From the library of DONALD D. DAVIS
GIFT OF

Donald Dwight Davis

TO THE

Broadcast Pioneers Library

1771 N STREET, N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

April 1975
WHERE TO GO
WHAT TO SEE
IN KANSAS CITY

JANUARY 1945

25¢

“HUMAN... THAT'S TRUMAN” by Edward & Sloan Jr.
VICE PRESIDENT HENRY WALLACE
JOHN CHASE GEORGE WINTGENS HILDA SPAETH
Just for Food! ...

CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE — Linwood and Tracy. The walls here are decorated with blown-up reproductions of the illustrations in Paul Wellman’s book, “Trampling Herd.” Also worth seeing is a mural on the east wall of the old cattle trails, with reproductions of many famous cattle brands. All quite in keeping with the spirit of the Ranch House, and interesting in their own right. Likewise, the food. No entertainment (except a juke box), no drinks, just good solid food. Mr. Griffith is trail boss out here; and you may see Fred Ott or Tom Devine wandering in and out from time to time. They’re co-owners. That’s right, Tom is Andy Devine’s brother.

DICK’S BAR-B-Q — “Up the Alley” — 12th, between Wyandotte and Central. Duck into the alley — and there it is — a big bright dining room that once was a gambler’s den. You’ll recognize it outside by its several stained glass panels, and inside by the barbecue oven. The oven is just inside the door, and those logs are real hickory. They keep ‘em stacked in the main room. The cook will open up the oven, too, to show you chickens browning lusciously over the smoke, or maybe it will be ham or beef. They grind their own meats here, and the chili is excellent. For atmosphere there are checked tablecloths, old show bills plastered all over the walls, and Dick Stone, his co-owner here, with Jimmy Nixon. The place is open from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., and if you drop around after the theatre, you’ll probably catch the stars of any production that’s in town, eating sauerkraut and barbecu. There’s a piano for anyone who feels the urge. No liquor.

EL NOPAL — on West 13th — opposite Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral. The darnnest nook-and-cranny you ever saw, with some of the finest Mexican food in town! It’s just a plain little frame house, with two tiny rooms filled with tables, folding chairs, a heating stove, and a big juke box. The walls are hung with flashy Latin pictures that must have been salvaged from old calendars. A friendly black-eyed girl brings in your order — and we suggest that you choose the “combination.” This gives you tortillas, enchiladas, tacos, and beans or rice. Or you may want tamales — with the prints of real corn shucks still in the cornmeal part — or some chili. Go easy with their sauce, too; it burns! The cute child who stirs around corners at you is Suzanne. (The spelling is ours.)

GREEN PARROT INN — 52nd and State Line. One of the nicer excuses for taking a little drive. Mrs. Dowd maintains an establishment of real quality, with excellent food served skillfully in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms are softly dressed, linens and silver are company best. Families like it for something a little special. And the fried chicken is extra-special. You’d be wise to have reservations. Call Mrs. Dowd at LO. 5912.

KING JOY LO — 8 West 12th — upstairs. Chinese cooks produce dishes of some authenticity in this amiable restaurant where Don Toy presides. They feature chop sueys, plain or fancied up with shrimp or other items; chow mein; egg foo yung; and a really excellent soup. Also fried rice that’s rather rapturous. Tea, too, of course, and rich little almond cookies. If none of these strike your fancy, there are American dishes available. It’s fun, if you can get there first, to sit at a window table and watch Kansas City go by, up and down Main or 12th Street. The furnishings are in character, and you’ll like the tables — heavy carved affairs with marble center.

TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD — 9 East 45th. You’ll find it a few blocks west of the Gallery, just off Main. It’s a hushed and splendid old house, filled with fireplaces, oak beams, and a sweeping staircase. Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher, a couple of genial ladies who know their business, have created and maintained a reputation for good food, well prepared and neatly served. Their waiters have lovely manners, and they’re quick. Fried chicken is the feature, presented in its proper setting — snowy linen, bright silver, bits of Spode—all sedate and genial, gently Victorian, and really very nice. Capacity is around 125, but you must have reservations. Phone WEstport 7700.

CITY HALL • KANSAS CITY

WEISS' CAFE—1215 Baltimore. The only place in downtown Kansas City where you find crisp golden potato pancakes, chopped livers, and Gefilte fish. It’s a big, busy restaurant that features kocher-style cooking. Marinated herring, cheese blintzes with sour cream, Jewish soups and matzos balls, rich and complicated pies — they’re all on the bill of fare, along with meats, chicken, and hearty breads. It’s a family restaurant, especially on Sundays, and only about half the crowds are Jewish. The gentleman who hustles a table for you will probably be Mr. Weiss.

WESTWARD-HO!—114 ”Famous Old West 12th Street.” Gather round, you buckeroos, that’s meat in them thar sandwiches! This new landmark on the old Westport Trail features Kansas City steaks, ”Trail Boss Size”; Dodge City Double veal chops, ”As
SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SWING
"An Apparatus for Recreation"

ONE YEAR $3.00
Add $1.00 for Foreign or Canadian postage.

Enclosed find ........................................... Dollars for which send Swing to:

Name ..........................................................

Address ......................................................
(Include Zone Number) ....................................

Name ..........................................................

Address ......................................................
(Include Zone Number) ....................................

SWING, 1120 Scarritt Bldg., Kansas City 6, Missouri
For Food and a Drink...

BROADWAY INTERLUDE—3543 Broadway. If you can pass the bar, crowd on back and watch Joshua Johnson make double talk on the ivories. The piano is enthroned under some kind of fancy black light that's supposed to enhance the black magic of Johnson's boogie-woogie. You can stay home and listen to his records (Decca); but it's more fun to come down to Jimmy Welsh's for a pleasant interlude with food, drink, and entertainment. Dinner, cooked by John Cannon, is from 5:30 to 11:00.

COlony restaurant—1106 Baltimore. One of the newer spots about town. Beyond the plushy rug, the curving staircase, and the palm tree, you'll find a long lounge flanked by a bar. Jack Brown mixes any kind of a drink you ask for; Arlene Terry plays your favorite tunes, any time after five; and Manager Phil Davis or Mrs. Davis sees that everybody's happy. Colony Club chicken and steak dinners are served till nine; the kitchen stays open till midnight. Luncheons, too; delicately priced to just 65 cents.

Swing
'An apparatus for recreation'

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25¢ in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions United States and Canada $3.00 a year; everywhere else $4.00. Application for second class entry pending. Copyright, 1944, by Donald Dwight Davis. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in the U. S. A.

Editor
Jetta Carleton

Publisher
Donald Dwight Davis

VOL. 1 JANUARY, 1945 NO. 1

Articles

HUMAN—That's Truman! Edward R. Schauffler 3
A $500,000,000 Program Alfred P. Sloan, Jr. 41
The Trend of the Times
Vice-President Henry Wallace 31
Americanism Upton Close 9
The Chamber and the Super-New Deal
Frank A. Theis 17
One Sparrow Does Not Make the Summer
Cedric Foster 25
What John Smith Thinks of Hans Schmitt
Cecil Brown 51
Adductors I Have Met Dorothea Spaeth 5
The Kid Next Door Bill Cunningham 13
Hitch Your Theatre to a Star Edith J. R. Isaacs 47
Planned Education Frank Singiser 11
Doubling Back John Reed King 29
Senators for the Nation Stanley Dixon 22
When Will the War With Germany End? Billy Repaid 55
Whose News Do You Believe? Ray Dady 57

Miscellanies

The Penny Jar Jane Potterfield 12
Pigeons George F. MacGill 24
Ruby Is a Gem Hannah Fry 67

Pictures

Early American—George Washington Square 8
Local Boy—Vice-President Elect Harry S. Truman 33
Stage and Screen Scenes Center Pages
Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter 36

Our Town Topics

Ports of Call Inside Front Cover
January's Heavy Dates 2
Philharmonotes 59
Editorial 68
THEATRE
Dec. 31—SONS O' FUN, out of Olsen and Johnson, New Year's Eve Performance. 11:00 P. M. Music Hall.
Jan. 6-7—BALLETT RUSSE. Matinee both days at 2:30. Music Hall.
Jan. 10-11—REBECCA. Music Hall.
Jan. 18-21—LIFE WITH FATHER. Matinee, Saturday, Sunday. Music Hall.
Jan. ??—Resident Theatre Play (title to be announced).

MUSIC
Jan. 2-3—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Efrem Kurtz conducting. Jan Peerce. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.
Jan. 5—Lauritz Melchior. Music Hall.
Jan. 8—Fisk Singers (St. Stephens Baptist Church). Music Hall.
Jan. 14—Pop Concert. David Van Vactor conducting. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.
Jan. 16-17—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Alexander Murray, Violinist; Zara Nelsova, Violoncellist. 8:30 P. M. Music Hall.
Jan. 28—Pop Concert. Efrem Kurtz conducting. 3:30 P. M. Music Hall.
Jan. 30-31—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. William Kapell. 8:30 P. M. Music Hall.
January Sundays: Conservatory Student Recitals, or recorded programs, Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Gallery of Art.

LECTURES
Jan. 29—Dr. Alfred Noyes (Town Hall Series). Music Hall.

ART EVENTS
William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art: January Exhibit, Kansas City Camera Club. WEDNESDAYS at 8:00 P. M.: lectures by Miss Hughes or Miss Jackson, on Persian pottery, Sung pottery, Renaissance-Baroque pottery, and European pottery of the 18th Century. Atkins Auditorium. FRIDAYS at 7:30 P. M.: informal talks on special exhibitions.

Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design: January Exhibit, Paintings and sketches done overseas by former students now in the armed forces. Contributions from New Guinea, North Africa, Italy. No charge. Week days 9-5; Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings 7 to 9:30.

CONVENTIONS
Jan. 2-4—Western Association of Nurserymen.
Jan. 4-5—Midwest Feed Manufacturers' Association.
Jan. 6-7—Allied Clothiers and Jobbers.
Jan. 7-8—Bandwagon of Infants', Children and Girls' Wear.
Jan. 7-10—Heart of America Men's Apparel Show.
Jan. 11-12—Nutrena Mills.
Jan. 15-18—Central States Salesmen's Association.
Jan. 21-25—Kansas City Toilet Goods Show.
Jan. 21-25—Kansas City Gift Show.
Jan. 29-31—Western Retail Implement & Hardware Association.

SPORTS
PLA-MOR PLAY
Roller Skating: Kids' Matinee—Saturdays. Popular matinee, Sundays; rink open to public each evening.
Ice Skating: Saturday and Sunday matinees. Open each night. Instructions by pro's.

DANCING
Tuesday, Friday evenings—"Over 30" nights. Tom and Kate Beckham. Pla-Mor Ballroom.

(Continued on page 61)
HUMAN—that’s Truman!

...by EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

Some facts in the case of the Vice-President Elect, reported by one who knew him when

I SAT in an army tent at Camp Pike, Arkansas, one morning in August, 1933, with Harry S. Truman, reducing the contents of a bottle of Tom Pendergast’s 20-year-old whiskey. Pendergast had given it to Truman to carry to camp with him. Truman was then a reserve colonel of field artillery, I a reserve major of infantry.

As the excellent whisky began to mellow our bones and certain barriers, I said to Harry, “Tell me. You’re a conscientious public official. How does it happen that you gang with the Pendergast organization?”

Truman said: “All right, I’ll tell you. I believe you can get further working inside an organization than you can shying rocks at it from the outside. Indeed, you can’t get anywhere in politics around Kansas City unless you work with the machine. I know it has done a lot of wrong things. But some of us are trying to make it do better and we’re not in despair yet.”

Three years later Boss Pendergast pleaded guilty to a federal income tax charge and went to federal prison for a year. All the rats and weasels who had been living out of his pocket for years rushed nervously into the limelight and cried: “My Gawd, how perfectly terrible, Mr. Pendergast doing thataway! Well, you can bet your bottom dollar I for one shall never have anything more to do with him.”

Truman was by that time junior United States Senator from Missouri. He merely remarked that he’d never had much use for rats that fled from a sinking ship which had been their home for years. It was a somewhat cryptic remark and not amplified.

I have known Harry Truman for a quarter of a century, like him and respect him. He’s a better than average public official. A decade ago he said there were too many counties in Missouri (there were and still are 114 of them) and that considerable money could be saved the taxpayers if some of the counties were merged. He knew what he was talking about. For several years he had been presiding judge of the Jackson County Court, in which are included Kansas City and Truman’s home town of Independence. County judge in Missouri is county commissioner. There are three of them; they disburse county funds and have no judicial duties.

Truman was a farm and small town boy. He wanted to go to West Point, but his eyes weren’t good enough. He joined the Missouri National Guard instead. When the Guard went to the Mexican Border in June, 1916, Truman went along as a bat-
tery first lieutenant. He was a good one, able and popular. He was captain of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, when his regiment went to France, and a major when the Armistice was signed. He never misses a reunion of Battery D. He flew to Washington after election to take part in the President's welcoming, and flew back the next day for the reunion of Battery D on Armistice Day. There the Vice-President-elect played the piano while his buddies sang "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" and similar dainty ditties.

When Harry came home after the First World War, he started a haberdashery. It was a good store. The only trouble was that all the proprietor's old army friends from miles away swarmed in to buy goods on credit. He was lucky if they didn't want five dollars, besides. So the haberdashery folded up. Truman could have taken bankruptcy. Instead, he devoted thirteen years to paying off the debts of his store.

He has held only two political jobs—presiding judge of the county court and United States Senator, since 1934. He has an unusually pleasant personality and can take ribbing. I wrote to him after he was nominated for Vice-President. I told him: "About three-quarters of the people who have been buming you for political jobs for ten years are now wringing their hands and crying, 'My God, what if Harry Truman should become President of the United States!' Personally, I am philosophical about that possibility. After all, any nation that can survive Harding ought to be able to take Truman in its stride. Send me your picture, please."

He sent the picture with a friendly inscription, and a note saying he was glad to hear from me, but he did wish I could have found it in my heart to compare him with somebody besides Harding! Coolidge, maybe, or Hoover.

Human, that's Harry Truman. He never went to college, but he was endowed at birth with common sense and a higher degree of intelligence than plenty of people with high degrees.

JUNK DE LUXE

A Kansas City junk dealer has airplane wings for sale—three big yellow ones, complete with official U. S. Army insignia. Price $15 each. Coming in on a second-hand wing and a prayer!

JUVENALIA

A youngster we know came home the other day with a pretty rocky looking report card. "Oh, dear!" his mother said. "What is the trouble now?"

"No trouble," Junior said. "You know how it is yourself; things are always marked down after the holidays!"

AND USUALLY THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

A man can hide all things, excepting twain—that he is drunk, and that he is in love.—Antiphanes.
MORE women than you may think were born with the form divine—or a reasonable facsimile. Take a look in your full length mirror. What gives with that body of yours? I mean its general contours. If what’s wrong with you is too many chocolate-marshmallow sundaes or glands or Junior on the way, that’s none of my business. But granted your legs, arms, tummy, bozoom, etc., all add up to more or less the right proportions, per your height, there is a more or less sporting chance that you have—or can have—the form more or less divine.

It all depends on your adductors. Now an adductor is not something that climbs up a ladder and snatches your child to hold for ransom. An adductor happens to be a muscle. Don’t ask me how it happened. It just did. And up and down your back are several of these muscles, located at strategic points. They’re the ones that keep you in shape. What shape is up to the way you use them.

You see, your body is divided into two vertical halves. Right half and left half. The way some women get around, you’d think Right Half wasn’t on speaking terms with Left Half, or never the twain had met. That’s because the adductors aren’t being used for their designed purpose. And that is—to hold together the two vertical halves of your body, and keep it a compact, neat little bundle of firm-toned-up muscles.

A clam has adductors. That’s how you can tell a live fresh clam from one that’s dead or beginning to be. The adductors keep the clam shells pinched together tightly at the lips. And the adductors keep your two halves hanging together gracefully from the ears. If they don’t, that may be the difference between you and someone who’s vitally alive. You probably don’t fancy being compared to a clam. Neither do I. But can I help it if we both have adductors? That I can’t, but I can help those adductors. And judging from some of the adductors I have met, they need help.

Adductors condition your posture. Don’t let that word scare you away. Posture can be a boring exercise. It can mean standing up what you think is straight and feeling like a cross between an Egyptian mummy and a grain bag with arms and legs. It can also mean poise. A happier outlook. A lovelier look.

And that’s why you decide every now and then to be conscientious and take the advice of popular posture pointers. And that’s where you, like the best laid plans of mice and men, may gang aft agley. And I do mean go awry! There are five of these

Adductors I Have Met

By DOROTHEA SPAETH

A dancer’s answers on how to muscle in on body beauty.
pointers that can get you in trouble. They’re the ones you hear about most often, and they all mean well, but followed literally, and in isolation, they can certainly play hell with your otherwise nice figger.

The first thing you are told to do is, “Hold up your head.” It seems the tendency of most of us is to let the head droop forward like a tired dahlia. And when you decide to look alive—up goes the chin, back goes the head, jam go the top vertebrae—and you get a stiff neck, possibly a headache. The chin-up girl is usually the one who thinks book balancing is a good posture exercise, too. It’s worth less than nothing—unless you know what you’re up to. It’s so easy to thrust the head forward, all out of line, and walk for blocks with The History of Rome Hanks perfectly balanced.

Then they tell you, “Throw back your shoulders.” It’s a good command. But what usually happens is that you put up a good front, extend the chest, and go wagging your tail behind you. You have a bad list. And the mere throwing back of the shoulders is no cure for roundness. The chest goes out, the shoulders stay round. Or you go to the other extreme and pinch your blades together till it hurts.

The third popular pointer is, “Tuck your hips under.” That’s what the slick chicks used to do when slick chicks were flappers. That was the debutante slouch—the hips swung under and thrust forward, the knees too much bent, and the top part of the body getting there last.

Then they say, “Point your toes.” Too many women think this means lead with the toe and walk like a ballerina in the first part of “Swan Lake.” That’s what they look like, too, sans white feathers and sequins, and it’s pretty silly. Touching the toes first gives you a mincing affected gait. And the man in your life is likely to give you the gate.

Last of those posture guides is, “Walk on a straight line.” Try it and see. Unless you know what you’re doing, unless all the rest of your body is perfectly lined up, you’ll be walking pigeon toed, knocking your knees, or swinging around yourself with a rolling, intricate movement that reminds me of a really splendid Holstein my father once owned.

It’s not a very pretty picture, this result of following the five point plan. And maybe you’re screaming, “But what do I do, if I don’t hold up my head, throw back my shoulders, etc., etc., etc.?” The answer is—adduct, dearie, adduct! You have adductor-muscles between your shoulder blades, in your lower back, in your buttocks, and immediately below the buttocks in the back thigh. Use ‘em! Tune them up! Pull yourself together! Pull those adductors together all the way up and down your back—and they’ll straighten your shoulders, tuck your hips under just enough, bring your knees together and correctly turned out, and keep your pelvis straight.

After long experience with postures—other people’s and my own—I’ve decided the five important posture points lie in the center of
gravity, pelvis, chest, shoulders and head.

Now here's what you do. First, feel your total weight correctly lined up over the middle of the arch, and equally distributed over three points of your feet—under the big toe, under the little toe, and in the center of the heel. Sort of a three point landing.

Then adduct those muscles in the buttocks and thigh. Pinch them together—and watch the way your legs straighten and your hips get narrower.

Then lift your chest slightly, on a high contraction, suck in your tummy, and pull up. That's awfully important. Suck in—and pull up!

Now pinch your shoulder blades together. No, no, not that hard! Just till they feel comfortably flat and you can breathe better.

And now for your head. Don't just hold it up. Pull it back! Pull it back from the base of the neck. The Javanese and certain others of the species can move the head back and forth from the base of the neck, from left to right and vice-versa! Surely you can accomplish the simple corrective of pulling it back in line with your straight shoulders.

And now, neatly stacked, you should be able to drop a plumb line smack from your ears to your ankle bones, passing directly across your shoulder, center-side of your knee, and center-side of your hip. You can't do it, though, unless those key muscles in four places of your back-side are working. And if they are, you'll probably be rid of those round shoulders, that bulging middle, those bow legs. You may have congenital defects, but I doubt it. Most of the bad figures aren't born—they're made. So are the good ones—and by better people.

A family with a summer cottage in a Wisconsin wilderness habitually paid the requested price of 50 cents to an Indian for a milk pail brimful of blueberries. But one day last summer he suddenly grunted in protest and upped the price to a dollar.

"Why?" they asked in amazement.

"Hell of a big war some place;" was his laconic reply.

—from "Houn Dog."

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

—James Russell Lowell.

A colored preacher was trying to explain the fury of Hades to his congregation.

"You all has seen molten iron runnin' out from a furnace, ain't you?" he asked.

The congregation said it had.

"Well," the preacher continued, "dey uses dat stuff fo' ice cream in de place I'm talking 'bout."

A man from the mountains came up to the post office riding a mule.

"How much for the mule," asked a native.

"An even $100," said the man.

"I'll give you $5," said the native.

The rider dismounted saying: "Stranger, the mule's yours. I ain't a-gonna let $95 stand between me and a mule trade."
EARLY AMERICAN

George Washington looks down upon the Square. Behind him streamliners and troop trains pass on their way to coasts and borders.

—Gertrude Freyman
Upton Close on “Americanism”

"Freedom of individual initiative" has made America great . . . and while it’s not a "state of perfection," we seem to overcome difficulties as they arise.

In an effort to clarify some of our catch words, let's take the word “Americanism.” Instead of being an empty word for orators, Americanism is really and factually just the difference between life in the United States of America and life in Europe or Asia today. Viewed in that light, you can take your stand on whether or not you want Americanism for yourself.

Americanism is an historical development. In Jefferson's day it meant a farmer community in which men were more prosperous and happy than in the peasant communities of old Europe whence they came, simply because they were not government-ridden and were given the freedom of individual initiative in America which was denied to them in Europe. In our day Americanism means an industrial community which, since the invention of the automobile, has pioneered forty new basic industries while all the rest of the world has pioneered just one—that one being rayon. This is simply because the American inventor and investor and workman were not government-ridden but were given the freedom of individual initiative in America which was denied in Asia and Europe. If you want a factual report of the difference between products and industry and the lives of workmen in one system and in the other, read William L. White's new book, "Report on Russia," the first installment of the condensed version of which appears in the December Reader's Digest.—But read the whole thing!

Americanism is not a state of perfection, but a process of overcoming difficulties as they arise. It is the process of overcoming both surpluses and dearths of production in industrial articles. Americanism is the business of applying brains and effort to overcoming both booms and depressions; but it is overcoming these extremes while conserving what we have got, not while destroying everything with debt and political chicanery and emotional violence. Europeanism and Asianism have the problems of boom and depression, surplus and dearth, too—although a good deal more depression and dearth than boom and surplus. The difference between the distress and destruction which Europe and Asia have so far got into as they go about solving these problems, and our present condition, still, in this country, is the difference between Europeanism and Asianism on the one hand, and Americanism on the other. It is the difference between bosses who can be popularly influenced and controlled and regulated, because they are called capitalists and industrialists, and bosses that cannot be pop-
ularly controlled and influenced, because they are called dictators and bureaucrats.

Americanism is not isolationism from the world’s joys and the world’s strifes. But it is protecting America from floods of destructive and aggressive ideas pouring in here just as much as from armies of aggressive soldiers coming to attack this continent—which our boys have gone out all over the world to protect against. Our founders did try to isolate us—not from the world, but from conquests and greeds and destructions. They thanked God and geography for aid in this. Since we certainly benefit from the ideas and work of the founders of Americanism—even if we have been here only part of one generation—it is rather important and it is but fair that we go back and examine those ideas, instead of falling victims to a propaganda of despising them—without even understanding them.

Now, Americanism in Jefferson’s and Madison’s day was strictly staying out of Europe’s wars and fighting neither Britain nor France unless in self-protection only. Americanism in our day is standing strong and capable on our own feet to protect ourselves without having to choose the lesser of evils as an ally because we are afraid to stand alone. Added to this, Americanism is, now, even as it was to Jefferson, the constant sympathy with victims of aggression everywhere, and the constant desire to join with others who feel that way in organized efforts to protect the peaceable fellow from the man with the strong arm, on the basis of justice.—But not on the basis that might makes right, whether that be in India or in Poland or anywhere else. Americanism is the effort to create an international sense of justice expressed in an international code of law to which all nations and peoples of all colors, big and little, have equal appeal. Americanism is not the small boy spirit of joining the strongest gang just for the privilege of being a member. Let’s get that straight! Instead, America is the adult spirit of saying—“I know what my conscience says. Now you join me!”

Americanism in relation to world conflicts is the willingness to take the risk in peacetime to put out small fires of strife about the world, not the indifference of waiting until wartime and then rushing into strife as our emotions dictate. Americanism is being alert and cooperative fireman in the world, not a sleepy, semi-intelligent giant to be called into action each time, to the side of those who have the strongest ties of old friendship, or are most vociferous.

As now, in and after victory, economic and political rivalries will arise between the reduced number of great world powers, particularly between Britain and Russia—that is the kind of Americanism that is going to be more precious than all the gold in Kentucky, and only a man who has never read a history and does not now read the news bulletins can believe they will not arise.
PLANNED EDUCATION

By FRANK SINGISER

MOST mothers and fathers of American school children do not realize it, but something of a battle royal is now going on among the educators of the United States. It concerns the manner in which our young men and women are being educated—and the kind of steps that should be taken to bring our educational system up to date.

Colleges are being charged with hanging on to antiquated admission requirements—requirements which are forcing high schools and other secondary schools to teach certain subjects so that their students may enter colleges. The high schools, on the other hand, are being accused of failing to take responsibility for deciding which students should go to college and which, instead, should be given technical training for particular trades.

The President of Harvard University, Dr. James Conant, believes that it is time we realize that not all children have the scholastic aptitude for a college course. He thinks we should recognize that some children should go to college and others should go to schools which give them a thorough training in trades at which they later will have to make their living.

This is a subject loaded with dynamite—but one which directly concerns America's future. Parents are fortunate when a child shows a preference for some particular profession or trade while still at an early age. But this is not always the case; in fact, more often than not, the opposite is true. If you doubt this, look at the large number of young persons entering college with no idea in the world of what profession or trade they intend to pursue after their graduation. Too many young persons "just happen" to drift into a particular line of business—either because they obtained their first jobs in that line of business, or because they thought it might be interesting work. They do not realize at the time how easy it is to become a square peg in a round hole—and when they reach the age where they do realize it, it is often too late to do anything about it.

At first glance, the solution seems very simple. Why not have the high schools decide which students should take the regular college courses and which should go to the technical schools that teach the trades in which those students have shown an aptitude? Under such a plan, a record would be kept of the child's inclinations from the day he first entered elementary school. And then, before graduation from high school, certain especially appointed educators would assign the students to the various colleges and technical schools.

But that is where the problem first starts. How would you handle the many cases where the parents would disagree with the school's choice? And how about the opposition of those who insist that it is the right of the parents to chart the courses of their children—and not the right of the State? And what about the young person whose own preference might run contrary to the results of the aptitude tests?

No, it is a problem which lacks an easy solution. But it is a problem that many feel must be solved. And it cannot be solved unless the educators themselves can agree on what should be done, and how it should be done.
"THE PENNY JAR"

By

JANE PORTERFIELD

of "True Romances" Magazine
. Broadcasting over Mutual . .

W e Americans are funny people. We go ahead and matter-of-factly do something for a long time, taking it for granted, and then it dawns on us that we've built up a tradition! Little things, usually, which embody big principles.

One small, homely but significant tradition you'll find in most homes is the penny jar. Maybe you don't call it that at your house. Maybe you have a china pig or a tin toy bank. In my house, it's an empty glass jar; so no one can have any illusions about how much is in it.

Go into most kitchens and you'll find the penny jar. It's on a low shelf, where the children can reach it. There's never a lid nor top on it; it stands open. Everyone puts his spare pennies in it—from Dad and Mother to the smallest small fry. Everyone is entitled to dip into it in an emergency. It is a point of pride and honor not to take out five cents today if you've contributed only two cents yesterday. Of course Dad might drop in a nickel or dime or even a magnificent quarter, but Dads are lordly things.

The modest penny jar stands for a great deal in American home life. It bespeaks the equality of each member of the family, to give and to take. It stands for sharing. It's thrift, and foresight, and responsibility, and spells for the youngsters a feeling of safety. The fact that the penny jar really does meet many a small emergency is the least of its values.

One of my listeners wrote in to me about this problem of sharing responsibility among the members of the family. A widow, she had four children, and could not control the eldest, a sixteen-year-old boy. Joey was running wild, in with the wrong crowd—not a bad boy but lacking the proper outlet for his youthful energy. Like so many children and young people today, he was upset by the chaotic impact of war.

Joey refused hands down to do his part at home. Of course, had he had a father, all this might never have started. I suggested that the mother find in the community a sort of "substitute father" for Joey. A man leading and guiding a group of boys, or an understanding minister, or a neighbor who might take Joey under his wing. Some time went by after I made this suggestion. I waited, wondering what was happening.

About a month later, the mother wrote me again. Joey has joined a neighborhood group of boys, she wrote. A middle-aged man, whose own sons are all grown, organized the group and is running it. He combats juvenile delinquency by giving teen-age boys something they really want to do. We need more such groups—for all the Joeys; and to keep society decent for ourselves and our children.
The Kid Next Door

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

Mr. Cunningham's tribute to Captain Lisbon appeared originally in The Boston Herald; and has been published in beautiful gift book form by Hale, Cushman and Flint of Boston. It is here reprinted in its entirety—a heart-warming "true story" of families bound by war in new-found ties of sympathy, solace, prayer and faith.

I

THE kid next door was the nearest thing to my personal fighting man in this particular war. I saw him grow up. I was one of his character references when he applied for admission to the Army Air Corps. Because his mother and father are good friends and good neighbors, I was able to follow him closely and proudly as he won his wings, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and eventually emerged as the Pilot of a Flying Fortress, expertly trained and ready to go.

His mother and his dad were over at my house the night he called and said, "This is it. We're flying at dawn." How he got the call through, or whether he should have, I never knew and it makes no difference now. But that meant England and the war over Germany.

He was in the thick of it before his folks knew it, and evidently he didn't want them to know it. His letters were brief, but light hearted. They said nothing about any danger. It's now pretty evident that from two raids he brought back planes shot so completely to pieces that they had to be scrapped, and on at least one of these, he had dead and wounded aboard.

That one got into the newspapers. The London edition of Stars and Stripes featured it, and evidently figuring he'd better say something about it, he wrote his mother, "I guess you've read about our ship, but we have a new one now and everything's swell."

II

Evidently it was swell for only so long, for a subsequent letter said he was leading the life of a duke, or some such, in a wonderful rest camp, that the food was great and the countryside beautiful.

He didn't say anything about having been shot up so badly over one of the hottest of those September targets that he had to crash land in the sea, where the crew took to life rafts and was listed as missing for five days before it got back to its base. That's why they were at the rest camp; they were recuperating.

But all at once there was no mail of any sort. The days began to run far past the number usually marked
by his letters. I could see his mother’s face getting drawn and his father’s hand tremble a little as he lighted his pipe, but neither mentioned what I knew was inside.

We kidded and talked about casual things. As nearly as they could figure, he was about to fly his twenty-fourth mission. One more and he’d be on his way home. His letters had been looking forward to that.

Toward the end of October came the dread telegram. His mother was at home alone when it arrived. It said the War Department regretted to announce that Captain Dexter Lishon, U.S.A.A.F., had been missing in action since October 8.

That’s the first they knew that he’d been promoted to Captain. We lost thirty-nine planes on October 8, and sixty the next day over Schweinfurt. That’s the first time our fliers ran into the new rocket guns of the enemy.

The father came home from his office. The neighbors and friends gathered as word spread by telephone. The sons, the daughters, the brave little bride who’d been so proud of the wings that gleamed on his tunic, all came to what amounts to the family homestead.

There was no weeping nor wailing. Neither was there any of this “chin-up-stout-fella” business. There was Deckie’s picture on the piano where it always had been. There was a tenseness, of course, a tenseness that many another American home has known, and many another will know.

III

But here is where the story goes beyond the reach of any words of mine. The Lishons are straight-grained Yankee stock, Lester, the pater familias, being a native of Maine.

The Navigator of Deckie’s crew was a Jewish boy from the other side of town, maybe a better side for all I know, but what I mean is that the families in the ordinary course of events never would have heard of each other. The Tail Gunner, an enlisted man, and the cited hero of a previous mission, had a bride in Lynn.

A Polish lad, a member of the ground crew that serviced the plane, has a mother in Allston. She works in a war plant. The wife of the Major, who seems to be the personnel officer at that still unnamed field, lives in Waban.

I don’t know how many more of the crew, and those close to it, have relatives in this immediate vicinity, but because of this common bond, because their sons and brothers and husbands were a crew, a team, daring death shoulder to shoulder in foreign skies, the families here have been drawn together as if they were relatives.

Regardless of race, religion, status in life, they’ve been pulled close together—closer than relatives. They’ve been drawn together as Americans.

Polish, Jewish, Yankee, what not, they’ve become firm friends by telephone. They’ve read their letters to each other. They’ve pooled their
news and hopes and prayers. They've been sympathetic with one another and solicitous of one another.

For instance, Lester, with the dread missing-in-action wire in his hand, called the Tail Gunner's wife in Lynn. From her cheery “Hello,” and “Oh, how are you, Mr. Lishon?” he instantly knew she'd had no bad news.

So he merely said, “I wondered if you'd heard anything new from Bill. We're getting ready to send Deckie's Christmas package, and he's such a bum correspondent, I wondered if the address is the same.” He had tears in his eyes as he said it, but he held his voice as steady as a radio announcer's.

Later that day, the girl called him. She was crying, but she, too, had matters under control. “I now know why you called me this morning,” she said. “I've just got my telegram, too. Thanks so much for letting me be happy just a few hours more.”

“Don't give up,” Lester said as if to one of his own daughters. “There's still hope. There'll always be hope.”

IV

There was hope and there's hope in this story for all similar families everywhere. There were days of waiting, of course, while the families got in touch with the Red Cross and did what they could. Then came word that somebody named “Shorty,” who'd been on the same raid, said he saw the plane in trouble, saw the crew bail out of it and all ten parachutes open.

It wasn't clear from this report what happened to the plane, over what country it happened, whether he saw the men land, or even definitely who he was. It wasn't much, but it was something.

Finally came a letter to the wife of the Major in Waban. It said, “Call the Lishons and tell them not to worry about Dexter.” That's all he said. Maybe he couldn't say more, but that word was promptly relayed to the other families.

Then one morning a post card came from New York. It was just a plain penny post card, but millions couldn't have paid for the news that it brought. It was addressed to “The Parents of Capt. Dexter Lishon,” with the correct street address, not an easy one, either, given.

The card explained that the writer, who said his name was Sanford Lowe, made a hobby of listening to
short wave radio broadcasts from Berlin.

On one of these they announce the names and serial numbers of their new prisoners of war, and the previous night, he said, he had heard the name of Capt. Dexter Lishon, the serial number, which he repeated and which was accurate to the last digit, and his home address—the one which had correctly brought the post card.

V

I don't know what this German radio program is. Probably it's a scheme of the diabolical Goebbels to trick Americans into listening to his unhallowed preachments, but this patient New Yorker was evidently out-smarting the Nazi from a distance of nearly four thousand miles.

Discarding all else, he listened, and so far as I venture to judge, still listens, only for the names, serial numbers and home addresses of the Eagles With Clipped Wings and the other American lads officially behind the enemy wire.

And then, as a labor of love, he sends the word winging to the address he has heard. This was the 2943rd message he'd sent, he said, and he is herewith nominated for some civilian facsimile of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But here was hope—real hope.

The news was quickly sent speeding the rounds.

Shortly came official wires to all the families. These were from the government. All the boys were officially registered prisoners of war.

The families were free to assume that they all got down safely, although no details were given. These sometime would follow. Sometime, too, they'd all be home again.

War is war, and in it, gallant lads such as these, and yours, must, perforce, take their chances.

But the story of the families behind them, these and others all over the land, bound in new-found ties of sympathy, solace, prayer and faith because their lads are in those skies, or those foxholes, shoulder to shoulder, regardless of faith or creed or social strata, should, please God, build a better, a more human, a more unified America.

If there's any balm in Gilead, this is it.

On my first stay in Samoa I undertook to give a lesson in Basic English to an aged native reclining beneath a coco palm.

Pointing to a marine cleaning his carbine, I said "Man."

The native repeated, "Man."

Pleased, I pointed to the palm. "Tree."

I announced.

He echoed, "Tree."

Just then a plane roared overhead.

Pointing, I asked, "What?"

The native stood up, squinted and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a PB 2Y, but it might be a B-24."

—Buzz Saw.

Mother: "I'm so glad, twins, you're sitting quietly and not disturbing daddy while he has his nap."

Twins: "Yes, mummy, we're watching his cigarette burn down to his fingers."
The Chamber and the Super-New Deal

By FRANK A. THEIS

"Farmers don't need a wheelchair fabricated of government benefits," says the new President of the K. C. Chamber of Commerce. "But business, agriculture and labor must champion their own respective interests, and recognize the rights of others."

As KANSAS CITIANS, it is important that we have a complete understanding of the agricultural problem in our trade territory. I doubt very much if the business men in this town have given the time that is necessary to bring those two very important groups together in a mutual understanding: the group of agriculture and the group of business.

Back in 1937, I said, in a speech at Dallas:

"In Farm Board days all of us were considerably disturbed over the ill-conceived experiment in price-stabilization and so-called orderly marketing, which if continued, no doubt would have completely wrecked our future market and our present system of distribution. We foresaw the doom of this scheme; but many persons took exception to our criticisms as selfish outbursts against what many accepted as a sincere attempt on the part of our government to lift agriculture out of a depressed state.

"Since then a myriad of laws has been enacted to relieve other groups in the period of depression until government control has been extended to every conceivable group and type of business.

"Set up to deal with 'emergencies' (and how that word has been mutilated!) arising out of the droughts and economic disturbances, these so-called temporary measures are being enlarged upon and extended in the direction of complete governmental control of all social and industrial groups under the pseudonym of 'planned economy,' which in effect brings centralization of power and destruction of the open, competitive theory of trade. It is a plan for regimentation with a concerted nationalistic viewpoint."

A number of my friends criticized me quite severely in 1937 for making that talk. Today I think you all realize that that very situation has now come to pass.

I would like to quote editorially from the October 6th edition of "The United States News" on the three main branches of our social and business life. This is entitled "Super-New Deal in Making":

"The underpinning now is being
constructed for a postwar New Deal on a much broader basis than the prewar New Deal. This new structure will rest upon a base of guaranteed prices for farmers and assurance of high wages for workers, plus a deliberate effort to hold down prices and to limit profit margins of business through competition and through control.

"Part of the structure of postwar policy is being shaped in action, part in attitude. The action already taken assures a further rise in the guaranteed price of wheat and cotton. Action scheduled to be taken, barring a last-minute change of mind, will assure a further rise in the level of hourly wage rates in basic industries. The attitude disclosed is that industry and trade shall absorb increased costs of labor and materials in narrower margins of profit.

"In brief, the moves now being made that foreshadow a postwar New Deal include the ones that follow:

"For farmers: The Government now guarantees, as a result of action just taken, that farmers shall receive full 'parity' prices for the 1944 wheat and cotton crop, minus the cost to the Commodity Credit Corporation headed by J. B. Hutson, of carrying that crop. This means an increase of about three cents a bushel to wheat growers, with a record 1,115,000,000 bushel crop; and it means about three quarters of a cent a pound more for cotton. Higher prices are ordered by the Government at a time when farm prices generally are 90 per cent above prewar average, and when farm cash income is more than twice the prewar average. Congress ordered the White House to use every means to assure full parity.

"For wage earners: Added income to farmers is a prelude to action that is to result in a further moderate increase in hourly wage rates of labor. This action, unless present decisions are altered at the last minute, is to add about eight cents an hour on the average to the wages of workers in the steel industry. The increase would be within the framework of present wage controls, supervised by Fred M. Vinson, Director of Economic Stabilization. An increase to steel workers then would be followed by increases to workers in automobile, aluminum, electrical, shipbuilding, packing-house and glass industries, among others. Wage earners, on an average, are enjoying hourly wages, on a straight-time basis, that are about 50 per cent above prewar. These wage rates are to be pushed up to about 55 per cent of that level if present plans go through.

"For industry: United States industry is to be told that it can assume the wartime increase in wage rates, plus the increase now scheduled, without raising prices. These increased costs are to come out of profit margins, on the basis of existing plans. The White House is assured by economists of the Office of Price Administration, of the Commerce Department and of the Labor Department that United States industry will be well able in peacetime to absorb the higher costs by getting along with a smaller margin of profit and by depending upon increased volume to
yield a return for stockholders and managers. Any price increase, based on the new wage increase, is opposed. The point is made that labor, not ownership or management, should enjoy any fruit of greater capital investment and improved techniques and greater production efficiency.

"It is when these actions and attitudes are translated into longer-term effect that the basis for anticipating a large-scale postwar New Deal is disclosed."

I feel definitely that Kansas City business men must begin to understand the problems of agriculture and of labor; and their getting together on a basis where we can preserve what we know as the economy of a nation that is surpassed no place in this entire world.

With that thought in mind I have been doing a tremendous amount of work on the outside, with the United States Chamber of Commerce and with the National Association of Manufacturers. I say "I." Many business men have; it happens that it is a subject that I am very much interested in, and I hope that I can instill some interest in all of you here in Kansas City.

In late November we had an agricultural industry meeting in Columbia, Missouri, under the auspices of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was the first meeting of its kind in any city in Missouri, and to those of us who attended it it was a very heartening sign that there is the opportunity of getting together on some common ground, and of understanding each other's problems.

I had the privilege of speaking before that group and I would like to quote briefly from that talk:

"Too many of us in industry and in agriculture have, for too long, been unaware of, or indifferent to, the mutuality of interest between us. We have been too intent in pursuing our own side of the national highway even to glance to the other side and note that our natural economic and philosophic ally was going our way. Through the medium of gatherings like this, promoted by far-sighted farm and business leadership, this unawareness or indifference can be replaced by interest and concern for each other's welfare.

"We have a broad, basic relationship, born of economic inter-dependence and common faith in the same philosophy. Recently published statistics emphasize the closeness of our economic tie. Since 1940, the nation's
industrial plants have operated at a full production pace. The millions of fully employed workers, in large business and small, have accounted for more than 75% of the purchases of farm products.

"These, briefly, are the benefits accruing to agriculture during this four year period of rising industrial employment:

"First, the cash farm income has risen 119% to more than $20,000,000,000; second, farmer-operator reserves have increased to $12,000,000,000 in cash; third, equities of owners in agriculture have increased about $30,000,000,000; fourth, farm real estate values have advanced 36%.

"Industry rejoices at this improvement in agriculture's balance sheet. It congratulates our farmers upon the wise use they have made of this increased income, as further revealed by statistics. Farm mortgage debt has been reduced $1,000,000,000, a reversal of the trend in World War I. Farmers have purchased $2,400,000,000 of War Bonds."

"There is, I believe, a practical lesson in economics in these figures. The farmer is a business man—and a good one—when he has the opportunity.

"Provide high-level industrial employment and the farmer will have a profitable market. Neither he nor his industry will need a wheelchair fabricated of Government benefits.

"The economic philosophy of the farmer and the businessman is rooted in common soil. Both believe in the traditional American system of free competitive enterprise. Under this system, agriculture and industry were able to develop their productive facilities to such capacity that they could feed and arm most of the civilized world in its war for freedom.

"This system must be the base of our future national economy, if industry's great war-demonstrated possibilities are to be effective in the nation's postwar re-building. In the continuance of this system lies agriculture's strongest assurance of continued economic independence, through expanding industrial employment developed under the impetus of competition with a profit incentive."

It was rather gratifying to me later on in that day to have Mr. Chester C. Davis, whom I think you all know as President of the Federal Reserve Bank at St. Louis, in his very able presentation of his conception of the farmer's problem, make the following statement which I should also like to quote because, to me, it is definitely a challenge to business people:

"In the long run there are two ways to stability in farm prices. Either we must vary the supply so as to maintain stable prices, or we must maintain a high level of demand. The latter way appeals to me for two reasons. First, maintenance of a high level of demand means high consumption as well as stable prices and promotes a more prosperous agriculture. Second, it is difficult to control the short-run supply of agricultural goods to the extent necessary to maintain stable prices. It is a tough enough job to make the long run adjustment to demand changes.

"It is vital to maintain industrial
prosperity to have a prosperous agriculture, for only with a high level of industrial activity will we have the sustained demand for farm products that will maintain prices.

"We have been talking so far about maintaining a prosperous industry, which means a high level of production in industry, so as to maintain a high level of domestic demand for farm products. Industry, however, must do more than maintain the status quo in the industrial agricultural relationship. It must expand sufficiently so as to reinforce the demand for products and at the same time also absorb the migration from rural areas."

Now, I quote from these two talks for this reason: While it is true that those of us in Kansas City in business are thinking definitely of the expansion of Kansas City, still most assuredly we can hope for no definite, true and continued prosperity in this area unless we get together with agricultural groups and understand their problems. I am hoping there will stem from that meeting in Columbia a number of smaller meetings at the little school house in the counties throughout this entire territory. It is from the grass roots and not just from the cities that must spring this urge to get the job done.

Renewed efforts must be made to establish close contacts with the agricultural group and its leaders in our territory. Friendly cooperation between city and country should be constantly sought; an understanding of the problems of each is essential to the successful development of the southwest.

Economically speaking, there is no such thing as "getting back to normal conditions." As business men, we should recognize this as a fact. Change is inevitable, although we may differ as to the value of the change. Progress is ever ahead.

Business, agriculture, and labor constitute major groups in our population and general economy. In the end the general economic progress of this country and of each of these groups depends upon their ability to work and prosper together. Temporary economical advantage gained by one group through the government or otherwise will not long endure if it drags down either one of the other two groups. The proper balance of economic conditions of all three will bring the greatest progress to all. Some leaders in business, agriculture, and labor have this fact to learn.

Business is challenged as never before to maintain its proper place in our economic life. Government will probably continue to regulate to a greater or less degree business, agriculture, and labor. There should be unity of purpose and action among businessmen. There has not been enough such unity in the past.

Perhaps in no other city in America is there such a fair balance between business, agriculture, and labor as there is in Kansas City. If all three will strongly champion their own respective interests, and at the same time recognize the rights of others, Kansas City can go a long way in its development, and its postwar activity.
Senators for the Nation

A Mutual network commentator advances plans for a Senate that will be for the states united, not just the state.

By STANLEY DIXON

CORDELL HULL has retired after serving as Secretary of State longer than any other man. He has vast experience and knowledge of foreign affairs, yet his health will not permit him to continue the arduous work as Secretary.

Why could not the voice of Cordell Hull be heard in the United States Senate?

Wendell Willkie was defeated for the Presidency and retired into private life, yet his influence extended to the four corners of the globe. How useful he would have been in the Senate!

In Britain, opposition leaders retain their seats in Parliament. If they should be defeated, usually someone will resign to make way for them in a “safe” constituency.

Why could we not do something of the same nature? It would of course involve a change in the Constitution, but this might be possible were sufficient public sentiment obtained for the proposal.

Guy Gillette, one of the best of our senators, was defeated because he is a Democrat in a firmly Republican state. There are first class men who could not go to the Senate because they are Republicans from the solid Democratic South.

There are other men of great distinction who have no political connections, or who live in a state where they would not wish to run against competent incumbents. Would not such men as Philip Murray . . . or Erie Johnston . . . or Sumner Welles have something valuable to contribute to our government?

There are a number of ways in which this could be done. The constitution might be changed to increase the membership of the Senate by six or eight members at large, whose names would be submitted to the electorate either every two years or every four years, with the names arranged alphabetically without party labels.

Another plan would be to permit each major political party to nominate four individuals who would then become Senators, but without the privilege of voting. They would, however, be able to speak, and in that way their views would be brought before the other Senators and before the people.

A large number of Americans find it impossible to hold closely to one political line. After all, there are liberals and conservatives in both parties. During the recent election, a liberal Republican senator supported the President, and a conservative Democratic Senator opposed him. That action might cost those men their political skins . . . yet they followed their conscience.

A party system is necessary and I
am not suggesting that it should be changed. I do suggest, however, that we would have a better government if we could make use of those men who, from their experience and knowledge, have something to offer which is of value to the entire country, and not a single state.

Clearly, I think, if the new senate members were appointive, they should not be permitted to vote, as this would be against the theory of popular government. That is why some system for electing a limited number of senators nationally would be the most effective.

There is a movement at this time to abolish the entire farce of the electoral college, to prevent the recurrence of the nonsense which took place in some states, when a few of the electors solemnly announced that they would not vote for the candidate chosen by the people of their state. It is even suggested that the electoral vote should be divided in proportion of the votes cast for each Presidential candidate.

It is a good suggestion ... and while these changes are being made ... let’s go further and provide for the election of Senators from the United States.

---

**PUPPY DOG TALES**

Three o’clock in the morning. The telephone rings. The theatrical producer gropes in the dark, picks up the phone, snarls into the mouthpiece, “Yeah?”

A small voice asks gently, “Could you use me in your show?”

“Hell, no,” the producer shouts, and bangs down the phone.

It rings again, and the same small voice says, “Sir, are you sure you couldn’t use me in your show?”

“Well, you—you—! Whatta you mean calling me up in the middle of the night! Of course I can’t use you in any show!” The producer hangs up again. Again the phone rings.

“But, sir,” it’s that same small voice. “I’m sure you could use me in your show—”

“And what the hell makes you think I could use you in a show?”

“I can talk!”

“So you can talk! So who the hell can’t!”

“But,” said the voice, “I’m a dog!”

The artist, Whistler, had a French poodle of which he was extremely fond. When the poodle was seized with a throat infection, Whistler had the nerve to send for the great throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie. Sir Morell was not accustomed to treating canine patients. But he prescribed, pocketed a big fee, and drove away without open complaint. The next day he sent post-haste for Whistler, and the artist, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed to Mackenzie’s. On his arrival, Sir Morell said gravely, “How-do-you-do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted.”

A transport truck stalled on a hill. The driver set the brakes, climbed out, looked for something to help push or pull him to the top. A lady was walking her dog along the road. The dog was a Pekingese. The truck driver sized the dog up, then turned to the lady. “Ma’am,” he said, “could I borrow your dog to help pull my truck up the hill?”

“Now, young man! You know that great big truck couldn’t be budged by this little tiny dog!”

“Well,” said the driver thoughtfully, “couldn’t we beat him?”
'tis a bird I love with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest.

—THE BELFRY PIGEON

PIGEONS

By GEORGE F. MAGILL

A GREAT many people can get quite sloppily sentimental about pigeons. But I can take them or leave them alone, because pigeons have a habit of getting sloppy over people.

Most birds prefer the quiet of the fields. Not your pigeon. He lives, loves, and has his being in the smoke and noise of the city, and is never happier than when he is perched on a three-inch ledge about twenty stories above the street pitching woo to his squab. He swells out his chest like the ice man and walks around his lady love in little mincing circles, cooing his love song: "rickety-coo, rickety-coo." She preens her feathers and pretends complete indifference, and, if he circles too close, flies coyly across the city chasm to the eighteenth floor of another building, and the whole rickety-coo business starts over.

I have heard of the homing or carrier pigeon and how they will fly through gunfire and flak, carrying their message to Garcia in spite of hell and high water. Many of them have been decorated for bravery in action; but pigeons in action have decorated more people than people have pigeons. I doubt if the carrier pigeon is related in any way to the common or dropping variety of city pigeon. I have never known them to carry anything very long.

This affection for pigeons, which you gather I do not share, dates back to Bible times. It was a dove, which is nothing but a small variety of pigeon, that Noah sent out to scout the end of the flood. You may have wondered why he sent a pigeon when he might just as well have sent an eagle or a swallow. If you have ever noticed the condition of the north side of the Keith and Perry Building or the once beautiful St. Gauden's eagle on the New York Life Building, you will see why old Noah was anxious to get the pigeon away from his nice clean Ark, even if he had to invent an errand to do it.

The late Judge Henry F. McElroy was accused of many things; but he was a practical man. A prominent citizen once congratulated him on the beautiful new City Hall, which was built while the Judge was calling the signals in civic affairs.

"Judge," he asked, "how did you ever happen to achieve the smooth streamlined effect that makes the building so beautiful?"

"I really didn't have as much to do with it as people think," said the Judge. "I only gave the architect one specification. You see, for years I had my office in the old City Hall, one of those gingerbread, gay nineties structures full of ledges, cupolas and gables. I just told him our new City Hall must be built without a single place where a pigeon could light!"
"One Sparrow Does Not Make A Summer"

On August 20, 1944, Mr. Foster delivered some sober predictions on the war. Here is the actual text of that broadcast, with the warnings that remain timely.

There is a wave of optimism sweeping across the United States concerning an early termination of the war against Germany and Japan, which does not appear to be warranted by the facts. It is somewhat difficult to determine the causes of this optimistic trend, but the roots of it probably lie deeply in two reasons, closely related to each other. The first is wishful thinking, which is easily understandable. Hope springs eternal in the breasts of all Americans that the struggle will soon be ended . . . that loved ones who are now fighting on fields of battle all over the world, shortly will be reunited with their families. The second reason—and this, in many respects, is the more important of the two—is the failure of the American people to read, and then to analyze, the communiques and the official statements which emanate from the front lines of conflict. Failure to read these pronouncements in a realistic manner allows the mind to dwell in almost unchecked enthusiasm in the realm of wishful thinking. In some instances there has been a flagrant refusal to permit the official declarations to stand in the simple, straightforward, unvarnished English in which they were written. A false interpretation has been placed upon them, to twist and to distort them out of their original shape and form so that they will not conflict with the perfectly natural hope that everyone has for a quick and total victory.

There are two startling examples of this which have occurred in the past week. One in the European zone and the other in the Pacific. Early this week General Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of all allied troops in the invasion of western France, issued one of his rare "orders of the day." In that statement to his troops General Eisenhower said, "You have a fleeting opportunity to win a major victory over the German armies." Millions of people chose to disregard the word, "fleeting," which was the most important word in the entire statement. General Eisenhower, who has an excellent command of the English language, did not insert that word with the expectation that it would be ignored. He meant exactly what he said. The chance to inflict a body blow upon German troops was there if the opportunity could be grasped. In large measure it was seized. The Germans were caught in a pocket between the French cities of Falaise and Argentan. That pocket
is now in the process of being squeezed dry. Thousands of Germans have either laid down their arms in surrender or they have been liquidated on the field of battle. But other thousands escaped what we hope will be their fate of ultimate destruction. Streaming out of the flaming bottleneck they ran the gauntlet of allied artillery fire and they braved the strafing from the skies above, which was carried out by thousands of American, British, and Canadian aircraft. A British staff officer declared that the Germans managed to extricate most of their armor from the Falaise pocket. This straight, unqualified declaration, has been tossed lightly to one side by those who refuse to believe that the German is capable of any further resistance in western France.

The Germans headed for the left bank of the River Seine, intent upon crossing that stream to the right bank. When aerial and ground reconnaissance revealed this fact, allied aircraft directed their offensive against the bridges which span that river. They destroyed many of them, but not all. Some of those structures which were heavily damaged, we learn tonight, have been repaired. The Germans are still retreating. Front line reports declare they are being hemmed in against the river barrier, but in the same breath the announcement reveals that the enemy troops were swimming across the Seine and that they were being ferried to the other side.

On the northeast side of the River Seine, stands the German fifteenth army. Units of the German seventh army, which has been so badly mauled in the Normandy fighting, are endeavoring to join the fifteenth on the right bank of the Seine. German losses will unquestionably be heavy. Beyond the River Seine are the German robot bomb installations from which the enemy has sent his mechanical instruments of death in an indiscriminate attack upon the people of the British Isles. North of these are the German occupational forces in the Low Countries. It is the hope of the Allied high command that they will be destroyed. But General Eisenhower stated in unambiguous language that even were the seventh German army to be destroyed, and a major victory thus to accrue to the allied arms, this victory would be only the first of a series which would have to be won before the French republic was freed from the trampling feet of the German invader. There is not one statement issued by the supreme commander which could be construed as meaning that a quick and easy triumph is in sight on the fields of France.

Are we in Paris yet? This question is on the lips of every American citizen. Yet General Eisenhower said in words which could be understood by even a child that Paris was not the immediate goal of the allied armies. Although the value of Paris, from a moral point of view was not underestimated, the French capital is but a waystation on the line of march of the allied troops. The supreme objective always has been and always will be, the destruction of German armies on the field of battle. Only by
destroying those armies will it be possible to move on to the east . . . toward the Rhine and the Ruhr River valleys, into the heart of the militaristic German people.

If we jump quickly to the Russian front we find the German stoutly defending the Polish bastion of Warsaw. The soviets are said to have breached the German lines northeast of the capital tonight but the fighting is severe. The Germans are still protecting with more than a modicum of strength and tenacity, the line of the Vistula River. This water obstacle, in some places, has been hurled by the Russian armies, but there appears to be little doubt this evening that the German is capable of fearful resistance as he is slowly but surely being crowded to the west, back onto his own soil, whence he loosed his war machine three years and two months ago.

Dealing with the question of German morale, we have nothing to prove that it has been lowered to such a point that collapse is imminent. The revolt against Adolph Hitler came from German army officers who were not willing to fight to the end . . . men who were determined, if they could, to salvage enough from the wreckage of the German war machine so that a rebuilding of that machine could be effected after the war. On the Italian front, the Germans in their Gothic line are entrenched and prepared to fight on in furious combat. After the Gothic line is the line of the River Po. Certainly not a situation to engender the feeling that collapse is going to come over-night, or even in a matter of weeks.

There is no reason to believe tonight anything other than Dwight Eisenhower's words that one sparrow does not make a summer and that one major victory does not mean the defeat of all of the armed forces of the Third German Reich.

Last week Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, issued a statement which has been misunderstood and misinterpreted by millions of persons in the United States. Admiral Nimitz did not declare that Japan could be defeated without an invasion of Japanese home soil. The admiral thought that there was a possibility that such a defeat could be inflicted, but he said we must be prepared to carry out that invasion. Developments, in other words, would occur which would make such an invasion necessary. But in any event, it was measured judgment that occupation of the Jap's home islands would be necessary to win the peace. Yet, the length and breadth of the United States the admiral is quoted on the street as saying that invasion of Japan won't be necessary. His qualifying statements have gone with the wind . . . the halcyon breeze that blows so gently so as not to disturb the thoughts of those who dwell in a never-never land.

The two wars which we fight, against Germany in Europe and against Japan in the Pacific, (particularly the one against Japan) are struggles which will call forth the greatest effort which we have ex-
pended in our history as a nation. These wars involve the life and death of empires. These wars involve the survival or destruction of philosophies of life. These wars are being fought by our enemies with all of their strength and power. For every advance they mean that we should pay... and pay heavily in blood, tears, and sweat. There's no better way to evaluate the price than to reiterate Winston Churchill's words to the British people. That tonight is all that the American people have ahead of them as they stride unflinchingly down the road to victory. The destruction of the German seventh army is but a milestone on that road. The fall of Warsaw will be but another. The bombing of Japan by the B-29s (which has again taken place) is only one episode in a deadly war of attrition which is being fought over millions of square miles of this world. What price over-optimism? The answer is prolongation of the war. What price wishful thinking? The answer is more dead, more wounded, more suffering. What price flying in the face of facts? The answer is strength given indirectly to the enemy.

Where do we find the antidote? We find it in the words of George Klym, whose home was in Gorham, North Dakota, out in the rugged Bad Lands and Butte country, thirty miles northwest of Dickinson. These words were: "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot." George Klym was doing his regular midnight watch in a foxhole in Aitape on the island of New Guinea. With an automatic rifle he stood alone against a Japanese suicide charge. Japanese bullets, directed by the flames of his rifle, found their mark on the body of this North Dakota boy. The searing enemy lead crashed through his eyeballs to destroy his sight. With both of his eyes shot out, he maintained his fire. He was still blazing away as he crumpled to the ground. He saved the lives of possibly fifty American comrades. He stood alone in the breach while his company formed into line of battle. When the stretcher bearers reached him he spoke: "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot." Then he died. Blind in both eyes, he still had the vision which America must have if it is to win this war. "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot."

A WET PLATFORM

It was during Prohibition. The railroad station was packed with a gay going-away throng. Over at one side of the platform stood a quiet little man fidgeting about and trying 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. The Fed., with a gleam in his eye, collared the gent. "Scotch?" he asked accusingly. "Nope," said the stranger. "Airedale pup."

John Erskine on the limitations of grammar: "Grammarians will tell you that two negatives make a positive, but when my child says: 'I don't want no soup!' we know exactly what he means."
Doubling Back......

By JOHN REED KING, M. C. of "Double or Nothing"

Heard Weekly Over the Mutual Broadcasting System

The "Hundred Dollar question" for any radio column is always what would the reader like to know about quiz shows, such as ours, or radio programs such as ones we appear on. So to start from the beginning... let's say that each nationwide radio show is usually a bundle of scripts (written and re-written), hours of rehearsal and planning, running through lines in front of a microphone again and again. All "boiled down" it comes out in your homes in the form of a half hour or so of your favorite or maybe not-so-favorite entertainment. This time our topic is the radio show "Double or Nothing," which probably resembles more than anything else a...

SUITCASE... going by train, plane and auto to the far corners of this land. In the fast-flying, past few months the show has gone to Denver, Omaha, Salina, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Atlantic City, Chicago, Great Bend, Baltimore, Detroit, and about thirty other quick stops. In Denver we climbed (by auto) to the mountain peaks and the grave of Buffalo Bill at Pahaska Tepee, which looks out over snow-capped cliffs. Immediately after the broadcast, word came in that a child had become lost in the mountains; so every one in the company, announcer, orchestra, producers and directors went trekking out to find the missing youngster, who was luckily discovered before it became necessary to search for us. In Atlantic City (July 7th) there was time for a swim between orchestra rehearsals and air show. But behind the broadcast lies the...

WORK... of preparing quiz questions and categories. Producer John Wellington, announcer Fred Cole and yours truly usually sit down and start popping questions at each other until we find ones that are interesting and not too hard. But that's a difficult thing to judge, for once we came up with the question, "If George Washington were alive today what would he be most famous for?" On the airshow we got this reply, "His age." Again we asked, "What is the chief use of cowhide in America?" A fast-thinking G. I. Joe replied, "To keep the cow together." Now, I ask you, what are you going to do with replies like those?

In picking out contestants for the show we have found that women are more talkative than men. G.I. Joes and Janes are usually a little more alert to the world's goings-on because they've had occasion to get around and see more of it than most civilians. Most talkative of all the United Nations forces, however, are usually the Australians and New Zea-
landers who are amazed at us, our cities and customs and at Double or Nothing which may from time to time supply them with $100 in cash to buy stockings and perfumes and almost anything we have here in America—and which they usually don't have "back home" in little country towns on the other side of the globe. We love the talkers who usually do well until they get up to say something in front of that great beast.

THE MICROPHONE. You folks who sit home and listen can usually answer all the questions, but in front of the microphone it's quite a different thing. The average hero soldier, sailor or Marine will cringe from it. A recent contestant, who had killed 367 Japs on the blood-red beach at Tarawa, wiped his forehead at the start of the quiz, looked at me, and said, "Anyone who gives this up for combat is a coward!" (P.S. He went on to collect the $100 with "no help from the audience, please.") Another time, a tall Texan be-decked with ribbons and medals "sweated the quiz out" and when he came up with the $100, bounced six feet into the air, shouting, and headed out the stage door for home. Goose Creek, Texas.

That's all for now but next time a word on an increasingly important subject to you. TELEVISION.

GOURMET

A man went to the bar and ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the glass, and threw the stem over his shoulder. After having masticated six Martinis in this manner to which we are all too unaccustomed, he noticed that the bartender was staring at him. "I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked. "I sure do," the bartender said. "The stems are the best part!"

CONSIDER THE BLUEBIRD

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

John Barrymore once said that after looking around for it for years he had suddenly discovered that contentment is never found by hunting for it. Happiness just sneaks in through a door you didn't know had been left open.—From Rotary Felloe.

BRIEF CASES

A cub reporter ordered to be concise in his report of a musical entertainment covered the situation with one line: "An amateur quartet played Brahms last night; Brahms lost."

A colored man was sentenced to be hanged. In desperation he wrote to his former employer, the Governor: "Dear Boss: They're a-fixin' to hang me on Friday, and here it is Tuesday."

That cub reporter, again, covered the story of a fatal accident. "John K. Edwards looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Aged 45."
The Trend of the Times

*The Vice President of the United States points out weaknesses, strength, and possibilities of the press. Here is his forceful address delivered December 4, 1944, in Chicago's Palmer House, at an anniversary dinner in honor of Marshall Field and the Chicago Sun.*

By the HONORABLE HENRY A. WALLACE

This dinner tonight is an occasion to gladden the hearts of all true liberals. Marshall Field's name through the Chicago Sun and PM has come to stand for as much in the world of progressive thought as does the name of the original Marshall Field in the world of business. To me it is both an honor and a pleasure to be here tonight.

My purpose is to discuss one of the weaknesses of newspapers as they now exist and then indicate some of their great possibilities for future service.

Time was when the little man with a big idea and not much money could launch a little newspaper and build it up as a medium of personal expression in behalf of the general welfare. Those days are largely gone. In almost every town one newspaper now exists where there were two or three before. The mechanics of news gathering and photographic transmission have been improved but the possibility of starting a new newspaper in large towns is almost non-existent except for the man of great means. The influence of little men with big ideas has been steadily declining. Their place has been partially taken by columnists and radio commentators who for a time expressed liberal sentiments freely but who more and more find themselves hampered and censored if they cater to the liberal public.

Everywhere the heavy hand of a stodgy, financial conservatism has more and more been closing down. The people sense this and most of all the working newspaper men and those in the composing room and shop.

North of the Ohio River the vast majority of the publishers of the newspapers are either reactionary or Republican or both. At the same time from two-thirds to seven-eighths of the employees of the same newspapers are liberal or Democratic. The Chicago Sun is one of the few newspapers where there is just as high a percentage of liberal sentiment in the front office as there is among the working newspaper men and the employees in the shop.

I have no desire to go over the old familiar story of the influence of advertisers on the editorial slant, as well as on the presentation and selection of news. There has always been a hot difference of opinion on this subject and I am convinced that most newspaper publishers, no matter how biased they may be, feel, nevertheless, that they are honest and fair in their presentation both of news and edi-
torial opinions. I do not tonight intend to take extended issue with them on that front.

The text which I would urge on all newspaper men at all times is—"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The most serious criticism which I would urge against publishers is that they become so much concerned with short-time, local problems and superficial prejudices that they fail to realize the deep underlying forces which are remorselessly pushing the world ahead.

They do not realize that the American revolution, Judo-Christianity and modern science have combined to let the genie of world revolution out of the bottle. The old-fashioned reactionaries think they can lure the genie back into the bottle again and put in the cork of normalcy. The liberal Democrats know that this cannot be done and therefore they strain themselves to the utmost in order that the worldwide revolutionary forces may prove to be beneficent in terms of a well-fed, well-housed, highly productive humanity. Liberal Democrats know that these forces are worldwide and that after this war they will have as much influence in Africa, China, Latin America and the Near East as they have in the United States and Europe.

Few people realize what social dynamite there is in the Bible. Most churchgoers are conservative but now and then there comes a person who is able to translate the social message of Jesus and the prophets into modern English. Now and then a missionary or a minister becomes imbued with a holy determination to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth as a manifestation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Jesus said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God;" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Woe unto you that are rich!" "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." "Sell all that thou hast, and come follow me."

The disciple James goes even further than Jesus, saying, "Go too now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you."

Small wonder that one earnest Christian forty-five years ago, pondering statements of this sort, said, "If we would follow Jesus in the social redemption it will be by storming the citadel of monopoly." But the most explosive doctrine of all in the Bible is that all men are brothers because God is their Father. This is the religious sanction behind ethnic or genetic democracy. The American sanction for ethnic or genetic democracy is the statement in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. In the eyes of Divine Providence I cannot help feeling that the purpose of the American revolution was to bring here on earth as nearly as might be a manifestation of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Declaration of Independence and the Bible speak the same language.

(Continued on page 37)
LOCAL BOY

Senator Harry S. Truman, now Vice-President Elect, visits the old home town—Kansas City. From haberdashery to the high places is his story. See page 3.
Singin' Sadie Thompson


Fair — and Warners'

Dolores Moran, out on a limb. You'll see her with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in "To Have and Have Not," opening at the Newman this month; next month in "Hollywood Canteen" at the Orpheum. She's tall and terrific; you can't miss her.
Skippy Homeier is the fair-haired boy in both stage and movie version of this study of Nazi evils. The enfant terrible is in evidence this month at Loew’s Midland, along with Frederic March, Betty Field and Agnes Moorehead. Maybe you’ve heard him on the air.

Gam-unesque

Vivian Blaine of 20th Century-Fox recalls the angel-cake qualities of Nancy Carroll. Remember? You’ll see that cherry-blond hair again in “Nob Hill,” another technicolor job, in which San Francisco, George Raft and Joan Bennett are all mixed up.
Phyllis Thaxter and Van Johnson in "30 Seconds Over Tokyo." The picture opens this month at Loew's Midland, with Spencer Tracy in the role of Jimmy Doolittle.
When in the early part of the last century technology and modern science strode forth in power the problems of wealth were multiplied a thousandfold. Jesus Christ never saw with his physical eyes the infinite good and the infinite damage that could come from great inventions in the hands of great corporations. As a human being here on earth he saw only the hideous selfishness of the greedy individual; he never saw the heartlessness sometimes manifested in the operations of a great corporation. Two generations ago human beings suddenly found that they had to make nearly all their purchases from corporations and nearly all their sales of goods and services to corporations. Free enterprise in the old-fashioned sense of the word was almost gone. Most people had to find their place in some corporate scheme of values. Great economic power was obtained in this way but human nature was restive because the power of the great corporations continually grew faster than technological progress and modern invention.

Karl Marx and Freidrich Engels, seeing the trend of modern civilization, knowing that the genie was out of the bottle and that it could not be put back, proclaimed a revolution on their own account. They fought the church as the foundation of economic injustice and denounced the idea of God as a lie. This was where the early Socialists were strangely blind. They failed to see that the doctrine of Christ and the prophets was even more revolutionary than that which they were proclaiming. They were dealing solely with the materialistic dialectic as the ultimate reality. But beyond the materialistic dialectic is the psyche, the soul of man. Even though we grant that many church members and some ministers are reactionary, I still say the churches are worth while because they have preserved through the centuries in the Bible the revolutionary social message of the prophets and Jesus Christ. It is a message which those of us who want to be true realists cannot ignore. Those who try to center all attention on a future life while they ignore social injustices of a type which would have stabbed the heart of Jesus, have no claim to the word “Christian.”

It would be a sad commentary on modern Christianity if the Russians, denying God, should more nearly attain to social justice than we, invoking the name of God.

One of my Latin American friends wrote me a year or so ago that the Russians do in Russia every day what the people in the United States talk about on Sunday.

Since 1918 in Russia there has been unfolding a revolution in terms of the material welfare of the people which has been challenging the progress of Western Europe and the United States as based on Christianity, the American revolution and the French revolution. The people of the United States should have been taught the full truth about the Russian revolution from the very start. But we were not told the truth and as a result we nearly lost our national life. The publishers didn’t read the signs of the times correctly. They didn’t try hard
enough to find out what was going on in the world. A few people took the pains to study Russian and live with the Russians in their villages. But only a few. Those who made this deep study of Russia knew that Germany when she attacked Russia would not succeed in destroying her. They were about the only ones who did know it. Ninety-nine per cent of us in the United States had been given a totally false impression of Russia because of what had been published in our newspapers or magazines. We and most of the rest of the world had been taught by the press to believe that Russians were either mystics, artists, or illiterate peasants and that nearly all of them were born without any ability to handle the tools of modern civilization. Our engineers came back with strange stories of how the Russian farmers mishandled tractors. What a surprising awakening it was for us to be assured all of a sudden in the fall of 1941 by Averill Harriman, Bill Batt and others who had visited the factories that the Russians were doing a good job under more difficult conditions than any modern nation had ever had to face. The lack of this knowledge of the true Russia could either have cost us our national life or the lives of millions of our boys.

The difference between the liberal Democrat and the reactionary Republican is as follows: The liberal Democrat knows that the people’s revolution is on the march and that he will have to run fast to keep up. The reactionary Republican knows that something is happening but he can’t quite figure out what it is, and so he runs around shrieking alarm, hoping in his wild panic to gain some measure of security for himself, his wealth, and the wealth of his children. Many of these people are no more vicious than a chicken flopping around on the ground with its head cut off. They don’t discern the trend of the times. They are blinded by passion and fear. They are psychopathic cases or “plain nuts.” Of course, there is another group that is subject to stronger condemnation than these poor frightened people of great wealth. This second group discerns the signs of the times clearly enough but goes ahead and says cold-bloodedly in the spirit of Louis XV, “I am going to make all the money I can. Why not? After me the deluge.” This kind of man oftentimes eases his conscience by giving large sums of money to charities. Nevertheless, from a Christian point of view he is subject to condemnation because seeing the signs of the times he fails to use his influence to make the inevitable revolution beneficent, striving instead for short-lived power in the old-fashioned way.

A most glaring failure to discern the trend of the times came after World War I when the United States suddenly shifted from a debtor to a creditor nation. Germany was the big debtor of the world and the United States was the ultimate big creditor. It was vital that the United States learn to act as a creditor nation must act. When the United States refused to do so, it was inevitable that Germany in her desperation would en-
The only truly unbalanced budget is labor not at work. We may face the future with the greatest confidence provided both the newspapers and the larger business men discern clearly the signs of the times and work harmoniously with government in revising of tax laws for risk capital, in the drawing up of plans for the sale of self-liquidating exports of heavy goods to so-called backward nations, and in the provision for adequate and prompt large-scale government work on highways, air ports, river valley authorities and the like.

gage in unwise and violent action. The newspapers and magazines of the United States did not train the American people in the simple algebra of international relationships. This failure to discern the signs of the times was one of the main factors in costing the world nearly a trillion dollars, tens of millions of lives, and the story of the full cost may have just begun.

Another terrible failure which can cost us tens of billions of dollars has to do with the algebra of the circuit flow of money. Wage cutting and salary slashing can reduce our national income by 30 billion dollars annually and can by reducing consumption cause such unemployment as to make the annual interest charge on the national debt almost impossible to pay. On the other hand enlightened plans for the employment of 60 million people can produce a situation where the annual charge on the national debt can be carried almost as easily as in the decade of the twenties.

Thought should be given without prejudice to fiscal devices which will not increase either public or private debt, which will insure full employment and which will not produce inflation. Some modern Macaulay should educate the public as to the difference between public and private debt and as to the ease with which public debt can be carried provided labor is fully and productively employed. The newspapers, if they really discerned the trend of the times, would cease spending so much effort scouring American tax payers. Rather they would center their attention on the full employment problem. If all labor is at work at good wages nothing very serious economically can happen to us here in the United States.

In a country like the United States the press should be as sacred a calling as the ministry. Under the Bill of Rights the press is given freedom of expression. By Congress it has been given the second class postal privilege which means a continuous subsidy by the Federal Government. The one
great improvement in the press which I would crave is the continual backing by the publisher of every editorial writer, news gatherer, columnist, and feature writer who honestly and intelligently strives to discern the trend of the time and presents his observations interestingly on behalf of the general welfare. The essential lament in truth for mankind is the accurate discerning of the trend of the times. Therefore both newspaper men and radio commentators should be encouraged by their backers to study the past and present in terms of the future. Every day each person connected with the publishing business should ask, "What can I do this day that will most fully unleash the constructive energies of the American people? How can I challenge their attention? Are there new psychological or mechanical devices available? Our paper must carry with it the ring of efficient sincerity, eager awareness of the world, and fundamental wisdom."

There must be a mission. There must be a high resolve. There must be a clean, enduring policy in the public service.

The modern world owes a great debt of gratitude to Marshall Field. He has given freely of his money to many worthy causes. That is good as far as it goes but it should be observed in passing that many evil men have done the same. The significant thing about Marshall Field is that he has invested himself as well as his money. After all, that is the Christian test. You remember Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," which we learned in school, "The gift without the giver is bare." Marshall Field is giving himself as well as his money to The Sun. He is trying resolutely and honestly to discern the trend of the times so that the people of the United States will not be 25 years late in understanding what is going on in the world.

We must know about the advance in the standard of living, the improved methods of production, and the aspirations of the people in all parts of the world and especially in the so-called backward areas. The people are on the march all over the world and there is nothing the reactionary forces in the United States can do to stop it. But we can, if we are sympathetic, channel these revolutionary forces for the constructive welfare of the whole world. It is the essence of liberalism to be interested in the worldwide problem of humanity as it affects the local human situation. I believe that Marshall Field and the Chicago Sun have been called of the Lord to discharge a very important duty on behalf of liberal humanitarianism here in the central part, the backbone, of the United States. This chosen land of ours must not again be led astray by false prophets. May the Chicago Sun grow with even greater speed during the next three years. May the future be blessed with more Marshall Fields.

At a particularly loud clap of thunder, a lady walking along a London street involuntarily and visibly started.

"It's all right, lady," said a passing urchin. "It ain't 'tiler, it's Gawd."
A $500,000,000 Program

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., General Motors Board Chairman, appraises the opportunities and the dangers of the future.

IT APPEARS that the war is entering the last phase of what might be called its European stage. But it is by no means won. There is much yet to be done before Victory rewards the magnificent efforts of our armed forces.

The war production effort of General Motors continues at the moment with little aggregate change. All resources, generally speaking, are still being fully utilized. Revisions in production schedules on existing war products and the need of new and different types of war products brought about by changes in demand and the experiences of combat are logical reflections of the more advanced stage of the conflict. Engineering changes continue to absorb the efforts of the technical staffs. War demands both quantity and technical quality. Supremacy in both is essential to a successful conclusion. Both are now available to our armed forces—thanks to the capacity of American enterprise. But to maintain and improve that position until the very end will require continued effort.

THE PROBLEM OF RECONVERSION

Under such circumstances little time and effort are available for the consideration of what is to happen postwar and what is to be done about it. On the other hand, the time is rapidly approaching, and can not be longer delayed without great danger to our peacetime objectives, when industry must meet the problem of re-converting its facilities in part and eventually in whole to peacetime needs.

In contemplating this problem General Motors is not unmindful of its responsibility to its stockholders and to its organization, both executives and workers, as well as to the economy as a whole. It realizes that the manner in which the reconversion of industry is carried out is certain to have a profound effect on its future opportunities. It recognizes that the reorganization of its production facilities is a gigantic task. Likewise it recognizes the hazard of trying to appraise both the opportunities and the dangers of the future in the face of great uncertainties. Yet the problem exists. An answer must be found. The purpose of this message is to make clear, so far as is possible at this time, the concept of the management with respect to General Motors’ postwar program and the underlying reasoning in support of that concept.

PATTERN OF POSTWAR BUSINESS ACTIVITY

First, we start with the premise that there is developing a broad potential demand for all categories of consumer durable and semi-durable goods resulting from the suspension
or curtailment of peacetime production during the war. Likewise, a broad potential demand is developing for capital goods both because of the depreciation and obsolescence of equipment which could not be replaced during the war and because of the need to bring into production new products as well as postwar designs of existing products.

Modern history records the fact that after big wars there follows a period of great business activity. Only in duration and intensity does the pattern vary. All the circumstances point to a recurrence of such activity at the end of the present conflict, probably on a greatly intensified scale. No former war has seen such a great concentration of economic forces directed toward a single objective and one not in any way concerned with normal peacetime needs. Moreover, in the 25 years since the last conflict our productivity has enormously expanded in volume and variety. In World War I American industry was just preparing to change over to total war production at the time of the armistice. In the present conflict it has long since been completely converted. Our participation in the former war was only for a comparatively short period, already far exceeded in the present war.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE NECESSARY

Second, we may safely accept the additional premise that there is being accumulated an enormous backlog of potential purchasing power. Consumer short-term indebtedness has been greatly reduced, and the reservoir of instalment purchasing power is again available. In addition, it is estimated that individuals and businesses have accumulated a backlog of wartime savings that will exceed 100 billion dollars at the end of 1944. Hence it seems likely that, at least temporarily after the period of reconversion is completed, there will be a period of intense business activity as compared with prewar standards. But to make this possible we must have a foundation of public confidence. If the problems incident to the transition are not solved effectively and realistically and, most important, promptly on the part of both industry and government, the trend of business activity may turn downward with a resulting prolonged period of serious unemployment. The kind of start we make and the direction we take after the armistice are of great importance.

THE BASIS FOR SOUND PLANNING

It is most important to recognize that this prospective upward trend of business activity will be largely synthetic in origin. It will not be based upon an economic balance between production and consumption. It will be the result of a backlog of potential demand supported by a backlog of purchasing power. To accept it as the pattern of economy for the longer-term position ahead would be unsound. To plan any business enterprise upon such an assumption would be far from realistic.

Business opportunity depends upon business aggressiveness and upon business leadership. But it also depends,
and importantly so, upon the economic environment as determined by national policy. The latter can serve either to encourage the expansion of enterprise or to discourage such expansion to the point that development is largely frozen. The field of business opportunity must always be appraised for its long-term as well as its short-term possibilities, and likewise as to whether the underlying factors are sound and likely to be permanent or are synthetic in origin. No intelligent measure of the future of any business is possible without consideration of all such circumstances.

One requisite of a successful business is the ability to deliver products of an advanced type at a competitive price at a time when the customer is prepared to buy, and in quantity to meet in full the demands of all customers in all markets. Only by recognizing such a formula can the position of any business enterprise be maintained and strengthened.

CONCEPT OF GENERAL MOTORS POSTWAR

Certain questions arise from what has been stated in the preceding paragraph. Upon the answers depend the whole concept of General Motors postwar. First, what is the consumer demand of the early postwar period likely to be for General Motors products? Second, what is the relationship of that demand to the longer-term position beyond? Third, what is the national policy to be with respect to business enterprise as importantly determining the scope of business opportunity?

The answer to the first question is ascertainable with a reasonable degree of accuracy by statistical analysis, assuming the problems of the transition are effectively solved. The answer to the second question depends in great part upon the answer to the third. And the answer to the third involves a great amount of uncertainty. Its determination importantly depends upon whether the attitude of the prewar “thirties” towards business is to be the attitude of the postwar “forties.” But the answer must be found.

IMPACT OF NATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICY

The concept of General Motors postwar is based upon these beliefs: that the people of our country, as a result of the war, have found new inspiration in an opportunity to do something worth while and to work for the things they want; that economic “fantasies” will have died with the war; that a changed attitude will inevitably reflect itself in new and different national economic policies that will broaden the field of business opportunity; that the expanded bureaucracy will be duly deflated with the end of the war—and because our people will, through this preview of regimented economy, recognize its depressive influences and its restrictions on their freedom of action and opportunity.

Perhaps this conception of the postwar era will not be justified by future events. But it is because of these beliefs that General Motors moves forward as it does. There is every reason for thinking that the nation is awakening to a new appreciation
of what industry seeks to achieve, a better understanding of industry’s role in the economy and a wider recognition of economic realities.

It is not my purpose to define in detail what is believed to be essential to insure an expanding economy in the longer-term postwar era. That is another matter. Herein let me state in general terms the underlying beliefs of the management as to the proper policy to pursue and why, as the business passes from war to peace and into the longer-term position beyond.

A 500 MILLION DOLLAR PROGRAM

General Motors’ postwar program divides itself into five component parts.

First, expenditures must be made for rearrangement in order to reorganize production facilities to resume production of motor cars, trucks and all other products that constitute our peacetime order of things. Generally speaking, every plant must be stripped to the bare structure and laid out along entirely different lines.

Second, equipment sold to others as a part of the wartime cooperative program must be repurchased or replaced to restore prewar capacity.

Third, the necessity of a complete reorganization of facilities will afford an opportunity of modernizing all equipment in line with existing standards of technology. Industry must always seek lower costs because that means lower selling prices and hence increased volume with expanding job opportunities. There has been little replacement of machinery and equipment during the war. All facilities have been subjected to severe usage involving continuous operation under unfavorable operating conditions with less than normal maintenance. Reserves provided by General Motors for depreciation and obsolescence will have increased in three years by an aggregate amount of something like 150 million dollars.

Fourth, prewar capacity will be expanded to provide facilities to meet the potential but abnormal demand of the immediate postwar period, all in proper relationship to what the longer-term possibilities have been estimated to be. In our automobile operations new assembly plants are contemplated to effect better distribution of cars with a resulting savings in cost. Aside from our motor car interests we have other products to develop. Some activities, like our Electro-Motive Division, are still in early stages of development.

Fifth, expenditures will be needed to provide better facilities and service for our employes, as well as for an expansion of other facilities not directly related to production.

General Motors’ postwar concept has been dramatized as a “500 Million Dollar Program.” Expenditures are likely to reach, if not to exceed, that amount. The funds for these expenditures, as well as the additional working capital required, will be provided out of general corporate
resources, representing in part existing depreciation reserves and other reserves set up out of income for re-conversion expense and in part profits retained in the business.

PREREQUISITES TO JOB OPPORTUNITIES

It might be argued that any concept of General Motors postwar that is limited to the consideration of production facilities is putting the cart before the horse. That is recognized. But the concept basically involves far more than production facilities. It involves research, engineering, distribution, over-all policy and its administration. These are the fundamentals. They are all preliminary to production—and jobs. Jobs are the result of a combination of capital, management and opportunity. The number of jobs cannot be determined in the abstract by some arbitrary method.

It is important to recognize these facts because jobs are unquestionably a social, economic and political “must” of the postwar period. Undoubtedly the world faces many momentous problems, the satisfactory solution of which will determine whether we win the peace after we have won the war. But the one single problem that affects the happiness and security of—and hence means the most to—the greatest number is: Will there be the opportunity to work?

Hence it is clear that there is far more to the problem than facilities alone. Research must be intensified to develop new products and new techniques. Engineering facilities must be expanded to make existing products better and at lower costs. Capa-

ble management must be available. Sound and aggressive policies must be established to insure the most effective assembling of all the component parts of the operating program. All are vital in capitalizing production facilities and expanding job opportunities. All will be given proper consideration.

Such, in general, is the concept of General Motors postwar as it stands at this writing. It is believed to be an aggressive step forward in the evolution of General Motors toward still greater accomplishments. Bold planning is vital in order that business may do its proper part in meeting the demands of the future. The situation demands aggressive action by business leadership along a broad front and to the full extent justified by individual circumstances. The aggregate effect would be to contribute to the winning of the peace and the building of a stronger foundation of free-enterprise as the motivating force of the economy of the future.

LOOKING AHEAD

In evaluating the long-term opportunity, General Motors believes that it is entirely a matter of how we man-
age our affairs. And "we" might be defined as business leadership in general, together with Government and its attitude towards business as evidenced by national economic policies that so importantly determine the scope of business opportunity.

There can be in fact no real ceiling on opportunity if science continues to move forward. Science is the real source of all economic progress. And it might well be said that we are just beginning to make a start in our understanding of the marvels that are available to us through scientific research. Our objective should be the capitalization of such opportunities in terms of a constantly advancing standard of living. It is not difficult to know what to do. But it is most difficult to get that done which must be done. The need for removing obstacles limiting business opportunity and the expansion of job opportunities has been lost sight of in the enormous demands of war. But these obstacles will return to plague us when that abnormal incentive is removed. The first object of attack is to eliminate these obstacles and with that as a foundation to move forward and build a superstructure of national economic policy that will serve to revive the spirit of venture. That is what made America what it is today.

"Who sent out that peace feeler?" —from "The Wasp Nest."
Hitch Your Theatre to a Star

EDITH J. R. ISAACS, Editor of "Theatre Arts," writes a thoughtful article on "How To Give a City a New Soul."

ONE day in early summer, just as our armies started slugging their brave way up from Rome, three articles, obviously unrelated and with no apparent relation to the theatre, appeared in a single issue of The New York Times. Obviously unrelated, yes; but fitted together they were transformed by some strange alchemy into a hopeful pattern for community living in America after the war. They seemed clearly to point a way to break through that overpowering sameness which has dulled our naturally lively American eyes and ears; to give back to our cities and towns the souls too many of them have lost. And when you talk of giving a city a new soul, of course you think of the theatre as an active means to that desirable end.

A bright editorial noted the young suburban lieutenant who was the first American soldier to look down on the Tiber, and the Brooklyn youngster who drove the first tank across the Via Casilina: "To say that the New World has met the Old World is not so thrilling as to say that a boy from 3081 Third Avenue has just driven past the sacred grove where old King Numa Pompilius used to meet the nymph Egeria for lessons in political science;" and so on to other names that stirred the memory of myth and mystery.

The second article took its theme nearer our own day. A survey conducted by the War Department was authority for the statement that a large percentage of veterans being discharged from the Army not only did not want their old jobs back, they did not even want to return to their old communities.

The third article reported an address before the National Wartime Conference. The speaker was a man who has watched the sun and the stars so long that the earth's time and space cannot frighten him. It was a gay speech and forward-looking. It was, however, introduced by this solemn paragraph: "Prof. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard College Observatory, called upon scientists, artists, professional and white-collar workers 'not to leave to practical politicians or to uniformity-producing . . . broadcasters, the shaping of the future'." With a preface like that, one might easily have missed what followed, unless by a lucky chance his eye fell upon this:

"The major hope, in this brief confession of optimism, is that the local American community will grow in cultural self-sufficiency. We are quite willing to give over to international organization the responsibility of the larger political and economic management; if such delegation means peace, efficiency, and progress. But
let us work toward both a brave and a colorful New World through the maintenance of local customs and cultures. . . . As one contribution . . . the small community, we hope, will continue to live, and think, and play to itself.”

The small community will, we hope, continue to live and think and play to itself! Try saying that to a “mass manufacturer” or a broadcaster or advertising executive. It does not sound like heretical doctrine, but he would probably turn upon you and declare that it is distinctly un-American in a land that is “all for one and one for all”; or perhaps—with a proudly modern gesture—that it is only another form of isolationism reduced to village terms.

It may be clear that the three diverse articles fitted neatly into a single frame. Picture an untraveled young American soldier, half-blinded to beauty by the regimentation of life and thought and play in most of our small cities, approaching the lovely hill towns of Italy, passing from Orvieto on its Etruscan hill to Assisi, rich with memories of Giotto and of St. Francis, through Perugia with its fountains and palaces, to Siena with its great market-place, its fabled Cathedral in which the victor horse is crowned after the Palio, past San Gimignano, Dante’s City of Towers, and on to Florence, the Queen of all beauty. Every one of these hill towns is Italian to the core but even the least of them has a soul of its own, a culture, a style, a tradition of its own, that endears it to its dwellers. Even from Rome or from America, which are not places so much as symbols of fortune, men who were bred in the hill towns still look homeward with love and with longing.

Can we honestly say the same for the men born and bred in many of our American communities? We do not need the report of the War Department’s survey on Employment to tell us that we cannot, because, with only a few exceptions—ten towns out of a thousand perhaps—there is little to distinguish the life or the culture of one American community from another. And this in spite of differences that a lavish nature has provided in the way of mighty mountains, wide plains, deep canyons, great rivers—a miracle of grandeur and variety. The railroad stations, the Main Streets, the bridges, the
shops, the houses, the churches and the schools are all alike. There may be woolen mills here and steel mills there and oil refineries farther away but the pattern of life—except as the difference is dictated by climate—is pretty much everywhere the same. Why? Dr. Shapley answers that when he says:

"Much of our thinking and feeling has been delegated to others through the domination of chain newspapers, broadcasting syndicates, and movie theaters. . . . It is alarming to realize how many of us hear the same news commentators, the same comedians and music analyzers; and to realize how many of us read the same comic strips, eat the same food, pin up the same girl, announce the same profound observations on the good-neighbor policy and the morals of Mussolini. Unconsciously, we have delegated our thinking, our feeling, much of our tasting, and even the intonation of our trite comments to a few score of men and women, mostly mediocre, who have gained access to our food jobbers, our broadcasting studios and our newspapers."

Dr. Shapley, being a star-gazer, is not pessimistic about all this as we are sometimes tempted to be. He accepts the fact that it is too late to begin over; but at this hour of great changes we can still change:

"It is high time," he says bravely, "we got started on a program of deliberate cultivation of community life. . . . A political internation and a universal economic agreement need not lead to a sterile uniformity in the cultural world. . . . That's the point to remember. Hills, valleys, deserts, mountains, the seashores, and the various belts of latitude will remain, notwithstanding the ingenuity and deviltry of man. And the climates, soils, waters, and scenery of various . . . localities can and will have a basic effect upon the folkways of whatever inhabitants choose to remain. . . . That localized cultures change slowly (whether of man, plant or animal), and with some care might be made almost permanent, is demonstrated in nearly all the large countries of the world by the present social and domestic differences in contiguous groups. Only if the world maintains these cultural human varieties, these endemic cultures, will it provide natural opportunities for evolution. I mean evolution in taste and art, as well as growth in industry and natural science. For it is well recognized by the biologist that a uniform population changes but little, and that that small change is likely to be for the worse." (The italics are ours.)

But if we are to change our tack—to move consciously from an imposed sameness toward a natural diversity—how and where shall we begin? One way would be to borrow—without benefit of lend-lease—from our allies the Russians, to borrow not only their purpose to develop within each separate Soviet every evidence of local or national culture and tradition, but, more particularly, to borrow the free and fearless use of the word soul, and with it the free and fearless defense of the idea that it represents.
Our government and our private philanthropies are already organized to offer the fullest scientific cooperation to our returning fighters and to other citizens who have suffered from the shocks of war, in order to bring our physical stamina back to par.

Our entire educational system, from the secondary school to adult education, is laying foundations for a new "liberal" structure to develop the minds of the community. And although every community will probably not get the education it desires, it will, very likely, get the education it deserves.

But the soul of a community, unlike the body and the mind, builds not only with what we get but with what we give. A lively soul does not require much pampering. All it needs is not to be stifled by the "super-colossal" or the singing commercial and to be given peace and room enough to spread its wings; or, to put it in another way, time and the opportunity to contemplate and to create. The soul of a community most often finds outer expression through the arts, music and painting, architecture and poetry and through all of these arts fused in the arts of the theatre.

The theatre building is a natural home and a focus for a city's creative endeavor. It can be a resting-place, a workshop or a laboratory, an arena or a forum, an approach to reality or an escape from it into the world of the imagination, a vista down the past or into the future. Its workers can dig into the soil and the history of the land and the people and relate them to other times and other peoples. If we have the desire and the talent and the will to make it so, every community theatre can be made a mirror of the life and the hopes of the town in which it exists. It is something worth thinking about and worth working for—now, at the hour of change.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

John Kemble was performing one of his favorite parts at a small country theatre. From time to time he was interrupted by the squalling of a small child in the gallery. At last, annoyed by the rival performance, Kemble walked solemnly to the front of the stage and addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, that child cannot possibly go on!"

An extra came up to Helen Westley, elderly character actress, who had appeared on the movie set. "Why, Miss Westley, she gushed, "what are you doing in this picture?"
"My dear," the reply sped back, "hadn't you heard? I furnish the sexagenarian appeal."

No actress ever enjoyed a more touching tribute than one received by Helen Hayes when she was portraying the role of Mary of Scotland. One winter afternoon she emerged from the stage door just as darkness was falling, and there stood a small boy gazing rapturously up at her. He said nothing, but on the next afternoon, he was there again. And after several successive matinees, he still appeared faithfully. One afternoon he stepped forward impulsively and thrust something into her hand. As he fled down the street, Miss Hayes found she was holding a small box. She opened it and found a little gilded medal that bore the inscription, "Scholarship Medal, Public School 42, 1933."
What John Smith Thinks of Hans Schmidt

By CECIL BROWN

An observer and reporter of world affairs asked the question across the nation. Here's how Americans feel about Germans.

WHAT John Smith thinks of Hans Schmidt, even in the midst of war-time passions, is not simply a case of John saying, "Hans, I intend to beat you into a pulp." The attitude of the American toward his economic, or social, or even physical counterpart in Germany is entangled in many factors.

John Smith is supposed to be an average American, but an average American is quite as difficult to find as an average Englishman. With respect to the American attitude toward the Germans there are two well-defined and easily recognized John Smiths.

John A. Smith is fighting the German people, the men and women of Germany. John B. Smith is fighting the Nazis and, to him, the German people are all right.

This double standard applied to the people of Germany forces the two John Smiths in the United States to see two Hans Schmidts in Germany. One is an evil fellow with a swastika on his arm—he's probably in the German army. The other is the much more numerous German whom John Smith thinks has been misled, heiling Hitler while he hates the Nazis, an unwilling victim of all that Germany has done in the past ten years.

So Americans see two different kinds of people in Germany. Both the amount of hatred Americans feel for Germans and the extent of our extenuation of the Germans are tied up with America's history, hatred for all war, extensive isolationism, confusion about why we are fighting this war, hesitancy about facing the full impact of international responsibility, a skepticism about what we are told, and the relative smallness of our casualties, compared to that suffered by other nations.

What both the John Smiths think of both the Hans Schmidts of Germany is based on a survey I made through thirty-five of the most populated states, asking questions of people in all economic groups from coast to coast.

One of the many questions I asked was: "Are you fighting the German people?"

Slightly more than fifty percent of the Americans I questioned answered in the negative. Their usual answers were, irrespective of their economic or regional grouping:
"No, I'm fighting Hitler," or "I am fighting the Nazis," or "I'm fighting the German form of government."

The others, however, said they definitely were fighting the German people, every man and woman. To test the sincerity of their statements, to find out if these people were saying what they meant and were thinking in straightforward terms, I posed this brutal question both to men and women:

"You say you are fighting the German people. Now suppose you were the bombardier in the last plane of a bombing formation which already had destroyed your target, an aircraft factory.

"There is no need for you to drop any more bombs on it. But your instructions had been to destroy the target and any other object which might hinder our victory.

"You see that the airplane factory is destroyed. But a mile away you see two hundred German women aircraft workers who had escaped from the factory when the air raid sirens sounded. Now my question is, would you drop your bombs on those two hundred German women who made airplanes?"

The question shocked most people. Some of those who determinedly had said they were fighting the German people recoiled—and retracted.

Others stayed at their bombsight. "Of course I would," said a grower of apples in upper New York state. "Those women make the planes that shoot down our men. Everyone is in this war and, to me, those women would be the same as soldiers."

"No," said an industrialist in Virginia, "those people are victims of the war just because they are Germans. It is the fault of their leaders."

But a banker sitting beside the industrialist took the opposite view. "In the last war we fought the Kaiser. That's what I did in uniform, and look where we are today. This time I'm fighting the German people, every damn one of them. Sure, I'd drop that bomb."

Our John Smiths of the two views are found in every economic group.
and in all parts of the nation. A middle-aged prosperous looking physician in Maine used almost the same words as a copper miner in Montana.

Each said: "Yes, of course, I'm fighting the German people. Who else would we be fighting? Why charge it up to their leaders? If the German people didn't want Nazism, they wouldn't have it."

Out of the mouths of other John Smiths (and Dorothy Smiths as well) come certain constantly repeated phrases: "... fighting Hitlerism and his form of government ... the people are victims ... the people are subjugated ... the people are all right, they produced luxuries and scientific things ... some of the Germans are just as much against the war as we are ... no, I like the German people very much ... I am very proud of the German blood in me."

These expressions are by no means confined to the Middle West. They are to be heard from people one asks at random in the New England states, in the South and on the Pacific coast. I did find, however, that they were expressed with greater frequency in the states of the Middle West.

Other John Smiths, in the Middle West and in other regions of the country, have a deep prejudice against the Germans, even despite their German blood.

There was the Ohio steel worker for example, a second generation American of German descent. "Sure, I'm fighting German people, and any cousins I might have over there. The German people have been going mad for about a hundred years. They are mad dogs, and that's all there is to it."

John Smith's confusion as to our purposes in fighting this war also spills over into his attitude toward Hans Schmidt. Talking with people at random over the country, you get an overwhelming impression of the absence of agreement on why the war is being fought. This benefits Hans Schmidt because as a result of our confusion, Hans emerges as a shadowy person, even someone worthy of pity and, in any event, deserving of understanding.

Many a John Smith is still victimized by the clever propaganda job done by the Germans on the Treaty of Versailles. Hans Schmidt, they say, is really not a bad fellow and if the German people had been given better treatment then, we would not have this war now.

It is not that our John Smiths—or most of them—have any ingrained objection to fighting the people of a country. The proof is that a majority of Americans, about seventy-five percent of those I talked with, told me they are fighting the people of Japan.

Some John Smiths impressed me as being too busy nursing a hatred for the Japanese to be able to engender much emotion over Hans Schmidt. Of course, on the Pacific Coast the concern to whip Japan is much greater than it is elsewhere. Yet I did not find the attitude there toward the Germans very dissimilar to that in other parts of the United States.
The relative proximity to Japan of the people in the Western States of California, Oregon and Washington makes them more interested in the Pacific war, but in the Middle West and on the Atlantic seaboard, the enmity for the Japs is quite as strong. The difference is one of interest in the war.

Isolationism is far from vanquished in the United States; hence a unified sense of international responsibility is far from developed.

Many John Smiths who said they were fighting the men, women and children of Germany impressed me as determined that the German people must be held responsible for the deeds of their rulers. In fact, I occasionally heard the cliche, "People get the government they deserve." "The Germans always are making wars," and "Hitler wouldn't have lasted if the people didn't want him," and "we should have learned our lesson last time,"—said these John Smiths.

But these, even those who limited their condemnation of Germans to "the Nazis and the Prussian militarists" were in the minority among the thousands of John Smiths who expressed their views to me.

The John Smiths who said they are fighting every Hans Schmidt and his frau expressed their view with an obvious air of daring. Frequently they gave me the impression that they were a little bit shocked at their own words.

That shock came, I think, partly because Americans essentially are a good-hearted people and don't like to attribute to others any greater viciousness or brutality than they themselves possess.

The German record of brutalization and atrocities is pretty well known.

I have reported some of the factors which make up John Smith's prejudices. Stories of Japanese atrocities he, for the most part, believes; stories of German atrocities are greeted with a sharp skepticism.

John Smith is three thousand miles away from the "foreigner" who is being tortured or murdered. It is difficult for him to visualize the scene, the person or the anguish. But the wrathful reaction in this country to the verified accounts of the American soldiers' "death march" on Bataan is evidence that when an American is the victim, the stories become believable.

**THE HAZARDS OF WAR**

One of the boys from the "Winged Victory" cast told us this. He was in the movie version of the show, and while it was in filming, several of the soldier-actors had to dispense with shaving so their beards would approximate the McCoy. All went well until the beards began to reach that unsightly, unheroic scraggly stage. Then the M.P.'s began picking the boys up. Their honest explanation was pure fantasy to the M.P.'s. Finally the boys behind the beards had to be given a letter by the Commanding Officer to prove they actually were under orders NOT to shave.
When Will the War With Germany End?  
A Prophecy—and a Warning by Mutual's "Flying Reporter."  

By BILLY REPAID

In my very first broadcast in January, 1944, over the Mutual Network, I made my prediction about the coming year, and what we could look for in the way of progress in our war with Germany. I very definitely stated that in my opinion the year of 1944 would be a year of progress, great progress, but that January, 1945, would find us still fighting Hitler, more war conscious than ever. This was my forecast, and from it I have never wavered, although I hoped sincerely that I would be proved incorrect.

After we invaded Europe, on "D" Day, June 6th, 1944, and began to make such rapid moves across France, once again optimism ran high, and once again, some of those in high places began to talk of "V-E" Day, the day of Victory in Europe. In fact, you'll doubtless remember, that this kind of talk reached such stages, that plans were actually under way, as to the closing of stores, saloons, etc., when the news came that the war with Germany was over.

Despite these optimistic utterances, however (which I feel had a great deal to do with slowed down efforts on the home front, including the rush to get peace-time jobs), I at no time could agree with these forecasts, as my news programs have very clearly indicated. From time to time, I have been criticized by some of my listeners for taking the stand that I did, in the face of statements from some in high places that the day of victory was just around the proverbial corner. I am sure I don't need to name any of these people to whom I refer, as you have heard and read their statements just as I did.

Today, one year later, I still do not foresee a short war in Europe. Although, goodness knows, I'd like to see it end tomorrow, as I have sons in the thick of it, as doubtless you have too.

Now, of course, I knew as you did that we must invade Europe and, frankly, looked for that main invasion to come across the English Channel. However, there was one thing in connection with that invasion I would like to have explained. As you well know, the Allied invasion fleet assembled off the south coast of England ready and waiting for the signal to move. Now, Hitler knew it was there, his reconnaissance planes had brought back that information. So the Germans knew it was there, and they knew why it was there.

Here then was the greatest military target the Germans ever had a chance to hit, and they missed it. WHY? When I put this question to those
who should know at least some of the answers I was told that it was impos-
sible for the Germans to get through because the Allies held definite air
superiority. Now follow me closely, please. The more important the tar-
get, the greater the risk the opposition will take, and one hundred per
cent losses, that is, air losses, to my knowledge, have not been known in
this war by either side.

So Germany certainly could have afforded to take great chances to
strike at this huge target, and undoubtably could have delayed the in-
vasion indefinitely, and possibly com-
pelled the Allies to change their sched-
ule considerably. However, this was
not done, and the invasion went
ahead according to schedule. Again
and again I brought up the question,
why did Germany not at least try to
break up this invasion fleet, and
again and again I was told, first,
Allied aerial supremacy and, second,
Germany lacked the planes or the
weapons with which to make the at-
tack. This I doubted and still do.

Less than a week after we had
landed in France, the Germans began
sending over their V-1 rocket bombs,
and the damage these new projectiles
causcd in England, has just recently
been revealed. This proves that the
Germans did have some means of
destruction from the air—something
new. When you know the full story
of the death and destruction caused
by these bombs in England, and
realize that all this was accom-
plished without one single German
crossing the English channel then you
can well realize that the Germans
today are fighting a different kind
of war than they were fighting
twelve months ago. If they had these
robot bombs then, why did they not
attack the invasion fleet? It was a
huge target. They knew it was there,
yet they held their rocket bombs until
after the invasion forces had landed.
Why?

Well, here is my answer, and it
may sound ridiculous to some people,
and frightful to others. To my way
of thinking it is indeed frightful.
Germany has indeed perfected new
weapons—England was the ground
for experimentation. To successfully
use these newer weapons to their
best advantage, the Germans re-
quired a massing of allied forces at
not too great a distance from the
German homeland. Germany knew
and knows today that by using the
same tactics that we use, the same
kind of weapons, the same kind of
planes and guns, that the war would
be just about over.

So the German mind, which could
create and build such things as the
cremation ovens at Maidanek in
Poland, which could devise trucks
for the exclusive purpose of asphyx-
iating civilians, has also produced
death dealing automatons—call them
V-1, V-2, V-3 or whatever you like
—and these are not indeed the
ravings of a mad man or the far
fetched schemes of a Buck Rogers,
but the newer weapons of destruc-
tion—swift, powerful and death
dealing—with which Germany hopes
to be able not to win the war but to
prolong it so that terms will be extended which will be easier than unconditional surrender.

In other words, the Germans knew they could never win the war by trying to keep us out of Europe; so the newer technique lets us come in, which we planned to do anyway, and with her secret weapons Germany is counting on methodical mass murder which will cause many in the allied nations to cry, “Why continue this senseless slaughter?” By this means the Germans hope a compromise peace may be brought about. This is Germany’s plan, this is Germany’s hope. This is the kind of enemy we are fighting. A cunning, devilish enemy who will stop at nothing.

By these means, they may well be able to prolong the war to a far later date than most of us imagine. How long will this war with Germany last? Frankly, I don’t know, neither does anyone else, but for my part, I say, let’s be done with all these plans as to how we’ll celebrate “V-E” Day and stay right on the job here at home, inventing, producing, and perfecting the weapons with which to destroy the most methodical murderers the world has ever seen. And remember, that we’re in this war ALL OUT, until the enemy is ALL IN.

Whose News Do You Believe?

Ray Dady of KWK, St. Louis, discusses the old “Newspapers vs. Radio” Argument.

PEOPLE are turning more and more to radio for their daily information, not only about the war, but about politics and statecraft, about disaster and crime, weather reports and all the other facets of news which go to make up the daily grist of great and small happenings in the world of today.

For several years the poll takers have been sampling the public attitude toward this question: “On which medium do you depend most for news coverage, the newspapers or the radio?” In each succeeding sample, the percentage has been shifting from a heavy preponderance in favor of the newspapers, over to a growing dependence on radio. Today the two great media are almost tied, with radio having a slight edge.

This rapid growth is due to a number of factors. First, there is the element of speed. Radio’s coverage of world affairs is almost instantaneous. The press does an incredibly fast job of setting up and re-plating their papers; but there is no way to compete with an open microphone which can carry an eye-witness description or the actual words of a speaker and transmit the message seven times around the world in one second. It is no wonder, in the face of this type
of news competition, that the newspapers have almost abandoned the practice of publishing "extra" editions. No matter how fast they work, their news is old when it reaches the street.

There is also a less tangible factor which has contributed to the rapid public acceptance of radio news. That is the factor of trust and "believability." Radio stations and networks have rejected the idea of an editorial policy. They do not support the candidates of one political party as opposed to the other. On the other hand, almost every informed person knows that the Chicago Tribune is "agin" Roosevelt and the Chicago Sun is "for" him. Where is the person who can say station ABC is for one political candidate and station XYZ is "agin" him? Winchell as an individual spokesman may be for Roosevelt, Upton Close as an individual may be "agin" him; but they do not speak for the networks that provide their facilities, nor the individual stations through which they are heard.

This middle-of-the-road, dead-center approach of the radio industry to controversial issue seems to have established in the minds of the listeners the conviction that they can trust radio to be objective in its handling of the news. This has particular application to the straight newscast as opposed to the commentator. Since the stations have no editorial policy, the public harbors little suspicion that the news, as such, will be colored or flavored to emphasize one story and play down another.

Few newspapers permit their editorial position to influence their coverage of news. As a matter of policy they will give full and accurate accounts of news developments to which they are directly opposed. But in the same issue they may turn the drumfire of editorial comment against a page one story, with the result that the reader begins to ask himself disturbing questions about the objectivity of the news coverage of that paper. Was the story on page one complete and honest? Was it deliberately selected to serve as a target for the editorial sharpshooters? The reader wonders, turns on his radio, hears the Orson Welles dramatization of the "War of the Worlds" and hustles his family into the storm cellar. Why? Because he believes it. He heard it on the radio and that's enough for him.

The late Wendell Willkie stressed the great reservoir of good will and confidence which the people of the world have in the United States. Yet he emphasized that unless our statesmen and our people assume the responsibility of helping to shape the destiny of the post-war world, unless the United States is willing to be a leader, that reservoir of good will will soon disappear.

There is a lesson for radio in the Willkie "One World" philosophy. Radio news has a tremendous reservoir of public good will and confidence. But unless radio newsmen bear with honesty and humility, the burden of stewardship which the public has placed upon them, that reservoir of good will can soon be empty.
Philharmonotes...

You like the music better when you know something about it. For a more intimate understanding of the Kansas City Philharmonic Concerts we print excerpts from the actual program notes by Dr. Robert D. W. Adams of the University of Kansas City, and others. The concerts will be heard in the Music Hall of the Municipal Auditorium. For information regarding available recordings of any composition listed, address the Music Editor of "Swing".

SIXTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,
January 2-3. Efrem Kurtz conducting
Assisting Artist, JAN PEERCE
SYMPHONY IN G MINOR, No. 40..........
...............Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

It is difficult, perhaps, for the modern listener accustomed to the more impassioned utterances of Nineteenth Century romantic composers to believe that during the composition of this symphony, in which serene thoughtfulness seems so perfectly tempered with delicate good humor, Mozart was on the verge of despair. The work is the second of three immortal symphonies, written under pressure of the most distracting sort, in the incredibly brief period between the middle of June and the tenth of August, 1788. Mozart was in desperate need of money; sickness and death in his family had drained his resources, and during the toil of composing and producing the opera "Don Giovanni" the year before, he had lost most of the music pupils who were his chief income. He was heavily in debt, and creditors were "wearing out his door with their knuckles." Two thousand florins were needed to ease the pressure of debt: he had been able to raise but two hundred. Such were the circumstances under which he wrote his last three great symphonies. Mozart achieved this monument of symphonic writing (the SYMPHONY IN G MINOR, NO. 40) with the modest means of the Eighteenth Century orchestra—the usual strings, two horns, a flute, two clarinets, two oboes, and two bassoons.

WHERE'ER YOU WALK, from "Semele" .............................Handel
DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL from "Jephtha" ......................Handel
WAFT HER, ANGELS from "Jephtha" ..............................Handel

JAN PEERCE
CORRAL NOCTURNE AND HEE-DOWN, from "Rodeo" ............Copland
FIRST AND THIRD MOVEMENT FROM SYMPHONY IN G MINOR........
.........................................................Witkòr Labunski

This month Kansas City audiences will hear these movements for the first time. The composer, who is Director of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, is Polish born and received most of his training in Russia. The composition is American born, dating from only a few winters ago, and created of the quality of American folk music. Parts of it have been played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Labunski conducting, and the Slow Movement ("American") was performed here about three years ago. Dr. Labunski appears frequently in recitals here and has three times been presented as soloist with the Philharmonic. His professional debut in 1912 was made in St. Petersburg, with Beethoven's Emperor Concerto. After serving as lieutenant in the first World War, he returned to his music and in 1928 made his American debut at Carnegie Hall.

O PARADISO, from "Africana" .......................Meyerbeer
LA DONNA E MOBILE, from "Rigoletto" .............................Verdi

JAN PEERCE
SEVENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, January 16-17, David Van Vactor, Assistant Conductor, conducting; Assisting Artists, ALEXANDER MURRAY, Violinist; ZARRA NELSOVA, Violoncellist

OVERTURE TO “THE MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR” Otton Nicolai

Composed on a libretto by Mosenthal from the Shakespeare comedy, “The Merry Wives of Windsor” was produced in Berlin only two days before the composer’s death. The overture, which remains the most popular portion of the work, is in the Italian potpourri style, built on fragments of themes in the opera, intended to be suggestive of amusing episodes that form the play.

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE for Violin and Orchestra, D Minor, opus 21

ALEXANDER MURRAY

Here the violin, named first in the title, takes definite place as the solo instrument in what is for practical purposes a concerto in the modern sense. The title is probably justified by the larger and more significant role played by the orchestra than in the usual accompaniments to concertos of Lalo’s time (1823-1892). Lalo was one of the first of a long line of French composers who interested themselves in the music of Spain; the late M. Ravel is perhaps the most recent notable example. Like Ravel, Lalo was predisposed to an interest in the subject of Spanish ancestry. Melodic idioms, rhythms, and even harmonies typical of Spanish folk music are heard throughout the work.

JOYEUSE MARCHE.........................Chabrier

VARIATIONS ON A ROCOCO THEME FOR VIOLONCELLO AND ORCHESTRA...

Tschaikovsky

These variations were written about December, 1876, and dedicated to the composer’s friend, Wilhelm Karl Friedrich Fitzenhagen, an instructor in ’cello at the Conservatory of Moscow, and first ’cellist in the orchestra of the Imperial Musical Society. The scheme of the composition is direct and simple. The rococo theme is announced in A major by the violoncello and is followed by seven variations. Tschaikovsky uses the term “rococo” rather in the sense of “old fashioned.” E. Markham Lee, in a study of the music of this Russian master, says: “The term ‘Rococo,’ together with its companions, ‘Zopf’ and ‘Baroque,’ refers to manner, and it is a term borrowed from architecture, where it refers to a highly ornamental period, denoting a certain impress derived from the study of a school of thought foreign to that of the artist’s natural groove. One would therefore not expect the theme of this set of variations, though original, to be in Tschaikovsky’s own distinctive style; nor is it really so, exhibiting rather a dainty Mozartian grace and simplicity, together with a certain rhythmic charm.”

SYMPHONIE NO. 4 IN F MINOR, opus 36

Tschaikovsky

Beethoven and Tschaikovsky might be called the tragic poets of the symphony. But how different is their view of tragedy! Beethoven is essentially an optimist; Tschaikovsky is the poet of despair. The tragic fabric of Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony, conceived after the composer’s complete loss of hearing, is yet a setting for a hymn to joy. If Fate knocks at the door in the opening raps of the Beethoven Fifth, the finale hymns man’s triumph over fate. In the Tschaikovsky Fourth, the fate motive, blared out by sinister brasses intermittently through the symphony, appears still at the close, even after the composer’s avowed attempts to show where joy may be found, still impudently mocking all of man’s striving for happiness ... The Fourth Symphony reflects the emotional shocks of a peculiarly tragic period in the life of the composer. In the summer of 1877 he made an unfortunate marriage, probably through pity, with a young woman (later found to be subnormal mentally) who had admired him from a distance and had written to him telling of her love. The shock of this unnatural and undesired marriage brought about a complete nervous collapse: within two weeks he had fled from his bride and lay unconscious for two days.

When the doctors ordered the composer abroad for a complete rest, the means were provided by a wealthy patron, Nadejda von Meck, the widow of a Rus-
sian engineer. She had already given him some commissions, and now not only came forward with funds sufficient for the two years which he spent abroad, but offered him a permanent pension which would leave his time free for composition. The only condition attached to the gift was that the two should never meet. The symphony was completed in December, 1878.

EIGHTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,
January 30-31. Efrem Kurtz, conducting; Assisting Artist, WILLIAM KAPELL, Pianist
SYMPHONY No. 4...................Schumann

Schumann's fourth symphony, in reality his second, was written in 1841, perhaps the happiest year of his life. It was the first year of his marriage to Clara Wieck, the famous piano virtuoso whose father's opposition to the marriage was overcome only after a long and distressing suit at law. They had settled in a small house in Leipzig where, completely happy and in full confidence of his own genius and his wife's talents, Schumann faced the future most bravely. He was in contemplation of this symphony in May, 1841, according to a letter by Clara, but his manuscript score bears the date of June 7 as the time the actual work began. He delivered the finished score to his wife as a birthday present on September 13. It was first performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus on December 6 of that year. Schumann was not satisfied with its original form, and withheld it from publication. In 1851 it was revised and published as his fourth symphony.

SPIRITUAL FOR STRING CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA ..Gould
I. Proclamation
II. Sermon
III. A Little Bit of Sin
IV. Protest
V. Jubilee
PIANO CONCERTO..........Khatchaturian

Swingin' with the Stars

ATKINS AUDITORIUM
NELSON ART GALLERY
(Movies at 8 p.m. Admission free)
Jan. 5—Noel Coward's CAVALCADE.
Jan. 26—Films by the advance guard of directors in Europe, following the First World War. (These pictures presented under sponsorship of Fox-Midwest, in the Museum of Modern Art series.)

Pictures expected in January at:
LOEW'S MIDLAND
MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—The picture that gave us The Trolley Song. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and others have family fun as the Smiths of 1903-04. It's based on Sally Benson's book of about 3 years ago. Fresh, lively, and musical.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—It has Van Johnson. What more do you want? If you want more, there's Spencer Tracy, Robert Walker, and Phyllis Thaxter. Also a pretty magnificent event as the film's reason for being. Based on Major Ted W. Lawson's book, here's an account of the Doolittle fliers and their famous raid, plus a simple love story that all but steals the show.

TOMORROW THE WORLD—Skippy Homeier, the boy who won an award for his performance in the stage version, likewise turns the movie into an alarming commentary on what to expect from Nazi youth. Frederic March, Betty Field, Agnes Moorehead, and little Joan Carroll are also in the cast of this thoughtful and agitating picture.

THE NEWMAN
AND NOW TOMORROW—Loretta Young turns a deaf ear to Alan Ladd, in a picture based on Rachel Field's best seller. This is a spirited couple; Loretta performs adroitly as always in this story of a romance complicated greatly by meningitis, social caste, and Susan Hayward.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—You'll be so engrossed with Lauren Bacall you may not notice what Hollywood has done to Hemingway. But that's beside the point. The point is that Bacall and Bogart are the toughest couple of lovers that ever smuggled Gaullists out of Martinique and hissed sweet nothings between their teeth. Hoagy Carmichael beats out some tunes. But it's Bacall's show, and very sultry.
Swingin' with the Stars
(Continued)

RKO ORPHEUM
Farewell, My Lovely—A rather tender little story in which Dick Powell forsakes singing for other activities. Claire Trevor is his lovely.

BELLE OF THE YUKON—Gunplay and vocalizing in Alaskan Gold Rush days. Gypsy Rose Lee pursues a hectic happiness with Randolph Scott, while Dinah Shore, Bob Burns, Charles Winninger, et al, cavort about in period costumes and technicolor. Good lusty Saturday-night-Western stuff, with music, of course.

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—Edward Winkle Robinson as a family man caught up in dramatic circumstances which include Joan Bennett, Dan Durvea and Raymond Massey help this who-dun-it along to something like extraordinary power.

THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart, Darryl F. Zanuck, and the Army Air Forces turn out an entertaining account of how to win your wings and keep them. Lon McAllister and Barry Nelson head the large cast, most of whom were in the stage production.


THE TOWER
A stage show between a double feature. The accent is heavily Western on the screen, with a good many rousing mysteries and bright comedies thrown in. Stage acts usually worth seeing.

Call the RED CROSS—HA 2341—for an appointment with the Blood Bank. Volunteer workers needed in the production department for filling Navy and Army kits, etc. Motor Corps motor mechanics classes at Manual High School. 9 a.m. Saturday; 7 p.m. Thursday. Nurses' Aides needed; call for info.

Call VOLUNTEER SERVICE BUREAU, Y.W.C.A., Victor 7935, Room 900. They have a lot of things you can do.

Salvage drives are still on. Your butcher still gives you 2 red points for each pound of waste KITCHEN FAT you take in. Army, Navy, and industrial plans need RAGS. Turn them in to any charity organization.

There's no source of essential tins in this country. Wash, remove wrappers and ends, step on all TIN CANS, and keep them ready for regular collection.

WASTE PAPER is Number 1 critical material in entire war program. Save papers, magazines, boxes, and bags. Watch papers for dates of regular pick-up.

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF—1330 Grand, needs volunteers either individually or in groups for sewing. All garments are cut out, sewing is simple. It may be done in their workroom or in your own home or club room. Also knitting to be done and the filling of household utility kits. Or you might stay around and help sell the Russian novelty gifts.

An average of 750 showers are taken daily at the SERVICE MEN'S CLUB, 15 East Pershing Road. You can help by giving soap and towels. The Club also needs homemade pies and candy, and fruit, particularly small Delicious apples.

The LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER, 2047 Main, needs homemade cookies and candies, as well as fruit and cigarettes. Soap and towels, too.

Wanna be a Senior Hostess? Or a dependable Staff Aide between five and seven p.m.? Call the U.S.O. CLUB, 3200 Main, LO 7525. Staff Aide does office work, and they need 'em badly. Sheets, towels, pillow cases, blankets, and razor blades will help the boys make themselves at home.

The same equipment would help out the SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL, also. It's at 1021 McGee.

Maybe you'd really like to give the KANSAS CITY CANTER, 1021 McGee, your lovely Oriental rug or a pair of stuffed love birds. But make your giving count! The boys and girls would rather have MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS; new jule box records; sheet music; cookies, cakes, pies, or doughnuts. Don't try to be different! Just stick to the pattern; that's what the kids want! Army style blankets—no satin bindings! Ash stands, lobby type! THEATRE TICKETS to the really good attractions, not the things you didn't want to see, anyway. When you find you can't use that Music Hall ticket, call VI. 9266. And here's a thought for BUSINESS FIRMS: If each of you in town gave one ream of your plain stationery, you'd never miss it—and the Canteen would have enough to supply all homesick G.I.'s. They need 2 TYPEWRITERS, too, any kind or condition. And FREE COFFEE.
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY
(Continued from Page 1)...

For Food and a Drink...

CONGRESS RESTAURANT—3529 Broadway. A rangey lounge turns into a dining room on the other side, where you’ll find food whipped up by Buster Robovit who used to be at the Athletic Club. They serve a good hearty salad. You may recognize Floyd, the colored waiter and a landmark here. Bill Caldwell at the keys is by way of becoming a permanent fixture, too. He plays piano and organ at the same time with considerable ambidexterity. Pete Pearson, the manager, says, come Victory, there’ll be colored lights over the bar again, and the horn o’ plenty will change color every few minutes. And again you’ll think it was that last one you drank!

DUFFEY’S TAVERN—218 West 12th. "Where you don’t ‘meet the elite’ but you eat." It says here. You also drink. You also listen to Joe Hamm, Whity Hayes, and Little Buck Buckner break into a ballad at the drop of a night cap. “Just another night on 12th Street, folks!” That will be Joe’s voice rising above the general din, making everybody at home. He and Whity knock themselves out in song at the various tables, with Lola Rardin playing a patient ac-companiment. She used to be with Major Bowes. Little Buck will sing a tune, warm your heart, light your cigarette, and make you believe a mellow stupor is the glow of genius. You’d never believe he’s old enough to have a college-age son. He is, and he does. Duffey’s have their own barbecue pit, and the town’s tallest bartender. He’s six-foot-seven. There’s nothing subtle about Duffey’s, but as the sign says, “Gentlemen will behave. Others must.”

FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT—1211 Baltimore. Since Jim Lee, the place has been redecorated and remodeled. Harry Turner, the new owner, has made it a lively room, and Maurice Jester supplies an attractive menu. Try their fried chicken some time, or their shrimp Creole. Lunch- eons in the main room or the dining room adjoining are served from 11:30 to 2:30, dinner from five till ten. Hostesses Effie Heg- gesen and Beulah Jester will be around to see that you’re comfortably seated and promptly served. There’s a bar, too, of course, if you’d rather just sit and stare at yourself in the mirrors.

ITALIAN GARDENS—1110 Baltimore. Lay end to end all the spaghetti served at the Gardens in the last 20 years and it would make a corduroy bigway, seven lanes wide, from here to Italy and back. (Rough estimate.) Signora Teresa’s spaghetti and raviola dishes pull in stage and sports people from all over, to say nothing of daily bordes of home folks, who sit in the little latticed booths under portraits of Vincent Lopez, Simone Simon, et al., or at the crowded tables, happily winding their dinner on a fork. This is a family affair, with Johnny Bondon and Frank Lepari bustling about out front, aided by nephew Ralph Bondon, and Johnny’s sister Teresa governing the kitchens. Two sisters and a niece are back there, too, along with Elbert Oliver who does the “man cookin’”—steaks and chops. Johnny says it takes a woman’s touch for sauces and meat balls. He likes you to have wine with your meals, too; it’s better taste. Ordinarily, the Gardens rank about fifth in the country for wine sales. The spaghetti is on at four each after- noon, until midnight. They’re closed on Sundays.

JEWEL BOX—3223 Troost. From 2:30 till 5:30 Jimmy Townsend furnishes soothing piano obbligato for your afternoon cocktails. By night there’s a strawberry blond Willy Ganz at the piano and novachord above the bar, managing a skillful blend of the classical and popular (in music). He plays from 9 till 10:45, and again from 11:30 till closing, after making a quick dash for a broadcast. This is a clean, attractive little room; Ralph Fuller sees that it’s kept that way. Aside from drinks and decent music, the specialty here is fried chicken and charcoal broiled steaks. Tops for the steak is $1.25.

MORRIS DELICATESSEN—3121 Troost. The most unassuming establishment that ever put out the town’s best delicatessen. There’s a bar, rarely busy, and a lot of boosters. The clientele who have learned, return time and again to partake in silent rapture of Morris’s liederkranz or braun- schweiger sandwiches on wonderful Jewish breads, to bite into fat black olives, or a rich potato salad, or superb kosher pickles, to lick up the slices of spicy cold meats, and wash it all down with a bottle of beer or some fresh black coffee. If you prefer you can take the food home. This is one of the few places where you’ll find real Russian pumpernickel. Morris and his two daughters take care of most of the business. And the customers come of their own accord—with good reason!

OMAR ROOM—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. No haven for Omar, the Tentmaker, but for the rest of us, a pleasant meeting-place. A good many uniforms in evidence here. Hill and Dugan make listenable music; no singing in the wilderness, however! Down a couple or three steps is a semi-circular bar with a mirrored ceiling which may give you a fit at first—if you’re a stranger here, yourself, or have had one too many. Jack Armordale, the chief barmen, used to be at the old Chesterfield. (Remember?) If you can’t find it yourself, ask Mr. Hutchinson to show you the mural of Khayyam underneath the bough painted by Rex Werner, a Kansas City artist.

PLAZA BOWL—480 Alameda Road. Smartly south side, the Bowl offers recreation, food, and drink—all in attractive surround-ings, smooth and modern. Most mornings find young Country Club matrons bowling away pounds and depressions, while Sunday morn-
For Food
and a Drink...

ings are taken over by those men
who find it hard to break away
during the week. The Bowl Rest-
tenant offers a fine hill of fare,
and you'll enjoy the small cocktail
lounge, which is especially busy
around dinner time, just before
the Kansas go home! Sam and Ned
Eddy are the dapper gentlemen
who keep this one of the Plaza's
better draws.

PLAZA ROYALE—614 West
48th. The south side sister of the
Town Royale, managed by Homer
Demming, who is around most of
the time, and Harry Newstreet.
They used to run the Bit and
Spur Club at the horse shows,
remember, out in the American
Royal Building. The decor of
the Plaza Royale is modern, the
clientele smart. This is one of
the first of the spots to open after
Prohibition, and it's still going
strong. A lot of the original
help are around. There's food,
run up by Eddie Parker from
noon on through mid-evening; and
music by Zola Palmer at the
Hammond organ.

PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND
BAR—10th and Walnut. Here's a
haven for the tired business man,
doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief;
for his secretary, and for the little
woman who meets him after five.
New decor comes from Janet
Waldron, who has done some of
the better spots about town. On
the walls of the downstairs grill
you'll find clever sketches of the
business and professional man.
Upstairs and on the balcony, as
well as downstairs, new touches of
green, yellow, and white put more
light into the place, and bring
up-to-date one of the more popular
downtown stops. Take a look at
the map above the fountain when
it's finished. We think you'll find
it interesting. A Price trademark
is the big hot cinnamon rolls they
always serve with meals. And of
course, their candies are pretty
sweet, too. Mr. Prater is the
busy gentleman who helps you
find a table.

PUSATERI'S COCKTAIL
LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT
—Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and
Broadway. What used to be the
Empire Room (and before that,
the Hyde Park Tea Room) reopens
in January under the expert man-
agement of Gus and Jimmy Pusa-
teri. If you know the quality of
their downtown dinners, you'll
know what to expect by way of
excellence in food out here.
There's entertainment at dinner
and supper. The room is not
open at noon.

PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER—
1104 Baltimore. Here's a chummy
little room just off the sidewalk,
where you'll find a lot of the
better people most of the time.
Gladys Bagwell plays a nice piano;
and Gus Pusateri is quite likely
to drop around to your booth or
table and make with the friendly
feeling. With steaks such as the
New Yorker serves, you don't
need atmosphere—and the salad
is truly out of this world! Jim
Pusateri runs a mighty fine
kitchen. Luncheon begins at 11:30 a.
m. Dinner ends at ten. And
let there he no moaning at the
bar: Bartender Albert Caruso
is a hudding Runyon; he writes little
sketches about the people he
meets!

RENOUZVOUS—Hotel Muehle-
back—12th and Baltimore. A
large, noisy room, paneled in red,
and pleasantly gloomy after the
manner of an English manor.
A good place to talk over your
drinks, since there's no music and
your own conversation is confined
to your table, in the general din.
As for drinks, expect anything
you order: the Muehlebach cellar
is one of the most varied in the
middle-west. You may recognize
Gus Fitch in the Rendezvous; he's
been around a number of years.
Luncheon and dinner, thanks to
Henri Ehster, served from 12 to
3; 6 to 8:30.

SAVOY GRILL—9th and Central.
Restaurants come and go, but
the Savoy stays. It's an institu-
tion, complete with venerable at-
mosphere, marks of past splendor,
and the mellowness of graceful
old age. Which is not to say
there's anything decrepit about
the place. Where Chauncey Ol-
cott, Eddie Foy, Sarah Bernhardt,
William Jennines Bryan, Will
Rogers, Marie Dressler, and Theo-
dore Roosevelt once went for
steaks and sea food, today's celeb
and other folk still flock. W. C.
Gentry is having the kitchen re-
modeled, but the quality of the
food needs no improvement. They
still serve up a filet mignon or
one-, two-, and three-pound lob-
sters in the same style. George
Stevenson, John Wilson, and J.
D. Brown will see to that.
They've been with the Savoy 44,
41, and 32 years respectively.
The murals, dating from away
back, and painted by Edward Hol-
stag, picture the Santa Fe Trail
from old Westport to New Mex-
ico.

TOWN ROYAL—1119 Baltimore.
On the site of the grandeur that
was the old Hotel Baltimore stands
this casually comfortable cocktail
lounge, housing a number of
familiar figures: Whitey, the
perennial waiter; Frank Jones, head
barman; and Harry Newsstreet,
who manages the place. Harry at-
tended the famous hotel school at
An Sa Chapelpe, long before it
was Aachen and taken. Manuel
Cervantes produces good food
here, including a chicken sand-
wich au gratin that justifies inter-
rupting your drinkin'. Zena
Schenk and Mary Dale alternate
at organ and piano. Brocades and
a couple of big unobtrusive mir-
rors give the place a faintly
houdoish air. We say faintly.

WESTPORT ROOM—Union Sta-
tion. Union Stations are fun, any-
way, and that makes the station
bar more fun than ever. You
don't have to be taking a train
or meeting someone to enjoy this
one—if you can squeeze in! It's
that popular. Genial Joe Maciel
will see you some place, though;
or maybe it will be Jimmy King
who greets you. You are assured
of a full ounce and a half of
what-it-takes to each drink. But
before they get you gagga, do
take a quick glance at the walls.
We think the pioneer figures
painted by Mildred Methe of New
York are rather droll. Famous
Fred Harvey management makes
for just about the finest food in
town, in the lovely restaurant
beyond the bar.
IN KANSAS CITY

Just for a Drink...

EL CABANA—Hotel Phillips—12th and Baltimore. This is a smallish lounge with pretty girls waiting tables. A good drink, good Novachord melodies, and good talk are the bill of fare. You furnish the latter. Alberta Bird, a big-eyed beautifully-groomed gal who has a way with a tune, furnishes the music, alternating with Lenora Nichols. The dapper gentleman who looks so at home—and makes you feel that way, too—will be Charlie Hall. And the tall, distinguished person who may wander in and out is quite likely to be Mr. Phillips himself.

PINK ELEPHANT—On 12th Street between Baltimore and Wyandotte, in the State Hotel. Don’t worry if you see Pink Elephants parading around the outside. They’re really there, you can’t miss it. Don’t expect a seat inside, though. It’s a hip-pocket edition of a bar, and somebody always gets there first. But it’s worth several tries to see the movies. Give Loren a quarter and say please. He’ll run off several reels of ancient comedy, vintage 1900 and up. Mr. Gerard says the films are changed each week, so there’s no end to their variety.

THE TROPICS—Hotel Phillips—12th and Baltimore. You can’t change the spots on the leopard, nor can simulated leopard turn this spot into any torrid zone. But for discreet drinking and dawdling, this is a charming enough haven, neatly tucked away on the third floor; and trimmed out with painted palms and Lula girls (also painted) and bamboo furniture. Don’t wear your sarong. The Lamond Sisters are scheduled for early in January. They play piano and Hammond organ, under the carved coconut lantern. When there’s a lull, ask someone to turn on the storm. It’s an electrical gadget that cuts up quite a hurricane back of the bar. Mrs. Pope is the smoothest looking hostess in town. See if you don’t think so.

ZEPHYR ROOM—Hotel Bellerive—Armour Boulevard at Warwick. Except for the orchestra, the top ‘name’ act and the cover charge, you can see everyone here who appears at El Cabah—including many of the same customers! It’s a pleasant room in dim-lit green, chummy and intimate, with Barney Goodman’s familiar stars; Gill and Price presenting musical comedy hit songs; Armandita, the “Mexican Nightingale”—and Sandevol playing Spanish ditties and singing them well, to his own guitar accompaniment. No spot could have a fresher bartender: his name’s Tim Spillane. Prettiest waitress is Georgie McCarthy.

All This and Dancing, too!

CREWWN ROOM—LaSalle Hotel—922 Linwood. A large blond room that doesn’t get smoked up as quickly as some. There’s a long curving bar, booths and tables. We could wish they’d made the booths a little deeper; you sit down and slide out. But it’s a minor defect. Down a step or two there’s a smallish dance floor, usually crowded. Music this month is by Jimmy Van Osdel and his Whispering Trumpet. Herb Cook furnishes musical hors d’oeuvres at the piano, delivering ditties in that well-known husky voice of his that wears rather well. Altogether, a pleasant place, managed graciously by Vic Steinbaum and Mibbs Golding.

DRUM ROOM—Hotel President—10th and Baltimore. Decor by Winold Reiss, menu by George Souchet, entertainment by Jack Wendover and his Whispering Rhythms. With these elements Frank Dean, Harry Hopkins and Adrian Hooper produce one of the region’s better rooms. The Gaucinesque murals were done by the man who painted the country’s largest, those in Cincinnati’s Union Station. Mr. Reiss is one of the foremost depictors of Indian Subjects, but the Drum Room is the farthest west he’s gone with his murals. George brings his culinary training to the hotel’s kitchen from France, via New York. He knows what to do with pompano. You’ll like the food, also the polite suavity of Harold, who, by the way, returns here after a stint on the Alaskan Highway. There’s Ruby, too, who has charm and cigarettes, hear, hear! And if nothing else amuses you, walk back and forth through the magic eye door a few times. A few drinks and that door—and you’ll have more fun than anybody! Reservations, GRand 5440.

EL BOLERO—Ambassador Hotel, 3560 Broadway. Beyond the bar and down the steps you’ll find a pocket-size dance floor, a juke box, some knocker-out murals, and Marguerite Clark. Some tables, too, incidentally, where you can get together with a cocktail or a beer. Marguerite isn’t Hildegardie; she’ll do till Hildegardie gets here. She has a friendly way with a collection of little songs; and if you want to gang up at the piano and harmonize, you can do that, too. The murals were crayoned by a former student at the Art Institute. We think they’re amusing. Lounge opens at nine.

EL CASBAH—Hotel Bellerive—Armour Boulevard at Warwick. Barney Goodman has long thought Kansas City needed a spot just like this—with Rocco decor, almost-continuous entertainment and a cover charge that’s as inexpensive as a first-run movie. Weeknights it’s a dollar. Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. You can beat the cover-charge rap by just sitting at the bar. Or come Saturday afternoon, no cover at the "Cocktail Dansant." The customers who haunt the Pump Room in Chicago, the Stork and "21" in New York, seem to like it. Charlie Wright and his orchestra (you know that "society" music) have followed Harl Smith on the bandstand; and the floor show includes from time to time acts such as Russell Swan, Ethel Shuttta, Sheila Barrett and Dwight Fiske. Don’t expect to see them all the same evening, though! Those K. C. favorites—Jon and Sondra Steele—expect to be around through New Year’s, along with Armandita, Jeffie Gill, Evans Price and Sandeval. Louis Hartman is the brisk maître d’hotel. For reservations, Phone VAlementine 7047.
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

All This... and Dancing, too!

MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN—210 West 47th—A preferred spot on the Country Club Plaza and probably the most labyrinthine tavern in the town! A bar, a lounge, a dance floor, and two cafeterias wander around at odd and interesting angles, and in all of them Clair Martin offers the wherewithal for an entertaining evening. In the daytime, it's an astonishingly large cafeteria. At night, they cover the steam trys pull some curtains—and wham!—it's a night club (with good food!); Jack, Pappy, and Dewey mix the drinks as they've done for years. The Four Tons of Rhythm, a colored group who originated in Kansas City, make music for dancing, and at 10:45 and 12:45 there's a floor show. The entertainment begins at nine, stays open till 1:30. A good place for private parties. Specialty from the kitchen is "chicken in the rough." Those amazing pictures painted on the walls come from the brush of Larry Richman, who, before his khaki-clad days, amused himself by painting the town, in spots. By the way, there's a cover charge of 75 cents.

MILTON'S TAP ROOM—3511 Troost. Otherwise known simply as "Julia Lee's"—for Julia is an institution around here. She's spent 11 years at that piano, crooning lyrics—tender, bawdy and otherwise—into the mike. You'll catch her from 8:15 on—and do! Robert Moody plays traps for her, and almost anyone from the Big Time is likely to drop in for a visit with Julia and maybe a stint at the piano. Last time we were around it was Meade Lux Lewis. The brothers Morris still carry on. Milton's overseas with the Army; so are Izzy and Joe. Max is managing in their absence. He tells us that Brooks Burnett, who did the caricatures of movie stars around the walls, belonged to the 6-foot club, by virtue of his six-feet-five. There's a dance floor, if you need it, and a friendly feeling about the whole place. It's authentic.

PENGUIN ROOM—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. This is a large mirrored dining room, with a junior size dance floor. In January Chiquita and her all-girl orchestra move in from Miami. They play for supper dancing, 6:30 till 12:30. No music for luncheon, but you'll find the customary excellent food and service. The hotel's manager, R. E. McEachin, says they've found people would rather just talk than listen to a band during the noon meal.

SKY-HY ROOF—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. Here's one glass house where you can throw parties. Except on Saturday, the roof is available for private digs, on Saturday nights there's public dancing.

SOUTHERN MANSION—1425 Baltimore. If your head is bending low, there's probably the Mansion's roast beef on the plate. Or maybe the salad that Walter Whittaker tosses, right on the spot. This ceremony is another one of the things that makes Walter one of the town's most skillful maitre d's. You can dance with your dolly and your dinner down here. Dee Peterson and his orchestra play for dinner and supper. The place is comfortably elegant, with solid white pillars and the exterior of a real Southern Mansion for atmosphere; and a white picket fence running around the room, against dark green walls. No pickaninnies and no fields of cotton. No bar, either. For reservations, call GRand 5131.

TERRACE GRILL—Hotel Muckelbach—12th and Baltimore. Schiaparelli chose the pink for the walls. Gordon, in white tie, used to mix the salads. For the duration, however, he's just around, in a business suit, being genial. Which is reason enough for his being around. Henri Ehster's food (he originated the Thousand Island Dressing, you know), smooth dance music, and the kind of service that makes you feel to-the-manner-born, combine to produce one of the town's favorite spots for luncheon, dinner, and supper—with music at noon, as well as night! Sunday night dinner and supper attract lots of the "home folks"—it's "family night." Ray Benson and his orchestra are playing into the middle of January. They move in from such spots as the Persian Room, the Stork Club, and Chicago's Drake Hotel. For reservations: Gordon, at GRand 1400.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A LAW OFFICE"

As factual, as flat and frigid
As Webster's Unabridged-ed.
RUBY IS A GEM by HANNAH FRY

You may sound taps for Private Tussy, but here are three cheers for private enterprise. Don't look now, but the Drum Room has cigarettes. Most places don't even have a cigarette machine. This place has a cigarette girl! And therein lies our story.

If you've ever stumbled down the steps into the President Hotel's dining room, you've seen Ruby Wandell. Maybe two of her, but double or not, she's a nice eyeful. She was born Ruby Love. Now she's married to an ex-soldier. He works days at North American, goes to school by night, and lacks only a few hours toward an engineering degree. Ruby goes to Junior College by day, taking her basic for a degree in law; and of course, she's in the Drum Room at night. The Wandells greet each other in passing.

Several years ago Ruby was gracing the Claredge Hotel in Memphis; later, the Five O'Clock Club at Miami Beach. The Midland Teletype School lured her to Kansas City. While she learned teletype she worked nights at the Drum Room, and returned there after a year with TWA. The customers like her. She has a native smoothness, polished up by the Philip Morris people in Memphis. One of Johnnie's stand-ins, she tells us, was a great help in teaching her the tricks of making the customer call for Philip Morris and Ruby Wandell.

She has what a press agent would call "class." She also has cigarettes. And here's how: All last summer she went about buying her allotted one package at a time, wherever she could find it. She even hired a couple of young fellows to go buying, also. They accumulated, one at a time, quite a neat number of packages. And now she supplies Drum Room dropper-inners with popular brands at a price the OPA sanctions.

Besides college and career, Ruby keeps house. One of her courses at school is home economics. Another is Spanish. The Spanish ties her in knots. Mostly because she can't spell. But we doubt if that stops her. She's sharp, that Ruby! And some night when you're rolling your own, sniffing snuff, or smoking corn silks, come on down to the Drum Room and see her!

SPORTSCASTER'S NIGHTMARE

The All-American "unpronounceable" football team:

Selected by LARRY WINN, JR.

**FIRST TEAM**

| Schumchyk, Arkansas | Tackle | Minewesser, Michigan |
| Lagomarcino, Iowa | End | Lazetich, Michigan |
| Westenkirchner, Notre Dame | Guard | Stanowicz, Army |
| Aholstinger, Georgia Tech | Center | Graiziger, Minnesota |
| Chiaeverini, Michigan | Guard | Mohracher, Iowa |
| Savitsky, Pennsylvania | Tackle | Cassidente, Illinois |
| Laubenheimer, Wisconsin | End | Motejzik, Ohio State |
| Hoernschemeyer, Indiana | Quarter | Loh, Yale |
| Dellastatious, Missouri | Half | Dancewicz, Notre Dame |
| Sensanbaugher, Army | Half | Dimanacheff, Purdue |
| Kondratovich, Columbia | Full | Wiese, Michigan |
January, 1945

What's YOUR Comment?

$100 IN WAR BONDS for the Best Letters about "SWING"

This is our first issue ... and naturally, we want to know how you like it, what you don't like, what you like best, what you'd like to see changed.

It's our first issue ... but it's your "Swing." We want it to swing the way you want it.

If you'll use this ballot to indicate the three things you like best and the three you like least—and write us a letter of 150 words or less telling us why—

We'll pay a $50 War Bond for the best letter ... and a $25 War Bond each for the second and third best letters most useful to us in making "Swing" what you think it ought to be.

We have fancy plans for future issues ... the addition (for instance) of New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Hollywood letters—with feed-bag dope on what to do and see in those cities. Good idea?

You tell us! Let's swing together!

Three Things I like best in the January issue of "SWING"

1.

2.

3.

Three Things I like least in the January issue of "SWING"

1.

2.

3.

Address your letters with this ballot, to

SWING

1120 Scarritt Building
Kansas City 6, Missouri

—And so we named it

"Swing"

And what's in a name? Swing is rhythm. It's rug-cuttin' 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 sycamore limb right handy. Swing was a hard word then. It not only brought a lump to the throat; it brought many a throat to a lump.

When the Yanks march home victorious, they'll swing down Main Street. Chariots swing; children swing; outlaws swing; orchestras swing; we swing! Some high, some low; and the word means many things to many people.

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

And we'd appreciate it if you'd write to tell us how you do like it.
Meet WHB's Don Davis...

...probably the only radio station president in America who travels as his station's national advertising representative. The guy, in a suitcase at "SPOT SALES" offices—and that's neither dust nor dandruff on his shoulders. It's Ivory Snow—inkled on by the photographer to indicate that Davis travels from frozen north to sunny south, the better to serve WHB advertisers. Phone him for availabilities at any one of our five offices. Time clearances will be submitted the same day from Kansas City... along with program information and Hooperatings to prove that WHB is the best broadcasting buy in the booming Kansas City market.

You'll like doing business with WHB, "the station with agency point-of-view"... where every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results. If you want to sell the Kansas City market, WHB is your happy medium!

CHICAGO — 360 North Michigan — FRanklin 8520
KANSAS CITY — Scorritt Building — HArrison 1161
SAN FRANCISCO — 5 Third Street — EXbrook 3558
NEW YORK CITY — 400 Madison Avenue — Eldorado 5-5040
HOLLYWOOD — Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo — HOLlywood 8318
To get a job done ask yourself

3 questions

1. WHAT am I to do?
2. HOW am I to do it?
3. HAVE I done it?
They say the second is always easier than the first. It was! But no less amazing to us! It’s a motley and composite brainchild contained within these pages. But hair-lipped or halt—it’s ours; therefore we (to paraphrase Mr. Browning only slightly) love it! We hope you will, too. May we, with natural parental pride, point out some qualities of our progeny? Observe, if you please, that it can cut a rug, listen to longhair, discuss intelligently and at first hand such topics as Russia, jazz, freedom of speech, the White House, film celebrities, and Mr. Lincoln; that it is on speaking terms with the better places not only in the home town, but also in Chicago and New York; that Cheesecake is its favorite dessert, but that it also has an appetite for the simple and the nourishing, that it feeds upon the milk of human kindness, reads its Bible daily, and remarks upon the little goodniss of people roundabout. These things we hope you’ll notice. But most of all, we hope you’ll just plain like it—for whatever reasons of your own. And humbly—if with some pride—we ask: May we present Our Second?
THEATRE

Municipal Music Hall.

Feb. 16-17—VELOZ AND YOLANDA, dance concert. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 12—Resident Theatre play. "You Can't Take it With You."

MUSIC
Feb. 4—Gardner Read, Concert by Kansas City's talented composer. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 4—"Footlight Favorites." Music from Strauss through "Oklahoma!" sung by Metropolitan Opera people. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.


Feb. 11—Pop Concert. 2:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 11—Marjorie Lawrence. A. & N. presentation. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 13-14—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz conducting. With Artur Rubenstein, Pianist. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 15—Alec Murray and his Joseph Guarnerius violin. 8:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 19-23-26-27—Philharmonic School Concert. 2:00 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 23—Anne Brown, (S'ar of New York production, "Porgy and Bess"). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 25—Zara Nelsova, Cellist. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 27—Richard Crooks, tenor; William Primrose, violinist. (Fritschy Series). 8:20 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 28—March 1—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. With Jascha Heifetz, violinist. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

LECTURES
Feb. 7—Dorothy Thompson. (Center Cultural Series). 8:30 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

Feb. 12—John Mason Brown, (Town Hall). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 21—Maurice Hindus. (Center Cultural Series). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 21—Jackson County Health Forum Lecture: Alton Oschner, Tulane University, on "Varicose Veins." Municipal Auditorium, Little Theatre.

Feb. 25—Red Cross Rally. 2:00-5:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART—February exhibit. Ceramics of the Orient and Occident, from the 13th Century to the present. Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.; Lectures by Miss Jackson, Miss Hughes, or Miss Lebrecht, on English Pottery of the 18th Century; Persian Wares; and European Porcelain. Atkins Auditorium, Saturdays, 2:00 p. m.; Children's Activities, Feb. 3—Motion Picture, "Grandma's Boy," "Sherlock, Jr." Feb. 10—Movie short subjects of American history. Feb. 17—Motion Picture, "Abraham Lincoln," with Walter Huston. Feb. 24—Painting and Sculpture; talks by morning class members; water-color and clay modeling demonstrations. Special February exhibit in the Little Museum—Arts and Crafts by Public School students of Kansas City, Kansas.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN—Feb. 19 and succeeding Mondays, 8:00 p. m., a series of 12 lectures by Wallace Rosenbauer, Director of the Art Institute, Fanny Fern Fitzwater, and David Benton Runnels, and covering contemporary spheres of art, fashion, and design. Public invited; enrollment handled through Registrar's office of the school, 4415 Warwick.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM—3218 Gladstone. Special exhibit of bells by the Heart of America Hobby Club. Also a newly opened Children's Room, featuring a collection of miniature furniture, doll houses, dolls, etc.

CONVENTIONS
Feb. 1-3—Nutrena Mills, Inc.

Feb. 5—Midwest Research Institute.

Feb. 5-6—Institute of American Poultry Industries, Fact Finding Congress.

Feb. 7-8—National Association of Broadcasters, Districts 10 and 12.

Feb. 8-9—Associated General Contractors of Missouri.

Feb. 11-12—Midwest Circulation Managers.

Feb. (Date to be announced)—Highway Engineers Association of Missouri.

SPORTS
Basketball—Feb. 9, 16, 21, 23, 7:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.


Wrestling—Thursday nights, 8:30 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena; Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. American Legion sponsored.

Roller Skating—Pla-Mor, every evening. Kids' Matinee, Saturdays; Popular matinees, Sundays.

Ice Skating—Pla-Mor. Saturday and Sunday matinees. Open each night. Instruction by pro's.

DANCING
Feb. 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 18—Joy Cayler and her All Girl Orchestra, Pla-Mor Ballroom.

Feb. 17—Frankie Masters and Orchestra, Pla-Mor Ballroom.

Tuesday-Friday nights—"Over 30" nights. Tom and Kate Beckham and Orchestra, Pla-Mor Ballroom.
What's the Matter with Russia?

Emporia's "Young Bill" White was a last-summer guest of the Soviet Union . . . objects to Russian censorship of the press . . . applauds their theatre . . . doesn't think "Uncle Joe" is a Girl Scout

The Sage of Emporia had a son. You've heard of him. Without him, Margaret O'Brien might not have become your favorite screen child today! For he's the author of Journey for Margaret, that poignant and brave little episode out of the current war. He's also the author of a story poignant and brave in other ways, and bitterly true. It's called They Were Expendable. The writer is called "Young Bill." His full name is William L. White. He has written, also, What the People Said and Queens Die Proudly, and one other book, not yet off the press.

William L. White, son of the late William Allen White, owns a newspaper not far across the border from Kansas City. He is editor of the Emporia Gazette. But that's only one facet of Young Bill's career. He is also a roving editor for Readers' Digest, and since 1939 has been one of the most perceptive and alert of the war correspondents.

Last summer he made a trip to Russia. He went with Eric A. Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Johnston, it seems, did most of the speechmaking — and ably; but Mr. White was busy, too. He was soaking up information about the great, sprawling country under Joseph Stalin, and his memoranda on that five-week visit will be published early this spring. Already the condensation of Report on the Russians has been printed in the Reader's Digest for December, 1944, and January, 1945. If you haven't read it, you must, to understand Russia.

With Eric Johnston and four other reporters, Young Bill made the trip through the Urals and down into Russian Kazakstan, "to parts of the world that no American reporter had seen — a wonderful part of the country, a whole section that had been practically closed to the capitalist bourgeois world."

In mid-January of this year, William Allen White came over to our town one day and made a speech. He appeared at a weekly membership luncheon of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, made a few general comments on his recent Russian junket, and answered a lot of impromptu questions.

At the luncheon that day were members of Kansas City's Russian Relief Group. "I'm very glad to have the Russian relief people here today," Mr. White said. "That is a worthy cause if there ever was one. The need of the Russian people is desperate beyond our understanding. Almost anything that we can send over there
is pathetically needed and is useful; and also it is fairly distributed. In Russia I heard from our boys nothing but praise for Russian Relief."

As for his own feelings toward Russia, Mr. White stands divided. "I came away, I think as most honest reporters do, with mixed feelings on the country. There were some things that I like very much. There were some things that I didn't care for. For instance, I didn't think that their industry was anything like so efficient as ours, although occasionally we would find a remarkably well-run factory. . . . On the other hand, I thought their agriculture was very good, indeed. Now we didn't see much of it, because this was primarily an industrial tour. And of course, admittedly, they showed us their best. There wasn't anything sinister about this! If a party of visiting foreign dignitaries would come through Kansas City, why, you'd probably take them to the best factories that you had — and you'd take them out to — well, I don't know if Sni-A-Bar Ranch is still the best — but you'd take them to your show agricultural places and see no reason to apologize for taking them to the best." And of course, he's right. He went on to say, "We also saw their best, but I don't think they were concealing their worst from us. And I will say that their best was as good as our best.

"I thought their methods were excellent, and while I'm not actually a farmer, I grew up in a farming community and I don't think I could be badly fooled on the subject of a well-run farm. The Russians are good farmers.

"Also, they have a magnificent theatre. Artistically, in many ways they are up with us and in some ways they are ahead of us. Their movies aren't nearly so good as ours, but in every community this size they have — well, you would have here, if this were a Russian town, a local ballet theatre with a permanent staff of people and probably a local repertoire theatre. Those places in America have largely been taken by the movies. Of course, they have movies in Russia but they're not so good as ours. But the local theatre was usually better than anything I saw — than anything you'd see in America."

As for the Russian attitude toward freedom of the press, Mr. White had adverse criticism. "It's their privilege to run any kind of a press that they want, in Russia. Their form of government and their form of freedom of the press is their business and not ours. However, when it comes to the way we want to run our paper, it's our business! . . . In this country, reporters representing papers of varying viewpoints always attend all large events and comment on all things. I feel that if we are to be free, if we are to be properly informed about the world, that this should be true in other sections of the world.

"While they don't come in and sit down at a desk of the Kansas City Star, everything that the Star gets from a Moscow dateline is edited before it leaves Moscow by the Russian Foreign Ministry. . . . No fact can ever come out of Moscow which the authorities think might in any way give an unfavorable picture of the country.
“Now by contrast to that, foreign reporters in America are free to go wherever they like. Russian reporters representing the Russian news agencies can cover all of the seamy side of American life—and they certainly do! . . . Now all that I think we should not only ask for—but insist on—is exactly that right that we allow to them: that our people should be free to send press representatives of our own choosing to Moscow and to Russia, to report it from our point of view. That we don’t have.”

William White knows this from personal experience. Almost the moment his Report on Russia appeared in the Reader’s Digest, a commentator in the Communist Party newspaper, Pravda, took up the attack! From Moscow he accused Mr. White of “premeditated intention of spreading calumny, deceiving Johnston, and abusing the hospitality and confidence of the Soviet Union.” Naturally, Mr. White foresaw this reaction. But being an honest reporter, he reported Russia as he saw it.

Their Far East, he says, is a great deal like our own Great West. “Novosibersk reminded me in many ways of Kansas City. It’s got a great big beautiful new Union Station, on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. And wandering around in this station, we could see what at first I thought were some of the Oklahoma Indians up here spending their allotment money; only they turned out to be exactly the same thing—except that they were Cossacks. They were in about the same stage of culture as our Indians were—maybe a little higher, but not much; nomadic, hunting tribes, and the Russians subdued them, more or less as we did. They don’t herd them into reservations—they herd them into ‘collectives.’ But in general, they have pacified, civilized the country, and built up a great and beautiful empire out there.

“We found no freedom in the country in our sense of the word. That was the discouraging thing about it. The complete slavery of thought, the complete obsequiousness to the rulers and in particular, to Stalin. I regard Stalin as a great leader. I think he’s guided Russia wisely. But there’s a difference between that and being able to agree with the worship accorded him—which is abnormal. . . . You can tell you are in a totalitarian dictatorship.”

Someone at this point asked a question: “Are there any individual farmers (in Russia) now, or is it all collective farming?”

“Everything we saw was collective,” Mr. White answered, “and I would say—I’m guessing now, but I think it’s a reasonably accurate guess—that certainly not less than nine-tenths of the land is collectivized. I think that in some of the outlying Republics you will find land that has not yet been organized—back up in the mountains, along the river streams, you’ll find land owned by individual farmers, and things like that. But everything—practically all of it is—almost no individual farmers, particularly in the civilized portions of the country.”

Another questioner mentioned an incident in Mr. White’s Report on
Russia: "You told about this Russian thinking the jeep was Russian-made—that the American jeep was inferior. Is that general? Do they think that all this Lend-Lease stuff is Russian? Don't they realize what we're doing for them?"

"Well, now, that story was probably exceptional," Mr. White answered. "I think that most of them do know that these jeeps are made in Detroit. But it still illustrates how wide-spread that is in other fields. They are used to American sugar—they get a lot of it. Incidentally, they don't like it—they say it isn't as sweet as Russian sugar... they're a little bit annoyed when they get it on their ration coupons. But by and large, they do know that in Moscow they can spot the American sugar. The boys at the front who use the material usually know whether or not it comes from America. This particular man didn't. But behind the lines, I don't think they realize it and no great effort is made to publicize it. However, I would say this—that at the top, the high officials do know it and express a proper gratitude for it. But often they don't feel it's necessary or advisable to say too much about it to the people.

Another question: "Will Russia ever help us fight Japan?"

And White's answer: "Not for the purpose of helping us. The Russians are controlled by a sensible government which does not send its men out to die in gratitude to other nations... They didn't get into this war with Hitler because of any gratitude or for nice things that were written about them in the Capitalist press or the Liberal press in this country! They got in because they were attacked.

"I don't think, of course, that the Japanese will attack them—but the reason I'm rather sure that they will get in is this: I think Stalin would like to round out the Empire of the Czars. You remember Russia lost Port Arthur to the Japanese in 1905. I think they'd like to have it back. I think also they'd like to have the Chinese Manchurian Railway and that Serb influence there. China and the Far East is a very important sphere of
influence for Russia and I don’t think that they would feel at all easy to sit aside and see the powers of Japan taken over by the Anglo-American powers... I think they will get into the struggle for that reason, and not out of gratitude to us at all. I think we will have our differences with them in the Far East as we are now having to a certain extent in Europe — and I think that these differences can and should be fairly compromised and sensibly compromised. I think we can get along with Russia—but I would not say that they will fight Japan out of gratitude to us.”

Q.—“To what extent is the Church in Russia revived?”

A.—“They do have freedom of religious worship. At least, the Party was very much surprised when they took a census in ’37 or ’39—a census of the people—and one of the questions they asked was, ‘Do you consider yourself a member of any religious body?’ They were enormously surprised to find that after twenty years of anti-religious propaganda, a little better than 50% of the people answered, ‘Yes.’ About 50% consider themselves members of the Church—whether or not they’re able to go. Churches have been closed down... there is now a tendency to reopen them. This thing has always gone in waves in Russia. I can’t give you the exact dates at this time—but I think in ’27 they had an opening-up period in which they allowed a few more churches to open. Then in the early thirties they put on the heat and had anti-religious propaganda, and closed a lot of them down. Now they are on the up-grade; whether or not it’s permanent, I don’t know.”

Q.—“How really influential is Pravda?”

A.—“Pravda? It means ‘the truth.’ It’s the official organ of the Communist Party... The other daily paper in Moscow is Izvestia. It’s supposed to be simply a newspaper with —well, there is supposed to be rather less propaganda and more information in Izvestia. And in Pravda—it’s rather strong on the propaganda line, and doesn’t attempt to cover the news so thoroughly. But the Russians have an old saying: ‘Izvestia means the
news and Pravda means the truth, and they say where there is no truth in the news, there is no news in the truth.”

Q.—“We hear of greater reward for greater effort. Did you see anything that would indicate a trend toward what we consider capitalism?”

A.—“Under Socialism, the means of production—the factories and the farms and what-not—are owned by the State, and in Russia, all property which would bring in an income to anybody—all property which supports a man in a job—is owned by the State. That’s the dividing line. For instance, you are allowed to own a home in Russia. You can own a tooth-brush, a home, and a pair of pants! But you cannot own anything which gives you a livelihood.

“If you are a cobbler—if you make shoes—they say, all right, you can make shoes and you can charge what you like for them and sell them. But—if you set up a place of business and hired another man to help you make those shoes, you would then get ten years in prison at hard labor—because you are exploiting that man—and by taking his labor and exploiting it and selling his product to the people, you are also exploiting the consumer who buys your shoes—both of which are crimes under Socialist regime . . . There is no trend toward Capitalism in that sense in Russia. None whatever, and I can’t see any time in the future when they will ever let down on that.

“The means of production, all farms, all factories, all businesses, except little one-man businesses like a one-man barber shop or a one-man shoe shop—that’s permitted. You’re not exploiting anybody then. But anything else is completely owned by the State and I think in our time, always will be . . . However, the Russians see no disparity between that and paying a man what they think he’s worth. That they do all over the place—and they have built up a considerable aristocracy—of beurocrats, officials, factory managers, professional men, lawyers, States employees, artists, actors, and writers—are extremely well paid there. And they pay them on the basis of—well, I mean they recognize the difference in quality of work. But they do not regard that as a return in any way toward Capitalism—which they see purely in terms of the ownership of property which might yield an income.”

Q.—“Could two men or a hundred men get together—join together?”

A.—“Yes, they could get together as a cooperative—but they would be then subject to the laws governing co-operatives, and the division, as a matter of fact, would have to be equal.”

Q.—“What about the standard of living over there now?”

A.—“The standard of living is unbelievably low. I would say that the average family on work relief in America during our depression was better off than the average Russian citizen . . . You’d think they’d at least—they ought to be able to feed themselves and distribute it decently; but they’ve always had rationing in Russia and they’ve always had lines at the food stores—except for the last
two years before the war. When things got better you could go in and buy a pound of butter without any trouble and not have to stand in line for it—and that was considered a tremendous victory! Twenty years after the revolution, they were beginning to come into the good things of life!—then the war came along and they went right back! . . . It’s worse, admittedly much worse, because of the war. But I still say of the average Russian that even in peace-time his clothes were less good and his diet was more meager than we supplied our submerged tenth on WPA.”

Q.—“What about the program of education and the teachers?”

A.—“The program of education, I would say, is good . . . . Their schools are good. They pay a lot of attention to it. They have schools now in all the villages. They’ve made progress . . . . Now at least 90% of them know how to read, but I’ve sometimes heard exaggerated statements to the effect that only about 10% of them could read and the Bolsheviks taught them. Illiteracy was being eradicated before this revolution. But there’s no doubt but that the Communists have a deep respect for science and teaching. Their teachers are well paid—particularly the top brackets.”

Q.—“Do you think publication of your article will affect relations between Russia and the United States?”

A.—“No, I don’t. I think that more important than any temporary sounding-off that the Russians may do—I’m thinking of my own people, if I may—I think that if we are to deal with Russia in the next decade, we’ve got to know what we’re dealing with. And we can’t go around with rose-tinted glasses, thinking Stalin is a member of the Girl Scouts—which is not true! Now, temporarily, the Russians may not like to have me say that he’s not a member of the Girl Scouts! But in the long run, I think that good relations depend on the realistic view, of both parties, of each other . . . . So I’m afraid that I’d hardly set my thing up as a contribution to immediate good relations to the Russians—because naturally—if you know the Russians—they’d be very much annoyed. But in the long run, if we take a realistic view toward them, we’ll have much better chances of good relations than if we assume that they’re all members of the Girl Scouts—and then wake up with great surprise to find that they’re not.”

Q.—“Did you meet any Russians who would admit that they say Capitalism is opposed to Communism?”

A.—“Any Russian who would walk up to me and say, ‘Mr. White, I’m in favor of Capitalism—I thought you’d like to know it!’ would be committing suicide! . . . He would have some reasonable assurance that if you asked a question in Kansas City I might answer it and say yes; and I might give some certain details as to where and when he had said it, and they might be able to figure out who he was and he would then be arrested as an enemy of the State. So the answer is emphatically no!”

Q.—“Were you afforded absolute freedom when you were going about Russia?”
A.—“We were afforded absolute freedom and we were—well, wait! I’ll answer that in some detail: When I first talked about going over, last April or May, I expected it to be an expensive trip because we told the Russians that we wanted to pay every cent of the expenses. I mean . . . because I want to feel perfectly free to be able to write and say exactly what I think about them when I get back. I thought I would take along three or four thousand dollars because airplane fares are expensive and we were going to take many airplane trips. The ruble is valued very high.

“Now as a matter of fact, as it turned out, we were able to spend only a small fraction of that because . . . we were a little naive, really. For instance, we didn’t travel on regular airlines—they don’t have regular airlines. They have a lot of planes but they are reserved for government officials who want to get some place. Well, they gave our party two planes. Now, how are you going to pay for two airplanes? No tickets are printed and they didn’t have any schedule of rates.

“Also, you go to a town and they take you out to a rest villa or dacha they call it—luxurious thing like a beautiful Long Island estate outside of town—and put you up. Well, this dacha is reserved ordinarily as a rest home for the members of the local government—for the high government officials to come out with their families. It’s not a hotel and nobody ever sends a bill—nobody’s ever made up a bill there—everything’s always been ‘on the cuff.’ Well, how are you going to pay for it? You couldn’t do it . . . the whole thing is set up there as though some of you might ask me out to dinner and at the end of it, I’d say: ‘Well, look, I want to pay.’ Well, all right! What do you do? How do you make up a bill for things like that? Well, pretty soon we gave up the struggle. I know that I continued to struggle for a while.

“I went to the Hotel Metropole there. We were invited to stay at the Embassy but I preferred not to and went down there and got a bill for . . . well—I was there a month in all and the first two weeks I got a bill and I glanced at it. It was for about six hundred rubles. I characteristically then paid no attention to it whatever, intending to pay when I left.

“Well, we were there a couple of weeks more and I went down and I said, ‘I’m awfully sorry. I seem to have lost the last bill. It was for approximately six hundred rubles and I want to pay out.’ And they said, ‘Well, we’ll get you the bill here in a little while. Come back in an hour.’ I came back in an hour and they said, ‘We are very pleased to tell you that we have been informed that you are a guest of the Russian government.’ And I said, ‘Well, thank you very much, but under no circumstances can I permit you to do this. I don’t want to be rude but I can’t accept this and I want to thank you for your kindness but I insist on paying.’ And they said, ‘You absolutely can’t,’ and, ‘We’ve had a lot of orders.’ And you could see they did have their orders! So I pulled out a big wad of rubles and counted—one,
two, three, four, up to twelve—and slapped them down and said, 'Thank you very much,' and walked away, and they said, 'Mr. White! Mr. White! Come back!' You see?

"Well, I didn't come back but as I came down with my bags, the hotel manager was standing there at attention and he had a little slip of paper which he handed to me and it was a receipt for 1200 rubles. And I said, 'Well, thank you very much,' and I hope they understood and said, 'By the way, was that the exact amount of it? Are you sure I don't owe you any more money?' as I was only guessing as to what the bill was. And he said, 'Our instructions are to accept whatever you offer.'

"Now!—how are you going to beat that one? We made every effort. I, as a reporter particularly, wanted to be under no obligations, to feel that I had every right to render what I thought was an honest report to the American people. There was nothing that they refused point blank to let us see except the actual fighting front. I will say that maybe we were derelict and possibly we should have asked to see more things... but we didn't."

By the time Young Bill answered all the questions, it was twenty minutes of two, and the long lunch hour was over. But the shape of things to come in the Soviet Union was much plainer in the minds of those who attended. The son of the man who wrote "What's the Matter with Kansas" has done a good job of reporting what's wrong—and right—with Russia.

---

**THE DIFFERENCE HERE**

(With permission of The Reader's Digest we reprint an excerpt from W. L. White's "Report on the Russians.")

In America a man who saves money is regarded as a sound and valuable citizen. He performs a useful act, for out of such savings our industries are built and our farms improved. In Russia he is viewed with suspicion as a hoarder, a potential capitalist, someone to be watched for criminal tendencies toward exploiting his fellow workers by means of giving them jobs.

These Socialists argue that panicky saving can stop all business activity and throw millions out of work. They say that the greatest waste of capitalism is the valuable man-hours of work which our nation loses when these millions are idle.

But are the capitalist depressions any more wasteful of human energy than this bureaucratic society with its inefficient methods, where almost every activity is a State monopoly, and where there is no competition to force inefficient businesses to reform or go broke? True, these people don't stand in line at employment agencies. They work terribly hard and stand in line to pay $1.25 for a fresh egg.

Although they work so hard, they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of our jobless on work relief. During our depression as many as 5,000,000 of our people were for a few years down to this low WPA living standard. But in the Soviet Union about 180,000,000 people have been on an even lower living standard for 25 years. And only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter century the Soviets have controlled one-seventh of the world's land surface, an area rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had a quarter century of peace—which is a long time.

The whole picture was nicely summed by William Henry Chamberlin, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who has written several scholarly books on the Soviet Union. Chamberlin was caught in Bordeaux the week that France fell. People were sleeping five and six in a room; grocery stores were sold out; there were long lines waiting to get into restaurants. Chamberlin surveyed all this and remarked to a fellow correspondent (who quoted it to me in Moscow): "You know, it takes a catastrophic defeat in war and a national convulsion to reduce France to that state of affairs which is normal everyday life in the Soviet Union!"
"HONEYSUCKLE ROSE"

"... It was a grimy, smelly, ill-lit ivory tower but they lived in it and made the world listen."
Some Liked It Hot

"White" hot, says this artist who used to listen to both white and Negro musicians make jazz history to tunes as they were never written.

By JAMES B. GANTT

KANSAS CITY in the middle 'thirties—corrupt politics—vice ridden—boss ruled—wide open—as loud and tough and risky as any boom town. Every night was Saturday night. The town was jumping and Kansas City jazz was being born and clamoring to be heard.

The story of the great negro bands that came from this center and spread the gospel of the four-four beat has been told and retold. The names of Basie, Moten, Kirk are as familiar in Junction City as in New York. With the momentum gathered here, the great black drive bands captured the enthusiasm of the nation.

The stimulus of Kansas City Negro jazz has left an indelible mark on American music. It is easy to believe, when one searches the evidence of critics, reviews and comments, record releases, etc., that no white man in this town was in the business.

Do not misunderstand me. I agree that Negro music from this city is some of the greatest in its field. I simply wish to point out that the critics and recording companies overlooked the fact that good fertile ground and ideal growing conditions produced a white school of great quality too. Though killed by the great reform wave and buried by the war, there were men of great ability whose work was never recorded, whose names are seldom heard and whose contribution was ignored.

There was an excellent reason why the white musicians failed to gain the recognition due their ability and integrity. There was no integration of effort on their part—no welding influence to bring them together into one organization.

All over the city in smelly little gin mills, second story dance halls and corner beer joints you could find them playing in two's and three's. In nearly every case there was but one real musician, backed up by indifferent talent, so that the effect was either an entire evening of sustained solo work by one man or an uneven quality of all in jamming, with spotty work from each individual.

White jazz in the commercial sense was never a very hot commodity in Kansas City. It attracted no attention for the simple reason that it was not worthy of attention. The very best in Kansas City white jazz was something that was never played for the cash customers. The real article
was found only in the transient sessions that blossomed unexpectedly in out-of-the-way places.

These were the places sought out by the boys from the big name bands playing the town. Here could be heard the fine, unwatered version of a fierce, powerful medium. The names that created this style—that made it live and without whose influence it quickly died—are lost to all but a few musicians who made this town their home during its hectic heyday.

Here is a listing of those who gave it most: Jack Mathis, trumpet; Bobbie Williams, clarinet; Emmet Adams, tenor; Earl Darrow, trombone; Gordon Means, drums; Bud Kelsey, guitar; and such piano men as Dick Brooks and Bill Chawning. There were many good men besides these but the real boot came from this group.

They were nearly all non-union, since the employers, north side racketeers, felt that the two bucks a night they paid the boys was far better than they could do elsewhere. The union business agents rarely gained entrance to their jobs and when they did so they were removed bodily and brutally by the management. The Kansas City local can claim little credit for the production of white jazz.

Thus the hot man became an outcast—often communing with the reefer and the bottle. They looked pale, consumptive, and in many cases ragged—but theirs was also a fierce pride—a self-respect that they would not sell, a standard of production that they would not lower.

Offers from name bands to take important chairs came many times to such artists as Bobbie Williams and Jack Mathis, but they never compromised. They didn’t believe in the regimented orchestration, couldn’t read it and wouldn’t learn. They knew what they wanted and were content with the small wages and the proximity of the bar. They played as if they knew it couldn’t last long and they lived as if nothing but their music existed in the world. It was a grimy, smelly, ill-lit ivory tower but they lived in it and made the world listen for the short, hectic time they lasted.

Tragedy dogged their path and since that time society has picked up the burnt out pieces, placed them in hospitals, jails, and square jobs, but they lived once—and don’t forget, Kansas City had a white jazz style. I heard it.

(On Wednesday night, January 17, James Gantt initiated a series of record sessions for Kansas Citians interested in the art of “hot jazz.” These sessions recur on alternate Wednesdays at 8:15 at the Jewish Community Center, 1600 Linwood. Mr. Gantt has access to several record collections here in town. His own stock of authentic American jazz recordings numbers well into two thousand, some dating back as far as 1908.)

⭐

"Chief, there’s a recruit out here who says he used to be with a circus. He had a special act—stuck his right arm into a lion’s mouth."

"Interesting. What’s his name?"

"Lefty."
The "Greatness" of the German People

about the enemy. Here is the text of that broadcast—and it still is timely.

Possibly the easiest manner in which to tell this story is to quote it . . . quote it to you exactly as it came from Hal Boyle of the Associated Press today under the date line of an American front line clearing station somewhere in Belgium, the seventeenth of December.

My broadcasts have honestly, and I hope, fearlessly, attempted to point out for the past three years the character of the enemy whom we fight in this war of survival. It is sheer folly to try to cope with any enemy if we do not understand him. And by "understand him" one means to acquire a knowledge of his philosophy and his creed and of the tactics he employs in giving life and breath to that creed. In many ways this broadcast has tried to do this. Many people still refuse to believe. It is understandable why they so refuse. They refuse because the stories of German brutality are such that they cannot conjure up

In his broadcast of December 18, 1944, this Mutual network commentator quotes from a dispatch by Hal Boyle to prove a point in their minds any persons who claim to cling to even the slightest vestige of a Christian civilization perpetrating the crimes which have been placed at the German door.

This broadcast today is directed to a man who lives in Dallas, Texas, at thirty-two hundred Greenbrier Drive. He has written to me from time to time extolling the high qualities which he declares are to be found in the German people. His latest letter to me declares: "You are the bravest man I ever saw behind a microphone. You condemn a great race of people at close range, about three thousand five hundred miles. It takes courage to do this. Of course, many of our innocent boys are a wee bit closer. I was a wee bit closer in the last war. They are learning, and we learned, that the German people were a great race. They fought well and bravely. They treated our prisoners with great consideration and it appears they are doing likewise in this war. The greatest trouble with all wars is that old men like you declare them, and the young men, most of whom have never voted, fight and die. You have never heard and you never will hear a veteran who actually faced the Germans at close range, rant as you do over

By Cedric Foster

Hal Boyle hails from Kansas City. Worked for AP here, while going to Junior College, and again after graduation from Missouri University's School of Journalism. Lived in an apartment out on Armour near Gillham.
a microphone. They know and respect the Germans as a great people.”

That is the end of the quotation of the letter from the gentleman who lives in the state of Texas, in the city of Dallas, at number 3200 Greenbrier Drive. I know that he does not represent the feeling of the great majority of the people in Texas... certainly not the Texans whom it has been my privilege to meet on my several trips into the southwestern part of the United States. He does not represent the men from Texas who have been blasting the Germans from one pill-box after another in the fortified town of Dillangen... men who are members of the American 90th Infantry Division. Nor does he represent the men from the state of Texas who waded ashore on the island of New Britain in the face of withering machine gun fire... even though those men were fighting the Japanese and not the Germans. Nor does the gentleman represent the men and women of the state of Texas who volunteered for the armed services of the United States before Pearl Harbor. The state of Texas had the highest per capita voluntary enlistment prior to Pearl Harbor in the military forces of this country. Possibly he represents merely the household at 3200 Greenbrier Drive in the city of Dallas... or maybe only himself. God forbid that he speak for the state of Texas which has shed its blood so profusely in this war for freedom. God forbid that he speak for the boys and girls of the Sul Ross School in Waco... the men and women of Southwestern University in Georgetown... the high school children of Waco and every other high school and university in Texas. God forbid that he speak for Letty Jo Culley at Baylor University, whose home is in Shawnee, Oklahoma, and who daily follows the course of this war as she prepares to take her place in a future world which she will help to mould. God forbid that he speak for my daughter, Shirley, who soon goes to Texas to work on the Dallas Morning News. It was my intention to answer the gentleman from 3200 Greenbrier Drive in Dallas, but Hal Boyle has written the answer... he’s typed the “Greatness” of the German people in the red blood of American soldiers who were slaughtered yesterday... mowed down by German fire as they stood completely disarmed, huddled in a field after having been trapped and taken as prisoners of war. Hal Boyle has answered the man on Greenbrier Drive in Dallas as to how considerate the Germans are of those who fall into their hands.

