle had never been broken and 1946 would mark the third season since an outbreak of epidemic proportions.

Many people felt that Rick was an alarmist and were hesitant to pitch in to make the necessary preparations for grappling with an epidemic. The goal in the minds of Rick and his fellow board members was the installation of a complete polio unit in each of the city’s major hospitals. This program meant the outlay of thousands of dollars; iron lungs, hot pack machines, heat cradles, leg splints, beds, blankets, wool, and—as important as the equipment—trained personnel to provide constant care for the victims.

Rick and his co-workers refused to be side-tracked. During the spring they worked diligently — conferring with hospital officials, making surveys of wards that could be turned into polio isolation units at a moment’s notice, listing the equipment that would be needed, and arranging with the Red Cross for the recruitment of nurses. A grant of $10,000 was made to St. Luke’s and to St. Mary’s Hospitals. The purchases of iron lungs, hot pack machines and other equipment was expedited.

In May, poliomyelitis struck its first Kansas City victim. There had been a few cases each year previously, so at the outset no one was unduly
RESOLUTION

IN APPRECIATION AND RECOGNITION OF THE GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE RENDERED KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, BY THE JACKSON COUNTY CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, INC.

WHEREAS, this city has undergone this year a serious outbreak of poliomyelitis, commonly known as polio, and
WHEREAS, the hospitals and nursing institutions in this city were not equipped nor prepared to meet the extraordinary demands resulting from the spread of such disease, and
WHEREAS, the Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., with admirable foresight provided facilities and personnel required to meet the emergency and have spent and are prepared to spend this year more than $50,000 on polio equipment for hospitals, imported 41 nurses experienced in handling polio patients, and 8 physiotherapists, together with a special polio staff, at an estimated cost of $40,000, and have paid and are paying certain hospital and doctor bills for polio patients, which will total another $30,000, or approximately $120,000 in all, and expect to provide treatment in the future for many polio victims for an indefinite period of time, and
WHEREAS, our city could never have adequately met the emergency without such assistance, NOW, THEREFORE,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF KANSAS CITY:

(1) That this Council on behalf of the people of Kansas City, Missouri, recognizes and acknowledges the great public service rendered this community by the Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., and hereby expresses to such Chapter our heartfelt gratitude;
(2) That the City Clerk furnish Mr. James J. Rick, Chairman of such Chapter, a copy of this Resolution, with the request that he in turn notify all those public-spirited citizens associated with him in this humane enterprise of the adoption of this Resolution and our deep appreciation for the outstanding public service rendered by them.

Authenticated as Adopted This October 21st, 1946.

W. E. Kemp,
Mayor.

Flournay Quest,
City Clerk.

Con R. Baule,
Deputy City Clerk.
readiness and the personnel necessary to staff their isolation wards. With the isolation units established, with physical therapists providing hot packs and massage for the patients, the anxiety of parents and relatives diminished considerably. Chapter and hospital officials weren't the least surprised to note the absence of any demonstrations of mass hysteria. They had realized in the beginning that adequate and intelligent care of polio victims was all that anyone could ask and that is exactly what every patient received regardless of race or color.

The case rate continued on an even keel during July and the first part of August. The average number of patients admitted to hospitals was four to six per day.

There has never been actual proof that the disease is contracted or carried in water nor that the disease is peculiar to heavily populated areas. Since no one could offer proof in either direction, Dr. Hugh Dwyer, City Health Commissioner, played safe by ordering all swimming pools closed.

The fund collected from the 1946 March of Dimes campaign was soon exhausted. Rick telephoned the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in New York and obtained a grant of fifty thousand dollars with the promise that another fifty thousand would be sent if needed. Physical therapists were brought in from such far away points as Portland, Oregon. Nurses came from all parts of the United States in answer to Kansas City's plea for aid. By September, forty-one specialists had arrived and were on constant duty at the hospitals.

Rick had to make train and plane reservations for these people and see to it that they had a place to live upon their arrival. The hospitals were able to take some of them into their nurses' homes but there were a great many who had to find living accommodations elsewhere. This was but one of the minor problems confronting the chapter.

An example of how completely the chapter was coping with the epidemic was the establishment of an emergency service center at the polio clinic. The nurse in charge of the clinic, Mrs. Frances Scates, visited each patient every day. In the evening she would deliver a full report to a volunteer worker at the clinic who, in turn, would telephone parents and relatives of the victims. Parents were not allowed to enter the isolation wards and knew relatively little about their youngsters' progress from day to day.

The worker would give intimate details of each patient's condition—newsy bits of information such as "Jimmy ate all his lunch today and was sitting up playing with his teddy bear. He was so cute when he offered to share it with the little girl in the next bed. He is in no pain and there
is just a little paralysis left in his leg.” These warm, human reports earned the gratitude of hundreds of anxious parents. Not only were the parents deeply grateful, but the reports helped immeasurably to prevent the general hysteria that might have accompanied the epidemic.

By the middle of September, public opinion held the view that the epidemic had reached its peak and would slack off with the approach of cool weather. Unfortu-nately, this was not the case. Had Rick and the chapter members relaxed in their activities, an appalling situation could easily have resulted. They absolutely refused to believe that the epidemic was at an end, and were determined to carry on until incoming cases subsided entirely.

Rick, personally convinced that it was not “all over,” wired New York for another fifty thousand dollars to carry on the work. More hot pack machines were ordered, more iron lungs; and additional personnel was contacted. One hospital was desper-ately in need of a physical therapist.

Rick arranged for her arrival from Michigan within forty-eight hours!

Rick’s actions had been fully justi-fied. Up to September 15th there had been 120 polio patients admitted to Kansas City hospitals. Thirty days later the total had risen to 450 — almost four times the number admitted during the entire summer.

Today there are still cases trickling in, but the major portion of the epidemic may be said to be over. How-ever, citizens of Kansas City realize that the task of caring for polio vic-tims has not ended. There were 28 deaths and over 500 polio cases dur-ing 1946. A great many persons must continue to receive long and costly treatment. Hot pack applications and massage must be ministered to many patients for months, and in some cases even years, before their crippled limbs will be able to carry on with a semblance of their former usefulness.

The National Foundation provides for all polio victims. Ability to pay or social status means nothing. Dur-ing the 1946 epidemic, children from

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THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, INC.
120 BROADWAY
NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Rick:

It would be extremely difficult for me to evaluate in words the great contribution you have made to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and to the people of Jackson County.

The National Foundation and I, personally, are deeply indebted to you and your Chapter members for the splendid assistance you gave to the people in Jackson County during the emergency. The resolution, presented to you, by the Council of Kansas City is further proof that your efforts have been appreciated.

Because of the fine cooperation of people such as you, the fight against poliomyelitis will be carried on until success has been achieved.

Sincerely yours,
Basil O’Connor,
President

Mr. James J. Rick
Union National Bank
9th & Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.
No. 10532
Kansas City's Country Club District lay side by side with tots from squalid sectors of the city. All were accorded the same fine care and treatment. The Foundation paid the hospital and doctor bills for those who could not afford it. For those who are partly recovered, the R. J. Delano School for Crippled Children is staffed with physical therapists and has the finest equipment available to treat children of school age.

During the 1946 epidemic, more than $50,000 was spent on polio equipment for hospitals; payroll salaries for nurses and physical therapists amounted to $40,000; and doctor and hospital bills consumed another $30,000. This is a tremendous expenditure, and the parents and relatives of victims will be the first to realize that the cost of the marvelous work carried on by the Jackson County Chapter cannot be borne only by those stricken.

During the 1947 March of Dimes campaign, which begins January 15th, this group will ardently support the cause. But they alone cannot assume the staggering financial burden. This campaign involves every American and all should feel a genuine willingness to contribute.

Polio myelitis is the most dreaded disease in the United States today. Even the finest medical care cannot cure all types of the disease. Millions of dollars are needed not only to care for those who contract polio, but more important, to finance the research necessary to find a means of preventing it.

Kansas City's fight against polio need not be dramatized. The mere stating of facts—the day-to-day story of the unceasing efforts of all who joined in the battle—provide an eloquent plea which cannot be ignored. Mr. Senn Lawler, chairman of the 1947 March of Dimes campaign in Kansas City, feels confident that all Kansas Citians will join in replenishing the $150,000 deficit incurred in that grim struggle.

When you give this year, think of the hamlet, the town, or the great American city that may be faced with an epidemic in 1947. Contributions from Americans everywhere were used to fight Kansas City's battle. It is only right that Kansas Citians should help those who assumed the heavy cost of its 1946 epidemic.

Half of all money collected will remain in Kansas City to enable the Jackson County chapter to carry on its vital work. The other half will be sent to the National Foundation to finance research and to hold in reserve for such emergencies as Kansas City faced last summer.

Though you have no children; though you, yourself, may have a fortunate natural immunity to the disease; this does not relieve you of your responsibility as an American. Give generously—and give some child a chance at a happy, normal life!
Right now, it's anybody's guess who will be President of the United States come 1948. From here on in, however, polls will have their daily prominence in the press, tabulating the momentary pulse of the American public from various cross-sections of the country's voters.

Of the interesting polls already taken was one recently held by the management of State of the Union, the Lindsay-Crouse Pulitzer Prize play that takes as its theme a would-be presidential campaign. Participating were the theatre audiences attending company performances over a ten-day period in New York, San Francisco, and Chicago.

Twelve presidential possibilities and the opportunity to write in candidates not listed made up the ballot. Here's the outcome:

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<td>178</td>
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<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Totals</strong></td>
<td><strong>11727</strong></td>
<td><strong>3855</strong></td>
<td><strong>4177</strong></td>
<td><strong>3695</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The pollsters have come out of hiding with another guessing game for millions.

by MARION ODMARK

Principal Chicago write-ins were General Eisenhower, General MacArthur, and Eric Johnston. San Francisco's write-ins included these three plus Harry F. Byrd. New York honors were accorded Byrd, Johnston, Eisenhower, MacArthur, and its own ex-governor, Fiorello LaGuardia.

Henry Wallace, strong in the East, lost votes to Stassen in the Midwest, and to both Stassen and native-son Warren in the far West. Conversely, Governor Warren ranked second to Stassen in San Francisco, third in Chicago, and fourth in New York.
President Harry Truman, tenth in both Chicago and San Francisco, dropped to last place in New York. Observers noticed that there appeared to be a strong difference in the choice of candidates, depending on the ballotor's location in the theatre. This provided a cross-sectional view of economic groups represented. For instance, at Chicago's Blackstone theatre, the votes lined up like this:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Candidate</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Orchestra</th>
<th>Balcony</th>
<th>2nd Balcony</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Stassen</td>
<td>836</td>
<td>416</td>
<td>282</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wallace</td>
<td>609</td>
<td>183</td>
<td>201</td>
<td>225</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren</td>
<td>440</td>
<td>271</td>
<td>123</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bricker</td>
<td>425</td>
<td>267</td>
<td>115</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dewey</td>
<td>407</td>
<td>216</td>
<td>129</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vandenburg</td>
<td>286</td>
<td>174</td>
<td>88</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byrnes</td>
<td>189</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taft</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>107</td>
<td>38</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saltonstall</td>
<td>124</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Truman</td>
<td>90</td>
<td>44</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pepper</td>
<td>71</td>
<td>17</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowles</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totals</td>
<td>3677</td>
<td>1874</td>
<td>1103</td>
<td>700</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stassen, top man in the Chicago poll, had a broad cross-sectional appeal, ranking first with the top-hat group and balcony, and second with the far balcony.

Henry Wallace, self-styled savior of the common man, ranked fifth in the orchestra, second in the balcony, and first with the second balcony.

Of the top six candidates, four are Republicans (Stassen, Bricker, Dewey, and Vandenburg), Warren is supported by both parties, and Wallace is the lone Democrat.

An interesting addendum to the balloting was this question posed to estimate the voters' political awareness. Asked "Do you know the names of your congressman and your state's two senators?" 2569 answered YES, 1254 answered NO in Chicago. In New York, 2393 responded YES, and 1785 NO; while in San Francisco, 2164 said YES, and 2100, NO.

But everyone, despite his acquaintance with politics' lesser-lights, wants a voice in the presidential poll. So, it looks like guessing will be an over-time activity for the coming year.

**Centerpiece**

Swing's wish for all its readers is that their new year will shape up as nicely as Miss Gloria DeHaven of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who stretches across our center pages this month.
UPPER LEFT: Theresa Stone, M-G-M publicity gal, discusses new movies with WHB staffer and Swingmaster, Bob Kennedy.

UPPER RIGHT: Vivian Della Chiesa, Metropolitan Opera star, rehearses for her Kansas City concert.

TO YOUR RIGHT: D. Kenneth Rose, national director of the Planned Parenthood Foundation outlines aims of the association in an exclusive interview. (See page 7).

BELOW: J. C. Nichols, board chairman of the Midwest Research Institute; Major General Leslie R. Groves, Officer-in-Charge of the Atomic Bomb Project; and Robert Mehornay, retired chairman of the Midwest Research Institute Board of Governors, pose following a panel discussion over station WHB.
...presenting JIM KEM

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

THIS MONTH a new Congress will take its oath of office. For the first time in a decade and a half that august, and occasionally inane, body will be dominated by members of the Republican Party. Theirs will be perhaps the least envious of all tasks during the new year.

To a nation faced with radical price inclines, ugly mutterings of intolerance, labor strife, political uneasiness, and regrowth of old complacencies, they must bring unity. They must bring security.

To a world gorgy from old quarrels, recent war, and current suspicions, they must bring mental and physical succor. This United States Congress must actively lead the way to peace—the definite, workable peace which is so widely awaited, so slow in coming.

Now that the odor of political red herring has dissipated together with the general confusion of election, Americans are pausing to survey their newly elected representatives and weigh the wisdom of November decisions. There is optimism, and a taut expectancy. What sort of legislative body will this be?

Among the new voices answering roll-call at this 80th Congress will be that of Republican James Preston Kem of Missouri.

Jim Kem is the taciturn type who inspires quiet confidence rather than enthusiasm. He is a big man—tall, robust, trim-waisted—whose white hair contrasts healthily with his ruddy complexion. He's not a back-slapper, not a professional politician, and not at all the type of man one could expect to wage a successful campaign in a notoriously Democratic state. In his new role, he tries hard to be expansive, but what he actually achieves is a sort of reserved friendliness that is much more becoming to his whole personality.

Probably Mr. Kem was more surprised than anyone to find himself competing for public office for the first time at the age of 56.

He was a highly successful Kansas City lawyer with a comfortable home in a good residential district, a 160-acre country place in Cass County, a charming wife, two attractive daughters, and all of the right social and civic connections. He raised cattle and trees, was fond of dogs and horses. He was a great walker, but spent most of his time reading meaty books on history and biography, and thinking about how things ought to be. It was that thinking which brought him to the Senate.

A few close friends heard his ideas, and liked them. Finally, W. Capen Shank, a prominent Kansas Citian
who went through school with Kem at Blees Military Academy 46 years ago, called a meeting at the University Club. Then and there a "Kem for Senator" campaign was launched.

Jim Kem had never run for an office of any kind, but his friends said they needed him, so he organized his thoughts and made a few speeches. He won the primary, and the battle was on!

The incumbent, Senator Frank Briggs, was well-entrenched. Moreover, he was sailing under a presidential blessing.

There was a lot of ground to be covered. Jim Kem got in his automobile. With his wife and Major Joseph E. McEntee of St. Louis, he toured 110 counties—a distance of 8,700 miles. He and the major made speeches, sometimes nine a day. They stopped everywhere they could gather a handful of listeners.

The opposition called Kem a "stuffed shirt." They called him a "pawn of big business." They called him everything they could lay tongue or pen to. But Jim Kem went right on talking.

The speeches he made weren't spectacular. He just told what conditions were and how he thought they ought to be. People seemed to like it. There were no novel ideas, no extravagant promises of future benefits through complicated government processes. He talked plain sense and dealt with facts everybody could understand. He mentioned all the things that had made this country great, and suggested we give these same things another try.

Most of the audiences liked it. They liked Kem. Not because of his personality, but because of his sincerity. Many who heard him felt a deep and immediate respect for the man's integrity of character, for his own belief in what he was saying.

A few weeks before election, the Kems returned to Kansas City. There were more personal appearances at rallies and teas. But the formula was the same: say plainly what was to be said; leave baby-kissing and political sensationalism to other candidates.

This was no ordinary election. A great Republican sentiment was building up. The eyes of the country were turned toward Missouri, where President Truman was taking a personal interest in affairs and marking certain men for defeat.

And in the same precinct with the Kems lived James M. Pendergast, heir to the remnants of the notorious machine which once dominated the Missouri scene. Pendergast worked apace as things began to move at fever-pitch.

November fourth arrived. By midnight, it was apparent the machine had fared badly. Jim Kem and his fellow candidates were headed for Washington!

In the two months which have elapsed since that climactic day, Kem's followers have grown progressively more certain that their judgment was sound in sponsoring him for the Senate.

As a victor, he has been approached by over a hundred special groups seeking promises and pre-office commitments. Jim Kem has come closer to being rude to those representatives than to anyone he has ever met. His strongest precept is that government should be for all the people, that every
man is equal before the law. He says: “Government by pressure groups doesn’t work. It didn’t work when business groups dominated this country, nor has it worked under the dominance of the P. A. C.” He intends to take office without encumbrances of any sort.

To insure government for all, Mr. Kem proposes an immediate return to the principles of self-government. “Government officials,” he says, “should be elected by their neighbors and friends—directly by the people they are going to represent.

“We have latterly built up a bureaucracy of political appointees which has been granted power to regulate even the minutest details in the lives of common citizens. The common citizens have made it apparent they don’t like that at all.

“The first step necessary to smash this bureaucracy is to terminate the War. It doesn’t make sense to perpetuate on paper a conflict in which the shooting stopped a year and a half ago. The ‘Emergency’ grants special powers to which the government is not now entitled. Those powers should be relinquished, so that government may be returned to the people through their duly elected representatives. The young men now in the services were drafted to fight a war, but there is no war. It is only right to release them. Congress is capable of enacting whatever legislation may be necessary to maintain military and naval strength abroad. Let’s put things on an honest basis!”

The senator-elect served as a cavalry lieutenant in World War I, but all of his service was in this country. His one-war trophy is Mrs. Kem, whom he met in Louisville while stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor.

She was then Mary Elizabeth Carroll, daughter of a lawyer, granddaughter of John D. Carroll, for many years chief justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky and author of the state’s legal code—called Carroll’s Statutes of Kentucky. All of her uncles were lawyers, her brother was a lawyer, and her brother’s son has since become a lawyer.

This gave Miss Carroll much of common interest with Lieutenant Kem, who had gone from the University of Missouri (class of 1910) to Harvard Law School, and thence back to Missouri to complete his bar examinations successfully.

The couple found other ways in which they were alike. Both loved dancing, and riding, and long walks. The dancing is now largely a thing of the past, but the Kems still take to their saddles as a family group, and walking has become their most publicized trait.

For years, Mr. Kem has walked three miles in the direction of his of-
office each day, and he and Mrs. Kem have taken a brisk stroll during the late afternoon and evening. Even in the height of the campaign, the Kems found time to walk. Usually they would walk the last two or three miles into any town where a speech was to be made. It gave them their exercise, and made a great impression on the natives, who claimed they’d never before seen a political candidate arrive on foot.

Kem followed up his first impression with talk in farmers’ language, too. Usually it was about cattle. He breeds Shorthorn cattle on his farm about 25 miles from Kansas City, and he once raised horses there.

One of his favorite hobbies, however, is growing trees. It was something he stumbled on in a rather unusual way.

Following a Thanksgiving dinner many years ago, the Kems were sitting before the fire, eating nuts. Suddenly Jim said, “I wonder if one of these nuts would grow if it were planted?” So he set some walnuts aside, and took them along on his next visit to the farm. The ground was soft after Fall rains, and it was an easy matter to poke holes with a walking stick, then drop in a nut and tamp earth over it.

He planted several that way, and kept a close check on them. Before long, there were small shoots, then young healthy trees.

It was shortly after the walnut experiment that Kem saw a notice in a government bulletin which advertised a thousand trees for two dollars. He sent for them, and two weeks later received a call from the baggage-master saying his trees had arrived. “Fine,” said Kem. “I’ll get a truck and be right over.”

“What’s the truck for?” asked the amazed baggage master.

“Why, the trees, of course.”

“Don’t bother! These trees are in a bundle you can carry under one arm.”

It was true! There was only a medium-sized package containing a thousand tiny seedlings. Kem planted them, and kept a close watch over them. Today, they’re forty feet tall.

The rest of the Kems are bound to come into any discussion about Missouri’s new senator, for they are a well-knit family group. One daughter, Evelyn, is at Vassar. The older daughter, Carroll, has been graduated from Vassar, is married (to a lawyer, naturally), and has a small son. Her present home is in Virginia, which is quite in keeping with the Southern sentiments of her parents.

Then there’s the gracious Mrs. Kem —wife, companion, and tremendous political asset. Following a campaign speech and brief visit in one town, the editor of an opposition paper was moved to write: “Mr. Kem was accompanied by his charming wife. If they are sent to Washington, she will be a credit to the people of Missouri.”

Despite education at a French convent in Canada, four years in Wyoming, and 26 years in Kansas City, Mrs.
Kem still speaks with an extremely pleasing drawl. Reporters have called her husband's speech "a cross between recognized Harvard accent and the Virginia drawl of maternal ancestors."

But besides vocal intonations, Virginia produced a statesman whose life and writings have long been a favorite study of Jim Kem—Thomas Jefferson. Like Jefferson, he believes in a minimum of federal regulation, a maximum of governing by states and municipalities. Like Jefferson, he styles himself a liberal.

When asked to define a "liberal," Kem says, "A liberal is a person who believes in the greatest amount of freedom for the individual consistent with the rights of others."

Next in importance to liberalism in government, Kem places a sound labor policy. He says he believes in organized labor, and in the right of employees to bargain collectively. He feels, however, that too many favors have been granted to certain labor groups in return for political support; and he is an active sworn enemy of the Political Action Committee of the C. I. O.

"People have learned the hard way," Kem says, "that the first principle of economics in government is that every public act must be judged by its effect on all the people. Second, it must be judged on its merit or demerit over a long period of time."

"I am one of those people who believes that you can't repeal the law of supply and demand. It is inexorable—beyond the reach of any body of legislators."

"The United States has been on a spending spree. Someone should have thought of inflation 14 years ago, when the sluice gates of the treasury were thrown open. Now we've got a job on our hands. We have to reduce government expenditures to the means provided by the people. We have to produce useful goods in larger quantities—for ourselves and the rest of the world."

Then he smiles. "Of course, we Republicans have been a party of criticism for a long time. Now we have the responsibility of doing something definite. The exact program will be worked out by some of the country's best minds over a period of time. But it's obvious we'll have to adopt the old-time policy of thrift, frugality, and work."

"I believe we should trust in God, be moderate, and be friendly with each other. We're faced with a lot of problems, but they should all yield if approached in the spirit of moderation, friendliness, and faith."

—M. E. G., Jr.
**PRESIDENTIAL POSERS**

You know the popular details about the White House occupants, their families, and their political parties, but how many of the incidents of their lives do you really remember? To test your ability to remember what you have read about them, here are 10 questions.

Score 10 points for each correct answer. If you get 60 you are fair, 80 is fine, and if you get 100, then you need not turn to page 57 for the answers.

1. Can you name two presidents who died on the same day? .......... and ..........  
2. Name the only president who ever received the full electoral vote ..........  
3. What’s the shortest term a president ever served? ..........  
4. Who was the first vice-president to become president upon the death of the chief executive? ..........  
5. Which president won the Nobel Peace Prize? ..........  
6. Was a woman ever nominated for president? ..........  
7. The first president born under the United States flag was ..........  
8. The fourth and twelfth president were second cousins. Can you name them? .......... and ..........  
9. Who was the only bachelor ever elected to the White House? ..........  
10. Which president was of the Quaker faith? ..........  

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**ARE YOU COLOR-MINDED?**

Usually, we can associate an epic event with some colorful title. Below are 25 titles of colorful motion pictures, books, and songs. Can you furnish the missing color? Each correct answer counts 4 points. A score of 80 is average.

2. Wake of the .......... Witch.  
3. The .......... Rose.  
7. The .......... Years.  
8. The .......... Tower.  
10. The .......... Street.  
13. .......... Forever Angel.  
14. Three Little Girls in ..........  
18. .......... Dolphin Street.  
23. .......... Beach.  
24. .......... Beach.  
25. .......... Beach.
I walked to the plane with all the dignity of a Capet going to the Guillotine. I followed the well-dressed blonde with the black nodd and bored face. I held my gate ass rigidly extended and remembered, "Sit up in front—you can't possibly be sick up in front."

To begin with there were only two seats left—21 and 22—a single and double. I was left with the double. And I sat by an elderly lady whose arteries were hardening and she was going out to California to live with her daughter who is 18 and a dancer. All of her children are musical. One son plays the trumpet. She is not an artist—but all her children are artists. But they would not have been artists if he hadn't earned the money which got them where they are today. Yes, she always says that God didn't give her money but he made her the wealthiest woman in the world.

At this point I fastened my seat belt and the plane took off one and a-half hours late. So there I was sitting in Seat 21 thinking kindly of all God's little creatures. Saying over and over to myself, "I'm going to enjoy this! I'm going to enjoy this! I'm not going to be sick!"

My friends had been liberal with information concerning air travel. My friends have never been airsick. "Just like sitting in your rocking chair at home," they said. I've always hated rocking chairs—they make me sick.

"The food is wonderful—lots of meat," they said. I'm partial to milk, poached eggs and tea.

"The stewardess takes care of you like a baby," they said. That at least was prophetic!

"You'll find the most complete little restroom!" There was a piece of information I could latch onto for comfort!

I sighted my objective and thought—maybe Seat 21 wasn't close to the front, but it was close to the john. I wondered how soon I could decently encounter its facilities. The stewardess brought breakfast at this strategic
point in my discussion with myself. It included ham. I had the ham taken away. I drank the orange juice, coffee and ate a roll. I felt fine and went to sleep for five minutes.

Then I saw some clouds and the pain started over my left eye. I closed both of them. A little later the first feeling of nausea set in. After Wichita we ran into a storm . . . but it was mild. The stewardess kept ignoring me to talk about fishing trips with the man in 18. She was a husky-looking blonde who probably thought I always looked half-dead with perspiration running down my face. Here the suit jacket came off and I unbuttoned my blouse (one button).

Finally, as I hovered fitfully between life and death—the situation became clear—the stewardess had disliked me from the moment I boarded the plane . . . Else why was she letting me die in Seat 21!

At Amarillo the bored-faced one with the black snood left the plane. Our stops were short—but had they lasted for hours I could never have gotten off. Out of Amarillo we hit the second storm. FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS. I hadn't had strength enough to unfasten mine after Wichita! And all other information to the contrary — without those seat belts most of the passengers would have been in the aisle. The pilot sent back word we were bucking a head wind of 50 miles an hour and flying at "12,000 feet to escape the turbulence". I wondered just how the "turbulence" could be greater at 11,000 feet. But the altitude did explain a curious sensation of floating low all around the cabin.

At Albuquerque we picked up a new stewardess. One who weighed less, was more attractive and had a feeling for humanity. She was hardly aboard before she said, "You're not feeling so good are you?" "I'm dying," I said modestly, not wishing to alarm her. Her eyes twinkled and I managed to raise enough lip to show one tooth in a ghastly travesty of a smile.

When we were in the air she brought me my first paper container and an ammonia capsule. It was somewhere over New Mexico that the plane took a sudden dip and I was sick all over my suit. The stewardess mopped me up.

The two babies on board were getting fed at the same time. They seemed to be making the trip in fine fettle. I loathed them both and all the other passengers—except five who were "actively" sick. I started for the john and the stewardess helped me back into the seat. She buckled me in and said to stay there—meanwhile gathering quite a supply of paper containers around Seat 21. She brought cold compresses for my head. Over the Canyon I filled my third container. Over the Dam I was doing well with the fourth. But I did glance out and down—
Boulder Dam looked just like a giant container already used.

I decided to get off at Boulder City and go on by train. The stewardess patiently helped me back into my seat. The first thing I'd do on arriving at Burbank would be to say to the man behind the ticket counter, "Life is too short for travel like this," and get a refund. This cheered me temporarily. I also prepared a telegram for my friends in Kansas City—BY LAND AND BY SEA BUT NEVER BY AIR.

At Boulder City, the gals reloading the place called my favorite furnishing "urp cups." After leaving Boulder City, my seat companion said, "That was a long time for anyone to be as deathly sick as you were . . . you're beginning to get a little color in your face. I used to be a practical nurse . . . but my children are all musicians. My arteries are hardening and that's why I'm going to California to live with my daughter who's 18 and a dancer . . . etc. . . ."

We were nearing Burbank when the stewardess removed the fifth container saying, "You won't need this any longer." Then she asked me if I'd been worried or nervous about anything before getting on. I said yes and she said that probably added to the severity of the sickness.

She said not to let anyone kid me, even the stewardesses had bad days. I accepted this information with enthusiasm, thinking of the husky blonde. She said something about squelching any thought I had about cashing in on a return ticket if I had one. The airline has a gem in that girl! She even capped her commercial speech with, "why just think—I may get you again!" . . . as though mopping me up were a pleasure. I thanked her for making the trip bearable.

I thanked my seat companion for being so patient. She replied, "This is my first trip, too. But I'm not the least bit sick. I can always stand things better than my children. Nothing ever effects me. My children are all artists. One boy plays the trumpet. He's always been musical. My arteries are hardening and that's why I'm going to California to live with my daughter who's a dancer. She's 18 years old. My children are so good to me. But then I was always good to my children. They would never have got where they have without me . . . etc. . . ."

At Burbank I stood to my feet and stayed there. I could move—uncertainly—but I could move. I was a far-cry from the reasonably well-groomed individual I'd planned on being. Also, I smelled. I couldn't have looked worse on arriving if I'd been working on the effect for six weeks, and my aunt, who has a natural public address system voice, fully appreciated the result with a ringing, "You look terrible!"

What's that you're asking . . . "Did I return by train?" Listen, do you know I traveled from Kansas City to Los Angeles in just 9 hours! And furthermore, I picked up some grand information. She was a total stranger when our conversation started—but now, she's my dearest friend. She told me about Mothersill's Airsick Pills.

I wonder—do you suppose it's too soon to make my plane reservation for next summer's vacation?
Fellow penman George Frazier, who calls notes and noises for the up and coming magazine GO, recently lowered the boom on clarinetist Artie Shaw. The thing that set him off was the album of Cole Porter music Shaw recorded for Musicraft not far back. Apparently, he has long been rankled by the fact that anyone could ever have seriously compared Shaw to Benny Goodman—as an artist, a man, or on any other terms you’d care to mention. As he tells it, Goodman himself summed things up after hearing a Shaw solo. “Well, Artie,” he said, “all you need is the glasses.”

What brings this up is Frazier’s next paragraph, to which all who know echo hearty amens. He writes: “To leave Shaw and get to someone with talent, listen to a girl named Julia Lee on a Capitol record of Lies. She’s marvelous, and, for my money, the most exciting new singer to come along since Pearl Bailey. Miss Lee is a colored girl from Kansas City. She has attack, a good beat, and a wonderfully clear voice. Other girls may be all right, but Julia Lee is an artist. You really ought to hear her without further delay...” Amen, Brother Frazier!

Open Letter to Recording Companies

Your 1946 slogan should have read: “Good to the last scratch.”... Perhaps we’ll have an atomic platter soon. Stick around for the big blow-out!

Platter Chatter

From the looks of music being recorded these days, songwriters must be hard up for material. They’re borrowing heavily from the Soap Operas. Frinstance, Vaughn Monroe has just waxed Life Can Be Beautiful, and now comes a disk yeclpt John’s Other Wife. What next? Portia Faces Dr Paul? Or, Aunt Mary—Queen for a Day?... Latch onto Capitol’s new album featuring Stan Kenton, called Artistry in Rhythm. You’ll like it... Everyone seems to be cutting children’s albums. Lassie, you’re next!

Highly Recommended

BALLAD: That’s the Beginning of the End, King Cole Trio; and Sonata, Jo Stafford, Perry Como.
DANCE: Then I’ll Be Happy Tommy Dorsey.
NOVELTIB: Steamroller, Billy Butterfield.
HILLBILLY: I Got Texas in My Soul Tex Williams.
Relax, sister! You're trying too hard!

SPARE THE Rod

IT ISN'T what we learn from child psychology classes and from books and lectures that goes toward keeping a family in hand. Not for my money! For me it was rather what I unlearned in the realistic process of bringing up an only child; and in keeping a husband healthy, wise, and wealthy enough to give us what we want and need.

My theory is in opposition to all accepted principles on the rearing of children, yet I know from experience that it works. And we’ll throw in an extra bonus, too. My system has not only brought me a fine new home, but a lovable, lively child and a husband that I’ll gladly dangle before those dimple-kneed office sirens—and dare them to a race!

How?

I let them both have their own way.

Dr. George W. Crain, famous child psychologist, would probably refer to this as Case XY-33, but I am going to take the case of my own little daughter, Penelope, age three and one half.

From the moment we brought Penny home from the hospital she was petted, pampered, babied and given everything her tyrannical little heart desired. If she woke up in the middle of the night she not only got her bottle, but a good rocking as well. At the toddling age of one year when she reached her tiny hands into the cupboard and upset my last precious five pounds of sugar I didn’t even spank her. I salvaged what sugar I could and sent Penny waddling on her way. I didn’t tear my hair or slap those precious, chubby fingers when she dumped the contents of the salt
shaker into a fresh pound of coffee, and neither did I put her to bed with a spanking when she daubed our Scottie dog with my best vanishing cream. It seemed to me that it was a whole lot easier, and wiser, as it turned out, to trail after her than it was to scold, spank or get myself all upset. And it paid dividends, too.

By the time Penny was two years old, she concluded that yanking off dresser scarfs was not such an exciting adventure after all. Nobody trailed after her with a forbidding hand and a wagging, carping tongue, and it wasn’t fun for her at all.

When Penny was two and a half I began taking her with me on morning shopping trips. She didn’t go tearing around like many other children, ripping off price tags and scuttling orderly pyramids of Ritz. She behaved like a little lady. You can make up your mind that the children who do such things are the ones who have been prohibited from touching anything at home.

Children are prone to muss up the house, but this problem, too, can be conquered by the mother using her head. Penny has her own room where she sleeps and keeps all her toys. It is and has been one room in the house that she could tear up to her heart’s content; yes, even write on the walls with crayon. Now and then I would remark, “Penny, your room is certainly a mess.”

BY AND BY Penny got it through her head that her nursery room actually was a mess, and she became ashamed of it in her own little way. She piled things in an amazing array in one corner, and I concluded she was trying to clean it up. One day we had a good “house-cleaning” in Penny’s room, had it repapered; and now she keeps it as respectable as any three-year-old possibly could with her fumbling little hands.

Most mothers spend a good share of their waking hours poking baby food into the tiny mouths of their tots. My first advice is, to taste it first yourself. If it tastes awful to you, chances are it does to the child, too. Penny went through that inevitable stage in most children of “dwaddling.” Well, I let her “dwaddle” and took the food away when eating time had passed. Just two days of that performance and Penny was hungry enough to eat the maple panel on her high chair. From then on she ate like a small-sized horse, and still does.

Getting little tots to bed is another thing that should be play. But most mothers make work out of it. When Penny’s bedtime arrives, I tell her one story and toss her into bed, repeat her prayers with her, and we count the dogs on her wallpaper. I go quietly out of the room and refuse to be lured back. Penny learned months ago that no amount of howling would bring me back, either. Now, bedtime is fun and she looks forward to it every night.

How about my husband, does the same method work on him?

It does and he knows it. He realizes
full well that the money he makes is his own and that he is held accountable only for Penny’s livelihood and mine. He knows darn well, too, that if he should lose too heavily in a poker game and come home broke, we would embarrass him to death by borrowing from all the neighbors, and telling them why.

My husband works in an office where there are many pretty girls. Yet he knows I am a faithful wife. The big bloke also knows that I am young enough and attractive enough to go out and trip the light fantastic myself, if worse should come to worst.

When I go to other people’s houses and see worried, bedraggled mothers harping at their children, and worrying themselves sick about their husbands looking at other women, I chuckle heartily up my sleeve. I have proved to myself that the honor system is the only system for bringing up children and keeping a husband. If the husband has no honor, well, I have only myself to turn around and kick—for being such a blockhead in the first place.

HUBBARD HUMOR

(These observations by Kin Hubbard in his “Sayings of Abe Martin” are, frankly, forty years old. But SWING thinks they’re still funny.)

Some folks get what’s coming to them by waiting, others while crossing the street.

The consumer might take a more cheerful view of things if the butcher would let the meat lay on the scales long enough to see what it weighed.

Politics makes strange postmasters.

The safest way to double your money is to fold it over once and put it in your pocket.

There’s somebody at every dinner party who eats all the celery.

I think some folks are foolish to pay what it costs to live.

When some folks don’t know nothin’ mean about someone, they switch the subject.

It would be a swell world if everybody was as pleasant as the fellow who’s tryin’ to skin you.

Some folks seem to have descended from the chimpanzee much later than others.

Florida’s all right if you can keep from catching a sailfish and going to the expense of having it mounted.

I don’t look for much to come out of government ownership as long as we have Democrats and Republicans.
ANIMAL CROAKERS

It was during Prohibition, and the railroad station was packed with a gay going-away throng. Over at one side of the waiting room stood a quiet little man fidgeting about and attempting to hide himself from the crowd. A Federal Agent noticed that the stranger had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. With a gleam in his eye, the agent asked, "Scotch?"

"Nope," replied the stranger, "Airedale pup!"

Not long ago sixteen miles of coaxial cable was installed between two English radio stations. But engineers soon learned that the cable was leaking, and losing much of the nitrogen pumped through it. Reluctant to dig up the entire length in order to discover the holes, they forced the cable full of a gas impregnated with the odor of cats. Then they walked a dog over the route. At fourteen spots the canine stopped, sniffed, dug furiously. Investigation revealed that he had accurately located the fourteen leaks.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

One day Bennett Cerf was lunching at the Harvard Club when the late Edmund Pearson, author of Studies in Murder, came up and asked to be introduced. Cerf was naturally very flattered, but said, "Are you sure you are not mistaking me for someone else?"

"Not at all," answered Pearson. "You are the fellow I want, all right. For the last three afternoons I’ve seen you sound asleep with a copy of my book open on your lap. What’s it worth to you, young man, to switch to something else?"

Charles P. Steinmetz, the wizard of electricity, was so devoted to his work that it was only with reluctance that he took time out for meals. And then he ate only sparingly. In an effort to stimulate his jaded appetite, friends tempted him with all kinds of delicacies, but with little success. One day they offered him eggs and watched with delight as he eagerly devoured them.

"Why didn’t you tell us you liked eggs?" they demanded.

"Oh, I don’t like them," he said with a grimace, "It’s only that I’m partial to yellow."
The wonderland in the Sawtooths just snowballs along!

Playground in the Sun

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

During the early thirties, Sun Valley, Idaho, played host only to lonely winds shrieking down frosted slopes, with such occasional guests as herds of thickly pelted sheep searching for grass tendrils in the snow.

Then, practically overnight, it skyrocketed from an unknown sheep ranch along the Idaho branch of the Union Pacific railroad to one of the winter wonderlands of the world. This meteoric rise was no accident, but the result of a carefully formulated plan to give the United States a winter playground comparable to those of Europe.

Sun Valley's success soared beyond its founders' dreams. Although it was designed primarily as a winter resort, it soon forgot seasons and became a year-round pleasure spot of America. In the years between 1936 and 1941, skiers from the world over gathered annually to compete in meets and tournaments. Famous film stars took up the Sun Valley habit, stealing away for weekends there the year 'round. A Hollywood producer gave further impetus to its snowball of fame by staging a movie in the resort setting. Soon Mr. and Mrs. America joined the ever-increasing tide of guest notables.

With the coming of the war and the national elimination of "non-essentials," Sun Valley forgot its role as a resort center, joined the Navy, and became a hospitalization center.
for rehabilitation and recreation of Navy personnel. This year, with the 1946-47 winter season, it reopens once again as a resort.

The first-time visitor to Sun Valley will find a carefully planned Bavarian style village built in a high valley of the sun, nestled within the slopes of the choicest skiing peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains. For accommodations, he has his choice of the luxurious Sun Valley Lodge, the Challenger Inn, and the four skiers’ chalets. All follow the Tyrolean building style, as do the elaborately appointed shops in the village.

Whatever the visitor’s tastes in recreation, Sun Valley has had the foresight to provide facilities. Wintertime swimming is a favorite pastime. Two pools are provided, each glass encased to shut out chill breezes. There the swimmer can enjoy temperately heated waters and warm sun rays while watching skiers on nearby mountain slopes descend in flurries of snow. The ice skater, too, has ample opportunity for practice and pleasure on the three large rinks available. Bowling, tobogganing, bobsledding and trap shooting are a few of the other features offered to make Sun Valley a sportsman’s paradise.

The glamour spot of Sun Valley is the Duchin Room at the Lodge. After a hard day of skiing or spectating, the guest can relax in the metropolitan nightclub luxury of the Duchin Room, rub elbows with celebrities, sample the incomparable cuisine, and dance to the music of the old WHB-Kansas City favorite, Harl Smith’s orchestra. Then, too, there is the popular Ram in the Challenger Inn, another spot for nightclubbing.

The focal points of the entire Sun Valley settlement are the four ski runs which wind gently or climb precariously up the slopes of the Sawtooth range. They are blanketed with a fine, dry powder snow and provide long stretches of timber-free runs. But here again the touch of modern invention softens Nature’s harsh requisites. Four modern ski lifts serve the different skiing areas, eliminating the necessity of a long uphill climb on foot. Almost as thrilling as the swift plunge downhill is the uphill ride on the world’s longest ski lift which climbs Baldy Mountain. Operating in three sections, this lift shoots the skier to an elevation of 11,500 feet in twenty minutes.

Naturally, the visitor who has no skiing background is inclined to watch the experienced timber rider enviously. But if he wishes, within the space of two short weeks he also can learn the elements of the art and find himself soaring down the slopes of Dollar, Rund, Proctor or Baldy Mountain. There is a complete and efficient staff of instructors at Sun Valley, headed by expert Friedl Pfeifer. Pfeifer’s ski school has taught as many as five hundred pupils in a single day at the height of the season. Pfeifer himself holds more than sixty cups and one hundred medals to show for his many years of competitive skiing. His staff teaches the Arlberg principles of skiing, a simplified system that can be mastered in a very short time. Further incentives for the novice are the “Learn to Ski Weeks,” first inaugurated in 1940. These will be continued this season.
All the ski runs at Sun Valley were designed to afford longer, safer downhill runs and miles of timber-free slopes with a variety of courses for veterans and novices alike. The new theory used in developing them called for the freely thinned timber plan rather than the old European plan of cutting an open swash down the face of the mountain. The open swash provided a cleared way, much like an open road, for the ski trail, and it was usually hemmed in on both sides by thick tree growths. The danger on this type of trail was that the skier constantly faced the possibility of crashing into trees if he became fatigued or unable to check his pace along the way. The new type run averages more than 200 feet in width so that a skier finds a broad variety of terrain on which to maneuver. As seen from the valley floor, no trail is visible on the mountainside.

In former years various ski meets and tournaments were the highlights of the season. There are plans for these to be resumed this season at Sun Valley. Contestants from all over the world will meet to compete for both amateur and professional trophies. Many World War II veterans who had war ski training are expected to join the competition.

Long hours in the sun and wind give a keen edge to the skier's appetite. So that he will not have to descend to the village for lunch or snacks, eateries are placed close to the runs. The favorite gathering places for a hot lunch are the "Hot Potato" huts at the summits of Dollar and Proctor Mountains. On Baldy Mountain, the Roundhouse offers warmth and food for skiers. This is an octagonal shaped building, flanked by a broad terrace where skiers lunch and relax in the warm sunshine that gives the winter resort a paradoxical summer air. Huge windows make a showcase for the surrounding Sawtooth Mountains. There ski spectators and participants alike, wool togged and deeply tanned, lounge and relax, watching the panorama of majestic snow covered mountains punctuated with flashing figures descending the slopes.

During the five years Sun Valley has been closed to the public, an even greater need for a national winter recreation spot has arisen. The resort's re-
opening is being welcomed by old friends and new enthusiasts both. Thousands of boys who spent a brief recuperative stay in the dazzling beauty of the Sawtooth Mountain Range have resolved to return.

**HIS HOBBY IS NAMES!**

The average American usually pursues a well-accepted hobby, such as photography, gardening, or collecting stamps—but not Curtis Adler of Brooklyn, New York. People's names are his hobby. In fact, he has made such a thorough study of the subject that at one glance he can tell what the meaning of your name is.

"Everybody's name can be interpreted," says he, "and often the meaning is quite illuminating!"

About a decade ago, during a session in the Surrogate's Court in Brooklyn, where Mr. Adler is the official interpreter, the importance of names suddenly dawned on him. It was rather odd at times, he thought, that many people brought into court had names which had very interesting connotations and backgrounds. So he pried relentlessly into the names of various races and nationalities.

Today Mr. Adler can interpret more than 50,000 names of all types, foreign and American. This hobby, which he has developed to a scientific stage, has brought him to the attention of radio and military leaders. At present, he is spending a great deal of his time entertaining wounded servicemen at Army and Navy hospitals in the New York City area. Some time ago, he made a few broadcasts on WNBC after which the program director immediately asked him to return for more performances. The reception of the radio audience was extremely enthusiastic.

Mr. Adler, a middle-aged but youthful looking gentleman, has included the name of presidents, congressmen and religious leaders among those interpreted. Roosevelt, he points out, means "field of roses." Truman means just that—an true man. And Harry, anglicized from the French "Henri," means "guardian of the household."

Born in Germany, Adler speaks fluently Italian, Spanish, Yiddish, German, French and has a knowledge of Hebrew, Japanese, Portugese and Russian. There is only one man in the world without a name, he professes—Hirohito—whose designation merely indicates his connection with the diety.

According to this learned Brooklynite, there are about two million names in the world, besides his own—Adler—which means "eagle."

"So you can see," he says good-naturedly, "what a tremendous job I have ahead of me. But I love it!"

—Malcolm Hyatt.
T HAS been recorded that the Long Rifle, handled by the forest runners and the plainsmen and mountain-men, opened the West. But a country doctor in Missouri did his share over the biting protests of his contemporaries.

There were two scourges on the white man's roads to the West. One was the hostile Indian. The other was malaria. The Long Rifle, properly manned, took care of the hostiles. Dr. John Sappington's pills whipped the other.

The proud and whimsical Old Doc was one of Missouri's first physicians. He settled at Arrow Rock two years before the state was admitted to the Union in 1821. Arrow Rock then was the center of culture on the frontier and today is commemorated by a state park in Saline county, not far from Marshall.

There the doctor worked until his death in 1856 at the age of 81. In that time he proved conclusively that quinine was the specific for malaria. For his pains he was called a charlatan and a quack by his profession but he Old Doc knew he was right and that his quinine pills were turning back the dreaded fever.

In the early days of settlement, homes and communities were built along the rivers. Cabins often were windowless. There were myriads of mosquitoes and every summer pioneer life seemed to hang in the balance until the autumn frosts liberated the people from the fever's bondage.

That was the condition Dr. Sappington faced when, fresh from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, he rode into Arrow Rock and hung out his shingle. Already he had formed positive ideas about the treatment of malaria.

For one thing, he disagreed heartily with the blood-letting practices of older physicians. For another, he believed that Peruvian bark was the best remedy, although it was uncertain.

Shortly after Dr. Sappington settled at Arrow Rock, two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou, extracted quinine from the Peruvian bark and the frontier doctor hailed the news with joy. He realized it had been the varying content of quinine in the bark which made the cure uncertain.

But his was a voice in the wilderness.

Other physicians went right on
spilling blood and patients went right on dying. Dr. Sappington sent in his order for quinine. Convinced immediate introduction of the drug was the quickest means of defeating malaria, he began the manufacture of "Doctor Sappington’s Anti-Fever Pills" in 1832.

Negro slaves mixed and compounded the life-preserving pellets of quinine, myrrh, oil of sassafras, and licorice as a flavoring.

"Take the pills one every two hours, day and night, at any stage of the fever until the disease is broken," he preached. "After that, take them at longer intervals as long as the anemia and debility continues."

The profession labeled him a quack for sure. The Old Doc paid no heed. Soon he had depots at Memphis, St. Louis and other points in a vast mid-continental region. He sometimes had as many as twenty-five agents riding through the country, their saddlebags crammed with boxes of the pills. Apothecaries and storekeepers everywhere in the territory handled them.

The pills went across the plains with the emigrants and in the frontier settlements the church bells were rung to remind the pioneers that it was time for a mass taking of tablets.

Testimonials poured in from Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, the Republic of Texas, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and other states. Other physicians were amazed but few tossed aside their old practices.

How many pills his pharmacy turned out in two decades has never been reckoned. It has been estimated, though, that he made and sold more than one million boxes of the tablets. John Farr of Philadelphia, the first American to handle quinine, was hard-pressed to fill the Old Doc’s orders.

Dr. Sappington wasn’t in it for the money he was making. He was more interested in saving lives than making dollars. So he decided to write a book and in 1843 published "The Theory and Treatment of Fevers." The small volume was remarkable not only because he revealed in it the secret of his pills but because it was the first medical book written west of the Mississippi river.

Medical contemporaries ignored it but doctors of later years praised it as mirroring a truly great country doctor. They said he had a deep knowledge of both medicine and of surgery.

He lived long enough to see the die-hards of his profession accept his finding that quinine was the specific for malaria. There was no gloating "I told you so" from the Old Doc.

While he was proving his point to the great good of mankind throughout the world, Dr. Sappington was begetting a family and two of his sons-in-law became governors of Missouri. They were Meredith M. Mar-maduke and Claiborne F. Jackson. The latter married three of Old Doc’s daughters, returning after the deaths of the first two for the last one.

The doctor said: "All right, sir, take her. But if this one dies, don’t come back for the Missus!"

Despite the fact he sought to make no money, he built an unwanted fortune with his pill business. When he died, he left $40,000—a fortune in those ante-bellum days. He had estab-
is\nished by will a trust fund for public education, leaving half of his estate for that purpose.

He decreed that he wanted the income used to provide a common school education for deserving, needy children of his county.

That trust has helped educate almost 13,000 boys and girls of the county. The education has cost more than $210,000, but there still is aush balance in the fund of more than four times the original amount.

The doctor planned that his trust and should assist needy young people in obtaining their education in the private schools of that time. However, when the public school system came into being, the fund became a source of assistance to boys and girls of high school and college age.

The Old Doc thus erected a living monument, the education of the young, on the foundation of lifesaving—quinine pills.

An inscription on his vault, in a small family cemetery near Arrow Rock, reminds the few who seek it out that “A truly honest man is the noblest work of God.”

In the days of Balaam it was considered a miracle when an ass spoke. Things have changed.

A single track mind is okay. Provided it’s on the right track.

Answers to Presidential Posers

1. THOMAS JEFFERSON and JOHN ADAMS—July 4, 1826.
2. GEORGE WASHINGTON in 1789.
3. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was elected in 1840. A month after his inauguration, he died from pneumonia.
4. JOHN TYLER became president upon the death of Harrison.
5. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in 1905, received the Nobel Prize for the part he played in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War.
6. VICTORIA WOODHULL (1872), and BELVA LOCKWOOD (1884 and 1888), were nominated but failed to show.
7. MARTIN VAN BUREN, born 1782. The Articles of Confederation, giving the thirteen colonies the name “United States of America” was not ratified until 1781.
8. JAMES MADISON and ZACHARY TAYLOR.
9. JAMES BUCHANAN.
10. HERBERT HOOVER.
This month, our magazine celebrates its second birthday. We toyed with several names before the first issue appeared, as any expectant parents might do. Finally, we named it . . .

"Swing"

AND what’s in a name? Swing is rhythm. It’s rug-cutting’ and boogie-beat. It’s the impetus that goes to your head—and to your feet. Swing is the popular trend; the direction of public tastes toward a coffee, a chewing gum, a matinee idol, a toothpaste. It’s something the business man does with a deal. Swing is also the cut of a leather-clad fist, arcing through the air to the other fellow’s jaw. Swing was what the cattle rustler or the tough road agent used to do when the pioneers had a rope and a sycamor limb right handy. Swing was a hard word then. It not only brought a lump to the throat; it brought many throat to a lump.

When the Yanks marched home victorious, it was with a swing down Main Street. Chariots swing; children swing; outlaws swing; orchestra swing; we swing! Some high, some low; and the word means many things to many people.

We hope our magazine will come to mean as many things to as many people. We hope the rug-cutter an the boogie-beater, the prize-fighter an the fight fan, the business analyst an the sales executive, the man about town—all the guys and gals every where—will find something they like about SWING.

—Jetta, Editor

Rockets zip along at supersonic speed. Jet planes set new world records daily. But it still takes three minutes to boil an egg.

In another hundred years civilization will have reached all peoples except those who have no resources worth stealing.

Men still die with their boots on, but usually one boot is on the accelerator.

If a husband’s words are sharp, maybe it’s from trying to get them in edgewise.

"Don’t be too quick to see dirt. Maybe you forgot to clean your glasses."—Sigm in the office of Eric Johnston, motion picture czar.
Chicago Letter

by NORT JONATHAN

Young Phil Gordon, just back from a successful engagement at Kansas City's El Casbah, and equally young Jeanne Shirley, just back from a tour with Harry Cool's band, are currently proving in our town that the age of opportunity is far from over.

Both young people can thank Jimmy Hart, manager of the Ambassador Hotels, for their biggest breaks. Phil can thank his lucky stars that Jimmy Hart heard him entertain at a cocktail party while he was still in uniform and assigned to the Bunker Hill Naval Air Station. A southern product, Phil hails from Laurel, Mississippi, suh. This may account for what he does to the Blues—one of his specialties. Certainly not either a great singer or a great pianist, he is nevertheless a great entertainer. His ability to improvise and to think up new song "material" practically on the spur of the moment, plus his great personal charm, has quickly put him to the fore as a personality. After almost a year in the Butter of the Ambassador plus several months at the Bellerive in Kansas City, he is now heading the floor show in the loud Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman's College Inn. It's a great tribute to Phil Gordon that even the bobby soxers are quiet and attentive when he appears at his tiny piano.

Jeanne Shirley's success story is similar only in that she too has made the most of her opportunities and was given her big chance as an entertainer by the Ambassador's shrewd Mr. Hart, who seems to specialize in discovering fresh youngsters with enormous popular appeal as entertainers. Jeanne, whose training and experience qualify her to teach speech correction as well as entertain as a singer, is a product of Northwestern University. The winner of an Edgar Bergen scholarship at that institution, she graduated with honors from the School of Speech. Harry Cool, the Dick Jurgens alumnus who now has a band of his own, discovered Miss Shirley's voice at a campus benefit dance. After some months with the Cool outfit, Jimmy Hart encouraged Miss Shirley to venture forth on her own as a "single." What is more important, he backed up his encouragement with a nice fat contract for an unlimited engagement in the Butter—the same room in which the aforementioned Mr. Gordon did so well earlier in the year following his release from the Navy. Mr. Hart's judgment has certainly paid off. In Miss Shirley, the room has another fine entertainer.

Both Miss Shirley and Phil Gordon are swell people. They have acquired none of the artificiality or the over-inflated ego which so often affects kids in show business who get places fast.

P. S.—Jimmy Hart is even now scouting for another "find" to sustain his terrific reputation as a discoverer of top talent.

Television around these parts has taken a new lease on life via WBKB with the addition to the schedule of more than a dozen sponsored shows. Practically all major sports events are now covered on
a regular basis, with Joe Wilson, Don Faust, and Lynn Burton taking turns describing the action shown on the screen. New Orthicon cameras equipped with telephoto lenses follow the action so well that prize fights and wrestling matches are reproduced with newsreel clarity. Hockey and basketball are a slightly different proposition because the action covers a wider range, but the television fan can see them clearly enough to identify the players by the numbers on their backs.

Local television is still in the "free show" stage. Fans owning sets usually invite four or five people to be their guests at important "viewings." The visitor from out of town can always watch the extra-large screen in the lobby of the WBKB studios on the 12th floor of the State Lake Theatre building.

Another "free show" well worth while is Chicago's enormous Board of Trade building, whose tapering 44-story silhouette is edged with great stone carvings. The heart of the structure is the huge trading floor of the Board of Trade. It completely covers the northern half of the building and rises to a height of some sixty feet, with nary a pillar to mar its beauty. In the center of the vast room is the famed wheat pit, with smaller pits for other grains and commodities close by. With telephones, tables, private wires and assorted bric-a-brac, it is one of the most important commercial nerve centers in the world. Under its rubber-tiled floor are more than twenty-five hundred miles of telephone and telegraph wires, and from the room run private wires to all other exchanges and some five hundred and forty cities all over the world. During trading hours, continuous quotations are flashed around the world, and huge black boards, several stories high, carry the latest figures. So lightning swift is this entire wire system that only thirty seconds is required for a man in Kansas City to place an order—with a confirmation shooting back to Baltimore Avenue in another thirty seconds.

The place is interesting enough when empty, but when a few thousand trader and employees start yelling like LSMF tobacco auctioneers it becomes actually exciting. The visitors gallery is open during trading hours, so you can see for yourself.

The new Cook County sheriff, Elmo Michael Walsh, is giving the boys in the back room something to worry about. I seem that Mr. Walsh doesn't like one armed bandits. Also, he doesn't like under world characters who operate dives and sell what passes for hard liquor in the "joints" to minors. Mr. Walsh is currently making good on his number on campaign promise—to make the County dives look like Philadelphia on Sunday.

There are other good resolutions about the Windy City heads into a new year, but no one seems to know whether or not Mayor Ed Kelly has resolved to run again in the spring. Mr. Kelly, who is the Democratic machine in Chicago coyly stated at a recent press conference that he would have to confer with the organization before announcing his intentions. Whereupon Charles Wheeler the veteran political reporter, made the suggestion that Mr. Kelly save time and worry by stepping into an inner office and spend a minute or two consulting with himself, and then announce the organization's choice. Mr. Kelly thereupon lef for a quick trip for Eagle River, Wisconsin.

It'll probably be another windy January. If you'll be a Chicago visitor, button your coat and secure your hat. And if you're feminine, get a firm grip on your skirts.
FASTIDIOUS...

• BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan. (Wab. 4400). Clyde McCoy's band back and Dorothy Dorben's new "Holidaze" view really is.

• BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Delightful recourse for comparable Ambassador dining and wining, dancing and occasional entertainment.

• CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Those rich burlgundy rapieties are back for the formal season and Bob Togrew's band stays on for dancing pleasure.

• EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Newly redecorated into a magnificent green and white glamour, this room fits the jackpot with Griff Williams, maestro, Dorothy Shay, chanteuse, and the dancing Barlys among others.

• GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). A large, mirrored chamber over to the dance, even in the afternoon.

• IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place Whi (301). Two floors of unusual interior design and a great respect for gastronomical pleasures.

• MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). A masterpiece that deserves any visitor's attention and a how that's invariably a delight in wholesome avertissement.

• MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Get out your rare chinchilla or reasonable facsimile for showing off in this chic society center. Mel Cooper's neat dance band.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Number one rendezvous of Hollywood and New York stars that approximates the Stork Club in clientele. Dance music by David LeWinter the only entertainment besides ogling.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Joseph Sudy and his orchestra will be presented here for some time to come, he's that immediately popular.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 East Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Continental in the richest sense is the word for this classic contribution of Russiana. Music in the same mood.

ENTERTAINMENT...

A big strapping night club production should attract you to CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) ... To RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) ... To the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) ... Be sure to make reservations ... For lesser stars, there's VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106) and CUBAN VILLAGE, 715 W. North Avenue (Mic. 6947).

DANCING...

Russ Carlyle and his orchestra set the tempo at the BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822) ... In the Panther Room of the HOTEL SHERMAN, it's a succession of name bands, loud and youth-conscious for the most part.

ATMOSPHERE...

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812), for tropicana ... IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) for old England ... L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070), for French Victorian ... OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) for Bavarian bounty ... SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), for another world of vision.

FOOD...

Faithfully recommended menus are those at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) ... AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) ... IRELAND'S SEAFOOD HOUSE, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) ... KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) ... SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) ... HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505).
“IT’S AN ill wind that blows nobody good.” The tragic fires that we have all read about in various parts of the country have brought about a general and thorough investigation of dwellings in Manhattan. Hotels which have inadequate fire protection and fire escapes get prominent and most unwelcome publicity. And it will take a lot of reconstruction and advertising for them to pull back into favor again. Hot plates are forbidden in hotel rooms, as are toasters and such, though nothing yet has been said about electric irons. Cigarettes cause as much damage as anything, but apparently nothing can be done about that. In the summertime fire engines screech up and down the streets constantly in answer to burning awnings—the result of cigarettes being thrown out of windows. That’s something else that nothing can be done about. But on the whole Manhattan will be a much safer place to live in due to the new and strenuous regulations. The restaurant investigation for cleanliness which has been going on for several months has brought about amazing results and Manhattan may soon be at the top of the list for good food and clean kitchens. Restaurants found wanting in cleanliness have received the same publicity treatment that improperly fire-protected hotels are getting now. There is nothing like the threat of exposure to get results.

Shop windows are full of southern wear. Gives one an extra chill just to look at the models in abbreviated swim suits and flimsy sport clothes. There must be an awful lot of people going South to support such a vast array of semi-tropical apparel up and down the avenues. Materials and designs of this winter-summer wear always seem more attractive than those offered when summer comes to us all.

Very few out-of-towners ever attend the auctions here. And, it is quite the thing to do if one is in the market at all for art or furniture. The Parke-Berne Galleries and the Meredith Galleries hold auctions almost continuously, and there are scores of others to be found whose offerings are really worth while. Sellin prices have dropped considerably since last year, so it may be a good time to buy.

Gracie Fields was a pinch-hit for the Incomparable Hildegard at the Persia Room not long ago. Hildy got took wit a bad cold and had to cancel out for week. Gracie had such short notice that there was no time to rehearse with the orchestra and she had to appear with just piano accompaniment. She sang for a hour and even then the crowd was loath to let her go. Her program ranged from “South America Take It Away” to “Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers.” Due to a loudly voiced audience demand she had to sing “Walter, Walter, Take Me To The Altar,” but that was the only son just reminiscent of her long and popular run at the Wedgewood Room several years ago. If she doesn’t have another long and popular run anywhere she pleases here it will be because she doesn’t want to. She’s top and much loved.

Manhattan jewelry ads have abut reached the limit in financial flatter: Trinkets ranging from ten to twenty thousand dollars are pictured everywhere. “just a little thought for a sick friend . . . but one advertisement really went little too far the other day. In amongst the doodads was a diamond ring with the price casually listed at seventy-two thousand dollars. Now we don’t think the were talking to us at all.
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL
by MARCIA DUDLEY

AMBASSADOR GARDEN. William Scotti and a delightful tunes make a perfect combination forumba enthusiasts. Food's good too. Park Avenue 51st St. WI 2-1000.

ASTOR. Lenny Herman and his band keep you on paying too much attention to your martini. You'll have to drink during intermission. Times square. CI 6-6000.

BEEKMAN TOWER. The first floor restaurant attires good old American cooking. The dimini
eive Elbow Room which one finds on an upper oroor provides just enough room to bend it. First ve. and 49th St. EL 5-7300.

BILTMORE. The graceful Bowman Room is the setting for Mischa Raginsky and his string en
mble. In another wing, the Madison Room is the place for luncheon or dinner. Madison Ave. at 3rd St. MU 7-7000.

BOAR'S HEAD CHOPHOUSE. The decor could be found within a stone's throw of Buckingham palace. Mutton chops done to a turn and delicious seafood. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0354.

Cafe SOCIETY UPTOWN. You'll never be disappointed with such entertainers as Jack Gilford, David Brooks and Hope Foye. Music by Tico occarras and Dave Martin's Trio. 128 E. 54th t. PL 5-9223.

CHATEAUBRIAND. French cuisine at its very nest. Connoisseurs of vintage wines will find this

delightful retreat. Try the imported foie gras. 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

COPACABANA. Joe E. Lewis stars in a bright and the Samba Siros are still very gorgeous. lenant piano music backgrounds the cocktail lounge. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.

EDDIE CONDON'S. Hottest jazz emporium in the Village. The place is really jivey. Come listen to the hottest guitar in the business. 47 W. 3rd St. BR 3-8736.

ENRICO & PAGLIERI. You're in the Village a whiff of the delightful odors emanating from this quaint Italian restaurant will stir the appetite into a veritable frenzy of hunger. 6 W. 11th. AL 4-6578.

HEADQUARTERS. A couple of G. I.'s who produced banquets from army rations for Ike and the boys now serve hearty, well-cooked meals in a picturesque dining room. There's a bar, too. 108 W. 9th. BR 9-0728.

LEXINGTON. Waikiki Willie would be at home listening to the strains of Hawaiian guitars and ying an all-island revue. Dining Sundays. Lexington on 48th. WI 2-4400.

MONKEY BAR. The waiters and bartenders are part of the act when the mood strikes them. fortify yourself with a round of drinks to get into a receptive mood. 60 E. 54th. PL 3-1066.

MONTE CARLO. They say it's just like in the movies. Dick Gaspare's orchestra balances Alberto's humbly. The food is good and dinner can be had within the $3 and a half day minimum. Madison at 4th. PL 5-3400.

NINO'S. Another Frenchy who deals in superb cookery with speedy service. The cocktail lounge is perfect for those who like to play games—under the table. Sunday brunch from 1 to 3:30. 10 E. 52nd. PL 3-9014.

REUBEN'S. Many celebs have continued their curtain calls through the wee hours at this famous restaurant. Specialities are multi-meated sandwiches named for well-knowns. 6 E. 58th. VO 5-7420.

RITZ-CARLETON. Dinner music in the Ovas Room nightly by Larry Siry's stringed orchestra. A place for a quiet, dignified evening. Visit the "Ladies Bar" and the "Little Bar" downstairs. Madison at 46th. PL 3-4600.

ROSE. Very friendly. The kind of place that encourages you to eat more Italian food than you really should. Don't forget to fasten your belt before getting up from the table. 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

SAVOY PLAZA. Listen to Barry Winton and his orchestra entertain the blue bloods in the Cafe Lounge. Clemente's marimba band takes over when Winton gets winded. Tea dancing daily. Fifth Avenue at 59th St. VO 5-2600.

SARDI'S. Theatrical celebrities on the walls and sitting on the chairs, too. The gawker lets his food grow cold while the theater people enjoy medium priced roast beef and steaks. 234 W. 44th. LA 4-5785.

SHERRY NETHERLAND. An excellent view of Central Park afforded from the mezzanine. Keep your eye on the view and not on the menu prices. Cozy cocktail lounge. 5th Ave. at 59th. VO 5-2800.

STORK CLUB. If you've seen the movie you've seen the Stork Club. Billingsly is still the smartest club owner in town. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

TOOTS SHOR. Chicken, duck, steak and roast beef are always excellently prepared at Toots'. You'll never be disappointed with your meal. Entrees a buck sixty and up. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

VERSAILLES. Dwight Fiske captures his audience like a fisherman reeling in a perch. Emil Petti (not Pettitone), and his orchestra combine with Panchito's rhumas for smooth dance music. 151 E. 50th. PL 8-0310.

WALDORF-ASTORIA. Jean Sablon in the Wedgewood Room. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band later on in the evening. Michael Zarin is in the Flamingo Room. Take your pick. Park Ave. at 49th St. EL 5-3000.

WIVEL. Strictly Scandinavian. Friendly, informal gatherings. Smorgasbord. 254 W. 54th St. CI 7-9800.

NEW YORK THEATRES

(Names and telephone numbers listed at the end)

Plays

AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE. (International). One man's meat . . . you know the rest. Some like it, some don't. But regardless of the choice of plays, there's no doubt as to the quality of the actors who make up this ambitious new repertory group: Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Web-

★ ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. (Fulton). Dirty work in the Deep South, by a family of friends, fascinating if somewhat repulsive. If you saw 'The Little Foxes' you're acquainted with most of the people involved. Lillian Hellman has turned back to the early days of the Hubbard family to show how they got that way, and Another Part of the Forest is the result. Probably only two-thirds as good as its predecessor, but that still leaves it a pretty good play. Margaret Phillips (as the young Birdie), Patricia Neal, Percy Waram (as the patriarch) and Leo Genn are included in an expert cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a rakehell with aspirations toward "class," and Judy Holliday as the babe from whose mouth comes words of wisdom, along with double negatives. A play of actual significance, turned out with so many laughs the significance doesn't hurt a bit. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


★ CHRISTOPHER BLAKE. (Music Box). Moss Hart's new play about a divorce in the family and it's effect on a twelve year old boy. Richard Tyler is excellent and the piece is interesting, if not perfect. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ CYRANO DE BERGERAC. (Ethel Barrymore). Jose Ferrer leading with the nose, in his own version of the old French play. A lively production and good for months of controversy over the various merits of Ferrer and Walter Hampden, who did the last revival. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ DREAM GIRL. (Coronet). Elmer Rice makes public some private imaginings, to the huge delight of his audience. The production is top-notch, and so are Jo Mielziner's sets. June Havoc, Edith King, Richard Midgley and many others—all good. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ THE FATAL WEAKNESS. (Royale). George Kelly's newest comedy, light, crisp, and hollow as an old fogy and an old country popper. But Town and Country's popper is Ina Claire's meat—and the whole thing is quite a dish, thanks to Miss Claire and a few gifted others, including Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ A FLAG IS BORN. (Broadhurst). Helen Haves on a jag, demonstrating again her versatility, her charm, and her knowledge of theater. Anita Loos wrote the play, which concerns a little librarian who just happens into a bar one afternoon and consumes a few Pink Ladies, of all things! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). The tale of the six foot rabbit whom few can see except Frank Fa and at times, Josephine Hull—both of whom a delightful in this comedy by Mary Chase of Denver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Wednesday at Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE ICEMAN COMETH. (Martin Beck). I cometh hooded and garbed as Death. From a grie joke within the dialogue. Eugene O'Neill takes an title of his new marathon play which runs over hours and builds up a powerful case for illusion. A large and excellent cast includes James Barton Nicholas Joy, Dudley Digges, and Carl Bento Reid. Evenings, except Monday, at 7:30.

★ JOAN OF LORRAINE. (Alvin). Maxwell Anderson's version of the Joan of Arc legend, presented as a play within a play, and presenting grid Bergman magnificent in her second appearance on the American stage, and the play itself is a vehicle worth of her talents. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.


★ LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. (Cort). Perhaps the most gorgeous thing in town—visually—is the old satire by Oscar Wilde, acted by Cornelia Ot. Skinner, Estelle Winwood, Henry Daniell, Penelope Ward and others—all of them dressed by Cec Beaton who appears also as actor in a minor role. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Plays may ope and plays may close (and most of them do)—but this one goes on forever or a reasonable facsimile. A. H. Van Buren is the latest actor to step in Father's shoes. Mary Loane is Mother. Evenings except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40.

★ MADE IN HEAVEN. (Henry Miller). About a marriage, of course, and some think it's tiddibl funny. With Donald Cook. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 and 2:50.

★ NO EXIT. (Biltmore). Annabella, Ruth Ford and Claude Dauphin portray three eternally damne souls in a small room just off a corridor to Hell. The acting isn't good; the translation from French leaves something to be desired; and the whole thing which for some reason enjoyed success in both London and Paris, probably won't be around any very long. Evenings, except Sunday, at 9. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). Alfred Lunt, cabinet minister, and Lynn Fontanne, an idle an lovely lady, are comfortably living in sin at the time of their invasion by the lady's son, a young man of leftist—or Laski—tendencies. The result are wonderful to behold, as the Lunts play it, abl aided by Dick Van Patten. Evenings, except Sur day, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday a 2:30.

★ THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. (Booth). About a young man who talks himself and everyone else into thinking he's quite a card, an ends up damning the lot of them for believing him It's a satire, a comedy, and very, very Irish. But
as Meredith is perhaps the best thing about this vital. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.

PRESENT LAUGHTER. (Plymouth). Noel coward's latest variation on a favorite theme has the earmarks, but that's about all. Clifton Webb, however, has lost none of his skill at playing this sort of thing, and Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden perform admirably enough. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). A fine, funny play that ought to be seen by every potential candidate for the presidency. With Ralph Bellamy, Minor Watson, and Edith Atwater, who exceeds Kay Francis. Evenings, except Sunday, at 3:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.


YEARS AGO. (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon, who wrote "Over 21," has written an autobiographical piece which stars Fredric March and his wife, Lorence Eldridge, with Patricia Kirkland playing Miss Gordon as a girl. Presented by Max Gordon, directed by Carson Kanin, Miss Gordon's husband. This is certainly a family affair. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Musicals

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). Ethel Merman hollering around in a lot of fringed buckskin and fast, funny comedy put together by Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Irving Berlin. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY. (Broadway). A heyday or a long-as-your-arm list of people from whom you have every right to expect better than average. Duke Ellington wrote the music. John Latouche turned out book and lyrics. The cast is headed by Alfred Drake (who originated Curly in Oklahoma!), Isby Holman, Avon Long (remember Sportin' Life?), Mildred Smith, and Zero Mostel, that man with the India-rubber face. But wait, that's not all: Oliver Smith designed the production, and the choreography is by Valerie Bettis, one of the more talented of the young modern dancers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

CALL ME MISTER. (National). A fresh and lively fusion of tunes, jokes, and engaging young people, the whole thing adding up to a hilarious commentary on the return to civilian life. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

CAROUSEL. (Majestic). A winsome, somewhat sad, and tenderly funny story about a gay rake who steals a star from heaven to take down to earth to his little daughter. Ferenc Molnar wrote it as "Liliom." John Raitt still sings the lead. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

IF THE SHOE FITS. (Century). Cinderella comes out of her ashes with fanfare and flourish, in this elaborate production whose scenes change like the turning of the pages of a book, thanks to the ingenuity of the designer, Edward Gilbert. Leila Ernst is Cinderella. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

OKLAHOMA! (St. James). There's nothing new to say about this one. It's still good, probably the best, and the songs sound as pretty as ever. The cast includes Harold Keel, David Burns, Betty Jane Watson, and Ruth Weston, who carries on as Aunt Eller. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

PARK AVENUE. (Shubert). Turned out by Nunnally Johnson and George S. Kaufman, with music by Arthur Schwartz and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margson are prominent in the goings-on, and Raymond Walburn puts in an appearance from time to time. Still, it could be better. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

THE RED MILL. (46th Street). Victor Herbert a la Victor Herbert, for those as like it that way, and a good many do. Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtill are in the cast. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40, and Sunday at 3:00.

THREE TO MAKE READY. (Adelphi). The third of a series that began with "One for the Money" some seasons ago. Ray Bolger dances his way through this one and fortunately that's all anyone could ask—for that's about all you get. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th..................................CI 6-5097 E
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th..................................CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th..................................BR 9-2067 W
Alvin, 250 W. 42nd..................................CI 5-6868 W
Bijou, 209 W. 45th..................................CO 9-8215 W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th..................................CI 5-9313 W
Booth, 222 W. 45th..................................CI 6-5969 W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th..................................BR 9-2067 E
Broadway, 227 W. 45th..................................CI 6-0300 W
Century, 932 7th Ave..................................CI 7-3121 W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th..................................CI 8-8870 W
Cort, 138 W. 48th..................................BR 9-0046 E
Empire, B'way & 40th..................................PE 6-9540 W
Fulton, 201 W. 46th..................................CI 6-6380 W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th..................................CI 6-6075 W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..................................BR 9-4566 E

Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd...............................BR 9-3970 E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th..................................BR 9-5641 W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th..................................CO 5-2412 W
International, Columbus Circle........................CO 5-1173 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th..................................CH 4-4256 E
Majestic, 124 W. 44th..................................CO 6-0730 W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th..................................CI 6-9056 W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..................................CI 6-6363 W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th..................................CL 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th..................................CI 6-4636 W
National, 208 W. 41st..................................PE 6-8220 W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th..................................BR 9-3565 E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th..................................CI 6-9156 W
Royale, 242 W. 45th..................................CL 5-5760 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th..................................CI 6-9500 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th..................................LA 4-6664 W
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA. Ah, it borscht! It can be found just down a flight of stairs in a “South of the Border” room. The menu includes everything from blintzes to thick, juicy steaks—all good. The drinks are reasonable and well-built. Chick Sasin runs the adjoining bar and he’s still our favorite tap master. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway, VA 5040.

★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. This is the place for those who like to eat and drink like royalty. The roast beef is supreme—and don’t forget to order a plate of those French fried onions. The salad bowl, of course, is a must. Jerry will find a table for you unless he decides you’re happier sitting at the bar. 1104 Baltimore, GR 1019.

★ GUS’ RESTAURANT. A well-dressed clientele meshes with the suave background. The customers gorge themselves on lobster and steak while Gus exercises his arm with a million and one friend handshakes. Jerry Johnson, resplendent in his white satin suits, plays the best boogie in the game. 1106 Baltimore, GR 5120.

★ SAVOY GRILL. The oaken panelling takes you back to the turn of the century. When the atmosphere works its charm you’re likely to glance outside to see if your hansom driver is still waiting. The food is prepared exactly as it was years and years ago . . . wholesome, delicious, appetizing. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. One of the finest cafeterias in the country, Owner W. W. Worming of a large New York hotel. He was ditetica for a large private school for many years and is well-versed in offering a balanced meal. A rarity these days, the dishes and cutlery are immaculate 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ DRUM ROOM. A large drum marks the entrance to a pleasant circular bar with tables for two and leather wall seats surrounding it. In the Drum Room proper, delicious luncheons and dinners may be had at reasonable prices and Gordon’s Dudaro’s orchestra furnishes dance music soft enough to converse over. $1 minimum on week days. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ EL CASBAH. A delightful surprise to the many patrons of Kansas City’s famous night club is the announcement that the cover charge and minimum have been removed. Dinners are priced from two to four dollars and entertaining floor shows vie with the food for patrons’ attention. Saturday afternoon dansants from 12:30 to 4:30. Bill Snyder is back and his music provides an earful of mighty good listening. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ TERRACE GRILL. The standard by which all other show places in this part of the country are measured. For years it has been the mecca for people seeking good music and entertainment. Sherman Hays, direct from Chicago’s Bismarck, will be the orchestra featured during January. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Dee Peterson’s rhythm never fails to provide an evening of smooth dancing at this chic supper club. The very place to spend a dignified evening with a superb bill of fare and good drink. 1425 Baltimore. GR 9129.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Little brother to El Casbah, but quite a personality in its own right. There is continuous entertainment of just the right sort. The atmosphere is smooth, decorous, but not formal—probably you’d call that just right, too. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.
Class With a Glass

RENDEZVOUS. A very fashionable bar. Good looks and a smart clientele. At the wave of your hand a nattily dressed waiter will whisk a snowy cloth in front of you and serve your dinner tables across the room from the bar. Hotel Jehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

CABANA. Handsome Latin waiters dressed in smart black-and-gold mess jackets add a Spanish flavor to your drinks. WHB's Alberta Bird manipulates the Hammond keyboard expertly and will play any tune you can name. The walls are comfortable and get cozier while you sip the artini and listen to the top hit tunes. Lunch only. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 20.

THE TROPICS. A step inside and you're in go Pago or maybe Bali. The walls are done in murals of South Sea scenes and at intervals the birds go out, lightning flashes and thunder roars in the tempo of a tropical cloud burst. It's a sophisticated lounge with good drink. The tropical concoctions are especially smooth. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

LA CANTINA. A spacious downstairs room with bright red and white decor. The bar is long enough to accommodate the usual weekend rush. Here's always plenty of room and the atmosphere is inviting. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. A 7047.

OMAR ROOM. Gals can't sit at the bar with mirrored background, but they can languish on the circular leather seat that surrounds it. A half flight up is a large, softly lighted room with tables for that intimate conversation. If you're lonely, go to the Omar Room. It's very friendly. Hotel Con- nettal, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

Playhouses

CROSSROADS INN. Antiques of all descriptions are arranged upon wall shelves and they impart a bit of Merrie England. Chicken, barbecue and delicious sandwiches can be had for a song. A bar, a large dance floor and the latest juke box make your evening a complete one. Take a woop Park car right to the very door. Swope Parkway and Benton, WA 9609.

LA FIESTA BALLROOM. Put those Arthur Murray steps into practice. There's dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta, each Wednesday night at La Fiesta there's an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the management. Old Time Mattinee dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After his period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday is only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks and delicious sandwiches. Ice cream and cake, too. 41st and Main, VA 9759.

CROWN ROOM. Joe Nauer, a veteran at managing night spots, has a unique attraction. Behind the bar stands a large clock. During the cocktail hour from two to five daily, an alarm is sounded at various intervals. When that happens everyone in the place receives a duplicate of the ring he has at the moment—for free! Judy Conrad still has one of the best musical aggregations in town—his group entertains nightly. Gorgeous life-size Varga girls adorn the walls and mental spec- tation is rife as one sits sipping a good drink and gazes at the beauties. Free parking in the La Salle garage. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Al Duke is the center of everyone's attention at the Old Plantation. A very fine entertainer, Al brings nostalgic memories of vaudeville days with his musical interpretations. Jerry Gilbert's Trio is just the thing for quiet dancing. This lovely old Colonial mansion is just a few miles east on Highway 40, FL 1307.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. The delicious barbecue is back but Stubb doesn't need his good food to attract customers. The folks have been dropping in to hear—and see—Jeanie Leit for a long time. Some of Jeanie's songs, ribald in a feminine way, bring the house down every time. The girl is simply terrific! 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

★ NEW ORLEANS ROOM. One of the newest places in Kansas City, this spacious room with wine and pearl decor is rapidly drawing the crowds. The drinks are good, too, served at that extra long bar that used to be Col. Jeb Stuart's favorite. Howard Parker, his piano and orchestra, make with the 'sweetest swing' you've heard in a long time. The dance floor, ringed with a quaint brass railing, is big enough to make dancing a real pleasure. Park right next door. On Wyandotte, just north of 12th Street. GR 9207.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. The pachyderm in the name does not denote size. This diminutive place makes you want to talk to your neighbor—and you invariably do. It's fun and it becomes funnier after a few of Max's drinks because the parade of pink elephants over the bar do the darndest dance. At one end of the room Charlie Chaplin's antics never grow old on the screen showing old time silent films. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th. GR 5310.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. The D. T. Turner trademark insures an evening of good food and superb entertainment. Eddie Oyer, boy wonder at the key board, has a repertoire ranging from the latest boogie to the Blue Danube Waltz. Eugene Smith and Juliette share the spotlight with Eddie. When bending an elbow at the bar, bend the neck a little too and see old time silent films shown upon a screen just above the barkeeps' head. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.
★ BLUE HILLS. The barbecue is not to be matched anywhere in Kansas City. Long popular with South Enders, dancing and drinking are enlivened by a trio featuring Bob and Jack, screwballs of swing. Music is continuous from 6:30. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ GOOD TASTE...

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Bedecked with latticed booths and photographs of celebs, the Gardens is popular with show people and their friends. Meatballs and spaghetti, served with a little beaker of wine, fills that empty spot and brushes away all pangs of hunger. The steaks are good, too. 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. The murals done on wood paneling are quite interesting. The food is good and service quick. The strawberry short cake is by far the best you've ever tasted. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. This bustling place keeps in tune with the busiest intersection in town which lies just outside. Quick, courteous service, tasty food and the latest hit tunes by remote control from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ FRANK WACHTER. Three delightful restaurants operated by veteran Frank Wachter prove that inflation didn't happen here—because you can still get terrific meals for 65¢ and 75¢ at 1112 Baltimore, 105 East 12th Street or 11 East 10th Street. And the 45¢ Special for lunch packs the house. Come before noon if you can, or after 1:15. Wachter's feature wonderful ham and beef and splendid dessert. In the bottled goods department, they sell an excellent deluxe brand Bourbon of exceptional bouquet, smoothness and aroma from Shively, Kentucky, at $7.49 per bottle. HA 8999.

★ NU-WAY DRIVE-INS. It's a relief to drive up and not have to toot the horn or flick your lights. The minute you turn off the ignition a perky little car hop is at the window asking if you desire curb service or an inside booth. The sandwiches are the best you've ever tasted—and reasonably priced, too. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. One of the highest tributes to Glenn's seafood is the fact that among his patrons are a great many experts on just that item. It's fun to order a steamy oyster stew close your eyes and imagine yourself at a little wharf cafe in Provincetown. The realistic result ample proof that Glenn serves the best seafood in the Middlewest. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ DIERK'S TAVERN. Walk west down 10th St and skid to a stop at a little neon sign bearing evidence that Dierk's Tavern is through the door at just below street level. You'll find banquets and people whose closest contact with finance is savings account, sitting elbow to elbow at the bar. Noonday lunches are a real treat to your stomach and also your purse. Between Walnut and Grand C 10th St. VI 4352.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. Home of the hamburger supreme. You may have delicious fried rabbit or chicken dinners, too. Don't let the clever, modernistic decorations take your mind off the taste 'burger. 48th and Main on the Plaza. LO 3434.

★ UNITY INN. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, the green salads and vegetarian dinner are the best ever. You are served in a pretty lattice room with walls of a restful shade of green. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A quiet dining room featuring home cooked meals at reasonable prices. Just the place to take the family for a delicious Sunday dinner. 54th and Brookside. HI 4100.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Partners Millema and Gilbert are masters at providing dishes that keep the "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople gastronomically happy. And what's more, they're at it twenty-four hours a day. You don't have to be a flyer to enjoy the food here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

All Through the Night...

★ TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR. A friendly after-hours spot—even the huge door-man is congenial. A spic floor show and plenty of opportunity to practice some of the steps the chorines do. For an evening of drinking and dancing, Tootie's is the place to be. $1.00 cover charge. 79th and Wornall Road. D 1253.

★ MARY'S. Newly enlarged and decorated, Mary's boasts the largest dance floor in this area. It's little outside of town and is extremely popular "after hours." Big name bands are often feature and the ride out is certainly worthwhile. Setup only. 8013 Wornall Road. JA 9441.
VHBlueprint for 1947!

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

'Full Time' Operation

10 Kilocycles

,000 Watts Power

Mutual Network

Kansas City

BY LATE SPRING, 1947, the big, new, more-powerful transmitting plant now planned by WHB will be completed. Then tune in "Your Mutual Friend" at a new and better spot on your radio dial: 710 kilocycles, instead of 880. . . . We'll have five times as much power as at present. And most important of all, we'll be on the air "night-time" as well as day-time — presenting an entirely new schedule of locally-produced night-time programs, in addition to Mutual network features. 1947 will be a great year of growth for the station with Kansas City's oldest call letters: WHB. . . . We invite smart advertisers, as you blueprint your advertising plans for the upcoming twelvemonth, to include the alert, forward-looking Kansas City Marketland. We offer you a medium that will reach effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar.

DON DAVIS
President

JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

Represented By

ADAM YOUNG, Inc.

NEW YORK   CHICAGO
Ongacre 3-1926 ANDover 5448
Helen Parke, president of Paramount's "Fred Astaire Fan Club," tells WHB's Bob Kennedy all about her dream man.

Dr. Clarence Decker, president of the University of Kansas City, awards a twenty-five dollar savings bond to the winner of "It Pays To Be Smart," weekly high-school quiz program sponsored by the University and Station WHB.

"Come on Up," says curvaceous Mae West, quoting the title of her current play. Dick Smith, of WHB, seems to find the invitation interesting.

4. Fowler Barker, editor of Transport magazine, presents the annual aviation and transport award to John Collings, operations vice-president of Transcontinental Western Air. Joshua Lerman, member of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Washington, looks on. The award is for outstanding excellence in maintaining airline planes.

5. John Wildberg, producer Carmen Jones and Annette Casta, caught during an extensive interview on WHB.
THERE'S a whirligig of wind down the street; the slithery plip-plip of an icicle giving up under the eaves; deceptive sunlight one day, and on the next an anxious green leaf trapped in a globe of ice. Come now the afternoons of slanting sunshine moving north, the votive denials of Lent... hatchets and odes and prim little girls courtseying to little boys wearing cotton wigs and pained expressions. This is February: February the quick-change artist, prologue and epilogue and entr'acte. The month comes out as the curtain falls on the Ibsen drama of January; it waves a flag, recites the Gettysburg Address, sings a sentimental ballad, does a spring dance, trips and falls, smiles blearily, and vanishes as the angry comedy of March begins.

This is the way the month happens to us in a small section of the world, perhaps one-third of a nation as geography goes. We report its annual arrival as we know it in this region stretching from Kansas to the eastern seaboard, across Kentucky and Virginia, where February's favorite children were born. These were the two who had much to do with the shape and temperature and emotional climate of this country, and therefore of all the world, since each country, if ever so slightly, regulates the global temperature. And so from this region which includes the place where Mr. Lincoln used to read by candlelight, where young George Washington made his maps, where both of them suffered and won a war, and where both died, we send you this report. For us and for everyone we should like to forecast "fair and warmer." But the weather of the world is much like the nervous weather of February. You can't depend upon it. And all we know for sure is that it's time for fair and warmer. We could do with a lot of it. We've had enough black weather in the world and too much of it in our hearts. It wouldn't hurt a thing if for a little while all our hearts were edged with lace and filled with tender passions and vanilla creams.

Jetta Carleton
Editor.

Swing
FEBRUARY, 1947
VOL. 8 NO. 2

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FEBRUARY'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibitions: Paintings by members of the Ohio Water Colour Society.
Lectures: Feb. 5, T'ang Sculpture, Laurence Sickman; Feb. 12, Etruscan Art, Paul Gardner; Feb. 19, French Enamels, Paul Gardner; Feb. 26, Restoration, James Roth. (The Library at 8 p.m.)

Masterpiece of the Month: Marble Lion, 8th Century Chinese.
Motion Pictures (No admission charge): Feb. 7, 7:30 p.m., The Life of Emil Zola; Feb. 21, 8 p.m., Land of Enchantment, Tenderfoot Trail, Canadien Holiday—three color films produced by Clarence Simpson.

Music
Feb. 2, Pop Concert.
Feb. 3, Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 4, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 5, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 10, Metropolitan Opera Artists Ensemble; Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 11, Muriel Rahn.
Feb. 12, Rose Bampton.
Feb. 16, Pop Concert.
Feb. 17, Paul Draper and Larry Adler; Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 18, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 19, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 23, Pop Concert.
Feb. 24, Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 25, Philharmonic concert for school children; Luboshutz and Nemenoff.
Feb. 27, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 28, Philharmonic Subscription Series.

Conventions
Feb. 8, Missouri Association of Republicans, Hotel Muehlebach.
Feb. 8-10, Midwest Circulation Managers, Hotel President.
Feb. 13-15, American Savings and Loan Institute, Hotel President.
Feb. 16-17, Midwest Newspaper Advertising Managers, Hotel President.
Feb. 17-22, American Association of Medical Records Librarians, Regional Institute, Hotel Belleview.
Feb. 18-19, Southwest Conference Blue Cross and Medical Service Plans, Hotel President.
Feb. 20-21, Midwest Feed Manufacturers Association, Hotels Phillips and Muehlebach.
Feb. 22-25, Kansas City Gift Show, Auditorium.
Feb. 28, American Camping Association, Regional, Hotel President.

Dancing
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday.
(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main.)
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

Drama
(Music Hall)
Feb. 6-9, State of the Union.

Special Events
Feb. 17, Paul Draper, dancer and Larry Adler, harp virtuoso, at the Music Hall.
Feb. 21, Red and White Ball sponsored by Young Women's Philharmonic Committee, at the Hotel Continental.

Boxing
Golden Gloves, Feb. 10, 11, 14.

Hockey
(United States Hockey League.)
All games at Pla-Mor Arena 32nd and Main.
Feb. 2, Houston.
Feb. 9, Dallas.
Feb. 12, Saint Paul.
Feb. 16, Minneapolis.
Feb. 23, Tulsa.

Basketball
Feb. 5, High schools.
Feb. 6, Ponca City-Colorado.
Feb. 7, High schools.
Feb. 8, M & O-Salt Lake.
Feb. 13, M & O-Oklahoma City.
Feb. 14, High schools.
Feb. 17, High schools.
Feb. 18, M & O- Los Angeles.
Feb. 19, High schools.
Feb. 20, M & O-Sacramento.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tansman, 24th and Main.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st.
McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.
ANY time a penguin gets lost in Antarctica during the next few months all he will have to do is ask nearby explorer for directions.

No matter where the penguin is, it's an even money bet an explorer will be nearby. The seas leading to Antarctica are as crowded as Coney Island on an August Sunday.

Penguins have been getting all the laughs in the Antarctic for years but they can expect a drop in their Hooper ratings because Bob Hope will be along any day. The navy is going there for uranium so Hope will probably go for irium.

The man who used to name Pullman cars has been hired by the navy to think up disarming names for its missions and he dubbed this one Operation High Jump. The admirals are delighted with the name but the general public has been reluctant to take it up for fear it will turn out to be a new moisturizing process for cigarettes.

When it's winter here it's summer in the South Pole region—but the navy may be too optimistic on this point because when the last of its thirteen ships departed from Norfolk recently they left several boxes of skis on the dock.

Our navy won't have the ice to themselves, however. The British have been there for some time, which may explain the whaleburgers that appeared in London recently. The Russians heard about the whaleburgers so now they have a 10-ship whaling flotilla en route to the Antarctic. For the last quarter century the Norwegians have been popping in there with the same frequency that Blossom Time has played Wichita. Australia, Chile, Argentina, France, and Belgium are shopping for snow suits; and another navy man, Commander Finn
Ronne, who accompanied Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd on his last trip, has struck out for himself with a conducted tour of scientists.

By the time noses are counted in the Bay of Whales a month or two hence, the assemblage probably will include, in addition to representatives from the various countries, four or five Hollywood adventurers, the younger Newport crowd, and—possibly—a misrouted company of Ballet Russe.

Burton Holmes is expected to add colored slides of Antarctica to his lecture series, and the Bermuda and Havana steamship lines that used to sell Romance In A Foreign Country to coeds and stenographers at fire sale prices are studying the market.

As far back as 1773 Captain Cook condemned the polar regions to everlasting frigidity. At that time he remarked there was a beautiful woman behind every tree there and the trees were only 10,000 miles apart. South polar exploration work has lagged ever since.

Recently, however, the frozen wastes have become frozen assets and uranium is the reason. The navy has issued statements to the effect it doesn’t know there is uranium in Antarctica but the Russians and the rest, knowing uranium’s propensity for popping up in desolate places, are taking a look for themselves.

The purpose of the trip, the navy blandly states, is the cold weather training of the 4,000 men, and the testing of ships, planes, and equipment, including the firing of various weapons. Admiral Byrd probably fathered this policy because he once remarked Antarcticists should be trained in Antarctica. Although this policy may, on the surface, appear reasonable, it would be revolutionary for a navy that taught navigation in the desert. Should polar warfare loom likely, you can bet the obstacle courses will be set up in the Orange Bowl instead of the main coolers of Swift & Company.

Although I’m a man who can take his bergs or leave them alone, I felt very kindly toward Admiral Byrd from June of 1929, when I watched New York roll out the red carpet for him following one of his flights, unt some years later.

Being something of a wise guy even at this early date, I had a privat theory I was anxious to share with segment of the newspaper readers that Admiral Byrd wasn’t getting his full share of public acclaim. There was something about Admiral Byrd that seemed to cloud his popularit. It might have been that he always had his picture taken in white summer uniform and people mistook him for Dick Powell in a Warner Brother musical. But at any rate, the Ne
York welcome seemed more synthetic than most and I set about to write my story along this line.

This was several years before the philosophic cab driver was introduced into daily newspapers, so in order to get someone to hang my story on I encountered two philosophic street cleaners who were only too anxious to prove the validity of my inference. The white wings outdid each other in supplying me with curbstone estimates of the amounts of ticker tape and telephone directories showered on Admiral Byrd as compared to channel swimmers and shop-worn queens, who were not even in the championship bracket.

These philosophic street cleaners gave me a lot of good stuff and I was a little surprised to hear later that the night editor failed to share my own high opinion of the final copy.

Admiral Byrd dropped out of sight for a time. I lost track of him during the war and figured he was stuck away in an igloo some place while BuPers kicked his file around, but it turned out he was right in the thick of things as a confidential adviser.

Back in the thirties, Admiral Byrd's Antarctic trips weren't at government expense, so he had to discover a sponsor before he could discover anything else. That's in the best tradition of the trade, of course. Columbus nor any of the Golden Age boys would turn a finger until they had negotiated a contract with a king or some private backers. Since Admiral Byrd couldn't get the ear of business with the mere promise of a cargo of ice tubes, he dreamed up a polar version of the Good Housekeeping Institute. He told manufacturers he would test their products in the ice pack region if they'd give him the stuff to test. They were largely agreeable, and from packers, millers, food processors, and shoemakers he obtained some of the major necessities (sugar, 15 tons; flour, 30 tons; dehydrated vegetables, 30 tons).

But there were still hundreds of other items needed, 53 typewritten pages of them. There were 1,500 pounds of smoking tobacco, 100,000 feet of piano wire for ocean soundings, and 27,000 feet of rawhide for sledge lashings—to mention just a few. So in addition to borrowing a lot of scientific apparatus from college foundations and the government, he organized a varsity squad of contributors. This included such substantial backers as Thomas J. Watson (business machines), Jacob Ruppert (beer), the National Geographic Magazine, and William Horlick (malted milk).

By a fascinating coincidence, I was on Mr. Horlick's pay list at that time also, doing a six-day-a-week juvenile radio serial for him. Mr. Horlick was getting along in years then, and evidently he would occasionally get me mixed up with Admiral Byrd, because he kept sending me vast quantities of malted milk. All I really needed was a new typewriter ribbon and one or two fresh ideas.

Admiral Byrd showed his appreciation by naming the Curtiss Wright Condor plane that he took along the "William Horlick," and by mentioning it on his broadcasts. Competition
is stiff in an outfit like that, so not to be outdone, I called my radio program Horlick's Circus. Trouble was, I made a mistake. Mr. Horlick was a faithful listener and I still might be getting huge amounts of malted milk, except that I named an escaped python in one thrilling episode “Maybelle.” It turned out that Maybelle was also the name of Mr. Horlick's favorite daughter. From that time on, Antarctic blasts were as zephyrs compared to the chill I got from his advertising agency.

Naturally, under climatic conditions of that sort, my languishing love for the Admiral soon withered and died, since the thing had obviously been his fault. So if he should wonder why I'm not in the swim, so to speak, at Antarctica this season, just tell him that I can't abide an apple-polisher. You'll have to tell him: we're not speaking!

EVERYBODY'S AUTHOR

In the little French town of Dieppe, December 5, 1870, the church bells tolled for one of France’s most notorious, if not famous, sons. Alexander Dumas passed from a world that he had peopled with romance and high adventure, dying after four years of abject poverty.

Dumas left behind him a galaxy of legendary heroes and heroines whose exploits have delighted the world for nearly a century, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Three Musketeers, The Man in the Iron Mask, Louise De La Valliere, being just a few.

In his own day, this fabulous grandson of a French marquis did more than all his contemporaries combined to give French literature a world-wide audience. His works were avidly read both by the proletariat and great names of his day—among them Thackeray and Dickens. He was perhaps the most-read novelist of our grandmother's day. There is scarcely an old home-library that does not include a dusty set of his works.

Dumas was not over-scrupulous in his search for ideas. He took his material where he found it, but his ideas of literary property were vague, to say the least. He was notorious for his novel “factory” where he had a half hundred writers transforming works of unknown authors into Dumas masterpieces. As a result, Dumas was the “author” of 298 volumes. In 1832, he had to leave France due to charges of plagiarism.

Nevertheless old Dumas and his works are still tops in romantic thrills. He made millions from them, and as quickly lost his fortunes. He was thriftless and extravagant. On returns from The Count of Monte Cristo alone, he built a palace called “Monte Cristo,” lived in it for a few years, and sold it at a fraction of its original five hundred thousand francs cost in order to pay his debts. In 1851 Dumas fled his creditors and for the next nineteen years wandered in search of copy.

Despite the disrepute which has tinged his name and reputation, Dumas' works have done widespread good. As the defender of the people, even through such obvious devices as his “Robin Hood” heroes, he pointed the finger of public wrath at many public evils contemporary to his time. For this reason his champions have given him the paradoxical three-fold title: Alexander Dumas—Novelist, Plagiarist, Crusader!
As the Ides of March draw near, Americans take new interest in an old, old subject.

With the start of each new year and the attendant approach of income tax time, America becomes money-conscious on a grand scale. Financial experts and market analysts go off on a numerical field day. Graph-makers do a rush business, and the layman glances up from his personal budget sheet long enough to ask at figures running into 12 digits.

It is the season when Mr. Ordinary Man becomes conscious of the intricate but massive machinery of production and finance, and of the ponderous banking system which serves him competently and quietly throughout all the seasons.

One area that is this year coming for more than its usual share of attention is the rich Marketland supplied by Kansas City.

To know banking in Kansas City to know the Tenth Federal Reserve District. This district, with Kansas City, Missouri, as headquarters, is the second largest of twelve Federal Reserve Districts in the United States.

It covers a mere strip of western Missouri, portions of New Mexico and Oklahoma, and all of Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas. During the last few years, it has become one of the richest in the country. And the banking industry in Kansas City has progressed proportionately.

The year 1946 brought unparalleled prosperity to Kansas City and the Tenth Federal Reserve District. With the dissolving of price controls, agriculture and livestock products of Kansas and Oklahoma, Colorado and Wyoming brought higher prices than at any other time in history. All-time highs were also recorded in Missouri and Nebraska. The people of the area found they had literally more money than they “knew what to do with.” Wanted appliances, automobiles and other items were not available, so the newly found wealth was put to work in government securities and savings in Federal Reserve member banks throughout the Tenth District. Since these members banks make up over half the volume of Kansas City banking establishments, most of the

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

By ROSEMARY HAWARD
wealth of the area centered in Kansas City. The annual bank statements for the year 1946 showed that the period had produced greater wealth, showed a greater flow of sums through the Kansas City clearing house, than at any other time in history.

This prosperity was not the result of just one year's trade. It was the cumulative result of growing prosperity since 1939.

In the years previous to 1939, the trend was definitely away from prosperity. The stock market crash of 1929, the bank failures of '32, the subsequent recessions—all were ample evidence of an unprosperous era. The banks of Kansas City suffered relatively as much as did the farmers of the dust bowl wastes. Prosperity was always just around the corner, but the corner wasn't in sight.

When the war in Europe became an actuality instead of a long-dreaded possibility, a positive impetus to business was felt first in large industrial centers of the country. In the wake of this, Midwest business and agriculture awoke with a start from a ten-year lethargy. Preparedness was the byword, the order of the day. Under the goading of Uncle Sam, and with the aid of his financial backing, industry throughout the nation took a lunge forward. And in the farm sections of the Middlewest, a surge of new life was felt. Government subsidies and higher prices made it worthwhile for the farmer to remain on his land, rather than to depart to the new jobs offered in city factories.

The years 1939 to 1941 saw what appeared to be a phenomenal increase in prosperity in the Tenth Federal Reserve District of the United States. But in subsequent years, this two-year increase proved to be amazingly small. Under the artificial stimulation of an impending world war, the area proved itself to be the bread basket of the nation, if not the world.

When the United States entered World War II at the end of 1941, the need for location of war industries in the Midwest, away from the more vulnerable coastal regions, became apparent. Tremendous amounts:
of money began to pour into Kansas City and other spots in the Tenth District with the founding of plants and industries for the development of implements of war. Hand-in-hand with this gigantic influx of industry, money, and people came greater and more insistent urgings by the government upon the farmers and livestock men of the district. More grain. More cattle. More of everything raised on the farm. The people, who a few short years before had struggled to find the next meal, were caught up in this wave of insistence and grew the needed produce and grain.

Kansas City banks, which had heard the mutterings of a seemingly unending depression, became the focal point for prosperity of the area.

The reason Kansas City handles the wealth of the Midwest lies basically in the fact that it is a great transportation center. Both railroads and trucklines throughout the southwest and central United States converge in Kansas City, bringing with them their rich cargoes of area products. Business transactions are completed at the time of delivery, and since so many of the area products are marketed in Kansas City, a great need for interchangeable products logically arises. Just as the people of the area supply the nation, so they are supplied by the nation. It is an endless chain of commerce and agriculture.

One indication of prosperity is manifested in record bank deposits. During the years from 1939 to 1946, Kansas City averaged fourth among all Federal Reserve Districts in expansion of bank deposit volume. During the war, bank deposits in Kansas City nearly doubled.

This upward spiral of bank deposit volume which had its beginning in 1939 reached a climax in 1945. Deposits in greater Kansas City banks at the beginning of that period totaled nearly 500 million dollars; at the end of that period, 1,300 million dollars. This was due largely to an increase in public credit.

The publication of the 1946 bank statement showed that 1946 had brought steady withdrawals by the Treasury to retire its debt of nearly twenty billion dollars. Loans, on the other hand, showed an increase, probably due to increased borrowing by business to maintain production at higher price levels.

The fact that the peak of bank deposits has been reached and passed should cause no alarm since the record, in large part, was a direct result of the retirement of debt by the United States Government.

"This reduction in bank deposits has been chiefly the result of the retirement of debt by the United States Government, although a contraction in interbank deposits has also been a factor. The Government has retired 113 billion dollars of debt since the beginning of March (1946). The funds used by the Treasury for this purpose have been its war loan accounts with banks, which have been reduced 14 billion dollars. In other words, the Treasury has been retiring debt with funds previously borrowed. Insofar as the Government securities paid off have been held by banks (including the Federal Reserve banks), the transactions have reduced..."
war loan deposits without any offsetting increase in other deposits. The net effect of the retirement of Government securities in the hands of nonbank holders has been a shift from war loan deposits to private deposits. Thus, it is the reduction in the Government security holdings of the banking system that has brought about the reduction in bank deposits."

Record breaking was not limited to bank deposits alone. During 1946, department store trade showed a twenty-six per cent increase in dollar volume for the October period over that same period of the previous year. With suspension of price controls in the livestock field in October, a marked increase in industrial production was seen in that field. Flour milling operations in October were twelve per cent above those of September. Crude oil production in each of the six oil-producing states of the area showed five per cent over that of the same period for 1945. Increased employment was noted in nearly all fields.

In view of these facts, the logical question is, "Will Kansas City and the Tenth Federal Reserve District continue along this upward trend in prosperity?" According to predictions by the Department of Agriculture, this is very unlikely. Both prices and income are expected to decrease.

There will be a general shifting of funds to industrial sections, as the car-hungry and appliance-starved Mid-

(1) "The Changing Volume and Regional Distribution of Bank Deposits" Clarence W. Tow.

westerners buy products produced in other industrial centers of the nation, which they have not been able to purchase for over five years. The general prediction for the whole nation can apply very well to the Kansas City area, however. According to present indications there will be a short recession caused by high costs and the price and labor situations, followed by an era of prosperity.

It looks like Mr. Ordinary Man has finally rounded that corner!
Roy Bean and his beer-drinking bear once dispensed drinks and justice west of the Pecos. The law was one-sided, but it was swift and sure!

It consisted of the Revised Statutes of Texas for 1876, and was handily located beneath the bar for quick reference.

Judge Bean turned the pages of his reference library rapidly on the occasion when a man was brought before him charged with killing a Chinese railroad worker. Exhausted by his study, he intoned sentence: “This here is the complete statutes of this state from the Alamo on, and there ain’t a damned line in it nowheres that makes killing a Chinaman illegal. The pris’ner is discharged on condition he pays for havin’ the Chinaman buried.”

On another occasion he was too busy to bother with the statute book. This was when a deputy constable, Reb Wise, who was a Pecos rancher, brought in a cattle rustler for trial. Business at the bar was rewardingly active, almost more than Roy and Oscar, his long-time assistant, could handle. Bean regarded the deputy and his prisoner with profound dis-taste, deeply resenting the intrusion.
Jerking his head toward the prisoner, the Judge asked, “What’s the charge, Reb?” He continued methodically to open bottles of foaming Triple-X beer.

“Cattle rustlin’,” Reb Wise said, adding after a slight pause which in no way implied disrespect, but merely forgetfulness, “Your Honor.”

“Positive he’s guilty?”

“I’ll say I am. Caught him with a runnin’ iron on one of my best calves, Judge.” The rancher was emphatic.

Judge Bean, still busy at the bar, glanced at the unhappy prisoner and for the first time noticed that the prisoner’s left ear was dripping blood. “Who plugged his ear?” he asked curiously.

“I did, Your Honor. He wouldn’t stop till I shot at him.”

“Next time don’t shoot at the head,” the Judge admonished. “Too easy for a prisoner to get killed that-a-way and get out of the punishment he deserves. You’re real shore he’s guilty?”

“Didn’t I tell you, Judge, I caught him brandin’ my calf?”

“All right, Reb, hold your horses,” Bean said. To a new arrival at the bar he nodded. “Name your pizen, feller.” As he reached for a bottle, the Judge continued. “All right. This court finds the accused guilty as charged. Rustlin’s the worst crime there is, and the worst punishment I know of right handy is hanging. I hereby sentence him to be hanged. Reb, I’m busy as hell, so you and some of your compadres take this ornery guy out and hang him to the handiest tree, will you? Only instruc-
transfer their attentions to the saloon bar during the frequent intermissions the Judge called, and thus profits were not interfered with because of justice. Non-drinking jurors were not worth a plugged nickel to the Judge, to whom financial rewards stuck as close as Texas mud. In proof of his economic acumen, Bean once "commuted" the sentence for horse-stealing from hanging to a $300 fine, after he read over the prisoner's shoulder a last letter to his mother enclosing $400. Another time, when an Easterner was found dead with a six-shooter and $40 on his person, the man was brought to the saloon on a buckboard. Judgment was swift.

"Wal, now," Bean said in his capacity as coroner, "I've got to bury this poor devil, and it's hard digging around here. I hereby fine this defendant forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon."

The only known occasions when any man ever tried to get the better of Judge Bean are two; in one case only was the Judge the loser. In the other case, a scalawag partner in a hog ranch deal did Bean out of considerable money. Bean sued the partner before himself. He issued a citation, and the partner duly appeared. Judge Bean spoke in his own behalf and testified before himself. The decision was brief and to the point. The court held that "the Plaintiff, who is the court itself, will take one-half the hogs; the other half the Constable will sell at public auction to pay Plaintiff's damages and the cost of suit."

His perplexed partner was, in ruth, a silent partner in this deal.

It took a traveling whiskey salesman to put one over on Bean, and he did so with a vengeance. When the salesman was calling at the Jersey Lily, he naturally bought drinks for the house. This included Bruno, Bean's pet bear, a character well known in the section. In totting up the salesman's drinks purchased, Bean slyly counted in a number of empty bottles, but his eyes bulged when the salesman brought out a new crisp twenty dollar bill. Bean put it reverently in the cash drawer.

"Don't I get any change, Judge?"

"The only change you got coming is a change of heart," the Judge replied. "And by God you need one. Now git."

The salesman left, pausing only to shake his fist at the bear. Bruno's eyes were innocent as he continued to enjoy his bottle of free suds.

A few weeks later Judge Bean was in San Antonio, bending elbows with some friends at a hotel bar. The whiskey salesman came in and joined them. He and the Judge exchanged
friendly greetings, ignoring their last meeting.

"Been in my town lately?" the Judge asked him.

"Sure have," the drummer replied. "Everything all right?"

"Fine. Except Bruno. He's dead."

"The hell you say!" Judge Bean was profoundly shocked. He loved the bear, and besides, Bruno had always been very handy in helping sober up drunks. This was accomplished by the stake and chain method. A drunk was chained to a stake, and so was the bear. When the drunk came to and discovered the bear, he usually sobered up completely before finding out that the chain on the bear was shorter than his own.

"Is your word still good?" the drummer asked.

"By God, you ever hear of Roy Bean going back on his word?"

"No, but you remember you prom-

ised me Bruno's hide if anything happened to him. Will you send a telegram to Oscar and tell him to ship the hide to me?"

"Yes, by God," Bean boomed, although he had no recollection of making such a promise. The telegram was written and signed right in the bar.

Oscar, back at Langtry, was greatly surprised, not to say pained, when he received the following telegram:

Skin Bruno and ship hide to Sam Betters at San Antonio.

ROY BEAN

But the Judge was law west of the Pecos, so Oscar dutifully followed instructions.

When the Judge returned, his first question was, "What did Bruno die of?"

"Buckshot, naturally," Oscar replied.

"You mean you killed him?" Bean asked.

"Sure."

"Why in tarnation did you do that?"

"I couldn't skin him alive, could I?"

This was the end of the conversation, and Bruno was never mentioned from that day until Judge Bean died. Not even by the whiskey salesman Sam Betters, who eventually made another call at the Jersey Lily, or which occasion there was considerable change from a twenty dollar bill when he bought drinks for the house.

During the Coolidge administration, an overnight guest at the White House found himself involved in a fine mesh of etiquette. At the family breakfast table he was seated at the President’s right hand. To his surprise, he saw Coolidge take his coffee cup, pour the greater part of its contents into the deep saucer, and add cream and sugar. Hastily, the guest followed suit.

When he had accomplished this, he was suddenly frozen with horror to see Coolidge take his own saucer and place it on the floor for the cat!
WHEN Russel Crouse was sports columnist for the Kansas City Star—which he left when World War II beckoned—he had the reputation of being an individualist and a very funny fellow. The belief still persists but something new has been added. Editorial writers from coast to coast feel that Russel Crouse—and his co-author, Howard Lindsay—should be writing the nation's political platforms as well as shaping the nation's humor. It has been a long road from the sports column to political commentator, but anyone who knows “Buck” Crouse knows that it has always been an exciting road, and mainly a merry one.

Generally when two persons merge and coalesce their talents to form a partnership they lose some of their individuality. The Lindsay-Crouse combination is something different. Individually neither has suffered, and collectively they have achieved an outstanding position in the theatre and in the American scene. They are the authors of the perennial Life with Father and the 1946 Pulitzer Prize play, State of the Union—a comedy that has been almost continuously commented upon in the press since it opened over a year ago, and which brought forth the suggestion, “Lindsay and Crouse, individually or collectively, should be asked to write the platforms of both major political parties.”

After the first World War Russel Crouse found himself in New York. He remained there. Maybe he did not have the fare back to Kansas City. After working on the New York Globe and Evening Mail he joined the New York Post and from 1925 to 1931 wrote a column of humor for the Post. This was the book writing period of his career. In 1930 he published Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives and followed it the next year with It Seems Like Yesterday. In 1932 he authored Murder Won't Out and later the same year, The American Keepsake.

Up to 1930 Mr. Crouse's interest in the theatre was wholly as a member of the audience. In 1931, how-
ever, he wrote the book for the musical *The Gang's All Here* with Ted Healy in the cast, and later collaborated with Cory Ford on the Joe Cook musical *Hold Your Horses*. The same year he left the Post to become General Press Representative for the Theatre Guild. The theatre had snared another admirer, and claimed him for one of its own.

The Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay collaboration began in 1934. Its first venture was *Anything Goes*, a Vinton Freedley produced musical comedy with William Gaxton, Victor Moore and Ethel Merman in the leading roles. It was the beginning of a writing and theatrical partnership that has been unequalled in theatrical history. True, there have been Gilbert and Sullivan and several other creative combinations, but where has there been one that worked in close harmony, with mutual respect, and turned out so many meritorious offerings? Gilbert and Sullivan refused to speak to one another, and collaborated by messenger.

After *Anything Goes*, the Lindsay-Crouse combination turned out *Red, Hot and Blue* and later *Hooray for What! Life with Father* followed, and then they made their debuts as producers with the hit plays *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Hasty Heart*.

*State of the Union*, their latest offering, is in a class all by itself. Not only because it is a Pulitzer Prize play and one of the most successful comedies to appear on Broadway in the past decade, but because it is an American play which is as up-to-the-minute as today's newspaper. There has never been a play like it; there has never been a play that has been—and is being—constantly rewritten to keep its comedy sparkling and its action pertinent to the American scene. With the possible exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, there has never been a play which has been the subject of as many editorials; nor ever before in the history of the American Theatre has it been suggested that playwrights write the political platforms—if they would not consider running for the presidency. And it has not been a gag. Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have been proposed by several political commentators to head a presidential ticket. It is a flattering suggestion, but the Lindsay-Crouse heads have not been turned; Buck and Howard would rather write the nation's plays than head the nation's government.

The uniqueness of the Lindsay and Crouse writing combination rests in their peculiar ability to blend their personalities—each of which is distinctive—into a combination that is greater than either one of them. In every partnership that has existed heretofore it has been comparatively easy to assay the contribution of each member of the writing team. Not so with Howard Lindsay and Russel...
Crouse! Their plays are a joint output and not even the authors are able to tell what each has contributed to the finished product.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse never work alone. They discuss a play for months before sitting down to write. *Life with Father* was a subject for discussion for two years before the first word was written. *State of the Union* was in the “talking” stage for 18 months before Buck touched the typewriter. By that time it was impossible for either of them to remember which one had made any certain suggestion. The truth of the matter is that the suggestions and lines had almost joint origination, for they talk out the scenes, lines and even words until they come to an agreement.

Buck does the typing, the same one-finger technique he employed in his days on the Kansas City Star. Howard Lindsay does the pacing. It is estimated that Howard has covered more than 38,000 miles in their thirteen years of partnership. Up to the actual time of writing they are accessible to all and the Hoyle Poker Club. Once they begin the tedious task of setting words down on paper they hide away in Howard Lindsay’s Greenwich Village house and no one can reach them.

On various occasions they have been called upon to state their individual contributions to each play. They don’t know. Buck claims that Howard Lindsay has a greater knowledge of the theatre, but he bases this statement on the fact that Mr. Lindsay is an actor and director as well as an author and therefore he assumes that Howard must know more about the theatre. Howard Lindsay says that Russel Crouse has a sharper sense of comedy, but this belief is founded on the fact that Buck has conducted a column of humor and has a reputation of being a wit which should give him greater claim to knowing a laugh when he meets one on a dark night. But Howard Lindsay has pulled many a “nifty” on his own, and Buck has shown on many occasions a keen theatrical sense. Who contributes what is the Lindsay-Crouse mystery that not even the authors can solve. Nor do they care to do so. A combination that can create a *State of the Union* and a *Life with Father*—not to mention their other triumphs—need not explain itself.

At the present time they are discussing *Life with Mother*. It has been in the talking stage for years. Any day now they will disappear from their offices in the Hudson Theatre in New York City, where the Broadway company of *State of the Union* is housed, and will not appear again until they have a script under their collective arm.
Dear Bing:
Though you think you can sing,
When your vocal cords ping,
I think you should swing
for it!

Lanky,
Frankie

Dear Bow-Tie:
You may be thin as a rail
And get more fan mail
than I do,
But how's about confessin'
You could do with a lesson
maybe two!

The crooning' king,
Bing

Dear Sponsor:
Everyone knows I get paid
By a Schick Razor Blade
Push—Pull—Click, Clack and Ted Husing.

But unless some knave
Wants a darned close shave
We'd better start being amusing!

Your mouth-organ,
Morgan

Dear Portia:
If while you're bravely
Facing life
In the darkness
You should grope
And would like
To end it all
I will gladly
Furnish rope!

The Complete Listener!

Henry:
From my offices on the Razor's Edge
I've listened to your air parade.
In the future our slogan
will be repeated 3 times every
3 minutes:
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade"
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade"
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade."

Check, Chick?
Push—Pull—Click—Click,
Dear Hillbilly:
Although you play the git-tar
And sing of Kaintuck Hills,
Of ropings past and roundups last
And Tipton’s tonic pills,
You foully murther every song
By yodeling through your nose.
This valentine to thee and thine—
A thorn encircled rose!

Fondly,

Earmuffs

Dear Mr. Anthony:
Seven years ago
My husband left me
With six small children
The oldest, nine!
Now, here’s my problem:
Do you think
I should send
That B—d a Valentine?

The heart that couldn’t be broken.

Dear Mr. Hope:
Hearts and flowers are all right for you
But I’d like a Valentine six foot two!

Not so Vera,

Vague

Chase:
I think we have grounds for a partnership!

Completely pulverized,

Sanborn

Allen:
In spite of all
Your hy-bred corn
You’d be in a spot
Without Claghorn.
Also,
If you’d stop eating
Those eggs on your show,
Your eyes would lose
Their yellow glow.

Wish I had lots more,

Jack

Pinch-penny Benny:
You needn’t worry
About old-age,
And don’t say I’m not pally—
There’s a violin
And music-stand
For you in Allen’s Alley!

Raisin Bread,

Fred

Dear “I Dood It:”
Instead of a lace-trimmed heart
I’m sending you this coffin
Because you’ve done it
Once too often!

It’s not Cupid, kiddies!
"The boss was paying her $35 a week, but his wife gives her $60 to stay home!"
IN THE glassed-in cubicle an ex-gunner on a Super Fortress was gracefully executing the intricate steps of the rumba. Across the way, a tall red-head in uniform was dancing with a shapely young woman who smiled approvingly up at him as he smoothly moved his feet to the soft strains of a waltz.

"He spent a year in a Japanese prison camp," explained our pretty pin-up guide. "When he came to us he was shy and morose. Doesn't he look fine?" We looked at the youth again. A good-looking guy—a woman might be inclined to call him "cute"—he looked in the pink. Small wonder—with a queen like that in his arms!

The Queen was an Arthur Murray girl; she has dozens of queenly counterparts in studios dotting the country.

Since 1921, when Arthur Murray began to pioneer dance instruction, dancing schools have become big business; a flock of other big-name dance purveyors have penetrated the field. Many of Murray's competitors are successful and prosperous and turn out superior instruction, but Arthur Murray continues to be a magic name in the industry, his studios lure an ever-increasing number of citizens who, for a wide assortment of reasons, decide to take up dancing.

When Arthur Murray studios came on the dancing horizon, few people danced after they were married. Marriage was the signal to abandon such frivolous nonsense. The Castle Walk, the one-step, the two-step, the Bunny Hug, and the Tango were all the rage. Fellows and their gals were humming such popular arias as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "I Want to be Happy," "Somebody Stole My Gal," "Barney Google," and "Tea for Two."

The boys around the poolrooms joked about girls who walked back from buggy rides. A girl was reported smoking at a college sorority house and the rest of the girls threatened to leave unless she was put out.

The Corn Belt came in for some torrid criticism from The Ladies Home Journal, which said that Midwesterners were "trotting to perdition." Supposed to be a citadel of righteousness, shamed The Journal, the Midwest was
"jazzing" itself into "moral smallpox." Jazz bands were drowning out the noise of the threshing machine.

Jiving Jacks who patronized dancing salons of 1921 wore striped silk shirts, pepper and salt mixture suits, fastened their ties in tight little knots.

Girls of dancing age encased themselves in flesh-colored hose, petticoats, bust-confiners, ruffled skirts and square-necked blouses. Bobbed-hair devotees wore hair clipped page-boy fashion, pulled brim hats over their eyes.

It was an interesting era in which Arthur Murray quietly launched his modest venture which soon was to enliven the dancing scene with its streamlined instruction and the alert Arthur Murray girl, who, then as now, was a girl any American young man could proudly escort to the movies, a dance, or home to meet his mother.

A striking combination of beauty, personality, intelligence and grace, the Arthur Murray girl jitterbugs, rumbas and fox-trots eighteen miles a day, as checked by a pedometer. She undergoes rigid personality, I.Q., and diacritical tests before being placed on the faculty. She is selected for such characteristics as height, her ability to get along with people, sincerity and dancing prowess. Snobbishness is taboo. At dance elimination tryouts, she is screened with hundreds of applicants who yearn for the advantages of the Arthur Murray girl—the lush salary checks and the opportunity to imbue in others the enjoyment of dancing.

Her terpsichorean repertoire includes 112 variations of dance steps. She teaches fourteen pupils daily, starts her day at 1 p.m., ends it at 10:00. From one until two, she attends sales meetings which put sorority Truth Meetings to shame for the critical analysis she receives from her teaching comrades, dance supervisors, and the studio manager. Hair-styling, clothing, and her dancing faults are sharply criticized. B.O. or halitosis victims are informed of their imperfections, asked to eliminate them forthwith.

From two until five p.m., she swirls around the studio with pupils with whom she has been matched because their personalities and traits resemble hers. A shy pupil is matched with a shy teacher; the pupil improves more quickly with a partner of like characteristics, tastes, etc. At five, she goes to dinner, and upon return is given a scalp rub and other refresher treatments. From 6 p.m. until 10:00, she teaches.

She wears out eight pairs of play shoes (standard equipment for dance teachers) every year. Her most constant fear is that one of her pupils will get fresh; yet one studio manager has had to reprimand only two pupils
in the past five years for making passes at the pretty dancing instructors. The thousands of others who have curbed their impulses deserve the orchids they get from this masculine observer.

As she expounds the intricacies of la danse, the instructor seeks topics for conversation that will relax her partner. Average student is an inhibited, frustrated, shy, individual with a defeatist complex. Building up his confidence is perhaps the most important part of the teachers' job. But in the arms of the competent girls, dancing novices usually warm up to the task.

How does an Arthur Murray girl spend her nights? She goes dancing, frequently dances until dawn. But not with her pupils. Often she dates male members of the faculty. It is an unwritten law of the Murray system that teachers cannot go out with pupils; hence, no marriages between teachers and pupils are recorded. But marriages between members of the faculty abound, and the common interest on which such marital ties are founded is dancing.

What is the trend in dancing? It is simply to learn to dance, according to one handsome studio manager. Eighty percent of Americans have not discovered the sheer enjoyment that can come from the one-two-three kick of the conga, or the swingy zest of the rumba, currently favorite dances.

On the West Coast, dance studios cater to sophisticates, who must learn every tricky, transitory dance fad in their endeavors to keep up with the Joneses. In other parts of the country, students are quite content to undergo tutelage in the more lasting steps. Not quite so polished, they are more sensible about their dancing education.

A personable young lady, the typical Murray girl is 22 years of age, well above par in looks, possesses an attractive figure and a wonderful sense of humor. Financially independent, her weekly salary ranges from $67.50 upward.

Queried regarding the favorable aspects of her job, she is very likely to launch forth on a testimonial tangent that makes a Florida Chamber of Commerce brochure sound rather timid.

... the fascinating people she meets ... the beautiful figures on her salary check ... the chance she has to rehabilitate the boys ... the lively parties given by Arthur Murray personnel (Arthur Murray people are chronic party-throwers) ... etc., etc., etc.

A fun-loving sort, America's dance studio girls are steadfast in one resolve—showing others the way to more enjoyment from living through learning how to dance.
ACCORDING TO THE Stars

For Those Born
January 20 to February 19

by NELLE CARTER

IF YOU were born January 20 to February 19, your sun is in Aquarius, the sign of the water-bearer, ruled by the planet Uranus.

Aquarius people possess great magnetism and strong personality, often being endowed with remarkable talents. Many whose names appear in the Hall of Fame were born in this highly gifted sign. Among others, we find Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Horace Greeley, and Thomas Edison.

People born under this sign are deep thinkers and are interested in new ideas, often rendering great service to humanity through their efforts along social, fraternal or political lines. In business or professional fields they are successful in any department where their original and progressive ideas can be utilized. Many inventors, explorers, fliers, personnel directors, as well as those interested in scientific research or in social service, are born under this sign.

It has been said that Aquarius is the only sign in the Zodiac that produces women who are capable of a purely Platonic friendship. These women are idealistic and individualistic, and while they are greatly interested in people, usually have an untouchable, "hands off" quality. They are very devoted mothers, but unlike the Cancer mother, never seek to tie their offspring to themselves. They love gay, stimulating color in their clothing, but due to their artistic taste, never appear gaudy. The amethyst and sapphire are their talismanic gems.

The most harmonious mate for a native of Aquarius is one with sun in Gemini (May 21 to June 21), Libra (September 23 to October 23), or Leo (July 23 to August 23).

If you are an Aquarian, Saturn is now transiting that department of your chart dealing with other people in business or personal life, partnerships or marriages; and as he opposes your sun, it may seem to you that people are less sympathetic and understanding than usual. You must adjust yourself to facts as you find them, tactfully and graciously. Or if the adjustment requires too great a sacrifice, you may have to make changes, but be sure they are justified.

Until October 24, Jupiter will lend support in gaining prestige and public recognition, and along lines of business or professional expansion.

With Neptune stimulating the "higher mind," this year should also bring a chance to gain through writing, publishing, traveling and distant contacts.
A SHORT time ago, a press service filed a story—with an Anchorage, Alaska, dateline—giving evidence that Rasputin, the so-called "Mad Monk of Russia" might still be alive. The service didn't vouch for the truthfulness of the tale... it simply reported what natives of an island off Kodiak, in the barren Aleutian chain, are whispering among themselves about a monk named Schmaltz, whom they say is Rasputin. This mysterious figure now stands guard over the frozen tomb of a Russian priest called "Father Herman."

Father Herman left Moscow exactly 148 years ago, way back in 1799. But before he left, he told his congregation he would return in 150 years. He then took to the road as a wanderer, and that same year died at Kodiak and was buried in a tomb on the island. Since that time, priests of the Greek Orthodox church have kept a constant vigil at the tomb of Father Herman.

Rasputin, as history records, was murdered in the underground rooms of the Tsarist palace in Leningrad in 1917. But two years later, in 1919—and this, history does not record—a Russian Monk, calling himself Gerassim Schmaltz, turned up at Kodiak, and without being asked, became the self-appointed guardian of Father Herman's tomb. Nobody knew anything about Schmaltz. He was a large man with a frowzy beard and long black hair slicked down with grease. His eyes were blue, deep-set and compelling, as Rasputin's were—the eyes of a hypnotist. The man resembled Rasputin, but if anyone asked him about it, he became angry and refused to talk.

The famed Alaskan artist, Eustace Ziegler, his interest piqued, took up his camera and headed for Kodiak. Schmaltz shut up like a clam and glowered. But Ziegler snapped a picture of him, took it back to Anchorage and developed it. Then he opened his paints, and with historical photos to guide him, painted onto the picture the gaudy ceremonial robes Rasputin had worn on occasion. Ziegler reported the astounding result—his retouched photo amazingly resembled the old pictures of the mad Monk.

To lend credence to the story, the press service points out that were Rasputin living, he would be only 73 years old, and that's just about the age of Schmaltz, the monk, who keeps
his stubborn and lonely vigil at the tomb of Father Herman.

All of which makes a good story. But there are certain facts in the case of Rasputin that cannot be overlooked, and when you add them up there's no disputin'—Schmaltz ain't Rasputin!

Grigori Efimovich Rasputin was born a peasant in the northern Russian province of Pokrovskoe. There was nothing unusual about him until his elder brother died of pneumonia. Mischa had fallen into the icy waters of a stream, Grigori had saved him, but the brother suffered an inflammation of the lungs from exposure and died a few hours later. It was then Grigori underwent a curious change. For weeks he lay in his bed—his eyes burning with fever. One evening a group of neighbors gathered in the Rasputin kitchen, where Grigori slept close to the warmth of the fireplace. They were discussing the theft of a horse, and who the possible culprit might be.

Suddenly the sick child rose from his bed and walked over to the peasants. His cheeks were pale as death. His eyes glittered. He sprang onto the shoulders of one giant of a fellow, and shrieked, "Ha! Petr Alexandrovich, you stole the horse! You are the thief!" The little group laughed at the antics of the delirious child, but later when Petr was caught with the horse and beaten senseless, Grigori's words were remembered, and he was looked upon as one with "mysterious power."

Rasputin grew up following his father's trade of transporting passengers and goods over the long roads to neighboring villages. One of the passengers convinced Rasputin of his sinful life, whereupon the young man promptly entered a monastery instead of going home. He subscribed to the strange sect of the Khlysty, which teaches a mystical resurrection, salvation through sin, and countless other unorthodox beliefs. Then, after a few months, he shouldered his bread sack, said goodbye to all his friends, and took to the road becoming a lonely "starets," or wandering holy man. He lived the life of a vagabond for many years, wandering among many people and initiating himself into the deep mysteries of the Khlysty.

Strange tales came back to his family of a large bearded man with deep-set mysterious eyes, who had great power over everyone he met, particularly women. There were tales of weird orgies in the forests, and rites more in keeping with the mythical Dionysus and the Bacchanals than a so-called holy man. There were stories of drunkenness and debauchery, and some even whispered that Rasputin was "AntiChrist," the devil come back to earth. But there were also stories of miracles, in which the sick were healed. Priests and peasants alike argued whether this man was saint or satyr.

Rasputin finally came home to his family, but instead of greeting his wife and children happily, he went to the cellar and prostrated himself in prayer. He remained there for three weeks, groaning and shrieking in self-abnegation and utter humility, occasionally bursting into a wild psalm, then resuming his awesome display of abasement and remorse. The word
traveled fast — Rasputin had been transformed into a saint! People came from far and near to be blessed. The "holy man" chose a comely group of women disciples, uttered a solemn prayer, took the road to the deep forest rising behind the steppes, and disappeared.

ALMOST by accident, Rasputin ingratiated himself with the royal family. The young Tsar, afflicted with an hereditary disease, hemophilia, in which the blood fails to clot, had bruised himself while playing. Famed doctors and surgeons were called in without result. Miracle workers had no effect on young Nicholas, and it was as he lay almost dead that Rasputin arrived. He looked deeply into the boy's eyes, stroked him from head to foot, and talked softly to him. The little boy, whose knees had been drawn up to his chest for days in extreme pain, relaxed and went to sleep. In a few days he was well, and Rasputin's fame was established. The Tsarina worshiped him and wanted him near her side always. Whenever the boy was ill, Rasputin was called in, and Nicholas recovered miraculously. Even in the Monk's absence, a few words spoken to the boy over the phone sufficed. There was no explanation for it other than "miraculous."

Rasputin continued his orgies and debaucheries. He practically took over the government, appointing ministers by looking deeply into their eyes for a few moments—"into their soul" as he called it. As a result, the government was in the hands of schemers and dishonest men. The Tsar and Tsarina refused to hear any scandal, and they continued to think Rasputin above reproach. They may have been influenced by Rasputin's warning, "If I die, the Emperor will soon after lose his crown."

So, a plot was born among the relatives of the royal family to do away with this charlatan. Prince Yusopov, a bored young man who had tired of almost everything in his life of luxury, elected himself to do it. To commit a crime and once more taste a new, still unknown excitement, was his dream. And in the murder of Rasputin, he saw a worthy victim and cause. At once he set upon elaborate plans. There followed plot and counterplot. Rasputin was warned, but he didn't take the warnings seriously. He continued with his debauchery as before, and the scandal grew. Even the name of the Empress was heard in the whisperings.

Meanwhile, Russia had her troubles, and revolution was about to split the old regime wide-open. Prince Yusopov, after failing repeatedly in his efforts to destroy Rasputin, invited him to an elaborate dinner in the
cellar of the royal palace. Everything had been planned carefully. A plate of chocolate cakes had been loaded with enough potassium cyanide to kill a half dozen men. The wine had been poisoned. This time the charlatan couldn't escape. Rasputin arrived, ate a number of the cakes and drank copious draughts of the wine, but neither had the slightest effect on him. The prince, unnerved by the failure of his subtleties—drew a gun and shot Rasputin several times.

The next day, police found bloody footprints leading up the stairs and into a court. They broke the thick ice on the Neva river, and sent down divers who found Rasputin's body, tied hand and foot. On examination, it was found that the Monk had been alive even after he had been stuffed under the ice. His lungs were filled with water, and one arm had worked itself loose from the ropes. There were dozens of bullet holes in him, and knife gashes.

The funeral took place on December 21st, 1917, on a cold, foggy, winter morning, in the park of Tsarskoe Selo. The Empress ordered the body interred there, for she wanted Rasputin near her, even in death. But the people were still angered by the deeds of this holy devil who contributed much toward the Revolution by his hold over the royal family and political machinations. The Emperor was forced to abdicate, and he and his family lived as prisoners in the palace at Tsarskoe Selo.

On the night of March 22nd, a crowd of rebel soldiers broke into the park of the palace, dug up the decomposing body of Rasputin, soaked it in oil, and burned it on a great funeral pyre. An official record of this burning is still in existence. The report is confirmed by the signatures of six army officers of the Archangel Regiment.

A few months later the saga of Russian royalty came to its horrible close when the royal family was murdered.

So, according to all available historical records, and there are many of them in existence, the diabolical reign of Rasputin ended once and for all on December 21st, 1917. We can safely conclude that the mysterious monk on Kodiak, who keeps his self-appointed vigil by the tomb of Father Herman, is really Gerasim Schmaltz. There's no disputin' — it ain't Rasputin!

THAT LITTLE BLACK BAG

A colored woman seeking admission to a hospital was asked her name, age, number of children, and something of her previous medical history. The house officer then asked if she had ever been X-rayed.

"No, suh," she replied. "I ain't never been X-rayed, but I been ultra-violated a number of times."

"Did you say anything to encourage your patient?" asked one interne of another.

"Yes, I told him it would be months before he'd be well enough for his relatives to call on him."
You've probably heard about Baroness Evelina Maydell. No, she didn’t give up her title for the man she loved! Nor did she marry a peer and live happily ever after. As a matter of fact, Baroness Maydell acquired fame even as you and I could do—she merely turned a hobby into a paying proposition!

Now, don’t shrug your shoulders, lick your index finger and turn the page. Maybe you don’t have a hobby—but that doesn’t mean you can’t have one! (Though—granted—you probably wouldn’t want one if you happened to see this definition of a hobby: “something in which one takes an extravagant interest.”) But let’s don’t be hasty! After all—“extravagant” doesn’t necessarily mean you have to give up your regular occupation and spend all of your time and money on your hobby! Though it would help!

No, a hobby requires merely a normal amount of time, something like one hundred per cent of your leisure hours; a reasonable amount of energy, your last ounce of breath will do; and a large amount of interest, such as being willing to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to get a photograph of a man dying. Needless to say, the interest is of paramount importance. And we’re not referring to the interest on your money, but rather to your enthusiasm!

Contrary to the normal conception, a hobby doesn’t have to be unusual to be interesting, or to be interest-making. Which brings us back to Baroness Evelina Maydell and her hobby: doll collecting. This certainly isn’t a unique hobby; it’s not even a particularly unusual one. The people in the United States who collect dolls number in the thousands. But the list would undoubtedly be greatly de-
creased if you limited it to those persons who make all the dolls in their collections, as Baroness Maydell does!

The Baroness started her collection about six years ago when she was forced to earn her own living. Today the Baroness is noted for her collection, and her one-hundred-piece doll and miniature exhibit has been featured throughout the United States.

Maybe you're not interested in doll collecting, but there are scores of other items you can collect! Stamps is one of the most popular and, if you really make a business of it, one of the most expensive hobbies.

Book collecting is a favorite hobby of many. The ones we hear the most about are the spectacular collectors who, having considerable wealth, have amassed a valuable collection of books, usually first or rare editions. We hear little about the small book hobbyist who quietly and inexpensively gathers within a little cabinet a unique and interesting group of books. At times, these books have been the portals to fame, and in other instances, have indirectly led the hobbyist into the world of the great! I am referring to the men who have collected and read so many books on a particular subject that they have become authorities.

Don't get the idea you're going to have to build an extra room on to your home if you decide to take up a hobby. If you have an aversion to collecting objects, maybe you'd prefer a hobby that allows you to acquire knowledge. ( Sounds pretty gruesome, but it can be interesting.) For example, there are countless men in the country who like to torture their minds by reading philosophies prevalent in the past centuries.

Then there are countless other men who like to putter around in the kitchen, concocting new dishes with which to torture their stomachs. And whatever other name it may go by, it's also a hobby!

Incidentally, if you've been murmuring to yourself, "I'm much too old for a hobby," don't you believe it! Age is no obstacle! Proof of this fact is the story of 86-year-old Anna Mary Robertson Moses, better known as Grandma Moses.

Six years ago Grandma Moses was a nobody in the art world. Today she is one of the talked-about contemporary American artists! And it all began with a hobby she started when she was over seventy years of age. Several years ago, Mrs. Moses did some small pictures in colored yarn. Her sister saw them and urged her to try painting. Grandma Moses had plenty of time on her hands, a lot of energy—and just incidentally,
quite a bit of talent. The result was she enjoyed painting her first picture so much that she adopted it more or less as a hobby.

A New York art collector happened to see some of her paintings in a drug store in Hoosick Falls, New York, and that was the beginning of the “paying proposition.”

Today Grandma Moses’ pictures are in such permanent collections as the Duncan Phillips Gallery, the Los Angeles Museum, the Pasadena Art Institute and the Providence Museum of Art.

We don’t recommend you wait until you’re seventy to start a hobby, but if you are seventy, don’t let it stop you. You may not go down in the annals of the art world, and your collection may not be exhibited throughout the United States. But chances are you’ll have loads of fun. And if you work hard enough (say, twenty-three hours a day), you might even have a “paying proposition.”

THE WALKING TOWN

Jerome, Arizona, started moving in 1930, and has been on the move ever since at the rate of eighteen inches a month, which means that by the end of this year the entire town will have moved almost 100 yards.

Jerome was born when copper was found in the vicinity. The miners wanted to live near their work so they built their homes near the entry shafts. For a number of years everyone was happy. The miners worked diligently, running their tunnels under the town. Then one day the tunnels started to collapse. And Jerome started to move downhill!

Engineers couldn’t stop the movement. A few of the buildings stayed in their original locations, but had to be torn down to make way for other buildings which couldn’t stay in one spot.

Today, only 300 of the original 8,500 citizens are left. The others have moved on to more substantial towns. These 300 die-hards, who are sticking with the Walking Town even if it slides into the next county, expect it to settle down some day, because the tunnels are gradually filling. So someday in the near future Jerome may stop slipping, and become just another dot on the map of Arizona.—Stanley J. Meyer.

ATTENTION, HUCKSTERST!

Don’t get the foolish idea that you can get ulcers for nothing. They are never free gifts. If you want them, you’ve got to work for them.

They tell us that in research on ulcers, scientists had to give up the use of dogs in conducting experiments. There was nothing they could do to make the dogs worry. And, so the specialists say, you’ve got to worry if you want to acquire a set of ulcers in your tummy, or if you want to keep those alive which may be there now.

The experts did learn how to inflict ulcers on dogs by artificial methods, but the uncooperative dogs, having no interest in science, sat right down and placidly cured themselves. All that was mighty discouraging to the researchers.—Thomas Dreier in Your Life.
MEMORY QUIZ FOR MODERNS

Like its one thousand, nine hundred and forty-five predecessors in the Christian calendar, the year 1946 was eventful and history-making in various ways. There were government upheavals, bizarre killings, athletic upsets, and theatrical triumphs which demanded attention in the nation's press. Now that the shouting has died away, just how much of what took place do you remember? Credit yourself with five points for each question answered correctly. A score of 75 is passing.

Sports
1. Which teams played in the 1946 Rose Bowl, and what was the outcome?
2. What horse won the Kentucky Derby?
3. World Series saw which two teams play, and how many games did each team win?
4. Who was golf's leading money winner?
5. Joe Louis was declared "winnah and still champ" in what round of his fight with Billy Conn?

Arts
6. Who won last year's Oscars for best actor and actress?
7. What was the outstanding non-fiction book of the year?
8. Pulitzer Prize play of the year dealt with a presidential campaign. Can you name the play and the authors?
9. Which outstanding American painter (famous for "Line Storm") died last year?
10. Name the outstanding ballerina of today, and the group with which she performs.

Government
11. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court died in April, and his successor was named in June. Do you recall their names?
12. What exiled ruler of a small Mediterranean country returned to his old job?
13. The United Nations named what man from which nation as its secretary general?
14. As a result of Henry Wallace's criticism of Byrnes's foreign policy, he was replaced by whom, and in which cabinet position?
15. Which Midwestern Congressman was purged in the primaries through the efforts of President Truman?

Headlines
16. Who was the confessed killer of Suzanne Degnan, and what sentence did he draw?
17. Planes of which country shot down two U. S. transports?
18. The author of Forever Amber made the newspapers when she married a well-known band leader. Both names, please.
19. Veterans of which American town resorted to gunfire to overthrow the local political machine?
20. A navy plane, the Truculent Turtle, set a non-stop record of 11,236 miles. Where did the flight begin and end?

(Answers on page 63.)

Centerpiece

Swing's valentine is Yvonne De Carlo, whose heart is bigger than she is. The lush beauty was featured in Salome, Where She Danced, and is now appearing in the Universal technicolor film Frontier Gal.
1. Julia Lee, Capitol recording artist and Kansas City entertainer, "sends" WHB listeners during a Saturday afternoon Swing Session.
2. Minnie Pearl and Ernest Tubb, hifalutin' hillbilly stars of "Grand Old Op'ry."
3. Louis A. Rothschild in a serious moment before the WHB microphone at the Kansas City Advertising and Sales Executives Club. Mr. Rothschild is chairman of the City Planning Commission.
4. Powell C. Groner, president of the Kansas City Public Service Company, Mayor William E. Kemp, and Dick Smith of WHB's Special Events Department.
5. Andre Kostelanetz poses with Morton L. Henderson, business manager of the Kansas City Philharmonic.
... presenting HARRY GAMBREL

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by Mori Greiner

The new presiding judge of the county court, Jackson County, Missouri, has been on the bench only a month. It is his first elective office. But already he is making his presence felt, and things are happening in the court. Unquestionably they’ll go right on happening, because the new judge is Harry Gambrel, who is definitely a doer.

There is no actual proof that Horatio Alger based his writings upon the personal history of Harry M. Gambrel. Indeed, there is almost equal reason to believe that it is the other way around. Whatever the connection between the two, it is certain that they collaborated pretty closely.

Alger, who earned fame and a substantial fortune in fashioning the success stories of which Americans are so inordinately fond, had essentially but one plot. He would introduce his hero at the age of twelve, say — a slender boy, tall for his years. The lad would be selling magazines, carrying a morning and evening paper route, delivering telegrams.

Later, the Alger character would work his way through college. In spite of studying hard and holding an after-hours job, he would probably find time to play football, star on the track team, and be active in a fraternity.

If there were a war, of course, the hero would enlist. He would win a commission, be wounded in battle, and have at least one foreign decoration bestowed upon him.

Then, the war behind, he would embark on a variegated career in business. He might do some ranching, a little advertising, perhaps selling of some sort.

Throughout the years, he would steadily increase in stature. His success pattern would include a number of friends in addition to financial achievements and public honors. That’s the thing about the Alger hero. He’s always such a nice guy you can’t help liking him, no matter how hard he works or how successful he becomes. Eventually, the friends are an important part of the story, too. They call on him when they’re in trouble and want a specific job done, or they all get together and elect him to an office. Or maybe both.

That’s the basic Horatio Alger plot. That is also the personal history of Harry Gambrel, roughly sketched. Gambrel’s life, from his boyhood in El Paso through the present, reads like fiction, except that he has been
busier than most story-book people, and probably has accomplished more.

In some ways, he is a mystery man. It is a mystery to his associates, for instance, where he finds time for his multitudinous activities. Some have suggested that perhaps he has some special celestial arrangement granting him an 11-day week. It doesn’t sound logical, but neither does the fact that in addition to his judgeship he partners a flourishing insurance agency and is an officer or enthusiastic member of twenty different organizations—according to the current edition of Who's Who in America.

The organization which interests him most is the Boy's State, of which he is a founder, director, and official. This is an activity of the American Legion designed to promote ideals of orderly self-government by educating youth in the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of American citizenship.

Harry Gambrel is an intense advocate of good government, and always has been. It is easy to achieve, he says. "The laws are simple. Clean, efficient government means inherent honesty, common decency, and horse sense." That’s the sort of thing he preaches to the boys, and that’s the sort of talk that got him elected to the county court.

The Boy’s State project was initiated by the American Legion Department of Illinois at Springfield in 1935. The experiment was successful, and drew immediate praise from prominent educators, statesmen, and civic leaders.

The following year the plan was adopted by the national organization and in the spring of 1938 was introduced to the State of Missouri.

Mr. Gambrel had been a founder of the original Boy’s State, and helped start the Missouri branch. He was active in creating interest, making plans, recruiting students and faculty members. He arranged for use of the campus at the Missouri School for the Deaf. He became “Dean of Counselors,” and published a 51-pag “Counselor’s Manual” for the guidance of instructors.

That summer, 160 boys in the late teens attended the school. Succeeding years have seen enrollments triple, and the program spread to include 41 states.

Boy’s State is a period of practical training in city, county, and state government. Every student is a citizen who has the right of franchise and eligible to hold office. It is pure democracy based upon the constitution of the state in which it convenes, an
upon the Constitution of the United States.

The boys are assigned to political parties arbitrarily. They are not allowed to pattern after existing state or national groups. They develop their own party platforms and controversial issues, and go on to elect public officials to administer the laws which they themselves set up. Law-breakers are tried and punished by their peers in the legally prescribed manner.

It isn't play, but the boys enjoy it. For the first time, they get a close-up of governmental workings. They learn that there is nothing mysterious or godlike about government: it is not only of, by, and for the people—it's the people. The youngsters learn that they are government. They learn by doing, and they learn about local government because that is the type they will most often participate in. Also, if they become interested in the working of local government, an understanding of national affairs will follow naturally.

"Frankly, it is an Americanism propaganda," Judge Gambrel says. "Its purpose is to teach the youth of high school age that there is nothing wrong with our form of government, that it has not outworn its usefulness, that it is just as useful and just as practical as the day it was founded; that all it needs is an intelligent citizenry and a clean, honest, impartial and fair administration."

Judge Gambrel has been stumping for honest, wide-awake government for some time now. In 1934 he joined the Youth Movement in Kansas City, a sort of coalition of all factions opposing the Boss Pendergast machine; and he served for a while as Republican organization chairman of precinct captains in the toughest ward in town.

His first public office came in 1941, when the state governor appointed him to the Kansas City Board of Police Commissioners. Four months later he became president of the board.

Gambrel had a theory. It was a simple one. He figured that a policeman who earned a decent wage should be far less susceptible to bribery than one who didn't. Accordingly, he set out to negotiate a wage increase for his police force.

The plan was not without opposition because money was scarce. It always is. But apparently enough money was coming in: it just wasn't going to the right places. A good fight ensued, with Harry Gambrel whacking away at the budget and running down unnecessary expenditures.
He did a good job of it, and the force got a raise. They would have gotten more, but war called Gambrel to other duties.

He had originally enlisted in the Colorado National Guard at 14, served through the Mexican border troubles, and worked his way up to 1st lieutenant. United States entry into World War I was imminent when Harry was 19 and in line for a captaincy. It was then that his true age was discovered, and he was promptly mustered out of the service. Harry took it well. He immediately enlisted in his old company as a private. When war did come, he advanced rapidly to 1st sergeant, and was granted a commission before sailing.

Eventually, he attained the rank of captain, but not until he had been wounded at St. Mihiel, wounded and gassed in the Argonne, cited for bravery, and decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

Through the years following the war, Gambrel maintained an interest in the Army Reserve, and steadily advanced in rank. A colonel in 1940, he and Colonel William Spann organized the 3rd Missouri State Guard Regiment, with Gambrel as commanding officer. The unit soon won national recognition. Federal inspectors from Washington rated it “superior” in staff organization and as an operating unit.

During the second war, Harry directed 1200 auxiliary policemen in the Kansas City area. He was co-ordinator of the Office of Civilian Defense for Western Missouri.

His Guard regiment, with a turnover of twelve and a half percent a month, provided the Army with 20,000 men, many of whom became officers. It drew high praise from the Seventh Service Command, because it handled all emergencies with dispatch, never once calling for Federal aid.

Then, in 1943, Gambrel was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He became brigade commander, and shortly thereafter was appointed Commanding General of the State of Missouri.

He was back in politics, because the supervisory officer of the state’s reserve military force wielded considerable power, and had great sums of money at his disposal. Once again, Gambrel demonstrated his ability to combine efficiency and economy. For after a recent audit of wartime expenditures, Clifford Gaylord, former adjutant-general, sent Gambrel this message:

“...In excess of 45 percent of all state appropriations were returned to the state treasurer. This return was a sizable amount, reaching a peak of $900,000 in the year 1944, and has been repeatedly cited as an outstanding record in Missouri executive departments where complete freedom of action was given by the Legislature and all emergency charges were included. The record of the Missouri State Guard as one of the outstanding state military establishments in the nation is evidence of the effectiveness of expenditures made. You have every reason to be justly proud of your supervision of this organization which was maintained so efficiently and yet with such unprecedented conservation of state money.”
In recognition of "outstanding performance of duty during his period of service, and for meritorious military service which reflects honorably and creditably upon the State of Missouri," Governor Donnelly awarded a Meritorious Service Medal to Brigadier-General Harry M. Gambrel on November 23, 1946.

Just prior to election time, this story of Gambrel's second success as an administrator of public funds reached Jackson County, where Republican chieftains felt their chances of placing a number of key men in office were good, provided they could find the right men. One of the most important posts was that of presiding judge of the county court—the man who controlled the purse-strings. So they asked Harry if he'd go after the job.

It was no battle to get him to say "yes." For quite some time he had entertained very definite ideas as to the changes necessary in county administration. He maintained that there were a lot of unnecessary employees, and that over half the money allocated for road and bridge repair was being expended on payroll. His pet peeve was that, because the county wasn't collecting taxes until November, it had to borrow two million dollars every January and pay interest on it for 11 months.

So he got into the fight. His whole life had been made up of fighting, helping other people, and making or managing money. This presented an opportunity to do all those things—and he loved it!

Locally, Harry Gambrel is well-known. You'd think a man stretching six feet, two and a half inches up into the air would look over the heads of a lot of people. But that's never been his policy. He seems to have a raft of friends from every walk of life—newsboys, cops, cattlemen, merchants, reporters, and assorted tycoons.

Last fall saw all those friends out in force, each of them doing his bit of personal campaigning for candidate Gambrel. And—strangely enough—politics scarcely figured in their arguments. In fact, you could hardly call them arguments, because they consisted largely of "Harry's a nice guy. Capable. He's a hell of a nice guy!"

That sort of thing may not be logical, but it's good publicity, and Harry Gambrel nosed out his opponent. Most Jackson Countians are quite pleased, because already he is working on a new budget, and going about it in a new way. Instead of asking for a maximum tax return, and then apportioning it among the departments, he is setting out to discover the minimum amount each department requires for efficient operation, and from the total will decide how much should be asked of the taxpayers.

THERE are a number of types of dams in the world, including the earth dam, timber dam, rock-fill, movable, metal, masonry, and the great god. This last type originated heaven knows where and is used all over. The others came along in logical order as man developed ways and means of controlling nature. The apogee in the development of dams is the high masonry dam, originated in Spain some three centuries ago. The finest example of the high masonry is that hunk of concrete and steel intricately established between two canyon walls and called Boulder Dam.

Across the Colorado River between Arizona and Nevada rises the tallest dam in the world—726.4 feet of it, weighing so many millions of tons it makes you tired to think about it. It contains six and one-half million tons of concrete alone, to say nothing of the 8 million tons of sand, gravel, and cobbles, 45 million pounds of reinforcement steel, 18 million pounds of structural steel, 21 million pounds of gates and valves, and a lot of other stuff—all used in the first four years of construction. Since then it has no doubt put on a lot of weight.

Boulder Dam has a base thickness wider than the length of two residential blocks. It has a crest length of 1,244 feet, with room for four lanes of traffic.

The only larger dams in this country and the entire world are the Grand Coulee on the Columbia River in Washington, and the Shasta Dam on the Sacramento River in California. Both these structures surpass Boulder Dam in sheer massiveness, but neither is as high. Boulder Dam is more than half as tall as the Empire State Building, and that's getting up in the world. If on New Year's Eve you got only as high as Boulder Dam and not as high as the E. S. B., you still should have let the other fella drive.

In 1940, the last great tourist season, 600,000 people visited Boulder Dam. They came from all over, by bus, by plane, by private car; on bicycles or in air-conditioned coaches on the Union Pacific lines; they came on everything short of pogo sticks to see this functional monument to American engineering. With the end of the war, they came again. At the height of the next season, the guest list should number into the hundreds of thousands again. And with good reason. There's no experience quite like the first visit to Boulder Dam.
You may climb an Alp if you will, or dive into an Aztec pool; scale a glacier, or drop paper bags of water from tall buildings. But the experience just won’t be the same. There may be scenes grander than Boulder Dam and there are a lot of them less grand. But nothing just like it. It’s just one of the things people naturally want to see—like the Washington Monument, the geysers of Yellowstone, the Statue of Liberty, and any of several “original” Faces on the Barroom Floor.

Behind the building of Boulder Dam lie a few hundred years of tragedy and romance, and the drama of courage and urgency. The dam wouldn’t exist in all its mechanized glory if it weren’t for the human angle behind it. Somebody lost his life in a flood; a whole village was wiped out; an entire rich valley lay in ruins. Then for a year or two, the river would run dry and for more than 200,000 square miles around there would be drouth and famine. This is a cross-section of the history of the Colorado River. Because that history repeated itself so many times, Boulder Dam exists today. They finally found a teaspoon big enough to dam the river.

One of the Conquistadores first discovered the Colorado. Considering the trouble it caused, maybe he should have stood in that old four-poster canopied bed such as they may have had in 1540. But Conquistador Alarcon poked around in the Southwest, found the river, and explored it for some distance. A couple of years later, Cardenas, another of the boys, found the Grand Canyon. Imagine his surprise!

The Spaniards were antedated in that region by the Indians, who already had tapped the river for water supply. They had their own irrigation system. Through the ensuing years this system was developed and enlarged upon as more settlers moved west. Seven states depended on the Colorado. It was their blood stream. The fat years and the lean struck Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California, Colorado, and Wyoming according to the whims of the river. It rises in Colorado and Wyoming and bites through mountains and deserts to empty at last into the Gulf of California, below the border. It is the third longest river in the United States, and drains 244,000 square miles.

In 1905 the Colorado burst its banks and completely flooded the Imperial Valley. The water hung around for a couple of years and when it finally receded, left that rich cultivated valley in pig-wallow condition. It also left the Salton Sea actually a lake some three hundred square miles in area.

Levees continually built along the river did little good. Even if they could help control the flood waters they couldn’t keep the river from drying up when it took a notion. A whole lot of people had a right to sing the blues down around that river.

The idea for a gigantic dam was first conceived by Arthur P. Davis along about 1918. Davis was at that time United States Reclamation Director and Chief Engineer. Investigations of the river had been underway almost since the turn of the century.

In 1922 the seven states concerned
over water rights got together and formed the Colorado River Compact. But since Arizona and California couldn’t agree on certain points, operations all but ceased until 1928. That year, Congress passed the Boulder Canyon Project Act. In June of the following year, President Hoover authorized construction. Congress appropriated $165,000,000 and on September 17, 1930, the ground was broken and construction formally begun on Boulder Dam.

You may remember how they planned to call it Hoover Dam. But Mr. Roosevelt came into power soon after construction began, and somehow the working name for the dam stuck. In the beginning, engineers had spent several years testing and surveying along the Colorado to determine the best site for the dam. They narrowed the choice down to two canyons, Black and Boulder. And although the dam finally went in in Black Canyon for some reason it was always referred to as Boulder Dam.

On March 4, 1931, the Reclamation Bureau opened contract bids for the Boulder Canyon Project, and awarded to the lowest bidder the largest contract ever let until that time by the United States government. Six Companies, Inc., of San Francisco figured they could do the job for $48,890,995.50. The government gave them seven years to get it done. Six Companies finished two years ahead of schedule.

The work wasn’t child’s play. Black Canyon is subject to frequent spasms of weather. Sometimes the temperature reached 130 degrees in the shade, such shade as there was. Then along came a cloudburst and washed out the roads. Or a high wind to blow down tents. Or a sudden flood to wreck the drill barges.

Electricity for the project had to be piped in from San Bernardino, 222 miles across the desert. More tangible supplies arrived on railroads specially built for the purpose. And when the need arose for a certain kind of steel pipe too large to be shipped on railroad cars, they simply built a plant on the spot and manufactured their own pipes.

Sometimes more than five thousand men were on the job at once. They dug deep and they swung high. Those steep canyon walls dropped 800 feet...
from the rim to the canyon floor, and the engineers blocked off the river and bored another 135 feet into the solid rock below the river bottom. They removed more than half a million cubic yards of muck, sand, and gravel from the river bed, and blasted almost a million cubic yards of rock from the canyon walls. Then into place they poured some five million barrels of concrete, laced with steel, building it up, little by little, sure and methodical, into an enormous beautiful wall to hold back a river and house the apparatus to manipulate it at will.

If the concrete had been poured all at one time, it would have taken it more than a century to cool and set. Obviously, nobody had time to wait for that. Six Companies stepped up the process by pouring the dam in great blocks in which steel pipes were embedded. Through the pipes they ran icy water. The blocks cooled and set, did what shrinking they meant to do, and the builders filled in the crevices with a sealer cement called grout, then and there. Voila!

In October, 1936, the first generator went into full operation.

Meanwhile, seven miles from the dam, the government had built Boulder City to house the project workers. In the fall of 1931 the sagebrush and cactus grew up grim and independent in the sandy wastes. By the next fall, a complete model city had grown up. Five thousand people lived in its neat Colonial homes, shopped in its smart modern stores, went to its theaters, and sat in its parks.

Today that region conditioned by Boulder Dam is one of the popular playgrounds of America. Lake Mead, the reservoir formed by the dam, stretches 115 miles through the mountains, offering the usual lake delights, fishing, swimming and boating.

Lake Mead, named for Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner for the Bureau of Reclamation, 1924-36, will store more than two years of the Colorado's average flow. That, the statisticians tell us, is enough water to give every person in the United States eighty thousand gallons each. Where do you want it?

The water supply can now be controlled for the irrigation of more than two million acres. The hydro-electric plant, the largest in the world, send electricity as far away as Los Angeles.

But no amount of facts and figure can put across the full realization of the power and mass and intricacy of Boulder Dam. To have this realization get inside you, shrink you down like Alice-in-Wonderland, you need to take an elevator that travels the height and depth of one of the concrete towers into the viscera of the dam. There you stand under several million tons of stuff, with perhaps as much as 45,000 pounds of water pushing against every square foot of the base of the dam, in the midst of the Faustian apparatus that can generate almost two million horse power. There you are, "unaccommodate man," armed only with the dubious protection of penknife and guide book, surrounded by the titanic result of man's welding of the force of nature and science, and so dwarfed by it that a blade of grass might cover you. How now, you image God!
“It’s only the beginning” — of a new year, that is, and you’re probably saying, “Thank Heaven for ’47.” You are so-o-o right! With the beginning of a new year, one is inclined to swing to the optimistic side and hope for better things. Here are some items to look forward to: better quality records plus lower prices. And if that isn’t enough, well, with the return of talent from overseas, the boys are running into competition and consequently will blow harder, sing better and turn out their best work. Time and the listeners will soon cull out all second-rate talent. Perhaps this will be the biggest year in our nation’s history for innovations in the music industry. Indications are that the style of popular music is undergoing a metamorphosis, and you and I can only wait to see what will emerge.

Vital Statistics: “They’re the Tops”

Here are the year’s top retail record sellers for 1946 as compiled by Billboard:

POPULAR: Prisoner of Love by Perry Como.

CLASSICAL: Chopin’s Polonaise by Jose Iturbi.

BAND: Frankie Carle.

MALE VOCALIST: Perry Como.

SINGING AND INSTRUMENTAL GROUP: Ink Spots.

FEMALE VOCALIST: Dinah Shore.

Platter Chatter:

At latest count, bands reorganizing are: W. Herman, L. Brown, Goodman, H. James, B. Carter — that’s just a foo . . . Vaughn Monroe has accepted musical directorship of the Girl Scouts — wooh! . . . 'Tis rumored that Julia Lee, Capitol star, will make a duo recording set with Johnny Mercer . . . Bing has a new album, 'Til the Clouds Roll By, a duet featuring none other than Dixie Lee . . . Many recording artists are switching labels . . . Phil Harris has signed a new contract with Victor . . . For the newest and most revolutionary bit of piano playing, we nominate Jan August. If you can pick up one of his new records, you’re lucky! . . . Frankie Laine is a new Mercury singing discovery. He is currently appearing in Hollywood . . . The King Cole Trio and Sam Donahue are starting a nationwide theatre-tour.

Reviews and Previews:

SIGNATURE 90001-B — Coleman Hawkins’ Swing Four: The Man I Love and Sweet Lorraine (12 inch). Man I Love will definitely become a collectors’ item — one of E. Heywood’s finest piano passages. Oscar Pettiford’s bass really works with Shelly Manne’s solid drums, and Hawkins’ smooth tenorwork com-
Completes the terrific quartet. The flip-over is easy going, but rates no cheers.

COLUMBIA 37194 — Frankie Carle and Orchestra, Marjorie Hughes vocal. What've You Got to Lose and Easy Pickin's. The latter is strictly an instrumental riff and Carle's piano passages are not up to par. However, What've You Got to Lose should please Frankie Carle fans — a good rhythm tune with Carle's daughter doing the vocal. Nice results.

CAPITOL 348—Jessie Price: I Ain't Mad at You (and you ain't mad at me) and The Drummer Man. The first is a shufflin' rhythm number featuring a former Kansas City 12th Streeter. Low down vocal by Jessie with some fancy guitar work. Throughout this number, you'll have trouble keeping your feet still. The reverse side is strictly blues.

Highly Recommended:


DECCA 23769—Hoagy Carmichael vocal with Lou Bring's Orchestra: Ole Buttermilk Sky plus Talking Is a Woman.

CAPITOL 304 — King Cole Trio: For Sentimental Reasons plus The Best Man.

★ Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza. JA 5200.


★ Melody Lane Record Shop, 1109 Broadway, GR 2005.


VICTOR 20-2064—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra: At Sundown. Flip-over, To Me. Vocal by Stuart Foster.

★ Linwood Record Shop, 1213a Linwood, VA 0676.


★ Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

CAPITOL 20086—Stan Kenton and his orchestra... Come Back to Sorrento and Artistry in Bolero (from Artistry in Rhythm Album BD-39).

DECCA 25015—Henry Busse and his Orchestra (new release of old cut) Hot Lips and Wang Wang Blues.

★ Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue (Kansas), AT. 1206
A lot of people are talking about labor-management relations. But Father Friedl is taking positive action!

by SAM SMITH

For many years Father John C. Friedl, S.J., has believed that one of the major problems of industrial relations stems from the inability of labor and management to "talk the same language."

Today the search for the answer to that lingual equation is assuming monumental proportions. Under his direction a master key is taking form which may possibly unlock that door. It is a Handbook of Industrial and Labor Relations Terminology. Soon the final preliminary draft of the first section of a contemplated eight-section work will be in the mails from Rockhurst College in Kansas City to approximately one hundred and fifty co-operating specialists in the field of industrial relations.

Father Friedl is no mere theorist in the field of labor relations. For years during the war he was active on the regional War Labor Board, and there his facile mind and depth of understanding were of great value. There he applied what he teaches.

Already, before he launched the tremendous job of preparing the first comprehensive "bible" of industrial relations terminology, his Institute of Social Order at Rockhurst and his work in establishing the first collegiate four-year course leading to a degree in industrial relations had attracted national attention.

Nine years ago Father Friedl established a forum for the clergy at the college. Seven years ago he established a labor school and interested labor union leaders of Kansas City in attending. A year later, he set up a school for employers.

Gradually, the two groups were fitted together—no simple task, either—and management and labor in the Kansas City area came to know each other and to have a mutual understanding of the other's problems. That relationship has done much to limit labor strife in the city.

The white-haired but still youngish Jesuit set the labor-management school to work drafting a model contract. It was slow work but the school kept plugging away. Father Friedl got the seminar started on a "union security" clause and left for a five-month tour...
of South America with his bishop.

When he came back, the seminar hadn’t made an inch of progress. It still was debating terminology and what it meant. "We started a local project then to set down the meaning of the terms," he recounted while sitting in his cluttered college office.

“One thing led to another. A year ago in Cincinnati at a Jesuit meeting I mentioned we were contemplating this handbook. They wanted the work done and wanted to help. The thing grew until we have almost 150 technical experts throughout the country eager to assist.

“These are educators in industrial relations, men in government, research experts of the big union groups and business leaders and labor writers.”

Right now it appears the work will be translated into French and into Spanish and Portuguese. Father Friedl said the International Labor Organization, when contacted about the project by the University of Montreal, asked for a complete French translation. The labor departments of all South and Central American countries are going to supply their particular terminology and its meaning for translation of the work into languages used there.

It all started because the Jesuit teacher thought if he could get management and labor to talk the same language they’d work out their own salvations around the conference table instead of around poker tables and in the arenas.

Throughout his years on the regional War Labor Board, he noticed that even high-paid legal talent appeared to have no definite concept of the meaning of industrial relations terminology.

He noted the same difficulty in his labor-management group at Rockhurst. The answer appeared to be a handbook—not merely a dictionary, but a practical workbook listing the principal labor legislation, for example, as well as defining terms in common but misunderstood use.

A reporter writing in a national magazine last summer said he found, after interviewing labor and management leaders, that the principal trouble-maker in labor-industry relations was what actually had been agreed to in a contract—what the wording meant, in other words.

When the handbook is completed, it is Father Friedl’s plan to have it published—already several publishing houses have asked about it—and made available as a guide in writing contracts. A contract clause accepting its definitions could eliminate considerable conflict.

Phillips Bradley, of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois, wrote Father Friedl the other day: “I am deeply interested in your project and trus
that you will keep me posted as to its future development. It is, I think, one of the most valuable projects now going on in the field."

Ruth Taylor, one of the compilers of an important new volume, Who's Who in Labor, wrote: "The completeness of your preliminary draft overwhems me."

Lloyd Weber of the International Association of Machinists wrote: "I am of the opinion this type of work is of the utmost importance and should be well received by those whose business is industrial and labor relations."

While the technical experts around the country are vitally important contributors, the fact remains that the work is being done by a group of Kansas City labor and business men—a part-time work by men who began as amateurs and are becoming experts.

When the flood of suggestions on the semi-final preliminary draft of section one came back, they were turned over to the seminar group for debate, then finally to a seven-man board of editorial review, and the final preliminary draft was underway. When the section is completed, its terms will have been through the wringer scores of times.

Father Friedl believes it will require another year to complete the entire job. The work is being done, too, on a financial shoestring. But the Jesuit who is behind it is a dynamic man who gets things done.

He came to Rockhurst after having served as principal of a Jesuit high school in Wisconsin. He'd pondered the mysteries of an educational system which tried to mold all of its students to the white-collar pattern. He became interested first in the so-called "hand-minded" one-third of the students and finally found himself entering into the general picture of our cities and of labor.

Besides his Institute work, Father Friedl was instrumental three years ago in the establishment at Rockhurst of the first four-year college course for a degree of Bachelor of Science in Industrial Relations. He started with four students, all mature men. Now the course has twenty-five students.

His pioneering has become something of a beacon light to educators throughout the country. Bradley, then an official of the New York State Ives Committee, two years ago took the Jesuit's model back to his state and established at Cornell a new school of industrial relations, with a statewide extension service.

So the man who during years on the regional War Labor Board was a balance wheel in the settlement of hundreds of dispute cases finds his field of work ever expanding as more people become conscious of the possibility for positive action on the labor scene.

"The tail is wagging the dog," he grins—happily.
I stepped on his foot as the usher showed me to my seat. I turned to apologize, but he beat me to it, begging my pardon in a deep, quiet tone that you wouldn’t expect to hear at a wrestling match. I muttered something about it being all my fault, but with the mental reservation that he was taking up a hell of a lot of room.

Just then the gong rang and I turned my attention to the ring. The room darkened except for the spotlights focused on the arena. The referee climbed into the ring, followed by the contestants. A tidal wave of mingled boos and cheers ran over the crowd. The referee announced, “Dynamite Joe Somebody from Wheeling at 216 pounds, versus Blockbuster Beals from Argentine, 209 pounds.” He stepped back and the two strong men stood face to face.

That was the first and last conventional wrestling gesture we were to see all evening. A second later Blockbuster had one hand locked in his opponent’s hair and with the other was trying to gouge his eyes out. The referee rushed in to separate them. As he did so the Blockbuster brought his knee up into Dynamite Joe’s stomach and Joe sank groaning to the mat. Again the referee waved the aggressor back but not until the Blockbuster had managed to kick his prostrate enemy in the face.

I shot a glance at my neighbor. He was sprawled in his chair the way tall men do, and seemed to be watching the crowd rather than the grapplers. He murmured something about the Lord loving the common people, he made so many of them.

Well, you’ve seen those things; I needn’t describe it. The two grapplers proceeded to kick, punch, gouge, knee and slap, throwing each other out of the ring, jumping on the other fellow’s chest, using every foul barroom trick ever devised. Dynamite Joe finally won.

The lights came on for the intermission and I made my way to the lobby, followed by my long-legged neighbor. We discussed the bout and I tried to place him. His homely face seemed strangely familiar. The black beard, the mole beside his mouth—where had I seen him?

“You’ve done a bit of wrestling yourself, haven’t you?” I asked. He fingered his cauliflower ear and admitted he had “rassled some” in his day.

“But never in a smoke-filled hall like this,” he said. “In my time every man was out to win, but we’d kill a man for the foul tactics they use here,” he said.

“I’ve seen most of the top-notch wrestlers of the past twenty-five years, sir,” I said, “but I can’t quite seem to place you.”

“You’ll have to go back further, son,” he said. “I really date back into another century. Look up Honest Abe sometime.”

Just then the gong announced the semi-finals and we started back to our seats. That is, I did. My tall friend didn’t follow.

At home that night I dug into the old record books, but nowhere was an “Honest Abe” mentioned. The truth dawned and I got out the history book and the biographies.

There it was. He started his career in New Orleans and wrestled all over the Mississippi and Ohio river country. His outstanding championship match was in Coles County, Illinois, where he threw Dan Needham in two straight falls. He had over three hundred matches and was never defeated. Affairs of state eventually crowded wrestling out of his life, but he carried his cauliflower ear, the wrestler’s medal of honor, to his grave.

No wonder his face was familiar. It’s on every five-dollar bill.

—George F. MaGill.
THREE MEN on a LADDER

A man has to consider things like women—and cockroaches!

by MARIE KESHLEAR

TO AVID followers of the comic strips, whether the indulgence is public or behind locked doors, the name of Raeburn Van Buren, creator of Abbie & Slats, surely rings a familiar note. And any motion picture fan will raise an alert and appreciative ear at the mention of William Powell. But very few people would ever couple the two in the same thought, or consider them as having the slightest connection. They have, and it's quite a story.

To add another character, let's throw in Ralph Barton, master caricaturist—shake them all together—turn the hands of time back to 1912—and imagine them leaving their hometown of Kansas City with ambition in their hearts and holes in their shoes, bound for the artistic mecca of this country, New York. For that is exactly what they were doing then.

Their fine talents, of course, won recognition, but only after they had weathered a number of rough innings did they go from the minor to the major leagues. Lady Luck, hovering somewhere near, might have given them a nudge or a wink—but could you blame her when three such gifted young men were concerned?

Raeburn Van Buren, William Powell, and Ralph Barton met while they were students at Central High School in Kansas City. All were aspiring artists, with larger ideas than their area could then handle. New York, however, could provide opportunities aplenty, and that's just where they planned on going, broke as they were. Barton was married to the most beautiful girl in Kansas City at the time—and Van Buren says of him: "Barton had a baby, so his 'poor' was a little more real than Powell's or mine."

The trio stayed poor for quite some time, and on several occasions very nearly decided to
"scram home to mother." But they were young and ambitious and could stand a lot of knocking around.

Eventually they took a studio in the Lincoln Arcade at 65th and Broadway. This they did for two reasons: First, the studios were large and cheap; second, at one time or another nearly every successful artist had rented or begged a studio in that building. There they met another Missouri boy who was dabbling in art, Thomas Hart Benton.

On the whole, the occupants of the Lincoln Arcade were a strange conglomeration living in a strange structure. The building caught fire at least once a week, and on one occasion when melting snow dripped through the ceiling and made sleeping impossible, they had quite a novel party. For the seeping water also drove out a nest of unwelcome cockroaches. That night undoubtedly produced, for the first and probably the last time, the world's wildest roach hunt. Van Buren, Powell and Barton picked out the driest spot in the studio and spent the remainder of the night shooting cockroaches with an air rifle.

Bill Powell's several jobs as an artist lasted no longer than tryouts, and he was finally convinced that art was not for him. So he took to the stage as a last resort to earn grocery money, entering the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Inadvisable as it might have been, he also took a wife, Eileen Wilson.

Powell found immediate success on the stage in The Ne'er Do Well, and appeared from then on in a string of well known plays. Powell and his wife separated shortly after he went to Hollywood, and were later divorced. That William Powell found the proper outlet for his talent need not be said. His comedy has amused millions. He was the first of the adventurers to hit the big-time and he hit it flying!

In the meantime, however, Barton and Van Buren were not idle in their fields. They had just started breaking into the "slicks" when the first World War broke out.

Rae enlisted in the Old Seventh Regiment and went overseas as an automatic rifleman, and Barton took a second wife. This girl was a New York model (the most attractive girl he knew at the time). A divorce, however, followed soon after the birth of their child, and the irresistible Don Juan picked himself another "lovely"—actress Carlotta Monterey. She was another gorgeous addition to his collection of beauties. Ralph Barton in those years was enjoying fame and fortune. He became renowned for his satiric cartoons and caricatures. After finishing his famous curtain for the Chauve Souris Company, which caricatured New York's most prominent
First Nighters, he was acclaimed one of the best artists this country had produced.

Sometime later Barton moved to Paris. There he married his fourth wife, Germaine Tailleferre.

In 1929 he returned to New York, but his work seemed to lack the “Barton touch” critics had come to expect. He was dissatisfied and deeply unhappy. On May 20th, 1931, he shot and killed himself in his apartment on East 57th Street.

He has often been called the “restless spirit of the art world.” Brilliant but moody, he lived intensely, impetuously, until the end. Life had absorbed him too completely.

Van Buren, back in New York after two years in the service, resumed his art work, and a year later married Fern Ringo, a Kansas City girl, whose dark beauty became the recognized “Van Buren Girl.” Although sometimes pictured in sordid surroundings, the elusive sweetness of face and grace of body are always here. For Van Buren wields a versatile pen, depicting the beautiful, the owly and the ludicrous with equal kill.

Rae did regular work for the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, Red Book, McClure’s, The New Yorker, Esquire and Mc Calls. He illustrated over seven hundred stories for these magazines.

But that was not enough. Realizing he was in some sort of a slot, he decided to try comic strips. The result of this move is, of course, his now famous Abbie & Slats, cleverly written, graphically illustrated story that has been universally welcomed and syndicated in over two hundred newspapers in the United States, South America, Mexico, Canada and Hawaii.

Raeburn Van Buren has rare charm. He is excellent company, not alone for his vast store of humor, but also for his ability to be an appreciative listener. He was the last of the adventurers to reach the top of the ladder, but his success has a quality of permanence which indicates he will stay at the top.

So that is the story of three boys who started together on the ladder to prominence, from a high school in Kansas City. Throughout the climb no one of them outstripped the others. And it was a long, long ladder!

Man in the wrong is inclined to lay the blame on someone else, not unlike the boy who was reprimanded for pulling the tail of a cat.

“I’m not pulling it,” he replied. “I’m standing on it. He’s the one who’s doin’ the pullin’.”
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE SECRET HEART — Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Sterling. Miss Colbert, as the stepmother of two small children, devotes herself to them and to paying off her husband's debts, after the gentleman commits suicide. Later, the neurotic daughter (June Allyson) becomes infatuated with her brother's employer. When she discovers what he feels for her is only fatherly interest, that it is her stepmother whom he loves, she attempts to throw herself from a cliff. Foiled in this, she finally learns the truth about the father whose memory she had idolized, and a happy ending is effected, with romances blooming profusely.

Warner Brothers

HUMORESQUE—Joan Crawford, John Garfield, Oscar Levant, J. Carrol Naish. Fannie Hurst's ever-popular story gives Joan Crawford her first role since academy award-winner Mildred Pierce. She is cast as a wealthy patroness of the arts, who tries to forget her unsuccessful marriage by sponsoring unrecognized talent. At one of her parties, she meets a young violinist (John Garfield), becomes more than usually interested, and sets him up to a concert debut. Things progress rapidly to the point where she has an opportunity to marry him, but hesitates, knowing that she might ruin his career. The film's climax occurs when she realizes that suicide offers the only solution.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers. Two personable young chaps, a singer (Dennis Morgan) and an orchestra leader (Jack Carson), face innumerable difficulties in opening a night club. The club has a very short life, through the efforts of the hoity-toity wife of a nice old symphony conductor, but not before the couple's granddaughter is exposed to the charms of the singer. Next item of business on the boys' agenda is the production of a Broadway musical show. All manner of events occur when the Madame learns that her granddaughter is to appear in it. But you guessed it — when the finale curtain goes up, all problems have vanished, and ain't life grand! The movie is in technicolor, and features such tuneful numbers as Oh, But I Do and A Gal in Calico.

20th Century Fox

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM — Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Anne Revere. The year is 1874, and Miss Cynthia Pilgrim (Betty Grable), champion operator of the newly invented typewriter, sets out to invade the 100%-male precincts of the business world. A militant suffragette who owns a Boston shipping concern demands that Cynthia be given a fair trial, though company president John Pritchard (Dick Haymes) protests vigorously. However, he hires her permanently after seeing that she turns out neat, efficient work. Soon, John asks Cynthia to marry him; but makes the mistake of mentioning that, as his wife, she will no longer work. She refuses to re-nounce "equal rights," and quits her job. After hiring and firing a series of typists, the unhappy John finally goes to the agency, and gets its head — the shocking Miss Pilgrim, herself.

Paramount

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—Loretta Young, David Niven, Eddie Albert, Charlie Ruggles, Virginia Field. Exponents of the perfect marriage, Maggie and Dale Williams, decide that the magic is all gone from their own marriage. And all this in the middle of their tenth anniversary, yet! Maggie is on the verge of divorce, but she and Dale are finally re-united by all the small things they don't like about one another. Again, the Williamses are representative of "a perfect marriage." You'll like this picture for its pleasant treatment of an old plot, sound dialogue, and the style-show calibre of the clothes which Edith Head has designed. All this and Loretta Young, too. Better see this one.

CROSS MY HEART—Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts, Michael Chekhov. To help her lawyer fiancé, whose excessive honesty interferes with his career, showgirl Peggy Harper confesses to a murder she didn't commit. Peggy is sure he will get her free and make a name for himself. However, as evidence piles up against her, she tells her fiancé the truth. He wins her an acquittal on defense-of-virtue grounds, but can't forgive her for having committed perjury. They split. Unhappy without him, she confesses to the prosecuting attorney that honest, she didn't kill the man at all. Oliver forgives her, and sets about to find the real murderer. In a tense close, in which he is almost massacred, himself, the murderer turns out to be — oops! We almost told.
REPORTS of the difficulties of travel in Europe have increased the travel trend to South America. Tours are now being arranged as far south as Buenos Aires by boat, plane, or both. And the demand is rapidly growing beyond the available accommodations. Flying time from La Guardia Field to Nassau is now five hours and the planes are constantly booked to capacity, as are classes in learn-to-speak-Spanish. With a little Spanish at the tip of the tongue one can move about the whole of South America and our close neighbor Mexico, with a certain amount of ease. Flying Down to Rio is no longer a dramatized dream, it's a casual matter of standing in line for a ticket. And "South America Take It Away" may be interpreted as, "Don't bother to bring it up here because we'll be down to get it." South American fashions and color combinations are featured in all the best shops and it looks as though they're here to stay for a long, long time. This popular trend to the Latin South may take some of the tourist traffic away from Florida, but that winter haven has been getting too much of a Coney Island reputation during the past few years anyway. And, to break into the South American routine for a moment, don't forget that the delightful little spot in the sea called Bermuda is only a two hour jaunt from La Guardia Field. Your Spanish won't do you much good there but your South American costumes will be jolly-well admired. The old saying, "Americans are always going somewhere," is truer now than ever and with travel conveniences improving daily it's likely to stay true.

The bottom dropped out of the fur market in Manhattan just a couple of days after Christmas. It was totally unexpected and caught a great many dealers with tremendous stocks on hand. It was a case of a sudden oversupply suffocating the market. This has been followed by a wild advertising campaign of cut prices which may benefit and attract the buying public on one hand but which is more likely to make it distrustful on the other. Prices have been advertised as being cut fifty per cent or more and this is not conducive to patron confidence. A fur coat is too much of an investment to be put on a rack of worn-out raptures. Imagine how one would feel to have bought a coat in the middle of December and pledged payments for a year or so, only to find that two weeks later the same
thing could be purchased at half the price. Most persons would gladly shiver for a couple of weeks for several hundred dollars. Perhaps these fur merchants have been unsmart in making like a panic... the response to their ads hasn’t been too hot and it may be a long time before they can regain public confidence to the extent of selling at a profit.

Manhattan is in the throes of a yogurt fad. Yogurt is a sort of buttermilk junket which has arrived at that state through a process of nature. One has to eat it with a spoon, as it is much too thick to drink. It can be served with jams or fresh fruits if one doesn’t like the taste of buttermilk. Doctors are praising it highly and restaurants find it in great demand. It has been a favorite in Europe for years, but has only recently made its debut here—that is, with the exception of a few diet specialists in the know who were fortunate enough to get a bit shipped over. It keeps in a refrigerator for ten days. Now, with the U. N. in full swing here, a plant has been established and there will soon be a plentiful supply. Try some when you come to town... it’s supposed to prolong that bloom of youth.

Ingrid Bergman, currently playing Joan in Joan of Lorraine, and doing a superb job of it, is a regular patron at the Elizabeth Arden exercise and massage salon. There, they can’t say enough nice things about her. She is shy, usually walks with eyes cast down, and speaks in her native Swedish tongue whenever possible. She seems much taller in real life, is five feet eight and a half and has a healthy, slender figure. She doesn’t exercise or have massages to reduce, just to keep in condition. She complains that one cannot get proper exercise walking Manhattan streets, or relax properly under the strain of a Broadway hit. Her little eight year old daughter has just returned to school in California after spending the holidays here and her husband, formerly a dentist, is now a surgeon with great promise. Miss Bergman has a radiance in her face that’s all hers. She never uses make-up off-stage.

Atop Fifth Avenue buses, in subways, up and down the streets, there seems to be a growing tendency for talking. Not talking to anyone, just talking away like so many radio announcers with invisible microphones. This could be pure imagination, and since the thought of a city of seven million habitual solo-talkers is overwhelming, to say the least, let’s pray that there’s no real basis for worry. Babel would be as nothing compared to all those New Yorkers speaking their minds.
NEW YORK THEATRE

PLAYS

AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE. (International). The company including Walter Hampton, Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex is still at work hard-by Columbus Circle with rotating performances of John Gabriel Borkman, Henry VIII, What Every Woman Knows, found on Demand, and Androcles and the Lion. Everyone is rooted for a successful repertory troupe in native soil, but unfortunately these productions have something to be desired. Evenings, except Monday. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Curtain times differ according to the play being presented.

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. (Fulton). The Hubbard family, which theatergoers came to now and loathe in The Little Foxes, has returned to the stage in an earlier chapter from its history, they are not so obnoxious now and are far less convincing, despite excellent performances by Patricia Neal, Leo Genn, and Margaret Phillips. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). A wonderfully funny play written and directed by Garson Kanin and produced by Max Gordon. Paul Douglas is a big time racketeer and Judy Holliday is the well-intentioned tomato who causes no end of complications when she attempts to reform him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

BURLESQUE. (Belasco). From the late 20's comes this revival which stars Bert Lahr as an old-time comedian whose moral vicissitudes bring eventual physical and professional collapse, and Jean Arthur as his handsome and long-suffering wife. Here are moments of pathos and hilarity before the final redemption scene—something which takes good bit of bringing about. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 40.

CHRISTOPHER BLAKE. (Music Box). In his first attempt at a "serious" play, Moss Hart acquires a self-rightly. The piece is concerned with the fate of divorce upon a twelve-year-old, and is chiefly notable for its first-flight flights of fancy to an outstanding performance by Richard Tyler. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC. (Ethel Barrymore). While critics split hairs and heads in heated arguments over the performances of Jose Ferrer (the resent Cyrano) and Walter Hampden (last great actor to play the role), playwrights flock to the Ethel Barrymore and come away quite pleased. Apparently the answer is that whatever the histrionic nuances involved, Mr. Ferrer is rousingly satisfactory. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

THE FATAL WEAKNESS. (Royale). Ina Claire ar balks in the midst of dull surroundings and much up-ade devoted to middle-aged divorce. Howard St. John and Margaret Douglass are there to assist. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

HARVEY. (48th Street). Frank Fay, the theater's most charming personality, is still delighting audience with the aid of Josephine Hull, a blonde, and Mary Chase's Pulitzer Prize play of 20 years back. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). High on everyone's must list is the new Anita Loos comedy starring Helen Hayes as a mousey librarian who discovers a brave new world with the aid of a few Pink Ladies. The cast is superb and the entire production is too go to miss! Evenings, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

THE ICEMAN COMETH. (Martin Beck). Eugene O'Neill demonstrates his ability to present in four hours what another dramatist could present in two and a half—provided the other could present it at all. This time he speaks of illusions, and their efficacy in stuffing up hollow lives. The cast is excellent, and the direction of Eddie Dowling is quite perfect. Evenings at 7:30.

JOAN OF LORRAINE. (Alvin). Ingrid Bergman has scored a triumph in this version of the Maid of Orleans legend. The play is by Maxwell Anderson, and an entirely adequate vehicle for Miss Bergman's talents. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. (Cort). Cornelia Otis Skinner and Penelope Ward are all right in this Oscar Wilde comedy, but Cecil Beaton's settings and costumes are really tops. It's a little tedious, but well worth the viewing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). The inimitable Lindsay and Crouse dramatization of the inimitable book by Clarence Day, now in its seventy-fifth year—or thereabouts. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.


O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). The Lunts, who would draw a capacity crowd for a recitation of the alphabet, have only slightly heavier material to work with here; but needless to say they make the evening eminently worthwhile. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.
**Swing**

February, 1947

**PRESENT LAUGHTER.** (Plymouth). Admirers of Noel Coward will probably be disappointed in his latest dissertation upon adultery, but everyone will find much to commend in the deft performances of Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Balton, and Marta Linden. Evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). A wonderfully funny play about a man who really ought to be elected president. It isn't exactly new, but it is constantly rewritten to keep it as timely as tonight's headline. Well rewritten, we hasten to add! Ralph Bellamy, Minor Watson, and Edith Atwater are the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). That sergeant is still on leave! The cast of three is now composed of Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). A witty memorybook of Ruth Gordon at sixteen, when she lived in Boston and longed to be an actress. Frederic March, Patricia Kirkland, and Florence Eldridge turn in uniformly excellent performances. The whole thing may be unequivocally recommended. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**Musicals**

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). As Annie Oakley, Ethel Merman is rootin', tootin', and high-falutin' as only she can be. The music is by Irving Berlin and the book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, which makes it 100 per cent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY.** (Broadway). Alfred Drake, once of Oklahoma! heads a large and lively cast through an adaptation of the Beggar's Opera. The book and lyrics are by John Latouche and the musical score is by Duke Ellington. Considering the people involved, it really ought to be better. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**CALL ME MISTER.** (National). This revue prepared and presented by veterans and overseas entertainers could hardly be better or funnier. Among other things, it's the source of that "South America" song which seems to be damn' near inescapable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). The Richard Rodgets and Oscar Hammerstein II rewrite of Liliom. Ferenc Molnar originally penned it as a present to his wife, who exacted a promise from him never to write anything more like it. Seems a pity. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). Ella Logan in what is really a musical play by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Sayid, with the score by Burton Lane. Jo Mielziner's settings are excellent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). There'll never be a revival of Oklahoma!—it will just keep on running. And that's all right by us. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**STREET SCENE.** (Adelphi). Elmer Rice has rewritten his old play of this name, and Kurt Weill has supplied it with music. Norman Condon and Anne Jeffreys head the competent cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). The Victor Herbert operetta, rewritten by John Cecil Holm and produced by Paula Stone and Michael Sloane. All you really need to know is that it stars Bobby Clark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**TOPLITSKY OF NOTRE DAME.** (Century). George Marion, Jr., apparently started with the idea that it might be funny if an angel on furlough could play in Notre Dame's backfield during the Army game. Then he loused it up by having the celestial visitor fall in love with a mortal girl. Things straighten themselves out, but by that time no one cares. The music isn't so hot either. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

**NEW YORK THEATRES**

(“W” or “E” denotes West or East of Broadway)

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
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NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL
by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. William Scotti and Alfred Mendez furnish quiet music in this dignified spot. Enjoy a rumba if you don't feel too formal. Park Avenue at 51st St. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. You just can't concentrate on your excellent drink and Lenny Herman's music at the same time. Nights, listen and dance to Sande Williams and his band. Reasonably priced food, ala carte. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BLACK ANGUS. A modern restaurant dedicated to Aberdeen Angus beef served any way you like it. There's a keen steak and a big baked potato or three samoleons. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BILTMORE. Ted Straeter's Orchestra is in the Bowman Room for dinner and supper dancing, and Mischa Raginsky makes nice but largely unnoticed music in the Cocktail Lounge from four 'til seven every afternoon. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. Mutton chops alone to a turn, and tasty sea food. Yummy! 490 Lexington. PL 8-0354.


★ CHATEAUBRIAND. The finest of French cuisine and vintage wines. A delightful retreat for the real connoisseur. Try the imported foie gras. 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.


★ EDDIE CONDON'S. Sweetest and hottest jazz in the Village, where jazz just seems to flourish. Lovers, come listen to the fanciest guitar in town. 7 W. 3rd St. CR 3-8736.

★ ENRICO AND PAGLIERI. Don't miss this long established place when you're in the Village. One little whiff of the delightful odors emanating from the doorway will whip the faintest appetite into a frenzy of hunger. 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ HEADQUARTERS. Campaign hats off to the wo G.I.s who disguised spam for SHEAF during the war. The food's good. 108 W. 49th. BR 9-0728.

★ LEXINGTON. Harry Owens should live so long! Seriously, the strains of the Hawaiian guitars and the all-island revue carry you right back to Ole Vaikiki, which sometimes seems highly desirable. Dining Sundays. Lexington at 48th. WI 2-4400.

★ MONKEY BAR. A hilarious spot where waiters spin in the festivities at the slightest provocation. Don't take your aunt from Great Neck. 60 E. 54th. L 3-1066.

★ MONTE CARLO. A very fancy restaurant — list like in the movies. Dick Gasparre's orchestra combines with Alberto's rhumbas for an evening of good food. Fine food. Madison at 54th. PL 7-3400.

★ NINO'S. Chic decor provides the setting for the finest of French cooking. There's a cozy cocktail lounge with quiet piano music in the background. 10 E. 72nd. PL 3-9014.

★ REUBEN'S. A favorite of the celebs, sandwiches along the Dagwood line are the house's specialty. You'll find the names of well-knowns tacked onto a number of these multi-meated delights. 6 E. 58th. VO 5-7420.

★ RITZ-CARLETON. A host of places here. The Oval Room filled with sophisticates, the "Ladies' Bar" and George's "Little Bar" downstairs. They're each a treat. Madison at 46th. PL 3-4600.

★ ROSE. Friendliest restaurant in town. They make you eat more than you really should, so don't forget to fasten your belt before leaving the table. 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Barry Winston alternates with Clemente's marimba band. Try the Savoy Room for an excellent breakfast. Blue bloods hang from the chandeliers in the Cafe Lounge. Fifth Avenue at 59th St. VO 5-2600.

★ SARDI'S. Theatrical celebrities on the walls and in the chairs, too. The gawker lets his food grow cold while theater people enjoy medium-priced roast beef and steaks. 234 W. 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. An excellent view of Central Park afforded from the mezzanine. Quiet cocktail lounge. Excellent food. 5th Avenue at 59th. VO 5-2800.

★ STORK CLUB. If you've seen the movie you've seen the Stork Club. Billingsley is still the smartest club owner in town. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Chicken, duck, steak and roast beef in the traditional Shor manner. Entrees a buck sixty and up. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.


★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Wedgewood Room boasts Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Bor's group. The Flamingo Room is livened by the music of Michael Zarin's orchestra. Park Avenue at 49th St. EL 5-3000.

★ WIVEL. Strictly Scandinavian. Friendly, informal gatherings. Smorgasbord. 254 W. 54th Street. CI 7-9800.
THE slush days have followed the lush days in the Windy City. By “lush days” we mean the ten days around the holidays when little or no work was done on advertising and radio row, nor in most other businesses. The hucksters, particularly, were busy with parties and office martini sessions from the Ad Club benefit party the Thursday before Christmas until unconscious—sometime after New Year’s day.

This year the celebrations were bigger and better than ever. Most of the stalwarts were back from the war and all of the usual characters were seen chasing the pretty secretaries around desks at office parties.

The new year arrived none too soon to stave off utter exhaustion. A large segment of the population crawled home to recuperate over the following weekend. The Friday night after New Year’s found Lou Harrington practically alone in the Wrigley Building bar. That usually noisy spot was quiet as a grave at nine o’clock—something practically unheard of since CBS, J. Walter Thompson, and the Art Meyerhoff agency moved into the building. Polishing a martini glass (something he hadn’t had time to do in weeks) Lou was heard to remark, “Well, the boys have gone home to Winnetka to rest up.”

However, now that most New Year’s resolutions have been happily shattered, night life is looking up again. With slush on the streets, the family fireside is again being neglected in the usual big January-February rush of things to do and places to go. Again it’s a bright, happy town—what with the furniture men in for another big market spree. The furniture men have jammed the hotels again to the bursting point and have rescued the night clubs and just plain joints from the sad nights that followed the holidays. Things are fast snapping back to normal.

For one thing, The Student Prince is here again for its umpteenth revival. It’s the same old Student Prince. Frank Hornaday is a little blonder this trip, the costumes still look as though they’d been dry-cleaned once too often, and Nina Varela is still getting her part mixed up with Marjorie Main, but on the whole it’s a heartwarming show. All’s well with the world—The Student Prince is on tour again!

However, all is not well with the radio business. The Actor’s Club held another of those “wakes” for a show leaving the city. This time it was for Ma Perkins and Virginia Payne, who has long played the title role and is also the president of AFRA’s Chicago local. Everybody kept a stiff upper lip but it was a pretty sad occasion nevertheless. Ma Perkins happened to be Chicago’s one remaining soap opera. With its departure, the cupboard is bare. Only kid shows, some dramatic half hours, and odd jobs here and there remain to sustain a growing group of hungry thespians who either can’t or won’t depart for either coast.

WGN, Mutual’s Chicago flagship, alone of all the stations in town offers a substantial number of “live” shows to help the local talent keep body and soul together. No matter what you may think about the Chicago Tribune, it still runs a great radio station. In addition to the biggest staff and the biggest audience studio it continues to put on expensive local shows year after year. It originates a healthy portion of the Mutual schedule but still retains its identity as an individual station. With network production and
programming standards, and with at least a dozen “live” shows a week calling for casts of from ten to twenty people, it’s the one bright spot on the dial from the employment standpoint. Its music and production departments are the largest in town, and when Chicago Theatre of the Air goes on the air Saturday nights about a hundred and fifty people get paychecks. This is probably why most actors walk reverently past the WGN studios close by the Tribune tower.

An interesting visitor in our town just previous to the launching of his new comic strip was Mr. Milton Caniff, the eminent creator of Miss Lace, Terry, Burma, and—now—Steve Canyon. Mr. Caniff arrived in Chicago to face a schedule which called for the stamina possessed by all his virile characters put together. For five days, he hopped from school to uncheon, from dinner to broadcast. Hanging onto his coat-tails was a lovely and sultry young beauty named Alice Boyd whose job it was to get into her working clothes and pose whenever Mr. Caniff paused long enough to deliver a lecture or chalk talk. Miss Boyd had the assignment of representing Copper Calhoun—heroine of the new Caniff strip. She filled it very well, with her working clothes consisting mostly of one slinky black evening gown cut down to here. This considerable exhibition of a very nice figure worried some of the more academic minds at such places as New Trier high school. It can be reliably reported that neither the teachers or the students have completely recovered.

Return to normalcy note: An announcement has just arrived stating that male and female escorts are now available for day and night work for a reasonable fee. References are necessary, but for as little as a crisp new twenty the jaded tourist in our midst can enjoy the bright conversation of a blonde or brunette. And the lonely lady who finds time hanging heavily on her hands can hire a pair of built up shoulders or a crew haircut for the same price.

Final return to normalcy note: Griff Williams is back at the Palmer House playing that wonderful music, which, incidentally, Mutual features. Henry Brandon is back in the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The Chicago Blackhawks are back in the cellar of the National Hockey League.

Answers to Memory Quiz:

1. Alabama beat Southern California, 34 to 14.
2. Assault.
3. St. Louis Cardinals beat the Boston Red Sox, 4 games to 3.
4. Ben Hogan.
5. Eighth round.
6. Ray Milland and Joan Crawford.
7. The Egg and I.
8. State of the Union by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.
10. Alicia Markova, with the Ballet Russe.
11. Harlan Stone died; Fred Vinson replaced him.
12. King George of Greece.
15. Roger Slaughter of Missouri.
16. William Heirens, who was sentenced to life imprisonment.
17. Tito’s planes in Yugoslavia.
19. Athens, Georgia.
20. Australia to Ohio.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

with its stage and screen celebrities and cream of local-ites. Dream music by David LeWinter's society band.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Traditional meeting place of the Loop, and a worthwhile one with Joseph Sudy's music and a trim opus of entertainment.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Very Russian, very elegant, and very continental in spirit, spearheaded by the famous Colonel Yaschenko, host, and maestro George Scherban, virtuoso of the violin.

Worth Attention . . .

★ Number one on Chicago's night club list is CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), with a jackpot of stars including Tony Martin, Pearl Bailey and the Jack Dancers, plus others . . . COPACABANA, State and Lake (Dea. 5151), is brand new and exciting, large and handsome with a bouncing revue called "Michigan Boulevard" . . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has Jerry Lester, comedian, and a popular company . . . And at the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), it's Ted Lewis and his production that make reservations a necessity.

Dinner Dating . . .

★ Keep these reputable restaurants in mind for a dinner worth remembering . . . DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S, 101 East Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . L'AILGON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 7060) . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) . . . STEAK HOUSE, 744 N. Rush (Del. 5930) . . . GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark (And. 8180) . . . JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan (Del. 9040) . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0417).

Theatres . . .

★ SONG OF NORWAY at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Gen. 8240). Edvard Grieg comes to life in this delightful operetta with Ira Petina at the top of a notable cast of singers and dancers.

★ HARVEY at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Gen. 8240). Joe E. Brown and his rabbi are staggering on to new box office records and popularity.

★ THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE at the El longer, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Louis Calhern turns in a prize winning performance as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

★ LUTE SONG at the Studebaker, 418 S. Michigan (Gen. 8240). This extraordinary and beautiful masterpiece of drama and music of Chinese heritage is back for a return engagement. Doll Haas again the star.

★ THREE TO MAKE READY at the Black stone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Ray Bolge is the mainstay of Nancy Hamilton's hilarious musical revue and an able cast with him. Morgan Lewis wrote the music.

Worth the Price . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Palatial is the word for this mammoth room and its show-time bounty of a Dorothy Dorben production and music by veteran Clyde McCoy and his "Sugar Blues" boys.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A chic and cheerful little nook given over to quality food and interesting small bands.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). This is one of Dorothy Draper's wonderful creations, with Drake excellence of food, cocktails, service and the dance music of Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Many-faceted emerald, ebony, gold and crystal make this new decor of a historic room fabulous indeed. Fabulous is the show, too, with that Park Avenue hillbilly, Dorothy Shay; Griff Williams, the radiating maestro; and the dancing Barlys from Up in Central Park.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Reflections are the mood—in mirrors, gay spirits, and the dancing fare both matinee and evening.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). Something extra-super in interior charm, wonderful food and service, and a sleek patronage.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Definitely a place to see and be seen, not to mention enjoying a Dorothy Hild revue of rare creative talent and the dancing melodies of genial Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel (Har. 4300). Second headquarters for Chicago's smart society and a becoming show-case for the occasion. Ramon Ramos and his rumba-conscious band and a select act or two.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Definitely in a class with Hollywood's Ciro's or Manhattan's Stork Room.
The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Experienced dietitian W. W. Wormington operates one of the finest cafeterias in which you'll ever have the pleasure of dining. You'd swear you were sampling Mother's home cooking when dining at the Bluebird. Snowy napkins, immaculate dishes and cutlery are a feature not found often these days. 3215 Troost. WA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. Food that is positively terrific! It ranges from smoked loin and gefilte fish to prime ribs of beef, turkey, and lobster. The Czechoslovakian chef was two years a medical student, and no one knows where he learned so much about food. But he learned it, as his delicate Napoleonic Slices and splendid shortcakes will testify. Max Brettan is a sincerely accommodating host. Five course dinners from $1.45. 1215 Baltimore. GR 8999.

★ GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Joshua Johnson is far and away the best boogie artist in the game. Funny thing about old Josh—you couldn't entice him to Hollywood or N. Y. with a diamond-studded piano as bait. Friendly Gus Fitch has a right arm like a prize fighter—it's from shaking a million hands a day. Magnificent steaks. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ IL PAGLIACCI. Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Ross' have been serving the finest in Italian fare for twenty-five years. Frank will see that you're seated and make certain your slightest gastronomic whim is satisfied. There's a glittery bar at one end of the room, and as you walk into the bar take a good look at the little figure of Il Pagliaccio occupying a wall niche. Dave McClain gives with a mighty fine brand of piano music during your meal. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ KELLEHER'S MART. Smorgasbord for your appetizer—just load up! Then go back to your table for the entree. Choice of wine on the house. The whoo set-up rocks you for only two bucks or so. The menu carries a note something like this: "If you don't see your favorite dish, call the manager. He'll discuss it with the chef and they'll do their best to produce it for you." Norman Turner at the keyboard. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587. Insert in CLASS WITH A GLASS.

