

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

"GENERAL IKE"
COMES TO
KANSAS CITY

★

John Reed King
Dorothea F. Hyle
"Mr. Anthony"

★

LAND OF PROMISE
by Stanley Dixon

★ ★

JULY
1945

25¢



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



Fifteen Minutes a Day—\$10,120,071 in Bond Sales.

During the Mighty Seventh War Bond campaign, Dick Smith broadcast daily 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 Karosan, Wm. H. Kalis, Mrs. Meyer Finkel, Mrs. William Nawic, Mrs. Bee Barein, Louis Sachs, Dick Smith, Lee Greenberg, Mrs. Lewis Sachs, Julius Kaenigsdorf and Emanuel Spock.

"The Pause That Refreshes."

Martan Dawney, star of Mutual's mid-morning Coca-Cola show, Mandays through Fridays at 11:15, was in town last month with his friend Moyer 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; Martan; and Dan Davis, WHB prez. Naturally! (See story, page 7).



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General Ike's Day in Kansas City, 33-40. (See Legend, page 32). • WHB Newsreel, Inside Front Cover. • Kansas City Power & Light Building, Back Cover.

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?


Editor

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.
- July 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 Warway—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, 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. 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 copycats. 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!

Boy Soprano

Concerning a kid from Connecticut who once sang for kicks, who now sings for cokes, and in how big a way!

by PAT PATRICOFF
(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.

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 *P*romise

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



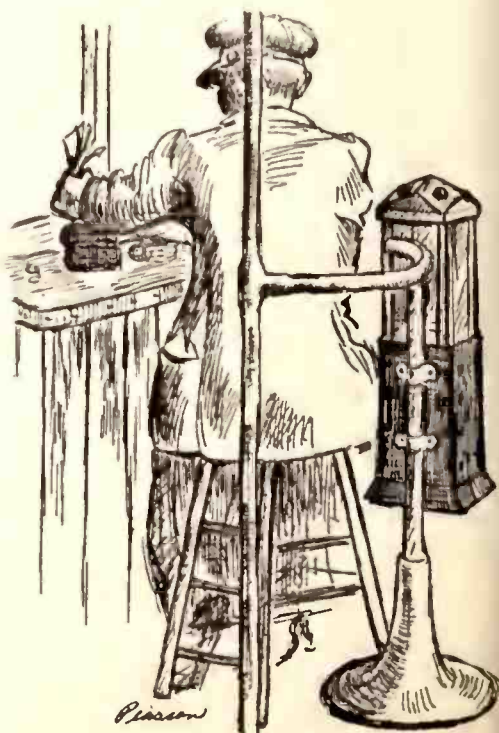
Many of the settlers in Palestine were doctors, lawyers, scientists, business men . . . but there was no call for their talents, so they settled on the land, and they learned how to farm on cooperative farms where there were others with experience to teach them.

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; destroy-

ers 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-



reau 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 Thorner 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 undersea 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.

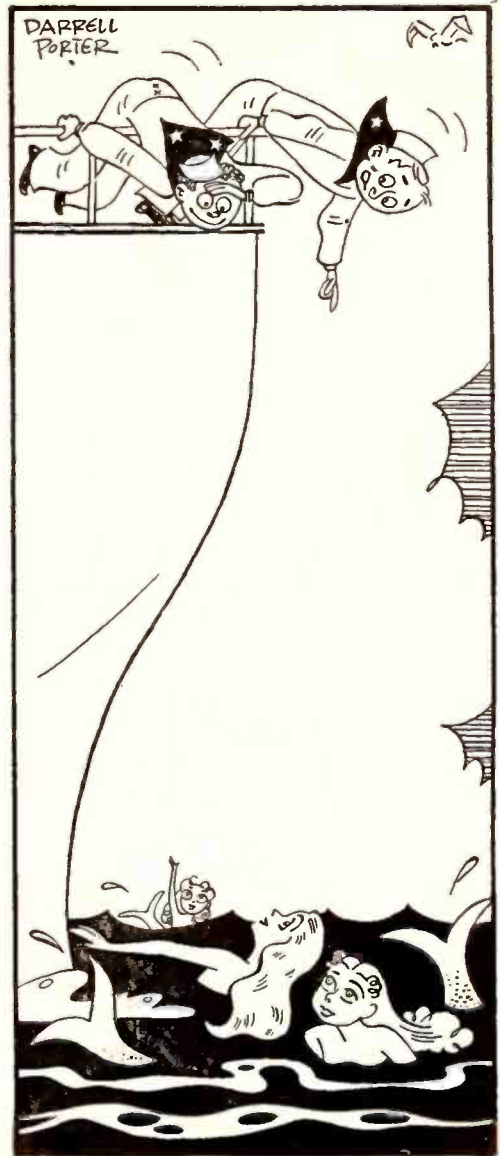
Want to have a ship named for you? Then get in touch with Mrs. Casbarian! Maybe she can track you down a genealogical right to have one of Uncle Sam's ships sail proudly under your name.