Here is Hal Boyle’s story... a staff member of the Associated Press attached to American armies on the western front:

“\text{Weeping with rage, a handful of doughboy survivors described today how a German tank force ruthlessly poured}
They groaned. The tank could catch every one of our wounded men who groaned or who tried to move. Summers escaped by playing dead. The Americans were members of an artillery observation battalion ambushed and trapped at a fork in the road. Caught by a powerful German armored column of Tiger tanks, whose heavy guns quickly shot up the two dozen American trucks and lightly- armored vehicles. There were no heavy weapons in the American observation column and the entire unit quickly had to surrender. Summers said: ‘We were just moving up to take-over a position at the top of a hill and as we got to the road intersection they opened fire on us. They had at least fifteen to twenty tanks. Then they disarmed us. They then searched us. They took our wrist-watches and anything else they wanted. I guess we were lined up on that road for one full hour. Then they stood us all together in an open field. I thought something was wrong. As we were standing there, one German soldier, moving past in a tank column less than fifty yards away, pulled out a pistol and emptied it into our men.’ A grimy soldier, sitting in the little room here with Summers ran his hands through mud-caked hair and broke into sobs. There were tears in Summers’ eyes as he went on:

‘Then the Germans opened on us from their armored cars with machine guns. We hadn’t tried to run away or anything. We were just standing there with our hands up and they tried to murder us all. And they did murder a lot of us. There was nothing to do but flop onto the ground and play dead.’ Private William Green of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, took up the story. He said: ‘I never saw such slaughter before in this war. They were cutting us down like guinea pigs. Then those German non-commissioned officers began walking around and knocking off our wounded. I kept my head down, but after they had emptied their pistols, I could hear them click fresh cartridges in their hands while they were reloading. Then they went on looking for more of our men to shoot.’ Charles F. Apoman of Verona, Pennsylvania, declared: ‘We just hoped and prayed while we lay there listening to them shoot every man who moved.’ The survivors lay in tense, rigid silence in the freezing mud. They lay there for one hour before cautious glances showed that all the Germans had moved away except one Tiger tank. Harold W. Billow of Mt. Joy, Pennsylvania, said: ‘That tank wasn’t more than one
hundred yards away, but we decided that we had to make a break for it then or never. We jumped up and scattered for the woods. The tank opened up on us, but I don’t think that it got many that time. Three hours after the slaughter less than twenty survivors had made their way back to the American lines. Jack Belden of Time Magazine and I rode back to this clearing station with the first survivors picked up by our reconnaissance jeeps."

That is the end of the story transmitted by Hal Boyle. That story is the answer to the man on Greenbrier Drive in Dallas who believes in the “greatness” of the German people.

Why Don’t We Do This More Often?

By Worral G. Sonastine

A rather stout Negro woman was making her way along a crowded sidewalk with a large market basket. She was apparently trying to catch a bus that stood at a near-by bus stop, but it seemed doubtful that she would make it. A nicely dressed white woman took hold of the basket and helped the other woman carry it to the bus. Laughing pleasantly, she assisted the colored woman up the steps, then turned away as though nothing had happened. But something had happened.

Witnessing this little episode gave me a pleasant sensation around the heart. It was quite evident from the looks on faces about me that this nice feeling would be spread further abroad that day.

A woman had just purchased a pound of butter. As she moved toward the door, another customer asked for butter. “I’m sorry,” answered the grocer, “but I just sold the last bit I had to that woman going out the door.” The woman who was leaving turned again to the counter she had just left. “You may have half of this butter,” she told the other woman, with a smile. She handed the package to the grocer saying, “Will you please cut it in half for us, Mr. Arnold?”

I saw the eyes of numerous customers shining with pleasure at this friendly gesture.

Mrs. Cohen, who lives in the block next to ours, received one of those heart-rending telegrams from the War Department informing her that her son had been killed in action. One of the first to call and offer condolences was a young Catholic priest from the little parish house just around the corner.

I raised the receiver on a telephone the other day and was about to dial a number when I noticed that someone was already using the line. Before I could hang up, I heard one of the speakers—a woman—say in a warm, friendly voice: “I think the other party on my line wants to use the phone, Martha. The call may be urgent; so I’ll call you back later. ’Bye.”

Why don’t we do such things more often? It has made me feel good just to put these down on paper. I wonder if Hitler and Hirohito ever experience the pleasurable thrill one gets in performing little acts of kindness like those which I have mentioned. Some people don’t know what they are missing—from “Good Business.”
Washington's Inner Sanctum

Described by one who is there, when the President makes his Fireside Chats.

By WALTER COMPTON

To the many millions of Americans, Washington is a place of glamour, a city of statesmanlike achievement. The average visitor to the Nation's Capital, in normal times, takes a day touring the Smithsonian Institution and, more recently, the Mellon Art Gallery. He pays thirty cents for a cab ride to Capitol Hill, gawks up at the great dome, pauses before the statue of Will Rogers, nudges his companion as a famous Senator or Congressman passes in the corridor. He goes into the House Chamber, sits in the gallery and finds that legislation is a pretty dull procedure. The next day he gets the big thrill — this is in normal times, remember — he takes the public tour of the White House.

But our average visitor never gets into the Inner Sanctum; he never gets beyond the great stairway which leads from the basement of the Executive Mansion to the East Room, the great Hall and the other rooms, decorated in various colors, which give thereon. Those rooms he sees. But not the Inner Sanctum. Yet, that one room has been for almost twelve years the focal point of America. It's one of the most familiar locales in the world, to millions all over the world. It is the Oval Room of the White House.

It's really not a very interesting room, as rooms go. Its major feature is its egg shape. Located in the basement of the White House, it lies beneath the Blue Room, which is on the main floor. Entering upon it are four doors, one from the corridor which bisects the building, another giving upon the south portico, and two from the rooms where, in the earlier days of the Roosevelt regime, the gifts and curios from admiring citizens were kept.

The shape of the room and the great thick walls, characteristic of the construction of the early 19th century, turn the doorways into alcoves perhaps four feet wide by an equal depth. Across three of these alcoves hang red velvet curtains, broken by small isinglass windows. From these three improvised booths, the official White House announcers of CBS, Mutual and NBC speak their pieces. The Blue Network, latest arrival on the scene, has a little box very similar to a telephone booth. The walls of
the Oval Room are cream, the wainscoting, white. A maroon, oval carpet covers the parquet floor, and the chairs are done in an off-shade of gold, dulled through the progress of the years. From this room for twelve years, have come the words which have molded the destiny of a nation—perhaps of the world.

Most frequently, when Presidential broadcasts are scheduled, there are newsreel cameramen and still photographers present as well. We of the networks, in company with regularly assigned engineers, are present perhaps half an hour before program time. Our equipment has been set up earlier in the afternoon. We talk in low tones. We exchange pleasantries and occasionally an obviously barbed remark concerning the competition. We do not smoke in the room—only in the corridor outside. We await the sound of the buzzer which means that the small elevator down the hall is descending. A secret service man announces succinctly, “The President.” Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, enters. Generally he is smiling, jovial, greets most of us personally as he shifts from his small wheeled chair to the larger chair behind the big desk.

Franklin Roosevelt takes out a small black loose-leaf book. In its pages, his address is typed, triple-spaced. We will later follow the speech from single-spaced, mimeographed copies. He lights a Camel—if he can find one these days—and studies the speech. He takes a gulp of water which he pours from the silver carafe. Should he pause in his declerations, he can note the likenesses of other famous people who have inhabited the House. To his left the wife of President Tyler. Directly before him, Zachary Taylor. To his right, Presidents Garfield and Arthur. Directly behind him are portraits of Mrs. James K. Polk and Ulysses S. Grant. In winter time, the fireplace which Mrs. Roosevelt had installed in 1942, is brightly aglow. Above it the engineers and cameramen see their own reflections in the great, gold-framed mirror.

Now the President stops his perusal of the script, for before the desk is a battery of still photographers. “Look this way, Mr. President!” “Over here, sir!” Pop! go the bulbs. Stephen Early, the Presidential Secretary, gives the signal. The cameramen quickly pack their belongings in their black cases, and like the Arabs, silently steal away.

The President clears his throat, ducks the cigarette, takes another gulp of water. The fire crackles merrily in the fireplace. The announcers take their places, await the signal. There is a brief 15 seconds of complete quiet as the door to the hall is closed. A guest coughs and a secret service man looks at him reprovingly. This is the Inner Sanctum. This is the Oval Room of the White House. This is the room with the Fireside.

Comes the signal, a slight drop of an engineer’s hand, and four voices say simultaneously those familiar, yet always startling words: “Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the President of the United States.”
Crash-Bang Marriage

Hollywood ups and downs — to the count of ten!

By ODELL TRENGOVE

MARRIAGE is no private affair for the Bogarts, Humphrey and Mayo. Nor is stormy weather. They've had a chaotic career of mud- and bottle-slinging, confirming the public hunches that Bogie is a bold bad man, and his wife also is no slouch at tossing nasty remarks and weighty objects. The fans love it. Warner Brothers love it. It's good box office. And the Bogarts love it. At least, Humphrey came home again on Christmas night, and thereby another good marriage hangs together for a few more weeks.

Friends of the Bogarts maintain that Mayo and Humphrey are temperamentally suited to one another, and their fights are merely evidence of their great love. Puppy love—dog eat dog!

Be that as it may, their great love has caused the ruin of many a Chippendale chair and set of china. One of the framed items above the bar of their Sunset Boulevard home is a bill from the Hotel Algonquin for damages incurred to furniture and glassware during one of their famous fracases.

On their recent USO camp tour through Africa and Italy, another happily destructive evening in the Bogart room culminated in an irritable manager's descent upon the scene to itemize the damages. Then in a few minutes a Nazi plane swooped down to lay an egg on the whole hotel. Shrewdly surmising that the Fuehrer would likely ignore the incident if sued, the manager presented a bill to the Bogarts, anyway, for the room THEY had split apart.

The Bogart marriage is probably the most colorful and certainly the fightin'est in all Hollywood. There's nothing subtle about it. Whenever Mayo feels the urge she shrieks at her husband, "You're nothing but a cheap ham actor!" The more autograph-hounds standing around, the better she likes to make this startling disclosure. She also hurl highball glasses with excellent aim, narrowly missing the famous map featured in "High Sierra," "Casablanca," and O, heck, you know all the others. Humphrey usually dodges, with the pat comment, "She loves me because I'm tougher than George Raft!" Or maybe he'll pick up a handy missile with which to make the retort-in-kind.

Bogart has been married twice previously—first to Helen Mencken, in 1926. After one month, they decided it had been an incompatible mistake, and called the whole thing off. Then in 1928 Humphrey tried marriage again with Mary Phillips. That lasted until 1937. Finally, he
met Mayo Methot, a shapely blonde character actress, whose legs and simple childlike tastes struck Bogart as completely what he wanted. They entered wedlock in 1938, and have been in deadlock ever since.

For her fifth wedding anniversary Mayo got a hand-carved rolling pin from friend husband.

The Bogart family's gregarious drinking habits and militant married life have earned the fervent and respectful admiration of such celebrities as Louis Bromfield, Bob Benchley, Hoagy Carmichael, and James Thurber. The latter designed one of his famous murals to fit the Bogart bar room wall; it's entitled "Jolly Times at the Bogarts," and portrays male and female free souls in various attitudes of struggle cosmic and otherwise—all done up in true Thurber fashion.

When the Bogarts packed their bags for Africa to entertain the troops, the consensus of Hollywood opinion was that the boys at the front would see some REAL fighting when Mayo and Humphrey arrived. Neither of them came home with the Purple Heart—but Mayo came home with a purple eye.

During the Coolidge sojourn in the White House, an overnight guest found himself in an embarrassing predicament. At the family breakfast table he was seated on the President's right. Coolidge picked up his coffee cup, poured most of the contents into the deep saucer, and leisurely added a bit of cream and sugar. The guest, sensitive to presidential folk-ways, and feeling it was incumbent upon him to do as the President did, hastily poured his own coffee into the saucer and followed suit. Just as he was about to pick up the saucer and blow gently—he was aghast to see the President take his own saucer and place it on the floor for the cat.

Two laborers were working on a very tall block of apartment buildings. Suddenly the man at the top of the ladder called to his mate at the bottom.

"I say, Jim, come up here a minute and listen."

His mate slowly climbed the ladder and at last, quite out of breath, reached the top.

"I can't hear anything," he said.

"No," said the other. "Ain't it quiet?"

When Heywood Broun was covering big league ball games—before he took up columnning—he casually mentioned in one of his reports that a large and intelligent crowd witnessed the contest... What, his sports editor wanted to know, was the idea in writing that a large and intelligent crowd had attended the game—when the Associated Press coverage of the same meet reported that the attendance was slightly less than scanty. Broun wired back, "Crowd at game was large and intelligent. Fatty Arbuckle was in the stands. He is large. I am intelligent."

At a little stream on the Swiss frontier, a Swiss and a Nazi soldier were fishing from the opposite sides of the water. Great success had attended the Swiss and he had a handsome string to show for his efforts, whereas the Nazi had not had so much as a nibble.

"Why is it," called the Nazi, "that you have so much better luck? Aren't we using the same bait?"

"Well," said the Swiss. "On this side the fish aren't afraid to open their mouths."
This is The Human Adventure

The story of science at work, and how it is made listenable to the layman by Sherman H. Dryer on the University of Chicago radio programs.

CHILDBIRTH, Einstein's theory of relativity, the weather, sleep, "useless knowledge," map-making, chlorophyll—these are but a few of the scholarly and drab-on-the-surface subjects that have been presented on "The Human Adventure" since its debut over the Mutual network in the fall of 1943.

Rejecting the pedagogic approach to the intellectual, Sherman H. Dryer, who wields the showman's hand behind this series, can justifiably boast that there has not been a dull fifteen seconds in the more than sixty half-hour dramatizations that have been presented.

On "The Human Adventure" the important stories of science research become thrilling episodes in the history of man's climb from the cave to the skyscraper. And, significantly, material for the scripts is drawn not only from the records of science in the universities and colleges of America but from learned institutions all over the world. Thus "The Human Adventure," in effect, is actually science's story of its work.

Dryer's is the ability to put the earthy touch to the most profound scientific pronouncements. Take, for example, the Einstein script. Here was the job of explaining relativity, the fourth dimension and measurements of time, space and the speed of light.

Cram this into a thirty-minute broadcast. Make it scientifically accurate and make it good radio.

The vehicle for putting across these weighty concepts to the ordinary guy was...an ordinary guy. The central figure in the dramatization was a bewildered citizen, and the movement was accomplished through a series of dramatic episodes and narration designed to give him an insight to the various facets of the relativity theory.

Listeners' interest in the program, judged by the number of letters received following the broadcast, surprised even those who were directly responsible for the show and consider it "their baby." Of the thousands of comments received one of the most interesting came from a nine-year-old boy—who said that he enjoyed the program but still "didn't exactly understand Mr. Ine Styne's terey."

In order to meet the keen competition of commercial radio, showmanship is given equal priority with subject matter on "The Human Adventure." A "good" radio program with no listeners is an inexcusable waste of valuable radio time. As a result "The Human Adventure" stands between
the exacting demands of radio on the one hand and the more exacting demands of science on the other.

An examination of a few of the scripts will illustrate how the two are blended into a finished product that is both good radio and good scholarship.

The story of early man as presented on this series followed the popular pattern of a detective thriller. The anthropologist was the detective who probed into caves, graves and tombs to recreate the story of prehistoric man from such flimsy bits of evidence as a tooth, a thigh bone or a skull that may be a million years old.

How can you depict what goes on in a blade of grass? Without the use of any visual devices how can such a story be told over the air? That was the problem to be faced when it was decided to base a program on chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants.

On "The Human Adventure" the dramatization took the form of an exciting Alice in Wonderland tour through "the factory where chlorophyll is manufactured." The miracle of chlorophyll was thus related through the adventures of Alice, the Rabbit, a water foreman, magician and various other gremlins at work in a blade of grass.

Fantastic? Surely. But it put across—with showmanship—the story of what science knows about a substance that is so important that without it no life could exist.

Then there was the story of human birth. This was a touchy theme. But, as Dryer stated in announcing this program, "The greatest of all human adventures is the story of human birth. It is one of the most important, vital and personal experiences in the life of human beings."

How was this story told? Dramatically the script followed the event of human birth through the true-to-life experiences of a young couple from their first breakfast table discussion of coming parenthood to a climax in the delivery room. In the course of the extremely human drama it was pointed out how science determines pregnancy. The most important rules of pre-natal care were outlined and an analysis of popular superstitions concerning child-bearing was woven into the day-by-day account of the developments.

How did this show go over with listeners? Although it is impossible to answer this question for everyone who heard the show, it can be said that it definitely did impress the
Morale Division of the Armed Service Forces. Shortly after the broadcast, the A.S.F. requested a repeat of the program "for the benefit of expectant fathers in the armed services." The rebroadcast of this program was recorded by the A.S.F. and shipped to the service's 400 overseas radio stations. Today expectant fathers in the service throughout the world can hear the factual, reassuring dramatization telling the story of human birth.

Maintaining absolute fidelity of fact is the toughest handicap faced by those who plan and present this series. It is a paramount ruling that the programs must be scientifically accurate. It is a cardinal sin to use dramatic license as an excuse to violate the facts of a scientific story. Extraordinary attention must be paid to good taste and intellectual tone because the dignity and integrity of the world's great scholars are at stake.

That is "The Human Adventure."

They tell this one of Mr. Lincoln. It was during the Civil War that some officer disobeyed an order. Said Secretary Stanton to the President, "I believe I'll sit down and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do," said Mr. Lincoln. "Write to him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him up."

Stanton didn't need a second urging. He wrote a bone crusher and read it to the President.

"That's right," said Lincoln. "That's a good one."

"Now whom can I send it by," asked Stanton.

"Send it?" Lincoln replied. "Why, don't send it at all. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up."

*

**JUVENALIA**

The precious bane of her mother's existence refused to eat her oatmeal the other morning at breakfast. Her mother used all the progressive wheedling at her command, and finally resorted to an old tack: "You should eat your oatmeal like a nice girl, darling. There are thousands of little boys and girls who would like to eat that oatmeal."

"Yeah?" said Precious. "Name three."

It happened in history class. The teacher asked one of her small fry to name two ancient sports. He answered, "Antony and Cleopatra."

Progressive education has its trials. And some think it has little else. For example—there's a teacher we know who had trouble with one kindergarten youngster. He was in revolt and determined to go home. All coercion failed. Finally our teacher telephoned the child's mother and after explaining the situation, put the culprit himself on the line. She could tell by the way Mr. Big's protests grew weaker and weaker that he was losing his case. At last he drew a long bitter sigh and said into the phone, "All right then—if you want me to be a damned bead-stringer!" And hung up!
Our friend swears it’s true. He used to be in radio back New York way, and his favorite story is about a sound effects man. One day a script called for the effect of feet-climbing-stairs. The sound effects man was all set with the right equipment—some steps mounted on a handy little wheeled chassis. The wheels simply made it easier to move around in the studio. Well, the story goes, the sound effects man readied himself for a dash up the stairs. Promptly on cue he threw himself into his art! Only, he’d overlooked one detail. He’d forgotten to set the brakes on the wheeled chassis. Sound effects man, steps, and chassis slammed against the studio wall—and instead of the “effect of feet-climbing-stairs” what the show got was the effect of total collapse.

But wait—there’s another day coming! And the sound effects man had yet another stairs to climb. But this time he wasn’t to be caught loose-wheeled—not he! He locked the wheels with the greatest of care, took his place, and charged up the stairs exactly on cue. But his zeal ran away with him. When he reached the top he kept right on going, and crashed over the stairs, flat on his face.

But they didn’t fire him. He must have had a beautiful soul. Or maybe it was the employer’s soul that was beautiful. Anyway, our man was retained as assistant on another program. The chief sound effects man was working himself into a frenzy with horse’s hooves, screaming tires, crashing automobiles, and all such pictorial sounds, often called for in radio scripts. The assistant sound effects man simply followed the script. He had one cue and one sound—a pistol shot.

Somehow amid the fury of his various noises, the chief noticed that a cue had been missed.

“Hey,” he muttered to his assistant. “you missed a cue a couple of pages back.”

“What?” said the assistant, benignly intent upon the script.

“I said a couple of pages back you missed a cue—the pistol shot.”

The assistant thumbed back through the script and read the page carefully. Then his brow wrinkled. “Dammit,” he whispered, “I did miss that cue.” He raised the pistol and pulled the trigger. “Bang!” went the gun several pages late.

“There,” said the assistant sound effects man with satisfaction. And putting his pistol back on the rack, he picked up his script again. Of such simple determination are great cities conquered—the wrong cities; and messages carried to Garcia—two days late!

Tommy Fitzgerald, the sports writer, tells of the young girl, a war worker engaged in the making of precision instruments, who at a recent baseball game exercised the American prerogative of abusing the umpire. “Ya big bum!” she shrieked. “He was safe by a thousandth of an inch!”—from “Good Business.”
Exploring the Aerial Arctic

How to defrost a "flying refrigerator!" It's one of the household tasks of major airplane manufacturers—to keep war planes safe for the boys who fly them.

By HARRY VAN DEMARK

A big twin-engined medium bomber begins to climb on its test flight over the rolling hills. At first glance it looks like any other of its kind—impressive, but no longer unusual. Then a sharper glance detects an arrangement, affixed much like the outrigger of a native canoe, running parallel to the portside wing about three feet in front of the propeller.

Unusual as this mechanical contrivance appears, its function is even more extraordinary. At 20,000 feet the chief test pilot at the controls will level off and fly evenly. Then the flight test engineer, from his seat in the nose of the plane, will press a button on the instrument panel. Immediately from forty-four nozzles along this outrigger, forty-four jets of water forcefully strike the whirling blades of the portside propeller.

Ice forms at once. Great chunks of it fly off to beat a fierce tattoo on the fuselage and on the three-fourth-inch glass protecting the pilot. Most of it remains on the blades.

The test plane falters, loses speed. Tail and wings begin to vibrate. The starboard propeller continues to run smoothly, but the portside blades, now thoroughly iced up, begin to vibrate, while the portside engine fights to regain control over enemy ice.

This is what happens to a plane when ice forms on the propeller blades. Although this flight test ice is artificially produced, it is the same kind of ice, and just as dangerous, as that which imperils pilots and crews of fighter planes, bombers and transports in war areas at freezing altitudes and in Arctic and sub-Arctic theaters.

Back in the test bomber the flight engineer keeps on his course, intently watching the iced propeller. Then he presses still another button on the panel. A de-icing solution, being tested on this current flight, is released to spill over the surface of the blades.

The pilot, confident of the starboard propeller, waits patiently for the de-icing solution to get in its work, then feathers the portside blades. Cautiously the flight test engineer opens the escape hatch of the bombardier's compartment and aims his color camera at the now still blades of the feathered propeller. Later, these pictures will be used to compare the results of this with past and future de-icing tests.
Now the pilot takes the bomber down and sets her down on the long runway. Oxygen masks and parachutes in hand, both men discuss the flight as they walk to their office. The ice had formed as planned. Results, however, were more or less unexpected. They would be the subject of a "skull session" for some hours to come.

This is de-icing in action—just one of the many test activities of a major airplane manufacturing company.

The search for a solution to the threat of ice on propeller blades is one of aviation’s oldest puzzles. At first the answer was sought in anti-icing—that is, preparing the blades in such a fashion that ice would not form. Early pilots even used honey, smeared in the blades, and since then every substance from road tar to ski wax has been tried—and is still being tried.

Then came de-icing—getting rid of propeller ice after it has formed. It had become apparent that even the most effective forms of anti-icing solutions lost effectiveness after a relatively short time in the air.

Because of the valuable information gained through de-icing and many other propeller tests, the Army has on occasion made a medium bomber available for such tests.

The engineer’s first problem was to make the bomber a “flying refrigerator.” First, how to carry enough water aloft to make the ice. Into the bomb bay of the plane went a 400-gallon tank.

Next, how to spray this water to the propellers. A seven-foot hollow strut was obtained. To this was fitted forty-four atomizer nozzles. The device was rigged from the fuselage outward, parallel to the port propeller disk and about three feet in front.

Then—how to govern this device so that all atmospheric conditions could be simulated and ice made to form at any season. Electric pumping solved that, at the rate of six gallons of water each minute. Electric heating coils around each nozzle keep the water from freezing before it is sprayed on the blades.

Weather conditions under which propellers "ice up" vary, of course, in intensity, and these variations are simulated on the test plane by regulating the water pump or by previously changing the nozzles to vary the density of the spray.

The de-icing solution itself is released by another ingenious arrangement. Electrically pumped from a tank in the fuselage, through a slinger device, the solution pours out at the shank of the blade, into a grooved rubber shoe to the blade tip. There, through a slit in the rubber, it spills out over the entire surface of the blade.

The use of a twin-engine plane in the tests is a safety factor that minimizes the danger of deliberately icing a propeller in the air. It follows, of course, that the results obtained from each test also apply to single-engine planes.

When a propeller cakes with ice the thrust horsepower is at once lessened and there is little the pilot can
do about it. If one blade of a propeller cakes more thickly than another they are thrown out of balance, causing violent vibration.

Our pilots in war planes which often fly in the sub-stratosphere cannot choose to run away from ice as a peacetime pilot would do. For their sake, de-icing tests continue as often as practicable, and every last possibility for a final solution to the problem is immediately explored. Every improved means found to avoid or eliminate propeller icing is another step in the direction of eliminating one of aviation's major hazards.

"And this high-finned empennage aids stability, particularly with the laminar-flow wings where, in this case, you have considerable parasitic drag on the wing load through the heavy power generated by the radial-type engine..." — from "The Wasp Nest."
A woman will stand before a wardrobe that is bulging with dresses, suits, hats, shoes, etc., and say with a straight face, "I haven't a thing to wear." At which point, if her husband is anything like me, he will lift the coat of his blue serge suit and let the shine of his trousers make her blink.

Slacks happen to be the fashion. But why do women have to look like the back end of a Greyhound Bus before they start wearing them?

All women agree that marriage should be a 50-50 proposition: 50c for you and 50 bucks for them.

They say women are shrewd in financial matters, and yet I have known women to spend $1.30 on a taxi ride in order to save 25c on an article at the other end of town.

If you don't kiss your wife, she says you are neglecting her. If you kiss her twice in one day she says, "Now—what have you been up to?"

If you don't take a drink, you're a killjoy. If you take two, you're a drunkard.

Buy her a bracelet—you're a darling! Buy yourself a pair of shoes—you're extravagant!

A woman says, "We simply must have more heat in this house—I'm freezing!" And that night, she steps out in zero weather in an evening gown cut to here—sheer stockings, and a flower in her hair.

If you dance the rhumba twice with her girl friend, that is "Exhibitionism." Yet she has nine straight dances with that handsome lieutenant—and that's "Patriotism."

If you wear your shirt open at the neck, a woman will call you eccentric; but she can wear a hat decorated with two potato chips, a slice of pear and half a banana—and that's "Adorable."

You can tell your most intimate friend what you are paying your cook, and your wife will call you a "big mouth." But that same day—in the beauty parlor—she has let her hairdressing know what you earn, that you sleep in only the tops of your pajamas, how cleverly she nipped in the bud your affair with the "Painted Hussy of a secretary."

One woman talking is a monologue. Two women talking is a dialogue. Three or more women talking is a "catty" logue.

A woman will forget your past for a present.

Signed,
A MAN.

P.S. If my wife happens to read this piece, remember—the trouble with men is: they’re such liars! ! !

—From Barnett and Ramel "Employees News."

Holy Deadlock

Bill: Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?

Hank: Seen one? I married one.

"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who just cannot bear children."

"Well," remarked the kindly old lady, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband." — from "The Tooter."
Let's Get to Know Each Other

By STANLEY DIXON . . . who would have peace among the nations begin with peace and understanding among individuals.

All the treaties in the world won't be any good unless the people of the world get to know and like each other better. The same is true in America. It is all very well to have union leaders meet with business and farm leaders. What we need is more farmers understanding the point of view of a union member because the farmer can count some union men among his friends. It is a lot easier to see the viewpoint of someone you like personally.

A large number of our twelve million men and women in uniform are going to add to the cause of international understanding by making friends with Australians, Frenchmen, Russians. Some of them will go further than that by marrying them—which is all right too, provided that both parties recognize their national differences—and no hearts at home are broken!

Perhaps the most important thing in the world today is friendship and cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Whether we like their form of government or not, the fact remains that modern Russia has the national will and organization to become a tremendously powerful industrial nation of more than 200 million people. If the U. S. A. and Russia stand together, the two can keep the peace of the world.

But how can we combat those who perpetually and persistently sow seeds of hatred and distrust against the Soviet Union. How many of us have ever even met a Russian?

Why not start with our young people, in high school as well as in college. Let us have a world-wide system of exchange students, with the boys and girls selected living in homes in the selected country, while the students from other countries would live in American homes, on farms as well as in cities. Unions and farm organizations might join in, and arrange for their members to spend time working in French factories and on Australian farms. Such a plan would have been impossible fifty years ago . . . but now in the air age, it could be managed. The governments concerned might cooperate, also organizations such as the Carnegie Foundation. Even if it costs money, it will be money well spent, for those personal friendships formed by these young people may help prevent another war which will destroy our civilization.

Many people oppose compulsory MILITARY training after the war . . . a year's training would not fit our young men to fight robot bombs. A year's training in citizenship might be a different matter. In addition to a thorough medical examination which
might help to prevent some serious illness later, there could be physical and vocational training... both of which would help the men to be better soldiers if that should ever again be required. In addition, send the young men from the cities to work on farms... let the men from agricultural areas work in factories. Let them see something of how other Americans earn a living. They might form friendships which would help to erase prejudice and misunderstanding.

Remember that you aren't born with a prejudice. Little children play happily with each other, unconscious of differences of color, race or religion, until some older person instills the poison of prejudice. After the last war there was a terrible flood of hate, in America as well as abroad. Despite the fact that our sons are fighting side by side on the battlefields of the world, there is still the hatemonger at home... spreading rumors and lies... against different groups of our people... other races... other religions.

It is very easy to be prejudiced against someone you don't really KNOW. There are some hopeful factors today. There are more books about other countries... and a greater curiosity about other lands and peoples. There is more INFORMATION to combat PREJUDICE. Travel is easier... hundreds of thousands of peace-time tourists are driving in parts of America very different from their own home towns. The radio helps... with its overseas broadcasts... its messages of goodwill from leaders in other countries... and the frank discussions of national problems.

But we still want to bring it down to a basis of you and me... so let's you and I make up our minds that we won't condemn other nations... other groups... until we know the reason why they behave as they do.

Hitler and Hirohito thrived on hate... they built their war machines on it. We can only build world peace and industrial peace on a foundation of goodwill... of getting people to LIKE each other.

The MacTavishes went to a movie, taking their very vocal baby. At the ticket window they were warned that unless the child was quiet during the show they would have to take their money and leave. Halfway through the show the wife turned to her husband and whispered.

"What do you think of it?"
"Rotten."
"Pinch the baby."—from "Good Business."

SON OF THE SAGE
From Emporia, where he edits the Gazette, William L. ("Young Bill") White comes over to Kansas City with his report on Russia. He knows whereof he speaks. He was there. You'll find his story on page 3.
ONE of the big topics around American dinner tables today is: How will peace with Germany be achieved? Apparently it has not occurred to very many Americans that there may not be any peace with Germany. Literally—no peace! For there is a very distinct possibility that when official German resistance ends, unofficial resistance will continue. By that I mean guerrilla warfare and underground warfare.

THAT WOMAN
Those aren’t stripes—those are heat waves! Lauren Bacall of the big bass voice gives you that look from down under. You saw her with Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not" at the Newman. Catch them again in "The Big Sleep."

SLEEPY TIME GAL
Gayle Robbins, reclining on our center pages, looking like something you’d like to come home to. She belongs to 20th Century-Fox. Used to sing with a band. As if she had to sing! You saw her in "In the Meantime, Darling," if you saw it.

By all the rules of war, Germany today is near defeat. Her condition is fully as critical as when she collapsed in 1918. For in the last war, Germany was still fighting on French and Belgian soil when hostilities ceased, but today, both American and Russian troops are inside the frontiers of Germany, itself. The economy of the Reich is slowly collapsing under relentless pressure. And Germany’s casualties have been tremendous. Yet . . . Germany’s battered armies continue to fight, and fight well. And many of her civilians who have fallen into Allied hands continue to breathe defiance.

There is no indication as yet that these conditions will change when ultimately our forces cross the Rhine. Nor, for that matter, when we occupy Berlin itself. Hitler has boasted that if he goes down, Germany will go with him. And already, the teen-aged boys and the German gray-beards are being shoved into the front lines, while women are working on the East Prussian fortifications.

Behind them all, to make sure that there is no let-down, stands the deadly Gestapo of Heinrich Himmler. And Himmler also is busy training special groups of fanatical young Nazis for guerrilla and underground warfare if the regular army quits. These fanatics are sworn to assassinate all
Germans who deal with the Allies, and also to pick off Allied administrators.

Let us assume that American, British and Russian armies do occupy the Reich. Can there be peace—any peace—with armed bands roving the countryside and working underground? Can there be any peace worthy of the name without a German Government to deal with?

There are probably very few trustworthy Germans who would agree to form a government under these conditions. Russia has set up a pseudo-government in Moscow made up of captured and hand-picked German officers, but it is very unlikely that this set-up would be satisfactory to the Allies. And so, under these conditions, it is quite within the realm of possibility that the Big Three, or Four, now France has been given a seat in the Sun, will have to establish a government of their own—with their own nationals as officials of Germany.

That, however, would not be peace; at best, it would be only an uneasy armed truce.

The Allies could not very well sit down and write a treaty with their own officials; even Germans who were reconciled to the fact that all was lost would sneer at any such procedure as that. They might obey the treaty's decrees, but they would not respect them.

Hitler has boasted of his secret weapons to come, weapons over and above the dreaded V-1, V-2 and V-3. This may well be his ultimate secret weapon. For after the last war, the Allied powers went soft and gradually withdrew all controls, and Hitler very probably is hoping for something of the same thing this time.

True, he may not be present to see it. But under the set-up now being forged, there will remain the hard, desperate core of Nazi guerrillas around which to build a new machine for world conquest.

Yes, peace is a popular topic now. But peace—like a bargain—requires two parties. Without Germans to deal with—good, trustworthy Germans—there can be no bargain ... maybe no peace.

🌟

**MEDLEY**

A couple of Sundays ago, on our way for a bottle of milk, we passed a couple of small fry sprawled on some front steps. They were boys of seven, possibly eight, and evidently just home from Sunday School. They looked pretty scrubbed, and their Bibles and Sunday School papers were scattered on the top step. With typical juvenile disregard for the seasonal, they were singing loudly around lollipops one of the Christmas carols, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." And for some reason known only to most gentlemen and a few ladies of their tender years, they found the song tremendously funny. Just as we came within extra good earshot, one of the small boys cackled. "Hey, here 'tis!" And strangling with laughter, he gave out with his new version, "Star of Wonder—don't fence me in!"
Awaken Our Sleeping Industrial Giant

By J. C. NICHOLS

- No magic will preserve our freedom!
- We must strengthen our nerves; harden our muscles; put callouses on our hands — and do the impossible!
- Ours is no part-time job — it must be green lights ahead for our factories!
- Silent shops and idle mines will not do it.
- We are playing a desperate game of keeps; our land must be fit for our children to live in!
- Every tick of the clock is precious time.

Let us have courage to face the facts. Analyze the 1930-1940 census by counties and realize the alarmingly declining population of our central area. Mechanization of our farms is rapidly reducing our population; replacement of horses and mules has sadly reduced the market for agricultural products. Much of our farmers' cash today is spent for high cost farm equipment made in distant places, where formerly the farmer capitalized his time on his own land.

Until recent foreign demand, a large part of the export market for our crops had been lost. We have gone through ten years of drought, but God knows I hope we have now hit a wet cycle.

We have suffered low prices, but it is hoped that the new parity schedule will bring relief. It has been a long time since we have had good crops and good prices at the same time.

The drainage of our man power, amounting to several thousands per month, has for years depleted our consuming population. The constant national trend to mass industrial production has concentrated processing industry in regions beyond our section.

We are in a power-age favoring T. V. A., Oregon, Boulder Dam section, and other remote areas. The lower all-water haul, via the Panama Canal, freight rates have adversely affected the Midcontinent; the St. Lawrence Seaway, if built, may only further maroon our section.

Shall we become an economic dust bowl?

The trade territory of all our larger cities is rapidly declining in buying power.

Ghost towns are beginning to appear in our region.

You know that we are not balancing agriculture with industry!

We must have industry in near-by
towns to give employment to our men released from our farms by mechanized farming requiring less labor.

This creates a vicious circle because industry prefers to locate near the largest consuming markets.

Large factories for defense materials built elsewhere on a plan of a five-year amortization of buildings and equipment are creating grave competition for any future new plants in our area for generations.

Let us not be misled in our thinking, that the few defense plants erected in our area permanently solve our problems. We have violent headaches ahead unless we plan now for the post-emergency period.

Have we the superhuman leadership? Have we the stamina? Have we the spirit of cooperation among our several central states to accept the gauntlet and build private industries to balance our agriculture? Can we stem the tide of declining population?

Can we avail ourselves of our vast reservoir of raw products and build industry in our area?

I am not thinking simply of more large factories in our big cities, but am pleading for small shops and factories in the towns throughout our entire section.

The hand on the plow should lead to the loom in the near-by town, the end of the furrow, to a smokestack near-by. Cities can only grow with wide distribution of prosperity in their trade territory.

I challenge America that no area has a finer supply of intelligent American-born labor.

I challenge America that no other section has such wide unused resources and known reserves of natural and raw products, ready to support industry.

I challenge America that no other community has cheaper or more abundant supply of fuel or finer distribution of land and air transportation services. Certainly the full use of the Missouri River, clear up to Yankton,
S. D., must be added to our cheap transportation facilities.

DECENTRALIZATION IS OPPORTUNITY

A great migration of industry has been under way for many years. The textile industry has moved largely from New England down along the Atlantic Coast; the paper industry into the south; the electrical industry mostly into Ohio; the automobile industry into Michigan; the moving picture industry into California and so on through a long list of migrating industrial centers. Large industrialists are recognizing the economic hazards of over-concentration.

But what is the situation in the Central United States? The records tell the story that our industrial production is not keeping pace with the average industrial growth of our country and my purpose in coming here today is to charge the red-blooded, two-fisted leadership of our region as to what we can do to develop new industrial uses for the products of our farms and our mineral resources through scientific research; to build new industries based upon our natural resources and to claim our share of business in the nation's industrial progress.

Will we meet the crisis confronting us? "Men of our area, awaken, because we have great things to do today."

We don't propose to accept idly a closed economy for our territory.

During the World War, great new industries were born. From the present emergency, due to the need of substitute materials, many new industries will be created.

"Shall we sleep on our gigantic resources?" Daring industrial pioneers are needed today.

I propose that the research authorities of the institutions and private industries in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, the Dakotas, Missouri, and other adjacent

ONE of the widest awake men in Kansas City—or any other city—is J. C. Nichols, chairman of the board of the J. C. Nichols Company, and developer of the Country Club into one of the finest residential districts in the country. Mr. Nichols has been for seven years a member of the Business Advisory Council for the Department of Commerce of the United States; and for eighteen years has served gratuitously as a member of the planning commission of our National Capital.

In the fall of 1941, before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Nichols made a memorable address at Oklahoma City and at Pittsburg, Kansas. Since that time, some of the serious situation pointed out by Mr. Nichols has been corrected. In fact, he himself, in his seventeen months as a dollar-a-year man in Washington, has been quite instrumental in bringing about the location of war plants in the middle west. Fundamentally, however, many of the conditions described by Mr. Nichols still exist, and they deserve the serious consideration of the leaders and business men in our area. We present the text of Mr. Nichols' pre-Pearl Harbor speech, feeling that it is timely even yet.

areas, all suffering the same declining population and slow manufacturing growth, work out a coordinated, allocated plan of scientific research as to industrial uses of the products of Central United States.

The Mineral Industries Building being erected at Kansas University, and the new Research Building at Oklahoma University and Nebraska's and Colorado's and Iowa's research program show our states are aroused.
Let us arrange a series of joint meetings of the best scientific research men of our section.

Let us lay before ourselves a list of all products—agricultural and mineral.

Let us find out what studies are under way in our own institutions and in the four great United States research laboratories and other national laboratories and not duplicate their efforts.

Let us particularly pick those products on our list in which research today is not being fully prosecuted.

Let us send a committee of our best scientific men to travel from laboratory to laboratory to ascertain all research work under way relating to our products. Then let us not duplicate our efforts, but by definite assignment allocate certain fields to each of our state institutions and our own existing private research laboratories.

The heads of several of the largest national research laboratories were reared in our region. Dr. E. R. Weidlein of the great Mellon Research Institute, Dr. Ernest W. Reid, head of the Union Carbide Laboratory, John Brentlinger, head of Industrial engineering for duPont and others are keenly interested in our cause.

MOBILIZE RESEARCH FOR PROGRESS

I suggest we call into conference, after we survey our field, these able men to counsel with our best research men.

Let's urge our legislatures to be liberal with appropriations to support this broad research program.

Let us approach the whole field from the standpoint of our general area.

Let us share our findings, let us exchange our studies; let us admit no discouragement.

Then let us have the daring; the vision to support financially the beginnings of new industries which bid fair to prosper in our region.

Think what the early courage and undaunted spirit of a few men in Wichita in the early, feeble days of the aircraft industry have finally achieved for that part of Kansas, which is already bringing to our area some half billion dollars of orders of airplanes in Wichita alone.

Certainly we have the men and companies of means that will supply the "risk capital" to exploit the commercial potentialities of the most promising results of our research efforts.

Synthetic chemistry rests upon certain basic pillars; coal, gas, oil, lime stone, water, air and farm products. In all these products our Central Empire abounds. But have we the ingenuity to utilize these God-given resources?

We cannot think of the future industrial horizon of our domain without considering its relation to synthetic chemistry.

Ponder the mysterious alchemy by which the gases of the air and the minerals of the soil are transmitted into waving grasses, and tossing foliage by the radiation of the sun.

As miraculous as it seems, synthetic chemistry today is outdoing nature in breaking down molecules in matter and rearranging atoms into
articles of daily use and necessity. This juggling of atoms spells future industrial growth for the central U. S.

Nature works with catalysts called enzymes, which bring about reactions in living organisms. Our chemists, delving into the mystery of earth's contents and products, set up new compounds, rearrange matter and outdo the soil and rays of the sun. They bring into existence hundreds—yes —thousands of materials, creating a new world and a new frontier for the industries of our land.

Yes, chemurgy puts chemistry to work for ages to come.

Cheap power is the basis of all industrial operation, and in our area we have potentially the cheapest power in the United States from our great oil and gas fields and coal deposits.

Here we have in this immediate area enough bituminous coal (based on present consumption) to last some 9,000 years, and yet we know that synthetic chemistry can make nearly ten thousand things from coal; such as aspirin, dyes, perfumes, drugs, ammonium nitrate, saccharine, TNT, plastics, acids, textiles, brushes, furniture, artificial leather, rubber and chemicals.

The 1,200,000 estimated tons of metallic manganese—not just ore but actual metal—in South Dakota, and immense beds of lignite in that area should play a big part in our defense program, and the future development of our central area. A Pilot Plant is now in operation at Chamberlain, South Dakota, to test this great body of manganese. There are also great bodies of coal within a radius of 400 miles of Rapid City, S. D.

Chlorine and sodium made from salt are the principal tools which the chemist uses in synthesizing new products. The other chief requirement is low power cost.

Here we have great supplies of natural gas and petroleum from which a multitude of articles of daily use can be made through synthetic chemistry.

The petroleum and gas industry of the Midcontinent has already been most aggressive in its research—bringing millions of dollars of wealth, and immense employment in our region.

But what can we do to reduce the piping of our oil and gas out of our territory which is now building industry far beyond our region?

Perhaps cheap gas, oil or coal can make electricity at as low a cost as can be done with water power when all costs are really calculated.

Power puts chemicals into active form, and one or more electrolytic plants should be built immediately as there is now a dangerous shortage of chlorine, metallic sodium and metallic magnesium.

In the tri-state area we have large

—Ferdinand E. Warren
reserves of lead and zinc, basic to so many industries.

Would not a slight raise in the price of lead and zinc bring into operation immense fields of our lower grade ores?

Your ammonium nitrate plant will train men in synthetic technique which may have far-reaching results in a greater use of these products, but we must be industrially conscious. Remember an ammonia plant is a real basic chemical plant.

Perhaps from those huge piles of chat in your lead and zinc fields, magnesium, a critical material, can be salvaged.

From our resources untold plastics may be created.

Nylon, rayon, duprene, butadiene rubbers, fabrics may be made from your coal, your petroleum and your gas; phenols from your coal tar; formaldehyde from your gas, lucite glass and a whole range of plastics from coal.

TNT is now being made for the first time from toluol coming from your petroleum gases mixed with sulphuric and nitric acids.

Henry Ford has well said that the future automobile may be "grown" from our soil. Already some 243 items in an automobile can be made from plastics derived from coal, oil, limestone, and farm products. Some 100 parts of an airplane can already be derived from the same sources.

Within ten years, from our limestone and coal and our petroleum gases, rubber may be produced cheaper than we can obtain it from the East Indies.

Startling results are coming from laboratories of our land, making superior fabrics from casein. Aralac wool from milk is rapidly becoming a part of your hat, your clothing, and draperies. In fact hundreds of products, through synthetic chemistry can be developed from milk. Some day the old family cow may be dressing as well as feeding us!

You know the story of the soybean and the 300 products which may be produced from it. Soybean oil is as old as the Chinese painted idols—yet as new as tomorrow's plastics.

Sugar beets, broom corn, sargo, kaffirs, peanuts, castor beans, cornstalks, sweet clover, cow peas, sunflower, straws, milkweed, lespedeza—yes, the common hated weeds of our farms and roadsides may spell industrial opportunity!

Starches and plastics from our sweet and Irish potatoes—cigarette paper from flax—may create new values for our farms.

AGRICULTURE IS OUR BULWARK

While on the subject of farms let me say that the time has come in the depletion of our soils in this whole central area when we must give serious consideration to its upbuilding. Sulphuric acid made from the pyrites of your coal, or from your zinc roasters, mixed with the estimated 20,000,000 tons of phosphate rock in Northwestern Arkansas and the large deposits in Oklahoma, can produce a superphosphate fertilizer at some half the cost of that shipped today from Baltimore, Md., which, strange to say, is
now the center of the fertilizer industry of America.

Reports from seven of our mid-continent agricultural colleges show the need of more than a million tons annually to maintain the fertility, and to build the prolific production of our own soils. Soon we may be growing vegetables and other products to provide oils and fats which will supply industrial needs for fabrics, furniture, building materials, and a host of other items.

Experiments are under way at Kansas and Nebraska Agricultural Colleges as to industrial use of our sorghum family, which can be produced in such tremendous tonnage in our states.

Do you know that more than 200 products are today being made from our corn? In fact, corn sugars are being used to coat steel!

And don't forget that some 12 million acres, or nearly one-third of the area of the state of Oklahoma, and large areas in the Ozarks are covered with timber, comprising 134 species—offering untold potentialities for pulp for paper, plastics and other products.

Furfural, a liquid made from corn cobs or oat hulls, may in turn be used to convert more corn cobs, corn stalks, oat and wheat straw into valuable plastics.

Houses of the future may be built with building board made from our immense beds of gypsum . . . or glass houses may be the result of our cheap fuel and sand.

Oat hulls and cotton are already proving valuable as binding material for paving of our roads . . . Houses may some day be largely built of cotton, building boards made from waste farm products or glass from our sands.

Corn alcohol, our salt, our cotton, gas and coal and air will be used in making smokeless powder at the Chouteau plant.

The question is—have we reached a static farm maturity? Or is there an ever-surging, irrepressible spirit to accept the industrial challenge to hew out the rightful destiny for central U. S.?

When you can make a plastic from the products of our soil that has ten times the strength of steel, are you content to allow that new industries of our times be built far removed?

Over 53 billion tons of coal reserves, our oil and gas, can serve some 90 per cent of the chemist's needs of our country.

Cellulose from our cotton and other farm products can make celanese fibers superior or equal to many natural fibers heretofore known.

Are you astounded to know that Nylon machinery bearings are made today far superior to steel products? And that they need little oil for lubrication?

This whole region abounds in limestone, "that Great Monarch of the Mineral Kingdom," and from calcium and other products they can produce ceramics, glass, nylons, and the synthetic rubbers Duprene and Neoprene which find increasing usefulness in the commercial world. Your granite marble is as fine as the "Rock of Ages" from Vermont.
Now cotton is being bred for highly specialized commercial uses. Cellulose plastics from cotton are even today being used in aircraft, ships and automobiles. A whole new world of articles made from tobacco is on the horizon.

Tobacco does not end necessarily with smoking.

Near-by areas offer immense possibilities in charcoal products to be used in all kinds of metallurgical uses, solvents, clarification of water.

When Texas was promoting a plant to make news print in Lufkin, forty publishers agreed to take the production of this six million dollar plant. Is the time not here, when a similar procedure could be followed by consumers in our area, of various products that can be made from our raw resources?

Here, where we have the cheapest and greatest supply of fuels and sands to make glass, why cannot we manufacture glass for our area? Here, where we have the limestone for rock wool and building materials, the chalk, the diatomaceous marl, the clays, the volcanic ash, helium gas, the bentonite, tripoli, tungsten dolomites, cadmium, germanium, manganese, brown iron ore, indium, inexhaustible supplies of salt, asphalt rock and cement, hematite, oil field brines, carbon black, novaculite, sandstone, shales, limonite, magnetite, iron oxides from our coal, magnesium salts, bauxite ores, alabaster, barite, dias- pore, lignite; what is the limit to our production?

Possibly tung oil may be produced from tung trees in the valleys of Southeast Oklahoma.

We have the greatest agriculture area in the world with no forbidding mountain ranges or barren expanses of lake or sea.

Why can we not tan our hides, manufacture cereals, can our fruits within our own states; dehydrate our farm products? Process food by quick freezing?

The question is, whether we have the grim leadership to coordinate a research program for the development of products at our very door? Shall we become the economical hinterland of our nation or can we rally our leaders to meet the issues of today and build industry to use the inexhaustible products of our domain and create an increasing consuming population rather than a declining people?

And in all this let us not overlook the importance of the study of our under-ground water resources and need of ample dams and lakes to offer essential water for industry.

And let me call to your attention right now that our Central U. S.—so accessible to Gulf ports and Mexico is a perfect natural for manufactured articles to supply our growing trade with our friends in Latin America.
Tom McNally, of Pittsburg, has already demonstrated the possibility of this foreign trade.

COURAGEOUS men of Kansas—daring men of Missouri—pioneer men of Oklahoma, have we the courage to meet the challenge of our time? Are we satisfied to sit idly by and see our population dwindle—to see our factories become smaller and smaller, and ghost towns appear? We deserve to be licked if we cannot beat this situation.

Shall we resign ourselves to seeing the big industries of the East and West and Gulf Coasts drain our men and machines? Or, shall we proclaim ourselves the undefeated champions of the rights of "Central United States?"

Shall we become permanently retarded by the concentration of industry in areas far removed from us? Or shall we carry the flag of industrial development and build more industry for our great plains states?

Let us encourage resident farm ownership so essential to safe Americanism.

Let us ruralize industry. Eastern Oklahoma has today the second worst rural unemployment section in the entire U. S.

Let us create a larger near-by consuming market for our manufactured articles, and the farm products of our area!

Let us proclaim blowing of factory whistles in all our towns our "march of time" . . . the daily, happy employment of increasing thousands in our industry will be our truest safeguard against communism, and nazism, as well as the blessed assurance of the continuance of our American institutions.

Gentlemen, any lesser goal of achievement; any lesser task, would be untrue to the daring pioneers who carved our great states from a wilderness of prairie and plain. I am confident that every man in this room is ready to devote his time; his energy, his soul and his resources to the future economic progress of the Central U. S.—a progress that will place us on a reasonable parity with the rest of our nation; a progress which will revitalize our farms, towns and cities, attracting and holding our youth in their native heath.

Let the hum of factory machines be the booming theme song of our time. We have the creative genius—we have the faith—we have the driving energy—we have the adventurous spirit and courage to meet the challenge of today.

Gentlemen, I leave it to you . . . have we the ability? Have we the vision? Have we the indomitable leadership and willingness to consecrate our lives to establish a balanced economy between agriculture and industry?

Let's not despise any small beginning . . . even a tiny spark can easily burst into a mighty flame!

Let every man put his shoulder to the wheel if we are willing to risk "our all" for our part of the country which we so dearly love, and there shall never be an industrial blackout for the central part of America.

Let us awaken our own sleeping industrial giant!
Philharmononotes...

To help you have a more informed and educated ear—we present excerpts from actual program notes prepared for the Kansas City Philharmonic Concerts by Dr. Robert D. W. Adams of the University of Kansas City, and others. The concerts will be heard in the Music Hall of the Municipal Auditorium.

NINTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT
February 13-14, Efrem Kurtz conducting.
Assisting Artist, ARTUR RUBENSTEIN, Pianist.

PROGRAM
EGMONT OVERTURE..................Beethoven
SYMPHONY NO. 1, IN C MAJOR.
Op. 21..................................Beethoven
CONCERTO NO. 4 IN G MAJOR FOR
PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, Op. 58
..............................................Beethoven

ARTUR RUBENSTEIN

Overture to Egmont, Op. 84—This is one of a group of ten short pieces composed in 1809-10 as incidental music to Goethe’s well known tragedy on the life of Count Lamorel Egmont. Count Egmont, a Dutch patriot, was treacherously condemned and executed in the 16th Century. This inspired his compatriots to resist and finally throw off the tyranny of Spain. The music was first used in connection with the drama in Vienna in 1810, and always thereafter, was used whenever the play was presented in Germany.

The overture opens with a brief but expressive introduction which some interpreters have taken to denote the dull suffering of the people of the Netherlands under foreign rule. The introduction gradually merges into the main body of the work. Here comes a much quicker tempo and brighter import. It is biographical perhaps—enough to reflect the happy early life of his hero, and his romantic love affair. A somber and ominous second subject is heard, recalling certain passages in the introduction, and forecasting the tragic denouement of the drama. The two principal themes are recapitulated in the conventional manner, bursting forth at last into a triumphant coda, and bringing the overture to a brilliant close, sometimes takes to symbolize the ultimate liberation of the Dutch nation.

Symphony No. 1 in C Major, Op. 21.—Beethoven was by nature slow, cautious in creation, unwilling to give to the world until he had expended all of himself upon his work. The general opinion seems to have been that his First Symphony was somewhat trivial; too dependent upon Mozart and Haydn, the latter especially; that it is worlds removed from the rugged originality of his later ventures in the field. Surely closer study will reveal the error of this contention. Nothing so clearly displays the character of Beethoven as the manner in which his idiosyncrasies creep into this first venture, the constant intimations that are to be heard of the coming man; the boldness of the opening chords; the minuet that is no minuet at all; the vigor and variability of the main theme of the first movement! The manner is the manner of Haydn, but the voice is the voice of Beethoven. Grove has well said that the existence of later works obscures our judgment as to the early works of the artist. The grander glories of the midday cause us to forget the dawn. Yet within the glow of dawn the promise of the day lies concealed. The first Symphony has about it the morning mists of simplicity, the aristocratic beauty of the Mozart and Haydn symphonies. Through them, however, burns the sun of Beethoven’s warmth, of the greater vitality and force of his soul. of that rough but tender humor that embodied itself in his music.

Concerto No. 4 in G Major, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 58.—The fourth of Beethoven’s five piano concertos was composed at about the same time as the “Leonore” overture, following shortly upon the
“Eroica” symphony (Op. 55) and the Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57). The work is unlike the composer’s first three concertos in the omission of the long orchestral introduction which had been the regular rule with his eighteenth century predecessors; the solo instrument appears at the start, announcing the first part of the main theme of the first movement. The treatment of the sonata-allegro form is in line with the composer’s practice in the symphonies of the same period; the transitions are greatly elaborated and are provided with interesting subordinate themes, but without overshadowing in importance the energetic and persistent development of the principal subject, which is frequently given an elaborate setting in ornamental passage work for the piano.

The slow movement is in some ways an anticipation of the composer’s later works, in which the emotional content completely overshadows the musical means employed to express it. We have here a dramatic dialogue between the strings and the piano. The former reiterate a message of persistent sternness, to which the piano replies with equal persistence but in a more supplicatory, placating mood, broken near the end by a passionate cadenza passage.

TENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

Euryanthe ........................................ Weber
Symphony No. 2................................. Kabalewski
Violin Concerto................................. Brahms
JASCHA HEIFETZ

Overture to Euryanthe—Carl Maria Von Weber—(Born December 18, 1786, at Eutin, Prussia; died June 5, 1826, in London). Just two years after Weber, whom we still regard as the founder of German romantic opera and Wagner’s predecessor in that field, was crowned with a laurel wreath by the poet Hoffmann, following the success of Der Freischütz, Euryanthe was produced by the Theatre An der Wien, Vienna. The first performance took place October 25, 1823.

The overture epitomizes the emotional undercurrent and coloring of the drama. Chivalry, knightly valor, and love are the dominate notes. The mysterious harmonies for muted and divided strings, in the Largo which forms the middle portion, anticipate a ghostly apparition in the tomb scene. These and many other chord progressions—such as in the eighth measure—are strikingly modern. The brilliant coda seems to typify the triumph of devoted love.

Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 77—Brahms—The Brahms Concerto is considered by Leopold Auer to be, after the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the most important work in the entire literature of the violin. The work was dedicated to the composer’s friend and advisor, Joachim, who performed it for the first time at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, January 1, 1879.

More than half of the performing time is occupied by the grandly planned first movement. The concerto opens with a rather long introduction by the orchestra, stating the main theme of the movement at the outset. This introduction is described by Niemann: “The first movement opens with its simple principal subject, ascending and descending within the compass of the D Major triad, in an uplifted, joyful tone which is not lacking in a certain brightly festive spirit. It works up to a pitch of powerful energy, then changes into a lyrical mood, and quickly loses itself in rapt, twilight dreams, out of which Brahms rouses himself, so to speak, with the sharp staccato rhythm of the D minor second subject, and impetuously rallies his forces for fresh action . . . Thus the entry of the solo violin, after the rush of the great, broad tutti of the orchestra, which precedes it, produces a truly regal effect, as it improvises freely on the principal theme, and works it up from the idyllic to the heroic mood.”

After the violin’s challenging statement of the main theme, an episode of marvelously beautiful tracery leads to a tenderly lyrical melody in A major, the second main theme of the movement. After an elaborate development of these ideas there follows a cadenza which, as in the
works of the pre-Beethoven period, is left to the choice—or improvisation—of the performer. The abbreviated recapitulation which brings the movement to a close, is in a much quieter mood, anticipating the idyllic atmosphere of the second movement.

In the Adagio (F major), the quiet melody, which is thematically related to the main theme of the first movement, is repeated, after the oboe, by the violin. The calm mood is preserved through the contrasting middle section, after which the first melody is repeated.

A welcome contrast to the serious calm of the slow movement is afforded by the gypsy rhythms and robust, sunny humor of the finale.

“Rasslers”

By GEORGE McGILL

Lo! How the mighty hath fallen!

IN THE arena two all-but-naked giants are doing their best to tear each other apart. One man goes down under a resounding punch to the jaw. His opponent kicks him, seizes his inert form, raises it high above his head and slams it to the floor. The mingled yells and boos of the crowd rise to a hysterical pitch. Men and women alike are calling for blood. “Kill him!” “Break his leg!” “Throw him out of the ring,” they scream.

Gladiators in the arena at ancient Rome? No, just a wrestling match at Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kansas. It happens every Thursday evening. Week after week the same fans see the same grapplers slug, gouge, and slam each other around. One of the current favorites is a giant Englishman who calls himself Lord Albert Mills, and tosses his opponents about with a deadly but dignified skill. Then there’s Dynamite Joe Cox, Tom Zaharias, who snarls like an enraged wildcat all the time he is in action, Lee Wyckoff, master of them all when it comes to working up the crowd, Karl Davis, Blimp Levy, Orville Brown, and The Angel, just to mention a few.

Durable fellows, these mat men. They wrestle several nights a week, traveling a regular circuit like any other show. Wrestling is America’s best organized sport. Wrestlers probably are the biggest money makers of all athletes and it is not uncommon for them to survive in active competition for 25 or 30 years.

It’s a good show and the public loves it. The more the grapplers seem to suffer, the more they howl and grimace and foul and toss each other out of the ring, the better people like it. Usually one man is cast as the villain. He pulls all sorts of dirty tricks behind the referee’s back—gouging eyes, pulling hair if his opponent has any, kicking and kneeing, actually throwing his victim out of the ring. This goes on until the other wrestler, who is cast as the hero, is staggering blindly around, almost out. The crowd gets more and more en-
Wrestling is the most ancient, the most universal sport. In King Tut’s time, in Rome and Greece, in Ireland, in the Orient, all over the world since time began, men have wrestled. In America, some famous names have been numbered among the grapplers, including, if you please, two great statesmen whose birthdays we celebrate this month—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Honest Abe started his wrestling 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 300 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.

Imagine a match between Honest Abe and one of these modern boys, Texas rules with no holds barred. That we would like to see!

WHITE-ELEPHANT BOYS

They’re not what you think. No pastel shades of Sabu! It’s just that we heard a little story the other day that re-affirms a bit of our scanty knowledge of the world far beyond the intercity viaduct! India is still the land of the sacred cow and the white elephant! And it isn’t only the American housewife who trades in her white elephants after Christmas!

In the midst of the exchange season, one of our friends received a letter from her husband stationed somewhere in the general vicinity of the Taj Mahal or Mahatma Ghandi. And we hope none of the home folks will take offense at the news that GI’s trade off their Christmas presents, the same as anyone else. Only, having no Emery, Bird, Thayer’s, Berkson’s, or Harzfeld’s to run to—they swap intramurally. And our friend’s husband, at moment of writing, had just heard one of his buddies offer to trade a jar of pickles, a box of cookies, and two cans of soup for a half a fruit cake! American traditions carry on!
"The earth has nothing like a she epistle."
That's Byron!

"There's nothin' to tie a mash note from the rag-bag!"
That's NOT Byron.
There's nothing that will get there quicker than V-Mail.
That's for sure.

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

February is "Brotherhood Month." You Might
Follow This Daily Schedule of Bible Readings:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Scripture</th>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Scripture</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>Gen. 4:3-9</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>James 2:12-17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Matt. 7:7-12</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Romans 14:17-21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>Matt. 5:21-24</td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>Ephes. 4:1-7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Swingin’ with the Stars

Pictures expected in February:

ATKINS AUDITORIUM
NELSON ART GALLERY
(Movies at 8 p.m. Admission free)
Feb. 2—GRANDMA’S BOY, with Harold Lloyd.
SHERLOCK, JR., with Buster Keaton.
Feb. 9—THE LAST LAUGH—one of the most famous of the Emil Jannings films; made in Germany; directed by F. W. Murnau.
Feb. 16—MONSIEUR BEAU-CAIRE, with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. Also an excerpt from Enoch Arden, starring Wallace Reid with Lillian Gish.
Feb. 23—ANNA CHRISTIE, with Greta Garbo.
(These pictures presented under sponsorship of Fox-Midwest, in the Museum of Modern Art series.)

LOEW’S MIDLAND
NATIONAL VELVET—Butcher’s daughter wins horse at a raffle, wins Grand National Steeplechase. More plausible and charming than it sounds. Mickey Rooney, Jackie Jenkins, and Donald Crisp are the men involved; Elizabeth Taylor, Anne Revere, and Angela Lansbury on the distaff side. Elizabeth is a 14-year-old version of Vivien Leigh and sensational. It’s in color. Western premiere in Kansas City, February 8.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—And millions will see it—since it offers Jose Iturbi, Jimmy Durante, and a bevy of beautiful girls, including Marsha Hunt, and June Allyson. Something about an all-girl orchestra. Jimmy sings “Umbrago” in this one, and it’s all good fun.

THE NEWMAN
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Return engagement of one of the big, big pictures. This time at popular prices. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman make love in the thick of the Spanish war; Katina Paxinou turns in the most magnificent performance of many years as the strong, ugly woman who always has felt beautiful. Hemingway wrote it; you probably know all about it already; but do see it if you haven’t. And listen to the music. Alfred Newman is responsible—and it’s terrific.

HERE COME THE WAVES—Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Sonny Tufts are three of the reasons why this big, good natured musical can’t miss.

RKO ORPHEUM
THE CONSPIRATORS—Hedy Lamarr with Paul Henreid. In other words, fire and explosives. Smoldering with suspense—like waiting for flames to break thru the smoke. Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre are in it, too. See what we mean?

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN—Including practically everybody from the Warner lot. Joan Leslie carries on with the story and a polite love affair—while Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Jack Benny, and everybody else takes a turn at entertaining. Very big and bright.

THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway
THE SUSPECT—Charles Laughton as a wife murderer, Ella Raines is the woman who doesn’t get killed. Very sinister and exciting, with more suspense than a tight-wire act without nets.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS—With Abbott and Costello. Doesn’t that tell you enough? Well, then, there’s Peggy Ryan. (sans Donald O’Connor) in the feminine lead. Hijinks and hysteria—singing, dancing, and horse-play!

HANGOVER SQUARE—in this one George Sanders doesn’t commit the crime, he solves it. Laird Cregar is the menace; Linda Darnell is one whom he menaces. That’s not air-conditioning giving you that chill; it’s the picture.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN—Betty Smith’s best seller chalks up another victory on the screen, thanks to delicate direction and the delightful acting of Dorothy McGuire, Jimmy Dunn who makes a grand comeback and Lloyd Nolan, who isn’t a gangster, for once. Nostalgic and rather tender little account of the struggle of such things as trees and human hearts.

THE TOWER
Double features surround a stage show that’s worth seeing. It changes each week. Tower Orchestra is a good draw, and if you like good slick westerns and amusing mysteries, this is your dish. Swing Shift show Saturday nights.

THE FOLLY
Girls and gags, burlesk style.

*
PORTS OF CALL

Just... for Food...

ALLEN'S ON THE PLAZA. Steaks and chicken, admirably served. Redmond, who does the chicken, used to be a dining car chef; and Henry Bert, in charge of the kitchen, was formerly chef at Lake Quivira Country Club. Allen Price, is the owner, and pretty Mrs. Price is around with those recognizable feminine touches. Their waitresses are attractive and specially trained by the Allens. It's the kind of place where you can take your grandmother or your granddaughter or your date—and enjoy good food. Nice shopper snacks, too, from 2 till 5. Ward Parkway at Pennsylvania, on Highway 50. VA. 9655.

CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. The walls here are decorated with blown-up reproductions of the illustrations in Paul Wellman’s book, “Trampling Herd.” Also worth seeing is a mural on the east wall of the old cattle trails, with reproductions of many famous cattle brands. All quite in keeping with the spirit of the Ranch House, and interesting in their own right. Likewise, the food. No entertainment (except a juke box), no drinks, just good solid food. Mr. Griffith is trail boss out here; and you may see Fred Ott or Tom Devine wandering in and out from time to time. They’re co-owners. That’s right, Tom is Andy Devine’s brother. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

DICK’S BAR-B-Q. It’s really “Up the Alley,” about two jumps, and atmospheric in a back-stage sort of way. Dick Stone has plastered the walls with show bills, and there are autographed photographs of various celebrities here and there. Maybe even the celebrities themselves, after the theatre. It’s open from 6 to 6—p.m. and a.m. Real hickory logs barbecue meats and chickens just inside the front door. Take a look—and a good whiff! Off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

EL NOPAL. Two rooms in a white frame house are dedicated to gastronomical delight. It’s that sure-nuff Mexican food that pulls ’em in—and no wonder. Your hosts—Lala and Nacho, offer a combination—or choice of—tortillas, fried or plain, tacos, tostados, enchiladas, beans or rice, tamales, and chili, and the hottest sauce you ever washed down quick with a swig of coffee! Jessie is the smiling girl who takes your order. The juke-box specializes in Latin tunes. 416 West 13th. HA. 5430.

GREEN PARROT INN. One of the nicer excuses for taking a little drive. Mrs. Dowd maintains an establishment of real quality, with excellent food served skillfully in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms are softly dressed, linens and silver are company best. Families like it for something a little special. And the fried chicken is extra-special. You’d be wise to have reservations. Call Mrs. Dowd at LO. 5912. 52nd and State Line.

JAN’S GRILL. Notable mostly because it’s open all night (except Tuesdays, when it’s closed entirely), and because it’s a clean and nice-looking red-and-blond place to have a snack or a full meal at almost any time. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

KING JOY LO. Chinese cooks produce dishes of some authenticity in this amiable restaurant where Don Toy presides. They feature chop sueys, plain or fancied up with shrimp or other items; chow mein; egg foo yung; and a really excellent soup. Also fried rice that’s rather rapturous. Tea, too, of course, and rich little almond cookies. If none of these strike your fancy, there are American dishes available. It’s fun, if you can get there first, to sit at a window table and watch Kansas City go by, up and down Main or 12th Street. The furnishings are in character, and you’ll like the tables—heavy carved affairs with marble center. 8 West 12th—upstairs. HA. 8113.

MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Almost a replica of the Rendezvous, except that it’s more brightly lighted and there’s no liquor served here. It’s a paneled (Cuban mahogany, no less!) and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish, and specializing in good food. About the only place left where you’ll find chocolate eclairs. If you sit at the horseshoe, you may be served by Edith, our bid for the town’s most efficient waitress. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. You’ll find it a few blocks west of the Gallery, just off Main. It’s a huge and splendid old house, filled with fireplaces, oak beams, and a sweeping staircase. Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher, a couple of genial ladies who know their business, have created and maintained a reputation for good food, food, well prepared and neatly served. Their waiters have lovely manners, and they’re quick. Fried chicken is the feature, presented in its proper setting—snowy linen, bright silver, bits of Spode—all sedate and gracious, gently Victorian, and really very nice. Capacity is around 125, but you must have reservations. Phone WE. 7700. 9 East 45th.
IN KANSAS CITY

WEISS CAFE. The only place in downtown Kansas City where you find crisp golden potato pancakes, chopped livers, and Gefulte fish. It's a big, busy restaurant that features kosher-style cooking. Marinated herring, cheese blintzes with sour cream, Jewish soups and matzos balls, rich and complicated pies—they're all on the bill of fare, along with meats, chicken, and hearty breads. It's a family restaurant, especially on Sundays, and only about half the crowds are Jewish. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

For Food... and a Drink...

BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Joshua Johnson, in white satin coat and some kind of phosphorescent finger nails, still plays some of the best boogie-woogie in town. Decca is bringing out a new album of his, by the way. Down here you can listen with one ear and have a drink with the other hand! Or vice versa. Or have dinner from 5:30 till 11:00. That's real candle light in the hurricane lamps, too. Vince Burns is in command around here, and a nice job he does of it. 3545 Broadway. VA 9236.

CONGRESS RESTAURANT. You can leave your car in the Congress garage and walk in thru the back door, practically at the bar. Or drop in the front way. Either way, you'll find Gene Moore turning out melody at the Hammond organ—which is plenty good reason for dropping in. Congress salads are another good reason, and their steaks (when available) are still another. Casual atmosphere. 3529 Broadway. WE 5111.

DUFFY'S TAVERN. It's the same old Duffy's—complete with Joe Hamm, the owner; Whitey Hayes, Little Buck, and that six-foot-seven bartender. The lights are bright and the din is furious—but it's fun. There's a nostalgic vodkil quality about it, too, what with the old ballads the boys break into from table to table. They barbecue their own meats here, in case you're interested. 218 West 12th. GR 8964.

FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. Since Jim Lee, the place has been redecorated and remodeled. Harry Turner, the new owner, has made it a lively room, and Maurice Jester supplies an attractive menu. Try their fried chicken some time, or their shrimp Creole. Luncheons in the main room or the dining room adjoining are served from 11:30 to 2:30, dinner from five till ten. Hostesses Effie Helgesen and Beulah Jester will be around to see that you're comfortably seated and amply served. There's a bar, too, of course, if you'd rather just sit and stare at yourself in the mirrors. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

ITALIAN GARDENS. Practically always crowded to capacity, but worth a second try if you don't get in the first time. Signora Teresa is famous for her spaghetti and ravioli dishes and for sauces—all of them available from four p.m. till midnight, except on Sundays, when the place is closed. Steaks and chops are well prepared here, too, by Elbert Oliver. But it's those strictly Italian foods that most people like, with the wine which Frank and Johnny like you to have with your food. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

JEWEL BOX. A tidy little room where you can drink, listen to the music, and have a chicken dinner. New owners are Tony Sansone and Charlie Perkins, both of them well known about town. The girl at the piano and novachord is Beth Roberts. 3223 Troost. VA 9696. (That’s not her number! That’s the Jewel Box, see!)

JOE ROSS’S SPAGHETTI RESTAURANT. Known generally as Il Pagliacci, and known pretty well for the quality of the Italian food. Spaghetti with various trimmings, with wine or beer, is the feature of course, and it's worth going after if you want to drop in some place just a little bit different now and then. Joe used to sponsor pro football teams, you may remember; his son played Big Six half at Missouri U. once, and is now in the service. 600 East 6th. HA. 9330.

MORRIS DELICATESSEN. The most unassuming establishment that ever put out the town's best delicatessen. There's a bar, rarely busy, and a lot of booths. The clientele who have learned, return time and again to partake in silent rapture of Morris's liederkranz or braunschweiger sandwiches on wonderful Jewish breads, to bite into fat black olives, or a rich potato salad, or superb kotechnik pickles, to lick up the slices of spicy cold meats, and wash it all down with a cold bottle of beer or some fresh black coffee. If you prefer you can take the food home. This is one of the few places where you'll find real Russian pumpernickel. Morris and his two daughters take care of most of the business. And the customers come of their own accord—with good reason! 3121 Troost. WE. 3410.

OFFICERS’ CLUB. Just in case you’re an officer, you should know about this Walnut Room rendezvous, just down the steps as you enter the Hotel Phillips on 12th. All the comforts of home—plus an orchestra on Saturday and holiday nights. There’s
For Food . . . and a Drink . . .

a juke box to furnish dance music at other times. Pearce and Harvey, at the small bar, are two of the nicer attendants we’ve met recently, and by the way, take a look at Mrs. Worley’s mural behind them. Dorothca Buschman is the hostess down here, and perfectly charming. Here too you’ll probably run into suave Charlie Hall, who is all over the place, extending his really genuine welcome. Officers and their guests may have lunch, dinner, supper, and drinks in this club; Sunday dinner served, with set-ups if you wish. There’s even a lounge section, complete with deep leather chairs. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 9020.

PLAZA BOWL. Take off those pounds in the bowling alleys—put ’em back on in the Bowl’s restaurant! Or, if you’re careful, you may choose their delectable salads and light snacks, guaranteed to satisfy without fattening! George, Sam and Ned Eddy manage a very complete set—with recreation, food, and drink all wrapped up in smooth, attractive surroundings. George has charge of the cocktail lounge, which is usually pretty busy. The alleys open at 9 in the mornings, and Sundays find a lot of businessmen bowling themselves back into shape. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

PLAZA ROYALE. Besides music by Zola Palmer at the Hammond organ, there’s Kay Van Lee to read your writin’, by way of entertainment. Kay will give you the low down on your character, through grapho-analysis, and it’s all sorts of fun. This smart South Side drop-in catches a lot of Kansans, just before they cross the border, and a lot of others, too, by virtue of its pleasant atmosphere, good food, and versatile bartender. 614 West 48th. LO 3393.

PRICE’S RESTAURANT AND BAR. They’re putting the finishing touches on the new decor by Janet Waldron. Which ought to make it more popular than ever for downtown business people. There’s ample restaurant space for breakfast, luncheon and dinner—and a cozy lounge downstairs for after-five relaxation. The drinks downstairs are always potent. And upstairs whatta you think they have almost always—chocolate ice cream? Don’t try them both together, however. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

PUSATERI’S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks—those inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce! Not a spacious room by any means; but always filled, and with good reason. There’s piano music at night, as background to your table talk. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

RENDEZVOUS. A large, noisy room, paneled in red, and pleasantly gloomy after the manner of an English manor. A good place to talk over your drinks, since there’s no music and your own conversation is confined to your table, in the general din. As for drinks, except anything you order, the Muehlebach cellar is one of the most varied in the middle west. You may recognize Gus Fitch in the Rendezvous; he’s been around a number of years. Luncheon and dinner, thanks to Henri Ehster, served from 12 to 3; 6 to 8:30. Hotel Muehlebach—12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

TOWN ROYALE. Probably the most conveniently-reached bar in town. Just off the sidewalk, but comfortably cloistered, and just large enough. Mary Dale continues her melodies at piano and solovox; and the food and drinks stay up to par. That charmin’ man surrounded by a bevy of beauties is quite likely Harry Newsstreet, who runs the place. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

WESTPORT ROOM. A drink in the station bar always gives delusions of grandeur. You think you’re about to make a happy journey, or meet your favorite man home from the wars. Whether you are or not, here’s a stimulating place for a couple of quick ones, and if it’s food you’re after, you can’t do better than ebb on in to the Fred Harvey restaurants next door. Union Station. GR. 1100.

ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. This is a shop- pers’ special, where you can bring your bundles, friend husband or your date, and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 till 5, two drinks for the price of one, hear! hear! After that, regular prices, but they’re fairly gentle. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.
EL CABANA. A well-bred bar with the welcome mat out. Practically always jammed because people like it. Mignon Worley, a popular Kansas City artist, did those colorful dancers on the walls. An institution here is Alberta who plays the novacord. She's probably the best-dressed entertainer in town, and one of the genuinely nice people. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

OMAR ROOM. If you're looking for a book of verses underneath a bough, better bring your own. But Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape or a reasonable facsimile. A dim and cushiony room with that incredible mirror over the bar—and just when you thought you were holding your drinks so well, too! That fascatin' man at the piano and solovox is Skeets Light. There are those who think he's the best white boogie-woogie player in the country. And they could be right. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

PINK ELEPHANT. Don't worry if you see pink elephants parading around the outside. They're really there, you can't miss it. Don't expect a seat inside, though. It's a hip-pocket edition of a bar, and somebody always gets there first. But it's worth several tries to see the movies. They're authentic old two-reel comedies, vintage 1900 and up. Mr. Gerard says the films are changed each week, so there's no end to their variety. On 12th Street between Baltimore and Wyandotte, in the State Hotel. GR. 5310.

THE TROPICS. Accent on atmosphere. Take the elevator to the third floor of Hotel Phillips, turn the corner, pass the gift shop, and go down the long hall. You emerge into what many people think the south sea islands are like—except that you don't drink out of coconaut shells. You sit in deep leather and bamboo chairs, with your drink before you on a low table. Solid comfort, while the La Monde sisters, two very pretty gals, not in grass skirts, play the organ. It's enough to make beachcombers of us all! Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

ZEPHYR ROOM. If this spot half way home from the office weren't so chummy and pleasant, most of us would get home on time. But there are Evan and Price, with a really distinctive repertoire for voice and piano; the charming Latin rhythms of Armadita and Sandvoal. And bawdy little tunes from Jane Jones. There are Tim Spillane's Manhattan—or his Scotch Old Fashioneds—Well, why should we go home! The wife's so mad now, she'll get no madder in one more hour! Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA 7047.

All This... and Dancing, too!

COLONY RESTAURANT. Didja know you can dance here now? The new managing duo, Morris Green and George Cohen, have brought in an orchestra, so you can get up and that off between drinks. We like the arrangement here—it's a convenient drop-in, yet the small lobby keeps you from feeling that you're right on the sidewalk. Chicken and steak are served till 9; kitchen stays open till midnight. 1106 Baltimore. HA 9044.

CROWN ROOM. That "Latin in Satin," black-eyed Bea Vera, is back in town, bolding fort at the LaSalle with her Spanish rhythms and other danceable tunes. She's in from the Hotel Kingsway in St. Louis, and pleased dancers are giving her welcome home. Al Steinbaum tells us they're planning an additional bar; but until it gets installed, you can do very well with the one that's here, plus the various booths and tables. We like this place because it's lively without being too noisy. Maybe the rugs help. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood Blvd. LO 5262.

DRUM ROOM. There's a bar on the corner. Enter at the sign of the drum. Or go in via the lobby through that magic eye door! Luncheon, dinner, and supper available in the Drum Room proper, two steps below the bar, where Jack Wendover and his Whisperings Rhythms continue whispering sweet nothings throughout this month. We like that Doe Adams who does a bit of singing on the side; he has a nice whispery style. Marcella continues as femme vocalist. No covert here; dancing at dinner and supper. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

EL BOLERO. Marguerite Clark still sings her little ditties and casual dropper-ainers still go for them strong. It's a nice half-way stop between downtown and Southtown, and good for a beer and a casual juke-box dance when you feel in the casually festive mood. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA 5040.
All This... and Dancing, too!

EL CASBAH. "Come with me to El Casbah!" No kiddin'! Besides Charlie Wright's smooth dance tunes and smooth Dawn Roland (Mrs. Wright) and her vocals, there's a new dancing team appearing for a limited engagement. They are Capelle and Patricia, and very beguiling. You'll like El Casbah; Charles Boyer does! There's a cover, by the way; week-nights a dollar; Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. No cover for the Saturday afternoon Cocktail Dancant. Barney Goodman brings a lot of talent into this room. Don't miss it. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick, VA 7047.

MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN. Wanna dance? Drink? Dine? Sit and stare at the murals? It's all yours at Clar Martin's angular establishment, and good fun it always is. There's new entertainment this month, dancing every night except Sunday. By day it's a big cafeteria, by night a club, where you can still take your choice from their varied menu. May we suggest again, their "chicken in the rough"? 210 West 47th. LO 2000.

MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Notable for three or four things: the line drawings of famous faces about the walls; the brothers Morris who own the place (3 of them are off to the wars); the casual friendliness; and Julia Lee. She plays piano, in case you haven't heard. And if you haven't, do! She sings, too, and is about the most authentic jazz maker left in these parts. 3511 Troost, VA 9256.

SOUTHERN MANSION. One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. Excellent cuisine, though not fancied up; pretty much American, which is all right, too. Dee Peterson and the boys play for dancing at dinner and supper; they're smooth and unobtrusive, and you can talk above the music if you just want to eat and not dance. No bar, by the way, but excellent drinks at your table. Call Walter Whittaker for reservations. GR 5131. 1425 Baltimore.

TERRACE GRILL. Grass skirts are in evidence until mid-month. Not on the guests—the girls in the show wear them! Ray Kinney and his Hawaiians make some really excellent music, and the Five Aloha Maids make with the torso twisting. They've arrived via Hawaii from the Hawaiian Room of Charlie Rochester's Hotel Lexington, New York. Following them comes Joe Sanders, the Ole Left Hand. Remember when he used to play piano and sing with Coon Sanders and the Nitehawks? He moves in to the Grill with his band about the 16th, continuing the long line of good entertainment brought in by Barney Joffee. Sunday nights are pretty much family night at the Grill. But it's a good spot, any time. For reservations, call Gordon, GR 1400. Hotel Murchlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

YOU CAN HELP... Bring 'Em Back Alive!

RED CROSS
222 West 11th, HA 2341—still needs appointments for the Blood Bank. It's your most important gift to a service man. Red Cross also needs volunteers in production department for filling Army and Navy kits. Nurses' Aides needed, too.

KANSAS CITY CANTEEN
1021 McGee, VI. 9266. They need razors, plastic or metal; a stenographer's chair; a wardrobe chest—cardboard or wood—for storing the volunteer helpers' uniforms; also metal wastebaskets to keep the boys from setting the world on fire; records and sheet music. The Canteen also has tickets available for Service men or women to Philharmonic Concerts.

U. S. O. CLUB
3200 Main, LO. 7525. No soap—and the USO could use some! Also sheets, cases, blankets, and razor blades to help make the boys feel at home.

LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER
2047 Main, VI. 5254. Could use homemade cookies; also fruit, cigarettes, soap and towels.

SERVICE MEN'S CLUB
15 East Pershing Road, VI. 0798. Bath towels are what they need mostly; also tea, candy, and fruit.

SAVATION ARMY HOSTEL
1021 McGee, VI. 2367. They need the same things—sheets, towels, pillow cases, razor blades, and maybe some homemade food.

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF
1330 Grand, VI. 4659. Needs volunteers, individually or in groups, for sewing simple, ready-cut garments. You may do it in their workroom or at home. You might also do some knitting for them, fill household utility kits, or help sell the Russian novelties at their headquarters.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE BUREAU
Y.W.C.A., 1020 McGee, Room 500, VI. 7535. Through this bureau you may become highly useful as a librarian, clerical, clinic or nursery aide; as a group leader in arts and crafts; or as a dancing instructor. Give 'em a ring, how about?
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL


★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR (EAST) HOTEL. Fashioned after famous pub in Bath, England, gathering place of the elite. You pass the "pump" as you enter. White leather semi-circular booths, deep blue walls, crystal chandeliers, a stunning bar. Wait till you glimpse the cunning black-amoors with their velvet knee-breeches and plumed headgear! Try the flaming sword dinner, although you can't go wrong on anything else. Small dance floor, but the music's good. You're apt to run into celebrities most any time. (NEAR-NORTH). N. State & E. Goethe. Sup. 7200.

・ Casual . . .

★ BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. This is the ultra-smart supper room with the famous copper dance floor, and the bar's beautiful, too. (SOUTH). 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

★ BISMARK HOTEL. The Walnut Room offers fine dance music at all times, and throws in noteworthy revues. The Tavern's fun too, has a band, and features stellar acts. Either is wine-and-dine fun. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. A good old Chicago standby, with pleasant surroundings, dancing, and a floor show. Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ BUTTERY, AMBASSADOR (WEST) HOTEL. Gay Mexican colors set off by a smart modern background. A small, but cozy bar, a tiny dance floor, but the music's good, and from the featured songstress you'll usually hear some of the catchiest ditties in town. This room in normal times is famous for roast beef. (NEAR-NORTH). North State & West Goethe. Sup. 7200.

★ LA SALLE HOTEL. The Pan-American Cafe is yours for that "Continental" atmosphere. But you don't have to rumba all the time, either. It's versatile. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. The Panther Room provides enough heat these wintry days, both decoration-wise and otherwise. Swing devotees keep the place jumpin'—and the band helps. Dance, especially if you like it strenuous. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ YAR. LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. By all means, tarry a moment in Colonel Yaschenko's cocktail lounge with its gorgeous Russian décor, then try to tear yourself away for a trip across the foyer to dine in the famous Boyar Room, a most exclusive setting for perfect dining and winning. Gypsy music will enthrall you. Louie is one of the world's finest head waiters! (GOLD COAST). 181 East Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

・ Ultras . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. A most pleasing setting for a gay evening. A dance floor that won't cramp your style. Chicago's most lush entertainment, and food you'll enjoy. (SOUTH). 7th and Michigan Ave. Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Baroque a la Dorothy Draper, famous designer, reminds you of "Gone With the Wind." Sensational mammoth candy-like chandeliers, rich draperies. You can luxuriate in one of those velvet-covered shell-backed seats along the wall with your table cozily in front of you, or in simulated leopard-skin chairs around a table closer to the dance floor, if you want it that way. Excellent food, music that's always listenable, and top singing talent. A rendezvous for society. (GOLD COAST). Michigan and Walton. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Deserving of its laurels. It's spacious, a pleasure to dine and dance there, and the shows are always good. This spot is a Chicago tradition. (LOOP). State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Has several claims to distinction, offering top-name bands and extravagant productions that are worth seeing. Plenty of breathing, dining and dancing space. A perennial favorite of sybarites. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.
Colorful . . .
★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. Old world aura, enhanced by Hungarian gypsy music and tasty Hungarian dishes. (NORTH). 500 West North. Mich. 5988.
★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. An enchanting sea-island refuge, where you'll really forget the tension of the present-day. Straw-mat-covered walls, glass floats in knotted straw sacks, huge shells, soft lights, and your favorite Hawaiian music. It's calm, it's peaceful, it's wonderful, and so are the rum cocktails and those soul-satisfying Cantonese dishes. (GOLD COAST). 101 East Walton. Sup. 8812.
★ L'AIGLON. The trip to Paris you never made. A French-Victorian mansion, excellent French cuisine and wines. Its musical treats will delight the fastidious music lover, as though its atmosphere weren't enough! (GOLD COAST). 22 East Ontario. Del. 6070.
★ SARONG ROOM. You're in Bali. Devi Dia's famous dancers not only entertain you royally, but cook for you, too! You'll delve into exotic foods and listen to strange music. Another orchestra for your dancing pleasure. (GOLD COAST). 16 East Huron. Del. 6677.

Bars of Music . . .
★ BREVOORT HOTEL. Famous for its circular Crystal Bar. There's informal singing, too. (LOOP). 120 West Madison Street. Fra. 2163.
★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Modern and cleverly-designed cocktail rendezvous, and fine entertainment. (LOOP). State & Randolph. And. 2263.
★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. Assembly line of rhythm and nonsense to aid you in your bar-work. (SOUTH LOOP). State & Van Buren. Wab. 0202.
★ STEVENS HOTEL. Sooner or later everyone gets around to sipping cocktails and listening to the music in the Park Row Room. (SOUTH). Michigan Ave. & 7th. Wab. 4400.
★ TIN PAN ALLEY. The near-northside's boogie-woogie treasure-box, where theatrical people go. Some solid song-selling. 810 North Wabash. Del. 0024.
★ THE TROPICS, HOTEL CHICAGOAN. Relax in a tiny bamboo hut with your favorite drink, whilst lending an ear to some listenable music. Equatorially devastating, and you'll want to linger in languor. 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Entertainment . . .
★ BROWN DERBY. A two-floor arrangement, where they serve sultry songs with cocktails upstairs, and plenty of laughs with a rolling show downstairs. Plenty of activity, and don't go for peace and quiet. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.
★ CHEZ PAREE. A sensational theatre-restaurant, offering the most extravagant productions known to the night-club world, headed by famous stars of stage, screen and radio. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.
★ EITEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG. In the atmosphere main dining room upstairs, you enjoy excellent food and listen to a concert orchestra; or, if it's anti-minded you are, try the Rathskeller downstairs, where you can drink and dine, between laughs. (LOOP). Randolph St. near State. Fra. 1892.
★ L & L CAFE. Strictly not for adolescents, but fun if you're in the girly-revue strip-tease mood. (WEST). 1116 West Madison. See. 9344.
★ LIBERTY INN. You take your own chances on the show and the mood of this late-hour nook. (GOLD COAST). 70 West Erie. Del. 8999.
★ RIO CABANA. Look in on the intimate little bar upstairs, hear a tune or two, then whisk off to your table downstairs, so as not to miss the excellent floor show. A particularly attractive room, the food's yum, and the service out of this world. (GOLD COAST). 400 North Wabash. Del. 3700.
★ VINE GARDENS. Right there on top with sensational productions that have set complimentary tongues wagging. (NORTH). 614 West North. Div. 5106.
Food for Thought . . .


★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. You'll like the bar with its novel marine decorations, and the food's wonderful. (NEAR-NORTH). 1121 North State Street. Del. 9862.


★ THE CASSEROLE. A most charming and unique set of rooms. A quiet, dignified atmosphere, and wonderful food. (GOLD COAST). Seneca Hotel, 200 East Chestnut Street. Sup. 2380.


★ GUEY SAM. At the gateway to Chicago's Chinatown, where you'll find tasty Oriental food in modern surroundings. (SOUTH). 2205 South Wentworth Ave. Victory 7840.


★ HOUSE OF ENG. True to its Oriental ancestry dating back to a famous restaurateur family in China, House of Eng serves you well. (GOLD COAST). 106 East Walton Place. Del. 7194.


★ JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT. Beautiful continental dining spot, with a French cuisine that lives up to its name. (GOLD COAST). 900 North Michigan Ave. Del. 0904.

★ KUNGHOLM. A gorgeous old mansion consisting of four floors serves as a royal setting for some excellent Scandinavian food. There is smorgasbord plus the regular menu, and it will be hard to choose. Also boasts a tiny theatre on the top floor, which is famous for its puppet operas. (NEAR-NORTH). Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.


★ MARTIN'S RESTAURANTS AND COCKTAIL LOUNGES. Have distinguished themselves by their uniquely attractive settings and excellent food. 120 South LaSalle Street, 33 South LaSalle Street, 71st and Jeffrey, and Silver Palm Room, Board of Trade Building.


★ MORRISON HOTEL. Here's where you'll find the historic Boston Oyster House. (LOOP). Clark and Madison Streets. Fra. 9600.


★ NORMANDIE HOUSE. Chicago Avenue, just across from the famous old sandstone water-tower. A delightfully quiet and quaint spot. We like the Black Sheep Room downstairs, with its fireplace, and the Frankie and Johnnie murals by Edgar Miller. Chopped beef (or tenderloins when available) with blue cheese sauce is out of this world. Prices moderate.

★ PALM GROVE INN. It's on the outer drive, a favorite oasis for Hyde Parkers. Outdoor drinking and dining in the summertime, but equally cozy inside in winter. There's a wide selection in foods and liquors; we always fancy the lobster tail dinner. Soft music is all the entertainment, and plenty. Dinner begins around $1.50. On the lake at 53rd.

★ THE PUB AND THE PROW. Sit in the prow of the ship and order an "Oi Davey Jones," a complete meal on a tray. The "pub" proper has a fireplace and sawdust on the floor. 901 North Rush Street. Del. 9896.

★ THE RANCH. Here's some real Western hospitality, and popularly-priced food that's delicious. 123 East Oak Street. Del. 2794.


★ THE STATIC CLUB. The best barbecued ribs and country-fried chicken in town. Don't miss the display of autographed folding money downstairs. Shrimp cocktails are giant-sized. The tossed salads are wonderful, too. 116 East Walton Place. Whi. 9892.

★ SWEDEN HOUSE. Imports from Sweden adorn the narrow candle-lit room. The smorgasbord table is heaped with taste-teasers, and the menu contains everything you could wish for in the finest of cooking. 157 East Ohio. Del. 3688.


★ WRLLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT. Gathering place for Chicago's advertising and radio elite, famous for food and Martinis. Get there early to be sure of a table. Restaurant and bar close at 8 p.m. Not open Sundays. Luncheon from 85c; dinner, $1.35 to $3.50. 410 North Michigan Ave.

DANCING

ARAGON BALLROOM—(1100 Lawrence Avenue). Henry King and his orchestra.

TRIANTON BALLROOM—(6201 S. Cottage Grove Avenue). Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music.

CHICAGO THEATRE

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—(Blackstone, 7th near Michigan, Har. 8880). Homespun hi-jinks, about life in an Arizona boarding house and the people who run it. Taken from the best-seller, and going strong on stage.

THE CLASS MENAGERIE—(Civic Theatre, Civic Opera Bldg.). Nightly at 8:30. Saturday matinee, 2:30. Dreamy Eddie Dowling with Laurette Taylor in a charming study which will please the real theatre lover.
HARRIET—(Erlanger, 127 North Clark, Sta. 2459). Nightly except Sunday, 8:30; matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Helen Hayes brings her hardy period production in from New York. It's all about the life and times of the gal who started "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

THE MERRY WIDOW—(Opera House, Madison at Wacker). Nightly; Saturday matinee. Jan Kiepura and his wife, Marta Eggerth, opened in mid-January in this handsome and lively musical. A fresh edition of an old favorite.

OVER 21—(Studebaker, 410 South Michigan, Cen. 8240). The play which Ruth Gordon and stars in comes to town with Ruth Gordon. It's funny as ever, and stays timely as long as wives follow their service men around.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn; Cen. 8240). Nightly except Sunday, at 8:30; matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Probably the nicest thing in two towns. New York is the other one. K. T. Stevens is in the Chicago production, with Hugh Marlowe and Betty Lawford. John Van Druten wrote this tender comedy.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Harris, 170 North Dearborn; Cen. 8240). Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. Murder and merriment in about equal portions. Agatha Christie started the whole thing by writing the book; the play is quite exciting fun.


CHICAGO CHURCHES


CHICAGO SUNDAY EVENING CLUB, Orchestra Hall, 216 S. Michigan Ave., 8:00 p.m. Sponsored by Chicago business men. Its thirty-eighth season. Speakers from all denominations. Chior of 125. Admission free. Call Franklin 3356 for current program.

HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL, 735 N. Wabash Ave. Sunday Masses, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Holy Day Masses, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11:30, 12, 12:10, 12:30 noon.

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, North Michigan Blvd. and Delaware Pl., Harrison Ray Anderson, Pastor. Kenneth N. Hildebrand, Associate Pastor. Sunday Bible School at 9:45 a.m. Sunday Services at 11:00 a.m.; 4:00 and 8:00 p.m. (Organ recital at 4 o'clock services). Mid-week Services on Wednesdays at 8:00 p.m.

Chicago Communiqué...

The winter sports season continues unabated, with the usual contusions and confusion. There's wrestling (now reported chiefly on the drama pages), what little boxing has been left by the draft boards, and roller skating—chiefly enjoyed by sailors from Navy pier and the bobby-soxed devotees of The Voice and Van Johnson.

There's ice hockey at the stadium.—Meaning the Blackhawks, a team which may or may not be inhabiting the league cellar by the time you read this. However, no matter what their current standing may be, there are always action and enthusiasm at the stadium. Chicago is a great hockey town well into April, and last year the Hawks both rewarded and amazed their followers and themselves by sailing into the Stanley Cup finals. The Blackhawks specialize in maiming each other and the visiting team (somewhat controlled by the referee, of course), while the spectators are kept somewhat in hand by Andy Frain's boys in blue and gold. The same bright young men whom you will find at late winter wedding receptions on the Gold Coast (guarding the silver) also keep things orderly at the stadium. Mr. Frain himself, the eminent crowd engineer, declares that hockey crowds are docile compared with those drummed up
at gangster funerals and other great events. This opinion is seconded by Mr. Frank Casey, Frain’s Third Lieutenant, who has never been known to miss a good gathering.

Local inhabitants are also giving their attention to some really good plays, which may well be around into the spring.

There’s a fine road company of “The Voice of the Turtle” at the Selwyn—with K. T. Stevens, Betty Lawford, and Hugh Marlowe comfortably established for a long run. There are Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and a remarkable young man fresh out of “Winged Victory,” one Anthony Ross, in a wonderful play called “The Glass Menagerie.” After playing host to a sad series of turkeys, Ralph Kettering’s beautifully appointed Civic Theater (not to be confused with the huge Civic Opera House) has a really outstanding production. Even Ashton Stevens in his newprint tower across the way in Hearse Square is sure it’s the best new play to hit Chicago in years. Designed and lighted by Jo Melziner, co-produced by Mr. Dowling and Margo Jones, and starring Laurette Taylor, who has been away from the stage much too long, “The Glass Menagerie” is really something to write home to Kansas City about.

In the offing are such diverse but promising attractions as Helen Hayes in “Harriet,” Ruth Gordon in a return engagement of “Over Twenty-one,” and the yearly Empire Room romp of the great Hildegarde. “Hildy” is coming back for the manieth time to the room where she made one of her first great triumphs after leaving Milwaukee by way of Paris. Fritz Hegner, the impeccable maitre de hotel at the Palmer House, is getting out the plush rope again.

Always a factor on the weekly entertainment bill are the free tickets to network radio broadcasts available most of the time. One of the best radio shows from both the musical and visual point of view is Mutual’s “Chicago Theatre of the Air,” broadcasts of operettas and the lighter operas at the Medinah Temple. On the dramatic side, there’s “That Brewster Boy,” “Freedom of Opportunity,” and “The Human Adventure.” If you want to see a broadcast before breakfast, there’s always Don McNeill’s “Breakfast Club.”

A Chicago topic is how the Colonel in his Tribune Tower, after taking a bride, has suddenly turned with bitter cries on Mr. Dewey, who it seems is not a nice man after all. And the Chicago Daily News, which has seen a lot of changes made since the new publisher, John Knight, took command. In the words of one harassed rewrite man, “It’s like putting the Madonna in bobby sox.” Even Howard Vincent O’Brien, the paper’s private pundit on almost every subject under the sun, has not been able to remain aloof and immune. The News has been confusing his readers by running a different photo of him at the top of his column every night. Some of them date back to 1908.

A topic is the mounting casualty lists, which are sharing space in the papers with Charlie Chaplin and the epidemic of child abandonment cases.

A topic is the weather—and the continued disregard of the governor and the mayor for the rights of the common strap-hanger. With ice or snow and freezing winds almost continually in the streets, Chica- goans are becoming increasingly vocal about the bad transportation situation.

Another topic is the hotel room situation. Visitors from afar will do well to make reservations some weeks, or even months, in advance. At the last moment, even knowing a Congressman won’t help much. The Congressman will probably be found camping in a pup tent in the lobby of the Sherman—where every bellboy is now said to be in business for himself.

Always a good town for a sweet band, Chicago is liking the smooth music of Carl Sands in Jimmy Hart’s lush Pump Room in the likewise lush Ambassador East. The Pump Room is the place where visiting celebrities can safely meet the Swifts and Armours, and where most of the food is expensive, frozen stiff, or in flames. Bob Hope during his first visit to this shrine of the a la carte dinner was heard to remark, “When do they bring in the manager skewered on a flaming sword?”

—Norton Hughes Jonathan.
NEW YORK CITY

For Night-y Knights and Ladies

★ AMBASSADOR. Dinner and supper dancing to the music of William Scotti or Louis Betancourt in the Trianon Room. Dinner from $2.50. Radio folks live here—including Ed Kobar. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. You’ve nothing to lose at the Astor by way of entertainment, food and pleasant atmosphere. The Columbian Room offers Jose Morand and orchestra for dinner and supper dancing. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Rumbas, polkas, waltzes or foxtrots don’t faze the 2 orchestras at this Bois de Bologne cafe. Here is a Paree that is really gay, from the Montmartre sidewalk decor to the Can-Can floor show that occasionally comes through with some really good talent. It seems that as soon as they hit New York, French sailors and emigres congregate here to make the atmosphere truly authentic. A good French dinner from $1.25 and a head waiter who really takes an interest in seeing that you have a Gay Parisienne time. 225 West 46th Street. Circle 6-0949.


★ THE BLUE ANGEL. The very swank interior looks like the inside of a jewel box, all velvet and blue. But—it is strictly a supper club. No dancing, has the finest of entertainment, featuring Maxine Sullivan, Pearl Bailey, George and Gene Bernard (the pantomimists extraordinary). Opens at 10 p.m. For a $3.00 minimum ($3.50 on Saturdays) you have an evening of entertainment equal to a Broadway show. 152 East 55th Street. PLaza 3-0626.

★ CAPE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Same postage stamp dance floor, familiar CSD entertainment format, with Josh White making with the earthy gisfiddle ballada, and Mary Lou Williams attacking the keyboard with enthusiasm. You won’t have to ask White to sing “One Meatball” . . . that’s as inevitable as Victory. 2 Sheridan Square. CHelsea 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Jimmy Savo’s still imploring the river to avoid rushing into his portal, and Hazel Scott continues to display her best points—not always piano technique, either. 128 East 58th Street. PLaza 5-9223.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Russian-American in food, atmosphere, and entertainment. Dancing to music by Cornelius Codolban, shows at 8:45 and 11:45. Minimum after 10:00, $2.50; Saturdays, $3.50. 157 West 56th. CI 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. The Century Room is heaven for Hal McIntyre’s orchestra, who play for dinner and supper dancing, except Mondays. Mishel Corner’s Trio, too. Cover after 10:30, $1.00; Saturday, $1.60. Lexington at 42nd. MU 6-6000.

★ COPACABANA. Slightly tropical to look at, lots of entertainment. Jane Froman may still be there by the time you read this. George Olsen and Joel Harron divide musical time. There’s the Copa Bar, too, with the Milt Herth trio. 10 East 60th. PL 8-1060.
PORTS OF CALL

THE CORTILE. If it's coziness you want, go to the Cortile. Small, tea-roomish—unpretentious. Deep in the surroundings of Creole New Orleans, it's a bar if you want to use it. Rosalita tells your fortune if you're so moved, and it's fun to be so moved. Luncheon served till 2. Dinner a la carte or suggested. About $1.00 or $1.50. 37 West 43rd, between 5th and 6th. MRRyhill 2-3540.

JUMBLE SHOP. An Artsy-folksy favorite downtown in the Village. There's an open fireplace, and always a fresh exhibit of the really attractive paintings of young artists. Back windows look out on MacDougal's Alley. Drinks and inexpensive food. 28 West 8th. SP 7-2540.

LEON & EDDIE'S. Joey Adams swaps banter with Tony Canzoneri, who seems to have his vocal hands tied behind him, emcees a stock 6 and 7/8 -E show, which consists, invariably, of male and female vocalists, chorus girls for purposes of playing pumps-a-daisy with embarrassed customers, skating act or the equivalent, and Sherry Britton, stripteuse, who has no equivalent. Send Aunt Martha to the movies; if Adams doesn't get her, the wall cartoons must. Food surprisingly good. 33 West 52nd Street. 3Elorado 5-9414.

LEXINGTON. A pre-Pearl Harbor spirit in the Hawaiian Room, where Al Aloma, his orchestra, and a Hawaiian revue do the honors. Shows at 7:45, 10:00, 12:00, except Mondays. Jane Bartol's orchestra at 7:45 and 11:30 shows. Charlie Rochester keeps the Lexington a favorite stopping place for downtown or out-of-town folks. Lexington at 48th. W1 2-4400.

MADELINE'S LE POISSONNIER. Irene Stanley and Charles Wilson's Trio are traditional here. So is the sea food and the other dishes which are sinuously French in flavor. About $2.50. 121 East 52nd. EL 5-9706.


PENTHOUSE. From where you can look down on the Park as you enjoy delicious luncheons or dinners. There's a palmist around if you run out of hines to talk about. 30 Central Park South. PL 3-6910.

PIERRE. Myrus is doing his mental probing at the same old stand—the Cortillon room, that is. Stanley Melba's orchestra is no paler than par for his kind of a course. 61st and Fifth. REGent 4-5900.

PLAZA. In the Persian Room they're currently seeing Celeste Holm, but Hildegarde will be bringing her white gown and amiable insults back most anytime, presumably. 5th Avenue and 58th Street. PLaza 3-1740.


ROGERS CORNER. Friday, Saturday and Sunday listen for the Korn Kollectors in the Pan-American Room. Other days, except Monday, Harry Lefcourt plays for dancing. Room opens at 5:30. Minimum after 10, $2.00. 8th at 90th. CI 5-6150.

SAVOY-PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE. Ideal for cocktail hour and supper dancing to tunes by Irving Fielding and his music, with songs by Georgiana Clemente's Latin-American marimba orchestra, featuring Nina Orla. Atmosphere plus! Fifth Avenue at 58th Street. VOlunteer 5-2600.

SHERATON. The Duncan Sisters entertain at dinner and supper in the Satire Room. Minimum $1.00 after 9:30; Friday, Saturday, $2.00. Lexington at 37th. LE 2-1200.

STORK CLUB. Of course, no visit to New York is complete without it. It's very pleasant, with a good orchestra and excellent food. However, after having heard so much about it, you may be a bit let down. 3 East 53rd. PL 3-1940.

VERSAILLES. Carl Brisson, teeth, tails and torchy, is back again, proving that a crooner can get along, even with years and blood. The Versailles are shapely, stately, and sleepy. 151 East 50th Street. PLaza 5-0310.

VILLAGE BARN. When you leave the Barn, you'll know as much about square dancing as Tiny Hill, your slightly-on-the-solid side M.C., who has you doing things you thought you were far too decrepit for—like playing musical chairs and running potato races. The dance orchestra is good, and there's the food. 52 West 8th Street. STuyvesant 9-8841.

THE WALDORF. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgewood Room. Food up to Oscar's usual standards. $2.00 cover after 10:30 p.m. If there are no women along, the Waldorf Men's Bar is one of the nicest places in town to have a drink.

Tommy Stuff:

ARTISTS & WRITERS. Solid food...a little too solid, some say, but filling like anything. Those conservative looking business men patrons are actually newspapermen from the Times and Herald Tribune, and not a Lee Tracy in a carload. A la carte lunch and dinner, but the over-all tariff's pretty low. 213 W 40th Street. MEdallion 3-9050.

ASTI RESTAURANT. An Italian place, distinctively on the informal side. The bartender and waiters periodically break forth with operatic arias and the customers frequently join in. Dinners, $1.50 up. Closed on Monday. 70 West 12th Street. GR 5-9334.

BONAT'S CAFE. Opposite the postoffice. French cooking for the more restricted budget, and the most quantitative hors d'oeuvres in town. Save room for the filet mignon, if they have it, or the poulet saute Marengo, which they usually do. The domestic wines seem a notch above average. Lunch and dinner. Surroundings unpretentious, and scattered over two floors. You'll have to bring your own French pastry. Madame Bonat believes in fruit, cheese and crackers—and that's exactly what you'll get. There's a Washington Bonat's, in case you're down that way. 330 West 31st Street, CHickering 4-8441.
**BRUDEL'S RESTAURANT.** Excellent French and Belgian specialties in extremely pleasant surroundings. Dinner à la carte and fairly expensive. Closed Sundays. 26 East 63rd. RE. 4-1215.

**CAFE ARNOLD.** French-ish, but not arbitrarily so. There’s a chicken and noodle combination that’s something to conjure with, and a park view if you can see past the taxicabs and street cars. Lunch and dinner, and a well stocked bar. 240 Central Park South. CI 67050.

**CAVANAGH’S.** Cavanagh’s clientele, a handsone and bansom one, moved up town, but Cavanagh’s stayed put, so the clientele just keeps coming back. Steaks and chops, mostly, and the a la carte tends to mount up. 258 West 23rd Street. CHelsea 3-2790.

**CHRIST CELLA.** Exceptionally superb food in plain surroundings. Expensive. Bar closed Sundays and holidays. 144 E. 45 St. MU. 2-9577.

**CRILLON.** Sophisticated clientele—popular with advertising people. Good food. Lunch $1.25 up. Dinner $1.75 up. Café lunch $1—dinner $1.50 if no drink is ordered, $1.50. 227 Park. WI. 2-3727.

**ENCORE RESTAURANT.** Excellent food in pleasant setting. Casual entertainment, but the type you hate to leave. Ask for Lawrence or Gabriel. 19 East 48th. EL 5-8226.

**FISHERMAN'S NET.** Fresh selected seafood daily. Lunch 60c & 70c. Dinner moderate a la carte. Specialties—lobster Newburg, mussels marmiere, red snapper saute Amandine. Wine & beer. Open until midnight daily. Third Ave. bet. 33 & 34. MU. 4-7855.

**GAMECOCK.** Popular luncheon spot with businessmen. Good food and pastries. Entertainment from 9-11. Lunch 90c-$1.50; Dinner $1.40-$2. 14 E. 44. MU. 2-9242.

**GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR.** Specialize in seafood steans. Lunch 85c-$1.10 & a la carte. Dinner $1.25-$1.75 also a la carte. Popular bar. Lower level, Grand Central Station. MU. 9-5420.

**GRIPSHOLM.** Smorgasbord, glorified in the center of the room, and should be—Shrimp—no sauce, no nothing—for them as like ‘em that way. Lunch, consisting of smorgasbord and coffee, only a quarter less than lunch with lunch, which establishes their relative importance. Dinner from $1.75. 324 East 57th Street. ELDorado 5-8746.

**HOUSE OF CHAN.** Real Chinese dishes served by lineal descendant of first Emperor of China. Lunch 75c-90c. Dinner a la carte. Bar. 52 & Seventh. CH. 7-3785.


**KEEN’S CHOP HOUSE.** Plain, solid food—good steaks and chops. Lunch 75c-$1.25. Dinner $1.65 and a la carte. 72 W. 36. WI. 7-3636.

**KING OF THE SEA.** Fine seafood cooked to order, in spacious quarters. A la carte only, entrées 65c-90c; lobster $1.75 up. Wine, beer & ale. Open 11-2 a.m. 879 Third Ave. EL. 5-9309.

**KUNGSHOLM.** Very fine Swedish fare in a gracious setting. At lunch smorgasbord, dessert & coffee 85c; reg. lunch $1.75; at dinner smorgasbord, dessert & beverage $1.50. Dinner $1.85-$2.50. 142 East 55. EL. 5-8183.

**LATIN QUARTER.** Lou Walters revue. Shows at 8, 12; Sat. 8, 10:45, 1:45. Dinner $2.40-4.50. Min. week days before 10:30 $2, after $2.50; Fri., Sat., Sun. before 10:30 $3, after $3.50. B’way & 48. CI. 6-1737.

**LE PAVILLON.** If you know that the best food is worth waiting for, if you enjoy the atmosphere of elegance, if you just want to have food “out of this world,” you will enjoy eating at Le Pavillon. Dinners are served a la carte selected from $3.50 up. 5 East 55th Street. PLaza 3-8388.

**LOUIS & ARMAND’S.** Good French food in a very pleasing atmosphere. A favorite with radio people, especially at lunch. Closed Sundays and holidays. 42 East 52nd. PL. 3-3348.

**LUCHOW’S.** Famous for good food. Lunch $1.25-$1.50. Dinner $2.25-$2.50. Sat. dinner $2.50. 110 E. 14. GR. 7-4860.

**PIT.** Barbecued ribs, chicken & steaks. Lunch 65c-$1.55; dinner $1.65 up; steaks $3.50. A la carte after 10 p.m. 39 E. 49. PL. 3-5213.

**RADIO FRANK’S.** Continuous ent., dancing, good food. Dinner $2-$4. 70 E. 55. EL. 5-9258.

**ROBERTO’S.** Biggest menu in town...physically, that is, but a good selection of good food in the French manner, too. Decor a la Louis XVI; don’t sit against the back wall, tho’, because a refrigerator motor that sounds like the one Louis bought makes rump rumpus. Lunch and dinner. Stay away from the hordes if you’re a parsley hater. Not too crowded for these times, but best come early. 22 East 46th Street. VAnderbilt 6-3042.

**THE SCRIBE’S.** Louis and Eddie specialize in Food with the emphasis on Chateaubriand steaks (at $6.00 for two) when they can be had, which is usually. Cheese-cake murals by famed cartoonists and a prominently-placed Corssair photograph decorate the walls. Much literary atmosphere of the journalistic kind. 209 East 45th Street. MUrtryhill 2-9400.

**SEMON’S CLUB.** Unusual Brazilian dishes served in truly Brazilian atmosphere. A knowledge of Portuguese is not necessary, but it helps. Dinner $2.00 and up. 216 East 58th. EL. 5-8037.

**TIM COSTELLO’S.** Excellent steaks in genuine Third Avenue saloon atmosphere, for some strange reason a hangout of advertising copy writers and truck drivers. 44th Street & 3rd Ave. MU. 2-9713.

**TOOTS SHOR’S.** Best prime ribs of beef in town, but the chef proved what could be done with fowl when Toots got caught with his points down. Where the praise agents tell stories into califowers ears, and talk loudly enough to be overheard by the broadcasting execs. Lunch and dinner, a la carte 51 West 51st Street. PLaza 3-9000.

**TWENTY-ONE.** Excellent cuisine in the Kriender manner, a la carte, expensive, and, in most cases, worth it. Don’t order the Baked Alaskan unless you’ve got your gang along to help eat it 21 West 51st Street. ELDorado 5-6500.

**ZUCCA’S.** Heaping Antipasto, praise be, with enough black olives and those little Italian fish. Lunch a dollar, dinner a dollar sixty, but it’s the same meal in a different time zone. 118 West 49th Street. BRyan 9-5511.
New York Theatre
PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47th Street West of Broadway. CT 6-9056). The moving story of a beautiful Negro prostitute, impressively acted by Hilda Simms, with Frederick O'Neal and others. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ CATHERINE WAS GREAT—(Royale, 45th Street, West. CI 5-7760). And so is Mae West, who gets her Russian history slightly inaccurate, but has fun as the great Russian queen. Critics pan it, but it still draws. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee, Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43rd East. BR 9-3970). A good many children in the cast, but they're not had. Something about a little sister who writes to a soldier, signing her elder sister's name. Virginia Gilmore is elder sister. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ EMBEZzLED HEAvEN—(National, 41st West. PE 6-8220). Frank Werfel wrote the book; Ethel Barrymore does what she can with the play—which is almost enough. A serious drama, with Albert Basserman, familiar in the movies. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48th East. BR 9-4566). You've heard of that 6-foot white rabbit? Here it is. With Frank Fay, the inimitable; and Josephine Hull. Most charming thing in town, as pure fantasy goes. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Friday, 2:40.

★ THE HASTY HEART—(Hudson, 44th East. BR 9-5641). Those supposed to know are bowing down to John Patrick, the author. Produced by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, who seldom go wrong. (e.g. "Life With Father," "Arsenic and Old Lace." It has Richard Basehart, Anne Burr, and John Lund in the cast. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee, Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA. "Is Goot!" Mama says—and "Is goot!" you will say too when you see the Rodgers-Hammerstein dramatic production, "I Remember Mama." The story of the growing pains of a Norwegian-American family, it stars Mary Christian in the role of Mama and Oscar Homolka as Uncle. Music Box, 44th Street, West of Broadway. Circle 6-4636.

★ JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—(Martin Beck, 45th West. CI 6-6363). Another work by Franz Werfel, a charming comedy about how two people got out of Nazi-held France. Oscar Karlweis is the piece de resistance. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ KISS AND TELL—(bijou, 45th West. CO 5-8215). F. Hugh Herbert and George Abbot make this Corliss Archer piece a howl of a good entertainment. Jesse Royce Landis heads the cast. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—(lyceum, 45th East. CH 4-4256). John P. Marquand's novel brought to the boards, with Leo G. Carroll excellent as the Bosonian. A character sketch, rich and dignified. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, B'way at 40th. PE 6-9140). Father, mother, and the red-headed hero that's about the stage for the 6th consecutive year. This comedy wears very well. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—(Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 47th West. CI 6-0390). Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory discuss the merits and demerits of being married ten years. Comedy, with serious overtones. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SCHOOL FOR BRIDES—(Ambassador, 49th West. CI 7-0760). Rather gaudy production of a gaudy farce, but audiences are laughing loud and long. Roscoe Karns is part of the reason why. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ THE SEARCHING WIND—(Fulton, 46th West. CI 6-6380). A lot of good names come together in this study of (a) the eternal triangle and (b) the history of Fascism. Lillian Helmman wrote it; Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dudley Digges, Barbara O'Neil and Dennis King are in it. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SNAFU—(Hudson, 44th East. BR 9-5641). A young actor named Billy Redfield becomes a hero home from the wars, and tries to educate his father about the birds and the bees. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SOLDIER'S WIFE—(Golden, 45th West. CI 6-6740). Martha Scott is the wife who has to choose between a returning soldier husband and a career beginning with publication of her letter to him. Glenn Anders is very funny. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SOPHIE—(Playhouse, 48th East. BR 9-3565). Will "Jeeter Lester" Geer is in it, but its whole raison d'etre seems to be the Greek actress, Katina Paxinou, who made "For Whom the Bell Tolls" something special. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ 10 LITTLE INDIANS. Agatha Christie's spine-chilling mystery that has you on the edge of your seat from the minute the curtain goes up. Stars Beverly Roberts and Michael Whalen of cinema fame. Broadhurst, 44th Street, West of Broadway. Circle 6-6699.

★ TRIO—(Belasco, 44th East. BR 9-2067). Study of a strong psychological attachment between an older woman and a girl, and how a young man breaks it up. Good gutsy drama by Dorothy and Howard Baker. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE TWO MRS. CARROLS—(Booth, 45th, West. CI 6-5960). Elisabeth Bergner is someone you ought to see, and especially in this psychological thriller. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45th West. CI 6-6230). Tender comedy at its delightful
best. Betty Field has replaced Margaret Sullivan in the cast, which is completed by Audrey Christie and Elliott Nugent. One of the very nicest things in town. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

MUSICALS

★ BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44th, West. CI 6-5990). Celeste Holm, the costumes, and the Agnes de Mille ballets are the talk of the town. A period piece with an exclamation point. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ CARMEN JONES—(Broadway, 51st and Broadway, CI 7-2887). Look what Billy Rose has done to Bizet! This all-Negro version of the old opera is one of the most exciting and certainly the most beautifully colored productions in town—and no pun intended! Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(44th Street Theatre, 44th West, LA 4-4337). Louder and funnier! Gertrude Niesen is the brightest spot in a big but cumbersome production. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY—(Winter Garden, 50th and Broadway. CI 7-5161). A bit warmed over, but since it's Olsen and Johnson, you may get a hang out of it. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ MEXICAN HAYRIDE—(Majestic, 44th West, CI 6-0730). Much hey-hey, with laughs, girls, and music by Cole Porter. Bobby Clark is the big draw. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA! This Rodgers-Hammerstein musical is still going strong with the present cast doing just as well as the lifting lyrics as the original Oklahomans did. St. James, 44th Street, West of Broadway, CI 4-4664.

★ ON THE TOWN—(Adelphi, 54th East of 7th Ave. CI 6-5977). A pert and likeable parade of comedy by Comden and Green, who wrote and act in the thing; dancing by Sonny Osato; ballets by Jerome Robbins (of "Fancy Free"); and music by young Leonard Bernstein. All in all, pretty terrific. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—(46th Street Theatre, 46th West. CI 6-6075). Mary Martin and Agnes de Mille's ballets put this sophisticated fantasy in the class with whipped cream. John Boles is in the cast, also. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SADIE THOMPSON—(Alvin, 52nd West, CI 5-6868). June Havoc stars in the musical version of Jeanne Eagel's old saga of sex and woe. Somerset Maugham adapted the whole thing; Howard Dietz, Robert Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke add the latest chapter. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.


MISCELLANEOUS

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center, 6th Avenue at 49th, CO 5-4747). A big glittering ice ballet, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Sunday evenings, 8:15; other evenings, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ NATIONAL VELVET—(Radio City Music Hall, 5th Avenue at 50th). Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Jackie Jenkins, Anne Revere, and Donald Crisp all contribute their share of good acting to this rather delightful story about a little girl who wins a horse at a raffle.

CARNegie HALL EVENTS

Date
1-Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
2-Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
3-Fri. Eve.: Anna Xydia, pianist
4-Sat. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
5-Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
6-Sun.: Burton Holmes, lecturer
7-Sun. Aft.: Mishel Piastro, violinist
8-Tues. Eve.: Philadelphia Orchestra
9-Wed. Eve.: Vladimir Horowitz, pianist
10-Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
11-Fri. Eve.: Nilvan Marine, pianist
12-Sat. Eve.: Jomo. Philharmonic-Symphony Society
13-Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
14-Sun.: Burton Holmes, lecturer
15-Sun. Eve.: "Introduction to Fame"
16-Mon. Eve.: National Orchestra Association
17-Tues. Eve.: Alexander Brailowsky, pianist
18-Wed. Eve.: Boston Symphony Orchestra
19-Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
20-Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
21-Sat. Aft.: Boston Symphony Orchestra
22-Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
23-Sun. Eve.: Argentinita, dancer
24-Mon. Eve.: Jeanne Osato; Vladimir Horowitz, soloist
25-Tues. Eve.: Gyorgy Sandor, pianist
26-Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
27-Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
28-Fri. Eve.: Anna Xydia, pianist
29-Sat. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
30-Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
31-Sun. Eve.: John Feeney, tenor
32-Mon. Eve.: Zino Francescatti, violinist
33-Tues. Eve.: Philadelphia Orchestra
34-Wed. Eve.: William Kapell, pianist

All sunshine makes the desert.—Arab Proverb.
Meet WHB's Ed Dennis...

At WHB we've always called the sales department the "Client Service Department"—simply because that's the purpose of our salesmen: to serve our advertisers.

For eleven years, Ed Dennis was our top producer. He graduated from the University of Kansas one cool June evening—and went to work for WHB's Don Davis the next morning. Never had any other job, prior to enlisting in the Navy in 1942 as second class yeoman.

It's typical of Ed that the Navy recognized his merits, too, and promoted him recently to Lieutenant (j.g.). Ed says it's awfully good to get back in pants with pockets. We look forward to the day when Victory is won, and we can get Ed back to WHB!

If he were here, instead of at sea, he'd probably be telling you enthusiastically about the great new shows on WHB in 1945—and how much you'd enjoy doing business with "the station with agency point-of-view." At WHB, every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results. If you want to sell the Kansas City market, WHB is your happy medium!

For availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any of these "Spot Sales" offices:

CHICAGO — 360 North Michigan — FRanklin 8520
KANSAS CITY — Scarritt Building — HAarrison 1161
SAN FRANCISCO — 5 Third Street — EXbrook 3558
NEW YORK CITY — 400 Madison Avenue — ELdorado S-5040
HOLLYWOOD — Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo — HOLlywood 8318
THE WORLD bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing . . . and that is . . .

INITIATIVE

What is initiative? . . . I’ll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the right thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia.

... Elbert Hubbard
SAN FRANCISCO CONFERENCE
by Arthur Gaeth

Frank Singiser on
"LABOR UNIONS"

Kent Cooper on
"WORLD FREEDOM
OF PRESS AND
RADIO"

APRIL 1945

25¢

Where to Go -- What to See --
NEW YORK  *  CHICAGO  *  KANSAS CITY
POWELL AROUND  Dick Powell of Hollywood blows into Kansas City to watch himself go! Appeared at the Orpheum Theatre for the opening of the new picture with the new Powell—a straight dramatic Powell with nary a song in the sequence. "Murder, My Sweet" was the film. The Huehlebach Penthouse was the scene of this shot. Jetta, of "Swing" and "Aisle 3," puts our hero through the third degree in an interview for her daily stint on WHB, heard at 2:30 p.m., Mondays through Fridays.

TO MUTUAL VIA WHB  On February 4, can respondent’s eyewitness report on the liberation of Manila. It was made by Royal Arch Gunnison, via Mutual Network. Flying low over the city, Gunnison saw Japs dead... the prisoners of San Tamas waving.... the tiny tar-paper-raised hut I had built for my wife when we were interned by the Japanese. Just six weeks later, Gunnison broadcast from WHB in March. Regularly heard on WHB at 7:30 p.m., Mondays through Fridays.

MAGIC CARPET AND C-46  Under the nose of a flying vehicle of another sort, WHB’s "Magic Carpet" (short wave transmitter) covers the recent air show at Fairfax Airport. Be Dean, Chief Announcer for WHB, and one of the glider pilots describe a demonstration of the use of glider behind enemy lines. Sponsored by the Air Forces Carrier Command, Stout Field, Illinois, this was Kansas City’s first glider show. WHB relayed events to listeners in this area.
IT IS, pretty people, assuredly spring. There was a time when we thought spring was merely a rumor, some gossip that got about. But now we know. It’s spring when the newsie on the corner of 10th and Walnut puts up the flaps of his caps; when a chemical something you can neither name nor suppress makes you look with new and impersonal passion at someone who isn’t your wife or your true-love; when forsythia butters the Plaza, and no more ice skates alight at the Pla-Mor. It’s a funny thing about this indecisive season. You’re never quite sure whether things will bloom or not. It’s the season of holding one’s breath. The springtime of our little magazine has been typically dubious. (You know—paper shortage, freezes, things of that sort). But it’s out at last—no orchid, maybe, but heartier if humbler than that. So shout a little with us, won’t you, and let’s all go fly our kites!
THEATRE
April 16-26 — Resident Theatre play, "Over 21." Jewish Community Center, 1600 Linwood. 8:30 p. m. No Sunday performance.

MUSIC
April 4-5-6-7 — San Carlo Opera Company. 8:30 p. m. Saturday matinee, 2:30 p. m. Music Hall.
April 6 — Conservatory of Music presents students of Dr. Labunski. 8:15. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.
April 8 — Alec Templeton. (A & N presentation). 3:30 p.m. Music Hall.
April 8 — Students of Amy Winning in recital. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.
April 11 — Wiktor Labunski, presented by Sigma Alpha Iota, in a benefit concert. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 13—Sisters of St. Mary's Spring Festival. Musical Hall.
April 15 — Cochran Music Company recital, afternoon performance. Music Hall.
April 15 — Students of Lois Black Hunt and Edna Forsythe, in concert, assisted by N. De Rutherfurd and his orchestra. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 18 — Martha Orr, of Kansas City Conservatory of Music, in graduation recital. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 20 — Students of Mrs. Miles G. Blim, in recital. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 22 — Sigma Alpha Iota recital. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 27 — Virginia French Mackie, pianist, in recital. 8:15 p.m. Atkins Auditorium.
April 29 — Students of Mrs. Paul Willson and Della Willson, in recital. 3:30 p.m. Atkins Auditorium.

LECTURES
April 9-May 3, Monday and Thursday nights — Andre Maurice, French historian and biographer, in a series of lectures at the University of Kansas City, 5100 Rockhill Road, Room 217, Liberal Arts Building. Open to public. $4.00 for the series of 8 lectures; single admission, $1.00. Call Registrar's Office, JA. 1135.
April 10 — Moody Bible Institute presents General Dobbie. Music Hall.
April 18 — Jackson County Health Forum Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.

ART EVENTS

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN — April exhibit: I.B.M. collection of Latin-American prints. Week days, 9 to 5; Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings 7 to 9:30. No charge.

KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY — Newly opened under direction of Burnett H. Shryock. Featuring the work of Kansas City artists, and presenting next a group of photographs from Chicago. Open 10 to 5, Monday through Friday. University Greenhouse, 52nd Street.

DANCING
April 1 — A.Z.A. Nordaunin No. 22. (Private), Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.
April 3 — Gene Krupa. 8:00-11:45 p.m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.
April 5, 12, 19, 26 — Welfare Department square dancing. Open to public. Little Theatre. No charge.
April 6 — St. Theresa Academy prom. Little Theatre.
April 6 — Pratt-Whitney (Private), Arena, Municipal Auditorium.
April 7 — Pratt-Whitney Aircraft Club for the Colored. Little Theatre.
April 15 — Les Brown. Pla-Mor.
April 21 — Pratt-Whitney Aircraft Club. 10 a. m. to 2 p.m. Little Theatre.
April 28 — Tony Pastor. Pla-Mor.

OTHER EVENTS
April 1 — Community Church Servic. 9:30 a.m. Arena, Municipal Auditorium.
April 7 — Camp Fire Girls Round-Up. 7:30-10:30 p.m. Arena.
April 11 — Temple Baptist Church evangelical meeting. Little Theatre.
April 13-14-15 — Human Relations Institute. Grand Avenue Temple, 205 East 9th. (For information, call Fa. 6542, the Rev. Lawrence Scott.)

SPORTS
Wrestling — Thursday nights, 8:30 p.m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena; Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. American Legion sponsored.
Roller Skating — Pla-Mor, every evening. Kids' Matinee, Saturdays; Popular matinee, Sundays.
RADIO REPORTS  San Francisco  
... AND WORLD PEACE

What's doing on the west coast, come April 25? A Mutual Network commentator briefs the business of the World Peace Conference—with some optimisms on why it cannot fail

By ARTHUR GAETH

RADIO faces a new challenge as it prepares to give the world an on-the-spot coverage of the most important meeting in modern history—the Conference at San Francisco on April 25th of hundreds of delegates from the 45 nations united in war against the Axis. With every major network having its top commentators at the Conference and literally providing hour-by-hour coverage of developments, the American public will have an opportunity to sit at the ringside and follow the proceedings.

The San Francisco meeting will be committed largely to organization. Four world powers have already drawn up a rough sketch of the type of world organizations their people will support. It consists of a General Assembly in which all nations are to be represented on the basis of equality, a Council which will include the representatives of eleven nations with the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France having permanent seats, an International Court of Justice which may be a continuation of the present Permanent Court of International Justice using the new constitution, and an Economic and Social Council to make recommendations for solutions to economic, social, and humanitarian problems.

After the San Francisco meeting has had its opening plenary sessions—at which the chairmen of the different delegations will speak, the Conference will have to settle down to the discussion of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and work them into a constitution that can be accepted by the body of the Conference and later by the legislatures of the participating countries. For days there may be little that is spectacular in the meeting. There may be lengthy technical discussions, some wrangling, many compromises. To the public the meeting may even become somewhat dull, but future world security depends on how well the task is done and how wholeheartedly the nations of the world accept the results. Few, if any, of the outstanding controversial political problems will be discussed at the Conference. It is called primarily for the purpose of creating a world organization and those nations engaged in fighting Germany and Japan will determine what
that organization will be. The neutral powers—and ultimately the defeated nations—will be allowed to join and accept the constitution drawn up by the victors.

President Harry S. Truman will not attend the Conference; but may address it by radio—to carry through the international policies of President Roosevelt not only because of a sense of obligation, but because of a sense of conviction that they were right. It is felt that he will be able to command unusual support on Capitol Hill for this policy.

The work of the Conference will be done by the secretaries of state or ministers of foreign affairs and the delegates appointed to accompany them. Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin, and Chiang Kai-Shek are not expected to be present. The top-ranking figures will be men of the caliber of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Cordell Hull, Anthony Eden, Clement Attlee, Vyacheslav Molotov, Maxim Litvinov, T. V. Soong, and others. Men will predominate although a few countries may follow the example of the United States and send a woman delegate. Generally the meetings may be closed to the public, although the plenary sessions at the opening and close of the Conference may admit special guests by ticket.

Once the San Francisco Conference has completed its work, the foundations will be laid for greater international collaboration and for transferring the solution of international problems from the procedure of personal negotiation between three or four individuals to one of general discussion by the representatives of all the countries in the United Nations. The major powers still will direct the course of events, but forty other nations will have a voice in the decisions.

From the American point of view, this meeting is timely for it calls for the perpetuation of the cooperation that developed in the course of the war. The group of obstructionist American Senators who might have tried to spike participation in an international organization will not find the same wave of reaction now that could set in after the war.

Failure by our Senate to ratify the results of the San Francisco Conference would seriously hinder collaboration in war as well as in peace. It would immediately lose a wave of endeavor on the part of the major nations to strengthen their own spheres of influence and dominate increasing world areas. That would create foundations for the next world war while this one was still being fought.

Therefore, the San Francisco Conference will produce positive results and the Senate of the United States will ratify them. Under duress of war, America will have decided to carry on for peace. Our leaders who have successfully brought their negotiations to
This point have given international affairs wise direction and avoided most of the pitfalls which made only a patchwork peace after World War One. That international organization will have been achieved before the war is brought to a successful conclusion indicates how far the peoples of the world have come in their thinking about the need for collaboration and united action in preserving peace for the future.

Dumbarton Oaks in an

ACORN SHELL

(Condensed mostly from a broadcast of "The Reviewing Stand," a Mutual Network feature presented by Northwestern University)

This month the United Nations meet in San Francisco. They won't be there just for a look at the bay. They'll be there to consider and revise the original Dumbarton Oaks proposals. And here—in case you're anything like us, and need an extra thumbnail around most of the time—is a high-spot summary of the original plan for world peace.

THE ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE OF THE PLAN

1. A General Assembly of all member nations—with an Economic and Social Council as set up by the General Assembly.
2. A Security Council—composed of the Big Three, plus the other two major powers: The United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and eventually, France—with a military staff committee.
3. An International Court of Justice.

FUNCTIONS OF THE COUNCILS

1. Of the Security Council and its Military Staff Committee: To meet aggression and squelch it.
2. Of the Economic and Social Council, as set up by the General Assembly: To eliminate the causes for aggression.

PURPOSE OF THE PLAN

1. To prevent warfare.
2. To stimulate international trade.
3. To develop international air travel.

(These are three of the more salient objectives of the Plan; there are others.)

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE PLAN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

1. The League had a Council and an Assembly, but their functions overlapped. In the new Plan for World Peace, the Council has the sole task of stopping aggression, while the General Assembly has the task of solving the problems which make for war and for aggression. Their functions are exactly divided.

2. Under the League Covenant, the great powers had made no provisions for force to stop aggression. Their idea was to delay the disputes until the conflicts could be looked into. But the Security Council, as briefed by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, places full responsibility upon the Big Three, plus China and France, and there will be the military strength to meet and stamp out aggression. This Security Council is the big difference between the League and the Plan. The one was passive; this one is active.

3. The Plan is to be an association of all the peace-loving nations in the world. The United States was not a part of the League of Nations, and at one time Russia did not belong.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL

1. The Big Five will be given permanent seats: The United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France.
2. Six small nations will be included as non-permanent rotating members.

THE PLAN IN PERSPECTIVE

"It is not a super-state; not a world government; not a weak federal system: It is a confederation, a league of sovereign states."—William Stokes, department of political science, Northwestern University, speaking on "The Reviewing Stand," October 29, 1944.
Is There a Doctor in the House?

by DOROTHY SARA

TIME was when the old family doctor prescribed the cure, gave a pill, made you say ah, thumped your ribs, bound up your ankle, delivered the baby, and was even a fair psychiatrist by virtue of his best bedside manner. But that was yesterday. Today everything is specialized. Even simple ailments are treated by specialists. And some of them have pretty fancy names. Would you know which one to call for certain specific ailments? Take a look at the list below. Allow yourself 5 points for each correct matching of ailment with specialist. If you make as much as 100—you’re either pretty good—or a hypochondriac! 75 is a good score; 50 just fair; and below that—well, you just better stay well. You’ll find the answers on page 50.

In Case of Any of These

1. Foot ailment
2. Nervous disorder
3. Application of anesthetic
4. Defective eyesight
5. Children’s diseases
6. Despondency and delusions
7. Corns and callouses
8. Childbirth
9. Skin trouble
10. Crooked teeth
11. Heart ailment
12. Internal medication
13. Joint or spine injury
14. X-Ray treatment
15. Intestinal disorder
16. General examination
17. Mental disorder
18. Blood tests
19. Nose trouble
20. Women’s ailments
21. Advice on drugs
22. Eye disease
23. Ear ailment
24. Nerve operation

Call One of These

a. alienist
b. dermatologist
c. chiropodist
d. optometrist
e. radiologist
f. gastroenterologist
g. otologist
h. diagnostician
i. pediatrician
j. obstetrician
k. podiatrist
l. neurologist
m. anesthetist
n. psychiatrist
o. ophthalmologist
p. neurosurgeon
q. pharmacologist
r. orthopedist
s. orthodontist
t. gynecologist
u. cardiologist
v. rhinologist
w. hematologist
x. internist
Slips that Pass in the “Mike”

“I didn’t say it! I know I didn’t!”

By RAY E. DADY

Get a group of radio announcers together for more than twenty minutes and the odds are ten to one that the conversation will swing around to “blows” or “fluffs.” This is just radio lingo for slips of the tongue over the air. Somebody will tell the one about Norman Broken-shire and another will tell the one about Harry Von Zell and from then on, it’s anybody’s guess who will contribute the biggest laugh. Now it’s my turn.

A few years ago a paint company bought a large schedule of spot announcements—so many in fact that every announcer on the station knew the announcements by heart. They all had one standard tag line at the conclusion of each spot. The copy read—“Buy True-Enamel, sold at the stores with the rainbow front. It’s guaranteed not to crack, chip nor peel.”

The announcements went on without incident for weeks until Allen Anthony, who now does the commercials on the Dr. I. Q. show, had to join the network in something less than twenty seconds and hurried into the studio to present the True-Enamel spot. He sailed into the copy with characteristic verve and confidence. The tag line was the same as always:

“True-Enamel is guaranteed not to crack, chip nor peel.”

But that isn’t what Tony said: Not that time. To the listeners it was unmistakably: “True-Enamel is guaranteed not to crap, cheek nor pill.”

The story of Anthony’s famous “blow” will always bring to somebody’s mind the story of the guy in Cleveland. This business of transposing first syllables and then floundering helplessly around trying to get out is one of the trickiest little booby traps in the radio book. The bigger you are the harder you fall.

They cautioned the announcer in Cleveland to watch it—that sooner or later the copy would send him into a linguistic pin-wheel. He got along fine for weeks by dint of careful rehearsing and concentration. Just about the time he was quite sure he could always say, “Perfect Circle Piston Rings,” he had an off day. You might toy around with that one for a few minutes to see what you can make of it. It has numerous possibilities but the one he chose wasn’t too bad. He finally came up with, “Ser-fict Perkle Wriston Pings.”

Then there’s the fellow up at KFNF in Shenandoah who was extolling the virtues of a well-known flour.
He had a handful of testimonials which he was presenting to the listeners, when he came across the one in which a woman told him about her expertness as a “bread baker.” Need I say more?

Any veteran announcer can tell you there are certain word combinations which should be carefully avoided. My pet aversion, which I haven’t used on the air since 1934, is “true to tradition.” There are many sibilants which should be avoided in connection with the personal pronoun she. Even the most perfect diction cannot make you sound like a gentleman if you read a sentence like this. Try it aloud sometime.

“And here comes Mary Blank—what a charming little bit she is.”

The engineer who puffs a contemplative pipe in the control room says I blew it. The announcer who was standing by to make a spot in the studio at the conclusion of my program will swear I said it. But I didn’t say it! I know I didn’t! At any rate here’s the one they like to tell on me on long winter evenings.

Early in the war, when there was frequent reference to the invasion roads leading to Europe, we heard a great deal about Natal which is on the extreme east coastline of Brazil, and Dakar, the nearest land point right across the South Atlantic in French West Africa. For some reason which I do not presently recall, I mentioned this geographical area as the scene of a fleet movement. The copy went something like this:

“Fleet action is said to be taking place in the South Atlantic—somewhere off the eastern bulge of Brazil.”

It looks like an innocent enough sentence, but they insist I said:

“Fleet action is said to be taking place in the South Atlantic—somewhere off the eastern bulge of Brazzaville!”

I didn’t say it. I know I didn’t. Well, anyway, not very loud.

What? No Elephants?

A friend of ours went to see the San Francisco ballet a few weeks back. It appeared during the week of the Police Circus, remember? During the Nutcracker Suite, our friend noticed that the lady sitting next to him did a quantity of inaudible muttering. The dancers had completed the Chinese part of the suite, and were moving into another and distinctly more dancy section. Suddenly she turned to our friend and remarked with some exasperation, “This is the darndest circus I ever saw!” . . . We’re always getting in at the wrong door, too!
Can Labor Unions Strike Twice?

Once for their nation at war—and a second time for the support of labor's rights by the uniformed forces. It's an idea!

By FRANK SINGISER

If you are a member of a labor union, you have probably wondered what you should do if your union voted to go on strike during war-time. Many union members have already had to make that decision under circumstances that did not make any final decision easy.

I want to report a suggestion from one of my listeners who faced this dilemma.

He is a railroad employee having about average seniority in his particular brotherhood. He believes sincerely in his union and its objectives. He supports the conviction that in an industrial society, organized labor is the working man's best hope for financial and physical betterment. He further declares it as his opinion that only a disciplined union with the power to strike and to picket, can hope to represent fully the individual workers in their dealings with large corporations. In brief, this union railroad worker is no Johnny-come-lately union member. His membership in the railroad brotherhood is not just a happenstance.

But this same man has several younger brothers in service.

At the time of the threatened railroad strike a year ago, he felt that he would be unpatriotic and would be letting his brothers down if he went out on strike. Many of his fellow union members felt the same. Yet he was sure that the union's wage demands were justified. The cause for which the strike vote was taken was a just cause in his opinion. He also knew that unless the union demands were met by the railroads voluntarily the threat of a strike was the union's last recourse. But he did not want to strike at the very moment when the railroads were choked with the materials and troops being assembled for the invasion of Europe.

Fortunately, through arrangements set up by management, labor and government, a way was found to settle the railroad brotherhood's dispute before the strike date arrived.

But his own personal moment of decision came so close that this one union member was troubled. What would he have done if the morning to strike had arrived? Would he have been able to strike with his union at a time of national crisis? Could he have defied his own union and stayed on the job because he felt his brothers overseas would expect it of him? Was there any way out that would satisfy his conscience on both scores?
Here is his answer. Let the union strike vote in such cases be taken. But let the union buy paid advertisements in the press and on the radio to tell the public the union’s side of the case. When the strike date had been determined let it be advertised in the same way.

If there were still no adjustment of the dispute before the day set for the strike, let the union members stay off the job on that day. The strike day would be used for meetings in central places of the entire union membership. At these meetings, war-necessity resolutions would be adopted.

These resolutions would note that the union had been forced to strike for its demands. Note would also be taken of the consequences to the national war effort if the strike were to continue. And there would be a resolution suspending the strike for the duration. The following day the union members would be back on the job.

But the union would not rest its case with the passing of mere resolutions and a one-day strike. According to this suggestion from one union member, a full scale publicity campaign would be put in motion to acquaint the public and the armed forces with the union’s patriotic action in bowing to national necessity before the welfare of its own members.

Money in the union treasury normally used for strike benefits and strike expenses would pay for this full scale publicity drive. More paid advertisements in the press and on the radio would tell service people and the public at home why the strike was being suspended for the duration. And if it were legal, letters and circulars would be sent overseas to every possible man or woman in Uncle Sam’s uniform in which the union’s whole course of action would be set forth. Every such advertisement or statement would end with this paragraph:

"The members of our union are in this war to the end. No matter what our grievances, we will not desert our posts. The members of this union will back you up until the enemy surrenders. If our stated grievances are not settled when the war ends, we reserve the right to strike at that time. We believe that you as fellow Americans will want to see that Justice is still the law of the land when you return."

Would such a plan work? If it would, a lot of conscience-searching by patriotic union members could be avoided. Certainly the number of war-time strikes might be reduced still further. And Labor Unions might well be striking two blows: one for their nation at war, and the other for the overwhelming support of labor’s rights by the uniformed forces.
Doubling Back...

JOHN REED KING, emcee of "Double or Nothing," doubles for us at a television broadcast.

CONTRARY to the opinions of many, television is very real and, I think it's safe to say, very near to coming into its own. The only drawback at the moment seems to be that you can't buy a television receiver. Otherwise, the shows are on the air waiting to be received. Their portrayal or "picture" is good for the most part; color television is about ready to go into operation; and at latest reports it has been discovered that television broadcasts can be transmitted over telephone cable ... a discovery which just about licks the problem of how to establish Television networks as we now have radio networks. All these factors being what they are, let's ...

GO BEHIND THE SCENES in a television studio. At present most of those in New York are in the experimental stage with walls being knocked out to suit or lights being added when necessary. For the most part the studio is like a small Hollywood movie set with its microphone on a boom moving overhead on the set, banks of flood lights and spots (sometimes even garishly set-up on great overhead catwalks), and its great variety of people who roam around the stage wearing earphones and signalling wildly to each other. Lighting has been and still is a major problem for several reasons but the most important one is ... THE TEMPERATURE ON STAGE in front of the "Ike" (Iconoscope, if you please) ... the "camera" of the television. One studio went in for the use of Foto-flood lights which result in temperatures suitable for baking ... both human and culinary. In a recent Bond show on television I was in front of the camera for 30 minutes in a quiz, and when I came off my hair was steaming ... literally. In the bargain my eyes had "the blinks" for two weeks. Other studios, however, are using banks of incandescents such as you use in the kitchen, augmented by spot-lites, and the results have been very good. Adequate lighting brings out all the fine-points of the picture, of course, and that's most necessary when with black-and-white television you are turning everyday reds, blues, yellows, purples, and oranges into black or white. The director or directress (as the case may be, and any number of fine women directors are coming to the top with television) sits in the control room beside the engineer. In front of her are a number of screens, each one corresponding to an iconoscope or "camera" in action on the floor of the
the end it will probably be true if a “live” television show is called into competition with a filmed show. The use of movie films on television is, of course, very important right now, but these are usually educational or governmental films which, while good in their field, are still no competition for the average A, B, or C motion picture at your local theatre. Nor can television afford the elaborate sets, costuming, music and other details that go to make a $250,000 film which on television might last one hour. This is pretty obvious when radio advertisers today are not willing to go much above $15,000 for big-time package shows. More obvious now when there are millions of radio sets and some 4,000 television receivers in the New York area alone. So, from here it looks as though radio soap-operas and other shows will carry on all day long, and television will compete with radio shows for the evening audiences, say from 8 to 11 p.m. For after all it’s much easier to play cards or talk, listening to the radio, than it would be to keep an eye on the television screen while doing the same things. Listeners have been conditioned to the “freedom” that radio-listening gives, and after the novelty of television wears off, they will drift back to their old habits unless it’s a championship boxing bout on the screen or something of equal importance.

HOW DOES IT FEEL in front of the television camera? Well, I do a little comedy-quiz every Thursday night in one of the New York studios, and these are some of the things that
keep running through your mind: "Keep the contestants closer to the overhead microphone than you are—remember you’re both about three feet away from it. Keep facing forward into the camera range (there’s a girl there to signal you if you’re turning too much either way.) Keep an eye on the time-signal man who warns you with finger signals all through the show just where you are in time. Watch the camera-men and follow their signals, too, moving forward and back. Don’t move too fast, for the camera can’t either. Watch the little lights on the front of each camera (when they flash red you know that that camera is “in action” transmitting the actual picture that is going out over the air); and then remember the script! If it isn’t memorized keep all the things in mind that you are planning to do because in television there is no opportunity to stop a minute and go back and look at the script, nor is there any prompter in a convenient “box” . . . it’s up to you, you’re on the air! All that may sound pretty hard, but . . .

IT ISN’T. All these are simple routines after very few shows, and you get as much of a kick out of falling into the routine and carrying your end of the job as you can get out of anything. The whole television show-story goes drifting along on a cloud-like plane, supported by the sheer effort of the many people including yourself who piece together extemporaneously the sound, the sight, and the fury of television.

TELEVISION SHOWS must be earthy, homey things. As in radio, the arty shows are doomed to failure. On my comedy quiz I have a live duck (borrowed each week from the Bronx Zoo) and he walks in and out the aisles during the show, and I honestly believe that he is the biggest star on the show, drawing as much attention as anything we mortals do. The duck gets the fan mail . . . the duck is the pay-off. When Jimmy Durante dropped in for a short television call on the show one evening . . . nothing would do but that we measure the two respective beaks . . . Durante lost . . . “It was mortifyin’.”

Next time: Something NEW in television.

HUNTING LICENSE

In war-jammed Ottawa the newest of Canada’s controls has been inaugurated in the form of licenses issued to those seeking houses or apartments to rent. Licenses are issued only to families living in greatly cramped quarters. Landlords may not rent to unlicensed persons, under severe penalties.

—from The Kansas City Realtor.
Zoo-ology . . .

By EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

WILLIAM T. A. CULLY must have had a stork in his pocket. Ever since he took over directorship of the Swope Park Zoo on May 2, 1942, the birth rate has been going up. Baby lions, a tiger, young monkeys—so say nothing of birds ad infinitum—have been a-borning out at Swope Park. (Last summer Mr. Cully sold Sammy, a tiger and a real enfant terrible, to the Brooklyn Zoo.)

The president of the park board, Harry Evans Minty, is devoted to the babies. Every Sunday morning he drives out to the zoo before its opening to the public, gives the password, and is admitted. He takes the macaque monkey child, Bobo, from the cage and she cuddles against his shoulder and tells him all about things.

"She's a dear little animal," Mr. Cully tells us, "and more loving than many children."

He's fond, too, of old Sally, the venerable chimpanzee, reputed once to have been a member of a Ziegfeld Follies troupe. Cully has never been able to verify that story, but he says it may be so. As for Sally, she is discreetly silent about her past, as a lady should be. She merely shrugs a fur clad shoulder (not mink) and blows what might be a reasonable facsimile of a smoke ring. Even in these days Sally expects and demands her quota of cigarettes, and raises a clatter when she is turned down.

William Cully says it's all bunk about animals losing their minds in confinement. If they're healthy and well cared for they stay as sane and cheerful as a clam at high tide.

He gives his charges excellent care. On Sunday mornings early, the smaller animals are taken out to play on the green grass. We happened by one Sunday, early enough to catch the animal fair. Letitia, a blonde ballet dancer, who happens to be our wife, was particularly taken by Sammy, the tiger. She's fond of cats, anyway. And Sammy was fond of her, sensing, no doubt, some kindred and kinaesthetic quality in rhythm! He went all-out for her and romped and scuffled for all the world like a playful puppy. As for Letitia, she was delighted with Sammy's firm, lithe muscles. We recalled Hilaire Belloc's jingle about tigers, which ends:

"But mothers of large families
Who tend to common sense
Will find a tiger well repays
The trouble and expense."

William Cully used to be head keeper at the Bronx Zoo, before coming to Kansas City. After the war he has hopes of building an "African Veldt" in the old rock quarry south of the present animal house. A monkey island already has been built. And by the time warm weather comes, it will be crowded with whooping simians. Monkeys, Mr. Cully tells us, are hardy fellows and can stand a good deal of cold.

A question just occurred to us. If the stork brings all the baby monyks, tigers, birds, and what-not—who brings baby storks? We'll ask Mr. Cully. He'll probably know.
Schemes to Take Your Money

By GEORGE M. HUSSER, Manager
Kansas City Better Business Bureau

BETTER Business Bureaus throughout the country work constantly to break up schemes perpetrated upon the public. Some are ancient, some brand new, but they all have this in common—if you fall for them, you can’t win.

Among the major schemes now swinging into activity are phony war charities and refugee benefits, which solicit funds or sell tickets and advertising space on a basis which yields from zero to 10 per cent of the proceeds to actual charity. The remainder is delivered to the promoters. Legitimate charities and beneficial organizations need every cent you can spare; every time you give to some shady promotion, you waste money that would do great good if turned over to a reliable agency. No matter how plausible or heart-rending the appeal, check up carefully before you give or before you buy.

Complaints have been filed by servicemen and their families against certain fly-by-night dealers regarding watches which were sold as new but later proved to be used movements in new cases. Bureau warnings have abated this evil to a great extent.

The wife of a member of the armed forces purchased a watch for her husband at a pawn shop. It was sold to her as a new watch, and from the shiny case and bright dial, she believed it was new. She paid $59.50 for it, and sent it to her husband. In a few weeks, he returned it, with the remark that it didn’t keep time and stopped frequently. She took it to a watch repair shop and was told the works were old. She brought the watch to the office of the Better Business Bureau. Upon writing to the manufacturer of the movement, it was found the movement dated from 1883 and that the ceiling price on that type movement in a new case would be $27.50. Armed with this information, a representative of the Bureau called upon the dealer and refund was made.

Another pawn shop refunded $24.50, the purchase price of a new imported Swiss watch sold to a soldier. This refund was made after investigations following the soldier’s complaint to the Better Business Bureau revealed the ceiling price of the watch was $17.00. The Bureau works closely with the Office of Price Administration on items of this kind. OPA regulations were promulgated setting prices on three types of Swiss watches, which are being imported in greater quantities than usual since war conversion of watch factories create a shortage of inexpensive American-made watches. Importers or wholesalers of these watches are required to attach to each watch a tag


describing the watch, with retail ceiling price exclusive of tax.

Schemes which have preyed on the housewives are fake appliance repair men who secure irreplaceable appliances for repair and do not return them. Often such racketeers claim to represent well known appliance manufacturers. They take vacuum cleaners and other items away—and fakers and appliances fade out of the picture.

Several elderly women have reported that they were victimized by two men who called, saying they represented a certain stove manufacturer. They said they had been sent out to check gas ranges to see that they were operating satisfactorily. When asked if there was a charge, they said they would lock at the stoves, and if there was any charge it would be slight. For fifteen minutes’ work at one home a charge of $30.00 was made, and the woman was afraid not to give the money to them as she was alone in the house. Another woman reported she contested a charge of $25 and the men agreed to take $10 for doing no more than looking at the stove.

If a girl calls at your home, saying she is earning money to take a nursing course, and that you can help her by subscribing to a magazine, do not be misled. Nurses are trained in all good hospitals under government aid, and are paid while they are training. This is just another version of the old “I’m working my way through college.”

Then there is the itinerant roofer who “just happens to be in the neighborhood” and will repair your roof for a small sum. He observes the gutters of your house are clogged with leaves or that shingles are loose. All of this is handled very casually. The impression is given the job is a small one and the cost will be similarly small. You authorize the work, and when you get the bill you are incredulous. It may be anywhere from fifty dollars to several hundred dollars. You may have been given a long-term guarantee on the job but when your roof leaks, or you discover the inferior character of the work, your guarantee is worthless because you cannot find the roofer.

Many new and wonderful things will be on the market after the war, and none more wonderful than plastic products. But if you are offered a miraculous new plastic paint today that is guaranteed to last the life of the building, proof against everything, does not blister, crack, peel or chip, you may learn to your dismay you not only have bought ordinary paint at a fancy price, but that it is inferior to most house paints sold through legitimate channels.

“Kidsnapper” is the term applied to the photographer who calls on busy mothers in their homes to snap pictures of their children. Often, such pictures are of poor quality, and the operators are fly-by-nights who fail to
deliver the finished pictures after payments have been secured in advance. The wife of a soldier who is overseas reported to the Better Business Bureau that she had been called upon by a photograph salesman who stated he had noticed the soldier’s name in a list of men wounded in action. He said he was making a special price on enlargements to families of servicemen. After she had given a picture of her husband to the agent, she later learned she was required to buy a frame at a price high enough to have had the enlargement made at any photographic shop.

Racketeers have post-war plans, too. While the Better Business Bureaus are building defenses against these anticipated promotions, the promoters are likewise building their fences on a gigantic scale to separate the unwary from their money.

A real estate racketeer in an eastern city recently sent letters to Negro soldiers in the Pacific to interest them in buying lots in a proposed development for Negroes in New Jersey. The New Jersey Real Estate Licensing Bureau investigated it at the request of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau. It found the property almost as bad as the jungles in which the men had been fighting. The racketeers were called off.

One smoothie sold memberships in an “own-your-own-home” club for a $100 fee. He also got several veterans to make down payments on prefabricated houses. Investigations by the Better Business Bureau in Washington, D. C., finally led to this sharpster’s arrest.

A Florida concern interested a group of veterans in buying property in tung oil on the absentee farming basis.

With discharge pay for service men and accumulated war bond holdings and provisions for veterans to receive business loans, a tremendous reservoir of investment money will be available and a fertile field afforded for financial and merchandise promoters to swindle the returning service men.

The Better Business Bureaus have prepared a booklet, entitled, “Facts Veterans Should Know Before Starting a Business,” which is being distributed free of charge to veterans.

The public can be protected from rackets if they will only heed the advice of the Better Business Bureaus— “Before You Invest, Investigate.”

"Am I happy! A bundle of joy arrived at our house yesterday!"
"Congratulations. Boy or girl?"
"Neither one. Last month's laundry!"

—from B & R News.
A YOUNG 4-F of my acquaintance works at a government-operated chemical laboratory in a distant state. He came home on leave a few months ago and scratched around considerably on his father’s big farm collecting rocks. He said he had always believed those shale glades might have value. Now he would find out.

More recently he was at home again, discreetly silent on the subject of his mineral samples. After his first breakfast he saddled a nag. Not pleasure; it was a business trip. He cantered directly to the home of his mother’s uncle, the richest retired capitalist thereabout. When he took to horse again, he was a sadder but wiser young man of affairs.

Apparently the young man’s home acres are full of a good grade of valuable ore, near the surface and not costly to recover. He had visions of incorporating a new, local industry soon after the war, offering jobs to the whole county’s discharged service men and unemployed war workers. All he needed was capital—that’s what he thought. He had even checked markets, demands, and prices and had drawn probable production and profit charts for his prospect.

"Uncle Jeff knows his business," the lad said woefully. "He says he has $100,000 to put in such a venture if he can figure a way to come out whole. I showed him how we could earn $100,000 easily the first year, but he got out tax sheets and showed me that a 100 per cent return on an investment of $100,000 is no good to him. The most he would be allowed to keep, along with his other income, is less than $3,000."

This young man went to a lot of trouble to learn what economists have been saying for two years. From his great-uncle’s point of view, a profit of $100,000 a year was only 2.8 per cent on a return on a $100,000 investment, thus:

Net profit..........................$100,000
Normal profit..............$8,000
Normal tax 40 per cent....$3,200
Excess profit...........$92,000
E. P. tax 85 per cent...... 78,200
Total taxes...................... 81,400

Net profit after taxes...........$ 18,600
Personal income tax 85 per cent.. 15,810
Income remaining..................$ 2,790

Of course, a $3,000 yearly income is $60 a week, good pay if it is a salary with no investment and no risk of financial loss. When a man puts up the tenth part of a million dollars (or when ten men go together and invest a million) it is seldom in "a sure thing." There are always risks to run in industry.

All investors expect their money to work for them. For a man of much wealth, $100,000 earns only a small "salary." Such men are very careful therefore to put capital in a safe place with little or no danger of loss. That’s the gravest prospect facing the United States at the close of the war: Danger of having service men come marching back victorious over various armies or various dictators, to find no work at home.

The American people need a great many items, and are ready to buy them. Manufacturers know how to make them, good enough for anybody at popular prices. Making these things can provide good jobs for millions of men; but will it happen? Well—there is one sure way to spoil the prospect. Keep the taxing system exactly like it is now, so people who invest in industry can’t benefit from it. Investments are absolutely essential to making jobs.
Salat Time in the Ozarks

BY Verna Springer

“In the Spring a young man’s fancy—.” Never mind about that. Nor the scent of lilacs, the call of the Cardinal, nor the wolf call! I’ll settle for that warm, sun-drenched morning when my neighbor, Liza, pokes her head in my kitchen door and calls out, “Grab your bonnet and basket, let’s go pick a mess of greens.”

It’s green picking time in the Ozarks and God’s in his heaven! Furthermore, the problem of what-to-have-for-dinner can now be solved. After all, what could be better than a mess of—well, I was fifteen years old before I learned to say “greens” instead of “salat.” They say we Ozarkers were just too lazy to use the original word “salad.”

I grab up basket and paring knife. Here and there under the bright early sunshine we see other freshly starched sunbonnets bobbing up and down in back yards and along fence corners, as our neighbors indulge in this ancient ritual—gathering greens from the grass roots.

How to cook those greens—(with big hunks of ham hock, for luscious pot likker—or boiled and dressed with sizzling fat from a slab of home cured ham)—we’ll discuss later. But first, as in cooking chicken, we must “catch our hen.”

Setting out to pick a mess of wild greens is something else again from strolling down the aisles of your favorite super-market saying languidly, “I’ll take a pound of spinach and a pound of mustard.”

Forget about casual strolling because, lady, you walk and walk and walk! Out through the barn lot, over the meadow, up the highway, and maybe down the railroad right-of-way. Then you squat on your hunkers and pick this wild species of vitamins that nature so amply provides at this time of the year.

HOW THE WOMEN WERE JUDGED

Time was when every woman in our village was judged by two things:

1. How soon her wash swung from the line on Monday morning.
2. How many varieties of wild greens she could recognize and place on her table without having to call in the family doctor.

This trick of knowing the exact varieties of What Kind and How Much of Each to pick and what sort to let alone, was an art handed down from mother to daughter.

“Lemme see, now,” Liza says, keeping a sharp eye on the long slender blades I’ve carefully cut and herded into my basket. “You’ve got enough of that sour dock,” she warns me “Too much spoils the vittles. ’N I wouldn’t use too much of that wild lettuce. It’ll do when it’s young and tender, but after it gets strong, one
sprig can ruin a whole batch o' vittles."

"Put THAT down!" Liza yells. "Less'n you wanta take the skin off your tongue. What'n tarnation do you think you're a-gatherin'?"

"Dock," I reply meekly. After all, there's such a big family of dock. But it seems what I've gathered is the broad-leafed burdock, which Liza says "ain't fitt'n for a hog."

I tell her about my uncle. He once plowed up two long rows of my Aunt Mame's highly-prized and carefully tended rhubarb, mistaking it for burdock. "Men!" Liza sniffs disdainfully. "More'n likely he was just tired of plowin'." The same idea has occurred to my Aunt Mame.

"We'll get down here in this garden corner and pull a passel of lamb's-quarter," Liza says, deftly guiding me out of range of the burdock. You can't mistake lamb's-quarter, once it has been pointed out to you. Smooth-leafed, it is a mild leavener for the sharper-flavored varieties of wild greens.

"There's a patch of wild mustard around the barn," Liza says. So we get that, then set off across the pasture for a spot where poke comes up year after year. This broad-leafed plant is also of the smooth-leafed variety, and it too is a mild leavener. The trick with poke, as with wild lettuce, is to leave it alone after the leaves become too large.

**WHAT TO PICK**

How do you know what to pick? Sister, that's the $64 question. Ozarker though I am, I myself can distinguish only eleven varieties of wild green, and that includes plantain and four leaf clovers. But it's a very good plan—when in doubt between smart weed, dog fennel, wild sweet potato and dandelion—either to pass up the whole works, or call in an expert, like my good friend Liza.

You can't always judge by the color or the size and shape of the leaves, nor the way the plant smells; most wild greens have no odor until they're in the pot.

Then, too, you must know about balance. "If you pick too much poke and lamb's-quarter, and not enough of the tart-tastin' varieties such as wild mustard and dandelion," Liza points out cheerfully, "your greens'll be flat. There's them that likes a bait of all-dandelion," she sniffs disdainfully, "but I always say it's just because they don't know more'n one green to gather."

"A few leaves of young horseradish whets the flavor and improves the taste," Liza says, as she snips a half-dozen or so of the broad pebbly-looking leaves. "Mind now, you don't mistake burdock for horseradish." I mind as I, too, snip a few leaves, although the wide-palmed fronds of the two are very similar.

"I reckon we've got enough," Liza finally decides. I am very glad to hear this, for the sun is now high in the sky, my back has begun to ache, and I know all this unaccustomed bending and stooping will take its toll from outraged muscles, come tomorrow morning.
HOW TO PREPARE AND SERVE

Preparation of greens, tame or wild, is tedious and time-devouring. First, you look each leaf, however tiny. You look for microscopic “eggs” and pale green parasites; spiders, and nice fat worms. You will also weed out sticks and blades of grass and all other odds and ends not identified as fish, flesh, nor wild greens.

Next you wash your morning haul. And I don’t mean take them through only one water. You use gallons and gallons—unless you prefer that gritty flavor that comes when you’ve spared the water and spoiled your vittles.

In the old days, when grandmother depended on the spring (always located at the bottom of a long, steep hill) for every drop of water, the washing of a mess of greens surely must have been anything but a labor of love.

If you can beg, buy, or steal a ham hock, well and good. Put it in a pot, preferably iron, or it may be granite. Pile on your greens. Pour in some water. How much? Depends on how well you like “pot likker.” Season with salt; cook until greens become tender. Serve with clumps of cornbread, baked in a piping hot skillet until the crust is thick and crunchy.

If you must go “tony,” as Liza says, cook the greens in very little water. When tender, drain. Fry up some bacon. Enough for dinner. Pour off the hot fat onto your greens. Season with salt and mix thoroughly. Garnish with hard-boiled egg. Serve with individual “ears” of cornbread.

Now—pull up your chair, and pass the vinegar, please!

I would I were beneath a tree, A-sleeping in the shade, With all the bills I’ve got to pay Paid.

I would I were on yonder hill A-baking in the sun, With all the work I’ve got to do Done.

I would I were beside the sea Or sailing on a boat, With all the things I’ve got to write Wrote.

— from The Butler Bee.
"Is Mr. Ripley In?"
Americans Are Naive!

They laugh more, rush more, and go to more ball games than any other people in the world! A world traveler looks at her own people and finds in them the simple secrets of their staying power.

By Melita O'Hara

Americans are naive, but definitely, thought I upon returning to the United States. I'd been gone several months—long enough to gain some perspective. The old bromide about "not seeing the forest for the trees" is always applicable when you're too close to things to have any way of establishing a sense of values. But if you can get away and come back—what a measuring stick you have!

Old memories, forgotten idioms and customs crowded in upon me last month as I sped into Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City. Impressions of this returning American collect hodgepodge in the back of my mind. Most vivid among the impressions are these: the free-wheeling gait and attitude of everyone in stations, restaurants, and sidewalks; the carefree smiles that, thank heaven, haven't been wiped from the faces; the quick alert response to a request; talkative taxi-cab drivers just being friendly; the telephone operator who calls everyone "honey"; cocktail bars in stations; the array of bottles in drug and liquor stores in certain states; rayon stockings not at a premium; the many colored people traveling and in uniform; the freedom of speech on political issues; the absence of restraint or inhibitions; the accelerated tempo; the terrific crowds; the lack of adequate help everywhere; the high cost of meals; the machines in stations featuring small editions of famed tones for 10c; the bevy of new exciting looking magazines on the newstands; and the generous openmindedness of everyone that seems to border almost on a childlike curiosity and trustfulness and which on first encounter, after you've been away some time, strikes you as naivete!

It is easy to understand, upon returning, why Europeans or Orientals draw such conclusions about us. Upon first landing in this country they are struck by this naivete and mentally file us away—in the kindergarten class.

In some ways, they're right. Americans are naive, and this accounts for many of our blunders and philanderings. But it also is the real secret of our great progress and success as a nation.
When one travels around the world, even in peacetime, one returns convinced that in the land of Uncle Sam people get more out of life. They laugh more, rush more, and go to more ball games than any other people in all the universe! We also chew more gum—but that might be because we have more gum!

To the foreigner an American is probably the greatest enigma of the age. And there is much to be said for his opinion—because we without a doubt display the world’s greatest individualistic contradictions in our everyday human behavior.

For instance, abroad you can tell an American yards away even if you cannot hear him—or her! Yet at home we are the most highly standardized people imaginable!

We discarded titles and traditions and all that rot about ancestry and family trees dating back to Royalty or the Czars, with all their pomp and decorations. Yet, the members of the American Army are today wearing more ribbons and carrying more medals than any of the allied armed forces! Also, where is there a nation more highly organized in men’s and women’s lodges and associations with their ensuing titles and traditions and the brother- or sisterhood privileges which appeal so much? Is it that we want our traditions up to date, our family of our own choosing, with the past forgotten and only the present and the future important? Or is this all a way out of frustration?

We are the greatest individualists in creation. Yet, on many occasions we are willing adherents of mass psychology.

We are more spoiled than most nations because of our high standard of living, and ordinarily we demand all and nothing but the best. Yet, we are the greatest travelers in the world, and we will put up with the greatest inconveniences, in countries where facilities are not at par with ours, in order to satisfy our curiosity and that urge to know more.

We are the most talkative people in the world, and our need for self-expression is vital. Yet, statistics show that Americans pro rata attend more lectures than any other nation. We are then, while being the most voluble, also the best listeners. The United States has for a number of years been the mecca for wandering authors and poets who have developed into speakers of the first order, thanks to American receptivity.
We go after money with the dollar sign in each eye—as if the earning and piling up of money were the only thing that mattered in life. Yet, we spend it at the least provocation and with such lavish ease that we make non-Americans believe that we are all millionaires. This happened during the last war abroad and it is happening again.

We give out through our gangster films, our business systems of speed and efficiency, that we are the toughest, most indifferent and hard-boiled people in existence! Yet, on scratching the surface, it can be found that we are the greatest sentimentalists in the world.

Probably some of the truths were brought home to me for the first time in Paris, quite a few years ago, as I watched a parade of members from one of our finest lodges go down the Champs Elysees. I caught the various remarks of Parisians around me. They were trying to catalogue the extraordinary gentry marching down that beautiful boulevard in all their regalia. What were they, these Americans—clowns or just immature overgrown children having themselves a time! The average man on the streets of Europe only donned a uniform at request of the State and a uniform was serious business. But this regalia, and the pleasure of the wearers—what did it mean? The average Parisian at that time could not reconcile the fact that these fellows marching down the Champs Elysees were serious-minded businessmen at home and a credit to their various communities.

They and the rest of the world have since learned that the harder the American can play, the harder he can work. This brings to mind that indomitable quality of resilience that assures the quick reconversion from play to work, or from peace to war. It is this quality in Americans that has proved invaluable against the Japanese who are particularly lacking in quick initiative and are always at a disadvantage in surprise attacks.

Speaking of surprise attacks, the Japs first gave us the idea at Pearl Harbor, and because of our traditional naivete, we were unprepared. However, there can be no greater proof of the resilience and stamina of our own people than was shown in the quick conversion from full-time peace measures to all-out war effort.

Although our seeming immature curiosity leads us into many difficulties at times, making us stick our
necks out again and again, it is in this degree of naivete that lie the qualities that make for resilience, loyalty, fairplay, and respect of others' individual rights—as well as constant growth.

In seeing more we learn more; and our sense of fairplay shows up our mistakes. Our insatiable ambition for progress makes us want to correct them. In this also lies another secret of growth. Hitler stopped growing and started his own downfall, even in the midst of his former victories, when he proclaimed the theory that he and his people were perfect—supermen!

Americans, no doubt, are a strange and exciting and enigmatic people, and foreigners have their own mental pictures of us. I recall the owner of a quaint little tea house in Vienna. Upon learning that I was from the United States, he exclaimed, "An American . . . alone? Why, I thought they always came in droves!"

I have seen Uncle Sam's citizens in Java, in China, in Australia, in South America, and all over the world, testing their strength and their weakness in all sorts of conditions. They brought into play those qualities that go to make life just another ball game—with a fumble just something to be corrected and overcome but quickly!

I am firmly convinced that as long as we do not lose our free-wheeling open-mindedness, our childlike curiosity, our ready faith in others, and begin to think we are perfect—we will be assured of unlimited achievements and no ceiling to progress.

Americans are naive . . . thank God!

**UNIFORMITIES**

Y 1/c: So Specialist X is conceited?
WAVE: Yeah. He joined the Navy to let the world see him.

New SPAR: Where do I eat?
Captain: You mess with the officers.
New SPAR: Yeh, I know, but where do I eat?
—from Facterias.

Two soldiers staggered aboard a street car. One of them turned to the nearest uniformed person and offered the fare.

"Sorry," said the uniform, "I can't take your fare. I'm not the conductor, I'm a naval officer."

"Holy smoke, Joe," shouted the soldier, "let's get offa here! We've boarded a bloomin' battleship!"—from Old American News.
EVERY night of the week between the hours of nine and—well, it used to be four, some two hundred girls in Chicago are making a living by taking their clothes off in public. Theirs is usually a five-time stint—accompanied by an indifferent group of third-rate musicians, a spotlight that flatters the myopic vision of the audience, and a hovering master of ceremonies who spares no superlative in pressing the perfection of beauty and talent now showing.

Very likely this strip-tease show is "continuous," just as the advertising and billboard ballyhoo have promised. Very likely the girls are beautiful, from where you sit. And if there isn’t the actual number of forty flamboyant femmes, it’s highly improbable you’ll keep count after the first half dozen acts.

Chicago is the only large city in the country to specialize in sex-travaganzas of this nature. It has some twenty sizable cafes that amuse the tired business man, playboys, playgirls, and the conventioneer with all-girl shows. When burlesque declined in the late twenties, a variation of this exotica moved into the night clubs, hardly noticeable at first. If there was just one act that was a daring expose of skin and gyrations, the club became a sensation over night; the act overshadowed legitimate talent, even of star brackets. It was bound to happen that eventually some cafe owner would stumble on the paradise of having every act a feast of beauty.

Ranging in age from eighteen to forty, the average strip tease danseuse earns from $35.00 to $125.00. The average "strip" has an easily unsnapped or unzipped wardrobe of flowing, diaphanous negligee with variations of what was once called a chemise, a G-string that can cost as little as 35c (as high as $10.00 with rhinestones), high-heeled sandals, and can-can garters if she happens to have any fish-net hose that are wearable. How many of these costumes she has depends on her attitude toward her job. That can be either the spirit of "maybe-there's-money-in-it" or "the devil-with-it." The average exotic dancer, as she prefers to be called, does a routine—some uninspired parading, flinging a piece here and there.
—in either coosome shyness or shrewsome swagger. The odds of her marrying money, outside of a racketeer, are slim. She usually winds up, when her best days are over, as a club hostess, touting drinks, tips, and company after closing.

The above average Body Beautiful gets a better billing, better salary, and a stronger following by giving a new twist to apparel-peeling. Of the contemporary crop, there’s one who uses long hair for the hide and seek chase. Another uses a wire-haired terrier trained to jerk a skirt in the right places. Several use male dummies as partners in compromising climaxes. Neon lights and black light have also been employed as torso attractions. The day of fans, bubbles, parasols and birds departed with A Century of Progress, Chicago’s last World’s Fair, eleven years ago.

These ladies of the evening dream up fantastic names for themselves and change them as often as they do the color of their hair. The mortality rate on picture files has caused layout men many a confusing moment. For the most part, applause (even the more urgent “take it off, take it off”) won’t make them stay on stage a minute beyond the required thank-you bows. Their concern and reaction are a so-what insouciance.

At one time, their aspirations might have been seriously aimed at dancing or the plum exhibition as show girl in Broadway shows. If it was, they’ve never forgotten, nor forgiven, the lost hope.

Home life and families have nothing to offer them that comes close to their vicarious careers. When children come, in or out of wedlock, it’s not unusual for them to continue to the sixth month of pregnancy. The gradual expansion of an ample stomach is scarcely detected on their bosomy, hippy figures. Often daughters are groomed for this bawdy business. One revue Chicago held over for several weeks featured a mother and daughter who appeared together.

While these dancing sophisticates have an assortment of managers and agents, they circuit about the city brighteries without discrimination. Sometimes an engagement will last only a week and they move on to a neighboring, competitive spot. Sometimes they stay for years, growing fatter and older in one club’s spotlight.

The most faithful love of their life is their job, the exhibitional satisfaction they get out of it, and the money. As long as they don’t have to go to the “sticks” to get it. Chicago is the Broadway for night club burlesque. To be one of “40 Beautiful Girls 40” in Chicago is their best break in the business.

Use Lumpo Soap! Doesn’t lather—doesn’t clean—doesn’t bubble.—Just company in the tub.
—from The Railwayan.

“How old would a person be who was born in 1776?”
“Man or woman?”
The Human-Nature of the Enemy

“Our Hitler is a simple man of the people,” said a German farmer, typical of many who made up the National Socialist Party. Chicago University’s “Human Adventure” analyzes the enemy as individuals, and tells the human story that lies back of many inhumanities.

WHAT is the nature of the enemy?

Faced with the job of analyzing the profound historical, economical and sociological forces involved in this question, “The Human Adventure” came through with two outstanding dramatic programs. The first was “The Hitler Story,” dealing with the Nazi foe, and the second was an equally interesting program about the Nipponese enemy titled “Suye Mura.”

“The Hitler Story,” revealing how Der Fuehrer came into power, was based on the study of a Columbia University professor, Theodore Abel, who collected the original life stories of 600 Nazis. Professor Abel gathered his facts by advertising for them in German newspapers in 1934; and his device was a prize of 400 marks for the best personal stories of adherents of the Hitler movement.

On “The Human Adventure” Professor Abel’s findings became a series of dramatic sketches, starting in the year 1918 with a victory parade at the famous Brandenburg Gate, traditional setting for the celebration of German victories.

The Armistice had been signed and the Allies were claiming themselves the winners. But here, the dramatization revealed, the Germans—with weapons in hand, heels slamming down to a Prussian cadence, heads held high—they too were holding a victory parade. For in 1918, as unbelievable as it may seem, the Germans also considered themselves the victors.

The program went on to illustrate how the idea that Germany was not defeated in the field of battle was nurtured and how the treason—or “stab-in-the-back”—theory was invented and became an effective propaganda slogan.

Then in stirring dramatic passages a bank clerk, a soldier, a farmer, a party worker and others told their own human stories of why they joined the National Socialist Party.

“As I listened,” a German worker revealed, commenting upon a Goebbels’s speech, “I knew it was a hallowed act to give up one’s life for Germany. I was politically reborn.”

“The scales fell from eyes,” said a gardener’s son after attending a meeting of the Anti-Semitic Schutz-und-Trutsbund. “So this was the explanation,” he continued. “This was the
reason. The Jews were our misfortune. My belief is that our leader, Adolph Hitler, was given by fate to the German nation as our saviour, bringing light into darkness . . .”

“We stand between all Europe and the Red Hordes,” argued the farmer when soliciting funds and support for the party. “Will you contribute to the cause against Communism?” he asked. “After all, our Hitler is a simple man of the people.”

So they planned, so they talked until Hitler became the Chancellor of Germany.

* * *

“Suye Mura,” based on a University of Chicago anthropologist’s report of life in Japan, went directly into an average Japanese home to analyze the nature of this foe. Professor John Embree visited the mainland in 1935 and spent a year personally observing everyday life in the small village of Suye Mura.

The setting for this program was the household of a typical Japanese farmer. Dramatic passages revealed the interesting and significant knowledge that community life in Japan is based upon close cooperation between families.

Listeners also learned that in Japan a wife is expected to be respectful, obedient and subservient to her husband, that the people feel more harshly toward Communism than they do toward Democracy, that they believe they are descended from the early gods and therefore have a touch of the divine in them.

* * *

What “The Human Adventure” illustrates with such programs as these is that war and hardship do not dim people’s interest in other people—even an alien, enemy people. A story about what others do, how and why they do it, still keeps eager ears around cracker barrels all over the world.

That is why, when faced with the task of presenting such a profound subject as the nature of the enemy, “The Human Adventure” forsok the lofty, lonesome plain of the intellectual and let typical German and Japanese people reveal their nature through the things they say and do.

The same question answered in the language of the scholar becomes too complex and too bewildering to hold for long the attention of one who is immediately more concerned with the welfare of a son on the Western front or about how to get enough coal to keep his family warm and healthy next winter.

Contrarily, nothing starts chins wagging and ears wiggling as fast as a human story about someone’s experiences, peculiarities of shortcomings.

This is as true in Tokyo or Berlin as it is in Kansas City, Missouri.
The most successful man I ever knew was also the laziest. John Trainor—to give him a name that isn’t his—has a positive dislike of making the smallest motion that isn’t absolutely necessary. His wife despairs of ever getting him to fix that stuck window or shake up the furnace—though John will waste plenty of energy playing baseball with the kids. His idea of bliss is to sit down and stay there. If he can lie down, so much the better.