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Frank has been a master chef for more years than he'll admit. At his Brush Creek place he features fresh seafood, air-expresed from the Gulf, and the tastiest chicken ever. Over a quarter of a million chickens prepared annually attest this fact. In the corner are a number of high chairs to accommodate the kiddies for that family dinner. Place luncheons with a drink for 35¢ and up are also a specialty. Private rooms for parties and bridge luncheons available. Drop in for a business luncheon or breakfast at Frank's new place on 917 Grand. Brush Creek and the Paseo. VA 9757.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. Kansas City's newest restaurant and bar. Bright red leather booths along the wall, and two quaint oak tables beside a shiny bar for the express convenience of imbibers. Patsy and Lou Ventola have purloined a chef and cooking crew who can turn out steaks, chops and other vittles just the way you like 'em. What's more, you'll never be a stranger here because Lou never forgets a name. Inexpensive beer with good whiskey scaled down proportionately makes a mighty attractive feature, too. East end of 6th Street Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ PUSATARIS NEW YORKER. It may not be in the dictionary, but "splendiforous" is the word for Pusatari's roast beef flanked by a side order of French fried onions. The steaks and salad bowls are yummy, too. Host Jerry guides you to a seat at the bar, a booth or a table. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A genial carry-over from days gone by. If you're looking for bankers and business executives at noon time you'll find them gorging themselves on the Savoy's piece de resistance, lobster, or on other tasty seafoods. Wholesome, delicious, appetizing food prepared just as it was years and years ago. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ CABANA. Gay Latins in black-and-gold mess jackets are drink whisk-eras and WHB's Alberta Bird Hammondizes the top ten and any other tunes you care to request. You'll manage to lend an ear to her music, even over the festive furor. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. It's a South-of-the-Borderish hideaway just downstairs from El Casbah and the Zephyr Room—gay, bright, and guaranteed to be easy on the pocketbook. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Lush, plush, and musical. There's very competent pianing in the background, the kind that can be listened to or talked over but is good either way. The circular drink counter is surrounded by a leather davenportish sort of thing, and there are tables for two, three, and more on an upper deck. The management has the jug of wine, but you'll have to bring your own bread. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. On the Country Club Plaza, the southside sister of the Town Royale features a horseshoe bar, hospitable service and Hammond
music by Mary Dale. The talk is even-stick and new babies when the campus queens of the last two decades hold regular Saturday night court at this popular gathering place. Go early. You’re bound to see everybody you know. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ RENDEVOUS. The mink you rub elbows with at the bar won’t rub off. Well-mixed drinks are a pleasure to sip while eyeing the gal at the bar and at the little tables across the room. All the right people. You can have your dinner right there. Just signal the waiter for dinner service. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ TOWN ROYALE. On the site of the grandeur that was the old Baltimore Hotel stands this comfortably cocktail lounge. Harry Newstreet’s snow-topped thatch bobs up and down as he bustles about seating people. House specialty, aside from good drink, is filet mignon. Zena and Zola take turns at the Hammond. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ THE TROPICS. It could be Trader Vic’s in Honolulu with no stretch of the imagination. South Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloud burst with lightning, thunder and all. The drinks are good and the tropical concoctions are particularly smooth. Hammond music in the background and a sophisticated clientele. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. It’s cozy and quiet. There’s a little round bar on one side tenanted by two black-haired, white-jacketed bartenders who dispense their wares quickly and efficiently. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere, adding to a sense of comfort and well-being. No food or dancing. Bellerive Hotel, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

**Playhouses...**

★ BLUE HILLS. The name is synonymous with fine barbecue. Ed Cross’ new trio, featuring a couple of screwballs named Bob and Jack, practically knock you out with their antics. There’s a peach of a dance floor and the music is continuous from 6:30. Go over to Troost and head south—you can’t miss it. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Impresario D. T. Turner, discoverer of first-rate musicians, has done it again. This time he’s come up with one Bob Greene, a young man who is competent on classics and really knockdown on eight-to-the-bar stuff. Lovely Juliette is charming as ever as she plays her eminently listenable music on piano and solovox. Oldtime films above the bar round out the Turner policy of continuous entertainment. If Sunday seems long, whip over to the Broadway Interlude at midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Good old Alma. The fly boys from Olathe used to plague the gal to play all their ribald ditties—she did and now she has a repertoire of clever pieces eight fathoms long. The legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Convenient parking next door. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ CROSSROADS INN. Delicious chicken, barbecue, and a variety of sandwiches at pre-war prices. There are all kinds of attractions at this English-style inn. A bar, spacious dance floor, and juke box jive add to an evening of food and fun. The Swope Park car takes you right to the doorway. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA 9699.

★ CROWN ROOM. Joe Nauser packs 'em in here. The place is bedecked with luscious, life-size Varga beauties who beckon in a most becoming way. During the cocktail hour, from two to five, Joe hands you a free copy of the expertly mixed drink you’re holding whenever the alarm clock buzzes. Judy Conrad has a well-blended musical group who give with that satisfying swing. Park for free in the La Salle Hotel garage. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ DUFFEY’S TAVERN. “Be Good or Be Gone.” That’s what the sign on the door says, at any rate. Joe Hamm has his own barbecue pit but he’s prouder of his histrionic talents. He’ll warble you a tune at the drop of a hat. The place is big, noisy, a trifle untidy and loads of fun. Little Buck will sing either way you want it—for his supper or yours. Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There’s a nostalgic quality about Harry Harris and the rest of the songsters as they break into old favorites from time to time. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ LA FIESTA BALLROOM. The place is always checkful of honest-to-goodness dance fans. Just step into the center of the floor and yell “Arthur Murray” and everyone there will execute a nea pirouette. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday at La Fiesta there’s an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter’s Hall, 311
Paseo, under the same management. Old Time Matinee Dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

★ MARY’S. Dance to name bands like Claude Thornhill on one of the best and biggest dance floors around. Now inside city limits and completely redecorated, mixed drinks are available at your table or in the cocktail lounge. Frolickers remember that Mary’s now observes city closing laws. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

Insert in GOOD TASTE—

★ MILTON’S TAP ROOM. Milt calls us the stretch runner because we never seem to make his place ‘til closing time. But that’s no slur! Julia Lee has cut for Decca a dozen times in the past few years and the lady is good! The caricatures of well-knowns around the walls are very effective when viewed through the dim, cozy atmosphere. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ NEW ORLEANS ROOM. Dave Mitchell’s new place is a huge success. It ought to be, because he has the right combination—mighty fine drinks and mighty fine music. Howard Parker, his piano and his orchestra, turn out “sweet swing” in a highly professional manner. An unusual feature is a dance floor that’s big enough to make dancing a pleasure instead of a task. Park right next door. On Wyan-dote just north of 12th Street. GR 9207.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Jerry Gilbert’s trio provides quiet dance music at this lovely old Colonial mansion. Waiters in starched white linen coats complete the picture and the drinks seem to have a Southern tang. A few miles east on Highway 40. FL 1307.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. It doesn’t take an elephant’s memory to remember this cozy cranny. Max mixes nice, strong drinks and the little pink pachyderms, entwined trunk and tail above the bar, will join you in a dance at your request. At one end of the little room are amusing Charlie Chaplin films viewed on a small white screen. If you don’t start a conversation with the people next to you, they’ll start one with you. The place is that friendly! Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th Street. GR 9310.

★ STUBB’S GILLHAM PLAZA. Stubb thinks his excellent barbecue is the feature that draws the never-ending crowd. But people have been coming in droves to see Jeannie Leitt and to hear those risque songs—they don’t have food on their minds, either! We say it every time—we’ll say it again: The girl is simply terrific! 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

★ TOOTIE’S MAYFAIR. A friendly after hours spot. Lively floor shows and plenty of opportunity to swing the light fantastic yourself. For fun in the hours we’re, Tootie’s is the place to be. 79th & Wornall Road. DE 1253.

Good Taste . . .

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Filled with busy people, this cheery place puts you in a mood to go back to the office and tackle that pile of correspondence you’ve been dreading. Latest tunes by remote control from the Cabana, and latest news flashes with your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Partners Millem and Gilbert are past masters at providing dishes that keep the “Connie” crews, air passengers and townspeople in a happy mood. They’re at it twenty-four hours a day and you don’t have to be a flyer to enjoy the food here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA. A down-the-stairs room presided over by genial Martin Weiss and a retinue of courteous helpers. Name and decor are Souse of Ze Bordair but you’ll find everything from kreplock to borscht on the varied menu. You’ll like those tall green water bottles. They seem to do something to the water. A stumble up the steps will land you right smack in the El Bolero for an apertif or liquor. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ BARREL BUFFET. The Accuro brothers’ newly decorated bar and restaurant specializes in scrumptious barbecued ribs. A good-looking bar is set off by little wine keys placed on a shelf above the barkeep’s noggins. Beef, pork and ham sandwiches are always on the menu but if you’re really hungry try one of those sizzling steaks! Not seen often these days is an immaculate, post-war stainless steel kitchen boasting the latest culinary gadgets. The place is air-conditioned, too. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ BILL’S LUNCH. A wee diner just big enough to squeeze your—well, just big enough to squeeze into. Hamburgers ‘n’ chili ‘n’ good coffee. That’s about all but you get your money’s worth in friendly talk with Martha and Bill over your ham and eggs. If you live in the Scarritt Building they’ll even let you put that burger on the cuff until pay day. Scarritt Building.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A quiet, dignified dining room catering to families. The prices are very reasonable, the service efficient. Plan a visit to the Brookside next Sunday for a well-balanced, home-cooked meal. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ DIERK’S TAVERN. Tucked away in the side of a big stone building on 10th Street is this banker’s hideout which features Yvonne Morgan at the piano. But the highest finance discussed here is the very reasonable total of your food and drink. The noon
day luncheons are gastronomic treats. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant restaurant and cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th Street. VI 4352.

★ GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE. One of the highest tributes to Glenn’s seafood is the fact that among his patrons are a great many experts on just that item. It’s fun to order a steamy oyster stew, close your eyes and imagine yourself at a little wharf cafe in Provincetown. The realistic result is ample proof that Glenn serves the best seafood in the Midwest. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. It’s hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmmm!—those meatballs and spaghetti! Hey yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It’s a cinch you won’t leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ KENN’S BAR AND GRILL. Kenn Praeter got tired of running one of the town’s most popular luncheon spots so he turned it over to Mr. Kimber. Ed behind the bar looks 65 but he’s actually 75. He knows his customers not only by name but by drink. You’ll always find the bank, real estate, law and radio crowd there. These guys like quality food and drink and that’s exactly what they get. Kimber’s got some good deals in bottled goods but if we tell you, there won’t be any left for us. 9th and Walnut. GR 2680.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Hotel food at its best. And you don’t have to pay for the frills. Swift service, a rarity these days, and a well-balanced menu leave you in a happy mood. Try that strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ NU-WAY DRIVE-INS. Besides featuring about the best sandwiches to be had in Kansas City, the Nu-Ways offer speedy curb service. It’s a two-to-one bet that the car hop will be at your window before you can get the ignition turned off. Reasonable prices add to the enjoyment of your snack. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ POOR MAN’S KANSAS CITY CLUB. With an authentic mahogany bar salvaged from the World’s Fair in St. Louis, 1904, five booths seating four diners each, and a fine chef named “Eddie,” George Coleman and Stan McCollum operate a fine bistro worthy of the discriminating patronage it gets—on the northwest corner of 11th and Wyandotte. McCollum just recently returned from the Army, where he was a field artilleryman. One of his specialties is “Filet of New Deal”—consisting of two aspirins and coffee.

★ STROUD’S. Best chicken in these parts, pardner. Attractive, vivacious Helen Stroud is loads of fun to talk to and is a gracious hostess. Brother Roy is always doing interesting things behind the newly-opened bar. He’ll fill your cigarette lighter or tell you about the time he worked on the Frisco Chronicle and got rained out after 12 days—didn’t even wait to collect his pay. They’re good people and you’ll really enjoy your chicken dinner. The place is on 85th and Troost and hidden by that nasty old viaduct. JA 9500.

★ UNITY INN. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, the restaurant is a vegetarian’s delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meal in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads are delicious. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ EL CASBAH. René is maître de hotel. Ask him to repeat the phrase, “Come with me to the Casbah.” You’ll swear it’s Boyer himself. Hand-rolled Latin Alexiou stands regally behind the bar. He can mix five drinks and light the cigarettes of seven patrons simultaneously. Kansas Citians will be delighted to learn that the cover and minimum have been removed and that their old favorite, Bill Snyder, is back in the Casbah’s tranquil, polished setting. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ DRUM ROOM. You can’t miss the entrance because it’s highlighted by a large red drum. Inside you’ll find a circular bar with barmen Harding and Gordon well-versed in mixing drinks to your specifications. Down a flight of steps is the Drum Room proper—delicious food, the quiet music of Gordon Dudero and Winhold Reiss’ splendid murals. Reiss is the man who did the country’s larges—those at Cincinnati’s Union Station. It’s fun to play with the photo-electrically operated door, too. $1 minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Good old Dee Peterson continues one of the longest and most successful stands in town. Johnny Franklin is the ever-watchful host, and owner Phil Maggio seems to be mighty pleased with his efforts in making guests happy. Savor chicken, steak and other items from a fine bill of fare. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Head man Gordon hovers attentively at the entrance of this artistically decorated supper club and always manages to find you a table. Will Back’s music is polite and pleasant. The Grill is the place for those seeking the finest in music and dancing. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Colorful and busy cocktail lounge and restaurant. The amusing pioneer murals are by Mildred Heire of New York. Barkeeps Joe, Danny and Andy make darned sure you get your full ounce and a half in each and every drink. The adjoining restaurant needs no description . . . it’s Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.
Let's Face Figures

Here are the bank deposit increases in the Marketland served by the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, from 1939 through 1945:

Colorado $770,839,000
Kansas 1,167,787,000
Missouri 1,022,495,000
Nebraska 980,098,000
New Mexico 117,980,000
Oklahoma 988,305,000
Wyoming 147,152,000
TOTAL 5,194,655,000

THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!

Banks, strong-boxes, and even porcelain pigs are bulging with receipts from an era of high income. In the rich Marketland served by America's second largest Federal Reserve Bank, located in Kansas City, personal deposits have increased 245 percent during the 1940's! Wise people are saving for the day when the consumer goods they want will once more be obtainable. That day is drawing near. So wise advertisers, planning ahead to capture their share of the market, are swinging to WHB in Kansas City. They know it to be a sound investment. For WHB, long Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, will this Spring commence full time operation with greater power on a better frequency. With 5000 watts, 710 kilocycles, WHB will serve seller and buyer alike. It will continue to reach effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar.

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

Represented By
ADAM YOUNG, Inc.

NEW YORK
Onagre 3-1926
CHICAGO
ANDover 5448

SAN FRANCISCO
SUtter 1393
LOS ANGELES
Michigan 6203
ABOVE: Assistant City Manager Thomas Maxwe accepts the M-G-M key of welcome from Gallar Bess. James J. Rick and WHB newsman Dick Smit are beside him.

UPPER LEFT: WHB's Dave Hodgins interviews Hug S. O'Neill, business manager of the Kansas Cit Central Labor Union. Subject: press relations.

TO YOUR LEFT: Mayor William E. Kemp; Hugh W Coburn, vice-president of Midcontinent Airlines; an William R. Brown, president of Brown Printing Co

BELOW: John Thornberry governs a panel of important speakers at a WHB "Our Town Forum."
"LIST, the winds of March are blowing!" The shutter bangs and the heart awakes with a start. Earth breaks out with lambs and crocuses, patches of the sky shine in the muddy fields, the farmer spits into the wind, and tall beautiful girls chase hats down city streets. The sunsets spread themselves red and ragged on the sky like a Rorschach test, and "the spring is near when green geese are a-breeding!"

Tell us, if you will, of death and ugliness, terror and poisons, of the barrier around Russia, the sadists in the South, intrigue and fury in Palestine, selfishness next door. Your words are confetti on the wind. Can't hear you! Our ears are full of bird calls and barrel organs and the roaring of lions rampant.

But the heart will hear your words and not be gladdened. For spring is a time of the stirring of roots, and deep within, the crumbling of certain foundations. We feel the tremor of still another "disorder'd spring." And we cry out against it, wanting pure delight. Perhaps, as they say, we are marching toward destruction steadily. But the world's too beautiful this year for us to die, alone or collectively, because of things in it that are not beautiful. Tell us again about our cosmic woes, the disease that wastes the root, the dissolution of our strength, the pernicious anemia of a world in which the soft aesthetes are the white corpuscles. Only by hearing these things can we find out where to strike, how to cure, where to cauterize and amputate if we must. So tell us again. We've got to hear, and we will. But the shutter still bangs in the Rabelaisian wind, and the crocuses make a tumultuous glad noise as they push through the earth.

Jetta Carleton
Editor.

Swing, March 1947
Vol. 3 No. 3

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CONCERTS:

Exhibitions:

Motion Masterpiece (The Dancing Ballroom, 32nd and Main). Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday. (La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main.) Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

CONCERTS:

- Mar. 2, Sigma Alpha Iota Alumnac; Mar. 7, Conservatory of Music; Mar. 9, artists and students of Sister Mary Lee, St. Agnes Academy; Mar. 16, Music Department, University of Kansas; Mar. 21, Conservatory of Music; Mar. 23, Sigma Alpha Iota; Mar. 28, artists and students of Mrs. Miles Blim; Mar. 30, Music Department, Stephens College. (Sundays at 3:30 p.m., Fridays at 8.)

Exhibitions: Photographs by the Kansas City Camera Club.

LECTURES: Mar. 5, Greek Bronzes, Paul Gardner; Mar. 12, Persellino, Paul Gardner; Mar. 19, Indian Buddhist Sculpture, Laurence Sickman; Mar. 26, Derain and His Circle, Paul Gardner. (Mr. Gardner's lectures will be in the Library at 8 p.m. Mr. Sickman's lecture will be in the Persian Gallery at 8 p.m. No admission charge.)

Masterpiece of the Month: Francesco Persellino's Annunciation.

Motion Picture: Mar. 14, 7:30 p.m., Camille. (No admission charge).

Ballet

(Music Hall)

- Mar. 18, Trudy Shoop and Comic Ballet.

Drama

(Music Hall)

- Mar. 20-23, Blossom Time.

Music

(Music Hall)

- Mar. 5, Indianapolis Symphony.
- Mar. 10, Mario Berini, tenor.
- Mar. 20, First Piano Quartet.
- Mar. 27, Robert Casadessus, pianist.

Conventions

Mar. 2-4, Missouri Egg and Poultry Shippers Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 4, National Egg Products Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 6-7, University of Kansas City School of Dentistry, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 9-11, Missouri Photographers Association, Hotel Continental.


Mar. 11-12, Regional Presbyterian Conference, Hotel Aladdin.

Mar. 12, Farmers Union Jobbing Association, Hotel Continental.


Mar. 18-19, Missouri members of United States Brewers Foundation, Hotel President.

Mar. 18-20, Seven State Educational Conference of Milk Dealers and Ice Cream Manufacturers.

Mar. 19-20, Missouri Independent Oil Jobbers, Hotel Continental.


Mar. 21-22, National Selected Morticians - Group Seven, Hotel President.

Mar. 23-25, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.


Mar. 28-29, National Stationers' Association, Eighth District, Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 28-30, Missouri Tuberculosis Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 30, Missouri State Medical Association, Auditorium.

Special Events

Mar. 4-9, Police Circus, Auditorium.

Mar. 6-9, Blackstone the Magician, Music Hall.

Mar. 16, Jazz at the Philharmonic, floor show and dancing, Auditorium.

Mar. 24, Raymond Gram Swing, Music Hall.

Mar. 2, 5, Board of Education Band Concert, Music Hall.

Mar. 30, Eagle Scout Meeting, Music Hall.

Basketball

(Municipal Auditorium)

Mar. 10-15, NICA Tournament.

Mar. 17, NICA Playoffs.

Mar. 21-22, NCAA Tournament.

Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost. Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.


Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main. Palace, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main. Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.

Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

Hockey

(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)

Mar. 2, St. Paul.

Mar. 9, Fort Worth.

Mar. 16, Omaha.

Other Sports

(Municipal Auditorium)

Mar. 1, Track meet.

Mar. 2, 4, Benefit wrestling.

RETURN of the EXILES

by WILLIAM P. ROWLEY

In March, the violets and Napoleon came back to France.

witnessing the curtain’s rise upon the first act of one of history’s most amazing dramas—a stupendous, earth-shaking spectacle that ran for 100 days before the crashing finale at Waterloo.

All that was over 130 years ago, but those years have done little to diminish the imaginative appeal of Napoleon’s spectacular return. Like the crossing of the Rubicon and General Lee’s bold invasion of the North, it was a great gamble, an all-or-nothing dare which still retains the power to rouse pulse-stirring responses.

The sheer audacity of the Little Corsican in itself presents a challenge to comprehension. He pitted himself against the world with a force of fewer than 1000 men, daring both the power of the reestablished Bourbon monarchy in France and the might of all the nations which had combined to overthrow him. There was no concerted, organized action to aid him. Even most of his former marshalls, the majority of whom had been retained in service by Louis, were content with the preservation of the status quo.

Napoleon’s coup caught the world by surprise. Even those who knew his penchant for the spectacular had never dreamed he could dare so much.

On the slopes overlooking the city of Cannes, in Southern France, the violets are again lifting their furled petals to the opening warmth of the sun. So were they also the morning of March 1, 1815, when a strange little fleet of seven small ships sailed into the Gulf of Juan to drop anchor just off the city.

At first, as longboats plied between ship and shore, carrying men and supplies, the townspeople were apprehensive of a raid by pirates from Algiers. Then they spied the tall bearskins of the Old Guard, and those near enough could see a squat, broad-shouldered man descend from the largest of the craft to be rowed ashore amid a roar of cheers. Instead of the white emblem of the newly restored Bourbons, he wore in his hat a tricolored cockade; and as he reached the beach the tricolored flag that had flown victorious over a hundred battlefields was run up to catch the morning breeze.

Upon his banishment the year before, Napoleon had promised his confidants, “I shall return with the violets.” Now the violets had returned from their winter’s exile, and with them—from Elba—the Emperor.

Unknowingly, the inhabitants of Cannes were that March morning
A world at peace had done its best to dismiss and forget him. At the Congress of Vienna, the peace treaty diplomats were carrying out an impressive process of tidying up after the monstrous disarrangements of revolutionary wars. European frontiers were being put back where they had been in 1792, and loving hands carefully replaced fragile monarchies like precious china, each in its proper niche. A George still reigned in England, and a Louis—brother to the Louis who, with Marie Antoinette, had received final ministrations from the guillotine at Place de la Concord—occupied the throne of France.

There were murmurs against the government, yes. Specifically, there was a plot to replace the Bourbons with a regency in the name of Napoleon II. It was apparently this news that decided Napoleon to action. "A regency?" he demanded sharply when the word reached him. "Why a regency? Am I dead?"

The opportunity was perfect. The watchful Allied Commissioner had gone to the mainland for a few days, so orders were issued to put the tiny fleet in commission immediately. Stores, plate and bullion were packed. The Emperor’s carriages were loaded aboard, and extra shoes were issued the small group of soldiery which the Allies had allowed the Emperor to take into exile with him. There was a week of frenzied preparation.

Then, the night of February 26, the flotilla sailed silently away. Only when at sea did Napoleon dispel the mystery of their destination. France was to be taken by surprise. The nation, he glibly told his followers, was eagerly awaiting his return. The army, he assured them, was his. Bold initiative could not fail. "I shall reach Paris," he concluded, "without firing a shot!"

His predictions were based more on wishful thinking than on fact, but subsequent events proved them correct. To support his hopes were a mere handful of troops, unswerving faith in personal destiny, and—most important of all—a sheaf of eloquent proclamations which had been printed in anticipation of this very event.

A master of moving prose, Napoleon had calculated his inflammatory proclamations to bring all elements of French discontent flocking to his banners. Exiled as an Emperor, he returned as a demagogue.

He assured a people sick of wars that his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, would persuade the other allied powers not to take up arms against him.

He told the peasants they were threatened with a revival of all the feudal evils of the old regime. "I have come," he wrote, "to free you from bondage and serfdom."

To the liberals he promised a representative government, freedom of press and speech, and everything else which Louis had already granted them—but with a revolutionary tinge. The idea of a liberal Napoleon conforming to the principles of the Revolution was presented for edification of the national mind.

There were two of these proclamations. The first informed the French people they were invincible despite apparent victory of the other side in 1814, when treachery had
transformed a hopeful military situation. In consequence, their grief-stricken Emperor had dutifully retired to a lonely rock, from which he had heard the bitter cries of France. The nation's choice had raised him to the throne, and anything that had been done subsequently without the consent of the whole nation was not valid. He had returned to restore representative government which would preserve the new institutions and the new glory which the new France had won.

The second informed the army it had never known defeat, but that its enemies were now busy robbing French soldiers of all they had fought for. The Exiled Emperor had heard their voice and was with them once again—their general and the people's choice. It was for them to rally about him, to tear down the white cockade and raise the tricolor once again. Past glories were rehearsed in a long roll call of victories. There was a shrewd appeal to self-interest which suggested that pay and pensions were insecure. The climax was a brilliant word picture of the sacred emblem soaring across the land.

The eagle with the tricolor will fly from steeple to steeple until it reaches the pinnacles of Notre Dame. Then you may show your scars... In your declining years, honored by your fellow countrymen, they will gather round you to hear the tale of your great deeds. And you will say with pride, "Yes, I was one of them, one of the Grand Armee that marched into Vienna twice and into Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and redeemed Paris from the same."

Immediately upon landing, scouting parties set out to broadcast the proclamations throughout France. The result was almost incredible. Although the good sense of the French rebelled against the adventure, it caught their hearts.

Napoleon rode triumphantly to Paris on a great emotional wave of popular enthusiasm that was nearly beyond belief, in view of the inevitable consequences of the action and the low esteem in which he had made his departure from France a few months before. He had only to appear and entire populaces flocked to his banner. Soldiers the king sent to intercept him ended by joining his forces en masse. At the head of a royal army, Marshall Ney set out from Paris swearing to bring his former commander back in a cage. On sight of Napoleon, however, tears rolled down Ney's cheeks, and he knelt to proffer his services and sword.
The first test came near Grenoble, where the Emperor’s march toward Paris was blocked by a regiment of the king’s infantry with fixed bayonets, drawn up across the road. The Emperor, a small figure outlined against the dark mass of his grenadiers, walked slowly toward them. By his order, his men had reversed their arms as a reassuring gesture. As he approached a frantic royal officer called an order.

“There he is! Fire!”

But there was no answering rattle of musketry from his troopers. Silently they watched the squat figure approach. Then it stopped, and they heard Napoleon’s level voice.

“Soldiers of the Fifth,” he called to them, “I am your Emperor! If there is one of you who would kill his Emperor,” the level voice continued as he flung open his greatcoat in a dramatic gesture, “here I am!”

Then the silence ended. There was a roar of cheers as the infantrymen broke ranks to crowd around him, to touch his sword, his coat, even his boots. White cockades were torn from shakos and thrown to the dust.

After that, it was plain that the army indeed belonged to Napoleon. So, too, the peasantry, who trooped along in his wake in ever-swelling numbers. The scene was repeated in variations at every encounter. The march became a triumphal procession which ended March 20 when the flood engulfed Paris.

That night the Emperor again slept in the Tuileries, hastily vacated a few days before by a dazed and fleeing king. True to Napoleon’s prediction, Paris had been regained without the firing of a shot. France was his.

It is difficult to explain the flood of popular feeling by which Napoleon reconquered France in less than three weeks. It seemed he had only to appear, and all the tragedies and disasters of yesterday were forgotten.

Moderate men realized the dramatic action was all but hopeless, that it would end in a catastrophe even greater than that of the previous year. But sober thought had little chance against the powerful surge of mass hysteria. One hundred days; the adventure lasted no longer and was doomed from the outset. Three months of madness, in which Napoleon played upon the emotions of the nation as a master might upon the strings of a violin. Then the end.

The Allies, still in session in Vienna, had had their fill of the Corsican. When the news reached them they declared Napoleon an outlaw and took immediate steps for concerted action against him. Three great armies were ordered to close in and destroy the returned French Emperor at any cost.

It was the beginning of the powerful finale. Napoleon tried frantically to avert a resumption of hostilities. Desperately but futilely he attempted to gain an intercession on his behalf by the Emperor of Austria. He made every possible effort to convince the Allies of his peaceful intentions. It was no use. Twenty years of warfare had left the Allies determined to rid Europe of Napoleon.

Like a mad thing, the returned exile labored to reconstruct his govern-
ment. He worked feverishly to build, train, and equip an army capable of meeting the threatened invasion.

Miracles were accomplished, but they weren’t enough. Came Sunday, June 19, and Waterloo. There the hopes of Napoleon and the French Army perished together. For the future there remained only St. Helena.

Summer by that time had come to the hills overlooking Cannes. The last of the violets had bloomed, then faded and died. The hundred days were over.

\[\text{\textbf{FORGOTTEN GODS}}\]

A MULTITUDE of feline-toothed, stone idols—a score of weirdly-carved sacrificial altars—a wind-swept plateau surrounded on all sides by towering, mist-tipped mountains and deep valleys—these are the ingredients of one of the world’s greatest archeological mysteries.

The plateau is high in the Andes of southwestern Colombia, and the strange gods and altars are the sole relics of a forgotten people whose culture had faded even before the rise of the ancient Inca civilization.

Many of the idols, worn nearly smooth by the winds and rains of over two thousand years, are as high as twenty feet and weigh up to ten tons. They are in the shape of men, and yet their broad, flat noses and their long, dagger-like eye teeth give them only a half-human appearance.

Sacrifices, probably human, were obviously made to the stone gods. On one mound is a huge, flattened stone with a depression running along the front on which the victim was sacrificed. The fresh blood drained along the depression into the open mouth of a ferocious-looking diety called the Alligator God.

Whence came these idols that are older than Christianity? Who were their worshippers? Scientists do not know. Even to the six hundred inhabitants of San Augustin, the town nearest the plateau, their origin is a mystery. These natives assert that they do not worship the ancient gods, and yet they regard them with superstitious fear and hint that their evil power stills hangs over them like an eternal cloud.

When Hermann von Walde-Waldegg, archeologist for the Colombian Government, visited the town in 1936, the natives warned him against intruding upon the forbidden ground. They told him the tale of the farmer who defiantly built his wooden house over several of the mutilated statues. Almost at once he became ill with dropsy. Before he could remove the carved stones, he was dead.

Then there is the story of a native worker, Don Sinforoso, who dug up a guaca, an ancient Indian burial near the plateau. Two days later his brown face revealed the first signs of leprosy!

To the southeast of the wind-swept plateau is an amazing series of caves in which swarm thousands of screeching, blue-eyed birds called guacharos. Indians believe that the nocturnal birds are the reincarnated spirits of their ancestors, and that the white dots on their chestnut-colored feathers are tears shed by ancient Indians because of their defeats by the white man.

The caverns also provide a home for the jaguar. The natives tell strange tales of seeing the beasts squatting in the mouths of caves with the birds swarming about their heads. They timidly suggest that perhaps the jaguar contains the spirit of a departed Indian chief, and that the spirit-birds are paying homage or receiving commands.

All efforts to solve the enigma of the gods and their makers have failed. It is almost as if an invisible force remains upon the plateau to keep the age-old secret, its determination echoed, perhaps, in the shrill scream of the wind.—Edward W. Ludwig.
A woman born under this sign is well fitted to make her way in the social and fashionable world, as she is endowed with much charm, grace, and wit. She is often the repository of her friends' secrets, and people love her for the sincere interest she shows in their affairs. A Pisces maiden can wear any style and wear it well, whether formal, sports or casual. She is fragile looking, but of rugged endurance. Her loyalty and devotion to her husband never waver, whether she draws an ace or a deuce in the lottery of marriage.

The most harmonious mate for a native of Pisces is one born with sun in Cancer (June 22 to July 22), or Scorpio (October 24 to November 22).

If you are a Pisces person, health and work may take on added importance during the coming year, as Saturn transits that department of your life. Plan your work so that you may get the most done with the least strain, and avoid worry. Overcome nervousness, impatience and discontent, as broader opportunities will soon be coming your way.

Jupiter, the "Great Benefic," favors travel, higher education and philosophy, until October 24th. Also, under the stimulating influence of Uranus to your sun sign, you may meet exciting people in unexpected places or under unusual circumstances.
Marriage is NOT the reason for Divorce

It wasn’t Dr. Gallup, but someone did say Americans are primarily interested in plumbing. As complete human beings in this Twentieth Century, we are so many outhouses—which could be one reason why three out of every five American marriages are headed for the divorce mill!

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven, and that may be why so few of them work out here on earth with little more than mutual stirrings, a marriage license and an array of duplicated “gifts for the bride” to create a complete and harmonious marital symphony.

To quote again, “There’s nothing wrong with marriage. All marriages are happy. It’s the living together after marriage that causes the trouble!” Which, though amusing, misses being a truism. The trouble actually starts when the individual is born into a two-headed world mouthing one set of rules during childhood, and a set of contraries for practical living after he becomes an adult. It is easier to live with another person if you’ve learned how to live with yourself—a pleasant art which has been ignored in our society.

The parent who teaches his children “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” while proving to them in daily existence that only a fool gives an inch without hope of return on the initial investment, is splitting personalities.

We have in this country what might be called A CREED OF ULTIMATES propagated, because we the people lethargically allow it, by much radio and magazine advertising, by most movies, by sightless conservatives and by hasty book-of-the-moment selections. In the past a boy was taught to look forward to the Ultimate of his first long trousers. Today a girl is taught to look forward to the Ultimate of her first long party dress. These are surface Ultimates. Those not so near the surface might read something like this:

To have a BA is to be educated.
To make money is to be happy.
To drink bourbon neat is manly.

Associate Editor Evelyn Nolt is a student of psychology and semantics, and is a widely known radio writer and short storyist. In this exclusive article she approaches divorce from a new angle, and levels some powerful charges at all of us Americans. If it makes you hopping mad, don’t say you haven’t been warned!
To hide intelligence is womanly.
To fall in love is forever.
To get married is to live in eternal bliss.

Even the callous might be permitted a small glandular disturbance on discovering:
To be educated can be with or without a degree.
Happiness may evade the purchaser.
The sweet-faced child at the bar drinks her bourbon neat.
Mental abilities are distributed equally between the sexes.
To fall in love forever is often.
There is no eternal bliss.

But the Ultimate in our CREED OF ULTIMATES is the ultimate of marriage. It takes a long time to create a marriage. It takes teamwork and constant vigilance and both parties bettering themselves as people, developing their talents and abilities, rather than complete relaxation and abysmal disinterest in the world about them because they have achieved the Ultimate—marriage!

We have allowed ourselves to be bombarded for so long with the ultimate of sex that we see each other not as human beings, but as mechanisms for release. Dogs may well have an animal to animal relationship. A man and woman cannot have without a feeling of extreme disillusion, whether that relationship is inside or outside legal status.

No husband or wife would ask the other to live in a completely empty house, and yet individually we are empty houses—from the cradle we have never been taught to furnish the dwellings of ourselves so that we might find permanent enjoyment in the taste, humor and ideas of each other.

We have an odd architectural sense, we Americans. We are forever rushing “to get in on the groundfloor.” This lack of basement or foundation-consciousness might well disturb us. People now employed on “groundfloors” of the school, church and government might get a nasty shock were they to peek at the basements they’re above. A groundfloor has to be held up by something other than a fallacious CREED OF ULTIMATES!

We have assumed that marriage is a matter of walking in on the groundfloor. Apparently love built the basement. What love actually did was to select the site, and any marriage that started off building the first floor rather than the basement was one of the 800,000 divorce proceedings on the books of our courts at the beginning of this year.

Some blame the increasing divorce rate on the laxity of divorce laws. It is a custom among certain African
tribes for a husband to sew his wife’s clothes. If he refuses, she can divorce him—just walk out of the house and home to mother. No fuss. No expense. Divorce is even easier among other primitive peoples. When a married woman of the Djukas in Dutch Guinea decides she’s fed up, she closes the entrance to her hut. This automatically puts her back in the status quo, and bars her husband as completely as if he were a stranger. Although divorce is as simple as closing a door—in Dutch Guinea it’s the exception, not the rule.

Blame has been placed on hasty wartime marriages, inadequate housing, the new status of women. And anyone who refuses to accept the shifting scene and equalizing of the sexes is deliberately sticking his head in the sand, which some authorities report not even an ostrich does.

In a recent Gallup Poll husbands and wives gave reasons for domestic discord. The husbands put nagging, extravagance and poor homemaking at the head of their list. Wives came back with drinking, thoughtlessness and selfishness.

But none of the so-called reasons for divorce are causes, they are effects. These provide the superficial excuses. The basic fact is that our idealistic theory of equality and our materialistic reality of competition have met each other head on. When women entered business demanding equality socially and professionally, our two-headed world looked itself in the eyes for the first time.

As long as the woman stayed in the home and held up the idealistic strata of our society (took the children to Sunday School), the man was free to be “hard-headed,” “practical” and “superior.” He gave competition to his business associates—cooperation or lethargy at home. With women in business, men and women have become open competitors. Over a period of years, we have been breeding a race of Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes. It becomes increasingly difficult to successfully play two opposite roles—competition in business, cooperation at home—now that the Little Woman has invaded business, bar and bed.

The competitive spirit that started out as a servant has become dictator. There was a time when competition, like clipper ships, answered a need in our development. To practice a system that provides a peak with footage only for the few—while telling the many they are equal and able—is as dated as shipping at the whim of the winds.

When we are competitive rather than cooperative it is understandable why Mr. Timidface feels the very structure of his manly self dissolving when Mrs. Timidface brings home a pay check worth ten cents more than his.

So long as we accept the CREED OF ULTIMATES, just so long will Mrs. Brown needle Mr. Brown by saying, “Why can’t you buy me a fur coat? Sedalia’s husband bought her one and he’s not nearly as important a man as you are!” The competitive spirit in full gallop. If Mr. Brown can’t buy the fur coat he feels inferior to Sedalia’s husband, insecure in his wife’s affections and
The happy marriages in this country have succeeded in spite of, not because of, the much ballyhooed "American way of Life." Americans have never been taught to live with themselves, let alone with each other. They have succeeded in spite of our fallacious CREED OF ULTIMATES. They have succeeded in spite of the fact that men and women today are competitors. They have probably succeeded in spite of themselves. In 1947, however, an estimated 40 per cent of American marriages will not be able to succeed!

American marriages, like world governments, have a choice between competition and cooperation. Competition in marriage leads to divorce! Competition between governments leads to war!

It's time Mr. and Mrs. American started cooperating with each other!

**FAMOUS PEOPLE**

Some years ago, Jean M. Douglas accompanied her doctor uncle on his sick calls through a wooded district of Eastern Canada. It was winter and the roads were often impassable. Additional hazards were created by teamsters hauling wood to market towns and frequently hogging the whole road.

Time after time the doctor was forced off the road. Finally he decided to assert his rights. Standing up in the sleigh, he waved his whip dramatically. "If you don't give me half the road," he exclaimed, "I'll give you what I gave the last man we met!"

The teamster turned sharply and gave the doctor more than the lion's share of the road. As the vehicles passed, the teamster's curiosity got the better of him and he called out, "What did you give the last man?"

The doctor smiled. "The whole road."

It is not generally known, but Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States, gave Samuel F. Morse his earliest and most potent support. In gratitude, Morse named the two Morse code characters after Fillmore's children: for Dorothy, dot; and for Dashiell, dash.

The vice-president of the Confederacy was Alexander Stephens, a man of wizened body. Once a strapping fellow challenged him to a duel, but complained that while he was an excellent target, Stephens' small stature would make him hard to hit. "All right," said Stephens, "to make it fair we'll chalk off my dimensions on your body, and agree not to count any hits outside that area." The challenger laughed, and the duel was off.
The dust bowl is a vegetable bowl now—winds, drought, and government experts notwithstanding!

**Garden in the Sun**

by SAM SMITH

Back in the Thirties there were some notable spokesmen—Rexford Tugwell, for example—who read the reports of dust storms in Kansas and promptly declared that it was too bad but the High Plains area was fast becoming the great American desert.

That was the period of the Oakies, moving out in their jalopies. It was a time when the dust from the plains swirled in sun-darkening clouds far to the East. It was a time when practically nothing grew and debt rode the farmers who dared to stay and fight it out.

Then the rains came.

Out through Kansas today the seventh tremendous wheat crop in a row is in the making. Cattle and lambs were feeding on that pasturage this winter, and money continues to flow into the already wealthy area.

Water did that, water from the skies. But water from the ground is turning parts of the old dust bowl into a commercial garden spot, too. Through hundreds of thousands of years a vast underground reservoir has been filling up in the area known as the Hugoton field, greatest natural gas dome known to man.

The water-gas combination is working now. Gas from the nearby wells pumps water to pour out on rich topsoil. The “desert” Tugwell saw blooms with an increasing acreage of truck crops.

Years ago, United States geological survey maps showed that reservoir of water. The maps showed, too, a surface soil as productive as the alluvial plains of the river basins, a sandy silt loam mixed with volcanic ash. With water, that soil has become as productive as the storied valley of the Nile.

It remained for big-time market operators, however, to put the district on the map. They started in about three years ago by leasing the land from farmers for $15 to $20 an acre and supervising the planting, care and marketing of the crops. The towns throughout the area are still small, but a number of them have become warehousing and grading centers.

Last year cars from the garden spot were consigned by the Santa Fe to New York, Kansas City, Houston, Chicago and Des Moines. In 1944, the first big year of commercialization, the Santa Fe moved 120 cars of
produce from the little town known as Big Bow. The next year it moved 500. That’s a sample of how the dust which powdered half a con-
tinent a decade ago can grow food if only it’s given water.

The principal products of this gar-
den land to date have been Honeydew
melons, onions and potatoes.

In 1945, not a particularly good
year, yields of 300 bushels of potatoes
per acre, and up to 800 bushels of
onions were the rule. Peas, carrots,
tomatoes and lettuce are other crops
which are being tried experimentally.

Kansas state agricultural experts
view the potential for further de-
development as very high. They ex-
pect the development, however, to
take the pattern of an increasing use
of irrigation within the area rather
than a general expansion of the field
limits.

For that matter, the irrigation area
always will be somewhat limited, not
so much by scarcity of underground
water as by the depth a driller must
go to reach it, by the particular type
of soil at that spot, and by market
and price conditions.

As for depth, the water level in
Stanton County varies from 50 to
300 feet. Naturally there is a dis-
tinct commercial advantage in the
shallow depth area.

This underground water which is
washing the topsoil into gross pro-
ductivity ranging as high as $1,000
an acre per year is not a river. It’s
ground stored water which seeps
through sands and porous rock from
the west and north, following the
slope of geologic formations. It’s been

accumulating there since the forma-
tion of the High Plains, and water
still seeps in from the foothills of
the Rockies.

As long as the outflow does not
exceed the natural “recharge,” the
ageless storage will remain virtually
intact. There appears to be no ade-
quate data on the content of that
vast storage tank. In the shallow wa-
ter area of western Grant, eastern
Stanton and northwestern Stevens
counties there is a potential irrigation
area of 500 square miles, according
to a recent study completed by the
state geologic survey. But of that
320,000 acres, much of the land
would be unsuitable for truck gar-
dening. Some estimates have placed
the total acreage useable at about
125,000 acres.

It costs plenty of money to put
down one of those big wells—as much
as $7,500 for the hole and the engine
to pump it. But with natural gas
from nearby wells, according to fig-
ures based on studies of four wells,
the cost of fuel per acre foot of water
is only 27 cents.
The big irrigation wells have a draw of 1,200 to 1,800 gallons a minute. One of these wells can irrigate 160 acres of land for some crops. For others, two wells are necessary for that acreage.

The water is not inexhaustible, but experts believe that from a short range commercial standpoint it might add up to about the same thing. In years of sufficient rainfall, there is less need for irrigation. In such years, there is an added recharge for the underground "tank" from the surface water. Even in normal rainfall years, the average recharge from ground water is estimated at almost 27 acre feet per square mile.

Kansas water engineers say that for at least the present generation, and probably the next, three to ten times the annual recharge can be pumped.

Pete Molz drilled the first well of importance near Big Bow in 1940. It went down only to the first stratum of water, 194 feet. Molz used it to irrigate a garden and some feed crops. He had no idea of supplying water with that shaft for field garden crops. But the well was so successful other farmers drilled to 300 feet and the garden spot development was underway.

The man who actually opened the area for irrigation was Fred Brookover, a native of western Kansas, who had been an irrigation engineer in South America. He saw the possibilities, and immediately went to work to develop the district. What he accomplished is summed up by A. J. Worm, an operator of the area. Worm says that the former dust bowl is now "the greatest spot in the world. You can't beat this soil anywhere. It's so rich in minerals and lime content that anything will grow here if it gets the water—and now we have the water!"

The shallow water areas in Grant, Haskell and Stevens counties are similar to the irrigation area near Plainview and Hereford in the Texas Panhandle. In 1939 there were 1,700 irrigation wells in that district, watering 230,000 acres. Since the potential irrigation areas in Grant and Stevens counties are within the limits of the Hugoton field, it is believed that water could be pumped more economically than in the Texas High Plains.

There is another irrigation area in Scott county, Kansas. It's similar in climate and geology but the cost of lift of the water is much higher because it is not so near the gas wells.

Discussion of irrigation in western Kansas is incomplete without mention of the Garden City vicinity, where sugar beets are raised on land irrigated from the Arkansas river. The only beet refinery in Kansas is located at Garden City.

With beneficient rain from the skies and with a vast underground reservoir apparently awaiting only further tapping, those western Kansans who stuck it out through the choking grit of the dust storms have hit the jack pot. Water has done it. Money is rolling in now, and it looks like it will continue to roll.

They'd like to have Tugwell come out for a visit.
"A book of rubber checks, please. I'm trying to stretch my income."
Perhaps it was back in 1931 when a sagacious group of Kansas City business men first got the idea for a Merchandise Mart. That was the year plans were being made for the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, the year that Marshall Field sent a sprawling building soaring eighteen stories into the sky. Even though the building’s gigantic floor space of nearly a hundred acres was soon to be laughingly called the real estate white elephant of Chicago, the basic idea for a Merchandise Mart was sound and logical. In fact, it was so feasible that these Kansas City business men, grouped together under the title of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club, decided during a certain March meeting in 1945 that Kansas City should have a Mart.

The need for a Mart was plain. In the ten state trade area surrounding Kansas City, there are considerably more than fifty thousand retail stores, doing an annual volume in excess of one billion dollars. That is one thousand million dollars. It seemed apparent that with a Merchandise Mart located in Kansas City, representing manufacturers from all over the nation, a sizable chunk of this tremendous business could be drawn to the city. With this premise in mind, the Advertising and Sales Executives Club rolled up its collective sleeves and went Mart-making.

The Ad Club was not hindered by the fact that the Mart project was the largest venture of its forty-three year history. On the contrary, the Board of Governors plunged into it boldly by authorizing an expenditure of $25,000 to underwrite, as needed, a survey and investigation of the need and the possibilities for a Mart in Kansas City. Forty members attended a preliminary meeting, and it was a matter of three or four weeks later that a site was selected and a Mart manager employed. Within less than two months from the original meeting, the club had arranged for the purchase of a building. At that time, it seemed that an expenditure of $50,000 would be required to place the building in usable condition. That figure later proved to be the wishful thinking of confirmed optimists.

Seeing the Mart as a permanent venture, the club decided to go all out in equipping the building. The original estimate expanded to $135,000 and beyond, all spent on fixtures and remodeling—whereas the original Advertising and Sales Executives Club Building Corporation had an
authorized capital of only $100,000. By August of 1945, it was definitely decided to form a new and larger corporation. This became known as the Kansas City Merchandise Mart, Incorporated, with an authorized capital of $500,000. Stock in this corporation was sold almost exclusively to members of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club.

The Merchandise Mart was officially opened during the October American Royal Week, 1946. At that time H. H. Wilson was president of the board; Murrel Crump, first vice-president; W. J. Krebs, second vice-president; A. J. Stephens, treasurer; and J. C. Higdon, secretary. Slight revisions in this original set-up have moved Murrel Crump to the presidency, H. H. Wilson to chairman of the board, W. J. Krebs to first vice-president, and J. H. Grimes to second vice-president. Other officers remain the same. Supplemening the officers is a directorship made up of fifteen other leading Kansas City business men.

At the present time the Merchandise Mart occupies the entire six-story building at Twenty-second Street and Grand Avenue. In June of 1946, the Mart building was eighty percent leased by tenants representing three hundred manufacturers. That number has expanded considerably in the months since, until today it is one hundred percent tenanted. A large number of other manufacturers await space to show their wares in this new trading center of Kansas City.

The Mart’s exhibitors display the goods of nearly four hundred American and foreign manufacturers at the present time. Their customers are jobbers, wholesalers, chain and independent store buyers in the ten surrounding states which look to Kansas City for supplies. Now on display are these lines: women’s, children’s and men’s apparel, furnishings and accessories, china, pottery, glassware, lamps, toys and sporting goods, greeting cards, paper products and stationery, electrical appliances, housewares, furniture, stoves and other home furnishings. Altogether the displays cover over fifty-seven thousand square feet of space.

The function of the Merchandise Mart is simple. It is a store for storekeepers. Buyers like the convenience of finding so many merchandising eggs in one basket. A visit to the Mart saves the buyer or the salesman thousands of miles of travel, saves the inconvenience of lost days and weeks in travel from coast to coast. It is located in the natural distribution center of the Midwest, close to the geographical center of the United States.
A visit to the sample rooms of the Merchandise Mart shows the term "store for storekeepers" to be literally true. Sample rooms have the appearance of gracious, well-appointed shops. The buyer finds himself inspecting merchandise which he intends to buy by the hundred dozen, just as he would were he purchasing a single article for his home. All sample rooms are glass-enclosed, fluorescent lighted and acoustically treated. More than one Kansas City housewife has been tempted to enter the first floor showroom where children's toys are attractively grouped in the window display. More often than not she turns away puzzled when the smiling salesman inside tells her the items are not for sale to retail trade. "Sorry, wholesale only."

Outside business firms which have offices located in other parts of the city do not begrudge the trade at this brain child of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club. They recognize the Mart as a supplement to Kansas City business in general, not a competitor to any of the established firms.

The buyer coming to Kansas City finds the Mart conveniently located just a short two-block walk from the Union Station. A newly established cocktail lounge and restaurant beside the Twenty-second Street entrance has attracted not only thousands of Mart visitors but an even greater number of Kansas Citians who drop in to sample the cuisine.

The remainder of the first floor is occupied by the Wyeth Company, hardware jobbers, St. Joseph, Missouri. The Wyeth Company has been established in the trade area for many years, though this is the first time it has had any sort of sample room in Kansas City. On the second floor, ladies' ready-to-wear firms maintain the bulk of the displays. Jobbers of infants' and children's wear and men's clothing and accessories—such as gloves and hosiery—have space on the fourth floor. On the fifth, the visitor will find housewares and electrical appliances. Furniture and other home furnishings are exhibited on the sixth floor.

Already expansion plans for the Kansas City Merchandise Mart are in progress. A fifty-foot lot on Grand Avenue, south of the building, has been purchased by the Mart, and also the property east of the building to McGee Street trafficway, with a ninety-seven foot frontage on the trafficway. With the present waiting list of tenants in view, as well as the ever growing need for an expanded central trading point in Kansas City, the Merchandise Mart will no doubt grow far beyond its founders' dreams.
Since the beginning of the venture, the only paid personnel at the Mart has been the managing director and his associates who spend full time at the building. The work done by the Ad Club members has been contributed—for free! This illustrates clearly the faith the club members have in the Mart project, and their willingness to cooperate with the entire Marketland trade area.

The Advertising and Sales Executives Club of Kansas City can well be proud of this business baby it has sponsored. The present success of the Merchandise Mart, as well as the future outlook for it, proves the original premise that Kansas City was the proper location for such a trading center. Through this one project the club has made a great contribution to marketing in the area as well as to the advancement of modern selling and distribution.

\[TRIED AND TRIVIAL\]

The three most precious things are freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either.

The applicant for position of cook explained to the lady why she had left her last place:

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master and the mistress was always quarrelling."

"That must have been unpleasant," the lady agreed.

"Yis, mum," the cook declared, "they was at it all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

A little boy dashed wildly around the corner, and collided with the benevolent old gentleman who inquired the cause of such haste.

"I gotta git home for maw to spank me," the boy panted.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I can't understand your being in such a hurry to get spanked."

"I ain't. But if I don't git there 'fore paw, he'll gimme a lickin'."

What we want from capital, management and labor is the truce, the whole truce and nothing but the truce!

The man of few words doesn't have to take so many of them back.

I took her to a night club
I took her to a show,
I took her almost everywhere
A girl and boy could go.
I took her to swell dances,
I took her out to tea:
When all my dough was gone I saw—
She had been taking me.

"My wife has just run away with a man in my car!"
"Great Scott man! Not your new car!"

Some of us could well take a tip from an acrobat. He turns a flop into a success.

"What were poor Jim's last words?"
"He said: 'This tastes like the real stuff.'"

Little words never hurt a big idea.

A man who has taken your time recognizes no debt—yet it is the only debt he can never repay.

To err is human; but when the eraser wears out before the pencil, look out!

Many a man who is proud of his right to say what he pleases wishes he had the courage to do so.
WOULD you like to lose weight? Would you like to gain weight? Fence! Mentally, are you tense? Timid? Fence! Would you morally benefit by discipline, courtesy, a freer spirit? Fence!

Unlike other sports, fencing has no age limit, no rigid physical requirements; and rather than eliminate a woman from participation, fencing offers her a chance to outwit a male adversary not as equipped as she, with qualifications of balance, agility, timing and perfect coordination.

There are good and bad exercises. Some highly boring, others seasonal or dependent on weather conditions. Still others are more work than sport. Not so fencing—here you have a wonderful builder of character and health via an ideal, fascinating recreation. No other sport encompasses more benefits for all—in the realms of the physical, mental and moral—than fencing.

Fencing stretches and lengthens the muscles without overdeveloping them, an important difference, particularly from the aesthetic viewpoint. No battles of the fat bulges for madame, only to have muscle bulges to contend with after strenuous exercise. And the uplifted position of both arms when "en garde" is remarkably useful in strengthening and toning breast muscles.

Sandor Nagy, Director of the St. George Fencing & Athletic Club of New York, tells of the girls from finishing schools who were gauche and stoop-shouldered, with un-Lana Turnerish proportions. After fencing for some time, these same young ladies not only vied with Lana by looking better in a sweater, but carried themselves with all the aplomb of jug-bearing South Sea Islanders.

The action of attack or lunge is bound to diminish waist measurements. Agile back-and-forth foot movements slim hips inevitably. Furthermore, unavoidable intense perspiration produced by continuous motion in heavy canvas clothes, coupled with the coordinated work of all muscles and constant alertness, make for perfect exercise. Fair warning to girls who desire legs with pin-up proportions: there's fast and furious leg motion in fencing that tends to make limbs limber and shapely. Women who are physically awkward, slow or heavy, who wish to improve poise, posture and grace, should rush to a qualified fencing master—who can likewise fence in measurements that are getting out of girdle bounds.

It has been said that fencing is the
Elixir of Long Life. Doctors have prescribed the sport for patients whose reflexes need revving up. Slow on the uptake? Fencing will remedy that situation. On the strip in the salle (fencing hall), all the guile, craft, alertness and timing you can muster to outwit your opponent is bound to reflect in increased mental and physical stimulation. Once you've been bitten by the fencing bug, it's no trick for your imagination to place you in a forest glade, with the clash of steel against steel rending the air, and you fighting for your very life.

Along with the glamour, romance, sheer excitement and pleasure of the sport, there are the moral-building attributes of fencing. There are fencing codes brought down through the centuries, demanding courtesy and discipline on the part of the fencers. It is a brain sport—the "chess of the sport world." Fencing brings people into focus. The person who has too much energy can give vent to it on the "strip." The person who is shy and retiring gains in stature psychologically, when he finds he can outwit an opponent by bringing all his resources to the fore.

Fencing allows for an outpouring of personality, temperament, self-expression. It is the most character-revealing of sports, too. Experts say that five minutes with an opponent in a bout reveals more of a person's nature, character, honesty, mental capacity, and true essence, than several hours' conversation.

Concentrate! You might as well start practicing, for it's something you have to do a lot of, when fencing. Here's a sport where you can't take time out for a short beer, or a chat with Abigail. You'll be occupied with fencing and that only; other things can wait when you give yourself up to fencing. It requires a lot of time and patience on the part of the student, but there is tremendous satisfaction in final mastery of the art. You will get out of fencing what you put into it. You cannot approach it with the expectation of learning all in six easy lessons.

Regarding equipment, you should have a complete, safe and comfortable fencing costume of heavy canvas, a mask, glove and a pair of flat elk-soled shoes. Entire equipment costs slightly more than a good tennis racket, but lasts much longer. Fencing equipment can be found in any good sporting goods store, but it's preferable to buy it from a specialized manufacturer.

Though there are three fencing weapons: foil, epee and sabre, women always use the whippy, slender and lightweight foil in fencing.

If you decide to fence, contact a reputable fencing master, for the benefits to be gained by your participation in the sport hinge upon his experience and ability. Although you may think yourself "not the type," too awkward, or not agile enough to undertake fencing, take solace in Monsieur Nagy's statement, "There are no stupid fencing students; only stupid fencing masters."

In your mind's eye, do you see that dashing, graceful and daring figure, flitting and lunging on the strip of the salle, making one touché after another? A beautiful sight to see, yes? ... I mean, oui? ... En Garde!
Whatever may be said of the hero of this ditty, it goes without argument that Mr. Polecat Collins was a man who died with the truth on his lips. He didn’t have time to get it much further than that.

Since the Polecat’s virtues appear to have been almost non-existent, it was surprising to find one such bright facet of character standing out in the meager information preserved for us by a few old-timers in western Kansas who swear they recall his last ride.

Nobody has ever immortalized the Polecat’s last ride in ballad to the slow, sad music of the git-tar. Nobody has erected a monument over his grave. Nobody, for that matter, seems to care just where his mortal remains were deposited. To cap it all off, our Mr. Collins has not yet been honored by the western movie makers.

He has been sadly neglected, as you can readily see. Such a colorful citizen deserves a better fate, so it behooves us to pay passing attention to this character of what historians like to call the raw West.

It was in 1882 that Polecat Collins rode up from Texas into Kansas with his trail herd. Already he had become noted as a full-bred stinker in his home parts. He was quick with a six-gun—quick to steal up behind his victim, slam him alongside the head and then “shoot hell out of him before he knew he was hit.”

Such characteristics probably eliminated the Polecat from any possible resurrection by the movies. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination did he operate à la Robin Hood, Jesse James, or Billy the Kid.

It can’t be said that Polecat’s education had been neglected. He could at least count to five. Not before he shot because that would have been dangerous. But before he notched his revolver.

The story goes that early in the business Polecat decided to carry his tally in his head until he had five down. Then he’d groove a notch on his gun and start counting all over again. He did dedicate one full notch to only one person, his wife.

We can see by that that the Polecat was a sentimentalist. True, as the story goes, he did his frau in shortly after taking her as a mate. He’d merely learned he wasn’t cut out to be a family man. But he couldn’t bear to think of her memory.

There are more ways than one to skin a cat, a polecat, or a cattleman.

by JOEL LONGACRE
all mixed up with four other people in one notch on his gun.

There is no satisfactory explanation as to why a man of his rather questionable abilities decided to do a turn at honest work. But nonetheless Polecat Collins went to work for Ed Ambercrombie in 1882 to help push a herd of 1,000 steers from Texas to Ellis, Kansas. It could have been Fate working to move the Polecat into line for his last ride.

It was an uneventful trip north to Ellis. There were very few bright spots along the way and about all the cowhands could look forward to was the end of the trip, a few shots of red-eye and a jig or two with the ladies who offered entertainment at Good Luck Louie’s in Ellis.

Ambercrombie sold his herd, paid off the help and deposited his twenty thousand dollars in the strongbox at Louie’s. It seems Louie had picked up his handle by becoming one of those rare individuals who are able to head off good fortune which starts out aimed at somebody else. It should have been sufficient warning to Mr. Ambercrombie.

Louie ran a clean and honest place. His liquor was so stout that even the coffee he served was said to have a carbolic flavor.

It was a big night. The cowhands were dancing and drinking and trying out their luck at the games. But the thought of that twenty grand in the vault was too much for Polecat. He just couldn’t refrain from slipping back into character. He enlisted the aid of his pals, a pair of characters known as Honeycreek Jones and Pinchgut Williams.

They let out a few yells, shot out some lanterns and prodded Louie into opening the vault while the revelers hid under the tables and behind the bar. It was a scene worthy of any B grade western.

With the money tied in a sack, the trio lit out for Texas. They reckoned without the changing times, giving never a thought to the possibility that a posse would stoop to using a railroad engine to cut off their escape.

That’s just what happened. After the boys crawled out of their hiding places in Louie’s they held a council of war, got an engine and boxcar and chugged down the line to Quinter. There, by horseback, they rode to cut off Polecat and his pals.

They had figured well, although it still looked like they’d cheated using that engine. Polecat and Honeycreek and Pinchgut were sighted as they crossed Wild Horse Creek. There was a mite of lead-spraying but it was brief. The trio was disarmed and the
money recovered. It looked like a
tame ending for Polecat but he was
the kind of a man who kept an ace
up his sleeve.

He whipped out a gun from be-
neath his chaps and declared:
"If I die, I die a-gunnin'!"

He did, with the truth on his lips,
thus proving there is some bit of good
in the worst of us.

In the confusion which followed,
Honeycreek and Pinchgut unfortu-
nately were shot up considerably.
They share with Polecat a grave
dug by the railroad right-of-way just
outside of Quinter.

Let us not mourn too deeply over
their sad end. Had they ridden
much longer with Polecat, it's likely
they would have received the same
treatment.

The posse returned the money to
Ambercrombie, tossed off a few more
and wound up the evening. The
rancher, still suffering badly from the
shakes, turned to Good Luck Louie
and asked him to hold the long green
until he could send for it.

Louie was an obliging soul. He
said it would be perfectly all right
with him. But when Ambercrombie
got around to asking for it by express,
Louie wasn't living in Ellis any more.

Investigation revealed that Louie
was in Denver. So was his favorite
girl friend. They were living royally.
"Good Luck" Louie was a man who
lived up every inch to his handle.
Without getting shot at or through,
he'd gotten what Polecat, Honey-
creek and Pinchgut had given their
all to gain.

Which proves a Thinker can some-
times go further than a Stinker.

\[\text{DEFINITIONS}\]

Real poverty: never to have a big thought or a generous impulse.
Bumper crop: hospitalized pedestrians.
Borrower: one who exchanges hot air for cold cash.
Egotist: not a man who thinks too much of himself, but one who thinks
too little of other people.
Income: an amount of money which, no matter how large it is, you
always spend more than.

\[\text{THE LAST WORD}\]

The late Dexter Fellows, renowned press agent with Ringling Brothers
and Barnum and Bailey Circus, once entered a newspaper office and an-
nounced: "I am Dexter Fellows of the circus."

“What circus?” someone asked.

Drawing himself up as if struck by the horror of sacrilege, the press
agent exclaimed: "Good Lord, man, if you were in London and heard a
man say, 'God save the King,' would you interrupt him and ask what king?"—
Harold Helfter in \text{Your Life}.\]
How often I used to listen to the piercing cry
Of the whippoorwill in the early evening
On the old plantation.
O lost in the mortgaged past.
If we only had planted corn or cotton or marijuana,
We still might be living on the old place,
Sharing a crop or two with the landlord,
Jefferson Davis Lee.
But we had to gamble, and plantations.
Always were we penniless and usually were we hungry.
Always were we surrounded by whippoorwills.
How could we sleep while they shattered the stillness
Of the night with their strident mating calls?
Yet if we hadn’t slept so much in the afternoon,
Perhaps Maw and Paw, brothers Bilbo and Rankin,
Sister Inbred and I, Wolfin’ Tom,
Perhaps we could have copped a few winks during the night.
The wonder is how we stayed on Lee’s land for so long,
With no crops to pay our way.
Well, Jefferson Davis Lee had a crush on sister Inbred.

Perhaps he was fascinated by the seven fingers on her right hand.
Perhaps he couldn’t resist her heart-shaper goiter.
Anyway, the two used to play gin rummy by the hour.
Lee furnished the gin, and won consistently.
The price of victory, of course, was the cost of shelter.
Who were we to complain, if sister Inbred didn’t mind?
Was it our business to interfere in Inbred’s affairs?
We had a roof over our heads.
We were content.
The hours dragged into days.
The days dragged into weeks.
Then came catastrophe.
It was the anniversary of Gettysburg, and Lee was in a vile temper. He could not keep his mind on the game. Inbred unconsciously won hand after hand. Lee's patience broke. Out you go, he roared, out with you, you illegitimate Jukes. This was true but only on Paw's side. Maw was a Kallikak. So we were thrown out of our home. Our borrowed time was up. We were left to the mercy of the four winds, the tumbleweeds, The broken bottles of Southern Comfort that mark Dixie Highway. Was this the Free America our Confederate forbears had known? Was this the land glorified by Phil Harris? Burl Ives? Eugene Talmadge? What assets had we to face the dark unknown, the grim Northland? Faith in the past gone forever? Hillbillies without a hill.

Will Rogers once asked the head of one of the world's finest hotels how he had gotten to be the managing director. The answer was simple. "By being the best doggoned bell-hop they ever had!"

During the course of the Sunday School session, the teacher called upon one of the pupils to recite some parables. "Do you know the parables, Johnnie?" she asked. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, I want you to tell us about the one you like the best." "That's easy, ma'am. I like the one where somebody loafed and fishes."

"What are your eyes for?" the little child in kindergarten was asked. "To see with." "And your nose?" "To smell with." "And what are your ears for?" was the final question. "To keep clean," the child answered.
HOW TO BE A PEDESTRIAN

Two weeks ago at the suggestion of my doctor, I took up walking. I walk to work now, twenty blocks, and I walk home from work, twenty blocks, and as soon as I put away this jar of Minit-Rub I want to tell you about it.

There is nothing like walking. Of all the sports I am actively acquainted with, a subject I'd just as soon not go into too deeply, there is no exercise that better flexes all your muscles.

Walking is a sport that entails no previous instruction, warm-up, training, no outlay for expensive equipment. You just get out and walk, free. The first few days of this outdoor program I found out, however, that it's the smart cookie who wears slippers that were intended to be walked in. Frankly, I didn't waste any time getting over to a well-known bootery and picked out two pairs of sturdy, low-heeled brogans, one pair at $15.95 and the other $13.95. The clerk said it's better to have two pairs to alternate, because if one is going to walk much, your feet must come first, you must baby and coddle your feet, and nothing's too good for your feet. I was surprised what an interest this clerk took in my feet and I don't think it was just that things were slow that day in the salon either.

Another thing I found out in a hurry; if you're going to be hiking much in the great outdoors, you need a good, sporty coat. I didn't happen to have one but as luck would have it, very quickly it was brought to my attention that Monte-Sano had designed just the model to fit my needs, a darling little number that was a steal for only $275.00. No matter how you look at it, it's a good investment even if it can be worn only for walking.

Also missing from my wardrobe was an umbrella. As you may know, we're coming into the rainy season any day now and to be forewarned is forearmed. $27.50 for the umbrella, but don't forget, the case came with it.

Let me caution you at this point about one little item: see that your arms swing naturally. You positively can't clutch an under-arm style purse, or grip a handled bag, and still have that easy, natural swing. That's why I simply had to buy one of those shoulder-strap pocketbooks. This came to $32.14 with the tax, but it's worth every cent in storage possibilities. Of course, anybody who battles the wind this time of the year knows the beating a hat takes. I got around that fine. One of John-Frederic's new wrap-around turbans ($45.00) is the answer.

It will probably come as a great surprise to you to realize that this total expenditure to be suitably garbed for walking comes to only $409.54, which is nothing to what some people lay out to take up a new sport.

Now for the basic knowledge of walking. I have had several people, total strangers but obviously alert enthusiasts of the sport, stop me on the street to inquire how I have achieved such an irregular gait. As they say, anybody can walk in a steady pace, but to have such an uneven stride as mine is rare indeed. Here's the secret. While I walk I hum what might be called a heterogeneous assortment of songs. I may start out with "Stars and Stripes," then go into "I Guess I'll Get the Papers and Go Home," "Oh, Promise Me," or "My Sugar Is So Refined," etc., naturally fitting my footing to the melody of the moment. That's the major reason but I also try to jump traffic lights and I have a $1.00 penalty for every sidewalk crack I step on. There are other contributing factors, too, like daydreaming, show-window gazing and just a natural talent for stumbling. Yes, walking can be fun besides exercise. One thing a walker must always keep in mind, I must caution. Never let your eyes stray to the street. There is something about seeing an empty cab that's just plain murder.—Marion Odmark.
BETWEEN the time of opening and closing each day, most department stores play host to thieves who relieve the stores of millions of dollars annually.

Thieves mingle with customers and work among salespeople. Their activities make necessary the employment of store detectives and guards. Price tags must cover these losses and expenses, which means that each purchaser sweats a little extra for a thief’s luxury.

Shoplifting is the most publicized, but not the most damaging form of department store stealing. Some thieves work what is known as the charge account racket. Miss X, who craved glamour, was one of these. She was good looking and well dressed—certainly not a person to be watched. She made frequent purchases of expensive clothes, becoming known to the salespeople as a good customer who could use fitting rooms freely and alone. Carrying several garments into this privacy, she would conceal one or two on her person, would later purchase two or three others on her charge account. Soon the purchases would be returned for refund, while the stolen joined her ever growing wardrobe.

The store’s alert detective was on her trail before long. He shadowed her for days, until evidence was complete. One evening Miss X went to dinner in a $1200 silver fox jacket, with $2000 worth of diamond rings, all “borrowed” from the store. The next day Miss X was defiantly denying all in the detective’s office.

There was no glamour there for her. She was confronted with four aliases she had used, and was given a choice between admitting aliases or admitting forgery. She was shown the records of her stealing and of all her methods. She confessed and paid the bill.

A recently arrested teen-ager had charged $5000 worth of trousseau to her “aunt” in Westchester. It developed that an elopement was in the offing, so the girl’s wealthy parents were being left out of the trousseau picture, and Bonwit Teller, Best’s, Oppenheim Collins, and Altman’s were unwitting sponsors of an outfit for young love. This girl’s trial is pending.

Some thieves, browsing through a store, use a quick hand and the refund system to get their unearned cash. They lift an article from a
counter, then hie to the credit desk, where they return it as unsatisfactory, for cash.

Other thieves buy with forged checks. One forger recently arrested had spotted a wealthy customer paying for purchases by check. He transferred his watch to the man’s home, at mail delivery hours. When his victim’s checks were returned with the monthly statement from the bank, he stole them from the mail. At home, he carefully traced the check signature. Resealing the envelope, he returned the packet to the owner’s mailbox. Detectives ended a two days’ spending spree for this fellow after fourteen hundred dollars worth of checks had been cashed. This cost the forger his life’s freedom, as this was his fourth offense.

Store employees do a fair amount of dipping into the wealth of merchandise they handle and long to own. Some sales people steal cash paid them by failing to record sales, then pocket the money. Some go into intricate plots and make big money on the sale of goods they steal.

A young stockroom employee at one large New York store, though trusted by everyone, proved to be crooked. Shrinkage had been noted in her department for a long time, and the place was under the detective’s watchful eye for nearly a year before evidence enmeshed the girl.

Gradually, each person in her section had been eliminated as a possibility, and she was under constant surveillance, at work and to the door of her home at night. The inevitable happened—she was caught in the act of filching fine linens. Much surprised, the girl denied ever having stolen anything before. This linen had been her one weakness, she claimed.

In her tenement home, however, were found items ranging from 50 cent garters to $100 suits. The store’s detective kept searching. He knew there was more loot than had been recovered, and he suspected accomplices. The fact was that the girl’s mother was her accomplice, and after the hiding place was revealed, it took six trucks to cart $18,000 worth of merchandise back to the store.

Another trusted department store employee gave fine educations to two sons and maintained ultra fine city and country homes on the money he made dishonestly through his job. He was foreman in the fur workroom at Abraham & Straus for many years. Later he joined McCreery’s in the same capacity.

Part of his job was to estimate the number of new skins needed for the repair of coats, to buy these skins, and to insert them. He devised a scheme whereby he ordered, for example,
four skins, used two and sold the other two back to the dealer, tax free. He wet and stretched the two skins to do the work of four. Their subsequent drying and shrinking to normal eventually led suspicion to the furrier's work bench. Complaints on repairs came in so frequently that the matter was put under investigation.

Over a long period, store detectives watched the fur workshop. Sensing the deal, they secretly marked new skins that came in. Sold tax free back to the wholesaler, they returned again to the store at full price, plus tax, and were spotted promptly by the store detective. Proof of guilt brought confession by the foreman, and the end of one more racket.

Delivery men have many opportunities for stealing. One detective caught six thieving drivers in one operation through the refund department.

A woman brought in for credit eight very expensive shirts with no sales check. The shirt department had been showing unusually heavy shrinkage, and so was already being watched. The refund clerk had been alerted. These shirts were recognized as stock not yet on sale, so the detective was quietly notified. He advised payment of the claim and set a man to shadow the woman to her home, while his assistants checked with the shipping clerks, both at the wholesale house and at the store. In both places, all was in order.

Investigation at the woman's home turned up the fact that six deliverymen had made gifts of shirts to her husband at his garage. Further investigation disclosed that these six, by systematically lightening their deliveries over a period of years, had been weighting their bankrolls with thousands of dollars. They are now in prison.

The inroads amateurs make into store profits are slight compared to those of professionals. Some years back, a gang from Massachusetts eyed the wealth of New York department stores covetously. The women in the gang wore double skirts fastened together at the bottom, which served as surprisingly capacious bags. Dawdling through the clothing and yard goods department, apparently examining this and that, they slipped suits and dresses and whole bolts of materials into these skirts. Being informed and discriminating shoppers, they wasted no room on inexpensive items, so they entered their car much richer than they had left it a short while before.

Since, however, the thefts had been so easy and so profitable, and there were many goods still available, the women went back after unloading their loot. This second trip ended less auspiciously—in the detective's office.

The thieves made the usual denials, which the detective apparently believed. He released them without a search. Quite exhilarated over their escape, the women hurried to their waiting car. There store detectives
and police closed in on the whole gang and all the evidence.

The night shift in department store crime makes large and frequent hauls.

These thieves enter the store with the day's shoppers, but hide themselves at closing time. Having only to keep an eye open for the night watchman, they pick for themselves what they want, fairly unmolested, and make great headway by the time the next day's crowd arrives.

Usually they start by stealing one or two suitcases. These can be neatly and expensively filled during the night hours and carried nonchalantly from the store by the thief, during the day. One such, spotted when about to leave Bloomingdale's recently, had over $3000 worth of goods in his valises.

Occasionally a kleptomaniac turns up. Boston has a famous one, who is tall, handsome, and gracious. His sick brain has developed a very quick hand, but his true self despises his art, so that he follows a day of stealing by a day of returning the goods and apologizing.

Store detectives have unspectacular jobs, but they deserve appreciation from the public. Like city police, they function to protect the honest, to help the newly-tempted back to honesty, and to jail criminals.

## STATES OF THE UNION

Here are five questions on American geography and history. Turn the page upside down to see if you have as many as three correct answers.

1. What state has the longest coastline?
2. Name the largest and the smallest states in the Union.
3. Which was the first state to enter the Union, and which was the last?
4. What was the native state of eight American presidents?
5. What state boasts both the highest and the lowest altitudes in the United States?
1. Governor Phil M. Donnelly of Missouri.
2. Prince Amir Saud (right foreground), Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, faced a microphone for the first time during an exclusive WHB interview.
3. Count Basie, who started at WHB, returns for a Saturday afternoon "Swing Session."
4. Georgia's ex-governor, Ellis Arnall, tells WHB listeners that all along Georgia has had but one governor, plus a man who is "an interlopah, an intrudah, a pretendah, a usurpah."
5. Mr. Charles I. Campbell, Kansas City's "Big Little American" of 1947, accepts a framed certificate from L. C. De Shand. H. H. Testerman makes the presentation speech as Nat Milgram, founder of the American War Dads, looks on.
ROY A. ROBERTS walked into the news room of The Kansas City Star, hung up his hat, peeled off his wraps down to vest and shirt sleeves, looked over the telegrams on his desk, then slipped behind the sports desk and ruffled up Ernie Mehl's hair from the back.

Mehl, who has been familiar with this occurrence for years, looked across the desk to the sports editor, C. E. McBride, and said, "Mac, shall I get up and hit him?"

"No, I guess you better not," said McBride, "he's the president of the company now."

Roy Roberts, who had gone to work for the paper as a sports reporter thirty-eight years before, had just been elected president and general manager of the Kansas City Star.

Somebody asked him, first thing, if he intended to move his desk out of the big news room and into the director's room, where he could have privacy.

"Nope," said Roy, "I'm afraid if I got in there where everything was peace and quiet, I'd never be able to get anything done."

At his desk at The Star, Roberts probably can be approached more easily than any other executive of a large newspaper in America. It's like visiting the editor of the Bingville Bugle. You go to the 3-story brown brick building at Eighteenth street and Grand Avenue, go up a slow elevator to the second floor, and step into the editorial department. It is all one room, half a block long, desks and typewriters everywhere, papers littering the green linoleum on the floor. Leaving the elevator, you turn slightly to the right, and fifty feet ahead, at a flat-topped desk, sits Roy Roberts. He is occupying a massive but unpretentious leather-upholstered chair, and is chewing a cigar. His face is red, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown and plentiful. He is in shirt sleeves, four or five cigars stuck in his vest. He is talking to a visitor, nodding his head up and down for emphasis.

There is not a single secretary to take your name, nor a single vice-president to go through—the way is clear to Roberts, except for the others who are waiting, too. You can see them hovering around the office—reporters watching for a chance to show him a story; politicians talking to friends, throwing glances his way; a delegation of women from a school P.-T. A., waiting on an oak bench.
You move on over toward his desk, and if you're wise, you will walk right in when the previous visitor begins to rise. If you don't, someone else will jump in ahead.

He mangles his cigar as he talks, gets down to points quickly, highlights his opinions with stories and anecdotes, and gives a visitor more information in five minutes than some executives can give in an hour.

He was born in Muscotah, Atchison County, Kansas, November 25, 1887, the son of a Congregational minister. While still in knee pants, his family moved to Lawrence, Kansas, and there his father died when he was 9. As a grade school boy, Roy got out and carried papers— the old Lawrence World, and the Kansas City Star—to help support the family. He entered the University of Kansas at Lawrence in 1905, but had to drop out after the first semester because he ran out of money. He worked as a reporter at the Lawrence World until the next fall, then re-entered the university and got started on a money-making program as a newspaper correspondent in connection with his studies. By the time he was a senior at K. U., he was writing campus news for the World, was editor of the Kansan, university paper, and was correspondent for the Kansas City Star, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the Chicago Tribune, and the Topeka Capital.

Some of his classmates and friends were Alf Landon, producer Brock Pemberton, and Jerome Beatty, the well-known magazine writer.

Once he went with the K. U. basketball team to Columbia, Missouri, to cover a game with the University of Missouri, and the referee didn't show up. Coaches and players asked Roy to referee, so he did—he weighed a mere 180 pounds then.

He failed to win a degree at K.U., because of the credits he had missed in the semester he dropped out to earn money. When his class was graduated in 1908, Roy quit school and went to work for the World at $25 a week. This was fabulous pay in those days. He covered a bank robbery in Eudora, Kansas, for The Kansas City Star. He handled the story in excellent fashion, keeping well-ahead of the police, and the late George Longan, then city editor, called him by telephone and offered a job.

"How much?" asked Roy.

"Eighteen dollars a week," said Longan.

"I'm already getting $25 here!" protested Roy.

Longan went up to $22.50 and Roy accepted, a financial sacrifice in order to get city experience.

"But I didn't intend to stay," he said. "I expected to get me a small paper out in Kansas and go into politics."

In 1911 William Rockhill Nelson, founder of The Star, sent him to Jefferson City to help the regular correspondent cover the Missouri legislature.

"I was a Kansan," said Roy, "and I don't know why he picked me to do the job in Missouri unless he knew I could drink more beer than anyone in Jefferson City."
He soon knew everybody in the Missouri capital. His reputation began to grow as a political writer. His physical size also increased to huge proportions, and when he came into the Kansas City office to write a story, the two forefingers with which he hit the typewriter seemed about the size of broomhandles. The typewriter rattled, the desk swayed, and the floor beneath seemed to jiggle. He hit the keys so hard that the type rammed clear through the paper and C. G. Wellington, now managing editor, says Roy's copy was perforated like the roll on a player piano. His stories were not perfect grammatically, but were interesting, informative, and accurate. The copy desk fixed up the spelling. In 1915 the paper sent him to Washington.

When Roy arrived in the national capital, he had not yet acquired a wide reputation as a political writer. His colleagues at first were inclined to regard him as a country bumpkin. He soon won friends, however, by retorts such as he made one night in Berstenberger's saloon. He went up to the bar and overheard someone from behind say:

"There's the fat boy from Kansas."

He turned, a smile covering his red moon face, and said, "The fat boy from Kansas will buy the house a drink."

He's been buying 'em ever since.

He served a short spree in the army in the first World War, emerged a captain, returned to Washington and remained as chief of The Star's Washington bureau until 1928. He became a prolific, well-informed, readable writer.

"I never cared much for press conferences," he said, "I always liked to get my stuff out the back door."

Even before he went to Washington he covered the Bull Moose convention of 1912, and has attended and covered for the paper every national political convention of both parties since 1912. He went to Russia for six weeks in 1927, and climaxed his career as Washington correspondent by being elected president of the Gridiron Club.

After the death of August F. Seested, president of The Star, in 1928, Mr. Roberts was elected managing editor, and returned to Kansas City from Washington. He has directed the news coverage of the paper since that time. His first attention has been toward a complete service on important events in Kansas City and the world, but he has always emphasized the human interest side of journalism—the small, interesting things people do, the things which have no tremendous significance in
history, but which have a universal appeal for the readers. Once he told reporters, “Sometimes I find that the most charming bit of reading on page one is the shortest story on the page.”

Size is the thing about Roy Roberts which first attracts strangers. Estimates of his weight run around 300 pounds. He believes that if he had started dieting as a young man, he could have kept his size down, but he has no regrets.

“I've enjoyed every pound of it,” he says.

Distinguished as a trencherman at the Kansas City Club and the University Club, he likes thick steaks, charcoal broiled, medium rare. He likes hot biscuits, and baked potatoes with gobs of butter, black pepper and paprika.

“I like everything I shouldn't,” he declares.

In 1941, Roy launched himself on a reducing program of heroic proportions. He had to give up everything he liked to eat and drink. He lost his genial disposition, and his friends complained he wasn’t his old self. Despite his misery, he stuck to the routine, but suffered a ruptured ear drum, severe sinus pain, and a ruptured appendix. It was the first time he had lost an hour from work because of illness in forty years. When he got out of the University of Kansas Hospitals after the appendectomy, he decided to forget about the diet. He began eating and drinking as he always had before, and has felt very well ever since.

The doctors have given up trying to regulate his diet, but strongly urge on him moderation in smoking. In deference to this wish, Roy tries to hold himself to fifteen cigars a day.

His store of energy is enormous. After a day at the office which would have exhausted most men, he goes to the Kansas City Club, takes a steam bath, and is ready to start all over again. At 59, he says he's slowing down—he needs five hours sleep a night.

The morning of January 17, a small group of contract city carriers who insisted on employee status and union recognition by The Star, set up a picket line around the building, and printers and pressmen refused to cross. The paper was shut down for the first time in its sixty-six year history. Mr. Roberts and Earl McCollum, then president and general manager of The Star, and other Star officials, began negotiations with the pressmen's union, with which the contract carriers were affiliated.

After a week of negotiations, Earl McCollum, who had suffered from heart disease thirteen years, was unable to leave home. Roberts took over
leadership in the negotiations. Kansas City was without a city-wide newspaper. Roberts called for a conference with the president of the International Printing Pressmen’s union, George L. Berry, of Pressmen’s Home, Tennessee. Berry sent word he was too ill to come to Kansas City. Roberts went by train to Pressmen’s Home, along with Arthur C. Wahlstedt, treasurer, and Raymond A. Barrows, secretary of the company. Union leaders from Kansas City also made the trip. Roberts and Berry came to an agreement the first day, signed a contract, and The Star resumed publication the morning of February 3.

From his bed at home, Earl McCol-lum received the news by telephone that the presses at The Star were rolling. Next day, February 4, he died. Mr. Roberts was elected president and general manager of the employee-owned newspaper February 8.

January 25, while the strike was going on, Robert’s daughter, Miss Kate Schwartz Roberts, was married to Mr. Hugh Smith at Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral. Since Mr. Roberts had no paper to put his own daughter’s picture in, he carried her photograph around to show friends.

Worried about the strike, engaged in endless conferences, and with the telephone ringing at all hours of the day and night, Roy had been virtually sleepless for a week before the ceremony. Wedding guests, arriving in full dress at the cathedral, wondered if he would be able to go through with his part of the wedding. When Dale Beronius, an artist for The Star, arrived at the cathedral, he discovered Mr. Roberts, in white tie and tails, standing in the foyer of the cathedral, greeting the guests as they arrived, and shaking hands.

“What are you doing out here?” Dale asked, and Roberts replied, “I don’t have any business out here at all, but I’m enjoying this wedding, and I like to see the people as they come in.”

The colorful crowd almost filled the cathedral. Flowers banked the front of the nave. The Memorial Boys’ Choir marched, singing, down the aisle, and the organist struck up the wedding march.

The crowd of several hundred stood, and heads turned toward the rear. With his smiling daughter on his arm, and with tears of pride on his cheeks, Roy Roberts plowed down the center aisle like the Queen Mary putting out to sea. He gave the bride away, shook hands jovially with hundreds at a Country Club reception, and next day turned back to the work which ended in settlement of the strike.

Mr. Roberts was chairman of the OWI advisory committee in wartime. He is now a director of the Associated Press, and is a former president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and a former member of the Pulitzer Prize committee. He married Miss Barbara Schwartz of Natchez, Mississippi, in 1914, and they now live at 5433 Mission drive.

Several times a year Mr. Roberts goes back to Washington and writes a series of three or four articles on national and international affairs which are widely reprinted after they
appear in The Star. They retain the old-time punch his articles always have had, give a well-rounded picture of the world situation, and stamp Roy Roberts as still one of the best newspaper reporters in the country. In the composition of these articles in recent years he has given up battering the typewriter himself, and dictates the material as fast as his secretary, Miss Thelma Hubbard, can take it down in shorthand.

“Miss Hubbard,” he says, “is my grammarian, my stylist, and my speller, and she cuts out the cuss words.”

THE AIRPLANE RIDE

DELLA, seven and chubby, wriggled into the dentist’s big chair. Dr. Lane, losing no time, fastened one end of a chain to a square towel, then placed the linen under Della’s chin. Next, he reached for two instruments. One had a round mirror attached to the end; the other, a small pointed question mark.

“Now, open your mouth, Della! Show me your mouth like a good little girl.”

“I don’t wanna, you’ll hurt me!” Della wanted to cry when she saw the instruments.

“Look, Della, I’m going to show you it doesn’t hurt—this is going to be a game that just the two of us can play.”

He saw that she wasn’t entirely captivated, but went ahead to press his slight advantage. He put the drill in front of her. “The game is called ‘Making the Airplane Fly,’ and this is the propellor. See how I screw it on. This (pointing to the stem) is the plane. Now listen to the propellor make noise.” As he said this, he pressed his foot down on a pedal that touched off the electricity. Then he slowly lowered the instrument to Della’s ear, so she could hear it better. Then he went on. “I’m going to be the pilot, and you are the passenger. If it hurts, all you have to do is lift your hand like this.”

The child nodded.

“Now, open your mouth wide, and we’ll begin.”

The first few “airplane” trips were short ones—exasperatingly short to Doctor Lane. But gradually he finished the grinding and put a temporary filling into place.

“We are not quite through, Della,” the doctor said, “and when you come back next Tuesday, we’ll play airplane all over again.”

Della considered this a moment, then said, “When I come back, I want to be the pilot, and you be the passenger!”

The doctor stifled a desire to laugh. “But don’t you want to give the signals? The pilot doesn’t give signals, only passengers do that.”

Della wriggled down out of the chair. “I wanna be the pilot!” she said stubbornly.

“Well,” said the dentist, “we’ll have to see about that.”

Della edged toward the door, but stopped short when she saw the doctor extend a lollipops.

She took the lollypop, nodded a shy thank you. She slid through the door and bolted for freedom.

Dr. Lane smiled and turned back to his equipment shelf. Mrs. Crouter was next, and then Tom Padgett. No children until Saturday at nine. He heaved a sigh of thankfulness, and tried not to think of Saturday.—William Ornstein.
PRECISELY when Ethel Merman first "got rhythm" is a moot question. There are some who remember Ethel as a chubby seven-year-old entertaining the soldier boys of the first World War at Camp Mills and Camp Yaphank, and who insist that the infant songstress was already brimming with rhythm. Another school of thought has it that she acquired her terrific rhythm in her early typewriter pounding days as a suburban New York stenographer.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the fact remains that Ethel at the tender age of eighteen was in a show called Girl Crazy. She was laying customers in the aisles with her rendition of I Got Rhythm. Where she got it, nobody could definitely say, but it was unanimously agreed that she certainly had it.

On the opening night of her first Broadway musical, Merman made good by proving to the world that she had more rhythm in her little finger than most band leaders had in their entire orchestras. What was more important was that her particular brand of rhythm was so infectious that soon everybody "had it." In pre-Merman days, there may have been people who didn't know what rhythm was. But try to find them now!

A few short semesters before that memorable debut on Broadway, Ethel Merman was pounding a typewriter in Astoria, Long Island, as secretary to Caleb S. Bragg, president of the B. K. Vacuum Booster Brake Company. In addition to being president of an insanely named company, Mr. Bragg was a sportsman of some repute. Because of this, he associated with a number of well-known sport and theatrical figures of the day. Ethel finally persuaded her boss to send a letter of recommendation to George White, producer of the Scandals. It is sometimes unkindly said that Ethel wrote the letter herself and Bragg signed it. However, the best that Mr. White was willing to do for her was a job in the line. Ethel turned it down.

Ethel was determined to get on Broadway. While she was still working for Bragg, she got herself a job singing in a night club called "Little Russia." There were any number of offers for better jobs but Ethel was still skeptical about the permanency of show business and wore her commuter's ticket to a frazzle.
But she finally bade adieu to wheelbrakes and journeyed to Miami, where she worked under the aegis of Clayton, Jackson and Durante at Les Ambassadeurs and the Pavillion Royale. She then took to the road in split-week vaudeville, which led to a booking at the Palace when that institution was the Palace.

One rainy afternoon, musical comedy producer Vinton Freedly took refuge in the Brooklyn Paramount. There he heard Ethel. The results were happily obvious in Girl Crazy, and Freedly has taken a kindly attitude toward thunder showers ever since.

When Girl Crazy had run its course, George White entered a bid for Miss Merman's services, but not for work in the line. He featured her with Rudy Vallee and the Freres Howard in the eleventh edition of the Scandals, which provided her with a background for Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries, and Ladies and Gentlemen That's Love.

After a brief plunge into motion pictures with Warner Brothers, who then seemed to have no interest in singers and used her in only one picture, as a dramatic actress, she returned to Broadway. Ethel is still wondering for what purpose she played in that picture. The Warner Brothers had her cavorting in a jungle set.

On her return to New York, Ethel was starred in Take a Chance, in which she immortalized four songs—Rise and Shine, I Got Religion, Smoothie, and that epic lament to a departed friend, Eadie Was a Lady.

On her second call to Hollywood, Miss Merman did a lot better. She starred with Bing Crosby in We're Not Dressing, and with Eddie Cantor in Kid Millions. In 1936, she returned to Broadway and Anything Goes. The following season found her again on the Coast for The Big Broadcast and Strike Me Pink. But again she came back to New York. This time for Red Hot and Blue, with Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope.

Tempted to do another musical film, Miss Merman hied herself to California, where she made Irving Berlin's Alexander's Ragtime Band with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, and galloped through Straight, Place and Show with the Ritz Brothers.

Up until the middle of May, last year, when Ethel Merman opened in Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit musical, Annie Get Your Gun, she had appeared in nine Broadway musicals for a total of 2,754 performances. This means that the life expectancy of any show starring Miss Merman is approximately 38 weeks. Annie Get
Your Gun has passed this mark and the law of diminishing returns has yet to set in.

To get some more figures, it is estimated that she has been seen on the stage by some 3,500,000 people. Her salary has risen from $350 in Girl Crazy to ten per cent of the gross in Annie Get Your Gun, or $4,750 a week. For a girl who was making $35 a week as a Long Island secretary a decade or so ago, she is doing all right.

Miss Merman is the first to admit that she had a rather sketchy musical education. As for heredity, her father sometimes played the organ at Masonic lodge meetings. She was just a girl who could stick to a tune and sing louder than anyone else. Never in her life did she have a singing lesson. According to the rules she sings all wrong.

She never had a dramatic lesson either. In Annie Get Your Gun she gets a real crack at acting. For the first time in her career she is cast as a sympathetic character instead of a shady lady. Other comedienne are more glamorous. Other singers are more melodious. Yet she can put over her lines and her songs so that her limitations are forgotten. She is above all else natural, and her naturalness is what gets her across.

Ethel Merman adds more than a feminine touch to the liberties that Herbert and Dorothy Fields have taken with the life story of Annie Oakley. When she walks awkwardly on the stage, gun in hand and moccasin-footed and looking faintly bewildered, the audience is prepared for almost anything. And that is what it gets—and loves!

Somehow Ethel Merman has found time to develop a home life as well as a theatrical career. Her husband, Robert Daniels Levitt, is a newspaperman. They live in a Manhattan apartment with their three children:

two girls, four and 11; and Robert Jr., aged 16 months. Junior isn’t singing much yet, but his four-year-old sister can bawl out the entirety of You Can’t Get a Man With a Gun in the best Merman manner.

All in all, things are going smoothly and should continue so until Mama’s work takes her to Hollywood once more. That, however, may be a long time from now, because with Annie Get Your Gun so firmly entrenched on Broadway, it looks like Ethel will be Doin’ What Comes Naturally for months and months to come. People want to see, and producers want to sign, New York’s Long Run Lady.
"When a patient doesn’t whistle, I know he needs glasses."
One man’s lost cow is another man’s meat—literally, figuratively, and even scenically.

EBENEZER BRYCE had been a millwright in Scotland in the middle 1800’s. Then he traveled to America and the mormon Church sent him into the dry fire-colored wilderness of Utah to help build cities for the Children of God.

In 1875, Brother Ebenezer was sent into the southwestern part of the state to set up a new town. They called it Tropic. It lies about a hundred miles northeast of what is now the Utah-Arizona border. Here the little band of pioneers and their earnest, hard working leader were too busy and too beset to pay much attention to the canyon at whose lower gateway they had settled. A pretty wonderful sight, that canyon. It was one of a series in the scenic wilderness, all of them carved and colored fit to take your breath away. But the good people had to save their breath for prayers and hymns. They had need of both. And though they may have marveled somewhat at the canyon nearest them, they had little time to say so. Brother Ebenezer himself—the canyon came to be named for him—had the least time of all to be impressed by its splendor. Of all such rocky geological wonders of the world, Bryce Canyon is perhaps the most brilliantly colored, and its rocks, eroded by centuries of rain and wind, are carved with astonishing delicacy. But as the legend goes, Brother Ebenezer had only one comment to make on the gorgeous canyon. He said, “It’s a terrible place to lose a cow.”

So it was, and so it still is today. Anyone looking for a lost cow in Bryce Canyon might conceivably take the creature for just another one of the intricate formations, if it happened to stand still long enough. The color would be natural enough, unless it happened to be black and white. Even that purple cow you’d rather see than be could show up in Bryce Canyon. For the colors there are varied and variable according to the slant of the sun, and purple appears in the ancient rocks along with orange and red and yellow, blues and greens, white, brown, and watermelon pink.

Because of its bird-of-paradise coloring and its intricate erosions, Bryce Canyon is a target for all the superlatives and the most hifalutin’ nouns in the book. Words like “fairyland,” “spires,” “majestic,” “galaxy,” “wonderland,” and “supernal” are hung on it all the time. But of all descriptions,
the best is the one the Indians used. Translated, their name for the place is “a bowl-shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men.” And that’s what it is, if you use restraint.

Before the white man moved in on Indian territory, Utah belonged to the Utes, and around Bryce Canyon, to the section of the Ute Nation known as the Piutes. Before them, however, many generations of Indians had lived in the hidden crevices of the canyons and their homes are still uncovered occasionally by those with authority to probe among the bright strange rocks. In the early days of the canyon, the casual tourist had a field day. But he carried off so many valuable discoveries the government finally had to pass a law against it. Today, because of the “pot-hunters,” there’s quite a penalty attached to disturbing a pre-historic ruin.

The Mormons believed the ancient cliff dwellers to be descended from the Lamanites, one of the lost tribes of Israel. The way they had it figured, these ancient people got there via Wales, and at one time the Mormons took to a conference with the Ute Indians an interpreter who spoke Welsh. According to the record, sign language still came in handy.

Before the Utes and the Piutes, before the cliff dwellers and anyone else who left even so slight a trace, this section of America had undergone sea change many times. Six times at least, the geologists say, this part of the southwest became a sea floor and a high plateau. And each time, new deposits of mud and sand turned into shale, sandstone, conglomerate, and limestone.

These sea-born strata became what is known today as the Plateau Country—a series of gigantic steps from Utah into the desert plains below the Grand Canyon. Farthest north are the High Plateaus. Next come the Terraced Plateaus, followed by the Southern Plateau, which includes the Grand Canyon, and the Colorado Plateau, the lowest of the group.

Bryce Canyon is a ragged box sunk in the High Plateaus, in a section called the Pink Cliff. Its rim, 8,400 feet above sea, forms the dividing line between the Great Basin and the Colorado River watershed. According to statisticians, two raindrops falling simultaneously but an inch apart might very likely go their separate ways—one into the Basin, the other into the watershed drained by the Colorado River, and via the Colorado, eventually into the Gulf of California.

The erosion that created Bryce Canyon’s strange formations goes on at an infinitesimal rate per year. The rim crumbles annually perhaps two inches, and a few more pines topple into the brink. It’s something like a hundred miles through the mountains from the Great Basin to the Colorado watershed. At the present erosion rate, it will take some 2,640,000 years for the rain to eat away the cliffs between.

Rain is the artist in this canyon, working in limestone and assisted by ice and wind. No river runs through here, as through Grand Canyon, but in the rainy season, there are streams which storm through, sweeping away all debris. This keeps Bryce a neat canyon. But as style goes, it is strictly
gingerbread. Or more correctly, Byzantine. One of the predominant formations is the spire capped by a dome. Some of the domes weigh tons.

All canyons, however unspectacular, have their rock formations of greater or lesser interest. Many canyons have formations more grandiose than those of Bryce Canyon. But none has such delicate work, such infinite detail, and such variety as the limestone imagery of Brother Ebenzer’s cow catcher. Guides in Bryce Canyon National Park point with pride at the monuments known as Queen Victoria, the Pope, Queen’s Castle, Tower Bridge, Bluebeard’s Castle, and the section known as Fairyland. There’s a Wall Street, too, minus the pin-striped men at noon. You reach it by a trail leading down from a lodge on the rim. Altogether, there are at least ten miles of trail winding down into the canyon and traversable by foot or on horseback.

The canyon even boasts a waterfall, thanks to the ingenuity of the Mormon settlers of Tropic. They diverted a stream from the Great Basin to the cliffs, where it creates a water supply for the town as well as another bit of scenery.

After the village of Tropic was fairly well on its feet, Ebenezer Bryce moved on to his next mission, some place in Arizona. The beautiful pink canyon he left behind remained virtually unknown and certainly unsung. For one thing, its isolation was almost perfect. Heavy pine forests grew to the very rim, and only the Indians and a few hardy pioneers knew that somewhere in the depths of the forest the earth opened up like an enormous and rather terrifying jewel box.

At first, the land around the canyon rim belonged to the state as school lands. Then the Union Pacific Railroad bought twenty-three acres of this land on a long-time lease for the purpose of opening it as a resort section. In 1923 the canyon became a national monument by presidential proclamation. The next year, Congress authorized its inclusion in a new reserve to be known as Utah National Park—with one provision: that the twenty-three acres around the rim be

OUR BACK COVER . . . Bryce Canyon is set in the High Plateaus of Utah, 8,400 feet above sea level. Fine weather and breathtaking scenery make it a popular playground. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific).
deeded to the government. Union Pacific’s president, Carl R. Gray, offered to cede the land to the government with a provision of his own: that the government complete the Zion-Mt. Carmel highway, opening a road between Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. The railroad placed the deed to its holdings in escrow, and in 1928 Congress appropriated funds for the road. On September 15 of that year, the twentieth national park in the United States was established, not as Utah National Park, however, but as Bryce Canyon National Park.

Once this area was made accessible, the park became a preferred playground. It lies only a short distance from the Arrowhead Trail stretching from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, and it is easily reached by train. The Union Pacific runs to Cedar City, where all trains are met by buses of the Utah Parks Company, a subsidiary of the railroad. Besides the lodge at the canyon rim, there are camp sites in many places, complete with water and lights and some of the handsomest rangers south of the Canadian Mounties.

The season at Bryce is fairly long, since its location is happily both high and south. The summers are dry and hot, but the nights are mountain-cool. In late summer comes the rainy season, followed by what the Indians call “Little Summer,” when there are flowers and an atmosphere softened and cooled. Then in the fall the landscape is colored more highly than ever with the turning of the aspens and oaks and maples. No doubt the canyon is magnificent in the bleak white winters, but few are able to see it then, since the roads are closed.

Considering the colors, the design, and the ancientness of Bryce Canyon, it’s little wonder so much rich beautiful prose has been written about it. Fortunately, the canyon is infinitely more beautiful than the prose. The only really adequate description of it is Brother Ebenezer’s negative compliment. Anyone who waits for the cows to come home from Bryce Canyon is in for a long, long wait.

**COLLEGIANA**

Listed below are ten schools with which you are familiar, but how many of them can you place geographically? Match by putting the letter of the town beside the number of the college or university. Answers on page 68.

2. Dartmouth b. Durham, North Carolina
3. Harvard c. New Orleans, Louisiana
4. Tulane d. Hanover, New Hampshire
5. Vanderbilt e. Milwaukee, Wisconsin
6. Yale f. Nashville, Tennessee
7. Duke g. New Haven, Connecticut
8. Marquette h. Ithaca, New York
9. Fordham i. Dallas, Texas
10. Southern Methodist j. Cambridge, Massachusetts
WE'RE "out for the count," and there's a statement you can take literally! Recently we had the pleasure of interviewing Count Basie, an old WHB alumnus, and later we had a small off-the-record chat with him on all sorts of subjects musical.

Count Basie started at the tiny Reno Club on Kansas City's once wide-open Twelfth Street, where he took over Benny Moten's band. He and that small group of colored musicians made the sort of music there that brought true jazz its eventual fame. From time to time the band appeared before WHB microphones, and in 1934 Count Basie was signed for an organ and piano program called Harlem Harmonies.

One day in the middle thirties Benny Goodman, the King of Swing himself, was passing through Kansas City. He took a listen to Basie's boys and arranged an immediate promotion to the big time. He got them a job at the Grand Terrace in Chicago. That was all it took. They clicked, and the name Basie has been in lights ever since.

During the years, Count Basie has more than once passed that favor along. Many are the jazz names which he has started on the road to fame. With him still, however, is Walter Page, the same fine musician who began playing with him in 1928. Walter and the Count have come a long way, and they've come together.

One question we asked the Count was whether he agreed with several band leaders who have made the statement that they think the trend of popular music is definitely changing to the so-called "sweet music." "Well," he answered, "styles come and go, but I am of the opinion that there will always be a place for real jazz. The jazz beat is too deeply imbedded in the human make-up to be rooted out, and it's a natural release for emotions. In the future I intend to keep up the same style and quality of jazz that I have presented to the people in the past."

Platter Chatter

Rubenstein's most recent achievement on Victor records is Chopin's Piano Sonata in B-Flat Minor . . . When asked about the controversy over his first name, Rubenstein replied, "I don't care how they bill me. My legal name is 'Artur,' but I sign everything 'Arthur' since I am now an American citizen." To which we query, why not just "Art" and be done with it? . . . Woody Herman has turned disc jockey, and Freddy Martin is angling for a similar spot. It's getting so a plain old radio announcer can hardly get on in the world, what with all the competition from orchestra leaders . . . Jessie Price's payroll boosted since Capitol's release of I Ain't Mad at You . . . The Three Suns are switching from Majestic to Victor. Watch for their first release, If I Had My Life To Live Over.

The most popular record in Paris is Tiger Rag . . . Jan August's recordings for Diamond are selling like hot cakes. Even so, he'll have to go some to catch Frankie Carle. It is reported that Fank sold more than seven million discs last year. That's a lot of wax! . . . Park Avenue hillbilly Dorothy Shay (no relation to the One Horse Open Shays), is recording for Columbia. Her new album is T-riff, but radio censors won't allow it.

Watch for Benny Goodman's new recordings for Capitol. The vocals are by Johnny Mercer, and they're mighty good.
Highly Recommended


VICTOR 20-2121—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra. How Are Things in Gloca Morea and When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love. This is one of the latest recordings by T. Dorsey and fans are sure to scramble for it. Both sides get superb Dorsey treatment with outstanding vocals by Stuart Foster.

MAJESTIC 7192—Eddie Howard and Orchestra. Rickety Rickshaw Man and She's Funny That Way. A novelty tune with cute lyrics to send Howard fans solid. The number is going places, and Eddie's versatile baritone voice will certainly help it along. Funny That Way is a wonderful old thing that's right at the top of the "slave song" series. The platter is a must for Howard-lovers.

CAPITOL 342—Andy Russell, the Pied Pipers, and Paul Weston's Orchestra. I'll Close My Eyes and It's Dreamtime. As a pair, these are crooner Russell's best sides to date, and the backing by Weston's Orchestra is exactly right. I'll Close My Eyes should make the hit parade at a breeze. The Pied Pipers, a fine vocal group, take a couple choruses of Dreamtime. Their voices blend nicely, and they work beautifully together.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

DECCA 23810—Louis Jordan and His Timpany Five. Texas and Pacific plus I Like 'Em Fat Like That. T. & P. has a choo-choo beat and a smooth vocal by Jordan. The Texas and Pacific is a railroad, of course, and if riding it is half so pleasant as listening to this arrangement, it should be doing a whale of a business. The tune backing it on this disc is a novelty number with some humorous spots.

CAPITOL 368—Andy Russell with Paul Weston's Orchestra. Anniversary Song and My Best To You. The former is the haunting melody made popular by The Jolson Story. Andy does a fine interpretation which is admirably suited to his voice. It is probably his best work so far. My Best To You is a sentimental waltz. It's made to order for crooning, and the background music by Paul Weston is exceptionally smooth.

NYlons. The jump side is terrific, with Shavers' unusually fine trumpet working smoothly with the combo. If you're after a good rhythm fastie, look no further. Serenade swings to the end, but just isn't on a par with Broa Jump, which is a don't-miss.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-2117—Spike Jones and Orchestra. Laura and When Tuba Plays the Rhumba on the Tubas. Spike Jones, up to his zany tricks again, presents an unorthodox version of Laura. It's like nothing you've ever heard. The first half is straight, but the last —wow! The flipover is vocalless. It features the versatility of "Country" Washburne on the grunt-iron, while the band plays on.

VICTOR P 148—Artie Shaw and Orchestra. Begin the Beguine and Lady Be Good. Here are two all-time juke box favorites revived in a Victor album titled Upswing. This album is an absolute must for collectors. It features Benny Goodman. T. Dorsey, and Glenn Miller.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.

VOGUE 755—Charlie Shavers Quintet. Broad Jump and Serenade to a Pair of

March, 1947
IT is probable that few laymen are given to look upon their bodies as battlefields. In fact, the more squeamish might find it somewhat disconcerting to regard their corporeal beings as densely populated military theaters of operation in which surging armies of countless thousands of microbes and bacteria wage a never ceasing struggle for supremacy.

While this constant war within us may never become a favored topic for breakfast table chit-chat, it is necessary that it be recognized in order to understand the miraculous workings of penicillin, the "wonder drug" of World War II. In reality penicillin is not a drug at all, but a benevolent antibacterial substance produced by a mold micro-organism discovered some twenty years ago by Dr. Alexander Fleming of London.

Despite the revolutionary nature of Fleming's discovery and the widespread acclaim it received in the war years as a worker of miracles, especially in its effectiveness against venereal infections among members of the armed forces, there was nothing actually startling in the therapeutic principle involved. Medical research itself is a process of evolution, and one of its most amazing aspects is that there is no such thing as a totally unexpected discovery. Behind every new development, which to the layman may appear as a modern miracle, lay countless hours of research and toil, of slow, plodding progress, of many small advances and many disappointments.

Before any discovery actually is made, the idea upon which it is based has been germinating for a long time. Perhaps a score of scientists, working either together or independently, may have contributed something to the ultimate success. The public hears only the names of those who achieve the final triumph, the others who have paved the way often remain unknown or forgotten.

Take, for example, Dr. Paul Ehrlich's experimentation with aniline dyes in the quest of his "magic bullet" which, shot into the human body, would cause the destruction of all malign bacteria. He did not succeed in perfecting his marvelous cure-all, but he did succeed in employing arsenic to concoct formula 606, or salvarsan—a deliverer of mankind.
from the ravages of that terrible pale corkscrew microbe whose bite is the cause of syphilis. But Dr. Ehrlich had not even reached the beginning of the road to success after eight years of experimentation until he read of the researches of Alphonse Laveran, who had used arsenic to kill those trypanosomes which were fatal to mice. The only bad feature, from the scientific standpoint, was that it also killed the mice; and despite the old joke about operations, none can be considered an unqualified success if the patient fails to survive.

Inspired by Laveran’s discovery, Ehrlich experimented with various arsenic and dye compounds to find a means of killing the trypanosomes without also losing the patient mice. It was a long, difficult and tedious process. At last, however, after 605 compounds had failed, he reached his goal. Compound 606 proved trypanosomes could be destroyed in mice without injury to the mice. So what? So the discovery was only a discovery with no apparent practical application until an obscure German zoologist named Fritz Schaudinn isolated a germ which he called spirocheta pallida, and proved that this germ was the cause of syphilis.

In Schaudinn’s report he hazarded a wild guess that these spirochetes, because of similarity in appearance, were akin to trypanosomes. It is fortunate that he did so, for it happened that the report was read by Ehrlich, who without any further investigation blandly accepted the relationship as fact merely on the basis of this report. This being true, he reasoned, spirochetes as well as trypanosomes should be vulnerable to the compound 606. They were, and in consequence thousands upon thousands of men and women escaped a horrible disfiguring death or an idiot’s end in Bedlam.

Ehrlich’s name shines forth in big letters on the roll of the immortals of medical research, but who now recalls Schaudinn?

The discovery of penicillin, despite the fact that to a great degree it was sheer accident, formed a confirmation of a theory that had intrigued scientists from the days of Pasteur’s epoch-marking discoveries. As early as 1888 a Frenchman named Bouchard found that some bacteria were capable of destroying other germs. The discoveries by Twort and D’Herelle in the World War I period, that bacteria themselves are susceptible to attack by virus-like substances capable of destroying them, gave new impetus to research in the field of chemotherapy.
The Russian investigator, Elie Metchnikoff, who appears to have been touched with a little of that madness which a person invariably associates with Russian scientists, laid the basis for future developments with experiments that proved bacteria fight each other to the death, and that friendly bacteria constant in the human body act as a repellant to disease germs. These friendly organisms he called phagocytes, from the Greek word meaning "devouring cells."

Metchnikoff, an associate at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, had a flair for attracting public attention. In a short time thousands of searchers had viewed his phagocytes which sometimes gobbled up germs—and sometimes lay idly by allowing the germs to multiply unmolested. Why, no one could explain. It remained a mystery why one man might die from an attack of pneumonia microbes and another simply break into a sweat and recover.

But at the same time the discovery did focus attention upon the fact there were defensive bacterial forces within the body itself, that in many instances invading germs were eaten and destroyed by the friendly phagocytes. If sometimes, why not always? There was the question, and there the question remained until that morning when Dr. Fleming noted the mysterious mold on a laboratory slide which an attendant had neglected to clean, and noticed that the staphylococcus germs in its vicinity had been rendered impotent. He called the mold substance penicillin because of the structure of its sporophores, after the Latin penicillus, a brush.

The mold grew rapidly and soon he was able to obtain a sufficient quantity to begin experiments to test its efficacy in the destruction of various types of disease germs. To their amazement, he and his fellow research workers discovered penicillin did not actually kill bacteria, but rather restricted its aggressiveness and rendered it impotent to a point where multiplication was impossible. They also determined that it had no ill effects upon body tissues and that it was received without antagonism by human and animal blood. Thus it became evident that in the treatment of disease in the human body, penicillin could be used to check or immobilize the enemy disease germ forces and block their increase and progress while the natural defensive soldiers of the body, the white blood cells, or leucocytes, set upon the invaders to destroy them.

Despite the wonderful successes which have been attained in the never ending war on disease through the use of penicillin, medical scientists even now are beginning to regard it merely as a new starting point, a base of operations from which new advances may be made against the tiny microscopic enemies that constitute the greatest menace to man. And the prophets already are looking into the future hopefully, confident that the sulfa drugs and penicillin will lead to greater agencies and more powerful weapons in the war on eternal enemy, that the dream of scientists of an ideal antibacterial agent, to be found among substances already existing, may soon reach its fulfillment.

Let us hope so!
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE YEARLING — Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, Claude Jarman, Jr. Based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel, the movie presents the Baxters and their life in the Florida scrub country. Young Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) brings up a fawn, which he grows to love. But when the fawn begins to destroy their crops, Ma Baxter (Jane Wyman) shoots and wounds it. Jody finishes the job of killing the deer, then runs away from home. Later, he returns, ready now to take his place on the farm as a man, no longer a "yearling."

LADY IN THE LAKE — Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan. This picture presents the new technique of showing scenes through the hero's eyes (the camera, that is). Private detective Phillip Marlowe is hired to find a missing woman. After the body of her rival is found in a lake, Marlowe receives a call from her, saying she is in trouble and wants him to bring money to her hideout. There, in a crashing finale, a case of mistaken identity is cleared up and two more deaths occur before the case is finally closed.

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY—Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden, Bonita Granville, Lina Romay. The Hardys are back again! Andy, just out of the army, resumes his studies at college, and is immediately in love. His proposal is nipped when the girl tells him he is marrying—someone else—and will he be best man, please, huh? Heartbroken, he decides to go to South America, but changes his mind after a chance meeting with Lina Romay. Comedy highlight is Andy's jitterbug scene with a 6-foot-4 Amazon.

20th Century Fox

BOOMERANG — Jane Wyatt, Dana Andrews. Political pressure is exerted on a young state's attorney to prosecute a man whom the attorney believes to be innocent. The attorney discredits the witnesses, and proves that the suspect's gun could not have been the murder weapon. The case is dismissed, and leaders of the opposition party leave town, figuring that it is impossible to beat a completely honest man. The real murderer is killed in a car accident as a reminder of the Johnson office's views about crime not paying.

THE BRASHER DOUBLOON—George Montgomery, Nancy Guild. Still another of Raymond Chandler's mysteries with private detective Phillip Marlowe assigned to find a rare coin. Three murders occur, and Marlowe gets slapped around, giving him a chance to prove his stamina is up to the calibre of Bogart, Powell, and Robert Montgomery—other members of the Marlowe club. Nancy Guild, as a neurotic secretary, adds attractiveness to the scene, though the question of her sanity is cleared up too late in the film for much romance.

Paramount

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE — Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Charles Dingle, Peter Lorre. Hope, sitting in a death cell awaiting execution for murder, tells newspaper reporters how he got into the situation. The usual Hope-hokum will keep you in stitches throughout the recital. When the doctor comes to prepare him for the gas chamber, he passes out. In the warden's office, he comes to, with the whole case finally having been solved, and Dorothy Lamour is there to point out that as a private eye he's a better baby photographer, but that she loves him just the same.

Republic

ANGEL AND THE BADMAN — John Wayne, Gail Russell, Bruce Cabot, Harry Carey. In the home of peace-loving Quakers, where he recuperates from a bullet-wound, Quirt Evans (John Wayne) falls in love with the young daughter, Penny (Gail Russell). Though he has sworn to kill the murderer of his foster-father, Penny gets him to promise to give up his gun and settle down. As his enemy is about to shoot Quirt, the town marshal kills him, which leaves Quirt free to keep his promise to Penny.

Universal-International

I'LL BE YOURS — Deanna Durbin, Tom Drake, William Bendix. Louise Ginglebushe arrives in New York to search for a career. Her first job is that of an usherette, but after a waiter friend of hers sneaks her into a fancy party, she sings and is an immediate hit. To protect herself from a mushy millionaire, Louise claims to be married to a young lawyer (Tom Drake). There is a blowup when the truth comes out, but finally the millionaire and the waiter reunite the young couple.
ONE of the strangest reports from Manhattan these days is that theatre tickets for Broadway hits are going begging. It is no uncommon sight to see empty seats at a bang-up show. This, of course, is the result of the times when, if a seat could be obtained at all, one paid through the nose for it. Now, the theatre-going public is becoming lethargic, discouraged from the battle for seats and unreasonable prices. The general attitude is, “There’s no use trying to get tickets for THAT” . . . and so they don’t. And so there are empty seats. Most persons like to go to the theatre on short notice—making reservations weeks in advance is always hazardous—and it looks now as though that time is rapidly approaching. It will be a relief to see those little box-office signs again, “Good Seats Available.”

Helen Keller was in town again recently, making personal calls and also attending to her long list of projects to aid the deaf, dumb and blind. Despite the fact that she is now in her middle sixties, she continues to work at a pace that would defeat most young and fully equipped women. Her courage and determination to overcome not one but three terrific handicaps has made her name a symbol of hope for all similarly afflicted. She has done perhaps her greatest work during these past few years—traveling extensively in Europe and this country, visiting, encouraging, teaching our war casualties who have suffered the loss of sight, speech or hearing.

Miss Keller is always accompanied by Miss Thompson, her secretary, companion, manager and interpreter to whom goes so much credit for Miss Keller’s amazing success. As Miss Keller’s deafness prevents her from hearing the questions or conversation of others, she depends upon Miss Thompson to relay the words to her through a system of finger pressures on her arm similar to Morse code. Then she speaks for herself, or rather forms words with a sound she has learned to create. Most people find her difficult to understand at first but after a little while are able to carry on a fairly rapid conversation with her. And everyone who meets her is left with the same reaction, a feeling of inspiration and courage.

A short time ago, Miss Keller’s home in Connecticut burned to the ground, and burned with it were art treasures and gifts beyond description which had been sent from admirers all over the world. This loss was not only one of possessions, but one of the ability to move about in familiar surroundings with ease. Now she must adapt herself to new surroundings and new environment, and to this task she has set herself with the same dauntless spirit that the world has grown to associate with the name Helen Keller.

Nylon sails are the latest delight for sailing enthusiasts. Their acceptance was a moot question at first, but now it looks as if they are here to stay. They stretch a bit when full but have been found to shrink right back again; and they are much lighter in weight than the old canvas ones. They are lovely to look at and easy to manage, so here is another strike for the popularity of nylon.

If you want to buy something really interesting for the house or for a gift,
put on an old pair of shoes and rummage around some of those little junk shops under signs "ANTIQUES" in the Forties and Fifties on Second and Third Avenues. There you will find all sorts of lamps, mirrors, frames and old prints, brocades, bric-a-brac, furniture—in fact, practically everything you've heard of. With a little polishing up they turn out to be real treasures and are far superior to most new things on the market today. And the prices are down in the realm of reality. Don't however, pay the first price quoted or you'll be spotted as a novice shopper. The whole business of selling there is fashioned after the European custom of bargaining. It's fun and lends flavor to the transaction. A great many collectors frequent these shops and they are very amusing about it. They never want to tell where they find their goodies for fear someone will beat them to the next one.

Television is coming into its own at last and orders for the sets are being filled remarkably fast, considering the long waiting lists. There aren't enough television programs on the air as yet to suit the lucky owners, but no doubt the next few months will remedy that. So far, the programs are limited mostly to sports and news reels, but that's enough to gratify and fascinate most people at the moment.

The present sets cost between three and four hundred dollars and have to be installed with a special antenna. They are very neat-looking and will fit on any medium-sized table or chest. It will be a lot nicer when the price gets medium-sized, too.

William Lyons Phelps said: "A dog is always on the wrong side of the door." That's true every place. But in Manhattan they're not only on the wrong side of the door, they're on the wrong side of the sidewalk, the elevator, the lamp-post, the curb, the traffic and hurrying pedestrians. Those long, fancy leashes aren't any help, either. But dogs are loved in Manhattan more than any place else in the world—no one is ever afraid of them. They are coddled and catered to in hotels' and shops and don't know the meaning of a harsh word. Their sweaters and coats are monogrammed and their hair-cuts are the last word in canine fashion. Now they also have raincoats and galoshes. As is typical with dogs, they are out whenever there is a chance to be out, but the most general parade is 'round about eight in the morning and nine o'clock at night. Some of the walkers are worth looking at, too.

A colored maid in a Manhattan apartment hotel excused herself for being late to one of the residents by saying: "I was here earlier this mo'ning but I seen your husband was still here so I just went on my way 'cause when they is a man around you cain't do anything and I don't care who he is, you just cain't get anything done." This may be a new incentive for early rising, or maybe for legislation limiting the amount of time a man may spend around the house.
Plays

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). A play by Arthur Miller about a manufacturer who turned out some substandard airplanes during the war. This caused the death of one son and earned him the everlasting hatred of the other. There are definite structural weaknesses, but the cast—including Ed Begley, Arthur Kennedy, and Beth Merrill—works hard. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE. (International). Rotating performances of John Gabriel Borkman, Henry VIII, What Every Woman Knows, Pound on Demand, and Androcles and the Lion. The company boasts the talents of Walter Hampton, Eva LeGallienne, Ernest Truex, and Margaret Webster. Evenings, except Monday. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Curtain times differ according to the play being presented.

★ ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. (Fulton). This early chapter glimpse of the Hubbard family is chiefly notable for the performances of Patricia Neal, Leo Genn, and Margaret Phillips. The play itself is not up to the standard Lillian Hellman set for herself and her characters in The Little Foxes. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday carry on in this truly hilarious piece written by Garson Kanin and produced by Max Gordon. It’s about a racketeer and an ex-church girl, and everything about it is fine! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Another revival, this one well worth the doing. Bert Lahr plays a comedian who has certain professional, financial, and physical ups and downs, but mostly downs. Jean Parker is his handsome, loyal wife. There is abundant cause for laughter, and some real honest-to-John pathos which is handled with an exact touch. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ CHRISTOPHER BLAKE. (Music Box). Funnyman Moss Hart has written a serious play about a twelve-year-old whose parents are seeking a divorce. His realism, and perhaps his premises, leave something to be desired; but his fancy is fine. So is Richard Tyler as the protagonist. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.


★ CYRANO DE BERGERAC. (Ethel Barrymore). The same Cyrano written by Rostand a half-century back and played by nearly every romantic actor since. This time it’s Jose Ferrer who brandishes the sword and putsy nose in his own production. Quite satisfactorily, too. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ THE FATAL WEAKNESS. (Royal). Proving definitely that middle-aged divorce can be a dull subject indeed, unless one of the participants is named Ina Claire. The play is by George Kelly, and also features Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). You can’t see Harvey, but you can see Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in the Pulitzer Prize play by that name. What’s more, you’d better, because it’s wonderful theatre fare. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). A little librarian gets all lit-up one rainy afternoon, and the results are marvelous to behold! Helen Hayes, of course, is quite perfect—as is the entire cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE ICEMAN COMETH. (Martin Beck). Eugene O’Neill takes four hours to say that illusions are the only things that make most lives worth living, but he says it rather well. There is an excellent group of actors to help him get the point across, including James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. Direction is by Eddie Dowling. Evenings at 7:30.

★ JOAN OF LORRAINE. (Alvin). Ingrid Bergman in a magnificent performance which will undoubtedly become theatre history. The vehicle is Maxwell Anderson’s version of the Maid of Orleans legend, and employs the play-within-a-play technique. This gives Miss Bergman ample opportunity to display her unusual talents, of which she has many. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Booth). A farce by Norman Krasna, with not much to recommend it beyond the direction of Joshua Logan and the performance of Loring Smith. It’s about a senator, a British war bride, a mismarriage, and several other things. However, it was produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and you know what that means! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LADY WINDEMERE’S FAN. (Cort). It’s Cecil Beaton’s costumes and settings that people are talking about, not the creaky comedy of Oscar Wilde. Oh yes, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Penelope Ward do not badly, either. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Thanks to the original humor of Clarence Day and the deftness of Lindsay and Crouse, Father still leads the list of all-time long-runs. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.
O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). The Lunts, who would draw a capacity crowd for a recitation of the alphabet, have only slightly heavier material to work with here; but needless to say they make the evening eminently worthwhile. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

PRESENT LAUGHTER. (Plymouth). Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden do well with a disappointing comedy by Noel Coward. In fact, they probably give it better treatment than it deserves. Evenings, except Sundays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have investigated the political situation, and have produced a man who really ought to be elected president. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson are the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.


DONALD WOLFIT REPERTORY. (Century). A British troupe presenting King Lear, As You Like It, and The Merchant of Venice. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

YEARS AGO. (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon has written about herself at the age of sixteen, when she lived in Boston and longed to be an actress. The result is a completely captivating play with witty dialogue and excellent portrayals by Frederic March, Florence Eldridge, and Patricia Kirkland. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Musicals

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). The incomparable Ethel Merman, shouting and shooting her way through an Irving Berlin score and a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. She is admirably assisted by Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

BEGGAR’S HOLIDAY. (Broadway). Despite John Latouche’s book and lyrics, Duke Ellington’s music, and a large and lively cast headed by Alfred Drake, this adaptation of The Beggar’s Opera somehow misses fire. It could be that too many people are pulling in too many different directions. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

CALL ME MISTER. (National). Everyone associated with this revue is an ex-G.I. or overseas entertainer. But don’t see it solely on grounds of patriotism or you’ll be startled half to death by the fine singing, dancing, music, dialogue, settings, lighting, and everything else which goes to make up a completely wonderful offering. The songs by Harold Rome and the sketches by Arnold Auerbach are worthy of special mention. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

CAROUSEL. (Majestic). Ferenc Molnar’s Liliom, with distinctive Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II treatment. There’s good music in it you’ve probably never heard, and some impressive de Mille ballets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

FINIANS RAINBOW. (46th Street). A leprechaun (pronounced leprechaun) turns up amongst a group of Southern sharecroppers, matching brogue for drawl. What happens next isn’t important, because the bright songs and dances are only hampered by the plot anyway. Donald Richards and David Wayne do their bits to make a lively evening of it, and Ella Logan is as good as ever. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


SWEETHEARTS. (Shubert). Victor Herbert wouldn’t recognize his old chestnut as rewritten by John Cecil Holm and ad libbed by Bobby Clark, but he’d like it. Two and a half hours of Clark is not nearly enough. Evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th...CI 5-5097 E
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th...CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th...BR 9-2067 W
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd...CI 5-6868 W
Bijou, 209 W. 47th...CO 5-8215 W
Booth, 222 W. 45th...CI 5-9569 W
Brodmurst, 223 W. 44th...BR 9-2067 W
Broadway, 227 W. 45th...BR 6-0300 W
Century, 932 7th Ave...CI 7-3121 W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th...CI 6-8870 W
Cort, 138 W. 48th...BR 9-0046 W
Fulton, 201 W. 46th...CI 6-6380 W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th...CI 6-6075 W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th...BR 9-4566 W
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd...BR 9-3970 W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th...BR 9-5641 E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th...CO 5-2412 W
International, Columbus Circle...CO 5-1173 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th...CI 4-4256 E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th...CI 6-0730 W
Mansfield, 216 W. 47th...CI 6-9015 W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th...CI 6-3636 W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th...CL 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th...CI 6-456 W
National, 208 W. 41st...PE 6-8220 W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th...BR 9-3565 E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th...CI 6-9156 W
Royale, 242 W. 45th...CL 5-7560 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th...CI 6-9500 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th...LA 4-4664 W
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. The atmosphere blends well with most any mood. William Scotti and his rhumba band are still on hand in the Trianon Room. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ ARMANDO. Popular with the younger set. Jacques Maler at the piano and Harry Harden and his accordion. Good food. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ BLACK ANGUS. Attractive, modern and moderately priced—Aberdeen Angus beef any old way you want it. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BILTMORE. Music all over the place. Carmen Cavallaro in the Bowman Room; Mischa Raginsky in the cocktail lounge. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BOAR’S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. Roast beef, sea food, but best of all the mutton chops in this English style setting. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Barnev Josephson’s spot features entertainment by Lucienne Boyer, Edmund Hall’s orchestra and Dave Martin’s Trio. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.


★ COPACABANA. Popular night spot featuring Irwin Carey, Kitty Kallen, Raye and Naldi and Michael Durso’s orchestra in a gay new show. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.


★ ENRICO AND PAGLIERI. Famous old restaurant in the Village. Try a Sunday dinner after 1:00 p.m. 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ HEADQUARTERS. G. I.’s Schwartz and Snyder, a couple of SHAFF mess sergeants, couldn’t get it out of their system so they opened up in New York. Food is swell. 108 W. 49th. BR 9-0728.

★ LEXINGTON. Johnny Pineapple, yes, Pineapple, in the Hawaiian Room; food at the Cape Cod Room, Lexington Terrace and the Revere Room. Lexington at 48th. WI 2-4408.

★ MONKEY BAR. More fun than a barrel of ’em here. Singing waiters, entertainers, and customers. 60 E. 54th. PL 3-1066.

★ MONTE CARLO. Very fancy . . . historic now, though. This is where they made the Rockefeller deal providing the UN with a place to settle down. Dick Gasparre’s orchestra. Madison at 54th. PL 9-3400.

★ NINO’S. Charming French spot with good food and service. Little cocktail lounge just right for petting and cooing. Piano interlude by Rudy Timfield. 10 E. 52nd. PL 3-9014.

★ REUBEN’S. Nothing missing — pastry shop, florist, gift shop, theatre ticket office and even Dagwood sandwiches named after celebs. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ ROSE. Friendly, Italian people serving their native fare. Dry martinis head the favorite drink list. 109 W. 51st. Lo 3-8997.

★ RUSSIAN SKAZKA. Russian folk-dancing on Friday nights or Saturday afternoons. A Balalaika orchestra to background your Russian or American choices on the bill of fare. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Favorite of the sophisticates. Irving Conn’s orchestra in the p.m. alternating with Clemente’s rhumba band. Try the Savoy Room for a fancy breakfast. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.


★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. Fine food and drink while gazing out over Central Park. Quiet, dignified cocktail lounge. 5th Avenue at 59th. VO 5-2800.

★ STORK CLUB. Don’t let your meal grow cold while watching Billingsley and the celebs strut around. See and be seen. 3 E. 53rd. PL 3-1940.


★ VILLAGE BARN. Escape the minks and sables and the people in ’em. Pappy Below stages hill-billy games and square dancing. Food and drink are city-style though. 52 W. 8th. ST 9-8840.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. Morton Downey at the supper show—Emil Coleman and Misha Borr for dancing. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ ZODIAC ROOM. Read your horoscope on the walls. If you don’t care about the future enjoy the present with Julie Andre, Jack Vance and Ellis. Open at five for cocktails. 58th and Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-5900.
It's really too bad. No sooner are the last political signs hauled down or painted over after an election before the political pot starts to boil all over again. Then new signs go up, with the long-suffering public treated to a new set of earnest, hopeful faces on billboards and car cards. Yes, it's election time again in the Windy City—which makes our town windier than ever. Those cold winds blowing in from Canada over icy Lake Michigan are slightly tempered (only slightly, mind you) by the hot air rising from the throats of Republicans and Democrats.

This time they're really in an uproar. A mayor is to be elected, and after a long, long period Ed Kelly has at last decided that 1947 is a good time to step out of the City Hall. Of course, the resounding shellacking which his gang took in November may have something to do with the decision, but Ed says that at long last he must think of his health and his family. What is more, much to the chagrin of the boys in the back room of both parties, Ed Kelly's candidate is a real knight in shining armor—Martin Kennelly, long-time civic leader and outstanding Chicagoan, who should make the best mayor Chicago has seen in years.

Try as they may, Colonel McCormick and the Green Republican machine can't find anything bad to say about Mr. Kennelly. His character and background are impeccable. He has spear-headed community and Red Cross campaigns. So they just satisfy themselves by screaming that he's a Democrat and pray that will be enough. Old Ed Kelly seems to have pulled a switch calculated to confound the professional politicians in both parties. The Republicans will have a hard time beating Kennelly with their hand-picked, strictly Organization man, Root. However, if Mr. Kennelly wins, the Democratic machine politicians are likely to find that the good old days are gone forever.

It's interesting to note that the best known and most colorful Chicagoans never are tabbed for public office—unless it happens to be Honorary Deputy Coroner, or something equally safe. Chicagoans who are known from coast to coast are never chosen to run.

Take Ernie Byfield, for instance. Mr. Byfield is our foremost hotelman and caterer to the elegant way of life. He is by all odds the town's most outstanding "character." Also he is a wit whose widely quoted remarks could be counted upon to enliven any political campaign. In fact, most politicians with their strained oratory would have a tough time with Mr. Byfield in a verbal free-for-all. For example—

Byfield on entertaining returned war heroes: "Surround them with lots of pretty girls, put whisky on the table, and then retire to a safe distance."

Byfield on hotel food: "I am the only oldtimer in the swank restaurant business who didn't invent crepes suzettes."

Byfield on running a hotel in receivership during the late, unlamented depression: "The receivers considered me 'artistic'—which in banking circles is just one jump ahead of being a moron."

Ernie Byfield plays host to most of the great and near great at his Ambassador
Hotels and the long-famous Sherman House. His Pump Room, Buttery, and Panther Room feed and entertain thousands more. It's too bad in a way that he can't be drafted to apply his genius for running great hotels to pleasing the people of Chicago. After all, they've been taking a beating for years.

• • •

We are now embarked on a series of massive exhibitions which certainly can be counted upon to make everybody restless. First in line will be the Boat Show, followed by the Sportsmen’s Show, followed by the International Sport and Travel Show, followed by the just plain Travel Show.

By the time the first spring breezes arrive, the wanderlust around these parts will be pretty strong. These exhibitions feature ninety-nine or more good ways to spend your money in the great outdoors. There are also log-rolling contests and plenty of pretty models standing around shivering in skimpy bathing suits and play-clothes. The settings vary. Sometimes the girls loll on fake beaches. Sometimes they help prop up fake trees in sylvan settings. But always they shiver.

• • •

With a great pounding and hammering, subway construction has begun again in Chicago. This probably means that after another five years, Chicagoans and their visitors will be able to ride another three miles underground. This new civic project was of course begun with the usual im-
portant group of civic officials standing around holding shovels in self-conscious positions. There is also a lot of civic talk about unification of the street car, bus and

“L” lines—all now operated under separate managements. The average citizen continues to regard all this warily. He’s certain that no matter what happens he’ll still be in the middle—hanging on a strap.

If all this seems morose, please remember there are good things to come. Chicagoans seldom know in advance what the good things will be, but they always seem to show up. It’s that kind of a town.

• • •

Beauty note: The beauty contest season is almost upon us. No less than five “queens” will be picked during March and April. If all else fails, you can always see a beauty contest.

Safety note: The Greater Chicago Safety Council has made the interesting discovery that, safety-wise, a child’s worst enemy is its parents. We’re inclined to agree after watching a little scene on State Street the other afternoon. A mother tugging three small children along with her insisted on crossing the icy street against the traffic and was almost ground under cars, taxis and buses. The big Irish cop on the corner couldn’t bear to watch them. He had his hands up covering his eyes.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL
by MARION ODMARK

Class . . .

* BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Dorothy Dorben's motif for entertainment is the big top in show-fare, with music by Don McGrane and his orchestra.

* BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A wonderful spot for luncheon, dinner or supper to see the smart set in its spring finery.

* CAMELIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Typical Drake magnificence every way and a decided pet of the ultra discriminate.

* EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Most dramatic room in town and rich in tradition. Those wonderful Merriel Abbott revues are due to give way March 20th for a one-act name band policy. Current: Griff Williams and Dorothy Shay.

* GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Don't miss the amazing pianistics of Joe Vera and his orchestra nor the Wednesday fashion luncheons.

* IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton (Whi. 5301). Very New Yorkish for expensive luncheons and dinners—the interior is the divertissement.

* MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Delightful dancing girls, several quality acts, and persuasive dance music by Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

* MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Ramon Ramos and his orchestra are handsome bandstand fixtures and there's one star to shine twice a night.

* PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Rendezvous of the who's who, and especially elegant in decor sleekness and French service.

* RIP TIDE, 935 Rush St. Main attraction is a bar in the shape of a question mark... no need for punctuation when talking to your escort! Butch La Verde is the proprietor and is strictly a character to boot. His running mate is "Hunk" Conroy and the two delight in calling their customers "senator." Johnny the bartender doesn't know one drink from another but whatever you find in your glass, it's good. No food, but one of the chummiest drop-in spots in town.

* WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Gen. 0123). Dance to Joseph Sudy and his band and relax with a two-act little show—meantime gorging on good Bismarck food.

* YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Lavishly Russian in the imperial manner with gypsy tunes to flavor the evening—choice Russian cuisine.

Shows . . .

* Film star Tony Martin and the dusky warbler Pearl Bailey will be at CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 1454) till the end of the month... Frances Faye, the shocking chanteuse, will probably be the attraction at RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700)... Ted Lewis and his company remain at the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544)... Rudy Vallee is due in COPACABANA, State and Lake (Dea. 5151) any minute now... And all these spots have lavish support for their star performers. Reservations strongly recommended and early.

Ice Show . . .

* COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), has a lively revue on ice, the music of Ted Weems and his orchestra and dancing, too.

Food . . .

* Take your choice of any of the following restaurants, most of them self-explanatory by their names, and you won't go wrong in satisfying that inner man... DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 East Walton (Sup. 8812)... IVANHOE, 300 N. Clark (Gra. 2771)... OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892)... L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070)... SHANGRI-LA, 222 North State (Dea. 9733)... STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930)... IRELAND'S SEAFOOD HOUSE, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020)... KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868)... SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414).

Theatres . . .

* "HARVEY" is still at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Gen. 8240)... "SONG OF NORWAY" tilts on at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Gen. 8240)... "THREE TO MAKE READY" is at the Blackstone, 7th and Michigan (Har. 8880)... "BORN YESTERDAY" is at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459)... Better check with local newspapers for changes and newcomers.
The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. No specialty here because every dish you order tastes like a feature attraction. Dietitian W. W. Wormington operates one of the finest cafeterias in the country and has a wealth of experience in preparing fine food. Your first impression is always good because you see the snowy napkins and immaculate cutlery as you enter the door. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. The food is unusually prepared by a Czechoslovakian chef and he can do prime ribs of beef, turkey, lobster and anything else you might desire. One wonders what his two years of medical school might have to do with his present talents. And the pastries—ah! Max Bretton is a friendly, accommodating host. 1215 Baltimore. GR 8999.

★ GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Gus Fitch doesn't need his delicious steaks and chops to entice customers because most of them sit spellbound while listening to Joshua Johnson. Josh has the fastest left that ever punched a keyboard and his rhythm makes your joints jump—no kiddin'. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ IL PAGLIACCO. Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Ross' have been serving fine Italian fare for twenty-five years. Frank will see that you have a table or will lead you to the brightly decorated bar for a drink or two. Dave McClain caresses the keys while you drink or dine. 600 East 6th St. HA 8441.

★ KELLEHER'S MART CAFE. The guys in the Mart never bother to go downtown for lunch. They just hop the elevator to the ground floor. Smorgasbord in the evenings—load up and then order your entree from your table. If you can't find what you want on the menu, call the chef and have a little confab with him . . . You'll get your dish. Norman Turner plays quiet dinner music. Merchandise Mart. VI 6187.

★ PARK LANE DINING ROOM. A charming luncheon and dinner spot presided over by Edna Munday and her assistant, the gracious Mr. Benton. Three steps down into a foyer that resembles a large living room and then into a dining room done in soft, pastel white. Specializing in family dinners, it is an excellent place for bridges, teas and receptions. There is a lovely picture window just made for silhouetting the young bride. Luncheon from 11 to 2, dinner from 5 to 8, and meals from 11 to 8 Sundays. Reasonable prices. Park Lane Hotel on the Plaza. LO 3210.

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Brother! Those chicken dinners! Frank, a master chef for many years, prepares more than a quarter of a million of the barnyard fowl annually. At the Brush Creek place he features air-expressed sea food, fresh to you, and the chicken is scrumptious. High chairs for the kids when the family comes. Plate luncheons for 35 cents—with a beverage, too. Frank has private rooms for bridges and private parties. Drop in for a business luncheon or breakfast at the new place on 917 Grand. Brush Creek and Paseo. VA 9777.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. Lou Ventola will corner you and make you listen to the latest hit tunes on his portable play back. He'll let you play it while he darts over to play host to a party of ten or twelve who are contentedly consuming delicious steaks and a salad that is truly excellent . . . really, the food is simply terrific. Vince helps Lou and Patsy with the maitre de work and roly-poly Tony is the kind of bar man who makes you decide you'll stay for another. The place is swarming with good people who serve good food and good drink, garnished with friendliness. East end of 6th St. Trafficcyway. HA 8795.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. You'll be making up ditties to express your delight over the roast beef with a side order of French fried onions. Muzak provides music to talk by but the cheery conversation drowns it out most of the time. Jerry stands watch at the door and has your table picked out before you can say "howdy." 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.
★ SAVOY GRILL. A genial carry-over from days gone by. If you’re looking for bankers and business executives at noon time, you’ll find them gorging themselves on the Savoy’s pièce de résistance, lobster, or on other delightfully prepared sea food. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Sister to the Plaza Royale, this casually comfortable lounge stands on the site of the old Baltimore Hotel. Harry Newsstreet busily engages in hosting duties—he looks real busy, anyhow. And there’s always a roomful of people who come for food, drink and Zena and Zola’s Hammond tunes—positively electric-ifying. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ RENDEZVOUS. The right spot for the right people—minkish and camels’ hairish. Even the efficient, capable waiters do a little preening now and then. A long bar and little tables across the room. Dinner service at the wave of your hand. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 4100.

★ THE TROPICS. There are some who swear that Trader Vic did the decorations. At any rate, you don’t even have to wait for the first drink to take effect to feel that you’re somewhere in the South Seas. Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloudburst—with lightning, thunder and eerie music. The tropical offerings are smooth, and so’s the music. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. On one side you find a tiny round bar inhabited by two black-and-white bartenders—at least that’s the impression you get because they have dark hair and wear white jackets. They’re nimble behind the counter and that means you get your liquors in a hurry. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere with a sense of well-being and comfort. Soft seating across from the bar. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ BLUE HILLS. Eddie Cross has a new group of entertainers—The Kennedy Lee Trio with Bob and Jack. They make you think they’re squares but they’re really sharp as tacks. Between entertaining numbers by the trio, munch delicious barbecued dishes. A mighty fine dance floor and music continues from 6:30. Easy to find, too. Go to Troost and head south . . . can’t miss. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Charming Juliette makes her piano-solovox talk of love and romantic places far away. You have to shake your head to realize she’s right in the room with you. Owner D. T. Turner serves food along with his drink and excellent entertainment. And just to make certain you go away happy, they show old-time films above the bar. If you get bored on Sundays, go on over to the Broadway Interlude at midnight. 3735 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Good old Alma. We say that every month because she has grown into an institution. The Navy established a beachhead at the bar during the war and talked Alma into learning their ditties—or did she teach them to the Navy? Anyway, she can play anything you know, and that means anything. Dinner salads and steaks served between liberal portions of Alma’s music. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ CROSSROADS INN. Delicious chicken, barbecue, and a variety of sandwiches at pre-war prices. There are a host of attractions at this cleverly decorated English style inn. A bar, spacious dance floor, and the juke box jive add to an evening of food and fun. Swope Park car right to the door if you don’t feel like driving. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA 9699.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ CABANA. Gay Latins in black-and-gold mess jackets serve your drinks in a jiffy while WHB’s Alberta Bird renders the top ten on her Hammond. Hold hands with your lady and listen to Alberta. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 9020.

★ LA CANTINA. Tucked away down a flight of stairs from El Casbah, this charming room has a Mexican air. Brightly decorated and very gay, it’s also easy on your purse. Hotel Bellerive, Armour and Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Make a hit with a her. Take the lady to the Omar’s lush, plush surroundings. Or if you want to get away from it all, sit at the bar—girls aren’t allowed. A deck up are tables for two or three or—make it a party! Gene Moore does extraordinary things to the piano. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Horseshoe bar, efficient service and Mary Dale’s Hammond music background the South Side crowd’s favorite meeting place. You always seem to run into the gal or guy you knew at school. You can get in though, even if you didn’t go to school. 614 W. 48th LO 3393.
CROWN ROOM. Want a drink on Joe Nauser? Drop in from two to five in the afternoon. Joe’ll give you a free one every time the bell rings. Sip your drink and contemplate the life-size Varga girls that beckon from the walls. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

DUFFEY’S TAVERN. Joe Hamm has a nice barbecue pit but he’d much rather sing you a song. The place is big, noisy, a little untidy and lots of fun. Little Buck will sing for your supper or his—either way you want it. Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There’s a nostalgic quality about Eddie Harris and the rest of the songsters as they break into old favorites from time to time. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

LA FIESTA BALLROOM. Beautifully decorated with a brand new bandstand, you’ll always find the place full of genuine dance enthusiasts. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday at La Fiesta there’s an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter’s Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management. Old Time Matinee Dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

MARY’S. Name bands are a regular feature here. Thornhill and others of his class often stop for a night or two at Mary’s on their way across the country. The newly decorated dance mecca is now inside the city limits and observes the city closing laws. But that doesn’t mean you can’t have plenty of fun before 1:30 a.m. Mixed drinks are now available and there’s a new cocktail lounge, too. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

MILTON’S TAPOOM. Julia Lee is the reason Milt stays happy. She has “cut” for Decca at least a dozen times and every series is a national hit. Ask Julia why she doesn’t go to New York and the answer is, “I like it here!” We’re glad she likes it here because the gal plays one of the best pianos in the game. That throaty warble of hers lends just the right touch, too. Look at caricatures of celebs on the walls while sipping your rum ‘n’ coke. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

NEW ORLEANS ROOM. Dave Mitchell’s newest spot. It’s hidden away on Wyandotte but look and you can find it. The bar is long enough to skate on but dancing is more fun—to the strains of Howard Parker’s piano and band. The decor is a bit of N. O. and the drinks are southernly satisfying. Easy parking right next door. On Wyandotte, just north of 12th St. GR 9207.

PINK ELEPHANT. Small, cute and cozy. This diminutive cocktail room is filled with inebriated pachyderms of a pink hue. They dance and cavort above the bar. They seem to move after a couple of the stiff drinks they serve in there, anyway. Charlie Chaplin performs at one end of the room periodically. Talk to the guy next to you, or he’ll talk to you! Very friendly place. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th Street. GR 5310.

STUBB’S GILLHAM PLAZA. Stubb serves good barbecue and drinks but all people remember when they leave is Jeannie Leitt and her clever ditties. She is a born entertainer and displays all the tricks of the trade in a highly satisfactory manner. The girl is darn good. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Busiest place on the busiest corner in town. Eat your lunch and listen to the top ten by remote from the Cabana. Latest news accompanies your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

AIRPORT RESTAURANT. The Millemann-Gilbert trade mark is on the food. Hattie Carnegie and others are the trade marks attached to coats slung over the backs of chairs. This 24-hour-a-day restaurant is the air traveler’s hangout. “Connie” crew, air passengers and town people are all eager customers. You don’t need a pair of silver wings to get in here but the place is full of ’em. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA. The name belies the fare. It’s as varied as the hats at a style show. Kreplock to borscht—it’s all there. We
like the tall green water bottles because they do something to the water. We also like genial Martin Weiss and his helpers. They do a swell job of making you gastronomically happy. Waddle up the stairs to the El Bolero for an aperitif or, if you’re the manly type, a slug of rye. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway, VA 7040.

★ BARREL BUFFET. The Accuro brothers’ newly decorated bar and restaurant specializes in scrumptious barbecued ribs. A good-looking bar is set off by little wine kegs placed on a shelf above the barkeep’s noggin. Beef, pork and ham sandwiches are always on the menu but if you’re really hungry try one of those sizzling steaks! Not seen often these days is an immaculate, post-war stainless steel kitchen boasting the latest culinary gadgets. The place is air-conditioned, too. 12th & Central, GR 9400.

★ BILL’S LUNCH. A tiny diner hidden away at the corner of the Scarritt Building. Bill, Elaine, Martha and Linda—you, sometimes they all crowd behind the counter at the same time, greet you by name and even memorize your standing order. Coffee, burgers and chili, Scarritt Building.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A quiet, dignified dining room which is just the place for that Sunday, family dinner. Prices are very reasonable and the service is courteous and efficient. Try the Brookside next Sunday or on a week night, if you prefer. 54th & Brookside, HI 4100.

★ DIERK’S TAVERN. A cozy spot tucked in the side of a big stone building on 10th Street. Yvonne Morgan plays on her piano and also on your heart strings. The noon day luncheons are a treat to tummy and purse. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant cocktail lounge and restaurant on the Brookside Plaza. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th Street, VI 4352.

★ GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE. Glenn will show you the daily invoices to prove that his sea food is absolutely fresh. You don’t need the proof because it’s in the eating. The already immaculate place just got a new coat of paint and they’re open again for business. They’re just as popular on the days of the week as they are on Fridays, and you can have your oyster stew any way you want it—milk, half-and-half, or all cream! Scarritt Arcade, HA 9176.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. It’s hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmmm—those meatballs and spaghetti! Hie yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It’s a cinch you won’t leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore, HA 8861.

★ BISMARK BAR AND GRILL. You’ll be right at home if you’re a lawyer, real estate man, banker or radio announcer. Those guys are all over the place. They’re choosy about their food, too, and Kimber sees to it that they get the best. 9th & Walnut, GR 2680.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Hotel fare at its finest. No waiting and no frills—just good food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore, GR 1400.

★ NU-WAY DRIVE INS. Reasonable prices and the best darned sandwiches in Kansas City. The biggest headache connected with drive-ins is the curb service. No headache at the Nu-Ways though, because those car hops are really on the job! They’re not fast—they’re actually atomic. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ POOR MAN’S KANSAS CITY CLUB. George Coleman and Stan McCollum, assisted by a mighty fine chef named Eddie, operate a cute little place on the northwest corner of 11th and Wyandotte. Former field artilleryman McCollum has a rare dish called “Filet of New Deal” consisting of two aspirins and coffee! They have an authentic mahogany bar salvaged from the 1904 World’s Fair.

★ STRoud’S. Helen Stroud is the prettiest restaurant owner in town. She and Brother Roy are full of fun and the chicken is excellent. Roy is strictly a character...he has the little drawlers behind the bar filled with lighter fluid, pliers and anything else you might need. Don’t let that ugly old viaduct cause you to miss the place out on 85th and Troost. JA 9500.

★ UNITY INN. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, the restaurant is a vegetarian’s delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meal in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads are delicious. 901 Tracy, WI 8720.

To See and Be Seen...

★ EL CASBAH. Suave, continental Rene’ meets you at the door. Somehow he sets the tone of this smart room that features the polished music of Bill Snyder and drink-mixing deftness of head barman Tony Cordero. There’s no cover nor minimum, even at the Saturday afternoon dance, when luncheons are as low as 65 cents. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ DRUM ROOM. A big red drum marks the entrance but we always have more fun going through the hotel lobby because of those doors—they open at the flick of an electric eye. There’s a circular bar presided over by Harding and Gordon. Down a flight of steps is Bea Vera’s music and Winhold Reiss’ murals. One buck minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Dee Peterson continues to draw the crowds with his dinner and dancing music and host Johnny Franklin provides the kind of service that makes you want to come back. The right place for a polite, pleasant evening. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Sophisticated, aristocratic, and beautifully decorated. Bill Bardo’s music and the attentions of Gordon to make your evening complete. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Filled with rail travelers, but that doesn’t mean Kansas Citians haven’t found out about the delightful cocktail lounge and restaurant. Pioneer murals by Mildred Heire and strong drinks by Joe, Danny and Andy. The adjoining restaurant needs no description—it’s Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.

Answers to College Quiz

1. h. 6. g.
2. d. 7. b.
3. j. 8. e.
4. c. 9. a.
5. f. 10. i.
Let's Face Figures!

Sales are up. In the past year, wholesale and retail sales in the Kansas City Marketland area showed these increases over 1945:

Retail lumber... 22%
Retail goods...... 26%
Wholesale products ...... 28%
Life insurance.... 52%
New buildings.. 80%
New residences... 273%

HANG ONTO YOUR HAT!

That big March wind is blowing good news from Marketland. Even the bonnetsnatching breezes won't lift your lid any faster than a glance at last year's sales records for the Kansas City area. On every item, sales show an increase ranging from 22 to 273 percent. There's money in Marketland, and a tremendous buying potential! That's why wise advertisers are swinging to WHB in Kansas City. They know that Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station effectively reaches the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar! . . . And here's more good news: this spring WHB will commence full-time operation on 710 kilocycles with 5000 watts power, continuing to serve both buyer and seller to best advantage. Air your message on WHB, and watch sales figures soar like kites on the golden winds of spring!

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

SAN FRANCISCO
Sutter 1393
LOS ANGELES
Michigan 6203

NEW YORK
CHICAGO
LOngacre 3-1926 ANDover 5448

Represented By
ADAM YOUNG, Inc.
PROGRAM of the Sweeney Automobile School

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 15, 1922

At 8 O’Clock

The Artists Appearing in Recital in Program Are:

Mrs. Ralph W. Street, Violinist
Mrs. Wm. E. Lyons, Pianist
Mr. George M. Nieder, Accompanist
Miss Mary McQueen, Soprano
Daniel Whitten, Tenor Soloist
Paul Tremaine, Tenor Soloist
Wm. E. Lyons, Soprano
Mrs. Ralph W. Street, Violinist
Mrs. Esther W. Darnall, Contralto
Mrs. George M. Rider, Accompanist
Mr. Rodent McOneeny, Tenor
Miss Mar) McQueena, Pianist
Daniel Wb Miner, Cornet Soloist
Paul Tremaine, Saxophone Soloist
Ken Werner, Cornet Soloist
Nicholas Mwoliaa, Trombone Soloist
Louis Forbstein, Director Sweeney Orchestra

Our recital is the finest made in America.

PRINCIPAL ADDRESSES

MAYOR FRANK CROMWELL

Home at W. H. B. The Station Office Sweeney Auto Club, Where Plates may have been leased or an address.

Sweeney Radio Phones and Loud Talkers Will Be Used Tonight in the Following Parks

Swope Park, Shelter House and Dance Pavilion

Penn Valley Park

15th and Benton

Budd Park

Troost Park

Parade Holmes Square Observation Park

Mayor Cromwell’s Address on Civic Pride Will Be the Feature of the Evening

This full-page advertisement in the Kansas City Star, August 15, 1922, heralded WHB as the finest and best equipped radio broadcasting station in America. The program—heard over “loud talkers” in the public parks—was given “as an educational demonstration of what can be heard by radio.”
foreword for April . . .

You open a book and the print starts up like starlings out of the grass. You reach for a pencil and find you’ve a radish and four sprigs of wild verbena for a hand. When you put on your shoes, a wing gets in the way. In the streets crowded with noon you wander lonely and ecstatic, over the dissonance of traffic hearing the willow buds open. Bending your head into the wind, you curse the rain, and your words bounce off and fall into a puddle, splashing you with jewels and mud. Then the sun explodes and the words curl up like petals and blow away. The world is a glass ball tumbling in space with you inside pell-mell with rainbows and apple trees. Your soul takes off its long underwear and catches cold and you sneeze and the miracle happens—any old miracle—your own private miracle. And you’re agog with a strange emotion. It has a specific name. They call it April.

April . . . and things are young again with a special bursting sort of youngness that seems it must go on forever. We know a radio station like that. It was born on an April twenty-five years ago, and its heart is a red kite on a high wind. Spring courses through the veins of it to defy stuffiness as belligerently as a schoolboy with mud on his knicker knees and a favorite taw clutched in his fist.

No private miracle, this. WHB belongs to the people it serves. That’s why we’ve devoted the pages that follow to telling everyone about the station that is definitely April.

Jetta

Editor.
APRIL'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Concerts: April 11, Walter Cook, pianist; April 27, Faith France, pianist; April 13, A Cappella Choir of University of Kansas City, directed by Wynn York.
Exhibitions: One-man shows by six California artists — Phil Dike, Richard Haines, Clarence Hinkle, Rico Lebrun, Dan Lutz, Jack Gage Stark.
Masterpiece of the Month: "Dancing Children by Antoine Le Nain (1588-1648).

Drama
(Music Hall)
Apr. 15-20, Oklahoma!

Music
(Music Hall)
Apr. 12, Barbershop Quartets (Matinee Apr. 13).
Apr. 21, Jessica Dragonette.

Special Events
Apr. 6, Christian Science lecture. Music Hall.
Apr. 18, R.O.T.C. Military Circus. Municipal Auditorium.

Conventions
Apr. 9-10, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 9-11, Missouri Baptist Women's Missionary Union, Auditorium.
Apr. 9-11, Missouri Optometric Association, Hotel Muehlebach.
Apr. 11-12, Missouri Laundry Owners Association.
Apr. 14-16, National Association of Broadcasters, Hotel Muehlebach.
Apr. 16-18, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 17-19, Missouri Federation of Music Clubs, Hotel President.
Apr. 19, Delta Delta Delta Sorority.
Apr. 20-21, Midwest International Trade Institute, Hotel Muehlebach.
Apr. 20-22, Missouri Association of Municipal Utilities and Missouri Association of Municipal Suppliers, Hotel Continental.
Apr. 23-25, Midwest Hospital Association, Auditorium.
Apr. 27-29, Missouri-Kansas Bakers Association, Hotel President.
Apr. 30, National Scale Men's Association, Hotel President.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, American Association. All home games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
Apr. 16, 17, 18, St. Paul.
Apr. 19, 20, Minneapolis.
Apr. 26, 27, Milwaukee.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost. Clifford and Tressman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

Dancing
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday.
Apr. 15, Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra.

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Printed in U. S. A.
Dear Listener:

This is a very special month and a very special year for WHB. The station with Kansas City’s oldest call letters is celebrating its twenty-fifth birthday.

As we complete this quarter-century of service, excuse us if we point with pride to the entertainers, writers, announcers, salesmen, technicians, and executives on our staff who have made this service possible; to the Cook Paint and Varnish Company who financed it; as well as to the many others who have been with us for various periods through the years, and have gone to larger opportunities in broadcasting.

A radio station is people in action. If they are interesting, so is the station. By implementing our experience and knowledge of showmanship with fresh personalities and new ideas, we have succeeded in making WHB Kansas City’s dominant daytime station. We pledge a continuing endeavor to maintain that dominance.

Part of the purpose of this special issue is to acquaint you with a birthday present we received from the Federal Communications Commission. In a way, it is also a present to all of you who turn each day to WHB for news, educational features and entertainment of a high calibre.

We have been granted permission to increase our power, to operate on a better frequency, and to broadcast full-time! Facilities are now being installed as rapidly as possible. When they are completed, probably in June or July, you will find WHB at a new place on your dial—710. And we won’t go off the air at sunset! We’ll be with you night and day, bringing you Mutual network shows and bright, new programs which we will produce especially for the enjoyment of radio listeners in the Kansas City Marketland.

Thank you for your letters of congratulation. And remember WHB—5000 watts, night and day, at 710 on your dial!

Cordially,

[Signature]

President, WHB Broadcasting Company
WHAT I THINK ABOUT Radio

I live in a window sized world, forced to be in bed month after month. My radio is my life. With the turn of a dial I know the weather outside . . . the latest news. I hear great artists perform in music and drama. I dance mentally to the discs of popular records. I get free information and advice from doctors, scientists, industrialists, and travelers. I silently offer my prayer with the clergyman who brings the church into my room. I take sides on round table discussions . . . argue on political questions . . . continue my education in subjects I never would have pursued otherwise. I listen to the laughter and am amused at the jokes and antics on the comedy shows. I learn what to eat, and how to prepare it . . . what to buy and where to buy it. I clap hands with the thousands who cheer a winning team. I guess with the contestants on word and song programs. Mysteries needle my thoughts. When pain is almost overpowering, I fight harder as I listen to my radio . . . Yes, radio is my life!

To WHB, the management and staff, I offer my sincere gratitude for your contribution to my health and to my happiness. Thank you!

Mrs. Anna Nafe

The letter reproduced above won its author a Motorola table model radio in a competition sponsored by the Association of Women Directors of the National Association of Broadcasters. It was judged the best submitted from the Kansas City district during National Radio Week.

Mrs. Ann Nafe is the former president of a national corporation, and was at one time international field executive for Beta Sigma Phi, business women's sorority. She suffered two heart attacks and was confined to her bed for nearly a year, during which period her doctor did not allow her to touch a typewriter—except for the purpose of writing her prize-winning letter. Mrs. Nafe is up again now, looking and feeling very well, still enjoying her radio.
When WHB's two pioneers—John T. Schilling and Henry E. Goldenberg, together with Sam Adair—built the transmitter for the radio station with Kansas City's oldest call letters, they didn't know they were making history. Back in 1922, broadcasting was considered a hobby—an interesting "experiment"—but few people realized it would become the greatest means of communication known to mankind. And, as for owning a radio station, it was an expensive proposition with no financial return! Few people, if any, visualized the broadcasting and radio industry as it is today.

Early in 1922, when Mr. Emory J. Sweeney decided to put a radio station on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Automotive and Electrical School, he wasn't looking for a new enterprise. He merely wanted to use a new means of communication to promote good will for the Sweeney School by giving the people something "different." And radio was it!

The 250-watt composite transmitter was ready by April, 1922, and WHB went on the air with J. T. Schilling as general manager and Henry E. Goldenberg as chief engineer—the same positions they hold today.

By August of the same year, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter had replaced the earlier, homemade one and WHB was the finest and best equipped radio station in America — and probably the most elaborate! Its acoustically treated, sound-proof studio was large enough to accommodate a fifty piece orchestra with room to spare. Furnished in Italian Renaissance style, the walls were covered with red velvet and the ceiling was gray. The reception room was equally elaborate, furnished with wicker furniture and Japanese lanterns hung from the ceiling!

Though WHB was built to serve as an advertising medium and goodwill ambassador for the Sweeney School, there were no radio "commercials" as we know them today. The first program that even approached radio commercialism didn't take place until 1923 and it was far
different from one of today's commercial shows.

Mr. Sweeney had a real estate tract called "Indian Village," located just outside the southern limits of Kansas City. WHB originated two programs daily by remote-control from the development. Nothing was mentioned about the lots to be sold or the prices asked, but the radio listeners were invited to come out to see and hear a broadcast. Thousands came each night, as well as several hundred each afternoon, and from that point, the salesmen did the rest! Within a year's time, nearly three-fourths of the lots were sold. This turned out to be one of the earliest known uses of broadcasting for commercial purposes.

A distinctive note on all broadcasts from the Sweeney School was the use of siren at the opening and close of all broadcasting schedules. Its shrill noise became a familiar signal all over the United States.

In 1922, every state in the United States, Canada, Mexico, many points in South America, Hawaiian Islands, Samoa and far-off New Zealand had reported hearing the station.

An amusing incident in connection with the siren occurred in 1926. An ardent WHB listener in one of the downtown hotels had his radio turned on so loud that when the WHB siren was heard, the other occupants of the hotel thought there was a fire. There was quite a bit of confusion before they found out differently.

From the very first, diversity of programs was one of the big features of the Sweeney School radiocasting station. They covered the demand for information, instruction, and entertainment.

The morning hours of the broadcast day were devoted to market news. Livestock, butter, egg, fruit and vegetable market quotations came directly over private wire from the Bureau of Agricultural Economics in the Live Stock Exchange Building. News about weather, roads and precipitation came from the United States Weather Bureau, financial information from the Commerce Trust Company and time signals from Postal Telegraph.

But though these services appealed to many, Mr. Sweeney was the first broadcasting pioneer to realize the necessity of outstanding entertainment programs to build up a radio audience. In August of 1922, he employed an eight-piece staff orchestra under the direction of Louis Forbstein. The orchestra made its initial appearance on August 15. So that
everyone could hear the broadcast, a Sweeney radiophone and loudspeaker was installed in each park in Kansas City. This first concert was described as "an educational demonstration of what can be heard on the radio." During the next three or four years, the orchestra was featured on two or three shows daily.

One of WHB's first musical programs was the Ladies' Hour, heard each afternoon at 2:30. It featured both popular and classical music and was announced by WHB's head announcer and general manager, John T. Schilling.

Three nights a week on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, WHB presented either a popular concert or an educational program. In the earliest days, stations seldom broadcast more than four or five hours out of the day. These were intermittent broadcasts, ranging in length from five-minute market reports to full hour shows, consisting of music for the most part. Continuous broadcasting such as we now have was simply unknown.

Today, Sundays and holidays call for a concentration of the best available talent; but in the early days, they were an occasion to knock off for the day. Saturday night was always silent.

When President Warren G. Harding died in 1923, WHB remained silent the entire day of August 10th in respect to his memory. This is quite a contrast to the radio coverage of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's death in April of 1945. President Roosevelt died on Thursday afternoon, April 12th, and for the follow-

ing three days, all commercial shows were cancelled. Every detail from the time of his death in Warm Springs, Georgia, to his burial at Hyde Park, New York, was relayed via the airwaves. Appropriate music, interviews with prominent persons, biographical sketches and news bulletins replaced the regular shows. Even the funeral ceremonies at the White House were broadcast.

Thinking of the battles over frequencies which mark present-day broadcasting, it's interesting to note that WHB originally had two frequencies, or rather, as designated their two wave-lengths. The market reports were broadcast on 485 meters, music and entertainment features on 360 meters. Since this first assignment, WHB has operated on no fewer than ten frequencies over a period of twenty-five years. The station once operated on 710 kilocycles for about three weeks—then was moved because of interference with other stations. This is interesting to note in view of the fact that WHB has been assigned the 710 frequency for full-time operation as soon as its new transmitter, now under con-
struction, is ready. Modern technical developments in "directional" transmission make possible duplicate use of the 710 frequency by stations in such widely spaced locations as New York, Kansas City, and Seattle.

In 1923, WHB gained nation-wide comment with America's first all-night broadcast. The station was on the air for twelve hours and twenty minutes, and the program included music by Ted Lewis and his orchestra. Newspapers and magazines heralded the achievement. Some even weakly prophesied that someday broadcasting stations might stay on the air indefinitely!

WHB broadcast its second all-night program in 1924 in celebration of its second anniversary. The program started at 7:00 p.m. on Sunday, March 23rd, and lasted till 8:35 the following morning, at that time the longest period of continuous broadcasting ever undertaken by any station—more than 13 hours!

Over 500 persons took part in the program which was heard in most parts of the world. It consisted of every possible type of entertainment; educational and humorous talks, religious songs, church services, instrumental music, popular songs, and jazz.

The program involved the use of 10 different points of broadcast origination—10 remote-control points, which was quite an accomplishment at that time. Today, WHB naturally has many remote amplifiers; but in 1923, the station equipment boasted only one. This meant that Goldie, the chief engineer, had to dash through the night from one point to another carrying his microphone and amplifier with him!

In broadcasting’s earlier years, stations had what they called “stunt nights.” An original stunt was for WHB to pick up out-of-town stations on a good receiver and rebroadcast the program from the WHB transmitter, thus enabling crystal-set listeners to hear distant stations. In those days, comparatively few listeners had “tube” receivers which could pick up distant stations.

There were few regulations to hinder the stations; and, in the early years, radio was just lots of fun for everybody concerned. The fact that there was no way to pay for its keep didn’t seem to bother its backers, nor performers. Then, after the novelty of broadcasting wore off, the station employees and entertainers insisted on being paid for their talents . . . and commercialism in radio became necessary.

WHB approached its third year of broadcasting, and already Mr. Sweeney had spent $100,000 developing the station. He had paid the staff orchestra thousands from his own pocket, and he began to realize a definite, dependable system of financing was necessary.

George Hamilton Stone, general manager of the Sweeney School and director of WHB, devised a finance plan that was as ingenious then as it seems fantastic now. It was a subscription plan known as the “Invisible Theatre.”

Tickets were issued and sold voluntarily to the radio listeners. The tickets ranged in price from $1.00 for gallery seats to $10.00 for box
seats. Each ticket showed the section, row, and seat number in the "Invisible Theatre" to which the buyer was theoretically entitled. The purchase of any seat entitled the subscriber to receive a weekly program scheduled by mail during the first year, and a copy of The Microphone, official monthly paper of the "Invisible Theatre." The money thus contributed was used for obtaining singers, musicians, and public speakers.

As Mr. Stone pointed out, spectators expect to pay for seats in the theatre, so why shouldn't listeners pay for entertainment over the air? By their requests, they dictate what shall be given on the programs; so, by rights, they should pay part of the bills.

Returns to the "Invisible Theatre" were surprisingly good, but such a plan would hardly foot the bill for modern radio. It is fortunate that advertising came along to sign on the dotted line, for without it, not even the most advanced technical equipment could have kept the American public entertained and the American system of commercial radio alive.

One of the first big radio meetings in the country took place in Kansas City in 1925. It was the idea of Leo J. Fitzpatrick, then manager of WDAF. He invited thousands to participate in Kansas City's "Radio and Electrical Show" held at Convention Hall during the week of March 2nd. A special plate-glass studio was set up in Convention Hall, and these "Crystal Studio" broadcasts, as they were called, gained national fame.

Over 100,000 people went to see and hear such famous radio personalities of the day as Harold Hough, the Hired Hand from WBAP, Fort Worth; Bill Hay of KFKX, Hastings, Nebraska; George Hay, the "Solemn Old Judge" of WLS, Chicago; Lambdin Kay of WSB, Atlanta ("Covers Dixie Like the Dew"); Gene Rouse, WOAW, Omaha; Fitzpatrick himself; and John Schilling, WHB's "golden-voiced" announcer.

Radio history was made on April 30, 1925, when Kansas City was the source of a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. The main portion of the program, which was in celebration of the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Long-Bell Lumber Company, was given over WHB from the home of M. B. Nelson in Kansas City. The program was fed to WFAA, Dallas, Texas; KGO, Oakland, California; and KGW, Portland, Oregon. During the program, circuits were reversed and Portland served as the origination point. This was probably the first instance in American radio where broadcasting circuits were reversed
for transmission in the opposite direction.

The years 1925 to 1929 saw WHB become known as the place “where headliners begin.” Its reputation for being a training ground for radio talent was well founded as the station launched entertainers after entertainer.

And then, when the Sweeney fortunes ran into difficulty, WHB’s pioneer air rights and full time license were revoked. For two months, WHB was off the air while its leaders fought to keep its license. In January, 1930, the studios moved to two small rooms in the Baltimore Hotel.

It was at this time that Charles R. Cook, president of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, decided to buy WHB and make it a Cook subsidiary corporation. Cook particularly liked to hear one of the Cook Painter Boys, burly John Wahlstedt, who had picked up the title of the “Cook Tenor” back in 1929 when the Cook Painter Boys broadcast from WDAF in a weekly program.

Equipment of a more recent design and greater power was purchased. A 1,000-watt crystal controlled transmitter was installed, although the station was allowed to operate on 500-watts only. Located just one-half mile south of the Cook factory in North Kansas City, the new transmitter was on the air within one month’s time. The towers were mounted on specially designed bases in order to be completely insulated from the ground, assuring the station would be heard in all directions at the same volume. At the same time, the new owner applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to use 1,000-watts power.

The entertainment and service features were also expanded and improved. In the summer of 1930, a new program idea was developed. Listeners, it was reasoned, might go for a show that was informal and unplanned, a general get-together of artists for entertainment purposes only. Norvell Slater and Les Jarvies, announcers, went to work on the idea, and the result was the WHB Staff Frolic. The first Staff Frolic was announced by Norvell Slater, who continued to emcee the show for a long while. Slater saw many young artists make their airwave debuts on the program, and go on to national prominence.

Later, there were the Ben Bernie Staff Frolics, presided over by the Old Maestro himself. Then the Frolics conducted by Dr. Pratt, and a stormy session during which Al Pearce and his gang took over the reins. Guest stars by the dozens joined WHB artists on the program, and WHB’s own large talent staff provided ample variety! The Staff Frolic was a program that didn’t go through long ses-
sion of rehearsals. Informality was the theme!

It was just as much fun for the artists as for the listeners—and judging by the fan mail, the listeners loved it! When discontinued some years ago, it had broadcast more than 4000 consecutive daily programs.

As the station grew, it became an important part of the Cook organization. The paint company sponsored two programs daily, and the hundreds of letters received each week attested the popularity of the shows. In those days, a quarter-hour transcribed program consisted of three five-minute discs, instead of one fifteen-minute platter as at present.

Several of the regularly-broadcast programs were not only entertaining, but informative and educational as well. These vied in popularity with the strictly entertainment features.

But about a year and a half after the Cook Paint and Varnish Company bought the station, its owners began to realize that programs needed to be improved further, and that a few “commercial sponsors” other than Cook’s might be helpful in paying the bills!

If you had been in Kansas City on May 4, 1931, you might have observed a young and smiling agency account executive emerging from the University Club after luncheon with Charles R. Cook and John F. Cash, of the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. Don Davis had just been made president of the WHB Broadcasting Co.

As a partner in Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Whalen Inc., Davis handled the Cook Paint and Varnish Co. account. Cook’s wanted an advertising man to run WHB—and Davis was selected because since 1927 he had been experimenting with radio advertising.

His agency had The Cook Painter Boys on WDAF, with John Wahlstedt (still a WHB staff member) as “The Cook Tenor.” Davis was writing European travelogues for The Travel Guild of Chicago, broadcast by Bill Hay on WMAQ when that station had its studios in Chicago’s LaSalle Hotel. For Loose-Wiles candy bars, Davis had recorded in Hollywood one of the earliest transcription campaigns, with dance music by Earl Burtnett’s Orchestra and songs by the Burtnett Trio and Jess Kirkpatrick. And, for Bird’s Drugs of Kansas City, Davis had an act on KMBC known as The Easy Aces.

“I thought I knew all the answers then,” says Davis, “but in 1947, sixteen years later, I’m not so sure. At least, however, I’ve assembled a long list of things that I know won’t work—and that’s a help when it comes to eliminating ideas that are unfit.”

Meanwhile, the WHB staff grew from 12 to 50, and through the years it developed a group of artists and writers now nationally known; Louise Wilcher, CBS organist in New York; Jimmy Atkins, of the Fred Waring show; the “Three Little Words,” with Phil Spitalny; Jess Kirkpatrick of WGN; Count Basie, whose Harlem Harmonies were a WHB feature for two years; Harl Smith’s Sun Valley
Lodge orchestra; and the late W. G. Moore, Royal Air Force flier in World War I and a U. S. Army Air Force captain, who wrote *The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen* and *Howie Wing*. Davis was Moore's personal manager.

As an advertising man, Davis has always been interested in show business—from his boyhood days in Downs, Kansas, where he was born Nov. 29, 1896, and where he used to letter signs for the local "picture show" and play trap drums in the theatre pit. Those were the days of silent movies, when a pianist and a drummer provided "mood music." At Kansas University he took his A.B. in journalism, was editor of the *Daily Kansan*, publisher of the *Sour Owl* humor magazine and business manager of the senior annual, *The 1918 Jayhawker*. As business manager of the University "Soph Hop" in 1916, he produced an elaborate floor show when "floor" shows were something quite new and novel. And as an earnest civic worker in Kansas City today, he still leaps into action on community events with a theatrical angle, such as the President's Birthday Ball and the American Royal Coronation Ball.

Davis' hobbies are music, dancing, the drama, travel, reading, drumming, and aviation. He is a member of the Mayor's Aviation Advisory Board, a trustee of the Kansas City Philharmonic, a director of the Kansas City Safety Council. He belongs to Mission Hills Country Club, the Kansas City Club, the Mercury Club, the Conquistadores del Cielo of New Mexico, the Radio Executives Club of New York, the Chicago Radio Management Club, the Tavern Club, the Chicago Athletic Club, and the Wine & Food Society of Chicago and of Kansas City. He is a Phi Gamma Delta, Sigma Delta Chi, and a Phi Beta Kappa. He loves travel and knows his way pretty thoroughly around the United States, Canada, Mexico, Bermuda, Cuba, and Europe. He has written two books, *Manual of College Annual Management* and *Collegians Abroad*.

Though Don Davis is best known as WHB's rambling representative, he is still responsible, along with station manager John T. Schilling, for the ingenious programming schedule of Station WHB.

Davis added feature after feature to the station's schedule. In the summer of 1931, the *Musical Clock* was launched. In February, '32, "The Weatherman in Person" broadcasts were begun, the first such service of its kind on the air. The Northside Municipal Court broadcasts were begun in the same year, a program later imitated in some 26 cities. The "Cook Tenor" moved from WDAF to WHB in June of '32.
And in the summer of 1932, WHB moved into its Penthouse Studios on the twelfth floor of the Scarritt Building. By April, 1934, WHB had copped the second place Variety showmanship award, and by October of the same year, it had moved into first place.

In 1935, its application for 1,000-watts was approved and WHB doubled its power. In 1936, WHB received the Variety Showmanship Award for the best part-time station in the country.

The station was one of the first to adopt a "clean programming" policy, voluntary censorship of products and services advertised. It further provided that there would be good taste in all radio programs; honest, truthful advertising with no false or unwarranted claims; and brief and skillful commercial announcements.

When the Mutual network expanded from coast to coast in December of 1936, WHB became its Kansas City outlet, bringing new program thrills to its many listeners.

And then—in 1937—WHB dusted off its fifteenth milestone and its executives went all out with promotion for the station. Its fifteenth anniversary celebration was the biggest publicity campaign ever attempted by any single station.

Downtown streets and stores were decorated with flags, bunting, and streamers. There were balloon ascensions daily, with prizes attached! The public was informed about the anniversary with daily full-page or double-page ads in the Kansas City Journal-Post. Advertisers received direct mail promotion.

Throughout the week, there were special broadcasts and stunts, aired over WHB. The Mutual network saluted WHB on a schedule of sustaining shows. Between each program, there was a brief spot announcement, reminding listeners, "This is WHB, a fifteen-year-old friend of yours."

John T. Schilling left his general manager's desk, stepped back into the role of announcer and interviewed WHB's founder, Mr. Emory J. Sweeney.

Everyone was talking about the week of events; but the climax of the celebration took place on Saturday, June 5th, in the Municipal Auditorium. It was a grand birthday ball with fifteen thousand people jammed into the auditorium, and many others turned away. A 44-piece orchestra directed by Sol Bobrov furnished music for the dancers; and a full stage production provided entertainment for everyone. Mutual carried a half-hour show from the auditorium, the first coast-to-coast broadcast to originate from there.

Yes, WHB was proud of its fifteen years of achievement! It was proud of its innumerable "firsts" in the broadcasting field... proud that it had overcome obstacles to become Kansas City's dominant daytime station... and proud of its personnel and its interesting program schedule.

In 1937, it inaugurated the Christmas Cupboard Party. In 1938, it helped fight infantile paralysis with a celebration of the President's birthday, producing a musical extravaganza entitled Strike Up the Band, starring Ray Perkins. In that
same year, it started its *Vine Street Varieties*, an all-Negro radio hour, broadcast each Saturday from the Lincoln Theatre. It featured the best Negro bands and all-colored talent: singers, dancers and musicians.

But this was only the beginning!

**SOMETHING** new in the way of equipment was added in 1939, when the “Magic Carpet” was built, a 100-watt mobile short-wave relay transmitter. In June of the same year, WHB established its own News bureau. Previous to this, newscasts had been given from the *Journal-Post*.

In 1940, over the muffled drumbeats of approaching war, the airplanes were crowded with the voices of F. D. R., Wendell Willkie, Secretary Hull, Thomas Dewey, and a man who was waging a hot fight in the primary for nomination for the Senate—Harry Truman. The Kansas State Network was organized, with WHB as key station, and outlets in Emporia, Great Bend, Salina, and Wichita. On November 4, the first broadcast of *Martha Logan’s Kitchen*, with Swift and Company as sponsor, took place. This program has been on the air continuously since its origination.

A new Western Electric “Doherty” high fidelity transmitter was installed in 1941, and the station became a subscriber to the Associated Music Library, one of the world’s great sources of transcribed music. As a stunt for the annual “Clean Up, Paint Up, Fix Up” Week, WHB broadcast a “world’s record house painting” by 114 painters who completely painted the outside of a 55-
a war bond show, and the Staff Frolic—with orchestra, singers, and interviews—was staged daily at the Kansas City Canteen. In the Jones Store Victory Window, WHB helped sell more than a million dollars’ worth of bonds. Then, on November 8, the invasion of Africa began!

The frenzied tempo of a nation in its second year of war was reflected in the constant stream of broadcasts for morale building, gas rationing, conservation of tin cans and rags, support for the USO, war industry training, squelching of rumors, labor recruiting, victory gardens, housing information, price control, air raid blackouts . . . a hectic year indeed! Typical of the whole year’s service was the eighteen solid hours of war bond selling which was a one-day service by WHB on April 12th, 1943. September saw the introduction of the station’s promotion campaign “The Swing Is To WHB In Kansas City.”

War Loan drives came fast in 1944, the fourth in January, the fifth in June, the sixth in November. For each of them, WHB staged mammoth publicity campaigns. In the fifth loan campaign, the Magic Carpet was lashed to a Darby LCT, and rode down the ways with the ship. Other war effort broadcasts included the Red Cross fund-raising campaign, and a weekly series called Front and Center, originated to the Kansas State Network to emphasize the most urgent needs of the war effort.

For the Citizens’ Manpower Committee, a campaign sought applicants for jobs in Kansas City war plants. To stimulate blood donor recruiting at the Red Cross, WHB announced every hour on the hour the number of donors still needed to fill that day’s quota—and made the quotas every day! In October, the Firepower Caravan was broadcast to recruit ordnance plant workers, and the annual War Chest Drive was a special events feature.

To help servicemen’s recreational funds, the station broadcast an all-star golf game from Hillcrest for the benefit of the “All Pacific Fund.”

In addition to D-Day on June 6, and the tremendous job done by radio in war reporting, 1944 is remembered for the death of Raymond Clapper, after which WHB originated Roy Roberts of The Kansas City Star to Mutual, in a “tribute” program. This year, too, the WHB “Swing” campaign gained momentum, with ads in the trade press and a monthly blotter mailing to advertisers and their agencies.

For the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, Jack Wilcher, WHB alumnus, produced in New York and Hollywood an outstanding series of minute transcriptions. It was a busy year!
V-E Day in May and V-J Day in August of 1945 were occasions for world-wide celebration, and radio
never performed a better coverage job! In Kansas City, the death of
President Roosevelt on April 12 was
an event of double significance be-
cause of the elevation of Truman to
the Presidency. The following day,
WHB originated to Mutual a special
Truman home-town program, inter-
viewing his old neighbors, associates,
and friends.

Parades and celebrations for war
heroes brought such men as General
George C. Marshall, General Dwight
D. Eisenhower, General Jonathan M.
Wainwright, Lt. General Ennis C.
Whitehead, and others before the
WHB Microphone.

In community service, WHB broad-
cast for the Seventh War Loan from
the B'nai B'rith Bond Booth, chalk-
ing up a total of over ten million
dollars in bond sales. WHB's John
Schilling staged the annual show for
the Infantile Paralysis Campaign.
Don Davis, "The Sage of Swing," was the subject of an article in Tide
—indicating the continuing progress
of the "Swing" campaign . . . and
Swing magazine was born.

The year 1946 saw the innovation
of several new programs, including
one for youngsters, It Pays To Be
Smart; and, for adults, Our Town
Forum. As a service to civic groups,
a special noon newscast was originated
and sent by direct wire to luncheon
clubs meeting at local hotels. WHB
originated the Queen For a Day
program from Kansas City, and
chartered buses in eight Missouri and
Kansas towns to bring in out-of-town
visitors. Fifteen thousand people, the
capacity attendance record for the
Municipal Auditorium, packed the
arena on each of the two days the
show played there.

THOUGH WHB generally fea-
tures news and music, it has a
method of "block programming" which allows one period to feed into
the other, catering directly to a par-
ticular type of listener.

In the morning, the station aims
at the farmer, the city worker, and
the housewife. Typical features are
livestock estimates at 6:35; the Musi-
cal Clock from 7:15 to 9:00, with
the day's market report at 8:10 a.m.
on fruits and vegetables available, the
Weatherman broadcasts, two shop-
ping programs featuring items from
Petticoat Lane and the Country Club
Plaza, and the home economics show
from Swift and Company's test
kitchen.

WHB carries "block program-
ing" further than most other sta-
tions by carefully choosing music, an-
nouncements, and other special in-
gredients to satisfy specific moods.
The station features music for the
major part of the afternoon, appealing
to the kiddies with children's pro-
grams in the last hour.

And now, on its twenty-fifth an-
iversary, Kansas City's dominant
daytime station is about ready to begin
full-time operation! (Night and day,
5,000 watts, on 710 kilocycles, if you
please!)

Back in 1922, WHB may have
been considered just another "hobby."
But today, in 1947, it's the Kansas
City Marketland's favorite neighbor!
IT was a drowsy mid-summer afternoon in the year 1919, and strange sounds drifted over the back fence. The old lady next door just couldn’t stand it any longer. It had been going on for days now, and she thought it was high time Mrs. Goldenberg knew the truth about her boy, Henry. Listen!

Yes, there it was again, those sputtering, shrill signals in code and the Goldenberg boy talking to himself down in the basement.

“Calling 4 H X in Florida . . . 
Calling 4 H X . . . This is station 9 A Q R, calling 4 H X . . . 9 A Q R . . .” Finally the next door neighbor approached Henry’s mother.

“I just thought you ought to know, Mrs. Goldenberg,” she said resolutely, “that your son has been acting very strangely! Yes, the poor boy talks to himself all the time.” The old woman shook her head sadly. “It’s a bad sign.”

So then Mrs. Goldenberg had to explain to her solicitous neighbor that Henry was just another amateur radio broadcaster. After the Armistice with Germany, government agents had removed war-time restrictions from amateur radio broadcasting.

That was back in 1919. Today, after twenty-five years of radio, Henry E. Goldenberg, chief engineer at WHB, still counts himself an enthusiast among the more than 55,000 amateur radio operators in the United States! Henry received his government license back in the days when he was sitting across the aisle from Sally Rand in algebra class at Central High.

Goldenberg, or “Goldie” as he is known to his friends, was one of the three founders of WHB in 1922, just two years after the first radio station was born in a Pittsburgh garage. During WHB’s infancy as a struggling 250-watt station, Henry Goldenberg, John Schilling and Sam Adair were the only members of the WHB staff. The versatile Goldie was jack of all trades, including such heterogeneous tasks as announcer, continuity writer, engineer, steeple-jack, receptionist, salesman, and janitor!

Often during an eighteen hour work period in the early days, WHB would actually be on the air for only six hours. In the intervening period, the boys would be out peddling advertising to skeptical customers. A spot announcement on the radio sold anywhere from 25c to $5. Some of
the doubtful clients were downright
cold in their vehement refusals to try
radio advertising. The truth was that
many of their wives thought crystal
sets were infernal contraptions, and
didn't even want them in the house!

In 1923, Goldenberg went off to
the University of Illinois to major in
electrical engineering. It was at this
time that Red Grange, a sophomore
when Goldenberg was a freshman,
propelled the team toward national
prominence. But Goldie preferred
the wrestling team. When he wasn’t
on the mat, you could naturally find
him helping to edit the engineering
journal, The Technograph.

But during these college days,
Goldie’s heart remained true to his
first alma mater . . . WHB in Kansas
City. He found the college communi-
cation set-up somewhat tame after
his practical experience with a com-
mercial radio station.

In 1927, Goldie returned to the
staff of WHB. There followed the
dark era of depression when credit
hit a new low. After the Sweeney
interests no longer controlled the sta-
tion, there was a rudderless period of
hardship. But Schilling and Golden-
berg stubbornly refused to relinquish
their radio license. WHB carried on
until 1930, when the Cook Paint
and Varnish Company took over. A
clear picture of these lean, struggling
days remains before the two, and you
have to excuse their cynical smiles now
and then when they hear an ebullient
newcomer speak glowingly of “The
Golden Age of Radio Inception!”

“But,” adds Goldenberg, with a
twinkle in his eye, “since the time
when a pair of shock-proof ears and
a crystal set was standard equipment
for every radio fan, no single de-
velopment can be given credit for bring-
ing radio up from its early technical
crudity to its present advanced state.
Rather a combination of developments
has been responsible.” Radio trans-
mission remains pretty much the
same basic process it was in the 1920’s.
But WHB’s first transmitter occu-
pied a room of only
20 x 20 feet, and
today the trans-
mitter tract covers
80 acres near Lib-
erty, Missouri.

The early, commercially built trans-
mmitter cost $18,000. Although the
modern transmitter doubles that fig-
ure with a price of $36,000, never-
theless the proportional cost is notice-
ably lower, since the modern trans-
mmitter has 20 times the power of the
old model. Tubes for radio trans-
mitters used to be considered sky-high at
$85, and now the cost ranges any-
where from $500 to $1000. Reliability
is the major asset of the modern radio
tube, which lasts at least 1000 hours.
Microphones have greatly improved,
and the newest mikes are as far re-
moved from the early models as the
hoarse croak of a bull frog from a
nightingale’s silver notes!

Early broadcasts were often inter-
rupted for hours, while necessary re-
pairs were made. Old-time transmit-
ters were a mass of formidable wir-
ing with a deadly exposure of high
voltage. Goldenberg’s reminisces-
cences include the preacher who was dron-
ing his Sunday night sermon over the
air, when an electric storm arose. A
bolt of lightning twisted in among the controls like a fiery snake, and the frightened parson watched the Fourth of July sparks through the studio window. When informed there would be a slight delay before his broadcast would be resumed, he replied, "Gentlemen, the text is covered, and as far as I am concerned, my sermon's over!" Thereupon, the frightened divine took a hurried departure, leaving the engineers wickedly rejoicing. The parson's rain of fire and brimstone had fallen too close for comfort!

In the decades to follow, Goldenberg was to be a first-hand witness to a surprising number of radio innovations at WHB. Although he is one of WHB's younger executives, he can remember when a fire siren was used as a signal to sign the station on and off the air. This electric siren was mysteriously purloined when WHB moved from the Sweeney Building to the Baltimore Hotel in 1930.

Just what are the duties of the chief engineer? The list is long enough to sound nerve-wracking, but the brown-eyed, imperturbable Goldenberg has a reputation for getting riled only once every five years! He's on the job all the time, in charge of the purchase, installation, operation, maintenance, and repair of all technical equipment. Goldenberg has to meet emergencies as they crop up, and so has developed a "trigger-mind."

In the old days, Goldenberg gained the reputation of an outdoor man. He used to climb the 300-foot radio antenna towers on the Sweeney Building to install warning obstruction lights. But today, the agile Goldie is content to merely measure the new radio towers as they lie horizontal on the ground of the new transmitting station.

Every once in a while, Goldenberg thinks wistfully of the good old days when there wasn't so much red tape. Then he knows it's about time to take a fishing trip to the Minnesota lake country. The elusive five pound bass there are his special pets!

Goldenberg puts himself to sleep wading through the proceedings of the Institute of Radio Engineers, but remains a member in good standing of that organization, as well as of Kaltenborn's 20 Year Club for radio pioneers. Sometimes the suspense of being a slightly color-blind chief engineer proves exciting, but he has managed to preserve a definite optimism about the great days ahead for WHB.

"This full-time operating grant is a great thing," he says. "With increased power and a better frequency we're far from through our pioneering days. We'll keep improving radio, keep on being out ahead. The last twenty-five years have been fine, but it's the next twenty-five I'm looking forward to!"
How Smart Are You NOW?

THE following ten questions are typical of those answered by the contestants on WHB's It Pays To Be Smart. Ten correct and you are a whiz; seven and you are fair; and any less than five flunks you. Answers on page 36.

1. The term "lead" pencil really should be .............. pencil.
2. What is the chemical substance used in the prevention of goiter?
3. Carbonic acid is formed by mixing what compound with water?
4. Force which seems to pull away from the center of rotation is called what?
5. What acid is present in most soft drinks, such as soda pop?
6. The new type of safety light used for highways utilizes the vapor of what element?
7. The tendency of a force to produce turning is called the moment of the force of what?
8. What is the common name for the substances whose chemical formula is CaOC12?
9. Muscles are of two types when classified as to use. Name them.
10. How would you change centigrade to absolute?

\[\text{SOUND EFFECTS}\]

Put these assorted persons and things on the air and see what comes out of your loud speaker. The right sound in the right blank gives you a noisy score. 10 right is good. Answers on page 36.

1. Big Bertha ...........
2. Sandy ...........
3. The Lorelei ...........
4. A giraffe ...........
5. Big Ben ...........
6. The Clermont ...........
7. Elsie ...........
8. Moby Dick ...........
9. A fandango ...........
10. Stanley Steamer ...........
11. An osprey ...........
12. Black Beauty ...........

\[\text{a. tick tock} \]
\[\text{b. dancing feet} \]
\[\text{c. no sound} \]
\[\text{d. a bark} \]
\[\text{e. an explosion} \]
\[\text{f. water spouting} \]
\[\text{g. a shrill whistle} \]
\[\text{h. beautiful singing} \]
\[\text{i. a neigh} \]
\[\text{j. a moo} \]
\[\text{k. a steamboat whistle} \]
\[\text{l. an automobile horn} \]

\[\text{ADDRESS PLEASE!}\]

Here are 12 famous persons of radio. You're certain to find them living at these famous addresses listed in the right hand column. Which address is right for which radio personality? If your address book is up to date you should score 8 of the 10 right. Answers on page 36.

\[\text{NAME}\]
1. Fibber McGee
2. Baby Snooks
3. Mrs. Nussbaum
4. Ozzie and Harriet
5. Mr. Gildersleeve
6. Lum n' Abner
7. Henry Aldrich
8. Ma Perkins
9. Blondie
10. Sherlock Holmes

\[\text{ADDRESS}\]
a. Baker Street
b. Rushville Center
c. Centerville
d. Pineridge
e. Shady Lane Ave.
f. 1847 Rogers Road
g. Wistful Vista
h. Allen's Alley
i. Summerfield
j. Sycamore Terrace
CONTRARY to the theories propounded by Tom Howard on his program of dis-intelligentsia, WHB is demonstrating that it pays to be smart!

*It Pays to Be Smart* is a fast-moving radio quiz that pays off to students in all Greater Kansas City high schools. The program, which started February 16, 1946, is produced through the joint efforts of the University of Kansas City, the Kansas City Public Schools, and WHB. The University prepares continuity; the high schools provide the student participants and the assembly period of a different school each week; and WHB provides time on the air, transcribing facilities, and all necessary personnel including engineers and quizmaster.

The University and WHB share the cost of prize money (first prize each week, a twenty-five dollar savings bond; second: ten dollars.)

The program is primarily a community service, important because of the stimulus it provides to Kansas City students who strive to qualify as contestants on the program. In addition, it provides interesting and educational assemblies for the high schools. Although sponsorship credit alone is given on the air, the program gives the University fine publicity, and furnishes a practical project for students in the radio department.

The show has been presented before nineteen high school assemblies this season, with a total visible audience of 19,486 students. This number includes the nine public high schools of Kansas City, plus Catholic high schools, high schools in Kansas City, Kansas, and Independence, and Wentworth Military Academy in Lexington.

The program’s format is fairly standard. Each Thursday afternoon at one-thirty, the student body gathers in the school’s auditorium. On the stage are the six contestants, who have previously been hand-picked by the instructors as top-ranking students. Three judges, the engineer, a student announcer, and the master of ceremonies are also on the stage.

After a short explanation of how the program is to be recorded and broadcast later, along with a briefing on the importance of proper audience reaction, the student announcer introduces the master of ceremonies. The school band plays a number, the

Dick Smith, producer and quizmaster of *It Pays To Be Smart*, once taught school at Montana State College. He is the dean of Kansas City radio announcers, and has been associated with broadcasting for twenty years. At present, he is the chief of the WHB Newsbureau and Director of Special Events.
contestants introduce themselves, the band plays again . . . and the contest is on!

It is conducted like a spelling bee, with an incorrect answer meaning elimination. Thus it is possible to control the time element of the program by using progressively harder questions, and is also the most practical way to choose the best informed student as winner. Teachers have expressed the opinion that, with but few exceptions, the winner of the contest was the best student.

Questions are of two types, covering current events and general science. Typical are such questions as:

“How many members are there in the United Nations security council?”

“Who is the commanding general of U.S. Forces in Europe?”

“Name the last three judges appointed to the Supreme Court.”

“What is the difference between an anticline and a syncline?”

“Define gravity and state Newton’s law.”

The program at Wentworth brought out an instance of the clear, analytical thinking which repeatedly has amazed those producing the show.

A tall blonde cadet, Lester Hamilton, whose home is in Boone, Iowa, was the first prize winner. During the contest, the cadet ahead of Hamilton was asked the meaning of the word anemometer. He didn’t know. It was Hamilton’s turn at the mike, and he had a rather vacant look in his eye. But nonchalantly he asked the quiz-master to spell the word. He then stated that an anemometer was an instrument for measuring the velocity of the wind. That was the correct answer.

After the program, Hamilton was asked if he had ever heard the word before, and he admitted that he hadn’t. The questioner asked how he arrived at the right meaning. Hamilton informed him, very matter-of-factly, that in Latin “anemo” meant wind, that meter was a measuring device; so he deduced that together they meant just what they did.

Later, he confided that he was going to send his $25 bond home to his parents just to prove to them that his interest in science was paying off. Hamilton will do all right!

Other students who have appeared on the show will do all right, too. The many letters received from parents, students, and local educators prove that It Pays to Be Smart has acted as a definite stimulus to inspire boys and girls to the further continuance of studies in college or in specialized training schools. These letters offer testimony that in many cases an interest in radio as a career has been awakened. WHB is proud to have this part in the education of youth; proud to prove, every week in the school year, that It Pays to Be Smart!
FEW things appeal to Americans like success. In the rich saga of life on this continent, a paramount theme is the growth of business, of industry ever-expanding, piling one triumph upon another. Business has built our cities, contributed to the development of our farms, shaped our national social and economic life. It is a part of each of us: an outlet for our individual energies, an inspiration for—and expression of—our ambitions.

The story of business is the story of materials and machines, but mostly it is the story of men. It is a biography of the leaders who have risen to wrest a scientific living from the wilderness. They have combined ability, skill, ambition and determination to join manpower and raw materials into specific productive combinations. Their efforts have consistently increased incomes and raised the standard of living. They are the foremost components of every industrial success.

That is why, to tell the story of one great business, we must begin in Ithaca, New York, forty years ago.

Cascadilla Gorge was rich with June foliage, and the breeze which filled sails on Lake Cayuga swept up the hill beyond to rustle tassels on the mortar-boards of a long line of graduation-gowned seniors. It was commencement at Cornell University, and in the group awaiting diplomas was an earnest, black-haired young man with piercing eyes—Charles R. Cook.

Charlie Cook was a Missourian. He had come to learn engineering, and he'd learned it well. In his four years on the hill he had worked hard in the labs, studied hard in the classrooms. He had established himself as a leader on the campus, and had acquired a sound formal education.

There were long speeches that morning. Cayuga was flecked with white, and rushing Falls Creek rumbled a dull accompaniment to the sonorous addresses on the meaning of "commencement." These young men and women were about to venture forth into the cold, uncompromising world of business. There was much talk designed to scare the wits out of the hopeful graduates.

But Charlie Cook was not dis-
turbed by it. He had always more than held his own, and he viewed the future with definite confidence and a sense of eager anticipation. He fidgeted a little, and wished the speakers would hurry.

The ceremony over, young Cook put away his cap and gown, mailed his diploma home, and boarded an afternoon train for Milwaukee. There he became a junior engineer for Cutler-Hammer, manufacturers of electrical equipment.

He was there six years, working quietly, advancing steadily. Then, in 1913, his father wrote that there was a sick paint company in Kansas City which needed new capital, new management, and complete financial reorganization. It presented a challenge and an opportunity for someone who knew manufacturing, sales and business management.

Charlie Cook made up his mind quickly. He resigned from Cutler-Hammer and went to Kansas City.

To his friends among bankers and supply men, young Cook talked earnestly. He believed in Kansas City as a location. He believed in his ability to win success where his predecessors had failed.

His salesmanship was effective. Other people had faith in his ability, and he succeeded in refinancing the business. December 8, 1913, it was re-incorporated as the “C. R. Cook Paint Company.”

So, at the age of 29, Mr. Cook was in the paint business. He was at the head of a corporation destined to become the largest of its kind in the Southwest, and one of the best-known in the nation.

But success was not immediate, and there were several things which required changing as soon as possible. The plant was located in a four-story brick building in many ways ill-adapted to paint manufacture. The output was largely “private label” merchandise: paint manufactured to order for wholesalers or retailers, packaged under their private brands, carrying the distributor’s name instead of the manufacturer’s. It was business built on price. Quality played no part. The manufacturer was at the mercy of his outlets.

Young Cook realized the faults in this type of business. He resolved to continue it only so long as it took him to build up a line of quality
paints and enamels on which he would be proud to place his name.

There followed long discussions of materials and methods, careful training of workers, exacting tests of finished products. Then, proudly, in cans of flaming yellow, came the CO-PA-CO line. It was a family of fine paints. One hurdle had been cleared.

But there was another.

The C. R. Cook Paint Company in 1914 was known to the industry as a "paint grinder"—its manufacturing processes being confined solely to grinding paints. Paints are pigments ground in oils and varnishes; and all of Cook's grinding liquids and varnishes were in those days purchased from outside sources. This was a handicap on two counts; it reduced the margin of profit; it made quality a variable factor, dependent upon sources beyond control of the company. The secret of making quality paints and enamels is to control absolutely the liquids which go into them. Mr. Cook resolved to build a varnish plant; to make his own grinding liquids; to sell his own varnishes to the trade.

By 1916, money was available for expansion. Sales had increased 150%, from $400,000 in 1914 to $1,000,000 in 1916. A two-stack varnish plant was planned for a site in North Kansas City, but before it was completed four more varnish "fires" were added.

Sales continued to increase. The volume for 1918 reached two million dollars. The following year a sales branch was established in Fort Worth, Texas. The company's working capital was enlarged; its corporate name became the "Cook Paint and Varnish Company."

During this period, a step was taken which was to prove to be all-important in the future development of the company. The United States was engaged in the first World War, and required a tremendous amount of special paints for various military purposes. Mr. Cook, striving to meet the need, decided to set up an industrial department within his organization. It was a unit equipped to create "made-to-order" paints and varnishes for any specifications. One of its first jobs was to produce 600,000 gallons of special finish for railroad cars—a tall order for a new department. But the men had been so carefully schooled in quality work that they were able to complete the contract successfully, proving that company could handle large volume orders from exacting users.

Through the years, this industrial department has been strengthened and expanded. In its efforts to develop finishes to perform definite tasks for various industrial users, it has made valuable contributions to the household field as well. Most improvements in the general line of Cook paint products have had their origin in the researches of the industrial department.

Rapidly, the Cook Paint & Varnish Company took a position of leadership in the development of new type finishes. Experiments were carried on apace, with one improvement paving a way for the next. By 1920, Cook's "Super-White" was the whitest, most durable, solid covering paint it was possible to manufacture.
As a pioneer with this type of finish, Charles Cook had stepped out years ahead of his immediate competitors, and had attracted attention from the entire industry. Soon he was elected president of the national Paint Manufacturers' Association, from which he retired after a year to become a member of the Educational Bureau, sponsors of the great “Save the Surface” and “Clean Up—Paint Up” campaigns jointly through the Paint Manufacturers' Association of the United States, the National Varnish Manufacturers' Association, and the National Paint, Oil & Varnish Association.

The early growth of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company was traceable directly to the vision and the plain hard work of its founder. During all these years, Mr. Cook reached his office at a quarter to seven in the morning and went through his day's work file before the arrival of the office force at eight o'clock. A busy day followed: dictation, conferences with callers and department heads, frequent personal check-ups on the sales, production and technical staffs. His business expanded tremendously, but still his dynamic and tireless energy enabled him to keep up with every phase of it. Throughout the plants and offices he became known for his faculty of being able to glance at a sales sheet, a formula, or a long-winded formal

THE SOUNDNESS OF COOK PRINCIPLES IS REFLECTED IN THIS RECORD OF GROWTH

Beginning with a sales volume of only $476,560 in 1914, the growth of the Company has been steady and remarkable . . . proof of the soundness of its operating policies. As the chart below clearly shows, not only has the Company's chosen field of concentration . . . that of making paint . . . been wise, but the particular principles followed in its operation have proved its methods above the level of its kind. Such exceptional progress has its explanation in Cook's focused research . . . doing one thing well.
report, immediately cutting through to the essence of its meaning.

At the outset, Mr. Cook promulgated a set of guiding principles for his company. At the top he placed intensive researching for new and better formulations for paint products, exclusive concentration in the field of finer finishes, and restriction of the company's geographic spread—in order to do an intensive job making paints especially suited to midwestern climatic conditions.