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*.



"Things weren't like this in the Missouri river around Kansas City."

—from *The Wasp Nest*

The Nail Paint Namer

About the character who couldn't see red!

by George F. McGill

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 bastille.

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 out-do 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, broodcasting over the Mutual Network, hommered home some hord facts and timely warnings in o speech of retrospect ond prospect. Victory in Europe was that night an urgent rumor, just two doys owoy from official confirmation. Between V-E ond V-J, Mr. Foster summarized some fundamental reasons for Germany's foilure ond for the prospect of o long, hord wor with Jopan. We here print the portiol text of that memoroble broodcast).

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 over-all 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 can not 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.



By FRANK SINGISER
(of the Mutual Broadcasting System)

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 pocket-books 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," in-
stead of being a clue, was the red
herring that threw many people off
the track. Just in case there's any-
one left who doesn't know the an-
swer—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 Li-
brary. 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

Ask Your *Librarian*

*What goes into an ice cream
soda? Who owns Dumbarton
Oaks? How many alien Japan-
ese are there here?*

*Questions like these pour in
daily in your Public Library—
and the librarians know all the
the answers. It is, in reality,
your library.*

By DOROTHEA F. HYLE

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 Frank-
lin 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 kiddin'! 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 Busi-

ness 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."

VICTORY OVER PAIN

The story of anaesthesia—from the time when young men went on "laughing gas jags," to the time of its present development—excitingly recounted by

JAMES G. HANLON



of WGN's press department, and based on "The Human Adventure" which originates at Station WGN, Chicago, and is broadcast over the Mutual Network in collaboration with the University of Chicago.

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 began 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, mistook 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 refused to take him seriously. He suggested 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 possible anesthetic for minor surgical operations, his discovery did make its way to America and became a demonstration 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 transform 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. Suddenly 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, Connecticut, 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 although 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 profession. A few days later, to verify to 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 demonstrate 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 experiment 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, reveled 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 newsreel 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—downtown 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.