But there’s one part of John that’s always busy. That’s his mind. He’s usually figuring out how he can invent work-saving gadgets which will permit him to be even lazier. Sometimes he’s had to work hard to be lazy, but he swears it’s worth it. That man’s fund of ingenuity—as with most Americans—is inexhaustible. As a result of his thoughtful brand of laziness, John Trainor has made himself one of the most successful practical scientists and inventors in the country. You’d know him at once, if I could tell you his name—and you’d say, “Lazy? He? I don’t believe it!”

This man has learned that the fruits of quiet and solitude and thought often outweigh the most frantic activity. Americans have an idea that you have to keep busy. Get things done. Keep moving. Hustle! Hurry up, there! We don’t stop often enough to think: “Well, just what are we doing? What kind of lives are we leading, anyway?”

You should see how this trait in us amazes another sort of American. I mean our neighbors to the South. I’m lucky enough to have a fairly wide acquaintance with Latin Americans. They admit that our industry, our ceaseless practicality, has made us a great and developed nation. “But,” they say wonderingly, “you North Americans don’t take time to live!”

The first time I heard that, it stopped me dead in my tracks. There’s something in it, you know. I’ve heard that criticism many, many times since. Said in all friendliness, it’s the South American verdict on us. It’s John Trainor’s verdict. The verdict of many thoughtful Americans who’d rather have a little less money, a little less success—and a little more
time with their families—or more time for citizenship, for worship of God, for simply thinking.

Let me ask you this. Aside from taking five minutes to make your New Year’s resolutions, have you sat down, between now and the first of the year, to think over how you’re living—why—and where you’re going? Have you read anything worth reading? Had a conversation that was like wine in your mind and a warmth to your heart? Or has it all been business, rush-rush-rush, and stomach ulcers? That is, all surface living.

Those people who are always making surveys say now that America is experiencing a return to religion. It may well be so. In war-time, if at no other time, we are forced to take moral stock. In the presence of life and death, of profound alterations in history, we are shaken. We are forced back to essentials. “These are the times that try men’s souls,” wrote Thomas Paine in the days of the American Revolution. Yes, and in these days too, we are being tested, weighed in the balance.

For all their personal sorrow, for all the wartime profits and the new practical inventions, these are days of a moral renaissance for America. Great days, heroic days in American history. I think—certainly I hope—our smart alec debunking of the callow twenties is about debunked out of us by now. It used to be the fashion to be ashamed of honest and deep feeling. Read the casualty lists in this morning’s paper and see how flippant and smart alec you feel. The glittering twenties were days of moral fail-

ure. All we wanted after the last war was to play. We are beginning to see our failure now. Certainly we are paying for it now, in full.

America today is in a new mood. We are re-discovering the spirit. It’s not a temporary war-time hysteria—it is a quiet, deep-lying rebirth, which will long leave its mark on us. Americans have been lost for a long time, in a cluttered fog of material things. We have been shallow. It has taken the horror of war to open our eyes sharply to basic values once more.

These are days of a certain clarity and grandeur. We must live up to the demands of our time. We must fulfill the promise that hovers in the air. Out of ourselves, out of the deep well of inner resources, with respect for all our fellow-Americans, with not merely shrewd but wise perspective, we too must bring something of grandeur. For an America that is rich in more than material things, each one of us must understand how rightly to live.

**“THE WORD” ON RADIO**

Radio’s 25th Anniversary was observed in Kansas City when J. Harold Ryan, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, addressed the Chamber of Commerce... to tell the story of the broadcasting industry’s service to the nation. WHB originated his speech to the Kansas State Network.
World Freedom

By KENT COOPER of Press and Radio

The Executive Director and General Manager of the Associated Press hopes that the nations of the world will come to know each other well enough to live together in amity and co-operation.

HOW men have learned to live together peacefully in communities and the things that contribute to that achievement, such as your community newspapers, is something which all of us—certainly all of us who love our children and our grandchildren—need to think about very, very seriously.

It has become commonplace to say that the world has become small; that it is one big community. It is easy to say, but it is difficult to feel. It is a constant source of astonishment to me to have one of our war correspondents in my office one day, then see his signed articles from the war fronts only a couple of days later.

Yes, incomprehensible as it seems, the world has grown small. We daily hear the voices of men—in my own case often of men whom I know intimately—coming over the ether waves into our very homes from the most distant corners of the world. Their voices reach us instantly and one day television will bring them and their surroundings to us as they talk.

Disavowing any intention of discussing international political questions, I, nevertheless, propose this novel suggestion: Peace can only be attained by short-circuiting self-seeking, predatory governments through

POST-WAR AVIATION

L. Welch Pogue, Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, presented America’s plan for worldwide airlines before a Kansas City meeting of the Council on World Affairs. The United States wants to permit several domestic airlines to compete in globe-circling routes.

ENTR’ACTE

The lounging lady on our center pages is Marguerite Chapman. She belongs to Columbia Pictures and looks pretty luscious even without the fishnet stockings. What gets us are those spangled britches.
letting the people of each nation really know the peoples of other nations through the medium of a worldwide free press and freedom of international news exchange. If governments will only stand aside, with a beneficent attitude toward the effort, the principle of community interest and understanding known to each of you in your own community can, through truthful news exchange, ultimately come true internationally. Then you will need neither pact nor military power to enforce friendly relations in international society.

Without mutual international acquaintance, the future is just too horrible to contemplate. The longer men concentrate on war, the more ghastly war becomes.

So, if the future is to be anything that we care to contemplate, if the engines of war are to be what they will be, it is plain that the world must learn to apply internationally the simple principle of peaceful community life that each of us knows in our home neighborhood.

Now, actually, there is no secret about it at all. It is so simple that we fail to recognize it. Communities live peacefully because the people of a community know each other.

The peoples of most nations do not know the truth about peoples of other nations, and it is a matter of considerable astonishment to many when I say they have never had adequate means of knowing each other.

In fact, the channels of international news communication were long used, systematically and usually clandestinely, not to make them know and understand but to make them fear and hate the peoples of other nations.

Right up until this war, most of the principal news agencies outside the United States were controlled by or were subservient to their governments, and what they reported as news, and what they did not report, reflected that fact.

Hitler, on coming into power 6 years before the war, took control of all media of publication, and completely regimented every form of public expression into his propaganda machine. I was in Germany a year before this war began and I found the peoples of other nations being depicted by the German press and radio as so monstrously fictional as to
seem like peoples of another planet.

It was something like that before the First World War, though not so openly malignant. Not only were the large European agencies under government control or influence, but it was fashionable to serve the crown—not the people.

It was during the last war that I developed the fervid conviction that there could be no durable peace unless the channels of international news and information were opened wide. As the peace was being written at Versailles, I had the idea that, with all the idealistic pronouncements then being made about how to end wars, it would be comparatively easy to plant the idea that the free and untrammeled flow of news would help. I hoped it would be seized upon and that proper guaranties would be included in the Versailles Treaty.

So, in Paris, I sought out Colonel House. He seemed interested and promised to discuss the matter with President Wilson. Later, he explained that the President felt the League of Nations could satisfactorily deal with the problem of opening up news channels.

Of course, it was all a vain hope. What actually happened was that the whole European news situation entered a new era of secret, restrictive agreements.

I was about to bury my hopes, and then I witnessed something that brought a firm resolve never to cease trying to effect honesty in international news exchange. That something was the parade of the Allied troops through the streets of Paris on Bastille Day. For every man marching in that victory parade there were thousands of dead.

* * *

With the outbreak of this war I disclosed, in book form, how the grip of the European news agency cartel on the sources of news and its international transmission was broken. The press and public responded encouragingly to the idea and ideal of worldwide press freedom for which I appealed. Because of this, and building upon experience and associations reaching back to Versailles, a program to create international interest took shape. So far this program has succeeded. For instance:

1. The first thing to do was to awaken interest in the matter on the part of the American press itself. The appeal was made in an address at the Associated Press annual luncheon in April, 1943.

2. Acceptance of the principle involved and cooperation of Reuters was sought. This English news agency, through the years, has had more experience in international news arrangements than all other news agencies combined. The board of directors of Reuters wholeheartedly acquiesced in the proposal by word and deed. This action by Reuters, now owned by the British press, may, in the long run, prove to be, in a practical way, the greatest contribution that can come from the Eastern hemisphere.

3. A year ago Secretary Hull was appealed to by letter. As a result, and because of a personal visit, the Depart-
ment of State began a thorough study of the question. News reports have indicated that some sort of a statement of national policy has been prepared by the Department and may possibly be announced.

4. The suggestion was made to certain individuals, prior to the Republican and Democratic conventions in Chicago, that the platform committees of both conventions be urged to adopt a plank favoring freedom of news exchange. The resolutions committees of both parties inserted news freedom planks.

5. Having accomplished this, it seemed natural to ask the Congress to declare itself. This was done. The bipartisan response was heartwarming. The concurrent resolution was adopted by unanimous vote.

With all this encouragement there is, however, the sobering conclusion that the effort is just beginning. It would be foolish optimism to say that the battle for freedom of information throughout the world has been won.

The principle is vitally important. We have got to search our hearts to see what, as individuals, each of us can do. Certainly, if newsmen have no confidence in what the product they produce can do, the layman is not going to be much excited about it. The approach must be an unselfish one. The objectives must be obtained for all, with full equality as to availability of news at the source, and availability of adequate transmission facilities at uniform nondiscriminatory rates.

Now, how close are we to a practical accomplishment of this great objective? The principles are well established here, with the press of Great Britain, its commonwealths, and with the servants of this press, namely, the various news services. Though we have gained a positive declaration here from the Congress and acceptance of the principles involved by the State Department, they are not that far along anywhere else. An expression by the British Parliament in terms worded like our congressional resolution would bring to the British press and its great news agency a needed benediction for the new militant idealism of Reuters. This is particularly needed in England because there the great news agency is going it alone, completely separate and apart from the influence of the British Government for the first time in history.

Then someone will ask about Russia and someone will ask about the rest of the inhabited globe. Here is the answer:

Russia never has known freedom of the press as we know it, but the declaration of Moscow drawn up by United Nations representatives, including our Secretary Hull, who took with him to Moscow a year ago my letter to him about freedom of the press, specified a free press for conquered Italy. Indeed, once suggested, Russia insisted upon it. I know your comment could be that Russia is willing to have a free press in every part of the world except Russia.

But how much can we blame Russia? I have been told that the inclusion
of this reference to a free press for Italy was the first time that the Soviet Government of Russia ever contemplated or perhaps even discussed freedom of the press. The trouble is that Russia will not forget that it was once despoiled in international news matters. Prior to the First World War the Russian news agency was controlled by Germans. With the outbreak of war, the Czarist government took it over. Bear in mind that this was no different from what all other European governments were doing. After the revolution in Russia, the Soviets retained control of the news agency.

No, I see no reason to begin in Russia, where the job may be hardest of all to accomplish. But Russia has made tremendous strides in many ways since revolutionary days. Only recently Russia established freedom of religion—once decried as the opium of the people. Already it has adopted the technique of the press of the democracies in many things and one day the Government of Russia will be so strong that it can well afford to grant the boon of a free press. So don’t be concerned about Russia. Let us first impose upon our enemies the principles of a free press and leave to the future the matter of Russia. With the Allied countries, except Russia and China, enforcing the principles at home, and with Russia and China joining in requiring it of the enemy countries, you have got nine-tenths of your world in line. That is, except South America where, had it not been for the upsurge of fascism and nazi-ism in Europe, there would have been no interruption to the admirable progress that the peoples of that continent were making in the matter of freedom of international news exchange. The roots of European continental trends are deeper in South America than they are here. Eradicate forever the principles that brought on this war in Europe and Asia and South America will do its part.

The entire undertaking is not impossible of accomplishment. There is ample reason to hope that the nations of the world may come to know each other well enough to live together in amity and cooperation. But certainly none of the world organizations or systems which are now being discussed for the peace to come can possibly succeed unless the first basic step is taken to assure unhindered flow of information.

You who are adept at intimate community leadership, know, better than I, how to make people understand this. You know, as well as anyone else, the frightful cost of this war in lives and suffering. You, as guardians of the rights of the people, know how to awaken the people to the fact that this effort to get these principles adopted everywhere is their responsibility—or, once again, the next war is their war.
Your Problem, Please!

The case of the unwed mother (or any other individual with a personal problem) may give you the solution to your own difficulty.

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

"O H, Mr. Anthony, I have no problem."

That is the bright opener I've had many times for a conversation with a person who doesn't think. If he analyzed his statement, he'd discover something he shouldn't like to admit: that he simply vegetates rather than lives.

Problems are a natural consequence of living. We all have them. All of us at some time must make a decision of a personal nature. It may be important or it may be less consequential than we think at the time. But in most cases, we need help in solving that problem. Since time immemorial man has sought counsel from his fellow man. This is no foolish practice. To sit back in smug complacency and say no one can be of assistance in helping you arrive at a better conclusion is almost like denying there is a sky over your head. Only a fool knows all the answers to his own problems.

It is indeed a wise man who seeks advice. But the truly wise man seeks advice of an objective nature from someone who is not involved emotionally in the particular difficulty. And this is where the human relations counselor becomes a necessary physician for the sicknesses not of the body. This type of counselor is a comparatively recent phenomenon in our present day living. But his art—that of advising your neighbor—is as old as time.

Fourteen years ago I went on the air with a session of advice on personal problems. Many an eyebrow was raised in question. Today my work is looked upon as an obvious outcome of modern thinking. Perhaps fourteen years hence, it may even be more difficult for people to realize that such an important social science was ever off the air. For this human relations counsel is a science, and it should be social. That is, it should be, in many cases, something that many can share at the same time. That's why the air is such a happy medium for this kind of work.

Radio gives me the means to teach by example. It's a way in which many listeners with troubles of their own may share the experiences of others and the advice given them. I do not mean to imply that all the listeners' personal problems can be solved just by hearing of the trials and tribulations of others. But we can avoid cer-
tain mistakes if we pay heed to the mistakes of others.

Take as an example the case of the unwed mother. I believe we may safely assume that this common pitfall may be avoided by some headstrong youngster when she hears from the lips of some heartbroken young woman the misery and agony of her own tortured soul. Nothing written can have the same impact as true life experiences related by the person involved. By pointing out to the listening bystander the dangers of loving unwisely and too well, we may help prevent another tragedy.

Those of us who learn by the mistakes of others are far happier than those who insist upon making their own errors. In its own field, preventive medicine serves the same purpose. Religion has the exact intent in the spiritual life of the individual and the community.

There follows, then, the natural question, "Isn't it true that applying to your own similar problem the solution offered some other person might be harmful?" No, that is not true, for if one applies the broad general principle outlined in the recommended solution, then the same proportionate amount of good or evil can be secured. It's almost like buying a box of aspirin. Aspirin tablets do not help everyone who swallows them; yet the instances of harm done are so rare as to be almost non-existent. Every problem needs individual attention only because every person is of a different emotional makeup. But the tremendous practical benefit of hearing the other fellow’s troubles is of such value that it is better to err on the side of too much advice rather than not enough.

Now, you say, what equips one to enter the profession of human relations counseling? The qualifications are many and varied. Recently a 19-year-old wrote to me applying for a position in my organization. He assured me he was "a good trouble listener." Well, good trouble listening isn’t enough! It takes much more than that to be able to give the advice that will solve the problems of many, through solving the specific problem in hand. Remember that, the next time you hear me say, "Your problem, please." Remember that "your" does mean yours.
APPLYING the *Golden Rule* to COURTSHIP

After all, a girl can put up with just so much! She can't go on like this—living the best years of her life on candy, flowers, and sweet nothings. Men, where is your honor!

By HELEN GREGG GREEN

For two years an attractive bachelor was attentive to a friend of mine, as fine and charming a girl as I have ever known.

One day I inquired, “Dorothy, was Tom romantic?”

“Oh yes,” she replied with insouciance.1

“Tell me about the romance!” I’m always eager to hear of that which makes the world go ’round.”

“At the end of his courtship he told me I was his best friend,” Dorothy replied, amused at the disappointed look on my face.

Here was a case where a man had done everything in his power to make a sensitive girl care for him; he had taken her to the nicest places of entertainment, had introduced her to his circle of friends, sent flowers and gifts; told her of his great admiration for her. He did everything but ask her to marry him.2

No doubt at the end of two years when Dorothy ended the unnatural romance he patted himself on the back and thought to himself, “Well, I was honorable and fair. I didn’t tell her I loved her! I didn’t encourage her to believe I was serious.”

Of course, Mr. Bachelor, you are fooling no one but yourself! You did encourage that fine girl in every possible way! You led her to believe you had serious and honorable intentions. Two years is quite a slice out of anyone’s life; especially when you have taken so much of Dorothy’s time that every other lad was frightened away.

While Dorothy showed to the world the same serene personality, all her friends who knew and loved her felt there was a deep hurt that left a permanent scar when you walked out of her life.3

This same bachelor has been repeating this pattern year after year.

---

1Insouciance: a word best characterized by the can-can flip.

2That was the most unkindest cut of all!

3You cad!
At present he has a record of three years' devoted attention to a friend of Dorothy's.4

It is plain to be seen Ellen is head over heels in love with Tom. Ellen was busy in her youth earning her way through college. She matured late, emotionally, having been interested in the more intellectual side of life as a young girl. She kept teaching year after year, working on a master's degree.5 She has a splendid position, a gracious apartment, and at long last has time for the small amenities and social graces of life.6

Tom is the real love of her life. He completely fills it. She talks of Tom as a school girl talks of her first romance.

And Tom? Again he tells her, "There is no one else," and other sweet nothings that do not in any way commit him to anything more serious than "the best friend he ever had."

But is it fair, is it honorable?7 It is plain to see Ellen considers Tom everything a woman's heart could ask for.

He well knows she is deeply, sincerely, and whole-heartedly in love with him. In fact, she has told him so. And still she doesn't know any more than you and I what her prospects are for marriage.8

For my part, I call this a form of slow torture. I have heard of a father or mother calling in a suitor and asking, "What are your intentions?"

In the particular case I have in mind, it was the mother of the girl who asked this question; the father having died.

The tall handsome young man replied, "Mrs. King, I haven't any intentions!"9

The mother then asked the lad to stop coming to see her daughter, who at once began seeing a bachelor who offered her his love and marriage. Hardly had this courtship begun when the other boy quickly acquired "intentions." He came with an engagement ring and asked that the date be set for a wedding.10

In my neighborhood lives a black-eyed, quiet girl who had received ardent attentions from a retiring but ambitious lad for several years. Frequently he told her he could not marry because of the need for financial aid for an aging mother. The girl knew the young dentist had a good practice; one evening she said to him

---

4Wouldn't you think she'd catch on?
5Once a master, but never a mistress.
6Meaning men.
7Ay, that is the question!
8Speak for yourself. We know, we know!
9Now there's an honest lad for you.
10Shucks! She got him!
when he spoke of his deep love, “I’m not an iron girl, my dear.”\(^11\) For four years you have done everything within your power to make me love you. Yet with every profession of love you tell me it is impossible for us to marry. I cannot stand this strain longer! I shall have to ask you to stop coming to see me.”

Bob, we shall call him,\(^12\) stayed away two months. Then he, too, returned to ask the size of her third finger, left hand—and tell her, “Let’s set the date of our wedding—I have talked this over with mother and she is very happy about us!”\(^13\)

A friend of mine told of a young man who liked “to have his cake and eat it too.” He gave most of his evenings to the girl he loved, but he frankly told her he enjoyed the companionship of other girls and that was that.

After several years, Evelyn said to him, “You know I care for you and yet you come to me with stories of the charm and appeal of other girls. This is not only an unhealthy, unwholesome situation but I consider this disrespectful to me. You said we have an understanding—a ‘sort of engagement.’ This is not good enough for me! I must ask you for a definite engagement with the responsibilities of an engaged man or we must not see each other any more.”\(^14\)

\(^{11}\)Calcium, maybe?

\(^{12}\)That’s not what we’d call him, the so-and-so!

\(^{13}\)Another good man down.

\(^{14}\)“Never darken my door again etc. . . .”

The Don Juan stayed away from his true love for three months; in which time she became thin, lost her appetite, and was close to a nervous breakdown. But at the end of three months there was an announcement of their engagement. Now there is a happy marriage and two fine babies.\(^15\)

I know of another case of a young widow and a stunning bachelor. With his devoted attention, he inferred “I love you,” many times but never was a word said that in any way bound him. The young widow sensing this, felt this “ersatz relationship” would probably go on for years. She tried to break off the romance; the bachelor mailed a beautiful gift in posthaste. “He means to talk things over,” she said to herself. But the cagey bachelor arrived and nothing of importance was said.

The wise little widow, half ill with the strain, packed her trunks and planned to leave.

With the trunks standing packed ready for their destination the bachelor called and insisted that the vivacious young widow still make her home in his city.

She left the next day. The bachelor is still a bachelor\(^16\) and the woman he admired is happily married to a splendid man with more honorable ideas of courtship.

In my father’s youth he had as a dear friend a man a few years younger than he.

\(^{15}\)Cf. note 10.

\(^{16}\)Well, thank goodness, here’s one who didn’t succumb to the old squeeze play!
He had been “courting” a girl for several years when suddenly one moonlight night he said to her, “My dear, I have decided I do not want to get married. I am sorry to tell you this but I feel it the fair thing to do.”

The girl’s eyes flashed and she replied spiritedly, “It is indeed the thing to do! Neither do I want to marry you.” The next day Anne left for a visit with a rich uncle in a city some miles distant from her home town.

The papers published pictures of the lovely girl and described the wonderful time “the popular Anne Lindsay is having as the house guest of her uncle.” Reports came back of Anne’s popularity. Her former fiancé was told she was flamboyantly happy and carefree.

The chagrined young man came time and again to my father. “I thought David was going to lose his mind,” my father confided to my mother. “He wrote letters begging Anne to return and marry him.” Part of the letters were returned unopened. At long last he boarded a train and almost by force took Anne to the minister’s.

Playing with the hearts of women is a serious matter. Men who want to live by an honorable code should do a lot of thinking before they permit a human heart to become a toy for their whims and pleasure.

“All men kill the thing they love” is too often literally the case. There are certain obligations and trusts which should be shared and understood during the courting period. Naturally, a few casual “dates” hold no importance. But when a man does everything within his power to make a woman care deeply, to cause her to love him mentally, physically, spiritually, do you not agree it is up to him to follow through with a frank statement of his intentions and expectations? Should there not be fairness and honor in a relationship as fine, sacred, and meaningful as a courtship of several years? When a man is doubtful about the right thing to do let him say to himself, “Am I applying the Golden Rule in my courtship?” and the answer will indeed lead him to the path of honor and fair play.

17 The quotation marks are not ours.
18 Neither are the italics.

19 Know any?
20 Cf. note 17.
21 Preferably engraved on zinc.
22 Watch your language, there!
23 “Hope springs eternal etc. . . .”
Lady, you're all wet! Ah, no! Not this day and age—not when raincoats are something you don't even save for a rainy day!

All through her feminine career, from kindergarten to canteens and clubs, the little woman has had to cope with the vagaries of weather and the problem of saving her pretty dress and her dignity—come rain, snow or hail. She kicked off the ugly rubbers, frequently "mislaid" the bulky raincoat, and finally made a virtue out of necessity when she put fashion in the rain, or rain in fashion, as you like it. The result of her conniving to circumvent the choice of looking scrubby or getting wet from the feet up, is now evident in rainwear. Coats, footwear, and headgear are created for good looks, in good style. Their undeniable utility is only incidental.

These days manufacturers are experimenting with new and different fabrics. They try almost everything—rubber, cottons, rayons, satins, taffetas, sharkskin, gabardines, airplane cloth, twills—and all of them treated to make them waterproof. Styles have become so attractive—who knows whether it's a coat for the rain or a coat for the sun, and who cares!

One day in the showroom of the Celanese Corporation of America, Marian Wright of Sherman Brothers happened to see on display a man's jacket made of a Celanese fabric of the sharkskin type. Miss Wright picked up the jacket, remarked how well it would look in a raincoat, and immediately began to stir the vision of a new textile medium that would put the plain utilitarian raincoat into the fashion picture. Thus accidentally was born the idea which resulted in a new kind of raincoat. It's called "Celareign," and has just been introduced in several spring coat styles.

"Celareign" is a modern, synthetic fabric made entirely of Celanese yarn. The cloth is similar to those immaculate white tropical suitings preferred by men in the South, and has never before been used in raincoats. It is shower-resistant, and soil-resistant, light in weight, but with sufficient body to give it firm, clean lines.

In such raincoats you may expect—and find—such details as the broad, padded shoulder and dropped armhole, tailored lapels, built-in belt lines and officer pockets. Not the least of their fashion appeal is color. There is a sandy beige, canary yellow, bright aqua, blue, and white.

Rainwear like this is a work of art! And it's about time something so essential was also made beautiful. In a Celareign—in one of the new smart-cut, well-fitted waterproof coats—it's a wise gal who has sense enough not to come in out of the rain!
By WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

Movies for the Theatres of War

Lana Turner's latest, and other Hollywood delights and documents, take the long way home—via Timbuctoo—thanks to the industry's good business policy.

IF you were in business, how would you like to reduce the price of your commodity for 3 years—so that men in the service would benefit to the tune of $50,000,000? This is a staggering figure. Yet the movie industry collectively ran their business this way for the 36 months following Pearl Harbor. At movie houses all over the country, more than 150,000 men and women in uniform, drew tickets cut two-thirds to fifty per cent of the regular tariff.

These monumental figures still do not include the 14-cent admission which has prevailed at the approximate 900 Army Camps where there are from one to six movie theatres. In all cases, the Army theatre gets priority over civilian-operated movies and all of the important pictures are shown at the Army-operated theatres thirty or more days in advance of first-run downtown theatres.

Because of the large number of trainees in Army Camps, films are usually shown two and three days in an effort to accommodate one and all in uniform. Wives and sweethearts of service men and women living on the grounds or in the vicinity are asked not to attend the Camp shows, because cut-rate admission is designed strictly for those in service.

By an arrangement between the Red Cross and War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry all hospitals housing wounded soldiers are given pictures hot from the studios without charge. This not only applies to hospitals in this country but in all foreign theaters of war.

Another service unusually popular with families of men and women in the Armed Forces is to furnish clips of their beloved and friends who appear in newsreels. Requests have been made time and again to managers of local theatres for such clips. The motion picture companies have given carte blanche to managers to provide them where requests are made. Some theatre managers go even further. They make enlargements of the clips at their own expense and send them to the families interested. The idea has proved itself a tremendous goodwill builder.

There have been several instances where the industry, in a desire to hasten delivery of prints to Army Camps here and abroad, have shipped films
air express at their own expense. Only recently the boys in the Pacific held a world premiere of a Lana Turner picture. The request for a first showing anywhere came from the men in that war theater. The producer was only too happy to hold "Marriage Is a Private Affair" from the American market until the men in the Pacific put on a little hoopla show of their own. When informed of the Pacific premiere, Miss Turner decided to go the producers one better. She made a trailer, a direct message to the boys, and told them how thrilled she was about the whole affair.

According to the Army Overseas Motion Picture Service, there have been as many as 32,000,000 admissions a month at film shows in all overseas camps. These are gratis showings, with the film companies supplying 16 millimeter prints.

There is a dual purpose behind the motion picture industry's gesture. One is to help maintain high-spirited morale. The other, simply good business, is to remind the boys and girls in the service that the best in motion pictures is for their enjoyment both now and in the future, when they come back from doing a great job over there.

ANSWERS TO
QUIZ, PAGE 6,
"IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?"

1. — k  13. — r
2. — l    14. — e
3. — m    15. — f
4. — d    16. — h
5. — i    17. — a
6. — n    18. — w
7. — c    19. — v
8. — j    20. — t
9. — b    21. — q
10. — s   22. — o
11. — u   23. — g
12. — x   24. — p
Swingin' with the stars

Pictures expected in April • Kansas City

ATKINS AUDITORIUM
NELSON ART GALLERY
8 p. m. Admission free.
April 4—LA BOHÈME.

LOEW'S MIDLAND
KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY—
But your b Hanky may get a bit damp from a furtive tear or two tucked into this bright comedy of army manners. Lana Turner, Susan Peters, and Laraine Day are three gals who join the WAC and learn about sportsmanship. Agnes Moorehead is in it, too.
THE CLOCK—Judy Garland without a song. She has Robert Walker instead. Together they give us this warm and sweet story of a soldier's leave. Paul Gallico wrote it.

THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY—Oscar Wilde's old moral tale retold with gestures. Hurd Hatfield is Dorian, the man whose portrait changes with the years and the sins, but whose own face remains guileless and young. George Sanders is the bored and blase Lord Henry into whose mouth Oscar put many of his own bitter-brilliant philosophies. Angela Lansbury and the Devi Dja dancers are included in the cast.

WITHOUT LOVE—Another one of those bright, swift comedies starring the indefatigables, Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Lucille Ball is also around for color.

THE NEWMAN
BRING ON THE GIRLS—A big, bright musical starring Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Eddie Braden, and Marjorie Reynolds. So you can see—it's very big and very bright. Lots of song and dance, with a bubble bath thrown in for good measure.

PRACTICALLY YOURS—Another of those comedies about a uniform and a girl—distinguished this time by Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert and a pup with a pig nose. Robert Benchley does a droll routine with a sleeping bag. Slapstick and sentiment, nicely blended.

OBJECTIVE, BURMA—Errol Flynn without winmen. This time he's a paratrooper, operating behind Japanese lines in Burma. Henry Hull, George Tobias, and a lot of others appear in this action piece directed by Raoul Walsh under the eagle-eye of four experienced technical advisers. Gripping as a stuck zipper—and several times more exciting.

RKO ORPHEUM

THE THREE CABALLEROS—Disney out—Disneys Disney. This good neighbor extravaganza takes Donald Duck, Jose Caricca, and Panchito, a Mexican rooster, on a flying-serape tour of Mexico and points south of the border. About the trickiest and most colorful thing you ever sat dazzled through. New technique brings flesh! (and what flesh!) and blood senoritas into the cartoon, so that live actors and cartoon drawings dance and sing together and everybody's happy.

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT—Big and biographical. The story of General Chennault's Flying Tigers over the Burma Road—with Dennis Morgan as Col. Robert Lee Scott, Jr., and Dane Clark as one of the Tigers. Raymond Massey portrays Gen. Chennault. Some terrific air fights. Alan Hale makes a very convincing flying padre.

IT'S A PLEASURE—And Sonja Henie is delectable in technicolor. Ice shows and hockey playing are all mixed up in this story of a girl's faith in a lovable scamp. Michael O'Shea is the scamp. Lots of pretty girls on ice.

THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE—Tender little story of a plain girl and a disfigured soldier, who learn that love's illusion can be lasting. Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young are starred, with Herbert Marshall, Mildred Natwick, and Spring Byington.

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Catherine of Russia again—this time mixed up with a young lieutenant in a fictitious affair directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Tallulah Bankhead and William Eythe play the hussy and the hussar, respectively. Anne Baxter is the lady in waiting. Probably the most luxuriously upholstered costume piece since Scarlett O'Hara tore down those green velvet drapes.

SUDAN—Maria Montez romps through another Hollywood fairy tale, with Jon Hall and Turhan Bey doing high deeds and looking just too wonderful. It's in technicolor. Andy Devine supplies the laughs.

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—returns at popular prices. Franz Werfel's novel made into a tremendous picture. Jennifer Jones won the Oscar last year for her portrayal of the French peasant girl who saw the vision at Lourdes. There isn't a bad performance in the film. Charles Bickford, Vincent Price, Blanche Yurka, Gladys Cooper, William Eythe, and especially Anne Revere are all just about perfect. Beautiful music—a beautiful picture.

THE TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week; singing, dancing, acrobatics, comics, and what not—usually of considerable merit. On the screen—double features, either mystery, horror, breezy comedy, or westerns.
PORTS OF CALL

JUST FOR FOOD ...

★ CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. One ranch where you're happy to be fenced in! Hearty beef stew, steaks, thick hamburgers, sausages, homemade pie—see whatta mean? Wall decorations taken from Paul Wellman's "Trampling Herd." Fun to look at while you wait. Not that you have to wait so long, of course. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2595.

★ DICK'S BAR-B-Q. It's "Up the Alley" for barbecued meats and chicken, with a dash of sauerkraut on the side. Big, bary, atmospheric; inhabited after the theatre by lots of interesting people. Open 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

★ ED'S LUNCH. A printer's-devil of a place, replete with ink and atmosphere, doughnuts and coffee. It's just back of that edifice where they turn out the daily paper, and tenanted at all hours by people of the press. There's a side room where the reporters gather at their own special table, and three or four stools at the counter in the main room where you better not sit in your good clothes. That's where the printers sit when they sneak in the back door in their workin' jeans. The food here is plain but satisfactory, the drink is beer, and the magazines up front are something you'd never see any place else! Open all night, and a casual, comfortable place to stop. 1713 Grand. GR. 9732.

★ EL NOPAL. Authentic Mexican food and waitress. Both good. A small and unpretentious place that serves wonderful enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works! 416 West 13th. HA. 4530.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. All the comforts of home—and then some! Mrs. Dowd serves some of the finest fried chicken in these parts, in a gracious atmosphere. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ JAN'S GRILL. Open 24 hours daily (except for their weekly holiday on Tuesdays). Comfortable and attractive spot to wind up an evening with visiting firemen. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ KING JOY LO. Chinese food—or had you guessed? Chop suey with shrimp, maybe; egg foo yung; a wonderful soup; fried rice—all that sort of thing, served smoothly in a pleasant upstairs restaurant overlooking Main Street. 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Busy and bright; probably the best service in town; chocolate eclair. Open all night, too. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. A jump up from the lobby. Music is piped in from the Cabana, pleasantly counterpoint to the conversation. A nice blonde room where you can get a wonderful cheese and nut sandwich, in case you're interested. Also the more substantial foods. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Fried chicken dinners, served up on silver and spode. Immaculate and dignified, and the service is rather special. Be sure to have reservations. 9 East 45th. WE. 7700.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Full of business men and cretonne. Wolfman's famous food gets better and better as it goes up—from the downstairs grill, past the balcony, to the second floor. A large pleasant room serving luncheon only, and mostly to pin-striped Calvert men and women who go through life seeing the manager.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher-style cooking, with most of your favorite kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families like it for a tribal pow-wow, and especially on Sundays.

FOR FOOD AND DRINK

(Curfew did ring, after all)

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Decca's Joshua Johnson, in white satin and phosphorescent fingernails, still beats out tremendous boogie under that weird black light. Reason enough for going back time and again. Or, if that's not enough, there are some funny old two-reel comedies run off on a screen above the bar. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Where no bills are introduced—but you may run several up—especially if you go in big for Congress steaks (when they have 'em) and their really good dinner salads. Fran Ritchey is caressing the keys this month. Park the car in the Congress garage, come in thru the back way, and park the carcus at the bar. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ DUFFY'S TAVERN. "Where you don't meet the elite—but you eat!" It says there. A big, bright, untidy, noisy room where you're quite likely to have a lot of fun. Barbecue—if you're hungry; Joe Hamm, Whitey Hayes, and Little Buck will probably sing for your supper. Try and stop 'em! 218 West 12th. GR. 8964.
IN KANSAS CITY

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. Formerly Jim Lee's, now in the capable hands of Harry Turner, who keeps the place busy and clean, and sees that the menu is sufficiently varied. Luncheon from 11:30 to 2:30; dinner from 5 to 10. There are a couple of huge circular booths that are fun for big parties—and a bar for lone wolves. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Open from 4 till curfew; closed on Sunday. You may have to stand in line for Signora Teresa's spaghetti—but it's worth it. Looks something like a third-rate set for a movie beer-garden—has a deserved reputation for wonderful Italian food. And the Bondons will bless you for having the good taste to order wine with your meals. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ MORRIS DELICATESSEN. Morris and his daughter serve the best Jewish delicatessen in town. Go back and take a look at the case—then establish yourself in a booth with a drink, or some coffee—and the richest, tangiest sandwiches, sliced meats, and salads you ever dreamed up in these days or any other. 3221 Troost. WE. 3410.

★ OFFICERS' CLUB. Just in case you're an officer, you should know about the Walnut Room, just down the street as you enter the Phillips on 12th. All the comforts of home—plus an orchestra on Saturday nights—and Dorothea Bushman! She's your hostess—and nice. Set-ups on Sunday, if you wish. Lunch, dinner, supper, and big leather lounge chairs!

★ PLAZA BOWL. Which means just what it says—bowling, plus the wherewithal for an appetizing luncheon or dinner or somestimulatin' drinkin'. The Eddy's—George, Sam, and Ned maintain a well-rounded place to help you maintain the well-rounded figure. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Zena and Mary Dale move out south, from the downtown Royale. They play the piano, organ, solovox, and what-not, you know. And there's Kay Van Lee, the graphologist, in case you run out of conversation. Here's a very comfortable lounge, with some satisfactory drinkin' and dinin' qualities. 614 West 48th. Lo. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR. Upstairs and downstairs and all around the counter there's good food for three times a day. Downstairs is most fun around five. It catches a lot of tired business men and white collar gals who pay the Price for a quick refresher. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Usually has more standing than sitting—because there's more room, perpendicularly. Always crowded, and with good reason—partly those Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. Piano music by night, in case you can hear above the hubbub. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. One of the better places to be caught in a convivial mood—thanks to the Muehlebach cellars and the generally pleasant atmosphere. A rather noisy well-bred room with no entertainment except what you can stir up in your own table talk. That's usually enough. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. An institution—since the days of Sarah Bernhardt, Theodore Roosevelt, et al. They all knew the old Savoy—the same as gourmets know it now. Here's mellowness about the place—from the dim browned murals, the high leather booths to the favorite old retainers. George, John, and Brown have been here for years. The food is traditional in style, up-to-the-minute in method. Steaks usually available here, and lobsters as large as you like them. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Zola and her organ melodies return from out south, and Betty Burgess, the graphologist, stays to read your writin'. But shucks, the place is almost its own excuse for being! Chummy and just noisy enough, and conveniently close to the sidewalk. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. If you have too much fun in the station bar, you never the train shall meet. Might try mixing those drinks with some of Fred Harvey's famous food in the next room. Union Station. GR. 1100.

JUST FOR A DRINK

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Bring your bundles and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 to 5, two drinks for the price of one, heart heart! After that, regular prices, but they're gentle. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ EL CABANA. Just off the side-walk, and always crowded. An institution here is Alberta Bird, who plays the novachord, alternating with Lenora Nichols. The walls have some nice dancers painted on—if you can see them. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ OMAR ROOM. If you're looking for a book of verses underneath a bough, better bring your own. Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape or a reasonable facsimile, and there'll be singing, or its equivalent, in the wilderness. A dim and cushiony room that somehow always makes us think a bombing squad is about to come over. Maybe that's that last one we drank. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. The attraction here is the old two-reelers that are run off from time to time—vintage of 1900 and up. You may catch an old Charlie Chaplin comedy, or some of the Keystone Cops. It's a microscopic lounge; better get there early, or keep trying. State Hotel, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★ THE TROPICS. Oasis on the third floor. A melee of palm fronds, grass skirts, and bamboo—not very authentic but definitely pleasant. Music under the coconut shell comes from Margaret Melby at the piano, and from Vera Claire and marimba. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A soft green lounge, with Sandoval (formerly of Ciro's), Armandita, and that sort of intimate neighborliness that makes you feel like one of the family. It's about half way home—and you're a better man than we are if you can pass it by. Hotel Bellwive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.
WITH DANCING

★ COLONY RESTAURANT. Long, narrow room flanked by a bar, and including a dance floor, where you can trip the light fantastic, or just trip, from 7:30 till curfew. Saturday afternoon dancing from 1:30 till 4:00, with music by Arlene Terry and her boys. You can have lunch here as well as dinner. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ CROWN ROOM. From 6 to 7:30—entertainment without tax. Dancing from 8:00 p.m. The wherewithal comes from the Eddie Beach trio—piano, bass and guitar—fresh in from Chicago. Really a nice spot out from downtown. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 7262.

★ CUBAN ROOM. Authorities say you'll find the best Kansas City jazz in town, here in this casual room which has a dance floor of adequate size, and spaghetti with more than one meat ball. The Cuban Room trio consists of Fess Hill at the piano, Herman Walder on the alto sax, and a drummer. Herman has recorded with Andy Kirk, Benny Moten, et al. They bounce the beat from seven to twelve.

★ DRUM ROOM. Bob McGrew and the boys come back to town, enroute to their summer stint at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Bob is a gentleman and a musician! You'll like him. The girl who doubles on piano is Kay Hill. There's dancing at dinner and supper; no cover. The Drum's mushroom omelettes can make meat rationing seem almost fortunate. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ EL BOLERO. Notable for several things—among them Marguerite Clark (who used to sing over WHB); the crayon murals; and the casual informality of the place. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ EL CASBAH. Esquire lists it as one of the four most popular clubs in the country. Barney Goodman's entertainers are a large part of the reason why. Dwight Fiske, no less, moves in for the first week of April, followed by Shirley Dennis, who sings little songs. There's dancing to the music of Charlie Wright's orchestra; tea dancing Saturday afternoon. Week-night cover—$1.00; Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN. Preferred spot on the south side, even sans orchestra and entertainment. There's a juke box to dance by, and several different spots to sit and sip. It's a cafeteria by day—a restaurant by night—and a nice drop-in at any time. 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Where Julia Lee—brown, buxom, and genuine—plays jazz piano and sings of sex and woe. She's kept the place open 11 years. Which should mean something. And does. It's a dim, smoky, crowded place, and authentic. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Ah, here we are! Shrug those sables, sister, and try with a salad whipped up before your very eyes by Walter. One of the town's ultras—with excellent food and service, and dancing to the music of Dee Peterson's orchestra. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Pink and plushy, with music at noon and night. Dancing at dinner and supper. Bobby Meeker and his orchestra do the honors. The famous Muehlebach courtesy and the Muehlebach cellars keep the Grill right up to the town's top. For reservations, call Gordon, GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

What's Your Idea?

—about how to have the form divine? Rube Goldberg has a wonderful system for reducing. You probably heard him on the air the other day when he appeared as guest on the Duffy-Mott program, "What's Your Idea?" It comes over Mutual via WHB, five days a week, at 10:45. Anyway, Rube's theory, as expounded to Imogene Wolcott, is that all women could have perfect figures simply by eating while standing on a scale. As the woman's weight increases, a magnet moves toward a small steel ball, picking it up and tilting it. This releases a golf ball which drops on an ant hill. At this point a midget takes a swing at the golf ball, misses it, and knocks a chunk out of the ant hill, scattering the ants. Whereupon, an ant eater, attached to the table, goes after the ants, thereby moving the table away from the hungry young lady. She can't eat any more, and thus she preserves that beautiful figure!
You Can Help... Bring 'Em Back Alive!

RED CROSS
222 West 11th, HA. 2341—There's still
The Blood Bank. Have you joined the
Gallon Club yet? Or is your blood too
blue?

KANSAS CITY CANTER
1021 McGee, VI. 9266—If you'd like to
volunteer as a telephone operator, or
work at the Snack Bar, stop in for an
interview. If you'd like to help make the
boys feel at home, contribute some pies,
cakes, or cookies; cigarettes (you know,
those long thin white things); razors or
blades; soap; brushless shaving cream; new
dance records.

U.S.O. CLUB
3200 Main, LO. 7525, WE. 1331—
Towels, soap, razor blades, sheets and pil-
lowcases—all the comforts of home! That's
what they could use.

LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER
2047 Main, VI. 5254—Can use cookies—
homemade ones; also fruit, cigarettes, soap,
and towels.

SERVICE MEN'S CLUB
15 East Pershing Road, VI. 0798—Some
ladies' organization—a Sunday School
class, a neighborhood club, etc.—could do
their good deed by donating pies on a
certain day each week. Let the Service
Club depend on you for so many pies on
specific days. They'd appreciate it. They
could also use games—checkers and cards.
And cigarettes, of course...

SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL
1021 McGee, VI. 2367—They can use
some coathangers. Also toothpaste and
powder, besides the usual needs such as
homemade food, sheets, towels, and razor
blades.

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF
1330 Grand, VI. 4659—Needs volunteers,
individually or in groups, for sewing sim-
ple, ready-cut garments, either in their
work-room or in your own home. You
might also drop one, purl two for them—
or fill household utility kits, or help sell
the Russian novelties at their headquarters.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE BUREAU
Y.W.C.A., 1020 McGee, Room 500, VI.
7535. Through this bureau you may be-
come highly useful as a librarian, clerical,
clinic, or nursery aide; as a group leader
in arts and crafts; or as a dancing in-
structor. Give 'em a ring, how about?

HOW TO COMMUNICATE

with your Favorite Man overseas...

Carrier Pigeon: Probably not too reliable to send him the birdie. The pidge
might hitch-hike on a clipper, but by the way, do you know any carrier
pigeons?

Wig-Wag: But maybe you weren't ever a Boy Scout. Besides, it's an awful
long way from here to Leyte, Ceylon, or Berlin.

Regular Mail: Effective, but slow. Bulky, too. Your letter may get bumped
and legitimately—for a container of plasma or Spam.

Mental Telepathy: Sure. Your thoughts are always with him. But why not
verify the fact daily? Let him know it by—

V-Mail: Because V-Mail always flies—and for just 3c! Because 43,000
V-Mail letters go in the space that would carry only 300 regular letters.
Because one plane can transport as many letters written V-Mail as would
fill 49 planes if written for regular mail.
Because V-Mail always reaches its destination—sooner and not later.
MISS MAE WEST and the dim-out arrived in the Windy City at about the same time. Miss West brought with her a very bad play called “Catherine Was Great,” a louthish, lumbering attempt at the lascivious which might be called a burlesque show for women only.

The brown-out brought with it some really first class histronics on the part of the guys who run the saloons. To a man, from the managers of the plushy places down to the West Madison Street bouncers, they are putting on a sorrowful scene far surpassing anything achieved by the various defunct opera companies that have tried to make a go of it at the Civic Opera House. There has been a great weeping, and a wailing, and a wringing of hands, since the dim-out and the curfew began to take their toll of the carefree and merry. The 5100 Club is now said to be down to its last Irish tenor, while the 606 Club—home of maidens who frolic around in as few beads as Mayor Kelly will allow—is stripping itself of strippers. Only the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman, which specializes in loud bands for the prom-trotting and jitterbug crowd, seems to be holding its own. The kids get tired of drinking cokes, wear themselves out on the dance floor, and go home early without any prompting from Ernie Byfield—or Mr. Byrnes.

However, for the benefit of those Kansas City bon vivants who call Joe Sherman’s Garrick Lounge “home” when they’re in Chicago, it must be reported that Joe’s place is just as smoky as ever, and just about as noisy. There is now the added attraction of Joe running up and down behind the bar blowing a policeman’s whistle at 11:45 p.m. That’s the only way he can make himself heard above the band.

Getting back to the drama, the Shubert boys were in town the other day and rescued the Great Northern Theatre from a series of peep shows that began with “Maid in the Ozarks” and ended, none too soon, with a dull and dirty little number called “Unexpected Honeymoon.” Henceforth the theater will operate under the Shubert banner and house chiefly operettas and musical revues requiring a large stage. The first attraction will be a Theatre Guild show—“Sing Out Sweet Land.”

As “Sweet Land” and “One Touch of Venus” move in—Eddie Dowling, Laur ette Taylor and the fine play, “The Glass Menagerie,” are deserting the Loop for Broadway. This is the production which Ashton Stevens called “the best play in fifty years.” We think New York will like it, too.

And, oh yes, Mr. Burton Holmes—complete with goatee—is in his umptieth season as a travel lecturer, talking this year on “Guatemala” and “Mexico”—in technicolor. Burton has had his wings clipped by the war, but he still fills Orchestra Hall two or three times a week with those who can’t get enough of the travelog shorts at the movies. If you must entertain Aunt Minnie while you’re in Chicago, Burton is a safe bet.

Combating the dim-out over at the huge Stevens Hotel is another special revue staged by Anthony Nelle. This will be his last show before leaving town for his yearly duties with the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Mr. Nelle’s productions in the magnificent Boulevard Room, which at one time was a lonely place where the waiters
played tic-tac-toe to pass the time, have been monumentally successful. The Nelle method is to assemble three or four colorful variety acts and blend them into a show, using his "stock company" composed of the dancing Even Stevens, the Six Sophisticates, and singers Nora Neal and Phil Kinsman as the backbone.

Visiting stay-uppers (until twelve), will also be pleased to hear that Willie Shore is back at the Chez Paree after more than three years on the USO circuit. Enough said. . . . And the casualty of the late winter was Bert Wheeler at the Latin Quarter who learned, too late, that a comican needs to have a good routine, well-rehearsed.

Chicago is talking about the rash of radio shows that are breaking out at military hospitals in this area. Most of the stations in town now want to originate programs at the Gardiner, Vaughan, and Great Lakes hospitals. WIND got going first with an audience participation show, "Prizes for Prize Guys," featuring Fran Allison (who used to be on "Breakfast Club") and a bevvy of beauties from radio row. Other programs are ready to go on WMAQ and WGN-Mutual, with at least three more stations planning to entertain wounded service men.

Chicago is talking about the general apathy toward the Sox and the Cubs this spring. So far the sports writers haven't been able to work up even a good sweat over the chances of either team's winning anything. There's more interest in Chicago sporting circles in the Blues signing Casey Stengel.

Chicago is talking about the announced closing of the Naval Reserve Midshipman School at Abbott Hall. Soon the non-military populace will no longer be able to watch the "ninety day wonders" hepping along at a military clip on Chicago Avenue. One of the most reassuring sights of the war will be gone.

However, "maneuvers" will still be going on in the Scotch and Soda sector. Visitors from afar can still watch the soldiers and sailors "take" Randolph Street—any night.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Casual . . .

★BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. The smart, modern room with its Balinese murals, delightful bar, and copper dance floor, is a favorite dinner rendezvous. Boasts the dance music of Bill Bennett and his orchestra along about nine. 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

★BAMBOO ROOM, Parkway Hotel. For a charming tete-a-tete, lose yourself in the intimate Bamboo Room, where cocktailings is done with finesse. Particularly relaxing, conducive to quiet conversation, amid a rich atmosphere. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 9000.

★BISMARCK HOTEL. Double-barreled entertainment in the form of the Walnut Room and the Tavern Room. The former offers the sweet danceable music of Buddy Franklin's band, with Harriet Collins, vocalist, plus Talia Wermouth, popular dancer, and Art Nelson's superb marionettes. The Tavern Room features Allan Kane and his boys, who bring out the audience, starting with community singing and ending with a square dance. Other attractions are the statuesque Iris Stothard, The Paulens, Al Nilsen and Russ Morrison. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. The sweet swing music of Chuck Foster keeps patrons dance-happy, as Gloria Foster and Jimmy Confer do the vocals. Edward and Diane weave beautiful dance designs and there is the novel mind-reading act of Ray Parker and his exuberant dummy, "Porthole." Due soon—Del Courteney with Dottie Dotson and Johnny Williams, in new show. Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.
Swing

April, 1945

★BUTTERY, AMBASSADOR (WEST) HOTEL. Bright fiesta colors are contrasted with a white, modern background in this long, narrow room with its small bar at one end, and tiny dance floor at the other. Booths are comfy and cozy. Dancing to the music of Dave Morris' orchestra, as Pat Willis does catchy ditties. Popular spot for nightcappers. (NEAR-NORTH). N. State and W. Goeto. Sup. 7200.

★HELSDING'S VODVIL LOUNGE. Jimmy Costello, comedian-emcee, is contributing new gags and routines to the well-balanced show produced by Frank J. Hogan. The many acts include Mal Cardo, deceptively "pitch" man, Johnny Allen, the singing find of the year, and Jeanne Williams, songstress super, plus musical interludes by Alice Oleson and Chet Roble and his band. 4361 N. Sheridan. Buc. 6800.

★JAMES ISBELL'S SHOW LOUNGE. The imaginative piano interludes of Mike Young, and the musical trio of Howard Bestul provide solid entertainment for pleasure-seeking winers and diners. Latecallers who have missed out on the complete dinners will find tasty midnight snacks awaiting them. 1079 Bryn Mawr Ave. Lon. 8967.

★LA SALLE HOTEL, Pan American Room. Collette and Barry's revue called "The Little Show" is still on display and suits to perfection the intimate decor of this room. Production numbers range from a charming waltz to an auto ride in the Gibson girl era. Between routines, Harold Barry doubles as emcee. Former concert violinist, Florian ZaBach, and his orchestra provide light dance and dinner music, and Jimmie Rogers-Kelley offers extremely illuminating pianologues. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★THE NORMANDY. Lew Andrew's intimate supper club with the marine motif features pretty violinist; Bea Macer and her orchestra. In the 'Petite' show is Marie Lawler whose songs keep patrons clamoring for more; Savina, a charming dancer who does Russian numbers; Fred Strahl, a nimble Negro tap dancer, and Don Strahl, pianist, with boogie and semi-classical keyboard work and a unique style of singing. 1110 W. Lawrence. Rav. 9060.

★SHERMAN HOTEL. College Inn. The music of Hal McIntyre and his orchestra, which can be either celestial or down-to-earth, depending on the mood, is an extremely pleasing background for the baritone of Al Noble and the powerful singing of tiny Ruth Gaylor. Carl and Faith Simpson's marionettes do a series of acts including the Andrews Sisters' "Rum and Coca-Cola." The four Marimba Co-eds, dynamic musical quartette, are likewise applause-compelling. Woody Herman is due in mid-March. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★TRADE WINDS. Hy Ginnis' cafe is the pet of nightlifers, with its good food and liquors, and hospitable service. It's a friendly spot in the tropical mood, with barbecued ribs, charcoal-broiled steaks and chops, and choice beverages. A perfect place for winding up an active evening, open late. 867 N. Rush St. Sup. 5496.

Colorful...

★BLUE DANUBE CAFE. If you're looking for old-European atmosphere and tidy surroundings, this is for you. The Hungarian cooking is really wonderful, though it takes a hearty appetite, for it's substantial. And there's the carefree music of Bela Babai's gypsy ensemble and songs by Maritza. (NORTH). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5983.

★DON THE BEACHCOMBER. Since everybody is so tropical-minded these cold nights, you'd do well to phone in your reservation, or you'll wait back of the rope. This house of the tropics has all the dreamy atmosphere you could wish for—satiny-covered walls, bamboo baskets, soft lights, island music and all. The fancy drinks are as much a delight to the eye as they are to the palate, and the food is a delightful adventure. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★IVANHOE. A page from knighthood's history! Room after room of surprises. A thrilling descent to the Catacombs far below, deep in the cellar. There are six different bars throughout the castle—and when you're through roaming you will find the Enchanted Forest, super wining and dining spot, awaiting you, where Barney Richards' orchestra, Helen Sumner, Kay Becker and Vierra's Hawaiians send forth melodies. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.


SINGAPORE. Devotees of the simpler things in life, such as tasty barbecued ribs, always send their way into Singapore, which, incidentally, has an attractive bamboo interior. The Malay Bar is always alive with animated conversation and the clinking of glasses. Stars from other cafes in town invariably wind up their evenings here. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.

★SARONG ROOM. A long stairway leads you to a cozy, intimate room with exotic murals, a bar, tables, and a small dance floor. A trio of musicians play your favorite dance tunes as well as light dinner music. Later in the evening, strange Balinese music accompanies the exotic dancers in their weird movements. In addition to the beautiful Balinese ceremonial dances, there is a volcanic Tahitian ritual number by Mono Api, and a thrilling dagger dance by George Kirsoff. Along with all this, the Devi-Dja dancers themselves. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.
★SHANGRI-LA. Tropical paradise, where tables nestle along wall balconies under silvery palms, and you forget your cares over tall, intriguing tropical drinks and superb Cantonese food. The menu tells the story of over fifty delectable dishes prepared after recipes dating back to the time of Confucius. A favorite after-the-theatre spot. 222 N. State. Dea. 9733.

★YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. Colonel Yaschenko extends a royal welcome to this master-piece of Russian elegance. The cocktail lounge, with its murals and deep, comfortable sofas, enhances the pleasure of leisurely cocktails, while the Boyar Room beckons with Russian delicacies and the music of George Scherban and his gypsy. Dining at its continental best, under the direction of Louis Steffen. Closed on Sundays. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

Bars of Music ...

★ADMARIL LOUNGE. Between the gay piano tunes of Al Mulvaney and the accordion melodies of Joe Petrocelli, evening cocktails take on an added punch. 24 So. Dearborn St. Dea. 6230.

★AIRLINER. Takes off every evening with the Musical Counts and boogie-beating General Morgan. Theatrical folk and sleep-dodgers in general usually board between 3 and 4 a.m. for the highest musical flight on record. (NEAR NORTH). State and Division. Del. 0305.

★BREVOORT HOTEL. The world-famous Crystal, a masterpiece in itself, offers a wealth of entertainment in the form of community singing, organ tunes, a songstress, and a musical trio. Bob Billings provides melodic diversion at the keyboard when not accompanying Rita Wood's listenable songs, and Marvin Miller's musical trio carry on from there. Edith Hofmeister takes over at the organ on Sunday nights. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison St. Fra. 2363.

★CAFÉ DE SOCIETY. If it's the best in boogie-woogie you're seeking, drop in at this southside rendezvous for a cocktail and listen to Sherman Crotthers, the original "scat man," and the Four Jumps and a Jive. 309 E. Garfield. Wen. 2425.

★CLOVERBAR. Lew Marcus, pianist-composer, is now known as Chicago's finest pianist. Bert McDowell's pianolounges are also very much in demand, and, as though that weren't sufficient, there's attractive Lorraine Luehr and her accordion to help keep everyone up late. 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. Continuous merry-go-round includes Frank Gass and his Silver Quartet, Lea Roberts, Juanita Cummings, Rose Kane, Marie Costello, Jean Thomas and Ruth Glass, with Chuck Liphardt and his band, providing music and comedy. (SOUTH LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★SKYRIDE. The corn grows high in "The Sky Roosters" in Chicago" featuring the "Gay Balladiers." Alternating with this group are Cliff Real, singer comedian, and winsome Irish canary, Mary O'Leary. 105 W. Van Buren.

★STEVENS HOTEL. At Park Row, is Henri Gent and his orchestra, with glamorous singer, Lorraine (Sugar) Cain. In this attractive room, with its ample bar, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper, depending on the hour. (SOUTH). Michigan Ave. and 7th. Wab. 4400.

★THREE DEUCES. The house of jive that won't stand still, has good reason, with star attractions like the original Cats 'n Jammers and Laura Rucker with her incomparable pianolounges. (LOOP). Wabaab and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★TIN PAN ALLEY. Jam sessions, boogie-woogie-wise and otherwise, plus down-to-earth song-selling, are attracting Hollywood celebrities as well as our own, which makes for a particularly exciting evening. 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0624.

★TOWN CASINO. This loop favorite is usually jammed to the top balcony with admirers of the music-making Waldorf Boys and alternating Hal Leaming with his Colony Boys. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark. And. 1636.

★THE TROPICS, HOTEL CHICAGO. The bamboed interior of this make-believe sea-island refuge is a fitting spot for Sam Baris and his Men of Rhythm, pianist Red Duncan, and glorious singer, Gloria Panico, who entertain you royally. 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Ultras ...

★CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Piano expert, Jerry Glidden and his group of musicmakers provide melody in keeping with the rich surroundings. Personable Skip Farrell remains with his choice ballads. We can't get over the camellia pink satin draperies, festooned near the ceiling with ruby velvet; the candles adorning the white baroque chandeliers; the fan-shaped high backs of the banquets along the walls. Then there's that white garden gate looking to the bar, with its tropical foliage oozing over the top of white-washed walls; the chintz-covered seats, wrought-iron cocktail tables topped by hurricane lamps—all a welcome sight. Michigan & Walton, Sup. 2200.

★MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. The current Dorothy Hild revue includes the Three Glenns, Russell and Renee and The Ross Sisters. Production numbers of the Hild dancers include a tropical fantasy to the tune "Rum and Coca-Cola," a "Gypsy Camp," dances from "Peer Gynt Suite," and a novelty sequence on the sophisticated side. 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. Phil Regan, the popular Irish tenor, is delighting listeners in his one-man show called, "Songs That Never Grow Old." Selections range from "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" to "Too-Ral-Loo-Ral-Looral." Don Fairchild furnishes a nice musical background for Regan's ballads, and bandleader Bill Snyder does magnificent things pianewise, in specialties such as "Rumbolero," "Ridin' the Off-Beat." March 2nd marks the return of Dwight Fiske, master of sophisticated song and piano, and Dick LaSalle, one-time accordionist, who succeeded the late Neil Bundshu as leader of the orchestra. Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.
★PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR EAST HOTEL. The ever-fascinating Pump Room, fashioned after its famous original in Bath, England, continues to satisfy the most discriminating diner with its culinary masterpieces. This luxuriously outfitted— with its midnight-blue walls and stark white trim, crystal chandeliers, white leather seats, and blackamoors in velvet knee-breeches with white-plumed headgear—is dear to the hearts of all true lovers of tasty decor and elegant food. Dancing to Mel Cooper's orchestra begins at 9:00 p.m. State and E. Goethe. Sup. 7200.

Entertainment...

★BACK STAGE. There's plenty of excitement "back stage," where George Meade continues to add more gorgeous girls to the already huge production under the direction of Sally Joyce. Recent newcomers are the eye-filling young dancer, Joan Mason, and vocalists Maravelle and Renee Kemm. 935 Wilson Ave. Rav. 10077.


★CHEZ PAREE. Zero Mostel has the patrons rocking with laughter at his endless variety of comic characterizations which include a school board lecturer, a senator, a Charles Boyer, a Jimmy Durante, a jitterbug, and, of all things, a coffee percolator. Sleek, blonde Dolores Gray sings; Fanchon dances to Gerahwin and boogie-woogie tunes; and the expert team of Pierre d'Angelo and Vanya are a joy to watch. Show and dance tunes are handled smoothly by Gay Claridge and his band, and the Chez Adorables offer new routines in colorful costumes. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★CLUB ALABAM. Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, boasts such delights as Margo Martin, Genievieve Val, Paulette laPierre, Dotty Dallas and Dell Estes. Flaming crater dinners share the spotlight. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush St. Del. 0808.

★CLUB FLAMINGO. Contributing much to the continuous revues that are always popular are vocally lovely Diana Clifton, clever quipsers Ray Reynolds and Dave Tannen, who handle the introductions, and a bevy of charmers including Annette Allen, Olive Sharon, Grace Carlos, Sherry Darlene, Jean Terry and Wanda LaVonne. "Tubby" Veil and his orchestra are the satisfying music makers. 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★CLUB MOROCCO. Loop merrymakers are being entertained lavishly by Billy Carr, master of ceremony, song and quip; Jessie Rosella, queen of the torch hallads; and Inga Borg, extra-special specialty dancer. The supporting cast includes tall and talented tapper, Pat Wymore; novelty dance patterns woven by Edwards and Lawton; and ensemble activities by the Moroc-Coeds, ten lissom and lovely lasses, under the direction of George Pronath. Music makers are Charlie Rich and his orchestra, plus the "Three Pearls" led by Lou Mine. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★COLOSIMO'S. Jean Fradulli's "Moments of Grand Opera" have hit a new high in unique nightclub entertainment. The streamlined versions of operatic favorites are under the direction of William Fantozzi. 2126 S. Washah Ave. Vic. 9210.

★CUBAN VILLAGE. Ted "Daddy" Smith, the King of Gabsters, presents a gay revue that features Amparo and Moreno, Latin dance team; Riea, the Cuban bombshell who sings and dances Latin fashion; Marge Anthony, Lorraine Stone, and the Cuban Antoinettes. Two bands, Don Pablo's Latin-American orchestra and, Memo's Cuban Combo keep the music coming all the time. Delectable Latin-American dishes under the direction of Carlos F. Carrillo. 714 W. North Ave. Mic. 6947.

★885 CLUB. Joe Miller's streamlined nightery, with its plain but smart treatment of white walls and glass brick, is known for its wonderful food and well-balanced entertainment. At present there is a Latin-American dancing program by Don Eliso and his Rumba band, featuring the songs of Bida Lopez, while Kay Pemberton continues to lend melodic division pianwise during intermissions. (GOLD COAST). 885 N. Rush St. Del. 0885.

★EITEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG. whether you play upstairs or downstairs depends on your mood. If it's quiet relaxation under candle-chandellers you're after, you'll climb the carpeted stairs, order some good food, and listen to Hans Muenzer's ensemble play light dinner music. If it's excitement and laughter you're seeking, make for the Rathskeller, where pandemonium reigns, with Louie and his Gang, and don't say we didn't warn you. (LOOP). Randolph St. near State. Fra. 1892.

★L & L CAFE. Introducing a beautiful girl every five minutes keeps Flo Whitman busy and the patrons happy. Meeting the approval of pattycakers are such sparklers as Barbara Doane, on the sultry side; Sonja Czar, an exotic; and Conchita, delightfully wicked. Red Forrest is emcee, and Joe Nitti's band provides the musical background. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. See. 9344.

★LATIN QUARTERS. Hail, fond farewell, and good luck to the Ritz Brothers. But the club goes on, even without them. One of its finest features is its raised platform that enables patrons to see every bit of the show without craning. Food and beverages are good, and so's the service. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 9544.

★LIBERTY INN. McGovern's nightspot has been in the same location under the same management for over twenty years, and features a continuous floor show that is wickedly witty, yet smart. 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Under the capable direction of Ginger DuVell and Billie Garland, emceettes, there's a sophisticated all-girl revue. All in all, sixteen feminine entertainers are on hand to see that every dull moment passes by. 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★RIO CABANA. Benny Fields holds the comedy spot, co-starring with Dr. Marcus, who entertains with his magic and his hat game, while Capella and Patricia, Universal Studio stars, do clever routines. The Rio Cabana Lovelies are under the direction of Dorothy Dorben. Cee Davidson handles the music, and rhumba lovers shine as Joe.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Manbanare's and his band take over every other dance set. When the show starts, the dance floor rises to meet the occasion. 400 N. Wabash. Del. 3700.


Food for Thought...

★A BIT OF SWEDEN. Candlelight and quaintery and the most wonderful smorgasbord you ever delved into: tiny Swedish meat balls, salads of endless variety, fish molds, fresh shrimp, herring, jellied fruit, hot brown beans, cold meats and cheeses. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush St. Del. 1492.

★AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Magpie chattering at the Marine Bar is punctuated by the loud clanging of the ship's bell... Big, friendly Gus serves liquid refreshment, and Andy's usually around to extend a friendly hand to all who come to join in the fun and partake of luscious steaks or just plain, wonderful Italian food prepared by the combined talents of "Guido" and "Alfredo." (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

★CAFE DE PARIS. The small, but elegant dining room is the gourmet's favorite rendezvous, offering some of the finest cuisine France has ever produced, under the direction of Henri Charpentier, world-famous food artist. Continental atmosphere and smart clientele. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn St. Whi. 5620.

★THE CASEROLE, SENeca HOTEL. Three separate dining rooms, each with its own unique decoration. In the formal elegance of the first room, there's a spotlighted table supporting a tempting collection of pastries and cakes. The caserole specials vary from day to day: Monday, Lamb Curry; Tuesday, pepper steak; Wednesday, Shrimp and Lobster Newburg; Thursday, Hunter Style Chicken; Friday, Baked Lake Trout; Saturday, Veal Roulade; Sunday, Beef of Capon, Ham and Mushrooms. One visit will convince you that there should be more than seven days in a week. (GOLD COAST). 200 E. Chestnut St. Sup. 2380.

★DUFFY'S TAVERN. This bit of old Dublin features murals straight from the pages of beloved Irish tunes, and original dishes by Arturo, the famous chef who won the Escoffier Award in Paris in 1935 and the International Culinary Show Award in Chicago in 1939. Corned brisket of beef with cabbage is an around-the-clock specialty, and the place is open until sunup. Evening brings the entertaining pianologies of Nettie Saunders. 115 N. Clark St. Dea. 1840.

★GUey SAM—On the fringe of Chicago's Chinatown. A stairway leads you into a large, unpretentious room with tables and booths, but one or two morsels from the steaming, highly-heaped dish before you, sends you off to a gourmet's paradise. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

★GUS' RESTAURANT. The tang of the salt sea is in the atmosphere here. Your entrance is heralded by the "BING-BONG!" of the bell. Have one of their famous steaks, if they have them; or try lobster tail, broiled chicken, spareribs, froglegs, or scallops. Open till midnight. 420 N. Dearborn. Del. 1782.

★HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. A set of exquisite dining rooms, high in the clouds. Deluxe furniture, flowered draperies and candlelit tables—plus a breath-taking view of the harbor below. There is a quiet, dignified charm about the place, and the food is deliciously prepared. Courses are priced separately. Fried spring chicken with cream gravy and whipped potatoes, tasty lamb stew, fish and steak, are usually on the menu. Don't miss the bamboo bar—an irresistible nook. 2150 North Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

★HENRICI'S. Henrici's grew up with Chicago. Through the years its high standards of fine food have remained unchallenged. The pastries and the apple pancakes are always in demand. 71 W. Randolph St. Dea. 1800.

CHICAGO THEATRE

CATHERINE WAS GREAT. (Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan. Cen. 8240.) Mae West as the Russian queen, having herself a time. A Michael Todd production.

DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) Follows "Ten Little Indians," April 16. It's a charming story of a little girl who writes letters to service men and signs her sister's name. A helluva lot of trouble that turns out to be quite a lot of fun. (SOUTH). 20 N. Wacker Drive, Dea. 9330.) Mary Martin, as the statue of the goddess of love, comes to life in Chicago. It's the musical whipped up by S. J. Perelman, Ogden Nash, and Kurt Weill, and advancing the theory that love is here to stay.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS. (Civic Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Dea. 9330.) Mary Martin, as the statue of the goddess of love, comes to life in Chicago. It's the musical whipped up by S. J. Perelman, Ogden Nash, and Kurt Weill, and advancing the theory that love is here to stay.

OTHELLO. (Erlander, 127 N. Clark, Sta. 2459.) Follows "Rosalinda," April 10. It's Margaret Webster's production, starring Paul Robeson, Jose Ferrer, and Uta Hagen, and something you certainly ought to see.

SING OUT, SWEET LAND! (Shubert Great Northern.) American folk music with gestures. Admirably produced by the Theatre Guild, with a cast including Raymond Jacquesmont, Burt Ives, and Alma Kaye. Dances by Humphrey-Weidman. Fresh and American.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) This fascinating mystery comedy continues to romp on the boards. Robert Warwick, Toni Gilman and Alexander D'Arcy are in it.Still on the reservation list in Chicago.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) It's still heard throughout Chicagoland, as John van Druten's comedy continues to draw theatre-goers with the charm of a simple tale told superbly. K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlow and Betty Lawford share histrionic honors. The setting is particularly intriguing.
New York seems to have an abundance of everything but meat and hotel rooms. Two meatless days are already in effect, with some agitation for another in the offing. The whole idea is received with much grumbling from restaurateurs—and more concoctions of fish and chicken on the menu. It takes pull to put the snatch on a steak these days.

Travel difficulties and "Stay home, please" placards have had no noticeable effect on the hordes of visitors.

HOTELS Hotel reservations are like the stuff that dreams are made of; the anticipated luxury of the Waldorf-Astoria may end in some off-Broadway hostelry, referred to as a flea bag. Hotel managers have developed a ten-inch crust from the tears of women and the blastings of irate business men. The cause of the chaos is not only that so much important business centers around New York—but that never before has the town had so much glamour and entertainment to offer.

The theatres are blooming, with tickets sold weeks in advance and Standing Room Only. HARVEY still tops the list of comedy plays, with its delightful lines and wistful, Barrie-like characterizations. The six-foot, one and a half-inch imaginary rabbit Harvey has become so real on Broadway that obstetricians are now calling the "rabbit" pregnancy test the "Harvey" test. Frank Fay is at his best; so are Josephine Hull and the entire cast. As for musicals, BLOOMER GIRL is tops in music, settings, ballet, book, and cast. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken of OKLAHOMA fame lead the story of a feminine revolution instigated by Dolly Bloomer. Funny, witty, charming; couldn't be better . . .

More and more openings scheduled all the time.

Carnegie Hall is packing them in with the finest musical season in years. The Sunday night HALL OF FAME program
there gives aspiring young musicians and singers a chance to perform before well-known artists and a capacity audience. Many long and successful careers may begin from this program.

The Curfew is on . . . but definitely. Cafe society is decidedly “Curfew Conscious.” That last drink has to go down the hatch by eleven-forty-five

**CURFEW** in order to get the body and its accoutrements out the door by twelve. All lights are turned out sharply at the first bong of midnight and though there may be a flashlight handy to prevent patrons from falling over the plants in the vestibule, being left in the dark is not the sort of experience one becomes addicted to. The idea behind the Curfew may be a good one . . . to save fuel and power and so forth. But in practice it doesn’t seem very reasonable. Nite Clubs merely open their doors a couple of hours earlier, present their floor shows earlier and in the long run use up as much power as ever. Some clubs are even serving luncheon now to make up for lost time. True, one has to choose between the theatre and a nite club and can’t have both as in the old days, but that can be worked out with no casualties. After surviving the shock of going to bed the same day it arose, cafe society seems to be enjoying the novelty.

It’s better to make a reservation at your favorite night club. And don’t be late!

**NITE CLUBS**

And a ten per cent tip isn’t enough any more. Unless you’re immune to insult, better make it between fifteen and twenty. Check up on the entertainment before you go or you may be disappointed. Morton Downey is appearing in the Plaza’s popular Persian Room. Victor Borge, pianist extraordinary, comedian superb, gives out at the Waldorf’s Wedgewood Room, supper show only. Dorothy Shay is back at Maisonette in the nether regions of the St. Regis Hotel, singing her songs and winning friends. One of her best—“Rum and Coca Cola.” Most of the really swank places feature only two or three entertainers, but for lots ‘n’ lotsa show, there’s always the Versailles, Copacabana, Diamond Horseshoe (Billy Rose revue), Leon and Eddie’s, to pick only a few out of the hat.

Anything is likely to be going on at Madison Square Garden—basketball, ice hockey, an ice skating revue or a circus. Have to check and re-check to keep up with it.

A young man’s fancy may turn to love in the spring, but the lady’s urge is toward that new spring out-

**FASHIONS** fit. Shop windows are a mixture of “Winter Sales—Drastic Reductions” and gay Easter bonnets. Hats are more fantastic than ever, with tremendous bunches of tulle, ribbons and flowers. The prices are fantastic too. The favorite print dress has taken a flair for comedy with new designs from all forms of animal life to a Picasso nightmare. Accessories must be gay and, if possible, practical. Fashions in coiffure are a matter of “each to her own”—long, short, up, down, it doesn’t matter—as long as it has that well-brushed look. Make-up tends toward the glow effect.

More and more telegrams arriving, “We regret to inform you . . .” and more and more impatience to have the

**THE WAR**

end. Favorite song—

“Accentuate the Positive,”

lilting tune and lyrics of encouragement in a tired world. Much betting on when Germany will collapse. Bets range from day after tomorrow till the first of June. New York police and civilian defense members given instructions for controlling a too enthusiastic celebration when the news comes through.

Dogs is people in New York, and his hair-do marks his status. Long-haired dogs go in for a clipping around the

**DOGS**

middle with a peplum effect over the hips. Short-haired friends bid for the limelight with fancy collars and a shiny coat. Wonder when they’ll start wearing bells on their ears. There are more dogs in New York than in Dogville itself. And their hours of glory are early morning and late afternoon . . . Park Avenue and Central Park preferred. On a cold day their jackets range in length
from two inches to two feet, some mono-
grammed, some with turtle-neck or turn-
up collars. The famous 21 Restaurant
usually has several well-turned-out dogs
waiting patiently in the lounge for a linger-
ing luncheoneer.

Tickets for radio broadcasts are more
popular than ever. It's fun to actually see
what you've been just hearing.

**RADIO** The best way to get tickets is to
write in a request for a program
you want to see. Write to the broadcast-
ing station. A little bother but well worth
the effort. First hand observation of what
goes on back of the microphone makes the
home radio more exciting.

Movies—anything you want in any lan-
guage or any date. For current releases,
go early and **EARLY**, if you
don't want to stand in line for
an hour or two. Reserve seats
at Radio City are sold out for six weeks
in advance. Pleasant and easy, even if the
films are a bit passe, are the small movie
houses like the Normandie at 53rd and
Park, the Plaza at 58th and Madison and
the Sutton Cinema on 57th between 2nd
and 3rd Avenues.

Celebrities pop in and out of taxis,
round the corners, or may sit at the next
table to you. If newspapers
**CELEBS** mention where they are staying
you may be sure to see a mob of
autograph collectors waiting outside the
entrance. Bobby sox predominate. And
everyone of importance comes to New
York some time or other. For them, the
old Greta Garbo adage, "I want to be
alone," isn't as funny as it sounds.

---Lucie Ingram.

**NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL**

For Night-y Knights and Ladies

**AMBASSADOR.** Dinner and supper dancing to
the music of William Scotti or Louis Betancourt in
the Tmanon Room. Dinner for $2.50. Radio folks
live here and seem to like it. Park Avenue at 51st.
WI 2-1000.

**BAL TABARIN.** Rhumbas, polkas, waltzes or
foxtrots don't faze the 2 orchestras at this Bois de
Bologne cafe. Here is a Place that is really gay,
from the Montmartre sidewalk decor to the Can-Can
floor show that occasionally comes through with
some really good talent. It seems that as soon as
they hit New York, French sailors and emigres
congregate here to make the atmosphere truly au-
tentic. A good French dinner from $1.25 and a
head water who really takes an interest in seeing
that you have a Gay Parisienne time. 225 West
46th Street. Circle 6-0949.

**BILTMORE.** Joan Hyldoat on ice; pink sherbet,
in other words. Dancing to music by Eddy Rogers
and the orchestra at dinner and supper. That's in
the Bowman Room. The Men's Bar & Madison
Room are nice for lunch. Medium a la carte.
Madison at 43rd. MU 9-7920.

**BLUE ANGEL.** Production in a jewel box.
Evelyn Knight is blonde and melodious; and there
are also Pearl Bailey; the Herman Chittison trio;
Eddie Mayehoff; and those panting pantomimists,
George and Gene Bernad. A lot for your money
— which means a $3.00 minimum, by the way; $3.50
on Saturdays. No dancing. 152 East 55th. Plaza
3-0626.

**CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Same postage
stamp dance floor, familiar CSD entertainment
format, with Josh White making with the earthy
giftfiddle ballads, and Mary Lou Williams attacking
the keyboard with enthusiasm. You won't have to
ask White to sing "One Meatball" . . . that's as
inevitable as Victory. 2 Sheridan Square. CHelsea
2-2737.

**CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Hazel Scott and
her best points, supplemented by Imogene Coca
and Ed Hall's orchestra. And one of our Favorites,
Avon Long, has moved in for a spell. 128 East
58th. Plaza 5-9223.

**CASINO RUSSE.** Russian-American in food,
atmosphere, and entertainment. Cornelius Codol-
ban's orchestra plays for dancing, and there are
shows at somewhat earlier hours than usual, now
that you-know-what has rung! 127 West 56th.
CI 6-6116.
COMMODORE. Charlie Spivak and his orchestra are the attraction here, playing for dinner and supper dancing and for kicks. Lexington at 42nd. WM 6-6000.

THE CORTILE. If it's coziness you want, go to the Cortile. Small, tea-roomish—inexpensive. Deep in the surroundings of Creole New Orleans. Has a bar if you want to use it. Rosalla tells your fortune if you're so moved, and it's fun to be so moved. Luncheon served 'til 2. Dinner a la carte or suggested. About $1.00 or $1.50. 37 West 43rd, between 5th and 6th. MUrryhill 2-3540.

JUMBLE SHOP. An Artsy-folksy favorite down in the Village. There's an open fireplace, and always a free exhibit of the really attractive paintings of young artists. Back windows look out on MacDougal's Alley. Drinks and inexpensive food. 28 West 8th. SP 7-2540.

LEON & EDDIE'S. Joey Adams swaps banter with Tony Canzoneri, who seems to have his vocal hands tied behind him, emcees a stock 6 and 7/8 L & E show, which consists, invariably, of male and female vocalists, chorus girls for purposes of playing bumps-a-daisy with embarrassed customers, skiting as the equivalent, and Sherry Britton, striptease, who has no equivalent. Send Aunt Martha to the movies: if Adams doesn't get her, the wall cartoons must. Food surprisingly good. 33 West 52nd Street. ELdorado 5-9414.

PENTHOUSE. From where you can look down on the Park as you enjoy delicious luncheons or dinners. There's a palmist around if you run out of things to talk about. 30 Central Park South. PL 3-6910.

COPACABANA. "They say the lion and the leopard keep . . . . " Or to paraphrase Omar, the Copacabana is no more. The Copa Bar alone remains, with the Milt Herth trio still obtaining; also Choo-Choo Johnson and his dance band. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.

PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Russell Swann makes some very nice magic, while Stanley Melba's orchestra makes some fair to middlin' music. Tea dancing daily in the Cafe Pierre. 61st and Fifth. REgent 4-5900.

PLAZA. Mellow Morton Downey sings softly for the crowds. There's also Ray Benson's orchestra, and in the Palm Court Lounge, tea dancing each afternoon. 5th Avenue at 58th. PLaza 3-1740.

ROGERS CORNER. The Korn Kobblers hold forth in the Pan-American Room on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Other days, except Monday, Harry Lefcourt plays for dancing. 8th at 50th. GL 6-8150.

SAVOY PLAZA. Cocktail and supper dancing to the music of Roy Fox and his orchestra, erstwhile of London. The Cafe Lounge is, of course, one of the plusher places. Tea dancing each afternoon. Fifth Avenue at 58th. VOlunteer 5-2600.

VERSAILLES. The Versigs are still shapely, stately, and sleepy. You won't be. Sleepy, we mean. 151 East 50th. PLaza 5-0310.

VILAGE BARN. When you leave the Barn, you'll know as much about square dancing as Tiny Hill, your slightly-on-the-solid side M.C., who has you doing things you thought you were far too decrepit for—like playing musical chairs and running potato races. The dance orchestra is good, and so's the food. 32 West 8th Street. STuyvessant 9-8841.

WALDORF-ASTORIA. In the Wedgwood Room—Victor Borge, much to the delight of many. Also Leo Reisman's orchestra, sounding to the dance. There's a $2.00 cover later in the evening. In the Lounge Restaurant, Mischa Borr and Orchestra. And for men without women, the Waldorf Men's Bar is one of the nicest places in town to do your drinkin'.

Tummy Stuff:

ARTISTS & WRITERS. Solid food . . . a little too solid, some say, but filling like anything. Those conservative looking business men patrons are actually newspaperman from the Times and Herald Tribune, and not a Lee Tracy in a carload. A la carte lunch and dinner, but the over-all tariff's pretty low. 213 W. 40th Street. MEdallion 3-9050.

BONAT'S CAFE. Opposite the postoffice. French cooking for the more restricted budget, and the most quantitative hors d'oeuvres in town. Save room for the filet mignon, if they have it, or the poulet saute Marengo, which they usually do. The domestic wines seem a notch above average. Lunch and dinner. Surroundings unpretentious, and scattered over two floors. You'll have to bring your own French pastry. Madame Bonat believes in fruit, cheese and crackers—and that's exactly what you'll get. There's a Washington Bonat's, in case you're down that way. 330 West 31st Street. Chickering 4-8441.

CAFE ARNOLD. French-ish, but not arbitrarily so. There's a chicken and noodle combination that's something to conjure with, and a park view if you can see past the taxicabs and street cars. Lunch and dinner, and a well stocked bar. 240 Central Park South. CI 6-7050.

CAVANAGH'S. Cavanagh's clientele, a handsome and hansom one, moved up town, but Cavanagh's stayed put, so the clientele just keeps coming back. Steaks and chops, mostly, and the a la carte tends to mount up. 258 West 23rd Street. CHElsea 3-2790.

CHEZ MARIE. On the small side—only a one horse Chez, really, where the murals are hardly pure-als. French dishes are rushed to the table piping hot, praise the bon Dieu, and they're cooked out in the open to allay any possible suspicion of switchin' in the kitchen. Patsy, the barkeep, swings the most energetic cocktail shaker on the east side; fixes drinks with gusto—and females, barred from the bar, with a baleful glare. One of the places where time buyers bide their time, in case that's a super Hooper sticking out of your pocket. 129th E. 47th. ELdorado 5-9848.
★ FREEMAN CHUM'S. East is east and west is west, and Freeman Chum gets around the proverbial impossibility of their juncture by maintaining places on both sides of Manhattan. Menus and prices are identical. The easierly spot is the most ornate of the two, but it doesn't consider itself above serving a fifty cent lunch to the office workers in the neighborhood, either. The Canton style chow mein comes with chewy soft noodles, instead of gooey ones. And the sweet and sour roast pork boasts genuine pineapple in its sauce—something that hasn't been happening around these parts with any degree of regularity since Hawaii got forced off the Dole. The best Chinese food value in town. 142 E. 53rd. El dorado 5-7765. 151 W. 48th. Longacre 5-8682.

GAIETY DELICATESSEN. Paste this one in your hat, but leave the skimper at the hotel, because there just isn't enough extra space at the Gaiety to hang the thing. About the size of a hole in the wall. Worth fighting your way into, nevertheless, because the Gaiety, ignoring the "delicate" part of "delicatessen," dishes up the astoundingly bountiful corned beef, pastrami, and turkey sandwiches that have forced a loosening of the famous Broadway Belt. Half an inch of meat per sandwich is the usual par for the course, and one course is all you'll be able to handle. You'll order cherry soda, naturally, which looks, appropriately enough, like borscht with bubbles. Come and bring your friends—those with first-team experience, preferably; this is that forced Gaiety you're always hearing so much about. 202 W. 46th, off Broadway.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Smorgasbord, glorified in the center of the room, and should be. Shrimp—no sauce, no nothing—for them as likes 'em that way. Lunch, consisting of smorgasbord and coffee, only a quarter less than lunch with lunch, which establishes their relative importance. Dinner from $1.75. 324 East 17th Street. El dorado 5-8746.

★ HOUSE OF CHAN. Real Chinese dishes served by lineal descendant of first Emperor of China. Lunch 75c-90c. Dinner a la carte. Bar. 52 & Seventh. CH. 7-3785.


★ KING OF THE SEA. Fine seafood cooked to order, in spacious quarters. A la carte only, entrees 65c-90c; lobster $1.75 up. Wine, beer & ale. Open 11-12 a. m. 879 Third Ave. EL 5-9300.

★ KUNGSHOLM. Very fine Swedish fare in a gracious setting. At lunch smorgasbord, desert & coffee 85c; reg. lunch $1.75; at dinner smorgasbord, desert & beverage $1.50. Dinner $1.85-$2.50. 142 East 55. EL 5-8183.

★ PLACE ELEGANTE. Built as a domicile for the Donahue division of the Woolworth clan, and still stately in the manner of a dowager wearing last year's dress. Worked its way through the gambling house-speakeasy era, and employs four peregrinating musicians to prove that rackets may come and rackets may go, but the racket keeps up forever. Supposed to be honeycombed with secret passages installed to baffle prohibition agents, who found evidence as elusive as needle beer in a haystack. Long time feature is Bill Farrell, ducky pianist. He plays college songs for the old grads, most of whom seem to have attended an amazing number of sauve vivre with the thundering vocal results. The food is good, not too expensive. The place—oops. Place—employs one of the few chefs who don't have to catch the 8:17 for Malverne, so you can entrust your stomach to the Elegante after the theatre. Loud, but never lewd; heartily recommended for all those who like din with the dinner. 33 W. 56th. Circle 7-7222.

★ ROBERTO'S. Biggest menu in town...physically, that is, but a good selection of good food in the French manner, too. Decor a la Louis XVI; don't sit against the back wall, tho', because a refrigerator motor that sounds like the one Louis bought makes rump rumpus. Lunch and dinner. Stay away from the hors d'oeuvres if you're a parsley hater. Not too crowded for these times, but best come early. 22 East 45th Street. VAnderbilt 6-3042.

★ THE SCRIBE'S. Louis and Eddie specialize in steak with the emphasis on Chateaubriand steaks (at $6.00 for two) when they can be had, which is usually. Cheeseecake murals by famed cartoonists and a prominently-placed Corsair photograph decorate the walls. Much literary atmosphere of the journalistic kind. 209 East 45th Street. MUrphyhill 2-9400.

★ TOFFENETTI'S. Throw away that compass, stranger; the place isn't as big as it looks. They come by that cavernous effect by the use of gold tinted mirrors. All very modern, right down to the brightly bedecked basement, whence you emerge, eventually, via a one lane escalator that makes you feel something like the star robot in a Norman Bel Geddes futurama. Toffenetti's employs the most rhapsodic menu writer in town. The fare, unfortunately, is sometimes only fair, and the ham and sweets, to take one example, aren't any yummier, or yammaner, than in any one of a dozen places you could name. On the credit side, the French toast is crumblier than most, and the pumpkin pie, come punkin season, is lusciously creamy. The strawberry shortcake tends to be bigger and berrier, too. Usually plenty of room, unless Sinatra's playing across the street at the Paramount, at which times the girls don't feel much like eating anyhow, and the men sit and munch away in sour silence, contemplating, apparently, Frank in earnest. 43rd and Broadway.

★ TOOTS SHOR'S. Best prime ribs of beef in town, but the chef proved what could be done with free when Toots got caught with his points down. Where he practices tells stories into cauliflower ears, and talk loudly enough to be overheard by the broadcasting execs. Lunch and dinner, a la carte. 51 West 51st Street. PLaza 3-9000.

★ TWENTY-ONE. Excellent cuisine in the Kriendlor manner, a la carte, expensive, and, in most cases, worth it. Don't order the Baked Alaska unless you've got your gang along to help eat it. 21 West 51st Street. El dorado 5-6500.

★ ZUCCA'S. Heaping Antipasto, praise be, with enough black olives and those little Italian fish. Lunch a dollar, dinner a dollar sixty, but it's the same meal in a different time zone. 118 West 49th Street. BRyan 9-5511.
New York Theatre

PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47th St., West of Broadway, CI 6-9056). Hilda Simms and Frederick O’Neal in "an earthy, vivid episode involving a beautiful negro prostitute. Negor life with all its intensity and humor. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ A BELL FOR ADANO—(Cort, 48th St., East, BR 9-0046). Not up to the novel, but a first rate play. The Allied occupation of Italy, with Frederic March excellent in the role of Major Joppolo. Simple, appealing, intelligent. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43rd East, BR 9-3970). Top honors go to young Lenore Lonergan of JUNIOR MISS fame. Little sister involves big sister Virginia Gilmore in romance by writing letters to soldiers and signing sister’s name. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE DEEP MRS. SYKES. (Booth, 45th, W. CI 6-5969.) A play not too deep, but dagger-sharp, written by George Kelly. (Remember "Craig’s Wife”; "The Show-Off”; et al?) Coldly dissects the “female” nature, and uncovers a lot of distortions-beneath-the-surface. With Neil Hamilton, sometimes of Hollywood, and Catherine Willard. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:45.


★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48th East, BR 9-4566). You’ve heard of that big white rabbit? Here it is, with Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. Most charming thing in town, as pure fantasy goes. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Friday, 2:40.


★ HOPE FOR THE BEST—(Fulton, 46 West, CI 6-6380). Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt, (remember her in "Lost Horizon") to come to the stage in a gentle and lyrical comedy by William McCleery. Marc Connelly produces. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA—(Music Box, 44th, West, CI 6-4636). Growing pains of a Norwegian family in San Francisco—tears and laughter to warm the heart. Mady Christians superb as Mama; Oscar Homolka just as superb as Uncle Chris. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ KISS AND TELL—(Bijou, 45th West. CO. 5-8115). F. Hugh Herbert and George Abbot make this Corliss Archer place a bowl of good entertainment. Jessie Royce Landis heads the cast. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ KISS THEM FOR ME. (Belasco, 44th E. BR 9-2067). A former Kansas City newspaperman, Frederic Wakeman, wrote a book called "Shore Leave." From this Luther Davis makes a play, starring Richard Widmark and Jayne Cotter. Herman Shumlin directs. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—(Lyceum, 45th East. CH 4-4256). John P. Marquand’s novel brought to the boards, with Leo G. Carroll excellent as the Bostonian. A character sketch, rich and dignified. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, B’way at 40th. PE 6-9340). Father, mother, and the red-headed boys cawt about the stage for the 6th consecutive year. This comedy wears very well. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE OVERTONS—(Forrest, 49th West. CI 6-5969). Arlene Francis, (the cute kid of "Blind Date") along with Jack Whiting and Glenda Farrell, appears in a piece directed by Elisabeth Bergner who spends the rest of her time as star of another play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SOLDIER’S WIFE—(Golden, 45th West. CI 6-6740). Martha Scott is one of the nicer things in this play by Rose Franken. Glenn Anders is one of the funnier things. It all concerns a home-coming soldier and a literary wife. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE TEMPEST—(Alvin, 52nd West. CI 5-6868). A lot of good people had something to do with this production. The first of them was Shakespeare. Margaret Webster edited and staged it; Vera Zorina is the boy all made of air, in a dancy sort of way; Canada Lee as Caliban and Arnold Moss as Prospero are pretty superb, considering the load they labor under. Much talked about; better see it for yourself. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Broadhurst, 44th West. CI 6-6699). The entertaining murder of a number of people, with enough left over to tell the tale. Agatha Christie wrote the book; Estelle Winwood, Halliwell Hobbes, and Michael Whalen, are some of the actors involved. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45th West. CI 6-6230). Tender comedy at its delightful best. Betty Field has replaced Margaret Sullivan; and Florence Rice sometimes replaces Betty Field (when the flu bug bites). The cast is completed by Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.
**MUSICALS**

★ **BLOOMER GIRL**—(Shubert, 44th, West. Ci 6-5990). Celeste Holm, the costume, and the Agnes de Mille ballets are the talk of the town. A period piece with an exclamation point. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE FIRE BRAND OF FLORENCE.** (Alvin, 52nd W. Ci 5-6868.) The old comedy by Edwin Justus Mayer, about Benvenuto Cellini, is set to music by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. Melville Cooper is probably the best thing about this near-operetta that doesn’t quite come off. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **FOLLOW THE GIRLS**—(44th Street Theatre, 44th West, LA 4-4337). Louder and funnier! Gertrude Niesen is the brightest spot in a big but cumbersome production. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **LAFFING ROOM ONLY**—(Winter Garden, 50th and Broadway. Ci 7-5161). A bit warmed over, but since it’s Olsen and Johnson, you may get a bang out of it. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!**—(St. James, 44th West, La 4-4664). The freshest, most satisfying theatre you could ask for. Lynn Riggs wrote “Grow Green the Lilacs” a long time ago. Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers turned it into a musical, and that’s where all last year’s hits came from—the ones that may well turn into popular classics. Special matinees for service men and women, Tuesdays at 2:30. Otherwise, nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ON THE TOWN**—(Adelphi, 54th East of 7th Ave. Ci 6-5097). A pert and likable parade of comedy by Comden and Green, who wrote and act in the thing; dancing by Son Osto; ballets by Jerome Robbins of “Fancy Free”; and music by young Leonard Bernstein. All in all, pretty terrific. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.


★ **UP IN CENTRAL PARK**—(Century, 7th Avenue at 59th. Ci 7-3121). Another Michael Todd gem in an old-fashioned setting. But nothing dated about the production, not on your tin-type! Boss Tweed and his gang are presented, to music by Sigmund Romberg. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

**CARNEGIE HALL EVENTS**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Event</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Sat. Aft.: Boston Symphony Orchestra</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Sat. Eve.: Morning Freiheit—Twenty-third Anniversary Program</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sun. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Sun. Eve.: Lionel Hampton Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Mon. Eve.: Schola Contorum of New York</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Tues. Eve.: Jacob’s Pillow Dance Festival</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Wed. Eve.: Manly Hall, lecturer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Thurs. Eve.: Second Anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Battle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Sat. Eve.: Gina Pinnera, soprano</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Mon. Eve.: Vladimir Horowitz, pianist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Tues. Eve.: Dessoff Choirs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Wed. Eve.: Theater of All Nations</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Thurs. Eve.: Fritz Kreisler, violinist—Benefit Musicians’ Emergency Fund</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Fri. Eve.: Vivian Rivkin, pianist</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Sat. Eve.: Fred Warine &amp; His Pennsylvanians. with the Collegiate Chorus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Sun. Eve.: Vienna at Night—Johan Strauss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Sun. Eve.: Scandinavian Concert</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Mon. Eve.: National Orchestral Association</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SWING**

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Searciss Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed U.S.A.

**Editor**

**Jetta Carleton**

**Publisher**

**Donald Dwight Davis**

**Contributing Staff**

**CHICAGO:**

Pearl Van
Norton Hughes Jonathan

**NEW YORK:**

Lucie Ingram
Raymond E. Nelson
Ed Wilhelm
Meet
WHB's
Lindsey
Riddle

He's our Studio Su-
pervisor...and on
FM, Facsimile, Tele
Enthusiast! When we
need an alert en-
gineer to do a job
that hasn't been done
yet—and, especially,
those jobs that ap-
parently can't be
done—Riddle's our
man! At 35, he's old
even to be a sea-
soned operator—yet
young enough to
tackle enthusiastically
problems requiring
vision and imagina-
tion. Riddle's hobby
is to ride railroad
engines. He's a
"swing band" fan,
a record collector,
and cuts
very fine E.T.s
from the
Mutual Network
line, for "playback"
broadcasts on
WHB.

RIDDLE designed and constructed
WHB's high frequency transmitters;
and his (and our) special pet is the
WHB Magic Carpet"—our short wave
uck for remote pick-ups beyond tele-
hone lines. To inaugurate the last War
loan in Kansas City, Riddle and WHB's
Dick Smith lashed the "Magic Carpet" to
a landing barge about to be launched at
the Darby shipyards—and rode down the
ways into the Missouri River with it,
while Dick Smith gave a "wave-by-wave"
description. That's typical of WHB's
ingenious "special events" broadcasts. If
you want to sell the Kansas City market,
WHB is your happy medium!

For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any of these
"SPOT SALES" offices:

KANSAS CITY.... Scarritt Building.... HArrison 1161
NEW YORK CITY . 400 Madison Avenue . Eldorado S-5040
CHICAGO.... 360 North Michigan.... FFranklin 8520
HOLLYWOOD . Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo . HOLLYwood 8318
SAN FRANCISCO.... 5 Third Street.... EExcelsior 3558

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
Missouri Kansas Kansas Kansas Kansas
EVERYMAN'S MEAT
—Where Is It?
By Clinton P. Anderson and Committee

THE HERITAGE and
THE INHERITOR
By Cecil Brown

CEDRIC FOSTER
JANE PORTERFIELD
KARL PETERSON

JUNE 1945

25¢

Where to Go -- What to See --
NEW YORK * CHICAGO * KANSAS CITY

An Afternoon With Sigmund Romberg The composer of "New Moon," "The Desert Song," "Moytime" (etc., etc.) and currently, "Up in Central Park" is here interviewed on Show Time by WHB staff member Rosemary Howard. Romberg is touring the country with his company of sixty, presenting what he calls "middle-brow" music in a series of concerts titled "An Evening With Sigmund Romberg." We found him a jocular person with a quick sense of humor, and mighty obliging about playing his own and the works of other musicians.

To Mutual Via WHB "They Knew Him When"... when he was a captain in World War I—a judge of the Jackson County Court—their neighbor and friend in Independence, Missouri. "He" is the President, of course, Harry S. Truman. The old acquaintances who gathered around Dick Smith at the WHB mike early on Saturday, April 14, for a broadcast to the Mutual Network were Major General E. M. Stayton; the Hon. Albert A. Ridge, United States District Judge; Major General Ralph E. Truman, first cousin to the President; Roger T. Sermon, Mayor of Independence; and Edgar Hinde, Postmaster of Independence.
WELL, here it is June—and here we are! You’ll find our Swing Bride fronting a lot of good names again this month. Some of them will be familiar to you. Some are local boys who made good. One of them made best. You’ll find his name in articles by Cecil Brown and Cedric Foster and in our picture captions. He is the President of the United States, the first from the State of Missouri, our “home town boy” who became the Chief Executive. With him we look ahead to a day marked simply by “V”—with no qualifying letters and no strings attached. We look ahead with the 7th War Loan—to Allied Victory and allied peace... to international unity, to world understanding, to a time when there will be fewer touchy issues at stake—and yes, more steaks to issue. All this is here, within these pages, along with assorted asides we hope you’ll enjoy. So go ahead, get those center pages pinned up, and let’s get on with the rest of it, whatta you say?
June’s HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

DANCING
June 2, 3, 6, 7, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21, 24—Chuck Hall. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—12:30 a. m.
June 9—Bernie Cummins. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—1:00 a. m.
June 16—Johnny Long. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—1:00 a. m.
June 23—Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m. —1:00 a. m.

TUESDAY and FRIDAY nights—"Over 30" dances, with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra. Pla-Mor.

MUSIC
June 24—First open air concert by Kansas City Municipal Orchestra, under direction of N. de Rubertis. Maxine Korfhage of WHB, guest artist. 8:15 p. m., Jacob L. Loose Park, 50th and Wornall Road.

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45 and Rockhill—Special June exhibit (loaned by Philadelphia Museum of Art): Paintings, prints, and sculpture by well-known artists identified with art movements in Russia—from Diaghilev’s World of Art Group (early 1900’s) to the realism of the Soviet viewpoint.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 4415 Warwick—June exhibit: Student paintings. Gallery open 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.; Saturday, till noon. (Summer classes begin June 18).

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone—Miss Theo Redwood’s exhibit of Authentic Dolls. Gold Room, 2:00-5:00 p. m.

KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY—Exhibit of student paintings until June 22. Followed by exhibit of art work by Joseph Fleck’s Business Men and Women’s class. Open 10 to 5, Monday through Friday, University Greenhouse, 52nd Street.

COMMENCEMENTS
June 3—University of Kansas City, 10th Annual Commencement. Address by Lt.-Col. T. V. Smith, Professor of Philosophy on leave from University of Chicago: "A Bell for Adano and Peace for the World." 5:00 p. m., University Quadrangle (or Gymnasium, in case of rain).

June 4—Kansas City Conservatory of Music. Address by Dr. Andreas Bard of St. Mark's Lutheran Church: "The Inspiration of Music." 8:15 p. m. Reception Room, 3522 Walnut.

June 5—Paseo High School. 8:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

June 5—East High School. 8:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Music Hall.

June 6—Northeast High School. 8:00 p. m., Arena.

June 6—Manual High School. 8:00 p. m., Music Hall.

June 7—Central High School. 8:00 p. m., Arena.

BASEBALL
(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
June 7—R. T. Coles (Colored). 8:00 p. m. Music Hall.
June 8—Westport High School. 8:00 p. m. Arena.
June 8—Lincoln High School 8:00 p. m., Music Hall.

OTHER EVENTS
June 2—Kansas City Youth for Christ. 8:15 p. m. Music Hall.
June 4—Bond Rally—Bob Hope Show. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.
June 4—Kansas City Conservatory of Music: Auditions for ballet classes conducted for 5 week course by Herbert Bliss, dancer with Ballet Russe. 10:00-12:00 a. m. Little Theatre, 35th and Walnut.
June 30—Baby Contest, sponsored by Knights of Pythias. Municipal Auditorium, Music Hall.
Everyman's Meat...Where Is It?

Clinton P. Anderson answers the question and is appointed Secretary of Agriculture

A special Congressional Committee investigated supply and demand—found storage space inadequate, producers lacking confidence...They place a few blames and make a few recommendations—to insure meat for your table sooner and oftener.

"And so the poor dog had none!"—And neither do the rest of us—unless we hit the right restaurant on the right day; unless we happen to have a frozen locker cache; or unless we support the black market. The civilian in these days has just about those alternatives if he would eat meat.

Now that the fragrance of roast pork, broiled steaks, and backyard hamburgers is conspicuously absent across the country, the situation has raised quite a smell of its own. Here in the greatest cattle country in the world, what has happened to all the meat? Why the pinch on civilian supply?

The first and frequent answer is, of course, armed service allocations. That's only part of the reason for civilian shortages. A special investigating committee for the House of Representatives went out to find the others. And in their Preliminary Report, as of May 1, 1945, stand revealed certain facts which—even if they are of cold comfort to poor Worried Mind in the home kitchen—are at least a clarification.

Seven House members, appointed by the Speaker, were authorized and directed to make a full study of—

(a) Shortages of food in the United States and its Territories and possessions;

(b) Civilian meat supplies and the governmental order (April 1) to reduce these supplies by 12 per cent;

(c) All factors relative to the production and distribution of essential foodstuffs;

(d) The presence of black markets in all kinds of meat; and

(e) Diversion of meat from normal, legitimate commercial channels of trade.

Chairman of this Committee was Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, and the rest of the group comprised of Stephen Pace of Georgia, Earle C. Clements of Kentucky, Martin Gorski of Illinois, August H. Andresen of Minnesota, Christian H. Herter of
Massachusetts and Hal Holmes of Washington.

Their first hearing took place in Chicago, the center of the meat-packing industry. Subsequent hearings were held in Cleveland, Washington, Boston, Providence and New York City. They plan numerous others in the months to come, for investigating shortages of supplies other than meats—sugar, fats and oils, fluid milk, etc. (Might we suggest also: matches, nylons, and cleansing tissues? Or are these bitter truths self-evident?)

**The Meat Situation Now**

For 1945, our committee finds, the production of meat is projected at more than 22 billion pounds. That’s a lot of meat—a rather satisfactory supply for civilian tables. But here’s a startling fact: There is at this time an estimated purchasing power to develop an average annual consumption of 170 pounds of meat per person. Yet with this purchasing power, there is now only enough meat for a per-person average of 115 pounds. That means a 170-pound demand—against a 115-pound supply.

Sure, we wonder why, the same as you do!

**Reasons for Current Shortage**

Here are some of the answers given by the special committee for the House of Representatives: The military and war services are taking—

Sixty per cent of the good, choice, and commercial beef;

Eighty per cent of cutter, utility, and canner grades;

Fifty per cent (at least) of the pork.

Now this is not quite as much meat as it may seem, since these set-asides are taken from the output of federally inspected plants only. And these plants process about two-thirds of all domestic meat. (What happens with the other small plants, not federally inspected, we shall see later). Even so, that indicates a set-aside of at least 50 per cent of two-thirds of the country’s total meat supply. Reason enough, then, for the civilian skimp. The Army uses this quantity for feeding less than fifteen million people. That leaves about 130,000,000 civilians to be fed from what’s left. Are you beginning to see the light?

Well, then, let’s look at some more of the House committee’s findings: Answer number two to the shortage of civilian meat supplies lies chiefly in the expectation of an early European victory during the fall of 1944. What happened was this: the Army made smaller purchases than usual; the civilian allotment went up by more than one billion pounds. At the same time, pork began to glut the market. Civilians raised their meat purchases enormously, and the War Food Administration urged farmers to produce fewer hogs. On the hog market farmers lost confidence in support prices—and pig production dropped by 30 per cent of the 1943 crop. Result: short pork supply today—the Army must take its meat allocation
from beef supplies—so the civilian has practically nothing left.

Now during the time when pork was glutting the market, the military and war services were not using the eight million pounds of meat allocated to them by the War Food Administration. Lack of canning facilities was their excuse for not using this pork granted them. The House of Representatives Committee holds that if some of this pork had been stored for later use by the military and war services, the Army's present 80 per cent set-aside against canner and cutter beef would not be necessary. Much the same situation applies to poultry. Military and war service requirements have moved into the broiler-producing areas with a 100 per cent set-aside. There simply was not enough meat stored during peak production periods to off-set the periods when production is low.

FEEDING

Of course, part of the low cattle and hog production was the result of low feed supplies during 1943 and 1944. However, feed is abundant now. It would seem that pork production should be requested and encouraged.

The Committee is enormously concerned over cattle feeding. If beef is to be produced in greater quantities, it must be made profitable to fatten cattle in the feed lots. (It is in these lots that the steer or heifer reaches final and finest development, after it has left the range pastures.) At present, feed lot fattening is not profitable. Actual feeders—an important part of the meat-producing industry—show reluctance to face the dangers of prolonged feeding at the present margins. The current spread of meat and cattle prices was set by the OPA when the feed shortage made it desirable to fatten cattle to lighter weights. But now when supplies are greatly increased, there is a need for revision in the price structure.

As remedies for the situation, the Committee suggests that (a) retail ceilings be increased; or (b) that prices be lowered on the hoof; or (c) that the squeeze on the feeder be absorbed by subsidy.

THAT OLD BLACK MARKET

—has us in its spell! And that, the Committee finds, is not just an empty play on words. Black market activities are still on the increase in spite of all efforts against them.

And another thing. While well-established national packers, federally inspected, are forced to cut their production drastically, reports show that small packers, usually not federally inspected, have increased their business to twice, eight, even ten times their volume for 1944. The Committee considers this factor an indication of some sort of black market ac-
tivity, even though the mere increase of business is no damning feature. Where else could the black market obtain its considerable flow of meat?

The whole complicated mess seems to have started with the development of what they call the “slaughter-permit system.” This—to put it oh, very, very briefly—was tangled up with a flock of Meat Restriction Orders and Food Distribution Orders which had something to do with permits and licenses. These orders were constantly being issued and revoked—until finally (from September, 1943, to January 25, 1945) all a slaughterer needed to obtain a license was to show that he had adequate facilities and could meet sanitary requirements. Droves of new slaughterers came into the field, complicating enforcement and making things rather soft for restaurants and hotels who chose—and many of them did!—to buy above ceiling prices, without ration points. The Committee recommends the immediate review of all slaughtering permits, and their reissuance or continuance only if the slaughterer has been buying his cattle at or under ceiling prices and selling in legitimate channels of trade at or under legal ceilings.

**What to Do About It**

So we begin to see that lack of storage, resulting in decreased production, resulting in lack of support of producer prices—all have something to do with why there wasn’t any meat at the grocer’s this morning. Adequate storage space, increased production, and the renewed confidence of the producer are three vital factors right now. In summing up, the Committee to Investigate Food Shortages for the House of Representatives makes the following recommendations:

1. That steps be taken at once to give first priority to food production, and all possible measures be taken to increase production of food items now in short supply, with provisions for adequate manpower and machinery for the farm.

2. That the President immediately consider the problem of coordination of the entire food program—production, distribution, rationing, and pricing. (This they consider most urgent of all—since if coordination is not achieved in time, the black market will have cracked price control beyond repair.)

3. That fair margins be established in all production, processing, and distributing of meat, with special incentives for feeders of cattle to produce better and heavier beef.
4. That support prices on hogs be increased to $13.50 per hundred on drove weight—costing the public nothing, but giving confidence and encouragement to the producer.

5. That special inducements be given to poultry producers and the fishing industry.

6. That special inducements be given to sugar producers both in this country and its Territories.

7. That storage space be increased in measure with increased production.

8. That separate ration points be issued for meat only.

9. That rigid market controls be applied.

These are their findings and their suggestions—in a meat-pie.

Don’t feel too desperate, you there making out your shopping list or poring over a wartime cookbook! Your situation isn’t ignored. If you can’t feed the family chops or steaks, or even find a pound of hamburger for a meat loaf—that’s not only your problem, it’s the problem of the people who run the country. And they’re workin’ on it, right this minute. Meanwhile, what can you do to help? Watch those ceiling prices . . . stay out of the clutches of the black market . . . concentrate on vegetables and vitamins! And the day will come again when one meat ball will be only a song—and not the family’s meat rations for the week!

🌟

**We Got Your Number!**

Here is a mystifying trick. It will rip away the veils of time and tell you how old that guy really is; it will even give you the phone number of that fancy blonde baggage in the party. (To get the exchange you’re on your own.) By the simple means of the following non-military strategy, you can find out anyone’s age and telephone number. Here’s how:

Have the victim jot down his telephone number. (You can’t see what it is, see?) Then have him multiply it by 2. Then add 5. Multiply by 50. Add 365. Then have him add to this his age.

Now then. You get the total. And here’s where the dirty work begins and you become the life of the party.

From the total you deduct 615. (No matter what the total is—you always deduct 615, get it?) In what’s left from this deduction, point off two places from the right. These will give the person’s age. The figures on the left will give the telephone number. Easy, isn’t it?

Just for the helluvit, let’s say the total is 11152. Deducting that 615, we get 10537. We point off two places from the right and get 105.37. This shows that the person’s age is 37; the phone number 105.

See, it’s no trick a’ tall!

—Harold Ziegler.
On the Tauber River in Germany, where American casualties were dribbling back to a small Bavarian village, the president's death came through the loudspeakers of the BBC like a shock of a bullet. Howard Cowan reported that Captain K. E. Wilcox of Sioux City, Iowa, had just finished digging a piece of shrapnel from an American soldier's arm. He wiped the perspiration from his face and then slowly declared: "He will go down in history as one of the three greatest president... Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt."

Trite as the saying may be, there still is no way of avoiding the statement that it will be future historians who will the more accurately appraise the work of Franklin Roosevelt than those of contemporary nature. But it is given to us to have had the opportunity to have lived through the memorable career of this man. We may well ask the question, why was he taken at this time, without encroaching upon the divine prerogatives of the Almighty God and Saviour who rules the universe and the planet upon which we dwell for such a fleeting period. The answer to that is that the brain of the man was burned out. It was sacrificed in the toil and worry which beggar description; it was lost in the labor of years, in the responsibility which weighed so heavily upon it. This irrefutable fact is the one so many of us fail to comprehend. We do not understand it because the responsibility has never been ours. Yet no man to whom the world turns for any sort of leadership in critical times can doubt the truth of that statement. After twelve years of wrestling and grappling with problems which had never been faced by any man in the history of this land, and by few men in the history of any other—death struck him down at last.

As to the lasting quality of President Roosevelt's labors... let us turn today to the words of Gerald Johnson who said: "No more knowledge of American history than may be obtained from a good college textbook is enough to correct the false idea that the development of the democratic process has proceeded in an even flow. Every well informed man is aware that it has been characterized by oscillation between radicalism and reaction... between progress and
retrogression; we are perpetually moving forward to the New Freedom with some Wilson or back to normalcy with some Harding. This wave-like motion of history is too obvious to have escaped anyone's attention.

"Observation a little more careful, however, is required to disclose the fact that under this surface oscillation there is a second motion—also characterized by surges which suggest waves—but different from the first in that its upheavals are followed by relatively little ebbing. Much of Theodore Roosevelt's work was undone under Taft; much of Wilson's, under Harding; but the essential changes introduced under Jefferson have never been reversed, nor those introduced under Jackson or Lincoln. Each of these men was not merely an innovator in his own right, but each came to the presidency on the crest of a tremendous upsurge from the depths . . . a genuine wave of the future.

"The surface oscillation commonly absorbs the attention of politicians . . . in the first place because it is more frequent than the other and in the second place because it is powerful enough to smash administrations . . . perhaps even political parties. But the second movement . . . although less frequent and less obvious, is powerful enough to smash governments. It is frequently described as revolutionary, but it is a description that should be accepted with caution, for it does not develop explosive force until it encounters a rigid obstruction. The singular good fortune of the United States provided this nation—at the moment when each of the first three great upheavals swept into our history—with a leader . . . a national leader able and energetic enough to blast the rigid obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free. The result is that the United States has survived at least three crises, every one of which contained enough potentially explosive force to wreck any country. Perhaps one of the essential differences between a politician and a statesman is the ability of the statesman to distinguish between the movement of surface billows and that of the tide."

It seems to me today that these words of Gerald Johnson sum up Roosevelt, the leader. Certainly there is none who can deny that fact that Franklin Roosevelt came to the presidency on the crest of a tremendous upsurge from the depths. Certainly, there is none who can deny that the situation which prevailed in the black days of March in the year 1933 con-
tained enough potentially explosive force to wreck any country. Certainly there is none who can deny that Franklin Roosevelt was sufficiently strong and powerful, sufficiently dynamic in his leadership to blast the rigid obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free.

Roosevelt knew the tide as no man knew it. He knew it from the days he spent on the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay as a young boy in the sailboat. As Gerald Johnson pointed out, "There is no finer water for sailing provided the sailor maintains a decent respect for the fundamental laws of seamanship. No water is worse for the man who doesn’t. The prodigious tides make currents and tide-rips dangerous. But they are not treacherous. They may be relied upon to act at a certain time in a certain manner. The man who knows his way about has no occasion to be caught in them. In the waters of Passamaquoddy, President Roosevelt learned that this world is subject to law. Kicking and screaming may browbeat a doting family but they have no effect upon a tide-rip; certain things must be done at certain times; revolt against the rules brings its own punishment, instantly and inexorably. Yet the young sailor discovers that if law is relentless justice is never denied. Forces infinitely greater than he is compel him to perform certain acts in a certain order and there is no escape from this compulsion. Yet if he understands the ways in which these forces move and governs himself accordingly, that same inexorable law becomes his protection. The sea is not capricious. It seems so to those who have never learned... to those who have misunderstood... or those who have forgotten its laws."

So it has been in the career of Franklin Delano Roosevelt... the man who is dead, but whose spirit will live eternally because he was able to realize that there is no real line of differentiation between the human tide and the rise and fall of the waters on this globe. None is infallible. Were he to be infallible he would not be human. The dead leader made his mistakes, as we all have done. But underneath it all, America may be eternally grateful to him for having the foresight to blast the obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free.

Now, under President Truman... in the words of Foch..."a la bataille... tout le monde... a la bataille"... to the battle, everyone, to the battle.
The People and the War

Arthur Gaeth, a Mutual Commentator, wandered for ten years through Europe...understands the reasons why the Anglo-American leaders may have trouble with the liberated countries. They fight for the same thing we fight for. But we had them once. They never did.

Across the nation the film, "Winged Victory," is drawing huge audiences. The film not only entertains, it relates the story of the air force. It re-enacts what is taking place in the lives and homes of millions of Americans, homes with boys going to war, leaving sweethearts, wives and families, parents and brothers and sisters. Americans hate war but they can wage it.

"Winged Victory" shows what these boys, their wives and sweethearts hope to realize from the war—not territory and world power, but the right to live decent lives with children, a home or farm of their own—those things for which the normal American yearns.

Our Congress realizes that when 11,000,000 men and women return from war they will want jobs; they will want a normal life. That is at the head of the list of reasons why they are fighting. Unless they realize that, this war will have been in vain.

If you were to transplant yourselves to Europe—to that Europe so remote and so controversial to the average American (a Europe through which I wandered for ten years) you would find the average European wanting much the same things, except possibly on a smaller scale—peace, a government that thinks of the people, their needs and desires—security, social insurance, the right to own land, to have an apartment, to find a job. Basically, in their desires, those Europeans are not much different from our Americans. Yet, they have had a different past. The average Greek, Jugoslav, Pole, Italian, has lacked the opportunities which have been ours.

Recently one of my listeners on the Pacific Coast wrote me: "Why do we and the British find ourselves in hot water with the people we liberate and as far as we can learn, the Russians do not have this difficulty. It looks to me as though our governments are afraid of the common people and the Russians are not." There is sense in that observation.

We have had our troubles in North Africa, Italy, Greece, Jugoslavia, Poland, Belgium, and other countries. To begin with, in each case, Anglo-American leaders supported the so-called "legitimate" governments, those which were in existence when the change came. Our governments be-
gan where they thought law and order had last existed. They were prepared to go back, even in the case of Italy, to institutions which had existed before.

In each case, there were millions of people who were not. In fact, there were movements which fought the Axis, not only to defeat Germans and Italians but also to gain a life very much different from that which existed before. There is the case of the Jugoslavs. They fought Italians and Germans and they fought among themselves. One of the factions, that of Michailovic, fought for the Serb king against the Partisans. To millions of Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and Montenegrins, the Serbs had been dictators in control; non-Serbs were second-class people.

There is the case of the Greeks. The pre-war government of Metaxas and King George was fascist; it came to power by suppressing all the democratic groups.

Constantine Poulos, American correspondent, gives us some Greek background when he tells of his visits to Kaiserian, the great workers’ section of Athens.

He writes: “My first visit was on Thursday night, October 12. The Germans had not completely withdrawn from the city, but the last of them were to leave the next day. The Kaiserian was celebrating. Bright bonfires blazed on the main street and in the neighboring squares . . . Around the fires the young people were dancing Greek folk dances. The old people sat around chatting gaily. On the steps of their church, a good-sized group of older young people were singing folk ballads. They invited me to sit with them, and they sang to me . . .

“We talked of the Germans. A hundred voices proudly told me that the Germans had called the Kaiserian the “Stalingrad” of Greece. The greatest strength of the Athens underground resistance movement was concentrated here. Acts of sabotage against the occupation forces were planned from here, and the individuals who carried them out came mainly from the ranks of the Kaiserian workers.”

Poulos tells how he reviewed 2,000 stalwart young men of the Kaiserian after the Germans had gone. Those were the workers’ sons of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who had come to Greece as destitute refugees in 1922.

“We are the children of those people who were pushed around and exchanged like cattle by the great men of the world 22 years ago,” a young commander of the Kaiserian brigade announced. “We grew up in a bleak world of poverty, misery, and fascism. We fought that fascism, both domestic and foreign. Now we are free from foreign fascism, and for that freedom we paid dearly. But we know that the fight against domestic fascism, which wants to keep us in poverty and misery, is not over.”

Today the people of Kaiserian are sullen and bitter. Their houses have been levelled. Foreigners came in and
subdued them. They do not know yet how much voice they will have in their government; before the war they had none.

If you find Italians opposing the House of Savoy, Jugoslavs supporting Tito as against King Peter; if you find Poles forming a Liberation Committee against the Government in Exile; if you find the great mass of the people in Europe do not want to return to their rulers of the past, then you need to remember that the history of the past is bleak for many of the people of Europe. They do not want that past chained upon them again. And they will turn for aid to those who are opposed to that past.

The Russians also are opposed to the past. They want a new Europe and as they overrun it from the east, it is quite apparent why the larger resistance movements and even the DeGaulle French Government will team up with them. If the British and Americans oppose those movements and attempt to keep them out of power wherever they can, they will indirectly bring support to the more radical elements willing to stage a revolution, which in the end may produce a Europe even more "leftist" than the one that would result if the people were allowed to choose.

It is easy to say: "But we will permit them to choose when the struggle is over." By then, the House of Savoy or any returning pre-war government may have military divisions sworn to it; it may have the persuasive aid of food which it can distribute; it will be able to institute con-

...
"Beautiful tree, isn’t it? But I’ve never had the nerve to look over and see where it springs from."
PARROTS

by GEORGE F. MaGILL

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you was a bird!"

They say the boys returning from service in the far corners of the earth are bringing home some exotic ideas such as wearing one earring pirate style and carrying strange mascots... like parrots. Well, just in case the service man in your life should imbibe too freely of fermented cocoanut juice and come home with a parrot perched on his wrist, we shall set down a few helpful observations out of our experience with Carlos. Yes, we had a parrot.

Which brings up the one about the sailor who followed the parrot into the jungle. The polly flew into a tree. The sailor climbed up after it. The parrot edged out on a limb and the sailor reached for him. "Stop," screamed the parrot. "Don't you dare touch me." "Oh, excuse me," said the sailor, "I thought you was a bird."

We thought Carlos was a bird, too, but after living with him awhile we became convinced that he was the reincarnated spirit of a departed traffic cop or a baseball umpire.

Carlos came to us as a gift. A friend had two of them shipped up from Mexico—one for himself, one for us. They arrived in the same crate and had obviously been about as congenial as a marine and a sailor trying to sleep in the same hammock.

My friend's parrot proved to be blind in one eye, doubtless the result of one of their battles enroute, and Carlos had no tail. It had really been plucked out by the roots. In five years he never added a feather to it!

Carlos was a Panama Black Tongue, supposed to be one of the best talkers. He (or she, we were never sure) soon learned to say "Hello," which is basic parrot English. He had one other conversational bon mot which sounded like, "Bring it over." Occasionally he would slur the two together into "Hellower." We spent endless hours trying to increase his vocabulary further. No soap!

We had just about given up teaching Carlos to speak fluently when we received a very promising piece of advice from Mexico City. A guide, named Jose whom my friend had met in that land of romance, suggested this classic method:

"Refferent about the Parrot, you can tell to your friend, he can use a regular alcohol or wiskey or brandy on the head, behind the ears the winds under to make dronk the Parrot, and after when he be sure the Parrot is full dronk he can start to talk slowly and clear a two or three frases repeating for a while, and if Parrot is of a good race,
(Black tongue, yellow feathers on the head and red colour feathers on the beginning of the winds) he will be sure the Parrot will repeat the next day, when he is so over; No question about; I have a good experience unfortunately in this monkey business."

It sounded quite authentic and one evening when the girls and their mother were away, I lugged home a pint of Old Taylor and Carlos and I proceeded with Jose's method. Carlos couldn't carry his liquor worth a damn and was soon tottering about the floor in an excellent imitation of W. C. Fields doing his pool table act without the pool table. I had selected the one phrase which I thought would do him the most good through life—"When do we eat." I repeated it to him over and over. "When do we eat, When do we eat, When do we eat"—occasionally feeding him another wee drop of Old Taylor to encourage him.

From that point my memory seems a bit hazy. I must have given up and put Carlos in his cage eventually and covered him for the night, because I certainly found him there the next morning, although why I wrapped one of my socks around his neck will always remain a mystery.

When I uncovered Carlos in the morning he looked about as rocky as I felt. "Bring it over," he chirped feebly, so I made us both some hot coffee. Oh, yes, he drank coffee at every meal!

For weeks I lived in terror that Carlos might repeat other things we may have discussed while we were enveloped in our alcoholic fog. But, he was a gentleman (or a perfect lady). He never said a word about the episode and neither have I up to this time.

---

Reflections Following a More or Less Recent Radio Flash

"Miss Temple to be wed in two years!"
And the war might end in five.
It's one p.m. in Kansas City.
Gracious, are we not truly fortunate to be alive?

—our friend, Meme la Moto.
Strictly Cricket

An American overseas looks at the British national sport—and finds it "confuzzing," to say the least!

by S/Sgt. Karl L. Peterson

When Great Britain was packed with American troops for the European invasion, Sunday afternoon strollers in London’s Hyde Park used to gaze in puzzled awe at Yank troops playing baseball. But those Britains who at first heartily applauded pop flies in the belief they were home runs can now laugh in turn, as we did then. at the American approach to cricket. G.I.’s in England, Australia and India are encountering the gentlemanly sport, and finding it “confuzzing” to say the least.

Abner Doubleday’s invention of baseball in 1839 is like yesterday afternoon compared to cricket, whose disputed origins are lost in antiquity. Certain it is that King Edward IV, a sort of 15th Century LaGuardia, banned the game in 1477 because there was too much betting on the outcome of matches, although history does not tell of any heavily-subsidized Oxford or Cambridge athletes creating a big cricket scandal by selling out to the bookies.

The staid Marylebone Cricket Club, ruling body of the game, has been collecting membership dues for a little matter of 200 years, in which time cricket has gained a code of ethics, manners, messy traditions and old ivy.

A cricket field (pitch) must be at least 450 feet square, and play proceeds in all directions from the two wickets placed in the center and 66 feet apart. These wickets consist of three knee-high wooden stumps, each about an inch thick, with a small block (bails) laid across the top ends. The pitcher (bowler) runs up to one wicket and stiff-arms the ball overhead towards the base of the other wicket, where the batsman attempts to hit it on the bounce. The bowler’s object is to knock the block off (the wicket’s, that is), to accomplish which he may hurl fast ones, slow ones which break right or left after hitting the turf, or a super-blooper called the “googly.” Use of resin on the ball or hands is viewed with alarm in purer cricket circles, and as for a spit ball—well, really, old boy!

The batsman swipes viciously at the apple with his flat, wide-bladed bat, which looks like a laundry-paddle, and since there is no foul territory in cricket, the artist at flipping them off to his right and to the rear is considered a very sharp operator indeed. Fielders, under such glamorous designations as the “square leg,” “silly mid on,” and “short slip,” are scattered all about, playing bare-handed. Since stopping a hard-driven cricket
ball with the meat hand is roughly equivalent to fielding hot rivets without a bucket, the game is only for daredevils and he-men.

Now here's the rub (as an early Danish player remarked): the batsman doesn't have to run out a hit unless he's pretty doggone sure of making it safely to the other wicket, while his batting partner runs the other way, exchanging places with him. A pair of conservative old codgers can stand up there all day, punching out safe one-run grounders. They can be retired only if they hit a fly ball which is caught, or if the bowler gets one past them and clips off the bails, or if they are thrown out by a fielder, who tosses the old agate to the wicket-keeper, cricket's well-padded "catcher," who then swipes off the bails with his mitted fist before the batsman arrives safely at destination.

There is also some very technical business about the batsman blocking the wicket with his leg, a foul glibly referred to as "I.b.w.," rendering him liable to being thumbed "out" by the umpire. Plus a ruling that an eager beaver who steps out of the batter's box (crease) to swing at a cripple, and then misses, may be put out by the wicketkeeper's catching the ball and flicking ye olde bails away before the slugger gets back in the crease, or groove, as Americans would say. But all this is much too complex to worry about.

Murderers' row in cricket is composed of the "four" and "six" hitters, who get four runs for belting one beyond the field boundaries on the ground and six on the fly. Such swinging for the fences, however, heightens the risk of being bowled or popping up to the infield, and puts a premium on conservatism—possibly a clue to the British character.

Ergo, it is not uncommon for a lad with a sharp eye to "hit up" a hundred runs in one batting session, said performance being called a "century," which is just how long it seems to the spectators. With whatever little action there is proceeding in the middle of the large pitch, the grandstands cannot be closer than 75 yards distant, so the avid cricket fan gets a rough shuffle. This may be why the crowds are so restrained, indulging in desultory applause and drinking innumerable cups of tea in the shade of the pavilion. A good guess is that many cricket-watchers get the fine points of a match only by conning the newspaper over breakfast next morning.

Australian Don Bradman, modern cricket's most prolific scorer, rang the bell for 452 runs at one clip in a 1930 match played in Queensland, probably leaving the scorekeeper with a hand permanently deformed from writer's cramp. John B. Hobbs, at mention of whom English cricket fans stand to attention, legged up a snappy 61,221 runs in his 29-year career. By
these standards, Ty Cobb was just a bush-leaguer.

To rest the long-suffering bowler and relieve the monotony, a new bowler takes over after six good balls have been bowled, tossing them from the opposite wicket, while the relieved bowler replaces him in the field. After another “over” of six balls the first man resumes. Popular strategy (with the players, not the spectators) consists of putting your short, safe hitters up first. These “blockers” tire the bowler after a few hours, leaving him at the mercy of the cleanup sluggers farther down the batting order. Bowlers must train religiously, therefore, to stay in the pink. Maurice Tate, famous English expert, swears by a “10-mile hike over the Sussex Downs followed by a pint of beer with a crust of bread and cheese.” Well, every man to his own system.

Two umpires, looking like dignified butchers in their long, white cloth coats, perform the necessary adjudication. A far halloo from the maligncd and badgered baseball umpire, these haughty gents are so aloof from the game that by custom they render no decisions until asked. Thus a legal eagle wicketkeeper, thinking he detects the batsman in the foul practice of “leg before wicket” shouts “How’s that?” at his nibs (in cricketese, the phrase is rendered “Huzzat!”) whereupon the arbiter so questioned calls the turn.

In a championship match, each team bats twice around, batters performing in pairs with each man staying in until he is retired. Thus one sticker may well outlast several partners, and occasionally one of the first two men at the wicket is still in there swinging at the finish, being credited as “not out” in the score after his ten mates have succumbed. A match may last six days, with “stumps drawn” each evening and daytime breaks for luncheon and tea. Obviously, even the most rabid cricket devotee must ration his enthusiasm over the period, hence one reason for the mannerliness of the onlookers. Likewise, picture the feelings of an unfortunate batsman who tries fence-busting and flies out on the first pitch, reflecting that he likely won’t get to bat again for three days.

Blue-chip classic of cricket is the England-Australia Test Match series. This was discontinued during the current unpleasantness, but in peacetime it frequently became the subject of major international concern. Of 143 Test matches played, England has won 55, Australia 57, with 31 contests tied (drawn). Drawn matches occur where a time limit, three days in Test matches, runs out before both sides have finished batting. Aussies have a big advantage when playing on the hard ground of their home fields, in the hot, dry climate of Australia, whereas the English like the going at home where rain and humidity in the air makes for a springy turf and a slow-sailing ball. Die-hard English cricketers will confide to you, “Y’know, the Australians don’t really play cricket, if you know what I mean,” to which you nod sagely, having not the faintest notion what they
do mean. Nor could they explain in detail if asked, although the general idea seems to be that the forthright Aussies play the game strictly for blood, their terrific fire-ball bowlers displaying a most ungentlemanly preoccupation with winning. And their own freely-given opinion of English cricketers is not for the U. S. mails.

The great imponderable of cricket is the tradition that one must “play the game,” displaying at all times good breeding and form, which is to the British a way of life as well as a sporting mean. Thus, for example, when a jittery fielder muffs an easy catch at a crucial time, the bowler must not scream, “You thick-witted dolt!” and slam the ball on the ground in a fit of pique. Rather he returns stoutly to the task, with grim expression and stiff upper lip. Similarly, a denizen of Brooklyn, lost in a cricket pavilion, who might brashly shout, “T'row d' big bum out!” at some hapless player, would experience the greatest chill since the continental glacier receded. Though an American may find cricket incomprehensible, yea, even dull, beside his beloved baseball, he should try to appreciate the game from the British viewpoint. Just try explaining the niceties of the infield fly rule to a Briton sometime, or selling him on a sport where the teams only score a picayune four or five runs a game. That's not cricket.

Local Boy

By Jetta Carleton

HE'S blonde and lean and has that wonderfully scrubbed look of little boys on Sunday, and the whitest teeth you ever saw. In the Calcutta Statesman they wrote of him last fall: “To rediscover India in Sergeant Peterson’s lively company is a tonic for frayed nerves and the ennui that comes with years of staying put in the old peace-time job . . . it's the Sarge’s gift of seeing the funny side of things, and sharing it, that makes him such excellent company.”
"The Sarge" is S/Sgt. Karl L. Peterson of Kansas City, New Delhi, and points Far East. He used to play baseball and swim and go to school in Kansas City. Now he's holding his own pale hands beside the Shalimar. Technically, he was a feature writer for one of the better publications to come out of this war—the CBI Roundup, published by and for the China, Burma, India Headquarters of the United States Army Forces. And as a roving reporter, Karl does get around.

He got around to our office, along in December. We put him through a mild third degree and learned a lot of things that a lot of Kansas City people knew long before us. Such as: Karl went to Southwest High School and then to the Junior College when it was located downtown in that dark old building that looks dingy as a third-hand textbook. From there he went out to the University of Kansas City and graduated in 1940. He majored in history and political science. Which sounds awfully stuffy and impressive for a person who can turn right around and write of his sojourn in Kashmir: "You'll return to hear friends say enviously, 'My, how brown and dissipated-looking you are!"

But that's our Sarge for you! He's that rare combination of good student and cute kid. (And we don't mean cute kid in the sense of a child actor.) He was sports editor of the University News, also, and besides dashing about baseball diamonds and basketball courts ("blond flash" they called him in those days!) he was one of the better swimmers at the Athletic Club. In fact, he'd just come from there when he dropped in for a chat with the editorial us.

We asked him about India. He told us, "It just smells bad." (Shalimar by any other name would raise as much of a stench—and we don't mean that stuff put out by Guerlain.) Calcutta and New Delhi are the best stations. Especially New Delhi, which is a planned city, very beautiful, and the cleanest. But even there, there are drawbacks. Ice is available, but there's not much of it; light bulbs are $1.80 apiece. And all over that contradictory country you'll see such sights as streamlined locomotives and water buffaloes—all in the same glance. We were interested in the Sarge's comments on young India's passion for schoolin'. He tells us they watch the papers for the published examination grades as avidly as we'd watch for football scores. That's young India, though, he reminds us... the rest of them spend their time trying to get enough rice.

The most knocked-out piece of Baedeker this side of The New Yorker is Sgt. Peterson's account of his visit to Kashmir. (Aforequoted several times in this same article.) It appeared last October in the CBI Roundup, and we can't resist passing along a few choice bits:

"After two nights of shivering insomnia in the low mountain temperatures, you transfer to a houseboat on a conveniently located lake just two hours boat-ride from town.

"Here, with five rooms, four servants, a sun deck and a well fitted little cook boat riding out back you can fairly take it on the plush. Just relax in your easy chair, gaze out at the lakes and mountains, and holler at the bearer for tea.

"Houseboat bathrooms feature running water, but it's the bhisti, or water bearer, who comes running, with the stuff in a pail. Bathing in the narrow confines of a tin 'Grandma' tub in two inches of tepid water is a neat trick; the secret is not to try to immerse yourself by contortions. A friend of ours, thus engaged, got over on the back of his neck once and would have drowned but for the timely arrival of a sweeper who had come to haul another load away."

He has a lot to say, too, about the boatmen who operate in more ways than one on the Kashmir lakes. Their craft have flowery names and inevitable commercials: "Garden of Heaven—best spring seats," for example. And Kashmir's wool weavers and walnut carvers do business under monickers just as startling: "Suffering Moses," or "Cheerful Chippendale."

"Curio buyers are advised by the local Provost Marshal to make no deposit-down-on-future-delivery deals, as some optimists in the past who thought
they were getting woolens got fleeced instead."

Ah, that's our boy! And we also liked his account of horse racing in India. ("The horse's sire is listed properly, but the book doesn't give a dam.")

Sgt. Peterson has been in the Air Corps almost four years; has been overseas most of that time. He was bombed at Asaam; served for a time in "Operations." As a feature writer for the CBI Roundup he's well on his way to becoming one of the brighter journalistic products of the war. His approach is fresh and affirmative. And we're thinking he'll be just as good, back home in the middle-west. Kansas City certainly won't want to be giving Karl Peterson back to the Indians.

*Nostalgia — Past, Present, Future*

**BY ODELL TRENGOVE**

GLIMMERS of the postwar world inspire readers with awe. Helicopters, glass houses, robot housemaids—you know the advertising patter! As soon as the war is over and the boys come plowing home to man the converted factory throttles—oh boy!

So say the inventors, the manufacturers. We're going to have a field day, we ladies. For housewives, no little nagging tasks to do. Turn a button, flick a switch. Dinner—raw five minutes earlier—all done, and the gravy made.

Friend husband gets in his little buzz-baby, toots up into the air-lane to play 18 holes of golf 300 miles away. Zips back in time for the evening radio programs at home, television, of course, in his own projection room, channeled from NBC.* That will be home life, 1955, say the experts. Fanfare and a few salvos!

Junior will no longer be going to school with books or homework under arm. Visual aids instead of texts for our small fry—moving pitchers from 9 till 2, where they learn little things—like how to plant a cucumber and dissect frogs. They'll simply gaze, then imitate in practice laboratories. Predictions, a bit alarming, indicate there'll not even be penmanship lessons, no chalk talks on how to print. The kids will start strictly from the typewriter (touch system) down there in primary grades. And do sums on adding machines, divide with calculators.

Pardon me, madam. Did you say you like the old days, when it took four good hours to roast a turkey, so that the flavor dripped slowly through the dressing until the family swooned at the first taste?

You mean you didn't mind when Dad paddled off in the family Chivvy, two miles to the country club, and sat happily in BVD's at the 19th hole dressing room with the teammates and a bottle of Scotch until long after dark?

You actually liked ambling off with the kids to the neighborhood movie, bearing bags of hot popcorn and molasses kisses to chew?

You rather enjoyed Monday mornings, with Junior doing a last-minute batch of fractions during the oatmeal (15 minute variety) on the "reminder-for-groceries" slate beside the kitchen refrigerator?

Go ahead, men of vision. Streamline the home. Streamline the school. Streamline the whole countryside. But for the luuva little apples, leave my family life alone! It's sort of fun, the way we have it now.

*And MUTUAL, don't forget!"
"What Was that Name You Called Me?"

When you sling mud, know what you're slinging, or words to that effect—by KWK's news commentator, who does a bit of defining of words like "communist" and "fascist."

By RAY E. DADY

The word "communism" is one we are likely to hear more and more in the days to come. Whether we like it or not whole European areas, notably in the Balkans, are going to fall within the Russian sphere of influence. This means the system of government which will be devised to shape the lives of the people, will be along communistic lines. So the term "communism," which used to be confined largely to conversation among readers of the New Masses, is now becoming a world term and is finding its way into the vocabulary of both statesmen and sand-hogs. Whenever the entire population of a democratic country gets on speaking terms with any word, there should be some idea of what it means.

However, I find the word "communism" being loosely used by employers to designate any guy who works overtime at time and a half, any bloke who believes in the principle of collective bargaining, any lost soul who belongs to a credit union or buys his groceries from a co-operative store. The same word is used to put in his proper place any idealistic loafers who believes a certain amount of regulation in business is in the interest of the commonweal, or any itchy-palmed tub-thumper who believes the TVA and the other proposed valley authorities have a place in protecting and preserving our economy and our resources. To use the word "communism" or "communist" in any such loose fashion is little short of libelous against the millions of good Americans who believe the TVA, collective bargaining, a great mass of so-called social legislation, yes, and even the New Deal—are all good instruments in the creation of a sound and democratic way of life.

Now let's flip the coin over and see what's on the other side. There we find another nasty word—"fascism." That term has been bandied about and kicked across the field so often that not even the boys of the original beer cellar putsch would recognize their own creation. The words "fascist" and "fascism" are subject to the same careless and many times vicious misuse as their antonyms of "communism" and "communistic." The starry-eyed idealists,
the irresponsible trade unionists, the pink-to-red editorial writers of national journals and daily newspapers who carry Guild cards in their hip pockets, have been throwing the term "fascist" around in a most ungentlemanly and unprovoked manner. Any arch-backed employer who feels that he has a certain property right in his own investments, any sparkless and literal man who sputters with impotency over administrative ukases that try to mask social reform procedures behind the cloak of a national emergency, any person who fails to subscribe to a governmental philosophy which lies "a little left of center," is likely to be dubbed a fascist and a black-hearted reactionary with a mental pattern cut along the same lines as the shirt worn by William Dudley Pelley.

This name-calling back and forth is a shoddy spectacle for Americans to be putting on before an audience of world spectators. It happens that the fertile soil of our country is capable of producing an infinite variety of crops. Two men—reared in the atmosphere of democracy, both exposed to the same traditions of freedom, both loving their country and its people—may develop strangely different attitudes on political and economic issues. It may seem that their ideas are irreconcilable, but if they are good Americans, they show one mark in common. They have been inoculated with the protective vaccine of tolerance. They believe in the rule of the majority but they will fight at the drop of a hat to protect the rights of a minority.

So to these people who have been using the words "communism" and "fascism" without thought to their proper meaning, it is suggested that they refer to their glossary of faulty diction. Both words have ugly connotations and very seldom do they mean what their users think they do. On the rare occasions when the words can be properly employed to describe a person in this country, they should be taken as an insult. Any American who finds himself on the receiving end of such a remark will snarl: "Smile when you say that, Mister." He will be angered by it because he knows there's something wrong with the blood stream of any American who is either fascist or communist, the inoculation of democracy didn't take.

Juvenile Delinquency

Louis E. Perkins, 2 years old, who was found lying in a first-floor doorway at 1025 Cherry street, suffering from head injuries early yesterday told police in a signed statement last night that while drinking in a tavern near Twelfth street and Troost avenue Wednesday night he had met a young couple whom he accompanied to an apartment. He said he had a drink, then remembered nothing until he came to in jail yesterday.

The youth gave his address as 1333½ McGee street, and his occupation as a cab driver.

—from the Kansas City Star.

How young was that young couple, did you say?
Really, now, do you know what it is? Quick, before the Palace of the Soviets grows up to its intended 1,364 feet—better learn about Russia's present governmental home, as described

by JAMES N. MOSEL

TWO Russian soldiers, just returned from the United States as part of a military mission, were challenged by a sentry who saw them wandering aimlessly amid the looming edifices of Moscow’s Kremlin.

"In America," one of them explained, "very few people know exactly what the Kremlin is. We'd never been in Moscow ourselves, and we became curious, too. Decided when we returned home, we would come and see the place at first hand."

Typical of the Russian conscientious pursuance of information, this little incident is also indicative of what the average American knows about the Kremlin. Most of us are vaguely aware that the Kremlin is the home of the Russian Government, and as such corresponds to London’s Whitehall and Washington’s Capitol Hill. But to any Muscovite, mention of the word Kremlin calls up a much more vivid picture than this.

The first thing an observer learns is that the Kremlin is the inner fortress of Moscow. In fact, the word Kremlin itself was originally used to designate that central part of any early Russian city which was surrounded by strong walls and embattlements; sometimes there were even embankments and moats. Being in reality fortresses, these enclosures were usually located on an elevation dominating the surrounding terrain.

In present day usage, however, the term Kremlin refers exclusively to the inner fortress of Moscow. Here, within bizarre and steepled walls dating back to medieval times, are the residences of the former court officials, as well as the most important offices of the Soviet Union. Here, spread out along its single street, renamed “Communist Street,” are the lofty, green pleasure Palace of the old Czars; the Arsenal; a museum containing the more important treasures of tapestry, enamel, jewelled and silver work of the Russian Church; and the Kremlin Palace—a building of white stone with a gilded cupola where the various Soviet Congresses are held.

In pre-Soviet times, the Kremlin contained the imperial palace, the
cathedral in which the Czars were crowned, and many important garrisons and arsenals. During the 1917 Revolution, the arsenal of the Kremlin was held against the Bolsheviks, but the steady bombardment damaged many sections; this damage has now been repaired as far as possible.

Within the walls of the Kremlin are the private apartments of Marshal Stalin. The long white corridor leading to his chambers is vaulted by indirect lighting, and punctuated at frequent intervals by colorfully uniformed guards—not one lower in rank than a major. Marshal Stalin himself—officed behind huge double doors to prevent eavesdropping—works at a massive desk in one corner of a long, rectangular room. The chamber is replete with highly polished mahogany furniture, which for the most part centers around a capacious conference table.

When viewed externally, the Kremlin appears to be a city in itself, surrounded by high, pyramidal walls of pale pink brick; it is surmounted by battlements, pierced by five gates. One gate, dating back to 1490, marks the spot where the first settlement arose on Kremlin Hill. Another gate, built in 1498, destroyed by Catherine the Great, and later rebuilt, has a secret passage connecting it with the nearby Moskav River. The main entrance to the Kremlin today is the Spasskiye Vorota Gate which opens onto Red Square. In 1625 an Englishman erected the famous chimes in the tower above this gate, from which the "International" was pealed at noon and 6 o'clock in the evening. The "Russian Revolutionary Funeral March" was also played, at 3 and 9 p.m.

These gates, with their drawbridges, made the Kremlin an island fortress when the alarm tower gave warnings of the approach of an enemy. By the 17th century, when the danger of barbarian aggressors had become less imminent, the Kremlin lost its importance as a fortress, and in the following two centuries the structure fell into disrepair with the accompanying loss of many monuments of medieval Russian architecture. But today, the Kremlin has emerged from its long and varied history—not only as the center of Moscow, but what is even more significant, as the heart of the vast nation that is modern Russia.
A BOY GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Not long ago a letter arrived at the home of Mrs. Roventini, the mother of Johnnie, the famous radio “Call’ boy. It was a request from the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary that Johnnie appear immediately for an interview at the Brooklyn office.

Who would want a little boy like Johnnie in the service, thought Mrs. Roventini. As Johnnie was busy at the studios that day, she called a good friend, Frank Higgins, who rushed over and assured her that everything would turn out all right.

When Johnnie and Higgins appeared at the Coast Guard office, the recruiting officer sized up Higgins with a view toward immediate service.

“You’re just the man we want to see,” the officer said. “You have a Richardson Motor Boat about 32 feet long which we could use in the auxiliary, haven’t you?” Johnnie didn’t say a word. He just stood there laughing to himself. His 48 inches of masculinity didn’t make much of an impression on the R. O.

“I’m not the man you want,” remarked Higgins.

“Aren’t you John Roventini?”

“That’s me!” spoke up the famous radio voice in familiar Brooklynese.

The officer suddenly recognized him. “I’m afraid you’re just a wee bit too small for the auxiliary,” he said. “Where’s your page-boy suit, Johnnie?” Johnnie opened his top-coat and there was his red-coat with the 48 shiny brass buttons!

A few days later Johnnie’s draft card arrived from his local board. “$^{1/2}A$” it stated—the only classification of its kind in the country.

—Malcolm Hyatt.

DEFINITIONS

A barracks is a pin-up gallery overlooking a crap game.

- Stagedoor canteen: A place where they let you inspect the merchandise but they won’t let you take it out.

- Experience is what you find when you’re looking for something else.

- Prime Minister: A preacher at his best.

- A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake up without hair there is an Indian with.

—from Prints of Paris.
"Clean It Up, Kids... Such Langwidge!"

"I often wonder why'n'ell
They have to say 'materiel'."
—from Songs of a Duck-Billed Platypus.

by CHARLES HOGAN

SOME particularly erratic and un-called-for behavior on the part of the gods of war resulted in the explosion, right under our very noses, of a couple of panzer divisions of assorted military experts. All of them have the inside track on the whole business and are just about as reliable as those slithery guys who trickle up to you with a sure-fire long shot in the sixth.

These sunporch Napoleons must number at least into the millions—but smart! Why, compared to them Hitler and Himmler were just a couple of rookies wondering if they’d ever get off the bench and up to bat before they were farmed out for another season with the Baden-Baden Boosters.

These boys who peddle their wares under such snazzy designations as “military commentators,” “war commentators,” “all-around commentators” or just plain, unsullied “commentators” have got the whole military picture locked up and tucked in for the night.

The fact that they can’t agree much better than a bunch of sports writers on the eve of a prize fight merely adds zest to their efforts.

But there is one point on which the whole brigade sees eye-to-eye. That is good old Gallie “materiel,” which keeps rearing its ugly head every time one of these wizards gets near last week’s map and typewriter.

For some bewildering reason the wizards love that word and cherish it, and fondle it, and work on a 72-hour week with no time off for overtime. Every time they want to tell you that an army loses its pants in a battle they report: “The enemy forces fell back to new positions with what was admitted a considerable loss in materiel. This means—” And so on.

Of course, ordinary gutter-grubs who are merely worrying about whether or not the United States should break off diplomatic relations with the Eskimos can figure out that the gents mean “material.” If we can’t dope it out we can always get that freshman from next door who is studying first-year French in M’sieur O’Rourke’s class to come over and translate it for us.

But why should we fritter away all that talent on one measly French word? Why don’t these guys either write in English from beginning to
end or else dish up the whole war to us in exotic tongues?

For instance, wouldn't it make your palpitating old ticker flutter some day to pick up the paper and read: a la Guerre comme a la guerre.

Why, it would give the old pump, which isn't just what it used to be anyway, an upheaval of joy!

Translated by the young droop next door this would inform you ("and I quote")—"in war as in war," or, for the matter of that, "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." How should one know?

Another nifty which any commentator who amounts to a hoot could profitably heist from the French someday is that old military axiom: le veritable Amphytriion est l'Amphytriou l'on dine. There now, clean it up and you've got something there!

As nearly as the kid next door has been able to figure out, that wheeze means ("and I quote!")—"The true Amphytriou is the Amphytriou where one dines." Meaning darned near anything under the sun, but you can bet your last sou (a French word meaning "your last sou") that it's wacky.

The particularly irritating thing about these commentators is that they've been batting and manhandling that word "materiel" all over Europe and totally ignoring its possibilities on the domestic market. Just look what they could do with it on the Camp Knox front!

Take a commentator from one to 10 (take them all and "materiel" with 'em and see if I care!) and send him packing off to the training camps. He ought to get something perfectly dandy when Sergeant O'Shaughnessy of the so-called "Red" army reports to his captain on the results of recent field maneuvers with the "Blue" army in the pidgin English which these wizards seem to go for in such a big way.

"Bon jour, mon capitaine—we have met the inimy and whipped the diable out of 'im! As usual, I landed a coupe de maitre" (French for 'master stroke') "on a damn Badli (Hindu for 'substitute') "shoutin' the white, 'hodie mihi, cras tibi' (Latin for 'today for me, tomorrow for thee')."

Then, carried away on a moonbeam of whimsy, Sergeant O'Shaughnessy continues: "An' I might be addin' too, that the damned inimy lost much materiel. Voila!" (French for 'there it is!' or 'Here you are!') You pay your money, and you take your choice, folks.

But the sergeant, faithful chronicler that he is, dishes up the bitter with the sweet and adds: "However, in order that mon capitaine may be au courant" (French for 'fully acquainted with') "it galls me to say that in the midst of the battle I felt a surge of Heimweh." (German for 'homesickness') "and before I knew it damned if I hadn't lost much materiel—namely one Geta (Japanese for 'shoe'), "and my Brunch (Woman's Home Companion for 'a little too late for breakfast and a bit too early for lunch')."

That's the idea, folks—and come in, you old Commentator, you!
"Do You Heah Me?"

Being a Pretty Ponderous Pandect on the Southland's Secession from the American Language

by "MOUSE" STRAIGHT

My maiden exposure to "talkin' Suthahn" was the diction of a New Girl on the Campus back in college days. For a week or two, the slick chick cut quite a figure (particularly since she had quite a one). Then her green-eyed sisters trimmed her down to size . . . "Yeah, she's from the South, all right," they confided with all the reluctance of a housewife buying a pound of bacon—"South Witches!" The awful truth was that our heroine had picked up her palaver in a season at a Southern finishing school.

And there my comprehension of Confederate lingo languished until some ten months ago, when I moved to Memphis, Tennessee. Ever since, Suthahn Talk has pounded my ears thick and fast.

Since my former home had been Kansas City, I expected Southerners to classify me as neither Southern nor Northern . . . but as a sort of Creature from Limbo. But no! Anything north of the north Tennessee line is strictly damyankee. They were friendly and polite in classifying me—but firm as well.

My very first impression was that some time during the hated Reconstruction Era some unanimous impairment attacked southern eardums. Such solicitude for one's hearing! Each request . . . each suggestion . . . each response . . . is followed up with "do yuh heah?" or "heah me?" or simply "heah?"

After the first shock, I found that the expression "wears well." Matter of fact, it's pretty cute.

And there's the matter of "you-all . . ." I had long heard this expression among would-be southern mimics, but it failed to live up to its advance billings. Instead of "you all," in general Memphis practice, the expression is "y'all." The usual morning greeting is not "how are you all?" but simply, "how y'all?"

This brevity is not occasioned by disinclination toward small-talk. As a devastating and loquacious redhead explained to me, "We Suthahanahs don't run wuhds togethah because we don't like to talk . . . We'ah just savin' ouahselves so we can talk moah!"

And I'll hand it to 'em—these rebels are highly articulate! They say a southern girl of twelve can make a better speech than a damyankee boy.
M. H. "MOUSE" STRAIGHT was born January twenty-seventh, nineteen-ten, in Bradford, Pa.—raised in Bristlesville, Oklahoma, where, at age seven, he received his nickname through a juvenile mispronunciation of the real name, "Morris." Educated at the University of Kansas, where he got his sheepskin in 1931, after serving as editor of the University Yearbook. Two college summers, he worked for the Kansas City advertising agency of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Wholen, Inc., in which WHB's Don Davis was then a partner. After graduation, Mouse went to Paris to get a job in the romantic Old World. Best he could do was $32 a month as English secretary and translator in a Parisian literary agency. Bicycled over the Pyrenees and saw Barcelono and Berlin before coming home in June of 1932 to join the WHB staff. Continuity editor for six years; sales manager for a year. Left WHB to go into agency work and for a brief fling at the photographic business in Kansas City. Last year he joined Plough, Inc., in Memphis, in their advertising department.

HT. 5' 10½."; WT. 160 lbs. Hobbies are travel (yes, he wants to see Poree again); Writing (he's going to do the Great American Novel, but so far has landed only in Breezy Stories and Swing); Handball, and Suzanne (she's the daughter. Her mother was WHB's traffic manager for five years).

Do you HEAH ME?

of twenty-one. Could be.

My only rebuttal, a dour one, is—"practice makes perfect."

I'm not surprised that the filmers of GWTW had such a terrible time instructing Vivian Leigh and Clark Cable exactly how to read the Scarlett and Rhett lines. "Talkin' suthahn" varies by section of the South . . . varies urban vs. rural . . . varies male vs. female . . . and even varies by individuals. You can't be sure what is Basic Confederate and what is merely Local Colloquial.

Voices make all the difference in the world. When your cuddly southern belle rings out, it may be with the mellow limpidness of a Colorado brook—or with the rising whine of a screech-bomb. There's the fullness of long vowels—neutralized by a frequent over-shortness of short vowels—"git," "thin" (for "then") and so on.

Phonetics are disgustingly impotent in describing Suthahn Talk. I can't explain how the folks here say "Memphis" by writing mee-YEM-fis. MAA-en fails to convey the pronunciation of the first word in "Man, I suah am thusty!" Gull doesn't do justice to the below-Mason-6-Dixon "girl."

Of course, the ultimate "g" of "ing" was forgotten long ago by the Deep, and the Not-So-Deep, South. But I suspect they may have been preceded in this seceding from the American Language by Flatbush pitchmen, Kansas wheat farmers, Chicago butchers and California pinup girls. As a matter of fact, maybe right now during the War Emergency, Congress should legalize what is already common usage and save tons of vital newsprint by eliminating even the apostrophes. What's wrong with—"I'm lookin for the guy that's been foolin with my wife so I can knock the stuffin out of him?"

I find it is possible to measure the Degree of Seductiveness of various
southern locutions. (If you aren’t prepared for some pretty Deep Stuff, read no further.)

The first thing a damyankee, fighting to save his Mother Tongue, finds himself saying is “yes ma’am” and “yes sir.” He winces at becoming so polite, but manfully, carries on.

Then, struggle as he may, he slips into “y’all.” It’s so damned easy to slurp and slur!

He may next, unwittingly, “change up” something. No one merely “changes” anything. And no one “changes down” anything. We “change up” here in the Sunny South!

From that point, the confused damyankee is in the lap of the gods. He may get into “I’m tellin’ yuh, man!” ... “Boy, yuh know that’s true!” ... “Girl, let’s go ta town!” (There’s no “reason why” for this one.)

Then again, our neophyte may be ensnared by “fixin’.” I’ve always wondered if a rebel would say, “I’m fixin’ to fix the fixin’s for the fish,” but so far, my continuing survey hasn’t recorded such usage.

These are the expressions a damyankee may pick up. However, he probably won’t adopt the “carry” expression—“I’m carryin’ Pearl to the party tonight.” The most amazing “carry statement” I’ve heard was “I’m fixin’ to carry my car ovah yondah to the garage tomorrow”—spoken by a gentle, white-haired old lady!

Finally, it’s very doubtful if a self-respecting individual from “up No’th” will monkey at all with his “r’s.” A “softness of r-ness” isn’t natural to him, and he can’t conceal it. When the Foreigner essays “bee-ah,” “teh-uble” or “fi-ahce,” it sounds phoney, not funny, to southern ears.

But even the most iron-minded, ear-muffled damyankee will catch himself using extravagant pet names occasionally, if not frequently. That, like politeness, seems to be part of the folkways and mores of the South. Something in the magnolia blossoms, no doubt.

Being honest about it, I imagine it would do something to one’s blood count to hear a molassesy feminine voice whisper, “You suah ah handsome, darlin’ pet.” I imagine a languorously moaned “lambie sweet” would force the Yankee-est into at least a decorous “my love.” And a drawling-dictioned “Honey-chile”—well, I imagine—

But this is all really just imagination. I don’t know.

Shucks.

WHEN THEY MET ABOUT MEAT

President Truman was a Senator when this photo was taken with Samuel R. Guard, publisher of the Breeders' Gazette. They were attending a conference of livestock growers in Kansas City, to discuss the meat shortage. Here is where The-Man-Who-Was-To-Become-President learned that the way to get more meat is to have OPA adjust price differentials; so that range men can get more money for their feeders—feed-lot operators, more money for finished beef. When it’s done, we’ll get steaks and roasts again!
The Heritage and the Inheritor

"The King is dead! Long live the King!"

With an affirmative outlook, CECIL BROWN highlights some differences—and likenesses—between the late President and the new President.

HOME OFFICE

When "The President" went up on the door of 649 in Kansas City's Federal Building, no one asked the sign painter, "President of what?" All the home folks know this is Harry Truman's work quarters when he pays his native state a visit. Here WHB's Dick Smith talks things over with Milt Grafrath, who has put some of the best names in town on some of the best doors. But this one is the tops.

TINI'S BEAR SKIN

To make a photograph like the one on our center pages, you first get Dr. Richard L. Sutton, famed Kansas City hunter and explorer, to shoot a bear. Then you ask Tini Anders to bring a negligee to the Hahn-Millard Studios. There, Harold Hahn photographs her—with results as shown. Miss Anders, of Kansas City, has been nominated for WHB's 1946 Swing Girl. Do we hear a second?

(On Friday night, April 13, 1945, Cecil Brown's regular news commentary for the Mutual Broadcasting System was noticeably discerning and forward-looking. We present here Mr. Brown's broadcast, in part, as he gave it on the day after the death of Franklin Delana Raasevelt.)

TONIGHT, people everywhere are saying: "Why did he have to die when we need him so much?"

People are asking that question because Franklin D. Roosevelt was so very much more than a president. He was the great symbol of a new freedom, and the promise of a better world of decency and equality.

In the midst of their sorrow, people are also apprehensive. People are studying the photographs of President Harry S. Truman, and wondering: Does he have the stuff?

Can this mild-appearing man from Missouri—untried, untested, inexperienced—stand up to Churchill and Stalin?

Can Truman direct America toward this brave new world? Can he help us reach the rendezvous with destiny, that Roosevelt spoke about?
The future will have to answer those questions. But part of the answer is to be found now—not only in Truman's personal character, but also in the heritage that Roosevelt passed on to his successor and to the American people.

That heritage is so rich—that fears about the future are unbecoming, even shameful.

**THE LATE COMPARED WITH THE NEW**

President Truman now reaps all the benefits—and all the deficiencies—of Mr. Roosevelt’s policies in directing the war, in directing foreign affairs, and in the domestic program.

As for the prosecution of the war, everyone knows that nothing is going to interfere with all-out victory.

President Truman is not a military strategist in the sense that Roosevelt was. But he knows that, and his first move today was to confer with military chiefs on the conduct of the war. That is not going to be changed. It is, as you know, carrying us to fast approaching victory over Germany.

As for the Pacific, it may be that the final strategy against Japan has not yet been mapped out. In any event, if Russia enters the war against Japan—then it will be President Truman's job to sit down with Churchill and Stalin, as Roosevelt did at Teheran and at Yalta.

As of now, it's evident that the Japanese have no way out, except unconditional surrender or to go on with their empty strategy of committing suicide. That has been their practice, for the very good reason that they have no weapons or strategy to turn back the tide that is sweeping over them.

Roosevelt helped create that tide: Truman takes over to see that the tide continues.

All the fruits of Roosevelt’s unceasing work to build a structure for peace, are now put in the hands of President Truman.

He has two outstanding advantages: He enters the White House with the United Nations a genuine thing, not just a dream. And also at a moment when the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of cooperation with other nations.

Roosevelt, against great opposition and by gradual stages, ripped open the cocoon of American isolationism. It was anything but a small job, and few men could have done it. But it has been done. That is one battle Truman will not have to fight, but it is a battle that will take continuing effort to stay won.

Truman is on the side of international cooperation. He has the friendship of Congress, and the technique of working with Congress. He does not have Roosevelt's mastery of the art of government, nor his grasp of foreign affairs. Roosevelt was his own Secretary of State for the most part. Truman is expected to depend much more on Secretary Stettinius.

Roosevelt had a detailed understanding of foreign affairs. He understood far in advance what was coming, even though at times he was uncertain about how to meet the inevitable. But on the big issue of facing up to the war, he was daring and
courageous. President Truman now faces many grave issues that call for Roosevelt’s kind of daring and determination.

For the world knows that Roosevelt’s work was far from over. He knew it better than anyone. That is why he asked the American people to return him to office for a fourth time, and why he expressed hope that his health would permit him to finish the job.

Those jobs are many. Roosevelt gathered together a successful team for winning the war. And he also got the big powers to agree on an agreement to keep the peace. That is a tremendous achievement, but the real work on peace is ahead, not behind us.

DECISIONS AND ISSUES

The economic reorganization of the world is in its first stages. It will take strong and unselfish men to bring about an order of decency and fairness.

Decisions on the control of Germany remain to be reached. President Roosevelt had not yet been able to work out with Russia the formation of a new Polish government. That job now faces Truman.

A decision has to be reached about Spain, because we are now winning the war against Fascism in Europe, at the same time that the Fascist government of Spain still goes on, as a refuge for Germans and as a breeding ground for the next war.

In the Pacific, President Truman faces the issue of whether America is going to keep the bases we have won, and whether the big powers should become trustees for colonies.

Those matters are fundamental, because the road we take will determine just how much responsibility America wants to assume in world affairs.

Those basic, international issues present no bed of roses to a man trying to step into Roosevelt’s place. Truman is well aware of the fact that he finds himself between Churchill, the Tory, and Stalin, the Communist—each of them anxious to have security and determined to have it, come what may.

It takes a skillful negotiator to achieve that security for all nations—without making Stalin think that Russia has been denied something, or having Churchill think he has sold out a tiny chunk of the British Empire.

The small nations of the world, just as small people, regarded Roosevelt as their champion. They, as well as Churchill and Stalin, will be studying Truman to see if he is the champion equal to Roosevelt.

On domestic affairs, President Truman inherits many a headache. So did Mr. Roosevelt when he took office. You may remember those first hundred days. When Roosevelt said we had nothing to fear but fear itself.

You may be sure that Roosevelt never forgot those days, how the whole nation—bankers, manufacturers, workers, farmers, ran to Roosevelt to be saved. Nor could he have forgotten how some of these same people who were at their wits end in 1933, began to call him a dictator as soon as they had been put back on their feet again, and their pockets began to fill up.

Those episodes are not water over
the dam, because President Truman also takes office when a rampage is getting started on the American home front.

Roosevelt took drastic action, because those were drastic days back at the beginning of the 1930’s. We felt it was better to spend money than to have riots, chaos, and then Fascism. Money was worth something only if it could be used to hold America together, to keep America sound. He achieved that.

The dangers facing Truman on the home front are not as great as those Roosevelt had to meet. But the issues Roosevelt met head on and solved to some extent were experiences that many Americans have not forgotten.

The man who said America can produce fifty thousand aircraft a year—and was scoffed at for saying it—also wanted jobs for sixty million Americans.

So do the American people who were friends of Roosevelt.

For in twelve years, Roosevelt taught the majority of the American people that the so-called good old days were something to be avoided, because those were the days of depressions, of being told, “Sorry, no job today,” of workers fighting to gain the very minimum of rights.

President Truman is considered something of a conservative. But he is also rated as a firm supporter of the Roosevelt program.

How well he carries out that program, and how much he deviates from it, will depend not only on his own character and strength, but also on the men who surround him.

SPECIFIC PROBLEMS AHEAD

For all of the promises being made about unity, we have to expect that the political cat and dog fights will continue.

Then, too, the problems of gradual reconversion of American industry to peacetime are great. In that process, special groups are going to exert all their power to gain special advantages.

The assault on prices and wages, on priorities for materials, on rationing will gain new momentum with Germany defeated. And that assault comes at a time when the power of the agency officials to resist it, seems to be growing weaker.

President Truman may strengthen the agencies by appointing some new men and taking to himself some new advisers. Of course, it would be natural for President Truman to feel his way around for a time, to build up the nation’s confidence in him. But as against that, events are moving fast, and decisions have to be made because so many events cannot wait.

That fact in itself imposes a great burden on President Truman, who must make critical decisions while he is still studying the chart handed to him by Mr. Roosevelt. And that imposes also a great duty on the American people to help President Truman guide us on the road toward victory, and then a stable and secure world of equity and freedom.

That is what Franklin Roosevelt worked and fought for. And that is what he died for, confident that we would carry on the fight.
What Do You Mean, Success?

"You do not have to be at the top to be 'somebody'," says JANE PORTERFIELD, of "True Romances." YOU may be more of a success than you think!

CAN you remember when you were eighteen? Remember the glorious plans you had? Not merely plans to make a fortune—though of course you were going to do that too, just on the side—but plans for resounding fame, for great and unselfish contribution to the world. You knew you could do it. You felt the drive, the talent, the fearless confidence, surging up within you.

Don’t smile at the boy or girl you once were. Never since then, in all probability, have your vistas been so boundless, your interests so many and pure, your picture of yourself so constructive.

How many of us have lived up to the high ambitions about which we dreamed? Today, at thirty or forty or fifty or sixty, where are you? Imagine, in your mind’s eye—You-to-day confronted by You-at-eighteen — the two of you face to face. Your young self would have many questions to ask, perhaps some sharp reproofs. You of today might laugh in reply. But you’d smart a bit, too.

Of course, between eighteen and now, you have acquired, probably painfully, more than a nodding acquaintance with reality. Your ideals have been tempered to fit what is possible. The danger is, however, that in the day-to-day struggle, in the welter of little things that must be done, we may lose sight of our aims altogether. We may live without direction, without principle—with only the aim to keep going. You-at-eighteen would mutter scornfully, “That’s hardly living!” And for all that youthful ignorance, the verdict would be right.

There is an opposite danger. You know people—perhaps you are one of them—who have sets their hearts on some vague, grandiose success. What this success actually is to be, remains curiously undefined in their minds. To have enormous wealth—to be presidents of the United States—movie stars—builders of great industries—great scientists—heroes—that is the public sort of attainment which most of us call success. When we fail to attain success on that scale, we are prone to accuse ourselves of failure. If that were true, about 99% of the world must be failures. No, not the people, but the
standards of success, are wrong.

There is another sort of success which is less often talked about. Not material triumph or public fame, but success as a human being. We tend to undervalue the man who is "merely" a good husband and father, "merely" a good citizen, "merely" a useful worker for his community at moderate earnings. We look for dignity as coming from outside things, instead of from the human spirit, where the only true and lasting dignity originates. Fame can depart, wealth can be lost, power dissipate with the wind—but the quality of a man or woman is indestructible, basic. High attainment and the world's greatest rewards must be a thrilling happiness. Yet the handful of people who achieve the top tell us they, like the rest of us, still want something more.

That "something more" is to be found in our own hearts. Without serenity of spirit, without being able to like and live with ourselves, the pomp of public success soon wears thin. Our respect goes out to—not the man who has the biggest car, the oldest name, the most influence—but to the man in any walk of life who has stature as a human being. That is what democracy is about.

The men who wrote our Constitution with such foresight were men possessed of learning and an intimate belief in God. They believed that all human beings are equal in the eyes of God, and around this belief they built the law of the land. They bequeathed us a set of traditions which values decency above power, character above money, honest accomplishment above fame. Our American values are plain and solid. We Americans are quick to laugh at what is "phoney"—quick to detect and attack what is dishonest. We are the people who refused to have kings, plain people who have always ruled ourselves, and who still are not fooled by outward display.

You remember the song from Gilbert and Sullivan: "When everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody." Our Fascist neighbors believe this so literally, they demeaned and debased their populations, wrecked their nations, so that a handful at the top could be "somebody."

We in America know better. Although, here everybody has (and must have) a chance to climb to the top, we know that you do not have to be at the top to be "somebody." We know that a man's or a woman's worth lies within him. We admire the exceptional few. But we also, and equally, respect the value of every human being. Success in the American language means the ability to live freely, honestly, securely, in fulfillment of oneself.

The boy was looking through a telescope. "Gawd!" he murmured. "G'wan," said his friend. "It ain't that powerful!"

—from The Tooter
LET'S Clear THE AIR

What to do until the plans of Dumbarton Oaks and the San Francisco Conference jell and become workable! Herein—

FRANK SINGISER

Of the Mutual Network presents some minimums demanded for the future security of our nation—a tentative blueprint for peace

FROM TIME TO TIME, I wager you have had the feeling that this war is sure to be followed by a third and even more terrible war. Oh, not right away. But in ten or fifteen or perhaps twenty years after the end of this one.

We have all been disturbed by public admissions of Allied differences. It is our hope that the San Francisco Conference will remove some of the possible causes of friction.

But is it not true that we, as Americans, are even more deeply concerned because some of the sharpest criticisms come from our friends and allies? Can we give a clear and definite answer to the question: "What does America want after this war?" Our own confusion is confusion confounded to our friends and allies. Our own uncertainty offers hope and consolation to our enemies.

Do we ourselves know what sort of world we want after victory? Is the world we are building going to be one in which the United Nations can live at peace along with liberated peoples and neutrals and the enemy? What is America's blueprint for peace?

It is in trying to work out separate answers to these questions that Allied differences have arisen.

The first answer to all these questions is that Americans will have absolutely nothing to say about the post-war world if our enemies are not defeated.

FIRST: Winning the war is the most urgent task before us. Beating the enemy is top priority. Without clear and unmistakable victory all other considerations become meaningless. This is a fact. We sometimes overlook it.

SECOND: Our military strength must continue to be a decisive factor in the world after the war. Today the United States of America is the most powerful nation in the world. Our pre-eminence as a war-making power is a present fact. America's outpouring of men and machines is regarded by our Allies with gratitude and by our enemies with dismay.

This war is above all wars Amer-
ica’s war. If we demand what is best for ourselves from the peace, we will be doing what is expected of the most important victor.

Yet, it is possible that what is best for Americans will be best for freedom-loving peoples everywhere. There is an added quality in the very word America that lifts the heart of the whole wide world. The reasons for this unique regard are many. But it must be beyond doubt that the world waits for an indication as to the kind of peace Americans want badly enough to fight for again, if need be. Any decision we make now, we make as citizens of the greatest military and democratic power of the world.

THIRD: Americans are in general agreement as to our future minimum demands for national security. We should lose no time in stating what those minimum demands are.

Until international means for enforcing the peace are established, America must and will look to its own defense. To be specific, we will maintain a Navy large enough and strong enough to operate from bases so situated throughout the world as to be able to repel any attack from any combination of other Naval powers. This will be expensive. But, until there is established a workable international sharing of control of the seas, it is our continental insurance policy.

We must and will maintain an air-force with trained personnel and adequate air bases sufficient to keep any possible combination of foreign air power away from the Western Hemi-
sphere. This ambitious program is not necessarily the way in which we would like to use American leadership in the air. But until there is an international air patrol force, this program is our protection against the sudden tornado that destroys before a nation knows it is at war.

We shall engage in a program of military training to provide a citizen’s army which can be converted in the shortest time into a striking force. This is not because we are a nation devoted to the pursuit of military aims. But until there is an international military force to keep the peace among the nations, this program is our guarantee against the landing of any hostile invader on our shores.

These are the minimum requirements which Americans want for their own security. These are the requirements for which America will strive until—and unless—a world organization of powers, friendly to the United States and our ideals, can be established at the Peace Table.

We should make this clear to our friends and Allies as well as to our enemies.

Sign on a New Orleans street: “No U-all turn.”
—from The Railwayman.

She was only a gravedigger’s daughter, but she sure could lower the beer.
STICK a pin anywhere on a map of Kansas City—there will be a church within easy walking distance. Protestant churches alone number two hundred and eighty. Of these, fifty-four are colored. And there are representatives of almost every type of religion, short of Zoroastrianism.

Kansas City is headquarters of a large diocese in the Roman Catholic Church, with a resident bishop, the Most Reverend Edwin O'Hara. One of the oldest ministers in point of service is Monsignor J. W. Keyes. He has a parish at 39th and Harrison. His work in Kansas City began forty-five years ago, starting with a parish of twenty-five families. His first services he held in a dance hall at 38th and Woodland. That was during the building of the present church where he now holds mass for three thousand people every Sunday.

Of the rabbis who serve the ten Jewish synagogues, orthodox and reformed, probably the most prominent is Samuel S. Mayerberg, rabbi of Congregation B'nai Jehudah. It was he who started and waged a reform movement during the darkest days of the corrupt political machine rule in Kansas City. Fearless and untiring, he worked almost night and day. It even became necessary for him to have a bodyguard whenever he appeared in public.

The Church of the Nazarene has its national headquarters here, with a large publishing house—handsome modern quarters from where they issue a national magazine widely read by all faiths. The Baptists also have a publishing house in Kansas City, and they, as well as the Methodists and the Roman Catholics, have a book store in the downtown district.

Probably one of the largest publishing concerns in the city is that of the Unity School of Christianity, which has its origin here. The tall yellow stone tower and the gracious wide buildings of Unity Farm are a Kansas City landmark. The Farm, just outside the city, produces some of the finest fruits and vegetables in this area. It is here, too, where thousands
of people gather on summer Sunday evenings to listen to excellent music in Unity's spacious amphitheater.

The Unity idea began about fifty years ago. It originated in the mind of a woman, Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore. She and her husband, Charles, a real estate man, developed the School and its principles. It is not a religious denomination in the accepted sense. It is rather a school of Christian teaching. It stresses temperance, vegetarian diet, and prayer. One of the tenets of the faith is the tithing idea of the ancient Hebrews. Not only is each individual member encouraged to give a tenth of his gross income, but he is also urged to win ten converts to the School.

Charles Fillmore is still living at the age of ninety, and still is active in lecturing and conducting classes. Unity School of Christianity has grown to the point where it has over a million subscribers to its numerous publications.

One of the most distinctive churches in the city is the one large Community Church. For more than thirty years, it was in the capable hands of the late Dr. Burris Jenkins, classed always as a "liberal minister." This non-denominational group is housed in an edifice designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Probably no other building in Kansas City has called down the controversial judgments of so many as this angular white building overlooking the Country Club Plaza. It is massive yet graceful; labyrinthine within and without; ultra-modern in design, and low, wide, and horizontal in feeling. Here on the carpeted platform lower than the congregation, University players have trod in buskin, in such quaint and reflective plays as "Everyman" . . . and the city's most distinguished group of modern dancers have performed barefoot and by candlelight their Christmas rituals.

The city boasts of many men of religion who are "scholars and gentlemen," active civic leaders, and respected and known in many other places as well as in their own town. The Episcopalian bishop, the Very Reverend Robert Nelson Spencer, English-born, is a poet as well as one of the best-loved dignitaries of his church. The Reverend Andreas Bard, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church, is a colorful and versatile character. He can be the center of attraction—swapping yarns with traveling men in the smoker, writing an opera, playing a Shakespearean role, or arguing Victorian liberalism with Sinclair Lewis. And it was, by the way, in
this city that Mr. Lewis lived for several months, meeting with groups of ministers each Sunday afternoon, to gather material for his novel, *Elmer Gantry*.

Among the colored churches, two rank among the largest congregations in the city. One, with a membership of two thousand, was built 23 years ago by its present pastor, Dr. D. A. Holmes. Dr. Holmes is a member of several inter-denominational committees, chairman of a large inter-racial organization, and a strong political influence among all classes. His wife directs a distinguished choir of fifty voices.

Just next door to Kansas City, and within sight from a skyscraper any clear day, is the home of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The huge domed temple is located in Independence, Missouri, world headquarters for this hardy legendary church.

It all began with a vision. The vision appeared to one Joseph Smith—and out of it grew this religious body which has undergone innumerable persecutions across the country from upper New York to the western edge of Missouri. Joseph Smith and his brother were shot in June of 1844 by a mob in Nauvoo, Illinois. Two years later Brigham Young proclaimed himself leader and took his followers into Utah. But the original church, although without a head, still existed in congregational form in many localities, challenging the doctrine of polygamy, which Brigham Young claimed originated in a secret doctrine left him by Joseph Smith. In 1860 "young Joseph," who was only twelve when his father was killed, assumed leadership of the church. He served until his death in 1914. His son Frederick Madison Smith is now president of the church. Court decisions have twice sustained the claim of the Reorganized Church as the successor of that organized in 1830 by Joseph Smith.

There are twelve congregations in Independence, including the Stone Church, and ten more in the two Kansas Cities. In Independence also are a publishing house and a sanitarium and hospital owned by the Latter Day Saints. Ten radio programs originate each week from the Stone Church.

*Christian Science—Unitarian—Spiritual Church of Christ—Pilgrim Holiness—Seventh Day Adventist—Assembly of God*—these and many more are represented in Kansas City. We are, literally, the very buckle of the Bible Belt.
Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

Looking ahead to complete Victory—perhaps you would like to follow this daily example of Bible readings, studying the example of One through Wham the only true victory can be achieved:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>June</th>
<th>Readings</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>June 1</td>
<td>Isaias 61:1-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>June 2</td>
<td>Psalm 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>June 3</td>
<td>Matt. 18:1-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>June 4</td>
<td>John 14:1-15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>June 5</td>
<td>Psalm 46:1-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>June 7</td>
<td>Mark 1:21-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>June 8</td>
<td>Psalm 72:1-10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>June 10</td>
<td>Mark 10:44-52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>June 15</td>
<td>Mark 12:28-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>Mark 8:34-38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>June 18</td>
<td>Matt. 5:13-20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>June 19</td>
<td>John 14:16-27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>June 20</td>
<td>Matt. 6:19-24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>June 21</td>
<td>Matt. 6:25-34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>June 22</td>
<td>Matt. 7:1-29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>June 24</td>
<td>Matt. 7:1-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>June 25</td>
<td>Luke 8:4-15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>June 29</td>
<td>I Cor. 11:23-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>June 30</td>
<td>John 15:1-15</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We should pray as did the Chinese Christian: "Oh, Lord, help me to reform the world, beginning with me."