He carefully avoided the acquisition of any source of raw materials, realizing the importance of being able to purchase the most improved types on the open market—whatever they might be. When a superior pigment for exterior paints came along, he was able to employ it immediately. Some of his oldest and largest competitors, however, had saddled themselves with lead mines and processing plants, and in order to protect their investments, they were forced to continue the manufacture of lead base paints, antiquated as they were. Freedom from ownership of raw material sources has always proved wise policy for the Cook Company.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of this man, though, was his selection of other men. To work with him in his business, he chose the finest young men he could find. He recruited them largely from colleges. Some were chemists, some engineers,
Seven Guiding Principles of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company

1. To restrict operations to the manufacture and distribution of products related to finishes and their uses.
2. To restrict activities geographically for the improvement of product, service, and efficiency of operation.
3. To avoid ownership of raw materials sources, so that it might remain unprejudiced in its formulations and free to select from the markets' newest and research-proved best.
4. To be guided in its operations, not by tradition, but by research.
5. To restrict manufacture to its own branded products and do no custom private-label manufacture.
6. To diversify its market among industrial, architectural, and household consumers to insure stability.
7. To strive to market its products as progressively as it manufactured them... research pointing the way.

some had backgrounds in business or the arts. All of them he chose for their willingness to work and to learn, and their ability to meet obstacles as they arose.

Whatever their scholastic backgrounds, all of them were schooled in factory method and in each phase of the business. They were given an intensive post-graduate course in the testing and manufacturing departments, until every salesman was qualified as a "service representative," competent to recommend particular paints for a customer's individual and specific needs; until every plant executive knew all about his own department, and all about every other department as well!

Mr. Cook has always believed in promoting from the ranks according to individual merit. It is a basic principle of his organization. He creates opportunities: he wants Cook-trained men to fill them. In the early days of the company, his own youth and amazing personal business success combined to act as a magnet attracting other young men eager to succeed.

These young men have advanced in years, experience, and position within the company. New employees, selected and trained with same care, have constantly been added. The results are apparent to all. When Charles R. Cook last year resigned his position as president and active head of the business to become chairman of the board of directors, he left behind him a strong, active, thoroughly competent organization with three factories, 90 retail outlets covering ten states, and a radio station.

The radio station is an interesting adjunct to a paint company. From the beginning, the Cook Paint and Varnish Company followed a plan of enlightened and aggressive advertising. It was a pioneer in the use of radio as an advertising medium. The results brought by radio were so gratifying that when the opportunity to purchase WHB arose, in 1930, Mr.
Cook lost no time in writing a check. Shortly thereafter he authorized the lease of a new antennae site, placed an order for entirely new transmitting equipment, and filed application for increased power.

In 1931, he selected Donald Dwight Davis, his advertising account executive, as president of the WHB Broadcasting Company; and delegated John Cash, a Cook vice-president, to act as general overseer of the operation and as liaison man between the paint company and the radio station.

Those were decisions he never had occasion to regret. His judgment paid off in earnings—for both WHB and the Cook Paint & Varnish Company—throughout the long years of depression. It was fitting that the two should join company, for both were pioneers. The station won new friends for Cook’s products throughout the territory, and at the same time benefitted from the support and the policies of its parent company. Mr. Cook decreed against overlong commercials, and insisted on the best possible entertainment at all times. Beyond that, he left the management of the broadcasting unit completely in the capable charge of Don Davis.

WHB serves many clients, of course, but there are few so pleasant to work for and with as the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, because every staff member is aware of the high standards and fine record of Cook’s.

Cook’s has always led the field in the development of new products.

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**Directors of the Cook Paint & Varnish Company**

CHAS. R. COOK, Chairman of the Board

R. B. CALDWELL  
W. H. HOOVER  
H. H. McLUCAS  
L. G. BACKSTROM  
J. F. CASH  
J. F. CASH  
J. E. KENNEDY  
A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.  
A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.  
D. H. O'LEYAR  
D. H. O'LEYAR  
H. H. McLUCAS  
C. H. STONER  
E. W. WADLOW  
C. H. WHITEWALL  
D. H. McLUCAS  
W. M. ARONSON  
H. S. FELLERS  
F. G. FOSTER  
M. S. FELLERS  
C. H. STONER  
J. W. CLARK  
J. W. CLARK  
J. JORDAN  
J. JORDAN  
D. H. O'LEYAR  
D. H. O'LEYAR  
C. H. WHITEWALL  
C. H. WHITEWALL  
A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.  
W. M. ARONSON  
A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.  
C. H. STONER  
M. S. FELLERS  
W. M. ARONSON  
F. G. FOSTER  
C. H. STONER  
A. T. SEYMOUR, JR.  
W. H. HOOVER  
J. R. MOSBY  
J. R. MOSBY  
A. E. SWANSON  
A. E. SWANSON  
R. B. CALDWELL  
R. B. CALDWELL  
W. S. ATKINSON  
W. S. ATKINSON  
E. N. RONNAU  
E. N. RONNAU  
C. H. STONER  
W. H. HOOVER  
J. R. MOSBY  
A. E. SWANSON  
R. B. CALDWELL  
W. S. ATKINSON  
E. N. RONNAU  
C. H. STONER  
W. H. HOOVER  
J. R. MOSBY  
A. E. SWANSON  
R. B. CALDWELL  
W. S. ATKINSON  
E. N. RONNAU  
C. H. STONER
It was the first company to make extensive use of the now universally popular titanium base for house paints, the first to make a single floor enamel for all purposes, the first to promote exterior primers which made two-coat house painting possible. The sales volume has grown to $21,000,000—an increase of more than 5,000 percent!

Recently, one of the largest newspapers in the Midwest made a popularity survey of the use of various name-brand products during 1945 and 1946. The tabulated results showed Cook’s interior paints to be twice as popular as the closest competitor, and Cook’s exterior paints were three times better liked than any other brand. Cook products had captured nearly a third of the entire market!

That popularity, which shows a regular annual increase, will not wane. It has a firm foundation in sound principles, hard work, fair dealings, and intelligent merchandising.

To the American saga, then, add this story—the biography of a business!

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**STATIC**

The kids who comprise Mutual’s Juvenile Jury program believe that simple, direct answers can solve the most perplexing problems. On a recent broadcast, this puzzler was asked: “My son likes to climb fences, and in doing so always tears his pants. What can I do?”

An 11-year old juror promptly advised: “Tell him when he has to climb fences, to take off his pants and toss them over first!”

The enterprising editor of a small radio station had an intense desire to scoop a large station on local news. One day he accomplished a minor triumph by being the only station to report a certain disaster in a nearby town.

The following day he scored another scoop with this announcement: “We were the first to announce the news of the destruction of Jenkins’ store in Iola yesterday. We are now the first to report that the report was absolutely without foundation.”—Wall Street Journal.

At a dinner party, an advertising man drew as his dinner partner a rather priggish lady who clearly disapproved of him and his profession. “Tell me, Mr. Jones,” the lady probed, “are the lives of advertising men really as depicted in The Hucksters?”

“No,” he replied. “The book is only half right. The parts about business are greatly exaggerated!”

A visitor in the North Woods asked an old timer what kind of weather they were going to have the next day.

“Don’t know,” answered the wise one. “Used to be a man could always judge about the weather. Now the government and the radio stations have taken over, and you can’t tell what the hell it will be!”
When a radio station reaches twenty-five years of age, it can figuratively sit back, put its feet up on the desk, and be pardoned for a bit of prideful reminiscing over a worthy past. It can remember the parade of notables and to-be-notables which has passed through its studios, and reflect on what these personalities have done in the intervening years. WHB has a good many such people to consider, artists and workers who have poured their talents into its progress, and then gone on to conquer new fields.

If you are old enough to remember the day of crystal sets and "radio bugs," then you will remember the first WHB broadcasts from the Sweeney studios in Kansas City. And you will more than likely recall Louis Forbstein. In those days it was a rarity for a radio station to have a staff orchestra, but WHB did have one, the first "staff band" in American radio. It was a very excellent one, under the direction of Forbstein. He was a tempestuous, impetuous perfectionist where things musical were concerned, not above throwing down his violin in disgust if an orchestra member played a false note, and telling off the culprit in no uncertain terms—before an open microphone! Forbstein's subsequent career was as a director of theatre orchestras; then on to Hollywood, where he now writes musical scores and conducts recording orchestras at the Selznick and Goldwyn studios. He is now known professionally as Lou Forbes.

One of the original staff orchestra members was George Parrish, who later became director. He served in this capacity for some time, then later became associated with Paramount Theatres. He directed movie house orchestras in Kansas City, New York, New Orleans, Minneapolis and Chicago, providing—as was the custom of the day—mood music to accompany the silent films. With the advent of talking pictures, Parrish moved on to Hollywood where he has remained, arranging and composing film background music. He has contributed to such films as For Whom the Bell Tolls, Frenchmen's Creek, Duel In the Sun and others.

According to the record, it seems that several of that original orchestra had an opportunity to succeed Forbstein and later go on to larger success. Paul Tremaine was one. Kansas City radio listeners knew him well as a saxophone and xylophone player in the WHB orchestra, besides serving as its conductor. After leaving the station, he took his talents to the
Swing

April, 1947

Eastern network studios, later achieving considerable success as a recording artist. During World War II, Tremaine served in the army as a special services officer.

Goodman Ace was a familiar sight around the WHB studios back in those early days of broadcasting. His regular job was drama critic for the Kansas City Journal Post, though every Friday night he would trek to the WHB studio to conduct a seven p.m. broadcast on movies. Crystal set listeners knew him as "The Movie Man." A few years afterwards, Don Davis, later president of WHB, but then associated with a Kansas City advertising agency, helped Ace find a sponsor for his Easy Aces radio serial skit, which was broadcast in those days over KMBC. Dick Smith, present chief of WHB news bureau, played in the original Easy Aces cast. Ace went to Chicago to audition the show for a mouthwash concern, and became a network star. At the present time, Easy Aces is carried by WHB and many other stations as a transcribed feature.

WHB radio programming in the early twenties was not limited to music and movie commentaries. News broadcasts were also regular features. John Cameron Swayze was at that time on the editorial staff of the Kansas City Journal Post, and broadcast news over WHB three times daily direct from the editorial room of the Post. Subsequently, Swayze became associated with KMBC, finally going from there to the West Coast to become news supervisor for the Pacific Coast Division of the ABC network.

Lela Ward Gaston delighted the early day WHB "radio bugs" with her elocution readings. Later, Mrs. Gaston enlarged upon her talent and progressed East to do radio work there. She was featured in March of Time programs and other network shows.

Though not staff members, Ned Tollinger and John Wolfe were well known to WHB listeners in the early twenties, with the title of the Monomotor Oil Twins. They represented a familiar advertising gimmick of the day. A company would hire entertainers and send them around the country to visit the not-too-numerous young radio stations. The company would thereby get free advertising, the station obtained free talent, and everybody was happy. Tollinger and Wolfe have long since given up their dual career of selling oil and singing. Tollinger is with an advertising agency on the West Coast, and when last heard from, Wolfe was associated with a transcription company.

In the years before 1929, another musician who was later to go on to larger fields, was staff-member Leath Stevens, arranger and pianist. Stevens’
career eventually took him to Hollywood where he is working on radio programs and movies as conductor, arranger and composer. During the war he took time out to serve as a United States Secret Service Agent in Australia, but is now back in Hollywood making music for movies.

With the coming of the jazz era and short bobs, dance bands became the idols of the nation. All over the country talented young girls flocked to radio stations to sing, play the piano, or in some such way become recognized so that a dance band would snatch them up. In Kansas City, a young pianist employed at the Jenkins Music Company made frequent trips to the WHB studios. Her name was Ramona. Luckily, her dreams were realized, and she became a member of the Paul Whiteman band—first as a pianist, later as a singer. In after years, a number of other girls were to leave WHB to join dance bands—Betty Roth, Joan Olsen, Marie Moore, Blanche LeBow, Eileen O'Day, Juanita Bishop and Helen Heath.

As the prosperous twenties gave way to the less prosperous thirties, the era of radio songpluggers was born. Singers were hired to plug songs at the movies, radio stations and night spots. One of these, Bob Bohannon, made frequent appearances before WHB microphones, singing on the Staff Frolics. From Kansas City, Bohannon moved on to jobs as a night club master of ceremonies in Chicago, as well as radio work there, and later joined the Paul Whiteman band. Now, Bohannon is heard on several network music shows, being billed under the names of Bob Hannon or Barry Roberts.

Harl Smith came to Kansas City in 1932 to play at a local night club, and his band was heard daily over WHB. The manner in which his program originated each afternoon was unique to that period of radio adolescence. Lines were connected to Smith’s apartment, and any afternoon one might stumble in there by accident to find an array of musicians draped over sofa, coffee table and overstuffed chairs, broadcasting a regular program. The vocalist with the group was Nick McCarrick, who helped Harl Smith make popular the theme Living My Life For You. Smith has never forgotten Kansas City. In his tour of plushy hotels and resorts, he annually includes a visit to Kansas City and broadcasts over WHB microphones. His band has been the “official” band at Sun Valley Lodge ever since that resort opened.

A band leader of another type was introduced to Kansas City radio listeners about this time — Count Basie. The Count played regularly at the famous 12th street bistro, the Reno Club, and came up to the WHB
Su

names.

Jimmy April, 34 with bass, harpist, this sas of hands continued

After had were Hotel well-known orchestra.

Bobrov, Bob McGrew and others. When Bobrov was directing it, Lois Kraft, harpist, and Ralph Stevens, cello and bass, were members. They, together with Bobrov, later became members of the Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra. Bobrov eventually left Kansas City to work at NBC in Chicago, and after that played with several well-known dance bands. Bob McGrew also hit the "big time," and this past winter has had his band at the Camellia House of the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

Musicians of still a different type were Eddie and Jimmy Dean, who had quite a following as the Crazy Crystal Boys. Both played the guitar and sang Western and hillbilly songs. After leaving WHB, brother Jimmy did dramatic parts in network shows, while Eddie kept at the gi-tar and singin'. This paid off for Eddie. It landed him a job on the Judy Canova radio show, and later in the midst of the P. R. C. movie studios in Hollywood. These days, Eddie Dean is wearing custom made cowboy suits and starring as "king of the cowboys" for P. R. C.

Another singer-with-a-guitar was brought to WHB by Dick Smith from KMMJ in Clay Center, Nebras\data\... Jimmy Atkins. Jimmy's crooner styles sent the ladies of the radio audience of the mid-thirties, and he stayed on at WHB for two years as vocalist with George Morris' orchestra. Dick Smith later took Atkins to Chicago, got him a job on the staff of WLS. Two years later, Jimmy joined the Les Paul trio, which was afterwards signed by Fred Waring. When the trio dissolved, Atkins stayed on with the Waring group as baritone vocalist. He is now featured in a transcribed series, and lives and works in New York.

And there were "glamour" names heard over WHB in those days, too—in daily remote broadcasts of dance music from the Muehlebach Grill. Dorothy Lamour, for instance—who was vocalist with Herbie Kay's orchestra, prior to her rise to fame in the movies. Dorothy later married Herbie; Kay himself is now deceased; but a partner in the band, Ros Metzger, is vice-president and radio director of the Ruthrauff & Ryan advertising agency's Chicago office. Another "glamour" name heard on WHB was Eleanor Holm, who prior to stardom in the Aquacade was vocalist with Art Jarrett's Orchestra. She is
now Mrs. Billy Rose. From the dance band field to stardom on Broadway with George M. Cohan stepped Joy Hodges, in I'd Rather Be Right—singing Have You Met Miss Jones? Joy has since been in the movies, and a star of numerous network shows.

Harmony groups were popular on the WHB Staff Frolics in the mid-thirties. Herb Cook and his “Three Little Words” were regularly heard, as were the “Songcopators.” The “Three Little Words” left the station to go to New York, where they became members of the Phil Spitalny Hour of Charm program. The “Songcopators” — Jack Wilcher, Russell Crowell and George Bacon — were popular WHB favorites when the studios were located in the Hotel Baltimore. After leaving the station, the Songcopators became Columbia recording artists and broadcast over NBC as featured vocal group in the Red Nichols orchestra. Russell Crowell and George Bacon both left the entertainment field later. In the East, Jack Wilcher married Lou O’Connor, who had been staff organist at WHB while he was in Kansas City. Later he joined the staff of a New York advertising agency and is now writing and producing (among other accounts) the chewing gum singing-commercials you hear. Mrs. Wilcher is a staff organist at CBS.

It was Cecil Widdifield who originated the famous Uncle Dan Cupid program over WHB — now heard in a network version as Bride and Groom. He conducted this marriage quiz-clinic for some time, and added his writing talents to WHB programming. Widdifield later became associated with the Schwimmer and Scott agency in Chicago.

Lest one forget the advent of the Cook Paint and Varnish Company on the WHB horizon, remember Norvell Slater. Slater doubled his duties as announcer and singer over WHB, and was the original “Cook Painter Boy.” Since then, he has moved to Dallas, Texas, to become chief announcer for WFAA.

Copy for programs during the early thirties was written by Continuity Editor Morris “Mouse” Straight and his staff. “Mouse” took pride in assembling and writing the first WHB yearbook, as well as furnishing a myriad of program ideas. He left the station to become account executive for a Kansas City advertising agency, and is now in the advertising department of Plough and Company, Memphis.

Another continuity writer of the time was Wauhilla LaHay, who combined mike work and writing. She was the original “Mrs. Bliss” of the WHB home economics program, and also did The Gadabout, a program which had to do with town topics. Wauhilla went from WHB to KVOR in Colorado Springs, and later to the Chicago Sun as radio and amusement editor. She is now radio publicity director for the N. W. Ayer Agency in New York.

WHB announcers of the mid-thirty period showed considerable talent beyond the mere reading of commercials. Jess Kirkpatrick, an All American halfback who had been an orchestra leader associated with Buddy Rogers, proved his versatility at
WHB by doing football broadcasts and singing, as well as straight announcing. During his year’s stay at the station, he was featured primarily in a singing show. He later joined WGN in Chicago to do staff announcing, and then went on to Hollywood. He now is doing character parts in various radio shows. Along with his other talents, Kirkpatrick has done considerable modeling work, as the “Doctor of Motors” in those spark plug company advertisements.

Announcer Jack Grogan joined the staff shortly after completing high school, and became a regular participant in the Staff Frolics. His avocation was acting, and he appeared in every production at the Kansas City Resident Theatre for three consecutive years. In this capacity, he had an opportunity to play opposite many visiting guest stars, one of whom was Elissa Landi, who starred in the Resident production of Romance. Later Grogan went to New York and Miss Landi helped him get roles in several Broadway productions. He was achieving a mark there when show business took its pre-war slump. Grogan went back to his first love, radio, and joined the staff of WNEW in New York, doing production work. He is now chief of production there—and a confirmed bachelor.

These are but a few of the many, many people who have helped make a better station of WHB, and who—at the same time—have helped themselves to newer and broader fields. From the early days of 1922, when WHB was sending out its familiar siren identification, to the present time, the station has realized its dependence upon people and personalities. “A radio station is people in action. If they are interesting; so is the station.”

There is an ever increasing number of notables appearing on the WHB alumni list. On this twenty-fifth anniversary, considering those who have been and will be associated with the staff, WHB can justly claim the title—The Station “Where Headliners Begin!”

Answers to HOW SMART ARE YOU NOW?

Answers to SOUND EFFECTS
1. e 7. j
2. d 8. f
3. h 9. b
4. c 10. l
5. a 11. g
6. k 12. i

Answers to ADDRESS PLEASE!
1. g 6. d
2. j 7. c
3. h 8. b
4. f 9. e
5. i 10. a
WHB gets “NIGHT TIME” ... AGAIN!
After 25 Years of Service

Born in the Sweeney Building (photo No. 2) 25 years ago, WHB boasted the world’s most elaborate studios (1), the latest equipment (4), and the first full-time staff orchestra in broadcasting history, conducted by Louis Forbstein (Lou Forbes). On WHB’s 25th Anniversary, April, 1947, the station looks forward to full-time operation (probably in July) with 5,000 watts power on 710 Kilocycles. “Calm John” and “Dynamic Dan” are in the Swing for the event!
1. John T. Shilling, the "golden-voiced announcer"—WHB's first and only general manager.
2. The Harmonizing Shrine Serenaders.
3. Wendell Hall, the "Red Headed Musicmaker."
4. Paul Tremaine, early staff conductor.
5. Donna Taylor, Sam Martin, and Harry Taylor.
7. Bessie Coldiron, the "Sunflower Girl."
8. Goodman Ace of the EASY ACES, who made his first radio appearance over WHB as the "Movie Man." He is shown here with his wife, Jane.
9. Romona, early WHB artist.
10. John Wolfe and Ned Tollinger, the "Manometer Oil Twins."
11. Lou O'Connor, staff pianist.
12. The Ararat Shrine Serenaders.
*** in the Twenties
In the Thirties, when the WHB

1. Georgie Porgie himself.
2. Jack Savage.
3. Allen Franklin, announcer-producer.
4. George Holstein.
5. Georgie Porgie Boys with Doc Hopkins.
7. Kasper Sisters, the "Barn'oft Trio."
10. Eddie and Jimmy Dean, and the "Crazy Crystal Boys."
11. The Songcopators: Russ Crowell, George Bacon, and Jack Wilcher.
12. Ernie Scruggs and Orchestra.
13. The Randoll Sisters.
14. Frank Graves, "Yours Truly, Mr. Daoley."
15. Captain Bill Moore, author of "Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen" and "Howie Wing."
16. The Midwesterners (now part of The Texas Rangers.)
17. Three-On-A-Song (the original Three Little Words).
18. George Hogan, announcer, now at WOR, New York.
19. Ernie Scruggs' Orchestra at The Kansas City Club.
20. Maxine (Hour of Charm) and Three Little Words.
1. Jesse Rogers, cowboy star.
2. Herb Cook, composer and entertainer, organizer of the Three Little Words.
3. Nelson Rupard, now manager of KTSW, Emporia.
4. Ozie, the Ozark Rambler.
5. Jimmie Ashley and Julie Andre. Miss Andre later became an accomplished singer of Cuban and Spanish songs.
6. Dorothy Quackenbush, International Travel Show beauty winner in 1936.
7. Norvell Slater, the Cook Painter Boy; now at WFAA, Dallas.
8. Elmer Curtis, announcer, now at WIBW, Topeka.
9. Ruth Young's Rhapsodiers.
11. "I'm Living My Life For You," original theme of Harl Smith's Orchestra.
12. Belle Nevins (Mrs. Cliff Johnston), vocalist.
15. Nick McCarrick.
16. Harl Smith's Orchestra at The Kansas City Club.
17. Hap Miller.
That Wonderful Harl Smith Band!

WHB Personalities of the Thirties
1. Charles Lee Adams, Kansas City Kiddies Revue
2. Les (Sunny) Jarvies and Allen Franklin.
3. President Dan Davis receives VARIETY showmanship plaque awarded WHB.
4. One of America's first broadcast station transcription laboratories, operated for WHB by Jake Jacobs and Vic Damon.
5. Northside Municipal Court broadcast, with Judge Tom Holland and Prosecutor Tom Gerihan.
6. "Wedding Bells" with Dan Cupid, Jr.—a program format now known as "Bride and Groom" on ABC.
7. WHB Christmas Cupboard Party.
12. Mayor Bryce B. Smith inaugural.
13. A. H. Hamrick, weather forecaster, the original "Weatherman-in-Person" on WHB. Many stations now carry similar programs.
15. Jones' Radio Revue, an early-day audience show.
16. WHB Marine Deck.
17. WHB Christmas Cupboard Commissary.
18. University of Kansas Band in WHB Outdoor Studio.
Celebrities You've Heard on WHB in Years Past

1. Paul Pendarvis Orchestra.
2. The King's Jester with Mary Milam.
3. The King's Jesters.
5. Sally Rand and Jack Gragnon.
7. Guy Lombardo.
8. Bennie Fields and Blossom Seeley.
10. Dick Powell, Jetta Carleton, Mike Mazurki.
11. Al Pearce and Tony Romano.
12. The Serenaders Quartet.
14. The King Sisters and Bob McCoy.
15. Henry Halstead.
17. Freddy Martin.
20. Dennis Morgan.
22. Eleanor Holm (Mrs. Billy Rose).
23. Paul Pendarvis.
24. "I've An Evening For Sale," by Herbie Kay and Ros Metzger, with Dorothy Lamour on the cover.
27. Joy Hodges.
28. Max Baer and Ed Cochrane.
29. Henry King.
1. Zerlina Nash with Lou Kemper, Sunny Jarvis, Jack Grogan.
2. Henry Goldenberg and Dick Smith.
3. 15,000 people attend WHB's Birthday party at the Municipal Auditorium Arena, and hear the first coast-to-coast broadcast ever originated from there.
4. WHB transmitter now being replaced by a new RCA 10,000-watt plant being erected near Liberty, Mo.
5. Downtown Kansas City street, with WHB banners, celebrating 15th anniversary.
7. Finale.
8. Sal Bobrov.
10. John Wahlstedt and Quartet.
11. Staff Dinner celebrating the Anniversary.
12. Norvell Slater and WHB Choir.
13. Elephants lead the parade.
People and Programs Make WHB History

1. Staff Frolic entertainers.
2. Faculty Meeting Of The Air with Dr. Herold C. Hunt.
4. "It Pays To Be Smart"—High School Quiz Show.
5. Connie Maxwell, staff pianist.
8. Alberta Bird, staff organist.
11. George Morris, staff conductor.
12. Bob Caldwell, Jr., news commentator.
14. Jimmie Atkins, later with Fred Waring.
15. Claire Dyer (Mrs. Bliss) and Dick Smith.
17. Dr. Russell Pratt.
20. Jones Store Victory Window, during World War II.
21. Faculty Meeting Of The Air.
Friends of Yours Heard on WHB

1. Randolph Scott
2. Brock Pemberton
3. Quentin Reynolds
4. Deane W. Malott, Choral Director of the University of Kansas
5. Ann Dvorak
6. Alex Smith
7. Larry Winn and Commander Gene Tunney
8. Mayor Bryce B. Smith and jubilant stars: Rubino, Ben Bernie, Bob Burns
9. Mrs. Martin Johnson
11. Jess Kirkpatrick, Blossom Seeley, Strangler Lewis, Dick Smith
12. Elinor Whitney with Uncle Ezzo and the Hoosier Hotshots
13. Ted Collins and Kate Smith
14. Boyd Raeburn
15. Tommy Dorsey
16. Ben Pollack
17. Eleanor Holm and Art Jarrett
18. Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay
19. Sigmund Romberg and Rosemary Howard
20. Rhonda Fleming
21. Red Nichols
22. Duke Ellington
23. Mildred Bailey and Red Norvo
24. Blackstone the Magician
25. Joe E. Brown
27. Red Nichols, Another picture because we like him! He hired our "Songopators."
28. Ben Bernie
1. Uda Mae Coy (Mrs. Dick Evans).
2. Jess Kirkpatrick and Dr. Russell Pratt.
4. Les Jarvies, Allen Franklin, Norvell Slater and Jack Tadd.
5. Ruth Warrick when she was Jubileesta Queen, and Virginia Eatchelder.
6. Helen Heath.
7. Count Basie returns to his Alma Mater.
8. Lizbeth Scott charms WHB listeners and staff.
11. Reuben Carbin, fruit and vegetable market reporter.
16. President Truman's first homecoming. Mrs. Truman and Margaret on the front row. Yes, the WHB mike is there, too!
17. Lindsey Riddle and the WHB Magic Carpet (mobile short wave transmitter used at golf matches, etc.).
"Queen-for-a-Day" Originates from WHB, Kansas City

1. Bus caravan and visitors from eight Missouri and Kansas cities who came to see a broadcast.

2. Emcee Jack Bailey, Queen Esther Turner and the Arthur Murray dancers.

3. Crowd outside Municipal Auditorium as the Queen leaves. 15,000 people attended on each of the two days.

4. Queen Mayme Deacy and Jack Bailey.

5. WHB Magic Carpet leads bus caravan in Parade from Municipal Auditorium.

6. Producer Bud Ernst and Queen Esther Turner.
WHB Executives and Salesmen

1. President Don Davis.
2. Vice-President John T. Schilling.
3. Vice-President and Treasurer, John F. Cash.
4. Program Director John Wahlstedt, the "Cook Tenor".
5. Salesman Ed Dennis.
7. Chief Engineer Henry Goldenberg.
1. Dick Smith, Chief of the WHB Newsbureau.
2. Announcer Earl Wells
3. Announcer Lou Kemper.
5. Announcer Bruce Grant.
9. Continuity Editor, Rosemary Howard.
10. John Thornberry, "Man-on-the-Street" and "Our Town Forum" moderator.
11. Moré Grether, editor of "Swing".
15. Sandra Lee, the WHB Shopper.
16. Johnny Fraser, Jr., the business manager of "Swing."
RUDDY, redhaired, eminently cheerful John Schilling has managed a single radio station longer than any man in the world, bar none!

He has worked his trade in Shanghai, Mexico, and on the high seas in war and at peace; and has personally built three radio stations.

He is one of the most modest men in broadcasting, yet he remembers when radio was only a funny noise. He helped make the noise.

He has not only seen, he has actively led its development from rotary spark gaps and Quaker Oats box tuning coils to the billion dollar industry which today is the world's greatest medium for mass education and entertainment.

Schilling is trim, with an active, solid look. He has young ideas and a broad smile that wrinkles his eyes and creases his face back towards his ears. Quiet competence surrounds him like an aura. People like him instinctively and are glad—because he looks like a guy you want on your team.

Seeing John Schilling with his bowling club, or single-handedly building a guest-house on Kilocycle Acres—his home just south of the city—it is difficult to believe he is truly one of the broadcasting industry's greatest pioneers; yet this month completes his twenty-fifth year at the helm of the station with Kansas City's oldest call letters—WHB.

In a business where a day bringing no more than 17 crises is apt to be thought dull, this is a remarkable record. He not only heads a complete business operation, he directs an entertainment troupe and has the heavy corrolary responsibilities of community service and education. From early morning until Class A time, he deals with high-powered sponsors, temperamental artists, confused traffic schedules, demanding fund raisers, crackpot promotion men, and junior executives of assorted grades—all the while vulnerable to criticism from the FCC.

But "Calm John" Schilling, the wonder of his broadcasting colleagues, sails imperturbably along, finding time in his great good nature to answer the questions and solve the problems of his staff. The secret, of course, is fine balance; a sharp, perceptive sense of humor; and the ability to grasp and deal with situations immediately in the most direct fashion. Above all, and most impressive to everyone privileged to watch him work, is his unexcitability, his constant appearance of calm.

In his office—with telephone and dictaphone, cigar and pencil—he...
keeps routine humming, greets all comers with unruffled cheerfulness, and somehow finds time to dream up ideas that make broadcasting history.

Since the first World War was an ugly incident an ocean away, John Schilling has been at the business of making history—although it hasn’t always been his fault.

"You know," he says, "a man doesn’t have much to do with ordering his life. Most of it just happens.

"For instance, I’m no good as a prophet. In the electrical experimentation days of radio I didn’t foresee its future military and naval uses, and when I was bobbing around on a subchaser in the North Atlantic with earphones on my head and a bucket under my arm, I didn’t even envision the commercial possibilities which led to the tremendous broadcasting industry we know now. That’s understandable, but it certainly isn’t to my credit.

"I started off wanting to be an architect—actually worked at it for awhile—but something always came along and rerouted me."

They were seemingly unimportant things, too. Things like a radiogram, a box of cigars, and a telephone pole.

The telephone pole was Sam Adair’s, and it was the wonder of the neighborhood! It seemed a hundred feet tall, so it must have been forty, at least. Things looked bigger in 1914. Anyway, this pole was the particular envy of every radio bug for miles around Kansas City, because it enabled Sam to pick up time signals from as far away as Key West!

Sam was a bright boy. He lived across the tracks from Schilling—on the right side. He had an allowance large enough to cover a “rock-crusher” transmitter, and other fabulous pieces of “advanced” radio equipment. All in all, it wasn’t surprising that he soon collected an ardent group of satellites. In their front rank was John Schilling, then a cherub-checked drafting student at Manual Training High School, who knew a little about electricity and was interested in radio. He was considerably impressed by Sam Adair, by Sam Adair’s knowledge, and particularly by Sam Adair’s expensive radio equipment. It was hero worship of the unvarnished variety.

And that was the first influence on John Schilling’s life. For a couple of years, drafting suffered while he helped Sam tinker. He learned code, and began to “work” ham operators around the country, gradually developing a receiving speed of ten or fifteen words a minute.

In April of 1917, the ugly incident jumped across the sea as though it were a puddle, and swept the United States into war. Within a week, John Schilling had embraced his family,
said so long to Sam and hello to Uncle Sam. He enlisted in the navy and was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station.

Shortly after his arrival, it was announced at quarters that men with any radio experience were to report to the Mess Hall at 1400. John went, and sat at a long table with paper and pencil while an examiner rapped out code at five words a minute. The next day he became a seaman second class, classified as a radioman striker. His “boot” days were over!

School was set up in an unheated tent, and after a few days the boys began to wonder why they’d ever volunteered. But it didn’t last long for Seaman Schilling. He was transferred to U. S. Naval Radio School at Harvard for a thirteen-week course.

There he was handed a textbook seven inches thick. That book sits on a book shelf in his library today, mostly to impress people. He never read it, because after his fifth week at Cambridge he was abruptly called out of class with the curt announcement that his services had been specifically requested through the Bureau of Naval Personnel. The instructor at the Western Electric Company in New York said he wanted Schilling as a student.

Mystified, Schilling lashed up his gear. Why would anyone demand him? He thought of the seven-inch book, crammed full of terms he’d never heard of and diagrams he didn’t understand. He shrugged, and caught an early train.

In New York, he learned the answer fast. The instructor was Sam Adair! Now they could tinker and get paid for it!

Time flew at the school on West Street. Radio was developing rapidly, and the bluejackets had to work hard to keep abreast of it. Schilling’s pay record had been lost, so for three months there was plenty of time to study.

Meanwhile, things in the Atlantic were going badly. German U-boats were giving Allied shipping a fit. The American navy had plenty of spirit, but not much equipment.

By Fall, however, great strides had been made in submarine detection methods, so Schilling and twelve others were sent to New London, Connecticut, to open a school in radio telephony. The purpose was to teach officers and men of anti-submarine ships enough to operate radio equipment which was rapidly being installed for communication within hunter-killer groups. Previously, communication had been visual, with the result that it was slow and unsatisfactory.

The thirteen enlisted men were given an old barracks building, and told to start teaching.

They set up a four-week course: two weeks of theory and two weeks...
of practical work with the gear. Students were taught to operate the equipment and make elementary repairs.

Schilling’s most vivid recollections of the period are of experimental cruises in what seemed like awfully rough weather, and of French seamen rolling depth charges down the hill beside the barracks. Three hundred pounds of TNT bumping past is something to remember!

He advanced steadily in rate, and was a chief radio electrician in November of 1918, when the war’s end taught that it was easier to get into the navy than to get out. Transferred to a receiving ship in Brooklyn, he began to sweat out his discharge.

It was there Schilling displayed his executive abilities for the first time, though fortunately none of his superiors ever learned about it. He was on duty one gusty March night at the navy office down on Westminster Street in New York. It was a telephone watch—sitting at a desk, initialing orders, administering routine. Things went swimmingly until midnight, when a personnel order came through. It was for a draft of men to be assigned duty on the U.S.S. George Washington, sailing immediately to carry President Wilson to France. The Chief set down his coffee cup with a slight jar. His eyes grew wide. Heading the list was a familiar name—“Schilling, John T., Chief Radio Electrician, U.S.N.”

Discharge papers should be through any time now, and here were orders to sea. It presented a problem. Schilling reached for a file, selected the likeliest looking candidate, and carefully pencilled a substitution in the margin. Then he drew a neat line through his own name, picked up his coffee. He’d met his first crisis!

The final discharge didn’t arrive until June, though, and by then Schilling had grown fond of New York. So he went to work at the DeForrest Radio Laboratories at Highbridge as an engineer, and for six or eight months designed vacuum tube receiving sets. While with DeForrest, he participated in the original voice communication experiments. Until that time, radio had sent only a series of shrill dots and dashes. But Bob Gowan, the laboratory head, set up equipment at his home in Ossining, and he and Schilling talked back and forth by radio!

But John Schilling was young, and not much impressed. Besides, he had saved almost a thousand dollars, so it was easy for a chap named Sargent to talk him into a trip to California. If only he had known how far west he was going!

Ed Sargent had been in the navy with Schilling and had worked with him later at Highbridge. His home was San Francisco, but nothing he had said prepared Schilling for the size of that home, replete with a staff of servants and a butler with built-in martinis.

The boys wallowed in the lap of San Franciscan luxury for a week, then began to get restless again. So Ed had a chat with the mayor, who produced two jobs in a sugar refinery at Crockett.

Those were jobs all right! Jobs loading 100 pound sacks of sugar, storing raw sugar, living in tents.
But it paid $31 a week—very good money for the time. Then word got out that the boys were electricians, so they were put to work wiring 500-volt stuff—live.

Soon the urge to travel overtook them again. They wanted to work with radio, but with an adventure-some angle. Conveniently, some new merchant ships were in San Francisco, and needed radio operators. The next week, Sargent was on his way through the Canal, bound for Rio. Schilling was sailing due west on board the S.S. Durango.

The Durango was only thirteen days out when Brennan met Dempsey for the world's heavyweight title. All hands had bet heavily on the outcome.

"Blow-by-blow"s were unheard of then, but everyone was depending on "Sparks" Schilling to pick up information on the progress of the bout. He tried hard, but static was so bad that accurate copy was impossible. From what he could piece together, however, he finally issued a bulletin: "Brennan wins." That's when he learned the danger of hasty conclusions.

The next night reception was perfect. A news broadcast came over announcing unmistakably that Dempsey was still champion. This had to be explained to the crew, who had meantime settled all wagers. Schilling met the situation with equanimity, but stuck close to the shack for the rest of the trip. Somehow his popularity had waned.

For nine months he plied the Pacific, communicating every night with Ed. They had arc transmitters, which operated on 2500 meters with one kilowatt, and a fancy code they had worked out before parting. Sargent's ship had returned to San Francisco. He received all of Schilling's mail there, and relayed it by radio. They could send messages with impunity. Or so they thought.

One day, though, Schilling received a radiogram through official channels. It read simply: "Upon arrival port see no one talk no one—Sargent."

That night Sargent failed to answer his call. He was silent the next night and the next, until Schilling finally gave up.

The Durango was headed for the States and New York. The sea was smooth and life was good. In the evening, Schilling could sit on a coil of line aft and stare at the thick purple blackness of the water. The wake boiled white, and occasional balls of phosphorescence flashed with the startling beauty of lime neon under water.

He had a fresh box of good cigars. One night he lit one, settled his back against a bulkhead, and contemplated an enveloping peace greater than any.
thing he’d ever known. He thought slowly: “One more year of this and I’ll be good for nothing at all! This is my last cruise.”

It was, and it was almost the end of his career in broadcasting. When he reached New York there was a letter from Sargent. Government regulatory officials had picked up their coded messages. Both of them stood to lose their licenses.

Quickly, the boys cooked up a story. They had been conducting tests on their equipment, at the request of the manufacturer. They tipped off the manufacturer, and he agreed to go along with them on it. A good thing! With his backing, and luck all around, they managed to skin through. But it was too close for comfort!

Schilling stuck by his vow to leave the sea, and headed home. He hadn’t seen Kansas City for nearly three years. It was good to get back. He went to work in an engineer’s office, where he was completely happy until a wire advised that Sargent was going to Mexico to install five DeForrest transmitters for the Continental Mexican Petroleum Company. There was lots of money in it. Was John interested? John was. John took a train immediately, smuggling needed tubes across the border under the mattress of his berth.

In Tampico, there was a jubilant reunion with Sargent, who explained that the five stations were for communication between Tampico and oil fields in the interior. Guerrilla warfare raged everywhere, and telephone wires never stayed up more than a few days.

They pitched into the task with a will. The Tampico station was up and operating in two months.

No sooner had the final touches been put to it than gold braid descended. All the gold braid in the world, it seemed. There were admirals and generals and Mexican officials of all sizes, mostly big, and all of them covered with gold. They were revoking the station’s conditional grant, which amounted to confiscation. As it stood. Right now. They thought it would be a nice asset for the government then current. No more were to be erected.

Schilling and Sargent, somewhat amazed at first, finally decided not to worry. After all, governments were changing with great frequency in Mexico just then, and tomorrow or the next day might see a revolution of elements who felt kindlier towards itinerant American engineers and members in good standing of the I. R. E.

But no such luck. They hung around a month or so, sampling tequila and swapping sea stories, then gave it up as a bad go. Sargent went back to California, and Schilling
caught the Ward Line for New York and home.

In Kansas City, Sam Adair was building WOQ, a station now extinct, which was owned by Arthur McCreary’s Western Electric Company. John Schilling consented to help him.

When the station was installed and on the air, Schilling announced by night and waited counter selling radio parts by day. This was 1921, and crystal sets were just becoming popular. So occasionally he would drive to Joplin for several hundred pounds of galena. Broken up, galena crystal sold for fifty cents the small piece.

In March of 1922, Schilling changed jobs for the last time. E. J. Sweeney, who operated a large automotive and electrical school, wanted a radio station. As with everything Mr. Sweeney wanted, he wanted it right now! So he hired John Schilling and Sam Adair to build it for him.

They set to work immediately, with whatever parts were available, and completed a composite 250-watt transmitter early the following month. John Schilling was general manager and chief announcer. He would have had more titles, but broadcasting wasn’t highly departmentalized then. And so it was that WHB took the air twenty-five years ago this month.

Sweeney was a large operator. He did things big. He placed an order for the best equipment on the market, a 500-watt Western Electric transmitter, and installed elaborate studios on the tenth floor of the Sweeney Building.

This was a new phase of John Schilling’s career. He instructed classes at the Sweeney school, maintained WHB equipment, and handled most of the announcing duties. Gradually, his fame as an announcer grew. As the “golden-voiced announcer,” he became known to listeners all over the United States, and he was rated in the top half-dozen radio personalities of the twenties.

Then he and Sargent got into trouble with the Radio Commission again, although it all started innocently enough. Sargent was installing a station in Oakland, and wanted to test its signal strength. He wrote to ask if John would conduct a test with him Tuesday night after the regular broadcast period was finished.

They tested, quite satisfactorily, and then began chatting as casually as if they were using the telephone. After about half an hour of conversation another station cut in from Atlanta. A fourth station joined, and the thing degenerated into a bull-session on programming, equipment, and common problems. It was so much fun they decided to do it again the following week. The next Tuesday, several other stations joined in, and in a very short time Tuesday night was established as an informal “conference night” for many of the stations in the country.

There were three outstanding features of these broadcasts. First, they were informative and extremely beneficial to the participating stations. Second, they built a tremendous public following almost immediately. Listeners wrote in, wanting to know whether there would be a conference Tuesday night, and — say — why weren’t those things announced in
the newspapers? Third, they were illegal.

This was brought painfully to Schilling's attention in an official letter from the Radio Commission, telling him the station was licensed for regular broadcast use, not for personal conversations. The letter didn't make plain whether WHB was the only station being reprimanded; so the following Tuesday, Schilling and Goldie, the chief engineer, stood by their receiving set. Conference time came, and there was silence deep as a tomb. The Commission had stuck clean the board.

Romance came to John Schilling in the mid-twenties, in the person of a petite brunette of French Canadian extraction—Yvonne Rodier. Yvonne had raven black hair; large, lustrous eyes, and a clear soprano voice nicely adapted to radio. She was prominent as a guest soloist at clubs and charity shows in and around Kansas City, and eventually began a series of performances over local radio stations.

The romance started when she came to WHB, and John offered to drive her home after the broadcast. He invited her to come again, and again he drove her home. He still drives her home—to Kilicycle Acres.

Things at WHB were lush, plush, lots of fun until late 1926. Then E. J. Sweeney met serious reverses, and the station lost its full-time operating permit. John Schilling and Goldie stuck with him, however, through many grim, desperate months.

They continued the fight to keep the station on the air, and were saved when a Kansas Citian, Judge Joseph Guthrie, came to their rescue with several thousand dollars. They lost the Sweeney Building, but made arrangements to use a two-room suite in the Hotel Baltimore, in exchange for advertising.

One room served as a studio, and the other accommodated visitors—as well as being the artist's lounge, audition room, rehearsal room, and general office. Schilling sat at a desk in a far corner, and had to shout at his secretary to be heard above the prevailing pandemonium. The staff pianist was Lou O'Connor, since a network organist, and she acted as receptionist and head telephone answerer. Everyone had three or four jobs, foremost of which was selling time wherever and whenever possible.

The professional doubling-up went so far that John Schilling—general manager, announcer, engineer, operator, continuity writer, and time salesman—took up the Jew's Harp! Staffmen were amazed one morning to come in and find Calm John's feet on his desk, a sheet of music across his knees, and the twang organ
clenched determinedly between his teeth. He was working on New River Train.

And he stuck to it! For weeks, he devoted every spare minute to practice. He played only one piece, New River Train. This brought on considerable ribbing. “Going to play that thing on the air, John?”

He was. When he had completely mastered it, he went on the air one day with guitar accompaniment. He played New River Train, sang a chorus, played another chorus. To the amazement of everybody, he was good. The best hillbilly in the area. Requests streamed in for a repeat performance, and Schilling obliged. For several years thereafter he periodically did his one and only specialty, New River Train.

SOMEHOW, WHB held head above water until 1930 when bought by the Cook Paint and Varnish Company, a young, rapidly expanding organization which realized the terrific potential of intensive radio advertising. This was the beginning of yet another phase of Schilling’s career, the important one he is known for today.

With no wolf to beat away from the door, and with funds once more with which to hire talent, get modern equipment and adequate studios, John was free to develop into the fine executive he is today. He was able to unload his announcing, engineering, and selling tasks and concentrate on supervising and coordinating staff efforts. He has built a fine, smoothly-running machine. Now he can sit in the driver’s seat instead of being out in the mud, pushing. In the years since 1930, he has confined himself to active leadership and the formulation of new broadcasting ideas.

Eleven years ago, John Schilling became vice-president of WHB. He leads a full life. In addition to his bowling, building, and occasional beer-drinking with friends, he is a leader in many civic activities, and a member of several good clubs.

But not for anything would he trade the experience and adventure of those early days. Opportunities to make more money in larger broadcasting markets have presented themselves many times, but John sticks to WHB. He likes Kansas City and Kansas Citians, and he likes the station he built here. It is the kind of station that has the same adventure-some pioneering bent that John Schilling has, and the people associated with it develop a special kind of spirit.

So this month Swing salutes John T. Schilling, as he and his station celebrate their anniversary together. May they have many more!
"We now present the program originally scheduled to be cancelled at this time!"
Portland's Pride is the Climbers' Delight, and to see Oregon is to see its tallest mountain.

Perhaps the most famous Hoods in the world are Mount—and Little Red Riding. Obviously, the little girl and the mountain have little to do with each other, since the only thing they have in common, except a name, is antiquity. But as mountains go, Mount Hood is still more or less in its prime. It has kept its youthful figure. And the shapely white cone rising like a marshmallow sundae behind Portland, Oregon, is easily the most beautiful of a long line of beautiful snowpeaks that run roughly parallel to the Pacific Coast and about one hundred miles inland. These form the Cascade Range, a dazzling divider between the fruit and flower country of Oregon and the Columbia River Valley and plateau regions.

Long before the Indians arrived, or evolved, in the northwest, these mountains were volcanoes, belching fire and lava into the country below. But by the time the red man got there, the Cascades looked much as they do today. Their angrier days had passed, their blood had cooled, and like Whistler's mother, they had settled down sedately with a white cap on their heads.

The Northwest Indians had it all figured out just how those snowpeaks got there. One of the Klickitat legends concerns Mount Hood, Mount Adams, and Mount St. Helens, the latter two in Washington.

Between two tribes of Indians, stemming from the two sons of Tyhee Saghalie, the chief of the gods, lay the great river which we call the Columbia. Saghalie had placed it there, along with a string of green mountains to keep peace between the tribes. But since he wished them to be neighborly, he built a great stone bridge known to the Indians as the tamahnawas, or bridge of the gods. On this bridge lived a witch, and that's where the trouble began.

At first, there was no trouble. The witch-woman, called Loowit, had charge of the only fire in the world, and she saw fit to give fire to the tribes on both sides of the river. Saghalie was so pleased that he promised Loowit anything she might ask for. Three guesses. Of course, Loowit asked for youth and beauty. She got it.
Then everyone wanted to marry Loowit. But she held out until two super chiefs came into her life. These were Klickitat from the north and Wiyeast from the west. And when Loowit couldn't make up her mind which one to marry, they and their tribes went to war. Finally Saghalie got fed up. He broke the bridge and turned the witch-woman and her two warriors into mountains. But since they had been beautiful creatures in life, he determined they should remain beautiful, even as hunks of stone and trees. Therefore, he draped them in snow. And if you would believe the Indians, when you look upon Mount St. Helens, you look upon the witch-woman, Loowit. Klickitat became Mount Adams, and Wiyeast, the warrior from the west, was turned into what is now Mount Hood.

The geologists, of course, have their own ideas about the origin of these mountains. The Cascades, they say, are the work of Pleistocene glaciers. The Pleistocene Age began around a million years ago. Before that, the region had been islands in the Pacific, then an inland lake region, tropical and lush, cluttered with mylodon, elephants, mastodons, camels, and horses with three toes. This was during the Eocene and Miocene periods, intervals of several million years each. Another several million years and the warm tropical region cooled, grew cold, and withered under a blanket of ice. Only the volcanoes retained in their depths the vestiges of turbulent heat.

After awhile the ice began to break up, to move slowly, carving out valleys and sculpting the great rocks. After thousands of centuries of eruption and erosion, tropic heat and glacial silence, the great Northwest began to take on the shape and climate it has today. Now a dozen snowpeaks stand silently waiting the next anticipated glaciation, looking down on swarming man agog in his one little hour.

In this region, that hour began, for modern man, with the Indians. Then in the middle of the sixteenth century the Spaniards made a few shy forays from the southwest into the northwest. The first exploration of the Oregon coast was not made until 1774, when a Spaniard named Juan Perez appeared on the scene. So far as we know, the enormous snowcaps of the Cascades were not seen by white men until the late eighteenth century—just about a hundred and fifty years ago.

Mount Hood was discovered by one Lieutenant Broughton, a member of Vancouver's exploring expedition for King George III of England. On October 20, 1792, Lieutenant Broughton wrote that he had observed "a very distant high snowy mountain, rising beautifully conspicuous." Then and there, he named the mountain in honor of a fellow countryman, Viscount Samuel Hood of Whitley, a commander in the British Navy. The Viscount had fought in the Napoleonic Wars and in the American Revolution. Although he didn't win that war, he evidently acquitted himself admirably enough—at least to get a mountain named for him, with a river, a valley, a canal, and a town thrown in.

Lieutenant Broughton mistook the
mountain for the source of the great river, which had been discovered by an American only about five months earlier and named the Columbia. But nothing much was learned about Mount Hood for another half century. Meanwhile, on October 24, 1832, Nathaniel J. Wyeth, on an expedition from Independence, Missouri, to Vancouver, made this entry in his journal: “... before us and apparently in the river rises the most formidable mountain we have seen.” Two days later he wrote: “This day we passed the high mountain covered with snow heretofore [sic] mentioned. It is on the left of the river and is a more stupendous pile than any of the Rocky Mountains. Always covered with snow and is called the Snowy Mountain.” According to some historians, the Indians called this peak Tumtum, or Timm. But the name Lieutenant Broughton gave it in 1792 became official.

This “dissected volcano” as the Britannica calls it, rises from a plane about four thousand feet above sea level, to a height of 11,225 feet. Some say 11,245; others, 11,253. But any way you look at it, it’s still reach-

ing for the sky and darn’ near getting there. The summit is a long narrow platform about a quarter of a mile long, the rim of an ancient crater. The crater measures perhaps a half mile across, but the rim has crumbled and disappeared except on the north side. Geologists predict that eventually the sharp cone of Mount Hood will fall. The eight or nine glaciers—actually ice fields—that lie along the mountain are shrinking at what is, for a glacier, a pretty good clip. Eventually, they say, the summit will be undermined by ice.

However, that still leaves plenty of time—perhaps several thousand years—for the tourists and the people of Portland to feast their eyes on Hood’s grandeur. Time, too, for the hikers to test wind and limb as they scale the mountain’s utmost height. Probably no other snowpeak in America has been climbed as often as Mount Hood. The ascents began in 1854. On August 4 of that year, a party led by William Barlow reached the top of the mountain via the southern slope. Barlow was the son of Captain Samuel K. Barlow who built the first wagon
road across the Cascades. One of the men who made that first ascent set the mountain’s height at 18,361 feet. No doubt he felt every inch that high, even though his miss was considerably better than a mile.

Because of its climate and geography—snowcaps, warm valleys, and a beautiful, temperate coastline—Oregon is dotted with playgrounds. But the playing is perhaps nowhere so concentrated as it is on Mount Hood. This climbers’ delight is also the skiers’ delight, and if you neither ski nor hike, you can fish, ride horseback, or play golf. If you aren’t the outdoor type, you can still get your exercise by dancing at one of the resort hotels; and if nothing else, you can spend your time profitably enough just looking at the scenery.

From the parks and rose bushes of Portland it is roughly forty miles east to Mount Hood.

At the six-thousand-foot level, you find the Timberline Lodge. You find it, all right—you couldn’t miss it! Nor would you want to. This is a 56-room, more than a million dollar, Cascadian chalet, built by WPA workers, dedicated in 1937 by Franklin D. Roosevelt, and owned by the national forest service. Roads to the lodge are kept open the year round, and the average number of week-end visitors ranges from two thousand to four thousand. In the winter they ski, making use of the celebrated ski lift that carries them a mile up the side of the mountain at fifty cents a ride. From June into October they may follow professional guides across glaciers, around lakes, up to the top. From July into September they ride horses, take pack trips, folk dance, or sit in on theatricals produced by the Civic Theater of Portland.

But the beautiful mountain can see more than its climbers, farther than its skiers. Rising over three rivers—the Columbia, the Hood, and the Willamette—it looks down upon the tremendous water power that promises—or threatens—to turn Portland into one of the most important industrial cities in the nation. It looks down on Bonneville Dam, on Portland’s fresh water harbor, upon the Hood River Valley, two hundred square miles of rich land that puts forth blossoms and fruit—six and a half million boxes of fresh fruit alone each year.

This tall white mountain beholds tremendous progress. Quite a change from the coppery skinned people it once looked upon, if, indeed, they could be seen at all, slipping among the pines and firs, the tamaracks, the cedars and larches. Quite a change from those tired wagons that rolled across its southern slope not so many years ago. Now instead of covered wagons, streamlined transcontinental trains, and ships built by a man named Kaiser; instead of Indians in beads and buckskin—vacationers in ski-togs; instead of empty plains and untamed rivers—dams and boats, tractors, furrows, and orchards.

But looking north, the mountain watches across the miles her sisters, also snowy, also tall and quiet, and remembers, perhaps, the time when all of them were younger and had fire in their veins, and rose with tumult and vigor out of a ledge thrown up by a turbulent sea.
The policy that makes WHB achievements a matter of record: Be First—Stay First!

First & FOREMOST!

by GENNII PRUETT

WITH the pleasures and privileges of broadcasting come inescapable responsibilities to disseminate truth and knowledge, to entertain on a number of cultural levels, to perform service to the community.

But there is another: the responsibility of being original—of creating, of bettering through experimentation.

At WHB, whose three-letter call is the badge of the pioneer, the struggle for improvement of methods, services, and industry standards has been persistent throughout the station's quarter-century history. The effort to be out ahead, leading the way, has resulted in an impressive number of broadcasting "firsts."

Ironically, for a station which has held only a daytime operating permit for the past eighteen years, one of the most memorable "firsts" was the first all-night broadcast by any radio station! WHB was on the air from 7 o'clock, Sunday evening, February 1st, 1923, until the next morning at 7:28 a.m. This was the longest continuous broadcast that had ever been made, up to that time.

A wide variety of programs appeared on that first all-night broadcast, including music by Ted Lewis' orchestra, an address by the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. J. H. Barnes, and a period of radio code practice. It began and ended with a talk by Mr. E. J. Sweeney, first owner of WHB.

Setting a new record for its competitors to aim at, WHB topped its previous performance with the broadcast of its Second Annual All-Night Program on March 23, 1924. This time, the station was on the air for 13 hours and 35 minutes, the all-time high for that era. There were reports that radios all over the nation, as well as in the Hawaiian Islands, picked up the momentous program. Newspapers advised their readers several days ahead of time to have their batteries charged to the limit to hear WHB!

There is strong evidence that WHB had the first full-time staff orchestra employed by any radio station in the world. Shades of Petrillo! One has only to recall that this was the period of free talent, usually of amateur calibre, to realize that a revolutionary innovation was this use of hired professional musicians! The Sweeney Orchestra played on WHB for the first time on August 15th, 1922, with Kansas City's mayor, Frank Crom-
well, addressing the listeners. The group was under the direction of Louis Forbstein, and boasted nine pieces. The Forbstein men played popular, light classical, or church music, according to the program scheduled.

Fired with ambition, WHB originated a program which connected the Pacific Northwest and the Middle West for the first time. During the program, circuits were reversed, furnishing what was probably the first instance in American radio where broadcasting circuits were reversed for transmission in opposite directions. This history-making broadcast occurred on April 30, 1925, when a program of nearly two hours duration celebrated the 50th anniversary of the founding of the Long-Bell Lumber Company. In Kansas City, the main part of the program was originated in a large tent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Nelson.

Other stations carrying this record-breaker were WFAA, Dallas, Texas; KGO, Oakland, California; and KGW, Portland, Oregon. With such a large territory being covered, a proportionately large listening audience should have been expected. But apparently the company's founder, Mr. R. A. Long, did not realize the potentiality of radio. In his opening speech, he greeted his fellow workers in the three states—and, incidentally, anyone else who might happen to be listening in.

The announcer on the three-way hook-up was the “Golden Voice of WHB,” John Schilling. During the few minutes that it took to reverse the lines, Mr. Schilling read telegrams of congratulations. How different the split-second network shifts of today, switching all over the world in a moment’s time!

The early morning Musical Clock program, which is now so familiar to radio audiences of this area, was first brought to Kansas City by WHB in July, 1931. Don Davis, in his travels as the station’s national sales representative, discovered the Musical Clock show on station KYW in Chicago, sponsored by Marshall Field’s and announced by Halloween Martin. She came to Kansas City during her summer vacation and launched the program here, with George Hogan announcing. At a later period, in order to bring the charm and personality of Miss Martin’s voice to WHB listeners, Davis had Miss Martin transcribe the show in Chicago. All that Kansas City announcers had to do was to play the recorded music and cut in with the temperature reports every five minutes when Miss Martin announced the time.

An outgrowth of the Musical Clock, with its time and temperature reports, was the idea of giving the time and temperature at every WHB "station break." Listeners now expect to hear time and temperature
reports every fifteen or thirty minutes, at the end of a program—but in 1931 that was a revolutionary idea, pioneered by WHB.

Midwestern people have long been interested in grain and livestock quotations; so it was only natural that this broadcast service would be one of the first features carried by early-day stations. From the time WHB went on the air, in April, 1922, the broadcast day was filled with periods of grain quotations from the Board of Trade, and with weather forecasts. In 1922, WHB had a private broadcast circuit direct to the Livestock Exchange; and in 1923 the engineers built a small booth in the Board of Trade building and set up a microphone. WHB was the first station in Kansas City to broadcast quotations direct from the source. The station still carries daily an early-morning program direct from the Agricultural Marketing Service of the Department of Agriculture in the Livestock Exchange Building, with one of that department's experts giving farmers advance estimated livestock receipts at all principal markets. This program is fed by WHB to the Kansas State Network.

Safety-wise, the year 1931 was a black one for Kansas City. At the close of the year, the number of fatalities from automobile accidents stood at 104. The following year, 1932, WHB originated daily broadcasts from the Kansas City Municipal Court, in an attempt to reduce this death rate. Hearing Judge Thomas V. Holland climax a traffic case with the sentence, "Thirty days. License revoked!" proved a most effective radio discourse on careful driving, and the number of traffic deaths dropped to 72 for 1932, a decrease of 32 over the previous figure. The number continued to fall until 1940, when it was 24. That year, Kansas City won a plaque as the safest city in the nation.

Thus, while WHB was chalking up another first (broadcasting directly from a municipal court), it was also rendering the community a service which it desperately needed. Twenty-six stations in other American cities later copied the court broadcasts.

Another broadcast idea pioneered by WHB was "The Weatherman In Person." Weather forecasts had been broadcast since the first radio station took to the air, but the idea of letting the weatherman speak for himself was originated by WHB, to the best of anyone's knowledge. In June, 1932, WHB presented in person A. M. Hamrick, chief forecaster of the United States Weather Bureau in Kansas City; and with that broadcast an idea began that is now widely copied throughout the nation—and even here in Kansas City! The weather bureau now chooses weather forecasters for their radio personalities!

At the time the idea originated with WHB, the Weather Bureau was located on the eleventh floor of the Scarritt Building, one floor below the then new WHB Penthouse Studios. The nearness of the forecaster gave Will Scarritt, WHB's landlord, the idea of broadcasting the weatherman "in person," and he suggested it to Don Davis.

The soundness of the idea was apparent, and now nearly a hundred communities carry such programs.
At WHB, a permanent direct line connects the Weather Bureau office at the Municipal Airport with WHB's central board.

Another program idea pioneered by WHB was the Kansas City Kiddies' Revue. This was aired for the first time in the summer of 1932, sponsored weekly on Saturdays by the Jenkins Music Company for their students. Charles Lee Adams directed large groups of talented youngsters for several years, presenting the shows from the Jenkins Auditorium before audiences of three to four hundred people.

The present-day version on WHB is the Saturday morning Spotlight Revue, sponsored by the Cochran Music Company, and featuring the promising juvenile musical talent of today. The children transcribe their numbers individually, and the program is assembled for broadcast.

WHB installed the first modern recording laboratory in Kansas City to be set up as a separate department of a radio station. It was established in June, 1935, by Vic Damon. The purpose was to enable the station to transcribe excellent Mutual programs originating at night for broadcast the following day.

Tide magazine, in its issue of January 15, 1937, commented: "WHB, a radio station out in Kansas City, claims conservatively that it's got 'the finest schedule of daytime programs of any station in America.

"WHB isn't boasting as much as you think, either. They've just become an affiliate of the Mutual Broadcasting System, and they're not on the air at night. What they do is to make transcriptions of all the MBS evening dance music—which means they get bands like Goodman's, Lombardo's, Kemp's, etc. The next afternoon WHB puts these records on the air, and sells time to the local merchants.

"Last month MBS had a bang-up evening program to greet the new links in their chain. All their top-flight talent was scheduled to appear. Came a frantic last-minute request from WHB. Please remember, they said, not to let anybody on the program mention the word 'night'."

WHB gave its listeners news on the hour, every hour, as far back as 1935, and it is believed that this was the first instance where a station broadcast a feature at regular hourly intervals. Corroborating the date, national ads appearing in Broadcasting, Variety, and Radio Advertising Rates & Data for April, 1935, carried the following copy: "This idea of broadcasting baseball scores 'every hour on the hour' was originated in the Showmanship Shops of WHB ... is copyrighted by us ... and ex-
exclusive with WHB in Kansas City. No station here broadcasts complete games throughout the season. WHB’s reports are thus the finest baseball service heard in the Kansas City area!"

In 1933, the National Association of Broadcasters held its convention at the Chase Hotel, in St. Louis. As a promotional stunt, WHB had the pages of its yearbook mounted on artboard and placed as an exhibit in the hotel lobby. It thus became the first station to have an exhibit at an NAB convention. This use of exhibits has since become standard practice for attending stations.

During the past year, WHB took a definite forward step in accurate and interesting news reporting, with its most recent innovation, Voices in The News. This program had its roots in a weekly public service feature, called The WHB Newsreel, which began in 1936. At that time, studio transcriptions were made, but only the recent development of satisfactory portable equipment made it feasible to get on-the-spot coverage of news events.

Voices in The News, and the many other broadcasting "firsts" of WHB, are the programming, promotional, and public service accomplishments of one radio station of one city in only one of the countries of the world.

But the globe over, other broadcasters are introducing ideas equally important to the industry and to all humanity!

WHB is proud of these accomplishments, justifiably proud, because they exemplify the true creative spirit—the will to progress, to advance a great medium which has the power of knitting together all nations.

It is with a renewal of faith in ideas, in individual originality, that WHB faces the future—pledged to a continuance of the trail blazing which has made radio great, and can make a great world!
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

20th Century Fox

CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA — Dick Haymes, Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero, Celeste Holm. Technicolored musical set at (you guessed it) carnival time in Costa Rica. Vera-Ellen and Cesar Romero are cast as an engaged couple, whose approaching marriage has been family arranged. Each has other fish to fry, and the film presents their efforts to thwart family pressure. Celeste Holm is as enchanting as ever, and sings with abandon Men Bring Out the Mother In Me. Her change of pace is electrifying, and will remind you of Oklahoma and Bloomer Girl.

ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND — Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Ethel Merman. The ingredients for this one include a temperamental orchestra leader, a beautiful songstress, and a song writer. After a misunderstanding, the singer leaves the band, which soon breaks up; the band leader joins the army when World War I breaks out; and the song writer follows the girl to Broadway to write her ditties. Proximity being what it is, the two in New York marry, but later break up, and there is a highly unrealistic but satisfactory reunion of the singer and her real love, at Carnegie Hall. As always, the Irving Berlin tunes will please you.

Warner Brothers

PURSUED — Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, Judith Anderson, Dean Jagger. Orphaned Jep Rand (Mitchum) is brought up with the Callum children, Adam and Thor, but has a strange feeling of always being pursued by an unknown avenger. After being ambushed, he kills the Callum boy. Months later, he marries Thor. The Callum clan trails Jep to his hideout, and prepares to Lynch him. Mrs. Callum rides up, and the lynching party is over, though it does take a little killing to get the clan's ring leader to reconsider. Once dead, he is quite docile, and Jep and Thor mount their horses and ride off, free at last from pursuit. A newcomer, young John Rodney, makes his appearance in the film as Adam Callum. Watch for him.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE SEA OF GRASS — Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Walker, and Melvyn Douglas. Katie Hepburn, as a St. Louis belle, marries Colonel Jim Brewton, a New Mexico cattle baron. She finds herself taking the part of the homesteaders, who want to break up the big cattle ranches. Her stand eventually results in an estrangement. She goes to Denver, has a brief interlude with a lawyer (Melvyn Douglas), then returns to her husband to try again to make her marriage work. She has a son (the lawyer's), then finally leaves again. Jim's drive against the farmers fails; and, in despair, he realizes his need for his wife. He searches in vain for her. The son, now grown, is held for a shooting, escapes, and is killed. Returning to the ranch after the funeral, Jim finds his wife, and they are reunited, proving it takes a lot to beat the Tracy-Hepburn combo.

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES — "Butch" Jenkins, Peter Lawford, Beverly Tyler. A delightful comedy-drama about a young man whose plans to marry are shattered when he loses his life savings to prevent a horse, which his young brother loves, from falling into the wrong hands. He suddenly becomes aware that his brother, who talks to horses, can pick winners at the racetrack. The whole family backs "L'Effendi" in the Preakness, the horse wins, and marriage plans are on again. If you liked "Butch" in Our Vines Have Tender Grapes, you'll love him as the boy who talks to horses. Peter Lawford is the handsome elder brother, and Beverly Tyler provides lovely interest. Edward Arnold, Charles Ruggles, and Spring Byington give solid support.
WHEN John Blair & Company, national representatives of radio stations, took over the responsibility on April first this year of selling time on WHB to national advertisers, four pioneers in the radio broadcasting field became associated. They are: The Cook Paint and Varnish Company, for 17 years owners and operators of WHB; John T. Schilling, who built the station in 1922; Donald Dwight Davis, president of the WHB Broadcasting Co., and for 16 years WHB’s chief salesman and promoter; and John P. Blair, president of the firm which bears his name, one of the first advertising men to realize the full potentialities of radio as an advertising medium.

After extensive advertising and merchandising experience with Montgomery Ward & Company, Chicago, and General Outdoor Advertising, Chicago, Mr. Blair went to the West Coast as head of the new business department of the San Francisco office of the J. Walter Thompson Co., nation-wide advertising agency. It was there, in the early 30’s, that he foresaw the tremendous possibilities inherent in radio and realized that radio stations would need competent taffs of experienced salesmen to present their stories to national advertisers in the major advertising centers.

Early in 1933, the firm of Grieg, Blair and Spight was formed with Humphrey Grieg and Lindsey Spight, then sales manager of KPO, San Francisco, and western sales manager of the National Broadcasting Company. The first office was opened in San Francisco and the first station represented was KNX, Los Angeles. The experiment was so successful that in a few months offices had to be opened in Chicago and New York, with Lindsey Spight managing the Coast operation as he does today, Grieg going to New York, and Mr. Blair establishing the Chicago office and permanent company headquarters. More stations were added to the list, such as KDYL, Salt Lake City and WOW, Omaha. In 1935 the name of the organization was changed to John Blair & Company and it was firmly established as a vital factor in the swiftly growing broadcasting industry. Today the company maintains offices in Chicago, New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Francisco, with seventeen experienced salesmen, various other departments, and a client list of approximately 35 major stations and two regional networks, all doing a substantial volume of national business.
This fast but solid growth was no accident. From the first, Mr. Blair built his organization on two major premises—one, to build a sales staff composed of competent and experienced advertising men, with an emphasis on men who had had actual radio station background; two, to see that each of these men was as fully-informed about each station as the station’s own management. Today eleven of the seventeen Blair salesmen have actually worked in radio stations in various capacities. The others are all men of broad experience in publication advertising and merchandising.

And to keep this top-flight force fully informed of the operation of all stations, a sales development department is maintained as the chief channel of information from the stations to the salesmen. Elaborate files are maintained on each station in all six offices. These files are supplemented by a constant flow of bulletins and publications from the department. The salesmen are relieved of the responsibility of writing presentations, soliciting information from the stations and doing other “inside” work. They are free to devote the principal part of their time to selling and developing new business. The sales development department assumes the job of visiting each station periodically for the purpose of re-evaluating its operation, and of making analyses of new stations which are added to the list from time to time.

The result of strict adherence to these precepts has been a record of continual growth of both John Blair & Company and the stations which it has represented over a period of years. Now one of the leading firms of national representatives, the company has not lost a major station in nearly eight years. Its associations with stations have been enduring and mutually profitable.

Other principles and methods have contributed heavily to the success of the organization. Mr. Blair has long felt that the best sales organization is one in which the salesmen are well-paid and happy, and have a feeling of partnership in the organization. This feeling has been carefully nurtured to the extent that turnover of personnel has been extremely slight. In addition, most of the salesmen are stockholders. As a result of this feeling of participation in the organization’s prosperity, the service tenure of Blair salesmen is long—their interest in the welfare of the company is great. Moreover, since they are all men of considerable ability, they have built up personal reputations of the highest character among the advertising agency people on whom they call. Long years of honest dealing and fair practices have established each Blair salesman as a man of integrity as well
as ability. The importance of this type of representation is incalculable to stations with which the company is associated. After fourteen years of constant growth, John Blair & Company now represents the following principal radio stations:

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WFBR  Baltimore, Md.
KFYR  Bismarck, N. D.
KIDO  Boise, Idaho
WHDH  Boston, Mass.
WLS   Chicago, Ill.
KFRU  Columbia, Mo.
WBNS  Columbus, Ohio
KFEL  Denver, Colo.
WMMN  Fairmont, W. Va.
WHP   Harrisburg, Pa.
KTRH  Houston, Texas
WIBC  Indianapolis, Ind.
WHB   Kansas City, Mo.
WROL  Knoxville, Tenn.
KHJ   Los Angeles, Calif.
WLOL  Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
WDSU  New Orleans, La.
WNEW  New York, N. Y.
KODY  North Platte, Neb.
WOW   Omaha, Neb.
KOY   Phoenix, Ariz.
KALE  Portland, Ore.
WMBG  Richmond, Va.
KXOK  St. Louis, Mo.
KDYL  Salt Lake City, Utah
KGB   San Diego, Calif.
KFRC  San Francisco, Calif.
WGBI  Scranton, Pa.
KGDM  Stockton, Calif.
KOL   Seattle, Wash.
WWVA  Wheeling W. Va.
KGMB  Honolulu, Hawaii
KZPI  Manila, P. I.
WJAX  Jacksonville, Fla.
WQAM  Miami, Fla.
WDBO  Orlando, Fla.
WFLA  Tampa, Fla.
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Arizona Network:

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KOY   Phoenix
KTUC  Tucson
KSUN  Bisbee-Douglas
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**PECCADILLOS**

by M. M. PARRISH

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I

TO NEARLY ALL RADIO COMICS

When wowed by the wonders of nature,
Won’t you talk of the stars and the trees,
Erosions or oceans or aardvarks—
And please omit flowers—and bees?

II

TO LAX LYRISTS

We’re used to the rhymes that are faulty;
Cliches, as you know, will get by.
But it might be effective to watch your objective
And not say “between you and I.”

III

TO CERTAIN ANNOUNCERS

Though you speak with the tongues of angels,
Broad a’s and a tone that’s prophetic,
I’d gladly behead you all when you say sched-you-all
Or roll out the word ath-e-letic.

DITTO

I hope that I shall live to see
The day you call it lingeree.
"Won't you come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly." Just a nursery rhyme, but these words played an important part in Myra Taylor's life.

It happened back in 1938 when Myra Taylor, with her love for music, started to make songs her professional career. After appearing in Kansas City night spots for a number of years, she decided that her singing career was at a standstill, so she landed a writing contract with the Blasco Music Publishing Company.

One day in the late summer of '46, Myra approached her boss with a new tune, which he recognized immediately as a natural. It was a simple melody taken from the old nursery rhyme, The Spider and the Fly. You see, Myra had read to the neighborhood children, and their favorite was the story of the spider and the fly. The more she read it the more she thought, "It's a lie!" So the song buzzed around in her brain and the words came easily... thus the novelty song The Spider and the Fly.

Mercury Recording Company, upon hearing the audition, came to Kansas City immediately, and cut the master disc, along with other Taylor originals which included Still Blue Waters, Take It Easy, Greasy, and Tell Your Best Friend—Nothing.

Myra is still writing, and has an exclusive three-year contract with Mercury. During the next three years, she will cut twenty-four sides, eight a year, and they will all be Myra Taylor tunes.

Myra loves music; she lives it every day, singing in public appearances seven days a week. This looks like a rough schedule, but not to Myra, who says, "When something is so much dog-gone fun, it just can't seem like work to me!"

Platter Chatter

Mary Lou Williams' Victor recording of Waltz Boogie is the only boogie ever waxed in three-quarter time with six instead of eight beats to the bar... Columbia is presenting a new release of that old Frankie Carle favorite Sunrise Serenade... Stan Kenton and crew are now doing one-nighters on the West Coast... Al Donahue is one of the latest to join the ranks of platter merchants... Watch for the new Kay Cee records, especially the Dee Peterson combo with a wow vocal by Ken Smith (he's a second Phil Harris)... Frank Sinatra back to work with a Cuban tan... Drummer-man Gene Krupa is currently one-nighting in the Midwest... Benny Goodman leaves Sunset and Vine to head east this month... Doris Day, a former Les Brown starlet, just cut her first records for Columbia.

Bob Hope and Dottie Lamour have just completed a duo recording set for Capitol... Decca's re-release of Busse's Hot Lips is showing sales... Vaughn Monroe's recording of Beware My Heart will be a sensational seller... Majestic's Mildred Bailey will make her Midwest concert debut in Chicago on Easter Sunday... Tod Duncan, original star of Porgy and Bess, has cut an album of the still best-selling tunes from the show for Musicraft... Favorites of the Grand Old Opry airshow, Pee Wee King and his Golden West Cowboys, were signed by Victor... Tex Beneke says he will continue using the Glenn Miller name in connection with his work... Trumpeter-leader Erskine Hawkins has a big project under way. He is completing the setting of the Emancipation Proclamation to music. It's taken him three years... Harry James' recording of Man With the Horn is a jazz fan must. It features a superb solo by altoman Willie Smith.
The song After You is destined to go to the top . . . Elliot Lawrence, Columbia recording star, won’t have to worry for awhile; he’s booked up solid til ’48.

Highly Recommended

MERCURY 5003—Frankie Laine and Mannie Klein’s All Stars. September in the Rain plus Ain’t That Just Like a Woman. Here’s a crooner with an easy “sexy” style that the women will go wild over. Both sides are very good. The instrumental group stays in the background and supports Frankie with a pleasing rhythmic beat. The Laine boy is going places!

KEYNOTE 619—Charlie Shaver’s Quintet. El Salon De Gutbucket and My Man. The former is definitely a collectors item. Recorded in 1944, it’s still going strong. My Man features Charlie’s muted trumpet. Other artists appearing are Teddy Wilson, Coleman Hawkins, Billy Taylor, and Denzil Best. Nuff said!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-2080—Freddie Martin and Orchestra. Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 and Cornish Rhapsody Theme. The “concerto king” has compiled an album of his most popular classic adaptations. On these two numbers is featured the sparkling piano work of Jack Fina. It’s Martin’s first album, and a good one.

VICTOR 26763 — Artie Shaw and his Gramercy Five. Summit Ridge Drive plus Cross Your Heart, a Victor swing classic which is a collectors’ item of note. This is by far the best swing number Shaw has put on wax. Both sides are excellent, and you’ll want this re-release featuring Bill Butterfield, John Guarnier, Nick Fatool, and others. It’s a “must.”

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

CAPITOL 361—Stan Kenton and Orchestra—His Feet Too Big For De Bed and After You. The first is a calypso number with authentic beat provided by hired Cubans. The vocal is ably handled by June Christy and the Pastels. Unusual biscuit. The flipover is a smooth rendition of a tune that will hit the top.

DECCA 25017—Ted Weems and his Orchestra. Heartaches plus Oh Monah. This is a re-release that’s headed for big sales. In rhumba tempo, Weems plus the whistling of Elmo Tanner put out a very listenable disc, which is well worth the money.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, AT 1206.

CAPITOL 374—Benny Goodman and Orchestra. Lonely Moments and Whistle Blues. Benny is up to his old tricks, which is all right with his many fans. Here are a couple of instrumental discs that feature Benny at his best. Backed up by a hand-picked group of “local” boys, they give jazzfans their money’s worth. You’ll find Goodman using more trumpets and fewer reeds in this new combo.

DECCA 25015—Henry Busse and his Orchestra. Hot Lips plus Wang Wang Blues. This is another re-release by popular request. Busse fans will want to scamper to buy this famous recording of Hot Lips. Your record is probably worn out, so you’ll want to replace it while they’re still in stock.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.

MAJESTIC 1105—Eddy Howard and Orchestra. I Want to Thank Your Folks plus Too Many Times. The former is destined to become a hit tune, and the Howard treatment with the mellow soft background music should make this a welcome addition to your collection. The latter features Eddy and the trio with two minutes and forty-seven seconds of smooth music that’s easy listening. Both sides very good.

VICTOR 20-2164—The Three Suns. If I Had My Life to Live Over and Beatrice. This popular trio has changed labels, and naturally their first release would be tops. Confidentially, it is. The A-side features a swell vocal by Artie Dunn; and the latter side is instrumental. If you like music for dreaming, this is it.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.
NEW YORK CITY
PORTS OF CALL
by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AL SCHACHT’S. If you can talk baseball you'll be a lifelong buddy of Al's. If you can't talk big league you'll just have to retire to a corner and munch on delicious Southern fried chicken or a juicy steak. 137 E. 52nd. PL 9-4753.

★ ARMANDO’S. The place crawls with the youngsters but they don't eat much so there's plenty of good food to go around. Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden make the piano and accordion speak of romance and far-away lands. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ BLACK ANGUS. It's just that. Aberdeen Angus beef prepared a thousand different ways. Each way seems better than the last. The place is attractive, modern and the prices somehow seem to fit any amount you happen to have along. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BILTMORE. There's more music here than you can shake a baton at. Carmen Cavallero and Don Ostro in the beautiful Bowman Room; Mischa Ragnisky in the famous cocktail lounge. If you're the manly type try the Men's Bar. The girls can't even squirm their way in! Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BOAR’S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. All kinds of sea food and delicious roast beef but as the title implies, you'll find the house specialty is deliciously-browned mutton chops. The decor will take you a stone's throw from Downing Street. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Barney Josephson offers the gay and charming Lucienne Boyer, Edmund Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio. Your food will grow quite cold while watching the excellent floor show. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ CHATAUBRIAND. Famous for its French cuisine this lovely restaurant serves imported foie gras and pate maison as specialties. If you can't read French, just—point—you're bound to hit something good! 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

★ CHEZ LINA. Another Frenchy—a wee quiet spot specializing in home cooking. Onion soup! Ooo! And escargots, frog legs, filet mignon. A little bar and very reasonable prices. 70 W. 52nd. EL 5-9881.

★ CONTINENTAL. There's a palmist by the name of Marion Neville and some very clever murals on the wall on a "dog life." The food has a continental air and is most delicious. 19 E. 60th. RE 4-0150.

★ ENRICO AND PAGLIERI. A Village restaurant that has been serving the same appetizing Italian fare for years on end. Table d'hote and a la carte. Drop in Sundays after 1 pm. There'll be no need for that Sunday night snack, friend! 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ "49". Imagine a filet mignon for a buck seventy-five! You can get a big sirloin for a dime less and you might want to try those barbecued spare ribs with the special sauce. Mmmmm! 49 W. 57th. PL 3-1889.

★ MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN. Mighty homey setting. No drinks, but goosh, you don't even feel like lighting that cigarette... you're almost afraid the "old man" might catch you! Good old home cooking. If you're a stranger in town and lonesome, drift on over to Mom's. 47 E. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ REUBEN'S. You could live in the place for a month—pastry shop, ticket office, florist and Dagwoods christened after celebs. You should try the cheese cake—the kind on a plate. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ ROSE. Gregarious Italian people strictly at home because they serve their native fare and they know it makes you happy. Ah, the martini—they're really dry! 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ RUBY FOOS. The name is enticing enough for us. Outstanding Chinese provincial dishes in a gorgeous setting. 240 W. 52nd. CO 5-0705.

★ RUSSIAN SKAZKA. It's modern enough but still Rooshish although they serve American food, too. A delightful Balalaika orchestra from seven and folk dancing on Fridays... a cleaned-up jitterbug style will get you by. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Dancing daily from five on, to Clemente's marimba band and Conn's orchestra. The lovely Narita sings with Clemente's group. Excellent breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Savoy Room. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ SAWDUST TRAIL. The decor duplicates an old English music hall and the place is informal and friendly. Amy Andrews and Beryl Bean head the entertainment. The 7:30 cover is just on account of the mugs. 156 W. 44th. BR 9-7471.


★ TONY SOMA'S. Walk in the door and you land smack back in the twenties. Tony, Mabel Mercer and Bart Howard do the entertaining and if Tony likes you, you won't have to pay the minimum. Excellent a la carte. 59 W. 52nd. PL 5-0170.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Wedgewood Room features Mischa Borra and Emil Coleman. Mischa also holds forth in the Sert Room and Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing in the Flamingo Room. Norse Grill is swell for breakfast and the fellows can hide away in the Men's Bar (boys only). Park Avenue at 49th. PL 5-3000.

★ ZODIAC ROOM. Your horoscope is painted all over the walls but it takes no crystal gazing to foresee a pleasant evening for you and your party in this charming room. Open at five with cocktails. 58th & Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-5900.
New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION

DOROTHY and Dick (Kilgallen and Kollmar) who broadcast daily over station WOR in Manhattan, are by far the most interesting husband-wife combination on the air. Their interests are wide and varied and their manner of presentation is so charming and natural that one never has the reaction of being forcibly informed or consciously impressed. Recently they have been discussing, and inviting comments from their listeners, on the subject of the price of theatre tickets. This is a subject that is in the air as well as on the air these days.

Involved in this subject is the question of just how much effect a drama critic has on the theatre-going public. There has been quite a hearty response; and the general reaction appears to be that newspaper criticisms have a very definite effect because the price of theatre tickets is so high that one can't afford to gamble on an evening's entertainment. As was brought out in one of the letters received by Dorothy and Dick, a couple in search of relaxation can get a baby sitter, have dinner, park the car and go to a good movie for practically half the sum it would take for an evening at the theatre. This isn't a salutary comparison for the legit. Most everyone prefers the legitimate theatre to movies but with the recent era of free spending on the wane they think two or three times before shelling out for the high prices demanded at box-Offices—to say nothing of the extra amounts asked by brokers.

There is no doubt, theatre tickets are too high. Naturally, the legit with eight performances a week can't compete neck to neck with movie houses which grind on everyday from morn 'til midnight... but where are those good old $3.30 orchestra seats?

The Donald Wolfit Repertory, a Shakespearean group from England, was in Manhattan recently and incurred one of the most amusing lines written all year by a drama critic. Wolfit and Company were unbelievably corny and their stage effects worse, causing those sent there by orders to suffer unmercifully. The line that said more than a column: "Oh, to be in England now that Wolfit's here!"

Taxicabs here often make front page news due to some hurried person leaving valuables ensconced therein. But here is one that didn't: A lady from Connecticut concluding a shopping tour dashed in a taxi for her train at Grand Central, return ticket in hand, only to find as she neared home that her wallet with thirteen dollars, driver's license and other precious items was missing. She went out that evening feeling quite miserable about the whole thing and returned home late to toss about all night wondering whether, and if, and how, she should attempt to find the missing wallet.

Early the next morning the 'phone rang and she answered to hear a gruff voice say: "Where have you been? I tried to get you all evening." Candidly and a little cowed, the lady gave an account of herself. "Well," the voice said, "you left your wallet in my cab. What do you want me to do with it?" Happily the lady instructed him to mail it to her—adding that he should keep the cash, all but a silver dollar souvenir and the cards. "That's too much," the voice said. "Oh no," the
lady replied, "you have restored my faith in human nature."

"You've helped mine, too," he answered.

Next day the wallet arrived with every thing but the reward intact. The lady was so pleased that she telephoned the cab-driver's home to thank him again. In answer to her ring the cab-driver's wife answered. Told the message the wife replied: "Well, he can't come to the 'phone now. He's taking a bath. You see, he's not only honest but clean."

Many out-of-towners pay a visit to Brass Town, a visit that calls for comfortable shoes and plenty of time. Brass Town consists of many little shops with piles and piles of brass, copper and silver interspersed along the west side of Allen street from about numbers 90 to 125. The prices are most reasonable and the shops appear to have everything metal of every size and description, new or antique. The array is really breath-taking and now, with the process of laquering, one can buy with no dread thought of weekly polishing. Also, these shops do a lot of shipping so there are no worries about the homeward trek.

In Brass Town, too, are many little shops which cater exclusively to the finest objects of china . . . Dresden and Meissen and such. Uptown buyers frequent these shops, as do collectors. There is no question as to the superb range of choice, and the prices are definitely lower than anywhere else. As is true in the antique shops on upper Third Avenue, it is wise to haggle over prices. It takes time, but is the mark of a seasoned shopper and can become quite an interesting game. Instructive, too. Some very fine pieces may have a chip off here and there. It's best to find them, but of no terrific importance to connoisseurs. At Uptown auctions, chips are mentioned and disregarded in practically the same breath. It may be a long, long time, if ever, that Europe will again produce such fine work.

Speaking of auctions . . . one would never regret going to an evening auction at the Parke-Bernet Galleries on Fifty-

Seventh Street. The newspapers always carry notices of these auctions in advance . . . and the galleries are so beautiful and interesting that an evening there is a delightful combination of school, museum and theatre. They deal in only the finest objects of furniture, art and bric-a-brac, and everything is authenticated. Dealers and collectors alike frequent these auctions and bids may range from fifty dollars to thirty-thousand. Parke-Bernet is open during the day to invite close inspection of the items to be auctioned, and always many people mill about with critical eyes and even magnifying glasses. Very interesting.

Hats are now the point of focus for the spring season. Every fashion show features them, and rightly so. They are being designed for human beings again and no doubt will remove the hatter's mote from the male eye. With or without brims, with or without veils, with flowers or feathers, they cuddle to the head and flatter. The exotic is out and the original purpose is in.

Things are much quieter in Manhattan these days but still not quiet enough to relax on reservations . . . hotel or restaurant. And it's still no place for a rusty elbow.
NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

⭐ ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (International). Latest venture of the American Repertory Theatre is this Eva Le Gallienne production. Miss Le Gallienne did the adaptation with the aid of Florida Friebus, and is doing the acting with the support of Richard Waring, Margaret Webster, Philip Bourneuf, Bambi Linn and others. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). About a war contractor who sent two sons and a number of defective plane engines to the wars. Arthur Miller's earliest indictment of a familiar social and economic crime, copetently performed by Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, Arthur Kennedy, and a few others under the guidance of Elia Kazan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. (Fulton). Lillian Hellman's Little Foxes and how they grew. Margaret Phillips, Patricia Neal, and Leo Genn appear as three of the more malevolent or helpless of Miss Hellman's infamous southern family. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ BATHSHEBA. (Ethel Barrymore). A Jaques Deval play starring James Mason and Pamela Kellino under the direction of Coby Ruskin. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Proving that you should never educate a woman, unless you want her to wreck your racket. Paul Douglas as a villain with ideals; Judy Holliday as the Innocent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Air for a G-String, with overtones of Pagliacci and Can't Help Lovin' That Man. Bert Lahr and Jean Parker do a bang-up job in this revival of a 1927 hit concerning the rise and fall of a comic. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ CRAIG'S WIFE. (Playhouse). George Kelly's play (earlier and considerably better than "The Fatal Weakness") about a woman who is a good deal like every third one you meet, and that isn't very encouraging. Philip Ober and Judith Evelyn are Craig and wife, respectively. Evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ THE EAGLE HAS TWO HEADS. (Plymouth). The throaty Miss Tallulah Bankhead is back! Helmut Dantine and Clarence Derwent also perform creditably in this piece by Jean Cocteau. The direction and production is by John C. Wilson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). Helen Hayes on a jag, with the audience on the subjective side. Anita Loos brews it up, and although the play isn't terrific, Miss Hayes is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ HARVEY. (48th Street Theatre). A rabbit hunt led by Frank Fay and Josephine Hull, and likely to go on forever. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. (Royale). Certainly one of the brightest comedies of the season—thanks almost solely to talented and sagacious John Gielgud, who has somehow managed to preserve all the best points of the original Oscar Wilde play while revamping the worst. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


⭐ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Booth). A revolving door sort of a comedy in which somebody is bound to get lost occasionally. Something about a returned soldier who wants to marry the senator's daughter as soon as he can sever ties with a British bride who was somebody else's girl, anyway. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince head a cast that includes Pamela Gordon, the daughter of Gertrude Lawrence. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. (Cort). Wit in the Wilde manner, outshone by Cecil Beaton's lavis costumes and scenery surrounding an excellent cast. Cornelia Otis Skinner is the one you'll likely hear most about. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Of which the alumni association increases year after year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane are the latest pair to head the cast of the Crouse-Lindsay comedy after the book by Clarence Day. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

⭐ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). A slight comedy enriched by the incomparable Lunts who play a pair of Britishers living in fashionable sin. Dick Van Patten, as the lady's adolescent son, is the only other actor on stage for more than a few minutes. It's the Lunt's play and that's all right by us. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

⭐ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Up to date till forty-eight, this Pulitzer Prize winner by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse won't be old-hat until the last vote from the electoral college is in. Ralph Bellamy still heads the cast, which includes Kay Francis again and Minor Watson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

⭐ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). Spring song for three voices—Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter, and Vicki Cummings. A charming comedy written by John Van Druten and into its third or fourth year; we lose count. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**Musicals . . .**

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). Women in love often sing or shoot. 'Annie Oakley did both, or she does in this captivating show in which Ethel Merman sings Irving Berlin's music. In the dancing range are Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK. (Martin Beck). The George Abbott production has music by Sidney Lippman, lyrics by Sylvia Dee, settings by Jo Mielziner, choreography by Richard Barstow, and a cast that is large, loud, and lively. It all adds up to a six dollar top. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY. (Broadway). In 1/28 one John Gay wrote The Beggar's Opera. In a textbook on English literature, by Woods, Watt, and Anderson, the editors remark of Gay's masterpiece that it "would have been a twentieth-century musical comedy." Well, now it is, after some working-over by John Latouche and Duke Ellington. An excellent black and white cast is headed by Alfred Drake and Zero Mostel. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BRIGADOON. (Ziegfeld). It could be funnier, but hardly more handsome. The music is catchy, the cast competent, and the dancing quite pretty. The whole thing is set in Scotland in 1747, so prepare for plaid and burs. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER. (Century). The music is by Oscar Straus, and the book is based on Arms and the Man, by an Irishman name of Shaw. Billy Gilbert, of sneezing fame, is the principal comic, but this is offset by Frances McCann as Nadine and Keith Andes as Bumeril. Both are attractive young people, and pleasant to watch. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ CALL ME MISTER. (National). Comic comment on military and civilian life, by some ex-G. I.'s who know what they're talking about. One of the better shows. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**Of Special Note . . .**

★ MAURICE CHEVALIER. (Henry Miller). In this, his first post-war appearance here, Mr. Chevalier proves he has lost little of his engaging charm. The program ranges from an appealing number called Vosti Ans to a nostalgic medley of the songs he once made popular in America.

★ THE MASS IN B MINOR. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine). In commemoration of the 250th anniversary of its founding, the historic Trinity Parish has arranged performances of the Mass in B Minor by the Bach Choir of Bethlehem (250 voices) and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Dr. Ifor Jones, on Sunday, April 13, from 3 to 6:30 p.m. and from 7 to 9:30 p.m. Admission is by free ticket only. For tickets, write Committee on Anniversaries, Room 405, 74 Trinity Place, New York 6.

**NEW YORK THEATRES**

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**Chicago LETTER**

by NORT JONATHAN

We were informed by no less authority than the eminent Mr. Frank Casey, the cut-rate Barnum, that this monthly letter has been overlooking the considerable talents of Miss Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue or Upper Lake Shore Drive hill-billy. So we consented to be led by the hand to the Empire Room of the Palmer House where Miss Shay, along with Griff Williams, is packing 'em in—to put it mildly. Also, again to put it mildly, Mr. Casey was and is right. Dorothy Shay is wonderful.

For one thing, the gal's slick chick costume, manner and voice are no preparation for the mountain songs she sings. You're knocked right off your chair when she walks out on that dinky dance floor and you never climb back on again until the last of many request encores is finished. She has certainly proved there's gold in them hill-billies.

The gal never resorts to hey-rube inflections or the tricks which too many novelty singers use to get back to the mountains. Instead, the opposite is true. A wonderful sense of melody, swell timing, and a few clever songs help a really outstanding voice put those songs across. In addition, she looks wonderful! If you can't make it to Chicago during the remainder of her stay, however, you can hear her via recordings. Mr. Casey has also helpfully pointed out that Dorothy Shay has just finished cutting a few platters for Columbia.

It must also not go unmarked that the Chicago Blackhawks are still residing either in or quite near the National League hockey cellar. Qualification is always necessary because the Blackhawks can always be counted upon to cross up their most devoted admirers. Just a few weeks ago, through well-nigh super-human effort, they managed to sustain a winning streak of some three games.

However, no matter where the Blackhawks happen to be percentage-wise, the true-blue hockey fan who rushes out to the Chicago Stadium on Sunday night can always count upon plenty of action. Recent Sabbath evenings have featured free-for-all skirmishes involving every member of both teams. Also one Sunday evening not too far in the past was marked by an astounding double-header surprise which riveted the attention of one and all: (1) A spectator had the temerity to reach out and poke the referee in the eye. (2) An inmate of the upper balcony was actually arrested for indulging in the sport of tossing torn playing cards down onto the ice.

Briefly in the center of the sport stage while the Cubs and Sox warm up out in California are the Golden Gloves amateur boxing championships and the professional basketball games. As for the Golden Gloves bouts, they're always a big event on practically everybody's sports calendar. They're a refreshing contrast, too, when compared with some of the professional bouts put on in these parts lately.

In the theatrical line we are pleased to have with us again Miss Jan Sterling in a new hit called *Born Yesterday*. Miss Sterling, then just Jane Sterling, was last seen in these parts in the road company of Ruth Gordon's *Over 21*. She made a considerable impression at the time in the role of the young Army wife whose husband has just been commissioned a second lieutenant. Now she's back minus the "e"
Jane and playing to the hilt a part which should make her a star—if Hollywood
doesn’t get to her first. Incidentally, it
couldn’t happen to a nicer gal. We recall
that two years ago Miss Sterling could
always be counted upon to get up at nine
o’clock in the morning (practically the
middle of the night for any stage actress)
to help out on bond rallies and Army and
Navy radio programs.

Born Yesterday has been running in
New York for quite some time. However,
we here in Chicago are happy with a rela-
tively new hit and a company which,
according to the playwright’s own admis-
sion, is as good or better than the origi-
 nal cast. It seldom happens here.

Other shows of interest, of one kind or
another: The annual Chicago Park Dis-
 trict Easter and Spring Flower Show at
the Garfield and Lincoln Park Conserva-
tories. Daily from ten in the morning
until eight in the evening, there’s a lavish
and free display of spring flowers . . .
The Sunday night play readings at the
Actors’ Club—a memorable treat, espe-
cially if you’ve never heard a play read
well from manuscript . . . Bob McGrew,
the WHB-Kansas City boy who made good
in the Drake’s Camellia House, still pack-
ing the place.

Another show, very much in the offing,
is the annual Press Photographers’ Ball,
scheduled later than usual this year for
April at the Steven’s hotel. The reapera-
ance in the press of numerous shapely
young ladies in scanties reminds us daily
that it won’t be long now until the photogs
cut loose with their annual frolic—bigger,
louder, smokier than any other Chicago
public dinner and brawl.

The Daily News is somewhat red-faced
these days. It seems that Mr. Knight’s
newspaper came to the parting of the ways
with its ace war correspondent and con-
stant author, the fabulous Bob Casey. So
it was tactfully announced in the pages of
the News that Mr. Casey was retiring.
Mr. Casey gave out an interview; the
News printed a kindly editorial. However,
Al Capone died the next day and Mr.
Casey was promptly hired by the rival
Herald-American to write a series of
articles about the life and times of Mr.
Capone and his contemporaries. Exactly
twenty-four hours after his “retirement”—
complete with appropriate editorial tribute
—Mr. Casey was back on the front page
again. This time on Mr. Hearst’s front
page. To complete his escape from “re-
tirement”—and, incidentally, the Daily
News building—Bob Casey is now writing
da daily column about the many characters
encountered during his years of reporting.
It’s along the lines of his recent best-seller,
Such Interesting People.

While on the literary scene, be it noted
that the Reader’s Digest has just devoted
several pages to Henry C. Lytton, the one
hundred year old Chicago merchant.
Swing carried an article on Mr. Lytton
nearly a year ago. Read it first in Swing!

The continuity girl approached one of the announcers. “Bruce,” she
asked, “how about buying a ticket to a raffle we are having for a young
widow?"

“Nope,” said Bruce. “My wife wouldn’t let me keep her even if I won!”

The station manager was interviewing an applicant for a technician’s job.
“For this position,” he said, “we want a responsible man.”

“That’s me, boss,” the applicant answered. “The last place I worked,
everytime anything went wrong, they told me I was responsible!”

A disgruntled schoolteacher asked a bright-eyed boy how long he had
studied his poorly recited lesson.

“Well,” drawled the little boy, “I studied from Blondie until the ten
o’clock news.
by MARION ODMARK

Plush . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Handsome as is handsome does and the Boulevard Room does it the Hilton way with Dorothy Dorben’s creative production and the music of Don McGrane and his orchestra.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Terribly smart and confortable and a good investment for superlative food and surrounding company.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). A room that makes women look even lovelier and brings out the most expansive personality of their escorts. Dancing to Bob McGrew’s romantic tunefare.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). It will cost you a small fortune to enjoy Palmer House food and entertainment in this exquisite chamber of good taste, but good living has always come high.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Jimmy’s headman here and Joe Vera’s band is sweet, swingy and even allows for your own sparkling conversation.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). The ladies in particular will cherish the attention to details in this decorative restaurant.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Show off your new Easter finery here and enjoy the artistic show Dorothy Hild has devised with the musical assistance of Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Tradition runs rampant in cuisine and service, and the dancing-fare by Ramon Ramos and his orchestra and just one king-size act is the perfect supplement.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Smartly the last word in tropical trimmings with Florian ZaBach and his string-minded orchestra for dancing.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Screen stars, stage celebrities, literati and just plain millionaires make ogling in this dramatic show-piece worth the tariff.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Gen. 0123). Pre-war magnificence seems to pervade this handsome, large room and the little show is delightful divertissement.

CHICAGO
PORTS OF CALL

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian charm about everything — food, music by George Scherban’s orchestra, service, and atmosphere.

Big Shows . . .

★ Floor shows change with the whim of management and agents, not to mention acts’ temperaments, but you’ll find the cream of entertainers at CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . And at COPACABANA, State and Lake (Dea. 5151) . . . Reservations suggested unless you’re not fussy about sitting this side of the kitchen.

Ice Revue . . .

★ Dorothy Lewis and her ice spectacle and Ted Weems and his orchestra have replaced noisy swing bands in the COLLEGE INN of the Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100).

Change of Scenery . . .

★ Next best to turning trader, an evening at DON THE BEACHCOMBER’S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . Catacombs and eerie wine cellars at IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . Primly Victorian with a dash of old Paris is L’AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892), is all the title implies . . . And SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), really is.

Stuff Yourself . . .

★ Food is the thing at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . AOSTINO’S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) . . . GIBBY’S, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177) . . . A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) . . . KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505).

Girlsque . . .

★ The night you’re on the town and making a production of it, you might wind it up at one of Chicago’s honky-tonk girl show rendezvous (the best people do it) . . . Places like the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark . . . FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark . . . L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison . . . 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash . . . EL MO-CAMBO, 1519 W. Madison . . . CLUB FLA-MINGO, 1359 W. Madison . . .

▲

She fell back into his arms. The soldier looked down into her eyes and then their lips met. Suddenly, she turned and spoke.

“You know, this is the first time I’ve ever done anything like this.”

“I know,” replied the soldier.” But you certainly did inherit an awful lot of experience.”
**The Magnificent Meal . . .**

**BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** "Pop" Wormington offers you the usual wide selection found in cafeterias with the added attraction of preparing each dish as though it were a culinary masterpiece. The Bluebird is one of the finest cafeterias in the country . . . you'll like the food and you'll like the genial, rotund Mr. Wormington. The place is absolutely immaculate, too. 3215 Troost, VA 8982.

**BRETTON'S.** Viva la France! The chef we mean 'cause that's where he learned his stuff. Beef, turkey, lobster—you name it! Like pastries? You do? Try Max Bretton's Napoleon slices. Mmmmmh! 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

**GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Friendly Gus Fitch likes to pump people's hand and he likes to offer good music to his patrons. So, the answer is Joshua Johnson, Boogie King of Baltimore—and with that flashly left man could go national. But he doesn't wanna—he likes the local scene. While listening to Josh, order one of those great, big, juicy steaks. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

**IL PAGLIACCIO.** Handsome Frank Ross used to be a Big Six man but now he calls the plays in the Rosses' colorful, newly decorated restaurant. There's a peach of a bar, and dinner music by Dave McClain. Bring your lady and the Rosses will do the rest—spaghetti, meatballs and a beaker of wine. 600 East 6th St. HA 8441.

**KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** If you work in the Mart why leave the place when the first floor boasts all kinds of good food and drink? No reason at all, friend, but if you work somewhere else, it's a different story. Among other features, Mr. Kelleher has an evening smorgasbord accompanied by an entree ordered from the table. Talk it over with the chef if you don't find what you want on the menu. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

**FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank is always tearing off to New Orleans or someplace—ostensibly on a vacation but the truth of the matter is that he's hunting for different ways to prepare lobster. The trips have been a success because the seafood is delightful. Frank prepares more than a quarter of a million chickens annually—black-and-white proof of the popularity of his chicken dinners. The newest Marshall addition is the spicy and span restaurant at 917 Grand. Hearty breakfasts and business men's luncheons. Also located at Brush Creek and Paseo. VA 9757.

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**KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL**

**PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** You won't have to listen to Lou's portable playback anymore—he bought himself a huge juke box that plays twenty records on both sides. If you have a favorite record, bring it over and Lou will put it in his shiny machine. Patsy, Lou and Vince delight in serving large parties so have your next one at the Chop-house. Gad! Those filets! A heck of a friendly place, too. East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

**PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Omnispresent host Jerry will guide you to table, booth or bar. Watch out, or he'll leave you at the bar! Roast beef, marvelous French fried onions and soft music by Muzak. The place is always filled with Kansas City gourmets. Looking for your friends? Go over to the New Yorker and you'll invariably find them. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

**SAVOY.** We've always spoken nostalgically of the Savoy, and rightfully so—but this grand old restaurant has kept pace with the times and the food is as delicious to the youngsters as it is to those whose heyday dates back a decade or two. The specialty seems to be lobster but snow-jacketed waiters can offer you a host of other fine items, too. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

**Class With a Glass . . .**

**CABANA.** WHB's Alberta Bird plays the top tunes on her Hammond in a most fetching manner while handsome Latins serve your drinks and luncheon. Wee tables, cozy booths and a circular bar for milk and lady. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

**LA CANTINA.** It's hard to get tipsy in this downstairs room because the vivid red-and-white striped walls seem to straighten you right up! We do have trouble finding the door, though. J.B. music only, so no tax. Drinks and sandwiches. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

**OMAR ROOM.** Cool, dim and friendly. Mal Duncan and his talking piano make it unnecessary for conversation with your lady friend . . . just sit and hold hands. If you're a woman hater, sit at the bar—the girls aren't allowed. Up from the bar are tables and leather seats along the walls. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

**PLAZA ROYALE.** Hangout for the Country Club district. You don't have to know your Greek letters to get in, but the place is full of the old guard from school. Oh, those wonderful seats at the horseshoe bar . . . backs and arm rest! Mary Dale makes the tubes in the Hammond amplifier spurt blue flame. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

**TOWN ROYALE.** The sign says "Kansas City's Smartest Cocktail Lounge" and we agree. You can drop in for an afternoon cocktail but Harry Newsstreet is happiest when he seats you at a table for drinks and dinner. Zena and Zola shimmer in their sequin gowns and their Hammond music shimmers, too. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7167.

**RENDEZVOUS.** The clientele includes Kansas City's Blue Book with all their chic clothes and mannerisms. The waiters dispense their duties in
a superb fashion—it is said that in order to bottle here your family tree must go back to the Mayflower. A long bar and tables across the room for dinner service—at the wave of a hand. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. Take me back to Bali! That’s the feeling you get in this dim room with tropical murals on the walls. The lights go out periodically and thunder and lightning provide the effects of a thunder storm. Smooth music and smooth tropical drinks. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Piano music and sometimes a song or two for that feeling of well-being and comfort. There’s a tiny bar presided over by two gentlemen in white jackets who know how to make dry martinis dry. Seats as comfy as the davenport in your living room. If you don’t have a living room that’s all the more reason for trying the seats in the Zephyr. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

**Playhouses . . .**

★ BLUE HILLS. Eddie Cross is young and friendly and so are the people at the Blue Hills. The Happy Cook Foursome, direct from the Terrace Hotel in Tampa provides danceable music, comic novelty numbers, and ballad singing. Don’t forget—Blue Hills opens every day now at 11:30 for luncheon! South on Troost to 6015. JA. 4316.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. We talked to Alma the other night and she said that she taught the Navy all those ditties. If you go there on Tuesday nights you’ll hear some beautiful numbers rendered by the Muehlebach Chorus whose members gather at the Congress weekly. Ask Floyd, the waiter, to tell you about all those quail he shot last fall. Keep your arms behind you, though, or he’ll talk ’em off. Good dinner salads and steak. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. This entertaining place is now operated by genial Dale Overfelt. Dale offers music by Buzz Moten. Good food and over-sized drinks make your evening a happy one. Just to make sure you can bend your neck at the bar, (while bending your elbow), and see old-time films on a screen above the barkeep’s noggin. Do you get thirsty on Sundays? Whip over to Broadway Interlude at midnight for a drink or three. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CROWN ROOM. We always mention the Varga girls on the walls because they made such a lasting impression on us. Gad! What beauties. They’re especially pretty while sipping one of the free drinks you get for being in the place during the cocktail hour from two ’til five. The bell rings. you get a free one on Joe Nauser. Judy Conrad for dancing. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ DUFFY’S TAVERN. Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks like crazy behind that big old bar. Little Buck, he’s only about ten feet tall, sings when he’s in the mood and so do Eddie Harris and the rest of the gang. If the real Duffy and Archie could see this place, they’d give up—and come to KC! 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ LA FIESTA BALLROOM. Beautifully decorated with a brand new bandstand, you’ll always find the place full of genuine dance enthusiasts. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday at La Fiesta there’s an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter’s Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management. Old Time Matinee Dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

★ MARY’S. This newly decorated mecca often plays host to big names who stop in Kansas City for a night or two at Mary’s. You’re always assured of first class music. The place is inside the city limits now but you can have a world of fun before closing time. Mixed drinks are available and there’s a new cocktail lounge. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ MILTON’S TAPROOM. Platter-famous Julia Lee is as much of a celebrity as those caricatures on the walls. She has a throaty warble you’ll be a long time forgetting and her boogie is strictly bouncy. Milton is happy. Julia’s happy, we’re all happy when we go to Milt’s. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ NEW ORLEANS ROOM. Freddie Finch’s orchestra continues to pack ’em in. Some like the big drinks, some like the music and some like them both. A gay spot with a decor smacking of Ole ‘N’Awleans. Dave Mitchell installed a bar long enough to bowl on and he’d probably let you if you brought your own ball. On Wyandotte just north of 12th St. GR 9207.


★ PINK ELEPHANT. This little mite of a cocktail lounge has more atmosphere than the American Royal arena. Little elephants dance around the room and Charlie Chaplin goes through his endearing antics of yesteryear on a side wall. Don’t put your elbow in your neighbor’s drink while watching Charlie but tap him (the neighbor) on the shoulder if you want a conversational companion. For such a tiny place the drinks are really man-sized! Hotel State, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR 9310.

★ STUBB’S GILLHAM PLAZA. “I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.” This and other clever ditties are Jeanie Leitt’s stock in trade and she certainly does them up red, white and brown. Stubb thinks the barbecue packs in the crowd. We’ll
place our money on the beautiful boogie girl. You can't do up the town without a visit to hear Jeannie. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

**Good Taste . . .**

*ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.* Eat your luncheon and listen to Alberta’s top ten by remote from the Cabana. Another service feature is a mimeographed sheet containing the latest news in capsule form. A busy place on a very busy corner. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

*AIRPORT RESTAURANT.* Joe Gilbert and True Millemann provide food 24 hours a day and the customers provide the continental atmosphere. Los Angeles sportswear hangs in a carefree manner next to costs with a Nettie Rosenstein label. The place is full of air people and silver wings but they'll let you in even if you do live in Kansas City. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

*AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA.* Martin Weiss, your genial host, offers a menu as long as the tall green water bottles that stand on the tables. What’s your pleasure? Borscht? Steak? Kreplach? Whatever it is, you’ll find it on the menu. Up the stairs for appetizers is the El Bolero. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

*BARREL BUFFET.* Sit down and let Jack Accarae tell you about his new, stainless steel kitchen. It’s a thing to behold, at that. The bartender mixes your drink while keeping an eye on those little wine barrels above his head. Maybe he’s afraid one might roll off. The barbecue is terrific and so are the beef, pork and ham sandwiches. Put out that appetizer with a sizzling steak if you’ve a mind. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

*BROOKSIDE HOTEL.* None of the fancy frills—just a quiet, dignified dining room specializing in family dinners. It’s restful just to stroll in and seat yourself at a table with a snowy tablecloth on it. The food is cooked family style and the prices are as quiet as the atmosphere. Courteous, efficient service. Brookside Hotel, 54th and Brookside. H 4100.

*DIERK’S TAVERN.* It’s just a schoolboy’s ski down 10th from Grand. Noonday luncheons for a song but if you don’t feel like singing just tear into a hot roast beef. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th. VI 4322. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza.

*GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE.* Glenn found his delightful sea food restaurant so popular that he not only opened an annex down the street but he recently built a little dining room in the rear of his present establishment. He still can’t handle the crowd, though! Proof of the pudding. And that “pudding” means the most delightful oyster stew you’ve ever tasted. Milk, half and half, or all cream. And they use a clean pan for every stew. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

*ITALIAN GARDENS.* It’s hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmmh—those meatballs and spaghetti! Heie yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It’s a cinch you won’t leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

*BISMARCK BAR AND GRILL.* If you want to see your lawyer, real estate man or banker you’ll find him here. They sit at tables sandwiched in between the radio people who usually carry the conversation. We wish we had a nickel for every business deal that was consummated in the place. Mr. Kimber sees to it that your food is cooked the way you like it, and Ed behind the bar (a lad of 76) does the same with your drink. 9th & Walnut. GR 2680.

*MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.* Hotel food at its very best. Served with no frills and no waiting. Try a Sunday morning breakfast of waffles and sausages. Good! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

*NU-WAY DRIVE-INS.* Atomic car hops, (atom blondes who wait on you with jet propulsion) make your sandwhiches and malt a thoroughly enjoyable affair. The specialty is fine sandwiches and that’s just what Mr. Duncan serves. Try the Nu-Ways after the show—before the show, too! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

*STROUD’S.* Helen Stroud is the apogee in hostesses and Brother Roy is behind the bar. Roy said he was going to help out for a few weeks as bartender. He was supposed to be in Florida last month. He’s still behind the bar. Don’t let that big, ugly old viaduct fool you when you’re looking for the place. It’s still there and they still serve delicious chicken. 85th & Troost. JA 9500.

*UNITY INN.* Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, this cafeteria is a vegetarian’s delight. The tossed salads are scrumptious and some of the vegetable patties are so skillfully prepared you’re sure they contain meat—but they don’t! 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

**To See and Be Seen . . .**

*EL CASBAH.* In the heart of the Bellerive, this famous room offers a smooth, sophisticated atmosphere. From Jerry at the door with his exquisite manners, to the superb drink-blending by Tony Cordero the place is thoroughbred. Bill Snyder, an old favorite of long standing, tailors his music to the surroundings. It’s definitely suave. There’s a Saturday afternoon dansant and a new weekly feature of free rhumba lessons each Tuesday at six. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

*DRUM ROOM.* Just inside the door that’s highlighted with a big, red drum you’ll find a circular bar inhabited by Harding and Gordon, two of the best barkeeps in town. Down a stumble or two is the Drum Room proper which is pleasantly saturated with the music of Glen Williams. One buck minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

*SOUTHERN MANSION.* Kansas Citians call it “Dee Peterson’s Place” because the tow-headed boy and his band have had such a long, successful engagement here. Host Johnny Franklin is Johnny-on-the-spot as you enter the door and he’ll take care of you first rate. The Mansion is the perfect place for the perfect evening. Good food, drinks and dancing. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

*TERRACE GRILL.* Bernie Cummins is the April attraction at the Grill and his brand of music needs no description. Headman Gordon hovers about attentively and sees to it that all is well with you and your party. Sophisticated, aristocratic and beautifully decorated. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

*WESTPORT ROOM.* A mecca for rail travelers but Kansas Citians have found out about the delightful cocktail lounge and adjoining restaurant. Clever, pioneer murals by Mildred Heire and mighty strong drinks by Joe, Danny and Andy. A Fred Harvey enterprise. Union Station. GR 1100.
WHB announces
the appointment of
JOHN BLAIR & CO.
as
National Sales Representative

Now you can ask a John Blair man about availabilities and sales-producing programs on WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, which goes full-time soon—probably in July, when our new 5,000-watt transmitter will take the air on 710 kilocycles. President Don Davis, who lives out of a suitcase while calling on WHB advertisers, will still hit the road frequently. He can be reached through any John Blair office. In Kansas City, the Scarritt Building—phone Harrison 1161.

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager
Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & COMPANY

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Superior 8659

DETROIT
1114 Book Building (Zone 26)
Randolph 5257

LOS ANGELES
6331 Hollywood Blvd. (Zone 28)
Granite 6103

SAN FRANCISCO
608 Russ Building (Zone 4)
Douglas 3188

ST. LOUIS
1148 Paul Brown Bldg. (Zone 1)
Chestnut 5688

COMING! 5000 WATTS • 710 KILOCYCLES • FULL TIME • MUTUAL NETWORK
2. H. M. "Jack" Horner, president of Unijet Aircraft, speaks of aviation.
3. Harold Russell, handless special Academy Award winner for his performance in Best Years of Our Lives, introduces vet representatives.
4. Yellowstone's vacation possibilities praised by Governor Hunt and ex-Governor Miller of Wyoming.
5. Charlie Black, two-time All American basketballer, talks to Lou Kemper in an exclusive interview.
7. Swing Session fans crowd around Swing master Bob Kennedy and band leader Elliott Lawrence.
8. Lt. Col. Vargier Gonzales, Director of Mexican Aviation, and Rex Brock, district manager of Braniff Airways, address WHB audience.
May is nice in New York. There are balloons in Central Park and parades around Union Square. It’s a nice month in Cincinnati, too. Summer is old in Albuquerque by this time; lizards dart across the sand and plaster houses blaze white in the sun. White spirea foams all over Kansas City. In Harzfeld’s windows a Dalian springtime blooms like a hothouse hybrid; and streetcars bulge on Sunday on the way to Swope Park. By virtue of the present tilt of the earth, the people in London and Paris and Berlin are thawing out. It would seem that spring has come all over. And like the gentleman in The Merry Wives of Windsor, it speaks holiday, it smells April and May.

However, this year we trip over all sorts of clauses putting the clamps on Maytime. We just can’t tell: what with the current witch hunt, with sovereignty throwing its weight around, with titular benevolence operating like a cartel—who knows what to expect?

The year’s at the spring, the lark’s on the wing, but all’s not right with the world and not by a helluva sight. We’d like to institute a reform, hunt down injustice, and poison the tyrant. But the reform might boomerang, and we aren’t quite sure which one is the tyrant. These are deceptive times. Even the flowers that bloom in the spring aren’t too dependable. We half expect them to explode in our face or fold up with a snap like a magician’s bouquet. Maybe it would be just as well if, for the moment at least, we went gathering nuts in May and took most of the rest of the world along.
MAY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibitions: Memorial exhibition of paintings by Frank Mechau. Masterpiece of the Month: Chinese bronze vessel of the kuei type, early Chou dynasty.
Musical Programs: Concerts will be given on Sunday afternoons at 3:30 in Atkins Auditorium.

Drama

Music
(Music Hall)
May 5, Beau Brummel Minstrels.
May 7, Board of Education Music Department's May Festival.
May 9, Kansas City Alumni Association of Central College presents a musical program.
May 10, Sigmund Romberg. Matinee May 11.
May 15, 16, Kansas City Choral Union. Matinees May 17, 18.

Dancing
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday.
May 10, Frankie Masters and Orchestra.
May 17, Harry Cool and Orchestra.
(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main)
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

Special Events
May 2, 3, Boy Scout Roundup, Auditorium.
May 16, Camp Fire Girls, Auditorium.
May 17, Heart of America B’nai B’rith benefit dance, Auditorium.
May 19, Shrine Ceremonial, Auditorium.
May 24, 25, Kansas City Garden Club, Auditorium.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Ruppert Stadium.
May 10, 11, Indianapolis.
May 12, 13, 14, Louisville.
May 15, 16, Toledo.
May 17, 18, Columbus.
May 20, 21, Minneapolis.
May 22, 23, St. Paul.

Bowling
Armour Lane, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd's, $20 W. 75th.

Wrestling
May 3, Scottish Rite Temple.
May 20, Ladies' wrestling, Auditorium.
Memorial Hall (Kansas City, Kansas), wrestling every Thursday night.

Conventions
May 3, 4, Missouri Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.
May 4, 5, Woodmen of the World, Missouri Division, Hotel Pickwick.
May 5-7, Missouri Bakers Association, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.
May 8, 9, Mortgage Bankers Association of Missouri, Hotel President.
May 8-10, Missouri Funeral Directors Association, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.
May 9, 10, Equity Union Grain Company, Hotel Phillips.
May 12-14, Missouri-Kansas Dental Convention, Auditorium.
May 12-14, Missouri State Dental Assistants Association.
May 15, 16, Regional Conference Illuminating Engineering Society, Hotel President.
May 15-17, Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents, Hotel Continental.
May 17-21, National League of Pen Women, Mid-Western Congress, Hotel Muehlebach.
May 18-20, Allied Clothiers and Jobbers, Hotel Phillips.
May 18-20, Sweet lumber Company, Hotel Muehlebach.
May 18-21, American Association of Cereal Chemists, Hotel President.
May 25-27, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips, and Aladdin.
May 26, 27, Midwestern Retail Coal Association, Hotel President.

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Printed in U. S. A.
The blip-happy boys who invented radar have made even the heavens obsolete. Now the Navy’s closely guarded “loran” may be described.

by J. W. McCLOY

If Variety put out a “Skyway Edition,” the following advertisement might well be placed on one of its pages:

“Over Fifty Stars from Hit Constellations — Four Famous Planets as Solo Acts — One Moon with Upper and Lower Limbs — Soon to be Available for New Bookings. Formerly Under Contract with Columbus, Magellan, Drake, Cook, Vancouver and all Modern Merchant Marines and Navies. Victims of Technological Unemployment.”

Yes, it’s true; the year is not far in the future when the stars (and associates) will lose their most loyal audience, that small fraternity of men who, since unrecorded time, have made the greatest use and been the most devoted and dependent followers of the celestial bodies.

These men, the navigators of ships, will not need to look skyward tomorrow in order to draw their course lines straight and true. Science, that practical disrespector of traditions, will soon call them in from the bridge wings one by one. It will place them before the indicator, or ‘scope, of an instrument that in a few seconds’ time will answer the eternal question of navigation: what is our position?

This interloper, of course, is the recently much publicized “loran,” nickname of the new long range aid to navigation method.

Reduced to its briefest, simplest terms, the “loran” system combines the use of pairs of synchronized radio transmitters on shore with a supersensitive receiver on board a ship. The receiver is actually a complex electronic stop-watch that measures the infinitesimal difference in time that it takes the radio signals to arrive from the two transmitters that are broadcasting simultaneously.

This time difference can be translated into a line of position on a special “loran” chart. By crossing two or more of these lines, each based on a time difference from a separate pair of transmitting stations, a ship can establish its fix. “Loran” is that simple and that complicated, depending on whether you’re looking at the general principles involved or at the complex receiver itself.

Like radar, its high-frequency step-brother, “loran” was born in war and nursed in secrecy. Now in peace it
will be developed as an international navigation system, with its transmitting towers located in all countries.

Against such a widespread conspiracy, the venerable mariner's sextant and kindred instruments haven't a chance. Celestial navigation, of course, will continue to be used until "loran" takes over, and it will always be used as an emergency method when a piece of shipboard "loran" equipment gets temperamental. The handwriting, however, is clearly visible: the stars, planets and the moon are no longer indispensable to the safety of man's wanderings on the oceans of the world. The sun, too, could be retired into the aloof seclusion of its light years if it didn't have other qualities much in demand by civilization.

As the end of an era approaches, the veteran navigator can't help but feel a tinge of regret.

This master or mate, be his ship a dumpy tramp steamer or a luxury liner, has made too many landfalls safely with the help of his "obsolete" instruments not to pay just tribute on their passing.

The sextant, the chronometer, the Nautical Almanac, the tables of precomputed solutions, the heavens of day and night—these have been his companions in a never-ending battle against the immensity of ocean spaces, the temperaments of weather and the vagaries of current and magnetic influence.

Not every navigator, naturally, thoroughly understands the celestial methods he has been using for determining position. The principles involved are in the precinct of advanced mathematics, physics and astronomy. It is enough for him, that with simple instruments and a few small books of figures, he has been able to guide a ship with reasonable certainty and safety around the world.

The sextant he knows and respects. It's an instrument of beautiful simplicity, one that he can repair himself if necessary, or even construct in an emergency.

He likes the feel of it in his hand. He enjoys the command it gives him over what, to most landsmen, are imponderables. With it, he becomes a part of a great tradition because, in the two hundred years since its practically simultaneous invention by Godfrey and Hadley, it has changed only in the degree of precision of its few working parts. And, in turn, the sextant produced by those two men in 1730 differed in principle from the arc measuring devices in use in the remote B.C.'s only by the addition of two small mirrors. When a navigator uses a modern sextant, then, he is in essence and in spirit using the old cross-staff, astrolabe, nocturnal and back-staff.

Companion instrument with the sextant has been the marine chronometer, on which every navigator for
two centuries has lavished loving care.
Cradled in a special case to protect
it from shock and the motion of the
ship, wound every day at the same
time, this keeper of the hours can
tick on month after month, steadily
losing or gaining but the same
amount every twenty-four hours, and
that often only a fraction of a second.

Such precision has been necessary
in the past in order that the mariner
be able to synchronize his observations
with the known positions of celestial
bodies as pre-determined by the astronome. In fact, so important was
the chronometer considered that the
British Government in 1765 awarded
its inventor, John Harrison, the mod-
erm equivalent of over $70,000.

Is it any wonder that the chronom-
eter, like the sextant, has a special
place in the affections of the navig-
gator?

An accurate timepiece, of course,
will always be in demand on board
a ship, but its presence will not be as
vital tomorrow. In fact, already its
importance as a self-contained instru-
ment, with a movement capable of an
extremely uniform rate, has been
lost. Time checks are now broadcast
by radio from observatories at fre-
quent intervals throughout the day.

To a high shelf then in the chart
house, or away in the back of a
drawer there, will go the old tools of
an ancient trade. Not antiquated
nor completely replaced by "loran,"
but certainly relegated to a position
of secondary importance.

As for the part of the veteran nav-
gulator himself, the part belonging to
the days when the sign posts on the
searoads were all above the swaying
mast of his ship, "loran" can't really
touch or change that.

It is unlikely that he'll ever forget
the thrill of laying down his first se-
ries of position lines on a chart after
having translated the pattern of the
sky into terms of time, bearing and
distance. He may have plotted in a
thousand positions since then but the
last, as did the first, gave him the
stimulating satisfaction of being able
personally to defy the trackless, empty sea. Looking at the intersec-
tion of his lines, he could say with
justifiable confidence, "My ship is
close to where they cross."

Even the simple ritual of taking
sights—that measuring of the arc be-
tween a celestial body and the horizon
—has had its unforgettable element
of the dramatic, especially sights at
the beginning and the end of day.

In the transient darkness just be-
fore dawn, the navigator carefully
chooses from among the familiar, un-
obsured stars still on duty in the sky
of night. He stands waiting, sextant
ready, stop watch ready. His stars
are ready too but his horizon is not
yet distinct enough for accurate
working.

As daylight rises out of the east,
the stars lose their brilliance . . . fade
. . . slowly fade. But at the same
time the horizon line between sky and
water is gradually sharpening into a
finely drawn rim.

This is the moment!
In the next fleeting minutes sus-
pended between night and day, the
navigator swiftly takes his measure
of the arcs, pausing between sights only
to call out his sextant readings to the
quartermaster.
At evening twilight, the drama is reversed. The race against time finds the horizon giving way to night, and the brighter stars becoming visible, one by one, with maddening slowness.

There is something exhilarating in this presumptuous partnership with the heavens that "loran," in spite of its complex magic, can never give.

The stars, even our little sun, combine dimensions of size and distance that are actually beyond human comprehension. Yet the navigator calmly uses them as familiar "landmarks," just as a marine pilot uses buoys, lighthouse towers and islands for his bearings. True, the stars are hurtling out of and towards infinity at almost incalculable speeds, but at any given second the navigator, with the help of his almanac, can pin-point their relative geographical position on a chart.

There is also a singular lack of reverence in the way that, with the mirrors on his sextant, he can coax the stars out of their stately constellations and bring them all the way down to the level of his eye. For a moment, he is the master, he is the puppeteer.

This, then, is the navigator of yesterday, and but briefly—of today, a man who finds the heavens not beyond the reach of mind but mixed with the spindrift that whips against his face as he braces himself on the rolling bridge of his ship.

And how, it is asked, will he take to the New Order of Things?

Most emphatically, the super position finder of the very near future will not be greeted with stubborn hostility on the part of the sentimental navigator of the old school.

As soon as "loran" becomes commercially and technically practical on an international scale, the man who so fondly balanced a sextant in his hand for so many years will be among the first to welcome this wonder of electronics.

He will admit quite frankly that his methods now are rather cumbersome, rather limited at times by the whimsy of weather. First and foremost, he's a practical man with a difficult job to do, and he'll use the best instruments and methods that ingenuity can produce.

You'll pardon him, however, if he reminisces occasionally about the "old days."

And maybe you'll understand why he might sometimes wonder in the future if he hasn't lost something—something intangible—something of the spirit—when he made his bargain with science. For several pale green lines dancing across the face of an indicator bearing the very unromantic name of "oscilloscope," he traded in the great Orion, the angry Scorpion, the lonely Southern Cross and such lovely jewels as Aldeberon, Capella, Deneb and Arcturus.

Truly, the stars will be out tomorrow—out of a job, at least.
SITTING in the stadium on any brisk fall afternoon, eating peanuts, and cheering good old "Snake Hips" McGuire on down the field to another touchdown for Wonderful U, one would never suspect that well over half of the yelling, stomping students filling the air with "yeah rahs" were "maladjusted."

Something like three-fourths of college and university students admit that they have feelings of inferiority; and a slightly larger proportion than that say, when properly asked, that they suffer from mild to severe degrees of stagefright. Between five and ten per cent have speech defects; three to five per cent have some degree of hearing loss; ten per cent read so poorly that they are gravely handicapped in their studies (to say nothing about how they make out with the newspapers and magazines); and every student counseling office, speech clinic, and psychiatric service ever established for students by colleges and universities has found itself swamped and unable to handle adequately all the students who come for help—and they don't include the indefinite but doubtless large number who are too proud or shy to ask for the assistance they badly need.

Fundamentally, what is wrong with all these maladjusted and handicapped students? To such a question there is, of course, no all-inclusive one-syllable answer. There is, however, one answer that is to be heavily underlined, at least so far as one variety, undoubtedly the most common variety, of maladjustment is concerned.

This variety of maladjustment is one which we might call by the general name of anxiety-tension. It is to be seen in a large number of specific forms, ranging from severe stuttering or knee-knocking stagefright to the milder degrees of uneasiness in dinner table conversation.

They are not the sort of tensions which result from the attempt to lift a davenport, or drive a golf ball three hundred yards. They are, rather, self-defensive tensions. That is to say, they express states of concern, doubt, anxiety—anxiety about oneself, about how one rates in comparison with others, about how one is regarded by others. That is why they are called

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anxiety-tensions. To some degree, in some form, under certain circumstances, practically everybody experiences anxiety-tensions.

The fact that they are so common—at least, in our culture—is at once both hopeful and disturbing. It is hopeful in a rather cheerless sort of way in that it indicates that misery has a great deal of company, and that whatever the cause of all these tensions, it is not to be found solely in you, or in me, or in any one person, but in all of us—which is to say, in our society. This is a way of saying that there is something in our common social environment from which we appear to learn to be fearful, uneasy, or anxious, and to express this unhappy state in various kinds of self-defensive tensions. This relieves you, or me, or any other specific person from the suspicion that as individuals we are somehow just naturally queer or abnormal. This is the hopeful side of the matter. The disturbing aspect is that our society is so apparently unhygienic, psychologically speaking.

But what is so unhygienic about it? Isn’t our way of life the best ever in the best of all possible worlds? Perhaps we can answer these questions by saying that we appear to pay an exorbitant price for the virtues of our society. The very forces in our culture that spur us on to ever grander achievements are the forces which also prod us into fearful anxieties over the dreadful consequences of failing to achieve the success essential, so we think, to an enviable reputation and unquestioning self-respect. Ours is a very competitive society.

We have competitive sports, competitive marking systems in our schools, competitive business practices—we even have competitive humor: *Can You Top This?* a radio program in which laughter is recorded on a meter, and the jokester who gets the biggest laugh from the audience gets the highest meter reading! We are eternally trying to win a contest—and since only one can win, as a rule, most of us are, as a rule, losers.

There is a particularly important aspect of this competitiveness: so much of our thinking, feeling and planning are carried on in terms of it. We are responsive to the many kinds of appeals that can be made to our competitive spirit. Publishers, movie producers, advertising men and radio executives learned this long ago. The result is that hour after hour, day after day, year in and year out we are bombarded with fiction, news reports, movies, magazine articles, pictures, commentators’ chatter and the ads—above all, the ads—urging us, shaming us, enticing us to look better, talk better, smell better, to know more, to travel farther, faster, and oftener, to be more and more
dissatisfied with everything within reach. And so we feel increasingly inferior, and we hitch our little wagons to higher and higher stars—and have bigger and better wrecks as a consequence.

It all adds up to a pervasive disappointment, a creeping discontent. Aiming at unrealistically high ideals, vaguely defined but desperately cherished, we suffer discomforting and disorganized feelings of frustration. We react with ill temper and resentment. We are not good company. And as we get older and our impossible dreams recede ever further from our grasp like so many maddening mirages, we come at last to nurse a sense of failure, we become discouraged, apologetic, bored and sometimes cynical.

The road to maladjustment is wide and fast. It runs from idealism to frustration to demoralization—the IFD thoroughfare. All too often a university education is a needlessly unreflective ride along this unrewarding highway. Four years of it can—but needn't—leave one far removed from the world of reality, unfit for the work of housewives, mothers, patient and understanding teachers, considerate business people, unselfish physicians and lawyers, socially conscious citizens. Four years in a spacious, charming sorority house, for example, may not always serve as the best preparation one could imagine for a life of zestful contentment in a two-room apartment, or a trailer. Four years of concerts, formal dances, big time football games and cokes at the Union every afternoon add up perhaps to education for life for those who can continue easily to have concerts, formal dances, football games and daily cokes—but possibly not for those who can't. Maladjustments—anxiety-tensions—are to be expected when you can't have what you have grown used to having, or what you have learned to value highly.

The best insurance against frustration is to set your goals so that you can reach them. You can set them a little higher next time. If you don't look like Betty Grable, don't convince yourself you should. If you don't have an income of ten thousand a year, don't try to live as though you did have. Be yourself and don't apologize for it. Laugh at the perfume ads. And the movies, remember, are dream stuff. Keep in touch with plain folks. Keep your eye on the ball of reality. Be frank with your friends. Put your worst foot forward: you can't get ahead trying to walk on just one foot even if it is your best one.

Nothing succeeds like success. And there is no success in nature. Success is the difference between what you get or do and what you expected to get or do. Your expectations determine in large part whether you are to have any feelings of success, and your expectations are by no means beyond your control.

Life is a series of little surprises Occasioned by slightly inaccurate surmises:
That man of all the very most wise is Whose misjudgments insure him of pleasant surprises.
What Do You Know About Divorce?

The current hue and cry over America's growing divorce rate has loosed a deluge of statistics. With how many of them are you familiar? The answers are on page 51. Seven correct passes you.

1. The rate of divorce has risen until it now is—
   a. 1 out of every 9 couples
   b. 1 out of every 6 couples
   c. 1 out of every 3 couples

2. Divorce rates are highest in—
   a. The eastern states
   b. The southern states
   c. The western states

3. The highest divorce rates occur amongst—
   a. Farmers
   b. Actors
   c. Firemen

4. The most common reason given for divorce is—
   a. Desertion
   b. Cruelty
   c. Adultery

5. Fewer divorces occur among couples who marry when they are—
   a. between 19 and 20
   b. between 25 and 30
   c. when the bride is 24, and the groom 29

6. According to statistics, childless couples divorce each other in—
   a. 50% of the marriages
   b. 15% of the marriages
   c. 71% of the marriages

7. This picture is different in marriages that produce children. Their divorce rate is—
   a. 20% of the marriages
   b. 3% of the marriages
   c. 8% of the marriages

8. When questioning juvenile delinquents it has been found that a high percentage come from broken homes. This percentage runs as high as—
   a. 50%
   b. 60%
   c. 90%

9. Divorces occur more often when the couples have been married—
   a. 3 years
   b. 4 years
   c. 5 years

10. Depression years are difficult for a nation and result in—
    a. increase in the divorce rate
    b. great decreases in the divorce rate
    c. very little effect on the divorce rate

Some years ago, Mrs. Sidney Webb was present at a dinner party when the young man seated next to her said: "All this talk about feminism is utter rot. There isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than clever."

"Quite true," Mrs. Webb agreed. "But the reason for that, you see, is that so many men are stupid and so few are blind."
The fascinating history of gaming is centuries old!

by EVELYN NOLT

IT was cool in the cave. Mrs. Flathead came out to look for Mr. Flathead. She had left him repairing his stone club. Not all the evening was broken by his silhouette. She decided to stride down to the river bank, a half-mile away, to see if he were at the neighbors.

Mrs. Broadnose met her half way. Her husband was missing too. They inclined their ears to the wind and caught a peculiar rattling sound. Just happening to have two sturdy clubs with them, they allowed curiosity to guide their footsteps to the edge of a small clearing lighted by the last rays of the setting sun. There Mr. Flathead and Mr. Broadnose squatted over what appeared to be a cow's horn filled with little bones on which were strange markings. The two ladies closed in. Mr. Broadnose was distinctly heard to murmur, "snake-eyes" just before he passed into oblivion.

This little scene is not recorded in ancient documents, but it is a matter of gaming history that dice came first, followed many hundreds of years later by chess, a game invented in India. We mention chess to get to playing cards, because the chessmen of different grades are respon-
sible for the face-cards in the pack. There is no set date for the first deck of playing cards. Some authorities claim they were used in Egypt during the time Joseph busied himself filling the granaries for the seven lean years. It is a fact the good people of Hindustan and China were calling misdeals long before playing cards were introduced into Europe.

Cards were different then. Every pack had a varying number of suits and different markings. There was no queen; this would have been a breach of Oriental etiquette. It took the gallant French to cut the lady in.

Tradition has it that Hindustanee cards were invented by a favorite Sultana to break her husband of a very bad habit—that of pulling his beard. Tradition fails to mention whether or not her ruse succeeded.

The first Hindu cards history tells us about were circular with eight or ten suits to a pack. They were very small, the largest cards being two and three-fourths inches across, and were made of canvas so stiffened with varnish they felt like pieces of wood. Shuffling, in this case, must have been half the game.

The marks on these suits, painstakingly done by hand, were pecu-
liar to the country and its customs. One pack, in particular, included ten suits of 12 cards each. The marks of the suits were emblems of the ten incarnations of Vishnu, one of the three principle Hindu Divinities. These religious cards were not used for playing but for insinuating knowledge into the minds of the young.

Chinese cards were first made of bone, then ivory, and finally paper. Dotted cards, consisting of 32 pieces with symbolical markings, were invented during the reign of Seun-ho, 1120 A.D., to keep his numerous concubines out of mischief. The “paper tickets” of China were much smaller than our present day playing cards.

Just when playing cards invaded Europe isn’t known. Perhaps the Asiatic gypsies brought them in with their art of fortune-telling. The returning crusaders may be responsible for their initial appearance. However and whenever they arrived, they were officially received in 1392 when a court painter was commissioned to invent some form of amusement for Charles VI of France, who, regrettably enough, had just lost his reason. The treasurer’s entry reads, “Given to Jacques Grignon, painter, for 3 packs of cards, gilt and coloured and variously ornamented, for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris.” Since sol translates into soil or ground, it would appear Jacques was paid off in land.

King Charles continued insane for the rest of his life with lucid intervals. However, neither condition seemed to affect his card-playing, although the cards themselves were fully three times the size of our present day models, and lent themselves but poorly to cheating.

The incident of 1392 seems to have been forgotten until the 19th Century, when a doctor in England used it to prove the insanity of a person in question before the court. He admitted that this person played admirably at whist.

“And do you seriously say, Doctor,” said the learned counsel, “that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in pre-eminent degree memory, judgment and combination, can at the same time be deranged in his understanding?”

“I am no card player,” replied the Doctor with dignity, “but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king.” Men in white coats took “the person” away.

After 1393, playing cards became very common in Europe, so common that an Edict of Paris, dated 1397, reads, “working people are forbid to play at tennis, bowls, dice, cards or nine-pins on working days.”

Early in the 15th Century card-making was a lucrative trade in Germany. By 1474, Germany was doing a large export business, sending playing cards, in small casks, to Italy, Sicily and across the sea to be barred for spices and other wares. Later, England and Italy passed laws forbidding imported playing cards for the protection of home talent.

Phillip, Duke of Milan, paid 15 hundred pieces of gold for a pack of cards containing figures of the gods
with their emblematic animals and birds. This is probably the most expensive pack of cards in all history.

It wasn’t long until Europe was split into “for” and “against” groups. In Germany, John Capistran, a Franciscan friar, preached a three hour sermon against luxury and gaming. His tirade was so effective the audience worked itself into a frenzy and had a beautiful fire in the market-place burning 76 jaunting sledges, 3640 backgammon boards, 40,000 dice and “cards innumerable.”

For the benefit of poor losers, a Brotherhood of Cobblers passed a law imposing a fine of one-half pound of bee’s wax for the company’s holy candle, upon any brother who should throw backgammon pieces, cards or dice out of the windows.

Some people — card players, not historians — would have us believe the sailors of Columbus spent all their time playing cards rather than peering into the horizon for a “new world.” Certainly the Spanish explorers were familiar with the game. During the reign of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, the records of burning men and women for the sake of religion form a singular contrast to the vast amount of money put at her disposal for playing cards. A young Spanish vagabond of the 16th Century tells of making a good living from town to town by being “dexterous” at cards. And it was during this same century that a pack of cards first became a deck of cards. Shakespeare used the term in 1593 in his play Henry VI.

Gambling became a continental plague infecting noble and peasant alike. The clergy were having a field day denouncing “the devil’s play-things,” and it wasn’t long until some astute soul realized that many a shilling could be made from a book of advice on the topic. The name of the little volume isn’t known, but it might have been I Play Cards and Like It, or How To Increase Your Winning Power. At any rate, a quotation will introduce you to the contents. “If you play among strangers, beware of him that seems simple and drunken . . . and while you think by their simplicity and imperfections to beguile them, you yourself will be most of all over-taken.”

During the 17th Century books of rules began to appear. In 1670, the Wits Interpreter came out, and in 1674, Cotton’s Compleat Gamester. Seventy-five years later a man named Hoyle compiled a modest book of rules and it became the world’s authority.

The 17th Century also saw a vogue of educational cards. In 1665, the Schollers Practical Cards was published, containing instructions, on cards, pertaining to spelling, writing, ciphering and casting accounts. “I am persuaded,” says the optimistic, if
somewhat dim-witted author, in the preface, "that the cards now in com-
mon use may be reduced to such a way of use as may not only contribute
to knowledge and good learning, but may also remove the scandal and
abuse now prevalent."

A geographical pack of this nature contained enough material for a guide-
book about England and Wales. This pack represented the 52 counties of
England and Wales with the length, breadth and circuit of each county,
distance from London and the "Prin-
cipal Cities, Towns, Rivers with Other Remarks." In 1692, London
papers first announced to the world the invention of a fascinating game
called Carving At The Table. "The Genteel Housekeeper's Pastime, or
the mode of carving at the table, rep-
resented in a pack of playing cards,
with a book by which any ordinary
capacity may learn how to cut up, or
carve in mode, all the most usual
dishes of flesh, fish, fowl and baked
meats, with several sauces and gar-
nishes proper to each dish of meat." How was that again, any ordinary
capacity?

Americans were presented with a
deck of educational cards in the early
1800's. The kings were represented by: hearts, Washington; diamonds,
John Adams; clubs, Benjamin Frank-
lin; spades, LaFayette. For the
queens: hearts, Venus; diamonds,
fortune; clubs, Ceres; spades, Min-
erva. This venture was not a finan-
cial success. For some undemocratic
reason, the "citizens" seemed to prefer kings and queens on their playing
cards.

The figures of the four suits on
our modern deck are supposed to have
been intended as symbolical repre-
sentations of the four great classes of
men. The hearts represented the
choirmen or ecclesiastics. The Span-
ish word espada—for sword, indicat-
ing the noble warriors of the state—
was corrupted into the English spade.
The clubs were originally trefles (trefoil leaves) and denoted peas-
antry; while the citizens and mer-
chants were marked by the diamonds.
Modern bridge ranks the "four great
classes of men" in this order: spades
— warriors, first; hearts — ecclesias-
tics, second; diamonds — merchants,
third; and clubs — peasants, last.

The modern card game easiest to
cheat at is Seven-up, although it is
generally conceded that if a person
has sensitive hands, a mathematical
brain and willingness to practice, he
can develop a system for cheating in
every game. Poker players, espe-
cially, will appreciate this sentence
from The 1944 Pocket Book of
Games. "Poker is an ideal game for
nearly every form of cheating."

Card playing has survived writs
and edicts, laws and sermons, and
many centuries. It's safe to hazard a
guess that as long as there are people
there will be games of chance. And
there will be those who play for
money, and those who play for fame,
those who play for their opponent's
blood, and those who just play for
the game.

Mrs. Broadnose might just as well
saved her strength. Her mate was
vulnerable—but as partners he had
human nature, inventiveness, and
consummate persistence. He was a
card!
Every seventh person wears Kansas City clothes.

by R. D. PALMER

NINETEEN million men, women and children wear clothing that was made in Kansas City!

That statement may come as a surprise to the average reader . . . but, listen to these "show stoppers."

Eighty-one factories and distributors do an annual apparel business of between 75 and 100 million dollars.

Kansas City manufacturers do a steady business in all 48 states, in Alaska, Hawaii, with several foreign countries—and contacts with Mexico and South America are being developed.

At least three factories turn out more than 1,000 completed garments in a single day.

There are over 8,000 workers employed by the Apparel Industry in Kansas City.

Apparel ranks as our third industry immediately behind food and petroleum!

Amazing facts, indeed, but what are the reasons behind the phenomenal growth of the fashion industry here in the Middle West? What has caused Kansas City to become America's fifth greatest apparel center?

In 1900, eleven scattered factories were producing approximately 1,200,000 dollars worth of men's and women's clothing annually. These factories were limited in their operation by the absence of skilled workers, most of whom were immigrants from Europe who preferred to make their homes in or around New York, already an established garment center. This same lack of workers was primarily responsible for the slow expansion of this market until the early 1900's when a young lady with revolutionary ideas about garment manufacture entered the scene.

Nell Donnelly, (now Mrs. James A. Reed) as an embryo maker of Hoover aprons and housedresses, conceived the idea of training specialists in each phase of garment manufacture rather than attempting to hire or train expert needle craftsmen. Under her plan, each worker would become proficient in just one operation . . . he or she might become a pocket setter, a joiner, a sleeve setter—make buttonholes, sew on buttons or fell seams. This was called the "Sectional System" wherein garments were made on an assembly-line basis.
with each job done by an expert. This method of operation was radically different from that long-established by the needle trades in Eastern centers where one craftsman made an entire garment—where many operations were "contracted out" to other firms specializing in certain phases of garment manufacture.

Kansas City manufacturers adopted and developed the "Sectional System" to such an extent that this market became known as the "Modern Methods Market." This method of manufacture enabled Kansas City to build an enviable reputation in the trade for dependability of size and fit. The assembly-line type of manufacture, so successfully employed in other major American industries, was economically sound and produced apparel that was lower priced than that manufactured by competing markets. Thus, apparel made in Kansas City became recognized for good fashion—good quality—and accurate sizing. They are, in short, the very best fashions that can be made at the price—they are dependable and so recognized by dealers—and they are known and bought by America's Middle Millions.

Another major reason for the growth of the Kansas City needle trade is expressed in the slogan "no contracting." Kansas City garment factories, which are 100% home owned, have always prided themselves on having all operations carried out on their own premises. This factor has been a strong influence in building a reputation for "clean merchandise"—a reputation that places Kansas City above the ranks of its competition.

The next problem that faced this growing apparel center was that of building a market where heretofore none had existed. Buyers from all over the country had become accustomed to visiting the established apparel markets from time to time throughout the year to place their orders. It was decided that it would be simpler to take the market to the buyers, than to try to change these same buyers' buying habits. This was done by sending salesmen with made-up samples throughout the Midwest and to every one of the 48 States. As a consequence, orders were placed and garments made according to these orders. Large quantities of garments were not made up for "stock" as in the Eastern markets. This practice, still in use by many of the manufacturers, took the gamble out of the manufacturing business. The individual manufacturer was not faced with the possible large losses if garments made up for Spring or Fall shows failed to "make a hit."

Having to plan far ahead from season to season resulted in more certain satisfaction for the customer and more certain profit for the purchaser. In addition, this system helps to make employment more year-round without seasonal lay-offs. In this way, the Kansas City manufacturer turned what seemed disadvantages into advantages. His distance from raw materials and his lack of an established garment market had actually resulted in benefit to himself and to his dealers.
Briefly summarized, the several major characteristics that contributed to the growth of Kansas City as a garment center include:

The development of the "Sectional System" to a high efficiency "No contracting"
The making of quality merchandise at popular prices
Progressive methods of selling
Excellent transportation facilities
An established reputation for honesty and fair dealing in all practices — a reputation, incidentally, that was enhanced during the war years when Kansas City manufacturers made it a practice to contact 85% of their outlets every season throughout the War.

In 1931 the manufacturers and distributors in the Kansas City area banded together to form an organization that was to be called the Kansas City Apparel Association. The primary function of this Association is to promote Kansas City as a great fashion market. Through far-sighted advertising and public relations programs, fabulous strides have been made towards bringing the attention of the retail world to focus on Kansas City as one of the vital fashion centers in America. Another function of the Kansas City Apparel Association has been the development of an educational program in cooperation with the school system of Kansas City.

In September, 1945, a "Cooperative Occupational" program was begun between five Kansas City High Schools and about 70 Kansas City employers representing some 30 occupations. Under this program the student spends half his time actually working in industry, and the other half attending classes in school. For his work he is paid the minimum wage for a learner. At school he receives credit toward graduation if his work is satisfactorily performed.

This helps the student bridge the gap between school and job, and gives him specialized training as far as possible related to the occupation he has chosen. A number of garment companies are participating and the industry as a whole is watching the experiment with interest.

Another cooperative plan in which garment makers are vitally concerned is that between the Kansas City Apparel Association and the Kansas City Art Institute. This plan, which is now in its third year of operation, has as its primary purpose the training of designers for garment factories. Under this program classes are held at the Institute, and practical experience is gained at the clothing plants. While there, students become acquainted with factory requirements and with the types of clothing lines to be made; they may also work on machines. This whole program has
been highly commended by Kansas City garment makers, who are pleased that promising young people, quick to learn, are profiting by the plan and becoming talented garment designers.

As a further development in the Apparel Industry's educational program, a committee was organized to make for closer relations between the Art Institute and other fashion design schools in Kansas City. This committee, which is made up of prominent local designers, goes to the Art Institute and the Edna Marie Dunn School of Fashion and gives lectures and demonstrations covering pattern making, fabric draping, designing apparel, production and distribution. This committee also makes a practice of conducting advanced studies through the factories to enable these young people to gain a practical insight on actual manufacturing problems.

A further educational development closely linked to the fashion industry in Kansas City has been inaugurated at the Art Institute. This course, a part of the School of Design, features fashion designing, pattern drafting, and a study of fashions from the earliest clothing known to man up to the modern styles.

In May, 1946, the School of Design, in cooperation with the Kansas City Apparel Association, staged an outdoor fashion show. It was so well received by the fashion press that arrangements were made between the School of Design, the Kansas City Apparel Association and Good Housekeeping to repeat the performance May 22 of this year. Good Housekeeping plans to picture the designs made by these talented young Kansas Citians in the editorial pages of its publication.

The most recent development in Kansas City's rapidly growing fashion industry is a magazine for the trade, Fashion Topix. As long as five years ago, leaders in the market felt the need for a monthly magazine that would tell the current story of the Kansas City market and promote the Kansas City apparel industry to retailers all over America. War time restrictions prevented the realization of this dream until September, 1946, when the first issue appeared. It is now a thriving adjunct to the Kansas City Apparel market.

In 1946 the Fashion Group of Kansas City was organized, stemming from the New York Fashion Group. This is a non-commercial association of outstanding women engaged in fashion work, formed to advance the principles of applied art in industry and to foster good taste in fashions. Although new, the Fashion Group is enthusiastically making plans for a program which will be of great benefit to Kansas City.

But where does the title, "Fashion for the Middle Millions" enter into the picture?
The “Middle Millions” are the cherished “bread-and-butter” customers of retailers all over America... those “salt-of-the-earth” people with middle incomes and middle tastes whose purchases swell the volume and make cash registers ring a merry tune of profit. They are the Mr. and Mrs. Average American Consumer who support the “High-Style” Salons and the Bargain Basements with their middle bracket purchases. They are nine out of every ten customers.

Apparel made in Kansas City is, and always has been, designed, made and priced for this Multi-Middle-Million audience and for those retailers who cater to their wants. It is this singleness of purpose, shared by every member of the Kansas City Apparel Association, that has made Kansas City famous for “Fashion for the Middle Millions.”

A Nickel in the Slot...

Due on the market shortly, which means just as soon as production and materials are organized, are several revelations in coin machine vending. The days when peanut and gum contraptions were the only self-service selling are definitely past history. Coming up are inventions of seemingly unlimited convenience.

Now you may insert a coin in a streamlined, decorative mechanism and get a hamburger, well-done or medium, hot dogs with or without mustard, pop corn popped before your eyes, cup ice cream, pocket-size books, a shoe shine, a Telequiz question and answer game to pass the time between trains, your fortune automatically “typed,” and steaming hot coffee, either black, with sugar, with cream, or with sugar and cream brewed into the instant beverage.

Last year these penny, nickel and dime machines took an estimated one billion dollars in loose change from the American public, equal to 1% of all United States retail sales. Coca-Cola sales through automatic dispensers are said to exceed $100,000,000 a year alone.

A nickel in the slot is going to pay even bigger dividends this coming year, for both delivering and receiving parties involved. Got change for a quarter?—Marion Odmark.

Dearly Demented

The lunatic had been discharged as sane. He returned home, and decided to shave before looking for a job. He nailed a mirror to the wall, selected and stropped an old-fashioned razor, lathered his face. As he cut the first swathe, the mirror slipped to the floor. Gazing at the blank wall before him he remarked bitterly: “Just my luck! First day out, and I cut my blooming head off!”

Two inmates of an asylum for the insane were painting a high wall. The one working at the top heard the one at the bottom shout: “Hey! Get a firm grip on that brush, ’cause I’m gonna move the ladder!”
“Check with Macy’s... I'm beginning to doubt that he is their buyer.”
There's nothing doing in La Ceiba, but it's fun!

How About Honduras?

by MARION ODMARK

For the completely satisfying vacation, do-nothingness is a factor to be considered above all others. That means Latin America. It also means a place where there’ll be no events of national or international importance to attend, where there are no strenuous sports to engage the already tired traveler, where historical side-trips may be ignored with impunity, and where worries are nonexistent because no one has the strength to cope with problems extending beyond the moment. It probably means Honduras.

With fanfare for Mexico and Guatemala reaching an all-time high in tourist promotion, Honduras is receiving an undeserved slight. The country is delightfully languorous and unexploited, richly rewarding. It is possible to do virtually nothing there—amidst colorful surroundings.

What is also important, it is inexpensively accessible from New Orleans by both United Fruit and Standard Fruit Steamship lines, on regular seven-day cruises. The ships have restricted passenger lists. They are well-serviced, spotlessly clean, and noted for extravagant dining. They are the perfect preparation for a life of idleness.

That’s what you’ll find in Honduras—at La Ceiba, say. Life at La Ceiba isn’t activity: it is the suspended animation of going down for the third time. You’re suffocated by the paradise of flowers everywhere; submerged in the thick, vibrant green of foliage and forests; immersed in the overpowering cobalt blue of sea and sky. Intermingled with these forces is heat and humidity and an enervation resulting in almost total disability. You won’t do much in La Ceiba, because you won’t have much with which to do it.

The people are Indians, Negroes, Arabs, and mestizos (offspring of Europeans and Indians or Negroes). They are quick to smile, cautiously curious, lean, clean and eminently graceful. Their Spanish is throaty, metrical music. They are educated to the sixth grade, and study English only with tutors. They are amoral, entirely without the sphere in which moral distinctions and judgments apply. They keep track of new family affiliations in the four-page, hand-set newspaper, which obligingly records births in three columns: legitimate, those acknowledged by the father, and natural. Business is bad for the justice of the peace, it may be noted.
Influenced by Hollywood and the infiltration of magazines, all of which look like *Lurid Love Stories*, the girls have magnificent multiple names — like Millicent Consuelo Heliotrope Smith, or Ingrid Lana Jennifer Dolores Ridriguez.

La Ceiba's one movie house shows both English and Mexican releases. So many stills are displayed in the flashy gold and filigree foyer that it is quite possible to see an entire feature without going inside.

The Sears, Roebuck catalogue is the respected fashion consultant, and a necessity it is. There are no dress shops in La Ceiba.

There are several saloons, all with swinging doors. One of the regular customers is a tame deer with a taste for rum.

You'll find open air barber shops, a dilapidated building grandly called the Paris Hotel, a "hot spot" with white girls upstairs, a shop or two selling mahogany bowls, baskets, silver and picture postcards. The lempira, half a dollar American, goes a long, long way!

Some eight employees of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company live in the heavily-guarded American section. From the commissary there American cigarettes are available, also bonded Scotch and bourbon at $3.50 a fifth. The local liquor is mostly rum, and each bottle is identified by a familiar American gold Guardian Safety Seal. This is the policy of a benevolent government bent on protecting its citizens. Not only are the seals an insurance of genuine Honduran rum, but they help the government immeasurably in collecting liquor tax.

Of the population, 85% are laborers for Standard Fruit in the banana industry. A few natives have little farms, which they futilely subdivide from the jungle thicket with fence posts that come to life again with new growth and vines. Artisans in wood, silver and leather are lazy and not too exacting in their work.

Unlike many related neighbors, La Ceiba looks at politics with apathy. When a new mayor was elected ten years ago, the incumbent said he had made up his mind he would like to have the job for another ten years. So the citizens let him keep it. It seemed like an awful lot of bother to change his plans, so nobody troubled to interfere.

La Ceiba has one night club, and only one. It is El Patio, an open-sided pavilion with a bar across the front. When the thick dusk seeps in from sea and jungle, it is to this focus the young crowd comes — young blades in casual sports attire, girls in cottons homemade from Sears, Roebuck pictures. The fact that anyone is inside El Patio serves as ample introduction for dancing; further social amenities are waived in favor of music that is a miracle in tintinabulary tickling. When the three marimbabas, xylophone, saxophone, and drums go into action there is no such thing as a bored looking dancer; both sexes are either hystically gay or soulfully soused in the romance of the moment. There is no such thing as Petrillo, either. Slip a piece of change...
to any musician and the band will play until dawn, beating time for the lithe latins who are the real show at El Patio. Rhythm, creative expression, and supple coordination are inherent talents of every native.

But life in Honduras, it can be said, is a languid void. Days and nights have a rare carefree quality of non-importance. Natives live uninhibitedly, easily; and visitors find complete relaxation irresistible. The change of scenery and change of tempo blend to form a perfect prescription for harried urbanites hankering to rest.

So, when your favorite travel bureau begins the next bombardment of four-color brochures designed to lure you afar, don’t forget to ask the question: how about Honduras?

▶

The Animal War

Watch out—the enemy is all around you!

Sinister reports from widely-scattered cities and towns prove conclusively that the birds and beasts of the animal kingdom, so docile from all outward appearance but evilly watching their chance to throw off the yoke of human domination, have begun their attack right in our midst. We have news of these skirmishes:

In Warren, Pennsylvania, a large buck deer romped through the employees’ entrance to panic girl workers, upset work benches, and scatter tools and parts in a radio tube factory. Sabotage.

An organ-grinder’s previously well-behaved monkey in Philadelphia bit a man who gave him a penny. Ingratitude, poorly concealed.

In Traverse City, Michigan, flocks of robins took advantage of the scarcity of scarecrows (scarerobins?) and attacked the cherry orchards (aggravating the food shortage).

Wrens in Easton, Pennsylvania, built three nests of seven-penny nails, arrogantly rebuilding them each time they were torn down (adding to the nail shortage). They tried it with eight-penny nails, but couldn’t carry them.

A black bear crashed its way into a logging camp in Utica, New York, and kept the woodsmen awake all night (psychological warfare). The foresters rigged a trap with bacon and dynamite, and the bear blew himself up.

That’s the kind of thing that’s going on.—George Statler.

▶

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things he has.—Birmingham News-Age-Herald.

▶

Asking a woman her age is like buying a second hand car. The speedometer’s been set back, but you can’t tell how far.—Grit.

▶

A beautiful woman is the product of intelligence, character, discipline, personal charm and good taste, none of which was ever acquired by accident.—Today’s Woman.

▶

Shortly after Lady Astor landed on our shores for a visit, reporters swarmed around her for interviews, during which she gave expression to this uncommon bit of good sense: “It isn’t the common man at all who is important; it is the uncommon man. You Americans like to quote Abraham Lincoln as a great man, but you have had only one Lincoln.”—Red Barrel.
CHILD'S PLAY
by MYRA CARR

The ten children in the left-hand column are key characters on familiar radio programs. Can you pick the show on which each appears? See page 37 for answers.

1. Cookie a. Life of Riley
2. Charlie b. Quiz Kids
3. Pinkie c. Mayor of the Town
4. Baby Alice d. Fibber McGee and Molly
5. Leroy e. Blondie
6. Sis f. The Edgar Bergen Show
7. Butch g. The Bandwagon
8. Junior h. The Great Gildersleeve
9. Homer i. One Man's Family
10. Joel Kupperman j. Henry Aldrich

NUMBER, PLEASE!

It shouldn’t be hard to get the right number in this quiz, but watch out, the wrong number may pop up when you least expect it. If you fill 10 of the blanks correctly, you pass. For answers, see page 37.

1. ______ men on a dead man's chest.
2. Into the Valley of Death rode the ________.
3. ________ days shalt thou labor.
4. The _______ Musketeers.
5. Three score years and ________.
6. _______ horse shay.
7. A good ________ cent cigar.
8. ______% American.
9. ______ a loaf is better than none.
10. ______ Leagues Under the Sea.
11. ______ in-hand.
12. ______ lives like a cat.
13. ______ Guinea Pigs.
14. Mr. ______ by ______.
15. _______ Years Before the Mast.

IS MY FACE_______?

Every color of the rainbow is represented in this quiz, but don’t look for a pot of gold at the end of it. Just fill the blanks with the right colors and score more than 12 right. Answers on page 37.

1. _______ -eyed monster.
2. _______ as the ace of spades.
3. Ultra ________ rays.
4. Chrome ________.
5. I never saw a ________ cow.
6. ________ of perfection.
7. Mock ________ blossoms.
8. ________ and old lace.
They're DIESELIZING

Casey Jones

The wheezing Iron Horse is rapidly becoming ancient railroading history!

by DAVID P. MORGAN

Today's sleek, powerful fleet of Diesel-electric locomotives represents the most fabulous Horatio Alger story in recent railroading history. Already, scores of these grumbling giants are pulling luxury limiteds and heavy freight trains, with more pouring into the roundhouses from Boston to Los Angeles every week.

Although America's first Diesel-electric locomotive — a humble switcher still operating on the Jersey Central—was built only in 1925, the big passenger engines didn't really get rolling until 1936. Yet 1947 finds these powerhouses moving practically all of our fast streamliners, many of the conventional standard-weight limiteds, hundreds of freight hauls — and they are eradicating the old chuffing steamer in a thousand and one railroad yards from coast to coast. While the coal industry is fighting back with all kinds of new turbine coal-burners, the Diesel is admittedly taking the nation's railroads by storm.

The progressive Boston & Maine, up in old New England, is already moving 80% of its freight business with bright new 5400-horsepower Diesels, and the aristocratic Pennsylvania Railroad recently revealed its intention to Dieselize many of the feature "blue ribbon" limiteds to Chicago and St. Louis. New York Central's "20th Century Limited," the world's most famous train, daily speeds on its 16-hour New York-Chicago route behind fleet-footed 4000 horsepower Diesels — and has done so for some time. And all this in spite of the fact that NYC owns some of the finest steam locomotives on anybody's railroad.

On the Susquehanna, a short but frisky carrier in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the veteran Iron Horse has vanished forever, replaced by a fleet of stubby internal-combustion products. Out west, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, famed in song and story, boasts the largest fleet of Diesel locomotives in the world, and thinks nothing of operating all of its freight traffic over entire divisions with nothing but this new form of locomotion. And Empire Builder Jim Hill's Great Northern Railway contemplates complete Dieselization within 15 years—and already has 117 such engines in operation.

Dixie's Diesels are going great guns, and can now be seen wheeling such
feature trains as the "Crescent Limited" of the conservative Southern Railway, and the Florida-bound "Orange Blossom Specials" on the Seaboard.

The Old Iron Horse is losing ground rapidly on two counts. First of all, the Diesel-electric locomotive is a remarkably efficient mover of railroad traffic—and it has effectively proved its worth to an industry not accustomed to accepting innovations at face value. Next, the price of coal has skyrocketed almost out of sight, and many railroads formerly satisfied with modern steampower have turned to the Diesel as the economical solution of the fuel question. Working together in this postwar era of intensified competition, these things have nearly forced the conventional steam locomotive out of the running.

The Electro-Motive Division of General Motors has been the flag-waver in the new surge to Diesels, turning them out in its huge La Grange, Illinois, plant. Two out of the three established big steam locomotive builders are now building Diesels in a heroic effort to stem the GMC fostered attack. Fairbanks-Morse has now entered the fray with an opposed-piston Diesel it built for the Navy's subs during the war, and it recently delivered the world's largest Diesel locomotive to the Kan- sas City Southern—a block-long creation developing 8000 horsepower.

On paper, the Diesel locomotive is really an electric engine. The Diesel engines merely turn over generators which, in turn, deliver electric power to motors mounted right down on the axles of the locomotive. But the Diesel is the true heart of the outfit—the electrical setup having been the only successful way thus far developed to deliver its great power to the rails. A direct drive such as the automobile uses is out of the question, because of the terrific loads with which railroad engines must grapple.

Watch that next Diesel you see flashing past, and you'll note it is made up of one or more units. Usually, these individual units develop 1500 to 2000 horsepower each, and they can be coupled together to form any desired amount of capacity for pulling. This unique flexibility has been a great selling point for General Motors. For example, the Santa Fe recently took delivery on several 6000 horsepower Diesels, each composed of four units. Now should that system ever find it needed less power and more engines, it could easily make two 3000 horsepower locomotives out of one big one.

Another feature of Diesel-propulsion is the gear-change formula. Under this system, a locomotive may be a powerful brute used exclusively in slow heavy drag work up stiff mountain grades—but if conditions change, this identical engine can be converted into a locomotive suitable for racing streamliners over the prairies on the fastest schedules any
railroad has. A simple, quick change of gearing does the trick.

Other selling points for the Diesel include its ability to run thousands of miles without a change, and then come right back. It travels long distances, too, without needing to stop for fuel or water — and unlike its steam heated rival, it doesn’t have to pause for a grease gun crew lubrication all the time.

But the picture isn’t quite as rosy as some Diesel advertisements might lead you to think. You can’t overload a Diesel on stiff grades, or it’ll simply “burn up” — and the repair bill on such matters is high. And while the Diesel-makers point with pride to the many years between major overhauls, they forget that scores of minor repair jobs often take place on any given unit. Frankly, the Diesel-electric locomotive is a complex piece of machinery, and must be treated and operated as such. Many of the railroads employ full-time mechanics to ride with their Diesels on every trip, as insurance against small breakdowns enroute.

But the Diesel is a hefty puller and a fast running speedster, and has proved to be the answer to many a railroader’s prayer. For the first time, Santa Fe is now operating its extra-fare, all-Pullman “Chief” over bitter Raton Pass, in New Mexico, without helper engines—a feat impossible with previous steampower.

And on the New Haven, 4000 horsepower giants wheel fast streamliners into Boston during the day, and come right back out on heavy freights. The world’s fastest train, a Chicago & North Western “400” streamliner, is powered by a Diesel, too.

Yes—Dieselized railroading is here to stay, and it is doing a big share of the work which keeps America’s railroads the finest in the world.

On the basis of reliable statistics: 66 per cent of all great achievements accomplished by man were developed and given posterity after he had reached or passed his 60th year.—Red Barrel.

This is a good time for the colleges to try to work their way through some of the students.—Coal Getter.

Russian Foreign Minister Molotov coined a word during his sessions with the British and Americans. He had observed the way they indicated approval by nodding and saying, “Okay.” Later when Molotov wanted to indicate disapproval he shook his head from side to side and said, “Nokay.”

Worry is like a rocking chair—it will give you something to do but it won’t get you anywhere.

Huge truck with two signs on the rear tells motorists: Left, passing side—Right, suicide.
WEIGHT WILL TELL

Ever wonder why your weight and height are so important to the doctor examining you for life insurance? It isn't that he's just a busybody or concerned with the incidental fact of your figure. It's because weight and height and their relation to each other have a very important bearing on the number of years you are expected to live.

Full normal development is usually reached at the approximate age of twenty-five. According to comprehensive insurance studies, the normal weight at twenty-five is the best weight to keep through life. Weight increases after twenty-five or thirty are not desirable.

The cause of overweight is most commonly too much food and too little exercise. Only in a very small percentage of cases is glandular disease to blame. Inactivity due to fallen arches, poor posture and bone disease may contribute. And you can forget heredity as having any importance at all. When several members of the same family are overweight it is usually due to family habits of eating too much.

Insurance companies consider overweight a serious danger. Diabetes, heart and kidney diseases and arthritis are known to be associated with overweight. Not only is overweight a menace to health, it's a burden to carry around, contributes to fatigue and discomfort. In children and young people, excessive overweight limits play and exercise and may result in personality complexes.

Too little or the wrong kind of food, fatigue or over-activity, worry or mental strain are contributory factors to an underweight condition. This may also be a warning of disease, especially any sudden loss of poundage.

Generally speaking, weight should not fall more than ten or fifteen pounds. If it does, there is an indication of lack of physical endurance or impaired general health. In the teen ages, underweight is particularly hazardous because of the danger of tuberculosis.

Beating surplus weight begins with forgetting about the easy way out. Never use commercial "cures"—they're either useless or dangerous. Drugs should be used only under constant medical guidance. Have a thorough medical examination to make sure overweight is not caused or accompanied by disease. Determine amount of weight to lose and length of time to do it. Two pounds a week is a safe amount to lose. Plan a sensible diet, to lose weight and safeguard health. Sixteen hundred calories daily will reduce most people, others may cut down to 1,200 or 1,000 calories. Eat three meals a day at regular times, avoiding between-meal eating and bed-time snacks. Exercise unless the doctor says no. Be sure of regular elimination. And check results by weighing weekly.

Similarly, correcting underweight begins with a thorough medical check-up, to make sure the cause is not disease. Get enough sleep, eight or nine hours, and rest during the day, a few minutes after meals being especially helpful. Eat slowly, avoid hurry, worry, stress and strain at mealtime. Plan regular meals to give you about 200 extra calories daily, more if you're very active. Encourage that between-meal bite and bed-time snack, but don't indulge before a regular meal. Exercise except when tired, and stop before you become fatigued.

Control of weight will add years to your life. What's more, it will make living more fun right now.—Marion Odmark.

A girdle is something which keeps figures from telling the truth.

A bathing suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.
Mahoney thought she was lovely—
until she opened her mouth!

As soon as I saw the Milwaukee postmark, I knew it was either an urgent letter from old man Schrievengovogel or one from his son, Max.

I ripped it open and the first words that cracked me between the eyes were:

Dear Dan,

Congratulations are in order! Millie and I were married last Monday.

It was from Max, all right, and it wasn’t good news as far as I was concerned. I had certain indefinite ideas about Millie myself. It wasn’t too long ago that I nearly popped the vital question.

If it hadn’t been for her fantastic ambition to be a singer, she might today be Mrs. Mahoney instead of Mrs. Schrievengovogel. Even a tin ear can tell which is the more melodious.

Max and I had been pals since our boyhood days. Our friendship went so deep that we would have killed for each other. But after Millie came along we were willing to omit the “for.”

She was a beautiful kid. Her father was Russian and her mother the kind of Irish they write those ballads about. The result was that Millie turned out exotic.

Millie had everything except good intonation. Hers was the only voice that could take away the patriotic feeling from the national anthem.

But she was beautiful. She won the local beauty contest when she was seventeen though she never got to Atlantic City.

Instead she ended in bed with the German measles. Max told her she was passing through the first phase in becoming a Schrievengovogel.

She thought that was cute. She kissed him for it while I stood by cursing myself and my healthy Irish blood.

For sentimental reasons we got married in the church Millie sang in once.

Once was right. I have to smile when I think about Millie’s debut. She joined the church choir to get extra training.

Unfortunately, on her first and only appearance, the text of the sermon was based on the first chapter of Mark. As the third verse which began, “The voice of one crying in the wilderness,” everyone in the congregation looked at Millie.

But she could take it. Her marvelous sense of humor always saved her from discouragement. She never doubted that someday she would become a recognized singer.
She wasn't aiming at the bottom of the ladder, either. Millie had her eyes set on the top rung. She confided in me once that her goal was grand opera. I was already convinced that a miracle might make it opera but no miracle could ever make it grand.

Danny, I had one tough time getting her to come through with an affirmative to my proposal. She was determined to prove that she could be a singer before she married anyone. And you know what an obsession that was.

Obsession was a weak word. Her whole life seemed to revolve rather dizzily around her desire to make a name in music. I never had the heart to tell her that her voice was hopeless . . . absolutely hopeless.

What made it extra tough for me is the fact that by trade I'm a piano tuner. To top it I have absolute pitch. Millie's voice and my tuning fork were two things that did not go together.

When I landed my job with one of the big music houses in New York, I intended to ask Millie to take the step with me.

But my better judgment warned me it would never work out.

I knew that after spending a hard day tuning pianos and then coming home to hear Millie several hundred vibrations off key would not lead to a melodious marriage.

Max, however, never seemed to mind her voice. He had no ear for music. To him a banjo was just as musical as an organ.

When I proposed to her, I told her that I knew of the one and only way she could ever become a singer. She promised to marry me if I made her one.

I took an awful chance but it worked only because of her great sense of humor. But it didn't turn out so good for me financially. I lost one thousand bucks on that bright idea.

I read that part twice. All the gold buried in Kentucky couldn't improve Millie's voice. To do it on a thousand dollars, Max was either a genius or had discovered a new use for uranium.

Now, if my old man would only forget those annoying and stupid arian ideas of his, especially the one about pure racial strains, everything might work out.

I knew too well that old man Schrievevogelvogel objected to Millie's blood. He was a firm believer in everything that came out of the old country. If it was stamped "teutonic," it was good in his estimation.

The metamorphoses of his moustache can best describe him. When the Kaiser was on top, the old man wore his handlebars the same way.
When Hitler took over, he cut it down to a rectangle. Now, all he wears is an occupied look.

He went out of his way to patronize me. He had sent me numerous telegrams and letters begging me to return to Milwaukee. I know he hoped that I would marry Millie and save the Schrievengovogel blood line from what he considered contamination.

The old man has already disowned me and fired me from the plant. He is making it tough for me to get another job here. Millie and I are practically broke.

We counted on that thousand bucks the old man had promised to the first Schrievengovogel that got married. He never went back on his word before but right now he has me by a technicality.

I am no longer a Schrievengovogel. I went to court and had it changed.

It was the only way I could get Millie to marry me.

Well, if the old man wanted to play that rough, I knew a way to help Max. I had a few checks in my pocket that the old man sent me with his urgent pleas to get back to Milwaukee and break up the affair between his son and Millie.

I’m glad I didn’t tear them up. I’ll cash them and send the dough to Max as an indirect wedding gift from the old man.

Well, Dan old pal, that’s about the whole story. Right now we are living with Millie’s folks. You know the address. As soon as we can gather a few bucks together we are going to try some other town.

Drop me a line real soon. Love from Millie.

Your old pal,

Max

P. S. When you write, use my new name . . . Max Singer.

Famous People

Late on a night many years ago, a New York couple came into a small hotel in Philadelphia. The wife was ill and they had been unable to find lodgings. They were polite; they made no demands, but asked the manager’s advice as to where they might find a place to sleep.

Every room was full. However, the manager, without even asking their name, volunteered his own room as an act of courtesy.

The next morning the husband called the manager and said: “You’re the kind of hotel manager that should be at the head of a really great hotel. I’d like to build one for you.”

The guest was William Waldorf Astor, and the hotel manager was George C. Boldt. As manager of the old Waldorf-Astoria, he became known as the greatest hotel man of his time.

Charles M. Schwab was once visited by a southern railroad man who wanted to obtain steel for his new road. When negotiations for rails had been completed, the man said: “Now, in payment, Mr. Schwab, will you take bonds of the road?”

Schwab, who had been waiting for that question, nodded immediate assent. “On what basis?” asked the astonished promoter.

“Fifty-fifty,” Mr. Schwab answered, “a ton of bonds for a ton of rails.”
Words for Our Pictures

1. Walter Reuther, President of the United Automobile Workers, C.I.O., tells WHB listeners that full production is a sure cure for any recession.
2. "President Truman's foreign policy is sound, but it doesn't go far enough," says Louis E. Starr, National Commander of the V.F.W.
3. Elliott Arnold, author of Blood Brother, Tomorrow Will Sing, and several other novels and biographies, inspects a copy of Swing. Says he likes it.
4. WHB sent its Special Events chief, Dick Smith, aloft on Army Day to tell listeners what the cabin of a C-47 was like in flight. Pictured with him is the pilot, Major Thomas R. Keevey.
5. At the microphone is L. R. Bryan, president of the Second National Bank of Houston, Texas. Beside him is R. Crosby Kemper, president of the City National Bank of Kansas City.
6. Four top-level railroad executives talk it over. Left to right: James Hill, vice president of the CRI&P; W. N. Duremus, president of the Kansas City Southern; L. R. Capron, first vice president of the CB&Q; and Clark Hungerford, president of the Frisco.
7. Governor of Kansas Frank C. Carlson, who keynoted the Salvation Army fund campaign opening, is interviewed by Ed Birr, WHB sales representative and publicity manager for the Salvation Army campaign.
8. Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper, extracts a few helpful household hints from Martha Logan, noted home economist of Swift & Company.
9. Lou Kemper brings Army Day home to WHB listeners. He is shown here with Major General Clark L. Ruffner.
10. C. N. Taylor, president of the Houston, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, brought a special good will delegation to Kansas City. They were welcomed by Kearney Wornall (right), president of the Kansas City Chamber.
11. For some unaccountable reason, it's a sad day when the mayor of Houston, Oscar F. Holcombe, meets the mayor of Kansas City, William E. Kemp.
12. Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, addresses a luncheon group at the Kansas City Advertising and Sales Executives Club. To Mr. Miller's right is Arthur B. Church, president of KMBC. To his left are Earl Scott, president of the Advertising Club, and Hugh Feltis, president of the Broadcast Measurement Bureau.
13. Colonel Stoopnagle and guests on the Mutual Network show, It's Up To Youth.
14. Doctors Paul Baldwin, R. W. Kennedy, and H. E. Peterson discuss rural medical service in Missouri.
15. A panel of speakers on WHB's Our Town Forum hears a question from the floor. Compulsory military training was the subject under discussion.

Centerpiece

Adorning Swing's center pages this month is titian-haired, 21-year-old Linda Christian, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet who was born in Mexico and educated in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Mexico, South Africa, and Palestine. She is five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. She has green eyes, but who cares?
... presenting DELBERT E. JOHNSON

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by DOROTHEA WARD and MORI GREINER

WHEN certain leading citizens of St. Louis learned that Kansas City was staging a huge festival of music this May, they didn't like it a bit.

"Doggone it," they groused, "we were going to do something like that."

To which Delbert Johnson, the chunky, powerfully determined organizer of the Kansas City May Music Festival observed: "There's nothing holding you. You've been sitting here in Missouri all your natural lives. Why didn't you go ahead?"

It must be noted in all honesty that St. Louisans weren't the only people sitting, so to speak, on their batons. Many Missourians had given long thought to plans for an annual music fete, but no one had done anything about it.

Ironically, it took a Hoosier—arriving via California and twenty years in Detroit—to shake the Heart of America out of its lethargy.

Del Johnson came to Kansas City as Minister of Music in one of the city's largest churches. After a brief survey of the local situation, he put out a call for singers who could be welded into a group capable of performing the great choral works for the largest possible number of listeners. He based his appeal on two things: ability and willingness to work. Race or religious considerations played no part.

It wasn't a new venture for the energetic Johnson. He had previously organized 312-voice choirs in Windsor, Ontario; Detroit and Royal Oak, Michigan. He directed the three of them simultaneously; sang, himself, in the Ford Sunday Evening Hour Chorus; and worked days as a junior executive of the Chrysler Corporation. The schedule required prodigious amounts of vitality, know-how, and organization. Apparently Del had all those things in quantity, and enjoyed his work, because everything he touched seemed to turn to success.

He has been in Kansas City for 21 months now, and is well on his way toward more success. In answer to his initial invitation, many singers came, including a number of professionals, voice teachers, and choir directors. Thirty-five churches were represented, of all denominations; and every outlying community in the district sent several of its best choristers.

Anxious to make the group a civic project, completely democratic and self-governing, Johnson urged the members to draw up a constitution and elect officers. Definite and stringent membership requirements were set up, based on tonality, ensemble,

Camera study of Mr. Johnson by Hahn-Millard.
ear training, enunciation, sight reading, and style. The final group was the cream of the crop. They were all fine musicians who loved to sing. They called their organization the "Kansas City Choral Union."

After working with the union for awhile, Mr. Johnson invited the University of Kansas A Cappella choir, under the direction of Dr. Donald M. Swarthout, to come to Kansas City for a concert. It was a huge success, and there was some talk that the visit should be made an annual affair.

That was the seed.

A short time later—on the 24th of May, 1946—Johnson conducted the Choral Union in a presentation of The Creation at the Music Hall. It was so well received by the public at large as to make the fact immediately apparent that these performances filled a definite community need for fine music.

That decided it.

With characteristic optimism, Del Johnson began planning a festival.

"It can be done," he said. "There is that sort of cooperation here. And talent—lots of fine talent."

There were skeptical faces, but Johnson kept talking. "The Choral Union can be used as a nucleus. We'll import some soloists and name artists. Maybe we won't be able to schedule a full week the first year, but it should be possible to have a full-fledged festival by 1948—one that will make Chicago, Ann Arbor, and Worcester sit up and take notice. It will be an annual event, and there will be plenty of support once the word gets around."

His ideas were big, and they're growing bigger, because it looks like the Music Festival is in the bag!

Naturally, everything hasn't broken exactly right all of the time. It is impossible to come into a new community and launch large, ambitious programs without treading all unknowingly on a few toes. But Mr. Johnson has come closer to doing it smoothly and easier than anyone you can name.

His work brought him many good contacts. In remarkably short time, musical, educational, and church leaders were loud in their praises of the driving redhead. He had the vision, the persistence and the enterprising spirit that counts for so much with Kansas Citians. And with the Kansas City population, 85% native born, he fitted admirably.

Born forty years ago in Indiana, Del Johnson's lineage is pre-Revolution on both sides. He likes to emphasize this point, because the thing that gets him maddest fastest is the contention that only foreigners can succeed in the world of music. He believes almost violently in the ability of American musicians, and in the future of music in this country.

The basis for his belief, perhaps, is the sound musical education which he himself received in the public schools of New Harmony, Indiana.
New Harmony is the town purchased by Robert Owen, Scotch financier, in 1824. Owen wanted to establish a New World Utopia, and collected 30 leading European educators for importation to Indiana. The cargo he brought to North American shores was called "the boat load of knowledge."

Communism had a try in New Harmony. Women’s suffrage was born there, and the first woman’s club was founded. Eventually, of course, human friction and the petty considerations of day-to-day living broke down the impractical set-up, and today New Harmony is like almost any other small American city.

Delbert, orphaned at an early age, lived on a nearby farm with his grandmother, aunts, and uncle. There was a large square piano in the parlor around which the whole family gathered to sing, and upon which an aunt gave little Del his first piano lessons.

It was in New Harmony public schools, though, that Del learned most of his elementary music. When he entered high school, he was able to read a musical score as easily as a page of typewriting.

He went on to Oakland City College, a Baptist seminary, on a scholarship, and after a year there transferred to the University of California. The following year, he went to Detroit, where he landed a $20-a-day job at the Chrysler plant. That ended college days for Delbert.

Johnson soon realized, however, that a formal musical degree was necessary, so he continued his studies in the evenings at the Detroit Institute of Musical Art, of which Dr. Alle D. Zuideman was then the dean. Special classes and extra study made the going tough, but resulted in a comprehensive knowledge of music.

Now, this June, he is to receive an honorary doctor’s degree from John Brown University, in recognition of his splendid work in the musical field.

Although Johnson is becomingly modest about most of his accomplishments, he is inordinately proud of one thing: his choice of a wife. It was in Detroit that he met Sally Bellis, a blonde and charming Welsh girl whose father was a composer and choirmaster. Del was in a church choir: Sally was a soloist. He invited her to a concert, and they soon discovered their vast field of common interest made them unusually compatible. They were married in 1932, and music is still their greatest delight.

People love to hear Sally Bellis Johnson sing, and she is in constant demand as a soloist. But no one enjoys her voice more than Del does: he is her coach, fan, and most fervent admirer. She’s good, and he doesn’t care who knows it!

About his own voice, Del is frank to a fault. "It’s useful," he says. "It can hit the notes, and I can use it to fill in for most parts in case of emergency. But it isn’t a pretty voice. Not pretty at all."

For the forthcoming festival, Mr. Johnson won’t have to rely upon his own useful voice. He will have a number of outstanding soloists. Moreover, he will have his own 225-voice choir. The second season of the
Choral Union brought 325 applicants. All of them, including the previous year’s members, were required to take the performance tests necessary for membership, and only about two-thirds passed. That number represents 125 different churches, and is a heterogeneous group from the standpoints of neighborhood and profession. Music is the common denominator. They love to sing, and they’re willing to work hard at it.

Del Johnson sees to it that they do work hard, and sets an example by working harder than anyone. He puts in 60 to 70 hours a week. In addition to arranging and directing all music at the church where he serves as Music Minister, he gives several lessons a day, advises and conducts the Choral Union, and has organized and promoted the first annual Music Festival almost solely by dint of his own efforts.

Although most of the time he conducts with only his very expressive hands, Mr. Johnson uses batons enough to break about three of them a week. He keeps reasonably regular hours, and finds it takes food to keep him going.

A few months ago he began worrying about his waistline. He went to a specialist who outlined a rigid diet. Johnson adhered to the diet for nearly six weeks, slimming down nicely. But he just didn’t feel well. He got tired, and commenced imagining there were circles under his eyes. Days that once had too few hours now didn’t end soon enough. So he gave up, and went back to eating all

he wanted of things he liked, and he’s felt fine ever since.

Chances are that he regained his energy none too soon, because he has needed all of it in bringing his ambitious festival to culmination. But everything is arranged now, and Kansas Citians are looking forward eagerly to the night of May 15th, when Mr. Johnson will open the Festival by conducting Mendelssohn’s oratorio, Elijah. The Choral Union will be the performing group, supported by the Allied Arts orchestra. Sally Bellis Johnson, Virginia McClelland Ehwa, Thomas Caleb Evans, and John MacDonald will be featured soloists.

The following evening, a “university concert” will be given with the University of Kansas A Cappella choir, the Missouri University string quartet under Rogers Whitmore, and pianist Gui Mombaerts from Kansas City University.

At noon on May 17th, Dr. Clarence Dickinson of the famous Brick Church in New York will give an organ recital, and in the afternoon
there will be a "youth" program performed by the Allied Arts orchestra under David Van Vactor, and by the Madrigal Club of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music directed by Stanley Deacon. Wiktor Labunski, internationally known concert pianist, will be guest soloist.

There will be an organ demonstration by Dr. William H. Barnes, noted organ authority, and a concert by Helen Snyder Johnson.

The final event will be Handel's Messiah on May 18th. Mr. Johnson will conduct, with Josephine Mader, Freda Draper, Carlton Eldridge, and Hardin Van Duersen as soloists.

Del Johnson, and all of those associated with him, are convinced that the series will be a success. Arrangements have been made to use any profits for music scholarships to be administered by the Kansas City Public Schools.

Already, too, plans are underway for the 1948 program, when even bigger and more ambitious things will be attempted. It's still early to talk about those plans, but Del Johnson smiles whenever he thinks of them.

Kansas City smiles these days, too. It took a roundabout Hoosier to do it, but it looks like the May Music Festival is about to become a Missouri institution. Swing is pulling for its success, and congratulating its founder—Delbert Johnson.

Answers to CHILD'S PLAY Quiz

1. e 2. f 3. i 4. g 5. h 6. d 7. c 8. a 9. j 10. b

Answers to NUMBER, PLEASE!

1. 15 2. 400 3. 6 4. 3 5. 10 6. 1 7. 5 8. 100 9. 1/2 10. 20,000 11. 4 12. 9 13. 100 million 14. 5 by 5 15. 2

Answers to IS MY FACE RED Quiz

Notes from a one-stringed zither . . .

by LEIGH WILDE

He said he would come back to me,
He said I was his life.
He kept his word—he did return
So I could meet his wife.

Three years ago
When I was young
And had more red corpusles,

I often fell
For big, broad men
Who loved to show their muscles.

But now that I
Am thin and weak
And think much of my soul,

I find that my
Main passion is
The man who brings the coal.

For people who step
On my feet in the bus
I have a kindly thought.
I don’t stoop so low
As to vulgarly cuss
Or get emotionally over-wrought.
I just withdraw
For an hour each day
To work on my steel-trap invention.
I’m making one for
Each of my shoes—
The purpose—need I mention?

LYRIC FOR A CONTINUITY WRITER
Capped and gowned
I made my way
Up to the front for my B.A.
Three years have passed
And here I am
Selling people cans of spam!

If about the peace
We cared a rap,
To the U. N.
We’d send Al Capp.

And any other guy
Who can
Poke shrewd fun
At somber man.

If we could laugh
At greed and power,
We’d have peace
Within an hour!

Lives of great men
All remind us
We must learn to be discreet,
And departing
Leave behind us
Footprints larger than our feet!

Thrice blessed are my friends:
They come,
They stay,
And usually
The check they pay!
The sun moves from Taurus toward Gemini; the lawn needs mowing again; most of the summer programs are wrapped up, ready to take over the minute the winter radio stars take off for Martha’s Vineyard, the Maine woods, or the Chicago nightclubs. And a good many American families are ready to take off for vacation country.

The time has come when father kicks the tires, estimating their mileage; when the Little Woman thumbs through resort folders and the smart magazines, putting herself in the place of that sulky handsome model wearing jeans and a plaid shirt (a little knockabout number pegged at $32.50) against the background of a corral fence and a kodachrome mountain. Bathing suits, yes—for Jones Beach, the Lakes, Bermuda, or the neighborhood pool. Some will vacation in water. But for the most part, the eyes of potential tourists turn to the mountain tops, come summertime, and this year as in years before the war a goodly number of all the cars that run will head for those Wide Open Spaces, that Home on the Range. The juke box tunes they’ve heard all winter will drive them west this summer. And the gal in calico can’t say we didn’t warn her.

In the rockier regions of Colorado, Montana, Washington and Oregon, in Arizona, Utah, and Wyoming, lodges and dude ranches and souvenir shops are slicking up for a bumper season. They know that in spite of Russia and the Balkans and the price of butter, the tourists will descend on them any minute now, since the roads open in the higher mountain regions as early as the middle of May.

In addition to the highways, there are railroads, bus lines, and planes. One way or another, vacationers will get there, swarming into the national parks and forests that lie all over the West. The eruptions of pre-Cambrian times (the beginnings of time as man knows it) plus the erosions of Pleistocene glaciers, certainly did right by the tourists who followed hard on the heels of trappers and explorers of the 19th Century.

The race of man seems pretty callow, when you consider that although the mountains of North America have been sitting there in much their present state for several million years, no
one except a few anonymous red men ever laid eyes on them until a paltry few hundred years ago. And in certain spots, white men never appeared until much less than one hundred years ago.

For example — and a spectacular one—take the Teton Range of Wyoming. Running north and south, the range has a length of well over two hundred miles, and its highest peak, the Grand Teton, reaches 13,766 feet into the air. But even on a clear day, the Tetons cannot be seen from Independence Hall. And since the boys back East were pretty busy with other affairs, none of them were in much of a hurry to push farther west. It was only in the early years of the century just before this one that white men muscled in on the Indians and discovered the Tetons. It was not until 1884 that the first settlers moved into the valley or basin alongside the Teton Range. Your arithmetic has probably already told you this wasn’t so very long ago. But within the short time between that time and this, Grand Teton National Park has evolved, and this and its flanking valley, called Jackson Hole, have become one of the nation’s big playgrounds. The ultra-modern in convenience and luxury has been superimposed in spots upon nature as the Pleistocene glaciers left it. Yet enough of the mountains and forests primeval is left to please even the most nostalgic.

The Tetons were discovered, as far as anyone can ascertain, in 1807-08, by John Colter, who also discovered the Yellowstone Country. But the mountains were named by French trappers. They took a look at the most conspicuous trio of peaks and with Gallic candor and drollery and a sense of mot juste (if not of anatomy) called them les trois tetons — “the three breasts.” The mammary monicker now applies to the entire range.

Jackson Hole was named in 1829 by Captain William Sublette, a fur trader, for his partner, David Jackson, who had a special passion for the long valley cut by the Snake River. It lies just west of the Divide and east of the Teton Range. It’s quite a hole—48 miles long, six to eight miles wide, and completely surrounded by mountains.

In 1929, one hundred and fifty square miles of the Teton country became a national park, 27 miles in length, three to nine miles wide. The northern boundary lies just eleven miles south of the southern edge of Yellowstone. Teton National Forest lies east of Jackson Hole and Targhee National Forest, west of the park proper. The entire region is wealthy in lakes and glaciers, snowfields, peaks and canyons—everything it takes to overwork the adjectives and lead you to agree with Ruskin who said, “Mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery.”

And he may very well be right. The sky behind snowy mountain tops can outdo Maxfield Parrish, and the lakes have a fathomless, jewel-like quality that doesn’t always obtain in lowland water. Mountain rivers make all others seem turgid and sullen. And the deep evergreen forests are as ancient and mysterious as Americans could ask for, being caught as most
of them are yet—in their own Romantic Period. This country, then, is the perfect setting for dude ranches, tourist lodges, and great big playgrounds.

In the 96,000 acres of Grand Teton National Park there are the makings of the complete vacation—if you like any one of its chief activities: mountain climbing, fishing, boating, riding, or in winter and early summer, skiing. If you’re the kind that feels even a vacation must be educational, you can attend the campfire talks on geology and flora and fauna, given each evening in an open-air amphitheater at Jenny Lake. Jenny Lake, by the way, is one of the park’s main entrances. Here you’ll find the park museum, good looking rangers, photographers’ shops, saddle horses for hire, and a lot of guides for everything from mountain climbing to nature walks. If the climbing fever gets you, as it does many people, you may find it advisable to enroll in a climbing school at Jenny Lake, where you learn the difference between a hobbed boot and a sling pump, and how not to hang yourself with enough rope to hoist you to the top of Grand Teton.

The title peak of the park was first scaled in 1898. Fifty-six years earlier, a Frenchman named Michaud had tried to get to the top and failed. But nowadays, almost anyone with the urge, enough wind, the right equipment, and an experienced guide can manage those thirteen-thousand-foot plus to the top of the Grand Teton. However, it isn’t child’s play. It takes most of two days to make the climb, and you don’t start out in sneakers and a Malacca cane. You’ll find the going smoother with an ice axe, an alpenstock, and some clothes that will keep out the altitudinal chill. No one is allowed to climb the Tetons alone without full approval of the superintendent, and all climbing parties are required to report either at park headquarters or Jenny Lake Museum before they start and as soon as they return.

Although the season officially opens in Grand Teton Park on June 15, the climbing season is best during July and August and the early part of September. It all depends, of course, on the weather.

OUR BACK COVER ... Renowned as an outlaw hideout of frontier days, Jackson Hole in Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, preserves a tang of the Wild West in its numerous dude ranches. — (Photo courtesy Union Pacific).
Fishing is good in the park. The waters are stocked by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service with such anglers' delights as mackinaw, cutthroat, and speckled trout. But be sure you have a state license. And don't bother to catch more than ten fish a day; that's the limit.

In Jackson Hole and in the park there are six major lakes. The smallest of these, Phelps, measures 525 acres. Jackson Lake, the largest, measures 25,540 acres and has a depth of 400 feet. Next in size are Leigh and Jenny, both in the park, and both encompassing well over a thousand acres each. Leigh Lake was named for one Dick Leigh, a guide for Dr. V. F. Hayden who made the first official surveys of the Teton country. But they haven't always dignified the lake with Leigh's surname. They used to call it “Beaver Dick,” because Dick looked something like a beaver. He was toothy.

One of the pleasanter occupations in the park is horseback riding over trails with picturesque names: Cascade Canyon; Indian Paintbrush (this is the trail traced in wildflowers); and Death Canyon. There are six of these trails, altogether, adding up to ninety miles of foot or bridle path through canyons and forests, around the bases of mountains, and along the many lakes. Saddle horses rent for something like a dollar an hour, $3.50 a day, and $17.50 a week. Sometimes, for an additional fee, you get a guide thrown in. And for longer trips you rent pack horses.

The flora and fauna of Grand Teton Park are no small part of its attraction. Because the high mountains limit plant migration, a number of the flowers found here are unique. They grow extravagantly from the time the snow melts in May until mid-August. The park protects its wild game, and herds of Shiras' moose, the largest of the deer family, are not uncommon sights. Mule deer, a wary species, may be seen now and then, but you gotta be quick. In the more isolated sections you may see small herds of bighorn, the Rocky Mountain sheep with the horns like cornucopias. Herds of elk, or wapiti, tenant the Government feeding grounds in Jackson Hole through the winter, moving north and east into the highlands in the spring. In the mountains and canyons, bears still roam at large. But the national park bulletin is careful to mention in italics, for the benefit of Bostonians and others, that very few bears invade the campgrounds.

Wild bears may seem an anomaly in this split-atom age of electronics, Lucius Beebe, and the frozen dinner. But remember that the Union Pacific has not yet celebrated its first centennial in Wyoming. They were building the first railroad across the state only eighty years ago, in 1867 and '68. And every foot of the way, they were under military escort because of such hazards as in hospitable Indians, buffalo stampedes, and surprised bears. Give the wild life of Grand Teton another eighty years of tourists, and they'll be eating out of your hands. Or vice-versa.
2,425,000 psychopathics give rise to an interesting question.

America today faces a number of internal social problems. Its divorce rate is increasing drastically, with a resultant number of half-orphaned children. Its juvenile delinquency rate is soaring. And it is more and more aware of the vast number of Americans who are developing into chronic neurotics. During the past war, 1,825,000 men were rejected at induction centers for psychiatric reasons, while 600,000 were discharged after getting into the service, for the same reason.

Psychologists claim that parents are responsible for the development of their children, and although anthropologists state that parenthood should be regarded as a joint job for both parents, our social pattern puts the great burden of child training and discipline on mothers. Therefore, it is they who have come in for the greatest criticism for faulty parental relationship and training.

A provocative discussion of "momism," disguised behind the title, "Is America Going Feminine?" was held recently on Northwestern University's program, The Reviewing Stand. This weekly radio forum originates in the WGN studios in Chicago, and is carried by stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, including WHB.

Swing editors, feeling that the subject is of interest to all Americans, herewith present excerpts from that program.

ANNOUNCER: The first speaker on today's broadcast, speaking from Philadelphia, is Dr. Edward A. Strecker, head of the Department of Psychiatry, Medical School, University of Pennsylvania; author of Their Mothers' Sons; The Psychiatrist Examines an American Problem. Dr. Strecker:

DR. STRECKER: Is America going feminine? Unfortunately, feminine is almost the opposite rather than being the same as woman, perhaps implying an economic and psychological rebellion against the biology of being female—a defiant challenge to the male and his fancied superiority. I am deeply concerned about the intrusion of feminism into the art of true motherhood. In my recent book, Their Mothers' Sons, I describe a "mom" as a female parent whose maternal behavior is motivated by seeking emotional recompense for the buffet life has dealt her ego. With her children almost every word and act is designed unconsciously to hold them emotionally and bind them securely to her. To attain this purpose, she must stamp a pattern of immature behavior upon the children, making it somewhat unlikely that as men and women they will succeed in living
their personal and social lives on a reasonably mature basis.

This is the opposite of womanliness in motherhood, and if it is feminism, I pray America may never go feminine. Let me add, I am not de- risive of the name mom. Indeed, I honor it whenever it designates a loving but wise and unselfish maternal parent.

Mom does not make herself. Often she is a mom because she had a mom. Naturally, too, momism flourishes in a system in which a collection of birth certificates of children rather than an evaluation of the actual performance of motherhood is the criterion for undiscriminating adulation.

Particularly in America many moms are made by selfish husbands who leave their wives but little choice other than emotional overattachment to their children promoted by the frustration produced by the complete preoccupation of many husbands with business; their endless pursuit of stag diversions, and their unwillingness to participate in the psychological growth and maturing of their children.

Finally, in spite of our high sounding boast of equality, in large measure we do deny women full participation in political, civic, and other affairs. This is particularly true after their child-bearing periods when they have the fruits of so much valuable experience to offer concerning the needs of children.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Dr. Strecker. To continue today’s discussion The Reviewing Stand now takes you to Mutual’s studio in Chicago. James H. McBurney, Dean of the School of Speech at Northwestern University, is the moderator.

MR. McBURNEY: Joining Dr. Strecker on The Reviewing Stand are: Sydney Harris, syndicated columnist with the Chicago Daily News, and Instructor in The Great Books at the University of Chicago; and last, but by no means least, in this discussion of femininity, or any other discussion for that matter, Emily Taft Douglas, recently Congressman-at-Large from Illinois, and Helen Hohman, formerly Lecturer in Economics, at Northwestern University.

Now we have agreed to consider three questions today: First, is “momism” the kind of menace that Dr. Stecker thinks it is? Second, are women trying to usurp man’s place in society? And finally, how should we deal with these moms and these feminine encroachments?

MRS. DOUGLAS: No normal person could condone that maternal vampire who sucks the emotional life out of its child. But since the mom is a maladjusted mother, I won’t agree that momism has much to do with feminism. It is abnormal feminism. Psychiatry today points to the mother
as responsible for most of the sins of her children, and therefore, I suppose, of civilization. That is a heavy load for us mothers to carry. Dr. Strecker is correct, therefore, in pointing out that a mom is usually a mom because she is a product of a mom—male or female—or else has been made into a mom because her natural and right- ful satisfactions in other fields have been withdrawn. She can’t lift herself up by her own bootstraps and become a well-adjusted person without help.

MR. HARRIS: I think Dr. Strecker overemphasizes only one kind of mother. I think that there are two extremes that are equally bad. I think the overprotective mom who is a horrible leach is a malignant growth in our society. On the other hand, I think there are just as many cases of mothers who, consciously, or subcon-sciously, reject their children.

I think this plethora of glamour advertising that wants a 40-year old woman to try to look like a 20-year old woman, and all the perfume ads and all that silly business about charm, have done a great deal to make women want to reject their children as symbols of growing old and get- ting middle aged. I would say there is just as much danger of that type of rejection as there is of overpro- tection.

I think the most fruitful part of Dr. Strecker’s analysis is the few sentences in which he mentioned the father’s neglect of the home. I think modern social and economic life has become so highly competitive and so rapacious and the tempo has been so speeded up that the father is virtually forced to spend most of his time away from the home. He works all day long, and on Sundays he goes out and plays golf with business prospects and very rarely sees his family. Then I don’t think there were as many moms in past times for the simple rea- son that the father’s influence was considerably greater around the house. There was a more proportionate share of the children’s time divided between the parents—which is not true today.

MR. McBURNNEY: As a result of this, do you think that women are moving out of the home, attempting to usurp men’s place in society?

MR. HARRIS: Well I think so, very much!

MR. McBURNNEY: Which puts us right in the middle of the second question that we want to discuss to- day. “Are we faced,” as Dr. Strecker puts it, “with an economic and psychological rebellion against the biology of being female?” What should be women’s status in our so- ciety. Should it differ substantially from men’s, Mrs. Hohman?

MRS. HOHMAN: I would say women, like men, have many differ- ent capacities and many different in-
terests. The problem of adjusting to their lives within a family is therefore a somewhat complicated one. Most women in the United States are married. Most women have children. And it is the woman with a family and the unbroken family that we are concerned about today.

I think that the very fact that so much of her life, of her former activities, have been taken out of the home means that now she has leisure that she never had before. She has smaller families. A woman who has six children doesn’t have any problem of leisure. Good or bad, that is the fact. Therefore, the modern woman cannot find within the home, after the children have passed infancy, things to do that take all of her interest and all of her capacities.

MR. McBURNEY: You are talking about the change in the American home, the fact that it is leading to some frustration for the mother, that she is looking outside the home rather than within the home. Would you suggest that we try to restore the home and the family to something of its former status?

MR. HARRIS: Yes, I think that women ought to be made to realize that home-making and rearing children is perhaps the most important function of a society that doesn’t want to commit race suicide. I think she needs status and prestige—like everyone else.

MR. McBURNEY: Now, do you mothers accept this masculine analysis of what is a woman’s main function in life?

