

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"



NOVEMBER
1945
25c

Where to Go • What to See
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • KANSAS CITY



**WBH
NEWS
REEL**

"Man-On-The-Street" Interviews in Loew's Midland Lo

Holding the mike is genial John Thornberry, WBH's man-with-the-traveling-micro, who gets the answers to questions of the day from patrons of Loew's Midland Theatre downtown Kansas City. This daily quarter-hour broadcast, Mondays through Saturday 1:15 p.m., has been sponsored by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer since last July. The human interest questions and unrehearsed answers by "the man in the street" (and the ladies, too!) is this one of Kansas City's most popular daytime radio programs. Hooperating, in the

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Dale Carnegie in a nationwide broadcast from WHB; Adele Jergens (The eyeful) A thousand and one charms; Mary Lord, MGM starlet, and Rosemary Haward, WHB's Showtime Gal; Lieut. General Ennis C. Whitehead is welcomed to Kansas City. Back cover, Tenth Street, Kansas City. (Photograph by W. H. McCrum.)

AS we write—sitting in the park with our laundry drying on a nearby bush—it strikes us that the world's big worry is the housing situation. It's especially noticeable now in this season of homecoming, for there are strange, if any, houses to come home to. Now that the punt of a football can be heard across November again, no longer drowned out by gunfire, the old grads will be homecoming again with bottle and bay-window, returning to the scene of their fabulous age, when the world was green and enormous and there was a time to dance. The place has changed . . . and it's the time of homecoming for men who've been away at the wars. The place they come back to has changed, also. Once the house they lived in was made of sticks; and then there was one of straw. But something huffed and puffed and the house blew down. And now we cast about for bricks with which to build another one. This time it must withstand all winds that blow, all bombs that fall. It must be made of a marvelous brick. For already there are huffings and puffings fit to blow down any structure flimsy with hesitation, lack of purpose, sentimentality. When the brick is found that will build this house, it will be molded of a new sort of peace. For peace is a plastic, a synthetic material made of strange and various elements, and yet superior to most natural substances because it is functional in its amalgamation, because it is malleable and not weighty, and because it insulates.

And so while the house hunting goes on around the world, we pause to remind you that the space between these covers is occupied again, and with varied tenants. But there is room—living and study and laughing room. We invite you to move in with us and make yourself at home.



Editor

NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

FOOTBALL

- (Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
- November 2—Paseo-Northeast, 8 p. m.
- November 3—Westport-Manual, 1 p. m. Southwest-East, 3 p. m. Southeast-Central, 8 p. m.
- November 9—Southeast-East, 8 p. m.
- November 10—Paseo-Southwest, 1 p. m. Manual-Central, 3 p. m. Westport-Northeast, 8 p. m.
- November 24—Missouri-Kansas, 2 p. m.

ICE SKATING

(Pla-Mor, 3142 Main)

Public ice skating each night except November 4, 11, 14, 18 and 25 when league Hockey games will be played.

DANCING

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 3142 Main)

November 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, Sam Campbell and his orchestra. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday nights; Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra; 14, 15, 17, 18 Eddie Camden; 21-22 Cbuck Hall; 24, Jimmie Lunceford; 25, Sonny Dunham; 28-29, Sherman Dix.

MUSIC

- November 4—"Pop" Concert (Philharmonic); Music Hall.
- November 6-7—Philharmonic Concert; Music Hall.
- November 9—Philharmonic School Concert; Music Hall
- November 11—Student Recital, University of K. C. Liberal Arts Auditorium.
- November 13—Blanche Thebom, soprano (Fritschy); Music Hall.
- November 20-21—Pbilbarmonic Concert; Music Hall.
- November 25—"Pop" Concert (Philharmonic); Music Hall.

PRESENTATIONS

- October 29-November 4—Sbrine Circus; Arena.
- November 1—Uncle Tom's Cabin; Arena.
- November 5—Town Hall, sixth season. Edward Weeds, Editor, Atlantic Monthly; Auditorium.
- November 19—Town Hall, Bartalini, Master Dramatic Artist; Auditorium.
- November 24—Bill Robinson; Auditorium.
- November 26—Wings Over Jordan; Music Hall.
- November 27—Max Lerner, speaker; Music Hall.

CONVENTIONS

- November 3-6—Central States Salesmen; State, Phillips, Muehlebach.
- November 4-5—Cosmetology Institute; President.
- November 5-7—American War Mothers; Continental.
- November 7-10—Men's Apparel Show; Muehlebach.
- November 11-12—Allied Clothiers; Phillips.
- November 12-13—Missouri Telephone Assn.; Muehlebach.
- November 13-23—National Grange; Phillips and Auditorium.
- November 16-17—Missouri Press Assn.; President.
- November 25-27—Urological Society; President.
- November 26-27—Co-op Elevator Assn.; Phillips.

DRAMA

- November 1-3—"Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Music Hall.
- November 5—"Blithe Spirt," by Noel Coward; Resident Theater, 1600 Linwood. Directed by Stephen Black.
- November 8, 9, 10—"Rebecca" (A & N); Music Hall.
- November 28, 29, 30—"Suds In The Eye" (A & N); Music Hall.



ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockbill—November exhibit: "18th and 19th Century Fans." Includes over one hundred fans accumulated during life of Mrs. Henrietta Pfeifer, Des Moines.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY. Faculty art exhibit, including works by Burnette H. Sbrayock, Joseph A. Fleck and Louise Pain. During entire month of November.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone. Displays of rare minerals, including uranium. Closed Monday.

OTHER EVENTS

- November 5—Arena; Amateur boxing.
- November 7—Pro boxing, Joe Louis, referee, Billy Conn, exhibition; Arena.
- November 9—VFW dance; Arena.
- November 12—Amateur boxing; Arena.
- November 13—Seventh War Loan Rally; Arena.
- November 16—Sbrine Hall Ceremonial; Arena.
- November 18—Salvation Army 80th anniversary; Music Hall, Arena.
- November 20-25—Skating Vanities; Arena.
- November 30—Boy Scouts; Arena.

Radio Must Grow Up

By PAUL A. PORTER

Chairman,
Federal
Communications
Commission

The listeners own the airways; and it is theirs to decide what the broadcasters will give them. Offensive announcements and silly chatter must go, says the Government's chief radio monitor. In this article he points out the bad taste that spoils otherwise enjoyable programs, and calls for wider public discussion of ways to improve broadcasting as a service to the nation.



(Reprinted from *The American Magazine* of October, 1945, with permission from the publication and the author.)

A GROUP of friends and I were listening the other evening to the radio. The program was interesting and in good taste, and we sat quietly as we enjoyed it. Suddenly general conversation was resumed. I realized that it was because the commercial had come on. I commented on this, and my hostess said, "Oh, yes. I've trained myself so that I never hear the commercials. So many of them are silly, anyway."

A columnist for a newspaper chain, which also operates a number of prosper-

ous radio stations, observes that the listeners' ears "have become schooled to close automatically when the commercial comes on, and the great bulk of this synthetic verbiage is never heard at all."

But other numbers of people, to judge from complaints which reach the Federal Communications Commission, have not developed this new faculty of "tune-out ear."

On a recent summer afternoon in the New Hampshire mountains, a famous American scientist and a group of friends were listening via a local station to the

broadcast of a symphony. What happened next so enraged him that he wrote a long letter to the broadcasting company, copy to the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) Washington, D. C. This copy is before me.

"The reception was fine," he writes. "The mood was nothing short of ecstatic as these supreme artists, working for probably five million Americans, interpreted grandly a symphony little known to me. Its conclusion left me and my myriads of listening colleagues breathless with admiration and wonder . . .

"And then suddenly . . . before we could defend ourselves, a squalling, dissonant, nasty, singing commercial (from the local station) burst in on the mood."

The scientist snapped off the radio, dashed to the pantry, found some boxes of the advertised article, and hurled them into a near-by ravine. Then he swore a mighty oath never again to have the offending product in his house.

And yet this irate citizen is not, to judge from his letter, a foe of radio advertising as such. His main suggestion is that no questionable commercials be used unless they have first been cleared by a "good-taste committee" of the National Association of Broadcasters.

Earlier this year Lewis Gannett, critic and war correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, returning home after having been painfully injured at the front, recorded his impressions thus:

"The aspect of homefront life which most disgusted me on my return was the radio. BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) programs may be dull and army radio programs may be shallow, but if the soldier in Europe has had a chance to hear at all, he has heard it straight, without the neurotic advertising twaddle which punctuates virtually every American program. . . .

"The first evening I sat by the radio at home I heard one long parade of headaches, coughs, aching muscles, stained teeth, unpleasant full feeling, and gastric hyperacidity. . . . Our radio evenings are a sick parade of sickness, and if they haven't yet made us a sick nation, I wonder why."

Such complaints are not rare. Perhaps you have heard some of them yourself. They are symptomatic of a growing body of public opinion which resents radio's commercial excesses—excesses which the wartime boom seems to have aggravated. Responsible radio executives and advertisers are themselves disturbed about it. Congress has begun to take notice of the situation.

I believe in the American system of broadcasting. In many respects it is the best in the world. It has resulted in a wider distribution of radio sets than any other system. Much of its coverage of the war has been superb, except when a tragic account of American boys dying in battle has been interrupted without change of voice by a grating commercial.

For livestock market reports, weather reports, and many other services, radio has become a household utility. And great music has been brought to many crossroads by radio.

However, it is painfully apparent that many of the great features and services with which broadcasting won our favor and confidence in the past have been tossed away by commercial opportunism. The Farm and Home Hour is but one notable example. This program, especially designed for rural America, contained lively music and entertainment, weather and market news, and technical information of interest to farmers. It was reduced from an hour to 45 minutes, then to 30 minutes, and finally another program of different character was substituted.

It is clear to those who have studied the development of broadcasting that the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when two questions of highest public importance must be answered.

First: What kind of limitations, if any, should be placed, and by whom, on radio commercials which seem to a large section of the listening public to be too long and repetitious, or offensive, silly, and in bad taste?

Second, a kindred and larger question: Is broadcasting to become an almost exclusive medium for advertising and entertainment, or will it, in addition, continue

to perform public service functions in increasing measure?

I don't know the answers. My hope in this article is to stimulate public discussion of these questions which concern every radio listener in America. Your debates will serve as a democratic and invaluable guide to policy. The air waves do not belong to the Government, or to the FCC, or to the broadcasting stations. They belong, by law, to you—the public. It is right and necessary for you to debate and seriously consider the nature of this guest who comes into your home.

Such discussions among you listeners is especially needed at the present moment, because radio has come to a turning point in its history. We stand on the threshold of scientific advances, including especially FM—the new system of high frequency modulation which is relatively free from static and other interference—which will open up a new empire of the ether. Instead of the 933 standard broadcasting stations now licensed, it will be technically possible to have upward of 5,000 stations, each serving its particular area. Radio listeners will have clearer reception and a far wider choice of stations. Broadcasting stations will have greater opportunities for service than ever before.

The transition period will be difficult and confusing. It will be immensely helpful, to the radio and government alike, if we can have the guidance of your matured and reasoned public opinion, including that of minorities.

Such discussion has been hindered in the past by the fact that so many of the radio public, including ardent fans, lack information on the setup of American radio and of its regulatory controls.

For example, many of the letters of complaint to the FCC conclude by saying: "Why don't they do something about it?" True, the FCC is the regulatory authority for radio, but the powers of the Commission are specifically limited by law.

As soon as public broadcasting was born, the question arose: "Who is going to pay for it?" Magazines and newspapers sell for a price; theaters and movies charge admission. But, the question was raised, how can you charge for vibrations



in the air which can be picked up by anyone with a radio set?

Most of the large countries of the world solved the question by turning radio over to the government, which ran the radio and paid for it by some form of taxes. The deadly dangers of this are shown by the number of modern dictators who have consolidated their power by means of the government radio.

The British, handing their radio over to a government corporation, hedged it about with safeguards which have, I believe, pretty well protected the interests of the minority parties and groups. The BBC has generally high standards of public service and good taste. But it suffers from bureaucratic ailments. It lacks the competitive zeal, imagination, audacity, and variety which characterizes America's private-enterprise broadcasting at its best.

America chose (or perhaps drifted into) what seemed the only practical alternative to government operation. That is, we allowed broadcasting stations to use certain channels of the air, and to support themselves primarily by selling part of their time to advertisers.

Even at that time, back in the 1920's, there were apprehensions that this might lead to excessive commercialism. One prominent American spoke thus about the future of radio:

"It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for

news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter."

These were not the words of an irresponsible crackpot or reckless reformer, but of Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and later President of the United States.

The prevailing belief, then, was that broadcasting stations, competing for the public ear, would be forced to limit commercial announcements to modest and pleasing proportions.

This belief may partly explain why Congress, when it drew the laws and principles governing radio broadcasting, made no specific attempt to limit commercialism or advertising content. But Congress made it very clear that, in radio, the public interest comes first, and that interests which conflict with this public interest must give way. And this was a Republican Congress, in the days of Calvin Coolidge.

That Radio Act of 1927 is, with minor changes, the law under which broadcasting operates today. It expressly reserves to the public the ownership of all radio channels; it directs that licenses be grant-

ed only to applicants who undertake to use these channels in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity;" and it provides that no broadcasting license shall be granted for a period of longer than three years.

The law places on the Commission the duty of not renewing such a license unless it finds that the broadcasting station has operated in the public interest.

But the Commission has absolutely no power to censor the radio. The law declares this, and also forbids the Commission to make any regulation "which shall interfere with the right of free speech by radio communication."

At the time Congress laid down these broad policies for radio, there were few broadcasting stations with widespread coverage in the United States, no nation-wide networks as we have today, and less than 6,500,000 receivers in the homes. Today there are 933 stations licensed, 4 aggressive national networks, and upward of 60,000,000 receiving sets. And advertisers last year spent \$285,000,000 to cry out their wares over the ether.

During most of this period of growth, broadcasting stations competed also for the

A bill to amend the Communications Act of 1934 and "designed to protect radio from over-commercialization" was introduced in the House on Oct. 9 by Congressman Emanuel Celler of New York. A copy of the bill follows:

A BILL to amend the Communications Act of 1934, as amended:

1. Amend Section 307 (d) of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof the following:

"Before filing any application for renewal of a broadcast station license, a licensee shall cause to be published at least three times, in a daily newspaper of general circulation published in the community in which such station is licensed, a display advertisement in such form as the Commission shall prescribe, setting forth his in-

tention to file a renewal application, the date on which the existing license expires, and a statement in the form prescribed by the Commission that others seeking the same channel must file application before that date in order to receive competitive consideration, and that anyone desiring to oppose the renewal must file his reasons with the Commission in writing at least thirty days before such date."

2. Amend Section 3 of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof a new subsection, as follows:

"(bb) With respect to broadcast matters, 'public interest' includes the interest of all listeners within the service area of the broadcast station or stations concerned; and no finding of 'public interest' shall be made in

advertiser's dollar, but the public ear came first, because without that the advertiser's dollar would depart thence.

This competition for your approval usually served to keep radio advertising within reasonable bounds. There were certain abuses, and some listeners found commercials irritating, but these things were considered part of the price which must be paid for the many advantages of a private-enterprise system. Broadcasters developed some brilliant sustaining programs and service features to win your esteem.

And then, just a few years ago, a change became apparent. The competition for the advertiser's dollar began to draw abreast and go ahead of the competition for the public ear. The advertising content of radio programs became larger, bolder, and more intrusive. A murmur of complaint began to rise from the listening public.

Some broadcasting groups were concerned, but others shrugged off the complaints. "We have more listeners than ever before," they said. "The surveys and sales reports prove it."

In a way, they were right. An abnormal war situation was producing more

radio listeners. Every one of us was interested in the war, and vast numbers of us tuned in on news broadcasts. Millions of American families, with relatives in the service, left their radios turned on to catch any scrap of news which might hint at the programs of our men at the front. Other millions, no longer able to go pleasure-driving in the family car, stayed at home and turned on the radio instead. Furthermore, the radio had a great reservoir of past good will, and deeply ingrained listening habits, to hold even a grievously annoyed ear to the radio receiving set.

The temptation was thus great to think less of the listeners' tastes and more of the competition for commercials. There was much loose money around, in the pockets of the public and the sponsors. Radio station profits zoomed. In 1944 earned net profits before taxes, as reported to the FCC by 836 stations, were 125 per cent over 1942. A leading radio official expressed the new mood thus:

"One must consider balance sheets to measure the progress of radio. For balance sheets represent an index of the medium's effectiveness."

any broadcast matter unless the Commission finds that excessive use of the station has not been made and will not be made for commercial advertising purposes."

3. Repeal subsection (c) of Section 307 of the Communications Act of 1934, and insert in lieu thereof a new subsection (c), as follows:

"(c) The Commission shall fix percentages of time (commonly known as sustaining time) to be allocated during each part of the broadcast day by each class of broadcast stations or by each broadcast station, without charge, for particular types or kinds of non-profit activities; and such percentages of sustaining time shall be set forth as conditions of operation in each broadcast station license."

4. Amend Section 303 by adding

at the end thereof, a new subsection (s), as follows:

"(s) Prescribe the form of any and all accounts, records and memoranda to be kept by broadcast stations. Any and all financial reports filed with the Commission shall be open for public inspection."

5. Amend subsection (b) of Section 310 of the Communications Act of 1934, as amended, by adding at the end thereof the following:

"No transfer or assignment shall be approved in which the total consideration to be paid for broadcast property, tangible and intangible, exceeds the fair value of such property; Provided, that such fair value shall not exceed double the depreciated cost value of the tangible broadcast property transferred or assigned."

Certainly I do not begrudge profits or scorn balance sheets, but the FCC, charged by law to regard the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," cannot accept them as the final criterion, particularly under abnormal wartime conditions and when it is made to appear that "excessive commercialism" is preventing many stations from discharging their public responsibilities.

Obviously, there are many offsetting factors on the other side of the ledger. Certainly a blanket condemnation of broadcasting stations and networks would be unfair. Leading networks and trade associations have undertaken to lay down standards which, if generally followed, would go toward mending matters. But competition among stations and networks is so intense that usually the commercial sponsor or his agent has the last word.

Often the blame rests partly on the sponsor, who buys time and insists on objectionable material; and partly on the radio station owner, who says to himself, "I know this program and these commercials are unpleasant, but if I don't accept them my competitor will." But the responsibility rests squarely on the station owner, who holds his license "in the public interest."

Some of the top businessmen in radio are deeply concerned. The Association of Radio News Analysts is working steadily for higher standards. But there are others in radio who regard even the friendliest suggestion that radio could improve its ways as "an attempt to abolish the American system of broadcasting." This is nonsense. There is scarcely a whisper of support in America for a government-owned system. On the other hand, the American public has the right, and the FCC a legal duty, to advise and consider as to whether the public interest is duly regarded.

Some of the arguments of the professional radio apologists are worth noting. They frequently draw a misguided analogy between broadcasting and printed publications. I agree, and insist, that the radio must have just as much freedom of speech as magazines and newspapers. But radio advertising and printed advertising are



two different things. The eye of a reader can reject an advertisement with a split-second glance. Therefore, printed advertisements must be designed to attract and hold the interest of the reader.

The radio listener has no such easy choice. When the commercial comes on the air he can, of course, leap up and snap off the radio. Even then he does not know when to tune into the regular program again, unless he is a stop-watch expert. He is thus to some extent at the mercy of an unpleasant commercial, and this is the root of the public dissatisfaction.