—from Friendly Adventurer (Birmingham & Prosser Company)

For Sale for a Song!

If you can't find a house or an apartment for love or money—might take a tip from Burl Ives and sing for your shelter.

That's what the Wayfaring Stranger did. You've probably heard him on the record, with his guitar and his quaint, soft voice—half cowboy and half lute-singer, styling old folk ballads in the charmin'est way in the world. Perhaps you saw him in the Theatre Guild production, Sing Out, Sweet Land. At any rate, you've heard of Burl Ives. And even Burl Ives had his housing problems—until a friend of his heard him singing one day a certain ballad. The friend wanted that song. He made a bargain. If Burl Ives would teach him the words and music, he in return would give him a place to live.

And that's how it happens that Burl Ives lives on a barge.

The barge is anchored off Whitestone Landing in Long Island Sound, and it wasn't long before it was transformed into most comfortable quarters. The main cabin is panelled in pine and has an open fireplace. A bedroom, bath, and kitchenette are all done up in excellent taste. Oh, yes, there's a sun deck, too.

And now, whenever The Wayfaring Stranger has the urge for travel, he has only to pick up his guitar and weigh anchor.

—Walter C. Fabell.
REPORT...

What might be a rugged optimist’s observations on the Peace Conference and its aims turns up in the latter part of a book called “Leaves of Grass.” The reporter, one Walt Whitman, sets a pace which the delegates at the Golden Gate may well follow, and comments with amazing clairvoyance (considering he was some sixty-five years ahead of himself) on the current world scene:

“I see not America only, not only Liberty’s nation but other nations preparing; I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races; I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world’s stage; (Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? Are the acts suitable to them closed?); I see Freedom, completely arm’d and victorious and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other, A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste; What historic denouements are these so rapidly approach? I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions; I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken; I see the landmarks of European kings removed; I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way); Never were such sharp questions ask’d as this day.

* * * * * * *

The perform’d America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me, The unperform’d, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me.”

---

Pirate Stuff

“Fifteen men on a dead man’s chest,
Yo—ho—ho, and a bottle of rum!”

The average person, upon hearing or reading this choice masterpiece of pirate lore, conjures in his mind a picture of fifteen bold and blood-thirsty pirates indulging in a Bacchanalian orgy over a corpse.

Actually, one of the British West Indian Islands is known as “Dead Man’s Chest” because of its resemblance to a coffin. It is about a half mile long, and slightly raised at one end. According to tradition, the pirate Bluebeard once marooned fifteen men on this island, with nothing but a bottle of rum.

Bluebeard’s Castle still stands, to this day, on the island at St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands purchased for $25,000,000 from Denmark in 1916 by the United States.

—Alexander Woodville.
SURE SIGN . . . Coming events had certainly cast their shadows in display workrooms many months ago. For on V-E Day it was amazing how quickly the windows of downtown stores were dressed appropriately. Flags and V's and scrolls with patriotic inscriptions hung in all the correct colors against correct backgrounds. Harzfeld's always exciting windows were masterpieces of simplicity—with white replicas of the Winged Victory set like solitaires, lone and eloquent, one to each window. But in the five-and-ten next door they proudly displayed what we considered the town's most implicit symbol of Victory: they'd filled half of one window with babies' tiny pants—all rubber.

SOUR NOTE . . . In the midst of a peaceful (to the point of stunned) V-E Day in Kansas City, news of the Halifax incident descended with sinister import. Can wars be prevented, ever, as long as supposedly civilized people insist on putting the riot into patriotism?

IT'S BETTER THAN BEATING A DRUM . . . It was noon in Price's. Swarms of people. Two young civilians, very Stanley Clements, and one young Naval officer with an overseas ribbon, were ganged up at the far end of the candy counter. Their means of attracting the pretty blonde clerks was a loud, good natured whistling of a current juke-box tune. You can guess which one. We thought it one of the pleasanter ways of demanding—and getting—attention. When you want candy—just whistle it.

HOW TO WRITE A BEST-SELLER . . . Our friend, Meme La Moto, is reading Forever Amber, and concludes that she, too, will turn out a historical romance. Her plan is to take a copy of Beard and Beard, remove every other paragraph, and replace it with sex.

ON A CLEAR DAY . . . Not long ago, a friend of ours who had nothing better to do for the moment, idly picked up her pair of binoculars and walked over to the window. She executed a couple of peripheries with the high-powered glasses. Suddenly something swam into her ken that left her gasping. She had looked straight into the lenses of another pair of binoculars staring from another window in another apartment house.

"Oui, when Madame came in, I seen she was just the type for Henri's very tres chic coiffure!"
Swingin’ with the stars

Pictures expected in June • Kansas City

LOEW’S MIDLAND

WITHOUT LOVE—Katie Hepburn and Spencer Tracy hold over well into the first part of June, with their crackling comedy about a marriage of scientific convenience. Philip Barry wrote the play especially for Miss Hepburn, and although the movies have changed it a lot, it’s still enormous fun. Lucille Ball and Keenan Wynn are in it, too.

SON OF LASSIE — also comes home. The late Eric Knight started something very good, and now Jean Bartlett has written a sequel to the famous "Lassie Come Home." The characters are grown up now but just as lovable. With Peter Lawford, June Lockhart, Donald Crisp, and Nigel Bruce.

BLOOD ON THE SUN—Cagney Productions present James Cagney in a tremendous story of an American newspaperman in Japan, pre-Pearl Harbor, and the discovery of the Tanaka Memorial—called the Japanese Mein Kampf. Sylvia Sidney heads the supporting cast of this film, which premiered in San Francisco last month.

THE NEWMAN

SALTY O’ROURKE—holds over into June, with Alan Ladd, rough and fascinating as always, starred in a racy story that’s just about what you’d expect of a bunch of jockeys, trainers, and professional gamblers. Gail Russell looks wonderfull, and Stanley Clements (of "Going My Way") is his usual cocky and engaging self.

THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT—Jack Benny as a trumpet player who blows no good. He dreams he is sent to heaven, and back to earth again to herald the destruction of the world. Allyn Joslyn is a Fallen Angel who helps the plot thicken, and Alexis Smith is an angel. A lot of heavenly nonsense which most of you will relish.

MURDER, HE SAYS—Hillbilly hi-jinks, with Fred MacMurray, cute Jean Heather (of "Going My Way"), and Marjorie Main, who cracks a mean blacksnake whip. It’s about the Fleagle family, who liked to kill off their enemies with the waters of a strange spring, and watch them light up with a peculiar phosphorescent glow.

RKO ORPHEUM

CHINA SKIES—Love among renegades. Randolph Scott and Kansas City’s Ruth Warrick are a couple of American doctors trapped in a remote Chinese village with Randy’s unpleasant wife, Ellen Drew. But through intrigue, treachery, and bombings, love finds a way.

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT—Philip Dorn, Alan Hale, Irene Manning, and a lot of other people in a sort of Death Valley daze. It’s a new edition of "The Petrified Forest," with Helmut Dantine cast as yet another Nazi running loose in the land of the free.

GOOD, tight drama of the thriller variety.

PIILLOW TO POST — Feather-brained comedy about those familiar complications arising when two people pretend to be married for business purposes and aren’t. Ida Lupino plays refreshingly for laughs, for a change, assisted by good-looking William Prince, not-so-good-looking Sydney Greenstreet, Stuart Erwin, and Ruth Donnelly.

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—A gay romance involving Robert Young, Bill Williams, and Laraine Day—with Ann Harding cast as Laraine’s mother. Rather routine plot, but very prettily played.

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

BILLY ROSE’S DIAMOND HORSESHOE—With Betty Grable, which means it runs on into June from a May start. A ponderous and involved story gets slightly in the way, but all around it are gorgeous production numbers in technicolor, and the famous Grable figure in feathers and stuff. Dick Haymes is charming and melodious; Phil Silvers is charming in a hysterical sort of way. Watch for those desert hats!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—One of the bigger, better fantasies to come out in technicolor with music. In other words—the works! 20th Century Fox rings the bell on this one, with Fred MacMurray as a 4-F who wants to get into the Army and can’t—until an obliging genie takes him back to the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries and shows him what’s what. It’s gaggy and bright and hardly ever too clever. Joan Leslie and June Haver share femme honors. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin supply the pleasant songs. Gene Sheldon as the genie almost steals the show.

DON JUAN QUILLIGAN — A whole bunch of fun—and no wonder! Look who’s in it: Big Bill Bendix, Joan Blondell, and Phil Silvers!
(AT THE UPTOWN: Alberta Bird is presented each Sunday afternoon, 1:30 till 2:15, playing your favorite request numbers at the organ.)

THE TOWER
Stage and screen: On the former, good, clean fun—dancing, singing, acrobatics and what-not-ics. On the latter, mostly light comedies, westerns, or mysteries, with now and then a dandy recall picture—and always two of them. Saturday night Swing Shift Frolic—12:30-3:00 a.m. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery night." Such dear madness—someone always wins!

Rest Assured
Hollywood is hotel conscious. (As who isn't?) HOTEL BERLIN has just been released—and before the summer is over, you'll be seeing WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF. For six years after 1939, no American movie company seemed concerned enough about hotels to make pictures about them. But in 1927 there had been one called HOTEL IMPERIAL. And in 1932, HOTEL CONTINENTAL. A year later, HOTEL VARIETY. In 1937, HOTEL HAYWIRE; and in 1939, HOTEL FOR WOMEN. Foreign movie producers made four hotel pictures shown in this country. HOTEL KIKELET was produced in Hungary in 1937; HOTEL SACHER in Germany; HOTEL FOR LUNATICS in Spain in 1939; and in 1940, HOTEL DU NORD, in France.

If you are a lady without reservations (or a gentleman sans same)—stop at the movies. That seems to be the next best thing. At least, they'll help you remember what the inside of a hotel looks like beyond the swarming lobby.

—William Ornstein.

SHORT SNORTS
Two pints make one cavort.

The inebriate was walking a wavering line down Main Street. He turned to a passerby and asked, "Mister, where am I?"
"You're at the corner of 14th and Main."
"Never mind the details! What city?"
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

JUST FOR FOOD . . .

★ CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. Moderate prices on hearty foods, with the emphasis on beef stews, steaks, and pie. Looks surprisingly like a ranch house, elevated and white, and decorated inside with appropriate western motifs. Linwood and Forest. LO 2555.

★ DICK'S BAR-B-Q. A unique place, to say the least. Open from 6 to 6—p.m. to a.m. Atmospheric mostly because of its size, the checkered tablecloths, the old show bills on the walls, and white-haired Dick Stone. Up the Alley, off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

★ ED'S LUNCH. Notable mostly for the habitudes—the printers, reporters, and other people who put out the town's daily news sheet. A reporters' round table in the side room is sacred only to those parties of the press. And certain lunch-counter stools near the hack door better be left sacred to the printers who come in in their work clothes! It's open all night; a casual menu, with beer on the side if you want it. 1713 Grand. GR 9732.

★ EL NOPAL. "The Cactus" offers good simple Mexican food (if you can call it simple!) with no gimcracks. Lala and Nacho feature tortillas and all that goes with them, including a sauce that sizzles. Jessie is the good-natured gal who waits on all the tables. Our usual choice from the menu is what they call the "combination;" we prefer the light brown rice with it, but you may choose the dark brown beans. Open Friday, Saturday, Sunday nights only—6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. 416 West 13th. HA 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. Mrs. Dowd provides the appropriate atmosphere for the full enjoyment of fried chicken, served home style—and very-nice-home. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO 5912.

★ KING JOY LO. Upstairs restaurant, overlooking Main and 12th. Luncheon and dinner consist of such dishes as fried noodles, all sorts of chop sueys, egg foo yung, and better-than-average tea. American foods, if you prefer. Don Toy manages this very amiable place. 8 West 12th. HA 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Open 24 hours. A very busy shop with probably the fastest and most efficient waitresses around the Baltimore beat. We might recommend their Russian salads; ham when they have it; their famous beef stew, and of course the chocolate eclairs. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ NANCE CAFE. Comfortable rooms and excellent food. A place with a merited reputation, thanks to Harry Barth and good management. There's a plushy backroom beyond a grilled gate where you might like to entertain a special group at dinner. Here's where, you may remember, the Biscuit Girl and the Coffee Girl used to keep you well plied with their savory wares. The War banished that gracious practice, but Mrs. Hoover tells us the Girls will be back again, come the peace. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. A nice blond room mostly equipped with those swing-around tables that give you a little trouble when you try to get in or out of your booth. Pleasant food and music piped in from El Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Fried chicken again—and again and again—and that's all right with us! Very smooth and dignified rooms, with good service, lovely food, and a couple of lovely ladies (Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher) in charge. Dinners each evening, and at noon on Sunday. Be sure to have reservations. 9 East 45th. WE. 7700.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Luncheon only—and always crowded at the noonhour. Smooth business men and southside shoppers flock up to the third floor for things like Spanish bean soup, well seasoned vegetables, incomparable pies, and rich ice cream. Wolfman's Downtown Store, 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. A cafeteria—where you find rare things done with nuts and vegetables; intricate and amazing salads; and the richest pies in town. Most of the food is supplied by Unity Farm; they make their own ice cream; and of course, there is no meat on the menu. It's a most pleasant spot out from downtown for a quiet luncheon. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Big, noisy, and busy—because here's probably the most varied menu and the best food in the downtown district. Crusty brown potato pancakes, cheese blintzes and cheesecake, (huh-uh! the kind you eat with a fork!) capon baked elegantly, gefulte fish with pink horseradish, and a whole flock of other things that have us drooling. Kosher-style, at prices rather more reasonable than not. 1213 Baltimore. GR. 8999
FOR FOOD AND A DRINK . . .

★ BISMARK. You'd never know the old place! Kenneth Prater has reopened this convenient corner spot with its face considerably lifted. There's new paint all over, and a lot of other improvements. It should be packed fuller than ever now, although heaven knows, it was always full enough. A lot of radio people hang out (and over) here. KCKN, KCNO, and WHB personnel seem to consider the Bismark a branch office. Don't look now, but isn't that the announcer who did the news this morning? 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Black magic at the piano still has us in its spell. Joshua Johnson's boogie is pretty terrific, as long as he sticks strictly to boogie. Other entertainment is those ole two-reelers shown on a screen above the bar. Dinner from 5:30. Friday night family night dinners—$1.00. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CLOVER BAR. A funny, dusty little place with comfortably upholstered booths and barbecued ribs that make you feel comfortably upholstered. It's noisy and unfancy, but friendly and fun. And as they say of Miss Jaxon, the barbecue is simply divine. The feed bag is on from noon on. Be careful not to stumble over a beer barrel. 3832 Main. VA. 9883.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Fran Ritchie at the piano, 5:30 on. Dinners by Buster Rohovit, $1.00 to $1.50. Free parking in the Congress Garage. No cover or tax. Well, what more do you want? O.K., they've got it. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. They do say there's onion soup to be had—if you say the good word to Maurice Jester. He's the chef in this big restaurant where you find hearty meals and good drinks and a couple of very pleasant hostesses. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Where you sit in little lattice booths, festooned with wine bottles in straw jackets (not you, chum, the booths) and eat miles of spaghetti. It's Signora Teresa's best—and her best is mighty right with home folks as well as the visiting celebs—most of whom leave their autographs on a photograph for the Garden walls. Steaks and chops available most of the time, too. Opens 4:00 p.m. Closed on Sunday. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Blond and blue room where Hazel Smith plays pop tunes at the novachord, and fried chicken and stuff are on tap for dinner time. Willy Gantz plays very nice organ from 11:45 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ PLAZA BOWL COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A crowded but very pleasant spot where dry Kansans tank up just before crossing the border. Some of the best food on the Plaza, thanks to the management of the Eddy's. 430 Alameda Road. LO. 6616.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. A routine but attractive lounge, with piano, organ, and solovox tunes from Zena Schenck or Mary Dale, and graphology by Kay Van Lee, who reads your writing and makes something of it. 614 West 48th. LO. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR. All slick and newly decorated, with food on four levels, at very moderate prices. (And you can make something of that if you wanna!) The popular downstairs Grill is all touched up with Pickwickian paintings of bankers, lawyers, doctors, etc., because this is a favorite business man rendezvous after five and at noon. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. We like the sweeping staircase and the grilled balcony. It's a rather ornate lounge, flanked by a bar, and serving typical Pusateri food and satisfactory drinks. At the organ, Martha Dooley; roundabout, Uncle Joe. (an uncle of Gus and Jimmy). Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. VA. 8220.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. The same perpendicular clientele—because there's no room to sit, half the time. But who cares! Cluster around the bar and wait your turn. It's worth waiting for those steaks and their special salads. Gus and Jimmy have a very convivial place here. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Noisy and nippy and no entertainment. Lunch-on and dinner run up to a little more than a dollar, and the food is usually excellent. So are the drinks. We like the way Gus Fitch floats about the place with that imperturbable manner. Hotel Muchlbich, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Tucked away, way up on 9th Street, but you'll know it by the sign of the lobster and those dignified old stained glass window panels. Inside, there's the best sea-food in town, and usually pretty fair steaks, with good drinks, and slow but venerable service. So just relax and soak up atmosphere and don't get in a twist. It's a famous old place and still going strong. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Lots of women stop in here after shopping; and there are usually a lot of uniforms around, too. Manager Harry Newsstreet is our bid for one of the better-dressed restaurateurs along Baltimore. Zola at the organ and Betty Burgess, the graphologist, provide entertainment. Incidentally, Town Royale hamburgers are among the best. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. If you're about to go a sentimental journey—squeeze in for a quick-one first, at the Station bar. (And we do mean squeeze). Don't be alarmed if you run smack into a vaguely familiar face as you enter. That's a big mirror on the wall and the face is yours. There's pretty wonderful food next door in the dining room. Union Station. GR. 1100.

JUST FOR A DRINK . . .

★ EL CABANA. Not exactly a cabin in the sky—but you can get sky-high here in no time at all. Novochord music—by Lenora Nichols or Alberta Bird—helps the stuff along. Always crowded. And no wonder. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.
★ OMAR ROOM. Not exactly a tent for the Tentmaker—but a very refreshing room with a bar one flight down and Johnny Mack moving in for this month’s musicale. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore, HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. A tiny room just off the walk, where there are pink elephants on the walls and old two-reel comedies on a center screen from time to time. Take our advice, and try for that booth at the west end of the room, State Hotel, on 12th, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5130.

★ THE TROPICS. Look for us under the bamboo tree—or a reasonable facsimile—on the third floor of the Phillips, past the Gift Shop, and down a long hall. The Lenoa Sisters will be followed by organist West Masters of Boston. On rush nights, Mr. Phillips gets out the velvet rope. Hotel Phillips (like we said), 12th and Baltimore. GR. 9020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Those amber mirror tables may give you the jaundice, but Tim Spillane’s snake-bite cure will fix that! Weela Gallez sings the darndest little songs! And who do you think is back in town—pretty little Marcelle Myler, who used to be the Town Royale’s chief draw. She’s at the Bellrive now, singing her own ballads. No cover, minimum, or tax in this room. Opens at 11:00 a.m. Entertainment from 3:00 p.m. Hotel Bellrive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

WITH DANCING...

★ CROWN ROOM. Judy Conrad’s Beguine Rhythm begins around six; dancing from 9:00 p.m. You’ll want to hear Billy Snyder, too, a microscopic trombone player—the world’s smallest. And step down to the new glass bar in the Russian Room—where it’s all done with mirrors! Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ CUBAN ROOM. The trio (Fess Hill, Herman Walder, and a drummer) call in the hcp-cats from seven to twelve, and the welkin (whatever that is) rings with Kansas City jazz. You can have dinner here, too; spaghetti and meat balls and that sort of thing. 5 West Linwood. VA. 4634.

★ DRUM ROOM. One of the plusher places, especially if you’re lucky enough to snatch a booth, Bob McGrew and his orchestra (with lean, charming Jimmy Townsend at the piano and pretty Kay Hill on the vocals) are in absolutely top form this season. And what George does with omelettes—(with brandied broiled grapefruit or figs and burnt sugar)—would amaze any chick. Dancing at dinner and supper; no cover. Music for luncheon. And remember, there’s a bar next to the Drum Room. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ ED-BERN’S RESTAURANT. George Cohen tells us Arlene Terry and a small orchestra will be back soon to play for dancing, which should be good news. The food here, like our dreams, is getting better all the time—now that the Ed-berns have taken over. Luncheon and dinner; entertainment from mid-afternoon. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ EL BOLERO. Murals and Marguerite make this a right charming place. Marguerite (Clark) sings about anything you ask for and then some; and there’s a place to dance to jule-box rhythms. The Bolero is about two jumps down from the bar. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ EL CASBAH. Lotsa show, with Rita Oehman, Universal’s singing star, appearing the first of the month; followed in mid-month by Arthur Blake. He’s “the Dwight Fiske” of mimicry and a scream. Charlie Wright, his orchestra, and lovely, lovely Dawn Roland continue. There’s a cover—week nights, $1.00; Saturdays, $1.50. Personally, we like Saturday afternoons at El Casbah—when Arthur Murray dancers give free rumba lessons, in addition to the other entertainment. There’s no cover or minimum, either, and luncheons start gently at 65c. No wonder we like it! Hotel Bellrive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MARTIN’S PLAZA TAVERN. Preferred spot on the south side, even sans orchestra and entertainers. You can dance to jule box tunes, or eat chicken in the rough all over the place. A long narrow bar opens into an odd-shaped lounge, which in turn opens onto the cafeteria part. There’s no end to the place! 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MILTON’S TAP ROOM. Notable for three or four things: the caricatures of famous faces about the walls; the brothers Morrise who own the place (Max is managing now while the others are off to the wars); and Julia Lee. She plays piano, in case you haven’t heard. And if you haven’t, do! She sings in a sweet, husky voice, and is about the most authentic jazz maker left in these parts. 3511 Troost. VA. 9226.

★ PENGUIN ROOM. A large dining room with the usual pint-sized dance floor, good food, and Constance Duin’s All-Girl Orchestra. Dancing at dinner and supper. No cover. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SKY-HY ROOF. If you wanna dance with stars in your eyes (astronomically speaking) come on up to the Roof on Saturday nights, when Warren Durrett swings out with orchestral arrangements. Other nights, the Roof is available for private parties. No bar; you bring your own. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SOUTHERN MANSON. Suanse suavity, with music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra, good food, and green walls backing white pillars and pickets. No bar, but you may have drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ TERRACE GRILL. You still can’t beat it—for food, service and entertainment. Don Reid returns from Chicago this month. His is an extra-smooth style that pleases dancers at dinner and supper. There’s luncheon music, too, strictly for listenin’. For reservations—Gordon, at GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

★ TROCADERO. Pink paradise, half-way to Southtown. There are dripmy white trees painted on the pink walls, and comfortable blond and rose booths. The bar has a bunch of giddy lights that probably help the drinks do their work quicker! Juke box dancing begins at nine. New manager out here is Fritz Genss. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.
Some plaintive inquiries are beginning to drift in to this correspondent from such suburban communities as Mission Music Hills, Kansas, and Hollywood, California, asking about the summer music situation. Sorry, but the outdoor music plans are somewhat frozen at the moment along with practically everything else in the Windy City. However, a few hazy outlines are beginning to appear.

The free concerts, presented with the beaming cooperation of Mr. James Petrillo, the noted ex-trumpet player, will open in Grant Park on June 27th, with Izler Solomon slated to be one of the guest conductors. The Chicago Symphony's Ravinia season opens three nights later, on Saturday night, June 30th, with a special concert under the direction of Desire Defauw. Maestro Defauw is the new conductor of the symphony, and the center of much unhappy bickering on the part of those who take their symphonies very seriously. It seems you either think he's wonderful or want to throw a music stand at him.

Two of the soloists with the Chicago Symphony this summer will be bluejackets from the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. With the special permission of the Commandant of the 9th Naval District, Oscar Chausow and Frank Miller will be soloists in the Brahms's Double Concerto. It probably isn't news to Kansas City music lovers that Mr. Chausow formerly was a member of the violin section of the Kansas City Philharmonic, which he left for the Chicago Symphony. Frank Miller was Toscanini's solo cellist before he received greetings from the government.

The free Grant Park concerts will last until Labor Day, with a variety of local orchestras taking over the bandshell. The Ravinia season normally runs six weeks, with as many guest conductors. Last summer Kansas City's Efrem Kurtz was among the most popular of the guests.

The Grant Park concerts, some of which are very good, feature sudden cloudbursts and traffic jams. The Ravinia series, if it runs true to form, will attract the largest mosquitoes west of Jersey City. Scratching sounds and the muffled moans of wounded music-lovers will be an added, if unwelcome, feature.

Whether you vacation in Chicago to enjoy music, or yearn to hear and see Sophie Tucker in person at the Chez Paree, you probably won't have to worry about spending your nights in Grant Park. The hotel room sit-
Under the heading of "already arrived" attractions comes another old-timer, George Olsen, who seems to have discovered the Fountain of Youth somewhere near the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Although his current band looks as though he had recruited it from a Boy Scout drum and bugle corps, it has an alert, smart appearance that is the mark of all too few big bands. The boys play crisp, well-controlled music which has flavor but is not too overburdened with musical condiments. The band also has wealth of comedy and novelty talent—in addition to lovely Judith Blair, who can also sing.

The Edgewater Beach is headlining the music of Emil Vandas, with Wayne King, now minus his Captain’s bars, about to take over the bandstand for a late spring and summer sojourn. Del Courtney is at the Blackhawk indefinitely, and Ted Weems—another longtime local favorite—is well set in the big Boulevard Room of the Stevens.

Now that Mr. Byrnes has smiled on the sport of kings, the bookies are back in Henrici’s for their morning coffee. RACING fee and the line forms at the right at the pari-mutual windows. Sportsman’s Park—the popular pocket-sized track—is now in operation, with big Hawthorne scheduled to open within a few days.

Only three theatres are lighted currently in Chicago, and the prospect for a big summer is not too bright at the THEATRE moment. Several plays have closed abruptly. Eddie Dowling, Lauretta Taylor, and their "Glass Menagerie" moved on to give New York a real theatrical experience, and only "Dear Ruth" has arrived. This comedy hit, however, is destined to stick around for months. Authored by Mr. Norman Krasna, the eminent gin-rummy player, it’s a well-cast, well-directed carbon copy of the Broadway company. Definitely on the Chicago horizon is "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," scheduled for late May.
Louis Calhern and Oscar Karlweis of the original New York cast will be among those present.

V-E day found Chicago in a pretty solemn mood. Those who came downtown to watch a rip-roaring celebration must have been disappointed. Nature provided a bright, warm day (for a change), but that’s about all that was unusual about May 9. Aside from an orderly crowd at State and Madison streets, and a few showers of paper from Loop buildings, there wasn’t much visible festivity. The real celebration took place in homes and hearts and churches. All churches were open. All taverns were closed.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan

### CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

#### Ultras...

**★ BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Smart, modern room with Balinese murals, copper dance floor, and a good bar. Dinner music at 6:30; music for dancing, at 9:00 p.m.—from Bill Bennett and the orchestra. 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

**★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Plushy melee of pink satin, ruby velvet, chintz and wrought-iron and lush foliage. One of the places Jerry Glidden and his men make the music to which society dances. Michigan & Walton. Sup. 2200.

**★ MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Wayne King and his orchestra are featured this month, with their silky rhythms, and there are those Dorothy Hild dancers in new and scintillating numbers. Rosemary Deering is the ballerina. The "lyrical miracle" is Nancy Evans; and the revue also boasts of the Three Bars, the Stylists, and the Gaudsmiih Brothers and their intelligent dogs. 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

**★ MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Ultra-ultra, to the tune of Dick LaSalle and his orchestra. There’s always a show worth seeing. Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

**★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** Ted Weems and his orchestra are held over. New Dorothy Dorben revue is called "Spree for All." Good looking Dan Harding emcees and sings on the side. Or vice-versa. In the Park Row Room, Adele Scott plays organ melodies. The room has an ample bar, and you may have luncheon, dinner, or supper. Saturday night dancing. 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

**★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** One of the traditions. There’s a revue, and music by George Olsen and orchestra. State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

#### Casual...

**★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL.** Intimate, atmospheric, and relaxing. The smart set has put the approval on this one. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 5000.

**★ BISMARCK HOTEL.** The Walnut Room offers the danceable rhythms of Emile Petti and his orchestra, with gorgeous Linda Larkin, and a revue. In the Tavern Room there’s continuous dancing and entertainment with Earl Roth’s orchestra, and Ozie Osburn. (LOOP.) Randolph & LaSalle. Cen. 0120.

**★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** Del Courtney’s orchestra plays for dancing. Dottie Dotson and Johnny Williams appear in a new show, with a lot of other entertaining people. (LOOP.) Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

**★ LA SALLE HOTEL.** In the smart Pan American Room, Florian ZaBach and his violin make memorable music; so does the tenor, Richard Gordon. Zarco and Beryl do some exciting dance routines. (LOOP.) LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

**★ SHERMAN HOTEL.** In the Panther Room, Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra replace Stan Kenton. (LOOP.) Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

**★ TRADE WINDS.** Hy Ginnis keeps one of the preferred cafes in the town. Sorta tropical and friendly, with good food and drinks, and it stays open late. 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

#### Colorful...

**★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** Substantial Hungarian cookery; lilting gypsy music by Bela Babai’s gypsies. (NORTH). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5983.

**★ CLUB EL GROTO.** “Pasha” Hines and his orchestra beat out dance music all around a “Star Time” revue which is all-Negro and all exciting. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

**★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** Five years old, just recently, and one of the better established
traditions of the town. Cantonese food is the tops; so are the rum-based drinks; so is the atmosphere. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.
★ IVANHOE. 12th Century England, with Catacombs, and Enchanted Forest, and all manner of surprising nooks. Music, wines and dining facilities are modern, however. (NORTH). 300 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.
★ SINGAPORE. Under the bamboo tree you'll find some of the best pit barbecue in these parts. The Malay Bar is always gay. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.
★ SARONG ROOM. Notable for several items, with the Devi-Dja dancers heading the list. They do their tribal chants and Balinese dances with exquisite skill. Atmosphere and food are kept, and of course, so is the music. You'll likely dine on chicken, shrimp, sharp sauces, and rich desserts, all Balinese in style. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.
★ SHANGRI-LA. Forget your cares under silvery palms (and we don't mean palms crossed with silver) and over tall intricate tropical drinks. The food is Cantonese and excellent, and the menu reads gloriously of more than fifty dishes prepared after recipes that date back to Confucious. 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.
★ YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. In the cocktail lounge, deep sofas, murals, and wonderful drinks. In the Boyar Room, rich Russian foods and the music of George Scherban's gypsies. Colonel Yaschenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sunday. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

Entertainment...
★ BROWN DERBY. Mad and beautiful—with a show featuring Tommy Raft, who pantomimes like crazy; Judy Scott, Betty Hill, the Debutantes, and Jerry Salone's orchestra. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.
★ CHEZ PAREE. Chez Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson there's that one-and-only, Sophie Tucker, blazing away at some bran new songs and some that are old and clambered for. Ted Shapiro still accompanies. The Adorables parade around in some new dances; and Arthur Lee Simkins, the sepia singer, is making a hit. A big, expensive show. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.
★ CLUB ALABAM. Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, shares the spotlight with flaming crater dinners. The dinners come at $1.75. No cover or minimum. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.
★ CLUB FLAMINGO. Where the girls stand on one leg, too, and kick the other one, and both are beautiful. Ray Reynolds and quips are still around. It's quite a show. No cover or minimum. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.
★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Finnell, plump and amazing, moves in from her late success in "Star and Garter." Songs by Jessie Rosella and Billy Carr; dancing by the Serranos and Billy Severin; music by Charles Rich's orchestra—shall we go on? Minimum. Saturday only, $1.50. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.
★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Tropical, as the name might suggest, with typical dancing, etc. Rila Ressy is the dynamo; Al Samuels, the new emcee; and Don Pablo leads the hand. Sunday dancing at 4:00. (NORTH). 714 W. North Ave. Mic. 6947.
★ LATIN QUARTER. Well, look who's here! Ted Lewis—and everybody's happy. He brings with him a choice bunch of entertainers and his old top hat. Food, drinks, and service here are better than average. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.
★ LIBERTY INN. In which they take liberties—and patrons love it. Some of Pat Perry's pretty girls are Mickey White, Sharon Kay, Vivian Morgan, and Sherry Adaire. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.
★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Ginger DuVell emcees a sophisticated show which shows (to put it mildly) such luscious females as Margie Lacey, Peggy White, and Marion Peters. (GOLD COAST). 55 N. Clark. Del. 0173.
★ VINE GARDENS. Jimmy Pappas presents Joe Morrison, with Marvin Boone, Howard & White, Betty Maxwell; and Joe Kish's orchestra for your dancing. Tax after 8:15. (NORTH). 614 W. North. Mic. 5106.
★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. Byron Massel and Henry Weiss present a lot of fancy people in a good strong show. There's Jan Murray, the new Paramount star; also the Condos Brothers, Viola Layne, and Alyce Strickland. 5100 Broadway. Long. 5111.

Bars of Music...
★ CLOVER BAR. Lew Marcus makes some of the very best music in Chicago in this popular Loop rendezvous. He plays piano and composes. Bert...
McDowell relieves with pianoloovers who have ‘em crying for more. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ CRYSTAL TAP. In Hotel Brevoort. Here’s probably the town’s most famous musical bar, where Marvin Miller’s Trio, Bob Billings at the organ, and Rita Wood with her songs fill in the gaps when the whole crowd isn’t singing. Which is what you’re expected to do whenever the urge strikes. (LOOP.) Madison East of La Salle. Fra. 2363.

★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A new and sumptuous spot for enjoying music and drinks at the same time. (LOOP). State and Randolph.

★ RUSSELL’S SILVER BAR. Non-stop entertainment gives you Chuck Liphardt and his Sophisticates of Swing; Lea Roberts, Juanita Cummings, Rose Kane, Marie Costello; Ruth Glass, and at the novachord, Jean Thomas and Cookie Harding. (SOUTH LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ THREE DEUCES. The “joint that jumps”—and with good reason! Laura Rucker still carries on with her incomparable pianoloovers and there’s the Memphis City Trio to send it solid. (LOOP.) Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. Jam sessions, boogie-woogie-wise and otherwise, plus down-to-earth song selling, attract Hollywood celebs as well as our own. As well as us, too. 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0024.

★ TOWN CASINO. This Loop favorite is usually jammed to the top balcony with fans of the Waldorf Boys and the Colony Boys. It’s very elegant to look at, as well, and the liquor is quicker. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark. And. 1636.

★ THE TROPICS. In Hotel Chicagoan. The hambooded interior of this sea-island refuge is a fitting spot for Sam Bari and his Men of Rhythm; and for the scintillating stylings of Red Duncan, the blind pianist. (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought .

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN. Candlelight and quaintery and supper smorgasbord, hot or cold. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush St. Del. 1492.

★ AGOSTINO’S RESTAURANT. Big, friendly Gus hands over the drinks; Andy is usually around to extend the welcome. Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. The place is attractively ship-shape. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

★ CAFE DE PARIS. Small, smart, and gourmentical. Henri Charpentier does the food honors here, offering some of the finest French cuisine this side of France. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Whi. 5620.

★ DUFFY’S TAVERN. Sure, and it’s a bit of old Ireland—even if the chef is French! (He’s Arturo, by the way, who won the Escoffier Award in Paris in 1935; the International Culinary Show Award in Chicago, 1939). Corned brisket of beef with cabbage is an institution here around the clock. The place stays open till sunrise. Pianists in the evening. 115 N. Clark. Dea. 1840.

★ 885 CLUB. Offers satisfying entertainment, as well as food, but the food dished out in Joe Miller’s joint is no joke! It’s as delicious and varied as the place is elegant. (GOLD COAST). 885 Rush. Del. 1885.

★ GUEY SAM. On the fringe of Chinatown. Unpretentious surroundings, but the most wonderful Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAIG Variations on a good theme—chop suey in all its versions, plus fine American foods as well. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. A set of exquisite dining rooms with a view. The harbor is simply breath-taking below. In the rooms, graceful furniture, flowerly draperies, and candle-light add up to simple enchantment, and the food is delicious. Courses are priced separately. May we also recommend the Bamboo Bar? 2150 N. Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICI’S. A tradition of a sort—and a very good sort. Their pastries and apple pancakes will keep the place open for as many more years—and that’s a long time. 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNSTHOF. A rare combination of smorgasbord, scenery, and grand opera—which goes on nightly in the theatre-salon upstairs. The food is fine. Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. Whose name tells the story rather well. It’s a lovely spot with wonderful food and service. Closed on Sunday. 619 N. Michigan Ave. Del. 0102.


CHICAGO THEATRE

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Charming affair about a little girl who writes letters to service men and signs her sister’s name. A helluva lot of trouble that turns out to be quite a lot of fun. With Leona Powers, William Harrigan, and Augusta Dahey.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2497). This amiably uproarious comedy, based on the hook by Clarence Day, moves in for a limited stay, so better catch it quick. Cast is headed by Karl Benton Reid and Betty Linley.

★ MADAME DU BARRY. (Civic Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Del. 9330.) The summer’s first opera, starring Marita Farrell (of the Met) and Michael Bartlett. Score by Carl Millocher. A gay, romantic thing about the lady who’s still being talked, written, and sung about. Nightly, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

★ JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL. (Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Har. 8880). Franz Werfel’s wistful little comedy about how some people escaped from the Nazis in France. Oscar Karlweis still steals the show, as he did on Broadway; Louis Calhern and Marianne Stewart are both fine. Elia Kazan is the director, and Stewart Chaney did the sets.


DANCING

★ ARAGON BALLROOM. (1100 Lawrence Ave.) Art Kassel and his orchestra.

★ TRIANON BALLROOM. (6201 S. Cottage Grove Ave.) Lawrence Welk and his orchestra.
The big news nowadays is that New York City, literally, is beginning to see the light! The three years of black, dim, V-E and brown-out ended May 9 in a blaze of glory. The Great White Way went white again; and out in the harbor the Statue of Liberty was bathed in the most brilliant light of her fifty-eight years. The news once more dashed 'round and 'round the Times Tower. Times Square swarmed with jubilant New Yorkers who had thrown some thousand tons of paper some twenty hours before V-E Day became official. The curfew had rung for seventy-two days. But when the brown-out and bans were lifted New York's nitelife was back on the beam on split-second notice. It was quite a different city from the one which in mid-April had run the flags down to half-mast . . . and yet, the city had not forgotten.

When a death in the afternoon struck New York last April, the effect upon the city—and on Broadway in particular—was something that will not soon be forgotten. Tributes in mourning appeared as if by magic in store windows along Fifth Avenue and a hush settled on the crowds of people as they began to realize a President had just died. One of the most interesting phases of the reaction was the almost immediate and enthusiastic reception of the new President. From Wall Street to the Bronx there were voluntary pledges of support and confidence. Though not many people in New York are very familiar with Kansas City or the State of Missouri, “way out west”—they are quite familiar with the expression, “the Heart of America.” And this, coupled with the modesty, the fine record, and the straightforward manner of Harry S. Truman which was extolled and dramatized by radio and press, has appealed to the people back East to an extent beyond all expectation. They like this man who was once a farm boy in Missouri, and members of the Union Club as well as service men at the Stage Door Canteen rallied to his leadership with “God bless him, I'm for him!”

Always when fair weather begins, Central Park comes into its own. Every visitor should find time for at least an hour’s stroll round its many winding paths and small lagoons. It is one of the best shows in New York, with continuous performances . . . children, dogs, “characters,” and of course, the strange beasts in the small zoo. And all mixed up in a colorful tangle of human interest. There is a small outdoor cafe at the zoo which is usually crowded and gay. Directly in front of the terrace cafe is a large pool, residence of the Sea Lion family. Actors at heart, they always give a good performance though curtain time varies too much to be included in The New Yorker as a “must.” At the Fifty-ninth street side of the Park the cabbies are lined up with a marvelous assortment of carriages. There are three dollar and five dollar rides, depending on the route; and they are available day and night. A carriage ride in the Park is like a whiff of lavender and a touch of old elegance. It’s wonderful for romance . . . and it’s wonderful anyway.

Info picked up on the Avenue: Sure cure for limp, stringy veils that ruin the effect of a smart hat: place the TO THE veil between two pieces of wax LADIES paper and press with a fairly hot iron . . . An amusing touch round the house: hand-made tarleton flowers wired to the branches of a rubber plant, or any good-sized potted plant.
Maisonette, popular little dine-dance-show in the St. Regis Hotel, closed its doors April 25th for the NITE LIFE summer. Many others now follow as the season takes to roof gardens. The Starlight Roof at the Waldorf and the St. Regis Roof are two of the most attractive spots in the city. Always cool. Floor shows . . . smart and expensive. LaRue's, pet place of New Yorkers, young and unyoung, remains open all summer. No floor show, but none needed with the hats that appear. Have plenty of "ready" handy when the check comes here, too. . . . For a quiet dinner with quiet prices and lots of atmosphere—the Hotel des Artistes. The walls are paneled with paintings by Howard Chandler Christy of bee-utiful girls representing the four seasons. Mr. Christy himself, rotund and rosy, is often there twinkling and enjoying the complimentary remarks made about his work. . . . La Poissonnier (Madeleine's) on East 52nd Street—moderate prices, very intimate with specialties in French cuisine and excellent entertainment . . . two femmes sing with a tiny piano that is pushed from table to table, and a colored trio sings with a guitar . . . all the songs you can recall. You can sing yourself if the urge strikes . . . but tip the entertainers, mister. Madeleine is always there, moving from patron to patron for a brief chat. She bears a striking resemblance to Irene Bordoni with whom she came to this country many years ago.

Restaurants and hotels are ingenious in meeting the meat and butter shortage. At famous Christ Cella's, one diner may have beef if his or her companion will take chicken, veal or fish. Cheese and apple butter are served at many places instead of butter—others serve a neat triangle of butter (half as much) instead of the pre-war squares.

Spotted in the audience of "The Glass Menagerie" . . . Greta Garbo and Katherine Hepburn. For a CELEBS glimpse of the famous of stage, screen, or literary fame, go to the Twenty-One Club on West 52nd Street. . . . And for radio renowns, the Barberry Room on East 52nd Street.

Incident at the Versailles where Doris, famous palmist, reveals the vagaries of fortune for patrons in the cocktail lounge. . . . Three VERSAILLES young business girls waited TREAT their turn for Doris while ordering the customary drinks. It was a long wait. Then, just as their turn came, a mink clad woman entered, slipped a tip to the head waiter, ordered a drink and started towards Doris' table. One of the three girls, however, had already seated herself there. The head waiter stepped over and informed the girl that she was to relinquish her turn to the new arrival . . . that the woman belonged to the "fourth estate" and was entitled to this privilege "on the house." There was something about the situation that seemed awfully phony. The girl stood up and answered that if the woman in the mink coat had "on the house" privileges of making other patrons wait an extra half or three-quarters of an hour (which is the length of time Doris usually takes) she and her companions would just consider their drinks "on the house." They had waited in good faith and could not wait any longer. The three then walked to the door where the head waiter stopped them and presented their check. Everyone was interested by this time and listening when the girl said, "You may be impressed by that mink coat, but it doesn't mean a thing to me. Pay for the drinks yourself out of the tip she gave you—or give her the check." They left. The woman in mink took her place at Doris' table.
completely undisturbed by the scene. But when she returned to her own table the waiter presented her with the girl’s check. She laughed, paid it, and said she didn’t mind a bit. This attitude didn’t go over with the other patrons and as if by mutual agreement each called for the head waiter and asked that their checks be given to the woman in mink, too. Soon the woman became the brunt of so many laughs that her face flushed, and she left. If more such incidents occurred there would be much less Manhattan palm-greasing.

—Lucie Ingram.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

For Festive Fun

★ AMBASSADOR. Dinner and supper dancing to the music of Jules Lande in the Garden. Dinner for $2.50. A lot of radio folks roundabout these parts. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. Sammy Kaye’s orchestra plays for dancing on the roof. Cover, after 10—$1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.25. Closed on Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Gay Paree that attracts French sailors and emigres and a lot of others, with its authentic atmosphere, its Montmartre Girls, and its French cuisine. Dinners from $1.25; minimum, Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. 225 West 46. CI 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the “Glass Hat,” Pay-son Re and Nino dispense music, regular and rumba, respectively. Revue with Kathryn Duffy Dancers and others at 7 and 10. Dinner from $1.95. Minimum after ten, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE. A new show in the Bowman Room, featuring Ann Warren who sings, and Harrison and Fisher who dance. Ray Benson’s orch and that of Mischa Ragszky are on hand at different times. Cover after 9, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Also cocktails under the clock, and in the Men’s Bar and Madison Room. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ BLUE ANGEL. Irene Bordoni makes a clean sweep with her eyelashes and little songs; there’s also Mildred Bailey, Eddie Mayehoff, and the Delta Rhythm Boys to help make this a preferred spot. Dinner a la carte. Minimum $3.00; Saturday and Sunday, $3.50. 152 E. 55. PL 3-0626.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Lots’n lotsa good people entertaining: Josh White, Imogene Coca, Mary Lou Williams, Ed Hall’s Orchestra, etc., etc. Shows at 7:30 and 10:30. Dinner from $1.75. Minimum, $2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. More good people, including Jimmy Savo, Beatrice Kraft, who dances, Delores Martin, Field’s Trio, and Phil Moore’s band. Minimum, $3.50. 128 E. 58. PL 5-9223.

★ CARNIVAL. Louis Prima’s band blows hot in this big theatre-club. There’s currently a revue called “Sawdust Holiday.” One of the biggest and most reasonably priced of N. Y. attractions. After 8:30, cover $1.00; Saturday, Sunday, and holidays, $1.50. 8th Ave. at 51. CI 6-3711.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Music by Cornelius Codol- ban’s orchestra; other entertainment featuring Adia Kunznetzoff. Food both Russian and American. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturdays and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. CI 6-6116.

★ COPACABANA. Xavier Cugat and a revue, twice nightly. Dinner a la carte. Minimum $3.00; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. Tea dancing Sundays from 4 p.m. 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ EL MOROCO. Wonderful food to the tune of Chauncey Gray’s music and a two-buck cover after seven. Cocktail (or tea, take your choice) dancing 5:00-7:00 Saturday and Sunday. 154 E. 74. EL 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. Dance all evening (except Mon- day) to music by Stan Keller and his orchestra. Minimum, Saturday after 9:30, $2.00. Sunday brunch, 11:00—4:00—isn’t that convenient? 100 Central Park S. CI 7-0300.

★ 400 CLUB. Benny Goodman and orchestra, hear! hear! Lunch from 85c. Cover after 9:00, $1.00. Saturday, $1.50. 1 E. 43. MU 2-3423.

★ LEON AND EDDIE’S. Not for the kiddies. At least, not the revues, which star Eddie Davis and Sherry Britton, and which are very good if not clean fun. Minimum after 10:00, $3.50; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 9-914.

★ LEXINGTON. In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma’s orchestra and a Hawaiian Revue. Dancing most of the evening, Jeno Bartal’s orchestra on Mondays, and daily at luncheon. Cover 75c after 9:00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.
★ NEW YORKER. In the Terrace Room, Sonny Dunham, his orchestra, and an ice revue starring Joan Hylloft. Dancing between shows. Cover after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Children's Saturday matinee. Luncheon show, 1:15 except Sunday. 8th Ave. at 34. ME 3-1000.

★ NICK'S. The kind of jazz they write books about—sent by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and Pee Wee Russell, the old flame-tbrowsers. Minimum after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 170 W. 10. WA 9-9742.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. In the Cafe Rouge, Glen Gray's orchestra plays for dancing. Cover $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

★ PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melba's orchestra; Jayne Di Gatano and Adam danced into a show at mid-month, along with Wally Boag. Minimum, $2.00; Saturday and holidays, $3.00. Dinner a la carte. Closed Monday and noon Sunday. 5th Ave. at 61. RE 4-5900.

★ PLAZA. Hildegarde is back in her old haunt, the Persian Room, where she entertains around ten nightly except Tuesday, with Bob Grant's orchestra. Cover after 9:30, $1.50. Tuesday night dancing to Mark Monte's music. Minimum, $2.50, no cover. Plam Court Lounge for cocktail dancing, 5:00-8:30. 7th at 59. PL 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. Eddie Stone's orchestra plays for dancing in the Grill daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30 $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ RUBAN BLEU. The Deep River Boys, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson and others entertain in this popular spot. Liquor minimum, Monday - Thursday, $2.50; Friday, Saturday, and holidays, $3.00. Closed Sundays. No dancing. 4 E. 56. EL 5-9787.

★ ST. MORITZ. Danny Yates and orchestra play for dancing in the New Club Continental, with Jovita and Los Andrini Brothers entertaining between times. Minimum, Saturday after 10:00, $2.00. Closed Monday. 59 Central Park S. W 2-8838.

★ ST. REGIS. The roof opens to the tune of Paul Spark's music, alternating with the organ melodies of Theodora Brooks. Maximilian's Ensemble play at luncheon, which starts at $1.85. Dinner $3.50 up and a la carte, with a $1.50 minimum; Saturdays, $2.50. Try the Penthouse for cocktails at noon or evening. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY-PLAZA. Dinner and supper dancing to music by Roy Fox, erstwhile of London, and that of Clemente's marimba band. Minimum, 5:00-9:00, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Cover, 9:00 to closing, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 5th Ave. at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ SPIVY'S ROOM. Cocktails begin at 4:30; Spivy sings around 7:00; and there's continuous entertainment from then on. Liquor minimum, $1.50; Fri
day, Saturday, $2.25. Dinner, from 6:00-9:00, begins around $3.00. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

★ STORK CLUB. For tea and evening dancing, Ernie Holst and Noro Morales and their respective aggregations. Cover after 10:00, $2.00; Saturday and holidays, $3.00. 3 E. 53. PL 3-1940.

★ TAFT. In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and the boys play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except on Sunday. Lunch from 65c; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.

★ TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Lenny Herman's orchestra plays for dancing from 6:15. Minimum after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Closed Monday. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.

★ VERSAILLES. Jane Pickens and the shapely Versibgs are the attractions here. Maximilian Berger's orchestra plays for dancing, alternating with Monchito's rumba. Minimum after 10:00, $2.50; Saturday and holidays, $3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. There's a revue, twice nightly; but you'll get roped in on the other activities, no doubt. They include square dancing and musical chairs and Tiny Clark makes you think are just the stuff! Minimum $1.50; Friday and holidays, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Opens at 4:00. Luncheon show on Saturday, $1.45. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. Down-cellar festivities, with Art Hodges Trio, a calypso singer, and Betty Wragge. Minimum $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Starlight Roof opens for the summer, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra alternating with Mischa Borr at supper. There's also the Hermanos Williams trio, Victoria Cordova and Cantu. Cover after 9:30, $1.00, except for Service Men. Sunday dancing, no show, 7:30-10:00; no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

★ ZANZIBAR. "Zanzibarabian Nights" is the new revue at Joe Howard's big, bright club, with none other than King Cab the Calloway setting the pace! With Mr. Calloway are Pearl and Bill Bailey; a harmonious trio, Day, Dawn, and Duke; Count Le Roy, a terrific roller skater; and a flock of others. Claude Hopkins' band alternates with Cab Calloway's for dancing. Minimum after 9:00, $3.50. Broadway at 49. CI 1-7180.

Tummy Stuff

★ ALGONQUIN. Famous for its clientele—largely actors and writers; and for excellent cuisine. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.00. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 West 44. MU 2-0101.

★ ARTISTS & WRITERS. Filling food, eaten daily by newspapermen from the Times and Herald Tribune. A la carte lunch and dinner; gentle prices. 213 W. 40. ME 3-9050.
★ BONAT’S CAFE. Opposite the postoffice. French looking for the more restricted budget, and the most quantitative hors d’oeuvres in town. Save room for be filet mignon, if they have it, or the poulet au Marenco, which they usually do. The domestic wines seem a notch above average. Lunch and dinner. Surroundings unpretentious, and scattered over two floors. You’ll have to bring your own French pastry. Madame Bonat believes in ruit, cheese and crackers—and that’s exactly what you’ll get. There’s a Washington Bonat’s, in case you’re down that way. 330 West 31st Street. Chickerling 4-8441.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. A soothing retreat for eating. Lunch and dinner a la carte, and expensive. Opens Sunday at 4:00. 19 E. 52. PL 3-5800.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. First floor restaurant offers good food at moderate prices. Top o’ the tower cocktail lounge on the 26th floor is a room with a view. Opens at 5:00. There’s the small bar downstairs, too. They call it Elbow Room, and they aren’t kidding. 49 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ CAVANAGH’S. Cavanagh’s clientele, a handsome and hansom one, moved up town, but Cavanagh’s stayed put, so the clientele just keeps coming back. Steaks and chops, mostly, and the a la carte tends to mount up. 218 West 23rd Street. CHelsea 3-2790.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. French food and lots of it. Dinner a la carte, $1.35 up. There’s a popular bar, too. Closed on Sunday, 25 E. 40. LE 2-0342.

★ CHRIST CELLA. Steaks, chops, and seafood in simple surroundings. The food lives up to its price. There’s a bar. The whole works is closed on Sundays and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9577.

★ CORTILE. There’s a character analyst for fun, and pretty fair food for just 50c and up (luncheon) and 75c and up (dinner). 37 W. 43 or 36 W. 44. MU 2-3540.

★ DAY-DEAN’S. For pastries you lie awake nights and dream about. Also salads that are pretty superb. A tea-room, serving luncheon 11:45-2:30; tea from 3:00 to 5:30. A la carte only. Closed Sunday. 6 E. 57. PL 5-8300.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Seafood, naturally, supplemented with steaks and chops, and all superb. A la carte. Entrees 85c to $2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8th. ST 9-8046.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Dickens’ characters drawn on the walls are worth seeing; the good American food is worth trying. Incidental music. Opens at 5:00 p.m. on week-days; Sunday brunch 12:00-3:00; dinner 2:00-9:00. Also a bar. Closed Tuesday. 20 E. 9. ST 9-8969.

★ DINTY MOORE’S. The Green Room near the 46th Street Theatre. Corned beef and cabbage is a staple here. Lunch and dinner a la carte; entrees begin at $1.50. 216 W. 46. CH 4-9039.

★ FREEMAN CHUM’S. On both sides of town, you’ll find Cantonese dishes that are really something, at prices that aren’t too bad at all. 142 E. 53. EL 5-7765. Or 151 W. 48. LO 5-8682.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Smorgasbord, dessert and coffee come at $1.50 for dinner. Regular dinner at $1.75. Fine Swedish food for luncheon, $1.00-1.25. 324 E. 57. EL 5-8476.

★ HOUSE OF CHAN. Real Chinese dishes served by lineal descendant of first Emperor of China. Lunch 75c-90c. Dinner a la carte. Bar. 52 & Seventh. CH. 7-3785.


★ JUMBLE SHOP. Backed by MacDougall’s alley, and populated by villagers and visitors. Changing art exhibits by the natives, and general coziness make this one of the nicer little spots to dine or drink. Luncheon 55c-$1.00; dinner 70c-$1.75. 28 W. 8th. SP 7-2540.

★ KEEN’S CHOP HOUSE. Which just about explains itself. Chops and steaks are well prepared and not too harshly priced. 72 W. 36. WI 7-3636.

★ L’AIGLON. French cuisine surrounded by old French prints, waterfalls and woodlands. Lunch $1.35. Dinner $2.25 if you order a drink; $2.50, if you don’t. 13 E. 55. PL 3-7296.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. A new and attractive spot where the fish, steak, and chops come charcoal broiled if you like. And the New Orleans pecan pie rocks you back on your heels. Luncheon from 75c; dinner a la carte and reasonable. 226 W. 23. WA 9-9093.

★ MADELEINE’S LE POISSONNIER. The French again, and very fine French. Seafoods on the menu, among other things; and entertainment by Irene Stanley, the Charles Wilson Trio, and Lucile Jarrott. Closed Sunday. Dinner around $2.75.

★ ROBERTO’S. In the Camelia Room, food with the French accent again, in an appropriate setting. Luncheon from $1.25; dinner a la carte, beginning around $2.25. 22 E. 46. VA 6-3042.

★ SARDI’S. Caricatures of theatrical celebs and those celebs in person. Prices are moderate; there’s a lounge for cocktails. Closed Sunday. 234 W. 44. LA 4-5785.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. Look down on Central Park from the mezzanine dining room, where luncheon and dinner are a la carte, beginning around 80c and $1.85. 5th Ave. at 50. VO 5-2800.

★ SWEDISH RATHSKELLER. Smorgasbord in a cellar. Luncheon to $1.20; dinner around $1.75. 201 E. 52. EL 5-9165.

★ TOOTS SHOR’S. Best prime ribs of beef in town, but the chef proved what could be done with fowl when Shor got caught with his pants down. Where the praise agents tell stories into cauliflower ears, and talk loudly enough to be overheard by the broadcasting execs. Lunch and dinner, a la carte. 51 West 51st Street. PLaza 3-9000.

★ TWENTY-ONE. Excellent cuisine in the Kriendler manner, a la carte, expensive, and, in most cases, worth it. Don’t order the Baked Alaska unless you’ve got your gang along to help eat it. 21 West 51st Street. ELdorado 5-6500.

★ ZUCCA’S. Heaping Antipasto, praise be, with enough black olives and those little Italian fish. Lunch a dollar, dinner a dollar sixty, but it’s the same meal in a different time zone. 118 West 49th Street. BRyant 9-5511.
New York Theatre

PLAYS

★★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47th St., West of Broadway. Cl 6-9056). Hilda Simms and Frederick O'Neal in an earthy, vivid episode involving a beautiful negro prostitute. Negro life with all its intensity and humor. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ A BELL FOR ADANO—(Cort, 48th East. BR 9-0046). This year's Pulitzer Prize novel made into a slightly less imposing play. Fredric March is excellent as the Major who understands the human heart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ COMMON GROUND—(Golden, 45 West. Cl 6-6740). Five Americans (of devious descent) learn to appreciate the Land of the Free while prisoners of the Nazis in Italy. More oratorical than dramatic, but acted competently by Luther Adler, Nancy Noland, and Philip Loeb, among others. Edward Chodorov wrote and directed it. Nightly, except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ DARK OF THE MOON—(46th Street Theatre, 46th West. Cl 6-6075). A lyrical legend about a witch boy (Richard Hart) and a Smoky Mountain girl (Carol Stone). The old Barbara Allen ballad with gestures and music, and the whole thing rather charming. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43 East. BR 9-3970). Lenore Lonergan plays little sister to Virginia Gilmore; signs big sister's name to a bunch of letters to service men; results—romance and a lot of fun for the audience. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ FOOLISH NOTION—(Martin Beck, 45 West. Cl 6-6363). Tallulah Bankhead, Philip Barry, and the Theatre Guild get together on this sprightly comedy which brings home a soldier thought to have been killed. Henry Hull is in it, too. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. (Closes June 16.)

★★ FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Booth, 45 West Cl 6-1969.) Now begins much ado about readjustment of men home from the wars. Montgomery Cliff is the star of this chronicle of an ex-service man, and Flora Campbell is his unsympathetic aunt.

★★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Playhouse, 43 East. BR 9-3565). Tennessee Williams, formerly of St. Louis, Iowa, and points mid-west, wrote this story about some phases of his own family. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Laurette Taylor act it magnificently. The Drama Critics gave it their annual award. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48 East. BR 9-4566). Frank Fay and the big white rabbit walked off with this year's Pulitzer Prize for drama. Of course, Mary Chase, who wrote this delightful thing, had something to do with it. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★★ I REMEMBER MAMA — (Music Box, 44th, West. Cl 6-4636). Growing pains of a Norwegian family in San Francisco—tears and laughter to warm the heart. Mady Christians superb as Mama; Oscar Homolka just as superb as Uncle Chris. Nightly except Sunday, 8:31. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★★ KISS AND TELL—(Bijou, 45 West. CO 5-8115). Very funny affair concerning a bobbysoxer who leads her parents on to believing she's going to have a baby. F. Hugh Herbert wrote it. Shirley Temple is doing it for the movies. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday, 2:40; Sunday 3:00.


★★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, B'way at 40th. PE 6-9540). Father, mother, and the red-headed boys cavort about the stage for the 6th consecutive year. This comedy wears very well. Nightly except Sunday 8:40. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.

★★ THE OVERTONS — (Booth, 45th West. Cl 6-8870). Arlene Frances (the cute kid of "Blind Date") along with Jack Whiting and Glenda Farrell, appears in a piece directed by Elisabeth Berker. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★★ ROUND TRIP—(Biltmore, 47 West. Cl 6-9353). A matron from the middle-west breaks the monotony with the theatre and some mild romancing. Cast includes June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, Eddie Nuerc, and Phyllis Brooks.

★★ SCHOOL FOR BRIDES—(Ambassador, 49 West Cl 7-0760). Rather coarse comedy, concerning the efforts of a much-married man to find himself a seventh wife. Roscoe Karns is featured. Some seem to like it. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:50.

★★ TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Plymouth, 45 West Cl 6-9156). Comedy of terrors, based on the engaging murder story by Agatha Christie, and enacted for the stage by a number of interesting people, including Estelle Winwood and Halliwel Hobbes. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45 West. Cl 6-6230). A most delightful incident o
young love and innocent sin, delightfully acted by Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS


★ CONCERT-VARIETIES—(Ziegfeld, 6th Avenue at 54. CI 5-5200). Another Billy Rose jackpot—which gives you Zero Mostel, Katherine Dunham, Deems Taylor, the Salici Puppets, Albert Ammons and Pete Johnson, and assorted others. Strange bedfellows—but a very bright show.

★ CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44 West. CI 6-0730). "Lilium," New England version—with Jan Clayton and others. Theatre Guild presents it, with music by Rodgers and Hammerstein, II, sets by Jo Mielziner, direction by Mamoulian, dances by Agnes de Mille—well, how can it miss! Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(Broadhurst, 44 West. VI 6-6699). The fleet's still in, and so is Gertrude Niesen, who sings and rowdies around with such comics as Jackie Gleason, Tim Herbert and Buster West. It's rather fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center, 6th Avenue at 49th. CO 5-5474). The dazzling ice show, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz, opened the first of last summer, played all winter, and opens again after a two-week rest. Sunday evening, 8:15; other nights except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE—(Alvin, 52 West. CI 5-6868). George S. Kaufman has himself a field-day, hi-jinxing around with Gilbert and Sullivan, Poe's celebrated "Raven," and certain moving picture types. Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Shirley Booth help the fun along, and Annamary Dickey is very much on her toes.

★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY—(Winter Garden, 50th and Broadway. CI 7-5161). A bit warmed over, but since it's Olsen and Johnson, you may get a bang out of it. Nightly except Tues., 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

★ MEMPHIS BOUND—(Broadway, Broadway at 53rd. CI 7-2887). Bill Robinson and Avon Long (remember Sportin' Life?) head the all-Negro cast. Story has something to do with some river boat entertainers who produce their version of "Pinafore," and of course, there's a lot of singing and very stimulating dancing.

★ ON THE TOWN—(44th Street Theatre, 44 West. LA 4-4337). A pert and likable parade of comedy by Comden and Green, who wrote and act in the thing; dancing by Sono Osato; ballets by Jerome Robbins (of "Fancy Free"); and music by young Leonard Bernstein (also of "Fancy Free"). All in all, pretty terrific. Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA!—(St. James, 44 West. LA 4-4664). This legendary musical carries on with the same fresh appeal as ever. Lynn Riggs wrote "Green Grow the Lilacs"; Rodgers and Hammerstein, II, set it to music; Agnes de Mille designed some dances; Theatre Guild produced it—and it may very likely go on forever. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SONG OF NORWAY—(Imperial, 45 West. CO 5-2412). Grieg's life set to Grieg's music, and beautifully produced with Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Helena Bliss in lead roles. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK—(Century, 7th Avenue at 59th. CI 7-3121). Another Michael Todd gem in an old-fashioned setting. But nothing dated about the production, not on your tin-type! Boss Tweed and his gang are presented, to music by Sigmund Romberg. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.
V-Mail still flies to the European areas, but more of it flies to the Pacific. The point is—V-Mail still flies. That is, it does when you write. The first taste of victory is going to make fighting men more eager than ever to get the whole thing polished off so they can come home. So write to them often! Write about home! And write V-Mail. It's quicker—safer—surer.

The Kansas City Canteen remains a preferred spot by men in uniforms of all description. YOU CAN HELP—by sending the Canteen a few needed items, such as sheet music, cookies, pies, cut flowers. And for the benefit of Service Men and Women, let us remind you that on Sunday afternoons from 3 to 5, guest orchestras (usually the city’s best hotel groups) play for tea-dancing at the Canteen, 1021 McGee. (Phone VI 9266.)

**WAR EFFORT**

Now about that 7th War Loan: It’s the best way to bridge the gap between V-E Day and V-Day proper. Your purchase of War Bonds is the stepping stone from partial to complete victory. From a recent OWI Bulletin we quote a few urgent reasons for buying bonds:

“It takes three times as long to carry men, material and supplies from the United States to our rear bases in the Orient as to our front lines in Europe... Geography fights on the side of the Japanese... So far as Japan’s productive capacity for the materials of war is concerned, prior stock piling and the development of resources within her inner defenses have served to greatly minimize the effect of her shipping losses.”

In briefer terms, we’re still a long way from total victory. We must wage total war yet awhile. Every dollar you put into War Bonds fights the good fight, brings peace nearer, brings the boys home sooner.

---

**SWING**

“An Apparatus for Recreation”

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

Editor
JETTA CARLETON

Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Contributing Staff
CHICAGO:
Norton Hughes Jonathan

NEW YORK:
Lucie Ingram
Out here in Missouri, where people have to be "shown," folks know a good thing when they see and hear it! That's why Rush Hughes, with his "Song and Dance Parade," has a 4.9 Hooperating, mornings in St. Louis... and has already earned a 4.7 in Kansas City with the same type of show, afternoons. And he's getting more popular every week! They like him in Missouri... and out in Kansas, too!

WHB exploited his programs with extensive "plug" announcements, and a two-month showing of 24-sheet posters throughout Greater Kansas City. In six months on the air over WHB Rush Hughes has become a "top name" throughout the Kansas City area, producing spectacular results for sponsors such as General Baking (Bond Bread).

Let us tell you more about it, and about availabilities on these two WHB shows.

For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any of these "SPOT SALES" offices:

KANSAS CITY. . . Scarritt Building . . . HArrison 1161
NEW YORK CITY . 400 Madison Avenue . ELDorado 5-5040
CHICAGO . . . 360 North Michigan . . . FRanklin 8520
HOLLYWOOD . Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo . HOLlywood 8318
SAN FRANCISCO . . . 5 Third Street . . . EIXbrook 3558

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
WHEN the Westport Trol struggled toward new horizons they were saying, "West Is Indio!" And West lies the For East—the Philippines, Iwo Jima, China, the Burma Road and Japon. Past Kansas City's Union Station—that landmark on an old trail—trains roar every day, carrying fighting men and materiel toward V-J Day.
"GENERAL IKE" COMES TO KANSAS CITY

John Reed King
Dorothea F. Hyle
"Mr. Anthony"

LAND OF PROMISE
by Stanley Dixon

JULY 1945

25c

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City
Fifteen Minutes a Day—$10,120,071 in Bond Sales.

from the "Bonus for Bonds" booth operated by B'nai B'rith at 1207 Walnut. "Hard-to-get" merchandise donated by Kansas City merchants, was given as a bonus to bond purchasers. Telephone orders received during the broadcasts totalled a million and a half dollars in sales; and publicity thus given the B'nai B'rith organization's salesmen helped net another $8,620,071 for a thumping total of eight million. Co-ordinator of the B'nai B'rith Bond Drive was Wm. H. Kalis (second from left in photo). Co-chairmen were Isaac Katz and Jake Levin; co-vice-chairmen were Emmanuel Spock (at right in photo) and Sam Brauer. Standing before the Bond booth are (left to right) Jake Levin, Julius Karason, Wm. H. Kalis, Mrs. Meyer Finkel, Mrs. William Nowicki, Mrs. Bee Barein, Louis Sachs, Dick Smith, Lee Greenberg, Mrs. Lewis Sachs, Julius Kaenigsdorff and Emanuel Spock.

"The Pause That Refreshes." Mortan Dawney, star of Mutual's mid-morning Coca-Cola sale fest, Mondays through Fridays at 11:15, was in town last week for a visit with his friend Mayor Kelly of Chicago. Naturally, he visited the local Coca-Cola bottling plant; and naturally, he was interviewed by WHB; and naturally, a photograph was taken of Ed Neville, general manager of the plant; Morton; and Dan Davis, WHB prez. Naturally! (See story, page 7).
BEFORE the Glorious Fourth, we celebrated in our town. In the midst of the Mighty Seventh, General Eisenhower passed this way on his triumphant return to Abilene. You’ll see some of the results in our picture section... The spirit of Independence Day roared awake right there—and for awhile now every day will be Independence Day—in more ways than one. For our next door neighbor, Independence, comes into the limelight focused on the summer White House. Late in June the President came home, “back to the great Midwest, the most fortunate region under God’s blue sky.” Those are the words of General Eisenhower, who told us that for peace we must have food... and “the eyes of the world, therefore, are going to turn more and more to the great Midwest of America, with Kansas City at its heart.”... And so from this Heart of America we send you another issue of Swing—with some firecrackers in it (even if some of them may say “plip”), with some rockets, and some sparklers. Have fun, won’t you?
July's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

DANCING
(At Pla-Mor Ballroom, 3142 Main, unless otherwise indicated.)
July 1, 4—Johnny Coon.
July 4, 18—Street Dance, 10 p. m. Swope Park.
July 5—Warren Durrett.
July 7—Georgie Auld.
July 7—Charlie Spivak. Municipal Auditorium, Arena. 9:00 p. m. (A & N presentation).
July 8, 11—Johnny Coon.
July 12—Warren Durrett.
July 14—Johnny "Scat" Davis.
July 15—Ray Baduc.
July 18-19, 21-22—Sam Campbell.
July 25-26, 28-29—Lloyd La Brie.
TUESDAY and FRIDAY nights—"Over 30" dances, with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra.
(For other dancing, see listing of Parks and Lakes).

MUSIC
July 1, 8, 15, 22, 29—Kansas City Municipal Orchestra in concert, under direction of N. de Rubertis. Guest artists, 8:30 p.m. Jacob L. Loose Park, 50th and Wornall Road.
June 16—Albeneri String Trio (in a program of Haydn, Beethoven, and Ravel). Admission $1.50. 8:30 p.m. University of Kansas City, Administration Building, 52nd and Rockhill. JA. 1135.
July 4, 13, 20, 27—Band Concert, Swope Park.
July 9, 23—Community Sing, Swope Park.

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45 and Rockhill—Special July exhibits: In the three central loan galleries, "Wings Over the Central Pacific"—a collection of photographs telling the story of the Seventh Air Force and taken by men of that group... In Gallery 14—paintings by Joseph Levin, famous Russian-born artist exhibiting for the first time in this region.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 4415 Warwick—Summer exhibit: Student paintings. Gallery open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Saturday till noon. Closed Sunday.
KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone—Hobby Club exhibit: Postcards. Miss Theo Redwood's exhibit of Authentic Dolls also continues this month; Gold Room, 2-5 p.m. Closed Monday.
KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY. University Greenhouse, 52nd Street—Until mid-month, special exhibit of art work by Joseph Fleck's Business Men and Women's class. Followed by exhibition of prints by Carlos Merida (in connection with University's Spanish-American Workshop). Open 10 to 5, Monday through Friday.

BASEBALL
(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.)
July 6, 9—Kansas City Blues vs. St. Paul.
July 10, 13—Blues vs. Minneapolis.
July 14, 16—Blues vs. Milwaukee.
July 17, 20—Blues vs. Minneapolis.

OTHER EVENTS
July 7, 14, 21, 28—Community Night (entertainment under direction of City Welfare Department). 8:30 p.m. City Market, 5th and Walnut.
July 2-13—"Visiting Professor" lecture series, University of Kansas City. J. B. Kozak, Professor of Philosophy, Charles University, Prague, will lecture on "Future of Democracy in Central Europe." Call Registrar, JA. 1135.
July 20—Opening of Spanish-American Workshop—lecture series conducted by Fidel Rios of Washington Bureau of Inter-American Relations, University of Kansas City. Call Registrar, JA. 1135.

PARKS AND LAKES
FAIRYLAND PARK—Rides, attractions, picnic facilities. Swimming—10 a. m.-10 p.m. Dancing—Orchestra Saturday nights from 9:00. Other nights, juke box. 7501 Prospect. DE. 2040.
QUIVIRA LAKES—Swimming—Tuesday through Friday, noon till 10 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Closed Monday. Club House available for private dances. On Argentine Holiday Road, 6 miles west of Argentine city limits. (Take Quivira bus, 9th and Baltimore, Kans. City, Mo.) FA. 5930.
SWOPE PARK—Swimming—Monday, noon till 10 p.m. Other days 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Animal cages open 10:30 a.m. till 7 p.m. Closed Monday, other days till 6 p.m. Animals fed each day, 2:15 p.m. Picnic facilities. Boating. Golf. 63rd and Swope Parkway. JA. 1793.
WINNWOOD BEACH—Swimming—1:00-10:30 p.m. Roller skating—7:30-10:30 p.m. Dancing (juke-box) any time after 1:00 p.m. Fishing. Picnic facilities. Highway 10, 4 miles north of Kansas City. (26 buses daily from Pickwick Hotel.) GL. 9680. (R. G. Young, Manager).
WILDWOOD LAKES—Swimming, 9 a.m. till 11 p.m. daily. Picnic facilities. Saturday night dancing, 9 p.m. till 1 a.m.; music by Bob Brown's orchestra. Half mile east of Raytown. Fleming 1151.
WHAT HAPPENED
TO HITLER?

Here's a fantastic theory—but never discredit any fantasy in connection with Hitler! The arch-demon of Naziism would go to any length to stay alive—even as far as Japan. Which is less fantastic than terrifying—according to Mutual Commentator,

BILLY REPAID

V-E DAY in Europe has come and gone. The Allied Military Commission will soon be in operation—in all probability, in Berlin. Many of the former German leaders are either in Allied hands or have taken the suicide road out of their difficulties. However, as yet, there has been no positive evidence produced that would give any clue as to the fate of Hitler. It is not known for sure whether he is dead or alive.

Of course, there have been many stories to the effect that he is dead. Some of them you doubtless will recall. He was suffering from some mental disease, and died from natural causes. He committed suicide, as did many of his former associates. He was killed in Berlin by Allied bombs, where he had said he wanted to die, according to many reports we have had.

Recently, the Russians tentatively identified a body as that of Hitler. This was one of several found in very bad condition. I can easily understand that it is very essential to prove that Hitler is dead. I'll go even further. It is my firm opinion that in order to destroy any possibility of Hitler's living on in Germany mythology, it must be established that he is dead, they must produce a CORPUS DELICTI. Many Germans—yes, in all probability, far too many of them, particularly the younger generation, who knew no leader but Hitler—will go on blindly believing that some day Hitler will reappear. Hence, proof must be furnished of his death. Hitler and his works, therefore, must be completely obliterated, his death must be established as a fact.

However, despite such "tentative" and "without much doubt" identifications, I still don't believe it. Of course I admit that it is absolutely necessary to try in every way to establish proof that Hitler's mortal career is ended, for this is the only way to get Hitler out of the German mind, and that is going to be the big problem in Germany. We must do more than change their way of living, their form of government. We must change their way of thinking—hence, their inspiration for the past
twelve years and more must be proved dead. Whether this Russian “identification” will stick or not, I don’t know, but frankly I doubt it.

So, after these many reports, and this “tentative” identification, it still seems quite all right for me to ask these questions:

Where is Hitler? Is he living or dead? If dead, where is the proof? If living—then living where?

A number of months ago, in one of my Mutual radio broadcasts, I brought up the question of what Hitler would do when he saw his house of cards about to topple. I asked in what country would he seek sanctuary, and in this particular broadcast used this little jingle—“Eenie meenie minee mo—Where is Hitler going to go? Eenie meenie minee mee, only place is Japanee.” Well, now that Germany has been beaten, sometimes I wonder if there possibly wasn’t more truth than poetry in this little jingle. Of course, I admit that to many it may sound far-fetched, but, nevertheless, as one peruses this line of reasoning, it does make a little sense, at that. Frankly, I don’t believe Hitler is dead. Where he is, I don’t pretend to know for sure. But this much I do know, he certainly was in an excellent position to make a deal with the Japanese.

Let me give my reasons for this line of thinking. It is a well known fact that the Japanese are not the inventive type. But they are good copy-cats. The Germans, however, are quite gifted along the lines of inventions; this war has seen the destructive ability of some of their inventive genius. There is no doubt that if the Allies hadn’t invaded France when they did on June 6, 1945, D-Day—if this D-Day invasion had been delayed for, say another month or so—the Germans would undoubtedly have had time to get their rocket bomb bases in full operation, and the damage they could have, yes, would have inflicted on England would have been infinitely worse than it was. England knows full well the damage and loss of life caused by the “buzz-bombs.” But the larger bombs, the V-2s and V-3s, would have meant much more destruction. Unquestionably, the Channel crossing on June 6, 1944, came sooner than the Germans expected it. Consequently, many of the bomb bases, or bomb launching sites, which they planned to utilize failed to get completed and placed in operation.

This then, left the Germans with the most destructive implements of war so far produced, but also without the time needed really to get them into operation. This also left the Germans with the full knowledge of
such weapons and with fairly good proof of the damage they could inflict.

Now, Hitler's intense hatred for the United States—which, after all, armed other allied nations to enable them to carry on their fight against Germany—certainly would prompt him to do his level best to see that such weapons of destruction would be used against his arch enemy. The only other nation at war with the United States is Japan. Would it not make a good move for Hitler to offer such weapons to Japan?

Possibly not the actual weapons themselves would be offered, but all the facts and details concerning them—yes, possibly German scientists and robot-bomb specialists, experts who thoroughly understood such weapons, their construction, and the erecting of the necessary launching devices.

Hitler knew the end was coming for Germany, he knew it when the German offensive of December 16, 1944, failed—the so-called Battle of the Bulge. He realized when this counter offensive failed that it was just a matter of time before his dream of world conquest would be over, and the end of Germany was not very far away. He also knew that with the European war over, the power of both the British and the United States would concentrate on Japan. If Japan had found the going tough while the war in Europe was on, Hitler must have known they would find it much tougher when Germany threw in the towel. The Japanese also knew this, and Hitler knew they knew it. So, it seems to me this left Hitler in a position where he might be able to work out a deal. Japan needed weapons which she didn't possess for long distance attack. Hitler had them but was at the point where he couldn't use them.

Now, it's common sense to reason this way: When you have something of value that you can't use yourself, and you know somebody to whom it would be of great value—you don't have much trouble working out a deal, do you? Well, hardly. Hitler's hatred for us, the United States, his worry over Germany's coming defeat, and his fear for his own life—all seem to me excellent reasons for his wanting to make a deal. He might achieve sanctuary for himself and those whom he might name, in exchange for full working details of his robot bombs and subsequent improvements, together with experts in such matters. The recent suicide attacks on the part of the Japanese might be considered support of this reasoning. These attacks evidently have inflicted no small damage on our naval and other shipping; there has been an urgent call for shipyard workers to repair the damage suffered by our fleet off Okinawa. In other words, it may be taking the Japanese some time to get these German weapons set up and in operation, so they fight for time and go to suicidal lengths to get it.

Another bit of news released to the public and tending to support my line of reasoning is this: You undoubtedly will recall that our naval forces picked up a submarine in the Pacific not so very long ago, and on board were several high ranking German officers.
This sub unquestionably was heading for Japan—and these German officers, in my opinion, were not just Germans who had on their own responsibility thumbed a ride to Japan. These German officers were just so many more who were going to Japan, with full knowledge of the Japanese government. They were going to Japan to join those Germans already there—which seems to me may be the working out of the deal made by Hitler. These Germans were apprehended, but how many actually got through to Japan, of course I don't know.

Maybe, of course, this little story is just the result of the overworking of my own imagination, but I don't think so. I fully believe that Hitler could produce something the Japanese needed and needed very badly—and thus was in an excellent position to barter. Just the other day—to be exact, Monday, June 4—the news services carried a story, to the effect that the Japanese were planning on using suicide pilots to tow their balloon bombs across the Pacific, and thus attempt to guide them to their targets. This might be the Japanese way of doing things, but the Germans introduced a much more deadly weapon than a paper balloon—a weapon that defied both time and space.

So if in the future we should hear about robot bombs being used by the Japanese either at sea or on the Asiatic mainland—or any where else for that matter—this would further confirm what I have tried here to point out. I only wish Hitler could have been taken alive. Since he wasn't, then I do not accept the many stories of his reported death. I believe Hitler is still alive, and quite possibly in Japan, still hating and still raving, seeing to it that the weapons he planned to use against us, for which he failed to find time, will be used by the Japanese. And in exchange for this—Hitler will prolong his worthless life and the world will never know when he dies or where.

---

BRIDES ON THE BLOCK

A recent guest on "Dave Elman’s Auction Gallery," heard over Mutual, was Paul Moss, license commissioner of New York City, and an authority on such matters as auctions. We liked his story of how they began. He said that in Babylon thousands of years ago the girls of marriageable age were auctioned off once a year to the highest bidders. "Of course," Paul Moss pointed out, "those were the beautiful girls. As for the ugly ones, the money raised on the good lookers was used as dowry for their not-so-fortunate sisters. In that way, everybody got married." From where we're sitting, those Babylonians had something there!
Concerning a kid from Connecticut who once sang for kicks, who now sings for cokes, and in how big a way!

by PAT PATRICOF
(of the Steve Hannagan Agency)

WHAT'S good enough for Paul Whiteman, the Duke of Windsor, Billy Rose, and the Coca Cola Company is certainly good enough for several million fans. And the voice of Morton Downey has proved itself that good for some twenty years now.

Back in Wallingford, Connecticut, where the elder Downey was the town's fire chief, young Morton became a paid performer, singing in the shower. His mother paid him to keep quiet. Then somebody gave him five dollars for singing at a lodge meeting. That did it! He and a friend with a guitar booked themselves into local functions and became celebrities of a sort. Then Morton landed in Brooklyn and Manhattan, and before long, with Paul Whiteman.

At a certain theatre where Whiteman's orchestra had an engagement, the manager refused to pay $75.00 a week to a fellow who just sang. So Morton Downey was given a saxophone. He'd blow solid until his cue for a vocal. Then he'd toss the instrument aside and wow the audience. He never worried too much about the saxophone. It was a dummy. He never did play it, and he never has!

With Paul Whiteman he crossed the Atlantic twenty-nine times on the old SS Leviathan. They loved him in London, especially. It was at the Cafe de Paris that Morton became the social set's fair-haired boy. Most devoted of his fans was David Windsor, at that time, the Prince of Wales. One night the Prince asked Morton to sing the same number eleven times. When royalty requests, you comply, that's all! Morton complied—eleven times. The number was "You Took Advantage of Me."

The "Connecticut John McCormack" has come a long way since then. This year he'll sing a cool $400,000 or more. He has a three-year contract with Coca Cola; and whenever he's a mind to, he can book into a supper club for $2,500 a week. (Evidently, the Coca Cola contract has that clause that refreshes.) If he does a dinner show as well as some supper songs, it's $4,000. Last year on the Waldorf Roof, he broke all records for a summer hold-over. For theatre engagements, he draws a tidy $7,000 a week. He has also done motion picture work and is making recordings again.
Swing
July, 1945

His radio program, heard Monday through Friday over the Mutual network*, is his first enthusiasm. The Hooper survey—that radio bible—shows that Morton Downey has more lady listeners per set than any other daytime radio show. More than five million people hear him sing each day from a repertoire of more than five hundred songs.

Morton Downey hasn’t depended on his pipes for his sole income. He composes a bit now and then. A few years back, “Wabash Moon” was a hit, and recently he dreamed up another nifty called “On My Way Out.” And then—there’s that Mexican silver mine. He put some money into that, and it has crossed his palm with silver ever since.

At one time Morton was one of the stars of Billy Rose’s “Aquacade.” It was a case of “sing or swim.” Morton sang. He can’t swim a stroke. He doesn’t golf. The president of an insurance company once cancelled Morton’s life policy when he saw him riding horseback in Central Park. He just isn’t the athletic type. When people ask if success has gone to his head, he answers, “No, just to my hips!” Of course, his customary ten ice cream sundaes a day may help this!

His Irish sense of humor pops out in practical jokery from time to time. One day Morton and Mark Hellinger, the writer-producer-director, were passing a studio where Ted Husing was doing a sportscast. There was no audience, so the two walked in, removed Husing’s shoes, his tie, coat and shirt, and rolled up his trousers. Husing almost collapsed but the show went on! This bit of Downey drollery was, by the way, retribution for the time a few days before when Husing had mouthed in pantomime every word Morton was singing on a broadcast.

Another time, Morton and a few of his buddies gave a stag party for a friend who was being married the next day. After the friend had become blissfully unconscious with drinks, they took him to the office of a doctor who was among those present, and had the fellow’s right arm put in a plaster cast and a sling. It wasn’t until three days after the wedding that the bridegroom learned his arm wasn’t broken!

But though this sort of by-play goes on all the time, Morton Downey takes his work seriously. And his family, too. His five children are his devoted fans. He’s serious, too, about this business of entertaining soldiers. Last winter he was overseas on a USO tour. Sometimes he sang as many as four hundred songs a day in hospitals in England and France. And he still sings the praises of the American GI loud, long, and sincerely.

He made many friends overseas. He makes friends anywhere. He has that sort of easy-goin’ charm and amiability that makes you feel when he says, “How are you?” he really wants to know! His 20th anniversary in show business is a golden one. His career has been full and successful. But always what he has to say about it is only, “It’s the same voice I used to give away at lodge parties back in Wallingford.”

*“Songs by Morton Downey,” heard over WHB, 11:15 a.m., Mon. through Fri.
Land of Promise

WHAT the Jewish improvements have done for Palestine—
WHY that country which could support six million people should become a homeland for the Jews—
WHO opposes Zionism and why—
ALL reported in specific terms

By STANLEY DIXON

I AM a Zionist.
So too are many thousands of other Americans, mostly of the Jewish Faith, but including large numbers of my fellow Christians (many Catholics and Protestants). Zionists of the Jewish Faith belong to the Zionist Organization of America, which forms part of the world Zionist organization dating back to the first Zionist congress of 1897. Christian sympathizers are usually members of the Christian American Palestine Committee, and they include leaders in every walk of life.

Zionists contribute generously of their money and their time . . . for many it is the great ideal of their lives.

Yet Zionists have nothing to gain for themselves . . . their efforts are entirely unselfish.

Opposing Zionism are two great powers . . . the British government (but not the British people) and the Arab League. Yet Zionists believe that their objective must be fulfilled some day. Jews, Catholics, and Protestants—we believe that God has so promised, and that neither empires nor infidels shall stand in the way of the fulfillment of that promise.

What is Zionism?
Let me quote from the words of former Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis: "Zionism seeks to establish in Palestine, for such Jews as choose to go and remain there, and for their descendants, a legally secured home where they may live together and lead a Jewish life, where they may expect to constitute a majority of the population and may look forward to what we should call home rule."

Last year, the platforms of both the Republican and Democratic parties called for unrestricted Jewish immigration and land ownership in Palestine and for the establishment there of a free and democratic Jewish Commonwealth.

In the year 1917, the great British statesman, Lord Balfour, gave a solemn pledge, in the name of his government, that a national home should be established in Palestine. Unfortunately this did not fit in with the plans of the British Colonial office. During the ten years that I lived in the Near East I found many British officials entirely unsympathetic toward the Jewish settlers in Palestine and there was good reason to
believe that they helped to incite the Arabs against the Jews.

Finally in 1939, the British government went back on its word, rejected any plan for a Jewish state in Palestine, cut down Jewish immigration to a trickle for five years after which time it was to be stopped entirely. This, at a time when Nazi, Polish, and Rumanian persecution of Jews was becoming worse, and when there was no other refuge for Palestine.

There are dreadful tales of ships crowded with refugees from the Hitler terror . . men and women . . some of the finest minds in Europe . . . surgeons . . . scientists . . . authors . . . business men. The ships arrived at Palestine ports and the British refused to let the people come ashore. In at least one case the ship was sunk . . . death was preferable to a return to the tortures of Hitler’s prison camps.

The Hungarian government, realizing that the Nazis would soon take over, and having consideration for the horrors in store for the Jewish residents, indicated their willingness to allow as many as possible to leave if they could find refuge in Palestine . . . but the British refused.

What is the reason for this policy? In the first place Britain wants complete political and commercial domination of Palestine as an outlet for the oil coming by pipeline from the Arab countries.

In the second place, in order to keep India in subjection, Britain supports the Moslem minority there . . . They in turn support British policy, and the Arabs do not want any Jews in Palestine at all. In fact there is reason to fear that the Arabs may try to drive out all non-Moslems from Palestine and take control of the places which are sacred to Christians as well as to Jews. The Moslem attitude toward non-believers is a good reason why self-government for any Arab country should not be permitted without proper safeguards for minorities.

Last year the congress of the United States, under the leadership of Democratic Senator Wagner of New York and Republican Senator Taft of Ohio, was prepared to pass the following resolution: “That the United States shall use its good offices and take appropriate measures to the end that the doors of Palestine shall be opened for free entry of Jews into that country and that there shall be full opportunity for colonization so that the Jewish people may ultimately reconstitute Palestine as a free and democratic Jewish commonwealth.”

However, our state department, apparently at the request of the British government, requested that the resolution be shelved for “military” reasons. No one ever explained what the reasons were . . . especially in view of the magnificent contributions of Jewish Palestine to the allied cause . . . in fighting men and in production of war . . . while Arab leaders were in Berlin working with the Nazis. They were for Hitler until his defeat was sure . . . then the Arab states declared war on Germany and were invited to San Francisco while Jewish Palestine remained outside.
Palestine was mandated to Britain by the League of Nations. This was approved by a treaty between Britain and the United States ... a treaty which alluded to the policy of establishing a Jewish National Home in Palestine. The treaty provides that no change can be made in the terms of the mandate without the consent of the United States ... and yet this country has never officially protested when Britain did change the terms of the Mandate by the White Paper which prohibits further Jewish immigration.

It seems to me and to thousands of other Americans that the United States is obligated to see that the terms of that Mandate are respected by Britain, and Zionists are bending their efforts to letting our government know that the American people are in favor of a Jewish Palestine and unrestricted Jewish immigration, in conformity with the terms of the Mandate.

I do not believe that British policy in Palestine represents the true feelings of the British people. The Labor party has already promised that if they come into power they will repeal the White Paper and permit Jewish immigration to continue as before.

In the meantime the Zionists are doing their best to tell the story of Palestine to the American people and it is a wonderful story. Palestine in biblical times was a beautiful, fertile country with a large population. Under the rule of the Moslem Turks and Arabs the country became almost a desert, as did most of the Arab lands, because of Arab dirt, laziness, ignorance, and governmental incompetence. The Jewish settlers occupy only a part of the country, but they have made the desert blossom. The area under vegetables increased 25-fold in twenty years, from 1923 to 1943. The native Arab hen lays about 70 small eggs a year ... a new strain introduced by Jewish settlers lays an average of 150 large eggs a year. Potatoes, sugar beets, sugar cane, citrus fruits and innumerable other crops are gradually making the country self-sustaining as regards food. Future development probably depends largely upon irrigation, and a scheme something like the Tennessee Valley Authority has been suggested. There are many small industries in Palestine, and their total production is considerable ... the output increased rapidly with the coming of the war and large quantities of military supplies were produced for the use of the British army.

The full story of what has been done and what can be done in Palestine will be found in two excellent books ... "Palestine, the Land of Promise," by the American soil expert, Walter Clay Loudermilk, and "The Forgotten Ally," by Pierre van Paasen.
Many of the settlers in Palestine were doctors, lawyers, scientists, business men . . . but there was no call for their talents, so they settled on the land, and they learned how to farm on cooperative farms where there were others with experience to teach them.

Palestine, about the size of Belgium or Massachusetts, but with a far smaller population than either, could easily support six million people. At present there are about a million Arabs and 600 thousand Jews. Many American soldiers have enjoyed a vacation in Palestine rest camps and have enjoyed the hospitality of the people of the beautiful Jewish city of Tel Aviv.

Incidentally . . . the Arab population has increased since Jewish settlers started to come in large numbers . . . because the ordinary Arab people knew that they can live in better conditions than in their own lands . . . that Jewish doctors will save many of their children who would have died in Arab countries . . . that they will be better paid for the work they do in Jewish settlements . . . and better treated . . . for the people who have known so much suffering themselves will never oppress others.

Americans of the Jewish Faith do not want to go to Palestine . . . but in Europe the hatreds of war and persecution will not soon die. Millions of Jews have been uprooted from their homes . . . many have died and the others must remain homeless and without any means of livelihood—unless . . . the American people and the British people prevail on their governments to stand by their moral obligation to reopen Palestine to all Jews who wish to go there . . . so that it may eventually become a democratic commonwealth . . . a center of peace and civilization in the turbulent Near East . . . the fulfillment of the Promised Land.
How Uncle Sam Names His Ships

Didja know there's an official tracker-downer of god-mothers for Navy ships... that each type is named for a specific object or person... that there has always been a ship named the Lexington?

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

If you have attended the launchings of Uncle Sam's naval vessels over a period of years, you may have noticed a charming woman with just a hint of gray in her dark hair. On one or more occasions she has been seen to break the traditional bottle over the vessel's prow. Usually, however, she is in the background. But, no matter where she is, she is vitally interested in the proceedings.

This gracious lady is Mrs. James Paul Casbarian of Washington, D. C. Her job is to track down "god mothers" for Navy ships. For over twenty years she has been assembling the genealogical information on which the Navy Department bases the names of new destroyers, aircraft tenders and other craft, and selects their sponsors.

In Uncle Sam's Navy, battleships are named after states; cruisers for large cities; carriers for historic naval vessels or for famous battles; destroyers for persons distinguished in Naval or Marine history, the christening being done, when possible, by relatives of those persons.

Submarines are named for fishes; minesweepers for birds; seagoing gunboats for small cities and river boats for islands. Submarine tenders preserve the memory of pioneers in submarine development. Repair ships draw their names from mythology. Oilers have the names of rivers and hospital ships have names of mercy—such as Relief.

For generations a strict Navy tradition has been to select as sponsor the nearest relative, usually a girl or woman, of the man honored in the naming of the vessel. Thorough study of the family trees of these people is Mrs. Casbarian's work. She devises a complete genealogical chart which she submits to the chief clerk of the Navy Bureau of Navigation. The chart is then okayed by the chief of the bu-
recioe who turns it over to the Secretary of the Navy. He, in turn, transmits the name to the President.

In her fascinating if exacting work Mrs. Casbarian unearths information of great value.

There are now twenty-four names for battleships, either recently built or building, including the Massachusetts, Indiana, Alabama, South Dakota, Iowa, New Jersey, North Carolina and Washington. Incidentally, the Massachusetts is the only battleship to be named after one of the New England states.

The destroyer Tucker was named after Commodore Samuel Tucker of Marblehead, Massachusetts, who died in 1833. He commanded four privateers in the Revolutionary War, was captured in the privateer Thorn, but made his escape in an open boat. The destroyer named after this famous son of the Bay State was launched February 26, 1926. The sponsor of the vessel was Mrs. Leonard Thorne of Marblehead.

The destroyer O'Brien was named after no less than five members of the same family—Captain Jeremiah O'Brien and his four brothers. They were residents of Machias, Maine, when the battle of Lexington was fought, performed valiant service during the conflict that followed.

Destroyers are sometimes named for enlisted men, honoring Navy and Marine Corps heroes. The Ingram, for instance, was named in honor of Osmond Ingram, gunner's mate first class, U.S.N. He was killed when the destroyer Cassin was torpedoed in European waters, October 16, 1917.

The former destroyer Pruitt, now a minelayer, was named for John Henry Pruitt, corporal U. S. Marine Corps, who was killed in action October 4, 1918. Single-handed he attacked two machine-gun crews, capturing the guns and killing two of the enemy. He later captured forty prisoners in a dugout nearby.

The destroyer Litchfield was named in memory of John R. Litchfield, pharmacist's mate, U.S.N., who gave his life in 1918 while serving as a member of the hospital corps of the Sixth Regiment, U.S.M.C., in France.

Aircraft carriers are named for world famous ships and important battles in our early history. A recent one is the Hornet. The late Franklin D. Roosevelt himself named this craft. Incidentally, six ships of this name have been in the service of the United States—sloops, brigs, schooners and steamers.

From the war of the Revolution to the present day there has always been a U. S. Naval ship named Lexington. The first was the sixteen-gun brig Lexington of the Revolution. Next was the ship Lexington of Mexican War days. The third was the gunboat Lexington that served Grant's army in the Civil War. The fourth was the aircraft carrier of the present war, who met her fate in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

The traditional policy of the Navy is to name submarine tenders after outstanding inventors of naval vessels. Thus the Fulton honors Robert Fulton, inventor of the country's first
war steamer. The Bushnell was named for David Bushnell, early American submarine builder and pioneer in underwater craft.

Seaplane tenders, in accordance with a recent Navy plan, are named for bays, straits, inlets and sounds. Two recent tenders are the Albemarle and the Barnegat.

Submarines are given the names of fishes. Examples, Barracuda and Perch.

What's in a name? Well, a good many things: the merit of the ship, the action it has seen, its general legend. That's what makes the name take on significance.

Want to have a ship named for you? Then get in touch with Mrs. Casbarian! Maybe she can track you down a genealogical right to have one of Uncle Sam's ships sail proudly under your name.

Ship Ahoy!

And then there was the lady who was to christen a boat at a recent shipyard launching. Just before the ceremony the shipyard manager asked her, “Any questions?”

“Yes,” our girl replied meekly. “How hard do I have to hit it to knock it into the water?”

—from Sew and So.
**The Nail Paint Namer**

*About the character who couldn't see red!*

by George F. MaGill

Some people do all they can to wiggle out of jury duty. Not me! I get a kick out of the characters you meet, to say nothing of the three bucks per diem you get out of it, which always comes in very nice.

Take the last time I am called on the jury. There is a citizen by the name of Dujeau, or something; where else do you meet guys like him?

This Dujeau is sitting next to me when the lawyer asks him his name and he tells 'em, and his business, and he says, “I'm a nail paint namer.”

“How's that?” says the lawyer.

Dujeau repeats it for him, “Nail paint namer.”

The lawyer makes a mark in his book and turns to me. When he comes to the question about my business I think to myself, “This guy Dujeau’s not going to get ahead of me,” and I tell the man I am a window box weeder. He turns red and swings around to the judge. “Your honor . . .” he starts; but the judge beats him to the punch, only the punch is at Dujeau and me! Boy, does he read us a lecture! Dujeau keeps trying to explain, but you don’t exactly interrupt a judge. So by the time his honor gets through we are plenty relieved to be let off with only being fined our day’s jury money instead of the hot seat at the state bastile.

Anyway, we get off that case and are soon back at the bull pen havin’ a cribbage game. After a while I says, “Fellow, you sure got us in a jam back there.”

He says, “How do you mean?”

“With that crack about being an apple-bobber or a foam-blower at the brewery—or whatever it is you tell the man,” I says.

“You’re the one who makes the smart crack,” he says. “All I tell him is the God’s truth. I said I was a nail paint namer and so help me that’s what I am.”

Well, sir, it turns out that he really does work for a big cosmetic outfit and since women are painting their fingers and toe nails, this nail paint angle is a big one and all the companies try to outdo each other with fancy names for their products. Dujeau’s job is to sit around and dream up the names. He got to reciting some of them and I wrote ‘em down. Here they are:

- Fuchsia plum
- Dragon’s Blood
- Rally
- Cherrywood
- Flame Glo
- Paradise Pink
- Pink Sapphire
- Rumor
- Black Cherry
- Rival
- Canton
- Pink Fire
- Opium Dream
- Oriental Sapphire
- Temple Fire
- Royal Plum
- Weeping Willow
- Burma
- 1942
- Brown Coral

Can you beat that? He’s got a lot more, but that’s enough to give you the idea. And they’re all red!

Before we get our game finished it’s noon and the sheriff says we can go but to be sure and be back by two o’clock. Dujeau offers to drive me by the office and we are riding along still talking about the angles of the cosmetic business when all of a sudden a police whistle screams and a minion of the law murmurs something about running a red light and will we please pull over to the curb.

He finally lets us off with a warning and after we are safely out of pistol shot I says, “That’s a funny one.”

“What’s comic,” asks Dujeau, “about almost getting pinched?”

“Well, that an expert like you on the hues and tints of red nail paint should run a red light . . . don’t that strike you as at least ironical?”

“Oh, didn’t I tell you?” says Dujeau, “I’m color blind.”
Get the Record **Straight**!

The mass of German people—not just the leaders—are guilty of this most sadistic mass crime of history...
The enemy in the Pacific is just as savage... geographically more impregnable.

**By CEDRIC FOSTER**

(On Sunday evening May 6, Cedric Foster, broadcasting over the Mutual Network, hammered home some hard facts and timely warnings in a speech of retrospect and prospect. Victory in Europe was that night an urgent rumor, just two days away from official confirmation. Between V-E and V-J, Mr. Foster summarized some fundamental reasons for Germany’s failure and for the prospect of a long, hard war with Japan. We here print the portion of that memorable broadcast).

**AS the world waits for the ending of the European war, it seems to me that two points should be stressed tonight as we view the overall picture in both Europe and in the Pacific. The first point is that the American nation cannot afford to forget for one moment that during the last five years of conflict the civilized nations of this earth have fought a life and death battle for survival against the mass of the German people.**

Those people must be held accountable for the crimes which they have committed against humanity. It is axiomatic that war criminals are going to be punished. At all times, however, the danger is apparent that the allied powers may fallaciously believe that these criminals are limited to the so-called top bracket, or the upper crust of German leadership. No greater mistake could ever be made than to cling to such reasoning. Every bit of evidence which we have refutes the logic of the statement that the Germans were driven at the point of the sword to their own destruction by Hitler and Himmler and Goebbels and Goering. Eight million Germans, regimented into the greatest destructive force ever loosed upon mankind in the history of the world, could not have been held in line to fight the battle they did without their hearts and souls being committed to the fight. On the steppes of Russia, on the fields of France, in the lowlands of the Netherlands, and Belgium, in the mountains of Italy, in the ice-bound fjords of Norway, on the searing sands of the North African desert, these Germans waged a war to the death against the free men of this world... they waged that war, and they lost it.
Why did they lose it? From the military point of view, Gerd von Rundstedt gives us the answer in the interviews published with him by Lochner and Pierre Huss. They lost it, von Rundstedt declared, because they ran out of oil and gasoline. You cannot fight a modern war without fuel. They lost it, von Rundstedt told these top-flight American newsmen of the Associated Press and International News, because allied air power made a shambles of German communications. You can’t fight a modern war when your lines of supplies are destroyed. They lost it, von Rundstedt said, when the German winter offensive against the American lines in Belgium failed to reach its key objective, the city of Liege. You can’t win a modern war if you allow your opponent to build up enormous stores of war material in bases from which he can eventually set in motion a devastating offensive.

Von Rundstedt’s statements are highly significant ... not so much for what he said, but for what he left unsaid. He confined himself solely to the military aspect of the war. But he knows and the American people should know that you cannot divorce the military front from the ideological issues involved. He knows and the American people should know that these issues always have been the motives which prompted the men to pull the triggers behind the guns. He explained how the Germans lost the war in the dull, prosaic language of a strategist and tactician. But never once did he state how the Germans prosecuted the war. Nor did he reveal that he knew as it was impossible for him not to know, that he, himself, was the living symbol of everything against which the allied powers have fought for five long, bitter years. He failed to say the Germans turned back to the darkest pages of history to get their format for modern war. He failed to say that the rank and file of the German army, backed up by the full power of the homeland and the whip-lash which the German people applied to slave labor, fought with every weapon at their command ... with every devilish bit of ingenuity and cruelty which they could muster in a vain attempt to permanently enslave their fellowmen.

Rather did von Rundstedt prefer to make the glib, off-hand statement, that the Germans fought because they were faced with what their enemies had told them would be extermination ... oblivion as a nation. He didn’t say that the reason their enemies were determined to destroy them in the field was they had commenced a war of cold-blooded aggression against their neighboring states ... that they had started a war, which by its very roots and nature was predestined to rouse all freedom-loving men and women to the battle flags of liberty. No ... von Rundstedt elected to deal with the technical military situation. He preferred to talk in terms of lack of oil and gasoline, rather than in
those of concentration camps with their tortured humanity. He preferred to talk in terms of overwhelming air power being arrayed against him, rather than admit that German brutality and tyranny—along with Germany’s foul creed of racial superiority and persecution of minorities—rather than admit that these characteristics which have resulted in the German being called the Hun... provided the first, tiny sparks of fiery opposition... sparks which today have developed into a holocaust of flame in which the German nation is being consumed.

Tonight we should get the record straight. We should know, once and for all, that our enemies always have been the German people... we should know that the creed of National Socialism is only a different twist, a more diabolical one, to the creed of Pan-Germanism, which Bismarck, and later the Second Imperial German Reich, would have superimposed on the structure of Europe. If we fail to understand this, then every man who has died on the field of battle in Europe has died in vain. Everything for which American soldiers fought will turn out to be mockery and sham, if we tonight, here in the United States, have not learned from this war to know our enemies and to recognize our friends.

As the last vestige of German barbarism is being burnt out at the core in Europe the eyes of America are turning more and more to the war of survival which is being waged in the Pacific theater of this global struggle. Insofar as the enemy whom we fight is concerned, there is little to choose between the one whom we have yet to destroy and the foe who has been battered to his knees in the blood of Europe through the strength of allied arms. The war in the Pacific, however, is a war against not only a brutal savage foe, but it is a war against logistics... it is a battle against distance... a fearful struggle against the corroding action of attrition.

It seems to me that we must take cognizance of the fact that in the campaign of Okinawa we are going to suffer in the future, as we already have in the past, severe losses. Standing as we do on the island of Okinawa, we are on the threshold of Japan proper. Tokio is only 325 miles away. Japan has been rocked back on her heels to a point where she fights on interior lines with all of the advantages which accrue to her on those lines. We fight over attenuated lines... lines which are drawn out over thousands of miles across the Pacific. We must traverse those lines and in this process keep supplies of war moving in a never-ending stream. Realization of this is incumbent if we are to have even the slightest understanding of the problems of the Pacific War. The War Department has announced that American combat troops in Europe are shortly to be transferred to the Pacific. Such transfer will strain even more our lines of
communication. It will require all the ships we can muster, all the railroad trains we can find, all the weapons of war we can produce, all the aircraft we can fly. Millions of men are going to come to grips with the Japanese. In this fight we battle for our future existence as a peace-loving nation. Into the battle will be thrown the combined strength of American armies in the field and the productive capacity of American factories on the home front.

The problem of distance and the nature of the enemy whom we fight . . . his philosophy, his codes, and creeds . . . these combine to make the Pacific War a long war. Who would be so fool-hardy as to predict the time when the Pacific War will end! It is impossible to so predict without fear that the forecast will be worthless. The cold, hard facts remain. There is only one reason why we are winning the Pacific War and why we will eventually emerge triumphant. We are winning because the Japanese are being killed by American guns at a rate far in excess of Americans killed by Japanese guns. When you've said that, you've said it all . . . because it is necessary to kill the Japanese in order to win. The Germans fought hard, but never with the same fanaticism which is engendered in the Japanese by the Shinto religion. The Japanese on Iwo are an example . . . 20,000 Japs on the island . . . 20,000 dead. On Okinawa, 33,000 Japs have been killed . . . 700 are prisoners of war. 3,000 Japs died on Okinawa on Thursday and Friday in Jap counter attacks against the 7th and 77th Divisions alone. This fighting does not even take into account the bitter struggle in the Philippines. Nor the fighting in Tarakan . . . nor the suicide assaults upon naval vessels, nor the battles in the skies over Tokio. All of this adds up to only one thing . . . a long, hard, bitter war against Japan.
Go Into Debt!

Do you have the courage? Most successes start in the red. You only fail when you STAY there.

WHAT do you think is the most important single ingredient for success in America?

Is it education? No, there are many successful men and women who have never attended even elementary school. Is it inheritance? Hardly, when the whole drama of America is the log-cabin to White House tradition. Genius and effort, opportunity and religion, and all the other influences on the development of personality or character may be present or missing in individual American success stories.

I maintain that in America one essential is always found in every successful career. It is required of all who would progress. It is the courage to go into debt.

This willingness to borrow is true beyond question in men of science. It is from the discoveries and knowledge of men who have gone before that the student borrows the foundation on which he will build.

Any artist must dare to borrow knowledge of the past before he can stride into new fields, confident that he is creating, and not repeating an earlier skill.

In terms of American commerce, industry, and agriculture, it is self evident that to succeed one must go into debt.

Of course, we are all pushed into debt on the first day of school. The state supplies a teacher, a building, and necessary equipment for compulsory education—but not without a price. The state takes an immediate claim on your future earnings as a citizen-taxpayer. Federal income taxes and part of every payment for the necessities of life go for interest on your personal share of the government’s debt. These are the sort of debts we all have merely by living in the United States of America.

But it is when you voluntarily add to that inescapable debt that you can begin to succeed. There is no such animal as the self-made man. He has borrowed heavily from the pocketbooks or the brains of other men.

Maybe you have an invention to patent. But you will need a good attorney and probably a draftsman, if you expect to turn that idea into a bank account. Lawyers and engineers don’t work for peanuts—they too are working for the American dollar. You’ll need money to start—and chances are, you’ll borrow some before you get your first royalty check.

Or do you want to buy a store, or a gas station? Most merchants pay off their debts as they earn. Few and far between are the storekeepers who use
their own money to open their doors to customers. If you are successful, someday you will probably loan some of your own money to set up some young fellow in business. But you start—like most of the successes—in the red. Only staying in debt can make you a failure.

Cars and houses and farms are almost all bought on borrowed money. Why? Because most of those who want to buy most of the cars and houses and farms sold each year are not rich. In fact the ambitious man buys because he wants to be better off than he is. And when he buys, he is seldom well enough heeled to pay cash. The courage of your convictions demands the willingness to go into debt to bring these dreams into reality.

That is how America has grown. And it is only by borrowing against the future that you and I can get our start.

Do you dare to go into debt? Yes, if you want to get ahead. And most Americans do both.

Coup

Some people who have civic and social problems which their Congressman apparently do not want to deal with are now, according to Washington reports, saying that if they don’t get any action, “I’ll go even further than that. I’ll even tell Fulton Lewis, Jr.”

(Fulton Lewis, Jr., Mutual News Commentator, is heard over WHB at 6 p. m., Monday through Friday.)

THE FIRSTS OF THE FLAG

By GENEVIA I. COLE

The Stars and Stripes is the first and only flag never to dip in courtesy to any individual, reserving such salutes for NATIONS.

Here are other Star Spangled Firsts:

FIRST displayed in the Navy by John Paul Jones at Portsmouth, July 2, 1777, on the Ranger.

FIRST saluted in a foreign land at the capture of Bermuda Island by John Paul Jones, 1778.

FIRST carried around the world in 1790 by the sailing ship, Columbia.

FIRST carried around Cape of Good Hope by Captain Porter on U.S.S. Essex in 1800; around Cape Horn, in 1813.

FIRST formally displayed over a schoolhouse in May of 1812 at Catamount Hill, Colerain, Massachusetts.

FIRST carried beyond the Arctic Circle in 1839 by the pilot boat, Flying Fish, of the Wilkes Expedition.

FIRST planted at North Pole on April 6, 1909, by Admiral Robert E. Peary.

FIRST carried high into the Himalaya mountains in 1903 by Dr. W. H. Workman and his wife, who planted the banner at 22,394 feet, an altitude never before reached by any flag.
RECENTLY the Reference Room count for telephone questions reached an all-time high in the Kansas City Public Library. Why? Listeners to WHB’s programs thronged into the library to ask who was the president of the United States whose first name was Stephen. That “Stephen,” instead of being a clue, was the red herring that threw many people off the track. Just in case there’s anyone left who doesn’t know the answer—the man in question was Stephen Grover Cleveland, the twenty-third president of the United States.

Answering such questions is the type of service which your Public Library gets a real kick out of, believe it or not. Miss Grace Berger, Chief of the Reference Room, smiled when she told about one woman seeking the aforesaid answer. The woman asked for the World Book. It seems that the announcer on WHB’s program recommended the World Book, the World Almanac, or the Public Library. This patron killed two birds with one stone and came to the Library for the World Book. Now the World Book is a children’s encyclopedia and kept in the Children’s Room on the ground level of the Library. Miss Berger had a hunch right away what the woman wanted so she suggested some other encyclopedia, since she didn’t want the patron to have to walk all the way downstairs again. Then the woman said she wanted something on the Presidents.

Said Miss Berger, “Do you by any chance want to know who the 23rd President of the United States is whose name begins with Stephen?”

The woman’s jaw dropped. “How did you know?” she gasped. Now just for the record, reference librarians are not clairvoyant, but after the same question is answered over fifty times, the librarian just naturally knows what’s coming after the first word.

Reference questions have taken an all-time high since the death of Franklin D. Roosevelt. On the following
day, the Reference Room answered about 78 questions, as to how to hang the flag at half-mast, who would succeed to the vice-presidency (no one does, just in case that comes up again), and the renewal of the moot question, Was there ever a President before Mr. Truman who came from Missouri? This revived the old controversy concerning whether or not David R. Atchison of Missouri was or was not President for a day.

During Sunday, March 4, 1849, Atchison, who was president pro tempore of the Senate, became the President for one day according to the Congressional Directory until the issue of 1929. The way it came about, the administration of President James K. Polk ended at midnight, March 3. Sunday was not a legal day, so the inauguration of President Zachary Taylor could not be held until March 5. The same situation affected the outgoing vice-president, George M. Dallas, whose term expired with Polk's. Taylor's running mate, Millard Fillmore, of course, had not yet become vice-president.

Then, believing that Atchison actually was President for a day, the state of Missouri in 1928 erected a statue at Plattsburg honoring him. Then came the joker. The new 1929 Congressional Directory said Atchison's term as Senator ALSO expired March 3, and he, like President Taylor, was not sworn in again until March 5. Actually, the nation was without a President for one whole day. Now Missouri does have a President.

DOROTHEA F(rances) HYLE likes "The Shadow," Clark Gable, concerts, and books. Libraries are her profession, her hobby, her recreation. Officially, she's Chief of Circulation and Director of Public Relations for the Kansas City Public Library. She reads mystery books for relaxation. And in her spare time—she buys most of the fiction for the library; writes for professional magazines; writes and produces a monthly radio program called "Getting Acquainted with Your Public Library"; gives book reviews to various groups; serves as publicity chairman for the Kansas City Radio Council; tends a Victory Garden . . . Do you give up? Well, anyway, you get the idea—Dorothea Hyle is a very busy person. And she is. She is also a very delightful person, for she has the great good humor of those who like what they're doing and do it with whole heart. She was born in Oklahoma City, spent two years in Yellowstone Park, where her father was in charge of the weather bureau . . . Schools include Westport High, here in Kansas City; Ward-Belmont in Tennessee; the University of Missouri; the University of Kansas; and Columbia University where she received her library training. She is now in process of earning a Master's in Library Science. Miss Hyle is a radio fan; loved "Lights Out"; once cured a man of heart trouble by sending him loads of mysteries to read. No kidding! Or at least, the man, whom the doctors had pronounced dying, began to mend just after she presented him with the books, and today he's alive and on the job. So is Dorothea Hyle.

There is never a dull moment certainly for any librarian who answers questions on the job. One person wants to know what is contained in the liquid of an ice cream soda. Here it is! Its chief ingredients are marble dust and sulphuric acid. In marble
dust we drink up bits of stone buildings, tombstones, and monuments! According to Walsh's *Handy Book of Curious Information*, in New York City the chips of a marble cathedral on Fifth Avenue alone supplied twenty-five million gallons of soda water for ice cream sodas.

Some one else asks, What city belonging to the United States was once a Russian capital? Then there are questions for and about the FBI, all very hush-hush. Some are amusing, as for example, the patron who called and wanted the reference librarian to sing "Rock of Ages" over the telephone for her.

Right now, the Library is receiving questions about Dumbarton Oaks. Who owns it? The answer is Harvard University. It was given to Harvard in 1940. It is now the Dumbarton Research Library. Then there are questions as to the members of the Allied Nations and the San Francisco Conference.

Scientists and technicians bring in their share of tricky questions, according to Miss Idris Smith, Business and Technical Library. Businessmen are interested in the status of a particular Bill. The question of the weather has certainly been very much in the foreground since the beginning of World War II.

The government Census reports have come in for a good deal of work. For instance, there was the secretary who telephoned the Business and Technical Department of the Library. She wanted to know for her boss, of course, what percentage of people in Cleveland, Chicago, and Dayton, let's say, heated with coal, what percentage with gas, and what percentage with oil. And Oh yes, her boss was leaving the city in forty-five minutes. Could the Library have the information if she called back in fifteen minutes? The Library did.

Census reports provide answers to such questions as: How many alien Japanese have we in the United States? How many Germans? Where are they? How many are naturalized? How many second generations? Then the distribution of population was ascertained for the use of the draft boards. How many skilled workers have we? Where do they live? What are their age groups? And so on, ad infinitum.

The Kansas City Public Library is a Government depository for Government documents. These arrive daily in increasing numbers. The Farmer's Bulletins are perhaps the most familiar to the public. The Kansas City Library has over 84,000 of these documents and pamphlets, according to Mrs. Jessie Scott Millener, Chief of Documents, and they are mounting by the thousands, and are used and re-used daily.

One Kansas Citian reported that he had been in the habit of going all the way to the Engineering Library in New York City to get what he needed.
Then came the war and restrictions on travel, so he did what he said he should have done long before, called on his own Kansas City Public Library. Here he found just what he needed in Government material to solve the legal problem resulting from a state boundary dispute back in the 1880's.

The Library has recently opened a new department for questions pertaining to the returning veterans and their problems. While there are many agencies already set up to care for the needs of veterans, the Library remains the source of material from all places and co-ordinates work carried on by others. These questions are handled by the Readers' Adviser, Miss Harriet Shouse, in the Browsing Room.

This is not peculiar to the Kansas City Public Library. Libraries throughout the United States report a big upward surge in business. This comes at a time when libraries, like other businesses, find themselves under-staffed and, like everybody else, overworked. As Dorothy Canfield has said, "Librarians are even more zealous than missionaries." They are conscious of the fact that libraries are public supported institutions with a free service for people.

Libraries are not just collections of books. They are a composite of a hundred varied and personal services geared to the needs of the workaday world, to the scholar, and the laborer alike, to the clubwoman and the housewife, the businessman and the technician, the young people and the children. Library service has come to mean a service interpreted in terms broader than bringing books to people, rather in the light of finding books to answer not only questions but problems. The next time you have a $64 question, why don't you try your own Public Library?

---

**SHORTAGE SHORTS**

"What's the matter with your finger?"
"Oh, I was downtown getting some cigarettes yesterday, and some clumsy fool stepped on my hand."

"Look here, waitress. There isn't a particle of meat in this meat pie!"
"Well, what of it? We have cabinet pudding, but you wouldn't expect to find Harold Ickes in it, would you?"

The manager of a roadshow company wired the proprietor of the theatre where his company was booked for an appearance: "Holding rehearsal Monday afternoon, three o'clock. Have your stage manager, carpenter, property man, electrician, and all stage hands present at that time."

Four hours later the answer came: "All right. I'll be there."
QUIET, patient, waiting — the sergeant lay huddled in the brush. The Yanks were moving forward in France under the faint flutterings of a new dawn. Some of them went on and on, seemingly moving forward forever. Some of them halted abruptly, and dropped never to move forward again. But most of these who fell were only wounded. The sergeant was one of the wounded.

Despite poor visibility in the hazy dawn, the efficient medics found him, came quickly to his side. Gently they flipped him onto a stretcher and found their way back to the field hospital in the rear. Within four hours the wounded man was in a hospital in England.

Only four hours separated him from the battle field and the shadowless brilliance of a sterile operating theatre.

Surrounded by white-robed figures bending patiently over him, a mask slipped over his face and a silent rain of silver drops begin to fall. He breathes deeply with an effortless in-out, in-out rhythm. The heavy pungent smell of ether rises from the white table. The anesthetist keenly observes the patient.

Color, good. Pulse, forty; breathing, deep and regular. Temperature and anesthetic, normal.

For the sergeant sight, touch and smell have gone, hearing is about to go. His nerves become insensitive, do not respond.

“All right, doctor,” the anesthetist whispers. “Ready. Your patient.”

The sergeant lies hushed between the regions of sleep eternal and the waking reality of pain. Unhurried, with infinite skill, the surgeon cuts and clamps and ties, working serenely on the living tissue of a fellow man who is guarded by an invisible vapor. The surgeon is easy and sure, for there can be no pain.

Thus begins “The Human Adventure” chapter, telling the dramatic story of man’s efforts to conquer pain in surgery and presenting a reassuring chronicle of what happens to a patient who is under the effects of an anaesthesia and why it happens.
The first known efforts to deaden the agony that accompanied surgery were recorded in the earliest known writings of man, the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. The search continued down through the ages but the result was always the same—the pain of the scalpel cutting the flesh, of the saw on the bone, of the pressures on the sensitive nerves. Always agony, shock, and frequently death.

It would be difficult to name a greater contribution to medical science than the discovery and development of anesthesia. Modern surgery, for one thing, could not be the virtual miracle it is were it not for the fact that anesthesia renders the patient insensitive to pain. Today science has developed several different kinds of anesthetics. Some are liquid, injected by hypodermic needles; some are in the form of powders or pills and are taken internally; and others are gaseous, breathed in and absorbed by the lungs.

On this broadcast “The Human Adventure” revealed how research in the field of gaseous anesthesia began the era of victory over pain. Dramatic episodes depicted how, in 1774, Joseph Priestley, an English scientist, discovered a gas which he called “dephlogisticated air” and how, subsequently, the great French chemist, Anton Lavoisier, proved this gas was necessary to life and named it oxygen. This, the program revealed, prompted scientists to experiment with the effect of other gases on the human body, giving us the human adventure which was chronicled dramatically over the air as follows:

It wasn’t until the late 1770’s that the first notable discovery was made by an enthusiastic young scientist named Humphrey Davy. He was an experimenter with gases for the newly-founded Pneumatic Institute of England. Using himself as a guinea pig, his job was to try to determine whether certain gases were good or harmful to people and whether they could be used in the treatment of disease.

Young Davy’s discovery almost cost him his job. On April 10, 1799, after inhaling sixteen quarts of a gas he had produced, he reported to his superior in a very light-headed, capering mood. The famous Dr. Thomas
Beddoes, director of the Institute, mis-
took his assistant’s happy condition
for drunkenness and ordered him to
mend his ways and get back to work.
Even after Davy explained that he
was under the effect of a new gas
he had discovered, Dr. Beddoes re-
fused to take him seriously. He sug-
gested disdainfully that the discovery
might make a nice plaything for those
barbarians on the other side of the
ocean—the Americans.

He wasn’t far wrong. While
Davy gave serious consideration to
the new gas, nitrous oxide, as a possi-
ble anesthetic for minor surgical op-
erations, his discovery did make its
way to America and became a demon-
stration piece for itinerant lectures.

By 1844 Davy’s discovery enjoyed
wide acceptance in America—but not
in any marvelous or scientific sense.
A few long whiffs from a bottle of
nitrous oxide gas was enough to tran-
sform a quiet party into a wild and
reckless affair. Laughing gas parties
or gas frolics, as some people called
them, were all the rage at that time.

It was at one of these affairs held
by a doctor for some of his friends
that an important discovery about the
gas’s properties was made. Several
young men were entertaining the
group with their silly antics while
under the influence of the gas. Sud-
denly one of them left the stage and
started to run through the audience
bumping into chairs and other pieces
of heavy furniture in his wild dash.

When the effects of the gas wore
off he found himself standing before
a young dentist from Hartford, Con-
necticut, named Horace Wells, who
registered surprise that the chap had
apparently not hurt himself.

“I don’t remember bumping into
anything,” was the young man’s reply.
“But I do have a kind of pain in my
right leg.”

There was blood on his socks and
further examination revealed that al-
though he had experienced no pain
while under the influence of the gas,
the young man had suffered a blow
that cut the flesh on his leg to the
bone.

Dr. Wells could not dismiss from
his mind what he had seen. The
young man’s experience suggested a
possible use for the gas in his pro-
fession. A few days later, to verify
his own satisfaction the pain-killing
properties of the laughing gas, he went
to another dentist in Hartford and
had a tooth extracted while under
the effects of the gas.

The result gave the world the first
successful use of nitrous oxide as an
anesthetic. Highly elated, Dr. Wells
began to dream of using the gas for
all dental surgery and eventually for
the surgery of the operating theatre
as well.

But when he attempted to demon-
strate his theory on a student who
volunteered to have a tooth pulled
while under the influence of nitrous
oxide before the medical faculty of
Harvard University, his experiment
failed dismally. Wells became a
laughing stock and refused to experi-
ment further. Today the historians of
medicine have theories why Wells’s
demonstration failed, but no man is
certain of the reason.
To Wells's partner, William Morton, who had helped him with the demonstration, the failure presented a challenge. Encouraged by one of the professors at Harvard, Dr. Morton began a series of experiments on a new group of chemicals. Like all experimenters he had many failures, but he kept at it endlessly.

On September 30, 1846, his persistent efforts were rewarded with success when a gas he was testing proved its worth in a dental case. His work had led to the discovery of the anesthetic properties of sulfuric ether, known simply as ether. Like nitrous oxide it had yet to prove itself in public demonstration and for major surgery.

Yet unknown to the medical world of 1846, ether had already been successfully used as an anesthetic by a dentist in Jefferson, Georgia, for a period of five years. As early as 1842 Dr. Crawford W. Long had treated his patients to painless extractions through the use of anesthetic ether. Being a Southern gentleman as well as a scientist, he had not made a report to the scientific world because he wanted to be absolutely sure.

Following Dr. Morton's successful demonstration in a case of leg amputation at Massachusetts General Hospital in October, 1846, sulfuric ether became instantly popular.

As Humphrey Davy's nitrous oxide travelled from England to America, so Morton's sulfuric ether travelled from America to England. Shortly after Morton's demonstration, Dr. J. Y. Simpson used ether with satisfactory results in an obstetrics case at the University of Edinburgh's lying-in hospital.

In the months that followed Dr. Simpson stood many times in the delivery room, watching babies born with less pain to their mothers. He saw the maternal death rate drop from one in eleven cases to one in 320.

When word of his success reached the ears of Queen Victoria, Dr. Simpson was summoned to Buckingham Palace to be congratulated by Her Majesty and to be informed of his appointment as obstetrician to the Queen.

The story of nitrous oxide and sulfuric ether, the gases most widely used in surgery even today, is the story of victory over pain. One may wonder how these gases invariably succeed in this mission. What happens in your body as you lie in the operating room of a modern hospital? How is pain prevented in your body?

You arrive at the hospital about noon of the day preceding your operation. You are not given any dinner that night. This, the nurse explains, is to prepare you.
Before you go to sleep you are given a hypo, another in the morning and no breakfast. You are then ready to be wheeled into the operating room.

You are scared but you greet the doctor with all the cheer and bravado you can muster. The doctor is very reassuring because he knows you are scared.

The anesthetist slips the mask over your face with the question: “How’s your breathing?”

Well, how is it? What happens to your body when you breathe? How will that gas which you are going to inhale affect your breathing? How will it make you insensitive to pain?

“All right now,” the nurse continues, “just breathe deeply—regularly . . . one . . . two . . . one . . . two . . .”

Into your lungs, under the watchful eye of a skilled anesthetist, enters anesthetic gas mixed with oxygen. This gaseous mixture fills your lungs, touching gently the pore-like openings known as alveoli. It enters your blood stream as your blood swiftly courses through the sponge-like structure of your lungs.

“One . . . two . . . one . . . two . . .”

The gaseous mixture of anesthesia and oxygen streams through your body with your blood, touching the cells and the tissues in your arms and legs, your feet and hands, your internal organs and, most important, your brain.

Your cells rapidly absorb the anesthetic gas from your bloodstream, as though they were hungry for it. Now a new thing happens. Before oxygen can react with your enzymes and the food to form the chemical combinations which generate life, the anesthetic reacts with the enzymes. This prevents normal oxygen combinations, slows down your vital processes to the absolute minimum necessary to keep your body alive.

Your brain, your nerves and your muscles relax, become flaccid.

Your nerves no longer carry impulses to your brain, and your brain itself is numb, peaceful, quiet.

Thus one human adventure ends as another begins.

Robins Was Rosy!

Robins, the famous London auctioneer, revealed in luxury of expression. At one time he was commissioned to sell a certain estate. Having made the beauties of this earthly paradise too gorgeously enchanting, he felt it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it prove “too good for human occupancy.” Therefore, the Hafiz of the mart paused a moment and reluctantly added, “But candor compels me to add, gentlemen, that there are two drawbacks to this splendid property—the litter of the rose leaves and the noise of the nightingales.”

—Albert Walton Speaks.
General Ike's Day IN KANSAS CITY

(Legend for pictures—pages 33-40)

1. MORAL LEADERSHIP . . . General Dwight D. Eisenhower faces a battery of microphones at Liberty Memorial with calm and military poise, exemplary of the sort of moral leadership which he tells us is one of the two things the world needs most. The other one is food.

2. REUNION . . . General Ike's day in Kansas City is Mother's Day in reality for Mrs. Ida E. Eisenhower of Abilene, Kansas. Under the wing of the General's plane, she stands surrounded by her five sons. In the usual order: Arthur B., Vice-President of the Commerce Trust Company, Kansas City; Milton S., President of Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas; Dwight D., General, United States Army, Supreme Commander of the Allied Invasion Forces; Mrs. Eisenhower; Edgar N., Attorney, Tacoma, Washington; Earl D., Engineer with the West Penn Power Company, Charleroi, Pennsylvania. And all Eisenhower!

3. "WE HAVE RETURNED HOME" . . . "We have come back to the great Mid-West, the most fortunate region under God's blue sky." At Kansas City's Municipal Airport, closed for the morning to all but official visitors, a C-54 delivers the General.

4. GRAND MARCH . . . Down Grand Avenue the parade moves, spangled by drum and bugle corps and bands in resplendent regalia for welcoming home the man who led a mightier parade on a grimmer task.

5. SYMBOL . . . Around the shaft raised in memoriam to the dead of World War I center the ceremonies for the hero of World War II. "Not far off are two other memorials, one to a pioneer, one to a scout. (They) represent the characteristics of the American soldier that fairly set him apart from the others. The boldness of the Scout, the expediency, the resourcefulness and the self-dependence of the Pioneer . . ."

6. A PENSIVE GENERAL . . . strides toward the speakers' stand on the Memorial Mall. Here is the thoughtful Ike who told the crowds present and the radio audience that "no intelligent man can be an isolationist and there is no higher level of education anywhere in the world than in the Mid-West. . . . Because courage and bravery alone are helpless against a skilled enemy, we must always insist upon training . . . the United States must be strong. Weakness can never cooperate with anyone else in this world. No one can cooperate unless he is strong . . ."

7. COLOR GUARD . . . approaches in the parade down Grand Avenue. Soldiers on special detail restrain the crowds. A movie newreel camera (center, mounted on car) grinds steadily. Flags fly! Thousands cheer!

8. UP IN THE WORLD . . . go the General and Mrs. Eisenhower, as they mount the steps to the speakers' platform. In the background—down-town Kansas City, and a signboard bearing the familiar words, "Welcome Home, Ike!"

9. "YOU HERE IN FRONT OF ME" . . . "You . . . are the ones that must do it. Your children, all of the coming generations, have a tremendous stake in this thing and it is your responsibility to see that they get their rightful due, a chance to be trained before it ever is possible for them to meet any foe."

10. THE EYES OF THE WORLD . . . are going to turn more and more to the great Midwest of America, with Kansas City at its heart." The words of General Dwight D. Eisenhower rang out across Liberty Mall heralded by the parade of aircraft across the sky in salute.
Wherever Men Make News

Some reasons why Associated Press replaced Pony Express
... The next newscast will mean more to you, when you've read these facts in the case of the world's largest news service.

BY MITCHELL CURTIS
(General News Editor, Associated Press Radio)

INTO radio station WHB every 24 hours come more than 86,000 words of news from every corner of the world.

Wherever men make news, an Associated Press reporter is on hand to report it and it finds its way into the WHB newsroom teletype, which is connected to the world’s largest leased wire system—286 thousand miles long.

The Associated Press was founded nearly a century ago—1848—about the time Samuel Morse was bringing out his “electric telegraph.” In the decades since, the news service has grown until it now is the largest in the world.

The scope of news coverage for listeners of WHB through the AP is probably best expressed by one of Mark Twain’s comments: “There are only two forces that can carry light to all corners of the globe—the sun in the heavens and The Associated Press....”

It was many years later that Mahatma Gandhi was to tell an AP reporter after an interview at Bombay: “I suppose when I go to the hereafter and stand at the Golden Gate, the first person I shall meet will be a correspondent of The Associated Press.”

The listener sitting at home seldom realizes the effort that goes into the gathering of the material for the broadcast. Not only is the teletype in the station newsroom operating 365 days a year, but around the clock in every country in the world, the staffs of 150 offices and thousands of special correspondents are gathering news. Upwards of 25,000 words of foreign news are received daily by the cable desks in New York and San Francisco. Another 150,000 words of national and local news are gathered every day. All of this is distilled for its salient points and then delivered over the leased wires to radio stations. The AP reporters around the world have but one creed: “Communicate the facts. Be truthful and impartial.”

The speed with which news reaches the listening audience is almost incredible. For instance, if it is known that some announcement of great import is to come from Prime Minister Churchill, the WHB teletype could be connected directly to the AP’s leased cable to London, and the announcement would be delivered directly from London to the station newsroom in one minute or less. And in another 60 seconds, the bulletin or flash could be on the air.

Many newscasts give personal credit to the warfront correspondents, and too many persons still think that a foreign correspondent’s life is one of glamour. On the contrary, in World War II the correspondent has led a life every bit as hard as the doughboy—only the reporter has no gun with which to defend himself. One little
known fact is that the casualty rate among correspondents is higher proportionately than that of the U. S. Army.

Only volunteers go to war for The AP, and the waiting list is long. The prime requirements are—intellectual equipment of the highest order, sound news training and a soldier’s physique. All of this is needed, for it is to be remembered that “truth is the first casualty in any war.”

One of the most frequently asked questions by newsroom visitors is, “What is the toughest job of all?” The answer is, “Getting news out of the jungle areas of the Pacific fighting zone.”

A correspondent covering jungle fighting can’t take a typewriter with him. His equipment is mainly whatever he can carry and run fast with. In one case, a correspondent had to walk 25 miles without a stop. He tried four times to get a story back by courier. Once the man with it was machine gunned and the correspondent wound up by carrying back the dispatch himself.

The next time you hear a newscast, remember what a Marine sergeant said of being killed, to Major General Alexander Vandegrift during the Solomon campaign:

“I may get it some time, but I’ll be damned if I’ll go out and reach for it like some of those reporters.”
PREFACE

to

THE HANDY HOUSEHOLD MANUAL

By Jack B. Creamer

THE HANDY MAN

By some standards, The Handy Household Manual is kind of short, but that's because of the things I've left out. You see, when a guy goes on the radio five days a week, coast to coast, and asks people (and so many people seem to be women) to send him their handy notions and household problems, it's a little like dropping a dime in the slot marked "Hash" in the Automat. In what you get, there's a lot more than meets the eye of approval.

For instance, there are ideas which might be called "Variations on a Theme." After a particular method has been expounded on the air, a few hundred well meaning souls sit down to write a letter which says, in effect: "That's pretty good, Johnny, but that ain't the way I do it." The way they do it, nine times out of ten, is so similar to the way it's already been done that it's scarcely worth mentioning. So, I haven't mentioned them. Where there's one best way to do a job, that's the one I've tried to pick. Where two or three of equal merit are available, they're all in; but "also rans" were included out.

Then there are ideas which could be classified as "Clever—But More Trouble Than They're Worth." It's true, for example, that if you strip a discarded window shade from its roller, boil it in a tub of water for a couple of hours, let it dry, cut it up and hem the edges, you'll end up with a serviceable dustcloth. On the other hand, if you stop in at the five-and-ten and plunk down a dime for a couple of yards of cheesecloth, you'll also have a serviceable dustcloth. See what I mean? A Handy Man's job is to get things done the easy way, which isn't necessarily the cheapest way. On the other hand, a boiled blueprint will convert into a piece of rather good grade of linen suitable for cutting up into handkerchief size and hemming.

Hundreds of economy schemes have come my way, but some of them just don't add up somehow. There are plenty of ways to be prudent about soap if you want to spend a year in diligent conservation and painstaking effort to cut down the family's annual soap consumption by four cakes. But you don't, do you?

Or, if you care to spend half a day shopping for thirty cents worth of parts, you can save the life of some household implement which cost fifty cents when you bought it three years ago. After all, if a thing has given
enough service that it doesn’t owe you anything, then certainly you don’t owe it anything. So, any economy ideas which don’t allow you to come out at least even, have been skipped.

A fair portion of my files is devoted to items of what might be termed “limited or dubious interest.” Many have been recounted on the air merely for the sake of amusement or of idle curiosity, but they have no widespread acceptance. I keep thinking of the man who felt it his bounden duty to write and pass along the solution he’d worked out for a problem which deviled him for over twenty-five years. It seems that for all those years, he was troubled by a chronic itch between his shoulder blades. Unable to determine the cause of his malady, he tried everything to get rid of it . . . physio-therapy, osteopathy, diet, vitamins, Christian Science and Yogi: Nothing worked, until he discovered that the itch was being caused by the label on the inside of his undershirt. And so, after twenty-five years of patient suffering and arduous research, he was pleased to give to the world his remedy: he now wears his undershirts inside out!

Ridiculous as that may seem, it’s not an unfair example of the many problems (and solutions) which, though they once happened to somebody, probably wouldn’t happen to you once in a hundred years.

In another sense, “The Handy Household Manual” isn’t short because of what I’ve left out; it’s because of what some other books, written with similar intentions, have not left out. Many of the kinds of things mentioned above can be found in print elsewhere. To me, though, it’s significant that, while they can be found, most of them haven’t been simply because there’s been no reason to look. Then, again, it may all be considered a matter of taste. Even though the butcher weighs your lamb chops with the fat on them, it’s convenient to have him trim some of the fat away before he wraps them up. This book has been trimmed neatly to the bone, Madame, and you have only to slip paper panties over it.

Having dealt now with my omissions, there is just this to say about what has been included: obviously, I haven’t tried all the methods and suggestions offered. That’s a job for a full sized testing laboratory. However, a great deal of careful consideration has been devoted to the selection of material, and everything offered is: (a) Recommended by professional experts, (b) widely accepted by a number of people, (c) sound and reasonable just to look at, and/or (d) harmless, anyway. Somewhat unharmed methods have all been modified with precautionary remarks.

In short, there’s no guarantee on anything, so you’re on your own with my fullest blessing. However, any complete successes you have will not surprise me one bit.
SAN FRANCISCO has been the site of a great concert of nations. Above the overtones, discords, and syncopated tempo produced in this concert, there has been a definite theme. It has been that of the major nations trying to create a post-war system of international regulation which would offer them complete security.

Although many of the smaller nations have contributed materially to Allied victory, it was the Big Three, primarily, that won the victory in Europe. They will win the war in the Pacific with the Chinese and some of the smaller nations contributing. They have recognized that France will be important to the continental order of Europe and that China is a rising power in the Pacific; these two have been added to the basic security structure. They are to be given seats on the Security Council which will become the backbone of protection against aggression. The major powers also have realized that the small nations play their part in the world; their cooperation is necessary to the adequate functioning of sound economic and social system. Thus, they, too, are included in the international organization. These smaller nations, in turn, have tried to exercise their collective influence in whittling away the dominant control of the Big Five, but only there where it did not affect the original theme of security were they allowed to do so.

When the Big Three and the Big Four met at Dumbarton Oaks last autumn, the emphasis was on security. The Security Council was created to overcome the weaknesses of the old League of Nations in which the victors of the last war saw the lack of strength and the indecision of a great group of powers with varying interests wash away their victory, giving Germany another opportunity to dominate Europe. Japan and Italy, who fought with the victors in the last war, joined with Germany to form the Axis because they saw more for themselves in that combination. Now the Big Three have dealt a blow from which the Axis will not so quickly recover. In addition the victorious nations have sought to perfect an organization which will secure that victory. That is the prime purpose of the World Security Council which is being built as the most powerful division of the United Nations.

However, the Big Three also were not without suspicions of each other; nor did they want the overwhelming voting power of the combination of small na-

FRISCO SYMPHONY

Variations on a theme: Security. The welfare of the lesser nations runs counterpoint to that of major powers—the entire structure adding up to Security For All.

By ARTHUR GAETH
tions to be able to overbalance them when vital decision had to be made. These varying interests had to be met by a VOTING SYSTEM which would give the Big Five the power and yet protect each one of them against a possible combination of large and small powers which might organize to cut into one of their individual security systems. That is the light in which the Yalta voting agreement must be viewed. According to the Yalta Agreement, the Big Five dominate the decisions of the Security Council, the General Assembly which acts only as a world forum, a budgetary agent, and a board of electors to augment the Security Council and also the Economic and Social Council. The latter is an organization whose possibilities were not fully understood until the representatives of all the nations began to talk about it here in San Francisco. In addition, the Security Council nom-

inates the Secretary-General and passes on the judges of the World Court.

To protect the individual members of the Big Five from possible collusion of the other powers, each one of them holds a VETO RIGHT not only of all action directed peacefully and militantly against any nation, but also against any of their own number. Only where a member of the Big Five becomes participant in a dispute and the Security Council votes to invoke peaceful settlement measures against it, must it abstain from voting.

Wherever the issue of the use of force arises, a single member of the Big Five can veto its use. That means that the efficiency of the Security Council as an agency to curtail aggression and eliminate war can only be maintained in the full confidence of the major nations in each other and where there is no conflict of interests. Fortunately, the interests of the United States, Great Britain, and Russia conflict only in limited areas where regulation is possible. Many of the apparent conflicts exist only in the imagination and prejudices of a misinformed public. To make our whole peace machinery effective, the inhabitants of the major nations must engage in a campaign to build confidence and understanding of each other, for if a wave of distrust of one big nation for another sweeps the world, the machinery being created at San Francisco simply cannot function.

The same reasoning, that the Big Powers have pressured the creation
of a world organization so as to protect their own status and assure their victory, is also apparent in the procedure adopted by the World Court. The so-called "optional clause" has been accepted so that no nation can be compelled to accept the jurisdiction of the court in justifiable disputes against its own will.

When the Dumbarton Oaks proposals were presented to the invited nations who had agreed to unite in a common cause against the Axis, these invited guests saw the weaknesses of the proposals and immediately prepared hundreds of amendments. The major powers inspected those amendments; they permitted free discussion of all of them. They also built their own 22 proposals to cover the evident discrepancies, but they did it within the realm of the original premise that nothing must affect their authority in the Security Council.

The Big Powers have also been fashioning a trusteeship system which will protect their interests in territory acquired through this and the previous war, while it offers certain hopes to the dependent peoples in those areas; so that sometime in the future, if those areas are not strategic to the security of a major nation involved, the dependent peoples can achieve self-government. Several of the major powers have been reluctant to include independence in the guarantee.

This whole system and the peace machinery being devised in no wise must be construed as being opposed to the maintenance of peace. The major powers all aim to promote a peaceful world upon the new foundations created through the war. They have suffered terrible losses in men and materials. The technological advances in the modern world are such that there is no absolute security in strategic frontiers. Peace can be organized only on a world basis. Each of the major powers recognizes that and will aim to keep the peace at the same time it is protecting its own internal security. That is the hope of the system which they have created. For that reason it will work for some decades to come. In the interim, the peoples of the world must actively engage in trying to improve the system and in shifting the responsibility for maintaining the peace from the shoulders of the Big Five onto a solidifying world organization. That becomes possible only if the major nations can be kept from exercising the veto power over the right to amend the pending world charter.

Knowing that permanent peace also depends on economic and social well-being, the Big Powers included in the
international structure an Economic and Social Council which aims at better living and full employment. Its functions will be advisory with no authority to invade the domestic affairs of the individual member nations, but these nations have pledged themselves to follow the recommendations of the Council whose 18 members will develop a system of commissions to improve economic and general human relations. Even the Big Powers understand that wars can be avoided in the future only if people are able to gain a degree of personal security out of the chaos and destruction which the last two wars have engendered.

The United Nations organization meeting in San Francisco offers no panacea for world peace. It is but a beginning. Its foundations now rest upon the might and strength of a few powerful nations and the general interest of fifty nations to see the system work. Only as those foundations are slowly reconstituted to include the GENERAL WELFARE OF HUMANITY can the world hope to experience a long-lasting peace.

LITERAL

The boss looked at his new stenographer. "Now look here," he shouted. "I fired three girls for revising my letters, see?"

"Yes, sir," answered the stenographer, who was born several years too early.

"All right. Now take a letter and take it the way I tell you."

The next morning Mr. O. J. Squizz of the Squizz Soap Company, received the following letter:

"Mr. O. K. or A. J. or something, look it up, Squizz, what a name, Soap company. Detroit, that's in Michigan, isn't it? Dear Mr. Squizz. Hmm. The last shipment of soap you sent us was of inferior quality and I want you to understand—no, scratch that out. I want you to understand—hmmm—unless you can ship—furnish, ship, no furnish us with your regular soap you need not ship us no more, period, or whatever the grammar is, and pull down your skirt.

"Where was I? Paragraph. Your soap wasn't what you said—I should say it wasn't. Them bums tried to put over a lot of hooey on us. Whadda you want to paint your face up for like an Indian on the warpath? We're sending back your last shipment tomorrow. Sure we're going to send it back. I'd like to feed it to them with a spoon and make 'em eat it.

"Now read the letter over—no, don't read it over, we've wasted enough time on them crooks, fix it up and sign my name. What say we go out to lunch?"

—from The Secretary (Official Organ of NSA)
Marriage in the Post War World

Seven big reasons why marriages will stand a better chance for success after war and its immediate reactions are over—as outlined by radio's most popular giver of advice.

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

These days, the question is asked of me quite often, "Will marriage in the post war world be any different?" To that I answer both yes and no. As an institution, marriage will remain very much the same in our land. In other various parts of the world, the marital institution will be changed, revamped, and probably greatly modernized.

As evidence of this evolution comes the recent news dispatch from China, concerning the request by certain modern groups for legislation that would outlaw concubinage and set up institutions where both men and women can learn something of the art of marriage.

I also look for a strengthening of the concept of the family unit in Russia. In the land of the Soviets the laws of marriage and divorce have always been modern and socially conscious. But it must be remembered that Russia in the past two decades was running a race against time in industrializing itself, knowing that a war with Germany was inevitable. Therefore, what people of the western world often considered laxness in marital relationships was only a matter of expediency with the Russians.

There is no doubt in my mind that our Russian allies will place far more emphasis upon the permanency of the family ties by creating more stringent divorce laws—now that the most war-like power on the continent has been thoroughly defeated and Russia will no longer have to guard against imminent war. There also will very likely be a movement in Britain to liberalize divorce statutes.

In America marriage will take on a new aspect in this sense: the woman will be completely emancipated from the household drudgeries of the past. Cooking, housekeeping and everything connected with the running of a home will be modernized and simplified, giving wives more time for development in other directions.

Families as a whole will have more leisure time and it might even get to the point where father sees junior more than a few moments morning and evening.

This new ease of living must affect marriage. The divorce rate should decline because wives will be able to spend more time keeping themselves young, attractive, and in good physical shape. (I speak of the post war world, not the time immediately fol-
Following the end of the war, for at that time I believe the divorce rate will rise.)

Husbands will no longer be able to feel secure in their marriages simply because they are the breadwinners. With the opening of new industrial and commercial fields to women, far greater economic security will be available to them, and women will become wives only because they fall in love and because of their natural urge to fulfill the biological functions intended for them. Certainly the marriage of the past, consummated "for security," "for a home," will become rare.

Marriage will also take on a new aspect because larger families will be the rule. I have no doubt that the number of children per family unit will almost double. This too will have a stabilizing effect upon post war marriages.

In short, marriage in the era starting in the early 1950's will have a greater chance of success for the following reasons: (1) greater economic security for the head of the household; (2) far more complete emancipation of women generally; (3) greater ease and comfort in the wife's household duties; (4) larger family units; (5) assured freedom from want in old age through an expanded social security program; (6) adequate medical care assured the lower income groups; and (7) the establishment of a true world security organization. If this organization does materialize, assuring the people of peaceful settlement of national and other disputes, we can look for an almost complete renaissance in the lasting qualities and beauties of marriage.

Holy Deadlock

The husband: I miss the old cuspidor since it's gone.
The wife: You missed it before—that's why it's gone.

—from Kansas City Kornettes.

The daughter: Mother, all the girls at school are being taught domestic silence.
The mother: You mean domestic science, dear.
The father: I only wish she meant what she was saying.

—from The Kaycee Jaycee.

Judge: Why did you shoot your husband with a bow and arrow?
Defendant: I didn't want to wake the children.

—from Kansas City Kornettes.
Doubling Back...

JOHN REED KING, emcee of "Double or Nothing," takes us backstage at the Texaco Theatre Show, with off-the-cuff notes on Alec Tempelton, James Melton, and other favorite radio stars.

THIS month . . . let's go backstage at the Texaco Star Theatre show, with James Melton, Al Goodman, guest stars and company. The amazing figure in this program is Melton himself with his wide round of travels, his hobbies, and his great personal charm. A member of the Metropolitan Opera Company and a concert star in his own right, Jimmy is always catching a train to make an appearance anywhere in these good old United States and Canada. At last Sunday's rehearsal he told me that he was leaving Thursday morning to drive to Philadelphia . . . but that's a story all its own . . . for . . .

As you may have seen in recent advertisements Jimmy has a collection of old time autos . . . Stanley Steamers, Whites, and so forth. He actually has 81, according to his confidential files and he "gets out and gets under" to fix some of them up himself. The trip to Philadelphia was to be accomplished with Jimmy at the wheel of a Stanley Steamer, vintage 1903 or thereabouts. Jimmy had overhauled the motor, found a broken cylinder, replaced it himself, and was all ready to shove off. At last reports, he was somewhere South of Newark, New Jersey, speeding down the highway at 23 miles per hour. Jimmy has had all kinds of offers for his old cars, but he holds on to them with a great personal pride. To me stamp-collecting would be lots easier and more facile to house. But old automobiles are his hobby . . . exemplified best by a miniature Gay Nineties racing car in silver and diamonds that he wears in his coat lapel all the time.

The Star Theatre show starts rehearsal Sunday mornings at eleven with a full cast on stage. After the morning rehearsal Jimmy Melton holds a breakfast-luncheon around the corner at a local restaurant to let all hands have a chance to discuss the rehearsal and script.

Alec Templeton, a regular member of the Company, is now overseas on a Camp Show tour. Even to the members of the orchestra, Alec is a genius apart for he never ceases to cause amazement with his piano improvisations and unusual ideas. Alec dreams up all the Three-Ton Operas himself, and his unusual ear for music and his sense of humor make each one an adventure in entertainment. He is always planning new ways to weave in guest artists as well. As a result . . .

Rise Stevens, Hildegarde, Jane Froman, Ginny Simms, Jarmila Novotna, and the host of other visiting celebrities have found themselves from time to time in some pretty uproarious
“operatic” situations. The climax of Templeton’s entire Three-Ton Opera series, to my mind, came during a recent benefit that the Star Theatre Company participated in at the Metropolitan Opera house . . . when “Melton, Templeton, and Jarmila Novotnaton” joined forces to sing an opera burlesque of “One Meat Ball.” The white-ermined ladies and staid gentlemen of the Diamond Horseshoe waited in intense silence during the opening passages of the “opera,” laughed through the uproarious musical situations, and really stood up and cheered at its conclusion. An event secured, I am sure, by the fact that yours truly was not singing at the moment. For we’ve had some pretty funny situations growing out of . . .

Melton and King singing duets on the commercials. The Star Theatre has a very clever set of commercial writers who weave in Bach and Boogie Woogie into the sponsor’s message. Since I’m not in the operatic or even popular singing field myself, the final results of such an endeavor are confounding. Melton has on occasion volunteered good-naturedly to “farm me out” for “picnics, clam-bakes and afternoon wedding parties.” At the conclusion of one such a song-fest recently, as we walked off-stage and away from the microphone, Jimmy remarked, “Where did you get that tonsillectomy tenor?”

The Star Theatre is a show that takes a full week of planning, arranging, and rehearsing to bring you that one-half hour. To you who listen at home, that may seem hard to believe for the time passes so quickly and easily on the air. But back of every important show is the staff of producers, directors, planners, and arrangers who weigh each word, each musical note, each combination of ideas that go into radio programs to see to it that American radio brings you the best that can be fashioned. This, too, will be the background in the television that you are going to enjoy in the days ahead. So next time . . . I’ll “double-back” on television once again to tell you more about the programs and the receivers that will populate tomorrow’s U.S.A.

The Naked Truth

Farmer Jones took his pig to town and sold it. With the money he bought a suit; a hat, a pair of shoes. Then he tucked the bundle under the seat of his wagon and said, “Giddap, Dobbin, let’s get home and surprise Miranda.”

On his way home he stopped at the river, took off his old clothes and threw them in and watched them sink. Then he looked under the seat for his new outfit. It was gone.

Back on the seat he climbed and said, “Giddap, Dobbin, we’ll surprise her anyway.”

—from almost anywhere
WHY WEATHERMEN?

They can't do anything about it, anyway!

by DICK SMITH

WE'RE going to have weather, whether men or not, and it's a dead cinch nobody, not even the weathermen, can do a darn thing about it.

On the other hand, I personally know any number of people who can precipitate a precipitation almost anytime. All they have to do is plan a picnic, have the car washed, or get a fresh hair-do at the beauty parlor. No doubt about it, it'll rain. Why, one time I caused it to rain for two solid weeks in Minnesota. I drove five hundred miles up there on a fishing trip.

I've never seen a sympiesometer or a barometer, but I'll bet my wife's new umbrella I could have listened to the blue-jays and done better than the USWB boys did this spring.

Yes, yes, we know—prevailing air currents from Canada in juxtaposition to equally prevalent currents from the Gulf often scramble the forecaster's weather map. But the unscrambling of the high and low pressure areas has hit a new low lately. Conflicting air currents never bothered my old Aunt Lucy, no sir! She had a head of hair that never missed. When those fuzzy locks of hers frizzed, boys and girls, it rained! She only missed once and that was the time in 1928 when it hailed.

May and June in Missouri this year have made prevaricators out of prognosticators more often than they care about. It hasn't been a case of June bursting out all over—it's been a case of June cloud-bursting out all over and over. Monotonous, wasn't/isn't it?

Maybe it's a matter of the weathermen of today trying to draw it a little too fine. A modern forecaster gives us a "partly cloudy to mostly cloudy," and what do we get? It either rains or clears up. Why, I can remember back in the days of that old veteran forecaster, P. Connor. If Pat thought there was a remote likelihood of rain he came out with a "cloudy with showers likely." Upon which we would take our rain coats or umbrellas with us and be pleasantly surprised if it didn't rain and wouldn't cuss him if it did. P. Connor was not only a weatherman, he was a diplomat.

Nowadays it isn't the weather so much that provides a conversation piece as it is the weathermen. Please don't misunderstand me, I think weathermen are here to stay, and they do hit it right once in a while. The law of averages doesn't let 'em down. As for me, I think I'll stick to the Old Farmers' Almanac and my uncle Dudley's rheumatic joints.

Well, the weather man says it's going to rain tomorrow . . . guess I'll get out my golf clubs now . . .

Credo

I'm tired of poverty,
Of mulling and grubbing,
Along with the hundred and thirty million.

All them masses
Like me!

I intend to scrimp and save,
Until I've got a million.
Then I'll remember the masses . . .
And maybe consider
Philanthropee.

Could be
They'll come to me
And listen while I tell
Every mother's son of them
To go to hell!

—our friend, Meme LaMoto
Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

The story of the life of Christ holds perennial inspiration. Perhaps you’d like to follow this pattern of reading the story as St. Mark tells it, following with the always beautiful language of the Psalms, and the wisdoms of Job.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Book</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark  9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 14:1-31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 14:32-72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 15:1-41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>St. Mark 15:42-16:20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 135, 136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 137, 138, 139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 140, 141, 142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 143, 144, 145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 146, 147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Psalms 148, 149, 150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 1, 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 4, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 6, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 8:1-9:12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 11, 12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>July</td>
<td>Job 13, 14</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fare Warning

A former Missourian ponders on Kansas harvest fare—then and now.

by Richard Pilant

“No food for Kansas Harvest Hands! Governor Appeals for More Red Points for Wheat Belt Restaurants . . .”

Such headlines may be bad news for Kansas, but think what they mean in Missouri! Thousands of us Missourians never got a square meal except when we went to Kansas to the harvest. Yes sir, we looked forward to two things every year—Christmas and the harvest! And when we weren't eating fried chicken in Kansas we were dreaming about it and talking about it around the grocery store stove. Many’s the winter evening spent exchanging stories about what Sunflower State farmer fed the best, and had the best looking kitchen help. The boys knew beforehand what farm wives couldn't cook or wouldn't cook or whether the farmer belonged to some sect that didn't believe in seasoning.

And now they talk about harvest hands eating in restaurants and not having enough food. A few more headlines like that—and I can tell you, there won't be many “tourists” from my home state stopping in Kansas this year!
Chicago Communiqué...

The bistros of Chicago have made the most of their recent reprieve from Mr. Byrnes. As we mentioned briefly last month, the lights are definitely on again on Randolph Street, the Woods Theater is showing a couple of luridly advertised horror films, and Henrici’s is full of people pouring over the Daily Racing Form, morning, noon, and night. The joints are jumping, tables are jammed, the headwaiters have their hands out and the rope up, and the Shore Patrol is on the prowl again. All is back to normal in the Windy City.

The arrival of summer—at least on the calendar—is bringing in a lot of high-priced talent Always a good cafe town in the hot months, Chicago will have its pick of a lot of personalities and shows which play New York, Hollywood, and Miami during the rest of the year.

For instance, Carl Brisson, the dashing Dane, is back in the Mayfair Room of the Blackstone Hotel. Mr. Brisson did very well the last time he was around. Complete with top hat, white tie, gardenia, and husky voice he will keep the swank mob happy well into July. It should work out to the hotel’s great financial satisfaction.

Another Happy Man behind his cash register is Ralph Berger who runs the Latin Quarter. Ralph would have to build a balcony over Randolph Street to take care of all the people in town who want to see and hear Ted Lewis. Ted’s show is good—and his customers’ hearts and pocketbooks are considerably lighter after the fun is over.

Emile Petti has returned to Chicago. His enlarged orchestra is now dishing up highly stylized music in the sedate Walnut Room of the Bismarck Hotel. This is a new experience for both Mr. Petti and the hotel. The room has usually housed bands of the Art Kassel-Phil Levant school of sentiment and schmaltz. Mr. Petti, whose last local stand was the lush Pump Room, specializes in a more sophisticated version of the same.

It almost goes without saying that the walls of the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman continue to undulate. Mr. Jimmy Dorsey has vacated the bandstand in favor of Les Brown, who will blow until exhausted—then give way to a fresh leader and band.

Set for the summer is Wayne King’s engagement at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. When the weather is hot, there’s not a pleasanter place in town to dance than this outdoor, lake-cooled dance floor. And hardly a more romantic spot, either. Those big, covered beach chairs have seen a lot of use since the hotel first strung them along the lake front a decade ago.

The Blackhawk will go through the summer with two bands. Del Courtney
The most notable event in radio these days has been the discovery of the medium by the State Street Department Radio stores. With the exception of Carson’s and Wieboldt’s, the State Street tycoons have left store radio advertising mostly to the fur merchants. However, this condition no longer prevails. Four more stores have joined the users of major radio time. One store went so far as to buy four daily time periods. Radio apparently has hit the State Street jackpot at last.

By the time this reaches print, the free Grant Park concerts will be on, and the horses will be running at Washington Park. These events—at opposite poles—give a pretty good indication of what the summer visitor may expect. In the way of rooms and food, it’s up to him. Hotel rooms and restaurants are open, of course, but the line is forming again.

There are more soldiers in town than usual, indicating that the big push to the Pacific has really begun. Most of the khaki uniforms sport at least two or three ribbons, and many of the boys are undoubtedly the same G.I.’s who trained at the Stevens and Congress Hotels only two brief years ago. Chicago, as usual, is hospitable. Within a few weeks, the luxurious summertime servicemen’s center will open on the lake front in the quarters once occupied by a swank but bankrupt yacht club.

The first hints of reconversion are around. Also the first cutbacks. The big Studebaker plant on the southwest side—one of the first war plants to be built in the Chicago area—has been completely shut down. The Tribune hints darkly of more to come.

There was a recent election—for judges this time. The Organization candidates—which means Mayor Kelly’s candidates—won with no difficulty.

Perhaps it’s a fairly accurate indication of the entire political situation to state that most of the good citizen’s didn’t even know an election was being held—until they found their favorite bar was closed until five o’clock.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan
Ultras . . .

★ BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Cool and scenic. Wayne King's music the revue designed and produced by Dorothy Hild, with her line of lovelies. (NORTH). 7300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. First "The Voice," then "The Body," then "The Beard" and "The Look"—and now "The Show," which is Dorothy Dorben's newest revue and terrific. By way of music, there's Frankie Masters and his orchestra, that most popular of all Spotlight bands, to be followed by Clyde McCoy, Phil Jada at the Hammond organ. Ample bar, plus luncheon, dinner, or supper, depending on the hour. Saturday night dancing. (LOOP). 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Plushy melee of pink satin, ruby velvet, chiffon and wrought-iron and lusk foliage. One of the places Jerry Glidden and his men make the music to which society dances. Michigan & Walton. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. One of the traditions. There's a revue and music by George Olsen and orchestra. State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.


Casual . . .

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Intimate, atmospheric, and relaxing. The smart set has put the approval on this one. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARK HOTEL. In the Walnut Room—Emile Petti and his orchestra, with Linda Larkin and a revue. Featured are Doraine and Ellis, who sing, and the Spanish dancer, Mata Monteria. In the Tavern Room, continuous dancing and entertainment with Earl Roths orchestra and Ozzie Osburn. (LOOP). Randolph & LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Del Courtney's orchestra features the "virile voice" of Bob Davey, the new singer recently discharged from the army. He was a first looie in the paratroops. Dancing and entertainment. (LOOP). Randolph & Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ LA SALLE HOTEL. For dining and dancing—the newly decorated American Room, where the White House, Liberty Bell and the Statue of Liberty are among the replicas of famous American landmarks and symbols. Florian Zabach and his violin make music, Richard Gordon sings, and Debar and Denise dance. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.


★ TRADE WINDS. Hy Ginnis keeps one of the preferred cafes in the town. From 6 p.m. there's organ and piano music as obbligato for eating. Menu offers such items as barbecued ribs, charcoaled steaks and chops, shrimp, and onion soup; and the drinks are always good. Open at 5 p.m. Stays open all night. 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .


★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. Five years old, just recently, and one of the better established traditions of the town. Cantonese food is the tops; so are the rum-based drinks; so is the atmosphere. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ EL GROTTO. Ten acts in a gloriou show! An all-Negro show, and all good. Sunny Thompson's orchestra, with Ivy Anderson who used to be with Duke Ellington's group. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

★ IVANHOE. 12th Century England, with Catacomb, and Enchanted Forest, and all manner of surprising nooks. Music, wining and dining facilities are modern however. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.


★ SINGAPORE. Under the bamboo tree you'll find some of the best pit barbecue in these parts. The Malay Bar is always gay. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.

★ SARONG ROOM. Notable for several items, with the Devi-Dja dancers heading the list. They do their tribal chants and Balinese dances with extricate skill. Atmosphere and food are in keeping, and of course, so is the music. You'll likely dine on chicken, shrimp, sharp sauces, and rich desserts, all Bali-Javanese in style. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI-LA. Excellent Cantonese cookery and tall cool tropical drinks, in this tropical paradise where some of the recipes date back to Confucius. 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. In the cocktail lounge, deep sofas, murals, and wonderful drinks. In the Boyar Room, rich Russian foods and the music of George Scherban's gypsies. Colonel Yashenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sunday. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

Entertainment . . .

★ BROWN DERBY. Mad and beautiful—with a show featuring Larry Ross for laughs (and music); Deane Carroll, Carole Singer, and others for loveliness. Jerry Salone's orchestra and the Carmen Nappa Trio, for more music. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.
★ CASINO (CAFE OF TOMORROW). Florence White is the pretty singer of fresh new songs and popular old ones. Phil D' Rey has fun with his ventriloquist act, and there's the music of Len Smith and his orchestra. Shows at 9:15 and 11:15 p. m., 1:30 and 3:30 a. m. 700 S. Halsted.

★ CHEZ PAREE. Chez Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson there's that one-and-only, Sophie Tucker, blazing away at some bran new songs and some that are old and elamored for. Ted Shapiro still accompanies. The Adorables parade around in some new dances, and Arthur Lee Simpkins, the sepia singer, is making a hit. A big, expensive show. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, shares the spotlight with flaming crater dinners. The dinners come at $1.75. No cover or minimum. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. Big and bright, and showing such delectable dames as Sherry Darlane, Diane Ross, Sharon Lynn, et al. No cover or minimum. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Finnell's amazing muscle-dance, surrounded by a dazzling show of dazzling proportions. Billy Carr sings and emcees; Jessie Rosella sings; and a lot of others dance. Charles Rich and his orchestra still supply most of the music. Minimum, Saturday only, $1.50. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Tropical, with typical dancing, etc. Rielo Ressy is the dynamo; Bob Riff does some terrific tapping. Tuesday nights are Fiesta Nights, strictly Latin in everything. Closed Monday. (NORTH). 714 W. North Ave. Mic. 6947.

★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. A lot of good people in a good strong show presented by Byron Massel and Henry Weiss. Featured are Artie Dan, Jerry Bergen, Marion Francis, and Jeanne Blanche, with music by Duke Yellman and his orchestra—and the Debutantes, of course. Shows at 9 and 11:30 p. m., and 2 a. m. Dinner around 7. 5100 Broadway. Long. 5111.

★ L & L CAFE. From 9 p. m. till 4 a. m., one big show—showing off lascivious femmes such as Roxy Hart, Kitty Carroll, Ronnie Lester, and all the Avertyettes. Joe Nitti's orchestra. Johnny Hall's the emcee. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Well, look who's here! Ted Lewis—and everybody's happy. He brings with him a choice bunch of entertainers and his old top hat. Food, drinks, and service here are better than average. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.


★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. "Scan-dolls of '45" is the name of the new show—which may give you some idea of the kind of girl-stuff which Ginger DuVell and Frankie Balasco emcee. Troy Snap's orchestra. No cover. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.


Bars of Music . . .


★ CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT. Marvin Miller's Trio, Bob Billings at the organ, Rita Wood, Eleanor Meadows and a few others fill in the gaps when the whole crowd isn't singing. But they usually are, and that's what they're meant to do whenever the urge strikes. (LOOP). Madison East of LaSalle. Fra. 2363.
Food for Thought...


AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Big friendly Gus hands over the drinks; Andy is usually around to extend the welcome. Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. The place is attractively ship-shape. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

CAFE DE PARIS. Small, smart, and gourmentali. Henri Carpentier does the food honors here, offering some of the finest French cuisine this side of France. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Whi. 5620.

DUFFY'S TAVERN. Sure, and it's a bit of old Ireland—even if the chef is French! (He's Arturo, by the way, who won the Escoffier Award in Paris in 1935; the International Culinary Show Award in Chicago, 1939). Corned brisket of beef with cabbage is an institution here around the clock. The place stays open till sunrise. Pianists in the evening. 115 N. Clark. Del. 3840.

885 CLUB. Offers satisfying entertainment, as well as food, but the food dished out in Joe Miller's joint is no joke! It's as delicious and varied as the place is elegant. (GOLD COAST). 885 Rush. Del. 1885.

GUBY SAM. On the fringe of Chinatown. Unpretentious surroundings, but the most wonderful Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

GUS' RESTAURANT. The ship's bell rings you in. Amid the fine food on the menu you'll find lobster tail, broiled chicken, frog legs, and scallops. And usually their famous steaks. Open till midnight. 420 N. Dearborn. Del. 1782.

HOE SAI GAI. Variations on a good theme—chop suey in all its versions, plus fine American foods as well. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Del. 3305.

HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. A set of exquisite dining rooms with a view. The harbor is simply breath-taking below. In the rooms, graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and candlelight add up to simple enchantment, and the food is delicious. Courses are priced separately. May we also recommend the Bamboo Bar? 2150 N. Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

HENRICI'S. A tradition of a sort—and a very good sort. Their pastries and apple pancakes will keep the place open for as many more years—and that's a long time. 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

KUNGSHOLM. A rare combination of smorgasbord, scenery, and grand opera—which goes on nightly in the theatre-salon upstairs. The food is fine. Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

LE PETIT GOURMET. Wonderful food and service in pleasant surroundings. Cocktail lounge is musical from 8:30 until closing. Closed on Sunday. 619 N. Michigan. Del. 9701.

COLONY CLUB. Gorgeous food! Plus the rumba rhythms of Tito Rodriguez and his orchestra. Tax after 9 p.m. 744 Rush. Del. 5930.

ETTEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG. In the Main Dining Room and the Rathskeller, fine food, lots of it, reasonable prices, and entertainment. Hans Muenzer upstairs, Louie and his Gang downstairs. Randolph Street near State. Fran. 1892.

THE RANCH. Western in decor and atmosphere, all-American in cuisine, and very tasty. 123 East Oak. Del. 2794.
New York Communiqué . . .

New York’s gayety hasn't staggered a bit under the blow of hot weather. Fortunately, this summer, theatres are back to air conditioning again, as are a great many restaurants and supper clubs. Roof gardens are in full swing and very popular. You can always be sure of a breeze way up high and there is romance in the bird’s-eye-view of Manhattan that can't be equalled anywhere.

The taxi situation isn't too bad . . . after the theatre is the worst time. If you have no luck standing in the middle of the street waving your arms, whistling and doing a solo a la Samba, go to the nearest hotel entrance and with the help of the doorman you can be practically certain of a ride in no time. New York doesn't go in for share-the-ride taxis as do Washington and Chicago, but if the cabs don't stop falling to pieces in the streets they may have to.

Despite the hectic rush of dates that usually come with a stay in New York, one very often finds a lone hour with nothing to do . . . that is, nothing that will fit into that brief spell. When this happens, duck into a Trans Lux movie. It's cool, quiet, and never crowded. There is a clock near the screen and the program runs complete in exactly an hour. News, comedy, and short features. There's probably one close at hand . . . 49th and Broadway, 60th and Madison Avenue, 85th and Madison, and 52nd and Lexington.

Don't come to New York without a verified hotel reservation . . . and be prepared to wait half a day or so at that. Since the curfew ban was lifted, visitors have been pouring in by car load, and now with the troops returning from Europe the room situation is crucial. And it doesn't do any good to have an “in” with the management. There just aren't enough accommodations to begin to meet the demand.

There are hardly enough seats, either, to meet the demands of theatre-goers. Even though the sidewalks of New York are steaming with heat and several shows have closed, the theatre carries on with a rather full program. “Memphis Bound” didn’t last long, in spite of Bill Robinson, Avon Long, and Gilbert & Sullivan. But other musicals seem here to stay. For the first time in its history, 44th Street is booked solid with hit musicals. There are “Carousel,” “Bloomer Girl,” “Follow the Girls,” “On the Town” and “Oklahoma!”—all on the same street. “Oklahoma!” is playing its thousandth performance on July 12, we understand. That places it third in line for the endurance record. In musical shows, only “Hellzapoppin’” and “Pins and Needles” are in the lead, and they may be outdone yet by the fresh and melodic version of “Green Grow the Lilacs.” . . .

The good news spreads that the Lunts will be back on Broadway this fall in their current London comedy, “Love in Idleness,” authored by the young Englishman Terence Rattigan.

The Rose Room at the Algonquin was the place chosen by the publishers Reynolds and Hitchcock to celebrate the launching of Samuel Adams' new book on the life of Alex Woolcott. Mr. Adams is an author
whom it is indeed a privilege to meet. He has just crossed the line into the seventies and has a wealth of knowledge, a depth of understanding, and a mellow charm beyond description. With Mrs. Adams he lives near Auburn, New York . . . up-state way . . . and they seldom come into town. There were many celebs at the party. Among them was Laurette Taylor of "The Glass Menagerie." Miss Taylor had her first small part many, many years ago in a play which starred Mrs. Adams. And although Mrs. Adams has long since given up her theatrical career, the friendship has never waned. Mr. and Mrs. Adams often speak of Kansas City's Lucy Drage, her visit with them last year, and the aid she gave in compiling the material for this impressive volume on the late Mr. Woolcott.

Leg make-up is more popular than ever this summer. And the products themselves seem to be better. Much less streaking and rubbing off and junk. What a relief to get away from those rayons! But there is nothing so unattractive as white, un-groomed legs hanging out from a skirt. Fortunately that is a sight seldom seen on the avenue . . . There is a rumor that no one wears hats in New York but it will probably die of its own frailty. True, there are some places and occasions where a hat is of no importance; but in all smart cocktail lounges, restaurants, shops and the like, to be hatless is definitely an ungood idea. Most hats are merely a gesture these days . . . like saying please and thank you, but rate high on the list of being well turned out . . . The new Grecian hair dress is really something . . . tricky. It's stunning on some heads but decidedly needs nimble fingers or an expert hairdresser to get it up. Don't try it if you aren't clever at making little ringlets in front and strange twists in the back, or you're likely to look like something that's been left out in the rain.

For housewives in Manhattan the daily menu is an increasing ordeal. Eggs are impossible to find as are also the hens who lay them. Fish is available some days if you don't care what breed it is . . . and meat is a word that belongs in memory lane. A statement frequently heard . . . "I've been wanting to ask you over for dinner but we haven't any food." And so the rush to restaurants goes on . . .

For a good meal, lunch or dinner, try the Continental at 19 East 60th. There is a bar there and the prices are moderate. The murals are very amusing and well worth seeing . . . they tell the story of a little white French poodle who goes to Paris. There she has many harrowing experiences but all ends well and happy with the arrival of three baby poodles. Though the story is written in French below each mural, you don't have to translate to get the idea.

The Duke of Windsor and his aides arrived at the Princeton Inn in Princeton, New Jersey, the other day for lunch. He had been visiting the penicillin plant nearby. When word got out that he was coming, and meat being what it is back East, some precious filet mignons were lifted from a locker and prepared to please the Duke. The chefs at the Inn reveled in process of cooking real meat again. But, did the Duke touch the filets? No! He partook of new asparagus and tomatoes and such. And a little Port and seltzer. This was a blow below the belt for the cuisine dept. However, that old super charm of the Duke's made a happy ending. Despite the deep lines in his face, which certainly are warranted with his fifty-one years of terrific responsibilities and being constantly in the public eye, David Windsor has retained a youthful appearance, a vigor, an interest in events general, that wins friends and makes an untouched filet mignon of no consequence. As far as the Princeton Inn is concerned . . . he can come again.

—Lucie Ingram

•

Fear not that thy life shall come to an end, but rather that it shall never have a beginning.

—Cardinal Newman
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

Dining, Dancing, Entertainment . . .

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. Cool and cavernous, and echoing to the sound of Jules Lande's music. Dinner at $2.50. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. On the roof, Harry James and his orchestra until mid-month, followed by Gene Krupa and aggregation. Cover after 10 p.m., $1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.25. Closed Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the Glass Hat, Payson Re and Nino dispense music, regular and rumba, respectively. Revue with Kathryn Duffy Dancers and others, 8:30 and 12:00. Dinner from $1.95. Minimum $2.00 after 10 p.m.; week-ends and holiday eves, $2.50. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE ROOF. "The Cascades" is breezy and green, and offers the rhythms of Henry Busse's orchestra, extra-special summer menus, and an attractive show. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ BLUE ANGEL. Irene Bordoni with her eyelashes and little songs; also Mildred Bailey, Eddie Mayehoff, and the Delta Rhythm Boys to help make this a preferred spot. Dinner a la carte. Minimum $3.00; Saturday and Sunday, $3.50. 152 E. 55. PL 3-0626.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Lots'n lotsa good people entertaining: Imogene Coca, Mary Lou Williams, Cliff Jackson, Ann Hathaway, etc. Dinner from $1.75. Minimum, $2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. More good people, including peach-cake Georgie Gibbs, White Britton and her young Negro singer of sweet songs, Paula Lawrence (last season's funny gal in "One Touch of Venus"), Beatrice Kraft, Ed Hall's orchestra, and the Gene Field trio. Minimum, $3.50. 128 East 58. PL 5-9223.

★ CARNIVAL. "Sawdust Holiday," the glittering revue, stays on in this big theatre-club. Art Mooney's band is the current music maker. One of the biggest and most reasonably priced attractions in the town. After 8:30, cover $1.00; week-ends and holidays, $1.50. 8th Ave. at 51. CI 6-3711.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Cornelius Codolban's orchestra; entertainment featuring Sarah Gorby, Adia Kutzetzko, and dancers from the Russian Ballet. Menu offers both Russian and American dishes. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturdays and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. CI 6-6116.

★ CLAREMONT INN. Dining and dancing indoors or in the outdoor garden. Music by Ron Perry's or Pedro's orchestra from 6:45 p.m. Dinner from 5 p.m., from $2.00. Minimum after 9, $1.00. Riverside Drive & 124th St. MO 2-8600.

★ EL MOROCCO. Wonderful food to the tune of Chauncey Gray's music and a two-buck cover after seven. Cocktail (or tea, take your choice) dancing $1.00; 7:00 Saturday and Sunday. 154 E. 54. EL 9-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. Dance all evening (except Monday) to music by Stan Keller and his orchestra. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p.m., $2.00. Sunday brunch, 12 noon to 4 p.m. 160 Central Park, S. CI 7-0300.

★ LEON AND EDDIE'S. Not for the kiddies. At least, not the revues, which star Eddie Davis and Sherry Britton, and which are very good if not clean fun! Minimum after 10:00, $3.50; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

★ LEXINGTON. In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma's orchestra and a Hawaiian Revue. Dancing most of the evening. Jeno Bartal's orchestra on Mondays, and daily at luncheon. Cover 75c after 9:00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

★ NICK'S. The kind of jazz they write books about—sent by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and Pee Wee Russell, the old flame-throwers. Minimum after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 170 W. 10. WA 9-9742.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. In the Cafe Rouge, George Paxton's orchestra plays for dancing. They'll be followed in mid-month by Woody Hermann. Cover $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

★ PLAZA. The haunts of Hildegard, who entertains around 9:30 and 12:30 nightly except Sunday. On that night, 6 till 2. Mark Monte's orchestra plays for dancing. Cover, week-nights after 9:30, $1.50. Sunday, no cover; minimum, $2.50 . . . Palm Court Lounge for cocktail dancing, 9-8 p.m., except Sunday. Minimum $1.00; week-ends and holidays, $1.25. 5th at 59. PL 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. In the Grill, dancing to the music of Eddie Stone and his orchestra daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, $1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ ST. MORITZ. Danny Yates and his orchestra play for dancing in the New Club Continental, with Dolores Del Carmen and Rhumba Trio entertaining between times. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p.m., $2.00. Closed Monday . . . For dining and drinking, the Cafe de la Paix, on the walk. 59 Central Park S. WI 2-5800.

★ ST. REGIS ROOF. Paul Sparr's orchestra, alternating with the organ melodies of Theodora Brooks. At luncheon (from $1.85) the music of Maximilian's Ensemble. Dinner $3.50 up and a la carte, with a $1.50 minimum; Saturdays, $2.50. For cocktails at noon or night, the Penthouse; and for lone wolves (male of the species, only) the King Cole Bar till 4 p.m. After that, ladies may come along. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY-PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE. Dinner and supper dancing to music by Roy Fox, erstwhile of London, and that of Clemente's Marisma Band. Minimum, 5-9 p.m., $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Cover, 9 p.m. to closing, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, $2.00. 9th Ave. at 98. VO 5-2600.