MRS. HOHMAN: I think that the main function of a woman who has children is to bring up her children, and I think most women accept that because they are definitely and emotionally oriented in that direction...

MR. HARRIS: I don’t agree with you. I don’t think they really accept it. If they got the full satisfaction out of it that they got in the past, that they should get, we shouldn’t have the tremendous number of divorces and the tremendous number of infidelities and the phenomenal number of feminine alcoholics and the female cocktail lizard and all these horrid phenomena that we have...

MRS. DOUGLAS: We can’t turn the clock back to the time when each home was an economic unit which made a very diversified and interesting community center in each home. This means that almost inevitably we will have the surplus leisure of modern woman. The question is: How should she use that leisure? As a matter of fact, I believe that a great many of woman’s age-old functions are now carried on outside the home and if she is to follow those functions she
has to go outside the home, if she is to keep her influence upon children.

MR. HARRIS: I think that is very bad. In the past woman was part nurse. She was responsible for the welfare of her family. As it is today, the schools, the government agencies, welfare bureaus, and a whole host of so-called social services have robbed her of those traditional feminine functions.

MR. McBURNLEY: Regrettable as this may be, what do you propose doing about it; are you going to move these people back into villages and into the suburbs?

MR. HARRIS: I am not going to do it. I think the atom bomb is going to do it. I think that is one of the few benefits of the atom bomb. I think it is going to disperse modern industrial society. Yes, I think we probably will have to move back into villages.

MRS. DOUGLAS: Dr. Strecker has a point there. He says: “It is made somewhat difficult for women, particularly married women, to participate fully in civic affairs.”

Of course, you might say a lot of jobs that are done today on the local level of government—the matter of clean streets and alleys—are just community housekeeping. Jane Addams was the best garbage inspector Chicago ever had.

MR. HARRIS: She had no family.

MRS. DOUGLAS: Quite right. There are a lot of unmarried women today in America . . .

MR. HARRIS: I don’t care what unmarried women do—morally or intellectually. They are not responsible for the perpetuating of the race.

Their lives are irrelevant to today’s thesis . . . so barren . . .

MRS. DOUGLAS: We are discussing the question of whether America is going feminine . . .

MR. HARRIS: I don’t think unmarried women are feminine. I think they are neuter.

MR. McBURNLEY: I don’t think you answered my question. Do you face this thing realistically? We have these big cities. We have apartments. We have electric gadgets for women. They do have leisure time. And these two mothers have been sitting here telling us how women should employ that leisure time profitably.

MR. HARRIS: I think I am, if you ask me, the only realistic person in America. I think that is the only real future that faces us. I think this problem of industrialization is much more serious. It underlies the problem we are discussing today. I think it affects men, too. In the industrial age men are increasingly dissatisfied with their jobs.

MR. McBURNLEY: I am inclined to believe that we have said “yes” somewhat timidly to the question: Is America Going Feminine? “Yes,” with varying degrees of emphasis and for somewhat different reasons. Dr. Strecker certainly deplores the psychological immaturity of many mothers, and I think everyone around this table agrees with him. The speakers here have underlined the changing American home as a factor which services to push women into activities outside the home. The burden of this discussion has been to suggest ways and means of channelling these activities constructively.
“It cost twenty bucks. I want it to show!”
Look out professionals—the Hawk is loose!

by LARRY WINN, JR.

A SOCCER ball and two peach baskets hanging from the running track were the essentials of basketball in 1891, when the game was devised by Dr. James Naismith for students at the Y.M.C.A. training school, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Little, then, did Naismith know how his game would catch American athletic fancy; and little did he suspect that he would become a professor at the same school which would turn out one of the game’s greatest players, a much bruited hawkeye to arrive on the scene a half century later.

“CHARLES BLACK, 6-4½, 205, LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FORWARD,” is the short description listed in the program. But to a multitude of coaches and fans, he is Charlie Black of Kansas, one of the greatest cagers of the Midwest. Others say he is the greatest ever to come off “Phog” Allen’s endless assembly line which has produced eighteen All-Americans to date.

On April 1st, the fabled K.U. basketball “Hawk” wrote finis to his brilliant college cage career, as a starting forward on the West All-Star team against the A.A.U. champions, the Phillips “66” Oilers, and a great many coaches applauded the news.

Just two days before, in Madison Square Garden, Black played a little over half the ball game, but dumped in eleven points as the West All-Stars defeated the East All-Stars. It is with sighs of relief that K. U.’s opponents can rest a bit now, because the big pair of shoes in that Kansas center circle will probably go unfitted for a spell. Possibly quite a spell!

But why praise Charlie Black? Let Black’s record speak for itself. He was named All-American twice; played in the East-West All-Star tilts in New York twice; and, when he was named to his fourth All-Big Six Conference berth this year, he became the only player in league history to attain such an honor.

Raw figures disclose that “The Hawk” scored more points than any other player in Kansas history. In four seasons, he hit the hoop for 1,072 points. A pile of them! Also school records are Black’s feats of compiling 362 points in one season (1946), averaging 17.3 points per game in Big Six competition (1946) and tallying 33 points in a single game against Missouri (1943).
He gained his first All-American selection in 1942 as a sophomore and repeated in 1946. His All-Big Six years read 1942, 1943, 1946 and 1947. He missed two seasons while serving as reconaissance pilot in the Army Air Corps, where he flew 51 missions and gained the rank of captain.

"The Hawk," a sure-fire drawing card anywhere he plays, lives up to his nickname. He swoops up against the backboards like a sky-born marauder, plucking the ball with one hand as if it were a doomed owl, then balances on one leg to deliver a whistling underhand shot to a fast-breaking teammate. One of his favorite tricks is to hoist short heaves by his teammates into the netting, often dropping them back over his shoulder as he faces the court. Sometimes he soars up to 11 feet to bag underthrown enemy flips. He was called for goal-tending five times this year.

Personally, Black is a retiring sort of individual who doesn't seem to have nearly the amount of faith in himself that his coaches and followers have, although he is not known to give anything to anyone on the hardwoods. Amazing as it sounds, Black rounds out his playing repertoire with superlative defensive ability. Facing all manner of skyscrapers and high scorers this season, he limited them to an average of 5.4 tallies along a 26 game route. The experts will tell you there isn't a big man in college basketball today that Black can't muffle.

Such an authority as Hank Iba, the famous Oklahoma Aggie coach, maintains Black is the best collegiate post guard in the country today. Helping to substantiate this rating, Black held "Easy Ed" MacCauley, the 6 foot 9 inch center of the newly crowned Missouri Valley champions, St. Louis, to three points. He stifled George Mikan of DePaul with four, and limited Gerald Tucker, Oklahoma's great post artist, to 20 counters in three games.

If Black never averaged over two goals a game he would still rank as one of the conference's greatest hoopermen. The long-armed forward hasn't had a close second in the rebounding department for two years. Against the dethroned national champion Oklahoma Aggies in Lawrence this season, the big swooper snared the unbelievable total of 28 caroms himself.

He receives rebounds and passes one-handed. Eastern writers proclaimed him as having the "neatest feint and pivot seen in the East for some time;" and Coach Phog Allen says, "Black is the best big man I ever coached." In 1943, the famous Great Lakes team members voted Black the best player they faced, including the Whiz Kids from Illinois.
Black, who is extremely popular on the K.U. campus, spends his spare time in Robinson Gymnasium in impromptu cage games with his Phi Kappa Psi fraternity brothers, and working out for the decathlon. He placed second in the recent K. U. Relays, winning four of ten events. He is married and has a daughter. A scrapbook kept by his wife reveals that Charlie has been pictured in newspapers, magazines, All-Star selections, and college publications nearly 100 times.

It's not hard to see why Midwest coaches are glad to see the "Big Hawk's" career come to an end, collegiately at least. And most of all, it is not hard to figure why many of the top A.A.U. and professional basketball teams are seeking the services of All-American Charlie Black. They'd love to turn him loose on somebody else's chickens!

Answers to Divorce Quiz

1—c  
2—c  
3—b  
4—b  
5—c  
6—c  
7—c  
8—c  
9—b  
10—b

Friends and relatives of a certain old lady were in the habit of giving a birthday party for her each year. Their gifts were usually nicknacks for her house. Finally, at the age of ninety, the old lady was asked by a friend what she wanted for her birthday this year.

"Give me a kiss," was the answer, "so I won't have to dust it!"

The city slicker visited the hills to see how the mountaineers lived. He came to a farm where a man reclined on the front porch, smoking a cob pipe while the woman worked in the garden.

"Isn't that hard work for your wife?" asked the city dweller.

"Yep, but we work in shifts hereabouts," the man replied.

"Oh, I see. When she gets tired, you take over."

"Nope," said the native. "When she gets tired out in the garden, she shifts to the house chores."

At a large medical conference, one ambitious doctor leaned close to the one beside him and asked: "Where did Dr. Alger make his fortune?"

The reply was brief. "Stork market!"

Two great big piano movers rang Merton Mildweed's doorbell. "Hey, Bud, here's the piano you ordered from the Tinwhistle Piano Company," one of them rasped.

Morton shook his head. "Not a piano. I ordered a flute."

The piano mover looked menacingly at the piece of paper. "It says here it was a piano, Bud."

Merton studied the sweating huskies and replied, "Very well, bring it in. But if your company makes any more mistakes like this, I'll have to deal somewhere else!"
Satisfied?

Human progress owes a great deal to dissatisfied people.
Long ago, one of them picked up a piece of stone. Its shape didn't suit him—he was a dissatisfied man. So he chipped it against another stone until the shape was different. And he had made the first tool.

A cave woman gazed at her reflection in a pool. Phooey! She looked about her. After a time, she found some red mineral substance, and smeared it on her lips. She gazed again. Ah, that was better!

When her lord came home from hunting a cave bear or being chased by a mammoth, he may have approved the result. Or he may not. That didn't matter—any more than it does today. Whatever his masculine opinion, the art of cosmetology had been born.

So it has gone, all the way down to the Wright brothers, who were not satisfied to remain on the ground, and your wife, who tried out that new recipe last night.

Dissatisfaction!

When a human being improves on something because he doesn’t like it the way it is, he is on the move.—J. Paul Suter.

Perpetual Calendar

A new calendar may result from a dare a 15 year old boy received from his teacher more than 27 years ago. The new calendar, named the Edwards' Perpetual Calendar, was received favorably by the delegates at the World Security Conference in San Francisco, and is now up for discussion before Congress.

The new calendar is the brain child of Willard Edwards, ex-naval lieutenant, now at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He went to work on the calendar after his Latin teacher asked him if he thought he could make a better one than the Caesar or the Gregorian, which seemed to confuse him.

He said that he thought he could, and the Edwards' system is the result. On his calendar there would be 364 days in a year. New Year's Day would be set apart from any week or month. It would always be followed by Monday, which would be January 1.

Under the new system Labor Day and Christmas would always fall on Monday, and Easter would always come on April 14. This system would cause all holidays to pop up on the same day of the week.

March, June, September and December would have 31 days, and all the rest would have 30.

This new arrangement would allow calendar makers to print their wares in advance. However, the business would drop sharply, because there would be no need for new calendars; not with every year alike.

Every fourth year would be Leap Year, but the day now known as February 29 would be a special day, like New Year's. It would have no connection with any month, but would be a very special holiday, always celebrated the day after June 31.—STANLEY J. MEYER.

Paul Whiteman tells about a rich and portly friend of his who weighed in excess of 250 pounds. Once when Whiteman called, the friend was wearing a bathrobe with enormous checks. Each check was numbered.

“What's the idea of the tessalations?” Whiteman asked.

“I'll show you,” said his friend. Summoning a butler, he yawned and ordered: “Jeeves, scratch number 231.”
MEN were thinking and talking about atomic energy seventy years ago. In Philadelphia, at that time, an enterprising and inscrutable genius by the name of John Worrell Keely professed to have discovered the incredible power of the atom. Furthermore, he actually gave demonstrations with many different machines operated, apparently, by the mysterious force.

Iron bars were broken in two or twisted like pretzels, great ropes were torn apart, and bullets were fired through a twelve-inch plank by means of what Keely called the "oscillation of the atom." And to prove the commercial possibilities of his alleged discovery, he exhibited a motor driven, so he asserted, by the same force. His claims in support of his brain-child were staggering.

"I propose," said Keely in July, 1875, "in about six months to run a train of thirty cars from Philadelphia to New York at the rate of a mile a minute with one small engine, and I will draw all the power out of as much water as you can hold in the palm of your hand."

To back up this astounding statement, he made another, equally astounding: "I once drove an engine of forty horsepower eight hundred revolutions a minute with less than a thimbleful of water—and kept it running fifteen days on the same water."

The man was a superb master of the promoter's art. A one-time sleight-of-hand performer, he could, at a later date, reach into the hat of public confidence and pull out a rabbit in the form of thousands of dollars of other people's hard-earned cash. Stock in the Keely Motor Company was held in large amounts throughout the country. At Keely's death there were more than three thousand stockholders.

Talented and versatile, Keely possessed great personal magnetism. A tall, dark-featured man weighing two hundred pounds, with grave face and earnest eyes, his appearance inspired confidence. Working in his laboratory, his shirt sleeves were rolled to his elbows and his hands were as soiled as those of a day laborer. There was grime even in his black side whiskers and moustache. His palms were as hard as bone, and the ends of his fingers were broad and calloused and thick. He was a born showman.

"The first public exhibition of the Keely Motor was given this evening in the presence of a large body of
New York men,” states the New York Herald of April 22, 1881, under a Philadelphia dateline. “Tonight’s exhibition was an extended one,” the Herald continues, and then proceeds to describe the performance in detail. This “seance” was typical of dozens of others which were to follow in the next quarter of a century. They were held at Keely’s laboratory, a small, two-story brick building at 1420 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia.

The motor was a ponderous and fanciful contrivance built, for the most part, of steel that shone like a mirror. Supported by rods and open at the sides, it was armed with tuning forks and metallic rings with steel wires inside, and capped by a heavy steel globe. Attached to the motor was a primitive pressure gauge.

Keely would assemble the apparatus in the presence of the spectators, and then begin his baffling experiments. He would pour a glass of water into the “generator,” and in less than half a minute the pressure gauge showed a reading of fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch. He would strike a tuning fork and set a brass ball revolving at six hundred revolutions a minute. Again he would strike the tuning fork and the apparatus would lift a heavy weight. He would strike an iron disc, and the roaring motor would instantly speed up. And, as he smote a gigantic tuning fork, the motor would slow down. He would take down from the wall a dilapidated fiddle bow and saw away on a tightly-stretched wire, and the motor would at once begin turning in the opposite direction. This reversal, Keely would explain, could be made at the highest speed without breaking anything.

And so for a quarter of a century Keely persevered through bankruptcy, a jail sentence, the jeers of orthodox scientists, and the threats of disappointed and angry stockholders who periodically demanded some tangible return for their money. But he was a persistent optimist, ever maintaining that he saw his way through it all as clear as sunlight. Whenever the motor failed to “mote,” Keely would come up with some new angle or discovery. By 1887 he had constructed 124 different engines, not one of which was ever put to practical use.

What was the powerful, mysterious force employed by Keely in performing his incredible experiments? To this day no one knows exactly. Driven into a corner more than once by threats of exposure, Keely stubbornly insisted on keeping his secret to himself, and it rests with him in his grave.

But after Keely died, November 18, 1898, some Philadelphia scientists rented his laboratory and began
an investigation. The Keely motor was not on the premises. The investigators set to work ripping up floors, tearing down partitions, and prying into ceilings. Their efforts were soon rewarded. Under a trap door in the floor, down among the dirt and rubbish, they unearthed a steel sphere, forty inches in diameter and weighing over three tons. A hole which had been drilled into the side of the sphere was found to fit exactly small brass tubing previously discovered running up to the exhibition rooms. A heavy iron pipe, thirteen feet long, ran diagonally under the floor to a point under a trap door in a front room. In the light of these revelations it requires but little imagination to picture Keely at his demonstrations, pressing his foot on a spring valve concealed in the floor and releasing some of the compressed air or gas which had been piped from its spherical prison below to his engine of delusion on the second floor.

Was Keely really a faker, a charlatan, a humbug? Or could it be that he was a man far ahead of his time? Be that as it may, no one can deny that he was a genius. A genius who for twenty-five years baffled some of the best scientific minds of the century, and extracted millions of dollars from a credulous public. And all on a fabulous contraption that never even attained the dignity of a patent office application!

The Machine With a Brain

SIX hundred and forty man hours were spent preparing a problem for a machine to solve. When finally it was ready, speeches were made and the problem was fed into the mechanical brain. It raced over 500 miles of wire; 3,000,000 wire contacts; 2,235 tumbler counters; 1,464 ten-way switches, and 72 adding machines. Nineteen hours later the answer dropped into a little wire basket. The experts were elated until they checked the machine's answer. It didn't jibe with theirs. So they went into another mathematical huddle which lasted for three weeks, and they found that they were wrong! The machine was right!

Similar tests were tried and each time the machine arrived at the correct answer in about one-tenth of the time it took the experts.

The machine, known as the "Automatic, Sequence Control Calculator," is housed in a special sound-proofed, atmosphere controlled room at Harvard's School of Engineering. It is the brain child of Commander Howard H. Aiken, USNR, an associate Harvard faculty mathematician on leave to the Navy.

The ASCC is the result of six years labor and an outlay of $259,000. It is capable of out-figuring any human brain, which poses an interesting problem. Which is greater? The brain of the machine or the brain of the man who created it?—STANLEY J. MEYER.

A sufficient commentary on human nature is that a mob never rushed madly across town to do a needed kindness.

A well-known radio figure went into a grocery store to purchase six pears. "That will be $1.20, please," said the clerk. The customer handed the clerk $1.50, and started to walk out of the store. "You forgot your change, sir," said the clerk. "That's all right, you keep it," retorted the customer. "I stepped on a grape on the way in!"
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE MIGHTY McGURK—Wallace Beery, Dean Stockwell, Edward Arnold, Aline McMahon. Blustering ex-prize fighter, "Slag" McGurk (Beery) finds himself the reluctant guardian of an English orphan, who idolizes him. "Slag" is hired to take over Salvation Army headquarters, as his boss wants the site for a new saloon. However, his affection for the youngster causes him to break with the saloonkeeper, and the little orphan finds a home and affection at last with "Slag"—just as you knew he would! Dean Stockwell makes an appealing orphan, and of course the part is tailor-made for Beery.

LITTLE MISTER JIM—"Butch" Jenkins, James Craig, Frances Gifford. Here is the story of a little boy's life on a pre-war military post. When his mother dies in childbirth, little Jim Tukker finds himself neglected by his grief-stricken father. Their Chinese housemate tries to take care of the boy, to the consternation of the ladies of the post. When things are blackest, big Jim discovers his son's loyalty, and makes amends. Soon after, he is sent to China. Little Jim cannot go, but decides to follow in his father's footsteps, and enrolls in a military school. It's "Butch's" picture all the way!

Universal

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE—Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, Jean Pierre Aumont, Eve Arden. Amid technicolor, young Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff (Aumont) as a midshipman in the Russian navy, and dancer De Carlo make a hot Moroccan port hotter. After a futile attempt to stow away on Nicholas' ship, the young lady finally gets to Russia, where she and the composer are reunited. A wonderful opportunity to hear such music as Arabesque, Caprice Espagnole, Scheherazade, Song of India, Hymn to the Sun, Pocahontas, and Gypsy Song.

R. K. O.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER—Loretta Young, Joseph Cotton, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Bickford. A young country girl, Katie Holstrom, goes to the city, where she works as maid in the home of Congressman Glenn Morley. When the party names a political hack as candidate for a vacant post, Katie exposes his miserable record, and is put up by the opposition party to run against him. A smear campaign is nipped through the action of Morley, thus saving Katie's political future and paving the way for Glenn and Katie to get together, which they do.

Paramount

THE IMPERFECT LADY—Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Sit Cedric Hardwicke, Virginia Field. A young dancer marries a member of Parliament, and all goes smoothly until an incident from her past threatens to ruin her happiness and her husband's career. She must choose between furnishing an alibi for a man falsely accused of murder, which will mean scandal for her, or keeping silent and letting the man be executed. Her decision and the resultant action create a dramatic climax. Milland and Miss Wright, both Academy Award winners, do an excellent job with this story of Victorian England.

Warner Brothers

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Nigel Bruce. As the mad painter, Geoffrey Carroll, Mr. Bogart has a wonderful time feeding poisoned milk to all his wives, meanwhile painting them as "Angels of Death." Fortunately, his young daughter talks too much, and his sinister activities are discovered. The picture builds up to a high pitch of suspense, with a lovely burst of final violence nearly resulting in another dead Mrs. Carroll. This one won't help your blood pressure!
T WENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLDS who lead name bands and rate Who's Who listings are rare birds. But there is such a one, and we had the pleasure of interviewing him recently. His name is Elliott Lawrence, and he, like Topsy, just grew up—in the music business, that is!

The youthful composer-conductor made his professional debut at the age of three, when he conducted a kid band on an Eastern radio program. At four he began piano study, and at 11 he organized a 15-piece orchestra called the "Bandbusters."

Elliott went from high school to college with a music scholarship in one hand and his baton in the other. The band followed.

In 1944 A.C. (after college), Elliott engaged the band in radio work. The publicity led to their big-time debut at New York's Cafe Rouge, where they shattered all existing attendance records. Word of the "new" band began to spread, so Columbia hired them to cut a record. The disc satisfied Columbia, and the public nodded approval and plunked down money at record counters across the country.

Thus the Elliott Lawrence Band was moving, and in one direction only—toward the top! A publicity campaign was launched. Then Look helped matters when its scouts selected the aggregation as "The Band of the Year 1947." At present, they are booked solidly for the next nine or ten months.

Here are the things that make the band what it is: a symphonic woodwind section consisting of bassoon, oboe, and English horn; a French horn to provide tone color and contrast variations; a six man brass team; a reed section which doubles on flute; the regular rhythm section; the unusual Lawrence piano. To these add arrangements that are different, and the vocalizing of Rosalind Patton and Jack Hunter.

Those are the mechanical components, but there is more to the success secret of this band which has stuck together through so many years. Elliott puts it this way: "There's a feeling with us that everybody has a part in the band, that we're all members of the same family working toward a common goal."

Small wonder that they're going places—and fast!

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**Swing Session**

with BOB KENNEDY

**Highly Recommended**

MUSIC CRAFT 380—Sarah Vaughan and Orchestra under the direction of Tad Dameron. You're Not The Kind plus If You Could See Me Now. One of the newest singers to come out of Manhattan. She's a combination of Mildred Bailey and Julia Lee, which means she really sells. Both side are t-rif . . .

PAN AMERICAN 064—John Laurenz with Joe Venuti and All Star band. You Call It Madness and I Call It Love; reverse I Surrender Dear. Here is another new baritone to hit the wax. If you remember Russ Columbo, here is a very good facsimile. These two old standards performed by Joe Venuti and combo produce excellent results.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-2178—Vaughn Monroe and Orchestra. As You Desire Me plus We Knew It All The Time. Two standard platters by the Monroe unit that are bound to please. Although the tunes are not the best recorded by Monroe, there is something about the mellow voice that still gets you. The latter cut features the Moon Maids with good results.

COLUMBIA 37305—Harry James and Orchestra. Heartaches plus I Tipped My Hat. Here are two footstompers by the sock James Outfit. Heartaches has fine rhythm beat with unusual orchestration. The James trumpet is up to usual qual-
city. Marion Morgan sings nicely on this side. The reverse is novelty and in spots resembles Cow Boogie. Art Lund does a fine job on a tune that’s right for his voice.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

MAJESTIC 1117 — Eddy Howard and Orchestra. Midnight Masquerade and Adobe Hacienda. This is a double feature that is worth the money. Eddy is at the top in the sweet band group, and this coupling is verification of the reason why. Howard’s sax section is as smooth as ever, and you’ll want these “hit parade” tunes.

CAPITOL 383—Margaret Whiting with Frank DeVol and Orchestra. Time After Time plus Spring Isn’t Everything. Whiting is consistently good so you can expect some expert warbling on this disc, which is exactly what you get. Time After Time is from MGM’s It Happened In Brooklyn and is made to order for Miss Whiting. The reverse is a tune that is sure to become very popular. DeVol gives Margaret colorful background music for both songs.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

COLUMBIA C 123 (album). Boogie Woogie featuring Will Bradley and Orchestra. Here is an album that is sure to please in-the-groove fans. Such old favorites as Celery Stalks At Midnight, Down The Road Apiece, and Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar are included. These tunes find Will Bradley at his best featuring his star performer, Ray McKinley. It’s a must for jazz fans.

COLUMBIA 37269—Frankie Carle and his Orchestra—Sunrise Serenade and Carle Boogie. Here is a release brought back by popular demand, and Sunrise Serenade is just as good today as when first waxed several years ago. Carle’s orchestra seems to be improving which is a bright note for his followers. The reverse boogie side finds Carle in some unusual piano work backed up by good instrumentation. Both sides are more than worth owning.

COLUMBIA 37278 — Dinah Shore with Sonny Burke’s Orchestra. The Egg And I and Who Cares What People Say. The Egg is riding high these days and the tune is certainly a catch one. Dinah does a smooth, free-and-easy version of this top number. The flipover is from the film Nora Prentiss and should be another hit for Dinah fans. The tune is helped immeasureably by Sonny Burke’s accompaniment.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.

MGM 1007—Hal McIntyre and Orchestra. The Man Who Paints The Rainbow and I Can’t Believe It Was All Make Believe. This is one of the initial pressings for the new MGM company and herewith they have a winner. The McIntyre band has improved and is more exacting in phrasing and tone variation. The addition of Frankie Lester as vocalist is a noteworthy item. His style is similar to Sinatra’s. The Rainbow side should reach hit proportions.

CAPITOL 380—Betty Hutton with Joe Lilley and Orchestra. Poppa, Don’t Preach To Me plus Rumble, Rumble, Rumble. Bouncing Betty is back again, and it’s good news today. The Poppa lament takes us to Paris with Betty taking on a laugh French accent. Catchy melody plus clever lyrics make this a socko knockout. Rumble is a story about a piano player who lives upstairs and planks the keys all night long. This is Betty at her animated best.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue (Kansas City, Kansas), AT 1206.
PARIS may be wonderful in April and England may be wonderful in May, but Manhattan in the spring has a flair and a gayety that is unequalled anywhere. The streets and parks are crowded with people and dogs and no one seems in any particular hurry to get anywhere. It's nice after the hectic rush of the winter season. The hurdy-gurdy is out again and flower carts have taken over the side streets with assortments of potted plants and greenery. Manhattan cave dwellers find these flower carts irresistible. They crowd around them and feast on the colors. Window sills in the most drab sections light up with pots of geraniums and it's easy to imagine that life behind the windows is brighter for their presence. It's a wonderful season.

LaRue, 45 East 58th Street, is a favorite spot for the Settled Set. Eddie Davis and his orchestra play all the old yummy tunes and the food is divine. There is no other place quite like it in town. It's best to plan to linger here as the money belt is likely to be pretty flat by the time you leave. Might as well enjoy it. For off-spring of the Settled Set, it is definitely a hang-out. During school holidays fledglings try their wings here.

They, however, due to restricted finances, have developed a system which guarantees a visit to LaRue without having to stay and do the dishes. They arrive late, order a coca cola to which ice can be added indefinitely, dance continuously, and leave in good standing on nine dollars a couple. Of course, nine dollars a couple isn't habit forming for even a holiday allowance, but it's no end impressive to have at least one date at LaRue.

There is a little shop in a little arcade at 170 East 51st Street, name of Engel and Schield. At a cursory glance one might call it a junk shop, but with more detailed study it becomes a fascinating pile of rare items not to be found any other place. Nothing is neat and everything is dusty. One has to watch his elbows, feet and clothing to avoid knocking things over; and look under, behind and over all sorts of objects in the search for treasure. There is no end of bric-a-brac strewn about and furniture and lamps and brass and tapestries and goodness-knows-what. The prices, though not cheap, are most reasonable—and there is no fear of misrepresentation. The same management has another shop across the street, a prototype of the first, and what isn't in the first is sure to be in the second.

Big parking lots are now being completed all along the Long Island shores in anticipation of the summer rush. The surest bet on anything these days is that when summer arrives everyone will try and get to the country at least one day a week. Sunburn and traffic will be a three-month insoluble problem, but lunch-stands, boat rentals, parking lots and beaches will have a hey-day. There is wonderful fishing and clam digging along these shores and somehow there always seems to be enough to go around despite the work-out they get all summer long.

Recent visitors here have been able to secure hotel reservations in one place for a two weeks' stay. This is perhaps the most encouraging report yet. One can arrive in town and not be quickly pulverized.

Restaurant reservations also are available with merely a phone call and no reference, and theatre tickets . . . well, they're easing up, too. It's wonderful to be wanted.

Alteration shops are frantic with skirts to be lengthened. Mostly the hems have to be faced as there wasn't much material to begin with. If fashion keeps dropping the line Mary Jane will have to get a whole new wardrobe.
NEW YORK THEATRE

 Plays . . .

★ ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (International). Bambi Linn bounces prettily through Eva Le Gallienne's beautiful production, which is Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, about fifty-fifty. The sets and costumes, remarkably faithful to the old Tenniel illustrations, draw 'obs' and 'ahs' from oldsters and youngsters alike. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). A profiteer sends two sons and a bunch of defective airplanes off to war. One son is killed, and you can imagine how the other feels toward his old man after that! Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy do very well with dialogue that could be neater. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a crook, and Judy Holliday as a Little Girl Whose Heart Is Pure, simply couldn't be better. Garson Kanin wrote and directed, and did a hang-up job in each department. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). From the late Twenties comes this revival starring Bert Lahr as a comedian of variable fortunes. Mr. Lahr gets the most out of every scene, and handsome Jean Parker does a competent job in assisting him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). As a little librarian on her first toot, Helen Hayes is terrific! The comedy by Anita Loos provides a rainy afternoon, a barroom, and a few Pink Ladies: Miss Hayes takes it from there. The entire cast is fine. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). From 'foot's up' to the final curtain speech, Harvey is wonderful theatre fare. It's a grand whimsical comedy, and still stars Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST. (Royale). Exceedingly talented John Gielgud has revamped the Oscar Wilde original, directed it, and appears in the leading role. The result is one of the season's brightest comedies. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ JOAN OF LORRAINE. (Alvin). Maxwell Anderson's vehicle provides adequate opportunity for the engaging genius of Ingrid Bergman, and who could ask more? Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). A farce by Norman Krasna, produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and directed by Joshua Logan. Despite flimsy framework, the finished product is smooth and sure-fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Donald Randolph is Father and Mary Loane is Mother, and there's as much life as ever in the Lindsay and Crouse comedy based on Clarence Day's great book. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). The incomparable Lunts playing a slight comedy in their own incomparable manner, recommendation enough for anyone. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson in the Lindsay-Crouse political satire that copped a Pulitzer. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). Still filling the land from the Morosco is the turtle's voice as scored by John Van Druten and interpreted by Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ THE WORLD OVER. (Biltmore). Reconversion in Russia is the theme of a gay comedy by Konstantine Simonov. The excellent cast includes such people as Joseph Buloff, Stephen Bekassy, Uta Hagen, and Sanford Meisner—all of whom do a lot more toward improving international relations than certain of their compatriots now playing important roles at Lake Success. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


Musicals . . .

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). Ethel Merman shouts and shoots her rollicking way through an Irving Berlin score and a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver occasionally stray into her line of fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK. (Martin Beck). The Max Shulman book which opened eyes wide at ladies' literary circles is now closing them at the Martin Beck, in spite of the best efforts of Nancy Walker and Billy Redfield. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BRIGADOON. (Ziegfeld). Two American tourists step into a Scotch hamlet and find it's 1748, but if you've heard that one before don't worry—it's still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly
dancing, and a whole stageful of plaids. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

✿ CALL ME MISTER. (National). A bunch of talented ex-GI's and their girls in a musical revue that's far above par, and beginning its second year. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

✿ CAROUSEL. (Majestic). An American version of Liliom which bids fair to become a fixture. Lots of good music and deMille ballets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

✿ THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER. (Century). Frances McCann and Keith Andes in a revival of the Oscar Straus classic, with Billy Gilbert knocking himself out for laughs. The music is probably even prettier than you'd remembered it being. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

✿ FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (46th Street). The singing of Ella Logan and dancing of Anita Alvarez highlight this bright but somewhat weak-plotted musical. David Wayne and Donald Richards also turn in creditable performances. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

✿ OKLAHOMA! (St. James). The Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II version of Green Grow the Lilacs which will probably be remembered as America's greatest musical. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

✿ STREET SCENE. (Adelphi). Kurt Weill music detracts not a bit from the exciting drama by Elmer Rice. The cast is excellent, too. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

✿ SWEETHEARTS. (Shubert). Bobby Clark, very funny man, does fearful and wonderful things to V. Herbert's old timer. Apparently he enjoys it as much as the audience, and that's considerable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

May Openings . . .


NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.................. CI 6-5097 E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd................ CI 5-6868 W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.............. CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th................ BR 9-2067 E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.................. CO 5-8215 W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th............... CI 6-9353 W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th............ BR 9-2067 E
Century, 932 7th Ave................ CI 7-3121 W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th............... CI 6-8870 W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.................. BR 9-0046 E
Empire, B'way & 40th............... PE 6-9540 W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th........... CI 6-6075 W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th........... BR 9-4566 E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th................. BR 9-5641 W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.............. CI 5-2412 W
International, Columbus Circle..... CO 5-1173 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th................ CH 4-4256 E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.............. CI 6-0730 W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.............. CI 6-9056 W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.......... CI 6-6363 W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.............. CI 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th............ CI 6-4636 W
National, 208 W. 41st.............. PE 6-8220 W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.............. CI 6-9156 W
Royale, 242 W. 45th................ CI 5-5760 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th............... CI 6-9300 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th............ LA 4-4664 W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 64th.......... CI 5-5200 W
by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. Elegant and very sophisticated. Atmosphere heavily laden with Chanel and chiffon. William Scott's orchestra and a rhumba band. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ ANCHOR SEA FOOD HOUSE. A huge dining room with excellent sea food and moderately priced steaks and chops. 200 W. 57th. CI 6-4107.

★ BILTMORE. The subdued Bowman Room is brightened by the music of Phil Wayne and Ron Perry. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. Madison Ave. at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BLACK ANGUS. Aberdeen Angus beef is prepared here in many different ways, each more delectable than the last. Modern decor and low prices. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. Beautiful oaken panelling and stained glass decor take you right to London. Steaks, sea food and the specialty, mutton chops, attract the seasoned meat eater. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Host Josephson features Lucienne Boyer, that scintillating Frenchy, and the music of Edmund Hall's orchestra, if you like to dance. Dave Martin's Trio, too. Excellent food from $3.50. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ ENCORE. A cozy spot in which to enjoy guinea hen and chicken casserole. Carroll Boyd does very well at the piano, too. 9 E. 48th. EL 5-8226.

★ FISHERMEN'S NET. A homey place with a menu of sea items that veritably crowd one another off the page. Lobster Newburg, mussels marinieres are specialties. 3rd Ave. between 33rd and 34th. MU 4-8911.

★ FLEUR DE LIS. As French as the name and serving excellent table d'hote. The chicken Marengo and the frog legs are scrumptious. Dinner starts at a buck and a quarter. 141 W. 69th. TR 4-9060.

★ MONTE CARLO. Very fancy... Holly-woodian in fact. You might even say "just like the movies." Fine food. Madison at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ OLD GOLDENROD. No liquor, but home-made pies and cakes just like Mom's. Inexpensive and inviting. 85 Washington Place. GR 5-9285.

★ PALM. Cartoons abound on the walls and the picturesqueness is rounded out (or should we say "grounded out?") with sawdust on the floor. The hash-browned spuds are terrific. 837 2nd Ave. MU 2-9515.

★ PLAZA. Here, there and everywhere you'll find Hildegarde enjoying herself and greeting all comers in a merry squel. In the Persian Room, of course, with Hal Kanner's and Marke Monte's orchestras. Fifth Ave. at 57th St. PL 3-1740.

★ RITZ-CARLTON. No dancing in the Oval Room, but soft music emanates from Larry Sirw's string ensemble. Madison Ave. at 46th St. PL 3-4600.

★ ST. REGIS. The Iridium Room boasts an ice rink under the dance floor, and skaters cavort for your pleasure. There's music by Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. Sprightly tunes also in the Maisonn. Fifth Ave. at 55th St. PL 3-4500.

★ STORK CLUB. Billingsley is really more fun to watch than the "names" who throng there. Cocktail dancing from five 'til seven and luncheon in the Cub Room for men only. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

★ SUSAN PALMER. An oyster bar downstairs, cocktail lounge and dining room above. Steaks and chops a la carte. 4 W. 49th. CI 5-6770.

★ SWEDISH RATHKESKELLER. A charming, friendly place in a little cellar. They have a smorgasbord and very reasonable dinners from $1.65. 201 E. 52nd. EL 5-8680.

★ THREE CROWS. Another Swedish inn that features, with great delight on the patron's part, a smorgasbord that actually revolves! At luncheon you can dive into the smorgasbord and come out with a plateful plus dessert and coffee for $1.25. 12 E. 54th. PL 8-1031.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Known far and wide as an entirely creditable eatery, a mecca for well-knowns and popular with the press. Toots' friends have hung the nickname Humphrey on him, after the character in the Joe Palooka funny strip. Ham Fisher won't say, but chances are that the resemblance is no accident. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

★ TOWN HOUSE. There's the Town Room, the Regional Room and the Cocktail Lounge. Exceptionally fine American cooking in rooms of delightful decor. Also featured is a Sunday brunch. 284 Park. VO 5-5639.

★ VERSAILLES. Ex-pugilist Carl Brissin dons evening clothes and makes with the entertainment. Very fine, too. Bob Grant and Panchito's rhumbas for dancing, 151 E. 50th. PL 8-0310.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. Emil Coleman and Mischa Borl alternate in the Wedgewood Room for dinner and supper dancing. There's a supper show at midnight with Tito Guizar, Fred and Elaine Barry. Michael Zarin is in the Flemingo Room. Norse Grill for a delicious breakfast, and the Men's Bar where the distraught male can have his solitude. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ YANK SING. Cantonese cooking at its very best. You don't have to know what's in the various dishes but do try the egg foo yong. 133 W. 51st. CI 7-3747.

★ ZANZIBAR. Your money's worth in good food and entertainment here. The shows feature Art Tatuma, Thelma Carpenter, and the Dickens' quartet. The chicken-in-the-basket is yum-yum. 1580 Broadway. CI 7-7379.
Chicago LETTER

At about the time you're reading this, the Windy City will make a slightly self-conscious bow as a cradle of serious music. Early in May the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Henry Weber, Mutual midwestern director and conductor of the "Chicago Theater of the Air" series on that network, will premier the State Street Symphony. The Medinah Temple, no less, will be taken over by the Street Council for the event, which has been timed to help celebrate National Music Week.

The composer of State Street Symphony is a shy, smiling Navy veteran and professional musician named Earl Hoffman. Only thirty-five years old, Hoffman is presently employed by NBC as a staff musician and arranger. He was announced last November as the winner of the George Lytton Memorial Award for the best musical composition based on a State Street theme. His symphony was unanimously chosen from more than fifty serious entries by three well-known music critics and musicians acting as judges.

During the war Earl Hoffman played in the Bluejacket band at the Glenview Naval Air Station. There he made most of the outfit's arrangements for radio shows and distinguished himself at "Happy Hours" by playing The Flight of the Bumble Bee on the slide trombone. We understand this is an even more difficult feat than writing a symphony.

Anyway, when he reached the peace and quiet of an aircraft carrier (Hoffman claims it was much more peaceful and quiet than Chicago) the young musician decided it was time he wrote some serious music. The result, composed between air attacks and almost constant drill, was the State Street Symphony.

Critics and musicians who have heard Hoffman's work are enthusiastic about it. From here it looks like another modern composer of importance will meet his public for the first time early in May. Anyway, the sounds and moods of a great street have been woven into a symphony.

by NORT JONATHAN

Ever since Martin Kennelly, the Democrats' surprise candidate for mayor, buried his Republican opponent under a landslide of reform and independent votes, everything has been sweetness and light along "political row" on Randolph Street. Politicians are even taking off their hats and removing their cigars reverently as they enter the City Hall and the County Building. Civic virtue is at the moment triumphant, which is certainly something new for these parts. How long the honeymoon will last is anybody's guess.

What happened was this. Reading the handwriting on the wall last November, the boys in the back room dumped Mayor Ed Kelly and picked an impeccable civic leader as their candidate. This took the Republicans pretty much by surprise, especially since they had already picked a party hack as their own man. Mr. Kennelly won in a walk — but what will happen to the ward bosses who helped elect him? That's the sixty-four dollar question—particularly since Mr. Kennelly made no commitments to win the nomination. He was drafted by "Jake" Arvey's own political "selective service" board—the Cook County Central Committee.
So ever since Mayor Kennelly took over the fifth floor of the City Hall, it has been nice and respectable. However, there aren't many ward bosses around. Those who have remained in the grimy halls have become "servants of the people." When they speak of the future, they do so wistfully and with a virtuous Civil Service air. Some of the big shots even left their sleek cars at home and rode to work on the public transportation system so that they might carefully study the traction situation. All of them quickly became indignant about the crowded conditions they discovered and sent for their cars so they wouldn't have to ride home the same way.

The day Mayor Kennelly took office became a day of great statesmanship. Politicians feeling the cool breath of virtue for the first time in years, cancelled plans for relaxation at the Arizona Biltmore and decided to stay in town—just to see what would happen.

However, at the information booth in the County Building, two unreconstructed "liberals" were talking the situation over. "This place is getting like a Sunday School," one observed. "Now, what I want to know is, what is this fellow Kennelly going to do about patronage?"

This is a remarkable indication of how things have changed in the Windy City. Always before the boys in the back room have known to a dollar or a job what their candidate intended to do about patronage.

To get down from the present high political plane, the lads who run saloons have found the answer to the bar business slump—television. Several hundred of the more progressive bistros around town have purchased television sets. For the price of a beer, which can be sipped long and thoughtfully, the man about town can now see a complete television screening while leaning on the bar. Especially popular are the ball games and other sport programs which are a hefty part of the present WBKB broadcast schedule.

One bartender confided, "Business is going up. These guys get all excited watching the screen and drink up real fast. This television is sure here to stay."

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**CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL**

_by MARION ODMARK_

**For Folding Money**

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). A handsome Hilton-managed room with Don McGrane's society tempos and a beautiful Dorothy Dorben revue highlighted by the glamorous Boulevar-Dears.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1500 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cheerful rendezvous any time of the day or night with evening dance sessions to a rhythm-tricky orchestra.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Dorothy Draper designed this cushioned jewel box setting and there are the sweet dance lullabies of Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Jack Fina's band is here and so is that entrancing angel, Susan Reed, with her harp.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Spacious and airy Avenue favorite for cocktails and dancing to Joe Vera's orchestra.
★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Terraced magnificence, enormous dance floor, full orchestra under the baton of Stephen Kiley and a Dorothy Hild revue of color and originality.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Great dignity of atmosphere attracts the social register. Two shows nightly of one name star only. Ramon Ramos and his orchestra in the bandstand.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). A fabulous showcase in Shangri-La motif, excellent food and easy-to-dance-to music.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Headquarters, but good, for visiting celebrities, gourmets who appreciate flaming sword cookery, and lovers of David LeWinter’s orchestra.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). A pleasant, hospitable scene; excellent cuisine; and neat, petite floor shows.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Impressionistic charm in the Boyar Room, rustic theme in the lounge, tasty Russian delicacies in both, and gypsy airs by George Scherban’s ensemble.

Super Shows

★ Big four of Chicago’s night clubs, name acts, three or four supplementary numbers, lines of dancing beauties and strong dance bands at CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) ... RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) ... LATIN QUARTERS, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) ... and COPACABANA, State and Lake (Dea. 5111).

★ Lesser variety quality with the perennial comedian, customary dance team, singer and addenda dancing at COLOSIMO’S, 2126 S. Wabash (Vic. 9259) ... and VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North (Div. 5106).

Mostly for Dancing

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Phil Levant’s handsome assortment of musicians for dancing, and good food for feasting.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Cream of the new and up-and-coming band combos. Special pet of the younger crowd.

Scene Changers

★ Tropical flora and fauna at DON THE BEACHCOMBER’S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) ... SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) ... BAMBOO ROOM, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West (Div. 500).

★ Miscellaneous interior magic of Old English vintage at IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) ... French Victorian majesty at L’AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) ... Bavarian setting of Eitel’s OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892).

Dining Tips

★ AGOSTINO’S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) for spaghetti and spumoni ... STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) for all cuts of beef ... BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North (Mic. 5988) for heavy Hungarian feasting ... SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) for wonderful barbecued ribs ... 885 CLUB, 885 Rush (Del. 0855) for gourmet dinners and unusual selections ... IRISLAND’S, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) for some fifty varieties of seafoods ... TRADE WINDS, 857 Rush (Whi. 9054) for quality steaks and chops ... A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) for the best smorgasbord in town ... And for chop suey and all its many derivatives: HOUSE OF ENG., 110 E. Walton (Del. 7194), HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505) and the NANKIN, 66 W. Randolph (Sta. 1900).

Honky-Tonk

★ Just for the devil of it, you may want to see what goes on and off in these stripalaces ... BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson ... CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison ... L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison ... CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison ... PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark ... FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark ...

Mostly continuous performances from 9 to 4 a.m.

Theatre

★ BORN YESTERDAY at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Jan Sterling is the beautiful babe who gets wise in Washington.

★ THREE TO MAKE READY at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Ray Bolger dances to new success in this merry and mad musical revue.

★ LUTE SONG at the Studebaker, 418 S. Michigan (Cen. 8240). Extended engagement of the arty Chinese play with music.

★ HARVEY at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown is still the lov'able alcoholic romping with his rabbit pal.

★ BEGGAR’S HOLIDAY at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Alfred Drake has the singing lead in this handsome musical with music by Duke Ellington and a mixed cast.

★ THE FATAL WEAKNESS at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Ina Claire is making one of her rare appearances in George Kelly’s clever new comedy.
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

Magnificent Meal . . .
★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Eminently palatable food—in wide variety at reasonable prices—has earned owner W. W. Wormington the understandable envy of many a restaurateur. The immaculate Bluebird is air conditioned: better mark that in your memory book against the warm months to come. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. For wonderful soups, succulent prime ribs, fine pastry, or whatever, you'll not go wrong at Max Bretton's pleasant haven for gourmets and garlic lovers. In Kansas City, it's the gathering place of the literati, artists, and visiting notables. Max himself will see you seated, served, and well-attended. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT. Gus has a pleasing way with people, and somebody in his galley has a pleasing way with food. But the feature attraction is Joshua Johnson, boogie king of Baltimore, whose unorthodox pinnings alone are worth going back for. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5102.

★ IL PAGLIACCO. Frank Ross hosts this well-appointed room on 6th Street, and oversees the adjoining bar. The emphasis is on Italian food with a quarter century of experience in its preparation. A clever pianist named Dave McClain accompanies your spaghetti winding with old and current favorites, plus a few compositions of his own devising. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ KELLEHER'S MART CAFE. An excellent eatery that is becoming increasingly popular with discriminating diners. Fine smorgasbord, and your choice of dinner wines—compliments of the house. Merchandise Mart. VI 6787.

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Frank features fresh seafood and golden, flaky-crusted chicken of the melt-in-your-mouth variety. And his prices are as much a treat as his food. Small wonder that he packs 'em in at both restaurants! 917 Grand, and Brush Creek at the Paseo. VA 9777.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. If you haven't discovered Patsy's delightful place on the Trafficway, it's high-time you got hep! There's a lovely new blonde bar, a super sort of juke box loaded with late releases, and food that gets better and better! East end of 6th Street Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. For the fine cuts of beef, the crisp French fried onion rings, the lush pastries and incomparable salads of this intimate restaurant, there's a reason. The reason's name is Fanny Anderson. She's the Pusateri's pride, and well she might be, because there's no food like hers for states around. Jerry will greet you like an old friend, and guide you to bar, booth, or table. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. The fame of the sedate Savoy has spread continent-wide. There's pridelful tradition in the dignified service, fine food, and excellent drinks. It's a must for out-of-towners, and every Kansas Citian who can spell "lobster" will be happy to lead the way. 9th and Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .
★ CABANA. Pert and pretty Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, is as nice to look at as listen to.

Her skillful arrangements are the perfect background for cocktail chatter or luncheon talk. Incidentally, you don't have to read Spanish to find the rest room—just look for the sombrero on the door. If you're distast, that's the wrong door. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ OMAR ROOM. Mal Duncan does extraordinary things with the piano while male guests lol at the "men only" bar or murmur quiet things to pretty girls on the upper deck. Tables for two or three, or leather seats along the wall for a large party. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. The likeliest place for South Siders to see one another at play. Collegians, alumnae, and those Rogers Peet men who never grow old crowd the piano for occasional choruses of Jay, Jay, Jay Hawk and On the Steps of Jesse. Food 'til nine. 614 West 48th. LO 3393.

★ TOWN ROYALE. White-thatched Harry New-street keeps things humming smoothly while Zola plays the Hammond, licing away at it like sixty. A central location, with drinks and food that are above par. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Ambassadors and even a President or two have rested well-shined brogans on the rungs of the bar stools here. There are tables, too, where the liquor comes in little vials, accompanied by lunch or dinner if you like. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. The season for tall, cool, and exotic drinks is with us once more, and the Tropics is the place to find them. In beachcomber decor, this room three stories above the town's busiest corner is a wonderful hideaway from heat and worry. Smooth music and refreshments to match. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.
★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Quiet opulence on the near South Side with soft lighting, efficient service, and pianistics by Margery Decker, Lillian May, and Eddie Oyer—a seventeen-year-old who disproves the worn saw about little boys being seen and not heard. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. To the delight of a growing cliente, Bus Moten lives up to his ambitious billing as "king of the jump piano." And, in addition to Bus, owner Dale Overfelt offers entertainment in the form of movies flashed on a screen above the bar. If you grow thirsty of a Sunday evening, remember the midnight interlude. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. A friendly spot, and popular for Saturday night songfests. Alma has a way of attracting tenors and basses, some of them accurate. If you sing baritone, better rush right out there. Honey is coming up next. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ CROWN ROOM. From two until five in the afternoon, host Joe Nauser buys drinks for the house every time the bell rings. There's another game in the evening which involves high jumping in reverse and a prize of champagne. It's fun for everyone. Judy Conrad's orchestra plays for dancing. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ LA FIESTA BALLROOM. Although the bandstand is new, Gale West and his LaFiesta orchestra are in their second year at this popular ballroom. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday, with an Old Time Dance on Wednesday. Old Time dancing Saturday at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Pasco, under the same management, and with music by Harry and his Gay Nineties Boys. Old Time Dance Matinees at the La Fiesta every Sunday from three to eight p. m. After this period, regular dancing resumes. Admission before 4:30 on Sunday is only 45 cents. Proprietor Harry Roberts serves a nice plate lunch for a quarter, if you should get hungry. 41st and Main. VA 9759.

★ MARY'S. Some changes have been wrought. Now inside the city limits, Mary's observes city closing laws, but makes up for it with a new cocktail lounge and good drinks. The music is always top-notch, spiked with occasional one- or two-night stands by outstanding name bands. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ MILTON'S TAPROOM. Julia Lee, the nationally famous recording artist, is reinforced by Baby Lovett at the drums. Together, they bring down the house—figuratively and almost literally. That house is dim, smoky, loud, crowded and lots of fun. Don't miss it! 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. It's small, but you'll find an abundance of pachyderms, people, and the stiff sort of drink that used to make Dad a little wobbly in the knees—the kind you can't get anymore. "Oldies" are screened at one end of the room, and everyone has fun here. Hotel State, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Just east of the city limits you'll find this large, rambling, colonial style mansion—like something straight from Gone With the Wind—tricked out in neon. Yes, and like Senator Claghorn, it even faces south! Massive col-


★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. Barbecue, drinks, and lots of Jeannie Leitt, a little lady who can really boot the boogie. Her songs are naughty, and she sings them in a husky, lifting voice that makes a man want to go home and throw rocks at his wife. Get there early. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ ABOUT TOWN. A convenient and cleverly muralled coffee shop just off the Phillips' lobby. The food is good, the prices right, and a mimeographed page of late news flashes accompanies your menu. As if that weren't enough, the music of Alberta Bird is piped in from the Cabanal Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Customers arrive by Constellation, Cadillac, and Crosley, attracted by the culinary wizardry of Millemann and Gilbert—two gentlemen who take a rear cockpit to no man when it comes to preparing and serving appetizing food. There's color and dash here and 24-hour service. Especially smart for late evening snacks. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA. Famed for a varied selection of fine full-course meals, the Fiesta is operated by friendly Martin Weiss and a battery of efficient helpers. The El Bolero bar adjoins, and there is a small cart to bring your favorite bottles right to the table—including such luxurious liquors as Drambuie and Grand Mariner. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ BARREL BUFFET. Really splendid barbecue issues from the Accurso brothers' immaculate stainless steel kitchen; and generous, man-sized drinks come across the bar. You'll like the friendly management in this newly redecorated spot. If you fail to find exactly what you want on the menu, a word to Jack will do the trick. 12th and Central. GR 9400.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A quiet, dignified dining room which is just the place for that Thursday night or Sunday dinner with the family. The service is courteous and immediate, and the prices encourage repeat business. 54th and Brookside. HI 4100.

★ DIERK'S TAVERN. A cozy luncheon and dinner spot tucked under an imposing stone building,
Swing
May, 1947

with paneled walls and a long bar efficiently tended by Cliff True. Proprietor Maurice Bell also operates a nice cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza, Tenth Street, between Grand and Walnut. VI 4352.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. The last "r" month is over, but do not grieve the passing of the creamy oyster stew. Mr. Glenn has instituted a complete line of wonderful chicken salads and sandwiches and, as added compensation, has brought back his own incomparable waffles—which were temporarily discontinued due to the sugar shortage. Not bruited much is his lemon meringue pie; but that, too, is a don't miss. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. As you might guess from the name, the feature here is fine paste, but you won't go wrong on anything you try. Host Johnnie Bondon uses his excellent spaghetti and meatballs as an opening wedge of good will, and follows them with the entree of your choice. Steak is especially recommended. There is a wide variety of fine wines, and Johnny is glad to offer the novice sage advice in their proper selection. 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. First rate hotel food, complete with quick, courteous service. Worthy of special note: strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ NU WAY DRIVE-INS. Mr. Duncan has two outstanding operations here. He doesn't brag about them much, because they speak for themselves. The car-hops are fleet, the sandwiches and soft drinks are fine. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ BILL'S LUNCH. Just enough stools to accommodate WHB-ers and a foreigner or two. The second cup of coffee follows the first so quickly as to look like twins. Good 'burgers and chili. 816 Grand. HA 9692.

★ STROUD'S. Chicken dinners supreme! The place takes some finding since the new viaduct went up, but it's still very much there, serving solid drinks and the same brand of scrumptious chicken. 85th and Troost. JA 9500.

★ UNITY INN. An unusual vegetarian cafeteria decorated in cool green, with white latticework and tile floor. The food is delicious, and the pastry is the town's finest. A pleasant, restful atmosphere. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and be Seen...

★ EL CASBAH. Wayne Muir's two piano orchestra, makers of the music acclaimed "the finest heard in Kansas City in years," opens May 22nd. Their stay should do much to boost the already high national rating of this smooth, suave room—and Wayne's outstanding piano solos will highlight the sparkling entertainment. The band is new, unusual, and going places! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ DRUM ROOM. The big red drum at 14th and Baltimore has become a local landmark. Inside you'll find a polite and pretty room, food and drink, and—currently—music by Bob Opitz and his orchestra. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. A handsome spot hosted by Johnny Franklin and well supplied with danceable music by Dee Peterson. Good food and

down-to-earth prices round out the reasons why this is a long time favorite with localites and visitors. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. The Musical Gems of Ray Pearls' orchestra and the Three Jewels are merry month of May features in this big, two level play-ground. Reserved romping is in order. Hotel Muehlebach, 14th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Fashioned for the fastidious, the bar and restaurant muralled by Mildred Heile are frank swank. There are big drinks mixed deftly by Danny, Joe, and Andy, and the food is Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail:
"Well, I never," was his comment.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

The architect was nervously pacing the corridor off a maternity ward in the hospital when the nurse finally appeared.
"Well, we've got a surprise for you," said the nurse.
"Wh-what?" he inquired.
"Triplets," replied the nurse.
"My goodness," said the architect, "I've exceeded my estimate again."

According to the National Safety Council, a gentleman on the highway always tips his headlights.

Advertising is the fine art of making you think you have longed all your life for something that you have never heard of before.

An aggressive red-haired boy landed a job as messenger and was dispatched on an errand. An hour later the telephone rang and a voice inquired, "Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes," said the manager.
"Well, this is the janitor at Oakwood apartments. Your boy was here a little bit ago to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in at the front door. He was so persistent that I finally had to draw a gun."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the boss. "You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No," answered the janitor, "but I want my gun back."

—Good Business.
Let's Face Figures
The Kansas City garment industry:
Employs 8,000 people.
Supplies clothes for
19,000,000 women.
Includes America's largest
manufacturer of wash
dresses.
Ranks 5th nationally as an
all-price fashion center.
Does an annual business of
$100,000,000.

WE KEEP 'EM IN STITCHES!
Nineteen million Americans wear Kansas City clothes imaginatively styled for "the middle millions." Here is the medium-priced fashion center of the world, doing an annual business of one hundred million dollars. . . One more reason why the swing is to Kansas City and to WHB! Wise advertisers chalk up sales in Kansas City Marketland by using the station that reaches effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar—WHB. Sow your sale seeds via WHB; we'll sew up the market!

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager
Represented by
JOHN BLAIR & COMPANY

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341 Madison Avenue (Zone 17)
Murray Hill 9-6084

CHICAGO
520 N. Michigan Ave. (Zone 11)
Superior 8659

DETROIT
1114 Book Building (Zone 26)
Randolph 5257

LOS ANGELES
6331 Hollywood Blvd. (Zone 28)
Granite 6103

SAN FRANCISCO
608 Russ Building (Zone 4)
Douglas 3188

ST. LOUIS
1148 Paul Brown Bldg. (Zone 1)
Chestnut 5688

COMING! 5000 WATTS • 710 KILOCYCLES • FULL TIME • MUTUAL NETWORK
1. A. E. Ricks, president of the Kansas Dental Association, and John M. Clayton, president of the Missouri Dental Association, take time from convention duties to address WHB listeners.

2. Composer of The Spider and the Fly, Myra Taylor, at a Swing Session program.

3. The Reverend Stuart Schimpf informs Man of the Month Delbert E. Johnson (see May, 1947) that he is to receive an honorary Doctor of Music degree from John Brown University.

4. Henry Winston, national organizational secretary of the Communist Party of America; Helen Musil, leading Missouri Communist; Thomas Hart Benton, and Dr. Samson Soloviechik, former Russian judge and president of the municipal council of Odessa, Russia, participate in an Our Town Forum discussion. Moderator John Thornberry is standing.
ON MONDAY JUNE 23rd

"Kate Smith Speaks"

moves to—
WHB - 11 A.M.
Monday Thru Friday
Sponsored by
RUTHERFORD'S
HY POWER CHILI
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Indicative of "the Swing to WHB" in Kansas City is the shift of the "Kate Smith Speaks" program from its former outlet here to "Your Mutual Friend"—WHB. "KATE SMITH SPEAKS" first went on the air in 1938—and almost immediately became the sensation of daytime programs. For several years it has been the most popular daytime program heard in Kansas City. Beginning June 23, on WHB, Kate Smith starts a new phase of her brilliant career.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City
foreword for June...

Here it is June again and summer comes. There's enough for the Baptists and the Methodists, for the salesgirls in Chicago and the peach pickers in California. Enough for Molotov to share with Bevin, and the gandy dancer to share with Nelson Rockefeller. The quality of summertime is non-discriminatory. It falleth on all alike: on the Ku Klux Klan as on the Security Council. But there's one little catch. The deserving make some use of summer; they distil its essence, like brandy or perfume, and store it up against less happy weather. The others somehow manage to turn it, so that summer and its panacean charm bounce off like ping-pong balls against a paddle.

And yet, not one person goes exempt entirely from the influence of summertime. For like Kilroy, it is everywhere, and going Kilroy one better, it is palpable. It is the moon, it is ice cream on a stick, it is roses on the fence, wet bathing suits on the line, and sailboats on the water. It is the communal sound of dusk, lawnmowers turning, and the antiphonal between father and son, concerning the family car. It is band concerts in the park, air-conditioning, chigger bites, and Junior Miss dancing in organdie. It is the home economist talking of jellies, the women's commentator warning against sunburn; it is freckles and summer loves and picnic weather. And where is the man or woman the worse for any of these? Now they begin, and they're all yours—now that June has burst all over, and the northern hemisphere is sunnyside up.

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JUNE’S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Exhibition: Sixth annual exhibition of painting and sculpture by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors.


Music
June 9, J. C. Williams Choral Ensemble, Music Hall.

Special Events
June 2-5, Christian Businessmen, Music Hall.
June 21, True Vow Keepers, Music Hall.

High School Commencements
June 1, Catholic Highs, Auditorium.
June 2, Westport, Auditorium; East, Music Hall.
June 3, Manual, Music Hall; Northeast, Auditorium; Southwest, School Auditorium; Edison Hall.
June 4, Southwest, School Auditorium.

Conventions
June 1-3, Heart of America Men’s Apparel Show, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips, and Aladdin.
June 5-6, J+54 Kidnap Blue (506 Parachute Infantry).
June 5-7, 35th Division Reunion, Auditorium.
June 9-18, Town and Country Church Conference, Interdenominational, Parkville, Missouri.
June 10-15, Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod of North America, Auditorium and Hotel Continental.
June 12-13, Missouri Society Certified Public Accountants, Hotel President.
June 13-14, Judicial Conference of Missouri, Hotel Muehlebach.
June 15-18, Cooperative Club, International, Auditorium and Hotel President.
June 23-25, American Chemical Society, Midwest Regional Meeting, Hotel President.
June 28-30, Order of Rainbow, Grand Assembly, Hotel President.

Dancing
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday. Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p.m., Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.
June 8, Jimmie Lunceford, Auditorium. (Colored only.)
June 17, Williams’ Dance School recital, Music Hall.
June 20, Jane Roberts’ Dance School recital, Music Hall.
June 22, 23, Regan’s Dance School recital, Music Hall.

Amusement Park
Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect, Concessions open 2 p.m. Saturdays; 1 p.m., Sundays; 6 p.m. week days. Pool open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, American Association. All home games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
June 11, 12, Milwaukee.
June 13, 14, Columbus.
June 15 (2), 16, Toledo.
June 17, 18, Louisville.
June 19, 20, Indianapolis.
June 22 (2), 23, St. Paul.
June 24, 25, 26, Minneapolis.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd’s, 520 W. 75th.

Wrestling
Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.
June 5, "The Angel" versus Orville Brown.

Midget Auto Racing
Every Sunday and Thursday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River. Time trials, 6 p.m.; races, 7:30 p.m.

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Printed in U. S. A.
Radio operettas on a weekly schedule.

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

JUST to prove that nostalgia still pays off, take the success story of song writers Tom Adair and Gordon Jenkins, who reached deep into the gas light era and came up with plump bundles of folding money. Their excursion back into the days of high-button shoes was no lark; it was strictly on assignment. Their job was to create a program idea for crooner Dick Haymes’ radio show that would individualize it—keep it from resembling other musicals the way two slices of Automat pie resemble each other.

Offhand, it looked like a tough deal. But Jenkins and Adair started out with at least one point in their favor. Both were sure that radio music could stand some ribbing. Such a theory was something of a novelty in Hollywood.

Maybe it would make a better story if it could be reported that all the smart boys laughed at them. But there wasn’t any laughter. Those cynics weren’t even called in for consultation.

Jenkins and Adair, keeping their memories green, recalled a kind of capsule operetta they had tried out once before on a program known briefly as Little Old New York. The gimmick was part tent show, part musical comedy and just a little less restrained than a sailor’s wolf call. But it played like a house afire.

Refurbished and smartened up, the Jenkins-Adair idea went in the Haymes’ show, with Tom writing the words and Jenkins creating the music. Dick Haymes and his singing partner, Helen Forrest, were down for the leads, there was a chorus of 20 voices and an orchestra of 31. This weekly “rep” company completely took over the final portion of each week’s broadcast.

What resulted was a carnival in miniature, with some 10,000,000 weekly listeners chuckling over the Gilbert-and-Sullivan flavor of the Jenkins-Adair “operas.”

Only a quibbler could point out the one possible flaw in the working relationship of the two partners. Unlike their 19th Century prototypes, they’ve never learned to hate each other!

Perhaps only a couple of musical heretics like Adair and Jenkins could distil so much gayety out of what is basically so little. Yet their “Auto-Lite operas” are a clever blending of fresh lyrics with time-ripened melodies, all whipped up by two young Midwesterners who know show business. Their musical nosegays seem to come right out of the song bag of Americana.
Tom and Gordon rate each other’s talents pretty high. “Adair,” says Jenkins, “can take a handful of notes out of, say, Bicycle Built for Two, and dream up as pretty a production idea as you’d find on Broadway. All I do is fill in five, six minutes of music.”

But in Adair’s book, it’s Jenkins’ music that deserves major credit. “When you get melodies that good,” says Tom, “how can you miss?”

There are days, of course, when the boys fall short. That’s understandable, with those operettas rolling out each week, inspiration or no. But mostly the team manages to deliver a production number that pulls bundles of listener fan mail.

Some fragments from the Jenkins-Adair output show how they slap radio music around. The goal is laughs, with the original tune used merely as a springboard. Take this opening from Waitin’ for the Robert E. Lee—an extravaganza with Dixie on its breath. (Dick Haymes leads off:)

### Haymes:
Down upon the Mississippi, in a certain Southern state,
Where the boll is on the weevil
and the citizens debate,
The culinary virtues of the 'possum and the yam,
There’s a word they have for Yankees, and it’s—

### Forrest:
Shhhh!

### Haymes:
Thank you!

In another verse, Helen Forrest, aided by the chorus, takes over:

In this carefree Dixie paradise, the citizens agree,
That shootin’ revenooers is a right delightful spree,
But when they want a change of pace they gather up their kin,
And go down to watch the steamboats comin’ in!

Within limits the boys have a pretty free rein. They may spoof themselves as they once did in their How to Write a Song production; they may figuratively don Easter bonnets for an Easter Parade number, or even mill around in an atmosphere of cigar-store Indians with Red Wing.

In the Jenkins and Adair reincarnation, their Red Wing sounded like this, as Helen Forrest sang:

My friends, I’ve come to tell you,
Of the Red man’s sorry plight,
It’s time somebody spoke for him
And tried to make things right . . .

It doesn’t seem to matter too much that Red Wing suddenly lapses into some “Red Ryder” dialect; after all, she has post-war problems:

By cliff dwelling Redskin see,
Sign nailed on to trunk of tree,
Sign him say “No vacancy!”
Indian got-um troubles, too!

In the Jenkins-Adair team-up, the composer rarely knows what the week’s production idea will be until the librettist hands him the finished lyrics. As musical director of the Haymes’ program, Jenkins’ heavy
schedule—he creates all the orchestral arrangements and conducts the band—occupies a great part of his time. Frequently the music for the little operettas is written in the morning, just about as fast as he can put notes down on paper.

"Tom's lyrics," says Gordon, "are a kind of weekly adventure. I try to get the same effects with the music as he does with the words."

The "librettos" are written in Tom's Hollywood home. "I've got stacks of old songs," he explained, "and I get my ideas from them. Once I dig up a basic theme, I'm on my way."

The scholarly-looking, plumpish Adair graduated into lyric writing from a clerkship in the Los Angeles Water Department. Now 33, he began turning out ballads only six years ago. That change-over from water rates and schedules to "June" and "moon" was abrupt but successful. With Matt Dennis as collaborator, Tom banged out Everything Happens to Me and Let's Get Away from It All. Then came In the Blue of the Evening, written with D'Artega, and There's No You, with Hal Hopper. These tunes brought him an offer to come to New York and a chance to write Tommy Dorsey's Fame and Fortune radio show.

Tom was doing fine until he got drafted. Then he got a lucky break when the Treasury Department asked the Army for a G. I. who could write songs and radio material for the War Loan campaigns. "They flew me to Washington," Tom said, "and put me on a kind of musical assembly line. I wrote hundreds of songs to order. One day there was a hurry-up call for a hymn to be used by some New York school kids. I wrote it in a cab, dashing between Pennsylvania Station and Times Square. Of course," Tom explained, "the heavy traffic gave me a little extra time."

Along with playing "Mr. Gilbert" to Gordon Jenkins' "Mr. Sullivan," Adair has labored in the Duffy's Tavern writing stable and on Glamor Manor. He is looking forward to the day when he'll have a musical on Broadway.

Jenkins' own eyes have turned towards Broadway, too, but he has already hit the jackpot with San Fernando Valley—probably the best-known of his hit parade achievements. The success of Valley brought some zany repercussions. Out in Brooklyn some hackies who had drunk too deeply of the ballad heard the call of the wild, turned in their cabs and headed for the Golden West.

They went back home quickly, chastened and wiser men. Says Jenkins, "I'm afraid they were a little disappointed."

This transplanted Missourian—he
comes from Webster Groves—has been making music since the age of 15, when he won first prize in a ukelele contest staged by a St. Louis movie house. The next day he discarded the uke for the piano. He left home to play in brother Marshall’s band, but in his spare time wrote orchestral arrangements. Then, at 21, by an odd fluke, he found himself in New York, batoning the orchestra in a Bea Lillie musical.

“I was in Chicago,” Jenkins recalls, “and I had just hired an agent. One day somebody I hadn’t ever heard of asked me if I was a conductor. ‘Sure,’ I said, figuring it was a gag. I referred the fellow to my agent, then forgot all about him. Next thing I knew I had been signed to conduct the Bea Lillie show and I was in New York.”

This is characteristic of the tall, melancholy-seeming composer. Somebody once called him “Hamlet with a baton”—a colorful tag, but not too truthful a description. Jenkins’ music is actually alive with humor. Between radio chores he has written a packet of songs. Ev’ry Time, P.S. I Love You, Homesick, That’s All and You’ve Taken My Heart are some of them. He records for Decca and his serious symphonic work is represented by Manhattan Tower, a paean to his beloved New York, recently issued in a Decca album.

Jenkins-Adair aficionados rate the pair’s Gilbert-and-Sullivan-ish whimsies as something really different in the way of radio entertainment. Obviously, such high regard is very pleasant. Yet they have no wish to go long-hair. “We write for people who like corned beef and cabbage, shop in super-markets and spend family Sundays at the beach,” Jenkins declares.

The two young men seem set to cultivate their flourishing garden for a long time. Their partnership will likely retain its Gilbert-and-Sullivan quality, too, except for one minor detail. They expect to remain friends for many years to come.

A Play Is Changed

WHEN Van Heflin, the Hollywood movie star, was a young man studying drama, he accepted the leading role in a play written by classmate Betty Smith, who has since become famous with her novel, A Tree Grows In Brooklyn. The play was a light domestic comedy which Betty had to produce and direct—a requirement of all fledgling writers.

As the play gradually unfolded, the inimitable Van Heflin gave a rather unusual performance, ad libbing and inventing plenty of stage business. Betty, who sat in the audience, couldn’t believe what her eyes were seeing, for it was hardly the play that she had visualized and directed.

When the curtain finally rang down, Van greeted Betty with a broad grin. “How did it go over?” he beamed.

“Well,” replied Betty with restrained calm. “I guess I’ve got myself a collaborator.” She paused briefly and then asked sardonically, “Why didn’t you tell me that you decided to rewrite the play?”

“I didn’t rewrite it, Betty,” he answered sheepishly. “I simply forgot what I was supposed to do!”—Malcolm Hyatt.
There's dough on the ocean—for those who can recognize it!

by MARCIA AUDREY GARDEN

THE crew of the Liberty ship, Albino Perez, hauled the huge, grayish, rubber-like mass into Mobile, Alabama, with high hopes that it would prove to be what they thought it was. They had fished the smelly substance out of the Atlantic somewhere off Gibraltar.

After a critical analysis of the porous, bulky stuff, the chief chemist of the A. W. Williams Inspection Company confirmed the suspicions of the crew. The substance contained from thirteen to fifteen per cent pure ambergris. This meant that the men of the Albino Perez had plucked about fifty thousand dollars out of the ocean. It was figured there were more than three hundred pounds of the rare and valuable ambergris in the mass, and every pound worth one hundred and sixty dollars. The lucky sailors had brought back to this country one of the largest single quantities of ambergris ever found. They decided to divide the proceeds from the sale among them, assuring each of well over a thousand dollars.

Few people know what ambergris is and why it is so extremely valuable and rare. As a matter of fact, many who do know what ambergris is wouldn’t recognize it if they should come across it. In the Natural History Museum of New York City, there is a whole display case devoted to objects which people have brought in while under the impression they had found ambergris. Among these are such things as cakes of soap, scraps of old, water-logged shoes, masses of hardened grease, lumps of fat, clinkers, sponges, water-soaked ships’ biscuits, and dozens of other articles as worthless.

If a person is of the opinion he has found ambergris, he can make the following test: insert a hot needle into the substance. If it is ambergris, a peculiar odor will assail the nostrils and, on withdrawing the needle, an amber-colored liquid resembling oil will exude from the puncture.

Often, ambergris has been discovered by entirely unsuspecting persons. There was the instance of the handful of Hawaiians who took their horses to the edge of the water to wash them. When they happened to see something resembling sponge floating in the water nearby, they waded out, gathered up some of it and proceeded to wash down the horses with it. Suddenly they real-
ized it could not be sponge they held, and curiosity got the better of them. They took several pieces of the stuff to a local trader for his opinion. On being informed it was ambergris, they raced back as quickly as possible only to find that most of it had gone out with the tide. Somewhat disappointed, they gathered up as much of it as they could and carried it back with them. The sale of the ambergris made them all wealthy enough to know life-long independence thereafter.

Most people who know ambergris are aware that it is a formation within the intestinal tract of the sperm-whale, but few realize that the condition exists in only one among thousands of the mammals. Why it should be there at all, and why it occurs so infrequently is a mystery as deep as the ocean. It is not, apparently, a diseased condition of the whale for the old whalenmen agree that a whale holding ambergris is as healthy and normal as one without it.

Because ambergris is used in perfumes, some people are of the opinion it is pleasant of scent—but this is a mistaken idea. Most ambergris is practically free from odor, although it sometimes gives off a greasy, fishy smell. It is often porous and usually of firm texture. As a rule, it is grayish in color, but it can be brown, purple, yellow, black or white. Sometimes it is of a mottled appearance combining two or more of the colors mentioned. But the most valuable ambergris is that which is grayish.

Ambergris has been known to be taken directly from its housing place in the intestinal tract of the sperm-whale, but in most cases it has been procured from beaches or found floating on the surface of the sea.

Ambergris is the most important ingredient used in the making of rare and expensive perfumes. Chemists have tried to find a synthetic substitute for ambergris, but all their efforts have been in vain.

The reason that ambergris is so vitally essential to the making of fine and costly perfumes is that it is the only known product which will, without damage to the intended scent, "fix" it. This is true because of its ability to absorb the floral or other scent, and perfect a long lingering odor.

Many times women have complained that a certain perfume, although pleasing of scent, lost its fragrance soon after being applied. They erroneously attribute this to the particular floral scent they found to be so fickle of odor. The truth is that the difference between a lasting fragrance and a vanishing one is the use of a tiny amount of ambergris in its manufacture.

When one considers the minute quantity of ambergris which is used in a whole pint of perfume, it seems strange that the substance should be considered so rare and so highly prized. Although it is true that the value of ambergris has declined with the advent of cheaper, synthetic perfumes in recent years, it varied very little for a great many years before this. Ambergris is, nevertheless, still sought after avidly and remains yet one of the most priceless substances found.
"ART is on the bum in Kansas City." Scathing words, spoken by a Kansas Citian 40 years ago, when Miles Bulger, presiding judge of the Jackson County Court in 1907, turned on his home town and gave it both barrels.

He spoke with conviction, terseness, and justification. Art was on the bum in Kansas City.

The sprawling, surging city, famous for grain and livestock transactions, hub of lengthening railways, just hadn't time for culture.

Already there were 300,000 people in the Southwestern gateway, and more were coming. Many were well-educated and sensitive, but to most of the town oil paint was something for a carriage house door. Judge Bulger's words were not without basis in fact.

Unfortunately, the situation was not remedied quickly. Cultural growth continued slow. Two decades later, Kansas City had few of the fixtures associated with an intellectually progressive community.

There had been talk, and false starts. A downtown cornerstone had been inscribed "College of Medicine, University of Kansas City." The medical school was there, right enough, a fine one. But the university was wishful thinking.

In 1919, the committee organized to select a fitting memorial for the dead of World War I had considered the idea of a university. A hot debate raged over the "living memorial versus marble monument" question. Marble won. The result is a strikingly beautiful Liberty Memorial, visible for some miles, impressive to visitors, housing war relics and several battle flags.

With the dawn of the 1930's, every major city in the United States had a full four-year, non-sectarian university, a symphony orchestra, an art gallery. Kansas City was the sole—the one and only—city of more than 200,000 people with none of these things.

Plans were going forward, preliminary purchases and arrangements were being made, but there was nothing the Chamber of Commerce could photograph.

True, the system of parks and boulevards was outstanding. Residentially, the city was superior to any in the world. But formal evidences of culture were non-existent.

Then the dam broke. In 1933, the city formed a philharmonic orchestra. It acquired a magnificent art gallery and museum of fine art and a trust of over 11 million dollars for the purchase of art objects. And it opened the doors of Kansas City's own university!
The University had only 264 students, and a faculty of 18. But it was an important stride. It was the only privately controlled university between St. Louis and Denver. While tax supported institutions provide useful and necessary educational services, complete freedom in study, teaching, and research is possible only in schools entirely free from political control. Those institutions are essential in maintaining private enterprise, because they guarantee freedom in study of arts, business, and the professions. Some call them "the last bulwark."

The founding of the University of Kansas City was made possible primarily through the generosity of one man, William Volker, and through the persistent hard work of many others.

By 1929, Mr. Volker had arranged to purchase a substantial tract of land in the Rockhill section of Kansas City, for use as a campus.

But that same year Mrs. C. B. Hewitt had given the 147-acre Meadow Lake golf course to Bishop E. L. Waldorf of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the location of a university. Bishop Waldorf commenced soliciting private subscriptions, and it looked very much as if two universities were about to spring up.

The inadvisability of such a division of effort and funds was apparent to both parties, however, and in 1930 they consolidated their holdings. It was decided to build on the ground originally obtained by Mr. Volker—a convenient location, and remarkable for great natural beauty.

The school was not ready for formal opening for three years. Then, with a three-story former residence as the only building, and with a dozen and a half professors, enrollment was begun. No one knew what to expect. Ten students might matriculate, or a thousand. Actually, a few more than 250 came, and a half-hundred more entered the second semester.

For a few years, the hardihood of the new school was in doubt. For one thing, it took townspeople a little while to get used to the idea there was a fully-accredited four-year university right at home.

Thirty to forty percent of all graduates from Kansas City high schools go on to college. That is about twice as high as the national average. For years, the great majority of them had attended Kansas City Junior College, maintained by the public school system; or the University of Kansas, located only 45 miles away at Lawrence; or the University of Missouri at Columbia. But now it was possible for them to get a college education while living at home.

The idea began sinking in, and enrollment climbed slowly. In 1936, summer courses were offered for the first time, and nearly 300 students enrolled for those.

Meanwhile, the University was struggling to build up a sound curriculum, to assemble a good faculty, and to interest Kansas Citians in aiding the school financially. It wasn't easy going.

In 1938, Clarence R. Decker was appointed president of the University. That Fall, enrollment jumped from 1,100 to 1,500, and things started happening.

That year the Kansas City School of
Law—which had been founded in 1895 and boasted a galaxy of alumni, including Harry S. Truman—began
the School of Law of the University. Three years later the Kansas City-Western Dental College, founded in
1881 and now the fifth largest dental school in the United States, became
the School of Dentistry. And in 1943 the Kansas City College of Pharmacy,
founded in 1885, became the School of Pharmacy.

Dr. Decker, only 33 at the time of his appointment, was the youngest university president in the nation. And he was president of the youngest university in the nation.

He began collecting young professors, men who were outstanding and showed definite promise of becoming top-flight educators. At the beginning of World War II, the average age of the faculty was 35, as compared with a national average of 56. The present faculty is nearly as large as was the first student body.

Then the University launched a “visiting professors” plan. Each year it brought several internationally known, and very expensive, teachers to the campus to supplement the regular staff. This proved so successful that the system has been continued, and is being expanded.

In the University’s fourteen years, enrollment has climbed to more than 3,000 students. It is still increasing. Indications are that it will level off around the 6,000 mark, as soon as facilities are developed to accommodate them.

The original building now houses the administrative offices, and seven other buildings have been added. The campus has grown to 85 acres. The grounds, buildings, and equipment represent an investment of about $2,000,000.

But best of all, the development of the University of Kansas City has made possible a cultural center which is absolutely unique. It is now only partially completed, but when finished will be without peer anywhere in the world.

The unusual technical research, fine arts, and music center will be contained within a strip of rolling, heavily wooded land a mile long and perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide. A hospital and recuperative home, the Linda S. Hall scientific library, and the Midwest Research Institute will join the magnificent William Rockhill Nelson Art Gallery and Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, the University of Kansas City, Menorah Hospital, several churches, Rockhurst College, and the Kansas City Art Institute.

This last institution is a four-year professional school providing a complete education in the fine and ap-
plied arts. It is a 60-year-old, non-profit organization supported by endowment, tuition, and subscription. Graduates from the Art Institute are recognized as coming from a top ranking school. The 750 students currently enrolled come from almost every state in the union and abroad. Many of them are taking practical work in fashion design in cooperation with Kansas City garment manufacturers.

The Art Institute is at present completing a number of new studios. Each unit has been carefully planned for its particular purpose, to provide maximum physical facilities for art education. The new buildings will house classes in commercial, advertising, and industrial art, as well as ceramics and sculpture. In addition, there will be a semi-circular "life" class studio, the only one of its kind anywhere.

Not far from the Art Institute and the new cultural center is the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, also a privately supported institution. The present enrollment is over 1,600 students, 300 of whom are taking part-time or full college courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Music or Master of Music. The remainder are grade and high school children studying music, dance and speech; and special students of all ages taking musical subjects without intention of earning degrees.

The Conservatory offers degrees in piano, organ, cello, violin and other orchestral instruments, public school music and composition. Students may take extension courses in academic subjects through the Kansas City Junior College.

The Conservatory chorus, directed by Stanley Deacon, and the training orchestra, under David Van Vactor, are outstanding musical groups. Dr. Wiktor Labunski is the director of the Conservatory.

Kansas City's primary educational force is the same as that of other communities, of course, the public school. In addition to the 79 elementary schools, there are eight high schools, four junior high schools, two junior colleges, two vocational trade schools, and 12 special schools. The total public school enrollment is over 60,000.

The public schools offer cooperative occupational education for students who wish to continue studying while receiving practical on-the-job training, and they hold special day and night elementary and high school courses for veterans and other adults.

There are 37 parochial schools in Kansas City, 12 Catholic high schools, and three Catholic colleges.

So Kansas City has developed a definite educational awareness. This is best demonstrated, perhaps, by the fact that the public library system is used more extensively than that of any of the 45 major cities in the United States.

It has developed a cultural awareness, too. Art, so long a vagrant, is no longer "on the bum in Kansas City." It is on the come in Kansas City now!

Little Willie rushed into the house and showed Papa a new penknife which he said he had found in the street.
"But are you sure it was lost?" asked Papa.
"Of course it was lost," said Willie. "I saw the man looking for it!"
A consulting psychologist makes some interesting observations on the importance of personal privacy.

WHY SOME MEN REMAIN SINGLE

by LESTER F. MILES, Ph. D.

WITH typical male directness I am going to reveal the entire subject of this article in two words. Wives and single girls might read them with profitable concentration. The two words are—personal privacy.

There must be many married women who can honestly state, "I never nag my husband." And they don't—intentionally. But this article is not on "nagging" as we have come to define this particular behavior trait in either a man or a woman.

More than one man has balked at marriage only because he witnessed how some other man's wife managed to discard her husband's favorite old painting shoes, fishing hat, hunting trousers. None of these articles was of any worth and frequently just an eyesore in the house. To a man, however, they are as much prize possessions as were his clasp knife or marbles when he wore knee britches and had his pockets crammed with an assortment that would have filled a counter in any five-and-ten cent store.

Curiosity killed a cat—so they say—and woman's inquisitiveness has a way of giving even the most perfect marriage a highly rancid flavor. A man's personal possessions are minor items in the issue at hand. How do you handle his unseen possessions—his private feelings and thoughts?

"When you married you gave up your membership in the club," I said to a friend, while dropping in at my favorite men's club recently. "I see you've taken up membership again. What's the matter—honeymoon over?"

"Not at all," he replied, half apologetically for his wife. "Our apartment is a little small and there are times when a man wants to just sit and do a little thinking in privacy. You know how it is."

I know how it is. It is too bad more wives are not given to understanding this one failing in their otherwise complete devotion to their husbands. When a man just wants to sit, even if he isn't engaged in any heavy thinking, why will a wife come in and start a lot of questions rolling just to make conversation? When a man has a quiet spell of inner reflection why does a wife lose no time in offering him a penny for his thoughts?

Like my friend at the club—a woman soon manages to convince her husband that if he is to have any
privacy at all he must obtain a home large enough to offer him a den with a sign on the door that reads, "Private—Keep Out," or find what little time he wants to himself outside the home.

Everyone at times longs for a quiet haven where he can be absolutely alone with his own thoughts, his own hopes, his own plans, his own problems. Marriage doesn't alter this one bit. While not guilty of nagging, many wives are guilty of prying.

Men are usually good sports, and when they marry they do not object to a close confidence in their wives. They pretty readily tell all about their business and personal affairs. A wife doesn't have to use prying eyes to find out what she wishes to know. I don't believe I have ever heard of a man accused of going through his wife's handbag and wallet just out of curiosity. I have heard women accused of reading their husband's mail, and other violations of an individual's privacy.

One wife developed the habit of nicely slitting open every piece of her husband's mail with the paper knife to make it easier for him to read his mail when he came home after work. His mail was always neatly piled on the family desk. She never read his mail—a fact she swore to at a later date. She even maintained that she never so much as glanced into the envelopes, and waited until her husband told her what was in the mail. But he developed the notion that she was prying, and their one and only major fight was on the day he told her, "Will you please from now on let me open my own mail!" The intimation of prying was present in this case even though the intentions were good. But you know all about the place paved with good intentions.

There are times when there would seem to be basis for belief in the old adage, "where there's smoke there's fire," for it is certain that the cartoonists who depict the housewife with hands on hips casting a malevolent eye on her husband who is sneaking up the stairs at a late hour with his shoes in his hands didn't get their idea solely from their own imaginations. While the scene is exaggerated, there is a great deal of truth and frequency in the situation. When a woman meets a female friend who has been to some opening night performance, a meeting of a woman's club, or a church social, woman-like she looses a flood-gate of questions to satisfy her curiosity over what happened, who was there, what they wore, and any other intelligence that is of interest. The female friend or female relative enjoys satisfying the desire for information. Where a wife makes a mistake is in treating her husband as a female friend or female...
relative when he has been out with the boys, to his club, to a town meeting, a community men’s rally, or any other activity at which his wife was not present. If a wife will give her man a chance, he will tell all—in his own good time.

True enough, a question here and there will often bring out news he thought entirely inconsequential, but which his wife will value highly for some reason known only to the feminine mentality. I won’t attempt to analyze that phase of this situation here. It is enough to say that a man takes a lot of questioning not so much as purely innocent curiosity on the part of his wife. More often than not he will resent it as a sort of suspicious prying—whether his outing has been innocent or something to consider “out of bounds” for married men. It is the best way, this business of firing questions at a man, to make him develop evasive tactics in his answers. Sometimes he will go so far as to be downright deceptive in his replies and then you face a parting of the ways where common confidences are completely gone.

So, wives, for the sake of your married happiness, or your future married happiness, make your love less inquisitive and keep your man closer to yourself mentally and spiritually. To strip a man of his personal privacy, or to invade his personal privacy to a point where he begins to feel he no longer has a shred of thought to himself, is frequently the reason why some men do not marry and others wish they hadn’t.

Caribe—The Fish That Routed An Army

THOUGH rarely exceeding two feet in length, the caribe, or pirhana, as it is also called, is surely one of the world’s most ferocious and deadly creatures. A fish native to many of the rivers of South America, it is an ugly brute with a blunt head and remarkably short, powerful jaws armed with rows of sharp cutting teeth. It can snap off a mouthful of flesh as cleanly and quickly as though with the keenest knife, and with the first wound a horde of caribes appear, irresistibly and madly attracted by the smell of blood. Any person or animal so entrapped has only the slightest chance of escaping, and usually is reduced to a bare skeleton in an incredibly short time.

In one case on record, a man and his horse fell into a river inhabited by the vicious fish. They were immediately surrounded by a pack of caribes, and before they could be pulled out, all flesh had been picked off their bones, though the man’s clothing was undamaged.

In another instance, these bloodthirsty swimmers actually attacked and routed an army of soldiers. On May 26, 1819, when the famous South American liberator, Simon Bolivar, was leading his weary men across the Venezuelan plains to New Granada, it was necessary to cross a stream intercepting the route. One of the men was bitten by a caribe and scores of the fish immediately rushed to the scene. General Bolivar and his men were forced to beat a hasty retreat, but not before a number of them had received severe wounds. They were indeed fortunate in escaping with their lives.

The caribe has but one redeeming feature: it is a highly edible fish. But when hooked and landed it will fight to the death in an attempt to seize its captor.—Carl Coolidge.
"She was voted most likely to succeed!"
Marriage is a bargain basement business in Japan.

by WALT ANGRIST

Mr. MITSUKOSHI owns a department store in downtown Tokyo, but B-29 raids have left him little more than the first floor and basement of what was once the Oriental version of Macy’s or Marshall Field’s.

A good part of Tokyo enters his place of business at one time or another to buy scarce goods if yen is plentiful, or to gaze enviously at the toy counter or food department.

But, Mr. Mitsukoshi has gone his American business counterparts one better when it comes to merchandising and expanding the business of his establishment.

Since early in 1944, the Mitsukoshi depaato—as the edifice is called in pidgin English—has been running a “special” on weddings. War had worn away at Japanese economy and morale by 1944, and Tokyo’s 7,000,000 citizens were not living much above the subsistence level. Bombs were arriving on a bothersome schedule. Homes, of paper and wood at best, were burning. By the time Mr. Mitsukoshi added the marriage sideline to his business few Tokyoites had complete wardrobes, and many had no better place to live than the subway stations.

But war couldn’t stop nature. B-29’s and short rations had no effect on young Japanese men and women. When they met and came to know each other and their respective honorable parents, marriage was usually in the offing.

In peacetime, a wedding would have taken months to plan. If done properly, it would have required a temple, a staff of priests and gallons of sake, the rice wine which is the national drink of Mr. Tojo, his cohorts and the millions who blindly followed him into disastrous war.

But once war came to Honshu there was no time and little finery for the usual elaborate ceremony that ordinarily goes along with Japanese nuptials.

That’s where Mitsukoshi was very much “in business.” In the basement of his establishment was a large, windowless room which had been used to store turnips and other vegetables until they were fragrant enough for the Oriental palate. Out went the turnips. Out went vegetables, assorted. In moved one red plush car-
pet minus much of its plush, one priest from a local shrine blasted by fire bombs, and a row of old folding chairs placed along opposite walls of the room.

Then he advertised.

A Japanese advertising campaign is much the same as one finds it in a large American city. Publicity and handbills announced that Mitsukoshi had weddings for sale, if prospective couples desired to be united as honorable couple and had the yen equivalent of $20 for a complete ceremony—with dress for bride and groom.

That was in 1944. Since then the Mitsukoshi Store, beaten to a shell of a building by bombing, has never failed to sell a wedding when the price was offered.

Store officials, when asked for statistics on that particular department, drag out their beaded Oriental adding machines and come up with figures that mean good business. They claim more than 5,000 couples have walked into the little basement room to be married—that more than 100,000 parents and well wishers have filed into

the shabby sub-surface marriage factory to watch a bald-pated priest intone the ancient and proper phrases which lift the Japanese desire of man for woman from just that, to honored status of husband and wife.

While Tokyo has done much to dig out blasted ruins, and bamboo-braced houses are springing up like mushrooms, marriage stays on its wartime basis at Mitsukoshi's. Business holds to a fair volume today, with an average 24-hour period witnessing the union of ten couples.

The bridal party gets complete service. Here's what the bride gets or is lent: one ceremonial kimono which would cost $75 if purchased, one elaborate and very ponderous wig, hair ornaments, scent, special sandals and a fan suited to the occasion. With the accessories go three giggling Nipponese dressers who make the bride feel she is getting all the attention due her at this auspicious moment.

The bridegroom, who pays the $20 upon entering the basement chambers, is handed a much-worn swallow tail coat and striped pants. He dresses himself.

When bride and groom are seated on opposite sides of the room, with relatives and friends at proper stations, the priest begins the ceremony. At no time do the principals leave their seats, a fact which has proved a blessing for many timid couples.

In twenty minutes the marriage ceremony is over, the couple drinks of a special sake cup and puts a sprig of the sacred saka tree before the priest. Now they are man and wife.
ANOTHER $20 WEDDING

But there’s more to come for the twenty dollars. The grinning vice-president in charge of weddings admits a bored cameraman who has been waiting outside. He takes three posed shots of the party. The pictures are delivered while more sake (not supplied by the store) is passed around among the guests. The photographer inevitably picks up a few extra yen selling additional prints.

One of the better stories of faith and love has come out of this very commercial wedding service at Mitsukoshi’s. Store clerks tell of a “bomber’s moon” night when one ceremony was scheduled to take place. A particularly heavy American raid was in progress as the guests began to arrive. Finally all were there but the bridegroom.

The marriage party, priest and attendants waited in their comparatively safe room until the girl’s parents suggested they call off the wedding. They figured a bomb had caught the unfortunate groom and there wasn’t much sense in waiting.

But the Japanese miss, sure that her man would present himself, persuaded the party to wait until the morning dawned. Then the bridegroom did arrive, tattered, bruised, and caked with soot. He clutched the necessary yen, which he had rescued from his blasted quarters hours after firefighters had extinguished the resultant blaze.

War and destruction could not keep that marriage from coming off, nor many others like it. And Mr. Mitsukoshi, grinning and bowing, is happy in his role of commercial cupid. He plans to make pre-fabricated weddings a permanent sale item in the bargain basement of Tokyo’s biggest department store.

THE umbrella is a very old invention. Few improvements have been made on the early models, although many gallant attempts have been made to that end, more noticeably in the field of fashion than in that of utility.

It was over the umbrella that the famous court decision was laid down that possession is nine-tenths of the law. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession. That is to say, the last one who has it is considered the legitimate owner.

An established etiquette has been evolved in the use of the umbrella. An umbrella carried over a woman, with the man getting the drippings of rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman gets the drippings, it is a sure indication of marriage. To place an umbrella in a rack indicates that one is going to forget it and it is to have a new owner. To carry your umbrella at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man immediately following you. To place a cotton umbrella alongside a nice silk one signifies “exchange is no robbery.”—Kenneth Irwin.

“I wonder what men talk about when they’re off by themselves.”
“Oh, I don’t know. Probably the same thing we do.”
“Aren’t men awful?”
Television For Everyone

If you’ve despaired of ever being able to enjoy the wonders of television because you don’t live in a big city, radio engineers working with aircraft experts have good news for you.

And if you are one of the 23,332,277 persons living in cities where television studios are operating or are being built, you may get a chance to further this research. Together with other owners of television receivers, as well as FM sets, you may help in the perfection of “Stratovision”—the newly devised system of airborne television and FM radio transmission.

A year ago December, tests began. Planes were flown over two main courses—from the Martin Airport near Baltimore over Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York to New Haven, Connecticut; and over Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Virginia, to Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Check stations along the way got excellent results. They found the planes were able to transmit a clear signal over a distance of 240 airline miles from an altitude of 25,000 feet, using only 250 watts of power. This means, say electronic technicians, that Stratovision at last can break the fetters that have held television and FM to the big-city audiences only. It means that, very soon, economically practical all-round radio services for farm people, small towners and city dwellers will be possible.

Now that the groundwork has been laid, many observers in widely-scattered areas will be needed. Engineers plan on resorting to the same expedient adopted in the early days of radio. They will invite FM set owners to listen and report reception. Flight times of Martin bombers carrying the equipment will be announced, and test broadcasts on 107.5 megacycles will begin soon. These planes, flying six miles high, would cover about 103,000 square miles in a circle of more than 400 miles in diameter. Thus, eight such “Strato-planes,” besides broadcasting in their immediate areas, would form a perfect coast-to-coast high-altitude radio network. They’d be a relay team. The addition of several more planes would mean 100 per cent coverage of the entire United States.

One nuisance “bug” on which these tests have shed light is “ghosting”—a picture received on two different wave paths, one in direct line from the transmitter and the other by reflection from any object that gets in the way. Radio waves carrying televised and FM programs travel only a straight line and are lost on the horizon. Thus, even the best ground station reception is limited to fifty miles. But as the broadcast antenna is raised, reception is broadened, and fewer stations are needed. This means less power is necessary. Quality is improved, costs lowered.

By placing the antenna six miles up, in the stratosphere, the wished-for results are achieved. Three antennae are used on each plane. One is hinged on the bomb-bay and lowered after take-off. This is the rebroadcast antenna which sends programs back to the ground over a wider range. Another underside antenna picks up programs from the ground for rebroadcast. The third one is topside on the plane, and provides communication.

By this means, the worst bottleneck in television broadcasting has been broken. No longer will it be necessary to maintain expensive “repeater” stations every fifty miles across country to relay programs. With public cooperation, Stratovision will be improved, so that when enough television receiving sets are available for every person who wants one, the best programs on the air will be easily picked up anywhere in America.—George Statler.
The private papers of a great American will be public property soon.

by JOSEPH N. BELL

On July 24, 1947, in the vaults of the Library of Congress, Abraham Lincoln’s “secrets in ink” will be unveiled. These secrets are contained in a collection of some ten thousand items from among the private papers of our Civil War president, and their opening has been eagerly awaited by students of Lincolniana for the past twenty-five years.

The documents were impounded and placed in the Library of Congress by Robert Todd Lincoln, the only son of Abraham Lincoln to reach maturity. Three years before his death in 1926, Robert Lincoln deeded the papers to the United States with the stipulation: “That all of said letters, manuscripts, documents, and other papers shall be placed in a sealed vault or compartment and carefully preserved from official or public inspection or private view until after the expiration of 21 years from the date of my death.”

A tremendous aura of mystery has surrounded these documents, a curiosity aroused by the peculiar provisions of Robert Lincoln’s deed and fed by speculation over the contents and the strange insistence of Robert Lincoln that the papers not be violated by outsiders during his lifetime. The mystery, indeed, is of much more common knowledge than are the facts which led up to the strange disposition of the papers and an understanding of the man who dictated this arrangement.

The documents were first brought to the attention of Lincoln biographers and students when Senator Albert Beveridge, in January of 1923, requested of Robert Lincoln that he be permitted access to the papers. The request was refused in a letter to Senator Beveridge in which Robert Lincoln presumably set forth his reasons for wishing to keep secret the contents of the papers. This letter, which was never made public, could possibly clear up a great deal of the mystery surrounding the paper’s contents.

Eight months later, Nicholas Murray Butler, president emeritus of Columbia University, sojourning in Manchester, Vermont, the home of Robert Lincoln, was told that Mr. Lincoln was destroying his father’s papers. He hastened to the Lincoln home and found his information to be true. He pointed out that “those papers belong to the nation,” pleaded with Mr. Lincoln not to destroy them,
and finally prevailed upon him to consent to their preservation with the understanding that they not be made public while he still lived.

Mr. Butler’s suggestion that the papers be impounded in the Library of Congress and that a certain date be set for their opening was not new to Mr. Lincoln. On January 23, 1923, fully eight months before the attempt to destroy them, Robert Lincoln had indicated his intention to turn the documents over to the government. It was on this same date that he refused Senator Beveridge’s request for access to the papers, and it is not illogical to assume that the papers were offered to the government at this time to prevent Beveridge or anyone else from examining them.

It is interesting to note that in 1926, the year of his death, Robert Lincoln apparently relaxed in some measure his determination to keep the documents secret. On January 16 of that year he wrote Dr. Putnam of the Library of Congress that he wished to modify the conditions governing the accessibility of the documents in order to vest in his wife, Mary Lincoln, the authority to grant permission to inspect the papers to anyone whom she deemed desirable. Mary Lincoln, however, did not exercise this privilege, and the boxes remained unopened, the continued subject of greater and greater speculation.

Individuals—ranging from ardent students to newspaper men seeking a feature story for the Sunday edition—have not been loath to venture an opinion as to the contents of the documents. Some are based on historical fact, others the mere figment of rather ethereal observation. The four main groups of theorists contend that the papers contain: first, information pointing to a group of conspirators who desired the removal of Lincoln policies and achieved the actual assassination of Lincoln; second, scandals concerning the personal life of the president and his family; third, evidence which might have been injurious to Lincoln contemporaries who survived the president; and fourth, very little information not already known.

Perhaps the best method of reaching some conclusion as to what the boxes may contain, as well as an explanation of the secrecy which has surrounded the documents, is an insight into the owner of the papers, Robert Lincoln. Even after the Lincoln papers have been opened and their contents made public, it will probably be difficult to understand the peculiar conditions surrounding the revelation without comprehending the personality of Robert Lincoln. And this should be a comprehension based on fact, rather than on the popular misconception that Robert Lincoln was a strange, moody, sorrowful man who throughout his life was oppressed by the greatness of his father, a greatness which he could never hope to simulate.

Such an explanation of the character of Robert Lincoln has been too generally accepted by a generation
which has come to revere the father and shrug off the son as "that queer fellow who tried to burn Abraham Lincoln's private papers." Such a dismissal of Robert Lincoln is a decided injustice to a kind and able man who achieved an all-too-easily-forgotten prestige in his own right after his father was killed.

Robert Lincoln was eminently successful as a lawyer and as a statesman. After serving on the staff of General Grant during the Civil War, he studied law and was admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1867. Five years later he was appointed a trustee of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Robert had carefully steered clear of national politics and only his intense loyalty to an old and trusted friend, General Grant, finally drew him in. He supported Grant in the campaign of 1880, but James Garfield won the nomination and the presidency. Garfield then paid a tribute to Robert Lincoln's ability by selecting his erstwhile opponent as Secretary of War, a position which Lincoln retained when Chester A. Arthur succeeded Garfield as Chief Executive.

In 1884 a number of influential Republicans urged Robert Lincoln to run for the presidency. There is little doubt that he would have been able to win the nomination and the election, but he refused to run against his political chief, President Arthur.

In 1889, Robert Lincoln was appointed United States Minister to the Court of St. James by President Harrison. He served in this capacity until 1893, in which year he retired from public life. It was during this period that Robert's only son, named for his illustrious grandfather, died. The tragedy caused immeasurable pain to Robert Lincoln.

After retiring from the political world, Robert gave himself wholeheartedly to business. He became special counsel for the Pullman Company, and in 1911 was appointed chairman of the company's board of directors. He later also served as director of both the Commonwealth Edison Company and the Commercial National Bank.

The last few years of Robert Lincoln's life were spent in virtual seclusion at his Manchester, Vermont, home, and it was here during this period that Mr. Butler and Senator Beveridge first brought to the public attention the Abraham Lincoln papers. He died on July 26, 1926, as he neared his eighty-second birthday.

The sympathy, patience, understanding, clear vision, and intense loyalty of Robert Lincoln were demonstrated in his contacts and in his work throughout his life. A simple story of Robert Lincoln's last political speech serves to underline all of these qualities.

Robert was to speak in Danville, Illinois in 1900, and he arrived in the city early in the morning. A reception was arranged for him, but he failed to appear, and a search for him disclosed that he had left the hotel. He was finally discovered in the humble home of a Negress, Mrs. Maria Vance, joyously partaking of corn pone and bacon.

Mrs. Vance had cooked for the Abraham Lincoln family in Springfield, and had, at one time, been Rob-
Robert Lincoln’s nurse. Robert, running down a rumor that Mrs. Vance was living in Danville, had discovered her. He visited with the aged Negress before his speech and hastened back for more cornpone and conversation after he had completed it. He left only when he had to catch his train. And from that day until she died, “Mammy” Vance received a substantial check each month from Robert Lincoln.

This, then, was the man who chose to withhold the personal papers of a statesman whose memory had become public property of the American people. The qualities of Robert Lincoln that we may perceive behind the skeleton of his life certainly give more than a passing indication of his reasons. His loyalty, his kindness, his fear of giving offense presuppose something in the contents of the letters which, if disclosed during Robert’s lifetime, would have offended his sense of justice and fair-dealing.

But we need not speculate much longer. Next month, the “secrets in ink” will be divulged, and whatever the contents of the documents, they will serve to shed further light on the life and times of a great American.

The Clevelandons on Tour

When W. A. Rogers, the cartoonist on old Harper’s Weekly, was touring the country on the presidential train during Cleveland’s first term, he was impressed one day in the Tennessee hills when the train was obliged to stop at a little hamlet to change engines for the long haul over the steep grades. Although the village had no station building, the citizens had rigged up the railroad platform to the best of their ability in order to welcome their honored guests.

First they laid down a rug of the brightest red and yellow hues obtainable. Upon this they set two new red plush armchairs to flank a little round center-table, which held a small vase full of garden flowers. While the engines were switching, the first citizen came forward and invited the President and his wife to step down and enjoy their hospitality. The President looked dismayed, but his wife didn’t hesitate a moment.

Never was there any sign that Mrs. Cleveland considered the spectacle of two persons sitting out in the glaring sun upon two red plush armchairs as anything out of the ordinary; or that to be encircled by a horde of bashful mountain folk, who merely stared or smiled, was anything but what she had expected.

After the train pulled away, and had traveled the length of a deep gorge, one of the correspondents asked the conductor when they would return for the President. “Great Scott! Isn’t he aboard?” yelled the conductor.

It was not until the train had gone a mile farther to get a running start that it was able to retrace the miles up the steep grade over which it had just traveled.

When the train backed up to the platform about an hour later, there sat the Clevelandons, still in the red plush armchairs, under the hot sun. The President was wearily mopping his brow but, by that time, the gracious Mrs. Cleveland had captured every vote in the whole county—Marion Duncan.
How many planets are there between the earth and the sun—two or three? Venus and Mercury—is there another?

Several astronomers claim they have seen a third, a planet only 13,000,000 miles from the sun. There is no question of their honesty; only of the reliability of their eyesight, for this elusive planet remains invisible to most observers.

However, this fact is not conclusive. The Italian astronomer Schiaparelli announced his discovery of the so-called canals on Mars in 1877, but very few observers since have been able to see them. American Percival Lowell was one of these few and he carefully mapped them. Unfortunately they wouldn’t show up on a photographic plate and most astronomers were, to put it mildly, skeptical of their existence. Then a few years ago Dr. E. C. Slipher, director of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, succeeded during an expedition to South Africa in taking photographs which showed the canals perfectly as Lowell had mapped them.

So the negative evidence of those who have not seen Vulcan—as the third planet has been called—isn’t conclusive against those who think they have seen it.

The existence of Vulcan is indicated, as was that of Pluto, by its effect on the motion of other planets. Twenty-five years before Pluto was discovered, Percival Lowell announced its existence and calculated where it would be found and where it was found not long ago. It isn’t remarkable that Pluto actually was not seen before, because it is probably smaller than the earth and over three billion miles away. Even with our largest telescopes, an object that size three billion miles away is most difficult to see. But Vulcan—if it exists—is only 80,000,000 miles from the earth, practically next door as astronomers measure distances.

What do we actually know about the “hypothetical planet” as present day astronomers call it? To answer that question it is necessary to tell something about the rather uninteresting planet Mercury. Only 36,000,000 miles from the sun, Mercury is so hot that it is almost certain life as we know it could not exist there. Yet some astronomers have found indications that this smallest planet, not much bigger than our moon, has an atmosphere. Most scientists believe this impossible because the force of gravitation on an object as small as Mercury would not be great enough
to keep the atmosphere from flying off into space. That, at least, is the assumption.

Mercury and Venus, the other known planet between the earth and the sun, every few years crawl across the sun's disc, little black spots in full view of earth. Mercury does this thirteen times in a century, and most of the world's telescopes watch these transits. They do this for two reasons. One is that if Mercury has an atmosphere, when its tiny disc crosses the edge of the sun, a glow should appear above the part of the disc still outside the sun.

The other reason is that there is an irregularity in the motion of Mercury which indicates that some unknown body is attracting it. This is important because it was a similar irregularity in the motion of Uranus that led to the discovery of the unknown Neptune; and an irregularity in Neptune's motion caused Percival Lowell to predict the existence of Pluto a quarter of a century before it was actually seen for the first time.

The French astronomer Leverrier had predicted the discovery of Neptune when he observed the effect of some unknown body on the planet Uranus. He afterward pointed out a similar perturbation in the motion of Mercury, and suggested that it was due to the attraction of an unknown planet between Mercury and the sun. He was so certain of this unknown planet's existence that he gave it a name—Vulcan. This was in 1859 and astronomers have been hunting for Vulcan ever since.

Most of them have been unsuccessful in their search, but a few have been lucky. A French physician, an amateur astronomer, in the year of Leverrier's announcement saw a small body pass across the sun's disc. Leverrier examined this man's calculations and was satisfied that he had seen Vulcan.

The late Professor James Craig Watson of the Ann Arbor Observatory announced in 1878 that he had seen Vulcan. His observations and calculations seemed sufficiently conclusive to establish the actual existence of the planet. They apparently have been confirmed by several observers since that time.

Still the great majority of astronomers have never seen the planet and the text books, if they mention it at all, still say "Vulcan—hypothetical."

Early in August of this year, the grinding and polishing of the 200-inch mirror for the Mount Palomar telescope will be completed, and the California Institute of Technology announces that the giant instrument will be ready for use three months later. It will enable astronomers to peer at least twice as far into the depths of space as they ever have in the past. Probably millions of new universes as large or larger than the one of which the sun is a part will be discovered.

While it is not certain that the great telescope will give much new information about the almost infinitesimally small portion of space occupied by our own solar system, perhaps in spite of its limitations for observations of comparatively near objects, the "big eye" on Mount Palomar will end the dispute over the elusive planet, as well as solving a myriad of mightier mysteries of outlying space.
MY WIFE now drags me along fishing. Can you beat that? She has become a veritable Sister of the Angle. What I did, you can do. Listen.

I got darned tired trying to crowd a little fishing into her program for us. Somehow it remained cluttered up with symphony concerts, teas for visiting firemen, dinner with the McRiches. There was never a spot left for me to fish. So I did a bit of research on feminine psychology. I applied the principles I learned. They worked. Now I know the secret.

Approach gingerly and indirectly this matter of fishing your wife. For Pete's sake don't let her know you are unreeling a scheme to innoculate her with the fever. A woman is worse than a she-bass. Once you scare her off the nest you can't interest her in any bait for a long time. If she feels the hook she may never bite again.

I used to have a terrific yen to catch a muskellunge. Many a time, rowing across a northern lake, I've seen one of those old warriors lie motionless just under the surface of the water alongside a half-submerged tree top or a wild rice bed. I would reverse the oars, grab my rod and slam a gaudy plug right under the old boy's nose. Invariably he eyed it with disdain, even as I retrieved it in my imitable, tantalizing fashion. No soap.

An old Indian guide taught me the indirect approach.

"Never let that musk' know you interest in him. He smart baby. You no chase him—make him chase you."

A musky is a curious fish. Any moving thing, be it duck, boat, or another fish, excites his interest. But he attacks only the receding. He is wary, ready to stand on his nose, wallop the surface with his tail, and dive for the bottom if he suspects something is pursuing him. So with your wife.

Proceed thus. When you return from your next trip to the wilds of Ontario never mention the fishing. Instead tell about those adorable English gowns and smart suits you saw in the stores of Toronto. Mention the delicious French cuisine in that quaint little place in Montreal. Describe the wonderful antiques you "discovered" in that odd off-the-trail shop at the ridiculously low prices, practically steals. See what I mean? Tease her.

I remember so well the first muskellunge that I hooked. The weather-beaten Indian was paddling me along in his canoe. The graceful spotted
giant was snoozing in the shade of an overhanging pine, but with one eye open. I started to whip a Daredevil right at his head.

“No,” warned my guide, “not yet.”

I restrained myself.

When we were well past the quarry he whispered, “Now. Shoot away many foots.”

I followed his advice all right. I missed that old water tiger by fully thirty feet. An aura of blue air rose around us as I expressed dissatisfaction with his instructions.

In the meantime the Daredevil was being pulled away from the saw-toothed fellow as fast as my guide could propel the canoe. Suddenly the musky went into action. There was a flash, with a wake. He streaked through the water and nailed that Daredevil with a power-dive that almost jerked the rod from my grasp. Boy, oh boy!

Women are like that. Make them know you have something good—but not for them. Then pull it beyond their reach. Wham, they’re at it lantly by. Your wife will make the pass at the bait, have no doubt, and will herself set the hook.

The next step is to get your wife to select that out-of-the-way, tumbled-down shack in the remoteness of the woods where there are fish, not the swank watering place with the golf course, the club-house, and the boardwalk where the only fish are the guests.

Easy now, this step is tricky. Believe you me, it takes finesse to suck her in on this one. Every woman has a sense of the colorful and the beautiful. The next time John Bates and his wife are your guests, tell them, in your wife’s hearing, about that perfectly charming place on the edge of the crystal-clear lake deep in the piney wood. Dwell on the aromatic spruce, the tang of wood smoke from the glowing campfire, the danceling ripple on the lazy waves, the melodic notes of the woodland birds. Ecstasize on the magnificent display of aurora-borealis, and the soft copper tones of the slowly sinking sun (lay off the sunrise though, or she’ll remember how she hates to get up in the morning). Go lyrical, toss in a helping of nature verse, or that line of Ike Walton’s, “Angling is somewhat like poetry.”

Smear the pastel colors all over the place. Did you ever notice the assortment of rainbow hues to be found in the veteran trout fisherman’s book of flies? He knows the importance of color in a lure. Take trout, for instance. They’re individualistic. One wants a magenta morsel, another prefers coral, a third, royal blue or aquamarine.
So it is with the genus *femina*. If your wife is a brunette, go in heavy for vermilion sunsets, the goldenrod, and the browns of autumn. If she is a blonde, emphasize the blue depths of the shady pools, the verdant emeralds of the flora. If she is titian, topaz, bronze and amber are the hues. See what I mean?

You have a real sense of accomplishment when summer rolls around and the wife comes up with a sly, “You know, Jim, dear, I think I’d like to see that cute thatched cabin with the wild honeysuckle around the porch where you went fishing last year.”

For heaven’s sake, don’t lose your head at this moment and say, “Fine, why don’t you go with me this year?” That would ruin everything. It would be worse than jumping in a pool and grabbing at a fish with your bare hands just because he showed a casual interest in the impaled worm you dangled. Jerk that bait away. Tell your wife firmly, “No, darling, I don’t think you should go up there. Why not spend August with your mother, or vacation at home this year for a change and really rest up?” The very prospect of these scares the pants off her. She would even rather go fishing. See?

Well, your vacation arrives. The little woman has made up her mind to go with you. She has chosen the remote camp in the hinterlands. You have her safely past the summer hotels, the stores and the antique shoppes. Now comes the real test. Everything thus far is preliminary.

Obviously you can’t make a confirmed fisherman out her without her fishing. The chief danger lies in your not making a fisherman of her by fishing. If you fail here, all is worse than lost. She will make your trip a miserable one, a rough holiday. Moreover, she will never, no never, go with you again. Worse, she may never let you go again. Permit that to sink in before you reach for that last trick, before you attempt the *coup de grace*.

Her first fishing experience must be successful, but only partially so. This is the *sine qua non*. If the fish don’t bite, she will be discouraged. If she makes a haul she will underrate the sport, think that she has the earth by the tail, and, like Alexander, simply quit because there are no more finny worlds to conquer. Unless you strike the happy mean you are a gone gosling. You may as well throw away your fishing paraphernalia and take up bridge, pool-shooting, duck-pins or some other innocuous sport. Better yet, take a powder. It’s quicker.

Select a time for that fishing flyer when all is favorable. The weather, the almanac, the spot, everything. Don’t go off half-cocked at the first harbinger of game. Even your wife’s costume must be right for her. I’ve seen a promising vacation spoiled just because the gal wore a thin ensemble on a cold morning and her goose pimples got in the way of enjoyment. One man failed because he persuaded
his mate to wear old clothes; she worried about how terrible she would look if she fell in and drowned and they took her to a mortuary in those rags. Whether anyone is present to admire her or not, she must feel fish-stylishly dressed. See what I mean?

Be certain that she is clothed according to her standards for piscatorial pursuit. For one woman this may mean slacks and blouse, for another overalls, for a third a blue skirt and middy with an anchor embroidered on the pocket. You should know your wife by this time and sense what is for her the perfect costume.

And, if you ever wooed her, do it now. Put her in the canoe with all the cavalier that is in you. Make her comfortable with luxurious cushions. Tell her how fresh and gorgeous she is looking. Cite a line from Phineas Fletcher, "While by his side his faithful spouse hath place." Forget about your fishing. Devote yourself exclusively to her. You can fish some other time.

When you get to the spot you have selected, shut off the motor—or stow the paddle. Assist her with the tackle. Woman like to catch fish, but how they hate to fiddle with equipment! They are horrified at the thought of stringing dew worms or minnows on a hook. Your spouse may even come to this eventually if you handle her skillfully, but for the love of Mike, postpone that lesson to another day. Gang hooks on a plug terrify her. She has visions of those imbedded in your anatomy—or worse, hers. Rig up for her your best rod, reel and plug.

Now you are arrived at the most delicate maneuver of all. Undetected by her, cut the line half-way through, a few inches above the plug or hook. This is the master stroke.

On a half-cut line she can catch small fish only. That is good. Small fish will whet her desire to catch big fish. She could have taken many small men before she married you. She wanted the big one. See?

Now she's trolling, casting or doodling, whichever is the most likely to enable her to snag into a lunker. Wham! He's suddenly struck. She's hooked him.

She screams, "What shall I do now?"

You're excited, too. You don't have to pretend at this point, not if you're a dyed-in-the-wool Waltonian. Pray for him to break water, stand on his tail, cut all the didoes sweet to the heart of a fisherman. Shout loudly, "He's a beauty, darling, he's a beauty. Wind him in! For Pete's sake, wind him in!"

Now she has him at the boatside. This is the moment to cry, "Don't let him get away, honey, he's the grandpappy of them all." But don't make a move to help her land him. That's fatal.

She will shriek again, "What do I do now? Help me!"

You reply, "Haul him in, my love, haul him in. You have the prize fish of all time. Land him and the other girls will always be jealous of you. I shall be so proud of you, darling."

She beams. Now she attempts to heave him into the boat. You know, of course, what happens at this point. The line breaks, right where you par-
tially cut it. The fish falls back into the lake with a tremendous splash. He takes a nose-dive, flips his tail defiantly, and departs for an unknown destination.

Your wife sits down in the bottom of the boat, exhausted, chagrined. For a moment she had visions of being the lady of the lake, sportswoman of her set, even prize winner in the fish-of-the-year contest with her picture in the paper—in color. And he got away.

My wife has been insisting for years that I go back with her each summer to the scene of her encounter with that monster. Of course she never lost a really big one. Her imagination and my exaggerating have built him up into something to plug for—through a lifetime.

I smugly know what John Major meant a hundred years ago when he wrote in his preface for The Compleat Angler, "May the rod of the Critic be exchanged for that of the Fisher; and endless be the willing captives of Walton's imperishable Line," Izaak himself wrote it over his fishing house at Dove, Piscatorius sacram.

The night before a recent wedding, the grandmother was busy in the kitchen, helping to finish up sandwiches and pastries for the reception. In flounced the prospective bride and groom. As the girl leaned over the table to admire the heaping platters, the young man playfully kissed the nape of her neck.

"There now," snapped Grandmother, "no nibbling at the frosting before the cake's on the table!"

One day while playing in the park, little Johnny made friends with a genial old gentleman sitting on one of the benches.

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, "what are little boys good for, anyhow?"

Johnny considered the question carefully and then sagely replied, "Well, we're good to make men out of."

Coue complained that his famous formula, "Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better" was of little use in America. It took too long to say. Americans just cut it down to "Hell, I'm well."

A clergyman at a dinner had listened to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," he argued, "what difference it would make to me even if my grandfather had been an ape."

"Maybe none to you," commented the clergyman, "but I'll bet it must have made a lot of difference to your grandmother."

A San Diego grammar school teacher was forced to separate two little boys at recess. "Sammy," she said, "why did you kick John in the stomach?"

"I couldn't help it—he turned around too quick."
In relay spelling, each new word begins with the last three letters of the word it follows.

Below are the definitions of the twenty-five words of this spelling relay, with the first three letters of the first word given as the starting mark.

You'll find the answers on page 52.

On the mark! Get set! Go!

1. Good place for sick people. Hos
2. A kind of powder. ..................
3. Heaping white clouds. ..............
4. Gloss. ..............................
5. Breach of allegiance to the government ..................
6. Fourteen line poem. ..................
7. Lower. ..............................
8. Birthright. ..........................
9. Small blue flower. ...................
10. Cart formerly used in France. ........
11. Unwilling. .........................
12. Direct opposite. ...................
13. Female relative. ...................
14. Member of the tortoise family. ........
15. High point. .......................
16. Pertaining to the clergy. ...........
17. Steam organ. ......................
18. Musical drama. ...................
19. Typewriter accessory. ..............
20. Discourse from the pulpit. .........
21. One who advises or warns. ..........
22. Abundant or tumultuous flow. .......
23. Enslave. ...........................
24. A compound of metals produced by fusion. ........
25. Faithful. ...........................

A man and his wife used to have occasional friendly fights. One night after an unusually warm session, the man was sitting on one side of the fire and his wife on the other. Between them lay the cat and dog lazily dozing before the fire. After a while, the wife ventured this remark, "Now, dear, just look at that cat and dog. See how quietly and peacefully they get along together. Why can't we do that?"

"That's all right," said her husband. "But you just tie them together and see what will happen!"

"How did your horse happen to win the race?" a man asked the jockey.
"Well, I just kept whispering in his ear, 'Roses are red, violets are blue—horses that lose are made into glue.'"

**Centerpiece**

Lovely and charming Marilyn Maxwell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is the answer to many a young man's June-time dreams.
1. Miguel Aleman, president of Mexico, salutes Kansas City admirers.

2. WHB’s Dick Smith interviews Mrs. R. W. McCawley, assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Mrs. C. W. Weiss, Jr., Republican National Committeewoman from New York.

3. The National Commander of the American Legion, Paul H. Griffith, tells WHB listeners about veterans’ accomplishments.

SMALL in size, big in stature, Clarence R. Decker is a man of many parts.

A practical visionary, an administrator of tremendous ability and driving vitality, Dr. Decker has built America’s youngest university into a very real cultural force making front page educational and political news around the world.

At 33, he was the youngest university president in the United States. At 42, he has just been beaten at tennis by a student for the first time.

Standing five feet, seven and one-half inches tall, and weighing 135 pounds wringing wet, “Deck” can wield a racket, pack a canoe, shoulder a bird gun, or surf-cast on a par with almost any amateur sportsman. He works in his huge garden several hours each day—clad only in swimming trunks. He is inordinately fond of Chaucer, chess, chamber music, and fried fish. The fish he catches himself, and cooks with only slight help.

But the first love, the primary obsession of this very intense person, is the University of Kansas City.

It may come as a shock to many of his friends and associates, but Clarence Decker is an extremely shy man. Large gatherings terrify him. He invents a dozen reasons why it is impossible for him to attend big parties. He develops aches, pains, and assorted ailments at an alarming rate. But in the end, cajoled and managed by his understanding wife, he goes to them. And, once the conversational subject has swung to the University of Kansas City, he is completely in his element. It then becomes a task to get him home again. For the one exception to his rule of reticence is the University. He will speak for it, fight for it, solicit for it, defend it and further it in any possible way, with no thought for himself. Dr. Decker’s devotion, his energy and ambition, are the things which have done most to make the University what it is today.

He came to the University thirteen years ago as chairman of the department of English. He had taught previously at the University of North Dakota, Northwestern University, De Paul University, and Illinois Wesleyan University. In January of 1938, he was appointed vice-president of the University of Kansas City, and he took the president’s chair six months later. During his entire association with the school he has worked relentlessly and prodigiously toward its expansion and improvement.

What this work has accomplished is more or less common knowledge.
He has succeeded in obtaining substantial gifts. That, after all, is a primary task of the president of every private educational institution.

Further, realizing that no school can become great without a great teaching staff, he has collected a fine faculty of outstanding educators—young, and as he points out, grossly underpaid.

He has supplemented this permanent group with some of the most important figures in the world of education today by means of a “visiting professors” plan which brings to the campus such men as Andre Maurois, Benjamin Fine, Louis Untermeyer, Norman Angell, T. V. Smith, Bernard Pares, and Wallace Atwood. The students, regular faculty members, and the entire community benefit from associations with these men.

He has expanded the school physically, and has superintended its tremendous growth. The University’s enrollment has increased from 264 students to 3300, and this year nearly 3000 others were turned away. This is not an inflated enrollment: it is not caused in any real sense by the influx of returned veterans. With the attack on Pearl Harbor the University lost nearly all of its young male students, and it had no special military units on the campus during the war. Yet enrollment climbed steadily. As soon as proper facilities may be developed, the school will handle about 6000 students a year, and will continue to grow. The current peak will be reached about 1950.

Dr. Decker has fostered adult education. It is a project very dear to him. “Like radio,” he says, “universities have a tremendous potential in adult education. The surface scarcely has been scratched.”

The University now offers a wide range of night school subjects, and has a surprising number of students over 40 and even 50 years old. Decker has cut technicalities to a minimum: anyone may attend any course offered.

Moreover, under Dr. Decker’s direction, the University operates on a full schedule. It is open from eight in the morning until ten at night, 12 months out of the year. Its first function is to service the Kansas City area, from which two out of three students are drawn. It does not yet aspire to compete with older institutions on a national basis.

The War brought wonderful changes in education methods, according to Dr. Decker, but the basic aims are unaltered. “As in the time of Plato,” he says, “the primary purposes of education are to train people to support themselves, and to fit them for lives as thinking, responsible citizens in what is, at best, a precarious world.

“We’ve learned that certain studies—languages, for instance—may be speeded up. We were wasting a lot
of time. But the reflective courses must be absorbed slowly. In many subjects we only start people on the right track. Real education in philosophy and logic comes with the years.”

Dr. Decker believes strongly in these “reflective” courses, and in a sound grounding in the basic knowledges comprising a well-rounded education. For that reason, he has instituted a series of “foundation” courses in fine arts, history and government, physical sciences, biological sciences, and philosophy. In addition to English composition and foreign languages, these are required of all students in the College of Arts, and it is planned to extend the requirements to students in the other colleges.

But the University offers a number of progressive studies, too. A large visual aids department has been created, and all of the advanced methods developed by the military are employed. There is an excellent radio department which teaches microphone techniques, radio acting, script writing, and various phases of production. The department produces six air shows a week, including the popular high school quiz show, It Pays To Be Smart, which it presents in cooperation with WHB and the Kansas City Public Schools, and Our Town Forum, also in cooperation with WHB.

Dr. Decker, who received his Ph.D at the age of 23, was a precocious boy, and he has always been sensitive about his youth. Since his tennis defeat this spring he likes to say he is a “precocious old man,” but there are those who would question that, among them the wide-eyed freshman girl who spoke to him on the campus recently. “Oooh!” she said, “I’ll bet you’re at least a sophomore!”

Clarence Decker was tennis champion of the Fargo, North Dakota, Y. M. C. A. at the age of 15, and he is still proud of it. He was a Phi Beta Kappa at Carleton College, and president of the student body. In 1924, he won the national collegiate oratorical contest. Those are the early achievements you might expect to find in a college president’s past. What you wouldn’t expect to find is membership in the “Royal Riders of the Rods”—result of having bummed 20,000 miles on the steps, blinds, and rods of railroads during 1924 and 1925.

He visited the art galleries of England and Scotland. He got there, however, by cattleboat. Later he studied in various continental universities, principally the University of Berlin, and traveled over most of Europe and Asia Minor, largely by his wits.

In 1937, he married Mary Bell Sloan, Bloomington, Illinois, in the University of Chicago chapel. They had been friends for a long time. She
had audited some of his English classes, and had collaborated with him on a novel which was published in both the United States and England.

Mrs. Decker has taken perfectly to the rather trying business of playing wife to a college president, something of a tribute to her ability to live in a goldfish bowl.

She is a charming and competent hostess, able to make poets, politicians, and sophomore boys feel at ease. She manages to get Dr. Decker to appointments on time, and is an accomplished pianist. This last is particularly important to her husband, because Dr. Decker began studying violin at the age of four, and it is still one of his greatest diversions. Since he suffers from insomnia, the Deckers often descend to the living room at midnight for a couple of hours of Mozart followed by bacon and eggs, which the Doctor prepares personally.

His love of music led him to found, in 1935, the Kansas City Chamber Music Society, which has brought most of the world's great ensembles to the city.

Getting places on time is also important to Dr. Decker. The key to his success is his almost unbelievable ability to concentrate. He is able to think about the problem on hand to the exclusion of all else. This is a valuable attribute, but it occasionally causes him to miss trains. Once, when some exceptionally important dignitaries were coming for dinner, and elaborate preparations had been made to entertain them, Dr. Decker failed to arrive home in time to dress. When dinner had waited more than three-quarters of an hour, Mrs. Decker sent a searching party after her husband. He was discovered in the recreation hall, playing chess with a student. His complete concentration obliterated all thoughts of dinner, social obligations, time, and the outside world.

The University of Kansas City was recently in the news, when it conferred an honorary LL.D. degree upon Miguel Aleman, President of Mexico. The ceremony grew out of a trip the Deckers took to Mexico City in 1938, and a stormy meeting there with Salomon de la Selva, Nicaraguan poet and close friend of Aleman who was not yet President. De la Selva and Dr. Decker met at a small party, and almost immediately fell into a bitter argument over United States' foreign policy. Later, the Deckers drove de la Selva to his home, in frigid silence. Out of courtesy, he asked them in. Out of courtesy, they accepted. He introduced his brother, a famous painter, and the four began a spirited discussion of Mexican and American art. That led to literature, music and more international politics, and an all-night bull session. They parted great friends.
Several years later, de la Selva visited the Deckers in Kansas City. He and Dr. Decker sat up nearly all of another night, again talking about the idea of bringing a President of Mexico to the United States as a way of dramatizing the friendly relations that could develop between the two countries.

"Nobody really thought of it first," Mrs. Decker says. "It was just one of those crazy ideas that seemed good."

The war postponed the idea. Then Aleman, de la Selva's good friend, became President and the crazy idea popped up again. It was proposed that the Mexican President visit the Middle West, tour some of the model farms of this region, receive an honorary degree at the University of Kansas City as the climax of the trip. Protocol changed and supplemented many of the original plans. The White House had to come first. But, on May 7, Miguel Aleman stepped before President Decker to receive his degree.

It was the second honorary degree the University has conferred. The first was received two years ago by President Truman, on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the School of Law, which he had attended as a student many years before its absorption by the University.

The Aleman ceremony went off without a hitch, but at least one interesting behind-the-scenes incident occurred. Dr. Decker, in an attempt to escape diplomatic demands for a short time, retired to his garden. Just then a formal and effervescent group of Mexican officials arrived at his home. They had been entertained there previously in great state, and knew the lay of the land. Off they went to the garden.

Mrs. Decker, helpless to stave off what she knew would come next, convulsed in quiet hysterics.

And the delegation found Deck. They found him in bathing trunks, hoeing his radishes!

What followed was a little confusing. There was mutual embarrassment, of course, dissipated when Dr. Decker gravely offered each of the visitors a radish.

This then is the man who heads the University of Kansas City. He is a hoer of radishes, a catcher of fish, a reader and writer of books. He is a musician, teacher, thinker, leader. A small man with a large future—Clarence Decker!

Macmillan's, the book publishers, received a wooden box. It smelled like ham. It weighed like ham. Appetites sharpened in the editorial offices. Everyone gathered round as the editor lifted out—not ham—but the eleven-pound manuscript of Forever Amber.

A suitcase from Ernest Hemingway arrived at Charles Scribner's & Sons. But no key. The editor could hardly wait to read the new manuscript and he wired Mr. Hemingway, hunting in Idaho, time and again. But no answers. Finally, the editors could wait no longer. He called in a locksmith. At last the cover was flung back. But no manuscript. Only shoes and suits to be stored until Mr. Hemingway's arrival.
WHENEVER a newcomer enters politics or show business his first discovery, after realizing the choice was sheer insanity, is that he is the principal victim of the liberties contained in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. That is to say, victim of all such reference to freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

Show me a novice angel to show business whose property has been damned by a critic and I'll show you another crusader out to run some self-styled newspaper pundit off the face of the globe. They argue, and with fierce logic and some sane reasoning, that it is sinful, inequitable, reasonable and plain ratty of such persons to write pieces which injure and often kill their enterprises.

Whenever they present their arguments they all cite the same considerable defense, and almost inevitably concur that no other business on the American scene gets the shoddy treatment vented by the press as that lofty citadel of culture, the legitimate theater. To be sure, the movies are critically inspected in a sort of sand-bagging way but inasmuch as flesh theaters only spend money by the dime's worth, the public has been educated to look to the dramatic columns for the real blood-letting pieces.

Maybe the impressarios are right. Could Business America take the autopsies and post mortems accorded the shows? And if the same attention was accorded them, what would the yawning advertising columns do to sustain the life of a newspaper?

Without striving to be too earnest about such an eventuality, let's take a few random enterprises and put them under critical glasses and then reflect on the pulse beats of the board of directors.

The financial editor's review would doubtless impart a personal touch and all the prejudices incurred by the writer's forebears. It would be dangerous to allow a financial reporter a carte blanche authority. The result would unquestionably come out something like this:

"Depositors along LaSalle street cringed in terror yesterday with the announcement of the merger of the Basin Street and First American banks, two pillars of pilfer which have monopolized the local banking business scene for generations. The union brings under one roof an assortment of bandits, con men, widow-strippers and coin magicians as gifted in double-talk as Houdini was in double joints.

"The doors were scarcely opened under the new combination when it became apparent that the practice of usury, trick entries, phoney deductions and heartless foreclosures were proceeding with double speed and thoroughness. The cuspidors shone as brilliantly as the seats on the pants of the suckers struggling to retrieve a little folding . . . etc., etc."

The Market Basket Editor would have a field day reporting his beat, to wit:

"The A.B.C. Market opened store No. 106 yesterday exactly like the system operates its string of grocery store asylums. Pushing, snarls and bad manners were the chief commodities and complexes were as superior as merchandise was inferior. Butchers and vegetable counter clerks had a grand lark playing snobs and weighing their hands with every sale. The order of the day was short weight and short change. A typical day at good old A.B.C."

Of course, the newspapers, when they branch out to weigh the values and merits of other vital items for sale, will have some nice subjects to deal with when they cover public utilities, real estate, transportation, religion and even the conduct of professional men. Put them all together for a general appraisal and a Variety headline writer might be impelled to caption such a review with a slight variation another of its memorable banner lines, thus: "America Lays an Egg."—Marion Odmark.
The nation's first playground may not have the kitchen sink—
but it has everything else, including hot water.

by JETTA CARLETON

The United States has 169 national parks, and all of them have scenery and fish and flora and fauna and a bunch of stuff that qualifies them as national parks. But in the northwestern corner of Wyoming there's a park which is to all others as a Ziegfeld production was to most other musical comedies.

Yellowstone Park has everything and lots of it. It’s the first, the biggest, the most varied, and the most spectacular of all the natural show places in the country. Besides its geysers and grizzly bears it has a great big lake, the largest in the northern hemisphere to be so high up (almost 8,000 feet); a river with two or three waterfalls, one of them nearly twice as high as Niagara, a flock of good sized mountains; the fossil forests of Amethyst Mountain; its own Grand Canyon; more steam than a Turkish bath; and hot and cold running water.

If the wonders of Yellowstone aren’t an old story to you, it’s simply that you aren’t a tourist, don’t know any tourists, never sat in someone’s darkened living room while they ran off colored movies, and haven’t read any magazines for the last several decades.

People have been writing about Yellowstone since long before it became a park. Jim Bridger used to put it down in pictograph, at least, as early as 1830, with a piece of charcoal and a buffalo skin. Then along came one David E. Folsom who in 1869 wrote an account of an expedition to the Yellowstone country and sent it to several Eastern magazines. All of them turned it down. Lippincott’s, that venerable publication, sent it back with a terse little reminder that “we do not publish fiction.”

Folsom’s article finally appeared, in Chicago’s Western Monthly, in July, 1870, after the editors had deleted all the passages they considered too incredible. That was sixty-three years after John Colter had wandered alone and on foot into the Yellowstone country to become its discoverer, and the very year of its first really effective and official exploration. The Folsom-Cook Expedition of 1869 spearheaded the movement for the Washburn-Doane Expedition of 1870.
By the time General Henry D. Washburn had made his reports, Yellowstone was considered news fit to print. The New York Times, no less, came out with an editorial on October 14, 1870, insisting that although reports of that astounding region read like a "child's fairy tale," they were undeniably true. The Times even went so far as to describe some of the bona fide wonders, adding, however, that such a name as "Hell-broth Springs" was in "questionable taste."

Bad taste or not, "hell" was a term applicable to many parts of the "Land of Burning Mountains," as the Indians called it. They also called it the "Land of Yellow Stones." But they seldom went near it. They figured that was where the evil spirits lived, and it was too much for them. Later, when the white man had instructed them in the meaning of hell, they knew just where it was. In the East the region was known for years as "Colter's Hell." As for Colter himself, he was considered all kinds of a liar, and so were most of the early explorers of the Yellowstone country. Those days passed, and everybody believes the tales now.

But there's no believing like seeing. And to see Yellowstone Park is—for all the ga-ga prose and the corny verse written about it—still quite an experience.

Yellowstone is what it is, thanks to a few geological periods, the Department of the Interior, and various park companies. The Cretaceous and Tertiary periods and thousands of years of glaciers worked on the northwestern corner of Wyoming to make it a natural for a national park. Volcanic action heaved up a mountain rim around an enormous basin. A few million years later a couple of volcanic bursts half-filled the basin, creating a plateau. The Ice Age scooped and hollowed its way through volcanic materials—and there it was, ready and waiting for the United States Government to turn it into a national park. The region had to wait several thousand years, but it had plenty of time.

The government's first action that even remotely concerned Yellowstone was the Louisiana Purchase. This gave the United States a section of western and northwestern country from which the Territory of Idaho was formed in 1863. The next year, the Territory of Montana was carved out of the Territory of Idaho, and in 1868 the Territory of Wyoming was in turn carved from Montana.

Meanwhile, Yellowstone had been discovered in 1807, and on March 1, 1872, the Department of the Interior took over officially when President Grant signed the bill creating the first national park in the United States.

The idea for a national park is credited first of all to David Folsom. But it took root firmly around a campfire one night during the Washburn expedition. According to the record, it was the night of September 19, 1870, when discussion arose concerning Yellowstone and its park possibilities. One of the party's backers, Nathaniel P. Langford, was smitten with the idea. He became one of the chief agitators for turning Yellowstone into an official preserve "for
the benefit and enjoyment of the people,” and later was appointed its first superintendent, sans remuneration. He worked so loyally in behalf of national parks in general that he became familiarly known as “National Park” Langford instead of Nathaniel P.

Once the park bill had the presidential signature, the long battle for appropriations began. None were granted until 1878, despite the efforts of innumerable Congressmen and others. Then Congress set aside a mere ten thousand dollars for Yellowstone Park. Meanwhile, things hadn’t gone too well in that national wilderness. The police force was sadly inadequate, and wild life was taking a beating at the hands of visitors. It wasn’t until 1894 that legislation was secured for something like adequate protection of the park and a more thorough administration.

Yellowstone Park covers an area 62 miles long, 56 miles wide, most of it Wyoming. A small section now lies in Montana, and a sliver in Idaho.

In the early days, almost every entry into the Yellowstone country was made via Helena. It was quite a trick even to reach Helena. Montana had no railroad; the nearest railroad point was Corinne, Utah, five hundred miles away. Wells, Fargo ran daily stages between those two points, and the trip took four days. In the summertime it was possible to reach Fort Benton, 140 miles north of Helena, by boat up the Missouri River. From the Fort one traveled to Helena on a stagecoach that ran three times a week. It was 3,100 miles from St. Louis to Fort Benton, a trip that took four to eight weeks. Boat fare alone cost one hundred dollars.

Today Yellowstone—to say nothing of Helena and the whole of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming—is accessible from every direction and by every means. The west entrance, not far from Old Faithful, is served by the Union Pacific Railroad.

In the park alone, three hundred miles of excellent roads wind through the scenery, in addition to nine hundred miles of horseback trails, so that the traveler may view the natural wonders as close as nature and the park rangers will allow.

Park visitors are classified under two headings. If you drive your own car and pitch your tent in any of the fifteen or more free camping areas, you’re a sagebrusher. If you arrive by bus, train, or plane, and live in one of the hotels or lodges, consider yourself a dude.

Something like 500,000 dudes and sagebrushers flock into Yellowstone Park each year. During the war, of course, the number decreased. But it picked right up again. Within a few days after V-J Day, travel to many of our national parks had doubled. That’s how much the people want to see the sights. And at Yellowstone Park there are more
than its share of sights to see.

As scenery goes, Yellowstone is literally hot stuff. Since it is an old volcanic region, its beauty is based on steam. The geysers are the park’s number one attraction, as well they might be, since they are found in only two other places in the world. They were known first in Iceland. “Geyser” derives from the Icelandic word meaning “to gush.” New Zealand also has geysers. But neither of their regions is so large or so active as the geyser region of Yellowstone. In six large basins, the park lets off steam by means of several thousand geysers, mud springs, and mud volcanoes.

To make steam, both heat and water are necessary. For Yellowstone geysers the heat is supplied by molten masses of rock lying not too far below the surface. These are leftovers from that ancient volcanic period. A couple of scientists not long ago found that 265 feet below the ground the steam had a temperature of 400 degrees. The weather, along with nearby lakes and streams, supplies the water. As the moisture sinks into crevices of the earth, it is heated by the molten rock. There’s your steam, and it has to come out somewhere. The geysers are its outlet. They are a sort of tube through which the steam rises. However, since cold water also descends by means of that same tube, pressure builds up, until finally the steam wins out and escapes with a roar, sending the water hundreds of feet into the air with perhaps mud and rocks along with it. Then the whole process begins all over again.

Some geysers put on a regular show for the crowd. Old Faithful, a name almost synonymous with Yellowstone, erupts on an average of every 65 minutes. For almost a million times since its discovery in 1870—and for thousands of years before that—it has hurled water 120 to 170 feet into the air for four minutes at a time. The park’s largest geysers, the Giant and the Giantess, throw water to a height of 250 feet. But the Giant plays only once in every seven to fifteen days, and the Giantess only once or twice a year. Occasionally a geyser blows itself out. This happened to the one called Excelsior, which used to rise to a height of 300 feet. In 1888, after some fancy erupting that tore loose huge rocks and hurled them...
up, it exploded, sending out a column of water reported to have been fifty feet wide. That just about finished Ex-
celsior. Two years later it retired, and now only a large crater of boil-
ing water marks the spot.

The hot water that boils through Yellowstone has created another of its salient phenomena. This is the ter-
races or Mammoth Hot Springs—gi-
gantic deposits formed of limestone deposits brought up by the water. Close to the west shore of Yellow-
stone Lake there’s another boiling spring enclosed by cone shaped rock walls that rise from the bottom of the lake. This is the Fishing Cone. In the good old days, fishermen could catch and cook a trout with a couple of flips of the line. But the Park Service finally put a stop to the cooking.

In addition to its thermal marvels, Yellowstone has its share of moun-
tains and forests. The naturalist, John Muir, once wrote that it had “hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinder and ashes, and mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky.” He wasn’t wrong. All these hills exist in Yellowstone, the result of volcanic action. The glass mountain is Obsidian Cliff, a huge hunk of natural glass, dark and brittle, formed by the sudden cooling of lava. On Amethyst Mountain geologists have found buried forests, twelve of them, one on top of the other, each having grown above the lava that covered its predecessor.

Riding, boating, and fishing are perhaps the chief occupations in the park. Visitors may fish without a license, but fish caught inside park

 boundaries and taken outside are sub-
ject to the laws of whatever state you are entering. The individual limit is fifteen pounds of fish, dressed weight, including the heads and tails, plus one fish which may not exceed a total of ten fish. (You’ll find full informa-
tion in the National Park Service bulletin, a guide which every pros-
ppective visitor to Yellowstone should have. The Department of the In-
terior, National Park Service, Chi-
cago 54, Illinois, will send you a copy free.)

One of the commonest varieties of fish found in Yellowstone is the cut-
throat trout. It got its name be-
cause of a peculiar marking that re-
sembles—well, a cut throat. Strangely enough, this fish found east of the Rockies is actually native to the Pa-
cific regions. It is a close relative of the Pacific Coast Salmon. Scientists have decided it probably came east via Two Ocean Pass—a stream which emerges in a meadow in Yellowstone, there divides, and sends its waters toward both the eastern and the western oceans.

Time was when a major occupa-
tion of park visitors was watching the bears fed. But since 1945, artificial feeding has been discontinued. This was done to prevent an unnatural concentration of the large bear popu-
lation, to give them a more natural setting, and in some measure to pro-
tect the tourists. The bears were getting too friendly in their own clumsy way, and sometimes they didn’t know their own strength.

Visitors are forbidden to feed the bears or even make a friendly gesture toward them. They are also for-
bidden to produce a piece of soap around a hot spring, and don't let this give you ideas. You may not do the family wash in any hot spring, even if Owen Wister did, back in 1887. Soap, it seems, makes a hot spring or geyser do unpredictable, sometimes drastic things. It does something to the rhythm and the structure of the steam vents that upsets them temperamentally.

The story goes that a Chinaman once set up a laundry over a spring near Old Faithful. So much steam and hot water, he figured, should be put to use. The good man got all set for business, put the first bundle of dirty clothes into the spring, and up went laundry, Chinaman, and all.

So remember, when you visit Yellowstone this summer—no soap!

"I love him—I love him not—I love him—I—"
"CARL," Jerome said, "you've got no right to look so sophomoric. Leave that to your son. Get yourself a paunch and a cane and settle down."

Carl Smith seemed amused at the pleasantry, but he said nothing. Instead, he looked around Jerome's severely expensive office, stared at the law books as if he expected to see someone hiding there. Jerome watched him uncomfortably.

"Where's Joe?" Carl asked finally. "Isn't Joe meeting with us this year?"

Jerome jerked his two chins as if his collar had suddenly got too tight. "Good old Joe," he murmured.

"Not dead, is he?" Carl asked quickly.

"Very much alive," Jerome said.

Carl looked at Jerome thoughtfully. "Born a lawyer, you were," he remarked. "Can't hoe a straight row, even conversationally." He continued to look at Jerome, who pursed his lips and said nothing.

At last Carl said, "I deduce that good old Joe isn't going to be here to celebrate our good old 27th anniversary of graduating from good old Harvard?"

"Good old Joe," Jerome said, by way of reply.

"I'm glad I'm a farmer," Carl said fervently. "Glad I raised my son to be a farmer. Dammit, Jerome, what's the matter with Joe? You two legal bigshots finally step on each other's toes?"

"Oh, no," Jerome said. "We just aren't speaking."

"I can't believe it," Carl said.

"Joe's serious about it," Jerome said. "In a way I don't blame him."

Carl grunted. "If you admit that much yourself, you must have done Joe a great wrong."

"You're a hard man, Smith," Jerome said facetiously. Then he added gravely, "I wish, though, that you could patch it up between us. I miss him, and I miss seeing Edith, too. Naturally you can't be friends with a man's wife and not be speaking to him, can you?"

"Not very comfortably," Carl said. "Let's have it."

Jerome pushed a box of expensive cigars at him. "I was only doing my duty, Jedge," he said plaintively.

"You don't seem to take it very seriously," Carl said, holding the unlighted cigar and looking hard at the fat man behind the desk. "Your closest friend, you lose his friendship
after all this time, and you sit there
and kid about it."

"Just to hide my aching heart," Jerome said. "No, seriously, Carl. I feel rotten about it, really I do. But it was something I had to do. Maybe you can get him to shake hands and be friends. But the truth is, Joe was making a fool of himself over some woman and it seemed to me the best thing to do would be to tell Edith. So I did."

Carl looked scandalized.

"Oh, I know you’re not supposed to tell the wife," Jerome admitted uncomfortably. "This sort of thing is always supposed to blow over, especially when it comes on at our age—they call it the dangerous age, don’t they? But this woman had her hooks into him pretty deep, and they were all heading for trouble, Carl, Edith and their younger daughter, too—just got herself engaged, you know."

"So you told Edith," Carl said contemptuously, "and Edith told Joe you told her, and Joe won’t speak to you?"

"Well—in a way," Jerome said, looking hard at the ash on his cigar. "I told Edith, but I told him, too. What happened was one Sunday morning when we had a golfing date I got the two of them together. I said I hated to do this, but I was the closest friend they had, and it might hurt now but it would be all for the best. And I told them all the town knew about this woman. And that she was a gold digger but that Joe couldn’t seem to see it."

"Joe must have loved that," Carl commented.

"He didn’t take it like I’d hoped," Jerome admitted. "The one thing he hadn’t wanted was for Edith to find out, of course. He thought, in his innocence, that he was just being a gay old dog, and never suspected for an instant that this woman would ever be able to force his hand."

"And Edith?" Carl asked, adding, "I grant you my share of that. Weeping women! I can’t stand them."

"Edith didn’t weep," Jerome said quietly. "She laughed."

"Laughed? Oh—hysteria."

"No, she was amused. She laughed and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. Every time she could stop laughing she’d say something like, ‘Joe, darling!’ or ‘I don’t believe it, I can’t!’ or ‘Joe, the great lover!’ and then she’d go off into another gale."

"What a sense of humor!" Carl said.

"It did the trick," Jerome said reminiscently. "After awhile Joe began to chuckle, then before he knew it he was roaring away with her. Naturally, he couldn’t take any love affair of his seriously after he and his wife had laughed over it together—now, could he?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, that’s why he’s not talking to me," Jerome said. "It’s an injustice. I saved his marriage. But, I guess the truth of it is," he concluded sadly, "I hurt his pride."

"And lucky that’s all you hurt," Carl said sternly. "You took a steep chance."

"Well, no," Jerome said judiciously. "I didn’t at all. I had been to Edith earlier in the week with the story and she asked me to tell them
both on Sunday. As I did. You don’t suppose,” he asked brightly, “that she’d planned it all just as it happened, do you?”

Carl took a few extra cigars and slipped them into his pocket. Then he stood up. He exchanged a long look with Jerome.

“All right,” he said. “I’ll take a leaf out of Edith’s book. I’ll see if I can get good old Joe to laugh at you, too.”

He started out of the office, then at the door turned and added, “That ought to be easy.”

“And here’s our special for the month of June.”
Mythellaneous

A confirmed woman-hater looked up from the piece of wood he was whittling by the old cracker barrel.

"Women wouldn't be here except for a little misunderstanding," he snarled. "The Lord came down from the sky one day and asked Adam how things were going. Adam felt a little persnickety that day and said, 'Lord, you ain't giving me no company.'

"That's right," said the Lord. 'Maybe what you need is a nice woman.'

"Adam turned white at that and said, 'Aw, Lord, can't you take a rib?'

"And that's just what the Lord did. The next day Eve put in her appearance, and you fellers know the rest of the terrible story."

A taxi driver whose fixed fee is seventy-five cents for the trip from a certain hotel in Washington to the Navy Department Building received just that amount from a prosperous looking customer.

"That's correct, isn't it?" the man asked as the cabby stared at the three quarters.

"It's correct," answered the cabby, "but it ain't right."

Relay Spelling

ANSWERS

1. Hospital 13. Sister
2. Talcum 14. Terrapin
3. Cumulus 15. Pinnacle
4. Lustre 16. Clerical
5. Treason 17. Caliope
6. Sonnet 18. Opera
7. Nether 19. Eraser
8. Heritage 20. Sermon
10. Tumbrel 22. Torrent
11. Reluctant 23. Enthrall
25. Loyal

A wolf is like a modern dry cleaner—works fast and leaves no ring.

One morning a small boy living on a farm ran to his mother, crying because the other children in the neighborhood had gone on to school without him and he would have to walk the trip alone. "Sure," said the mother, "they have gone ahead, but they haven't taken the road with them."
Out in the sweep of the Missouri countryside there is an incipient revolution in rural life which promises to spread far beyond the borders of the state.

The center of this revolution is in the Bible College of Missouri and the Agricultural College of the University of Missouri, both in Columbia.

They’re beginning to train ministers especially for the rural churches, men equipped by education not only to minister to the needs of the soul but to the needs of the soil—men trained to help farmers to better agricultural methods.

The plight of the rural churches—centers of community life in the country—long has plagued religious leaders.

The Bible College appears to have found the answer.

The College, established by the Disciples of Christ, with grounds, buildings and endowment estimated to be worth $350,000 created by gifts of members of the Christian Church, decided to mark its fiftieth anniversary by developing the key to healthy, active rural churches.

Dr. Carl Agee, the dean of the Bible College, calls it a "radically new" plan. It’s different from anything ever tried before because it places an equal emphasis on training a man in agriculture and other phases of rural life, as well as in religion.

Dean Agee says that for years leaders in religious life in rural communities have been ill-prepared, or have taken to the rural work only because they were unsuccessful in other phases of the religious field.

As a result, rural churches have sickened and died. The growing network of all-weather roads has offered escape of sincere rural lay members to town churches. The effect goes much deeper than a decaying church building. That decay deals the community a terrific jolt—for in the church was one of its great centers of interest.

Dean Agee says that the college plan to establish a course aiming at a degree of "Master of Rural Religious Life" promises to put new spirit into country community religion by providing leaders who not only are capable of teaching religious values, but who also understand and are sympathetic with the everyday problems facing the farmer. They will be qualified to advise him on crop rotation, animal husbandry, contour farming and a dozen other vital agricultural topics.
It’s a two part plan. In the first place, it aims at providing a new type of minister for rural parishes. In the second place, it also expects to aid in the development of rural communities so they will be able to support such well-trained and understanding ministers in a suitable and comfortable manner.

County and district groups in Missouri are being urged to adopt the “Lord’s Acre” plan, with each member of the community devoting the produce and proceeds from one acre of his land to the church. Funds obtained by that plan will go to the minister, who will also have a modern, well-equipped farm and home furnished by the community.

Last September, six students began to study toward the newly created degree. And 30 more will begin the course next fall.

Dr. Agee says that several students should receive the degree in 1949. When they get their sheepskins, they will have completed a four-year course leading to a Bachelor of Science degree in agriculture, which includes some work in religion. Then they are subjected to one year of intensive study in religion on the graduate level.

Meantime, the trail is being blazed for them. The Reverend Gene W. Wetherell, a Methodist, on August 1, 1945, received a call to work as “Extension Minister for the Rural Church” as a part of the Bible College plan. A 40-year-old farm-trained minister, Wetherell went to work with the entire state as his parish.

It was the first time in its history that the resources of the College were placed behind the support of anyone other than a Disciple.

Wetherell is spending his time developing demonstration churches in each of the major denominations and working on one inter-denominational situation where four churches might be led to cooperation. He reports that his work has received a hearty welcome from the rural areas over the state.

He’s known from the “boot-heel” in the southern section of the state to the northwestern corner. His extension ministry was the first office of its kind ever created. In his travels he encourages rural groups to adopt the “Lord’s Acre” plan; enlists students for study at the Bible College, a non-sectarian institution despite its supporting faith; and spots prospective parishes for eventual graduates in the course in rural religious life.

Too, Gene Wetherell has been doctoring quite a few rural churches back to health.

Dean Agee says that the farmer-minister plan was conceived originally to serve Missouri. But now he believes it will spread over the country, for he has been receiving inquiries from other states and Canada. Agee believes that this move to provide a trained ministry to interest itself in agricultural problems may mean “a revolution in rural life.” He foresees the time—what with the REA raising the standards of rural
home life—when it may be more desirable to live in small rural communities near fair-sized towns than to live in large cities.

The rebirth of the rural church is vital. Listen to a part of one of Gene Wetherell’s reports:

“The most neglected areas in the life of rural people of Missouri are the spiritual and social. The closing of country churches has left many communities without moral and spiritual guidance and with no center for social life. This lack has caused our farm communities to lose many of their most intelligent young people.”

Wetherell’s advice on agricultural problems is sought after by farmers. It’s a change from the boyhood he recalls. Then the ministers seldom were drawn into such talk because it was believed their purpose was to administer to the soul.

“The ministers we train here will be more than peddlers of sectarian religion,” Agee will tell you. “They will be men who know rural life and who go to a community to develop its life in all phases.”

Wetherell, while extension minister, symbolizes those who will receive the new degree. He grew up on a farm in Callaway County, Missouri’s famous “Kingdom of Callaway.” He was a 4-H club member. Farm earning helped pay for his ministerial training. He has served both rural and urban churches.

As for the good roads which lead farm folk away from decaying country churches, Wetherell has an answer:

Those same roads will lead them back to the country churches, once the rural centers of worship get the shot in the arm the Bible College program aims to give it.

Vacationer’s Diary

Only ten lines apportioned
Today’s events to record?

But I saw Yellowstone Canyon—
Centuries and centuries old—
An eastern sky at morning
Rich with painted gold;

I saw Old Faithful geyser
Erupt its misty spray—
Imagine ten lines recording
The events of such a day!

Billie Williams.

An eighty-year-old man was as unconscious of his age as a youngster. One cold day he came in wet and muddy from his knees down. “I wanted to cross the creek to see about the cow,” he explained. “I used to jump it clear and easy, but now every time I try, I land in the middle. Guess I just ain’t noticed it getting wider.”
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HIGH BARBAREE—Van Johnson, June Allyson, Thomas Mitchell, Marilyn Maxwell. When his Navy Catalina flying boat, "High Barbaree," is forced down in the South Pacific, Alex Brooke (Johnson) unfolds a past romance to his navigator. His earliest ambition had been to become a doctor. Through the years, he and his childhood sweetheart, Nancy (June Allyson), drifted apart, and he dropped his medical studies. Nancy learned of his engagement to someone else, and left for nursing duty in the South Pacific. Alec then broke his engagement and resumed his medical studies, until the outbreak of war. As Alec tells the story, he and the navigator grow weaker. In the final scene, the two Navy men are rescued, and guess who turns up on the rescue ship to make a very pat ending for an otherwise good film.

UNDERCOVER MAISIE—Ann Sothern, Barry Nelson, Mark Daniels. A new job with the police force finds Maisie working to expose a gang of dangerous confidence men. She assumes a brunette glamour disguise to get her evidence, but it is a little too thin, and the gang lures Maisie into a trap. She is taken to the hideaway, where she overhears a plan to put her out of the way. However, ingenious Maisie has left a trail, and at the last minute is rescued by the two police force members who have been jockeying for her attentions all along. Maisie is Maisie is Maisie.

THE ARNELO AFFAIR—John Hodiak, George Murphy, Frances Gifford. Neglected by her busy husband (Murphy), Anne Arnelo is fascinated by gangster Tony Arnelo (Hodiak). One of Tony’s ex-flames is murdered, and the only clue is a vanity case with the engraved initial "A." Anne’s husband finds a key to Tony’s apartment in his wife’s pocket, and suspects her of the murder. Anne, caught in a web of circumstances, tries to commit suicide at the same time that Tony is forced to confess his crime. Anne’s life is saved, and she and her husband start life anew.

R-K-O

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH—Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan, Charles Bickford. Although discharged from a naval hospital as cured, Lieutenant Scott Burnett (Ryan) is tortured by recurring nightmares to such an extent that he postpones his approaching marriage. Touring the beach, he meets Peggy Butler (Miss Bennett), whose husband is blind. After Scott and Peggy become infatuated with each other, things begin to happen. Scott lets the blind man fall over a cliff, but the fall isn’t fatal. Later, while the two men are fishing, Scott is thrown overboard. Better see this one to catch the smash climax.

20th Century-Fox

THE HOMESTRETCH—Cornel Wilde, Maureen O’Hara, Glenn Langan, Helen Walker. Attractive, spendthrift Jock Wallace (Wilde) buys a horse, then falls in love with the former owner’s niece (Maureen O’Hara). Following her to England, he persuades her to marry him, and off they go to Argentina for the Gran Premio race. Wife Leslie wants to go home to Jock’s Maryland farm to have her baby. But after an accident she loses the child; and, fed up with the extravagant life of the racing crowd, she returns to America. Jock disappears, then turns up with a Derby entrant. Dispirited when his horse loses, he finally goes back to the farm, where Leslie waits at the door. Technicolor helps.

Paramount

WELCOME STRANGER—Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Joan Caulfield. Another excellent vehicle for Bing and Barry, who appear as doctors. Bing, young and fresh from the city, goes to Fallbridge, Maine, as a vacation substitute for the older man, but his apparent brashness causes Barry to try to get another substitute so he can get rid of Bing. After Bing saves his life by performing a brilliant piece of surgery, the old man changes his mind, and tries to induce Bing to stay in Fallbridge. A controversy over the appointment of a medical superintendent for the town’s new hospital ends with Barry accepting, provided Bing will remain as his assistant, a chore which a pretty young schoolteacher persuades him to accept.

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN—Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Brian Donlevy. When Ray, as a psychology professor, is misquoted by a newspaper as advocating wife-beating, he sues the paper for $300,000. The city editor (Brian Donlevy) assigns his top sob sister (Teresa) to persuade the prof to withdraw the suit. She enrolls for post-graduate study at the university and, disguised as a maid, sneaks into his study to get the manuscript of his next book. Finally she gets assigned to Ray’s class on psychology, and falls in love with him, though he is engaged to the dean of women. In the final sequences, Rhys Williams, playing the judge, gives an outstanding comedy performance. Fine entertainment throughout!

PERILS OF PAULINE—Betty Hutton, John Lund, Constance Collier. The story is based, rather tenuously, on the life of Pearl White, queen of early movie “thriller” serials. The picture covers the period from Pearl’s ascent to fame in pictures to her popular triumphs in Paris after leaving America. All of Pearl’s most hair-raising stunts are reenacted, including the runaway balloon episode, which is hilarious. Romantic interest centers around John Lund, whose one previous appearance was in To Each His Own. Lights, cameras, and much riotous action in the Hutton style.
"There's nothing new under the sun" ... and it certainly doesn't worry lovers of popular music these days. Evidence of this may be seen in the fantastic return of old songs on record. As a consequence, we've been re-released to death—and we love it!

For instance, take the tune Heartaches, an inactive number if there ever was one. A fellow by the name of Ted Weems made a recording of it long before the Big Apple ripened and South America took us away. No one gave the record or the melody much thought. Time marched on and the record went the way of all unused master cuts, to the wax museum. The Decca Corporation, one cold winter day in '47, decided to release some of the old numbers, hoping that sales would prove profitable. Radio and disc jockeys started the record Heartaches rolling on the turn-tables and this is what happened:

Today, the record industry expects to sell four million platters of Heartaches. Sixteen bands have made hasty recordings. The little man who originally put the notes down on the manuscript, John Klenner, has callouses on his palms from the glad-hand boys, and all of tin-pan alley is cheering a new star. The company which holds the lucky copyright will haul down a smooth $150,000 through the accident of having acquired Heartaches along with some 400 other tunes it purchased from an inactive firm for $10,000.

Let's see what happened to one Ted Weems. Prior to this nation-wide publicity, he was leisurely playing modest jobs on the West Coast. Now his band is on top and he's swamped with dates, getting $2500 a night—guaranteed, that is! As Ed Wallace of the New York Telegram puts it, "So far as anybody can discover, there just aren't any heartaches in Heartaches."

Platter Chatter

That Elliott Lawrence crew has played 49 colleges in the last nine months: is now "resting" at the Meadowbrook ... Tex Beneke's Blues of the Record Man may be a best seller akin to Juke Box Saturday Night ... Stan Kenton's new release won't put an end to the concerto business, but Concerto To End All Concertos will sell fast to jazzfans ... The Capitol Diskery is trying hard to scotch rumors that Jo Stafford is heading for another record firm... Cab Calloway and Vaughn Monroe are now listed in Who's Who, a book that seems to grow fatter and fatter ... One thousand copies of Jan August's Malaguena are being distributed to radio stations for plugging ... Vic Damone has a new singing contract with Mercury ... Jane "Outlaw" Russell will record for Kay Kyser and Columbia soon.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37293 — Metronome All Stars with Frank Sinatra, Nat Coles, and June Christy. Sweet Lorraine and Nat Meets June. Here are the "greats" of the jazz music world all rolled into one disc. Sinatra does his usual smooth job on the Lorraine side, while June Christy and Nat Cole vie for vocal honors as Nat meets June. Superb solos by Charlie Shavers (trumpet), Johnny Hodges (tenor) and Eddie Safransky make this a must for jazz fans.

COLUMBIA 37279—Les Brown and his Orchestra. Triskaidekaphobia plus Why Don't We Say We're Sorry? Don't let the first one fool you. It's really quite simple in spite of the title. It concerns the number 13 and is really a slick novelty expertly vocalized by Butch Stone.
The reverse is quite danceable with able crooning by Jack Carroll.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

MGM 10020—Art Mooney Quartet doing Mahzel and That’s My Desire. Here’s the quartet you’ve been hearing about, and the recent shouts of approval are for this latest release. Mahzel is a novelty that should reach hit proportions. The words are extremely clever. The flipover is a hit tune already, with clever arrangement by the Quartet. Both sides are A-1!

MGM 10026—Ziggy Elman and Orchestra do Ivey and I Believe. That former T.D. trumpet man is now with band . . . and what a band! Both sides of the record are smooth rhythm numbers with out-of-the-ordinary arrangements ably executed by the new group. Ziggy’s solos throughout are worth more than the price.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas, AT 1206.

SIGNATURE 15085—Johnny Bothwell’s Swingtette. Chelsea Bridge plus Dear Max. The first side is a weird piece of music but the alto sax solo is something from another world—superb! Dear Max is strictly swing, and nice swing it is. Throughout, you’ll hear both alto and baritone sax work by Bothwell. A “must” for swing fans.

MAJESTIC 1106—Tony Mottola Four. Trigger Fantasy and Guilty. In the Fantasy business we find one of the most relaxing things in jazz on wax. The tune is named after “Trigger” Albert, bass man, and features a top-notch solo chorus. The flipover features fine guitar work by Mottola plus Johnny Guarnieri, piano, and Morey Feld, drums.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

MGM 10011—Art Lund with Orchestra conducted by Johnny Thompson. Mam’selle plus Sleepy Time Gal. The more we hear Art Lund, the better we like him. In this new release he brings forth one of the best renditions of the top tune of the day, Mam’selle, which is backed by an old favorite with the colorful Lund vocal. Fine background music is provided by J. Thompson.

CAPITOL 387 — Stan Kenton and his Orchestra. Across The Alley From The Alamo and There Is No Greater Love. Across The Alley brings a commercial tint to Kenton records, deviating from his previous jazz series. June Christy and Vido Musso are tops in respective solos. The overside features The Pastels, who provide interesting results with their unusual vocal arrangements on an old favorite.

*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE 1718.

DECCA ALBUM 461—Bing Crosby singing Favorite Hawaiian Songs. There’s not much to say about Bing’s work in this new album, except that he’s up to his usual top performance. Here you’ll find such old favorites as A Song of Old Hawaii, My Isle of Golden Dreams, Sail Along Silvery Moon, Trade Winds, and many others. It’s music strictly for dreaming.

VICTOR 20-2234—Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra. Through (How can you say we’re through . . . ?) plus Sunrise Serenade. Here are two sides that bring back an authentic reproduction of the old Miller style. Gary Stevens sings Through with superb interpretation. You’ll find Sunrise Serenade as exciting as it was years ago. Both sides top quality.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.

DECCA 23713—Mills Brothers. I’m Afraid To Love You; reverse You Broke The Only Heart That Ever Loved You. Both songs are well done up in the familiar Mills brothers’ style . . . free and easy, with plenty of harmony. If you’re partial to the Mills brothers you’ll find this new release a prize.

VICTOR 20-2209 — Sammy Kaye and Orchestra. The Egg and I with After Graduation Day. The Egg is already an established tune and is ably sung by Mary Marlow. The reverse piece should become a very popular tune about this time of year and the excellent work by Johnny Ryan and the Glee Club make this recording of it a fine one!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.
New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION

THERE is more to New York than Manhattan. A short drive upstate leads to rolling hills, mountains, trout streams, rushing rivers and hundreds of little lakes. The farms, the people and the little towns have the same homely quality as those in Missouri or Ohio. They make Manhattan with its towering buildings and congested streets seem like another world—which indeed it is. Usually a driving tour is prefaced with good intentions—the “Now we’ll just take our time” type of thing, and ends up with the driver going too far and fast and getting thoroughly worn out. But, for a short and easy tour, try a jaunt from Manhattan to Niagara Falls and back. It can be done in four days, and that means plenty of leisure time for looking and lingering. Go the mountainous route and plan one stopover at the Mark Twain Hotel in Elmira, one of the prettiest little towns on the map and full of Mark Twain lore.

Manhattan is full of vaccinations in various stages. Though the smallpox scare was short-lived it brought about the most general public response since the war. Millions were vaccinated by their own doctors or at police stations, hospitals and temporary stations. Made a nice conversation piece and a relief from the subject of weather. It’s amazing how many vaccinations “took” despite good scares from years ago. Too many people wait until they are going to a foreign country to take this precaution, relying on the old idea that it can’t happen here. Now, with world traffic as it is, anything can happen. All incoming and outgoing ocean liners and air liners are under strict vaccination surveillance, as authorities will countenance no thought of a smallpox epidemic in these parts.

Airplane travel still holds terror for many earth-bound human beings. A trip by air was recently offered to a highly-valued maid. She looked up at the sky and said, “That’s for the birds up there, we have enough troubles down here. When you fall from up there you come down like an ironing board.” To the theory of “if you’re going to die, you’re going to die,” she said, “When I die I’m going to try to die in bed . . . which is proper. And, if I can’t I’ll do the next best thing—expire on earth!” No use to present figures on pedestrian, train, bus or car fatalities to her because the sky is for birds and that fixes that.

Only a few hotels round about seem to believe that a wash cloth is a necessary item in the ablution department. You might think that hotels would get tired of having hand towels used for that purpose, but apparently they don’t. Dripping hand towels are no gem for guests or the laundry, and must present a problem in mildew and expense. There is a solution. On the market now is a paper wash cloth called “Fresh-N-Up,” and it is a dandy. On first presentation it was received with a tongue-in-cheek attitude, but with one try a star was born. Description: a fairly large piece of rather stiff, perforated paper which, when dipped into water, becomes soft and pliable, and the perforations cause soap to lather in a divine way. We can’t say enough for it and it should prove to be a good household commodity as well as a boon for hotel guests.
A new type of hotel radio has made its appearance here, a slot job. Insert a quarter and you get entertainment for two hours. This is not a bad idea for visitors, providing they have the correct change; but it may not prove to be a boon for the owners, inasmuch as the mechanism is not thoroughly dependable.

Elizabeth Bergner was in Toronto recently with her road show of The Two Mrs. Carrolls (the movie is a poor reproduction of the original) and was expected to arrive at a cozy little restaurant for a late supper. Her husband preceded her to the restaurant and told the proprietor that Miss Bergner was very fond of a glass of beer with her supper. Well, intoxicants had been rationed in Canada, but Toronto and a couple of other Canadian cities had just gained permission to serve certain types of cocktails and drinks. However, beer wasn’t on the list of permissibles.

Fortunately, a patron of the restaurant heard about the dilemma and quickly dispatched a taxi to her home where six bottles of treasured beer had been taken from the basement and were ready for “call.” When Miss Bergner arrived at the restaurant—a wispy little lady whose off-stage appearance seems incongruous with the flame she presents in the theatre—a chilled, foamy glass of beer was served with her supper. There are a lot of backstage incidents that we never know about; here is an off-stage incident that perhaps Miss Bergner will never know about.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (International). Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Webster, and any number of other excellent actors make their bow to high class nonsense in this good looking version of Mr. Carrolls. Lillian Linn, a diminutive dancer, plays Alice. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). Arthur Miller has a lot to say about the cause and effect of war and uneasy peace. It’s considerably more effective than a sermon or a legal indictment. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in a very funny play by Garson Kanin, who believes that honesty is the best policy. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Some tears and more laughs in the story of a burlesque comedian who got so good he couldn’t take it. Bert Lahr and Jean Parker are funny and handsome, respectively. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). About the librarian and the Pink Lady. Helen Hayes goes to hell and proves herself a comedienne of the first order. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). And there are some who don’t care if he does. Others find it fun. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince, that nice young fellow from the movies, carry on as neatly as if the play were a lot better than it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Something like perpetual motion. It’s in its eighth year. Brandon Peters is a new recruit in the role of Father; Mary Loane carries on as Mother. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ LOVE FOR LOVE. (Royale). John Gielgud, who did wonders with The Importance of Being Earnest, is now playing Congreve, under his own direction. With him are Cyril Ritchard, Pamela Brown, and Robert Flemyng. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, admirably assisted by young Dick Van Patten. All about him in the upper income brackets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.
**NEW YORK THEATRE**

**BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK.** (Martin Beck). Max Shulman's book about college communism and nonsense at the University of Minnesota isn't as funny as its author intended, but it is a George Abbott production, and has the efforts of Billy Redfield and Nancy Walker to sustain it. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). A humorless but handsome singing and dancing musical with a sound score, colorful staging, and a number of talented performers. Among the latter are David Brooks and Pamela Britton. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**CALL ME MISTER.** (National). A fine revue written, scored, produced, directed, and played by ex-GI's and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.


**SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). More of an excuse than a vehicle for Bobby Clark, one of the world's funniest men. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

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**NEW YORK THEATRES**

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

- Adelphi, 160 W. 44th
- Alvin, 250 W. 52nd
- Barrymore, 243 E. 47th
- Belasco, 115 W. 44th
- Bijou, 209 W. 45th
- Biltmore, 261 W. 47th
- Booth, 254 W. 45th
- Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th
- Coronet, 203 W. 49th
- Empire, 221 W. 46th
- Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th
- Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th
- Hudson, 141 W. 44th
- Imperial, 209 W. 45th
- International, Columbus Circle
- Lyceum, 149 W. 45th
- Mansfield, 256 W. 47th
- Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th
- Music Box, 239 W. 45th
- National, 208 W. 41st
- Plymouth, 236 W. 45th
- Royale, 45th St.
- Shubert, 225 W. 44th
- St. James, 246 W. 44th
- Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th

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**MUSICALS**

**PORTRAIT IN BLACK.** (Booth). Claire Booth Luce, formerly of Washington, portrays the prettiest paranoic of the season. She has the able support of Sidney Blackmer, Donald Cook, and Dorothea Jackson, but the vehicle is weak melodrama, at best, and there's no getting around it. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). Good fun at the expense of a certain party known as the grand old. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson help Lindsay and Crouse kid the pants off politics. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morasco). A sergeant on a week-end pass may be old stuff, but love never is. Which is why John Van Druten's comedy of four years ago is still as fresh and charming as ever. With Alan Baxter, Phyllis Ryder, and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Sunday at 2:35.

**THE WHOLE WORLD OVER.** (Biltmore). Post-war status quo in Russia, as Konstantin Simonov sees it. An exceedingly funny play, beautifully acted by Joseph Buloff, Uta Hagen, and a few others. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

**YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon wrote it, Fredric March is the star, and the whole thing couldn't be better. It's Miss Gordon's captivating account of her early life and times. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). A badly written, poorly paced, and not very funny play about a summer camp for boys. Some of the actors do rather well, though, especially Bill Talman, who plays a camp councillor. He shouldn't have much trouble finding another job, and he'll probably need one soon. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

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NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL
by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AL SCHACHT'S. If you can talk baseball you'll be a lifelong buddy of Al's. If you can't talk big league you just have to retire to a corner and munch on delicious Southern fried chicken or a juicy steak. 137 E. 52nd. PL. 9-4753.

★ ARMANDO'S. The place crawls with the youngsters but they don't eat much so there's plenty of good food to go around. Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden make the piano and accordion speak of romance and far-away lands. S 4 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ BLACK ANGUS. It's just that. Aberdeen Angus beef prepared a thousand different ways. Each way seems better than the last. The place is attractive, modern and the prices somehow seem to fit any amount you happen to have along. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BILTMORE. There's more music here than you can shake a baton at. Phil Wayne and Ron Perry in the beautiful Bowman Room; Mischa Raginsky in the famous cocktail lounge. If you're the manly type try the Men's Bar. The girls can't even squirm their way in! Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. All kinds of sea food and delicious roast beef but as the title implies, you'll find the house specialty is deliciously browned mutton chops. The decor will take you to a stone's throw from Downing Street. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Barney Josephson offers the gay and charming Lucienne Boyer, Edmund Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio. Your food will grow quite cold while watching the excellent floor show. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ CHATEAUBRIAND. Famous for its French cuisine this lovely restaurant serves imported foie gras and pate maison as specialties. If you can't read French, just point—you're bound to hit something good! 145 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

★ CHEZ LINA. Another Frenchy—a wee quiet spot specializing in home cooking. Onion soup! Ooo! And escargots, frog legs, filet mignon. A little bar and very reasonable prices. 70 W. 52nd. EL 5-9881.

★ CONTINENTAL. There's a palmist by the name of Marion Neville and some very clever murals on the wall on a "dog life." The food has a continental air and is most delicious. 19 E. 60th. RE 4-0150.

★ ENRICO AND PAGLIERI. A Village restaurant that has been serving the same appetizing Italian fare for years on end. Table d'hote and a la carte. Drop in Sundays after 1 p.m. There'll be no need for that Sunday night snack, friend! 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4656.

★ "49". Imagine a filet mignon for a buck seventy-five! You can get a big sirloin for a dime less and you might want to try those barbecued spare ribs with the special sauce. Mmmmm! 49 W. 57th. PL 3-1889.

★ MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN. Mighty homey setting. No drinks, but gosh, you don't even feel like lighting that cigarette . . . you're almost afraid the "old man" might catch you! Good old home cooking. If you're a stranger in town and lonesome, drift on over to Mom's. 47 W. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ REUBEN'S. You could live in the place for a month—pastry shop, ticket office, florist and Douglas christened after celebs. You should try the cheese cake—the kind on a plate. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ ROSE. Gregarious Italian people strictly at home because they serve their native fare and they know it makes you happy. Ah, the martinis—they're really dry! 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ RUSSIAN SKAZKA. It's modern enough but still Rooshian although they serve American food, too. A delightful Balalaika orchestra from seven and folk dancing on Fridays . . . a cleaned-up jitterbug style will get you by. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Dancing daily from five on, to Clemente's marimba band and Conn's orchestra. The lovely Narita sings with Clemente's group. Excellent breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Savoy Room. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ SAWDUST TRAIL. The decor duplicates an old English music hall and the place is informal and friendly. Amy Andrews and Beryl Bevan head the entertainment. The 7:30 cover is just on account of the mugs. 156 W. 44th. BR 9-9741.


★ TONY SOMA'S. Walk in the door and you land smack back in the twenties. Tony, Mabel Mercer and Bart Howard do the entertaining and if Tony likes you, you won't have to pay the minimum. Excellent a la carte. 59 W. 52nd. PL 5-0170.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Starlight Room features Mischa Borr and Griff Williams. Mischa also holds forth in the Sert Room and Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing in the Flamingo Room. Norse Grill is swell for breakfast and the fellows can hide away in the Men's Bar (boys only). Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ ZODIAC ROOM. Your horoscope is painted all over the walls but it takes no crystal gazing to foresee a pleasant evening for you and your party in this charming room. Open at five with cocktails 58th & Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-9900.
MR. DUNCAN HINES, the eminent authority on victuals and how to avoid ptomaine poisoning when eating out, recently wrote an article for a national magazine in which he endorsed the Wrigley Building restaurant as a pretty good place in which to tuck in a napkin.

Does Mr. Hines know what he’s doing? We doubt it. Certainly he’s right about the food. It’s about the best in Chicago and priced much lower than might be expected. The drinks are generous and well-mixed. Certainly there’s nothing wrong there. It’s the customers that should have given Mr. Hines pause for thought before suggesting that innocent tourists from North Weehawken patronize the Windy City’s favorite hang-out for advertising and radio characters.

Take what happened on a recent Monday noon, Mr. Hines. The usual two hour lunch rush started out normally enough with the usual clamor for martinis, manhattans and tables. But on this particular Monday the Wrigley Restaurant bar, over which the genial Lou Harrington presides with seemingly inexhaustible patience, raised its prices. This would seem like a small economic incident, Mr. Hines, but you just don’t know the weird clientele inhabiting the Wrigley bar. The throng of radio and advertising hucksters refused to take this financial slap without making what they considered an appropriate protest.

This protest took the novel form of paying for every drink with pennies—seventy pennies for a scotch and soda, sixty pennies for a martini, and so on. The characters whose elbows have polished the bar through the years arrived loaded with hundreds of pennies, thanks to the convenient proximity of the Boulevard National Bank. If you don’t think there were hundreds of pennies, Mr. Hines, you just don’t know the capacities of Mr. Harrington’s regular customers. In no time at all he was up to his elbows in bright copper coins. The register was quickly filled and an SOS was sent out to the bank for canvas bags. Two hours later when the battle of the bulging bags was over, Mr. Harrington had to be pulled from behind his barricade of swollen canvas by a couple of Brinks express guards. There was a glint in his eye which boded ill for the first character who said, “Hello, Lou. A penny for your thoughts.”

How about it, Mr. Hines? Do you think it’s fair to suggest to innocent tourists that they risk their lives in such a place?

A very nice guy named Rudy Vallee has been in our midst for some time and will probably stick around for quite a while. Mr. Vallee is right at home at the lush Copacabana, where he’s the big attraction in the floor show. The years certainly haven’t changed Rudy much. He still looks and sounds like the Vagabond Lover of other years. He works hard in the show with excellent results and also spends a lot of time table-hopping between performances. Business has been extremely rewarding as a result.

Not so at other bistros around Chicago. For the last three months there has been a great wailing and a tearful wringing of hands on the part of most restaurant and bar managers. It is the personal opinion of this observer that they can assume a large part of the blame themselves. Soaring food, liquor and entertainment costs were gaily passed on to the suckers at the ringside tables. Prices were so high in some of the plushier spots that it took the better
part of a week’s salary just to ogle the chorus line. Mediocre talent that six years ago had a hard time getting a job in a two-bit burlesque show started asking and getting five thousand a week. On New Year’s eve one restaurant gained considerable publicity by charging one hundred dollars for a deluxe hangover. There was no medium-priced job.

So now it is harvest time. The ropes are seldom up even on weekend nights, and on Mondays and Tuesdays business is pretty brutal. Unless there’s a lot of convention business around, there’s hardly a soul in most of the cafes to disturb the waiters’ gin rummy games.

However, considerable commotion has been caused recently in some of the finer places around town by Mr. Bing Crosby, the groaner. Mr. Crosby was spotted in the Pump Room wearing a sweat shirt and orange pants. He was seen in several other oases wearing equally colorful combinations. All of this proves the value of a Name, a Reputation—Fame. Any localite dressing like Mr. Crosby and entering the sacred portals of Mr. Byfield’s Pump Room would quickly get the old heave-ho.

On radio row—Michigan Avenue from East South Water Street (which, incidentally, doesn’t even get close to any water) to Ohio Street—WJJD has proudly come up with two programs which are getting a lot of local attention. The station’s pride and joy is the Ernie Simon Show, which, as might be expected, features a fellow named Ernie Simon. Mr. Simon is a disc jockey on the screwball side. People avidly tune him in just to find out what he’ll do and say next. Then, finding out, they sadly nod their heads and wait with great anticipation for the next Simon broadcast. Mr. Simon sings along with the singing commercials, heckles the high-priced announcing talent on the transcribed spot announcements, and generally succeeds in getting everybody around the station into his act. It’s all very hectic, confusing and refreshing—and a great change for the housewives from Life Can Be Beautiful and Joyce Jordan, Girl Female—or whatever the correct title happens to be.

Another popular show from the WJJD gang is Mrs. Steven’s Party Line which specializes in interviewing club women, church and civic groups in their native haunts. It’s in the Life Goes to a Party tradition, with Doris Larson, the photogenic miss who divides her time between modeling and radio, acting as hostess for the sponsor. A typical broadcast was recently wire-recorded in a DC-4 airliner flying over Chicago with the highly social members of the St. Luke’s Hospital Women’s Board as guests at a “sky luncheon.” All went well until the very end of the broadcast when Miss Larson had considerable difficulty in avoiding some of the ladies who were rapidly becoming airsick. Pale-faced passengers who are having a little difficulty hanging onto their lunch do not make the best subjects for radio interviews.

**CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL**

*by MARION ODMARK*

**Show Cases . . .**

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Henry Brandon’s orchestra now graces the bandstand and the Boulevard-Dears still steal the show in costumes and beauty.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Haunt of the blue-bloods who know good food when they taste it and the finer points of small musical outfits.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan Avenue and Walton Place (Sup. 2200). Ron Perry is set here for summer dancing and those wonderful cool green and white draperies are again the background.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Jack Fina’s talented keyboard technique, his orchestra and a Morrell Abbott revue of Americana values make maximum entertainment.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). There’s matinee dancing, evening dancing and a light-hearted atmosphere about this Avenue cocktail spa.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi 5301). Highly touted cuisine (not inexpensive) and a patio for outdoor dining if you’re lucky enough to have advance reservations.

★ **JACQUES’ FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N Michigan Avenue (Del. 9040). Outdoor dining in
Once in the early days of his distinguished journalistic career, Edwin P. Mitchell included in one of his dispatches a rather sweeping condemnation of a certain local political organization.

"That won't do," objected his editor, Alphonso Ross. "You may think every member of that outfit is an utter fool, but don't write it."

"Then what shall I write?" asked the young reporter.

"Say," replied Ross, "that every member, with one solitary and conspicuous exception, is an utter fool. Then when it's printed not a single fellow in the whole outfit will be offended."

A young sergeant was passing out apricots in small paper dishes to the chow line. He decided to experiment. He asked the next few men as they came by, "You don't want any apricots, do you?" And 90 per cent of them said, "No."

"You do want apricots, don't you?" Approximately 50 per cent answered, "Yes."

The sergeant then asked, "One dish of apricots or two?" And despite the fact that soldiers don't like Army apricots, 40 per cent took two dishes and 50 per cent took one.
The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. You’ll recognize this popular cafeteria by the bright little bluebirds inlaid in the tile walls of the building and also by the steady stream of people moving into the door. Owner W. W. Wormington has a crew of master chefs that turn out delectable dishes of a wide variety. Clean and neat as a pin, air conditioned and easy on your purse. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON’S. Walk a stone’s throw south from the corner of 12th and Baltimore into a gourmet’s and garlic lover’s paradise. If you love food, you’ll love Max Bretton. Pastries and beef and some wonderful European dishes, if you’ve a mind. Max will make the most of what you’ll be served, and tend to your slightest whim. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ GUS’ COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT. Two months ago we dubbed Joshua Johnson the “Boogie King of Baltimore” and from comments we’ve heard, the handle is going to stick. Ole Josh doesn’t need the title to get along, though. Order a great big steak while listening to Joshua and eying the pretty lasses. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ IL PAGLIACCO. Spaghetti and meatballs any way you want ‘em. And you’ll be surprised at the many delightful ways they serve them in this handsome restaurant. Suave Frank Ross is your host and Dave McClain rounds out the pleasant atmosphere with soft piano rhythms. Bring your out-of-town guests for a touch of real Kansas City hospitality. 600 E. 6th St. HA 8441.

★ KELLEHER’S MART CAFE. An excellent eatery that is becoming increasingly popular with discriminating diners. Fine smorgasbord, and your choice of dinner wines—compliments of the house. Merchandise Mart. VI 5887.

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL’S. We like to talk about genial Frank Marshall’s Brush Creek place and we often do—mmm!—that lovely chicken he serves out there. But this month we’ll talk about those inexpensive and soul-satisfying business men’s luncheons and breakfasts over at 917 Grand. The place is packed to the rafters every day and you just know the food is good because you see the same faces. My, how those perky waitresses scurry about, balancing trayfuls of home-cooked dishes. You don’t have to ask Frank if business is good. In fact you can see through the crowd to see him! Brush Creek at the Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ PATSY’S CHOPHOUSE. Can you imagine a big beautiful slice of prime ribs of beef for just a buck and a quarter? How do you want yours—rare or medium? And that’s not all. There’s a delicious Italian salad made with real olive oil accompanied by a towering platter of French bread. Frozen vegetables, too. Incidentally, we nominate Lou Ventola for Kansas City’s “Host of the Month.” Just a skid off the East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. Fanny Anderson does the cooking and amiable young Jerry does the hosting. Jerry puts you in a good frame of mind when you enter the place and Fanny keeps you that way with her beef, steak and fried onions. Sit at the bar and chin with Jim Pusateri over a very dry and very delicious martini. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. As much a Kansas City landmark as the river bluffs. This venerable institution was serving delicious lobster when most of Swing’s readers were in three-cornered pants. The place is rich in tradition and the food bears out the reputation. The Savoy is an absolute “must” for the food lover. 9th & Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ CABANA. Alberta Bird intoxicates you with her Hammond rhythms while you sip your cocktail or partake of a noonday snack. Chatter, chatter is the watchword here and it’s fun to join in. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips. 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. Kind of Latinish with broad red-and-white striped walls that keep you on an even keel even if you have had one too many. No music except the nickelodeon, so no tax. That makes for a pleasant, inexpensive evening. The waitress will bring you a sandwich from upstairs if you get hungry. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Charlie Gray tickles the tuxes while handsome gents sit at the “for boys only” bar. If you’re dragging, you can sit on the leather seats surrounding the bar or up a deck at tables for two or three or—how many have you? Good drinks. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. If you can’t sing college songs you’ll be out of the swing here. But even so it’s surprising the number of moms and pops who come to listen in on the fun. Official hangout for the CC district, Mary Dale “solos on the vox” a the kids say, and there’s fun and merriment aplenty. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ TOWN ROYALE. There’s a haberdashery on the corner and after you’ve purchased your new
tie you can stroll next door and display it to the charming belles that always abound in the downtown sister of the Plaza Royale. Zola Palmer executes intricate musical maneuvers on her Hammond organ while the bartender does good things to your drink. The food here is above par. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ RENDEZVOUS. If you like to drink at the bar on the Chief you'll like to drink here because the liquor comes in those little vials—"if you're sitting at a table, that is. There's a circular bar that supports the elbows of Kansas City's business elite. Don't stare at that ambassador, son, drink your drink. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. It's warm out now and those tall, cool, exotic drinks you'll find at the Tropics are super coolers. Done in the manner of a beachcomber's hangout, the room is dim and quietly relaxing. Soft background music that makes for soft talk and maybe a sweet nothing or two. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Carrot-thatched, teen-aged Eddie Oyer does an unbelievably mature job at the piano in this cozy room. Eddie's repertoire ranges from Bach to boogie and he can play either to your satisfaction. Along with Oyer are Margery Decker and Lillian Way. White-jacketed barmen ply you with good drinks and efficient service. For a dance or two, step down the hall to the El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Dale Overfelt has done a swell job since taking over the ownership reins and our hats are off to this well-liked gentleman. Dale offers the sprightly pianistics of Bus Moten, prince of the jazz piano. Bend your neck while bending an elbow at the bar and see old time movies and sports reels on a screen above the barkeep's noggin. The food here is delicious and there are many specialties from which to choose. If you get thirsty on Sundays, just bide your time till midnight when the doors of the Interlude open. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Can you sing? Well, even if you can't, Alma will accompany your efforts and she can play anything you can hum. We've watched her pick up the tune of a song she's never heard before. Food and good salads. Every other Tuesday the Muehlebach chorus meets here over a beer (Muehlebach, of course), and the voices blend into very fine musical entertainment. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ CROWN ROOM. By the insistence of many patrons of this popular establishment, Judy Conrad and his orchestra furnish the music for your evening of dancing. In the outer room there's a bar that curves like the lazy bend in a river and beauteous Varga girls in scanty attire on the walls. Three martini's and the figures start whispering into your ears. There are games in the evening with champagne prizes and from two till five of an afternoon, you'll get a copy of the drink you're holding for free when the bell rings. Fun. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ MARY'S. There's been a change. Lots of new things have been added. A cute little cocktail lounge called the "Alibi Bar" nests in the south corner of the building and mixed drinks are also served in the main ballroom. Cigarette bands make this a one night stand and you're always assured of good music. Mary and Jim Nixon have done wonders with their new decorations. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ MILTON'S TAP-ROOM. Julia Lee at the piano and Baby Lovett at the drums are now a Kansas City legend. If you want proof, ask the Decca company, or better yet, go see and hear for yourself. Milt calls us "stretch runners" but heck, that's when Julia Lee is at her slambanging boogie best! Dim, smoky, hilarious. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Who has more fun than pachyderms? People! That's who. And they have it 'midst elephants, other people and big stiff drinks like Daddy used to mix. It's a wee place but it sure is friendly. They screen "oldies" at one end of the room, too. Everybody funs, frolics and laughs at the Pink Elephant. Hotel State, 12th & Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Just east of Kansas City on Highway 40 this lovely old Southern house stands in quiet beauty. Inside you'll find the genial Ken Porter who'll see to it that you're seated and cared for in the best Southern style. Pleasant music and entertainment by Will McPherson, Ray Duggan, and Don Ross. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. Jeanie Leitt, educated boogie booter, holds you so spellbound you can't even munch your barbecue ribs. That's a fact! The place is so crowded you can never get a seat—but who cares?—Jeanie keeps you up in the air anyway. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Just a stumble off the Phillips lobby you'll find this muraled coffee shop. Along with your business lunch you get a mimeo news sheet and the remote music of Alberta Bird, WHB's staff organist, right from the Cabana. Busy, bustling and efficient. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Why take seventy-five words to describe one of Kansas City's best restaurants? It's perfect. Ask any air traveler or local inhabitant, or better yet, see for yourself. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA. Operated by Martin Weiss, this midtown cafe serves exciting
continental dishes as well as American fare. We like the tall green water bottles that decorate each table and we also like the quiet El Bolero bar that is situated a step or two up from the dining room. They have a little cart, too, that holds your favorite bottle of spirits and wheels it right to your table. 3650 Broadway, VA 3040.

★ BARRIL BUFFET. Golly, what barbecue! There's not a barbecued sandwich that these people can't duplicate, and do a better, tastier job of it. The Accuro brothers are swell gents and their friendliness prevades the atmosphere like a rich, heady wine. The place is immaculate and newly redecorated. The drinks are good and strictly man-sized, bub. If you don't see what you want, ask Jack and he'll turn the place upside down to get it for you. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A very refined and dignified dining room is featured in this lovely Southside hotel. Get away from the din and bustle of city life and relax before a home-cooked meal. The service is courteous and efficient and the kitchen is immaculate. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. The "r" months have passed but there's still "that wonderful lemon pie" and a complete line of salads and other foods. And—those delicious, creamy waffles are back! The waitresses are always dressed in starchly white and they've changed their chant from "uh stew!" to "uh waffle!" Mr. Glenn has an "overflow" room right down Walnut Street for the crowded noon hours. Scarratt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Just good hotel food is the phrase for it. Service at the wide counter in comfortable leather seats or at surrounding tables. The place for that Sunday breakfast. Try the strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ NU WAY DRIVE-INS. Owner Duncan boasts the two best drive-ins in the city. There's a reason for it, too. The car hops are fleet as Achilles, the sandwiches are well-prepared and tasty, and the root beer floats are terrific. Don't attempt to honk your horn or flick your lights because the cute little car hop will be at the door before you can do it. If you're out South you can drive in at Meyer and Troost. Midtown it's Linwood at Main. VA 8916.

★ UNITY INN. An unusual vegetarian cafeteria decorated in cool green with white latticework and tile floor. The food is delicious, and the pastry is the town's finest. A pleasant, restful atmosphere. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ EL CASBAH. This supper club has offered the musical wares of many nationally known orchestras. Wayne Muir and his orchestra are the current attraction and this versatile lad is on his way to the top. Kansas Citians are flocking to hear this outstanding orchestra, particularly the dual piano arrangements played by Wayne and Ted Dreher. Winsome Beverly handles the vocals in a most charming manner. Floor show is always entertaining and there's no cover. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. A handsome spot hosted by Johnny Franklin and well-supplied with danceable music by Dee Peterson, the longtime favorite with locals and visitors. Good food and down-to-earth prices are additional reasons why this is the right place for that special celebration. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. A big, two-levelled playground tastefully done up and currently reverberating to the rhythms of Eddie Rogers and orchestra. Quite correct for luncheon, dinner, and supper. Hotel Muehlebach, 14th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. One of Kansas City's smartest rooms. Danny, Joe and Andy are a deft trio of drink fixers. The food is Fred Harvey and 'nuff said! Union Station. GR 1100.

DAFFYNITIONS

Apartment—A place where you start to turn off the radio and find you've been listening to the neighbor's.

Doctor—A professional man who still has his tonsils and appendix.

Dope—Someone who doesn't know today what you just found out yesterday.

Lipstick—A device to add color and flavor to an old pastime.

Old Dog—One who remembers when being called "almost human" was a compliment.

Opportunist—A person who, finding himself in hot water, decides he needed a bath anyway.

Peeping Tom—A wolf window-shopping.

Tolerance—The suspicion that the other fellow might be right.
Our FCC diploma reads “5000 watts, 710 kilocycles, full time operation!” WHB, Kansas City’s Dominant Daytime Station, will be on the air at night—with a better frequency, larger audience, finer entertainment, and greater sales power to move your product in the thriving Kansas City Marketland. For availabilities, see a John Blair man.
1. Tom Clark, Attorney General of the United States, as he appeared before the Mayor's Youth Conference in Kansas City.

2. Hal Boyle, Pulitzer Prize reporter, looking right at home in a corner of the WHB News-bureau.


4. Six people responsible for the make-up of 30,000,000 loaves of bread per week recently addressed WHB listeners. The cereal chemists are, from the left: W. L. Haley, G. T. Carlin, Miss Elise Shover, Dr. Oscar Skovelt, George Garnatz, and Roland Selman.
foreword for July...

We like red, white, and blue better than just plain red. We'd like that to go on record—especially in the month of the Glorious Fourth in a summer when everything is rosy and that's not good. Red just isn't the color this season. Not many are wearing it—not on the outside, at least. But you know those things people wear underneath! The scarlet letter is no longer an A. It's a C. And we enjoin you to change your blood from red to blue if you would survive, and your name to plain Brown if you're our favorite columnist. Policemen, change the cover of your gazette! You never can tell what will touch off another Committee! And whether it acts as fire prevention or a match in a forest, the Committee is rampant this season.

Still... take any color, red or blue or anything else. Deepen it enough and it becomes natural black. All colors have a potential density of black. Which just goes to show that you can run anything into the ground, the blue the same as the red, the red the same as the blue. Any way you take it, the extremes look black! Which isn't much of an outlook for a handsome summer month the color of sails and flags and suntan. The outlook brightens only if the Fourth of July speeches are loud enough—those speeches concerning governments instituted among men for the express purpose of securing certain unalienable rights—among them, Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.

Jetta Carleton
JULY'S HEAVY DATES
IN KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson
Gallery of Art and the Mary
Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibition: Eighteen paintings by
Pedro Figari (1861-1928), circu-
lated by the Council for In-
ter-America Cooperation.
Masterpiece of the Month: Alex-
andrian Portrait Head, marble,
life size, executed in the second
century A.D. and found in the
Nile River at Alexandria.

Conventions
July 4-6, 34th Troop Carrier
Squadron, 9th Air Force.
July 6-9, Squibb & Sons, Hotel
Muehlebach.
July 13-15, Central States Sales-
men, Hotels Muehlebach, Phil-
ips, and Aladdin.
July 16, 17, Metropolitan Life
Insurance, Hotel Continental.
July 20-24, Kansas City Gift
Show, Auditorium.

Special Events
July 6, Erskine Hawkins Dance
(Colored only). Municipal
Auditorium Arena.
July 7-12, Kansas City Youth for
Christ: Music Hall.
July 9, Women's National Aero-
nautical Association Picnic, Swope Park.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford & Tessman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and
McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Sackin's, 3212 Troost.
Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main.
Veretta Amusement, 5th and
Walmart.
Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th.
Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

Midget Auto Racing
Every Sunday evening at Olympic
Stadium, 15th and Blue River.
Time trials, 6 p. m.; races,
7:30 p. m.

Wrestling
Wrestling every Thursday night,
Memorial Hall, Kansas City,
Kansas.

Boxing
July 8, Municipal Auditorium
Arena.

Dancing
Dancing every night but Monday,
and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom,
32nd and Main.
Dancing Friday, Saturday, and
Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p.m.,
Fairyland Park, 75th and
Prospect.
July 1-4, Leo Piper and Orches-
tra, Pla-Mor.
July 5, Les Brown and Orchestra,
Pla-Mor.
July 22-31, Charlie Fiske and Or-
chestra, Pla-Mor.

Amusement Parks
Fairyland Park, 75th and Pro-
spect. Concessions open 2 p. m.
Saturdays; 1 p. m., Sundays;
6 p.m. week days. Pool open
9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 7600
Blue Ridge.
Elliott’s Shooting Park, Highway
50 and Raytown Road.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, American As-
ociation. All home games
played at Ruppert Stadium,
22nd and Brooklyn.
July 3 4 (2), Milwauk ee.
July 19, 20 (2), 21, Louisville.
July 22, 23, 24, Indianapolis.
July 25, 26, 27 (2), Columbus.
July 28, 29, 30, 31, Toledo.

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ELECTRONICS does so many things now that it is almost impossible to keep up with all of them. Even the specialist in the field is baffled when he stops to realize how much his brain child is capable of doing. Electronics is growing up fast.

When you talk about radar, television, or radio, you are talking about some of the more obvious phases of this fascinating and comparatively new branch of physics. Some of the lesser known, but rapidly developing phases of electronics include wire and paper tape recorders which will give the conventional phonograph a run for its money, electronic control methods which will run elevators or printing presses, electronic heating devices which will cook a hot dog or dry paint, and an endless variety of counting, timing, recording, and measuring devices.

Does electronics do all of these things better than any other means? The answer to this question is not as simple as might be wished. Some things electronics accomplishes cannot be done in any other way, some things it does better—and in many cases the simple, straight-forward mechanical means of performing the task is still the best. But there is one job that electronics does so much faster than it can be performed by any other means that the advisability of putting electrons to work on it is unquestioned. That job is the performance of long and laborious mathematical computations such as must be made to aim antiaircraft guns or find stars in the sky. Electronics gives the answers almost instantaneously. This is a pretty obvious advantage.

One of the most interesting applications of the principles of electronic computation is in the gun aiming computers found, for instance, on the B-29's which worked over a lot of enemy positions in the Pacific. Anyone who has ever fired a gun at a moving object, such as a bird in flight or one of those silly ducks that run along little tracks at the shooting gallery, knows something of the problem that is involved. You've got to track the moving object and pull the trigger at such a time that the bird and the bullet will collide in mid-air. This becomes a problem of no mean proportions when the "bird" is a rapidly moving enemy fighter, and when you are trying to fire the gun from a "platform" which itself
is moving through space at a rate of 350 or more miles per hour. Let's look into what electronic devices accomplish when they set out to solve the problem of making an enemy fighter meet a stream of lead coming from the opposite direction.

The mathematical formula which describes the path of the bullet through space in this particular instance is a fairly complicated one by standards of high school algebra. However, all formulae, no matter how complicated, can be set up to represent a series of simple addition, subtraction, multiplication problems—and electrons shine on those!

Granted, the humble adding machine found in every office can do the same thing, but not with the incredible speed that electricity does it. As a matter of fact, an electrical network can solve a problem with a dozen variables in it, and do it in less time than is taken by a flash of lightning to cross the sky. This is exactly what the electronic gunsight does when it aims a gun from a moving airplane.

Here is what is fed into the black box that "thinks" for the gunner. The first thing to go in is the direction from the gunner to the enemy aircraft; this is fed into the computer as the gunner follows the target in his ring sight for a few seconds before he actually pulls the trigger. Range, or distance, of the target is fed in by the gunner simply setting a small knob. The speed of the aircraft through the air must also be introduced into the computations if aiming is to be of high accuracy; this, however, is done by the navigator from his position in the front of the ship. The gunner does not concern himself with the latter variable. The same is true of air density; the gunsight actually figures the effect that the rarified air, at whatever altitude the craft is flying, will have on the flight of the bullet in its deathly trajectory across the gap between the gun and the target!

Then, as if this weren't getting down to a fine enough point, the computer also figures in several other effects—such as the exact length of time the bullet will be in flight, the effect of the earth's gravity on the bullet, muzzle velocity for the particular type of gun being used, and an added factor for the particular type of ammunition. All this may sound a trifle complicated and might even sound as if it would have the gunner in quite a dither, but if you'll retrace the steps just gone over it will be clear that there is not too much for the gunner to do. He merely sets an estimated range, or distance to the target, on a knob; follows the target in his sight for a second or so; and then presses the trigger. In the mean-
time the computer has solved all the problems of "leading" the target.