The analogy between radio and the newspapers and magazines breaks down in another way. In radio, many of the large sponsors supply not only the advertising commercial, but the entire program which goes with it. Responsible newspapers and magazines sell advertising space, but they don't allow advertisers to supply the reading matter and illustrations. If they did the public would yell as loudly about that as it does now about the radio. Many of radio's present difficulties would be resolved if it would reassert, exercise, and maintain the editorial responsibility which goes with its license.

Another argument of the apologists is

that the radio, with its intensified commercialism, is merely "giving the people what they want." I venture to doubt that people do want some of the current commercials. Complaints indicate that many swallow them under protest.

Wise advertisers have proved that an effective commercial can be not only inoffensive, but actually popular. That requires care, skill, restraint, imagination, and good taste. All these fine talents and qualities exist in the radio field in abundant measure, but the public seems to feel that they have not had full play in recent years.

In reporting the many complaints against radio practices which have come to my attention I certainly don't want to strike any high-and-mighty attitude. The recent developments in radio have been very natural and human, and perhaps almost inevitable. Competitive pressures have been powerful. If I had been in radio during the last couple of years doubtless I, like many a better man, would have gone along with the trend.

But I believe, and I think many in the industry agree, that this trend to commercialism is reaching a danger point. Large and influential sections of the public are beginning to demand that "something be done about it."

The question of what to do really divides itself into three questions: What can the FCC do? What might Congress do? What should the radio industry itself do?

The FCC is now surveying the operations of some 200 standard broadcasting stations, as part of its duty to determine whether a station is operating "in the public interest" before renewing that station's license.

For example, when a man first makes application for a broadcasting license, he must make certain representations as to the type of service he proposes to render. These include pledges that certain amounts of time will be made available for civic, educational, agricultural, and other public-service programs. The station is constructed and begins operation. Subsequently the broadcaster asks for a 3-year

renewal of his license. Frequently we find, when we survey his record, that he has almost completely disregarded his promises, and chucked his service programs out in favor of tempting commercial opportunities.

From this survey we hope to develop stricter procedures for the renewal of radio licenses. In this we have no thought of making the original license application a rigid blueprint for the future. But we do expect to remind the broadcaster of his public responsibilities, and to narrow the gap between promise and performance.

But the FCC has no power at all to interfere with any specific program. It has no power to ban any commercial, however unpleasant, unless it violates the laws against obscenity, lotteries, and the like. Nor is that a power which I would want the Commission to have, because it would be a threat to radio's freedom of speech.

Radio is operating under a statute drafted 18 years ago, when no one could have foreseen the pattern of the future. Maybe the time has come for Congress to clarify public policy in this field. It is certain that if Congress did undertake a revision of the old Radio Act of 1927, it would not confine its considerations to the lengthy commercial announcement. Congress would doubtless take up questions of whether news should be sponsored at all, and consider proposals that certain hours of good listening time be withheld from sale entirely, in order that stations would have no alternative but to broadcast sustaining, public-service programs during that period.

They might consider the question of how radio can best be used to develop local talent in its own communities. And it would appear certain that provisions in the present act which requires the Commission to encourage and foster competition would be strengthened and not weakened. These and many more problems would run the gamut of legislative debate if Congress decided to act.

Therefore it must be clear to the radio industry that if it is to avoid legislative intervention in certain phases of its op-

erations, it should undertake to discontinue practices which are making the public angry.

The industry needs the strong will and resolution to co-operate in setting up its own system of controlling commercial excesses. Such self-regulation would enable radio stations and networks to re-establish and maintain their full editorial rights and responsibilities. It can be done. It will not be easy, but it will be far better

than continuing the present dangerous drift. There are storms ahead, and now is the time to get things shipshape. There is already a cloud in the sky much larger than a man's hand.

There is a saying about "putting your own house in order, before the law does it for you with a rough hand." It is an old, trite saying, but still true, as many a proud industry, from the railroads to the stock exchanges, knows to its sorrow.

DEFINITIONS

Allure is something that evaporates in Hollywood when the sweater is a little too large.

A pipe cleaner is a hairpin in long underwear.

A mammy explained to her lil chocolate drop that a paratrooper am a soljer what climbs down trees he never climbed up.

An ash tray is something to put cigarette butts in when the room hasn't a floor.

An optimist is a person who doesn't care what happens as long as it doesn't happen to him.



The *Unknown* Soldier

by WILLIAM LANG

*A lonely figure withal—without a voice,
and without a name. This then, is his story,
as he might tell it, from all the facts and
figures that we have at our disposal:*

I STARTED my long odyssey somewhere in France during the First World War. Just where, I alone know. The circumstances of my passing are forever shrouded in mystery; but until that last second of life I was an American soldier, fighting for my country. When they found what was left of me they tenderly placed me in what, at the time, I thought was to be my last abode. Perhaps you've forgotten that in France there are six military cemeteries of the AEF; also one in Belgium and one in England. Most of the Crosses over those graves bear the name, rank and organization of him who sleeps beneath. But mine was to bear only the simple legend, "Here Rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God." There were many hundreds of us in that nameless legion.

The last shot in the Great War had long since been fired when on March 4th, 1921, Woodrow Wilson, on the last

morning of his administration, signed the Bill that was to make me the Most Honored Man in America. On Sunday, October 23rd of that year, eight of my nameless legion were removed—two each from the cemeteries at Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Ar-gonne, Somme and St. Mihiel. Four of the eight were alternates—I was one of the other four. A special military guard of honor secretly conveyed us to the quiet town of Chalons-Sur-Marne. We arrived at three in the afternoon, and were placed side by side in the city hall, draped with flags. An officer was in charge of each of us, and as he turned over his casket to a Major of

the Quartermaster Corps, he also handed over the form pertaining to the burial of his charge. You must understand that the Army spares no efforts to identify its nameless warriors. Every scrap of information is gathered, long investigations are conducted, but sometimes it's all in vain.



Even then, they carefully preserve what bare fragments of information they've come across, and they are included in a burial form. Duplicate records, known only by numbers, were preserved in Paris and in Washington. That was our case, my three comrades and I. When we passed through the door of the City Hall, an officer with the Major solemnly destroyed those burial forms, and at the same time the duplicate records were done away with in Paris and Washington.

I tell you these details to emphasize the pains taken by the authorities to preserve our anonymity. No one can ever possibly know, for even the records of the names of the cemeteries from which we four were removed were destroyed. Then on the morning of October 24th, 1921, a specially selected detail of French and American soldiers in the charge of the Quartermaster Officer came into the room and re-arranged the caskets as further insurance against anybody being able to identify us by our previous locations. There we rested, each on a like catafalque, each draped with an identical American Flag. The room was decorated with palms and potted plants and the intertwined colors of France and the United States. The detail left to join the Military Guard of Honor and a French Army Band, drawn up in the hollow Square outside. The Guard of Honor composed of six chosen soldiers thought that they were just to be pallbearers. They came to "Present Arms," and Major Harbold, the Officer in Charge of Grave Registrations, told them that

one was to have the honor of selecting the casket to be sent to America. He handed a spray of white roses to Sergeant Edward F. Younger, a veteran of four major engagements, wounded twice in action. The Sergeant stepped through the door. You all know how he made his choice. It was a story that he told and re-told in the passing years, and it never varied. There he was, left alone in the dimly-lit Chapel. There were four coffins, all unnamed and unmarked. The one he placed the roses on was to be the one brought home and placed in the National Shrine. Slowly the Sergeant walked around the coffins, three times—and suddenly he stopped, as though something had pulled him—a voice seemed to say, "This is a pal of yours."

I wish I could have spoken, that I could have told him the truth. He seemed transfixed with awe as he put the roses on my coffin and quickly turned and stepped back into the sunlight. So I was to be the One. What a pity they could not know whether I was a volunteer or conscript, of my race, creed or color. Through the years I've thought how much dissension could have been avoided, how many bitter words that would never have been spoken, had they known. Even if I had been permitted to say just a few words, they might have known what I was and what I stood for—but that was not to be—no one was ever to know.

After I had been chosen I was taken to another room, and in the presence of four American officers, was placed in another coffin. The



empty one was returned to my three comrades, and the coffins were so mixed that no one knew which had been emptied. They went back to sleep beneath their white Crosses, but I was to have a long and eventful journey home.

I left on a special train at ten after six that night, and arrived in Paris at ten o'clock—a strange leave for a soldier. At nine twenty the next morning I was off again, this time for Le Havre, my port of embarkation. I sailed from there on October 27th, following a parade through the streets and a most impressive ceremony at the dock, in which both American and French soldiers took part. The French Ambassador to the United States made a speech, and I was given the first decoration of my new role—the Cross of the Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Three hundred French children showered me with flowers. I came home on the deck of the United States battleship *Olympia*, the old Flagship of Admiral Dewey—she had been retired from active service. I was rather proud that she was to bear me home. It was somewhat of a stormy trip, but of course, I had company—a Chaplain, a Guard of Honor, newspapermen and photographers.

I reached the soil of my homeland

November 9th of that year, 1921, and was taken immediately to the Navy Yard at Washington, where once more I was to be placed in the charge of the Army. For two days I rested in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. The final rites of all Presidents who have died in office since 1865 had been held there—it was an honor I had not expected. Then on Armistice Day, which was declared a National Holiday, I began the last part of my journey to Arlington National Cemetery.

A gun carriage drawn by four black horses was to be my mode of conveyance—the pallbearers and honorary pallbearers walked behind. We started at eight-thirty, and the guns at Fort Myer fired every minute from that time to the end. It was eleven miles—the most solemn eleven miles I had ever traveled. There was music, the Marine Dirge for the Dead. Behind me were the highest government officials riding in cars according to their rank—General Pershing, the Secretaries of the War and Navy, an aging, saddened Woodrow Wilson. Never had so many high foreign representatives journeyed to these shores to honor an American. And so we came to the vast amphitheatre. Mine was to be the first funeral ever held there. President Harding officiated—read the Lord's Prayer, and for two minutes all of this great Nation observed silence. It was a day filled with many memorable events—the muffled drums, the silence of the thousands who came to pay me homage—four abreast they filed past until nightfall—the line was unbroken. They brought flowers, and tears, and

I was presented with the Congressional Medal of Honor. Me, the Congressional Medal of Honor!

Finally I was lowered into a solid stone vault which contained French soil—bayonets were at attention—rifle salutes were given and artillery salvos almost without number were fired. Then a bugler blew taps over the grave. My day was at an end. I was left to my long sleep.

In 1931 a tomb was erected over an older and uncompleted Cenotaph which had stood for years. My last resting place is marble, striking in its simplicity, cut from a single rectangular block—one of the largest ever quarried. It is sixteen feet in length, nine feet in width, and eleven feet in height. The front panel is adorned with a composition of three symbolic figures representing the spirit of the Allies—"Victory Through Valor Attaining Peace." The rear panel bears the same inscription as my white Cross in France: "Here Rests in Honored Glory an American Soldier Known But to God."

No man could wish for a more beautiful setting, with the lawn and the trees and the open space. Behind me are the Crosses of those who fell, on my left the Washington and Lincoln Memorials, and across from me the Capitol. It's known as Army Post Number One, and I've been guarded day in and day out through rain and sun, snow and hail, every second, every minute, every day of those long years. A sentry paces in front of the tomb with a rifle on his shoulder, his eyes straight ahead. As an ex-soldier I would be interested that he

does two hours of marching and four hours off—that he can't answer any questions while on duty.

Every one who's ever come to see me has been impressed, and I welcome them all—especially the mothers. That has been the really sad part. Once a playwright said I had more mothers than any man in the world. I believe that's true. And the fathers also, they've become fewer with the years, but they still stand there with their heads bowed, trying desperately to breach time and eternity, searching with all their souls for an answer. It's just as well that I can't reply—too many would be disappointed.

On holidays, especially Memorial Day and Armistice Day, my tomb is banked high with flowers. They come from the President, from our friends all over the world, and from patriotic societies. There has been much talk about me. You remember for years the cynics said I had died in vain; they belittled my contribution, used me as a whipping post for their own partisan politics. There were many years when few came to visit me—I was part of the past that they wanted nothing to do with—only the faithful came. Many were surprised when the Hun started on the march again.

But you know, somehow I always believed that Justice would prevail. It's a shame it plunged the world into frightful darkness. It was not I and my comrades who lost the war—we won—but you lost the peace, and each day my legion of the nameless gathers new recruits from the

war that followed the "war to end all wars." Many of the living speak in my name, beseeching you to see that it shall not happen again—that the tragic mistakes that followed my death shall not be repeated. Did not a poet, speaking of the Brotherhood of Man once say, "Those who do not

use their eyes for seeing will need them for weeping."

We who sleep eternally know that. I, the Unknown Soldier, on behalf of all those who died for their country, humbly beg you to look into the future and to make true the words "they shall not have died in vain."

SPORTS HEAL WOUNDS OF WAR

THE value of competitive games in preparing young men for war is admitted by all except the chronic anti-sports element. . . . The importance of athletics in war time is conceded by nearly everyone except the grouch columnist. . . . These activities will be more necessary than ever in the post-war era. . . . Millions of men will have undergone physical strains the like of which few predecessors ever have been called upon to endure. . . . They have stormed beaches amid the rattle of machine gun fire. . . . They have crawled through the mud of Attu under bursting shells. . . . They have advanced tensely through the fortifications of the Siegfried line and along the sniper-infested jungle trails of New Guinea. . . . They have leaped from planes and gliders and fought for life in an oily sea. . . . Even a human machine at its best hardly can take that kind of punishment. . . . Whether wounded physically or their nerves shattered, all these men will need the help of sports for readjustment to normal life. . . . It's up to schools and colleges, to industry, to communities, and to newspapers whose sports staffs are not afraid of work to see that they get it. . . . It will be a new role for sport in the life of the nation. . . . It will take a program wider than any heretofore conducted to meet the requirements. . . .

Many of the men whose nervous systems have been affected will be helped back to mental balance by extrovert activities that take their minds off themselves. . . . The man from the ship sunk off Leyte will find recuperative respite whenever his mind is wiped clear of clinging horrors in the heat of a fast game of tennis. . . . The butterflies that again beat their wings in a man's stomach every time he recalls the shock of the gunfire at Salerno or Iwo will quiet down as he concentrates on his next shot in a game of golf. . . . The gunner whose hands were seared fighting fire in a Fortress will find new courage and confidence as he bags a running catch in the outfield. . . . Sports can serve them all by helping them forget the horrors of war and directing their energies into useful pursuits that build successful lives. . . . It isn't something new that is needed. . . . It's simply the making available to all what too long has been the privilege of the few.

—ARCH WARD, *Sports Editor, Chicago Tribune*



"... Let him speak now, or forever hold his peace"

Everything to *Everybody*

by FRANK SINGISER

Few Americans haven't written to a radio station or newscaster during the war . . . Have You?

YOU may never have actually written a letter to a radio station during the war. There are quite a few Americans who haven't, but I would feel safe in declaring that at least once, you have been *tempted* to sit down and express your thoughts after listening to some broadcast.

The letters on my desk during the months of the war revealed the far-reaching power of the radio. To many listeners the fact that the microphone voice is heard by millions, seems to give them hope when they have nowhere to look for help. A youthful son of school age runs away from home to join the Marines. Or a father, victim of some unbearable tension, just disappears. The shock is so numbing to those who are left that they turn to something familiar. Often they write to a name and a voice to which they have listened together night after night.

"During these difficult times, would you be able to spare a few minutes to help me find my son, age fifteen, who has not been home since last Saturday? He was wearing . . ."

Or another:

"My father has been away from home for three nights now. He has not been at the factory either. My mother is very worried. Could you please announce this over your radio? We are very lonesome and worried. Daddy may hear you and send us word that he is all right . . ."

Unfortunately, the broadcaster is not usually able to comply with these pathetic requests. Even in peacetime, most announcements concerning missing persons originate with the police departments. During the war, broadcasters had to be particularly careful about making such personal announcements. Enemy agents could easily convey a coded message in the wording of an apparently harmless missing person announcement.

I do know of one occasion when a written appeal from a listener saved a woman's life. A distraught mother had wandered away from home. Her high school-age daughter wrote to my studio asking for help in locating her. The daughter's letter was promptly forwarded to the police department. A description of the missing woman

was relayed throughout New York City on the police radio call. An alert officer on patrol recognized the woman from the broadcast description. She was approaching the highest part of the pedestrian walk on one of Manhattan's big bridges. She later admitted that she had intended to throw herself into the river hundreds of feet below. A second letter from the daughter some months later revealed the family's gratitude that the mother was now back with them and completely restored to health.

Even during the war, each day's mail brought letters from job hunters and would-be broadcasters. These letters proposed a problem in diplomacy especially when they are from former acquaintances or perhaps "the friend of a friend of a friend who knew you when." Eager listeners often grow ambitious on the crumbs of flattery from "friends who are sure that they should be on the air."

This is as good a place as any for me to answer some of you prospective broadcasters. To put it bluntly, you are going to the wrong man when you approach a broadcaster in the hopes of getting on the air yourself. Many broadcasters like their jobs and dislike the thought of any extra competition. They may not bother to answer your letter. A few have been known deliberately to give the newcomer discouraging misinformation. But most broadcasters, like most other people, are glad to be of help to the newcomer. They are usually the first to point out that, as broadcasters, they are seldom in a position to do

more than tell how they got their start.

Today broadcasting is a highly specialized art and business. It is not uncommon for a man to work in one department of a radio station and have no more than a nodding acquaintance with some of the workers in another department of the same station. In any of the larger studios the cashier's office (where you get your check) is the only place where nearly everyone on the station's payroll is known. Even there, you may be only a name and a payroll number if you happen to be on the "swing shift," with your hours of employment from midnight to dawn.

If you are a performer, it is even more doubtful that you will know everyone working at the same broadcasting station. Performers' hours are seldom those of the business offices. Announcers, singers, actors or newcasters do not, as a rule, wander from studio to studio on the days when they are not at work. If they want to keep working, they do not drift aimlessly in and out of business offices. They are supposed to be busy with arrangements and rehearsals and the broadcasting of their own programs. Engineers are usually busy with their dials and meters, salesmen



are busy calling on prospective sponsors, stenographers are busy typing letters, and the telephone operators . . . well, everyone in radio knows what a wonderful job the telephone operators in a radio station do. From all this you can see that you must first decide which of the many departments of the radio business appeals most to you. Once you have made your choice, go after a job in that department just as you would any other new position.

Many listeners' letters reveal the belief that the brightest future is on the air and not behind the scenes. If you know that you want to be a broadcaster, start by getting a job with one of the smaller stations, preferably a station which is tied in with a network. Many veterans of broadcasting will shed a tear in their beer on the slightest mention of the "good old days of radio" when an announcer sold time, wrote scripts, broadcast baseball games, and in a pinch, filled in on the piano or just acted as guide for the members of the Garden Club who dropped in to see a real broadcast from the studio of the local radio station.

It is certainly true that on the smaller stations, the beginner will get a variety of experiences that will prove more valuable in the beginning of a radio career than the perfect microphone voice. In the smaller stations, the neophyte will have many chances to decide which of the many radio paths to fame and fortune he can travel with the most confidence in his or her ability to meet the competition. No radio performer can



ever forget that the further he goes, the tougher the competition becomes. Yes, there are listeners who will write to remind him that they are ready and willing to take his place. Here is a sample of such Monday morning quarterbacking.

"Why do you sing your broadcasts? I could do better without even trying."

"I left public school in 1887, but would hate like hell to learn your rotten pronunciation. Aren't you being paid enough to buy a good dictionary and gazetteer?"