★ STORK CLUB. Music by Ernie Holst and Alberto Linno. Cover after 10 p.m., $2.00. Saturday and holidays, $3.00. 3 East 53. PL 3-1940.

★ TAFT. Vincent Lopez and the boys play for dancing in the Grill, luncheon and dinner except on Sundays, when they skip the midday stint. Lunch from 65c; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.
TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Indoors or out—especially out, now that the Terrace is open. Continuous dancing from 6:45 to music of Lenny Herman's orchestra or the Buddy Harlow Trio. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, $1.50. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.

VILLAGE BARN. There's a revue, twice nightly; but you'll get roped in on the other activities, no doubt. They include square dancing and musical charades. The only clarinet music you think are just the stuff! Minimum $1.50; Friday and holidays, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Opens at 4:00. 52 W. 8, ST 9-8840.

VILLAGE VANGUARD. Down cellar festivities, with the Art Hodes Trio and the Lion, a Calypso singer. Dancing. Minimum $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

WALDORF-ASTORIA. On the Starlight Roof, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra alternating with Mischa Bor at supper. In the show Borrah Minnivitch's Harmonica Rascals have much fun, and there's Danny O'Neil with songs. Cover after 10:30, $1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.00. No cover for Service Men on Sunday nights, 7:30-10 p.m. No show, no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

ZANZIBAR. "Zanzibarabian Nights," gives you Cab Calloway; Pearl and Bill Bailey; a harmonious trio, Day, Dawn, and Duke; Count Le Roy—do yu a dizzy routine on skates; and many others in a big bright show. For dancing, Claude Hopkins and his band alternate with Mr. Calloway's boys. Minimum after 10 p.m., $3.50. Broadway at 49, CI 7-7380.

Tummy Stuff . . .

ALGONQUIN. Famous for its clientele—largely actors and writers; and for excellent cuisine. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.00. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 West 44, MU 2-0101.

AUX STEAKS MINUTE. French cuisine, as you can tell by the name. It's inexpensive and good, and accompanied by beer and wines. Closed Tuesday. 41 W. 52. EL 5-9187.

BARBERRY ROOM. Softly lighted and upholstered, and one of the better places for elegant dining. Lunch and dinner a la carte and expensive. Open Sunday at 4 p.m. M 19 E. 52, PL 3-5800.

BREVOORT. A sidewalk cafe just this side of Washington Square. Weekdays, luncheon starts around $1.25; dinner, around $1.75. Sunday dinner, from $1.75. 5th Ave. at 8. ST 9-7300.

Cavanaugh's. An institution. Specialty is chops, chicken, and seafoods—a la carte. Open every day. 258 West 23, CH 3-2790.

CHAMPS ELYSEES. French food and lots of it. Lunch a la carte; dinner $1.35 up. There's a popular bar attached. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40. LE 2-0342.

ROBERT DAY-DEAN'S. For pastries you lie awake nights and dream about, and other foods better than average. A tea room serving luncheon 11:45-2:30; tea from 3-5:30. A la carte only. Closed Sunday. 6 E. 97, PL 5-8300.

DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Seafood, naturally supplemented with steaks and chops, and all superb. A la carte. Entrees $1.50 to $2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8th. ST 9-8046.

DICKENS ROOM. American dishes, Dickens decor. Incidental music from piano and slovox. Open 5 p.m. weekdays; Sunday brunch, 12-3 p.m.; Sunday dinner, 2-9 p.m. A bar attached. Closed Tuesday. 20 E. 9. ST 9-8969.

DINTY MOORE'S. The Green Room near the 46th Street Theatre. Corned beef and cabbage is a staple here. Lunch and dinner a la carte; entrees begin at $1.50. 216 W. 46. CH 4-9039.

GRIPSHOLM. Smorgasbord, dessert and coffee, come at $1.50 for dinner. Regular dinner at $1.75. Fine Swedish food for luncheon, $1.00-1.25. 324 E. 57. EL 5-8476.

HOUSE OF CHAN. Real Chinese dishes served by lineal descendant of first Emperor of China. Lunch 75c-90c. Dinner a la carte. Bar. 52 & Seventh. CH 7-3785.

KEEN'S CHOP HOUSE. Another institution—and for the very good reason that steaks and chops here are ideally prepared, reasonably priced. Closed Sunday. 72 W. 36, WI 7-3636.

L'AIGLON. French cuisine surrounded by old French prints, waterfalls and woodlands. Lunch $1.35. Dinner $2.25 if you order a drink; $2.50, if you don't. 13 E. 55. PL 3-7296.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. Care and feeding of soul and body. Lunch and tea in the little flat garden out back—where abstract sculpture and those metals "contrivances" artists sometimes whip up confront you over the teacups. Distinctly different, and very nice. 11 W. 53.

THE SCRIBE'S. Cheesecake on the walls (put there by some of the more famous cartoonists); Chateaubriand steaks on the menu (when Louis and Elizabeth can possibly produce them). A haven for a good many sentimental journalists. 209 E. 45. MU 2-9400.

SHERRY NETHERLAND. Look down on Central Park from the mezzanine dining room, where luncheon and dinner are a la carte, beginning around 80c and $1.85. 9th Ave. at 50. VO 5-2800.

TOOT'S SHOR'S. Situation all fowled up—and Toot's does all right with chicken and duck! And with steaks and beef too when they're available. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. 51 W. 31. PL 3-9000.

New York Theatre

PLAYS

ANNA LUCASTA — (Mansfield, 47th, West. CI. 6-9056). Hilda Simms receives votes as the most promising young actress of the year, in this superlative drama of Negro life. The play was discovered in Harlem some time ago; brought uptown with most of the original cast; and proved to be one of the most exciting events of the season. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

DARK OF THE MOON (46th Street Theatre, 46th, West. CI 6-6075). Drama with music, spun from the old Barbara Allen legend, and involving the romance of a witch-boy and a Smokey Mountain gal. Carol Stone is the girl; Richard Hart, the boy. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43rd, East. BR 9-3970). Moss Hart directed this story of a little sister (Lenore Loncrigan) who writes letters to service men and signs big sister's name. It's Lenore's play—and a lot of fun—but Virginia Gilmore, Michael Road, and the rest of the cast are very pleasant, too. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Booth, 45th, West. CI 6-9696). Red Adjustment of a homecoming soldier, complicated by an unsympathetic sister (Grace Coppen), and the whole thing played on a Lee Simonson set. Montgomery Clift's action manages to give the play its distinction. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


I REMEMBER MAMA—(Music Box, 45th, West. CI 6-4636). Kathryn Forbes' novel dramatized by John Van Druten, and refreshingly acted by Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, and Joan Tetzel who was voted in the Variety Critics Poll as the year's most promising young actress. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, Broadway at 40th. PE 6-9540). Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill become yet another Father and Mother in this rich, amusing account of the late Clarence Day's family. In its 6th year. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


THE OVERTONS—(Forrest, 49th, West. CI 6-8870). A happy marriage is almost split asunder by meddling friends, and the results are uproarious at times; labored, at others. With June Knight, Judith Evelyn, Jack Whiting, and Walter Greaza. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Plymouth, 45th, West. CI 6-9156). More fun, more people killed. Agatha Christie's mystery is changed only enough to leave a couple unmurdered to tell the tale—and a very merry tale it is, as Halliwell Hobbs, Estelle Winwood, Beverly Roberts, and others play it. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

THE WIND IS NINETY—(Booth, 45 West. CI 6-9569). Blanche Yurka (remember Aunt Bernard in 'The Song of Bernadette'?) comes to the stage again with Bert Lytell and Frances Reid, in a play by Ralph Nelson. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

MUSICALS

BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44th, West. CI 6-7990). The 1860 show that gives us "Right as the Rain," "The Eagle and Me," and "Evelina." Natalie Fabray replaces Celeste Holm in the lead, but Joan McCracken, Dooley Wilson, and the Agnes de Mille dancing remain, and as stimulating as ever. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44th, West. CI 6-6699). "Lililot" again, this time set in New England, to music by Rodgers and Hammerstein II. And a very satisfactory arrangement is it, too. Jan Clayton and John Raitt sing delightfully, and Agnes de Mille has designed some more delightful dances. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(Broadhurst, 44th, West. CI 6-6699). Lots of sailors following lots of girls—Gertrude Niesen being the flashiest and most fetching one, as she shouts her songs to Tim Herbert, Jackie Gleason, Norman Lawrence, and others. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center Theatre, 6th Ave. & 49th. CO 5-5474). Big, dazzling ice show, offering ballet, pageantry, tricks, and hijinks. Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Witzt. Sunday, evenings, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.


LAFFING ROOM ONLY—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th. CI 7-5161). Rather contrived, though room for more laughs than the show chalks up. But since Olsen and Shubert wear their well, the crowd still go to see them. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

ON THE TOWN—(44th Street Theatre, 44th, West. LA 4-4377). That Jerome Robbins ballet, "Fancy Free," has turned into a full grown show, retaining the same fine freshness. Sono Osato and a lot of resilient boys and girls romp through Mr. Robbins' dances, and Nancy Walker and others sing Leonard Bernstein's music. The ballet sections are tremendous—funny and wistful, a little gaudy, a little bit lonely. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

SONG OF NORWAY—(Imperial, 54th, West. CO 5-2412). Handsome and melodious biography of Grieg, with Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, Sig Arno, and others singing arrangements of Grieg's music. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK—(Broadway, Broadway at 53rd. CI 7-2887). Yet another period piece (they seem to be taking the town this season!) with music by Sigmund Romberg, settings by Howard Bay, choreography by Helen Tamiris. All good. And so is Noah Beery's version of Boss Tweed. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.
The War—and Allied Matters

Above, you will notice, is an eagle in a circle. Reproduced in plastic—and considerably smaller—this is the year's most popular lapel pin. It is the Discharge Button worn by men and women who have served in World War II, and who have been honorably discharged.

It was in July of 1943 that Under-Secretary of War Patterson first announced the use of these pins by the Army. In November, 1943, the Navy announced they would use the same insignia of honorable discharge. It was designed in the Washington department headed by Lt.-Col. Arthur E. DuBois, an expert on heraldry, and designer of most of the patches worn by service men. Discharge buttons are produced at the mint in Philadelphia. Veterans are issued them on release from the service; may purchase them, in case of loss, for ten cents at Army Stores, 35c at a few other places.

Reflections on The Status Quo—

By Any Gal in Uniform—
Life is so stale—
no mail . . . no male.

By Any Fella in Uniform—
Life is so stale—
No V-mail . . . no female.

Well, there you are, kids! Next best to male and female are mail and V-mail. So write often—and when you're writing over-seas—remember that V-mail is for you, because it's faster, safer, and more convenient. 1,800 V-mail letters weigh only 4 ounces. Along with everything else that must be flown overseas, the mail can fly, too, carrying your love swiftly and surely to the boys—and the girls—who are still very much at war.

In a Village in the North of Greece, UNRRA workers reported that they found the school-building in comparatively good condition, but the people were very anxious to obtain whitewash to cover splotches on one of the walls. There were no windows, desks, books or slates for the children to write on, but everyone was most concerned about the splotches on the wall. They told the UNRRA workers that when the Germans came to the village, some of the people were taken to the schoolhouse for what was called "questioning." Thirty of the villagers were lined up against the wall and beaten to death. The report made by the UNRRA workers concluded with these words: "We wondered what it was like for the children in that school to sit on the floor repeating their alphabet as they stared at the bloodstains of their parents on the wall in front . . . ."

(Reprinted from a special release by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.)

THE KANSAS CITY CANTEEN,
1021 McGee (Phone VI 9266)—Living room for uniformed boys and girls far from home. In addition to the many daily services and conveniences at the Canteen, they're planning a special celebration for the Fourth of July—everything but fire crackers! And some of the Junior Hostesses are planning picnics for the service men and women. YOU CAN HELP—with various contributions. Suggested are cakes and cookies and Victory garden vegetables for salads.
Swingin' with the stars
Pictures expected in July • Kansas City

LOEW'S MIDLAND
THE CLOCK—(Previously scheduled for April). Judy Garland and Robert Walker star in this agreeable romance about a soldier on a 48-hour pass and a girl he meets in the wilderness of the big city. Keenan Wynn does one of his delightful drunks again. You'll like it.

THRILL OF A ROMANCE—Van Johnson and Esther Williams are the young romantics—which ought to be enough for everyone interested in this sort of thing. But for good measure, MGM throws in Lauritz Melchior, Tommy Dorsey and orchestra, Frances Gifford, Spring Byington, and the King Sisters. There's a story attached, but it's hardly important, considering all the music involved.

THE VALLEY OF DECISION—Marcia Davenport's novel acted out by Greer Garson and Gregory Peck, with Donald Crisp, Lionel Barrymore, Preston Foster, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Cooper, and Dan Duryea tossed in to assure you this is one of MGM's more ambitious undertakings. A rather somber story finds a pretty Irish serving girl—Miss Garson, of course—in love with the son of a wealthy steel manufacturer, back in the Pittsburgh of the eighteen-seventies and eighties. Through strikes and domestic strife, love finds a way. It says here.

NEWMAN
MEDAL FOR BENNY—Essence of Tortilla Flat and Cannery Row, brought to the screen with John Steinbeck's assistance by J. Carroll Naish, Dorothy Lamour, Arturo De Cordova, and Paramount. You never see Benny. He was killed after some heroic action against the Japs, but receives the Congressional Medal posthumously. There's where the plot thickens—when civic pride gets in the way of patriotic ideals, and Benny's father, one Charlie Martini, rises to an occasion. They may have pumped the pathos a bit too hard in spots, but withal, it's a charming picture, with a lot of humor.

CONFLICT—Crime and punishment, carried out by Humphrey Bogart and Sydney Greenstreet, respectively. It's a psychological murder story in which Rose Hobart gets bumped off by husband Bogart, so husband can marry sister-in-law Alexis Smith. The way the psychiatrist works is intricate and satisfying in a Hollywoodish sort of way.

RKO ORPHEUM
ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper rides again! Here's an easy satire on western movies, as chuckily and satisfying as anything we've seen in a long time. Nunnally Johnson wrote "Melody Jones," Colliers' carried it, and Gary Cooper has produced and starred in it. Loretta Young shoots her way right into his heart, trying to protect him from himself and her best beau, Dan Duryea, a playful fellow who robs stagecoaches and drags homies fulla lead. There's an effortless charm about the thing, and the same quality in a comedy, sense that "The Ox-Bow Incident" had in a distinctly tragic sense—and they don't come any better than that.

THE LEGEND OF THE THREE THEATRES
THE LEGEND OF THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway
NOB HILL—San Francisco some fifty years before the Peace Conference. George Raft is a saloon keeper who falls in love with a rich society girl, Joan Bennett, and is saved from a fate not quite worse than death by his star entertainer, Vivian Blaine. Little Peggy Ann Garner makes an appealing Irish orphan. Lots of singing and the whole thing in Technicolor. No great shakes, but pleasant entertainment.

SAUMON, WHERE SHE DANCED—The year's unintentional satire on all extravagances of its sort. Simply funny, no—but it's Technicolorful and Yvonne de Carlo is very pretty, so you may like it. She is one Salome, a devastating Viennese dancer of the middle 1800's, who gets snarled up with a Hapsburg prince, a German count, an American newspaperman, a Russian millionaire, and a western bandit—has them all swooning or reforming out of love of her—and gets an Arizona town named after her, the lucky, lucky girl.

PATRICK THE GREAT—Donald O'Connor's latest picture, pre-Uncle Sam, in which he and Peggy Ryan kick up their heels and have good fun. Something about the struggles of a boy actor; but that's hardly important. What counts is the comedy, the songs, and the dances, and there are plenty of each. With Donald Cook and Frances Dee.

THE CORN IS GREEN—Sympathetic teacher discovers a poet flourishing in the Welsh mines and brings out the best in him. A snip of a servant girl brings out the worst. Emlyn Williams made a fine play out of the complications, with Ethel Barrymore superb as the schoolmistress. Now comes Bette Davis in that role, with John Dall as the young miner. He did the same part on the New York stage; more recently was seen in "Dear Ruth." Joan Loring is excellent as the girl.

THE TOWER
On the stage—a new bill each week; singing, dancing, acrobatics, comics, and what-not—usually of considerable merit. On the screen—double features, either mystery, horror, btery comedy, or westerns, with now and then a good re-call picture. Saturday night Swing Shift Frolic—12:30-3:00 a.m. Mondays at 9:00 p.m., Discovery Night for amateur entertainers.
PORTS OF CALL
IN KANSAS CITY

JUST FOR FOOD . . .

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Next best thing to a plane trip. A very busy room, walled on the west by huge windows (the better to watch the planes in and out) and decorated with some soft pastel murals designed by Earl Altaire (of Town and Country Decorators) and painted by Gertrude Freymann (see almost any issue of SWING!) Joe Gilbert tells us the restaurant prepares 15,000 meals a month for the airlines, and snack service for around 12,000 a month. And they still find time to serve some of the town's finest food to 3,000 customers a day. You'll often find us among the 3,000, ogling for celebs who stop in here almost every day. Beer is available; no cocktails until the new terminal is built. Maybe then. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. If you can't go west, young man, next best is this wide white restaurant where "Trampling Herd" illustrations adorn the walls, and the menu is replete with hearty foods like beef stews and steaks and pie. Linwood and Forest. LO 2555.

★ DICK'S BAR-B-Q. A unique place, to say the least. Open from 6 to 6—p.m. to a.m. Atmospheric mostly because of its size, the checkered tablecloth, the old show bills on the walls, and whitehaired Dick Stone. Up the Alley, off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

★ ED'S LUNCH. Peopled by gentlemen of the press mostly, who have a private round table in the side room. The rest of us sit at the lunch counter or the main room tables and drink Griessdieck or coffee with Ed's plain but filling food. Open 24 hours. Closed Sunday. 1713 Grand. GR 9732.

★ EL NOPAL. Mexican dishes—Mexican folk songs on the juke-box—and tables of beautiful Mexican girls on Sunday nights! Lala and Nacho have redecorated recently and put up some more calendar pictures from south of the border. It's a small, plain, clean place with delicious tortilla-based dishes, and it stays open all summer, although only three nights a week—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Across from Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, 416 West 13th. HA 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. Mrs. Dowd provides the appropriate atmosphere for the full enjoyment of fried chicken, served home style—and very-nice home. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ KING JOY LO. Upstairs restaurant, overlooking Main and 12th. Luncheon and dinner; consist of such dishes as fried noodles, all sorts of chop suys, egg foo yung, and better-than-average tea. American foods, if you prefer. Don Toy manages this very amiable place. 8 West 12th. HA 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Cool, busy, and bright. A. J. Piatt, Jr., manages a very efficient restaurant and the service is commendable. So is the food, which is saying something these days! Open 24 hours. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. Or technically, Myron Green's, an institution around these parts, and recommended by Duncan Hines. A large attractive dining room, with vines in wall pots and pale green flowery decor by Lucy Drage. The main room annex is known as the Iris Room, and downstairs is the Cameo Room, available for private luncheons or dinners. Myron Green restaurants have only women cooks, you know, because they think the ladies always know best. And from the results out here, we can't argue. Open noon until 8 p.m. Closed Monday. Plaza Theatre building, 4700 Wyandotte. WE 8310.
★ NANCE CAFE. One of THE places to take Visiting Firemen when you want to show off Kansas City's famous foods. For special occasions, call Dorothy Hoover or Harry Barth about the plumply extra dining room for private dinner parties. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. WA 5688.

★ NOBLE'S GRILL. The brightest 24-hour spot in the 39th and Main district. Only a lunch counter with three or four tables, but it's clean and friendly and the service is fast. If you get there early in the day, you may nab a piece of pecan pie. We also recommend their waffles. One of the men usually on the night shift has more swing in his cooking than anyone we ever saw. When he cooks, he cooks all over! But good! Closed Tuesday. 3912 Main. VA 9630.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. A low room a couple jumps up from the lobby. Food is good and you may have a drink sent in if you like. Novachord melodies at luncheon and dinner. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Fried chicken again—and again and again—and that's all right with us! Very smooth and dignified rooms, with good service, lovely food, and a couple of lovely ladies (Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher) in charge. Dinners each evening, and at noon on Sunday. Be sure to have reservations. 9 East 45th. WE 7700.

★ Tiffin Room. Luncheon only—and always crowded at the noonhour. Smooth business men and southside shoppers flock up to the second floor for things like Spanish bean soup, well seasoned vegetables, incomparable pies, and rich ice cream. Wolferman's Downtown Store, 1108 Walnut. GR 0626.

★ UNITY INN. A cafeteria—where you find rare things done with nuts and vegetables; intricate and amazing salads; and delicious pies. Most of the food is supplied by Unity Farm. No meat on the menu, of course. A most pleasant spot out from downtown for a quiet luncheon. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher-style cookery and the town's most varied menu. The food is rich and there's lots of it; service is good; prices are reasonable. But you better get there first or you'll wait in line. 1215 Baltimore. GR 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. A warm weather special, especially for those who prefer their snacks a-la-carte without the "e." Just drive in, flash your lights, and a cute young thing will be right out to serve you sandwiches and frothy milkshakes. There's indoor service, too, if you prefer. Specialty here is tender fried rabbit—New Zealand and battery-raised. Open noon to 1 a.m., weekdays; noon to midnight, Sunday, closed on Monday. On the Plaza, 48th and Main. LO 3434.

FOR FOOD AND A DRINK . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. Something special! What used to be part of El Bolero is now a luxurious dining room featuring de luxe dinners. Martin Weiss, Jr., and blonde attractive Mrs. Weiss are turning the place into an ultra. The food will have some of the same continental richness that distinguishes the downtown Weiss Cafe (owned by Martin Weiss, Senior). They tell us, too, there's to be a liquor cart from which you may choose your after-dinner drink. We were taken on a tour of the Ambassador cellars, too! What a spot to get yourself locked in for the night! We doubt if any place in town can match it for variety, quality, and quantity. Mr. and Mrs. Weiss are also planning "Brunch on the Roof". Enjoy gin rummy with your late-breakfast-early-lunch in a superb room with a view. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Fillum Fun and Joshua Johnson fill the bill here. One on the screen above the bar and the other at the piano. Don't be alarmed if your companion's face suddenly turns livid. That's not the drinks—it's just that fancy light that beams down on Joshua, the town's top boogie artist. Dinner from 5:30. Friday night, family night dinners—$1.00. 3545 Broadway. VA 9236.

★ CLOVER BAR. A funny, dusty little place with comfortably upholstered booths and barbecued ribs that make you feel comfortably upholstered. It's noisy and unfancy, but friendly and fun. And as they say of Miss Jaxon, the barbecue is simply divine. The feed bag is on from noon on. Be careful not to stumble over a beer barrel. 3832 Main. VA 9883.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Blonde Harriet Lovett plays request numbers by the yard—and very nicely, too. The food is another attraction, and of course the drinks will get the job done. Wear your heaviest—it's cool here. No cover or tax. Free parking in Congress Garage. 3529 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. A big place with a couple of enormous round booths for larger parties. Kitchen and dining room are now under direction of George Gust, the fresh and friendly fella who moves over from the Rendezvous; so if you can't get French onion soup or a Famous shrimp creole, just blame him! (We don't think you'll hafta, though.) Luncheon and dinner at reasonable prices. 1211 Baltimore. VI 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Crowded and noisy—but worth it if you like spaghetti dishes, ravioli, or filets—and who doesn't! You may order any sort of drink you prefer, but the preference here is for wine with your food. Signora Teresa, Frankie and Johnny have a well known establishment with a deserved reputation. Opens 4:00 p.m. Closed on Sunday. 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.
★ JEWEL BOX. Blond and blue room where Gloria Kaye plays поп tunes at piano and nova-chord, and fried chicken and stuff are on tap for dinner time. From 11:45 p.m. till 1:30 a.m., Willy Gant is the cute kid at the keyboards. 3223 Troost. VA 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Formerly known as the Bismarck or the Walnut Grill or radio's Branch Office; now named after the new manager, Kenneth Prater, who has fancied up the place no end. Their filetes are the tenderest we've found around town lately; and the way they fix sweetbreads isn't bad at all. The waitresses are rather more prompt than not. Lunch and dinner at reasonable prices. 9th and Walnut. GR 2680.

★ THE OPEN DOOR. A big barny hall with a bar on one side and white piano on the other. At the piano, Herb Cook, hoarse and funny and not exactly subtle, leads the community sing. Mostly a neighborhood crowd who evidently live here; they know all the fourth lines to all the stanzas of all of Herb's songs. Wall placard advertises a "Scarell O'Hara" made with real Southern Comfort. 3821 Main. VA 9706.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Food and drinks to the tune of crashing pins. The cocktail lounge is small and tidy; so is the dining room; and both are usually crowded. 430 Alameda Road, on Country Club Plaza. LO 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Attractive lounge, the South Side sister to the Town Royale. Mary Dale plays piano from 8:00 p.m. Lounge opens around 4. Kay Van Lee is around, too, with graphoanalysis. (She reads your handwriting, see?) 614 West 48th. LO 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Food on four levels; cocktails, those great levelers, in the downstairs grill. That blondish flash who darts all over the place looking like the Duke of Windsor is Kurt Kroll, the manager. Closes around 8:30 p.m. 10th and Walnut. GR 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. Rather roomy and ornate. Excellent food and drinks. Music comes from Martha Dooley, an attractive gal who used to be in radio out in Kansas. Room opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO 5441.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. The same Pusateris as above; this time downtown, in a cozy-to-the-point-of-crowded little restaurant that is one of the most popular spots around. There's incidental music at the piano, high above the madding crowd. There are steaks if you know the right people; and superb salads. Luncheon and dinner. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. One of the better places to be caught in a convivial mood, thanks to the Muehlebach cellars and the generally pleasant atmosphere. A nosily well-bred room with no entertainment except what you can stir up at your own table. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. It was good enough for William Jennings Bryan, Will Rogers, Marie Dressler and others of that ilk—and it's good enough for us! It's a venerable old place with venerable service, a venerable old mural over the bar (painted by Edward Holstag away back when), and a very modern kitchen installed by manager W. C. Gentry. Specialty is lobsters. Open 10 a.m. till midnight. Closed Sunday. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE. The only place we know of around town where the walls are hung with lush draperies. Kinda nice. Zena and Zola make the music again this month, and Betty Burgess is around to tell you what your handwriting reveals. Luncheon and dinner. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. In the cocktail lounge, Hildred Meire of New York has painted some rather droll murals which we hope you'll notice before you bend your elbow too many times. Joe Maciel and Jimmy King assure us you get a full ounce and a half of what-it-takes per each glass. Next door is the dining room where you'd better have reservations if you want the famous Fred Harvey food in a hurry. Union Station. GR 1100.

JUST FOR A DRINK . . .

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Cozy cubby-hole where shoppers may pick up some quick ones between 3 and 5, two for the price of one. After that, regular but reasonable prices. A nice drop-in for unattended gals, but some fellas are seen here, too. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ CABANA. A couple of steps up from the Phillips lobby, and just a step from the street. Smallish and usually crowded, but pleasant. Alberta Bird at the novachord obligingly plays almost any tune you ask for. Lenora Nichols takes a turn at music-making in the afternoons. We think the waitresses here are among the politest in town. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ EL BOLERO. New paint, new lighting, new mirrors, same Marguerite! And that's all right by us. The Weiss' have transformed the barroom into a comfortable neighborhood lounge and moved the piano up the steps. Marguerite Clark, fun and friendly, plays and sings request numbers. Bar bottles sport some mighty fine labels. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ OMAR ROOM. Under the south windows are the widest, most comfortable wall seats you ever sank into. From 5 o'clock, Johnny Mack plays organ and piano melodies. Making friendly about this odd-shaped room is dapper Charlie Hall, formerly at the Phillips, now managing the Omar and Penguin Rooms. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. A tiny room just off the walk, where there are pink elephants on the walls and old two-reeler comedies on a center screen from time to time. Take our advice and try for that booth at the west end of the room. State Hotel, on 12th, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR 5310.
***TROPICS.*** Palmy days in this most ornate third floor lounge. It's cool, cushiony, very pretty. Mary Jeanne Miller plays the Hammond organ. You may get a kick out of the "Tropical hurricane" that cuts up over the bar from time to time. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. CR 5020.

***ZEPHYR ROOM.*** Weela Gallez sings the darnedest little songs in this soft green lounge with the amber mirror tables. We like it best in the middle of a summer afternoon, because it's cool and shady and kinda casual and inviting. No cover, no minimum. Opens 11 a.m. Entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA 7047.

---

**WITH DANCING . . .**

***CROWN ROOM.*** Judy Conrad's Bequie Rhythm, featuring Billy Snyder, the world's smallest trumpet player, begins around six. Dancing till 1:30 a.m. Judy's orchestra has the most imperturbable drummer in town. The New Russian Room is a wonderful glass house where you can throw parties—up to a certain point, that is. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

***CUBAN ROOM.*** Hangout for the gentry who dig the jumping jive. The Harlan Leonard trio bounces this hustro nightly from 7 p.m. until the legal curfew, and it's not uncommon to find some wayward cats joining the jive in the bandshell. If you work up an appetite, the kitchen dishes out dinner; the spaghetti and meat balls are recommended. 5 West Linwood (just off Main). VA 4634.

***DRUM ROOM.*** You can't beat it. Of course, you can't dance much, either, because the junior size floor is always jammed! But it's one of our favorite plushy places for luncheon, dinner, or supper. Jack Wendover and his Whispering Rhythms are back again, with Doe Adams and Helen Lee on the vocals. And probably during the first part of the month you'll be seeing Lu-Cellia, the Drum Dancer (cf. Life or Esquire), who is positively intriguing. She dances at 8, 10 and 12. Still no cover or minimum. The Drum Bar on the corner is fun for drinks only. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. CR 4440.

***ED-BERN'S RESTAURANT.*** Luncheon and dinner, with entertainment from mid-afternoon. Arlene Terry and a small orchestra play for dancing. Special "Business Men's" Luncheon. 1106 Baltimore. HA 9020.

***EL CASBAH.*** Even gets into Esquire! The most entertaining night spot in town—literally! Following Guy Chenry, the Roberts Brothers trio move in, followed by thrush Ann Triola. Charlie Wright's orchestra remains, of course, with Dawn Roland giving you a song and dance and looking just too beautiful. Cover, week nights, $1; Saturday night, $1.50. El Casbah's Saturday afternoons are unique in Kansas City! Sans cover or minimum, there's a cocktail dancer, 12:30-4:30, with free rhumba lessons from Arthur Murray teachers, music by Charlie Wright, and special entertainment by the current stars. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

***MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN.*** Preferred spot on the south side, even sans orchestra and entertainers. You can dance to jive box tunes, or eat chicken in the rough all over the place. A long narrow bar opens into an odd-shaped lounge, which in turn opens onto the cafeteria part. There's no end to the place! 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

***MILTON'S TAP ROOM.*** Julia Lee's dim and smoky kingdom, managed casually by plump and friendly Max Morris, while brother Milton is off to the wars. So, by the way, is Julia's son, Frank. He's 25 now and you'd never guess it to look at Julia! She pounds that piano and sings blue or hot in that throaty tremulous voice of hers, and everyone loves her. It's a little ole room right off the sidewalk, and whatever else it is, it's genuine. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

***PENGUIN ROOM.*** A large dining room with the usual pint-sized dance floor where you play football to the rhythms of Stan Nelson and his orchestra who are new and good. Music from 7 p.m. to 1 a.m. The sleek brunette with cigarettes is Ruby, formerly with the Drum Room. No cover or minimum. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

***SKY-HY ROOM.*** Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights, the Roof is available for private parties. No bar; you bring your own. HA. 6040.

***SOUTHERN MANSION.*** Suwanee suavity, with music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra, good food, and green walls backing white pillars and pickets. No bar, but you may have drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

***TERRACE GRILL.*** Introducing Johnny Gilbert and his orchestra, new to Kansas City, and featuring Janet Lee on the vocals. Dancing at dinner and supper. No cover. It's a big two-level room walled in by Schiaparelli pink and mirrors. For reservations, call Gordon, GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

***TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.*** Big dine and dance place outside city limits. At the door one is greeted by Tootie, a great guy in more ways than one. Inside, you're assailed by the finest version of hot dance music to be found in these parts. Dave Reiser, the guitarist, fronts the band; Ray Smith who "seems with his fingers" plays piano after the manner of King Cole; Ray Stinson, one of the men on the reeds, used to be with Teddy Powell's orchestra. Open till 4 a.m. No stags. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

***TROCADERO.*** Rosiest room around 39th and Main. A bar, booths and tables, and a dance floor with a juke box. Dancing from 9:00. No kitchen. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.
IMPASSE . . . One of Kansas City's larger downtown stores employs as operators rather elderly gentlemen who seem particularly adapted to the large slow cages which lift the customer from floor to floor if the customer has patience enough. During a recent rush hour, we squeezed into the elevator just as it was ready to ascend. "Up!" warned the elderly gentleman. A frenzied lady dashed up to the door. "Down?" she queried. Another couple arriving at that moment asked, "Down?" The operator hesitated the fraction of a second. Someone on the elevator got the wrong idea. "Down?" she asked. Another lady stepped inside. "Up?" she said. "Up?" said another late arrival. Inside and outside the adverbs began to fly—"Down?" "Up?" "Down?" The gentleman at the helm, bewildered by the power of suggestion, suddenly asked in earnest exasperation, "Well, which way am I going!"

ANY OLD PORT . . . Thru the mail just the other day we received a report from Arkansas on one of the various clubs tenanted by soldiers stationed at a particular camp: "Ports of Call, Camp Robinson, Arkansas; USA: Large gloomily lit room, where you are not likely to get lit. Newly decorated with artificial walnut. The beer flows like whine. When we dropped in, two gifted young ladies were doing an adagio in the middle of the floor without partners. Prices are moderate. Pin ball machine for two—10c. Peanuts, single order, 5c."

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS (DRUM SOLO FOR CECIL) . . . There's a familiar old circus routine which seems to us the perfect illustration for a certain technical aspect of comedy. A coupe (before the war, always the latest model from some display floor) will come bouncing into the arena and one clown will get out. Well, there's nothing so remarkable about that. But then another clown gets out. Still nothing funny. Then another emerges, and another, and another—until something like twenty-eight clowns have crawled, one at a time, out of that three-passenger car. And by that time, we're in the aisles! There's a story by Erskine Caldwell that works on the same principle, which we call "so much of a muchness." His story is "A Country Full of Swedes"—a classic of its kind. It has that sort of accumulative funnyness where the humor lies not in any individual line or character so much as in the totality of effect . . . And it's that principal that made so funny to us a one-sided conversation which a friend of ours heard on a street car not long ago. As nearly as she can reproduce it, it went something like this—and she jotted most of it down in her excellent shorthand:

"Listen, Cecil, why don't you get off this car? I don't wanna see you—I don't
wanna ever see you again. Listen, Cecil, don’t even speak to me. Why don’t you sit in that vacant seat? I don’t like you. I don’t like you, Cecil. I hate you! I despise you! Why should you pay for the drinks?

“Why don’t you get off, Cecil? Go on. You’re no good, Cecil. Get away from me! Move over, Cecil. Quit pushing me. You’re no good, Cecil. S’lousy trick, Cecil. I give you five dollars and you buy her drinks. You’re no good, Cecil. You gave the waitress the change! Listen, Cecil. Why don’t you get off right now? I hate you! I despise you! How much was her drink? Sixty cents? Well, where’s my other forty cents, Cecil? You gave it to the waitress! How do you like that? I work all day and make five bucks, and he gives it to the waitress!

“Get off the car, Cecil. I hate you. Sleep on the davenport for all I care—s’long as it’s not with me. Quit crying on my shoulder. Where’s my forty cents, Cecil? I don’t care where you sleep. Why don’t you get off, Cecil! You’re no good, Cecil! I hate you! I despise you!

“Where’s my hat? I’ve lost my hat! Listen, Cecil, why don’t you just get off? You’re no good, Cecil. I hate you! Where is my hat? I despise you! Listen, Cecil, why don’t you just get off this damned street car!”

THE WINNAHS!

Remember way back in January, Vol. 1, No. 1, of SWING? We offered some prizes for the best letters telling us what you liked or didn’t like about our new brainchild? The letters came in—quite a flock of them—and we’ve come to some decisions. Here they are:

First Prize (and —James McQueeney
a $50 War Bond) U. S. Naval Air Station
Naval Air Primary T. C.
Norman, Oklahoma

Second Prize (and—Mrs. Joseph A. Zahner
a $25 War Bond) Kansas City, Kansas

Third Prize (and —Rosemary Walker
a $25 War Bond) KMAC
San Antonio, Texas

And to the rest of those who wrote us—many thanks for swell suggestions, for the praise that sweetened our work and the criticisms that seasoned it well.

SWING

“An Apparatus for Recreation”

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

THE PUNNY WORLD . . . We know a Phi Beta Kappa who has great fun with words. He is advertising manager for one of the big furniture companies here in town. A few days back he had a couple of ideas for window card blurbs that we thought superior as such things go. For a display of garden furniture, he wanted to use “Lawn Order.” And for some living room stuff in the tres French manner, “Parlour-view, Francaise.” . . . He didn’t use them though. Not everyone connected with the firm is a Phi Bete who has great fun with words. But they did settle for “Yard Goods” for the lawn furniture.
Meet WHB's Ed Birr—of our "Client Service Department"

At WHB we've always called the sales department the "Client Service Department"—simply because that's the purpose of our salesmen: to serve our advertisers.

And when World War II "cleaned out" WHB's sales staff, we looked around for a trained and experienced man who knew advertising, merchandising and selling. In Chicago, the same War had wiped out Ed Birr's slate of national accounts.

WHB's Don Davis knew Ed Birr's background in transportation, in agency work, in direct advertising, point of sale display and dealer development. "Come with WHB and see how you like radio," he invited... and Ed Birr took to radio as a duck takes to water.

Since 1942, Ed has developed two of the highest-rated co-operative shopping programs heard in the Kansas City area: "THE PLAZA PROGRAM" for the merchants of Kansas City's exclusive Country Club Plaza district... and "MARY JANE ON PETTICOAT LANE," for down-town department stores and specialty shops located on Eleventh Street, Main to McGee.

Ed also pioneered in the development of "Help Wanted" advertising, by radio, for Kansas City's war industries—and has helped to secure thousands of workers for vital war plants.

He has also helped both large and small merchants with soundly-planned radio campaigns of programs and spot announcements.

If you have a tough problem to lick—shortage of merchandise to be explained, good-will promotion, or the problem of stepping-up sales, Ed Birr can help you. His background of experience in merchandising, advertising and selling includes many major products.

You'll enjoy doing business with WHB—"the station with agency-point-of-view." At WHB, every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results.

If you want to sell the Kansas City market, WHB is your happy medium.

For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any of these "SPOT SALES" offices:

KANSAS CITY... Scarritt Building... HAarrison 1161
NEW YORK CITY. 400 Madison Avenue. Eldorado 5-5040
CHICAGO... 360 North Michigan... FRanklin 8520
HOLLYWOOD... Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo. HOLlywood 8318
SAN FRANCISCO... 5 Third Street... E Xbrook 3558

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
Kansas City  Wichita  Salina  Great Bend  Emporia
Missouri  Kansas  Kansas  Kansas  Kansas
Fulton Lewis, Jr. on "PIRACY IN THE WAR PROGRAM"

★

HOMECOMING
Picture Story of President Truman’s Visit to Kansas City and Independence

★

"Not Alone a Plot of Ghetto Ground" by Elmer Berger

AUGUST 1945

25¢
To Swift the Accolade  In its 58th year, Swift and Company's Kansas City plant receives the War Food Administration's valued "A" Award, in ceremonies at the Municipal Auditorium broadcast over WHB. Left to right above: Manager E. W. Phelps receives the "A" Award Flag from Rear Admiral E. G. Marsell, U. S. Navy District Supply Officer. "Now we, too, as a group shall have this flag... a constant reminder that the record of achievement which has merited this flag shall not be marred." Andrew F. Shoeppe, Governor of Kansas, speaks of the importance of the livestock and meat packing industry to state and nation... WHB's Dick Smith and five pretty girls! Forty-seven of them displayed samples of the large variety of meats which Swift & Company prepare for armed forces and lend-lease. (Martha Logan, home economist for Swift and Company, is heard over WHB and the Kansas State Network Monday through Saturday, 9:30 a.m.)

NEWS REEL

Demarest Drops In

The two mouths of the mike belong to William Demarest of Paramount Pictures, and Jetta of Swing and "Aisle 3." The popular comedian and character actor came through town to help celebrate Paramount's One-Third of a Century Anniversary; told Show Time listeners about his Army hospital tours; called all the elevator girls "Mother"; and kept everybody in stitches.

Pulitzer Prize Winner

Hal Boyle visits home folks in Kansas City, on route to the Pacific... Stops in at WHB to tell about his work as an AP Correspondent in the European theatre; how he always carried two typewriters, just in case; about the picture based on the writings of his friend, Ernie Pyle, "G.I. Joe." In the picture, Hal says, his is the face on the cutting-room floor... Hal Boyle always gathers material first-hand, often in the face of real danger, and through his newspaper stories thousands of the folks back home have learned about their sons or husbands, how they lived and fought, and how some of them died. Hal's distinctive style—simple and strong and always touched with something like poetry—won him the Pulitzer Prize this spring for the year's most distinguished correspondence.
AUGUST is a tawny stupor. By this time, the summer has become a sort of long dream, like a yellow afternoon in which people come and go and talk and music from no definite source float on the shimmering air... and it is as if winter never was in all the world, nor any edge of frost, nor anything but great wallows of green and the stuttering punctuation of flowers and all of it luminous and lovely and stunned.

We have reason to believe that in this time people came and went. We have a pleasant feeling left to prove their one time presence. We believe that early in the summer the President came to call... that movie stars and a Pulitzer Prize winner came our way... and that many words entered our office telling the news of the wide world—of the war that has no summertime... the intricate structures of the Japanese character... about hillbillies and the theatre and jazz and food. We think we must have patched all this together to make a magazine, and if we did, here it is with our greetings. But we're hardly sure of anything. It's all too dazed and yellow and hot... Summertime is upon us... and we love it.
August’s HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

MUSIC
August 5, 12, 19, 26—Kansas City Municipal Orchestra in concert, under direction of N. de Rubertis. Guest artists. 8:30 p. m., Loose Park, 50th and Wornall Road.
August 3, 10, 17, 24—Band Concert, 8:30 p. m. Swope Park.
August 6, 20—Community Sing. 8:15 p. m. Swope Park.
August 13—Community Sing. 8:30 p. m. Budd Park.

DANCING
August 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26—Lloyd Labrie, Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.
August 17—Nichols Brothers (A&N presentation) Municipal Auditorium. 9:00 p. m.
August 18—Tony Pastor, Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.
August 25—Jimmy Luncefords. Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.
Tuesday and Friday nights—"Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra. Pla-Mor. (For other dancing see listing of Parks and Lakes.)

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockhill—August Exhibit: Twenty-three water colors by Burchfield and a traveling exhibit of water colors contributed by the Midwestern Museum Association.


BASEBALL
(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
August 11-13—Kansas City Blues vs. Louisville.
August 14-17—Blues vs. Indianapolis.
August 18-20—Blues vs. Columbus.
August 21-24—Blues vs. Toledo.

OTHER EVENTS
August 4, 11, 18, 25—Community Night (entertainment under direction of City Welfare Department). 8:15 p. m. City Market, 5th and Walnut.

KANSAS CITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 3722 Walnut—Auditions will be held in all departments, Sept. 4., for fall session. Special scholarships available in string section. Please write for appointments.

PARKS AND LAKES
FAIRYLAND PARK—Rides, attractions, picnic facilities. Swimming—10 a. m.-10 p. m. Dancing—Orchestra Saturday nights from 9:00. Other nights, juke box. 7501 Prospect. DE. 2040.

QUIVIRA LAKES—Swimming—Tuesday through Friday, noon till 10 p. m. Saturday and Sunday, 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. Closed Monday. Club House available for private dances. On Argentine Holiday Road, 6 miles west of Argentine city limits. (Take Quivira bus, 9th and Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.) FA. 5930.

SWOPE PARK—Swimming—Monday, noon till 10 p. m. Other days 10 a. m. till 10 p.m. Animal cages open 10:30 a.m. till 7 p.m. on Sunday; other days till 6 p.m. Animals fed each day, 2:15 p. m. Picnic facilities. Boating. Golf, 63rd and Swope Parkway. JA. 1793.

WINNWOOD BEACH—Swimming—1:00-10:30 p.m. Roller skating—7:30-10:30 p.m. Dancing (juke-box) any time after 1:00 p. m. Fishing. Picnic facilities. Highway 10, 4 miles north of Kansas City. (26 buses daily from Pickwick Hotel.) GL. 9680. (R. G. Young, Manager).

WILDWOOD LAKES—Swimming, 9 a. m. till 11 p.m. daily. Picnic facilities. Saturday night dancing, 9 p.m. till 1 a. m. music by Bob Brown’s orchestra. Half mile east of Raytown. FL. 1151.
Piracy in the War Program

And don’t think there isn’t! Your money is squandered by the billions—and if investigations are started, war contractors howl that the war effort is impeded. What price (to you) patriotism? . . . One of Mutual’s most energetic news analysts places some blame as a result of careful research.

By FULTON LEWIS, JR.

THREE and one-half years of close observation of the waste, extravagance, and what, in some cases, amounts to downright piracy in our war program, have left me a bit confused as to just who actually is to blame.

The Army construction forces, which have been the greatest offenders, have, of course, to take the initial rap. But somewhere along the line the public apathy to the bold squandering of public funds has to take its share of the responsibility.

If any one had said a few years ago that the American public would sit back and swallow a job like the Canol Project in Canada without screaming for somebody’s scalp; that it could read about truck drivers on Army contracts getting paid at the rate of 12 thousand dollars a year with about the same reaction it would get from reading yesterday’s baseball results; or that it would be only temporarily ruffled by the realization that some war contractors are enriching themselves by various devious proc-esses while they are proudly claiming that they are getting only the meager fixed fees that the government allows them for cost-plus work—if any one had said a few years ago that any of those things could happen, they would have been catalogued as crazy.

But that, apparently, is what has happened, and is happening every day. Case after case of exorbitant profits in war contracts have been brought to light; but nothing is done and the whole thing keeps right on rolling.

Take the case of the Hawaiian contracts. Millions of dollars were funnelled out of the Federal Treasury through Army contracting officers who apparently had no regard whatever for the money they were spending. We still don’t know all the facts on that case, but we have seen examples of the grossest kind of inefficiency and waste, plus such interesting little incidents as the renting of private yachts apparently for the sole purpose of paying fantastic rents to the owners.
We had a Congressional investigation of that situation, and the investigating committee tore the whole set-up, out there in Hawaii, into a thousand pieces. The only result was that the Army officer in charge received a medal for his work in Hawaii and was moved on to bigger and better jobs. Congress forgot it and the public forgot it, and apparently everybody is happy, particularly those who gained from those Hawaiian contracts.

On the Canol project, General Somervell and his Army engineers spent 130 million dollars for the alleged purpose of opening up a source of oil in northern Canada. They tied up thousands upon thousands of pieces of equipment that were vitally needed. They hired thousands of men during the most critical stage of our manpower shortage. They threw money right and left, and with that, plus their bungling, made American ingenuity the laughing stock of Canada. And to top it all off, the project is now closed down after producing much less oil than was burned up in building it.

We had a Congressional investigation of that project by one of the best investigating committees in Congress. The committee tore the project apart, and then Congress and the public promptly forgot the whole thing and permitted those who were responsible for it to move on, once again, to bigger and better things.

At the present moment we have several more Congressional investigations in progress—this time in connection with charges of exorbitant rental payments on equipment rented from private contractors by the Army Engineers. These investigations are just getting under way, but unless they produce more in the way of final results than some of the others have, we might as well save ourselves the time and trouble of making them and just let the loose practices in government contracting go on without adding to their cost the cost of investigating them.

After all, the only purpose in making an investigation is to correct whatever abuses that investigation uncovers. But when we uncover them and still do nothing about them, we might just as well forget all about the whole thing and let the plunderers continue to plunder.

The fact that there is public apathy to these wastes and extravagances is beyond question. But just who is responsible for that apathy is quite another matter.

You can’t blame it on John Jones, the average American citizen. He probably is a farmer or a plumber, and he spends eight, or ten, or twelve hours a day making a living, and tries to keep tabs on his government in his spare time. He knows only what he is told, and in the case of these government contracts, he isn’t told very much.

He has been told all the time that the government contractors were getting only small fixed fees for their work, and that the war millionaire was a relic of the past.

That’s a good slogan, but it just isn’t true. Our production line on war millionaires probably is working
faster right now than it has any time in history, and a lot of it is being done with the complete knowledge and consent of the government’s contracting officers who are handing out the dough.

The primary blame for the squandering of public funds of course rests on men like General Brehon Somervell, the head of the Army Service Forces. He has handed out billions in public funds, and some of his contracts are vivid examples of things that should not be done. He has concealed his mistakes and the loose practices that have grown up in his program under the cloak of military secrecy and even to this day nobody but a Congressional investigating committee with the power of subpoena can look over the accounts or the contracts connected with such defunct projects as Canol.

But somewhere between the General Somervells and the John Joneses there is a responsibility that has not been assumed. And if you look objectively for the place where that responsibility should rest, you cannot find any place but Congress.

It is an easy thing to criticize Congress, and a lot of people seem to make a hobby of it. But in this case, Congress rightfully deserves some criticism.

The members of Congress have made sacred cows of too many agencies in the government which are directly connected with the war. If they criticized those agencies, the agencies and the agency heads came back with the cries that they are interfering with the war effort, and in all too many cases Congress has been scared off.

The result has been that Congress has taken an attitude toward the Army and the Navy similar to the attitude a fond parent might take toward a spendthrift son. As long as they do effective work in the job of carrying on the War, Congress asks no questions whatever on the amount of money spent.

To be sure, if Congress turned too far in the other direction and started penny-pinching in the war program, the result could be disastrous. But there should be some middle-ground approach which would put a stop to some of the squandering of public funds.

The Comptroller General of the United States, Mr. Lindsay Warren, has been hammering away at Congress for years on this very question. He has told both houses on frequent occasions that public money is being thrown away with a reckless abandon never before equalled, and he has repeatedly urged that some action be taken to stop it.
There will be a reaction someday. But prosecutions won’t bring the money back, and the American taxpayers will be forced to keep on for years, paying money into the Federal Treasury to pay off the fantastic profits that some of the war contractors are making at this moment.

But we still have the same program of operation. Congressional committees investigate and make a report, and then the matter is dropped. And good solid American dollars keep pouring out by the million and millions in exorbitant profits.

THOUGHTS WORTH REPEATING

American business pays its taxes, its payroll and its other costs out of what it receives for its products. The sum left over goes to the stockholders as a return for the use of their funds, or is reserved for the future needs of the particular enterprise. There is no magic about corporate finance. A corporation is exactly like an individual in this respect: it cannot for long spend more than it receives without ‘going broke’. —Benjamin F. Fairless, President United States Steel Corporation.

As long as inflation is nothing but a future possibility, fear of its consequences is usually sufficient to keep everyone in line. Neither individuals nor groups are willing to start the avalanche. But, break the line at any point, set the spiral in motion, even though slowly, and a mad scramble follows.” —Leo M. Cherne, Executive Secretary Research Institute of America.

Most of the dire predictions of civilian privation made some two years ago have failed to materialize, and the reason is that no one could foresee the miracle wrought by business enterprise in expanding its output, in spite of the handicaps of strikes, red tape and shortages of some materials.” —George V. McLaughlin, President Brooklyn Trust Company.

The more we reduce the risks of business by building a favorable climate for business, the lower is the necessary profit which will induce high rates of industrial activity. If we make the life of the businessman tougher, more uncertain, and constantly threaten investments with all sorts of pressure group and political action, we will find that we cannot have high levels of production and employment.” —Emerson P. Schmidt, Economist.
Genus Hummock William

Concerning that section of HOMO SAPIENS known to us as Hillbillies—those phenomena of noon-hour and early morning radio whose origins are practically unknown.

By BILL BROWNE

There is an axiom in the broadcasting business that says, “You don’t have to be crazy to be in radio, but it helps.”

Personally, I think that is a foul canard and I resent it. But you do meet some “kerrikters” around a radio station and I think it is about time these strange flotsam and jetsam be given a wider audience. There was the Production Man in Chicago who regularly ran into a men’s toggery store every morning, bought a pair of red, yellow or magenta socks, then sat on the curbstone on Michigan Avenue and changed into the new merchandise. The soiled pair went in the side pocket of his coat.

I won’t mention any names, but one of the better known among the literati of the radio business, (who, incidentally, conducts a quiz show of the snootier sort) is likely to break up the most serious business conference by jumping over the chairs. Another radio fellow has an aversion to wallpaper and spends the first six months of any apartment leasehold, patiently stripping the paper off the walls with a kitchen paring knife. Some sort of phobia, the doctors say.

These, however, are the milder manifestations of dementia. I wouldn’t want to discuss the more serious cases because that might give radio a bad name and besides, what I really want to talk about is hillbillies.

Most people don’t know much about hillbillies and that goes for Dr. Hooten, who is the renowned anthropologist of Harvard University. Too many people are studying the habits and cultures of the Hopi Indians and not enough attention is being given to the American hillbilly. Who is he? Where did he come from? And where does he go after the mating season? These questions cry out for an answer.

There is a rumor, which needs examination, that the genus hummock william, sprang from a generation of men lost on high ground after the landing of the Anglo-Saxons in 1640 and fought their way to survival in an area overrun with pterodactyls and dinosaurs. The legend continues that these men came down out of the Kentucky hills in a caravan of trailers soon after the Scope Monkey Trials in which the late William Jennings Bryan so stoutly defended the dignity of man. The only shred of evidence to lend credence to this old wives’ tale, is the indisputable fact that few people had ever seen (much less heard) a hillbilly until the early 1920’s, which may be just a coinci-
dnee with the Scope proceedings.

But enough of this digression along scholastic lines. My point is that the hillbilly is here or he was here a minute ago. That is another strange fact about the hillbilly. He shows up promptly for his radio program and then disappears. I personally try to keep an up-to-date list of station employees and their addresses, but in over ten years of patient address-taking, I have never known where to send a letter to a hillbilly, in case I ever wanted to. If you want to get in touch with him, you just concentrate real hard and he'll get off the elevator in a few minutes.

I wish I could get to the point of this article on hillbillies. What I want to say is this: The hillbilly is neither dumb nor broke. He has come into his own and I'm glad. The time was that the hillbilly opened up the station at five or six o'clock in the morning. He kept the station on the air with his guitar strumming and yodeling until the paid talent decided it was time to go to work. Then the hillbilly would slink unobtrusively away into the cold dawn of the winter day to his cabin camp, his trailer or the back seat of his battered Ford and stay there out of sight until he was due at the studio the next morning. This went on for years. He huddled uncomfortably in his quarters in Kansas City, Chicago or St. Louis, making up lyrics about sage brush and cactus, western skies and round-up time, until people began to take him seriously. He never knew the contamination of the chrome trimming and leather upholstering of the radio front office. He sang his songs in Studio D and came in the back door.

Then what happened? This happened. Sponsors found out that the home-spun philosophy of the hillbilly, the earth-bound approach to the people, sold more pills and soap, hair tonic and Peruna than all the fine orchestrations and Cole Porter lyrics in the book. They began to pay money for hillbillies, which brings us to the present state of affairs. Roy Acuff, who sings coast-to-coast, on the Grand Ole' Opry from Nashville, pays more income tax than the President of the United States. Roy Rogers, the King of the Cowboys, is sponsored over another network and pulls down a salary that would make many a corporation president green with envy. There is gold in them thar hills, Billie.

These days the hummock williams come in the front door, present themselves at the cashier's window on Saturdays, look their creditors straight in the eye and have C stickers on their Packards. It's enough to restore one's faith in competitive enterprise. They did it the hard way and without the help of collective bargaining.

But the question still remains, where did they come from?
What's Your Definition?

Whether you're pro or con—do you know exactly what it is you're beatin' your gums about? F'rinstance, take a look at this list of definitions of a certain inflammatory word!

By NICKY JACKSON

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.

—Lewis Carroll.

WHEN it comes to denotations, most of us are Humpty Dumpties. We develop our own meanings for words, sometimes far afield from their strict definition. What do such terms as property, religion, or patriotism mean to you?

Remember a play of a few years back called "On Borrowed Time"? In Act I of that play, Gramps called the cantankerous aunt a "bird stuffer?" "What's a bird stuffer?" asked the little boy. Whereupon, Gramps sailed into an explanation to the effect that the aunt looked like a bird stuffer, therefore she was a bird stuffer . . . because when God saw a dog, it looked like a dog, so he called it a dog, so it was a dog. And that, it seemed, was that.

And that, it seems, is the way most of us come by our own definitions of certain terms.

When an abstract noun is presented to several different people, a different mental picture is created in each mind, according to the past experience of each. For instance—the word duty. To one it may be synonymous with honor; to another, with drudgery; and to still another, with social responsibilities.

The science of semantics helps bridge the gulf between connotation and denotation. This is, of course, the study of the influence of language upon thought. Hitler influenced the German mind by linking weak and decayed with democracy until democracy came to connote weak and decayed as an immediate mental response.

Our language holds so many of these abstract terms that mutual understanding among human beings becomes increasingly difficult. Disagreement and even bloodshed result. And this is especially true in the realms of politics and religion.

Just for fun—and as an experiment—I have been asking various people I meet what they mean by communism. This is a term tossed around in many conversations these days and found in almost every periodical you pick up. We read praise of Russia's advanced democracy from Eric Johnson, Joseph Davies, and the late Wendell Wilkie. We read condemnation for her totalitarianism from Colonel McCormack, Randolph Hurst, and Westbrook Pegler.
And from the man on the street what do we hear? I didn't ask them what they thought about the subject—only what the term meant to them, right off the bat. Here are some of the answers:

Lawyer—"Communism is simply this—a collective agreement of a group to share in a common thing."

Salesman for the Encyclopedia Britannica—"My idea would be—a failure's idea of heaven." He spit out the end of his cigar and said, "Now there's some meat for thought!"

Cabbette—"A standard salary in professional lines and equality of the races." (I think she was more worried about my paying the fare than about her definition for communism!)

Negro sailor, Cook First Class—"It's something like they have in Russia—everything and everyone is equal." He added, "I don't want no one getting the benefit of my money!"

Radio Announcer—"Share the wealth—centralized form of government where the government controls the food."

Corner newspaper salesman—"They don't believe in much work I don't think."

Salesman for cosmetics—"A bunch of excited people who can't make up their own mind and want somebody else to make it up for them."

Cadet Nurse—"A feeling of equality for all the people. Where regardless of the way the people work, they all should have the same amount."

Fountain Girl—"Ask me what a coke is and I'll tell you!"

Examiner for Reconstruction Finance Corporation—"It's really just the teachings of Christ. Every man was created equal."

Elevator operator—"Entire government ownership, I reckon."

President, Communist Political Association—"It is based on the formula, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.' At the present time there is no true Communist State and there won't be for a long time. Socialism exists in the Soviet Union. It is based on the formula, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his work.'" (Never ask a Communist to define his ism unless you have an hour or so to spend listening!)

Union organizer—"They work for the working people. That's about as good a definition as I can think of from what I've observed."

Food Broker—"It is a dream of people to establish equality of rights and opportunities for everybody."

A soldier—"Where you share what everybody else has."

Street car operator—"I don't know. I don't think much of it. Where each and everybody share alike."

Insurance executive—"Where the
government is by one person for all the people. In other words, they control everything.”

Cab driver—“Where rich people making too much money share with smaller people.”

A student—“In my opinion, an undemocratic form of government.”

Jeweler—“I don’t know. Where all the people are supposed to pull together and divide equally.”

Aircraft worker—“Everybody is a government worker. That is, the government runs all plants, practically everything in Russia is government owned. All their big factories are owned by the government. There are rich people as well as poor in Russia.”

Inspector for Dishwashing Machine Company—“A whole lot of trouble!”

Optician—“It’s a state in which all property is common property of all people working supposedly for the benefit of all by the state.”

Army M. P.—“The working class, ain’t it?”

Labor representative, Railroad Brotherhood—“A cross between democracy and dictatorship. A possum and not a’possum, a coon and not a coon, but it’s hell on the common people!”

Add all these definitions of the same term, divide by the number of people questioned—and what do you have? I am not quite sure! Probably nothing that could actually meet the specific dimensions of this thing called communism.

Stuart Chase in his book “The Tyranny of Words” searched for a clear definition of Fascism and found none. But he added, “Why worry about a dead bone?” That same dead bone, like the famous jawbone of an ass, slew thousands.

Perhaps if the peoples of the world had had a clear and accurate conception of Fascism—a sound definition—the tragic conflict might have been avoided.

Perhaps if we understood exactly what it was we argued, fought, pounded the cracker-barrel, and yah-ta-tahed about—we’d get somewhere. There’s too much confusion. How does anyone know whether he’s fer or agin any ism in the world? How can he recognize good forces or bad? We all need clearer definitions.

**PROVERB**

Never milk a cow during a thunderstorm. The cow may be struck by lightning, and you’ll be left holding the bag.
Why the Japanese Character?

The Nipponese are medieval peasants living in the dark ages of Shintoism. What will it take to defeat the national character? Some say isolation . . . some say annihilation.

by Arthur Gaeth

(Vice-president of The International Network; news commentator for the Mutual Broadcasting System)

How long will it take to defeat Japan? Even in official circles, there is a divergence of opinion. One school of thought, led by General Joseph Stilwell, believes that Japan will have to be invaded and overrun and that the Kwantung Army in Manchuria will have to be annihilated before the war in the Pacific can be terminated. Another school of thought, fostered predominantly by air men and some of the naval heads, maintains that concentrated bombing of the Japanese home islands will bring Japan to its knees speedily, possibly even without invasion. The latter school points to the increase in the number of Nipponese soldiers surrendering. It believes that once the industrialists find their position hopeless, they will promote some way to bring about a conditional surrender that will terminate the war very shortly.

The American public does not know which group to believe. It keeps asking: "Why do the Japanese act the way they do? Why are they so fanatical? Why will Japanese fliers engage in mass-suicide as they launch their Kamikaze and Baka acts?"

In terms of their own background and history, the Japanese act as they do because they still belong to a medieval state which has only acquired a thin veneer of Westernization. This claim can be adequately substantiated when Japanese history, not myth, is brought in review.

Although the Japanese claim 2600 years of ancestry from the Sun Goddess, they have no written history older than 712 A.D. Their oldest records are 1233 years old, or less than half of their claimed 2600 years. They also have no archaeology beyond that period. Until their islands were visited by Buddhist priests at the beginning of the Seventh Century, the natives of the four Japanese islands lived in a near savage state. They did no building in stone and kept no records. Then, when the Buddhism took hold among the natives, their own Shintoism almost disappeared. In a few hundred years it was really no longer a religion but merely a cult with emphasis on cleanliness and with a system of emperor worship built around the doctrine that the emperor was a descendent of the Sun Goddess.
Life on the Japanese islands was organized on a tribal or clan basis. Through the centuries, the Daimeo or the clan chieftains, supported by their samurai or professional soldiers, had dominated the country under a feudalistic structure. In recent years, our own Western historians and interpreters of the Japanese have related their political-economic system to the emperor, but as a matter of fact when the Takugawa Clan or Shogunate, the last of the five great clans, came to power and dominated all of Japan, the emperor was relegated to the position of a nonentity; he was not resurrected until 1868 with the Meiji restoration.

It is only since 1868 that the emperor plays a prominent part, for under the Takugawa Shogunate or the feudal leadership of that clan, he was nothing more than the religious leader of the Shinto cult. It was not until Yoshida rediscovered the old traditions of the Shinto that the power of the emperor was expanded and the doctrine of the Mikado was propounded to make the emperor divine.

There is no evidence in Japanese history that the people accepted the emperor as divine before 1868 A.D. Only since 1935 A.D. has his divinity really been played up. It was a tool of the militarists and the four clan leaders, for through their dominance of a "divine" emperor they obtained control of the people. Although there is talk today of the emperor's taking over the affairs of the country, that is not in the Japanese manner of government, in which the emperor is a symbol and a figurehead; it would require a revolution against all the traditions of the past.

The American Commodore Perry broke Japanese isolation because the use of the steamship compelled the United States to find a new coaling station between Honolulu and Canton. When this happened, the Takugawa Shogunate which made the concession suffered in loss of prestige. The other clans reduced its power and finally ousted it from the top position.

In 1867, four clans decided to restore the emperor as a symbol of unity. The two most powerful clans, the Satsuma and Choshu, developed the leadership for the army and navy and supplied the generals and admirals. They freed the army and navy from any governmental control and made them directly responsible to the emperor; in other words, the emperor was subjected to army and navy controls. In 1868, when the emperor was restored as the symbol of unity, and the Yamoto clan leader who had been the leader of the Shinto cult was re-enthroned, the young emperor Meji was only sixteen years old. He served until 1912 as an excellent facade for the clan chiefs, but his successor was imbecilic and a regency had to rule in his behalf. The present
Hirohito is the third emperor since the Meiji restoration.

With the Meiji restoration, the clan chiefs also worked out a program of industrialization for Nippon. They sold their lands to the peasants under a new land-reform program. With the wealth thus acquired, they took over the sponsorship of the industrial program. Actually the great clan families of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and one or two others developed into the wealthiest closed corporation systems in the world. World War One enriched these clan families. Until the bombings on the industrial enterprises of Japan, this war was doing the same thing, actually at the expense of the sweat of the Japanese people.

Except for a few months, a member of one of the top four clans has been the head of the Japanese Government since the Meiji restoration. Two political parties did develop in Japan, but they had no opportunity to bring the so-called "masses" into government. The one "popular choice" prime minister Hara was assassinated.

In Japan, the Upper House of Parliament or the House of Peers has been dominant, which is contrary to the general practice in parliamentary government. The House of Peers has 300 members and they are the clan chiefs of the 300 clans in the Japanese feudalistic system. The President of the House of Peers still is the head of the Takugawa Shogunate. The Japanese Constitution never did give away any of the powers of the clan chiefs. Today, as they always have, they still dominate Japan politically and economically. What the clan chiefs have wanted has been the course Japan has taken. The men who have carried out the program of conquest, the generals and admirals, have been linked to the clan program because they have been prominent members of two of the top clans.

In the course followed by the Japanese Government, the Nipponese people have had no say. They have been serfs in the manner of medieval peasants in Western Europe. Any effort to reconstitute Japan will require the destruction of this entire system; either that, or it will require the isolation of Japan, which few observers think is possible. If the system is destroyed, it will mean the crushing of the Japanese people as well as the government because the people are imbued with the fanaticism of Shintoism. American leaders, afraid of the chaos of such destruction, favor retaining the emperor, shady and shaky
as his foundations are. However, the Chinese, Filipinos, and other Asiatics generally would destroy the emperor and Shintoism. Their argument is that if the emperor survives and remains in control, it will only strengthen his claim to divinity. It will entrench Shintoism and make impossible a development of real democracy among the Japanese people.

It would seem that the Oriental logic is better than our own—that while we would have to continue the war to the final destruction of the present Japanese system, it would nevertheless make possible the creation of new and better foundations for a Japan that could then ultimately be brought into the family of nations.

---

**DIAMOND ASSURANCE**

An AVERAGE American would take out an insurance policy to assure himself of a decent, respectable funeral. But not a certain Negro down in Miami. Not that he doesn't have faith in insurance, but "a bird in hand" he feels "is worth two in the bush!"

This man had been playing the horses for many years. All his earnings evaporated rapidly at the track. But then, like many serious people, he got religion! He saw himself walking through the gates of heaven garbed in rags and disgrace. Above all, he wouldn't dream of being buried by some charitable organization or by donations from friends in Colored Town.

But one day his horse came in—first! And with a pocket full of money he went walking up the main avenue whistling "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." He stopped at a large jewelry shop and admired the diamonds displayed in the window. An idea struck him! He entered the store and bought one of these "rocks" for a goodly sum; in fact, he spent practically every cent he had.

He than proceeded to his dentist.
"Where did you get that diamond?" asked the dentist, transfixed by the size and beauty of the stone.
"Jus' bought it," beamed our man. "Here's the receipt!"

"Well, what do you want me to do with it?" the dentist asked warily.
"Doctor, one of mah teeth needs fillin'. Ah wants you to use this diamond along with the fillin' cuz Ah wants to be worth somethin' when Ah dies."

Now wherever the negro walks in Colored Town people admire that "man with the diamond." They know that when he dies the people will witness the most fabulous funeral in history. Perhaps even Gabriel will blow out his lustiest trumpet in tribute to a man who insured his entrance into heaven with a diamond in his tooth!

—Malcom Hyatt.
THE NEW Aristocracy

If you've done any shopping since the war began, you'll find a familiar note somewhere herein.

BY LOIS PECK ECKSTEN

IT'S no news that war, greed, and rudeness are the Three Dis-Graces. I remember reading, just the other day, the words of one returning correspondent—a scholar and a gentleman who had been out of this big beautiful country for quite some time. He was hurt and amazed at the rudeness of the folks on the homefront. Too many of us kept the home fires burning with a sort of petty wrath.

Forgive me, then, that I turn my wrath—and I hope it's not so petty—on one phase of rudeness that has increased by leaps and bounds since war began to be a fact in this land. I mean the war-born aristocracy of the shops. They have it all over the titled heads of old Europe when it comes to arrogance, indolence, and in too many cases, downright uselessness.

At hindering the war effort and multiplying the headaches of the proletariat shoppers, they have no peer. The three-inch heels of their feet of clay seem to be on our necks for the duration.

I know—it happens to you all the time. What happens to me is just part of what all shoppers meet up with these days.

The other day, caught on the sixth floor of a one-time exclusive downtown store, and in a big hurry, I press and press on the down signal of the elevator. Maybe six minutes elapse—a good six minutes in which I could have been finishing the rest of my shopping, ordering lunch, or doing a bit of necessary work. Then all of a sudden the empty elevator shoots down like a fast express utterly passing me by. I dare to wave frantically—and the duchess of the cage condescends to bring it leisurely back for me.

As she opens the door to admit me, I cough over a blast of cigarette smoke. She drops a half-empty package into her pocket. "I've been waiting for minutes," I try to say firmly.

"What's the matter with the signal?" condescends the duchess as she adjusts her diadem of jeweled combs.

"Just what I wondered," I murmur. She ignores this and in a moment completely forgets me. She bursts into song. "Don't Tell Me Unless You Mean It," she croons. She does not mean to entertain me. The voice crucifies my already jangled nerves.

After about 35 years of this we
reach the first floor and she allows me to escape after some coy badinage with her chum, the starter.

The scene now shifts to the will-call department of another store, not too exclusive, where I had made a deposit and wanted to complete a purchase. A queen and her lady-in-waiting, both loudly chewing gum, exchanged reminiscences of last night. I had to hear every lurid detail before they turned their imperial glance on me. I explained my mission and asked if as a favor I might look at my purchase to be sure of the color.

The queen would not consider it. “You’ll have to pay what you owe before I can bring it out,” she decreed indifferently.

I wondered if it would take an Act of Congress for me to get one brief glance at my purchase. Finally, one of the personnel department from upstairs was summoned by a floor walker. He very tactfully suggested to Her Majesty that it might be well to let the customer eye the purchase. He had a strained look about the eyes as if the diet of hay fed to him by the new regime didn’t agree with him.

My favorite salesperson in a cosmetic department must have abdicated to a very yellow haired bit of royalty.

“We don’t have it,” this princess told me flatly.

“But I’ve bought this cream here for years,” I protested.

“We don’t have it,” she repeated coldly. “Don’t you know there’s a war on?”

“Are you just out or can’t you get it?” I persisted, peering at the drawer where the cream was always kept.

“I told you we don’t have it.” Her voice was stratospheric.

I tried new tactics. Turning myself into Gayle Carnegie I smiled ingratiatingly. “You have such beautiful hair,” I said. I hated my duplicity, but I needed the cream!

But she would not be melted, won, or influenced. She did not listen but turned the light of her royal but blank countenance on another harried buyer.

Thinking fast, I solicited the alliance of the browbeaten floor walker. Taking his life in his hands, he crawled behind the counter, opened the drawer to which I pointed, produced the cream, and slipped it to me without distracting the attention of Her Highness. I made my getaway.

Then there was the incident in a grocery store—one of the big chains
where a friend of mine has traded for years.

"She will be glad to remove them for you," the manager assured her in regard to some carrot tops.

But the countess at the checking counter turned down her request flatly. "Take them home with you," she commanded. "We have no place for them here."

With a twist of the wrist my friend removed the tops from the carrots and laid them on the counter. The girl immediately picked them up and put them back in the bag of groceries.

"Take those things out of here. We didn't ask you to come in here," said she.

At this point the manager intervened long enough to pick up the shopping bag, remove the offending carrot tops, carry the bag to the door, open it for my friend with deference, and ask her to come back again.

But royalty in slacks still dominated the checking counter.

I think the prize for exclusiveness and snobbery in this sudden aristocracy of the war goes to the wife of our colored janitor. Of Amazon proportions and straightened black hair, she has always held herself high above me, consenting on her own terms and at what a price to do my laundry. But even those days are gone. She now works in a war plant. Which is, of course, very much all right. What bothers me is that she suddenly feels too good to speak to me.

I live in hourly expectation that she will send her weekly wash over to me in a laundry bag.

And so it goes—incident after incident involving these queens-for-a-day. It isn't that I begrudge them their new independence, their new ability to have what they once only yearned for, their better wages. Heaven knows, I, too, have profited by the war in that way. And to me it is little less than pathetic—(and an indication of something deep-rooted and undesirable in our social system)—that so many Americans have had so little, that they must snatch and grab and push, once the dear unattainables are at hand.

But what does trouble me about the whole affair is this: that the new aristocracy overlooks the fact—or never knew—that courtesy and consideration are the hallmark of those to the manner born.

Wouldn't it help a little if they too remembered there's a war on? All we ask is a little more tolerance from the royalty behind the counters. It might help the customer be more democratic, too.
SPARROWS

By GEORGE F. MaGILL

Don't look now, but that Ole Bird Man is back again!

A SPARROW is a little bird that used to make his living by following the horses.

There is no future in following the put-put or the output of a Ford. And yet the sparrow thrives and his number increases. He is the "common people," the dandelion of the bird kingdom.

There are many varieties of sparrow, but the one we're talking about is the city or English sparrow. Uncle Edgar, who reads the World Almanac and knows all about such things, says the English Sparrow was imported through the efforts of Senator Peck of Wisconsin, author of the book, "Peck's Bad Boy." He had the mistaken idea that they would eat up all the mosquitoes, but the sparrow merely turned out to be Peck's bad bird.

The sparrow is a tough little cockney and when he comes on the place your wren houses will soon be for rent and your blue birds will be singing the blues. He runs off all the fine-feathered, sweet-singing gentry and takes over with his Johnny One-Note chirpings.

To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln's famous remark, the Lord must have loved the sparrows. He made so many of them. In fact, He did care for them. The Gospel according to St. Luke says, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God."

The sparrow ranks with the dove and the eagle as one of the few birds mentioned in the Bible.

The sparrow has a criminal record, too. You remember the famous trial to determine, "Who killed Cock Robin?" The sparrow confessed. "I did," said the sparrow, "with my little bow and arrow." We have always suspected, however, that the little fellow may have been framed by a poet who had to find a rhyme for bow and arrow. Poets are not above such things.

The sparrow is persistent and prolific. He builds a kind of "Tobacco Road" nest out of chicken feathers, straw, string, or what have you. He'll build it in the eaves of your house, in the rafters of a church, or wherever he takes a notion. It is said that sparrows in the rafters of a certain war plant have had more to do than company rules with getting the employees to wear their safety glasses.

One of my earliest recollections is a bunch of sparrows taking a dust bath in the middle of the road. How they could get any kick out of that procedure was a mystery, but Grandpa used to say that was the sparrow's method of delousing himself. Just throw dust in their eyes and sneak out from under them. Great system!

Sparrows seem to hold conventions. One summer they held their caucus in a row of beautiful elm trees around the town square. In the late afternoon they gathered in the tree tops, thousands of chirping little chippies, and above the traffic noise you could hear their jam session or bull session or whatever it was.

I know one thing, if you had on your new straw "katie" and were on your way to take the girl friend to the dance at Odd Fellows Hall, you better not walk under those trees, or else.

As a bomber the sparrow bows only to the pigeon—and there are more sparrows.
Let’s Hear from the Folks Back Home

This is not a V-mail plug—but something everyone should read who has a son, a husband, or a best beau of peace-time conscription age.

A COUPLE of Congressmen, Smith of Wisconsin and Taylor of New York, suggest that a poll should be taken on the question of post-war conscription, and that no such law should be put into effect until the people have had their say. They have, I think, got something there.

The Washington brass hats, seeking comfortable arm-chair jobs, are trying to force through Congress a conscription law now, while the twelve million men in service are unable to express their opinions. You and I know that the question of post-war conscription was never mentioned at the Congressional election of 1944, and therefore no Congressman can possibly know how his constituents think on the matter. This conscription is a vital question ... one which will affect the lives of every American family. Why not let the people express their opinion as a guide to congress? In this particular instance, it is quite likely that the people will vote against it if they knew what they would be letting themselves in for. The proposal has the concrete opposition of church, labor, farm and educational groups. It is favored only by the Wall Street generals who apparently want to perpetuate their power at any cost. I am well aware that some of our combat generals have gone on record as favoring the plan ... but it is no secret that no general, no matter how high his rank or position, dare express an opinion opposed to those of the Washington clique.

Most people think of conscription as a simple plan for training boys and helping to make them more physically fit. Nonsense! First of all, it is not a one year training program, but two or three, that the brass hats want, and they are interested in nothing but the strong and physically fit young men who would make the best cannon fodder. It follows conclusively that every man who has been in service in this war must be utilized, either as instructors, or as backbone around which to build a training unit ... perhaps to come up for training every year, no matter what the effect on his home, job, or career. It would mean a probable three years as a conscript for every physically fit man.

In view of the monumental waste of the War Department and its frequent inefficiency, surely the American people will not want to place themselves under the dictatorship of this bureaucracy forever. That cou-
rageous one-man investigating committee, Representative Engel of Michigan, has protested time and time again against the waste of money on various War Department projects... approved by the War Department but not by Congress... and on which vast amounts of money have been "sub-legally" diverted to certain cooperative individuals.

A Congressional committee stated that the shortage of ammunition on the western front near the end of the European war was not due to labor or production trouble in this country, but to the negligence of the army purchasing agents who got muddled up and sent bombs to planes which could not use them while guns did not have enough shells. Then there is the way in which the army commanders gave every possible contract to big business until Congress stopped them. Of course, a large conscript army would be a bonanza for big business in the post-war days; they would get the profitable job of supplying food, clothing, housing, and everything else a constantly shifting army would require.

The brass hats are anti-labor. Numerous times they have made statements indicating that factory workers were responsible for some shortage... when it was finally proved the fault of their own incompetent planning. And the presence of a standing conscript army can easily be imagined as a handy and cheap weapon to break strikes. They are already planning how they can use veterans to break unions by permitting business to employ them at lower wages—in place of older union men with families.

The argument that a conscript army will protect us against aggression is stupid beyond belief. France had a huge conscript army... it did not protect her. Furthermore, the scientific advances in warfare will come so rapidly in the future that any type of training will be out of date almost as soon as given. In many cases, between the time our boys leave training camp, and their arrival at a combat zone, they must completely reorganize their methods of fighting.

On the other hand, a conscript army could be used as an offensive
weapon, just as it was used by Germany, Italy, and Japan. Obviously there are two reasons for retaining an army and educating the civilian to war: either to protect against war or to wage war. In spite of the ugly sound of the latter, there are those to whom waging war is profitable, therefore desirable. They are the ones who might obtain high rank, get fat contracts. To them it would be a delightful war; but it would not be a delightful war to those of the rank and file—who sweat and fight and die.

And again—whom would we wage war against? Do the war-wanters intend to fight the smaller nations, none of which has an army of any size? Obviously not. Great Britain? It hardly seems likely. Russia? Well, there are those who would see two great peace-loving nations rise against each other.

We do need a powerful navy and air force for protection, for the time being at least. But the best possible protection for all is the world charter, properly accepted and endorsed... an instrument representing the hopes of the peoples of the world—that never again shall they loosen their guard and allow themselves to be governed by tyrants, civilian or military or any other kind—never again shall war be forced upon them.

We will need an army, but as that grand old man Josephus Daniels said, let that be a democratic army... an American army... an army well paid and well fed... a voluntary army made up of smart young men who want the training that the army will give them so they can go out and get a better job. Or if they want to remain permanently, they may have an opportunity of becoming officers. Let every officer be selected from the ranks, with such places as West Point used for their training only.

Then watch the enthusiasm of the brass hats dwindle and die! A democratic army for the defense of democracy is the last thing they want. It is, however, the first thing that the American people want.

Before any conscript law is passed, let the American people have their say—including the men in the serv-
Standing in the concentration camps and hospitals.

Speaking of hospitals, do you remember "The Breakers," that wonderful luxury hotel in Florida? It was converted into a hospital at a cost of a million dollars of your tax payments, and filled with badly wounded and shell shocked soldiers so they might have a chance to get well in Florida sunshine. But rooms in that hotel usually rent at from thirty to fifty dollars a day, so real estate and other interests involved put on the pressure, and it wasn't long before the army ordered these suffering American heroes taken out of that hotel and sent to other hospitals in the north...away from the healing sun. The hotel was given back to private interests, and is now welcoming the profiteers who can afford the tariff. Even the permanent residents of Florida protested but to no avail.

Those who allowed such incidents—those who batten on the miseries of war to make money—are the men who want to conscript your sons when this war is over. To their tender care would be entrusted the welfare of American boys taken away from their homes and schools to be converted into grist for another conflict...and this right at the moment when the peace loving peoples of our world have united to form an international organization to prevent fascism and militarism from ever again making an attempt at world domination.

There must be force behind that world organization, but let that force be provided not by conscripts ruled over by despots who fear democracy, but by free men, volunteers from all the free nations of the world, ready to fight as free men only if the forces of aggression should ever again raise their heads...not to fight each other to make profits for the merchants of death.

UNIFORMITIES

The WAVE: I don't mind your making love to me, but couldn't you be a little more subtle?
The Wolf (in ship's clothing): Subtle! On a six-hour pass?
—from Kansas City Kornettes.

The stable sergeant told a recruit to bridle a horse. Later he came along and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head.
"What are you waiting for?" the sergeant yelled.
Answered the recruit, "Waiting for him to yawn!"
—from Good Business.

"Where have you been all morning?" the sergeant snapped.
"Filling the salt shakers, sarge, like you told me to."
"All this time?"
"Sure! It ain't easy—pourin' the salt through all those little holes!"
“Not Alone a Plot of Ghetto Ground”

A reply to Zionism by an Anti-Zionist—who believes that Jews are nationals of the countries in which they live—and not a homeless people.

By ELMER BERGER

I AM an anti-Zionist. That is to say, I am an anti-Jewish-nationalist. There are a number of inaccuracies and inadequacies in Mr. Stanley Dixon's article, “Land of Promise,” published in the July issue of “Swing.” One of the inadequacies was his failure to note that among the opponents of Zionism is a significant and growing number of Americans of the Jewish faith. There are also a significant number of Americans of Christian faith opposed to Zionism.

These people, anti-Jewish-nationalists, oppose Zionism out of the deep conviction that the designation “Jew” is religious and only religious in meaning. They believe that Jews are nationals of the countries in which they live; Americans, Britons, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Czechs. These are the nationalities of these people. Their religion is Judaism and they are Jews by virtue of that religion and for no other reason.

Believing that, these people, Jews and Christians, oppose Zionism. For Zionism is Jewish nationalism. Here again, Mr. Dixon’s article was inadequate. Mr. Justice Brandeis's statement which Mr. Dixon quoted is not Zionism. Brandeis quarreled violently with Zionist party-line ideologists—and Brandeis lost. The official platform of Zionism was laid down in the first Zionist Congress of 1897, to which Mr. Dixon referred. It declared “the purpose of Zionism is to establish a publicly guaranteed, legally-assured home for the Jewish people, in Palestine.” It declared further that to realize this purpose Zionism was “to strengthen and foster Jewish national sentiment and consciousness.” These purposes, contained in the so-called Basle Program, are still the purposes of Zionism.

Today, they take the specific political form of the Biltmore Platform, formulated at the Biltmore Hotel, New York, in May of 1942, at the most representative convention of American Zionists ever assembled. The Biltmore Platform called for control of Palestinian immigration to be vested exclusively in the Jewish Agency for Palestine. (This sovereign right was demanded despite the fact that Jews constitute only one-third of Palestine’s population). The Biltmore Platform further required, that self-government in Palestine be postponed until by such exclusive control of immigration, Jews in Palestine shall achieve a majority. Recently, the Jewish Agency for Palestine went beyond even this artificial procedure of establishing a Jewish majority by demanding of Great Britain that Palestine be declared a Jewish Commonwealth now, despite the fact that Jews still constitute only about one-third of the population.
Because many Jews and Christians oppose such undemocratic and exclusionary procedures, any place in the world, they oppose Zionism and offer in place of the Jewish Commonwealth formula a program that would make of Palestine a democratic commonwealth in which Jews would be Palestinian citizens of the Jewish faith and share the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship with their fellow Palestinian nationals, of whatever creed or race.

But there is more than this dissent from immediate Zionist procedures to the opposition of many Jews and Christians to the movement. Zionism seeks "to strengthen and foster Jewish national sentiment and consciousness" among all Jews, everywhere and among Christians, in their opinion of, and relation to, Jews. In the words of a more modern disciple of the movement it looks upon all Jews as members of a "world-wide Jewish people which sees in the Jewish Commonwealth its highest political aspirations."

Many Jews and Christians believe this to be deleterious to Jews and to the societies in which most men and women of Jewish faith live and hope to continue to live. For if Jewish nationalism succeeds, it will tend to fragmentize the world and to make of Jews, blocs in the many countries of the world. If a Jewish people, as such a political entity, should exist and its "homeland" should be considered to be Palestine and upon the basis of that association of "people" and "homeland" special political rights be accorded this "people" there, it follows by all the logic of history and events that this same "people" will have less than equality elsewhere. No man can be a member of two nationalities, maintaining organic, political relationship with both. No man can have two "homelands" in the modern order of things. Jews are not members of a "homeless" people. The Jews of the world cannot have special, national rights in Palestine and equal national rights in the countries in which they live. And the Jews of Palestine, as Jews, presently have no democratic right for such control of

**Elmer Berger** is Executive Director of the American Council for Judaism. Graduated from the University of Cincinnati, 1930, B. A., Phi Beta Kappa. Ordained, Rabbi, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1932. He served as Rabbi of the Reform Congregations in Pontiac and Flint, Michigan, from 1932 to 1943, when he was asked to assume the responsibilities of his present position. As Executive Director of the Council, he has written and lectured extensively on the subject with which this article is concerned. He is the author of a book to be published this month, "The Jewish Dilemma."

Rabbi Berger was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and educated in the public schools of that city. The American Council for Judaism evolved out of an experiment which he conducted with a small group in Flint. In 1942 he described his activities with this group to a group of Reform Rabbis meeting in Atlantic City to consider a program of action to counteract the unchallenged program of Jewish nationalism. Out of this meeting, the American Council for Judaism was born and is now a national organization of same 8,000 members, headed by Lessing J. Rosenwald of Philadelphia. Headquarters—1001 Keystone State Building, 1321 Arch Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.
the country as is being advocated by Zionists in public forums. Yet Zionism uses the Jews of the world as a lever to pry concessions for Jewish national rights in Palestine from the powers that be. To do this, they strive to create the illusion of a Jewish nationality. They utilize the conventional devices of “Jewish” flags, “Jewish” national anthems, “Jewish” congresses and an incessant stream of propaganda for “Jewish” representation at international conferences of sovereign states, such as the San Francisco Conference. They hold forums, in the name of a “Jewish” people in such vital public opinion forming centers as the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Resolutions Committees of the major American political parties. All this is Zionism and Mr. Dixon’s failure to mention it is an inadequacy. Yet it must be apparent to Mr. Dixon that no “Jewish” commonwealth can be established on the basis of the present population of Palestinian Jews. A “Jewish” Nationality must be created, sustained, energized politically to justify, as its logical political aspiration, a “Jewish” homeland or national state or commonwealth. The result cannot be obtained without the reason. Zionists who understand their movement know this. They consciously wage a propaganda campaign to achieve this double purpose of creating a “Jewish” nationality and a “homeland” for it, in the form of a “Jewish” commonwealth guaranteed politically to a “Jewish” people.

Others, who are not familiar with this total picture of Zionism may be well meaning in their endorsement of the program. But they are frequently unaware of the full import of the position they take.

What effect Jewish nationalism has upon the lives of the very human beings these well-meaning people wish to help may be illustrated in one or two recent incidents. One example occurred in Australia a few months ago. The Australian government rejected a program that sought to establish a solidified Jewish colony in the Kimberley region of the continent. The rejection was accompanied with the observation that the government had no intention of creating a minority problem where none existed. It also added that Jews would be welcome under a “normal” program of immigration. This could only mean that Jews would be welcome as individuals of the Jewish faith but would not be welcomed as members of a separate, national group. The latter pattern is fostered and strengthened by Zionism.

Another example occurred more recently in Czechoslovakia. Hubert Ripka, minister of state, recently declared “that Zionists will naturally have, as in the past, the possibility of leaving for Palestine and that Czechoslovak official authorities will, with friendly understanding, help toward the accomplishment of their plan, the goal of which is to organize the emigration of Zionists, living in Czechoslovakia, to their national state.”

It becomes clear therefore, that Mr. Dixon’s well-intentioned support needs further examination, for Zionism is something more than the inadequate representation of it which Mr.
Brandeis defended in a losing fight in 1921.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Dixon, like a great many other well-meaning people is in the wrong camp. For he ends his article with a plea to which I, as an anti-Zionist might subscribe. He wishes Palestine to be open for "all Jews who wish to go there . . . so that it may eventually become a democratic commonwealth . . ."

I do not believe the second wish is conditioned by the first. Nor do I believe that Mr. Dixon, as a radio commentator, has used very explicit language stating his first wish. For no country, anywhere, has unrestricted immigration and it is inconceivable that so small a country as Palestine should be able economically, sociologically and politically to sustain unrestricted immigration. Nor do I believe that Mr. Dixon meant that the future immigrants to Palestine should be exclusively Jews. If I have not taken liberty with his closing statement he may mean therefore that within the economic and political capacity of Palestine to absorb immigrants, Jews should be free to take advantage of such immigration opportunities. They should certainly not be discriminated against, as Jews, as in the present White Paper. And when, in the opinion of any impartial commission of the future United Nations organization, the present population of Palestine and its future immigrants are ready for self-government, it should be granted.

For Palestine is a part of this "one world" and its citizens' religion should not be a matter of qualification for, or in, its type of government. The era of the alliance of Church and state is ended. To speak of Palestine or any other country's government, in terms of "Jewish" or "Moslem," using those qualifications as political yardsticks or designations, is archaic. Anti-Zionists oppose Zionism because it would revive that anachronism.

Finally, anti-Jewish nationalists, both Jews and Christians, oppose Zionism because over and above the political formula for Palestine they believe they have a better program for men and women of Jewish faith, most of whom live now and will continue to live as nationals of the countries in which they live, outside of Palestine.

Anti-Jewish nationalists believe in a program of integration for Jews. That is to say they seek to encourage Jews to integrate their lives completely into the societies in which they live, enjoying by virtue of freedom of religion, whatever difference their consciences elect in their faith. Instead of "strengthening and fostering Jewish national sentiment and consciousness" anti-Zionist Jews seek to strengthen the Jew's sense of belonging and security and "at homeness" in the country in which he lives.

And to do this, we anti-Zionists of both Jewish and Christian faiths need the help and fellowship of all liberal men who see in the history of
the last decade the dangers inherent in a fragmentized, Balkanized society. We need the help of the Mr. Dixons, in creating the kind of society here and, through America’s leadership, elsewhere, in which all decent men and women really live with dignity upon a basis of equality, regardless of creed or race. We need the help of the Mr. Dixons to make sure that the military victory we have won in Europe and will inevitably win in Asia, will be implemented by the kind of a world we have said we were fighting for. To promise a “Jewish” Commonwealth on the belief that that world cannot or will not be is a mockery of those who will not return from the beaches of Anzio and Normandy and Tarawa and Iwo Jima.

Anti-Zionists have faith that that mockery will not be. For the first time in history, anti-Zionists of the Jewish faith have organized their hopes. Through the two and a half year old American Council for Judaism, they have said in the spirit of that better world, “For our fellow Jews we ask only this: Equality of rights and obligations with their fellow-nationals,” so that our co-religionists may be “free to walk the entire earth—not alone a single plot of ghetto ground—with the full dignity befitting men.” By that faith we anti-Zionists abide. We invite men of good will to join us in that faith.

Marriage—

ITS PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION

By John J. Anthony

(Mutual Network's famous "Mr. Anthony")

The reasons for marital unhappiness fall into two general classifications: These are (1) physical incompatibility and (2) lack of economic sustenance. Of course, these two great classifications can be broken down into countless sub-divisions; but to avoid confusion we’ll confine ourselves to the two.

From experience, I have found that every marriage goes through four progressive stages:

(1) First, there is the fine, ecstatic flush of mutual passion. During and after courtship, both persons are usually tremendously in love with each other. But the great reason for it is personal magnetism, based upon physi-
The desire. The first stage generally wears off—in some instances soon; in others, later. But it inevitably fades, and then follows the

(2) Period of Adjustment, so vital to every union. For every marriage fundamentally is the endeavor to blend two unlike personalities into one. Should this period of adjustment be a successful one, the marriage progresses into the stage of

(3) Companionship, understanding and tolerance. This is probably the most important step in the course of any marriage. The Fourth and final stage is reached when this companionship and tolerance have been welded into a harmonious medley of understanding. Then the husband and wife reach the level that I choose to call

(4) Ideal Marriage—the mature stage of matrimony, in which love, passion, and true friendship are so completely merged as to defy any line of demarcation.

Unfortunately, the romantic illusions fostered by popular belief do not prepare the average husband and wife for such a course of events. Many of them actually expect the first flush of love to last indefinitely. But human nature makes that impossible. And there you have one great reason for divorce.

I have often been asked, “What are the most important ingredients for a happy, successful marriage?” To this, of course, I can only answer in generalities:

First, physical compatibility. That is most important.

Next in importance I would place the ability and the desire to compromise.

Money is only third in importance. However, I will say that much unhappiness results when a wife demands too much of her husband’s earning capacity. A wife should not try to act as a spur to her husband—an inspiration, yes; but never a goad.

Fourth, I would say that it is vital that both husband and wife make a conscious effort to study marriage and find out exactly what makes it click. For marriage is a concrete art—it must be learned.

Fifth, similar likes and dislikes and similar emotional reactions to these likes and dislikes.

Sixth, the ability to completely sever oneself from the mother or father fixation.

Seventh, physical fitness—the desire and “right” to raise a family.

Eighth, close scrutiny of social background and environment.

Ninth, tolerance in every possible direction, especially insofar as one’s
religious and political beliefs are concerned.

Tenth, age is also an important consideration. Few happy marriages are consummated between two people whose age difference is great.

Far too many people consider marriage merely a biological necessity. While it is true that the fundamental reason for marriage should be the desire to be with one's loved one and to satisfy the mating instinct and for the purpose of procreation, yet we definitely know that marriage is far more deeply rooted. The marital institution should not be entered into for the above reason alone, but also from the standpoint of maintaining our civilized concepts of monogamy. Marriage also should be considered from the point of view of social intercourse—of maintaining with one's fellow-man the legitimate right to be part and parcel of our society.

The issue of any marriage is not to be looked upon simply as one's independent property, to be treated as one's desires may dictate. Rather, these children should become part and parcel of our social system and be raised to take their rightful place in the further development of a good society. Bringing children into this world places upon one the obligation and responsibility of making these children not only good citizens but healthy men and women. The complete development of marriage as a structural unit so necessary for the furtherance of any community should be looked upon as the ultimate goal of every normal individual.

For this reason I have always recommended pre-marital education, and here are the points which I believe should be included in any course on marriage:

1. The present-day concept of marriage on a democratic basis in which the husband is the head of the family rather than its lord and master; and in which the wife has a definitely important function as a component part of the unit instead of a subservient role, as in the formerly practiced autocratic ideal.

2. Marriage and home-making as social responsibilities as well as personal gratification.

3. Adjustments of home life to the needs, interests, and character growth of each member of the family.

4. Present-day problems of divorce, separation, and unhappy homes.

5. The new status of women.

6. Present trend in morals.

7. The relations of the family to other institutions of society.

8. The guidance of youth.

9. The use of community helps for educational opportunities.

10. Study of the relationship of sex compatibility and personality.

11. Study of home economics in relation to our economic system.
1. PALMS FOR THE PRESIDENT... It's the first homecoming for the first president from the state of Missouri. The time is late June; the place, the Auditorium—huge domed citadel of the Latter Day Saints, who headquarter in Independence, Missouri, the President's home. Harry S. Truman stands before old friends and new in a new role—a role which becomes him because he wears it simply... Behind him, Mrs. Truman, Margaret, and Mrs. Roger T. Sermon.

2. OUT OF THE BLUE... President Truman arrives at Fairfax Airport in Kansas City, Kansas. With him, his daughter Margaret, and of course, a bodyguard. From Fairfax the President and his party drove in open cars through the streets of downtown Kansas City and into neighboring Independence.

3. A PLAIN HOUSE... for a "plain man of the people." Both of them began in the 1880's. Now in 1945 the man is President; his home, the Summer White House. It's a 12-room affair at 219 North Delaware Avenue in Independence.

4. HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!... Used to be, Harry Truman could walk down the street, into Mayor Sermon's grocery store, in and out of friends' houses—and say hello to them one at a time. Now he has to say hello in the aggregate, to the thousands who flock to the Auditorium for his initial appearance before them as Chief Executive of the land. Said he simply, "Time and again I have tried to fill this great auditorium, and this is the first time I have ever succeeded!"

5. BEHIND SCENES... WHB's Chief Engineer, Henry Goldenberg, and Chief Announcer, Bob Dean, keep the program moving smoothly out over the air to the many listeners who were not among those present.

6. FRIENDS OLD AND NEW... Mayor Roger T. Sermon of Independence, with Mutual News Analyst Bill Hillman of Washington, who won the toss to become Radio Pool representative for the Truman trip home and to the West.

7. MEMBERSHIP DE LUXE... Gold certificate of membership presented to the President by the Independence Chamber of Commerce.

8. MAYOR SERMON GIVES A PARTY... entertains his old friend and mutual friends at dinner. Mr. Truman is almost lost in the glare at the far end of the table.

9. STAR TIME... President Truman pins a gold star on the shoulder of his military aide, Harry Vaughn—from that time on, Lieutenant-General. It seems to be very much all right with everybody concerned.

(Continued, Page 41)
10-14. UNIVERSITY WELCOME . . . The University of Kansas City feted the President with a full afternoon and evening of speeches, entertainment and honors. On the green and beautiful University campus, honored guests and faculty lunch al fresco while spectators hover just a secret service man away . . . The President is adorned with a lei of flowers presented by one of the younger participants in the afternoon's pageantry. Clarence R. Decker, young president of the University, smiles approval from before the speakers' stand. . . . Harry Truman talks informally and genially to the hundreds gathered on the campus . . . speaks of his early days in these parts; how his formal education was interrupted by the press of affairs; how he managed two years of law school somewhere along the line in a busy career as soldier (artillery captain, World War I; fought at St. Mihiel and the Argonne); farmer (once owned several hundred acres of Missouri land); retailer (the haberdashery will go down in the annals); and politician (Judge of County Court).

15. ACRES OF FRIENDS . . . In the arena of Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium, more crowds gather for the conferring of the degree, Honorary Doctor of Laws, upon President Truman.

16. INTERESTED ONLOOKERS . . . The First Lady and her daughter Margaret, behind orchids and in front of Lt.-Gen. Harry Vaughn. The grim face in the background belongs to another secret service man.

17. "BY AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME" . . . From president to President—both in mortar board and bishop sleeves. Clarence R. Decker bestows upon Mr. Truman the highest honor the University can give. Now it's Harry S. Truman, LL. D.

18. FLAG DAY . . . for yet another great day in the life of our newest President. . . . The platform with banners, Municipal Auditorium, June 21, 1945.

19. THE PRESIDENT AS A WHB-MBS LISTENER . . . Even a President has to relax once in awhile. In the home of Mayor Sermon of Independence, Harry Truman listens to WHB's broadcast emanating from the next room and going out over the Mutual Network. . . . At 61 the President is still trim, sound, and in the pink, with what his New York tailor calls a beautiful figure. He has an easy middle-western charm; he does not "offend with superiority." And he's a showman of a rather rare and wonderful sort—showman enough to know that to be as brilliant as the brilliance that has gone before, he must not try to eclipse—only to emulate—and therefore to achieve the same thing in his own way. . . . Another long involved day is ending. The President will sleep in his own house tonight, breakfast tomorrow on fruit, toast, and a glass of milk, and take up again the duties of "the new pilot (who) was hurried to the helm in a tornado." Home was Independence . . . now it is the United States of America.

Photographs, courtesy of Foto Service, Kansas City, Missouri.
DID you ever talk back to your radio? Did you ever stand in the middle of your living room and shake a furious fist at its loud speaker and fervently wish it were a face instead of a voice? There are people who do more than that. They rush to write a letter with a punch in it.

Were you ever so sick with loneliness that you had to talk to someone or go out of your mind? Do you like certain voices on the air and detest others for little or no reason? Do you firmly believe that newscasters are biased and paint a distorted picture of world events? My morning mail can testify to the fact that there are many who sit at their desks to write with plenty of vim and vigor for any of these reasons.

These writers of the daily fan mail are real people. One of them may be your neighbor next door, or the fellow who works next to you, or perchance you yourself have on occasions enjoyed having your say at the cost of only a postage stamp. It can be good fun.

It is a surprising fact that many people hear only what they want to hear. Scientists tell us that the human eye has a blind spot which is insensitive to light. A glance at the mail caused by a single broadcast when the news is "hot," would convince any scientist that our dislikes can create a deaf spot in the human ear. But that very human trait is what makes the morning mail a gateway to surprise and usually a pleasure to answer.

When loved ones are away fighting for their lives and ours, the news of the day hits home as it never did before. Nerves are tense. Temper is apt to flame quickly with little or no cause. And when you think your news broadcaster is taking sides and against your own private beliefs, what is more satisfying than to let him know about it?

I know the great news-gathering agencies are doing a difficult wartime job, and I believe they have been successful beyond expectation. Radio newscasts, when they are read just as they come from the newswire, have been carefully prepared and edited to present events in as factual a way as it is humanly possible to report anything. Strict censorship, for reasons of security, may keep certain items from the news report. The straight news reports on the air are not altered or slanted by any governmental or private interest. This is also true of all news broadcasts, except those giving the personal opinion or comment.
of the individual broadcaster. Yet listeners can and do supply the brush and paint pot of their own pet peeves. How else can you explain the fact that these two letters were received following the broadcast of one particular item.

"Dear Mr. Singiser:

"You called the greatest man of this age a Dictator. This is irritatingly false. Every intelligent person knows it. And you call yourself an Educator. I say Glory to Josef Stalin . . . ."

"Frank Singhyser:

"When you bark like a dog to a full moon through the radio, you are not barking at Jews only. The real Christians are not listening to your dreaming news, and these real Americans will not fight for Stalin and Churchill, and your dirty lies can't persuade us . . . ."

There are many listeners who are sure that the newscaster is pro-this or pro-that, but definitely not pro-whatever the listener is. Newscasters are truly all things to all people, I guess.

"Mr. F. Zinghiser:

"Our paper stated that 50,000 Germans were slayed but I didn't hear you even mention it on your report. What's the matter? Do you feel sorry for them? . . . We don't want to listen to the aides of Germany. . . . You dirty Hitler spy. . . ."

That letter was received some months ago. But in the same week's mail, this also was charged against me:

"Dear Sir:

"If your sponsor forbids you to report Russian victories they can keep their product. I notice an under-current in broadcasts that soft-pedals Russian news. We Americans want and expect the news . . . . The Nazis always seem to get their share of publicity . . . ."

The news of Mr. Churchill's first visit to Washington brought forth these two reactions:

". . . How long do we have to put up with your anti-British propaganda; it is getting sickening . . . ."

"Sir:

"Or should I say, My Lord and recognize your leanings. Why don't you try just once to give impartial news in your broadcasts? People generally agree with me that your reports are biased always in favor of Britain, boasting here, boasting there; bragging here, bragging there. I am sick of it all . . . ."

Of course, many letters are just warm expressions of appreciation and interest from friendly people. These letters are always nice to read. Occasionally a letter from one of the unseen audience marks the beginning of an acquaintanceship or even a lifelong friendship.

I will never forget one such incident. During the American invasion of Italy, I mentioned on the air the name of one of our young Army officers. He had been credited with stopping the Nazi tanks that counter-attacked our first landing on the
beach at Salerno. The mother of that young officer wrote me to ask for a copy of my broadcast to add to her collection of souvenirs. I noted from her letter that she lived not far from the broadcasting studio. I called her by telephone, and gave her a "private broadcast" over the phone, reading to her again the dispatch describing her son's heroism. I told her I would be glad to send her the broadcast copy she had requested. This officer's mother begged me to tell her what one thing she might do to show her appreciation.

I had promised to appear that week at a War Bond Rally in a large Times Square theatre. I asked her if she would like to accompany me and allow me to introduce her to the audience. "I would be honored, Mr. Singiser, and will certainly be there if it will sell one more bond and bring back our sons one day sooner," was her reply. Not only did she attend the rally with me, but on the stage she bought a bond herself. That night fan-letter writer sold bonds running into five figures to a cheering audience, who saw in her the mother of every boy in uniform. And she thanked me for answering her letter!

A newscaster's fan mail is not all a bouquet of roses. But it's always a thrill to happen upon an orchid among the brickbats.

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

Know your Bible as great literature, as well as the source of comfort and guidance. This month's suggested readings include the wisdams of Job...the incomparable poetry of Ecclesiastes...the beautiful affirmation of the story of Ruth...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>August 44</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>1—Job 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>2—Job 16, 17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>3—Job 18:1-19:22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>4—Job 19:23-20:29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>5—Job 21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>6—Job 22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>7—Job 23, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>8—Job 25, 26, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>9—Job 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>10—Job 29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>11—Job 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>12—Job 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>13—Job 32:1-33:7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>14—Job 33:8-33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>15—Job 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>16—Job 35:1-36:16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Fri., August 17—Job 36:17-37:24
Sat., August 18—Job 38
Sun., August 19—Job 39
Mon., August 20—Job 40, 41
Tues., August 21—Job 42
Wed., August 22—Ecclesiastes 1, 2
Thurs., August 23—Ecclesiastes 3, 4
Fri., August 24—Ecclesiastes 5, 6
Sat., August 25—Ecclesiastes 7
Sun., August 26—Ecclesiastes 8, 9
Mon., August 27—Ecclesiastes 10
Tues., August 28—Ecclesiastes 11, 12
Wed., August 29—Ruth 1
Thurs., August 30—Ruth 2
Fri., August 31—Ruth 3, 4

EXPLANATION

On pages 44 to 47, inclusive, of the April 1945 issue of SWING appears an article entitled "Applying the Golden Rule to Courtship" under the name of Helen Gregg Green as author. The footnotes to that article were inserted by the editor and published without the knowledge and consent of the author, and if any injury or damage arose therefrom it is sincerely regretted.
The Joint That Jumped

Perhaps you remember the old cafes where Kansas City jazz had a great, if dingy, day. WHB’s authority on the jazz art gives you the sound-picture of Twelfth Street in its hey-hey-day.

by JAMES B. GANTT

WHEN Kansas City jazz was flourishing along Twelfth Street in the early thirties there were two fountainheads of influence.

At Twelfth and Cherry, in what is now a cobbler’s shop, the style was set by the way Mister Basic thought music should be played; a very fine way indeed and one destined to become nationally famous. From Sol’s Reno Club the world learned much about the production of jazz and all along east Twelfth the lesson was not lost. Powerful drive was the earmark of the era. From 7 p.m. till daylight, the surging rhythm set the pace for Kansas City’s night life. The myriad joints bounced widely to the four-four beat while Mister Basic made himself a name.

But west on Twelfth there was another spot from which an entirely different style was emanating. A style not dominated by one personality but created by the separate yearnings of the several individuals involved.

Unlike the always-crowded Reno Club, the place was not one to court the carriage trade and yet it remains in memory as one of the most interesting of the upholstered sewers that Twelfth Street sported.

We’ll call the place “Lamb’s Cafe.” The hot beat was encouraged here; and ten years before boogie woogie had caught the public fancy, much of the native product was splattered off the walls.

The public never ventured into its dim myopic fog. The small space was peopled entirely with musicians, white and colored, and various denizens of the Twelfth and Broadway locale for whom social consciousness had not yet arrived. Those gentry who did not blow a horn but merely mingled in the murk perhaps often wondered about the frantic purveyance of noise which continued well into the dawn’s oily light. To them it made no sense—the fine, dreamy wanderings of Earl Darrow’s trombone, the raucous, pell-mell bellowing of Emmet Adam’s fusty tenor sax—adorned with cellophone, chewing gum, hairpins and sheet rubber in lieu of a major overhaul—the embouchuric strife of Len Denby’s dented cornet presided over by his one good eye (a kind of Cyclopian cacaphony); and the quietly chaotic keyboard acrobatics of Bill Chowning.
It shouldn’t be said that the place was rough; neither was it benign. If one would listen uninterrupted to good jazz, he sat with his back judiciously placed next to the wall. In this way he could save his skull from being creased with a flying beer bottle.

In the west wall, toward the back, was a door with a dingy staircase ascending to nowhere. No one was ever seen to come down or go up. Many were curious about what was at the top but no one felt hardy enough to venture a trip. The rats cavorted undisturbed and untrodden.

The “Men’s Lounge” was a symphony in miasmic putrescence. This perhaps accounted for many trips to the alley back of the place. Even the sodden bums who came in out of the winter to nurse a nickel beer preferred relief in the bitter cold of a January dawn to spending a moment in that odious cell.

The piano was of an early vintage. So many fingernails had scratched the front board that the maker’s name had long been obliterated. The keys were of naked ivory. A tuner hadn’t touched the pegs for uncounted years. One end of the keyboard was charred to rocklike hardness from countless cigarette butts. Two .38 caliber bullet holes stared at the gloom from the sounding board, about head-high as the player sat. Some unnamed hero had ducked just in time, perhaps going on to become a high school band teacher. The sustaining pedal, once a noble shiny steel casting, was worn to a thin rusty sliver. It was never used anyway. The instrument possessed an inherent sostenuto—courtesy of a herd of moths which had feasted on the felt dampers.

It is difficult to explain why such a strange atmosphere would foster long remembered jam sessions. Pure, unbridled, uninhibited jazz is an escape mechanism for the benighted musician. He might have felt that the surroundings represented the acme of his frustration, the core of his yearning. He wanted his escape to be complete and far distant. From such a taking off place he knew that any
higher level, however momentarily obtained, would quench his hunger for the real beat.

In later years "Lamb's" was flushed down the drain of a civic improvement program. A parking lot now adorns the spot where her walls once stood—walls past the saturation point in absorption of high flown jazz and contrapuntal depravity.

The passer-by in present days, strolling in the wee hours, may if he listens with the ear attuned to dim echoes, hear again a kind of jazz not now available on Twelfth Street nor yet on recordings.

The recording studios fail to provide anything remotely resembling the air, the clientele, the liquid refreshment or the decor of the old Cafe. Here lived and died the great fountainhead of the Kansas City white style of jazz.

From "Down Beat," the musician's magazine, June 15: "Local radio shot by Jim Gantt on WHB marks the most impressive jazz series yet aired in Kaysee. Nightly strip at seven features Gantt's informative scripts and excellent record selection, while two-hour Saturday afternoon session really comes on with top jazz crews, from his own collection and from station's 'Jam Session' library." (7:15-7:30 p. m., Monday through Saturday; 2:30-4:30 Saturday p. m.—over WHB.)

**FUNNY MONEY**

By DOROTHY SARA

They say money talks. But do you speak the language of these bills and coins? They are from countries all over the world, and if you had to change your United States currency into any of these strange monies, how would you match them up with their proper countries? If you get ten correct, your score is good. If you get less, better carry travelers' checks—or turn to page 72 for the answers.

1. sucre
2. tael
3. rupee
4. bolivar
5. libra
6. shilling
7. lira
8. lev
9. cordoba
10. dinar
11. drachma
12. guilder
13. kopeck
14. zloty
15. balboa

A. England
B. Italy
C. China
D. Poland
E. Netherlands
F. Russia
G. Peru
H. India
I. Yugoslavia
J. Venezuela
K. Ecuador
L. Greece
M. Panama
N. Nicaragua
O. Bulgaria
MIRACLE METAL

By GERTRUDE DORO

HARDLY a day passes without some stirring scientific discovery in the medical world. At this time, it is the rare metal tantalum which is working miracles in the bodies of wounded men and sending them back to the fighting lines well and fit again.

Before the war this metal was used as filament for electric light bulbs. And while the medical profession had done some research in its possible uses, its miraculous aid in surgery and the treatment of wounded men was not fully developed until recently.

Surgeons had looked in vain for a metal which the body chemicals would not effect, which caused no irritation of the tissues nor had any other unfavorable reaction. In tantalum they have the answer to the problem, and are amazed by its other valuable uses as well. Tantalum bolts and screws to join broken bones. Tantalum wire, so fine the normal eye can hardly see it, to tie together nerves shattered by shellfire. Tantalum plates substituting for smashed skulls.

The procedure required to fill in a bullet hole in the skull of a patient reads like a story. The margin of the hole in the bone is exposed by turning down the scalp overlying the defect. A pattern of the defect is then made of X-ray film as it is pliable and easily cut. After the exact size is ascertained, the film is placed upon a thin sheet of tantalum and the tantalum is cut around the margins.

Next it is shaped to conform to the curvature of the patient's skull, and is then fitted into the defect to replace the bone which has been lost. It is wired with tantalum wire, the scalp is placed back over the tantalum plate and sewed in place. There will be only a slight scar and the patient is soon able to resume a normal life.

Before this metal came into use, strips of rib and hip bone were used to replace parts of a skull shot away, but it has been found that tantalum is in many ways far superior for this purpose. It is a very hard metal and bone will grow to it. Another important factor in its favor is that it shows up clearly in X-ray pictures.

In spite of the fact that production has been stepped up, tantalum is expensive—around $65 a pound. At the present time the Army and Navy have the monopoly on the available supply. It is obtained from mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota and is processed from tantalite ore.

Tantalum is a most significant development in the field of neurosurgery. Where operations on the brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves are performed it is indeed a wonder metal. It saves lives and gives hope to wounded men who might otherwise be cripples and misfits throughout the remainder of their lives. A miracle metal, bringing hope for today, promise of a brighter tomorrow!
The Champion Columnist

A Glimpse of brilliant, half-forgotten Lafcadio Hearn

By "MOUSE" STRAIGHT

Today's newspaper columnists are the aristocrats of the Written Word. Never before in history has it been so falling-off-a-log easy for anyone to turn out copy. With their keyholes, inside tips, legmen and research staffs... with their chromed Dictaphones or their guilt-edged blonde secretaries, the Wincells, Pearsons, Peglers and Hoppers are veritable Willow Runs for Writing.

Yet again and again, into their daily stints of 500 to 1,000 words, there creeps a plaintive bleat against the inexorable obligation to turn out one column every day...

The sissies!

Far back in primitive 1878, a spiritual ancestor—equipped only with pen and foolscap—turned out five regular columns!

Pint-sized, half-blind, neurosis-ridden Lafcadio Hearn has never been ranked as a literary tip-topper of the 19th century, though many of his translations from the French, his descriptions of the West Indies, and his stories of the colorful Creoles of Louisiana are unforgettable. No, Hearn can’t be listed with Mark Twain, Edgar Allen Poe or the other giants of his day, but his feats as a columnist, during two and a half years with the old New Orleans Item, should make modern journalists blush bright scarlet!

Let the sound effects man, with a whirrrrrrrroooooop of his slide whistle, whisk us back to the Item office of 1879...

A puny, self-absorbed man enters almost furtively and hangs up an enormous, broad-brimmed black felt hat. (Contemporaries said he looked like "the stub end of a candle being snuffed out by a pie plate.") Now that he has his hat off, we can observe a long nose and scraggly moustache, if we like, but we’ll probably be attracted, instead, to his enormous pop-eyes. One has an ugly film over it. That eye is blind. The other has a myopic stare. Its effective viewing range is limited to inches.

Hearn speaks to no one. Perfectly oblivious to the chattering, clattering office, he paces up and down the cocoa matting of the aisle. Then you know his mind is made up. All the pieces of an editorial, a criticism, or a short story have fallen into place, for abruptly he seizes a pen and a handful of long, narrow sheets of yellow paper. With a sort of eagerness in his strange face, he places the
paper against the door jamb and
standing with his good eye seeming
to lean on his pen, writes with in-
credible speed. Sometimes he spends
hours in this uncomfortable position.
And with results!
Hearn's favorite column for the
Item was "Our Book Table," a re-
markable series of book reviews and
literary criticisms. Since he read with
lightning speed—and could appar-
ently commit to memory almost as
fast—Hearn evaluated not only con-
temporary American works, but also
the best French literature of the day,
translating excerpts for his column.

Sometimes his editorial courage
must have given the Item's advertis-
ing department serious indigestion.
This, for instance—"The Item will
not hereafter notice fourth-rate novels,
stupid volumes of poetry, and what-
ever is generally termed 'Trash' in
more than one line, if at all. With
a daily paper the literary department
is a news department. It is the
medium through which the public is
informed as to what good books are
for sale, and where they may be ob-
tained. We do not consider as an
item of any news value, the announce-
ment that a worthless novel is for
sale and we take this opportunity of
requesting publishers and booksellers
not to send us any more trash."

A second column was the source of
many chuckles for those who knew
Hearn best. He was a man of notori-
ously poor judgment, particularly in
questions of love and money. Yet
"Our Advice Book" was designed to
answer the problems of the Item's
readers—and most of these problems
were matrimonial and financial.

Even recipes were included in this
journalistic potpourri. Oft-quoted is
his reply to the correspondent who
inquired how to make tartar sauce.
"There are two good ways in which
a tartar sauce may be made," advised
Hearn. "You can try whichever you
please; but if you are in a hurry the
second will suit your purpose better
than the first. First—Catch a young
Tartar; for the old ones are very
tough and devoid of juice." After
describing the killing, skinning, and
cleaning of the young Tartar, Hearn
at length got around to the more
orthodox Tartar Sauce Method Num-
ber Two, having to do with hard-
boiled egg, mustard, and olive oil.

In addition to these two columns,
Hearn also maintained, rather regu-
larly, "Odds and Ends," "The Item
Miscellany" and "Varieties." He fre-
quently contributed to "Wayside
Notes," and his title of "assistant
editor" was not too grand to forbid
an occasional straight news item.

Though journalists of today might
gasp at the stupendous amount of
brain-and-pen-work required of La-
facadio Hearn—they would strangle
completely at the thought of his salary.
He was given $10 a week when he
started at the Item and was gradually
increased to the munificent sum of
$20!

But this was not the ultimate in
the man's versatility... In 1879, he
learned that his paper was tottering
on the verge of financial ruin. Partly
because of loyalty to the Item—but
mostly because, in his overwhelming
shyness, he trembled at the thought
of seeking another job—Hearn racked
his brain and came forth with an idea which proved to be the paper’s salvation.

Shortly after the editor’s acceptance of his plan, feature stories, yarns in dialect, short poems and menacing editorials began appearing on the front page—illustrated with Hearn’s own drawings. The sketches—made in pencil and reproduced by means of wood cuts—were rather crude. They wouldn’t be considered by a modern editor. But newspaper illustrations of any kind were rare—and New Orleans fell in love with them at once.

One of Lafcadio Hearn’s greatest charms was his modest appraisal of his own abilities. Even later, when he left the field of journalism and became a full-fledged man of letters, he never classed himself with the immortals. “By purchasing queer books and following odd subjects,” he once wrote a friend, “I have been able to give myself the air of knowing more than I do; but none of my work would bear the scrutiny of a specialist. Knowing that I have nothing resembling genius, and that any ordinary talent must be supplemented with some sort of curious Study in order to place it above the mediocre line, I am striving to woo the Muse of the Odd and hope to succeed in thus attracting attention.”

And Hearn’s small niche in Literature’s Hall of Fame is thus self-inscribed, “The Muse of the Odd.” By background and training, he was perfectly reared to it. He was the unwanted son of an amorous Anglo-Irish Surgeon-Major and a Grecian beauty. The romantic admixtures of his mother’s race and a strain of wild Gypsy blood among his father’s antecedents made Patricio Lafcadio Tessim Carlos Hearn a sort of human cocktail, with blobs and dashes of English, Irish, Greek, Gypsy, Arab, and Moor.

It is probably because of this unique genealogy that you can (but probably won’t) read the never-excelled descriptions of exotic places and peoples . . . sights and sounds and smells . . . that are Hearn’s distinctive contribution to American Literature.

But we’ll leave the literature to the highbrows. To us, Lafcadio Hearn was a newspaper columnist par excellence. Not one column, but five! Winchell, you should be ashamed of yourself!
Between the time that Hitler declared war on Soviet Russia and the beginning of American lend-lease to the Soviets, the Moscow Government bought certain badly needed supplies in the United States, which were to be paid for in American gold.

One such payment of six million dollars was shipped aboard a British cruiser which was sent to the bottom by German U-Boats. The Soviets asked no special consideration in view of the wartime loss of their first shipment.

A few weeks later the Soviets asked that they themselves be allowed to ship the second six million in gold to a port in Alaska. Our government agreed, asking merely that the Soviets notify us a week before the Russian ship was to arrive, so our coast defenses in Alaska could be warned.

During the week selected, a small non-descript Russian boat of less than a hundred tons, manned by five Russians, approached the designated Alaskan port.

The Treasury Department meanwhile had sent a special agent to Alaska to receive the Russian payment. He was expecting a much larger and more impressive vessel and asked the five Russians: "Where's the gold?"

In reply the smiling Russian Captain ordered his crew of four to move a large pile of garbage heaped on the vessel's forward deck. There beneath the refuse heap lay wooden boxes containing the six million of gold bullion.

My story starts many months before the Allied forces stormed the beaches of Normandy on June 6th, 1944. Day and night in London, the Allied high command burned the midnight oil planning for the all-important "D-Day."

The Allies, aware the Nazis were trying to discover the date and the plans for the landing they knew was to come, formulated plans to throw the Germans off the true date of the channel crossing—a difficult assignment.

In a high domed room in London, Allied Intelligence finally hit upon a scheme. They planted some faked plans on a dead body of a British Naval officer.

One foggy night, the body, fully uniformed, was dropped into the Channel opposite Calais, at the time Intelligence knew the Channel tide would carry the corpse to the other side of the Channel held by the Germans.

As the Allies anticipated, the Nazis discovered the body of this officer and dragged it from the water. They examined his pockets for the usual documents, which seemed to be in order. There were personal letters, membership cards and money, as well as the forged and erroneous secret plans for the night invasion of Europe.

It can now be told that those forged Allied plans helped pave the way for the highly successful invasion of Normandy—which in turn brought the Allies to their present victorious position in Germany today.
That's Fine!

And that's her husband on the inside back cover.

By JETTA CARLETON

SHE likes steak, he goes for lobster. She walks, he runs. She's even-tempered, he's volatile as a paper boat. She's analytic, he operates on instinct. She talks, he listens. But they both laugh at the same things and like the same people. And they like each other. That's why they're married. That's why Sylvia Fine is Mrs. Danny Kaye.

For both of them, Brooklyn's their neighborhood. Sylvia's father was a dentist. She used to work in his office for a dollar a day. There, to the contrapuntal rhythms of a drill, she started dreaming up such stuff as very few dreams are made of—but which helped make Danny Kaye what he is today—and we're satisfied!

It turns out that Sylvia's father once employed Danny, too; but he and Sylvia never happened to be at the same place at the same time. They didn't meet until 12 years later, when Danny was making an appearance in a semi-professional revue at one of New York's outlying theatres. Sylvia thought Danny was pretty funny. And he was. But not too funny for words. So Sylvia wrote some words. It wasn't long until she was writing all the special material that really began to make Danny Kaye heard. He was at Camp Tamiment in the Poconos as a singing waiter and what-not for awhile. At the end of the season, the camp produced "The Straw Hat Revue," and the Shuberts took it down to Broadway where the critics promptly sat on and crushed it.

Drowning his disappointment in salt water, Danny telephoned Sylvia from Florida. Please, would she come on down? A few weeks later, Sylvia's physician conveniently advised her to go south for a rest. Danny met her at the station with $40—his sole earthly possessions—and asked her to marry him.

"If she'd said, 'Let's not do it,' I'd have been most happy to back out," Danny recalls. "But we were both too stubborn, waiting for the other to say it, so we got married." And that's how Danny Kaye's writer and severest critic became his wife.

She almost always accompanies him in special appearances and with Max Liebman writes practically all his comedy material. In the new RKO Radio picture, WONDER MAN, Miss Fine had a hand in writing both
words and music for three of the voluptuously funny routines, “Bali-Bali Boogie”; “Otchi Tchornyis,” a burlesque on allergies; and a grand opera sequence that finds the much pursued Danny singing murder evidence to the D. A. in the audience. It is, to put it in the department of understatement, a howl.

Sylvia says they never show Danny a number until it’s finished. Then if he laughs, they throw it out. It he doesn’t like it, that’s good enough for them. But like it or not, Danny always trusts Sylvia’s judgment. She’s the business head of the family, a strict disciplinarian. But at home, Danny is the head of the house, and Sylvia is as feminine and wifely as little Mrs. Fluffy-Ruffle up in the next block.

REVIEW

THE HANDY HOUSEHOLD MANUAL

by Jack B. Creamer, “The Handy Man”

(Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. Illustrated, $2.00)

WHEN the metal tip comes off the shoe lace, the first thing to do, according to Creamer, is to say, “Oh, Pshaw!” — or, as he adds in the footnote, “words to that effect.”

This may give you some idea of the style of the “Handy Household Manual” — but only the faintest clue as to contents. Here’s a how-to-do-it book which is a whole five-foot-shelf in itself. Upstairs, downstairs, and in milady’s chamber there’s always a better way to get the job done — and Jack Creamer is just the man to tell you how.

The Manual grew out of a radio program conducted by Mr. Creamer over Station WOR in Newark. The show is heard over many Mutual stations, and daily draws hundreds of household hints from listeners eager to pass on their own ingenuities. Mr. Creamer passes the best of these on to the dear reader, via his book. How to wash a clothesline, mix your own baking powder, tweeze the pin-feathers out of a chicken, and make old-fashioned rose beads — these are a few of the hundreds of suggestions. Of course, there are others, perhaps more generally practical — such as how to bake potatoes in a hurry, store a woolen bathing suit, remove lint from serge suits, or chewing gum from clothing.

We found ourselves tearing thru the book reading the footnotes first. They’re the author’s good-natured
asides, and very gay and gaggy. They help, somehow, to temper the thing, and thus negate that attitude of fanatic righteousness frequently attendant upon how-to-do-its which insist, without coming right out and saying so, that “this is really the way, and the only way!” For instance, following a suggestion that would substitute sweet potatoes or carrots as a mock pumpkin pie filling, he says, at the bottom of the page, “This may not fool anybody for very long, but it tastes good.” . . . And then there’s the one about blankets that are too short. In a footnote, Mr. Creamer suggests that “The method of cutting twelve inches off one end of the blanket and sewing it on the other has been tried and found impractical.” . . . And after some mention of a “stuck stopper,” he says “Stephen Steward stared at stacks of stuck stopper stumps! There! Feel better now?”

Well, that’s how it goes—throughout the seven sections headed by such tags as “Home on the Range” (obviously the foods division); “Come Into Your Parlor”; and “The Dug-out,” which means, of course, the basement. It even includes sections on Pets, The Younger Set, and M (for moving) Day. In other words—the works!

What some assorted working wives, private secretaries, and people of the species referred to on the radio as homemakers may find surprising—is that “The Handy Household Manual” actually is handy! It contains practical information that can be used in every home, apartment, garage, or maybe even the business office a dozen times a day. What’s more, it has a readable, breezy style that makes it all sorts of fun, and it would really seem that what every household needs is a Handy Man. Next best to that is a Handy Manual. When it comes to short-cuts, time and labor savers, and clever ideas (hardly ever too clever) —“The Handy Household Manual” has everything—including the kitchen sink!

THEY TELL THESE ON TEXAS

Selection Interviewer: How can a bluejacket obtain a good posture?
Texas Recruit: Keep the cows off and let it grow for awhile!

Receiving Unit Yeoman: You can’t take this straight-edged razor on board a ship! You’re liable to cut yourself!
Texas Recruit: Shucks, Mister, I been shavin’ with that thing nigh on to nine year now — and I didn’t cut m’self either time!
—from The Flying Jayhawk.
Chicago Communique . . .

There are currently only three dramatic productions in Chicago, and even the press agents can’t think of anything new to say about them. There isn’t any summer theatre season. A few months ago, the drama critics were hopping from opening to opening and yapping about a shortage of houses. Most of the legitimate houses are now as empty as butcher shops and the critics have been lend-leased to the obituary editor.

Of course, the Loop’s trio of hits—"Dear Ruth," "The Voice of the Turtle," and "Life With Father" continue merrily. About the only thing new that can be said about them is that "Father" is as wonderful as ever and both "Turtle" and "Ruth" have made cast changes. Vivian Vance replaced Betty Lawford in "Voice of the Turtle" and Beverly Chambers relieved Augusta Dabney next door at the Harris.

The good word is that both replacements are excellent. Johnny Neblett, the boulevardier of the Wrigley Building may miss Betty Lawford, but Miss Vance is an expert "Olive." She is a tall comedienne with an upsweped burst of curls and a rangy bounce that takes laughter in its stride. Miss Chambers, a hundred feet or so away at the Harris Theatre, makes a delightfully bewildered fiancée.

That just about covers the current theatre. Late summer ought to provide a couple of musicals—Billy Rose’s "Carmen Jones" and an as yet unidentified fiesta destined to launch the remodeled and rejuvenated Majestic Theatre. In Chicago we are waiting and hoping as we beat our hands together to drive away the July evening chill.

Incidentally, anybody who wants to enjoy a nautical day or evening can indulge himself in the windy city. Those two venerable tubs, the City of Grand Rapids and the Milwaukee Clipper, are now shuttling up and down the lake, crowded with happy excursionists who are in turn crowded with hot dogs and beer. The ships have every modern convenience, including slot machines.

On the other amusement fronts, it’s definitely a great summer. The Cubs are in first place in the National League (subject to change without notice) and Joe E. Lewis is back at the Chez Paree. Mr. Lewis is due to stay until evicted by Ray Bolger sometime in September. Chicago’s favorite was never better—which means that Joe is tops as a night club comedian. And in addition to Joe E. there’s a young Negro singer, Arthur Lee Simpkins, a holdover from Sophie Tucker’s stay. You have to hear him to realize how good he is. The way he sings "On the Road to Mandalay" makes you wish Kipling were alive to hear his poem set to music—and that you hadn’t heard half a hundred broken-down baritones ruin the same song.

Harry Cool’s new band has already established itself in the Blackhawk. Harry himself is a friendly, big guy who looks like a stretched edition of Cary Grant and sings like Frank Sinatra with muscles. He first came to attention in Chicago with the Dick Jurgens band. Harry had the job of replacing Eddy Howard, who had built up a tremendous personal following at the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms. That Harry was highly successful in taking over a difficult spot is an indication
ELT his ability. You can hear him these summer nights over Mutual.

Lest this communique begin to sound like Downbeat, let's get on to the rest of the outstanding entertainment that's around right now. There's a riot going on in the Empire Room of the Palmer House that's well-worth coming all the way from Kansas City to see. "The Little Commander"—which is what they used to call Eddy Peabody when he was running the band out at Great Lakes—is out of uniform and bounding around on that midget-sized stool again—aied and abetted by Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. The three of them have already shattered records hung up by Hildegard—which is some shattering. Eddy, who has been playing the banjo ever since the great Chicago fire, is still the same expert showman who headed the Navy War Bond show at the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City back in January of 1943. And if there's anybody in Kansas City who hasn't seen Patsy Kelly in action, she's a rough and ready comedian who rocks from ringside table to bandstand with her raucous antics. She's fast and funny—and gets wonderful support from Barry Wood and Eddie Oliver's fine orchestra. Oliver and his band certainly rate a deep bow from the waist for playing a superb show, and for keeping the floor crowded with dancers. It isn't a hard floor to keep crowded. The waiters are forever setting up another table for six in the diminishing dancing space.

We close the night life department with a salaam in the direction of the very pretty Joanell, who is singing again in the Buttery of the Ambassador West. She'll be there for a long time.

Another kind of musical night life is holding forth nightly in Grant Park. In spite of the cool weather, the free concerts are again crowding all available listening space. The last concert we heard featured the Great Lakes Orchestra under the direction of Lieutenant Griff Williams and the incomparable comedy of Bluejacket Bill Thompson. You may not recognize the latter's name, but you've probably missed him on the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show. Bill played the Wallace Wimple, Old Timer, Nick Depopolis and Horatio K. Boomer characters—now all retired from the airplanes until he returns to civilian life.

The dog days may be upon us, but club life is still flourishing. The latest popular hangout is the recently organized Actors' Club on Rush Street. About fifty of the town's most prominent radio actors have taken over one of those old houses dotting the near North Side and have turned it into an exclusive retreat. It is understood that negotiations are now under way to hoist Lou Harrington from behind the Wrigley Building bar and shanghai him to the Actors' Club. A committee of martini lovers is reported to have the situation well in hand.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan.

\* DEFINITIONS

Every day is D-Day for mother. It's either dishes, dirt, diapers, disorder, or darned near everything.—Rotary Felloe.

A pre-war gal turned in this description of a bolt and a nut: " A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratches going round and round the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little square of iron sawed off short with rings also around the inside of the hole."

The difference between a regular sailor and a Seabee is that while the sailor is looking for a park bench, the Seabee builds one.
**Chicagio Ports of Call**

*Ultras...*

**BEACH WALK, EDGEMEATER BEACH HOTEL.** Cool and scenic Wayne King’s music and revues designed and produced by Dorothy Hild, with her line of lovelies. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

**BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** Frankie Masters and his famous orchestra furnish background for the Dorothy Dorben production, “The Show.” Clyde McCoy and orchestra take over August 17. In the PARK ROW ROOM, Adele Scott and organ melodies. Luncheon, dinner, supper, and a bar. (LOOP). 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

**CAMELIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Plushy melee of pink satin, ruby velvet, chintz, wroght-iron, and lush foliage. One of the places. Jerry Glidden and his men make the music to which society dances. Michigan & Walton. Sup. 2200.

**EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** One of the traditions. There’s a revue, and music by George Olsen and orchestra. State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.


**PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL.** (EAST). White and blue retreat after the manner of the famous pub at Bath. Flaming sword dinners, if you choose; dancing, if you don’t mind rubbing elbows—and we mean it literally—with the rest of the crowd which often includes many celebrities. (NEAR-NORTH). 1300 North State. Sup. 7200.

*Casual...*

**BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL.** Intimate, atmospheric, and relaxing. The smart set has put the approval on this one. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 5000.

**BISMARCK HOTEL.** In the Walnut Room—Emile Petti and his orchestra, with Linda Larkin and a revue. Featured are Doralne and Ellis, who sing, and the Spanish dancer, Mata Monteria. In the Tavern Room, continuous dancing and entertainment with Earl Roth’s orchestra. The Mel-O-Dears and lovely Virginia Marsh furnish the vocals. (LOOP). Randolph & LaSalle. Cen. 0123.


**LA SALLE HOTEL.** For dining and dancing—the newly decorated American Room, where the White House, Liberty Bell and the Statue of Liberty are among the replicas of famous American landmarks and symbols. Carl Schreiber and his violin make music, Glover and La Mae dance, and song stylings are by Rita and Marvin. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

**SHERMAN HOTEL.** Charlie Spivak to August 9. From August 10 to 23, the band of Jerry Walk, then featuring to September 6, the orchestra of George Paxton. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

**TRADE WINDS.** Hy Ginnis keeps one of the preferred cafes in the town. From 6 p.m. there’s organ and piano music as obligato for eating. Menu offers such items as barbecued ribs, charcoal broiled steaks and chops, shrimp, and onion soup; and the drinks are always good. Open at 5 p.m. Stays open all night. 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5406.

*Colorful...*


**DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** One of the better established traditions of the town. Cantonese food is the tops; so are the rum-based drinks; so is the atmosphere. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

**EL GROTTO.** Ten acts in a bar room! An all-Negro show, and all good. Sunny Thompson’s orchestra, with Ivy Anderson who used to be with Duke Ellington’s group. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

**IVANHOE.** 12th Century England, with Catascombs, and Enchanted Forest, and all manner of surprising nooks. Music, winning, and dining facilities are modern, however. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.


**SINGAPORE.** Under the bamboo tree you’ll find some of the best pit barbecue in these parts. The Malay Bar is always gay. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.

**SARONG ROOM.** Notable for several items, with the Devi-Dja dancers heading the list. They do their tribal chants and Balinese dances with exquisite skill. Atmosphere and food are in keeping, and of course, so is the music. You’ll likely dine on chicken, shrimp, sharp sauces, and rich desserts, all Bali-Javanese in style. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6077.

**SHANGRI-LA.** Excellent Cantonese cookery and tall cool tropical drinks, in this tropical paradise where some of the recipes date back to Confucius. 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

**YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL.** In the cocktail lounge, deep sofas, murals, and wonderful drinks. In the Boyar Room, rich Russian foods and the music of George Scherb’s gypsies. Colonel Yarchenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sunday. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.
Entertainment...

★ BROWN DERBY. Mad and beautiful—with a show featuring Larry Ross for laughs (and music); Deane Carroll, Carole Singer, and others for loveliness. Jerry Salone's orchestra and the Carmen Nappo Trio, for more music. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.


★ CLUB ALABAM. Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, shares the spotlight with flaming crater dinners. The dinners come at $1.75. No cover or minimum. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.


★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Finnell, your bosom friend; songs by Jessie Rosella and Billy Carr; dancing by the Serranos and Billy Severin; music by Charles Rich's orchestra—shall we go on? Minimum, Saturday only, $1.50. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Tropical, as the name might suggest, with typical dancing, etc. Riela Ressy is the dynamo; Al Samuels, the emcee, and Don Pablo leads the band. Sunday dancing at 4:00. (NORTH). 714 W. North Ave., Mic. 6947.


★ LIBERTY INN. In which they take liberties—and patrons love it. The McGoverns proudly present Pat Perry's pretty girls. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Edie. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Ginger DuVell emcees a sophisticated show which shows (to put it mildly) such luscious femmes as Margie Lacey, Peggy White, and Marion Peters. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.


★1 HUNDRED CLUB. Frantic pianistics of Maurice Rocco and his Rocking Rhythm head a good strong show. Shows at 9 and 11:30 p. m. and 2 a. m. Dinner around 7. 5100 Broadway. Long. 5111.

Bars of Music...

★ CLOVER BAR. Lew Marcus makes some of the very best music in Chicago in this popular Loop rendezvous. He plays piano and composes. Bert McDowell relieves with pianologues that have 'em crying for more. Gladys Keyes lends a hand, too. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4908.

★ CRYSTAL TAP. In Hotel Brevoort. Here's probably the town's most famous musical bar, where Al Davis' Trio, Bob Billings at the organ, Madeline Chance and Marion Carter, fill in the gaps when the whole crowd isn't singing. (LOOP). Madison East of LaSalle. Fra. 2363.

★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A new and sumptuous spot for enjoying music and drinks at the same time. (LOOP). State and Randolph.
Food for Thought...

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. Non-stop entertainment gives you Chuck Liphardt and his Sophisticates of Swing, Lea Roberts, Juanita Cummings, Rose Kane, Marie Costello; Ruth Glass, and at the novachord, Jean Thomas and Cookie Harding. (SOUTH LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0024.

★ THREE DEUCES. The "joint that jumps"—and with good reason! Laura Rucker still carries on with her incomparable pianologies and there's the Memphis City Trio to send it solid. (LOOP). Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. Jam sessions, boogie-woogie-wise and otherwise, plus down-to-earth song selling, attract Hollywood celebs as well as our own. As well as us, too. 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0024.

★ THE TROPICS. In Hotel Chicagoan. The bamboosed interior of this sea-island refuge is a fitting spot for Sam Bari and his Men of Rhythm; and for the scintillating stylings of Red Duncan, the blind pianist; (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN. Candlelight and quaintness and superb smorgasbord, hot or cold. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush St. Del. 1492.

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Big, friendly Gus hands over the drinks; Andy is usually around to extend the welcome. Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. The place is attractively ship-shaped. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

★ CAFE DE PARIS. Small, smart, and gourmctrical. Henri Charpentier does the food honors here, offering some of the finest French cuisine this side of France. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Whi. 5620.

★ DUFFY'S TAVERN. Sure, and it's a bit of old Ireland—even if the chef is French! Corned brisket of beef with cabbage is an institution here around the clock. The place stays open till sunrise. Pianistics in the evening. 115 N. Clark. Dea. 1840.

★ 885 CLUB. Offers satisfying entertainment, as well as food, but the food dished out in Joe Miller's joint is no joke! It's as delicious and varied as the place is elegant. (GOLD COAST). 885 Rush. Del. 1885.

★ GUEY SAM. On the fringe of Chinatown. Unpretentious surroundings, but the most wonder-ful Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAI. Variations on a good theme—chop suey in all its versions, plus fine American foods as well. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ HARBOR VIEW. WEBSTER HOTEL. A set of exquisite dining rooms with a view. Graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and candlelight add up to simple enchantment, and the food is delicious. Courses are priced separately. We also recommend the Bamboo Bar. 2150 N. Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICI'S. A tradition of a sort—and a very good sort. Their pastries and apple pancakes will keep the place open for as many more years—and that's a long time. 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNSHOLM. A rare combination of smorgasbord, scenery, and grand opera—which goes on nightly in the theatre-salon upstairs. The food is fine. Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. Whose name tells the story rather well. It's a lovely spot with wonderful food and service. Closed on Sunday. 619 N. Michigan Ave. Del. 0102.


CHICAGO THEATRE

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Charming affair about a little girl who writes letters to service men and signs sister's name. With Leona Powers, William Harrigan, and Herbert Evers.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Lovely comedy based on the late Clarence Day's account of home life in which every day's a holiday and everyone has fun. With Carl Benton Reid as Father, Betty Linley as Mother. Nightly except Sunday. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe, and Vivian Vance are the entire cast of this tender comedy concerning a soldier who gets jilted right into true love. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

DANCING

★ ARAGON BALLROOM. (1100 Lawrence Ave.) Art Kassell's Orchestra.

★ TRIANON BALLROOM. (6201 S. Cottage Grove Ave.) Benny Strong, followed at the end of the month by Henry King.
THE Newspaper Distributor’s strike in Manhattan did more than ruin the breakfast hour. It left everyone feeling as if he’d just lost the use of his right hand, or suddenly couldn’t hear. As days went by, the situation grew worse. Newspapers are just something one doesn’t live without. Some ambitious souls who were seriously addicted to newsprint went to the newspaper offices, bought a copy of the latest, and returned to their homes or offices in a manner royal. No single copies have ever been read by so many before. Radio stations crowded their programs with news; and one station even went so far as to relate the latest on Dick Tracy and his comic companions. After all, the harrowing escapes of Breathless Mahoney, the wicked intentions of Wetwash, the exploits of Superman and all the various \textbf{other} high deeds of the comics mustn’t be withheld from the public, strike or no strike! This is life, my son.

Interesting quote from an overseas letter: “We’ve five thousand troops aboard, the first contingent of American \textbf{Pastime} soldiers to go direct from the European to the Pacific theatre, and so far they’ve been a very well behaved bunch. Their only vice (if it is such) is gambling. I’ve never seen so many crap, poker, roulette and black jack games in my life. They were all paid in Marseilles before they came aboard, they know they won’t have any place to spend it, and they’re all trying to get rich or lose it. Some of the games are fantastically big. One negro sergeant took twenty-five hundred dollars to our disbursing officer for safe keeping yesterday, and another poor guy, engrossed in a big crap game on the fan tail, took his knee off his bills for a second to reach for the dice, and three hundred dollars blew overboard in a puff of breeze. He screamed bloody murder, but the money belongs to Davey Jones!” Poor guy . . . we see the same type of thing happen here in Manhattan only the “ready” usually goes faster and always lands in someone else’s pocket.

The West River daily welcomes more ships loaded with returning troops. In one week the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth \textbf{Coming} landed about thirty-three thousand. The boys shout, whistle, and wave as they
come up the river to dock. But do they get into the big town for a spree? No! They are taken immediately by ferry boat or other devices to New Jersey and sent from there to selected camps. The ships are terribly crowded but that’s the way the boys prefer it. They don’t care if they have to sleep on a post—just so they get back. With the exception of the working crew, all passengers are given only two meals a day; and the kitchens do well to handle that many. Add up the passenger lists, multiply it by two or three, and see what a pain in the pot that is for any chef. All along the West River drive people stand and watch the ships come in . . . a good sight, with more and more to come.

A new project is being developed on Long Island called Airology. It is an effort to make visible an invisible subject . . . atmosphere.

AIR- 

OLOGY

Various cloud formations are being constructed which show the condensation of air at different altitudes. Fine wires and electrical effects show the currents of air . . . warm fronts moving out, cold fronts moving in, lows and highs and so forth. It’s fascinating to students of meteorology and also to those who have always considered air as just something to have around in case of a breath. These models may become a part of education generally. Certainly they will be of tremendous importance in the instructing of young pilots to whom weather with its vagaries is an ever-present problem.

With the exception of the regular show hits that have continued to run through the summer season, new THEATRE shows are anybody’s guess. Usually, if a production has big backing and great promise, it doesn’t open until the theatre is ripe . . . from September through March. But a great many experimental plays are presented during the summer. If they survive they are sure of a successful winter run; if they don’t . . . well, that’s nothing new on Broadway. And we now have the usual flock of summer try-outs. Some of the senseless, expensive, flop productions along the Great White Way are known as the “gravy ride.” Choose your shows carefully, and if you have only a few days in town (how did you get here?) better stick to the hits.

No new gay spots opening this summer. Air conditioning is still the prime condition of where you go and how long you sit. Don’t let that taxi go until you’re sure you’ve got the right place. Can’t say enough for the Roof Gardens . . . they really are stuff . . . especially the St. Regis.

Bets on V-J Day are centered mostly on November 11th and January 1st. Some of the pessimists are holding V-J to a two or three year tussle . . . but let’s bet with the cheer guys.

One of the horses who patiently pulls passengers around Central Park in a cab, decided very suddenly the HOLIDAY other day that his patience had come to an end and that he would have a glorious dash down Fifth Avenue. Off he started. No one could stop him. For the first few blocks he made all the green lights. Then came a red light. He stopped. There was great commotion, trying to calm him down . . . by-standers attempting to help the driver. But when the light turned green again, off he went. For blocks down the avenue he stopped his flight only when the lights turned red. At last he wearied of his fling, turned around and docilely walked back to the park. No Easter, no bonnet, not even a wild oat. He was just tired of it all and wanted to express himself. And he wasn’t without human sympathy.

—Lucie Ingram.
**NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL**

**Dining, Dancing, Entertainment . . .**

**AMBASSADOR.** Jules Lande's orchestra beside a babbling brook. William Adler's concert music at luncheon and cocktails except Sunday. Dinner from $2.50. Minimum, Saturday after 10, $2.00. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

**ASTOR.** Gene Krupa and his orchestra play for dancing on the roof. They'll be followed near the end of the month by Sammy Kaye. Cover after 10 p.m., $1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.25. Closed Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

**BELMONT PLAZA.** The Glass Hat features excellent food and a revue including the rollicking Kathryn Duffy Dancers and a collection of pleasing acts, on view at 8:30 and 12:00. Minimum after 10 p.m., $2.00; week-ends and holiday eves. $2.50. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

**BILTMORE ROOF.** Henry King's orchestra, alternating with the rumba rhythms of Mario Hurtada. A show at 7:45 and 11:45 p.m. The show begins推销。10,50 extra-special summer menus at luncheon and dinner. Cover after 10 p.m., $1.00; Saturdays, $1.50. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

**BLUE ANGEL.** Gay party—with Eddie Mayehoff, Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Chittison Trio. Entertainment starts at 9:45. Minimum $3.00; Friday and Saturday, $3.50. 152 E. 55. PL 3-0626.

**CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Shows at 8:30, midnite, and 2:15 give you the comedy of Imogene Coca, the pianistics of Mary Lou Williams, plus Cliff Jackson, the music of John Kirby's band, and ballads by Susan Reed, the young folksinger with a phlegm and an Irish harp. Dancing. Minimum. $2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. CH. 2-2737.


**CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codoban's orchestra; entertainment featuring Sarah Gorby, Adia Kuznetzoff, and dancers from the Russian Ballet. Menu offers both Russian and American dishes. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturday and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. 6-6116.

**CLAREMONT INN.** Dining and dancing indoors or in the outdoor garden. Music by Ron Perry's or Pedro's orchestras from 6:45 p.m. Dinner from 5 p.m.; from $2.00. Minimum after 9, $1.00. Riverside Drive & 124th St. MO 2-8600.

**EL MOROCCO.** Chauncey Gray's music accompanies the super-fine food. There's a cover after 7 p.m.—$2.00. Saturday and Sunday cocktail dancing, 5-7 p.m. 154 E. 54. EL 5-8769.

**ESSEX HOUSE.** In Casino-on-the-park, Stan Keller's orchestra sounds to the dance all evening long. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p.m., $2.00. No dancing or entertainment on Monday. 100 Central Park S. CI 7-0300.

**LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Sophisticated revues, 8, 10, and 2:30, with Eddie Davis. Minimum after 10, $3.50; Saturday and holiday eves, $4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

**LEXINGTON.** In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma's orchestra for dancing, and a Hawaiian revue at 7:45, 11:45, and midnight at noon on Sunday, when Jeno Bartal's orchestra takes over and the shows show at 7:45 and 11:30. Cover 75c after 9; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

**NICK'S.** Famous for its jazzworthy gentlemen—Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Muggsie Spanier and some others. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10. CH 2-6683.

** PENNSYLVANIA.** In the Cafe Rouge, Woody Hermann and his orchestra play for dancing. Dinner, $2.50-$3.50. Cover $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Closed Sunday. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

**PLAZA.** Persian Room—Garwood Van and his orchestra, with Mark Monte as alternate. Star entertainment nightly at 9:30 and 12:30. Cover after 9:30, $1.50. Closed Sunday. In the Palm Court Lounge, cocktail dancing, 5-8 p. m. Minimum $1.00; Saturday, $1.25. Also closed Sunday. 5th at 59. PL 3-1740.

**ROOSEVELT.** In the Grill, dancing to the music of Eddie Stone and his orchestra daily except Sunday. Dinner à la carte. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, $1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

**ST. REGIS.** Dancing to the music of Paul Spar's orchestra, alternating with Theodore Brooks at the organ. At luncheon (from $1.87) the music of Maximean's Ensemble. Minimum, $1.50; Saturdays, $2.50. For cocktails at noon or night, the Penthouse; for lone wolves, the King Cole Bar till 4. After that, the ladies may come along. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

**SAVOY PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE.** Dinner and supper dancing; music by Roy Fox and his orchestra or Clemente's Marimba Band. Minimum, 5-9, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Cover, 9 to closing, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 5th Ave. at 58. VO 9-2600.

**SPIVY'S ROOF.** And make no mistake, it's definitely hers! Spivy sings off and on after 12. Dinner from 8-9, with entertainment of some form going on all the time. Liquor minimum, $1.50; Friday and Saturday, $2.25. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

**STORK CLUB.** The one you're always hearing about. Ernie Holst and Alberto Linno and their respective bands play for dancing. Lunch and dinner come à la carte. Cover after 10, $2.00. Saturday and holidays, $3.00. 3 East 53. PL 3-1940.

**TAFT.** In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except Sunday, when they skip the midday stint. Lunch from 65c; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.

**TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN.** With dancing indoors or on the Outdoor Terrace. Lenny Herman's orchestra and Buddy Harlow's Trio furnish the wherewithal, 6:45 on. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, $1.50. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.
★ VERSAILLES. Distinguished mostly for supervaluable food, thanks to the chef, M. Alfred La Grange; and for its line of statey, shapey, and sleepy show girls who are probably the most beautiful in the town. Revue stars Jerry Cooper—8, 12:30 and 2. Dancing to music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and the rumbas of Lopez. Minimum after 10, $2.50; Saturday and holiday eves, $3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Hey-hey day every night—with square dancing and games and Tiny Clark. Revue, with Eddie Ashman's orchestra, 8, 11, and 2. Minimum $1.50; Friday and holiday eves, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Open at 6; dinner from 8. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. A musical cellar, with the Art Hodes Trio, (including Fred Moore and Max Kaminsky); Don Frye's piano playing; and The Lion, a Calypso singer. Minimum, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. On the Starlight Roof, George Olsen's orchestra alternates with Mischa Borr at supper. There's a show at 12, with Jane Pickens and her songs, and Paul Winchell, the ventriloquist. Cover after 10:30, $1.00; Friday and Saturday, $2.00. No cover for Service men and women. Sunday dancing, 7:30-10. No show, no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

★ ZANZIBAR. Daring and dazzling revue, starring Cab Calloway, Pearl and Bill Bailey, the Berry Brothers, who dance terrifically, and a whole flock of others. Claude Hopkins' band alternates with the Calloway aggregation to play for dancing. Minimum after 10, $3.50. Broadway at 49. Cl 7-7380.

Tummy Stuff...

★ ALGONQUIN. As famous for its clientele as for its very fine food. Something about it draws actors and writers—and others who like to watch them feed. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $1.75. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 W. 44. MU 2-0100.

★ AUX STEAKS MINUTE. French food, inexpensive and good, and accompanied by beer and wines. Closed Tuesday. 41 W. 52. EL 5-9187.

★ BREVOORT. French cuisine at its finest—in a sidewalk cafe just this side of Washington Square. 5th Ave. at 8. ST 9-7300.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. American dishes in the first floor restaurant; drinks in the downstairs bar which they call Elbow Room and mean it; or in the Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge, 26th floor, which is open from 5 till midnight. 49 and 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. Generous helpings of French food well prepared. Lunch a la carte; dinner from $1.35. There's a bar, too. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40. LE 2-0142.

★ CHRIST CELLA. Steaks, chops, and seafood in simple surroundings. The food lives up to its price. There's a bar. The whole works is closed on Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9557.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Besides seafoods, there are steaks and chops, and everything is de-licious. A la carte. Entrees 85c to $2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8. ST 9-8046.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Swedish food the way it ought to be. Luncheon, $1.00-$1.25; at dinner, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee for $1.50, or regular dinner at $1.75. Pleasantly cool here, too. 324 E. 57. EL 8-8476.

★ HAPSBURG HOUSE. Viennese food out of doors. What gets us is the zither music! It's quaint and right charming. Food is good. Luncheon at $1.25; dinner, 6-10, from $2.35. Closed Saturday and Sunday. 313 E. 55. PL 3-5169.

★ JACK DEMPSEY'S. Of the heavyweight champion Dempseys. The connotations, plus excellent food, draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but there's entertainment all evening. Broadway at 54. CO 5-7875.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. Backed by MacDougal's Alley, and populated by Villagers and visitors who enjoy the changing art exhibits (usually by struggling young geniuses) and the general friendliness of the place. Lunch from 5c; dinner from 73c. 28 W. 8. SP 7-2540.

★ L'AIGLON. Cool and scenic setting for French cookery. Lunch, $1.35; dinner, $2.25 if you have a drink with it; $2.50 if you've already stopped in at the Cocktail Lounge. Closed Monday. 13 E. 55. PL 3-7296.

★ MUSEUM OF MODERN ART. Care and feeding of soul and body. Luncheon and tea (no Sunday luncheon) in the spacious garden out back, amid sculpture more or less abstract and quite fascinating. Menus are designed with skill, served buffet and simply. Entrance to the Museum proper is 30e. Luncheon in the garden is $1.25; tea, 40c. 11 W. 53.

★ ST. MORITZ—CAFE DE LA PAIX. On the walk, and very pleasant for food and drink. A la carte, not too expensive. 59 Central Park S. W1 2-5800.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. A room with a view—Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. They're a la carte, beginning around 80c and $1.85. Cocktails in the lounge. 5th Ave. at 59. VO 5-2800.

★ TOOTS SHOR'S. Situation all fowled up—and Toots does all right with chicken and duck! And with steaks and beef too when they're available. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. 51 W. 51. PL 3-9000.

★ WHITE TURKEY TOWN HOUSE. Excellent American cookery, served out of doors down in the Village. Luncheon $1.10-$2.00; dinner to $3.50. Sunday dinner from 1 till 9, $2.00-$3.50. 1 University Place. AL 4-3677.

★ ZUCCA'S. Italian foods for luncheon and dinner, in the Venetian and Garden Rooms and the Grill. 118 W. 49. BR 9-5511.

New York Theatre PLAYS


★ A BELL FOR ADANO—(Cort, 48, West, BR 9-0046). Reopens August 13, with Fredric March and Margo in a dramatization of the year's Pulitzer Prize novel. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
★ DARK OF THE MOON—(46th Street Theatre, 46 W., Cl 6-6075). Carol Stone plays a Smokey Mountain gal and Richard Hart as a witch boy rollick around in a folksy and musical fantasy that’s really rather charming. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43, East. Br 9-3970). Lenore Lonergan’s show, but the rest of the cast, including Virginia Gilmore, Robert Road, and Phyllis Povah are very nice, too. Concerns a little songwriter’s letters to service men, with big sister’s name attached. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Martin Beck, 45, W. Cl 6-6363). Reopens August 6. Montgomery Clift as a returning service man, with Grace Coppen as a sister who guns up the works a little too often. Problem play about a problem that will be familiar. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Playhouse, 48, East. Br 9-3565). Laurette Taylor is magnificent as the mother of the never-do-well son and a delicate dreamy daughter played by Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon, respectively. Tennessee Williams wrote it; the Drama Critics gave it their award. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48, East. Br 9-4566). Amiably uproarious comedy about a charming tippler and a big white rabbit. Mary Chase wrote it; won the Pulitzer Prize for drama. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are superlative. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA—(Music Box, 45th, West. Cl 6-6463). Kathryn Forbes’ novel dramatized by John Van Druten, and refreshingly acted by Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, and a good supporting cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, Broadway at 40th. Pe 6-9540). Wally Clark and Lily Cahill become yet another Father and Mother in this rich, amusing account of the late Clarence Day’s family. In its 6th year. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—(Lyceum, 45, East. Cl 4-4256). J. P. Marquand wrote the book, George Kaufman dramatized it, and Leo G. Carroll is starred. The atmosphere is very bad. Bay Boston, and it’s a very fine play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


MUSICALS


★ CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44th, West. Cl 6-0730). “Lilium” again, this time set in New England, to music by Rodgers and Hammerstein II. And a very satisfactory arrangement is it, too. Jan Clayton and John Raitt sing delightfully, and Agnes de Mille has designed some more delightful dances. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(Broadhurst, 44th West. Cl 6-6699). Lots of sailors following lots of girls—Gertrude Nielsen being the flashiest and most fetching one, as she shouts her songs to Tim Herbert, Jackie Gleason, Norman Lawrence, and others. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center Theatre, 6th Ave. & 49th. Co 5-5474). Big, dazzling ice show, offering ballet, pageantry, tricks, and hijinks. Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirts. Saturdays evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ MARINKA—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50. Cl 7-1161). “Mayerling,” the poignant old Hapsburg tragedy, redone with music and a happy ending. Joan Roberts and Harry Stockwell are in it; also Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA!—(St. James, 44th West. LA 4-4664). The freshest, most satisfying theatre you could ask for. Lynn Rigs wrote “Green Grow the Lilacs” a long time ago. Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers turned it into a musical, and that’s where all last year’s hits came from—the ones that may well turn into popular classics. Special matines for service men and women, Tuesdays at 2:30. Otherwise, nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ ON THE TOWN—(Martin Beck, 45, West. Cl 6-6363). A lot of resilient boys and girls romp through some ballets by Jerome Robbins, to music by Leonard Bernstein, and it’s all pretty terrific. With Sono Osato, Nancy Walker, and Betty Comden and Adrian Green who wrote the book. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK—(Century, 7th Avenue at 59th. Cl 7-3321). Another Michael Todd gem in an old-fashioned setting. But nothing dated about the production, not on your tin-type! Boss Tweed and his gang are presented, to music by Sigmund Romberg. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.
The War—and Allied Matters

Every hour in the United States, more than one and a half million letters are mailed. Is your V-MAIL letter among them?

Writing space in V-Mail stationery measures about 7 7/8 x 7 1/4 inches. It doesn’t take but a couple minutes or so to fill that space with love and kisses, or news of the new baby, or various delightful trivia, whether beat out on a typewriter or writ by hand. . . . It doesn’t matter how much or how little you write—just so it’s often. Like every day, say. That V-Mail letter—which flies—which always gets there safely and gets there first—is 57 5/8 square inches* of home to a homesick guy or gal overseas.

Okay—figure it out for yourself.

The Kansas City Canteen is still located at 1021 McGee. The phone number is still VI. 9266. And it still offers men and women in uniform all the comforts of home! YOU CAN HELP—by donating cakes and pies to the Canteen. Or by sending them a wastebasket! Honest, they need ’em, and preferably metal baskets, so they won’t catch fire in case of a stray cigarette. And if you’d like to operate an elevator for them in your spare time, you’re just the person they’d like to see! Give them a ring—and help the Canteen continue giving its smooth, efficient, friendly service to service men and women.

Into forward air strips in the Pacific battle areas go Australia’s “Flying Sisters.” This is the most respected branch of the Royal Australian Air Force Nursing Service. The first unit, based in northern New Guinea, is comprised of 15 girls; the second unit numbers only ten. Their job is to pick up casualties of all United Nations and transport them back by plane to base hospitals. . . . Training for this service is strict. It includes instructions in ocean and jungle survival, tropical hygiene, aviation, medicine, and dinghy drill. Girls also receive a compression chamber test. No girl may weigh more than 130 pounds nor be less than 5’ 4” tall. If she were shorter, she could not reach the top stretchers. Flying Sisters wear drab slacks, shirt and gaiters, boots, forage caps, and navy blue wool lined flying jackets.

STOP! Don’t toss this mag in the wastebasket! Add it to that stack of papers and stuff you’re saving for salvage. Don’t think it won’t be welcome—for with all the needs both military and civilian, every scrap of paper (except waxed paper or cellophane) is needed urgently—until such time as the pulp wood supply increases and gets back to normal.

Quick Takes

“But, corporal, maybe General MacArthur and Imogene Wolcott* may not see eye to eye on hanging out wash.”

*of “What’s Your Idea?”
ANY NEWS IS GOOD NEWS . . .
On the day Hitler’s death was reported—the first time—the newsie on the corner of 10th and Grand was selling papers like hot cakes. It was only a matter of minutes before his noon edition of The Star had evaporated. But was he stymied? Not for one moment.

"Piper! Piper!" he shouted on the streets of Kansas City. "Get your Chicago Daily News." And in sotto voce added, "It’s just as good."

FORTRESS . . . In an age when tin helmets and silver plates in scalps or knee caps are an accepted phenomenon, it is not too surprising to find that similar fortification has been given to a light pole. On the south side of 47th Street at Rockhill Road stands an erstwhile giant of the north woods, presenting a brave front to the world, thanks to the electric light company. It seems the road mounds quite a lot from the curb at the intersection and there is a stop sign halting the east bound traffic. When the street is icy, each car from the west attempts to halt and, of course, slips none too gently down the slope and comes to a stop against the stalwart pole. Even if they’d engineered it, they couldn’t have placed the pole in a better position to catch a skidding auto. It bore so many scars it had begun to look like a shaggy bark oak. So the utility company tacked up two wide strips of plate, and now the light pole stands well armored against all side-swiping autos and all woodpeckers.

COSMIC COMICS . . . Don’t be surprised if Junior suddenly starts telling you what world security looks like—in colors. He will have found out by reading his comic books. The American Association for the United Nations is distributing an 8-page feature prepared by “True Comics” Magazine—whose staff drew pictures of cooperation from the stone age down through to the San Francisco Conference; blocked out the Plan in a simple diagram, and painted in primary colors what will happen to countries who won’t play ball. Presented to the world on that special soft casual paper, it’s a true comic book with a direct message. We think this is indicative of something or other . . . It’s a bird! It’s a plane! Huh-uh. It’s world organization!

SOAP OPERETTA . . . We know a girl who makes an almost daily report to us on her unintentional eavesdropping. Apropos of the current soap shortage which has us all in a lather theoretically, and we do mean theoretically and you know darn well we do—our girl overheard this one on the Troost car the other morning: A rather gaunt lady of the Somerset Maugham missionary type was saying, “It was all right so long as we had to skimp a little on food and gasoline and things like that. But when it comes to soap—well, really! Those people have been dirty for years, and I don’t see why they can’t go right on being dirty!”

A MUSICIAN TO REMEMBER . . .
If you have a passion for Carmen Cavallaro’s “Voodoo Moon,” stop in at the California Ranch House and put a nickel in the juke box and out will come Chopin’s “Polonaise.” That’s the other side of the record. We found this out by personal
research. And also heard, during said "Polonaise," which we've always found very pleasant listening, a conversation from the next booth. Participants were a foursome of middle-aged people who probably had just come from the double feature at the Apollo . . . "What is this thing?" one of the ladies asked.

"I don't know, it's awfully familiar," another one said.

"It was in 'A Song to Remember.' Barbara Joe saw it."

"Oh, yes, wasn't that the picture about a musician or a piano player that went crazy in the end?"

"No, he died of t.b."

"Oh, yes! Tuberculosis."

"What was his name? That's funny, I had it on the tip of my tongue."

"Polish fellow, wasn't he?"

"Every time I think of musicians I always think of Rudolph Friml. My cousin lived right across the street from him and they used to have cocktails together."

"I believe it was Tschaikowsky. Sure, that's who it was."

"Oh, no, honey, that man's still living. This fellow is dead."

About that time Carmen had finished with Chopin, and the rest of the conversation was drowned in "Bell Bottom Trousers."

OPTIMIST . . . Honestly, it did arrive at the Post Office—a letter addressed to Kansas City from a soldier overseas: "Mabel, North End."

ANSWERS TO "FUNNY MONEY"
Page 47.

1-K 2-C 3-H 4-J 5-G 6-A 7-B 8-O 9-N 10-I 11-L 12-E 13-F 14-D 15-M

WONDER MAN

All these faces belong to Danny Kaye. He's RKO Orpheum's blond bonanza, star of their current musical, "Wonder Man," in which he plays both himself and his twin brother, and the wonder is, how he does it! But he does it—and we love it.

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

Editor
JETTA CARLETON
Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
Contributing Staff
CHICAGO:
Norton Hughes Jonathan
NEW YORK:
Lucie Ingram

ART:
Meet WHB's
Jetta Carleton

Who says:
"If you can't be a Cover Girl—
be a back-cover girl"

In three and a half years at WHB, Jetta has written copy for butchers, garages, grocery stores, maternity shops, theatres, and refineries... came in as a continuity writer, became continuity chief, the original "Mary Jane on Petticoat Lane," the Girl in Aisle 3, and finally, managing editor of SWING....

Jetta lists as one of her high points in radio an interview with Errol Flynn at the Darby Corporation where hers was (unofficially) "the face that launched a thousand tank-landing craft"... or the time she ad libbed the same interview twice with Dick Powell because somebody sat down on the program they had just transcribed on a glass record.

She graduated a few times from the University of Missouri, headed a drama department in a Junior College for 2 years... hangs notes to herself from a Phi Beta key... she's a dancer, too; intends to be discovered by Agnes de Mille any minute now... and write a prize short story next Sunday morning... used to win poetry prizes in college, and that's how she became writer of copy for butchers, garages, grocery stores, maternity shops, theatres and refineries...

You'll like doing business with WHB, "the station with agency point-of-view"... where every advertiser is client who must get his money's worth in results. If you want to sell the Kansas City market, WHB is your hop, medium!

For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any of these "SPOT SALES" offices:

KANSAS CITY... Scarritt Building... HArrison 1161
NEW YORK CITY... 400 Madison Avenue... Eldorado 5-5040
CHICAGO... 360 North Michigan... FFranklin 8520
HOLLYWOOD... Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo... Hollywood 8318
SAN FRANCISCO... 5 Third Street... EXbrook 3558

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
Kansas City... Wichita... Salina... Great Bend... Emporia
Missouri... Kansas... Kansas... Kansas... Kansas
She came along... We've photographed Elizabeth Scott! Stealing the entire WHB newsreel for this month, and completely upsetting all the announcers, car this honey colored gal out of Hollywood. Hal Wallis' "Threat" makes her first major appearance as a first magnitude star in "You Came Along." The former understudy Talullah the Bankhead (in "The Skin of Our Teeth") has a voice as husky as a half-hour six or eight times as fascinating; a hoarse and infectious giggle; irrepressible gospirit; and a tendency to say, "God!" in a creamy exclamatory manner right into the microphone! She has pretty gams, she can act, and she has a White Russian math. We hope every Russo-American alliance produces such happy results. Great Scott! I think she's terrific!
ARTICLES

Who Will Win the Peace? .......................... Royal Arch Gunnison 3
Life in Your Veins ............................... James G. Hanlon 11
They Take a Swing at My News .................. Frank Singiser 19
Guaymas—Tomorrow's Playground .............. Al Stine 17
The Eclectic Series of Readers .................. Charles Hogan 41
'The Japs Came Back to Manila Today' .......... Cedric Foster 15
What Wonders Man Hath Wrought (The Scout) .. William P. Rowley 51
Paradise Enow! ..................................... Hannah Fry 7
A Better Go for GI Joe ............................ Jene Lyon 48
Arabians on Bluegrass ............................ Jetta Carleton 27
Now Is the Time for All Good Girls ............. Bob Richardson 22
America, Here We Come! ........................... George F. MaGill 54
Opera for Dessert ................................. Marion Odmartk 25
At War With the Grocer ........................... Betty Schultheis 46

MISCELLANEOUS

A Financial Guide for 1945-46 ..................... 24
Strictly From Hunger .............................. Odell Trengove 53
Favorite War Stories of Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Cecil Brown .. 10
How to Dictate ...................................... 50
Have You Read Your Bible Lately? ............... 55

OUR TOWN TOPICS

September's Heavy Dates .......................... 2
Ports of Call in Kansas City ........................ 68
Swingin' With the Stars ............................ 67
Swing Around ................................. 71
The Peace — and Allied Matters .................. 66

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

Chicago Communique ............................... Norton Hughes Jonathan 56
Chicago Ports of Call .............................. 58
New York Communique ............................. Lucie Ingram 60
New York Ports of Call ............................ 62

PICTURES

Kansas City .. Celebrates VJ Day .. Goes to the Saddle & Sirloin Club Horse Show ..
And to a Picnic par excellence with the Ad Club—33-40 • WHB Newsreel (Lizabeth Scott), Inside Front Cover • The Old Mill Stream (old custom mill on Indian Creek at Dallas, Missouri. Photograph by W. H. McCrum).

The old order changes—not with a whimper, but a bang. Not with the languid curving of summer into fall, so that you never know where one begins and the other leaves off. This is abrupt as a right angle. Man's release of nuclear energy through the atomic bomb precipitates the new world upon us so shudderingly bright, so delicately balanced between creation and destruction, that we scarcely dare to look upon it. We know it so far only obliquely, by its smoke and its vibrations ... And yet, September comes again, the month of dusty orchards and fields full of Spanish Needles and the smell of long-shut schoolhouses. And children with primers and baseball bats will gather together again to learn fraternity and otherness and communication. And though the old order changes, man remains much the same. He still will play, will look for a way to build a better mousetrap, will harangue about his future, will make jokes, and probe about to see if he was really created in God's image ... A little of all these phases of man is contained within these pages. A fair cross section of some men's thinking and their enthusiasms at a time when violet rays are still effective in Japan, and the peace is still quicksilver on the loose.
SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES
In Kansas City

BASEBALL
(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
September 5, 6, 7—Kansas City Blues vs. St. Paul.
September 8-9—Blues vs. Minneapolis.

FOOTBALL
(All games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
September 22—Kansas University-Texas Christian. (Night.)
High School Games:
September 28—Westport-Southwest. (Night.)

OTHER EVENTS
September 2-3—Midget Auto Races. 6:30 p.m. 15th and Blue River.
September 12-15—Antique Show, Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.
September 15-16; 24-25—Mexican Fiesta. Arena, Municipal Auditorium.
September 13-16—Rodeo, sponsored by American War Dads. Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
September 20-October 7—National Roller Derby. Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

THEATRE
September 13, 14, 15—TEN LITTLE INDIANS. (A & N Presentation). Saturday matinee. Music Hall

DANCING
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 3142 Main)
September 1—Sonny Dunham
September 2-3—Ralph Slade.
September 4-16—Ozzie Clark.
September 4-16; 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30—Ozzie Clark.
September 18, 20, 25, 27—"Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra.

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockhill—September exhibit: Modern British Art, collection assembled in England and sent to this country in exchange for an exhibition of contemporary American art. 144 works including painting, etchings, drawings, and sculpture.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone—Display of minerals, including uranium. Closed Monday.

SCHOOLS
UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY, 51st and Rockhill Road; JA. 1135—Freshman program, September 13. Registration, September 17.

KANSAS CITY JUNIOR COLLEGE, 39th and McGee; LO. 3174—Freshman orientation, September 5, 9:00 a.m.; registration, September 6, 9:00 a.m. Sophomore registration, September 5, 1:00 p.m.

KANSAS CITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Armour Boulevard at Walnut; VA. 6644—School opens September 6. Registration any time prior.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 4415 Warwick; VA. 2854—School opens October 1.
Who Will Win the Peace?

We have won the war. But the peace—is it wonderful? A timely note of warning is sounded—

by ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

(We here reprint a broadcast made by Mutual’s news commentator, Royal Arch Gunnison, on the afternoon of Saturday, August 11, just three days before the Japenese officially accepted Allied peace terms. . . . To Mr. Gunnison, the Japanese are not strangers. He spent two years in the prison of Santo Tomas; was the last Allied radio correspondent in Manila before its fall. He made the first radio correspondent’s eyewitness report on the liberation of Manila on February 4, 1945. Now, in the midst of jubilation, he speaks urgently for caution and vigilance in our dealings with Japan. . . . “It’s a time for some prayerful thinking.”)

In the midst of all this excitement over the answer the United States has made to Japan’s surrender offer—an answer the United States has made in behalf of all the Big Four—two or three factors stand out. And they must not be overlooked in trying to figure out what the Big Four reply means.

On the surface it looks as though President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes have made a counter-provision for the Japs to accept or reject—a provision that keeps the Emperor on his throne, thus saving face for the Japanese, but taking away all the Emperor’s power to govern in Japan.

But examine this closely. Get below the surface. No Japanese is going to quit hating the foreigner as he does. No Japanese is going to give up the hope or the plan to try this again, regardless of how long it takes . . . and no Japanese is going to see in this surrender anything but a temporary relinquishment of “surface” power to the hated foreigner. That’s us. No Japanese is going to believe that the real, the motivating power of the Emperor or Emperor System has been high-jacked by the United Nations.

I firmly believe that the Japanese are quitting at this moment, that they’ll accept this latest condition from the Big Four, because they believe they’ve defeated us by keeping us from landing in Japan and because they have retained the Emperor System. This is what they meant when they used to say to me and to the others of us who were prisoners of the Japs . . . “You will win in the fighting . . . but we will win the peace . . . for you are suckers . . .”

We have offered to Japan a situation something like this: It’s as though we went into Germany and said to the high Nazis such as Goering, Goebbles, and Himmler . . . “All right, you fellows give up and we’ll take Hitler and govern Germany through him. After a reasonable time we’ll say to the German
people, 'Now you decide what form of government you want in Germany. If you want to keep Nazism and Hitler, it's all right with us.' ... Of course we hope you'll see the light and won't be bad boys again.'

That's what we've done in effect with the Japanese. And I believe we'll see within the next twenty-four hours acceptance of this offer like hot saki at a Sukiyaki dinner. And there'll be celebrating at the Imperial Palace.

We have offered the Japanese a peace that is not unconditional surrender. However, what's done is done ... and there's no use crying over spilt milk ... except to be alert to the new plan of Japanese block, stall and delay. And don't think for a moment that the Japs don't have a plan. They do.

The Japanese always have taken the attitude that the man, the nation, that has the greatest power should use it, and to that nation's best interests. That's what they have done. When we have the power, the Japs expect us to use it ... and hold only contempt for us when we don't use it. Naturally, they aren't going to give up any more than they have to.

What is likely to happen in the next days ... 

V-J Day will not officially come until the Japanese Chief of Staff flies probably to Okinawa and puts his red-ink chop on the document, the Imperial Peace Rescript already signed by Hirohito. Doubtless General MacArthur, and perhaps Admiral Nimitz and some high British admiral and a Chinese officer, will be present. That will be VJ Day. But when the Japanese come back tomorrow or early Monday with the acceptance of the deal ... for it is a "deal" ... it isn't unconditional surrender in any sense of the word ... when they report they have accepted it, that'll be the sign for the end of hostilities.

I know I'm probably in the minority ... But I've learned from some pretty grim personal experiences with the Japanese before the war in the Far East, during the war, too ... and I'd go very easy on the "all out" celebration of victory. So much depends now upon how tough we are with the Japanese, and how severe we are in our occupation and how long we occupy Japan and upon how great a change we make in their educational system, and upon how thoroughly we go about debunking the Emperor System. It must be clear that most of Japan's 100-million population have suffered very little from the war. To be sure, a number of Japanese cities have been destroyed and life has been lost. But Jiro
Japanese, the average Jap, hasn't had his country invaded. He hasn't been told of all the American and Australian and Chinese victories. In other words, he has not been defeated mentally. It's not the uniform that makes the enemy—it's his thinking. We are at this moment at the peak of Japan's psychological warfare against the outside world. We've defeated them militarily. But you know the old slogan: A man may be down . . . but he's never out. That's the attitude in Japan today.

Some of our politicians in Washington say it doesn't matter what the Japs think or what they do now . . . that we have the military power and we'll see to it the Japs don't grow into a military nation again . . . and anyway, the new United Nations organization will prevent the Japs from burling over again.

But anyone who was at the San Francisco Conference can tell you that the new United Nations League of Nations has few teeth in it—and has many "outs" for nations who wish to be belligerent. It must be revised if it's to enforce the peace.

Everything now depends upon how persistent we are . . . how cool and intelligent we are . . . how insistent we are in occupying Japan and in eliminating from Jap thinking over the next fifty years the idea that they can come back and do this again. We have given them the right to choose their own system of government within a reasonable time. But for a people whose thinking has been controlled for generations—for centuries—a reasonable time is going to mean a matter of more than one generation before the Japanese mentality is capable of accepting freedom of thought and therefore capable of intelligently choosing its own system of government.

But we have one weapon left. We must insist—whether people here think it's Christian or not—we must insist that there be no return to religion in politics, the type of religious fanaticism that has brought the Japs to the peak of emotion that brought on this war. Or we will find—rather, our children will find—another fight on their hands, a fight with atomic bombs and worse . . . bombs and germs and gas and other horrible instruments of death that will be developed in the next generations.

One very interesting angle to this peace situation is the build-up in Japan by the Japanese Government of the Imperial Crown Prince, a little fellow by the name of Aki-Hito, Hirohito's son, about 13 years of age. This indicates one thing and one thing only to me. The Jap overlords expect to permit Hirohito to sign the Imperial Rescript for the surrender . . . and then pull a switcheroo on us. They'll do one of two thing. Hirohito will commit Hara-kiri (suicide) in disgrace for having let the people down and not winning the war . . . or Hirohito will relinquish the throne to little boy Aki-Hito, and there'll be a regency, made up of princes of the Imperial family with an officer of the United Nations sitting in as advisor to the little Japanese. Thus
the Japs in effect say to the United Nations . . . “You see, we punished Hirohito for not winning. We put a new little man on a new little white pony.” And to themselves they say . . . “Sure, but we saved the Emperor System, and pulled the wool over the eyes of the hated foreigner.”

Frankly, I expect Hirohito to commit suicide . . . and good riddance, too.