Well, so much for that. The war is over. Do we need these complicated gunsights now? No, but the principles they operated on are being incorporated into devices which are doing vastly important research. Machines which are the grandchildren of the gunsight computer are putting their grandparents to shame. Modern lightning-like computers fill a whole room and solve problems for physicists. High speed computers solve problems in less than a second that a whole roomful of Ph. D.'s would spend a year on. They turn out insurance tables and banking tables, design aircraft and jet engines; in fact, it is quite safe to say that there is no field of advanced study which will not benefit from the application of computations made by electronic means.

A favorite way of feeding, or "programming," problems to these hungry machines is via the punched card of much the same type found in ordinary business machines used by insurance firms.

Computers pick up information from these cards and solve all kinds of problems, and when the problem being solved from a particular set of cards needs to be worked out from several different angles, the machine can remember partial answers it has arrived at and combine them with other phases as it goes along—all in proper sequence!

All this adds up to another powerful tool for the inquisitive mind of science. There is only one loophole in the whole thing: the machines can't think up their own problems. The human touch is still necessary.

One more unfortunate fact—and that is that so far there are no reports that any one is working on a small electronic computer to help the seventh grader do his sums. When this has been accomplished, man's arithmetical worries are over for all time!

A minister came upon a member of his flock going home a little in his cups and gave him a helping hand. Pressed to enter the house, the minister demurred. "Come on in, man," he was urged. "Come on in and let the good wife see whom I've been out with tonight."

"Have you found a pianist yet?" inquired the theatre manager.
"Yes," answered the booking agent, "a great virtuoso."
"Never mind about his morals. Can he play?"

When Smith walked into his friend's office, he found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed.
"Hello, old man!" said Smith, "What's up?"
"Oh, just my wife," answered the friend sadly. "She's engaged a new secretary for me."
"Well, there's nothing wrong about that. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"
"He's bald!"

In 1878, Ambrose Bierce described peace in international affairs as a period of cheating between two wars.
Hollywood's Infancy

ALTHOUGH most persons imagine that Hollywood has always been the world's film center, and that it has been supplying sensational newspaper headlines as well as entertainment to a shocked but interested public since its earliest days, this is a gross libel.

In its infancy the little community called Hollywood was vastly different from the hectic, though glamorous, place it has since become, and in those early days it drew its dignified skirts carefully away from its questionable next-door neighbor, the city of Los Angeles.

Not only were the first motion pictures made in New York City, on the roof of a business building, but the good folk of Hollywood considered these flickering shadows to be so sinful that they would not permit them to be shown in their innocent little town. At that time, circa 1900, Hollywood's population numbered a scant 500 persons, and when its township was incorporated in 1903, the place was still so bucolic that a law was passed forbidding anyone to drive more than 2000 sheep down Hollywood Boulevard at one time.

It is also a fact that almost every little town in America had a motion picture theatre long before a single film studio was built in what is now the world's film capital. But finally, in 1910, two daring young men calling themselves "producers," came out from New York, rented an old barn, and brazenly announced they were going to make movies. The entire population, then 7000 in number, protested vigorously. They protested just as bitterly when the highly respectable Hollywood Hotel timidly asked for a liquor license "as an accommodation to our winter tourists." The shocked city fathers flatly refused the petition. There is a record, too, of a previously respected city trustee who once incautiously admitted that he had voted in favor of licensing a poolroom. The godless wretch was overwhelmingly defeated when he ran for reelection.

That the citizenry behaved itself seems proved by the fact that for years Hollywood had no jail of any kind. The town marshal received no salary and he carried no arms. If, once in a blue moon, an erring soul had to be locked up, he or she was placed in the guest room of the marshal's home. Later these idyllic conditions changed, for as the town grew and increasing numbers of strangers of all sorts came to live in it, the marshal was granted a salary of ten dollars per month and a separate little bungalow was set aside to serve as the town clink.

When the films began to flourish and indicated that motion pictures were here to stay, every tourist insisted on seeing the studios. That same desire still fills every tourist's heart, and though nowadays his ardor is quenched with scant courtesy, the studio heads of those early days were more than willing to cooperate. So very anxious were they to please the visitor from York Junction, Iowa, that they arranged that persons coming over from Los Angeles, via a veritable Toonerville trolley branch line, could be transferred to a horsedrawn vehicle, given a chicken dinner at the old Glen-Hollywood Hotel and then taken on a personally conducted tour of the studios—all for 75c.

Today? Alas, kiddies, no. Not today!

Today your best chance of getting into a motion picture studio is to be President of the United States or of a film corporation. Otherwise, don't bother to try. Hollywood is a big girl now!—Beatrice Tresselt.
The king of the platter spinners started on twenty dollars a week with four phonograph records. But look at him now!

Every morning except Sunday, promptly at ten o'clock, more radio listeners in the New York area tune in the Make Believe Ballroom than any program then on the air. For an hour and a half thereafter, and again for two hours in the evening, they listen to the latest records, a few of the old tunes, and the super-smooth salesman's voice of Martin Block—America's Disc Jockey Number One.

This sort of thing has been going on for some time now, and the habit of "listening to Block" has become so entrenched that not long ago a few of broadcasting's smarter front office boys decided that the talents of the great platter spinner should not be confined to a single metropolitan area. Result: Martin Block is now heard on KFWB, Los Angeles, and on the Chesterfield Supper Club. And in mid-June he launched a full hour, five-day-a-week program on the world's largest network, the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Since the Mutual network show alone is worth $300,000 a year to him, it may be said that Mr. Block is doing all right for himself. The story of his phenomenal rise from coffee-and-cakes to the six-digit income bracket is a Horatio Alger tale that could have happened nowhere but in the land of the Hucksters.

One of the first radio men to become a disc jockey, Martin Block no doubt inherited his sense of showmanship from his concert-pianist father. From him, also, his ability to
write such popular songs as *Waitin' For the Train To Come In*. His father died when he was an infant, and the family went to live in Baltimore. There, early in his youth, Martin became known as a spellbinder. In school, he mowed his classmates down with his eloquence.

When Martin was thirteen, his family moved to New York and the lad found employment as Owen D. Young’s office boy. Mr. Young, then vice-president of General Electric, took a fatherly interest in him. For two years, Martin listened to daily lectures on how to succeed. Then one morning Martin came to the conclusion that he knew the lectures backwards and forwards.

He quit his job, determined to make the art of salesmanship a career.

You’ve seen those fellows selling all sorts of wares on the streets of the city? Well, Martin Block once was one of them, a pitchman. During the period when Martin was a freelance salesman, he carried his stock in a portable stand and kept a weather eye out for unsympathetic flatfeet in bluecoats. But no ordinary pitchman was he! Martin’s powers of persuasion were such that before long he was doing so well that he could afford to get married and have a child.

Nineteen hundred twenty-nine was a black-and-blue year to many an American, but it was then that Martin took his first big leap into the future. He bought a car and installed a loud-speaker on top. Thus equipped, he set out in search of new horizons.

Learning that the officials of the Choco-Yeast Company were holding their annual director’s meeting in Springfield, Massachusetts, Martin hied himself to that city. First, he bought two loud-mouthed signs which he affixed to his car. Then he bought a phonograph and some records.

Let’s re-create the scene: Around a conference table there sits a group of dignified executives—the board of directors—discussing financial affairs of the company. Then, suddenly, they are interrupted by the raucous sound of martial music. They open the windows. *The Stars and Stripes Forever* hits their ears, then subsides. From the loudspeaker comes Martin Block’s mellifluous voice—advertising to everyone within earshot the merits of Choco-Yeast!

Martin got the job and at 400 bucks a week, which in 1929 certainly wasn’t hay!

Martin now was a glorified pitchman, to be sure. All he had to do was wend his way through New York, literally praising Choco-Yeast to the skies. It was a nice racket, but did not last long. One Sunday morning he made the mistake of parking outside the Riverside Church, one of the city’s swankiest. The churchgoers were of the unanimous opinion that this was a conspicuous violation of good taste. As a result, the police banned sound trucks from the streets—and Martin was a pitchman without a pitch.

Undaunted, he packed his family into the car, and headed, in the Greeley tradition, due west. Arriving in California, he set up shop again, portable stand and all. However, the loudspeaker was too good an idea
to leave idle. Martin used it as often as he could get by the city father’s anti-noise edicts. During this time, he had one job after another. Besides being a pitchman, he announced motorcycle races, sold advertising, was a door-to-door salesman, and prospected for gold in the hills.

It was a tough life, but eventually the gloom lifted. Martin went across the border to Tiajuana, where he found employment as an announcer for station XEFD. It was his start in radio, and it was to be his career.

After a while, Martin tired of enchiladas, and returned to the States. He became an announcer for KMPC, in Beverly Hills. Late in 1934 he decided on another change. He bundled his wife and children (by this time there were two) into a train, and returned to New York, where he applied for a job as an announcer with WNEW and got the job for 20 bucks a week on the night shift. A few weeks later, due to the strain on the station’s facilities presented by the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper, he was transferred to the day shift.

It was Martin’s job to fill in time whenever A. L. Alexander, the staff announcer at the trial, found a lull in the proceedings. Martin decided that what had been good enough for Choco-Yeast was good enough for metropolitan radio listeners. He bought four Clyde McCoy records, dreamed up the Make Believe Ballroom idea on the spur of the moment, and went on the air.

From that day forward, Martin was on the upgrade. The station, it is true, did not give his idea much encouragement. But like many another innovator, Martin was sold on his own idea. He went out and obtained a sponsor for himself, and his first commercial “spot” went over so well that he had very little trouble lining up other advertisers for his new air show.

From then on, it’s been pretty clear sailing for Martin Block. Variety some time ago called him “America’s Super Radio Salesman.” Definitely he’s all of that, and more, as his astronomical income attests.

In addition to his broadcasting activities, Martin has his own music publishing outfit, Martin Block Music Incorporated, which has a few successful songs to its credit, and one or two hits.

Ever since he had a hand in the creation of his Make Believe Ballroom theme-song—music by Harold Green, lyrics by Mickey Stoner and Martin Block—he has been bitten by the songwriting bug. Waitin’ For the Train To Come In probably gave him more personal satisfaction than a lot of his other activities. It was his first hit and he revelled in it.

A very popular guy in Tin Pan Alley and radio circles, Martin has discovered many a comer in the orchestra field. By plugging the records of those he believes have what it takes, Martin is responsible for giving many a bandleader or singer a boost toward fame and fortune.

One of these was an old pal from his California days, Spike Jones.
When Spike had just recorded *Der Fuhrer's Face* some years ago, he happened to bump into Martin Block in New York. Martin listened to the zany ditty, liked it, and characteristically offered to plug it for his friend.

Martin put it on his WNEW show, offering a free record to every listener who would buy a $50 war bond. It went over with a bang. The first day, Martin gave away 289 records; within two weeks, Martin had sold $60,000 worth of war bonds—and Spike Jones was well on his way to becoming the King of Corn!

Martin is 43 years old, with thinning hair, an Irium smile, and sparkling eyes. Optimism is his keynote. It is doubtful that even in his lowliest days in California, or when he panned gold in them thar hills for a dollar a day, he ever lost faith in himself or his fellowmen.

Today, he stands at the top of his profession. But, what's more unusual, has a host of friends and admirers in Mazda Lane, where feuds are more frequent than friendships. It may be hard to admire a guy who is a world-beater, but there's something so likeable about this disc jockey with the toothbrush mustache that he has innumerable friends.

His *Make Believe Ballroom* show year-in and year-out has been a tremendous success in every way, and has more listeners at the hours of the day that it is on than any other radio program within hearing distance.

His other shows are coming up fast. He works hard, and watches the money roll in. It's mighty nice work, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy!

A young lawyer represented a share-cropper's widow in one of his first cases. His opponents were two dapper city attorneys who worked in shifts. They put on an impressive show.

He was well satisfied with the way things were going when the court recessed for lunch. Therefore, he was shocked when his client insisted on getting another lawyer to aid in the trial.

"I'm doing all right," he protested. "Why do you want another lawyer?"

"Well, I been watchin' them other lawyers," the woman said. "When one of 'em is up speakin', the other'n is sitting there thinking. And when you're speaking, they ain't nobody thinkin'."

A woman returned a smart pair of shoes to the exclusive shop where she had purchased them. "They won't do," she announced. "I simply can't walk in them."

"Madam," the clerk replied, looking down his nose, "People who have to walk don't shop here."

The young man finally redeemed his best suit of clothes, and brought them home from the pawnshop in a suitcase. While he was busy in his room, his mother started to unpack the suitcase. She found the pawn ticket on the coat and said, "John, what is this tag on your coat?"

John lost very little time. "Oh, I was at a dance last night, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later, mother came across the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled tone she asked, "John, what kind of a dance was that?"
The out-of-doors, the ants, 
the sunburn and the rain, 
all of them are free.

by DELMAR JACKSON

"AND NOW," said McGuffy, 
"you can see that what I 
have told you is true. The best things 
in life are free."

"The picnic you mean," said Leroy. 
"I do," McGuffy said. "What is 
finer than a picnic? What is finer 
than lying on your back in the shade 
and your stomach full and the sweet 
breezes smelling of the flowers of 
the field?"

"It is not the flowers I smell on 
the sweet breezes," said Leroy. "We 
should have gone farther from that 
farmer's barn."

"Ah, the cool, cool shade," said 
McGuffy. "It moves," Leroy said. "It moves 
with the sun. We should have found 
a bigger tree. Twice since we fin-
ished eating I have had to move."

"The best things in life," McGuffy 
said dreamily, "are free."

"Not the hamburgers we ate," said 
Leroy. "They each one cost ten 
cents."

"That is another matter," said Mc-
Guffy. "Is it costing us even one 
cent to lie here peacefully?"

"To lie here with a full stomach," 
said Leroy, "is ten cents each."

"Look at the clouds," said Mc-
Guffy, "see the beauty of them 
floating in the sky."

"It could rain," Leroy said. "With 
so many clouds in the sky, it could 
rain."

"See the shapes of the little ones," 
said McGuffy. "Like fluffy little 
lambs."

"It's time to move again," Leroy 
said. "The shade of this tree is like 
a matchstick. Such a little one you 
had to pick."

"Ah, but notice the shape of it," 
said McGuffy. "It has character, this 
tree."

"Character, yes," Leroy said, "but 
a few leaves would be better."

"You have no contact with na-
ture," said McGuffy. "I am having contact now," Leroy 
said. "I am having contact with the 
sun. Please move over and let me in 
the shade."

"Close your eyes," said McGuffy. 
"Close your eyes and feel the pulse 
of the land. Look, I can feel the soft 
grass caressing my ear."

"It is not the grass caressing your 
ear," Leroy said, "it is an ant. In 
fact, it is two ants."

"Brush them away," said McGuffy. 
"Quick. Brush them away."

"I haven't the strength," Leroy 
said, "I am overcome by the sun. 
You will please move over and let 
me in the shade."
"I shall brush them away myself," said McGuffy, "and I shall move, but you are disturbing me, Leroy, you are disturbing me greatly."

"For you that is unfortunate," Leroy said, "but I cannot sit all day in the sun. My head would be a blister where the hair isn't."

"You are too much concerned with the trivial," said McGuffy, "and you disturb me greatly."

"There is something that disturbs me, also," said Leroy, "and that is the farmer I see coming this way."

"Perhaps he wishes to join us," said McGuffy, "he has a right to go where he chooses."

"It is not his right that disturbs me," said Leroy, "it is our right."

"Our right is also to go where we choose," said McGuffy. "Is it not a free country?"

"At fifty dollars an acre, yes," said Leroy.

"Nature is free to every man," said McGuffy.

"You should tell that to the farmer," said Leroy.

"Your fears are groundless," said McGuffy. "We shall talk as one nature lover to another."

"Then talk," said Leroy.

"I don't allow picnickers on my land," said the farmer.

"Picnickers indeed," said McGuffy. "We are enjoying the privilege of every man. The privilege of communing unmolested with nature."

"You'll have to do your communing somewhere else," said the farmer.

"Your tone is not pleasing to me," said McGuffy. "We shall commune where we see fit to commune."

"Perhaps it is time we left any-
"We are only a step from the fence."
"This is better anyway," said McGuffy. "It is better to be up and moving. We should keep in step with nature."
"Nature should step faster," Leroy said, "or we will all be wet. It is starting to rain."
"You are right," said McGuffy, "I feel the cool, refreshing drops on my face."
"On me I feel them everywhere," Leroy said. "They are soaking through my clothes to the skin."
"I am dripping," said McGuffy, "and I am chilled to the bone."

"This, too, is free," Leroy said. "This, too, is costing us nothing."
"Do not joke," said McGuffy. "Can't you see I am catching my death of cold?"
"There is beer in my ice-box," Leroy said. "That will drive the cold from your bones."
"Ah," said McGuffy, "the thought of it warms me."
"It did not grow in my ice-box," Leroy said. "I put it there. Each bottle at twenty cents."
"You are disturbing me, Leroy," said McGuffy, "you are disturbing me greatly."

The Lost Formula

Emperor Tiberius of Rome was astonished. He could scarcely believe what he saw. Acting on a whim, he had granted the plea of the man before him for an interview when the fellow, a glass blower, had said he had something important to disclose to his ruler. Tiberius had actually expected to be bored; but instead he was amazed.

After having handed the Emperor what appeared to be an ordinary glass cup, the inventor had snatched it back and flung it to the floor. The cup lay there, unbroken.

Picking it up again, the man showed Tiberius that the only damage to it was a small dent. The fellow produced a wooden hammer and tapped the glass back to its original shape.

Tiberius plied the glass blower with questions; but the man answered warily. He wasn't going to give away his secret. Not yet! The ruler asked him if there were others who knew how to make glass of this kind, and the inventor proudly declared that he, and he alone, knew the formula.

The Emperor was thoughtful for a moment, and the man knew from his expression that the experiment was a great success. He pictured himself becoming famous throughout the land. Expectantly he waited.

But when Tiberius spoke, his words sentenced the glass blower to death by beheading; for Tiberius feared that the new unbreakable product, if news of it leaked out, would cause gold to become worthless and thus wreck his own personal fortune.

It happened about 34 A.D.—Beatrice Truemper.

A young man had ridden over a mile in a taxi when he suddenly discovered that he had no money with him. He tapped the window and told the driver, "Stop at this cigar store a minute. I want to get matches so I can look for a $10 bill I lost in the cab somewhere."

When he emerged from the cigar store, there was no taxi in sight.
The Silly Story of the Uneducated Centipede

THIS is the story of Lefty Centipede, who lived in the hills of West Virginia. He was called Lefty because his 24 left legs were so much longer than his 24 right legs. Lefty's legs developed in this strange manner because he always walked with the peaks of the hill at his right, thus compressing his right legs. He had a terrible time walking on level ground, always rolling over because his right legs were so much shorter.

Lefty was quite unhappy about this state of affairs until he had a talk with his friend, the Wise Owl, who told him that Centipede was a very important name; that centi was taken from a Latin word meaning one hundred and that pede meant foot. Rushing home with this startling news, Lefty was very careful to keep the peaks of the hills to his right.

"Mom! Oh, Mom," he yelled as he entered the house. "Mom! Guess what?"

"What?" asked his mother in a tired voice. She was very busy putting nail polish on her many toes.

"We have one hundred feet. The Wise Owl told me all about it. He read about it in a big book. Just think: one hundred feet." He was very happy.

"Lefty," said his mother. "Why don't you go to visit Lord Centipede, your city cousin. He could teach you to count and then you could check and find out if the big book was right."

"That's a swell idea, but I know the book was right. It was a big book." Lefty began to pack.

As Lefty went out the door his mother called to him, "Lefty, now watch your manners, and before you get to Lord's home buy yourself some shoes. And for heaven's sake get those new-fangled shoes for your right feet. You know what kind I mean. The kind they advertise over the radio as making you taller than she is. Just make your right legs as long as your left."

Giddy with happiness, Lefty forgot all about keeping the peaks on his right side, and at the first hill he rolled all the way to the bottom. Dirty and bruised, but still in high spirits, he limped into town. It was just growing dark when he entered a shoe shop.

"What will it be?" asked the clerk as he rubbed his hands greedily.

"One hundred shoes," ordered Lefty, trying to appear casual.

"One hundred shoes," echoed the clerk, "Oh, you mean fifty pairs."

"That's right."

"I notice," said the clerk. after he had measured one of Lefty's feet, "that your right legs are much shorter than your left. Would you like shoes which will make your right legs appear as long as your left?"

"Yes," answered Lefty happily. "Yes."

Lefty didn't want to put the shoes on in the store, so after paying for them he went down to the park where he started to put them on. Finally he had all his feet covered with shoes—but there were 52 shoes left over. Startled, Lefty examined all his feet again and found that every foot was encased in a shoe.

"Gosh, what's happened?" murmured Lefty. He swallowed hard and blinked.

"Oh. No! No!" he groaned. "When I fell down the hill I lost more than half my feet. Oh!"

Unhappy, thinking he had lost 26 pairs of feet, Lefty walked down to the river and drowned himself.

So you think you have foot troubles!—Cappy Granny.
Sundry ailments masquerade as heart trouble and prey upon the mind.

IT'S NOT THE HEART

by MARION ODMARK

THERE'S only one thing to do if you think you have heart trouble. See your doctor at once. Chances are, the disturbance you think is the kiss of death may not be associated with any demonstrable disease of that organ. The knowledge of the upset and the relief of knowing the heart itself is not to blame give a new lease on life you owe yourself.

Of common heart disorders, palpitation is perhaps the most widespread worrier. Palpitation is a term used to describe cardiac action which is noticeable to the individual. When mild, the beats are felt within the chest without other sensations. The more aggravated forms of palpitation may be accompanied by real distress. The beat of the heart is forcible, often pounding, and the rate may be increased. Irregularities may be observed.

By far the most common cause is digestive disturbance, although chronic constipation, over-eating, or too rapid eating with insufficient mastication are frequent factors. It may also occur when the nervous system is unduly excitable; it is often present in hysteria and neurasthenia, at puberty, during menstruation and the menopause. Females are more liable to be affected than males.

In another group of individuals, the symptoms of palpitation are caused by various toxic substances such as tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol, and certain drugs. It is also associated with organic disease of the heart, but even then it may be of purely nervous origin. It may be a symptom of thyroid overactivity. The condition calls for treatment of the underlying cause, if possible. Massage, tepid baths, and sedatives are often helpful. Most important, the patient must be made to understand that there is no actual danger, and, in most instances, there is nothing wrong with the heart.

Then there is heart pain. This, too, may be purely symptomatic and be occasioned by digestive disturbances, such as distention of stomach or colon, or overindulgence in tobacco or coffee. In nervous persons, and in women at the time of the menopause, heart pain may be an annoying symptom. Pain of this nature also occurs where there is actual heart disease, such as angina pectoris, aoritis, aneurysm, and less frequently, myo-carditis. If these diseases are ruled out by a careful examination, then heart pain is to be treated and considered in the same light as palpitation. Removal of the
underlying trouble, if determined, is necessary.

A frequent complaint is tachycardia, or fast pulse. It develops after active exercise or prolonged effort, with most fevers, in tuberculosis, overactive thyroid, emotional excitement, nervous conditions, tobacco poisoning, and physical or nervous exhaustion. It may be transitory, prolonged, or recurrent. Simple tachycardia of itself demands no treatment. Of importance, however, is the diagnosis and treatment of the underlying condition if such can be detected.

Extrasystoles, called also premature contractions and dropped or missed beats, appears often in neurotic young adults. The irregularity depends on an increased irritability of the heart muscle and this irritability may be due to a variety of causes: nervous system disorders, toxic influences (pneumonia, influenza, tobacco, coffee), drugs, and nutritional changes in the heart muscle. Under certain other circumstances, premature contractions are frequent, notably during hypertension, pregnancy, fatigue, emotional stress, and disease of the gall bladder. In some cases, no cause can be determined.

Where possible, the aim should be to remove the cause. Except where actual heart disease is known to exist, this symptom is not to be viewed with alarm. Treatment depends on the cause, but in functional disorders, no treatment is necessary. Sedatives are helpful in cases of nervousness. Progressive exercises and calisthenics are useful.

The main thing to remember in any of these common heart complaints is that there’s nothing wrong with the heart. And stop worrying.

The World’s Most Beautiful Sunset

The world’s most beautiful sunset came not at the close of a peaceful summer day, as one would think, but at the end of one of the most tragic days in history—August 27, 1883, the day the huge volcano on Krakatoa erupted.

Krakatoa, a small island in the Dutch East Indies, was almost completely torn away by the blast and the roar of the explosion was so loud that in Australia, more than two thousand miles away, it was heard distinctly.

The sky over the island was covered so thickly with clouds of pulverized rock and lava that lamps had to be burned on the neighboring islands in midday. It was these clouds which were responsible for the glorious red, gold, and green sunset that followed in the evening. Nor was this sunset the only one to occur. Within a few days the volcanic ashes had spread to all parts of the world and people everywhere witnessed a series of magnificent sunsets that continued into the late spring of the next year.—Lillian Desmond.
"IT'S Derby-Racing Day — and here they come!"

That cry in August will happily announce the 10th anniversary this year of the national championship All-American Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio. This internationally-known coaster wagon race for boys, sponsored by the Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors and the nation's leading newspapers and Chevrolet dealers, has come to be acknowledged as America's greatest teen-age sports event. Crowds aggregating more than 100,000 people gathered in Akron at Derby Downs when the event was resumed last year, and interest is growing all the time.

But during June and July, before the national finals, excitement and activity are centered around the local races, not the big one. In 133 cities of 33 states and Canada, preliminary races must decide the fastest competitors for the Akron speed carnival. Businessmen and newspapers, auto dealers and service groups in these towns cooperate in promoting the local affairs, which are held according to official rules of the National Technical Committee. They involve more participants and are arousing more curiosity this year than at any time since the first derby in 1934.

by GEORGE STATLER

None was held during the four war years.

The day of the race means a holiday in every one of the 133 towns. The steepest paved street is made into a speedway—but it must not be too steep! Flags fly. Crowds of excited fans gather. Band music blares over the loudspeakers as every would-be speed demon in town pulls his racer to the starting line. Each is usually allowed two preliminary runs, and his best time taken. Garage mechanics who helped supply axles and streamlining for bodies, plus lots of free advice on the best way to rig a steering gear or mount friction-free wheels, watch anxiously.

All they can do is advise, however. Rules insist that every entrant must make his own racer. All entrants must be between the ages of 11 and 15. So that every boy is on an equal footing with the others regardless of family background, the rules also state that no more than ten dollars may be spent on any car. Inspection of cars takes place two weeks before the race, so that their builders will have time to make changes called for by officials, and again on the day of the event.

Merchants close their shops and come forth with prizes for the winners, runners-up, "best looking racer,"
and so on. Also for the winner is reserved the M. E. Coyle Trophy, a handsome medal presented by Chevrolet's local general manager. This sponsor provides the boys with rules, tips on car-building, and "crash helmets." Fountain pens, sweaters, wrist-watches and other prizes provide added incentive. Parents in the crowd reminisce about what the big-car races were like at Indianapolis (whether they've been there or not) and older fellows back from the Army tell of the fast machines they've seen in action.

Sometimes the local fire company holds a carnival or an ice-cream festival. Flash bulbs pop. Pretty girls smile for their favorites, and maybe blow a kiss for luck. These tens of thousands of boys who can use tools and their imaginations are the center of interest. Eagerly the crowd presses forward when the cars come out. Seldom do any two models look alike as they line up and wait for the gun. All are differently colored. Some bear such nicknames as "Flash" or "Comet" or "Thunderbolt." Others have painted on them the names of their backers: "Steve's Service Station," or "Dormeyer's Grocery—Fresh Meats Always." At least one is bound to resemble Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird." Some are crude, of course. But all in all, most of them look like the real thing—the kind of high-powered car Wilbur Shaw or the late George Robson might drive.

From the cheering crowd to the checkered flag, it's like a big-car race all the way, with only one exception. No roar of motors fills the air. In some towns, the timers keep in contact via special telephone or walkie-talkie radio. A first aid station is ready for spills, just in case. The prizes and the thrills make the risk worthwhile. For, after the local races, the winners will pack their bags and head for Akron on August 17th. There awaits the really big race at Derby Downs. Boys from all parts of America compete for a four-year scholarship at any approved state college or university. Runner-up gets a new 1947 Chevrolet. In addition, there are trophy awards for the best designed car, the best designed brakes, the best upholstered car, and the winners of the fastest heat.

While the dozen or so nervous drivers hunch over their steering wheels for the first heat and the loudspeaker blares the names and numbers, they're hoping for a chance at Akron. Family and pals line the curb, shouting encouragement. Then—crack! One big push and they're off! They rumble down the 1200 to 1600 foot course at about 37 feet per second, depending on the grade. That amounts to about 25 miles per hour, not bad for a car without a motor—and home-made, too!

Recently, many towns have discovered that a soapbox derby can be more than just a stunt. In Burbank, California, the first in that area was held last year. Doubtfully sponsored, to begin with, by the Y. M. C. A. and the city schools, the event drew the enthusiastic support of everyone who had a hand in it. Movies of other races, trophy displays, and talks by shop teachers encouraged interest among the boys. Newspapers
gave the race wide publicity. The Hi-Y sold advertising space in the race program to merchants. Carpenters donated time and materials, building a special ramp that could launch three racers at once. The speed of the course and the racers was attested to when a motorcycle cop paced the winner at 29.2 miles an hour.

The whole thing was "terrific" and "colossal" (Burbank is close to Hollywood) and the people of that town advise all others, by all means, to hold a derby. For when it was over, they realized that besides providing recreation for the boys as well as the spectators, the soap box derby gave an excellent chance to boys for developing their skill in craftsmanship. With this came better father-son relationships. The sons asked advice, and the fathers gave it at the drop of a monkey wrench. City agencies and departments found they could cooperate. That was something they had never known before! Police, street, public-service and school departments pitched in as one. Group morale in the sponsoring club got new life. In short, the adults of Burbank discovered they had benefited as much as or more than the boys.

In promotion of such local races, New York leads all the other states with 16 qualifying events. Ohio, home of the derby, is second with 13. Pennsylvania has twelve, North Carolina and Indiana have seven each. Illinois has six, while Wisconsin, Nebraska and California trail with five races apiece. Michigan, the state in which nearly all automobiles are made, is 'way down on the list.

Most important is the fact that Derby Day, whether in a small town like Bangor, Pennsylvania, or city like Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is one day in the year that belongs to mechanical-minded boys. For here is young America in action. Once again comes heartening proof that the American people can find the time and the enthusiasm to put the spotlight of fame on the boys who build their own soap box racers. So—

"Look out—here they come!"

It's a law of nature that the fittest survive. The strongest trees grow where storms rage hardest. The finest game—the biggest deer and bear and living things—grows where handicaps are heavy. Catch them, put them in a zoo, take away the need to search for food, put a fence around them to safeguard them from their natural enemies, and watch them grow soft. Watch them lose the alertness and the strength which enabled them to live free in their natural surroundings. Give them everything but freedom. Take that away and soon they become wholly dependent, lacking even the incentive to be free again. That's a law of nature.—Tom Collins.
The graphic arts support 15,000 Kansas Citians!

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

WHEN the covered wagons went a-rolling over the prairies back in the 1830's, many of them may have chanced upon a small print shop in Independence, Missouri, or upon another one in Shawnee Mission, Kansas. Records do not show that any of the pioneers stopped in to have a fresh batch of calling cards printed, though they do show that these two shops with their single crude hand presses became the joint daddy of the printing industry in the Greater Kansas City area. Prolific sires they proved themselves to be, too. Although the printing industry today does not take win, place or show in either the local or national scene, it does take an important sixth place in both.

Some five thousand people ply the trade of Johannes Gutenberg and Benjamin Franklin in Greater Kansas City today, and thrice that number are dependent upon the industry for a livelihood. In big and little shops all over the city, in basements and back rooms, in homes and narrow store rooms, in leased floors and towering buildings, the clank-clanging printing presses send up their mingled sounds, their mingled odors of ink and paper.

The printing industry, as such, is divided into sixteen branches, each dependent upon the other: printers, commercial relief and offset lithographers; book binders; paper suppliers; steel die engravers; stereotypers; stationers; electro-typers; paper rollers; roller manufacturers; typographers; ink makers; letter service; photo-engravers; rubber plate manufacturers; and various suppliers of machinery and equipment. These work as a single unit under the guiding light of such industry groups as the Graphic Arts Organization, the Kansas City Club of Printing House Craftsmen, the Young Printing Executives, and various trade unions.

Perhaps no industry has seen greater changes in the past half century than has the printing business. Fifty years ago it was possible for a printer to set up a shop for himself on a minimum of capital. He needed to invest only in one or two second- or third-hand presses and hang out his shingle. He was in business. As the industry grew, and new methods and equipment became necessary, many of these small shops were forced to close their doors. Thus, the high mortality rate for print shops noted in the annals of thirty or forty years ago. As a result, bankers grew to shake their heads over the printer. They came to realize the truth of the old saw that the best craftsmen are not necessarily the best businessmen.
An early directory of printing shops and printers would show such names as Tiernan Dart, Hudson Kimberly (later Franklin-Hudson), R. M. Rigby, Lechtmann Printing Company, Burd and Fletcher, Ackerman Quigley, Frank T. Riley, Joseph D. Havens, Union Bank Note Company, Tony Duke, Archie Lewis, Robert Salmon, Ellis Jones, William Creed, John Smith, Joseph H. Frame and scores of others. It was on the foundation of these names that the present day printing industry was laid.

W. T. Fletcher, together with Benjamin Franklin Burd, in 1886 founded the Burd and Fletcher Printing Company, a one-room shop in the neighborhood of Fifth and Delaware. In the course of the years, the shop moved to two or three locations, and finally to the present plant at Seventh and May Streets. Fletcher was a commanding figure in the printing field until his death in 1936. He was a hard worker, shrewd, exacting to work for, and well liked. It was through his efforts and those of L. J. Navran, the present head of the company, that Burd and Fletcher developed a huge paper box division that today composes half its volume of business, and it was their initiative and planning that made the company the largest printing house between Chicago and the West Coast.

Colonel Cusil Lechtmann won his title and the respect of his men in the old Third Regiment of the National Guard. Like all the early day founders of printing houses, he was a practical printer himself—presenting a colorful, handsome figure, and winning a reputation for being a good business man.

Charles Demaree was a stationer by career and a politician by hobby. He mixed his commercial accounts with midnight printing of handbills and dodgers for his party faction. However, Demaree conceded the title of dean of stationers in Kansas City to T. E. Bryant, who saw more than sixty years in that branch of the industry.

During the first decade of the twentieth century it became apparent that a printing plant must be founded on a firm financial basis in order to succeed. New and modern equipment became increasingly expensive, and an even greater challenge was presented to the rising young aspirants who wanted to go into business for themselves. Many tried and failed, but a surprisingly large number of them succeeded.

In the success stories associated with people of the printing industry in Kansas City are many nationally familiar names. There was J. B. Irving, for one, a printing salesman who had an idea that the bound ledgers
of the day were a nuisance. He had a better idea for a loose leaf binder. One day during his rounds to drum up business, he wandered into the shop of William Pitt, machinist and pattern maker. With Irving's ideas for the loose leaf binder and his abilities as a salesman, and with Pitt's facilities for making those plans reality, the business of Irving-Pitt was established, which, prior to Irving's death, was a leader in the national loose leaf industry.

Don A. Davis, another printing salesman, found customers in out-of-the-way spots. One of these was George Peperdine, who had a small motor supply mail order business called Western Auto. Davis joined Peperdine in 1909, and by 1915 bought the controlling interest in the firm that later grew to have a twenty million dollar annual volume.

Barney Allis graduated from feeding job presses to selling printing. Not content to sell for someone else's firm, Allis conceived an idea for a hotel menu printing establishment. Through this, he became a student of hotel operations, a job which fitted him for his later position as head of a large hotel chain, including Kansas City's own Hotel Muehlebach.

Channing Folsom left printing to take up writing and for several years was employed as a financial reporter for the Kansas City Star. The next step was a natural one—to founding the brokerage firm of Folsom, Wheeler and Company.

The ledgers of printing companies during the last fifty years contain numerous items of all-but forgotten commercial history with many past and lost industries on them. These ledgers clearly show the change, growth and expansion of Kansas City business. The era has come and gone when whiskey and brewery printing was one of the largest commercial accounts; when millinery catalogues, harness catalogues, gold mine promotions and the like streamed through the presses. In the days of Model T's, automotive parts catalogues became a tremendous item. Loose Brothers became the National Biscuit Company on local printing ledgers. Still later a competitor, Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company (now the Sunshine Biscuit Company, Incorporated), appeared.

Just as there has been a vast change in the kinds of industries thriving in Kansas City through the years, so the printing business itself has kept pace with the times. Today, automatic equipment accomplishes present-day marvels; rotary presses print, fold and stitch whole catalogues; multi-color presses run as many as six colors at one time; paper cutters trim four sides of a book in one operation; high speed vertical and horizontal presses have an increased capacity of five thousand impressions an hour; and monotype machines make and set individual type.

The Western Typesetting Company, which was founded at the turn of the century, is an outstanding example of Kansas City pace-setters in the graphic arts. The Western plant, oldest west of the Mississippi River, is also the largest and most completely equipped.

Some specialized plants in Kansas City have found publishing a lucra-
tive line. Trade papers, magazines, pamphlets, and literature of all kinds are printed for distribution throughout the country. Two church printer-publishers rank foremost in this particular phase of the industry, the Unity School of Christianity and the Nazarene Publishing House. The large shops of both these organizations are devoted entirely to church printing — everything from business cards to Bibles.

Punton Brothers Publishing Company, Union Labor Publishers, and others have aided in making Kansas City the Midwest’s largest publishing center. Grimes-Joyce Printing Company has won nation-wide praise for fine color printing in specialized publications.

Paper box printing also deserves an important position in the volume output of Kansas City printing. Burd and Fletcher Printing Company has a capacity for printing two million cartons a day and is responsible for the impressions found on butter cartons, medicine, salt, macaroni and spaghetti, pop corn, spark plugs, hair tonic containers, and cartons for many other products.

In reviewing the local printing industry it is impossible to overlook the tremendous printing facilities of the Kansas City Star, the nation’s fifth largest newspaper, nor the jobs commanded by Hall Brothers, one of the largest greeting card firms in the world. A good percentage of the detailed and excellent Hall Brothers work is farmed out to local printers throughout the city.

Kansas City’s larger printing plants are among the most well-equipped in the country, surpassing even plants of greater size in larger cities in modern letterpress and lithograph facilities. The reputation for excellent workmanship in these fields is well known throughout the nation, the reason why a large volume of business comes from near and far points in the 48 states.

The present day plant is infinitely better equipped and better managed than shops of fifty years ago, achieving a balance between good business methods and good craftsmanship. With the increasing thirst for knowledge and new methods, with the continual adaptation of new and modern equipment, all indications show that the Kansas City printing industry will rise to greater heights in the future — serving the city, the state and the nation.

Two men were sitting in a taproom. The older one ordered a beer and tossed it off in one gulp. Another was ordered and drunk in a single lightning gesture.

"Do you always drink your beer like that?" asked his amazed companion.

"Oh, yes," said the other. "Ever since my accident."

"What accident?"

"Why, the day I had a beer knocked over."

Once, years ago, when a Chicago heiress was engaging Fritz Kreisler to perform for a party for a $3,000 fee, she explained somewhat loftily that he would not be expected to mingle with the guests.

Mr. Kreisler instantly replied, "In that case, Madam, the fee will be only $2,000."
ON THURSDAY afternoon, December 6, 1946, Ed Scofield and Sam Taylor checked into the El Rancho Vegas Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, with $2400 between them. By 7:30 a.m., Saturday, December 8, the “Four-Leaf Clover Boys” — as the press nicknamed them — checked out of the same hostelry with $103,700! That they were able to accomplish this near magic is attributable to their luck and a carefully worked-out system to beat roulette.

Scofield, tall, well-built, 30-year-old ex-press agent, learned his system while studying at the University of Paris in 1937. When he lost twice with it on gambling ships, he surrendered it temporarily. Distinguished-appearing, prematurely gray Taylor, former radio writer and commentator, secured his combination from a great-uncle who once had a famous saloon at Jimtown, Colorado, the place where Bob Ford was killed. Ford was the hombre who slew Jesse James.

They joined their two systems and practiced on a small roulette wheel at home. Two months before their historic “coup” at Las Vegas, the boys met a smaller, older and wiser gentleman from Montreal named Bert Harrison. A manufacturer of textiles and plastics in Canada, Harrison’s hobby had long been mathematics. He supplied the spark to make the thing really go.

Scofield and Taylor, with Harrison at their side, started winning immediately within an hour after their arrival in Las Vegas. By 3:30 Friday morning, the next day, they were ahead $10,000. They slept a few winks; and after breakfast, renewed play at the hotel’s casino, which never closes. Their luck and calculations held out; by dinner they had $20,000.

At 11:30 p.m., with $22,000 in their jeans, they went outside to confer. The boys had been working on a story about Las Vegas for possible sale to motion pictures. Then and there they decided to keep going and try to win enough to set up their own concern. They returned to the casino and prevailed on owner Charles Resnick to raise the price of chips to $50, after they deposited $10,000.

“The croupiers made it as tough for us as they could,” Scofield recalls. “They started spinning the wheel again as soon as it stopped. That gave us only 80 seconds — the time it takes for the wheel to spin — to get the board covered again. Since our system is based on averages and mathematics, if we stayed out once or twice it would have upset calculations. We play many numbers each
time, plus a certain pattern of key numbers surrounding them. Our big wins come on key numbers, while the others surrounding them bring in the steady dough. In this manner we protect our investment."

By 3:30 a.m., Saturday, a mob of spectators, 400 strong, was following the scene, since word had spread like wildfire about the "Four-Leaf Clover Boys." Even when Scofield and Taylor exited for coffee, the onlookers stayed glued to their seats and standing room. Six-thirty found the team at their high-water mark, $120,000 in front. The croupiers were changing off periodically, with three working shifts, to tire out the boys. At 6:30, their luck started going sour. Suddenly, at 7:30, one hour later, adviser Harrison said, "Let's quit after the next roll." To the surprise of the enthralled audience, they did just that, walking away with $103,700.

They returned to Hollywood and found themselves newly-rich also in publicity and chances to make more money. All the wire services were sending the astounding news coast-to-coast; the columnists spread the word in their news outlets and on the air. Three companies were after them to produce the picture. Offers were made for financial backing for future films. Night clubs asked the boys in on the cuff, for their publicity value. A big horse racing syndicate wanted them as partners. People who had ignored them now rushed up with a big hello.

Ed and Sam kept their heads, which is amazing in itself. While keeping his head, Ed, however, couldn't keep the court from granting his wife a divorce in which she won over half of his possessions, including a Montana ranch and his share of the Las Vegas booty.

Scofield and Taylor formed Four-Leaf Clover Productions and effected tie-ups with manufacturers of novelty sports wear, Western-type clothes, cufflinks and clips. On all these items the four-leaf clover prominently appears, and the firm that owes its genesis to Las Vegas gets a percentage on each item.

Then they wrote a story, fast like, called The Four-Leaf Clover Boys, which is being purchased by a film studio. The yarn on which they were collaborating before Lady Luck smiled so broadly is to be the first production of their own picture company.

Ironically, these lucky characters know just how far their good fortune will stretch. Actress Marsha Hunt, signed for the feminine lead in Las Vegas, their new picture, unexpectedly became pregnant. The boys shrugged their shoulders and set out to get a replacement to join the cast that includes the most unorthodox group of thespians ever put together. Arthur Treacher, for the first time, will not play a butler; Frankie Parker, the tennis champ, will make his debut; six-foot, four-inch Dorothy
Ford will exhibit her Amazon charms; and Buster Keaton will deadpan it with the exuberant Max Baer! Virtually all of the film will be shot in Las Vegas.

Their second picture will be made with the Braille Institute, and to prove that gamblers have soft hearts, 50 per cent of the profits will go to that worthy organization.

Naturally, such a feat could not go unchallenged. Life was the first to try to call the boys’ bluff. They set up a reenactment of the scene on a studio set, with Andre Marsaudon, veteran Monte Carlo croupier of 30 years’ experience, presiding. Ed and Sam, accompanied by brilliant Bert, arrived at 2:30 in the afternoon. Starting with $500, within an hour they took $29,050 of Life’s stage mazuma as Marsaudon spun the wheel. Later, the croupier admitted that he had never seen anything like it.

Then came Ely Culbertson, who offered to set up a roulette wheel to “teach the suckers a lesson.” Scofield’s reply was succinct: “Mr. Culbertson talks like a man with rocks in his head.” Ed and Sam plan to accept Culbertson’s challenge for three days’ steady play following the American premiere of their picture in Las Vegas. The foreign premiere will naturally be in Monte Carlo.

Ed Scofield still finds time to retain his post as a professor of public relations and cinematography at the University of Southern California. A brilliant man who can speak five languages, the sandy-haired, fast-talk-
ing Scofield is modest, with it all.

“We don’t claim our system is infallible,” he says. “You need even luck or better.”

Sam Taylor, who is tall and slender and just a year short of 40, has written scores of detective stories, mostly for radio. Despite his newly-found affluence, he is managing to finish a mystery novel, Rhapsody in Red.

Both of the “Four-Leaf Clover Boys” will serve as m. c.’s on a radio show they’ve readied for national consumption called Four-Leaf Clover Club. An audience-participation program, people will be invited to take a turn at roulette, cards or dice. Those lucky participants will get a chance at an easy question, while the unfortunate gamblers will have a tough baby hurled at them.

Since the Las Vegas episode, it seems that anything is possible for the amazing duo. Songs have been written—one is a hill-billy ballad entitled Four-Leaf Clover in the Sky—and national hookups have carried the boys’ story cross-country. The White House even entered the scene briefly when Margaret Truman declined an offer to sing in Las Vegas.

The best incident, though, came when they made a search for a “Four-Leaf Clover Girl” via a national beauty contest. The boys’ luck was epitomized by the winner in San Francisco, an extremely Jane Russelish young lady who had previously insured her bosom for $50,000 with Lloyds of London!

A bargain is a transaction where each person is convinced that he got the better of the other.
The Shadow Knows

Some guys in the occupation forces would mail home the Eiffel Tower if they could.

Not that any have tried. But they’ve tried just about everything else. One sent four cases of C-ration. Another shipped his fond parents a bundle of twenty-four jerry rifles as his part of the loot. More than one live hand-grenade has come back from abroad, and not all were discovered before they exploded, judging from reports! But the most ambitious ex-G.I. to date is the sergeant from Philadelphia who tried to send piecemeal one jeep, one motorcycle, and enough motor pool tools for a large machine shop. The “Shadow” found him out.

These and countless other nice tries at getting contraband into the United States were literally brought to light by the magic eye “inspectoscope,” an X-Ray device installed by the Army provost marshal in cooperation with the Customs Department at New York, Philadelphia, and other ports of entry which must handle the flood of overseas mail.

Originally designed to detect metal in packages, this machine has made unnecessary the unpacking of every shipment from overseas personnel under military jurisdiction, thus saving 80 percent of the time formerly spent on inspection. The operator merely sits before a screen, and as each box passes through a wooden tunnel under the eyes of this “detective,” he sees a clear image of the contents. If he suspects somebody is cheating uncle, he buzzes twice; and if he is positive the stuff is illegal, he buzzes thrice. The “hot” stuff is removed, and the package resealed and put back into the mail, with a letter enclosed breaking the sad news that Mother will not get her tommy-gun.

Of the two most frequent violations—sending of war trophies not conforming to regulations, and illegal mailing of G. I. equipment—the former is main raison d’etre of the inspectoscope. Military personnel overseas are allowed by the War Department to send one foreign non-automatic weapon, carbine or rifle. Those automatics and pistols captured from the enemy do not go. When two or more rifles come in the same box, an Army weapons expert passes what he thinks is the best trophy, and sends the others to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

Guns come through with live ammo still in the chambers. One pistol in a holster was loaded and would have gone off if it hadn’t jammed. All G. I. property must be accompanied by a certified bill of sale. All but the guns, that is, and they are strictly unlawful. But the guys in the occupation forces keep on trying. Since the first of the year, more than two thousand violations have been discovered in one inspection station alone. These included misappropriated American pistols, clothing, radio and radar parts, narcotics, G. I. surgical and dental tools, and rations.

One box contained, besides trophies from the ETO, a family of foreign mice, twelve in all. Not illegal, strictly speaking, but confiscated anyway to save some G. I.’s womenfolk from hysterics.

Now you know what became of your best souvenir. It was probably loaded.—George Statler.

During a recent title search on a piece of property that had been in the family for a number of decades, an old mortgage was found. There were no receipts for payment of interest or principal; but on the back of the mortgage, in blurred letters, was penciled, “Out of debt by gosh,” and the mortgagee’s initials. A clear title was established.
Flowers for milady will sometimes do wonders.

Yes, you can say it with flowers—but not just any way, with any flowers. In order to express with posies those delicate thoughts and sentiments that get bungled up with words, you need to know your friends and your flowers and mix them tactfully and with taste.

Chet Holchester, Hollywood's favorite florist, knows flower language. And the movie stars, male and female, as well as directors and production magnates, swarm over his place to ask his advice about flowers. They are probably the most fastidious and exacting customers in the world, and they ask Chet what to buy for the most momentous occasions. He knows. And he never lets them down. He's a magician with flowers.

Long ago he realized that his business has super feminine appeal. Back of 99 orders out of 100 there's a femme—sweetheart, wife, sister, mother, maiden aunt, girl friend, if the customer is a man. A lot of his callers are women, shopping on their own for themselves or other women. Less frequently they may buy for men. So Chet has learned about women, and how and when to say it with flowers from their angle.

For years he has followed courtships and marriages, philanderings and divorces, film hits and flops, through the orders that come over his desk and the questions he is asked about what flowers to send. He can make invaluable suggestions to husbands and lovers in difficult situations. Any number of tottering romances have been saved by his wise choice of flowers for the lady involved.

"Hi, Chet, I'm late for a date," announced a leading juvenile star breezing in. "Come on, think up something that'll keep me out of the dog house."

Chet looked around his fragrant, colorful shop. "Try these on her," he ventured, selecting a corsage of small, ethereal white orchids, as eerie and delicate as frail butterfly ghosts. Rare, and daintily exotic.

"Just the thing!" agreed the worried young man, grabbing the flowers and dashing out into the night. Later he informed Chet that the girl was so delighted with his offering that she forgot all about his tardiness. She had never seen anything like them before and she was thrilled at his perfect choice.

by R. L. Lee
Chet advises wives to let their husbands send them flowers regularly and generously and not to object to such expenditures as senseless extravagance. By hard-headed economy in such matters, a woman may lose more than she imagines, he points out. She may indeed lose everything. To husbands he suggests that it is best to use some imagination and not get into a mere convenient routine of sending the same identical blossoms at the same given time. Women like variety, he observes. And they adore the subtle flattery of flowers that have been selected with care and appreciation of their own individual tastes.

Smart women choose flowers that bring out their personalities, suggest subtly the spiritual qualities of the wearer. And men who want to please them are learning the psychology involved. Chet, the florist, knows which flowers the Hollywood stars prefer and what combinations and arrangements will flatter them adroitly. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, is crazy about roses—all kinds—and they underscore her glowing, dramatic beauty. She never tires of them. But, no lilies, please. They do not suit her personality, and she can't bear a lily around.

Incidentally, Miss Stanwyck, who likes to do things for her friends, arranged for Chet to send a fresh rose every day to a handicapped girl who is confined indoors. It does wonders for the girl's morale.

Dorothy Lamour, logically enough, wears heavily-scented, exotic blooms which intensify her sultry sex appeal. A scarlet hibiscus behind her ear doesn't look sentimental or affected, but blends right in with her seductive warmth. Jasmine and orchids suit her type and her surroundings. Girls of the Lamour type may intensify their charm by choosing flowers to match. Men will readily recognize the suitability of the combination.

Chet advises delicate pastel flowers for the Olivia de Havilland types, showy ones for the Paulette Goddard girls. Simple garden varieties are the instinctive choice of graciously natural Ingrid Bergman. They are like Ingrid, unaffectionately beautiful and friendly. Orchids appeal most to Veronica Lake and other "incendiary" blondes.

With Chet's help, sophisticated Hollywood husbands have learned to please their wives with appropriate floral gifts. Gary Cooper sends his lovely Missus tuberoses in season. She adores them. Phil Reed sends roses and gardenias.

James Cagney keeps a standing order for flowers to mark the wedding anniversaries of his friends. Chet chooses the blooms and gets them off at the proper time. Being continually posted on affairs matrimonial, he steers clear of divorced
couples, who would not be pleased to have their old discarded romances remembered. Directors drop in to talk over flowers for social functions and temperamental leading ladies, as well as for the screen.

Resourceful Bob Hutton sent dozens of baby sweetheart roses to tiny blonde June Haver, and for her they were right as rain. Victor Mature sent her pink and white roses hiding a small gift. And Bob Stack chose baby green orchids, which she likes best of all. But all of these flowers suit June's delicate, miniature self. And they're not just flowers, but the special, individual choice of a tactful, appreciative suitor.

Mitchel Leisen likes green orchids and is one of Chet's most discriminating customers. Parties given by this popular director are always notable for the flower effects, worked out minutely in color and design.

Everybody feels at home with Chet, the specialist in hearts and flowers. The stars like to come in and view the array of blooms he collects on his five-o'clock-in-the-morning visits to the famous Los Angeles flower market. Half an hour in the Holchester shop reveals some of the real behind-the-scenes Hollywood heart throbs.

Flowers for the screen must be selected to meet exacting and specific requirements and, of course, must photograph effectively. It may be a huge bank of roses, just a certain size and color, that a director wants, to emphasize an important romantic scene. Orchids and other luscious blooms may be required for a sensuous background and mood. With the new developments now taking place in technicolor, flowers will become increasingly important in the films.

Many artificial flowers are kept on hand at the studio prop rooms, but these cannot be used for bouquets that are to be worn and handled, for they make a faint rustling which the sound machines catch up and magnify, with just the wrong effect. So fresh flowers are in constant demand on the sets.

Chet says that Hollywood people are wonderful to work for. He doesn't find them difficult or unreasonably temperamental.

His place isn't plushy. Just a cool, fragrant corner with a pool and trailing vines. Starting out as delivery boy for a Los Angeles florist, Chet just grew up with flowers, learning about them as he went. While still a youngster he opened his own shop and attracted customers at once by his uncanny understanding of his wares and the cheerful pains he took with each visitor, old or young.

He has been fifteen years at his present location and has most of the help he started with. His wife is his assistant in the shop, and he says she does most of the work. He would, for he is always saying the generous, appreciative thing. Often he says it with flowers. And he knows the precise psychological moment to pin a gardenia on the shoulder of a disgruntled lady who has dropped in to pay her bill and is a bit astonished at its size. Chet produces the gardenia, and she goes out wreathed in smiles.
Steel Bridge Buster

They've got a machine that can twist a bridge.
Just completed is the most powerful squeezer, bender, stretcher, twister of steel ever developed.

Engineers at Northwestern University's technological institute will put this 30-ton giant "fatigue tester" to work helping to solve engineering's age-old mystery, measuring the strength of riveted and bolted connections. It can punish the beam of a bridge to the equivalent of 50 years of wear and tear in four days, and can simulate 250,000 repetitions of stress in one day.

For a long time, engineers have had to rely on rules based on theory rather than proven knowledge in the use of bolts and rivets in all types of construction. So, the question of how bolted and riveted joints would act under continuous stress has become the most important problem in engineering research.

The machine can test two specimens at the same time. Patterned after a similar one at the University of Illinois, it stands nine feet high and is 25 feet long. The tremendous power of its operation is absorbed by 12 oversized automobile springs without which it would drive itself through the concrete floor.

With its help, 15 companies and government agencies hope to develop stronger and cheaper materials, bridges, railroad coaches, and other steel products that are twisted and beaten every working day.

That Puzzling Octahedron

Not only is the birthplace and parentage of the aristocratic diamond shrouded in mystery, but it also has more plebeian relatives than any other gem stone. One of its brothers is a lump of coal; another is a greasy mass of lubricating material; while its twin sister is a three-for-a-nickel lead pencil.

Many scientists think that the diamond is born deep in the Stygian realm of the earth, where its father is pressure and its mother is heat. But nobody knows. No human accoucheur ever attended at the birth of a diamond; no human nurse ever bathed the sparkling baby. And if the gem really is conceived far down in the bowels of the earth, what potent assortment of genes must operate to cause the rearrangement of the molecules of the common element, carbon, into the geometric perfection of an eight-faced crystal?

High though the diamond's station is, it can descend with speed to the level of its lowliest relatives. If placed in a container from which the oxygen has been exhausted and held in the flame of a blow torch, it quickly changes into a lump of amorphous graphite. One moment it is an adamantine, colorless, transparent, highly refractive, actively dispersive crystal, glowing with the colors of the rainbow; the next, it, like its three-for-a-nickel twin, has but one use in the world—that of making another pencil smudge.—Leslie J. Housel.

No Hands!

For the notoriously hot month of July, Swing offers the perfect antidotes in its centerspread picture. What finer things for midsummer than water, a motorboat, and lovely Jean Porter, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star?
THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL IKE ADDRESS WHB LISTENERS

35th Division and Kansas Citians
Boost American-Aid-to-France

Above, left — WHB's Sandra Lea and Marcelle Denya, Paris Opera soprano, chat during an exclusive radio interview preceding Mme. Denya's appearance at the American-Aid-to-France benefit, staged in cooperation with the 35th Division.

Above, right — No stranger to WHB microphones, President Harry Truman comes home to address fellow members of the famous 35th and urge approval of administration appropriations requests.

Below, left — General Dwight Eisenhower tells listeners America must remain strong because of "one large power" which is unwilling to cooperate.

Below, right — Mrs. Edward Keith, Kansas City publicity chairman of American-Aid-to-France; General Maurice Matheney, French Military Attaché to Ambassador Henri Bonnet; and screen star Rhonda Fleming appear in a special WHB broadcast from El Casbah at Hotel Bellerive. Orchestra leader Wayne Muir is in background at left.
The modern conception of beautiful women minimizes the classic standards of height and other physical measurements for beauty plus brains!

...and talent, too!

by JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

This is the season when a great portion of America's female population delves into the moth balls to give last season's swim suit the once-over. If the handkerchief-like garment is brief enough it will do for this summer. If the trunks show the slightest indication of covering a pore more than the minimum amount of flesh, however, they'll get the pitch. This also means that the girls who went into paroxysms of joy over the calf-length skirt last fall will probably mourn the beach season and show up at the water's edge in a pair of concealing slacks.

To many American girls, especially those who look better in bathing suits than in pseudo bustles and long skirts, the coming season means days of frolic at the nation's swimming pools and beaches while revelling in adulatory male glances. To the girl between the ages of 18 and 28 the season means the time for the 1947 Miss America Pageant preliminary contests which are being held throughout the country. The fame and fortune of beautiful, talented Esther Williams, whose picture appears opposite this page, is the kind of goal coveted by these young ladies. Miss Williams has had the good looks and ability to stretch a brief bathing suit into a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen career and a lush income. Innumerable other girls would like to do the same.

With all expenses paid by civic and business organizations sponsoring the preliminary winners, contestants converge upon Atlantic City the first week in September for the Miss America Pageant finals. They come bearing the names of the states and key cities which they have been chosen to represent. The beautiful, talented young women vie for $25,000 in scholarship awards. The first prize, awarded to the girl chosen Miss America, is $5,000 to be used solely for educational purposes. Miss America may attend any of the nation's

The author of this article on the Miss America Pageant is Johnny Fraser, Jr. The many-titled Mr. Fraser is business manager of Swing, exploitation manager of radio station WHB, and official chairman of the preliminary Miss America contest for the state of Kansas.
colleges, universities or private schools. She may even have a private tutor, if she so desires. The remaining $20,000 in scholarships is divided among the 14 next ranking contestants. A small portion of the Miss America prize money may be spent in training for immediate personal appearances in the event she chooses a stage, radio or screen career. The remainder of the money, however, must be spent in education or further training. These strict rules apply to all entrants receiving prize money. If Miss America does not wish to continue her education, she receives $1,000 in cash and the balance of her prize money reverts to the scholarship fund.

Each contestant is judged for six different characteristics. They are:

1. Beauty of face.
2. Voice, manner of speaking, intellect.
3. Wholesomeness, general disposition, culture.
4. Special talents.
5. Health, care of the body, dress.
6. Personality.

During each contest day, entrants appear before the judges’ committee three times: once in bathing suit, once in evening dress and once to display special talent. Talent is as important as beauty. In fact, this is stressed to such a degree that a thousand dollar award is made to the most talented entrant who does not reach the finals. A girl may sing, dance, act or play a musical instrument—she may even display her skill as a sculptress! Those who do not possess any special talent may give a three minute talk on the “Career I Wish to Pursue.” The reason that talent is emphasized so strongly lies in the opening paragraph of the judges’ instructions. “The Miss America Pageant, aside from serving as a worthwhile civic event, offers the young women of America real opportunity to attain recognition of their natural beauty and their acquired talents through college scholarships and special training awards amounting to $25,000, donated by Joseph Bancroft and Sons, Catalina, Incorporated, and F. L. Jacobs Company. Most of the girls who compete in the Miss America contest are seriously interested in a career on the stage, screen, radio or in some profession in which they can adapt their beauty and personality.” The old bromide “beautiful but dumb” has no place at the Miss America Pageant!

Although the Miss America Pageant is not held until the first of September, there is much work to be done during the preceding months of June, July and August. Franchises giving permission to Chamber of Commerce organizations, radio stations, movie theatres and civic clubs to hold official preliminary contests, are granted early in the
spring. Using rules and regulations similar to those used at Atlantic City, the sponsoring organizations holding franchises are at present in the midst of recruiting entrants for preliminary contests.

Applicants must be single and never married or divorced, must be citizens of the city, state or community in which the contest is held, must be in good health and must possess special talents. Contestants may be either amateur or professional.

Further breakdowns of the contests to determine state and key city winners are held in outlying villages and towns. It is the responsibility of the organization holding the state franchise to see that these contests are conducted prior to the official preliminary contest. Thus any girl, regardless of where she lives, may enter the preliminary contests held to determine representatives for the Atlantic City finals.

Efforts are continually being made by all connected with the Miss America Pageant to stress talent, so that the public will realize that Miss America possesses not only great beauty of face and figure, but also that the lady has brains! State preliminary officials screen applicants for talent long before they consider beauty and general appearance. Harried contest directors are often prone to remark, “The Lord was a lot more generous in passing out looks than he was brains!”

Interest is widespread in the greater Kansas City area at the present time. Station WHB has been granted the Kansas state franchise and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling, under the direction of Margaret Christian and Nadienne Tolin, has the Missouri state franchise. Recruiting plans are underway and the Kansas and Missouri contests will be held jointly under the direction of the Stevens School and WHB.

Out of the estimated 50-60 entrants from each state, Miss Kansas and Miss Missouri will be selected. The contests will be held each Saturday afternoon in Kansas City for a five week period beginning July 19th. Letters have been sent to Chamber of Commerce presidents in numerous Kansas and Missouri towns inviting them to organize local contests to select a representative for the official preliminary contest in Kansas City.

Because there will be a great many more entrants from the greater Kansas City area than from outstate, four sessions will be utilized for local entries and the fifth for outstate entries and the finals. The final contest to determine Miss Missouri and Miss Kansas will be held Saturday afternoon, August 16th.

All of these Saturday contests will be held at the Hotel Bellerive in Kansas City. The procession of
young, hopeful, and lovely ladies will parade before the public and the judges in the smart El Casbah—the famous Midwestern night club currently featuring the fine two piano orchestra of Wayne Muir. From their ranks will be selected two young ladies privileged to carry the banners of Kansas and Missouri before the entire nation.

Applications from the entire Kansas City area are being received at the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling at 3605 Broadway in Kansas City, Missouri, and ambitious aspirants are practicing turns, buying bathing suits, and deluging hairdressers with appointments. But all of them must remember the most important thing of all: to bring brains along with their beauty!

Night Sight

NOT only cats can see better than human beings in the dark. Many other animals—birds, too—that wander in search of food at night have eyes that are equipped with a crystalline layer in the back of them. This functions like the polished reflector of an automobile headlight. It "throws back" the rays that strike it, so that they pass twice through the lens of the eye, giving it the ability to see dim images more clearly.

Riding along a country road at night, have you seen the eyes of a cat or dog, or a deer, or some unknown creature, glowing like coals? That glow, which can be seen long before the animal itself, is the light being reflected from the crystalline layer of the eye.

Different animals have different amounts of crystalline. Human beings have hardly any. But owls, who are up all night, have a great deal. So do moths and spiders, whose eyes shine ruby-red. And there is a wide variety of colors found in the night eyes of the animals.

Opossum eyes show as dull orange, the timber wolf's eyes appear green and silver, the eyes of a deer like diamonds.

In the beam of a flashlight, the forest sparkles after dark.

TRUISMS

Ex-Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey believes that the most observant person he knew was the historian who noticed that Lady Godiva had a horse with her.

The difference between war and peace for a good many GI's is that they have to pay rent for their Quonset huts now.

A pessimist is one who would commit suicide if he could do it without killing himself.

Marriage is a wonderful thing. No family is complete without it.

One Quaker was addressing another. "William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but, William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say, 'Joshua, I want thee to bring to me the greatest liar in this city,' I would come to thee, William, and I would lay my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee, 'William, the mayor wants to see thee.' "
A DUDE RANCH is a place where school teachers fall off horses in the summertime; where cowboys meet young heiresses who refuse to go home with mama and papa; where a station wagon spearheads pack trips into the wilderness, and dowagers of dirigible dimensions appear in chaparejos. It is a costume party, a cowboy ballad with gestures. It is a long recess and an attitude.

Without that attitude, you can leave the “e” off “dude” and that’s the kind of a ranch you’ll have. It must be the kind of a place—even if it’s an operating ranch—where every day’s a holiday and every girl the Girl of the Golden West. And every man, even if he doesn’t know his lasso from a hole in the ground, must feel like the sum and total of Buffalo Bill, the Virginian, and the Riders of the Purple Sage. That’s what a good dude ranch does to people. That’s what they want it to do.

A dude ranch is because people have a need for release, change of scenery, change of mood and costume. The dude ranch gives them the color and drama and the glamour of the world on the other side of the tracks—buffalo tracks.

The dude ranch was not superimposed upon non-Westerners by high pressure advertising. It evolved to meet a demand created by Easterners themselves. They wanted scenery. The West has more scenery than Orson Welles’ late production, *Around the World*. They wanted an invigorating atmosphere. You can’t beat the atmosphere of the West outside a benzedrine inhaler. Or even inside. And the romance of history brought them and still brings them to the old stamping grounds of Indians, explorers, and fabulous mountain outlaws. Not that dudes are always from the East. They come from all directions, including west. Some take it in quick sniffs, rushing through in their automobiles. Others want to stay awhile. And that’s where the dude ranch comes in.

It came in first in the 1880’s, when the brothers Eaton—Howard, Alden, and Willis—owned the Custer Trail Ranch in South Dakota. The Eatons invited some friends out for a visit. Friends kept coming back bringing more friends. Pretty soon the friends began to pay their own expenses. The Eaton brothers found themselves with a brand new industry on their hands.
In 1904 they moved down into Wyoming, where they bought seven thousand acres in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains. Eaton Ranch is still one of the biggest dude ranches in the country. For the accommodation of as many as one hundred and fifty guests, it has its own post office, telephone system, general store, and hotel, besides any number of cottages and cabins.

Wyoming and Montana remain the leading dude ranch states, but hundreds more are found in Arizona and New Mexico and Texas, in Utah, Nevada, and California, and in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Colorado. By 1936 the country’s dude ranches were accommodating something like ten thousand guests annually. Now that the war is over business is picking up again.

To make a dude ranch you need some scenery, a horse, and a good-looking cowboy. That isn’t all it takes, but these ingredients multiplied and amplified and abetted by a quantity of hard work are the basic elements, materially speaking. And if you happen to have a concrete pool, some tennis courts, and an old golf course lying around handy, they help, too. A dude ranch may look like any other ranch that specializes in horses, cattle, or sheep. It may also look like a cross between a country club and the country estate of a retired gangster. You may, as a participating guest, wash in the creek, eat in the kitchen with the rest of the outfit, and pitch in and help with the hayin’ or round-up. Or, at another ranch, you may breakfast in bed, dawdle for an hour in a bubble bath, and charter a plane for an afternoon’s sightseeing trip. East is East, and in some cases so is the West. You pay your money and you take your choice. Or vice-versa. And you do pay your money. Don’t expect to vacation on a dude ranch otherwise; it may have gold doorknobs.

You’ll pay from around $25 a week to $25 a day. This may or may not include horse fees, transportation from the nearest railway point or airfield, pack trips, and the like. But you can expect to get your money’s worth. Several thousand dudes couldn’t be so wrong.

Dude ranchers work hard at their profession. For the most part, everything is done to make the guest happy. If the guest isn’t, nine times out of ten, it’s his own fault. But such faulty patrons don’t too often show up on the ranches. That’s something the managers try to avoid. They have a sort of talent for bringing together people who will be congenial and get out of ranch life all its potential pleasure. Most ranches require references from their guests and offer references in return.

So you visit a railway office or two
and study the dude ranch bulletins they conveniently supply. You choose a locale that sounds like your dish. Maybe you’ll settle on the high mountainous regions of the Northwest or the Grand Teton country, or the not so high regions of California. Maybe if Sigmund Romberg echoes in your ears, you’ll choose the desert and the sunburnt Southwest. Or, if you can’t make up your mind, you can throw a dart at the map. If it lands in the West—north, south, or far—you can’t go wrong. There’ll be a dude ranch somewhere behind the next hill.

Then to boil it down to a specific ranch: type and tariff will tell you which one. At some you’ll live in the ranch house or a bunk house, at others, in a private cottage. Some will be populous—forty to a hundred or more guests; some, more exclusive, accommodate only five to ten. Choice depends also on the season, which varies with various ranches. Some stay open the year ’round for winter sports as well as summer. Others open in late May and close in September. Some specialize in entertaining the kids. Some are plain, some are fancy.

Or, perhaps the name will cinch it for you: a name like Bear Paw Ranch or Gros Ventre; Sky Meadows or the Flying A; or Methow Valley, Bishop’s Lodge, Hacienda de Los Cerros, or Thunder Bird Ranch.

Then you read a book about Western life, learn a bunch of words in what some handbook calls the Western idiom, and head for your first round-up. You show up at the corral the first morning in your best Central Park get-up and call a saddle a kack and nonchalantly get on your horse backwards. You sit on the top rail and chew a straw and toss off Western slang like the mother-tongue—till you find out it must be the dialect of some other section, because the cowboys don’t know what you’re talking about. And in about one day you learn that no tailored togs are half so smart and practical as a pair of levis (blue jeans to you; overall pants to somebody else); and that the wrangler did know where the trail led, after all; and that horse sense isn’t just a couple of syllables. You get the hang of it pretty quick, if you’re any sort of a dude at all.

It is quite possible to spend your entire ranch vacation behind a bridge hand. Most dudes prefer a cowhand—and a horse. The Horse is one thing all dude ranches have in common. He serves as a sort of common leveler to all guests—and a leveler literally to some who over-estimate themselves. Not that ranch horses are dangerous; they are not that, although the correct number are spirited beasts to be ridden by those who know how. The dude wranglers see to it that horses and their riders, however inexperienced, are compatible. That’s part of their job.

Aside from The Horse, dude ranches offer innumerable other recreational facilities, ranging from fishin’ tackle to basketball courts, from banjos to billiards. Golf, tennis, and badminton; croquet, campfire sings, and dancing—square or otherwise; fishing, boating, swimming—in anything from an irrigation ditch to a pool a la Hollywood back yards; skeet shooting, big game hunting, skiing, rodeos, picnics, pack trips—all these
are features of most of the ranches, varying according to the size of the ranch and its location.

Guests at certain Montana ranches may indulge in placer mining, equipped with a pan and long-handled shovel. A few hours out of Pendleton, Oregon, guests of the Lazy T Ranch may hunt on a game preserve, provided they stick to a bow and arrow. At the S W W Ranch in Colorado, you drive such comparative rarities as a London four-in-hand tallyho coach or a cabriolet. And at many of the larger ranches you may even play polo. Which brings us back to The Horse. We always get back to The Horse. He is as essential to the dude ranch as a boat to a cruise.

Considering the patterns of human nature, it isn’t surprising that dude ranching has become one of the West’s major industries within a little less than fifty years. When any industry begins to organize, you know it has arrived. There is now a Dude Ranchers’ Association, and an official publication called The Dude Rancher, as well as the Colorado Dude and Guest Ranch Association. These are the people who are doing their best to preserve the color of the uncommercialized West, while at the same time they commercialize it enough to satisfy the Easterners. People like roughing it, but they’d just as soon rough it with hot and cold running water and an innerspring mattress. And the rancher on the qui vive will bring certain comforts, even luxuries, into the wilderness to soften the blow.

Many ranch owners have a keen sense of responsibility toward their region, its wild life, forests, and natural beauty. Besides, it is to their own advantage to preserve the natural beauty of the West. The dudes like it.

They usually like it even if it’s fabricated, and even if they know it’s fabricated. A number of dude ranches throughout the West aren’t adverse to touching up the local color a bit if they think it’s necessary. And some ranches don’t even bother to camouflage the make-up job. They’re the ranches that look like a Hollywood set and carry on much in the manner of a Roy Rogers movie. The horses will be hand-picked for charm and appearance: they’ve gotta be pretty and they must not run off with the widows. The same thing goes for the cowboys. The cowboys may, however, get ostensibly lost in the forest with a cavvy of fillies—preferably blonde ones, inevitably of wealthy families. The deb-age daughters expect it. They come out to expensive ranches with their parents and fall flat on their faces for the young wranglers who guide them around on horses, and take them on picnics and dance with them on Saturday nights.

Three or four of the regular outfit may gang up to form an orchestra for these Saturday night barn dances. When they get thirsty, there’s a bunch
of Gene Autry records to spell them, and a loud speaker hidden in the hay.

Before professional rodeo companies began stealing their stuff, the ranch outfit used to stage its own rodeos on Saturday afternoons. The ranch generally kept a small supply of rodeo stock, not too formidable for the casual cowboys. The boys would rope calves and ride broncos and put on a good show for the ga-ga girls on the corral fence. If the horses failed to buck 'em off, they'd fall off. The show had to go on. And likely as not, the prize money would be turned back to the manager each Saturday after the performance. One young wrangler—one of the hand-picked ones—once won the same fifty dollars three or four times in a single summer.

If the guests at such ranches suspect that their local color is being slapped on like grease-paint, they don't seem to mind. It's still a good show. If they do mind — they can find the genuine article not far away. There is a dependable amount of sincerity in dude ranching. The ranch came first, and in many cases it still does.

And another thing: You won't find too many of the encroachments of civilization in mountains or wooded or desert states where the population density is still little more than 2.6 to 4.4 per square mile. That isn't very many people. There are, for instance, 97,914 square miles in Wyoming, and not quite three hundred thousand people scattered over all that space. That leaves plenty of room for the dudes to get back to nature among the Tetons, among the pine forests, and along the streams and lakes of Jackson Hole. And cattle are still rounded up as in the old days, and the woolies driven across the Divide to summer range. The West isn't old yet.

And that's why when the season approaches, when it's getting on toward May and June, the dudes in the Eastern cities begin to sing about tumblin' tumbleweed and a home where the buffalo roam. They know the chinook will be blowing across the snowfields, melting them down, and the summer wranglers shaking out their bright silk shirts, and there'll be silver on the sage tonight.

It's about that time they begin to think Mr. Greeley's classic imperative was meant just for them. Horace, I hear you talking! He sends 'em! And the dude ranch station wagon will be waiting at the station.
"I've a letter to dictate. Any volunteers?"
Million Dollar

Plane Ticket

About a guy named Dick Haymes, who turned out to be a pretty sound investment.

FOUR years ago, at New York's La Guardia Field, a be-mustached little talent agent named Bill Burton stood watching a California airliner arrive with a potential gold mine in which the Burton investment totalled all of $175. The stake itself had been little more than a casual speculation; the money just peanuts to this one-time fiddle player from the bayous of Louisiana. And yet, the vagaries of Lady Luck and show business being what they are, this toss-away bet by Bill Burton has already brought him—and the man on whom he gambled the $175—Midas-like riches and just about all the kudos Hollywood can bestow.

What the shrewd talent agent had risked was only the price of a plane ticket for a broke and discouraged crooner with a baritone voice no one else would buy. Today you probably know this singer as a young, pug-nosed chap named Dick Haymes.

Ironically enough, that particular Burton gamble probably hung up some sort of record because of its fly-speck size, since the loss of $175—had the dice turned up craps—would have meant nothing to this man who, during his fifty-odd years, had watched thousands of dollars go down the drain on also-rans, on inside straights the hard way, on singers, bands and vaudeville acts which had both made and lost him fortunes.

Yet if ever a man pulled a gold mine out of a hat, that was Bill Burton when he saw that plane ticket transmuted within a comparatively short time into a million golden dollars.

Actually, as Burton views it today, the Haymes gamble was giving him better odds than he could get in a horse race. The little manager, over a smoked salmon sandwich at the Brown Derby, was explaining why he had wired Haymes that money. "Yes," he said, reminiscing, "the odds were a hell of a lot better. Besides that, it gave me a chance to see what La Guardia Field looked like in the daytime."

That happened to be the anything-for-a-gag Burton talking. In his serious moments—and he's pretty serious 95 per cent of the time—he'll reveal the real reason for advancing that $175. "One of my clients then was Helen O'Connell, the singer," he said. "She was also a close friend of Joanne Haymes, Dick's wife. Helen needled me so much that I finally agreed to handle Haymes' career—what there was of it."
Both Burton and Haymes will admit that there was little that looked promising in the singer’s career back in 1943. Haymes was ill, without funds, virtually a failure. Joanne and Skipper, his baby son, were in New York, living in a furnished room. He himself had flopped as a song writer. His ventures in organizing and leading a band had led nowhere. As for singing with a band, with its topsy-turvy life of one-night stands, little sleep and separation from his family, he wanted no part of it. Haymes, with the same baritone voice that was one day to bring him close to half million a year out of pictures, the radio and records, was ready to take a job driving a truck.

That was the moment when Bill Burton, in New York, fished out $175 from among the fifties and C-notes in his pocket, tossed the bills onto a Western Union counter and bought himself a winning ticket on a million dollar property.

Call it acumen, luck, the gambling instinct or anything you like; one guess is as good as another. Burton himself isn’t sure. “Maybe it was because I admired the way the guy wore a knit tie around his pants as a belt; maybe it was because Dick and his wife used to leave Skipper with me of an evening when they wanted to go out. They lived next door to me in Hollywood and they made me an involuntary sitter. Or it could even be”—and right here Burton got in a characteristic chuckle—“it could even be that I believed the big lug could really sing. The reason doesn’t matter. Besides, what good is money if you never take chances?”

The point is that the little manager did take a chance, first with the plane fare, later with around $9000 which he tossed into the pot. That money went toward paying some of Haymes’ debts, into publicity, into a nice apartment for Joanne and the baby. Haymes’ new career, Burton decided, was going to get started right or not at all.

Meanwhile, there wasn’t even a signed contract between the two.

Within a few weeks Burton had Haymes booked for personal appearances at theatres in Newark and Hartford. The salary was $350 a week. That was still small potatoes for Bill Burton. His sights were on bigger things. Burton, still grooming Haymes, put his client into La Martinique, famed New York night club and a great showcase for singers. Dick was signed for two weeks; he stayed on three months. Burton began button-holing Hollywood talent scouts and talking about screen tests. Twentieth-Century Fox made a test of Haymes and sent the film on to the Coast, while Burton and his protege waited impatiently for the verdict.
And then the little manager came up with an idea that still has insiders talking.

That was the time the orchestra recording ban was on and the country's juke-box operators were hungry for new records. Burton walked into Jack Kapp's office at Decca and startled everyone with the suggestion that Haymes record *You'll Never Know* with only a vocal background. Doing it that way, there would be no need for an orchestra. Decca went for the plan, had Haymes make the recording and rushed the platters off to the juke-boxes.

"That record went out so fast, it was still sizzling," Burton recalls, "*You'll Never Know* hit a sale of 1,600,000 platters and earned us about $40,000 in royalties. I told Dick to go out and buy himself a new belt with his lousy 90 per cent—he still wore that tie around his middle—while I camped on Decca's doorstep until they threw me out. But when they gave me the heave-ho, I was pretty well protected. I had Haymes' new recording contract wrapped around me."

That's just Burton reaching for a gag again. Actually the Decca deal was a certainty because of Haymes' sensational success with *You'll Never Know*. On top of that came a wire from Twentieth Century-Fox, asking Haymes and Burton to report on the Coast for the start of a new picture.

Once in Hollywood, Burton wangled a seven-year contract for Haymes and a coast-to-coast radio show, all on the same day. Meanwhile Haymes' records were selling in such volume that he was already being tabbed king of juke-boxes. Soon Burton had Dick in starring roles at the studio, getting his boy equal billing with the lot's biggest money-maker, Betty Grable. There were more records, there were guest shots on other radio programs, there were personal appearances at New York's Roxy, at the Oriental in Chicago, at the Palace in Cleveland. That plane ticket was really paying off.

Today, with a number of big Twentieth Century Fox musicals to his credit, with his own radio show and with a fabulous record sale—as many as 8,000,000 in a year—Haymes is established as a million dollar business. And Bill Burton, the man who staked the singer to that plane fare, is a very important part of that business.

Only once has the Haymes-Burton relationship been disturbed by a major disagreement. That occurred when Burton and his then new client decided that it was time to get their working arrangement down in writing. Haymes insisted that the management deal continue for life; Burton just as vehemently maintained that the contract run for four days short of life. "Listen, Haymes," roared the talent agent, "nobody's going to call me a Simon Legree. I insist that you have some time for yourself!"

The little man, it seems, wasn't taking any more chances.
Wolf in Storage

ROME, GEORGIA, like Rome, Italy, has its Capitoline Wolf, but the Georgian wolf is in storage and there is some uncertainty as to whether it will ever again take up its stand in front of the City Hall.

Back in 1929, when Benito Mussolini heard of the city in Georgia which was named for the original Rome, he decided the national compliment should be personally acknowledged. The American city's likeness to the illustrious Italian city should not be limited to its seven hills, its ambitious name, and its growing importance in the world of affairs; it should have its Romulus and Remus, too. And so il duce dispatched to the astonished Georgians his infant ambassadors with their fostering she-wolf, a replica of the famous Capitoline bronze.

The statue was ceremoniously unveiled in front of the City Hall on July 19, 1929, and was an object of much interest, some friendly, some sharply critical.

For fifteen years it stood, though not without a share of the indignities that was the legendary heritage of the infants. One of the twins was stolen and all efforts to find it were as fruitless as though in strict Georgian reality it had been thrown into the Tiber. A replacement was sent from Italy and the group, again complete but becoming more and more an object of local uneasiness, continued to look out on the neighboring hills.

Then came the war, and with it a growing coolness toward the statues that held so much of Italian symbolism up to the American gaze. Finally, in June, 1942, the city fathers yielded to a demand that it be removed. And so il duce's gift rests in the friendly obscurity of the storage room while the seven hills look down on a vacant spot in front of the City Hall. Whether or not the wolf will come out of storage is something the natives of Georgia's Rome have not yet decided.—Florence Jansson.

TALKING STONE

More than one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Tennessee River, there lived an American who made an interesting contribution to American history: a unique alphabet. He was George Guess, a Cherokee Indian whose tribal name was Sequoia. This self-tutored man presented his race with the phonetic characters that form one of the most beautiful languages ever spoken. With only the help of his daughter, Eye-O-kah, he labored for twelve years to produce the musical cadences which make it possible for anyone to read Cherokee after studying the alphabet for just one day. George Guess listened to the sounds of birds and animals, then created 86 symbols on rocks and called them "talking stone." His statue is in the national capitol and the oldest living things in the entire world are named after him, the giant redwoods of the Yosemite Valley of California—the Sequoias.
Fallible, fanciful, and occasionally profitable, the old pastime is as intriguing as ever!

by D. R. LINSON

SPelled O-U-I-J-A, the word is pronounced weegee or weega. It's a combination of oui from the French and ja from the German, both of which mean "yes." Regardless of the way you pronounce it, however, weegee is more fun than a drunken baboon.

The original answer man, ouija, has been carrying on brilliantly ever since 1892 when the Fuld Brothers of Baltimore invented the board and thereby instituted the first quiz program. Ask it what you will, there is no stopping ouija. Beside its vast fund of knowledge, the quiz kids become as mute as Dead Enders discussing Picasso.

Briefly, the ouija is a smooth board with the letters of the alphabet extending across it. On top of this is a small, triangular table. Placing your hands upon the small table, you merely pop the question. Ouija then darts from one letter to another and spells out the answer.

When it comes to the discovery of lost, mislaid, or stolen articles, the ouija has no peer. Recently a dog was stolen from a woman living on Long Island. Frantically, this woman searched every nook and cranny of the neighborhood but without success. Three days later someone suggested she present the question to the ouija board. She did, and fifteen minutes later the dog was back in her possession. As ouija had informed her, the dog had been tied up in a deserted shack not more than five blocks from her home.

Several months ago Ruth Lecord suddenly missed her engagement ring while shopping in a large department store. She tried to recall when she had it last and remembered slipping it on her finger after washing that morning. But when or where she lost it, she had no idea. Inquiry at the lost and found department in the store proved futile, as did her attempts to recall each little incident that led up to the moment she missed the ring.

When the ouija board gave the message, "You lost it in the taxi," Miss Lecord scoffed at the answer. Nevertheless, on a long chance she called the taxi company and sighed with relief when told that a ring similar to the one she described had been turned in by one of the drivers. Calling for the ring, it proved to be hers. And she concluded it must have slipped off when she removed her gloves to dig into her purse for her fare.

In the world of music those who love classical selections are tremendously indebted to the ouija. According to Baron Erik Palstierna, in his book Horizons of Immortality, written
while he was Swedish Minister to Great Britain, credit for the recovery of the lost Schumann Concerto must go to the ouija board. In this instance the ouija told a young violinist just where the manuscript had been hidden in a Berlin library.

A few persons claim they have received invaluable tips from the ouija with reference to horse racing, speculation in Wall Street and other forms of gambling. Take this, however, with a grain of salt. Generally speaking the ouija is loathe to discuss this type of activity and even goes so far as to condemn it. Considerable personal experience with the operations of the ouija over a long period of years has led to no instances in which such tips have come through. Whether you can wheedle such information from ouija is another story. And more power to you if you can.

Love is one phase of life that the ouija is always vitally concerned about. Perhaps that explains its popularity with the fair sex. Questions such as, When will I marry, whom will I marry, will my boy friend return to me and what is he doing at this moment, are constantly being pitched at the ouija. The answers sometimes are amazing—as witness the answer given to a girl who had quarrelled and parted with her beloved. "Will he return to me?" the girl asked. The response, like a slap in the face, was, "No. Your boy friend is already married."

"You're crazy!" the girl flung at the ouija. "That's what you think," was the retort followed by the date of the alleged marriage. Subsequent investigation proved the ouija was correct.

It is particularly in the realm of literature, however, that the ouija has gained an excellent reputation for itself. True, there have been occasions where the ouija has sent through merely a collection of incoherent words and terminology. But there are many cases where the opposite obtains.

Among these is the testimony of the well-known author, Hamlin Garland. In his autobiography he reveals how a woman friend of his received most of her ideas, her plots and even her entire stories directly from the ouija.

But even more incredible is the case of the poet, Pearl Curran. Pearl was playing with the ouija one night when it suddenly halted in the middle of an answer to her question and sent through a piece of verse! Every night thereafter for twenty-five years, ouija sent through prodigious amounts of poetry and prose. While the novels did not make the best-seller lists, they were certainly as good as some of those you see in the bookstores today. And as for the poetry, most of that was excellent.

What causes the ouija to operate? That question has been a bone of contention for years. In fact, it even stumps the ouija. So your explanation is as good as anyone else's.

One thing is certain. The ouija can add no end of fun to a gathering that is beginning to bore and to pall. But if you use it, employ it sensibly. Don't take it too seriously and don't, above all, consider it as infallible. That is, unless you can coax it to grind out a best seller for you.
SWINGIN’ WITH THE STARS

Imported

STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN — David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. An engaging fantasy demonstrating in full Technicolor the power of love. A British flier, scheduled by the Almighty to die in the English Channel, reaches shore alive because one of the heavenly messengers slipped up on his job. The celestial courier attempts to entice the errant corpse up the stairway to heaven, but in vain. It seems that in his brief 12 hours of borrowed time he has contrived to fall in love and is reluctant to leave earth and his new found fiancée; pointing out that, after all, it was heaven’s mistake in the first place. A jury trial ensues, studied with flashes of British wit at its best. And the happy ending you knew was coming is apt to leave you choked up a bit, even so.

Warner Brothers

THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS— Robert Alda, Andrea King, Peter Lorre, J. Carroll Naish. You’ll go home and have nightmares after seeing this chill-filled movie! When her employer, a half-paralyzed concert pianist, dies suddenly and violently, a young nurse-companion is bequeathed his entire fortune. When others seek to contest the will, strange piano-playing is heard echoing through the old mansion in the precise style used by the dead man. Each time it is heard, it accompanies murder or attempted murder. As a final note of terror, the hand of the dead man (cut off after his interment) crawls through bookcases, wall safes, and desk drawers, in a determined effort to see that the will is enforced. Recommended as a hair-raiser for all except bald-headed men.

LOVE AND LEARN— Jack Carson, Robert Hutton, Martha Vickers, Janis Paige. A wacky, mixed-up modern comedy set in New York, in which an heiress, posing as a dance hall hostess, attempts to help a song-writing team get their music published. The boys jump to a decidedly wrong conclusion as to the young lady’s ethics and morals, young love goes astray, there is an elopement, a chase, a wedding with substitute groom, an automobile accident, and a wedding night spent in the local hospital. Rather strenuous and typically Carson.

THE UNFAITHFUL—Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott. Returning alone from a party, Chris Hunter (Miss Sheridan) kills a man who had followed her into her house. She tells police that he had demanded her jewels, and that she had killed in self-defense. When an art shop proprietor shows her lawyer (Ayres) a head of Chris sculptured by the dead man, it repeats her statement that she didn’t know him. She finally tells her husband of the affair which occurred while he was in the Pacific. Chris, on trial for murder, is acquitted, and goes home to pack, thinking her husband wants a divorce. The lawyer turns up to urge them to try to forget and make a go of their marriage. The outcome? What do you think?

POSSESSED — Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey. Another thriller-chiller in the psychological trend that movieteers have been gulping down without bicarbonate for the past three years. Joan Crawford is the one possessed in this film—in turns by love, hate, jealousy, Van Heflin and Raymond Massey. After pursuing a futile love for Mr. Heflin to its bitter end, Miss Crawford marries Mr. Massey, whose wife, it seems, conveniently drowned so Miss C. could become the second Mrs. M. Crawford’s schizophrenia rears its ugly head when her former paramour, Heflin, becomes enamoured with Massey’s daughter. Just goes to show what can happen when the movie script boys are let loose in the corridors of psychiatry.

Paramount


Broadway successes have been cropping up on celluloid by the scores lately. The newest one to join the ranks is Paramount’s picturization of the Norman Krasna hit comedy which ran two and a half years in New York. The story revolves about the hilariously tangle web woven by a sixteen-year-old girl who has been writing flaming love letters to an unknown soldier, in her sister’s name. The young man comes home, making a bee-line for his “Dear Ruth,” who happens to be in the midst of plans to marry someone else. With his immediate departure overseas in mind, the family endeavors to keep up the deception, but when he is assigned Stateside duty, a showdown is unavoidable. Light stuff, but fun!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

FIESTA—Esther Williams, Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Mary Astor, Ricardo Montalban. The Morales twins, Mario (Montalban) and Maria (Miss Williams) grow up receiving instruction in bull-fighting, but it is Maria who has inherited her father’s love of the sport. Mario is interested only in music. Facing his first official bull, he learns that his father has sent away the symphony conductor under whom he hoped to study, and this knowledge drives him to leave the ring in fury and be branded a coward. To bring him back, Maria fights in the bull ring under her brother’s name. The conductor, impressed by one of Mario’s compositions, presents it in a radio performance, which Mario hears. In an action-packed climax, he returns, finds his sister engaged in another fight, and saves her life. Excellent entertainment.
Trivia

The average American husband is the greatest labor saving device the American housewife has.

Many people make the mistake of developing their opinions in the darkroom of prejudice.

All men are born equal, but it is what they are equal to that counts.

At twenty, a man thinks he can save the world; at thirty, he would settle to save part of his own salary.

A man hopes that his lean years are behind him; a woman, that hers are ahead.

A gold-digger is a human gimme pig.

A jury is twelve persons chosen to determine which side has the best lawyer.

A ballet dancer is a jitterbug with a Russian accent.

"So it's done with mirrors! I still say it's good publicity."
On the Record

ANNOUNCEMENT of the release, June 23rd, of the Duke Ellington album has created quite a stir. Being able to get eight previously unreleased Ellingtons is big news for fans and collectors, as well as for those unfortunates who weren't around in the middle thirties to hear the greatest band the Duke ever had.

RCA Victor has decided that 50 million Frenchmen can't be wrong and has signed up two singing stars, Maurice Chevalier and Jean Sablon. Chevalier is an old timer who knows the ins and outs and in betweens of show business. Sablon is comparatively new in this country but a recent success. You're going to be compelled to brush up on your French, however, if you want to pronounce such things as Sablon's newest record title, Vous Qui Passez Sans Me Voir. Oo, la, la!

The Brown Dots have shifted from Manor to Majestic Records. Dots nice, kiddies!

Platter Chatter

Joshua Johnson (Kansas City 88'er) has just completed a recording date with Decca. Watch for Gypsy Blues, the first release. They're trying to make a vocal star out of a grand boogie player. Too bad! . . . Beryl Davis, the sensational British singing importation, has been signed by Victor for her first American platters . . . Red Norvo, now resting in Hollywood, will make a special xylophone solo for Capitol . . . Claude Thornhill has just finished a successful tour of college campuses . . . Harry James has a winner in his new disc, Moten Swing . . . New Majestic releases feature an album by Nat Brandt, Wynne and the new crooner find, Dick Farney . . . The biggest Big Names reported to be launching disc jockey shows are Paul Whiteman and Tommy Dorsey . . . Charlie Barnet and crew have now reorganized, with their initial appearance in Los Angeles . . . Count Basie's tour of Europe has been cancelled. Reason? Too much business in the United States . . . Freddy Martin and his orchestra open in the East with theatre dates this month . . . Singer Margaret Whiting is set to invade the music publishing business . . . The late Thomas "Fats" Waller's first serious work, Harlem Living Room Suite, will be waxed by an all-star orchestra . . . Stan Kenton, recuperating from a nervous breakdown, should be raring to go on band dates next month.

Highly Recommended

VICTOR 20-2272 — The Three Suns. Peg O' My Heart plus Across the Alley from the Alamo. The old ballad, first heard in World War I days, has been enjoying a tremendous renaissance. The unique instrumental effect which makes The Three Suns one of the nation's most popular combos is an ideal medium for the tune. The flipover novelty features Artie Dunn on vocal, backed by steady beat of guitar, accordion, and organ.

VICTOR 20-2287 — Charlie Spivak and Orchestra. Tomorrow and There's That Lonely Feeling Again. The former is a lively jump tune with brightly etched solo chorus by the "sweetest trumpet in the world." The reverse is a slow ballad which again features Charlie's horn and the promising voice of Tommy Mercer. Plenty danceable!

*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE. 1718.

CAPITOL 408—Stan Kenton and Orchestra. Collaboration plus Machito. Another in a series of Kenton's Artistry in Jazz. The first tune was penned by Stan and his arranger, Pete Rugolo. Phrasing and shading is superb, and one of the outstanding trombone solos ever put on wax is per-
formed by Kai Winding with his valve trumpet. Machito is somewhat wilder in movement with a terrific ending... a Buddy Childers-Skip Layton duet. A must for jazz fans.

COLUMBIA 37329 — Woody Herman accompanied by The Four Chips. That’s My Desire and Ivy, two terrific tunes performed by master Herman in his imitable style. Woody croons ably and is backed up by an unusual instrumental group, in which he gets in a few licks with his own licorice stick. Woody is still good, even without the band.

*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA. 0676.

DECCA 23879 — Lionel Hampton and his Hamptonians. I Want to be Loved plus Limehouse Blues. You know if it’s Hampton it’s got to be good. We could stop there, but to be more specific the first side features superb vocal work with a slow ballad that’s terrific. The reverse picks up the beat and Hampton nearly runs away with a vibe solo. A solid sender!

MGM 10017 — Slim Gaillard and his Trio. Tip Light backed up by Arabian Boogie. Our re-bop boy and his trio have calmed down and in these two sides give out with unadulterated rhythm. They’re both Gaillard originals and feature vocals by him. Should be in your library.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas. AT. 1206.

MAJESTIC 7225 — Dick Farney with Paul Baron and Orchestra. My Young and Foolish Heart over I Wish I Didn’t Love You So. Farney is one of the newest crooners to enter the ranks, and Majestic didn’t waste wax when they signed the contract. Resembling the Haymes voice, his baritone lends itself nicely to these slow, beautiful ballads.

COLUMBIA 37351 — Harry James and his Orchestra. Moten Swing (two sides). Harry James turns out a real production on these two sides. The tune is a solid jump that goes back to the days of Benny and Buzz Moten. Sparkling solos by Lou Fromm on drums, and Corky Corcoran and Willie Smith on sax. Whether you’re a dance bug or a James fan, you’ll go for this record.

Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI. 9430.

COLUMBIA 37354 — Gene Krupa and Orchestra. Dreams Are a Dime a Dozen plus Yes, Yes, Honey. Here’s a swell pair of ballads featuring Tom Berry and Carolyn Grey in the vocal department. Quite a change of beat for Krupa but he handles it nicely. Both splendid tunes for dancing!

COLUMBIA 37338 — Kay Kyser and his Orchestra, with Jane Russell. Boin-n-ng and If My Heart Had a Window. “The Outlaw,” recently attached to Mr. Kyser as vocalist, presents a piquant little novelty tune called Boin-n-ng which relates just what happened to a certain gal’s heart when she met a certain guy. Jane carries her curves up through the voice box and that probably won’t hurt the sales of the disc. Harry Babbitt handles the vocal on the latter.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA. 5200.

MAJESTIC 1124 — Eddy Howard and his Orchestra. Ask Anyone Who Knows plus I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder. Eddy Howard and crew continue to put out one fine record after another and this one is no exception. Both slow ballads, they get the sweet and mellow treatment with masterful phrasing by the orchestra. Eddy and the trio make vocal appearances on both sides. I Wonder is the hit of the West Coast and is moving east rapidly.

VICTOR 20-2267 — Freddy Martin and Orchestra. Things Are No Different Now with I Won’t Be Home Anymore When You Call. Ideal for the smooth swing addicts, with outstanding blend of sax and violin with piano sparkings. Stuart Wade is our vocal man on this side. The plattermate, I Won’t Be Home, features group singing and whistling with Martin bounce tempo. Toe-tapping rhythm that’s well worth the money.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE. 6540.
THERE are those who claim that Manhattan is the best summer resort in the country. And here are a few of the reasons: roof gardens are open, particularly the Waldorf and the St. Regis, where one can dine and dance and view the sparkle of the city with cool breezes and with elbow room. There are boat trips around the island which are not only comfortable but educational. They afford a long view of the world’s most famous sky line coupled with a close view of freighters and ocean liners from all parts of the world. Stores and shops are much less crowded during the summer months. Delightful little street cafes are open down along lower Fifth Avenue or up at the Sulgrave at 67th and Park. Most cocktail bars worth visiting are air conditioned, as are most of the summer run theatres. Hotel service is much quicker and taxis cruise around actually looking for passengers. Evening walks and window shopping are casual and delightful. If all these things become tiring, there is always a quick train to the country—in any direction.

We in Manhattan are already beginning to feel the dread pressure of a coming election year. It is sort of like a big family fight which clears up the moment it is over. But it confuses and frightens the by-standing foreign nations. It’s too bad we have to go through it but perhaps it is a good clearer of the atmosphere. Every move the party in power makes from now on will be attributed to vote-getting. Every gathering, social or otherwise, will take as its main topic The Election. From now on in Manhattan, and no doubt everywhere, there will be so much political proselyting, to the point of temper, that compiling guest lists will be a macabre undertaking. New Year’s resolutions are anemic compared to the “I won’t be drawn into any political discussion” vow. Some things are impossible. No one can resist throwing in his two bits when it comes to politics. It’s hectic and disturbing and a glorious privilege. After all it is America—and we still have it!

Dogs are an awful nuisance but practically everyone loves them. Maybe it is because they are so foolish and affectionate. Whatever the reason, they are most certainly all over the place. In crowded quarters a dog-bed for one dog presents a problem, and if a master or mistress is susceptible to the idea of two dogs the problem is doubled.

A friend of ours who has two wire-haired terriers has designed a double-decker bed which fits into any small corner. The younger dog gets the upper and the older gets the lower, and with very little training all is compact and serene.

Dress designers and dress manufacturers are frantically busy in Manhattan preparing for the fall season. Buyers from various stores all over the country are here and all seem to be in somewhat of a dilemma. It’s the same with fur dealers. What women will buy and how much they will pay is anybody’s guess, and the buyers had better guess right or
Their particular departments will take an awful beating.

Public spending for clothes isn’t as free as it was a short time ago, although the cost of materials and labor remains the same. It’s a jittery condition. As for the fashion angle, skirts are definitely on the longish side, and there is a trend away from the “fitted” look, with full backs and full sleeves. For the past few years most new-season fashions have been impractical to the point of being party costumes. Now, most garments must serve not only a dual but a practical role. A fur coat must be able to brave the winds during daytime jaunts and yet lend glamour to a dinner dress. Dresses must be able to serve a multitude of occasions. Some designers are holding to the very broad shoulder lines, some are tapering them down to almost nothing. Apparently anything goes except the short skirt. Hats continue to be whimsical. Any old bit of junk with a veil on it will do.

Sailing is an occupation, engrossing and demanding. That goes for motor boats, too. Don’t let anyone tell you that getting a new boat isn’t like taking on a new member of the family. It has to be taken out or put to bed like a baby, and you almost have a sitter for it. Long Island Sound is full of boats—as is Long Island conversation. On a decent day the Sound is dotted with boats of all descriptions; some cruising, some racing, some fishing. It’s a beautiful sight. There aren’t very many new boats this year, since production came to a stand-still during the war and so far hasn’t gained much momentum. So, everything with a round bottom to it appears to have been painted and put in the water. And, anyone who can talk wind and tide and weather is welcome in any harbor.

Most parents of college age boys are in a quandary. It isn’t over the question of the family car or the telephone or girls, but over the difficulty of getting the boys into a reputable college or university. After the painful process of graduating them from high school or prep school, there seems to be no place to send them. Some parents are advocating a year with a job, others favor a post Grad course at the old school. At any rate it seems likely that we will have a mass of college-bent youths floundering around for the next year while waiting for further exposure to education.

The sales manager’s wife walked into her husband’s private office unannounced. She discovered her husband eating his lunch at his desk, while his beautiful secretary was parked on his lap.

“Charley!” stormed his wife. “What is that girl doing on your lap?”

The guilty husband almost choked on a piece of pie. He pointed to the food.

“I had to do something, darling. The waiter forgot to send up a napkin.”

Integrity is that thing which keeps you from turning to the last page to see how the story ends.
NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (International). Charming, flaxen-haired, and unusually sprightly Bambi Linn plays Alice in this beautiful Eva LaGallienne production. The piece is a trifle long, by reason of the inclusion of much of Through the Looking Glass, but it is well acted and handsomely done up. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, ALL MY SONS was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Garson Kanin wrote and directed the wonderful comedy about a crooked junk dealer and a girl with a Pure Heart. In the leading roles, Paul Douglas and Judy Holiday are unsurpassable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Pathos and high humor mingle freely at the Belasco, as Bert Lahr and handsome Jean Parker play to the hilt this revival from the late Twenties. It's about a comedian of variable fortunes, and his loyal wife. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). An Anita Loos comedy presenting Helen Hayes as a mousy librarian who just happens to tangle with one too many Pink Ladies on a rainy afternoon—to the amazement of the players and the delight of the audience. Miss Hayes is outstanding, even for Miss Hayes. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★HARVEY. (48th Street). Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are still happily and hilariously contending with the six-foot rabbit — invisible, of course—as this grand Pulitzer Prize winner continues its long run. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). A Norman Krasna farce produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and expertly directed by Joshua Logan. Despite flimsy framework, the finished product is smooth and sure-fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Clearly established as the all-time long-run champion with 3200 performances, FATHER is still doing nicely, thank you. The Lindsay-Crouse comedy based on the book by Clarence Day now stars Brandon Peters and Mary Loane. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.


★PORTRAIT IN BLACK. (Booth). Claire Luce, Donald Cook, and Sidney Blackmer in a weak melodrama posing as a "psychological thriller." Regrettably, the type is not uncommon. Mrs. Luce, however, is the prettiest paranoic of the season. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Ralph Bellamy and Kay Frances are again playing the leads in the Lindsay-Crouse commentary on Republican politics and presidential campaigns. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford. Louisa Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It's a comedy by John van Druten, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.


★A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. (Plymouth). Somehow still around is this not-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reformation of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor, but a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

**BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK.** (Martin Beck). Heavy-handed college humor by Max Shulman, based upon his best-selling book of the same name. Nancy Walker and Billy Redfield head a whole stageful of people. Thanks to their talents and those of producer George Abbott, the University of Minnesota needn't pull the hole in after. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

**BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). A handsome singing and dancing musical with good music, sprightly performers, every plaid pattern known to man, and a bucketful of burrs—Scottish variety. The story is richly reminiscent of the Germelshausen legend, but what's so awful about that? With David Brooks, Pamela Britton, and Marion Bell. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**CALL ME MISTER.** (National). Ex-GI's and overseas entertainers have banded together to write, score, direct, sing, dance, act, and produce this outstanding revue. Their talents make it obvious that not one of them will experience employment difficulties in this post-war world. Evenings, 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A gay fantasy, up to its pointed little ears in whimsy, revolving around a leprechaun transported from Eire to Tobacco Road. Excellent and tuneful performances by Dorothy Claire and David Wayne. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


**OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). Word is out that this Rodgers and Hammerstein II hit, based upon **GREEN GROW THE LILACS**, is dickering for a 99-year lease. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). Bobby Clark, one of the world's funniest men, romps through, over, and around the creaky old operetta by Victor Herbert. It's his show all the way, which is exactly as it should be. Bobby Clark by any other name would be Bobby Clark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**NEW YORK THEATRES**

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Barrymore, 243 E. 47th..............CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th..............BR 9-2067 E
 Bijou, 209 W. 45th..............CO 5-8215 W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th..............CI 6-3583 W
Booth, 222 W. 45th..............CI 6-5959 W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th..............BR 9-2067 E
Coronet, 201 W. 49th..............CI 6-8870 W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th..............CI 6-6075 W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..............BR 9-4566 W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th..............BR 9-5641 W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th..............CO 5-2412 W
International, Columbus Circle..............CO 5-1173 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th..............CH 4-4276 W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..............CI 6-6363 W
Moroco, 217 W. 45th..............CI 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th..............CI 6-4636 W
National, 208 W. 41st..............PE 6-8220 W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th..............CI 6-9156 W
Royale, 242 W. 45th..............CI 5-5750 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th..............CI 6-9500 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th..............LA 4-4664 W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..............CI 5-5200 W

A Southern storekeeper who was also justice of the peace was sitting in front of his store when Mose drove up.

"Say, Squiah," the latter said, "Dat woman you married me to las' week has ten chillun, an' every one of dem plays some kin' ob musical instrument."

"Why that's a regular band, Mose," replied the justice. "Do you want me to send off and get you a horn, too?"

"No, suh," was the dismal answer. "Ah wants to git disbanded."

At the end of an evening some people are so tired they can hardly keep their mouths open.

The reason so many marriages are failures is that so many inexperienced people go into it.
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BEISTON

★ASTOR. What could be nicer than Carmen Cavallaro and Lenny Herman? They're both terrific. You can sip a cocktail or two before dinner in a clever little outdoor cocktail lounge. Adequate air conditioning by Dame Nature. Times Square. Cl. 6-6000.

★BAGATELLE. The murals by Lamotte are perfectly gorgeous. This attractive supper room boasts Wally Griffin and the inimitable Dorothy Ross with her risque ditties. Buck fifty minimum week nights. 3 E. 52nd. PL. 3-9632.

★BARNEY GALLANT'S. When gentle readers were in tri-cornered pantiles, Barney was serving the finest of mixed drinks and hearty food. Enjoy yourself with a background of quiet pianistics and accordan melodies. There's a palistm to help you while away the time and her name is Mme. Era. 86 University Place. ST. 90209.

★BEEKMAN TOWER. Wholesome American cooking on the first floor. A cozy and terribly friendly bar named the Elbow Room. Up in the blue is the Top O' the Tower. Pleasant cocktail lounge and terrace with a beautiful view. 49th and 1st Avenue. EL. 7-7300.

★BILTMORE. Ray Heatherton's and Arthur Ravel's bands. The delightful supper show features Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals. There's the Madison Room for luncheon and dinner, the Men's Bar for harried males and the Famous Cocktail Lounge. Mischa Raginsky's ensemble. Madison at 43rd. MU. 7-7000.

★BRASS RAIL. A haven for Broadwayites and you too, stranger. The food helps are simply enormous and very, very inexpensive. You can eat lunch for six bits! Don't miss the pastrami nor the cheesecake. 745 7th Avenue. CO. 5-3515.

★CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. A boogie bootin' jazz emporium nowadays with James McCall, Mary Lou Williams, Ann Hathaway, Buck Clayton's band and piano man Cliff Jackson. If you've got rhythm in your bones this is the place to rattle 'em. 2 Sheridan Square. CH. 2-2737.

★CHATEAUBRIAND. Undoubtedly one of the finest French restaurants in the USA. Your host keeps an eye on the kitchen and things are very smooth, including that foie gras. Ah, those Frenchies! How they can cook! 148 E. 56th. PL. 9-6544.

★COMMODORE. Nick Perita in the Century Room with dancing after ten to Bobby Byrnes. Good food in the Tudor Room. Lexington at 42nd. MU. 6-6600.

★DON JULIO'S. Arroz con pollo. Si, si! Souse of ze bordair weath hat dances and all. The place is charming and the atmosphere carries your wandering spirit to old Taxco or maybe Acapulco. Dinner to nine p. m. and a la carte afterwards. 40 W. 8th. GR. 7-0753.

★DRAKE. Are you a blue blood? See 'em and be seen at the sophisticated and elegant Drake Room. The food is fine in the main dining room with a very moderate a la carte. 440 Park. WI. 2-0600.

★EDDIE CONDON'S. Ever hear an honest to goodness jam session? Drop around any Tuesday about nine chimes. Peewee Russell, George Brunis, Gene Schroeder, Bill Davison, Sid Weiss and George Wettling. Two buck minimum week days. 47 W. 3rd. GR. 3-8736.

★FISHERMAN'S NET. Lobster Newburg that melts in your little pink mouth. Ah, and the red snapper sautee Armandine! Beer before dinner and hearty wines with your seafood selection. Cute, friendly and cozy. Between 33rd and 34th on 3rd Avenue. MU. 4-8911.

★JACK DEMPSEY'S. Ole Jackson plays to a mighty big crowd. The Mauler attracts a great many himself, the rest come to enjoy the food. The Korn Koblgers perform clever antics for your entertainment. Broadway at 49th. CO. 5-7875.

★LAFAYETTE. Another Parisian paradise with a food reputation that stretches back through the years. Cafe opens every day at 11:30 a. m. and stays that way 'til midnight. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. University Place at 9th. ST. 9-7500.

★LATIN QUARTER. Four buck minimum but gosh, with Sophie Tucker and Pinky Lee that's a real bargain! We don't know how they got Sophie away from San Francisco. Guess she got the yen for Broadway mazdas. Dance to Vincent Travers and Buddy Harlow. Week day shows at eight and twelve. The finale at two on Saturdays. 48th and Broadway. CI. 6-1737.

★LEON AND EDDIE'S. Eddie Davis heads a sides-splitting show packed with goofs, gimmicks and guffaws. Dinner from $1.50 to $4.50 with a $3.50 minimum after ten. A peach of a bar opened at four p. m. There's celebrity night after the stroke of 12 Sundays. 33 W. 52nd. EL. 5-9514.

★LUM FONG. We said "ding how" to a bunch of Chinese air cadets once and they all turned around and smiled. Must mean something good, so try it here. Wonderful Chinese food and also a cocktail lounge open at three p. m. 150 W. 52nd. Cl. 6-2123.

★SAVOY PLAZA. Irving Conn and Clemente's marimba band in the Cafe Lounge makes for a very pleasant evening. The drinks here are particularly good; and, incidentally, you can find a keen breakfast at the Savoy Room. Plaza Circle at 58th. VO. 5-2600.

★VERSAILLES. Myrus and Lisa Kirk provide entertainment at two shows during the evening. Dancing to Bob Grant's Orchestra and Panchito's rhumbas. Food fine, and the place is always filled with the right people. 151 E. 50th. PL. 8-0310.

★WHITE TURKEY 49TH STREET. Homely atmosphere and home-cooked meals. Traditional American dishes with delightful specialties like Maryland fried chicken and roast Connecticut turkey. 12 E. 49th. PL. 3-1181.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Gay and Glamorous
★BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Henry Brandon's big band, Dorothy Dorben's big revue and the magnificence of the room itself adds up to a big evening.

★BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A sleekly elegant room to nudge the smart set, dance, and pay attention to a single act twice a night. Wonderful cuisine.

★CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Ron Pry's orchestra goes in for tempo's temp, nicely turned, and the burgundy blood drops have been replaced with the green and white stripes of summer habiliment.

★EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Whatever you do in Chicago, don't miss one evening here—elaborate food, service, decor, orchestra and show-fare.

★GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Convivial address of the Avenue for matinee cocktails and dancing and more of the same in the evening.

★MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th St. (Har. 4500). Bill Snyder's band is back to pull you floorwards and one impeccable act is presented twice a night. Standby of the snob mob.

★PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Anybody that's anybody congregates here, ostensibly to dine and wine well and dance to David LeWinter's band; the Pump has the jump on celebrities and that's for sure.

★WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle Sts. (Cen. 0123). Entertainment has been cut down to Friday and Saturday only, but other nights there's pleasant concert tune-fare.

★YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Closed during July so everybody on the staff can vacation.

Star-Light
★Outdoor dancing and entertainment on the Beach Walk of the EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000) . luncheon and dinner in the garden patio of JACQUES' FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 9040) . Cocktails or dinner in the petite walled garden of IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301) . Early dinners in the courtyard of LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 9701).

Gaudy Shows
★Night club extravaganzas of entertainment at CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . COPACABANA, State and Lake Sts. (Dea. 5151).

Younger Spas
★BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Ray Pearl's Orchestra and two-act floor shows.

★COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Top recording artists in person, bands, vocalists and combos.

Dining Delights

Sexbisticsation

Theatre
★There's no way of telling what may happen but the following shows expect to run through July. . . CALL ME MISTER at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan, hit G. I. musical revue . . . THE RED MILL at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, revival of the famed operetta, and a delight it is . . . CAROUSEL at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe, the Theatre Guild's successor to OKLAHOMA and just about as good . . . BORN YESTERDAY at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark, impertinent comedy with a lively cast . . . LAURA at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn, thrill drama with K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe and Otto Kruger.
**Chicago LETTER**

by NORT JONATHAN

**CONTRARY** to the opinion held in some quarters that opera is for the Mink and Sable Set rather than the masses, several Chicago groups have come forward recently with extremely creditable performances of such standard works as *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This is known in the Windy City as "L Opera"—so called because the performers and the audience ride the elevated system or the street cars to get to the theatre. There are no town cars, no high-priced tenors from the Metropolitan.

The theatre most popular with two-bit opera companies is the dingy "8th Street" just back of the Stevens Hotel. For years the 8th Street Theatre has made a slim profit renting its aged facilities to lady book reviewers, virile male lecturers just back from the Congo, with or without hair on their chests, and touring radio troupes. For several decades this old theatre has been the regular Saturday night home of the *National Barn Dance*. An important play with what is laughingly known in these parts as "the original Broadway cast" hasn't played the "8th Street" since De Wolf Hopper gave up reciting "Casey at the Bat." . . . But the place is enormously popular with amateur and semi-pro musical and dramatic organizations. The rent is reasonable and the acoustics are wonderful. Even the thinnest soprano can be heard in the back of the hall.

The latest musical production outfit to occupy the 8th Street Theatre has been the Midwest Opera Company. Its motto of "opera at popular prices" is somewhat over-ambitious because neither the orchestra nor the cast can compare professionally with what is heard over at the Civic Opera House during the regular season. However, everybody works hard and, after all, if you love opera as opera rather than as a social event, you don't care too much if the scenery looks as though it had been around since *East Lynne* and the chorus shows a remarkable talent for drowning out the principals. It's opera and it's more than good enough to attract a sizable following of opera-lovers. The casts are about evenly divided between radio singers who like to get out from behind the microphone, voice students and their teachers. The tenor may be a street car inspector during the week but on Sunday night he can sail into the sextette from *Lucia* on the stage of the venerable 8th Street Theatre. He may never sing with the Met, but the thrill of singing opera and hearing thunderous applause is there just the same.

While we're talking about music, it should be reported here that the *State Street Symphony* was a great success when played by the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra at the Medinah Temple. Young Earl Hoffman, the composer, was properly modest when introduced from the stage by Henry Weber, conductor of the orchestra. Mr. Hoffman answered some questions about how he came to write the symphony but was not called upon to render *The Flight of the Bumblebee* on the slide trombone. As was mentioned a couple of months ago, Mr. Hoffman is practically the only trombone player in existence who can accomplish this difficult feat.

A week later in the same spot the local chapter of the American Federation of Radio Artists staged its annual AFRA Antics, with Gary Moore as master of ceremonies. For the first time in the memory of the oldest living inhabitant of Radio Row, the Antics was really a good show, rather than a customer-
gouging contest or a rat-race. For the first time in years, everybody could see, hear, and enjoy the high-priced union members who had been called upon by the very persuasive entertainment committee to appear for free. Although the guest artist list ranged from the Harmonicats to Lena Horne and from Don McNeil to Rudy Vallee, the most outstanding job of all was done by young Mr. Moore himself in the role of emcee. He kept the name-heavy show rolling at a fast clip for the better part of four hours. Nothing was too much work for Mr. Moore. When a lady in the balcony won a door prize, Mr. Moore presented it in person, clambering from the stage up into the balcony, aided of course by willing hands, with all the agility of a circus acrobat.

Rudy Vallee stopped the show cold with a strictly local gag. Since we wrote so gaily last month about Mr. Vallee filling the Copacabana to the doors, it should now be explained that this happy state of affairs did not continue too long. Alas, the Copacabana, crowded or not, couldn’t meet the terrific overhead occasioned by the Vagabond Lover’s presence. And so shortly before the Antics, Vallee found himself catching a bouncing check for sixteen thousand dollars for the second or third time. When he got tired of playing catch with the management, he complained loudly and bitterly in the press and his lawyers quickly went to work. It was Mr. Vallee’s plaintive question, “Would anybody here like to cash a check for sixteen thousand dollars?” that brought the Antics to a hilarious stop.

The empty tables in the nightclubs have continued. In fact, several of the better known clubs have taken to bouncing checks around like rubber balls. One worried performer, inquiring as to when the NSF check he was holding might be made good, was told, “When it gets dirty or mutilated from going through the banks, bring it back and we’ll give you a clean one.”

There is good cheer around, though. The summer concert series at Ravinia by the Chicago Symphony will be in full swing when you read this, and so will the long-famed midsummer flower show at the Garfield and Lincoln Park Conservatories. Those venerable tubs, the City of Grand Rapids and the Teddy Roosevelt, will be waddling out into the lake daily and nightly on special cruises. In all parts of town, the girl baseball players (professional variety) will be yelling, “We was robbed!” with soprano ferocity. If you think there’s anything feminine or ladylike about a girls’ pro ball club, you just haven’t watched some one hundred and fifty pound darling slide into home plate and then begin to upbraid the umpire and the members of both teams with all the shrillness of a fishwife. On second thought, the fishwife is getting the worst of the comparison.

And of course there will be the free outdoor concerts in Grant Park, and the not-so-free baseball games played by the Chicago Cubs and the White Sox. If it’s theater you want, the legitimate houses have air conditioning, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

All should be well in Chicago in July.
MAGNIFICENT MEAL . . .

★BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Be sure that your stomach’s as big as your eyes because everything looks so delectable you’re liable to overload your tray. Such crispy, tasty salads! And the tenderest of meat dishes. Of course the Bluebird is air conditioned, and owner W. W. Wurton spares no efforts in seeing that this attractively decorated place remains as clean and sanitary as your own kitchen. 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★BRETTON’S. Take a gastronomic trip abroad by dining at Bretton’s. The continental specialties are a delight to the initiated. Such things as chicken kasha and kreplok are a must. Max will see to it that you are comfortably seated and will promptly tend to your slightest desire. The Martins are very dry and very good. 1215 Baltimore. HA. 5773.

★PUTSCH’S 210. Owner Putsch offers the finest in steaks and complete dinners. Smartly-attired bar- men prepare your favorite drinks, backgrounded by a beautiful glass mural. The plushy wall seats in the barroom have little armrests that pull out like the one in your Cadillac. There’s a dining room with wrought-iron trimmings, glass lanterns and a rose-covered white brick effect that takes you right to New Orleans. The lounge proper is highlighted by floral walls and gorgeous brass candelabra. You’d have to go to New York to find a place as smartly decorated. There’s also a fine cafeteria on the Wyandotte side. Excellent food and drink. Kansas City’s elite are all to be found at the “210.” Entrancing dinner music by Vic Colia and Kay Hill. 210 W. 47th St. LO. 2000.

★PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. “F” stands for fried onions and Fanny Anderson. How that woman can cook your vittles. Mmmmmm. Baltimore tycoons have been royally entertaining their chums for years at the New Yorker. You’ve arrived, friend, when host Jerry greets you by name—but even strangers get the best in food, drink and ser- vice here! 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★SAVOY GRILL. The menu features tasty sea- food and, say, you must try one of their chicken sandwiches—really a treat. Waiters in starchy white coats whisk your food to you in a jiffy; but if you have a few minutes to spare, a before-dinner drink while contemplating the gay nineties surroundings will put you in a peaceful mood. 9th and Central. VI. 3980.

GOOD TASTE . . .

★IL PAGLIACCO. Like great big thick steaks? You do? Well then, hop into the old bus and scoot down to Il Pagliaccio. Not only do they serve good steaks, but you can have your meatballs and spaghetti any way you want ‘em. And brother, they’re serving the kind of man-sized drinks at that attractively decorated bar that makes you wonder if you’d be safe drinking more than two. The gals eye handsome Frank Ross while Dave McClain tickles the ivories for soft dinner music. 600 E. 6th. HA. 8441.

★ADRIAN’S MART CAFE. After twenty years in charge of cuisine at the President, Adrian Hooper brings a wealth of experience in preparing fine food to the Mart Cafe and Cocktail Lounge. If you can’t find Mart building inhabitants in their offices, you’re sure to find them down in the Mart Cafe! Adrian is featuring complete dinners with chicken or steak. There are two free parking lots on Grand just south of the building for patron’s convenience. Merchandise Mart. VI. 6587.

KANSAS CITY
PORTS OF CALL

★FRANK J. MARSHALL’S. We like to talk about genial Frank Marshall’s Brush Creek place and we often do—mmm!—that lovely chicken he serves out there. But this month we’ll talk about those inexpensive and soul-satisfying business men’s lunches and breakfasts over at 917 Grand. The place is packed to the rafters every day and you just know the food is good because you see the same faces. My, how those perky waitresses scurry about, balancing trayfuls of home-cooked dishes. You don’t have to ask Frank if business is good. In fact you can’t even see through the crowd to ask him! Brush Creek at the Pasco and 917 Grand. VA. 9757.

★BARREL BUFFET. Not only is this popular place newly redecorated, but it’s just the place for these hot summer afternoons. The Accurso brothers have installed a brand new air conditioning system that cools you off in a hurry. Jack boasts about his barbecued sandwiches and he certainly has the right because they’re scrumptious. The place is always filled with good people and if you’re lonely, strike up a conversation with the guy next to you and enjoy yourself. 12th and Central. GR. 9400.

★ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Bedecked with murals, business men and bustling waitresses, you can grab your luncheon snack while reading a mimeo news sheet. Savor your meal to the strains of Alberta Bird’s Hammond organ by remote from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★AIRPORT RESTAURANT. We can’t fly either, but we still enjoy that 24-hour-a-day service here. You do get a little envious of all those glamorous fly boys with their silver wings and petite stewardesses, but even a paddlefoot can get served and enjoy a mighty good meal. No, the airlines aren’t crowded, those are local people you see hanging from the rafters. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA. A step down from the El Bolero bar and you find yourself in a long, cool room with snow-topped tables decorated with tall green water bottles. You know, the kind you get down at Hot Springs with the mineral water in them. Good food, a choice of continental specialties, and quiet, efficient service. 3650 Broad- way. VA. 5040.
★BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A very refined and dignified dining room is featured in this lovely Southside hotel. Get away from the din and bustle of city life and relax before a home-cooked meal. The service is courteous and efficient and the kitchen is immaculate. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE. Gosh! Glenn’s is so popular they’ve had to open an overflow restaurant down the street. No more “r” months, so no more oysters; but those waffles are back and there’s still plenty of “that lemon pie!” The waitresses dress in starchy white and the place is just immaculate. To add to the general sanitation, smokers are requested not to light up until they leave. Scarritt Arcade. HA. 9716.

★MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Pleasant hotel food prepared in the finest traditions of the profession. The leather seats at the counter remind you of home and incidentally, so does the strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★NU WAY DRIVE-INS. Mr. Duncan has the two finest drive-ins in the city and nobody knows it better than his customers, of which he has a great many. There’s a special talent needed for operating a good drive-in and Duncan has just that. A variety of delicious sandwiches, soft drinks, and atomic car hops to wait upon you at the flick of a light are things that keep people coming back in droves. Midtown it’s Linwood at Main; and out south, Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★UNITY INN. An unusual vegetarian cafeteria decorated in cool green with white latticework and tile floor. The food is delicious, and the pastry is the town’s finest. A pleasant, restful atmosphere. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

To See and be Seen

★EL CASBAH. Wayne Muir, his two pianos and his orchestra, has been the feature attraction here for the last month. Piano-mate Ted Dreher has done some terrific arranging for this outstanding band, and beautiful Beverly Cassidy will play upon your heartstrings with her melodic vocals. An entertaining floor show and no cover or minimum. Jerry Engle, formerly of the Pump Room, is the maître d’ hotel. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★SOUTHERN MANSION. Host Johnny Franklin will see that you’re happy with your seating arrangement, and Dee Peterson will keep you happy with his music. The vocals are sung in a most captivating manner by Bob Smith. Take your next party to the Mansion for good food, good drink and a good time. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.
TERRACE GRILL. This month's musical attraction at the Grill is society bandsman Ramon Ramos and his orchestra. Ramos comes to Kansas City from Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. The Grill serves an elite clientele which is ably accommodated by host Gordon. The two-level room is handsomely decorated, quiet and refined. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

Class with a Glass . . .

CABANA. WHB's Alberta Bird will play the top ten—or any other tune that you can hum—while you sip your cocktail in this chunky lounge. You can get a snack at noontime and an earful of cheerful conversation while listening to pretty Alberta. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

LA CANTINA. The waitresses are all decked out in embroidered shirtwaists and colorful skirts to lend atmosphere to this downstairs bar and snack room. The music comes from a buffalodean, so there's no tax. Mount the stairs to the Casbah for a dance or two if you've a mind. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

OMAR ROOM. There's a bar for "boys only," but there's also a circular seat surrounding the bar for winsome women to sit upon and gaze at the masculinity draped on the bar stools. Charlie Gray performs amazing things on the "88" and there are tables on the upper deck for parties. Fine drinks containing plenty of fire power. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

RENEZVOUS. Jack Benny drank here. He sat on the third stool from the left end of the highly polished bar. We won't tell you what he ordered but it was no doubt the best—of which they have aplenty. Sophisticated and cosmopolitan are the words for this place. A gesture will bring a waiter, tablecloth and food from the main kitchen. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

THE TROPS. Kansas Citians flock to this cool, tropical haven in the summertime. Even if you've never been to Bali you'll get a kick out of the simulated thunderstorms and lightning flashes. You'll also get a boot from the South Sea concoctions made with a dozen kinds of rum. Soft background music and soft talk. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

ZEPHYR ROOM. One of the town's smartest and pleasantest rooms, the Zephyr specializes in excellent drinks and outstanding entertainment. In the first category, the "Casbah Cooler" may be unequivocally recommended. In the second, organ music by Mary Ann Garwood and the flashy pianofangs of redhead Eddie Oyen. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

Playhouses . . .

BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Bus Moten, Broadway jump king, is the center of attraction here. Gad, how that man can play the pynna! Aside from Bus, Dale Overfelt offers mighty fine food, a wealth of specialties, and big, strong drinks. If you want to find us after midnight on Sundays, we'll be at the Broadway Interlude quenching our Sunday thirst. There are sports reels to be seen on a screen above the bar, and plenty of good people to talk to in this cozy place. Meet at the Interlude for fun and frolic! 3535 Broadway. WE. 9630.

PINK ELEPHANT. If you're the gregarious type you'll be in an extrovert's heaven in this cute little room decorated with dancing pachyderms. More darn fun than a barrel of monkeys—we mean elephants! Terrific drinks at low cost and oldies are screened at one end of the room. Hotel State, 12th and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

THE PEANUT. Louis Stone has been on the same corner for 14 years and has a list of friends a mile long, too. Out back there's a quaint little beer garden with bright red tables and chairs. The vine covered trellis surrounding the yard keeps it nice and cool. Nature does the air conditioning and it's most satisfactory. Come out on a warm summer's night for a few cold beers and some of Louis' delicious barbecue. The oven is right out back and you can watch the spit turn. The Peanut boasts one of the only beer gardens in these parts, so you must come on out and have a few! 5000 Main. VA. 9499.

HILL SIDE TAVERN. Nestled at the base of a cool, green hill, this friendly place boasts the coolest beer in the county. And that's not all—the chicken and steak are simply scrumptious! There's a polished bar highlighted with a little balcony, and a glance out the window reveals a bubbling, pebble brook that adds a touch of serenity to your dinner and drinks. Dorothy Harris warbles the latest love ballads nightly to the accompaniment of magic-fingered Merle Stewart. Night owls will be glad to learn that partners Tralle and Martin stay open till 4 a.m. For highway travelers, there are air conditioned cabins next door. Dancing. 50 Highway & Belmont. WA. 9622.

WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN. Hey, kids — and grown-ups, too! A reet place to cut a rug, or to guzzle cokes, burgers and other drive-in delicacies from your rumble seat. Manager Jackie Forman is featuring the best pies this side of the river along with her delicious sandwiches and soft drinks. Inside there's a counter and lots of blue leather and chromium tables and chairs. On the far side is the slickest dance floor ever — and there's a huge jingle-jangle box containing all the latest dance tunes. The whole place is air conditioned, too. Or stay in your car if you wish and receive speedy, efficient car-hop service. You just can't miss here. 85th & Wornall. JA. 9565.

VILLAGE INN. The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in mahogany presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. South townsers must put this delightful place on their list for a visit. The Inn is so new that they've been unable to get their sign in place, but once you find it you will enjoy good food and drink. 85th and Wornall. JA. 9950.
Some years ago a New York policeman on midnight patrol stopped to try the door of a bank. Suddenly he caught a strange sound—something like the smothered blows of a sledge hammer. "Somebody cutting an underground passage into the bank vault," he told himself. He ran for the nearest callbox and telephoned headquarters. "Yeggs trying to break into the bank. Send the reserves!"

Detectives and uniformed men were rushed to the scene. The bank was surrounded but no attempt at entry was discovered anywhere, although the hammer blows continued. In the midst of the excitement a policeman who had formerly patrolled that particular beat happened along. He listened for a moment and then laughed. "That's not yeggs drilling their way into the bank. It's the United States Mail," he said.

And so it was. The New York postoffice has the greatest pneumatic-tube system in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the United States. It has been in operation for nearly fifty years, and through it over 5,000,000 pieces of mail are speeded to delivery every day. During the war it handled an even greater volume and made new records for the safe and speedy transportation of letters.

The tubes in this great underground system, mammoth replicas of the pneumatic cash carriers seen in some department stores, tunnel from four to six feet below the street surface and link almost all of New York's postoffices. In some places the "underground" comes close to the surface or swings around a corner. Beneath the site of this particular bank it does both, and every time the container rounds a corner it strikes the outer edge of the tube and makes the "hammer blows" which the new policeman mistook for yeggs trying to force an entrance into the bank. At the Brooklyn Bridge the tubes emerge to cross the bridge into Brooklyn, thus affording that borough the same swift and efficient mail service enjoyed by Manhattan.

The "containers" are steel cylinders which hold about five hundred letters, and they carry mail through nearly thirty miles of double-tube lines. These containers are twenty-two inches long and seven inches in diameter, a trifle smaller than the tubes. They are shot forward by compressed air from colossal pumps. The Government does not own this pneumatic-tube system. It is a private enterprise and is leased annually. The owner-company keeps it in order but the manpower which operates it is supplied by the postoffice.

The pneumatic-tube system of the New York postoffice was inaugurated in 1899. Chauncey M. Depew was the principal speaker at the celebration. When he opened the first "carrier," or container, a bewildered kitten jumped out. Someone at the other end had placed it there as a joke. The celebrated orator took the kitten, stroked its fur and remarked: "Well, what can I say? The cat is out of the bag."—Katherine Dangerfield.

During a New York visit, the great British architect, Sir Edward Lutwens, inspected the spectacular Wrigley sign on Broadway in company with a chewing gum executive. The Wrigley man kept up a running commentary. "It's the largest sign in the world," he said, and gave dimensions. Sir Edward nodded.

"It has the largest automatic switchboard in the world, too." All sorts of detailed statistics followed.

"To be sure," Sir Edward finally broke in, "It's very nice. But don't you think it's a bit obtrusive?"
LET'S FACE FIGURES!

Kansas City has:
- 20 national publications
- 21 printing plants
- 2,672 printing employees
- 8,000,000 monthly circulation of Kansas City publications other than newspapers and house organs

HERE'S THE PROOF!

Kansas City's printing industry dispenses annual wages of five million dollars. That's printing power and buying power — proof that no alert advertiser can afford to neglect the thriving Kansas City Marketland. Pick up your blue pencil and add this to the copy: "Important—ill caps—Use WHB in Kansas City. WHB reaches effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar.”
1. At a meeting of the True Vow Keepers, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Daniels, married 56 years, reaffirm their vows.
2. It won't be long now! The last section of tower for WHB's new 5000 watt transmitter is hoisted into place. When the installation is complete, WHB will broadcast night and day on 710 kilocycles.
3. Hal Burns, Al Dexter, Carolina Cotton, Tommy Duncan and Bob Wills pose with Dick Smith.
4. John Thornberry is the Man In the Bookstore heard over WHB Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 1:30.
5. Paramount star Joan Caulfield tries to decide on
foreword

There had been rumors earlier, and east and west of us celebrating had begun. But on that Tuesday, we remember, around five in the afternoon, the President said it was so, and a band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the most debonaire man-about-town we know stood with his head bowed and wept for joy. Then it was all a tangle of confetti and paper streamers and shouting and kisses. People drank themselves silly and danced in the streets; they threw water out of hotel windows and rang bells and prayed. And the sun went down red and magnificent on V-Day.

Peace, it was wonderful! And the celebration was fine. But it wasn’t worth it. No celebration is. The jubilance can never reach the inverse proportions of the war that brings it about. And sometimes we shudder at the thought of ever having to celebrate again. Heaven forbid! The State Department and the President forbid! Russia forbid! And we too—we can forbid individually if we do it loud enough. We do not have war unless we want it, but it takes a bit of doing not to want it when a few others do. It takes perception and integrity and strength, all of it personal, and all so steadfast that even in the hurricane of mob hysteria it will not fall, even when the fallen wall next to you leans heavily. These qualities show up in little ways: the way you say thank you, or discipline the kids; the way you work or sing or read; the way you play; the use you make of the quality of summer and the honey-colored warmth of August that can penetrate to the heart if you let it.

Jetta
AUGUST'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art
(‘The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibition: Fifty photographs by Frank Meister, from an exhibition held at Smithsonian Institution.
Masterpiece of the Month: Chinese gilt bronze Buddha, seated on a lotus blossom. One of the finest of the period (11th-12th Century) with an especially brilliant gold overlay.

Drama
Aug. 29, 30, Harvey, starring Frank Fay.

Special Events
Aug. 2, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Aug. 2, 9, 16, Kansas and Missouri state preliminary contests for Miss America Pageant, El Casbah, Hotel Bellerive, 3:15 p.m.
Aug. 9, Queen for a Day Show, Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

Conventions
Aug. 4, Kansas City Apparel Association, Merchandise Mart.
Aug. 7-9, American Association of Masseurs and Masseuses, Hotel Continental.
Aug. 8-9, Ledo Road Reunion, Hotel Muehlebach.
Aug. 11-12, Fox Midwest Theatres, Hotel Muehlebach.
Aug. 11-18, Oil Workers International Union, C. I. O., Hotel Continental.
Aug. 15-17, 9th Troop Carrier Flight Service, Hotel Phillips.
Aug. 24-28, United Spanish War Veterans National Encampment, Auditorium.
Aug. 29-30, Missouri State Conclave, Order of DeMolay, Hotel Continental.
Aug. 30, Walther League, Missouri, Hotel President.

Dancing
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances every Tuesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p.m., Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.
Aug. 2, Claude Thornhill and Orchestra, Pla-Mor.
Aug. 3 (Colored), Eddie Vincent, Arena.
Aug. 9, Glen Gray and Casa Loma Orchestra, Pla-Mor.

Swimming
Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Fairyland Park pool open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 75th and Prospect.
Lake Quivira, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Four and one half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cutoff road.
Lakewood Park, Bonner Springs, Kansas. Filtered pool, also dancing, rides, and picnic grounds.
Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day except Monday when hours are 12 noon to 10 p.m.
Wildwood Lakes. Open 9 a.m. to midnight.
Winwood Beach, spring-fed lake with sand beach open until 10 p.m. daily. Also skating, dancing, fishing, and picnic grounds. Five miles northeast of Kansas City on Highway 10.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, America Association. All home games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
Aug. 19, 20, Toledo.
Aug. 21, 22, Columbus.
Aug. 23, 24 (2), Indianapolis.
Aug. 25, 26, Louisville.

Wrestling
Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Polo
Aug. 17, Kansas City vs. Saint Louis.
Aug. 24, Kansas City vs. Saint Paul, 95th and Antioch road. 2:30 p.m.

Midget Auto Racing
Every Sunday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River. Time trials, 6 p.m.; races, 7:30 p.m.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford & Tessage, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.

Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.

Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.

Sackin’s, 3312 Troost.
Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main.

Veretta, Amusement, 5th and Walnut.

Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th.

Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

Amusement Parks
Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m. Saturdays; 1 p.m. Sunday; 6 p.m., week days.

Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 7600 Blue Ridge.

Elliott’s Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road.

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Near the outskirts of St. Cloud, Minnesota, spread along the tracks of the Great Northern railway, lies a long row of sprawling factory buildings. In the recent war, these buildings were renovated and used to turn out pre-fabricated sections for bomber fuselages. But a few years ago these same buildings had fallen into a sad state of disrepair and ruin—monuments to a man now almost forgotten, but whose kind, sadly enough, lives on.

For it is now more than a quarter-century since that fabulous promoter, Samuel Connor Pandolfo, built his vast plant, the Pan Motor Company, and launched his plan to transform the small, Midwestern city of St. Cloud into the automobile capital of the world. And records prove that this same incredible person also perpetrated one of the slickest stock-selling frauds the country has ever known.

Actually, only a few hundred Pan cars were produced before the bubble burst, and Pandolfo was sentenced to Leavenworth Penitentiary for his ambitious schemes; but while he was operating, he sold nearly ten million dollars worth of stock, and swindled more than 70,000 trusting souls throughout the nation. Pandolfo's biggest failing was that he became more interested in selling stock than making cars. His imagination literally ran away with him, although his intentions at first appeared sound enough.

Many great gaps appear in Pandolfo's early history, but a few facts are known about him. He was born in Alabama of poor farming parents. Somehow he managed to go to college, and oddly enough, took his degree in classic arts. He became a school teacher; and, in an extremely short time, was appointed superintendent of schools. This is explainable, since Pandolfo was the type of man who pushed himself ahead quickly—a sort of 19th Century "eager beaver." He was intense—never satisfied to stand still. He was an excellent talker, a positive, convincing man who could approach a group of strangers and soon have them gaping with his forceful speech. He had that rare ability of dominat-
ing people without being oppressive. His personality had an almost electric quality about it.

But there was little money or prestige to be gained in education, and Pandolfo looked for new fields to conquer. He quit his position and found employment with a huge construction company as a bookkeeper. What better spot could he have chosen to learn the complex workings of a big business?

The training proved valuable to him, and after a time he resigned and went into the insurance business. Here was a field vast enough for Pandolfo’s imaginative powers to operate without being cramped, and here the trouble first started. After a few clever manipulations, the state of Texas took away his license as a general insurance agent, and told him he could never sell insurance in that state again. Bank officials described Pandolfo’s scheme, which involved worthless trust fund certificates, as the biggest fraud they had ever come across. And they described Pandolfo as a fisherman who, instead of spitting on his bait, used numerous bright red seals on his certificates to attract the suckers.

Samuel Pandolfo quickly packed his bags and went north, leaving numerous angry creditors behind him, and found himself in Minnesota. There he was totally unknown. He found rich natural resources, well-to-do farmers and businessmen. And surrounded by such opulence, his imagination once more soared to new heights.

In those halcyon days before the first war, the automobile business was just starting to boom. A man named Henry Ford was making a moderate priced car that was selling everywhere—a car within the reach of everyone. But Pandolfo, never one to underestimate his own abilities, decided he could beat Ford at the game. He would start a factory, make a car that would sell for only $500, and shift the automobile capital of the world from Detroit to St. Cloud. So, mustering his inner forces, he went to bat for himself. He appeared before clubs, meetings, small groups, painting compelling word pictures of the vast possibilities of automobile manufacture.

The fifteen thousand people of St. Cloud, Minnesota, were swept away by Pandolfo’s strong personality and ideas, and, as a result, fell wholeheartedly for his elaborate scheme.

In a few short months the company was organized. Pandolfo, of course, saw to it that he was elected president and fiscal agent, and that his twelve associates empowered him with the important task of shaping the policy of the company. And under Pandolfo’s guiding hand, it was decided that because of the limitless possibilities of the venture, the company would also manufacture tanks, tractors, railway coaches, airplanes and balloons. Authorization was also gained to buy and operate oil wells, refineries, railroads, iron mines and rubber plantations. Capital stock was established at $5,000,000. Little did St. Cloud residents realize then that the possibilities of Sam Pandolfo’s imagination were also limitless. They were to learn this sad fact later.

Meanwhile, proud of its new cap-
tain of industry, the St. Cloud com-
mmercial club went on record as saying
that “President Pandolfo has been
thoroughly investigated and found to
be not only honest, but a man of
great capabilities.” Another organiza-
tion was quoted as saying: “There’s
no cleaner or better proposition of-
fered the public today than to invest
money in Pan motor stock.” No
wrong was meant by these groups—
but how sadly misled they were!

Newspapers took up the clamor, de-
scribing the company as one of “in-
comprehensible proportions.” The
stock they believed to be absolutely
sound. “Rarely . . . in the history of
American finance,” one paper said,
“have small investors been afforded
such a chance to get in on the ground
floor of a proposition . . . destined
for certain success.”

St. Cloud itself was by this time
enjoying a boom period. Thousands
of workers had arrived and construc-
tion of the huge plant was well un-
der way. Near the plant site a model
community was being developed for
permanent workers’ homes. This
townsite appropriately was to be
called “Panville.”

While such free publicity was being disseminated
around the country, a mil-
lion shares of Pan motor company stock were placed
on the market. Par value
was five dollars, but each
share sold for ten dollars;
Pandolfo got the extra five
for his promotion fund.

Advertising firms were
employed to launch a na-
tionwide campaign heralding the
“coming giant of the automobile
world,” and the mails were flooded
with pamphlets and letters, most of
them addressed to the “soldiers of the
soil,” the hard working farmers who
are invariably the biggest suckers in
all stock frauds.

These brochures were masterpieces of propaganda as well as persuasion.
Ten shares, they said, would surely
make you rich in a short time, and
dividends were expected to be paid
in less than a year. Pandolfo himself
made the chest-thumping claim that
his stock had a chance to pay
larger dividends than Ford stock.
Ford shares eventually produced
about $250,000 for every hundred
dollars invested. And, had Pandolfo
lived up to his claim, he would have
found it necessary to return $25,000-
000,000 to his stockholders—a most
amazing feat!

“It will pay you,” the pamphlet
announced, “to read every word here,
keep it in confidence, and then act!”
Testimonies were given by such great
and unsuspecting personages as John
D. Rockefeller and Chauncey M.
Depew. Even shrewd old Benjamin
Franklin, who had been
dead for more than a hun-
dred years, was quoted from
his Poor Richard’s Alman-
ack.

While the sprawling Pan
plant was still in its skeleton
stage, President Pandolfo
became restive. If only the
public could have visual
proof of his low-priced
dream car, then the stock
would sell much faster. He went East and had ten Pan cars assembled according to specifications. When they were ready, the stock salesmen used them for display purposes. And how the shares did sell! In a few months, 35 thousand persons in the United States as well as in foreign countries boasted shares of Pan stock in their safety deposit boxes.

A Pan tractor was also fabricated at an Eastern plant and put on display at several Western cities, surrounded by whole batteries of super-salesmen with fountain pens within easy reach. The cost of this exhibition piece was around $7,000, an astonishing total when it was advertised that the mass-produced counterpart would sell for only $1,500.

When Samuel Pandolfo wasn't in the field himself, he was at his desk scribbling memos to his far-flung salesmen in the same manner that a general directs his staff from headquarters. This analogy is not too far-fetched since here is the opening line in one of his bombastic communiques:

"TO THE BOYS ON THE FIRING LINE:—Now is the time to put on steam! Go absolutely hog-wild and rabbit crazy selling Pan Motor stocks! Make hay while the sun shines! The dear people need the stock, we need the money, and you need the commissions."

Another ran like this: "Preach Pan Motor stock until the last trench is taken, the last fortification captured. Go at it like an Irish bulldog!"

It is interesting to note that Pan motor stock salesmen had no scruples about accepting liberty bonds, and thousands of dollars worth of them were welcomed with open, grasping hands. During the first World War, government bonds were negotiable; in the last war they were not—a smart move taken by Uncle Sam to protect citizens from unscrupulous schemers.

One salesman, then working over the state of Washington, penned this note to his chief in answer to queries as to how things were going out there: "The people out here are lousy with money, but it is hard to get. When you mention stock to a prospective buyer, he puts one hand in his pocket, the other hand on his watch, and looks at you with a frozen face."

Between 1916 and 1920, Pan promoters took in over $9,000,000 from approximately 700,000 suckers throughout the country. More than 90 per cent of the one million shares were sold at ten dollars a share, and Sam Pandolfo, as agreed, took half. Later he raised the price of the stock to $12.50 a share, for he had warned people in his pamphlets that the price would eventually go up.

Of course, there were some far seeing individuals and groups which had doubted Pandolfo's stupendous claims from the outset. The Federal Trade Commission in Washington for one, had for a long time been carrying out a secret investigation. An advertising association was gone over Pandolfo's sensational mailin pieces, and the Chicago grand jury was also doing a bit of off-the-record research on the company.

In the winter of 1919, the lie blew off the whole thing and Samu
Pandolfo was nabbed by government authorities on a charge of using the United States mails to defraud. His twelve confederates were also arrested.

Pandolfo was amazed. He ranted and raved and tore his hair. He shouted that a great conspiracy was being planned against him and promptly brought $5,000,000 worth of lawsuits against sundry advertising agencies, banks, newspapers. He lost in every single case.

The trial of the government versus the Pan Motor company in Chicago lasted for nearly a year, and much of that time was spent in trying to form a jury. Almost every venireman questioned proudly admitted he owned Pan stock, and swore that it was sound.

At that time the press played up the trial in bold headlines. The judge, the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, publicly flayed Pandolfo from the bench, and said he was one of the slipperiest characters he had seen in his 15 years as a judge.

But justice, as the old saying goes, finally triumphed. On December 6, 1919, Samuel Pandolfo was found guilty on four counts, and was sentenced to ten years in Leavenworth Penitentiary. He was also fined $4,000.

But Pandolfo still didn’t give in. He was as stubborn as the “Irish bulldog” of his memorandums. Twice he appealed his case to higher courts, and in 1923 he instructed his lawyers to take it to the Supreme Court. That dignified body flatly refused a hearing, and the great Pandolfo, knowing there was no other place to go, finally realized he was licked—at least for that time. He surrendered himself to a United States marshal on April 7, 1923, and started to serve out his term.

Here exists another three and one-half year lapse in the ignominious career of this colossal faker. Samuel Pandolfo bided his time quietly, for he evidently didn’t care for prison politics or intrigue. He was a model inmate, studious, calm, self-possessed. He so impressed the authorities that he was pardoned in October of 1926.

But the get-rich-quick ideas had never been quite erased from Pandolfo’s fertile brain. When he got out of prison, he once more went into mass production, but this time it wasn’t worthless automobile stock certificates. He chose a smaller line—“Pan Health Doughnuts,” potato chips and cookies. For one thing, it was a safe venture, and he had no stock to sell.

Evidently it was a little too safe, and certainly not lucrative enough to suit him.

So, bored with the whole thing, Sam went into the restaurant business. This, too, seemed pretty tame, after once having had a taste of the big money. Thus it was that Samuel
Pandolfo again set to thinking. It was a fatal mistake, for once more his imagination took over and found itself flowing into old channels. He decided to have another try at his first love—the insurance game.

And this time, strangely enough, he headed south—into the great Southwest, where he first got his start, and met his first defeat. He neatly sidestepped Texas, for he had unpleasant memories of that state. He travelled next door, to New Mexico, and began to beat his drums.

In a short time the Old Line Insurance Sales Corporation was formed, and securities were placed on the market as Class A and Class B common stock. As the money started to roll in, Sam felt his old dynamic self again, for once more he was back in his own natural realm—the slick profession of fleecing suckers.

The thirsty thirties rolled by, and Pandolfo became rich. The forties found him still richer, so rich, in fact, that a grand jury in Santa Fe began a secret investigation. It was the same old story all over again—the same theme with variations. Actually, it was becoming monotonous.

In March of 1941, an indictment was returned against him on twelve counts, some of them charging him with having used the United States mails to defraud, others of violating the Securities Act of 1933.

Pandolfo shouted his innocence, and once more raised the cry of conspiracy against him.

The jury trial was started in June, and a week later a verdict of guilty was returned.

He at once appealed to the circuit court of appeals in Denver, but in October a mandate was filed affirming the judgment of the Santa Fe court, and Pandolfo was again sentenced to ten years imprisonment, and fined $800. A short time later he was returned to his old alma mater, Leavenworth Penitentiary, to start his corrective education all over again, for records seemed to prove that Sam Pandolfo flunked badly during his first term. He never learned that very simple and much kicked around epigram, attributed to an honest man, Abraham Lincoln, that “you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can’t fool all of the people all of the time.”
The June-July wheat crop of the Midwest sent a golden stream swirling to the market and milling centers of the nation. From Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Oklahoma and Texas countless tons of the precious stuff found their way from field to boxcar to market. As financiers of the country watched the progress of wheat sales on the floor of the Pit in the Kansas City Board of Trade—noting record prices paid for record crops—mills of the area reaped a huge share of the munificent bounty. Those same mills will transform the wheat into flour in order to stock pantries throughout the world.

It has been said that there is no more stable business than flour milling. Whether this is true or not, it can be said safely that it is the most essential of all manufacturing industries. While man may not live by bread alone, history has shown that he does not choose to live without it. Kansas City figures second in the country as a flour production center, having for last year alone a production of 14,927,727 sacks.

The growth of the flour milling industry in the area has not been a matter of chance. While it has depended to a considerable degree upon the enterprise and initiative of the individual millers, three important factors have contributed to the ascent of its foremost position: superior location, wheat supply and transportation facilities.

Back of Kansas City lies an empire of wheat, vast lands that make up the country's greatest area of wheat production. It is a field unequaled in size and quality of grain produced. Year after year this territory harvests several hundred million bushels of a superior kind of bread wheat. The 1947 crop promises to surpass any in history. By far the larger part of the crop has a natural tendency to move to and through the Kansas City gateway. The arteries of rail and truck transport which honeycomb the wheat producing area converge in Kansas City terminals, bringing with them the wealth of grain from the world's greatest wheat field. Much of the grain stays in Kansas City mills. The rest is shipped to others throughout the country, and also is used as part of the United States food loan to hungry peoples overseas.

The huge modern mills with their tremendous production capacities are
a far cry from the early grist mills that dotted the area. Perhaps the first flour mills within the present limits of the city stood on what is now the site of the New York Life building. Another was within a stone’s throw of the present Kansas City Star building. One of the oldest of the early mills in the vicinity still stands—the Stubbins Watts mill on Indian Creek, just off Wornall road. Now an uncertain heap of leaning timbers, the Watts mill plays host only to occasional landscape painters and Sunday visitors, and to century-old ghosts of long gone millers.

The story of the milling industry in Kansas City rightfully begins approximately 170 years ago in the Russian Crimea. A large colony of Mennonites had been persuaded to emigrate from Germany to the Crimea in the latter half of the 18th Century, in consideration of freedom from compulsory military service for a hundred years. A century later, when this immunity was about to expire, the leaders of the sect sent emissaries to the Argentine, Canada and the United States to choose a new homeland. Bernhad Warkentin, himself a Mennonite and father of Carl B. Warkentin, now one of the country’s best known millers, lived at that time in Illinois. Greeting his kinsmen on their arrival in this country and thereafter acting in part as the representative of the Santa Fe Railroad, he went with them to Kansas and showed them the wide rich plains in what since has become the heart of that state’s sixteen million acre wheat field.

Arrangements were made to buy more than two hundred thousand acres of land in the south central part of the state, and a few months later the first party of Mennonites arrived and settled on these newly acquired farms.

Some members of the first group brought with them a few sacks of seed wheat, probably not more than thirty bushels each. From this, supplemented later by somewhat larger shipments, the vast hard winter wheat field of the Midwest has been seeded. From it, too, spring the seed of great acreages in parts of western Canada and a substantial part of the wheatfields of Argentine.

From the first, the new type of wheat showed a marked affection for the soil and climate of Kansas. Its welcome by millers, however, was far less cordial. The berry of the wheat was flinty hard, difficult to grind, more difficult still to separate. The flour produced was so rough that few housewives wanted it or were even able to use it. Yet there the wheat was and the millers had to make the best of it. For gradually the acreage of hard wheat extended itself into
AND SO TO BREAD!

every part of Kansas and the Midwest.

Sometime in the early eighties, it was discovered that the flour product of the new wheat somewhat resembled that made in the Northwest from hard spring wheat, just coming into popularity as the result of the "new system" of milling, gradual reduction and air purifier. The result of this was that which shortly became known as "Kansas flour." While this product was little liked by consumers in the district where it was produced, it began to find its way into Eastern markets and later into export trade. For many years, however, the new kind of flour from Kansas was accepted largely as a substitute for the better known and more costly hard spring wheat flour. It was not until the early years of the present century that hard winter wheat flour won independent standing in domestic markets and sold side by side with spring wheat flours in Great Britain and Continental markets.

Kansas City, because of its location and railway advantages, quickly established itself as the center of the trade in both wheat and flour. By 1900, the city boasted four "large" mills, three of about six hundred barrels and a fourth with a capacity of three thousand barrels. This largest mill was owned by Kehlor Brothers, of St. Louis, and was built on the "Alfree System," with the rolls in columns extending almost to the roof, known as "high mill." Operated many years chiefly on export trade, it long since was dismantled to make room for expansion in railroad switching yards.

The golden age of milling in the Southwest began along about 1906 and carried through the years of World War I prosperity, and on into the early twenties. It was momentarily interrupted by the buyers' strike of 1921, but again prospered in the years following. During World War II the milling industry reached new heights.

This report has excluded any mention of the Kansas City Board of Trade, founded in 1869, because its history, progress and present activities are a story in themselves. However, it may be said that as a cash grain market and as a speculative grain market, Kansas City is one of the largest in the world.

The milling companies with plants at Kansas City and companies with headquarters in Kansas City operating plants elsewhere, with daily capacity of each, as listed in The Mil-
Swing
August, 1947

 ler’s Almanack, published by The Northwestern Miller, are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Company</th>
<th>Sacks</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas Flour Mills Co.</td>
<td>6,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Larabee Flour Mills Co.</td>
<td>11,770</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(Monarch Mill)</td>
<td>4,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Midland Flour Milling Co.</td>
<td>6,400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rodney Milling Co.</td>
<td>12,700</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Standard Milling Co.</td>
<td>6,600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United Mills Co., Inc.</td>
<td>4,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>General Mills, Inc.</td>
<td>12,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Central Div.</td>
<td>58,170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>TOTAL</strong></td>
<td>60,720</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

So long as the great grain raising territory extending from the Dakotas in the North to the line of cotton production in the South, and westward to the Rocky Mountains, continues to produce wheat, so long is Kansas City secure in her advantageous and entrenched position as a center of flour production. So long will she attract the building of more flour mills; and those already in Kansas City will undoubtedly continue to expand their equipment and production from year to year. With unlimited wheat supplies at her doors and the world’s greatest and richest market extending in every direction, Kansas City offers flour milling advantages not excelled anywhere in the United States or the world.

Enlarging on the dangers of modern food, the speaker pointed a finger at a harassed-looking listener and demanded, “What is it that we all eat at some time or another, that is the worst thing imaginable for us? Do you know, sir?”

Softly came the answer from the little man, “Wedding cake.” —Financial Post.

The young man in the dentist’s chair asked if the radio could be turned off. “I know six teeth have to come out,” he said, “but I don’t want it done to the tune of The Yanks Are Coming.”

The young couple finally found a house for rent in the country. After returning home, they suddenly realized that they had not seen a water closet in the house, so wrote the landlord asking where the W. C. was located.

The landlord, puzzled, decided the initials must stand for “Wesleyan Church,” and wrote them that, “the W. C. is located about nine miles from the house, and is capable of seating about two hundred people. This distance is quite far, but if you are in the habit of going regularly, you will be glad to know that many people take their lunch with them and make a day of it. I hear that a bazaar is to be held to furnish the place with plush seats, as this has been a long felt need.”

Seeing an old lady beckon to him, the traffic cop held up a dozen automobiles, a truck, and two taxis to go to her side. “What is it, lady?” he asked. “Do you want me to help you across the street?”

“No, officer,” she replied. “I just wanted to tell you that the number on your hat and shield is the number of my favorite hymn.”
Japan's most effective entertainment and educational medium is being speedily overhauled.

by BOB DOWNER

"THIS program is unpopular. Stop it at once. We are organized."

It isn't a threat from a fascist organization preparing to take over a peaceful country; it is a "fan letter" to the GI producers of the 10-program series Now It Can Be Told, broadcast in Japan through the early months of the occupation.

The letter is typical of hundreds received by the program, which gave, in half-hour broadcasts, the true story of Japanese aggression from the Mukden incident to the surrender.

But the threats—which never materialized — didn't bother the producers, the Radio Unit of the Civil Information and Education Section of General Headquarters, because they didn't have time to worry. They were too busy reorganizing the 8-network, 44-station broadcasting system of Japan.

Originally, the mission of the Radio Unit was to oversee and censor the Japanese programs, but when they discovered the haphazard way Japanese radio was run, they saw that some reorganization would be necessary in order to censor the programs effectively.

The trouble behind the whole system was that the Japanese radio is government-operated, instead of being commercial. Without competition, no one in the studios could see any reason for having interesting programs or an efficient system of programming. Most of the programs were biased news, music or propaganda.

The inefficiency appalled American producers, directors and engineers. One of them gives this description of his first view of a Japanese broadcast:

"The program was supposed to start at 8:00 in the morning. With no apologies to the listeners for being late, the program came on at 8:14, because by then they decided that there were enough performers in the studio to start a broadcast. There was supposed to be a certain order for the numbers, but they kept changing the order as they went along. At 8:50 they ran out of things to say, so they just closed down, and there was ten minutes of dead air until the next show."

Program schedules weren't followed throughout the day, some of the programs ran short and some ran overtime. There was much dead time,
during which no programs were being broadcast. "Why not?" the Japanese producers said. Nobody was paying for the time, so who cared?

From 4:30 until 5:00 every day, all stations were shut down in order to give the transmitters a chance to cool off, even Tokio’s JOAK, the largest station in Japan.

Because the radio was government-operated, many of the Japanese producers had got their jobs by political pull.

"Before we came here, some of these producers couldn’t have put on a high school assembly and come out on time," says Ralph B. Hunter, program director for the Army’s Radio Unit.

When the Japanese put on a variety show, there were always at least seven producers in it, one for announcing, one for music, one for engineering details, and so forth, and there was no coordination between them.

The first thing the Radio Unit did was to adopt a policy. That policy was, first, to build public confidence in the radio; and, second, to interest and educate the Japanese between the ages of 15 and 30 years.

Realizing that a slipshod production system could get nobody’s confidence, American supervisors showed the Japanese some things that are considered elementary in American radio: the advisability of having only one producer for each show, of building programs in 15-minute blocks, and of using all of the air time by starting and stopping programs on schedule.

Even yet, the listeners haven’t got-ten used to this idea. Station JOAK receives hundreds of letters lamenting the fact that there no longer is dead time in which to "meditate" on the preceding program.

The Army’s Radio Unit writes a few programs to be broadcast to the people, and has suggested many more. As a result, the Japanese have the Editors’ Hour, Women’s Hour, Infants’ Hour, Fishermen’s Hour, Coal Miners’ Hour and Farm Hour, to which 57% of the farmers in the 15 to 30 age group listen.

A calisthenics program was demilitarized by broadcasting ordinary exercises instead of sword drills. A twice-daily English conversation class was started. Only 13% of the people in the 40 to 50 year age group heard it, but 45% of the 15 to 30 year old group listened, and that’s what the Radio Unit considered most important.

With great difficulty, a Man on the Street broadcast was started for the first time in Japan. It was difficult because the people were not used to expressing their opinions, especially to a microphone. Overseer Ralph Hunter set up a mike and platform in the center of Tokio’s busiest shopping district, the Ginza, and used theater tickets as an inducement to get volunteers to talk.

But here there was trouble, too, because of the Japanese custom of refusing a gift three times before accepting it, which wasted much valuable time. Now he offers the tickets only once, and the volunteers are out of luck if they refuse.

Records are made on the spot, then a telephone wire is tapped and
the transcriptions sent back to the radio station where more records are made. There a final selection of records is made and the program broadcast.

Of all the new music programs they are getting at the American Army's suggestion, such as This Week's Composer and Music of All Nations, probably the most radical in the eyes (and ears) of the old folks is House of Jazz. Only 2% of the people over 50 years old like it, and many protest against it.

"But we don't care about that," program director Hunter says, calling attention to the Radio Unit's policy. "The kids love it, and that's enough for us."

There is a big educational job to be done in Japan, and from now on the Nips are going to hear Radio Tokio a la Radio City.

Out of the Sky

THERE is nothing new about the flying disc stories which have had America agog this summer. At least one hundred eye-witness accounts of the whirling discs have turned up among the thousands of strange happenings in the sky reported during the past century and a half. Some odd tales and a few yellowed drawings are all that remain of the flying discs of your grandfather's day.

Control of the objects by some super-human force is suggested in the account of the large, flat, light-colored whirling disc which startled the passengers and crew of the "Lady of the Lake" in mid-Atlantic on March 22, 1870. One observer reported that the object apparently was "intelligently controlled." The sketch which was published with this extraordinary story was strikingly similar to drawings of modern discs.

A dazzling orange-colored body resembling "an elongated flatfish" projected out of the strange disc visible in the sky over North Wales on August 26, 1894. An eye-witness account of this disc was made by an Admiral Omanney to a fascinated world.

Some of the reports are unbelievably bizarre. A giant trumpet stood vertically in the sky vibrating gently for five or six minutes over the terror-stricken Mexican town of Oaxaca in 1874, according to one report. An extremely brilliant "hook-like" form was seen over Ohio in 1833, and sketches still survive of a disc, "the size of the moon" and with a hook jutting from it, which appeared over India around 1838.

You have your choice of size when it comes to the flying discs of yesterday. Objects described as being four or five times the size of the moon drifted slowly over Adrianople, Turkey, in 1885, while grayish bodies, estimated as being only three-and-a-half feet long, swooped down on Saarbruck in April, 1826.

Most of the mysterious sky visitors reported were round; but a large, luminous object, shaped like a square table, frightened honeymooners when it appeared over Niagara Falls in November, 1833.

Some fascinating theories have been advanced to explain the flying discs of the past. Some believe the whirling bodies came from Mars, or some other point outside the earth's orbit. Even more fantastic is the theory that the discs belong to a dimension of time and space unknown to our world. Whatever their origin, one thing is certain. The flying discs are as old as the tales our grandparents told on long winter nights.—Frank Gillio.
That's right. I'm going to sit up with a slick friend!
Wentz, a most uncommon man with money enough to be what he pleases, long ago chose to be plain. He lives simply but well at the Arcade, generalizing from there the activities of his scattered interests. At the moment, they include oil in five states, automobile agencies, real estate, newspapers, operating ranches, a large citrus grove in Texas, an extensive English walnut grove and an avocado grove in California, a city subdivision, a game sanctuary, and even a modern cemetery.

He was born in Tama, Iowa, but moved to Pittsburgh with his parents while quite young. He went through school there, played baseball for the University of Western Pennsylvania (now the University of Pittsburgh), and later became baseball coach of all the Pittsburgh high schools.

As a hustling infielder, he developed a love for the game which has never diminished. Years ago he attempted to buy the Pittsburgh Pirates, and later he was widely mentioned as a prospective purchaser of the St. Louis Cardinals.

To Wentz goes credit for baseball umpires signalling strikes with the right hand. While managing a sand-
lot team back in the Smoky City, he furnished the umpire a black alpaca coat. On the right sleeve he had sewed the white letter “S,” and on the left, a “B.” By holding up the proper hand, the umpire was able to indicate balls and strikes to the players and spectators. The letters are no longer used, but the custom of right and left hand signals continues.

Lew Wentz has the further distinction of having pitched the first night game, although the contest itself was something of a fiasco. It was conducted under arc lights, which proved unsatisfactory. So night baseball was shelved until adequate electric lighting facilities were available.

Of his youth and young manhood, Wentz’ strongest recollections are of his father. A remarkable woman, Mrs. Wentz is remembered and spoken of admiringly—almost reverently—by all who knew her. She was strongly religious, staunch in Methodism, devout in faith and prayer. Although not a particularly religious man, Lew has adhered to the precepts of living which he learned from his mother. He is fundamentally sound, fanatically honest, helpful, and willing to fight for what is right.

He is a perfectionist, methodical to a fault. Associates say that if Lew Wentz has a failing, it is that he spends far too much time on details which might well be delegated to someone else. And in Wentz’ many enterprises, details are legion. The saving factor is, however, that this strict attention to little things keeps him completely posted on every phase of his businesses, so that he is personally able to make instant decisions. He knows about everything, all of the time, and never has to ask questions or conduct research before making up his mind.

Wentz went to Oklahoma in 1911 to look after the interests of John G. McCaskey. McCaskey was a fellow Pittsburg her and close friend of Wentz’ who had cornered the sauerkraut market and decided to take a flyer in oil. When McCaskey advised Wentz the company had but one salaried man, other than field workers, who was paid $150 a month, Wentz smiled and said: “You know no such salary would interest me, but I want to try the West and will go to Oklahoma and stay a minimum of six months without salary, if that will help your situation.” That six months has stretched into 36 years and will probably be for the balance of his life.

Wentz applied himself wholeheartedly to this undertaking and developed a peculiar proficiency in a business altogether new to him. Later he and McCaskey joined into a partnership. The business, all under Wentz’ personal direction, expanded fast under his policy never to sell a lease and to develop his own. Until recent years Wentz never owned a producing lease he did not write himself.

John McCaskey died while still a comparatively young man. Among Wentz’ cherished possessions is a letter from all five of the McCaskey heirs, commending him for his fairness and
generosity with their father and with them.

After McCaskey's death, Wentz operated alone. In 1924, he organized the Wentz Oil Corporation, in which he owned all of the stock. It was this company which developed Well Number 45 of the McKee lease to the point where it was producing approximately a million dollars worth of oil a month. He personally wrote the famous McKee and Mahoney leases in the Tonkawa field, and all of his own leases in the fabulous Blackwell field.

But in 1928, Wentz abandoned all corporations. Except for the lucrative States Oil Corporation of East Texas, which he controls in partnership with Joseph M. Weaver of Eastland, and his recently incorporated automobile agencies, Wentz operates strictly as an individual. He says this is necessary because, "the demagogues spread the word that all corporations were public enemies.

"I don't know what the next step will be because the same demagogues are now spreading the new doctrine that all who pay their debts, employ well-paid labor and display an interest in the welfare of their country are 'economic royalists,' whatever that is!"

Whatever that is isn't bothering Lew Wentz much. He goes his way, doing his good deeds and operating his various businesses. Actually, most of those businesses are ones he never intended to enter. He financed them for someone who was unable to make a go of them, and now finds himself running them. Among them are a 700-acre citrus grove in Texas; four daily and four weekly newspapers in Oklahoma; and Ford agencies in Ponca City and Miami, Oklahoma, and Salina and Kansas City, Kansas. His Kansas Motors plant in Kansas City is a plant employing a staff of 100 mechanics and service men. It is the most modern and completely equipped automobile agency in the United States.

There have been men who have worked most of their lives to amass fortunes, employing any means expedient to the accomplishment of that ambition. Then, being wealthy and fearing death, they have made sizeable and well-publicized donations to charity. Too often that is the picture conjured up by the word "philanthropist."

Be it entered in the record right now, Lew Wentz is not one of those. For Wentz, money has been a means of increasing the good he was already doing.

Many, many years ago, when Lew Wentz was far from a rich man, he began distributing hundreds of dolls, toys, and other presents to the poor children of Ponca City at Christmas time. He gave these gifts under the name of "Daddy Longlegs." The pseu-
donym was partly modesty, but it was made necessary by the fact that Wentz was borrowing money to buy the gifts, and the bank would never have lent it had they known the unbusinesslike purpose to which Wentz was putting it. Wentz says his greatest kick came on the Christmas when the bank president was an active member of the committee distributing the toys.

Another annual custom of more than 20 years’ standing is the sending of a large bouquet of flowers each Mother’s Day to the oldest mother attending each church in Ponca City. Each year for the past 18 years he has donated a thousand dollars for membership prizes to the American Legion Auxiliary. For a period of five years he operated a free motion picture four days a week. The show, which included a feature, newsreel, and comic short, was open to the public at no charge.

But of all his helpful activities, the one closest his heart is aid to crippled children. He first became interested in helping a young boy who was an infantile paralysis victim close to death. The boy’s progress engrossed him so much that he began to help others, and in 1926 he hired the Ponca City school superintendent as a full-time employee to establish a permanent statewide system of aid to crippled children. After 21 years the same man, Joe N. Hamilton, is still enthusiastically on the same job. The movement was successful, and other states patterned hospitals and legislation after that which Wentz had fostered in Oklahoma.

In 1928, Wentz began construction of a camp for Boy Scouts. But although Boy Scouts still use it, they are only a few of the thousands of annual recipients of the camp’s hospitality. For, in addition to land value, Wentz has put more than $350,000 into cabins, landscaping, an auditorium-dining hall, and a huge swimming pool. Called the Ponca City Educational Camp, it is open to organized recreational, religious, and educational young people’s groups.

Perhaps the stormiest phase of Lew Wentz’ career, and the outstanding one from the point of public service, was his four-year tenure on the Oklahoma State Highway Commission. That ended in a row which went to the state supreme court, several letters of apology from people in high places, and a saving of millions of dollars for Oklahoma taxpayers.

Governor W. J. Holloway appointed Wentz to the post of chairman of a new commission in 1929. Lush times had led to carelessness in the handling of state funds, so Wentz’ first act was to overhaul completely the entire system of conducting the department. The commission drafted a chief engineer from the Federal Service, but Wentz took no further hand in choosing employees. He placed all
personnel problems in the hands of the engineer.

He eliminated politics to the fullest possible extent. Rock asphalt, which had been used by the preceding commission at an exorbitant cost, was ruled out entirely. Bids for the first work advertised were $300,000 less than those obtained by the previous commission for exactly the same projects just 60 days before. The commission launched a new era of public service in the Oklahoma Highway Department.

Then a new governor took office. He replaced the first two associates of Wentz with two of his own men. But Wentz kept fighting. When his new associates attempted to take fast action in the purchase of a tremendous quantity of cement, Wentz blocked it. This led to an investigation by the legislature. After a three-week hearing, the state senate censured the two commissioners for their conduct in the matter, and commended Wentz. They found he had saved several million dollars.

The new governor, still inexplicably opposed to Wentz (although now very friendly), issued an executive order removing him. Wentz wouldn't take it lying down. He fought the action through to the state supreme court and won reinstatement.

During his entire time in office, Wentz furnished his own office equipment and automobile, paid his own secretary, never submitted an expense account, and assigned his salary each month to the Oklahoma Society for Crippled Children in the total sum of $24,000.

Despite the struggles he had while highway commissioneer, Lew still succeeded in making and holding friends. At a public meeting, another governor expressed the hope that he might have as many fast friends as Wentz, when he stepped down from office.

One of Wentz' finest friendships over a number of years was with humorist Will Rogers. They met often, and participated jointly in public and private charities. Wentz is vice chairman of the Will Rogers Memorial Commission and rendered an important service in the successful effort to bring Rogers' body back to Oklahoma for burial in the magnificent "Garden" where he and Mrs. Rogers, who died later, are now resting. Wentz arranged for the construction of this garden, with private funds, on the grounds of the beautiful Memorial building built by the State of Oklahoma.

Always interested in politics, Wentz made it a rule never to run for public office or accept an organization office until 1940. Then, to keep harmony in the Republican party, he accepted the office of National Committeeman by unanimous vote. In 1942 E. H. Moore, a Democrat, was substituted on the Republican ticket for W. B. Pine, who had died after his nomination for the office of United States Senator.
Needless to say, this substitution would not have been made had Wentz not concurred. Moore's campaign was successful. But two years later he unaccountably issued an edict that Wentz not be re-elected as a Committeeman. But he learned how useless it was to issue an edict against Lew Wentz! Wentz became a candidate and was the choice of all eight districts and the State Convention. His only comment on this contest was: "The little fellows in the party—who are the real fellows after all—have spoken."

Wentz is a great admirer of Governor Tom Dewey of New York, both personally and on the basis of his record. He believes Dewey will be quickly nominated next year unless he is "temporarily delayed by those who hide behind hypocritical support of 'favorite sons'."

Honors have been showered upon Lew Wentz. A 33rd degree Mason, a Shriner, and a past commander of the Knights Templar, he has been president of the Masonic Charity Foundation since its organization 18 years ago. He has been a treasurer of the Oklahoma Society for Crippled Children for 21 years, and he was an organizer of that society. He is an honorary member of Acacia, Beta Gamma Sigma and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities at the University of Oklahoma.

Wentz has a burning interest in education. He has established perpetual revolving funds of several hundred thousand dollars for student aid at Oklahoma University, Oklahoma A. and M., Tulsa University, Cameron College, and Southeastern State College of Oklahoma.

The funds form a basis for loans to needy students. When paid back, the money is again lent. Each student feels an obligation towards succeeding students, so loans are repaid as quickly as possible.

In his vivid career, Lew Wentz has indirectly helped more than ten thousand crippled children. He says he wants to be helpful, also, in educating ten thousand boys and girls. Now near that mark, it seems reasonable that the ambition will soon be realized. More and more will be helped, through the years, with the funds that he has donated and the organizations he has set up.

Now, as he says—"getting old and gray," Mr. Wentz continues to lead an active life. He is still a bachelor. He spends an hour or two each afternoon on his ranch just outside Ponca City where he has wild deer, wild turkeys, registered cattle, registered saddle horses and the country's outstanding herd of registered Shetland ponies. Here, as everywhere else, he strives for perfection, and his mechanical mind is constantly devising new gadgets for the improvement of the status quo. Every trip to Kansas City includes a circuit of the hardware stores, to ferret out the particular hard-to-get bolt, hinge, or whatever, necessary for the completion of some current invention.

Yes, Ponca City is in Oklahoma, and Lew Wentz is in Ponca City. That is why, every year, more people learn about "the best little town in the world."
It was a sad day in the insect world when DDT came along!

by MIKE BURNS

HALF a million dollars in savings await the apple growers of Kansas who follow the new DDT spray program being developed at the Kansas Experiment Station. An estimated 150,000 bushels of Kansas apples were lost in 1941 alone, because there was no available insecticide that would effectively control the ravages of coddling moth.

This year, half of the nation's orchardists will use the amazing insecticide for a miraculous saving, as the result of experimentation throughout the country with DDT.

Prominent in this work with apples and one of the directors of experimental spraying in Kansas is Dr. R. L. Parker of the Kansas Experiment Station.

Pointing to the impressive array of literature atop his desk in the entomology office at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Doctor Parker says, "That is only part of the latest material flooding this office on the recent work with DDT."

Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, or more conveniently, DDT, still has scientists on the run trying to keep up with the hundreds of new uses developing for it from day to day.

Only a few years ago, "wormy" apples were threatening the success of the apple business in Kansas. Lead arsenate was normally giving little better than 75 percent normal control of that small, insignificant-looking little grey moth whose larva was responsible for the "worm." The
The coddling moth was taking a terrific toll in the nation’s orchards.

In 1941, a new, most amazing insecticide was reported in Switzerland. Soon brought to this country, it was first manufactured in the United States in May, 1943. The first supplies went to the Army for the spraying of fly infested Pacific islands, but in time, DDT was available for experimental purposes.

The insecticide made its way to Kansas in 1945, and in that first year of its appearance the records of the Experiment Station orchards showed an encouraging 96 per cent control of the grey moth by the use of DDT as opposed to a better than usual 81 per cent control by the use of lead arsenate.

Heads were lifted, eyebrows raised; DDT was taking the country by storm. Hundreds of queries were sent to the college, and apple growers kept a ceaseless vigil for the first word of: “Where do we get it? How do we use it?” But time was necessary for the research required to answer these questions.

The work is being carried on at the Blair Experiment Orchard in Doniphan County, the center of the northeast Kansas apple belt. As part of a nationwide program set up by the United States Department of Agriculture to test the qualities of DDT, the Doniphan County orchard was selected for a control test for coddling moth. The program of Doctor Parker and his associates for that first year, 1945, included tests with lead arsenate; a lead arsenate, zinc sulfate, oil combination; “Gesarol AK 40 Spray” which contains 40 per cent DDT; “Black Leaf 155” with DDT; and “Black Leaf 155,” a fixed nicotine compound, by itself.

Every tree in the orchard had a number. In true Bingo style, the tree numbers were placed in a hat and drawn out, one at a time, to see which trees would be sprayed with what compounds. Two trees were sprayed with each type compound. The remaining trees were left to the standard lead arsenate spray. DDT won the contest hands down.

Just one year’s results though didn’t mean much. Orchardists were frantic for some word, but the experimenters felt that results were not conclusive enough to give specific recommendations.

Complications were bound to occur, and they did. By using DDT, an almost forgotten pest in orchards sprang up. It was the two-spotted mite, a pest of fruit and shade trees, which lives at the expense of the foliage. The oil in previous sprays had been a fine control for mite. DDT, alone, was practically worthless.

Red-banded leaf roller, a moth most active at night, was also on the increase throughout the East and Midwest where work with DDT was being carried on. Lead arsenate had been an excellent control for roller, but DDT was a failure.

In addition, DDT killed practically all of the beneficial insects found in orchards. Without the lady beetle and others, harmful insects were allowed to multiply and new problem pests presented themselves.

And what about the honeybee? Here was a powerful insecticide be-
ing used which might mean the end of the honeybee in orchards. This would be a serious detriment to pollination of the flowers of fruit plants. Doctor Parker found that, fortunately, the honeybee was somewhat repelled by the spray and therefore remained unharmed, safely away from spots covered with DDT. A necessary precaution, however, is never to spray the trees when in full blossom.

What to do about these headaches was the problem that faced Doctor Parker and his associates as the next season neared and another spray schedule had to be worked out.

With 1946, and the second year of the work, numbers again were drawn from the hat, and the orchard sprayer rolled to the field with a new set of sprays. There was a repeat on lead arsenate; DMT—chemically known as Di-methoxyphenyl-trichloroethane and a relative of DDT; lead arsenate with zinc sulfate and oil; Miticidal DDT—a new mixture containing 16 per cent DDT; pure DDT at the high rate of one pound to 100 gallons of water; "Black Leaf 155" in several combinations with DDT; and benzene hexachloride.

Results this time were even better than in 1945. Trees in neighboring orchards sprayed with DDT helped to give such results as 95 per cent control with lead arsenate alone, and the highest per cent of "worm-free" apples on record, 98.5, with a spray of "Black Leaf 155," DDT and oil emulsion combined.

DDT was proving out. The bars were being relaxed, but experimentation still goes on. This year, for the first time on record, some of the trees were marked for no spray at all. Heretofore, experimenters have been afraid to let any trees go unsprayed, because they have had no successful way to stop a codling moth invasion, once it got a foothold in the orchard. Now they have DDT. Some even talk of eventual eradication of the moth from all orchards.

Of course, DDT is still in the experimental stage. New spray materials are being developed which may be more effective than DDT. Soon, results will be conclusive enough that entomologists can give definite recommendations for fruit spraying with all confidence in the results. Other products, such as "Vapotone," "DN111," Rhothane D3, Chlordan, and numerous others made by leading chemical manufacturers are coming into the tests each season. The possibilities have not begun to be fathomed.

Garden and orchard folks are looking to DDT as an amazing control for grape leafhopper, grape berrymoth, rose chafer, the tarnished plant bug, Oriental fruit moth, apple maggot, pear thrips, pecan and chestnut weevils, as well as countless other in-
sects involving savings of small fortunes in many an industry.

DDT has proved an excellent control agent for bedbugs, grain beetles, carpenter bees, fleas in homes and on dogs, flies, mosquitos, a variety of lice, spiders, garden insects of several kinds and ticks.

The outcome is more than anyone can predict. Scientists agree, however, that we are on the road to a particularly bright future in eradicating some of our worst common pests—enemies which man has “put up with” for many centuries—and certainly long enough!

Can You Make It a Threesome?

by MYRA CARR

TWO is company and three’s a crowd—in the parlor, at the movies or on a bicycle built for two—but not in the case of these famous trios. These come labeled 3-in-1 and seldom is one mentioned without the others. Can you fill in the blanks with the missing names? Five right is passing. Turn to page 49 for answers.

1. The Three Andrews Sisters —
   a. LaVerne
   b. Patty
   c. .................

2. The Three Wise Men —
   a. Melchior
   b. Gaspar
   c. .................

3. Three Men in a Tub —
   a. the butcher
   b. the baker
   c. .................

4. The Three Musketeers —
   a. Athos
   b. Porthos
   c. .................

5. The Three Fishermen —
   a. Wynken
   b. Blynken
   c. ....................

6. Daniel’s Three Friends of fiery furnace fame —
   a. Shadrach
   b. Meshach
   c. ....................

7. The Three Graces —
   a. Aglaia
   b. Euphrosyne
   c. ....................

8. The 1st Triumvirate —
   a. Caesar
   b. Crassus
   c. ....................

Whose Dog Art Thou?

A SMART dog knows his own master, and a smart quizzer knows which dog in the left-hand column belongs to which person in the right. A score of less than eight qualifies you for a box of doggie biscuits. Answers on page 49.

THE DOG
1. Daisy
2. Zero
3. Flush
4. Fala
5. Sandy
6. Pluto
7. Asta
8. Toby
9. Blaze
10. Tige

THE MASTER
a. Little Orphan Annie
b. The Thin Man
c. Buster Brown
d. Punch
e. The Bumsteads
f. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
g. Annie Rooney
h. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
i. Mickey Mouse
j. Elliot Roosevelt
Notes on a not-very-pleasant but well-paid profession.

ADVANCES in the field of medical science have been made possible in large part by researches performed on human anatomy. Yet feeling has always run high against dissection. This gave rise, in the late Middle Ages, to the grisly but lucrative profession of body-snatching, a vocation which was carried on for several centuries and was highlighted by an incident which came to public attention only a little more than a hundred years ago.

Selling human corpses was the business of John Bishop and Thomas Williams, who carried on their partnership in London in 1831. Their lonely cottage at Nova Scotia Gardens was an ideal place for converting stray acquaintances into saleable merchandise.

The pair confessed to murdering three people, but very likely there were more; rumors in their time put the figure at more than sixty. Before Bishop hit upon the scheme of killing people for their bodies, he had peddled newly-buried corpses which he dug up from graveyards.

"I have followed the course of obtaining a livelihood as a body-snatcher for twelve years, and have obtained and sold, I think, from 500 to 1,000 bodies," he remarked in his subsequent confession.

At that time body-snatching was a flourishing profession. Surgeons who held classes in anatomy needed bodies for dissection and study. The law provided them with bodies of condemned criminals, but the demand was always greater than the supply. To augment their skimpy allowance, they bought cadavers from whoever could furnish them—mainly professional body-snatchers or "resurrectionists" who robbed graves or claimed friendless charity-ward cases for burial.

Bishop and Williams learned that a living person, quietly and efficiently murdered, resulted in a more suitable subject than anything they could dig up in the graveyard. For one thing, the subject was fresher, and consequently it fetched a better price from the surgeons.

They undoubtedly had that in mind late one October night when they came upon a thin, pockmarked creature named Fanny Pigburn sitting with her child in a doorway in Shoreditch. Learning that she had been turned into the street by her landlord, they invited her to their cottage, one of a lonely cluster, where they treated
her to a few drinks and prepared a make-shift bed of rags for her in front of the fire.

Next morning Bishop and Williams asked Fanny to get rid of her child and meet them later in the day at the London Apprentice public house, or saloon, an appointment which she kept. About eleven o’clock that night, Fanny and her two benefactors left the bar. The night was dark and rainy, and for half an hour the three huddled in the shelter of a doorway. This time the men took Fanny to a vacant cottage next door to their own. The house was inky black; they had no light. Williams stepped into the garden long enough to mix some laudanum into the rum they brought along. Returning, he chivalrously handed the half-pint bottle to Fanny, who downed the contents in two or three gulps.

Ten minutes later Fanny dozed on a step between two of the rooms. When she drowsily toppled backwards, Bishop, with more business sense than gallantry, was there to catch her—the body would bring a better price if it weren’t cut or bruised. The partners knocked off for a drink at a public house while Fanny slumbered. On their return, they stripped off her cloak, tied a stout cord to her feet and carried her to the garden well. They plunged her into it headfirst.

“She struggled very little afterwards, and the water bubbled a little at the top,” Bishop, with a fine eye for detail, observed in his confession.

The men left Fanny hanging head-downward in the well until the rum, laudanum and water had drained from her mouth; meanwhile they amused themselves by taking a short stroll. A little later they hauled out the body, cut off all its clothes and hid them. They carried the corpse to the wash shed of Bishop’s house, where they stuffed it into a trunk for safekeeping.

The partners had a good night’s work behind them, and they must have been tired, but they didn’t go to bed. Instead they routed a porter named Shields to tote the body to St. Thomas’ hospital for them. When morning came, Shields set out for the hospital with their merchandise. He was accompanied by Williams’ wife Rhoda, who carried an empty hatbox, as Shields feared his burden might otherwise make him conspicuous. Bishop and Williams lagged behind, an eye on their wares.

Bishop handled the business details at the hospital while his companions waited for him in a nearby public house. One of the surgeons wanted a body but couldn’t give a definite answer until the next day. Bishop impatiently chased down another buyer, a Mr. Appleton, who paid him eight guineas for Fanny. Bishop and party celebrated the success of the deal with a few rounds of drinks, then called it a day.

The partnership resumed business operations about a fortnight after Fanny had gone plunging down the well. Near midnight one night late in October, the partners came upon a boy of ten or eleven sleeping “under the pig-boards at Smithfield.” Williams woke the lad and invited him
home with them. They learned that the boy was named Cunningham, that his mother lived in Kent street and, most important, that he had not been home for a year or more. From the firm's point of view, he was ripe for the dissection slab.

At Bishop's cottage they gave him warm beer, sweetened with sugar and laced with a good dash of their rum and laudanum mixture.

"He drank two or three cups full," Bishop said, "and then fell asleep in a little chair belonging to one of my children." The men presently gave the child the garden well treatment that had finished off Fanny. He fetched them eight guineas at St. Bartholomew's hospital.

Bishop and Williams were off to a good start; their October gross was 16 guineas, a large sum in their day. But in November they met their downfall. It came when they tried to sell a surgeon at King's College the body of Carlo Ferrari, a little Italian boy who earned a living exhibiting a small tortoise and white mouse which he kept in a wooden cage hung from his neck.

The scheme went well enough at first. They met the boy in a Smith-

field public house and lured him home with them on a promise of work. When they reached their cottage about eleven o'clock, Bishop's wife and children and Mrs. Williams were still up, so they hid the boy outside until Williams had shooed the families off to bed. Then when all was quiet in the cottage, they brought in the boy and fed him bread and cheese—an unbusinesslike gesture, since they passed him the familiar rum and laudanum as soon as he had finished eating.

The lad swigged down the rum in two draughts and had a little beer for a chaser. Ten minutes later he was sleeping soundly in his chair. While he slept, his hosts chucked him headfirst down the well.

Next day they offered the corpse to a Mr. Tusun. "He said he had waited so long for a subject which I had undertaken to procure," Bishop related, "that he had been obliged to buy one the day before." They went next to a lecture hall on Dean street, where a man agreed to pay them eight guineas for the body. They accepted the offer and promised delivery next morning.

Meantime, however, they dropped in at a public house and there bumped into a body-snatching acquaintance, James May, who sometimes used the fascinating alias "Jack Stirabout." In the course of some shop talk he told them that eight guineas was too low a price for their subject. He could get them more, he said, at the place where he did business. The partners would have spared themselves a lot of grief if they'd told May to go peddle his own bodies. But they listened
greedily. Bishop invited May to get what he could for the boy and to keep anything more than nine guineas. May accepted. After a good deal of drinking, the three wound up at Nova Scotia Gardens, where the partners showed May the body.

"How are the teeth?" May inquired professionally. Bishop said he hadn't looked. Williams got a brad-awl from the house, and May gouged out the teeth, which he later sold to a dentist for 12 shillings.

"It is the constant practice to take the teeth out first, because if the body be lost the teeth are saved," Bishop explained in his confession.

Stuffing the body into a sack, they carried it to a coach they had engaged. Two attempts to sell the corpse were unsuccessful. The following day Bishop and May, both drunk, appeared at King's College to inquire of the porter if anyone wanted to buy a good corpse for 12 guineas. A Mr. Partridge told the porter he would give nine guineas for the boy, and the lackey passed this offer on to the two body-venders. May held out for ten guineas, but Bishop, who had nothing to lose, promised delivery for the nine guineas.

The body-mERCHANTS departed and returned later with Williams, Shields and a hamper containing the cadaver. The corpse was so fresh that it aroused the porter's suspicions. More scrupulous than many a surgeon of his day, Mr. Partridge examined it, and he too became suspicious. He sent for the police, who carted the lot of body-salesmen off to the station. Shields was later released after the authorities found he had been only Bishop's porter and knew nothing of the murders.

Bishop, Williams and May were brought to trial on Friday, December 31, 1831, charged on one count with the wilful murder of the Italian boy and on another count with that of a male person, name unknown. After a half hour's deliberation, the jury found them guilty. The three men were sentenced to be hanged the following Monday, and their bodies were ordered to be turned over to the anatomists for dissection.

On the two days following the trial, Bishop made a confession, which Williams corroborated. They cleared May of any part in the three murders, and as a result his sentence was respited. They insisted that their third victim had not been the Italian boy, as was proved at the trial, but a Lincolnshire lad. Whoever he was, Bishop and Williams were hanged for the murder on December 5.

That night their bodies were sent to medical schools for dissection. Williams' went to the Theatre of Anatomy, Windmill Street. Bishop's, with poetic justice, went to King's College.
STAR spangled beauties with knockout figures and sleek, well-groomed noggins full of gray matter will converge upon Atlantic City come September 1st. The reason—The Miss America Pageant.

These bonny babes will hail from all parts of the forty-eight and will have puhlenty on the proverbial sphere, talent-wise as well as shape-wise. Facial features? Sis, you've got to be Aphrodite's daughter, Hebe's sister, Venus' cousin and remind the judges of the Graces, all with one gorgeous face! Simple, isn't it?

Actually, it is simple to enter one of the preliminary contests that are being held this summer throughout the country. Take Kansas City for example—Station WHB and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling are jointly sponsoring the Miss Missouri and Miss Kansas contests. To enter, you merely fill out an application blank, have an interview with the school officials concerning your talent, and learn a few modeling tricks in order to display your talent and figure to the best advantage.

Of course, you must be unmarried and between the ages of 18 and 28. The sponsors are holding the preliminary contests each Saturday afternoon at Kansas City's smart El Casbah in the Bellerive Hotel. Contestants from as far away as St. Louis will take part in the final judging Saturday, August 16th. The public is cordially invited.

Years ago, the Miss America winner was merely a beautiful girl. She wasn't required to display talent or even intelligence. She won a cash prize and was given a great deal of national publicity which frequently resulted in stage appearances and sometimes movie contracts.

Things are different nowadays. She must use intelligence when displaying her talent and personality to the judges. Instead of a cash prize, the winner now gets a $5000 educational scholarship to the college, university or special training school of her choice. She still receives publicity and the chance at movie contracts, but she has a much better opportunity of getting somewhere because of her brains and inherent ability.

Today's Miss America Pageants are conducted with a lot less fanfare and a lot more dignity than they once were. In charge of the $25,000 scholarship fund awarded to Miss America and the next fourteen winners are Dr. Guy E. Snavely, executive director of the American Association of Colleges, and a Scholarship Committee of University Women. The judges in both the state and national contests are important leaders with impeccable reputations in their individual fields.

It's a long climb for the winners, but well worth it. Each week, interest is mounting as more and more girls all over America vie for positions in the magnificent procession from which Uncle Sam's number one sweetheart will be chosen. Miss America of 1947!
Let It Rain!

If you are in a mood for rainmaking, pour over this quiz. Seven right is "fair," but any fewer indicates that you are all wet. Answers on page 60.

1. Which of these clouds will rain all over your golf game?
   a. cirrus
   b. cumulus
   c. nimbus
   d. stratus

2. Annually the most rain in the United States falls on the
   a. tip of Florida
   b. coast of Washington
   c. Mississippi delta

3. Chopping away forests and turning grass lands into bare fields diminishes the supply of rain.
   a. true
   b. false

4. "Rain tomorrow" if—
   a. the barometer is low and falling, wind from SE to NE
   b. the barometer is high and steady, wind from SW to NW

5. Which side of a mountain range usually receives the most rain?
   a. the side that faces the ocean
   b. the side that faces inland

6. There are no regions absolutely rainless, but three of these localities have practically no rain.
   a. Sidney, Australia
   b. Greenland
   c. Yuma, Arizona
   d. Assam, India
   e. New Orleans, Louisiana
   f. Cairo, Egypt

7. Is it a proved fact that heavy concussions accompanying gun firing on the battlefield cause rain?
   a. true
   b. false

8. The size of a raindrop depends on the
   a. rapidity with which it is formed
   b. amount of water vapor in the cloud

9. An instrument used in aviation for measuring the condition of the upper air, and an important factor in determining how much rain can fall, is the
   a. radiosonde
   b. anemometer
   c. rain gauge
   d. hygrothermograph

10. The water supply of a country is dependent, to a large extent, upon its precipitation, which includes rain, hail, sleet, snow.
    a. true
    b. false

Take Your Pick!

How do you like your cover girls? This is your magazine, so Swing editors want your aid in the selection of next year's cover girl. Across the center pages are Miss W, Miss H, and Miss B. Look them over, take your pick, and let us know which one you would like to see in the swing during 1948. Just drop a letter or postcard to Swing, Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri.
1. Veronica Lake, in Kansas City for a Cancer Relief Benefit, addresses WHB listeners from the airport.

2. W. E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City, presents a plaque of honor to James J. Rick, Missouri state chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

3. Blues pitcher Carl De Rose tells the Mutual network how it feels to pitch a perfect game. He is the seventh player in baseball history to achieve the feat.

4. Lew Wentz, multimillionaire oil man, at the opening of his Kansas Motors plant, most modern automobile agency in the United States. (Story on page 17.)
BLUFF, hearty Herold C. Hunt descended upon Kansas City, seven years ago this month. He came ’midst drum-thumping, speech-making, assorted fanfares and a tremendous editorial welcome. There were then two newspapers, and the new superintendent of public schools was front page news in both of them.

A special deputation met him at the airport. Luncheons and dinners were arranged by Rotary, the Optimists Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and other groups. Teachers gave a “Hunt dinner,” at which a song entitled Welcome, Dear Doctor Hunt was sung to the tune of She’ll be Comin’ Around the Mountain. He was the man of that month, for sure. The man of the hour, day, week, and season.

Kansas Citians were plunking down $11,000 a year to buy his services—not bad for a school administrator at prewar prices—and they were expecting big things.

Kansas Citians were not to be disappointed, either. Not by a long shot. They got big things, and lots of them.

As for Hunt, a strapping man with a booming voice and a super-extroverted personality, he took to the glad huzzahs of welcome like a legislative incumbent to a baby contest. Hunt was, and is, a politician. A very fine one, capable of coaxing cooperation out of recalcitrant Board of Education members; interesting the citizenry in important problems, such as charging themselves more money for taxes; and keeping happy a couple of thousand teachers and thirty times as many pupils.

He knows when to speak softly, when sharply, and exactly how to roll a short-fused powder keg into the middle of public complacency.

There were no powder kegs at first. Doctor Hunt and Doctor George Melcher, because of age retiring to the position of superintendent emeritus, appeared before fifty-five safety patrolmen and a conclave of teachers, slinging well-deserved orchid bouquets with gay abandon. Doctor Hunt praised his predecessor, the patrolmen, his new colleagues, the teachers, the students. He’d heard of all of them, knew about their fine work. He was happy to have the opportunity of working with them. They, in turn, praised him. They’d heard about him, knew he would do a fine job, were glad to have him around.

All was sweetness, light, and just about the sort of thing you would expect. Those in the know confidently expected activity would settle back to status quo, and even hoped everyone would get a nice rest.

What a sad mistake! On his first day Doctor Hunt bounced into the
office at 7:30. He had been up since six. And it wasn't a fluke. He was at the office at 7:30 every morning thereafter, making up for being the first to arrive by being the last to leave.

A couple of days later, he turned up in the cafeteria of Southeast High School at the noon hour, plunging the place into a panic. He ate a hearty lunch, talked to a few students about football, made a short address over the loudspeaker system, and left, declaring he had no intention of being a "desk executive."

By Thanksgiving, he had dropped unannouncedly in on every school in the city.

At first, he played things cagey. He said quite frankly that he wanted a chance to study the situation before making any rash statements, although he did mention that he was opposed to the seven grade elementary system. But by and large he felt his way along, winning confidence from his associates and speaking in generalities.

One thing he didn't like at all. No teacher had been paid in full for ten years. Discounts ranging from 12 1/2, 15, to 25% had been entered against each check. Often the schools were open only nine months, thus cutting further into teacher revenue. Hunt felt teachers were poorly paid at best, and he promised to do something about it.

He began checking into school revenue, and found that an unequal distribution of state funds provided by the school tax law of 1931 was responsible for Kansas City losing about a million dollars a year. Rural districts were receiving state funds in such disproportion to the number of students enrolled that they were able to abolish local taxes. Cities, on the other hand, were contributing to the state but receiving almost nothing in return; they were taxing right up to the ten mill limit provided by law, but were unable to operate properly on that income. So he appealed to the Missouri Board of Education for more money.

Then he came out for democratization of the school system. He organized a Teachers' Educational Council and arranged to meet with it monthly to discuss problems. He met with the Parent-Teachers Association in a citywide conclave every month to hear their views and to explain his. And he startled everyone by inviting two student representatives from each high school to come to his office each month to present their idea of how things should be run. To the other monthly meetings he added a gathering of the supervisory staff, so that every group was represented.

Even in retrospect, it is pretty difficult to tell just when the dynamic doctor unlimbered his big guns. He worked at things gradually, getting every detail set, and was sure he had the range before cutting loose with the large artillery.

By the end of his first year, he had sold the Board of Education upon the idea of an eight-year elementary school system. The seven-year system, used in the South as a matter of economy, was graduating students at too young an age, and was crowding their working schedule from fourth to seventh grades unduly.

But his first big coup was the es-
establishment of unit administration in the Kansas City school system. There had formerly been a superintendent of education, a superintendent of buildings and grounds, and a superintendent of business. The titular head of the system actually had no means of effecting changes or repairs to school properties.

In addition, there were several committees composed of members of the Board of Education which were empowered to act independently on administrative matters.

All this left the school superintendent in a rather ineffectual position.

Hunt changed that. He somehow convinced board members that they should confine themselves solely to matters of policy. He would handle the administration. It was a bitter pill for some of the board members to swallow, since they enjoyed dabbling in personnel problems and details of the curriculum. But they finally consented in July of 1941.

At the same meeting, they demoted the business and the buildings and grounds administrators to assistant superintendents, placing Hunt in charge of all public educational functions.

It amounted to a vote of confidence, since the doctor had offered to step aside in the event the board felt he was incapable of looking after all details. It didn’t take them long to decide that he was completely capable!

With authority to act, Doctor Hunt sailed into one of his pet projects, vocational training. Only 20% of Kansas City high school graduates go on to college, leaving 80% to face the business world. He was worried about this great majority which was terminating education at the twelfth grade level. So he proposed a canvass of all employers in the area, to see what courses high schools might offer to equip students for business or industrial careers.

It was a fine idea, but there were thousands and thousands of employers to be contacted, and no funds with which to conduct a survey.

That didn’t even slow him down. He enlisted the aid of civic groups and got student volunteers to help on the interviews. They worked at it for nearly two years.

When the picture was complete, Doctor Hunt went over it with teachers’ committees, and new courses were added as rapidly as possible. They are still being added.

He used the survey again in 1946, when he installed a system of Cooperative Occupational Education, by which a student could carry a half-schedule of classroom studies and actually work somewhere the other 50% of the time. The student received minimum beginner’s wages for his work, and grades from his employer as well as his teachers. In addition,
he received academic credit for his job, and his studies were keyed to his particular position — especially designed to help him get ahead.

This COE, as it is called, has been tremendously successful. Students love it, and employers are unrestrainedly enthusiastic. They say it has improved the quality of available help immeasurably, and is probably the answer to their employment problems.

To supplement COE, and to aid young people already out of school, Doctor Hunt introduced 17 new merchandising classes into the night school curriculum.

It was about this time that he was asked, "Are you a progressive educator?"

"You wouldn't ask your grocer if he were a progressive grocer, would you?" parried Hunt. "Or ask your dentist if he were a progressive dentist? I would like to think that I was up-to-date, making education meet the needs of the 20th Century, not the 19th Century."

One way to fit education to this century, Doctor Hunt maintained, was to provide an adequate food service. All Kansas City high schools, and most elementary schools, had cafeterias, but each one was operated separately. Some had good menus, some did not, and there was a variance of 100% in prices throughout the city.

He studied the situation exhaustively throughout his second year in office, and appointed a director of food service in the fall of 1942, to plan a standardized nutritional program and see that it was carried out.

That incident, however, was completely overshadowed by a statement from the superintendent's office which rocked the town on its foundations. For two years Doctor Hunt had been stumping for increased revenue but not getting it because legislative action was necessary, and it was impossible to arouse sufficient support.

So, with a positive genius for timing, he picked the week before schools were scheduled to open for an announcement that the kindergartens and the Kansas City Junior College would be forced to close. Insufficient funds.

When doubt was expressed that such drastic action would be necessary, Hunt reiterated the statement and added that he would also close all public libraries, which operated out of school board funds, and shorten the school term by a month.

Pandemonium broke loose. The Board of Education met in special session and every Kansas Citian over 12 years of age made at least two speeches in defense of libraries, kindergartens, and the Junior College.

Doctor Hunt, who had expected all this, weathered the storm with elan. Patiently, he explained that it was possible to do only so many things with so much money. The kindergartens were nice but not really essential. The Junior College was a splendid institution, and something every city of 25,000 people or more had, but it served a comparatively small percentage of the students. The elementary and high schools were required by law, the other institutions were not; so it was plain which ones would have to be eliminated. The libraries he dismissed briefly, they had
no business being connected with the Board of Education anyhow, since they were mainly for the use of adults.

Reactions were varied, but all were violent. The city manager was afraid an attempt was being made to dump the libraries onto him, and he sourly announced he would have no part of them. The press defended Doctor Hunt and so did nearly everyone else, since he was doing the best he could and wasn’t really to blame. Junior College enrollees and parents of kindergarteners were frantic.