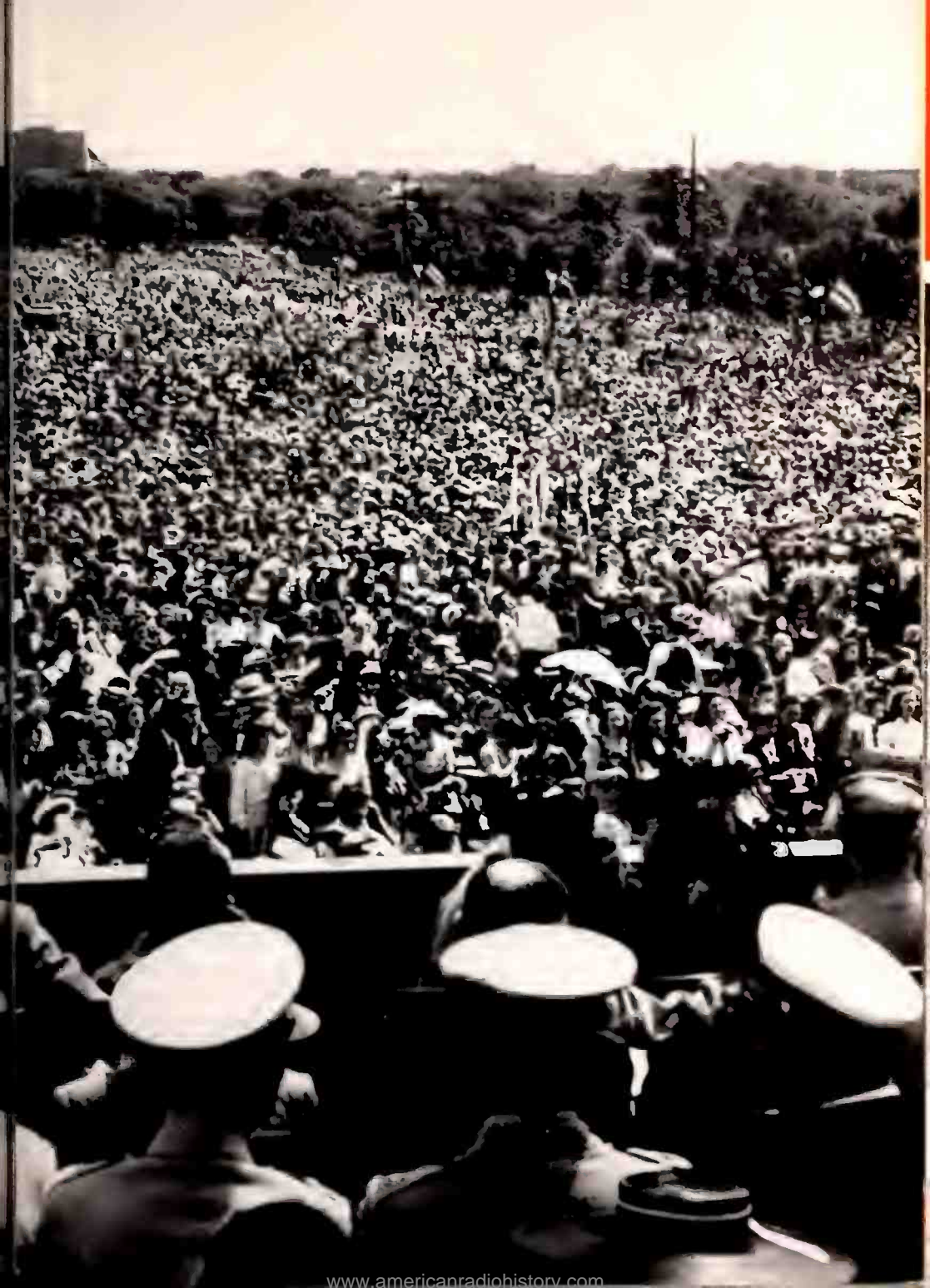


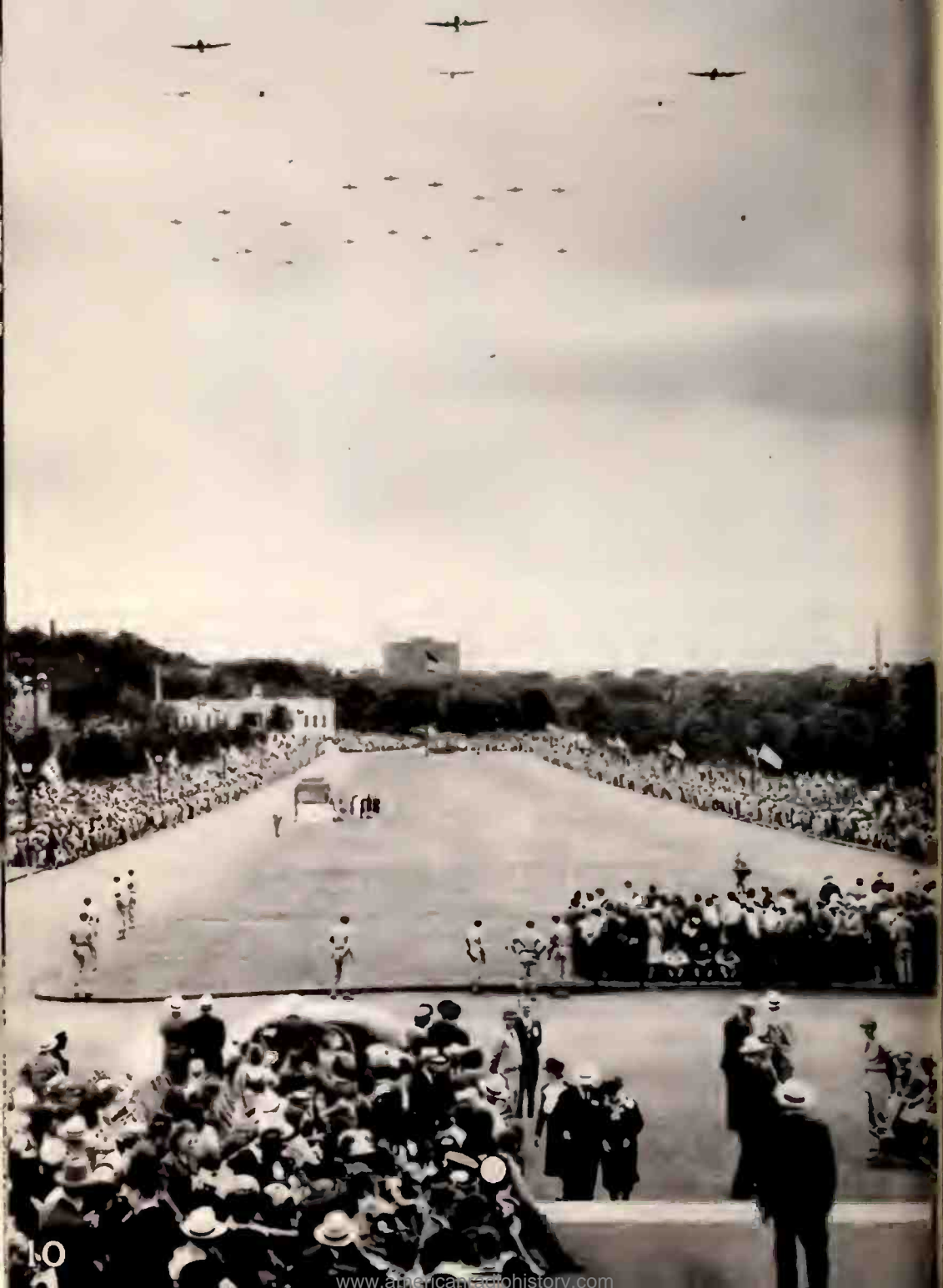


6









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.

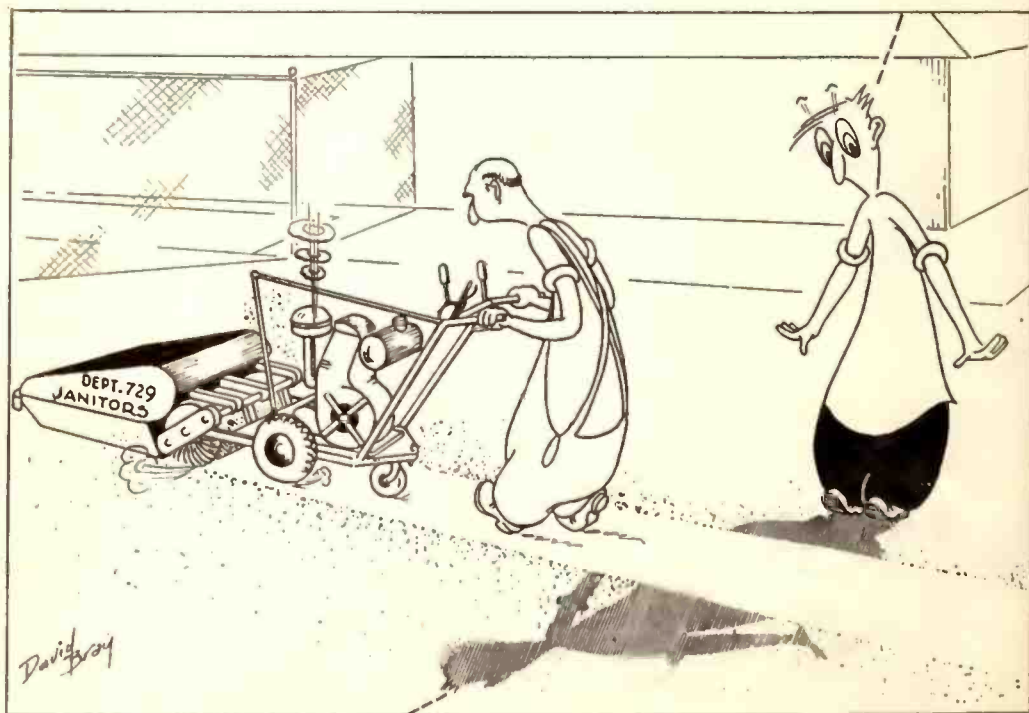
Only volunteers go to war for The AP, and the waiting list is long. The prime requirements are—intellectual equipment of the highest order, sound news training and a soldier's physique. All of this is needed, for it is to be remembered that "truth is the first casualty in any war."