But regardless of suicide, assassination, or retirement, the end of Hirohito would not mean the end of the Japs’ attempt to salvage every bit of their plan, as stated in their Shinto political-religious tenets, “to subjugate the 10-thousand nations of the four seas.” How are the experts in Washington, London, Moscow, and Chungking (who are so solicitous of the feelings of the Japs) going to handle that situation? How are they going to let Japan’s daily life go on unhampered and keep their hands out of Jap religious problems when the political and religious life of Japan are one and the same thing? The religious tenets of Japan call for the Emperor System to take over the world. Certainly, we can’t agree to the Japs keeping that point of view in either their political or religious code.

I’m pessimistic, I’ll admit. This to me is a time to be very thoughtful rather than blindly jubilant. It’s a time for some prayerful thinking . . . and very cool and cautious action on the part of our government.

**UNIFORMITIES**

Sergeant: Stop worrying, Mesenjouskiwitzburgerhofer, there’s no bullet with your name on it.

— from Old American News

“Say, this is one helluva rough infiltration course you have laid out here, Captain. How often does a man get killed running it?”

“Just once.”

Mess Sergeant: Why don’t you eat your fish? Something wrong with it?
Private: Long time no sea.

— from Kansas City Kornettes

G.I. at the front: Migosh, Sarge, war is almost as bad as basic training!
Paradise Enow!

by HANNAH FRY

Concerning the presence of books in all bars—the changing of saloons to salons, and what it might do to society! Truly, 'tis perilous to think upon!

In Sussex, England, the Cherry Tree Inn at Copthorne has been making a play for added business by installing a 300-volume library in its pub. For an extra tuppence, a novel is now served with a pint of bitter, and what’s more, the customer may keep his book for a week. Same can not be said for the pint of bitter.

This innovation in drinking habits may well revolutionize the entire imbibitory structure of society, if it happens to get carried far enough. And except for a few minor drawbacks—such as one’s not being able to focus after the first four or five—this new idea may come into its own and into the bars and lounges of our native cities.

Consider, then, the repercussions, the change in decor and attitude that may take place. The tired businessman, after a tough day at the office, drops into the corner bistro where he is wont to while away a daily hour or four or five. From the shelves lining the wall, he selects the latest whodunit, orders a bourbon and soda or reasonable facsimile, sinks into a comfy old leather chair and a coma, and soon is escaping the trials of the day’s occupation in a stimulating never-never land of murder and mirth. Ponder upon it! A whole roomful of tired businessmen and career girls drinking beer and reading the newest book of the month! Instead of the usual yak-yak of shop talk and the hysterical squeaks of relaxing nervous systems—there’ll be a comfortable quiet interrupted only by the taffeta sound of turning pages, the hiss of escaping beer bubbles, and the Falstaffian rumbles of ole beer burpers.

There will always be among those present one or two of the species who just have to read certain passages aloud from time to time. This practice may be eliminated by seeing to it that the offender has so many drinks that he—or she, as the case may and probably will be—can no longer follow a straight line along the page. After that he/she may want to argue in loud tones, or sing “Bell Bottom Trousers” or “I Love You Truly”. At that stage, you might try hitting him/her over the head with “Forever Amber”.

Your Englishman has always liked to read as he drinks. Dickens expatiates at length on the pleasures derived from reading a book in the
clean cheery pub with a sanded floor, and a plump barmaid beaming upon Mr. Pickwick or Tupman or Snodgrass, as they perused the latest Spectator. (To say nothing of Pickwick, Tupman, and Snodgrass beaming upon the barmaid.) The French bookworm tucked his volume of verse under his arm as he wended his way toward the sidewalk cafe. And even the Japanese combine reading and drinking. They gather at the liquor houses at the end of what's left of their streets every evening to drink their daily ration of sake and read the newspaper. Conviviality, comraderie over the written word and the cup that cheers! WHAM! Shucks, another atom bomb. Well, it was cozy while it lasted.

We do not predict such a fate for all combiners of cocktails and copy. On the contrary, if Americans could only learn to relax over a book as they top off their daily quota, the problem of highspeed living might be partially solved. What we need to do is slow down—with a drink in one hand and an essay in the other. (Preferably some cheerful tidbit such as the sermons of Thomas Browne, or that thing about the opium-eater.)

For one thing, our unhappy habit of polishing them off, one after another until even the bartender refuses to pour another libation would be scotched. (So would the barfly.) And the customer, deep in the problem of who killed Cock Robin, would sip away at one Manhattan for a solid hour and never realize how time was passing. He might even consume the glass, clear down to the stem.

Brash gentlemen who like to start conversations with young ladies (or
vice-versa) are sometimes discouraged by frigid refusals because their approaches are too bald. So are their pates, many times. A library in the downtown snake pit should certainly help the situation. A smooth, "I notice you have 'Julius Caesar' in your hand," should get results. (Especially for J. C.) "Have you reached the place yet in the fourth act where Portia takes poison?" And you could follow up with, "How about a drink with me? Name your poison!"

Books in bars should also take care of querulous chaps who like to argue. If the subject is anything that facts could prove, they can always settle matters between the bookends instead of out in the alley. This, of course, is based on the assumption that the arguers can read. Let them adjourn to a corner where the written page could be consulted, and the altercation closed with a simple, "There it is in black and white, old boy!" Loser could always appeal to an earlier edition.

A literary chaser for every drink could completely change the American way. Give us more savoir faire, more subtlety, a richer vocabulary, more significant talking points than what happened at the office today and why not. Silly little girls who know nothing but clothes, men, and filing (and Lord knows why they need to know more) could enhance their gum beating with quotations from the Bard and Emersonian innuendoes; and names such as Heathcliffe, Maigret, Buddenbrooks, and Caitilin Ni Murrachu would roll trippingly off the tongue. Think of the rise in the cultural level and the broadening of interests—as well as beams! The more you read, the wider the horizons, the more you drink, the more of 'em.

Also consider the convenience of having more things to throw in case of a brawl . . . and the beauty of being under a table with Thorne Smith.

Liquor advertising, too, would shift its gears with a grind and a bump. The advent of books among bottles could result in something approaching literary history. Along the highways you might read: "Concentrate with Old Grand-Dad"; "Take Teacher's Highland Cream to Finnegans Wake"; "Let Four Roses Help You Wade Through Walden"; "Dixie Bell is best with Eddie A. Guest". On the tables tucked in among the bistro bookshelves you mightn't be surprised at such slogans as "Waterfill Frazier with 'Measure for Measure'"; "Hastd thy Pabst today? What's choicer with Chaucer!"; "Fall into Vat 69 with George Sand"; "Two of our Texas Steers and you'll have no Remembrance of Things Past."

This country which for years has been throwing it down and tossing it up in its mad quest for excitement would do well to emulate the Cherry Tree Inn at Copthorne, Sussex. What we need is more bar libraries—(and we don't mean the kind where attorneys pore over case histories)—and more books of verses with our jugs of wine. Ah, Wilderness! Ah, dreams!
**Favorite War Stories**

(The first one is told by Fulton Lewis, Jr.)

When overseas recently, reporting for Mutual on the progress of the European war, I was driven up to the German town of Rott at the front lines. Returning that evening, we were forced to travel a bad road, that had been made progressively worse by shell craters that pitted the pathway.

A short way out of Rott, we were hailed by two soldiers who were hiking 19 miles to keep a date they had made in a recently liberated town across the German border. We stopped and picked them up.

After a mile or two at this snail-like pace, one of the soldiers, impatient for his date, remarked that if we only had a flashlight of the dimout variety issued by the Army we could make much better time.

"Hm-m-m-m!" mused the second soldier sighting an MP standing by the road. He leaped out as we stopped, went over to the MP, asked some strictly unnecessary questions about directions, put his arm around the man and started telling him a joke.

After the MP had finished his laugh, the soldier came quickly back to our car. hopped in and said: "Now, let’s get out of here fast!"

When we had left the MP five minutes behind, the soldier proudly produced—a dimout flashlight. The military cop had had his pockets very professionally picked, and needless to say, we proceeded at a much faster pace.

(The second comes from Cecil Brown)

When the U. S. First Army moved into Belgium, a group of its signalmen paused one day to admire the spunk of a little puppy.

The love of an American boy for a dog prompted these hard-bitten signalmen to make friends with the unknown pup. They named him "Tuffy," and when it was time to move on toward the German frontier, Tuffy went along as mascot.

East they went across Belgium—the First Army and Tuffy. Day and nights in fox holes, long rides over shell-pocked roads in jeeps, snacks from cans of army rations, fitful but trustful sleep in the arms of American doughboys—such was the life of Tuffy.

Then came the German breakthrough in the Belgian Bulge. German tanks and infantry came pouring into the American lines. Doughboys fell back. Some hid: among these, one little group of nine, plus Tuffy, in a handy cellar.

Suddenly heavy footsteps approached. The cellar doors were flung back. The Americans froze to the walls as did Tuffy. Two Germans peered in.

The Americans exchanged whispers of mutual joy and relief when the Nazis left. Tuffy, seeming to sense the elation of the men, could contain himself no longer. He barked!

The strong, slim fingers of an American doughboy closed over Tuffy’s nose and mouth. When he continued to bark they supped to Tuffy’s neck and tightened.

Footsteps came and went. The hours dragged on. Finally, there was silence.

Then, trying hard to be matter-of-fact about it, the nine battle-hardened American soldiers went up the cellar stairs and into the sun, to dig a grave for Tuffy.
Life in Your Veins

The story back of the Blood Banks and that life-saving pint of blood you gave—or can give—to some American fighter . . . Story based on "The Human Adventure" series, originating at Station WGN, Chicago, and broadcast over the Mutual network in collaboration with the University of Chicago.

by JAMES G. HANLON

MAN normally can lose a third of his blood and live. Beyond that he dies—unless, that is, he receives new blood by means of transfusion.

It would seem relatively easy to replace lost blood by transfusion. Yet the first recorded attempt ended in death—the death of Pope Innocent the Eighth and the death of three young boys who acted as blood donors. That was in the year 1492.

The Pope’s death cast a long shadow over the development of the transfusion principle. Men were afraid to try again. The next notable attempt did not take place until 1667 when a daring young French doctor, Jean Denys, transfused a small amount of blood from a sheep into a young man weakened by blood-letting.

Again the result was disastrous. His experiment was a dramatic success but it led to a wave of transfusions and a tide of tragic errors.

Man’s early notions about blood transfer were fantastic. For 500 years it was commonly believed that the blood transferred the donor’s religion or temperamen or race. To be transfused with the blood of a Quaker, for instance, was erroneously thought to put Quaker “blood” in the veins. The blood of a Negro transferred the race and the color of a Negro. A sheep’s blood would cause one to bleat like a sheep.

The loss of life brought about through the practice of transfusion, following Denys’ successful experiment, was so great that France finally banned the practice altogether. But although scientists did not let the matter rest at that point, it wasn’t until 1869 that the next important step was taken.

Creite, in that year, discovered the mystery of agglutination and was able to announce that animal blood clots man’s blood. We must use the blood of the same species, he advised. Dog’s blood for dogs, man’s blood for man.

Landois substantiated Creite’s theory a few years later and was able to add the knowledge that, in some instances, the blood of one species dissolves the blood of another species. This he called hemolysis.
In Vienna Landsteiner made the next important discovery in 1900, when he reported that agglutination and hemolysis may even occur within the same species. One man’s blood, he noted, may clot or dissolve that of another man. He also observed that in some cases there was no reaction: this made for a successful transfusion. To assure success, he learned, the blood of the donor and the recipient must be typed.

It took the rich opportunity for experiment offered by the first World War to bring two British doctors working in the Near East to the conclusion that the blood of all men and all races conforms to four different and easily discernible types. These variations, they found, have nothing to do with origins or skin color. They further substantiated the fact that in transfusions of whole blood, all that is needed is that the blood types match. Once the types conform, men’s blood is interchangeable. This fact was confirmed again and again in field hospitals on the Western front.

It was in a British field hospital where the next notable life-saving discovery was made by Professor O. H. Robinson of the University of Chicago, who was serving as a captain in the British Medical Corps.

Transfusions were helping to save men’s lives on the battle field. The demand for blood was great. In a single day when he could have used eighty pints a maximum of eight were available. And these had to be taken from other soldiers in the field.

He knew that civilians back home would gladly give blood donations but the problem was to get it ahead of time, store it and prevent it from clotting.

Sodium citrate, he knew, keeps blood fluid for a while—but not long enough to be shipped from collection points to far-flung field hospitals on the fighting fronts. To do that would take, at the least, a couple of days.

Finally he hit upon the idea of refrigeration, storing blood like milk in an ice box. This made it possible to store blood for a period of ten days and only in limited quantities—which meant that use would have to be confined to the most desperately wounded. This was still not practical enough although a Russian doctor, Sergius Judin, perfected a method of recovering blood from bodies a few hours after death. Also it was not enough because thousands of men who were only slightly wounded died of shock.

Following World War I, a number of nations appointed medical committees to study shock and search out a treatment for it. It was found that in shock the respiration of a person is shallow—indicating asphyxiation. It was found that in shock circulation is impaired—meaning the red blood corpuscles cannot move oxygen to the tissues. It was found that in shock...
some sort of a chemical liberated that penetrates the capillaries and paralyzes them, letting the plasma escape. This lowers the blood pressure, pointing the way to asphyxiation.

In the United States, the Surgeon General of the Army appointed a commission headed by Walter B. Cannon of Harvard University to study shock, determine its causes and find a cure.

Piecing together the findings of his commission with the research reports from other nations, Dr. Cannon advanced the idea that shock could be treated successfully by transfusion of plasma. The most important aspect of his findings, however, was that treatment of shock does not require whole blood—that the red corpuscles were not needed. This eliminated the necessity for matching blood types because the plasma from anybody's body can be given to anybody else.

This posed another storage problem because at that time no method was known that would permit plasma to be stored in large quantities.

The storing of plasma—the drying and preservation of the vital blood fluid in a form that was stable, easily transported and readily liquefied by the addition of distilled water—is an American process so recent that not one in a thousand can name the scientists who brought the discovery into being shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. They are: Doctors W. J. Elser, John Reickel, E. W. Flosdorf and Stuart Mudd.

Because of the prompt administration of stored blood plasma for light as well as severe wounds, American battle casualties today number fewer by half the fatalities for similar wounds in World War I. More than twice the number of World War II wounded will recover—will live—will come home.

SWING’S Apperception Test proved at least two things: Some folks are reading the magazine; and regardless of whether they know which side their bread is buttered on, they surely know which side the milk comes from! To each Gentle Reader who wrote or called in his correction on last month's case of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow from the wrong side, Swing was pleased to send a prize: one package of Kraft Powdered Whole Milk (newest food account on WHB). And just in case you prize-winning ole cowhands think you know all about milk, may we advise you not to keep this powder dry!
“This must have something to do with that nugget he found the other day.”
"THE JAPS CAME Back
... to Manila Today"

by CEDRIC FOSTER

Tribute and warning at the beginning of the peace.

(This is Swing's first article by Mr. Foster since his return from the Pacific, where he spent some weeks during mid-summer and where, on July 4, he sat with General MacArthur three hours after the General had announced the liberation of the Philippines. We reprint the partial text of Mr. Foster's broadcast over the Mutual Network on Sunday, August 19, the day officially named by President Truman as a day of prayer in appreciation of victory and in remembrance.)

On this day we can afford to remember the men and women of Corregidor... the men and women who have fought on all fields of battle that the torch of liberty should not flicker and die. As General MacArthur said of Corregidor... "They need no comment from me. They sounded their own story at the mouth of their guns. They scrolled their own epitaph on enemy tablets. But through the bloody haze of their last reverberating shot, I shall always seem to see the vision of those grim, gaunt, and ghostly men... still unafraid."

The Japs came back to Manila today, not as a conquering host bent upon grinding the necks of free men under the hob-nails of their trampling boots. They came back in surrender to those men. Men whose spirits never flagged, whose courage never waned, whose determination never died... even in the face of what the world described as insuperable odds. The Japs came back to Manila today to see their own handiwork... a ruined and gutted city. The Japs came back to Manila today to smell the nauseating stench of their own dead, still lying in the rubble of the once-glorious monuments of the Commonwealth of the Philippines. They came back to see with their eyes and to so report to their War-Lord Emperor Hirohito the might and the strength and the power which a free people fashioned with their own hands... which they transported tens of thousands of miles on ships which they, themselves, had built... to the scene of the fleeting Japanese triumph.

The Japs came back to Manila today to be greeted by American officers who stood with impassive face, who subconsciously started to accept an outstretched Japanese hand, but who in the flash of the next second ignored the gesture... to officers who gave only a slight curt nod of recognition when interpreters carried through the formal introductions.
The Japs came back to Manila today to hear with their ears and to so report to their Emperor Hirohito the terms of surrender which will be imposed upon them. They came back to Manila today and they will return to Tokio to follow out MacArthur’s instructions. Their dream of world conquest lies beneath the broken and twisted buildings of the Philippines capital.

Today in a spirit of Thanksgiving and prayer the people of the United States, at the request of their president, reflect upon the happenings of the last six years. It was six years ago, on the third of September, that the trembling voice of Neville Chamberlain announced to the world that the British people had taken up arms against Germany... to fight, as Neville Chamberlain said, against “evil things.” Although the United States was not then in the war, nevertheless, the dies were cast. The United States were irrevocably committed to that war because in their long history, they have always fought evil on the side of right and justice and freedom and liberty. It was not until the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor—and it should never be forgotten that the German people gave to the Japanese the opportunity to so strike—it was not until the 7th of December, 1941, that the youth of the United States marched into battle, backed by the sinews of American production. The war, militarily, has been won. For that we give thanks to Almighty God today. For that we stand in reverential tribute to those who gave their lives in that victory... for those whose sacrifices contributed in no matter how small a manner to the accomplishment of our triumph.

On this day of prayer we face two facts. Although conquered militarily, neither the Japanese nor the German minds have been changed. The task of altering those minds and channeling their thoughts into our ways of thinking, lies before us. It is imperative that we accomplish that task. But if we should fail, the other fact looms and it is undeniable. Ahead of us are years of occupation of Japan and Germany, lest the marauders once more break loose to destroy our homes, to kill our children, and to lay waste our lands. We pray today that God will guide us in the reconversion of our enemies.

We pray that if our efforts are unavailing that He will give us the courage to shoulder our share of burden to enforce the peace of the world. On this day of prayer, may we ask that God forbid we ever condemn our children to suffer as the armed forces of America have suffered in this war.

**CATEGORY**

“Have you any children?”
“Yassuh, Ah’s got foah.”
“How old are they?”
“Well, now, le’s see—Ah’s got one lap chile, one creeper, one porch chile, and one yard youngun.”
Guaymas—Tomorrow’s Playground

New resort under the sun—another Port of Call for anglers complete or incomplete.

by AL STINE

If, in addition to a new automobile and a butcher that can lift a pork chop without a bracer from your last bottle of Scotch, your post-war plans include a winter vacation, look long and well toward Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico, on the California Gulf.

It’s true that a Guaymas sunburn has less flair than one from Palm Beach. Nevertheless, you can tan at any winter resort; the trick is in getting out with your skin. For instance, try keeping up with the international set at Acapulco, Mexico. You’ll soon learn that wild oats make a lousy, costly breakfast.

Miami and Tucson are America’s winter glamour spots. Both are always over-crowded with that select group PM is mad at. Much to Marshall Field’s disgust, his reluctance to shine on them isn’t shared by the sun. The less publicized Mississippi Gulf Coast with its gambling casinos is no less crowded but, like a zoot suiter’s pants, shines under cover.

After having learned all these things through actual experience, the neighbor’s maid, and The New Yorker, my carefully considered winter resort vote goes to Guaymas because, pro primo, it has a reliable, warm, dry climate; pro secundo, you can secure a hotel room or cottage without resorting to the influence of your Congressman and your rich Uncle Ferd; pro tertio, no less an authority than the National Geographic sets up Guaymas fishing waters as “among the world’s most exciting, most incredible.”

The Geographic article continues, “... sail out from Guaymas, on the Sonora shore, any fine morning and watch for flocks of diving birds. Hasten to the spot and you see the ocean foaming—lashed by acres of big, hungry fish.” (In two months of fishing these waters the only time I saw the ocean lashed into foam was when we tried to recover a bottle of beer lost overboard.)

However, don’t let that cause you to sell the Geographic (or Guaymas fishing) short. I sat in a boat with Craig Ferguson, famous California sportsman and ichthyologist, and watched him pull in forty-five plump Spanish mackerel in one hour! Fifteen mackerel fell victims to my wild efforts during the same period and I spent fully half the time untangling the hook from a life jacket and Ferguson’s hair.
Guaymas waters grow 'em big. The natives and seasoned fishermen there are hard to impress. Luis Canalizo, cordial, Latin-correct host at Miramar Beach Hotel, curls his lip at anything under five pounds even if it’s caught by a paying guest fishing off-shore with light bait-casting equipment. If you’re fishing from a launch, using regular deep-sea equipment, anything you can carry yourself won’t elicit too much comment.

During the winter season (October to May) you can tie into Totoaba (white sea bass), rock bass and spotted rock bass, silver sea trout, jewfish, Spanish mackerel, and yellow tail. The summer season (May to September) offers you your pick of tuna, sailfish, rooster fish, shark, giant ray and, of course, the king of game fish, marlin. July and August are the hot months.

Hotels include the Southern Pacific’s luxurious La Playa de Cortes and the popular Miramar Beach, both on Bacochibampa Bay, near Guaymas.

Tariffs at the Miramar start at $3.00 for a single room. Attractive, comfortable three and four room cottages, just a good cast from a sandy beach, are also available. Dinner at the same spot starting with all the famous Guaymas shrimp you can eat and offering a selection of steak, lobster, wild duck, fish, or venison brings a check for $1.00, American money.

If the resort employed a publicity agent he could shoot “cheese-cake” on the beach 365 days a year and not worry about goose bumps spoiling the pictures. The air—sinus sufferers take note—is warm and dry, even on the shores of the Gulf. No measurable rain falls during the winter season.

Abelardo I. Rodriguez, Sonora’s present governor and one of Mexico’s most able and progressive leaders, is driving hard to pull his state and Guaymas to the front. The parade has started. Give him time and he’ll have Hollywood’s stars shining in Sonora’s sun!

The other day an old man who had lived all his life in one house puzzled his friends by moving next door. They asked him why he’d bothered.

“Eh,” he told them, “I reckon it’s the gypsy in me.”

—from Old American News
They Take a Swing at My News!

Who's more amazing than people! The author of last month's "Write Back At You" sends in more excerpts from a news commentator's fan mail.

by FRANK SINGISER

The grim days of 1942 sometimes seem like only yesterday. Blacked out coast lines, air raid drills, spy landings from submarines, the sinking of precious tankers in broad daylight, bomb scares—these were all very real just three years ago.

Yet we have come so far during the past thirty-six months, that 1942 also seems to be part of ancient history. I didn’t realize just how far away those months were until the other day. I was glancing through some letters in my files, letter written by listeners to my news reports when they were pretty grim. There was little good news that the American broadcaster could offer his audience three years ago, little except hopes.

The listening public was quick to express its reaction to any misstep or false emphasis, whether intentional or not. At one time, it seemed as though there must be an organized group of “volunteer monitors” listening to every newscast. I suspect that many of these good listeners were peacetime mentors of correct pronunciation. I have always felt a debt of gratitude to “volunteer monitors” who often are the only authority available for the accepted pronunciation of out-of-the-way places, or otherwise unknown people.

These same aggressive helpful listeners during the days just after Pearl Harbor took it upon themselves to nail any broadcaster who seemed to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy, no matter how often the phrase “Passed by censorship for Broadcast” was used. A quotation from the radio address of a commanding general in the U. S. Army occasioned this blast after a newscast:

“Dear Sir:

In tonight’s broadcast, you openly stated that one of our cities has no protection or any guns to repel an enemy. That is what I got out of your remarks. I am a faithful listener to your nightly program and I will say right at you too, if you don’t know any more than to make cracks like the above, made tonight, I think it is time to shut you up. You know as well as I do that your voice on the air-waves carries to the enemy; so why aid and abet them, or am I misled and are you a German? I’ll be listening!”

An announcement made at the request of the War Department got this warning for me:

“Frank Singiser:

By what authority do you have the right to broadcast military information? You are treading on dangerous ground and giving aid to the enemy. I heard it
and felt like reporting you as careless, or a premeditating 5th Columnist. This country will soon get hard-boiled in actions towards our internal enemies, and don’t forget when a Yankee becomes hard-boiled, he really becomes TOUGH. Remember that . . .

In peace and in war there is the “statistical listener” who writes. I picture him sitting by the radio with adding machine and pencil handy.

“Sir:

I know how many hospitals there were in England before the war. Have listened to all your broadcasts since the war started, and have kept a record as reported on the air by you. In fact, I have several boys in my block who listen to you, and have a record of the hospitals destroyed or damaged by German planes. You have nearly reached the total of the hospitals before the war; so be careful in the future broadcasts not to mention any more because you will then have mentioned more hospitals and movie houses than ever existed. What a bunch of boobs you must think your listeners are . . .

I could have replied (but didn’t) that regardless of the boobs, it was evident there were a few extroverts listening in.

All in all, I have been grateful for the sometimes brusque attention given to my broadcasts by the “volunteer monitors”. I hope they continue to keep me on my toes.

Quite often a letter comes from someone who is bursting to tell of a stroke of personal luck. Occasionally a listener will write just because he is so pleased that he has to tell someone about his good fortune.

One gay blade played pinochle far into the night and came up with a dream hand, and regardless of the hour of his homecoming, he had to tell it to the cockeyed world. What’s a fellow to do when he lacks a sympathetic ear? Right! There is nothing handier than a pen and a sheet or two of paper . . .

“I was sitting there in a game of three-handed bid pinochle with the three cards of the kitty in the center of the table, TURNED FACE DOWN . . . I held the double ace of diamonds, the double ten, king and double jack, and when I got the bid, boy oh boy, there in the kitty were two little queens of diamonds looking up at me just as cute as you please. How is that for luck, Mr. Singiser?”

And he then proceeded joyfully for three more pages to tell the same thing again. More power to him and may he continue with his luck till that day when every hand will be a 650 bid!

Not all listeners complain to the sponsors about the newscaster; a few actually complain to the newscaster about the sponsor:
"Mr. Singhauser:

Ordinarily I'm no old meany to squawk about anything, but by golly, when your announcer in his interminable twaddle about your sponsor's product, talks about easychairs and the fireplace on a summerish night as hot as this, I do want to register a protest. ??!!:œ!**! Do we have to listen to this fireplace stuff on the 4th of July?"

Incidentally, that letter was dated and sent in March.

There was another listener, quick on the receiver, who had this to say:

"Dear Sir:

Your sponsor's advertising this evening made a very interesting forecast, to wit: 'It looks like white Christmases will be few and far between this year.' I am wondering just how many Christmases, white or otherwise, can be expected in any one year. Perhaps it is a logical sequence to the multiple Thanksgivings of several years ago. Please enlighten . . . ."

What would you answer to that?

There are always letters, too, from inventors looking for someone to put their ideas to work. These ideas range from perpetual motion machines to solutions of all the technical problems in radio. Members of the Royal Society of Moochers and Sample Seekers help swell Uncle Sam's mail-roll. One choice specimen began:

"I am deeply interested in a very worthy case of a sick man who is unable to buy the product you advertise on the radio. I have been getting him samples, but lately they are difficult to obtain. Maybe you had better mail them to me and I shall be more than happy to see that he gets them, whatever it is that you are now advertising."

That was one letter I did not forward to my sponsor.

But fortunately, the newscaster is often the bringer of good news to those who listen to the war bulletins more with their hearts than with their ears.

"Dear Mr. Singiser:

I was advised by two friends that you mentioned some air-corps men who had received honors in the Pacific area. They thought that one of the names was that of my son, Thomas, and I would deeply appreciate it if you would send me the exact words of the news item that night. I know you are busy but this means so much to me, I know God won't let you regret the time it takes to get this information for an anxious father . . . ."

Another one:

"— I just heard you quote an operations officer on information about the captured Americans, and then you gave his name. I was so excited that I could not be sure that it was my husband's name you said. I have had no news from him for some months. Would you please check on that broadcast and see if I heard correctly? It would mean so much to me and to my family if we could hear just a little news about my husband . . . ."

Sometimes the first items of bad news are replaced by other later items of good news. An American warship flashed on our newswire—twice. The first time it was reported sunk in action and all hands missing. Next of kin had already been notified before the news of the sinking was broadcast. And then some weeks later, this same reporter had the thrill of reporting the good news to the fathers, mothers, wives, and sweethearts of those boys: the crew, almost to a man, had miraculously reached the shore of a nearby island and were safe and alive! It would take a braver man, indeed, to repeat any of the letters received after that broadcast.
Now Is the Time for All Good Girls...

That’s what you think! Better read up on the male-female situation as statistics go, and if you want to get your man, O Sister, you better get goin’!

by BOB RICHARDSON

THE war’s over. Our boys are coming home.

And so you pretty young things are having dreams of hitting the matrimony jackpot the minute GI Joe comes marching home?

Gone, you say, are the days of dateless Tuesdays, lonesome Saturday nights, and endless Sundays. Gone are the days of going out with 4-F Homer, whom you tolerated only because of the man shortage. Now is the time for all good girls to land a husband.

That’s what you think!

Ever hear of the law of simple arithmetic? Well, that’s what you single girls will be bucking from here on in. Population experts in this country are worried. Since 1930, when there were a million more men than women, the masculine edge rapidly disappeared until now there are more than 300,000 women in excess of men. This includes servicemen.

Oh, well, you say, what’s 300,000 surplus females in a country this big? That shouldn’t be so alarming, should it? Here are two answers to those questions:

First: Today there are something like 4 million young girls, age 20 to 34, in this country eligible for the altar. In the same age group, there are only 1,700,000 young men (including servicemen) who are unmarried. Simple subtraction gives us 2,300,000 girls whose chances of getting married are as gloomy as the proverbial snowball’s prospects in Hitler’s Hangout. (At least we hope that’s where he’s hanging.)

Second: There are the inevitable psychological repercussions. Tradition tells how hard it was to influence a man into marching through the rice-and-old-shoes routine, even back in the manflush days. Now the boys are going to sense their advantage. Girls who once depended on the proper application of Max Factor products will have to bring a bigger bat to the plate with them now. And foreign girls have given GI Joe a heap of attention and honest adoration. A lot of dogfaces are going to be kind of choosy.

Detailed studies by a major insurance company uncovered the fact that 6 to 8 million American women are doomed to spinsterhood.
You women can blame your constitutions as one cause of this girl-surplus. Nature devised a trick to put more males than females on earth by fixing the birth rate of baby boys to exceed that of baby girls. But Nature didn’t fix it so boys would be as rugged as girls. By the time a generation reaches 21, the young ladies have an edge in numbers because they are hardier. This continues through the life cycle. Widows greatly outnumber widowers in the nation. The life expectancy of a man is 63 years, for a woman 68 years. The man who refers to a girl as a “frail” or to women as the “weaker sex” is just kidding his male ego.

Social scientists predict a drastic change in our future society—all because of this female surplus. One thing seems almost certain. Nearly all of the last tenets of chivalry will be wiped out. Not that men will go around belting women on the jaw. Nor is the social change expected to be sudden and violent. But certain minor courtesies and customs will be dropped by the wayside.

From another viewpoint, supposing the proposed 60-million-jobs program goes through. Nearly every woman who wishes to will be working. This might bring about a subconscious revolt by the girls to kick aside the yokes of social behavior men have imposed on them since the Year One.

The fair sex has made gigantic strides in the past five years. In the first place they are, as a class, better educated than men. The war brought about a breakdown of taboos against letting women work on certain factory jobs. And with the perfection of factory machinery, the stress is gone from muscular superiority. It now takes brains to operate a factory precision machine. All the professions have an increasing number of women representatives. Only recently it was revealed that a woman contributed greatly to the development of the atomic bomb that knocked Japan out of the war. Opportunity has clanged the doorbell—and women have opened the door.

Say, what is this!

Is it possible that the world will become a woman’s domain? Will the girls turn this so-called “social problem” into a device whereby they will win political, economic, and all other dominion over the United States?

Oh, well. Just so long as they don’t grow hair on their chests and learn to chew tobacco.

ON THE NEXT PAGE

You will find a “Financial Guide for 1945,” which SWING had prepared quite some time before the Rising Sun took a notion to set. Evidently we were pessimists, or conservatives, to say the least. The end of the war, arriving when it did, dropped a sort of atomic bomb on the timeliness of this Guide. Not that we would have put off victory another month till we got the Guide published! Don’t get us wrong! But anyway, we decided to print these statistics, even if in a reminiscent mood. Because a good bit of research went into it and it’s authentic. Besides, they’re still drafting fellas. Some of you gals may still want to know how much lovely lucre they’ll be drawing down. So just flip over the page—and you’ll find out.
FINANCIAL GUIDE FOR 1945
A Pattern for Designing Young Females

Every citizen who has reached the Age of Discretion (variously estimated at 21 to 9½) has some vague idea of the "base pay" of Army and Navy personnel. But it is a vague idea—"you know, he'll make $250 a month, plus somepinorother for subsistence, plus somepinorother for being overseas and gosh, I don't know what else."

SWING believes that a passel of folks (and particularly narrow-eyed young minxes putting price tags on eligible M/S Whoozitz and dashingly eligible Lt. (j.g.) Whatsitz would like to see the rank and file expressed in $ and ¢.

Wherewith, SWING does just that.

NON-COMMISSIONED (Food and Lodging Provided)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ARMY INSIGNIA</th>
<th>RATING</th>
<th>NAVY INSIGNIA</th>
<th>BASE PAY</th>
<th>Complete With 20% Overseas Pay</th>
<th>Complete With 60% Flying or Submarine Pay</th>
<th>Complete With Sea Duty, Submarine or Overseas Flying Pay</th>
<th>NON-COMMISSIONED TABLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pvt./Apprentice Seaman</td>
<td></td>
<td>$50.00</td>
<td>$60.00</td>
<td>$75.00</td>
<td>$85.00</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pfc./Seaman 2 Cl</td>
<td></td>
<td>$54.00</td>
<td>64.80</td>
<td>81.00</td>
<td>91.80</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cpl./Seaman 1 Cl</td>
<td></td>
<td>$66.00</td>
<td>79.20</td>
<td>99.00</td>
<td>112.20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sgt./3rd Cl Petty Officer</td>
<td></td>
<td>$78.00</td>
<td>93.60</td>
<td>117.00</td>
<td>132.60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Staff Sgt./2nd Cl Petty Officer</td>
<td></td>
<td>$96.00</td>
<td>115.20</td>
<td>144.00</td>
<td>163.20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tech Sgt./1st Cl Petty Officer</td>
<td></td>
<td>$114.00</td>
<td>136.80</td>
<td>171.00</td>
<td>193.80</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Master/1st Sgt./Ch. Petty Officer</td>
<td></td>
<td>$138.00</td>
<td>165.60</td>
<td>207.00</td>
<td>234.60</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NOTE: In addition, both officers and enlisted men are entitled to longevity or "tope," pay—an extra 4% of base pay up to 50% of base pay, for each three years' service. Non-flying officers whose duties compel them to fly frequently get an extra $50 per month. Enlisted men who are holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor are given $7 per month, and certain other decorations carry a similar financial advantage.

COMMISSIONED
(Expressed to the Nearest $1)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ARMY INSIGNIA</th>
<th>RATING</th>
<th>NAVY INSIGNIA</th>
<th>BASE PAY</th>
<th>Complete With Rent &amp; Subsistence</th>
<th>Complete With Overseas Pay</th>
<th>Complete With Flying or Submarine Pay</th>
<th>Complete With Overseas Flying or Submarine Pay</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Warrant Off./Warrant Off</td>
<td></td>
<td>$150</td>
<td>$216</td>
<td>$252</td>
<td>$231</td>
<td>$267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2nd Lt./Ensign</td>
<td></td>
<td>150</td>
<td>216</td>
<td>252</td>
<td>231</td>
<td>267</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1st Lt./Lt. (j.g.)</td>
<td></td>
<td>167</td>
<td>248</td>
<td>284</td>
<td>265</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Captain/Lieutenant</td>
<td></td>
<td>200</td>
<td>296</td>
<td>332</td>
<td>316</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Major/Lt. Comdr</td>
<td></td>
<td>250</td>
<td>361</td>
<td>418</td>
<td>386</td>
<td>443</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lt. Col./Commander</td>
<td></td>
<td>291</td>
<td>417</td>
<td>474</td>
<td>446</td>
<td>503</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Colonel/Captain</td>
<td></td>
<td>333</td>
<td>459</td>
<td>495</td>
<td>482</td>
<td>528</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Brig Gen./Commander</td>
<td></td>
<td>500</td>
<td>626</td>
<td>662</td>
<td>676</td>
<td>712</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Maj Gen./Chief of War</td>
<td></td>
<td>667</td>
<td>793</td>
<td>829</td>
<td>859</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Lt Gen.</td>
<td></td>
<td>667</td>
<td>793</td>
<td>829</td>
<td>859</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Vice Admiral</td>
<td></td>
<td>708</td>
<td>834</td>
<td>870</td>
<td>904</td>
<td>930</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Gen of Army/Adm. of Fleet</td>
<td></td>
<td>667</td>
<td>793</td>
<td>829</td>
<td>859</td>
<td>885</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>850</td>
<td>976</td>
<td>1,012</td>
<td>1,060</td>
<td>1,086</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

S—Single
D—Dependents
Opera for Dessert

by MARION ODMARK

Chicago's Kungsholm Restaurant is the only place in the world where puppets sing for your supper . . . Not a who-dun-it, but a how-dood-it!

A CHILDHOOD hobby, a belief in the better, more beautiful things in life, and a connoisseur's appetite are pretty slim promises of success in the restaurant business. Yet these three factors put Frederick Chraemer and his Kungsholm restaurant, Chicago, in the national spotlight. It's a spotlight, incidentally, that's all his. For no other restaurant in the country affords grand opera for dessert, at no extra charge, without leaving the dining premises.

Chraemer began his restaurant career with three strikes against him, the three successive failures of earlier leaseholders of the Leander Hamilton McCormick mansion on Chicago's Gold Coast. There was dramatic elegance to this imposing, three-story edifice. But, once seen, the curious public found it unrewarding in interior warmth, cuisine distinction or hospitality.

And then Frederick Chraemer, against the counsel of his friends, took a try. He enlivened its sprawling rooms with color richness. He resurrected the type of dining made famous by such names as Rector's, Kinsleys, Richelieu and the old Grand Pacific. He called it Kungsholm, specializing in a bountiful smorgasbord and rich Scandinavian feasting and wining. The final clinch to recognition was adding his hobby, puppet operas.

What was once the ballroom on the top floor he converted to the Kungsholm Miniature Grand Opera Theatre, approached by the grand staircase, the Swedish decor of the spacious theatre lounge, two charming foyers flanked with massive Italian torcheres from the original home. The general royal blue decorative scheme of the auditorium is modernistic, with soft restful contrasts. As large a group as 125 may be accommodated at one time, with comfortable chairs that may be placed at will. Needless to say, there's never a hat in the line of vision.

This illusionary and musical program brings into play the twofold fascination of life-like puppets acting to opera recordings that Victor and Columbia successfully garnered from the world's two greatest opera companies, La Scala Milan and L'Opera Paris. To present Chraemer's repertoire of 14 operas, 40 musical masterpiece albums are reproduced. By simple addition, that's a total of 420 records, 840 sides. And the guest artists include, naturally, such celebrated stars as Melchior, Flagstad, Tibbett, Jepson, Pons and on down the line.
The staging of one of these operatic masterpieces is a highly technical art, even though the finished entertainment is unruffled, seemingly untouched by human hand, mechanically a miracle. A personnel of eight people is required to perform the numerous understage and backstage operations, including manipulation of the stringless puppets, operating the electric control board, and sound system, wigs and make-up. The 300 puppets who sing, dance, love, fight and die in Kungsholm productions are operated from below the 48-square-foot stage, by five trained operators who are also music students knowing each opera note for note.

Further mechanical equipment includes an extensive wardrobe consisting of more than 500 opera costumes, supplemented by hats, boots, accessories, etc. Each costume is an exact copy, in miniature, of those worn by Metropolitan and La Scala artists. The lighting equipment covers 48 footlights, 48 proscenium lights, 10 floor and 12 miniature spotlights, plus 500 border bulbs. The opera orchestra has a personnel of 25 puppets with a diminutive conductor, “Tosci,” leading his musicians in perfect tempo with the music. Stage properties, faithful copies of period furniture, are, for the most part, constructed in Chraemer’s own workshop with painstaking, loving care.

With programs changed every two weeks, the grand opera season is year 'round for those who want it: Those who want it are music lovers, the stars themselves when in Chicago, and crowds of men and women who wouldn’t think of going to “live” opera. Reservations are now required two weeks in advance for dinner patrons who intend to end the evening with operatic highlights.

Advice to Wives Contemplating Shooting Their Husbands

Insurance statistics show
That husbands are the first to go;
Patience, gals, hence will mean,
Avoidance of a nasty scene.
There’s really no need to go blast ’em;
Just sit at your ease and outlast ’em!

—Wm. P. Rowley
Arabians on Bluegrass

A Kansas City business man raises Arabians as a hobby—the most beautiful hobby horses in the world.

by Jetta Carleton

The prophet Mohammed once made a two-week march with his attendants. During this time there was no water to give to the horses, until one day near the end of the two weeks the group arrived at the river. The horses strained toward the water, toward the cool relief to their great thirst. Just at the moment they reached the river the call to retreat was sounded. Of all the horses rushing to drink, only five heeded the call. They were five mares whose sense of duty and obedience was greater than their desire for water. These five mares of the prophet became the fountainheads of the five principal strains of Arabian horses.

At least, that's the legend, and indicative of the quality of the Arabian horse and the romance attendant upon him.

There are twelve million horses in the United States. Only 2200 of them are pure Arabians. And Walter Ross owns twenty-one of these.

Walter Ross lives on a country place about 35 minutes out of Kansas City, and drives in to his office five days a week. He's connected with the Grolier Society, on the Board of Directors for the Encyclopedia Americana, and directs Beta Sigma Phi, international sorority for young business women. He collects first editions and raises Arabian horses. And the horses are what he likes to tell you about.

It began when Mrs. Ross learned to ride a horse which her husband was supposed to ride for relaxation and exercise. Then Walter Ross took up riding. Then they passed through Pomona on a visit to California. In Pomona the United States Government keeps the largest existing herd of Arabian horses, given the Government by W. T. Kellogg.

The Rosses took a look at the Arabians; wrote back later asking about the purchase of a foal; were informed that the foal they wanted had just been sold to the Prince of a foreign country. That did it. "I was hooked," Walter Ross said, "by the romance of the thing."

Now he raises romance on a Missouri farm—eighty acres of grassland spotted with modern hay barns, brick stables, and a mellow old Victorian house complete with a couple of pillars. Here, only a farm or so removed from the land that belongs to President Truman, run the beautiful horses whose connotations are sand and moonlight, dusk-purple pyramids, and Arab chieftains who look like Rudolph Valentino.
The Arabian—and Walter Ross always speaks of the horses in the generic sense as "he"—is the oldest living breed of animal. From the time of the earliest existing records of him, he has not varied. He's still of the same fine structure, delicate and dainty as a Dresden figurine, yet sturdy; sensitive as a compass, and still gentle with the gentleness bred into him through the generations he spent as honored guest in the tent of his master. On the walls of the ruined Parthenon they found a picture of the Arabian. He looks exactly as he does now, running in the pastures of Graceland in the middle of America.

That's rather enough to rocks you back on your heels—when you consider that this horse cropping the blue grass of Missouri in this year of the great victory is the first horse in all the world. All other horses are simply his devious progeny. And that takes in Hook, Jr., Percherons, and the horses that clop around town with the Manor Bread wagons. From the Arabian—the generic—all the "specialists" are developed. He is the fountainhead. And he has the longest pedigree of any living creature, not excluding the D.A.R. Western horses, who are almost true types many times, and very tough, are descended from Arabs left in this country by the Conquistadors.

It was the custom in Egypt and Arabia for the women to ride the stallions, the men to ride mares. This may seem strange, since the stallion is usually considered the more spirited mount. But the stallion also had a habit of screaming at inopportune times and giving away the master's location to the enemy.

In Arabia the horses are ridden without bits. There is simply a bridle—made of a couple of chains woven of shells and yarn and passed over the nose—and usually a sheepskin. The Arab, we learn, rides by balance, while the American grips with his knees. And instead of placing his hand on a holy book to swear, the Arab places his hand on a spot just above the horse's nose—a spot called the jib-bah—and there takes his solemn oath.

There are not more than five thousand Arabians in the world just now. In the desert they've been largely replaced by automobiles. But at least five hundred horsemen and those caught by the romance and the beauty of the horse keep the breed alive. These five hundred comprise the Arabian Horse Club, organized in 1910, and headquartering in Chicago. They keep a registry for every horse in America, his number and complete lineage, and all transfers are handled through this office. If you own even one pure Arabian, you're eligible for membership; and Walter Ross says every member knows every horse in this country—all twenty-two hundred of them.

It all started when, at the close of the Civil War, the Sultan of Turkey made Ulysses Grant a gift of
some Arabians. Twenty-four others were brought back by Homer Davenport, who lived for awhile with the sheiks on the desert, became a tribe member, and returned to the United States with his precious horses. Since 1915, W. R. Brown of New Hampshire imported several; and one of the most active contemporary importers is Henry Babson of Chicago. A number of Walter Ross’s horses were brought over from Egypt by Mr. Babson. One of the fifteen sizable breeders in this country today is Roger Selby of Portsmouth, Ohio. Any woman who yearns over the advertisements of fine footwear in Vogue will recognize the name. And she’s right.

With such people Arabians are a minor religion. And understandably. They’re a beautiful horse—small, fine, spirited, and gentle. Their most remarkable characteristic is not obvious to the layman. He has to be told—and will be, by any devotee of the Arabians. And this is, that the Arabian, the original horse, has one less vertebrae than other horses. This accounts for the admirable arch of his back. (Where the rest of the horses picked up that extra vertebrae wasn’t made quite clear. But we didn’t want to be niggling. Walter Ross’s trainer, Harry Thomas, told us about one lady who niggled. She was an anthropologist and couldn’t believe the Arabian actually had one less vertebrae. She wound up in a sanitarium. But maybe the one less vertebrae wasn’t the cause of that.)

The Arabian, for all his spirit and lightness, is not particularly noted for speed. His forte is endurance. Each year in Des Moines and other cities they hold endurance rides during which the more spectacular horses may average around sixty miles per day for five or six days. An Arabian always wins, and the last few years the winner has been an 18-year-old. Eighteen, Walter Ross explained, is in horse-years equivalent to eighty man-years.

The Arabian stands only 14½ to 15½ hands high, which is not very high as hands and horses go; and he will weigh from 800 to a thousand pounds. Although he looks quite fragile, he can carry as much as one-fourth of his own weight as far as any man can ride.

Walter Ross attributes the Arabian’s endurance to the “quality of bone and the way he handles himself”. The horse is a featherweight because his bone is light. But that same bone is fine and strong, and second in density only to ivory. They’ve tested it to find out. The feet have a flinty hardness; the ankles are wonderfully slim. They look positively brittle, but though the bone is light, it is tough.

Arabians can live to be thirty years old, possibly even more. That still gives them longevity superior to human beings. Their thirty is the same as our ninety or a hundred. And a mare may foal as late as twenty-six. One of Walter Ross’s mares, 19-year-old Beribeh, is now in her thirteenth foaling.
Two of the Ross herd are stallions, one a deep bluish gray and the other a glossy chestnut. Bay is the only other common color; now and then a white one is foaled, and very, very rarely, a pure black. They are always solid colors with occasional white feet and white markings on the head.

In the clean brick stable Harry Thomas and his eleven-year-old son, Jimmy, led the stallions out from their individual stalls. The 3-year-old gray was still in process of being trained. Yet he was as tractable as a housecat and a sight more responsive.

"His name is El Ahmar," Walter Ross told us. "His sire is owned by the King of England. His dam was an Egyptian mare."

"Look at him," said Harry Thomas, and he stroked the long shining tail. "He has bloom!"

Bloom according to horse breeders and trainers is style; it's the flower-like emergence of wonderful form in the horses, so that their decor is pretty and their carriage magnificent. But bloom is the right word for it, and the only one.

Harry explained that Arabians are economical to keep. On the deserts feed was scarce, and the horses evidently got used to it. At times, even, when mare's milk was scarce for the feeding of the foals, camel's milk supplemented the diet. They can stand almost any sort of weather—the heat of the deserts, the cold of a mountainous country. One breeder in Boulder, Colorado, keeps his herd during the summer high up in the Rockies near Netherlands, not too great a distance from the Divide at Milner Pass.

Arabians have three principal gaits—walk, trot, and canter. "But," Harry added, "they can do all of 'em." To Harry Thomas, Arabians can do no wrong. He loves them. And he knows them well. Harry once received a degree in Physical Education at the University of Illinois. But he gave up that career for horses. He was with Ruth Hanna McCormack until her death last year, when he came down to Graceland and Walter Ross, bringing his wife and three children to live in the neat brick bungalow within sight of the stables and the small sleek horses.

Harry reads up on his horses, too. There's a writer called Carl Raswan of New Mexico whom he mentions from time to time. Raswan is the author of "Drinkers of the Wind" and several other books, and is himself the owner of Arabians. "He puts bloom in a book," Harry Thomas said, "the way a horse has bloom."

"Say anything that's good about any horse," Harry will tell you, "then you can double it and it'll be true of Arabians.... What I like about 'em is they're so smart. You can look in their eye and see things! And they're docile. Now you take Burka—Mrs. Ross rode Burka the second time that horse'd ever been ridden!"

In the pasture the seventeen mares and the two foals gathered softly around us. There was Sabdaan, called by the experts the best bred
horse in America. There was Fa-durra, a matron of "flea-bitten gray"; and Burka, insistently attentive; and Asje the Fourth, a shining chestnut mare whom Henry Babson brought out of Poland just six months before Hitler got there. Asje's brothers and sisters stayed on to help the Russians drive the Germans back to their own borders.

In Poland Arabians are sometimes raced. But in this country they contest only in endurance rides. We understand they do drive well in harness, also. For casual riding there's none better. They're easily managed, eager to please, and, Harry Thomas impresses upon us, not a one-person horse but a family horse.

The Rosses all ride—dark haired pretty Mrs. Ross; 17-year-old Jack, who looks like a fresher edition of Hurd Hatfield and studies agronomy over at Kansas State College; Walter W., III, when he isn't in the Pacific in uniform; and Walter, whose rosy tan is handsome with his early-grayed hair.

They've lived only a year at Graceland. The name, incidentally, goes with the farm. That's the name an early owner gave it and the one each subsequent owner inherits. But it fits well. A view across the front yard has a rolling, rurally voluptuous greenness. "Like a Tom Benton painting," Walter Ross describes it. And the front yard itself is the unmarked site of a historic moment in Missouri history. It was on that spot that Order Number 11 was executed. That event softened by the years gave the Rosses their decorating cue, and above the living room fireplace hangs a large old print, Bingham's conception of Order Number 11.

Graceland's house has a serene, horizontal feeling about the interior. The Rosses have dressed it carefully—and casually—in excellent taste. There's a party line, and good plumbing—thanks to the water line bestowed on that region during the Pendergast regime.

The Ross farm lies twenty-two miles southeast of Kansas City; only a few miles from Lees Summit; and by Arabian mare, probably not more than an hour from Independence which is you-know-whose home town!

It's a busy farm, too, and few days pass without distinguished callers. "Just to give you some idea,"
Walter Ross says, "one day may come the Secretary of Agriculture of Venezuela. The next day it may be a cowboy, or a millionaire from Chicago; and the next, a ranch hand from New Mexico. The people are an interesting part of raising the horses." When Ibn Saud and his sons passed this way a few weeks back, they were scheduled to visit the Rosses and have a nostalgic look at the Arabians, but the exigencies of travel in these times prevented their getting there.

It's a prize collection Walter Ross has in his Arabians. "I regard them," he says, "as capsules of blood... When you collect paintings, for instance, you have just that; you can't breed more paintings from the ones you acquire."

There's something about Arabians. They have a contagious and lasting charm. The breeders of this country seem to love them only a shade less than their earlier and original masters. There's a story Walter Ross likes to tell in his frequent talks before various groups all over the country. It's the story of the shiek who owned the fleetest mare in all the Euphrates Valley.

The mare, of course, shared the tent with her master. But for added protection he had secured her by a thin strong cord attached to his own wrist. In the night a thief broke in and severed the cord between mare and master. He might have made way with the beautiful steed if he hadn't yielded to typical desert bravado and called out in loud and exultant tones outside the tent to let the chieftain know he had stolen the mare. Immediately the chieftain leaped into pursuit. He rode the horse which was next best in the land. He sped after the thief and the beautiful mare in inspired desperation. And so great was his urgency that he began to overtake the thief. Little by little he gained on him. The beautiful mare was beginning to lose her lead. Any minute now she would be overtaken. They came within shouting distance. Suddenly the chieftain called out to the thief, "Pull her right ear and whisper the name of the prophet!" The thief leaned forward. In an instant, the mare had skimmed over the horizon and out of sight and was gone forever.

The chieftain's friends wondered at his action. He only answered, "I could bear losing my mare, but I could not bear seeing her lose the race."

The one great draw-back to the air age: Who's going to hold up the Burma Shave signs?

—Norma McCallum
The wave of celebration started the day before in New York, roared across the country, reached Kansas City late afternoon, August 14, and inundated the whole town in tumult and shouting, confetti and streamers. The camera looks down historic 12th Street across Baltimore Avenue, the hotel and nightclub district.
12th and Baltimore again. People take to the streets in a tight pack. Victory is jubilation that has to be shared! Traffic is snarled. Some service men watch the scene from the top of a car that can't get anywhere, anyway.
… goes to the Saddle and Sirloin Club Horse Show

Above: Kansas City’s Saddle and Sirloin Club stages annual Horse Show at Saddle and Sirloin Club Ranch. Attendance is indicated by the acres of cars under the sun. Below: Afternoon sun casts shadows of hundreds of heads on the arena where blooded horses compete in various events.
Saddle and Sirloin celebs: well known Kansans:

1. City Manager L. P. Cookingham; Mayor B. E. Coffin; Mrs. Cookingham. 2. Roy Nofziger (left) of Rhoden of 20th Century Fox and Star Los Angeles' Century Fox). Secretary of the Horse Shoe Ranch, he won that blue ribbon which her horse, Town Tish, took to the mike, Dallas Alderman, Vice-President of the S & S Club. 6. Mrs. George H. Bunting.
City personalities attend the Horse Show: B. Gage; Mrs. Gage; Mrs. Karl Koerper; daughter Nathalie talk it over with Elmer. 3. An elbow rest for Lon Cox (20th I. Peggy Olsen of Wichita bites down on won in the amateur 5-goited class. 5. At C. Life Insurance, and President of the 7. And so does Donald
Above: Sunkissed Peavine, beautiful Palomino owned by Elmer Rhaden. Rider is Herman Affalter, Star Lane Farms trainer. Below: Dave Waggoner of Wilmar Farms, North Kansas City, drives a pair of midget mules, with two pretty girls as cargo. Mules and farm owned by Herman Hetler, Wilmar Farms.
... and to a picnic par excellence with the Ad Club

Kansas City's Advertising & Sales Executives Club takes its 1300 members and their families on a picnic at Unity Farm. Below: "Fun was had by all"—thanks to the committee. Front row: Ansel Stubbs, John Hilburn, E. H. Scurlock, Garden Parkinson, Roy Lockard. Back row: Marion Miller, Alex Alberg, Murrel Clump (Club president), Bea Kennedy, Prof. C. C. Foirchild, A. J. Stephens, Jerome Galvin, Kathryn Knappenberger, Ed W. Jones, Louis Giblin.
Above: Mmmm—girls! Winners in the bathing beauty contest are spotted at extreme left, and 4th and 5th from left. Center: Troubadours—part of the day’s extensive entertainment. Below: Distinguished guest of the Ad Club—Miss Margaret Truman of Independence and Washington, with Sam Wear, new U. S. District Attorney, and A. J. Stephens, 2nd Vice- PRES., Ad Club.
Excerpts from McGuffey’s little moral tales—nostalgic to those who read them once, uproarious to those who never saw them before.

by CHARLES HOGAN

The fellow next door, who spends his spare time burrowing through dusty piles of books in Salvation Army stores, struck pay dirt the other day. He bobbed up with numerous volumes of small books which exerted a profound, if not lasting, influence on the life of our immediate ancestors. They were various copies of the “Eclectic Series of Readers”, known to practically everybody’s old man as “McGuffey’s Reader.” From them, father and some generations of boys and girls before him got most of their literary lore and no small measure of moralistic homilies which too often faded like old tintypes with the passing years.

Mere mention of these small books painstakingly compiled by Dr. William Holmes McGuffey brings a dreamy gleam to the eyes of those who grew up with them. They look back to drowsy Friday afternoons with the enticing sounds of late spring buzzing outside the school windows and some pupil woodenly declaiming in front of the class:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in supplication bent
Should tremble at his power."

One perusing these old McGuffey readers is immediately struck with the realization that his old man grew up in a world of sordid gloom and in a period in which “quick consumption” or diverse other miseries were sure to befall anybody who fell into sin, be it mortal or venial. After several years of McGuffey it’s no wonder the old boy turned out, in his mild way, to be such a rip and took to hanging around stage doors and following the Floradora girls home. Consider this passage:

"He clung with a death grasp to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge. ‘Mother,’ he said with a smile upon his wan features, ‘He is ready for me, and I desire to go to Him.’”

According to McGuffey, this lad of the sad and wan features was a living (but apparently not for long) example of the horrors of intemperance. He was the patient victim of a brutal and bad-tempered father. The old man flew off the handle like a 10-cent hammer and according to the
book the poor boy lived in “terror of his natural protector and gradually wilted away like a wilted flower.”

The father’s temper in the beginning of this saddening yarn was about as much under control as the tail of a kite and as the lad developed annoying tendencies to run and hide whenever his “natural protector” showed up, the old brute went completely berserk. He told his wife, in effect, that living with a wilted flower wasn’t his idea of high old fun and fell into the habit of tossing a kick or a cuff at the flower every time it sneaked out of the closet. Thus, the lad finally laid himself down to wilt completely away.

The father, stricken with remorse, “regretted, but alas, it was too late.” He reformed for a while and probably took to buying wine-balls for little girls of the village but in the end his temper conquered his will-power. He went to the dogs, but utterly!

“And thus,” says McGuffey, “we see that intemperance, like the strong man armed, took possession of a soul.”

Another variety of intemperance regularly aroused the McGuffey ire. The books are well salted with diatribes against the Demon Rum. He used all the stock horrors carried by the crusaders of his day and apparently ground out a few items of his own to add to the line. Madness and similar fates overtook anybody who even tipped the wine cup slightly. Confirmed lushes not only went nuts but “died with fires raging within.”

On this subject, there is a verse in the fifth reader which begins:

“Come to the festal board tonight,
For bright-eyed beauty will be there.
Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
And garlanded her hair.”

Stanza by stanza, bright-eyed beauty fades before the ravages of the 19th century equivalent of the Double Zombie, until—

“And where is she whose diamond eyes
Golconda’s purest rays outshone,
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed
Say, where is the beauteous one?”

Just as you expected, “the beauteous one” wound up buried under “yon drooping willow” and you can read on her “urn”—“A broken heart”.

Once in a while, by accident, Dr. McGuffey stumbled into a smooth and simple style. Thus: “The thin, placid features wore a smile. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful.”

Naturally, he’s talking about another corpse. McGuffey missed his calling. He should have been a coroner.

In other yarns the good doctor showed a disturbing tendency to get all snarled up in his own adjectives and adverbs. “The Orphan”, a tearjerker with a Cinderella motif, wanders off to this involved start:

“On a dark, cold night, in the middle of November, as Mr. Lawrence was traveling in a stagecoach from London to Norwich, he was roused from a sound sleep at the end of the stage by the coachman’s opening the door of the carriage and begging leave to look for a parcel which was in the box under Mr. Lawrence’s seat.”

One thing to be said for McGuffey—he’d get in all the facts if he had
to cram them down with a crowbar.

At any rate McGuffey goes on to relate that when the door was opened it “admitted a violent gust of wind and rain which was very unpleasant to the feeling of the sleeping passengers.”

However, Mr. Lawrence wasn’t even irked. He just bailed out the pockets of his coat, squeezed two or three gallons of water from his hat and with disgusting serenity remarked: “I hope, coachman, you have a good, thick coat on, to guard you against the cold and the wet.”

“I have a very good one, sir,” the coachman proclaimed. “But I have lent it to a poor little girl we have on top. My heart bled for her—so little clothing to keep her warm.”

This news served one good purpose. It jarred Mr. Lawrence out of that pestiferous dead-pan calm of his.

“A child exposed on the outside of the coach on such a night as this!” he exclaimed. ‘I am sure it would be very wrong in us to let her stay there. Do let us have her inside.’”

That idea went over like an iron balloon!

“Oh, no!” cried a gentleman sitting opposite. ‘It is quite out of the question. The coach is already full and she will be wet. Besides, she is a poor child, in charge of the master of the workhouse, and one does not know what she may have about her.’”

The coachman treated this snide comment with the withering contempt it deserved: He pointed out that she had very little about her.

“The girl is clean but delicate,” he asserted. Naturally she was “delicate” because she was a McGuffey urchin. If he ever found one good, sturdy child, full of vitamins, wandering by accident into his books he’d kill the youngster off if he had to get a shotgun to do it.

They brought her inside where she cuddled up against Mr. Lawrence of the sterling qualities, who apparently didn’t worry about anything the orphan might have about her.

The girl unfolded an amazing story when questioned by Lawrence. She was the most consistently abandoned child in history. It seems that she once lived with her mama and her papa but her mama left the house one day and never returned. Then she went to live with her Aunty Mary. Same thing happened—Aunty Mary took it on the lam. The orphan bounced back to papa who had remarried. Well, sir, it wasn’t long before papa ran away to sea and got

washed off the boat and drowned.

You can guess what happened next. The step-mother bundled the child up one day and took her into a large city. She told the girl to park on a doorstep and wait until she came back. That was the last of the stepmother.

"'I am afraid she has lost herself,'" the child remarked guilelessly to Mr. Lawrence.

Afraid she had lost herself, forsooth! That girl knew darned well the old lady had "lost herself". Past experience, if nothing else, must have taught her that any time she let the adults out of her sight for a minute they were out of her life forever.

Despite the plain implications of this horrible saga Mr. Lawrence decided to adopt her. "He pressed her more closely toward him and rejoiced that Providence had thrown in his way this sweet child whom he resolved to add to his own happy family," is the way McGuffey puts it.

It would be interesting to know how long it took the "happy family" to walk out and leave Lawrence and the brat leaning, but the old moral-twirler is significantly silent on this point.

Probably the most downright fascinating character in the whole series is the central figure in a McGuffey classic, "The Maniac".

This party was collector of the revenues in Berlin back in those days. He was described as most scrupulous in his dealings and assiduous in his duties. (As what collector isn't?)

But one day in "casting up his accounts" he discovered a deficit of 10,000 ducats. He couldn't figure out how this had come about especially since he violated every tradition of a city collector and came up short, himself, in the mess. So off he trotted to his boss, the minister of finance, and told him the books had thrown a shoe.

While the minister thought the collector was a Square Jackson, nevertheless he called in the auditors and threw the collector in the clink while they grubbed over the accounts. They pounced on the crux of the situation in a hurry. It seemed the collector had merely made a mistake in multiplication, quaint fellow. Instead of saying "once one is one," he had said "once one is two," McGuffey relates.

News of this discovery completely unhinged the old boy, knocked him right off his trolley. He went around bashing lightpoles like a slap-happy prize fighter and became a pathetic figure on Unter den Linden.

"'Once one is two,' he muttered, ceaselessly. 'Once one is two.'"

If anybody stopped him and corrected him he'd stare blankly at a passing burgher and mutter: "'You're right. Once one is one.'" And then away he'd amble, murmuring: "'Once one is two. Once one is two.'"

His was a pitiable case which McGuffey, somewhat smugly it appears, saw as proof that "the human mind is thrown easily off its balance, especially when it is stayed on this world only and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the Scriptures."

It's not exactly clear what the Scriptures had to do with this mad
collector but a little thing like consistency never fazed McGuffey. He could drag in a moral and hang it on a ghost and make it stick.

But reasonable or not one must feel sorry for that poor, long-dead madman. Why, he was a pioneer, a voice crying in the wilderness, a man born ahead of his time.

With that talent for side-tracked multiplication, if the old boy were alive today he'd have medals struck off in his honors and statues built for him. He's just the kind of a guy that could clean up in Washington nowadays—just the pathetic genius they've been needing. Poor cuss, it was his loss and ours that McGuffey had him born in those insane days!

"His wife is calling...."
Neighborhood incident—almost any neighborhood in this speakeasy age!

by

BETTY SCHULTHEIS

The back room era is booming at our neighborhood store, and has been for some time. The under-the-counter period was only intermediate. When bananas, chocolate, toilet tissue, soap flakes, and certain brands of almost anything could no longer be contained in the space under the cash register, they were moved to the back room.

Though trying to all, the back room era has proved toughest on the shopper of foggy memory who does not make out a list and who has always been accustomed to scanning the shelves with a faraway look as if waiting for a revelation. Unless she saw what she wanted, she remembered only on the homeward journey. Now, with the choice articles moved out of sight and into the nether regions, she is out of luck and so is her family. Unless, of course, she is on the royalty list, one of the favored who surreptitiously are given sacks of bananas, soap, etc., whether they need it or no. Choice items always are kept under a sack and passed swiftly over the counter.

Many crises have centered about the butcher at our store but the day he left for good was a particularly black one in the eyes of the entire neighborhood. It was not that he personally was a lovable character. Our meat carver was by nature one of the gloomiest of men and his profession did nothing to sweeten him. For more than two years, day after day, he had said in stentorian tones, "Yes, the meat situation looks bad . . . but it's going to get worse!" "Could it be any worse?" thought the buyer to himself or out loud, according to his character. When the real meat pinch came, it was felt at our store first. The butcher never did seem to have much of an "in" with the source of supply.

One of the severest black marks against him was that he had favorites. This was a sour grapes charge slung at him by those not in his good graces. There was a difference in his attitude. He turned it on either warm or very cool. Picture two women approaching his showcase one week day morning.

To one he murmurs: "Good afternoon, Mrs.—, you're looking like the first rose of spring. How about a nice roast?" Mrs.—, who intended only to buy two pounds of hamburger replies: "Why, thank you very much. And how about two pounds of hamburger?" He gives her the roast and the hamburger and turns to the next woman with a gruff "hullo." She is definitely not in the upper swim—she is brow-beaten by her butcher and shows it.

But when he cleaved his last bone at our store one day everyone, favorite or not, was alarmed. What he had held a wake about every day for years had...
come to pass. There just wasn’t enough meat for a professional chopper to worry about.

The first days after his departure were hard on the women clerks, who made mince meat, more or less, of what little animal flesh arrived. Then one day George, the postman, happened in while a particularly stubborn carcass was being dismembered and I mean dismembered. They were going at it with everything, including vocabulary.

George (I will not reveal his last name because a man of his diverse talents is worked hard enough as it is) is a black man with a cheerful whistle and a disposition which marks him as an impartial friend of humankind. In addition to carrying the mails, he is a minister of the gospel. But until recently no one knew of another talent of his.

He took one look at the snarl in the meat department, dropped his heavy mail bag, and in a shake was wielding the meat axe like the veteran he is. He once had been a butcher and soon had the meat properly partitioned. Regard for the postal department immediately soared.

One good thing about the butcher’s departure is that the long-suffering “outs” are “in” for a change. The slate was wiped clean and with a new administration some neglected ones (including our family) who had forgotten how good a ham can be are back in the meat-eating class again.

The high school set, gangling teen-age boys with muscle, have taken over in the meat department this summer. When school begins again, who knows who will carry on! We’ll doubtless sooner or later come to the conclusion that George Bernard Shaw, who they say is the world’s greatest vegetarian, is also the foremost prognosticator, and jumped the gun on the rest of us in preparing for meatless days.

---

**LITTLE LESSONS in ENTOMOLOGY**

A worm is a creature than which there is nothing that turns more. It can turn from either end and go forward or backward or vice versa. The worm is a spirited creature for it hasn’t a leg to stand on but it gets there just the same. Never spurn a worm for it can do things you can’t... for instance, did you ever try scratching your nose with the seat of your pants? Worms live in holes just as some of us do and if they want they can crawl in the hole and pull it in after them. They are very helpful to the soil and save the poor tired farmer from boring millions of holes in the ground after dark to keep his crops alive. Worms are nudists and don’t seem to give a hang. They are built like artists, usually long, slim, and tapering and they move somewhat like a debutant at a bullfight. Some of my best friends are worms! Now it’s your turn.

—Bob Grinde
A Better Go for GI Joe

Separation Counseling is designed by the Army to put Joe in the know about veteran benefits and privileges; to help him fit into civilian life once more with the greatest ease.

by JENE LYON

DEMOBILIZATION is like a marital separation. And vice-versa. Both entail a lot of details. As of right now, we’re seeing the largest scale mass separation in the history of the world—as the men in uniform take their amicable leave from the services.

Army slogan at the termination of this war is: Don’t repeat the demobilization mistakes of World War I. If your memory stretches back that far, you may remember when those millions of soldiers threw down their equipment at a more or less appointed place, grabbed their discharges, and took off for home like that big bird any soldier can patly describe for you.

Most of these men had only the vaguest idea about their insurance, disability, and other legal benefits. Few were aided in finding employment. The result was a confused mess that ended with many of the men unemployed, denied pensions because of their ignorance of existing statutes, and thoroughly disorganized.

In an effort to prevent the recurrence of the situation in 1945, '46, '47, etc., the Army—with the cooperation of the United States Employment Service, the Veterans’ Administration, Selective Service, the American Red Cross, the Civil Service Commission, and other interested groups—has established a procedure of Separation Counseling.

The plan, as now in effect, is to interview personally each soldier at the time of his discharge. Counselors are on duty at the various Separation Centers in each service command, and are completely familiarized with the employment, education, and social problems in the area which the center serves. An effort is made to separate men from service in the vicinity in which they live.

When the separatee enters the counseling booth he is urged to ask questions. He has already had explained to him most of the matters which will affect him, and has been given a check sheet to mark any problems which may still bother him. By referring to this sheet and other military records the counselor is able to determine to a certain extent the course of the interview. Naturally, the success of any such counseling job depends upon the ability of the staff, and qualifications and training standards are high.

This, then, is a synopsis of what takes place when a soldier is about to be discharged: After due medical examination and orientation lectures,
he is ushered to the counseling section by a guide, also a trained counselor. Once in the section, he is assigned a counselor who, with the separatee’s military records in hand, begins the interview.

Techniques differ, but the main job is, first, to answer any questions the man may have about any problems, military or domestic. When it is impossible, or inadvisable, to supply such information, referral is made to the suitable agency or source of information. This is probably one of the chief benefits to the soldier. He is told exactly whom to see and where to go. He generally receives the information in written form with the name and address of the person and agency.

Rights and privileges under the GI Bill and other legislation are explained in terms closely associated with the individual—in terms he can understand. Effort is made to stress the various phases of educational training, vocational training, unemployment compensation, loan privileges, Civil Service credits, disability compensations, rights to campaign ribbons and decorations, and any other subjects which will be of direct help to the soldier about to re-become a civilian.

Sometimes the situations are pathetically funny. One soldier, a separatee, had married a girl overseas, in one of our allied countries. Now in the counseling section it is standard practice to illustrate how a foreign wife may be brought to the States. But this GI wanted to go back to the home of his spouse! His chief hope was in finding a U. S. Government job in her homeland—or stripping down to the waist and going for a long swim!

Then there was the soldier just back from a long tour of duty overseas. The moment he had seated himself in the booth, he sighed and announced to the startled counselor that, “I guess I’m just gonna have to go home and kill my wife!” And he wasn’t kidding! Questioning revealed he had heard stories of her “carryin’ on” with another man. Needless to say, the Army cannot solve a predicament such as this. But the soldier was urged to consult his pastor before taking any action—and to make whatever action he took strictly legal!

Frequently men must suffer some disillusionment when they discover that their benefits do not include financial support for the rest of their lives. It is not rare for a man with four or five offspring to want to stay in a while longer.

Although the counseling program is designed solely for the benefit of the outgoing GI, it now and then comes up against some reluctance on the part of the GI to cooperate fully with the program. After a couple
of years in khaki, he knows how fast the Army can change its mind! But once he hears of the benefits and privileges he has as a veteran, he usually loses some of his reserve and reluctance.

Just how effective the counseling service is will be seen in the next ten years. Certainly it is wise for the Army to want to see that the soldier finds employment and completes or acquires his education. And as for the soldier, it is only right that he should take advantage of all advantages offered—and capitalize in this way on his hitch in the AUS.

HOW TO DICTATE

Under no circumstances speak distinctly. Imagine that you have a mouthful of soup or oatmeal.

If you cannot do this, it is best to say a few words in a low tone rapidly, and then say several to yourself. Stenographers are good mind readers.

Never think what you are to dictate until the stenographer gets to your desk. She probably needs a nap anyway.

Never look toward her when dictating. She can hear much better if you turn your back or gaze out of the window or get up and walk around the room.

Telephone everyone possible while dictating. Then strike out what you have dictated and start all over again. This is very good discipline for the stenographer—teaches her to control her temper.

When making corrections, do not fail to make them in ink. This will prevent the stenographer from correcting that letter and will cause her to rewrite it, thus improving her speed on the typewriter.

Always blame the stenographer for any mistakes in punctuation or for long involved sentences. Also, blame that "dumb stenographer" for any other errors, no matter if you did make them yourself.

If you have an article to dictate, it is best to write it out and then read it off to her from 250 to 300 words a minute—using all the technical words possible and then refusing to give her your copy for reference.

Always save a long rush job until the last minute and then ask your stenographer to do it in half an hour. Then stand over her shoulder and help her—she loves it!

—from The Lasso, Will Rogers Chapter, National Secretaries' Association, Tulsa, Oklahoma
What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

I—The Scout


(Editor’s Note: This is the first in a series on the world’s great sculptural masterpieces written by William P. Rowley, the eminent authority who was the first to advance the theory that Rodin’s “Thinker” was a chess tournament player because he could sit so long without making a move.)

Probably the most widely known of Kansas City’s sculptural treasures is The Scout, who day after day and night after night sits astride his pony in a beautiful tree-shaded natural setting atop a knoll in Penn Valley Park and looks down with undeviating intensity upon the city’s mart of trade.

The Scout is the work of Cyrus Dallin, the famous Boston sculptor who although himself of pure Caucasian stock drew great inspiration from the imposing figures of the noble red men of the plains and devoted his foremost artistic efforts to the sculpting of Indians. In this he effected a complete reversal of Western tradition, for in the old days—with a few notable exceptions—it was the Indians who sculpt the whites. Quiet, please, the professor is speaking. And even if it is corn, it’s better than you can buy at the vegetable stalls.

One of the aforementioned notable exceptions was Daniel Boone. He also was a sculptor of note. This phase of Boone’s fullsome and many faceted life has never been accorded the attention it so richly deserves, but we have ample verification, carved by his own hand. Most of the trees on whose trunks the carvings appeared have long since gone their
way to the mills. However, in Kentucky, eastern Missouri, and other parts of the West where Boone's fiddle feet carried him, one still occasionally may encounter an ancient survivor bearing the carven legend in the quaint chirography employed by the woodsman to chronicle his activities:

"D. Boone Chilt a Bar here oct. 12, 1768," or "Here D. Boone scupt a injin, 1773."

On larger trees where he was not cramped for space, the legend might read: "Here D. Boone chilt three bars and 2 injins and sculpt the last but not the bars."

It seems the larger the trunk, the greater his deeds. We might conclude that Boone tempered his sculpting activities to the size of the tree available for recording his prowess. Fortunately, he never visited the land of the giant redwoods and mighty sequoias. If he had, literature would have been the loser. Helen Hunt Jackson could not have written her poignant story of Ramona. Boone would have left her no material to work with.

A great many persons viewing Dallin's Scout have wondered what he is watching out for. No one can answer that question except The Scout himself, but it's a 10 to 1 shot he's on the lookout either for a bachelor apartment or a pair of shorts. As an old bachelor, studio, or just plain kitchenette apartment and male underwear hunter I am in a position to state authoritatively that the Scout's method probably will prove equally as effective as chasing around haberdasheries, department stores, and apartment rental agencies, and far less wearing.

In the old days the melodramas made quite a point of the fact that many a sturdy and honest heart beat beneath a ragged coat, although it was never made quite clear why rags were an essential attribute to a sterling character. (It always seemed conceivable to me that a man could wear a well-tailored suit without harboring a secret desire to experiment upon his wife's throat with his shaving utensils.) In these days, however, a freshly pressed pair of pants may often conceal the true poverty that lies beneath. Personally, I have been running about with shorts of such a raggedy aspect it would be embarrassing no end to take my pants off in public. I feel that if ever again I encounter a pair of shorts in open display on a merchandising counter I shall remove my safari helmet and advance with outstretched hands, uttering the historic words of greeting: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume."

On the other hand, it may be The Scout is not on the lookout for shorts. He has been a chronic victim of the shorts shortage—as a study of his nether garments will reveal—for such a long time he probably has become inured to his state. All he needs, anyway, is a strip of old sheeting to
gird about his loins with the ends tied in the sort of knot employed in tying the type of neckwear affected by those redcoated gentry who yoick to the call of the hounds. Almost anybody could provide him with an old sheet—in fact, that’s about the only kind anybody has these days.

Until the shorts shortage becomes less acute, conservation of the tatterd remnants we still possess can best be accomplished by these simple measures: (1) Remain on your feet as much as possible to avoid deterioration through friction; (2) as washing tends to lessen the life of the fabric, it is advisable to try dry cleaner, and refrain from striking matches on the seat of the pants; (3) join a nudist cult, or (4) rip up an old sheet and climb up behind The Scout. Maybe his horse has been trained to ride double.

### STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

**BY ODELL TRENGOVE**

The fowl and animal life of this country must be starving to death. It says so in the newspapers. Porcupines, turkeys, and puppy dogs are lurking in the ditches these days, watching passing autos for square meals. So what, you say? Throw ’em a doughnut, an apple core, remains of a ham sandwich. Why get excited?

It’s not that simple, explain various harassed car-owners from Carolina through to Oregon. What the animals like to eat are the tires and the license plates.

Seems that one Illinois farmer recently caught one of his gobblers eating large chunks from his 1945 tag. “Go away,” he said in considerable agitation. “Eat some corn.”

“No,” the gobblers stated flatly. “I like soy beans.” And took another bite.

Another gentleman, address Wyoming, reports with chagrin the loss of four nice synthetic tires plus spare. The culprit, a porcupine with large grieving brown eyes.

“I didn’t mean it to be an open act of sabotage,” he said, picking his teeth with a convenient quill. “But what with candy being so scarce and sugar rationing, I ate the tires because they were sweet. Chewy, like caramels.”

Puppies in Springfield, Ohio, also have been observed eating parts of automobiles. “Yoicks,” they cry. “These Packards smell like bones.”

All of which adds up to one important warning. If you’re going to drive a soybean product with imitation tires—watch your highways and your parking lots. Our birds and animals have gone vegetarian!
America—Here We Come!

The dove of peace descends on the Ole Bird Man and his family!

by GEORGE MaGILL

PRESIDENT TRUMAN’S announcement that the Japs had finally quit touched off a lot of celebrations, but somehow we didn’t seem to get in on it much. Oh, we drove around some and yelled a little and ran the car battery down honking the horn, but we were kind of dazed, I guess, by the suddenness of the end after the long suspense while Tokyo Charlie was making up honorable mind.

Next morning we slept late. After we got up, we wandered around half dressed, repeating to each other remarks like, “Gosh, the war is really over” and “Ain’t it wonderful?” At breakfast Mom put on hot biscuits, bacon, and a whole pound of butter. It seems that the grocer got enthusiastic and sold her a lot of stuff without points, “Just to celebrate,” he said. During breakfast, the radio announced that gasoline rationing was off, beginning immediately. He said we could tear up our coupons right now. Boy, we could hardly wait to finish breakfast to check on that statement.

We piled into “Blondie,” the family conveyance, and headed for the nearest filling station. The attendant said he had heard it on the radio, too, and had opened up for a couple of hours just to give a few folks a thrill. So I said, “Fill ’er up,” and by golly, he did! The funny part is that the tank only took 8½ gallons. The gas gauge has been out of whack for a couple of years, so we drive by the trip mileage on the speedometer. By our reckoning, we had only about a gallon, or maybe a gallon and a half in the tank. The darn things should hold about 15 gallons. The only way we can dope it out is that the tank has shrunk the way your stomach does when you have been on a starvation diet for a long time.

Well, anyway, with the tank spilling over, we threw our swim suits into the back of the car and headed for the open road and one of our old swimming holes at Mauer Lake at Excelsior Springs. We actually got to the outskirts of Liberty, about half way, before one of the rear tires begin to thump out an alarming rhythm that we have all come to recognize.

We pulled over to the edge of the highway and I got out for an inspection. Yep, there was a nice big cantaloupe-sized tumor on the sidewall of one of the rim pads which we laughingly refer to as tires these days. I got out the tire tools and the bumper jack. They’re in good shape and not rusty like they used to be, having had plenty of exercise lately. I eased off the suffering wheel and put on the spare, which is an old re-re-re-tread and in no shape to be taxed with the task of carrying such a huge pay-load of gasoline and people. We turned around and crawled carefully home, everybody sitting light, and hung our swim suits back in the closet.

But we saw enough of the highway to know that it’s still there . . . all the swell Missouri scenery, the way the road takes those long roller coaster dips to the bottom of the valley and up the hill and out of sight into the sky, the
farms by the roadside with real little bacon-pigs playing in the field, and a mare with a wobbly long-legged colt, and cattle crowding up to the fence, and roadside stands loaded with sweet corn and tomatoes and stuff, and signs that say “Fresh Eggs, 40c,” and off there somewhere, the Lake of the Ozarks and Taneycomo and Storm Lake and Arrow Rock Tavern and the Rocky Mountains and California . . .

Of course, we’ve got to have the growl taken out of “Blondie’s” differential first and get some tires and maybe some work done on the motor and a few little items like that. If they gave retirement points to old cars as they do the Army boys, say a point for every thousand miles, “Blondie” would rate 89 points. She’s long since overdue at Gulko’s junk yard, but she’s got to hold out till those slick new, super-streamlined, atom-powered, post-war models come along . . . and until we can afford one!

Meanwhile, the wars are all over and the family is back on wheels, or soon will be. America, here we come!

There are two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There’s no cure for the first but success; and there’s no cure at all for the second.

—Gordon Graham

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

The letters of the Apostle Paul to his chosen churches are lasting examples of the wisest and most kindly counsel. This month we suggest readings from those letters written from Philippi to the Corinthians; from Rome to the Ephesians.

Sat., Sept. 1—1 Cor. 1:1-25
Sun., Sept. 2—1 Cor. 1:26-2:16
Mon., Sept. 3—1 Cor. 3
Tues., Sept. 4—1 Cor. 4:1-5:8
Wed., Sept. 5—1 Cor. 5:9-6:20
Thurs., Sept. 6—1 Cor. 7:1-24
Fri., Sept. 7—1 Cor. 7:25-8:13
Sat., Sept. 8—1 Cor. 9
Sun., Sept. 9—1 Cor. 10:1-22
Mon., Sept. 10—1 Cor. 10:23-11:16
Tues., Sept. 11—1 Cor. 11:17-12:11
Thurs., Sept. 13—1 Cor. 14:1-25
Fri., Sept. 14—1 Cor. 14:26-15:11
Sat., Sept. 15—1 Cor. 15:12-34
Sun., Sept. 16—1 Cor. 15:35-58
Mon., Sept. 17—1 Cor. 16:1-24
Tues., Sept. 18—2 Cor. 1:1-2:4
Wed., Sept. 19—2 Cor. 2:5-3:18
Thurs., Sept. 20—2 Cor. 4:1-5:10
Fri., Sept. 21—2 Cor. 5:11-6:18
Sat., Sept. 22—2 Cor. 7:1-8:15
Sun., Sept. 23—2 Cor. 8:16-9:15
Mon., Sept. 24—2 Cor. 10:1-11:15
Tues., Sept. 25—2 Cor. 11:16-12:10
Thurs., Sept. 27—Ephes. 1:1-2:10
Fri., Sept. 28—Ephes. 2:11-3:13
Sat., Sept. 29—Ephes. 3:14-4:24
Sun., Sept. 30—Ephes. 4:25-5:21
Chicago Communique . . .

CHICAGO has a V-Day hang-over. A "beaut"—as they'd say on North Clarke street or in the lobby of the Hotel Sherman.

Chicago, like a dozen atomic bombs, burst into V-Day ecstasy. It surged, whooped and cried, kissed, screamed and danced—and popped the civic buttons from its pride-inflated chest.

Chicago blew its top.

The frenzy started with a deluge of ticker tape, old radio scripts, and shredded copies of the Police Gazette and the Garden Guide, well scrambled. This was merely an expression of slightly previous enthusiasm on the part of office workers who were about to go home for the night and couldn't bear the thought of leaving without letting go with the piles of confetti they'd been manufacturing all day as they huddled at their radios.

Later on, with the dusk, came the real demonstration. Came and stayed. At midnight packed busses, trolleys, and elevated trains were still inching their way into the Loop. The crowds took over—and nobody wanted to go home.

People rushed into Randolph street like the curious appearing from nowhere at the scene of an accident. There were be-ribboned fighters just back from Europe. There were bobby-soxers, whooping their joy at this Mardi Gras which was far surpassing anything they'd ever experienced on New Year's Eve or at Riverview Amusement Park. All of Chicago seemed to be riding on a stupendous roller coaster.

That is, all but a relatively few thousands. In churches of all denominations—all faiths—the devout gave thanks with little outward show of emotion, without ostentation. And there were those who offered prayers for loved ones who would not return to worship beside them.

And there were those who labored: the newspaper and radio men, huddling over their teletypes and controls, taking time out only long enough to send down to Pixley and Ehlers for a cup of coffee . . . the transportation workers who had to smile when crowds danced on the car tracks, or blocked the bus routes . . . the firemen, policemen, and hospital employees who worked harder than ever.

But the rest? Who were they?

They were the happy girls and women, with eager, promiscuous lips—giggling, shoving, and screaming in happy abandon.

They were the middle aged, tolerant of youth's jubilation, wearing a smile that seemed to say "that boy" would soon be home.

They were that humble, saddened minority, who smiled bravely to conceal loneliness, and whose thoughts were of a grave on foreign soil.

They were the derelicts along West Madison Street and South State Street, looking on—never a part of the celebration. Unable to join it because they had never really been a part of the war that was responsible for it.

Some fainted. Some were hurt. Others cried, but mostly they just howled and pushed. Children were lost. Families were separated. But no one cared. A formidable enemy had been beaten to its knees.
Entire orchestras went out into the streets and played when taverns and night clubs prudently closed. By seven o'clock, State Street from Wacker Drive south to Van Buren street was jammed with pushing humanity. Through the crowd came Rescue Squad Number One, sirening its way to a false alarm at the corner of State and Madison. When the truck returned to its station, a dozen sailors rode off with the grinning firemen. To a man they were smeared with lipstick.

In spite of traffic obstacles, a three block-long parade, led by two women who had somewhere found a couple of large drums, formed in State Street. Made up of cars, trucks, and bicycles, it ran head-on into a crazily zig-zagging conga line which was several thousand celebrators long.

A large group of overall-clad older women roamed down Madison street singing: "We've been working in the war-plants... all the livelong war."

Marines blossomed in full-dress uniform... were loudly mistaken for bell-boys, theatre ushers, cab starters. For the first time in the proud history of the Marine Corps, they didn't seem to mind.

Soldiers began to take on the appearance of Indians in full war paint. They had that much rouge and lipstick smeared on them. Two lovelies at State and Washington yelled: "We haven't kissed a Seabee yet!" A sailor swooped out of the crowd, kissed them thoroughly, and yelled: "I'm a Seabee, gals."

A Lieutenant Commander standing in front of the Morrison hotel suddenly walloped a seaman on the back and boomed: "Hi, mate!" They went off down the street together.

Hats were flung into the air. Anyone's hat. It didn't matter. A male Corporal grabbed a WAC Captain and shouted: "I'm gonna kiss an officer." He did. At least a hundred people cheered; the Captain blushed.

Over on Randolph street three soldiers in a jeep rebuilt to resemble a miniature locomotive were recruiting railroad workers. On the stroke of seven they abandoned their project, but not the "locomotive." They toured the Loop, with their public address horn bellowing, "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

The Red Cross, operating seven first aid stations downtown, handled more than three hundred first aid cases, including heart attacks, faintings, and contusions. Eight ambulances were sent into the Loop. Theatres were used by the police for the ill, so acute was the bed shortage at first aid centers and hospitals.

Chinese Americans met the day according to ancient custom. In Chinatown out came the Sacred Lion to swing to and fro in front of the "city hall" on Wentworth avenue. But one thoroughly Americanized Chinese celebrated victory with a bottle of bourbon in one hand and a red flag in the other. He stopped each street car he encountered, offering the motorman a drink.

Each block and neighborhood had its individual celebrations. There were conga lines of shouting youngsters, grown-ups tooting auto horns, and juveniles on bikes that trailed strings of tin cans. And they found a use for those air raid sirens that the Civilian Defense block wardens had been zealously guarding for three and a half long years. By pressing buttons the celebrators discovered that the horns really worked, emitting eerie noises heard before only in horror pictures.

These people—all of them, mothers, dads, sweethearts, wives—forgot the fears and toil and violence and sacrifice of war. Theirs was a cry of triumph. Theirs was a shout of elation with a cheerful note for a hopeful future.

It was the voice of victory.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan
**CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL**

**Ultrās . . .**

★ BAL MASQUE. One of Chicago’s most distinctive glamourations, featuring Sandra Star (NEAR NORTH). Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan Ave., WHI. 4100.

★ BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Wayne King’s rockabye music; Dorothy Hild’s productions. “Band of the Week” nightly at 8. Sundays at 6. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. Breath-taking, lavish entertainment in Chicago’s thousand-acre hotel, spotlighting Frankie Masters and stageful of name acts. 7th and Michigan. (LOOP). Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Elegant setting wherein a select clientele listens to the restful rhythms of Nick Brewster’s orchestra. (GOLD COAST). Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Blue and gold setting for Eddie Oliver’s music and a show featuring Patsy Kelly, Barry Wood, and Eddie Peabody. Also the Victorian Room, charmingly old English, with Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble. State and Monroe. (LOOP). Ran. 7500.


★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL. Restful white and blue shelter from the whamming outside world. Exquisite diners and dancing among people you read about. (NEAR NORTH). 1300 N. STATE. Sup. 5000.

**Casual . . .**

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Chummy, talkative, relaxing. Smart act has stamped approval on this one. (WEST). 211 Lincoln Park Div. 5000.

★ BISMARK HOTEL. Emil Petti, his orchestra and revue in the Walnut Room, the Mcl-o-dears, Earl Roth’s orchestra and some featured acts in the tavern. Randolph and LaSalle. (LOOP). Cen. 0123.


★ SHERMAN HOTEL. Jerry Wald and his orchestra are beginning an early fall engagement in the Panther Room. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. Put Hy Ginnis at the head of the class for offering one of the most desirable places in town. Organ and piano music during the dinner hour. Open all night. (NORTH). 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

**Colorful . . .**


★ SINGAPORE. Malayan background of pre-war days, pit barbecued ribs and chicken. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush st. Del. 0414.


★ YAR. George Scherban’s Gypsies entertain nightly in the atmosphere of Czarist Russia. Colonel Yasulenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sundays. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

**Entertainment . . .**

★ BROWN DERBY. Here’s the place to cure your grouch. An all laugh show! (LOOP). Whabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CASINO. Rather spacious but cozy night club featuring fine shows and tops in revues. (SOUTH). Halsted at 75th.

★ CHEZ PAREE. Joe E. Lewis starred in one of the city’s most lavish productions. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.


★ CLUB FLAMINGO. The essence of sophistication. Ray Reynolds is still around. Quite a show, no minimum or cover. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Frankie Quartell’s variety show with Carrie Finnell, Billie Carr and music for dancing. (LOOP). 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.


★ L & L CAFE. If beautiful girls make you happy you can't improve on this place. The Averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.


★ LIBERTY INN. The show and disposition of this place are for the daring, exclusively. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie St. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. It may be the oldest of Chicago's risque centers, but the cute things you see 'round there aren't antique. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark St. Del. 0173.

Bars of Music...


★ CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT. A place to go to get acquainted with that good looking neighbor in an inviting setting. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.

★ REVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. New and super-duper cocktail rendezvous with music to match. (LOOP). State and Randolph.

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. An array of tunesters and fun makers carry on from the back bar. (LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ THREE DUECES. With a hepcat in every corner. Featuring Laura Rucker at the piano and the solid Memphis City Trio. (LOOP). Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.


★ TOWN CASING. Just the place for recommended melodic diversion. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark.

★ TROPICS. Equatorial finery complementing a continuous melee of entertainment. And try the Tiffany room on lobby level. Hotel Chicagoan. (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 400.

Food for Thought...

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Big, friendly Gus passes around the drinks; Andy has the glad hand ready; Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. Henri Carpenter does the food honors. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Whl. 5620.


★ HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. Exquisite dining room overlooking the harbor. Graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and good food. We also recommend the Bamboo Bar. (NORTH). 2150 N. Lincoln Park. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICO'S. Traditional in all Chicagoland, as well known as the Chicago fire, and their pastries and apple pancakes will probably live as long in memory. Try Henrico's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP). 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNGSHOLM. No good Swede or hungry wayfarer of any nationality would pass up this place. Smorgasbord! (NEAR NORTH). Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. If you're up on your French, the name describes the place exactly. A lovely little spot. Closed Sundays. (NEAR NORTH). 619 N. Mich. Del. 0102.


Chicago Theater...

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theatre). An all-Negro cast in a fine gutsy drama first discovered in Harlem, and brought up to Broadway for a long run. Opens September 24.

★ BALLET RUSSE. (Civic Opera House). The Monte Carlo group, starring Danilova again, with Frederic Franklin, moves in for twelve days of dancing.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cent. 8240). Moss Hart's direction, an expert cast combine to make this a real hit. Features William Harrigan, Leona Powers, Herbert Evers, and Beverly Chambers.


★ THE OVERTONS. (Great Northern Theatre). Comedy of marriage manners, and how one happy home almost gets broken up by meddling friends. With Jack Whiting.


★ CARMEN JONES. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all-Negro version of the opera "Carmen" which is one of the sensations of many seasons, and magnificently dressed by Raoul Pene du Bois. Muriel Smith of the original New York cast sings the title role.
THE announcement made by President Truman of the invention, discovery, or whatever you want to call it, of the atomic bomb made such an enormous impression on Manhattan that it is impossible to describe the reaction. There was no evident rejoicing. Everyone was awed, appalled and somewhat frightened by the whole thing. The most general reaction was to thank God that the knowledge of how to harness atomic force had been granted to us and not to the Nazis or Japs. People with loved ones in the Eastern Theater of War hoped that this tremendous innovation would mean that our boys could come home soon and that this whole dreadful holocaust was at an end. No one could sell the idea that the atomic bomb is going to be popular or on the best seller list . . . mostly, everyone felt he would like to dig into the side of a hill and pull the hole in after. If there was an amusing slant to the situation it came from the various publishers of popular magazines. In a frenzy to cater to public demand they kept their wires hot trying to find writers who could explain to the lay mind the theory of atomic force. This left all concerned more or less up the pole. They’d rather talk about income tax or some other trivia. Some brave soul did venture to say that after the explosion of the bomb, the entire devastated territory remained magnetized for a long time and that if one were to walk near the inner radius of the area he would immediately become sterile; and if he walked in the outer radius of the area, his children would all be three headed or something! This theory, however, didn’t create much commotion, as the question uppermost in everyone’s mind was, “What are we going to do with it?”

One of the most exciting events of the summer theatre season took place when Clare Boothe Luce decided to turn her hard earned vacation into a stock company portrayal of "Candida." Perhaps Stamford, Connecticut, needed a boost or a little pepping up. Whatever it needed, it got it. Broadway moved to Stamford the opening night. Critics tore their hair out by the roots trying to determine whether to judge the effort on a professional basis or to sugar it up as an encouragement to amateurs. The performance itself was unquestionably bad. Miss Boothe (as her name appeared in the program) was breath-takingly beautiful, mechanically perfect, but completely devoid of the warmth, tenderness, and emotional depth of Mr. Shaw’s Candida. Her exquisite hands seemed awkward . . . as if they could not, or would not, follow the intense meaning of her lines. Her dynamic personality seemed

**BOOTHE in **

**BUSKIN**

**In "Candida."** Perhaps Stamford, Connecticut, needed a boost or a little pepping up. Whatever it needed, it got it. Broadway moved to Stamford the opening night. Critics tore their hair out by the roots trying to determine whether to judge the effort on a professional basis or to sugar it up as an encouragement to amateurs. The performance itself was unquestionably bad. Miss Boothe (as her name appeared in the program) was breath-takingly beautiful, mechanically perfect, but completely devoid of the warmth, tenderness, and emotional depth of Mr. Shaw’s Candida. Her exquisite hands seemed awkward . . . as if they could not, or would not, follow the intense meaning of her lines. Her dynamic personality seemed
frail and half frightened behind the footlights. When she faltered on a line she corrected it immediately as if to be certain that there were no loose ends of dialogue. She is slender, graceful, and completely feminine ... so much so that her remarkable accomplishments seem unrelated to her. Something like an impressive oak tree growing in the center of a dainty rose garden.

The supporting cast of "Candida" gave good performances but were at a definite disadvantage, as the audience was either concentrating on Miss Boothe or waiting for her to make another entrance. The Strand Theatre is a funny little long-narrow arrangement poorly equipped and poorly ventilated. It is used almost entirely for summer try-outs and though it has quite a large seating capacity it doesn't compare in comfort to Kansas City's Resident Theatre. "Candida" was booked to run a week but with people pouring into Stamford from the shores, hills, and three states, the temptation to continue for an extra week caused a meeting of the board. One thing sure, Miss Boothe, actress or not, can pack 'em in.

Despite all requests to the contrary visitors continue to pour into New York. Hotels are packed as usual and amusement places are booming.

**FASHIONS**

Store windows along the Avenue are filled with fall fashions and fur coats. Fortunately the weather has been temperate so that the fur coats don't look too repulsive. Just what the smartest drape for the femme fatale is going to be next season is still anybody's guess. Practically anything but a bustle ought to pass. With Paris again in on the what's-what-my-dear, there's likely to be a lot of confusion. Why not relax with a tailored suit and a pin or a scarf? You can't go wrong in New York night or day with an outfit like that unless more formal dress in specially indicated by a host or hostess.

Boat trips around Manhattan Island are very popular now and will continue to be so as long as the weather permits. Any hotel porter or information booth can give you the low-down on the various schedules. These excursions are one of the most interesting and relaxing forms of entertainment you could ask for. The average trip lasts from three to four hours and gives a perspective of New York from both the East and West rivers that you cannot possibly get from a car or plane. Other shorter-but-fun boat trips take you to the Statue of Liberty and to Staten Island. You'll always be back in time for a cocktail even if you do miss a matinee.

Perhaps Manhattan's gayest season is from the first of October to the middle of January. Already new shows are arranging opening dates and DI\NING OUT\ the\at\ectrical\booking\offices\are\buzzing. Plans are in the making to cater to every whim and appetite of cafe life. One thing to remember ... places which have floor shows seldom have excellent food. For some unknown reason the two just don't seem to go together. If your palate is particularly sensitive, choose some small restaurant that specializes in food alone for your dinner; then pop into a floor show place later for entertainment and that night-cap.

Not swank but amusing ... Two little restaurants on the two corners of Fifty-first and Broadway called Ham and Eggs. Delicious food cooked ranch style and served in small skillets. Waitresses wear blue jeans and plaid shirts. Motto above entrance: "The eggs we serve tomorrow are still on the farm."

Amusing derivation picked up round-about: The word "scuttle-butt" used as a name for so many small, chatty publications has an interesting origin. Long, long ago "scuttle-butt" was a drinking fountain for the public in general. One could almost always find a crowd there ... consequently, much gossip and chit-chat ... consequently it became an appropriate name for all printed news of that type.
The vaporish news of Japan's surrender was hailed with great rejoicing by crowds on the street and on the radio. There wasn't as much celebration as on V-J Day however. Almost immediately after the first hurrah, heated arguments started over what to do with the Emperor. Some feel that we should remind his majesty in an "atomic" way of a few events which he, no doubt, has forgotten in his sweet new interest in mankind and peace on earth.

The Post-War era arrives—piece-meal, but it arrives. Now we'll probably spend the next ten years trying to learn how to push buttons to make things happen with all the new inventions that have been promised us.

—Lucie Ingram

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ AMBASSADOR. Except on Sunday, there's dancing to the music of Jules Lande at dinner and supper, and concert music by William Adler at luncheon and cocktail time. Dinner from $2.50. Minimum, Saturday after 10, $2.00. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. Sammy Kaye's lilting dance music. Cover after 10 p.m., $1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.25. Closed Sunday. Times Square, CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Montmartre girls in a Parisian setting. French cuisine, better than average and inexpensive. Dance music by Lou Harold and his band. Revue at 7:30, 11:30, and 1:30. Minimum, $1.50 on Saturday and holidays. 225 W. 46. CI 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the Glass Hat, Payson Re and Nino, dispensing dance music, regular and rumba, respectively; a revue featuring the Kathryn Duffy Dancers at 8:30 and 12. Food is better than average. Minimum after 10 p.m., $1.50; Saturday, $2.00. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE. Henry King's orchestra alternates with Mario Hurtada and his rumba rhythms. A show at 7:45 and 11:45. Cover after 10 p.m., $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Imogene Coca, Cliff Jackson, and Mary Lou Williams appear in a show at 8:30, 12, and 2:15. John Kirby's orchestra plays for dancing. Minimum, $2.50. Dinner from $1.75. Closed Monday, 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.


★ CASINO RUSSE. Russian and American foods surrounding a show at 8:45 and 12. Cornelius Codolban's orchestra plays for dancing. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturday and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. CI 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. In the Century Room, Mitchel Gomer and the orchestra still play for dancing, 7-9:30, week days; 10-2, Friday and Saturday. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Lexington at 42. MU 6-6000.

★ COPACABANA. Enric Madriguera, his orchestra, and a diverting show at 8, 12, and 2. Dancing. Minimum, $3.00; Saturday, $4.00. 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ EL MOROCCO. Dancing, to a musical beat by Joe D'Andres and Chiquito and their respective bands. Excellent food. Cover after 7, $2.00; 154 E. 54. EL 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. In Casino-on-the-park, Stan Keller's orchestra sounds to the dance all evening long. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p.m., $2.00. No dancing or entertainment on Monday. 100 Central Park S. CL 7-0300.

★ LEON AND EDDIE'S. Sophisticated revues, 8, 10, and 2:30, with Eddie Davis. Minimum after 10, $3.50; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

★ LEXINGTON. Hal Acoma and his orchestra play in the Hawaiian Room where dancing is without benefit of grass skirt. Atmospheric revue at 7:45, 10, and 12, except on Monday, when Jeno Bartal's orchestra takes over and the show show at 7:45 and 11:30. Cover 75c after 10; Saturday, $1.50. Sunday from 6-10 p.m., minimum, $2.50; after 10, cover 75c, no minimum. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

★ NICK'S. The kind of jazz they write books about, sent by Mugsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and Pee Wee Russell, the old flame-throwers. Minimum after 10, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Dinner at $1.50-$2.75. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10. CH 2-6683.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. Woody Hermann and his orchestra play for dancing in the Cafe Rouge. Dinner, $2.50-$3.50. Cover, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Closed Sunday. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.
★ PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing from 7:30, interrupted (pleasantly) by a show at 9:15 and 12:15. Minimum, $2.00; Sunday, Saturday, $3.00. Dinner a la carte. Sunday, open 6-11, show at 9:15. Closed Monday. 5th Ave. at 61. RE 4-1900.

★ PLAIZA. Persian Room reopens the 26th, with Gomez and Beatrice—in addition to Jimmy Savy of the guileless smile and the balmy comedy. Shows nightly except Sunday, 9:30 and 12:30. Garwood Van and his orchestra play for dancing, alternating with Mark Monte and his Continentals. Cover after 9:30, $1.50. In the Palm Court Lounge, cocktail dancing, 5-8 p.m. to Leo Leafleir's music. Minimum, $1.00; Saturday and Sunday, $1.25. Closed Sunday. 5th at 9. PL 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. In the Grill, dancing to the music of Eddie Stone and his orchestra daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Saturday and holiday eve, $1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ ST. REGIS. Dancing to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra, alternating with Theodore Brooks at the organ. At luncheon (from $1.85) the music of Maximilian's Ensemble. Minimum, $1.50; Saturdays, $2.50. For cocktails at noon or night, the Penthouse; for lone wolves, the King Cole Bar till 4. After that, the ladies may come along. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE. Roy Fox and his orchestra alternate with Clemente's marimba band to play for dancing from five o'clock on. Minimum, 5-9, $1.50; Saturday, Sunday, $2.00. Cover, 9 to closing, $1.00; Saturday, $2.00. 5th Ave. at 58. VO 5-2600.

★ SPIVY'S ROOF. Something to look at and listen to throughout the evening, with Spivy in person appearing for an occasional song. Cocktails from 4:30, dinner from 8-9. Liquor minimum, $1.50; Friday and Saturday, $2.25. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

★ STORK CLUB. Alberto Linno and band play rumbas. Eric Coreira's orchestra supplies rhythms of a less Latin sort. Luncheon and dinner come a la carte, and there's a $2.00 cover after 10; Saturday, $3.00. 3 East 53. PL 3-1940.

★ TAFT. In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except Sunday, when they skip the midday stint. Lunch from 65; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 9-4000.

★ TAVERN - ON - THE - GREEN. Dance music by Lenny Herman and his orchestra and Buddy Harlow's Trio, from 6:45. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Central Park West at 67. RE 4-4700.

★ VERSAILLES. A line of lovely languid showgirls; excellent food under M. Alfred La Grange supervision. Joe Ricardell and Lopez, each with his own group, make music for dancing. Shows at 8, 12:30, and 2. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturday, holiday, opening nights, $3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Hey-hey day every night—with square dancing and games and Tiny Clark. Revue, with Eddie Ashman's orchestra, 8, 11, and 2. Minimum, $1.50; Friday and holiday eves, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Opens at 6; dinner from 8. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. Down-cellar festivities with the Art Hodes Trio, Don Frye's piano playing, the Lion and his Calypso songs, and your own dancing from time to time. Minimum, $1.50; Saturday, $2.00. Dinner to $2.50. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ ZANZIBAR. Big flashy revue starring Cab Calloway, Pearl and Bill Bailey (in separate acts), and a lot of others, at 8, 12, and 2. Dinner, 6-9:30, from $2.00; a la carte from 9:30. Minimum after 10, $3.50. Opens at 6 Dancing. Broadway at 49. CI 7-7380.

Way to a Man's Heart...

★ ALGONQUIN. Even the artists must eat. Writers and actors seem drawn to the place; maybe it's the art of fine cookery that packs them in. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $1.75. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 W. 44. MU 2-0100.

★ AUX STEAKS MINUTE. French food, inexpensive and good, and accompanied by beer and wines. Closed Tuesday. 41 W. 52. EL 5-9187.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. Generous helpings of French food well prepared. Lunch a la carte; dinner from $1.35. There's a bar, too. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40. LE 2-0342.

★ BARNEY GALLANTS. Unobtrusive music counterpoint to superlative food and liquors. Opens at 5. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. Luncheon and dinner with eclat, and not exactly inexpensive. Opens Sunday at 4. 19 E. 52. PL 3-5800.

★ BELLE MEUNIERE. Agreeable restaurant featuring French and American foods. 12 E. 52. WI 2-9437.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor), to food (first floor restaurant) to more drinks (Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge, 26th floor). Open 9-midnight. 49 and 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ CHRIST Cella. Hearty foods, not inexpensive, but more than worth the price.

Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9557.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Featuring seafoods, naturally, plus steaks and chops, and all of it pretty superb. A la carte. Entrees 85¢ to $2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8. ST 9-8046.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Take one piano; add some old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens'
characters wandering around in the murals; top it off with satisfying American food, and you've got the Dickies Room down in the Village. Open at 5 during the week; Sunday brunch, 12-3; dinner, 2-9. There's a bar attached. Closed Tuesday. 20 E. 9. ST 9-8969.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Swedish food the way it ought to be. Luncheon, $1.00-$1.25; at dinner, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee for $1.50, or regular dinner at $1.75. Pleasantly cool here, too. 324 E. 77. EL 5-8476.

★ HAMPSHIRE HOUSE. Good food accompanied at luncheon and dinner by the string ensemble music of Francis Dvorak's group. Lunch from $2.00; dinner from $2.50. 150 Central Park S. CI 6-7700.

★ JACK DEMPSEY'S. Of the heavy-weight champion Dempseys. The connotations, plus excellent food, draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but there's entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49. CO 5-7375.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. Informal exhibit of paintings by the younger artists distinguishes this atmospheric dining room and bar that have been a Village landmark since way back. 28 W. 8. SP 7-2540.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. Newish and attractive place specializing in seafood, charcoal broiled fish, steaks, and chops, and New Orleans pecan pie. Lunch from 75c; dinner a la carte. There's a bar attached. 226 W. 23. WA 9-9093.


★ MADELEINE'S LE POISSONNIER. A good bit of good entertainment throughout the evening; dinner from 4 p. m. and around $2.50 with drinks. $2.75 without. Closed Sunday. 121 E. 52. EL 5-9706.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. A room with a view— Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. They're a la carte, beginning around 80c and $1.85. Cocktails in the lounge. 5th Ave. at 59. VO 5-2800.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Luncheon and dinner a la carte; entrees from $1.60 mostly chicken or duck; steak or roast beef, and who could ask for anything more. Open at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51. PL 3-9000.

★ ZUCCA'S. Italian foods at luncheon and dinner, a dollar and a dollar sixty, respectively, preceded by heaping antipasto. 118 W. 49. BR 9-5511.

New York Theatre

PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47, West. CI 6-9056). A hit from Harlem, brought uptown and still going strong. Hilda Simms heads the cast of this earthy, humorous drama directed by Harry Wagstaff Griihle. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ DARK OF THE MOON—(66th Street Theatre, 46, West. CI 6-6075). The ballad of Barbara Allen, splendidly retold by a sympathetic cast that includes Carol Stone and Richard Hart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Martin Beck, 45, West. CI 6-6363). How it is to become a civilian again. Montgomery Clift is the returning soldier; Grace Coppen, an unsympathetic sister. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Playhouse, 48, East. BR 9-4566). Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and an invisible white rabbit poke wonderful fun at psychiatry. One of the gavest plays in years. Winner of the Pulitzer prize. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire. Broadway at 40. PE 6-9540). You know about this one, of course. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill are the latest couple to play Father and Mother. In its 6th year. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45, West. CI 6-6230). Sweet sin, the wages of which are love. John Van Druten's comedy has reopened with Martha Scott, one-time Missourian, in the lead role. Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie complete the cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44, West. CI 6-5990). Very pretty period piece with some pretty songs and a lot of pretty people—including Joan McCracken and Nanette Fabray. Agnes de Mille ballets. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.
CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44. West. CI 6-0730). The Theatre Guild presents an excellent musical version of "Lilium," with Jan Clayton, John Raitt, choreography by Agnes de Mille, and songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein II. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.


HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center Theatre, 6th Ave. at 49th. CO 5-5474). Probably the most elaborate ice show ever. Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz are the producers. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday, 3:00.

MARINKA—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50. CI 7-5161). "Mayerling," the poignant old Hapsburg tragedy, redone with music and a happy ending. Joan Roberts and Harry Stockwell are in it; also Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

OKLAHOMA!—(St. James, 44. West. LA 4-4664). A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," produced by the Theatre Guild, with music by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and choreography by Agnes de Mille—and it's just as wonderful as everyone says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.


UP IN CENTRAL PARK—(Broadway, Broadway at 53. CI 7-2887). Noah Beery as Boss Tweed, surrounded by Sigmund Romberg music, dances created by Helen Tamiris, handsome settings and costumes, and romancing by Wilbur Evans and Maureen Cannon. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.
The Peace—and Allied Matters

DON'T give up now! Just because the war's over and the boys are coming home, now's no time for you to skip the daily letter. As long as he's away, he wants news of home, and now more than ever. Ernie Pyle once said that a letter from home is a "five-minute furlough." So give him five minutes of homecoming every day—until the day he's home for keeps. . . . And remember that V-Mail flies. It gets there first.

A small, secretive French boy aged six is now a problem for his parents. He won't talk freely, he won't confide in anyone, he distrusts all strangers and he rarely relaxes. Here's his story: For two years Paul was very active in the French underground. His father had to go into hiding. Paul was only four years old but had to be taken along. He was a bright child, he was around when secrets were told. Therefore it was necessary to teach him and train him to protect his own safety and the safety of all. Paul soon learned that his name wasn't Paul—it was Robert, that his father whom he saw every day, wasn't his father and that everything his little mind knew and believed was no longer so. At the age of four, Paul had learned so well that he became a very active member of the underground. Being small, just a baby, he carried messages and was never suspected, he listened and reported what he heard on the streets, and he never failed.

Today Paul is six. Will he ever completely un-learn those two years of underground training and experience? Will he ever be a carefree youngster again? It's hard to say.

(Reprinted from a special release by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.)

The Kansas City Canteen will be continued for at least six months longer, according to latest staccato reports from bouncing, buoyant, and hatless director John Thornberry. May that be a kindly reminder to Canteen volunteers that their services are still in demand and still very much appreciated. As boys and girls in uniform cross the country on their way home they'll be stopping in at the Canteen every day. So stick around won't you, and help make them welcome? . . . Mr. Thornberry says they "still think cut flowers look pretty swell," so you might take in a big armload of zinnias or any fall flowers or hangers-on from the summer garden. . . . Just for your information—the Canteen features continual art and photography exhibits. On the mezzanine the current exhibit is paintings in a circus motif by the Art Institute's Mildred Welsh Hammond. In mid-month, a new artist comes in. These exhibits are arranged by Mrs. Fletcher Cowherd, one of the town's most vivacious ladies and an artist of some ability and reputation herself. On the fourth floor the Photographic Society of America provides from time to time an exhibit of pictures that have been shown in other salons. This was originally John Thornberry's idea; he suggested that the Society lend these collections to service organizations and they took him up on it. Now they show them around at various places about the country where service men and women may enjoy them. We think it's a fine idea.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation, whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.
LOEW'S MIDLAND

WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF—One of those kaleidoscopic pictures as full of personalities as the Waldorf is full of paying guests. Through the glamorous media of Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Phyllis Thaxter, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Benchley, Edward Arnold and several dozen others, we learn that life can be beautiful. Mostly comedy, with a dash of melodrama and a good bit of typical Cugat music by Xavier and his men. An MGM picture, of course.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—Simple and appealing chronicle of one year in a child's life. Folkways of a Wisconsin family, presented for their own sake and adding up to a rather fine comment on humankind. With Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins, plus Agnes Moorehead, Edward G. Robinson, James Craig, and Frances Gifford.

NEWMAN

INCENDIARY BLONDE—Previously scheduled for August, but delayed by a long run of "Out of This World," Betty Hutton's new picture now moves in to stay awhile. It's the story of Texas Guinan, which means a lot of rowdy goings on, a lot of comedy and song, and Hutton's own blowtorch touch to the whole procedure.

DUFFY'S TAVERN—The famous radio show turns into quite a picture; thanks to some good producing (Paramount) and the presence of Ed Gardner himself, the one and only Archie the Mug. Ann Thomas is Miss Duffy; Victor Moore and Barry Sullivan are also in the cast.

RKO ORPHEUM

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye blew in the last of August and will probably stay most of this month for obvious reasons. One of the big, big comedies that's as funny as they say it is . . . On the same bill, THE FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—a timely mystery with the usual ingredients, involving Tom Conway (as the Falcon), and little Sharyn Moffat.

BACK TO BATAAN—John Wayne as an American colonel who leads Filipino guerrillas against the Japs, from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the Yank landings on Leyte. Good strong story, played with admirable restraint, and well photographed. Authentic and exciting. Anthony Quinn and Fely Franquelli make a nice romantic team.

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

CAPTAIN EDDIE—The story of Eddie Rickenbacker told in flashbacks from the raft where the Captain and his crew floated those historic twenty-one days or so after the crash of their Army transport. Faithful if not terrifically brilliant account, with everybody from 20th Century Fox having a hand in it—including Fred MacMurray in the title role, Lynn Bari, Charles Bickford, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan, Jimmy Gleason, Spring Byington, Richard Conte, and Darryl Hickman.

JUNIOR MISS—Delightful little comedy, previously scheduled for August, and presenting Miss Peggy Ann Garner at her captivating best. With Allyn Joslyn, Michael Dunne, Faye Marlowe, and Mona Freeman.

STATE FAIR—Skillful retelling of the familiar story once put on the screen by Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, and Janet Gaynor. This time the four sweet young people are Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine, with Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter, Frank McHugh, and Donald Meek in the supporting cast. Songs come from that successful team, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II (of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel"), and Mr. Hammerstein also wrote the screen play. Nostalgic, middle-western and altogether likable.

NAUGHTY NINETIES—Another one of those Abbott and Costello things, with the same horseplay thinly disguised by period costumes. Fun if you like it. With Rita Johnson, Alan Curtis, and Lois Collier.

TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werner. On the screen—double features designed solely for entertainment. You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 a.m. are "Discovery Night." Such dear madness—someone always wins!

THE FOLLY

Open season again at the town's only burlesque house. Gags and girls and a surprise in every pack!
PORTS OF CALL

★ KING JOY LO. Chinese and American food, served smoothly in a big upstairs restaurant overlooking Main Street. Luncheon and dinner. Upstairs, 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Distinguished mostly by good service, pleasant hostesses, a 24-hour shift, and the heat chocolate eclairs around. Entrance from 12th Street or the Muehlebach Hotel lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ MYRON’S ON THE PLAZA. One of the well known Myron Green establishments. Recommended by Duncan Hines, and one meal here will tell you why. Gracious surroundings; excellent food. Downstairs Cameo Room useful for private dinners. Closed Monday. Plaza Theatre Building, 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ NANCE CAFE. Spacious and pleasant dining rooms close to Union Station. Duncan Hines smiles upon this one, too. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ PHILLIP’S COFFEE SHOP. About Town Room. Cool and comfortable cafe just a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. Mostly for food, though you may have a drink sent in if you like. Lenore Nichols at the novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Philips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 9020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Luncheon only, but it’s enough to keep the room open and patrons coming back for more. Excellent food, unusual variety, and probably the richest pies in town. On the second floor of Wolferman’s downtown store, 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. Meatless meals the way they should be done—with the accent on big salads and rich desserts. It’s a cafeteria managed nearly by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30, Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Reopened after its late summer vacation with a fresh paint job, etc. The food remains the same, however and thank goodness Kosher-style cooking, lots of variety, and reasonable prices. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN Now that you’re driving again—here’s some place to go. They’re open noon to 1 a. m., weekdays; noon to midnight, Sunday; closed Monday. Flash your lights for service, or you may go inside if you’d rather. On the Plaza, 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. Luncheon and dinner in comfort and style. It’s under Weiss direction (Mr. and Mrs. Martin Weiss, Jr.) and features the same continental foods as the downtown Weiss Cafe. Food is wonderful; if the service happens to lag, Mr. Weiss himself pitches in and helps! He’s all over the place making you welcome. Go early unless you have time to wait in line. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.
IN KANSAS CITY

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Where Joshua Johnson beats out boogie at a white piano, and two-reel comedies appear from time to time on a screen above the bar. Luncheon, dinner, after-theatre snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Informal cocktail lounge and dining room, with entertainment by Alma Hatten, who plays a return engagement at the Hammond organ. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. In addition to good menus and drinks, there's entertainment, too. If you hurry you may catch pretty Pauline Neece at the piano from 6:30 till 1:00. Piano melodies sing out from the taproom, 6:30 till 1:00. George Gust still has charge of the kitchen, and the food is prepared by Jaclin, an experienced chef who is as French as his name. No tax. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Miles of spaghetti dished up daily (except Sunday) by Signora Teresa. To that you may add meatballs, mushrooms, chicken, and what-not; or you may prefer steaks or chops (available!) prepared by Elbert Oliver. (Frankie and Johnny insist that such things are a man's cooking job.) Open 4 p.m. till midnight. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Blond and blue room for dining and drinking. Inexpensive luncheon- to 65¢; dinner from 9:30 till 9:30, usually with steaks or fried chicken on the list. It's Herb Cook's hangout this month, with Norman Stokes tuning up for a song any time between 8:30 and 1:00. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Luncheon and dinner for business and professional people roundabout. Kenn Prater features a fine menu, and keeps open a jovial and busy place. But we'd still like to see some portholes in those south-side booths; it's kinda dark. 9th and Walnut. Gr. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. Barbecue and the beasts. What once was the splendid lobby of a splendid hotel is now a big barny dine-and-drinkin' room festooned to the ceiling with taxidermy. Buffaloes and moose, sable and squirrels look down on your barbecued ribs. Which, by the way, are pretty fair barbecue. Gus Fitch, who used to float silently about the Rendezvous, now owns the Missouri, in partnership with his brother. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.


★ PICCADILLY ROOM. Attractive but chilly blue room downstairs from the bus station. Music from a radio in one room probably is coming from KMBC, some eleven floors up, and those fellas relaxing at the bar may possibly be announcers. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Best food on the southside, in this smallish restaurant just off the bowling alleys. Cocktail lounge adjoining. Anybody looking official roundabout is likely to be one of the managing Eddy's—George, Sam, or Ned, who are retiring as the Hype Park Duncans take over. 430 Alameda Road, on the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Where the ensigns and lieutenants from Olathe Naval Air Base quaff, laugh, and listen to sweet music. Latter is furnished by Mary Dale. Graphology for fun by Kay Van Lee. Luncheon and dinner. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Exceedingly busy spot three times a day. We like it best of a morning—when they have those gooey wonderful chocolate doughnuts—and in the late afternoon when the downstairs grill is a swell spot to sit, sip, and sag. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. Comfortable room of no definite shape, but offering booths, tables, and bar stools for your comfort; piano melodies by Martha Dooley for your easy listening; and dinner or drinks or both. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks, noise, music, and everybody you know. If they made the place any bigger it might ruin their trade. People seem to like it this crowded. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. One of the better barrooms—also serving luncheon and dinner at the usual hours. Excellent liquors, usually, and efficient service from waiters who act as if they know what they're about. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A genial carry-over from the days when. Dim and slightly dignified in an old retainer sort of way, with excellent food and drinks. Lobsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a.m. till midnight. Closed Sunday. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ STUBBS' GILHAM PLAZA. Noisy old neighborly ole place where you don't need a tie and if you have one you'll probably take it off. Chief attraction is a bumptious gal at the piano, who plays loud boogie and sings rowdy little songs in the biggest deep voice we've heard this side of Lauren Bacall. The name is Jeannie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gilham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. Italian foods in a slightly medieval setting, a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour (just off Troost). VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Favorite waiting room for people about to take or meet a train. They come down early a-purpose. Next door is the big dining room that's usually crowded around the dinner hour, and no wonder, for the food is better than most. Union Station. GR. 1100.
**Just for a Drink . . .**

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Little hittty lounge, comfortable, and nice to look at. Between 3 and 5 p.m., two drinks for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ CABANA. Just off the walk, a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. This is where you find Alberta at the novachord—and do! Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ EL BOLERO. Nice little neighborhood lounge, where Marguerite Clark plays piano and sings requests, and the liquors are of good quality. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ OMAR ROOM. Bill Caldwell entertains at the piano, and around the walls the Tentmaker still advances his philosophy of the grape. You get into this room from the street, from the lobby, or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Hip-pocket edition of a cocktail lounge, featuring ancient two-reelers on a screen at one end of the room, and pink elephants parading around the walls. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte, GR. 5310.

★ THE TROPICS. One of the prettiest cocktail lounges in the town. It's on the third floor. Mary Jean Miller is at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 till 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Round and raucous Jane Jones (late of "Noh Hill" and "Incendiary Blonde") sings at the piano; alternating with the really excellent Latin song by Joaquin and Diane, old acquaintances out here. You'll remember them from a year or so ago. Diane, you know, was the voice of Snow White in the South American version of Walt Disney's picture. Open at 11 a.m.; entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

**With Dancing . . .**

★ CROWN ROOM. Roomy lounge with a small dance floor around the corner in front of Judy Conrad's orchestra. His trumpet player, Billy Snyder, is the smallest in the world. You'll find the Glass Bar on beyond the dancing area. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 9262.

★ CUBAN ROOM. Kansas City jazz in the traditional manner, played by the Herman Waldor Trio, and listened to by most of the town's experts in that art. There's food available if you can take time out from diggin' the jive. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ DRUM ROOM. A wonderful place to lunch, dine, and dance when you're feeling in a Hattie Carnegie mood. Jack Wendover and his orchestra hover over the tiny crowded dance floor, for jam sessions—and we don't mean it's the music that jams. Food is usually pretty fine. Try the Drum Bar for incidental dancing. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ ED-BERN'S at the Colony Restaurant. Notable mostly for the food presented by the Ed-Bern's who have charge of the kitchen. Luncheon, dinner, and after-theatre snacks, with incidental music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ EL CASBAH. Great going on in Barney Goodman's ornate night club, where they're celebrating an anniversary, coming the 14th. Drop in up till then to bid farewell to Charlie Wright, his orchestra, and his beautiful wife, Dawn Roland. They're leaving after a long stay here and they'll be missed. But the room's original charm will be around for anniversary week—Harl Smith himself, an ole WHB alumn. He'll be followed by a top comin', Professor Backwards. Now to get down to the gory details: there's a cover, except at the bar, weekdays, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Dinner from $1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30-4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment, and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN. Where the cliff dwellers from the Locarno, Barritts, and the rest of the tall Plaza apartments gather nightly for chicken-in-the-rough, late snacks, or some drinks. By day it's a cafeteria. There's a good sized dance floor in the back room with a juke box handy. 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Noisy, amiable place where a lot of people dance to Julia Lee's music and the rest of them just sit and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ PENGUIN ROOM. Frenchy LuCerne hovers about this big handsome dining room where Stan Nelson and his orchestra play for dancing, 7 p.m.-1 a.m. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SKY-HY ROOF. Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights, the roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table; no set-ups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Suwanee suavity with music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra, excellent food, and green walls backing white pillars and pickets. No bar; mixed drinks will be served at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Until mid-month you may continue to "dance with Joy" as Jimmy and all the boys play sweet and hot. Blonde gal singer is Gerty Ann Royce who only a few months back used to sing a daily dozen over WHB with Bob McGrew's orchestra. Music at luncheon; dancing at dinner and supper. No cover or minimum. Tra la. For reservations, give Gordon a ring. Hotel Muehlbach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR. Now that you're drivin' again . . . Tootie's establishment is notable mostly for its genuine jazz, produced by Dave Reiser, Ray Smith, Ray Stinson, and a few others. Food, drinks, and dancing until something like four in the morning. No stags, please. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ TROCADERO. Pretty cocktail lounge just off Main, with a small dance area and a juke box. No kitchen. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.
Swing Around

NOTES on a day that will never happen again... It may be that war will break again. It may even be that war will have an ending which is not total destruction by atom bombs or the next miracle of man's devising. But there will never be another Tuesday like that Tuesday in mid-August, when at exactly five seconds after the appointed hour, the end of World War II was announced. That was a day! It fell in the midst of the August cold snap. Here in the middle west, about the time of the August moon, the nights turn cold and brilliant, and the days bloom all dazzling blue and yellow and the trees are spankin' clean and the sun shatters on the leaves.

It was much that sort of a day, Tuesday, August 14, 1945. The sun went down grandly in a very voluptuousness of red-orange. And over the city V-Night came softly with an adolescent moon but no one noticed. It didn't take long for the tin horns, the paper hats, the confetti, the tumult and the shouting to emerge. On Times Square there had been celebration since the day before. But we here in the middle west are slower. We're the conservatives. And there was little jubilation in our town until the official and undeniable announcement came. Then the furore.

On a wall flanking a parking lot a middle aged workman stood attentive to a row of bottles—six of them, with the seals unbroken. It was his booty acquired just before the closing of the bars. His explanation was simply a grinning, "I'm gonna get drunk!"... Along Grand Avenue a quietly blissful sailor wandered by himself among the crowd, wearing an absurd pur-

ple paper hat... In the Phillips Hotel some of the ones who invariably confuse celebration with destruction ripped open the pillows and snowed feathers on the mob below... Others, from the Phillips, the State, and the Muehlebach, expressed their joy in the war's ending by pouring gallons of water onto the heads of the crowd. But no spirits were dampered... Probably a good half the thousands of people swarming the streets were happy-drunk, noisy-drunk, or skonk-drunk... Everybody kissed everyone... A banker we know, a sweet and joyous gentleman, trundled up the stairs in the wee small hours singing, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" His wife appeared on the landing. "Not up to now," she said... Around 18th and Vine, colored people stood on the streets, quiet, a bit stunned by it all... One lone man sat out the celebration in a downtown theatre, the only person in the house for the last half of the picture... Our favorite bon vivant spent most of the evening transporting people who couldn't get where they were going by ordinary means of transportation. His pick-ups included two ladies and a little boy who were trying to get to the Union Station from downtown; a pretty waitress trying to get home with four gift bottles of liquor; a soldier and his bride en route, under hazards, to their hotel; and two frightened nuns trapped at the Union Station with no way of getting to the haven of St. Francis Xavier. With the waitress and the bottles in the front seat and the two little nuns in the back, our man drove his gay red convertible all over the east end of town, trying to find the convent. He found it, with the help of a policeman who he says was right out of a book—one of the jolliest on record... One of
the little nuns said, "I'm really just a hillbilly!"

Churches were open; there were many whose jubilance found expression there, with the deep thought, the remembrance of the less joyous days, a prayer giving thanks and asking for wisdom.

But for the most part, the people came together in the streets, where the most people were, seeking their own kind in the aggregate, and finding their release in shouting, in pushing and shoving, and adding their bit to the mass jubilation. Singly, their own exultation was inadequate. Here was a thing to be shared.

And so V-Day came and went in Kansas City, and there will never be another one like it...nor, we hope in our hearts, a need for one.

PEACE GOODS...On the Day After, all the stores advertised victory. We liked the newspaper layouts indicating preparedness on the part of advertising if of nothing else! There was T. M. James with a succinct, "At Last!" And Adler's with only a big splashy exclamation point. There were a good many cuts of the Statue of Liberty and several flags and eagles and V's. But we liked best of all Woolf Brothers significant simplicity: Twenty-two hats—civilian, military, and none alike—tossed into the air. That's all there was to it and that was all it needed.

ALL WOOL THE YARD WIDE...A big beautiful stone house out on fashionable Ward Parkway has on its landscaped front lawn two live sheep that graze daily in a woolly and businesslike manner, just as any sheep would in the pastures of any farm.

HOME THOUGHTS...A letter that came recently to a lady of our town started like this: "Dear Mom, I'm stationed in the land where Christ was born. I wish to Christ I were back in the land where I was born..." Appended to the letter was a note from the censor: "Should have cut this out, but I couldn't do it!"

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25¢ in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Carritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

Editor
JETTA CARLETON
Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
Contributing Staff
CHICAGO:
Norton Hughes Jonathan
NEW YORK:
Lucie Ingram

ART:
The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

...and the fishing is fine for these
64 Local Advertisers who use WHB

In this list of WHB advertisers
you'll find most of Kansas City's
biggest, smartest merchants.
When you decide to use WHB,
you're backing your good judg-
ment with theirs.

Department Stores
Emery Bird Thayer Co.
Gormal's, Inc.
John Taylor's (Grill)
Jones Store Co.
Montgomery Ward
Peek's Dept. Store
Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Meats and Groceries
A & P Tea Co.
Bacher-Cunningham
Rose Kepo Food Shop

Millinery
Edward's Hat Shop
Fashion Lane Hat Shop
Halper's Exclusive Millinery
Hattie's Hat Shop

Automotive
Allen Bros.
Allied Motors, Inc.
Geo. H. Welsh Motors

Jewelry
Goldman's Jewelry Co.
Heizberg's Diamond Shop
Mace's, Inc.

Drugs
Katz Drug Co.

Furs
Alaskan Fur Co.
Gerhardt, The Furrier
Lou Hoffman Fur Co.
Melzer Fur Co.

Miscellaneous
Barnard's Photo Supplies
Camera Shop
Dermetics Salon
Insul-Wool Insulation Co.
Swdyen Rug & Drapery Co.

Shoes
Eileen Shoe Stores
Fitch Shoe Co.
Katz Shoe Stores
Richardson Shoe Co.
Royal College Shop

Restaurants
Allen's
Forum Cafeteria
Plaza Bowl Restaurant
Z-Lan Restaurant

Ladies' and Men's
Ready-To-Wear
Adler's
Berkson's
Farrar's Corset Shop
Foreman & Clark
Frances Welsh Shop
Jack Henry, Inc.
Jay's—On The Plaza
Mindlin's, Inc.
Missouri Dept. Stores, Inc.
Palace Clothing Co.
Paul's Style Shop
Rothschild's & Sons
"Stores Without A Name"
Woof Bros.

Furniture
Alexander's, Inc.
Davidson's Furniture Co.
Duff & Repp Furniture Co.
Mehornay Furniture Co.
Wilton Furniture Co.
Wyandotte Furniture Co.

Dry Goods
Leiter's Dry Goods
Lloyd's Silk & Fabric Shop

Girls and Tots
E. M. Harris Linen Shop
Plaza Girls Shop
Stork's Nest

For WHB Availabilities, 'phone DON DAVIS at any "Spot Sales" office

Fall schedules are still "fluid"...and we've room for more ad-
vertisers who'd like to use programs or spots in the booming
Kansas City market. You'll like doing business with WHB—the
station with "agency point-of-view"...where every advertiser is
a client who must get his money's worth in results. Swing along
with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

Kansas City Scarritt Building Harrison 1161
New York City 400 Madison Avenue Eldorado 5-5040
Chicago 360 North Michigan Franklin 8520
Hollywood Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo Hollywood 8318
San Francisco 5 Third Street Exbrook 3588

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR FREE TICKETS 'O THE WORLD'S SERIES . . . STEP RIGHT UP!'

WHB got as much fun out of the series as Detroit! . . . with our loud-speaker truck circulating about town during the games, and a pretty girl handing out "Armchair Tickets" to startled citizens. Least startled of all was Joe Garman (in grey suit, below). This photo was made when the truck crossed the bridge to Garman's.
AS we write this the ends of the earth lie only sixty air hours away from Kansas City. A union picket parade in front of a plant in Detroit. Europe digs graves this morning for those who will die this winter of hunger and cold. Over at Rothschild's an ex-soldier stares at himself in a triple mirror in mufti. Japan is a jack-o-lantern, a grotesque yellow face turned upon us with a fixed inscrutable grin and a fire within its head. And the earth turns slowly through October. There are abroad these goblins and witches more substantial than the vestments of Hallowe'en. But we needn't wonder "why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts." Here is a world coming out of delirium, and not all of it is brave or even new. Strikes and errors are a natural if unnecessary part of this emergence. It will take a cap of fiddlin' to fiddle some of the current ghosts into their graves again. And fiddlin' there is, no—political, social, and just plain. Some of it is effective. It makes a busy time. It's a season like the man in the fairy tale who jumped on his horse and galloped in all directions. Therefore, do we. And so—another pocketful of impressions for the moment, some more variations on the persisting theme which is the world we live in.

Editor
OCTOBER'S HEAVY DATES
In Kansas City

FOOTBALL
(All games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
Oct. 5, Central-Paseo (night)
Oct. 6, Manual-East (1 p.m.)
Westport-Southeast (3 p.m.)
Northeast-Southwest (night)
Oct. 12, Northeast-Southwest (night)
Oct. 13, Central-Westport (1 p.m.)
Southwest-Manual (3 p.m.)
East-Paseo (night)
Oct. 19, Westport-East (night)
Oct. 20, Manual-Paseo (1 p.m.)
Northeast-Central (3 p.m.)
Southwest-Southeast (night)
Oct. 26, Southwest-Central (night)
Oct. 27, East-Northeast (1 p.m.)
Southeast-Manual (3 p.m.)
Westport-Paseo (night)

SPORTS
WRESTLING—Thursday nights, 8:30 p.m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena; Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. American Legion sponsored.
MIDGET AUTO RACING—Every Sunday in October, weather permitting. Starts 6:30 p.m. 15th and Blue River.

CONVENTIONS
Oct. 5-6, Western Seedmen. President.
Oct. 7-10, Future Farmers of America. President.
Oct. 22-25, Standard Oil. President.

THEATRE
Oct. 7-13—DEAR RUTH (A. & N. Presentation), Saturday Matinee, Music Hall.
Oct. 27-28—BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO (A. & N. Presentation), Saturday evening, matinee (only) Sunday, Music Hall.

MUSIC
Oct. 19—DR. WIKTOR LABUNSKI, pianist, yearly concert for benefit S.A.I. scholarship fund. 8:15 p.m. Atkins Auditorium.
Oct. 23-24—KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC, first concert in 46th season. All music; no guest artist. Music Hall.
Oct. 25-26—DESERET SONG, MUSICAL, Music Hall.

ART EVENTS
KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE—Fall term opens October 1, following open house to entice membership on September 30.
KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 321 Gladstone—Display of minerals including uranium. Closed Monday.

DANCING
(Plamor Ballroom, 3142 Main)
Tuesday and Friday—"Over 30 nights with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.
Japan’s Peace Offensive

By ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

"You do not have the persistence to maintain peace," said the little Japanese with the British accent. "You forget easily!" Today this man is working as liaison with General MacArthur—just as the Japanese planned it!

ONE of the last things the Japs did before they put me aboard the Teia Maru, to repatriate me to the United States, was to give me a "course" on what I should tell the people of the United States about the “misunderstood Japanese war aims.”

It was more obvious than Japanese buck teeth that certain of the Japs wanted to develop a plan for an "arranged cessation of hostilities, even to include surrender"—but designed as a long range diplomatic defeat for Uncle Sam. This was a part of Japan’s peace offensive.

In the presence of an Admiral, a General, and a sub-Minister of the Department of Greater East Asia—with a high foreign office official observing—I, the “hated spy-correspondent," was given the good will treatment. Up until this time as an American correspondent captured in Manila and transferred to Jap-held Shanghai, I was under the closest scrutiny. I was a spy in the eyes of the Japanese. There was no use denying it. But I did just the same. All Japanese correspondents abroad are trained espionage agents. Therefore, they naturally surmise, all of us correspondents captured by the Japanese must be agents.

For this reason, the Japanese figured I must have a quick pipeline to the White House, the State Department, and especially the Navy Department. And it was because of this belief that a month before I was repatriated everything suddenly became rosy. They smiled instead of roaring at me. They gave me white bread with butter instead of mouldy brown bread baked with gypsum to make it heavy. They fed me tiny French patisseries and offered me sweet Japanese tea instead of fly-bloated water-buffalo meat and greasy fishbone slop. I was “invited” to the Commandant’s “Home” (where British friends of mine had lived pre-Pearl Harbor), instead of being “ordered,” and escorted from camp to Jap gendarmerie headquarters. I was offered the choicest, most comfortable chair in the room instead of being forced to kneel on a baseball
bat. Every attempt was made to “persuade” me to understand the righteousness of the position of his Imperial Japanese Majesty’s Government. Their instruments were soft words and praise for my country’s President, instead of brass buckles swinging at the end of military blouse belts.

I was given the entire polite “Japanese Business.” I was smeared so thickly with the Japanese veneer of politeness that I felt a sickly stickiness for days afterwards. The theory, of course, typically Japanese: The last impression is the lasting impression.

The commandant to whose “Home” I had been “invited” was named Ryozu TSURUMI. This is important to remember. You’ll see why in a minute.

He had been the commandant of the Santo Tomas internment camp in Manila from which I had been shifted to Shanghai. Because he had done such a good job of maltreating civilians in Manila, this man had been given control of all allied civilians in North and Central China, totalling some 25,000.

When I arrived at his home I was told to wait. Shortly there arrived a squat little Japanese who spoke English with a British accent. If you closed your eyes you’d have thought he was English. He was oh-so-polite and oh-so-arrogant. He was a subminister in the Department of Greater East Asia, the department that controlled all of the overseas possessions of the Japanese Empire.

For two hours he talked to me about psychological warfare against America and Britain. The idea was that both countries might as well stop fighting; it wouldn’t matter what happened for in the end Japan would win—not the fighting, but the peace—because Americans and British are weak and soft. “You do not have the persistence to maintain peace,” he told me. Then he became very expansive because, he said, “I can tell you this since we can tell Americans anything. You don’t believe what we tell you. And you forget easily. You don’t have the intelligence nor the patience to make any kind of a military victory stick.”

This man boasted that the groups which he represented would be ordered to take control by the military as a last resort when it became certain that the allies were going to win the war. “When this war is over, your people will deal with the men in Japan whom we shall designate,” he said.

The important thing is that this was in September, 1943. This man, whose name I will tell you in a minute, said that it was the plan to
pull a Pearl Harbor in reverse. He told me that they hoped to quit shortly after the Germans were defeated because they, the Japs, felt that American psychology would be ripe to end the war at that time. He analyzed our thinking here at home, saying that there would be millions of mothers, fathers, and wives who would be ready to accept almost any surrender terms rather than have their sons or husbands go out to the Pacific to chance being killed.

This sub-cabinet minister from the Department of Greater East Asia also told me that Japan would attempt to use the Russians to mediate between Britain, America, and Japan. Finally, he said, they would attempt to quit fighting before we attempted to land in Japan—first, to preserve, at all costs, the sovereign rights and position of the Emperor system, and second, to be able to say to their people, "We prevented the powerful allies from landing on and soil ing the sacred shores of Japan, by fighting their way ashore. Thus we've won a psychological victory."

This is quite a prediction, and yet it has come true. Why do I tell this story today? Because yesterday, August 30, it was announced that this man and his brother would be working as liaison with General MacArthur and the allied governments in Japan. This man's name is Yusuki TSURUMI, brother of the camp commandant whom I mentioned earlier. These two men have a third brother, also known in America—Ken Tsurumi, who was Consul in Los Angeles in 1924 and attache at the Embassy in Washing-
There should be a careful examination of the administration of Ken Tsurumi as governor of Malacca, and of his treatment of the native population before he is accepted as a liaison officer to MacArthur.

This Tsurumi family is a bunch of very bad yeggs. Let's not be black-jacked by them or others like them!

THEY WERE SMART, TOO!

By WALTER G. FABELL

Somehow we think of hoaxes on a large scale as something of fairly recent origin. For instance, Winchell the other day mentioned that a report had been circulated that a famous aviator had crossed the country at better than record speed. On being questioned, the aviator said he was on the other side of the world at the time.

Then, of course, there was the "Mars Invasion" featuring Orson Wells.

It is odd, however, that no one seems to mention a hoax that took place around 1844.

It seems that in 1843, Mr. Monck Mason, an Irishman and an enthusiastic balloonist, thought it would be a wonderful idea to cross the Atlantic ocean in a lighter-than-air-craft. His ideas were printed in newspapers of Europe and the United States. A year later the people of this country were ready to believe the headlines which appeared in the morning columns of "The New York Sun".

"THE ATLANTIC CROSSED IN THREE DAYS"

Astounding News Via Norfolk!
Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine.

There was a long thrilling account of the voyage and of the landing on the coast of North Carolina.

On investigation the story proved false. It seems a writer of the story had come to New York with a sick wife. He was penniless. Being familiar with Mr. Mason's experiments he wrote "the story" and sold it to raise immediate funds.

No wonder the story was well written—was believed. The writer was none other than Edgar Allen Poe.
Bright Eyes Don’t Mean Bright Brains

By CONSTANCE RIVARD

You may be smarter than the fellow with a Phi Beta key! And then again, you may not! Only your I. Q. test will tell. WGN’s “Human Adventure” tells the story behind the I. Q. tests.

How smart are you? The answer to that question won’t be found in your scholarly face, alert eyes, good memory or a university degree. The answer to the question, “How intelligent are you?” took ten years to devise and still longer to improve ... the answer is the I. Q. or Intelligence Quotient.

Your intelligence can be tested, rated, and expressed in your Intelligence Quotient. Your personal I. Q. fits you as individually as your hat or your shoes. It is science’s clue to the grading of your mind.

This clue discounts the guesswork of teachers who classify certain children as smarter than others because of “bright eyes” or “sparkling personalities.” It cancels the theories of business men who hire and fire on the strength of “wide brows,” “determined chins” and other facial characteristics. The I. Q. points out that the Phi Beta Kappa key on the university graduate’s vest is not always proof of intelligence.

The I. Q., the tool which seeks out and classifies man’s inborn, permanent, general intelligence, was devised by a Parisian university professor, Alfred Binet. It was in 1900, when Binet, a director of the psychology laboratory at the Sorbonne, began to watch the progress of his two small daughters with a professional eye.

One of the girls was slow to walk, but she had a lively personality. The other, a quiet youngster, toddled about the house at an early age. As the two children grew older, the differences between them became even more marked.

Why they should differ was a mystery to Professor Binet. The children had the same parents, same training, same environment ... yet they reacted differently to walking, speaking and learning. Binet suddenly hit upon the idea of intelligence. Yes, the one was more intelligent than the other. But he didn’t know why, and he didn’t know what “intelligence” really was!
of intelligence. His first attempts were very coldly received. He was working with teachers and physicians who resented his intrusion upon what they considered their special fields.

Binet made progress only after he had convinced both the teachers and physicians that the definition and measurement of intelligence was strictly in the psychological field. When they realized he was right, they left the problem to him, and he worked on, unhampered.

Of those who believed in him from the start, Dr. Theophile Simon was his most faithful follower. Dr. Simon, a former pupil of Binet’s, offered to help him in his research, and so the two of them set out to classify the school children of Paris by yet undetermined methods.

Binet was sure that if he could devise the right tests for the right age groups, he could measure intelligence. Together the two men spent four years of patient study, experiment, and drudgery. By 1904 Binet and Simon had shown marked progress. They had arrived at something definite and factual to work with in their experiments. Hundreds of school children of all ages had been interviewed. Special questions had been asked, revised, and asked again a hundred times over. These questions were now standardized and classified, and with these questions they were able to set up exact tests. The questions were simple, but they were classified as to age groups, and they provided the beginnings for the measurement of intelligence.
At last, the commission for the Minister of Public Instruction was finished. Their scale for the measurement of intelligence was completed. Binet and Simon were a success.

Simon was jubilant that their theories were now proven useful. But Binet was not satisfied. He had done the job for the commission. He had devised a test for separating the dull from the normal or the superior children of Paris. But his job was even bigger than that . . . he wanted to test adult intelligence as well.

Again Simon offered his services, and the two men went to work on a method of expressing human intelligence in standard, definite, and permanent terms for people of all ages. By 1908, new studies, new data, and a wider range of questions and scales had been completed. Binet had hit upon the idea of correlating mental and chronological ages. In the child, this meant simply that a boy of eight, unable to pass beyond the six-year-old standard, was two years retarded . . . that a girl of seven, able to complete the nine-year-old scale, was two years advanced. It was a method at once clear, definite, and readily understandable. Practically, it was one of the most important discoveries in the history of psychology.

Binet was now ready to propose his three-part definition of general intelligence. The test of your intelligence is your ability to: 1. Fix your attention upon the problem at hand. 2. Direct your thinking toward a desired end. 3. Evaluate, analyze, weigh and judge between possible solutions and courses of action.

Thus in 1908 the work of exploration into the realm of the human mind had gone farther than scientists had ever ventured before. Binet and Simon worked out scales for adults. They revised their tests, revised their questions . . . striving for more accurate measurement.

In 1911, Binet, a young man of 44, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. But even as Binet, the man, was dying, Binet, the scientist, was continuing to work. Dr. Lewis Terman, at the Leland Stanford University in California, began a twenty-year study of Binet’s work the year Binet died.

As a result of his work and studies, Terman published two standardized and improved tests, the famous Standord-Binet forms L and M, used today in hundreds of clinics and universities.

Thus Binet’s tests are hard at work today. They are used by businessmen testing prospective employees, by the Army and Navy, and in many institutions of learning. However, the widespread use of the Intelligence Quotient has led to many misunderstandings which should be cleared up if the I. Q. is to be appreciated for what it is worth.

First of all, your I. Q. is determined in the following manner: Your Mental Age (the score you reach on the test) is divided by your Actual Age. The result, multiplied by 100, is your I. Q. That is, in the case of a ten year-old boy who answers all the questions expected of a normal child his age, you divide his Mental Age (ten) by his Actual Age (10). The result (1) multiplied by 100 gives
him an I. Q. of 100, which is Normal. Anything between 90 to 100 is Normal, 110 to 120 Superior, 120 to 140 Very Superior, and over 140 is Genius. Between 80 and 90 is considered Dull, 70 to 80 Borderline, and below 70 scores are Feebleminded cases.

When figuring the I. Q. of an adult, the psychologists use the Actual Age of 16, no matter how old the person happens to be, for it is known that the intelligence, or the capacity to learn, does not increase beyond the sixteenth year. At sixteen a person will do as well on an intelligence test as he will at 30 or 40. His Mental Age, if he is normal, will be higher than that of a child, but the child may have a higher I. Q., or capacity to learn, than the adult.

The cases of the successful business men who never went to school, and those of the great inventors, like Edison, who failed in school, are easily explained. They had a high I. Q. or capacity to learn, but they just didn’t bother to acquire formal educations . . . their talents lay along other lines.

And so, the intelligence tests attempt to distinguish between native ability and acquired learning. The I. Q. is not yet a perfect tool. Science has learned much since Alfred Binet lived, worked, and died, but it has not learned all there is to know about the measurement of intelligence.

Today the Intelligence Quotient is an important clue. It is the raw material with which education and psychology work . . . and its perfection is the goal for which science is constantly working.

You Gain by Giving!

Community and War Chest Campaign October 17-26
A Padre Comes Home

A look at a Kansas City Colonel—who gives us an unsentimental look at G I Joe.

By EDWARD R. SCHAUFLER

Colonel L. Curtis Tiernan of the Chaplains Corps, United States Army, came back to Kansas City last month, visiting his mother, Mrs. Peter H. Tiernan. The Colonel—and he prefers being called Chaplain, or still more, Father or Padre—is a tall man with a ruddy, weathered complexion, bright blue eyes, and a fringe of silver hair around a head which is mostly bald.

Curtis Tiernan first went to war as chaplain of the 129th Field Artillery Regiment. If that has a familiar ring to you, it's probably because that's the regiment in which Harry S. Truman commanded Battery D in 1918. Curtis Tiernan was then in his early thirties and had a luxurious crop of hair on the front of his head. But, as some bald-headed savant has pointed out, thinking makes men grow bald, and with that, we bald-heads all agree.

Chaplain Tiernan isn't at all the sort of man who denominates himself "the fighting chaplain"—even though he wears the ribbon of the Silver Star citation for gallantry in action in the Argonne. You ask him what he did to win it and he smiles benignly and says he doesn't remember. Of course, you can't question a Regular Army chaplain's veracity! He first served from 1917 to 1919, returned to civil life for ten years, and became a chaplain in the Regular Army in 1929.

One of his hobbies is having chaplains wear crosses rather than the insignia of their commissioned rank. Rank is necessary to a chaplain, but should be used as little as possible, says the colonel. He also reports that chaplains have done a much better job in this war than in World War I, because they have been organized and trained in their duties.

Realistic, serious, accurate, Colonel Tiernan gives a slightly different slant on G I Joe from that of some others back from the front. The way he sees it, the conduct of the troops in this war was quite as bad, if not worse, than it was in the first World War. But he sees nothing surprising in that—not when this fighting generation is one which went to the army without discipline from parents, teachers, or clergymen! And he adds, "People are prone to regard men as soldiers merely because they are wearing uniforms. That's a mistake."
For a long time they merely are civilians in uniform, thinking and acting like civilians.”

As to there being no atheists in fox-holes—“Baloney!” says the chaplain. There are plenty of them! Some of the loudestayers of prayers were atheists before they went into the foxholes, and atheists again as soon as they got out. He says the men sometimes give God a play when they are sufficiently scared.

If he had his way, the chaplain would make every soldier and sailor pay for every pack of cigarettes he gets. They can afford to, he believes, and if they paid for their fags they’d value them more.

Yet, the Padre is anything but hard-hearted. He is quick to say that for the men who have lost hands or feet, arms, legs, eyes, the government can never make adequate payment. But Uncle Sam owes the boys more than a mere living; he owes them training and a useful job which will make some genuine demands of the men who hold them. He stresses the duty of men to take an active part in the affairs of their country after they return to civil life.

Chaplain Tiernan is an intimate friend of President Truman with whom he soldiered at Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, and in France.

How did he like this war compared to the last one? Not worth a hoot says the chaplain! In the last war he was up front where the fighting was going on. This time he was in the communications zone, laying down a program for 2,800 chaplains who served with troops. “For awhile in Paris,” Tiernan told us, “I used to exercise by walking in my hotel room. Then they supplied me with a jeep and I didn’t need to exercise any more. The jeep exercised me adequately, turning my liver over about once every ten minutes.”

Father Tiernan is a graduate of old Central High School in Kansas City, St. Louis University, and the American College for Priests in Rome. Two years ago he was made a monsignor in his Church in England.

In Kansas City in 1919, Father Tiernan organized the St. Louis Catholic Church Parish near Swope Park. From here he went to Springfield where he built St. Agnes’ Parish from a mission to a self-supporting unit. Now in three years he will go on the Army’s retired list. That means back to the Ozarks for the Padre, to work, to fish, and to look at the low mountains.
Keeper of the Wayside Inn

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

East is east and west is west—and in Chicago there's an Ambassador on both sides. There's just one reason why the twin hotels with the Pump Room and the Buttery are preferred spots—and that is Jimmy Hart.

THe voice at the other end of the wire sounded like a billion dollars.

"This is Secretary Morgenthau speaking. I'm in town at another hotel, but my accommodations aren't what I reserved. One of the bell-boys over here thought you might be able to help me out. Can you give me a suite for my own use and some rooms for my staff?"

It was nine o'clock at night. Chicago's Ambassador East and West hotels were full to their broom closets. The luggage of hopefuls waiting for rooms was stacked in the lobby. Mr. Jimmy Hart, who has fought off all attempts to call him James, was confronted by either a crisis or a practical joker. He had to make a decision in a hurry.

With that intuition for which he has become well known, Jimmy Hart resisted the temptation to retort, "Oh, yeah! That makes me Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Instead he went to work on the house phone, then reported that the desired accommodations would be ready within an hour.

Exactly sixty-eight minutes later he discovered that his caller really was the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau, in turn, became very much pleased with the Ambassador rooms and service. He now makes the twin hotels his headquarters when in Chicago.

"That one was just luck," Jimmy Hart discounts. "Somebody checked out of a suite unexpectedly to catch a plane to the coast and we picked up a few double rooms by shuffling late reservations. Now take the time Bob Hope showed up with a troupe of fifty people. That was really tough. We almost had to put beds in the Pump Room."

Mr. Hart was not referring to a roomful of pumps, but to a very swank eatery of which he is justly proud. The Pump Room is a rallying spot for lovers of the plush, not a hang-out for plumbers. Not that plumb-
ers, properly attired, of course, would not be welcome. Jimmy Hart is one of the most democratic of hotel men.

He can attribute some of his good breaks to Irish luck, but other qualities have made him one of the most successful managers of problem hotels, as well as the guiding genius behind the design and operation of the aforementioned Pump Room in the Ambassador East and the also lush Buttery in the Ambassador West. Jimmy manages both hotels and has time left over to act as host to Gertrude Lawrence, Greer Garson, Lucius Beebe, Orson Welles, and a host of other celebrities when they are in Chicago. It is typical of Jimmy's success that they wouldn't think of stopping anywhere else. He has established a sort of twentieth century Wayside Inn—a rest stop and filling station between Hollywood and Times Square.

He likes nothing better than an empty hotel which the bond-holders are frantic to get off their hands. He is an expert executor of his own ideas, which are numerous and often far removed from accepted hotel and restaurant practice. For instance, when he converted a dismal-looking dining room, in which the waiters were accustomed to play pinochle in solitude, into The Buttery, Chicago hotel men smiled knowingly. "This is where Jimmy gets his lesson," they predicted. "That room is too expensive and too out of the way. If people do have money to spend, they won't leave the Loop to do it."

But people did leave the Loop—and Jimmy Hart found himself entertaining hotel managers on their nights off, in the room they all said would be a flop.

"The unusual decor, the expert service and the smart atmosphere started people talking about The Buttery," Jimmy explains, "and the rest was easy."

It does sound easy, but Jimmy Hart is a merchandiser of service, beds, and food, who can convince each guest that he's important and that the hotel is being run for his special benefit. Even during wartime, Jimmy has kept his standards high—a miracle sworn to by amazed de luxe drummers and glamour citizens alike. Each of the many letters he receives is answered personally. More than a thousand a year.

His hobby is hotel operation. It began years ago, back in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he worked as a bellhop,
and later at a thirty-dollar-a-month storeroom job at the old Harper Ho-
tel in Rock Island, Illinois. There a
well-known chef liked his unusual
interest in everything pertaining to
the hotel business and taught him
how to plan and prepare a French
menu. He became that rarify, a ho-
tel man who can read his own French
menus.

It was the Horatio Alger story of
"from storeroom boy to manager"
with a new twist. Jimmy Hart didn’t
remain a manager. When he became
associated with a veteran hotel man
named Horace Wiggins, he started
all over again and worked, at his
own request, in every department of
the Hotel Jefferson in Peoria. From
there it was a quick jump to the
Sherman, Eastgate, and St. Clair ho-
tels in Chicago.

He became that twenty-four-hour-
a-day man of opposites—the com-
mercial hotel manager. During the hours
of one day he may be called upon
to be both a greeter and a suave
bouncer, an interior decorator and a
journeyman plumber, a pleased bill-
ing clerk and a wary cashier of bank
checks, a purchasing agent and a
salesman of peace and comfort, a
housekeeper and a bon vivant, a
booker of name bands, and an en-
forcer of nocturnal silence. His ideas
are implemented by years of practi-
cal experience, as well as by an un-
affected friendliness which is refresh-
ing in a business that could teach
Dale Carnegie a few tricks.

Jimmy’s talent for making the most
of ideas became very profitable when
he supervised the building of the St.
Clair hotel in Chicago. His first big
idea was an effective promotion
which he called “service ultra mode”
—the utmost in unobtrusive service,
plus well-furnished, tasteful rooms
far above the usual impersonal stand-
ards maintained by commercial hotels.

Astonished guests received the com-
plimentary services of a competent
secretary to handle messages and ap-
pointments during their absence from
the hotel. Free flowers and a basket
of fruit upon arrival delighted the
feminine guests—an idea which since
has been borrowed by other hotels.

Other features of “service ultra
mode” were the first midget page
boys, personal butlers to serve party
meals, and after dinner mints, cof-
fee, and music in the hotel lounge.
Jimmy happily combined the services
found in first class hotels with those
previously enjoyed only in the most
exclusive clubs. He called it “the
combination of everything that makes
the ultimate in living enjoyment”—
and had a hit on his hands.

It was at about this time that the
owners of the staid and bankrupt
Ambassador hotels decided that their
twin properties had been unprofit-
able long enough and called in Jimmy
Hart. The two hotels, which are
operated together, underwent the
Hart treatment.

Both hostelries had been around
for years without causing any par-
ticular commotion. Both were stiff
with overstuffed furniture and re-
tired admirals. Jimmy Hart went to
work, first using his ingenuity to re-
design and remodel the furniture and
rooms at a cost of less than two hundred and fifty dollars a room. Then he redesigned the service—from the elevators to the back of the house.

He startled the retired admirals by building the slick Buttery in the Ambassador West, a strategic triumph second only to Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. The admirals retreated to the Union League club as a larger crew of decorators moved in.

Success and Hollywood descended upon him almost at once, and Chicago society followed the stars. Hart's hotels became a place where the Armours, Fields, Swifts and Cudahys could safely meet Caesar Romero, Gypsy Rose Lee, John Barrymore, and Claire Booth Luce. Also, Sidney Franklin, the home-grown bullfighter, who is reputed to have flown into a rage when someone screamed "Mo!" at him in the lobby.

Reservations began pouring in from such outposts as Lake Forest and Indianapolis, Indiana. The rout of the admirals was complete when Jimmy opened the Pump Room in the Ambassador East.

As practically everybody who has bought a picture magazine or read a gossip column now knows, the Pump Room is one of the outstanding glamour oases of the country—half way between the Stork Club and Mocambo, as the streamliners fly. Its lavish decor is unsurpassed anywhere. Gold and blue walls. Booths with white leather upholstery. Crystal chandeliers. The finest service west of the Waldorf ceremoniously administered by a platoon of captains in formal black and white, waiters in red jackets and black satin knee breeches, and blackamoor coffee boys attired like howdah bearers in the grand pageant of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus.

Jimmy Hart devised a Hollywood setting on the premise that everybody likes to have his food served with pomp and circumstance—especially if the check is going to be large.

There are two prominent showmanship ideas in the Pump Room:

(A) Everything is on wheels.
(B) Everything seems to be in flames. At any moment the frightened guest expects the waiters to wheel in Jimmy Hart, impaled on a flaming sword.

With little or no encouragement, captains and waiters go into a hurdle to produce smoke and flame. Or else they roll in mounds of fruits, pastries, or hors d'oeuvres. Most of the specialties of the house are either frozen stiff or lashed by tongues of flame.

The room also has a permanent fixture, a pint-sized wine steward named Jimmy Tattler, so named by the Chicago Herald and American's columnist, Nate Gross, because he makes up in gossip what he doesn't know about wines. Jimmy Tattler's candid reply when someone wants to
make a big impression by questioning him about the vintage of a wine he happens to be industriously peddling up and down the long room is, "Well, sir, it has a nice-looking label."

But the Pump Room and The Buttery tell only a small part of the Ambassador hotels' success. In the manager's office on the second floor, behind a desk which he designed himself, sits Jimmy Hart. Even when every available room is occupied—which is most of the time—he keeps right on searching for new ideas to make his hotels distinctive as well as highly profitable. The search goes on even while he is worrying about how to keep his service up to the standards first set when he thought of "service ultra mode."

There are shortages to be met, reservations to be filled when there aren't enough rooms, and guests to be greeted personally no matter how tired or frustrated he may feel. A hundred to three hundred phone calls a day must be answered personally. Somehow repairs must be maintained. But Jimmy is doing the only thing he likes to do, and his eyes are on the future.

The retired admirals are gone, and the overstuffed furniture went with them. In their place are the lively dining rooms and the famous guests. Jimmy Hart is busy from early morning until closing time in the Pump Room—and then it's time to count the profits.
SINNIN’ IS WINNIN’

A proposition for pointing out that sex appeal is not limited to the female of the species only.

By CHARLES H. HOGAN

EVERY time you pick up a woman’s magazine it becomes more obvious that the last rampart of the sterner sex has been blasted to flinders—the hunted has become the huntress, the wolf cry has given way to a perfumed falsetto yowl. As far as the eye can read the ads, it is apparent that every female in the land is on the prowl with exotic fragrances and flimsy nothings guaranteed to give every guy within 28 miles the heavenly heaves.

The copy writing boys seem to have found a nationwide conspiracy to give every old bag in the land the idea she can snuggle up to the first comely lifeguard still extant merely by giving him a whiff of perfume or letting him glimpse her in something “exotic” or “forbidden” or “shocking.”

While all this wistful sinning is taking place among the little women, the men-folks are still being informed that Cohen’s Klassy-Kut Klothes are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Now I ask you—what man wants satisfaction or even his money back when, if we can believe the more imaginative artists playing the female side of the street, he spends every waking moment aflame with untrammelled passion?

I propose, therefore, that advertisers start playing both sides of their sex mania and trot out some samples like the following for the once-predatory male:

ECSTASY—That’s the blazing new word that is sweeping the shirt world today. So masculine, yet so daringly trim that SHE will melt into your arms at the first blissful glimpse of these sheer, breathless and BREATHTAKING shirts! At better shops in “Flaunting Fuschia,” “Tantalizing Taupe,” or “Breathless Blue.”

Dazzling Desire—For the one pair of lips that blend with yours, for the all-important girl of your dreams, nothing could enthral her like these dream-gossamer shorts by the inimitable Glorian of Hollywood. Palpitating with purple passion, tailored as only Hollywood can mold underthings to divine male figures! SHE will really forget those gruesome etchings and get down to business at her first shocked (but, oh, so thrilled!) glance at Dazzling Desire shorts. In shades of Whispered Sin, or the rougishly risque Red-Red, Dazzling Desire shorts are made of genuine imitation ersatzene.*

*Copyright by Glorian.

The Cloudhoppers—At last, something heart-stoppingly new in footwear for men. Dashinglly male, of course, but with a dreamlike grace that will send her, floating into the enchantment of the “one man’s” arms. Cloudhoppers are the essence of moon-magic nights when just the two of you, alone in your own little star-dusted “secret place,” soar off in clouds of forbidden bliss.

Tormenting—The bedazzling new drape shape crisp cotton creation of Ginsdorf of the back room of Kelly’s Kozy Bar. “Tormenting” will make any unapproachable SHE in the world (and we do mean “make!”) swoo-o-n away when she first sees the sleek trimness of this gloriously tailored work suit. (And by “work” we ain’t kiddin’, brother!) Cut to bring out the secret, the tantalizing sublime points of the exotic male figure. “Tormenting” strikes a new, a daringly depraved note in haberdashery for Union Pacific brakemen. Whisper your desires to that sly guy in the better shops and watch your score and their blood pressure soar to the stars.

See what I mean? When these passion peddlers get around to that sort of thing the whole world—instead of just the female half—can go to hell in a kite!
Airplanes Do Not Have to Spin!

Most accidents in private flying are caused by tailspins, or the failure to recover from one before the earth comes up and smacks you. Three manufacturers are building airplanes that WON'T spin. When they all do, flying will be immeasurably safer than it is now.

By D. W. HODGINS

"Do I gotta do spins?"

"You gotta—or I'll never sign your ticket for solo," the red-headed, cement-jawed flight instructor replied with a satisfied grimace as he pulled my chute harness tighter.

So, I climbed into the Panting Piper behind the 225 pound Red. I could see daylight, but little else. Instruments were something to be guessed at. Red looked as wide as the tail gate of a moving van.

Little old 26044 gathered speed quickly, hugged the ground a moment as if for one final caress, and then skipped into the air like a scared rabbit.

It was slow, laborious business climbing to 3,000 feet. Red sat there with his arms folded. Now and then he would scrunch down so I could see the instruments, while my moist hands and jittery feet guided the little canary-colored plane up, up and up.

Off in the distance I could see our little white house, where I knew our little year and a half old Pammy was goo-gooing out a window at her earth forsaking pop. It had been arranged that way, because this was the day for spins. I envisioned Pammy and Mamma looking at a box which a man in a long black coat would tell them contained the pieces, parts and components of their late daddy.

But we finally got to three thousand feet. Red cut the throttle back and the wind through the struts set up a hissing
symphony. The motor grumbled, but above it I could hear Red say:

“We’re going to try a few power-off stalls and then we’ll spin ‘er.”

The stalls were smooth, and fun. We’d cut the motor and hold the nose of the ship slightly above level until it dropped sharply.

“Okay,” Red shouted. “In this next stall—when you feel the nose starting to drop, kick left rudder as far as it will go and pull that stick back against your guts.”

I did that, and the first thing I knew we were spinning dizzily towards a panorama of roads, trees, farm buildings and cheese factories. As per instructions I kicked the rudder in the opposite direction and the ship stopped spinning; I neutralized the rudders and eased the stick forward. Then we were in a straight dive. It was a simple but pants-gluing matter to pull the Cub out of the dive, and our spin was completed.

I asked Red for a couple more. Spins were fun. Before the 30 minute lesson was up we had done eight.

Since that time, and long before, Red has “spun” hundreds of neophyte fliers and none of them have suffered so much as a skinned nose.

But it is past, and beyond, Red’s control that the flier runs into difficulties. After he has soloed and gets to going on his own, the spin becomes a factor of hazard.

I never liked spins well enough after that to do them alone, or just for the thrill of corkscrewing towards the earth. I still think spins are the most dangerous of all maneuvers.

Whether great minds travel in the same clouds, or gutters, it all adds up to the fact that several aircraft manufacturers do not believe spins are a necessary characteristic of an airplane, and three of these manufacturers are now turning out “spin proof” planes.

How do they do it?

By limiting action of the controls so that the airplane cannot get into a spinning attitude.

It works just like this. Suppose that the front wheels of an automobile could be turned so far they would be at right angles to the chassis.

You are right. Some drivers would try to turn right angle corners and would go head-over-spare-tire. An automobile can turn only so far. The same goes for aircraft with limited controls . . . the controls cannot be moved far enough to get the aircraft into a position where trouble would result.
The Belanca Crusair and the Stinson Voyager are two such airplanes, among possibly others, now about to come on the market. These two ships have standard controls, but the controls are limited to a certain extent. This engineering characteristic pays off, too, because no Voyager or Crusair has "spun in" since the models came out.

Ercoupe, however, went even farther. They linked the foot pedals and wheel together, thereby eliminating the pedals entirely. When you turn the wheel of an Ercoupe right, you go right, and no foot pedals to coordinate in the turn.

Which brings us around to the question we knew you would ask . . .

Why are airplanes made so they will spin?

Well, opinion among people who fly is that a safe pilot must know how to get his plane out of a spin. In order to get out of a spin, he must first have an airplane that is capable of spinning.

Now don’t let this little tirade on spins scare you out of learning to fly. Go right ahead, because statistics show that you are safer as a flier than you are as a pedestrian. If you will think with your head and maintain a healthy respect for the laws of gravity, you will find aviation a healthful, interesting, and perhaps profitable, experience.

---

**JUVENALIA**

"Mummy, I hurt my toe."

"Which one, darling?"

"The youngest one!"

—from Good Business.

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby as he pointed to the high chair.

—from The Flying Jayhawk.

Junior was spanked for some dereliction and sent to bed. His mother insisted on the usual bedtime prayer. Junior varied the routine somewhat: "Dear God, please don't send my parents any more children. They don't know how to take care of the one they got."

The small boy planted his feet firmly together and looked up at the grocer. "Mister," he said, swallowing first, "Where you ever a little boy?"

"Why, certainly, son."

"Did your father ever take the hairbrush to you?"

"Yes, son, that he did!"

"And after he'd finished, did you ever decide that if you ever had the chance you'd do all you could to stop such injustice to little boys?"

"Yes, lad, I did—many a time."

"Well, I'd like 5 pounds of sugar—and I lost the money!"
The Defense Rests
Tiny Mite O’ Dynamite

"Well, whaddya know, a woman!" Here’s how a New Orleans girl came to be the only feminine sportscaster in the United States.

By INES VILA MASIA

WE STOOD in line at the cafeteria cashier’s counter, waiting to pay our checks, while the young lady behind the register showered abysmal gloom on the world at large. Her brow deeply furrowed in a frown, she banged the cash drawer, slammed down change, snapped out an irate word or two. Jill Jackson leaned closer to me and whispered, “Ever try your very best smile on pickle-pusses? You know, to see if you can make ‘em smile back!” At that moment the line moved up and Jill found herself facing the cashier; the Jackson smile broke forth like sunshine on a field of cornflowers, lighting her whole face. The cashier glanced up, looked slightly taken aback and then—returned the smile! Jill picked up her change and sailed out, still beaming.

Well, I thought, that’s typical of Jill Jackson, that eagle eye for detail, that radiantly happy disposition. Looking at her quick, friendly smile, her bright blue eyes a-twinkle with a zest for living, her shock of blonde hair left hatless to feel the breeze, you’d say that here was a lucky girl, one who’d had all the breaks, who’d been spared life’s nastier blows. However, if you thought that, sister, you’d be making the mistake of your career. Jill Jackson had plenty of nasty breaks, a lot of hard kicks while she was down. But she’s just naturally the type of gal who fights back and, as a rule, gets what she goes after.

She’s loved sports her whole life long and began playing tennis and golf almost as soon as she could play anything. At thirteen she won the New Orleans Junior City Championship in the Tennis Tournaments.

In college, she continued her sports career and, in order to keep constantly in perfect physical trim, spent many hours a day in the gym. One day, as she was taking her daily workout, she climbed, in hand-over-hand fashion, a rope suspended from the ceiling. Arrived at the dizzy summit she turned to look down, loosened one hand to wave to some friends—and fell. Cat-like, she landed on her feet, shaken, dazed, but insisting that she was unhurt. When other students urged her to visit the college infirmary, lie down, take it easy for awhile, she laughed at them, said it was nothing and walked off, staggering a bit.

The next night she lay sprawled on her tummy, cramming for an
exam. Lights out time rolled around and Jill started to get up—but there was no getting up then. There was no getting up for Jill for many long weary days thereafter. For six long months of slow agony she lay with her back strapped to a board, while doctors watched her case, frowning, doubting that she'd ever walk again.

But, in time, she did walk again and since her beloved tennis was now out of the question, she decided to go in for golf. After all, it wasn't quite such an active game and, even with a badly injured back, she felt equal to the task of earning her laurels as a professional golf champion. She played for two years, winning the Municipal City Championship and, once again, collapsed with a bad back, her road to glory again cut short.

For a time it looked like the end of everything she'd loved best. She'd counted, confidently, on making sports her career, ever since she could remember, but now the doctors positively forbade all sports. To compensate for her loss, Jill read the sports magazines, listened to sports broadcasts, soaked up all she could about the games she had loved and had been forced to renounce. In one such moment, an idea popped into her head, and from that idea grew her present career. Sports commentators were always men, Jill suddenly realized, and asked herself why? Women were vitally interested in sports, many sports champions were women. Why not a sportscast, slanted directly for women? Why not sports reporting from the "woman's angle?" Anybody can have a bright idea, of course, but when the success of that idea involves crashing a radio station, that takes a bit of doing. Jill was persistent and untiring in her efforts and, in time, the sports director of WWL, the 50,000 watt station in New Orleans, grew weary of listening to her pleading and gave her a chance. On a red letter day in 1941, with cold hands and racing heart, she faced her first mike. Her voice was deep, sure, and held the lilt of her excitement. It was a fresh, vibrant voice. It sailed gayly into homes all over the South and people looked up, surprised, and said, "Well, whaddya know, a woman!" It invaded one home where a man stopped, listened intently, and asked, "Who is that girl? She's good!"

That man was fate, in the person of Richard G. Jones, vice-president and general manager of the Jackson Brewing Company. A few days later he met the young hopeful, discovered that their views on sports were similar, and gave her a part in one of his company's numerous air shows. The similarity of her chosen name to that of the company was a natural, and much too good to be overlooked. So that it wasn't long until the day Jill had her own sports show, "Jill and Her Jax," running a regular six days a week schedule. That was in 1941. Today, Jill is still on the air with the same sports show, the same sponsor, and a few extra orchids. For instance, there's the "Jax and Jill in Hollywood," program on which she interviewed such screen stars as Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Lanny Ross and many others. In addition, there are a number of other Jill Jackson shows, originating in New Orleans, on which
this versatile young woman discusses everything from prize fights to fashions to new recipes.

But even though she had her own shows, even though she was daily showing what she could do, consistently winning praise, her road was still plenty rocky. The men rose as one in their resentment of her invasion of the hitherto inviolate male sanctum of sportscasting. She found herself barred from press boxes, refused entrance to “after the game” discussions, teased, badgered, and treated as a slightly moronic nuisance.

Her first real assignment came when she was given the job of covering the annual Tarpon Rodeo. Thrilled at such a break, Jill drove to Bayou Barataria where she planned to join a group of sportscasters assigned to the event. Arrived at the scene, she discovered her fellow-workers were all very male indeed, that they had chartered a house boat for the four day jaunt, had made absolutely no provision for tiny Jill. They shoved off, laughing at her dismay, while Jill stood on the shore and watched her first big chance disappear around a bend of the river. But if her fellow workers deserted her, hope never did. Inside of an hour she had spied a yacht, recognized it as one taking part in the Rodeo, flagged a ride and was on her way. She’d promised her listeners an on-the-scene account of this sports event and she gave it to them. The end of the four days found her burned, blistered, covered with insect bites, exhausted from her paddling in a tip-happy canoe from ship to radio to island and back again. It was a long hard grind but, as in most successful sports stories, she made it.

Arnold Gingrich, editor of Esquire magazine, gave her the thrill of her career when he wrote just last year to add her name to the famous Esquire Sports Poll. It was—and still is—the only feminine name ever to crash that coveted position. For two years in succession she has been asked to appear on a coast-to-coast New Year’s Eve broadcast, sharing her honors with such luminaries from the world of sports as Grantland Rice, Roundy Coughlin, Harry Wismer and a host of others. She is, to date, the only woman to share the glory of this big network broadcast with a group of top-flight sportscasters.

Nowadays, handing out autographs is an old story to her, but she seldom stops at just a signature. Her time, her talents, her efforts, her whole heart are given freely to the ill, the unfortunate, the lonely. She’s active at USO centers, plays a leading part in local War Bond drives, and does outstanding work in the annual March of Dimes drive.
In appearance, she's small, blonde and vivacious, giving an impression of tremendous energy—an impression that inspired one wounded soldier to label her "tiny mite o' dynamite," a name that still sticks, because it fits so well. Her consuming ambition is to have a half-hour straight dramatic show all her own, an American Little Theatre of the Air. In private life she is married to a handsome lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, at present stationed somewhere overseas.

Once this war is done, she plans to combine her radio career with that of wife and homemaker. Always interested in the stage, she was discouraged early in life by those in the theatre who told her she was too small for leading parts, that she'd never have a chance to play anything but types. Someday, Jill hopes to laugh at that gloomy prophecy, too, with her radio theatre. She'll probably do it.

When not on the air, rehearsing, or revising her scripts, Jill collects books, proudly boasting of her sports collection, one of the finest in the country. History, philosophy and of course plays of every description are among her favorites. She likes putting around a garden, experimenting with plants and flowers, even doing a little amateur grafting occasionally. And she's just a trifle annoyed because, although she really likes perfume, she seldom remembers to put any on; she's always, it seems, in such a rush!

It is her firm conviction that radio holds a bright future for the young, ambitious woman possessed of native initiative and unafraid of solid hard work. However, she cautions would-be feminine radio hopefuls, to go in for facts—for food—for fashions—for figures. Stick to the "womanly" things. "Heavenly days!" she sighs, "I wouldn't ever advise any woman to follow my example and go in for sportscasting! Sister, that's tough!"

She stands before the mike, her script in one hand, hardly glancing at it; her voice is low and vibrant, sometimes racing in a blow-by-blow commentary, at other times level and chatty in an interview; a small, plucky, dynamic figure that hard luck and suffering just couldn't lick. The only feminine sportscaster in the United States reaches the end of the script, looks up with a quick smile and signs off with her own special tag, "So long, Sports!"

FACTS FROM WAY BACK

The old 1883 nickel did not have the word cents stamped upon it. Consequently, the sharpies of the gay 90's used to plate the nickels and use them as five dollar gold pieces. They had the answer to "How much do you want for a nickel!"

A prospector who goes by the name of Pegleg Pete is still looking for his lost mine. The mine is located on Superstitions Mountain in the Chocolate Mountain Range of Arizona. Gangway!

A look at some laws passed in Virginia once upon a time, shows the pioneers were a rough and ready lot. One law levied a penalty of 20 days to 6 months on offenders who had "unlawfully and willfully disabled the tongue, put out an eye, slit or bit the nose, ear or lip of another."

—Andrew H. Babyak.
“WHOOP-EE-E!”
The call shatters the deep quiet up and down Barn Hollow Creek. It is the signal for the “Openin’” fox chase.

Here at Lost Ranch, we can almost see our neighbor, Lee Smith, throw back his head and cup his hands. It is always Lee who gives the signal. We know that even before the echo of his first call fades away, every fox hunter on Barn Hollow will spring to his feet, grab his hat and coat, hastily pocket tobacco, pipe, and matches, and sit—waiting. In a few seconds Lee calls again. This time the men hurry out into the autumn night, in the direction from which his call has come.