"I didn't even know what country you were talking about until you mentioned the Polish Corridor. If your employer is interested in a GOOD newscaster, have them write to me at the above address."

Occasionally the competition will write direct to your sponsor.

"Gentlemen:

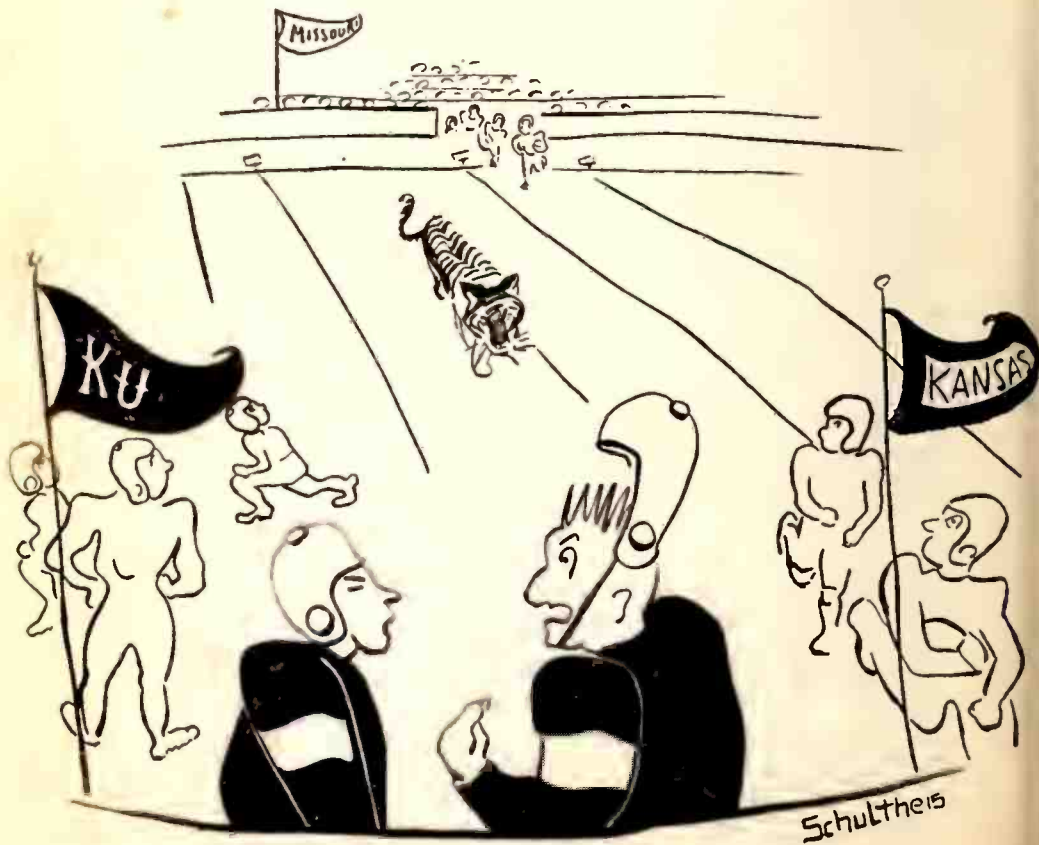
If your commentator, Frank Singiser, can't keep a standard distance away from the mike, there are others who are willing to try. He is terrible."

Sponsors and managers of radio stations will always be looking for

new talent. The ambitious beginner who is not easily discouraged can get his chance. There are people in radio stations who make the daily decision as to who shall broadcast what, and when. These people have offices and office hours. There are doors into those offices. Find out how you get those doors to open, and half your battle is over—if you have

what the microphone wants. It is as simple and as hard as that.

But I think nearly all of us who have been in radio any length of time will agree on one thing. The beginner should start in the small time before he attempts to break into the big time in radio. That way you may save both your bank roll and your heart from going broke.



" Their tackle brought it back from India . . . "

Insurance Goes to the Dogs

*What's this? A new era in benevolence to Pooches?
Yes, it may even end in Social Security.*

by BOB RICHARDSON

THE insurance business has gone to the dogs. This is not a slurring remark. Since July of this year, the Associated Underwriters' Corporation of Kansas City has been issuing group hospitalization with death benefits to pooches.

From this entirely new scheme there may emerge a new era of benevolence to canines. Who knows? Perhaps in 1950, American dogs with long, gray muzzles will be paid off in social security allotments of so many bones per month.

The idea of group hospitalization for Towser developed from a small, blonde young woman's love for dogs. Back about five years ago, this girl—now Mrs. Rachel Hayes—heard of a dog dying in her neighborhood from lack of treatment after being struck by an automobile. The owner of the pup couldn't afford to send him to a veterinarian.

"That stuck in my mind through the years," Mrs. Hayes said. "I've always loved dogs and it hurt me to think that so many of them

died each year for want of proper medical care."

The insurance company for which she works deals in unusual risks. So, one day early this year, Mrs. Hayes approached her boss, William D. Jackson, president of Associated Underwriters. Why not, she asked, have a group hospitalization plan for dogs? Jackson liked the idea and gave Mrs. Hayes and R. D. Edson, the company's sales manager, the assignment of devising a workable plan.

Edson and Mrs. Hayes then went to Dr. F. B. Croll, president of the Kansas City Veterinarians' association. They asked him for suggestions to lay the groundwork for the scheme. Dr. J. G. Hardenbergh of Chicago, executive secretary of the American Veterinary Medical Association, and

Dr. J. V. Lacroix, veterinarian editor of Evanston, Ill., were consulted. Weeks later, Edson and Mrs. Hayes met with nine members of the A. V. M. A., and a final draft of the canine group hospitalization was drawn up.



Sounds easy, doesn't it? But it wasn't that simple.

For instance, Edson and Mrs. Hayes had no actuarial figures with which to work. In determining premiums for human beings, the figures are right there. If Mr. So-and-so is 35 years old, married and has no physical handicaps, immediately the insurance underwriter knows how much the premium will be by consulting figures that tell the risk involved. But with the dogs it was different. Unfortunately for Edson and Mrs. Hayes, American dogs haven't been interested in posting vital statistics of their species.

Consulting with veterinarians, they uncovered some of the following interesting facts about dogs:

(1) So-called "working dogs"—pointers, setters and foxhounds—along with French bulldogs, have the shortest life expectancy. They live on an average of 8 to 9 years.

(2) The canine with the greatest longevity is the collie, averaging close to 14 years.

(3) Male dogs live longer than unspayed females.

(4) Automobiles and distemper are the greatest causes of canine mortality.

(5) Dogs have almost as many human ailments as people themselves, ranging from tonsillitis and appendicitis to Caesarean operations.

(6) Many dogs are definitely neurotic.

The group hospitalization plan is



fairly simple. It provides for a \$10 annual hospitalization premium, plus \$5 for each \$50 of death benefits. Some high-priced dogs have been insured to the maximum of \$500.

There are nine Kansas City veterinarians, including Dr. Croll, working with the insurance company. These doctors receive contract fees for the examination of dogs to be insured, and for post-mortems. Dogs are given health checks—heart and blood pressure, and so on—before issuance of policies. The dogs must either have been examined for distemper, or have recovered from the disease, before being approved.

A policy will pay \$10 to cover surgical and medical treatment by a graduate licensed veterinarian, with a limit of \$50 a year. It provides that an insured animal hospitalized with an accidental injury or infectious disease will receive \$2 per day for

not more than fifteen days in a year.

Dogs between the ages of 1 and 7 are eligible for policies. The insurance covers euthanasia (mercy killing) to be performed on canines with incurable ailments. Expenses for services such as parasite removal, clipping, washing and vaccination are not paid by the group insurance plan.

Group hospitalization for dogs is rapidly spreading throughout the country, now that Kansas City has set the pace. The first client, David,

a blond cocker spaniel, is owned by Ensign William Hailey of Kansas City, now stationed in Boston.

"I think it is a great thing," Dr. Croll said. "Among other things, it will increase the life expectancy of dogs. And it will bring about an enlightenment concerning the medical care of canines. The plan has won unanimous approval of humane societies."

Yessir, insurance has gone to the bow-wows.



NOW YOU TELL ONE

A big time theatrical booker spotted a girl in a night club show and arranged to meet her after the show. He was interested in her talents and asked: "Who handles you, honey?"

"Oh," she replied, "practically everybody in the place."

The coach of a Big Ten college football team had been called upon to give an after-dinner speech to a group of prominent business men. He applied his coaching rules to life in general and in conclusion proclaimed:

"After all, to be a success a man must employ football tactics to his workaday business methods. Look how smoothly a football sails along; and all it is is a bag of wind with a stiff front."

The storekeeper in a sleepy southern Illinois village was playing checkers with a crony in the back room when they heard the front door bell tinkle the arrival of a potential customer.

"Bill, you got a customer."

"Just keep your mouth shet, and don't make any noise," Bill replied. "Maybe he'll go out again."

F O O T B A L L

I went into "The Brass Rail," which is what Mike has named his place, and climbed up in a chair in front of the bar. We got a screwy law in this state that says you must have chairs so it won't look like a saloon.

Mike says, "How are you, Senator?" He always promotes you right up there when he greets you. Of course I'm no real Senator.

I says, "I'm O. K. How are you, Admiral?" and I promote him right back, even bigger than he promotes me.

"What'll it be?" asks Mike.

"A barbecued roast beef sandwich and a glass of the usual," I says. Funny thing about "The Brass Rail." All through the war you can go in and order you a roast beef sandwich and your favorite beverage to wash it down, and they have always got it. Maybe they work all night roundin' up the beef, and maybe they have to pay through the nose to get it, but Mike has got a big nose for an Irishman, and all I know is you can go in anytime and order your barbecued beef and beer and get it. That's the kind of a place I like.

Pretty soon another customer comes in and sits in the next chair. Mike promotes him up to a Colonel. He is a very hearty customer and orders a beef and a ham and a bottle of beer and a cup of coffee. While he is waiting for this feast to arrive, he says, just to make conversation, "Going to the football game tomorrow?"

Now Mike does not know a forward pass from a flying mare, but will talk on any subject to keep a customer happy. So Mike says, "Oh, I dunno, Major (forgetting that he has already promoted the man to a Colonel). Maybe I will just stop in the barber shop for a haircut and have a few some place and forget all about the football game. Who's playin'?"

So the Colonel says, "You oughta go, Mike. Gonna be a good game."

"Maybe I will," says Mike.

"I remember I went to a football game once. Missouri played somebody and it snowed."

"I think I seen that one, too," says Mike.

"An' it snowed before the game and I had on a big coonskin coat an' a pint in every pocket," says the Colonel. "And there was a fellow next to me, prince of a fellow, and he had on one of these high pile coats and a quart in each of the side pockets."

"Sounds like a great game," says Mike. "Who won?"

"Never found out for sure," says the Colonel. "Before they started the game they cleaned the field and we cleaned the bottles."

"Football is a pretty rugged pastime," says Mike.

"Rugged ain't the word," says the Colonel. "Why, I remember I stood up to let the law of gravity help me empty one of the bottles and there was a fellow a few rows away and he yells, 'Hey, you can't do that.' He has a gang with him and the way it winds up, we all got together behind the grandstand and—"

"I believe I did go to that game, come to think of it," says Mike.

"—and one of those boys had a tenor voice that would really mow you down and we got to singing some of them old college songs like 'The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi—'"

"And 'Wait for the Sunshine Nelly,'" says Mike.

"Yes, and before we know it, the sun goes down and we look around and either the game is over, or they ain't gonna have any game because the stands is bare, only littered with score cards and empty soldiers and old hats and stuff."

"Well, what do you know," says Mike. "Will you have another one?"

"Gentlemen, Be Seated"

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

Andy Frain tells people where to go, and they like it, him, and his system.

THE story of how Andy Frain, the eminent crowd engineer, came to forsake the warmth and good cheer of Gilhooley's Bar on Christmas Eve of the year 1943 for the somewhat unusual purpose of buying a horse is one of those true tales which restores faith in Santa Claus.

Previously Mr. Frain's closest connection with the bangtails had been the ushering job at the Kentucky Derby. He has never laid claim to being a horse-lover, even though he has on occasions approached the parimutuel windows. His job—and a highly profitable one—is showing people where to sit down.

But on Christmas of 1943 Andy Frain purchased a horse. Not one of the glamour nags of the tracks, but a sturdy, willing draft animal—badly needed for the junk business of one Moses Brown, Colored. Mr. Frain had barely warmed to the occasion of greeting Christmas when he was approached by three dusky gentlemen, obviously not

the three wise men. Having previously known Andy Frain's favors, they had no hesitation in telling the story of Moses Brown, who, with his wife, was pulling his junk wagon himself. The motive power for same had died of old-age and malnutrition only a few days before.

This tale moved Andy so much that he left Gilhooley's forthwith and went about purchasing a horse as a gift for Moses Brown. What is more, he set three or four associates to the same task. Between them they scoured the South Side of Chicago. At exactly two-thirty A.M. on Christmas morning Moses Brown had a new horse, bags of feed, and

a new junk wagon. The object of this beneficence promptly renewed his faith in Santa Claus. Another chapter was added to the growing Andy Frain legend.

Frain is a shanty Irish boy who made good by concentrating on an idea. He is a product of the half-world between sports and politics. He wears



expensive suits, keeps his hat on the back of his head—and his business under the hat. Three secretaries and Mrs. Frain run his small office at the Chicago Stadium. Andy is no swivel chair executive. He is on his feet while his ushers handle a big crowd—inspecting, arguing, placating, trouble-shooting and swearing. He probably knows more of the great, near great, and not-so-great than any man in Chicago. He is never anything but rough, tough, sentimental Andy Frain—the guy who came up from the stockyards district to make a hundred thousand dollars a year.

He learned about crowds early in life. He had fifteen brothers and one sister. Because there were too few beds in the Frain home to go around, the little Frains slept in shifts. As the next to last arrival in the family, Andy became sensitively aware of the necessity for orderly crowd handling.

He became an usher to gain free admittance to sporting events. One dollar was a night's maximum wage, with the work being considered a privilege rather than a job. Auditoriums and outdoor parks had no regular ushering staff, merely a floating pool of young "hard guys" who always managed to seat anybody who'd pay fifty cents. Legitimate ticket-holders were often largely ignored and allowed to fret outside the gate.

Frain shrewdly saw the possibilities of a uniformed corps of ushers. His first opportunity to prove his theory that ushering could be respectable and effective came when Major Fred-

erick McLaughlin, who had introduced ice hockey to the Chicago professional sporting world, got tired of being sold-out by the usual gang and gave Andy the job of putting together a corps of regular ushers. Every big league hockey crowd since that time has been handled by Andy Frain.

He also had his eye on the major league ball parks, where the usual easily persuaded characters were still on the job. The late William Wrigley, Jr., then owner of the Chicago Cubs, was resigned to being robbed at every home game, but Frain wouldn't give up. He called on Wrigley five times. Two times the chewing gum magnate wouldn't see him; twice he had Andy thrown out of his office. The fifth time the persistent young man found a friend in John Seys, who was managing the concessions at the park. "He fronted for me," Andy reports, "and I finally got my chance. I told the boss I'd handle the crowds on a trial basis for two months. If he wasn't satisfied with the Frain ushers at the end of that time, he wouldn't owe me a cent."

Then the fist fights began. Andy had to retain, at first, the ushers already employed by the management, but he fired them as fast as he caught them taking bribes. "Every time I fired a jerk I had to see him after the game," Frain recalls with a grin. "I got plenty of black eyes—but they stayed fired."

That was the real beginning of the Frain Usher Service. Since 1928 Andy has had the ushering contract

for all events at Wrigley Field. He signed a contract with White Sox Park officials shortly after.

Gradually Andy began to replace the pool hall type with intelligent youngsters, most of them attending high school or college. They didn't have much in the way of uniforms then—only red caps, but William Wrigley was so pleased with Frain's work that he offered to provide full uniforms and told him to pick his colors. "Well," Andy replied, "most

of 'em are Notre Dame rooters, so let's have blue and gold."

He is now drawing his recruits from Chicago high schools, but his standards haven't been lowered. He still insists on the old requirements—six foot stature, good health, good teeth, good character and personality. Each applicant's background and training are carefully investigated. He insures honesty by paying well and by providing opportunities for study and recreation. At the Chicago Stadium his boys have the use of a big club room. There are special courses in crowd handling, and a retired Army officer directs the drills which make the boys a highly organized body of specialists.

Some of his more ambitious boys, who think nothing of working a ball game in the afternoon and a mass meeting or fight card at night, have earned up to \$1,800 a year. Among Frain graduates are many prominent lawyers and doctors, priests, business executives, and public officials.

After covering Chicago with Frain boys, Andy began looking around for new fields of activity. He took over the ushering job at the Kentucky Derby in 1934 after Colonel Matt Winn had been heard moaning that not more than half of the people who jammed Churchill Downs had gone through the formality of buying tickets.

Two main methods of avoiding payment were used at the Derby. One was for an entire party to get in on a single clubhouse pass by passing it back through the fence. The other was for a gang to use football tactics



and rush the gate. By setting up an entirely new system of tickets and pass-out checks, Andy quickly licked the first method. Then he asked his gatemen and ushers if they wanted to help beat the second. They said they did, so Andy tripled his gate guards and was ready for trouble.

"A dozen of our lads got black eyes," he reports. "Seven of them were more seriously injured, and one youngster went to the hospital—but that was the end of the gate-crashing." Andy paid the hospital bills of the boy who was seriously hurt and kept him on full salary until he was fully recovered.

Nothing is left to chance. When Frain contracts to handle a crowd, he obtains blueprints of the building or stadium and then carefully studies the seating plan, aisles, gates, parking facilities, and transportation schedules. Then, working like a field commander, he deploys his trained corps of ushers, ticket men and supervisors.

He says that political conventions give him a worse headache than sport crowds. At athletic events gate-crashing is usually only on a small scale as the Frain reputation for thoroughness has gotten around. However, politicians expect Frain to admit their ticketless constituents by the hundreds. At the last Republican convention in Chicago, his protection system worked so well that when thousands of bona fide ticket-holders found the heat too much for them and didn't show up, there were large empty areas. The politicians suspected

a plot, but Frain blandly replied that he was only doing his job. His men had orders to admit no one without credentials and to refer all disputes to him. Hour after hour he stood behind his desk at the stadium, sweat streaming down his Irish face, facing a constant stream of petitioners. There were scores of delegates who had brought their badges but forgotten their tickets, or vice versa. Cutting short their explanations he scrawled "Okay Andy" on hundreds of slips of paper and passed them on inside.