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."



—from *The Wasp Nest*

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
T r o u b l e
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

Reprinted by special permission from the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company who this month release "The Handy Household Manual," compiled by Mutual's Handy Man.

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 harmless 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 collec-

lective 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

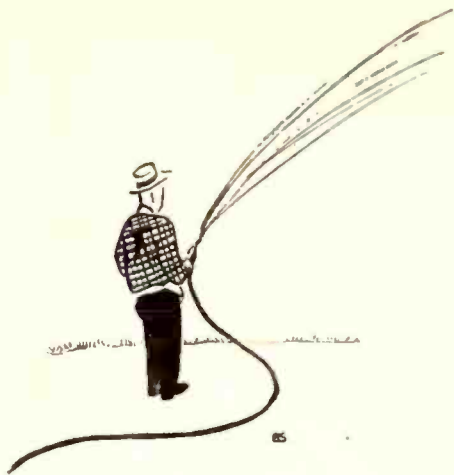
nations have sought to perfect an organization which will secure that victory. That is the prime purpose of the World Security Council which is being built as the most powerful division of the United Nations.

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



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

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-

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. Hmmm. 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 expedience 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-

lowing 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 Templeton, 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 ducts 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

WERE 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 busting 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 La Moto

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.

Sun., July 1—St. Mark 1	Mon., July 16—St. Mark 15:1-41
Mon., July 2—St. Mark 2	Tues., July 17—St. Mark 15:42-16:20
Tues., July 3—St. Mark 3	Wed., July 18—Psalms 135, 136
Wed., July 4—St. Mark 4	Thurs., July 19—Psalms 137, 138, 139
Thurs., July 5—St. Mark 5	Fri., July 20—Psalms 140, 141, 142
Fri., July 6—St. Mark 6	Sat., July 21—Psalms, 143, 144, 145
Sat., July 7—St. Mark 7	Sun., July 22—Psalms 146, 147
Sun., July 8—St. Mark 8	Mon., July 23—Psalms 148, 149, 150
Mon., July 9—St. Mark 9	Tues., July 24—Job 1, 2
Tues., July 10—St. Mark 10	Wed., July 25—Job 3
Wed., July 11—St. Mark 11	Thurs., July 26—Job 4, 5
Thurs., July 12—St. Mark 12	Fri., July 27—Job 6, 7
Fri., July 13—St. Mark 13	Sat., July 28—Job 8:1-9:12
Sat., July 14—St. Mark 14:1-31	Sun., July 29—Job 9:13-10:22
Sun., July 15—St. Mark 14:32-72	Mon., July 30—Job 11, 12
Tuesday, July 31—Job 13, 14	

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 Communique . . .

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

NITE town in the hot months, Chicago
SPOTS 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 pocket-books 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

will be around well into the summer, being replaced for an indefinite period by Harry Cool, a Chicago favorite who once worked for Dick Jurgens. Among the musical brethren, the Blackhawk is almost sacred ground. It was in this venerable cabaret that Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, and Bob Crosby first grabbed musical attention. And it was also the Chicago home of Coon Sanders' Kansas City Nighthawks.

Turning to more sombre things, there is the present plight of the Theatre—now in a somewhat comatose condition. **THEATRE** Claudia Cassidy of the Tribune is carrying on a one-woman war with the Theatre Guild, which she accuses of cutting short successful runs to force Guild subscriptions, and of replacing New York casts with less satisfactory people. On the first count, she really has something, because Theatre Guild plays to arrive this season stayed all too briefly. You had to be a member to see most of them unless you were willing to hang from the rafters. This forced memberships up, and tempers along with them. The second accusation is more difficult to prove. In some cases, road company casts have been highly satisfactory. In others, there was a lot of pure ham on the stage—almost the only place it could be found.

The pinched pallor of Season 1944-45 is pretty dismal to contemplate. Forty-six plays showed, for a grand total of three hundred and four weeks of playing time. (Figures lifted from **VARIETY**.) On the credit side there was "The Glass Menagerie"; "Voice of the Turtle," still going strong; "Oklahoma!"; "Kiss and Tell"; "Over Twenty-one"; "Othello," and the recent arrival, "Dear Ruth."

On the debit side there were such fortunately short-lived smellers as "School for Brides," "That's a Laff," and "Sleep No More." Also on the awful side was a combination ice show and ballet staged at the Coliseum called "Alaskan Stampede." The truest description yet written of that colossal flop was "turkey on ice."

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 Wash- **ETC.** ington 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 **G.I.** 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 **CUT-** Studebaker plant on the south- **BACKS** west 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. **ELEC-** Perhaps it's a fairly accurate **TION** 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

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultra . . .

★ **BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Cool and scenic. Wayne King's music the revues designed and produced by Dorothy Hild, with her line of lovelies. (NORTH). 5300 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 Itta is the headwaiter. . . . In the **PARK ROW ROOM,** pretty Adele Scott 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, 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.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** One of the traditions. There's a revue, and music by George Olsen and orchestra. State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Ultra-ultra, to the tune of Dick LaSalle and his orchestra. Current feature is Carl Brisson, who still could be classed as a heart-throb. (LOOP). Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

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—Émile 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 Roth's 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 loolie 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 Dehar and Denise dance. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ **SHERMAN HOTEL.** In the Panther Room, Les Brown's orchestra plays for dancing. (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. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ **BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** Substantial Hungarian cookery; lilting gypsy music by Bela Babai's gypsies. (NORTH). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ **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 glorious 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 Catacombs, and Enchanted Forest, and all manner of surprising nooks. Music, wining and dining facilities are modern, however. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ **L'AIGLON.** A mellow old mansion featuring French and Creole cookery, and the music of Spyros Stamos. (GOLD COAST). 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ **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. 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 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 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.

★ **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 clamored 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. Riecl Resny 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 luscious femmes such as Roxy Hart, Kitty Carroll, Ronnie Lester, and all the Averyettes. Joe Nitti's orchestra. Johnny Hall's the emcee. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. See. 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.

★ **LIBERTY INN**. Where they take liberties and the patrons love it. Some of Pat Perry's pretty girls are Ann Carter, Betty Lynn, Lya Lyn, and Marsha Paige. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★ **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.

★ **RIO CABANA**. Spacious, spicy, and special. New revue headed by lovely Joan Merrill. (GOLD COAST). 400 N. Wabash. Bel. 3700.

★ **SO-HO CLUB**. Breezy presentation of feminine pulchritude, here at Chris Velis' club. Informal peppering of comedy and song. Lots and lots of girls, including Rosita Morelle, Terry Martin, Betty Lee, et al. Dave Tannen and Jules Savoy emcee. (WEST). 1124 W. Madison. Can. 8260.

★ **VINE GARDENS**. Jimmy Pappas presents Gus Van, an old favorite, with songs old and new. Marvin Boone emcees, dances, and is funny, and there's a supporting cast including Marilyn Marsh and the two Balahanows. Joe Kish's orchestra. Tax after 8:15. (NORTH). 614 West North. Mic. 5106.

Bars of Music . . .

★ **CLOVER BAR**. Lew Marcus makes some of the best music in Chicago in this popular Loop rendezvous. He plays piano and composes. Bert MacDowell and Gladys Keyes relieve him at the piano—and do a neat job of it. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ **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.

- ★ **PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A new and umptuous 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. 202.
- ★ **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.** Phil Dooley's orchestra, the Uptowners, and the Swingtimers make music in the splendor of this downtown show place. (LOOP). 5 N. Clark. And. 1636.
- ★ **PARKWAY HOTEL.** Cocktails in the clouds. It's a lounge on the roof, overlooking Lincoln Park and the Lake. 2100 Lincoln Park West.

Food for Thought . . .

- ★ **A BIT OF SWEDEN.** Candlelight and quaintery and superb smorgasbord, hot or cold. Closed Monday. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush Street. 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 geometrical. 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). Cornfed 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 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. 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, flowery draperies, and candlelight add up to simple enchantment, and the food is de-

licious. 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.
- ★ **EITEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG.** In the Main Dining Room and the Ratskeller, 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.

CHICAGO THEATRE

- ★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Love letters from little sister to some service men—with big sister's name attached. A delightful play. With Leona Powers, William Harigan, and Herbert Evers. Nightly except Sunday. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday.
- ★ **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 Betty Lawford 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.** Art Kassel and his orchestra. 1100 Lawrence Ave.
- ★ **TRIANON BALLROOM.** Benny Strong and his orchestra. 6201 Cottage Grove Ave.



It's not difficult to meet expenses these days. In fact, you meet them every time you turn around.

—from Leaks and Squeaks
(Benson Manufacturing Company)

New York Communique . . .



NEW YORK'S gayety hasn't staggered a bit under the blow of hot weather.

SUMMER-TIME 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

TAXIS 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

TRANS LUX 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 pre-

HOTELS pared 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 **THEATRE** 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 Reynal and Hitchcock to celebrate the **LITER-ATI** 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 . . . upstate 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 **FASHIONS** 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 **FOODS** 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 **THE DUKE** 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. Cl 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, 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, etc. Dinner from \$1.75. Minimum, \$2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** More good people, including peach-cake Georgia Gibbs, Josh White the 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. Cl 6-3711.

★ **CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codolban's orchestra; entertainment featuring Sarah Gorbey, Adia Kuznetzoff, 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. Cl 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.** 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. 54. EL 5-8769.

★ **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. Cl 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. Jenó 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, 5-8 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 Colc 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 Marimba 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. 5th Ave. at 58. 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. Cl 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 evenings, \$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 chairs and others of that ilk, which Tiny Clark makes 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 Borr at supper. In the show Borrah Minnevitth's Harmonica Rascals have much fun, and there's Danny O'Neil with songs. Cover after 10:30, \$1.00; Friday and Saturday, \$2.00. No cover for Service Men. Sunday dancing, 7:30-10 p. m. No show, no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

★ **ZANZIBAR.** "Zanzibarban Nights" gives you Cab Calloway; Pearl and Bill Bailey; a harmonious trio, Day, Dawn, and Dusk; Count Le Roy who does 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.

★ **BARBERY 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. 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. 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.** American dishes, Dickens decor. Incidental music from piano and solovox. Opens 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 metal "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 Eddie 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. 5th Ave. at 50. 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.

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 Smoky Mountain gal. Carol Stone is the girl; Richard Hart, the boy. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

MUSICALS

★ **DEAR RUTH**—(Henry Miller, 43rd, East. BR 9-3970). Moss Hart directed this story of a little sister (Lenore Lonergan) 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 6-5969). Readjustment of a homecoming soldier, complicated by an unsympathetic sister (Grace Coppen), and the whole thing played on a Lee Simonson set. Montgomery Cliff's acting manages to give the play its distinction. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE HASTY HEART**—(Hudson, 44th, East. BR 9-5641). John Patrick's account of the humanizing of a brusque young Scotsman. Action takes place in a hospital on the Assam-Burma front. With Anne Burr and Richard Basehart. 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.

★ **OH, BROTHER!**—(Royal, 45 West. CI 5-5760). Hugh Herbert returns in a comedy by Jacques Deval. With Arleen Whelan, Don Gibson, Catherine Doucet, and Forrest Orr. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday 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 Greata. 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 6-5969). 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.

★ **BLOOMER GIRL**—(Shubert, 44th, West. CI 6-5990). The 1860 show that gives us "Right as the Rain," "The Eagle and Me," and "Evelina." Nanette 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 6-0730). "Liliom" 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. 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 hi-jinks. Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ **HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE**—(Alvin, 52nd, West. CI 5-6868). Gilbert and Sullivan a la George S. Kaufman. Cast headed by Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Shirley Booth; dancing mainly by Annamary Dickey. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **LAFFING ROOM ONLY**—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th. CI 7-5161). Rather contrived, with room for more laughs than the show chalks up. But since Olsen and Johnson wear rather 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 4-4337). 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, 35¢ 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 on mi-

crofilm can fit into a space the size of a cigarette pack. (You may recall the approximate size of a cigarette pack.) And a thousand 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 blood-stains 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 eighteenth 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. Carol 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 chuckly 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 drills hombres 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.

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—In which Robert Young charms Laraine Day right out of the arms of Bill Williams. Bill almost steals the show, even if Bob does steal his girl. Ann Harding comes back as Laraine's mother. As we said in June (when the picture was previously scheduled)—a rather routine plot, but prettily played.

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. Emyln 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 Lorring is excellent as the girl.

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.

SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED—The year's unintentional satire on all extravagances of its sort. Simply too, too—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.

(AT THE UPTOWN: Alberta Bird plays request numbers at the organ each Sunday afternoon, 1:30-2:15.)

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, 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 Griese-deck 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 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.** 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.

FOR FOOD AND A DRINK . . .

★ **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 plushy extra dining room for private dinner parties. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. HA 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 coupla 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-cart 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.

★ **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 liquer 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.

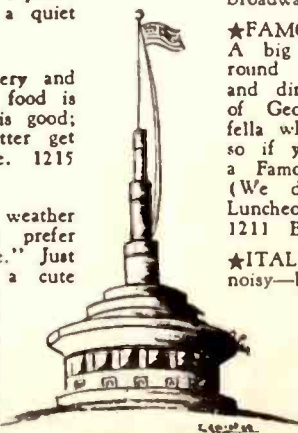
★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Fillum Fun and Joshua Johnson fill the bill here. One on the screen above the bar and the other at the piano. Don't be alarmed if your companion's face suddenly turns livid. That's not the drinks—it's just that fancy light that beams down on Joshua, the town's top boogie artist. 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 Jaxson, 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 heavies—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 pop tunes at piano and novachord, and fried chicken and stuff are on tap for dinner time. From 11:45 p.m. till 1:30 a.m., Willy Ganz is the cute kid at the keyboards. 3223 Troost. VA 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Formerly known as the Bismarck and 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 filets 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 "Scarlett 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 graphoanalyses. (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 noisily 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. Zen^a 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 cubbyhole 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's 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-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. 5310.

★ **TROPICS.** Palmy days in this most ornate third floor lounge. It's cool, cushiony, very pretty. Mary Jeane 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. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Weela Gallez sings the darndest 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 Beguine 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 bounce this histro 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 halls are recommended. 5 West Linwood (just off Main). VA 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** You can't heat 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. GR. 5440.

★ **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 Chorney, 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 dansant, 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 juke 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 ROOF.** 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.

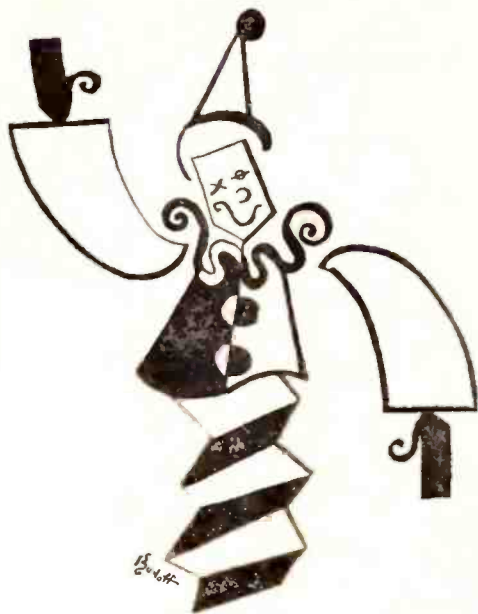
★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Introducing Johnny Gilbert and his orchestra, new to Kansas City, and featuring Janet Lee on the vocals. Dancing at dinner and supper. No cover. It's a big two-level room walled in by Schiaparelli pink and mirrors. For reservations, call Gordon, GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and 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 "sees 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. 9306.

Swing Around

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!"

THIS 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 every-one 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.

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"

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The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

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 mer-

chandising, 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 . . . 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 3558
- KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK**
- Kansas City . Wichita . Salina . Great Bend . Emporia
 - Missouri Kansas Kansas Kansas Kansas