Then, when he had the whole stage, Doctor Hunt stated with grave concern that he was very sorry if anyone had gathered the impression that he meant these drastic changes would take place immediately. The cutbacks would be necessary the following year; provided, that is, additional funds were not arranged for in the meantime. For instance, he went on to point out, the state legislature was meeting in January, and at this very time its members were working out bills for submission. If everyone would apply pressure for a revision of the school tax law of 1931, so that districts would receive appropriations in proportion to the number of students therein, Kansas City would get a million dollars and its worries would be over.

Needless to say, that is exactly what happened, spurred by the neatest touch of all. In accordance with his original contract, Hunt had received a $500 raise at the end of his first year and was due another. He refused it, saying the school system couldn’t afford the added financial burden. He was urged by the Board of Education to accept the increase, since it was a point of pride with them. He demurred, maintaining the system was just too poor.

The incident made all of the wire services, and was printed in nearly every city in the country.

Hunt, friend of pupil, parent and public, is the especial champion of the classroom teacher. By dint of vigorous crusading, he was able in his second year to eliminate all payroll deductions. Then he introduced the single salary schedule, placing teachers on an equal financial footing according to their preparation and length of service, rather than discriminating between elementary and high school teachers. Salaries were then revised upwards, and provisions made for teacher retirement.

Something more for which teachers may thank Doctor Hunt is a liberalization of “periodic study” requirements. He arranged with Northwestern University, the University of Kansas and the University of Kansas City, for the setting up of summer workshops for teachers. And, instead of arbitrarily requiring additional college courses, he made it known that teachers might substitute travel, summer teaching at colleges, research, and other occupations that were approved in advance. Throughout his seven-year tenure, he consistently improved the teachers’ lot.

Herold Hunt began his own career
as a teacher of journalism, social studies, and public speaking in the high schools of Hastings, Michigan. That was back in 1923. He had been through the public schools of Holland, Michigan, and received a cum laude bachelor’s degree from the University of Chicago, Hunt received his doctorate in education from Columbia in 1939. This year he was awarded two honorary doctor of laws degrees.

His first job as a superintendent was in St. Johns, Michigan, in 1931.

Four years later he became superintendent of schools in Kalamazoo, and jumped from there to New Rochelle, New York. When he came to Kansas City in 1940, he was taking over a school system that had more students than New Rochelle had citizens.

Now, at 45, Hunt heads the second largest school system in the United States, at Chicago, and carries the title of the country’s number one educator by virtue of his recent election as president of the American Association of School Administrators. His accomplishments fully qualify him to head that distinguished body composed of more than 10,000 college and private and public school officials.

Hunt classifies himself as a joiner, but is probably too modest about it.

Farewell address...

What success has attached to my work here in Kansas City has been due to the magnificent cooperative spirit so characteristic of this community. To this spirit and to the vision of community leadership I would pay special tribute as I thank Kansas City for the privilege and opportunity of seven very happy years of work and association here in the Heart of America.

Miss Wright, a native of Webster Groves, Missouri, and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, was apparently quite capable in the home economics field and no slouch as a cook, either. In their first year of marriage, Herold gained 55 pounds, and their well-kept, beautifully managed home still rates her high as a model wife. They have one son, Douglas, who is 14 years old.

In all, Doctor Hunt has been a school administrator for twenty years, although not all of the time as a "doctor." After graduate work at
In Kansas City he has served on the board of governors of the American Royal Association, and as a director of no less than nine outstanding civic groups. What’s more, he has served actively; he doesn’t go into anything half-heartedly.

He has been a lay reader in the Episcopal Church, president of the Rotary Club of Kansas City, vice-president of the Kansas City Safety Council, and a hard-working member of nearly every worthwhile service organization in town.

Socially, he is a member of the University Club, and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

Part of Hunt’s outstanding success is due to the fact that never in his life has he walked into a room. He bounces in. You know he’s there. With a handclasp, a look, a word, he serves notice that this is Herold C. Hunt, a man to be reckoned with.

He doesn’t fool with details. He builds up a competent organization, capable of handling routine and furnishing specialized information at a moment’s notice, leaving him free for big things.

Like almost every highly successful administrator, he has a mind which cuts immediately through to the core of complex-seeming problems. Several lawyers had worked almost 20 years to effect settlement of an insurance claim. The claim was justified, but they couldn’t find a way to prove it. Doctor Hunt listened to the story less than two minutes, then gave them the answer they were looking for.

He moves fast. Kansas Citians still laugh about the fire at Northeast Junior High School. A blaze broke out in the stage draperies about noon. The nearest fire station was notified immediately. Then someone thought to call the Board of Education. Doctor Hunt ran down the two flights of stairs at his downtown office, jumped into his car, and arrived at the scene on the other side of town just a few minutes before the first fire truck arrived. That’s the way he has been doing things all of his life.

This past spring, New York considered Doctor Hunt for the top post in its public school system. San Francisco bid for his services, but Chicago topped the California offer by seven thousand a year.

So now the man who for seven years had in his charge Kansas City’s most priceless possession, its children, has moved on. As he arrived, so he departed, in a burst of well-deserved publicity.

But the effects of his contact with Kansas City and its schools will remain. They have prompted this final honor, Swing’s salute as Man of the Month!

A priest was making his way home through the pouring rain one night, when a stickup man shoved a gun in his ribs. As the priest put up his hands, his clerical collar became visible. This greatly embarrassed the thug, who apologized at length for his blunder.

To show that there were no hard feelings, the priest offered the man a cigar.

The crook shook his head. “Oh, no, Father, I never smoke during Lent.”
Write Your Own Ticket

MORE than 85 million people see and presumably enjoy the movies each week. To furnish constant entertainment, five hundred motion pictures are produced each year, with movie companies paying all kinds of fancy prices, often bidding against each other, to get literary material particularly adaptable to their program of activities.

The motion picture companies garner their five hundred plots from magazines, radio, books, plays, and "originals." An original is an outline that has been neither published nor produced in any way.

During the past five years, the motion picture companies spent an aggregate of $31,375,000 for stories. Nineteen forty-five was the peak year, when writers received a total of $6,900,000.

Five years ago, when companies paid out a little under five million dollars, Maxwell Anderson received $300,000 for the rights to his play, Eve of St. Mark. The same company, 20th-Century Fox, paid John Steinbeck a like amount for his book, The Moon Is Down. MGM got together with William Saroyan for $60,000 for the author's original, The Human Comedy. The deal was made before the book was written, and long before its selection as Book of the Month.

The following year, 1943, saw Moss Hart sell his play, Winged Victory, to 20th-Century Fox for $1,000,000, which the company agreed to turn over to the Army Emergency Relief Fund. Wendell L. Willkie's book, One World, went to the same company for $250,000, and Sig Herzig received $50,000 for Where Do We Go From Here? an original.

In 1944, Warner Brothers dealt out $500,000 plus a percentage of profits for Life With Father, the play by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, which holds all records for number of New York performances. MGM gave A. J. Cronin $200,000 for the novel The Green Years. Tops in the original field was Helen Deutsch's As You Want Me, which earned for its author the sum of $100,000.

The Voice of the Turtle, John Van Druten's delightful play, was worth half a million dollars to Warner Brothers in 1945. A tie for high honors in the book field occurred when 20th-Century Fox paid Somerset Maugham $250,000 for The Razor's Edge and Cagney Productions paid the same amount for Andrea Locke's Lion in the Streets. Republic Pictures handed out $100,000 for Borden Chase's original, I've Always Loved You. These four were the highs in each division.

Last year, having their ideas converted to celluloid earned writers over six and a half million dollars in all. Of this amount, Joseph Shearing collected from 20th-Century for his book, Moss Rose, to the extent of $225,000, the highest price paid in the year for a book. Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay again walked off with top honors in the play division, receiving $300,000 plus a percentage of the profits for State of the Union. As for an original, Sam Fuller got $100,000 for The Dark Age from an independent film producer, Sidney Buchman.

The situation in Hollywood today shows that more top flight writers are employed at the film studios than ever before. Most are writing originals at a stipulated fee or are guaranteed so many weeks at a specific salary each week.

It's a great day for the creative writers! So go ahead and write that book, play, radio show, original, or short story. If it has film possibilities, you, too, may be hearing from Hollywood!—William Ornstein.
Once the Rockies get you, you're got—and that's good!

Mountains Of My own!

IT WAS a long time before I learned that the entire Rocky Mountain Range was not concentrated in the state of Colorado. I was introduced to mountains at a tender age, and like the Little Colonel books and the movie version of Ben Hur, they had me in their spell.

Since, with the exception of my best friend, who had seen Mt. Ranier, I was the only one in the third grade who had seen a mountain, I began to look on them as more or less exclusively my property. Hadn't I survived the journey up Big Thompson Canyon in a Model T? Hadn't I caught rainbow trout up Sheep Creek, and slept on the ground, and had my picture taken beside the Balanced Rock in the Garden of the Gods? Hadn't I helped cook supper over a campfire and seen a wild deer and made perilous ascents over rocks and pine needles?

By virtue of all these things the mountains became mine. My possession was undisputed in the third grade—except, of course, by my best friend, who had seen Mt. Ranier. And although I have done some growing up, have conceded to several thousand others a share in the Rockies, and have learned that Colorado isn't their only site—still, the Colorado mountains seem to me the most exciting of all; and in spite of anything, I feel they are mine exclusively. The difference is—I know thousands of other people feel the same way about them. The mountains are every man's, because they create in him that special feeling of exaltation and wonder that is untranslatable and therefore exclusively one's own forever.

Not that most of us don't try to translate that feeling into words at the drop of a hat—ten gallon or otherwise. But it's no use. No amount of regional prose or rhymed rave notices can give you the essential quality of mountains. You have to see them for yourself.

Figuring roughly, you have between now and Labor Day in which to see the Rockies for yourself. It doesn't much matter just where you go, as long as you go west. You're almost sure to hit the Rocky Mountains at
some point. The range stretches from the deserts of New Mexico to the snow plains of Alaska, a distance of almost one-tenth the circumference of the earth.

Actually, this same chain of mountains is vastly more extensive. It includes all the mountains of the Pacific coast area, and runs southward through Mexico and Central America, across the Strait of Magellan and into Tierra del Fuego. But since in South America it is called Andes, and in various other sections, various other names, we'll stick to the ranges more familiarly known as the Rockies proper.

The Black Hills of Dakota are part of the Rockies; so are the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado, and the Spanish Peaks; the Grand Tetons and Wind River Range of Wyoming; the Big Horns, the Lewis and Clark Ranges, and various others. And, of course, there are the Canadian Rockies. At its widest—in Colorado and Utah—the range measures three hundred miles across. At its highest it rises well over fourteen thousand feet. In Colorado alone, forty-six peaks have a height of more than fourteen thousand feet, and two hundred and fifty-four rise between thirteen and fourteen thousand.

The Rockies are tall and rugged because of their comparative youth. The older a mountain grows, the smoother it becomes, worn down by weathering and erosion. The mountains of the Eastern states are visibly more ancient than the Western range.

The Rocky Mountains rose up out of an inland sea during the Upper Cretaceous period of the Mesozoic Era. Then followed the Cenozoic or Modern Era—it lasted about sixty million years—followed by twenty million years of the Psychozoic or Recent Era. A great deal of alternating volcanic and glacial action made the mountains what they are today.

Throughout the third grade, the fourth, and most of the fifth, I took it for granted that Estes Park was the park. It came as rather a surprise to me to learn that Estes was only a village, that Rocky Mountain National took in several hundred square miles and a few dozen big mountains, and that it was only one among many. Within or adjacent to the Rockies there are now fourteen national parks. Half of them are in Canada, but within the United States, New Mexico, South Dakota, and Montana have one each; Wyoming and Colorado each have two.

Rocky Mountain National Park lies 68 miles northwest of Denver, and at the moment covers 405 square miles. It has been enlarged several times since its creation by Act of Congress in 1915.

High point in the park is Long's Peak—14,255 feet of rugged splotched mountain. You can see it easily from Denver, and even from Pike's Peak, 103 miles to the southeast. Long's is around a hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak, and the highest in northern Colorado. But it is only the thirteenth highest in the state. They grow 'em big in that country.

Long's Peak was first climbed by a group of seven men on August 23, 1868. Today a number of trails wind
to the top, and over the two favorite ones hundreds of hardy tourists have gone up in the world. The view from the summit will take your breath away—if you have any left after making that fourteen-thousand-foot climb. More than a hundred miles of America stretch out before you in all directions—the Great Plains to the east, and the Great Divide to the west.

If you prefer to take your scenery sitting down, all you have to do is drive along any of the scenic highways of the park. The most traveled route is Trail Ridge Road, a really magnificent drive over the Divide to Grand Lake, at the park’s southwest entrance. Eleven miles of this highway wind above timberline, four miles of it above 12,000 feet. It feels like the top of the world.

Bear Lake Road is the trunk line to a large glacier-formed lake high in the Front Range. Zagging off from this road, numerous other trails lead to other lakes and mountains. Dream Lake, lying beneath Hallett Peak, is only a mile from Bear Lake.

Estes Park Village, just outside the park’s east entrance, may be reached by roads running up three canyons—the Big Thompson, North St. Vrain, and South St. Vrain. The latter two were named for an early family of traders.

Estes Park, named for Joel Estes, its first white settler (1860), originally lay within a private game preserve owned by the Earl of Dunraven. Before that, Kit Carson used to hunt in that territory. Today the village has a population of around a thousand, and some thirty hotels. It serves as headquarters for the national park, and for the Colorado-Big Thompson water diversion and power project. Estes is the usual resort town, full of souvenirs, camera shops, horses and guides. But it is attractive and has one of the most beautiful locations in the country. When it isn’t enveloped in one of the quick, intense showers that gathers frequently in the mountains, it seems almost suspended in luminous air.

The air is one of the reasons why mountains get you. It is literally thin air, and for that reason is cool. There simply is nothing there to absorb much heat, and nothing much to stop the penetration of sunlight. The hard granite of the mountains soaks up the heat, which is reflected with sometimes
painful results to mountain climbers. Sunburn and snow blindness are two of the perils of high climbing.

High in the mountains northwest of Denver, a little south of the park boundaries, lies another village settled about the same time as Estes Park. This is Central City, 8,500 feet up, and a resurrected ghost town whose history has been shaped by silver, gold, and the theatre.

It was a mining town for half a century. The first claims were staked in 1859. By 1900 it had a population of over three thousand. One of the streets was paved with silver bricks, and one of the several buildings, large for that day, which the people erected was an opera house. On its stage appeared many of the theatre great of that day: Sarah Bernhardt, Joseph Jefferson, Booth, and Modjeska.

Then the mines began to play out. The bonanza kings, perhaps beggars now, moved on to richer hills. The silver bricks disappeared. Mine entrances caved in, and houses stood empty. By 1930 only around five hundred people remained in Central City.

Then came the resurrection, but not through the mines. The opera house at Central City was presented to the University of Denver. Perhaps taking a cue from Salzburg in the Austrian Alps, the University revived the old theatre, began bringing in celebrated artists, and opera for a season each summer. Things looked up in Central City. Art became its life blood. Until the war put a stop to the festivals, the "season" at Central City was one of the chief events of the West.

The first performance in the resuscitated opera house was Camille, starring Lillian Gish. For a number of years, the six-week seasons featured plays. Later, opera took over, with established Met stars in the leading roles.

Theatre in Central City has an enchantment attendant on no other theatre I have ever known, because the drama persists outside the opera as well as within. You lunched or dined at Teller House, where President Grant once stayed, and where the presidential suite remains just as it was. You pushed your way through Teller House bar and took a look at the Face on the Barroom Floor. If it was not the original, as they said, you didn't care. The atmosphere was conducive to that "willing suspension of disbelief."

Then you watched Colonel Lloyd Shaw’s beautifully trained young square dancers at work in the stables across the street; and had your picture taken a la tintype. Everybody did. It cost a quarter and looked funnier than anything.

Then the young man—a student from one of the universities—came striding through the steep streets ringing a bell, crying the approach of curtain time. He wore high frontier boots and the decent good black coat of another day. You hurried across to the opera house, went in with the crowd of distinguished, elegant visitors; celebrities were always there. You sat down in an old hickory chair. These were the same ones used when Bernhardt played the opera house. The curtain went up—and you moved
from one enchantment into another. The magic lasted far beyond the final curtain—all the way down the canyon by moonlight—maybe forever after.

Colorado has its full quota of enchantment, thanks to its geography. That is the great conditioner. It shaped the history of the West because people lived as the land and its weather dictated. That history and its subsequent influences and permeation are part of the heritage of anyone who goes into the mountains and loves them. The rest is the grandeur of age and agelessness. This is why mountains are every man’s exclusively if he chooses. He need only go out and claim his inheritance!

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**Borrowed**

No intelligence test ever equalled marriage.—Banking.
You can get out of life only what you put into it. That’s the difference between life and a laundry.—Dublin Opinion.
If every man carried his own cross, how few women would walk.—Martin Haug.
The size of your troubles generally depends on whether they are coming or going.—Sunshine.
A lot more people might try to do right if they thought it was wrong.—Gilcrafter.
A genius is a man who shoots at something nobody else can see and hits it.—Irish Baker.
Some people use language to express thought, some to conceal thought, and others instead of thought.—News and Views.

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**Bread Basket**

Have we forgotten so quickly
The beauty of springtime Kansas
And her jade-green fields?

Spanning her broad mileage,
Traveling satirists
Are uncomplimentary today,
For Kansas is brown-splotched
And cumbersome
From the pregnancy of producing grain.

But harvest-humming
Her muted golden waves
Ripple toward the sunset rim
Of far horizons.

Billie Williams.

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Answers to Threesome Quiz.
1. Maxine
2. Baltasar
3. The candlestick maker
4. Aramis
5. Nod
6. Abednego
7. Thalea
8. Pompey

Answers to Whose Dog Art Thou?
1. e
2. g
3. f
4. h
5. a
6. i
7. b
8. d
9. j
10. c
"... and Mother always said you had to use your head to get a man!"
An avocado by any name is mighty sweet.

There she sat, dressed in quiet green, yet the center of attraction in a window of de luxe attractions. A companion of Romance and Adventure, the avocado has been somebody since the New World’s very beginning. And before.

The natives of Mexico and South America have thrilled to her creamy goodness for eons. The ancient Aztecs called her “Ahuacatl” and left picture writing to proclaim her popularity. The Mayans of Guatemala, whose records go back to 291 B.C., knew her as “On.” And from the Inca dynasty of Peru came “Palta”—still a preferred name in South America.

The family tree of the avocado has always been a reasonably sedate affair. It is an evergreen of the laurel tribe, and while it is true there are numerous branches of the genus—such as the sassafras, cinnamon and camphor—the avocado blossoms have always been careful to respond wholeheartedly to pollination only if tended by their own kind.

However, as the exotic fruit journeyed down the corridor of centuries she garnered over forty pronounceable, but picturesquely variable names and each proclaimed a different personality. A few of the more dashing are Butter Pear, Custard Apple, Laurel Peach, Midshipman’s Butter and Vegetable Marrow. Some unpoetic soul even dubbed her “Aquacate,” which is Mexican for “Alligator Pear,” but this slur on her dignity has almost died out. “Alligator” indeed!

In this country the avocado always dwelt in the social and financial stratosphere—until recently. So accustomed was she to hobnobbing with the famous, ordinary mortals hesitated to approach her. But that this was due to her preference for folding money she never suspected. A dollar a pear—or an apple or a peach, whatever you want to call her—seemed only reasonable recompense for the pleasure her chartreuse pulp gave the connoisseur.

But that was in this country. In her native bailiwicks she has always been the poor man’s meat, and thanks to farseeing Yankee pioneers and the
bovine family's intermittent exclusiveness, she may become ours, not to mention our butter.

She is well fitted to take over the job. A four-inch avocado contains about 200 energy units, or calories. She is low on carbohydrates, has no starch and only a sprinkling of sugar and a thread of cellulose. But of minerals she claims fourteen, with iron and copper leading the procession. Her vitamins number nine. And her rare, richly abundant fruit oils set her apart from all other fruits. Digestible? 93.8 per cent!

But her inherent nourishment, no matter how significant, would be of little value unless she possessed that greater excellence: palate enchantment. The avocado tastes good! She is something to sigh esthetically over.

If you have not already made her acquaintance, don't let her solemn outer garment fool you. Her demure dress belies an interior so rich that few, if any, become gustatorially intimate with her upon introduction. The wise lead up to familiarity gradually. However, once you and she become fast friends—and you will—there's no limit to the fun you'll have.

You'll begin, of course, by buying one of these pear-apple-peach creations. A nice ripe one. If she's "just right" she'll be butter-soft; mellow. To tell, don't pinch her. She's thin skinned and sensitive; besides she bruises easily. Cradle her in the palms of your hands and if she yields to gentle pressure she's table-ripe.

You'll find, to be sure, that her charm is elusive, but that's sheer coquetry. She's habit forming and knows it. So, if you're a chef with a polished imagination you'll be surprised at the cooperation you'll receive from her. She has a natural affinity for sea foods, meat and fowl, but she's equally gracious as a simple sandwich spread or hors d'oeuvres. And as a salad . . . But why try to explain?

Your best approach is a simple one. Just cut your avocado in two, remove the pit, add salt or a sharp French dressing—then nibble away. You'll never surround a whole "pear" at the first sitting, so tuck what's left in waxed paper, put it in a cool place, and forget all about it until the next meal. By that time you'll want another taste of this tantalizing creature. This time, combine her with other fruits, or vegetables, in a Symphony Salad. You must denude her for this operation, so remove her wrap carefully with a sharp knife; then arrange her in slices or cubes, crescents or rings, on a lettuce leaf with the other comestibles. It's wise to serve her at once as she's impatient and darkens with waiting, but this tendency can be checkmated by brushing her with pineapple or citrus juice.

From salad to cocktails to creamed
entree to “main dish” to dessert is the inevitable path down which you’ll travel together. It’s one of endless fascination because the avocado is uninhibited and will lend herself to any new or old menu whim.

She has just one taboo: she refuses to be cooked. In fact, she goes all to pieces if subjected to such unorthodox treatment. Still, she’s agreeable to being cubed and flipped into hot soup the last second before it’s served. She’ll even consent to add her luscious flavor to such delicacies as creamed turkey or chicken, or an omelet; but, like a prima donna, she must be allowed to enter the scene at the psychological moment, which, for her, is the very last one.

While she is violently opposed to being baked, stewed or fried, other culinary avenues are wide open to her. She even speaks with a Spanish accent, as evidenced in such dishes as “Guacamole” or chili con carne on the halfshell. Oh, yes, without doubt, on further acquaintance, and a few more avocados, you and this “custard apple” are destined for a long and happy life together.

The avocado’s reputation preceded her to the United States by many years. That Spanish pathfinder, Martin Fernandez de Enciso, reported in a book published in 1519 that there was a fruit in Santa Marta, Colombia, that was “like butter—a marvelous thing!” Amazed reference to her witchery also flowed from Oviedo’s pen. In a letter to Charles V of Spain the historian declared: “Here in the West Indies there are pears which are unlike pears. Strange. Yet very good eating and of good taste.” But it took William Hughes, English gardener-writer, to employ classic rhetoric to describe “one of the most rare and pleasant fruits of the Island of Jamaica. It nourisheth and strengtheneth the body, corroborating the vital spirits and procuring vigor exceedingly.”

Explorers, travelers and the printed word extolled her virtues, but the avocado didn’t come to the United States to live until 82 years after our own George Washington found her to be “the most popular fruit in the Barbados Islands” when he visited there in 1751. It was Judge Perrine of Miami, Florida, whom fate decreed should be the first to bring trees from Mexico and plant them in his own back yard. Later on, precious seeds and cuttings were laboriously brought up the West Coast on burro back by the intrepid Franciscan Fathers. These were set out around the California missions, but the whimsical seeds did not always reproduce their kind—indeed, often did not even bear.

Budded seedling trees responded to the lure of Florida and California climates, however, and in 1911 pioneer growers and the United States Department of Agriculture co-sponsored an expedition into the wilds of Latin America in quest of the best strains and varieties which the avocado’s homeland had to offer. For nine years Wilson Popenoe, horticulturist, explorer extraordinary, combed these regions, traveling thousands of miles on foot, on horseback and by boat. Many of his chosen varieties—sent home over chartered and unchartered routes—flourished
here, and little by little the avocado became thoroughly North Americanized through scientific culture and propagation.

Still, she remained the rich man's prize.

Not until the growers themselves formed a marketing exchange—in the West called the Calavo Growers of California—were economic advantages instilled into the adolescent industry. Then energetic expansion of the groves and widespread distribution of this complex fruit changed her status from "exclusive" to "available." Today she proudly takes her place in every phase of the American diet—and in response to the jingle, not crackle, of currency.

You have about two dozen varieties of the "laurel peach" to choose from. Actually there are at least 500 types, ranging in size from no larger than an olive to more than three pounds in weight; in shape from round to bottle-necked; in color from light, yellowish-green to purplish-black; and in skin texture from thin to thick. But only a few of these are considered "commercial."

You'll find the Florida crop at your fruit stalls from late summer through early winter. The California yield will grace your table from November to May, and the Cuban importations will take care of your needs from June through September. There are no canned avocados yet, but there is avocado oil dressing on the market so you won't have to worry along without the enthralling flavor of this tropical treasure. Not even when she's resting between seasons.

Good eating, amigos!

Famous People

Fabien Sevitsky, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, demonstrated in a recent concert his ability to meet all situations. During the playing of a symphony, he had to blow his nose. Stealthily he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, waited for a passage calling for horns, then blew his nose in time with the music.

Ferruccio Tagliavini, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, tells of a columnist in Rome who called a countess a cow, and lost the resulting libel suit. He paid the damages, then asked the judge, "Since it is now clear that I may not call the Countess a cow, would it be all right for me to call a cow a countess?"

The judge assured him this would not be libelous.

"Fine," said the columnist, as he turned to the plaintiff and addressed her, "Hello, Countess."

When Frank Davis was actuary of American National Life in Galveston, one of his friends was an underwriter who had a national reputation as a super salesman. A visitor expressed a desire to meet the underwriter, so Frank arranged a luncheon date. After lunch, he asked how the interview went. The visitor exclaimed, "Really, I was quite disappointed. He was a mighty nice fellow, but I don't see that he has much on the ball!"

"Did you, by any chance, buy any insurance from him?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did. But it just happened that I really needed it anyway, so I bought it from him."
A SPECIAL session of Congress for this fall is almost definitely in the cards. The reason will probably be domestic as well as international. A world “dollar crisis” very probably will have ripened into a serious problem by that time. This means that most foreign powers simply will have run out of enough money to buy what America has to sell on the foreign market. This, of course, will upset the United States’ economy to a great extent and will bring reconstruction in blighted countries to a standstill.

As a remedy for this problem the United States government is proposing that Congress appropriate $25,000,000,000 to be distributed to foreign nations over a period of five years in order to get them back on their economic feet. Such aid would enable needy countries to continue buying from the United States and thus keep the United States’ national economy on a comparatively high plane. It is certain that without the revenue received from foreign exports the chances for a severe business recession would become very great.

At present this country is exporting three times more goods than she is importing. Going on the basis that world trade among other nations is negligible, it is quite apparent that foreign powers will have to balance up the ratio of 3 to 1 in order to stop going in debt for United States’ goods. In other words, United States’ imports should equal exports. That is flatly impossible within the next year.

The only other alternative is for the foreign nations to dig into foreign assets which roughly total $31,000,000,000. If all these assets were liquidated only about $8,000,000,000 would convert into purchasing power for United States’ goods. This, along with United States’ imports, would last only about eight more months, so the issue of foreign aid is critical.

Casting a weather eye to the future, it is to be expected that Congress will not receive the Administration’s foreign aid program with open arms. There will be many objections. The chances for Congress appropriating $25,000,000,000 at this time are very slim, but the occurance of pending events in Europe may make the situation more critical by fall, critical enough, in fact, that Congress may fork out the billions requested by the Administration without batting an “aye.”

Congress will likely demand that some method of repayment, in part at least, be provided. Most of the money will be an out-and-out donation tagged as an “intangible investment,” which is just another way of saying that the United States is out to stop Russia in Europe.

Soon many businesses will be asked to prepare reserves and units within their organizations that can be converted quickly to wartime manufacturing demands. The government, in the near future, will earmark about 300,000 employees in private industry for quick assignment to war jobs in case a war emergency should materialize. This is merely one of the first steps in a giant program that will include further industrial mobilization and stock-piling (here lies America’s chief strength), a greatly improved and expanded intelligence service, unification of the Army and Navy, a new and greatly augmented air force capable of striking hard and fast any place in the world, and expanded scientific research and development.

The Universal Military Training Program, of which military training is only a part, is being obstructed by Senator
Robert Taft because he believes it to be unAmerican. Taft made no bones about it, saying that he would fight "conscription...to the bitter end."

The report of the commission on military training made it plain that it was the opinion of the citizens who formulated the report that the United States had not less than four and no more than ten years in which to prepare. Yet, because Senator Robert Taft chooses to use obstructionist tactics the bill for Universal Military Training will not see the light of day in this session of Congress. The reason for this is that Taft heads up the powerful Senate majority policy committee which is responsible for sending or not sending bills to the floor of the Senate. Taft is the mainspring of the committee, so what Taft says goes.

Russia is currently having her hand showed all over Europe. There is no longer any doubt that the one world of which Wendell Wilkie dreamed is a dead pigeon. The European nations have met together in Paris and talked over down-to-earth, bread and butter economic matters—and yet Russia balked. Russia’s objections to any and everything suggested by any and everybody seemed rather childish and silly toward the end of the Paris conference. It began to be obvious that Russia had no idea of cooperation with any nation. It sized up then and now as a political, economic and social battle between the ideologies, democracy and communism, or more concretely the United States and Soviet Russia.

Everywhere the tentacles of the Soviets are choking the life out of the people, they are taking over whole countries at a time. Eurasia is infested with communist line agents. The communists are gaining favor with Arabs in the Middle East, Finland and Norway are in danger from Red infiltration tactics, Hungary is completely gone, Tito is a worm, rotting the whole Balkan bloc right from the core.

Italy may fall to communists at any time. If it does, simple geography will show that Russia will control the Mediterranean and the United States’ plans for Greece and Turkey will suddenly become impossible to accomplish.

Most of Europe is starving and the United States wants to help by sending food and farming equipment; but Russian communism thrives on filth, disease and starvation among people, so it is natural that Moscow should fight United States plans for reconstruction. Wherever there is light and cleanliness and satisfied people communism finds hard going.

In the very near future, the government will start “trust-busting” again. Anti-trust suits are in the offering for a number of large corporations who dominate their fields all too completely. The word is mum on whom the suits will be against, but guesses are very easy to make. The government will consider a trust to exist where four or five units seem to dominate the field. Examples pointed out by government spokesmen are industries making flour, window glass, chemicals, agricultural machinery, and business engaged in meat packing.

Installment buying will increase as soon as the Federal Reserve Board abolishes its one-third down, fourteen months to pay regulation on all installment buying. President Truman asked Congress for a law reinstating the regulation, but it does not appear likely that he will get it.

Talk of Henry Wallace forming a third party is highly improbable. The difficulties are too great. State laws and regulations make it difficult for new political parties to form and there is a great deal of red tape from other sources also. Unless Wallace is drafted by some group willing to endure the trial of forming a new party, he will probably content himself with splitting the liberal Democratic vote in 1948, thus helping the Republicans to win the White House. Then Wallace would like to come back in 1952 as the candidate for a liberalized Democratic party. This is what seems to be in the wind but whatever happens it is certain that Wallace will grow more than corn this year—he will probably raise a little Cain, too.
with BOB KENNEDY

On The Record

MONICA LEWIS, the girl with the "thexy" voice, has recorded a new one for Signature. Quite a gal, who invades the sacred precincts "down at Morey's" via The Whiffenpoof Song. RCA Victor has also recorded this one and is making quite a todo over it, with publicity spreads asking "What is a Whiffenpoof?" The answer should be obvious to Victor. Whiffenpoofs sell records!

Signs of the times: Two teenagers appeared in a local record store and requested Peg O' My Heart by Clark Dennis and Pray For the Lights To Go Out by Phil Harris. What has happened to boogie woogie?

She's from England and it's jolly well all right with us! The name is Beryl Davis, a name you won't soon forget in popular music. She sings songs right from the heart with fine breath control and much gusto, which reminds us of Kate Smith and Jo Stafford. Those latter two singers are doing all right, and we predict a great future for Beryl Davis.

Tempo Records will put on wax, in album form, Queen For A Day, with a tie-up of the Mutual show of the same name. It will be interesting to note on a three-minute disc what a "queen" does in 24 hours.

Platter Chatter

Columbia's releasing eight sides of previously unreleased recordings by Duke Ellington. Watch for the album entitled Ellington Special. Vido Musso is carrying the baton while Stan Kenton takes a rest. Ray McKinley and company are now on the road with one-nighters. Les Brown with eight new sidemen is touring the Pacific Coast. Jimmy Dorsey is back in the groove after vacationing the band. We'd like to see more records put out by Randy Brooks' jazz group. Jo Stafford's burlesque version of Temptation is going over big. Will Capitol cut more? Billy Williams, former Sammy Kaye crooner, has donned spurs and is strictly in the cowboy groove. Mel Torme opens at the Copacabana in Hollywood. Ella Mae Morse, Capitol star, is back in California awaiting the birth of a baby, her second. Jose Iturbi is touring in Europe now. Fred Lowery, Columbia's whistling genius, has solid bookings across the country. The "Jump King of Swing," Count Basie, is drawing in the crowds at his summer-long engagement at Atlantic City. Freddie Martin and band are now at New York's Strand theatre. Harry James is planning to produce a flicker in Hollywood, but it's doubtful if 20th Century will let Mrs. James star with hubby. Charlie Spivak now adds his own dance adaptations of classical favorites with a new album for Victor, Kreisler Favorites.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37528—Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra with orchestra directed by Axel Stordahl. My Romance plus Tea For Two. For the first time Frankie and Dinah have recorded together. Result: a double-feature well worth the centavos. Alternating on the verse and chorus, they end up with Dinah on the harmony and Frank on the lead. Both numbers have a slow, steady beat throughout, so the recordings are more than grand singing, they're fine dance music.
COLUMBIA 37497—Les Brown and his Orchestra. *Fine Thing* and *Oh My Achin’ Heart.* Les has recorded two excellent numbers on this record. From *Dear Ruth* comes the tune *Fine Thing,* a medium tempo ballad, with Ray Kellogg doing vocal justice to the second chorus. The latter is an interesting parody on a war-time phrase, neatly turned into a tune idea. Eileen Wilson handles vocal honors. Both are reeeeeeal nice for listening and dancing.

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas, AT 1206.*

VICTOR 20-2272 — *The Three Suns. Peg O’ My Heart* plus *Across The Alley From The Alamo.* One of the best of the small combos comes across with a pair of swell ones. *Peg* is played with expert phrasing and is a natural for this group. The reverse is a novelty which the boys take in their stride. Artie Dunn supplies the vocal to the toe-tappin’ melody.

DECCA 18395—*Hoagy Carmichael at the piano. Hong Kong Blues* with Stardust. Hoagy takes command on this record with the music and vocals. Both numbers are among Hoagy’s favorites, and the composer does a superb job on each. Definitely a must for anyone’s record library.

*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE 1718.*

PAN AMERICAN 064—John Laurenz with Joe Venuti, his violin, and All Star Orchestra. *You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love* and *I Surrender, Dear.* Here is a new crooner with two solid old-timers. *You Call It Madness* is an old Russ Columbo number and Laurenz sounds very much like a ’47 version of same. Venuti and the orchestra provide splendid background on both numbers.

PAN AMERICAN 056—Cliff Lang and his All Star Orchestra. *Sleepy Time Gal* and *The Man I Love.* Two solid instrumentals that are just right for dancing. The band is comparatively new, but this disc proves it is worth watching.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*

CAPITOL 40001—Tex Williams and his Western Caravan. *Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!* plus *Roundup Polka.* Tex has a winner in these two sides. The Smoke tune is a novelty that should get quite a play from all musical units. Tex puts over the vocal with a style that sounds much like that of Phil Harris. The reverse is a colorful polka tune ably played by Tex and the Caravan. A must for Western fans.

DECCA 23868—Virginia O’Brien with Orchestra conducted by Victor Young. I’m Goin’ Back To Whur I Come From and Say That We’re Sweethearts Again. Two novelties by the “stone faced” cinema star. The first concerns a gal who came to the big city, Kansas City, and what happened when she met the wrong man. The reverse is an amusing one-sided romance set to music.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.*

VICTOR 20-2259—Perry Como and the Satisfiers with Lloyd Shaffer and Orchestra. Chi-Baba Chi-Baba (My Bambino Go To Sleep) plus When You Were Sweet Sixteen. The Como voice retains the same mellow flavor that keeps the crooner on top of the heap today. Perry might as well throw the barber clippers away . . . and the Satisfiers and Lloyd Shaffer are right in there too!

VICTOR 20-2245—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Love In Bloom and Blowing Bubble Gum. Here’s Spike up to his old tricks and his fans will love it. Love In Bloom gets a treatment that will have you rolling in the aisle. Assisting on this side are Dr. Horatio Q. Birdbath and the Saliva Sisters. The flipover is a take-off or the fad of blowing bubble gum, with a falsetto vocal provided by George Rock. Tops in novelty entertainment.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WI 6540.*
New York Letter

At this writing, hotel rents in Manhattan are causing a major fracas. The morning after hotel rent controls were lifted many permanent guests received notices that their rents would be raised. These new rates entailed an addition of anywhere from ten to two hundred dollars a month. You can imagine what a blow this was to persons whose income (with no tax reduction in sight) was already strained. And, in Manhattan, there is no place to which to move. Heart attacks and strokes were all over the place. Mayor O'Dwyer had to do something...and quick.

Now, it appears that rates of permanent guests may be frozen to the status of June 30th—although transients may not be so protected. The matter should be settled this month. Some hotel managements are asking only a reasonable increase to meet high operating costs and they will have no difficulty at all in getting the cooperation of their tenants. But those who had planned to force out their old tenants with an eye to high transient rates are in for trouble. Some guys just won't play fair...and they are the very ones who make necessary the laws they complain about.

The used car turnover in Manhattan isn't a pretty situation, either. It seems that a lot of slickers are able to get new cars by one means or another. They drive around the block and sell to second-hand dealers for a very neat profit. It's all legal according to the laws of buying and selling and nothing can be done about it. It's a racket high, low and sideways, but there you are. How these slickers manage to get new cars while honest people must wait for months is a mystery, one that has no appearance of being solved up to date. Perhaps the general public is to blame, too. Used car dealers say that although these transactions are outrageous, as long as people will pay the price, and demand cars, it's up to them to sell. What a business!

Test pilots are perhaps the only human beings in this jittery world who have no nerves. At least there's one out Long Island way who hasn't any.

This pilot was testing a jet plane high over Long Island Sound when his fire went out and he had to make a forced landing. Where was the paramount question.

Jet planes will have no part of water in any form, which is understandable even to the lay mind. They are land planes in the first place, and land at a speed of one-hundred-and-fifty miles an hour in the second. And, when the fire goes out, that's a predicament, especially over water.

This particular “pilot in a predicament” looked desperately at the long, sandy beaches in the environs of Oyster Bay, but dared not land there as they were crowded with bathers. So, he took the only alternative and brought his plane down near a lighthouse at Lloyd's Neck. A large group of teen-agers were racing their Lightning sailboats out there at the time, and the report is that their race became a confused mass of luffing sails and wayward tillers as they watched the plane skip and bounce across the surface of the water with a quick and final plunge to the depths. They thought the pilot had turned in his last ticket and all felt a little sick. Misplaced concern. The pilot was wearing a Mae West and was thrown out when the plane hit the water. Within
a few minutes a fisherman’s boat picked him up, and before the afternoon was over he was back at his field reporting the difficulties.

Next day he was up again with his fire going in high glory while the tug boats from Oyster Bay fought to recover the plane from a depth of sixty feet of water. Would you like an aspirin?

Previews of fashions for the fall point towards the longer and longer skirt. Otherwise it’s the same old story of yummy, yummy creations with gold nugget prices. No boyish effect will be tolerated. Gals must be strictly feminine.

Strapless evening gowns are still in the mode and skirts are fantastically full. Hats are ridiculous and charming, as ever, with price tags that take the joy out of life. Wholesale buyers don't seem to be buying in the same quantity that they did a year ago . . . the public purse is becoming a bit moody.

Last year’s hit shows will swing on into the fall season. There are very few new shows scheduled to open at the moment, although more may be expected in September. One thing sure, theatre tickets will be down to a price where one can eat and see a show both in the same day.

Now if you can just get a room . . .

The retiring old usher was instructing his youthful successor in the details of his office. “Remember, my boy, that we have nothing but good, kind Christians in this church until you try to put someone else in their pew.”

An Irishman in a windy region built a stone fence three feet high and four feet wide. When neighbors asked for an explanation of this strange construction, he replied, “Now when the wind blows it over, the fence will be higher than it was before.”

A particularly offensive efficiency expert who was making the rounds walked up to one of the clerks, asking, “What do you do around here?”

The exasperated clerk snarled, “I don’t do a blasted thing.”

The expert made a note of the reply, passed to the second clerk, and asked the same question.

“I don’t do anything, either.”

The efficiency expert’s ears perked up and his eyes brightened. “Hmm,” he hummed with triumph. “Duplication!”

A mother with five children traveling on a train gave the conductor so much trouble that he finally said to her, “I wonder why you don’t leave half of your youngsters at home.”

She answered sadly, “I did.”

A CRUMBY CHARACTER

The busy ant of story fame,
A creature wise and swift,
Has won himself an honored name,
And men extol his thrift.

I wouldn’t say the view is wrong,
But only this I know:
That when a picnic comes along
The ants find time to go.

—Florence Jansson

Answers to Let It Rain!
1. c
2. b
3. a
4. a
5. a
6. b, c, f
7. b
8. a
9. a
10. a
11. c
12. b
NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, ALL MY SONS was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a crook, and Judy Holliday as a Little Girl Whose Heart Is Pure, simply couldn't be better. Garson Kanin wrote and directed and did a bang-up job in each department. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). From the late twenties comes this revue starring Bert Lahr as a comedian of variable fortunes. Mr. Lahr gets the most out of every scene, and handsome Jean Parker does a competent job in assisting him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). As a little librarian on her first toot, Helen Hayes is terrific! The comedy by Anita Loos provides a rainy afternoon, a barroom, and a few Pink Ladies: Miss Hayes takes it from there. The entire cast is fine. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). Mary Chase's wonderfully whimsical comedy about the six-foot rabbit which hardly anybody can see is still going strong. Josephine Hull has returned to the cast, and James Stewart is playing Elwood P. Dowd while Frank Fay is on the road. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). And there are some who don't care if he does. Others find it fun. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince, that nice young fellow from the movies, carry on as neatly as if the play were a lot better than it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Good fun at the expense of a certain party known as the grand old. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson help Lindsay and Crouse kid the pants off politics. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford. Louis Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It's a comedy by John Donat, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. (Plymouth). Somehow still around is this not-so-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reformation of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor but a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, score by Irving Berlin, and some inimitable talents of Ethel Merman in the role of Annie Oakley add up to an almost unbeatable evening in the theatre. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BRIGADOON. (Ziegfeld). Two American tourists step into a Scotch hamlet and find it's 1748, but if you've heard that one before don't worry—it's still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly dancing, and a whole stageful of plauds. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ CALL ME MISTER. (National). A fine revue written, scored, produced, directed, and played by ex-GI's and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.


★ SWEETHEARTS. (Shubert). More of an excuse than a vehicle for Bobby Clark, one of the world's funniest men. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Barrimore, 243 E. 47thth.....CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067 E
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....CI 6-6699 E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870 W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....CI 6-6075 E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....BR 9-4566 E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641 E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256 E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....CI 6-4636 W
National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220 W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9116 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....LA 4-4664 W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave & 54th.....CI 5-7200 W
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ALGONQUIN. Writers hang from the rafters, or would if there were rafters. There’s the Rose Room for five to seven cocktails and a cute, cozy little bar open all the time. Good a la carte from a buck seventy-five. 59 W 44th. MU 2-0101.

★AMBASSADOR. A lovely garden, Bill Adler’s concert music at luncheon, and Basil Pomeen from five to seven with dancing after seven. $3 minimum Saturday. Park at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ARMANDO’S. You’ll find all the giddy young- sters here in this friendly place that serves an excellent dinner. Harry Thaler does a magnificent job of tickling the ivories in accompaniment of Harry Harden’s accordion. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★BAGATELLE. Lamotte did the gorgeous murals in this chic supper club, but a stronger attraction rests in the fabulous Dorothy Ross and her naughty ditties and the antics of Wally Griffin. A keen place to take that naive girl from the office. 3 E 52nd. PL 3-9632.

★BARCLAY. Large, dignified dining room with Chigrinski’s string ensemble to background a delicious dinner. The ensemble also appears on the Terrace for tea and cocktail time. Excellent luncheon in the Gold Room Cafe on weekdays. 111 E 48th. WI 2-5900.

★BILTMORE. Ray Heatherton and Arthur Ravel’s orchestras for your dancing pleasure. Evening shows are hilarious with Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals. For solitude the harried male can visit the Men’s Bar. Delightful luncheon and dinner in the Madison Room. Don’t miss Mischa Raginsky’s Ensemble in the Famous Cocktail Lounge from four until seven. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★CAFE DU PARC. Continental specialties and many delightful Italian dishes are featured in this cozy little place. Name your nationality and find a dish to suit it! Dinner entrees from $1.25. 208 Central Park. LO 3-8858.

★CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. The lady from Paris, Lucienne Boyer, no relation to Chuck, warbles delightful melodies that leave you tingling just a little like a lovesick robin. Abbey Albert’s orchestra and Dave Martin’s Trio for dancing. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★CARNIVAL. The food is as good as ever but who needs food when Olsen and Johnson are around? The show is a wow and is ably supported by John McManus and Morty Reid’s band. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★CHAMBORD. Take a gastronomic trip to gay Paree. Out-of-this-world French Provincial cooking and the selection of wines—voila! If you speak a good brand of French, the house is practically yours. 803 3rd Avenue. EL 5-7180.

★CLAREMONT INN. The glorious Hudson swirls past below and refuses to give an inkling of any of the deep, dark secrets contained within its depths, as you sip your martini or contemplate the fine music emanating from the instruments of Sonny Weldon’s orchestra and Ennio’s rhumba band. Dinner dancing in the garden or in the lounge. A peach of a place. Riverside Drive & 124th. MO 2-8600.

★DRAKE. Quiet, dignified, the Drake Room for those who wish relaxation and good food. Enjoyable pianistics of Les Crosley for cocktails and Cy Walter in the evening. Entrees in the main dining room from $1.25. 440 Park. WI 2-0600.

★GALLAGHER’S. How do you like your lobster? They can do it here that way and also in ways you’ve never seen before — all good, too. Of course, the steaks are unsurpassed anywhere in the city. A nice bar and open from noon on. 228 W. 52nd. CI 7-9574.

★HEADQUARTERS. Two of Uncle Sam’s chefs, who incidentally were responsible for the fine food General Ike enjoyed over there, are serving man-sized meals with a hearty flavor. A spacious dining room to accommodate the crowds. 108 W. 49th. CI 5-4790.

★JACK DEMPSEY’S. Even if you’re not hungry, it’s fun to go in to see if you can get a look at the old Mauler. And the Korn Kobblers will keep you in stitches even if Jack isn’t there. Very fine food. Broadway at 49th. CO. 5-7875.

★JOE KING’S FRATERNITY HOUSE. Literary people and college kids have kept the doors open here for ages on end. The house specialty is sauer- braten and it is excellently prepared. A friendly bar and very low prices. 190 3rd Ave. ST 9-9603.

★LEON & EDDIE’S. FROLICKING lassies and Eddie Davis do four shows an evening here. The last one is at 2:30 and it really lowers the boom, if you know what we mean. Celebs after midnight Sundays. The bar opens at 4 p.m. 33 W. 52nd. EL 5-9514.

★PARK LANE. The Tapestry Room for peace, quiet and good a la carte. Food and cocktails in the Cafe Lounge with dinner entrees from a buck thirty-five. 299 Park. WI 2-4100.

★SAVOY PLAZA. Dancing daily from five to Irving Conn’s orchestra in the Cafe Lounge. Conn alternates with Clemente’s marimba band. A keen breakfast can be had in the Savoy Room. If you’re too late, try luncheon, or later still, dinner! Plaza Circle at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★THREE CROWS. The smorgasbord revolves — just stand there and take your pick. Swedish fare at its very finest. Very popular on Sundays but keep the kiddies’ paws out of the mustard. 12 E. 54th. PL 8-1031.
A

other July 13th has rolled by and

Henry C. Lytton, the old gentleman

on State Street, has chalked up another

year. This one happens to be his one

hundred and first. To him it was not in

the least remarkable, except that a miser-

able winter and spring kept him at home

and away from his merchandising business

more than usual. Mrs. Lytton and his

doctor conspire to keep him at home in

his Lake Shore Drive apartment on Chi-

cago’s Gold Coast when the weather is

bad. The old man doesn’t like inactivity.

Last year when your Chicago corre-

spondent wrote a special article about him

for Swing he had yet to be discovered by

the big circulation magazines. Since then

both Reader’s Digest and Hearst’s Ameri-

can Weekly have discovered Mr. Lytton,

but both seem to have missed some of the

most interesting things about him.

One of the most unusual qualities of

this 101-year-old merchant prince, who

owns stores in Chicago, Cincinnati and

Minneapolis and a lot of other places, is

his unflagging interest in the present.

While other old people dwell almost com-

pletely in the past, Henry C. Lytton sel-

dom gives it a thought. He is much too

interested in today’s sales figures to give

much of his time to thinking back to Lin-

coln’s day, when he was a boy in New

York. Merchandising absorbs him com-

pletely. So does modern advertising, both

radio and press. He gives a large measure

of credit for his continued success and

prosperity to advertising.

During the somewhat hectic celebration

of his 100th birthday at a summer estate

in St. Joseph, Michigan, several radio spe-

cial events crews wire-recorded interviews

for Chicago stations. The old man who

has survived four or five depressions and

the Chicago fire, as well as assorted other

calamities, would have no part of the script

which had been so carefully prepared for

him. He thought he’d just say a few words

of appreciation, and he did just that—ad

libbing in a clear, firm voice for almost
two minutes without faltering or groping

for a word.

On another occasion a network broad-

cast was arranged. Mr. Lytton was again

scheduled to speak from a script. When the

production crew arrived, old Henry chort-

tled, “I know what you’ve got there. It’s

a script but I’m not going to use it. I

know what I’m going to do. When I

was a boy I used to march down Broad-

way beside the Union troops, singing

along with the soldiers. I’m going to sing

the song I used to like best of all—

Marching Through Georgia.”

It was tactfully pointed out to the old

man that the sponsor of this particular

network show had a large Southern busi-

ness and might not care to stir up ani-

mosity below the Mason and Dixon line.

Mr. Lytton with his remarkable sense of

good advertising and public relations saw

the point at once, but he still would have

nothing to do with the script. He simply

ad libbed for the time allotted him on

the air.

The only bad moment came when the

announcer who had been sent over from

Chicago to introduce him closed his part

of the broadcast with the well-known

switching cue . . . “We return you now
to our studios.” Mr. Lytton, unable to

hear the announcer because of deafness,

and believing the program over, piped up

petulantly, “What’s he saying? I can’t

hear a word he’s saying.” He got coast
to coast coverage with that remark.

Sitting on the front porch of his summer

home one day last June, Henry C. Lytton

remarked impatiently, “This is a dull way
to spend the summer. I'm too old to be happy rocking on the front porch."

• • •

Another well-known Chicagoan often in the news lately is John Barriger, the president of the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railroad. Mr. Barriger is young for a railroad president, still being in his forties. But he shares with Mr. Lytton a profound belief in advertising and getting things done. In little more than a year he has made startling progress toward putting what used to be a streak of rust on its financial feet.

When Barriger took over the C, I and L, better known as the Monon Route, it was headed for an oxygen tent. It was the only Class I railroad that had made less money during the war than during the boom twenties. Trains, when they ran at all, were invariably hours late. Rolling stock and other operating equipment were in a sad way. No one cared very much what happened to the Monon.

Now all that is changed. Business is on a steadily rising curve. The road will probably be the first completely Dieselized Class I railroad. Twenty-five specially built hospital cars have been purchased from the Army and converted into modern coaches. Behind it all is Barriger, coaxing business from shippers, peppering up traffic and operating men, popping in on rural station agents to find out what their problems are.

With little fuss and with none of the fanfare given to Robert Young, Chicagoan Barriger is literally bringing a railroad back from the junkheap. He is perfectly willing to let Young make the headlines. He's having too much fun surprising the bankers who bought the Monon at a receivership fire sale.

• • •

This is the time of year when the Tribune really goes to town on its two big summer promotions—the Chicagoland Music Festival and the annual All Star Football game. Both of course will be sell-outs, so get your ticket orders and room reservations in early.

Speaking of hotels, the LaSalle is back in business again—following last year's disastrous fire. No traces remain of the blaze that made the front pages in June of 1946. A very complete rebuilding and redecorating job has put the LaSalle back into the running as one of Chicago's better hotels.

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These hot summer days the best free show in town takes place on the Oak Street and North Avenue beaches. If it's comedy or a strip-tease that you want, the beaches have it.

### Lunar Lines

When trips to the stars are a week-end event
And I move to the moon to save on the rent
And rocket-commute from office to home
Inspired by earthlight, I'll write you a poem
Of crescent shaped Earth riding high in the skies
And worldlight reflecting itself in your eyes.
Though June night and earthlight may limp as to rhyme,
I hope that you'll come up and join me sometime.

—Dale Suthern.

In the field of endeavor there grows
An abundant perennial crop
In the topheavy number of those
Who would like to begin at the top
—Florence Jansson
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

Bounty for a Price...

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Actually a bargain in interior spaciousness, show-time grandeur, and accessories of food and drink. Dancing to Henry Brandon's music.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Urbane little room for mellow dining, dancing and the songs of a rising vocalist.

★ CAMILLA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Elaborate divestissement in the dining-wining department, dancing to Ron Perry's band, and mood elevation by becoming background.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer Hotel, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Liberace, the pianist with inventive entertainment, heads a big-time revue and music for the light fantastic is by that handsomely Englishman, Freddy Nagel, and his boys.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Matinees it's Rickie Borsa for rhumba writings; evenings, Joe Vera for more conservative dance floor contortions.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). The last word in well-managed deportment, one star act, music by Bill Snyder's orchestra and a fashionable clientele.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Continental, 905 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Interesting room in the moderne motif, dancing in the evenings, good food and cocktails. Open for luncheon, too.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 8200). As famous as the Stork Club for celebrity patronage, flaming sword service, and the high cost of living high.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Distinguished meeting spot with Germanic food, light entertainment and dancing Fridays and Saturdays.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian as a samovar, respectful to national delicacies of dining, with gypsy airs by George Scherban's fine ensemble.

Stars for a Ceiling...

★ Dancing outdoors at the Edgewater Beach Hotel BEACH WALK, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000) to Henry Busse and his orchestra with a Dorothy Hild revue twice a night.

★ Dining in a garden at JACQUES' FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan (Del. 9040) elegantly la French cuisine. LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan (Del. 9701) And IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton Place (Whi. 5301).

Biggest in Show-Fare...

★ Your money's worth in amusement is CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . . .

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . . .

★ LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544).

Mostly for Dancing...

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Music by Ray Pearl and his orchestra and a two-act floor show.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100). Hottest names in music come and go as quickly as new records are made.

Out of the Ordinary...

★ Superiority one way or another, maybe in specialties of the house or unusual decor, marks DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . . . . IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . . . . L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733).

Vitamins That Satisfy...

★ Steak significance at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush—FOLEY'S STEAK HOUSE, 71 East Adams ... Good Italian dishes at AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State ... Seafoods at IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark—MANN'S, Lake and Michigan ... Smorgasbord at A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush ... Barbecued ribs at SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush ... Late snacks at LINDY'S, 871 Rush ... Chop suey at HOP SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph, ONG LOK YUN, 105 N. Dearborn and BAMBOO INN, 11 N. Clark.

Strip Belt...

★ What is known as exotic dancing, the strip tease theme prevails at the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 500 N. Clark—FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark— L & L Cafe, 1314 W. Madison—CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison—CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison—EL MO-CAMBO, 1519 W. Madison—BAND BOX, 1156 Clark.

Theatre...

★ Subject to the multiple whims of box office, management and temperaments, Chicago expects to hold fast to:

★ BORN YESTERDAY at the Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark, Sta. 2459.

★ THE RED MILL at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Fra. 7800.

★ CAROUSEL at the Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe, Cen. 8240.

★ CALL ME MISTER at the Blackstone Theatre, 7th near Michigan Har. 8880.

★ PRIVATE LIVES, with Tallulah Bankhead, at the Harris Theatre, 170 N. Dearborn, Cen. 8240.

Lake Cruises...

★ Cross-Lake Michigan daily at 9:30 a.m. to Benton Harbor and St. Joe, Michigan, S.S. CITY OF GRAND RAPIDS.

★ Two-hour sightseeing cruises, WENDELA, Michigan Avenue Bridge.
The Magnificent Meal . . .

**BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** This popular midtown cafeteria attracts customers from all over Kansas City — and good reason for it, too. Owner "Pop" Wormington is an experienced restaurateur from way way back and we'll bet he could tell even Duncan Hines a thing or two. Enjoy crispy salads, beef, ham and other meat dishes all for a song. The place is air conditioned and neat and clean as the proverbial pin. 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

**BRETTON'S.** Continental specialties are the words here. Or would you rather have a Kansas City steak? Max Bretton delights in serving the epicure, catering to slightest whims and whimsies. Max tells us to watch for his new sign out front as it's to be a very special one. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

**IL PAGLIACCIO.** We can't decide whether the gals drag their hubbies to Il Pagliaccio for the delicious meatballs and spaghetti or whether they go there just to see handsome host Frank Ross. Of course, you can get a beautiful steak for the asking, and while you're waiting for your medium rare, slide over to the attractive bar for a martini. The Ross' carry a fine line of wines and a beaker of your favorite goes perfectly with your meal. If you're looking for the nicest people in town, visit Il Pagliaccio. 600 E. 6th. HA 8440.

**ADRIAN'S.** The people inhabiting the Merchandise Mart firmly declare that the Mart Cafe belongs solely to them . . . but you do see "foreigners" in the place. Manager Adrian Hooper brings many years experience from the President Hotel to the operation of the Mart Cafe and the food is better than ever. It's so nice and cool inside, too. A clever job of decoration back of the bar features clocks, statuettes and other gadgets from the show rooms of building lessees. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

**PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** (Sung to the tune of *Oh Dem Golden Slippers*) "Oh those French-fried onions, oh those French-fried onions, French-fried onions and roast prime ribs to make your meal complete!" Yes, and a host of other delectables all excellently prepared by Fanny Anderson. Whatta cook! Sit at the bar first and slake your thirst with a bourbon and soda. Jerry will seat you when you're ready. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

**SAVOY GRILL.** If Grandpa is too old to take you there himself, he can at least tell you how to get there. And there is old fashioned advice that is still very much up-to-date, because the Savoy still serves the finest lobster in these parts. Rich in tradition, the Savoy's fine food and drink bears out its reputation. Attention, gourmands! 9th & Central. VI 3980.

**Class With a Glass . . .

**PUTSCH'S 210.** Shades of New Orleans here is the most sumptuously and attractively decorated restaurant in the Midwest. A beautifully appointed bar room on one side with a muralled mirror highlighting green-jacketed barmen; a dining room done in a white brick effect with elegant wrought-iron trimmings; and a cozy dim, floral-patterned room decorated with huge brass candelabra complete the restaurant. Owner Putsch is featuring steak, lobster, chicken la king, cooked with sherry, tasty buffet dishes and many other attractive summer menu offerings. My those cold prime ribs of beef! Soft dinner music is furnished by Kay Hill and Vic Colin. There's a keen cafeteria on the Wyandotte side, too 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

**CABANA.** Cool and cozy is the phrase for this pleasant little cocktail lounge tucked away in the corner of the Phillips Hotel. WHB's Alberta Brett has ten pinkies full of rhythm and the get-out on the Hammond while you sip your cocktail and stare dreamily into the eyes of your date. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

**LA CANTINA.** A perfect spot for after the theatre. No cover and JB jive only so the eliminates the federal tax. This all adds up to a pleasant, inexpensive evening. If you get hungry the waitress will bring you a sandwich from upstairs. Very refreshing red-and-white striped decor. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047

**OMAR ROOM.** A bar for men only, surrounded by soft leather seats, is just below: deck holding tables, chairs and a piano corner. Charlie Gray has a mighty fine repertoire of love ballads to soothe you while you loll at a table sipping king-sized concoctions designed to please the most discriminating palate. If you want to go to Kansas City, Kansas, just step out the side door and into the Quindaro bus. It's fun to watch Southtowners hopping onto that bus thinking it's the Broadway-Wornall. Hotel Continental 11th & Baltimore. GR 6040.

**RENDEZVOUS.** Jack Henry and Swanson did the decorating . . . we're talking about the clientele. Financials may be seen here any after noon or evening relaxing with a glass of Teacher and soda, dispensing with the cares and worries of the big business world. A wave of a well manicured paw will bring waiters scurrying fo drinks or dinner. It's strictly strictly. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

**THE TROPICS.** A South Seas hideaway is the heart of you know where. Cool, tropically decorated and featuring exotic drinks that smack of the essence of Trader Vic's in Honolulu. Soft background music that barely blankets the sweet nothings you're whispering into that pearly, shell
like ear. A keen place to be on a hot summer's afternoon. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ZEPHYR ROOM. Teen-aged Eddie Oyer, a veritable virtuoso on the 88, keeps Zephyr patrons spellbound with his remarkable pianistic performance. Handsome, dark-eyed barmen keep you spiritually satisfied and Eddie, with his boogie, and Mary Ann Garwood on the Hammond, take care of the rest. Step down the hall if you wish, and dance one or two to the strains of Wayne Muir and the band. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★THE PEANUT. "Carees and worries disappear, 'neath the surface of a beer." And brother, Lewis Stone has the beer! And he also has scrumptious barbecue and a delightful little beer garden in back. The garden is made very private with a vine-covered fence and it's sooooo cool out there at night. Owner Stone loves people and he is very popular with Southenders, a fact attested by the crowds you'll find there any afternoon or evening. Don't cook dinner in that hot kitchen tonight — go out to the Peanut for barbecue and beer! 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★CROWN ROOM. Judy Conrad continues to hold his widespread popularity and an evening is far from complete if you don't stop in for a dance. There are pretty, life-size Varga girls on the walls in very scanty attire, and it's fun to stare at them while sipping one of those big, strong drinks they give you out there. Games in the evenings with prizes and a cocktail hour from two 'til five with a free copy of the drink you're holding every time the gong blows. Hotel LaSalle. 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★PINK ELEPHANT. "Too many cocktails, too much gin, makes you forget whose bar you're in." But that's not true here, because those pink pachyderms act as reminders. This place is cute as a minute and a barrel of fun. Big strong drinks and lots of friendly people. Everybody has fun here and when you're lonely, there's always someone to listen to your troubles. Hotel State, 12th & Wyandotte. GR 9310.

★OLD PLANTATION. This serene and lovely old mansion is just a short, cool drive east on highway 40. Ken Porter features steaks, chicken and delicious frog legs. Lively dance music is furnished by Will McPherson, Don Ross and Ray Duggan. The drinks are just the kind you'd get if you visited a real southern "colonel." Just the place to be on a warm summer's night. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★TRALLE'S HILLSIDE TAVERN. Head the family bus east on Highway 50 and stop when you get to Belmont. There, tucked in the base of a cool green hill, lies the Hillside Tavern. A rock and mortar structure, there's a bubbling brooktrilling its way along behind the place and the very appearance of everything spells coolness. Two grand ladies named Tralle and Martin are the proprietors and they feature chicken and steak. Songstress Dorothy Harris keeps the customers enthralled with her vocals sung to the piano music of Merle Steward. And remember, they serve the coldest beer in the county! Open week nights till 4 a.m. Dancing! 50 Highway & Belmont. WA 9622.

★BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Maybe you didn't know it but the Interlude serves a keen, moderately priced luncheon every day from 11 until 2. Next time you're out midtown way, give it a whirl. Ole Bus Moten still manipulates the ivories in his kingly fashion and customers leave with a light case of the wiggles after listening to his music for awhile. Lots of fried chicken and steak to be had of an evening and the drinks are as fine as ever. Those dying of thirst on Sundays need to hold out only until midnight when the Interlude opens. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

Drive-Ins . . .

★NU-WAY DRIVE-INS. Go inside where it's nice and cool or stay in the jalop while the evening breezes waft through the window. Burgers and a jillion delicious and wholly different sandwiches are the specialties featured by C. L. Duncan. The car hops are cute and most efficient. And the soft drinks are icy cold. Don't bother to flick your lights or toot your horn because those outdoor food purveyors can beat you to the draw every time. Try the N-U-Way today! Midtown it's Linwood and Main and out south it's at Meyer and Troost. VA 8916.

★WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN. Brand spanking new and managed by friendly, vivacious Jackie Forman. Peachie's dance floor in town on the inside and plenty of soft drinks and sandwiches. You'll meet the kids out there most any night and they make the place literally jump with joy with their fandangos and lively chatter. It's air-conditioned but being away from the city it's always cool outside, too, so you can enjoy service from your car if you've a mind. Try the pie, guy, it's terrific! 85th & Wornall. JA 9564.

Good Taste . . .

★VILLAGE INN. The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in rattlesnake leather presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. Southowners must put
this delightful place on their list for a visit. 85th and Wornall. JA 9950.

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL’S. Friendly Frank Marshall operates two superb restaurants in Kansas City. At the Brush Creek place you can enjoy one of the quarter of a million chickens that are prepared there each year. That also means that the chefs have worlds of experience in preparing chicken the right way. Frank has another fine place at 917 Grand that is popular with business men and women who drop in for hearty breakfasts or luncheons at any hour of the day. Yes, it is crowded, but you'll get a seat in a jiffy! Have your bridge luncheon or private party in one of the rooms at the Brush Creek place. Complete party accommodations available. Brush Creek at Paseo. VA 9757.

★ BARREL BUFFET. Don’t roll that barrel out now! Wait until you get over to Jack Accuro’s Barrel Buffet. A friendly, popular downtown spot, there’s a whole row of little barrels above the barkeep’s head to remind you why you came in... as if that was necessary! Plenty of good barbecued ham, beef and pork sandwiches and sizzling steak too. Jack himself will chin with you. Air conditioned, of course, and a spotless, stainless steel kitchen in which your meal is cooked. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Bedecked with murals, business men and bustling waitresses, you can grab your luncheon snack while reading a mimeo news sheet. Savor your meal to the strains of Alberta Bird’s Hammond organ by remote from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Air travelers always look forward to the Kansas City stopover because it means an opportunity to sample the Millemain-Gilbert bill of fare. This pleasant, spic- and-span restaurant is open 24 hours a day and it is just as popular with the local crowd as it is with people from far away. Look for the after-theatre crowd here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ AMBASSADOR’S CAFE FIESTA. Continental specialties, coolness, the El Bolero bar and pleasant, courteous service are the features of Martin Weiss’ downstairs room. The midtown business crowd has found the Fiesta a perfect place for the combined business conference and luncheon. You’ll find execs from Fox-Midwest and other offices in here almost any noon. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. Gracious Mrs. Rice, hostess at this lovely dining room, is featuring steak, chicken and delicious baked ham. The Brookside is a grand place to take the family any evening or on Sunday. You can get away from the hustle and bustle of city life here and relax before a meal of real home cooking. Quiet, efficient service and very moderate prices. A rarity these days is the immaculate kitchen. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE. Oh! that lemon pie! Yessir, and that’s not all. We could go into ecstasies describing the waffles that are served with jelly, sorghum, powdered sugar or any sweetening you can name. Fish’n chips is the luncheon selection and, of course, the idea is to top it off with that lemon pie. The waitresses dress in starch white and the whole place just smacks of cleanliness. Sarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. The leather seats at the counter are just as comfortable as your old Morris chair — but a sight prettier. And it’s such a wide counter — you can eat your meal without the necessity of juggling dishes from side to side. These are just little things but they add up to an enjoyable meal. Delicious hotel food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ UNITY INN. An unusual vegetarian cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. You’d be surprised at the crowds each noon which come to enjoy crispy salads, magnificent pastry and a meal devoid of meat. Everyone is courteous and friendly and we guarantee you’ll thoroughly enjoy your luncheon. 901 Tracy. VA 8916.

To See and Be Seen ...

★ EL CASBAH. Wayne Muir, his two pianos and his orchestra continue to enthrall Casbah patrons. And, speaking of captivation, beauteous Jane Churchill trills like a nightingale. She sings for her supper, and yours, in a most charming manner. Genial Jerry Engle is maître d’hotel and he performs his functions in splendid fashion. Food, entertainment and good music in the Midwest’s outstanding supper club for a perfect evening. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Dee Peterson’s band with Ken Smith vocalizing in a smooth manner provide a pleasant musical background for you dining and dancing. Host Johnny Franklin will see to it that you’re seated and that all is well with you and your party. Excellent steak and chicken. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Your host is Gordon and he always seats you where you want to be seated. He’ll see that you’re wined and properly dined too. The Grill’s musical attraction during August is Tommy Sheridan. Fine food, dancing and friendly people for an evening of real pleasure. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.
LET'S FACE FIGURES!
Here's the flour milling picture in Kansas City:
- 8 flour mills
- 60,720 sacks per day capacity
- 14,927,727 sacks annual output
- $75,000,000 yearly production value

The MILL on the MISSOURI
Kansas City, second largest milling center in the United States, produces 15 million sacks of flour annually for a cash return of 75 million dollars. That's a lot of dough, Joe! Not just for bakers, but for folks who grow, reap, mill and sell. It's dough for you, too, if you reach the wide milling market by swinging to WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station. WHB reaches the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar, and makes a business of grinding out sales successes.
WHB GOES FORWARD with its new quarter-million-dollar broadcasting installation scheduled for Oct completion. Next month the station will commence full time operation on 710 kilocycles with 5000 power.

1—Looking up at the new transmitter tower—all 350 feet of it! It is located near Liberty, Miss.

2—This structure will house the transmitter, auxiliary transmitter, auxiliary power supply, engineer’s slu room, bath and shower, completely equipped kitchenette, and a two-car garage.

3—The transmitter house in panorama, a rigger’s-eye view from the top of the tower.

4—A bulldozer rumbles about its business, which is the moving of approximately 80,000 cubic yard dirt—enough for one Missouri farm, or 27 California “ranches.”

Remember, coming soon—WHB with 5000 watts at 710 on your radio dial, night and day!
HERE in this tintinnabular month as we listen to the bells ringing the children in from the country and the corner drug, we have an uneasy feeling... as if the schoolbell held overtones of deeper urgency, its clapper swinging doom, doom, doom, making a mockery of the bell's traditional intent, and calling out the futility of grammar against the atomic bomb and deadlocked ideologies.

So it's time for school again. Education, that great cure-all, seems not to have kept us out of the mess we're in. Any minute now the volcano may erupt and that will be that. What good will the multiplication tables be then, or the alphabet?

And yet—some may survive, as Mr. Wilder intimates, by the skin of their teeth. Against that possibility it may be well to educate the children to the point. We recommend that they be taught to forage for themselves, to live in caves, to make a dibble stick and cultivate the soil—wherever it isn't radioactive. That should serve them better than the rules of grammar. That should be all they need—unless it's a little astronomy, some chemistry, perhaps a little music, and some knowledge of the world as Shakespeare taught it, or James Thurber, or the old Chinese. That might come in handy. But in order to retain this knowledge, they'll need the rules of grammar, after all, and the multiplication table, and all those things education is made of. It may not be a dead loss, after all. So let all students partake. Those who survive will need it, and by some miracle we may all survive. Ring those bells a little louder, there!
SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibition: Paintings looted from Holland and returned through the efforts of United States Armed Forces. By courtesy of the Netherlands government.

Special Events
Sept. 1, C.I.O. Meeting, Municipal Auditorium.
Sept. 6, Dixie Keever Post (American Legion) Show, Music Hall.
Sept. 20-23, Antique Show, Municipal Auditorium.
Sept. 26-27, Pirates of Penzance, performed by Kansas City Light Opera Company, Music Hall.
Sept. 27-28, Missouri Valley Dahlia Society Show, Little Theatre.
Sept. 30, America's Town Meeting of the Air, Music Hall.

Swimming
Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Fairyland Park pool open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 75th and Prospect.
Lake Quivira, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Four and one-half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cutoff road.
Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. every day except Monday when hours are 12 noon to 10 p.m.
Winwood Beach, spring-fed lake with sand beach open until 10 p.m. daily. Also skating, dancing, fishing, and picnic grounds. Five miles northeast of Kansas City on Highway 10.

Wrestling
Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Midget Auto Racing
Every Sunday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River.
Time trials, 6 p.m.; races 7:30 p.m.

Conventions
Sept. 2-4, Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity, Hotel Muehlebach.
Sept. 6-7, Independent Refinery Service Corporation, Hotel Continental.
Sept. 7-13, Fall Market Week, Merchandise Mart.
Sept. 8-9, Carnation Company, Hotel Phillips.
Sept. 8-9, Missouri Farm Bureau, Special Conference, Hotel Continental.
Sept. 8-9, Kansas R.E.A. Managers Association, Hotel President.
Sept. 8-10, Fox-Midwest Film Distributing Company, Hotel Muehlebach.
Sept. 9-14, National Baptist Convention (Negro), Municipal Auditorium.
Sept. 11-13, Thirty-first Railway Engineers, Hotel Continental.
Sept. 11-13, 713th Railway Operating Battalion, Hotel President.
Sept. 18-19, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Hotel Muehlebach.
Sept. 22-26, National Frozen Food Locker Association, Municipal Auditorium.
Sept. 27-28, Missouri Association of Chiropractors, Hotel Continental.
Sept. 28-29, Midwest Newspaper Advertising Managers Association, Hotel President.
Sept. 29, Missouri Association of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, Hotel Continental.

Baseball
Kansas City Blues, American Association. All home game played at Ruppert Stadium 22nd and Brooklyn.
Sept. 1 (2), 2, Milwaukee.
Sept. 3, 4, 5, St. Paul.
Sept. 6, 7 (2), Minneapolis.

Bowling
Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost. Clifford & Tessenman, 2629 Troost.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main. Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.
Palace, 1232 Broadway. Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road. Sackin's, 3212 Troost.
Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main. Veretta Amusement, 5th and Walnut.
Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th. Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

Amusement Parks
Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m. Saturdays; 1 p.m., Sunday 6 p.m., week days.
Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 760 Blue Ridge.
Elliot's Shooting Park, Highways 50 and Raytown Road.

Dancing
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances every Tuesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p.m. Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.

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OPERATION SANTA FE

With chaperjos, sombreros and timetables, they're off for the great Southwest!

by ESTY MORRIS

WITH buckskin shirts, $35 Stetson hats, and spurs that jingle-jangle in two-four time, 110 lovers of livestock and all things Western will leave Kansas City on the morning of August 28th, following an evening of entertainment by the City of Independence, original shoving off point of the Santa Fe Trail.

The hardy band, completely composed of members and wives of members of the unique Saddle and Sirloin Club, will ride southwest with horses, wagons, and a tally-ho. They will be heavily laden with baggage and equipment.

Nevertheless, at five that afternoon they will reach Fort Dodge, Kansas, and ride in parade formation to famous Boot Hill Cemetery.

And the following day the colorful cowboy caravan will clatter through the ancient New Mexican streets of Santa Fe, having made the 850 mile trip from their home ranch in only 24 hours of actual traveling time—several weeks less than once was required for completion of the grueling trek across the Santa Fe Trail.

Supermen? Twentieth Century horse handlers par excellence? Well, maybe. However, Saddle and Sirloiners modestly admit that it is not altogether their superior stamina and Spartan disregard of hardship that will make this wondrously rapid journey possible. They are quick to give some measure of credit to the Santa Fe Railroad, a latter day invention which has promised them the absolutely finest special train ever assembled in the United States!

That is why the voyagers are more concerned with watering tanks than with water holes, more with brake shoes than with horseshoes, and more with hotboxes and correct Diesel oil mixture than with sore hooves. Not only they, but their mounts and equipment, are riding the rails to romance in an all compartment, air conditioned train.

The deluxe rig will be made up of seven compartment cars, two diners, one rumpus car, and four cars adequate for accommodation of the horses, tally-ho, mountain and Conestoga wagons. No pains will be spared to make the trip pleasant, comfortable, and swift. In all, Hollywood at its height would be hard-pressed to equal the production job which has been done by the Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce and the special Saddle and Sirloin committee under the chairmanship of Judge Henry Bundschu.

Actually, the purposes underlying the spectacular five-day jaunt are many-fold. It is, primarily, well-organized advance publicity for Kansas City's tremendous American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, which is
promoted by the Saddle and Sirloin Club. But it is more, too. It is a magnificent goodwill gesture tying together the Midwest and Southwest, the cities of Independence, Kansas City and Santa Fe, whose trade bonds were forged more than a century ago when Captain William Becknell pioneered the Santa Fe Trail.

That trail is being marked this year by civic groups and school children, and the Saddle and Sirloin pilgrimage is calling attention to the project, and is stimulating interest in it.

Beyond these things, of course, lies the thrill of actual participation in the nation's oldest historic pageant, the 235th celebration of the bloodless conquest of Santa Fe by Don De Vargas in 1692. That incident was proclaimed worthy of annual celebration "for all time to come" by Marquest de la Penuela, governor and captain-general of the province of New Mexico, in 1712. His edict has been faithfully carried out.

In its present form, the Santa Fe Fiesta lasts three days. This year it will commence Friday evening, August 29th, with the crowning of the Fiesta Queen. The coronation of the lovely lady designated to reign over the entire celebration is an elaborate ceremony attended with a considerable amount of pomp. It is climaxed by Her Majesty's first official act, a decree ordering the burning of Zozobra—a huge, fabricated figure representing Old Man Gloom.

Getting Gloom out of the way is quite an incident in itself. His last agonies are accompanied by moans, groans, and fireworks. When Zozobra's destruction is accomplished, the assembled company feels free to enter into the many revelries which follow, and the extensive merrymaking for which Santa Fe is famous.

The party spirit will undoubtedly reach its zenith on Saturday night, following the parade listed on official programs as "Entrada del Club Saddle & Sirloin," at which time the Kansas City contingent will display itself to the citizenry of Santa Fe. That evening, the two principal Fiesta balls will be given, the Baile de los Conquistadores and the Baile de la Jente. Saddle and Sirloiners will attend both, a double undertaking which may bring Sunday morning regrets to some.

Sunday will be the most colorful day. It will begin with the Pontifical Procession and High Mass. In the afternoon, De Vargas' entrance into the city will be re-enacted in front of the Palace of the Governors exactly as it occurred 255 years ago.

Following that there will be Indian dances; the Merienda, or period fashion show; and a Spanish tea.

The festivities will draw to a close with Sunday evening vespers and a candlelight procession from St. Francis Cathedral to the Cross of the
Martyrs.
During the entire Fiesta, the Saddle and Sirloin group will make use of its special train for sleeping, dining, and as a principal base of operations. Santa Fe is without passenger railway service, but arrangements have been made to bring the Saddle and Sirloin train to a siding only seven blocks from the heart of town. Hourly bus service will be available, and power and water lines will insure continuous air conditioning and water service. Telephone calls and telegrams will be relayed to the train, and Fred Harvey meals will be served on board.

So it is plain that the modern day Trail Blazers will not exactly be roughing it. Their comfortable quarters will be a far cry from the prairie schooner of a century back, and their trip will lack the earnestness of purpose which attended the trek of the mule-drivers and traders. They may, in spirit, travel the Independence-Santa Fe Trail as of old, but their flesh will rest upon air-foam cushions; a nice compromise for which Don Diego de Vargas himself would not blame them.

At midnight Sunday, the Saddle and Sirloiners will head for home, arriving in Kansas City only five days after their colorful departure. Stetsons will give way to Panamas; levis and plaid shirts to the conservative sack suits of city wear. It will be back to the office and Tuesday luncheon club, back to tending families. The little hour of Southwestern glamour will be over.

But there is a future. Plans for the American Royal are going forward. The 1947 show will be the biggest, best and most successful yet, Saddle and Sirloiners agree. Cowboy garb need be laid aside only for six short weeks, then it may be donned again in all its splendor. And from every fold of it will fall memories of Santa Fe—the march by candlelight, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the laughter and cocktails and costumes of a strange and wonderful faraway place where 110 comrades shared a summertime adventure.

▲

Showing off his native Boston to a visiting Englishman, the Bostonian paused at a Revolutionary War landmark and explained, "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where General Warren fell."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully and said, "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"

▲

Two buzzards soared lazily over the desert when a jet propelled plane zipped by them, its exhausts throwing flame and smoke. As it whizzed out of sight, one of the buzzards remarked, "That bird was really in a hurry."

"You’d be in a hurry, too," said his companion, "if your tail was on fire!"
To Horse and Away...

NINETY-NINE years ago, Francis Xavier Aubry rode the Santa Fe Trail, the whole 855 miles of it from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in five days and sixteen hours.

Aubry did it just to prove it could be done, but his was a pace-setting ride which was to prove valuable. Twelve years later the famous Pony Express adopted his method of fast riding. And some historians have held that the Pony Express was the tenuous, essential link which held California with its gold to the Union during the first months of the outbreak of the War Between the States.

Aubry made two great rides up the Santa Fe Trail in the year 1848. His first one covered the distance in eight days. He won $1,000 in a wager by that ride.

But the Canadian wasn't satisfied. He was certain he could slice the time with improved planning. It was a time when speed was much sought after on the long trail of commerce.

On September 12, 1848, Aubry swung into the saddle of a swift horse at Santa Fe. Relays of fresh horses were stationed along the more than 850 miles of trail. During his famous ride he found hundreds of miles of mud and flood-swollen streams. For 24 hours he rode in a driving rain. He slept only two-and-one-half hours and ate just six meals. He rode his horses to death.

But five days and sixteen hours later he slipped from the saddle in Independence. It was one of the greatest feats of the saddle in Western history. Aubry then was about 23 years old and he had been freighting over the trail for about four years.

Two years after his feat of horsemanship and endurance, Aubry made a round trip freight ing in 77 days. That sliced 21 days off the previous mark. He drove sheep from Santa Fe to California, and those trips, along with his trail freight ing, apparently netted him a fortune.

He didn't live to see the Pony Express use his relay horse method for speed on the plains. In 1854 he and Major R. H. Weightman got into a conversation of the wrong kind at Santa Fe.

Weightman took offense. In the subsequent fight, Aubry was stabbed to death. Weightman was acquitted on the grounds of self defense.

But for his famous ride up the Trail, Aubry had written himself into the history of the West and had patterned a fast method of communication between the Missouri River and California.—Joel Longacre.

A gentleman who went into a bird store to buy a canary spotted a bright looking bird that was singing merrily and told the clerk: "I'll take that bird, please."

"That's fine," replied the clerk, "but you'll have to take the one in the cage below, too."

The customer looked at the bird in the cage below to find a battered, broken-down, tired canary. "But I don't want the bird in the cage below," the customer told the clerk, "I want the singing bird above."

"Nope, I'm sorry," the clerk countered. "If you take the one above you have to take the other one, too."

"But I haven't any use for the sad-looking creature. I'll be glad to pay you for the bird, but I don't want to take it with me," the customer said.

"Look," shot back the clerk, "you can't take the one above without the one below."

"Why?" exclaimed the customer in exasperation. "Why the one below?"

"Because," explained the clerk, "he's the arranger."
The commerce of the prairies was a fabulous procession

by FRANK GLENN

SANTA Fe Trail, trail of history, trail of commerce, trail of warriors, Indians, Spaniards and Americans; trail of hardships, massacres, and famine—this was once the Main Street of America. A deep rutted, dusty roadway of fire and blood and buffalo stampedes, its history is as fascinating as a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

Santa Fe of Nuevo Mejicó was a magic name to all America during the early part of the past century. That was the city at the end of the long trail which called Americans with exploring blood in their veins. Rich rewards awaited those with courage to blaze the trail. Here the trader could make a fabulous profit on his merchandise. Here he found gaiety and life, rugged and lustful, as compensation for weeks of loneliness and deprivation on the trail. Here at last was security from the vicissitudes of weather and hostile savages, a lazy way of life after weeks of hard work.

The modern traveler going over the trail on ribbons of steel or concrete at 60 miles an hour would enjoy his trip more if he would reflect on those who had previously passed this way. He would realize he was on one of the most important roads in the world, at least from an historical standpoint. The cliff-dwelling Pueblos travelled it, as did other migrants, long before recorded history; and it was first followed by a white man when Alvar Nunez CabecA de Vaca made the perilous journey in the first decade of the 16th Century.

Bison grazed along the route, and war-whoops echoed from the Kiowa, Pawnee, Comanche, and Arapahoe.

But what, exactly, was the trail? Physically, it was the shortest and most practical route from Fort Osage in Missouri to the northernmost city in Spanish America, a city that was then a miserable collection of sun-baked hovels housing 2,000 people. It ran southwest from Independence, Missouri, across 110 Mile Creek, Fish Creek, the Neosho River, Cottonwood Creek, and the Little Arkansas River. In mid-Kansas, near what is now Hutchinson, it reached the Arkansas River, and ran along the northern bank to Fort Dodge.

Originally, it proceeded directly west from that point to the mountains, thence south via a circuitous route through Taos.

Later, however, when the volume of traffic increased, it crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge and ran sharply southwest again, joining the Cimarron River at the headwaters. It held its course then, crossing the
Canadian and Ocate Rivers in New Mexico, until bending almost south at Las Vegas. Slightly below Las Vegas, at Ojo de Vernal, it swung due west, crossed the Pecos River, then headed northwest through Apache Canyon to Santa Fe.

So far as anyone knows, a French creole named La Lande was the first American adventurer to enter into trade with the people of Santa Fe. As an agent for a merchant in Kaskaskia, Illinois, he journeyed alone across the wilderness in 1804. He never returned. At his destination he was able to sell his employer’s merchandise for enough money to set himself up as a prosperous and influential citizen of Santa Fe. So he stayed and did just that.

The following year, another American made the pilgrimage. He, too, remained in New Mexico. He was James Pursley of Bardstown, Kentucky, and the first discoverer of gold in California. He found the precious metal in abundance near the headwaters of the Platte River, where his party had been driven in order to escape a band of Sioux Indians.

When Pursley reached Santa Fe he told his story to the Mexicans, who attempted to persuade him to show them the place. He refused, because he was under the erroneous impression that the land on which he had found the gold belonged to the United States. So the Mexicans kept him in Santa Fe, hoping he would eventually weaken and divulge his secret. He never did.

The patriotism of Pursley changed the course of history and the political geography of North America. Had he yielded to the pressure of the Mexicans, the gold would have been found on the Spanish soil, and Spain would very likely have retained possession of California. The wealth which came to the United States in the Gold Rush of 1849 would have poured instead into the coffers of Spain, increasing her stature and influence both in European and world affairs.

Eight years after Pursley reached Santa Fe, a party of 15 made the journey. They were arrested as spies and their wares were confiscated. All but two of them were incarcerated at Chihuahua for nearly a decade. But the pair that escaped told such glowing tales of trade prospects that they were able to interest private investors in sending merchandise to New Mexico. And so traffic on the Trail commenced, in 1822.

For the next two years, goods were transported by mule and burro caravans. The most common domestic cloth brought from two to three dollars a yard at Santa Fe.

In 1824, two important things happened to the Trail. First, Thomas Hart Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, introduced a bill authorizing a government survey and marking of the Santa Fe Trail. Second, wheeled vehicles were used on the Trail for the first time, and with complete success.

Thereupon, trade with Spanish America entered a new era. Danger and privation could no longer hold back the horde of traders and frontiersmen who moved onto the Trail.
It became a living thing. As one writer says, "It was not names on a map, as modern fixed highways are. It was people; people traveling, singing, swearing, sweating, fearing, fighting, going in clouds of dust by day, ploughing through quicksand and mud, sitting around great fires at night. Hunters, trappers, soldiers, emigrants of all degrees of intelligence, virtue and vice, of most races, bound together only by a common hardihood and a common exposure to the vastness and desolation and beauty of the trans-Missouri wilderness . . . a fabulous procession!"

From that procession emerged individuals whose names will live forever in Americana: Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Uncle Dick Wooton, Tom Tobin, Jim Baker, many more.

The muddy Missouri River played an important part in the development of the Trail. In 1833, only six years after the town of Independence was founded, its steamboat landing was washed away by high water, making it necessary for boats to unload farther upstream.

A suitable landing was found at Westport, so that town — later engulfed by Kansas City — became the center of activity at the eastern end of the Trail. It was a raw, rowdy, wideopen frontier town, roistering with merchants, gamblers, Indians, drivers, river men, saloonkeepers, whores, soldiers, blacksmiths — all the characters attracted to the rugged, uninhibited life of new horizons.

It was over the Santa Fe Trail that the United States Army of the West marched in 1847 enroute to Mexico. It traveled 2,000 miles farther than Xenophon in his retreat from Persia, and succeeded in greatly expanding territorial boundaries with but relatively slight personnel losses.

With the discovery of gold in California in 1849, the same gold Pursley had found 44 years before, a new impetus was added to westward travel. Thousands of prospectors and emigrants in search of new homes took to the Trail. Regular stage schedules were set up and eventually the Pony Express came into being. That was the heyday of the traffic-way.

But death came to the Old Santa Fe Trail. Following the Civil War, the railroads began to stretch farther and farther west. And on the ninth of February, 1880, the first train over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe chugged into Santa Fe. It was the end of an era.

The advent of the railroads wrought wonderful changes in the town at the end of the Trail. Santa Fe grew, prospered, modernized, cleaned herself up. She became in time the lovely and gracious lady she is today.

The Trail? Well, it changed, too, of course. It became but a memory in the minds of the rugged pioneers who had traversed it. In a few places there remain tracks rutted deep in the prairie, and these, like the buffalo of the plains, are fenced in for protection and preservation.
AN OLD buffalo trail defined by concrete and steel connects a county seat with a capital city, a president’s home with the City of St. Francis, a prim, upright Missouri town with a sensuous, sprawling Spanish village that lies at the end of the Santa Fe Trail and bears its name.

It’s 850 miles from Independence to Santa Fe. It always has been and it always will be. Time, however, that flexible dimension, has contracted from a few months to a few hours the source and the goal of the Santa Fe Trail. But the emotional distance between the two points is as fixed as the mileage and more extensive.

Independence inherits the temper of its early settlers—a blend of the vertical north and pre-bellum south with its steadfast traditions and principles. Santa Fe is a composite of Indian and Spanish, with distinguishable strata of Artist and Dilettante.

Independence has a city square, New England style courthouse, clapboard bungalows. Santa Fe has its central plaza, its old cathedral, huts and studios of russet 'dobe and mud. Independence is circumspect, quiet in a well-bred way. Santa Fe is quiet—but provocatively so. Independence is the serviceable blue serge to Santa Fe’s Spanish shawl, it’s the place from which people were always pushing off. Santa Fe is the place where they stayed.

Santa Fe is full of lotus-eaters. It has been since the Spanish won it from the Indians a second time, and the town began to bloom like a successful hybrid of two established cultures, with a character of its own.

First it was the traders who came and stayed. Most of Santa Fe’s early trading was done with Mexico. But the French from Illinois used to hit the trail from time to time, and often these men from the North fell victim to the town’s easy Latin charm. The wines here were good and plentiful; the women were gay and kind. Life was real but not too earnest. The trader took a Spanish wife and stayed.

Santa Fe in apogee was Santa Fe in the mid-eighteen-hundreds with overland trade in its golden age. Then the railroad laid the dust on the Santa Fe Trail, and the village yawned once or twice and settled into a long siesta. Then came the first World War, and the end of the war, and after that the renaissance. The artists discovered Santa Fe. Like the traders, like countless others, they came to stay.
The town which began as an Indian village is today one of America's famous art colonies, shaped and colored by all the influences accumulated over more than five hundred years. This is the town whose mood runs a daily gamut—and whose history has run the gamut—from siesta to fiesta. And in this town fiesta takes over in earnest at a certain time each year. This is Labor Day, and a couple of days before and after, when Santa Fe commemorates the second Spanish occupation of the city.

In the early 17th Century, the Spaniards captured from the Indians a village high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, as they came to be called. There the Conquistadores, soldiers of fortune, and Franciscan friars, soldiers of God, established La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi—the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis.

In not many years the Rio Grande Pueblos rose in rebellion and drove out the conquerors. A dozen years later—in 1692—Don Diego de Vargas returned to Santa Fe, and bearing the image of the Blessed Virgin before him, made peace with the Indians and won the city back to Spain and the Franciscans. Then and there, de Vargas gave elaborate thanks to heaven, and decreed that the Span-

ish-Indian peace should be thus celebrated "throughout eternity."

The Fiesta in something like its present form began in 1712. For many years it covered an entire week, but in the early 1900's shaped into what it is today—a three to five day affair.

Like many celebrations in the Southwest, the Santa Fe Fiesta is a curious blend of bacchanal and religious ritual. It begins with a costume ball, proceeds with mass at the Cathedral of St. Francis, and a pageant reproducing the triumphal entrada of De Vargas. This pageant follows the form of that original occasion, using the same words De Vargas spoke and carrying the same bulto (a carved figure of the Virgin) which De Vargas carried 255 years ago.

Part of the Sunday ritual is the march to the Cross of the Martyrs, just north of town. Here the priest delivers a short sermon, as De Vargas specified. The rest of the Fiesta is given over to parades and parties, theatricals, dances, the Indian Fair and the Spanish Market. When the last bottle is emptied and the last guitar string snaps, Santa Fe and its guests fold up to sleep it off.

So it goes—siesta, fiesta, and back again. This is life in the Southwest's oldest, most glamorous city.

Some 15,000 people live in Santa Fe the year 'round. Others pour in during the tourist season, which is also the year 'round—for Santa Fe in the snow is quite as quaint and fascinating as Santa Fe in the sun.

All who visit Santa Fe arrive by bus, by plane, or by private car. The city for which a railroad was named
has no passenger railroad running through it. Neither does it have streetcars. But it does have burros. Not just for color, they are functional. Most of the wood that burns in Santa Fe’s round plastered fireplaces is brought down from the mountains on burro back.

Part of the atmosphere so rampant in Santa Fe is genuine. Part of it is deliberate. Santa Fe knows a good thing when it has it, and it does what’s necessary to retain it. Therefore, the original and the copy stand together, and if you can tell the difference, you just don’t much care. The copy has charm of its own. Even the five-and-ten foregoes its raucous red and gold front and glitters inside a ‘dobe structure.

If you’re a Tourist—the guide book, fact-avid, see-everything kind—your tour of Santa Fe will include a number of solid, celebrated attractions such as statues, monuments, and old churches. You’ll see San Miguel, a church built in 1636 for the use of Indian slaves of the Spanish colonists; and across the street, the oldest house in the United States. You’ll visit the Cathedral of St. Francis, built by Archbishop John B. Lamy, Willa Cather’s hero. And of course you’ll spend some time in the Palace of the Governors, where between 1610 and 1910 more than a hundred governors lived under three flags, and where General Lew Wallace wrote Ben Hur. The original edifice has been renovated and rebuilt a number of times, but it’s still the oldest public building in the United States. Before you see the Palace, read the five exquisite stories in Paul Horgan’s From the Royal City. That will prove time well-spent.

You’ll see the Museum of New Mexico Art Gallery down the street from the Governors’ Palace, and the state capitol on Don Gaspar Street. And there’s the Kit Carson monument, the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, and the valuable collection of artifacts in the National Public Service Building and Rockefeller Laboratory of Anthropology.

And the shops, of course—you can’t miss them. Every other pigeonhole is full of carved santos and bultos, strange bells, pottery and rugs and the inevitable silver jewelry. Several of the shops you’ll find in Sena Plaza, once a Spanish residence. This is a business unit typical of the Southwest. The street door is more or less the back door—or maybe there won’t be a street door at all. From the sidewalk you pass through a breezeway into a pleasant patio entirely surrounded by offices and shops. And there are your entrances. Very neighborly, very casual.

Santa Fe’s chief charm, however, lies not so much in shrines and shops as along its narrow dirt roads and behind its high adobe walls that shut the houses from the street. Back of these walls you’ll catch fleeting
glimpses of patios and big windows, fireplaces with sculptured chimneys, all the expected and unexpected signs of artsy—and artistic—people.

Perhaps the most famous street is an old Indian trail winding along the Santa Fe River and known now as Canyon Road. This and Camino del Monte Sol which cuts off to the south are the trunk lines of the art colony. You hardly need a guide book to tell you this. You can tell it by its artlessness, its self-conscious shabbiness. This is Greenwich Village, Southwestern style.

Behind the walls and inside the skylighted, picture-hung rooms live the people who read View and Angry Penguins, Anais Nin, Kafka, and Einstein’s theory, Jung and the philosophers, Chinese in the original, and music by sight. These are the ones who show up at parties in orange trousers, who may produce books, but more likely may not; who have time to compose music for the flute and contemplate the navel or the pattern of a rug. Their houses are ingenuity and intellectual anarchy made palpable. These are the ones who most appreciate the Indian and the Spanish culture—not for its own sake alone, but for its complement to their own inherent nature and their needs.

At Fiesta time the beautiful homes of Santa Fe usually hold open house. And if some bright mountain morning you wake up between a bottle and an apple core under a Portrait of a Ravaged Nude Kissing Her Elbow, and with your head in a hand-carved ash tray, never give it a second thought. You’ve just had a slice of life in Santa Fe.

But this is only a slice, and one comparatively isolated in this city and this region. Contrasts are everywhere. In town are 14 colleges, academies, and private schools in addition to the public schools. Up Agua Fria Road they still thresh dried frijoles and winnow them by hand. Beyond not many hills lies hidden but suspected the Penitente country where, it is whispered, any alien caught spying on the mysterious awful rites of the Penitente Indians is cruelly put to death.

Of these many qualities, then, Santa Fe became—pressed and tempered by Indian taciturnity and refractoriness, by Spanish cruelty and charm, religious faith and intellectual disbelief, high seriousness and hilarious irony. Indian, Spanish, Artist—these three are the races of Santa Fe, each borrowing from and lending to the other, each retaining its identity—and each no time so evident in full color as in the fall when in the football field beyond the town they burn Zozobra, the symbol of gloom, and it’s Fiesta time in Santa Fe!
Have faith in your power of concentration.  
You'll find that it pays off!

ROLL DEM

If you have long suspected that tossing "Little Joe" the hard way is a thing that takes considerable concentration, there is now scientific proof that you are oh, so right.

Recently, Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University announced the results of a careful study of African dominoes—purely in the interests of science, of course!

And, stripped of scientific language, charts, tables and mathematical equations, Dr. Rhine contends that some people seem to be able to get an edge on the law of averages by sheer effort of will.

Dr. Rhine, a tall, gray-haired researcher, is no devotee of the galloping bones in the crass sense of the word. He is head of the university's department of—hang on now!—parapsychology. He has been experimenting for years in what scientists call extra-sensory perception—more popularly known as telepathy.

Dr. Rhine became interested in what is vulgarly known as "shooting craps" back in 1934, when a young gambler came to see him. This fortunate young gentleman claimed he was able to influence dice simply by getting the "right mental attitude" before entering a game.

Intrigued at the thought, Dr. Rhine immediately started a game, using his own dice. Now, you and I—sometimes to our sorrow—have met gentlemen who "just knew" they were going to make their point. And just did! Usually this happens too often for coincidence—and more often than not there is no possibility of crooked dice being used.

Here, thought, Dr. Rhine, is the chance of a lifetime to make a careful study of what is called "luck."

In other words, could will power help you in a dice game, or couldn't it?

The professor, his wife and his staff set up one of the greatest scientific dice-rolling experiments in history. Picked men rolled the dice, always mentally "willing" them to come up high dice—some combination of eight or better.

Now, according to the law of averages, you should get eight or higher on the cubes five times in every twelve rolls. But the doctor's "concentration" team was able to roll eight or higher nearly six times in every twelve. A very nice edge over the law of averages.

Dr. Rhine continued his study for years. He tried to eliminate all physical means of controlling the dice by releasing them down corrugated
boards, or spinning them in electrically controlled cages.

He first used ordinary dime store dice, then tried cubes of other material from balsa wood to lead. Still the rollers beat the law of averages when they concentrated.

Then Dr. Rhine had a new thought. Maybe there were flaws in the dice that he could not detect. He had his concentrators switch to plugging for six or lower. The dice obediently switched, too.

The doctor found another proof that mere chance was not controlling the cubes. Looking over his records of old experiments, he noticed that the success his subjects had with the dice was not constant.

He discovered that of those who could control the dice by will power—and some could do it much better than others—those who could exert the best control started off strong.

Here's the pay-off: sometimes their luck averaged twice what it should have according to the law of averages. But then their power faded. It fell off sharply after the first dozen rolls of the dice. Sometimes it would rise sharply after that first fall. But never during a session did these concentrations do as well as that first dozen.

Proving what? Well, proving that Lady Luck is like any other woman—you can dominate her if you have the will power.

But not for long!

## Coeds on Wall Street

When college girls take it into their heads to enter big business, that is news.

And when the "big business" happens to be the stock market, and when the reason is purely educational, that is really unique!

Since, up to now, any education gained on Wall Street by nervous investors has been via the hard way, officials of the Securities and Exchange Commission were amazed to receive a request from 18 Smith College girls for permission to operate an investment corporation to give them practical aid in their study of economics.

Calling themselves "Eclyco, Incorporated," the girls plan to enter the stock market to buy and sell securities, just for the education. Their corporation is authorized 500 shares of capital stock (at no par value), and they expect to issue 1,500 shares of Class B non-voting and 500 shares of Class A voting stock, at a dollar each.

What stock is not bought by members of their class in economics will be offered to other members of the student body and the faculty at Smith. And they promise the SEC they won't buy on margin, and they won't sell short. Even though such a thing has never been done before, puzzled officials admit the coeds would probably be allowed to do business.

The girls say they expect no dividends in the near future, and no large amount of dividends at any time except the experience on The Street—and a passing grade.—George Statler.
A Midwestern upstart has made the entire steel industry sit up and take notice!

Department Store

of STEEL!

By JAMES McQUEENY

ONE afternoon in 1917, the small group of stockholders of the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Company held a meeting to discuss the future of the corporation.

The company's history dated back to 1887 when the redoubtable Willard E. Winner, a land developer, talked with James H. Sternbergh, a Pennsylvania capitalist with iron and steel interests, about locating in the valley of the Blue river.

"Think of the business you can get from the railroads," Winner exclaimed.

Sternbergh gave serious thought to the railroads and their expansion plans, and promptly bought a 12-acre tract in Sheffield as a site for a bolt and nut plant.

Among the products produced was a patented grip thread bolt that the railroads purchased in quantity. The plant prospered.

Soon an iron mill was added, so scrap iron obtained from the railroads could be rolled into iron bars and then fashioned into bolts and nuts without ever being remelted.

Sternbergh died and Kansas City men acquired the property in 1915.

Although the operating statement of the company had shown a healthful, prosperous glow in their two years of ownership, the stockholders were uneasy.

George T. Cook, shrewd, ex-railroad official who was then the sales manager, arose and told the group that the end of the war meant the end of their company.

Steel was becoming the fair-haired metal. Iron's day was over in many fields.

He said they'd find themselves where the buggy whip makers did when the horseless carriage was invented, if they didn't keep abreast of developments.

"Our interest," Cook concluded, "should go beyond the protection of our ventured capital. We must give some consideration to our 200 employees. Many of them have never worked anywhere but here.

"We'd better give some serious thought to getting into the steel business."

An inland steel plant didn't appear plausible then. Kansas City, as every school child knew, was a grain and cattle market, a distributing
point, not an ore-producing center.

You couldn't make steel without iron ore any more than you could whip up a batch of fudge without chocolate.

"How about making steel from scrap iron?" Solomon Stoddard, head of the firm, asked.

The stockholders shrugged dubiously. They weren't steel men, didn't know much about it. But why not have someone find out if it were feasible? Lewis L. Middleton, a newcomer to the organization, was given the assignment. He was the only man in the company who'd had any steel experience. He had started out as a mill hand in St. Louis 14 years before and had worked his way into a front office job.

On his exploratory trip, Middleton didn't get any encouragement from steel men in the ore-producing regions. However, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he visited a mill that was making steel with 60 percent pig iron and 40 percent stove plate. Room stoves were used extensively there, hence stove plate was plentiful.

But this didn't help much as far as the Kansas City plant was concerned, as he was sure discarded stove plate couldn't be found in quantity in the Midwest.

The last lap of his search took him to Midvale, Utah, where, in an old, converted copper smelter, steel was being produced from 10 percent cast iron and 90 percent steel scrap.

Confident he was on the right track, Middleton hurried back to Kansas City in order to find out how much scrap iron was available in the territory. A check of sources in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and Texas indicated approximately 65,000 tons could be collected annually, which was but twice the previous annual tonnage of the bolt and nut plant.

"We had no business starting a steel mill," Middleton recalls. "We were far removed from the iron mines of the Lake Superior region, and there wasn't much scrap iron around when we started.

"You see, the railroads were the only important source for scrap. The farm machinery field was just getting started and there weren't any quantities of washing machines or motor cars—

"Let me tell you about motor cars in 1917. You know how many there were in our entire organization? Three and one truck. When we built a garage we added a fourth stall so we could take care of any visitor who might drive out to the plant in his car.

"We weren't smart—just lucky in hitting upon an idea that was ripe for development."

Sheffield has come a long way since 1917. There are now 3200 employees, and at the 125-acre plant—half of which is under roof—approximately
360,000 tons of scrap iron are used annually in making steel for almost 100 products, ranging from structural to carpet tacks. The company is known as the "steel department store." Scrap iron has become a multimillion dollar business. On a recent afternoon, Middleton, who is now vice-president in charge of purchases, bought $2,400,000 worth of scrap iron.

Currently the price of scrap is above $45 a ton delivered, but it wasn't so many years ago that Middleton bought a large shipment of railroad scrap iron, which normally carries a premium, for $2.75 a ton.

"And caught hell for paying that," he says. "Our business was off and the stockpile heavy. But we had money for investment and scrap iron at that price was a better buy than low interest bearing bonds."

There are 63 grades of scrap iron, and Sheffield's experts can tell at a glance if a shipment measures up to the dealer's description of it.

A recent carload shipment didn't, and when the nearby Missouri dealer was advised of a penalty of 50 cents a ton for its deficiencies, he replied, ruefully, "I realize you gotta educate us, but confidentially, I could be just as well educated for 25 cents a ton as 50."

Middleton buys scrap iron not only for the Kansas City plant, but also for Sheffield's relatively new 35-million dollar operation at Houston and a smaller plant at Sand Springs, near Tulsa.

The three plants employ about 6,500 persons, and scrap consumption for the three projects is approximately 800,000 tons annually.

Kansas City steel was tough to sell at first. Salesmen for Eastern mills could kill a Sheffield sale in many instances by whispering into the prospective purchaser's ear, "You know Sheffield makes its steel out of junk, don't you?"

Effective harpooning, this, but actually it didn't mean a thing. Competent tests showed that scrap metal retained the same qualities when melted down that it had when first refined.

Resistance remained, until one day at a builder's meeting a steel salesman made a slurring remark about "junk steel."

The president of the salesman's company called him on his remark. "Soft pedal that talk," he said. "There's more to making steel out of scrap iron than most of us realize, and we'll all be doing it some day."

He was right. Virtually every steel mill now uses scrap iron in the production of steel.

While steel interests in this country were inclined to ignore their country cousin in its infancy, foreign powers did not. Striped pants delegations from Australia, Japan, Belgium, and several South American countries made special trips to Kansas City to study the new steel making process. Their visits culminated in the establishment of open hearth steel mills in Australia and Japan, and in one South American country.

In the middle twenties—with the arrival of W. L. Allen, R. L. Gray, J. C. Shepherd, F. E. Finley, and H. W. Gronemeyer—Sheffield began an expansion program that has continued
without interruption to the present. Ordinarily, there’s been overlapping on building programs, with a new one starting before an old one is finished.

There was a flurry of excitement at the mills on the morning of April 1, 1925, when steel officials and heads of fabricating firms of the area gathered to see the results of Sheffield’s biggest gamble up to that time, an expenditure of $300,000 in equipment and buildings and the training of several hundred new employees.

They watched a “heat” being “tapped” and “teemed” into molds; and then they followed the processing of a one-ton ingot through blooming mills, a series of furnaces, and a maze of rollers until the first sheet of steel was made.

It was sent to Columbian Steel Tank, fashioned into a vase and then presented to the wife of Sheffield’s president.

Andy Kramer, who died last month, had plumped for this development. To his Columbian Steel Tank and the other fabricators in the territory a local supply of sheet steel meant a saving in freight rates, speedier deliveries, and freeing of capital tied up in inventories.

Two weeks after the first sheet was rolled, plans were made for quadrupling the capacity of the sheet rolling mills.

Bankers who have a natural fondness for steel mills became madly infatuated with Sheffield. It became Kansas City’s hottest industrial romance. One week 17 bankers arrived from the East to study the property.

Sheffield was a catch. It had a big market to itself and enjoyed a favorable freight rate spread between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, from Minnesota to the Gulf. In 1924, when the industry as a whole was operating at only 35 percent of capacity, Sheffield was operating at 100 percent capacity; and the same the following year, when the industry edged up to 65 percent capacity.

In good years and bad it had maintained a high record of earnings, so W. L. Allen, the president, decided if anyone was going to buy out Sheffield he’d do it himself. He financed the purchase locally, the five and a half million dollar deal being the largest single transaction made by Kansas City bankers up until that time. Allen retained the presidency; Gray became vice-president; Ernest Baxter, general salesman; Middleton, secretary; and H. R. Warren, treasurer.

By 1929 the expanding Sheffield plant had become, in effect, the department store of the steel industry with a more diversified line of products than any mill in the country. The following year the company became a wholly owned subsidiary of the American Rolling Mill Company with Allen and Gray continuing in the top positions. J. C. Shepherd became vice-president in charge of sales. Baxter became secretary of the president, and J. W. Anderson became general manager of sales. Middleton and Warren retained their previous posts. Gray became president when Allen moved up to board chairman in 1931.

Sheffield moved into other markets, leasing part of the Scullin mills in St. Louis for ten years in 1934 and ef-
fecting a similar arrangement with the plant at Sand Springs two years later. The latter plant was subsequently purchased.

The Houston plant was planned in 1936, but the three open hearth furnaces and rolling and finishing mills were not put in until the spring of 1942.

Shipbuilders needed steel, and to the 12 million dollar plant the Defense Plant Corporation added 23 million dollars worth of new facilities, including coke ovens, an additional open hearth furnace, and a huge blast furnace. The Texas plant concluded its war work in October of 1945, but it wasn’t until two months ago that Sheffield succeeded in leasing the war-built facilities from the War Assets Administration.

A new process for supplying molten metal to the open hearth furnaces was developed in 1938 and widely heralded in the industry inasmuch as it increased production of the furnaces by approximately 30 percent.

During the war Sheffield turned out one and one-half million tons of material that went into tanks, bombs, landing craft, barges, pontoons, air-
craft, ships, jeeps, war plants, military establishments, arsenals, shells, landing mats, pipe lines, and other war items.

For several years the Kansas City plant had been turning out alloy steel grinding balls that ranged from one-half to twelve inches in diameter for use in industrial grinding processes. With few refinements, this metal was made into armor piercing projectiles with cavities for high explosive charges.

Annealing facilities were limited at Sheffield, as it had never gone in for alloy steel production to any extent. New equipment was out of the question. But with characteristic Midwestern ingenuity the research men developed an annealing practice that conditioned the armor piercing shot for ease in machining, yet having characteristics which made it possible to later heat treat it for high penetration through armor plate.

As a substitute for annealing furnaces, Sheffield engineers fashioned welded steel boxes and lined them with Zonolite, a mica insulating material which served to retard the cooling of the metal. This simple procedure made it possible for the Kansas City company to become the largest single source for armor piercing shot steel in the army’s seventh corps area. Approximately 60,000 tons of bars were turned out, but without the annealing boxes no more than 25,000 could have been handled.

Though a wholly owned subsidiary of American Rolling Mills, Sheffield has lost none of its independence of spirit through the years.
"And why should it?" a banker who knows steel asks. "The top men at Sheffield, Gray and his executive vice-president, Shepherd, and the three other vice-presidents—Middleton, Baxter, and Anderson—are men of competence. They can hold their own in any company.

"Sheffield is a commercial miracle and these men, with the cooperation of their associates, have made it possible."

The company's production has made possible the establishment and rapid growth of a number of steel fabricating plants in the Heart of America—fully a thousand miles from the nation's recognized steel center!

It constitutes an amazing success story which is far from conclusion as the Midwest's Number One department store of steel plans ahead for improvements and an unending program of building and expansion.

Oh, Mister President!

Lincoln, the tallest president, was 6 feet, 4 inches tall, one foot taller than Madison, who weighed less than 100 pounds. Madison, who was the shortest and lightest president, was the first president to wear long trousers. Taft, who weighed 332 pounds, was embarrassed once when he got stuck in the White House bathtub.

Grover Cleveland was the first president to leave the United States, as he often fished outside the three mile limit, but Theodore Roosevelt was the first president to leave the jurisdiction of the United States when he visited the Panama Canal Zone in 1906.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest president, moving into the White House before he was 43 years old. Andrew Jackson was the oldest president, celebrating his seventieth birthday 11 days after leaving office.

William H. Harrison, the ninth president, was also the grandfather of a president when Benjamin Harrison became the twenty-third president.

John Adams was the father of John Quincy Adams, who was the only bald-headed president. He was also the worst dressed Chief Executive, wearing the same hat for ten years. Chester A. Arthur was the best dressed president. He had 80 pairs of trousers and was an authority on etiquette.

Only two presidents were bachelors when elected—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland. But Cleveland married during his first term, so Buchanan, who never married, was the only bachelor President.—Cappy Granny.

Successful bridge is the triumph of mind over chatter.

When an Eastern firm received word that one of its salesmen had been found dead in San Francisco, it wired:

"Send samples back by freight and search body for orders."

Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty sewer, and excitedly discussed the spotless glistening new restaurant in the next block.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The floor sparkles like diamonds. It's so clean."

"Please," said the second cockroach in digust, "not while I'm eating!"
Moss Hart is the triple threat man of the theatre.

THE GOLDBACK!

by ABNER D. KLIPSTEIN

TO THE average theatre-goer, the name Moss Hart conjures up visions of a playwright, director and actor—a veritable triple-threat man of the theatre. To his intimates, Mr. Hart is simply known as "The Gold Kid."

Both reputations were well-earned by Hart. His first effort in the theatre lost for a producer the round sum of $40,000. Since then he has gone on to earn fabulous amounts in show business, as collaborator with George S. Kaufman, with whom he won a Pulitzer Prize, and on his own. The gold era naturally followed his first effort.

Contrary to popular belief, Hart was not born in Brooklyn, it was just his idea at the time of where one went to get away from the Bronx. His life actually began in the upper reaches of Manhattan. A little later the family moved to the Bronx and then finally to Sea Gate, near Coney Island. Although the family lived in the five boroughs of New York, it wasn't until Moss was nearly fifteen that he first glimpsed Broadway.

After school, Moss was employed by a music store to make deliveries. Sent downtown one day with a package, he stepped out of the subway into Times Square and ran smack into a scene of gaiety and crowds such as he had never seen before. He has probably never recovered from its impact. He describes it best as "New Year's Eve continuously." Thousands of good-natured people were all going someplace. Everyone seemed to know one another. People were dancing and hugging in the streets: policemen were walking around beaming. Taxi-drivers were singing. Small Moss stood it for as long as he could and then tore himself away to go home. It wasn't until he had conclusively decided that Broadway was the place for him that he learned that the street was not always so exuberant. He had walked out of the subway right in the middle of an extraordinary celebration. A false report of the Armistice of 1918 had just reached Times Square. The memory, however, lingered on.

Once Hart had decided on a career on Broadway, he made the rounds of the theatrical offices to find some sort of a job. He finally landed one as office boy to Augustus Pitou, the producer. It was the era of the "ten-cent-thirt' drama. The stage-struck office boy received passes to most of the current shows and secretly decided that he could write things as good.

One of Hart's chores was to read some of the plays which were sub-
mitted to the office. One day, after plowing through a particularly big, but not good, pile of manuscripts, Moss decided that the time was ripe to begin his writing career.

His maiden opus was a romance, *The Beloved Bandit*. When the first act was finished, he signed it with a pseudonym and submitted it to Pitou, who read it and asked to see a completed script. Hart worked furiously for several days and nights and brought in the remaining two acts, which so delighted Pitou that he demanded to see the author.

Fearsful that the hoax might cost him his $15 a week job, Hart began hedging—the author was a very busy lawyer, he said, and couldn’t find time to come to the office. It was only when the playwright answered none of Pitou’s letters and the determined manager announced his intention to pay him a visit at the address given by Hart, that the real author confessed.

The play was rechristened *The Hold-Up Man*; was produced in Chicago, where it ran six weeks and lost $40,000. Hart went back to his job as office boy, but with a burning ambition to be an author.

The next several years were lean ones for Moss Hart. He left his job as office boy in order to devote himself entirely to writing. For a number of summers he served as a director of entertainment in the “borsht circuit” and with settlement houses in New York City. Both jobs kept him constantly writing, directing and acting. He was acquiring the experience he sought. Finally he managed to turn out a script for what was to become *Once In a Lifetime*.

*Once In a Lifetime* made the rounds of several producers before it came to the attention of the late Sam H. Harris. Harris asked to see the author, and whether or not he would consent to the play being used as the book of a musical. Moss was indignant that his serious effort should be relegated to an impotent background for a music and girlie show. He left the office in a huff but returned a few days later. Harris had sent word that he would like to have the young man work with George S. Kaufman on the play. Hart was terribly flattered. Kaufman was at the top rung of his success as a playwright and director. For many years afterward Hart was so awed by Kaufman that he could not call him George to his face.

On opening night in New York, Hart was assured by the producer and his associates that the play was a smash hit. He immediately rented a suite at the Astor and had a barber and manicurist come up to give him “the works.” The following day, he rented a lavish apartment for his parents and ordered them to take no furnishings or clothing except what they were wearing and move in with him. To this day Hart often wonders what the neighbors and the landlord of that apartment in Sea Gate think.

With success, Hart suddenly became aware of gold. Almost everything he bought was made of gold. Among his new assets were a Bucks County farm, gold gadgets like electric toothbrushes, a psychoanalyst, and a valet, Charles. Charles is an unusual servant.
Once an actor friend approached Hart. He wished to borrow some sports clothes for a week's engagement. "Go ahead," replied the author, "and pick out anything you need." A few weeks later he witnessed his friend's appearance in a play and noticed that he wore some very elegant tweeds which, though familiar, were definitely not Hart's. Backstage the actor apologized. "I looked over your clothes and they weren't good enough, so Charles loaned me some of his."

With George S. Kaufman, Hart went on to write *Merrily We Roll Along, You Can't Take It With You, I'd Rather Be Right, The Fabulous Invalid, The American Way, The Man Who Came to Dinner* and *George Washington Slept Here*.

Cole Porter invited Hart to take a trip around the world with him. The results were visibly displayed in *Jubilee*. Soon afterwards Irving Berlin asked him to contribute the sketches for another revue, *As Thousands Cheer*.

These collaborations brought some satisfaction to Hart, but he yearned to write something on his own. About this time he was consulting with a psychoanalyst. He conceived the idea of writing a play about a frustrated magazine editor and revealing her dreams to the audience. The play, *Lady in the Dark*, starring Gertrude Lawrence, was his first serious success.

Before Hart could go further, the United States was involved in World War II. Because of his age, he was not draft material, but he desperately tried to get into some part of the war service. He finally applied to the Navy for a commission, but was turned down because he had not attended school beyond the eighth grade!

One evening when Hart was dining out, a young army lieutenant approached his table.

"Mr. Hart," he said, "I am a special services officer of a nearby airbase. We have been asked by General Arnold to produce a play about the Air Force for Air Forces' charities. My colleagues and myself wish to invite you to write such a play."

Hart was sure that he was being made the victim of some sort of a joke. He told the officer to have General Arnold contact him directly.

Three days later another officer appeared at Hart's front door. He told Hart that an airplane was waiting to take him to General Arnold in Washington.

In Washington, the Chief of the
A. A. F. outlined to Hart the kind of a story that he wished.

Hart replied that he had no idea of what went on to make a pilot, bombardier or navigator, and that he would have to spend a little time at an airfield for background material. He concluded that if the General would give him a pass to a base, he would look the situation over and see what he could do.

The General told Hart that he thought he could do better than that. In a few days, Mr. Hart would hear from him. Three days later a bomber stripped of all its implements of warfare, and equipped with desk and files, was placed at the playwright’s disposal. He was whisked on a flight of 28,000 miles. From induction depot through basic training and qualification centers, he was shown how men were selected for technical training to become crew and maintenance men. He wore the uniform of a cadet and went through the vigorous training and tests himself. His bomber flew him through all the training stages up to and including the California port of embarkation, where the plane and crew he had trained with went to battle in the South Pacific. Then, armed with copious notes, Hart retired to his farm to write *Winged Victory.*

With the help of the Air Force, Hart selected the cast, stage technicians and musicians to give life to his play. Without a cent of compensation he wrote and directed the stage spectacle and then went to Hollywood to write the movie script.

After he had launched the play, Hart gathered together an all-star cast of actors and, with himself playing the role of Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner,* he toured the Pacific islands.

Following the war, Hart retired to his farm to rest and write. A confirmed bachelor, he invited a friend for a weekend. His friend was infatuated with Kitty Carlisle, a musical comedy star. He begged Moss to have her out during the same weekend. Three months later, Hart married Miss Carlisle.

Last fall Moss Hart was represented on Broadway with a play dealing with the home wrecking upheaval of divorce as seen through the eyes of its victim, an adolescent boy. *Christopher Blake* was even more elaborate than *Lady in the Dark.* It involved a company of fifty players, four revolving stages and a number of novel theatrical devices. Mr. Hart, himself, directed *Christopher Blake,* which was greeted by so-so reviews and closed after 114 performances. In spite of this, Warner Brothers purchased the film rights for $310,000 plus a considerable percentage of the gross.

Immediately following the opening, Moss and Kitty went to the West Coast to fulfill a screen writing commitment for Twentieth-Century-Fox. Hart has never been dazzled by “the most beautiful slave quarters in the world”—his description of Hollywood, where he is currently at work adapting *Gentlemen’s Agreement* for the movies. He simply goes on with his writing tasks—as he would in Bucks County or in Manhattan—and gathers here and there a few more golden gadgets to add to his collection.
Mattie, intent on the evening meal, already belated, gave no sign that she knew John was behind her, until he folded one arm about her slender torso and moulded her body to him and tried to force her dry lips to his. Then she tore herself free.

"I suppose," she flared, "you call that affection!"

"Aw, Mattie! Don't be like that."

"Don't you be like that—all the time."

"Gosh, Mattie, don't you like me to come near you no more?"

"Course I do, but not like that. If you would just put some of your youth into your job—you haven't had a raise since we've been married."

"I know, but . . ." Fired with determination, he faced his wife. "Look, Mattie, we've only been married 'bout two years—seems, though . . ."

"I'd like it a lot better if you would help with supper; hugging and kissing don't mean a thing."

"Wasn't thinking 'bout kissing—much. 'Course I was thinking about it some, but . . . ."

"But, what?"

His wife slatted the water from her hands and swung about, but in spite of the glare in her greenish-blue eyes he did not look away from her as he ordinarily would. She still held her tongue. "Why don't you be like other men? All the time you're just thinking of yourself . . . One-track mind, if you ask me. You should have married the other kind, anyway."

Mattie paused just long enough for John to mumble that he knew some of "the other kind" that were not too bad.

"Besides," she carried on, "who wants kids?"

"You don't. Don't worry, the way you deal you haven't a thing to worry about. Gosh, Mattie."

"I wish Aggie Snow could see you now—wish you had picked her instead of me."

As bits of the fun he had had with Aggie Snow flitted across his mind, before Mattie broke into their set, before a half-year of bewilderment after which he had found himself married, he was tempted to ask who did the picking. He said, "What about Aggie?"

"Nothing, just thinking about her."

"The old stock answer, 'Nothing.' Why did you just happen to be thinking about her, I mean?"

"I wonder why she sent me her picture, today."

John could feel her eyes, trying to draw his. He wondered if his lips were really blanched or just felt that way. He knew his heart was thumping and was glad she couldn't see it. "So?" he managed to get out, as he edged toward the adjacent room,
where they usually put the mail.

Bending over the table, John hesitated a moment before reaching for the semblance that was looking straight into his hungry eyes. Didn’t seem to have changed in the two years — wasn’t too dumb — Aggie knew a lot of answers. Tilting the picture so that the waning light fell full on her almost black hair and eyes he knew were brown, all his thoughts on the way home, even his hope as he entered the kitchen, were gone. Even greenish eyes he knew were on his back did not matter.

“John!”

“Yep?” He leaned the picture against a vase and turned around.

“I suppose you would stay in there all night and dry up—and let the lawn and garden dry up, too—just to gape at that picture. Try putting some of your young ideas into your yardwork . . .”

Shuffling dutifully away from the table, John was just through the doorway when he was seized with a desire to kiss his wife. Thrown off balance, Mattie clutched at the sink as his ravenous arms wrapped around her torso. Too surprised to offer resistance to this sudden burst of enthusiasm she stood still until a loose fist under her chin lifted dry, thinish lips toward his. Then, as his head dipped, she squirmed so that his blind moment would have ended by a brush of her cool cheek had he not, suddenly, turned his head aside in disgust.

As his arm about her body slumped, he stepped backwards and gazed off into the twilight, beyond the adjoining room. Suddenly, he stalked through the doorway, straight to the table where Aggie was still leaning against the vase.

As he let the eyes in the photograph hold him, just as they did at that last party at Tony’s, he heard a voice, a musical, rippling voice, he had not known since Aggie held his hand a moment after the wedding. “If,” there had been earnestness in her brown eyes, “she abuses you, or any little thing like that, don’t forget that Aggie has a telephone.”

Staring after her spouse, Mattie dried her hands on her apron. Something about his attitude—or was it that likeness of his earlier flame?—seemed to dissipate the wrath in her eyes.

John felt her eyes on his back but made no move, even when he heard a door slam, and her heels pounding the back stairs to the yard. But, when the throbbing tick from the water meter came up from the basement, he realized that Mattie would not return for some minutes. He smiled, wryly, and reached for the telephone.

“Hello!”

As the word rippled in his ear he was seized with a strange confusion. He was wordless, just as he had been that last night at Tony’s.

The telephone rippled again.

“Hello!”

He watched the lips in the picture curl a bit, just as they curled the night he told her about Mattie. His wife’s splashing sounds at the rear of the house caught his ear.

“Nobody on the line,” he heard Aggie say, as she clicked off.

John Olden hung up and started for the back yard.
Here are some words of advice on the art of boxtopping by one of the nation’s outstanding “professional” contesters. Mr. Sonastine rates a position on the roster of All America Contest Winners.

"CONGRATULATIONS! We are happy to inform you that the judges have chosen your entry as the first prize winner in our recent nationwide contest. Our representative will call on you in a few days to make arrangements for the delivery of your new 1948 Chevrolet."

Many people throughout the country are receiving telegrams similar to this one every day. They do deliver those cars and homes that are offered as contest prizes. And the money, too. It isn’t a gag.

Before the war, most of the prizes in national contests were won by a few hundred regular entrants. These people were called “professionals” by the judges and sponsors, and whenever it was possible, their entries were weeded out along with the non-winners. Contest judges prefer their prizes to go to people who have never won before.

This is one of the only two forms of unjust discrimination I have ever discovered in contest judging; the other is the sometimes obvious practice of distributing prizes according to geographical or population patterns.

These methods, however, have never dampened the ardor of regular contesters. They circumvent such practices by sending their entries in the names of friends or relatives who live in the preferred localities.

This practice of using proxies continues, but the regular winners of a few years ago are not getting all the prize-money these days. This is due to the fact that more people are entering contests than ever before, and more of those who do enter are learning the tricks of the trade from contest schools. There are several of these schools throughout the country, but the most prominent one is the Wilmer Shepherd’s School of Contesting in Philadelphia. Mr. Shepherd was formerly a big-time winner, but he stopped entering contests in 1936 and began to teach others how to win. He has written several books on the subject, but his correspondence course is truly a masterpiece. It contains an “idea incubator,” lists of rhyming words, trick phrases, coined words,
and numerous other eye-catching devices. Many ad writers use this course to obtain dynamic ideas for their daily copy. Contesters who take Shepherd's course also receive a bi-weekly bulletin containing information and winning ideas on all current contests.

The use of proxies in contesting often produces some interesting situations. Not long ago, an Illinois contestor submitted an entry in the name of "Tippy Irwin." The entrant was awarded a lovely corsage, but when it was delivered, "Tippy" turned out to be a big English bulldog who lived next door to the contestor.

Another prize chaser used her sister's name on an entry and was awarded an automobile. When the car was delivered, the sister's husband refused to let her turn the car over to the woman who wrote the entry. Nothing could be done about it, for the prize was delivered in the sister's own name. Moral: Pick proxies properly.

Another service that is available to aspiring prize hunters is a "qualifier" market from which box tops and labels can be obtained for every type of contest. A man in Enterprise, New York, operates this unique market. You may think this practice is unfair to sponsors, but few of the advertisers, themselves, consider it unfair. You see, the qualifier salesman buys box tops and labels from church and charity groups and then, in turn, sells them to contesters. This means of raising money stimulates interest in the sponsor's product even more than when the merchandise is purchased by contesters alone. Most sponsors say this helps their advertising campaigns rather than hindering them.

Once you are bitten by the contest bug, an affliction accompanying your first prize, it is almost impossible to quit the hobby. I was bitten back in 1934. During my first year of sending in entries, I won only about ten prizes; but during the next five years I received over a thousand awards. The best year was 1938, when my winnings amounted to $2300. The biggest cash prize I ever won was a $750 award in a limerick contest. On one occasion, I had the unusual thrill of winning two cars in one week. To date, I have won approximately $11,000.

These figures may sound impressive, but there are many people who have been far more successful at contesting than I have. A man in Ohio has won over $30,000 in 14 years. During the three worst depression years, he supported his wife and four children on contest winnings. More than a score of well-known contestants have won over $20,000. Some folks have won more than this in a single prize, but few of these people have won more than a half-dozen other prizes in their whole lives. Really successful contestans win small prizes regularly. Anyone might accidentally bump into a big one, but it takes talent to win consistently.

The largest prize ever awarded in a commercial contest was the $100,000 given by Old Gold cigarettes in 1937. This one was copped by a sailor in the United States Navy. There have been a number of $25,000 prizes awarded in the past. Liberty magazine paid this amount for its
name and slogan in a contest back in 1924.

There were almost no commercial contests during the war, but they are back again now, bigger and better than ever. Homes and cars seem to be the big attraction on prize menus this season. Close to half a million dollars will be given in cash and merchandise to contestants this year.

Do you ever have the urge to try for some of these prizes? Well, you have just as much chance of winning as anyone else does. Records prove that winners come from every walk of life. If you have the ability to write clever and attractive phrases, your chances of winning are better than average. If you don’t have this ability, you can acquire it through practice. Start entering local contests first. This competition is not so keen, and the experience you gain will help you immeasurably. If you fail to win at first, keep at it anyway. Every entry you write increases your ability to write better ones in the future.

Here are some general ideas that should help you get your entries among the winners: of my own 1200 winning entries, 90 per cent have been typewritten; 60 per cent were written on official blanks and the other 40 per cent on plain paper. Nearly one-half of all contest entries are eliminated because of rule infractions. The most common of these infractions are: neglecting to enclose the proper qualifier, using too many words or insufficient postage, and mailing after deadline.

Avoid the obvious when composing a contest entry. Hundreds or perhaps thousands of people are almost certain to send in the thing you think of first; so give your entry some careful thought. Coin new words and phrases of your own; use contrasting words and alliteration, anything to make your entry different. Work out some clever devices that have eye-appeal and then use them over and over again in different contests. If they don’t win in one, they may click in another. Here are a few coined words that have earned several hundred dollars for me in prize money: “Buy-ology,” “See-worthy,” “Check-nique,” and “Cents-ation.” These word combinations brought the best results when they were used in slogans or jingles.

When you start entering contests, don’t be too anxious about winning at first. Enter just for fun, and funds will follow later. Make a study of the game; keep your eye open for catchy phrases in magazine advertisements. If you think this hobby is childish, just remember that college professors, writers, lawyers and many other professional people work at it constantly during their spare time.
I have found contesting to be educational as well as entertaining and profitable.

When entering a slogan contest, don’t send in anything like the commercial slogans you read every day in newspapers and magazines: “It Floats,” “They Satisfy,” “Eventually — why not now?” Such slogans as these would be thrown out on the first round of judging in a contest. They have only become popular through constant publicity, not because they are particularly clever. A prize-winning entry in a slogan contest must contain something that will catch the eye of the judges at first glance. Here are a few that have won prizes in the past: “More pickup per cup,” “Exactly right to write exactly,” “The wash-word of the nation.”

Decorated entries and appendages are taboo in national contests. Ornate entries may sometimes win in local competition, but never in nationwide contests. The judges in the big contests look upon embellishments as attempts to bribe them. And if you want to have your entry thrown out immediately, just send along a note to the judges telling them about your “poor, sick mother who needs an operation,” or your “seven children who need new shoes.” Such pleas, even if they are true, are considered ridiculous by contest judges. They do receive them, though, in nearly every big contest.

Here is a note the judges received from a woman in a recent toothpaste contest: “We’ve been wanting to have a baby but couldn’t afford it. If we win one of the wonderful prizes in your contest, we could become happy parents.” The most famous of all “illustrated” entries ever received in a national contest came when the entrant was supposed to give five reasons why he liked Dr. Blank’s corn remover. A woman from Idaho wrote, “Here are my five reasons for liking Dr. Blank’s corn remover.” Below the note, she had pasted five real corns which she evidently had removed from her own toes.

The average person is convinced that most major contest prizes go to friends of the judges or sponsors. This is not true. From my own observations, plus the opinions of many other experienced contestants, I have found that at least 95 per cent of all commercial contests are conducted honestly.

You can win if you stick with it. Send in plenty of entries, and don’t sit around waiting for prize checks to come in. They usually come when you are not looking for them. Give some time to developing winsome ways, and you are bound to attract the judges’ attention sooner or later. You’ll find enjoyment, and probably profit, in the ranks of the boxtoppers.

**Centerpiece**

As Miss Kansas, 21 year old Ruth Richmond will compete in the 1947 Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City. She won the Sunflower State title in a contest sponsored jointly by station WHB in Kansas City and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling.
1—“Queen For a Day” emcee Jack Bailey poses with Kansas City Queen, Mrs. Virginia Steele.

2—A new product is taking the test towns of Kansas City “at a breeze,” A. B. Peterson, divisional manager of Lever Brothers, informs WHB’s Sandra Lea. President of Lever Brothers is Charles Luckman, a former Kansas Citian who is personally tabbing sales results of the new detergent.

3—Escalators for the Kansas City Union Station are opened with fitting ceremony.
Left to right: William E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City, Missouri; A. K. Atkinson, president of the Wabash Railway; Clark E. Tucker, mayor of Kansas City, Kansas; Dorothy Duffy; J. W. Beal, assistant chief engineer of the Kansas City Terminal Railway; and B. J. Duffy, president of the Kansas City Terminal Railway.

4—John Batson, F. M. McKim and John Hainje, members of the Amvet baseball team sponsored by WHB, in a pre-game conference.

5—WHB promotes “Polo for Polio” with a few words from Jack Goodman, Dane Duran, and Jim Kemper, Jr.
WHEN, on the last Saturday of August, more than a hundred colorfully-attired Kansas Citians ride the last few miles of the Santa Fe Trail in company with a hundred of New Mexico's finest horsemen and a United States Army detachment in the uniforms of their conquering predecessors of 1847, at the head of the column will be Ed Phelps, president of the unusual and exclusive Kansas City Saddle and Sirloin Club. The small, compact, mildly explosive Phelps will be having the time of his life. He always enjoys himself, and does so with a vigor.

It will be an historic ride that day, the culmination of an ambitious trip involving the transportation of a Conestoga wagon, a mountain wagon, a tally-ho, two score horses and 110 people a distance of 855 miles by special train. Its success will be due to the organization and hard work of a Saddle and Sirloin committee under the enthusiastic ex-officio leadership of Ed Phelps.

That caravan will feature more than beautiful horseflesh and quaint costumes. It will boast the highest-priced bunch of cowboys who ever swung gruntingly across a croup and into the saddle. Riding for Kansas City will be judges, bankers, a railroad president, a city manager, at least two mayors, broadcasters, lawyers, publishers and an assortment of business executives and tycoons. The men are the brains and the motivating force of one of the world's largest and loveliest livestock and horse shows, the annual American Royal. They will be riding for the glory of the Royal.

And how about Ed Phelps, the man at the head of the column? Well, Ed is part of the Royal, too. Very much a part of it. As manager of Swift & Company's Kansas City plant, he heads up one of the largest and most widely diversified meat packing establishments in the United States. Naturally, he is interested in good livestock and better breeding. He has been working on the Royal ever since his arrival in Kansas City ten years ago. He is one of the founders of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, and is, in a way, responsible for its origination.

It happened like this: Swift & Company are purveyors of nutrition: first, through fertilizers, to the soil; second, through feeds, to livestock; and, third, through meat products, to human beings. Ed Phelps, as promoter of Swift & Company policies and products in the Kansas City area, was anxious to get that Swift story across to the public.

So he scheduled a series of packing plant open houses in conjunction with
the 1938 American Royal Week. An unhoped for total of 43,000 people came to hear the three-way nutritional story, and made a one-hour conducted tour through the plant.

Later, to celebrate the success of the open houses and of the Royal, Phelps invited 60 or so men who had worked on the Royal to a steak dinner in the Swift cafeteria. It was there that the suggestion to band American Royal workers together into some sort of a permanent social group was made, acclaimed, and was acted upon. The Saddle and Sirloin Club is the result.

Phelps early established a reputation in the Club. When the group decided to set off on a two-day cross-country trail ride, he volunteered to handle the chuck wagon. He did so to his everlasting glory, although some few carpers pointed out that there was a noticeable scarcity of the meats of Swift competitors.

At breakfast on the second day out, Ed Phelps was supervising the preparation of coffee. Rain was coming down in driving sheets, so he had pulled his black sombrero low over his forehead and wrapped a poncho around his shoulders. He was munching a piece of cheese.

Just then, two club members came up to tell him they were going home. The rain was too much for them.

Phelps swung around with a glare. "You call yourselves 'Trail Blazers,'" he growled. "Go home? Go home and be the laughing stock of Kansas City? No! We will ride if we all get pneumonia!"

It was at that precise moment, in that exact costume and pose — with slouched sombrero, dripping poncho, cheekful of cheese, glaring eyes and set lips — that someone took a picture of Ed Phelps.

The cowed Trail Blazers stayed and completed the ride, but during the ensuing year, revenge was plotted.

So it was that the following fall found pictures of Ed Phelps in the office of the Kansas City chief of detectives, in the Kansas City Star, and all along the trail Saddle and Sirloin members would ride.

It was the picture taken that morning in the rain, made into a handbill captioned, "WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE — $5,000 Reward for the Apprehension or Liquidation of WAHSE-MO-KAW, HALF-BREED CREEK, Cattle Rustler, Pig Purloiner, and Accused of Selling Contraband Beef to the Kansas City TRAIL BLAZERS."

It was a good joke, and Phelps laughed as hard as anyone. Only the plotters went a step further. They planned, in order to brighten campfire festivities on the trail, to capture Phelps as he sat with them during the evening, and try him for his crimes. They even went so far as to rig an electric chair for the occasion.

They were destined for disappointment, because it rained on that trail ride, too; and because when Ed Phelps got on his horse the second morning of the ride and backed it out of the picket line, the animal slipped and fell, rolling completely over the rider.

Phelps had to return to town, and someone else was captured and subjected to a mock trial. But before Ed left for the hospital, another picture was taken. His hat was cocked at a
jaunty angle, and his fingers touched the brim of it in salute. He was smiling, but he held one arm at his side in a peculiar position. There was good reason: he had seven broken ribs.

Anyhow, rainstorms, insults or injuries have never stopped Ed Phelps. He has made every single trail ride, and has taken a position of active leadership in the Saddle and Sirloin Club since its inception.

He has always been determined, he has always been a leader, and he has always been enthusiastic. Business associates who watched him start with Swift & Co. in Chicago at $15 a week, climb up through the Edmonton and Winnipeg plants in Canada to managements at Harrisburg, then Cleveland, then Kansas City, will testify to that.

Friendly competitors will admit it, too. Ed Phelps is an outstanding athlete. As a boy he was All Michigan quarterback, and rode a bicycle 2,700 miles in 62 days — including arduous climbs through the Jura Mountains, the Apennines and the Alps.

Then, in 1914, he decided to take up golf. He bought a book on the subject. The first year his best score was 105. The next year it came down to 90. By his fourth season on the links, he was breaking 80.

He kept on improving. After 12 years of golf, he sank his first hole-in-one. Soon after, he won the Westwood Country Club Championship. He was four times champion in the Cleveland Athletic Club tournament, and twice runner-up. The day he won his first tournament with a 78 and a 73, he won seven other prizes. When he turned 50 years old, he promptly captured the Ohio Senior Men’s Championship.

As president of the Cleveland District Golf Association in 1934, Phelps introduced and promoted a game which he and several others had been working on for quite awhile. It was “archery golf,” and was devised in an effort to make use of golf courses the year around, and give golfers exercise in winter as well as summer. The game is played with bow, arrows, and double-sided targets on each green.

Until then, Phelps had never had a bow in hand. However, he went at it with a will, and set a course record at his own country club within a year. He wrote the original rules of the game, and later revised them. It is said that had little to do with the fact that he nearly always won.

Every successful man may be forgiven an idiosyncrasy or two. With Ed Phelps, it is golf wagers. He used to collect a dime a hole, and would accept only dimes. He has a white golf sock stuffed to overflowing with ten-cent pieces.

Now, however, he will accept nothing but checks in payment of golf debts. These he never cashes, but stacks neatly in a drawer of his desk. He was horrified recently, when the wife of a friend of his got hold of an
Ed Phelps check for 30 cents and actually cashed it!

When Ed Phelps rides into Santa Fe, he will not be alone. Beside him will be dynamic wife Tete, his constant companion. She has been beside him since 1910, when a Phi Delt with whom she had a date for a University of Chicago prom turned up with a broken ankle. The boy was extremely apologetic, and promised she wouldn’t be stood up.

"I’ll send one of my fraternity brothers," the boy said, "the best guy in the house! He’s a second-year medical student and works all the time. He’s so busy studying that he never goes anywhere or has any dates. But I’ll send him around."

He was as good as his word. As Tete says, "He was talking about Phelpsie. They fixed Phelpsie up with a borrowed dress suit and a plug hat and sent him around. He’s been around ever since!"

Mrs. Phelps, incidentally, is no mean athlete herself, and is quite accustomed to sharing sports page headlines with her husband. For a number of years she was ranked as one of Cleveland’s top ten women golfers. She has won nine golfing titles, and has bagged the women’s crown at Mission Hills Country Club in Kan-

sas City three times.

Beyond business and athletics, Ed Phelps (whose real name is Elmore) has found time for a number of civic activities. He was leader of the Cleveland Community Fund, director and president of Rotary there. In Kansas City, he has been vice-president and director of the Chamber of Commerce for two terms, a director of the American Royal Association and of the Community Chest, and a member of the War Manpower Commission. He is on the advisory board of the Future Farmers of America, and accomplished an especially neat bit of work for that organization last fall.

The Future Farmers wanted to hold their annual convention in Kansas City during American Royal Week, a particularly crowded time when hotel space is at a premium.

So Ed Phelps took charge of housing and feeding the 4,000 boys. He built an outstanding organization, with such men as John B. Gage, Harold C. Hunt, Judge Harry Gambrel, Harry Mansfield, and Police Chief Harold Anderson. With their help he procured vacant buildings; got cots and blankets; obtained use of the Kansas City Power and Light Company Garage as a mess hall, and contracted for cafeteria service and equipment. Then he enlisted the support of eight Kansas City civic lunch-eon clubs to set up cots, supervise the boys and generally act as hosts.

It was a magnificent example of complete community cooperation. The cafeteria worked so smoothly that it fed 60 men a minute, or all 4,000 in about an hour.
In all, 1536 Kansas City men cooperated with Phelps on the project. They were organized into divisions commanded by colonels. Each division comprised four areas commanded by majors; each area contained four camps commanded by captains. Every captain was assisted by four lieutenants who worked six-hour duty shifts in their camp of 50 to 60 boys. In that way, all 4,000 boys were well cared for, and things went without a hitch.

The Phelps’ plan was beautiful in two respects: first, it worked; and second, everybody got to be an officer.

Phelps says his own military experience extended only to a second lieutenancy in the Boys’ Brigade of the Hammond Baptist Church, where his father was minister. Still, he has always had a penchant for the military, and for clean, efficient organization.

Since his incumbency as president of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, Ed has had opportunity to combine his recreational and organizational tendencies. In addition to the ordinary legal, finance, and membership committees, the Club has 15 others—all functioning smoothly. The result is a wider appeal to members and increasing use of Club facilities, which include swimming, baitcasting, badminton, trap shooting, riding, archery golf, and card tournaments. In addition, Sunday evening Town Meetings are held every three weeks, for purposes of debate and open discussion of current topics. They have been an unqualified success.

One of the things for which Ed Phelps is best known is his memory. He has given several lectures on the subject of mnemonics, accompanying them with demonstrations. He says his memory is not unusual, merely well trained, as one might train the sense of sight, smell, touch, taste, or hearing.

He became interested in his memory a few years ago when he stepped on an elevator in Banff. A lady smiled at him and, without knowing why, he asked, “Aren’t you Mrs. Matthews?” The lady said yes, she was. With a terrific mental wrench, he asked a second question. “And isn’t your husband manager of Canadian Pacific dining service?”

Mrs. Matthews beamed! “He was,” she said, “twenty years ago. Now he is manager of all Canadian Pacific Hotels.”

The Matthewses took excellent care of the Phelpses during their stay at Banff, but Ed was puzzled as to why he would remember a face, a name and an occupation for 20 years. And he was impressed with the pleasure the Matthewses had felt upon being remembered.

So he got out a college psychology book and began to study the science of remembering. Then he practiced training his memory.

Today he can place a deck of cards, one at a time, in face down positions all about a room. Later he can go to any one asked for, or can name any one indicated before turning it up. He can perform several other amazing memory feats. “Practice,” he says. “Just a hobby.”
But that is the way Ed Phelps goes into everything, with complete thoroughness. Once, when pork at the Swift & Company plant in Edmonton wouldn’t cut properly, Phelps challenged the company blueprints; made a trip to Chicago to learn he was wrong; went back to Canada to find he was right after all and that the blueprints were wrong; and finally undertook an investigation which revealed that Canadian hogs have developed 15 ribs — one more than the standard American hog. That was something no one had discovered before. His thoroughness always pays off!

Phelps’ thoroughness was everywhere evident in planning the Saddle and Sirloin’s Operation Santa Fe, and included an advance visit to New Mexico with chairman Henry Bund-schu and other members of the Operation Santa Fe Committee.

And Phelps’ thoroughness and enthusiasm will be apparent again this fall, when his brothers of the leather and steak swing into action on the 1947 edition of the American Royal. They will be promoting it and working on it from this time forward, and promise that it will be the most all around successful Royal to date.

At Royal time, the Saddle and Sirloin activities will reach their high peak of the year. That means, of course, that prexy Ed Phelps will be a mighty busy man. But he is actually looking forward to it! That’s why he is a good man for the job, and why Swing doffs its ten-gallon fedora to Ed Phelps, Man of the Month!

Identity Known

Of the more than 150 million sets of fingerprints, including those of more than 10 million criminals, assembled in Washington, no two have been found to be identical—not even those of two different fingers on the same hand. And the basic pattern remains the same from childhood to old age. Even after death, when bodies are protected, as in the case of mummies, the fingers retain the same outer skin design for centuries.

When prints are submitted to Washington for matching, an almost miraculous machine can locate them or indicate their absence in a matter of minutes.

It is not practicable to fingerprint infants, but a satisfactory substitute has been developed in the form of footprints. They are taken in many hospitals as a matter of routine shortly after the stork completes his mission.

Animal identification is also frequently an important consideration, and is becoming more and more a common practice. When, during the war, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to fingerprint employees as a precaution in case of air raids, Cheetah, star chimpanzee, went through the mill with the other actors.

Dogs are commonly noseprinted. The intricate pattern of grooves and “islands” makes a satisfactory design for the purpose. Such prints are sometimes placed on identification cards attached to the canine’s collar.

It has been much more difficult to meet the requirement for horses. However, lip tattooing has recently come into vogue, primarily to counter the substitution of “ringers” in the “fixing” of races.—Arthur H. Joel.
It is continuous, accurate, almost unknown, and important to you. What is it?

The Dull Spot WWV ... On Your Dial

by LEW H. MORSE, JR.

CHANCES are you have never heard of radio station WWV, yet it is on the air continuously, 24 hours a day, year in and year out. This unique radio station carries no commercials, platter shows, or symphonies, yet it affects the lives of all of us.

What kind of a station is it? Well, it is operated by the National Bureau of Standards, a bureau within the United States Department of Commerce, and it provides a half dozen services which affect remote corners of your life in unexpected ways.

If you own a radio set of recent enough vintage to possess a good short wave band, you can hear WWV for yourself at any time. Some evening, tune the short wave band of your receiver to 2, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 or 35 megacycles. You’ll hear the following: a tick marking every second which sounds much like the ticking of a piano student’s metronome; a musical note which is exactly A above middle C; and, behind that, another higher pitched musical note. Periodically, these sounds will be interrupted while other announcements are made either by voice or in the characteristic dots and dashes of International Morse Code. All of these sounds are directly related to your daily existence.

Primarily, WWV is a source of highly accurate time services. As such, its signals were used by the armed services all over the world during the recent war. Marine chronometers were checked against them, and watches were set to split-second accuracy. The navigator of a lone B-29, winging its way across the incredibly wide and trackless Pacific, depended upon correct time to “shoot” the stars and find his way to a tiny island somewhere over the horizon. And absolutely accurate time is also imperative for men who are on surveying parties cut off from civilization. The time is furnished by WWV.

Broadcast stations stay on the wavelength assigned to them by the Federal Communications Commission by means of frequent reference to the WWV standard frequency. Your power company keeps your kitchen clock, if it is electric, running on correct time by reference to the signals emanating from WWV.

Finally, even your piano is tuned by reference to the piano tuner’s pitch fork which the manufacturer origi-
nally matched against the highly accurate musical pitch generated at the Bureau of Standards.

Eight separate transmitters at the Bureau of Standards radiate these signals. Seven of them operate twenty-four hours a day, and one additional transmitter goes on at night. As a result, WWV can be heard anywhere in the United States at any time, and strong signals are usually received over all of Canada and all the way across the North Atlantic.

The primary source of both the radio "carrier waves" and the time signals is a quartz crystal, popularly referred to as "the beating heart" of the transmitter, which is sealed in an insulated box and buried in a vault 25 feet below the surface of the earth. Here, under conditions of constant temperature and humidity, the crystal heart beats with an accuracy greater than one part in fifty million. Translated into ordinary terms, that means that the tiny signal generated by this pampered piece of quartz doesn't get out of step more than one whole beat for every fifty million beats it makes. It's like counting a half million dollars worth of pennies and not making a mistake of more than one penny in the process. Then, as if the crystal were not enough, the Bureau of Standards checks it with the Washington Naval Observatory which computes time by painstaking observation of the path of stars across the sky.

Heard as faint "ticks" in the background of the WWV broadcast are the standard one second intervals which are accurate to one-millionth of a second. These ticks also originate from vibrations of the quartz crystal. A crystal-driven clock is utilized in the process of superimposing the one second ticks on the transmitted frequency, and it is here that an exactness of a most amazing order is encountered. The equipment which the Bureau of Standards uses to compare its several crystal clocks with each other can detect a difference in the rate of these clocks of one second in fifty years!

Standard musical pitch is A above middle C, and here again WWV broadcasts a note that is accurate to one part in fifty million. The note is generated by the same quartz crystal that generates the time signals. It is broadcast continuously for a period of four minutes and then interrupted for a full minute. Thus, the musical note is heard until four minutes after the hour and then is off for one minute; then it is heard again until nine minutes after the hour, and so on around the clock. Incidentally, the exact moment at which the tone goes off the air is in precise agreement with the basic time service of the United States Naval Observatory. Needless to say, the generation of a standard musical pitch is an invaluable service to manufacturers of musical instruments, and to musicians themselves.

Other services of this station are equally important to scientific work-
ers, but are more difficult for laymen to understand. For instance, WWV broadcasts periodical warnings to trans-Atlantic communications companies, advising when they should change their frequency of operation in order to give more reliable service. This is important to anyone who has frequent occasion to talk via trans-Atlantic telephone. During the next few years, when sunspot activities reach maximum activity for their eleven year cycle, this service will become increasingly valuable in maintaining radio links with other nations of the world.

These are only the more important of the services supplied by this unique radio station, and only scratch the surface insofar as the work of the government's Central Radio Propagation Laboratory or the Bureau of Standards itself is concerned.

The work of these groups is the work of quiet, diligent scientists and engineers who seek the satisfaction of constantly refining their methods of measurement in the vast and expanding fields of chemistry, physics, and electronics. Theirs is an unassuming but substantial contribution toward raising the standard of living of the people of our nation.

**Bobby-Pin Coach**

BETTY DAVIS hopes for another undefeated season this fall in a rough and tumble sport—football. This quiet, dark-haired miss coached her boisterous grade-schoolers through last season's whole schedule without a loss, and inspired Philadelphia's Chestnutwold School aggregation to cop the township championship from a confident bunch which had held it for three straight years.

She is the only woman football coach in her bailiwick, having gotten the job during the war when men were scarce. When she took over in 1942, she was a constant visitor at University of Pennsylvania football practice, learning the fundamentals. Then she studied the rule book. It was confusing at first, especially when she watched other teams running through their double reverses and their end-around plays from single and double wingback formation. But she took the pigskin in hand so to speak, and after that first nerve-wracking season, her enthusiastic charges would run an off-tackle thrust through city hall if she told them to.

A native of New York state, graduate of Syracuse High School and the University of Pennsylvania, Betty Davis holds faint hopes for her job and the future for women football coaches, now that the men are back. When her crew of 80-pounders won that crucial game, though, she gave Philadelphia sports fans something to mull over. While the crowd cheered, the goal posts tumbled, and her star quarterback valiantly struggled to hold up his pants, reporters rushed to where the smiling girl coach sat on the bench.

"What system do you use, Miss Davis?" they chorused.


Adolescence is the period in which children begin to question answers.
"That's what your grandchildren will look like!"
It took a few centuries to find it—less than one and a half to exploit it.

by JETTA CARLETON

ONE day when Paul Bunyan was working Babe, his big blue ox, to the plow, the blue ox took a powder. Tossing his horns, he capered off down from the mountains to the sea, dragging the plow behind him. The result was the Columbia River.

Or so the story goes. And so the river goes, as crooked as if a rebellious ox had patterned it, and as great big and powerful as it would have to be if Paul Bunyan had anything to do with it. The Columbia is a whole lot of river. Rising high in the Canadian Rockies, it bulldozes its way a thousand miles or so to the Pacific. At the juncture of Washington and Oregon it forms the only fresh water harbor on the Pacific Coast.

Even more than the climate, more than the snowy chain of the Cascades, more than any other physical factor, the Columbia has shaped the history of Oregon and a great part of our Northwest. Its history begins with furs and fish, comes up to date with hydroelectric power. That history has not been long. It began a little less than a couple of hundred years ago when restive explorers began to sense the somewhere presence of a great river of the West.

This river was one of the rumors that precede most of the world’s discoveries. It was a legend long before any white man had ever seen it. The rumor might have been carried like pollen on the wind. Out of the forbidding mass of forests it came, a mere whisper echoing around mountain walls. But the ears of adventurers are remarkably attuned. The whisper was heard in Spain, in Portugal and England, in Russia and France, and along the eastern seaboard of North America. The great river had a name. Frenchmen called it riviere de l’ouest. But the Indians called it Ouragon—or Oregon, Origan, or Oregan. The explorers weren’t quite sure. The name seemed to have come from the Indian word oragan, which means a birchbark dish. But the name was not important; it was the river itself that mattered, and all the countries were in an unacknowledged race to find the river and lay claim to its territory.

The first trace was discovered by sea. In 1775 a Spaniard, Bruno Heceta, creeping northward along the Pacific Coast, found what he considered to be the mouth of a large river. He was right, although he never managed to get into the river because of the current. For perhaps 20 years then, ships flying the flags of various nations sailed back and forth
past the mouth of the great river, deceived or repelled by the current sweeping across its harbor. It took a Yankee from Boston to make the actual discovery, at the very time when the British captain, George Vancouver, was floating blithely past the entrance without a flicker of recognition.

On May 11, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, sailing the Columbia Rediviva, got into the great river, after nine previous attempts to buck the current. It was one of those fateful coincidences history is full of: the weather on May 11 was right; Captain Gray was prepared. By ten o'clock that morning he had sailed 20 miles up a large stream of fresh water. The next day he proceeded an additional 15 miles, made some fur trades with the Indians, and turned back to the ocean. But first he named the river. He called it the Columbia, in honor of the first ship to anchor in those inland waters.

This American claim to discovery struck a snag about five months later. Captain Vancouver had been in special search of that river, and he wasn't taking defeat lying down—especially since he had been almost at the mouth of the river when he met Captain Gray and learned of his intentions to try the harbor once more. As soon as possible, Vancouver sent Lieutenant William R. Broughton, an English naval officer under his command, to the Columbia. Broughton traveled almost a hundred miles inland, discovered and named Mount Hood, and staked the claim for Great Britain.

By way of belittling the American discovery, Broughton reported the river to be much narrower than Gray had described it, and really not much of a waterway, after all. Nevertheless, Britain would claim it. Thus began the British-American struggle for the ownership of the River of the West.

Though Captain Gray had named the river the Columbia, its original name held on for some time. The entire section was known as the Oregon country. Just how they settled on this particular spelling of the Indian name is not known. However, it first appeared in print, in its present spelling, in William Cullen Bryant's well-known poem, "Thanatopsis." This was published in 1817, and included these lines:

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings.

That the name should appear in a poem of this sort serves as some evidence of the river's powerful attraction. Before Mr. Bryant's indirect press agentry, the general public knew relatively little about the Oregon country. But the more adventure-bitten knew about it well—those
to whom a frontier was a challenge as direct as a glove across the cheek.

After the discovery by sea, there remained the discovery of the great river by land. Lewis and Clark made it in 1805 on their famous expedition authorized by Thomas Jefferson. They entered the Columbia in October, reached Cape Disappointment (named by an earlier English explorer who failed to recognize the river mouth) in November.

Upon this journey the United States based most of its solid claims to the Oregon Territory in later years — when the struggle between British fur companies and Oregon settlers finally came to a head. The United States Government was forced to end its indifference toward Oregon and either settle the question of sovereignty once and for all, or give the country back to the Indians. Or worse still, to England. The missionaries and other idealists who had settled Oregon brought their pressure to bear; “54:40 or fight!” was a handy slogan for Polk’s presidential campaign; and the issue was resolved in 1846.

Spain had bowed out of the Columbia River fight in 1819, with the signing of the Florida Treaty which set the southern boundary of Oregon Territory at the 42nd parallel. Russia renounced her rights in that section in 1825. Now in 1846 Britain and the United States finally agreed on a boundary line of 49 degrees, and thus divided the great river almost equally between them. A little less than half lay in Canada; the rest, including the wide harbor, lay on the American side.

The Columbia River is of tremendous importance to the Northwest on at least four counts — transportation, hydroelectric power, fish, and scenery. Agriculturally it has a certain inevitable importance, since it drains, altogether, around 350,000 square miles. Something like 11,000 of these square miles belong to the rich warm valley of the Willamette, a peaceful tributary ambling through a bowl of country between the Cascades and the Coast Range, to empty into the Columbia near Portland.

The Columbia has commercial importance because ocean vessels can travel upriver almost 200 miles. The fresh water port of Portland is Oregon’s chief terminal — a hundred miles inland.

As for water power, the Army engineers announced several years ago that the Columbia is the nation’s number one source of hydroelectricity. This was brought home emphatically during the war. During 1944, 40 percent of all the aluminum used in the war effort was produced with power from the big Columbia River dams. A man named Kaiser took advantage of this power, also, and you’ve heard about that.

The two important dams on the Columbia are the Bonneville, 40 miles east of Portland, and Grand Coulee, 400 miles upstream. Grand Coulee is the highest dam in the world, rising 550 feet above the granite bed of the river. Bonneville has the world’s largest single-lift lock which allows ships to pass up the river as far as The Dalles. Postwar plans of the United States Army Engineers include the building of eight
more dams on the Columbia, to produce five times the amount of power produced in the entire TVA.

The very magnitude of this potential hydroelectric power is responsible for a great potential catastrophe on the river. The fishing industry faces a crisis.

The story goes that the first man to discover Chinook salmon in the Columbia caught 264 in one day and walked across the river on the backs of other fish. The truth was only slightly enlarged upon. Lewis and Clark had reported that the river held enough fish to feed America for generations. That report might have been true enough if it had not been for the growth of industries other than fishing. Since birch-bark canoes gave way to sailing vessels, and sailing vessels to steamships; since fish ladders have replaced fish wheels, and the river’s value has come to be measured in kilowatts instead of salmon—the picture has changed.

Not only have several generations of fishermen taken their toll, but the pollution of the war years has seriously depleted the supply. Now the nation’s largest fish run is in danger of eclipse because of the building of the dams. The dams alone would not, perhaps, destroy the fish, if it were not for the peculiar life cycle of the river’s most valuable fish, the Chinook salmon. The Chinook and great dams are not compatible because the Chinook has a way of life unique among all the creatures of earth, air, and water.

The salmon is born far back in the mountain ranges in a shallow creek, where the female has laid her eggs—10,000 of them per fish—and the male has fertilized them. The baby salmon emerge four or five months after the laying of the eggs. After a year in what is called the parent stream, they have become fingerlings, five or six inches in length. Now begins their drift down the tributaries to the main stream of the Columbia and from there to the Pacific. For the next three years they virtually disappear. No one knows exactly where they spend that time. But at the end of the three years, the salmon appears again—a powerful fish now, a fighter, with one great motivating force—the urge to get back up the river and find the parent stream.

So he swims back into the Columbia in a school, and fights his way across rapids, up 20-foot falls, across the fish ladders of Bonneville Dam, and into any of the ten thousand tributary streams. It may take him four or five years to find the right one, but the salmon never gives up the search. Biologists have clipped the fins of fingerlings, and five years later, fish with those same markings will have come back, 1500 miles upstream, to the place where they were spawned.

Once the salmon has crossed the Columbia’s bar into fresh water he never feeds again. He is evidently kept alive by the oily tissue under his scales. This is the fuel for his long journey back to the parent stream. Once the stream is reached, the female lays her eggs, the male fertilizes them, and the life cycle of these fish is completed. They drift downstream, tail first, and die within 24 hours.
Unless the actual parent stream is found, the salmon does not spawn. It dies in the search.

This curious inherent urge of the salmon comes to deadlock with the great dams across the Columbia. Although salmon spawned above Bonneville have a good chance of returning to the parent streams via the fish ladders, not even the strongest salmon can pass Grand Coulee. The progeny of these fish, then, is totally lost, and at this rate the salmon will soon die out. This possibility has moved the United States Fish and Wildlife Service to make experiments in saving the Chinook. By means of special traps, tank trucks, and hatcheries, they have been able to transplant fish so that they grow to fingerlings in a sort of foster-parent stream below. Grand Coulee instead of the upper tributaries which were the ancestral spawning grounds. So far the experiments have been successful, but it remains a question whether transplanting on the much larger scale necessary will save the Columbia River fishing industry.

Still, until more dams do more damage, horses will continue to draw in the great seines near Astoria; and at Celillo Falls the Indians will keep on spearing fish. The Indians there have a pact with the government, drawn up in 1885, whereby they may fish in the Columbia for “as long as grass shall grow on the hills and the sun set in the sky.” And for just that long the Columbia will remain a powerful, beautiful river. Its beauty is perhaps its most unalterable value.

The town’s most indefatigable housekeeper invited guests for dinner. Missing one of them, her husband asked, “Where did Dave go?”

“He got something in his eye,” explained another guest. “He’s trying to get it out.”

“Gosh,” said the worried husband. “If he gets it out and lets it drop on the floor, there’s going to be the devil to pay!”

During the war, Louis Mountbatten conducted an inspection tour of his command, the China-Burma-India theatre. At one of the outposts, he stopped to talk to a colored soldier.

“Are you Indo-Chinese?” asked Lord Louis.

“No, suh,” replied the GI, “Ah’s outdoah Alabaman.”
“Honest, Ma’am, those are the hosses over there.”
A glance at the production figures proves that oil's well in Kansas City!

by JACK STALEY

In long, continuous, 24-hour streams, rivers of black gold from the wells of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas are pumped into the Heart of America for refining, processing, and distribution. There have been two notable developments in the last year which reveal the importance of the Greater Kansas City area in the nation's petroleum picture — and which tell graphically the importance of oil to Kansas City.

The Standard Oil Company is constructing a catalytic cracking unit which will have a daily capacity of 25,000 barrels of gas oil at its Sugar Creek refinery.

And the Phillips Petroleum Company recently announced it would spend more than four million dollars in constructing a lubricating oil compounding plant on acreage adjoining its present Fairfax district refinery. The Phillips announcement said it hoped the plant would be ready in a year.

The lubricating oil compounding plant will make Marketland one of the most important centers of that phase of the oil industry, and the planned construction is but the beginning of a long-range ten million dollar expansion and modernization development of the Phillips operations in Kansas City.

The third big refinery operating in the Greater Kansas City area is — like Phillips — in Kansas City, Kansas. It is the Sinclair refinery. So important do the city officials of that community regard the refinery that they twice have granted it immunity from city taxes, although it is within the limits of the city.

The first such grant of immunity was made in 1932 and Sinclair responded by spending a million dollars to modernize the refinery. At that time it was estimated the city gave up about $12,000 a year in taxes. When the ten-year grant expired five years ago, it was renewed quickly, although the immunity by then was costing the city a great deal more.

In addition to these three big refineries — which by the end of this year are expected to have a rated capacity of about 70,000 barrels daily — six oil companies maintain district offices in Kansas City, and five pipelines pump either crude or petroleum products in for processing.

Add to that growing array the Consumers Cooperative Association, headquartered in Kansas City. The big CCA operates refineries at Cop-
feyville and Phillipsburg, in Kansas; railroads which pull long lines of tank cars in and out; and huge fleets of highway carriers. Then you begin to understand that the oil of Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma plays an im-

portant part in the economy of Kansas City.

The two refineries on the Kansas side have between them about 1,000 employees. The Great Lakes and Socony-Vacuum distribution centers employ another 100. The great Standard Oil refinery at Sugar Creek employs about 950.

Workers in the district offices of the six companies, and in the smaller lubricating oil plants of the metropolitan area raise to an estimated 3,000 the number of Kansas Citians drawing their livelihood from the "black gold" phases of the oil industry.

However, the number of employees in the industry in Greater Kansas City does not mirror accurately the importance of the oil business to the city. The two big developments, however, tell it in no uncertain terms.

The Phillips announcement indicated that the company's new lubricating oil compounding plant will be one of the most extensive plants of its kind in the country.

There Phillips will blend base oil stocks and additives and package its finished products for shipment throughout the Midwest. Several grades of oils will be produced. Plans call for a complete layout with storage tanks, sidings and warehousing space.

The present Phillips refinery, established less than a quarter of a century ago, is the second largest owned by the company. The Borger, Texas, refinery is its largest. The Kansas City, Kansas, refinery is rated as the largest in the entire Sunflower state.

The Standard Oil refinery at Sugar Creek, on the south bank of the Missouri River between Kansas City and Independence, was begun in 1904, and at the present time the plant covers about 350 acres.

When it first was placed in operation, the Sugar Creek plant handled about 6,000 barrels of crude daily. By 1913, the figure was up to 14,000 barrels, and now the refinery has a rated capacity of 26,500 barrels. Changes are under consideration to raise that to 34,000 or 35,000 barrels per day by the end of this year.

The catalytic cracking unit, combined with vapor recovery and polymerization units, will represent the latest development in petroleum technology in the production of higher quality gasoline.

The new unit, thrusting to the height of a 16-story building, also will produce higher yields of quality gasoline from gaseous hydrocarbons normally burned under the boilers, thus representing another step in
crude oil conservation.

The refineries send out their products — gasoline, fuel oils and other petroleum derivatives — through the central states. From the crude comes aviation gasoline, napthas, tractor and Diesel fuels, kerosene, heating fuels, asphalt products, coke and even wax.

Thus, though located many miles from the derricks marking the nearest central Kansas oil fields, Kansas City is an essential part of America's petroleum picture.

You may mark it down. The city variously known as Cowtown and the Nation's Breadbasket has riches beyond livestock and grain. It is doing all right with oil, too!

The Isle of Sark

The only purely feudal state in the world lies among the Channel Islands only 70 miles off the coast of England. It is the tiny Isle of Sark, approximately three and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide, and it is ruled by a Seigneur by letters patent under the Seal of England originally granted to Sir Helier de Carteret by Queen Elizabeth in 1565.

This royal grant gave the Seigneur and his successors almost unlimited powers upon the condition that he would colonize the island with 40 families and allot a portion of land to each. He complied, and the grants have remained unchanged.

The laws and regulations of this minute feudal state are made by the Chief Pleas, or parliament, the members being the holders of the 40 pieces of land allotted in 1565, and 12 deputies elected from the balance of the population. The parliament is called to session and presided over by the Seigneur.

All grain on the island is subject to Seigneurial tithes. There are also tithes of cattle, cider, wool and minerals. Ground rent is paid by each of the 40 landowners, who are also subject to the ancient Norman chimney tax. Only the Seigneur has the privilege of grinding grain.

The Isle of Sark is unique in that the laws and customs follow those of Normandy in the 16th Century. The Channel Islands were never actually a part of England, but were a part of the Duchy of Normandy and participated in the conquest of England under William the Conqueror. Inhabitants of Sark still refer to England's king as the Duke of Normandy.

Sark is the smallest self-governing part of the British Empire. It has no public debt. Its people pay no income tax, nor are they subject to imperial taxation.

The official language of the island is French, although English is most commonly spoken. Sark was the first unit of the British Empire to adopt compulsory education. It has no towns, only a postoffice, a chapel, and a few tourist hotels. Motor vehicles are not permitted on the island. The total population is less than a thousand.

International crises and wars on a worldwide scale come and go. But the Isle of Sark for four centuries has remained a feudal paradise of peace and quiet.—O. H. Hampsch.

It may be true that a man never gets too old to learn. But that is no good reason for continuing to put it off.—Fifth Wheel.
The future is still uncertain, but the remaining months of 1947 look very encouraging. There will be a slight spiral but not a runaway. The reasons for this are many and varied but easily understood.

The export market is still very good. Foreign countries are buying goods from the United States in great quantity. The main export item is, of course, food. We are shipping out all that we can. Other important lines are agricultural, transportation and electrical equipment, all kinds of machinery, coal, oil and important consumer items.

Construction of new houses and commercial buildings is coming along nicely. Building is up sufficiently high that the national economy is feeling no drag from a letdown in the field of new construction.

Consumer goods are moving right through the stores for the most part. There are no outstanding lines that do not move quickly. This is greatly to be desired. When merchants build up a large inventory of goods that will not move, the national economy is usually sliding into a trough of recession or depression.

Another thing that has served to strengthen the economy to a limited extent is the fact that many businesses, looking toward a business recession, have set their houses in order. Activity of this nature can do nothing but good for the country as a whole. It is much, much better to be safe than sorry.

If the graph of business activity starts pointing skyward again, and wages and prices begin another dizzy spiral, the chances are that government wage and price controls will be dusted off for further use. This is a real trend developing in Washington right now.

In order to dramatize and gain public sympathy for the increase in coal prices, a few companies will ask to re-open negotiations with Lewis this fall, asking for a lowering of wages. They will not get their point—lower wages—but will win public sympathy for higher prices. A shrewd move.

The whole economic situation is the result of squeeze play on the part of business and labor. John L. Lewis, labor's most powerful leader, and Benjamin Fairless, business' most potent representative, did the negotiating. This set a precedent. Steel wants labor at any price just as coal wants labor. Both are willing to pay the piper in order to produce.

United States Steel economists, according to many sources, have predicted a severe depression within the next two years. Big steel now denies that it has any such ideas, but the majority of the evidence does not support such a claim. Going on the assumption that we will have a depression in two years, steel and coal are trying to produce and sell while the market is still at the present high. We have here the picture of a labor monopoly refusing to function unless a manufacturing monopoly pays off. The public lies somewhere in between—paying the price.

Industrial mobilization will be in the news after Army-Navy unification is well under way. Under the new program, plants will be dispersed throughout this country and possessions in strategic locations. Many new factories will be built underground. These will manufacture key war materials—new weapons, some never heard of before, none of them used in the last war at all.

Stockpiling of materials that would be
made scarce by war will be accelerated. It is reported that $300,000,000 will be spent next year to lay by much needed war time products, such as tin, copper and the like.

The Army will ask business to set up reserves within itself to provide manpower to operate essential industries in case of armed conflict. Over 300,000 men allocated to 2500 units will be set up. Industry has already volunteered to mobilize in many instances and is doing a creditable job. These men will be specially trained to operate new manufacturing units which will do many essential things to bolster a possible war effort which would involve all-out mobilization. There will be units trained to take over meat packing, laundries, dairies, any number of things. Such preparations indicate foresight and are not out-and-out war mongerings, as many will accuse.

Indications are that there will not be a CIO-AFL merger before the end of this year but chances for merger next year are increasing day by day. A merger will probably be effected in '48 for political reasons if for no others.

Labor is preparing to fight and defeat every Congressman who voted for the labor bill. Concentration, however, will be on those members of Congress who were elected to office by small majorities. Many legislators will be shaking in their boots come next election, for labor's campaign will be felt—millions of dollars will be poured into it to defeat labor's antagonists. The unions will be behind President Truman in 1948. This is the pay-off for Truman's pro-labor attitude.

On the Republican side of the fence, both Taft and Stassen will find it very tough indeed when it comes to gathering labor votes. Right now, the man in the Republican ranks who has labor's approval is Dewey.

In fact, Dewey is in the forefront as a possible choice to head up the '48 Republican ticket. Many say that they cannot get excited over Dewey as a standard bearer and that they see other candidates in the offing. Vandenberg could very well be a compromise candidate if the GOP cannot agree on Dewey or Taft. He would be an excellent choice.

MacArthur stands a chance of being nominated but politicians say this is unlikely. Eisenhower stands a much better chance of making the grade. His star is rising—there is no doubt about that.

Wallace is now definitely out of the picture. He has talked too much. It will be a third party or nothing for him. This third party movement might catch on in several states but not on a national scale, that would be too difficult to maneuver.

It is expected that American troops will be returned to China before fall. The communists are now controlling Manchuria and will soon overcome Chiang. The United States will not stand idly by. Troops will re-enter and more support will be given to Chiang's forces. This will be another phase of the program to stop Russia.

The beginning of the new year will find that Russia has withdrawn from the United Nations altogether. There will be two worlds, one dominated by the United States and the other by Russia. The United States will have its Marshall plan and Russia will have what will be dubbed the Molotov plan.

America's plan for western Europe will involve reconstruction of Germany. This is a must, the lesser of two evils. Trade barriers between European nations under the Marshall plan will be torn down. Tariff walls will crumble. The bill for all this activity will be given to Congress this fall or next year. It will be staggering, but Congress will gulp and pass it. There will be many complaints but not enough. Events in Europe will have taken a critical turn by that time and Congress will be wary—and fearful.

The crisis in the Balkans is building up slowly but surely. It will probably break this fall. The Greek situation is red hot right now and will get white hot when Greece and Macedonia send representatives to Tito's Balkan conference in September. This conference may be a turning point in Eastern affairs—may serve to clarify some issues.
Platter Chatter

SPIKE JONES and crew are angling for a radio spot with Morton Downey this fall. Tommy Dorsey's 96-foot yacht, the "Sentimentalist," is now sailing for New York. Wayne King and orchestra will start on a concert tour this month. Even Capitol got confused over Matt and Clark Dennis, so Matt is leaving. Young Jimmy Liggins, brother of the popular Joe of "Honey-drippers" fame, is rehearsing a new outfit in San Diego. Eddy Howard, Majestic's pride, is proving highly successful at the Cocoanut Grove in L. A. Lena Horne's next M-G-M flick will be Words and Music, based on the careers of Rodgers and Hart. Al Jolson finally succumbed to radio with a weekly Kraft Music Hall stint. And the price? Just $7500 weekly! Frank Sinatra also returns to radio this month with the Hit Parade Show. Frankie Laine will open at Dixon's Club 18 next month. Mercury Records signed up Barry Sullivan for an album of Christmas stories. A new leader will be selected for Jimmy Lunceford's band in New York. From now on the outfit will be known as "Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra, conducted by." Hal Derwin is nowfronting at dances for the band he uses with Capitol. Xavier Cugat vacationing in Mexico this fall. Jan August, Diamond record star, is appearing at New York's swank Astor Room. Watch for Julia Lee's new releases. They're sensational! Julia had the help of some of the country's top musicians, including Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Bobby Sherwood, Dave Cavanaugh, Red Callender, Kansas City's own Baby Lovett, and many others. Johnny Long and orchestra are just completing a tour of colleges. Back in Hollywood is Bob Hope, who will star in a new picture with Jane Russell. Bobby Sherwood is reorganizing a new band in New York.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37543—Kay Kyser and his Orchestra. On the Old Spanish Trail plus What Are You Doing New Year's Eve? Kyser and his famous group turn out two more good records for dancing and listening. Both sides are smooth, medium-tempo renditions with sentimental themes. Harry Babbitt sings the vocals, and the Campus Kids supply interesting background harmonies. New Year's Eve should prove to be a hit.

CAPITOL B440—Martha Tilton, with accompaniment by Ernie Filice. All of Me and Every So Often. On the first side, Martha sings a tune that has passed its fifteenth birthday. The reverse, Every So Often, is another one of Tilton's best waxings to date. If you listen, you'll notice that Martha sings with greater ease than she's sung before.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

MAJESTIC 7244—Dick Farney with Orchestra directed by Paul Baron. Somebody Loves Me plus My Melancholy Baby. Just close your eyes and you'd swear you're listening to Bing. He's billed as the "Crosby of South America" and well deserves the title. Two old favorite numbers, and certainly ones you'll want in your library.

MAJESTIC 12011—Georgia Gibbs with Orchestra directed by Glenn Osser. You Do (from the picture Mother Wore Tights) and Feudin' and Fightin'. Her nibbys, Miss Gibbs, gives with another solid disk. The first is a ballad that is soon to become popular, and Georgia certainly sells the merchandise. Feudin' is a smooth swing version with no corny variations. Georgia sticks to
the melody and superb background by Glenn Osser and Orchestra.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI. 9430.

M-G-M ALBUM 3—David Rose and Orchestra. Holiday for Strings. In this album, Rose has put together a thrilling combination of originals and all-time favorites that should be a part of your collection. Included are such well-known melodies as Intermezzo, Estrelita, Laura, Sweet Sue, and two originals, the famous Holiday for Strings and 4:20 A.M. It's tops in violin music.

M-G-M 10047—Ziggy Elman and his Orchestra. And the Angels Sing plus Three Little Words. The first side belongs in the list of hits made famous by Ziggy, and the trumpeter records it for the first time under his own name. Virginia Maxey does the vocal. The reverse is an old standard with Ziggy showing some fancy trumpet work. Don't miss it!

*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas, AT. 1206.

VICTOR 20-2341—Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra. (How I'll Miss You) When Summer Is Gone and Without Music. The first is the famous Hal Kemp theme song which is done up with expressive feeling by the Beneke band's rich brasses, plus smooth vocalizing by Garry Stevens and the Moonlight Serenaders. The latter side is a bouncy rhythm tune with clever lyrics. Both are swell for listening and dancing.

RAINBOW ALBUM 310—Romeo Loves Juliet, featuring Marshall Young, Janette Davis, and the ToonTimers. Music by Larry Clinton. This is a dramatic story, set to music, a story which is told in eight sides. A verse and tick-tock effect segues the closing seconds of each disk. Clinton's music is exceptionally good with three possible hit tunes, For a Penny, The Wheels Keep Turning Around, and Walk Before You Run. It's worthwhile!

*Brooksie Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA. 5200.

DECCA 23956—Ella Fitzgerald with Bob Haggart and his Orchestra. Oh, Lady Be Good plus Flying Home. The "tis- ket tasket" girl really goes to town on these two. Ella has long been on top of the heap when it comes to jazz singing. On these two she uses her voice like a musical instrument, and on the Lady Be Good side even imitates Slam Stewart. Unusual jazz singing and if your tastes are so inclined, this is a very definite "must."

COLUMBIA 37588—Harry James and his Orchestra. Love and the Weather and Forgiving You. The first tune draws a clever parallel between the changeability of love and the uncertainty of the elements (Maybe flyin' saucers, too!). Lyrics sung by Marion Morgan. The flipover is sung by Buddy DiVito and of course on both sides you'll hear that grand James trumpet.

*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE. 1718.

Parson Howard, though poorly paid, always appeared well-fed. One day a friend asked him how he managed so well.

"Oh, it's quite simple," explained the reverend. "As I go about my daily calls, I always drive up on a hill as noon approaches. I survey the smoke issuing from the kitchen chimneys. The highest smoke rises from the largest fire, which boils the biggest pot, which holds the most food. Where the highest smoke is seen, that's where I dine!"

Papa Hog wandered down to the brewery and found a big puddle of sour beer that had been poured out. When he staggered home, Mama Hog met him and quickly shunted him around the barn, out of sight of the baby pigs. With a furious grunt, she exclaimed, "You shameless thing! What do you mean by making such a human being of yourself before the children?"

—Good Business.
NEW YORK Letter
by TRUDGE WARREN

Drama critics, theoretically rested and refreshed after a couple of months of theatrical inactivity, are drifting back to town, sharpening barbs and unpacking adjectives in preparation for a new season.

Chances are, they feel a little like college football players who have just learned they are scheduled to open against Notre Dame, because one of the first items the gentlemen of the dramatic press will be asked to consider is Allegro.

Allegro is a Theatre Guild offering which went into rehearsal the first Monday in August, and it has been Manhattan's favorite conversational subject for a considerable time now. Not without good reason, either. To begin with, Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Oscar Hammerstein II did the book and lyrics. It is the first entirely original musical upon which they have ever collaborated, inasmuch as Oklahoma! was a rewrite of Green Grow the Lilacs and Carousel was a rather loose adaptation of Liliom.

The score is said to be Dick Rodgers' finest, and those few who know anything about the book say it is topnotch, although they aren't commenting beyond that.

In any event, the Guild is taking no chances with the production. Agnes DeMille is staging the dances, musical numbers and the production. She began with the dancers back in mid-July. Jo Mielziner is doing the settings; Lucinda Ballard, the costumes; and Jerome Whyte, Guild Musical production manager, will be in charge of backstage activities.

Altogether, 150 people are mixed up in Allegro, including 35 musicians, 40 stagehands, a ballet corps of 25, and a singing chorus of 40. There are more than 80 members of the actual cast, so many that three theatres—the Amsterdam Roof, St. James, and Majestic—were necessary for rehearsals.

The production will be on a grander scale than Lady in the Dark, with 42 scenes in the first two acts and a total of more than 500 light acts. Five stage managers will be required.

So, it is understandable that critics are viewing the New York opening—now scheduled for mid-October—with some concern. Allegro is obviously in the extravaganza class, and a man wants to be in top form when tackling an extravaganza. Even at his best, he is apt to feel like a one-eyed man at a five-ring circus, what with so many facets of theatre art on simultaneous display.

However, the engagement will not be without its bright side, even showing some promise of turning into a critic's field day.

Playwrights notwithstanding, it is an established fact that critics are human. They like to back a winner as well as any man, and occasionally carp on some detail of a sure hit in order to prove their artistic discrimination.

In Allegro, it is likely opportunities for both courses will be present. The show opens September 4th in New Haven, then moves to Boston for three weeks. So most of the kinks should be ironed out by the time it reaches Mazda Lane.

Still, there are enough things going on so that a critic can safely say nasty things about the pink spot in the first border that came on in the eighth scene of Act II, while making no noticeable sound discordant to the glad paeans of popular praise which will probably be forthcoming.

A Navy lieutenant has reported to us that he doesn't know what to make of the religious indoctrination of the new crop of youngsters. Apparently in the minds of some of them the Almighty is
all mixed up with modern plumbing.

The other Sunday morning he was headed uptown on a Fifth Avenue bus when a governess got on with two small children. The girl was well-mannered and demure, but the little boy was fidgety and insisted on singing in a tiny, true voice. The melody was an old-time hymn, with lyrics of his own devision. For several blocks he chanted over and over, "Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, bathroom, bathroom; Lordy, bathroom; Lordy, Lordy . . . ."

Finally, the trio disembarked and headed off briskly, presumably in search of salvation or a men's room.

**NEW YORK THEATRE**

**Plays**

- **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). Ed Begley and Beth Merrill are starred in this story of the war profiteer who sends a number of defective airplanes and two sons off to war. One son is killed, and the brother doesn't think so much of his old man after that. The plot is far from flawless and the dialogue might be better, but still the play is well worth seeing. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). A hilarious comedy written and directed by Garson Kanin, starring Paul Douglas as a crook and Judy Holliday as an ex-chore girl who demolishes a pretty good racket. Couldn't be funnier. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Bert Lahr portrays a comedian who can't stand prosperity, and does a bang-up job of it. There are laughs aplenty and more unusual—pathos that is real and touching. Jean Parker is handsome and able as the comedian's loyal wife. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). Helen Hayes is magnificent as a mousy librarian who tangles with just a few too many Pink Ladies one rainy afternoon. She has the support of an excellent cast, and manages to make Anita Loos' ordinary little comedy into something that is extra special. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Jimmie Stewart, of Hollywood and the AAP, is an entirely satisfactory substitute for Frank Fay, who is currently on tour with another company. The engaging fantasy involving a lovable drunk and an invisible rabbit has lost none of its charm. Pulitzer Prize, 1945. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). A lot of sure-fire theatre but not much substance in this expertly directed and paced piece with Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. Roughly, it concerns a returned soldier who has married his best friend's sweetheart as a favor and doesn't know how to explain it to his fiancée, a rather nice girl whose father is a United States Senator. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

- **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). A Russell Crouse-Howard Lindsay political satire which is entirely en rapport with the times. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson are competent and funny as the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

**Musicals**


- **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). The reformation of a sissy at summer camp necessitates three acts which are dull and at least eons long. It obviously isn't worth it. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

- **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). A lively, lovely and loud show featuring the shouting and the shooting of Ethel Merman as Annie Oakley. The music is Irving Berlin's and the book and lyrics are by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

- **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). David Brooks and Pamela Britton spearhead a talented company which makes the most of fine material. The setting is a Scotch hamlet circa 1750; and, naturally, plaids and burrs abound. Fine singing and dancing but not much humor. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

- **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). An all ex-GI revue with life, gay music, and some splendid comedy sketches. Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the latter, and the score is by Harold Rome. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

- **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). The plot, which isn't important at all, is more or less
a speculation as to what might go on if a leprechaun were to turn up in Dixie. Apparently the answer is that a fairly gay time would be had by Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


★ OKLAHOMA! (St. James). An adaptation of Green Grow the Lilacs, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics and book by Oscar Hammerstein II. It is the pair's oldest hit, firmly established as a classic of the American stage. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ SWEETHEARTS. (Shubert). The world's funniest man, Bobby Clark, romping through, over, and around the creaking Victor Herbert operetta. He is on stage nearly 100 percent of the time, causing Clark lovers to agree that it is nearly perfect. Evenings, except Sunday, at 9:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 9:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Barrmore, 243 E. 47th............................. CI 6-0390
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.............................. BR 9-2067
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th........................... CI 6-6699
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.............................. CI 6-8870
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th........................... CI 6-6075
Forty Eighth, 175 W. 47th.......................... BR 9-4566
Hudson, 141 W. 44th............................... BR 9-5641
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.............................. CO 5-2412
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th............................... CH 4-4256
Music Box, 239 W. 45th............................ CI 6-6330
National, 208 W. 41st............................. PE 6-8220
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th............................. CI 6-9156
Shubert, 225 W. 44th............................... CI 6-9500
St. James, 246 W. 44th............................ LA 4-4664
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave & 54th.......................... CI 5-5200

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

By KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. Away from the heat of old Sol, and lavishly decorated with plant life, you'll enjoy your repast and also the music of Basil Fomeen's orchestra. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ BILTMORE. Dinner or supper with clever dance numbers by Rosario and Antonio. Dance or converse to Ray Heatherton's orchestra. Madison Avenue at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ MONTE CARLO. Peter Walters aids your digestion with his excellent piano music. Dance afterwards to Joel Shaw's orchestra. Gorgeous decor. Madison Avenue at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ EL MOROCCO. Gourmets always come early for the good tables, but no matter where you sit, you'll enjoy Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rhumba band. 154 E 54th St. EL 5-8769.

★ ST. REGIS ROOF. Let the dusk fade into night while twirling an excellently concocted cocktail 'tween your pinkies or shuffling lazily to the strains of Paul Spratt's orchestra. 57th Avenue at 55th St. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Irving Conn's orchestra in the cosmopolitan Cafe Lounge alternating with Clemente's marimba band. There's a tea dance afternoons. VO 5-2600.

★ STORK CLUB. If you've seen the movie you've been to the Stork but it's still a lot of fun. As usual, the food is out of this world. Payson Re's orchestra for dancing. 3 E 53rd. PL 3-1940.

★ VERSAILLES. 151 E 50th. The servings are big enough for two here. Be entertained by Dean Murphy, master imitator, and dance to Bob Grant's orchestra. PL 8-0310.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. More entertainment than you can shake a lorgette at. Jack Finn's orchestra on the Starlight Roof, and Ginny Simms sings for your supper and her. There's also M'scha Borr's rhumba band, and Michael Zarin's orchestra in the Flamingo Room. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ DRAKE. No dancing but loads of fun. Good food and cocktails. Les Crosley and Cy Walter keep you happy with their piano rhythms. 71 E 56th St. WI 2-0600.

★ COQ ROUGE. Tiny but terrific. Dick Wilson's orchestra alternates with Ralph Rogers' rhumba band for dancing made pleasantly intimate by the crowd. 65 E 56 St. PL 3-8887.

★ 1-2-3 CLUB. The proprietors feel that it's a s.p. to work Saturdays and Sundays during the summer — so they don't. Weekdays listen to Roger Stein at the piano and sip your drink. 123 E. 54th St. PL 3-9131.

★ CARNIVAL. A star-studded (podden the cliche) floor show with Bert Wheeler, Lou Holtz, Barry Wood and Patsy Kelly. Diosa Costello, too. You'll have a big night here. 8th Avenue at 51st St. CI 6-4122.

★ SPIVY'S ROOF. Terribly funny comedy act by Louise Howard and some gay monologue by Lady Spivy, too. Fine food. 139 E. 57th St. EL 5-9887.

★ EDDIE CONDON'S. An honest-to-goodness jazz emporium inhabited by George Brunis, Wild Bill Davison and Pee Wee Russell. Come Tuesdays and see the jive celebs. 47 W 3rd St. GR 3-8736.

★ NICK'S. Another jazz joint playing host to horn tooters on Thursdays. Hear the famous Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres and Freddie Ohms, trilling the red hot jive like mad. 7th Avenue South at 10th St. CH 2-6683.

★ ASTOR ROOF. If it's dancing you and your girlie desire, go here. Skinnay Ennis will put you both in a very romantic mood. Yowshh! Broadway at 44th St. CI 6-0000.

★ ST. MORITZ ROOF. Up thirty-one flights to a balcony affording a lovely view of Central Park. Cooled by the high altitude you'll be in great shape to trip the light fantastic to the strains of Alfred Menconi's orchestra. 50 Central Park South. WI 2-5800.
IF IT'S a life on the rolling waves that you want, Chicago, is your town. You can buy a ticket for a one-day cruise, or a stateroom for a week-long trip on the Great Lakes. Either way you'll be lulled to sleep by gently slapping waves.

That venerable tub, City of Grand Rapids, waddles its way over to St. Joe every day, jammed to the boiler-room with more or less happy landlocked sailors. The degree of happiness depends on the state of the lake. If Lake Michigan is rolling somewhat, the good old C of GR rolls right with it, thus considerably lessening the enjoyment of many passengers.

This old bucket is also doing its bit to relieve the shortage of hotel rooms. It went into the Room for Rent business last summer when Commodore Tom McGuire, its doughty owner, saw still another opportunity to pick up a fast buck. Last summer you couldn't even get into a cell in a police station overnight without committing arson, bank robbery, or a combination of both. So the Grand Rapids went into the hotel business following its daily workout with the peanut and hot dog crowd.

This may seem just dandy to the weary traveler seeking a place to lay his head, but there are, however, certain flaws which should be mentioned here. An overnight guest is welcome to come aboard with his baggage as early as nine p. m. to register. But if he's looking forward to hitting the sack, that's just too bad. He'll find himself on deck with about a thousand or so happy Chicagoans bound for a moonlight cruise—fun, frolic, romance, beer and bourbon. This is the nightly shoreline cruise, which takes the old girl back to "sea" until after midnight. It can be counted upon in hot weather to attract plenty of temporary sailors and their girls, who are largely devoted to looking at the moon and holding hands. Also it is possible on this "owl cruise" to have your fortune told, have your handwriting pored over, consume tepid orange juice, and listen to the music of a band that seems to earn its pay on volume alone. This scarcely adds up to a weekend at Atlantic City, but it costs only $1.50, so what can you expect?

The overnight hotel guest finds that life aboard can be somewhat less than ideal. For one thing, he can't get into his stateroom. The rooms remain locked during the moonlight cruise, which leaves him the choice of hanging by his heels from a ventilator to escape the crowd, or prudently anesthetising himself in what passes for a cocktail lounge.

At 12:30 a. m., he is admitted to his room at long last. Then he can sleep in peace with the aroma of the Chicago River drifting gently across his nostrils. But he'd better be up and about in the morning, or else he'll wake up and find himself "at sea" again—on his way to St. Joseph, Michigan, with another crowd of champion hot dog consumers. It's pretty rugged, but it's a bed—which really is something these crowded days and nights.

This is also the season of the year when the football fans start cheering again. With the All Star Game out of the way, the Bears and the Rockets take over the local sport stage. Also the Chicago Cardinals, a veteran professional team too often overlooked by football fans. This
year all three top pro teams are getting the arnica out—preparing for a wild and bruising season. You won’t make a mistake if you take in any of their games.

We had always thought of Chicago as a pretty fair place to spend a vacation until we were taken by the arm, figuratively speaking, by Fred Heuchling of the Chicago Park District and conducted on a special tour of Chicago’s year-round attractions. So we’ve changed our mind. Our word for the town as a playground—sensational.

For instance, if you like to see water tossed into the air, thousands of gallons an hour, complete with technicolor, the world famous Buckingham fountain is your dish. It casts forth torrents of water nightly.

If zoological life is what you want, there are four or five zoos from which to choose. In one of them, the Lincoln Park zoo, you’ll find Bushman, the largest and most perfect gorilla in captivity. After having Bushman glare at you, it’s hardly a four-bit cab ride to the Lincoln Park Gun Club, where you’re welcome to fire away until exhausted.

Among other things, there are the famous Grant Park concerts under the stars, ice skating in season, horseback riding, flower shows at the conservatories, several parks, and specially conducted tours through such world famous museum as the Museum of Science and Industry, the Oriental Institute, and the Chicago Historical Society.

If these sound dull, may it be added that the opposite is true. For instance, the Museum of Science and Industry boast constantly changing exhibits of Americans as well as a real operating model of a coal mine and an oil well. Even if you succeed in getting Junior past these star attractions you’ll have to yank extra hard when he sees the complete model railroad and the replica of an 1890 street scene, including a real nickelodeon devoted to Fatty Arbuckle films and ancient melodramas.

Then there’s the Adler Planetarium, the Shedd Aquarium, and 50 or so parks and fieldhouses. So come to town and see for yourself what a wonderful vacation spot Chicago can be. And if you are hard up for a room, remember, there’s always the City of Grand Rapids. Just remember to leave an early call with the purser, or you will find yourself in mid-Lake Michigan.

“Maybe you’re wearing the suspenders too tight!”
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Le Beau Monde

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Easy to forget that summer’s on its way out in this palatial play spot with Benny Strong’s danceable band and a very fetching production keyed to the Boulevar-Dears.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Caribbean tunes get a big play here, and seem to be what the social set favors at the moment. Excellent dining and wining, for a price.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Every woman looks a beauty here, and every gentleman a tycoon, the setting is that flattering. Superb cuisine and dancing to Ron Perry’s society band.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). By far the best entertainment in town with Liberace, Gower and Bell, Michael Douglas and the cute young things known as the Abbott Dancers. Dance, if you can’t resist, to Freddy Nagel’s music.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). In the afternoon there’s rhumba music for dancing; in the evening, more domestic dance fare; and every Wednesday, fashion parades at luncheon.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Every way a big value, in room distinction, clientele, Dorothy Hild’s floor shows, and name bands. Only fifteen minutes from downtown.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Open again for the season with Bill Snyder’s orchestra and one incomparable star entertainer. Emile is the handsome maitre-d’hotel.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). New ideas in room decor, with special emphasis on sweet dance music and popular dishes for the luncheon or dinner.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Far and away the most arrogant room in the city, a snob-appeal based on celebrated people, suavity of service, and interesting musical attractions.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Benno Delson’s music, a small but delightful floor show, and a becoming informality of room.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Exclusively Russian rendezvous presided over by host-owner Colonel Yaschenko, maestro George Scherban, and maitre d’hotel Louis Steffen.

Cafe Firsts

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) rates first position for stellar entertainment in the cabaret bracket, with Carmen Miranda headlining . . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), is a close second . . . LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), like as not will have some Hollywood personality sparking its floor shows.

Heavenly Delights

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Ray Pearl’s band is set in an extended engagement and the younger crowd is happy.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Disc jockeys and up and coming musical outfits share the stage limelight here.

Cantonese Classics

Popularity of dining a la Cantonese, credited largely to DON THE BEACONER’S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812), has been encouraged notably by SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505), BAMBOO INN 11 N. Clark (And. 2666) and ONG KOK YUN, 105 N. Dearborn (Sta. 9735). Better insure accommodations by reservations in advance.

Appetizers

★ AGOSTINO’S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862), for Italian specialties and a worthwhile steak . . . STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 9930), for quality meats and supplementary dishes . . . BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North (Mic. 5988), tops for Hungarian goulash . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414), leads in barbecued ribs . . . MANN’S RAINBO RESTAURANT, Lake near Michigan (Cen. 7479), can’t be surpassed for seafoods . . . A BIT OF SweDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492), has a nationally noted smorgasbord . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892), is a great out-of-towners favorite, with the Weasel headlining in the Rathskeller . . . L’AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario, has a Creole fashion to cooking that’s endearing . . . and IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771), enhances the dining hour with the gimmicks of Old England.

Exotica

Very much an important part of Chicago’s nightlife directory is its strip-tease divagation, eye-opening stage-fare to be found at the BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson Ave . . . CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison . . . L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison . . . CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison . . . PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 500 N. Clark . . . EL MOGAMBO, 1519 W. Madison . . . FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark.

Sightseeing

Where to go, what to see and how to get there in Chicago’s sightseeing adventures, illustrated with 123 pictures, is the handy new guide to Chicago called THIS IS CHICAGO. Look for it at any hotel newsstand. It makes a super-souvenir of your trip to the Windy City.
SANTA FE PORTS OF CALL

★ LA FONDA. This you can’t miss. Fred Harvey built one of his most elegant hotels on the site of the old Exchange Hotel, a hostelry famous in the covered wagon days. Today it’s a large creamy building, complete with vigas (those wooden logs sticking out of Santa Fe walls) and patio, great fireplaces, and the famous Harvey food. The chef is Conrad—or Conrad—whose repertoire includes everything from planked steak to humming-bird wings, and pies that poets should write about. The bar is excellent and generous. The hotel is full of celebrities, including the local ones. There's Joe, the beautiful San Felipe Indian, who sells jewelry in the lobby. And in the patio you're likely to find B. B. Dunn, editor of the society column for the Santa Fe New Mexican. You'll recognize him by his white hair, tennis shoes, seersucker pants, and exemplary English. When he isn't on the desk or at La Fonda, he's probably comin' round the mountain on his motor scooter.

★ THE CANTON CAFE. Otherwise known as the Chinaman's. This is an establishment run by George Park and his family. They also own the Park Laundry and are one of Santa Fe's best loved and most gracious families. The restaurant is on San Francisco Street, offers excellent Chinese foods as well as others, and has the sort of hospitality that only the cold-blooded could resist. No bar. Warm your blood before you get there.

★ TONY RAFAEL’S. On the north side as you go up Canyon Road. This is another family affair, and so clean you feel you should leave your shoes at the door. Tony serves Mexican food at its best and that's wonderful. Don't miss the posole. In plain English that's hominy, but in any language you've eaten nothing like this. No bar.

★ EL NIDO. This one is in Tesuque, six miles north of Santa Fe, where Bishop's Lodge Road meets Taos Road. It's run by a Frenchman who cooks up some of the best food in the Southwest: fried chicken, for instance. A bar, yes.

★ LA PLACITA. An old ranch house turned restaurant at 526 Cerrillos Road, on Route 85. Opened by the Browns, whose La Placita in Albuquerque topped Duncan Hines' list in a recent issue of Saturday Evening Post. With engaging simplicity, they serve Mexican and American foods at simple prices. Be sure to choose sopaipillas. And, unless you must have coffee, try their creamy, nutmeggy chocolate.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. The bus boys and food servers are decked out in spotless linen in this popular midtown cafeteria. Cleanliness and sanitation add immeasurably to the enjoyment of the many excellent dishes served by owner W. W. Wormington. There's always a line but it moves swiftly. Try the Bluebird on your next night out—we guarantee you'll not regret it. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. While perusing the excellent bill of fare, ask the waitress for a very dry Martini—a real treat and a mighty fine appetizer. Take your pick of continental specialties or a thick, juicy Kansas City steak. Max Bretton has opened a new place in St. Louis at the Kingsway Hotel, and those who have visited there say that it equals the Kansas City restaurant's fine food and drink. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ IL PAGLIACCO. This is one of the oldest Italian restaurants in Kansas City. Mr. Ross was serving meatballs and spaghetti when most of us were in tri-cornered pants! It's cooler than a cucumber and Betty Rogers aids your digestion with smooth music on the piano and solovox. There's a superb wine list to choose from and the decor is colorful and attractive. Take your next party to Il Pagliaccio for the best in Italian foods. 600 E 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ ADRIAN'S. Restaurateur Adrian Hooper brings years of experience from the President Hotel to the operation of the Mart Cafe. The food attests the skill and finished technique of preparation that comes only from long practice. There's a clever bar featuring clocks, statuettes and other gadgets from the show rooms of building lessees. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.
★ PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. (Sung to the
tune of Oh Dem Golden Slippers) "Oh those
French-fried onions, oh those French-fried onions,
French-fried onions and roast prime ribs to make
your meal complete!" Yes, and a host of other
delectables all excellently prepared by Fanny An-
derson. Whatta cook! Sit at the bar first and
coddle your thirst with a bourbon and soda. Jerry
will seat you when you’re ready. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Shrimpers ‘n’ rice. And oh,
that lobster! The Savoy has a celebrated past as
venerable as any institution in the Middle West.
The traditionally fine service combined with good
food and drink keep the Savoy at the top of the
list. If any of your Eastern friends are visiting
in Kansas City, you’d be doing them a great injustice
if you skipped the Savoy. 9th and Central. VI 3980.

Class with a Glass . . .