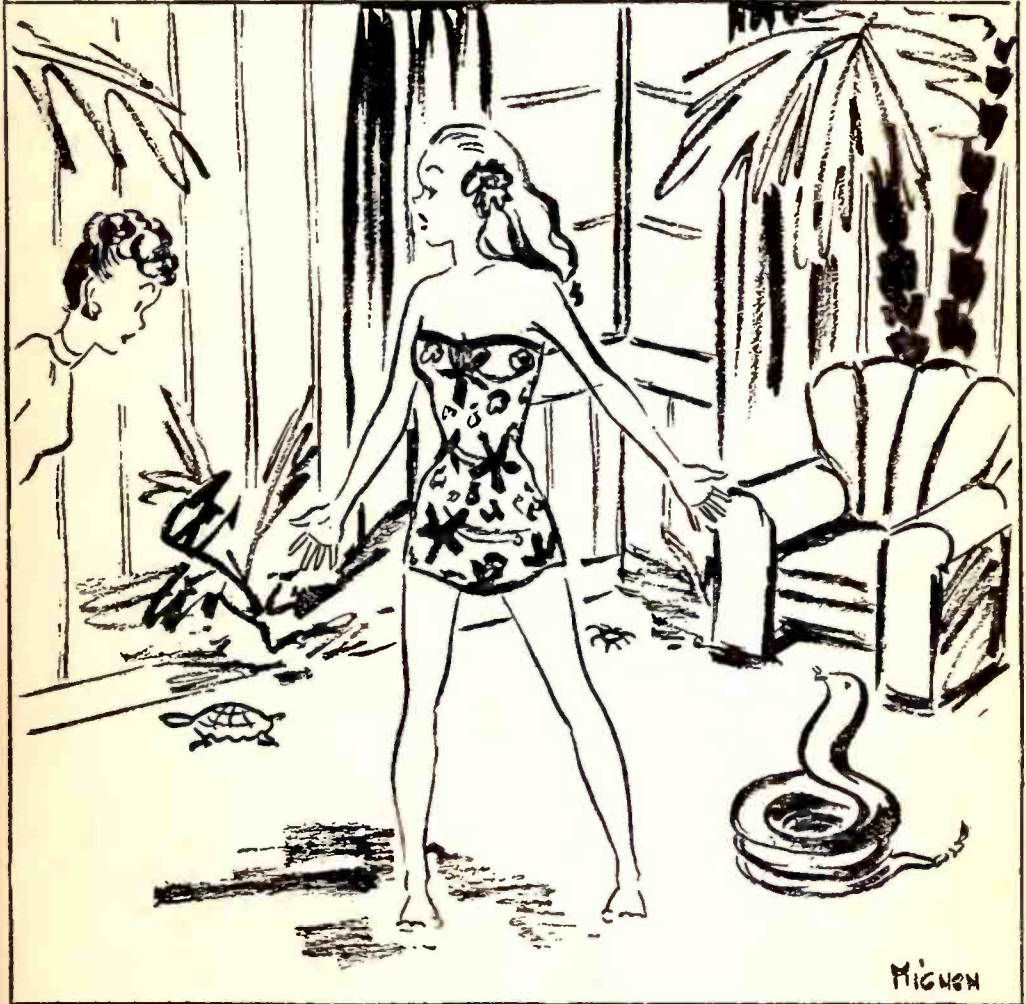
His first big political convention was the Republican meeting of 1932. He was called in by the G.O.P. brass hats after more than forty thousand people had gouged and shoved their way into the stadium at the first session. The political ushers were admitting all their friends. That night Frain was hurriedly put in charge. He installed his usual three deep defense system: A line of ticket checkers at the outer doors, just to make sure people have tickets and are entering at the right gate, an inner line of ticket takers at the gates, and between them roving chief gatemen and trouble-shooters.

Frain's contract price for the last pair of political conventions was \$16,000 a piece, out of which he paid his ushers and office overhead. It was necessary for him to muster and train an extra force of a hundred attractive, well-drilled and pertly uniformed usherettes. These auxiliary ushers, made necessary by the inroads of the draft and war jobs on his organization, he has continued to

use at big events like the 1945 All-Star game and the World's Series.

with considerable pride, "are all from good families. Every one of them is somebody's daughter."

"The girls," Andy Frain tells you



"He can't get used to this country !!"

You Can't Win An Argument

A man convinced against his will . . . is of the same opinion still. Says Dale Carnegie who brought out the sun one rainy Sunday afternoon recently at WHB.

Criticism is futile because it puts a man on the defensive, and usually makes him strive to justify himself. Criticism is dangerous, because it wounds a man's precious pride, burts his sense of importance and arouses his resentment.—D. C.

by D. W. HODGINS

THIRTY-THREE years ago a young man, not many years removed from the farm back in Missouri, appeared before a board of YMCA directors in New York City. He had an idea which the directors liked, but they could not see their way clear to guarantee him even a subsistence salary of three dollars a night, and the idea almost fell through.

But the young Missourian was sold on the idea, and he knew in time they would be, too, so he took the job on a straight commission basis. Then and there was born the world's first class in the development of personality.

Now, some thirty-odd years later, this teacher of how to get along with the other fellow and win his friendship and his business, has millions of people reading his textbook; supervises classes in more than 50 large cities, and heads a great organization

chartered by the New York state department of education as the "Dale Carnegie Institute of Effective Speaking and Personality Development." He appears before a nationwide Mutual radio audience every Sunday afternoon (1:45 P. M., CST) to advance his theory by allegory, illustration and rhetoric: that a person can improve his station in life by becoming more desirable to those with whom he wishes to deal.

"There is only one way under high Heaven to get anybody to do anything. Did you ever stop to think of that? Yes, just one way. And that is by making the other person want to do it."

Dale Carnegie believes that everybody likes a compliment. Yes, we all crave honest appreciation. We all long for sincere praise. And we seldom get either. His book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People";

his classes on human relationship, and his Sunday radio programs on Mutual all boil down to this brief appraisal: . . . *Treat others as you would like to have them treat you.* . . . Yes, the Golden Rule.

The kindly Missourian originated a broadcast from WHB in Kansas City just a few Sundays ago. Engineers, announcers and everybody connected with the broadcast took an immediate and kindly liking to slight-of-build, 57-year-old Carnegie, who looks very much like President Harry S. Truman. His microphone manner was as smooth as the message he sent to millions all over America that rainy Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Carnegie's radio audience must await the widespread use of television to gain full appreciation of his broadcasts. His gestures are frequent, free and easy. He addresses the microphone as a living thing; smiles broadly when the occasion calls for a smile, and waxes solemn and serious when he is trying to put across that kind of an idea. In fact, Dale Carnegie imbues that microphone with life and vitality. His broadcasts are a revelation in animation.

"We nourish the bodies of our children and friends and employees; but how seldom we nourish their self-esteem. We provide them with roast beef and potatoes to build energy; but we neglect to give them kind words of appreciation that would sing in their memories for years like the music of the morning stars."

For half an hour or so after the

broadcast, Mr. Carnegie made himself at home at WHB. He listened to a transcription of his broadcast, posed liberally for pictures and did just the things he has probably taught thousands of others to do on just such an occasion.

He looked out upon the rainswept rooftops of Kansas City and recalled seeing this midwestern big town from the side door of a box car when he was 16 years old. The Carnegies moved from Maryville, Missouri, where he was born, to Warrensburg, some 200 miles away. All of the Carnegie chattels were crammed into that box car, horses, chickens, cows, James Carnegie, his wife, and their wide-eyed son.

James Carnegie was a man with a faithful hate for liquor. He often said he would sooner drink rattlesnake oil. During the box car trip through Kansas City a chilled brakeman came by and asked if he had a "bracer." Dale laughed and recalled that if peacetime censorship was ever invoked, that would have been a most opportune moment.

Graduating from grade school, high school and then college, Dale sought a teaching career in New York. In the meantime the family sold the farm at Warrensburg and moved to Belton, Missouri, where the late Mr. and Mrs. James Carnegie lie in graves not far from where Carrie Nation and the old Quantrill raiders are buried.

"As for me," Dale remarked, "I intend to spend the next million years down there at Belton, because some day they will lay me away, too,

in that quiet Missouri cemetery."

"The world is so full of people, grabbing, self-seeking. So the rare individual who unselfishly tries to serve others has an enormous advantage. The man who can put himself in the place of other men, who can understand the workings of their minds, need never worry about what the future has in store for him."

The italicized quotations in this story are from Dale Carnegie's book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People." He says that the book was written with absolutely no thought of public sale, but to fulfill the need of a textbook in his classes. The fact that in seven years it ranks only second to the Holy Bible in book sales is more of a surprise to Dale Carnegie than anyone else in the world.

"I am probably the most astounded, the most surprised and the most bewildered person in the world. . . . Why, I never dreamed such a thing could be possible."

Yes, it seems that people who have subscribed to the "Be-friendly-forget-yourself-think-of-others" philosophy

are quite a family. Upwards of three million books have been sold since the first publication in 1937.

"You can't win an argument. You can't because if you lose it you lose it; and if you win you lose it . . . You have hurt his pride. He will resent your triumph, and, a man convinced against his will—is of the same opinion still."

Dale Carnegie will tell you that he has made a living all these years, not by teaching public speaking—that has been incidental—but by helping men to conquer their own inferiority complexes and fears; and to develop courage.

A slave to no hard and fast rules, he has developed a system that is as real as the measles and twice as much fun.

Professor William James of Harvard used to say that the average man develops only ten per cent of his latent mental ability. This man Carnegie, by inspiring adults to blast out and smelt some of their hidden ores, has created one of the most significant movements in modern education.

Words for our Pictures — Pages 33 - 36

THE GOOD WILL APOSTLE—The man who knows how to "win friends and influence people" and who has taught millions of others that highly profitable art, told a nationwide audience about Walt Disney's shaky climb up the ladder of success one Sunday afternoon from WHB. Yes, this is your man, Dale Carnegie.

YOU CAN HAVE THE REST—We'll take those pretty mountain goat mules or that fluffy ostrich tall duster; or how would you like to plant your naggin on one of those fluffy pillows? Adele Jergens (the eye-ful), a Columbia starette, agreed to help a pillow salesman sell his pillows. Nice,

aren't they?

HELLO, KANSAS CITY—Lieut. General Ennis C. Whitehead, commander of the Fifth Airforce on Okinawa, dropped in with his three-star Flying Fortress to help Kansas City launch the Community and War Chest drive. General Whitehead was greeted by his wife and daughter.

LORD! WHAT A GAL—Mary Lard, MGM starlet, was interviewed by WHB's showtime gal, Rosemary Howard, a few days ago. Everything went fine until Mary went to leave the studio. Four of WHB's handsome announcers are still in the hospital.









Westport's No. 1 *Romance*

by EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

Dan'l Yocum's rake-hell log tavern in old Westport was at the exciting and eerie end of the old Santa Fe Trail.

DANIEL YOCUM operated a log tavern at Mill Street and Main Street in the village of Westport, where you could buy overdone beef and raw whisky; biscuits, corn bread, sow belly, coffee, beans. Daniel must have been a two-fisted man to have survived his customers and they needed to be copper-lined to endure his whisky.

All sorts and conditions of men gathered at Yocum's Tavern. You even could get sleeping quarters if your need were sufficiently dire—corn-husk pallets in a dormitory room. "Dan'l" Yocum's Tavern was an eastern terminus of the great Santa Fe trail, which began at Independence and Westport in western Missouri and ended in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Up and down the rutted trail in the prairie grass, over rolling grassy prairies, arid desert, mountain scrub and thorn, through swollen creeks and rivers beset with quicksands rolled the Santa Fe trail. Ox wagons were driven by armed drivers. They carried manufactured goods to the Mexicans and Indians from the United States; and brought back bales of



wool and rawhide boxes full of Mexican silver dollars, soft and heavy, for this was virgin metal.

Sometimes Mexican hidalgos came up the trail, business bound. Then there was excitement among the decorous daughters of old Westport, as the dark-eyed dons sauntered through the streets in silver lace and tight-fitting pantaloons that boastfully showed every muscle. Of these none were more splendid than the men of the great house of Chavez.

Nor were any better reputed for business integrity.

You may wonder what all this has to do with "Dan'l" Yocum's rake-hell log tavern. It has this to do with it: Out of Yocum's Tavern, full of whisky and armed with revolvers, knives, craft, greed and hatred, rode fifteen murderers, who waylaid and slew Don Santonio Chavez and robbed his wagon train near Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

This outrage threatened to destroy the Santa Fe trade until some of the American ruffians were hunted down and hanged. That restored diplomatic trade relations. The house of Chavez still sent wagon trains. And that brings us up to Westport's No. 1 romance. Up the trail with the Chavez train come young Don Epifanyo Aguirre, as mellow a piece of male furniture as you would find in a long day's riding.

At the home of Joab Bernard in Westport he was an honored dinner guest as often as he would come, which soon became every day. For Aguirre fell in love with 16-year-old Mamie Bernard and she with him. The chief handicap young love had to surmount was that she knew no Spanish, he no English, and even hugs, and kisses on the hands and forehead and throat—well, they're nice, but conversationally they are limited coinage.

In this crisis Mamie's friend, Jesse Polk, stepped into the picture as Love's first lieutenant. You can imagine how delicate a degree of perception was required for Polk to know the exact moment when it was

politic and kind for him to withdraw, leaving the glamour-struck young couple to say it with eyes and hands in universal language. That is not so difficult when there is cooperation on both sides.

The town of Westport buzzed as this romance progressed. Why, it was like something out of Shakespeare, only more exciting. It was like Othello and the fair Desdemona, except, of course, that Senor Aguirre was not jealous like Othello. He was so courteous, so thoughtful, so good-looking! Lucky Mamie! Ah, do you think so? She will have to go so far away, to a country where she will hear no language except Spanish. Pretty daring, pretty difficult. Thus the matrons and the maids of Westport prattled on their verandas, shaded by honeysuckle, bright with morning glories. And Cousin Stevie Elkins—Mamie always called him Stevie—continued to read law diligently, what time he was not teaching the young pupils at the Rev. Nathan Scarritt's school. There was a young man who wasted little time, that Elkins.

Mamie Bernard and her don were going to be married. Aguirre was in town again, all smiles and happiness, and with a caravan of twenty-six wagons to take her home. Love and business were going hand in hand. And what a romantic soul he was, indeed! Nobody realized quite how romantic until the wedding ceremony was over and the Aguirre caravan appeared. Every ox yoke on every one of the twenty-six wagons was festooned in white satin ribbons and



every teamster, ox goader and packer wore a white rosette in honor of the bride. There was a beautiful saddle horse for her to ride, with a white velvet bridle and a saddle splashed with silver. It was like something out of a book of fairy stories, all unbelievably beautiful and bright.

Mamie gazed at all the dark, smiling Mexican faces and suddenly she wept. It was more than she could bear. These were all strangers and they spoke no English, and where she was going everybody looked like these dark strangers. Oh, what had she ever done? What had she ever done to the kind, beautiful Epifanyo what was she doing to him now, disgracing him, weeping in public? At the thought of it, she wept afresh. The guests were aghast and eager to see and hear more.

Epifanyo must have been a good deal of a man. He did not lose his temper. He found out what was wrong. His child bride, clinging to him,

sobbed, "Take some one along that I've been raised with, please. Please do. Take Stevie."

Well, that was something, really. If Aguirre had been aghast at a weeping bride, what must have been his consternation at the proposal to take the bride's boy cousin on their honeymoon? But the bridegroom was a sportsman to the core.

"Why, yes, of course," he said. "Let's ask him."

So they asked Stevie and Stevie said, "Why, certainly I'll go if you both want me to." They assured him that they did and he hurried home to pack his belongings. All he had was a few clothes and some law books. When the bridal caravan, still in white ribbons, wound its way slowly out of Westport toward Mexico, there was a tall, blonde young man along, upon whose presence nobody had figured. Young Mr. Elkins, fresh from the University of Missouri, must have pondered what were the requirements on a Mexican honeymoon for a bride's cousin who spoke only English. He decided that the first requirement was to learn to speak Spanish, and that his next was to teach it to his cousin Mamie.

According to all the rules, that honeymoon and marriage should have been a failure. That they succeeded speaks volumes for the bride, the groom and Elkins. Arrived at the Aguirre ranch in Mexico, Elkins began to master Spanish with surprising speed and fluency. He learned it faster than Mamie did, which enabled him to teach it to her. He taught her how to give orders to her

servants. And he improved the shining hours by learning Mexican law. Within six months of his arrival in Mexico, he knew Spanish well enough so that he was able to defend a client in that language before a Mexican judge.

That knowledge of Spanish was a valuable acquisition for young Elkins, although it was some time before he put it to extended use. Within a year he left Mamie in Mexico, happily acclimated to Spanish and the Aguirre way of life. He returned to Missouri, where the Civil War was playing hob with business and social life and joined a northern regiment, the 77th Missouri, although several of his relatives had enlisted for the Confederacy under Sterling Price.

The 77th Missouri was a home guard regiment, but action was pretty lively around home. Young Elkins was captured once by Quantrill's guerrillas. Cole Younger, later notorious as a bandit, told Quantrill Stevie was a good boy and Quantrill decided he need not be killed. He turned him over to Cole to guard and Cole let him escape. Later, when Cole Younger was seeking release from the Minnesota state prison where he was sojourning for his part in the Northfield bank robbery, Elkins remembered Younger had saved his life and helped gain his release. He gave him some money to start life anew.

At the close of the Civil War, Elkins went to New Mexico to live. He served as a member of the territorial legislature, as United States district attorney for New Mexico and as a

territorial delegate to Congress. New Mexico was then, even more than it is now, a Spanish-speaking country, and Elkins could have had no political career there except for the language he had helped Cousin Mamie learn on her honeymoon.

From New Mexico Elkins migrated to West Virginia, where he married Hallie Davis, the daughter of Henry Gassaway Davis, the richest man in the state and a former United States senator. Elkins became both a millionaire and a United States senator, like his father-in-law. He also was secretary of war under President Benjamin Harrison.

The Elkins estate in West Virginia was a show place in an era of show places. The senator's daughter, Katherine Elkins, was widely heralded as about to become the bride of the Italian duke of Abruzzi, a distinguished scholar, sportsman and explorer of near-royal blood. The marriage did not occur, however, and Miss Elkins became the wife of William Hitt, American sportsman and socialite. The senator died in January, 1911, a pattern of success for his day and generation, rich, vigorous and conservative. Few young school teachers have gone further than he did.

Within a few years after her marriage, Mamie Bernard Aguirre bore her exceedingly considerate husband three sons, whom they named Pedro, Bernard and Stephen. The youngest was named for Stephen B. Elkins, who had gone along on their honeymoon.

What *Wonders*

Man Hath Wrought!

III—THE LAOCOON



(Editor's Note: This is the third in a series of sculpture appreciation articles by the noted archeologist, theologian, rug-cutter and poet, William P. Rowley, who composed the immortal couplet hailed as its own by the meat cutters union: "Oh, woman, lovely woman, how it cuts me like a knife to think you were a spare-rib in the butcher-shop of life!")

THE Laocöon, "that fearful marvel wrought in stone," as Mark Twain termed this priceless marble group in the Cortile del Belvedere of the Vatican, has been a subject of academic controversy since first it was unearthed in 1509 in the vineyard of one Felice di Fredi, a fortunate Italian whose vines could have borne the most untender and bitter grapes imaginable from that time on without causing him the slightest concern. His crop was already made for years to come.

That one felicific find of the fortunate Felice brought him riches far beyond his fondest dreams, thus proving again the verity of the old adage

that years of application and ceaseless toil always will bring their reward to one who is faithful in the performance of his humble daily tasks and has a priceless relic of antiquity buried somewhere conveniently close to the surface of his submarginal soil.

In many ways the case of the aforesaid Felice is similar to that of the conscientious and hardworking newspaperman who, after years of faithful service in the employment of the same publisher, retired to live a life of ease with a fortune of \$65,010, representing his accumulated savings and \$65,000 inherited from a doting aunt. His employer probably gave him a gold watch as a farewell gift.

All he had to do then was get some works to put in it.

Pope Julius II, a great patron of the arts, rewarded Felice with half the customs of the Porta S. Giovanni, this later being changed to a lucrative hereditary appointment. Great posthumous honors also were heaped upon this involuntary friend of art, who unless far different from most of his fellows among the vine-tending peasantry of that era probably would have reaped more benefit from a liberal spraying of DDT. The history of his finding of the statue was set forth in detail on his tombstone in the church of Ara Coeli, which he was said to "glory in death" in his fortunate discovery. Posthumous honors are all very nice, but given their choice it is probable most people still would prefer the custom house receipts. At least, they did in New York in the Grant administration.