Barn Hollow is located deep in the Ozarks and it wends its way through a sometimes wide and sometimes narrow valley eight miles long. All of us up and down the Hollow have definite ideas about things. You might call them superstitions. But on the Hollow, no man goes against the legend that the “Openin’” fox chase will determine the success or failure of the coming winter fur season.

This “Openin’” chase, to be a good one, must last all night. Then, shortly before dawn, the dogs catch the fox. We know then the winter fur season is secure, and it will indeed be a “good ’un.” But, if it is an all-night chase and the fox “gits away,” the fur season will be only “fair to middlin.’” If the chase is short and the fox eludes the dogs completely, then the fur season “won’t be fit fer nothing.”

Last October the “Openin’” chase was staged here on our own Lost Ranch, through which Barn Hollow Creek runs from East to West.

On this moon-washed evening, Lee Smith and his three sons and their train of eighteen fox hounds arrive at Lost Ranch by pick-up truck, which Lee fondly calls “the dog wagon.” Lee’s dogs, mind you, are no riff-raff picked up hither and yon. Of the Walker strain, they are the canine aristocrats of Barn Hollow.

“Hurry up, ‘Linda!”’ yells Don, my husband. I hurry, and we crawl into the truck cab with Lee. We drive through a meadow, cross a gravelly branch, climb a steep hill, come to a stop on a ridge which Lee pronounces a “likely spot.”
Lee opens the back of the truck, but only "Old Rock," the lead dog, is unleashed. The old veteran jumps down gravely, knowing full well the entire weight of the hunt rests upon his keen nose and his big brown frame. Immediately, he begins to circle.

Inside the "dogwagon," pandemonium reigns; as the rest of the dogs are kept on leash until Old Rock "bays trail." Assorted whines, frantic clawings, vigorous tail-thumps, shrill yippings, and now and then an ear-splitting "yo-ooo-ooo-oEE!" come from the waiting canines. Arkansaw, July, Splint, Whitie, Brownie, Liar—so named because he will chase rabbits instead of foxes; Stump—who lost part of his tail, nobody knows where; Bucket—upset a bucket of milk when a pup; Pie-Plate—broke the plate when he stole a pie; Thunder—cries and shivers when it storms. Lute, Mix, Spot, Oak, Hickory, Oscar and Rene, are much more impatient than their master.

By now the rest of the Barn Hollow fox hunters arrive. Greetings are exchanged and everybody stands around speculating if it will be a "good chase." Some sit down and begin to tell tall stories; others quietly whistle as we wait for Old Rock to "open up." Lee Smith backs up against a hickory tree. He explains to me that if the trail is "hot," Old Rock will begin to bay at once; but if he strikes "a cold trail," he'll run back and forth in circles, crossing and re-crossing, until he hits something that leads to a fox scent or "hot" trail.

The night wanes. We wait with baited breath.

Our fox hunters pay no heed that the full moon looms high, and lacy shadows begin to lean westward. Nobody, except me, jumps when the eerie "Who-who-who-who!" of an owl drifts back across the hills. The painted autumn leaves rustle softly as the gentle breeze cries itself to sleep. Cow-bells tinkle far and near. In the dog-wagon, seventeen tails softly beat the floor.

Suddenly, far over the next ride, a triumphant "Owe-o-o-EE!" splits the air. Old Rock's full-throated cry tells waiting men and dogs he has found scent, and his rolling, haunting bugle notes echo back to us from over the hills, then dies away. Lee says quietly, "He's jest about a mile over that there ridge—an' a-comin' fast!"

We all jump to our feet. Lee releases the waiting hounds. Like a flash, they are off to join Old Rock. They disappear into the brush, but the din of seventeen happy, baying hounds "a-takin' up the chase," is terrific.

"Owe-o-EE!" One of the Smith boys bends forward, listens closely, then grins knowingly: "That there's July. He got there first!" Another long-drawn "Owe-o-EE!" and Lee states proudly, "Bucket ain't fer behind." A third long wail: "Pie-Plate shore is a-crowdin' Bucket." The Smith's are so familiar with their dogs, they call each one by name as he bays.

The "Openin'" chase is on—full pack.

Lee summarizes what has already
happened over beyond the next ridge:  
"Old Rock jumped that fox about two miles back, on the Preacher and the Bear place. I have an idea they ran this way and that way, and all but flew across the Vaughn place and down the creek until they hit back agin onto Lost Ranch."

We make no attempt to follow the dogs, for this is strictly a dog and fox race. Men take no part, other than to get together and follow the dogs by sound. Only in actual fur season do the men follow the dogs, so they may get the fur. Tonight is merely the opening chase.

"By Jollies, it's a-red'un!" Lee yells proudly.

"How can you tell, at this distance?" I ask skeptically.

"Well now, Miz Donnelson, I can tell—and the dogs can tell. Them there dogs is a-makin' a straight run; so I know they've got a red fox. If it was a gray fox—well, a gray fox won't take a long, straight run. They'll circle. That's how us fox hunters always know whether we got a red or a gray fox; we can tell by the way he leads out.

"Nother thing. A gray fox never takes a hound out of hearing. If the dogs git after a gray fox and he don't get under a rock; he's a gone goslin; they'll soon run him down. But a red fox will take out across country, seekin' a stream of water. If he finds it, then he'll go up-stream and lose the dogs. When a gray fox begins to circle, and the circle gits smaller and smaller, then the chase narrows down. The dogs can tell it's about all over—and so can we."

Dogs and fox come through the timber in full view. Through the moonlight, we catch a flash as they race by, within fifty feet of where we are standing beside the dog-wagon.

"Listen to Old Mix a-crowdin' Oscar," a Smith says softly, as the chase roars by. Another Smith says, "Old Lute shore is a-pickin' 'em up and a-layin' 'em down." Lee nods his head. "Old Rock is pushin' that fox on the tail."

"Man! Ain't that heavenly music!" somebody else exclaims.

Eleven men "yipp-ee-ee" excitedly, as dogs and fox complete a circle, then race on down the Creek through the Wash Winningham place. We all know that Old Wash, too old now to follow the chase, will be sitting on his front porch wrapped in a quilt, waiting for the chase to go by. Above the distant baying of the dogs, we can hear Wash's faint cry: "Hipp-ee-EE!"

The cry of the dogs wavers in and out as they race through another farm, plunge down a valley, then take to the hills. Fainter and fainter they grow. Once
more we strain our ears to catch even the faintest sound of the running dogs. We hear only the faintest "owe-o-ee." Lee interprets: "They're takin' em across Chicken Hawk Bluff." This bluff is on Wolf Creek, about two miles farther on.

We lapse into dead quiet again.

"Betcha two bits Old Rock's let him git away," an unfortunate hunter suggests. This is stously denied by all three Smiths.

The air grows chill. Sapling sticks have been whittled into slender toothpicks. No one seems to notice that the outlines of distant farm buildings are now discernible.

"Owe-o-EEE!" The chase has turned at last. "Bringin' 'em back!" Lee says proudly.

The chase whips by in full fury; the fox, a red streak, pursued by that pack of panting dogs. They circle, cross meadows, melt again into the tall timber. Men turn up their collars and button their coats; pipes are filled by chilled fingers. Frost settles on the leaves. I begin to wish I had brought along the gallon coffee pot. I wonder if I dare slip away to the persimmon thicket in the hollow—and then—the chase comes back!

But the tired fox runs by—winded now.

Abruptly, the baying of the dogs ceases.

A hush falls over the crowd. The dogs surround their quarry. The "Openin'" chase is ended. We hurry to the dogs. Before us lies the red fox—stiff. His slender front feet for-ward; his hind feet folded under him. His big, bushy tail plumes up over his back; his pointed ears stand straight. A valiant warrior to the last. "He looks for all the world as if he were mounted," I murmur a bit sadly.

"A running fox always dies in that position," Lee tells me, as he picks up the fox and eyes him with deep satisfaction.

"He's a fine fox," Lee says. "He runned a good race. But then, so did the dogs."

Lee opens the truck door. Old Rock, the patriarch, jumps in first, takes up his individual position. Seventeen tired hounds file in behind him quietly. Believe it or not, each dog has his own separate spot in that dog wagon. He finds it and keeps it.

Men and dogs, their night's work over, now depart in various directions.

Tomorrow, all Barn Hollow will know that the "Openin'" chase was a "good 'un." Lee Smith himself has said so: "It shore was. It shore was," he sighs contentedly as we ride home-ward.

But tomorrow is now today. The first pink streaks of dawn appear.

And at Lost Ranch, seventeen cows will be waiting to be milked!

We never used to be able to find Grand-\ma's glasses, but now she leaves them right where she empties them.
What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

II—The Thinker

(This is the second of a series of articles on sculptory by William P. Rowley, eminent art authority and horticulturist who astounded and confused the citrus fruit world with his epoch-making discovery that a tangerine was only an orange disappointed in love.)

THE THINKER, one of the foremost works of the famous French sculptor, Auguste Rodin, often has been interpreted by members of the Windsor tie division of art writers as a portrayal of "the spirit of the father of man, uncultured and primitive, brooding over the mad doings of his children."

If this be the case, as the old farmer said in another story, The Thinker certainly picked a good spot for it. Probably no place else on earth is better qualified to inspire that particular sort of brooding than Paris. Particularly since it has become the haven of leave-celebrating European zone GI's. Even the name itself, honoring a man of such loose-living habits that he offended even the sensuous Greeks, connotes goings-on of the like calculated to give much pause for thought if a man's mind is turned in such philosophical direction.


Oh, yes . . . The Thinker . . . No wonder he thinks long, bitter, and brooding thoughts. Who wouldn't, who by the very nature of his eternal immobility, finds himself, as Samuel Goldwyn would put it, included out? And especially if he has those primitive instincts accredited him by art critics to qualify him for the title of "the father of man". He certainly didn't win that championship just sitting there thinking.

Those who seek to read some sort of a moral into Rodin's masterpiece overlook the highly evident fact that The Thinker is getting no place rapidly. Insofar as achievement is concerned he might as well be renamed Futility. After years and years of thinking all he does is to continue to sit there and think, with neither change of expression nor posture. In fact, it is doubtful if he would look up even if Marlene Dietrich should pass by when the wind was blowing. That
alone ought to prove the fallacy of the quaint notion that thought inevitably produces ideas.

After an exhaustive examination of all Rodin's works, it is my studied opinion that anyone seeking inspiration can find more in the little finger of the left hand of the feminine figures in Eternal Springtime or The Kiss than he can in all the muscle-bound pondering of this so-called "father of man".

However, one must accord The Thinker the accolades he so richly deserves as a determined and consistent sitter. Already he has put to shame such outstanding contenders as One-Eyed Connolly and Flagpole Kelly and now he is shooting at the mark established by that admirable old patriarch of the early Christian era, Simon Stylites of Antioch, who achieved no little fame when he clambered atop a pillar 72 feet high and four feet square at the apex and remained there, braving sunshine and rain and Republican and Democratic administrations alike, until his death.

Food, jugs of water, and possible changes of underwear were brought to the pillar by his faithful followers, to be hoisted by him to his elevated observation platform. It doubtlessly was a highly inspirational and edifying life, if one is of the type that goes in for that sort of thing. I don't, and am quite frank in my intention not to try it. I see no future in the business. Besides, it is doubtful if a person could remain aperch a column under present conditions long enough to attain immortality.

Even if a modern Simon should emerge, the stunt probably would be attributed to some movie publicity man as a plug for some picture called "Pillars of Society", or something like that. It's really remarkable what those boys can dream up, even when sober. Witness the one in Chicago who staged a special showing of "Son of Lassie" for an audience of seeing-eye dogs.

Rodin has been called the father of modern sculpture. Possibly for that reason, he was a highly temperamental man and often flew into ungovernable tantrums when at work, especially upon the busts for which he is most noted. When he was in one of these states, his friends would avoid his studio with the whispered explanation: "Rodin is on a bust!" This expression has survived the years and gained an expanded meaning to cover anyone in a temperamental display. It has even reached a point where it is almost impossible for an Irishman to stop at the corner saloon on Saturday night, corral a few quick ones and then go home and start beating his wife without some of the neighbors calling the police to report: "Better send the wagon; Hogan is on a bust again!"

Words for our Pictures — Pages 33-36

FORCED LANDING—"Tex", a volunteer Navy flier from the Olathe base, gets roped in on the War Dads' Rodeo at Kansas City's Ruppert Stadium. It seems Tex didn't steer right.

GOAL POST GUARDIANS—Duke Burt, James Irwin, Cecil Langford, Frank Pattee, and Ernest Wallin of K. U. kibitz the night game in Kansas City, as T. C. U. wallops the Midwesterners to the tune of 18-0. Nearly 14,000 fans saw the carnage.

ROOM FOR TWO at a grand hotel. MGM gives us a picture of one week-end that wasn't lost—at least, not for Lana and Van, two among many who make "Week-End at the Waldorf" the big picture it is. Laew's Midland will show it late in October.

THAT FRED ASTAIRE WAY—is what gets him where he is now, who wouldn't like to be? Some of the luscious scenery attendant on this season's version of the "Ziegfeld Follies," showing at Laew's Midland soon.

BACK FROM BATAAN—come Sgt. Dennis Rainwater and Chief B. M. Sidney Awalt, of Paris, Texas. WHB's Shawnite Gal, Rosemary Howard, and newscaster Dick Smith find out about those two years our heroes spent in the Japanese Cabanatuan prison camp. RKO Orpheum shows "Back to Bataan" this month.
Queen of the Night

By JOHN BROBERG

Fables of a fabulous flower of the desert—night-blooming cereus.

LONG ago, an aged Indian woman whose body was as dried and twisted as the trunk of a pinon, asked the Great Spirit to make her beautiful. The Great Spirit, knowing that death stalked close at her heels, felt compassion for her and granted her wish. Wherever he touched her, delicate white blossoms burst forth, and her ugly body was changed into a thing of great beauty. Such is the legend of the night-blooming cereus, a species of desert cactus. Each spring, usually in June, the plant blooms for one night, then closes its petals and is again changed into the dried and withered plant that resembles the old Indian woman of the legend.

This amazing spectacle occurs about eight o'clock in the evening. The blossoms are white, very large, and open their petals but once in the bright, ghostly desert moonlight. They send forth a fragrance that hangs in the air for a whole day after.

The Indians call the plant “Queen of the Night,” and many tribes observe the blooming with strange, secret ritual. All night they dance about the pale ghost-flowers, gesticulating wildly to the moon, exorcising devils that may lurk in the dark shadows. As they dance, they chant weird incantations to the night spirits.

When the first weak rays of sun touch the blossoms at dawn, they droop their heads like sleepy fairies and close their petals. These blooms are large—often six inches deep and nine or ten inches wide—and open so rapidly that their movement may be seen with the naked eye. They reach their fullest perfection of beauty an hour before dawn.

The Indians never pick the beautiful blossoms. Perhaps it is the deep respect they have for the mysteries of nature that keeps them from doing so. Most tribal taboos, however, can be traced to superstition. To less civilized peoples, they serve as a sort of moral code, a law of conduct. As they are handed down through countless generations, they come to be folklore. Invariably they are based on great wisdom and truth. The moral of the night blooming cereus is meant for the haughty and the vain. Here is the way it goes:

Once a beautiful
Indian maiden, on her way to keep a midnight tryst with her lover, came upon an ugly cactus plant emblazoned with beautiful white flowers. A proud, arrogant girl, vain as a peacock, she stood before the cactus and said: "What lovely flowers there are that spring forth from such ugliness. I shall fashion a garland of them for my hair. They will look better upon me than upon this unsightly thing."

She picked the flowers and placed them in her hair. When she tried to walk away, she found that her feet had rooted themselves to the earth.

To her horror she saw that her body had changed into a thing of ugliness, shrunken and withered as the cactus plant.

On clear, dark nights, when the moon has gone out and only stars remain in the sky, her lover may be heard walking shamefully through the darkness, seeking his lost mate.

---

Salt Over the Shoulder — Flour On the Floor

by Ida M. Pardue

Food superstitions are like measles—catching, of numerous kinds, and often leaving a lasting impression.

One of the oldest and commonest superstitions is concerned with salt. When you upset the shaker, do you toss a few grains over the left shoulder? Know why? The spilling is supposed to mean bad luck. Tossing a little over the left shoulder creates a counterspell.

Salt was one of the very first articles of trade. The oldest roads in the world were constructed primarily for the salt traffic. Because it was scarce in some places, salt became a precious item. It was a necessary ingredient in the sacrificial cakes offered by the Greeks to their pagan deities. It was also believed to have the power to repel evil spirits, and to cement friendships. And so the spilling or loss of salt came to be regarded as unlucky.

There are a host of other food superstitions, some vanished, others still faithfully followed in some parts of the world.

Here, for example, is a very old one:

“She that pricks bread with fork or knife
Will never be a happy wife.”

Nine peas in a pod? That’s good!
Flour on the floor? That’s bad!
Potatoes too salty? The cook’s in love.

If you’re in need of money, tuck a crust of bread into your pocket, or look for an Easter egg with a double yolk. If you don’t want to be sick, for goodness sake, see that your fork reaches your mouth without drooping any food.

Want to get married? Next Valentine’s Day, weave this sure-fire love charm: Fasten five bay leaves to your pillow; one goes in the middle, the rest in the corners. You’ll not only find a mate within a year, but you’ll know who it is because you’ll dream of him, or her, the very night the charm is prepared.

Like large families? Arrange to be showered with wheat as you leave the church.

And to be sure you’ll live happily ever after, burn some tea leaves, and bake a cake every New Year’s Day.
TUNNEL . . . .

IN the vicinity of Eighth and Washington streets the buzz has been going around recently that somebody was getting ready to use the Mushroom Tunnel for something. The Mushroom Tunnel starts at Washington street on Eighth and burrows half way through the rock bluffs to the west. A stout door with steel grating and secured by a large padlock bars entrance to the shaft to tramps, curiosity seekers, and persons who have no better place to keep out of the cold.

It is the Mushroom Tunnel because once upon a time Warren Douglas Meng, a newspaper editorial writer, used to grow mushrooms there for market. Afterward he sold his lease on the tunnel, which belongs to the Kansas City Public Service company. The tunnel was not built for growing mushrooms. It was built to take cable cars through the rock bluff to the old Union Depot in the west bottoms, instead of taking them down the precipitous Ninth street viaduct which plunged down Ninth street from Pennsylvania avenue at a dizzy grade and brought up at a covered passage way, known affectionately as the cattle chute, to the railroad passenger station.

Occasionally even the sturdy little cable cars ran away and shook off riders. That happened the day President Grover Cleveland came to Kansas City with his young bride, Francis Folsom Cleveland, to lay the cornerstone of the Y. M. C. A. at the northwest corner of Ninth and Locust, now the Studio Building. That was in the middle '80's. The building had been erected on faith, hope, and charity, mostly faith and hope—which were deflated considerably when the panic of 1893 punctured the boom of the '80's.

The original Eighth street tunnel served satisfactorily enough until trolley cars took the place of cable cars. Then its grade was too steep. So the street car company went a block east and dug another entrance on Broadway, leaving the first half of the tunnel stranded some distance in the air.

A concrete ceiling sealed it off from the west end.

In 1927 when the present Public Service company acquired the street railway property, the street car tunnel had become so damp from drippings from above that the company waterproofed the upper, disused tunnel, evicted the mushroom ranchers and sealed the tunnel off.

Not long ago the wetness once more became aggravated. So the company once more opened the upper tunnel, installed electric lights and created considerable mild excitement in the area, which is mostly wholesale and squatter. An elderly Irishman, with few teeth and little hair, gave it as his opinion that "the Metropolitan" —the old name of the street car company—was planning new uses for the old tunnel.

Maybe, it was hazarded, it was to be equipped as an air raid shelter. No such
romantic luck. It is one of the few ready-made air raid shelters in the Kansas City area, another being the tram tunnel which runs under it, and still another the buried tunnel running diagonally across the street, northwest to southeast at Eleventh street and Baltimore avenue, from the Continental hotel to a parking lot where the Hotel Baltimore was until a few years ago. (When the florid old Willis Wood theater occupied the site of the Continental, thirsty theatre-goers used to toddle across to the Baltimore bar between the acts, not getting wet anywhere except inside.)

All the street car engineers wanted to do with their almost forgotten tunnel was to waterproof it once more, to protect the lower boring. So it sometimes goes with the dreams of romantic minds.

SPEED BREEDS TRAVEL

W e have been reading predictions as to the future of air travel — not the speculations of imaginative writers but engineers' statistics.

Estimates vary. Right now, commercial air travel in the United States is measured at about 1.9 billion "passenger miles" — higher than any peace-time year. Five years from now, according to one authority, it will total "upwards of 5 to 6 billion per annum." Another — more precise — submits the figure of 4.115 billion.

Will this cut into railroad ... bus ... passenger automobile traffic?

During normal pre-war years United States railroads averaged about 25 billion passenger miles annually. In recent years busses have accounted for 10 billion or thereabouts, and the mileage of passenger vehicles has varied from 185 billion in depression years to 264 billion in 1941. Assuming no new travel, this is the "area of competition."

The rails are the most vulnerable to competition for passenger traffic via air, though busses will suffer, in some degree, for planners of air-transportation after the war are projecting short-haul, feeder lines. However, much of the increased airline mileage, it is predicted, will come from new travel markets. For example, many a business man will fly from New York to San Francisco — or Mexico City, or Vancouver — and back (overnight each way) who would find the same trip impractical if he had to make it by train; and who would never think of making the journey at all if he had to do it by stagecoach. Thus speed breeds travel. In the opinion of many of the experts whose compilations of statistics we have cited, increased air travel will actually stimulate all modes of transportation — air, rail, bus and private car — and freight as well as passenger. For, in the wake of people move the goods people buy, the food they eat, the materials for their housing — (even if they are transients) and the raw stuff they may use in manufacturing. In the opposite direction move the products of their farms and factories and swarms of the very people themselves, pleasure-bent or business-bent — but traveling!

There is reassurance, in such opinions as these, that traditional investment values will not succumb hastily to the emotional appeal of a dramatic new industry; that good management, in all fields of transportation, will continue the prosaic business of paying bond interest, debts as they mature and reasonable dividends.—From "Security," the news letter of the First National Bank.
The Migraine Headache

If you've ever had one—no one needs to tell you what it's like! But maybe someone should tell you a few simple things to do when the attacks occur. Which is just what is done here—by one who speaks from experience.

By ETHEL F. FREDERICKS

I WAS just about to step into a bus. Suddenly before my eyes I saw queer, indescribable outlines. They were not black, as such confusing outlines appear sometimes because of an upset stomach. These were white and glowing. Their clearness and intensity increased until they seemed to cover my vision. Yet I could see—and if I had tried, I am convinced I could have read a paper.

But I went into a panic, sure that I was losing my eyesight. In terror I turned back home and hurriedly telephoned my physician. By the time he arrived, the aura had disappeared and I was in the throes of the most severe headache I had ever experienced. It was my first migraine attack.

For years migraine headaches have been an enigma. Doctors all over the world have experimented, trying to find a cure. Volumes have been written about their researches. But in spite of much advancement, no definite cure has been discovered.

If we were all uniform bodies, responding the same way to treatment, migraine would be a comparatively simple matter. But unfortunately we all react differently and each individual case of migraine headache may be the result of a different cause.

The lay person is usually ignorant of cause and preventive, and is obsessed by the most devastating fears. It is for these people this article is written. I speak as one migraine sufferer to another, trusting in a small way to ease the distress caused by apprehensions attendant upon the migraine headache.

Fear may be one of the greatest factors in producing and increasing the duration and severity of the attack. I have learned that a comprehensive knowledge of these blinding headaches and their demoralizing symptoms has aided me in eliminating them. Forewarned is forearmed. Even though I sometimes waken from a sound sleep, after dreaming of a fire, and seem to be looking through the haze one sees through flame, I am no longer possessed by fear. I no longer believe—as I did at the time of that first hideous attack—that I am doomed to some rapidly advancing and fatal illness.

All migraine sufferers have an aura of one type or another. Sometimes they consist of nothing more than
dizziness, a feeling of pressure, and frequent yawning. Many times they are much more severe. Generally the aura lasts from fifteen to thirty minutes, and may take on the most grotesque forms. And in their fear many people exaggerate their symptoms to alarming proportions. One woman I know has suffered from these headaches for years; yet she is still frightened to death every time she has an aura. Each time she is positive that it is evidence of a serious heart ailment or that it preludes a stroke.

Some people think that all the migraine sufferer has to do to avoid devastating headaches is to control his nerves, eat wisely, and say to himself, "I won't be afraid, I won't have a migraine headache." How easy it would be to control these headaches, if these people were correct. But they fail to take into consideration the fact that the subconscious plays an important part in this illness. These same people who lack all understanding of these headaches often ask, "How can the subconscious and the fear that lurks there be overcome?" The answer is a simple one. Educate the sufferer to the causes of his aura and headache. Let him see the roots of his illness. Remarkable results and a decrease in the duration and frequency of attacks generally follow after the patient has been given a clear understanding of the facts.

Statistics show that a large majority of people subject to migraine attack belong to a class of thinkers—high-strung, sensitive people. Through their finer feelings and perceptions they are more sensitive to surroundings and conditions. They become tired and nervously exhausted more quickly than others, and so are more prone to these headaches.

Oddly enough, the mere association of ideas may sometimes produce an attack. A sufferer may have had a headache causing an embarrassing situation at a certain place some time in the past. When he revisits this place his subconscious may recall the distressing experience and fear that it may be repeated. It is this very apprehension that usually almost instantaneously produces another headache in similar circumstances. Other contributory causes are overwork, depression, suppression, sensitivity to heat or light, color or smoke. But the most important factor of all is food.

These days with highly perfected tests to determine just what foods the
migraine sufferer is allergic to, digestive causes can be greatly reduced. All that is needed is a little care in eating. But unfortunately too many people follow the line of least resistance and say, "I have always eaten this and it has never harmed me." They do not take into consideration the fact that what may not hurt them when taken once or twice may have a bad accumulative effect when taken continually.

Despite the vast strides medicine has made in curing migraine headaches, it is still a long way from the goal. Nevertheless, the responsibility is not altogether in the hands of the medical men. It is up to the sufferer himself to study his individual case. Here are a few things, one or more of which each individual can apply to himself:

1. Have a good doctor in whom you have confidence. This is essential.
2. Trust yourself and realize that no matter where you are when you have an aura, it is not a fatal symptom and that it will pass in a short time. Do not dart about in panic.
3. Recognize the migraine headache as a definite illness which should be treated as such by care, diet, rest and medication. A number of people treat it too lightly and unless absolutely incapacitated will not give in to it. But they should realize that a few hours’ rest at the right time would curtail the headache, leave them less exhausted afterward, and less apt to have another headache soon again.
4. Try not to become exhausted or nervously overtire yourself.
5. Rest, quiet nerves, and peace of mind should be cultivated as much as possible. They are most beneficial in combatting headaches. Even in these strenuous days, with a little patience and self-control, it is possible to develop some serenity.
6. Do not over-eat or take foods to which you know you are allergic.
7. Do not brood and worry about inconsequential things. Worry is the chief ally of the migraine headache.
8. Above all, banish fear from your mind, relax and do not try to fight the headaches when they arrive.

These are a few of the things that the migraine sufferer can do to help himself. A long line of untiring scientists and physicians keep striving to find more and better ways to help. Despite the demands of war, study and experiment go on. Someday they shall find a cure. In the meantime, it is up to the individual migraine sufferer to help others to help him.

- LETTER-ALLY SPEAKING

Friend of ours, a Bulgarian musician, once wrote to his father in Bulgaria, telling him that he now had a new address. Since the father had only a sketchy knowledge of English, the son told him, "Your letter will reach me if you will just copy the address printed at the top of this sheet." In due time came a response. It was faithfully addressed "Boris Maslenikov, Ford Hotel, 400 Rooms, All Fireproof, Rochester, New York."
Read Your Bible—God’s Book for Mankind

The fountain, from which pour forth woters of wisdom, is the Holy Bible. Selections this month were chosen to help you surmount the many and growing problems of daily living.

Fri., Oct. 5—Heb. 7
Sat., Oct. 6—Heb. 8:1-9:10
Sun., Oct. 7—Heb. 9:11
Mon., Oct. 8—Heb. 10:11-39
Tues., Oct. 9—Heb. 11:1-31
Wed., Oct. 10—Heb. 11:32-12:17
Fri., Oct. 12—Col. 1
Sat., Oct. 13—Col. 2
Sun., Oct. 14—Col. 3
Mon., Oct. 15—Col. 4
Tues., Oct. 16—Thess. 1:1-2:12
Thurs., Oct. 18—Thess. 4
Fri., Oct. 19—Thess. 5
Sat., Oct. 20—Thess. 1:1-2:12
Sun., Oct. 21—Thess. 2:13-3:18
Mon., Oct. 22—1 Tim. 1
Tues., Oct. 23—1 Tim. 2:1-3:13
Wed., Oct. 24—1 Tim. 3:14-4:16
Thurs., Oct. 25—1 Tim. 5
Fri., Oct. 26—1 Tim. 6
Sat., Oct. 27—2 Tim. 1:1-2:13
Sun., Oct. 28—2 Tim. 2:14-3:17
Mon., Oct. 29—2 Tim. 4
Wed., Oct. 31—Titus 2:15-3:15

*LET’S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE*

Twice in 25 years, by superhuman efforts, our shipbuilding industry and the men of the Merchant Marine have built the vessels and delivered the goods that saved this nation from destruction. But peace has always witnessed a decline in the strength of our merchant fleet.

At the close of the first World War, the annual tonnage of shipping in foreign trade carried in American ships was 11,000,000 gross tons. By 1937 it had dropped to 2,500,000 tons. American ships were carrying only one-fourth of our foreign trade. Our merchant fleet was outranked not only by the British Empire but also by Japan and Germany.

Now, as a result of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and war-time ship production, the merchant fleet of the United States is the greatest ever possessed by any nation. To maintain our military and economic strength and to hold our proper place as a great world power, this maritime supremacy must be preserved and maintained.—Excerpts from an address by C. H. Weaver, Manager, Westinghouse Marine Department.
Chicago Letter ....

By
NORT JONATHAN

SINCE all of last month’s Chicago Communique was devoted to various aspects of the Windy City’s reception of the news that the Japs were “So sorry!” this one will attempt to struggle back into the groove. Resuming the Randolph Street—Near North Side Hotels “beat,” there’s certainly no dearth of events to communicate about.

For one thing, there is Mike Fritzel over at the Chez Paree Club on Fairbanks Court, happily rubbing his hands over a new contract calling for the appearance of Danny Thomas at his bistro in the near future. Danny has been a Chicago cafe fixture for years, only recently finding new fame in Hollywood as the postman on the Fanny Brice show. Apparently he will spend most of October and November in our midst. There was a lot of horse-trading back of the Chez-Thomas deal. In fact, the confetti which the management has been tossing out the window once upon a time was Danny’s old contract. The new pact calls for about twice as much money, which indicates what radio can do for a clever night club comedian—if he has the right material.

The acquisition of Danny Thomas gives the Chez Paree a little drawing power insurance against the tremendous Chicago popularity of Harry Richman, who, complete in top hat and immaculate white tie and tails, will also be romping with us in late October—this time at the Latin Quarter. Mr. Richman will undoubtedly set a new record at this home of the midget table, the small drink, and the large check. Harry Richman’s wares are too well-known to call for much publicizing here. As for the Latin Quarter, it’s a nice place—but be sure to take along plenty of folding money and a periscope.

Another local boy who made good, Willie Shore, opens at the Rio Cabana early in October. And another autumn arrival will be Les Brown, who will be making his second appearance of the year in the Sherman Hotel’s boiler factory—better known as the Panther Room. It is interesting perhaps to note that even the suave George Paxton, who has a wonderfully sweet band, made the welkin ring in the Panther Room. No band apparently can resist the temptation to push the walls right out into Randolph Street.

Still looking into the crystal ball we find staring right back at us Myrus, the mental marvel, who apparently forgot his last Blackstone date, but is tuning up his brain cells for a belated October 12th appearance in the swank Mayfair Room—now inhabited by the ingratiating Phil Regan. That bonny boy is back in Chicago again, and the customers are hanging from the chandeliers—in a nice way, of course—to hear him sing. There are no tricky arrangements, no interpolated special lyrics. He just stands there and lets you have your favorite songs—straight, the way they were written and the way they were meant to be sung. Two of his numbers are typical of the Irish gayety which silvers the Regan repertory—“Tread on the Tail of Me Coat” and “Phil the Fluters Ball.” They rank with his theme song, “Dear Old Donegal.”
The drama pages of the Chicago papers are beginning to fatten up again after an exceedingly skinny summer. First under the wire this new season will be Olsen and Johnson in “Laffing Room Only.” In addition to the customary insanity of Messrs. O. and J. there will be the more subtle insanity of Frank Libuse, Betty Garrett as leading vocalist, and specialties from such fugitives from the “five a day” as Mata and Hari and Willie, West and McGinty. It is of course understood that the pulchritude department will not be found wanting either.

An interesting sidelight on the current Olsen and Johnson appearance is that they are re-opening a theater which has been dark for twelve years. The Shuberts have taken over, rebuilt, redecorated, and renamed the old Majestic Vaudeville House, making it into Chicago’s largest legitimate theater. The faithful customers of the musical show and the drama will now be able to see productions requiring a large house and stage without losing themselves in the cavernous, acoustically poor Civic Opera House.

Following the zanies, local show business may take a serious turn for awhile. “Anna Lucasta,” Philip Yordan’s negro drama, is set for an early autumn opening at the little Civic Theater. John Wildberg is moving the New York cast to Chicago for the occasion, which means that we’ll be seeing Hilda Simms in the title role.

Also on the horizon are Elizabeth Bergner in the “Two Mrs. Carrolls” and Margaret Webster’s production of “The Tempest”—written by a fellow named William Shakespeare and acted by such toppers as Vera Zorina, Canada Lee, and Kenny Baker. Miss Zorina is a fugitive from Hollywood and the ballet; and the last time we saw Mr. Baker he was stooging for Milton Berle. It should make an interesting production, and it’s too bad Mr. S. can’t be around to see it. Canada Lee, of course, is the fine negro actor who starred in Richard Wright’s “Native Son.”

Let us now move on to the rarified atmosphere of the opera and ballet—both of which will be with us this fall at the Opera House. The “one and only Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo” is advertising six new ballets and a company of 125 for late September and October. And the Chicago Opera Company is even now tuning up in its suite of offices and practice halls for a season beginning on October 8th and continuing through November 17th, with most of the time-honored favorites scheduled.

On the social scene, the autumn will be marked by a rash of debuts. The girls on the Gold Coast are no longer cloaking social events under impressive wartime titles to benefit something or other.

On North Rust Street the radio crowd is happy with its Actor’s Club. There on any night of the week you will find such Chicago radio standbys as Phil Lord, Ken Griffith, and Joe Ainley proudly beaming on tastefully decorated premises that have become the smartest “little club” in town. And the place is usually full of soap opera stars and stage and screen people in Chicago either for a play or between train reservations.

Steaks are back on the menus again and Army and Navy jokes have disappeared almost completely from floor shows. Stars no longer talk about how many USO tours they did, but now are speaking once more of their new picture. Soldiers and sailors are no longer placed conspicuously at ringside tables. You’re now more likely to find them back along the wall, near the door to the kitchen. And those radio interviews with G.I.’s and gobs have disappeared from Mayor Kelly’s mammoth service centers. As we move into October and the second full month after V-J Day the theme song seems to be, “Don’t you know the war is over?”
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras


★ BEACH WALK, EDGATER WATER BEACH HOTEL. Featuring Johnny Long and his music in the Marine Dining Room. (GOLD COAST) 5349 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. They're flocking there to hear Clyde (The Trumpet) McCoy and his orchestra. Supported by lavish production of name acts.


★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Breath-taking and traditional, with Jack Durant, John Sebastian, Paul Winchell, and Eddie Oliver's orchestra. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.


★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL. Restful white and blue shelter from the outside world. Exquisite dinners and dancing among people you read about. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 N. State. Sup. 5000.

★ WALNUT ROOM, BISMARCK HOTEL. Emil Petti and his orchestra in the Walnut Room, with Gwynor and Ross, Helen Honan and Linda Larkin. The tavern room, with Earl Roth's orchestra featuring Antonio and Estelle. (LOOP) Randolph at LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

Casual

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Where the smart set of the big towns in the midwest gather in the aggregate. Talkative, relaxing. (WEST) 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Not too large, not too small, and always with the best in food and music. Now it is Harry Cool and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph at Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ PANTHER ROOM, SHERMAN HOTEL. He of the dancing bells. Les Brown and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph at Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. One of the most delightful and desirable places in Chicagoland. Organ and pianistica during the dinner hour. Open all night. (NORTH) 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful


★ L'AIGLON. A page out of the color and drama of French-Victorian days. Finest southern European cooking. (GOLD COAST) 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.


★ CLUB EL GROTTO. "Fatba Hines," the torrid piano stylist, and his musicians are hack for indefinite engagement. Also the Rhythmaires, and Sunny Thompson, prince of the ivories. (SOUTH) 6412. Pla. 9174.

★ SINGAPORE. From a riv to a national institution. The sincerest form of flattery is imitation. Come, come. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.


★ SHANGRI-LA. Food for the soul at America's most romantic restaurant. Open at 4 p. m. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.


Entertainment


★ CASINO. Rather spacious hut cozy night club featuring fine shows and tops in revues. (SOUTH) Halsted at 75th.

★ CHEZ PAREE. Jerry Lester, the Clowning King and company, with Cabot and Dresden, dance stylists. And the Chez Paree Adorables!!! (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairhanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Flaming Crater dinners and sizzling shows share attention. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.


★ CLUB MOROCCO. The world famous remote control dancer. Carrie Finnell, cavorters here, supported by all-star cast and the seven beautiful darlings. Charlie Rich and orchestra. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.


★ 885 CLUB. Joe Miller presents Sparky Thurman Duo and Larry Leverenz, piano stylist. (GOLD COAST) 885 N. Rush. Del. 9102.

★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. You just can't say no to the Fifth Avenue Models, nor can you sit still in range of Duke Yellman's orchestra. (UPTOWN) 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ L & L CAFE. If beautiful girls make you happy you can't improve on this place. The Averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST) 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Ted Lewis, the high hat tragedian of song, is rounding out history making
weeks at this air cooled spot. (LOOP) 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5344.

★ LIBERTY INN. The show and disposition of this place are for the daring. (GOLD COAST) 661 N. Clark. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Presenting the Scan-Dolls of 1945, with Ginger Duvell mistress of ceremonies. Troy Snap and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST) 550 N. Clark St. Del. 0173.

★ VINE GARDENS. Joe Kish and his orchestra to go with fine food. Open until 4 a. m. (NORTH) 614 W. North Ave. Mich. 5106.

Bars of Music

★ CLOVER BAR. One of the town's most popular sip spots. Lew Marcus and his sophisticated music. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT. Chummy, friendly, traditional. Historic circular setting. (LOOP) 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.


★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. New and super gorgeous cocktail rendezvous with excellent music. (LOOP) State and Randolph.

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. An array of tunesters carry on from the back bar. (LOOP) State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ THREE DEUCES. With a hep-cat in every corner. Laura Rucker at the piano and the solid Memphis City trio. (LOOP) Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. Swing-minded theatrical rendezvous on the intimate side. (NORTH) Del. 9842.

★ TROPICS. Equatorial setting and continuous entertainment. Or you might stumble into the Tiffany Room, on lobby level. Nice! Hotel Chicagoan, 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought


★ HOE SAI GAI. Chinese Cuisine at its tastiest. Try a Shanghai Moon. Finest of liquors. (LOOP) 75-78 West Randolph. Dea. 8995.

★ COLONY CLUB. Smartly planned menus and the musical dessert served up by Tito Rodriguez. (GOLD COAST) 744 Rush. Del. 5930.

★ GUEY SAM. A Chinese restaurant where the mood and food is genuinely Chinese. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN. A typical old 18th century inn serving Swedish delicacies from their famous Smorgasbord. (GOLD COAST) 1015 Rush. Del. 1492.

★ HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. Exquisite tea-room atmosphere overlooking the harbor, plus good food. (NORTH) 2150 N. Lincoln Park. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICI'S. Traditional in all Chigagoland for solid food. Try Henrici's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP) 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ HOUSE OF ENG. Generous squares of aged tenderloin. Visit the famous Confucius Lounge where fine philosophy and fine liqueurs are distilled. (GOLD COAST) 106 E. Walton. Del. 7194.

★ KUNGSHOLM. No loyal Swede nor hungry wayfarer could give this lovely place the go-by. Distinguished food in a distinguished and beautiful setting. And not too expensive! (NEAR NORTH) Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ NANKIN RESTAURANT. For extraordinary Chinese and American food. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

★ LE PETITE GOURMET. If you're up on your French, the name describes the place exactly. A lovely little spot. Closing Sundays. (NEAR NORTH) 619 N. Mich. Del. 0102.

The Theatre

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theater, Washington and Wacker Dr.) An all negro cast in a fine drama, first discovered in Harlem and brought up to Broadway for a long run. Evry night including Sunday. Mats. Wed. and Sun.

★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY. (Old Majestic, Loop.) Opens in October. With those wacky-crackies, Olsen and Johnson, with their customary insanity.

★ THE OVERTONS. (Great Northern Theatre.) A bright comedy of marriage manners, and how one happy home almost gets broken up by meddling friends. With Jack Whiting.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn.) Moss Hart's direction, an excellent cast, combine to make this a real hit.

★ GOOD NIGHT LADIES. (Blackstone, 7th and Michigan.) Now in fourth record breaking year, with Skeets Gallagher and Edmund Lowe. Nightly except Monday.


★ CARMEN JONES. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark.) Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all negro version of the opera "Carmen" which is one of the sensations of many seasons.
Traffic in New York has never been mother’s little joy and now it has developed into a real problem child. With gas back to its old status everything on wheels is out and about. A four-block ride may take anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour depending on the breaks or whose fenders one scrapes. Language used in traffic jams definitely is not constructed for frail ears . . . and references about one’s social FOR EMILY standing don’t come under the heading of brotherly love.

It is best not to try to compete with these postgraduate mud slingers . . . you’re likely to be down for the count before you can remember your favorite back alley retort. Also you can’t talk through your nose. So, be patient, give yourself plenty of time to make that date and wear a hat that will stay on if your hair suddenly curls. There is a little improvement in the courtesy of taxi drivers and waiters but there is a long way to go before they get Mrs. Post’s okay.

The hotel situation is worse than ever. Everyone expected that the end of the war would bring relief to the harassed hotel managers but this is not so. The crowds don’t seem to be particularly the result of anything. Just crowds. Outgoing luggage is immediately replaced by incoming luggage just as it has been for the past two years. This is just the same old warning . . . have a verified reservation in advance. It’s no fun spending the day in a pay telephone booth trying to find a little nook for the night.

Under the clock at the Biltmore is still the favorite meeting place of college and boarding school students although the Waldorf is beginning to run it a close second. “Messing around” seems to be the most fitting expression to describe these young hopefuls. They meet anywhere within an hour or two of the time previously planned and seem to have not the slightest concern about any direct course of action, the time of day or what to do with it. Their favorite dancing spot is LaRue’s, their favorite shows Bloomer Girl, Harvey and Oklahoma and their favorite eating places vary from a corner drug store to Hamburger Heaven to Gallagher’s Steak House on West Fifty-second. Their vagueness and indefinite plans which change completely by the minute are far beyond the comprehension of adults; but they have a wonderful time and are very well behaved. Just as in the old home town they usually move about in gang fashion and mothers of daughters who live in New York have that old, familiar condition of the drawing room . . . empty coke bottles, spilled peanuts, scratched victrola records and general litter. It all seems to be a part of growing up.

The Twenty-One Club on West Fifty-second, one of Kansas City visitors’ pre-
ferred restaurants, is open again in full glory. It has been enlarged during the summer and is at least twice the original size. But even so it is always crowded. It's advisable to get there between twelve-thirty and one if you want a good table . . . or any at all. After lunching in the down stairs grill with its long, long bar, dim lights and low hum of voices, it is always a shock to emerge and find daylight on the street. The upstairs has more of an atmosphere of reality . . . but it's more formal, too. Twenty-One is sometimes called Jack and Charlie's as Jack and Charlie are the owners and usually present with an enthusiastic greeting for familiar habituees.

The Glass Menagerie, one of Broadway's biggest hits, can't be recommended for a fun evening. Though it has spots of humor it is strictly ungay. Laurette Taylor's performance as a dowdy, impossible mother, however, is a must for theatre goers. After years of comparative obscurity she has hit the top again with a bang. The play must be terrifically strenuous for her as she is on the stage almost constantly and there are only three others in the cast. (I might add that the other three are no slouches . . . but we're talking about Laurette.) She practically never changes her tone of voice or her sort of wandering manner yet she arouses keen emotion and response in the audience. Her hair-do is something out of this world and certainly isn't going to start a new trend of fashion. When an occasional and very fleeting smile lights up her face the older generation can recall for a moment the young Laurette in Peg o' My Heart. It's rather dramatic to consider that the stars of two Broadway hits, Harvey and Glass Menagerie, have taken the town by storm after the "best" years of their theatrical lives have rolled by. They both do a super job . . . and more power to them.

There should be a law . . . for persons who get in crowded elevators with lighted cigarettes half strangling other occupants. Which brings to mind a "did you know"

swing operators have to rest at various intervals during their working hours to keep from getting seasick. The constant ups, downs and stops churn their tummies in a rough sea manner.

MY FISH AND TAILS, JEEVES

The price of women's raiment in Manhattan these days doesn't do a thing towards steadying one's nerves. The selection of a dress or suit is almost a life and death matter. And the things are so lush . . . and it's all so confusing. For daytime wear fashion is still partial to the smart suit; but night life is going in for long dresses in a big way. Swank night spots are encouraging a return to the old formal attire which (I hate to say this) will call for the gentlemen to be in dinner jacket. Better come prepared. It can be fun after you get started anyway.

Life is like a game of cards. You must play the game with the hand that is dealt you. The greatest glory is winning with a poor hand . . . and the greatest disgrace is losing with a good one.
**NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL**

**AMBASSADOR.** The Cocktail Lounge is winter's meeting place for broadcasters. Jules Lande's orchestra in the dining room, for dinner and supper, except Sunday, from $2 up. Adler's concert music in the Gold Room. Park at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.

**ASTOR.** Dining and dancing to Sammy Kaye's Swing and Sway. Cover after ten. Try the Hunting Room, too. Times Square, Ci. 6-6000.

**BAL TABARIN.** Montmartre girls in a Parisian setting. French cuisine, better than average and inexpensive. Dance music by Lou Harold and his band. Minimum, $1.50 on Saturdays and holidays. 225 W. 46th.

**BELMONT PLAZA.** A nifty review with Kathryn Duffy dancers, Bobby Baxter and Hal Horton. Pianist at cocktails. Rhumba matinees Saturday. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

**BILTMORE.** Bob Grant's orchestra alternates with Mario Hurtada's rhumbas. Shows at 7:45 and 11:45, with Russell Swann, the magician. No cover for servicemen. Music by Mischa Raginsky at cocktails. Madison at 43rd. Mu. 9-7920.

**CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Susie Reed, ballad singer; Imogene Coca, Mary Lou Williams, and Benny Horton's band. Shows 8:30, 12 and 2:15. Closed Mondays. Minimum, $2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

**CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Music by Ed Hall's orchestra in sophisticated surroundings. Also Gene Field's trio. Minimum, $3.50. 128 East 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

**CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Russian and American food. Shows at 8:45 and 12. Minimum $2.50 after ten. 177 W. 56th. Ci. 6-6116.

**COMMODORE.** Mishel Gorner's orchestra in the Century Room. Luncheon and dinner in Tudor room. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.

**COPACABANA.** New York fall shows star Joe E. Lewis, dancers Vanya and D'Angelo; Dorothy Clair and the Samba Sirens. Minimum $3 weeknights; $4 Saturdays. Phil Moore and music in Copa Cocktail Lounge. 10 East 60th. Pl. 8-1060.

**EL MOROCCO.** Chauncy Gray's orchestra, $2 cover after 7. Superb food. 154 East 54th. El. 5-8769.

**ESSEX HOUSE.** In Casino-on-the-Park, Stan Keller's orchestra plays all evening long. Minimum, Saturday, after 10 p.m. $2. No dancing or entertainment Mondays. 100 Central Park S. Ci. 7-0300.

**LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Eddie Davis and Sherry Britton are back in a new fall revue. Celebrity nights, Saturday, 9:30 p.m. Cocktails from 4. 32 West 52nd. El. 5-9414.


**PENNSYLVANIA.** Cafe Rouge, Stan Kenton's orchestra. 7th at 33rd. Pe. 6-5000.

**PIERRE.** Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra with Myrus, the wizard of mental telepathy. Minimum after 10, $1.50. 5th Avenue at 61st. Re. 4-5900.

**NICKS.** Hep stuff by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole and Peewee Russell. Minimum after 10, $1; Saturday, $1.50. Dinner from $1.50. 170 West 10th. Ch. 2-6683.

**PLAZA.** Persian Room opened Sept. 26, or you might try the Palm Court lounge, Cocktail or tea dancing. Leo Lefleur's orchestra. 5th and 59th. Pl. 3-1740.

**ROOSEVELT.** Shep Fields' orchestra in the Roosevelt Grill; Arthur Murray dancers; no cover charge at dinner. Men's Bar open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Madison at 47th. Mu. 6-9200.

**ST. REGIS.** Paul Sparr's orchestra alternating with Theodora Brooks at the organ for dancing in the evening. Penthouse for cocktails before luncheon or dinner. 5th avenue at 55th. Pl. 3-4500.

**SAVOY PLAZA, CAFE LOUNGE.** Dancing daily from 5, to Roy Fox and his music with Carol Horton alternating with Clemente's marimba band. 5th avenue at 55th. Vo. 5-2600.

**SPIVY'S ROOF.** Continuous entertainment during evening with Spivy herself, Carter and Bowie at twin pianos. Opens 6 p.m. 139 E. 57th. Pl. 3-9322.

**STORK CLUB.** Alberto Linno and band plays rhumbas. Eric Correa's orchestra for modern rhythms. $2 cover after 10. Saturday $3. 3 East 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.

**TAFT.** Vincent Lopez orchestra for luncheon and dinner in Grill. Here is where you really have "Luncheon With Lopez" (Mutual, 12:30 p.m. daily). Times Square. Ci. 7-4000.

**TAVERN ON THE GREEN.** Continuous dancing with Hughie Barrett's band and Angie Bond trio. Minimum weekdays after 9, $1. Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. Rh. 4-4700.

**VERSAIiLES.** A line of lovely, languid show-girls; excellent food. Joe Ricardel and his band. Minimum after ten, $2.50 (except weekends). 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.

**VILLAGE BARN.** Hey-hey every night with square dancing and games; and Tiny Clark revue. Eddie Ashman's orchestra. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. St. 9-8840.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD.** Good music for dancing or listening by Art Hodes trio. Ballads by Paul Villard and blues by Big Bill. Minimum, $2; $2.50 weekends. Closed Mondays. 178 7th avenue. Ch. 2-9355.


**WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART**

**ALGONQUIN.** Haunted by writers, actors, celebrities. Cocktails in the lobby or at the bar. Good music. Dinner, $2 up. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0101.

**AU CANARI D'OR.** Small, friendly French restaurant serving very good food. Hot hor d'oeuvres a real treat. Dinner, $2.50-$3. 134 E. 61st. Re. 4-6094.
**Swing**

**October, 1943**

**Champs Elysees.** Continues its huge helpings. French food in comfortable setting; popular bar. Dinner, $1.35 up. 25 East 40th. Le. 2-0342.

**Barney Gallant.** Unobtrusive music counterpoint to superlative food and liquors, with Barney himself greeting each lady as "Mrs. Gallant." Opens at 5. 86 University place. St. 9-0209.

**Boar's Head ChopHouse.** English chop house atmosphere. Heartly specialties such as mutton chops, and fine seafood. Dinner, $1.50 up. 490 Lexington. Pl. 8-0354.

**BEEKMAN TOWER.** Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor) to food, to more drinks (top of tower), 26th floor. Open 5 to midnight. 49th and First avenue. El. 5-7300.

**Christ Cellar.** Heartly foods, not inexpensive but more than worth the price. Men love this fine restaurant. Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45th. Mu. 2-9557.

**Dick the Oysterman.** Featuring aquatic foods, plus steaks and chops. Entrees 85 cents to $2.75. Closed Sundays and holidays. 75 East 8th. St. 9-8046.

**DICKENS ROOM.** Take one piano; add some old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens characters wandering around, and murals. 20 East Ninth. St. 9-8969.

**Griffsholm.** Fine Swedish food. Smorgasboard, dessert and coffee, $1.50. Regular dinner, $1.75. 324 E. 57th. El. 5-8476:

**Hampshire House.** Fine cuisine in old English setting. Dinner, $2 up. 150 Central Park S. Ct. 6-7700.

**Jack Dempsey's.** The old Manassa Maule turns food and drink purveyor. Excellent food and surroundings draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49th. Co. 5-7875.

**Jumble Shop.** A big dining room and cozy bar with interesting paintings. Popular with the Villagers for many years. 28 West 8th. Sp. 7-2540.

**Sherry Netherland.** A room with a view—Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. 5th Ave. at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.

**Little Shrimp.** A new seafood house; charcoal broiled fish, steaks, chops. Luncheon, 75 cents up. 226 W. 23rd. Wa. 9-9093.

**Luchow's.** A cornerstone of good food since 1882. Orchestra music from 7-10. Closed Mondays. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

**Toots Shor's.** Luncheon and dinner; entrees from $1.60, chicken or duck, roast beef or steak. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. S-9000.

**Zucca's.** Good Italian fare in a spacious dining room and bar. A la carte in Venetian and Garden Rooms. 118 W. 49th. Br. 9-5511.

**NEW YORK THEATRE**

**Plays**

**Anna Lucasta.** (Mansfield, 47, West. Ct. 6-9056). Sensational drama (definitely not for the whole family), beautifully played by an all negro cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

**A Bell for Adano.** (Cort, 48, West. Br. 9-046). This dramatization of a Hersey novel makes an excellent, moving play about Allied occupation of Italy. Starring Frederick March. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

**Dark of the Moon.** (46th Street Theater, 46, West. Ct. 6075). A musical drama based on the Barbara Allen folk song, about a witch boy who loved a Smokey Mountain gal. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, 2:40.

**Dear Ruth.** (Henry Miller, 43, East. Br. 9-3790). Bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs name of older sister. Stars Lenore Lonergan; directed by Moss Hart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

**On the Town.** (Martin Beck, 45, West. Ct. 6-6363). One of the year's best revues, with comedy, dancing and song. Bernstein music; Jerome Robbins choreography. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

**The Glass Menagerie.** (Playhouse, 48, East. Br. 9-3565). A moving and beautiful play from a new, young author, Tennessee Williams. This marks the return to stage of probably America's greatest actress, Laurette Taylor. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


**I Remember Mama.** (Music Box, 45, West. Ct. 6-4536). Irresistible, alternately hilariously funny and tenderly touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

**The Late George Apley.** (Lyceum, 45, East. Ch. 4256). George Kaufman's dramatization of the book by J. P. Marquard, with Leo Carroll. He's tremendous! Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Empire, Broadway at 40. Pe. 6-9540). Immensely amusing dramatization of Clarence Day’s book, particularly about how father got baptized. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


Musicals

★ BLOOMER GIRL. (Shubert, 44, West. Ct. 6-5990). Charming musical whipped up around women’s vote fight and the Civil War, with Nan Fabray and Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.


★ HATS OFF TO ICE. (Center Theatre, 6th Ave. at 49th. Co. 5-5474). Filled with stars on ice, ballets, pageants and comics for all. Dozens of headliners including Carol Lynn. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday 3 p.m.


★ OKLAHOMA. (St. James, 44, West. La. 4-4664). The musical version of “Green Grow the Lilacs” produced by the Theatre Guild with music by Rogers and Hammerstein II. It’s just as wonderful as everyone says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.


★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK. (Broadway, Broadway at 53. Ct. 7-2887). Lively and entertaining musicals more in the operetta than comedy, with Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon and Noah Beery, Sr. Some beautiful sets and nice dancing. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING

SARAH BERNHARDT had a motto that is worthy of wide adoption, especially in these times. It was this, “In Spite of Everything.” Even after an amputation of one of her legs she kept on as an actress.

Herbert Casson in The Efficiency Magazine, published in London, England, tells of another woman who has the same unconquerable spirit. In fact, she has out-done Sarah. Although she lost both legs in an air raid, she is now working a handpress in a war-work factory.

Paul Speicher, writing in Southland Life, tells what happens to men who refuse to be stopped:

“Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott.
“Put him in prison and you have a John Bunyan.
“Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington.
“Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln.
“Load him with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli.
“Afflict him with asthma until as a boy he lies choking in his father’s arms and you have a Theodore Roosevelt.
“Stab him with rheumatic pains until for years he cannot sleep without an opiate and you have a Steinmetz.
“Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler.
“Make him second fiddle in an obscure South American orchestra and you have a Toscanini.”

The list could be continued indefinitely. History rests on the shoulders of those who accepted the challenge of difficulties and drove through to victory, “In spite of everything.”

—From Friendly Adventure.
GOOD TOOLS...

by GEORGE S. BENSON

President Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas

MEN used to harvest wheat with a thing called a cradle. A cradle is a museum piece now, most able-bodied farmers never saw one. It is a scythe (blade like Father Time carries) with a wooden frame attached to catch the straws as they fall, so the workman can lay them straight for bundling. Even I can remember seeing farmers cradle patches too small for maneuvering a reaper.

Swinging a cradle is hard work. There is almost none of it done these days. But farmers didn’t quit using the device for that reason. They still find plenty of hard work to do. The cradle was cast aside because it was inefficient, extravagant. It used to take the profit out of a wheat crop to pay enough men $1 a day to harvest it. But Mr. McCormick’s reaper changed all that.

Some people complained for a while about farm machinery putting men out of work but that’s not what happened. No machine can do a man’s work. Machines serve men, help them earn more by helping them do a bigger day’s work. Today one farmer with good tools produces as much as 30 farmers did 100 years ago. In those days two-thirds of America’s labor worked on farms; now only 18 per cent, and these can overproduce.

Machinery, American inventiveness, helps working people. There is no hocus-pocus about it. No straight-thinking person needs any high-brow economist to help him read these three sign-posts: (1) In the long run, people get paid for what they produce. (2) With good tools, which call for investment, they can produce more. (3) Investments in machinery raise the workers’ wages.

It’s a fact that employers who work men on purely mechanical jobs are always faced with a three-cornered problem—men, money and machinery. They can hire a man’s body for wages or buy machines that will do the same work without getting tired. If interest and depreciation for the machine are less per year than the man’s wages, the employer is likely to buy the machine.

Being replaced by a machine may sting some satisfied laborer’s pride but he is soon benefited by learning to manage cold steel rather than compete with it. That is the very first lesson, the A-B-C of American prosperity built on intelligent work; volume production, low in cost and good. Nowhere else on earth can the man who swings a sledge enjoy his own automobile and bathtub.

Wages for men are figured by the hour; depreciation on machines by the year. The result is interesting: If two men work eight hours apiece and keep one machine running 16 hours a day, the owner thus doubles his output but does not double his cost. So the owner’s margin per unit of sale is wider and he can lower his price without cutting the quality. Result: Wages up, prices down.

Workmen’s wages go up with production but that same volume is what lowers the cost of everything the workman needs to make his home as comfortable (his life as abundant) as that of his employer or anybody else. But volume production requires investment in good tools and training for men to use them. When investments are unsafe in America we may well start rehearsing with grandpa’s cradle.
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

Just for food . . . .

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. People who are going places, literally, travel by air. At breakfast, lunch or dinnertime, between hops, you will find these alert people at the Municipal airport restaurant. And while there, be sure to take a look around at the pretty murals, put there by Gertrude Freyman and designed by Earl Altaire. Municipal Airport, NO. 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE. Come all ye cowhands for a roundup of fine food in one of Kansas City's most unusual eating corrals. Note the famous ranch brands depicted on the east wall map, while you surround a cowhand-size hamburger or a steak. Linwood and Forest, LO. 2555.

★ EL NOPAL. A small and snugly little place offering a pleasant variety of torrid Mexican dishes, chili, tamales, jumping beans and tortillas. And we recommend what they call the "combination". Hours are from 6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. Across from Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, 416 W. 13th, HA. 5430.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. The only seafood house in town; exclusively for connoisseurs of the best in deep sea delicacies. Open 10 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut, HA. 9176.

★ LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD. South-of-the-border atmosphere and food, of the type and variety that would bring Pancho Villa back to life. On the Plaza, 618 West 48th, VA. 9611.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Distinguished for many reasons including good service, good food and pleasant hostesses. Entrance from 12th street or the Muehlebach lobby, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. As long as there are chickens and big, steel frying pans to prepare them in, you may expect chicken—and all the trimmings—at its best at Mrs. Dowd's lovely inn. Better have reservations. Closed Mondays, 92nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ JOY'S GRILL. (Formerly known as Jan's.) Eddie Cross would hate to see you go out of there hungry, and he is always ready to do something about just such an exigency. Open all night. Closed Tuesdays. Country Club Plaza, 609 W. 48th, VA. 9331.

★ KING JOY LO. Delicious Chinese and American food served by Don Toy in a spacious upstairs restaurant overlooking Main street. Lunch and dinner. 8 West 12th, HA. 8113.


★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. Duncan Hines stopped in one evening, and immediately sat down and wrote all the nice things about this place in his book on good eating. Closed Mondays. Plaza Theatre building, 4700 Wyandotte, WE. 8310.

★ NANCE'S CAFE. A pleasant eating place within handshake distance of the Union Station. Duncan Hines smiles on this place, too. 217 Pershing Road, HA. 5688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. An "about-town" room, cozy and congenial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Alberta Bird at the Novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. A convenient, attractive luncheon (only) oasis in downtown Kansas City. On the second floor of Wolferman's Walnut street store. Excellent food of unusual variety and probably the richest pies in town. 1108 Walnut, GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. Meatless meals that attract even those who ordinarily prefer steaks. Cafeteria style, neatly managed by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday, 901 Tracy, VI 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher style cooking in a great variety, and reasonable prices. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. Savory service station for those who wish to fill their tummies rather than their gas tanks. Just flash your lights for service, or you may go inside.

For food and a drink . . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. Martin Weiss is all over the place welcoming the folks who come back day after day, and for good reason! The ultimate in good food and service. Go early unless you have time to wait in line. Hotel Ambassador, 3760 Broadway, VA. 5040.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. "Black Light" boogie woogie piano music beat out by Josh Johnson before an arrangement of mirrors which makes
the music as fascinating to watch as to hear. Luncheon, dinner, afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. A cozy, informal cocktail lounge and dining room with the quiet pleasantness enhanced by the rhythms of Alma Hatten at the Hammond organ. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. A pleasant combination of good service, congeniality and music, with the latter served up by pretty Pauline Neece. Piano interludes from 6:30 until 1:00. George Gust has charge of the kitchen and food is prepared by Jaclin, an experienced chef who is as French as his name.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Miles of spaghetti dished up daily (except Sunday) by Signora Teresa. To that you may add meatballs, mushrooms, chicken or what-not; or you may prefer steaks or chops prepared by Elbert Oliver. Open 4 p.m. til midnight. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Congenial Ralph Fuller has people coming to this fascinating place. Yvonne Morgan at the Novachord; and you'll enjoy the classical pianistics of Willy Ganz. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Luncheon and dinner for business and professional people roundabout. Ken Prater features a fine menu and keeps open a jovial and husky place. No breakfast or dinner. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. What was once the lobby of a famous hotel is now a high distin-drinkin' room festooned to the rafters with tassels. Buffaloes and moose, sailfish and squires look down at your harbeckied ribs. Gus Fitch, who used to float silently about the Rendezvous, now owns the Missouri, in partnership with his brother. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.

★ PHIL TRIPP'S. The bar is in front, dining room in back. You can ask for your steaks above a whisper and get 'em, too. Probably the tastiest salad dressing in town. Across from the Pickwick Bus Station, 922 McGee. HA. 9850.

★ PICADILLY ROOM. An attractive blue room downstairs from the hus station. Announcers not actually at the mike at KMBC may be paged there. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Excellent food chimes with chopsticks of the clattering maple in the city's finest bowling emporium. And should you care for a topper the cocktail lounge adjoins. Comfy, congenial and air conditioned. 430 Alameda Road, on the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. A place that never has more than two chairs empty at a time. There's always a crowd of Plaza cliff dwellers there to laugh, quaff and listen to the music of charming Mary Dale. Graphology for fun by Kay Van Lee.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. Comfortable room of no definite shape; but offering booths, tables and bar stools for your comfort; piano melodies by Martha Dooley for easy listening; and dinner or drinks or both. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel, Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Popular morning, noon and night because of filling, tastily-prepared food. The downstairs grill is an ideal place to sit, sip and coast along for an hour or two.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Crowded from the time the door opens until closing, but people seem to like it that way—and the marvelous food! If they made the place any bigger it would be less chummy—and far less fun! 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Dim and dignified, with excellent food and drinks. Lobsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a.m. til midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ STUBB'S GILHAM PLAZA. Noisy, neighborly place where the chief attraction is a pretty gal at the piano who plays loud boogie and sings rowdy songs in the biggest, deepest voice this side of Lauren Bacall. The name is Jeannie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. Italian foods in a slightly medieval setting, a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour (just off Troost). VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Time flits by between trains if that time is spent in the colorful Westport room at the Union station. And most of the people come here not to wait for trains at all. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a drink . . .

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A mite of a place but high in hospitality. Two drinks for the price of one between 3 and 5 p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ CABANA. If you're scouting around for company, either sex, you're sure to find it here. Just a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ EL BOLERO. Marguerite Clarke continues to crowd 'em around her piano keyboard. Liquors and service are good too. 3650 Broadway, Ambassador Hotel. 5040.

★ OMAR ROOM. Bill Caldwell entertains at the piano and around the walls the Tentmaker still advances his philosophy of the grape. You get into this room from the street, from the lobby or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Big in hospitality but small in size, featuring ancient flickers of the Charles Ray era. Pink elephants parade around the walls. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★ THE TROPICS. One of the prettiest cocktail lounges in town, with Mary Jean Miller at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 til 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Jolly Jane Jones, who broke her arm recently, with Charley Thorpe at the piano. Joaquin and Diane, specialists on Latin-
American tunes, are also featured these cool fall evenings in this snuggly little hideaway at the Hotel Bellerive.

With Dancing . . .

★ CROWN ROOM. Judy Conrad and His Beguine Rhythms—one of the most popular attractions ever to appear in the Crown Room. Billy Snider, diminutive trumpeter, is deservedly featured. You'll find the Glass Bar on beyond the dancing area. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ CUBAN ROOM. Kansas City jazz in the traditional manner played by the Herman Walder trio and listened to by most of the local connoisseurs in that art. 7 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ DRUM ROOM. Jimmy Tucker and his Society Orchestra are rounding out an extended engagement. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore, GR. 5440.

★ ED-BERN'S at the Colony Restaurant. Music in the air to augment delicious foods. Luncheon dinner and after-theater snacks with music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ EL CASBAH. Harl Smith and His Orchestra are back at this glamour spot. In October comes Sammy Welsh and Professor Backwardly, NBC comic, best described by his name. Cover, except at the bar, weekdays, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Dinner from $1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30-4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Noisy, amiable place where lots of people dance to Julia Lee's music and the rest of them just sit and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ PENGUIN ROOM. Tommy Flynn, vocalist, violinist, and his orchestra are the welcome occupation forces of this low-ceilinged dining room. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SKY-HI ROOF. Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights the roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table; no setups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Suave atmosphere and music, with Dee Peterson and his music. It's like being outdoors near a Southern mansion—dining and dancing on the lawn. No bar; mixed drinks served at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ TERRACE GRILL. Lannie McIntyre is more than upholding the tradition of top-flight musical attractions at one of the town's most popular hop and sip spots. He will be here at least until the middle of October. Music at luncheon; dancing at dinner and supper. No cover or minimum. For reservations give Gordon a ring. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR. A fifteen minute ride, from downtown out to 79th and Wornall, will introduce you to the famous composer of "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street," Dale Jones, and his Hollywood orchestra. Food, drinks and dancing until something like four in the morning. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ TROCADERO. A cozy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main with a juke box grinding out the latest platters. No eats, just drinks. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS
PICTURES EXPECTED IN OCTOBER • KANSAS CITY

LOEW'S MIDLAND

TEN CENTS A DANCE—(companion picture)—Of local interest to Kansas Citians because of home town boys Jimmy Lloyd and Robert Scott who are in the picture.

BEWITCHED—Schizophrenia de luxe, with murder apparently furnished by Phyllis Thaxter. Radio's Arch Oboler is responsible for this rather outstanding psychological study.

TWICE BLESSED—(companion picture)—Twice as much love and laughter in a romantic comedy with twins Lee and Lynn Wilde. Preston Foster and Gail Patrick come along, too, as well as the "Tico-Tico" girl, Ethel Smith.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—(previously scheduled for September)—Farm life as you read it in the best-selling novel. Edward G. Robinson, Margaret O'Brien and Butch Jenkins. (Remember Butch in THE HUMAN COMEDY?)

THE HIDDEN EYE—(companion picture) —The seeing-eye dog invades the detective story realm. Edward Arnold and Frances Rafferty.

THE SOUTHERNER—A minor-league Tobacco Road, dry-cleaned by what used to be the Hays office. Zachary Scott and Betty Field play the below-the-Mason-and-Dixon-Line stars.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—(revival, companion picture)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing, adventuring and romancing in a film that's just as good now as the day it was made.

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—(tentative)—Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon in a not-quite-eternal quadrangle. Robert Benchley and Xavier Cugat are in this, too—and we guarantee you'll enjoy it if you liked "Grande Hotel". The Waldorf, incidentally, never looked better.

RKO ORPHEUM
BACK TO BATAAN—John Wayne as an American colonel who leads Filipino guerrillas against the Japs, from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the Yank landing on Leyte. Good, strong story, played with admirable restraint, and well photographed. Authentic and exciting. Anthony Quinn and Fely Franquelli make a nice romantic team.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT—All about a cooking page editor who can't cook, a petty officer who likes his food, and some romance thrown in for good measure. Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, and Sidney Greenstreet.

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—Tom Conway does the Falcon for the umpteenth time in his own inimitable way. We still love that man.

SPANISH MAIN—Gorgeous costumes, gorgeous technicolor, and gorgeous Maureen O'Hara and Paul Henried—all in one show!

RADIO STARS ON PARADE—(companion picture)—Joan Davis and Jack Haley do the same wacky things on the screen that they've been doing in radio for the past couple of years.

THE FOLLY
A girl show interrupted now and then by gag routines, familiar but funny.

TOWER
On the stage—a new hill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werner. On the screen—double features designed solely for entertainment. You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery Night". Such dear madness—someone always wins.

THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway
NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE—The woods are full of 'em. Revival of the comedy-drama that came out about five years ago, in technicolor. With Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Paulette Goddard and Preston Foster.

LADY ON A TRAIN—Deanna Durbin sings, sleuths, romances and looks mighty pretty as a blonde. A mystery story with suspense all over the place.

THE HOUSE ON 92nd STREET—Authentic thriller telling the real story of important FBI activities during the war. Story behind the making of the film almost as exciting as the film itself. None of the actors, including William Eythe, Lloyd Nolan, Signe Hasso, and Jane Lockhart, knew what the picture was all about even while it was shooting. Each scene was separate unto itself, and only the FBI knew how tense and significant it was. See it.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Another stage hit gone Hollywood. Dennis O'Keefe, June Havoc, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Rochester, and a few others keep you rolling in the aisles.

NEWMAN
PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Poignant yarn about a young marine who was blinded in battle, and the ensuing problems of readjustment to normal living. John Garfield, Eleanor Parker.

DUFFY'S TAVERN—(previously scheduled for September)—The radio show embellished with a whole crowd of Paramount stars. Lots of fun and a chance to see stars by the dozen.
LIKE FATHER—LIKE HECK!

Charles Nutter, manager of the overwhelming and important Kansas City bureau of the Associated Press, took his little family out to Grandview (Kansas City’s suburban upland airport) a couple Sundays ago to see President Truman off on his return trip to Washington. Charley’s AP men were covering the event like a blanket and there was nothing for the boss to do but join the couple hundred roped-off spectators and watch.

While Charley and Eleanor were looking over the crowd, their eight-year-old son, Charles junior, whom pop was supposed to be shepherding, slipped away from the family circle and joined President Truman chatting with friends beside the big plane.

“Look! Look!” exclaimed Jamie, the Nutter’s eight-year-old son . . . “look where Baby is” . . . (the family affectionately calls the little guy “Baby”).

And sure enough, there was “Baby” chinning with the husband of the first lady of the land.

The Nutters crept close enough to hear this conversation:

President Truman: “Hello there young man, what’s your name?”

Baby: “My name is Charles Nutter and I am glad to meet you, Mr. President.”

President Truman: “Well, let’s see, your father is a newspaper man here, isn’t he?”

Baby (pointing towards Kansas City): “No, Mr. President, not here . . . OVER IN KANSAS CITY.”

The other day one of Kansas City’s top executives sat in conference with the national sales manager, vice-president, experts on this and that and some pretty important people in general.

“Let’s see now, Joe, on a national scale we could produce two million and——”

(Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
THE INDISPENSABLE MAN . . .

Which brings to mind the story of a newspaper man who foresook the home pastures up north, for longer grass down south. The Wisconsin scribe came to Kansas City, knowing full well he would be missed at the newspaper mill in Wisconsin.

Did the paper suspend publication because he quit and went south? Did the employes all go out on strike until the boss hired him back at five times his old salary? Did the townspeople cancel their subscriptions? No, none of these.

All that did happen was that the boss was able to cut five strokes off her golf game. No questions, please, and no further comment.

PROOF OF THE PUDDING . . .

The other day a woman that one of the people we know knows went into a Crown Drug store out on Main to buy a cathartic. “Sorry, madam,” the apothecary’s assistant said, “we haven’t the medicine you ask for, but we have something better.” He pulled down a bottle from the shelf. “This is twice as good for you,” he said brightly, “and much much better to take. Why, it’s just like marshmallow syrup!” (The lady said it did look it.) “Why,” added the clerk with perfect conviction, “you can even use it to make a marshmallow sundae!” And being a good salesman who believes in his wares, he whipped out a spoon and helped himself to a generous sample.

A few minutes ago Miss Clara Ellis rocked on her front porch at 4400 Wornall road, ruminating happily on the fact that it was her birthday and soon the mailman would be by with a whole stack of greeting cards. It always happened that way on her birthday.

A few minutes later the mailman did come. He walked by with a “Good morning, Miss Ellis,” but left nothing in the mailbox.

Disheartened, Miss Ellis went into the house, deeply saddened that all of her friends had either forgotten, or neglected, when—the telephone rang . . . .

“Is this Miss Clara Ellis?” said the voice on the phone, “and is this your birthday?”

“Yes,” replied the excited celebrant.

“Well,” the voice went on. It seems that the mailman left a whole stack of your mail here by mistake . . . This is Saint Luke’s hospital.”

**SWING**

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

**Editor**

JETTA CARLETON

**Managing Editor**

DAVID W. HODGINS

**Publisher**

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

**Contributing Staff**

CHICAGO:

Norton Hughes Jonathan

NEW YORK:

Lucie Ingram

**ART:**


**PHOTOGRAPHY:**

Harold Hahn - Brooks Crumit - Monty Montgomery - Norm Hobart - Louise Putman.

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Searritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.
# KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX

**July-Aug. '45**

## WEEKDAYS A.M.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>WHB</th>
<th>Station A</th>
<th>Station B</th>
<th>Station C</th>
<th>Station D</th>
<th>Station E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>21.0</td>
<td>26.5</td>
<td>24.5</td>
<td>11.1</td>
<td>10.4</td>
<td>4.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>17.8</td>
<td>25.3</td>
<td>29.4</td>
<td>15.3</td>
<td>9.0</td>
<td>1.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weds.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>18.6</td>
<td>34.3</td>
<td>23.3</td>
<td>11.4</td>
<td>9.0</td>
<td>2.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>21.9</td>
<td>33.1</td>
<td>20.8</td>
<td>15.8</td>
<td>6.0</td>
<td>1.4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## SATURDAY DAYTIME

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>WHB</th>
<th>Station A</th>
<th>Station B</th>
<th>Station C</th>
<th>Station D</th>
<th>Station E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 A.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For WHB Availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any ADAM YOUNG office:

- New York City, 18.....11 West 42nd St. Longacre 3-1926
- Chicago, 2............55 East Washington St. Andover S448
- San Francisco, 4......627 Mills Building Sutter 1393
- Los Angeles, 13......448 South Hill St. Michigan 0921
- Kansas City, 6........Scarritt Building Harrison 1161

You'll like doing business with WHB - the station with "agency point-of-view"...where every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results. Swing along with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

**KEY STATION** for the **KANSAS STATE NETWORK**
"Man-On-The-Street" Interviews in Loew's Midland Lot

Holding the mike is genial John Thornberry, WHB's man-with-the-traveling-micro, who gets the answers to questions of the day from patrons of Loew's Midland Theater, downtown Kansas City. This daily quarter-hour broadcast, Mondays through Saturdays, 1:15 p.m., has been sponsored by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer since last July. The human interest questions and unrehersed answers by "the man in the street" (and the ladies, too!) have made this one of Kansas City's most popular daytime radio programs. Operating, in the
As we write—sitting in the park with our laundry drying on a nearby bush—it strikes us that the world's big worry is the housing situation. It's especially noticeable now in this season of homecoming, for there are strange, if any, houses to come home to. Now that the punt of a football can be heard across November again, no longer drowned out by gunfire, the old grads will be homecoming again with bottle and bay-window, returning to the scene of their fabulous age, when the world was green and enormous and there was a time to dance. The place has changed... and it's the time of homecoming for men who've been away at the wars. The place they come back to has changed, also. Once the house they lived in was made of sticks; and then there was one of straw. But something huffed and puffed and the house blew down. And now we cast about for bricks with which to build another one. This time it must withstand all winds that blow, all bombs that fall. It must be made of a marvelous brick. For already there are huffings and puffings fit to blow down any structure flimsy with hesitation, lack of purpose, sentimentality. When the brick is found that will build this house, it will be molded of a new sort of peace. For peace is a plastic, a synthetic material made of strange and various elements, and yet superior to most natural substances because it is functional in its amalgamation, because it is malleable and not weighty, and because it insulates.

And so while the house hunting goes on around the world, we pause to remind you that the space between these covers is occupied again, and with varied tenants. But there is room—living and study and laughing room. We invite you to move in with us and make yourself at home.
NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

FOOTBALL
(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
November 2—Paseo-Northeast, 8 p. m.
November 3—Westport-Manual, 1 p. m. Southwest-East, 3 p. m. Southeast-Central, 8 p. m.
November 9—Southeast-East, 8 p. m.
November 10—Paseo-Southwest, 1 p. m. Manual-Central, 3 p. m. Westport-Northeast, 8 p. m.
November 24—Missouri-Kansas, 2 p. m.

ICE SKATING
(Pla-Mor, 3142 Main)
Public ice skating each night except November 4, 11, 14, 18 and 25 when league Hockey games will be played.

DANCING
(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 3142 Main)
November 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, Sam Campbell and his orchestra. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday nights; Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra; 14, 15, 17, 18 Eddie Camden; 21-22 Chuck Hall; 24, Jimmie Lunceford; 25, Sonny Dunham; 28-29, Sherman Dix.

MUSIC
November 4—"Pop" Concert (Philharmonic); Music Hall.
November 6-7—Philharmonic Concert; Music Hall.
November 9—Philharmonic School Concert; Music Hall.
November 11—Student Recital; University of K. C. Liberal Arts Auditorium.
November 13—Blanche Theobom, soprano (Fritschy); Music Hall.
November 20-21—Philharmonic Concert; Music Hall.
November 25—"Pop" Concert (Philharmonic); Music Hall.

PRESENTATIONS
October 29-November 4—Sbrine Circus; Arena.
November 1—Uncle Tom's Cabin; Arena.
November 19—Town Hall, Bartolini, Master Dramatic Artist; Auditorium.
November 24—Bill Robinson; Auditorium.
November 26—Wings Over Jordan; Music Hall.
November 27—Max Lerner, speaker; Music Hall.

CONVENTIONS
November 3-6—Central States Salesmen; State, Phillips, Muehlebach.
November 4-5—Cosmetology Institute; President.
November 5-7—American War Mothers; Continental.
November 7-10—Men's Apparel Show; Muehlebach.
November 11-12—Allied Clothes; Phillips.
November 12-13—Missouri Telephone Assn.; Muehlebach.
November 13-23—National Grange; Phillips and Auditorium.
November 16-17—Missouri Press Assn.; President.
November 25-27—Urological Society; President.

DRAMA
November 1-3—"Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Music Hall.
November 5—"Blithe Spirit," by Noel Coward; Resident Theater, 1600 Linwood. Directed by Stephen Black.
November 8, 9, 10—"Rebecca" (A & N); Music Hall.
November 20, 29, 30—"Suds In The Eye" (A & N); Music Hall.

ART EVENTS
WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockhill—November exhibit; "18th and 19th Century Fans," includes over one hundred fans accumulated during life of Mrs. Henrietta Pfeifer, Des Moines.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY. Faculty art exhibit, including works by Burnett H. Stryock, Joseph A. Fleck and Louise Pain. During entire month of November.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone. Displays of rare minerals, including uranium. Closed Monday.

OTHER EVENTS
November 5—Arena; Amateur boxing.
November 7—Pro boxing; Joe Louis, referee, Billy Conn, exhibition; Arena.
November 9—VFW dance; Arena.
November 12—Amateur boxing; Arena.
November 13—Seventh War Loan Rally; Arena.
November 16—Sbrine Hall Ceremonial; Arena.
November 18—Salvation Army 80th anniversary; Music Hall, Arena.
November 20-25—Skating Varieties; Arena.
November 30—Boy Scouts; Arena.
Radio Must Grow Up

By PAUL A. PORTER
Chairman,
Federal
Communications
Commission

The listeners own the airways; and it is theirs to decide what the broadcasters will give them. Offensive announcements and silly chatter must go, says the Government's chief radio monitor. In this article he points out the bad taste that spoils otherwise enjoyable programs, and calls for wider public discussion of ways to improve broadcasting as a service to the nation.

(Reprinted from The American Magazine of October, 1945, with permission from the publication and the author.)

A GROUP of friends and I were listening the other evening to the radio. The program was interesting and in good taste, and we sat quietly as we enjoyed it. Suddenly general conversation was resumed. I realized that it was because the commercial had come on. I commented on this, and my hostess said, "Oh, yes. I've trained myself so that I never hear the commercials. So many of them are silly, anyway."

A columnist for a newspaper chain, which also operates a number of prosperous radio stations, observes that the listeners' ears "have become schooled to close automatically when the commercial comes on, and the great bulk of this synthetic verbiage is never heard at all."

But other numbers of people, to judge from complaints which reach the Federal Communications Commission, have not developed this new faculty of "tune-out ear."

On a recent summer afternoon in the New Hampshire mountains, a famous American scientist and a group of friends were listening via a local station to the
broadcast of a symphony. What happened next so enraged him that he wrote a long letter to the broadcasting company, copy to the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) Washington, D. C. This copy is before me.

"The reception was fine," he writes. "The mood was nothing short of ecstatic as these supreme artists, working for probably five million Americans, interpreted grandly a symphony little known to me. Its conclusion left me and my myriads of listening colleagues breathless with admiration and wonder . . .

"And then suddenly . . . before we could defend ourselves, a squalling, dissonant, nasty, singing commercial (from the local station) burst in on the mood."

The scientist snapped off the radio, dashed to the pantry, found some boxes of the advertised article, and hurled them into a near-by ravine. Then he swore a mighty oath never again to have the offending product in his house.

And yet this irate citizen is not, to judge from his letter, a foe of radio advertising as such. His main suggestion is that no questionable commercials be used unless they have first been cleared by a "good-taste committee" of the National Association of Broadcasters.

Earlier this year Lewis Gannett, critic and war correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, returning home after having been painfully injured at the front, recorded his impressions thus:

"The aspect of homefront life which most displeased me on my return was the radio. BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) programs may be dull and army radio programs may be shallow, but if the soldier in Europe has had a chance to hear at all, he has heard it straight, without the neurotic advertising twaddle which punctuates virtually every American program . . .

"The first evening I sat by the radio at home I heard one long parade of headaches, coughs, aching muscles, stained teeth, unpleasant full feeling, and gastric hyperacidity . . . Our radio evenings are a sick parade of sickness, and if they haven't yet made us a sick nation, I wonder why."

Such complaints are not rare. Perhaps you have heard some of them yourself. They are symptomatic of a growing body of public opinion which resents radio's commercial excesses—excesses which the wartime boom seems to have aggravated. Responsible radio executives and advertisers are themselves disturbed about it. Congress has begun to take notice of the situation.

I believe in the American system of broadcasting. In many respects it is the best in the world. It has resulted in a wider distribution of radio sets than any other system. Much of its coverage of the war has been superb, except when a tragic account of American boys dying in battle has been interrupted without change of voice by a grating commercial.

For livestock market reports, weather reports, and many other services, radio has become a household utility. And great music has been brought to many crossroads by radio.

However, it is painfully apparent that many of the great features and services with which broadcasting won our favor and confidence in the past have been tossed away by commercial opportunism. The Farm and Home Hour is but one notable example. This program, especially designed for rural America, contained lively music and entertainment, weather and market news, and technical information of interest to farmers. It was reduced from an hour to 45 minutes, then to 30 minutes, and finally another program of different character was substituted.

It is clear to those who have studied the development of broadcasting that the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when two questions of highest public importance must be answered.

First: What kind of limitations, if any, should be placed, and by whom, on radio commercials which seem to a large section of the listening public to be too long and repetitious, or offensive, silly, and in bad taste?

Second, a kindred and larger question: Is broadcasting to become an almost exclusive medium for advertising and entertainment, or will it, in addition, continue
to perform public service functions in increasing measure?

I don't know the answers. My hope in this article is to stimulate public discussion of these questions which concern every radio listener in America. Your debates will serve as a democratic and invaluable guide to policy. The air waves do not belong to the Government, or to the FCC, or to the broadcasting stations. They belong, by law, to you—the public. It is right and necessary for you to debate and seriously consider the nature of this guest who comes into your home.

Such discussions among you listeners is especially needed at the present moment, because radio has come to a turning point in its history. We stand on the threshold of scientific advances, including especially FM—the new system of high frequency modulation which is relatively free from static and other interference—which will open up a new empire of the ether. Instead of the 933 standard broadcasting stations now licensed, it will be technically possible to have upward of 5,000 stations, each serving its particular area. Radio listeners will have clearer reception and a far wider choice of stations. Broadcasting stations will have greater opportunities for service than ever before.

The transition period will be difficult and confusing. It will be immensely helpful, to the radio and government alike, if we can have the guidance of your matured and reasoned public opinion, including that of minorities.

Such discussion has been hindered in the past by the fact that so many of the radio public, including ardent fans, lack information on the setup of American radio and of its regulatory controls.

For example, many of the letters of complaint to the FCC conclude by saying: "Why don't they do something about it?" True, the FCC is the regulatory authority for radio, but the powers of the Commission are specifically limited by law.

As soon as public broadcasting was born, the question arose: "Who is going to pay for it?" Magazines and newspapers sell for a price; theaters and movies charge admission. But, the question was raised, how can you charge for vibrations in the air which can be picked up by anyone with a radio set?

Most of the large countries of the world solved the question by turning radio over to the government, which ran the radio and paid for it by some form of taxes. The deadly dangers of this are shown by the number of modern dictators who have consolidated their power by means of the government radio.

The British, handing their radio over to a government corporation, hedged it about with safeguards which have, I believe, pretty well protected the interests of the minority parties and groups. The BBC has generally high standards of public service and good taste. But it suffers from bureaucratic ailments. It lacks the competitive zeal, imagination, audacity, and variety which characterizes America's private-enterprise broadcasting at its best.

America chose (or perhaps drifted into) what seemed the only practical alternative to government operation. That is, we allowed broadcasting stations to use certain channels of the air, and to support themselves primarily by selling part of their time to advertisers.

Even at that time, back in the 1920's, there were apprehensions that this might lead to excessive commercialism. One prominent American spoke thus about the future of radio:

"It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for
news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter.”

These were not the words of an irresponsible crackpot or reckless reformer, but of Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and later President of the United States.

The prevailing belief, then, was that broadcasting stations, competing for the public ear, would be forced to limit commercial announcements to modest and pleasing proportions.

This belief may partly explain why Congress, when it drew the laws and principles governing radio broadcasting, made no specific attempt to limit commercialism or advertising content. But Congress made it very clear that, in radio, the public interest comes first, and that interests which conflict with this public interest must give way. And this was a Republican Congress, in the days of Calvin Coolidge.

That Radio Act of 1927 is, with minor changes, the law under which broadcasting operates today. It expressly reserves to the public the ownership of all radio channels; it directs that licenses be granted only to applicants who undertake to use these channels in the “public interest, convenience, and necessity;” and it provides that no broadcasting license shall be granted for a period of longer than three years.

The law places on the Commission the duty of not renewing such a license unless it finds that the broadcasting station has operated in the public interest.

But the Commission has absolutely no power to censor the radio. The law declares this, and also forbids the Commission to make any regulation “which shall interfere with the right of free speech by radio communication.”

At the time Congress laid down these broad policies for radio, there were few broadcasting stations with widespread coverage in the United States, no nation-wide networks as we have today, and less than 6,500,000 receivers in the homes. Today there are 933 stations licensed, 4 aggressive national networks, and upward of 60,000,000 receiving sets. And advertisers last year spent $285,000,000 to cry out their wares over the ether.

During most of this period of growth, broadcasting stations competed also for the

A bill to amend the Communications Act of 1934 and “designed to protect radio from over-commercialization” was introduced in the House on Oct. 9 by Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York. A copy of the bill follows:

A BILL to amend the Communications Act of 1934, as amended:
1. Amend Section 307 (d) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof the following:

“Before filing any application for renewal of a broadcast station license, a licensee shall cause to be published at least three times, in a daily newspaper of general circulation published in the community in which such station is licensed, a display advertisement in such form as the Commission shall prescribe, setting forth his intention to file a renewal application, the date on which the existing license expires, and a statement in the form prescribed by the Commission that others seeking the same channel must file application before that date in order to receive competitive consideration, and that anyone desiring to oppose the renewal must file his reasons with the Commission in writing at least thirty days before such date.”

2. Amend Section 3 of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof a new subsection, as follows:

“(bb) With respect to broadcast matters, ‘public interest’ includes the interest of all listeners within the service area of the broadcast station or stations concerned; and no finding of ‘public interest’ shall be made in
advertiser's dollar, but the public ear came first, because without that the advertiser's dollar would depart thence.

This competition for your approval usually served to keep radio advertising within reasonable bounds. There were certain abuses, and some listeners found commercials irritating, but these things were considered part of the price which must be paid for the many advantages of a private-enterprise system. Broadcasters developed some brilliant sustaining programs and service features to win your esteem.

And then, just a few years ago, a change became apparent. The competition for the advertiser's dollar began to draw abreast and go ahead of the competition for the public ear. The advertising content of radio programs became larger, bolder, and more intrusive. A murmur of complaint began to rise from the listening public.

Some broadcasting groups were concerned, but others shrugged off the complaints. "We have more listeners than ever before," they said. "The surveys and sales reports prove it."

In a way, they were right. An abnormal war situation was producing more radio listeners. Every one of us was interested in the war, and vast numbers of us tuned in on news broadcasts. Millions of American families, with relatives in the service, left their radios turned on to catch any scrap of news which might hint at the programs of our men at the front. Other millions, no longer able to go pleasure-driving in the family car, stayed at home and turned on the radio instead. Furthermore, the radio had a great reservoir of past good will, and deeply ingrained listening habits, to hold even a grievously annoyed ear to the radio receiving set.

The temptation was thus great to think less of the listeners' tastes and more of the competition for commercials. There was much loose money around, in the pockets of the public and the sponsors. Radio station profits zoomed. In 1944 earned net profits before taxes, as reported to the FCC by 836 stations, were 125 per cent over 1942. A leading radio official expressed the new mood thus:

"One must consider balance sheets to measure the progress of radio. For balance sheets represent an index of the medium's effectiveness."

---

any broadcast matter unless the Commission finds that excessive use of the station has not been made and will not be made for commercial advertising purposes."

3. Repeal subsection (c) of Section 307 of the Communications Act of 1934, and insert in lieu thereof a new subsection (c), as follows:

"(c) The Commission shall fix percentages of time (commonly known as sustaining time) to be allocated during each part of the broadcast day by each class of broadcast stations or by each broadcast station, without charge, for particular types or kinds of non-profit activities; and such percentages of sustaining time shall be set forth as conditions of operation in each broadcast station license."

4. Amend Section 303 by adding at the end thereof, a new subsection (s), as follows:

"(s) Prescribe the form of any and all accounts, records and memoranda to be kept by broadcast stations. Any and all financial reports filed with the Commission shall be open for public inspection."

5. Amend subsection (b) of Section 310 of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof the following:

"No transfer or assignment shall be approved in which the total consideration to be paid for broadcast property, tangible and intangible, exceeds the fair value of such property; Provided, that such fair value shall not exceed double the depreciated cost value of the tangible broadcast property transferred or assigned."
Certainly I do not begrudge profits or scorn balance sheets, but the FCC, charged by law to regard the “public interest, convenience, and necessity,” cannot accept them as the final criterion, particularly under abnormal wartime conditions and when it is made to appear that “excessive commercialism” is preventing many stations from discharging their public responsibilities.

Obviously, there are many offsetting factors on the other side of the ledger. Certainly a blanket condemnation of broadcasting stations and networks would be unfair. Leading networks and trade associations have undertaken to lay down standards which, if generally followed, would go toward mending matters. But competition among stations and networks is so intense that usually the commercial sponsor or his agent has the last word.

Often the blame rests partly on the sponsor, who buys time and insists on objectionable material; and partly on the radio station owner, who says to himself, “I know this program and these commercials are unpleasant, but if I don’t accept them my competitor will.” But the responsibility rests squarely on the station owner, who holds his license “in the public interest.”

Some of the top businessmen in radio are deeply concerned. The Association of Radio News Analysts is working steadily for higher standards. But there are others in radio who regard even the friendliest suggestion that radio could improve its ways as “an attempt to abolish the American system of broadcasting.” This is nonsense. There is scarcely a whisper of support in America for a government-owned system. On the other hand, the American public has the right, and the FCC a legal duty, to advise and consider as to whether the public interest is duly regarded.

Some of the arguments of the professional radio apologists are worth noting. They frequently draw a misguided analogy between broadcasting and printed publications. I agree, and insist, that the radio must have just as much freedom of speech as magazines and newspapers. But radio advertising and printed advertising are two different things. The eye of a reader can reject an advertisement with a split-second glance. Therefore, printed advertisements must be designed to attract and hold the interest of the reader.

The radio listener has no such easy choice. When the commercial comes on the air he can, of course, leap up and snap off the radio. Even then he does not know when to tune into the regular program again, unless he is a stop-watch expert. He is thus to some extent at the mercy of an unpleasant commercial, and this is the root of the public dissatisfaction.

The analogy between radio and the newspapers and magazines breaks down in another way. In radio, many of the large sponsors supply not only the advertising commercial, but the entire program which goes with it. Responsible newspapers and magazines sell advertising space, but they don’t allow advertisers to supply the reading matter and illustrations. If they did the public would yell as loudly about that as it does now about the radio. Many of radio’s present difficulties would be resolved if it would reassert, exercise, and maintain the editorial responsibility which goes with its license.

Another argument of the apologists is
that the radio, with its intensified commercialism, is merely “giving the people what they want.” I venture to doubt that people do want some of the current commercials. Complaints indicate that many swallow them under protest.

Wise advertisers have proved that an effective commercial can be not only inoffensive, but actually popular. That requires care, skill, restraint, imagination, and good taste. All these fine talents and qualities exist in the radio field in abundant measure, but the public seems to feel that they have not had full play in recent years.

In reporting the many complaints against radio practices which have come to my attention I certainly don’t want to strike any high-and-mighty attitude. The recent developments in radio have been very natural and human, and perhaps almost inevitable. Competitive pressures have been powerful. If I had been in radio during the last couple of years doubtless I, like many a better man, would have gone along with the trend.

But I believe, and I think many in the industry agree, that this trend to commercialism is reaching a danger point. Large and influential sections of the public are beginning to demand that “something be done about it.”

The question of what to do really divides itself into three questions: What can the FCC do? What might Congress do? What should the radio industry itself do?

The FCC is now surveying the operations of some 200 standard broadcasting stations, as part of its duty to determine whether a station is operating “in the public interest” before renewing that station’s license.

For example, when a man first makes application for a broadcasting license, he must make certain representations as to the type of service he proposes to render. These include pledges that certain amounts of time will be made available for civic, educational, agricultural, and other public-service programs. The station is constructed and begins operation. Subsequently the broadcaster asks for a 3-year renewal of his license. Frequently we find, when we survey his record, that he has almost completely disregarded his promises, and chucked his service programs out in favor of tempting commercial opportunities.

From this survey we hope to develop stricter procedures for the renewal of radio licenses. In this we have no thought of making the original license application a rigid blueprint for the future. But we do expect to remind the broadcaster of his public responsibilities, and to narrow the gap between promise and performance.

But the FCC has no power at all to interfere with any specific program. It has no power to ban any commercial, however unpleasant, unless it violates the laws against obscenity, lotteries, and the like. Nor is that a power which I would want the Commission to have, because it would be a threat to radio’s freedom of speech.

Radio is operating under a statute drafted 18 years ago, when no one could have foreseen the pattern of the future. Maybe the time has come for Congress to clarify public policy in this field. It is certain that if Congress did undertake a revision of the old Radio Act of 1927, it would not confine its considerations to the lengthy commercial announcement. Congress would doubtless take up questions of whether news should be sponsored at all, and consider proposals that certain hours of good listening time be withheld from sale entirely, in order that stations would have no alternative but to broadcast sustaining, public-service programs during that period.

They might consider the question of how radio can best be used to develop local talent in its own communities. And it would appear certain that provisions in the present act which requires the Commission to encourage and foster competition would be strengthened and not weakened. These and many more problems would run the gamut of legislative debate if Congress decided to act.

Therefore it must be clear to the radio industry that if it is to avoid legislative intervention in certain phases of its op-
erations, it should undertake to discontinue practices which are making the public angry.

The industry needs the strong will and resolution to co-operate in setting up its own system of controlling commercial excesses. Such self-regulation would enable radio stations and networks to re-establish and maintain their full editorial rights and responsibilities. It can be done. It will not be easy, but it will be far better than continuing the present dangerous drift. There are storms ahead, and now is the time to get things shipshape. There is already a cloud in the sky much larger than a man’s hand.

There is a saying about “putting your own house in order, before the law does it for you with a rough hand.” It is an old, trite saying, but still true, as many a proud industry, from the railroads to the stock exchanges, knows to its sorrow.

DEFINITIONS

Allure is something that evaporates in Hollywood when the sweater is a little too large.

A pipe cleaner is a hairpin in long underwear.

A mammy explained to her lil chocolate drop that a paratrooper am a soljer what climbs down trees he never climbed up.

An ash tray is something to put cigarette butts in when the room hasn’t a floor.

An optimist is a person who doesn’t care what happens as long as it doesn’t happen to him.
The Unknown Soldier

by WILLIAM LANG

A lonely figure withal—without a voice, and without a name. This then, is his story, as he might tell it, from all the facts and figures that we have at our disposal:

I STARTED my long odyssey somewhere in France during the First World War. Just where, I alone know. The circumstances of my passing are forever shrouded in mystery; but until that last second of life I was an American soldier, fighting for my country. When they found what was left of me they tenderly placed me in what, at the time, I thought was to be my last abode. Perhaps you've forgotten that in France there are six military cemeteries of the AEF; also one in Belgium and one in England. Most of the Crosses over those graves bear the name, rank and organization of him who sleeps beneath. But mine was to bear only the simple legend, "Here Rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God." There were many hundreds of us in that nameless legion.

The last shot in the Great War had long since been fired when on March 4th, 1921, Woodrow Wilson, on the last morning of his administration, signed the Bill that was to make me the Most Honored Man in America. On Sunday, October 23rd of that year, eight of my nameless legion were removed—two each from the cemeteries at Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne, Somme and St. Mihiel. Four of the eight were alternates—I was one of the other four. A special military guard of honor secretly conveyed us to the quiet town of Chalons-Sur-Marne. We arrived at three in the afternoon, and were placed side by side in the city hall, draped with flags. An officer was in charge of each of us, and as he turned over his casket to a Major of the Quartermaster Corps, he also handed over the form pertaining to the burial of his charge. You must understand that the Army spares no efforts to identify its nameless warriors. Every scrap of information is gathered, long investigations are conducted, but sometimes it's all in vain.
Even then, they carefully preserve what bare fragments of information they've come across, and they are included in a burial form. Duplicate records, known only by numbers, were preserved in Paris and in Washington. That was our case, my three comrades and I. When we passed through the door of the City Hall, an officer with the Major solemnly destroyed those burial forms, and at the same time the duplicate records were done away with in Paris and Washington.

I tell you these details to emphasize the pains taken by the authorities to preserve our anonymity. No one can ever possibly know, for even the records of the names of the cemeteries from which we four were removed were destroyed. Then on the morning of October 24th, 1921, a specially selected detail of French and American soldiers in the charge of the Quartermaster Officer came into the room and re-arranged the caskets as further insurance against anybody being able to identify us by our previous locations. There we rested, each on a like catafalque, each draped with an identical American Flag. The room was decorated with palms and potted plants and the intertwined colors of France and the United States. The detail left to join the Military Guard of Honor and a French Army Band, drawn up in the hollow Square outside. The Guard of Honor composed of six chosen soldiers thought that they were just to be pallbearers. They came to "Present Arms," and Major Harbold, the Officer in Charge of Grave Registrations, told them that one was to have the honor of selecting the casket to be sent to America. He handed a spray of white roses to Sergeant Edward F. Younger, a veteran of four major engagements, wounded twice in action. The Sergeant stepped through the door. You all know how he made his choice. It was a story that he told and re-told in the passing years, and it never varied. There he was, left alone in the dimly-lit Chapel. There were four coffins, all unnamed and unmarked. The one he placed the roses on was to be the one brought home and placed in the National Shrine. Slowly the Sergeant walked around the coffins, three times—and suddenly he stopped, as though something had pulled him—a voice seemed to say, "This is a pal of yours."

I wish I could have spoken, that I could have told him the truth. He seemed transfixed with awe as he put the roses on my coffin and quickly turned and stepped back into the sunlight. So I was to be the One. What a pity they could not know whether I was a volunteer or conscript, of my race, creed or color. Through the years I've thought how much dissension could have been avoided, how many bitter words that would never have been spoken, had they known. Even if I had been permitted to say just a few words, they might have known what I was and what I stood for—but that was not to be—no one was ever to know.

After I had been chosen I was taken to another room, and in the presence of four American officers, was placed in another coffin. The
November 9th of that year, 1921, and was taken immediately to the Navy Yard at Washington, where once more I was to be placed in the charge of the Army. For two days I rested in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. The final rites of all Presidents who have died in office since 1865 had been held there—it was an honor I had not expected. Then on Armistice Day, which was declared a National Holiday, I began the last part of my journey to Arlington National Cemetery.

A gun carriage drawn by four black horses was to be my mode of conveyance—the pallbearers and honorary pallbearers walked behind. We started at eight-thirty, and the guns at Fort Myer fired every minute from that time to the end. It was eleven miles—the most solemn eleven miles I had ever traveled. There was music, the Marine Dirge for the Dead. Behind me were the highest government officials riding in cars according to their rank—General Pershing, the Secretaries of the War and Navy, an aging, saddened Woodrow Wilson. Never had so many high foreign representatives journeyed to these shores to honor an American. And so we came to the vast amphitheatre. Mine was to be the first funeral ever held there. President Harding officiated—read the Lord’s Prayer, and for two minutes all of this great Nation observed silence. It was a day filled with many memorable events—the muffled drums, the silence of the thousands who came to pay me homage—four abreast they filed past until nightfall—the line was unbroken. They brought flowers, and tears, and

empty one was returned to my three comrades, and the coffins were so mixed that no one knew which had been emptied. They went back to sleep beneath their white Crosses, but I was to have a long and eventful journey home.

I left on a special train at ten after six that night, and arrived in Paris at ten o’clock—a strange leave for a soldier. At nine twenty the next morning I was off again, this time for Le Havre, my port of embarkation. I sailed from there on October 27th, following a parade through the streets and a most impressive ceremony at the dock, in which both American and French soldiers took part. The French Ambassador to the United States made a speech, and I was given the first decoration of my new role—the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Three hundred French children showered me with flowers. I came home on the deck of the United States battleship Olympia, the old Flagship of Admiral Dewey—she had been retired from active service. I was rather proud that she was to bear me home. It was somewhat of a stormy trip, but of course, I had company—a Chaplain, a Guard of Honor, newspapermen and photographers.

I reached the soil of my homeland
I was presented with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Me, the Congressional Medal of Honor!

Finally I was lowered into a solid stone vault which contained French soil—bayonets were at attention—rifle salutes were given and artillery salvos almost without number were fired. Then a bugler blew taps over the grave. My day was at an end. I was left to my long sleep.

In 1931 a tomb was erected over an older and uncompleted Cenotaph which had stood for years. My last resting place is marble, striking in its simplicity, cut from a single rectangular block—one of the largest ever quarried. It is sixteen feet in length, nine feet in width, and eleven feet in height. The front panel is adorned with a composition of three symbolic figures representing the spirit of the Allies—"Victory Through Valor Attaining Peace." The rear panel bears the same inscription as my white Cross in France: "Here Rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God."

No man could wish for a more beautiful setting, with the lawn and the trees and the open space. Behind me are the Crosses of those who fell, on my left the Washington and Lincoln Memorials, and across from me the Capitol. It’s known as Army Post Number One, and I've been guarded day in and day out through rain and sun, snow and hail, every second, every minute, every day of those long years. A sentry paces in front of the tomb with a rifle on his shoulder, his eyes straight ahead. As an ex-soldier I would be interested that he does two hours of marching and four hours off—that he can't answer any questions while on duty.

Every one who's ever come to see me has been impressed, and I welcome them all—especially the mothers. That has been the really sad part. Once a playwright said I had more mothers than any man in the world. I believe that's true. And the fathers also, they've become fewer with the years, but they still stand there with their heads bowed, trying desperately to breach time and eternity, searching with all their souls for an answer. It's just as well that I can't reply—too many would be disappointed.

On holidays, especially Memorial Day and Armistice Day, my tomb is banked high with flowers. They come from the President, from our friends all over the world, and from patriotic societies. There has been much talk about me. You remember for years the cynics said I had died in vain; they belittled my contribution, used me as a whipping post for their own partisan politics. There were many years when few came to visit me—I was part of the past that they wanted nothing to do with—only the faithful came. Many were surprised when the Hun started on the march again.

But you know, somehow I always believed that Justice would prevail. It's a shame it plunged the world into frightful darkness. It was not I and my comrades who lost the war—we won—but you lost the peace, and each day my legion of the nameless gathers new recruits from the
war that followed the “war to end all wars.” Many of the living speak in my name, beseeching you to see that it shall not happen again—that the tragic mistakes that followed my death shall not be repeated. Did not a poet, speaking of the Brotherhood of Man once say, “Those who do not use their eyes for seeing will need them for weeping.”

We who sleep eternally know that. I, the Unknown Soldier, on behalf of all those who died for their country, humbly beg you to look into the future and to make true the words “they shall not have died in vain.”

SPORTS HEAL WOUNDS OF WAR

The value of competitive games in preparing young men for war is admitted by all except the chronic anti-sports element. . . . The importance of athletics in war time is conceded by nearly everyone except the grouch columnist. . . . These activities will be more necessary than ever in the post-war era. . . . Millions of men will have undergone physical strains the like of which few predecessors ever have been called upon to endure. . . . They have stormed beaches amid the rattle of machine gun fire. . . . They have crawled through the mud of Attu under bursting shells. . . . They have advanced tensely through the fortifications of the Siegfried line and along the sniper-infested jungle trails of New Guinea. . . . They have leaped from planes and gliders and fought for life in an oily sea. . . . Even a human machine at its best hardly can take that kind of punishment. . . . Whether wounded physically or their nerves shattered, all these men will need the help of sports for readjustment to normal life. . . . It’s up to schools and colleges, to industry, to communities, and to newspapers whose sports staffs are not afraid of work to see that they get it. . . . It will be a new role for sport in the life of the nation. . . . It will take a program wider than any heretofore conducted to meet the requirements. . . .

Many of the men whose nervous systems have been affected will be helped back to mental balance by extrovert activities that take their minds off themselves. . . . The man from the ship sunk off Leyte will find recuperative respite whenever his mind is wiped clear of clinging horrors in the heat of a fast game of tennis. . . . The butterflies that again beat their wings in a man’s stomach every time he recalls the shock of the gunfire at Salerno or Iwo will quiet down as he concentrates on his next shot in a game of golf. . . . The gunner whose hands were seared fighting fire in a Fortress will find new courage and confidence as he bags a running catch in the outfield. . . . Sports can serve them all by helping them forget the horrors of war and directing their energies into useful pursuits that build successful lives. . . . It isn’t something new that is needed. . . . It’s simply the making available to all what too long has been the privilege of the few.

—ARCH WARD, Sports Editor, Chicago Tribune
...Let him speak now, or forever hold his peace
Everything to Everybody

by FRANK SINGISER

Few Americans haven't written to a radio station or newscaster during the war . . . Have You?

You may never have actually written a letter to a radio station during the war. There are quite a few Americans who haven't, but I would feel safe in declaring that at least once, you have been tempted to sit down and express your thoughts after listening to some broadcast.

The letters on my desk during the months of the war revealed the far-reaching power of the radio. To many listeners the fact that the microphone voice is heard by millions, seems to give them hope when they have nowhere to look for help. A youthful son of school age runs away from home to join the Marines. Or a father, victim of some unbearable tension, just disappears. The shock is so numbing to those who are left that they turn to something familiar. Often they write to a name and a voice to which they have listened together night after night.

"During these difficult times, would you be able to spare a few minutes to help me find my son, age fifteen, who has not been home since last Saturday? He was wearing . . ."

Or another:

"My father has been away from home for three nights now. He has not been at the factory either. My mother is very worried. Could you please announce this over your radio? We are very lonesome and worried. Daddy may hear you and send us word that he is all right . . ."

Unfortunately, the broadcaster is not usually able to comply with these pathetic requests. Even in peacetime, most announcements concerning missing persons originate with the police departments. During the war, broadcasters had to be particularly careful about making such personal announcements. Enemy agents could easily convey a coded message in the wording of an apparently harmless missing person announcement.

I do know of one occasion when a written appeal from a listener saved a woman's life. A distraught mother had wandered away from home. Her high school-age daughter wrote to my studio asking for help in locating her. The daughter's letter was promptly forwarded to the police department. A description of the missing woman
was relayed throughout New York City on the police radio call. An alert officer on patrol recognized the woman from the broadcast description. She was approaching the highest part of the pedestrian walk on one of Manhattan’s big bridges. She later admitted that she had intended to throw herself into the river hundreds of feet below. A second letter from the daughter some months later revealed the family’s gratitude that the mother was now back with them and completely restored to health.

Even during the war, each day’s mail brought letters from job hunters and would-be broadcasters. These letters proposed a problem in diplomacy especially when they are from former acquaintances or perhaps “the friend of a friend of a friend who knew you when.” Eager listeners often grow ambitious on the crumbs of flattery from “friends who are sure that they should be on the air.”

This is as good a place as any for me to answer some of you prospective broadcasters. To put it bluntly, you are going to the wrong man when you approach a broadcaster in the hopes of getting on the air yourself. Many broadcasters like their jobs and dislike the thought of any extra competition. They may not bother to answer your letter. A few have been known deliberately to give the newcomer discouraging misinformation. But most broadcasters, like most other people, are glad to be of help to the newcomer. They are usually the first to point out that, as broadcasters, they are seldom in a position to do more than tell how they got their start.

Today broadcasting is a highly specialized art and business. It is not uncommon for a man to work in one department of a radio station and have no more than a nodding acquaintance with some of the workers in another department of the same station. In any of the larger studios the cashier’s office (where you get your check) is the only place where nearly everyone on the station’s payroll is known. Even there, you may be only a name and a payroll number if you happen to be on the “swing shift,” with your hours of employment from midnight to dawn.

If you are a performer, it is even more doubtful that you will know everyone working at the same broadcasting station. Performers’ hours are seldom those of the business offices. Announcers, singers, actors or newscasters do not, as a rule, wander from studio to studio on the days when they are not at work. If they want to keep working, they do not drift aimlessly in and out of business offices. They are supposed to be busy with arrangements and rehearsals and the broadcasting of their own programs. Engineers are usually busy with their dials and meters, salesmen
are busy calling on prospective sponsors, stenographers are busy typing letters, and the telephone operators ... well, everyone in radio knows what a wonderful job the telephone operators in a radio station do. From all this you can see that you must first decide which of the many departments of the radio business appeals most to you. Once you have made your choice, go after a job in that department just as you would any other new position.

Many listeners’ letters reveal the belief that the brightest future is on the air and not behind the scenes. If you know that you want to be a broadcaster, start by getting a job with one of the smaller stations, preferably a station which is tied in with a network. Many veterans of broadcasting will shed a tear in their beer on the slightest mention of the “good old days of radio” when an announcer sold time, wrote scripts, broadcast baseball games, and in a pinch, filled in on the piano or just acted as guide for the members of the Garden Club who dropped in to see a real broadcast from the studio of the local radio station.

It is certainly true that on the smaller stations, the beginner will get a variety of experiences that will prove more valuable in the beginning of a radio career than the perfect microphone voice. In the smaller stations, the neophite will have many chances to decide which of the many radio paths to fame and fortune he can travel with the most confidence in his or her ability to meet the competition. No radio performer can ever forget that the further he goes, the tougher the competition becomes. Yes, there are listeners who will write to remind him that they are ready and willing to take his place. Here is a sample of such Monday morning quarterbacking.

“Why do you sing your broadcasts? I could do better without even trying.”

“I left public school in 1887, but would hate like hell to learn your rotten pronunciation. Arent’ you being paid enough to buy a good dictionary and gazetteer?”

“I didn’t even know what country you were talking about until you mentioned the Polish Corridor. If your employer is interested in a GOOD newscaster, have them write to me at the above address.”

Occasionally the competition will write direct to your sponsor.

“Gentlemen:
If your commentator, Frank Singiser, can’t keep a standard distance away from the mike, there are others who are willing to try. He is terrible.”

Sponsors and managers of radio stations will always be looking for
new talent. The ambitious beginner who is not easily discouraged can get his chance. There are people in radio stations who make the daily decision as to who shall broadcast what, and when. These people have offices and office hours. There are doors into those offices. Find out how you get those doors to open, and half your battle is over—if you have what the microphone wants. It is as simple and as hard as that.

But I think nearly all of us who have been in radio any length of time will agree on one thing. The beginner should start in the small time before he attempts to break into the big time in radio. That way you may save both your bank roll and your heart from going broke.
Insurance Goes to the Dogs

What's this? A new era in benevolence to Pooches? Yes, it may even end in Social Security.

by BOB RICHARDSON

THE insurance business has gone to the dogs. This is not a slurring remark. Since July of this year, the Associated Underwriters' Corporation of Kansas City has been issuing group hospitalization with death benefits to pooches.

From this entirely new scheme there may emerge a new era of benevolence to canines. Who knows? Perhaps in 1950, American dogs with long, gray muzzles will be paid off in social security allotments of so many bones per month.

The idea of group hospitalization for Towser developed from a small, blonde young woman's love for dogs. Back about five years ago, this girl—now Mrs. Rachel Hayes—heard of a dog dying in her neighborhood from lack of treatment after being struck by an automobile. The owner of the pup couldn't afford to send him to a veterinarian.

"That stuck in my mind through the years," Mrs. Hayes said. "I've always loved dogs and it hurt me to think that so many of them died each year for want of proper medical care."

The insurance company for which she works deals in unusual risks. So, one day early this year, Mrs. Hayes approached her boss, William D. Jackson, president of Associated Underwriters. Why not, she asked, have a group hospitalization plan for dogs? Jackson liked the idea and gave Mrs. Hayes and R. D. Edson, the company's sales manager, the assignment of devising a workable plan.

Edson and Mrs. Hayes then went to Dr. F. B. Croll, president of the Kansas City Veterinarians' Association. They asked him for suggestions to lay the groundwork for the scheme. Dr. J. G. Hardenbergh of Chicago, executive secretary of the American Veterinary Medical Association, and Dr. J. V. Lacroix, veterinarian editor of Evanston, Ill., were consulted. Weeks later, Edson and Mrs. Hayes met with nine members of the A. V. M. A., and a final draft of the canine group hospitalization was drawn up.
Sounds easy, doesn't it? But it wasn't that simple.

For instance, Edson and Mrs. Hayes had no actuarial figures with which to work. In determining premiums for human beings, the figures are right there. If Mr. So-and-so is 35 years old, married and has no physical handicaps, immediately the insurance underwriter knows how much the premium will be by consulting figures that tell the risk involved. But with the dogs it was different. Unfortunately for Edson and Mrs. Hayes, American dogs haven't been interested in posting vital statistics of their species.

Consulting with veterinarians, they uncovered some of the following interesting facts about dogs:

(1) So-called “working dogs”—pointers, setters and foxhounds—along with French bulldogs, have the shortest life expectancy. They live on an average of 8 to 9 years.

(2) The canine with the greatest longevity is the collie, averaging close to 14 years.

(3) Male dogs live longer than unspayed females.

(4) Automobiles and distemper are the greatest causes of canine mortality.

(5) Dogs have almost as many human ailments as people themselves, ranging from tonsilitis and appendicitis to Caesarean operations.

(6) Many dogs are definitely neurotic.

The group hospitalization plan is fairly simple. It provides for a $10 annual hospitalization premium, plus $5 for each $50 of death benefits. Some high-priced dogs have been insured to the maximum of $500.

There are nine Kansas City veterinarians, including Dr. Croll, working with the insurance company. These doctors receive contract fees for the examination of dogs to be insured, and for post-mortems. Dogs are given health checks—heart and blood pressure, and so on—before issuance of policies. The dogs must either have been examined for distemper, or have recovered from the disease, before being approved.

A policy will pay $10 to cover surgical and medical treatment by a graduate licensed veterinarian, with a limit of $50 a year. It provides that an insured animal hospitalized with an accidental injury or infectious disease will receive $2 per day for
not more than fifteen days in a year. Dogs between the ages of 1 and 7 are eligible for policies. The insurance covers euthanasia (mercy killing) to be performed on canines with incurable ailments. Expenses for services such as parasite removal, clipping, washing and vaccination are not paid by the group insurance plan.

Group hospitalization for dogs is rapidly spreading throughout the country, now that Kansas City has set the pace. The first client, David, a blond cocker spaniel, is owned by Ensign William Hailey of Kansas City, now stationed in Boston.

“I think it is a great thing,” Dr. Croll said. “Among other things, it will increase the life expectancy of dogs. And it will bring about an enlightenment concerning the medical care of canines. The plan has won unanimous approval of humane societies.”

Yessir, insurance has gone to the bow-wows.

---

NOW YOU TELL ONE

A big time theatrical booker spotted a girl in a night club show and arranged to meet her after the show. He was interested in her talents and asked: “Who handles you, honey?”

“Oh,” she replied, “practically everybody in the place.”

---

The coach of a Big Ten college football team had been called upon to give an after-dinner speech to a group of prominent business men. He applied his coaching rules to life in general and in conclusion proclaimed:

“After all, to be a success a man must employ football tactics to his workaday business methods. Look how smoothly a football sails along; and all it is is a bag of wind with a stiff front.”

---

The storekeeper in a sleepy southern Illinois village was playing checkers with a cron in the back room when they heard the front door bell tinkle the arrival of a potential customer.

“Bill, you got a customer.”

“Just keep your mouth shet, and don’t make any noise,” Bill replied. “Maybe he’ll go out again.”
FOOTBALL

I went into "The Brass Rail," which is what Mike has named his place, and climbed up in a chair in front of the bar. We got a screwy law in this state that says you must have chairs so it won't look like a saloon.

Mike says, "How are you, Senator?" He always promotes you right up there when he greets you. Of course I'm no real Senator.

I says, "I'm O.K. How are you, Admiral?" and I promote him right back, even bigger than he promotes me.

"What'll it be?" asks Mike.

"A barbecued roast beef sandwich and a glass of the usual," I says. Funny thing about "The Brass Rail." All through the war you can go in and order you a roast beef sandwich and your favorite beverage to wash it down, and they have always got it. Maybe they work all night roundin' up the beef, and maybe they have to pay through the nose to get it, but Mike has got a big nose for an Irishman, and all I know is you can go in anytime and order your barbecued beef and beer and get it. That's the kind of a place I like.

Pretty soon another customer comes in and sits in the next chair. Mike promotes him up to a Colonel. He is a very hearty customer and orders a beef and a ham and a bottle of beer and a cup of coffee. While he is waiting for this feast to arrive, he says, just to make conversation, "Going to the football game tomorrow?"

Now Mike does not know a forward pass from a flying mare, but will talk on any subject to keep a customer happy. So Mike says, "Oh, I dunno, Major (forgetting that he has already promoted the man to a Colonel). Maybe I will just stop in the barber shop for a haircut and have a few some place and forget all about the football game. Who's playin'?"

So the Colonel says, "You oughta go, Mike. Gonna be a good game."

"Maybe I will," says Mike.

"I remember I went to a football game once. Missouri played somebody and it snowed."

"I think I seen that one, too," says Mike.

"An' it snowed before the game and I had on a big coonskin coat an' a pint in every pocket," says the Colonel. "And there was a fellow next to me, prince of a fellow, and he had on one of these high pile coats and a quart in each of the side pockets."

"Sounds like a great game," says Mike. "Who won?"

"Never found out for sure," says the Colonel. "Before they started the game they cleaned the field and we cleaned the bottles."

"Football is a pretty rugged pastime," says Mike.

"Rugged ain't the word," says the Colonel. "Why, I remember I stood up to let the law of gravity help me empty one of the bottles and there was a fellow a few rows away and he yells, 'Hey, you can't do that.' He has a gang with him and the way it winds up, we all got together behind the grandstand and—"

"I believe I did go to that game, come to think of it," says Mike.

"—and one of those boys had a tenor voice that would really mow you down and we got to singing some of them old college songs like "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"—"

"And 'Wait for the Sunshine Nelly,'" says Mike.

"Yes, and before we know it, the sun goes down and we look around and either the game is over, or they ain't gonna have any game because the stands is bare, only littered with score cards and empty soldiers and old hats and stuff."

"Well, what do you know," says Mike. "Will you have another one?"
Andy Frain tells people where to go, and they like it, him, and his system.

The story of how Andy Frain, the eminent crowd engineer, came to forsake the warmth and good cheer of Gilhooley’s Bar on Christmas Eve of the year 1943 for the somewhat unusual purpose of buying a horse is one of those true tales which restores faith in Santa Claus.

Previously Mr. Frain’s closest connection with the bangtails had been the ushering job at the Kentucky Derby. He has never laid claim to being a horse-lover, even though he has on occasions approached the pari-mutuel windows. His job—and a highly profitable one—is showing people where to sit down.

But on Christmas of 1943 Andy Frain purchased a horse. Not one of the glamour nags of the tracks, but a sturdy, willing draft animal—badly needed for the junk business of one Moses Brown, Colored. Mr. Frain had barely warmed to the occasion of greeting Christmas when he was approached by three dusky gentlemen, obviously not the three wise men. Having previously known Andy Frain’s favors, they had no hesitation in telling the story of Moses Brown, who, with his wife, was pulling his junk wagon himself. The motive power for same had died of old-age and malnutrition only a few days before.

This tale moved Andy so much that he left Gilhooley’s forthwith and went about purchasing a horse as a gift for Moses Brown. What is more, he set three or four associates to the same task. Between them they scoured the South Side of Chicago. At exactly two-thirty A.M. on Christmas morning Moses Brown had a new horse, bags of feed, and a new junk wagon.

The object of this beneficence promptly renewed his faith in Santa Claus. Another chapter was added to the growing Andy Frain legend.

Frain is a shanty Irish boy who made good by concentrating on an idea. He is a product of the half-world between sports and politics. He wears
expensive suits, keeps his hat on the back of his head—and his business under the hat. Three secretaries and Mrs. Frain run his small office at the Chicago Stadium. Andy is no swivel chair executive. He is on his feet while his ushers handle a big crowd—inspecting, arguing, placating, trouble-shooting and swearing. He probably knows more of the great, near great, and not-so-great than any man in Chicago. He is never anything but rough, tough, sentimental Andy Frain—the guy who came up from the stockyards district to make a hundred thousand dollars a year.

He learned about crowds early in life. He had fifteen brothers and one sister. Because there were too few beds in the Frain home to go around, the little Frains slept in shifts. As the next to last arrival in the family, Andy became sensitively aware of the necessity for orderly crowd handling.

He became an usher to gain free admittance to sporting events. One dollar was a night's maximum wage, with the work being considered a privilege rather than a job. Auditoriums and outdoor parks had no regular ushering staff, merely a floating pool of young "hard guys" who always managed to seat anybody who'd pay fifty cents. Legitimate ticket-holders were often largely ignored and allowed to fret outside the gate.

Frain shrewdly saw the possibilities of a uniformed corps of ushers. His first opportunity to prove his theory that ushering could be respectable and effective came when Major Frederick McLaughlin, who had introduced ice hockey to the Chicago professional sporting world, got tired of being sold-out by the usual gang and gave Andy the job of putting together a corps of regular ushers. Every big league hockey crowd since that time has been handled by Andy Frain.

He also had his eye on the major league ball parks, where the usual easily persuaded characters were still on the job. The late William Wrigley, Jr., then owner of the Chicago Cubs, was resigned to being robbed at every home game, but Frain wouldn't give up. He called on Wrigley five times. Two times the chewing gum magnate wouldn't see him; twice he had Andy thrown out of his office. The fifth time the persistent young man found a friend in John Seys, who was managing the concessions at the park. "He fronted for me," Andy reports, "and I finally got my chance. I told the boss I'd handle the crowds on a trial basis for two months. If he wasn't satisfied with the Frain ushers at the end of that time, he wouldn't owe me a cent."

Then the fist fights began. Andy had to retain, at first, the ushers already employed by the management, but he fired them as fast as he caught them taking bribes. "Every time I fired a jerk I had to see him after the game," Frain recalls with a grin. "I got plenty of black eyes—but they stayed fired."

That was the real beginning of the Frain Usher Service. Since 1928 Andy has had the ushering contract
for all events at Wrigley Field. He signed a contract with White Sox Park officials shortly after.

Gradually Andy began to replace the pool hall type with intelligent youngsters, most of them attending high school or college. They didn’t have much in the way of uniforms then—only red caps, but William Wrigley was so pleased with Frain’s work that he offered to provide full uniforms and told him to pick his colors. “Well,” Andy replied, “most of ’em are Notre Dame rooters, so let’s have blue and gold.”

He is now drawing his recruits from Chicago high schools, but his standards haven’t been lowered. He still insists on the old requirements—six foot stature, good health, good teeth, good character and personality. Each applicant’s background and training are carefully investigated. He insures honesty by paying well and by providing opportunities for study and recreation. At the Chicago Stadium his boys have the use of a big club room. There are special courses in crowd handling, and a retired Army officer directs the drills which make the boys a highly organized body of specialists.

Some of his more ambitious boys, who think nothing of working a ball game in the afternoon and a mass meeting or fight card at night, have earned up to $1,800 a year. Among Frain graduates are many prominent lawyers and doctors, priests, business executives, and public officials.

After covering Chicago with Frain boys, Andy began looking around for new fields of activity. He took over the ushering job at the Kentucky Derby in 1934 after Colonel Matt Winn had been heard moaning that not more than half of the people who jammed Churchill Downs had gone through the formality of buying tickets.

Two main methods of avoiding payment were used at the Derby. One was for an entire party to get in on a single clubhouse pass by passing it back through the fence. The other was for a gang to use football tactics
and rush the gate. By setting up an entirely new system of tickets and pass-out checks, Andy quickly licked the first method. Then he asked his gatemen and ushers if they wanted to help beat the second. They said they did, so Andy tripled his gate guards and was ready for trouble.

"A dozen of our lads got black eyes," he reports. "Seven of them were more seriously injured, and one youngster went to the hospital—but that was the end of the gate-crashing." Andy paid the hospital bills of the boy who was seriously hurt and kept him on full salary until he was fully recovered.

Nothing is left to chance. When Frain contracts to handle a crowd, he obtains blueprints of the building or stadium and then carefully studies the seating plan, aisles, gates, parking facilities, and transportation schedules. Then, working like a field commander, he deploys his trained corps of ushers, ticket men and supervisors.

He says that political conventions give him a worse headache than sport crowds. At athletic events gate-crashing is usually only on a small scale as the Frain reputation for thoroughness has gotten around. However, politicians expect Frain to admit their ticketless constituents by the hundreds. At the last Republican convention in Chicago, his protection system worked so well that when thousands of bona fide ticket-holders found the heat too much for them and didn't show up, there were large empty areas. The politicians suspected a plot, but Frain blandly replied that he was only doing his job. His men had orders to admit no one without credentials and to refer all disputes to him. Hour after hour he stood behind his desk at the stadium, sweat streaming down his Irish face, facing a constant stream of petitioners. There were scores of delegates who had brought their badges but forgotten their tickets, or vice versa. Cutting short their explanations he scrawled "Okay Andy" on hundreds of slips of paper and passed them on inside.

His first big political convention was the Republican meeting of 1932. He was called in by the G.O.P. brass hats after more than forty thousand people had gouged and shoved their way into the stadium at the first session. The political ushers were admitting all their friends. That night Frain was hurriedly put in charge. He installed his usual three deep defense system: A line of ticket checkers at the outer doors, just to make sure people have tickets and are entering at the right gate, an inner line of ticket takers at the gates, and between them roving chief gatemen and trouble-shooters.

Frain's contract price for the last pair of political conventions was $16,000 a piece, out of which he paid his ushers and office overhead. It was necessary for him to muster and train an extra force of a hundred attractive, well-drilled and pertly uniformed usherettes. These auxiliary ushers, made necessary by the inroads of the draft and war jobs on his organization, he has continued to
use at big events like the 1945 All-Star game and the World’s Series. “The girls,” Andy Frain tells you with considerable pride, “are all from good families. Every one of them is somebody’s daughter.”

“He can’t get used to this country!!”
You Can't Win An Argument

A man convinced against his will ... is of the same opinion still. Says Dale Carnegie who brought out the sun one rainy Sunday afternoon recently at WHB.

Criticism is futile because it puts a man on the defensive, and usually makes him strive to justify himself. Criticism is dangerous, because it wounds a man's precious pride, hurts his sense of importance and arouses his resentment.—D. C.

THIRTY-THREE years ago a young man, not many years removed from the farm back in Missouri, appeared before a board of YMCA directors in New York City. He had an idea which the directors liked, but they could not see their way clear to guarantee him even a subsistence salary of three dollars a night, and the idea almost fell through.

But the young Missourian was sold on the idea, and he knew in time they would be, too, so he took the job on a straight commission basis. Then and there was born the world's first class in the development of personality.

Now, some thirty-odd years later, this teacher of how to get along with the other fellow and win his friendship and his business, has millions of people reading his textbook; supervises classes in more than 50 large cities, and heads a great organization chartered by the New York state department of education as the "Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Personality Development." He appears before a nationwide Mutual radio audience every Sunday afternoon (1:45 P.M., CST) to advance his theory by allegory, illustration and rhetoric: that a person can improve his station in life by becoming more desirable to those with whom he wishes to deal.

"There is only one way under high Heaven to get anybody to do anything. Did you ever stop to think of that? Yes, just one way. And that is by making the other person want to do it."

Dale Carnegie believes that everybody likes a compliment. Yes, we all crave honest appreciation. We all long for sincere praise. And we seldom get either. His book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People";
his classes on human relationship, and his Sunday radio programs on Mutual
all boil down to this brief appraisal:
. . . Treat others as you would like
to have them treat you. . . . Yes, the
Golden Rule.

The kindly Missourian originated
a broadcast from WHB in Kansas
City just a few Sundays ago. Engi-
neers, announcers and everybody con-
Nected with the broadcast took an
immediate and kindly liking to slight-
of-build, 57-year-old Carnegie, who
looks very much like President Harry
S. Truman. His microphone manner
was as smooth as the message he sent
to millions all over America that
rainy Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Carnegie’s radio audience must
await the widespread use of television
to gain full appreciation of his broad-
casts. His gestures are frequent, free
and easy. He addresses the micro-
phone as a living thing; smiles broadly
when the occasion calls for a smile, and
waxes solemn and serious when he is trying to put across that kind of
an idea. In fact, Dale Carnegie im-
bues that microphone with life and
vitality. His broadcasts are a revela-
tion in animation.

“We nourish the bodies of
our children and friends and em-
ployees; but how seldom we
nourish their self-esteem. We
provide them with roast beef
and potatoes to build energy;
but we neglect to give them
kind words of appreciation that
would sing in their memories
for years like the music of the
morning stars.”

For half an hour or so after the
broadcast, Mr. Carnegie made him-
self at home at WHB. He listened
to a transcription of his broadcast,
posed liberally for pictures and did
just the things he has probably taught
thousands of others to do on just such
an occasion.

He looked out upon the rainswept
rooftops of Kansas City and recalled
seeing this midwestern big town from
the side door of a box car when he
was 16 years old. The Carnegies
moved from Maryville, Missouri,
where he was born, to Warrensburg,
some 200 miles away. All of the
Carnegie chattels were crammed into
that box car, horses, chickens, cows,
James Carnegie, his wife, and their
wide-eyed son.

James Carnegie was a man with a
faithful hate for liquor. He often
said he would sooner drink rattlesnake oil. During the box car trip
through Kansas City a chilled brake-
man came by and asked if he had a
“bracer.” Dale laughed and recalled
that if peacetime censorship was ever
invoked, that would have been a most
opportune moment.

Graduating from grade school, high
school and then college, Dale sought
a teaching career in New York. In
the meantime the family sold the
farm at Warrensburg and moved to
Belton, Missouri, where the late Mr.
and Mrs. James Carnegie lie in
graves not far from where Carrie
Nation and the old Quantrill raiders
are buried.

“As for me,” Dale remarked, “I
intend to spend the next million
years down there at Belton, because
some day they will lay me away, too,
in that quiet Missouri cemetery."

"The world is so full of people, grabbing, self-seeking. So the rare individual who unselfishly tries to serve others has an enormous advantage. The man who can put himself in the place of other men, who can understand the workings of their minds, need never worry about what the future has in store for him."

The italicized quotations in this story are from Dale Carnegie's book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He says that the book was written with absolutely no thought of public sale, but to fulfill the need of a textbook in his classes. The fact that in seven years it ranks only second to the Holy Bible in book sales is more of a surprise to Dale Carnegie than anyone else in the world.

"I am probably the most astounded, the most surprised and the most bewildered person in the world. . . . Why, I never dreamed such a thing could be possible."

Yes, it seems that people who have subscribed to the "Be-friendly-forget-yourself-think-of-others" philosophy are quite a family. Upwards of three million books have been sold since the first publication in 1937.

"You can't win an argument. You can't because if you lose it you lose it; and if you win you lose it . . . You have hurt his pride. He will resent your triumph, and, a man convinced against his will—is of the same opinion still."

Dale Carnegie will tell you that he has made a living all these years, not by teaching public speaking—that has been incidental—but by helping men to conquer their own inferiority complexes and fears; and to develop courage.

A slave to no hard and fast rules, he has developed a system that is as real as the measles and twice as much fun.

Professor William James of Harvard used to say that the average man develops only ten per cent of his latent mental ability. This man Carnegie, by inspiring adults to blast out and smell some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in modern education.

---

Words for our Pictures—Pages 33-36

THE GOOD WILL APOSTLE—The man who knows how to "win friends and influence people" and who has taught millions of others that highly profitable art, told a nationwide audience about Walt Disney's shaky climb up the ladder of success one Sunday afternoon from WHB. Yes, this is your man, Dale Carnegie.

YOU CAN HAVE THE REST—We'll take those pretty mountain goat mules or that fluffy ostrich tail duster; or how would you like to plant your narggin an one of those fluffy pillows? Adele Jergens (the eyeful), a Columbia storete, agreed to help a pillow salesman sell his pillows. Nice, aren't they?

HELLO, KANSAS CITY—Lieut. General Ennis C. Whitehead, commander of the Fifth airforce on Okinawa, dropped in with his three-star Flying Fortress to help Kansas City launch the Community and War Chest drive. General Whitehead was greeted by his wife and daughter.

LORD! WHAT A GAL—Mary Lord, MGM starlet, was interviewed by WHB's showtime gal, Rosemary Haward, a few days ago. Everything went fine until Mary went to leave the studio. Four of WHB's handsome announcers are still in the hospital.
Westport's No. 1 Romance

by EDWARD R. SCHAUFLER

Dan'l Yocum's rake-bell log tavern in old Westport was at the exciting and eerie end of the old Santa Fe Trail.

Daniel Yocum operated a log tavern at Mill Street and Main Street in the village of Westport, where you could buy overdone beef and raw whisky; biscuits, corn bread, sow belly, coffee, beans. Daniel must have been a two-fisted man to have survived his customers and they needed to be copper-lined to endure his whisky.

All sorts and conditions of men gathered at Yocum's Tavern. You even could get sleeping quarters if your need were sufficiently dire—corn-husk pallets in a dormitory room. "Dan'l" Yocum's Tavern was an eastern terminus of the great Santa Fe trail, which began at Independence and Westport in western Missouri and ended in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Up and down the rutted trail in the prairie grass, over rolling grassy prairies, arid desert, mountain scrub and thorn, through swollen creeks and rivers beset with quicksands rolled the Santa Fe trail. Ox wagons were driven by armed drivers. They carried manufactured goods to the Mexicans and Indians from the United States; and brought back bales of wool and rawhide boxes full of Mexican silver dollars, soft and heavy, for this was virgin metal.

Sometimes Mexican hidalgos came up the trail, business bound. Then there was excitement among the decorous daughters of old Westport, as the dark-eyed dons sauntered through the streets in silver lace and tight-fitting pantaloons that boastfully showed every muscle. Of these none were more splendid than the men of the great house of Chavez.
Nor were any better reputed for business integrity.

You may wonder what all this has to do with "Dan'l" Yocum's rake-hell log tavern. It has this to do with it: Out of Yocum's Tavern, full of whisky and armed with revolvers, knives, craft, greed and hatred, rode fifteen murderers, who waylaid and slew Don Santonio Chavez and robbed his wagon train near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

This outrage threatened to destroy the Santa Fe trade until some of the American ruffians were hunted down and hanged. That restored diplomatic trade relations. The house of Chavez still sent wagon trains. And that brings us up to Westport's No. 1 romance. Up the trail with the Chavez train come young Don Epifanyo Aguirre, as mellow a piece of male furniture as you would find in a long day's riding.

At the home of Joab Bernard in Westport he was an honored dinner guest as often as he would come, which soon became every day. For Aguirre fell in love with 16-year-old Mamie Bernard and she with him. The chief handicap young love had to surmount was that she knew no Spanish, he no English, and even hugs, and kisses on the hands and forehead and throat—well, they're nice, but conversationally they are limited coinage.

In this crisis Mamie's friend, Jesse Polk, stepped into the picture as Love's first lieutenant. You can imagine how delicate a degree of perception was required for Polk to know the exact moment when it was politic and kind for him to withdraw, leaving the glamour-struck young couple to say it with eyes and hands in universal language. That is not so difficult when there is cooperation on both sides.

The town of Westport buzzed as this romance progressed. Why, it was like something out of Shakespeare, only more exciting. It was like Othello and the fair Desdemona, except, of course, that Senor Aguirre was not jealous like Othello. He was so courteous, so thoughtful, so good-looking! Lucky Mamie! Ah, do you think so? She will have to go so far away, to a country where she will hear no language except Spanish. Pretty daring, pretty difficult. Thus the matrons and the maids of Westport prattled on their verandas, shaded by honeysuckle, bright with morning glories. And Cousin Stevie Elkins—Mamie always called him Stevie—continued to read law diligently, what time he was not teaching the young pupils at the Rev. Nathan Scarritt's school. There was a young man who wasted little time, that Elkins.

Mamie Bernard and her don were going to be married. Aguirre was in town again, all smiles and happiness, and with a caravan of twenty-six wagons to take her home. Love and business were going hand in hand. And what a romantic soul he was, indeed! Nobody realized quite how romantic until the wedding ceremony was over and the Aguirre caravan appeared. Every ox yoke on every one of the twenty-six wagons was festooned in white satin ribbons and
every teamster, ox goader and packer wore a white rosette in honor of the bride. There was a beautiful saddle horse for her to ride, with a white velvet bridle and a saddle splashed with silver. It was like something out of a book of fairy stories, all unbelievably beautiful and bright.

Mamie gazed at all the dark, smiling Mexican faces and suddenly she wept. It was more than she could bear. These were all strangers and they spoke no English, and where she was going everybody looked like these dark strangers. Oh, what had she ever done? What had she ever done to the kind, beautiful Epifanyo what was she doing to him now, disgracing him, weeping in public? At the thought of it, she wept afresh. The guests were aghast and eager to see and hear more.

Epifanyo must have been a good deal of a man. He did not lose his temper. He found out what was wrong. His child bride, clinging to him, sobbed, "Take some one along that I've been raised with, please. Please do. Take Stevie."

Well, that was something, really. If Aguirre had been aghast at a weeping bride, what must have been his consternation at the proposal to take the bride's boy cousin on their honeymoon? But the bridegroom was a sportsman to the core.

"Why, yes, of course," he said. "Let's ask him."

So they asked Stevie and Stevie said, "Why, certainly I'll go if you both want me to." They assured him that they did and he hurried home to pack his belongings. All he had was a few clothes and some law books. When the bridal caravan, still in white ribbons, wound its way slowly out of Westport toward Mexico, there was a tall, blonde young man along, upon whose presence nobody had figured. Young Mr. Elkins, fresh from the University of Missouri, must have pondered what were the requirements on a Mexican honeymoon for a bride's cousin who spoke only English. He decided that the first requirement was to learn to speak Spanish, and that his next was to teach it to his cousin Mamie.

According to all the rules, that honeymoon and marriage should have been a failure. That they succeeded speaks volumes for the bride, the groom and Elkins. Arrived at the Aguirre ranch in Mexico, Elkins began to master Spanish with surprising speed and fluency. He learned it faster than Mamie did, which enabled him to teach it to her. He taught her how to give orders to her
servants. And he improved the shining hours by learning Mexican law. Within six months of his arrival in Mexico, he knew Spanish well enough so that he was able to defend a client in that language before a Mexican judge.

That knowledge of Spanish was a valuable acquisition for young Elkins, although it was some time before he put it to extended use. Within a year he left Mamie in Mexico, happily acclimated to Spanish and the Aguirre way of life. He returned to Missouri, where the Civil War was playing hob with business and social life and joined a northern regiment, the 77th Missouri, although several of his relatives had enlisted for the Confederacy under Sterling Price.

The 77th Missouri was a home guard regiment, but action was pretty lively around home. Young Elkins was captured once by Quantrill's guerrillas. Cole Younger, later notorious as a bandit, told Quantrill Stevie was a good boy and Quantrill decided he need not be killed. He turned him over to Cole to guard and Cole let him escape. Later, when Cole Younger was seeking release from the Minnesota state prison where he was sojourning for his part in the Northfield bank robbery, Elkins remembered Younger had saved his life and helped gain his release. He gave him some money to start life anew.

At the close of the Civil War, Elkins went to New Mexico to live. He served as a member of the territorial legislature, as United States district attorney for New Mexico and as a territorial delegate to Congress. New Mexico was then, even more than it is now, a Spanish-speaking country, and Elkins could have had no political career there except for the language he had helped Cousin Mamie learn on her honeymoon.

From New Mexico Elkins migrated to West Virginia, where he married Hallie Davis, the daughter of Henry Gassaway Davis, the richest man in the state and a former United States senator. Elkins became both a millionaire and a United States senator, like his father-in-law. He also was secretary of war under President Benjamin Harrison.

The Elkins estate in West Virginia was a show place in an era of show places. The senator's daughter, Katherine Elkins, was widely heralded as about to become the bride of the Italian duke of Abruzzi, a distinguished scholar, sportsman and explorer of near-royal blood. The marriage did not occur, however, and Miss Elkins became the wife of William Hitt, American sportsman and socialite. The senator died in January, 1911, a pattern of success for his day and generation, rich, vigorous and conservative. Few young school teachers have gone further than he did.

Within a few years after her marriage, Mamie Bernard Aguirre bore her exceedingly considerate husband three sons, whom they named Pedro, Bernard and Stephen. The youngest was named for Stephen B. Elkins, who had gone along on their honeymoon.
THE Laocoön, "that fearful marvel wrought in stone," as Mark Twain termed this priceless marble group in the Cortile del Belvedere of the Vatican, has been a subject of academic controversy since first it was unearthed in 1509 in the vineyard of one Felice di Fredi, a fortunate Italian whose vines could have borne the most untender and bitter grapes imaginable from that time on without causing him the slightest concern. His crop was already made for years to come.

That one felicific find of the fortunate Felice brought him riches far beyond his fondest dreams, thus proving again the verity of the old adage that years of application and ceaseless toil always will bring their reward to one who is faithful in the performance of his humble daily tasks and has a priceless relic of antiquity buried somewhere conveniently close to the surface of his submarginal soil.

In many ways the case of the aforesaid Felice is similar to that of the conscientious and hardworking newspaperman who, after years of faithful service in the employment of the same publisher, retired to live a life of ease with a fortune of $65,010, representing his accumulated savings and $65,000 inherited from a doting aunt. His employer probably gave him a gold watch as a farewell gift.
All he had to do then was get some works to put in it.

Pope Julius II, a great patron of the arts, rewarded Felice with half the customs of the Porta S. Giovanni, this later being changed to a lucrative hereditary appointment. Great posthumous honors also were heaped upon this involuntary friend of art, who unless far different from most of his fellows among the vine-tending peasantry of that era probably would have reaped more benefit from a liberal spraying of DDT. The history of his finding of the statue was set forth in detail on his tombstone in the church of Ara Coeli, which he was said to “glory in death” in his fortunate discovery. Posthumous honors are all very nice, but given their choice it is probable most people still would prefer the custom house receipts. At least, they did in New York in the Grant administration.

The great marble group was believed to be the work of at least three Rhodian sculptors whose names Pliny inadvertently overlooked in his chronicles of the times. The actual carvers probably were stooges, anyway, working under the direction of the master sculptor. The master, or his Three Stooges, were believed to have drawn inspiration from Virgil’s story of the ill-fated priest of Apollo at Troy, who warned the Trojans against admitting the famous Greek wooden horse within the city’s walls. Laocoon was all in favor of burning it upon the beach where it stood. He didn’t exactly know what was wrong about the setup, but to him the whole thing smelled. Maybe he got a whiff of the Greeks hidden within.

Laocoon’s harangue angered the goddess Minerva, who caused a gigantic serpent to appear and crush the priest and his two sons in its massive coils. With Laocoon gone, the dumb sons of Troy then took the horse into their city, with results so disastrous that archeologists are still poking around Asia Minor trying to make sure they have located the right set of ruins as the locale of Homer’s saga. This is by no means the only instance of Trojan dumbness. The Southern California eleven once got caught flat-footed with the old Statue of Liberty play.

To those somewhat rusty on their Homer, the whole thing got its start when Hecuba, queen of Troy and mother of Paris, dreamed when about...
to bear her son that she brought forth a torch which set the city afire. This was interpreted by the soothsayers to mean Paris would bring destruction to the city. Accordingly, the child was set out in the hills to die of exposure, one of the minor pleasantries of those hardy days. But a legend is not thus easily thwarted, especially right at the start when Homer's lyre was just getting warmed up. The child survived and grew to handsome manhood as a shepherd. Goddesses of Greek mythology being what they were, prone to occasional surrenders to the frailties of the flesh, took quick notice of the handsome lad. He was supposed to be quite a connoisseur of feminine charms, although how he got that way up there in the hills alone with his sheep is a matter that never has been satisfactorily explained.

Because of this reputation, however, the three contesting goddesses for the golden apple of discord, to be given the most beautiful, chose him as the judge. Not above feminine skullduggery, each approached Paris singly to offer a bit of a bribe, which goes to show that the manner of selecting beauty contest winners hasn't changed a whole lot in its basic standards of judgment during the last couple thousand years. Now, however, it is usually the judge who approaches the contestants and the proposition is usually just that.

Hera sought to win the vote of Paris with a promise of power, Athena offered glory. But Aphrodite, possibly having been around a bit more than the other two gals and knowing more about what men wanted, offered him the fairest woman in all the world. That clinched it. What chance did the others have, when the decision rested with a lone shepherd?

As a result Paris got Helen of the face that launched a thousand ships. The mere fact she was married to Menelaus, king of Sparta, deterred her not the least in joining Paris in a flight to Troy. Probably Menelaus snored and forgot their anniversaries, anyway. This led to the 9-year Trojan war which ended when Laocoon's warnings were ignored.

The marble Laocoon group, which once adorned the Baths of Titus in Rome, was believed to have been overthrown and purposefully plowed under in some barbarian invasion in the declining days of the Eternal City, possibly in the belief all ves-
tiges of Roman culture should be destroyed lest they should aid Rome to rise again. Cortes had the same sort of quaint notion in Mexico, with the result that a New World culture in many respects superior to that of Spain vanished forever.

All who view the group are impressed by the central figure of the great priest. In it the German Winchelmann saw "a great and self-collected soul." Lessing wrote: "Suffering shows in the face, pains discovers itself in every muscle and sinew of the body... his misery pierces the very soul but inspires us with a wish we could endure misery like that great man."

In this, Lessing can include me out. I have no ambition to be able to endure misery like that great man or any other person, big or little. As a matter of fact, I have no burning desire to endure or embrace misery in any manner, shape or form. If I have to endure or embrace anything in any shape or form even remotely connected with the legend of Troy let it be in the shape and form of a modern counterpart of the beauteous Helen of easy conscience.* After nine years with such a luscious creature I'd be perfectly willing for them to burn my Troy, too, in order to form an object lesson of what producers of "Dillinger" contend is the whole theme of that gold-mine gangster glorification film: "Crime Doesn't Pay!"

---

* Note: If Sweetie Face reads this your Boo-Boo is only kidding.

A boy whose load of hay overturned in the road was advised by a good-hearted farmer to forget his trouble and come in and have dinner with his family; after the meal, he'd help him get the hay back on the wagon. The boy kept refusing, saying he didn't think his father would like it. But the farmer finally persuaded the boy to come into his house. The boy seemed cheered up during the meal but continued to remark, "My father's going to be mad—I just know it." "Rubbish," the farmer said. "He won't mind at all. By the way, where is your father?" The boy burst out crying. "He's under the hay."

A swanky young fellow appeared at the recruiting office to enlist. "I suppose you expect a commission," the recruiting officer said candidly. "No, thanks," was the reply. "I'm such a bad shot, I'd rather work on a straight salary."

---

—B & R News

A grave digger, so absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted attention of a drunk. "Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold." The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger. "No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."
Ain't, Aren't or Isn't
by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

And Pop came out of Columbia an Emeritus.

MY Pop, he's a smart guy. He went through Columbia like a hound after hare. And when he got out he was emeritus something. I never knew what the something stood for, but Pop said as long as it had emeritus before it that was good enough for him.

I was going to call him Pop Emeritus, just like you say Pop Vox. You know, Pop Emeritus. Pop Vox. But Pop wouldn't go for that, so I had to go back to the simple name of Attleboro Fortduquesne on the Hudson. Simple? Don't be silly!

So I goes to see my Pop—the only reason I'm using Pop is because it's the best abbreviation I know for Attleboro Fortduquesne on the Hudson—in his office.

"Pop," I says with a diamond twinkling in my right eye. (What have I got in my left eye—cataracts? What's cataracts? Not diamonds, that's all I know.) "Pop," I says, "you're a publisher. One of the greatest newspapermen ever to see the light of day and I want to ask your advice."

"Yes," Pop says with a diamond shining back at me out of his right eye, and who knows before long there may be a romance and then we'll have a third diamond. But that's all beside the point. Where was I? Oh, yes. I was where my Pop was saying "Yes."

And so my Pop says, "Yes, son," he says, "what's on your mind?"

Diamonds flash back and forth. I'm happy. Pop's happy. So then I know now's the time to spring the monumental question. Get that. I said monumental. Tall stuff, eh?

"Pop," I says, "ain't I got the makin's of a producer?"

The diamond in Pop's eye fades to black coal. The glitter is gone. Day has turned into night, suddenly.

"Don't say ain't!" Pop says. "There's no such word in my dictionary as 'ain't,'" Pop says, "Moreover, you should say aren't or isn't. They're two good substitutes for 'ain't.'"

I looks at Pop straight as a ruler and the sparkle quits squirting from my orb. I'm mad, I am. So I says,
“Pop, since when has ain’t got a substitute or two? I never heard anyone mention that before.”

It’s a lucky thing Pop’s on his lunch hour. He’s eating a sandwich with one hand, holding a bottle of Rheingold, vise-like, in the other, and trying to read proof with his glimmers.

Between chews and a guzzle, Pop says, “Look, son, it’s always been that way. What I mean to say is that you could substitute aren’t or isn’t for ‘ain’t’.”

“Oh, boy!” I say to myself. “Here’s where I got Pop where I want him.”

“Pop,” I says, smiling as my eyes come back to life and glitter again without a blemish. “Pop, do you mean to say that if I can’t get Betty Grable that Lana Turner or Ann Sothern would do as substitutes?”

For a minute I thought the fire in Pop’s eyes would burn me up alive, but I just sat there nonchalantly, as though nothing had happened.

“Who said anything about Betty Grable, Lana Turner or ... or ...?” I’m quick on the trigger and I volunteers, “Ann Sothern.”

“Well, who,” he says, “said anything about them?”

“I,” I answers truthfully confessing a latent desire to have one of them sit on my lap and soothe my outdoor face with their most endearing charms. Seventh Heaven? Boy, I’ll go you one better. It’d be Eleventh Heaven.

Disgusted with his offspring, Pop says, “Let’s forget actresses and get back to what you came here for! After all, I’m a busy man and this is a newspaper office and ...”

“Look, Pop,” I says in rebuttal. “Let’s get down to simplicities: Ain’t I got the makin’s of a producer?”

The diamonds are romantic again. Smiles of happiness are a dime a dozen and if you hold out long enough you can get a dozen free. Well, this romance lasts about one full minute while Pop is gulping and guzzling, and then he lets out a trickle and spouts:

“Haven’t I told you there’s no such word as ‘ain’t’? How many times do I have to tell you before the ship of knowledge sinks in?”

“Say, Pop,” I says, “that’s fine quoting. Who’d you steal that from?”

Romance above the nose is on the rocks again. I can smell it, so help me!

“Now,” Pop growls during recess of his molar activity. “What gives you the idea I have to steal every quotation I utter? Don’t you think I’m capable of telegraphing new phrases, idioms, axioms and antinoms?”

This almost threw me for a somersault with a fancy jacknife for good measure.

“Pops,” I says, getting familiar in no uncertain terms. “I ain’t never heard you use such fancy language
at home.” I thought Pop was a Thesaurus klepto and I wanted him to know it regardless of the blood stream running through me.

“Son,” he smiles, kind of breaking down the hard tissues of vanity. “When I’m in my office I’m a publisher and editor and I create. When I’m home my creating hours are over. I only produce while I’m on the job; that’s when the best in me shows up in all its pristine glory.”

Did I say the hard tissues of vanity were breaking down? Pardon me, if you please. I was in reverse. Honestly, I didn’t know where I was going, officer. Okay, I’ll watch it a little closer next time!

“Look, Pop,” I says, “I came here to ask you a simple question! I want to know if you can tell me without erupting your day: Ain’t I got the makin’s of a producer?”

“Look, son!” Pop says right back at me. “There ain’t no word like ‘ain’t’ ever been born! So how do you ever expect to become a producer using that kind of language?”

Well, at least the wall which I am up against all this time is weakening. The sun is coming out slowly. Soon the diamonds will be at it again.

“Haven’t I told you to substitute aren’t or isn’t for ‘ain’t’? Can’t you see how simple it is?”

“Yeah. Simple as A, B, C. A for Always, B for Be and C for Careful—who spits in your eye. You never know who chews tobacco,” I counters.

Pop saddens. He says, “I didn’t mean to have you take it that serious, son,” he says. “Gee, I’m sorry you feel that way about it. But you know producing is a funny business. Just like the newspaper business…”

The diamonds are in clover again. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Am I happy as hell on wheels and not a state trooper in sight?

Pop continues, “Just when you think you know it all along comes someone with just a little more brains than you have. You know what I mean. There’s always someone who knows more than you, no matter how smart you are!”

I just loved Pop for that. I could have kissed him then and there. But there I was bashful as hell and then
again what fun is there kissing your old man?

"Pop," I says, "I knew you'd look at it my way. Now ain't I got the makin's of a big-time producer?"

Pop takes another dig into his sandwich, a full lug at the Rheingold in his hand and then ting-a-ling goes the telephone.

"That's my Pop," I says to myself. "To busy to eat. Too busy to heart-to-heart it with his only son and here I go again."

"Damn it, Pop," I shouts, and now you can forget that romantic couple under the eyebrows. "I asked you 'ain't' I got the makin's of a producer? Can't you answer me this?"

I says, increasing the pitch of my voice until maybe I'll hit high C. (P. S.—I didn't hit it, but some day I'll try again.)

Uh-Uuh. Pop holds the phone to his cheek, giving his lips clear range for the fullisade to come my way. Murder has shoved romance into the sewer. He gets set, bends low, my Pop does, and then he lets me have it. Not the 'phone but the fullisade.

"No, goddam you!" he shouts at me. "You ain't got the makin's of anything! Now get the hell out and . . . !"

Oh, what's the use. There just ain't any more. Nope. There just ain't any more!

**CONTEMPORANEOITIES**

Grandma hadn't been to the movies for years and years and after ten minutes she told her young grandson they had better leave. "The seat is so uncomfortable," she complained. "No wonder," her grandson exclaimed, "you haven't turned it down."

The new cashier of a bank was being introduced to the employes. He walked around through the cages and singled out one, asking him questions in great detail. "I have been here forty years and in all that time I made only one slight mistake."

"Good," replied the new cashier, "but hereafter be more careful."

It was a warm and sticky day in a large city. Seven cars were lined up in front of a busy filling station where one attendant was knocking himself out. A leaking, steaming, rattling flivver pulled up parallel with a gas pump. "How many?" the weary attendant asked.

"One," replied the young driver with the air of a visiting senator.

"One? What ya trying to do, wean it?"

A run-down actor who had obviously seen better times sought out a flop house for a night's lodging. He was shocked to recognize the porter as a friend who had once played opposite him on the stage.

"Jefferson," he exclaimed. "Are you a porter in this place?"

"Yes," replied the other proudly, "but I don't sleep here."
"Guess I Won't Go Down Today"

Guess I'll stay home and cuss the radio.

by GEORGE F. MAGILL

WHEN an advertising man is laid up at home with a cold or maybe having his lower plate sharpened, he can be counted on to react according to pattern. The first morning he dutifully takes his aspirin and milk of magnesia, stays in bed or pretty close to first base anyway, and gets himself well on the road to being straightened out.

The next morning he puts on his bathrobe and moves to the living room and the radio. He knows he ought to be back at the office but he saves his conscience by checking up on daytime radio trends. One by one the soap operas parade past our apple-munching (or apple-gumming) critic. "Bill's Other Wife," "Second Spouse," "Uncle David," "Lucia's Loves," "The Lady in Red," "The Romance of Rosy Rooney." He sneers as he hears and a few days later at the office, ignoring little facts like Hooper Ratings, dictates a hooper-do of an article entitled "Gimme Another Aspirin," and sends it off to Printer's Ink, or if he's really hep to the reading habits of the advertising intelligensia, to Swing.

I almost went through this cycle myself recently. Up to the point where you put on your bathrobe and come down to the living room to cuss the radio and convalesce, my case followed the usual behavior pattern. I even got a program tuned in, but it didn't have a chance. All I could hear was remarks about guimpes, gussets, and whether faille would be better than ruching for the formal . . . not from the radio, but from the other end of the living room which had been turned into a sewing establishment and where the feminine members of the household were working desperately to whip the oldest daughter's college wardrobe into shape by Thursday. My experience in this mysterious female business consisted of going to Gould's Dry Goods Store as a boy for a spool of No. 50.
white thread, but I soon found myself engrossed and making notes of the screw-ball terminology. Here are some of the definitions that helped me enjoy my siege of poor health:

**Gusset**—A set-in piece, like if your pants are too tight and you put in a wedge to add width or strength.

**GuiMPE**—I liked the sound of this one, but was disappointed to find that it is only a kind of dickey . . . a fluffy detachable dress front or partial blouse.

**Placket**—A slit or opening in a garment for the convenience of putting it on. Smart idea.

**Gore**—Not what you think. It turns out to be a section of a skirt.

**Dart**—Nope, not a weapon or part of a game. A graduated tuck, narrow at one end, wide at the other. To help her garments make it around those curves.

**Jabot**—A trimming of lace, tulle or chiffon worn on the front of a blouse. Originally worn on the shirt bosom by men. Odds bodkins!!

**Ruching**—Ruffled trimming of lace or net for collars or cuffs.

**Flat-felled Hem**—Folded in from each direction. See what I mean?

**Faggoting**—Putting two edges together with a little cat stitch.

**Applique** (rhymes with whey)—To put one piece of material on top of another and hem the edges.

**Peplum**—Tail of a blouse worn outside your skirt. Must be full and ruffly to be a real peplum.

I guess those are the best ones, although I could discuss with you the relative merits of dolman versus raglan sleeves, or accordion vs. inverted pleats, pinking, basting and rudimentary stuff like that. I knocked myself out over the names of some of the materials, too. Percale, dimity, crash, faille, chenille, moire, chintz, chambray . . . all a revelation to a male who didn't know there was anything but serge, gingham and near-silk.

I enjoyed the experience and am glad to pass along this handy glossary of dressmaking terms for helpful husbands, but I haven't felt so out of place since I went to the department store with Mom, long, long ago, and she held the long underwear up to me to see if it would fit.
Courage, Faith and $5

George Pepperdine believes it wrong not to share a great fortune.

by ERIC TAINTER

With but $5 in his pocket he had faith. The year is 1909 and the location is Kansas City. George Pepperdine was then a struggling clerk in a struggling garage.

It was about this time Ford cars were being turned out minus many accessories; and it was this that attracted Pepperdine to the possibilities in selling accessories for these cars.

His first month’s business under the name of Western Auto Stores gave him a clear profit of $100. He was his own office boy, shipping clerk, manager, and janitor. Sales for the first year grossed $12,000. The sixth year of operation showed he had grossed over $100,000.

In 1914 his state of health forced him to go west. He went to Denver and before returning opened his first branch store there. He returned to Kansas City but was not there long until his health broke again and it was at this time he sold a major share of his Kansas City business for a thousand dollars cash and took a note for $9,000.

With an income of $150 he started for California. In Los Angeles wise heads told him he would go broke if he tried to break into the Los Angeles market. But this did not discourage him. He stuck, and arranged with a Chicago jobber for long term credit. Orders came in. The first year’s business reached $64,000; the second year cracked the $100,000 mark. In 1918 branches were started in San Francisco, Fresno, Phoenix and Seattle. In 1920 things started going the wrong way because the country was starting to feel the post-war depression. The banks frowned. The manufacturers wanted their money. One broker, thinking it was worth a try, completed a $1,000,000 issue, common and preferred. That took two years to float, and for George Pepperdine those were two difficult years. However, with new money in the treasury, expansion started. In 1929 the Pacific Coast chain had 200 stores and did $13,000,000 worth of business. In that same year the Kansas City unit
was operating 174 outlets throughout the middle west and eastern states, and although Pepperdine had sold his control, it was with satisfaction he watched something he had started grow to that proportion. Today the Western Auto Supply Company operating out of Kansas City, and in no way connected with the Pacific Coast stores, operates in 37 states and has more than 2,000 outlets. That, in itself, is a remarkable story of courage and faith.

However, to get back to George Pepperdine. His stores were broadened to include merchandise other than automobile parts. Pepperdine has always broadened his scope. That's the way he felt about it when he contributed time and money for a home to care for underprivileged children in a community close to Los Angeles. This was the beginning of the George Pepperdine Foundation from which grew the Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Courses in religious education are required of all students under a conservative, fundamental Christian faculty. Regular college courses in liberal arts and commerce with pre-profession studies are given.

Pepperdine believes in molding young life. He insists education and religion are two parts of a whole; one is sadly deficient without the other. That's his honest excuse for the George Pepperdine College. He believes God is very demonstrable and his college has courses to prove it.

"I believe," he will tell you, "that the principles of life and human conduct, as taught by Jesus Christ, represent the only effective remedy for the distressed conditions of the world. Every student and every businessman should be taught these principles systematically and earnestly. If this could be done, particularly in all colleges, the next generation would find most of today's difficult problems solved."

"I consider it wrong," he says, "to build up a great fortune and use it selfishly. Appropriating wealth to the betterment of mankind engenders far greater satisfaction than lavish spending on one's self. It more nearly justifies your existence in the world."

All this came out of $5—plus ideas. Pepperdine knows it has been good business.

"Congress is so strange," commented Boris Marshalov, a Russian actor and dramatic coach, after a visit to the spectators' gallery of the House of Representatives. "A man gets up to speak and says nothing. Nobody listens—and then everybody disagrees."

A hospital patient was told he could have visitors from 3 to 5. The patient thought that was rather young.
HAVE YOU READ YOUR BIBLE LATELY?

That we may be thankful for all that has gone before, the beautiful Scriptures from Genesis through Exodus are suggested for November reading. They are lasting examples of the wisest and mast kindly counsel.

Fri., Nov. 9—Gen. 21:1-22:19
Sat., Nov. 10—Gen. 23:1-24:28
Sun., Nov. 11—Gen. 24:29-67; 25:19-34
Mon., Nov. 12—Gen. 26:1-5; 27:1-46
Tues., Nov. 13—Gen. 28:1-29:30
Thurs., Nov. 15—Gen. 31:25-32:32
Fri., Nov. 16—Gen. 33, 37
Sat., Nov. 17—Gen. 39, 40
Sun., Nov. 18—Gen. 41
Tues., Nov. 20—Gen. 43:25-44:34
Fri., Nov. 23—Gen. 49, 50
Sat., Nov. 24—Ex. 1:2
Sun., Nov. 25—Ex. 3:4
Mon., Nov. 26—Ex. 5:1-6; 13:7; 1:13
Tues., Nov. 27—Ex. 11, 12
Wed., Nov. 28—Ex. 13, 14
Thurs., Nov. 29—Ex. 16, 17
Fri., Nov. 30—Ex. 18:13-20:17
Chicago Letter...

By NORT JONATHAN

In the beginning there was the LTS 512. Then came the World Series and the submarine, the USS Mero. All in all, Chicago had its eyes full during the past weeks. And being Chicago, it didn't miss a thing.

The LTS 512—a Navy industrial incentive exhibit complete with a real jungle on the tank deck—arrived at the Michigan Avenue bridge shortly after the Japs welcomed General MacArthur and the United States Fleet. No longer wanting to keep the industrial incentive program rolling, the Navy decided to give the taxpayers a break and show them what their money bought. The LTS 512—a veteran of the European invasion—became, presto, a war bond exhibit. This was wholly admirable, except that it put an extra strain on the Missing Persons Bureau of the police department. Grammar school commandos disappeared into the realistic jungle and remained hidden for hours.

The World Series, of course, was a national event. This year it was marked by cold weather and a sort of weary resignation on the part of Chicago fans. The Cubs had won several National League pennants before, only to fail miserably in the series, so most of the local rooters adopted a "wait and see" attitude. They saw some exciting baseball, even though Charley Grimm and his Cubs again failed to come through.

Of course you heard the games over WHB-Mutual. There was plenty of color at Wrigley Field, and lots more around the loop. Distracted baseball fans roosted everywhere—in dollar a night hotels and turkish baths. One hardy group spent two solid nights riding the L because there were no hotel rooms available. Important people with influence at the major hostleries either quietly disappeared, leaving no forwarding address, for the duration of the Series, or barricaded their doors and took the phone off the hook.

The last of the trio of events worthy of mention in retrospect was the local appearance of a bona fide submarine—the last to be constructed at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Under the auspices of the Navy League, the USS Mero tied up near the Tribune Tower and was put on public exhibition. Almost two thousand people a day inched, climbed, and crawled through the Mero's length. The Navy was just congratulating itself on having gotten through the week of the exhibition without having some inquisitive soul opening a valve, thus sending the Mero to the bottom of the Chicago river in an unscheduled "practice" dive, when a seventy-five year old lady fell twenty feet through an open hatch, cutting loose with a startled scream that sent all hands scuttling to their battle stations.

No comment on Navy ships in or around Chicago could be complete without mention of three old-timers who served throughout the war. You can still see them, tied up at Navy Pier, although they may be decommissioned any day now. The ships are the "ersatz" aircraft carriers, Wolverine and Sable, and the training ship Wilmette. None of the
three will ever leave the Great Lakes, but thousands of Navy trainees gained practical experience on their decks. The Wolverine and Sable qualified thousands of naval aviators for combat duty with the fleet carriers. The Wilmette trained gun crews and deck officers in the hard days when Nazi and Jap subs and planes were roaming the seas.

The twin practice carriers are the only side-wheel, coal burning ships in the Navy. They were converted from Great Lakes excursion steamers early in 1942. Upper decks were cut away and a flight deck welded on top of the main deck. Outwardly both ships resemble real carriers, although they lack armor plate, elevators, and storage place for planes. Each day of flying weather during the war, one or both of these venerable old ladies of the lake waddled miles off shore to take on training planes from the Grandview Naval Air Station for practice landings and take-offs.

The USS Wilmette was rebuilt from the ill-fated excursion steamer Eastland. The Eastland turned over on its side in the Chicago River in 1915, drowning eight hundred and thirty-five passengers. As a wreck she was purchased by the Naval Reserve and completely rebuilt to confirm to rigid safety standards. Through three decades she has successfully lived down her past by training scores of reserve officers and enlisted men, some of them among the first to be called to active duty in 1942.

Their jobs finished, all three old ladies of the lake are now awaiting final disposition by the Navy. After a temporary new lease on life and three hectic wartime years of service, the “Lake Michigan fleet” will be among the first of hundreds of ships to fall victim to either the junk dealer or rust and decay.

Reconversion to peacetime ways has brought back the Chicago Opera with a boom. People who can’t enjoy music without the boiled shirt and mink trimmings are now happily back in their boxes, and the music lovers are back in the galleries. By the time this comm

unique reaches print, the baritones will probably be singing their last arias, but anyway it’s going to be a good musical winter. The critics are booked up weeks ahead, with concerts, musical shows, and operettas crowding into town for November and December dates. For instance, “The Student Prince” is headed this way for the twentieth or thirtieth time, and you can always hear a good musical show, operetta or opera, sung on Saturday night over at the Medinah Temple. That’s the night of the week on which WGN-Mutual send “The Chicago Theater of the Air” out over the network. Tickets are free.

Speaking of free entertainment, the giant Chicago Servicemen’s Centers are still going strong, enjoying a new popularity now that thousands of men stop over in town on their way to redistribution and separation centers. There a G.I. can eat, sleep, be entertained, and meet the mayor’s wife, Mrs. Edward J. Kelly, for a total cost of nothing at all.

On the more expensive side, there are a lot of new attractions to lure dollars. After mildly praising several shows, the critics at last found a worthy successor to “The Glass Menagerie” in Philip Yordan’s “Anna Lucasta”—now at the Civic Theater for a long, long run. Olsen and Johnson are tearing apart the recently rebuilt Shubert Theater, and “Carmen Jones” and “Dear Ruth” are settling down for long runs, thus joining “Voice of the Turtle” in the exalted circle of Chicago hits. And the Theater Guild will send “The Winter’s Tale” our way early in November for a limited engagement.

It doesn’t look as though anyone will have to stay home and play checkers for lack of outside entertainment this winter.

“Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens will be proud. I will build a school-house in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace.”—Charles Sumner.
**CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL**

**Ultras . . .**

★ BAL MASQUE. Grandeur, graciousness, glamour are combined in this, one of the newest of Chicago's dining rooms, featuring the lovely Sandra Star. (NEAR NORTH). Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan Ave., Whi. 4100.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. A Latin-smooth revue, with Clyde McCoy and his orchestra, alternating with Mischa Novy and his bandmen. On lobby level floor of the world's largest hotel. (LOOP). 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ CAMPELL HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. An ornate, old English setting wherein a select clientele is entertained nightly by Bob McGrew, former Whb musical director, and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST). Michigan at Palmer. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. The green and gold Empire room is a historical and hospitable setting for Eddie Oliver's smooth rhythms and an array of name acts, headlined by Eddie Peabody. For restful relaxation, visit the traditional Victorian room where Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble are rounding out something like twelve years. (LOOP). State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.


★ MARINE ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Entire new revue to supplement the danceable music of Johnny Long and his orchestra, with vocalists Francey Long, Tommy Morgan, and the Dorothy Hild dancers. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.


**Casuals . . .**

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Here's a bar and lounge of sky-high ceilings, bamboo coutrements, and atmosphere as scenic as the south seas. (WEST). 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARKAR HOTEL. Emil Petti and his MBS orchestra head a show featuring Bill Gary, ballet-dancer, and Fernando and Fair, marionetteers with their mirth-quaking "Comedy on Strings." The rich oaken and buff walnut room has been one of Chicago's favorite sip and sup spots for years. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Harry Cool, popular sinner, is being held over indefinitely. Other topflighters in the blackhawk show include the Andrews Sisters (not the singers, but dancers) and Gene Fields, famous impressionist. (LOOP). Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. Some day one of those jump bands featured at the Panther room are going to bust the walls of the Panther room right out into the street. That could very well be Les Brown who is featured there right now. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. Keeper of one of the most unique and distinctive places in Chicagoland is H. Ginnis who offers piano and organ interludes during the dinner hour while you chomp your charcoo broiled steaks and chops. Steaks may have been but service was never rationed here. Open a night. (NORTH). 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

**Colorful . . .**

★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. The best Hungarian cooking, exquisite entertainment and music from 6:00 p.m. by Béla Babai and his Gypsy orchestra. Open late. (GOLD COAST). 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 5988.


★ CLUB EL GROTIO. Seventh edition of "Star time." Too thrilling for mere words, Earl (Fatha) Hines has set it to music, with all-star cast. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. 9171.

★ IVANHOE. Truly one of the Seven Wonders of Chicago; conducive to comfort and conviviality. Delightful dinner music from 5:30 to 8:30 by Barney Richards' orchestra. Entertainment at dancing to closing. 24th season, yet ever new. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark St. Gra. 2771.


★ SINGAPORE. From a rib to a national institution. The Malay bar is lined by dozens of celebrities. All it lacks is a few rubber trees as they may even get some of these. (GOLD COAST). 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ SARONG ROOM. Dine under the stars in a unique spot of Chicago; with Devi-Dja and Bali-Java dancers in exotic Javanese court dance and primitive jungle rhythms. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron St. Del. 6677.


★ YAR. George Scherban's ensemble sets romantic mood in the main dining room and Bo Romanoff in the lounge. Old Czarist Russia mood and food. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

★ AMERICAN ROOM, LA SALLE HOTEL. Carl Schreiber and his smart music featured Showtime. Brush back the years in the Gay 9 Tap. Let the Barber Shop Four sing you back the beam. (LOOP). La Salle at Madison. P. 0700.

**Entertainment . . .**

★ BROWN DERBY. Bobby Philips, the king of gagsters, holds forth here, with a sensational nite show featuring Jessie Rosella and Reta Ray. (The naughty niteingale). Jerry Salone's orchestra rou
out a stellar assortment of variety names. (LOOP). Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CASINO. A brand new threesome of entertainers, "Two Beats and a Bang," have them flocking here. Terrible Terrie Gurnbeck, girl drummer with Ray Ellis and his Four Notes, sends it solid. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark St.

★ CHEZ PAREE. A new show and band has bowed in at the famous Fairbanks court supper club. Gay Claridge and his orchestra and the ever delightful Olive Bernard Adorables. (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairbanks court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Warmer than a Birmingham bonfire. Interest is evenly divided here between a prize-winning flaming crater dinner and a bright floor show. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. Newest of the west side nightclubs is this big spot with an equally big show, emceed by Ray Reynolds and Sid Blake. No minimum or cover. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Fennell, world famous remote control dancer, is still going strong (literally), with admirable side kicks in Billy Carr, emcee, the dancing Darlings and Charlie Rich and his orchestra. (LOOP). 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.


★ 885 CLUB. One of the six famous eating places in the world presents Sparky Thurman Duo and Larry Leverenz, piano stylist. Dinners from $2.50. (GOLD COAST). Del. 9102.


★ L & L CAFE. This west side spot is another great favorite with sophisticated sundoers. The show features Darnell, sex and a half feet (6½). (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 3444.

★ LATIN QUARTER. A great winning combination of talent headed by Harry Richman, Sid Franklin, the Radio Aces and the three Ambassadorsettes, and all of this plus Selma Marlowe's Latin Lovelies. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Rand. 5444.

★ LIBERTY INN. A steady love ofconventioneers is McGovern's Liberty Inn, a bright spot that has made history in Chicago. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie St. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Scan-dolls, an abundant, non-stop production with a lot of lovely femininity and some eye-opening dances, emceed by that popular host about town, Lew King. (GOLD COAST). $50 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ OLD HEIDELBERG. Laugh and quaff with the rotund Bavarian burghers in the main dining room, and then go downstairs where Herr Louie is rounding out sixteen years in the Rathskeller. (LOOP). Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ CLOVER BAR. One of the town's most popular spots under Glavin-Collins management, and with their well-liked staff.

★ CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT. The Three Bars, tunester trio, is scoring a neat little hit, co-starred with Bob Billings at the Hammond organ. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.


★ TROPICS. Equatorial finery complementing a continuous melee of entertainment. And try the Tiffany room, lobby level. Hotel Chicagoan (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought . . .

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. You will like the bar with its novel marine decorations and the food's wonderful. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

★ COLONY CLUB. Smartly designed menus of superb tastability and a new show policy with Dorothy Blaine, Paul Rosini and others. (GOLD COAST). 744 Rush St. Del. 5930.

★ GUEY SAM. Lacks only an official visit from Chiang Kai-Shek to make this place genuinely Chungking. Best Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAI. (Meaning prosperity) Cantonese variations on a solid theme, and chop suey in all its delicious versions. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8805.

★ HENRICI'S. French in name, but the universal language of good food is spoken here. Try Henrici's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP). 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.


Chicago Theater . . .

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theatre). An all-Negro cast starring Earle Hyman and Hilda Simms. A brave drama if there ever was one. Discovered in Harlem and brought up to Broadway for a record run. Original New York cast.


★ CARMEN JONES. (Erlanger). 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459. Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all-Negro version of the opera "Carmen." Muriel Smith of the original New York cast sings the title role.

★ ICE FOLLIES. (Arena). November 2-18 with matinees Nov. 4, 10, 11, 17 and 18. Lavish ice revue starring Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson plus every blade star you can think of and the 80 Ice Folliettes.
MANHATTAN loves a parade... consequently there are parades whenever there is the slightest excuse. With our returning war heroes, Generals, Admirals and other public idols, the parade business has been flourishing. Rain or shine there must be a procession of some description going up Fifth Avenue. One can tell the importance of a parade not only by the crowds lining the streets and hanging out of windows, but by the water wagons bringing up the rear. Parades make the streets messy... and we must be neat. People have a healthy respect for these wagons...

GENERALITIES they mean business! No one breaks line until they are safely past. With their appearance a swift warning sweeps up the Avenue, "The Water Wagons. Look out!" If one were to be so foolish as to get in the street he would get a baptism that has nothing whatever to do with the betterment of the soul. For a parade such as one given for Admiral Nimitz there will be perhaps twelve or fifteen enormous water wagons mopping up. For lesser causes there are fewer wagons. But no matter the number they come up the avenue like Niagara Falls... and stop for nothing. For sometime after they pass there is considerable puddle-jumping and pushing and always a few watery mishaps. Then, everyone settles down again to regular business, content to wait for the next parade. There's something about these water wagons that makes the whole thing seem awfully final... like emptying the ash trays before one's guests have quite got out the door. But, one can't be sensitive... c'est Manhattan.