★ PUTSCH’S 210. Shades of New Orleans! Here
is the most sumptuously and attractively decorated
restaurant in the Midwest. A beautifully appointed
bar room on one side with a murred mirror high-
lighting green-jacketed bar men; a dining room done
in a white brick effect with elegant wrought-iron
trimmings; and a cozy, dim, floral-patterned room
decorated with huge brass candelabra complete the
restaurant. Owner Putsch is featuring steak, lobster,
chicken a la king cooked with sherry, tasty buffet
dishes and many other attractive summer menu
offerings. My, those cold prime ribs of beef! Soft
dinner music is furnished by Kay Hill and Vic
Colin. There’s a keen cafeteria on the Wyandotte

★ CABAÑA. WHB’s Alberta Bird plays the top
ten upon request while you sip your excellently
mixed cocktail. Handsome Latinas in gaudy black-
and-gold mess jackets will serve you a noonday
luncheon and ply you with drink. Read the mime’d
news sheet furnished by the management each noon.
Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. No cover and no tax in this
gay little room down the stairs in the Bellerive.
Have a pleasant, inexpensive evening of drinking
and munching. Excellent sandwiches from the
kitchen upstairs. JB music only. Hotel Bellerive,
Armore at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Only men can sit at the bar,
but there’s a soft leather seat surrounding it from
which females can ogle the fellas. Up a flight is
a cool, dim room with tables and chairs for your
party. Charlie Gray, king of the keyboard, has
a repertoire to please the most discriminating listener.
Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. GR 6040.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Lush, plush surroundings—with
a clientele that feels at home in them. If the
waiter knows your name, you must have an office
on Baltimore with a wall-to-wall carpet! The
drinks are strong and the bartenders in their red English
jackets with the brass buttons add just the right
touch to the dark paneling. The ice in your drink,
if you’re curious, has that hollow, cylindrical shape
because they freeze it on pipes. Hotel
Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. It’s on the third floor of the
Phillips Hotel, but when you enter the place
you’re whisked to the South Seas. Cool, tropical,
and featuring tall concoctions that are a sort of
beautiful liquid dynamite. Background music, thun-
der and lightning periodically highlighting little
Hawaiian dancers in niches by the bar, and lots
of nice people. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore.
GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Eddie Oyer is still burning
up the keyboard with his youthful but highly pro-
fessional interpretations of J. S. Bach and E.
Duchin. Alternating with the carrot-jacketed genius
is Adeline Cruse on the Hammond organ. The little
bar is well tended by white-jacketed, dark-haired
barkeeps who know their olives and their onions.
Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ THE PEANUT. Louis Stone has been satisfying
Southtowners with his cold beer and delicious bar-
becue for 14 years at the same location. There’s a
cool, delightful beer garden in the rear that is
cooled by Mother Nature. For privacy there’s a
tall hedge that surrounds the garden and the whole
place is friendly and very informal. Wear your
shirt and slacks. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ CROWN ROOM. Joe Nauser has turned the
Crown Room into one of the most popular clubs in
town. Voluptuous decorations in the form of life-
sized Varga girls and smooth music by Judy Con-
rad. Games in the evening and free drinks during
the cocktail hour from two until five whenever
the bell rings. Parking next door at the LaSalle garage.
Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. If you’re “doing the town,”
the best place to start (and to finish up) is this
diminutive bar embellished with pink pachyderms.
The size of the place belies the strength of the
drinks—they’re man-sized, bub! The people inside
are friendlier than a pack of lap dogs and it’s loads
of fun. Hotel State, 12th and Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ OLD PLANTATION. This serene and lovely
old mansion is just a short, cool drive east on
highway 40. Ken Porter features steaks, chicken
and delicious frog legs. Lively dance music is furs-
nished by Will McPherson, Don Ross and Ray
Duggan. The drinks are just the kind you’d get if
you visited a real Southern “colonel.” Just the
place to be on a warm summer’s night. Highway
40, East. FL 1307.

★ TRALLE’S HILLSIDE TAVERN. Just a few
short miles east on Highway 50. Two very sweet
ladies by the name of Tralle and Martin operate
this friendly tavern. Located at the base of a ver-
dant, cool hill, the Hillside Tavern specializes in chicken and steak. They have a pretty warbler by the name of Dorothy Harris who is well-known to many Kansas Citians. There are lots of good people out there and, remember, they serve the coldest beer in the whole darn county! Open week nights until 4 a.m. Dancing, 50 Highway and Belmont. WA 6922.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Lots of people don’t know that the Interlude serves a swell business luncheon—now you know it! Bus Moten manipulates the 88 in a most satisfying manner and he keeps your music buds in the jivey groove. Plenty of steak and fried chicken to take care of the appetite brought on by a few of the good drinks you’ll find there. Slake your Sunday thirst by paying Dale Overfelt’s place a visit after midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

Drive-Ins . . .

★ NU-WAYS. It’s cool inside but you can stay in your automobile if you wish. Pert and perky car hops will bring your soft drink and sandwich quicker than the proverbial wink. And speaking of winks, the car hops get plenty, ’cause they’re all cute! Owner Duncan makes it his business to see that each and every sandwich is prepared in the same appetizing manner. The Nu-Ways are the perfect places for after the theater or before. Midtown it’s Linwood at Main and out south it’s Meyer at Troost. WA 8916.

★ WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN. New, air conditioned, and as lively a place as you’ll find in these parts. A slick dance floor, a big shiny juke box, and loaded with teen-agers. It’s away from the heat of the city and they don’t serve liquor so that makes a fine place for an afternoon or evening of healthy fun. Managed by vivacious Jackie Forman, the food and sandwiches are terrific! Your school pennant hangs on the wall if you’re searching for a memory or two. Mighty fine pie! 85th and Wornall. JA 9564.

Good Taste . . .

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL’S. We had the best filet of sole at Frank’s Brush Creek place the other night. And the next day we were served a mighty fine bowl of soup with a drink and a big sandwich for only 35 cents! Owner Marshall bakes all his own pastry and his specialty is chicken. As a matter of fact, he serves several hundred thousand of the barnyard fowl each year. The Southtown place is perfect for family dinners and private parties. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9377.

★ BARREL BUFFET. Roll out the barrel, and roll on over to Jack Accuro’s newly decorated restaurant at 12th and Central. Air conditioned, a stainless steel kitchen, and the best barbecue this side of Hereford heaven. Next time you take in an event at the Municipal Auditorium, park in front of the Barrel Buffet so you can saunter in for a snack and a great big drink or three. 12th and Central. GR 9400.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Busy, bustling businessmen and busy, bustling waitresses give you the feeling that everyone is about to put over that million dollar deal. Alberta Bird’s Hammondizing comes by remote from the Cabana as you tackle your noonday snack. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Joe Gilbert and True Milleman are as well-known to air travelers as TWA. Their restaurant is open 24 hours a day and serves just as many local gourmets as fliers. If you walk through the air terminal without a stop at Milleman-Gilbert, your trip will be lacking. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ GLENN’S OYSTER HOUSE. There’s no “ir” in August, and, sadly enough, that means no oysters. But there’s plenty of “that lemon pie” and the waffles are a treat you shouldn’t miss. You can have your waffle with jelly, sorghum, powdered sugar or any sweetening you can name. The waitresses are always dressed in snowy white and the white place just smack of cleanliness. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. The seats at the dining bar are as soft and comfy as those in your living room. A big, wide counter to accommodate your dishes and prevent the juggling that often accompanies a counter meal. Booths and tables, too. All in all, these little conveniences add up to a very enjoyable meal. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ UNITY INN. An unusual vegetarian cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. You’d be surprised at the crowds each noon which come to enjoy crispy salads, magnificent pastry and a meal devoid of meat. Everyone is courteous and friendly and we guarantee you’ll thoroughly enjoy your luncheon. 901 Tracy. VA 8916.

★ VILLAGE INN. The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in rattlesnake leather presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. Southtowners must put this delightful place on their list for a visit. 85th and Wornall. JA 9950.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ EL CASBAH. El Casbah dinners, prepared from recipes over 100 years old, are nationally famed for their sumptuous elegance. For a superb treat, order the flaming sword dinner. Maître d’hotel Jerry Engle will see to it that you’re seated and that each course is served to your complete satisfaction. There’s always an entertaining floor show and the music of Wayne Muir and his popular two-piano orchestra. Come at one o’clock Saturdays for the dansant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. The music emanating from the bandstand is furnished by Dee Peterson. Ken Smith handles the vocals in a very adequate fashion and host Johnny Franklin will seat you and see that you’re served in a gracious and efficient manner. Fine steak and chicken dinners. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. The Grill’s musical attraction for September is the ever popular Bobby Meeker. Fine food, dancing and friendly people total to an evening of real pleasure. Host Gordon will see that you are happy during your evening’s visit. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.
LET'S FACE FIGURES!

Here are the facts on two Kansas City industries:

PETROLEUM REFINING AND MANUFACTURING

Factories 11
Wage earners 1,389
Annual wages $3,664,508
Annual volume $49,549,557

IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING

Factories 13
Wage earners 3,149
Annual wages $11,221,380
Annual volume $60,879,100

TOTAL VOLUME $110,428,657

THE BARE BEGINNING

Kansas City is the world's largest inland steel center, and a tremendous petroleum refining territory. Steel and oil industries in Marketland do an annual business of more than one hundred million dollars! Surprising? Not to Kansas Citians! They're used to seeing things grow to serve the needs of this rich area. Take their favorite radio station, WHB. It's expanding to more power, 5000 watts; a better frequency, 710 kilocycles; and full time operation. If you have a sales message to project in Marketland, better entrust it to WHB, the result-getting station that is growing with the community.
WHB Campaigns for SAFETY...

...and for Civic Betterment

Addressing WHB listeners in behalf of Ralston's Tom Mix Safety Campaign are:

1. A. W. Gilbert, vice-president of Kansas City Safety Council for Children's Activity.
5. Everett Creek, city-wide safety chairman of PTA groups.

The WHB Magic Carpet plays a part in securing signatures for a petition to write a new Kansas City charter.

6. Claude V. Cochran, 10th ward chairman, watches Lila Shields add her name to the petition.
foreword

There is a brief and haunting play by Maurice Maeterlinck about a family which keeps watch at night outside the room where a woman lies dying. No one knows she is dying, except the blind grandfather, who hears Death coming along the avenue between the poplar trees. Inside, in the moonlit room, one says, "What shall we do while we are waiting?" And another asks, "Waiting for what?" "Watching for the doctor to come," is the answer. But the grandfather knows. They are waiting for Death.

The play is called The Intruder. This seems the fittest name for Death. And never does he seem so much the intruder as in this gaudy month that feeds the senses grandly with color and scent and the pleasant shock of frost. It is a physical month, waking the senses of vigorous life in us after the torpor of summer and the indecision of early fall. The thought of death is out of key. Yet it hovers ominously in the news, hulking back of all reports from the world's peacemakers. It is no farther away than the nearest atomic bomb. The bomb is not the danger, man's use of it is. And while men of one world and many nations decide what to do with it, we are a family keeping watch. What shall we do while we are waiting? Run for the doctor! Administer first aid! Try home remedies! No small effort will be totally lost. It is not in the drama that we should sit and wait while Death shuffles through the fallen scarlet of October—or the snow of mid-winter or, even if he is late, through the silvery pools of spring.
OCTOBER’S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts)
Loan Exhibitions: "Missouri, Heart of the Nation," group of paintings on exhibit until October 15; "War’s Toll of Italian Art," photographs and restored works of art; a group of paintings by Karl Mattern. Masterpiece of the Month: "Portrait of a Lady" by Vittore Carpaccio, ca. 1450-1525.

Lectures: October 29, 8 p.m., Atkins Auditorium, "Italian Painting." First of a series of 20 lectures by Paul Gardner. Admission free.

Motion Pictures: "Man of Erin," October 3, 7:30 p.m., and October 5, 3:00 p.m.; "Les Bas Fonds," October 10, 7:30 p.m., and October 12, 3:00 p.m.; "La Boheme," with Jan Kipur, October 17, 7:30 p.m., and October 19, 3:00 p.m. Admission free.

Concerts: Stanley Hoffman, violinist, October 26, 3:30 p.m.; Virginia French Mackie, pianist, October 31, 8:15 p.m.

Drama . . .
(Music Hall)
Oct. 21-26, Annie Get Your Gun, with Mary Martin.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1, The Fatal Weakness, with Ina Claire.

Music . . .
(Music Hall)
Oct. 20, Robert Merrill, baritone.
Oct. 21, Mack Harrell, baritone, and Devy Erlich, pianist, in joint concert.
Oct. 28-29, Maryla Jonas, pianist, with Kansas City Philharmonic.

Special Events . . .
Oct. 8, Women’s National Aeronautical Association presents Carnie Cost-Ya, Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 11, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Oct. 12, Association of Men’s Bible Classes, Music Hall.
Oct. 18-25, American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, American Royal Building.
Oct. 18, American Royal Coronation Ball, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Oct. 20-23, Cowtown Carnival, Hotel Muehlebach.
Oct. 29, Citizens’ Bond Committee, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Oct. 30, Jackson County Democratic Committee Dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Ice Hockey . . .
(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)
Oct. 15, Dallas.
Oct. 19, Fort Worth.
Oct. 22, Minneapolis.
Oct. 26, Omaha.

Boxing . . .
Oct. 27, Amateur Boxing, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing . . .
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.)
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.
Oct. 4, Frankie Carle.
Oct. 26, Tex Beneke.

Wrestling . . .
Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Conventions . . .
Oct. 6-8, National Association of Clinic Managers, Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 6-9, Southwest Clinical Conference, Hotel President.
Oct. 6, National Association of Music Merchants, Regional.
Oct. 9-10, American Roadbuilders Association, Regional Conference, Hotel Continental.
Oct. 10-12, Western Seedmen’s Association, Hotel President.
Oct. 11, Kansas Title Association, Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 11-12, National Secretaries Association, Missouri State Convention, Hotel Continental.
Oct. 16, Missouri Bankers Association, Group Four.
Oct. 16-17, Missouri Valley Electrical Association, Accounting Conference, Hotel President.
Oct. 27-29, Southern Drug Stores Association, Hotel President.
Oct. 29-30, Missouri Savings and Loan League, Hotel Continental.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Sales and Rural Conference, Hotel President.

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PLUNK DOWN in the middle of the U.S.A., almost as far inland as it is possible to get, lies Kansas City, “Heart of America,” hub of commerce, and premier convention city of the world!

A fortunate geographical location has made it possible for Kansas City to earn a dozen colorful labels. It is variously billed as Gateway to the Southwest, Cowtown, Back Door of the East — Front Door of the West, Capital of Inland America, and more.

But to millions of Americans on far coasts or corners of the continent, Kansas City is a meeting place to which 70,000 of those Americans journey each year. They stay an average of four days, spend an average of eighty dollars, and in a year’s time pump a very conservatively estimated three million dollars into the commercial arteries of the town. Small wonder that Kansas Citians encourage conventions, and call their convention trade an “industry without a smokestack!”

Actually, several factors combine to make Kansas City an ideal gathering spot, not the least of which is its unusual accessibility. Four major airlines, two international airlines, twelve major railroad trunklines, and thirteen buslines go to or through Kansas City. Among them, they conduct 552 scheduled passenger movements every day.

And Kansas City has fine hotels. Twenty-one hotels, with a total of 4,906 guest rooms and apartments, cater to transient and convention trade. There are 3,500 hotel rooms within three blocks of the Municipal Auditorium, center of most convention activities.

The Auditorium itself is a tremendous drawing card. It is called—and indisputably is — the world’s finest convention auditorium. From point of sheer size, both Cleveland and Atlantic City can claim larger meeting halls, but the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium is unexcelled in all around utility. It is beautifully appointed, warmly decorated, fully-equipped. It is no midget, either. The arena seats 13,000 people; the Music Hall, 2,552; and the Little Theatre, most popular for convention purposes, 610. In addition, there are 28 smaller meeting rooms, accommodating from 18 to 425 people apiece for
a total of 2,000.

In all, the Municipal Auditorium has 145,000 square feet of display space for exhibit purposes — roughly three and a third acres! It is well-stocked with storage and office space, loading docks, ramps, winches, special power and steam lines.

Central location, transportation, fine hotels and meeting rooms are a large part of Kansas City’s appeal to conventioners. Ordinarily mild, enjoyable weather is another factor; and the invariably warm and gracious hospitality of native Kansas Citians is the absolute clincher. Midwesterners are naturally friendly, and are certainly not ones to look a three million dollar gift horse in the mouth!

Of course, all is not wheatcakes and gravy in the convention business these days, not by many a mile. There was a time when the major cities undertook strenuous and expensive campaigns in their efforts to book convention business. They could handle a convention of almost any size at almost any time. But no longer. The buyer’s market ended in 1942. It has not returned, and will not return for an unforeseeable number of years to come.

The hotel industry was everywhere greatly overbuilt in the prosperous period of 1926 to 1929. There followed the deepest and most prolonged depression this country has ever known. That depression cut travel to the bone and cut normal demands for hotel space to the point where hotels needed — had to have — convention trade in order to keep their doors open.

With war, however, travel received extraordinary stimulus. Population increased but housing did not. Vast numbers of people moved from farms and rural communities to urban areas. Population shifted from city to city.

The war not only erased the depression factors, but it raised the general standard of living and produced conditions favorable to more commercial and pleasure traveling than any nation has ever seen.

All these things have filled hotels to near capacity and have kept them filled. With the exception of expansion at Reno, Miami Beach, and one new hostelry in Washington, D. C., there has been virtually no new hotel construction since 1929. There are no prospects of any, largely because a building erected today would cost from seven to eight times more than a hotel of the twenties which has been several times bankrupt and reorganized, until it is now held at perhaps one-fifth of its original value. A new hotel could not compete with existing plants.

This sounds like a grim outlook for conventions, with available transient housing at an all-time low. It isn’t, necessarily, and Kansas City has proved that it isn’t by booking as much convention business as it ever did. This has been accomplished by increased planning and by exact timing calculated to utilize every facility. By allowing no space to go to waste, and by spreading conventions out over every month of the year, the Kansas City Convention and Visitors Bureau is able to accommodate a vol-
volume of business equivalent to the pre-war norm. It hasn’t been easy, of course, but H. E. Boning, Jr., capable manager of the Bureau, has worked convention requirements out to a fine science. He is confident that changed conditions have completely reversed the role of convention bureaus everywhere, and he is making certain that his own organization is completely ready to meet the new requirements.

One of Boning’s policies is to give precedence to regional groups, making his own physical plant available to Kansas City’s vast trade territory whenever possible. This is partly due to an evolutionary development of the convention itself. Organizations are finding regional meetings to be of more value than large national conventions, and the emphasis is shifting in that direction.

One thing is sure: conventions are bound to continue. They are a peculiarly American institution woven permanently and prominently into this nation’s social and economic life. They exist in all fields: in professions, crafts and vocations; in religion, education, government, industry, commerce, benevolence and fraternalism. By allowing a free exchange of ideas and a broad dissemination of specific knowledge, by emphasizing high standards of ethics, and by encouraging a breakdown of sectionalism and prejudice, they have made an inestimable contribution to the welfare and progress of our entire population. They have played a vital part in the maintenance of national unity.

And there is one other certainty: while conventions continue, Kansas City will continue to be a meeting place, opening the doors of its heart to America!

“Wow! Darcey just landed a terrific left hook!”
Famous People

Edward Bok, well-remembered magazine editor, loved flowers. On one occasion, he had thousands of crocuses planted outside the fence of his Pennsylvania home.

"It's foolish to plant your flowers beyond the fence," one man warned. "People will only steal them."

Bok was equal to the occasion. The next morning he nailed a large sign to the fence, reading, "These flowers are under the protection of the public." Not a blossom was ever stolen.

One of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's visitors argued vehemently against religious instruction of the young and declared his own determination not to prejudice his children in any form of religion, but to allow them to choose for themselves at maturity.

Coleridge answered him, "Why prejudice a garden in favor of flowers and fruit? Why not let the clods choose for themselves between cockleberries and strawberries?"

After Joan Crawford had given Van Heflin four resounding slaps in a scene for a new picture, Van asked, "Have you looked at page 121 in the script?"

"No," Joan answered. "Why?"

"Well," said Van, "on page 121 I slap you."

Humorist Wilson Mizner and a friend passed an often-married woman who affected an aloof manner.

"She certainly puts on airs, doesn't she?" commented the friend.

"Yes," agreed Mizner. "She's been married to so many gentlemen that she's beginning to think she's a lady."

Could You Have Figured It Out?

SIDNEY LENZ, whist expert, noted for his disbelief in mind reading, was once invited by a friend in London to attend a vaudeville performance which included a demonstration of second sight. During the exhibition Lenz was startled to hear the blindfolded performer say: "There's a gentleman in the second seat from the aisle, in the eighth row, who doesn't believe in second sight. In this man's left-hand vest pocket is his little yellow purse, and in that purse is a five pound note. The number is X-908761."

Lenz felt in his vest pocket, where he usually carried his money, for the little yellow purse, opened it, and there was the five pound note numbered X-908761.

"Are you convinced now?" his companion whispered excitedly.

"No," firmly replied Lenz. The incident might indeed have convinced the average skeptic, but Lenz figured out what must have happened.

"She knew the number of that bill," he declared, "long before it came into my possession, and she knew somebody was going to get it. So she arranged with the box-office man to give it to the first person who presented a large bill to be changed. When he gave me my change, he made a note also of the number of the seat he sold me. The rest was easy enough."

—H. C. Suter.
They flew and laughed and died, pioneering an industry, writing in too-thin air a crazy, beautiful, unforgettable legend of conquest. And, while man has wings and memory, they are with us still.

by REESE WADE

THEIR memories are all about me. I see them in the darkening sky of a summer storm, or in the unbelievable blueness of a Sunday afternoon. I see them on the airports they never knew — living again in the boys who are their successors, their blood descendants, but who are, somehow, so very different . . .

You know them — these clean-looking, earnest-faced lads who plan careers in aviation. There is nothing foolish about them. They are setting aside years for education. They attend flying schools with all the zeal and sober ambition of young medicos struggling to earn the right to practice. They see a practical world of aviation existing self-assuredly on a par with the vast automotive and transportation enterprises.

They are boys and young men with their feet on the ground — even while they fly. They appraise aviation as a career in realistic competition with dentistry and engineering and law and commerce.

They are the boys and men whose solid shoulders support the aviation in which all the world now believes.

But it wasn’t always thus. And because aviation once was less than an industry, and more — incomparably more — than an occupation, I bring you remembrances which prove or argue nothing. I simply offer my tribute to friends who flew because they couldn’t help it, who lived by no rules and who scorned all regulations — even those posted by Death.

How well I remember them, those old friends of mine! To me they seemed mature men, generously tolerating a kid who stood in awe beside their ships and breathed in the smell of dope, and felt the taut fabric beneath reverent fingers; but now I know that they were young men. They were youthful and fiery and full of the hell that made them into artists and renegades and corpses. Their memories are so many and are so unimportant against the vast panorama of a world conquering Air Age. But how vividly they come back to me.

There was one hot, blistering Saturday afternoon, for instance, when we worked long hours with a saw and an axe, hacking down a hundred feet of hedge-trees so that the two OX-5 Swallows could carry passengers off the field on Sunday. There was no guiding “sock” to point the course of the wind, and it would have made no difference if there had been, because the only possible
take-off runway was due south, through the break in the trees, and heaven help you if the OX cut out!

Hour after hour the passengers would climb aboard, be hoisted off the ground and through the hedge, and dumped back on the field to make way for other eager buyers-of-thrills. And then, near sundown, when passenger business was dead and the crowd waited silently, one ship would take off with a bulky bag tucked beneath its wing.

Higher and higher it would climb, while the crowd watched and skins tightened with morbid anticipation; and then the little black dot would fall free, and the bag would spill its silken colors upon the wind, and the black dot would swing gently toward earth below the exhibition ’chute of many hues.

They were men who laughed a lot, and who laughed at deadly things. I suppose it was because they spent so much time looking into the face of the man with the scythe. There was the day, for instance, when the newspapers briefly reported the mishap of a parachute jumper.

“Lance Anderson” — the item said — “suffered critical injuries today when his parachute hit high voltage electric power lines . . . ”

White-faced and breathless, I ran all the way across town to carry the paper to my friend, Mr. Brown. He helped finance the little “circus” on its tour simply because he too loved airplanes. Mr. Brown immediately reached for the telephone and placed a long distance call. In a few minutes we heard the brisk, vital voice of the pilot speaking.

“Tom,” Mr. Brown said anxiously, “The paper says that Lance had an accident.”

“Yep,” said Tom. “He had a little bad luck. Went through 33,000 volts.”

“Thirty-three thousand volts!” We were appalled. But from the telephone Tom’s voice was continuing, jovial and filled with laughter.

“Yes sir,” he shouted. “And Gawd! You oughta saw the fire fly!” Being a Midwesterner he said “. . . Fahr fly.” I can hear it to this day.

Lance lived through it somehow, although burned scalp and burned legs still remain to remind him of his parachute jumping days. The event is just a blank spot in his memory. “I can remember getting up high enough to see the Mississippi River,” he says. “It was like silver over there. But I can’t remember anything at all about the jump. Can’t even remember leaving the ship. Oh well! I’m luckier than Tom, anyway.”

He says that because Tom isn’t with us anymore. Tom, who survived the rigors of gypsy flying in fragile crates, died the week before he was to start flying as a regular airline pilot on one of the scheduled passenger lines. It may have been just as well. I doubt if he would have enjoyed the routine. He liked to fly when he pleased and where he pleased, and he liked to feel that no one mastered him save his own skill and the temperament of an OX engine. Maybe he didn’t mind the dying, either, except for the embarrassment of having an airplane have its final way. He said that he already had died once. Maybe he remembered on
that day when his little ship, taking off, hit the old race track pylon.

"I was spinning an old Standard at an Iowa fair," he told me. "I went in at about 3000 feet and spun her about three turns and started to come out. But she wouldn't come out. I neutralized everything and she kept on spinning. I reversed everything and she kept right on. I bumped her with the gun and she kept on boring down. So I knew I was going to die. I wasn't afraid. I just sat there and watched the ground come swelling up. And then, without any reason at all, she stopped spinning, and I pulled her nose up just in time to bump my wheels off the grass. We went right on with the show. Folks said I gave a hell of a good performance in that spin, best they'd ever seen."

Tom enjoyed doing those shows, and I enjoyed watching them, in a fearful sort of way. I never could quite understand the men who took it all so calmly. There was the little stunt man from Nebraska. He had a family at home, I knew, and he sometimes spoke of them and indicated that he enjoyed home and fireside. He would have been wholly in place behind the necktie counter of any good clothing store, except that he was less talkative than most salesmen.

When his turn came he would settle down in the front cockpit while the ship chugged her way upward. Then he would climb out on the wing, walk to the tip and wave, walk back to the fuselage and climb up on the front cowling, just behind the engine. Then he would hoist himself up on the top wing. He would stand there with his arms outstretched while Tom did easy banks over the city.

Finally he would slip his toes into small metal toe-caps fastened to the leading edge, pick up a short length of cable which served as a rein, and stand calmly upright while the ship looped and then fell off into a spin. When the spin was finished, he would climb down beneath the bottom wing and drop off with his exhibition 'chute. I don't know what happened to him. Maybe he is in some office today, listening to young bucks brag about their bravery and thinking to himself goodness-only-knows-what in the back of his mind. I'll bet only one thing: that he never says a word about how he made his living a decade and a half ago.

Tom was buried from a small country chapel within a week or so of the burial from the same quiet church of friend and fellow flyer, Sam Dawes. Both had gone part-way through the army schools in Texas, and they had flown together in gypsy days. They lived within a few miles of each other, and both sleep beneath the soil of the same county.
Sam was a hearty sort of a fellow, with an inner coldness that was somehow surprising. Once, when he lived on a flying field, he became annoyed at the howling of a dog. He carried the dog to 3000 feet and heaved him overside. The newspapers printed indignant stories. I was indignant because I loved dogs. No one ever really knew what Sam thought.

Later, I read that he had been slightly injured in a wreck, so I forgave him and wrote him a note.

"I'm grounded for a few days," he replied. "I was up in a new Eagle-rock with another guy, and it went into a dive. I thought he was flying, and he thought I was flying. When we got close to the ground, I thought he was trying to scare me, so I folded my arms and leaned back. He did the same. So when we got down too low I grabbed back on the stick and the ship leveled out enough to go through about six trees, and I got cut up a little but not much. But I got grounded."

Being "grounded" was a new development in those days. The boys didn't know how to take it. It was an assertion of new and harassing authority. Sam finally took up flying the mail as being the best outlet for his desire to master the elements. He died in a snowstorm one night when his ship crashed against a tower and burned. His flashlight was still in his hand. Apparently he had been reading his instruments when the deadly object hurtled out of the night.

Sam had no brothers, as I recall, but Tom had two. One of them took up flying and was killed. The other one said that he didn't think he would fly. Not that he was afraid of it; none of them was afraid. He explained, "With Tom and the other one gone, I'm the only one left and it wouldn't be fair to Mom for me to get killed, too."

Yes, maybe it wouldn't have been fair to Mom. But that was an expected part of aviation in those days. Life in the air usually was death in the air. They knew it and they laughed, and their women laughed to hide the dread, and they kept on flying, and one day they died.

Remember as you fly past their shadows. Remember your predecessors who refused to be earthbound simply because they loved the sky, who flew and expected to die, who hitched their groaning ships to the aviation of World War I and hauled it across the years to meet your aviation of today. Without them, aviation could not be what it is at this moment. And without them this world would have been less colorful, less interesting, less glorious; for they were a magnificent breed of men. They blazed the trail which today's breed of magnificent men make into a highway — the broadest, widest, greatest highway the world has ever known!
The next time you have the hiccups, you may hic yourself to death. It may take weeks, months or even years. On the other hand you might bump yourself off in a few days.

Take the case of the Reverend J. McCormick Beeten. He caught a heavy cold. Shortly afterwards he began to hic. In a Saratoga Springs hospital his hiccups stopped four and a half days later. So did his heart. He hardly had time to start a collection of hiccup cures.

Not so with William Wells of Dayton, Ohio. During his two-year siege of spasms, Wells had ample opportunity to collect, or have pushed on him, a tidy batch of remedies. Evidently none of them was any good, as the gentleman passed away on March 13, 1947, gently hiccupping to the last.

To save you from William Wells’ fate, let’s delve into the subject of hiccup remedies. They run from the absurd to the fantastic. The most common cure is breath-holding or one of its many variations. Let’s suppose that you are a victim of hiccups. First you can try just holding your breath. As your color begins to change from its normal healthy green to a bloated blue, you’d better stop and take another breath. Still hiccupping? Don’t give up.

From simple breath-holding you can progress to taking liquids, the most popular variation of breath-holding. First try taking ten gulps of water without stopping. If that doesn’t work, try drinking a glass of water from the far side of the glass. Most of it will probably go up your nose, and in the ensuing spell of gasping, choking and coughing, your hiccups may stop.

If the hiccing still persists and you are desperate, you might try diving into a lake and gulping water until you come up gasping. You can improve on this method by taking a few deep breaths while under water. By the time your friends have pumped you dry, hiccups will seem a minor matter.

Water isn’t the only liquid suggested for hiccups. Both hot and cold milk are recommended as cures, depending on who is doing the recommending. Drinking a bottle of beer without taking a breath is said to be effective, too. It’s supposed to be even more effective if you add a generous dash of catsup to the lager. Whiskey with castor oil is advised by some—or would you prefer a couple of raw eggs in magnesium phosphate?

If your stomach and hiccups are still holding out, you could sample a
tasty concoction made with sugar and vinegar or sugar and eucalyptus oil. Fresh blood is another liquid cure. Don't start hacking your mother-in-law to get blood, however, as blood from a bird or an animal should do the trick.

So now you're as water-logged as a wet mop and still hiccing away at 30 per minute. Don't be a jerk and give up. The surface has not yet been scratched. There is a remedy recommended by Aristophanes, the ancient Greek. It seems the old boy suffered often from hiccups until he discovered his own cure. He would tickle his nose until he sneezed. Gesundheit! No hiccups.

Aristophanes' remedy seems pretty ordinary compared with the present day crop. It includes eating sand, pulling on your tongue, standing on your head and breathing in and out of a paper bag. One cool character advises packing the hiccupper in ice. But an Ozark farmer comes up with the slickest one of all: catch a snake at least three feet long and allow it to coil around your neck. The Ozarkian hasn't said, but presumably you muzzle the reptile. Otherwise you might get an unplanned introduction to the shock treatment when it starts whetting its fangs on your ears.

The so-called shock or surprise treatment is in some ways related to scientific shock treatments for nervous disorders. The methods of applying the shock treatment vary from the sudden "Boo" behind the back to oversize firecrackers set off under the sufferer's chair. A sudden blow on the head with rolled up newspaper (don't use a Sunday edition) or an ice cube down the back might prove successful. This field is limited only by the scope of fiendishness of the human mind.

Any cure that does not injure the patient is all right, according to physicians. If you take your hiccups to them, however, they will be a bit more scientific. Irritation of the phrenic nerve, which controls the diaphragm, is the cause of hiccups. Through surgery, doctors can either cut or crush the phrenic nerve to stop the convulsive spasms. Surgery is used as a last resort, however. Sometimes a cure can be affected by strong sedatives, which induce sleep.

Dr. R. C. Nairn, a British Navy doctor serving aboard a minesweeper, had a patient with a particularly stubborn case of hiccups. After trying the simple homespun remedies, the doctor had his patient breathe a mixture of oxygen and seven percent carbon dioxide, but to no avail.

Strong sedatives put the man to sleep but failed to stop his hiccups. Finally the doctor had the patient inhale the fumes from one ampule of amyl nitrate, the drug used by many heart-disease sufferers. The hiccups stopped in less than a minute.
Various actions cause hiccups in various people. Alcohol, of course, is widely known for its hiccup-making tendencies. Pipe-smoking, over-eating, eating too rapidly or drinking soda pop all can cause hiccups. A Montana cop laughed so heartily at another cop's joke that he started hiccing. He died after six months of steady spasms.

Anna Mayer of New York City doesn't know exactly what caused her hiccups. However, she is probably the most famous living hiccupper. Her first siege was in 1941. For 42 days she hicced away at one second intervals. During this time her weight slipped from 110 to 68. Finally Dr. Lester Samuels, operating on her phrenic nerve, stopped the spasms.

In 1944 she again began hiccing steadily. Doctor Samuels was away in the army. It was 47 days before he could be found and transported to the patient. Only after the intervention of President Roosevelt was Doctor Samuels given leave and hurried to New York. He again stopped Anna's hiccups by an operation on the phrenic nerve.

Miss Mayer's stubborn hiccups returned early this year. After two and a half months, Doctor Samuels operated once more. This time he removed about an inch and a half of the phrenic nerve. The hics are probably stopped for good this time. At least Anna hopes so.

San Quentin prison has a disc jockey who plays request records for his fellow music lovers. Most frequently requested numbers thus far include *Time On My Hands*, 'Til the End of Time, One Hour With You, When I Grow Too Old to Dream, and Rudy Vallee chirping My Time Is Your Time.

One Sunday a local church became so crowded that the pastor had the verger stand outside with a notice reading "House Full." A little man in a bowler hat ran up, pleading that he had a very urgent message to deliver to a member inside.

The kind old verger eventually succumbed. "All right," he said. "You can slip in, but God help you if I catch you praying!"

A small-town newspaper editor calling on one of his merchants in quest of advertising was told, "No, nobody reads your paper anyway. I'm buying some billboards."

Not long after, the merchant brought in a long detailed report of his daughter's wedding, and was quite disturbed when it did not appear in the paper. When he came in to protest, the editor answered him shortly. "You yourself said that nobody reads my paper, so I took the write-up out in the country and nailed it on a telephone pole."
“She’s a member of ‘The-Little-Below-The-Hip’ Club!”
THE sprightly tune you heard at the square dance last night was The Arkansas Traveler. It goes 'round and 'round in your head, like the mortorcycling chimpanzees at the carnival, a simple air with little substance and no apparent ending. In time you weary and try to shake it off but still it revolves, a durable, persistent ghost of a tune that has haunted American craniums for something over a hundred years.

A story lies behind this lilting melody, although time and passing generations have obscured its details. Many people, in fact, are not aware that The Arkansas Traveler is the title of a dialogue as well as a fiddle tune—a comic sketch that convulsed banquet halls and schoolrooms of yesterday and landed in myriad joke-books and collections of humorous readings. The dialogue represents a colloquy between a traveler and a mountaineer, but is less a recounting of an actual conversation than a stringing together of favorite jokes of the day. This slice of back-country repartee abounds in simple puns, double meanings, plays on words, and other devices of bucolic whimsy. It enjoyed a tremendous vogue and brought laughter to a nation avid for humor.

The expression "Arkansas traveler" perches handily on the American tongue, and people dust it off automatically wherever they meet an Arkansan. Scarcely anyone from Arkansas escapes being dubbed an Arkansas Traveler once he sets foot beyond the confines of his native state. In this he shares the typed role of his Missourian neighbor, who bears with resignation the immutable label of one who has to be "shown."

Arkansans have not always regarded the legend kindly, fearing that its portrayal of one Ozark hillbilly might be taken as typical of the state’s citizenry. However, the phrase itself, when divorced from its original connotation, is popular in the state. Arkansas' Southern Association baseball club at Little Rock calls itself the “Travelers,” and the team’s home diamond goes by the name of Travelers Field. The student newspaper at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville is called The Arkansas Traveler; the University’s Press Club crowns the queen of its annual banquet as—you guessed it—“Miss Arkansas Traveler.” Manufacturers have seized on the tag as a brand name for various objects from baseball bats to rowboats. Rather than
tarnishing the name of Arkansas, the story has enabled the state to add a special pinch of spice to both the terminology and folklore of America.

The tune has traveled its own road to recognition. Bob Burns, a modern-day Arkansas humorist who bases his quips on backwoods situations, dined the air into the American consciousness when he made it his bazooka signature. In its original form the tune had no words but was played as an intermittent accompaniment to the dialogue. Countless verses since have been written to the music, and, as a final clincher to immortality, the melody has been shanghaied by the singing commercials.

The original Arkansas Traveler and father of the legend is generally conceded to be Colonel Sandford C. Faulkner. A few students of folklore have attributed the tune to an Ohio Valley fiddler named Jose Tasso, but Faulkner’s claim is more widely accepted. Young Colonel “Sandy,” a Kentuckian by birth, went west in 1829 and settled in southeast Arkansas along the Mississippi River, where he became a well-to-do cotton planter. He became intrigued by the hurly-burly of state politics, and moved to Little Rock, the state capital, in 1839. A year later, while accompanying office-seekers and political leaders on an election campaign tour through northwest Arkansas, he encountered the backwoodsman who inspired him to create the Traveler dialogue and tune.

This is the story of that meeting as Colonel Faulkner told it. A traveler on horseback was jogging over the rough terrain of the Ozark hills, and as darkness approached he began looking for a place to spend the night. Hugging the hillside just ahead stood a dilapidated log cabin, bearing over the doorway a crude sign which read “whiskey.” Outside the hut a bearded squatter wearing a coonskin cap sat on a whiskey barrel and played a fiddle. The traveler rode up to the door of the cabin, but the squatter took scant notice of the stranger. After a surly greeting, he continued scratching out, over and over again, the first few measures of a simple tune.

The traveler asked if he could get lodging for the night. The squatter halted his fiddling long enough to say tersely that he could not. The traveler temporarily dropped the subject and asked the Ozarkian if he had any “spirits.” The word “spirits” tempted the squatter into lengthy punning of the who’s-on-first variety until at last, tiring of his little pastime, he declared that he had drunk the last drop of whiskey that morning. Still undaunted the traveler asked for food for himself and his horse, only to be rebuffed again.
"Will you tell me where this road goes to?"—the traveler tried a new tack. "It's never gone anywhar since I've lived here; it's always thar when I git up in the mornin'." "What might your name be?" "It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lacks right smart of it." "How far is it to the next house?" "I don't know; I've never been thar." And so on in the tireless vein of Abbott and Costello.

Doggedly, the traveler offered to forego food if the squatter would provide him with a place to sleep, but again he was thwarted. The house leaked, he was told, except in one place, and that was where the squatter and his wife slept. This brought forth the famous exchange in which the traveler asked the squatter why he didn't fix his roof. "It's been rainin' all day," he explained. When the traveler suggested that it could be repaired in dry weather, the squatter tartly replied that it didn't leak then.

Therewith the conversation drifted into a detailed explanation of why there was no whiskey available in spite of the fact that the squatter made his living by keeping a tavern.

There had been a barrel on hand, it appeared, which had been surreptitiously tapped on each end by the squatter and his wife. Meanwhile one of the children, identified as "Dick, durned, skulking skunk," had managed to drain off the contents through still a third hole in the bottom.

By this time, hungry, wet, cold, and weary of his role of straight man, the traveler's sands of patience had run out. He asked in exasperation, "Why don't you play the rest of that tune?"

The squatter ceased sawing away at his endless round long enough to say, "Don't know the rest of it," and resumed fiddling. Said the traveler, his hunger driving him to masterful determination, "Give me that fiddle." He climbed down from his horse, tuned the ancient strings, and swung into the second part of the music. The traveler's expert playing worked a miraculous change. A smile broke through the squatter's whiskers, and he leaped from his seat on the liquor keg into a sprightly dance that sent the dust curling up between his toes. The children burst from the house and began juvenile versions of the squatter's rustic tarantella, and even the sleeping hound roused up and thumped his tail.

Finally the traveler finished the music and gave his bow a last grand flourish, his claim to hospitality clearly established. His listeners stood a moment, panting and entranced, and then the squatter sent his family scuttling in all directions to procure food for the stranger. A jug of whiskey magically appeared from
under the floor of the cabin, and the horse was led off to the barn and made cozy with enough corn and fodder to flatter Man-O’-War. “Durn me, stranger, if you can’t stay and play that tune as long as you please, and I’ll give you plenty to eat and drink.” The squatter’s newborn magnanimity was vast and boundless. “Play away, stranger, you can sleep on the dry spot in the cabin tonight.”

When Faulkner returned to Little Rock, he told the story at a banquet and, amid waves of laughter, “The Arkansas Traveler” was launched. Later, at another banquet in New Orleans, the Colonel was handed a violin and requested by Louisiana’s governor to play the Arkansas air whose fame had promptly drifted down the Mississippi. New Orleans was so completely captured by his tune and tale that the old St. Charles Hotel set aside a special room for him with the words, “The Arkansaw Traveler,” lettered in gilt above the door.

Faulkner’s story jogged the imagination of an Arkansas painter named Edward Payson Washburn, who in 1858 visualized and spread on canvas the celebrated scene of the meeting of the traveler and the squatter. The painting was no Rembrandt but it provided a satisfactory setting for the legend and helped plant it more deeply in American folklore. Done in blue and gray oils, it shows the well-dressed traveler, astride a startlingly diminutive white horse, in conversation with the fiddling squatter. Washburn’s painting had a great vogue and was copied and reproduced endlessly until it graced baroque sitting rooms and libraries of Victorian America.

The original canvas, faded by age and damaged by water and folding, has hung in recent years in the home of a niece of the artist in Russellville, Arkansas. Washburn started a companion piece called “Turn of the Tune,” but died, still a young man, before finishing it.

New York playgoers got acquainted with the tune and dialogue in Kit, the Arkansas Traveler, a lurid action piece of Tobacco Road caliber which played the East in the 1880’s. Arkansans took a dim view of the play, feeling that its preponderance of gun play and bowie-knife waving painted an unrealistic picture of the state’s cultural attainments. Indeed, by that time they had already begun to regard The Arkansas Traveler as a once-good joke which had somehow gotten out of the family.

Today Kit is a forgotten bit of stagecraft, and The Arkansas Traveler dialogue is largely unknown, but the melody lingers on wherever fiddles and guitars sing out mountain music. As recorded by song collectors, the air has several versions which differ slightly in key and structure, but the same buoyant rhythm that set grandmother’s feet jiggling in sinful ecstasy prevails in all of them.

He told his girl he would go through anything for her, and she suggested they start with his pay.
One of those Hollywood legends hard to down is that the movie town’s glamour girls will not have a baby until they first visit a certain little shop on Wilshire Boulevard for a look at the newest in smart clothes for mammas-to-be.

But like so many of Celluloidia’s legends, the story is apocryphal.

True enough, the Page Boy Shop—one of a trio operated by three young sisters from Dallas, Texas—has dressed such movie notables as Betty Hutton, Loretta Young, Alice Faye, Mrs. Alan Ladd, Mitzi Green, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Margaret Sullivan and a host of others, when little images were on the way.

Actually, Page Boy, according to its originator, merely provides accessories after the fact.

Elsie Frankfurt’s styles for mothers-to-be—and, incidentally, Miss Frankfurt is still a bachelor girl—came from the somewhat bizarre notion that fashions and a slide rule could be mixed. Elsie, a mathematics major at Southern Methodist University, designed the original Page Boy dresses on mathematical principles to emphasize youthfulness, an attention-attracting neckline and a patented “expansion program.”

The Page Boy idea, born only a few years ago with an initial capital of $500, is now a million-dollar national business.

It first began back in 1938, when Elsie Frankfurt was still a young accounting student in school. Her sister, Edna Ravkind, with a second child on the way, came home after a day of fruitless shopping, discouraged by the wrap-around, “sad sack” type of maternity wear in the local stores. That was when Elsie, backed by only a few months of designing experience, got out her neglected drawing board and created what proved to be a new kind of maternity fashion.

The original model was a two-piece number—a blouse and skirt with a high neck, a tailored turned-down collar trimmed with three buttons to attract attention away from the approaching event. Elsie, who made much of the costume’s neckline, found herself with a special selling job to do when one of the sisters’ first customers, the mayor of Dallas’ wife, came in one summer day wearing her Page Boy outfit. Understandably enough, the matron was a bit disconcerted by the heat. “Elsie,” she asked, “would it be all right if I opened this collar just a little?”

“Goodness, no,” said Elsie, “you mustn’t touch it. The dress must be worn exactly that way.”
The lady went out with the neckline as it was.

Though the original Page Boy dress was really designed for sister Edna, other expectant mothers of Dallas immediately wanted dresses just like it. So the two sisters, who had long wanted a business of their own, opened a tiny shop, hiring two outside seamstresses to do the actual sewing. Within six months they were in the wholesale business, swamped with orders from virtually every big department store in the country. That was when they opened their factory, which now has a staff of 50 employees. For their copyrighted trademark they chose the Page Boy name and symbol, selected because in medieval times a page boy heralded the coming of the son and heir.

The Hollywood shop was the next step in their expansion program. Louise, the youngest of the Frankfurt girls, had just won a scholarship in designing at the University of Illinois. But instead of accepting the scholarship, which would have given her a year’s study at the Traphagen School of Design in New York, 20-year-old Louise elected to go to Los Angeles and spend six months in the Page Boy Shop, studying the needs of customers. Soon she was designing evening wear, hostess pajamas and play clothes in a special custom-made department for the screen stars.

Louise still recalls the night she was working late, when the telephone rang and someone with an oddly-familiar voice asked if she could come in and look at some dresses. About 15 minutes later actress Margaret Sullavan arrived. She departed at midnight, having ordered one of virtually every model in the store. Miss Sullavan was the first big name to patronize Page Boy. Another of the early customers was Alice Faye. Since then there have been innumerable others.

For those screen ladies who are somewhat coy about the purpose of their visit, Page Boy has a discreet side entrance where they may enter and leave unnoticed.

Still in charge of designing is Louise Frankfurt, now about 25. Like her sister Elsie, who has taken over the administration of the business, Louise, too, was a bachelor girl until recently. But the two younger and childless Frankfurts seem to have found inspiration aplenty in married sister Edna, who is mother of three children. “I guess,” says Louise, “we used Edna and her blessed events as our laboratory.”

Temptation is something which when resisted gives happiness, and which when yielded to gives greater happiness.
COLUMBIA'S CAMERA COLLEGE

by JAN NORRIS

DOWN in the little community of Columbia, Missouri, 100 eager camera enthusiasts are occupied in accentuating the negative as well as the positive.

There, at the University of Missouri, the School of Journalism has been invaded by a fascinating addition to the curriculum—photographic journalism.

The average young graduate of the "nation's oldest journalism school" is a feature writer, reporter, or advertising man, but now a different type of expression in black and white is charming the veterans and coeds at the University of Missouri. The Who, Where, What, When, and Why formula has been tossed aside by many budding journalists, and in its place young photography students are asking about correct lighting, proper types of film, and good composition.

What has caused this interest in photographic journalism?

The School of Journalism has realized that photography is destined for a much more prominent position in the field of journalism. To supplement a news article, to tell a story of its own, or for pure esthetic appreciation, photographic journalism has established itself as an integral part of the newspaper and magazine field.

The School of Journalism has realized that small town newspapers are interested in combination reporters and photographers; dailies employ hundreds of photo journalists; advertising agencies are interested in freelance photographers. It also understands that because of the importance of photography to journalism the photographers must be trained to meet the rigid requirements of a profession.

To take care of this growing need for good photographers, the School of Journalism brought Cliff Edom to its campus, a man well versed in the relationship of journalism and photography.

Edom, who had 14 years of photographic experience, came to the University of Missouri in 1943 to organize the photography department, and to work for a Bachelor of Journalism degree. That year, 16 students enrolled in his beginning photography class and five in the advanced class.

By 1944, class enrollment began to grow, but Edom was not satisfied. He decided to concentrate on new ways of getting students interested in photography.

That year, the School of Journalism sponsored an exposition of the best news, sports, and feature pictures of the year.

During Journalism Week last May,
the Fourth Annual 50-Print Show was judged by Edward J. Steichen, famous portrait photographer, who was recently appointed photo director of the New York Museum of Modern Art; Wilson Hicks, executive editor of *Life* magazine; and George Yates, picture editor of the Des Moines Register-Tribune. The prints in the show were chosen from 885 entries, representing the work of 292 newspaper photographers.

Next year the Encyclopedia Brittanica will help sponsor the show. The merger will include the publication of an annual book exhibiting the 100 best photos. The winning pictures will be offered for exhibition by art centers, schools of journalism, and libraries.

But the photographic exposition was just a part of the big dream of Cliff Edom. One day he approached Dean Frank Luther Mott with a plan for a photographic fraternity at the School, and during Journalism Week the following year, Kappa Alpha Mu was founded. The fraternity, named by Professor H. R. Long, bases its membership on scholarship and on interest and ability shown in photographic work.

Last year, the fraternity was chartered as the first national photographic fraternity. Today it has 13 chapters on college campuses from Washington to New Jersey, and is continuing its crusade "to uphold photographic and journalistic ethics, to secure photographic by-lines, and to elevate the pictorial journalist to his proper place."

Besides Steichen, Hicks, and Yates, Kappa Alpha Mu numbers among its honorary members R. M. Beer, chairman of the Photographic Society of America's Press Division; "Sammy" Schulman, International News Photography; Roy Stryker, director of photography for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Joe Rosenthal, best known for his classic "Marines on Mt. Suribachi;" Marie Hansen of *Life*; Murray Becker, chief photographer for the Associated Press; Joseph Sprague, executive of the Graflex Corporation, and many others.

Each year the fraternity sponsors a National Collegiate Exhibition in cooperation with *Popular Photography* magazine. This year 791 entries were received from 66 universities. The contest awards such prizes as a working week in Chicago as guest of *Popular Photography*. The organization of the exhibition, including arrangement of prints and repackaging, is done by Kappa Alpha Mu members. Graduate assistant Jack Bell, secretary of the organization, spends most of his "spare" time planning the collegiate shows.

Now, Edom is confident that the step-child of journalism is beginning to hold its own. Next year, the
School of Journalism will offer a major in photographic journalism with courses in beginning photography, advanced news photography, advertising and free lance work, and staff photography, which includes work on the photographic staff of the Columbia Missourian, the daily town paper published at the School of Journalism. Edom is also interested in another new course being offered, the theory and principles of photo-engraving. He is supplementing his other work by giving talks at his home on the philosophy of photography.

To take care of the increased enrollment in photography courses, the department has acquired three new enlargers, six printers, a Wabash Speed Flash, and two Pace-Maker graphics. The photo-engraving department is being moved into its own quarters, and five new darkrooms are being added. A special photographic studio for use in advertising and free lance work is also a part of the equipment.

"It's a far cry from the three Speed Graphics they had when I came here," Edom says, looking at the new equipment.

Graduates of the School of Journalism include Marie Hansen, now photographer for Life, and Brooks Honeycutt, former photographer for the Louisville Courier-Journal, who has gone to the University of Illinois to teach photography. Citizens of India, China, and South America are among the students who have taken the technique of photographic journalism back to their respective countries.

Back at the University working on her master's degree is Jane Petersen, former assistant editor of Popular Photography. She is helping Edom in the laboratories.

Students in photography don't stop developing film when the bell rings. The school's darkrooms are always crowded with photographers making pictures for the Columbia Missourian, doing free lance work, or developing film for their own pleasure. But there's more than one angle to a photographer's life—and whoever said that darkroom work isn't fun?

This spring the camera angle met its equal, the romantic, when Peggy Fite, graduate assistant in photography, and Jim Ashcraft, graduate assistant in photo-engraving, decided to hold hands and flash bulbs for life. And what do you think the bride will be worried about at the wedding? Probably, the type of camera the photographer is using.

Yes, they all agree that it's a great profession!

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The medical officer was examining the sergeant. "Now really, Sergeant, in civilian life would you come see me with a trivial complaint like this?" he asked.

"No, sir," came the answer, "I'd send for you."

A man went to his tailor and was measured for a suit. When the tailor said, "Your suit will be ready in thirty days," the man excitedly replied, "Why the good Lord made the whole earth in only six days!"

"That's right," said the tailor, "and have you taken a good look at it lately?"
History's Gluttons

Throughout history, eating well and extravagantly has been a favorite pastime of those who could afford it. The check for what is probably the most expensive meal ever eaten amounted to $50,000, and was paid by Lucullus, a famous Roman general who became a well-known gourmand after his retirement. Lucullus and two of his friends consumed this lavish feast a few years before the birth of Christ.

Many of Rome’s rulers were notorious spenders when it came to providing a groaning board. Vitelleus, one of Nero’s Imperial successors, spent $12,000 for every dinner he ate. His dinner bill amounted to $30,000,000 over a four-month period. Vitelleus’s guests began one of his bountiful feasts by consuming 10,000 oysters. Two thousand other dishes, including some 7,000 different types of fattened birds, followed.

Partial to ostrich brains, Heliogabalus, who was murdered by his own palace troops when he was only 18, once had the heads of 6,000 ostriches served at a royal banquet.

By these standards, Apicius, another Roman who loved good food, hardly deserves a mention. Apicius, who spent more than a million dollars annually for food, finally committed suicide rather than change his way of eating when poverty reduced his yearly income to a scant third of a million. Tiny singing birds, valued at $100 each, made up the favorite dish of one Roman epicure who paid $1,700 for each serving.

Expensive eating habits were not limited to ancient Rome. A 548-franc dinner was once ordered by a Frenchman named Vicomte de Vieil Castel in a clever attempt to win an unusual bet. Challenged to eat 500 francs’ worth of food in two hours, Castel won the wager by accenting quality rather than quantity. The winning menu, the most expensive which could be ordered in mid-winter, consisted of birds’ nest soup, pheasant, truffles, ortolans and asparagus, peas and fresh strawberries topped off by choice wines. Whether the young Frenchman used part of his winnings to treat an upset stomach is not recorded.

One of England’s most sumptuous banquets, given several centuries ago at Guildhall in honor of George III and his Queen, cost almost $30,000. Four hundred and fourteen dishes were served on this occasion. Another extravagant feast was given in honor of the Prince Consort in 1850 to mark the opening of the great English Exhibition. One of the culinary delicacies served the Prince cost more than $420, and consisted of the choice meat of more than 360 birds, including turkeys, pheasants and larks. The thrifty English, however, served the remaining meat to the other guests.—Frank Gillio.

Fifty In the Hole

Six soldiers stationed at Camp White, near Medford, Oregon, had missed the last bus to camp, but managed to get a lift in a wagon driven by an old farmer. The soldiers were doing the usual beefing about things in general, and Oregon in particular. Their dislike for Oregon was evident.

When they neared the camp a G. I. asked the farmer, “Say, Pop, how come you stay in Oregon when California is so close?”

The farmer scratched the back of his neck. “I’ll tell you,” he said. “When my father came here he had a horse and 50 bucks, and I'll be hanged if I'll leave these parts until I get that 50 back.”
October is "Royal time" in Kansas City, and a royal time is had by all as 6,000 animals look pretty for the people.

by BILL YORK

KANSAS CITY’S American Royal Livestock and Horse Show is the most complex production in the United States.

That statement isn’t idly made. The amount of time lavished on this annual display of the Middle West’s livestock riches is incalculable. Everybody gets into the act. Insurance executives, merchants, lawyers, radio officials, editors, garment makers, and manufacturers turn showmen, come up each year with a $250,000 production that plays to 130,000 paying customers.

Royal time brings a temporary truce in the commercial battle between the two Kansas Cities as the welcome mat is rolled out in mid-October for some 75,000 visitors from the trade territory.

The details of the show itself are handled by a small, permanent staff, but the rest of the work is done by volunteers.

Spontaneity is an important ingredient of any production, and the American Royal is saturated with it. Every year the business and civic leaders solemnly declare they’ll make an early start on arrangements but, of course, they never do.

Six weeks before the opening date, however, the big boys roll up their sleeves and go to work. The Royal has priority on their time. When a luncheon meeting is called for 20 men, 20 luncheons are served. That’s the secret of the show’s success.

Working capital is needed, so at the outset approximately 50 representatives of as many lines of business go out and ring doorbells for $100,000 with which to pay for purses, prizes, and trophies.

The American Royal operates as a civic, non-profit organization, and the more than 700 individuals and firms contributing to the fund become members of the American Royal Association. They also are given parking privileges at the show and an opportunity to buy reserved seats early. Those contributing $250 or more become sponsors of one of the 129 different classes.

Royal week starts with what are called the “uptown activities.” They are to the livestock and horse show what the sideshow is to the circus. The first of these activities is a parade
through the downtown business district. The theme of this year's edition will be the March of the '49ers, with historical scenes and pioneer tableaux recreated on floats that will be interlarded with marching bands and mounted drill teams from surrounding communities.

Then there's the queen contest. Civic organizations in 50 neighboring communities each select a beauty candidate and she comes to Kansas City, along with her chaperone, at the Royal's expense. A queen, two princesses, and eight ladies-in-waiting are selected to reign over the show.

The queen is acclaimed at a formal Coronation Ball, and throughout the week a great fuss is made over her during twice-daily appearances at the American Royal, at luncheon clubs, and at parties in her honor.

The Coronation Ball is society's contribution to the week's gaiety. Society leaders knock themselves out in making each successive ball more lavish than its predecessor. It's the neon event of the year, and 20 social and country clubs preface the lavish pageant of pomp and beauty with steak and champagne dinners for their members.

From the clubs, the more than 1300 members of the town's 400 move to the Auditorium. There they watch a floor show made up of the best acts on the Kansas City amusement scene followed by an outstanding star of the entertainment world and a big name band. Those in formal attire occupy the boxes and are the only ones permitted to dance after the show and coronation are con-
cluded. The spectator seats are as much in demand as the $4.50 box seats, and the 6,500 gallery seats are inevitably gone by the morning of the show.

The Junior League steps into the entertainment spotlight two nights after the Coronation Ball with its Cowtown Carnival that runs for six nights at the Hotel Muehlebach. It's for the show exhibitors, the out-of-town society folk and Kansas Citizens. Locally produced, this year's show is built around the songs of Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue hillbilly. The show is professional-looking and sophisticated in appeal.

Down at the American Royal pavilion overlooking the stockyards district, four-legged entertainers are the thing. The building is jammed from morning until night with city and farm visitors inspecting the 6,000 animals that are entered in the livestock show. Future Farmers, 4-H Club members, and city and country school children are everywhere. The industrial exhibits aren't overlooked either. Church groups join with professional caterers in dispensing hot dogs and hamburgers. Astronomical amounts of popcorn are consumed.

The horse show has a universal appeal, and though there are a few empty pews at the matinees, every seat is filled at night.

The sales of prize stock are a prod to the imagination of the spectators, an inspiration to exhibitors of all ages. Take the 1946 highlight, for example. Jack Hoffman, a 15-year old 4-H Club member from Ida Grove, Iowa, paraded a short, blocky white-faced steer — the champion junior calf — before the auctioneer's stand around which were gathered 100 prospective purchasers.

The auctioneer started at $5 a pound and when the bidding reached $10 a pound all but four or five bidders dropped out. The farm youth was bewildered as the bidding went up and up.

"All done, once — all done, twice — sold for $35.50 a pound!" That was it, $35.50 a pound, a record price of $43,026, or three times the previous world mark!

Although a vast amount of the missionary work in connection with the improvement of livestock is being
carried on by the farm youth programs, county agents, and agricultural colleges, the American Royal helpsgroove the thinking of stockmen along solid lines.

Kansas Citians put so much into the American Royal because their prosperity is closely linked to the farm and livestock industries.

"A cattleman," as one Kansas City businessman points out, "can take his stock to any one of three or four markets and get about the same amount of money. Consequently, he'll go to the market he likes — and that whole town profits. If he comes to Kansas City he may spend a few days at a hotel, patronize the restaurants, shows, and bars. He may make some other purchases; and if his wife comes along, you know she will.

"The American Royal has made thousands of friends for our livestock market, and the show and the spirit of friendliness of the community help keep us on top."

Kansas City is a grain and livestock center, but it's also a big distributing point with several outstanding industries of its own. Not only do raw materials of the farm move into and out of Kansas City, but manufactured goods from the East arrive for par-

celling out to trading towns in the agricultural regions.

The livestock show began in 1882 in Riverview park, an area long since absorbed by the horse and mule division of the Kansas City Stockyards Company. In 1888 the show took the name of the National Hereford Cattle show and was held in a tent in proximity to the stockyards. An early livestock authority commented that the Kansas City show, which was held under canvas, compared favorably with the British Royal Livestock Show. So, around the turn of the century, Walter Neff, editor of the Drovers Telegram, suggested the show be called the "American Royal." That has been its name ever since.

The horse show grew out of popular sentiment to send members and horses of the Kansas City fire department to London and Paris in 1894. Funds were needed, and Tom Bass, famous Negro horseman who had won honors at the World's Fair in Chicago the previous year, suggested a horse show as a means of helping defray the expenses. Staged near Fifteenth and Lydia, the show was a big success. In London, Kansas City's own Dan and Joe, a famous pair of Arabian horses, established a world's record that's never been equalled.

When the livestock and horse shows were later combined, a permanent area was built by the Stockyards Company, but the show outgrew its quarters. Old Convention Hall was the site of the American Royal a few years; and Electric Park, once. In 1921 the Chamber of Commerce raised $100,000 and the stockyards
people $500,000 to build a permanent American Royal building that would put the whole shebang under one roof.

The new building, with more than 300,000 square feet of floor space, was dedicated on November 19, 1922. But in the winter of 1925, when the structure was being used for a motor show, some decorations caught fire and the building, 300 motor cars, 75 trucks, and two aircraft were destroyed. Plans were set in motion to rebuild the structure on the same site. By American Royal time the second new building, bigger and better than ever, was ready to go.

How does the American Royal compare with other events of its kind? Experts in such matters say the Toronto show is the biggest, but they add hastily that it's different in that it has fruit and vegetable exhibits and other state fair competitions. The International at Chicago and the American Royal are about even on livestock displays, officials say, with the Kansas City Royal show a shade better on the horse side. That puts it at the head of the class!

Harry Darby, president of the show, predicts the American Royal will be the biggest show on the North American continent within the next few years and no one in Kansas City has the temerity to disagree with him.

Brewed Trouble

A DRUNK staggered up to a midtown bar.

"Quick. Give me a glass of beer before the trouble starts," he said.

"What trouble?" asked the bartender, as he slid a beer to the drunk. The drunk gulped down the beer, turned and started toward the door. "Hey!" the bartender shouted. "Where's the dime for the beer?"

The drunk skidded to a stop, turned around and shrugged his shoulders. "What'd I tell you," he said. "Now the trouble starts."

A small, timid private asked a sophisticated girl, "May I have this dance?"

She glanced at his size and the lone stripe on his sleeve, then replied, "I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child."

The private was deeply concerned. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't know of your condition."
The nagging wife is nothing new.

In American history, Abraham Lincoln stands out as the classic example of the henpecked husband. His wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, often drove him out of the house with a broom because she couldn't endure his desire for a noon-time nap on the hall sofa. The public tongue-lashings she administered were notorious throughout the land.

In ancient history, there was Xanthippe, the shrewish wife of Socrates. The philosopher's indifference to money matters and practical affairs often drove her into a fury. She would souse him with a bucket of water, to the amusement of their Athenian neighbors.

The men who told the world but whose wives often told them were almost as numerous as their deeds. Dominant and self-assertive were the wives of Disraeli and Henry II. Henrietta, the wife of Charles I, climaxed her religious zeal by having her husband's head cut off.

Even the prophets were not above taking their wives' advice. Mohammed was one who owed a great deal of his early success to the devoted help of his first wife Khadija, a rich widow for whom he was originally a camel driver. In fact in his later life, the prophet was so wife-minded that though he limited the number of wives his followers might take to four, he himself had several more.

As one professor has explained it, all men like to think they're henpecked. But every man is two men: one, what he is to the outside world; and the other, a humbler creature in his home. Men of destiny came in for just as much wifely criticism as the average man today. Feel better?—Marion Odmark.
WHEN my son, Baldwin, wrote me that Coach Miller had personally implored him to resign from the college chess team and report for football, I felt elated.

I was so proud of Baldwin that I intended to honor his P. S. request for twenty bucks.

After all, our family never had produced a good football player.

But then I began to consider Baldwin’s physical qualifications. They weren’t reassuring. His weight is negligible. Baldwin always got his penny back from the Guess Your Weight machines whether he guessed right or wrong.

In a remote sense he is ambidextrous, if throwing inaccurately with either hand can be considered such.

He is also extremely slow of foot. During his early adolescence he was known as “Skunky,” a sobriquet he acquired while failing to retreat rapidly upon encountering a well known mephitic mammal.

My analysis of Baldwin’s capabilities left much doubt in my mind. His decision to lay aside his bifocals for a football helmet made me suspect that some great crisis confronted my old alma mater, Hemenhaw College.

But it wasn’t until I came across the first of two clippings from the college periodical that I saw the light.

The first one was as follows:

Coach Mauler Miller promised a cheering Hemenhaw student body at last night’s pre-victory celebration that he will start his strongest eleven against the weak Burton Theological team tomorrow.

“We are out for BLOOD!” the Red Devils’ mentor declared bluntly. “And since we hold every advantage in weight, speed, and experience, I intend to give my men an opportunity to establish a new conference mark!”

“The Hemenhaw line will be as follows: Crusher Carter and Bruiser Butler, guards; King Kong Kerr and Homicide Hartfield, ends; Gorilla Groggenbauer and Dynamo Dawson, tackles; and Tiger Toomey, center.

“Our backfield will consist of Blitzkrieg Blatz at quarter; A-Bomb Brown and

Football is such a rough game!
TNT Tomplins, halfbacks; and slugger Stravetski at fullback.

"We are definitely out for blood and I know that nothing can stop us!"

After I read that clipping, I felt proud of my boy. The fact that he had been implored to become a member of such a powerful organization could mean only one thing, viz, he was a potential All-American.

But after reading the second clipping, I reached a definite decision. The item was dated two days later and read as follows:

Coach Milton J. Miller, Hemenhaw's amiable football director, issued the following statement with regard to yesterday's game with Burton College.

"During my long career as an advocate of football for recreation, I have never seen such deplorable methods as those used by the Burton team.

"I intend to file charges against their entire eleven, and especially against Spud Palmer, Burton's 120-lb. fullback. The fact that he made six touchdowns in the first quarter is beside the point.

"Four of my boys are in the hospital, namely: Llewellyn L. Stravetski, Eustace Blatz, Royce Bertram Hartfield and Jasper Willis Toomey, III.

"Tristam Groggenbauer and Eugene Francis Carter are under the care of their personal physicians.

"Sylvester Dawson and Hilary Tomplins have handed in their uniforms.

"Egbert Butler, Sebastian Kerr, and Leland J. Brown have been missing since our gallant stand on the one yard line in the first quarter.

"If the officials had been alert and had strictly enforced the rules, the rest of my boys would not have refused to leave the locker room at the beginning of the second half.

"Under the proper conditions I am quite confident that we could have reversed the 92 to 0 defeat we so unjustly suffered.

"Anyone interested in trying out for the Hemenhaw team will please report to the Stadium immediately. We have quite a few vacancies.

"Our toughest games are ahead and we need new blood!"

Yes, my mind is made up. I shall send Baldwin the twenty bucks, but only with the stipulation that he sever all relations with Coach Miller and the Hemenhaw Eleven.

Chess is a much nicer game, and after all, our family never has produced a good chess player.

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Stop and look—at Mary Jean Burke, Miss Missouri of 1947. Swing's two-page lovely represented the "Show Me" state at the recent Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City. Miss Burke won her title in a competition sponsored jointly by the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling and radio station WHB in Kansas City.
5. The voice of Donald Duck, Clarence Nash, duck-talks the people.
6. All aboard for the preview flight of Braniff Airways' Luxury Airliner are WHB's Ed Birr; Mrs. Don Brottlund; Charles Buckley; Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper; and Mrs. J. Cannon.
THERE is an old story about a businessman who went into a railroad station and said to the ticket seller, "Give me a ticket."

"To where do you wish a ticket, sir?" asked the man behind the wicket.

"It makes no difference," replied the businessman. "I've got business everywhere."

That story would be less foolish told about Rufus Crosby Kemper than almost any other Middle Western businessman, because Kemper, through the spread of his amazing business connections, does business just about everywhere and in almost every kind of enterprise.

If this description of his responsibilities and breadth of commercial activities gives you a mental picture of a nervous, harried, dyspeptic, bad-tempered, big-shot who has no time for humanity, so completely immersed is he in his business duties; you couldn't be more in error as to Crosby Kemper the man.

He is no five-secretaried, big office, multiple pushbutton, barking executive type. In fact, his private office in the City National Bank of Kansas City is smaller than the offices of any of his junior executives. That he wants it that way is evidenced by the fact that in his newly finished bank building on the northwest corner of Tenth and Grand, which is the pride of his heart and the culmination of a lifelong dream, his office is modest in size and appointment, although from it will come the direction of business that would be called "big" in anybody's city or nation.

Consider a partial list of businesses in which Crosby Kemper has a finger, often up to the armpit:

President, City National Bank and Trust Company of Kansas City, Missouri
Chairman of Board, Interstate Securities Company
Member of Executive Committee and Board of Directors, Kansas City Southern Railway Company; Louisiana & Arkansas Railway Company, and United Utilities Company, of Abilene, Kansas
Board member and member Finance Committee, Kansas City Life Insurance Company, Business Men's Assurance Company, Kansas City Fire & Marine Insurance Company.
Board member, Kansas City Stockyards Company, United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, of Baltimore, Maryland; Investment, Incorporated; Forum Cafeterias of America; Kansas City Airways, Incorporated; Kansas
City Title and Trust Company; Stewart Sand & Material Company, Kemper Investment Company; member Advisory Committee, Braniff Airways.

One would think that a man interested in the finances and management of business ranging from banking through insurance to railroads and airlines to building material and restaurant food and livestock, would be too busy to take any part in civic affairs or have any home life.

Yet Mr. Kemper is essentially a family man, a home man and a citizen who has done more than his share in the unpaid civic duties that someone must do. Consider again a partial list of some of his civic activities:

- Member of board, Treasurer and on Executive Committee, Community Chest
- Advisory Committee, Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri
- Member of Board and executive committee American Red Cross (Kansas City Chapter)
- Advisory Board, Municipal Auditorium; University of Kansas City
- Governor and Treasurer, American Royal Live Stock and Horse Show
- Trustee, Kansas City Museum
- First Vice President and Treasurer, Kansas City Club
- Board Member, Saddle and Sirloin Club
- Member, Alumni Fund, University of Missouri
- Executive Committee, Kansas City Clearing House Association
- Industrial Committee, Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City

Of course, now comes the logical question, how does he do it all and how so well, as the growth and successes of the businesses with which he is associated attest?

The answer is that Crosby Kemper early went into training for just the sort of life he has led and to do the multitudinous business jobs he has done. Then too, he is a big man, both physically and mentally, with a bodily stamina to carry a tremendous load without tiring.

When he attended the University of Missouri, from which he was graduated in 1914, his nickname was "Bear" Kemper, not because of his disposition, which always was and still is amiable and patient, but because of his great and often bumbling strength. He played tackle on the varsity team and played it well enough to leave legends. Middle-aged alumni still recall with a warming of their pampered hearts the time in 1914 in Urbana, Illinois, when the Missouri Tigers were playing Illinois and Tackle Kemper scooped up a fumble and ran an incredible number of yards for the only touchdown made against the powerful Illinois team.

Mr. Kemper also participated in track and was heavyweight boxing champion at the University of Pennsylvania, where he took a post graduate course in the Wharton School of Finance. His early days as a golfer at M.U. are remembered more from his powerful swings than for their accuracy. Old timers will tell you that Crosby Kemper dug up more turf on the Columbia, Missouri, golf
SWING NOMINEE FOR MAN OF THE MONTH

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course than any other player. This vague "swing-and-grunt" technique has been improved by years of work into a reasonably controlled and polished swing resulting in regular scores in the respectable 80's. He is still known as a long ball golfer.

Schoolmates at the two universities he attended and older friends who remember him at Westport High School all agree that while a notable athlete and a good student with a capacity for having as good a social time as anybody, he early showed a marked serious trend and a desire to learn all he could about a number of things. He learned them quickly and thoroughly. There were no wasted years. His old teachers say he was an ideal student, sensing early the application of lessons to the realities of living and business.

After leaving the University of Pennsylvania, Crosby Kemper went into the grain business, which activity the advent of World War I cut short. He served in Europe as a first lieutenant in an infantry company and returned to this country in 1919. The grain business having been sold, he decided to enter the banking business in which his father, the well known William T. Kemper, had made such a notable success.

Crosby Kemper elected to start with a small bank, one just newly opened, and to build his own business, rather than to step into a well established and going concern, which he might have done. He became vice president of the then new City National Bank and Trust Company in 1919. He became the bank's president in 1920 and has been president ever since, developing its capital from $115,000 to the more than $6,000,000 the institution today has in capital, undivided profits and surplus, all earned except $400,000. Deposits are now more than $120,000,000 against the $220,000 when he became president.

This bank later built its own seven-story office building at Eighteenth and Grand Avenue at a cost of more than a million dollars and came to carry this modern and well built structure at $1 on its books and its more than $100,000 worth of furniture and equipment at another dollar.

On November 10th the bank will move into its new banking home on the northwest corner of Tenth Street and Grand Avenue, across the street from the Federal Reserve Bank. This new location, consisting of the first four floors of the Long Building and a newly constructed garage building 150 feet to the north on Grand Avenue with space for 500 cars, is unique in America as a bank home. It is the first word in bank design and offers motoring customers conveniences and banking techniques not available in any other bank in America. More
than two years have gone into the building of this unusual banking building.

City National’s stock is the highest priced bank stock in Kansas City, selling at $700 a share. Paying 8% dividends, it is one of the lowest yield bank stocks in the United States, yet it is in active demand.

Crosby Kemper and James Spaulding, Negro stock room superintendent, are the two oldest employees of the bank from a standpoint of length of service and they have seen it grow in such a fashion as to be one of the most phenomenal and talked of banking developments in the nation.

A reason often given for Crosby Kemper’s ability to carry the business load he does without having ulcers as large as turnips, is his uncanny ability to relax. He sleeps well and is a fairly early retireer, but is up with the birds. He plays golf frequently, rides horseback on one of his two farms south of the limits of Kansas City or with the Saddle and Sirloin Club members; and still plays an occasional game of tennis.

Mr. Kemper, frequently accompanied by Mrs. Kemper, takes evening or early morning walks in Loose Park, which neighbors the present Kemper home in the Walnuts.

Crosby Kemper had a fortunate heredity. His father, W. T. Kemper, was one of Kansas City’s most widely known and influential bankers and civic leaders. The father of his mother, Lottie Crosby Kemper, was one of the pioneer merchants and bankers in Kansas. Crosby was born in Valley Falls, Kansas, but moved to Kansas City when he was a little boy.

Kansas City has been his home since, and he makes it clear that it always will be. Close friends know that he has had many offers to leave Kansas City for even wider business fields, but he has chosen to remain "at home."

Mr. Kemper married a Tacoma, Washington, girl, Enid Ann Jackson, in 1921. They have three children, Mrs. Thomas Wood, Jr.; Miss Jan Kemper; and Rufus Crosby, Jr., recently discharged from the Navy and now attending the University of Missouri.

Few nights find Crosby Kemper at home without his first having attended some civic or business meeting. Yet with all of his tremendous connections and the demands on his time for such meetings, he spends an astonishing number of hours at home with his family and friends. Nor do current books and magazines escape his attention. Everything is grist in his mill, and one of the traits that calls forth comment from acquaintances is Mr. Kemper’s ability to converse on any subject. He maintains an interest and knowledge of a wide variety of general subjects. Like most good conversationalists he is an excellent listener.

One of Crosby Kemper’s most outstanding abilities, and one that never fails to amaze those in contact with him, is his uncanny memory for names. His father was celebrated throughout the Southwest for the fact that he could remember and call by name thousands of people. There are many who knew father and son who
say that, "Crosby is almost as good at remembering a fellow’s name as W.T. was." Again, this impressive and valuable trait is a matter of training from an early age.

A good summing up of Crosby Kemper’s business astuteness came from a successful and hardbitten Kansas City executive who said, "If some strange circumstance pitched Crosby Kemper out into the street today, penniless and in his nightshirt, by the end of a week he’d have two successful businesses going and making a nice profit—and he’d never have raised his voice nor a sweat in the doing of it."

He just grew up that way at home and at school. Kansas City has cause to be pleased that no little share of its business development and prosperity has been in the capable hands of Rufus Crosby Kemper.

American Nobleman

In earlier history the attempts of the United States to adapt national behavior to the manner of China, the Great Inscrutable, were sometimes clumsy and even ludicrous. That, however, is not to say they always failed to achieve their ends.

In one instance we even went so far as to create American nobility in an effort to gain favor with a Chinese emperor. It happened in 1843, when President Tyler appointed Caleb Cushing to negotiate a commercial treaty with China. History lists Mr. Cushing as an American lawyer and diplomat, born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, graduate of Harvard, a member of the House of Representatives from 1835 to 1843.

Awed, perhaps, by the dazzling title of emperor, and determined that his emissary should not be too far outdone, Tyler solemnly conferred on Caleb Cushing the title of Count.

Whether by prestige of the title, the catchy alliteration in the name, Count Caleb Cushing, or sheer personal ability, the plucky American "nobleman" waded through Oriental subtleties and accomplished his mission, the Treaty of Wanghsia that opened five Chinese ports to American trade.—Florence Jansson.

An army captain was making his way to the dining car aboard the Pacemaker, enroute to New York, when his progress was blocked by a group of youngsters who were listening to yarns being told by a silver-haired lady. The captain, amused, listened for a while.

After one of her stories he said, "I’ll bet you are somebody’s nice grandmother."

The lady looked up at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "Young man," she said, "where I come from, old maids do not have children."

The pilot somehow managed to land his smoking plane on a beach close to a dense jungle, but when he stepped from the wreckage five ferocious natives were waiting for him. He was about to make a run for the jungle when one of the natives handed him a piece of paper.

"Write name," the native ordered.

"You want my autograph?" asked the aviator as he wrote his name on the paper.

"Autograph, hell!" replied the native. "This is menu."
Tulip Fever

ONE of the strangest crazes ever to strike a country was the tulip mania which started in Holland in the early 1600’s. The wealthy aristocrats first became the devotees of the chalice-like flowers, the mere possession of which established a man or woman as a person of refinement and culture. They paid fabulous sums for the bulbs. Soon the craving for the flower spread to the other levels of society, and “gone with the wind” was the proverbial Dutch thrift and industry. Business came to a virtual standstill while the populace trafficked in tulips. Trading began in earnest on the stock exchange for the precious flowers. Special laws were passed to deal with the record-breaking new business. The designation “tulip notary” came into use, replacing “public notary.”

An amusing story is told of a Dutch sailor returning to his native land at the height of the tulip fever and not knowing of the craze that was sweeping the country. Stopping into a shop to apprise the merchant of the arrival of his shipment of silks and satins he was rewarded by the shopkeeper with a red herring. When the owner’s back was turned the seaman saw what he thought to be an onion lying on the counter. He hastily picked it up and dropped it into his pocket, thinking how delicious it would taste with the herring. Of course, the “onion” was a most valued tulip bulb, and the poor sailor was thrown into jail for months for his offense.

Money poured into Holland from foreign countries. The fever spread to London and Paris, but did not take hold there to the extent that it did in the land of the Zuyder Zee. The people were in a state of wild excitement over their seeming prosperity. Hard times were never again to be known.

But came the day of reckoning, as it was sure to come. The bubble burst and the price of tulips started to drop. Crash went the fortunes of the speculators. Many wealthy and noble families woke up to find themselves beggars. Suits were instituted in the law courts for breach of contract, but the judges ruled that these were gambling debts and, therefore, uncollectible. It took the country years to recover from its emotional spree, but it is interesting to note that even today the Hollanders will pay higher prices for tulip bulbs than any other people.—Madeleine M. Ginaine.

A Nod to Our Neighbors

WHEN the people of France were starving at the time of the French Revolution, one widow and her several children remained well nourished. It became so apparent that word spread, and eventually the woman was called before the abbot to explain how she was withstanding the general famine.

She revealed that her family was dining upon snails which they gathered from the leaves in the vineyards, and proved it was possible by brewing up a snail stew for the abbot. He was delighted, and ordered her release.

Today, snails are considered a delicacy in France. Along the avenues, outside the better restaurants of Paris, hang baskets filled with grape leaves upon which the snails are fed.

THE cigarmakers of Havana contribute a few cents each week for an entertainer who sits upon a platform among the workers. His duty is to read the daily paper, play a musical instrument, or offer other entertainment. Sometimes female workers request that a sentimental or romantic novel be read to them. Girls are girls the world around.—O. H. Hampsh.
Sons of the **TEMPLAR**

*Two million strong, marching along for God, for home and freedom.*

by SAM SMITH

It was late in 1918 when 29-year-old Frank S. Land first met teenage Louis Lower. It was an important meeting for boys in free countries the world around.

Land was at the time serving as chairman of a committee of the Scottish Rite to help the needy of Kansas City. Louie Lower’s father was dying in a hospital and the family was straining every financial nerve to keep him under treatment.

So Land called on the Lower family. He gave Louie, the oldest boy, a job in the Scottish Rite’s storeroom. On Christmas Eve of that year, Louie’s father died.

To help the boy over that hump, Land invited him to bring some friends to a meeting one Tuesday night early in 1919. Nine boys showed up. They became the first nine members of the Order of DeMolay.

Frank S. Land now is 57 years old. The Order of DeMolay has listed 1,700,000 boys in its ranks in the intervening 28 years. Today it is growing steadily, swelling into new areas of the globe and building constantly in this country.

The nerve center of this great order of boyhood—with its lasting effects throughout adult life—is in a fine old three-story stone house on Kansas City’s Armour Boulevard. Since 1928 that structure has housed the offices of DeMolay’s Grand Council.

There, in a great bay-windowed first floor room, “Dad” Land maintains his office. There he talks with men high in their various professions, boys who once were DeMolays. There he counsels teen-aged youths now in the Order.

Man and boy alike, they call him “Dad.” Land is almost white-haired. It’s thin on top. Once again he appears in the best of health, after some years of strain.

“DeMolay is prospering better now than it ever has, with the possible exception of the first four or five years,” he says. “Then it was something new.

“Now it is past the period of its swaddling clothes.”

Land is a man of tremendous patience. Even in the depression years of the 1930s, when DeMolay was hard-pressed, Land lost none of his patience, his willingness to listen and counsel.

“We have no debts now,” he states with some pride. “All of our property is paid for. We have 800 acres
in the Missouri Ozarks, near Versailles, which we plan to build into a park capable of taking care of 1,000 boys at a time, as well as serving us as a year-round training spot for leaders of boys.”

Today DeMolay has about 1,300 chapters in this country. Five chapters have been started in the Philippines and more are being formed. The first DeMolay chapters in Australia will get underway this year. It now appears that DeMolay will be started in Belgium and in Bolivia.

There already are chapters in several South American countries and in Canada.

That was the result of the meeting of Frank Land and Louie Lower.

Louie is dead now, shot down by a drunken war plant guard who was attempting to direct traffic on a busy street. When he died, he was director of Kansas City’s block-square Municipal Auditorium.

“Dad” Land has seen thousands of success stories such as that lived by Louie Lower before his untimely death.

“I tell these boys that the fellows sitting near them in the chapter rooms now may 20 years from now be the surgeons who might save their lives, the lawyers who might save their fortunes, and so on.

“That’s been the story of DeMolay, for now we are really beginning to see the worth of the Order as men who have passed through it as boys climb to high place in all fields of endeavor.”

Boyhood’s order took its name from Jacques DeMolay, the last of the Templars who was burned at the stake on an island in the Seine in the year 1314 rather than reveal the secrets of his order.

During the earliest meetings of Louie Lower and his chums with “Dad” Land, they asked him to tell them stories of the great martyrs. One of the stories he recited was that of the Knight, Jacques DeMolay.

Then and there a name was selected for the new Order. Land sketched the skeleton of a ritual and the late Frank Marshall, Kansas City editorial writer, clothed it with the majesty of his writing.

In that ritual, the boys pledge their love of God, of country, of home and parents. Once within the chapter room, they find opportunity for fellowship, opportunity to develop leadership. The record shows that many thousands of men have profited.

All because Frank Land lent a helping hand 28 years ago to a fatherless boy.

Before the dictators rose to power in Europe, DeMolay was strong in some parts of the continent. But dictators cannot tolerate that for which DeMolay stands. The precepts of DeMolay are the precepts of free men.

The entire international organiza-
tion of the Order is unified and governed by a group of outstanding Masons known as the Grand Council of the Order. DeMolay is sponsored by recognized Masonic bodies but is in no way affiliated with the Masonic institution.

A staff of about 20 persons handles the work at the headquarters of the Order. The staff includes no high-powered public relations establishment. DeMolay doesn’t need that to grow, for what it has to offer—its records show full well—is sufficient inducement to boys over 14.

As for himself, Land says that his biggest pleasure has been in seeing boys develop into men of leadership in their chosen fields. Today he knows thousands high in government, in business, in the professions, because he knew them as tousle-headed youngsters a few years back.

He started out to help one fatherless boy, but he now has 1,700,000 men and boys calling him “Dad.”

**Men of Science**

The nine gentlemen and one lady listed here made outstanding contributions in the field of science. But do you remember what each one accomplished? Mix ’em and match ’em. Seven correct is passing. Answers on page 68.

1. Wilhelm Roentgen
2. Robert Koch
3. Sigmund Freud
4. William Withering
5. Anton van Leeuwenhoek
6. William Harvey
7. Claude Bernard
8. Karl Ernst von Baer
9. Madame Curie
10. Joseph Lister

Discoverer of the circulation of the blood
Inventor of microscope
Discoverer of digitalis
Discoverer of hormones
Father of antiseptic surgery
Founder of psychoanalytic theory
Discoverer of X-ray.
Discoverer of the tubercle bacilli
Discoverer of human ovum
Discoverer of radium

**Who Loved Whom?**

Scrambled below are ten famous couples. Straightening out seven of them will qualify you as an authority on love. Invert the page for answers.

1. Josephine Beauharnais
2. Madame Recamier
3. Jenny Lind
4. Mary Ann Evans
5. Mary Anne Lewis
6. Elizabeth Barrett
7. Lucy Stone
8. Frumtje Guggenheim
9. Marie Sklodowska
10. Pierre Curie

Benjamin Disraeli
George Washington
Robert Browning
Pierre Curie
Henry Blackwell
Otto Goldschmidt
Napoleon
Chateaubriand
John Walter Cross
Moses Mendelssohn

Answers to Who Loved Whom:

1. Napoleon
2. Chateaubriand
3. Otto Goldschmidt
4. John Walter Cross
5. George Washington
6. Benjamin Disraeli
7. Robert Browning
8. Henry Blackwell
9. Moses Mendelssohn
I've got a rough schedule this semester—all women profs!
A Scotsman once lost a nickel—and Grand Canyon got its start. Scotsman or no, it's still big diggin's.

by JETTA CARLETON

If it hadn't been for the Colorado River and several million years of uplift and erosion, the Philip Morris people might never have found a suitable theme song. For without the river and erosion there would be no Grand Canyon, and without the Grand Canyon there would be no Suite of the same name. Ferde Grofe might have written music about something else just as grand, but he wouldn't have composed On the Trail nor any of the other movements that celebrate in music the world's most spectacular hole in the ground.

Besides doing all right by Philip Morris and Mr. Grofe, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado does handsomely by geologists, naturalists, and something like a quarter of a million tourists each year.

Cut by the second longest river in the United States, the canyon is 217 miles long, 4 to 18 miles wide, and averages a mile deep. In its region are included six of the seven climatic belts recognized in America; while snow falls around the canyon rim, a mile below you'd be comfortable in a sarong. The canyon yields up fossil footprints and marine forms, and inside or on the edge there are 500 ruins of ancient Indian pueblos. The basement rock of the canyon walls is the oldest known on the earth's surface. And to add to the canyon's appeal, there is its primeval quality. There still remain buttes and side canyons where, as someone put it, "the hand of man has never set foot."

But for each of these spots, there are two or three where the hand of man has set foot. Evidence is the modern highways, the railroad, airports, modern hotels and lodges that have been built. By the combined efforts of the National Park Service, the railroads and Fred Harvey, convenience, comfort, and luxury have been made tangible in the wilderness. The Fred Harvey people, the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe are responsible for the fine hotels—Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim, El Tovar and Bright Angel Lodge on the South Rim—as well as shops, services, and recreational facilities. The Park Service, on the other hand, combines aid to the tourist with aid to the Park itself. A great part of their job is to keep the Grand Canyon as much as possible the way nature made it.

Nature has been some 12,000,000 years in the making of the canyon. It probably began as a mass of great peaks and became in turn a level
plain, the bottom of a sea, a great delta, and at last an uplifted plateau which gradually became eaten away by the river, by rain, wind, and frost, into what is now the Grand Canyon.

Vegetation helped speed the process, too. A microscopic lichen can cause a lot of faulting. Millions of tiny lichens begin to grow on a rock. Acting as a sort of sponge, they catch the rain water, and a weak carbonic acid forms. This begins to eat away at the limestone. Tiny holes form; larger lichens take root. Finally there is a hole large enough for a seed to lodge in. Pretty soon there's a tree growing, presumably out of solid rock. But the tree's roots are down underneath, in the soil, reaching through the crevices of the rock. Then the roots expand, the rock is pried loose. One day it breaks away and tumbles down into the canyon. So another nick is made in the walls; so the canyon increases.

Innumerable legends have attempted to account for the Grand Canyon. The Navajo Indians believe it to be the result of a great flood, which left an inland sea. When the sea forced its way back to the main ocean, it cut the canyon. Although many of the Navajo ancestors were swept away in the flood, they did not die, but were changed to fish, instead. To this day, older Navajos refuse to eat fish.

A certain religious group thinks the Grand Canyon was created by an earthquake at the time of the crucifixion of Christ. And then there's that old one about the Scotsman who lost a nickel in a gopher hole . . .

However, the creation by erosion and plant growth seems to be the logical explanation. And that's the one you'll hear from the Park ranger—even though he often gets reported as an infidel to Park Headquarters by someone who takes the Bible literally.

Indians lived in or around the canyon for many centuries before it was finally discovered by one of the Conquistadores who wasn't even looking for it. Don Lopez de Cadenas and his company of 12 were looking for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola. Coronado had dispatched them into the north country in 1540. The Grand Canyon, for all its brilliant colors, was no substitute for the wealth they hoped to find. They never went back. In fact, no one went back for some 230 years. Then in 1776, while the American colonists were whipping the British, a couple of Spanish padres led an exploring party into the Grand Canyon country. But this expedition, like that of Cadenas, came to little.

It was only with the age of trappers, traders, and prospectors that the section began to open up. These men found trails ready-made—animal trails widened and defined by the Indians, and now teasing the more adventurous and acquisitive white men into new country. The first Americans to travel along both rims of the canyon were a beaver trapper and his father who made the trip in 1826. In 1858 the United States Government sent an expedition to explore the region, and in 1869, Major John W. Powell, a one-armed Civil War veteran, made the first complete passage through the Grand Canyon.
Canyon. Backed partly by the Chicago Academy of Science, Major Powell started out with a dozen men, completed that difficult journey down the Colorado with only six.

The first cabin went up on the rim in 1892, and the first hotel, five years later. That same year, a stage began to operate, bringing the first tourists from Flagstaff, 72 miles away, in just 12 hours! Four years after that, the first passenger train drew up to the South Rim. Today the Santa Fe furnishes daily train service to the South Rim, and the Union Pacific furnishes bus service to the North Rim.

Until 1932 the railroad served another purpose: by tank car it hauled all the water used on the South Rim. Now the water is pumped from springs inside the canyon at Indian Gardens. An ingenious hydroelectric project brings water up to the North Rim from Roaring Springs, a half mile or so down.

In 1908, a section of the Grand Canyon region was set off as a national monument; and in 1919, in spite of privateers and politics, it became a National Park. The Park itself covers 1,008 square miles, including 105 miles of the Colorado River. Headquarters is Grand Canyon Village.

A minor Park controversy persists, as to whether the view is better from the North Rim or the South Rim. Either one will knock your eye out, to use the vernacular, which is perhaps as good as any other in this case. But at least one familiar of the Park gives the South Rim a slight edge—at least for the beginner. Mr. Edwin Corle, in a book called Listen, Bright Angel, indicates that the South Rim may be the better for one's first glimpse of the canyon. He calls the North a "postgraduate course."

The South Rim, which is nearly a mile above the river, stays open the year 'round. The North Rim, being 1,300 feet higher than the South, becomes blocked with snow during the winter, and therefore closes October 1. The season opens June 1.

Authorities on the canyon's grandeur insist that you haven't seen anything yet until you make the trip down in. The only way down is by means of pack trail. From the South Rim, Bright Angel Trail leads down by way of Indian Gardens, through the Granite Gorge, to the banks of the Colorado. (Trip as arranged by Fred Harvey takes most of a day, sets you back $7.50 per person.)

Kaibab Trail is the shortest traversable link between the two rims. (The only other is 217 miles of Navajo Road.) Kaibab crosses the river by means of a suspension bridge that is a miracle of engineering efficiency at that almost inaccessible point. The cables for this bridge, weighing over two thousand pounds each, were carried on the shoulders of 50 men
down six and a half miles of trail to the river.

Both Bright Angel and Kaibab Trails lead to Phantom Ranch, a phenomenon tucked in among the crags of Bright Angel Canyon at the bottom of the canyon proper. This is an expensive, beautiful outlay of rustic cabins and lodges built with 20,000 pack loads of material carried down on mule-back. Bright Angel Creek furnishes the water for the swimming pool. (A two-day pack trip down Kaibab to Phantom Ranch costs $22.00 a head.)

But regardless of what old-timers say, even the most superficial view of the Grand Canyon can be rewarding. Indeed, even the most superficial view is so crowded with scenic wonder that the visitor is almost surfeited with simply looking around. Not only that great gash in the earth, but the country surrounding, is gorgeous in the full sense of the word. Besides the Painted Desert, the forests—petrified and live—and no end of monuments and famous ruins, there is Indian country, and this holds as much fascination as anything around the Grand Canyon.

Forty-eight thousand Navajos, the Bedouins of the Southwest, roam the largest Indian reservation in the United States, driving their flocks as they have done for generations. The Navajo women, ignoring even so primitive a device as the spinning wheel, make their wool by traditional methods and weave their rugs from designs they keep only in their heads. On three mesas north of the Painted Desert, in a reservation entirely surrounded by Navajo country, the Hopi maintain their ancient folkways. And inside Grand Canyon Park, the Havasupai, “people of the blue-green water,” continue to live in their rude huts. The government built them clean new cottages, but the Havasupai used these for storing tools and grain and went on living in their hovels.

Though the Indians in the Grand Canyon country number less than 60,000 today, and though many of them now have haircuts, they still maintain their native way of life. The white man has not managed to absorb them. A Navajo woman may still divorce her husband by placing his saddle outside the hogan door. The Hopi still hold their Snake Dances which are not empty ceremony, but an earnest prayer for rain. White
men see only the finale, never the
secret, sacred, nine-day preliminaries.
Thus an ancient civilization carries
on, counterpoint to a young civiliza-
tion which conducts scenic flights
daily over the Grand Canyon, and
has strung the world's most massive
dam across the Colorado—the new
civilization which arrived on the can-
yon rim less than a century ago.
It would seem that Major Powell's
prayer has been more than answered.
When the Major made his expedition
in 1869, he met most of the disasters
affordable by a vicious river and an
unexplored wilderness. One day,
standing on the banks of a clear blue
stream, Major Powell was moved by
so much catastrophe to call on more
than human help. And so he prayed,
ending with words that speak for all
the men since him who faced the
Grand Canyon as a challenge:
"... and if this expedition has any
right to success or survival, then listen
to a scientist's prayer, O Bright Angel
of Immortality." The angel must
have heard.

During the governor's visit to the state penitentiary, a colored inmate
asked for a pardon. "What's the matter, Auntie, haven't you a nice home
here?" asked the governor.
"Yassuh," she replied, "but Ah wants out."
"Don't they feed you well here?"
"Yassuh, dat ain't it."
"Well, what makes you dissatisfied, then?"
"Ah got jist one jexion to dis place, Suh, and dat's the repitation it's
got ovah de state."

A waiter looked unhappily at the tip left him and sneered at the diner.
"Is that the best you can do?"
"No," said the diner, "That's the best you can do."

Pat and Mike had jobs in a coal mine. Pat broke his shovel, and being
too lazy to take it to the surface, he chalked a note on it, "Take my shovel
out, Mike, I've forgotten it!"
Mike rubbed the message off and substituted one of his own, "Take it
out yourself. I've not seen it."

"Sister," said the deacon severely, "you should avoid even the appearance
of evil. For instance, on your sideboard, you have several cut glass decanters,
each half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."
"But, deacon," she protested, "it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles
look so pretty on the sideboard that I fill them half way with a mixture of
floor stain and furniture polish just for the looks."
"That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," said the deacon. "Feeling
a trifle faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big decanter in the middle."

The mathematics professor and his fiancee were out roaming the fields.
She plucked a daisy, looking roguishly at him, and began to pull the petals
off, saying, "He loves me, he loves me not."
"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary work," said the professor,
"You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number, the
answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."
Treasures May Be Little Things

Is there something that you treasure above anything else in the world? Some object, perhaps, a souvenir or token that you have put away in safekeeping because of its special meaning to you? If you have, then you can rest assured that you have most famous people in the world as company.

A few years ago, Dr. Peter Lindstrom gave actress Ingrid Bergman a floppy leopard doll. It was one of many little knick-knacks he gave his fiancée. Years have passed and marriage has united them, but this leopard doll remains Miss Bergman’s dearest treasure because it represents the memory of the first Christmas that she knew Dr. Lindstrom.

A small silver bell is one of the most highly prized possessions of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the former First Lady of our land. Her mother gave it to her many years ago and it still stands on a table in her home. It is the cherished remembrance of a woman whose character inspired the work Mrs. Roosevelt has done throughout the world.

Betty Smith, author of the best-seller, A Tree Grows In Brooklyn, still prides the tattered old clipping of a short poem she had published in a Brooklyn newspaper, The Chat, when she was only 11 years old. The thrill of seeing her effort in print provided her with the inspiration to succeed.

“It made me decide then and there, at the tender age of 11, that I would be an author some day,” says Miss Smith. “I’ve never let go of that early ambition. The poem wasn’t much good—an imitation of James Whitcomb Riley—but it is the most valuable of all my possessions.”

Mary, Queen of Scots, lived about the time when the first watch was invented. A special watch was made for her by an expert Swiss watchmaker. Small and shaped like a human skull, this odd-looking watch introduced a newfad in costume jewelry and it became one of the Queen’s fondest possessions.

When Sister Elizabeth Kenny was a tiny girl, she used to sit with her entire family around her mother’s knees and listen to the reading of the Bible. The readings influenced the girl greatly.

She turns to the Bible for solace and comfort—the very same Bible her mother owned years ago. It is this Holy Book which inspires the work of a great woman, and it is, unquestionably, the object of her deepest affection.

Stage and movie star Cornelia Otis Skinner owns a tremendously valuable collection of stage props which once belonged to the theatre’s famous folk. The swords that Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett wore as Brutus and Cassius, respectively, are part of this collection. But her greatest treasure is a simple little glass which was used years ago for the famous annual get-togethers of Mark Twain and Joseph Jefferson, America’s outstanding actor during the late 19th Century.

Down through the ages people have always treasured some object, usually for its sentimental, rather than pecuniary value. Psychologists say this is normal human behavior. So you needn’t be ashamed of that sea shell or golf club or locket. You are not alone.—Malcolm Hyatt.

A friend was examining the canvasses in Picasso’s studio, but could not understand them. “Why do you make such unintelligible paintings?” he demanded. “These pictures don’t make sense.”

“The world doesn’t make sense,” shrugged Picasso. “Why should I paint as if it did?”
MASTER of questionable musical instruments, Spike Jones is probably the only man in history to boost an improper noise into international fame. It is estimated that he now has more than 25,000,000 rabid fans. His income totals up to better than $100,000 per year. He's a movie star. His records sell faster than the recording company can wax platters to keep up with the demand. Juke boxes gobble up loads of nickels from those who relish his washboard obbligato. His personal appearance tours attract audiences the way Frankie-boy Sinatra draws bobby-soxers. On the radio, when you think you're getting static—why, it's only Spike and his boys!

It all goes to show what a guy with an idea, ambition, a lucky break or two, some hard work, and a strange assortment of cowbells, doorbells, auto horns, washboards, pistols, and other musical noisemakers can do!

Spike's full name is Lindley Armstrong Jones, and he became a virtuoso of the washboard at the tender age of 11. This momentous event took place in Calipatria, California, where the youngster used to kill time by hanging around the railroad station. He got himself a set of drum sticks by inveigling the colored cook at a nearby restaurant into whittling them from chair rungs. The breadboard Spike just pilfered. Immediately, he started pounding out the hit tune of the moment, Carolina In The Morning.

Earlier, Spike's old man, a station agent for the Southern Pacific, had given in to Spike's wheedlings for a trombone. The instrument wasn't tried on for size beforehand, so Spike resorted to tying a string to his little finger, with the other end tied to the slide arm of the tram. He played unconcernedly along, tossing out the slide and reeling it back with a fishing line!

That got Spike plenty of laughs, and led, in time, to the washboard, cowbells, and other junk that piled up in his father's garage. In despair, his parents bought him a set of drums for Christmas, with the proviso that jazz was out. Spike obeyed the injunction as long as he played in the school orchestra. Then he switched to a local dance unit. He was still a grammar school kid with everything
before him.

In Long Beach, California, Spike attended high school, played in the school orchestra, and became drum major of his alma mater's 90-piece band. On the side, he organized a dance orchestra, and soon was appearing regularly on local radio stations. After graduating in 1929, Spike moved around a lot. He played in a cafe in Venice (Hollywood's Coney Island), went to college for a year, played various Los Angeles hotels and theatres. Those were depression days, and Spike was doing okay at a time when a lot of musicians were on WPA or worse.

Engagements were soon forthcoming with some of radio's best bands: Rubinoff, Victor Young, John Scott Trotter, and others. His reputation as a drummer was growing. He drummed for specialty numbers in the movies, and Decca, Victor and Columbia often called upon Spike Jones when they wanted a good skin man.

Spike might still be one of many drummers if he hadn't decided to branch out on his own. He formed a group of musicians with the sole idea of doing some novelty numbers just for the fun of it. They made some records for Victor, not taking it too seriously until Red Wing made the recording officials sit up and talk large lettuce. Then Spike and his boys were signed to a contract calling for a new record every two months. Spike felt they couldn't make good loony platters more often than that.

Spike's climb to fame was accelerated by two things: (1) A novelty song, Der Fuhrer's Face, which originally was written for a Donald Duck animated film during the war; and (2) a fellow-Californian and true friend, Martin Block.

After making eleven records for Victor, the record company rejected the twelfth. Spike needed another tune in a hurry. The only one he liked was Der Fuhrer's Face, and Disney at first refused him permission to use it. Spike persisted, and finally was allowed to make a recording of it. The Bronx cheer part of it was guaranteed to wow his growing list of fans, and secure many more.

Spike went to New York about that time, and bumped into his old pal, Martin Block. Block, America's Disc Jockey Number 1, immediately saw possibilities in the zany ditty. He played it on his WNEW Make Believe Ballroom program, offering a free copy of the Jones record to every listener buying a $50 war bond. For a war bond, Spike Jones and his City Slickers would give you the "bird"—free. The first day Martin Block made the offer, he gave away 289 records. Within two weeks, Martin and Spike's double-play sold $60,000 worth of bonds!

That put Spike up on top of the heap—and he's been there ever since. He has
made more and more recordings, personal-appearance tours, and has played in such films as *Thank Your Lucky Stars, Meet The People, Bring On The Girls,* and *Ladies Man.* It is probably the only case in history where a man has parlayed a "razzberry" into national fame!

To some, Spike's rendering of the classics is sacrilege bringing them unbearable pain. To others, Spike is the boy who can take an oldie like *Red Wing* or *Cocktails For Two* and put new life into it. Musicians, however, usually shrug it off as just one of those things.

If the public, or a sizable portion of it, likes corn—well, it's Spike's privilege to give it to them. There's no question that, when it comes to corn, His Nibs Spike Jones is undisputed king.

The young husband wired home from his new job, saying, "Made foreman. Feather in my cap."

A few weeks later, he wired again, saying, "Made manager. Another feather in my cap."

After some weeks, he wired again, saying, "Fired. Send money for train fare home."

His wife unfeelingly telegraphed back. "Use feathers and fly home."

"Henry," complained the little woman, "I've noticed lately that your kisses are getting colder."

"Nonsense, darling," rejoined the wily Henry. "You've simply been getting your cosmetics on a bit thicker."

A reporter was visiting a small Southern town in search of information regarding a native reputed to be 112 years old.

"Tell me," he inquired of a resident of the community, "How do you account for this man having lived all these years?"

"Well," replied the other, "I guess it's because he's never done anything else."—*Wall Street Journal.*

A man visited a friend for the first time, and was amazed to find one child ripping upholstery off a brand new divan, a second child driving nails into an expensive table, and a third swinging from a chandelier.

Bewildered, he turned to his host. "I say, don't you find it rather expensive to let your children play like that?"

"Not at all," replied the father cheerfully. "I get the nails wholesale."—*Bluebird Briefs.*

The tramp entered the doctor's surgery. "Doctor, he said, "You've got to help me. I swallowed a silver dollar about 15 years ago."

"Good heavens, man," ejaculated the doctor. "Why have you waited 15 years? Why didn't you see a doctor the day you swallowed it?"

"To tell the truth," replied the tramp, "I didn't need the money at the time."
THE next six months will probably be the most crucial since the end of the war. Every evidence points in this direction. Pressure for a special session of Congress is increasing from all quarters, especially from state department officials who are stationed in foreign fields. These men see the real danger in Europe firsthand.

The European continent is crawling alive with Communist agents who are using every means at their command to create revolution. The United States is fighting the Russian menace with a very potent weapon, economic aid. Every European country is courting America in hope of having the purse strings opened wider for them.

However, it is once again a matter of too little, too late. In the countries which form a periphery around Russia, the Communist political philosophy is already so firmly ingrained that these nations cannot speak for themselves on any matter. They must first consult the Kremlin.

Russia is now preparing to extend her hand in the Middle East and even down into North Africa. Such countries as Ethiopia are beginning to feel the worm of Communism gnawing from within. It is not inconceivable that Russia will have encased the whole Mediterranean within six months.

In Greece, where Communist troops from Jugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria are threatening world peace, the situation is very critical. It has come, indeed, to the troops stage. It is reported that United States forces that have been training in Germany in past months will soon be sent into Greece as a border guard. It is at this time that the world crisis will reach fever heat. Russia will either back down or fight. This will mean Russia fighting the United States by a sort of remote control action. Russia will not actually be fighting: it will appear as a border clash between the United States and aggressive Balkan countries. Little sparks like this, however, lead to big conflagrations.

About a month ago the United States government made a move to strengthen the Mediterranean fleet. About 5,000 Marines were sent into the Mediterranean as a fleet reinforcement. News of this was not published in the American press at all. The government did not wish to give publicity to the action, since it might seem to be a warlike gesture. The object was to make a show of force and scare the Communists out of Greece. Apparently the maneuver was unsuccessful.

Russia is very happy about Britain's dangerous economic circumstances. The Reds are heralding this as the beginning of capitalism's last phase. Were England to go bankrupt, it is a safe bet that Moscow would be happy as a peasant child with a little red wagon. Considering this fact, it is an easy matter to guess that the United States government will not allow England to go unhanded. As always, it is to America's best interest to keep England as strong as possible.

Britain's new austerity program will save about 700 million dollars annually which, along with additional funds provided by her American cousins, will very likely pull England through the crisis.

The effects of one phase of Britain's austerity program, limiting purchase of United States export products, is being felt in this country right now and will be felt more severely in months to come, as other nations begin to limit their buying. Exports are a vital part of the United States domestic economy. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, five out
of every one hundred jobs depend on exports—that’s about two million non-farm jobs. This is all provoked by a world dollar shortage, no other reason. This may give added emphasis to the Marshall Plan and its vital importance. But the 1948 session of Congress may come too late.

There isn’t enough steel in this country to keep production running along smoothly without interruption. Automobiles are hardest hit. Plant shutdowns at periodic intervals will continue for the next few years or at least as long as auto production rides along on the same high peak.

The government estimates that about ten percent more steel production capacity is needed in order to satisfy the demand. Manufacturers are clamoring for more steel production, claiming that the present demand and rate of consumption will remain on the same high plane. Steel manufacturers, on the other hand, believe that present requirements are inflated and that production capacity now is sufficient to take care of the average demand over the long run. Indications are that the opinion of the steel producers will prevail and the shortages will continue.

The trust breaking offensive on the part of the administration is a purely political maneuver. The avowed reason for all this activity is to lower prices. Suits of this nature take years, so no immediate tangible result will be felt in the price structure. It is believed in some quarters that the trust suits will throw a scare into some business organizations which will cause them either to hold the price line or make an attempt to lower prevailing prices. Most people believe, however, that prices are now an ironclad part of the economic pattern, an impossibility to reduce since they have their genesis in the cost of raw materials themselves.

This is all very good party politics for the Democrats in 1948. The hue and cry will go up from Democratic ranks that “prices are high but it’s not the government’s fault—it’s the responsibility of business.” The Republicans are also getting on the bandwagon with the Taft economic committee. The Republicans will take a different view of things. They will say that business cannot help the high prices, that they are actually making less profit than before the war. In other words, the administration has shifted the blame for high prices to business and the Republicans are trying to disprove what the Democrats are saying. Right now the administration holds the top card, according to most observers.

Congressional investigations are much in the news these days. Some of them are of a purely political nature, others have a more sincere purpose.

The Republicans will pull the Kansas City vote fraud skeleton out of the closet next session and rattle the bones loudly. This is a real political plum, it could hurt Truman’s chances in ’48. On the other side of the ledger, the Brewster committee investigating war contracts is through, all washed up. Howard Hughes won the public’s sentiment so wholeheartedly that it is now believed Brewster’s personal political future is ruined. The Republicans will reorganize the Brewster committee under different leadership next year but will soft pedal the investigation.

The so-called “collusive dodge” being so successfully employed by the labor unions is incurring the wrath of many Congressmen. The lawmakers say that legislation will be introduced in the next session to plug up this loophole. The “dodge” is based on a fundamental difference in interpretation of the law. The labor negotiators are insisting that management sign contracts which specify that the employer will not carry any dispute to mediation, either the Labor Board or the courts. The employer also agrees not to hold the union liable for any infraction of the contract stipulations. This amounts to collusion, an agreement to forget the Taft-Hartley Act.

The unions say that disagreements between employee and employer are private and do not concern the public, whereas the law theorizes that fights between labor and management are a public concern. The whole matter may be the subject of new legislation next session.
Platter Chatter

The King Cole trio opens late this month at the Troubadour Club, New York. Sammy Kaye has been named president of the Hospitalized Veterans Foundation, succeeding Jack Benny. Ted Husing will end his sports chores after this football season to devote himself entirely to disc jockeying. The Three Suns take off on a series of one-nighters down South this month. Jack Leonard, former T.D. singer, is making a picture for Columbia which will be released soon. Spike Jones and his top-corn outfit are headed for a Broadway engagement. Lionel Hampton and his crew will head south for a musical tour. Irene Day has rejoined the Charlie Spivak orchestra as vocalist. Dick Haymes is now working on the Universal lot in Up in Central Park. Harry Cool's best Mercury recording to date is his latest, The Caretaker's Daughter and Ragtime Cowboy Joe. Nellie Lutcher is going over big in New York, and Frankie Laine is drawing huge crowds at Chicago's Hotel Sherman. The Andrews Sisters appear this month for their new Campbell Soup radio program. Tex Williams is taking many of Phil Harris' fans with his latest platter, That's What I Like About The West (Capitol). Martin Block, Mutual disc jockey, will make a series of musical shorts for MGM. Tommy Dorsey, Victor artist, takes his band into Eastern theatres this month, while the Mills Brothers move into L.A. the latter part of October for a stand at Billy Berg's. Our salute to Louis Armstrong, who after all these years, is still in there with the best of them. In case you've wondered, Louis is 47 now. It must be convenient to be 47 in '47, 48 in '48, and so on.

Highly Recommended

EXCLUSIVE 18X—Herb Jeffries with Buddy Baker and his orchestra. Angel Eyes plus You Give Me Ev'rything But Love. Herb Jeffries is proving to be one of the most exciting colored baritones of 1947. Unlike the mike-clinging crooner, Jeffries has plenty of volume and good control. These two sides offer Herb at his best in slow dreamy ballads, with the latter having a trace of bounce for variety. Buddy Baker and band provide excellent background music. You'll like the quality of the recording, too!

EXCLUSIVE 17X—Frances Wayne with Buddy Baker and the orchestra. Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe and January Woman. Frances does right by her many fans in this new release. Happiness is definitely the side and Miss Wayne's shading and interpretation are outstanding. The reverse side is a blues number with much credit going to Buddy Baker and the music.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

COLUMBIA 37586—Billie Holiday and her orchestra. Long Gone Blues and Am I Blue. Billie still has the reputation of being one of the best blues singers in the business. Long Gone Blues is in the traditional form, with the small swing instrumental group accompanying her. Am I Blue, an ageless tune, shows the warm stylizing for which Billie is so famous. A jazz-fan "must."

VICTOR 20-2346—Count Basie and his orchestra. I'm Drownin' In Your Deep Blue Eyes plus South. The Count's expertly phrased ivory knucklin' sets the key for the first side with smooth vocalizing by Bob Bailey. On the flip-over, you'll find a streamlined version of Bennie Moten's old favorite, South. Basie knows the tune from being a sideman with the original Moten band and...
less to say, he captures the true spirit of the number.

CAPITOL B439—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. Dizzy Fingers and Tattle-tale. In this new two-sided musical piece, Benny brings back some fine clarinet playing. These two numbers are superbly done and Benny has the backing of some of Hollywood’s finest musicians. This should make a fine addition to your collection of Goodman records.

VICTOR 20-2394—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. My, How The Time Goes By and I’m Still Sitting Under The Apple Tree. The first number is featured in Cantor’s new picture, If You Knew Susie, and is a new tune among the oldies present. The Monroe unit presents this fine rhythm tune in their fresh and breezy style with the maestro and the Moon Maidens doing the song-sellling. The flip-over is another hit stemming from the composers of Let It Snow, and has a bouncy, romantic lilt that’s sure to please. Another Monroe Hit platter!

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

CAPITOL A-40028—Julia Lee and her Boy Friends. Snatch And Grab It and I Was Wrong. Here’s Julia at her best on Capitol’s new Americana release. And on this platter we find Julia surrounded by an orchestra of such stellar instrumentalists as Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Bobby Sherwood, Dave Cavanough, Red Callender, and of course Julia’s old teammate, Baby Lovett. The first side is similar to Gotta Gimme Whatcha Got and the latter is slow blues. Jazz fans, insist on this one!

DECCA 23935—Randy Brooks and his orchestra. Harlem Nocturne plus A Night At The Duces (From Tales of 52nd Street.) Here we find the golden trumpet of Randy Brooks along with top solos by the band completing a solid disc. The first side features a superb sax solo by Eddie Caine with rhythm slow, blue, and melancholy. The reverse is sparkplugged by vibes, and bounces from beginning to end. Here’s a record that’s both danceable and listenable.

COLUMBIA SET C-140—Theme Songs, volume 2. This is Columbia’s second album of theme songs. It contains eight of these grand numbers and should be very popular with band lovers, as it includes themes of Frankie Carle, Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill, Les Brown, Xavier Cugat, Dick Hayman, Elliott Lawrence, and Ray Noble. No record library should be without it.

COLUMBIA 37822—Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys. Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain and The Devil’s Train. Roy Acuff is tops when it comes to interpreting folk music, and sings two of his best numbers on this record. The first is a real down-to-earth ballad about how tough love can be, and the latter has a kind of religious mood. The stringed instruments of the Smoky Mountain Boys provide stirring music that will make you stop and listen. Tops for Western folk music!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE. 6540.

CAPITOL 40017—Nellie Lutcher, vocal with rhythm accompaniment. He’s A Real Gone Guy plus Let Me Love You Tonight. Here is a real find by Dave Dexter, jazz critic. Nellie gets her chance with Capitol, and makes good. The first side is a knocked-out rhythm number (original with Nellie) with rhythm background and a rhythm vocal . . . in other words, it’s rhythm plus! The flipover is slow and moanful with Nellie singing around the melody. The Gone Guy side is more than worth the money!

VICTOR 20-2375—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. Our Hour (The Puppy Love Song) and The Pop Corn Sack. Spike Jones goes on a canine kick with the first song, Our Hour. Vocal by the Tail-waggers, who give a hilarious imitation of a “purp” baying at the moon, plus Dr. Horatio O. Birdbath, George Rock, and Sir Frederick Gas. The latter side illustrates the distressing habits of movie morons who grind their molars on popcorn. Fun from end to end!
AUTUMN is more intoxicating than spring ever thought of being. It is a quickening season and pleasantly shocking, like three fingers of brandy on an empty stomach. Here on the island it is a very special time of year, a period of revivification. There are new and exciting fashions in the shop windows, new plays in the theatres, new acts in the night spots. Things are getting in gear and moving fast after a summer of lethargy.

Summer is never ended, though, until the last batter is called out in the World Series. This year, it is an All-New York Series, and the town is a madhouse of baseball fever. Relatives who haven't been heard from since the big fair in Flushing are arriving on every train, plane and bus—until there isn't an unoccupied guest room or studio couch within a hundred mile radius of home plate, Yankee Stadium. Hotel-keepers are wearing harried looks, and are afraid to answer the telephone: they never even suspected they had so many friends. An Omaha banker, called to New York for a director's meeting on the 1st, spent $62.17 on long distance calls to get a $6.00 room at the Biltmore for one night.

Most of the vacation stories are already in, but one just came to our attention which must be recorded, since it may bring hasty and blushing revisions to a number of American history texts.

A friend of ours, who earns his living as moderator of one of those public opinion air shows, was vacationing in Wisconsin and decided to attend a straw hat performance at the Belfry Theatre, a small, old country church near Lake Geneva which has been remodeled for light theatricals. At the box office he learned that all seats were sold out. Moreover, there was nothing available for the next four performances. As he left the window he discovered the reason for the rushing trade in a billboard announcement which read:

"George Washington Slept Here"

nine nights
with Harriet Plows
under the direction of Leonard Demanus

Hildy Stevens, advertising manager of a local ladies' specialty shop, redecorated her four-room apartment recently. She had the walls done in dark green, with thin, white vertical stripes.

She was quite pleased with the completed effect until one late September evening when she came home to find the building janitor slumped in her largest chair, a decanter of Scotch in one hand and a tumbler in the other. He was looking at the walls and slowly shaking his head.

Hildy pulled off her hat and took a tentative position on the edge of a hassock across the room. She watched him belt off the remainder of the glass and pour another. Nobody said anything. Occasionally the janitor would glance around the room, shake his head, and take a
quick swallow of Scotch—almost as if to steady himself.

Finally he set the decanter down, replaced the cap, and set the glass down beside it. Then he got up and walked to the door, opened it, and went out, slowly shaking his head from side to side.

Two New Yorkers are credited with starting the big presidential boom for General Ike Eisenhower which has Democrats everywhere trembling in their 1948 political boots.

It all began, as near as anyone can tell, at Headquarters, a very good restaurant at 108 West 49th which is operated by a pair of ex-mess sergeants whose wartime chores included preparation of food for the SHAEF officers' mess. The pair, who now answer to John and Marty rather than "Sarge," presumably had a considerable amount of contact with the General and developed a profound respect for him. That led them, one day last summer, to hang out a big "Eisenhower for President" sign.

What followed was amazing to a lot of people, but not to John and Marty. They insist that it is a mere matter of logic: General Eisenhower is the man for the job.

The General himself is not exactly pleased with the growing movement. It has already caused him a good deal of professional embarrassment, and threatens to force upon him duties which he has no desire to undertake. The Democrats are reacting dazedly, somewhat futilely pretending not to hear the swelling murmur. Nearly everyone else, however, is happy as can be. And business is booming at HQ on 49th Street—largely with Republican trade.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, ALL MY SONS was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a crook, and Judy Holliday as a Little Girl Whose Heart Is Pure, simply couldn't be better. Garson Kanin wrote and directed and did a hang-up job in each department. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). From the late twenties comes this revival starring Bert Lahr as a comedian of variable fortunes. Mr. Lahr gets the most out of every scene, and handsome Jean Parker does a competent job in assisting him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). As a little librarian on her first toot, Helen Hayes is terrific! The comedy by Anita Loos provides a rainy afternoon, a barroom, and a few Pink Ladies: Miss Hayes takes it from there. The entire cast is fine. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in Mary Chase's wonderful, whimsical comedy produced by Brock Pemberton. It is theatre history, every minute of it! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

I GOTTA GET OUT. (Cort). A comedy written by Joseph Fields and Ben Sher, directed by Joseph Fields, produced by Herbert H. Harris and Lester Meyer. The cast includes David Burns and Reed Brown. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). And there are some who don’t care if he does. Others find it fun. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince, that nice young fellow from the movies, carry on as neatly as if the play were a lot better than it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.


THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford, Louisa Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It’s a comedy by John van Druten, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

A YOUNG MAN’S FANCY. (Plymouth). Inexplicably still running is this not-so-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reforma-
tion of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor but a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Loneragan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, score by Irving Berlin, and the inimitable talents of Ethel Mer-
man in the role of Annie Oakley add up to an almost unbelievable evening in the theatre. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belva-

BRIGADOON. (Ziegfeld). Two American tour-
ists step into a Scotch hamlet and find its 1748, but if you’ve heard that one before don’t worry—it’s still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly dancing, and a whole stageful of plaid. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

CALL ME MISTER. (Majestic). A fine revue written, scored, produced, directed, and played by ex-GI’s and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

FINIAN’S RAINBOW. (46th Street Theatre). Dorothy Clarke, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez in a gay fantasy revolving around a leprechaun in Dixie. Catchy tunes, and some right sprightly dancing by Miss Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

THE MEDIUM and THE TELEPHONE. (Ethel Barrymore). Gian-Carlo Menotti has written and staged two short operas, and they’re really pretty good. The Medium is in two acts, and is occasionally quite powerful. Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier sing and act simul-

October Openings

ALLEGRO. (Majestic). Theatre Guild pro-
duction of a new Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II musical, with settings by Jo Mielziner, costumes by Lucinda Ballard, and stag-
ing by Agnes DeMille. There is a cast of 80, ballet corps of 25, and chorus of 40. Opens Friday, October 10.

COMMAND DECISION. (Fulton). Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett and Paul McGrath in a play by William Wister Haines directed by John O’Shaughnessy and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. Opens Wed-
nesday, October 1.
NEW YORK THEATRES
("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 44th.............CI 6-5097 E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.............CI 5-6868 W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th........CI 6-0390 W
Belasco, 115 W 44th.............BR 9-2067 E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th........CI 6-9353 W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.............CI 6-5969 W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th........CI 6-6699 W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th...........CI 6-8870 W
Cort, 138 W. 48th..............CI 5-4289 E
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.......CI 6-6075 W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....BR 9-4566 E
Fulton, 210 W. 46th............CI 6-6380 W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th............BR 9-5641 E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.........CO 5-2412 W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th............CH 4-4256 E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th........CI 6-0730 W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th........CI 6-9056 W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.........CI 6-6230 W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th......CI 6-4636 W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th........CI 6-9156 W
Royale, 242 W. 45th.........CI 5-5760 W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th..........CI 6-9100 W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.......LA 4-4664 W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....CI 5-5200 E

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL
by KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ ALCOVE. In the Village. Small but boasting a dining room, canopied garden and a bar. Italian and French food at very reasonable fees. 71 W. 11th. GR 3-9772.

★ ARMANDO'S. Filled with smart, sophisticated youngsters and the background music of Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden. 54 E 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ ASTI. Homey as a great big Italian family. If you feel like singing, go ahead — before you can complete the first bar you find yourself ably accompanied by every waiter and bartender in the place. Fun! 13 E 12th. GR 5-9334.

★ BARNEY GALLANT'S. Piano and accordion music from 7:30 on. Barney's bar is stocked with a heritage that dates back to the early twenties — sip your drink reverently, sir! Fine food from two-fifty. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.

★ CARNIVAL. A lilting show starring Bert Wheeler, Lou Holtz, Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. Dance to Morty Reid's orchestra. Late show Saturday at 12:30. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ CHAMBORD. Boasting one of the finest wine cellars in town, the French Provincial food is superb. Dinner entrees begin at five-fifty. 803 3rd Avenue. EL 5-7180.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. How do you like your oysters? Dick has a way with these diminutive denizens of the sea that cannot be matched. Steaks and chops, also. 65 E 8th. GR 3-8046.

★ EAST INDIA CURRY SHOP. No liquor but a host of bona-fide curries, condiments and sweets from the East. Get there before 9 p.m. 52 E 55th. PL 3-8645.

★ EDDIE CONDON'S. Honest-to-goodness jazz emporium inhabited by Peepee Russell, George Brunis, Gene Schroeder, Bill Davison and George Wettling. Jam session Tuesdays at 9 p.m. 47 W 3rd. GR 3-8736.

★ HEADQUARTERS. If their fare was good enough for General Eisenhower, it's good enough for you. Service excellent. Food well-cooked and in huge servings — the army influence, no doubt. 108 W 49th. CI 5-4790.

★ HOUSE OF CHAN. Beautiful Chinese panelling to set off the authentic Far Eastern specialties. Nice bar. 52nd & 7th Avenue. CI 7-5785.

★ JANSSEN'S GRAYBAR. You can come in from Grand Central as well as Lexington Avenue. Delicious German-American food served in the atmosphere of an old world tavern. 439 Lexington. MO 4-5661.

★ LEON & EDDIE'S. Girl-studded show featuring the popular Eddie Davis. Risque and rollicking. Celebs after midnight on Sunday. 33 W 52nd. EL 5-9514.

★ NEW YORKER. Jerry Wald's orchestra in the Terrace Room. Ice show. Charlie Peterson plays on Sunday. Smooth music in the Manhattan Room but no dancing. Coffee shop with good food from one-ten. 8th Avenue at 34th. E 3-1000.

★ PRESS BOX. A keen steak house with an upstairs "Press Club" for the boys only. Wonderful salads and Italian dishes. 139 E 45th. EL 5-8297.

★ SARDI'S. Celebs on the walls and also draped over the chairs. Don't goggle, son, drink up! 224 W 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ SHERATON. Skyline Roof for dinner and drinks. Luxurious food and the music of Sande Williams' orchestra. Moderately priced food in the Satire Room. Sheraton Lounge opens at five with Bud Taylor at the organ and Milton Page at the piano. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Walnut Room. Lexington at 37th. LE 2-1200.

★ THREE CROWNS. The smorgasbord revolves — take your pick of rare Swedish delicacies as it goes round. A fine place for a private party. 12 E 54th. PL 8-1031.
**CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL**

by MARION ODMARK

**Higher Finance**

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). A dream room in magnificent proportions with dance music by Benny Strong and beautiful shows by Dorothy Dorben to complement it.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cosmopolitan focus for excellent dining, intimate atmosphere and interesting musical attractions.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Back for the fall season of ultra-smartness are the burgundy backdrops and Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Another tremendous show has the spotlight with Florence Desmond, English comedienne, and Griff Williams and his orchestra heading the bill.

★ CLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). In the afternoon it's rhumba time with Kiki Ochart's men; in the evening Milt Heth's Trio gets the applause.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton (Whi. 5301). Emphasis on distinguished dining and service, salon sumptuousness of setting, and prices accordingly.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Biggest dance floor in the city and a good band to make it worthwhile. Dorothy Hild's floor shows are invariably attractive.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). If you thought this room was elegance itself before, you should see its new decor. Society tempo and one top act remains a diverting policy.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Sheraton (formerly Continental), 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Charms of this room are its delightful appointments, last word in comfort, and dance attractions.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Le beau monde is the by-phrase of this celebrity beehive of regal dining, wining and flattering background.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Hearty dining and choice wines and liquors come first here; second, its dance band and little floor show interests.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian suavity in cuisine and interior and a gay charm about its musical romancing by George Scherban's gypsy ensemble.

**Show Spotlights**

Number one for big and beautiful floor shows is CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434)

. . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) is runner-up . . . Close behind is the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5344).

**Dancing**

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822), has Sherman Hayes and his orchestra.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), has famed disc jockeys presenting hit recording artists.

**Out of the Rut**

Different in atmosphere is DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812)

. . . IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771)

. . . L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . .

OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892)

. . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733)

. . . And the food these spots brag about is worth investigating.

**Cues to Cuisine**

For steaks, the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush . . . For cheese cake, LINDY'S, 871 Rush . . . For spaghetti, AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State . . .


**Theatres**

Legitimate stage bookings are notoriously last minute affairs, so check with any Chicago newspaper for current attractions . . . ICE FOLLIES OF 1948, the Shipstad and Johnsons' spectacle on ice, however, is definitely set at the Chicago Arena for a 25-day run beginning October 23.
LIFE is coming back to the old town. The citizens, beaten into the air conditioned bars and movie palaces by a merciless August and early September, are beginning to act like Chicagoans again.

However, let us not bid farewell to the dog days without at least mentioning the unusual story of Alexis, the Amiable Alligator. Until just recently, "Ally," as he was called for short by his fond foster family, spent uneventful years in the backyard and basement of a house occupied by Mary Rose Noel, the charming and photogenic miss who writes publicity stories for American Airlines. In fact, Ally spent some 18 happy years in and around the Noel household, growing to the somewhat overwhelming size of six feet. It was only just recently that Ally left the Noels to take up a new residence in the Lincoln Park zoo—an arrangement mutually satisfactory with Ally and the Noels. Ally was getting too big for the basement—and awfully confused.

You see, it was Ally's yearly habit to do a Rip Van Winkle from fall to spring in a galvanized iron tank in the Noels' basement. Practically hibernating, he would eat nothing during the winter months and spend most of his time drowsing. Then in the spring the Noel family would wake him up and coax and prod him into the backyard, where a specially prepared combination play-pen and mud puddle had been constructed with strong fencing and loving care. Ally got so he always knew when it was time to go to sleep and stop eating. When he was in the basement, it was hibernation time; outdoors, in the backyard, it was time to wake up and smile.

Ally's unhappy confusion can be traced back to a bad thunderstorm, last spring, when a heavy tree knocked down the fencing. Ally, of course, left at once and, after a prolonged and frantic search, was found grinning happily in a gutter three blocks away. What effect his presence might have had on a homeward-bound drunk is left to the imagination. With the fence badly damaged, there was nothing to do but return Ally to his basement abode. This procedure so thoroughly confused him that he promptly went to sleep and refused food. He thought it was winter again.

Alexis (so-called because the family didn't at first know whether he was a boy or a girl) had been a household pet ever since the Noel boys discovered him sitting on a log at Diamond Lake, Illinois, probably abandoned by a returning Florida tourist 18 years ago. This is considered a local record for alligator-raising. Here are some interesting notes on keeping a pet alligator around, contributed by Mary Rose Noel. She should know.

(1) An alligator is not especially troublesome. Neighborhood children bothered Alexis far more than he ever even considered bothering them.

(2) Ally had certain traits of character. He could smile, for one thing. When irritated the scales on his head would swell. When hungry he would follow Mrs. Noel around the backyard, hissing and barking to call attention to his plight.

(3) Alexis respected authority. He would consider being seized by the tail as a distinct reprimand.

(4) He didn't like dirty sewer water. Once, when a nearby sewer backed up into the basement after a bad storm, Ally clambered halfway up the basement stairs to get out of the flood.

... But poor, confused Alexis finally had to leave for new quarters at the zoo.
He got June and July and August confused with January, and if you'll recall what the weather was like last August you'll get a small idea of how confused he was.

However, although genuinely sad because of his departure, Mary Rose Noel was bothered most by a great futile feeling. With a publicity gal's dream of a feature story right in her own backyard, she couldn't figure out a way to tie-in Ally's departure with American Airlines new DC-6 flagship service.

Going back to the coming of October, there are realistic signs of fall in the air—and we're not talking about falling leaves. First of all, there's the return of the cocktail party. Every press agent in town brews at least one of these fiestas per week. They're pretty standard affairs. The martinis and manhattans were mixed in a gallon jug at mid-day. The freeloaders arrive early and stay late. The newspaper columnists, and other Big Wheels, if they show up at all, somehow never quite manage to meet the guest of honor and leave wondering what it was all about.

Another sure sign of fall—the fading tans along Michigan boulevard. The boys and girls who whipped over to the Oak Street beach to add to that cigar store Indian color are now almost as anemic looking as the palefaces who never left the cool dimness of the London House bar. This is a blessing, because it was becoming awfully wearing—noticeing and commenting with the proper amount of envy on how tanned everybody else in the office had become over any given weekend.

Still another sure sign of October—the boys in the betting parlors have slowly switched their affections from the horse parks to football. Those colored cards, filled with teams and likely scores, have popped up again on the cigar stands.

With the end of the World Series, the Chicago Blackhawks, those ice-hockey stalwarts, will buckle on their padding and start for training camp. It won't be long now until the Chicago Stadium resounds again with the dull thud of falling bodies.

With the coming of colder weather, the musicians along Randolph street have moved their violent discussions indoors—into Henrici's restaurant and the lobby of the Woods Building. With them have gone their equally violent sport coats—colorful raiment which every musician seems to wear if not carefully watched by his wife.

Concluding on another musical note: Every radio announcer in town with a record show has lately become a disc jockey. This is causing a great wear and tear on the public's ear. In order to hear three minutes of Stan Kenton it is now necessary to listen to about five minutes of rehashed information from Downbeat.

Some of the boys have even become erudite. Others now introduce the simplest steal from Chopin with purple prose. A happy little number by Spivak becomes in their opinion ". . . a warm, moist, vibrant thing."

Moist is the right word.

**FOR EXAMPLE**

Poetry couches thought sublime
In flowing words and meter;
Most people think it has to rhyme,
But it doesn't.

—O. H. Hampsch
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

Magnificent Meal...

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. No specialty here because every dish you order tastes like a feature attraction. Owner W. W. Wormington, affectionately known as "Pop" to his friends, operates one of the finest cafeterias in the country and has a wealth of experience in preparing fine food. Your first impression is always good because you see the snowy napkins and immaculate cutlery as you enter the door. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. Very dry martinis and a list of delectable Continental specialties as long as your arm. Genial Max Bretton will cater to your slightest whim — you'll like him and his restaurant. Down St. Louis way drop in at Max's new place in the Hotel Kings Way, across from Forest Park. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ IL PAGLIACCO. Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Rosse's have been serving fine Italian fare for more than a quarter of a century. Frank will see that you have a table or will lead you to the brightly decorated bar for a drink or two. Mary Rogers at the piano and solovox. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ ADRIAN'S. The people in the Merchandise Mart never bother to go downtown for lunch. They just hop the elevator to the ground floor. Smorgasbord in the evenings — load up and then order your entree from your table. If you don't see what you want, ask the chef...you'll get your dish. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. You'll be making up rhymes to express your delight with the roast beef and the French fried onions. Muzak provides music to talk by but the cheery conversation drowns it out most of the time. Jerry stands watch at the door and has your table picked out before you can say "howdy." 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A genial carry-over from days gone by. If you're looking for bankers and business executives at noon time, you'll find them gorging themselves on the Savoy's piece de resistance, lobster, or on other delightfully prepared sea food. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass...

★ PUTSCH'S 210. It's just as chic and sophisticated as the name. Gorgeous surroundings in the classic New Orleans style. The menu offers such tasty dishes as chicken a la king cooked with sherry; sweet, juicy lobster; and a host of buffet selections. The steak is positively unexcelled in quality and cookery. For mighty fine entertainment, owner Putsch offers Henry O'Neill and the Londonaires, a trio featuring the novachord, celeste and piano. And gee, what a beautiful bar! On one of those busy shopping nights, you'll want to try the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ CABANA. Gay Latins in black-and-gold mess jackets serve your drinks in a jiffy while pretty Alberta Bird, WHB's organist, reels off the top ten on her Hammond. Hold hands with your dolley and listen to Alberta. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. Tucked away a flight of stairs from El Casbah, this gay little room has a Mexican air. Brightly decorated and very charming, it's also easy on your purse. JB music only so no tax. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Make a hit with her. Take your lady to the Omar's plush surroundings. Or if you want to steer clear of the fair sex, sit at the bar for boys only. A climb up the steps and tables for your whole party. Drinks, drinks and more drinks combine with the piano music of Marie Stanley for a very fine evening. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ RENDEVOUS. We're always talking about the bartenders who wear those bright red, English jackets with the brass buttons. The buttons have a mesmeric effect as you sit and sip your Haig & Haig. It's a tycoon's paradise, right down to the crystal highball glasses. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. There are those who'll swear that Trader Vic himself had a hand in the decorations. At any rate, you don't have to wait for the first drink to take effect to feel that you're somewhere in the tropics. South Seas concoctions are mighty smooth and so is the music! Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. On one side you find a little round bar inhabited by two black-and-white bar-tenders — at least that's the impression you get because they have dark hair and wear white jackets! They're nimble behind the counter and that means you get your liquids in a hurry. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere with a sense of well-being and quiet comfort. Soft seating across from
the bar. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

Playhouses .

★ THE PEANUT. Oh, brother, what barbecue! And the icest, smoothest beer ever. The place is always chock full of Lewis Stone's many friends and neighbors. If you're not in regular with it's about time you join in on the fun . . . the Peanut's the place. These days, 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Small, cute and cozy. This diminutive cocktail room is filled with inebriated pachyderms of a light reddish hue. They dance and cavort above the bar — or seem to after a couple of drinks. Talk to the guy next to you or he'll talk to you! A very friendly place serving man-sized drinks. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th St. GR 5310.

★ TRALLE'S HILLSIDE TAVERN. Just a few short miles east on Highway 50. Two very sweet ladies by the name of Tralle and Martin operate this friendly tavern. The place is always filled with good people and the beer is the coldest in the whole darnation county! The Hillside specializes in serving chicken and steak . . . you can't go wrong on either one. Open week nights until 4 a.m. 50 Highway and Belmont. WA 9622.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Eugene Smith makes the ivories talk in tones of racy pletties. You kinda shake your head to keep from fallin' outa the jive boat. Owner Dale Overfelt serves food along with his drink and excellent entertainment. They're offering tasty businessmen's luncheons, too. If you want to find us after midnight Sunday, we'll be over at ole Dale's. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

Drive-Ins .

★ ALLEN'S DRIVE-INS. Young and old, makes no difference — the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmmm! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. It's still warm enough for outdoor service — or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 63rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas.

★ NU-WAYS. Reasonable prices and the best darned sandwches in Kansas City. The biggest headache connected with drive-ins is curb service. No headache at the Nu-Ways though, because those car hops are really on the job. They're not fast, they're actually atomic! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

Good Taste .

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Frank had the misfortune to have his place at 917 Grand completely gutted by a fire several weeks ago. However, Frank and a crew of workmen pitched right in and they'll have this popular restaurant re-opened by the time you read this. Completely re-decorated, it will be business as usual in a modern, attractive place. Swing's congratulations to Frank Marshall and his staff for the difficult job they tackled in order to have the restaurant opened as soon as possible for the convenience of their many friends and customers. Be sure to visit the Brush Creek restaurant for a fine chicken dinner. Brush Creek at Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Busiest place on the busiest corner in town. Eat your luncheon and listen to the top ten by remote from the Cabana . . . WHB's Alberta Bird at the Hammond. A late mimeo newsflash accompanies your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 7020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. The Millemann-Gilbert trademark is on the food and Hollywood labels are on the coats slung carelessly over the backs of the chairs. This 24-hour-a-day restaurant is the air traveler's hangout. "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople are all eager customers. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. Oysters are back! Yummy! Plain oyster stew, half-and-half, or all cream! Or a double stew for the hearty appetite. Mr. Glenn can be seen wearing a huge chef's cap and clucking approval over the satisfied sights of customers as they tackle their oyster stew. Cleanest, neatest place in town. Scarlett Arcade. HA 9176.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Hotel fare at its very finest. No frills and no waiting — just good food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ UNITY INN. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, this restaurant is a vegetarian's delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meals in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads and the stuffed peppers are delicious. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To see and be seen .

★ EL CASBAH. There's always an entertaining floor show and the delightful music of Wayne Muir and his popular, two-piano orchestra. Maitre d'hôtel Jerry Engle will see that you are seated and that each and every course is served to your complete satisfaction. Come at one o'clock Saturday for the dansant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

SOUTHERN MANSION. Dee Peterson continues to draw the elite with his dinner and dance music and Johnny Franklin provides the type of service that always makes you want to come back. The right place for a polite, pleasant evening. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. October's attraction at the Grill is Ray Robbins and his orchestra. Ray worked in The Bells of St. Mary's with Bing Crosby and he has recorded with Al Donahue and others. This is his first visit to Kansas City and should prove most successful. The Grill is beautifully decorated and the cuisine is excellent. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

Answers to men OF science

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2. Unusual accessibility
3. Warm hospitality
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5. World's finest convention auditorium

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- 70,000 out-of-town visitors
- 3,000,000 out-of-town dollars

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In Kansas City, "Heart of America," there's an industry without a smokestack. Conventions are big business, bringing to the Kansas City Marketland a constant flow of new dollars, outside dollars, three million of them each year. Those dollars are spent for food, lodging, amusements, merchandise and services. They enter the arteries of commerce and enrich the entire community. They are three million more reasons why, with advertisers, the swing is to Kansas City and WHB.

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1. Johnny of Phillip Morris matches size with WHB's Bob Grinde, and takes the opportunity to "call for Community Chest Contributions.

2. Robert Merrill, baritone, star of opera, concert and radio, switches from Music Time to Air Time just long enough for a chat with WHB's listeners.

3. George K. Reeder, Southwestern representative of Part of Houston, listens as foreign trade expert A. Kelly expounds his theory that American exports are definitely not responsible for high prices.

4. Princess Ro Mere Darling, Pottawatomie Indian, tells the WHB Shaper, Sandra Lee, all about playing Cecil B. DeMille's extravaganza, Unconquered.

5. The WHB "Magic Carpet" did yeoman duty during the 1947 World Series. Parked strategically, it carried exclusive Mutual Network coverage to the ears of passersby.
WHEN Omar Khayyam wrote about the book of verses underneath a bough, the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, etc., life's simple pleasures were considerably less expensive than they are this season. There is still some singing in the wilderness, but the loaf of bread and the jug of wine or their equivalent come high. The only food that doesn't is food for thought, and that we have in plenty. We have the Marshall Plan to think about, and at the moment, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving. And inevitably all three are entwined. On the eleventh day of the eleventh month, a fresh wreath will lie at Arlington and children across the country will rise and solemnly recall the poppies that blow in Flanders Field. If this weary celebration of an outdated victory were not such a mockery, then that other November holiday would retain its meaning. But in spite of those who died early and in good faith, Armistice Day has lost its validity; and because of that, this year's thanks on Thanksgiving Day will go up qualified and cautious, escorted by a prayer for help. Because we did not make the first victory last, we have less to be thankful for this year — and we can't blame that on God. The whole sorry world could use some help, call it a Marshall Plan or what you will.

And so it follows logically that while the Thanksgiving table groans with food (it can, in America, yet) the diners will groan louder with the high cost of it. Perhaps those who are wisest will forego the bread and wine until a more appropriate day and learn to live on verses and a song beneath a bough.
NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art ... 
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts)
Loan Exhibitions: "War's Toll of Italian Art," photographs and restored works of art on exhibit through November 15; paintings by Francisco Dosamantes, November 22 to December 29; a group of paintings by Karl Mattern.

Masterpiece of the Month: "The Enthroned Madonna and Child Between St. Francis and St. Thomas Aquinas."

Lectures: Every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series of lectures by Paul Gardiner on "Italian Paintings." Admission free.

Drama ... 
(Music Hall)
Nov. 1, The Fatal Weakness, with Ina Claire.
Nov. 9, Arms And The Man, presented by Barter Theatre, matinee and evening.
Nov. 20-22, State Of The Union, with Kay Francis.
Nov. 27-29, Voice Of The Turtle.

Music ... 
(Music Hall)
Nov. 2, Philharmonic Pop Concert.
Nov. 3, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Elementary School Students.
Nov. 4, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for High School Students.
Nov. 4, Jazz at The Philharmonic.
Nov. 7, Helen Traubel, soprano.
Nov. 11-12, Nathan Milstein, violinist, in concert with Philharmonic.
Nov. 16, Philharmonic Pop Concert.
Nov. 17, Arthur Gold and Robert Fitzdale, duo pianists in concert.
Nov. 18, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for High School Students, with Eugene List, pianist.
Nov. 18, Eugene List, pianist.
Nov. 24, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Parochial School Pupils.
Nov. 24, Don Cossack Chorus.
Nov. 25-26, Jascha Spivakovsky, pianist, in concert with Philharmonic.
Nov. 30, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Special Events ... 
Nov. 3, William Lawrence, lecturer, Music Hall.
Nov. 8, Shrine Ceremonial, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Nov. 10, Film, India — Land of Paradox, with Dean Dickason, speaker, Little Theatre.
Nov. 10-16, Shrine Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Nov. 29, Charity Ball, Young Women's Philharmonic Committee, Continental Room, Hotel Continental.

Ice Hockey ... 
(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main)
Nov. 5, Houston.
Nov. 9, Tulsa.
Nov. 12, St. Paul.
Nov. 16, Omaha.
Nov. 23, Fort Worth.
Nov. 26, St. Paul.
Nov. 30, Houston.

Basketball ... 
Nov. 26, Professional Tournament, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing ... 
Nov. 1, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Municipal Auditorium Arena. Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
Nov. 1, Stan Kenton.
Nov. 12, 16, Kenny Sargent.
Nov. 15, Ray McKinley.
Nov. 20, Harry James.
Nov. 27, Tony Pasteur.
Nov. 29, Sonny Dunham.

Wrestling ... 
Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Conventions ... 
Nov. 1-2, National Secretaries Association, Missouri State Convention, Hotel Continental.
Nov. 2-3, Heart of America Cosmetology Institute, Hotel Continental.
Nov. 2-4, Kansas City Shoe Show, Hotels Phillips, Aladdin and Muchelbach.
Nov. 5-7, Consumers Cooperative Association, Auditorium.
Nov. 9-11, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotels Muchelbach and Phillips.
Nov. 9-11, Women's League of the United Synagogues of America, Hotel Bellerive.
Nov. 12-14, Missouri Poultry Improvement Association, Hotel Continental.
Nov. 12-14, National Alumnae Association of Vassar College, Hotel Muchelbach.
Nov. 12-14, Missouri Municipal League, Hotel Phillips.
Nov. 13-15, Missouri Valley Chapter Radio Representatives, Hotel President.
Nov. 16-18, Heart of America Optometric Congress, Hotel President.
Nov. 16-18, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muchelbach, Phillips and Aladdin.
Nov. 17-18, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, Region VIII, Hotel Continental.
Nov. 19-20, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association, Hotel President.
Nov. 20-22, American Federation of Grain Processors, Hotel Aladdin.
Nov. 21-23, Missouri State Credit Union and Missouri Credit Union League, Hotel President.
Nov. 24-25, National Cooperative Elevator Association, Hotel Phillips.
Nov. 27-28, Missouri Baptist Training Union.
Nov. 30, American Alumni Council, District VI.

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Sure the atom is important, but what about paper?

by JOHN E. LEWIS

WHILE men split atoms to find their secret stores of energy, the humble piece of paper, often carelessly discarded in a nearby wastebasket, quietly continues to educate itself into the service of humankind, who seem bent on educating themselves into the service of the atom.

But if the atom provides energy for a new age, paper may well be the dominant material of that age, serving its turn along with stone, bronze and iron, as a medium from which the tools of living can be shaped. Paper and paper articles are steadily making themselves indispensable, not only to the businessmen of today, but to housewives and children. Inside the home, outside the home, paper becomes more important.

It is not too many years from now. John Doe, a man of the Paper Age, comes home from work, enters his paper house, greets his busy wife (the little paper doll he can call his own) who is wearing a neat paper apron and setting the paper covered table with serviceable paper dishes. John kisses his paper-clad children, takes off his heavy paper-soled shoes, slips his tired feet into paper slippers, gets settled in his favorite paper chair, turns up the light in the paper lamp, and proceeds to scan the headlines of his evening paper.

The Paper Age is not just a lot of pulp. It has been predicted that within ten years, a paper house will be absolutely practical. Wallboard, one of the paper house materials already in use, is taking the place of lath and plaster. Paper bricks made of straw pulp, compressed, kiln dried, waterproofed and covered with a hard, elastic varnish, are being manufactured and successfully used. Lumber, too, has a substitute. Paper lumber, made of straw board, is treated with resin and other water-proofing, heated to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and then put under hydraulic pressure. This lumber, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, is hard and solid and can be cut with a saw and chisel. In time, this process will direct the manufacture of paper car wheels and paper ammunition.

Paper furniture is no longer relegated to the doll’s house. It can be purchased at furniture shops in any of the larger cities. In appearance, paper furniture resembles the better class wicker and grass furniture. Because the average person, knowing
little about the new uses and durability of paper, would hesitate to invest his money in a chair or sofa made of such apparently fragile material, the trade name for paper furniture is "fibre." Every day more people are being convinced of the durability of "fibre" furniture.

The paper home is not without a rug. Paper rugs are almost as practical as paper furniture, and are being manufactured especially for bungalows and summer homes. The rugs wash without injury and can be dyed to match any color scheme.

Scrap baskets, baskets for fruit and flowers, picture frames, lamps, lamp shades and trays are just a few more examples of attractive and practical products of paper for the paper home.

Paper fabrics have invaded the modern kitchen. Food wrapped in parchment paper does not absorb odors. Chemically treated parchment paper affords perfect protection for dairy products, meats and fish. The paper dish cloth takes over the job of washing greasy pots and pans. Blankets of heavy paper keep ice from melting, but do not decrease refrigeration. Jelly protectors are simple and handy to use.

The paper plates of the new age won't look like the old picnic dishes at all. The new paper dishes are strong and waterproof. They are lightweight, the right shape and size, and are being used not only for outings, but to replace china dishes, especially during the summer when Mrs. Housewife is interested in decreasing her hours in the kitchen. Decorated sets are being made for luncheons and parties, and complete pure white sets, ornamented with delicately colored bands or flowers, are appropriate for "everyday" use in serving family meals.

Paper blankets are another addition to the paper household of the modern woman. Nursery blankets and "didies" make less work for the nurse. Blankets of regulation size are practical for adults because they keep out cold air, yet are light and durable. Another paper household help is the chemically treated paper bed springs cover, protecting the springs from rust and wear. Being made of sulphite pulp, it also affords protection against germs, and in addition, is a powerful factor in keeping the chill air of winter from penetrating the mattresses of those who sleep with all the windows open.

The mother of today worries herself and her children with constant commands about being careful not to tear clothes. The mother of tomorrow can forget such admonitions, for the use of paper extends to clothing and promises to be one way of bringing down the high cost of living. Already some paper garments are on the market. Other paper fabrics are still in the experimentation stage. Chamois fibre of long-fibred sulphite stock is being made into skirts, undervests and coats. It is impervious to air and a great protection even in extremely cold weather. Undergarments of soft, thin paper are being made for warm days. This fabric is white and resembles crepe. Almost the same material, but with a slightly heavier fibre, is being used to make aprons. They are moisture and grease absorbent, and so inexpensive they can
be discarded and replaced as often as desired.

Today when you buy a pair of shoes, you make sure not to purchase a pair with paper soles, and rightly so. But a new vulcanized paper sole is being tested that will last longer than leather and is absolutely waterproof. The paper sole will be another practical item for John Doe in the Paper Age. And although dressed in paper, John won't worry about being caught in the rain. Raincoats and inexpensive umbrellas, chemically waterproofed, are being manufactured right now and will be put on the market in a few months. Whether the day actually looks threatening or just undecided, the new waterproof coat can be rolled into a small bundle and carried without the least discomfort. The umbrellas will be so inexpensive they may be used as souvenirs—or given away to department store or restaurant customers in the event of a sudden shower. The old joke about the borrowed umbrella won't even be good as a radio gag when the Age of Paper comes into its own.

Paper handkerchiefs have found their way into hospitals. They are soft and impregnated with glycerine to impart flexibility and strength. If kept in a damp place they remain soft for months. While these paper handkerchiefs are not entirely practical for everyday use, they are especially desirable for hospital use because they are sanitary and inexpensive.

The outfit of the paper clad man is not complete without hat and socks. The hat will be made of thin, soft paper pulp. Trimmed with a ribbon band, it will be much like the Panama in appearance, but much lighter and less expensive. The paper socks, perspiration-proof, are made of three thicknesses of paper impregnated with chrome, glue, starch, paste, and stearine, stuck together by passing through warm rollers, pressed and dried. Darning socks will become an activity of history.

Paper is the product of civilization. In the Paper Age—comfort will be the product of paper. Each day paper and new paper products become more important in every area of our society, bringing us closer to the Age of Paper—an age of lighter housekeeping duties and greater freedom from disease, an age when drudgery finally surrenders to comfort.

The atom offers us energy. Paper offers John Doe the material out of which he can create comfort, cleanliness and a lower cost of living.

△

The track coach found a husky freshman busily tossing the weight, with a tall white stake planted at least 30 feet beyond his longest throw.

"Is that your best one?" asked the coach.

"Gosh, no!" the lad replied. "That's the mark I've got to beat."
They'd Rather Be Right

If you want to know what Monte Carlo was like in the Naughty Nineties, or the names of Santa’s reindeer, Hollywood’s research experts probably have the answer. Because they would rather be right, most film studios maintain staffs of expert mistake-catchers who spend long hours checking the accuracy of every picture you see.

Identifying Saint Nick’s steeds was only one of the problems faced by Twentieth Century Fox’s trim, white-haired guardian of accuracy, Mrs. Frances Richardson, during the shooting of The Miracle on 34th Street. Queried about the length of Santa’s whip, Mrs. Richardson quickly replied, “Long enough to reach the farthest reindeer.”

Splashy costume-dramas, like Forever Amber, always mean extra research for the studio experts. While the hour of a May sunset in London, which has changed since Amber’s time, was quickly found in Whitaker’s Almanac, other details of Restoration life, the period during which Amber supposedly lived and loved, were harder to find.

The Great Plague, which plays an important part in Amber’s story, was reconstructed from Restoration author Daniel Defoe’s vivid description of that calamity.

Screen mistakes, gleefully pointed out in fan letters, are the bane of any research department. Some slip by unnoticed, but others are purposely made to aid plot development. The highwayman who sports a branded thumb in Amber is one such “mistake.” Although any captured Restoration road agent would have been promptly executed, the director allowed the bandit to escape with only a brand to add a colorful character to his production.

Many potentially embarrassing mistakes were caught by Mrs. Richardson’s staff. The prop man who wanted to have gallons of hot water available when Amber’s baby was born, was told that such sterilization practices were unknown to Restoration doctors. Cornel Wilde’s vaccination scar was hastily covered when it was pointed out that no one was vaccinated in Amber’s day.

Slang meanings for words can cause trouble, too. One scene called for Richard Greene to tell his manservant to take down his bags. Discovering that “bags” is English slang for “trousers,” the research department tactfully suggested substituting “baggage.”

Frequently Hollywood outdoes itself in the cause of accuracy. The local glassblower who made authentic reproductions of crystal goblets for a banquet scene, told the researchers that the crystal he used was “better than anything Charles II ever saw.” The researchers were also ordered to costume authentically a land of carolers who, although heard, never actually appear in the picture.

The chore of answering all kinds of strange questions on a few hours’ notice has made studio researchers avid hoarders of odds and ends. Paramount has a unique collection of plates showing all types of bridal gowns. Most studios maintain a file of auto license plates for all states and years, and a 1903 Sears Roebuck catalog is the best source of background information for any picture laid in that era.

The richest reward for any research department is praise from a studio visitor who knows the Real Thing at first hand. Recently a group of researchers nervously watched a man from Boston step onto a set for a new picture laid in that city. They quickly relaxed, however, when the visitor, looking incredulously about him, smiled and shouted: “At last! I am home on Beacon Street.”
Follow the letter of the law, or others will live to regret it!

by FRANK GILLIO

Making a will is no guarantee that your wishes will ever be carried out. Every day, many, many wills are rejected by courts, because their makers have slipped up in some unexpected manner.

Failing to follow the exact letter of the law is an all too common reason for wills being refused. The law is particularly strict when it comes to making your will. Not having the proper number of witnesses, or signing your will before the witnesses arrive, inevitably causes trouble.

Mistakes in wills are common, but, unfortunately, final. Even though the evidence is clear that while you said one thing, you really meant something else, the law cannot correct your mistake.

If your plan for distributing your property violates the law, or is against "public policy," the law will not approve of it, and your entire will may fail. An error made by one-time presidential candidate Samuel J. Tilden cost charity $4,000,000. Tilden drew up his own will ordering certain named trustees to form a corporation to distribute his charitable bequests. What Tilden overlooked was that trustees were not allowed to form corporations in his day.

Cutting off an unpopular relative is a hazard which many wills fail to survive. Merely leaving such a person out of your will may not be enough. Many states allow close relatives to share in the estate even though they were omitted from the will.

One of the older bits of misinformation about wills is the popular belief that you must leave at least one dollar to the person cut off. Wills mentioning the person, and adding that the maker does not want this party to benefit, have been upheld by many states.

Wills often cancel themselves out because they are not kept up to date. Marrying or having children may mean automatic changes in your will. In some states both your wife and children may take part of your estate at the expense of those named in your will unless provision is made for them, or they are definitely barred. This policy insures them a means of support.

Carelessly chosen witnesses cause trouble. One who benefits by the will does not make a good witness. Some states deny such a witness his share of the estate because it is possible that
a person who is both witness and beneficiary persuaded the maker of the will to include him. The executor, the person named in the will to carry out the maker's instructions after his death, cannot be a witness in many states. Usually the best witness is one who has no interest in the will, and whose testimony concerning it would be believed.

Some states limit the amount of property which can be left to charity, and others require that such a will must have been made a certain number of days before the maker's death. Both of these curbs are designed to discourage hastily made wills which may rob relatives of necessary support.

Naming a "second-choice" might have saved many wills. If the person who is to benefit should die before you, your will may fail because there is no one else eligible to take your property.

Dabbling with your will once it is finished is always dangerous. Striking out certain parts and adding others invites trouble. Making changes is meaningless unless the law of your state is carefully followed.

Too few people make their wishes known in simple, understandable language. Although the law must carry out your wishes, often they are so poorly expressed that no judge could fathom their meaning. Simple wills frequently are the most effective. One will, consisting of exactly two lines, completely disposed of a $70,000,000 fortune left by railroad pioneer Edward Harriman.

Almost every will made today must be in writing to lessen the chances for fraud. Oral wills, however, are still acceptable in a few cases. Some states allow a serviceman on active duty, and in imminent danger of being killed, to tell a friend to whom he wants a certain amount of his property given. Other states allow a civilian who is fatally injured in an accident, and who dies the same day, to make a similar oral will.

Now that wills need no longer be drawn up in any particular legal form, some strange ones are offered for probate. One, written in the sweatband of an old hat, was accepted, as was another written in an eggshell. Recently a New Jersey court approved a will written entirely in verse.

"All my earthly goods I have in store
To my dear wife I leave forever more;
I freely give—no limit do I fix.
This is my will, and she the executor."

However you prepare your will, be careful! it may affect the lives of many people. Almost 400 years after a wealthy English merchant, Sir Thomas White, made his will; "young men of good character" are still receiving business loans from a fund provided for in this former Lord Mayor of London's will.

Drawing up your will cautiously now may save your family and friends added grief and trouble in the future, and insure the distribution of your property "as you will it."

Indicative of the times is the answer sent by one skilful entrant in a newspaper contest. On the subject, "What I Want In My Post War House," he sent in one well-chosen word, "Me!"
Meet the United States Marines, colorful veterans of wars, revolutions and foreign uprisings for 172 adventurous years.

by JOHN HARVEY

ON GUADALCANAL, jungle grass covers the shell scars on Raider’s Ridge. On Tarawa, only the roaring trade winds break the silence over reef and deserted airstrip. And on Saipan and all the other half-forgotten islands of the Pacific, jungle growth and driving tropical rains fast are erasing the last traces of World War II.

But on November 10, United States Marines, wherever they may be, in stateside barracks, on capital ships of the fleet, or on far-off outposts, will mark the 172nd anniversary of their famed Corps and vividly recall names like Pelelieu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa—names which have now joined Tripoli, Chapultepec and Belleau Wood in Marine tradition.

It’s a long way back to the days of flintlock rifles and tall leather collars, but the story of the “Leathernecks” begins in Philadelphia on the 10th of November, 1775, when the Continental Congress authorized Major Samuel Nicholas to recruit two battalions of Marines.

In addition to the usual requirements for infantry of that day, the Major wanted men “who are good seamen and so acquainted with maritime affairs as to serve to advantage by sea when required.”

And so, ever since 1775, the United States Marines have been doing just that—serving on land and “by sea when required” through the Nation’s seven major wars and numerous “undeclared” smaller wars. Under international law, Marines are permitted to land on foreign soil to restore order and protect American lives when such action by the regular Army and Navy would be an act of war. So when there’s an uprising, a revolution or disorder, it’s always the Marines who land to bring the situation under control.

American Marines were known even in Colonial days, as early as 1740, and were patterned after the British Royal Marines. Those early Marines took part in the campaigns against the French and Indians and in the expeditions to Acadia, Louisburg and Quebec.

But after their official organization by the Continental Congress, the American Marines saw their first amphibious operation. That was during the Revolutionary War, when a fledging United States Navy put
them ashore at New Providence in the Bahamas. There they captured British forts, stores and a supply of powder badly needed by the Revolutionary army.

Out of this first amphibious landing, later generations of Marines developed their own deadly specialty—the beach assault against an entrenched and heavily armed enemy ashore. Prior to World War II, the Marine Corps successfully carried out more than 160 of these ship-to-shore assaults.

On land in the Revolution, other Marines fought with Washington at Princeton and later engagements; but after peace with Britain, the Marine Corps was allowed to decline until a short naval war with France from 1799 to 1801 established the sea power of the United States.

During the war with the Barbary pirates in Tripoli in 1805, Marines served on board the ships of the Navy as well as on land. At this time a small detachment of Marines under Lt. P. N. O'Bannon wrote an unforgettable chapter in Marine Corps history when they marched 600 miles across the North African desert to take the stronghold of Derne from the rear in a coordinated land and naval assault.

In the War of 1812, Marines were again serving on land and sea, and participated in the memorable battle between the U.S.S. Constitution and the British man-of-war, H.M.S. Guerriere. In this sea engagement, the commander of the Marine detachment, Lt. Bush, was killed while repelling boarders before the victory was finally won. On land, Marines fought from Bladensburg in the north to the Battle of Bladensburg in the north to the Battle of New Orleans on the Gulf under Andrew Jackson.

Although history books record the years between the War of 1812 and the Mexican War as years of peace for the nation, they were anything but peaceful for Marines. In this period they fought Indians in Georgia and Florida and took part in the South Seas expeditions to Quella Battoo, Sumatra and the Fijis.

War with Mexico in 1845 again found the Marines in the thick of the action. On the West Coast of the American continent, Marines helped capture Monterrey, Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and Mazatlan. On the Gulf Coast, Marines were in on the capture of Vera Cruz and went with General Scott to Mexico City. Here they took part in the storming of Chapultepec and fought their way through the Grand Plaza to the “Halls of the Montezumas,” now commemorated in the opening words of the Marine Hymn.

It was after the Mexican War that the Marines first met their future enemies, the Japanese, but the encounter was a relatively peaceful one. It was in 1853-54 when they accompanied Commodore Perry on his cruise to Japan.

In the Civil War, the role of the Marines was generally limited to service with the Navy, although Marines participated in the first battle of Bull Run, a night attack on Fort Sumter in 1863, and the capture of New Orleans.

The year 1867 found Marines on
their way to Formosa, where they remained until 1870. In 1868 other detachments were sent to Korea to aid in maintaining order there during local disturbances.

The Spanish-American War was an important milestone in Marine amphibious tactics, for it was then that the Marines made use of a specially trained landing force to take and hold an objective. At Guantánamo, Cuba, a carefully rehearsed battalion captured and held the city against counterattacks by 6,000 Spanish troops.

China, often called the Marines’ second home, first saw the Corps in action during the Boxer rebellion when Marines were landed from ships and rushed inland to help defend the Legation Quarter of Peking. Another regiment took part in the relief expedition from Taku to Peking. From 1905 until World War II, Marines were continuously on duty in some part of China. In the Orient where the white man has “face” to maintain, Marines were selected from among the nation’s crack troops and given the coveted task of guarding the American Embassy and Legation in Peking.

In 1900, Marines and Army troops fought insurrection together in the Philippines and in 1903 Marines were sent to Santo Domingo and Korea. The latter year also saw the Marines in action on the Isthmus of Panama. In 1906 Marines were back in Cuba, this time with four battalions with which to restore order.

It was in the minor wars and upheavals of this period when Marines were given the job of restoring peace and quiet that the naval communique, “Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand,” became a classic. Again and again this sentence was used to signify the end of civil disorder in far-off and little-known parts of the world.

In World War I, the Fourth Marine Brigade distinguished itself at the battles of Belleau Wood, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and on through their last engagement near Rheims in October, 1918.

Thereafter, Marines were given the job of guarding the United States mail after a series of daring robberies, and were sent overseas to put down disorders in Haiti, Nicaragua, and China. In 1927 the first step toward a modern amphibious striking force was begun when the Fleet Marine Force was established; and by World War II, the Marine Corps was prepared to take the lead in the Pacific offensives.

In August, 1942, Marines made good their boast of being “first to fight,” when the First Marine Division invaded a little known island called Guadalcanal and opened the first American offensive of the war.
After six months of malaria, mud and sudden death from sniper's bullets, the Japanese forces were split up and destroyed and the journey up the Pacific began.

After Guadalcanal came Rendova-Munda followed by Bougainville and Tarawa. It was at Tarawa that Marines established the bloody pattern of conquest for the Pacific Islands—a furious naval bombardment and desperate frontal assault by wave after wave of Marines in landing craft. One thousand twenty-six Marines died there, on the narrow sand beach of Betio Island.

After Tarawa, other Marines carried the amphibious war to Cape Gloucester in New Britain, Roi-Namur and Eniwetok in the Marshalls, and finally to Saipan and Guam to gain bomber strips within flying range of Tokyo. And in the fall of 1944, the taking of Pelelieu opened the southern route to the Philippines for General Douglas MacArthur.

Then in February of 1945 came the “toughest fight in Marine Corps history,” the assault on Iwo Jima, eight square miles of shifting black sands and barren rock. On this tiny island, only five miles long, three entire divisions of Marines were required to blast the Japanese out of miles of caves and tunnels.

Even before the battle was over on Iwo Jima, far to the south loaded Marine troopships were moving up from the Solomons. And on April 1, 1945, two divisions of Marines and two divisions of Army troops landed on the island of Okinawa in what was to be the final battle of World War II. When the island was finally conquered after two and one-half months of hard fighting, a base was obtained for the grand assault on the Japanese homeland itself.

But the atomic bomb changed the entire course of the war, and by early September, 1945, the Japanese had surrendered in Tokyo Bay. However, the Marines’ task was not yet over. Almost before the ink was dry on the surrender documents, Marines were on the move again, this time back to North China, after an absence of four years, to occupy key cities and disarm the Japanese.

Disarming the now meek and obedient Nipponese was only a minor part of this new assignment, for revolution suddenly flared in China and once again the Marines found themselves in the middle of a shooting war. By early 1947, however, their mission was accomplished and the Marines were recalled to the United States and American territory, leaving only small detachments to instruct Chinese troops.

And so today, after 172 years of wars, expeditions and assault landings, the United States Marines are once more at peace but ready still for the day when new disorders and revolutions may come to a troubled world. And if that day should come, chances are you’ll open your morning paper and read, under some foreign dateline, the old familiar story, “Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand.”
Folks whose heads are in the clouds have as much fun as anybody.

TALL CLUBS

by ROSALIND LEE

If you are a girl five-feet-ten in height or taller, the chances are you look down on most of your dance partners. If you tower six-feet-three or four in your bobby-sox, it’s the rare male who tops you. Statistics indicate that more unusually tall girls are growing up in America than ever before. They are becoming less usual.

A really tall girl feels awkward in the ordinary crowd, however. Often she assumes a slouching posture, in order to seem less tall, and this of course makes her look awkward. She is always hunting for a place to sit down, so she won’t feel conspicuous, and she has a hard time buying clothes that fit well and are becoming. Since she makes the average man look sawed-off, he is likely to shy away from her, and she gets in the habit of staying at home and growing more self-conscious.

Men who are much above normal height are sensitive, too, as a rule, and their social problems are similar to those of the extra-tall girls. But these problems are being solved by clubs that tall young people are starting all over the country. Only tall people can belong, and the members get together, forget about their height, and have wonderful times.

Back in 1938 a group in Los Angeles started what seems to have been the first tall club for both sexes. Two men who were six-feet-four and a young woman who was six-feet met at a party and felt so much at home with each other that they decided to round up other tall folk and do something about it. They thought they would not find many as tall as themselves. But in a few weeks of scouting they had 28 prospective members for a club they decided to call the Tip Toppers.

They agreed on a minimum height of six feet for the girls and six-feet-four for the men, with ages between 18 and 35. An altitude of seven feet was the limit.

In nine years this club has grown to a membership of more than a hundred. Other clubs, some of them inspired by the Tip Toppers and some developing independently, have sprung up and include organizations in Kansas City, Omaha, New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Houston, and points between. It is impossible to keep up with all the new groups as they pop up here and there and start functioning merrily. By now the idea may be world-wide. There is talk of forming a national
organization in the United States, eventually.

The Tip Toppers publish a club paper, the Tip Top Pix, which is mailed to all members. It prints club news, lots of snap shots, and information about tall people in general. Club members meet every week, have dinners, dances, picnics, theatre parties, fish-fries and other shindigs where a good time is had by all, since nobody feels conspicuously different. A big Christmas dinner and membership dinners are established traditions.

Some 40 couples in the Los Angeles group have married since the club was formed, and there are more than 20 children, ranging downward from six years old. Every youngster is tall for its age, "a real Tip Topper," say the parents proudly, forgetting that they once were shy and uncomfortable about being too tall. What is too tall? The Tip Toppers have made the question a challenge. And the outsider is prone to speculate about a possible tribe of young giants growing up in the tall clubs of the U.S.A.

In most of the groups, a member is dropped automatically if he or she marries "small fry"—a wife or a husband under the club minimum height for membership. The height varies, as do other conditions and requirements, in the various clubs.

The main purpose, of course, is to get tall people together to enjoy themselves and work out their special and often annoying problems, to overcome the self-consciousness and timidity felt by nearly everyone who is much above average height. Instead of feeling lonely and different, these tall-clubbers are now having the time of their lives with congenial associates. And when they travel, they find welcoming groups of fellow Tip Toppers, Higher-Ups, or other tall pals who are ready-made friends in the chief cities across the country.

The Sky-Liners of Kansas City have earned a reputation as royal entertainers. Often they stage a special party or banquet for a visiting fellow club member. They are interested, too, in encouraging the manufacture of suitable clothes for tall people and also of longer beds and more ample couches and chairs. They know from experience that getting along with undersized clothing and furniture definitely cramps one's style. Keeping properly shod may be difficult if you happen to wear a number 14 shoe.

Most of the men have their clothes made to order, which is expensive and bothersome. Suppose a guy is an automobile mechanic. Buying overalls that function as they should is practically impossible. So what? He maybe has to hunt up a kindhearted tailor and have them custom-made!
Many of the club women make their own dresses. But they like to wear ready-made coats and suits, and these are often hard to find in tall and properly-proportioned sizes. Due largely to the efforts of tall clubs, special shops, such as the one in Beverly Hills called “Tall and Tailored,” are being operated. "Taller modes" are featured by some of the department stores at moderate prices.

Tall girls like soft, feminine suits, according to a tall-club woman. Some of them, naturally, cannot afford to pay too much. But the stiff, mannish type of suit, coat or dress emphasizes the tallness of the wearer and makes her awkward and conspicuous. The soft, dress-maker suit reduces her height.

Costume parties are fun for the tall clubs. Staging an old-timers dance at the Dollar Saloon of the famous Knott Berry Place, the Los Angeles Tip Toppers danced square dances with vim, though their heads barely cleared the ceiling. Incidentally, 40 men and women of the Los Angeles group are World War II veterans.

Typical of the smaller clubs are the Nebraska Stardusters, of Omaha, with approximately 40 members. A young lady there read an article about the Tip Toppers of California and decided that it would be a good idea to start a similar club in her home town, Omaha. At the first meeting it was discovered that there were not enough people in town stretching high enough to permit use of the name Tip Toppers. But the tall ones persisted in plans to organize a club of their own. They finally decided to lower the height minimum to five-feet-ten for girls and six-feet-two for boys, with an age limit of 18 to 38. They chose "Star Dust" as a club song and called themselves, appropriately enough, the Stardusters. Their tallest girl is six-feet-two and the tallest man six-feet-eight.

The Stardusters do a lot of bowling, dancing and picnicking. Their prime function is purely social, having fun. They go in a body to night baseball games, wrestling matches, and shows. The club was started in 1940, and four couples from the membership have married.

Theatre seats that can be pulled out long and pushed back out of the way when unoccupied are a welcome invention for the general public which came about through the agitation of tall club members. The campaign for taller sizes in ready-to-wear clothing is gaining momentum all over the country. But the most important results are a conquest of self-consciousness, and still more and better entertainment for tall people.
"How did I know what you meant when you asked for a blind date?"
AROUND of Kansas City sweet shops discloses that 35 percent of the customers are men, the remaining 65 percent, women and children; that paradoxically, 65 percent of the candy is bought by the sterner sex, the remaining 35 percent by you-know-who. But whether you’re man, woman or child—unless you’re on a diet, need a trip to the dentist or are a diabetic—chances are you’re one of the many Americans who contribute $687,000,000 to the candy industry each year. $687,000,000! That’s a lot of Tootsie Rolls, tootsie, anyway you look at it!

Candymaking is Kansas City’s fourth largest industry, and is also fourth largest of the nation’s food industries. An important advertiser, the candy industry relies on the food theme, rather than the sweets, to win friends and influence people. Candy is a rich, nutritious food. Candy is a quick energy food. Candy is healthful for growing children. And whoever makes such maligning statements as “reach for a smoke instead of a sweet” is liable for lawsuits.

In the national candy picture, Kansas City takes its place in the North Central Region division, one of five which blanket the country. In the last survey of the United States Market for Confection, the Department of Commerce listed this North Central Region as producing 1,320,000,000 of a national total of 2,519,000,000 pounds, more than any one region. This survey was taken in 1942, and the industry has been expanding like bubble gum since.

Kansas City confectioners received a twofold “go ahead” signal when recent freight rate adjustments were made. On the one hand, a lower rate allowed local manufacturers to ship to the Southwest. On the other, the new basing rate permitted on corn syrup shipped from Chicago to Kansas City made the supply of this important candy ingredient greater than ever before. Previously, corn syrup had been sold on the Chicago corn market base. But now it can be made and shipped practically as cheap from Kansas City as from Chicago, the city which has always held the title of the candy-champ center of the industry.

Some dozen candy makers ply their trade in Greater Kansas City, many of whom supply nationally. The majority of these produce sweets to be sold by the pound, though a few manufacture bars that retail at five cents (six cents, if inflation has hit your private supplier). It seems as though the good old days of the
one cent lollypops and licorice whips are fast disappearing. No more does juvenility take its loaf of bread and sack of wineballs beneath a tree. Nowadays, the pint-size plutocrats order up the more expensive bars. And adults, too, account perhaps for the fact that half the candy sold in Kansas City and throughout the country is comprised of nickel bars. Another fifth, incidentally, is hard candies—an inclusive term also covering gums, jellies and other plain confections.

Perhaps the most widely publicized candy manufacturer in the district is the Cinderella concern founded by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stover. Theirs is a home-sweet-home story literally, since the company began in the kitchen of the Stover's Denver bungalow. With the transference of Stover's business headquarters to Kansas City in 1930, there began an expansion of stores and partner businesses throughout the country. Now the Stover enterprise employs over 200 people in the offices and four stores in Kansas City and some 300 more in various other cities. Recently a store was opened in New York City and plans are laid to inaugurate two additional ones in Washington, D. C., and Birmingham, Alabama.

The Russell Stover Candy Company follows the example originated by Martha Washington candies years ago, namely, to operate as a manufacturing retailer of home-made-style candies. Ask the Stovers to account for the phenomenal success of their business and they will credit two factors: consistently good, high quality products and the prominent location of their stores. The candy industry gives more personal credit, however, to the originator of the business, having two years ago awarded him their prized Oscar, "The Kettle," for his service to the industry.

Although there are about 5,000 candy products manufactured by the industry as a whole, Stover's limits its output to approximately 60 of these. The experimental laboratories of the company are constantly looking for new ways to improve the product and have developed, among other things, a dipping table to maintain a constant temperature of the chocolate while being processed. One problem, not obvious to the rank amateur, with which they have to deal, is to have a product not too rich. Instead, they strive constantly to develop the happy medium so that the consumer always wants to reach for another. Conniving, you call it? Good business, Stover's calls it.

The Price Candy Company, founded by Charles H. Price, began as a rented concession in a Kansas City department store. Now it operates candy factories and retail units in 14 cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Jacksonville,
New Orleans, Milwaukee, Dallas and Kansas City. The general offices are still maintained in Kansas City along with the sole combination restaurant-grill-bar-candy store of the chain. Candy and tea room concessions are held by Price's in department stores of 13 cities.

The candy company started by Charles Price in 1913 has paid off considerable dividends since, having a nine million dollar volume in the past year. The range of candy manufactured is still limited, for the most part, to hand dipped chocolates and homemade candies. The Price people point with pride to the fact that, despite the tremendous volume of business, their candy is still made in small batches in their kitchens to retain the homemade quality.

The Sunshine Biscuit Company, one of the nation's largest confection manufacturers, had its beginning in Kansas City under the name of the Loose-Wiles* Biscuit Company. The company was co-founded by Kansas City philanthropist, Jacob Leander Loose, "the cracker king." Although the company has since changed both its title and general office location, a large plant continues to operate in Kansas City, producing, along with innumerable baked products, several varieties of candy.

Construction is now underway on a new Sunshine Biscuit Company plant in the Fairfax Industrial district, Kansas City, Kansas. The three million dollar plant will mark one of the final phases of the company's nine-year expansion plan.

As a sidelight to the change of name from Loose-Wiles to Sunshine, it might be mentioned that the operation took a year. It meant running down stockholders in 48 states, explaining the whys and wherefores of the change to them, recalling old stock and issuing new, changing signs, stationery and uniforms in plants throughout the country. One official remarked that, "with a lot of careful planning the cost (of the name change) was kept under $100,000." Moral of the story: don't change names in the middle of the stream.

The Sifers Confection Company, in association with the Donaldson Candy Company, favors the five-cent candy bar as a means of livelihood. It distributes its single product, the Valomilk, in 25 Midwestern states and anticipates expansion in the near future.

Other major candy manufacturers in Kansas City are the Dye Candy Company, Hill Candy Company, Missouri Candy Company and the Crane Chocolate Company.

As long as people continue to eat more candy each year, as they have been doing for the past two decades, the candy business will prosper proportionately. Whereas the average consumption now is about 20 pounds per person per year, the trade authorities all agree that this figure will rise sharply in the next few years. New outlets may be responsible in part for increased consumption. This was proved beyond doubt when the chain store entered the retail picture in 1927. Between that date and 1944,
through modern merchandising practices, this group’s sales increased up to 21 percent. The vending machine as a means of distributing candy also does its bit in spreading the good word. Four percent of all candy manufactured in the United States is sold through vending machines. In this statistical parade comes one important reversal of the onward and upward trend. Between 1927 and 1939, there was a 67 percent decline in fancy package goods selling at one dollar or more. Although these figures have swung back considerably in the past eight years, it’s still apparent that the consumer doesn’t, as a rule, want to pay more than a dollar for the sweets he’s giving his sweet.

General predictions for the national candy output in 1947 reach well past the three billion pound mark. Kansas City, as an important center of the industry, will contribute its full share to this quota. So from both the consumer and producer viewpoints, brother, it seems that candy is dandy!

Black Magic Brought to Light

At Lake Success, where the United Nations General Assembly meets, a series of six low-powered, very high frequency transmitters continually broadcast translations of the proceedings in six different languages (one the original speech). Delegates carry small receivers having a working range of about 200 yards, and thus they can wander around at will, and hear the speech being delivered, in their own language.

Radio direction finding, first used by ships at sea, and later by airplanes on long overwater flights, is now serving us in a different and rather startling way. Scientists use radio direction finding equipment to track the path of thunderstorms. Several such stations in communication with each other can plot the path of a thunderstorm none of them can see or hear. The new science is called “spherics.”

New electronic timing devices can measure the time difference between the occurrence of two distinct events with an accuracy of one part in 10 billion. That’s a one followed by ten ciphers.

New 20,000,000 volt x-ray machines penetrate steel sections two feet thick, and show up tiny flaws in the metal no larger than the head of a common pin.

Infra-red equipment enabling our armed services to see great distances on pitch black nights were so highly refined by British and American engineers that original German models weighing over 16 pounds were condensed in weight to slightly more than one pound.

A new medical tool, the Berman locator, actually locates foreign particles of steel lodged in the human body. The operating surgeon is directed to the area of a buried steel splinter by audible signals generated by the device. These change their pitch when a probe is moved near the buried metal. The instrument, then, is not too different in action from its big brother, the mine detector.—Lew Morse.
Comes the day when radio announcers aren’t born: they’re made!

Broadcasters of TOMORROW

by BILL MALL

The pretty coed looked at her boy friend and asked in disbelieving wonder, “Do you always do that much work for just five minutes talking on the air?” Her boy friend, a radio broadcasting student at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas, told her yes. She shook her head from side to side.

She had come to the studio of KSAC, the college station, to see how news broadcasting is done. She had waited patiently as he had taken the copy from the news teletype, read it and edited it. Then he had read it over for time. He had picked enough material for a little over five minutes, so he had to prune it here and there until the fourth reading, when it timed exactly five minutes. She sat twiddling her thumbs as he read it over and over, aloud, until he could read it easily and smoothly. After looking up certain word pronunciations in the dictionary, he had time for a final reading before going on the air. By that time she had been waiting 40 minutes.

“I thought you just took the news and walked into the studio and read it,” she said. He smiled tolerantly and told her that maybe after doing newscasts and nothing else for five or six years he might be able to do that. But not now. He was just learning. She looked at him thoughtfully and decided, “You must like it an awful lot, to work so hard for so little.”

She had hit on the reason why a great number of young college men and women are preparing for radio broadcasting. They like it. They get mike fever and can’t stay away from broadcasting studios. They are much like the young journalists who get printer’s ink in their blood and haunt newspaper offices. In either case, it is impossible to explain the appeal of the profession. They just like it.

Student training for radio broadcasting is fairly new. Early broadcasters were drawn from many fields. They stepped in front of the mike and learned the hard, but best, way—do by doing. Those who were naturals made the grade and can still be heard today. Others are gone and forgotten. There were no training grounds for broadcasters.

Today, 27 colleges and universities that own and operate educational radio stations provide the training grounds. At these institutions radio broadcasting constantly is being
boosted with improved equipment and extended courses.

Station KSAC, Kansas State College, is representative. Courses in radio writing, programming, production, speech, news and continuity make up the broadcasting curriculum. These, plus economics, sociology, drama, music, psychology, literature, mathematics and languages are requirements for a radio major. Two new studios and a control room recently have been built for the exclusive use of students who, up to now, have used the studio facilities of the college station, which have been overworked. From their own studios, students will present each week a drama, a documentary, an on-the-campus interview, and a women's program. A women's shopping news show, a newscast and a sports program will be presented daily.

Once, a student said he was going to take radio because he knew it would be easy and a lot of fun. It was fun all right, but it wasn't easy. Broadcasting isn't a snap. However, it isn't difficult if one has a definite talent. That particular young man found it hard to write radio wise and he had an unpleasant voice. He went searching for something easier at the end of the first semester.

For announcing, a good voice is necessary. Not necessarily a voice with beautiful resonant tone and depth, but a pleasant, friendly-sounding middle range voice. With the good voice there should be an ability to use it properly. In fact, some men with rather poor voices have worked hard and long at proper voice pre-

sentation until they have achieved a radio voice the untrained ear cannot recognize as basically poor in quality. One such diligent vocal student, who trained in college, is now one of the finest announcers in the Midwest.

A radio writer, too, must have a definite talent. He must be able to put down on paper something that is to be read aloud, and that may be understood when read aloud. If you think it is easy, take a book or newspaper and read it aloud to someone. How many times do you stumble over the long sentences, and how much does your listener get from your reading?

When students first start studying broadcasting, they often find their previous education has taught them very little about writing and practically nothing about talking.

One Kansas State boy thought all he had to do to do to read his script about Thomas Edison was to pay strict attention to pronunciation. He was greatly surprised when he heard his recorded voice and learned he sounded as if he were delivering a revivalist sermon. A girl wrote a short how-to-do talk on ironing shirts. When she heard it read by a class-
mate, she had to admit that, even though she wrote it, she couldn’t have ironed a shirt from her own directions.

After overcoming initial setbacks, the student either fails to make the grade or charges ahead with fired enthusiasm. He becomes fascinated with talking; the sound of his own voice is music to his ears and he wants millions to hear it and like it. Writers find they may achieve with spoken words shades of meaning and thought that are impossible in written form. It is modern writing that appeals to youth; it is simple, direct and realistic.

Student broadcasters learn the same way pioneer broadcasters learned—do by doing. There is a good deal of practical broadcasting within the curriculum and much that is extra-curricular. Criticism—from instructors and fellow students—is a constant guide. There are many, possessing definite radio talents, who have dropped out because they were too sensitive to criticism.

After four years of practical work, the student is not ready to step in and revolutionize the broadcasting industry with his particular talent. His college training is merely a basic training. He must enter a second basic period of commercial experience, for all his college work is done on a non-commercial station. Probably his first job is with a small 250-watt station where the staff is small and he is called upon to do the work that would be done by three or four people at a larger station. It is here that the broadcaster is actually made.

However, college training is a big factor in getting and holding jobs these days. A broad education is necessary to the modern broadcaster, for he must be intelligent and fast-thinking. A varied educational background, coupled with instruction in vocal work and writing slanted especially for radio broadcasting, provide the embryo broadcaster with a sound basis for success.

As colleges and universities produce more and more well-trained students, the broadcasting industry will increase its reliance upon educational institutions as a source of new material. All present indications are that the college students of today will become the broadcasters of tomorrow.

A golfer was up before a magistrate for beating his wife. Pleading his case, the lawyer said, "My client is a much maligned man. His wife is constantly nagging him. Driven to desperation, he finally beat her into silence with a golf club."

The magistrate, with renewed interest, asked, "In how many strokes?"

An inspector noted for his fault-finding propensities was checking a newly completed portion of the trans-Canada highway. He grumbled that the crown was not high enough, the shoulder too steep, the ditches not deep enough.

The foreman bore it all patiently. Then he straightened up, looked the inspector in the eye, and asked, "How is she for length?"
They Arrested the Corpse

On a foggy morning in 19th Century England, a man in deep mourning introduced himself into a house of death and begged to look on the face of his “friend.” Quietly the coffin lid was removed. The mourner stood looking down on the dissolute face with what appeared to be profound emotion, then suddenly drew a bailiff’s wand from his pocket and, touching the dead cheek, turned to the servant and said, “I arrest this corpse in the name of the King, for a debt of 500 pounds.”

Thus Richard Brinsley Sheridan, creator of The Rivals and The School for Scandal, notorious traveler from his debts, failed at last to cheat the bailiff by so adroit a maneuver as leaving this world. Sheridan—paradox, genius, eloquent speaker at Warren Hastings’ trial, combination wit, drunkard, gambler, spendthrift and debtor played his destined part from 1751 to 1816, during an interval in England when the second and third Georges and the Regent only added to the corruption and confusion of the times.

Sheridan inaugurated his “buying without paying” plan early. Soon after leaving Harrow, he visited Bristol where it became apparent new boots were not optional, they were a necessity. Naturally, Sheridan couldn’t afford the necessity. He immediately called upon two boot-makers, ordered a pair at each place, and promised to pay on delivery. When the first delivery arrived, young Dick tried on the footwear, complained that the right foot pinched and suggested it be taken back for stretching. This same device was used in handling the second bootmaker; only this time it was the left boot that gave trouble. Now supplied with a matching pair of boots, Sheridan quickly got out of town.

Extravagant, almost beyond imagination, Sheridan was also completely unburdened by conscience. When his debts were most numerous, he insisted on giving large dinner parties, swindling his wine merchant with good-humored abandon.

His debts and lawsuits mounted steadily. A second marriage to a woman of means, and a fair success in politics could not retard Sheridan’s miserable decline. And to make things worse, just about this time his Drury Lane Theater burned to the ground. Thoroughly discouraged, and at wits end, Sheridan sold his books, his plate and finally the portrait of his first wife, painted by the famous Joshua Reynolds.

In his sixty-fifth year, Sheridan was stricken with a disease and his friend, Peter Moore, tells us that, “A sheriff’s officer arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off in his blankets to a sponging-house, but Doctor Bain interfered.” The sheriff’s officer wasn’t so easily put off, however, and on a foggy morning, in 1816, Sheridan’s corpse was arrested in the name of the King, and not released for burial until Canning and Lord Sidmouth paid out 500 pounds over the coffin lid.

Four noble pall-bearers—the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave and the Bishop of London, carried the pauper to his grave. They were followed in the funeral march by “the two royal highnesses—the dukes of York and Sussex—two marquises, seven earls, three viscounts, five lords, a Canning, a lord mayor and a whole regiment of honorables and right honorables.” Richard Brinsley Sheridan couldn’t pay his debts but he could command a funeral procession of royalty.—Marion Duncan.

One girl to another, “I told her she looked like a million, and I meant every year of it!”
Women of another era had cause to be docile and subservient to their husbands.

There was always a fifty-fifty chance that their mates would have the very last word.

These last words, engraved on a tombstone for all time, were a threat which many a woman of spirit must have thought twice about before presuming to argue with her spouse.

Unusual epitaphs went out with high-laced shoes and whalebone corsets, but while they lasted they were enough to give pause to one’s actions. The animus which caused many a long-suffering male to take revenge by calling attention to his wife’s defects through some pungent lines engraved on a slab of marble has ap-

parently become as extinct as the pterodactyl.

Time has not diminished the telling effect of hundreds of these final commentaries, however. Many a vixen and shrew must have revolved in her ultimate resting place as the stone-cutter inscribed the monument which would mark her for all time.

A fine example of this ancient art is the epitaph which an Alabama worthy felt was fitting tribute to his late mate:

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie; She’s now at rest, and so am I.

In a similar vein, an Australian husband who insisted on telling the truth about his wife, even if it hurt, had this to say on her passing:

Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew. If I said I was sorry, I should lie too.

Garrulous wives seemed to be the particular bane of those husbands who took the trouble to memorialize the women with whom they shared their lives and ears. A Maine farmer feared his wife’s tongue even after she had departed this life. He warned those who came to visit her grave:

Tread softly here, reader, lest you wake The greatest talker that ever spake; 'Tis chance, but if her dust you move, Each atom there a tongue may prove; And tho she rises all alone, You’ll think it a general resurrection.

The release from the dominating will of some virago caused at least one harried husband to revert again to the happy, carefree ways of his youth. Indeed, the epitaph he prepared for his help-meet hasn’t even a tinge of lamentation about it. This Virginian announced blithely:

The light of my life has gone out, But I have struck another match.

Some few conscientious husbands may have looked on the passing of
their loved ones with a feeling that they had failed to be the sort of men whom women dream about. This sort of abject admission runs through this epitaph:

She lived with her husband fifty years And died in the hope of a better life.

A number of men, if we are to believe the tombstones, have found nothing to complain about in their married life. The very meagerness of details on five markers in a New London, Connecticut, cemetery bespeaks satisfaction on the part of all concerned. A grateful husband arranged the graves and inscriptions as below:

My I wife    My III wife
My II wife   My IV wife

OUR HUSBAND

Many a woman, of course, has lived to have the final word. Perhaps the most unusual of epitaphs composed by wives, and one having the courage to indicate that life must go on, is that of a Maine widow who inscribed the following lines on her husband's tombstone:

Sacred to the memory of James H. Ral-dom, who died August 6, 1900. His widow, who mourns his passing as one who can be comforted, aged 24 and possessing every qualification for a good wife, lives at Monmouth Street in this village.

It must have taken a tremendous tablet to tell the long and sorrowful story of Bridget Applethwaite of Beamfill, England, who died in 1737. Few of the vital statistics concerning the good Bridget seem to be missing from this epitaphic account of her life:

Between the remains of her brother Edward
And her husband Arthur
Here lies the body of Bridget Applethwaite, once Bridget Nelson.

After the fatigue of a married life
Borne by her with incredible patience
For four years and three quarters, bating three weeks,
And after the glorious enjoyment
Of an easy and unblemished widowhood
For four years and upwards
She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage,
But death forbade the banns.

All of the inscriptions were not, of course, the result of an anger pent up for years. Some few husbands credited the distaff side with the virtues of Caesar's wife.

In Silver Lake, New York, for example, is this touching acknowledgement of love and devotion:

Elizabeth McFadden
Wife of David P. Reed
Died Feb. 28, 1859

She never done a thing to displease her husband.

Even more glowing are the words which a husband in Clerkenwall, England, dedicated to his spouse:

Near this monument of human instability Are deposited the remains of Ann, The wife of John Lodden. She resigned her life the 8th day of Nov. 1764, aged 37 years.
She was——!
But words are wanting to say what! Think what a wife should be, And she was that.
Perhaps the ultimate tribute to obedient womanhood is the amazing statement on the grave of Elizabeth
Hamilton in Surrey, England. It reads:

Elizabeth, wife of Maj. Gen. Hamilton,
Who was married near forty-seven years
and
Never did one thing to disoblige her husband.
She died in 1746.

When the wife of William Lynne died in Surrey in 1663, he was almost at a loss for words. "Might I ten thousand years enjoy my life," he wrote as her epitaph, "I could not praise enough so good a wife." Nearby, another good wife, Rebecca Freeland, inspired her mate to write no paeans of praise. He assayed her existence as follows:

She drank good ale, good punch and wine,
And died at the age of 99.

Jane Cathew's husband apparently never had an opportunity to write her epitaph. It seems to have been composed by relatives of that fine English woman—people who had their own ideas about her marital life. The lines they wrote have achieved somewhat of a classic stature in graveyard literature:

Here lies the body of Jane Cathew,
Born at St. Colomb, died at St. Ewe.
Children she had five.
Three are dead and two alive,
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother than live with their father.

Parting shots such as that probably hit home. As many a survivor will attest, having the last word has always had its satisfactions.

Fifth Row Center—Chinese Style

IT ISN'T necessary to travel to Shanghai or Nanking to see an authentic Chinese play. In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown stands "The Mandarin," an unusual theatre where one may observe the quaint oriental customs of the stage.

Frequently large Chinese families, unable to afford enough tickets for all, see the play by relays. Each member leaves the performance when he chooses, handing the ticket stub to a waiting relative in the lobby. Upon returning home, each one comments on the part he saw and compares notes with the others, thus reconstructing the plot by narration.

During the course of the play, children are afforded the privilege of roaming the aisles while their parents sit through the acts sipping tea, munching gingered candy or dried lizard meat.

Chinese drama is distinctive. There are no intermissions or curtain calls. The scenery is shifted before the eyes of the audience while the cast casually directs the arrangement. Characters are usually interpreted by their individual costume and facial make-up, since the drama is largely dependent upon form, color and pantomine. For instance, if an actor stoops, it signifies he is going through a door. If he carries a wand tipped with white horse hair, he is a supernatural being. If he parades with a banner with wheels painted on it, he is riding a chariot. Standing on a chair means the action is taking place on the balcony above. When the climax of the act is reached, the actor pours forth his soul in a familiar song while the audience applauds or hums in accompaniment, tapping the tempo with their feet or folded fans.

A single play may be the continuation of the previous night's performance and may progress for a week or more. But when it is finished, don't expect to see it again. There are no repeat performances.—O. H. Hampsch.
How "Z"ealous Are You

Listed below are definitions of ten more or less tough words with a preference for the consonant Z. See if you can guess the words from their definitions and fill them in to complete the Z pattern. A score of eight or over is excellent. Answers on page 68.

1. ... ZZZ... A bear in American song
2. ... ZZZ... U. S. fortification and prison
3. ... Z... Lowest division of animal life
4. ... Z... Bewilder
5. ... Z... Flowering shrub
6. ... Z... Ass-like animal
7. ... Z... Stringed musical instruments
8. ... Z... Fanatical partisans
9. ... Z... Type of dirigibles
10. ... Z... Eldest son of former Russian Emperor

Giving the Works

A famous author gave all of his collected works to a friend. One-half of the volumes contained novels, one-quarter poetry, one-seventh plays, and three volumes contained miscellaneous items. Can you tell of how many volumes in all the author's collected works consisted? Answer on page 68.

Postage Stumper

Is it possible to have a letter delivered through the mail without using postage, and without the person for whom the letter is intended paying the postage? Answer on page 68.

A Kiss in the Dark

At a party there were 15 girls with blonde hair, 8 with brown hair, and 6 redheads. A man who was blindfolded was to kiss three girls having the same color of hair. Can you tell the least number of girls the man had to kiss? Answer on page 68.

Let's Square Swing!

Can you put letters in the empty spaces so that words will result which read alike in the horizontal rows and the corresponding vertical columns? The word clues are not in order. Solution on page 68.

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Elements; hut; bulk; bet.

| Boredom; up to the present (two words); stops; lament. |
Coin vendors can now supply everything from shoe shines to roast beef au jus.

No More WOODEN NICKELS

by DAVID R. KENNEDY

NEIGHBORHOOD supermarkets where the housewife can complete her daily shopping and Dad buy his shirts, socks and similar articles of haberdashery, simply by dropping coins in a slot and pushing a button—a robot's dream of paradise? Not at all.

The feasibility of establishing coin-machine vending markets was but one of the suggestions discussed seriously at the last convention of coin-machine manufacturers.

Meeting in Chicago for the first time since the war, representatives of the industry made plans to expand their business at least five-fold during the next five years. Already boasting a sales volume estimated at a billion dollars annually, it is hoped to increase that figure to five billions by 1952.

Today there are three main divisions of the industry: amusement, music and vending. The juke box is the mainstay of the music division, dispensing music at five cents a record—a price soon to be upped to ten cents, according to industry spokesmen. The amusement division includes one-armed bandits, pinball machines, penny arcade peep shows, voice recorders and similar gadgets. Within the vending division, dispensers of candy bars come first. Next most important are cigarette machines, followed by vendors of gum, peanuts and small confections.

According to the latest figures made available by Coin Machine Industries, Incorporated, the industry's official trade body, coin-operated vending machines are now in use in approximately two million stores and public locations. At the present time, the sales volume of the three divisions is approximately equal but the vending machines are expected to forge far ahead during the next few years.

A rapidly growing section of the vending business is the dispensing of soft drinks. One leading manufacturer is now selling about 40 percent of his bottled drinks through machines, with yearly gross sales aggregating close to $100,000,000. Other soft drink manufacturers are following suit, and it is estimated that 40,000 new units a year will be required to satisfy the demand. In addition, some 50,000 new cigarette machines will be needed each year to meet requirements.
Soon new fields, as yet scarcely touched, are to be invaded by these mechanized salesmen. Although candy bars, cigarettes and soft drinks likely will remain important in the industry, the producers are experimenting in a score or more different directions in their search for wider markets.

At the recent Chicago exhibition, models were displayed for dispensing pocketbooks, vitamin pills, railroad tickets, shoe shines, ice cream and aspirin. One new dispenser is equipped to supply a complete restaurant menu in frozen foods, electronically pre-cooked. Promised for the near future are vendors of gasoline, frozen foods, razor blades, canned fruit and fresh milk.

During the war the industry was classified as non-essential and its facilities were devoted largely to the making of electrical switches, incendiary bomb containers and shells. Since V-J day, although the industry has been free to resume its interrupted career, material shortages have plagued the manufacturers. Aluminum castings and steel are the chief bottlenecks.

Even so, more than 100 factories are working at capacity to meet the ever-increasing demand for machines of all kinds, from the inexpensive chewing gum dispensers to ornate juke boxes. Some 1,500 other plants are kept busy supplying parts and materials.

New machines are coming off assembly lines in a steady stream. Many of the new machines are equipped with a change maker that performs more efficiently than an experienced cashier and permits the charging of odd amounts. And—to the chagrin of dishonest customers—most of the latest models are provided with a slug rejector, a device which employs magnetism to recognize and eject worthless imitations while accepting genuine coins of the realm.

If the manufacturers’ present hopes materialize, it may not be long before folding money will be as extinct as the dodo. Instead of billfolds and pocketbooks, the shoppers of 1952 may have to carry bus conductors’ change racks. And Junior’s piggy bank will be in greater jeopardy than ever!

**A young man walked breezily into the doctor’s office. “Good morning, sir,” he said. “I’ve just dropped in to tell you how greatly I benefitted from your treatment.”**

**The doctor eyed him. “But I don’t remember you. You’re not one of my patients.”**

“I know,” replied the young man, “but my uncle was, and I’m his heir.”
WHEN the door of the little stationery store opened, a bell tinkled. Old man Gross came out, wearing a soiled yellow muffler looped around his throat, one end tossed back over his shoulder. He looked cold; his thin nose was red and a small drop of moisture beaded the end. In one hand he held a long, thin paint brush; in the other a small open jar of orange water paint. Gross picked at the torn newspapers and rubbish that littered the short area in front of his door. Still muttering to himself, he turned and measured with his eye the store window fronting the street.

"Hat, schmat, who needs a hat," the old man said. "By me is not yet so cold."

On the window the peeling silver letters still read "M. Gross, Prop." In what had once been bright orange was another legend, the words "Sale—Going Out of Bisness" painted irregularly in larger letters. On that block of East 149th the little stationery store was no shabbier than any of the other shops—neither worse nor better than Zalman’s Appetizing or Lodua’s Fruit Mart nearby. But the November winds had been over-partial to Mr. Gross, filling his store entrance with an extra measure of ragged papers, dust and old leaves. The one narrow display window was a jumble of heaped writing paper, envelopes, rules, note books, bottles of ink and school pencil sets, all mixed with fly-spotted greeting cards pasted into large black sample books.

Coughing, the old man dipped the thin brush into the paint jar he held and traced a large orange "L" on the window. He was beginning on the second letter when he heard the store door open, the bell tinkling inside. In the half-open doorway stood a short, stoop-shouldered woman. "Meyer!" she called.

"Nu?" said the old man, without turning his head.

"Meyer, more doctors we can’t affoder now. Don’t be so stubborn; put on at least the hat."

"I told you before. Hats I don’t need now."

"Gottenu, look how by him the ears is freezing already, and he tells me he don’t need no hat."

"Please, leave me alone," the old man cried, his face working. "What do you want from my life? Five minutes more I’ll be here." Gross began painting again, stabbing at the window with his brush.

The store door banged shut. A few minutes later it opened again and a
girl came out, carrying a woolen shawl. She walked up to the old man and gently wrapped the shawl around his shoulders. "Poppa, why do you do this?" she asked. "I told you I'd paint the window for you. Please, let me finish it for you." She grasped his sleeve. "Look what a fancy painter you are. Your 'few' is all crooked."

"Crooked, shmook-ed, mine fine customers here will know the difference?" Suddenly the old man bent over in a fit of coughing; his shoulders shook so that some of the orange paint spilled from the jar and spattered his black, heavy-toed shoes.

"It's all right, Poppa," said the girl, her arm around his shoulders. "It's all right." She spoke very gently. "Finish up your sign and come inside. Momma's going to make you some hot tea."

The old man stopped coughing after a while. "One more word I must make, only. This last." He pronounced it "lest." He dipped his brush into the paint again.

"Here, let me hold the jar for you," his daughter said. "That much you can let me do." She took the jar and watched him shakily letter "D-A-Y-S," the paint running a little on the window. Mr. Gross was wheezing heavily now. "You're just killing yourself," the girl said, shivering. "You know Doctor Levy wouldn't let you do this."

Her father seemed not to hear. He stepped back and looked at his sign. "So," he said, reading, "Last—Few—Days." He coughed again. "So, next week it's finished. No more store."

The girl looked at the sign, reading the lettered words again, then stared at the old man. "Oh, Poppa," she sobbed, suddenly. "Poppa, Poppa, Poppa."

Centerpiece

LANA TURNER, gift of Idaho and the month of February, lends 110 pounds of atomic allure to Swing's center section this month. From a chocolate soda after high school classes in 1937, to appearance in more than 24 pictures, to the lead in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Green Dolphin Street, opening this month in seven key cities for a test road show engagement. That 110 pounds, incidentally, is very interestingly distributed along five feet and three inches of pulchritude, which remains unaffected by chocolate sodas, and seems to photograph better and better!
1. WHB in Kansas City captures the "new look" with recently completed transmitter house. Very soon, W will increase its power to 5000 watts and broadcast time on 710 kilocycles.

2. In a special interview, musically wacky Spike Jo uses newspaper drumsticks but spins the chit-chat straw for WHB admirers.

3. Tom Brenneman turns his attention from feather h to the big red feather as he boosts the Community Ch over WHB.

4. Betty Bell Launder, Johnnie Miller and 58 others wo happily in the finale of Cowtown Carnival, extravag musical revue which was a feature of the 1947 Americ Royal and the WHB Hallowe'en Festival.
ELMER RHODEN got into show business with a magic lantern and a harmonica when he was 12 years old. Five years later he worked out an acrobatic routine and joined a circus. Last year he was one of two Kansas Citizens whose published salaries were in excess of $100,000. There's no business like show business!

His hobby is horses. He has always loved them and has ridden all his life. His earliest memory is of his mother clutching him gently by the scruff of the neck and hoisting him into the saddle in front of her. Now he is president of the American Golden Saddle Horse Association, and is probably the world's best-known breeder of gaited horses. As chairman of the 1947 American Royal Horse Show, he produced the largest horse show ever held in America.

Elmer Rhoden is an erect, abrupt, physically strong and active man with three lives: business, civic and personal. He has made an eminent success of all three.

It is the civic Rhoden in the public eye this month. As general chairman of the Citizens' Bond Committee, he has been waging a vigorous and intensive campaign to win the approval of Kansas City voters for a 15 year, 47½ million dollar municipal bond program, the fate of which will be decided at the polls November 4th.

The task is a huge one, perhaps the largest any private citizen has been asked to undertake in behalf of his city in several years. Rhoden and his associates have been working on it since last January.

First, the details of the financial arrangements and the extent of the improvements were decided upon. That entailed nearly ten months' work. Now, the problem is one of public information: voters must be made to understand what the bond program is, what it will mean to Kansas City, how it will be financed, how it will affect taxes. The facts must be presented clearly, with explanations and all necessary supplementary data. Obviously, the plan calls for a top executive at the helm, and a showman. Rhoden is both of those things: he has proved it.

A few years ago, Elmer Rhoden was made chairman of the War Manpower Commission. His job was to bring 60,000 new workers to Kansas City defense plants. He was offered a budget of $125,000, and was given 13 weeks in which to accomplish the assignment.

"A hundred and twenty-five thousand is too much money," he said, "I don't want it. Seventy-five thousand is plenty.

"And 13 weeks is too long. Let's get this thing done in a hurry!"
Six weeks later the job was completed; and Rhoden was able to return, unused, 56 per cent of the $75,000!

During the war, he served as president of the Kansas City Canteen in addition to holding other positions in

the community, among them a Chamber of Commerce directorate. He is a director of the American Red Cross, the Art Institute, the Midwest Research Institute and Saint Luke’s Hospital. He is vice president of the American Royal Association; a vestryman at Saint Andrew’s Episcopal Church.

The business Rhoden is no idler, either. He owns a substantial interest in Commonwealth Theatres, Incorporated and Republic-Midwest Film Distributors. He is chairman of the board of directors of both corporations, and is president of Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated. He has other business interests, including a third interest in a half-million dollar popcorn farm and processing plant near Tarkio, Missouri.

Elmer Rhoden has been credited with the Midas touch. It’s not unusual to hear some envious associate mutter, “That guy can’t help making money! He can’t keep from it!” Of course, he doesn’t try. Quite the contrary. He thrives on competition, and where it doesn’t exist, he creates it. This characteristic is evident in his fondness for games, both athletic and sedentary.

He has an acute business sense, and is often pointed to as the “true executive,” because he surrounds himself with capable people and then delegates complete authority. When Rhoden makes an assignment, he doesn’t follow it up and annoy his associates with questions. He takes it for granted that the job will be done. The system works because Elmer Rhoden inspires loyalty instead of requiring it.

In Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated, Rhoden has 2,000 employees, over a hundred of them at his Kansas City office. All of the employees are covered by hospitalization and surgical benefit insurance completely paid for by the company. They have a retirement pension plan. Every child born to an employee earns for its parents a $100 bonus. The office workers have an attractive dining room called “The Corral,” where lunches are served well below cost. Coffee is served every morning at ten; and cokes, every afternoon at three-thirty. It is a happy office, and an extremely efficient one.

Rhoden’s own inner sanctum is as impressive as anything in the Hollywood movies shown at his theatres. The room is huge, panelled on three sides and glass bricked on the fourth. The beamed ceiling conceals lighting channels. There is a large conference table at one side; a couch, desk grouping, and much leather furniture at the other. The carpet is electric blue, with a beige fluer-de-lis pattern. Mounted above the conference table is a set of
longhorns of truly impressive size, and watercolors, original etchings and photographs of champion horses are everywhere.

A door leads to a king-size, completely tiled massage room equipped with a steam cabinet, shower stall, sun lamp, rubdown table and cot. A masseur, who operates a photostat machine when not pummeling his trade, is on constant call. Rhoden is a great lover of steam baths and massage, and a number of his executives have come to share this enthusiasm.

In the slightly breathtaking atmosphere of this executive suite, Elmer Rhoden moves quietly and without ostentation. He is soft-spoken, and seldom raises his voice even in the face of excitement. He accomplishes a great deal with enviable ease. There is a telephone on a built-in shelf beside his lunch table in "The Corral," and he handles several calls in the course of a meal. He’s a busy man.

But then, he always has been busy. He was born in LaMars, Iowa, a town of about 6,000 people, but moved to Omaha while still young. There he got an after-school job with the General Film exchange. His duties were to cart the daily film shipments to the railway station in a wagon drawn by an old gray horse. That was the only time in his life when his interest in horses and movies exactly coincided.

In college — two years at Omaha University and two years at Nebraska — Rhoden played football, ran a collection agency, taught tumbling and was physical director of a Y.M.C.A. He was an Army aviator during World War I.

It was 1920 when Rhoden moved to Kansas City as branch manager of the Associated First National Pictures exchange, the franchise for which was held by A. H. Blank. The exchange had six employees.

Five years later the exchange had thirty employees, and was handling more accounts than any film service in the Midwest. So Rhoden got a couple of partners, bought out Mr. Blank, and was on his way. Since then he has made history, progress, money and friends in show business.

In 1945, film executives from all over America gathered in Kansas City to honor their friend Elmer at a silver anniversary testimonial dinner. There were speeches, jokes, reminiscences and congratulations. Boxoffice magazine published a special "Elmer Rhoden" edition, and Rhoden received a Buick stationwagon as a concrete expression of the esteem in which he was held by his associates and competitors in the industry.

It was a thrilling experience for him, but a little embarrassing, because Elmer Rhoden is essentially a modest man.

The personal Rhoden is a trim 54, with rather more hair on the back of his head than the front. He has been married to Hazel Schiller Rhoden for 26 years. He is the father of two sons, both veterans, and is a grandfather.

His primary interests are farming and ranching. His Starlane Farm in Johnson County, Kansas, is admirably equipped for horse raising. Each year it is the scene of one of the country’s largest private horse sales. He operates two Missouri cattle ranches where a thousand head of Hereford cattle range. His Starlane Ranch in the
Santa Ynez Valley of California is also devoted to cattle raising, and Rhoden loves to ride the rugged trails there. He is one of the founders of the Kansas City Saddle and Sirloin Club, never misses a Trail Ride.

Certainly an important attribute is Rhoden's ability to speak persuasively to large groups of people. In behalf of the Citizens' Bond Committee, he has addressed union meetings, clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board and assorted gatherings, sometimes in the face of opposition. He never fails to arouse enthusiasm in these audiences, and by the time he leaves they are invariably pledged to work for passage of the bond proposals. They share his bright optimism for the future of Kansas City, and are willing to invest in that future.

Of course, there is much persuading to be done. Excellent as the bond program is, it requires careful, factual explanation to a large number of taxpayers who must be made to see the wisdom of planned improvements now to meet the needs of the bigger, better city of the near future. A big job, and if it is brought to a successful conclusion, it will in large measure be due to the efforts of Swing's Man of the Month, Elmer Rhoden!

“No insurance. The contents are worth only about 98 cents!”
"It is not Zion!" said Brigham Young.
But it is.

HEAVENLY CITY

by JETTA CARLETON

In southern Utah, south of Bryce Canyon and north of the Grand Canyon, the earth opens into another great chasm known first to the Indians who called it I-o-o-goon—"arrow quiver." Because of the canyon's construction, you had to come out the way you went in, like an arrow from a quiver. Then the Mormon settlers arrived in the middle of the 19th Century, and in spite of Brigham Young's objections, called the canyon Zion. In 1872, Major John Wesley Powell changed its name to Mukuntuweap, the Indian name for the river which carved the chasm. And as Mukuntuweap, the canyon became a National Monument in 1909. Nine years later the monument was enlarged and the name changed back to Zion. It became a national park the following year, 1919.

In Mormon terminology, Zion is the heavenly city, the ultimate in peace and beauty. They had reason enough for calling their canyon Zion. In the heart of the desert it breaks open like some gigantic flower, with a grandeur that could seem no less than heavenly.

It is not so much the depth of the canyon that makes Zion spectacular. It is rather its serene massiveness and its color. The great sandstone formations rise against the blue desert sky dazzling white and red—rich, varied reds that change with the sun.

Zion Canyon was carved slowly by a relatively small stream, now called the Virgin River. In the beginning, the Virgin flowed some 5,000 feet above the present level. Through thousands of years it ate its way down to where it flows today, between high canyon walls. The stream pattern has changed only slightly in all that time. At present, the river and its tributaries carry away annually about 3,000,000 tons of ground-up rock weathered from the canyon walls.

The first recorded discovery of Zion Canyon came about in 1858, just 11 years after the founding of Salt Lake City, and the year the Mormon's colonized the region called Dixie. Nephi Johnson, a Mormon scout, found the canyon. Three years later it was explored by Joseph Black, and the following year, 1862, a few
Mormon settlers moved in. The first to build his home in "Little Zion" was Isaac Behunin, who cut away the dense vegetation near the Virgin River and began to farm the canyon valley.

The earlier visitors to Zion National Park — and any who visited there before 1930 — no doubt remember Cable Mountain. There actually was a cable, with a single span of 2600 feet, running down the moun
tainside for the transportation of lumber to the canyon floor. Brigham Young had not been wrong. When the earliest settlers in Zion Valley had complained to him of the shortage of lumber, he had waved his hand at the high forested slopes above them and grandly announced, "Lumber will soar down from the cliffs like an eagle." It almost did, although it was not until 1900 that David Flanigan, a young mechanic, conceived the workable idea for the cable. Most of the wood that built Zion Lodge came "down the wire." The cable was dismantled in 1930 after several years of idleness.

Zion Park today covers about 135 square miles, and includes three canyons — Zion, Great West, and Parunuweap. The Park's closest railroad point is Cedar City, reached by Union Pacific. From there bus service is provided to Zion and to Bryce National Park.

From federal highways Numbers 89 and 91, state roads lead directly into the park. Linking 89 and 91 is Zion-Mount Carmel Highway, built at the suggestion of a Union Pacific president, Carl R. Gray. This excellent road climbs about 900 feet in three miles. Eleven and a half miles pass through Zion Park, and one mile of it through Zion Tunnel. The tunnel is punctuated in six places by huge galleries opening onto spectacular views.

Zion attracts tourists the year around. While Zion Lodge on the East Rim is open only from the end of May to the end of September, the South Entrance Camp stays open all year. So do numerous free public campgrounds. The Grotto Campground, north of Zion Lodge, is open from May 15 to October 1. At the National Park Service headquarters, a quarter of a mile from the south entrance, the information office and park museum remain open all year, and during the summer, nature walks
and evening lectures are part of the daily program.

The park contains 20 miles of improved roads, in addition to the stretch of Zion-Mount Carmel Highway, and about 26 miles of trails. These lead to points of special interest, such as Angels’ Landing, a sandstone formation rising an abrupt 2,500 feet above the floor of the canyon; or the Great Arch, a natural bridge 585 feet high, 722 feet long.

Two of the most popular trail trips are those to the West Rim and to the East Rim. Both are relatively strenuous foot and horse trails and take about eight and five hours, respectively. Along the West Rim trail climbers find the section known as Walter’s Wiggles. This is a series of 21 switchbacks, or hairpin curves, in 600 feet of trail. It was created by a Park Ranger, name of Walter, to reach a shelf on the cliff.

Zion Canyon walls are famous for the number of springs that come out of the rocks to form beautiful green pools. Ferns and flowers and moss grow lush and lovely around them. Trails lead to upper and lower Emerald Pools and to Weeping Rock where you find the Hanging Gardens of Zion. On the wet walls of the Narrows, below the springs, lives a species of tiny snail called Petrophytium Zionis and found nowhere else in the world.

The Narrows is aptly named. It is the upper end of the canyon, very narrow and very deep. In places the walls are only a few feet apart, although the depth may be 1,500 feet. In flood times the waters have risen 40 feet within a matter of minutes.

Whether you climb or drive, you can’t miss the Park’s most familiar and famous monuments, such as the Great White Throne, the Sentinel, and the Temple of Sinawava. All the brilliant sandstone structures bear grand and grandiose names in keeping with their proportions: the Court of the Patriarchs, Mountain of the Sun, the Altar of Sacrifice. Many of them were named by Frederick Vin- ing Fisher, a fiery preacher who visited the canyon in 1911 and considered it Zion indeed.

By any name, however, the canyon has the same massive beauty. It’s a rare and phlegmatic traveler who can look upon it apathetically — unless like the dear lady from a prairie state, who said, “The cliffs are wonderful, but they do shut off the view.”

“Give me a sentence containing a direct object,” said the teacher.

“Teacher, you’re beautiful.”

Not showing her surprise, the teacher asked, “What’s the object?”

“A good report card.”

One cold, windy day in the late spring, a snail started to climb a cherry tree. Some sparrows in a neighboring oak enjoyed a good laugh at his expense. Finally one flew over and said, “Listen, you sap, don’t you know there are no cherries on this tree?”

The little fellow didn’t pause as he replied, “There will be when I get there!”
“At least he’s frank about it!”
What's the future?

Looking for work? For workers? Then you'll be interested in what this employment counsellor has to say about the current job market.

by CARMEN McBRIDE

ALTHOUGH the war has been over nearly two and a quarter years, hundreds of thousands of displaced Americans are still drifting around, looking for work, finding it, moving on. On the lips of each of them is the question, "What's the future?"

"Where is this job taking me?" they ask. "How fast?"

If you are an employer, you may wonder why applicants today insist on knowing in advance just what future your position offers.

The reasons are not far to seek. The majority of all job applicants are young men who have been in the service. For months they could see no future. Postwar civilian life was a dream, hazy and indistinct. Now they want security.

Those men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard lost three to six years from the most important time of their lives. They lost the years when they should have been finishing college and getting a start in business. Now they want to get in step with the rest of the world. They want to start off where they would be, had there been no war. They want to make up for lost time—in a hurry.

They not only ask what future your job offers, but how much it pays and how long it will be before they get a raise.

You tell them the best salary you can offer. You know, and the employment counsellor knows, that it is more than they will be worth to you. But nine times out of ten these young men will turn down your job.

You may try to explain to them that they know nothing about your business, that you are paying $175 a month while you train them, but they just look at you and say, "I've got to have at least 200—I can't live on less," and walk out.

They go back to the employment agency and the counsellor tries to reason with them. But they refuse to listen. They go on day after day searching for a job that offers quick advancement, success and big money, all wrapped up in one prize package.

Things did happen fast for many of these boys when they were in the service: missions, awards, promotions,
big money. Two hundred dollars a month doesn’t look like much to the man who made 350 or 400. Before the war he had difficulty in making a 100 or 150 a month, but he feels that those days are behind him, and that he is entitled to more. It is hard for him to realize that a job now, as an economic producer in civilian life, may move slowly and without sudden honors, but it is building toward security and the opportunity to advance through personal initiative. Those are two things for which he fought.

As an employer, you no doubt know all of this. What you may not know is that the situation is nationwide. Other employers and employment agencies all over the country are facing these same problems. In all their history, never have employment agencies had so many good jobs open as they have right now. And never has there been a time when it was so hard to find men for the jobs.

Perhaps you are not an employer, but are someone looking for work. Well, here’s how the employers and employment agencies feel about you.

If you are a veteran, both the employers and employment counsellors are particularly anxious to assist you in securing the position you want. They’re glad to help you make up for the time you’ve lost; glad to help you get started on the best job they can find for you. But they cannot accomplish the impossible. They cannot get salaries beyond your worth. They cannot guarantee your future on any job. Nor can they tell you what you will be making a year or two from now.

But why should you depend on any one else to guarantee your future? If you have the imagination, the initiative and the will to work, you don’t have to worry about your future. It is within you and you don’t have to look for it elsewhere.

That doesn’t mean that you can find your future in just any job. It may pay the $200 you ask, or more, or less. But until you have faith in your work, until you have faith in yourself for your job, there can be no future in it for you.

If your job tires you, or bores you, or you keep at it only for the money it pays you, then you can forget any future it may offer. It hasn’t any. You’ve got to work at your job with all the imagination, all the hope and all the faith you have in you—and love it.

You can’t be like the boy who came to the employment agency and said that he wanted to work for an oil company because he thought there was a future in oil.

“All right,” the employment counsellor told him. “Here’s a job with one of the oldest and biggest oil companies in the country. I’ve placed
men with them for years and watched them grow to top jobs. You should be just the boy for this job.”

“What kind of a job is it?”

“A typist-clerk.”

“How much does it pay?”

“One hundred seventy-six a month—five days a week.”

“That’s not much money. What are the hours?”

“You’d work as a tripper. One week from eight to four, another week from four till midnight, and another from midnight till eight.”

The boy shook his head. “I wouldn’t work those hours for anybody. Not for that money.”

The same agency placed an older man with a company where his future would have been guaranteed if the man had been able to make his adjustment. He had the ability, the experience and the background to make a wonderful success. His work required imagination, initiative and enthusiasm. But because this man could not forget the importance of the executive position which he had just lost, because he felt that this new work was inferior to the position he had had, he could not adjust to it. He did only the routine work that was placed before him, and complained that he could see no future in the job.

All the time the future was right there within himself. He had proved that he had it in him by the way he had worked up to the executive position for which he still was mourning.

A woman secretary who is looking for a position with a future has spent weeks going on interviews. Always something is wrong. The office is not right downtown, or it’s a large office and she prefers a small one, or it doesn’t pay enough. She doesn’t know what she wants. She is like the boy who came to the employment agency and said he wanted to be a salesman.

“Have you ever sold anything?” the employment counsellor asked the boy.

“No.”

“Then how would you like to start as a sales trainee? A printing company ’phoned us this morning and gave us an order for just the kind of a job I think you will like.”

“Selling?”

“You’d begin as a stock clerk and work into sales.”

“How much does it pay?”

“They’d start you at $30 a week.”

“Thirty! They can keep it,” the boy said. “I’m not sure I want to sell, anyway. Maybe that’s the trouble—I don’t know what I want to do.”

That seems to be the trouble with many people who are looking for work. They have talked so much about the money they must have and the future the job must offer, they haven’t stopped to figure out just what they want to do. Until they do know what they really want to do, how can they expect to find a future in a job?

So, if you are one of those people still looking for a job with a future, why don’t you stop and take an inventory of yourself? What is it that you really want to do? What do you like well enough to work at for the
rest of your life?

When you have made up your mind, you'll find that you've made a double discovery. You'll be on your way to a job that does have a future. You can't fail because you will have faith in your job, faith in yourself for the job, and you'll give it everything you've got.

The Diamond Maker

HALF a century ago, the boast of a French inventor that he had discovered the secret of manufacturing sparkling, flawless diamonds startled and threatened the world's diamond industry.

The dull glow of an arc-lamp caught his sardonic smile as Lemoine, the inventor, sweat pouring out of his half-naked body, welcomed a delegation of diamond merchants to his London laboratory for a demonstration. Among those who stared at the huge electric furnace which crowded the tiny laboratory were the fabulously wealthy proprietors of De Beers, a firm whose corner on 90 percent of the world's diamonds was menaced.

Under Lemoine's watchful eye, James Jackson, one of the diamond experts, carefully mixed a handful of unknown raw materials and sealed them in a tiny crucible. Lemoine slowly thrust the crucible into the searing heat on a long-handled shovel.

Exactly 25 minutes later the crucible was removed and smashed, revealing 23 glittering white diamonds which were pronounced perfect by Jackson. The diamond masters offered Lemoine an incredible fortune for his secret. But the inventor refused to sell, insisting instead that De Beers finance production of his diamonds. Eventually, Sir Julius Wernher, one of those present, agreed to advance $300,000 for construction of a diamond "factory" somewhere in France.

Although he had promised not to, several months later Sir Julius determined to make a secret visit to Lemoine's new laboratory. Remembering the inventor's glowing descriptions of his progress, Sir Julius was dumbfounded to discover on his arrival that the only building on the site was an abandoned woodshed.

Realizing that a brazen fraud threatened the entire diamond business, Sir Julius quickly returned to London determined to expose Lemoine. Quietly combing the music halls, Sir Julius finally found his man, a magician. Taking him back to France, Sir Julius introduced the magician to Lemoine as a prospective investor and requested another demonstration. Again Lemoine triumphantly produced beautiful, true diamonds. But the quick eye of the London magician caught Lemoine craftily substituting another crucible containing the finished diamonds, an exact duplicate of the one he had shoved into the furnace with a flourish.

Even more fantastic was Lemoine's complete plot as revealed at his trial. Enlisting the aid of a Trieste banker, Herr Janesick, Lemoine told him to buy up De Beers stock when the price fell after the announcement of the Frenchman's discovery. Later Lemoine would admit that he had made a mistake, and would refund Sir Julius' money. When De Beers shares skyrocketed again, Janesick was to sell, and the two would split the profits.

Clever though his fraud was, Lemoine forgot to provide for chance in the person of an unknown vaudeville magician, whose eye proved quicker than Lemoine's wily hands.—Frank Gillio.
Meet Timmie the Woodhucker, bane of the Upper Crust!

BLIGHT

of the BLUEBLOODS!

By JOSEPH N. BELL

THE bluebloods of Newport, Rhode Island, playground of the veddy, veddy wealthy, may cast fear and trembling in the realms of high finance the nation over, but in their home town they pull their pants on one leg at a time just like anybody else — as Timothy Sullivan, more fondly known as "Timmie the Woodhucker" will gladly attest at the drop of a good piece of scrap iron.

But the storm clouds of legal action are once again hovering over the Sullivan menage — this time with an implied threat of the use of the right of eminent domain — to force Timmie to clean up the debris which has kept Newport and most of New England in a constant tizzie for the past several years.

A high-powered community face-lifter by the name of Chorley has recently interested the scions of Newport in restoring old-world atmosphere in that city—and making it a national show-place. Large sums of money are being raised to permit Chorley to get to work. The city officials are sympathetic. The only person standing in the way is Timmie the Woodhucker.

Timmie, by one of those strange strokes of fate which go to make life interesting, is a sow's ear among a very imposing list of silk purses. Timmie was a charter member of the Newport colony in the days before wealth reared its ostentatious head in Timmie's neighborhood. Timmie placidly plied his trade while the face of his neighborhood received a very decided lift from the influx of a good many millions of dollars worth of assorted wealth.

Timmie is a lank, bewhiskered, gaunt figure of a man who lives with his sister, Julia, and makes his living by collecting odds and ends discarded from the homes of well-to-do Newporters. In the language of the proletariat, Timmie is a junk man.

But Timmie, never one to inject his nose in his neighbor's affairs, adopted a strict policy of laissez faire while the Vanderbilts, the Van Rensselaers, the Vickers, the Havermeyers, and other members of and aspirants to the 400 moved into his neck of the woods.

Timmie's new neighbors, however, took a dim view of some of his activities. Timmie's office was his front yard. It offered the passerby an intriguing collection of items on which to feast his eyes. Among other things, the Sullivan front yard contained in great quantity such things as discarded furniture, broken baby carriages, piles
of newspapers, burning rubber, scrap iron of every description, old wood, and Timmie’s pride and joy, a slightly down-at-the-heels cast-iron reindeer.

The neighbors objected, not wisely but too well, as the phrase goes. Several times, action was taken to force Timmie to clean up the litter which overflowed from his front yard onto the sidewalk. In each case, the action was unsuccessful. Timothy and Julia, defending themselves without benefit of outside counsel, proved more than a match for the Social Register.

But there has been nothing quiet about Timmie’s victories. Sharp-nosed reporters, scenting the drama in the case of the junk man versus the scions of Newport, made Timmie a public hero in the press. The flamboyant New York Daily News joyfully assigned a reporter to cover Timmie’s activities and spread his grizzled visage across their pages.

All Newport, and a large section of New England as well, chose up sides. The mayor of Newport was moved to remark that the Sullivans were a “fine old couple, courteous and polite to everyone they meet.” The city solicitor called them “people of extraordinary character and refinement.”

Then, early last fall, a formidable array of Timmie’s wealthy neighbors launched an all-out attack to enforce clean-up week in the Sullivan establishment. The fight was led by Mrs. Peyton Van Rensselaer, who complained bitterly that Timmie’s junk pile was “84 yards long and 15 to 16 feet high—a health menace to everybody.”

Commented Julia Sullivan austerely, “The personality of Mrs. Van Rensselaer is beyond my understanding.”

Added Timothy, “I think I have a right to pursue my own destiny in any way I prefer. I don’t think anyone has the right to challenge the way I live or what I do unless it’s illegal.”

The action by Mrs. Van Rensselaer and 36 of her neighbors was prefaced by fabulous attempts at arbitration which would have more than soothed the wounded feeling of many another junk man. But not the self-righteous Timothy.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer offered to pay the Sullivans the equivalent of what Timothy would make in ten years if they would transfer their services to some other community.

In the words of Julia again, “The price came to $25,000. Do you know, Mrs. Van Rensselaer was aghast.”

Bribery having failed, Mrs. Van Rensselaer further offered Julia and Timmie a free vacation at Mrs. Van Rensselaer’s showplace home in Florida, and suggested that she have the Sullivan homestead painted and the litter cleaned up while the Sullivans were basking in the Florida sun. The Sullivans were unmoved. They liked it where they were.

Then Mrs. V. threw arbitration to the winds, prefacing her action with
the remark, “I like Timmie and I like Julia. I’ve tried everything in the world to get the thing settled amicably for the past two years.”

The flank attack having failed, Mrs. V. and her cohorts turned to a frontal assault. They brought action requesting that the Newport Board of Review “condemn the disgraceful conditions existing on and around Timmie Sullivan’s premises, and that you give him notice to immediately move same, allowing him not over 36 hours to have carted away all the old wood, trash, iron, furniture, clothing, refuse etc. now piled high on both sides of Howe Avenue, in his own yard and on the sidewalk, and require him hereafter to keep his house and grounds in an orderly condition so they will no longer be a disgrace to the City of Newport.”

The city fathers, with a nostril cocked appreciatively at the political trade-winds of sympathy toward the Sullivans, ranged themselves openly on Timmie’s side.

Furthermore, many of Timmie’s neighbors refused to sign the petition. The wide publicity caused others to withdraw. As a result the case never reached court. Mrs. V. agreed to drop the petition when Timmie condescendingly consented to stack his junk a little more neatly.

Now, however, things seem to be catching up with the Sullivans. The city officials, once their champions, have apparently gone over to the enemy. The Sullivans haven’t been dealt a hand in the proposed refurbishing of Newport.

Timmie and Julia are civic-minded enough. They have no objection to civic improvements. But there was one jarring note to Timmie and Julia in the landscape that Builder Chorley has painted for the scions of Newport. Chorley had stipulated, in doing the town over, that “the environment must be in keeping with the general character of the structure.”

Timmie and Julia know that spells trouble. They know that the encroachment of wealth in their neighborhood has made the “general character” of their structure out of place.

Yes, they know all these things—but they don’t intend to go down without a fight. And chances are, they’ll still have most of New England planted solidly on their side when the chips are on the table once again in the Sullivan’s battle to live where and how they please.
Interesting — But Inefficient

WHAT is an inch? An ounce? A gallon? A bushel?

How you answer those questions will depend on where you are. If you are in England or Canada, your gas tank won’t hold its rated number of gallons — the English and Canadian gallon is a sixth larger than the United States’ gallon. A British bushel is larger than the 56 varieties of U. S. bushels. So are the British liquid and dry quarts. But a British inch is smaller than a U. S. inch — and so, as a consequence, are the British foot and yard.

A recent dispatch from Cambridge, England, to the New York Times said: “British scientists are to enter into negotiations with United States authorities for an agreement on the pound (weight) and the yard. The delegates of the Royal Society’s Empire Scientific Conference today expressed their concern at the variations developed between the standards of the United States and the British Commonwealth. The general desire was for a metric system, but in view of the insurmountable difficulties at present, they proposed fixing a new agreement.”

The English weights and measures have an interesting history. William the Conqueror in 1066 decreed that the pound should be the weight of 7,680 grains of wheat, all taken from the middle of the ear and well dried. In the 13th Century a pound had come to mean the weight of 7,000 grains of barley. About that time England officially adopted another pound named after the French medieval fair town of Troyes. The troy pound was equal to the weight of 5,760 grains of barley and contained twelve ounces instead of sixteen. Druggists and jewelers still use the troy pound.

A yard originally was the distance from the chin of Henry I of England to the fingertips of his outstretched arm. A mile dates back to the Roman occupation of Britain — it consisted of 1,000 Roman double paces of five feet. An acre was the extent of land a man could plough in a morning.

However, we in the United States need feel no sentimental attachment to our weights and measures on account of their history. Our American pound bears no relation to the pounds of William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. According to the Bureau of Standards in Washington, the American pound is 1/2.204622 of a kilogram. And, if you inquire what the metric system kilogram has to do with the American pound, you will be told that the kilogram is the primary standard of weight in the United States. It is represented by a cylindrical block composed of ninety percent platinum and ten percent iridium, known as U. S. Prototype Kilogram No. 20, made for the Bureau of Standards by the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris.

Similarly, the Washington Bureau will inform you that the primary standard of length in this country is a meter bar of the same composition, also made by the International Bureau.

A further advantage of the metric system of weights and measures is that, being based on the decimal system, it is about ten times as easy to use as our complicated pounds, yards and gallons. Alfred Hooper has this to say in his recent book, The River Mathematics: “Although medieval weights and measures are extremely interesting historically, it is inexorable for us to cling to them now with all their complications and the unnecessary labor involved in manipulating them. Adoption of the simple straightforward metric system would save school children months of wearisome uninteresting labor and incalculable hours of work for all of us every day.” — Morrison Colladay.
The motorless monarchs of the blue are soaring to new heights!

by GRIER LOWRY

MORE thrilling than ski-jumping — that is what they say about a new sport that is sweeping the country. Sail plane soaring, a thrill-a-minute pastime, is catching on everywhere, but excitement over the new diversion has reached a high pitch in Denver.

Atop lofty South Table Mountain, near Denver, the Colorado School of Soaring has been established whereby airline hostesses, stenographers, pilots, businessmen and housewives learn to pilot airplanes without motors. "Wrens of the West," a group composed exclusively of feminine soaring fans, has been organized, and the girls are fully as skilled at soaring as men, if you take the word of the faculty of the School of Soaring.

Fans of this new sport talk glibly of such things as thermals, adiabatic lapse rates, vertical banks, variometers, green air and ridge currents. Their enthusiasm and reverence for soaring is infectious.

A young man with a vision and a way with air currents, Art Maynard, combined talents with the Denver Soaring Club to establish the Colorado School of Soaring, a project with a curriculum which features complete instruction in motorless flight. Under Instructor Maynard and his staff, School of Soaring students are using brand new Denver Glider Port, the only municipal airfield in the country for sail planes. Facilities include a 3,000-foot runway.

An ideal locale for soaring is furnished by the atmospheric conditions of Colorado’s Rocky Mountain region. Tremendous temperature changes, produced when the cooling effect of the mountains and the heat from the plains meet, create the sort of thermal activity necessary for good soaring. "Thermals" are created when air pockets on the ground are broken up and the air contained in them is forced upward. As the air ascends, it becomes colder and the hot air is forced out of the pockets and into the atmosphere. Sail planes gain altitude by utilizing these rising warm air currents.

The Denver Chamber of Commerce hopes the development of soaring in the Denver area will result in this metropolis becoming an Elysium of rising air currents and ridges, the soaring capital of the country.

In the early stages of the school, Art Maynard and his associates camped out on the mountain in a tent, but a solution to the housing problem
came when R. S. McIlvaine, president of the Chamber of Commerce, donated his deluxe fishing house trailer as a mountain top home for the School of Soaring teaching staff.

Amid the cacti and boulders on the mountain — watching the flights or going up themselves — you run into Denver celebrities. They got a thrill the day Dr. E. E. Allaby had trouble bringing to earth a craft he had soared to 10,000 feet — the plane wasn’t made to go that high.

There was another event worth watching when Dr. Linwood E. Down teamed up with Art Maynard to tow a sail plane behind an airplane 250 miles across the top of the Continental Divide, a performance unprecedented in the annals of Rocky Mountain gliding achievements.

For power plane pupils of the school there is a practical side to developing gliding proficiency. Gliding sharpens a power pilot’s sense of height, speed and depth perception. How many times airplane pilots have prayed for glider skill when their power failed!

Not a top bracket luxury activity, the total price of the private sail plane pilot’s course is $167.00, or solo instruction by the hour at $4.50.

Possibilities for financial gain from soaring are slim. Perennially sun-burned Art Maynard is regarded as something of a rarity among soarers; he makes a living for himself and his wife from participating in airshows, furnishing data from soaring activities to power pilots, and by teaching. Mrs. Maynard, incidentally, spent her second date with her husband helping patch up a glider rudder.

What attracts enthusiasts to this new pastime?

“Soaring,” says Maynard, “pits you against the elements. Each time you strive to stay up a little longer, go out a little farther. As your skill increases, there comes complete relaxation, the feeling that nothing can touch or harm you. It is, paradoxically, the most relaxing, yet the most exciting of all sports.”

Twelve years a glider pilot, Art Maynard has over a thousand hours of soaring to his credit, and is one of 20,000 registered glider pilots in this country. There were 1,500 before the war.

American glider pilots were flying by the seat of their pants in crates most of them built themselves, before World War II. Now, with vastly improved ships and instruments, they are stepping out to blast world records. Maynard has himself brokered every Rocky Mountain Region gliding record, only to have one of his pupil come along and outstrip his feats.

A leaps-and-bounds growth has characterized gliding in recent years — a far cry from the era when John W. Montgomery flew a glider back in 1883, years before the Wright brothers dreamed of their flying machine.

Most major aerodynamic trend stem from glider tests, an example being the “flying wing” bomber mad by the Northrop Aircraft Factory.

As an exhilarating sport, as an industry with a host of practical applications, aviation experts say the future of gliding is here now. Art Maynard and the Denver Soaring Club are determined that Denver will share in that future.
A special session of Congress, long a political football expertly fumbled between the President and members of the Senate, has finally been called for November 17. The topic for discussion will be the Marshall Plan and the domestic situation. The aid for Europe program should start rolling with a preliminary appropriation of about two billion dollars. This, of course, will be an emergency measure enabling stricken Europe to "winter" the winter, and will have to be followed through if the Plan is to serve the reconstruction of Continental economy as well as the blocking of Russian imperialism. Europe needs help now! The situation, already critical, approaches the status of a catastrophe. Another three months without aid from the United States will lessen the "probability" of revolution and expand the reality of complete communist domination of the continent. The United States has no alternative but aid to Europe—and fast!

Even with the proposed aid and Europe's eventual realization of it, the situation still remains more than precarious. Communist coups to take over France and Italy are more than figments of this side-of-the-Atlantic imaginations. Inflation, starvation, political confusion, lack of adequate democratic leadership and cooperation within national boundaries give added impetus each day to communist delusions (it is to delude ourselves) of world domination. Red agents and sympathizers have established effective infiltration and work from within to weaken government efforts to restore conditions under which peace and plenty might reasonably be expected to flourish.

Europe requests 22 billion dollars. To view this as charity, or as the gift of a good-natured adolescent again being played for a world sucker, is foolish, immature and totally without appreciation of the vital and irrefutable fact—if the world goes bankrupt, we go bankrupt, whether that bankruptcy is moral or financial. Even business leaders are aware of the necessity of the Marshall Plan for the temporary equilibrium of our own economy. Unless we help Europe, we face an immediate business recession.

There will be a Marshall Plan! It may be in time—it may well be too late! While all the world waits (except Russia) and all the world wonders, Congress shows every indication of preceding passage of the Plan by arguing this huge, unprecedented appropriation. The Marshall Plan will come as a function of the basic foreign policy of the United States. The policy is to "bottle-up" Russia. The Plan provides the strategy to effect this economically. However disconcerting to our desire for placidity, the United States, all great and all powerful, is not prepared to give anything but financial aid. We are militarily weak. Top Army officials are usually worried, but at this juncture with apparent reason. Our big talk is nothing but big talk despite the fact we do have troops in the Mediterranean and some available for Greece to match Russian armored divisions in Bulgaria. On the whole, we are unable to counter the many Russian movements with troop redeployments of our own.

The Plan will mean hardships at home. Hardships as we Americans so casually define them. There will be, and already is, voluntary rationing, meatless days, shortages of petroleum products, various other curtailments, all in all none toostringently curtailing in comparative
analysis. The job not only can be done, the job has to be done or we may all have the "privilege" of new employment and new employers.

Informed sources in key positions are insisting the public be given the facts, even though it dims national appreciation of post-war Utopia, and tarnishes the brightness of "high-prices, new-styles" conversation. The public must now know Russia has been busily engaged in a very profitable game of "Drop the Handkerchief" with the small countries of Europe. American diplomacy, or lack of it, has aided the success of this "Recreation Hour" on the continent—Greece being a prime example. The situation there has been so bungled as to be considered beyond repair, by some authorities. A repair could be effected if the United States were less interested in saving face and more interested in saving Greece.

A recent poll resulted in the depressing information that a large percentage of the American people have no idea what the Marshall Plan is. Another poll revealed that 50% of those polled were against the Plan; which, actually, is the only alternative to war, at this point. The government, eyeing its voters as recalcitrant children, and with reason, has prepared a two-edged sailestalk for the purpose of selling the Marshall Plan. First, it will be presented to labor and management as an alternative to recession, or perhaps a severe depression resulting from termination of foreign trade. The second talking point for the Plan, revealing in its irony, will be that it is "cheaper than war." The Government expects much negative, if uninformed, reaction to this message, which will mean more parleying in Washington, delaying the aid to Europe. Europe needs aid now, not next year when everyone has had time to be convinced by virtue of repetition in newspapers, over the air and from the more aware pulpits.

The people must have the facts. On the other hand, our top government officials will continue to gaze into the Crystal Ball of the Coming Election, unless a fully informed public reminds them that visiting the Swami is not a part of the democratic process. This is not a time to tell the future, this is a time to save it.

The seriousness of the situation inside Britain is on par with that of the Continent. All present arrows point to the resignation of Atlee, and subsequent installation of Bevin as Prime Minister. This move may increase rather than decrease the present complication. Bevin's position toward communism has never been too clearly defined. His stand as a socialist could be utilized as a fence straddling maneuver between communism and capitalism. There is some question among government administrators, in this country, as to the overall efficiency of the present British Administration. It is only fair to add that Britain has had reason, on an occasion or two, to doubt our efficiency.

Observers here feel the British Labor Government has painted rainbow pictures in the minds of the people. They have not insisted on a hard, realistic attitude, but have lulled the people with such Utopian probabilities as oranges and eggs for breakfast, meat for dinner every other day, and several complete changes of clothing each year. As a result, the British people have been preoccupied with social reforms and other non-vital things. This, on top of a devastating war, has provided the proverbial straw, the British Exchequer being the camel's broken back. So, England, too, looks to the United States for financial assistance.

The food situation on the Continent is highly critical. Eastern Europe, formerly the breadbasket of the Continent, is now controlled by the Russians, and exports are directed to communist satellites. This leaves it up to the U. S. to produce for western Europe, which means continued big business for agriculture in this country. The wheat exports may also mean a return to the gray bread of a former year. Correspondingly, alcoholic beverages will decrease.

Here at home, price control is again the center of much pro and con specula-
tion. Legislated price control means wage control. Labor is about as apt to pressure for wage control as management is to pressure for price control. John Q. Public will continue to doubt the logic of uncontrolled wages and prices when the increase in the weekly pay check means a corresponding increase in the prices of commodities that check buys.

It is doubtful if official rationing will come back. Certainly not if Charles Luckman, head of the new food conservation program, is able to persuade the American people to conserve food by means of voluntary rationing. Ways will be found to distribute other vital products without government intervention. For example, steel will probably be allocated by some industry co-op plan.

In the "who will be the next President" guessing game, Taft has fallen far behind, with Dewey slowing down some, and Harold Stassen, representing the liberal wing of the Republican Party, moving ahead. But the number one question concerns Eisenhower. How will he place in national favor? Some Democrats are whispering he could win over Truman in '48. Eisenhower wisely remains non-committal, although there is every probability "Ike" Eisenhower will toss his hat into the nominating wishing well.

"... and then in the next scene he's gonna ..."
COUNT BASIE returns to California this month. His band, usually “tops,” is better than ever. Gene Krupa and his orchestra head east this month after completing a picture at the Columbia lot. Eddy Howard and musical group open late this month at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago. Frankie Laine, Mercury’s crooner, is being sued for breach of contract by a Los Angeles nightclub. Gordon MacRae is the new Capitol find who should go places but fast! Jan Garber and orchestra are all set for a three month visit at L. A.’s Biltmore. Joshua Johnson, Decca 88 man, returns to Kansas City’s Broadway Interlude. Mildred Bailey is scheduled for an engagement in Sweden. Tex Williams’ Smoke record should reach close to the million mark in sales. Spike Jones and Dorothy Shay will star on their own radio show for Coca-Cola. Dizzy Gillespie, king of “bebop,” may leave with jazz stars on a European tour soon. Columbia’s Frankie Carle finished his Midwestern tour this month and will open at the New York Strand, November 14th. Ray Doray does a swell job on Freedom Train for Majestic. Freddy Martin is back on the bandstand at the Cocoanut Grove. Dick “Two-Ton” Baker is really gaining the fans since his Mercury disk, Civilization. Decca has a new sepia vocal group known as “The Brooks Brothers.” Phil Brito, MusicCraft star vocalist, will make two pictures for Monogram. Kay Kyser (for Columbia) has recorded 15 of the most popular college songs in album force. Sarah Vaughn is getting rave notices in the Windy City. The new Parkyakarkus show, over Mutual, will star Betty Rhodes, Victor headliner. The Three Suns, on their recent personal appearance tour, broke all records at theatres and clubs where they played. Charlie Barnett’s Caravan (on Apollo) is a “must” for jazz fans. GOOD NEWS DEPARTMENT: Stan Kenton and Woody Herman are back in the biz!

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37883—Frank Sinatra with an orchestra under the direction of Axel Stordahl. A Fellow Needs A Girl plus So Far. Frankie sings two of the best tunes from the new Rogers and Hammerstein show, Allegro. Both are ballads with a light-tempered love theme, done up in superb Sinatra style. The combination of swell tunes and a top artist results in a wax impression you won’t forget.

COLUMBIA 37884—Dinah Shore, orchestra directed by Sonny Burke. That’s All I Want To Know and Lazy Countryside. Nothing could be finer than Dinah, especially on this pair of dream tunes. They’re tailor-made for Dinah’s styling and Lazy Countryside, from a Walt Disney film, should be a hit!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

MAJESTIC 1169—Eddy Howard and his orchestra. I Can’t Get Offa My Horse plus I Just Dropped In To Say Hello. Two top tunes by the sweet band artist, but these have a definite bounce Howard fans will go for. The first is a catchy novelty written by Morey Amsterdam, the latter is penned by Kermit Goell and is so-o-o-o easy to listen to.

DECCA 48049—The Brooks Brothers. Fool That I Am and You’re Gonna Make a Wonderful Sweetheart (For Somebody Else) Decca introduces a new vocal group similar to the Mills Brothers. The arrangements are different and slanted to rouse the interest of fans partial to this type of vocalizing. Fool That I Am is the better tune, with a
better than average lyric. The ending is strictly on the “schmaltz” side.

VICTOR 20-2425—Tony Martin with Victor Young, his orchestra and chorus. *The Stanley Steamer* plus Julie. First tune is similar to *The Trolley Song* and Tony handles the novelty patter-style lyric with a bit of zestful au reet. The flip-over is a sentimental melody, and T. Martin turns in his usual nice phrasing and smooth interpretation.

VICTOR 20-2468—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. *The Old Chaperone* and *L.L.L.A.* The first is a novelty with a humorous lyric sung by Mae Williams, Stuart Foster and the Town Criers. The reverse side is a lively serenade to Los Angeles with Tee Dee brasses riding high on this jump side. This new Dorsey group has a bounce rhythm good for the front room “solid” session.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.*

COLUMBIA 37837—Johnny Hodges and his orchestra. *Jeep’s Blues* plus *Rendezvous With Rhythm.* Taken from the old Okeh label, Columbia has repressed two of the finest jazz cuttings of sax man Johnny Hodges. They contain colorful arrangements and improvised solo passages that make for good jazz. This disk is definitely a collector’s item.

MERCURY 5067—Dick “Two-Ton” Baker and his music makers. *Civilization* and *Dancers In Love.* This is the best platter put out to date by “Two-Ton” Baker. Civilization has a sharply humorous lyric and “Two-Ton” really puts it over. This rotund character gets to show his piano versatility on the reverse side, with an unusual piano theme from *Lansing’s Dance* by Ellington. Listening enjoyment for everybody.

DECCA 24180—Mills Brothers. *You Never Miss The Water Till The Well Runs Dry* and *After You.* The always popular Mills Brothers do themselves proud with another potential best-seller. The first tune is right up their musical alley. The latter number, while not quite up to the “A” side, is smooth entertainment. Mills Brothers fans won’t want to miss this platter.

COLUMBIA 37920—Buddy Clark with orchestra under the direction of Mitchell Ayers. *Don’t You Love Me Anymore* and *The Little Old Mill.* Buddy pairs a wistful love ballad and a novelty number on this platter. The first tune is medium tempo and typical of the music Buddy performs so well. The flip-over is woven around a “boy meets girl” theme and will appeal to all ages. Tops in listening and dancing pleasure!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*

VICTOR 20-2435—Count Basie and his orchestra. *House Rent Boogie* plus *Take A Little Off The Top.* The “jump king of swing” has a winning platter here. The first side features several ivory choruses backed by an in-the-groove, jumping brass section. The reverse side gives with descriptive barber shop double-talk around a slow swing tempo—making for the kind of musical capers you’ll want in your collection.

COLUMBIA 37921—Arthur Godfrey with Archie Bleyer and orchestra. *For Me And My Gal* and *Too Fat Polka.* (I Don’t Want Her, You Can Have Her, She’s Too Fat For Me). Godfrey fans will enjoy this disk, the first platter he’s made. He uses the same musical unit featured on his radio shows—and, while Godfrey is no singer of note, he can sell a song. You’ll grin from ear to ear when you hear the Too Fat Polka.

**A Solvable Housing Problem**

In a three-story house, 42 people can be accommodated in such a way that they live above other occupants; 48 people live underneath others; the middle floor houses as many persons as the other floors together. From this, can you tell how many people the house will hold, and how many live on each floor? Answers on page 68.
WONDER. (Lyceum). Still drawing loud huzzahs of acclaim is this engaging and wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. As ex-chlorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas are unbeatable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Handsome Jean Parker competently assists Bert Lahr in getting the most out of this hit revived from the twenties. "The most" includes tears as well as bellylaughs. There's no business like show business. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3.

COMMAND DECISION. (Fulton). A forceful, expert drama by William Wister Haines about the AAF in England and over Europe. So far, the best theatre fare to come out of World War II. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath and Edmond Ryan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

DEAR JUDAS. (Mansfield). A new slant on The Betrayal, as written, directed and produced by Michael Myerberg. The play is based upon a Robinson Jeffers' poem, and features Margaret Wycherly, Roy Hargrave and Ferdi Hoffman in the principal roles. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.


HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). Anita Loos comedy notable for one thing: Helen Hayes. The story concerns a librarian of the standard, inconspicuous type who gets crooked to the ears one rainy afternoon. It proves, if anything, the efficacy of a few Pink Ladies in revealing unsuspected depths of character. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

HARVEY. (48th Street). Charming as ever are Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and their pooka friend, Harvey. Here is whimsey that doesn't misfire, a rare and precious thing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

THE HEIRESS. (Biltmore). Wendy Hiller in a distinguished and penetrating performance that is beautifully supported by Basil Rathbone and several other gifted actors. The play is a Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of Washington Square, by Henry James, and is admirably directed by Jed Harris. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

HOW I WONDER. (Hudson). Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy all mixed up in a morass of nonsense—mostly unintentional—from the pen of Donald Ogden Stewart. Directorially, Garson Kanin did his best, but in this case it wasn't enough. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). As a rather special favor, an engaged soldier marries the girl of his buddy. That's the sort of situation that can get complicated, and it does in this slightly hysterical bromide with Loring Smith, Nina Foch and William Prince. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

MAN AND SUPERMAN. (Alvin). It is Maurice Evans all the way, playing the lead in the GBS comedy which he has revived, produced and directed with his usual skillful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

OUR LAN'. (Royale). A talented group of people act a little and sing a lot in this Reconstruction melodrama set on an island off the Georgia coast. But the confused plot and uninspired — if not viscous — dialogue far outweigh those lonely merits. With Julie Haydon, William Vensey and Muriel Smith. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Martin Beck). Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French stay on in the cast of three, and Harvey Stephens steps into the sergeant's role as naturally as if he had been born with three stripes on him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. (Cort). Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan and Bill Talman in what may well be the dullest play still running. It's about children at a summer camp. Summer, of course, is gone. It should happen to this. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

ALLEGRO. (Majestic). An involved and probably over-ambitious offering by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Critical opinion is divided, but it is unlikely
that the “long run boys” will improve either their purses or reputations with this one. With John Conte and Annamarie Dickey. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). After a brief vacation, Ethel Merman is back in the title role of the rootin’, tootin’ and shootin’ Irving Berlin musical which has a book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. It couldn’t possibly be finer. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


**CALL ME MISTER.** (Plymouth). An outstanding revue written, scored, produced, directed and played by ex-GI’s and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**FINIAN’S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A leprechaun lands in Dixie, and what follows is pretty gay fantasy involving songs, dances, Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


**THE MEDIUM and THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). Gian-Carlo Menotti has written and staged these two short operas. Both are good, but The Medium is especially so. With Frank Rogier, Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow and Evelyn Keller. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**MUSIC IN MY HEART.** (Adelphi). A mercilessly mediocre bit, helped but unsaved by the music of Tschaikowsky. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal and Martha Wright. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


**UNDER THE COUNTER.** (Shubert). Cicely Courtneidge, a robust and vastly talented comedienne, is good as can be in a veddy British musical dealing vaguely with the black market. The production had a successful two-year stand in London, and when Miss Courtneidge is on stage it is easy to see why. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

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**NEW YORK THEATRES**

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Theatre</th>
<th>Address</th>
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<td>152 W. 54th</td>
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<td>St. James</td>
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When Dinah Shore was a newcomer in New York, struggling to break into radio, she was invited to a swanky cocktail party attended by many prominent radio people. Though Dinah didn’t drink, she was determined to make the right impression, so as fast as drinks were passed, she poured hers into a potted plant.

Late in the evening, she found herself surrounded by a group of men, and no plant in which to empty her cocktail. However, she was near a window. She asked the name of someone across the room, then as all heads turned to see the person indicated, she dashed the drink over her shoulder. The window was closed.
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ AMBASSADOR. For an enjoyable evening you'll find the hushed atmosphere of the Trianon Room made to order. Hear William Adler at luncheon and Larry Siry's orchestra in the evenings. Nice cocktail lounge. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ ARMANDO'S. The latest hangout for the young sophisticates who always keep a nonchalant eye peeled for good food. Jacques Thaler at the piano abetted by Harry Harden's glistening accords. 54 E 55th Place. PL 3-0760.

★ ASTI. Homey as a great big Italian family. If you feel like singing, go ahead — before you can complete the first bar you find yourself ably accompanied by every waiter and bartender in the place. Fun! 13 E 12th. GR 5-9334.

★ AU CANARI D'OR. Rather petit, but the portions are huge. A bourbon and soda blends beautifully with the piping hot canapes. Nice people background your meal. 134 E 61st. RE 4-6094.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. Soft lighting combines with comfy setting and fine fare for your pleasure. Drop around Sunday any time after four. 19 E 52nd. PL 3-5800.

★ BARNEY GALLANT'S. Piano and accordion music from 7:30 on. Barney's bar is stocked with a heritage that dates back to the early twenties — sip your drink reverently, sir! Fine food from two-fifty. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.

★ BILTMORE. Stephen Kisley alternates with Sonny Welden's orchestra in the Bowman Room. A delightful supper show stars Lanny Ross. Have your luncheon in the Madison Room — and for the harried male, a bar for men only. The Cafe is open for breakfast and the Famous Cocktail Lounge under the Clock opens at noon. Raginsky's Ensemble for the cocktail hour. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ CARNIVAL. Hilarious show featuring the inimitable Ray Bolger, Beatrice Kraft and Morty Reid's orchestra. Late show Saturday at 12:30. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ CASTLEHOLM. The helpings of delicious Swedish food are positively huge. Smorgasbord with dessert and drink at lunch time for a buck fifty. Visit the Viking Room for cocktails. 344 W 57th. CI 7-0873.

★ DOGWOOD ROOM. Genuine, old fashioned American food served with a flourish. Kurt Burrian with his piano and Four Pala furnish dinner music. 50 E 58th. PL 9-1710.

★ DRAKE. For the dignified crowd there's the Drake Room. Sumptuous food served in an elegant setting. Les Crosley at cocktails and Cy Walter in the late p.m. Luncheon entrees from 95 cents in the Main Dining Room. 440 Park. WI 2-0600.

★ FIRSIDE. Presidents don't deliver chats here, but the candlelight provides a setting for speeches of love and endearment. Cute, cozy and serving delicious chicken in the basket. Excellent chops and steaks, too. 411 W 24th. CH 3-9511.

★ GALLAGHER'S. Shrimpers 'n rice, they're very nice. Yummy! What sea food! Wonderful lobster and steak. Start off at noon at the bar. 228 W 52nd. CI 5-5336.

★ HAPSBURG HOUSE. Comical Bemelmans' decorations are even funnier after you've sampled a few choice liquors from the varied cellar. Fine food, Viennese style. Nice place for parties and there's either music evenings. 315 E 55th. PL 3-5169.

★ HEADQUARTERS. Anybody who could do wonders with army food would be a cinch with civilian fare. "Ike's" former chefs, John and Marty, are doing a fine job of keeping people gastronomically happy. Huge portions. 108 W 49th. CI 5-4790.

★ JOE KING'S. The Fraternity House is always chock full of the A & W group with a sprinkling of collegiates soaking up the atmosphere. The chief chef is happiest when you are eating his delicious sauerbraten. 190 3rd Avenue. ST 9-9603.

★ LEON & EDDIE'S. See Eddie Davis in a risque show packed with fun. My what lovely lasses! The food is superb and after Sunday midnight the "names" may be seen supping and just takin' it easy. Bar opens at 4 p.m. 33 W 52nd. EL 5-9414.

★ JIMMY KELLY'S. Spaghetti a la Jimmy Kelly holds an anchor spot in the saga of the Village. Dancing and girlie shows in the finest Village traditions. 181 Sullivan. AL 4-1414.

★ OLD Homerstead. Kinda rustic and located right in the heart of the wholesale beef and pork district. It follows that the meat cuts are of the best. Bar. 56 9th Avenue. PL 9-2724.

★ PRESS BOX. A keen steak house with an upstairs "Press Club" for the boys only. Wonderful salads and Italian dishes. 139 E 45th. EL 5-8297.

★ SARDI'S. Celebs on the walls and also draped over the chairs. Don't goggle, son, drink up! 234 W 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ TOWN & COUNTRY. What's your pleasure? There's the Town Room, the Regional Room featuring American cooking from all points of the transcontinental compass, and a fine cocktail lounge. Also, the Country Dining Room for couples or stags. 284 Park. VO 5-5639.
THERE is a pretty girl with brown hair and plenty of brains at the Chicago Municipal Airport who holds down one of the most important jobs open to women in modern aviation. Her name is Ann Fallon. Her job—Chief Stewardess for American Airlines’ Chicago headquarters. If you, like thousands of other commercial airlines passengers, have marveled over the pleasant efficiency of most airline stewardesses, it probably won’t surprise you to learn that they don’t just happen that way. Careful selection, plus careful training and constant supervision, maintains the high standard set by American and other airlines for their stewardess service.

Back before the war most stewardesses were nurses. Now most of them are college graduates, or girls with several years of business or professional training. In the pioneer days, they spent most of their time charming passengers into forgetting their qualms about flying. Today on the big DC-6 Flagships, they race like crazy trying to get everybody comfortable, fed, and unloaded at the right airport. The big job is feeding more than fifty people in a couple of hours, yet few people ever think of the stewardesses as waitresses—which is a tribute to the girls and a “boss” stewardess like Ann Fallon.

Ann has been with American Airlines more than six years. She was a registered nurse with a yen for the blue horizon. A stewardess patient talked her into applying for a job and she’s been flying ever since. A gal who came up through the ranks to an executive job, she knows intimately the problems and troubles of the girls who work under her. She is an expert on: (A) How to alter a schedule so that Sally can find herself in Boston just in time for a big date at the Harvard-Yale game between trips. (B) How to lend a wise but unobtrusive word to help solve the problems of girls who make the discovery that efficient aviation doesn’t always mix with romance. (C) How to soften the demands of a back-breaking flight schedule with just the right feminine touch.

Ann Fallon’s favorite stewardess story is the one about the green girl who spent most of her first flight peering curiously into odd corners of the plane’s cabin. Noting the girl’s constant search for some unknown object, an executive of the airline who happened to be aboard called her over and offered his help. “Stewardess,” he said politely, “I don’t know what you’re looking for, but maybe, if you’ll tell me, I can help you find it.” The new stewardess replied devastatingly, “I’m looking for the glamour this job was supposed to have.”

• • •

Every fall in Chicago finds a return to the happy and continuous program of sport events which makes the town just one big Madison Square Garden. This year the six day bike races are with us again for the first time since 1940. Eight or ten bike riders will flash around an oval at the Coliseum, riding furiously into nowhere. The number of people who will happily make themselves dizzy watching this furiously futile spectacle apparently runs into the tens of thousands.

Another event catching seasonal interest is the Chicago Horse Show. Housed at the Illinois National Guard Armory, it brings out the socialites the first night and the horse-lovers on all succeeding nights. If you can enjoy looking at horse flesh without buying a pari-mutuel ticket, you’ll find a lot of company at the horse show.

Some of the finest acting in Chicago is on view every Wednesday night during
the fall and winter months at the Rainbo Arena. This spot is known locally as the home of the grunt and groan boys—Chicago's professional wrestlers. Such manly virility, muscular villainy, and plain and fancy pleading hasn't been seen outside the wrestling ring since William S. Hart stopped foiling villains and Pearl White clung to her last cliff.

Other notable sport attractions: professional football, Friday nights and Sunday afternoons—featuring the Chicago Bears, Cardinals and Rockets. As we write, the Cardinals are the hot team in the National Football League, and it's about time, too. They've been winning handily of late, thereby relinquishing the local football doghouse to the Bears and the Rockets.

As noted, the manly art of self-defense is practiced every Friday night at the Rainbo Arena, where the lads pound each other for cash. On Tuesday nights at the Savoy Ballroom the non-pro's batter away for glory, and very little of it.

... ...

The San Carlo opera company has been with us during October, capably filling in for the more or less dormant Chicago Opera Company. This year the names weren't as big, but the complete casts were better rehearsed. Most of the singers involved behaved as though they had been in an opera before.

Griff Williams is back in the Empire Room of the Palmer House, which is a reassuring note for the dance music fans. Griff usually arrives with the falling leaves and stays until March or April. This year, as usual, he has the same fine dance orchestra, and the same bouncing piano melodies.

This is the month, too, when the Chicago Symphony goes into high gear with Artur Rodzinski as the permanent conductor. This will be fine for Chicago's music-lovers, but a trifle hard on Miss Claudia Cassidy—the Tribune's militant critic. Miss Cassidy has been used to going after the symphony's most recent conductor, Desire Defauw, with hammer and tongs. Nothing the symphony ever played, when conducted by Defauw, ever sounded right to the highly critical Miss Cassidy. No matter how hard the recent conductor tried he was always wrong. The present 64 dollar musical question around these parts is: Now that Claudia Cassidy's favorite, Rodzinski, is on the podium, where is she going to find the material for those vitriolic Sunday columns in the Tribune?

... ...

The surface and elevated lines now belong to the people of Chicago. However, the Rapid Transit is still the "rancid transit" to most of Chicago, and the public now pays ten cents for the privilege of dangling from a strap on those sad old streetcars. There may be a new day coming, but to the weary riders of the Chicago Transit Authority, seeing is believing. And sitting is believing.

... ...

The National Safety Council recently held a week-long meeting at a Chicago hotel. This convention was followed immediately by another—the 4th Annual Convention of the Auto Wreckers Association.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

The Big Show

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), definitely leads the field in maximum entertainment: comedians, dance teams and specialty artists, and a line of beautiful girls ... LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), holds down honors in the Loop, expecting in November to scoop the country with the appearance of Josephine Baker ... Smaller nighteries, like VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue, naturally have smaller shows, proportionately entertaining ... RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has succumbed to the all-girl policy, restrained, however, and more eye-filling than the usual run.

Mostly for Music

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Popular bands in rotation are still the big attraction.

★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Crooners, disc jockeys and small combos make this veteran meeting spot a notable proving ground of talent.

Appetizers

Best French cooking in Chicago at JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan Avenue, CAFE DE PARIS, 1260 N. Dearborn, L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario ... Best seafood delicacies in the CAPE COD ROOM, Drake Hotel ... Classics in Cantonese dining at DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place, SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State Street, ONG LOK YUN, 105 N. Dearborn, HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton Place ... Smorgasbord and Swedish dishes are unbeatable at A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush street ... German cooking testifies the bill of fare at OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street ... Steaks you call succulent are specialties at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush Street, FOLEY'S STEAK HOUSE 71 East Adams Street ... Meats barbecued to a crisp turn have the spotlight at SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush Street ... Society applauds IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place and CAMEO CLUB, two doors east ... Food is good but simple at IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark Street, but the atmosphere is what counts in medieval charm.

Eyebrow-Lifters

The strip-tease goes its uninhibited way at the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street ... CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison ... FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark ... L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison ... 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash ... CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison ... EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison.

Theatre

What is a hit and will stay on, and what is no box office and will close on short notice is anybody's guess this time of the year ... For definite information on stage attractions, check with the amusement pages of any daily newspaper, or that handy little free magazine, THIS WEEK IN CHICAGO, on any hotel information desk.

by MARION ODMARK

Greateur

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Equal distribution here between dramatic background and rewarding entertainment productions, musically keyed by Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Chi-chi is the word for this society gathering spa famed for its excellent luncheon and dinner repeats and highly touted little bands.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Bob McGrew and his orchestra are back, and so are the burgundy swags of winter. Frank Ahmstadt is the host you should know.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). This traditional and ornamental room now has its favorite bandleader on the rostrum, Griff Williams; and heading the bountiful show is Florence Desmond, English mime.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Music in the afternoon is mostly rhumba; music in the evening is mostly hit parade; both to popular liking.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Tasteful elegance of room and service, society dance music and one very good act add up incomparable Blackstone tradition.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Happy haunt of celebritie pd their fauna, this number one rendezvous has all the gimmicks of the glamour trade.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, LaSalle near Randolph (Cen. 0213). Built-up budget for dance music and entertainment makes this Loop veteran more important than ever.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Best and most lavish Russian restauran't in the country, by actual investigation, to a theme imperial rather than red. Delightful music for romancing, not dancing, by George Scherban and his ensemble.
Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BRETTON'S. Have we told you about Max Bretton's new place in St. Louis? We have? We'll tell you again — it's located in the Hotel Kings Way right across the boulevard from beautiful Forest Park. It boasts the same excellent cuisine you'll find at the Kansas City restaurant. Continental specialties and fine drink. Managed by Martin Weiss, former Kansas City restaurateur. In Kansas City, Bretton's is at 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ ADRIAN'S. Genial Adrian Hooper has done wonders since assuming the managesship of the Mart Cafe. His many years experience at the President stand him in good stead and it's a cinch you'll not be disappointed. Evenings try the smorgasbord. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Music by Muzak provides a pleasant background for your prime ribs — and yet it's soft enough so that you may chatter away at your dinner partner. Jim Pusateri loves to tend bar but he'll spare a moment for conversation any time. Yes, Jerry is still the host and he's still the best in town. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. We always have a word or two about the Savoy designed to bring back the nostalgic memories of by-gone years. We'd like to remind you that although the air of yester-year still abounds, the Savoy's up-to-date kitchens turn out the finest in sea food and beef dishes. Marvelous lobster! 9th & Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ PUTSCH'S 210. Among the many gastronomic treats in store for you at the 210 are Colorado rainbow trout, air expressed in every other day, and succulent Maine lobster! The steak is the finest to be had in the Midwest, and what's more, complete dinners begin as low as two dollars. The Victorian Lounge in this chic, New Orleans style paradise is completely reserved at luncheon time for private parties . . . but call in your reservations a day ahead! Suave entertainment is furnished by Henry O'Neill on the piano and Dorothy Hacker at the organ. The glass be-muralled bar is a gorgeous sight and somehow the drinks take on a delightful Southern flavor. Owner Putsch has a real showplace and he's to be congratulated for a fine job of management. Drop in at the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side on maid's night out. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ CABANA. Pretty Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, dominates the scene with her organ melodies and renditions of the top ten while energetic Latin's scurry hither and yon with martinis and things. It's a wee place and comfy as the back seat of your Cadillac. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Grand. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. A charming downstairs nook serving sandwiches and JB music in a pleasant combination. No tax, so generally the college set is to be found scattered in gay groups around the room. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

☆ OMAR ROOM. Unique decor, with a gorgeous set of mirrors overhanging the circular bar, giving patrons the pleasant sensation of sitting under a large tree. Dim and cushiony and there are lotsa beautiful gals. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. GR 6040.

★ RENDEZVOUS. We don't know why it is, but there's always a little man polishing that brass fire plug just outside the Rendezvous entrance. Maybe it's an indication of the people inside . . . all the Baltimore brokerage houses have brass fire plugs, too. At any rate, the place is strictly uptown and you won't be disappointed in the drinks or service. If the head man knows your name, you're a big shot, bub! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. Swaying palms, soft lights, tropical breezes, lots of greenery, low glass tables, comfortable divans, everything to simulate a south sea oasis. It's even authentic to the typhoons that happen every hour on the hour. Cool, tropical drinks. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A plushy carpet's length from the famed El Casbah, this pleasant little room is quiet and sophisticated. The bar men, attired in starchy white mess coats, serve up your drinks mixed to a point of potent perfection. Soft background music emanating from piano and novachord, equally soft seats. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ THE PEANUT. Louis Stone serves the dangdest barbecue in these h'yar parts, pardner! And he's got barrels 'n barrels of the best beer you ever swizzled! What more can a man ask? Come on out any night and join in the fun and merriment. Louis has been on that same corner for 14 years and he's proud of it — and so are we! 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Diminutive cocktail lounge, bright and cheerful, yet intimate enough for your particular occasion. When the parade of little pink elephants above the bar pulls into a double
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

Drive-Ins...

Allen's Drive-Ins. Young and old, makes no difference — the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmm! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. It's still warm enough or outdoor service — or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 33rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas.

Nu-Ways. During these times of rising prices, C. L. Duncan has been doing a grand job of holding the line. His soft drinks and delicious sandwiches are as reasonable as ever. And they're doggoned good, to boot! The car hops are as perky and pretty as KC lasses should be and they are always Jonathan on the spot. A fine place for after the theater — before, too! Main St Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

Good Taste...

Frank Marshall's. Frank's downtown place is completely remodeled since the unfortunate fire of several weeks ago. An attractive and useful addition has been made. Frank now offers complete fountain service and those white collar guys and gals who are too busy to settle down to a nice luncheon can grab a sandwich and nalt on the run. The Brush Creek place is still serving delicious fried chicken and is one of the very few fried chicken establishments in Kansas City that stays open the year around. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

About Town Coffee Shop. Listen to Alberta's top ten by remote from the Cabana, read the latest news presented in mimeo form, and enjoy a tasty business luncheon. Oh yes, pay your check on the way out! Hotel Phillips, 12th & Grand. GR 5020.

Airport Restaurant. As orderly as the cabin of a Constellation, as neat and well-groomed as the pretty airline hostess who drops in for sandwiches between hops, and just as popular with the Kansas City paddle feet as it is with the flying clientele. Stopover celebs may be your eating companions any time of the day or night. Owned and operated by True Milleman and Joe Gilbert. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

Glenn's Oyster House. Oysters are back! Yummy! Plain oyster stew, half-and-half, or all cream! Or a double stew for the hearty appetite. Mr. Glenn can be seen wearing a huge chef's cap and clucking approval over the satisfied sighs of customers as they tackle their oyster stew. Cleanest, neatest place in town. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

Muehlebach Coffee Shop. Hotel fare at its very finest. No frills and no waiting — just good food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

Unity Inn. Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, this restaurant is a vegetarian's delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meals in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads and the stuffed peppers are delicious. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen...

El Casbah. It's always a good idea to 'phone maitre d' hotel Jerry Engle for reservations because this famous supper club is very popular with out-of-towners as well as Kansas Citians. Wayne Muir and his brilliant two-piano orchestra continue as the feature attraction. Plan on seeing a fine floor show — and, for a treat, order the Flaming Sword Dinner. Come at one on Saturday for the dance. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Southern Mansion. Johnny Franklin does a magnificent job of playing host. He'll see to it that you have your heart's desire in food, drink and seating location. Dee Peterson's pleasant music is enhanced by the vocalizing of Ken Smith. The perfect place for a quiet, dignified evening. Wonderful steak. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

Terrace Grill. Murray Arnold and his orchestra will grace the bandstand at the Grill during November. Murray was pianist for Freddie Martin before striking out on his own, and the gentleman has a very capable group of tunemakers. Dim, not too noisy, cozy and congenial. You'll like it! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

A pat on the back, though only a few vertebrae removed from a kick in the pants, is miles ahead in results.
Solution to A SOLVABLE HOUSING PROBLEM
The house will accommodate 60 people: 18 on the lower floor, 30 on the middle and 12 on the upper.

Answers to HOW "Z"EALOUS ARE YOU?
1. f u Z Z y w u Z Z y
2. a l c a t r a Z
3. p r o t o Z o a
4. d a Z Z l e
5. a Z a l e a
6. Z e b r a
7. Z i t h e r s
8. Z e a l o t s
9. Z e p p e l i n s
10. c Z a r o w i t Z

Solution to GIVING THE WORKS
28 volumes  14
          7
          4
          3
       ___
         28

Answer to POSTAGE STUMPER
Yes. Address the letter to yourself, using the name and address of the person to whom the letter is going as the return address. Mail the letter without a stamp, and it will be "returned" for lack of postage.

Solution to A KISS IN THE DARK
The lucky man had to kiss at least seven girls.

Solution to LET'S SQUARE SWING!

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SWING
WAGER
IGLOO
NEONS
GROSS
STEMS
TONOW
ENNUI
MOURN
SWING
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LET'S FACE FIGURES!

The candy manufacturing district of which Kansas City is a part:

- Produces 53% of all candy manufactured in America.
- Produces 25% more candy than its nearest competitive region.
- Ships 47.9% of its annual output.
- Manufactures $223,000,000 worth of candy each year.

CANDY IS DANDY!

Marketland’s gleaming candy kettles chime for the benefit of the nation. Candy goes out, money comes in—making Kansas City a sugar-coated, not-to-be-neglected market. That’s sweet news for advertisers who want to reach—and sell—Kansas Citians. But here’s more: WHB, the dominant daytime station which has been atop the Hooper-heap since Marconi begged his momma for tootsie rolls, is going full-time! Within a month, Your Mutual Friend will be operating on a new and better frequency with increased power, night and day! WHB reaches Kansas City: WHB sells Kansas City. See your John Blair man for a sweet buy!
1. Governor Frank Carlson of Kansas addresses WHB listeners from the American Royal on Kansas Day. Left to right: Clint P. Anderson, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture; Harry Dart, president of the American Royal; Governor Carlson; and Di Smith, WHB Special Events Director.

2. Ice-Cycle stars Margaret Thompson and Nadine Fie highlight a WHB woman's program.

3. The return of American war dead is the subject of a talk by Homer Cope, chairman of the central committee of the American Legion.

4. Walter Dennis, radio director of Allied Purchasing Corporation, poses with Lee Hart of the National Association of Broadcasters following Miss Hart's address to broadcasters and retailers of the Kansas City area.

5. R. Crosby Kemper says a few words in connection with the opening of the new City National Bank of Kansas City.
foreword

You say to yourself it's not worth it. It's too much wear and tear, too commercial, too frantic, too sentimental. You can't be bothered with it this year. Besides, eggs just went up again, and Junior's braces haven't been paid for yet, and there isn't any peace on earth, anyway. Why don't they stop ringing those damn' bells!

And then the chimes ring a little louder and you begin to recognize the tune. You smell Christmas trees. Your own child looks up at you as if at Santa Claus and God, and you fall completely apart and buy a whole block of Christmas seals. The woodfire makes a soft uproar on the hearth, and you remember sleds and grandparents. Every church becomes a Christmas card. Your face begins to thaw. You find yourself patting backs and dropping quarters in cups. To hell with the budget! You shove your way into the glittering shops and snatch at stockings and ties with the rest of the mob, and puzzle over perfumes and maribou, and buy candy with sinful abandon!

What of those ancestral voices prophesying war? That's only Gromyko exercising the veto again — or maybe a senator making a speech. What of Spain and Argentina and the town where Christmas began? Well, you can't dismiss them. They're part of your world ... But no denial of Christmas is going to make the world any better. For Christmas is fundamentally a tribute to an ideology — to the supreme example of human kindness and love. There. You have it all figured out! So deck the hall and sing of the angels! Practice peace for the moment at least. Christmas has come and you're glad. God rest ye merry, gentlemen!
DECEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .
(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts)

Loan Exhibitions: Paintings, drawings and prints by the Mexican artist, Francisco Dosal- mantes. Also on exhibition, textiles from the permanent collection.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Madonna and Child" by the great Venetian painter, Giovanni Bellini, (Ca. 1430-1516).

Motion Pictures: Motion picture series sponsored by Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated, continues with "The Edge of the World," a documentary classic depicting the life of fishermen in the Shetland Islands. Friday evening, December 5, and Sunday afternoon, December 7.

Lectures: Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series by Paul Gardner on "Italian Painting." Admission free.

Dec. 3, "Florentine Painters Active to 1450."

Dec. 10, "The Florentine Scientific Experiments."

Dec. 17, "Florentine Painters of the Middle Renaissance."

Concerts: Dec. 14, 3:30 o'clock, A Christmas Concert given by the choir of Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral.

Drama . . .

Dec. 1-10, Having A Wonderful Time, with John Reeder and Betty Duncan. Resident Theater.


Music . . .

(Music Hall)


Dec. 2, Madame Butterfly.

Dec. 8, Christopher Lynch, tenor.

Dec. 9-10, Isaac Stern, violinist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Dec. 11, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Suburban School Pupils.

Dec. 14, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Dec. 15-16, Margaret Truman, soprano.

Dec. 21, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Dec. 30-31, Pizio Pinza, bass baritone, and Whitney Tuitin, oboe soloist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Special Events . . .

Dec. 1, Randolph Churchill, lecturer, Music Hall.

Dec. 4, Film, The Lord's Footsteps, with Don R. Catlin, author, Little Theater.

Dec. 5-6, Annual Cub Scout Show, Arena.

Dec. 9-12, Skating Varities, Arena.

Dec. 12, Cochran Music Recital, Music Hall.

Dec. 17, Dicken's "Christmas Carol," Music Hall.

Dec. 21, Mayor's Christmas Tree Party, Arena.


Ice Hockey . . .
(United States Hockey League.
All games played at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main)

Dec. 7, St. Paul.

Dec. 10, Minneapolis.

Dec. 14, Omaha.

Dec. 21, Minneapolis.

Dec. 25, Tulsa.

Basketball . . .

Dec. 15, Kansas State vs. University of Indiana, Arena.

Dec. 18-20, Bix Six Tournament, afternoon and evening, Arena.


Boxing . . .

Dec. 1, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Dec. 16, Amateur boxing, proceeds to annual Mayor's Christmas Tree Party, Arena.

Dec. 29, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Dancing . . .

Dancing every night but Monday, "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.

Conventions . . .


American Alumni Council District VI.

Dec. 7-10, American College Public Relations Association, District VIII, Hotel President.


Dec. 28-30, Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity, Hotel President.

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333 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois. 'Phone Central 7960. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3 a year; everywhere else, $4. Copyright 1947 by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pectoral or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction for use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Printed in U. S. A.
A dread dealer of death becomes a saver of lives in a new and heroic chapter of modern medical history.

NEW HOPE FOR

HALF-NAKED Indians of certain South American tribes still observe the weird ritual of arrow dipping. They have built an elaborate ceremony around the arming of war shafts with a tip of deadly curare—the plant juice killer of the jungle.

But a far cry from the primitive savagery of that arrow dipping is the exquisite care with which purified doses of the same substance—curare—are measured out for a life-sustaining task in the gleaming whiteness of an American hospital operating room.

When a doctor-anesthetist recently declared that he sometimes “paralyzes his best friends,” he was referring seriously to surgery’s newest life-preserving tool.

For curare is fast becoming a necessity in the medical profession for easing pain, producing sleep, and relaxing muscles while a patient undergoes lengthy and difficult surgery.

Though science has known of curare since Sir Walter Raleigh brought samples to England in the 16th Century, little use had been found for the bark, root and leaf brew until 1857.

In that year curare was successfully used to alleviate the convulsions which occur in lockjaw (tetanus) and strychnine poisoning. But little was done to purify the plant substance until nine years ago. Then Richard C. Gill, an American, led an expedition into the wilds of inner Ecuador to obtain large amounts of curare and to gather knowledge of its preparation for use in the treatment of spastic diseases.

Others, as well as Gill, knew curare had a powerful effect on muscles. They knew what happens when a curare-tipped arrow hits a man.

The victim may be barely scratched, but the poison works its way into the bloodstream. Soon vision becomes hazy. It becomes impossible to swallow or cough. A few minutes pass. Major muscles refuse to work. Finally the diaphragm, man’s breathing muscle, quits. Death is next.

Gill brought his curare back to American laboratories. Soon Professor A. E. Bennett of the University of Nebraska was using the substance to ease the effects of violent “fits” which usually followed modern shock treatment for mental disorders.

Squibb and Sons put refined curare on the market in time for its first use in surgical cases which had long needed some special drug to relax
muscles in deep and dangerous abdominal surgery.

Since 1942, curare has been used in a few advanced American hospitals to save lives—lives of those patients who might not have survived the shock of a six-hour operation under other types of anesthesia.

To the expert anesthetist-surgeon team today no operation is dangerous merely because it will take six or eight hours. Curare is the solution. The surgeon's scalpel must have complete muscular relaxation in the working zone. Other anesthetics could not guarantee that easing of the muscles without endangering the life of the patient. Now the once-feared Indian arrow poison is the surgeon's best friend.

Nineteen forty-seven is the year of biggest advance in this field. It has brought realization of the true worth of curare. Thousands of serious surgery cases have been successfully completed with its assistance.

Patients no longer remain under the effect of ether or its counterparts for hours after an operation. The expert who administers curare today can send his patient out of the operating room conscious, feeling no ill effects from "gas."

Doctors are coming to realize that curare, if used, is a major factor in speedy post-operative recovery.

Today, a patient probably doesn't even do his own breathing while on the operating table, getting a mixture of curare and "pain-killer." Enough curare is administered to paralyze even the diaphragm effectively, a tube is inserted into the trachea and a breathing machine takes over, operating the lungs of the patient while he is at "respiratory rest."

A machine supplies oxygen, removes carbon dioxide. The patient is more relaxed in the midst of scalpels and retractors than a well person asleep on an air mattress.

Two major curare problems still face the medical profession. Not enough men are trained in its proper use. Too many hospital chiefs of surgery are diehards for the deep anesthesia of older "gases."

Since its first use in lockjaw treatment, medical opinion has been split down the middle on whether or not curare had any limiting effect on functions of the brain and nervous system. Until that question could be effectively settled, curare had little chance of ever getting into the operating room.

Experiment on dogs left the controversy wide open. It became evident to a doctor foursome in Salt Lake City that a medically-trained investigator would have to be the experimental subject. One of the four became the center of intense scientific drama in the harsh, white light of an operating room in 1946.

Gradually increased doses of curare were administered while his three
colleagues stood by to record all recognizable effects.

When the subject was no longer able to reply verbally to questioning—as the curare effect advanced—prearranged signals were employed. These consisted of contraction of the eyebrow muscles. In addition, the unnamed medical volunteer made mental notes of all experiences, and these were dictated to a stenographer immediately after he recovered his speech.

When the curare finally brought about total muscular paralysis and the three observers could no longer get a muscle-twitch response, they administered a curare antidote and gradually brought the “guinea pig” doctor back to normalcy.

He declared that at no time during the experiment was he unable to think, at no time was he unable to feel pain. Science settled once and for all the question of curare effect on mind and nerves.

This heroic tale of science went no further than the highly technical Journal of Anesthesiology, where the four doctors made their detailed report of the adventure into human paralysis.

There are still too few hospitals which permit the use of curare mixed with doses of more standard “sleep” and pain-killing substances. Only a comparative handful of doctors is qualified to use the curare when it is needed.

But the experiment stage is past. As young doctors specializing in anesthesiology complete their training, they will have been equipped with this added vital knowledge of curare. It will save the lives of millions.

Business is a curious mixture of human nature and arithmetic. Just when you begin to think arithmetic is the more important factor, you bump into human nature. And vice versa.

The young lady’s expensively modish attire bespoke wealth, and the eager clerk, with visions of a large order, patiently put in a strenuous hour showing her the various rolls of linoleum in his stock.

At last he was obliged to report apologetically. “I am sorry, Madame, but that’s all the linoleum we have in stock just now. But if you could wait, I could get some more pieces from the factory. Can you call again?”

“Yes, I’ll do that,” the young lady agreed, gathering up her belongings and rising from her chair. “Do try to find me something with a very small design—something suitable for putting in the bottom of a bird cage.”

A girl of six went into a bank and asked to see the president. She was shown into his private office by a smiling clerk, and welcomed by the president. She explained solemnly that her girl’s club was raising money, and would he please contribute?

The banker laid a dollar bill and a dime on the desk and told her to choose the one she wanted.

“My mother always taught me to take the smallest piece,” she said, picking up the dime. Then she took the dollar bill, too, adding, “But so I won’t lose this dime, I’ll take this piece of paper to wrap it in.”
Famous People

Milton Sperling tells about seeing a tiny brat on a fire escape in the Dead End district. The child was hurling debris and shouting abusive language at a passerby who finally shook his fist at the moppet and said: "C'mon down here and I'll beat the living daylights out of you."

"C'mon down?" shouted the tot. "Why, ya creep, are ya nuts? I can't even walk yet!"

John Kieran, of the Mutual network's Information Please program, once took lavish intellectual revenge on a snobbish headmaster who was vexed because the football coach had invited this newspaper sports person to address his exclusive prep schoolers.

The headmaster closed his introduction with an aside in Latin which brought a chuckle from the students. He said, in effect, "Let's make the best of this ordeal."

Mr. Kieran rose and replied, "Gentlemen, the only thing that outraged me more than the boorishness of your headmaster was his use of the present participle instead of the past pluperfect in that quotation."

He then delivered his speech in Latin instead of English and left.

At a party Beatrice Lillie slipped on the highly polished marble floor and sat down unexpectedly on a broken bottle. While more considerate guests rushed for iodine and adhesive tape, Gertrude Lawrence murmured, "At any cost, Bea always cuts a figure!"

"Some years ago," recounts Bing Crosby, "as I was putting out on a dog-leg hole, a ball came soaring out of the woods and rolled to within a few feet of the green. Just for good clean fun, I picked it up and dropped it into the cup. A moment later an elderly, perspiring golfer emerged from the woods. Informed that his shot had gone into the cup, he beamed. 'Wonderful!' he said. 'That gives me a twelve!'"

John Barrymore was once approached by a lady who complained that from where she sat in the theatre she couldn't hear most of his risque lines. "Terrible," replied Barrymore. "I don't relish being obscene and not heard."

The Business World

Building contractors have their troubles nowadays, too, not the least of which is the poor quality of lumber frequently offered them. A despairing contractor recently dispatched this telegram to the mill that had just sent him a carload of lumber:

"Knot holes received. Send the knots."

An actor, not so well known as he thought he was, received an offer of a part in a new London show. He replied by telegram: "Will accept double what you offer. Otherwise count me out."

Next day he got a wire which read "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, OUT."

A reasonably well-known woman artist finally sold one of her paintings to a museum. The joy of her daughter knew no bounds. "Oh mother," she bubbled enthusiastically, "now you're an old mistress, aren't you?"
GHOSTS of the adventurous, gold mad Forty-Niners are said to be awake and walking. It's probably just publicity, but Californians swear that the old boys are stirring along the California Sierra where the lady known as "Mother Lode," keeper of America's treasure house, is rounding out a century of incredible life.

It was just one hundred years ago that James Marshall stared into the race of his saw mill and gasped at the gleaming specks of gold which were to touch off one of the wealthiest and wildest gold rushes in history.

Although Marshall attempted to keep his find a secret, news of the strike spread, gathering momentum until it roared back six months later in a mob of gold-hungry men who stormed up the American River.

Old timers claim that a trader carried news of the discovery to San Francisco. There he rode up and down waving a whisky flask crammed with gold, shouting: "Gold, gold from the American River!"

However word spread, the town virtually emptied overnight. Soldiers stationed at the Presidio deserted, and troops sent in pursuit of them likewise deserted when they arrived at the diggings. No ship could clear port until the captain first kidnapped a crew. The Gold Rush of Forty-Nine had begun!

To Jackass Gulch, Whisky Slide and a hundred equally colorfully named camps, came men from all over the world. Grasping at the chance for wealth in a new, lawless country, the Forty-Niner was a hard-living but often generous man who made gold his God. He was the drifter, the convict freed on condition he head for California, and he was the poor man who gambled on an outside chance. Whether he used pick and shovel or just dug with his fingernails, his was the miner's life — a never-ending search for elusive fortune. In one camp the miners prospected so diligently they neglected to build homes or to plant crops, and the entire town almost starved when bitter winter closed down.

The Forty-Niner's camp was a place called Poverty Flat, Shirt-Tail or Suckertown. He lived there on a steady diet of salt pork, beans and coffee, and never emptied a coffee pot until it was full of grounds. His was a town where you could stand in the middle of the street listening to a parson pounding on his whisky-barrel pulpit, while a few feet away stores and gambling houses carried
on night and day. The price of a drink was a pinch of gold dust, the amount depending on the size of the bartender’s fingers, and miners poured their dust onto store counters until buyer and seller agreed on a price.

Working where the atmosphere buzzed with tales of lucky strikes, the superstitious Forty-Niners prospected by hunch. Alvinza Hayward, who had stubbornly refused to abandon a claim everyone thought worthless, was a hero. For Hayward, aided by two loyal friends, worked until almost too weak from hunger to dig. Forcing himself to go on a little longer, Hayward hit pay dirt and a monthly income of $50,000.

The stories of the Hangtown doctor who struck it rich digging up the floor of his cabin, and of the Grass Valley miner who stubbed his toe on a rich vein, were among the tales excitedly passed from camp to camp. Discouraged gold-seekers went back to work when they heard of the hunter who stumbled into a Downie Flat saloon and, throwing nuggets the size of pigeon’s eggs on the bar, breathlessly told of finding a lake with golden pebbles strewn along the shore. Although the entire camp hunted feverishly, no one ever found the golden lake. Likewise, no one doubted the hunter’s story, for his golden pebbles were worn as though water had flowed over them for centuries.

The Forty-Niner had a gullible side which made him an easy mark for any device which promised to find gold. Metal discs guaranteed to produce electric shocks near gold if carried close to the heart; the Norwegian Telescope for exploring promising river bottoms; and a hazelwood divining rod which supposedly dipped in the direction of gold, found a ready market on the gold-mad Mother Lode.

When the first woman arrived during the middle Fifties, the miner suddenly remembered the long-absent feminine touch, and his chivalrous nature asserted itself. The women transformed the lawless camps into stable towns, and they were welcomed on a grand scale. The first woman to reach Canon Creek arrived on muleback. She was greeted enthusiastically and carried into town — mule and all. A visiting woman musician was welcomed by a delegation of Downieville miners who carried her and her piano up the steep grade leading to the camp.

Undisputed Queen of the Mother Lode was Lola Montez, the adventurer who was a royal mistress, a Bavarian baroness and reigning actress of her day. She eventually retired to Grass Valley, where her mad exploits are still legendary. When a local editor commented on the great lady’s habit of keeping wild dogs and grizzly bears for pets, Lola horse-
whipped him and kept him dancing to the tempo of her stinging lash until she was disarmed.

The Forty-Niner, strangely enough, was a religious fellow, and a preacher who could take him to task in biting language won a following. Most mining camp parsons were also prospectors. One of them, busily writing on a scrap of paper while conducting a grave-side service near Sonora, finally dropped the paper and covered it with his foot. When the service was over, the clergyman calmly announced that he had staked a claim on the cemetery after noticing the high-grade nuggets turned up by the grave-diggers.

"Lynched by mistake — the joke's on us," was the Forty-Niner's terse way of noting on a tombstone that the wrong man had been hanged. But in a country where peace officers were few and outlaws were eager to prey on gold-heavy stages, stern and swift justice was needed. Justice was informal, and any man in camp who owned a white shirt was certain of being drafted as judge. Trials were to the point, and sentences were executed without delay.

Hangtown pioneered the lynch law early in 1849 after a vicious crime wave swept the camp. But executions were carried out in a holiday spirit, and invariably a band was on hand to serenade the condemned man and the onlookers. In San Andreas the sheriff issued black-bordered invitations "requesting the pleasure" of the townspeople at a hanging. Probably the only woman hanged on the Mother Lode was lynched in Downieville after she had stabbed a miner for passing highly uncomplimentary remarks about her.

For all the unbelievable fortunes which made poor men rich with the turn of a shovel, the Forty-Niner only skimmed the surface of the Mother Lode treasure trove. Most miners knew little about hunting for gold, and their equipment was crude. Poorly trained assayers innocently led miners to invest too heavily in time and labor on poor claims, and the average miner soon discovered the meager return was not worth the endless toil it cost.

As quickly as he had come, the Forty-Niner deserted the diggings to follow his restless spirit, which whispered that new and better strikes lay elsewhere. Booming mountain camps emptied. They became ghost towns. Luckier camps settled down to ranching.

But although the colorful Rush petered out, the rich bounty of the Mother Lode continues unexhausted. After the Forty-Niner, the hydraulic miner, searching for more deeply concealed treasure with his high-powered water hoses, turned whole parts of northern California into sterile rubble heaps. When he was curbed, the
dazzling hunt for gold became an impersonal business proposition, with mines being operated by large companies.

California again leads the nation in gold production, but the spirit of the Fifties, when nuggets weighing less than 20 pounds caused little comment, is gone. Poker Flat mines, which produced $700,000 worth of gold in a single month, and Columbia, called the “Gem of the Southern Mines” because she yielded the staggering total of $87,000,000, belong to history.

Gone also is the casual value assigned to money in those palmy days.

Gold became so cheap then that San Franciscans on their way to hotel rooms which rented for up to $250 per day ignored the golden trickle of dust spilled onto the mud streets by drunken miners. The price of food, especially scarce delicacies, soared until a jar of raisins brought $4000 in Angel’s Camp, and necessities like shovels sold for $100 each.

The adventure of the Gold Rush is over, but the free-and-easy tradition of the Forty-Niner still clings to the crumbling ghost towns which mark time like silent sentinels along the Mother Lode. The adventure lives on in the ever-hopeful old-timers who plod along the asphalt trails marked “U. S. Highway” on their way to the golden lake or some other lost bonanza. For the lady known as the Mother Lode still rules the hearts and heads of many who have succumbed to her golden siren-song.

Have You Ever Thought That —

—in the words mortar, mother, elixir, motor and murmur the last syllable is pronounced the same way although spelled with five different vowels?

—the explanation of triumph is all in the first syllable?

—there is no sense in advertising our troubles, because there is absolutely no market for them?

—“Don’t worry” is a better motto if you add the word “others?”

—the most lovable and livable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance? Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person’s point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to want those we love to be happy in their own way instead of ours.

—you save a lot of unnecessary conversation if you remember that people aren’t going to take your advice unless you are a lawyer or a doctor and charge them for it?—Tom Collins.
WHEN radio first came into being, the press welcomed this infant wonder and lauded it in its news columns. But few of the people who played with radio in those days, before manufacturers were producing sets for home use, realized that radio was not a toy, but a powerful medium of communication to be respected. Nor did the press, so enthusiastic in its acclamation, expect the “infant” to mature and overlap the areas of first advertising, and then news. When those things happened, the press began to fight, and battled radio’s invasion for many bitter years. But today, people in both factions have come to realize that both the press and the radio have their places in keeping our people informed, and that together they can serve the American public better than either can alone.

An interesting discussion of this change of attitude was held not long ago on Northwestern University’s weekly radio program, The Reviewing Stand. This forum originates in the WGN studios in Chicago, and is carried by stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, including WHB.

Because this is a subject which touches the life of every American, Swing presents the following condensation of that discussion. It includes the commentary of four distinguished representatives of press and radio: Don Maxwell, city editor of the Chicago Tribune; Everett C. Norlander, managing editor of the Chicago Daily News; Frank B. Schreiber, manager of station WGN; and Baskett Mosse, former NBC news editor, now assistant professor in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University. Kenneth E. Olson, dean of the School of Journalism, served as moderator.

DEAN OLSON: Mr. Schreiber, what do you think has come to be the province of radio in news dissemination?

MR. SCHREIBER: Dean Olson, I think radio and newspapers can live together. I think that radio stations have the advantage of speed and spontaneity in transmission of news. I think it has the advantage of on-the-scene coverage—interviews with people who make the news. I think that the clear channel stations deliver radio news to isolated rural areas where newspapers are slow, places that newspapers are slow in reaching because of the mail or the delivery systems. And I think that radio has turned the nation of radio listeners into headline readers, into headline listeners, and I think that radio is doing an outstanding job of news coverage.
Mr. Olson: How about the newspapers, Maxwell?

Mr. Maxwell: I agree with Mr. Schreiber, Dean Olson. I don't think there is a rivalry between the newspapers and the radio in disseminating information and news. They each have their field. I think radio supplements the newspapers. Undoubtedly they can come out faster than we can with the spot news announcements. A newspaper has to be running its presses and has to have delivery trucks and a distribution system. The radio can reach you if you are available to hear it. The newspaper has a great many advantages, it seems to me, over the radio in disseminating news, but I don't think there is any rivalry between the two.

Mr. Mosse: Well, Maxwell, I think the radio is more than just a supplement to the newspaper as far as news is concerned. I think one of our big advantages, in addition to this business of speed and our ability to get the news out first, hours before the newspapers, is our ability to comment and interpret the news as well as report the spot news.

Mr. Maxwell: Well, Mr. Mosse, there must be thousands and thousands of people who are working during the day, who don't have radios in their offices, who are not listening hour after hour to find out what news events are occurring, who do go home that evening and read their newspapers or get up in the morning and read their newspapers.

Mr. Mosse: That's very true. But, we have our big news programs, our commentary programs, during the evening hours when the listener has a chance to get that interpretation as well as read his newspaper.

Mr. Norlander: What are you speaking about? National, international news or community news? I think in community news the newspapers have the advantage because there we do specialize: any great newspaper will specialize in community news.

Mr. Mosse: I think at the present time the newspapers definitely have an advantage over radio in reporting local community news, but more and more radio stations are hiring reporters to cover local news and do a job of local news for radio.

Mr. Maxwell: I am surprised that you say that one of the chief functions of the radio is to report the news. I thought radio was an entertainment factor.

Mr. Mosse: Well, radio is an entertainment medium, but it also certainly has a responsibility to report the news. I don't think we will argue about that. That is our field, too.

Mr. Schreiber: Mr. Mosse, do you actually think that radio competes with the newspapers and that news-
papers compete with radio in the matter of news coverage? Don’t you think that each has a separate function, that the radio reporters give you the news as it occurs and follow it up with further bulletins and repeat the news; whereas the newspaper gives you a complete story that you can read at your leisure, take your time about it, read whatever you choose?

Mr. Mosse: Well, I think that is very true.

Mr. Schreiber: I think that radio and newspapers can live together very handily.

Mr. Mosse: Oh, very definitely. I don’t say that radio is ever going to take the place of the newspaper or the newspaper the place of the radio.

Mr. Olson: One of the provinces of the newspaper is to give greater detail than radio can give. Now what about the relative accuracy between these two media? Is radio accurate in having to work under such speed? What do you think?

Mr. Mosse: I think radio is just about as accurate as the newspaper is. We both make mistakes—we are only human. I do admit that the newspaper has a more elaborate system of editing copy and should have fewer errors than we do in radio.

Mr. Maxwell: The man who goes out to get the newspaper story usually has served an apprenticeship of four or five years before he can even get a job as a reporter on a metropolitan newspaper. Before it gets into the newspaper, it has passed through the hands of five or ten trained men.

Mr. Olson: Norlander, does the press provide something, perhaps more in the way of interpretation and background than radio can give?

Mr. Norlander: I think it does, Dean. And particularly in the newspaper we have a permanent record that the reader can consult if he missed it in its first reading. The spoken word comes so fast that a reader doesn’t have time to think what he is hearing, but when he reads the account, if he misses a paragraph, he can go back to it.

Mr. Maxwell: It is rather interesting, isn’t it, that with all the radio stations—well, say in this territory—broadcasting news 18 to 20 times a day, the circulation of the newspapers in this territory has increased steadily every year?

Mr. Olson: How do you account for that?

Mr. Maxwell: Well, because I don’t think that radio is anything more than a supplementary news service.

Mr. Mosse: Probably it whets the appetite for details.

Mr. Schreiber: By the same token, there has been an increase in the interest in news. Radio stations are scheduling more news every day.
From a commercial viewpoint a news program is the most salable type of program to the average advertiser. You can take a news program to an agency and sell it with greater ease than anything else. It is a broad picture of increased interest in news. It may be born from the war. I don't know. But generally speaking I think there is a rising interest in news.

**Mr. Mosse:** I think we can take some of the credit in radio perhaps for increasing your circulations. I don’t think we will ever take the place of the newspaper, but I think people out there are listening and are paying just as much attention to what we have to say as to what the newspaper has to say.

**Mr. Olson:** So far we have spoken only of news. Now, to what extent can these two media also perform an editorial function? Schreiber, do you think radio stations ought to editorialize the news, the same as newspapers?

**Mr. Schreiber:** I don’t think so. I am not in favor of a radio station editorializing. A station hasn’t the right under its present license to editorialize. There is a big discussion going on now between the trade and the Federal Communications Commission as to whether or not a station does have a right to editorialize. But the general rule now is that you shall give equal time to all sides of all controversial questions. And if you get into too many controversies I don’t think your clock would run far enough to give you enough time to handle all of the arguments.

**Mr. Mosse:** Well, I disagree with Schreiber in this business of editorials on the air. I think that too many people—too many newspapers—feel they are the only ones qualified to write and circulate editorials. We admit that there is a need for editorials, and certainly in radio, why shouldn’t we write them and present them—if they are properly labeled as editorials?

**Mr. Maxwell:** Whose opinion is the radio station going to reflect? The manager, the announcer?

**Mr. Mosse:** The same opinion that the newspaper reflects. Usually the owner of the station. I think that a lot of stations already are editorializing. As a matter of fact, I know that a number of stations are running editorials right now—station KFXJ in Grand Junction, Colorado, a member of the Mutual network, has been running editorials for a number of years. The F.C.C. has never said one thing about it. As a matter of fact, I wouldn’t be surprised if the F.C.C. didn’t think this station was doing a pretty good job. I think the day is coming, when we get many FM stations out and new AM stations, when more channels are available, that we will have editorials on the air. I think we can do a good job here just as the newspaper has done a good job.
Mr. Olson: Norlander, do you think the newspapers can do a better job of editorial interpretation than the radio?

Mr. Norlander: I think it can do a much better job, Dean. It is equipped to gather the facts, and once having gotten the facts, it has a board of editorial writers who consider those facts. They discuss them. They decide what stand to take with all those facts in front of them. And then one of them sits down and writes the editorial and it becomes the position of that paper. And I think because of the experience we have had, it is much better equipped for that job than radio.

Mr. Olson: Well, in this country probably the final test of public opinion is at the polls. To what extent do you men feel that the press and radio influence public opinion? Schreiber?

Mr. Schreiber: I think in recent years the voice—the personal approach of a person speaking to a voter—has had a great deal to do with swinging votes. Certain candidates are far better speakers than others. I don't think that a newspaper can project that personality of the candidate with the straight stories that they print as well as radio does with its voice.

Mr. Norlander: I think you have a point there, Mr. Schreiber, but many newspapers, including the Daily News, are trying to meet that by changing the type in the story itself, to go along with the inflections of the voice.

Mr. Olson: Well, isn't it true that the function of either press or radio is to give readers all the facts from which they can make up their minds and go to the polls and vote as their consciences dictate?

Mr. Schreiber: That's correct.

Mr. Norlander: I think that's true.

Mr. Olson: Well, I don't know that we have settled anything here today, but I think we have come to the conclusion that these two great media work together. They supplement each other. The old antagonisms are now gone; and we have learned that we each have a place in communications; that our big job is to keep the public informed; and that the two media together can probably serve the public better than if either one were going it alone.

At one time all card games were forbidden at the University of Georgia. The president, so the story goes, accosted one young man whom he was sure he had seen at a card game, and remarked, "Young man, I think I saw you playing cards last night."

Unabashed, the lad replied, "It couldn't have been me sir, for I don't know the ace of jacks from the nine of deuces."

The matter was dropped.

Two farmers were discussing modern education. "What do you think about it, Si?" asked one.

"Well, don't rightly know," Si answered, "but I'm kinda leery. They're teaching my boy to spell 'taters' with a 'P.'"
"I got it from the man with the long, white whiskers . . . and the guilty conscience!"
Tony De Marco has come a long way with infinite grace.

by HENRY CHARLES SUTER

SO, maybe you’re walking down Fifth Avenue, or Broadway, and there, standing on the curb, waiting for the traffic light to change, a man breaks into a quiet tap routine. He may even tap his nimble feet right off the curb and across the street against the light, dodging taxicabs and trucks, executing a brilliant though hazardous solo of spontaneous variations. You might think him crazy, but New Yorkers don’t. They know the dancing virtuoso is Tony De Marco, the male half of a dance team drawing around $2,250 a week. This same Tony De Marco appeared in George White’s Scandals, The Greenwich Follies, Coconuts, Ed Wynn’s Boys and Girls Together, and Eddie Cantor’s Banjo Eyes.

He was born Antonio De Marco, in Fredonia, New York, 50 miles from Buffalo, the son of an Italian immigrant who operated a small truck farm. Even before he was 16, Tony was making trips to Buffalo to dance in amateur contests. Pappa De Marco often urged Antonio at least to try to keep his feet on the ground, preferably the ground of the truck farm, but there was no stopping young Tony — whose feet did his thinking for him.

With high school and long trousers came three dollars a week making after school deliveries for a Fredonia butcher. During the summer, he made a full-time salary of eight dollars. One bright summer day, Tony took his entire week’s salary and put it on a horse named Jim L, at the Fort Erie Race Track. A twenty-to-one shot, Jim L possessed nimble feet, too, and paid off to the tune of $160. At that moment, Tony De Marco, delivery boy, died and was buried, and Tony De Marco, dancer, was born.

The next time Papa De Marco saw his agile son, Tony was whirling a buxom blond around the stage of a burlesque theatre in Wheeling, West Virginia. He was hustled back home to the pastoral atmosphere of a truck farm, where he stayed but long enough to obtain parental consent to his departure.

Now, at 47, with more than 30 years of professional ballroom dancing, millions of steps and numerous partners behind him, Tony De Marco might well be billed as the world’s most tireless dancer. His stamina and endurance are apparently endless. He weighs 147 pounds, has legs and shoulders like steel, and doesn’t really
worry too much about keeping in "condition." Tony smokes occasionally, drinks so moderately and infrequently, he might be considered a teetotaler. He sleeps poorly, in spite of all his exercise, and stipulates his strength comes from eating. No epicurean, he still has more than an average appreciation for finely prepared foods.

Good health is not only requisite to a dancing career, but has another asset for Tony's ledger. By keeping his weight stable, he keeps his clothing bills low. This is no small consideration to a man whose professional outfit includes 25 dress shirts, 300 white ties and around 100 pairs of dancing shoes.

Tony's partner's weight is just as important. She possesses around 100 dancing dresses, keeping 35 in rotation during a six-weeks engagement. For her to gain or lose weight would be a financial calamity. In the meantime, her shoes, stockings, cosmetics and hairdressing add a pretty penny to the tremendous overhead.

The weight situation poses another problem. Exhibition ballroom dancing is an exact business, carefully planned, timed and executed to present an effortless and casually graceful performance to the audience. The acrobatic feat which is professionally called the "lift" must be performed with a minimum display of effort. One of Tony's early partnerships was dissolved when he found it increasingly difficult to get his partner off the floor in a "lift." He found overeating had boosted her original dancing weight from 115 to 130 pounds.

Several years ago, Tony danced with Joan Crawford in a motion picture entitled *The Shining Hour*. This routine, which looked so graceful on celluloid, sent him to the hospital for a couple of weeks with a sprained shoulder and hip. Joan weighed 128 pounds. For his best dancing teamwork, Tony prefers his partner's weight to hover around the 105 mark on the scale.

His first partner was Mabel Hooper. His second, Mabel Scott, whom he married. Before Mabel's illness, Tony could enumerate 600 stands. Then the booking office sent him a new partner, Helen Kroner, whom he renamed Nina De Marco and billed as his sister. Mabel's objections resulted in divorce and Nina danced with him for seven years. Subsequent partners changed to the name De Marco: Renee, and later Sally Craven, in matrimonial ceremony; Maxine Arnold, Albertina Vitak, Patricia Bowman and Arline Langen for professional reasons.

To their audiences—night club, theatre, vaudeville, motion picture—everything the De Marcos do looks easy. Too easy, perhaps. Nothing suggests the long, grim rehearsals, the constant invention, the careful timing and, finally, the cost in dollars and cents to produce the act and keep it going. About $10,000 is spent on the act before the public sees it. From then on about $30,000 a year is needed to keep it at top billing. But the name De Marco has a repu-
Partners come and go, but Tony's nimble feet refuse to be slowed down by the passing years. In July, 1941, Tony and Sally De Marco made their first public appearance together at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. They danced for nearly 55 minutes with less rest than fighters get in a 15-round bout.

This is the man, who after more than three decades of professional dancing, continues to jump up in the middle of a conversation and move his feet in a tentative dance step as he talks. This is Tony De Marco, who never had a dancing lesson in his life, but whose talented feet have danced a million steps straight to the top.

A gentle Quaker heard a strange noise in his house one night, which turned out to be a burglar busily at work. The Quaker raised his gun and said, "Friend, I would do thee no harm for the world, but thou standest where I am about to shoot." The burglar didn't linger.—Santa Fe Magazine.

Radio telephones speed up taxi service, but sometimes they give headaches to the cabbies. One driver received a message to pick up a fare at an address only a block from where he was cruising. Pulling up to the house, he gave the horn a brief tap.

"Young man," shouted a woman, sticking her head out the door, "you can go on about your business. I don't intend to ride with you!"

"But why?" the hackie asked. "Didn't you call a cab?"

"Yes," she declared crisply, "But you drive too fast. I happen to know the nearest cab stand is more than ten blocks from here."

One of the shortest letters on record was written by a New York renter in response to his landlord's notice to vacate the house at once. Aware of his rights under state regulations, the renter replied:

Sir:

I remain,

Yours truly,
Windfall for a Newsboy

For many years John Hollinger, a 60-year-old “newsboy,” has been selling papers in front of one of New York’s large downtown office buildings. Every day “Happy Jack”—as his customers call him—stands by his newspaper stand calling out his wares. And in fair weather or foul there is a smile on his face and a “thank you” for each customer.

But the Merchants Square Corporation, owners of the building, were not pleased with the unruly appearance of Happy Jack’s stand. It was weatherbeaten and dull and certainly not in harmony with the trim appearance of the building.

One day Happy Jack noticed a streamlined newstand-cubicle planted in front of the door of the building. It was a gorgeous little home of green and white design constructed of wood and metal. “If that were only mine,” thought the vendor wistfully.

Christmas Eve, as the employees of the building began to file out, Happy Jack greeted every one with a robust “Merry Christmas!”

“Merry Christmas, Mr. Unterberg,” he said, handing one of the gentlemen his evening paper. “Merry Christmas,” replied Mr. Unterberg. They shook hands warmly. “How do you like that new little newsstand?” asked the customer.

“It’s wonderful, sir!” answered the newsie.

“Well, it’s yours. It’s our Christmas reward to you for always being ready with a smile when you hand us the papers. You’ve certainly earned it!” And as David W. Unterberg, president of the Merchants Square Corporation, strode away, Happy Jack stood breathlessly, unable to imagine that a smile could ever bring such a remarkable Christmas windfall!—Malcolm Hyatt.

A dinner guest in a Virginia home was telling his host how to prepare ham that would put the famous Virginia ham to shame.

“Place the ham in a deep pan,” said the guest, “and for one whole day soak it in rye whiskey. Then cook it just a little while. The second day, add a bottle of Jamaica rum and cook awhile. The third day, add a bottle of port wine, and on the fourth day, a bottle of bourbon.”

The host turned to his Negro cook, who had been listening with great interest, and asked, “Sam, what do you think of that?”

“Ah don’t know about de ham, boss,” said Sam, “but it do sound like de makin’s of mighty good gravy!”

Junior was invited to his friend’s house for supper, but refused. When his mother asked him why, he sneered, “He just wants me to help him eat up his cereal so he can have the box tops!”—Washington Post.

The three ages of man are school tablet, aspirin tablet, and stone tablet.

Twenty-five to thirty are probably the most trying ten years of a woman’s life.

Newspaper fame is a case of hero today and gone tomorrow.

Men usually become hard-boiled after they are in hot water a few times.
HISTORY hangs in the balance whenever politicians congregate, and never more than in that dramatic hour when presidential candidates are chosen.

Party delegates from every state meet in national conclave to select the man for whom Joe Average will presently be privileged to vote. Opposing motives, purposes and ambitions haul this way and that. Surface excitement is tremendous. But beneath that surface, even greater things transpire.

The decision of the upcoming Democratic National Convention appears to be clear-cut — but not so the Republican. The several outstanding and loudly-bruited Republican candidates are scrapping toward what may well be a deadlock, and many old-time politicos are hinting that next summer's Republican Convention will perhaps run in striking parallel to a convention of 28 years ago, when a political nonentity won the nomination in a thirteenth hour decision.

A half-dozen strong aspirants had tossed their hats into the 1920 presidential ring. Each was well-backed, and the steadfast refusal of the supporting delegates to concede in favor of any single candidate resulted in the nomination of a rank outsider — Warren G. Harding.

From the political chess game of that 1920 Republican convention — which witnessed such names as General Leonard Wood and Illinois Governor Frank Lowden being used as pawns in the hands of a powerful behind-the-scenes oligarchy — came the legend of the "smoke-filled room" — the tale of the too-congenial Ohio Senator who became President of the United States by a series of incredible coincidences.

But rumbling beneath the discord of that convention, bubbling sporadically to the surface only to be suppressed by the powerful men who felt its eruption would be the end of their stranglehold on the party, were the hopes, dreams and expectations of an honored Republican progressive who might have swept the convention before him had his backers seized the opportunities presented them.
That man was Indiana's Senator Albert Beveridge. His keen political nose had scented the convention deadlock and he had journeyed to the convention as a delegate-at-large from Indiana, fully armed with the one weapon which he knew how to use with deadly efficiency, his remarkable and moving oratory.

Beveridge was perfectionist in every sense of the word, and nowhere was this more apparent than in his speeches. Every public utterance was carefully prepared beforehand and committed to memory right down to the last minute gesture. But the speech which Beveridge prepared with greatest care, the speech which he wrote, memorized, and perfected through seven sleepless days and nights preceding the 1920 Republican convention, was never uttered. It probably would have been the apogee of a remarkable public career — and it might have carried him into the White House. But the words were destined never to leave his lips.

Senator Beveridge had a strong following among the progressive element in the Republican Party. But he was an anathema to the "Old Guard" led by Boise Penrose and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge — the same Old Guard which had made a broken man of President Wilson when they blocked his dream of a League of Nations. Beveridge was an accomplished statesman, and the Old Guard Republicans feared him more than they did their political adversaries in the Democratic Party.

A week prior to the 1920 convention, Beveridge went to the office of his personal physician, Dr. Carlton B. McCulloch of Indianapolis.

"I want a complete physical examination," said Beveridge, "and I want it right away."

The doctor demurred. He was in the midst of planning his own campaign for the governorship of Indiana, and he was busy.

At last Beveridge told him why he needed the examination. He was going to attend the Chicago convention, and he wanted to be in shape to go a week without sleep in order to prepare a speech for that occasion. Had it not been for the doctor's reluctance, the story of the "lost speech" might never have become known.

The doctor examined Beveridge and found him in excellent condition.

The next seven days Beveridge spent at his home in absolute seclusion, painstakingly preparing his speech. He was gambling on a convention deadlock — and on the hope that his followers would carry him to the platform. If that happened, he would be ready.

At Chicago the following week, General Wood and Governor Lowden had the convention deadlocked. Ballot after ballot was taken with no result. Everyone knew that a dark horse had a chance. Just such a situation had been forecast by many poli-
tically-wise men, among them Senator Beveridge, before the convention had assembled. The conviction grew that Beveridge's chance might come.

The last day of the balloting the situation was tense. It was whispered that the Old Guard crowd was in session at one of the hotels, seeking to decide on the compromise candidate. Talk among the bewildered delegates was that it would be Sproul.

The convention was restless. The bands had played themselves out. Delegates were getting peevish. Many of them were angry because they knew they were not being consulted.

Beveridge sat with the Indiana delegation, nervous and restive. In all his brilliant career, his mind had never been more beautifully groomed, nor his striking qualities more at his command.

The convention was stalling. It's 15,000 disgruntled delegates grew more and more ill at ease.

At last someone, during a painful lull, shouted, "Beveridge!"

Immediately the shout was taken up from all parts of the vast hall. The crowd began to stamp its feet, and with each stamp they howled, "Beveridge!"

Senator Lodge was in the chair. He knew he dared not permit Beveridge the courtesy of the platform. Lodge was a fast thinker, and apparently was prepared for such an eventuality.

Great activity could be seen at the speaker's stand, and in a moment Lodge led former Speaker Joe Cannon to the front and introduced him with simply a wave of the hand.

The crowd went wild. Action was what they wanted. They loved Can-
ing him, marched to the platform, they could have forced Lodge to act. Beveridge probably would have swept the convention before him.

Opportunity was there for a small moment, so evident as to be almost palpable. Then it was gone, for just then, messengers hurried toward Lodge with word that the committee was ready to report. Lodge quickly informed the convention, and the delegates strained forward in their seats to hear what the powers-that-be had decided. The name Warren G. Harding was introduced to the convention.

In a matter of moments, he was the nominee of the Republican Party for the office of President of the United States.

What might have happened if Beveridge had gotten the floor? Would he have swept that convention off its feet with his carefully prepared "lost speech?" How often in our country's history have the scales been so tremulously balanced that a breath might tip them one way or the other? And, most important, could that sort of thing happen again next summer?
It happened long, long ago when the Vanderbilts, the Astors and the J. P. Morgans were the noveau riche of a new country, when the tin-types were busy compiling a record of silken-clad ladies in the company of old time gamblers, garbed in traditional checkered suits. On one day, this long ago, a quarter of a million people lined both sides of the Niagara River to watch an inscrutable Frenchman with the professional name of Blondin walk a swaying rope across the rapids below the falls.

On hand that almost forgotten yesterday when Blondin essayed his initial crossing, was as gay a crowd as ever threw tickertape at Gertrude Ederle, or welcomed Charles Lindbergh, nearly a century later. World luminaries including the Prince of Wales and an ex-president of the United States touched elbows with the hoi polloi and the sporting crowd, the hangers-on and touts who had come from every whistlestop and wayward widening of the road in America and Canada to watch the gala event.

The crowd was all but hypnotized by an atmosphere electric with dramatic magnetism. They watched, spellbound, fascinated. Would they see a human body hurtling and twisting down, down into the boiling water and certain death on the jagged rocks below the falls? The possibility seemed almost certainty. The dizzily swaying rope appeared to present a challenge beyond human acceptance and accomplishment.

Probably the most charitable thought entertained by anyone present was a fervid well-wish that Blondin might not be killed. Nobody really believed the intrepid young man from La Belle France could really walk the thin skein which seemed fit only for the gossamer tread of angels. Cynical gamblers were openly wagering Blondin would not make the attempt. That he would show a last minute reluctance and renge. They understood neither the spirit, nor the ability of this steel-nerved virtuoso of the highwire.

Lack of confidence in his ability didn’t bother Blondin. If others were fainthearted as to his prospects of success, his own confidence was su-
prime, serene and unshaken. A cheer went up as the crowd parted, and Blondin, dressed in professional tights and carrying a balancing pole, walked the aisle they made for him and took his first assured step on the hemp.

He took two steps and the cheers died on tongues silenced by fear. Three steps, then four, and the daring Frenchman was irrevocably on the way to his first momentous crossing. He reached the end of the securing guy ropes and started the downhill portion of his fabulous stroll. Now, he was on the center section, walking through the mists on the unguyed, free-swinging pendulum of rope. Using tricky, dancing steps to maintain his balance and cheat death on the waiting rocks below, Blondin's progress never faltered. Not only frail women, but strong men, fainted as he reached the midpoint and started the uphill portion of his journey leading to the opposite guy ropes. On and on he went. Inexorably on, his face betraying no emotion. He completed the last section of his journey and stepped safely on Canadian soil—where he received a rousing cheer for the miracle all assembled had seen, but still found difficult to believe.

In this particular year, anno Domini 1859, during the ever sultry month of July, the mercurial-footed speculator crossed and recrossed the river until this once incredible feat became, to him, as commonplace as a leisurely stroll down the Champs Elysees of his beloved Paris. The first trip was made on July 4th. Then, as if remembering his own country's struggle, the insouciant traveler again crossed on the French day of freedom, Bastille Day. There were more crossings, with the added novelty of self-imposed handicaps. The peerless voyageur crossed at night. He crossed blindfolded. He crossed backwards, and once, probably for the sake of variety, made the journey on stilts.

Cynics might say Blondin negotiated these repeated perilous treks merely to satisfy an inflated ego, an oversized flair for commercialized exhibitionism. But the dreamers of that century, or this one, would understand the river's mystic chasm presented a dare to the soaring spirit of Blondin, a dare he was never able to ignore, never able to accept passively.

Toward the stifling end of that fateful, long ago July, Blondin reached an impasse. He had exhausted all variations in accomplishing the feat extraordinaire. But had he exhausted all possibilities? His agile brain gave him no rest. It told him no. Emphatically no. And now was conceived the most daring plan yet. It was simple. Blondin would find someone who shared implacable faith in his ability. He would take a passenger!

Many heard the call, but none were chosen. Prospective customers took one frightened look at the rapids far below and quite suddenly developed more faith in terra firma than in Blondin. He finally settled upon an expedient substitute. A faithful assistant, whose name is now somewhat obscured by time, was pressed into service. The fact that the assistant showed small enthusiasm for the proposed venture was of slight mo-
ment to the French commuter.
Came the eventful day. The assistant was mounted in a special harness and clung frantically to his liege and master. Then Blondin started the cakewalk destined to be a farewell tour. As they reached the first junction of the guy ropes, with noblesse oblige the imperturbable aerialist demanded his partner in adventure dismount. The host of spectators immediately judged him to be in trouble. But no.

Casually Blondin doffed the chapeau with which he had so thoughtfully equipped himself, and triumphantly held it aloft. There was a whistle and gasp as his hat was neatly perforated by a well-placed pistol ball fired from a cork-bobbing rowboat moored in the rapids. This was the coup de fion. Calmly replacing first his headgear, then his unwilling passenger, Blondin resumed the hazardous trek.

Then, for the first time in his many gambols across the deadly canyon, he was in serious trouble. The additional weight of his passenger was tiring him. He staggered, then started running for the safety of the distant guy ropes. The pendulum of hemp swung more and more wildly, but if Blondin could gain the guyed portion, he might still have a chance.

But, now, a new factor entered the picture. The gambling gentry were highly indignant at his repeated successes. Time after time they had wagered against him and lost. Here was an opportunity to take matters in hand and perhaps aid and abet the laws of chance. They pulled and hauled viciously on the securing guy ropes, causing Blondin’s boulevard to writhe and whip. It was murder, cruel, vicious and calculated. No one could reach safety over that swaying, lashing wire!

The crowd waited for the worst. They keyed themselves against it, expecting to see not one, but two, spinning bodies twisting into the frothy hell below. But again Blondin, with an exhibition of ability, iron courage and fatalistic sang froid, won from death and the gamblers, and achieved the safety and sanctuary of the Canadian shore.

It has never been coldly stated that Blondin’s equanimity was disturbed by this joust with the grisly spectre of death, but it may well be significant that a short time later he returned to the adulation of Europe and the sunny climes of France.

It might also be pertinent to mention that the fiery Blondin, indomitable to the last, completed his final performance while carrying the weight of 70 summers on his shoulders, a weight far more tiring than that of the faithful assistant who rode to Canada with him. In the land of the Orange Irishman, he walked a tightwire more lofty than the one over which he had walked to fame.
by crossing the Niagara Rapids so many years before. He strode briskly along on stilts, a blithe oldster, stopping now and again to do a clever somersault. Then, like a dignified old actor bowing gracefully from the scene of his former triumphs, Blondin announced his retirement.

A vacation consists of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return 2 work and 2 broke not 2.

The pastor appeared in the pulpit with a bandaged finger.

“What’s the matter with the preacher’s hand this morning?” whispered one of the flock.

A neighbor leaned over and hissed, “Shaving. Had his mind on his sermon and cut his finger.”

“Oh,” grunted the inquirer. “Wish he’d keep his mind on his finger and cut his sermon!”

Two farmers liked to grumble to each other. “Never did I see hay grow so short as mine did this summer,” sighed one.

“Ha!” answered the other, “You think yours is short. I had to lather mine to mow it!”

“Five cents, sir, for a cup of coffee?” the beggar whined.

The passerby turned to survey him. “Why should I give you five cents? What brought you to this sad plight?”

“A terrible catastrophe, sir,” the beggar replied. “Two years ago, like you, I enjoyed business prosperity. I worked industriously. On the wall above my desk was the motto: ‘Think Constructively. Act Decisively.’ Wealth poured my way. And then — then —”

“Yes, and then?”

The beggar’s frame shook convulsively. “The scrub lady burned my motto!”

A loud-mouthed character actor was trying to show his linguistic talents by ordering his dinner from the French menu. Finally, the embarrassed captain had to tell him that he had just ordered the chef!

A tourist visiting an out of the way spot in the Ozarks was talking to an old man who had lived there 40 years. “For the life of me,” he commented, “I don’t see how you can keep busy around this forsaken place.”

“I can’t either,” replied the old man. “That’s why I always liked it so well.”

An ambitious young movie actress complained to a declining star, “It irks me to think that I get only $100,000 a picture.”

To which the has-been rejoined, “Nice irk if you can get it.”

If he removes his hat in an elevator it means that he has: (1) good manners; (2) hair.
B EFORE he turned the key in the lock he knew just what he was going to say. He opened the door and saw her in the kitchen over the white and black stove. She turned when she heard his footsteps and blew a wisp of hair from her eyes.

Whatever else she is, he said to himself, she's pretty. Trim and pretty. And when she came into the hall and he bent over automatically to brush her forehead with his lips, he knew that it wasn't going to be as easy as he had thought.

"I'll have supper in a minute, dear," she said. She turned and went back to the kitchen, her high heels clicking on the swirled asphalt linoleum.

He put his brief case down on the reception hall bookcase, picked up the evening paper and went into the living room.

The room was bright, cheery and immaculately kept, and he saw the fresh flowers in the wall sconces on either side of the bleached mahogany desk.

I'll say that much for her, he thought as he unfolded the paper, she's neat and clean and she uses the right perfume. She cooks well and she knows how to take care of an apartment. And she has nice taste in clothes and furniture and she's agreeable to live with. Then he glanced at the headlines without really looking at them and lit a cigarette and snuffed it out. He knew that it could not be delayed any longer and the time was now.

After he called her and they were sitting in the living room, he lit another cigarette and looked at her face. He suddenly became confused because he didn't know how he was going to start. He had prepared it carefully enough on the way home, threading the car subconsciously through five o'clock traffic. He was going to be very casual and very modern and sophisticated about it, like one of those overdone people of Noel Coward's. But now that he saw her sitting across from him he knew that he couldn't bring it out that way at all.

"I'm going to tell you a little story," he said, "and you can stop me if I'm wrong."

She sat there silently, and now her face was serious and her heavily lipsticked mouth was compressed.

"Mr. Tesserow came in today from the home office," he went on, "rather unexpectedly. He put up at the Bay Stater and he called me up this afternoon and told me to drop over to his room and go over something with him
before he came down to the office.” He stopped and looked at her and there were tiny lines in her forehead as if she were puzzled.

“I spent an hour with him,” he went on, “and at about three-thirty I left his room and went to the elevator and pushed the button. Just as I did, the elevator arrived and the door opened. A man and a woman came out.

“The man was Roger Byfield and the woman with him wasn’t his wife. It was you.”

He looked up at her again. Her expression hadn’t changed. She was staring at the wall directly above his head.

“I said, Hello, Roger,” he continued, and he noticed how flat his voice was. “And Roger said, Hello, Mike, but he stammered and turned very red, and you had your face turned away and you ran past me. Then I got into the elevator and went down.”

“Oh, Mike, Mike,” she said, and she twisted the apron between her fingers.

“It was one of those chance meetings. One of those things that might never happen again in a thousand years. If Tesserow hadn’t put up on the eleventh floor of the Bay Stater and I hadn’t left at precisely the time I did and if you and Roger hadn’t chosen a room at the same hotel and you hadn’t come up ——”

“Mike, please, Mike!”

“I didn’t see your face. But you were wearing your black flowered print and those white gloves and your platform shoes. And the way you ran out of the elevator ——”

“And that made it perfect,” she said in a low voice that was scarcely audible.

“Yes, that made it perfect. Because, you see, as I went back to the office I started to think of a lot of things that I had never thought of before. First I thought of the two years we were married. The two years before the war. And how every time there was a party, somehow Roger was there and he always had his arm around you. Then that New Year’s party at the Ellis’s when you were both very drunk and he was pawing you and I got mad and there was a little trouble. And all the side remarks about his own wife. Little things like that.

“I remember when I went into the army. There were no dramatics. I didn’t ask anything of you. And while I was gone I didn’t ask any questions and I didn’t ask any when I came back. All right, neither did you.”

“We’ve been married eight years, Mike,” she said. “Eight years and no questions in all that time. Not once.”

“I’m still not asking questions,” he said. “I’m stating facts. I’m no returned war hero with a psychosis. I was in the Air Corps as an administrative officer. I did what they told me to do and went where they sent me. When I returned I went back to the desk in the insurance company
and took up where I left off. Roger stayed home and he made a lot of money in steel tubing. I don’t begrudge it to him because that’s the way things go. But I might have had women in Miami and London and Paris and Frankfurt. I might have had. And you might have had men. You kept the apartment up and you went back to your old job in the agency. You were never worried about money, and when I came home there were lots of new clothes and shoes and even some jewelry, and I know that there were lonesome nights and that Roger was around. Maybe there were many Rogers and maybe there was a great deal of money around and everybody was very gay and trying very hard to forget the war. Maybe you did, too.”

“And you’ve been thinking about these things all the time,” she said.

“The war years were a vacuum,” he said. “I came back and took up where I left off. You quit your job and stayed home and we went to the movies again and we bowled and we subscribed again to the New York Times and again bought season tickets to the Theater Guild. What went on during the war was dead and buried. Whatever you or I might have done was erased.”

“But you’ve been thinking about me and things like that,” she said. “All this time.”

“I saw Roger come out of that elevator,” he said stubbornly. “I saw him and I spoke to him and I saw you and tried to speak to you but you turned and ran and the elevator was waiting. So I did a stupid thing, I suppose. I took it. We should have settled it right then, right there.” He looked up again. He had been speaking with his face down toward the gray twist broadloom rug, and suddenly he was angry with himself because he seemed to be on the defensive and he knew that he shouldn’t be.

“I guess that’s all there is to it.” He stood up.

She sat there looking through him and her eyes were glazed as if she had started to cry but somehow the tears had stayed there and become frozen.

He went into the bedroom and reached up into the top shelf of the closet and pulled down his pigskin traveling bag. Then he went over and opened the drawers of the Hepplewhite chest and began to pack. First his shirts, with the laundry cardboard in them and the blue tape neatly encompassing their folded form.

She could have tried to explain, he said to himself. I might not have listened but she could have tried to. She could have cried and denied it. I might not have believed her but I might have listened.

He took out the neatly folded handkerchiefs and the carefully rolled socks. As he did he felt the color coming to his face and his hand seemed to tremble, and he thought it best to sit down on the bed for a moment. He thought of all the time they had been together and little
things kept popping up in his mind, like the sunburn at Old Orchard Beach and the little cottage that summer at Plymouth. He thought of the house they had planned when prices were better, and also the family. One boy and one girl. There were little things like her bobby pins on the wash bowl in the bathroom, and familiar things like the smell of fresh coffee in the morning and the Sundays when they would lie in their beds until almost noon and swap sections of the paper and smoke one cigarette after another.

I didn't actually see her face, he thought desperately. It was a day of coincidences and it could have been another woman, perhaps someone who knew him. She might have been wearing the same print dress and the same gloves and shoes. She might even have had a figure similar to Joan's. Such things were possible. Now he would really never know.

He went over to the tie rack and slipped the ties off into his hand and suddenly he dropped them to the floor because he wanted very badly to go back into the living room and take her into his arms.

Then he heard the sound of the door buzzer and he waited a moment for footsteps. There was no sound from Joan, so he started for the door. As he passed the living room he saw her huddled in a ball on the sofa with her face buried in her arms.

He opened the door. The man from the cleaners stood there with two long brown bags that crackled when he moved.

"Oh, Mr. Scorby," the man said. "I'm sorry about your things here. I promised Mrs. Scorby to have them here this morning. But they've been awfully busy down at the plant. I have your glenn plaid suit and Mrs. Scorby's black print dress."

"Her black print?"

"Yes. I'm sorry about that. She gave it to me last week and she wanted it by this morning because she had a tea to go to. One of those things, you know. Happens in the best of cleaners."

When the cleaner left Mike took the two huge bags and closed the door and dropped them onto the chair in the hall. Then he went back into the bedroom, bent down and picked the ties up one by one very slowly and put them into the bag.

He knew it was too late now. It was too late for anything.

**Centerpiece**

YOU'VE heard the one about the traveling salesman, but have you heard about the traveling farmer's daughter? And have you ever heard of a girl who turned down a movie contract because she wanted to be a stenographer?

Donna Reed, 115 pound, five foot three and a half inch bundle of allure, was an Iowa farm girl who went to Los Angeles to study at secretarial college. She refused three screen offers before being tested by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is currently appearing in Green Dolphin Street, and alone is worth the price of admission. Turn the page and you'll see what we mean.
1. WHB airs opening ceremonies of the huge new Sears, Roebuck retail store on Kansas City's Country Club Plaza. Here are J. C. Nichols, dean of American city-builders; Kenneth F. Cast, Sears, Roebuck retail group manager; General Robert E. Wood, chairman of the board of directors, Sears, Roebuck; Robert LaFollette, Jr., trustee of the Sears, Roebuck Foundation; and Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper.

2. The Marshall Plan receives a warm endorsement from V. Averell Harriman, U. S. Secretary of Commerce.

3. Ray Fitzgerald of Lever Brothers tells listeners and WHB's Sandra Lea about a happy little washday song.

4. In behalf of Donald Dwight Davis, president of WHB, special events chief Dick Smith accepts an Army Air forces citation for "patriotic service in a position of trust and responsibility." Major Edwin H. Garrison makes the presentation.
ED TANNER has been called “Kansas City’s best press agent.” A strange sobriquet, because Mr. Tanner is an architect! Nonetheless, the label is apt. Although he has never issued a news bulletin, planned a publicity stunt or posed a “cheesecake” photograph, Ed Tanner has spread the name and fame of Kansas City throughout the world.

Think, now. That man from Boston who spent two days in Kansas City six years ago, the lady from Orlando who drove through town en route to her son’s wedding in Sioux Falls, the salesman who works out of Minneapolis—what do they know about Kansas City? What do they remember and tell their friends?

Or, take it this way: what impresses any traveler or sightseer most about Kansas City?

You can bet it isn’t the cattle receipts, the annual flour shipments, the garment industry or the steel production. Those are facets of business life that the ordinary visitor doesn’t encounter.

It’s what he sees. It’s boulevards and buildings. It is the Country Club District, the tremendously ambitious real estate development acknowledged to be America’s most beautiful residential district. It is the streets and structures that once were blank pieces of paper on the drawing boards of Edward W. Tanner and Associates.

The entrepreneur of the Country Club District is J. C. Nichols, the amazing real estate genius who envisioned and built it. The development was begun in 1907, with the aid of the man who is now president of the Nichols Company, J. C. Taylor. It has been 40 years in the building. Today the district covers 5,000 rolling, wooded acres with lovely homes, fine apartments, parks, boulevards, golf courses and shopping centers. And the hand of Tanner is everywhere evident.

Nichols would be no less a genius without Tanner: Tanner would be one of the nation’s leading architects without Nichols. But the fact that the two long ago combined talents is a particularly happy coincidence for Kansas City.

Realtors and city-planners from every country on earth make special trips to Kansas City to study the Nichols technique and the Tanner architecture. Country Club business centers, for instance, called by the National Real Estate Journal, “the best developed shopping areas in the world,” have set a pattern that is being widely copied, but nowhere equalled.
These shopping centers represent some of Tanner’s best work. There are ten of them at present. An eleventh is being erected in the newest subdivision, Prairie Village, and a twelfth is in the planning stage.

The centers consist of a number of widely diversified shops, including branches of the largest and most fashionable downtown stores. A customer can park once, and find everything he wants within easy walking distance—including theatres, professional offices, restaurants and bowling alleys. The areas are centers of friendly community spirit, as well as of commerce.

Each of the shopping centers blends with the architecture of the subdivision surrounding it, while following a uniform architectural theme of its own.

Largest and best-known of the areas is the Country Club Plaza, gateway to the entire Country Club District.

The Plaza is Spanish in design, and has a grace and singular charm seldom found in America. Tanner says the Spanish motif was selected because it has humor. “There’s nothing austere about it,” he explains. “It is light and colorful; gay, playful, and a little bit bawdy. Most Americans are bawdy, you know, and they like it.”

In designing the Plaza, Tanner has made extensive use of bright ornamental tiles. He traveled great distances in search of them, and was eventually able to develop sources of supply in Mexico. Most of the tile he is using in current building is from Puebla, a city in the state of Puebla, Mexico.

The Plaza covers ten square blocks, and houses nearly 400 shops and offices. From an architectural point of view, it is outstanding because of its distinctive towers, which have a special appeal to nearly everyone who sees them. In the building trade, they are called “Nichols towers with that Tanner wham.”

The Tanner “wham” is something architects mention frequently, but find hard to explain. They say there is something different about buildings designed by the Tanner Associates, there is a special flair—an extra flavor—that is unmistakable even though it escapes precise definition.

Edward W. Tanner & Associates includes some 20 people. It is a loyal, well-knit, hard-working group, and a tribute to Tanner’s organizational ability. Several of the architects and engineers, like Frank MacArthur, Earl Allen, Earl W. Horter, Henry D. Krug, Jr., Herbert V. Pennington and Guy Sumner, have been with the company for 18 or 20 years. Margaret Wheeler, a draftsman and delineator, has been there as long. Tanner credits his success to them, and—in his modesty—would disclaim all personal responsibility for it if he were able.

The Sears, Roebuck store which opened on the Plaza November 20th is Tanner’s work. The most up-to-date retail store in America, it is five stories high, windowless, and beautiful in its clean lines and complete simplicity.

Two other Tanner-designed Plaza Buildings are nearing completion.
One of them, the Plaza Time Building, has the well-known “wham” in abundance, although the job posed several special problems. To accommodate the mass of cabling and plumbing necessary for X-ray machines and other medical equipment in the second floor offices of doctors, the floor was raised 13 inches. All possible outlets and connections have been provided, and an over-all floor covering has been laid. Hence it will be possible to rearrange offices any time in the future merely by wiping out partitions and putting up new ones.

There were other considerations. The corner of the building which logically demanded a tower could not be square because the streets there did not meet at right angles. Also, the store windows in that corner were especially valuable as display space, and their area would be substantially reduced by the heavy vertical members required for support of a tower.

But those obstacles were overcome and, as sometimes happens, the conquest of them produced a building more interesting in appearance than would have resulted had all been clear sailing from the start. The Time Building has taken its place as one of the loveliest and most striking structures on the Plaza.

The other current Plaza project is a three-level free parking station which may well be the most significant work Tanner has ever done. It is something that has never been done before, it embodies a number of completely new ideas, and it will probably set a pattern for parking station design.

Parking, of course, is the worry of every city-planner. There is never ample provision for it. Business volume in a shopping district is limited by it, and the size of the district itself may depend on the number of cars which can be accommodated.

In Country Club shopping centers, enough free parking space has always been provided. However, with an increase of population and automobiles, and a decrease of vacant property, parking has become a greater problem.

By careful planning and a utilization of every possible facility, it has been possible to meet the challenge. At the Plaza, more off-street parking has been added since the war than the prewar total of both on and off street!

Tanner’s new parking station has furnished part of that answer. Given a quarter of a block with which to work, it was his problem to figure out a way to park the greatest number of cars at the lowest possible cost.

He started out by making a survey of other parking stations and garages. He went the length and breadth of the continent to make notes and sketch ideas. The results were nil.
The sorrowful fact is that no one had built a parking station worth the paper it was drawn on. Those he saw were poorly planned, expensive, and often even dangerous.

He wanted a design that was foolproof, a building in which shoppers could park their own cars easily, quickly and safely—without the aid of an attendant. He had little space on which to erect it, and the height was definitely limited. In order to fit in with its surroundings, it could be no higher than a two-story building!

Since he found no ideas that could be adapted to fit his requirements, he started from scratch. By careful experimentation, he determined the amount of space necessary for the turning of various makes of automobiles, and the space each occupied when parked at a 90 degree angle, a 45 degree angle, and so forth.

Finally it was decided that 61 degrees was the easiest angle at which to park economically.

At that angle, the normal car can turn and park on either side of a 52½ foot space, while 65 feet is required for two rows of cars parked at 90 degree angles. The slant settled upon consumes eight and a half feet of parking frontage per car instead of the eight taken up by a car parked at a right angle, but the big saving in turning space outweighs that loss.

It was apparent, then, that a structure 105 feet deep could handle four rows of cars. However, only 99 feet were available. Tanner went to city officials, and got what amounted to a six foot easement on the street side. He obtained permission to build only eight feet back from the curbing, instead of the fourteen stipulated in city regulations. That gave him enough space.

Then he found that bracing the building in the middle would result in two 52½ foot spans, the cost of which would be prohibitive. He balked at the idea of using a number of supporting columns. They are dangerous, and besides—as any wife who has ever crumpled a fender can tell you—there are psychological considerations involved in the parking of an automobile. Tanner wanted his parking station to have an "open" look. He wanted it to appear uncluttered, so that drivers wouldn't be afraid to maneuver in it.

Finally he worked out an answer. On a small car, it is five feet from the front bumper to the front door. By using pillars five feet in from each outside wall, and five feet on either side of the center line, they wouldn't interfere with opening doors and he could reduce each span by ten feet—a full 20 percent. Further, he could drop the horizontal beams lower in those five foot spaces, to make use of the cantilever principle. And haunches could be built to cut the stress down still more.

That wasn't exactly a surrendering of his original idea. The pillars are small, and canted at the same angle as the parked cars. They don't in-
terfere with parking, or with getting in or out of an automobile, so—strangely—it is almost as if they weren’t there at all, and the illusion of openness is maintained.

On two sides of the station are buildings which must be serviced by alleyways, so in construction over the alleys Tanner had to allow plenty of headroom for big trucks. That was a further limitation. The depth to which he could go was determined by the minimum level at which the sewer could be reached. Ramps had to be planned to afford easy climbing and easy turning. Added up, there were literally dozens and dozens of factors which had to be considered.

He did add them up, and consider them, and eventually he and his associates came up with the simple-looking three-level station which meets all needs and holds 700 cars. Most important, the final building cost per car is about half the amount normally spent on comparable off-street parking space!

But all is not parking angles and turning circles with the Tanner Associates. Much of their work is in residential design, and in that field they have had a tremendous influence on the community. Their homes, generally built by the Nichols Company, range through every price field, and they have won national architectural awards in almost every bracket. One of them, a low-cost house, was voted the best designed small house of 1940 by Better Homes and Gardens.

During the war, Nichols decided that particular house would be ideal for returning veterans, so Tanner hauled out the plans and tried to improve them. Exhaustive study showed there was not much to be done; it was the best house that could be built for the money. So he worked out several variations of the original plan, and as soon as materials became available the houses were put into extensive production.

That was one of the few civilian jobs Ed Tanner undertook during that period, because he was completely converted to wartime production. His first government contract was to build O’Reilly Hospital in Springfield. Then came an airfield at Knobnoster, Missouri. After that, the government jobs came in a steady stream, and in all he built 18 or 20 airfields and hospitals, and did several million dollars worth of government building a year. In War Department files in Washington, Edward W. Tanner is listed as having the best building record in the Middle West.

Tanner’s output has nothing if not variety. Thirteen years ago he designed the entire town of Fort Peck, Montana, and he is still advising on it. He is currently engaged in completion of the Time Building and the parking station, and work on an underground cafeteria, a farm store, a church, a gymnasium, an Army BOQ, a grocery and some apartments. He is making “studies” for two new shop and office buildings at the Plaza.

To him, all construction problems and planning are essentially alike, whether the project is an airfield or a beauty salon. “Your components are always the same,” he says, “You’ve
got lumber and concrete and machines and men. Once you’re used to working with them, you can build anything.”

As a matter of fact, working with men is Ed Tanner’s primary professional asset. He has been able to build and hold together a friendly, highly competent organization of top-notch architects. But he also gets on well with important clients, carpenters, and the guy who pours cement.

There is a simple dignity to the man that compels respect, and a complete, open sincerity. He inspires confidence.

During the war, when it was necessary for him to meet heavy payrolls on government construction jobs, he had to go to a local bank to borrow money. The War Department checks were slow in coming, so he got to be a rather frequent visitor in the loan department. At one point, he owed $100,000, and the pressure of that meant sleepless nights.

Later, when he paid off in full, he dropped around to see the bank’s vice-president, A. B. Eisenhower, to thank him for the courtesy he’d extended. “Frankly,” he confessed, “there was a time when the checks weren’t coming in the way they should have. I lost an awful lot of sleep.”

“I know it,” Eisenhower told him. “That’s why I didn’t. As long as I could see how worried you were, I knew I didn’t have to worry a bit!”

Tanner is erect, slender, impressively gray and carefully dressed. He has a blend of artistic ability and fine, down-to-earth practicality that serves him well in his profession. He’s friendly, easy to talk to.

Ed’s wife sets him up as an exemplary husband and father; and since she has been married to him for 30 years, she can easily qualify as an authority. She was Katherine Keizer, from Topeka, when she met Ed at the University of Kansas just before the first World War. Their daughter Mary is now the wife of an instructor at K. U., and their son Ned, back from the Navy, is a student there.

Tanner, a native of Lawrence, was a Phi Kappa Psi at the University, and was a member of Sigma Tau and Tau Beta Pi—both honorary engineering fraternities—and Scarab, honorary architectural society. He and Mrs. Tanner miss no Kansas football games, and are actively interested in all phases of the University. He is a director of the Morrow Committee there, and contributed the design of the Danforth Chapel.

Although not the joining type, Tanner holds a number of membership cards. He was a captain in the field artillery in World War I, so belongs to a couple of military organizations. He is a director of the University Club, chancellor of Dine and Discus, a member of the American Institute of Architects, the Art Institute and the Municipal Art Commission.

“A man’s got to do at least one thing just for the goodness of it,” Tanner says. “He has to have one activity he really believes in and works on.”

With him, that activity is a charity, the Jackson County Society for Crippled Children. He devotes a great deal of time to the Society, and serves (Continued on page 46)
What kind of marriage partner would you make?
Here is a way to find out.

THE Visitor from Mars said:
What do you consider the most important institution in your culture? Well, we said, most people consider marriage pretty important. Then, said the Visitor from Mars, you must surely spend much time preparing for marriage? We shook our heads sorrowfully. No, we said. No, not much time in preparation.

The Visitor from Mars looked startled. You still subscribe to the basic principles of logic? he asked. Oh yes, we said eagerly. Undoubtedly. Absolutely. Oh heavens yes, we said.

Then, he said, is it logical not to prepare for something so important?
We shook our heads again, bowed them in shame, and slunk away. He went back to Mars. Of course.

That being the peculiar state of affairs in the present world — that we prepare for everything else in the scheme of living but marriage — how prepared are you? How fitted are you for marriage, the full-time career without time-limit for husband and wife. You don’t know? Well, put yourself through this five-minute course, and if you answer the questions honestly, maybe you’ll find out.

Are you tolerant? Yes, we know you read a lot about it in the papers, and tell yourself that when you’re married, you’ll be the most tolerant marriage partner ever had. But are you tolerant now? With your parents; with Aunt Agnes, who’s very deaf and peculiarly narrow-minded; with your sister-in-law who has a passion for those bright red pullovers you detest? With your brother-in-law who thinks he’s the life of every party? Are you tolerant of your fellow-workers, realizing that you probably have just as many faults as the average, and that you expect tolerance from them? That’s the crux of the matter. If you’re tolerant now, you won’t have much difficulty adjusting yourself to a husband or wife. If you’re not — better start working on it.

If you’re the gal in the picture, can you cook? What a silly question! But can you? Not scrambled eggs, which is your specialty, and which the boyfriend can probably cook anyway; not grilled chops, which are easy; but unusual, tempting dishes that will put an edge on a tired appetite? Are the cries of derision fainter? Is it that we have too
many “good plain cooks?” We thought so. It will pay you well to learn to cook. The way to a man’s heart may not be strictly through the stomach, but a husband’s satisfied appetite never harmed a marriage.

Can you entertain? Entertaining doesn’t mean setting up a few cups or bottles in front of assorted people, and leaving the two to get together. It means being a good host or hostess, a good mixer. It means tact, the ability to say the right thing at the right moment. It means the knack of handling people so they don’t realize they’re being handled. Can you do all these things? Are you at ease in a crowd, or do you sit back and wait to be asked to join in the fun? If you do, snap out of it. When you’re married, you’ll have to turn on a party now and again, a party at which you will be the motive force. How good will you be at that?

How sincere are you? Have you ever really loved anyone more than yourself? Are you capable of an enduring affection after the years have stripped the tinsel glory from fresh romance? Or are you a butterfly, never happier than when you’re making a date with somebody for the first time? Assess yourself honestly — making allowances for your age, of course — but honestly nevertheless. But do it before, not after, marriage.

How do you show up under responsibility? Do you welcome it, or do you hide behind others while it’s being handed out? Remember—when you’re married, you’ll have no choice — you’ll just have to take it. Although marriage belongs to the both of you, a certain section of married life will be your affair. Are you fitted to take it on, or does the thought of it dismay you? That’s important. Answer it honestly before you marry.

How’s your sense of proportion? Do you look at things in their proper perspective, or do you tend to exaggerate the minor events to suit your own convenience or self-conceit? A sense of proportion is one of the most important attributes in marriage. It’s the counterweight that stops a wife from getting the sulks for a week because her husband brings his partner home to dinner unexpectedly. It stops a husband from blowing his top because his wife has been using his creel for clothespins again. It’s the still, calm voice telling you that just as the first fine frenzy of love cannot last forever, so the abiding affection and respect replacing it are as precious as gold. It is the instrument by which children can be brought up properly, and developed into sensible, self-reliant human beings. How’s your sense of proportion? It’s important that you know.

Do you harbor grudges? Figures show that harboring a grudge has killed more marriages than any other
single failing. When someone does something that displeases you, do you mark him down with a mental black cross? It’s a pity if you do — because your “true love” will be bound to do quite a lot of things you won’t like — and if it’s a black cross every time, what chance do you think either of you will have?

How do you rate on tact? Tact is the oil making the wheels of marriage turn smoothly. There’s never been a marriage yet that hasn’t needed it, right from the start. Plain speaking is all very well in its place, but there are times — many times — when a soft answer turneth away a terrible lot of trouble. Are you good at soft answers, or do you plough your way through life like a Roman road, straight and unbending? If you do, remember this: that might be good enough when you’re single and independent, but it’s not good enough when you join your life with that of someone else. Treat yourself to a practice course in tact. You’ll never regret it.

Finally, how’s your loyalty? Will you stick to the person of your choice through thick and thin, provided he or she plays the game with you? Or are there a couple of mental reservations you’ll make concerning the possibility of someone else coming along, or of life getting too monotonous? If there are, think twice before you marry. Those mental reservations show that you’re not yet prepared for marriage. If you’re young, they’ll probably disappear—but make sure they have before you finally say yes. It will save two people a lot of unhappiness later on.

Well, how do you score on the test? Are there some points on which you need a little brushing up? There are? Good! If you admit that, you’re already a few steps along the road to a happy marriage, for you have one big asset that’s worth any other two combined. That asset is honesty.

The man from Mars may return. If you have assayed yourself honestly — facing your flaws, striving to correct them, carefully weighing your chances for a successful marriage — you will be able to look straight into his electronic eye. To his logical query, “Have you prepared for marriage?” you may return a logical, “Yes!”

BRAZIL is the only country in the world that has a law protecting butterflies. A few years ago, the gorgeously iridescent blue Morpho butterflies were threatened with extinction because of their popularity as collectors’ items and their use in handicraft of various types. The government passed the law in time to save these brilliant insects, and now the number that can be hunted is strictly limited.
Or So They Say

A noted scientist was queried by a society matron, "Doctor, can science give us any assurance that the split atom can be controlled?"

"It is doubtful," he said. "In six thousand years we have failed to control the animated rib, resulting from the split Adam."—Advance.

Irving Bacheller, following his doctor's orders, went down to a little Pennsylvania village for a rest. Horseback riding was part of the prescription, but he found it difficult to hire a suitable mount. So he bought a handsome horse from an elderly man who wore the regulation long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat of the old-fashioned Quaker. But before Bacheller had ridden a mile, the horse developed a bad limp.

Turning back, he soon met the Quaker. As he started to speak, the old man held up both hands and protested, "No, no, thee must not ask me to take back the horse."

"Oh, I wasn't going to," returned Bacheller loftily. "All I want is to borrow your hat and coat till I can sell him to someone else."

Man of the Month

(Continued from page 42)

as its president.

His hobby is woodworking, and he likes nothing better than to refinish beautiful old furniture.

Architectural ideas and tastes are changing, Tanner thinks. The old entrance hall and other relics of a bygone era are gone for good. Simple modern that is progressive and utilitarian is the coming thing for normal living. That doesn't mean faddist designs that aren't actually functional. That doesn't mean the flat roof, for instance, which is impractical in most sections of America and more expensive to build than the conventional, sloped roof. It does mean that there is a definite trend toward sensibleness, and a growing desire for comfort and simplicity.

And how does it feel to be an architect? Is it deeply satisfying to be able to look around you and see the tangible, standing proof of your handiwork?

Tanner says no. He says that an architect looks at a building he has designed and sees only its bad features. Every time he looks at it, he wishes he had done something different. And every time he looks at it he is struck by the awful realization that all of his life that building will be standing there, reminding him of his mistakes.

But the mistakes Ed Tanner sees must be few, and must not be very bad ones, because no one else sees them at all. He is highly regarded by other architects, and laymen are delighted with his work.

In Kansas City, this is his month, for it is this month that Christmas decorations go up on the Country Club Plaza, and colored lights are strung along the outlines of the buildings. At night, every approach is jammed with automobiles, and from the throats of thousands come oh's and ah's, gasps of joy and delicious surprise as in red and blue and green they see etched against the black December sky the Nichols towers—with the famous Tanner "wham."
CALIFORNIA is the country where they make snow out of cornflakes; where airplanes plant the rice, and the swallows come back to Capistrano; where an enterprising salesman once stuck oranges on the Joshua trees and sold an orange grove; where a pre-historic tooth was pumped up through 17,000 feet of pipe line from the mud of San Francisco Bay. California includes the Union's highest point and the continent's lowest. It is inhabited by retired bankers, immigrants from all nations, artists and parasites and hucksters, messiahs, prophets, and Bing Crosby. It produces oranges, oil, gold and movies, and grows commercially every crop grown in the United States except tobacco. It has snow-capped mountains, miles of desert, fertile valleys, and 1200 miles of coast line. In short, California is, like Gargantua's wife, the most this, the most that, that ever was in the world. But don't tell Texas we said so.

When the Spaniards first set out to find California they weren't looking for the western edge of a mainland. They were in search of an island said to be peopled entirely with women — handsome Amazonians whose armor was solid gold. Marco Polo may have started the rumor; he gets the credit for it, at any rate. And the word was further spread around when, in 1510, a Spanish writer, Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, published a romance (the early equivalent of a novel) called Las Sergas de Esplandianfi in which was included the following passage: "Know that, on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California very near to the Terrestrial Paradise, which was peopled with black women . . . Their arms were all of gold." Just where Montalvo picked up the name California is not certain, but it is thought that he adapted it from a name, "Califerne," which appeared in an older French romance, Chanson de Roland.

As early as 1493 Columbus had ventured into the Caribbean, looking for this island. Spanish navigators kept on looking for almost another half century, and in 1535, Hernando Cortes had found an island off the mainland of America which he called
California. Then in 1543, Juan Rodrígues Cabrillo, a Portuguese, discovered the California coast and named it after the island and the legend.

Though California did not turn out to be the fabulous Amazonian island, it still is fabulous and it has its share or maybe more of beautiful women and gold. The gold comes in two forms — solids and liquids. The liquid is orange juice. By degrees, the country has come to have two or three primary connotations. When you think of California you think of Hollywood — of sunshine — and of oranges. The orange itself, almost, has come to be the symbol of the good rich life under a merciful sun — the symbol of a land flowing with milk and honey. And in a sense, that's what California is. The state produces one-half the entire fruit output of the United States; almost all the dried fruit; one-third of the truck crops; and one-half the canned fruit and vegetables. And most of this produce is grown in Southern California. Southern Cal grows everything — from fruit and flowers to ostriches and Arabian horses.

It may be disputable just how far north Southern California extends. But one thing is sure—its boundaries lie quite some distance south of San Francisco. San Francisco, the aristocrat, is definitely north. Los Angeles, the nouveau riche, is south — and both the city and the country around it are comparatively new developments. San Francisco came of age and flourished during the days of that first mass migration from east to west — the gold rush of '49. Southern California has come into its own more recently, and its great raison d'etre is agriculture, the state's number one industry today, outstripping the combined income of oil and mining.

California has about 30 million tillable acres of land. Two-thirds of this acreage lies in what John Steinbeck calls "The Long Valley" — the level stretch between California's two long ranges, the coastal mountains, and the Sierra Nevada on the east. The south end of this long valley is sub-divided into other valleys by still more and smaller ranges, whose direction is often east and west. These are the San Bernardinos, the San Jacintos, the Sierra Madres, and others. And between these ranges lie the rich valleys of Southern California, where oranges and lemons flourish in all their tropical luxuriance against the chill blue and white of snow-topped mountains.

Oranges did not originate in California, as some of the natives may insist. They were known first in China, introduced from there into Spain, and brought to America by the Franciscan padres who entered California by way of Lower Cali-
fornia. The early Mission farms served as working models for today's great modern commercial farms.

The first orchard big enough to be called a grove was planted around 1804 at San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles. In 1841 a Kentucky trapper obtained some trees from San Gabriel and set out the first commercial grove. Other farmers continually experimented with orange orchards on an increasingly larger scale, but the citrus industry really developed from two seedless orange trees set out in the new farming colony called Riverside in 1873. In that year, the United States Department of Agriculture sent to Eliza C. Tibbetts at Riverside a couple of trees of the "Washington Navel" variety, originally from Brazil. That was the beginning. Today, California's oranges net the greatest income of any single crop in the state.

The growers do nothing haphazardly in producing this mammoth crop. Oranges are a lot of work. To begin with, every tree in all the important groves comes of pedigreed stock. The grower keeps a record of his trees the way somebody else might keep records on a good horse or a show dog, and the care he takes of them is meticulous. He may cover a tree with cheesecloth to prevent cross-pollinization. He may man a smudge crew all night long to heat up the orchards and protect them from frost. During the summers, orchards must be irrigated, and there is constant attention given such matters as fertilization, soil testing, cover crops, wind-breaks, and pest control — not to mention the business of harvesting, sorting, and shipping the fruit. If all goes well, the orange tree begins to produce commercially at about six years, reaching its full bearing age at ten. Then if all continues to go well, it will yield fruit for 50 years or more.

The center of the Orange Empire is a county so big you could set Rhode Island down in it 20 times. San Bernardino County covers 20,000 square miles, one-eighth of the entire area of California. It is large enough to encompass deserts, high mountains, and rich valleys. The Indians used to call the San Bernardino Valley Guachama, "place of plenty to eat." Its present name stems from San Bernardino de Sienna, on whose feast day the valley was entered in 1776 by one of the Spanish padres. The county seat is the town of San Bernardino, originally laid out by Mormon settlers who were recalled to Zion in the 1850's. San Bernardino stages the National Orange Show
each year during the third week of February.

Southern California’s gold is assuredly in oranges. But it produces other things as well. Lemons, for instance; grapes for the vast California wine industry; two-thirds of the state’s walnut crop; and pomegranates, limes, figs, avocados, guavas, almonds, and prunes. A land of milk and honey, yes—the stuff grows on trees! But never think that it springs spontaneously from the soil in a Garden of Eden sort of way. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there such efficiently organized farming as in Southern California, nor such tremendous investment in power, water, machinery, irrigation, and all the other myriad things it takes to produce on such a scale.

The farms of this region are either extremely large and commercial, or extremely small. The small places usually are owned by retired professional people or someone who doesn’t have to depend on the soil for subsistence. The old family-style farm is scarce, or if it still exists, may very likely be growing a specialized crop for some large company.

If you took away Southern California’s oranges, its vineyards and lettuce fields, and its other growing crops, the region still would be far from bankrupt. Take away all else and its scenery and its climate still remain. Even without orange groves, Southern California would no doubt continue to function as resort country. A few of the reasons why are: Arrowhead Mountain (with the arrowhead emblazoned across more than a thousand feet of the mountainside) and Lake Arrowhead with its smart summer colony and its Mile High Regatta; Lake Elsinore, largest freshwater lake in the southern part of the state, and Big Bear Lake; Temecula, in the Ramona country; the famous Rim o’ the World Drive, 36 miles along the crest of the San Bernardinos, from where, on the clear day, you can see Los Angeles, the Pacific, and the peaks of Catalina; dude ranches and resorts of every size and description, including Palm Springs, the playground of the stinkin’-rich, and Twenty-Nine Palms, of which you’ve heard a good bit recently. Of course, Southern California includes the deserts to the east.

The southernmost desert is the Colorado, whose southern end has
been reclaimed to form the Imperial Valley. (Victor Hugo said, “Give man to the desert and make both happy.” It seems to have worked out in this case.) The Imperial Valley includes the Salton Sea, the last of a sea thought to have been part of the Gulf of California, which once covered the entire Colorado Desert. It now lies 202 feet below sea level, and is evaporating at such a clip that engineers give it only about a hundred years more.

Above the Colorado lies the Mojave Desert, composed of stunted mountain ranges, dried beds of ancient lakes, and miles of sand in between. Above this desert is Death Valley, 130 miles of desolation, six to fourteen miles across, stretched between the bare crags of the Panamint and Amargos Ranges. Within Death Valley is the continent’s lowest point—276 feet below sea level. Sixty miles away, Mount Whitney rises 14,496 feet into the air.

The high and the low of Southern California are typical of the contrasts all over the state. Skiing and ocean swimming—glaciers and deserts—snow-caps and orange groves—this is California! But unfortunately the millionaires and the itinerant pickers—retired reactionaries and political crack-pots—this, too, is California. The state simply can’t help itself. In the south, at least, it is too rich, too warm, too flowered and fruitful! Nobody can stay away! Neither the very rich nor the very poor. Prospector, beauty contest winner, Oakie, or tourist, sooner or later they all get to Californy with—or without—the banjo on the knee.

### Laughs on the Ladies

A glamorous Hollywood actress had her picture taken, and fumed at the result. “I can’t understand it,” she said. “The last time I posed for you, the photographs were heavenly.”

“Ah, yes,” the cameraman sighed. “But you must remember that I was eight years younger then.”

A farm woman telephoned the ticket agent of the rural bus line. “Why didn’t the bus stop for me a while ago?” she demanded.

“Did you flag the driver, Madam?”

“Why, of course not!” was the astonished reply. Upon the agent’s assurance that that was the reason the driver failed to stop, the woman gasped. “My word! He could see I was dressed to go to town!”

A certain small town judge was noted for his reticence. One day a woman entered the front room of his house, which served as his office, and asked if his wife were home.

“No, she ain’t home,” the judge said.

“Do you mind if I wait?” his visitor asked.

“Nope, have a chair.”

After a full hour of waiting, the woman asked, “Where is your wife?”

“She went to the cemetery.”

“How long do you think she’ll be gone?”

“Well, I don’t know,” said the judge deliberately, “but she’s been there 11 years now.”
"Not conventional, no. But profitable as hell!"
by WILLIAM WALLER

BANK presidents and porters, executives and errand boys, sculptors and secretaries have sung, whistled and hummed the tunes of Johnny Mercer. He is one of America's most successful songwriters, and his lyrics have been on the lips of everyone at one time or another. He lives in a modest white bungalow on a quiet street in Hollywood, but he is the epitome of the modern songsmith who has achieved success in a big way.

Genial Johnny authored The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, Accentuate the Positive, That Old Black Magic, and about 250 other published songs. The wide variety of ideas, melody structures and moods evident in his work proves that the illiterate, flasishly-dressed character who rhymed moon and June for big dough is strictly a creature of the past — if, indeed, he ever existed outside Ring Lardner's fertile imagination.

Johnny was born in Savannah, and 15 years ago he wrote his first song. It was called Sister Susie Strut Your Stuff. It wasn't half bad, either. Mercer will admit that, looking back on it. But he'll also admit that he thought then it was wonderful. Even so, he didn't take his talent too seriously. He went to a prep school in Virginia, and returned to Savannah to join a little theatre group.

Becoming a lyricist and composer was far from Johnny Mercer's thoughts when first he journeyed to New York. The theatre group with which he was acting was invited to participate in a one-act play competition staged by the late David Belasco, outstanding producer of that day. Johnny's group won, and young Mercer was so fired with enthusiasm that he remained in New York — determined to make the grade on Broadway as an actor.

The would-be actor turned songwriter more or less by accident. When the Theatre Guild was auditioning for the annual revue, Garrick Gaieties, Johnny tried out for a role. He didn't get it. But the show still lacked material, so he knocked out a song in short order. It was Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You, which is still a pretty nice number.

That song, which was sung in the Gaieties by Sterling Holloway, influenced the entire course of Johnny's life. For one thing, it helped him become acquainted with a girl named Ginger Meehan, a dancer in the show, whom he married a year later. For another, it convinced him he should become a professional songwriter.

Johnny never starved in a garret, but like every aspiring songwriter he
found the going tough for quite some time. To keep the wolf away from his door, he worked as a runner in Wall Street. As such, he was merely another errand boy who carried millions of dollars in stock and bond certificates from one brokerage house to another in New York’s financial district.

Johnny, though, wasn’t destined to remain a glorified messenger for long. Learning that Paul Whiteman was holding auditions for a new warbler, he applied for the job. His southern-style singing pleased the King of Jazz, and Johnny was hired. What’s more, Whiteman must have realized Mercer’s potentialities from the very start, for he gave him every encouragement. Johnny wrote more and more songs, Whiteman played them—and the rest is musical history.

Starting with Here Come the British With a Bang, Bang and Goody, Goody, Johnny Mercer displayed an aptitude for turning out original songs which climbed to the Hit Parade ranks. Generally, they led the parade for weeks to come. He had the good fortune, also, to work with some of the country’s best tunesmiths. Whiteman introduced him to Hoagy Carmichael, who was then working on a tune called Snowball. One word in Hoagy’s verse caught Mercer’s sensitive ear. It was “lazybones”—and Johnny turned it into a smash hit. It ranks among the best popular songs ever written, and has a folk-tune quality that is particularly appealing.

What distinguished Mercer in the very beginning from the run-of-the-mill songwriters encountered in Tin Pan Alley could be summed up in one word: originality. Other writers recognized it, too. Composers who worked with him included Jerome Kern, Rube Bloom, Harry Warren, Matty Malneck, Harold Arlen, Richard Whiting, and Vernon Duke—all topnotchers. But Mercer often composed his own tunes, as well as writing the lyrics. Blues in the Night, That Old Black Magic, Tangerine, Skylark, I’m an Old Cowhand, G.I. Jive, Accentuate the Positive, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and other top hits were his own handiwork.

But although he has written some of the most successful songs of the last decade, he’s had his failures, too. One was a resounding flop, the musical, St. Louis Woman, which he wrote with Harold Arlen. Despite some of the bawdiest numbers ever to hit Broadway, the show soon folded, leaving everyone concerned sadder but wiser. His other songs have been far more successful in every way. Usually, he gets a title or simple idea first, and goes to work on the lyric.

When he composes music, he’s strictly a one-finger man. From time to time he hires himself an expensive teacher with the self-conscious idea that he really ought to learn to play the piano with the customary ten digits. Before long, he throws it up as a bad idea. It’s the one finger method, or none at all. And with his record, he can prove that it’s hardly been a handicap.

Not content with being a success as both songwriter and radio entertainer, five years ago Johnny decided to enter the recording business, too. He talked it over with his friend,
Glenn Wallichs, who was then running a record shop at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood. Buddy DeSylva, Paramount producer and former songwriter, soon joined in the discussions — and out of it all came Capitol Records. Until his recent resignation, Mercer was president of the company. He had much to do with discovering the King Cole Trio, Peggy Lee, Andy Russell, Jo Stafford, Margaret Whiting and other recording stars. Capitol Records also became the parent of Capitol Transcriptions, which now services many radio stations throughout the country.

But at heart Johnny Mercer is a songwriter. When he found the record business interfering with his writing, he chose the latter, although still retaining his financial interest in the company. He feels that working on movie scores and doing a new musical for Broadway is quite enough activity for one man.

How all this activity leaves him with any spare time is an unsolved mystery, but Mercer is also an accomplished artist. The walls of his house are covered with his water colors. His two youngsters add spice to his life, too, and sometimes provide inspiration. *Mandy is Two*, a Mercer opus, was written in honor of daughter Amanda's second birthday. As usual, the tune was composed with one finger. A questionable method, perhaps, but profitable. If you ask Johnny Mercer, there are worse ways of earning a living.

"He can't paint without a model."
The Big Four Conference that started November 25th is again underlining the impossibility of collaboration with Russia. There is every indication of a break with the Soviet. The German and Austrian peace treaties, which were to be written in concerted agreement, may be completed by the United States, Britain and France. There is a certain finality, or sense of completeness, in the fact that the Big Four is holding what appears to be its last conference in London, the locale of the first meeting two optimistic years ago. Many well-informed people believe it is too late to win this "cold war" with Russia. The idealistic One World has become Two Worlds in reality.

The Marshall Plan, now officially named the European Recovery Program — which alphabetizes euphoniously into ERP — gives preview promise of emerging from Congress completely malformed. Mr. Truman has been challenged by a Republican Congress to make the first affirmative move — a positive move to save Europe. This will quite possibly be checkmated by a negative move stimulated by Senate Boss Bob Taft, who is already busy on proposed legislation to limit the appropriations asked for by the Marshall Plan.

The Marshall Plan must go through. Economists know it. Foresighted government officials know it. Smart business men are sure of it. In 1939, our exports amounted to 2.8 billions of dollars. Today, our exports average around 14 billion, a terrific increase brought about by the present world condition. The increase in revenue to United States industry, far from being healthy, is termed "artificial" by economists. Already this inflationary buying by foreign powers is beginning to slack off because they are running out of American dollars with which to make their purchases. If the United States would wash its hands of the whole European affair, aside from the political consequences, our foreign trade would collapse like a punctured balloon. Our entire economy is delicately balanced on the knife edge of foreign exports — a knife which is being held by nothing so solid as a hand. Therefore, the Marshall Plan is a "must" for the United States as well as for Europe.

The Save Food for Europe Program, produced by Charles Luckman and blessed by the White House, remains a dubious measure at best. Conceived on the spur of the moment in order to present the over-fed public with some more or less tangible means for combating the world food shortage, voluntary food rationing meets with no one's wholehearted endorsement, not even that section of the public most likely to protest the return of official rationing. For political reasons, Senator Taft's "eat less plan" detracted from, rather than contributed to, the nebulous solution. The Tuesday-Thursday plan is an infinitesimal answer to an overwhelming problem. Whereas voluntary rationing would turn the trick if honestly adhered to, too many over-weight Americans are letting their neighbors save that all-important slice of bread a day. By the way, if every American did eat one less slice of bread a day — it would result in a daily saving of 3,000,000 loaves of bread all over the country.

Although not even the Sunshine Class expects the voluntary food conservation plan to fill the pantries of Europe, United States' officials hope that it will condition
the American public for official food restrictions in the future. Just when that “future” will be, no one is willing to say. Of course, the smaller the living population of Europe, the less we will have to deprive ourselves. Meanwhile, the world starves, while Americans are gently conditioned.

Winter wheat will likely be short next year. Rain in the wheat belt has been slight. Added to this factor is a threat of the reappearance of the dust bowl. Dust has already begun blowing over western Kansas — the scene of this year’s stellar wheat crop. This is bad news indeed. The world needs all the food that can possibly be produced.

The Supreme Court of the United States is once again in session, this time for one of its most vitally important terms. Chief Justice Vinson, along with Justices Rutledge, Murphy, Frankfurter, Black, Reed, Douglas, Jackson and Burton have some knotty problems of constitutionality on the docket. Of the nine justices, seven are liberal Roosevelt appointees and two have been appointed by President Truman. The biggest question of the term is what the Court will do regarding labor legislation, especially the Taft-Hartley Act. The best way to direct the conjecture is to examine previous decisions of the Court. Always the Court has attempted to discover what Congress actually wanted to do in passing a given piece of legislation — they want to know the “spirit” of the law. By and large, the Court feels that Congress is still pro-labor, and therefore Court decisions will, in most instances, parallel this pro-labor feeling. On the other hand, the Court upheld the Lea and Hatch Acts, both anti-labor legislation. All of which proves the nine men of the Supreme Court try to maintain an unbiased attitude toward the problems brought before them, the better to dispense true justice. (The Judicial part of our Government remains a vitally important instrument in the interpretation of our own kind of democratic system.)

Retail credit is the new kind of economic fire the nation interested itself in November 1. Government controls on retail credit died on that date, and liberated credit terms, leaning in the direction of getting more liberal as time goes by, were put into effect by the nation’s merchants. Credit on automobiles will involve no more than 25% down with as long as two years to pay, in some markets. Most household appliances will require about 20%, with three years to pay. The government may reimpose controls if things get out of hand, but some believe that once the credit ball starts rolling it will be hard to stop.

The most elementary economic laws are based on the premise that in time of inflation the best measure is to take money out of circulation. Economists recommend such measures as enforced savings, higher taxes, and other stringent measures to keep the amount of money in circulation down to the barest minimum. Economic facts are being ignored for temporary financial gain. Senator Taft has gone all out to back those policies directed toward increasing the supply of money in circulation by throwing his support behind bills reducing income and corporate tax rates. The more money in circulation, the higher prices go. This is the vicious circle of our present economy.

In domestic issues, the Government's bureaucratic right hand displays evidence of not knowing what the bureaucratic left hand is doing. This is best illustrated by a recent story from Washington. What with the return of a more plentiful supply of sugar, the moonshiners are hard at it again. As a result, the United States Revenue Bureau is very much on the alert to catch those individuals who brew their own. On the other hand, another government bureau, whose duty it is to dispose of war surplus items, recently put on the market a large number of stills used during the war for the distillation of drinking water. This government agency in its advertising made it very clear that these stills were ideally suited for the distilling of corn mash. Further, “They do not even smoke,” says the government, the better to prevent detection by another government agency, no doubt.
Recently I talked to a well-known musical figure who has most unusual ideas, Stan Kenton. Stan, who is no newcomer to anyone who follows popular music, had a stroke of bad luck a short time ago—his health went back on him. When a fellow finds that he can’t take the strenuous life of a band-leader, he might take up wood-carving or ceramics, but not Stan! After recovering from a nervous breakdown, he has come bouncing back, stronger than ever. Stan believes that, since the war, the public has craved a new type of music—a new rhythm which he calls “progressive jazz.” The key to this new music, as Stan explains it, is in the rhythm section. Present there will be his regular star performer, Shelly Manne, plus two bongo drummers. Stan claims that the difficult part is to mesh the remainder of the band with the rhythm section. However, the Kenton crew is optimistic and will launch a series of concerts in Chicago and Eastern cities. Best of luck to you, Stan! Meantime, for a sneak preview of this new music, look for the name Stan Kenton on Capitol labels.

**Platter Chatter**

Another Kansas City musician makes good! Pianist-vocalist Jeannie Leitt, backed by the Billy Kyle Quartet, has cut four sides for Decca which will be out December 8. Listen especially for Please Don’t Play Number Six Tonight (’Cause Six Was Meant For Two) and You Know What You Got But You Don’t Know What You’re Gettin’. The latter was written just for Jeannie... Louie Armstrong and his small jazz combo (Barney Bigard, “Big Sid” Catlett, and Jack Teagarden) will move into the Chicago Opera House and the Cleveland Auditorium for concert dates this month... Sammy Kaye is interested in buying into the Brooklyn Dodgers pro football team... Billy Eckstine, MGM recording star, has decided against reorganizing his band and will continue strictly as a singer... Undoubtedly setting a record for guest appearances, the Page Cavanaugh Trio is now busy making its fourth picture... Ted Weems’ Heartaches has passed the three million mark. Decca’s next reissue will be his eight-year-old platter, There’ll Be Some Changes Made... After all the rumors to the contrary, Frank Sinatra will sing in The Miracle Of The Bells... Arthur Godfrey has made his record debut on Columbia... Watch for a new Count Basie album (Victor) which should be out soon... Johnny Moore’s Three Blazers will start on a nation-wide tour early this month after waxing new sides for Exclusive... Myra Taylor, Kansas City sepia star, will leave soon for theatre appearances in Detroit... Mel Torme, Signature crooner, is losing his radio show... Sam Donahue and his young band have been booked for 38 leading college proms... Be-bopper Dizzy Gillespie has signed with Victor... Eddy Howard is trying to revive that old Gene Austin favorite, My Blue Heaven... Joshua Johnson has a terrific boogie album which will be released by Decca soon. Josh is currently appearing at the Broadway Interlude in Kansas City.

**Highly Recommended**

DECCA 24154—Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. Ain’tcha Ever Comin’ Back plus I Have But One Heart (O Marenariello). It’s a question here which side is the “A” as both are plenty danceable and listenable. Both tunes are entering the hit parade list. On this platter you’ll find the usual superb Cavallaro solos, plus smooth vocals by Bob Allen.
DECCA 25080—Russ Morgan and his orchestra. *Does Your Heart Beat For Me and So Long*. One from the “Collectors’ Series” put out by Decca. Long associated with Russ Morgan and featuring the Morgan trio, *Does Your Heart Beat* is easily worth the pesos. The flip is another old favorite done up in true Morgan style. Your record library should have it.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.*

VICTOR 20-2512—Tony Martin with Earle Hagen and his orchestra. *I’ll Dance At Your Wedding with Carolina In The Morning*. The wedding tune gets its initial release in Tony’s version, and it’s full of bounce. The reverse, *Carolina*, should bring the tune back in the limelight. Here’s a platter to please everyone!

VICTOR 20-2513—The Three Suns, with vocal refrain. *Sleepy Time Gal and That Old Gang Of Mine*. Here’s that smooth trio with another fine disc. The same echo chamber effect of *Peg O’ My Heart* is used on *Sleepy Time*, while the reverse has a barbershop quartette type vocal which gives it great nostalgic appeal. Easy listening!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.*

COLUMBIA 37930—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Peggy O’Neil plus I’ll Hate Myself In The Morning*. Peggy, you’ll remember, is the famous Irish lassie who’s been sung about from year to year. Gregg Lawrence does the vocals, backed by Carle’s inimitable piano. Flip it over for a less romantic theme, which is nicely handled by Marj Hughes and Lawrence. Both sides make for fine entertainment.

COLUMBIA 37933—Les Brown and orchestra. *Dardanella and After You*. The first is a famous old song, and Les gives it rich orchestral arrangement a la medium tempo. You’ll enjoy the fine alto sax work on this side. The reverse is a lovely ballad sung by Eileen Wilson, who achieves an unusual tonal effect by humming an obligato to the soprano sax. Les Brown fans won’t be disappointed with this new release.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.*

MGM 10086—Raymond Scott and his orchestra. *Mountain High, Valley Low plus Two Guitars*. Scott again proves he is number one interpreter of modern music. The first side is an oriental number from the hit stage production *Lute Song*, and is perfect for Scott’s special blend of music. The reverse is in faster tempo. It has long been famous as a Russian folk song, but with the Scott treatment, it’s Russian music with a St. Louis beat.

CAPITOL 15008—Benny Goodman Sextet. *Nagasaki* and *Gonna Get A Girl*. Appearing with the maestro are Red Norvo, Mel Powell, Tommy Romersa, Joe Mandragon, and Al Hendrickson, all stars. The tunes are both oldies, but with the Goodman method of handling, they’re shiny as a new dime.

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A small boy was trying to save all his pennies to buy a baseball bat, but it was a hard task. One night his mother heard him praying fervently, “Lord, please help me save my money for a bat, and Lord, don’t let the ice cream man come down this street.”

A nice old lady smiled at the little girl who had been left in charge of the cake shop.

“Don’t you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, my dear?”

The child was shocked. “Of course not,” she replied. “That would be stealing. I only lick them.”

A Negro lad, going through a cemetery, read the inscription on a tombstone, “Not dead, but sleeping.” He scratched his head, then slowly drawled, “He sho’ ain’t foolin’ nobody but hisself!”
New York Theatre

Plays . . .


★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Still drawing loud huzzahs of acclaim is this engaging and wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. As ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas are unbeatable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Handsome Jean Parker competently assists Bert Lahr in getting the most out of this hit revived from the twenties. "The most" includes tears as well as bellylaughs. There's no business like show business. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3.

★ COMMAND DECISION. (Fulton). A forceful, expert drama by William Wister Haines about the AAF in England and over Europe. So far, the best theatre fare to come out of World War II. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath and Edmond Ryan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ THE DRUID CIRCLE. (Morosco). Leo G. Carroll, Boyd Crawford and Neva Patterson head the superb cast in this intensely dramatic but weakly motivated new play by John Van Druten. The story concerns young love and bitter, middle-aged frustration in a provincial English university, and comes close to discouraging higher education—at least in Britain. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE FIRST MRS. FRASER. (Shubert). Modern treatment of a dated plot. The play is a revival of St. John Ervine's 1929 comedy of manners revolving around divorce. Polished dialogue by Mr. Ervine, and distinguished performances by Jane Cowl and Henry Daniell combine to produce an evening of pleasant entertainment. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ FOR LOVE OR MONEY. (Henry Miller). A highly unbelievable and only occasionally funny comedy by F. Hugh Herbert. Almost knee-deep in double entendre are John Loder, Vicki Cummings and a pretty little girl named June Lockhart. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). Antô Loos comedy notable for one thing: Helen Hayes. The story concerns a librarian of the standard, inconspicuous type who gets crooked to the ears one rainy afternoon. It proves, if anything, the efficacy of a few Pink Ladies in revealing unsuspected depths of character. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street). Charming as ever are Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and their pooka friend, Harvey. Here is hysteria that doesn't misfire, a rare and precious thing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE HEIRESS. (Biltmore). Wendy Hiller in a distinguished and penetrating performance that is beautifully supported by Basil Rathbone and several other gifted actors. The play is a Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of Washington Square, by Henry James, and is admirably directed by Jed Harris. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ AN INSPECTOR CALLS. (Booth). For two and a half acts, a very fine play. Then comes a confusing denouement, a trick ending, and the urge to stand up and shout "What the hell is going on?" With Thomas Mitchell, Melville Cooper and John Buckmaster. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). As a rather special favor, an engaged soldier marries the girl of his buddy. That's the sort of situation that can get complicated, and it does in this slightly hysterical bromide with Loring Smith, Nina Foch and William Prince. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ MAN AND SUPERMAN. (Alvin). It is Maurice Evans all the way, playing the lead in the GBS comedy which he has revived, produced and directed with his usual skilful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MEDEA. (National). The Euripides' tragedy, as adapted by Robinson Jeffers and produced by John Gielgud. There are outstanding performances by Mr. Gielgud, Florence Reed and—especially—Judith Anderson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Hudson). Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French stay on in the cast of three, and Harvey Stephens steps into the sergeant's role as naturally as if he had been born with three stripes on him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. (Cort). Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan and Bill Talman in what may well be the dullest play still running. It's about children at a summer camp. Summer, of course, is gone. It should happen to this. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

ALLEGRO. (Majestic). An involved and probably over-ambitious offering by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Critical opinion is divided, but it is unlikely that the "long run boys" will improve either their puruses or reputations with this one. With John Conte and Annmary Dickey. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial) Ethel Merman in the title role of the rootin', tootin' and shootin' Irving Berlin musical which has a book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. It couldn't possibly be finer. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


CALL ME MISTER. (Plymouth). An outstanding revue written, scored, produced, directed and played by ex-GI's and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

EDITH PIAF AND CONTINENTAL REVUE. (Playhouse). "Les Compagnons de la Chanson," a number of young men given to broad burlesques of the Don Cossack Chorus and the Hour of Charm, are the unquestionable standouts of this evening of vaudeville. Edith Piaf is probably fine, too, but unless you understand French perfectly, not recommended. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (46th Street). A leprechaun lands in Dixie, and what follows is pretty gay fantasy involving songs, dances, Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.


MUSIC IN MY HEART. (Adelphi). A merci-

NEW YORK THEATER

NEW YORK THEATRE

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

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NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

By KAY AND JIMMIE BERSTON

★ AL SCHACHT'S. "Take me out to the ball game" is a feeling adequately described by the cute baseball decor—albeit a little out of season. Marvelous steaks and chops and not too expensive. Entrees from a buck seventy-five. 137 E. 52nd. PL 9-4753.

★ BAL TABARIN. Very informal and loads of fun here at this Parisian spot. Lou Harold's orchestra with the Montemartre Girls and a host of others. Late show at 1:30. 225 W. 46th. CI 6-0949.

★ BARNEY GALLANT'S. Barney has about as varied a stock of spirits as you'll find anywhere—all excellent, too. There's a palmist and quiet piano and accordion music in the background. 86 University Place. GR 3-0209.

★ BRASS RAIL. A veritable landmark in the Broadway district with huge helpings of inexpensive chow. Very hospitable place and the codfish balls and lemon tarts to be had on Friday are scrumptuous. The hot pastrami and cheesecake may likewise be unequivocably recommended. 745 7th Avenue. CO 5-3515.

★ CARNIVAL. Ray Bolger is the feature, and his rubber-legged interpretations of the dance will hold you spellbound. There's Beatrice Kraft and a very gay show. Minimum $3.50 per show. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ CERUTTI. An Italian place with a marvelous table d'hote menu, quite reasonably priced. Very clever music from two pianos by Carter and Bowie. 643 Madison. EL 5-4194.

★ CHATHAM. The Chatham Room boasts savory French cuisine with luncheon snacks from $1.50. You'll find writers and artists at the Tudor Grille. Vanderbilt at 48th. VO 5-5400.

★ ELIZABETH NORMAN. Just like Merrie Ole England, with a fine chophouse menu. The home-baked pies and cakes are delicious. Open on Sundays. A fine place for private parties. 1043 Madison. RE 4-9622.

★ GARRISON'S. The air wave kids are always on hand here and if you'd like to see what that nice-sounding announcer looks like, why come on over. Piano music to soothe the jangled nerves of the radio celebs. Good food; bar and cocktail lounge. 122 W. 50th. CI 7-8862.

★ HEADQUARTERS. Did you see the SEP photo of John and Marty hanging a big "like for President" sign above their marquee? These chaps were the General's former chefs and are his most ardent supporters. Headquarters' food is hearty, well-prepared and easy on the wallet. 108 W. 49th. CI 5-4790.

★ HUTTON'S. Attractive, plushy dining room with a beautiful bar. Charcoal broiler steaks that make you wish you were back on the range. Bring an Englishman here and make him jealous! Lexington Avenue and 47th. PL 8-0354.

★ RUBY FOO'S. Ding ho! And all that sort of stuff. Delicious Chinese provincial food in a very swanky place. Open from noon until 3 a.m. 240 W. 52nd. CO 5-0705.

★ JOE KING'S FRATERNITY HOUSE. Filled to the proverbial rafters with Joe colleagues, artists, writers and their hanger-on friends. A Continental menu with deliciou sauerbraten. Nice bar. 190 3rd Avenue. ST 9-0603.

★ LE BEAUJOLAIS. Charming decor in this small French restaurant serving excellent meals. Certainly not too expensive considering the marvelous service. Wonderful mussels martiniere and tripe a la mode de Caen! 17 E. 60th. RH 4-9459.

★ LEON & EDDIE'S. A whole night club full of beautiful femmes in a gay show starring the incomparable Eddie Davis. Food very good. Celebs on Sunday after midnight. 33 W. 52nd. EL 5-9414.

★ MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN. A quaint title for a very quaint and cute little place. No liquor allowed but you forget the appetizer when you smell the aroma of good old home-cooked food. Imagine a tasty dinner for only 85c. 47 W. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ PADDY'S CLAM HOUSE. Full of sea atmosphere and a place to warm the cockles of a man's heart. A sea food bar for those who really want it in a rush. Succulent lobster. 214 W. 34th. CH 4-9123.

★ PLAZA. Marge and Gower Champion, and Liberace the pianist in the Persian Room with Phil Regan's orchestra. Leo Lefleur's orchestra at luncheon. Tea and cocktails in the Palm Lounge daily from 4:30 to 7:30. Dancing in the Rendezvous with cover after 10. Buffet lunch at the Oak Bar and luncheon, dinner and supper in the Oak Room . . . men only to 3 p.m. 5th Avenue at 59th. PL 3-1740.

★ SUSAN PALMER. Very nice cocktail lounge and bar and super grade A steaks and chops. There's a seafood bar down a flight of stairs serving yummy soft shell crabs and clams on the half shell. Also oyster and clam stews. 4 W. 49th Street. CI 5-6770.
Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

Make no mistake about it. The gal who qualifies as an airline stewardess these days has a number of qualities that shrink the heroic proportions of the pioneer woman down to natural size. True, she isn’t called upon to fight off the Indians, but there can be other perils between Chicago and L. A. The wolf menace, for instance.

Some of the girls who fly for TWA and American, and who live in what has become almost a dormitory for airline personnel, the Cornell Towers, have made an interesting compilation of the “lines” dangled at them by the more amorous male passengers. If ever published, it should become a best-seller. It would certainly make a lot of well-shaven faces red.

The gals certainly don’t have the idea that their job is heroic — or even glamorous. They’re mostly concerned with getting 50-odd passengers across the country in practically nothing flat — feeding them, flattering them, and leaving them dazed but cheerful on the ramp at the other end of the flight.

The stewardesses usually limp off the plane dog-tired at the end of a run. They claim that their occupational disease is the “charley-horse,” acquired by charging up and down the aisle while loaded down like pack mules.

The name of Patric Krueger must be added to the list of Chicago gals who are going places. Miss Krueger is not only young and beautiful but also extremely talented as a designer — which is somewhat overwhelming. She specializes in creating suede clothes, which she recommends for softer, more feminine fashions. In a few short months she has attracted the attention of the Chicago dress mar-
ket. When she isn't busy designing or whipping a few little numbers out of a bolt of suede, she makes guest appearances on the radio and does a little modeling on the side — just to keep her hand in. This amazing maiden financed her way through the American Academy of Fine Arts and an assortment of other schools by modeling.

We move on now to another success story — the recent appearance of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Chicago's Civic Opera House. The amazing thing about it all is that only a year ago the finances of the now defunct Chicago Opera Company were a deeper red than a brakeman's lantern. When the men who rule opera in Chicago announced that, alas, there could be no opera this year, San Carlo jumped into town with a highly profitable three week season made up of all the tried and true operatic standbys. San Carlo cleaned up in the very same theatre where for years opera has been an overly-expensive plaything of the rich. No one seems to know quite what the answer is, but perhaps a happy medium can be struck between San Carlo's competent and successful road-company opera and the costly, deficit-ridden performances of the Chicago Opera Company.

San Carlo used a company of adequate, if unremarkable, singers, plus a padding of a few medium-priced names like Martinelli. But for almost the first time in the history of opera in Chicago, the chorus actually acted and sang as though they knew what the plot was all about. During other years, members of the chorus conducted themselves like a bunch of guys named Joe, expecting to be picked up on vagrancy charges at any moment.

Spike Jones has loosed something called "The Musical Depression Revue" at the Studebaker. Now, at long last, we in Chicago know what happened to vaudeville.

There's one very excellent thing about the Jones invasion, however. Spike does his radio show in Chicago now, and Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly, is part of the show.

We saw Mr. Petrillo ducking out of a restaurant the other day. He seemed to have a worried look on his face. Maybe somebody told him that the radio is here to stay.

Showers of Blood

SUPERSTITIOUS 18th Century France was locally and periodically terrorified by "Showers of Blood" which left walls of buildings splashed with drops of red. These were regarded as an evil omen, and were responsible for extensive mass hysteria.

Upon scientific investigation, they were shown to be due to the simultaneous emergence of dozens or even hundreds of Tortoise-shell butterflies. Unnoticed, the cocoons incubated while attached to the walls. When this species of butterfly emerges, it clings to the cocoon while its wings are unfolded and dried. During this process it ejects several drops of blood-red fluid. Because of the former prevalence of the Tortoise-shell butterfly, the walls looked as if they had been splashed with blood. —Dorothy Tooker.
by MARION ODMARK

Richer Life
★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Matching the magnificence of this room in showfare is no trouble for impresario Dorothy Dorben with dancing beauties, name acts and a band favorite like Orrin Tucker.
★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Not the flash showcase, as its sister Pump Room, but a charming rendezvous with good food, small but able dance bands, and a pretty, young clientele.
★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan Avenue at Walton (Sup. 2200). The last word in social elegance, backed up by quality food and wine delights, dancing to Bob McGrew’s orchestra.
★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Every production here is bountiful in entertainment, holiday joie de vivre, and the trimmings of Hilton service.
★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Except for morning hours, dancing is a ‘round the clock pastime here; rhumba bands for matinee, hit paraders for evening.
★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Winter wonderland in setting, this room is a spell-binding combination of good music, shows and food and drink necessities.
★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). Here the bluebloods parade — and celebrities, too. They practically steal show honors from the society band and the single act.
★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Sheraton Hotel (formerly Continental), 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Beige and muted colors and some new twists in designing flatter the diner, dancer, or the lounge lizard.
★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). This is the room that rated a three-part serial in Saturday Evening Post, if you need reminding of its celebrity significance.
★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Gen. 0123). Old-time faithfulness to food and service, but the modern approach in dancing fare and entertainment.
★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 East Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Very Russian, very dramatic and as good a stimulus to the palate as to romance. Gypsy tunes by George Scherban’s ensemble are definitely tops.

Laughs and Specialties
Best bet for big night club shows is CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) with a policy that covers a Broadway name, one worthwhile featured act, two lesser entertainers, a line of dancing girls and a good dance band ... LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), runs a not too close second in the same format ... RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has gone in for the all-girl revue on a lavish scale.

More for Music
★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Reliable dance bands have been the policy here for the past 25 years.
★ COLLEGE INN, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Best in the market of modern music-makers, with sometimes a featured vocalist who is on the way up.

View in the Room
Tropics transplanted at DON THE BEACH-COMBER, 101 E. Walton Place ... SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State ... BAMBOO ROOM, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West.
Eerie and Old English background at IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark ... French Victorian at L’AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario ... Bavarian beauty at OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph.

Choice in Cuisine
French bill of fare at JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan, and CAFE DE PARIS, 1260 N. Dearborn ... Italian-style vitamins at AGOSTINO’S, 1121 N. State ... Hungarian feasting at BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North Avenue ... Barbecued delicacies at SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush ... Seafoods at CAPE COD ROOM, Drake Hotel, and IRELAND’S, 632 N. Clark ... Smorgasbord at A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush ... Chinese mixtures at HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton Place ... Typical American steaks at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush.

Theatre
★ ERLANGER—All My Sons, Arthur Miller’s commendable drama with Beth Merrill and Sidney Blackmer the starring protagonists.
★ SHUBERT—Annie Get Your Gun, smash musical success with Irving Berlin’s tunes and winsome Mary Martin.
★ HARRIS—Private Lives, Noel Coward’s urbane tertia-tertia with Tallullah Bankhead and Donald Cook battling for honors. For other possible attractions in the December running, check with local newspapers or This Week in Chicago, free publication available at all hotels.
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal ...

★ BRETTON'S. Max Bretton keeps busy hopping back and forth from Kansas City to St. Louis since opening his new place in the Lindy City. But the hired hands at the Baltimore address have learned their lessons well and the only thing you miss is Max's friendly greeting. Even the steaks have a Continental savor. Hotel Kings Way in St. Louis and 1215 Baltimore in Kansas City. HA 5773.

★ ADRIAN'S. Adrian Hooper brings many years of experience in preparing fine food to the Mart Cafe and Cocktail Lounge. If you don't find Mart building inhabitants in their glass enclosed cubicles you're sure to find them down in the Mart Cafe. Adrian is featuring complete dinners with chicken and steak. Two free parking lots on Grand just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6787.

★ BUSATIERI'S NEW YORKER. Amiable Jerry meets, greets and seats you, and chef Fanny Anderson treats you. A terrific combination, especially if Fanny's roast beef is prefaced by one of Jim Busatieri's very dry Martini's. The nicest way we know to spend a Friday afternoon is to go over to Busatieri's at lunch time and just stay there! 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. The waiters at the Savoy are as much a Kansas City landmark as the Savoy itself. These beaming, white-jacketed butlers are all running Methuselah a close race. But they're still courteous and spry and they serve your food and drink in the finest tradition. The lobster is perfect, but if you're not that hungry, try the fillet of sole or red snapper. A glance at the polite, well-dressed patrons assures the newcomer that the Savoy enjoys the finest possible reputation. If you don't believe it, ask your great, great grandfather! 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Be sure that your stomach's as big as your eyes, because everything looks so delectable you're liable to overload the tray. The Bluebird is air conditioned the year around, and "Pop" Wormington spares no effort in seeing that this attractively decorated place remains as clean and sanitary as your own home. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. Patsy and Lou Ventola, ably assisted by Vince White, have done a grand job with the Chophouse. If you want a taste thrill supreme, just order that chicken tetrazzini! Whatta dish! Lou has still to forget a name after hearing it just once, and the whole place is as friendly as Lou is. Do come down! East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

Class With a Glass ...

★ PUTSCH'S 210. Among the many gastronomic treats in store for you at the 210 are Colorado rainbow trout, air expressed in every other day, and succulent Maine lobster! The steak is the finest to be had in the Midwest, and what's more, complete dinners begin as low as two dollars. The Victorian Lounge in this chic, New Orleans style paradise is completely reserved at luncheon time for private parties...but call in your reservations a day ahead! Suave entertainment is furnished by Henry O'Neill on the piano and Dorothy Hacker at the organ. The glass be-muralled bar is a gorgeous sight and somehow the drinks take on a delightful Southern flavor. Owner Putsch has a real showplace and he's to be congratulated for a fine job of management. Drop in at the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side on maid's night out. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ CABANA. The Cabana's drinks and noonday luncheons are a real attraction, but so is pert and pretty Alberta Bird, WHB's staff entertainer. Alberta's superb musicianship and smooth stylings make her one of the Midwest's outstanding entertainers. The room bustles with Latinia dressed in glittering uniforms, but they never spills a drink! Cozy. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. A South-of-the-Borderish hide-away just downstairs from glamorous El Casbah. Gay and bright with JB music and no tax. The college set can always be seen here on the weekends, snatching a pleasant evening away from the rigors and pitfalls of the campus. Hotel Belle-rive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Give a frill a thrill! Take your lady love to the Omar's lush, plush surroundings. Or if you're a rugged he-man trying to get away from it all, sit at the circular bar where the girls aren't allowed. There are comfortable leather seats surrounding the bar, and a deck up you'll find tables for two, three or, make it a party! Charlie Gray does extraordinary things to the piano. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ RENDEZVOUS. If they ever start a Baltimore social register, they'll find plenty of prospects draped suavely over the bar sipping "Scotch ands" in regal fashion. The "elite of the street" (and we do mean Baltimore) have made the Rendezvous their favorite lair. If you're planning to swing a hundred thousand dollar deal over a drink, do it here and your business etiquette will be impeccable. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. It could be Trader Vic's in Honolulu with no stretch of the imagination. South
Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloud-burst—with lightning, thunder and all. The drinks are good and the tropical concoctions are smooth, smooth, slick, slick. Hammond music in the background and a sophisticated clientele. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Piano music and sometimes a song or two. There's a minute bar presided over by gentlemen in white jackets who know how to mix drinks . . . a rarity these days. Seats as comely as the davenport in your living room. If you don't have a living room, that's all the more reason for trying Zephyr. A step away from El Casbah if you care to trip a trot. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. On the Country Club Plaza, you could land on the roof of this popular southside restaurant and bar if you jumped from the top of Sears' new building. But why not go in the door with all the college kids and their moms and pops who come to sit on the sidewalks and watch them caviar? If you like to sing and are over 50, there's still fun for you because the kids will be much happier to have you in their songs. The man at the piano-solovox knows all the oldies and will gladly accompany any barbershop quartet. Fine steak . . . drinks are very, very strong. 614 W. 48th, LO 3393.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Downtown sister of the Plaza Royale. A mote more quiet and dignified, but boasting the same good food and drinks. Just the place for a lonely guy to spend an evening of fun. Music by Muzak. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7167.

Good Taste . . .

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Frank's downtown place is completely remodeled since the unfortunate fire of several weeks ago. An attractive and useful addition has been made. Frank now offers complete fountain service and those white collar guys and gals who are too busy to settle down for a nice luncheon can grab a sandwich and malt on the run. The Brush Creek place is still serving delicious fried chicken and is one of the very few fried chicken establishments in Kansas City that stays open the year around. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Filled with busy people, this cheery place puts you in the mood to go back to the office and tackle that pile of correspondence you've been dreading. Latest hit tunes by remote and by Alberta from the Cabana, and latest news by mimeo and by your plate. Just look like you're in a hurry and the waitress will come a-runnin'. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Joe Gilbert stands at the service window where chefs push the food through to the waitresses. He has a little control panel dotted with switches. These light multi-colored bulbs off to one side. A very complicated procedure, but the waitresses all seem to know what the pitch is, and when a certain combination of lights flashes on, you'll see one of them tear over to the window. Joe gives each plate his personal attention—even to the proper placement of a sprig of parsley. We let our excellent food grow cold the other night watching the deal. Good food, good service and 24 hours a day. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. Scarritt people don't even have to venture out of the building on these cold blustery days . . . they just take the elevator down to the annex. Not only does Mr. Glenn serve the finest oyster stew in town, but the thing we particularly like is the spotless, sanitary condition of the place. You watch your stew or chowder being prepared before your very eyes and the utensils and soup bowls are absolutely immaculate. Oh! That lemon pie! Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Very excellent hotel food served with dispatch. Paneled walls add to the atmosphere and the big leather seats and wide counter are real luxuries. Just the place to browse through your morning paper. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ UNITY INN. A unique and excellent eating place, surprisingly inexpensive. Meatless meals are almost miraculously prepared with the emphasis on tasty salads and incomparable pastries. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheons and dinners. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Playhouses . . .

★ THE PEANUT. Draught and bottled beer kept cold and served properly! The bartender has a little black mustache that deserves mention 'cause it's always so trim. Owner Louis Stone has a host of friends in Southtown who have been patronizing the place for 15 years. Try his delicious barbecue, or have wifey stop by with the ribs she just bought at the grocery, and Louis will have them barbecued by that out-of-this-world chef of his. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Pinky pachys above the bar really look like they're dancing when the shadows from the old time movies thrown against one wall fall upon them. A diminutive dancing spot and as friendly as a cocker puppy. The room size belies the drinks, because—as we've often said before—they're man-sized, brother! If you're staying at Frank Logan's State Hotel you'll certainly be in the vicinity of the Pink Elephant! A keen little place. Hotel State, between Wyandotte and Baltimore on 12th. GR 5310.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Joshua Johnson is king of the keys here—and for that matter, any
place else in town you might name! He plays a rooty rooty boogy with a real pleat that can't be beat. Dale Overfelt can provide delicious steak and chicken for your stomach's delight while Josh takes care of that blue mood. And when you get thirsty on Sunday, don't despair—he out to Broadway and down a couple after midnight so you can face that horrid desk come Monday morn. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

*DUFFY'S TAVERN.* Joe Hamm has a nice barbecue pit but he'd much rather sing you a song. The place is noisy, a little untidy and barrels of fun. Little Buck will sing for your supper or his—either way you want it. Two or three fellows mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There's a nostalgic quality about the songsters as they swing into old favorites from time to time. A hilarious evening and easy on the purse. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

*MARY'S.* Name bands are a regular feature here. Claude Thornhill and others of his class often stop for a night or two on their way across the country. This newly decorated dance mecca is now inside the city limits and observes the closing laws. But that doesn't mean you can’t have plenty of fun before one-thirty. Try the clever Alibi cocktail lounge. 8013 Wornall Road. JA 9441.

**Drive-Ins . . .**

**ALLEN'S DRIVE-INS.** Young and old, makes no difference—the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmmm! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. Flip your lights for outdoor service—or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 63rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas. AT 4528 or JA 9534.

**NUWAYS.** During these times of rising prices, C. L. Duncan has been doing a grand job of holding the line. His soft drinks and delicious sandwiches are as reasonable as ever. And they're doggoned good, to boot! The car hops are as perky and pretty as KC lasses should be and they are always Jonathan on the spot. A fine place for after the theatre—before, too! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

To See and Be Seen . . .

**EL CASBAH.** This famous supper club has offered the musical wares of many nationally known dance bands. Wayne Muir and his versatile, two-piano orchestra is the current attraction and has been since 'way last spring. Kansas Citians keep flocking to hear this outstanding band, and there's no doubt that the boys are on their way to the tip-top. An entertaining floor show and never a cover or minimum. The outstanding culinary treat is the Flaming Sword Dinner. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick, VA 7047.

**SOUTHERN MANSION.** Kansas Citians call it "Dee Peterson's Place," because the tow-headed boy has had such a long, successful engagement there. Host Johnny Franklin is Johnny-on-the-spot as you enter the door and he'll take care of you first rate. The Mansion is the perfect place for the perfect evening. Excellent food. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

**DRUM ROOM.** Just inside the door that's highlighted with a big, red drum you'll find a circular bar inhabited by two cylindrical bar men who know the tricks of the mix. Down a stumble or two is the Drum Room proper which is always pleasantly saturated with good music. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

**TERRACE GRILL.** December musical attraction at the Grill is Billy Bishop and his "Music from Mayfair." Billy has had many successful engagements at the world famous Mayfair in London, and also at the Savoy. Sophisticated, aristocratic and beautifully decorated. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

**Geomancy**

A SPECIAL profession known as geomancy has been the main reason why Koreans have not taken full advantage of the mining possibilities in the rugged hills and mountains of their country.

The selection of a proper grave for the deceased is in the hands of the geomancers. Because the graves are considered sacred, and because most of them are high in the hills, little mining could be done. The Korean landowners did not want to disturb the quiet of the graves and annoy the spirits of their forefathers.

Much thought is given to the selection of the proper place for burial, and a Korean will spend a large sum of money to hire geomancers to aid him in making this selection.

The mourning color of Korea is white, and the mourning period for a son is three years. It has been suggested that Koreans always wear white because of these long mourning periods. They last so long that the end of one period usually runs into another just starting.

But since 1933 things have changed and geomancy is having an increasingly tough time of it. Koreans have started to mine in the hills and mountains. The fever for gold has slowly grown stronger than the fear of the spirits who protect the graves of their forefathers.—Fred Fritch.
soon

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5,000 WATTS NIGHT
on
★ 710 KILOCYCLES
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