The great marble group was believed to be the work of at least three Rhodian sculptors whose names Pliny inadvertently overlooked in his chronicles of the times. The actual carvers probably were stooges, anyway, working under the direction of the master sculptor. The master, or his Three Stooges, were believed to have drawn inspiration from Virgil's story of the ill-fated priest of Apollo at Troy, who warned the Trojans against admitting the famous Greek wooden horse within the city's walls. Laocoon was all in favor of burning it upon the beach where it stood. He didn't exactly know what was wrong about the setup, but to him the whole thing smelled. Maybe he

got a whiff of the Greeks hidden within.

Laocoon's harangue angered the goddess Minerva, who caused a gigantic serpent to appear and crush the priest and his two sons in its massive coils. With Laocoon gone, the dumb sons of Troy then took the horse into their city, with results so disastrous that archeologists are still poking around Asia Minor trying to make sure they have located the right set of ruins as the locale of Homer's saga. This is by no means the only instance of Trojan dumbness. The Southern California eleven once got caught flat-footed with the old Statue of Liberty plot.

To those somewhat rusty on their Homer, the whole thing got its start when Hecuba, queen of Troy and mother of Paris, dreamed when about



Then . . .

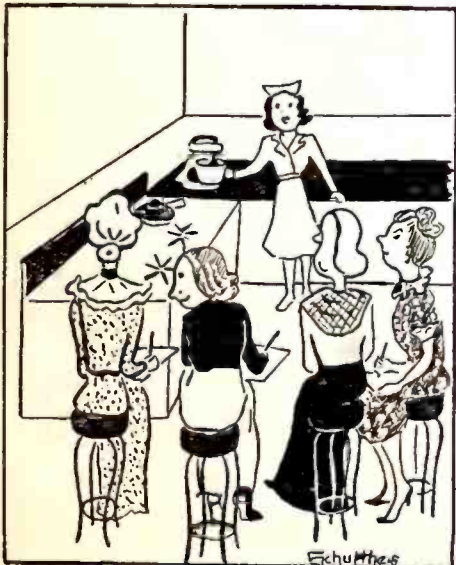
to bear her son that she brought forth a torch which set the city afire. This was interpreted by the soothsayers to mean Paris would bring destruction to the city. Accordingly, the child was set out in the hills to die of exposure, one of the minor pleasantries of those hardy days. But a legend is not thus easily thwarted, especially right at the start when Homer's lyre was just getting warmed up. The child survived and grew to handsome manhood as a shepherd. Goddesses of Greek mythology being what they were, prone to occasional surrenders to the frailties of the flesh, took quick notice of the handsome lad. He was supposed to be quite a connoisseur of feminine charms, although how he got that way up there in the hills alone with his sheep is a matter that never has been satisfactorily explained.

Because of this reputation, however, the three contesting goddesses for the golden apple of discord, to be given the most beautiful, chose him as the judge. Not above feminine skullduggery, each approached Paris singly to offer a bit of a bribe, which goes to show that the manner of selecting beauty contest winners hasn't changed a whole lot in its basic standards of judgment during the last couple thousand years. Now, however, it is usually the judge who approaches the contestants and the proposition is usually just that.

Hera sought to win the vote of Paris with a promise of power, Athena offered glory. But Aphrodite, possibly having been around a bit more than the other two gals and knowing more about what men wanted, offered him the fairest woman in all the world. That clinched it. What chance did the others have, when the decision rested with a lone shepherd?

As a result Paris got Helen of the face that launched a thousand ships. The mere fact she was married to Menelaus, king of Sparta, deterred her not the least in joining Paris in a flight to Troy. Probably Menelaus snored and forgot their anniversaries, anyway. This led to the 9-year Trojan war which ended when Laocoon's warnings were ignored.

The marble Laocoon group, which once adorned the Baths of Titus in Rome, was believed to have been overthrown and purposely plowed under in some barbarian invasion in the declining days of the Eternal City, possibly in the belief all ves-



... and Now

tiges of Roman culture should be destroyed lest they should aid Rome to rise again. Cortes had the same sort of quaint notion in Mexico, with the result that a New World culture in many respects superior to that of Spain vanished forever.

All who view the group are impressed by the central figure of the great priest. In it the German Winchelmann saw "a great and self-collected soul." Lessing wrote: "Suffering shows in the face, pains discovers itself in every muscle and sinew of the body . . . his misery pierces the very soul but inspires us with a wish we could endure misery like that great man."

In this, Lessing can include me out. I have no ambition to be able to endure misery like that great man or

any other person, big or little. As a matter of fact, I have no burning desire to endure or embrace misery in any manner, shape or form. If I have to endure or embrace anything in any shape or form even remotely connected with the legend of Troy let it be in the shape and form of a modern counterpart of the beautiful Helen of easy conscience.* After nine years with such a luscious creature I'd be perfectly willing for them to burn my Troy, too, in order to form an object lesson of what producers of "Dillinger" contend is the whole theme of that gold-mine gangster glorification film: "Crime Doesn't Pay!"

* NOTE: If Sweetie Face reads this your Boo-Boo is only kidding.

●

A boy whose load of hay overturned in the road was advised by a good-hearted farmer to forget his trouble and come in and have dinner with his family; after the meal, he'd help him get the hay back on the wagon. The boy kept refusing, saying he didn't think his father would like it. But the farmer finally persuaded the boy to come into his house. The boy seemed cheered up during the meal but continued to remark, "My father's going to be mad—I just know it." "Rubbish," the farmer said. "He won't mind at all. By the way, where is your father?" The boy burst out crying. "He's under the hay."

A swanky young fellow appeared at the recruiting office to enlist. "I suppose you expect a commission," the recruiting officer said candidly. "No, thanks," was the reply. "I'm such a bad shot, I'd rather work on a straight salary."

—B & R News

A grave digger, so absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out. Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted attention of a drunk. "Get me out of here," he shouted. "I'm cold." The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger. "No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

Ain't, Aren't or Isn't

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

And Pop came out of Columbia an Emeritus.

MY Pop, he's a smart guy. He went through Columbia like a hound after hare. And when he got out he was emeritus something. I never knew what the something stood for, but Pop said as long as it had emeritus before it that was good enough for him.

I was going to call him Pop Emeritus, just like you say Pop Vox. You know, Pop Emeritus. Pop Vox. But Pop wouldn't go for that, so I had to go back to the simple name of Attleboro Fortduquesneontheudson. Simple? Don't be silly!

So I goes to see my Pop—the only reason I'm using Pop is because it's the best abbreviation I know for Attleboro Fortduquesneontheudson—in his office.

"Pop," I says with a diamond twinkling in my right eye. (What have I got in my left eye—cataracts? What's cataracts? Not diamonds, that's all I know.) "Pop," I says, "you're a publisher. One of the greatest newspapermen ever to see the light of day and I want to ask your advice."

"Yes," Pop says with a diamond shining back at me out of his right eye, and who knows before long there may be a romance and then we'll have a third diamond. But that's all beside the point. Where was I? Oh, yes. I was where my Pop was saying "Yes."

And so my Pop says, "Yes, son," he says, "what's on your mind?"

Diamonds flash back and forth. I'm happy. Pop's happy. So then I know now's the time to spring the monumental question. Get that. I said monumental. Tall stuff, eh?

"Pop," I says, "ain't I got the makin's of a pro-

ducer?"

The diamond in Pop's eye fades to black coal. The glitter is gone. Day has turned into night, suddenly.

"Don't say ain't!" Pop says. "There's no such word in my dictionary as 'ain't,'" Pop says, "Moreover, you should say aren't or isn't. They're two good substitutes for 'ain't'."

I looks at Pop straight as a ruler and the sparkle quits squirting from my orb. I'm mad, I am. So I says,



"Pop, since when has ain't got a substitute or two? I never heard anyone mention that before."

It's a lucky thing Pop's on his lunch hour. He's eating a sandwich with one hand, holding a bottle of Rheingold, vise-like, in the other, and trying to read proof with his glimmers.

Between chews and a guzzle, Pop says, "Look, son, it's always been that way. What I mean to say is that you could substitute aren't or isn't for 'ain't'."

"Oh, boy!" I says to myself. "Here's where I got Pop where I want him."

"Pop," I says, smiling as my eyes come back to life and glitter again without a blemish. "Pop, do you mean to say that if I can't get Betty Grable that Lana Turner or Ann Sothern would do as substitutes?"

For a minute I thought the fire in Pop's eyes would burn me up alive, but I just sat there nonchalantly, as though nothing had happened.

"Who said anything about Betty Grable, Lana Turner or . . . or . . . ?" I'm quick on the trigger and I volunteers, "Ann Sothern."

"Well, who," he says, "said anything about them?"

"I," I answers truthfully confessing a latent desire to have one of them sit on my lap and soothe my outdoor face with their most endearing charms. Seventh Heaven? Boy, I'll go you one better. It'd be Eleventh Heaven.

Disgusted with his offspring, Pop says, "Let's forget actresses and get back to what you came here for! After all, I'm a busy man and this is a newspaper office and . . ."

"Look, Pop," I says in rebuttal. "Let's get down to simplicities: Ain't I got the makin's of a producer?"

The diamonds are romantic again. Smiles of happiness are a dime a dozen and if you hold out long enough you can get a dozen free. Well, this romance lasts about one full minute while Pop is gulping and guzzling, and then he lets out a trickle and spouts:

"Haven't I told you there's no such word as 'ain't'? How many times do I have to tell you before the ship of knowledge sinks in?"

"Say, Pop," I says, "that's fine quoting. Who'd you steal that from?"

Romance above the nose is on the rocks again. I can smell it, so help me!

"Now," Pop growls during recess of his molar activity. "What gives you the idea I have to steal every quotation I utter? Don't you think I'm capable of telegraphing new phrases, idioms, axioms and anti-noms?"

This almost threw me for a somersault with a fancy jackknife for good measure.

"Pops," I says, getting familiar in no uncertain terms. "I ain't never heard you use such fancy language



at home." I thought Pop was a Thesaurus klepto and I wanted him to know it regardless of the blood stream running through me.

"Son," he smiles, kind of breaking down the hard tissues of vanity. "When I'm in my office I'm a publisher and editor and I create. When I'm home my creating hours are over. I only produce while I'm on the job; that's when the best in me shows up in all its pristine glory."

Did I say the hard tissues of vanity were breaking down? Pardon me, if you please. I was in reverse. Honestly, I didn't know where I was going, officer. Okay, I'll watch it a little closer next time!

"Look, Pop," I says, "I came here to ask you a simple question! I want to know if you can tell me without erupting your day: Ain't I got the makin's of a producer?"

"Look, son!" Pop says right back at me. "There ain't no word like 'ain't' ever been born! So how do you ever expect to become a producer using that kind of language?"

Well, at least the wall which I am up against all this time is weakening. The sun is coming out slowly. Soon the diamonds will be at it again.

"Haven't I told you to substitute aren't or isn't for 'ain't'? Can't you see how simple it is?"

"Yeah. Simple as A, B, C. A for Always, B for Be and C for Careful—who spits in your eye. You never know who chews tobacco," I counters.

Pop saddens. He says, "I didn't mean to have you take it that serious, son," he says. "Gee, I'm sorry



you feel that way about it. But you know producing is a funny business. Just like the newspaper business..."

The diamonds are in clover again. Oh, boy! Oh, boy! Am I happy as hell on wheels and not a state trooper in sight?

Pop continues, "Just when you think you know it all along comes someone with just a little more brains than you have. You know what I mean. There's always someone who knows more than you, no matter how smart you are!"

I just loved Pop for that. I could have kissed him then and there. But there I was bashful as hell and then

again what fun is there kissing your old man?

"Pop," I says, "I knew you'd look at it my way. Now ain't I got the makin's of a big-time producer?"

Pop takes another dig into his sandwich, a full lug at the Rhein-gold in his hand and then ting-a-ling goes the telephone.

"That's my Pop," I says to myself. "To busy to eat. Too busy to heart-to-heart it with his only son and here I go again."

"Damn it, Pop," I shouts, and now you can forget that romantic couple under the eyebrows. "I asked you 'ain't' I got the makin's of a producer?" Can't you answer me this?"

I says, increasing the pitch of my voice until maybe I'll hit high C. (P. S.—I didn't hit it, but some day I'll try again.)

Uh-Uuh. Pop holds the phone to his cheek, giving his lips clear range for the fullisade to come my way. Murder has shoved romance into the sewer. He gets set, bends low, my Pop does, and then he lets me have it. Not the 'phone but the fullisade.

"No, goddam you!" he shouts at me. "You ain't got the makin's of anything! Now get the hell out and . . .!"

Oh, what's the use. There just ain't any more. Nope. There just ain't any more!

CONTEMPORANEITIES

Grandma hadn't been to the movies for years and years and after ten minutes she told her young grandson they had better leave. "The seat is so uncomfortable," she complained. "No wonder," her grandson exclaimed, "you haven't turned it down."

The new cashier of a bank was being introduced to the employes. He walked around through the cages and singled out one, asking him questions in great detail. "I have been here forty years and in all that time I made only one slight mistake."

"Good," replied the new cashier, "but hereafter be more careful."

It was a warm and sticky day in a large city. Seven cars were lined up in front of a busy filling station where one attendant was knocking himself out. A leaking, steaming, rattling flivver pulled up parallel with a gas pump. "How many?" the weary attendant asked.

"One," replied the young driver with the air of a visiting senator.

"One? What ya trying to do, wean it?"

A run-down actor who had obviously seen better times sought out a flop house for a night's lodging. He was shocked to recognize the porter as a friend who had once played opposite him on the stage.

"Jefferson," he exclaimed. "Are you a porter in this place?"

"Yes," replied the other proudly, "but I don't sleep here."

"Guess I Won't Go Down Today"

Guess I'll stay home and cuss the radio.

by GEORGE F. MAGILL

WHEN an advertising man is laid up at home with a cold or maybe having his lower plate sharpened, he can be counted on to react according to pattern. The first morning he dutifully takes his aspirin and milk of magnesia, stays in bed or pretty close to first base anyway, and gets himself well on the road to being straightened out.

The next morning he puts on his bathrobe and moves to the living room and the radio. He knows he ought to be back at the office but he salves his conscience by checking up on daytime radio trends. One by one the soap operas parade past our apple-munching (or apple-gumming) critic.

"Bill's Other Wife,"
"Second Spouse,"
"Uncle David," "Lucia's Loves," "The Lady in Red," "The Romance of Rosy Rooney." He sneers as he hears and a few days later at the office, ignoring little facts like Hooper Ratings, dictates a hooper-do of an article entitled "Gimme Another Aspirin,"

and sends it off to Printer's Ink, or if he's really hep to the reading habits of the advertising intelligensia, to SWING.

I almost went through this cycle myself recently. Up to the point where you put on your bathrobe and come down to the living room to cuss the radio and convalesce, my case followed the usual behavior pattern. I even got a program tuned in, but it didn't have a chance. All I could hear was remarks about guimpes, gussets, and whether faille would be better than ruching for the formal . . . not from the radio, but from the other end of the living room which had been turned into a sewing establishment and where the feminine members of the household were working desperately to whip the oldest daughter's college wardrobe into shape by Thursday. My experience in this mysterious female business consisted of going to Gould's Dry Goods Store as a boy for a spool of No. 50



white thread, but I soon found myself engrossed and making notes of the screw-ball terminology. Here are some of the definitions that helped me enjoy my siege of poor health:

GUSSET—A set-in piece, like if your pants are too tight and you put in a wedge to add width or strength.

GUMPE—I liked the sound of this one, but was disappointed to find that it is only a kind of dickey . . . a fluffy detachable dress front or partial blouse.

PLACKET—A slit or opening in a garment for the convenience of putting it on. Smart idea.

GORE—Not what you think. It turns out to be a section of a skirt.

DART—Nope, not a weapon or part of a game. A graduated tuck, narrow at one end, wide at the other. To help her garments make it around those curves.

JABOT—A trimming of lace, tulle or chiffon worn on the front of a blouse. Originally worn on the shirt bosom by men. Odds bodkins!!

RUCHING—Ruffled trimming of lace or net for collars or cuffs.

FLAT-FELLED HEM—Folded in from each direction. See what I mean?

FAGGOTING—Putting two edges together with a little cat stitch.

APPLIQUE (rhymes with whey)—To put one piece of material on top of another and hem the edges.

PEPLUM—Tail of a blouse worn outside your skirt. Must be full and ruffy to be a real peplum.

I guess those are the best ones, al-

though I could discuss with you the relative merits of dolman versus raglan sleeves, or accordion vs. inverted pleats, pinking, basting and rudimentary stuff like that. I knocked myself out over the names of some of the materials, too. Percale, dimity, crash, faille, chenille, moire, chintz, chambray . . . all a revelation to a male who didn't know there was anything but serge, gingham and near-silk.

I enjoyed the experience and am glad to pass along this handy glossary of dressmaking terms for helpful husbands, but I haven't felt so out of place since I went to the department store with Mom, long, long ago, and she held the long underwear up to me to see if it would fit.

QUICK TAKES

By Baer



"Her Majesty wants to be 'Queen for a Day'."

Courage, *Faith* and \$5

George Pepperdine believes it wrong not to share a great fortune.

by ERIC TAINTER

WITH but \$5 in his pocket he had faith. The year is 1909 and the location is Kansas City. George Pepperdine was then a struggling clerk in a struggling garage.

It was about this time Ford cars were being turned out minus many accessories; and it was this that attracted Pepperdine to the possibilities in selling accessories for these cars.

His first month's business under the name of Western Auto Stores gave him a clear profit of \$100. He was his own office boy, shipping clerk, manager, and janitor. Sales for the first year grossed \$12,000. The sixth year of operation showed he had grossed over \$100,000.

In 1914 his state of health forced him to go west. He went to Denver and before returning opened his first branch store there. He returned to Kansas City but was not there long until his health broke again and it was at this time he sold a major share of his Kansas City business for a thousand dollars cash and took a note for \$9,000.

With an income of \$150 he started for California. In Los Angeles wise heads told him he would go broke if he tried to break into the Los Angeles market. But this did not discourage him. He stuck, and arranged with a Chicago jobber for long term credit. Orders came in. The first year's business reached \$64,000; the second year cracked the \$100,000 mark. In 1918 branches were started in San Francisco, Fresno, Phoenix and Seattle. In 1920 things started going the wrong way because the country was starting to feel the post-war depression. The banks frowned. The manufacturers wanted their money. One broker, thinking it was worth a try, completed a \$1,000,000 issue, common and preferred. That took two years to float, and for

George Pepperdine those were two difficult years. However, with new money in the treasury, expansion started. In 1929 the Pacific Coast chain had 200 stores and did \$13,000,000 worth of business. In that same year the Kansas City unit



was operating 174 outlets throughout the middle west and eastern states, and although Pepperdine had sold his control, it was with satisfaction he watched something he had started grow to that proportion. Today the Western Auto Supply Company operating out of Kansas City, and in no way connected with the Pacific Coast stores, operates in 37 states and has more than 2,000 outlets. That, in itself, is a remarkable story of courage and faith.

However, to get back to George Pepperdine. His stores were broadened to include merchandise other than automobile parts. Pepperdine has always broadened his scope. That's the way he felt about it when he contributed time and money for a home to care for underprivileged children in a community close to Los Angeles. This was the beginning of the George Pepperdine Foundation from which grew the Pepperdine College in Los Angeles. Courses in religious education are required of all students under a conservative, fundamental Christian faculty. Regular college courses in liberal arts and commerce with pre-profession studies are given.

Pepperdine believes in molding young life. He insists education and religion are two parts of a whole; one is sadly deficient without the other. That's his honest excuse for the George Pepperdine College. He believes God is very demonstrable and his college has courses to prove it.

"I believe," he will tell you, "that the principles of life and human conduct, as taught by Jesus Christ, represent the only effective remedy for the distressed conditions of the world. Every student and every business man should be taught these principles systematically and earnestly. If this could be done, particularly in all colleges, the next generation would find most of today's difficult problems solved."

"I consider it wrong," he says, "to build up a great fortune and use it selfishly. Appropriating wealth to the betterment of mankind engenders far greater satisfaction than lavish spending on one's self. It more nearly justifies your existence in the world."

All this came out of \$5—plus ideas. Pepperdine knows it has been good business.

"Congress is so strange," commented Boris Marshalov, a Russian actor and dramatic coach, after a visit to the spectators' gallery of the House of Representatives. "A man gets up to speak and says nothing. Nobody listens—and then everybody disagrees."

A hospital patient was told he could have visitors from 3 to 5. The patient thought that was rather young.

HAVE YOU READ YOUR BIBLE LATELY?

That we may be thankful for all that has gone before, the beautiful Scriptures from Genesis through Exodus are suggested for November reading. They are lasting examples of the wisest and most kindly counsel.



Thurs., Nov. 1—Gen. 1, 2
Fri., Nov. 2—Gen. 3, 4
Sat., Nov. 3—Gen. 6, 7
Sun., Nov. 4—Gen. 8, 9
Mon., Nov. 5—Gen. 11:27-13:18
Tues., Nov. 6—Gen. 14, 15
Wed., Nov. 7—Gen. 16, 17
Thurs., Nov. 8—Gen. 18:1-19:29

Fri., Nov. 9—Gen. 21:1-22:19
Sat., Nov. 10—Gen. 23:1-24:28
Sun., Nov. 11—Gen. 24:29-67;
25:19-34
Mon., Nov. 12—Gen. 26:1-5; 27:1-46
Tues., Nov. 13—Gen. 28:1-29:30
Wed., Nov. 14—Gen. 30:25-31:24
Thurs., Nov. 15—Gen. 31:25-32:32
Fri., Nov. 16—Gen. 33, 37
Sat., Nov. 17—Gen. 39, 40
Sun., Nov. 18—Gen. 41
Mon., Nov. 19—Gen. 42:1-43:14
Tues., Nov. 20—Gen. 43:25-44:34
Wed., Nov. 21—Gen. 45:1-46;
46:28-47:12
Thurs., Nov. 22—Gen. 47:13-48:22
Fri., Nov. 23—Gen. 49, 50
Sat., Nov. 24—Ex. 1-2
Sun., Nov. 25—Ex. 3-4
Mon., Nov. 26—Ex. 5:1-6; 13:7; 1-13
Tues., Nov. 27—Ex. 11, 12
Wed., Nov. 28—Ex. 13, 14
Thurs., Nov. 29—Ex. 16, 17
Fri., Nov. 30—Ex. 18:13-20:17



Chicago Letter...



By
NORT JONATHAN

IN the beginning there was the LTS 512. Then came the World Series and the submarine, the USS Mero. All in all, Chicago had its eyes full during the past weeks. And being Chicago, it didn't miss a thing.

The LST 512—a Navy industrial incentive exhibit complete with a real jungle on the tank deck—arrived at the Michigan Avenue bridge shortly after the Japs welcomed General MacArthur and the United States Fleet. No longer wanting to keep the industrial incentive program rolling, the Navy decided to give the taxpayers a break and show them what their money bought. The LST 512—a veteran of the European invasion—became, presto, a war bond exhibit. This was wholly admirable, except that it put an extra strain on the Missing Persons Bureau of the police department. Grammar school commandos disappeared into the realistic jungle and remained hidden for hours.

The World Series, of course, was a national event. This year it was marked by cold weather and a sort of weary

resignation on the part of Chicago fans. The Cubs had won several National League pennants before, only to fail miserably in the series, so most of the local rooters adopted a "wait and see" attitude. They saw some exciting baseball, even though Charley Grimm and his Cubs again failed to come through.

Of course you heard the games over WHB-Mutual. There was plenty of color at Wrigley Field, and lots more around the loop. Distracted baseball fans roosted everywhere—in dollar a night hotels and turkish baths. One hardy group spent two solid nights riding the L because there were no hotel rooms available. Important people with influence at the major hostleries either quietly disappeared, leaving no forwarding address, for the duration of the Series, or barricaded their doors and took the phone off the hook.

The last of the trio of events worthy of mention in retrospect was the local appearance of a bona fide submarine—the last to be constructed at Manitowoc, Wisconsin. Under the auspices of the Navy League, the USS Mero tied up near the Tribune Tower and was put on public exhibition. Almost two thousand people a day inched, climbed, and crawled through the Mero's length. The Navy was just congratulating itself on having gotten through the week of the exhibition without having some inquisitive soul opening a valve, thus sending the Mero to the bottom of the Chicago river in an unscheduled "practice" dive, when a seventy-five year old lady fell twenty feet through an open hatch, cutting loose with a startled scream that sent all hands scuttling to their battle stations.

No comment on Navy ships in or around Chicago could be complete without mention of three old-timers who served throughout the war. You can still see them, tied up at Navy Pier, **ERSATZ CARRIERS** although they may be decommissioned any day now. The ships are the "ersatz" aircraft carriers, Wolverine and Sable, and the training ship Wilmette. None of the

three will ever leave the Great Lakes, but thousands of Navy trainees gained practical experience on their decks. The Wolverine and Sable qualified thousands of naval aviators for combat duty with the fleet carriers. The Wilmette trained gun crews and deck officers in the hard days when Nazi and Jap subs and planes were roaming the seas.

The twin practice carriers are the only side-wheel, coal burning ships in the Navy. They were converted from Great Lakes excursion steamers early in 1942. Upper decks were cut away and a flight deck welded on top of the main deck. Outwardly both ships resemble real carriers, although they lack armor plate, elevators, and storage place for planes. Each day of flying weather during the war, one or both of these venerable old ladies of the lake waddled miles off shore to take on training planes from the Grandview Naval Air Station for practice landings and take-offs.

The USS Wilmette was rebuilt from the ill-fated excursion steamer Eastland. The Eastland turned over on its side in the Chicago River in 1915, drowning eight hundred and thirty-five passengers. As a wreck she was purchased by the Naval Reserve and completely rebuilt to conform to rigid safety standards. Through three decades she has successfully lived down her past by training scores of reserve officers and enlisted men, some of them among the first to be called to active duty in 1942.

Their jobs finished, all three old ladies of the lake are now awaiting final disposition by the Navy. After a temporary new lease on life and three hectic wartime years of service, the "Lake Michigan fleet" will be among the first of hundreds of ships to fall victim to either the junk dealer or rust and decay.

Reconversion to peacetime ways has brought back the Chicago Opera with a boom. People who can't enjoy music without the boiled shirt and mink trimmings are now happily back in their boxes, and the music lovers are back in the galleries. By the time this com-

monique reaches print, the baritones will probably be singing their last arias, but anyway it's going to be a good musical winter. The critics are booked up weeks ahead, with concerts, musical shows, and operettas crowding into town for November and December dates. For instance, "The Student Prince" is headed this way for the twentieth or thirtieth time, and you can always hear a good musical show, operetta or opera, sung on Saturday night over at the Medinah Temple. That's the night of the week on which WGN-Mutual send "The Chicago Theater of the Air" out over the network. Tickets are free.

Speaking of free entertainment, the giant Chicago Servicemen's Centers are still going strong, enjoying a new popularity now that thousands of men stop over in town on their way to redistribution and separation centers. There a G.I. can eat, sleep, be entertained, and meet the mayor's wife, Mrs. Edward J. Kelly, for a total cost of nothing at all.

On the more expensive side, there are a lot of new attractions to lure dollars. After mildly praising several shows, the critics at last found a worthy successor to "The Glass Menagerie" in Philip Yordan's "Anna Lucasta"—now at the Civic Theater for a long, long run. Olsen and Johnson are tearing apart the recently rebuilt Shubert Theater, and "Carmen Jones" and "Dear Ruth" are settling down for long runs, thus joining "Voice of the Turtle" in the exalted circle of Chicago hits. And the Theater Guild will send "The Winter's Tale" our way early in November for a limited engagement.

It doesn't look as though anyone will have to stay home and play checkers for lack of outside entertainment this winter.

"Give me the money that has been spent in war and I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens will be proud. I will build a school-house in every valley over the whole earth. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace."—Charles Sumner.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

★ **BAL MASQUE.** Grandeur, graciousness, glamour are combined in this, one of the newest of Chicago's dining rooms, featuring the lovely Sandra Star. (NEAR NORTH). Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan Ave. Whi. 4100.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** A Latin-smooth revue, with Clyde McCoy and his orchestra, alternating with Mischa and his bandmen. On lobby level floor of the world's largest hotel. (LOOP). 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** An ornate, old English setting wherein a select clientele is entertained nightly by Bob McGrew, former WHB musical director, and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST). Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** The green and gold Empire room is a historical and hospitable setting for Eddie Oliver's smooth rhythms and an array of name acts, headlined by Eddie Peabody. For restful relaxation, visit the traditional Victorian room where Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble are rounding out something like twelve years. (LOOP). State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Plushy, rose-frosted magnificence, with Dick LaSalle's orchestra. (LOOP). Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ **MARINE ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Entire new revue to supplement the danceable music of Johnny Long and his orchestra, with vocalists Francey Long, Tommy Morgan, and the Dorothy Hild dancers. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ **PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL.** Shimmering silver and blue hideaway kept by the affable and dynamic Jimmy Hart. Exquisite dinners and dancing among Chicago's 400. (NEAR NORTH). 1300 North State. Sup. 5000.

Casuals . . .

★ **BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL.** Here's a bar and lounge of sky-high ceilings, bamboo courtrements, and atmosphere as scenic as the south seas. (WEST). 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ **BISMARCK HOTEL.** Emil Petti and his MBS orchestra heads a show featuring Bill Gary, ballet-tap dancer, and Fernando and Fair, marionetteers with their mirth-quaking "Comedy on Strings." The rich oaken and buff Walnut room has been one of Chicago's favorite sip and sup spots for years. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** Harry Cool, popular swooner, is being held over indefinitely. Other topflighters in the Blackhawk show include the Andrews Sisters (not the singers, but dancers) and Gene Fields, famous impressionist. (LOOP). Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ **SHERMAN HOTEL.** Some day one of those jump bands featured at the Panther room are going to bust the walls of the Panther room right out into the street. That could very well be Les Brown who is featured there right now. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ **TRADE WINDS.** Keeper of one of the most unique and distinctive places in Chicagoland is H. Ginnis who offers piano and organ interludes during the dinner hour while you chomp your charcoa broiled steaks and chops. Steaks may have been but service was never rationed here. Open a night. (NORTH). 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ **BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** The best Hungaria cooking, exquisite entertainment and music from 6:00 p. m. by Bela Babai and his Gypsy orchestra. Open late. (GOLD COAST). 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** An enchanting sea-island refuge, with straw mat-covered wall glass floats in knotted straw-sacks, huge shell soft lights, and those soul-satisfying Cantone dishes. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ **CLUB EL GROTTTO.** Seventh edition of "Stamtime" . . . Too thrilling for mere words, Earl (Fatha) Hines has set it to music, with a all-star cast. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove Pl. 9174.

★ **IVANHOE.** Truly one of the Seven Wonders of Chicago; conducive to comfort and conviviality. Delightful dinner music from 5:30 to 8:30 by Barney Richard's orchestra. Entertainment and dancing to closing. 24th season, yet ever new. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark St. Gra. 2771.

★ **L'AIGLON.** Atmosphere in mansion-magnificence of an old society family. French and creole recipes. (GOLD COAST). 22 E. Ontario. De. 6070.

★ **SINGAPORE.** From a rib to a national institution. The Malay bar is lined by dozens celebrities. All it lacks is a few rubber trees as they may even get some of these. (GOLD COAST). 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ **SARONG ROOM.** Dine under the stars in the unique spot of Chicago; with Devi-Dja and the Bali-Java dancers in exotic Javanese court dance and primitive jungle rhythms. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron St. Del. 6677.

★ **SHANGRI-LA.** America's most romantic restaurant. Food for the mind and soul. A new world spot in an old world setting. Open at dinner at 5. (LOOP). 222 N. State. Cen. 1000.

★ **YAR.** George Scherban's ensemble sets the romantic mood in the main dining room and Bob Romanoff in the lounge. Old Czarist Russia mood and food. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

★ **AMERICAN ROOM, LA SALLE HOTEL.** Carl Schreiber and his smart music featured. Showtime. Brush back the years in the Gay 9's Tap. Let the Barber Shop Four sing you back the beam. (LOOP). La Salle at Madison. F. 0700.

Entertainment . . .

★ **BROWN DERBY.** Bobby Philips, the king of gagsters, holds forth here, with a sensational new show featuring Jessie Rosella and Reta Ray. (The naughty nitingale). Jerry Salone's orchestra rou

out a stellar assortment of variety names. (LOOP). Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ **CASINO.** A brand new threesome of entertainers, "Two Beats and a Bang," have them flocking here. Terrific Terrie Gurmbeck, girl drummer with Ray Ellis and his Four Notes, sends it solid. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark St.

★ **CHEZ PAREE.** A new show and band has bowed in at the famous Fairbanks court supper club. Gay Claridge and his orchestra and the ever delightful Olive Bernard Adorables. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks court. Del. 3434.

★ **CLUB ALABAM.** Warmer than a Birmingham bonfire. Interest is evenly divided here between a prize-winning flaming crater dinner and a bright floor show. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 8008.

★ **CLUB FLAMINGO.** Newest of the west side nighteries is this big spot with an equally big show, emceed by Ray Reynolds and Sid Blake. No minimum or cover. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ **CLUB MOROCCO.** Carric Finnell, world famous remote control dancer, is still going strong (literally), with admirable side kicks in Billy Carr, emcee, the dancing Darlings and Charlie Rich and his orchestra. (LOOP). 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ **CUBAN VILLAGE.** Better bring the fire chief with you 'cause Riela, the Cuban incendiary, may ignite any moment. Fiesta night every Tuesday. Closed Mondays. (NORTH). 715 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ **885 CLUB.** One of the six famous eating places in the world presents Sparky Thurman Duo and Larry Leverenz, piano stylist. Dinners from \$2.50. (GOLD COAST). Del. 9102.

★ **51 HUNDRED CLUB.** A new Five Star show with the Fifth Avenue Models and Duke Yellman's orchestra. Three shows nightly. (UPTOWN). 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ **L & L CAFE.** This west side spot is another great favorite with sophisticated sundogders. The show features Darnell, sex and a half feet (6½). (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** A great winning combination of talent headed by Harry Richman, Sid Franklin, the Radio Aces and the three Ambassadorettes, and all of this plus Selma Marlowe's Latin Lovelies. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Rand. 5544.

★ **LIBERTY INN.** A steady love of conventioners is McGovern's Liberty Inn, a bright spot that has made history in Chicago. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie St. Del. 8999.

★ **PLAYHOUSE CAFE.** Scan-dolls, an abundant, non-stop production with a lot of lovely femininity and some eye-opening dances, emceed by that popular host about town, Lew King. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ **OLD HEIDELBERG.** Laugh and quaff with the rotund Bavarian burlers in the main dining room, and then go downstairs where Herr Louie is rounding out umpteen years in the Rathskeller. (LOOP). Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ **CLOVER BAR.** One of the town's most popular spots under Glavin-Collins management, and with their well-liked staff.

★ **CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT.** The Three Bars, tunerster trio, is scoring a neat little hit, co-starred with Bob Billings at the Hammond organ. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.

★ **VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Selwyn) Grand fun! John Van Druten's gay, witty, chuckling but amoral romantic comedy about a soldier on leave in New York and two girls. Starring Hugh Marlowe, K. T. Stevens, and Vivian Vance.

★ **TROPICS.** Equatorial finery complementing a continuous melee of entertainment. And try the Tiffan room, lobby level. Hotel Chicagoan (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought . . .

★ **AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT.** You will like the bar with its novel marine decorations and the food's wonderful. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

★ **COLONY CLUB.** Smartly designed menus of superb tastability and a new show policy with Dorothy Blaine, Paul Rosini and others. (GOLD COAST). 744 Rush St. Del. 5930.

★ **GUEY SAM.** Lacks only an official visit from Chiang Kai-Shek to make this place genuinely Chungking. Best Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

★ **HOE SAI GAI.** (Meaning prosperity) Cantonese variations on a solid theme, and chop suey in all its delicious versions. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ **HENRICI'S.** French in name, but the universal language of good food is spoken here. Try Henrici's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP). 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ **KUNGSHOLM.** Royal Scandinavian dining. Nationally noted for its mansion mounting, bountiful smorgasbord and fine service. (NEAR NORTH). Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT.** Colorful, smart and not too expensive. Parisian delicacies highlight the menu. (NEAR NORTH). 900 N. Mich. Del. 0904.

★ **NANKIN RESTAURANT.** For extraordinary Chinese and American food. An ideal stop-in to climax an afternoon shopping tour. (LOOP). 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

Chicago Theater . . .

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Civic Theatre). An all-Negro cast starring Earle Hyman and Hilda Simms. A brave drama if there ever was one. Discovered in Harlem and brought up to Broadway for a record run. Original New York cast.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Harris). 170 N. Dearborn. Cent. 8240. Moss Hart's direction, an expert cast combine to make this a real hit. Features William Harrigan, Leona Powers, Herbert Evers and Beverly Chambers.

★ **GOOD NIGHT LADIES.** (Blackstone). 7th and Michigan. Ha. 8880. Now in fourth record breaking year with Skeets Gallagher and Edmund Glover. Nightly except Monday.

★ **CARMEN JONES.** (Erlanger). 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459. Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all-Negro version of the opera "Carmen." Muriel Smith of the original New York cast sings the title role.

★ **ICE FOLLIES.** (Arena). November 2-18 with matinees Nov. 4, 10, 11, 17 and 18. Lavish ice revue starring Eddie Shipstad and Oscar Johnson plus every blade star you can think of and the 80 Ice Folliettes.

New York Letter . . .

by LUCIE INGRAM

MANHATTAN loves a parade . . . consequently there are parades whenever there is the slightest excuse. With our returning war heroes, Generals, Admirals and other public idols, the parade business has been flourishing. Rain or shine there must be a procession of some description going up Fifth Avenue. One can tell the importance of a parade not only by the crowds lining the streets and hanging out of windows, but by the water wagons bringing up the rear. Parades make the streets messy . . . and we must be neat. People have a healthy

respect for these wagons . . . **GENERALITIES**—they mean business! No one breaks line until they are safely past. With their appearance a swift warning sweeps up the

Avenue, "The Water Wagons. Look out!" If one were to be so foolish as to get in the street he would get a baptism that has nothing whatever to do with the betterment of the soul. For a parade such as one given for Admiral Nimitz there will be perhaps twelve or fifteen enormous water wagons mopping up. For lesser causes there are fewer wagons. But no matter the number they come up the avenue like Niagara Falls . . . and stop for nothing. For sometime after they pass there is considerable puddle-jumping and pushing and always a few watery mishaps. Then, everyone settles down again to regular business, content to wait for the next parade. There's something about these water wagons that makes the whole thing seem awfully final . . . like emptying the ash trays before one's guests have quite got out the door. But, one can't be sensitive . . . c'est Manhattan.

What did we say about bringing that long dress and dinner coat to town with you? It was offered as a sort of suggestion with no thought of popularity.

This time it is a sort of grim warning. LaRue's has already announced that patrons won't be seated unless in evening dress and no doubt the Wedgewood Room, the Iridium Room and many others will quickly follow suit. And these super places usually mean what they say. With a certified check and a letter from the President one might get into a remote corner wearing a lounge suit and short dress . . . but it is doubtful. Even at a distance one might be a contaminating influence; and as for daring to get on the dance floor . . . that would be completely out. But, as we've said before . . . once you get fancied up and have a bracer it isn't too gruesome.

While traffic is jamming up the streets these days in no frail way, that is just one of Manhattan's lesser headaches. Hotels are having to resort to "wailing desks." Getting a room now is something out of this world and keeping it is something else again. There is a New York

State law which says that **HOSTELRY HEADACHES** anyone paying their hotel bill cannot be put out of a room; but hotel managers have a glint in their eyes that says, "Smile when you say that, pawdner." So, unless you want to have your mortality vaporized, also your luggage, plan to get going when your allotted time is up.

Elizabeth Arden's, lush trap for beauty seekers, now has a preferred list of patrons. The famous hair salon was beginning to look like Times Square and something had to be done to keep women and machines from being irreparably entangled. French-sheared dogs with their bright leashes snarled around permanent wave machines and dryers don't help a thing . . . but they seem to be on the preferred list. However, being the recipients of much baby talk, they tend to lighten the atmosphere of an otherwise

harassing experience which may be a good thing. Anyway, you may go . . . but they stay.

Dorothy Shay is back again at Maisonette in the Hotel St. Regis singing songs and influencing people. There is something so natural and refreshing about this tall gal with her wide collection of songs that she has build up a tremendous following. There's nothing wrong with the informal coziness of Maisonette itself either. But there definitely will be something wrong if you don't make a reservation. The Blue Angel also is going great guns these days. It's one of those spots where one is likely, unintentionally, to get into someone else's conversation due to the fact that one only occasionally gets a glimpse of one's date through the maze of busy elbows on flight duty 'round completely inadequate tables, and can't tell to whom one is talking to whom. After ten o'clock the entertainment in this little room is super and continuous. No food . . . just drinks. Until ten, however, dinner is served in the entrance room . . . is seldom crowded, sweet music (piano and violin), candle light and delightful. For awhile it looks as though the place is going in the red for the evening but by ten-fifteen one looks

'round in a who-said-that manner.

One of the most difficult libations to get in New York is the simple bourbon or scotch with chopped ice and lemon peel in an old-fashioned glass. They'll put bitters or something extra in it every time. After several rejections

INTOXICOLOGY and patient explanations one will be informed that what they want is, depending on the locale . . . a Mist, On the Rocks, Highball, Jr., Aristocrat, Cold Tody or a oh-you-mean-just-plain-bourbon-with-ice. It's simpler to ask for a Starboard Light or something else equally involved that calls for intense research and companionate tip.

On the whole, new shows this season have been terribly disappointing. The vehicles themselves seem to be either too grim a subject, or too foolish, to stay on the boards for more than a few days. There have been countless openings and closings. Even top-notch stars (and Broadway is full of them now) are unable to give them the necessary transfusion of dramatic appeal to make them good entertainment. There hasn't been one real, new hit. The critics are tired of it all . . . but definitely. At first they were just "sorry about the whole thing" but now they are regretting their calling in well turned sentences that may lead to open rebellion. Ah, me . . . well, there are more openings scheduled and a little gold mine waiting for someone. In the meantime you can't beat the old standbys.



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

For classified faux pas of the month we nominate this one from a recent issue of the Kansas City Times:

GIRLS—Sexual openings available for filling and clerical positions; no experience necessary, except a willingness to learn and a desire for a permanent position; short hours and excellent working conditions. Apply or write personnel dept., Kansas City Life Ins. Co., 3520 Broadway.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

- ★ **AMBASSADOR.** The Cocktail Lounge is one of the suave gathering places for radio people. Jules Lande's orchestra in the dining room for dinner and supper, except Sunday. \$2 up. Adler's concert music in the Gold Room. Park at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.
- ★ **ASTOR.** It's the Columbia room for dining and dancing to Jose Morand's orchestra. Cover after ten. An interesting experience is the Hunting room. Try it. Times Square. Ci. 6-6000.
- ★ **BAL TABARIN.** Amusing decor and good fun at this Broadway-Parisian night club. Lou Harold's band, Montmartre Girls and others. Minimum \$1.50 on Saturdays and holidays. 225 W. 46th. Ci. 0949.
- ★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** A neat revue with Kathryn Duffy dancers, Bobby Baxter and Hal Horton. Pianistic obligato at cocktails. Rhumba matinees Saturday. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.
- ★ **BILTMORE.** Joseph Sudy's orchestra alternating with Mario Hurtada's rhumbas. Dancers Fred and Elaine Barry and Cardini, the magician. Music by Mischa Raginsky at cocktails. Madison at 43rd. Mu. 9-7920.
- ★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Night club devoted to hep stuff and folk songs. Josh White, Stephen Foster melodist. Benny Morton's band. Minimum \$2.50. Closed Mondays. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.
- ★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Music by Ed Hall's orchestra in sophisticated surroundings. Also Gene Field's trio. Minimum \$3.50. 128 East 58th. Pl. 5-9223.
- ★ **CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Complicated Russian food. Shows at 8:48 and 12. Minimum \$2.50 after ten. 157 W. 56th. Ci. 6-6116.
- ★ **COMMODORE.** Vaughn Monroe's modern rhythms offer an excellent variation with Mischel Goerner's string ensemble in the Century room. Luncheon and dinner in Tudor room. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.
- ★ **COPACABANA.** Popular and showy night club starring Joe E. Lewis, dancers Vanya and D'Angelo, and of course the Samba Sirens. Music by Joel Herron and Noro Morales. 10 East 60th. Pl. 8-1060.
- ★ **EL MOROCCO.** Chauncy Gray's orchestra in lush Casablanca atmosphere. \$2 cover charge after 7. Superb food. 154 East 54th. El. 5-8769.
- ★ **ESSEX HOUSE.** In Casino-on-the-Park, Stan Keller's orchestra plays the evening long. Minimum Saturday after 10 p. m. \$0.00. No dancing or entertainment Mondays. 100 Central Park S. Ci. 7-0300.
- ★ **LEXINGTON.** Host Charlie Rochester presents restful Hawaiian revues with Hal Aloma and his orchestra. Shows 7:45, 10 and 12. Jenö Bartel's orchestra Mondays. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.
- ★ **NICK'S.** It is here where the jivesters of Gotham cluster around Miff Mole's trombone, Muggay Spanier's cornet and Pee-wee Russell's clarinet. Minimum after ten \$1; Saturdays, \$1.50. Dinner from \$1.50. 170 W. 10th. Ch. 2-6683.
- ★ **PENNSYLVANIA.** One of New York's most dreamy spots with the musical perfection of Sta Kenton. Dinner from \$2.50. Cover \$1 except weekends when it's \$1.50. 7th at 33rd. Pl. 6-5000.
- ★ **PIERRE.** Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba orchestra with Myrus, the man with the seeing eye brain. Minimum after 10, \$1.50. 5th Avenue at 61st. Re. 4-5900.
- ★ **PLAZA.** Persian room is a meticulous choice. Closed all day and evening on Sunday. Cocktails or tea dancing with Léo Lefleur's orchestra. 5th and 59th. Pl. 3-1740.
- ★ **ROOSEVELT.** That Guy Lombardo is back, for his empty-ump season. No cover charge at dinner. Men's Bar open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. Madison at 45th. Mu. 6-9200.
- ★ **ST. REGIS.** Paul Sparr's orchestra alternates with Theodora Brooks at the organ for good dancing and listening. Penthouse for cocktails before luncheon or dinner. 5th avenue at 55th. Pl. 3-4500.
- ★ **SAVOY PLAZA, CAFE LOUNGE.** Dancin' daily from 5 to Cal Gilford's music, alternating with Clemente's Marimba band with Nita Ross. 5th avenue at 58th. Vo. 5-2600.
- ★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** Spivy herself takes charge of entertainment, ably abetted by Carter and Bow at the twin pianos. Minimum Monday through Thursday, \$1.50; Friday and Saturday, \$2.55.
- ★ **STORK CLUB.** Alberto Linno and band play rhumbas. Eric Correa's orchestra for modern rhythms. \$2 cover after 10 weekdays. Saturday \$3. 3 East 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.
- ★ **TAFT.** For nearly two years Vincent Lopez has been, and will be for some time, your genial host at "Luncheon With Lopez." (MUTUAL 12:30 p. m.) Times Square. Ci. 7-4000.
- ★ **TAVERN ON THE GREEN.** Famous for his pianistic ability alone, not to mention a fine orchestra, Hughie Barrett furnishes the setting for continuous dancing. The Angie Bond trio fill in. Minimum weekdays after 9, \$1. Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. RI 4-4700.
- ★ **VERSAILLES.** Revue starring Jimmy Carroll and a line of lovely, languid showgirls. Joe Ricardel and his music. Minimum after 10, \$2.50. Higher weekends. 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.
- ★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Country style night club with hillbilly games and square dances called by Tiny Clark. Revue with Eddie Ashman's orchestra. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. 9-8340.
- ★ **VILLAGE VANGUARD.** Blues by Big Bill and good music for dancing and listening by A. Hodes trio. Minimum \$2.50 weekends. Closed Mondays. 178 7th avenue. Ch. 2-9355.
- ★ **ZANZIBAR.** The "Mood Indigo" man himself Duke Ellington, holds forth in this beautiful blue and silver Broadway oasis. Minimum after 10 \$3.50. Broadway at 49th. Ci. 7-7380.

*Ways to a man's heart . . .**New York Theatre*

P L A Y S

★ **ALGONQUIN.** Many famous plays, gags and drinks were brewed up by the writers, actors and celebrities who never let this place alone. Cocktails in the lobby or at the bar. Good music and excellent food. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0101.

★ **CHAMPS ELYSEES.** Paul Bunyon helpings of delicious French food in comfortable setting. Dinner, \$1.35 and up. 25 East 40th. Le. 2-0342.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOPHOUSE.** Shakespearean chophouse with such hearty specialties as pork chops, and, for a fine variety, sea food. Dinner \$1.50 and up. 490 Lexington. Pl. 8-0354.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor) to food, to more drinks (top of tower), 26th floor. Open 5 to midnight. 49th and First avenue. El. 5-7300.

★ **CHRIST CELLA.** Hearty foods in simple surroundings. Men make a big go for this fine restaurant. Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45th. Mu. 2-9557.

★ **DICK THE OYSTERMAN.** Regal seafood, steaks and chops. Good variety of fresh oysters and clams. Closed Sunday and holidays. 75 East 8th. St. 9-8046.

★ **DICKENS ROOM.** Take a piano, add a jigger of old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens characters wandering around, and you have the Dickens Room. Not inexpensive, but distinctive. 20 East 9th. 9-8969.

★ **GRIPSHOLM.** Authentic Swedish food served from the likeness of a Copenhagen suburban garden. Smorgasbord. Regular dinner, \$1.75. 324 East 57th. El. 5-8476.

★ **HAMPSHIRE ROOM.** Fine English cuisine in historic setting. Francis Dvorak's string ensemble at luncheon and dinner. \$2 and up. 150 Central Park. Ci. 6-7700.

★ **JACK DEMPSEY'S.** The old nose basher has turned food and drink purveyor with as much punch as his former profession. No dancing, but some interesting people and good entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49th. Co. 5-7875.

★ **JUMBLE SHOP.** A big dining room and cozy bar with some fascinating paintings. Popular with the Villagers for many years. 28 West 8th. Sp. 7-2540.

★ **LITTLE SHRIMP.** A new seafood house featuring charcoal broiled fish, steaks, chops. Luncheon from 75 cents. 226 W. 23rd. Wa. 9-9093.

★ **LUCHOW'S.** Has been building and improving on a reputation for good food and congeniality since 1882. Orchestra music from 7-10. Closed Mondays. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

★ **SHERRY-NETHERLAND.** Quiet and elegant dining room. Mezzanine offers a grand view of Central Park. Serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. 5th Avenue at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.

★ **TOOTS SHOR'S.** Featuring chicken, duck, steak and roast beef. Luncheon and dinner ala carte. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ **ZUCCA'S.** Fine Italian fare in a spacious dining room and bar. A la carte in Venetian and Garden Rooms. 118 W. 49th. Br. 9-5511.

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9056). Sensational drama, definitely not for the whole family, but beautifully played by an all-Negro cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **A BELL FOR ADANO.** (Cort, 48th W. of B'way. Br. 9-0046). This dramatization of the well known Hersey novel makes an excellent, moving play concerning the Allied occupation of Italy. Starring Frederick March. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DARK OF THE MOON.** (46th Street Theater, W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6075). A musical drama given inspiration of the Barbara Allen folk song, about a witch boy who loved a Smoky Mountain gal. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Henry Miller, 43rd E. of B'way. Br. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs name of older sister. Stars Lenor Lonergan; directed by Moss Hart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE ASSASSIN.** (National Theater, 41st W. of B'way. Pe. 6-8280). A strong drama with Frank Sundstrom, Harold Humber and Clay Clement.

★ **THE GLASS MENAGERIE.** (E. of B'way on 48th. Br. 9-3565). A tremendous hit, moving and beautiful. This marks the return of probably America's greatest actress, Laurette Taylor. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th St. Theater, E. of B'way. Br. 9-4566). Delightful comedy fantasy, bubbling over with chuckles. About a genial boozehound and an invisible six-foot rabbit. A Pulitzer prizor. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA.** (Music Box, 45th street W. of B'way). Hilarious, funny, tender and touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **RICH FULL LIFE.** (Golden, 45th St. West of B'way.) Gilbert Miller presents Judith Evelyn in one of the newest plays of the year. Every week night. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

★ **THE RUGGED PATH.** (Plymouth, 45th St. West of B'way.) Spencer Tracy in Robert E. Sherwood's much debated new play. Evenings at 8:30, matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson Theater, 141 West 44th St.) Ralph Bellamy and Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick and Kay Johnson. Weeknights, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ **SECRET ROOM.** (Royale, 45th St., West of B'way.) A new mystery play with Frances Dee and Reed Brown, jr. Weeknights, with matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.** (Lyceum, 45th street E. of B'way. Ch. 4-4256). George Kauffman's dramatization of the book by J. P. Marquand, featuring Leo Carroll. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45th street W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6230). John Van Druten's gay, witty and romantic comedy about a soldier on leave in Gotham and two girls. A wonderful cast of three includes Martha Scott of Kansas City. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35. Nightly at 8:35.

MUSICALS

★ **ARE YOU WITH IT?** (Century, 59th St. and 7th Ave.) A bright, new musical presented by Richard Kollmar and James W. Gardiner, with Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs and Lew Parker. Weeknights except Sunday. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ **BLOOMER GIRL.** (Shubert, 44th street W. of B'way. Ci. 6-5990). A charming musical conjured up around the age-old question of women's suffrage, with Nan Fabray and Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic, 44th street W. of B'way. Ci. 6-0730). A Theatre Guild production of the musical play based on "Lilliom," with the setting in New England in 1870. This is the one in which June huts out all over. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **FOLLOW THE GIRLS.** (Broadhurst, 44th street W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6699). Fast, rowdy, showy, filled with girls, dancing, singing, and Gertrude Neisen. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **GIRL FROM NANTUCKET.** (Adelphi, 54th St. East of B'way.) A new musical comedy with Jack Durant and Jane Kean. Every weeknight, with matinees Saturday and Sunday.

★ **HATS OFF TO THE ICE.** (Center Theater, 6th avenue at 49th. Co. 5-5474). Stars on ice, ballets, pageants, comics and fun. Includes dozens of blade headliners. Weeknights except Monday,

8:40; Sundays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **MARINKA.** (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th. Ci. 7-5161). A musical comedy version of Mayerling, with a happy ending. Stars Kansas City's Harry Stockwell. Nightly except Sunday 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ON THE TOWN.** (Martin Beck, 45th W. or 8th Ave. Ci. 6-6363). One of the year's smartest revues with comedy, dancing and song. Bernstein music; Jerome Robbins choreography. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James, 44th street W. of B'way. La. 4-4664). The Theatre Guild's hit musical has passed its 1,110th performance, becoming the second longest-run musical on Broadway, topped only by "Hellzapoppin'" with 1,404. Just as wonderful as everybody says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (Ziegfeld Theater, 54th and 6th Ave. Ci. 5-5200). A dashing musical with Michael O'Shea, Eddie Foy, jr., and Dorothy Stone.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Imperial, 45th street W. of B'way. Co. 5-2412). Colorful, tuneful and elaborate. A story based on the life of Edvard Grieg, with Grieg music. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **UP IN CENTRAL PARK.** (Broadway, Broadway at 53rd. Ci. 7-2887). A lively and entertaining musical more on the order of an operetta than a musical. Stars Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon and Noah Beery, Sr. Some beautiful sets and nice dancing. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OLONAISE.** (Alvin Theater, 52nd W. of B'way. Ci. 5-6868). Leans heavily on Mr. Chopin and his brother who seem poles apart. Lichine ballets, and some of Riabouchinskaya's very nice dancing. Interesting sets. Nightly, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

RACING, ROLLING, BALLS OF FIRE

PRAIRIE fires were the worst terror of pioneers on the treeless plains of the West. Frosts would kill the tall prairie grass, leaving it dry and brittle. Fires then started easily and would go racing across the prairies in a great wall of flame. The rate of speed varied greatly but was usually about 8 or 10 miles an hour. The flames often leaped fifty feet in the air. One pioneer telling about a prairie fire said, "We would read fine print one-half mile or more away." Smoke could be seen for many miles.

The pioneer settler circled his cabin and cattle sheds with a broad strip of bare stamped earth for protection against prairie fires. Fires would often leap this strip of earth; so the pioneer learned to fight fire with fire. As soon as a prairie fire was seen the settler started a backfire with firebrands. With hazelbrush brooms to control and direct his own fire he burned a strip around his fields and started his little blaze to meet the great flames roaring toward him.

A prairie fire was a truly great sight. S. H. M. Byers, Civil War hero and poet, said, "I would travel a hundred miles to witness a prairie fire, to see a sea of flame and experience the wild excitement of those times long gone."

—Hubert L. Moeller

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** For hangar flyin' and coffee, or a sideslip into a booth or table for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, the airport restaurant is right on your frequency. The food, too, is 100 octane. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** Check your six-shooters at the door, pal, and come on in and drape yourself around some first class chow in this metropolitan edition of the old Bar-X ranch. Pick yourself a good critter and trail her around the old cow trails on the walls. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **EL NOPAL.** Authentic Mexican food and waitress. Both good. A small and unpretentious place that serves wonderful enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works. 6 p. m. to 2:30 p. m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ **GREEN PARROT INN.** Just a short drive out on Highway 50 where Mrs. Dowd maintains an establishment of real quality, with excellent food served in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms. Better have a reservation. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ **JOY'S GRILL.** (Formerly known as Jan's). Notable mostly because it is open all night (except Tuesdays when it's closed entirely) and because it's a clean and nice-looking red-and-blond place to have a snack or a full meal at almost any time. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Delicious Chinese and American food served by Don Toy in a spacious upstairs restaurant overlooking the busy downtown areas. Luncheon and dinner. 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Paneled and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish and specializing in good food. Entrance from 12th street or the Muehlebach lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD.** South-of-the-border atmosphere and food, prepared by a native Mexican chef. Now open for the fall and winter season. On the Plaza. 618 W. 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** The only seafood house in town; deep sea delicacies prepared by experts in this art. Open 10:30 a. m. to 8 p. m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **MARTIN'S.** "Chicken in the Rough." A platter full of southern fried chicken at a nominal price. Lots of dining rooms, a cafeteria, and two bars in this mammoth establishment. On the Plaza. 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Myron Green insists in poetry, prose, and on big signboards that you can't beat women's cooking. He offers two places, 1115 Walnut (VI. 8690) and Myron's on the Plaza as exhibits A. 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A pleasant eating place not too far from the Union station for an epicurean sendoff between trains, as well as a place to mark down as one of your good habits. 217 Pershing road. HA. 5688.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** An "about-town" room, cozy and congenial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Alberta Bird at the Novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **TIFFIN ROOM.** Full of business men and cretonne. Wolferman's famous food gets better and better as it goes up—from the downstairs grill, past the balcony, to the second floor. A large, pleasant room serving luncheon only. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's a cafeteria managed neatly by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher style cooking with most of your favorite kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families like it for a tribal pow-wow, especially on Sundays. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** A convenient drive-in circular restaurant. No matter where you park your lizzie it is always faced in the right direction. Just flash your lights for service. Or you may prefer red leather and golden oak booths and tables inside. On the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** Martin Weiss is all over the place welcoming the same folks back day after day who have formed envious eating habits in this place. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **ATER-HORN MUSEUM.** Really worth the trip just to see the two-headed calf, collection of powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn

heads, not to mention George Ater's incomparable Old Fashions and steaks. If you can make your way through the clutter of curios you can have your picture taken atop a bucking bronco. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** They come back night after night to watch Josh Johnson bounce around on the illuminated keyboard. An arrangement of mirrors makes you see quadruple—no, Mr. Boogie's fingers really fly that fast. Luncheon, dinner, afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Park your car at the Congress garage and go in through the back door. You'll stay, too, because Alma Hatten is a Pied Piper on the electric organ. And the food is excellent, too. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A pleasant combination of good service, congeniality and music, with the latter served up by pretty Pauline Neece. Piano interludes from 6:30 until 1:00. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Practically always crowded but certainly worth a try for a table or booth. Your reward will be terrific ravioli dishes and genuine Italian spaghetti. Service from 4 p. m. until midnight except on Sundays when the place is closed. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** This attractive little gold and blue room is now under the new management of Glenn E. Wood. Dave McClain, pianist, just out of Uncle Sam's navy, takes his guests on a melodic cruise every night but Sunday. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Ken Prater features the biggest hamburgers you ever saw, and the richest pies at this spacious eatery formerly known as the Bismarck Grill. No breakfast or dinner. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MISSOURI HOTEL BAR.** What was once the lobby of a famous hotel is now a big dine-and-drinkin' room festooned to the rafters with taxidermy. Stuffed sailfish and mounted moose look down hungrily on your barbecued ribs. Gus Fitch is the genial host. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** A quick one at the bar in front and then step right back to the dining room for spaghetti, steaks or delicious meatball sandwiches. Overhead, some nice lights hung with beer steins. Across from Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ **PICADILLY ROOM.** An attractive blue room downstairs from the bus station. Quite a gathering spot for local radio personalities. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** With the maple-mauling season in full swing, inspiration for a 250 game may be found in luncheon and cocktail room of one of the midwest's finest layout of alleys. Comfy, congenial and air-conditioned. 430 Alameda Road. On the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Here's a very comfortable lounge with some admirable dinin' and drinkin' qualities. In case you run out of conversation there's Kay Van Lee, the graphologist, and pretty Zola Palmer at the Solovox. 614 West 48th On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL.** Upstairs and downstairs and all around the counter there's good food three times a day. Downstairs is an ideal place to sit and solve weighty world problems. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** Usually has more standing than sitting because there's more room perpendicularly. Inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Dim, historic and dignified with the finest foods and drinks. Lobsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** It would take a big cop and a warrant to pry Jeannie Leitt away from this neighborly place, and a posse to keep the folks from crowding around this pretty gal at the piano. She plays boogie and sings in a big, deep voice. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **VERDI'S RESTAURANT.** Native Italian food in a colorful Latin setting, just a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour. VA. 9388.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** The way to get off on the right foot on your transcontinental journey is to flag down the Chief and have 'em wait while you surround some food and liquid inspiration at this famous spot. Confidentially, that's why so many trains run late. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** This is a shoppers' special where you can bring the bundles, your spouse, or a nice date and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 to 5, two drinks for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **EL CABANA.** Just off the sidewalk and always crowded. Something real nice about this place is the music, personality and charm of Alberta Bird at the Novachord. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** A dimy and cushiony room famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. You get in from the lobby or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Flickering two-reelers where the villain always cuts somebody in two with a buzz saw are the chief attraction here. It's a microscopic lounge, so you better get there early. State Hotel, 12th street between Wyandotte and Baltimore. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Oasis on the third floor. A melee of palm fronds, grass skirts and bamboo. Patricia O'Dare at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 until 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Jolly Jane Jones (whose broken arm is mending nicely, thank you) sings at the piano, alternating with the Latin screenaders, Joaquin and Diane. They have been around for some time. However, the newest sensation at the Zephyr is Bianca Hall, who sings and plays. She is a graduate of the University

of Turin, Italy, and a daughter of the famous "Grock," the Charley Chaplin of Europe. Open at 11 a. m.; entertainment from 3 p. m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** A roomy lounge of no definite shape and a small dance floor around the corner in front of Judy Conrad's orchestra. Gordon Cummings, Marilyn Bliss and Billy Snider, the world's smallest trumpet tooter, are featured. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** Herman Walders swing trio keeps the cats on the prowl 'til closing. There's food available, too, if you can keep from beating the place to pieces. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Jimmy Tucker and his smooth, danceable rhythms are heard nightly on the edge of the tiny dance floor. Food is usually pretty fine. Try the Drum Bar for incidental drinking. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **ED-BERN'S** at the Colony Restaurant. Music in the air to augment delicious foods. Luncheon, dinner and after theater snacks with music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Sheila Rogers, pert young comedian with a satirical viewpoint on bigwigs of stage, screen and radio, runs the gamut of ridiculous every night but Sunday. Also featured is Marian Colby, comedian, a singer with her own special getup of songs, and Harl Smith's orchestra. Cover, except at the bar, weekdays, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50; dinner from \$1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30 to 4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Noisy, amiable place where lots of people dance with other people to Julia Lee's music and the rest sit, sip and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PLANTATION.** A cozy supper club with a small dance floor and just a pleasant drive from

downtown Kansas City. Currently featured is Vic Cofin and his Chicagoans. Highway 40, East.

★ **LACANTINA.** A chummy, not-too-expensive cocktail room downstairs in the Hotel Bellerive. Carl Whyte entertains at the piano from 6 p. m. to 1:30. No cover, no minimum, no tax. Hotel Bellerive. VA. 7047.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Tommy Flynn, his violin and his orchestra set the dancing pace for the smart set in this spacious but congenial dining room. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SKY-HY ROOF.** Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights the Roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table. No set-ups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suave atmosphere and music, with Dee Peterson and his excellent music. One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. No bar; mixed drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** One milestone up the long trail to stardom that every big time orchestra has observed is an engagement in the pink and white Terrace Grill of Kansas City's famous Hotel Muehlebach. From Jan Garber, way back in 1929, to Guy Lombardo in the middle thirties, and even Woody Herman not so many years ago, the Grill has run the gamut of big names in the orchestra world. Phil Levant and his orchestra came in two weeks ago but have been held over until the latter part of November. Phone Gordon for your reservation. Hotel Muehlebach. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A fifteen minute ride from downtown out to 79th and Wornall will introduce you to the famous composer of "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street," Dale Jones, and his Hollywood orchestra. Food, drinks and dancing until four in the morning. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A cozy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main with a juke box grinding out the latest platters. No eats, just drinks and fun. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

A couple of classroom sessions yielded these fuller explanations of two words that could stand it. One came from a strapping youngster whose teacher asked for the meaning of the word "Utopia." Came the answer: "My father has no trouble getting cigarettes, my mother can get all the steaks she wants, and I—well, I beat up four guys older than me yesterday. And if anyone can do better than that, my definition stinks!"

The second came from a professor who had been asked the meaning of "millennium": "It's the fellow who can take five highballs at one sitting, then walk a straight line and get a reservation on a train to Chicago on an hour's notice."

—William Ornstein.



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

PICTURES EXPECTED IN NOVEMBER — IN KANSAS CITY

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

THAT NIGHT WITH YOU—A great big musical concerning a girl's ambition to go on the stage. You'll go away humming the new tunes sung by Susanna Foster and applauded by Franchot Tone, David Bruce, and Louise Allbright.

THE DOLLY SISTERS—Life of the famous vaudeville team as it might have been. Betty Grable and June Haver portray the Dolly sister team in this leggy, rollicking film.

FALLEN ANGEL—Alice Faye back again after long-time-no-see. Gives a nice performance, aided by Dana Andrews.

UNCLE HARRY—George Sanders plays Uncle Harry and Geraldine Fitzgerald his morbidly jealous sister in this adaptation of the Broadway play. (Companion Picture) **MEN IN HER DIARY**—Peggy Ryan being as funny as only Peggy Ryan can be! If you're a P. R. fan, as we are, you'll roll in the aisles.

LOEW'S MIDLAND

HER HIGHNESS AND THE BELLBOY—Hedy Lamarr as Her Highness and Bob Walker as you-know-who provide lots of fun in a frothy comedy plot. An improbable situation, but with Hedy Lamarr (and June Allyson, too)—we love it! (Companion Picture) **CRIME DOCTOR'S WARNING**—Warner Baxter turns sleuth again and solves the whodunnit plot very neatly.

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Van Johnson and Walter Pidgeon team up for a fabulous time at the fabulous Waldorf. Just like the salad of the same name, the picture has a crisp, dramatic quality that makes it "good theatre."

NEWMAN

MILDRED PIERCE—Murder and blackmail in the suburbs—a tedious plot, capably handled by a competent cast. Joan Crawford gives the best performance of her career.

LOVE LETTERS—Joseph Cotten writes love letters to Jennifer Jones—who, in turn, marries her fiancé (not Joe, but another guy)—who, in turn, is murdered. After Joe and Jenny get out of this mess, they live happily ever after.

RKO ORPHEUM

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—A musical extravaganza in the best G. White tradition. Jack Haley, Joan Davis and Gene Krupa are among the many stars in the picture. (Companion Picture) **THE UNSEEN**—Joel McCrea, Gail Russell and Herbert Marshall are featured in this chiller-diller.

FIRST YANK IN TOKYO—Another exciting war picture, featuring Tom Neal, Barbara Hale, and the atomic bomb.

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—Dramatization of the life of George Gershwin—with a number of the favorite Gershwin melodies provide an authentic musical flavor. Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, etc.

THE TOWER

Stage and screen: Always triple-decker (2 screen feature and a stage revue) with garnish of newsreel, comedy, etc. Just one way to while away five or six hours. (Features not posted in advance.)

FOLLY THEATRE

Vaudeville and girlie shows the semi-lusty sort. (Feature not posted in advance.)



Swing Around

KANSAS CITY'S fighting, flying Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead came home from the Pacific the other day. As the general's plane arrived the army lashed out from nowhere with formations of Thunderbolts and B-29s. The silvery Flying Fortresses circled the field and dropped softly on the concrete runway of the Kansas City Municipal Airport.

It was a perfect landing and the assemblage of silver-winged officers among the greeting committee commented on the good work of the lieutenant colonel who customarily flies the general around in the big plane with three white stars emblazoned on the fuselage.

General Whitehead kept the welcoming committee, half a dozen or more anxious photographers and a covey of reporters waiting a moment or two before he emerged from the plane. The charming Mrs. Whitehead and their army nurse daughter gave their pop a succession of hugs he will remember a long time.

The general slowly made his way through the crowd to the official procession, but not until he had shook hands all around. "Hello, Kansas City, I'm glad to be home," the General spoke into a WHB microphone handed him by Dick Smith. It wasn't much to say, but General Whitehead could have said nothing more genuine in an hour and a half. He really meant it.

Probably the calmest person on the lot was General Whitehead himself.

"There's a fighting, two-fisted general, yet he's so darn human and easy to talk to," someone remarked. "No wonder he is head of the Fifth Air Force." Mayor John B. Gage and City Manager L. B. Cookingham overheard the remark and added their enthusiastic dittos.

Pretty soon the procession was screaming away from the airport and things began to quiet down.

Your scribe, always awed by big airplanes, strode over and petted the Fortress like a big, beautiful canary. Just about that time one of the crew members stepped out, stretched, looked around at Kaycee's aeronautical pride and joy. "Boy, this is a real layout."

Your nose reporter shot the air forces officer a quick, two-minute, one-way quiz, which ended with this remark: "Sir, who was at the controls when you fellows came in? . . . that was one of the finest landings the fellows around here ever saw."

"The pilot?" inquired the lieutenant. "Oh, he always makes good landings. His name is Lieutenant General Ennis C. Whitehead."



BOWLOBITUARY

IT was in Chicago, on North La Crosse Avenue, but anyhow, Harold came home one night smelling like a baked potato. And Mrs. Strey stood amazed as Harold wobbled through the back door, with burned embers and soot sticking out of his hair and ears.

She knew it was the old alley speedster's bowling night, and his being late, on top of smelling like an abandoned campfire, was as surprising as the Japanese surrender.

But it all came about this way.

Our friend was sneaking home five minutes late from his letter detail at the Main Chicago postoffice, ruminating on how he could hike his average up from 190 to 190½, when all of a sudden he *smelt fire.

And sure enough, what he saw was a finger-wave of smoke curling out of a window of his favorite maple mausoleum, the Bowlatorium at 1133 North Milwaukee. He slammed the aging Ponty to a stop, sprinted across the street and

smashed the glass in a fire alarm box.

It wasn't long before eight fire wagons converged from 11 directions, and our little hero pitched in to help. And then, all of a sudden—woooosh! All the windows blew out and our friend got a face full. He sorrowfully helped carry out bowling miscellany, shoes, balls, and even stopped for an armful of precious, highly testimonial score sheets. But he stuck around until the pin palace was as burned out as a pin wheel July 5th.

And that's the story behind Mr. Strey's bowling average developing a case of dropsy.

(* A small silvery fish, but what difference does it make?)

● THAT'S DIFFERENT

The vice squad of the (KANSAS CITY) police department was out giving the policy joints around 18th and Vine a going over not long ago. Guess it was during the first week in October. They had the brawl wagon about half full of lucky number operators when one of the raiding officers glanced impatiently at his watch.

"Tell the boys to get a move on 'em . . . We gotta get back to the station in time to get in on the world's series pool."



● MUSEUM PIECE

From Florence, Italy, a lieutenant (who once worked on the staff of the *New Yorker*) writes to a friend of ours: "Dear D—, Spent all day Wednesday with the old masters; the night with the old mistresses. Am now about to come home."

● NOT FELLEZ SO GOOD

Our old pal Gus Fellenz, who is advertising manager of a Wisconsin news-

paper, hired a new gal for the classified department. He spent the next three weeks fending off irate Methodists and here's why:

(Monday edition)

"RUBBISH SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited."

(Tuesday edition)

"RUMISH SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited."

(A later edition)

"RUMMAGE SALE—Methodist church basement. Lunch will be served. The public is cordially invited."

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

Editor

JETTA CARLETON

Managing Editor

DAVID W. HODGINS

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Contributing Staff

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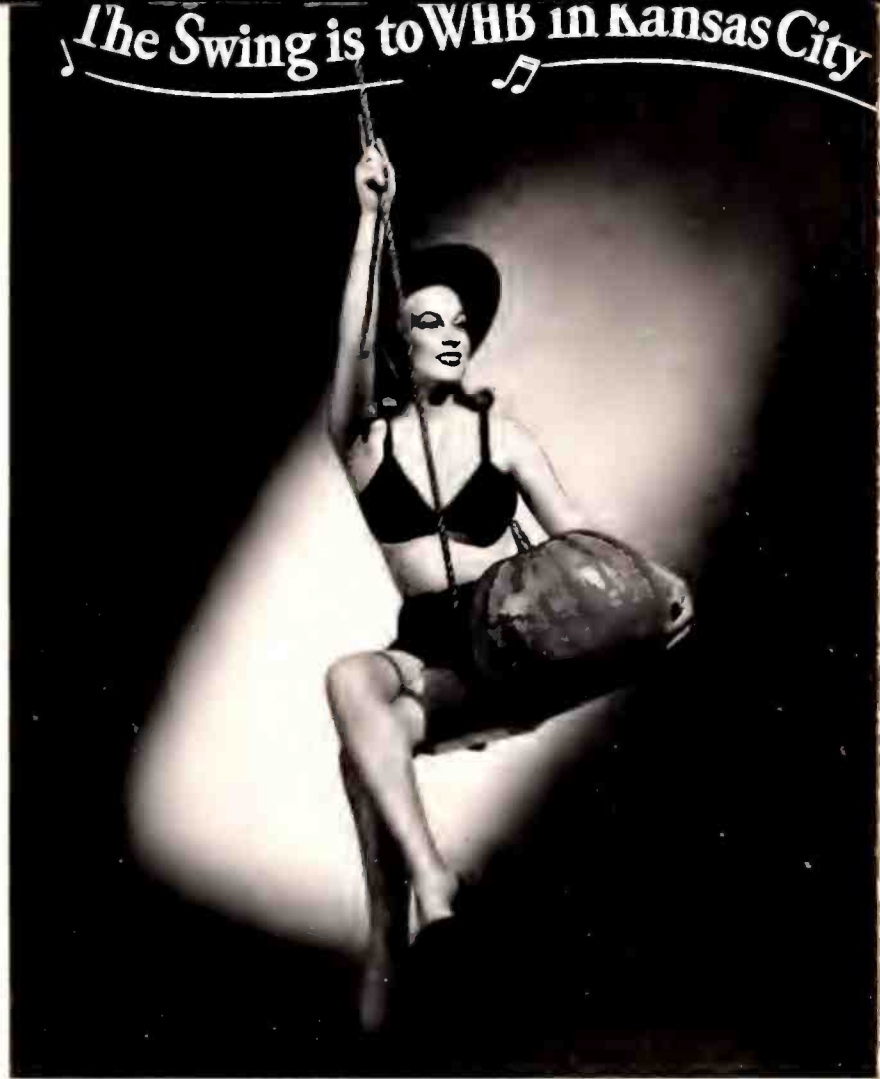
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The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



YOU'LL like doing business with WHB, the station with "agency point-of-view" . . . where every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in spots. Swing along with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

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KANSAS CITY 6
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HArrison 1161



KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX May thru Sept. '45	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A.M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A.M.—12 Noon	23.1	26.5	19.7	10.6	13.1	5.5
WEEKDAYS P.M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P.M.	19.9	23.4	29.6	14.8	9.5	1.7
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P.M.	16.2	34.7	20.5	13.8	11.8	2.6
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.	21.9	29.6	20.6	17.2	7.9	2.0

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