What did we say about bringing that long dress and dinner coat to town with you? It was offered as a sort of suggestion with no thought of popularity. This time it is a sort of grim warning. LaRue's has already announced that patrons won't be seated unless in evening dress and no doubt the Wedgewood Room, the Iridium Room and many others will quickly follow suit. And these super places usually mean what they say. With a certified check and a letter from the President one might get into a remote corner wearing a lounge suit and short dress... but it is doubtful. Even at a distance one might be a contaminating influence; and as for daring to get on the dance floor... that would be completely out. But, as we've said before... once you get fancied up and have a bracer it isn't too gruesome.

While traffic is jamming up the streets these days in no frail way, that is just one of Manhattan's lesser headaches. Hotels are having to resort to "wailing desks." Getting a room now is something out of this world and keeping it is something else again. There is a New York State law which says that anyone paying their hotel HEADACHES bill cannot be put out of a room; but hotel managers have a glint in their eyes that says, "Smile when you say that, pawdner." So, unless you want to have your mortality vaporized, also your luggage, plan to get going when your allotted time is up.

Elizabeth Arden's, lush trap for beauty seekers, now has a preferred list of patrons. The famous hair salon was beginning to look like Times Square and something had to be done to keep women and machines from being irreparably entangled. French-sheared dogs with their bright leashes snarled around permanent wave machines and dryers don't help a thing... but they seem to be on the preferred list. However, being the recipients of much baby talk, they tend to lighten the atmosphere of an otherwise
The harassing experience which may be a good thing. Anyway, you may go... but they stay.

Dorothy Shay is back again at Maisonette in the Hotel St. Regis singing songs and influencing people. There is something so natural and refreshing about this tall gal with her wide collection of songs that she has build up a tremendous following. There's nothing wrong with the informal coziness of Maisonette itself either. But there definitely will be something wrong if you don't make a reservation. The Blue Angel also is going great guns these days. It's one of those spots where one is likely, unintentionally, to get into someone else's conversation due to the fact that one only occasionally gets a glimpse of one's date through the maze of busy elbows on flight duty 'round completely inadequate tables, and can't tell to whom one is talking to whom. After ten o'clock the entertainment in this little room is super and continuous. No food... just drinks. Until ten, however, dinner is served in the entrance room... is seldom crowded, sweet music (piano and violin), candle light and delightful. For awhile it looks as though the place is going in the red for the evening but by ten-fifteen one looks 'round in a who-said-that manner.

One of the most difficult libations to get in New York is the simple bourbon or scotch with chopped ice and lemon peel in an old-fashioned glass. They'll put bitters or something extra in it every time. After several rejections and patient explanations one INTOXICOLOGY will be informed that what they want is, depending on the locale... a Mist, On the Rocks, Highball, Jr., Aristocrat, Cold Tody or a oh-you-mean-just-plain-bourbon-with-ice. It's simpler to ask for a Starboard Light or something else equally involved that calls for intense research and companion tip.

On the whole, new shows this season have been terribly disappointing. The vehicles themselves seem to be either too grim a subject, or too foolish, to stay on the boards for more than a few days. There have been countless openings and closings. Even top-notch stars (and Broadway is full of them now) are unable to give them the necessary transfusion of dramatic appeal to make them good entertainment. There hasn't been one real, new hit. The critics are tired of it all... but definitely. At first they were just "sorry about the whole thing" but now they are regretting their calling in well turned sentences that may lead to open rebellion. Ah, me... well, there are more openings scheduled and a little gold mine waiting for someone. In the meantime you can't beat the old standbys.

---

**NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY**

For classified faux pas of the month we nominate this one from a recent issue of the Kansas City Times:

**GIRLS**—Several openings available for filing and clerical positions; no experience necessary, except a willingness to learn and a desire for a permanent position; short hours and excellent working conditions. Apply or write personnel dept., Kansas City Life Ins. Co., 3520 Broadway.
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALI

★ AMBASSADOR. The Cocktail Lounge is one of the sure gathering places for radio people. Jules Lande’s orchestra in the dining room for dinner and supper, except Sunday. $2 up. Adler’s concert music in the Gold Room. Park at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. It’s the Columbia room for dining and dancing to Jose Morand’s orchestra. Cover after ten. An interesting experience is the Hunting room. Try it. Times Square. Cl. 6-5000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Amusing decor and good fun at this Broadway-Parisian night club. Lou Harold’s band, Montmartre Girls and others. Minimum $1.50 on Saturdays and holidays. 225 W. 46th. Cl. 0949.


★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Music by Ed Hall’s orchestra in sophisticated surroundings. Also Gene Field’s trio. Minimum $3.50. 128 East 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Cornelius Codolban’s orchestra. Complicated Russian food. Shows at 8:48 and 12. Minimum $2.50 after ten. 157 W. 56th. Cl. 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. Vaughn Monroe’s modern rhythms offer an excellent variation with Mischel Goerner’s string ensemble in the Century room. Luncheon and dinner in Tudor room. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.

★ COPACABANA. Popular and showy night club starring Joe E. Lewis, dancers Vanly and D’Angelo, and of course the Samba Sirens. Music by Joel Herron and Noro Morales. 10 East 60th. Pl. 8-1060.

★ EL MOROCCO. Chauney Gray’s orchestra in lush Casablanca atmosphere. $2 cover charge after 7. Superb food. 154 East 54th. El. 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. In Casino-on-the-Park, Stan Keller’s orchestra plays the evening long. Minimum Saturday after 10 p. m. $0.00. No dancing or entertainment Mondays. 100 Central Park S. Cl. 7-0300.


★ NICK’S. It is here where the jivesters of Gotham cluster around Miff Mole’s trombone, Muggsy Spanier’s cornet and Pee Wee Russell’s clarinet. Minimum after ten $1; Saturdays, $1.50. Dinner from $1.50. 170 W. 10th. Ch. 2-6683.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. One of New York’s most dreamy spots with the musical perfection of Stan Kenton. Dinner from $2.50. Cover $1 except weekends when it’s $1.50. 7th at 33rd. Pl. 6-5000.

★ PIERRE. Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba orchestra with Myrus, the man with the see-through eye brain. Minimum after 10. $1.50. 5th Avenue at 61st. Re. 4-5900.

★ PLAZA. Persian room is a meticulous choice. Closed all day and evening on Sunday. Cocktails or tea dancing with Leo Lefleur’s orchestra. 5th and 59th. Cl. 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. That Guy Lombardo is back, and a mumps-umph season. No cover charge at dinner. Men’s Bar open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Madison at 45th. Mu. 6-9200.

★ ST. REGIS. Paul Sparr’s orchestra alternates with Theodora Brooks at the organ for good dancing and listening. Penthouse for cocktails before luncheon or dinner. 5th avenue at 57th. P. 3-4500.

★ SAVOY PLAZA, CAFE LOUNGE. Dancing daily from 5 to Cal Gilford’s music, alternating with Clemente’s Marimba band with Nita Rose. 7th at 58th. Vo. 5-2600.

★ SPIVY’S ROOF. Spivy herself takes charge of entertainment, ably abetted by Carter and Bow at the twin pianos. Minimum Monday through Thursday, $1.50; Friday and Saturday, $2.55.

★ STORK CLUB. Alberto Linno and band play rhumbas. Eric Correa’s orchestra for modern rhythms. $2 cover after 10 weekends. Saturday $3. 3 East 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.

★ TAFT. For nearly two years Vincent Lopez has been, and will be for some time, your king host at “Luncheon With Lopez.” (MUTUAL 12:30 p. m.) Times Square. Cl. 7-4000.

★ TAVERN ON THE GREEN. Famous for his pianistic ability alone, not to mention a fine orchestra, Hughie Barrett furnishes the setting for continuous dancing. The Angie Bond trio fill in Minimum weekdays after 9. $1. Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. RI 4-4700.


★ VILLAGE BARN. Country style night club with hillbilly games and square dances called by Tiny Clark. Revue with Eddie Ashman’s orchestra. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. 9-8340.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. Blues by Big Bill and good music for dancing and listening by A. Hodes trio. Minimum $2.50 weekends. Close Mondays. 178 7th avenue. Ch. 2-9355.

Ways to a man's heart...

★ ALGONQUIN. Many famous plays, gags and acts were created by the writers, actors and celebrities who never let this place alone. Cocktails in the lobby or at the bar. Good music and excellent food. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0101.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. Paul Bunyon helpings of delicious French food in comfortable setting. Dinner, $1.35 and up. 25 East 40th. Le. 2-0342.

★ BOAR'S HEAD CHOPHOUSE. Shakespearean chophouse with such hearty specialties as pork chops, and, for a fine variety, sea food. Dinner $1.50 and up. 490 Lexington. Pl. 8-0354.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor) to food, to more drinks (top of tower), 26th Floor. Open 5 to midnight. 49th and First Avenue. El. 5-7300.

★ CHRIST CELA. Hearty foods in simple surroundings. Men create a big go for this fine restaurant. Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45th. Mu. 2-9577.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Regal seafood, steaks and chops. Good variety of fresh oysters and clams. Closed Sunday and holidays. 75 East 8th. St. 9-8046.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Take a piano, add a jigger of old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens characters wandering around, and you have the Dickens Room. Not inexpensive, but distinctive. 20 East 9th. 9-8969.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Authentic Swedish food served from the likeness of a Copenhagen suburban garden. Smorgasbord. Regular dinner, $1.75. 324 East 57th. El. 5-8476.

★ HAMPSHIRE ROOM. Fine English cuisine in historic setting. Francis Dvorak's string ensemble at luncheon and dinner. $2 and up. 150 Central Park. Ct. 6-7700.

★ JACK DEMPSEY'S. The old nose basher has turned food and drink purveyor with as much punch as his former profession. No dancing, but some interesting people and good entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49th. Co. 5-7875.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. A big dining room and cozy bar with some fascinating paintings. Popular with the Villagers for many years. 28 West 8th. Sp. 7-2540.


★ LUCHOW'S. Has been building and improving on a reputation for good food and congeniality since 1882. Orchestra music from 7-10. Closed Mondays. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

★ SHERRY-NEW YORK. Quiet and elegant dining room. Mezzanine offers a grand view of Central Park. Serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. 5th Avenue at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.

★ TOOTS SHOR'S. Featuring chicken, duck, steak and roast beef. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.


New York Theatre PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-9056). Sensational drama, definitely not for the whole family, but beautifully played by an all-Negro cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ A BELL FOR ADANO. (Cort, 48th W. of B'way. Br. 9-0046). This dramatization of the well known Hersey novel makes an excellent, moving play concerning the Allied occupation of Italy. Starring Frederick March. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ THE ASSASSIN. (National Theater, 41st W. of B'way. Pe. 6-8280). A strong drama with Frank Sundstrom, Harold Humber and Clay Clement.


★ I REMEMBER MAMA. (Music Box, 45th street W. of B'way). Hilarious, funny, tender and touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ RICH FULL LIFE. (Golden, 45th St. West of B'way.) Gilbert Miller presents Judith Evelyn in one of the newest plays of the year. Every week night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

★ THE RUGGED PATH. (Plymouth, 45th St. West of B'way.) Spencer Tracy in Robert E. Sherwood's much debated new play. Evenings at 8:30, matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson Theater, 141 West 44th St.) Ralph Bellamy and Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick and Kay Johnson. Weeknights, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ SECRET ROOM. (Royal, 45th St., West of B'way.) A new mystery play with Frances Dee and Reed Brown, jr. Weeknights, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco, 45th street W. of B’way. Cl. 6-6230.) John Van Druten’s gay, witty and romantic comedy about a soldier on leave in Gotham and two girls. A wonderful cast of three includes Martha Scott of Kansas City, Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35. Nightly at 8:35.

MUSICALS

ARE YOU WITH IT? (Century, 59th St. and 7th Ave.) A bright, new musical presented by Richard Kollmar and James W. Gardiner, with Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs and Lew Parker. Weeknights except Sunday. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

BLOOMER GIRL. (Shubert, 44th street W. of B’way. Cl. 6-5990.) A charming musical conjured up around the age-old question of women’s suffrage, with Nan Fabray and Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

CAROUSEL. (Majestic, 44th street W. of B’way. Cl. 6-0730.) A Theatre Guild production of the musical play based on “Lilliom,” with the setting in New England in 1870. This is the one in which June busts out all over. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

FOLLOW THE GIRLS. (Broadhurst, 44th street W. of B’way. Cl. 6-6699.) Fast, rowdy, showy, filled with girls, dancing, singing, and Gertrude Neisen. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

GIRL FROM NANTUCKET. (Adelphi, 54th St. East of B’way.) A new musical comedy with Jack Durant and Jane Kean. Every weeknight, with matinees Saturday and Sunday.

HATS OFF TO THE ICE. (Center Theater, 6th avenue at 49th. Cl. 5-5474.) Stars on ice, hallels, pageants, comics and fun. Includes dozens of blade headliners. Weeknights except Monday, 8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

MARINKA. (Winter Garden, Broadway a 50th. Cl. 7-5161.) A musical comedy version of Mayerling, with a happy ending. Stars Kansas City’s Harry Stockwell. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

ON THE TOWN. (Martin Beck, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Cl. 6-6363.) One of the year’s smartest revues with comedy, dancing and song. Bernstein music; Jerome Robbins choreography. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

OKLAHOMA. (St. James, 44th street W. of B’way. La. 4-4664.) The Theatre Guild’s hit musical has passed its 1,110th performance, becoming the second longest-run musical on Broadway, topped only by “Hellzapoppin’” with 1,404. Just as wonderful as everybody says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

THE RED MILL. (Ziegfeld Theater, 54th and 6th Ave. Cl. 5-5200.) A dashing musical with Michael O’Shea, Eddie Foy, jr., and Dorothy Stone.


UP IN CENTRAL PARK. (Broadway, Broadway at 53rd. Cl. 7-2887.) A lively and entertaining musical more on the order of an operetta than a musical. Stars Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon and Noa Beery. Sr. Some beautiful sets and nice dancing. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

POLONAISE. (Alvin Theater, 52nd W. of B’way. Cl. 5-6868.) Leans heavily on Mr. Chopin and his brother who seem poles apart. Lichine hallels, and some of Ribouchinka’s very nice dancing. Interesting sets. Nightly, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

RACING, ROLLING, BALLS OF FIRE

PRAIRIE fires were the worst terror of pioneers on the treeless plains of the West. Probs would kill the tall prairie grass, leaving it dry and brittle. Fires then started easily and would go racing across the prairies in a great wall of flame. The rate of speed varied greatly but was usually about 8 or 10 miles an hour. The flames often leaped fifty feet in the air. One pioneer telling about a prairie fire said, “We would read fine print one-half mile or more away.” Smoke could be seen for many miles.

The pioneer settler circled his cabin and cattle sheds with a broad strip of bare stamped earth for protection against prairie fires. Fires would often leap this strip of earth; so the pioneer learned to fight fire with fire. As soon as a prairie fire was seen the settler started a backfire with firebrands. With hazelbrush brooms to control and direct his own fire he burned a strip around his fields and started his little blaze to meet the great flames roaring toward him.

A prairie fire was a truly great sight. S. H. M. Byers, Civil War hero and poet, said, “I would travel a hundred miles to witness a prairie fire, to see a sea of flame and experience the wild excitement of those times long gone.”

—Hubert L. Moeller
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

Just for food ...

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. For hangar flyin' and coffee, or a sidleslip into a booth or table for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, the airport restaurant is right on your frequency. The food, too, is 100 octane. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE. Check your six-shooters at the door, pal, and come on in and drape yourself around some first class chow in this metropolitan edition of the old Bar-X ranch. Pick yourself a good critter and trail her around the old cow trails on the walls. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2595.

★ EL NOPAL. Authentic Mexican food and waitress. Both good. A small and unpretentious place that serves wonderful enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works. 6 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. Just a short drive out on Highway 50 where Mrs. Dowd maintains an establishment of real quality, with excellent food served in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms. Better have a reservation. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ JOY'S GRILL. (Formerly known as Jan's). Notable mostly because it is open all night (except Tuesdays when it's closed entirely) and because it's a clean and nice-looking red-and-blond place to have a snack or a full meal at almost any time. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ KING JOY LO. Delicious Chinese and American food served by Don Toy in a spacious upstairs restaurant overlooking the busy downtown areas. Luncheon and dinner. 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ MUEHLBACH COFFEE SHOP. Paneled and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish and specializing in good food. Entrance from 12th street or the Muehlebach lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD. South-of-the-border atmosphere and food, prepared by a native Mexican chef. Now open for the fall and winter season. On the Plaza. 618 West 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. The only seafood house in town; deep sea delicacies prepared by experts in this art. Open 10:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.


★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. Myron Green insists in poetry, prose and on big signboards that you can't beat women's cooking. He offers two places, 1115 Walnut (VI. 8690) and Myron's on the Plaza as exhibits A. 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ NANCE'S CAFE. A pleasant eating place not too far from the Union station for an epicurean sendoff between trains, as well as a place to mark down as one of your good habits. 217 Pershing road. HA. 5688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. An "about-town" room, cozy and congenial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Alberta Bird at the Novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Full of business men and cretonne. Wolferman's famous food gets better and better as it goes up—from the downstairs grill, past the balcony, to the second floor. A large, pleasant room serving luncheon only. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's a cafeteria managed neatly by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30, Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher style cooking with most of your favorite kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families like it for a tribal pow-wow, especially on Sundays. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. A convenient drive-in circular restaurant. No matter where you park your lizzie it is always faced in the right direction. Just flash your lights for service. Or you may prefer red leather and golden oak booths and tables inside. On the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink ...

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. Martin Weiss is all over the place welcoming the same folks back day after day who have formed enviable eating habits in this place. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ ATER-HORN MUSEUM. Really worth the trip just to see the two-headed calf, collection of powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn
heads, not to mention George Ater's incomparable Old Fashions and steaks. If you can make your way through the clutter of curios you can have your picture taken atop a bucking bronco. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. They come back night after night to watch Josh Johnson bounce around on the illuminated keyboard. An arrangement of mirrors makes you see quadruple—no, Mr. Boogie's fingers really fly that fast. Luncheon, dinner, afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Park your car at the Congress garage and go in through the back door. You'll stay, too, because Alma Hatten is a Pied Piper on the electric organ. And the food is excellent, too. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. A pleasant combination of good service, congeniality and music, with the latter served up by pretty Pauline Neece. Piano interludes from 6:30 until 1:00. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Practically always crowded but certainly worth a try for a table or booth. Your reward will be terrific ravioli dishes and genuine Italian spaghetti. Service from 4 p.m. until midnight except on Sundays when the place is closed. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. This attractive little gold and blue room is now under the new management of Gene D. Wood. Dave McClain, pianist, just out of Uncle Sam's navy, takes his guests on a melodic cruise every night but Sunday. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Ken Prater features the biggest hamburgers you ever saw, and the richest pies at this spacious eatery formerly known as the Bismarck Grill. No breakfast or dinner. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. What was once the lobby of a famous hotel is now a big dine-and-dance room festooned to the rafters with tassels. Stuffed sailfish and mounted moose lock down hungrily on your barbecued ribs. Gus Fitch is the genial host. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.

★ PHIL TRIPP'S. A quick one at the bar in front and then step right back to the dining room for spaghetti, steaks or delicious meatball sandwiches. Overhead, some nice lights hung with beer steins. Across from Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ PICADILLY ROOM. An attractive blue room downstairs from the bus station. Quite a gathering spot for local radio personalities. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. With the maple-mauling season in full swing, inspiration for a 250 game may be found in luncheon and cocktail room of one of the Midwest's finest layouts of alleys. Comfortable, congenial and air-conditioned. 430 Alabama Road. On the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Here's a very comfortable lounge with some admirable dinin' and drinkin' qualities. In case you run out of conversation there's Kay Van Lee, the graphologist, and pretty Zola Palmer at the Solovox. 614 West 48th On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Upstairs and downstairs and all around the counter there's good food three times a day. Downstairs is an ideal place to sit and solve weighty world problems. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. Usually has more standing than sitting because there's more room perpendicularly. Inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Dim, historic and dignified with the finest foods and drinks. Lobsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a.m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. It would take a big cop and a warrant to pry Jeannie Leit away from this neighborly place, and a posse to keep the folks from crowding around this pretty gal at the piano. She plays boogie and sings in a big, deep voice. 3114 Gillham Plaza. GR. 9911.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. Native Italian foods in a colorful Latin setting, just a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour. VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. The way to get off on the right foot on your transcontinental journey is to flag down the Chief and have 'em wait while you surround some food and liquid inspiration at this famous spot. Confidently, that's why so many trains run late. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a drink . . .

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. This is a shoppers' special where you can bring the bundles, your spouse, or a nice date and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 to 5, two drinks for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ EL CABANA. Just off the sidewalk and always crowded. Something real nice about this place is the music, personality and charm of Albert Bird at the Novachord. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 9020.

★ OMAR ROOM. A dimly and cushiony room famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. You get in from the lobby or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Flickering two-reelers where the villain always cuts somebody in two with a buzz saw are the chief attraction here. It's a microscopic lounge, so you better get there early. State Hotel, 12th street between Wyandotte and Baltimore. GR. 9320.

★ THE TROPICS. Oasis on the third floor. A melee of palm fronds, grass skirts and bamboo. Patricia O'Dare at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 until 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 9020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Jolly Jane Jones (whose broken arm is mending nicely, thank you) sings at the piano, alternating with the Latin sere- naders, Joaquin and Diane. They have been around for some time. However, the newest sensation at the Zephyr is Bianca Hall, who sings and plays. She is a graduate of the University.
of Turin, Italy, and a daughter of the famous "Crock," the Charley Chaplin of Europe. Open at 11 a. m.; entertainment from 3 p. m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Boulevard at Warwick, VA. 7047.

**With Dancing . . .**

**CROWN ROOM.** A roomy lounge of no definite shape and a small dance floor around the corner in front of Judy Conrad's orchestra. Gordon Cummings, Marilyn Bliss and Billy Snider, the world's smallest trumpet tooter, are featured. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

**CUBAN ROOM.** Herman Walders swing trio keeps the cats on the prowl 'til closing. There's food available, too, if you can keep from beatin' the place to pieces. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

**DRUM ROOM.** Jimmy Tucker and his smooth, danceable rhythms are heard nightly on the edge of the tiny dance floor. Food is usually pretty fine. Try the Drum Bar for incidental drinking. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

**ED-BERN'S** at the Colony Restaurant. Music in the air to augment delicious foods. Luncheon, dinner and after-theater snacks with music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore, VA. 9020.

**EL CASBAH.** Sheila Rogers, pert young comedian with a satirical viewpoint on bigwigs of stage, screen and radio, runs the gamut of ridiculous every night but Sunday. Also featured is Marian Colby, comedian, a singer with her own special setup of songs, and Karl Smith's orchestra. Cover, except at the bar, weekdays, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50; dinner from $1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30 to 4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick, VA. 7047.

**MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Noisy, amiable place where lots of people dance with other people to Julia Lee's music and the rest sit, sip and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

**PLANTATION.** A cozy supper club with a small dance floor and just a pleasant drive from downtown Kansas City. Currently featured is Vic Cofin and his Chicagoans. Highway 40, East.

**LACANTINA.** A chummy, not-too-expensive cocktail room downstairs in the Hotel Bellerive. Carl Whyte entertains at the piano from 6 p. m. to 1:30. No cover, no minimum, no tax. Hotel Bellerive. VA. 7047.

**PENGUIN ROOM.** Tommy Flynn, his violin and his orchestra set the dancing pace for the smart set in this spacious but congenial dining room. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

**SKY-HY ROOF.** Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights the Roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table. No set-ups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

**SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suave atmosphere and music, with Dee Peterson and his excellent music. One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. No bar; mixed drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

**TERRACE GRILL.** One milestone up the long trail to stardom that every big time orchestra has observed is an engagement in the pink and white Terrace Grill of Kansas City's famous Hotel Muehlebach. From Jan Garber, way back in 1929, to Guy Lombardo in the middle thirties, and even Woody Herman not so many years ago, the Grill has run the gamut of big names in the orchestra world. Phil Levant and his orchestra came in two weeks ago but have been held over until the latter part of November. Phone Gordon for your reservation. Hotel Muehlebach. GR. 1400.

**TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A fifteen minute ride from downtown out to 79th and Wornall will introduce you to the famous composer of "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street," Dale Jones, and his Hollywood orchestra. Food, drinks and dancing until four in the morning. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

**TROCADERO.** A cozy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main with a juke box grinding out the latest platters. No eats, just drinks and fun. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

A couple of classroom sessions yielded these fuller explanations of two words that could stand it. One came from a strapping youngster whose teacher asked for the meaning of the word "Utopia." Came the answer: "My father has no trouble getting cigarettes, my mother can get all the steaks she wants, and I—well, I beat up four guys older than me yesterday. And if anyone can do better than that, my definition stinks!"

The second came from a professor who had been asked the meaning of "millennium": "It's the fellow who can take five highballs at one sitting, then walk a straight line and get a reservation on a train to Chicago on an hour's notice."

—William Ornstein.
THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU—A great big musical concerning a girl's ambition to go on the stage. You'll go away humming the new tunes sung by Susanna Foster and applauded by Franchot Tone, David Bruce, and Louise Allbright.

THE DOLLY SISTERS—Life of the famous vaudeville team as it might have been. Betty Grable and June Haver portray the Dolly sister team in this leggy, rollicking film.

FALLEN ANGEL—Alice Faye back again after long-time-no-see. Gives a nice performance, aided by Dana Andrews.

UNCLE HARRY—George Sanders plays Uncle Harry and Geraldine Fitzgerald his morbidly jealous sister in this adaptation of the Broadway play. (Companion Picture) MEN IN HER DIARY—Peggy Ryan being as funny as only Peggy Ryan can be! If you're a P. R. fan, as we are, you'll roll in the aisles.

NEWMAN

MILDRED PIERCE—Murder and blackmail in the suburbs—a tedi- go Her you're White fabulous this semi-lusty turn, R. featured "good only murdered. Picture)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—A musical extravaganza in the best G. White tradition. Jack Haley, Joan Davis and Gene Krupa are among the many stars in the picture. (Companion Picture) THE UNSEEN—Joel McCrea, Gail Russell and Herbert Marshall are featured in this chiller-diller.

FIRST YANK IN TOKYO—Another exciting war picture, featuring Tom Neal, Barbara Hale, and the atomic bomb.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Dramatization of the life of George Gershwin—with a number of his favorite Gershwin melodies providing an authentic music flavor. Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant, Pick Whiteman, etc.

THE TOWER

Stage and screen: Always triple-decker (2 screen feature and a stage revue) with garnish of newscast, comedy, etc. Just one way to while away five six hours. (Features not posted in advance.)

FOOL THEATRE

Vaudeville and girlie shows the semi-lusty sort. (Feature not posted in advance.)

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU—A great big musical concerning a girl's ambition to go on the stage. You'll go away humming the new tunes sung by Susanna Foster and applauded by Franchot Tone, David Bruce, and Louise Allbright.

THE DOLLY SISTERS—Life of the famous vaudeville team as it might have been. Betty Grable and June Haver portray the Dolly sister team in this leggy, rollicking film.

FALLEN ANGEL—Alice Faye back again after long-time-no-see. Gives a nice performance, aided by Dana Andrews.

UNCLE HARRY—George Sanders plays Uncle Harry and Geraldine Fitzgerald his morbidly jealous sister in this adaptation of the Broadway play. (Companion Picture) MEN IN HER DIARY—Peggy Ryan being as funny as only Peggy Ryan can be! If you're a P. R. fan, as we are, you'll roll in the aisles.

LOEW'S MIDLAND

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY—Hedy Lamarr as Her Highness and Bob Walker as you-know-who provide lots of fun in a frothy comedy plot. An improbable situation, but with Hedy Lamarr (and June Allyson, too) —we love it! (Companion Picture) CRIME DOCTOR'S WARNING—Warner Baxter turns sleuth again and solves the who-dunnit plot very neatly.

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Van Johnson and Walter Pidgeon team up for a fabulous time at the fabulous Waldorf. Just like the salad of the same name, the picture has a crisp, dramatic quality that makes it "good theatre."
**Swing Around**

KANSAS CITY'S fighting, flying Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead came home from the Pacific the other day. As the general's plane arrived the army lashed out from nowhere with formations of Thunderbolts and B-29s. The silvery Flying Fortresses circled the field and dropped softly on the concrete runway of the Kansas City Municipal Airport.

It was a perfect landing and the assemblage of silver-winged officers among the greeting committee commented on the good work of the lieutenant colonel who customarily flies the general around in the big plane with three white stars emblazoned on the fuselage.

General Whitehead kept the welcoming committee, half a dozen or more anxious photographers and a covey of reporters waiting a moment or two before he emerged from the plane. The charming Mrs. Whitehead and their army nurse daughter gave their pop a succession of hugs he will remember a long time.

The general slowly made his way through the crowd to the official procession, but not until he had shook hands all around. "Hello, Kansas City, I'm glad to be home," the General spoke into a WHB microphone handed him by Dick Smith. It wasn't much to say, but General Whitehead could have said nothing more genuine in an hour and a half. He really meant it.

Probably the calmest person on the lot was General Whitehead himself.

"There's a fighting, two-fisted general, yet he's so darn human and easy to talk to," someone remarked. "No wonder he is head of the Fifth Air Force." Mayor John B. Gage and City Manager L. B. Cookingham overheard the remark and added their enthusiastic dittos.

Pretty soon the procession was screaming away from the airport and things began to quiet down.

Your scribe, always awed by big airplanes, strode over and petted the Fortress like a big, beautiful canary. Just about that time one of the crew members stepped out, stretched, looked around at Kaycee's aeronautical pride and joy. "Boy, this is a real layout."

Your nosey reporter shot the air forces officer a quick, two-minute, one-way quiz, which ended with this remark: "Sir, who was at the controls when you fellows came in? . . . that was one of the finest landings the fellows around here ever saw."

"The pilot?" inquired the lieutenant. "Oh, he always makes good landings. His name is Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead."

**BOWLOBITUARY**

It was in Chicago, on North La Crosse avenue, but anyhow, Harold came home one night smelling like a baked potato. And Mrs. Strey stood amazed as Harold wobbled through the back door, with burned embers and soot sticking out of his hair and ears.

She knew it was the old alley speedster's bowling night, and his being late, on top of smelling like an abandoned campfire, was as surprising as the Japanese surrender.

But it all came about this way.

Our friend was sneaking home five minutes late from his letter detail at the Main Chicago postoffice, ruminating on how he could hike his average up from 190 to 190½, when all of a sudden he *smelt* fire.

And sure enough, what he saw was a finger-wave of smoke curling out of a window of his favorite maple mausoleum, the Bowlatorium at 1133 North Milwaukee. He slammed the aging Ponty to a stop, sprinted across the street and
smashed the glass in a fire alarm box. It wasn’t long before eight fire wagons converged from 11 directions, and our little hero pitched in to help. And then, all of a sudden—woooosh! All the windows blew out and our friend got a face full. He sorrowfully helped carry out bowling miscellany, shoes, balls, and even stopped for an armful of precious, highly testimonial score sheets. But he stuck around until the pin palace was as burned out as a pin wheel July 5th.

And that’s the story behind Mr. Strey’s bowling average developing a case of dropsy.

(*A small silvery fish, but what difference does it make?*)

THAT’S DIFFERENT

The vice squad of the (Kansas City) police department was out giving the policy joints around 18th and Vine a going over not long ago. Guess it was during the first week in October. They had the brawl wagon about half full of lucky number operators when one of the raiding officers glanced impatiently at his watch.

“Tell the boys to get a move on ’em... We gotta get back to the station in time to get in on the world’s series pool.”

MUSEUM PIECE

From Florence, Italy, a lieutenant (who once worked on the staff of the New Yorker) writes to a friend of ours: “Dear D——, Spent all day Wednesday with the old masters; the night with the old mistresses. Am now about to come home.”

NOT FELLENZ SO GOOD

Our old pal Gus Fellenz, who is advertising manager of a Wisconsin news-paper, hired a new gal for the classified department. He spent the next three weeks fending off irate Methodists and here’s why:

(Monday edition)

“RUBBISH SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited.”

(Tuesday edition)

“RUMISH SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited.”

(A later edition)

“RUMMAGE SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited.”

---

**SWING**

“An Apparatus for Recreation”

Editor

**JETTA CARLETON**

Managing Editor

**DAVID W. HODGINS**

Publisher

**DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS**

Contributing Staff

CHICAGO:

Norton Hughes Jonathan

NEW YORK:

Lucie Ingram

ART:


PHOTOGRAPHY:

Harold Hahn - Brooks Crumit - Monty Montgomery - Norm Hobart - Louise Putman.

**SWING** is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. **SWING** is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.
OU'LL like doing business with HB, the station with "agency point-of-view"... where every advertiser is a rent who must get his money's worth in results. Swing along with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

For WHB
Availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any ADAM YOUNG office:
NEW YORK CITY 18
11 West 42nd St.
LONGacre 3-1926
CHICAGO 2
E. Washington St.
ANDover 5448
SAN FRANCISCO 4
527 Mills Building
Sutter 1393
LOS ANGELES 13
448 South Hill St.
Michigan 0921
KANSAS CITY 6
Scarritt Building
HARRison 1161

KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX
May thru Sept. '45

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>WHB</th>
<th>Station A</th>
<th>Station B</th>
<th>Station C</th>
<th>Station D</th>
<th>Station E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WEEKDAYS A.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON. THRU FRI.</td>
<td>23.1</td>
<td>26.5</td>
<td>19.7</td>
<td>10.6</td>
<td>13.1</td>
<td>5.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8 A.M. - 12 Noon</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEEKDAYS P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON. THRU FRI.</td>
<td>19.9</td>
<td>23.4</td>
<td>29.6</td>
<td>14.8</td>
<td>9.5</td>
<td>1.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Noon - 6 P.M.</td>
<td>16.2</td>
<td>34.7</td>
<td>20.5</td>
<td>13.8</td>
<td>11.8</td>
<td>2.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY AFTERNOON</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Noon - 6 P.M.</td>
<td>21.9</td>
<td>29.6</td>
<td>20.6</td>
<td>17.2</td>
<td>7.9</td>
<td>2.0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK
Swing
“AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION”

DECEMBER
1945
25c

Where to Go • What to See
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • KANSAS CITY
GENERAL MARSHALL
ON WHB

A FEW SECONDS after he stepped from an army transport, General George C. Marshall spoke a cheery "Hello" to this part of the country. The former chief of staff, now ambassador to China, came to Kansas City to address a huge throng at the Municipal Auditorium on the occasion of the 80th anniversary of the Salvation Army. His arrival here was planned with the utmost secrecy; but there was Dick Smith and the WHB Magic Carpet right on the spot! Dick has had Generals Eisenhower, Whitehead, Wainwright and Marshall on the air, and seems to have earned the title of Kansas City's official "general greeter."

HERO OF CORREGIDOR

Hundreds of Kansas Citians this first view of General Jonathan M. Wainwright as he steps from his Four Star C-47 to officially open the Eighth War Loan drive. He was met by an honor guard, color guard, bands, just about everybody the air could hold.

"I SHOULD TALK"

"Yes, General Wainwright, this part of the country is waiting to hear the voice of a great hero," said Dick Smith. The General spoke just a few words, but they were treasured ones. The next day the General headed the greatest parade ever seen in Kansas City, more than five miles long; and everybody turned out to extend a welcome befitting a real hero.
ARTICLES

PEACE . . . BUT WE HAVE NO PEACE
NIGHTSTICK NAVY
WHAT ABOUT WAR FILMS?
CHRISTMAS IN THE ADIRONDACKS
AFTER TOMORROW, WHITHER?
OLD SOL WILL HEAT YOUR HOME.
A PIONEER SUFFRAGETTE
HAMS ARE BACK ON THE AIR
THE CHRISTMAS STORY IN ART.
HATE IS EVERYWHERE
WHAT WONDERS MAN HATH WROUGHT (Pioneer Mother)
PRETTY LOOKS AT PRETTY PEOPLE
THE COACH, THE MAN, THE PROPHET
BEAUTY FOR THE BOYS
TUNG-YU-SHU-OIL FROM TREES.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRANSFUSIONS ONCE IN DISREPUTE
ALASKAN WILLIWAW
STEAMBOATING ON OLD MISS—1946 VERSION

OUR TOWN TOPICS

DECEMBER'S HEAVY DATES
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS
SWING AROUND

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO LETTER
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL
NEW YORK LETTER
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL

PICTURES

(Center Section) Christmas art, loaned to Swing by Kansas City Public Library. (Back Cover) The Country Club Plaza, Kansas City, in Christmas brilliancy. Photo by Purd Wright II.

THIS IS SWING'S FIRST CHRISTMASTIME. We wanted to wish you something special by way of Merry Christmases. But we shopped around and found we could do no better than to wish you Merry Christmas in all its old accoutrements: the stars, the whiff of cedar, the colored lights; the dash from the cold dusk into the warm sweet house; the tumbled stacks of greeting cards; the crowded trolleys; the readiness to forgive, to kiss, to buy a drink, to love thy neighbor . . . the Salvation Army bells ringing the reminder of the poor and the hungry; the carols, the big langorous poinsettias, the stampede, the egg-nog . . . and the Christmas Story, the sudden fierce and earnest yearning to believe . . . this is Christmas.

Even though Santa Claus forsakes Dunder and Blitzen for a B-29 this year; even though what Russia really wants for Christmas is the secret of the atomic bomb; even though Santa Claus turns out to be that Man from Missouri; even though shepherds watch their flocks by flood lights, and the wise men bring gifts of uranium—even so, Christmas comes again as beautiful as ever in our hearts. And we wish you peace on earth—with those across the room from you, the folks next door, and the men and women of six continents.
**CONVENTIONS**

Dec. 3-5, Alumni Council, Dist. 6; American College Publicity Association. Muehlebach.
Dec. 2-4, Carbonated Beverages Association. President.
Dec. 5-7, VFW, Regional. Muehlebach and Auditorium.
Dec. 11-12, Missouri-Kansas Shippers. Muehlebach.

**MUSIC**

Dec. 3—Philharmonic school concert, Music Hall (1:30 p.m.).
Dec. 4-5—Philharmonic concert, Music Hall.
Dec. 6—Victor Borge, Music Hall.
Dec. 9—Philharmonic "Pop" concert, Music Hall.
Dec. 10—Philharmonic school concert, Music Hall (1:30 p.m.).
Carmilita Maracci, Spanish Dancer, Music Hall (8 p.m.).
Dec. 11—Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, ballet, Music Hall.
Dec. 16—Cab Callaway (A & N Presentation).
Dec. 18-19—Philharmonic, Music Hall.
Dec. 23—Philharmonic "Pop" concert, Music Hall.

**BOXING, BASKETBALL**

(Municipal Auditorium)
Dec. 3—Amateur Boxing, Arena.
Dec. 27—Basketball, Denver vs. Kansas City.
Dec. 28—Basketball, N. A. I.

**ON THE ICE**

(Pla-Mor Arena)

**DANCING**

(Pla-Mor Ballroom)
Dec. 3—Al Donahue.
Dec. 8—Jess Stacy.
Dec. 15—Gene Krupa.
Ozzie Clark's orchestra every Wed., Thurs., and Sunday, and Saturday, Dec. 29. Dancing 5:30 till midnight. Every Tuesday and Friday "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra.

**OTHER EVENTS**

Dec. 3—Town Hall. Music Hall.
Dec. 17—Jewish Center, Mexican Holiday (Picture).
Dec. 21—Mayor's Christmas Party (1:30 p.m.).

**THEATRE**


**ART EVENTS**


Kansas City Museum: Dec. 6-30 p.m. Sunset supper sponsored by Kansas City Southern railroad. Dec. 9, opening of the Loose Room, in honor of late Mrs. Jacob L. Loose.
A NUMBER of years ago Winston Churchill wrote an essay in which he declared: "It has been said that those who could successfully prosecute a war could not write a successful peace, and, that, those who could write a successful peace never could have won the war."

The verity of that statement is now being tested in the crucible of flaming passions which are only too evident in the slowly-emerging post-war world. The council of ministers in London dissolved their meeting without reaching any agreement on the most fundamental of all questions, namely, what nations shall participate in the peace discussions. As the meeting broke up on the rocks of this impasse, it is perfectly plain that there is a seething discontent amongst many peoples in both Europe and Asia. They are in sharp conflict regarding domestic problems and also their relationships with other nations. It may be argued with more than a modicum of logic that this is a natural concomitant of the cataclysmic upheaval which the world has witnessed in the last decade and a half. But if this be true, also is it true that the sand is running through the hour glass at an appalling speed. It ill-behooves those who are charged with the responsibility of fashioning some kind of order from the chaos of the moment to waste any time in allaying the discontent which is to be seen on every side. They can't procrastinate because the sparks of unrest have already, in several instances, turned into the fires of revolt.

In Great Britain the man on the street is trying to figure out the basis for the intransigent attitude which prevailed at the meeting. Sylvain Mengeot, who is the diplomatic correspondent for Reuters' News Service, has said that the British public, rightly or wrongly, find it hard to believe that the disagreement was brought about by conflicting interpretations of the Potsdam declaration. Seeking some other explanation, that public has advanced two theories... both of which are entirely speculative and neither of which has any backing in official quarters. The first is that the Russian attitude is to some extent prompted by consideration of the Soviet's post-war national economy. It is clear that Soviet hopes of large-scale material aid are far less rosy under the present administration in
Washington than they would have been under the presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. Mangeot reports that it is argued, as these hopes recede, the Soviet automatically toughens its attitude of exclusive economic control over the whole of eastern and southeastern Europe. In order to explain away the delays and disappointments in the progress of post-war construction within Russia itself, an increased dose of xenophobic propaganda for home consumption becomes somewhat of a necessity.

The second theory is that Molotov’s adamant attitude was an “argument from strength.” Soviet morale is high. The Russians believe they, more than any other nation, won the war, and they believe they won it virtually single-handed, both against Germany and against Japan. Russia has extended her protection, though there are many persons who would put the word protection in quotations, to both Poland and Yugoslavia. Russia’s refusal to compromise in London must be interpreted, in part at least, as a demonstration of power. It is a warning to such European countries as Greece, Italy, and Turkey, that Soviet good-will and protection are to be prized above all others.

Mangeot concludes by saying that while these are both theories, they are “symptomatic of the present state of public opinion in the British Isles and they will persist until some far fuller official account is forthcoming. Insofar as the results of the Russian attitude is concerned, they may be summed up in the statement that they have effected a closer alliance, one upon the other, between Britain and France and a reliance of the two of them upon the United States.

In Moscow, the newspaper Pravda described Soviet acceptance of France in discussions of the peace treaty with Italy as a “compromise.” The paper argued that the only countries who were entitled to be represented at the peace discussions were those who signed armistices with the warring Balkan powers.

In the meanwhile what do we see in Europe as the Soviet Union and its wartime allies continue to throw verbal bricks at each other? Bulgaria is rent with internal dissension. The agrarian and social democratic parties are in firm opposition to communistic leadership. On the other hand the present prime minister, Kimon Georgiev, shouts to the world that Bulgaria played an important part in the war against Germany. He runs the
gamut of southeastern Europe in his claims that Bulgaria aided in liberating Macedonia, Serbia, Yugo-Slavia and he states also that Bulgaria forced German troops to evacuate Greece. He even asserts that Bulgarian troops, joining with the British Eighth Army on Austrian soil, accomplished the liberation of that country.

These statements, on the record written by Bulgaria, are exaggerated to say the least. Bulgaria played the wrong horse in the first world war and she chose the same one in the last war . . . losing both times. Now she would have the world believe she played a major part in the allied victory. She claims she should pay no reparations to Greece for occupation of Macedonia, charging that the advancing Germans and the retreating Greeks did all the damage before Bulgarian troops arrived on the scene. Her claims are a travesty on the truth.

On the question of Italy, Prime Minister Parri says: “Today we see prospects for a peace treaty going further and further away. The Italian government and its people feel that the present armistice terms are becoming more burdensome. It is obvious that we will be forced to ask the United Nations for a military, economic, and juridical status. Military, to end certain conditions of the armistice; economic, to regulate our relations with other countries; juridical, so that we can enter the United Nations and have liberty of movement inside and outside of Italy.”

As we continue looking at the European scene, in the Middle East, there have been demonstrations favoring full independence for Egypt. Students several thousand strong have paraded the streets of Cairo with banners which read: “By steel, fire, and blood we shall get our independence.” Pamphlets have been circulated stating: “The time is ripe for action. Rights can only be obtained by force.” In Palestine, the unrest continues. Border clashes are reported from Syria and Trans-Jordania as hundreds of Jews, seeking haven and refuge after enduring frightful tortures of body and mind, for ten years past, attempt to cross the frontier to the promised land . . . promised literally, not figuratively, and then the promise was reneged. Jumping into northeastern Europe, the age-old question of Teschen has raised its ugly head to cloud the relations between Poland and Czechoslovakia. Jozka David, who is the Deputy Prime Minister in the regime of Mr. Benes, says it’s all settled insofar as the Czechs are concerned. The Czechs, he declares, cannot survive without the coal of Teschen. He added that while Czechoslovakia has always wanted to come to agreement with Poland in a spirit of democracy and Slavonic brotherhood, we shall not go back on the question of Teschen. We shall discuss the transfer of Poles from the republic for we wish to give them financial compensation we refused the Germans and Hungarians. We shall put the Silesian question before the peace treaty.”

The Russian attitude in the settlement of European problems appears,
at this distance, at any rate, to be one of characterizing as reactionaries all persons who object to Russian influence among the masses. If agreement is to be found, some middle course must be followed. The collapse of the London conference makes it more than ever imperative that Truman, Attlee, and Stalin get together—and quickly so—to restore some unanimity of action.

If Europe appears to be troubled, what of the Far East? Revolt still flares in Indo-China. Famine faces the people of Batavia in Java. Rice and meat are scarce and there are forty-five million people to feed on that island. One hundred sixty-five thousand tons of rice are known to have been harvested but the Japs hid it and it has not been located. Javanese nationalists and Japanese erstwhile invaders are fighting side by side against pro-Dutch and anti-nationalist elements. Fighting goes on in Purwakarta, Surabaya, and Batavia. Allied authorities in Batavia told the Japanese leader, Colonel Niamato, that Japan was responsible for order. Allied commands must be carried out, they said, scrupulously, and, if necessary, by force. Repercussions of the unstable situation in the Indies were felt in Australia where the Australian Communist Party was said to have circulated pamphlets demanding "hands off the Indonesian Republic."

No amount of discussion, however, can alter the fact (and it's a very unsavory one, too) that the allied governments now find themselves arrayed against the Javanese, who have accepted, in some instances, Japanese aid. A sad commentary on the principles for which we fought the war.

In China, there were reports of fighting in Chekiang province between the Communists and the troops of Chiang Kai-Shek. Far to the north of this action, five American cruisers, the MINNEAPOLIS, the SAN FRANCISCO, the NEW ORLEANS, the TUSCALOOSA, and the LOUISVILLE, sailed into Chefoo harbor, southeast of Tientsin and sixty-five miles due south of Port Arthur. These naval vessels are commanded by Vice-Admiral Barbey. The port of Chefoo is held by Chinese Communists and there are indications that the general situation there is pregnant with possibilities. Thus we have peace, but actually there is no peace. Everywhere there is unrest, perturbation, everywhere there is instability, dissension, and disagreement. Even here in the United States, between capital and labor. The task of restoring order and of building a decent world—where men will be free to govern themselves—confronts us on the road ahead. More than one million Americans who were casualties in the war demand we march down that road with eyes forward and hearts unafraid. We may be certain that the living of those casualties will speak for themselves, but only the nation as a whole can answer to the dead.

(This article was from a broadcast on August 24 by Cedric Foster. The writer's vision is exemplified in the timeliness of the article even at this late date.)
They ferret out fake heroes, separate sailors from too young girls with over-anxious hearts; protect those who won their medals the hard way.

"NIGHTSTICK Navy"

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

In peace as in war, from Kobe to Kansas City, the Shore Patrol is the Navy's police force. It also looks after lost offspring, separates sailors from too young girls with over-anxious hearts, and safeguards the privileges of enlisted men and officers who won their medals the hard way.

There was, for instance, the First Class Gunner's Mate who strode impressively through the Kansas City Canteen one night in 1944, staring haughtily through thick-lensed glasses at mere seamen and buck privates. A handsomely tailor-made uniform had been cut to cling to the somewhat chubby person of its wearer, as a custard to its mold. Ribbons were festooned four deep across his ample breast.

But Chief Petty Officer John Golden of the Kansas City Detachment of the 9th Naval District Shore Patrol was not impressed. He waited until the mate was seated alone at a table, then quietly walked over to check his papers. Ten minutes later the man was on his way to jail. The SP's had spotted another phoney. The would-be Gunner's Mate was a civilian who wanted to be a hero—the safe way.

"That guy was an easy one," Chief Golden—an ex-policeman with eleven citations for heroism—said later. "A gunner's got to have good eyesight. Who ever heard of one wearing thick glasses?"

The fake hero was only one of a dozen or more persons masquerading as servicemen turned up in average month by the SP's. These phoneyes, most of whom are prosecuted on Federal charges, find a uniform and medals of great assistance in impressing women, gaining free drinks, and cashing bad checks.

It is also the duty of the Shore Patrol to protect sailors from wenches—both the teen-age "victory
Girls” and their more monetary minded older sisters. SP’s shoo sailors and marines out of bad districts, taking into temporary custody those who have imbibed too freely, thus becoming no credit to the Navy, as well as an easy “roll” for anyone who would like to separate them from hard-earned overseas pay.

The tight are allowed to sleep it off at headquarters, then are sent on their way with a stiff warning. Some are veterans of long months of battle and feel entitled to a good binge. When they are sober again, they’re grateful that their pay is in the Shore Patrol safe—instead of in the pocketbook of a 12th Street blonde.

A Shore Patrolman is taught that his most important duty is to help his shipmates, not to punish them. Working with the conviction that most offenders can be quickly corrected with a little friendly advice, he does much to keep men of all branches of the armed forces out of trouble.

All officers and enlisted men assigned to SP duty are thoroughly indoctrinated in naval regulations, police procedure, and military law during an intensive course which also includes ju-jitsu, firearms, first-aid and military drill. On duty they are a walking travel bureau, a friend to the man who is confused, has lost his papers or money, is lonely, or has missed a train connection. And by keeping a few trouble-makers in line, SP’s maintain respect for the naval uniform.

Around the clock they answer questions. One night during the heaviest part of the rush in Kansas City’s Union Station, a confident seaman dashed up to a Shore Patrolman, demanded, “Say, have you seen my wife?” And a radioman once approached an SP petty officer to ask where he might meet a girl who could cook. “I’m just back from the Pacific to get a discharge,” he explained, “and I decided while I was out there that when I got back state-side I wouldn’t waste my time and money on the frivolous babes.”

He met the right girl, at a nearby servicemen’s canteen.

A typical Shore Patrol watch means patrolling on foot or an wheels, combing the hot spots for the tight, the pugnacious, or the AWOL, warning those who wear the naval uniform sloppily, cooling off overly ardent swains, providing guards of honor for funeral services, policing stations, and checking papers. Other duties include riding cross-country trains, convoying prisoners, and watching over drafts of enlisted men moving under orders.

Ninth Naval District men assist overworked trainmen on more than a hundred trains a day out of Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis. One surprised SP found himself caring for three lost children in the Chicago Union Station. Another acted as a midwife aboard a jammed coast-bound train. And in metropolitan areas they keep an eye on the thousands of Navy men and women who crowd into midwestern cities for
two weeks, since he walked out on me. But my girl friend saw him up on Howard Street one night with a woman.” Her mouth twisted on the last word.

Outside in the street again, Kuehnell whistled in Hodges, who had thoughtfully posted himself at the rear of the building, and predicted, “We’ll pick that guy up sooner or later. He’ll come back for money, or because he hasn’t any other place to go. And in the meanwhile, we’ll have the Howard Street detail do some checking.”

“That kid was cute,” added Wiesenneyer. “Too bad his pappy had to pull a dumb stunt like going AWOL.”

The patrol’s next duty was to check bars on the near north side of Chicago, asking for papers or liberty cards. The approach was usually a friendly, “Having any fun, Mac?”

In a filthy bar that looked like a set in a George Raft movie, five sailors swigged beer while a midget woman did a strip-tease, surrounded by an assortment of queer bits of humanity. There were other dives, not quite so dirty, where servicemen watched floor shows consisting mostly of precious emcees, dirty jokes, and third rate torch singers. But they also had a good time in clean but crowded spots like the Hotel Sherman’s Panther Room, where the Sinatra Set beat time to Jimmy Dorsey’s music, or in the downbeat room, where “Hot Lips” Page blasted ear-drums and Dorothy Donegan’s piano playing started them weaving at their

a few hours of liberty, as well as the additional thousands of enlisted men and WAVES on their way to new duty assignments, or to discharge centers.

Petty Officers Frank Kuehnell, Charles Wiesenneyer, and Oliver Hodges are assigned to the four P.M. to midnight watch in Chicago. Their station wagon has a roving assignment, and is expected to respond to all radio calls, thus backing up the street patrols and depot details. Following them on their rounds is something more than the Shore Patrol keeping order. It is also the story of servicemen in a big city.

Their first stop was a shabby one and a half room apartment on North LaSalle Street, the home of an AWOL sailor—stuffy with too much heat and stale from the odors of cooking. The sailor’s baby crawled forward, chuckling, as the SP’s walked in. His wife was pale with shame and fear. “Honest, I don’t know where he is,” she protested, picking up the baby. “I haven’t seen him in
tables. In most of the night clubs, however, civilians were in the great majority. There were a few soldiers or sailors in the high-priced, hopefully swank Latin Quarter.

On West Madison street, the SP roving detail chased minor sailors out of a cheap night club noted for its predatory "B girls." Further west, on Washington boulevard, all was noisy fun at a roller rink where about a hundred sailors skated with bobby-socked females.

Riding slowly back to the Loop area, to cover the depots and canteens, Kuehnell explained, "They like to do the same things they did as civilians. The guys who liked to sit in bars, sit in bars. The kids who like to skate make for their own kind at the rinks. The family fellows look up their relatives. The jitterbugs run for the ballrooms and canteens, where they can dance and meet girls like the ones they knew at home."

At the Union Bus Terminal one of the SP's on duty turned in a third class Torpedoman who had his wife—an 18-year-old in slacks—with him, but little else. He was small, barely twenty, and scared. His bride of four days sobbed throughout his story and kept right on crying when it was finished. The sailor went to SP headquarters; his bride was taken to Traveler's Aid while her husband's story was checked. After three hours a teletype message from his station on the west coast cleared him and supplementary orders were prepared to send him on his way.

After two tipsy marines in a South State street bar had been convoyed to their hotel and put to bed (another exclusive Shore Patrol service) the detail made a final round of the depots. At the Dearborn Street station they picked up a second class seaman who had overstayed his leave, he said, because of family troubles. He had voluntarily given himself up and mournfully confessed that he hadn't had anything to eat for eighteen hours. The SP's treated him to three hamburgers and coffee and took him to the brig for the rest of the night.

Back at Shore Patrol headquarters—a combination office building, brig, and barracks which formerly housed a midshipman school—the detail wearily shed their leggings ("boots" to all Navy men, and always worn by SP's on duty) and the SP brassard and nightstick. They were through for the night. Another detail was ready to take over.

Specialist (S) Kuehnell said, "Well, it was an average night. We didn't see much trouble, but that's the way it is." He unbuckled his service revolver and placed it on the duty officer's desk.

Blonde: "Would you call it mental telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"
Soldier: "No. just plain good luck.—From B. & R. News.
WHAT ABOUT War Films?

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

Now that our boys are returning from the war fronts the question naturally arises as to whether films should be made about the war and whether it wouldn't be better to scrap a lot of them made in recent months. There are some people who feel that it's been a horrible war, beyond all imagination, and for Hollywood to crop up now and then with a bitter reminder of devastation, ruin and death only reopens an old wound.

There's a lot of truth in that, no doubt; and while there have been many heartaches suffered during the period of strife there have also been carloads of heroes. In other words, war can be likened to a pendulum: what happens on one side of the scale is offset by the other side and in the final analysis it all evens up.

But when it comes to motion pictures, the question is whether the public wants to see the gruesome. My answer would be the majority of the public doesn't want to see the horrors of war. The best evidence of this I got the other night while attending a showing of "True to Glory." An elderly woman sat next to me in the theatre. When the scenes were flashed on the screen showing civilians dumping bodies of victims atop each other in a large pit, she covered her eyes with her hands and sighed "Oh, God!" She repeated this performance several times and while I didn't free my eyes from the screen long enough to turn around, I know there were many others in the audience who couldn't look.

Then there's the case of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." You may have seen the picture, particularly the realistic scene where the Chinese doctor amputates Van Johnson's leg. From various sections of the country it was reported patrons fainted during the brief interval the operation is performed. Word got around about this scene and many people who like the red-haired star wouldn't go to see the picture.

Newsreel editors have eliminated tons of footage of horror scenes sent them
by correspondents in all theatres of the war. Most were stomach-upsetting and never saw the light of the screen. Yet some were sent out, cut to the bone in length, and even then patrons squawked to theatre managers that they shouldn’t be shown.

Horror stuff doesn’t set well with the public. It’s bad enough to read about it in the newspapers. Reading about it flashes an imaginary picture on the mind, no matter how well described and reported a story is, but actually seeing the wholesale carnage is quite another thing. The public wants to be entertained when it goes to a theatre and not be reminded about the cruelties of war.

At the moment there are at least twenty-five films finished, near completion or contemplated about the war. Some will naturally be fluffy stuff without significance. Others like “They Were Expendable,” “The Last Time I Saw Paris,” “Objective Burma” and one or two others have social significance, a message to tell, and standing on their own should meet with public approval.

“Objective Burma” has been shown in most cities and communities. “They Were Expendable” has just been completed and work is about to start on “The Last Time I Saw Paris.” If the latter two pictures are treated in an interesting manner with a keen eye toward entertainment potentials they are bound to meet with success. Such was the case with “Objective Burma.” Those pictures which do not treat the war with an objective will fail of their own weight.

I can recall vividly what happened after World War I. There were quite a few innocuous films made on the subject, but three that stood out bring home my point. If the picture has a definite message, something to say, it will be immediately recognized by the public and win its plaudits.

The three films I have in mind are “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” which starred the late Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry; “The Big Parade,” which had the late John Gilbert and Renee Adoree as the principals, and “Lilac Time,” which starred Gary Cooper.

Of the three “The Big Parade” garnered most of the public’s money. It was the first to be released and I can still remember the scene where Gilbert is being moved away on a truck packed with other soldiers and

QUICK TAKES

By Baer

“And what, Holmes, is your grade?”
“Elementary, my dear Watson.”
Miss Adorce is running after it, trying to hold on to Gilbert’s hand and then finally having to give up as the truck gains speed.

In “The Four Horsemen” there were two unforgettable scenes, the fighting on the battle front and the last sequence showing an immense graveyard with its crosses as the sun sets. Two indelible scenes that will live forever in my mind. In “Lilac Time” there were quite a few love scenes between Cooper and Colleen only factors that can spell success.

Moore that one can never forget.

The horror angle in each of these pictures was played down to a minimum and the romantic slant built up. Each in itself was entertaining. Each had a definitive message. And the public responded in kind.

What remains to be said is this: In the new potpourri of films, it is hoped that most will have a conclusive message and at the same time be entertaining. The two ingredients mix well for success. They are the

TRANSFUSIONS ONCE IN DISREPUTE

IT is hard for us today, knowing the miraculous effect of transfusions, to believe that once in the distant past they were in disrepute and against the law—particularly in France.

Transfusions were condemned in the time of Pliny and Celsus and in medieval times when Pope Innocent VIII lay dying from that “terrible disease old age.” As a last resort his physician attempted a transfusion, which resulted in the Pope’s death and the daring physician had to flee for his life.

It was William Harvey’s discovery in 1616 of the circulation of blood that removed transfusion from the realm of speculation.

English experiments stimulated the pioneer work of Jean Baptiste Denis in Paris, 1666, and his work became widely known. However, malicious hostility was aroused by it, and the work was attacked on scientific, metaphysical and religious grounds.

Following three transfusions administered to improve lunacy, the patients died and the enemies of the operation brought Denis to trial on charge of murder.

Although he was eventually cleared the anti-transfusionists were able to utilize publicity against Denis, and transfusions were prohibited except with the specific approval of the Paris Faculty of Medicine whose members strongly opposed the operation.

In England, Germany and Italy, experiments continued from animal to man, but eventually the campaign in Paris resulted in a law prohibiting experiments with it, on human beings, thus succeeding in putting it into disfavor through the world. Falling into disrepute, it was not again mentioned for 150 years.

—Margaret Benz
ZIFFO the soap that bubbles

Convincing, Isn't He?
The Kid thought more of his $550 banjo than he did of himself. But big Russ Winslow, the drummer, thought both were worth saving.

Christmas in the Adirondacks

(Many orchestras, now at the top of the heap, did not walk over a bed of roses to get there. This is an account of an incident that occurred back in 1928. The leader of this band is now known to everyone who is familiar with popular music.)

by RICK ALLISON

It was after one o'clock and there was the usual crowd of young folks, musicians and hero-worshipers who always stay late to watch the crewmen of a nationally-known band pack up their instruments and fold back into the bus.

"That's no band, that's a mob," remarked one of the boys who was obviously a trumpet player in one of the local outfits. You could pretty near always tell a trumpet player by his carefully nursed little mustache.

Yes, it was a big band, 18 pieces. Most of the musical foremen were toting around nine or ten men those days and calling it a big band.

The crowd had thinned and now and then somebody would stroll over to a window and comment on the snowflakes as big as saucers and the ten inches or a foot of white blanket covering the ground. Outside the 1928 Fords and Chevrolets were having a hard time getting loose. Two or three of them were still stuck while their spatted chauffeurs pushed, tugged and cussed.

"How far is our next jump, Paul?"

"Oh," he replied, "about two hundred and ten miles, straight north, right up through the Adirondacks. But they say the road is plowed out all the time and we won't have any trouble."

Within half an hour the 18-piece orchestra was packed, crammed and jammed into the wheezing old bus that had been adequate when the boss was making the one nighters with ten pieces.

The snow beat softly against the windows as the bus headed north out of Albany. Came two o'clock, three, yes, even four and there wasn't a sign of trouble.

But by five o'clock the hills were getting steeper, the snow deeper, and the old bus was steaming like a tea kettle.
“We gonna make it, Horse?” somebody shouted to the Cedar Rapids alto sax man at the wheel. Horace, who always hated that equestrian nom de plume, didn’t answer.

And then it happened. A hairpin turn, and uncertainty where the road actually lay, sent the bus skittering into the ditch. It came to rest at a 45-degree angle, but still upright.

“Merry Christmas, boys!” Joe, the piano player, chirped from the rearmost seat, beneath a heap of sax cases, the public address system and the Kid’s $550 banjo.

And for the first time it dawned on everybody that it actually was Christmas morning.

Nathan, the first trumpeter, had stuck his foot through a window when the bus slammed into the ditch. He wasn’t hurt, but the newly created vent let in a column of snow and cold air.

Up front the kid banjo player looked around like a cornered, frightened little rabbit. The windows were frosting badly and it was getting cold in the bus. “Horse” thought they should sit it out until daylight. Russ Winslow, the drummer, thought so too. But three of the huskiest boys decided to set out in some direction.

Came seven o’clock and with it the first gray streaks of dawn. The door of the bus burst open and in wallowed the three explorers. Icicles clung to Russ’s black mustache. The big red-headed trombone player trembled like a leaf, but he was always grinning, even at that almost terrifying moment.

“There’s a filling station down the road about a quarter of a mile. They’ve got a fire going and said we should come on down.”

One by one the boys filed out of the bus, wincing with cold as they set out single file down the road. The bigger fellows went ahead and beat the path. The Kid hesitated in the door, took one look at his precious, $550 banjo, and then turned to go. He was already out of the door, but suddenly wheeled back, dug the banjo from the pile of instrument cases, and set out down the road. The fellows were already three rods ahead.

“Where’s the Kid?” Russ asked.

“He’s coming.”

But the Kid lagged farther and farther behind. The 25-pound instrument and three feet of snow,
and besides he had a game leg, made it tougher and tougher.

"Go ahead, fellows," he shouted bravely. And soon they were out of sight.

From here on, let's hear the Kid's own story:

"My legs were like logs, my fingers were numb, and I dropped the banjo in the snow. God, no, I couldn't leave it there. I picked it up, or tried to, and staggered on.

"Suddenly a strange, dark peace seemed to settle over everything. I just let go and settled back into the snow. It was soft and warm and inviting. Things began to waver and whirl, and the world was warm, but dark. I could see mother, a thousand miles or more back home, going in and out of my empty room. There was something about a Christmas tree. It seemed that my dad got up early that morning, looked at the Christmas tree, but didn't smile like his usual, good-natured self. I tried to make them understand, but they just looked around the room as though it were empty. It grew darker. I could hardly see them. Funny, I thought, snow is supposed to be cold but I felt real warm. I settled back. It was almost dark now.

"Then suddenly came an annoying voice. Someone calling my name: "Wake up, Kid. You'll freeze! . . . My God, I believe he is freezing already." It was the voice of big Russ Winslow, and the boss himself, who had come back after me. They formed a cradle with their hands and I remember being carried, somewhere."

"Boy, he was damn near gone . . . I'm telling you," Russ told the boys.

* * *

As the day wore on it cleared up. Snowplows came through and they pulled out the bus. Night came, and at ten minutes of ten the band unloaded in front of the hall. The manager was fit to be tied. He said most of the crowd had gone home. Said he wouldn't pay but half price. He'd see about that.

But after 11 o'clock things were pretty well smoothed out and the boys were back in the groove. They were doing a nice job on a special arrangement of "Ain't Misbehavin'."

Then, from a side entrance, came the figure of a slight, 117-pound youth. Slowly he and his precious banjo jostled past the dancing couples. They looked at him curiously.

In a minute or two he had the banjo out of the case and he came in with his breaks on the last chorus.

The floor manager strode by, paused in front of the newcomer with the sparkling, rhinestoned, $550 banjo on his lap and pointed.

"Drunk, huh?"

Strange, but not one of those musicians thought it was funny.
Alaska, long known as The Last Frontier, has been brought years closer to the rest of the Union by the wartime built Alaska Highway—and by the long cement runways that mark the air route of planes to Russia.

Now that hostilities have ceased, there will undoubtedly be a flood of homeseekers to this, the last Frontier. How much do you know of this rugged, picturesque land where America’s highest mountains and glaciers tower, aloof and serene, with white capped peaks jutting into alluring skies, where calm valleys are speckled with nameless lakes, and fragrant flowers grow?

If you have five minutes to spare, pull up your parka hood, lace tight your mukluks, and mush into this Alaskan Williwaw of knowledge. Answers on page 65.

When an Alaskan says:

1. TOTEM POLE.
   Does he mean?
   (a) Device for carrying a load. (b) A tree. (c) An Indian Symbol.

2. INDIAN PAINT BRUSH.
   (a) Indian art equipment. (b) A flower. (c) A dog whip.

3. ANCHORAGE.
   (a) A town. (b) His wife. (c) A moored boat.

4. INNOKO.
   (a) An Eskinmo. (b) A mountain. (c) A river.

5. DOLLY.
   (a) A child’s toy. (b) His wife. (c) A device for obtaining gold.

6. CACHE.
   (a) Money. (b) A hiding place for supplies. (c) Fur bearing animal.

7. SKUNK-BEAR.
   (a) A wolverine. (b) Striped skunk. (c) A sheriff.

8. GRUBSTAKE.
   (a) Porcupine meat. (b) Pemmican. (c) Money to buy food with.

9. SOURDOUGH.
   (a) A biscuit. (b) Spoiled pastry. (c) An old timer in the north.

10. CHILCAT.
    (a) A wild animal of the lynx family. (b) A summit. (c) A mountain pass.

11. MUSH.
    (a) Breakfast cereal. (b) In love. (c) An order to travel.

12. CHEECHAKO.
    (a) Gold bearing sand. (b) A sled. (c) A newcomer to the north.

13. KODIAK.
    (a) Alaska made camera. (b) Glacier. (c) Largest of all bears.

14. SLUICE BOX.
    (a) A coffin. (b) A device to store food. (c) Gold mining equipment.

15. KLOOTCH.
    (a) Indian village. (b) Overnight camp. (c) A squaw.

16. DALL HUNTING.
    (a) Gold prospecting. (b) Searching for Siberian flowers. (c) Hunting a species of mountain sheep found north of the 65th parallel.
Your house may fold up like a baby carriage, tucked away in a fluorescent lighted jeep.

by CHARLES H. HOGAN

After Tomorrow—Whither?

I HAVE been doing a lot of reading lately, and much nervous thinking. It has occurred to me that the Little Helpmeet and I might as well give all of our stuff—lock, stock and rocking chair—to the Salvation Army, and be done with it.

For, come the future, according to every magazine I pick up, those treasured hard-bought items will be as outmoded as the wrappings on the late lamented Thotmes III.

It’s enough to drive one creepy just contemplating what some international gang of super-duper meddlers are cooking up for the way we’re going to live.

They tell me our houses will be a little number that you can fold up like a flexible baby carriage and tuck away in your air-conditioned fluorescent lighted jeep and haul away to new vistas of enchantment.

At first, in their crude pioneer days, these wizards were going to have plastic buttons which one would push and there-
dreamland to the soft strains of symphonies wafted through space without anything so prehistoric as a radio set.

This little dodge is going to be rough on wives of the future, though. Theoretically at least it will rob them forever of one of their old standbys in the griping line. Imagine them being forced to complain: “I nearly froze to death all night. You had all the ether waves on your side of the bed an’ I like to died.” It won’t sound right or logical, some way, but sooner or later, they’ll wiggle around science and be happily off on their indignant course.

Doors, I learn to my horror, will be mere figments of a scientist’s imagination. They will consist of some newly discovered light waves that keep out the cold but don’t obstruct the view. Imagine trying to slam a newly discovered light wave in the face of the elderly eager beaver from Jehovah’s Witnesses!

Everywhere you turn you read one of these prophesies—each wilder than the last, and more terrifying. I don’t want any retort-wrestler telling me how I’m going to live!

They’re planning my future when I haven’t even caught up with my present! In fact, I’m still living in the past and getting bills to show for it.

“On second thought, honey, maybe we better hang onto all our stuff,” I remarked to the Roommate, who was dreamily perusing a picture spread of “the Home of Tomorrow” in House Beautiful.

“We’ll be the most beloved folks in the village some day merely as a refuge for modernists who are driven berserk by gadgets slinking around their chromium shacks, fixing leaks in the roof and turning out the fire under the potatoes (really the rum-pus room but you’d never recognize it).”

“M-m-m, yes,” she murmured, from a thousand light years away.

I say down with the whole gang of them! I’ll stick to that sagging pink chair and that couch which is a damn sight more comfortable than a whole bed of radionic rays—even perfumed radionic rays! To any meddler who is charting my future life I shout: “Dammit, sir, tinker with your own future!” I might even toss in “Egad!” to show my vintage.
Old Sol Will Heat Your Home

... And at an annual cost of nothing!
Yes, that's what the man said.

by JOHN BROBERG

The annual fuel bill, that most unwelcome item on the homeowner's budget, will soon be a thing of the past, it says here. In the post-war era—that marvelous world of the not-too-distant future—houses will be heated by the sun's rays at an annual cost of nothing.

There have been many theories on this subject. But perhaps the most feasible method of harnessing solar radiation has been dreamed up and recently patented by Dr. Alwin B. Newton, former chief of refrigeration research at Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company—world's largest manufacturer of heat control units. The reason: Newton's idea not only heats houses in the winter, but cools them in the summer. During the warm months, the system is reversed, and the house is cooled—but the sun's rays still do the job.

As with most scientific men, Newton had pondered over the problem for a long time before the answer came to him. Inventions usually come that way. Suddenly something clicks, and there you have it. Invariably a long, secret thought-process has gone before.

Once when he was making a tour of the South, Newton noticed that in many places people heated hot water for their homes by piping it through metal coils on their roofs. Sometimes the water got so hot that steam would actually sizzle from the faucets.

Then, another time, when he was up in Maine, he saw farmers making ice in the middle of summer by using a very elementary principle of physics.

Newton's idea for heating and cooling houses, which has won nationwide acclaim, uses both of these principles. And like most successful inventions, it is very simple.

So, when we get back to peacetime production again, here's how you may be heating your home in the winter, and cooling it in the summer: There won't be any furnace to mess with, or any type of fuel to buy. It will all be done with heat radiation—a principle as old as the earth itself.

First of all, there'll be a coil of pipes on the roof of your house. In the attic will be a storage tank filled with water. On cold days the sun's rays will heat the water in the roof coils by solar radiation. This water will be stored in the tanks to heat the house during the night. A battery of thermostats will regulate the water temperature in the same way they now control the temperature of the air within your home.

Now it may seem a bit strange to most of us that a whole house can thus be heated comfortably in winter—say when the temperature hovers near the 30-degree below zero mark. Nevertheless, it can. Anyone who lives in the northern U. S. has seen snow melting on rooftops even though the temperature is far below freezing. And all of us have seen pictures of skiers standing atop snow-clad mountains in perfect comfort, clad only in bathing suits. If it weren't for solar radiation, none of these things could be possible.

Another question might be this: Granted that the sun will heat the water in the daytime. But how are you going to keep it hot all night without having a whole attic full of water tanks?

The answer is a substance known as
Wood's Metal, which can store more heat than water can. Within the storage tank in the attic are a number of small sheet iron containers filled with this strange substance. Wood's metal is solid at normal temperature. It looks much like ordinary lead. But at a temperature of 130 F, it melts. And in changing from a solid to a liquid, it is able to absorb and retain much more heat than the water within the tank that surrounds it. So, at night when the sun's rays cease to warm the water in the roof coils, the Wood's metal in the storage tank gives off its heat and keeps the water hot. This water circulates through the radiators in the rooms downstairs, and the house is kept snug and warm while you sleep. Your fuel bill? Well, you just don't have any.

The process is reversed for cooling your home in the summer time. The sun's rays, of course, are not brought into play, but the idea of radiation is still there. Actually, the heat is radiated out of your home by the same principle.

During the daytime, the roof coils are closed off so no water circulates through them. But at night, when the air is cool, the water is pumped through the coils to give off its heat. Before morning the storage tanks are filled with cold water which may be used to cool the house during the day.

In this case another substance—acetic acid—(which might be termed high-octane vinegar) is employed to keep the water cold in the daytime, the same as Wood's metal is used to keep the water hot. Acetic acid freezes solid at 50 degrees F., and acts much in the same way that a block of ice would in the tank. It lowers the temperature of the water around it, and helps maintain a low temperature for a much longer time. Thus, the house has a tank of ice cold water all day long for purposes of air conditioning.

Now this process may also appear a bit strange to the layman. Some might ask: How can you keep your house cool all day long just by exposing the water in the roof coils to the night air?

First we must remember that radiation works two ways. All day the sun radiates heat, and the earth absorbs it. At night, when the sun is gone, and a ghostly moon takes its place, the earth radiates, or gives off heat. But since air itself is a poor conductor, the earth soon loses its heat, and the temperature drops rapidly. Surrounding the earth is an envelope of air about five miles thick. This is called the atmosphere. Beyond is the stratosphere which has almost no air, then the troposphere, which is vacuum. Way out there in the vast celestial spaces, there is no heat at all—a temperature which is —460 degrees F., or absolute zero—the coldest temperature science has yet recorded. During the night, when the sun is not charging the air with heat, the earth is radiating its heat toward this deathly cold region of the sky.

Up in Maine, when the farmers want ice in summer, they simply dig a shallow basin in the ground about a foot deep and perhaps fifty feet square. They line the bottom with straw—thereby insulating it from the earth's saved-up warmth, add a layer of clay to seal the basin off, and fill the remainder with water. A mound of dirt is heaped up along the sides of the little lake to prevent warm air from coming in contact with the water and warming it. During the night the water gives off its heat by radiating directly
toward the absolute zero of the firmament—and it freezes solid!

In the morning the farmers merely break up the ice with long poles, shove it to the side, and haul it into underground coolers.

Cloudy weather doesn't interfere much with the roof coil method of heating houses because the infra red rays or heat waves of the sun penetrate through the cloud layers. If you've ever received a good smarting case of sunburn on a cloudy day, this fact will have already been brought home to you in a rather unpleasant way.

That is why this method is much more feasible than using direct solar rays to heat your home. Tests have proven that such systems—which depend on large glass windows and shutters—must have auxiliary heating systems to take over when the sun isn't strong enough to do the job. On cloudy or rainy days, when the temperature falls, a thermostat cuts in a furnace, and you're back where you started from. But in a post-war house with a roof coil heating system, a furnace just isn't necessary and you can use the extra space in your basement for another ping-pong table, or perhaps a bar.

But home planners shouldn't get their hopes up too high—anyway not for awhile. The system will have to undergo rigid and extensive experimentation before it is ready to be turned out en masse.

But anyway, we're in for a new deal in house heating in this marvelous post-war era we're hearing so much about. The old-time furnace is on its way out, with its soot and dirt and ashes. Science has found that the best way to heat a house is to harness the sun to do it.

---

STEAMBOATING ON OL' MISS—1946 VERSION

Many things have changed on the rivers since that well known spinner of yarns wrote of the dangers of navigating OL' MAN RIVER. Instead of straining his voice the leadsman chants into a microphone the varying depths of the water, and when the riverboat with its precious cargo gets into safe water the leadsman sings out the familiar cry—"twain—mark twain."

Many are the stories of Mississippi nights when a pilot had to fight strong currents through long stretches of inky blackness. In those days the river pilot felt his way along through the darkness with a mixture of intuition and experience. Today the United States Coast Guard has helped solve that part of the pilot's problem by installing sixty-five hundred floating and fixed lights along the seven-thousand-mile navigable river. Old-timers along OL' MAN RIVER say that the river is now as bright as "THE GREAT WHITE WAY."

River navigation demands great skill. In contrast to the three hundred foot steamboat of the '90's the modern Diesel towboats push and tow strings of heavily loaded barges over a quarter of a mile in length. Locks along the river are only one hundred and thirty feet in width and often a pilot will have a clearance of only two feet on either side. A barge carries from one to three thousand tons of cargo and the lineup of barges in a single tow may have over fifteen thousand tons of mixed cargo—the equal of three hundred fully-loaded
freight cars. So you can see that a single miscalculation of a pilot would result in a serious tieup. Mississippi River piloting as summed up by an experienced riverman, is fifty per cent knowing how to maneuver a towboat and its tow of barges, twenty-five per cent courage to back up that judgment, and twenty-five per cent knowing the river.

Although many things have helped simplify riverboat piloting, do not get the idea that it is a cinch for it definitely is not. When they figure out a way to harness the river currents, and to make the channels of Old Man River stay put, then maybe riverboating will be a cinch.

The rivermen are having boom times now. More than a billion miles of freight will be moved this year on the great inland highway.

—Rowland G. Bird.

Ah! Nylons!
A PIONEER Suffragette

Mother said at her birth:
“\textit{A woman’s life is so hard}
\textit{I'm sorry it’s a girl}.”

by ARA J. GEBAROFF

This slogan was undoubtedly originated by some male jealous of his prerogative rights.

Perhaps this was in the mind of a certain Massachusetts minister when he made this peculiar public announcement: “I am asked to give notice that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock in the town-hall at five o’clock tomorrow evening. Those who like such music will of course attend.”

He was referring whether facetiously or seriously, to a lecture to be given by Lucy Stone, a pioneer in the field of Woman’s Rights.

This same Lucy started to think of her life-work when as a child she read in her Bible that wives must be in subjection to their husbands. She ran in tears to her mother asking, “Is there anything that will put an end to me?”

Early did she become indignant at man-made laws, and the way men treated women. A married woman’s property and her earnings belonged to her husband. He had sole control of the children while he lived. If he wished, he could at his death will them to strangers.

A wife could not make a contract, and had scarcely any legal rights. She was entitled to stay only forty days in her house without paying rent, after the death of her husband.

Lucy Stone was born in Massachusetts in 1818. Her mother said at her birth, “I’m sorry it’s a girl. A woman’s life is so hard.”

She should have reckoned with Lucy. She had inherited something which put her ahead of her times, even as her famous prototype, Anne Hutchinson.

But whereas Anne rebelled at women keeping silent on religious matters, and did something about that, much to the wrath of the Puritan fathers, Lucy Stone determined on another course.

She wanted to find out for herself just how badly translated certain Biblical sections were. She wanted to read in the original Greek those passages relating to a woman’s being in subjection to a man.

She became the first woman from Massachusetts to graduate from a college. That college was Oberlin in Ohio. It had been founded in 1820, and made no distinction of color or
It also wanted to meet the needs of students who were willing to work for an education.

Lucy’s father thought she was crazy to want to attend, and refused his support; so she earned the money herself. It took her until she was twenty-five. She taught country school at a dollar a week, later increased to four.

In college she did some tutoring, also housework. She would prop up her Greek book before her while washing dishes. She boarded herself for fifty cents a week.

After three years, her father hearing that she got up at three o’clock in the morning, wrote that he would send her money.

She was the recipient of a rather dubious honor while a senior. She was asked to write one of the Commencement theses. She refused unless she herself could read it and not let a man-graduate do so.

The convention of the time would not allow that, so she did not write. In later years she was the featured speaker at an Oberlin Commencement.

From the date of her graduation in 1847, Lucy Stone made a name for herself. A dainty little body, she was far from being a strident exponent of Woman’s Rights. Her voice was of a singularly beautiful quality, and she had many admirers with serious intentions, even though her father said at one time, “Lucy’s face is like a blacksmith’s apron. It keeps off the sparks.”

An early picture shows her with hair parted in the middle, drawn back and slightly puffed out over the ears. Her nose was broad and tip-tilted. Her eyes grey, her mouth strong and kindly. She was a small woman with gentle manners, sweet voice and great natural eloquence.

The garments of that time were tight-laced ones, voluminous and trailing skirts. Lucy took up the Bloomer costume. A newspaper in Cleveland described it in these words. “Her dress is first a black velvet coat with collar fastened with buttons. Next, a skirt of silk reaching to the knees, then the breeches of black silk, with neat-fitting gaitors.”

Susan B. Anthony considered the costume an agony to wear. She gave it up after four years. Lucy gave up also.

Lucy lectured for ten years. She converted Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Frances Willard to the cause of Woman Suffrage. She headed the call for the first National Woman’s Rights convention.

She married Mr. Blackwell after he had agreed not to stand in the way.

Susan December, 1945

Swing

sex. It also wanted to meet the needs of students who were willing to work for an education.

Lucy’s father thought she was crazy to want to attend, and refused his support; so she earned the money herself. It took her until she was twenty-five. She taught country school at a dollar a week, later increased to four.

In college she did some tutoring, also housework. She would prop up her Greek book before her while washing dishes. She boarded herself for fifty cents a week.

After three years, her father hearing that she got up at three o’clock in the morning, wrote that he would send her money.

She was the recipient of a rather dubious honor while a senior. She was asked to write one of the Commencement theses. She refused unless she herself could read it and not let a man-graduate do so.

The convention of the time would not allow that, so she did not write. In later years she was the featured speaker at an Oberlin Commencement.

From the date of her graduation in 1847, Lucy Stone made a name for herself. A dainty little body, she was far from being a strident exponent of Woman’s Rights. Her voice was of a singularly beautiful quality, and she had many admirers with serious intentions, even though her father said at one time, “Lucy’s face is like a blacksmith’s apron. It keeps off the sparks.”

An early picture shows her with hair parted in the middle, drawn back and slightly puffed out over the ears. Her nose was broad and tip-tilted. Her eyes grey, her mouth strong and kindly. She was a small woman with gentle manners, sweet voice and great natural eloquence.

The garments of that time were tight-laced ones, voluminous and trailing skirts. Lucy took up the Bloomer costume. A newspaper in Cleveland described it in these words. “Her dress is first a black velvet coat with collar fastened with buttons. Next, a skirt of silk reaching to the knees, then the breeches of black silk, with neat-fitting gaitors.”

Susan B. Anthony considered the costume an agony to wear. She gave it up after four years. Lucy gave up also.

Lucy lectured for ten years. She converted Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Frances Willard to the cause of Woman Suffrage. She headed the call for the first National Woman’s Rights convention.

She married Mr. Blackwell after he had agreed not to stand in the way.

Susan December, 1945

Swing

sex. It also wanted to meet the needs of students who were willing to work for an education.

Lucy’s father thought she was crazy to want to attend, and refused his support; so she earned the money herself. It took her until she was twenty-five. She taught country school at a dollar a week, later increased to four.

In college she did some tutoring, also housework. She would prop up her Greek book before her while washing dishes. She boarded herself for fifty cents a week.

After three years, her father hearing that she got up at three o’clock in the morning, wrote that he would send her money.

She was the recipient of a rather dubious honor while a senior. She was asked to write one of the Commencement theses. She refused unless she herself could read it and not let a man-graduate do so.

The convention of the time would not allow that, so she did not write. In later years she was the featured speaker at an Oberlin Commencement.

From the date of her graduation in 1847, Lucy Stone made a name for herself. A dainty little body, she was far from being a strident exponent of Woman’s Rights. Her voice was of a singularly beautiful quality, and she had many admirers with serious intentions, even though her father said at one time, “Lucy’s face is like a blacksmith’s apron. It keeps off the sparks.”

An early picture shows her with hair parted in the middle, drawn back and slightly puffed out over the ears. Her nose was broad and tip-tilted. Her eyes grey, her mouth strong and kindly. She was a small woman with gentle manners, sweet voice and great natural eloquence.

The garments of that time were tight-laced ones, voluminous and trailing skirts. Lucy took up the Bloomer costume. A newspaper in Cleveland described it in these words. “Her dress is first a black velvet coat with collar fastened with buttons. Next, a skirt of silk reaching to the knees, then the breeches of black silk, with neat-fitting gaitors.”

Susan B. Anthony considered the costume an agony to wear. She gave it up after four years. Lucy gave up also.

Lucy lectured for ten years. She converted Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Frances Willard to the cause of Woman Suffrage. She headed the call for the first National Woman’s Rights convention.

She married Mr. Blackwell after he had agreed not to stand in the way.
of what she had determined to be her life work. He also agreed that she should retain her name. The only concession she made was to prefix it with “Mrs.”

A few years ago, H. L. Mencken said, “She began her melodramatic tours in stagecoaches and canal boats and if she had lived a few years longer, she would have ended them in automobiles and airships.”

For over twenty years, she edited the “Woman’s Journal” founded in Boston in 1870. During the centennial year of Presidential activities (this would be the time of President Harrison) she wrote in Woman’s Journal this appeal: “Women of the United States, never forget that you are excluded by law from participation in the great question which at this moment agitates the country. A question which is not only who the next candidate for the President will be, but what shall be the policy of the Government under which we live for the next four years.”

Lucy Stone died four years later in 1893. By that time Women’s Rights were no longer connected with irreligion, free love and everything radical.

We ask as did Mencken, “Where is her monument reaching upward to the stars? For one, I believe it is too long delayed.”

A PIONEER SUFFRAGETTE

NOW YOU TELL ONE

“Is it true, my dear, that your husband is very absent-minded?” inquired a friend.

“Yes,” the lady replied, “we’ve been married six months and many an evening at eleven he gets up, takes me by the hand, tells me what a delightful time he has had, and would leave if I didn’t remind him.”

A street car inspector was watching the work of a new conductor.

“Here, Foley,” he said, “how is this? You have 20 passengers and only 19 fares have been rung up.”

“Is that so?” asked Foley. Then, turning to his passengers he yelled: “There’s wan too many on this car. Git out, one of yez.”

An old lady who was being introduced to a doctor, who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

“Shall I just call you ‘doctor’ or shall I say ‘professor’?” she asked.

“Oh, just as you wish,” was the reply; “as a matter of fact some people call me an old idiot.”

“Indeed,” she said sweetly, trying to patch it up, “but then, they are the people who know you.”

A fashionable Hollywood hostess recently sent out elaborate invitations for “Bearer and One Wife” to a Hollywood party.

—Harry S. Donen.
TO AN OLD BRIEF CASE

I FOUND YOU TODAY when we were cleaning out the old back room at the office and grabbed you up with a whoop of joy. What a flood of memories you brought back. Battered and worn now, I remember when you shown with newness. I guess I shown with newness in those days, too. I carried you proudly on my very first call on a prospect, almost 20 years ago. Into your warm leathery heart I stuffed my first order. What a triumphant day that was. The battle see-sawed back and forth a dozen times but we finally got the name on the dotted line and went out of that office with our hearts singing. I remember one morning when I got up and drove a hundred miles and then found I had forgotten to put you in the car. You and I have taken some tough knocks. You and I have met some very fine people through the years. And we have called on some heels, too. You don’t have to be jealous, old boy, because of the new brief case. Even though it has a fancy zipper it can never take your place in my affections. I've rescued you from the old back room and I'm taking you home for a place of honor in my study. I'm going to keep you around to remind me of some of the adventures we've had together, so we can pass on to other chaps just starting out, a few of the things we've learned about the art of selling.

A fire engine was racing down the street, siren shrieking, when a drunk staggered out of a doorway. For two blocks he chased the engine shouting, "Stop, Stop!" Finally, out of breath, he dropped to the pavement and shook his fist. "All right for you, mister—you can keep your darn ole peanuts."

—The Down Towner.

INFLATIONISTICS

Farm Hand: "What is a buccaneer?"
Farmer: "That's how much I got for my corn."

Only the brave can deserve the fair, but only the rich can support them.

McTavish: "I'll have a sardine sandwich, lassie."
Sheila: "Domestic or imported? The domestic is twenty-five cents and the imported is a dollar and a quarter."
McTavish: "The domestic, me good woman. I'm paying no sardine's passage across the ocean."

A rich man is one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.
“HAMS” ARE BACK ON THE AIR

Lots of “bands” and they give out with squeaks, squacks and squeals, but not necessarily music.

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

THERE is another kind of “ham” back on the market in addition to the regular kind. The amateur radio ham, barred from the air since Pearl Harbor, has been released from bondage. Before the war about 60,000 Americans had amateur radio licenses and conversed via the ether waves in their strange lingo with other radio amateurs all over the world.

These radio stations were silenced by the government for security reasons after December 7, 1941. The normal period for a license is three years, but the FCC extended these licenses; in August of this year they assigned them a temporary band of 2½ metres, which has put them back on the air within certain limits.

Each amateur radio operator must have his license renewed by the FCC when it runs out. In order to get a renewal he must show that he has worked three stations (talked with three other hams) within the last year. And on top of that each ham must have two licenses, one for the station and one for the operator.

Right now the army and navy are using most of the bands that amateurs used before the war. So the ham is restricted to the 2½-metre band. But even with this handicap a ham in Southern Massachusetts recently set a new record for this band by working a station in Pennsylvania.

The report of this record shows the reception to be about 360 miles. The old record for the 2½-metre band was 200 miles. With this type of restriction the ham cannot do much about distance work — or DX as he calls it. More bands for the amateur are expected to be available as soon as the services relax their use.

Before the war the hams had a 160-metre band, but they may not get this one back.
They had an 80-metre band that was used for both code and voice, mostly in the Midwest on local work. The 40-metre band was used for code before the war and was a good band for night work on DX. The 20-metre band was used for both code and voice and was the daytime DX band.

A new band that the amateurs expect to have released to them is 15 metres. Just what they will do with it remains to be seen, or perhaps we should say heard. The old 10-metre band is expected back. It was used mostly for voice before the war. And it was an odd band. Sometimes it would carry from New York to South Africa. At other times it could not be worked beyond Texas from Illinois.

The old 5-metre band was all phone or voice use, and the 2 1/2-metre band was both code and phone. In addition to these bands they also had 1 1/4 and 3 1/4-metre bands that were not often used.

Many of the hams closed their stations and went right into uniform. The majority of them were in the draft age brackets and the army, navy, marines and coast guard grabbed them up in a jiffy. The amateurs that were left soon found their way into war work.

The radio amateurs of the United States are zoned into nine districts by the FCC. The first district is New England; the second, New York City, Long Island and part of New York State; the third is Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, District of Columbia and parts of New Jersey; the fourth includes Alabama, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee; the fifth includes Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arkansas.

The sixth district comprises California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. The seventh district includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. The eighth district comprises parts of New York and Pennsylvania, the lower peninsula of Michigan and the states of Ohio and West Virginia. The ninth district includes Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and the upper part of Michigan.

The radio ham had a great war job, both in the service and right here at home. As usual he did himself proud. The hams have always been able to come up with the right answers when disaster struck. During floods and hurricanes, when other means of communication were out of order, the radio ham has gone on the air and called help when it was urgently needed.
When more bands are released to the amateurs, and more hams are released by the services, there will be some great get-togethers on the air waves. The boys will have many stories to tell one another of wartime experiences all over the world. These radio amateurs have covered the entire world by short wave right from their own homes, and now many of them have actually visited parts of the globe they were familiar with by radio. Some great tales will go out over the short waves before long.

If you are listening in on the short waves bands of your radio, you may hear some of these stories—that is, if you can understand the lingo the boys use. It was full of abbreviations and initials before the war, holdovers from the old code days. That was when all amateur radio commu-

ication was by Morse code and the hams borrowed the telegraphers' trick of abbreviating many words and running whole phrases into a few words.

There should be a fine new set of abbreviations and letters tossed on the air by the boys who have been in service. All of the services have been coining new words by telescoping a half-dozen words into a few letters.

Some of these nights, if you tune the short wave band of your receiver, you may hear, "CQ, CQ, CQ. This is W1XXX calling; CQ, please." This means that a radio ham is back on the air and is in the mood to talk to someone far away. "CQ" in the "Q" system of the hams means, "Pick up my wave length and let's talk." Through the air the answer may come from anywhere—and then the stories begin!

### JUVENALIA

The schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle and was busily chewing gum when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

"My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."

"Good!" pop grumped. "It's about time we had a little peace."

Teacher: "Johnny, can you give me a definition of health?"

Johnny: "My pop says health is what people are always drinking to before they fall flat on their face."

Pammie: "Whatcha doin', mommie? Whatcha eatin'?"

Mamma: "I got up early so I could eat breakfast in peace."

Pammie (2½ years old): Baw, waw, yowl—"I wanna piece, too."
A Christmas Story

ارد

A Glorious and beautiful story, touching
the hearts of men throughout the ages and
inspiring the greatest works of art the
world has ever known.

Another Christmas nears and
a world again at peace looks
back through the centuries to that
night in Bethlehem long, long ago
when Mary first pressed the Christ
Child to her breast.

It is an old story, that of Joseph
and Mary, who came up from Galilee
to the city of David to be taxed. And
there, in the grotto stables where they
were forced to stay because the inn
was filled, the Christ was born. And
in the nearby fields a great light
shown upon the shepherds keeping
watch over their flocks and the voice
of an angel spoke to them to fear
not because he brought good tidings;
that in the city of David a Savior
had been born, Christ the Lord,
whom they would find wrapped in
swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

It is a simple story, simply told
in the second chapter of St. Luke.
Yet it is a glorious and beautiful
story, one that has reached down to
touch the hearts of men throughout
the ages and inspired the greatest
works of art the world has ever
known. From it have sprung master-
pieces by the greatest composers
of music, poetry and prose; from it
sculptors have been inspired to
genius. But of all the arts which
have sought to express the soul-
stirring Christmas drama none has
been employed more successfully
than the palette. Many of the great
masters of the brush have employed
the story of the Nativity for some
of their greatest works; many have
depicted the scene time and time
again.

The "Madonna and Child" was
perhaps the most popular of all sub-
jects with the Renaissance masters.
Sometimes they were painted by
themselves, sometimes with the little
cousin Saint John, or with the grand-
mother Saint Anne, or Saint Joseph,
husband of Mary; sometimes with an
entire group of saints.

One Siennese painter, Duccio,
about the turn of the fourteenth
century, surrounded his "Madonna
and Child" with twenty angels, six
saints and four of his best Siennese
patrons. The Dutch and Flemish art-
ists employed something of the same
idea, when commissioned to paint a
family with its patron saint, by mak-
ing a huge representation of the saint
with tiny figures of the family
grouped about it.

The Madonnas of Raphael are, of
"The Magnificat," by Sandro Botticelli. On the following page the legend of the supernatural light is employed in the famous painting by Correggio, "The Holy Night." Raphael's great "Sistine Madonna" is also reproduced on these pages.
course, among the best known and
best beloved of all. His famous “Sis-
tine Madonna” is his most widely
known painting dealing with the sub-
ject. It is said that the face of the
Madonna was that of the woman he
loved. It could well be true, for
artists ever were prone to weave
something of the heart into their
works.

Raphael was one of the greatest
painters of the Renaissance—perhaps
its foremost master. His father was
a painter and poet, and although he
died when the lad was only 12 years
old he must have given the boy a
good beginning in art for at 17 young
Raphael had outstripped all his in-
structors in his native city of Urbino
and had gone to Florence in search
of greater worlds to conquer.

Soon the gifted young painter was
summoned to Rome by the Pope, and
so brilliantly executed were his fig-
ures on the walls of the Camera della
Signitura that the Pope dismissed all
other artists and ordered their work
destroyed. But the Madonnas by
Raphael immortalized his name.

Titian gave the world a wonderful
Christmas painting in “The Holy
Family.” Tintoretto’s “Adoration of
the Shepherds”—a theme employed
by many artists—also is a master
work. “The Nativity” by Rubens is
second to none in spirit and execu-
tion. Murillo chose the Nativity for
two outstanding works, “The Birth of
the Virgin” and “The Flight Into
Egypt.” Also famous are “The
Adoration of the Magi” by Veronese
and “The Holy Night” by Correggio.

One, however, that deserves espe-
cial attention is Fra Lippo Lippi,
whose madonnas were chiefly impres-
sive because of the sweetness of the
faces. It is legendary that the model
for these was a young nun with
whom he eloped from a convent in
Florence where he was engaged in
painting the chapel.

One of the noteworthy legends of
the Nativity is of the dazzling sup-
natural light which filled the cave at
Bethlehem with glory. Another is
that told by Matthew, how on the
third day Mary placed the Child in
a stall and the ox and the ass adored
him.

Hardly a painting of the Nativity
fails to introduce these two humble
beasts, sometimes with the ass being
represented with open mouth, lifting
up his voice in audible adoration—a
form of worship which might be dis-
concerting to infant ears.

The legend of the supernatural
light has been employed with re-
markable effect by some of the paint-
ers. A noteworthy example of this
is the “Adoration of the Shepherds”
by Anton Rafael Mengs, in the Cor-
coran Galleries of Washington. Born
in Aussig, Bohemia, in 1728, Mengs
was a great admirer of Raphael and
in his fourteenth year accompanied
his father, who was a painter also,
to Rome, where he spent his time copying the works of his favorite. It is for his “Adoration” that Mengs is best remembered.

Quoting from Van Dyke’s “The Christ Child in Art:”

“There are certain symbols or mystical emblems which are frequently introduced in pictures of the Nativity. The cross is placed in the hands of an angel or in those of the little Saint John to remind us of the future for the Holy Child. The lamb is a sign of his purity; and when it is bound with cords it represents his sacrifice. The dove is the emblem of the Holy Spirit; it also speaks of meekness and innocence.

The goldfinch, because of the red spot on its head, is connected with the memory of Christ’s death. A sheaf of wheat is often used as a pillow for the infant Jesus, or just a few beads of it are placed in his hand as a symbol of the bread of life. When Jesus has his finger laid upon His lips it is to remind us He is the Word of God. The palm is the symbol of martyrdom and glory, the olive is the emblem of peace and the globe represents his kingly authority.”

Thus in the silent language of symbols the artists have expressed the thoughts of wonder and worship which have gathered through the ages about the cradle of the infant Jesus.

Notes on a Famous Street

Peter Stuyvesant once built a wall to keep cattle from straying. That was in 1652. Today the site of that wall is a street. That gives us Wall Street.

This famous thoroughfare is only a little more than a third of a mile in length, at its widest point only forty feet across. The first trading took place in 1709. Here slaves were once bought and sold, and familiar sights were a cage, a pillory, and a whipping post.

First resident of this area was Captain Kidd. Later Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had offices in the shadow of Wall Street.

The term “watered stock” originated when Daniel Drew, “the Sphinx of Wall Street,” fed salt to lean starved cattle, then let them drink all the water they could hold, and sold them shortly afterward as prime plump cattle.
Hate IS EVERYWHERE

It is the religion, creed and enigma of occupied Germany.

by EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

PRICE WICKERSHAM, Kansas City lawyer, is getting the low-down on American military government in occupied Germany in letters from his 37-year-old son, Capt. Wyman Wickersham, who is in charge of American military government at Mainburg, Germany, in the heart of the Bavarian hop-growing district. October 21, Captain Wickersham wrote to his father:

"If you were to describe conditions in Europe in one word, that word would be HATE. Every country hates the other and in Germany one section hates the other. What is the greatest fear in Germany? You guessed it—Russia and Communism. They blow it up to a tremendous size. What of political life? Germans are afraid of politics. Some intelligent people will even tell you that we ought to stay over here twenty-five years, dictating to the people, giving them no voice, and during that time the people should devote themselves to hard work. Political party sponsors say it will be hard to get members. We have two active political parties here, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats. Their principal difference is that the latter believes in combination of church and state.

"The food situation will be critical, but the country will have enough to get by without much to spare. Ration is about half what you get in a day without the quality. Biggest local shortages are coal, fat, sugar, shoes, gasoline and work clothing. Basic fuel this winter is wood, of which there is enough.

"You hear a lot of UNRRA. They operate in this area with displaced persons and I don’t know too much of their work. Some people who know are inclined to feel they are not doing too well, definitely not as well as the army.

"Right now we are in the midst of economic denazification, which is a tremendous job. It isn't so much work for us as it is responsibility to see that it is done properly. By economic denazification is meant the removal of active Nazi party members from any positions of supervision over another person in business life. This does not extend to farms. An example is the case of a chemist who works for a firm, but bosses no one, not even a clerk or steno or office boy. That man can remain, but if
he supervises in any way anyone else he must go, providing he was at all active in the party. This removal is the responsibility of the owner of the place, who, if he fails subjects himself to severe penalties and imprisonment.

"Now you ask, who denazifies the owner. That is done by a committee appointed by the Landrat (a local official), and approved by me. To begin with, the burden of proof is on the Nazi to prove he was not active and that he was virtually forced into the party.

"What is done with a business that is denazified at the top (owner)? You can suggest that the active Nazi owner sell it, or, if he refuses, just let it remain closed, or if its operation is essential to the community, you can place it under Property Control, which means the appointment of an administrator who runs the establishment. He is appointed by me and turns over all but 12 per cent of the profits to the Property Control officer at Munich, who deposits it to an account. This money will be used by the United States government to buy German stuff for export to the U. S. for reparations.

"The term active Nazi is hard to define as it differs with the individual. Attitude is a big factor. What is being done with persons dismissed on account of Nazi activity? They cannot work under anyone they formerly supervised. Many are going to work in road repair. It is upsetting the lives of many families; the party members who have anything at all are worried sick."

A Kansas City businessman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse, being out at the time, was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father.

"Don't you know better than to come into the nursery here in those germ-filled clothes? Why—you're not sterile."

He looked at her and said, "Lady, you're telling me?"

* CONTEMPORANEITIES

"What model is your car?"
"It isn't a model—it's a horrible example!"

—from The Tooter.
What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

IV

The Pioneer Mother

In this continuation of his remarkable series of articles on sculpture, W. Phimister Rowley, L.S., M.F.T., chooses the work of A. Phimister Proctor in Kansas City's Penn Valley Park. This beautiful carven tribute to the women of the west made a tremendous impression on the professor, who always did think women were wonderful, anyway, particularly a couple of telephone operators he knows.

The EXQUISITE sculpture group which stands at the foot of the Liberty Memorial Mall is in reality a tribute to all the pioneer women who played their heroic part in the winning of the west, although it was inspired by the life of Mrs. Sarah J. Birchfield Vanderslice.

In 1853 Mrs. Vanderslice with her husband and little son, Howard, migrated from Kentucky to Kansas, probably passing the very point where the statue now stands on their way from the inconsequential little landing station on the Missouri river to the thriving city it served, Westport. That was in the heydey of "Westward Ho!" when the gold and land rushes to the fresh lands of the West brought the migration of families which resulted in the establishment of civilization through the Great Plains area.

The hardships and rigors of the frontier life so impressed themselves on the small lad that he was instilled with profound reverence for the fortitude of the pioneer women. Later he met Proctor and arranged for the creation of the inspiring marble group. That was after the lessons of industry and thrift taught at his mother's knee had enabled him to become a leader in the inland empire his mother had helped to create.

Thrift was characteristic of all these women of the west. It was at the knees of his grandmother, who also made the trek back in the covered wagon days, that this writer
learned the great merits of thriftiness and became one of the world’s foremost paper bag savers—a trait of no small advantage in the recent paper shortage. Others may have had to carry their groceries home in a basket or a freshly washed garbage pail, but not the Professor. He always had an old bag to take to the store with him, although don’t tell my wife I called her that.

This trait was manifest in all members of the family. My cousin Homer, for instance, was a string saver second to none, while his brother Hosea specialized as a bottle cap putter-awayer. At one time he had, by actual count, 8,264 bottle caps. It was my cousin Lucindy, however, in whom the trait of thriftiness was most pronounced. She was an electric light putter-outer and went about the house continuously putting out lights others had left burning. She estimated that over a period of twenty-five years she saved a total of $4.86. Poor Lucindy is dead now. She stumbled over a stool in the dark and broke her meddling neck.

In his statuary group Proctor made his characters with faithful adherence to historical accuracy in the minutest detail. The principal figures are the mother and child, mounted on a horse which exudes weariness; a pack animal, the husband, and an old scout. Close examination will reveal even the tobacco juice on the old scout’s luxuriant set of whiskers.

It is reported Proctor’s passion for accuracy caused him to drive the horses used for models for mile after mile in order to weary them to the point of presenting a true likeness of the jaded animals he desired to depict. When he achieved this, he would set to work with enthusiastic joy. There is no record that it was shared by the horses.

About the base of the statue is a Biblical quotation, the words of Ruth which every wife should memorize and recite in reverent humility each morning at the breakfast table: “WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO; AND WHERE THOU LODGEST I WILL LODGE; THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY GOD MY GOD.” “Pass the butter and try coming home sober tonight, for a change.”

We Got Your Number!

While the conversation lags during the first two drinks, you might try this little number trick on that cute little number. To find her age and the month of her birth, have her do this: First, on the cocktail napkin (or the back of that card suggesting something or other made with Four Roses) she writes down the number of the month of her birth. That is, if she was born in February, she writes down 2; if in October, she writes 10; etc. Then have her multiply by two; add 5; multiply by 50 (all right, all right, you do it for her, then!); add her age (she’ll do that, sight unseen); subtract 365; add 115. What comes out is four numbers. And you, you wise guy, will know that the first two numbers indicate the month of her birth; the last two are her age. Go ahead—try it and see!
 Pretty Looks at Pretty People

Interviews That Probably Will Not Be Published Very Soon.

by Carl Revere

CARLOTTA CLAIRE—HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER

Despite the unfeeling criticism of some of the boys and girls of the Hollywood news “beat,” our beloved Carlotta Claire, “first lady of the screen,” is at heart a modest, simple housewife and mother.

She is a down to earth “homebody” whose great noble heart is wrapped up in her little family and her career.

As a reporter for Cinema Spotlight I have wormed my way through the shell of esoteric aloofness which surrounds this glamorous star. Thus Cinema Spotlight is able to bring you, for the first time, a candid portrait of this lissome film star who literally has the world by the heels! (And, boy! does she know the heels!)

It is only fair to report that Carlotta, “the honeyed one of 21,” as Noel Coward once quipped, is actually a simple creature of simple tastes. I found her, for instance, displaying her famed lithe contours in a pair of chic mid-riff slacks and what she jocosely called a “sloppy Joe” (it’s fitting in all the best places!) bustling gayly about her little white cottage on a hillside in Beverly Hills.

As we exchanged fripperies on her patio it was almost horrifying to me to realize that this esoteric, poised, sophisticate once had been held up to public scorn in the press.

That shocking episode, which might have broken the spirit of a lesser woman, occurred last year. Our sensitive, our idolized Carlotta, was voted the most uncooperative feminine film star by the editorial staff of the Potluck Falls (Idaho) Bugle!

The staff, the cad!—later confessed he had been toting an ax for Carlotta for years. The Bugle staff, a pimply party named Simpson S. Simpson, as-
sisted he never had been able to see Carlotta (and vice versa) since the afternoon she turned him down flat for a date to go to the junior prom and barn dance at the local high school.

But the damage was done! Our beloved Carlotta Claire, housewife and mother, had been castigated in the columns of the Potluck Falls (Idaho) Bugle!

The sensitive soul of this superb artist of the silver screen had been bared to the coarse joceties of 57 Idaho shepherders.

The shepherds, tending the flocks on the potato filled hills, maintained that Carlotta, then known as Gerrydene Globber, had rigged the election in which she was voted "Jolliest Girl of the class of '30 of dear old Potluck High."

The herdsmen claimed a ewe named Minnie Maddern Barrymore actually won the election. In fact, the kindly but indignant shepherds rode Gerrydene Globber out of town on a rail.

Thus, humbly, the Carlotta Claire we revere today embarked on her dramatic career. Her struggles for the heady heights, her heartbreaks and her triumphs from that gray Idaho eventide to the blazing incandescence of Broadway are a matter of theatrical lore.

Fame! Autograph fiends! Palm Springs at twilight! Producers at daw—" Well, anyway, humble Gerrydene Globber had become a star. This modest, unassuming "child of the prairies" had become the most talked of woman in Hollywood. So, after her years on the heady pinnacles, I have probed the heart of this exotic star who has been called by film fans "the soul of mystery."

"Hi, mack!" she carolled. "What'll you have? A snort of gin or two fingers in a washtub—wow, a boffola!"

I told her I would take a spot of sherry and in that lovely, husky voice she exclaimed: "What do you mean 'a spot of sherry?' Are all the writers in Hollywood petunias, too?"

As we sat beside the small swimming pool she said, languidly: "Some mudhole, eh, kid? Get that diving board—solid gold. I keep it filled with dry martinis and W. C. Fields."

"Our readers, Miss Claire, would like to know some of your favorite recipes, the little intimate dishes you concoct so skillfully when you are just being a wife and mother."

As we sipped our drinks in the shadow of the small, 82-room cottage which is just a simple home I insisted: "Miss Claire, our readers would like to know the secret, hidden depth of genius, that has brought this cozy little nest and fame to you."

"Gwan," she cooed, "your readers can't read. Take another snort."

"But, Miss Claire, this is a question that has puzzled the public for years. All film stars have some sort of charm, beauty perhaps, but yours is a more magnetic, a more pulsating quality that has never been—"

"Are you kiddin'?" She rolled those pansy-purple eyes and murmured. "I didn't get this shack by hanging around any sailors in Westlake Park!"
The Coach, the Man, the Prophet

How did he get that name "Phog"? Why do they call him the "Dean of American Basketball Coaches"? Well, here's a portrait of K. U.'s famous Phog Allen, whose 1946 team will soon be after another Big Six championship.

LARRY WINN, JR.

The headlines have read: "A Laugh to Allen" . . . "Raps the N.C.A.A." . . . "Phog Is Still Talking" . . . "A New Blast by Allen." You've seen them in newspapers all over the country. They refer to Dr. Forrest C. Allen, Kansas University's famous basketball mentor.

"There goes Phog, popping off his mouth again," say sports followers whenever the Jayhawk tutor makes the headlines. But almost always, whenever he "popped off his mouth," Allen was right and could prove it. Maybe he didn't always use the utmost tact in several of his public charges, but he is a true sportsman and a firm believer in the right.

Water swigger, gum swallow, and bench slider Phog has worked tirelessly and endlessly for the betterment of his true love, basketball. Last year he finally proved he was right in his contention that "professional gamblers are taking over the game of college basketball." Phog Allen was yelling, "Fire, fire!," when the others couldn't even see the smoke—or didn't want to see it.

But this continued warning against "professionalism's part" in basketball didn't start just last year. Even as early as November 4, 1941, Dr. Allen said in addressing a Y.M.C.A. meeting in Kansas, "Today, and in increasing proportions, basketball is being played for the 'dough' involved. Young men are going to colleges where they can get the 'most' out of the institution." He continued his campaign against money interests through the years. Phog Allen, the prophet, warned the public that "a scandal that would stink to high heaven" was in the making. It wasn't long before the Brooklyn scandal hit the headlines.

He recommends as part solution to this problem the establishing of a basketball czar. Sports writer Grantland Rice has nominated Phog Allen as the "czar of collegiate sports," while Phog urges selection of someone such as General MacArthur, Thomas Dewey, or J. Edgar Hoover—"someone with knowledge of law and order and someone who can set up legislation protecting the collegiate sports."

It was Phog Allen who in 1943 proposed the 12-foot basketball goal. This is something brought up again and again at coaches' meetings, most recently at the Big Ten Coaches' conference rules meeting last year.

Allen insists that "it will come as
sure as the sun sets.” With the cage players growing taller and taller—7-foot Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A. & M., and 6-foot 9-inch George Mikan of Depaul as examples—the tactics of goal-tending are going to ruin the game. Until A. & M. got Kurland, Allen had the support of Henry Iba, Aggie coach, and Bruce Drake, youthful Oklahoma Sooner coach, in his belief that goals should be upped to 12-feet. He contends the change will equalize the alleged advantages of the tall player over the short one, decrease the crowding, blocking, and fouling that inevitably occur around the basket.

Although a true prophet in some matters, Allen is a poor prognosticator of his own teams in his preseason guessing. His familiar chant, “I don’t see how we can possibly finish any higher than fourth or fifth place,” is usually passed lightly by sports writers. Often times called a sentimentalist and reminiscer, the energetic Jayhawk often replays his ball games in his classroom. Aside from his courses in elementary and advanced basketball, Phog teaches kinesiology and community recreation to University of Kansas students. He is the Director of Physical Education at K. U., and during the war years the only slightly gray-headed, 59-year old coach was in charge of Army and Navy physical education, averaging 10,000 man hours of recreation per week for the servicemen on the campus.

Noted for his wearing of loud ties, tweed suits, and colorful diamond-figured socks, Allen is probably one of the busiest mentors in the country. He founded the Kansas Relays in 1928 and started the National Association of Basketball Coaches in 1928, serving two years as president of that organization. He has been a member of the National Joint Basketball Rules Committee for thirteen years and chairman of their Research Committee for nine years. He is a Blue Lodge Mason, a Scottish and York Rite, Shriner, an Elk and a Rotarian, along with being a Phi Kappa Psi fraternity advisor.
But that's not all, for Allen is president of the Lawrence Country Club, secretary of the Douglas County Selective Service Board, Chairman for K. U. drives in Third, Fourth, and Fifth War Loan drives, chairman for National War Fund and Community Chest, Infantile Paralysis Fund, and of the Douglas County Red Cross War Fund Drive. Aside from that, just to be sure his time is occupied, Phog is a member of the Salvation Army Advisory Board, past president of the Rotary Club, and Chairman of the Lawrence Civil Action committee.

He's written a couple of books, too, in his spare time, along with numerous articles. In 1923 he first published "My Basketball Bible," which sold more than 15,000 copies. Then in 1938 he finished his popular "Better Basketball," which was based on changes in the rules and practice.

"The good, kind Doctor," as he is called by son Bob, also is famous for being the instigator of the building of Kansas Memorial Stadium, which seats 38,340. He is the man, too, who won fame for coaching the Kansas football team in 1920 that tied Nebraska, 20 to 20, and for coaching the Crimson and Blue baseball teams in '39, '40, and '41.

Voted the "greatest basketball coach of all time" by the Helmes Athletic Association of Los Angeles in 1943, Phog is also known as the "maker of All-American basketball players." He boasts having coached such stars as Paul Endacott, '22, Charles Black, '24, '25; Tustin Ackerman, '25; Gale Gordon and Al Peter-son, '26; Fred Pralle, '37, '38; Howard Engleman, '41; his son, Bob Allen, '41; Ray Evans, '42, and Charles Black, '43. Ray Ebling, Ralph Miller, Dick Wells and another son, Milt Allen, also received various All-American honors under the great Doc's tutelage.

Dr. Allen received the nickname "Phog" from a K. U. journalist-fraternity brother named Ward (Pinhead) Coble. Coble heard Allen being called "Foghorn" for several years as he umpired baseball and football games. He shortened Foghorn to Fog, supplemented the letters Ph for the F, and so it remains today.

There is a fallacious belief among many people that great players do not make great coaches, but Phog is a good example of the fallacy of this belief. He was chosen All-American at the end of the 1905 season, after the Kansas City Athletic Club team on which he was playing won three straight games from the Buffalo Germans, then touring the country as the "world's champions." Among the outstanding coaches in the country are several who played under Allen—Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg of Northwestern, John Bunn of Stanford, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, Forrest "Frosty" Cox of Colorado, and Louis E. Menze of Iowa State, are a few of them.

Included in Allen's impressive record as director of the Jayhawk basketball destinies are 19 conference championships, most of them undisputed. Since 1908 he has won 271 games for Kansas, losing only 86. His work at
other schools shows 180 victories and only 14 defeats.

In Lawrence, Dr. Allen is loved and respected by University students, faculty, and townspeople alike. No school ever had a better ambassador of good-will than the jovial, friendly and sincere Allen. After his basketball team has won a hard battle, digni-
taries by the dozens may be counted in the crowd which swarms down upon the glistening maple surface of Hoch auditorium court to wring his hand or slap his back. One of his closest friends was Dr. James Naismith, who founded the game of basketball in 1891 and who later became an instructor at Kansas.

SPEEDY RECONVERSION

Some hundred men were hard at work on the excavation for a new washing machine factory. It was a rush job and the foreman rarely let them forget it. When all was in readiness to lay the foundation a man clad in overalls with a ladder on his shoulder stopped for a moment to watch the proceedings.

The foreman saw him and roared out to his men, “Now then, lads, get a move on! Don’t keep the window washer waiting.”—From The Fire, Clinton, Mo.

First chorus girl: “For a hundred dollars I took acting lessons. I was taken for Lana Turner and taken for Betty Grable.”
Second chorus girl: “You were also taken for the hundred dollars.”

Two hicks were looking at a sign in the country store window which read: “Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes.” And one observed sagely, “It’s about time.”

—B & R News.
The squat and sturdy mug is glorified with facial cream, lotion, talc, cologne and special soaps.

by MARION ODMARK

There was a time when the only beautifying the great American male yielded to was a shaving stick, pomade for his pompadour, and a little, very little, lilac vegetable. With these three standbys, he was the essence of good grooming and sterling masculinity. And if anyone had prophesied cosmetics for men that would make daily necessities of such luxuries as after-shaving lotion, talc, facial cream, deodorant, cologne and special soaps, he no doubt would denounce the trend a downfall to dandyism.

As recently as 1936 there were no cosmetic lines exclusively for men. A few woman’s beauty houses had toyed with the idea and introduced a few supplementary items. But to no great profit nor popularity.

No average business man was going to risk his established virility by such a “sissy” stigma. And it was the general opinion in the trade that appealing to the delicate side of the male ego was barking up the wrong chin. That was less than ten years ago. Last year, 1944, sales of complete men’s lines soared to $25,000,000. And if individual men’s toilet articles sales were to be added to this, the figure would mount near $40,000,000. Over one hundred companies are now engaged in glamouring Joe, with added entries daily. The peace-time picture is even more golden.

Pioneer in this new-found commerce was Alfred D. McKelvy of Kansas City, who introduced a class of cosmetics called “Seaforth” in 1939. Chemist, mechanical engineer and advertising man, McKelvy birthed the idea in 1935 and desultorily made plans for eventual production. Four years later, he got around to talk over the idea with an executive of Marshall Field and Company, Chicago. Even before actual operations could be started, he had an order that foretold an interesting future. Seaforth’s business for 1944 is notched at approximately $2,000,000, a gold mine owned by Vick Chemical Company since 1941.

As in women’s cosmetics, packaging has played a role as magical as advertising. The squat and sturdy mug is glorified in eye-snaring scenes for the sportsman. It may even be camouflaged as a fish or a bowling ball. The shaving bowl has been streamlined into a masterpiece of wood workmanship and graining. The sea-faring jug has been symmetrized to engaging line and color.
Bottles are arresting as the first new travel posters. There's even one line that has made its container nothing less than 23-karat gold-plated.

Conceptually, the psychology is twofold: To hit that consumer market of women (as high as 70% in purchase of men's toiletries) by charming her aesthetic eye, and satisfying his more rugged taste at the same time.

Unlike the florid, imaginative and indirect suggestive approach that keys women's cosmetics advertising copy, most men's space investment is a conservative and factual selling job, a presentation that gently re-establishes the fact that men are not sacrificing their masculinity with cosmetics, rather enhancing it. Covertly, it's the same sexuality that Philip Wylie, among other observers of American attitudes, has bemoaned as indicative we are not a chaste people.

However that may be, advertising expenditure of the five firms dominating the men's cosmetics field is over $1,000,000 annually. Top individual budget of this group is $500,000 a year for media. And, of course, it pays rich dividends. One line that spends a modest $125,000 a year showed an increase of 150% over 1939, a general idea how mercurial the field is as a whole.

Post-war prospects are decidedly rosy, with a finger pointing to the thousands of servicemen who have been initiated through gifts and got the beauty habit. They, like civilians, have found that there's nothing feminine about these for-men-only aids. They're accepted, expected indulgences.

### Signs of the Times

A certain night club advertises a chorus of fifty, but we are positive some of them aren't a day over forty-five.

- About the only person in the world who can watch the clock all day and still get paid for it is a radio announcer.

- Rumors have it that Minnie and Mickey Mouse are not on squeaking terms.

Gal: I'm all worn out trying to get into this evening gown!
Guy: You don't look all in.
Gal: Omigosh! Where?

—from Old American News.
TUNG oil, produced in China as tung-yu-shu, is as slick for paint or varnish as an oily tongue is in politics or at a peace conference. The Chinese, inventors of gunpowder that is used to settle wars—and what will salesmen do with it after all wars are settled?—evolved a peace industry before Marco Polo’s time, one that is also useful in war: getting oil from trees.

The Chinese sent us tung oil before the present war. The trees, which grew in the region of the Yang-Tse River, bear nuts. The oil comes from the grown-up nuts, when crushed. The trees did not stay in China exclusively. Americans found out about them, notably William H. Raynes of Tallahassee. Bailey F. Williamson, national authority on tung oil, had the foresight to promote their growth in Florida for commercial purposes.

Williamson enlisted others for experimentation. He held tung-blossom festivals during tourist seasons. Almost any tourist has a patch of land on which small trees are slowly growing larger. There are now four million bearing trees in the United States.

The trees grow in various kinds of soil, acid not lime, with proper drainage. Potash, phosphorus, and nitrogen are needed as for other plant life. The hulls from the fruit and the residue after pressing should be put back around the trees. A bit of zinc is helpful. An orchard of mature trees may be used for a cattle pasture. The leaves repel livestock and insects. The tree does not have diseases, and requires no spraying.

The government, until recently, has taken over all of the oil that is produced, and uses it in many ways. Ocean cables are insulated with tung oil. It is the best electrical insulation. It is used as a water-proofing finish for boats. The yacht that won all the races across the Atlantic, and from Palm Beach to Nassau, was finished with a tung-oil coating. It resists the tropical sun and salt air.

Gainesville furnishes all of the seed used in Texas, Africa, and South America for increased production of wood oil. Experiments continue, and many by-products are possible when capitalists decide the nuts are nuggets of gold, or that they contain liquid gold.

Peace time uses of tung oil for varnishes have been demonstrated by Bailey Williamson with his lectures.
So tung oil, one of the first aids in war, will be one among the first in peace. Continuing the methods now in use for war purposes, any kind of wood, properly treated, will be used as steel or as cork in the post-war world. Even so, tung oil will be used to protect and decorate the transformed wood.

The name tung means heart. The name was given to the tree because of its heart-shaped leaves. It is a beautiful tree, especially when in blossom. It does not in the least damage Florida's subtropical scenery, although the air roots of Spanish moss are never permitted to drape a graceful length of foliage across its limbs, for it is more valuable as a nut producer.

This tree waves its heart-shaped leaves as messages of peace, thirty-seven feet high, and furnishes oil to smooth the difficulties of the world.

It is an international tie, a growing olive branch.

Dr. L. W. Chang, a graduate of the best institutions of learning in China, was sent by his government during the present year to study our tung-oil production. In a country of 400 million people, he explained, all college graduates and students are exempt from military service, unless they wish to volunteer. They are considered to be more valuable as leaders to reconstruct the country later on. Dr. Chang gave interesting radio talks while in this country. He visited the Federal Tung Oil Research Laboratory of Gainesville and the Tung Investigation Field Laboratory of the University of Florida.

This capable student has returned to China with plans for increasing tung oil percentage derived from nut from our twenty-eight per cent to ninety. Our boasted Yankee efficiency may be challenged.

Have You Read Your Bible Today?

Appropriate and helpful Bible messages have been selected for the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas. A minute with your Bible may make a difference in the way things go all through the day.

Thurs., Nov. 22—Psalm 121
Fri., Nov. 23—Psalm 23
Sat., Nov. 24—John 14
Sun., Nov. 25—John 3
Mon., Nov. 26—Matthew 5
Tues., Nov. 27—Romans 12
Wed., Nov. 28—John 1
Thurs., Nov. 29—Exodus 20:1-17
Fri., Nov. 30—James 1
Sat., Dec. 1—Ephesians 6
Sun., Dec. 2—1 Corinthians
Mon., Dec. 3—Psalm 24
Tues., Dec. 4—Hebrews 11, 12:1-2
Wed., Dec. 5—Matthew 6
Thurs., Dec. 6—Romans 8
Fri., Dec. 7—Matthew 7
Sat., Dec. 8—Psalm 91

Sun., Dec. 9—Galatians 6
Mon., Dec. 10—Colossians 3
Tues., Dec. 11—Ephesians
Wed., Dec. 12—Philippians 3
Thurs., Dec. 13—1 Corinthians 3
Fri., Dec. 14—Philippians 4
Sat., Dec. 15—John 15
Sun., Dec. 16—Psalm 1
Mon., Dec. 17—Psalm 27
Tues., Dec. 18—1 Corinthians 15
Wed., Dec. 19—Psalm 46
Thurs., Dec. 20—Matthew 28
Fri., Dec. 21—11 Tim. 2
Sat., Dec. 22—John 17
Sun., Dec. 23—Revelation 21
Mon., Dec. 24—Revelation 22
Tues., Dec. 25—Luke 2
The question they’re asking most often this yuletide season is, “When did you get out of uniform?” Back into the social and business life of the Windy City are pouring thousands of men, and women too, who have been under contract to the government. Seeing them back in civilian clothes, it seems almost as though they never left town. That discharge button—called many things which can’t be mentioned in a magazine—is a common sight all over town.

It’s going to be a gay Christmas. In addition to the thousands of service guys and gals home for the first time in several years, Father Dearborn is going all out to see to it that the 1945 holiday season is the biggest and best since 1940. The stores report shipments of merchandise previously not available—everything from radios to nylon. And of course the boys who run the Chicago night world, from deluxe hot dog stands to saloons, will do their share to make sure that everybody who wants to spend money can do so easily, and with a minimum amount of pain.

For example, the Mayfair Room has come up with a prize booking—Jean Sablon, the Frenchman’s Frank Sinatra. Mr. Sablon hasn’t been around for some years. His opening will undoubtedly be greeted with many sighs and a general swooning on the part of the Carriage and Cover Charge Set. Jean specializes in sentimental songs sung in the bedroom manner. If you’ve heard any of his recordings, you’ll know what we mean.

Another Yuletide addition to the after dark festivities will be the return to the Empire Room of the Palmer House of George Olsen and his young orchestra. George had a highly successful engagement in that genteel spot last winter. So successful, in fact, that Hildegarde really became worried about the records she had hung up a few months before. And then in mid-January, Merriel Abbott will reintroduce to Chicago audiences one of two famous bandleaders about to be discharged from the Navy. For our money, that means either Eddie Duchin or Griff Williams, both Empire Room favorites before they became officers. Probably the former, because Duchin is reported to be out of the Navy and forming a new band on the West Coast, while Griff Williams is still stuck out at Great Lakes as Entertainment Officer.

Gene Krupa is on his way back to the Panther Room at the Sherman. This will be good news for the jitterbug set, bad news for the waiters. They’ll have to deliver all those cokes and listen to the heavy beat of that jungle rhythm hours on end.

This strong cafe line-up, with a bountiful helping of new stage plays, should make the holiday season one of the merriest ever. Also Major McLaughlin’s Chicago Blackhawks can be counted upon to take care of the sport-inclined. The assault and battery season is well upon us, with the bruises and contusions at about par for this time of the year. The Blackhawks, much to the amazement of one and all, are ripping along in first place in the hockey league. This happy circumstance may not continue for long, but
white it lasts the customers are filling the Chicago Stadium to the rafters. It hasn’t seen such crowds since the Lone Ranger appeared with the Barnes Brothers Circus.

The local yen for legalized assault and battery is also expressed in the annual reappearance of the Roller Derby. For a number of years now, Mr. Leo Seltzer has brought to the Coliseum an assortment of male and female skaters who spend days on end whirling dizzyly around a wooden oval. This combination of the 6-Day Bike Race and the Dance Marathon, with a little mayhem thrown in to make it interesting, is highly popular with the citizenry. So much so, in fact, that Mr. Seltzer makes it an annual event.

The current state of the Theatre is extremely healthy. All playhouses are now occupied, most of them by hits which should be around for months to come. A theatrical traffic jam seems to be developing, with few houses available to take care of January arrivals.

The long-run hits are “Voice of the Turtle,” “Dear Ruth,” “Carmen Jones,” and Anna Lucasta.” Of the quartet only “Carmen Jones” will leave in the near future. This Billy Rose hit will stick around only until the first of the year. The others will probably be with us on July 4, 1946.

On the horizon are a revival of the old standby, “The Desert Song,” and a new play starring that debonair fugitive from the Hollywood whodunits, Mr. Edmund Lowe. Mr. Lowe arrives in the photogenic company of June Havoc in “The Ryan Girl,” assisted by Doris Dalton and Una O’Connor. Also promised are the new Eddie Dowling play, “St. Lazare’s Pharmacy,” and the Broadway hit, “The Hasty Heart.” Mr. Dowling hopes to repeat the Chicago success of last season’s premiere of “The Glass Menagerie.” And, incidentally, he hopes to appease his Chicago supporters who were counting on him for something in the way of a repertory theatre.

Visitors from out of town during the holiday season who want to get away from the usual pubs and places will do well to visit several of the not so well known but important restaurants. These spots are frequented by Chicagoans but off the beaten path for visitors.

First on many a personal list of top cafes is the Wrigley Building Restaurant on the first floor of that venerable pile on North Michigan avenue. The Wrigley, as it is more familiarly known, has wonderful food at surprisingly modest prices. Also famous is the bar, presided over at almost all times by Lou Harrington, master of martinis and manhattans. You’ll find politicians and nice old ladies eating happily side by side in the main restaurant. The bar in the rear is the almost exclusive hang-out of Chicago’s radio and advertising fraternity. Great consternation was caused recently when a small fire in the kitchen brought a twenty-four hour closing. Radio and advertising agency people peered into the darkened windows anxiously and roamed the boulevard like lost souls.

Other restaurants well worth a try are Riccardo’s on Rush Street, the Corona (also on Rush Street), and the Petite Gourmet on North Michigan Avenue. These, like the Yar and the Kungsholm, are famous for their food and atmosphere. The only difference is that the checks are considerably smaller. With the money saved you can pay for a ticket back to the home town or buy new shoes for Baby.

UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND INCLUDED OUT

I think that I shall never see
A horse-thief on a family tree:
Somehow in charting families
All those who’ve hung on other trees
Are missed by genealogies.
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Utras . . .

★ BAL MASQUE. One of the truly palatial places of Chicago's colorful near north, and incidentally, one of Chicago's newest dining rooms. Sandra Star is featured. (NEAR NORTH) Hotel Continental. 505 N. Michigan Aye. Whl. 4100.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. An exciting and lavish room located in the world's largest hotel. Clyde McCoy alternates with Mischa Novy and his bandmen. (LOOP) 7th and Michigan. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Bob McRae, the WHB alumnus, entertains nightly with his smooth orchestra at a place which is thoroughly in keeping with the grandeur of Chicago's Drake Hotel. (GOLD COAST) Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Spacious and traditional, headlined by Eddie Oliver and his orchestra, now in their fourth month. For restful relaxation, visit the traditional Victorian room where elite Chicagoans hear Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM. Ultra chic magnificence in all of the dignity and refinements which this famous hotel has built up through the years. (LOOP) Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ MARINE ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Emil Vandals orchestra sets a varied tempo and provides excellent musical background for the Dorothy Hild dancers in eye-consuming dance designs. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 North State. Sup. 5000.

★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL. Shimmering silver and blue hideaway kept by the affable and dynamic Jimmy Hart. Exquisite dinners and dancing among Chicago's 400. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 North State. Sup. 5000.

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Opens early (11 a.m.), closes late (?), hambo cotiments and atmosphere as scenic as the south seas. (WEST) 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARK HOTEL. Sherman Hayes, his orchestra and the lovely Dell Welcome are current attractions at this rich oaken and huff sip and quip spot. One of Chicago's favorite gathering places for many years. (LOOP) Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK. Tiny Beth Farrell, the "fold-up" girl (4 feet 9 inches), contrasts sensationallly with Swooner Harry Cool (6 feet 4 inches) and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph and Washington. Ran. 2822.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. A fine place to knock yourself out with Gene Krupa and his crewmen who are currently featured. The Panther Room is appropriately named, because the cats are strictly in charge here. (LOOP) Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. One of the favorite late spots and heartily recommended for steaks, chops, drinks and music to go with it all, for a pleasant bounce. Open all night. (NORTH) 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. Hungarian cooking is in the limelight at Joseph Berceli's place, and along with it a light musical opera program. Open late. (GOLD COAST) 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 9988.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. Elegant Cantonese cuisine has never been so delicious as now. Here's a show-place of undisputed character. Huge shells, soft lights, glass floats in knotted straw-stacks, and what have you. (GOLD COAST) 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ CLUB EL GROTTO. Seventh edition of "Startime." Too thrilling for mere words, so Earl (Fatha) Hines has set it to music with an all-star cast. (SOUTH) 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9174.

★ IVANHOE. Colorful background of medieval England and delightful entertainment by Barney Richards' band, Kay Becker and Vierra's Hawaiians. (NORTH) 300 N. Clark St. Gra. 2771.

★ L'AIGLON. In the French-Creole department, nominations are in order to put this place at the head of the list. Victorian atmosphere and attentive service enhance its bill of fare. (GOLD COAST) 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ SINGAPORE. With the celebrity crowd, the Malayen Bar is the choice for steaks, chops, coniviality at the bar, and late sniffs. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ SARONG ROOM. Dine under the stars in the unique spot of Chicago; with Devi-Dja and her Bal-Java dancers in exotic court dances and primitive jungle rhythms. (GOLD COAST) 16 E. Huron St. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI LA. Decidedly one of Chicago's real show-places. Large, dramatic, and tops in Cantonese cuisine and rum originals. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Del. 9733.

★ YAR. Russian food at its best. Better make reservations if you plan to avail yourself of this superb dining and music by George Scherban's ensemble. (GOLD COAST) 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

★ AMERICAN ROOM, LASALLE HOTEL. Florian Za Bach is back with his violin and his orchestra in the intimate American Room. Then go downstairs to the Gay Nineties Tap and get acquainted with the Barher Shop Four. (LOOP) LaSalle at Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ BROWN DERBY. The six American Beauties plus Jerry Salone's orchestra. An added attraction is B. S. Pulley from Hollywood and an assortment of variety names. (LOOP) Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CASINO. Two great hands, lots of room, lots
people, lots of everything. (LOOP) 6 N. Clark St.

★ CHEZ PAREE. One of the most pretentious of all Chicago clubs, now featuring Gay Claridge and his orchestra, the Chez Paree Adorables, and dance stylists Gail Meredith and Dixie Roberts. (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairbanks court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Warmer than a Birmingham bonfire. Interest is equally divided here between a prize-winning flaming crater dinner and a bright floor show. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. A sizable modern setting for sizable sophistication, emceed by Ray Reynolds and Bob Revere. No minimum or cover. (WEST) 1379 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Finell, she of the famous bouncing anatomy, is still going strong (literally) with admirable sideskicks in Billy Carr, emcee, the dancing Darlings and Charlie Rich and his orchestra. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. South of the Gulf warmth raises the temperature of this north side spot. Jose Mantellia’s rhumba band is a conspicuous headliner. (NORTH) 715 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ 885 CLUB. For several seasons Joe Miller has been spotted by knowing diners as a great Chicago host. Added attraction is Dennis Varoz at the piano. (GOLD COAST). Del. 9102.

★ $1 HUNDRED CLUB. Day, Dawn and Dusk, superb warblers, appear with Jan Murray, consummate comic, and Isabel Johnson, twinkle-toed tapster, to the delight of a usually full house. (UPTOWN) $100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ L & L CAFE. This west side spot is another great favorite with the sophisticated sundowners. The show features Denise Darnell, sex and a half feet of charm. (WEST) 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. A triple-threat show has the spotlight in this downtown spot, presenting Billy Vine, comedian, and Dorothy Doncean, mercutial keyboard genius, and Jerry Cooper, the singing heart-throb of radio. (LOOP) 23 W. Randolph. Rand. 5544.

★ LIBERTY INN. A steady love of con-

viencee is McGovern’s Liberty Inn, a bright spot that has made history in Chicago. (GOLD COAST) 70 W. Erie St. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYH0USE CAFE. Chicago’s largest all-girl revue, the Scan-Dolls (1945) is presented by your host, Lew King, Ginger, Du Vell, mistress of ceremonies; Troy Snapp and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST) 580 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ OLD HEIDELBERG. Laugh and quaff with the round Bavarian burghers in the main dining room and then go downstairs where Herr Louie and his gang hold forth. (LOOP) Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ CLOVER BAR. Where you’ll find that popular keyboard threesome, Vic Artese, Bert McDowell and Gladys Keys, who keep the atmosphere constantly musical. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ RUSSELL’S SILVER BAR. Here’s an assorted swing program with such talent as Frank Jacobi, Ed Brody, Ross Gordon and the Sophisticates of Swing. (LOOP) State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ TROPICS. Equatorial finery complementing a continuous melee of entertainment. Try the Tiffany Room, lobby level. Hotel Chicagoan. (LOOP) 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought...

★ AGOSTINO’S RESTAURANT. A near north side hit that offers plenty in the way of food and excellent drinks. You’ll like the bar with its novel marine decorations. (NEAR NORTH) 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

★ COLONY CLUB. Smartly designed menus of superb tastability and a new show policy with Dorothy Blaine, Paul Rosini, and others. (GOLD COAST) 744 Rush St. Del. 9930.

★ GUEY SAM. On the fringe of Chicago’s Chinatown. An eerie stairways leads you into a large, unpretentious room with tables and booths. Good, solid, and plentiful Chinese dishes in all variations. (SOUTH) 220 S. Wentworth.

★ HOE SAI GAI. (Meaning prosperity.) Extra good Chinese dishes, intimate cocktail lounge, amid a quiet, oriental atmosphere. (LOOP) 85 W. Randolph St. Dea. 8505.

★ KUNGSHOLM. In the Scandinavian bracket, there’s no surpassing the delectable food of Kungsholm, nor its after-dinner divertsissement of puppet opera. (NEAR NORTH) Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ NANKIN RESTAURANT. A great favorite of society and epieques, especially those who go for good Chinese cooking, which includes practically everybody you know. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

CHICAGO THEATRE

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theatre, 20 W. Wacker Drive. Fra. 7818). Original, all-Negro New York cast in this Broadway hit that Walter Winchell called the best of this season.

★ CARMEN JONES. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Billy Rose’s lavish colored version of Bizet’s “Carmen” with a great sepia cast. Features Muriel Smith in the lead role.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cell. 8240). Norman Krasna’s charming comedy of war-time romance with William Harrigan, Leona Powers and Herbert Evers.


★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY. (Shubert, 22 W. Monroe. Ran. 9680). Olsen and Johnson’s latest laugh riot with an all-star supporting cast.

★ THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS. (Great Clerk, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard. Wab. 8197). Elizabeth Bergner is starred in this thrilling psychological drama.


New York Letter...

by LUCIE INGRAM

The best tunes of all may be at Carnegie Hall... but there's a young chap by the name of Leonard Bernstein who packs them in at the New York Civic Center whenever he raises his baton. His orchestra is made up of both men and women and though the setting and whole concert in general seems much more informal than Carnegie, there is a certain vivacity and intensity in the presentation that is most compelling. L. Bernstein is very clever in his TUNES selections for the orchestra. Of all He offers a bit of modern music in a way that makes one feel that it has a meaning after all and then warms the heart with expert interpretations of the old masters. His age one might guess to be around twenty-five. He is very slight of build and has a grace of movement that delights the eye. He has a sureness and a magnetism that seems to electrify the audience as well as the orchestra. In fact he is really super.

His six o’clock concerts that last until seven-thirty are very popular and can be easily taken in without sacrificing other Manhattan activities. If ever he goes on tour let’s hope that Kansas City gets a chance for him.

The elevator system in New York is getting completely out of hand. Getting in a store these days takes expert navigation and getting out takes navigation plus patience plus self-preservation. Most stores have express elevators to try and ease the strain but they don’t seem to help very much. Customers are not encouraged to use the stairways... in fact in most stores it is strictly forbidden. At Saks Fifth Avenue one can climb up and down as an independent unit if the knees hold out. The stairs there are long and steep but well worth the effort as a time saver. Also there is much less chance of getting a black eye or broken rib. Why is it that second floor customers always get in the rear corner of an elevator and make everyone either get completely off while they emerge from the chaos or get their clothes twisted hindside foremost? And the personal remarks made on these occasions can be most unsettling. About the stair systems though... be careful just what stairs you get on. Some are a snare. The doors open easily from the shopping or business side and one is led to expect a change of altitude with poise and surety. Then comes the blow. The doors automatically lock on the stair side and there is no way back to civilization before the ground floor. Most hotels have the same trap. The escalators at Macy’s and Bloomingdales are a joy to the heart. There, one can buy a little piece of something in not more than an hour and a half. Advice to out-of-town shoppers is... do it by mail.

A good investment these COSTLY, days would be to own a BUT something-or-other in Bermu-DON'T da. Anything that could be WORTH IT rented. The plane service to this delightful little spot is so booked up and crowded that even the sky down that
way is beginning to show the wear. Accommodations are harder to get than a strap in the subway. However, they say it’s all worth it. And the flight itself only takes a little over four hours.

The current Broadway play THERESE has a most unpleasant theme . . . the triangle-murder type of thing. But, the play aside . . . the fact that Margaret Webster directed her mother, Dame May Whitty, and her old friend, Eva le Gallienne, in the production is most interesting. Now, Miss Webster and Miss le Gallienne are planning to start a repertoire theatre of their own. For old theatre-goers who remember Miss le Gallienne’s Fourteenth Street Theatre where many famous actors appeared in old classics such as The Cherry Orchard, the idea is most enthusiastically received. And Miss Webster’s merit as a director as well as an actress is definitely super. The project should develop into one of those pleasant things . . . unglamorous in presentation but real and satisfying in performance . . . as is always a fine interpretation of any master whether it be in music or drama.

There is much more to a battle than the fighting. Manhattan is full of couples, young and old (as no doubt is every place else) who are faced with the problem of trying to get back into a course of life that was interrupted and splintered by war. Nothing ever remains the same . . . especially people . . . and the frustration of trying to recapture memories and habits quickly is drawing heavily upon the bank of patience and understanding. The desire is to adjust too quickly, with a tremendous impatience over the hiatus that must necessarily bridge the gap towards readjustment. Too frequently these days one observes this situation, or overhears conversations about this problem, in night spots where the equation is trying to be solved by having a gay time. Reconversion means a lot more than turning a jeep factory back into kitchen equipment.

New Yorkers and their week-ends are an institution. And what fun they have. They never seem to lose contact with old friends no matter whether they live in town or have migrated to Westchester, New Jersey, Long Island or various other points. They get together . . . and it’s always a weekend. It doesn’t take much effort to pack an overnight bag and arrange the household for a couple of days . . . and the salutary effect of a change coupled with the fun of old friends is more than worth the effort. It’s one of the few things one might miss in the convenient home-distances of Kansas City. Of course there is no Sunday morning privacy for the grim, neurotic results of Saturday night’s hilarity, but there are always other grim results limping towards the coffee pot so a good Sunday morning neurosis hasn’t enough solitude to sprout anyway. Then, all is forgotten in brotherly sympathy and happy memories . . . with the hope “We’ll all get together soon again.”

How can you figure it department . . . A lovely young gal of sixteen was twenty minutes late getting home from a date. Mother and father were still up due to the late departure of guests and stuff and junk. Daughter received a severe reprimand. Next night she was twenty minutes early getting in . . . not only to find the entire household completely dead to the world but to receive no credit whatsoever for her great sacrifice. And so it goes . . .
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ AMBASSADOR. In the Trianon Room Julks Lande and his orchestra play rather stately music at dinner and supper, daily except Sundays, with William Adler and the light classics for luncheon and cocktails. Dinner from $2.50, luncheon from $1.50. Minimum, Saturday after ten, $2.00. Park Avenue at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. Jose Morand’s orchestra plays for dancing during cocktails, dinner and supper, except Sunday. In the Broadway Cocktail Lounge, you dance to music of Ron Perry. Lounge is closed on Monday. Times Square. Ci. 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. French, if not free, and a fine place to get fried. Montmartre girls and amusing decor make it something special. Lou Harold’s hand for dancing. Shows at 7:30, 11:30, 1:30. Dinner at $2.25, plus two bits if you don’t drink. Minimum on Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. 225 W. 46th. Ci. 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. Dancing in a Glass Hat, to tunes by Payson Re and the rumhas of Nino’s band. Kathryn Duffy Dancers in a revue at 8:30 and 12. Better than average food. Minimum after 10 p.m., $1.50; Saturday, $2.00. Lexington on 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE. Lots of pleasing entertainment in the Bowinan Room, including Fred and Elaine Barry, the dancers, at 7:45 and 11:45, along with the magician, Cardini, and dancing to a couple of bands—Joseph Sudy’s and Mario Hur-tada’s rumbas. Cover after 10, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Madison Ave. at 43rd. Mu. 9-7920.

★ CAPE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Americana in form of folk music and hot jazz, conveyed chiefly by Josh White, Dolores Martin, Cliff Jackson, and Benny Morton’s hand, along with the quaint hysteria of Imogene Coca. Shows at 8:30, 12 and 2:15. Dinner from $1.75. Minimum $2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Agreeable Russo-American alliance, presenting Cornelius Codolban’s orchestra, entertainment by Sarah Gorby and Aida Kuznetsoff, and foods both Russian and American. Dinner $2.75-$4.50. Shows at 8:45 and 12. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturday and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56th. Ci. 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. Charley Spivak and his orchestra decorate the night air with danceable ditties, alternating with Mishel Gorner, 7 till closing. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Friday, Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.

★ COPOCABANA. Joe E. Lewis is currently cavorting in a bright show at 8, 12 and 2, along with dancers Vanya and D’Angelo, Carol Horton, and the Samba Sirens. Music put out by Joel Herron and Noro Morales. Minimum $3.00; Saturday, $4.00. 10 E. 60th. Pl. 8-1060.

★ COQ ROUGE. Everything smooth, including the service, the music, and the clientele. Dick Wilson and Irwin Polk lead a couple of orchestrations through dance rhythms, and the food is fine. Dinner a la carte. Minimum, $1.50. 65 E. 56th. Pl. 3-8887.

★ EL MOROCCO. Chauncy Gray’s orchestra and Chiquito’s rumba band play for dancing, and there’s excellent food for those who care. Cover after 7, $2.00. 154 E. 54th. El. 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. In the big dine and dance room, Casino-on-the-Park, Jean Tighe, a dark and different sort of singer, perches on a kitchen stool and sings of love and woe. All this around 9:15. Stan Keller provides the wherewithal for dancing and there’s room to do it. Minimum Saturday after ten, $2.00. 100 Central Park S. Ci. 7-0300.

★ LEON AND EDDIE’S. Risque business in the show glorified this season by pin-up gal Sherry Britton. Eddie Davis is still in fine form. Shows at 8, 10, 12—don’t go way yet—and 2:30. Minimum $3.50 after 10; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. 33 W. 52nd. El. 5-9414.

★ LEXINGTON. Shows at 7:45, 10 and 12, surrounded by the danceable music of Hal Aloma and his orchestra in the Hawaiian Room. Monday nights Jeno Bartal’s orchestra relieves, and the shows are at 7:45 and 11:30 only. Cover, 75c after 10; Saturday, $1.50. Saturday Luncheon show, with dancing, 1 to 2:30. Lexington at 46th. Wi. 2-4400.

★ MADISON. Val Ernie’s orchestra plays for continuous dancing, 5:30-9:00, after which it becomes a supper club presenting, among others, pretty Judith Arden at the piano, and a Professor Razha who reads your palm. Unique occasion is the Madison’s Sunday Bracer Breakfast with dancing—1 to 4 p.m. It sets you back a mere $1.75, and that includes the first drink. 15 E. 58th. Vo. 5-5000.

★ NEW YORKER HOTEL. In the Terrace Room, Johnny Long’s agreeable music and an ice revue with Joan Hylldoft. Dancing from six. Shows at 7:45 and 11:45. Luncheon show at 1:15, except Sunday, with Peter Kent’s orchestra. Cover after 9, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 8th Ave. at 34th. Me. 3-1000.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. Frankie Carle holds forth in the Cafe Rouge. Cover, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Dinner at $3.50. Closed on Sunday. 7th at 33rd. Pe. 6-5000.

★ PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melta’s music surrounds a show at 9 and 12, which stars magician Gali-Gali and the dancers, Jayne Di Gato and Adam. Minimum, $2.00; Saturday, Sunday and holidays, $3.00. 5th Ave. at 61st. Re. 4-5900.

★ PLAZA. Hildegard’s hack home. Shows in the Persian Room at 9:30 and 12:30; dance music by Garwood Van. Cover after 9:30, $1.50. Closed Sunday. 5th Ave. at 59th. Pl. 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. All sorts of diversion, including dancing in the Grill, where Guy Lombardo is brought to a terrific homecoming. Cover after 9:30, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Champagne Hour, 9:30-10:30, with Arthur Murray Dancers. Madison at 45th. Mu. 6-9200.

★ RUBAN BLEU. Maxine Sullivan, Monica Bovar, Mervin Nelson, and a lot of other good people make this a superior supper club. Opens at nine; closes on Sunday. Liquor minimum, $3.00. 4 E. 56th. El. 5-9787.
★ ST. GEORGE. If you’re over in Brooklyn, take a look at the lower Manhattan from the 26th floor (or thereabouts) of the St. George. Then drop in at the Bermuda Terrace, where Ray O’Hara and his orchestra play for dancing. Dinner, $1.50. Minimum after 9:30, Friday, Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Closed Monday. Brooklyn. 51 Clark Street. Ma. 4-5000.

★ ST. MORITZ. Home of the Club Continental—for dining and dancing, and the Cafe de la Paix without the dancing. The food is pretty wonderful, and so are the drinks. Nice atmosphere. 59 Central Park S. W. 2-5800.

★ ST. REGIS. An ice show at 9 and 12 in the Iridium Room. For dancing, there’s Paul Sparr’s orchestra alternating with the organ melodies of Theodora Brooks, and at luncheon, Maximilian’s Ensemble. Minimum, $1.50; Saturday, $2.50; Closed Sunday. In the Mainsommet, Dorothy Shay, George Koch, and Laslo—the latter two with orchestras—help you have fun. No luncheon here; only dinner—and from $3.50. Minimum, $1.50; Saturday, $2.50. Closed Monday. 5th Ave. at 55th. Pl. 3-4500.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Cal Gilford and orchestra divide time with Clemente’s marimba band. Minimum 5 to 9, Monday-Friday, $1.50. 9 to closing, $1.00. Saturday, Sunday and holidays, 5 to closing, $2.00. No cover for dinner guests. 5th Ave. at 58th. Vo. 5-2600.

★ SPIVY’S ROOF. Mostly distinguished by Spivy, who sometimes wanders in to sing of sex and woe. Carter and Bowie add to the entertainment. Liquor minimum, $1.50, Monday to Thursday; $2.25 the rest of the time. Opens at 8. 139 E. 57th. Pl. 3-9322.

★ STORK CLUB. You know about this one. Cover $2.00 after ten; Saturday, Sunday and holidays, $3.00. If you get into the Club Room, you won’t need any further info. 3 E. 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.

★ TAFT. Vincent Lopez and his band still hold forth in the Grill for luncheon and dinner dancing. No dancing Sunday noon. Lunch from 65c; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50th. Cl. 7-4000.

★ TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Pretty place in the Park, with continuous dancing from 6:45. Opens at 5 on weekdays, 1 p.m. on Sunday. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. Rh. 4-4700.

★ VERSAILLES. Dwight Fiske of the kingly leer and fisticuffed delight sits down at the piano nightly at 8, 12:30 and 2. Shows at 8, 12:30 and 2, with dancing to the music of Maximilian Bergere’s orchestra in between times. Excellent food, and not inexpensive. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturday, holidays and opening nights, $3.50. 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Bucolic frolic with Tiny Clark emceeing square dances and hillbilly games. Revues at 8, 11 and 2. Minimum, $1.50; Friday and holidays, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Dinner from $1.50. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. St. 8-8840.

Room with Frank Sinatra and Emil Coleman’s orchestra moving in with an all new show. And there’s Mischa Borz, too. Cover after 10:30, $2.00; no cover on Sunday, also no show. But you can dance to Emil Coleman’s and Mischa Borz’s music. Park at 49th. El. 5-3000.

★ ZANZIBAR. Shows at 8, 12 and 2, lavishly presenting Duke Ellington, the Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, and Maurice Rocco in a dazzling show.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. One of the two best spots in the city, thanks to the brothers Josephson (Barney and Leon), who find and present absolutely top talent. Susan Reed comes at the top of the list for our money, but there’s nothing the matter with the rest of the acts showing here at 8:30, 12 and 2:15 every night except Sunday. Ed Hall’s still around with his geniality and fine orchestra; likewise the Roy Tibbs Trio, alternating with Ed Hall for dance music. The beautifully idiotic murals are the product of Lucille Corcos, frequently of The New Yorker’s front cover. Minimum, by the way, $3.50; dinner from $2.50, and good. 128 E. 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

Amusing Miscellany . . .

★ BARNEY CALLANT’S. The place is like peanuts; you never know when you’ve had enough. Good food, fine liquors, music from a piano and an occasional accordion. Dinner to $3.75. Opens at 5; closed on Sunday. 86 University Place. St. 9-0209.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Pickwickian place with a rawther jawly atmosphere and a bar nearby. American food; piano music from time to time. Opens at 5 on week-days. Closed Sunday. Dinner from $1.50. 20 E. 9th. St. 9-8969.

★ MADELEINE’S LE POISSONNIER. Stimulating French quality in the cuisine; entertainment by night, with Irene Stanley, Lucille Jarrott, and the Charles Wilson Trio. Dinner from 4 p.m., and $2.50 without drinks; $2.75 without. Closed Sunday. 121 E. 52nd. El. 5-9706.

★ NICK’S. Jazz as an art and science, produced by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and a few others. No dancing. Minimum after 9, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10th. Wa. 9-9742.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. More of the atmospheric sort of folk music by Paul Villard, and by Josef Marais who sings blues and songs of the African Veldt. The Art Hodes Trio supplies fine dance music. Minimum, $2.00; Saturday and holidays, $2.50. Closed Monday. 178 7th Ave. Ch. 2-9355.

Food for Thought . . .

★ ALGONQUIN. People by artists and writers; and the laymen who like to watch them feed. Cocktails in the lobby or bar; excellent food in the dining room. Lunch from $1.75. Dinner from $2.00. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0100.

★ AUX STEAKS MINUTE. Unassuming and crowded little cafe where the food and the accents are French and the onion soup is superb. Bee and wine are your drinks. Closed Tuesday. 4 W. 52nd. El. 5-9187.

★ BELLE MEUNIERE. Very engaging spot where the atmosphere is conducive to packing away quite a hunk of the wonderful French foods, all a la carte. Closed Sunday. 12 E. 52nd. Ws. 2-9417.
★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Drinks in Elbow Room, first floor; American cookery in the 1st floor restaurant; a nightcap on the 26th floor in Top O' the Tower cocktail lounge. Open five to midnight. 49th and 1st Ave. El. 5-7300.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. French food again, heaping portions. Lunch a la carte; dinner from $1.35. The bar is somewhere around here if you can push your way through the people. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40th. Le. 2-0142.

★ CIRO'S. Hearty hot foods like steaks and chops and who doesn't like them. Luncheon a la carte. None of it exactly inexpensive. 40 E. 58th. Pl. 9-4890.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMEN. Seafoods the way they ought to be, and a la carte. Steaks and chops if you prefer. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8th. St. 9-8046.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Swedish foods in a soothing setting. Lunch and dinner, both under $2.00. 324 E. 57th. El. 5-8476.

★ HAMPSHIRE HOUSE. Rather wonderful food, accompanied by the music of Francis Dvorak's string ensemble. Cocktails in the lounge. Closed on Sunday. 150 Central Park S. Ct. 6-7700.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. Pleasant, reasonably inexpensive food and good drinks in an informal art gallery—of sorts. The Villagers have exhibited here for years. 28 W. 8th. Sp. 7-2540.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. Big beautiful restaurant featuring seafoods and pecan pie. There are other things too if you're interested—such as steaks and chops. Luncheon from 75c; dinner a la carte. 226 W. 23rd. Wa. 9-9093.

★ LUCHOW'S. One of the old reliable places, featuring good food and pleasant, unobtrusive music. Luncheon from $1.25; dinner from $2.25. Closed Monday. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

★ PETER'S BACK YARD. Nice old Village spot, with a garden dining room and a bar. Foods are French, Italian, American, and good. Lunch, 90c; dinner, $1.50 and a la carte. Closed on Sunday. 64 W. 10th. St. 9-4476.

★ PIN-UP ROOM. Designed for the tired business man—with Walter Thornton's pin-up gals on the walls, and chops and steaks on the menu. Moderate a la carte. Closed on Monday. 242 Lexington. Mu. 4-8678.

★ SEA FARE. Maybe the best seafood in town, accompanied by tremendous salads mostly of crisp endive and a good dressing. Luncheon around 65c on weekdays; a la carte on Sunday; dinner a la carte and moderate. Do your drinking at home; first; they don't serve the stuff here. 41 W. 8th. Or. 4-3974.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. Serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner which come a la carte. Nice view of Central Park from the mezzanine. 5th Ave. at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Everything's good about this one. Luncheon and dinner come a la carte; entrees from $1.60. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ YE WAVERLY INN. One of the little places with real charm and no determinate shape. Has an outdoor garden when the weather is right—which it won't be now, of course, but you ought to know it's there, just the same. They do wonderful things with sweetbreads and mushrooms. Luncheon and dinner, moderately priced. 16 Bank Street, in the Village.


NEW YORK THEATRE


★ ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. (Cherry Lane. 38 Commerce St. Ca. 6-9042). Second production by a new cast at this old Greenwich Village theatre. Good entertainment at modest cost. Evenings except Monday, 8:40.

★ BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN. (Coronet, 47th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-8870). Paul Kelly portrays an ex-bootlegger who comes back after 14 years in prison and expects to begin where he left off. He doesn't. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Miller, 43rd E. of B'way. Br. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs the name of her older sister. You can imagine what happened, and it did.

★ DEEP ARE THE ROOTS. (Fulton, 46th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6580). A new play by authors of "Tomorrow, the World." A bit controversial and possibly inconsistent in telling of racial prejudices in the South. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ HARVEY. (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Br. 9-4566). Delightful comedy fantasy about a genial boozoo and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY. (Lyceum, 45th E. of B'way. Ch. 4-4276). The story of the Back Bay Boston Apley family makes a thoroughly entertaining evening with Leo G. Carroll superb as the late George. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ OKLAHOMA. (St. James. 44th W. of B'way. La. 4-4664). So much has been said and written about this show, and the best of it is, it's all true. By all means, don't miss it. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ RICH, FULL LIFE. (Golden, 45th W. of
B'way. Ci. 6-6740). Modern melodrama with Judith Evelyn, Frederick Tozere, and Virginia Weidler. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SECRET ROOM. (Royale, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 5-5760). As you can imagine, a hair-chilling mystery with Frances Dee, Eleanor Mendelsohn and Reed Brown, Jr. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.


★ THERSE. (Biltmore, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9353). Dame May Whitty gives a superb performance in this drama about two lovers who murder in order to get married. With Eva La Gallienne and Victor Jory. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6280). John Van Druten's witty and chuckling comedy about a soldier on leave and two girls. Principals played by Martha Scott, Elliot Nugent and Vicki Cummings. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ YOU TOUCHED ME. (Booth, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-5969). A refreshing comedy with no pretensions at being anything else. About an old sea captain and a young flyer who put up a very amusing fight against the captain's spinster sister and her prissy debilitating ways. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

Musicals


★ HATS OFF TO ICE. (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Co. 5-5474). A gala ice extravaganza with all the blade stars you can think of, including Carol Lunte, Geoffe Stevens and the Brandt sisters. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.


★ ON THE TOWN. (Martin Beck, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Ci. 6-6363). The year's best revue with wonderful music, dancing and comedy. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ POLANAISE. (Alvin, 52nd W. of B'way. Ci. 5-6868). Some Chopin music, lots of singing by Jan Kiepura, Marta Eggerth and Rose Ingham. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ THE RED MILL. (Ziegfeld, 54th and 6th Ave. Ci. 5-5200). Revival of Victor Herbert operetta is made lively and amusing by Eddie Foy, Sr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. Herbert music sounds grand. Evenings except Saturday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE THREE GIFTS. (Yiddish Art Theater, 2nd Ave. at 4th St. Gr. 5-5970). A musical fantasy with a wandering musician as the leading character, with Maurice Schwartz, Berta Gersten, Muriel Gruber and Luba Ladison. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:30.

★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK. (Broadway, 53rd and B'way. Ci. 7-2887). Pretty, lively entertaining musical more in the operetta than comedy vein. With Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon, Noah Beery, Sr., and Betty Bruce. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

"Boy, was it ever crowded at the party last night," a night club customer remarked.

"It was?" said his friend. "Not under my table."

The one great draw-back to the air age: Who's going to hold up the Burma Shave signs?

—Norma McCallum.
Just for Food . . .

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Pilots and sky-farers rate this as strictly high octane. For breakfast, luncheon or dinner, the airport restaurant is a fine place to touch wheels. The food, too, is right on your frequency. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE. The El Sagun-da Chamber of Commerce would like to claim this place as their very own. Typically of the old Southwest, with a map of old cow trails on the west walls and a fine longhorn grazes just below the ceiling. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ EL NOPAL. Authentic food and waitresses. Both genuine. A small and unpretentious place serving top drawer enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works. 6 p. m. to 2:30 a.m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. Out on the great divide midway between Kansas and Missouri, Mrs. Dowd makes history every day with quality cuisine served in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms. A reservation is recommended here. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ JOY'S GRILL. (Formerly known as Jan's.) Service in this red and light-oak eatery is about as fast as any place in town. And the quality and quantity of food is in keeping, too. Open every day, 24 hours, except Tuesday. 609 W. 48th. On the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ KING JOY LO. Who chops your suey when the wife is out of town? Don Toy is your man. A spacious upstairs restaurant convenient to everything downtown. Cantonese cuisine at its best. Luncheon and dinner. 8 W. 12th. HA. 8110.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Paneled and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish and specializing in good food. Entrance from 12th street or the Muehlebach lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD. For those who like it hot, Lupe's torrid, tempestuous Mexican dishes are heartily recommended. But all Mexican cooking is not hot . . . and here's the place to find out. On the Plaza. 618 W. 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. One of the few places in the midwest serving seafood exclusively. A plate of chips goes swell for lunch, and then top off your Friday menu with a platter of French fried shrimp. Open 11 a.m. to 8 p. m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ MARTIN'S. You can go round and round in this half a city block from "Chicken in the Rough" to one bar to another bar to the swing room where Joe Meyers' trio turns out the most polished jazz this town has seen in a decade and back to more "Chicken in the Rough." Then start all over. On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. Myron Green hasn't forgotten and he won't let you forget that you can't beat a woman's cooking. He offers two places, 1115 Walnut (VI. 8690) and Myron's On The Plaza (WE. 8310) that people like pretty waitresses and a woman's light touch on the skillet. 4700 Wyandotte.

★ NANCE'S CAFE. Large enough to accommodate the 17th precinct of the 11th ward all at one sitting, but small enough to give individualized attention to your culinary whims. And very reasonable. In the B.M.A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 6688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. An "about town" room, cozy and convivial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. The young lady at the Novachord helps you put across your big deal. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Wolferman's famous food gets better and better as it goes up—from the downstairs grill to the second floor. A large, pleasant room serving luncheon only. 1108 Walnut. GR. 6026.

★ UNITY INN. Specializing in meatless meals, with accent on big salads and rich desserts. A cafeteria neatly managed by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. 501 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families gather for tribal pow-wows, especially on Sunday. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. An after-theatre, post-football game mecca for people who like good food served with as little effort on their part as possible. Pretty gals haul it right out to your car. Or, you may prefer red leather and golden oak booths and tables inside. East of the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. A comfortable and congenial hotel restaurant to which is added the personality of one Martin Weiss. The two form an unbeatable combination. Hotel Ambassadoor, 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

★ ATER-HORN MUSEUM. Worth an evening just to see the two-headed calf, powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn beads ... even without George Ater's incomparable Old Fashions and steaks. Your friends can tell you've been places if you have your picture taken atop the bucking bronco. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. For four months now the sun-dodgers have been enthralled by Josh Johnson and his bogie pianistics accentuated by black light. Luncheon, dinner, or afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Bet Mr. Truman would even sign these. Alma Hatten is caressing the keyboard for the third straight month. 3339 Broadway. WE. 5115.


★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. Harry Turner keeps a busy and interesting place, and of interest to every swain who ever stuck his neck in the door is adorable Pauline Neece at the Hammond organ. There are huge, circular booths, and a bar for the lone wolves. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. A fine assortment of genuine Italian dishes served at tables or latticed booths by young ladies in native Italian attire. They also feature fine steaks and American cooking but pretty near everybody sits there and unwinds spaghetti. Service from 4 p.m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Glenn E. Wood, the new manager, and Dave McClain, pianist, the latter just out of the navy, are greeting old and new friends every night. Attractive blue and gold room with bar, tables and a couple of booths. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. A favorite gathering place for radio people, business men and gals and others who enjoy good food and congeniality. Ken Prater features a fine noontday luncheon. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. Could be a taxi-demny school, but no—you are the one who gets stuffed with fine food and inspiring mixed drinks. Gus Fitch is the genial host. 314 W. 12th. 11A. 9224.

★ PHIL TRIPP'S. A quick one at the bar in front and then step right back to the dining room for spaghetti, steaks or delicious meatball sandwiches. Overhead, some nice lights hung with beer steins. Across from Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ PICADILLY ROOM. A cozy little stop-over downstairs from the bus station where the KMBC boys brush up on their lines. In the Pickwick hotel. 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Which means just what it says —bowling, plus the wherewithal for an appetizing luncheon or dinner or some stimulating refreshment. A well-rounded place to help you main-
tain that well-rounded figure. 614 W. 48th. On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ PIONEER ROOM. A pastel and old rose room in the new Westport Arms hotel. A divan all the way around puts you pretty close to your neighbor. An ideal place to get acquainted with people. Happy Stilts, who glides smoothly about the place, keeps everybody happy. Bill Caldwell is featured at the Hammond electric organ. Westport Arms Hotel. 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Upstairs and downstairs and all around the counter there's good food three times a day. Downstairs is an ideal place to sit and talk about the atomic blonde. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Congenial atmosphere, roomy bar, plenty of booths and tables, but you'll have to wait for a parking place anyhow. Zola Palmer at the console of the Hammond is fascinating to watch and wonderful to hear. 614 W. 48th. On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. A comfortable coating place with organ melodies continuously from 5 p.m. to closing. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks, noise, music and everybody you know. It's one of those places always crowded 'cause people like it that way. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Dim, historic and dignified with the finest food and drinks. Open 10 a.m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3800.

★ STUBB'S GILHAM PLAZA. A lot of people have been saying that Jeannie Leit is back, but she's been there for weeks and weeks. This pretty gal at the piano has a stack of stuff that she sings in a big, deep voice. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. The aged wooden doors of this place lead down seven steps to the quietude of an old Romanic restaurant. Service and food is excellent and there is incidental piano music. Armour west of Troost. VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Favorite waiting room for people about to take or meet a train. They come down early on purpose. Next door is the big dining room that's usually crowded around the dinner hour, and no wonder, for the food is better than most. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A diminutive place tucked away in the Continental Hotel. A fine place to sit, sip and tell your life's secrets. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ CABANA. As near Mexico City as they could get the Hotel Phillips without using jacks and rollers. South of the border in decor. Hazel Smith adds something to the silver and gold Novachord from 12 noon to 5 p.m. In the evenings it's your favorite, my favorite, and everybody's favorite, Alberta Bird.

★ OMAR ROOM. A dim and cushiony room famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. Entrance is from the lobby or
through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. A fine place to get acquainted. Understand? Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

**PINK ELEPHANT.** A microscopic cocktail lounge with some out of this world art getups on the walls. Flickering two-reelers come on occasionally on the silver screen above the bar. 12th street, between Wyandotte and Baltimore. GR. 5310.

**THE TROPICS.** A melee of palms and bamboo with an occasional tropical storm busting out all over the place. Patty O’Dare entertains with the Hammond electric and the piano all at the same time. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

**ZEPHYR ROOM.** It will be Christmas in the Zephyr room for Jolly Jane Jones, Joaquin and Diane, the Latin Troubadors and Charley Thorpe at the piano. Open at 11 a.m. with entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

**With Dancing ...**

**CROWN ROOM.** From the crowds that gather at the Hotel LaSalle’s Crown Room every night, you might think that Judy Conrad is there for a short stay. He’s been there for months, and will be. People go for her like lower taxes. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

**CUBAN ROOM.** One of the south side’s high octane places where there’s plenty of room for Herman Walder’s jive trio to ride high, wide and handsome. The hottest hep crew this side of New Orleans. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

**DRUM ROOM.** Jimmy Tucker and his soft, smooth orchestra hover over a tiny dance floor in a rather gregarious atmosphere. Ideal for noontime luncheon and a congenial evening. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

**ED-BERN’S.** Luncheon, dinner and after-theatre snacks, with incidental music for dancing. The Ed-Bern’s have charley of the kitchen. Who could ask for anything more? 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

**EL CASBAH.** Judy Manners has knocked ‘em all over at Hollywood and she’s moving in December 7 to treat the Kaysee swains in the same manner. Coming December 27 will be Little Joe Rardin, comedian, for a return engagement. All of this and Charley Wright and his band coming back to the El Casbah December 7. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

**MILTON’S TAP ROOM.** Noisy, amiable place where lots of people dance with lots of other people to Julia Lee’s music and the rest sit, sip and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

**PLANTATION.** Vic Colan and his Chicagoans have been contracted to thrill plantation sharecroppers until after the first of the year, in this pleasant and attractive supper club. Highway 40, East.

**PENGUIN ROOM.** Tommy Flynn, his violin and his orchestra are set for the coming holiday season in one of the town’s smartest spots. No minimum or cover. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

**SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suave atmosphere and music with Dee Peterson now in this third popular year. One of the more ultra downtown spots done up to live up to its name. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

**TERRACE GRILL.** They Ran Wilde—and you will too when you hear this smooth aggregation down from the College Inn, Chicago. The famous Muehlebach courtesy and Muehlebach cellars keep the grill right up at the town’s top. For reservations call Gordon, GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

**TOOTIE’S MAYFAIR.** There are only three or four B-flat bass trumpets in the world, and Dale Jones pumps the valves of this wierd instrument nightly at one of the near suburban spots on the south side. Dale has one of the bouzicest bands for six men you ever heard. Food, drinks and dancing until four in the morning. 7852 Wornall road. DE. 1253.

**TROCADERO.** A chummy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main on 39th. No orchestra, but all the latest platters are served from a juke box. No eats, just drinks and fun. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

**Definitions**

A necessary evil is one we like so much we don’t care about abolishing it. ... From The Down-Towner.

* * *

**DER VETTERMAN.**

A German baker leaned against a lamp post in front of his pie palace in a small town in Wisconsin.

"Id’s gonna rain tomorrow," he remarked to the town cop.

"What makes ya think so?" queried the cop as he plunked himself on the dough-man’s steps.

"I can feel it in my buns."

The rain that kept you from church is no wetter than that which soaked you at the party.

Pretending to be rich keeps some people poor.

[Answers to Alaskan Williwaw.]

1—c 5—c 9—c 13—c
2—b 6—b 10—b or c 14—c
3—a 7—a 11—c 15—c
4—c 8—c 12—c 16—c
LOEW'S MIDLAND
WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF — Is playing at the Midland for longer than you can keep a hotel reservation. Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, and Van Johnson mix emotion and romance in the 1945 version of GRAND HOTEL.

KISS AND TELL — Adolescence learns the facts of life in this movie adaptation of the stage play. All about a junior miss who feigns pregnancy to help her brother and best friend out of a jam. Watch for Shirley Temple and Jerome Courtland.

I LOVE A BAND LEADER (Companion Picture) — Phil Harris (Alice Faye's hubby, to you) leads and is loved in this tale of a band as it might have been.

NEWMAN
STORK CLUB — Betty Hutton, Don Defore and Barry Fitzgerald in a musical set against the backdrop of you-know-what.

SAN ANTONIO — Romance, action, technicolor and Errol Flynn — all in one picture!

TOWER
On the stage — a new bill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werner. On the screen — double features designed solely for entertainment. You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery Night". Such dear madness — someone always wins.

THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

DOLLY SISTERS — Jancsi and Roszicka hold on and on at the three Fox theatres. A big song and dance show, far removed from the original Dolly story, but nice entertainment for those who like Betty Grable and June Haver (and who doesn't?) With June Payne and S. Z. Sakall.

UNCLE HARRY — George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Ella Raines star in this triangle drama.

MEN IN HER DIARY (Companion Picture) — Lanky, leggy Peggy Ryan takes to comedy like a duck to water. If you're a P. R. fan like we are, you'll roll in the aisles.

THE DALTONS RIDE AGAIN — Alan Curtis, Kent Taylor, Lon Chaney, Martha O'Driscoll. Blood 'n' thunder in the frontier days.

ENCHANTED FOREST — Edmund Lowe, Brenda Joyce, Harry Davenport.

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN — A yarn about a very disagreeable jealous woman — the trouble her hyper-possessive instinct causes a lot of nice people. Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain.

RKO ORPHEUM
RHAPSODY IN BLUE — Dramatization of the life of George Gershwin — jam-packed with wonderful Gershwin tunes. Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, etc.

JOHNNY ANGEL — George Raft, Claire Trevor, Sigrid Hasso, Hoagy Carmichael, Margaret Wycherly.

BELLS OF ST. MARY — Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby.
Swing Around

IF THE street car company would like to have their bell clangers cultivate something besides Victory gardens, that something might be the unveiling of an occasional smile.

Most of them do, but there is one motorman on a southtown run who subscribes to the philosophy that if a little will do a little good, a lot should do likewise.

For several weeks a friendly motorman handed a slick chick a stick of gum as she mounted his car at exactly such and such a time every morning on a certain corner.

He said nothing. Just smiled, handed her the gum.

The tram man soon became office conversation and the coffee question every morning was built around the subject of gum and its mysterious giver.

Then things changed. One morning he gave her two. The next day he raised the ante to three, then four, and finally a full, unopened package.

With the chicle drama slowly but methodically unfolding, the office force awaited the arrival of their street car starlet (try saying that fast) the following morning.

But on this particular morning she was late. It was nearly nine thirty when the perfumed, feathered, furred lass glided into the office. She went to the window, looked out, but said nothing.

“What happened this morning, two packages?”

“No, my inquisitive dears—he asked me for a date.”

LET THERE BE LIGHT

THE circumstances have a long white beard but it is a revelation on how we might have lost the war.

A big warplant in the midwest was operated by the army with civilian employees. Army inspectors had orders, so they said, to open and inspect every item that came in or went out of the plant.

Two staff photographers stood helplessly by while inspectors opened and inspected their incoming shipments of unexposed film. After ruining several hundred dollars of film, the inspectors finally surmised that there were no bombs enclosed.

THE SECRET

ON the bench between innings of the Missouri-Kansas pigskin melee, somebody asked Coach Don Faurot where he got big guys like Jim Kekeris, the Diesel-powered, 4,800-ounce tackle-fullback.

“Well,” began calm Don, “during the summer I send my scouts into the hinterlands. If one of them spots a big farmer pushing a plow, he vaults fences and strikes up a conversation.

“Right away the prospect is asked where he lives. If the candidate points with his arm, our scout just moves on.

“But—if he picks up the plow and points with that—we sign him on the spot.”
STORM WARNING

It was on a Braniff flight between Kansas City and Chicago. The ride had been pleasant, smooth and dream-like all the way. A young woman sat quietly holding her sleeping two-year-old. The child had been in slumberland since the plane took the air.

Then quietly the young mother turned to the nice elderly lady sharing the double seat with her and said apologetically:

"I'm just awfully sorry to disturb you."

"Why?" the other lady replied with astonishment. "You haven't disturbed me. Your little girl has been as good as gold. She has been sleeping all the way."

"I know," the mother answered ruefully. "But we are getting ready to land and she'll be mad as a hornet when I have to wake her up."

PRECISION

ROADCASTS of special events usually slide on the air as smoothly as a turtle slipping off a lily pad into the water.

Not long ago Newscaster Dick Smith and his rather dull stooge (I'm used to it) were at the Kaysse Muny airport to broadcast the arrival of General George C. Marshall. It was that time of the day when DC-3 transports were making an outdoor wind tunnel of the arrival ramp in monotonous succession.

How were we to know that one of them contained a passenger by the name of Marshall until he began climbing out of the plane and shaking hands?

Well, there he was, and there were we. Dick grabbed the mike and galloped across the ramp. Engineer Riddle started the transmitter and Mr. Baird, poor Mr. Baird, back at the studio control room, had two seconds to get it on the air.

What? Why, of course we got the

General on the air. Things in radio go off just like clockwork.

Life begins at 40—and so do fallen arches, lumbago, bad eyesight and the tendency to tell the same story to the same person three or four times.

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

Editor
JETTA CARLETON
Managing Editor
DAVID W. HODGINS
Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS
Contributing Staff
CHICAGO:
Norton Hughes Jonathan
NEW YORK:
Lucie Ingram

ART:

PHOTOGRAPHY:
Harold Hahn Brooks Crumit Monty Montgomery Norm Hobart Louise Putman.

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial 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 or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.
OU’LL like doing business with HB, the station with "agency point-of-view"... where every advertiser is a client who must get money’s worth in results. Swing along with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

For WHB availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any DAM YOUNG office:

NEW YORK CITY 18
1 West 42nd St.
Ongacre 3-1926

CHICAGO 2
E. Washington St.
ANDover 5448

SAN FRANCISCO 4
27 Mills Building
STutter 1393

LOS ANGELES 13
48 South Hill St.
Michigan 0921

KANSAS CITY 6
carritt Building
HArrison 1161

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>KANSAS CITY</th>
<th>WHB</th>
<th>Station A</th>
<th>Station B</th>
<th>Station C</th>
<th>Station D</th>
<th>Station E</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>HOOPER INDEX</td>
<td>27.9</td>
<td>23.0</td>
<td>14.4</td>
<td>14.1</td>
<td>15.0</td>
<td>5.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SEPT.-OCT. ’45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEEKDAYS A.M.</td>
<td>23.2</td>
<td>21.2</td>
<td>29.1</td>
<td>15.5</td>
<td>9.6</td>
<td>1.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON. THRU FRI.</td>
<td>8 A.M.—12 Noon</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WEEKDAYS P.M.</td>
<td>15.5</td>
<td>33.9</td>
<td>25.4</td>
<td>12.6</td>
<td>9.9</td>
<td>2.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MON. THRU FRI.</td>
<td>12 Noon—6 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUNDAY AFTERNOON</td>
<td>18.3</td>
<td>31.1</td>
<td>12.4</td>
<td>23.6</td>
<td>12.0</td>
<td>2.2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12 Noon—6 P.M.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK