

# Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

DECEMBER  
1945  
25c



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

## GENERAL MARSHALL ON WHB

A FEW SECONDS after he stepped from an army transport, General George C. Marshall spoke a cheery "Hello" to this part of the country. The former chief of staff, now ambassador to China, came to Kansas City to address a huge throng at the Municipal Auditorium on the occasion of the 80th anniversary of the Salvation Army. His arrival here was planned with the utmost secrecy; but there was Dick Smith and the WHB Magic Carpet right on the spot! Dick has had Generals Eisenhower, Whitehead, Wainwright and Marshall on the air, and seems to have earned the title of Kansas City's official "general greeter."



## HERO OF CORREGIDOR

Hundreds of Kansas Citizens took this first view of General Jonathan M. Wainwright as he stepped from his Four Star C-47 to officially open the Eighth War Drive. He was met by an honor guard, color squad, bands, and just about everybody the air could hold.

## "I SHOULD TALK"

"Yes, General Wainwright, this part of the country is waiting to hear the voice of a great hero," said Dick Smith. The General spoke just a few words, but they were treasured ones. The next day the General headed the greatest parade ever seen in Kansas City, more than five miles long; and everybody turned out to extend a welcome befitting a real hero.



"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

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**PICTURES**

(Center Section) Christmas art, loaned to Swing by Kansas City Public Library.  
 (Back Cover) The Country Club Plaza, Kansas City, in Christmas brilliance. Photo by Purd Wright II.



**T**HIS IS SWING'S FIRST CHRISTMASTIME. We wanted to wish you something special by way of Merry Christmases. But we shopped around and found we could do no better than to wish you Merry Christmas in all its old accoutrements: the stars, the whiff of cedar, the colored lights; the dash from the cold dusk into the warm sweet house; the tumbled stacks of greeting cards; the crowded trolleys; the readiness to forgive, to kiss, to buy a drink, to love thy neighbor . . . the Salvation Army bells ringing the reminder of the poor and the hungry; the carols, the big langorous poinsettias, the stampe, the egg-nog . . . and the Christmas Story, the sudden fierce and earnest yearning to believe . . . this is Christmas.

Even though Santa Claus forsakes Dunder and Blitzen for a B-29 this year; even though what Russia really wants for Christmas is the secret of the atomic bomb; even though Santa Claus turns out to be that Man from Missouri; even though shepherds watch their flocks by flood lights, and the wise men bring gifts of uranium—even so, Christmas comes again as beautiful as ever in our hearts. And we wish you peace on earth—with those across the room from you, the folks next door, and the men and women of six continents.

*Jetta*  
 Editor

# DECEMBER'S HEAVY DATES

## In Kansas City

### CONVENTIONS

- Dec. 3-5, Alumni Council, Dist. 6; American College Publicity Association. Muehlebach.
- Dec. 2-4, Carbonated Beverages Association. President.
- Dec. 5-7, VFW, Regional. Muehlebach and Auditorium.
- Dec. 11-12, Missouri-Kansas Shippers. Muehlebach.
- Dec. 12-14, Nat. Federation Women's Republican Clubs of America. Muehlebach.

### MUSIC

- Dec. 3—Philharmonic school concert, Music Hall (1:30 p.m.).
- Dec. 4-5—Philharmonic concert, Music Hall.
- Dec. 6—Victor Borge, Music Hall.
- Dec. 9—Philharmonic "Pop" concert, Music Hall.
- Dec. 10—Philharmonic school concert, Music Hall (1:30 p.m.). Carmilita Maracci, Spanish Dancer, Music Hall (8 p.m.).
- Dec. 11—Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, ballet, Music Hall.
- Dec. 16—Cab Callaway (A & N Presentation).
- Dec. 18-19—Philharmonic, Music Hall.
- Dec. 23—Philharmonic "Pop" concert, Music Hall.



### BOXING, BASKETBALL

#### (Municipal Auditorium)

- Dec. 3—Amateur Boxing, Arena.
- Dec. 10—Pro boxing, Ray Robinson, Fritzie Zivic, Arena.
- Dec. 11—Basketball, K. U. vs. Rockhurst.
- Dec. 14-15—Basketball, Big Six.
- Dec. 20—Basketball, San Diego vs. Kansas City.
- Dec. 27—Basketball, Denver vs. Kansas City.
- Dec. 28—Basketball, N. A. I.

### ON THE ICE

#### (Pla-Mor Arena)

Hockey, major league: Dec. 2, Tulsa vs. K. C. Pla-Mors; Dec. 5, St. Paul vs. K. C.; Dec. 9, Omaha vs. K. C.; Dec. 16, St. Paul vs. K. C.; Dec. 19, Minneapolis vs. K. C.; Dec. 30, Omaha vs. K. C. Ice skating nightly. Morning sessions Sat. and Sun. 10 a. m.-12 noon. Matinee Wed., 2:30-4:30.

### DANCING

#### (Pla-Mor Ballroom)

- Dec. 3—Al Donahue.
- Dec. 8—Jess Stacy.
- Dec. 15—Gene Krupa.
- Ozzie Clark's orchestra every Wed. Thurs. and Sunday, and Saturday, Dec. 29. Dancing 5:30 till midnight. Every Tuesday and Friday "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra.

### OTHER EVENTS

- Dec. 3—Town Hall. Music Hall.
- Dec. 17—Jewish Center, Mexican Holiday (Picture).
- Dec. 23—Mayor's Christmas Party (1:30 p.m.).



### THEATRE

- Dec. 12-18—Center Theatre Group's "Hired Husbands." 1600 Linwood Boulevard. Directed by Steve Black.

### ART EVENTS

"Portrait of America," 150 paintings from 5,000 canvases, nationwide. Almost every phase of American life is depicted. Month of December. William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art. Exhibitions at Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design December 1-30, Ken Riley, co-guard combat artist, and students GI exhibits.

Kansas City Museum: Dec. 6:30 p.m. Sunset supper sponsored by Kansas City Southern railroad. Dec. 9, opening of the Loose Room, in honor of the late Mrs. Jacob L. Loose.

# "Peace... But We Have *No* Peace"

*Russians believe they, more than others, won the war.*

by CEDRIC FOSTER

A NUMBER of years ago Winston Churchill wrote an essay in which he declared: "It has been said that those who could successfully prosecute a war could not write a successful peace, and, that, those who could write a successful peace never could have won the war."

The verity of that statement is now being tested in the crucible of flaming passions which are only too evident in the slowly-emerging post-war world. The council of ministers in London dissolved their meeting without reaching any agreement on the most fundamental of all questions, namely, what nations shall participate in the peace discussions. As the meeting broke up on the rocks of this impasse, it is perfectly plain that there is a seething discontent amongst many peoples, in both Europe and Asia. They are in sharp conflict regarding domestic problems and also their relationships with other nations. It may be argued with more than a modicum of logic that this is a natural concomitant of the cataclysmic upheaval which the world has witnessed in the last decade and a half. But if this be true, also is it true that the sand is running through the hour glass

at an appalling speed. It ill-behooves those who are charged with the responsibility of fashioning some kind of order from the chaos of the moment to waste any time in allaying the discontent which is to be seen on every side. They can't procrastinate because the sparks of unrest have already, in several instances, turned into the fires of revolt.

In Great Britain the man on the street is trying to figure out the basis for the intransigent attitude which prevailed at the meeting. Sylvain Mengeot, who is the diplomatic correspondent for Reuters' News Service, has said that the British public, rightly or wrongly, find it hard to believe that the disagreement was brought about by conflicting interpretations of the Potsdam declaration. Seeking some other explanation, that public has advanced two theories . . . both of which are entirely speculative and neither of which has any backing in official quarters. The first is that the Russian attitude is to some extent prompted by consideration of the Soviet's post-war national economy. It is clear that Soviet hopes of large-scale material aid are far less rosy under the present administration in

Washington than they would have been under the presidency of Mr. Roosevelt. Mangeot reports that it is argued, as these hopes recede, the Soviet automatically toughens its attitude of exclusive economic control over the whole of eastern and south-eastern Europe. In order to explain away the delays and disappointments in the progress of post-war construction within Russia itself, an increased dose of xenophobic propaganda for home consumption becomes somewhat of a necessity.

The second theory is that Molotoff's adamant attitude was an "argument from strength." Soviet morale is high. The Russians believe they, more than any other nation, won the war, and they believe they won it virtually single-handed, both against Germany and against Japan. Russia has extended her protection, though there are many persons who would put the word protection in quotations, to both Poland and Yugoslavia. Russia's refusal to compromise in London must be interpreted, in part at least, as a demonstration of power. It is a warning to such European countries as Greece, Italy, and Turkey, that Soviet good-will and protection are to be prized above all others.

Mangeot concludes by saying that while these are both theories, they are "symptomatic of the present state of public opinion in the British Isles and they will persist until some far fuller official account is forthcoming. Insofar as the results of the Russian attitude is concerned, they may be

summed up in the statement that they have effected a closer alliance, one upon the other, between Britain and France and a reliance of the two of them upon the United States.

In Moscow, the newspaper Pravda described Soviet acceptance of France in discussions of the peace treaty with Italy as a "compromise." The paper argued that the only countries who were entitled to be represented at the peace discussions were those who signed armistices with the warring Balkan powers.

In the meanwhile what do we see in Europe as the Soviet Union and its wartime allies continue to throw verbal bricks at each other? Bulgaria is rent with internal dissension. The agrarian and social democratic parties are in firm opposition to communistic leadership. On the other hand the present prime minister, Kimon Georgiev, shouts to the world that Bulgaria played an important part in the war against Germany. He runs the



gamut of southeastern Europe in his claims that Bulgaria aided in liberating Macedonia, Serbia, Yugo-Slavia and he states also that Bulgaria forced German troops to evacuate Greece. He even asserts that Bulgarian troops, joining with the British Eighth Army on Austrian soil, accomplished the liberation of *that* country.

These statements, on the record written by Bulgaria, are exaggerated to say the least. Bulgaria played the wrong horse in the first world war and she chose the same one in the last war . . . losing both times. Now she would have the world believe she played a major part in the allied victory. She claims she should pay no reparations to Greece for occupation of Macedonia, charging that the advancing Germans and the retreating Greeks did all the damage before Bulgarian troops arrived on the scene. Her claims are a travesty on the truth.

On the question of Italy, Prime Minister Parri says: "Today we see prospects for a peace treaty going further and further away. The Italian government and its people feel that the present armistice terms are becoming more burdensome. It is obvious that we will be forced to ask the United Nations for a military, economic, and juridical status. Military, to end certain conditions of the armistice; economic, to regulate our relations with other countries; juridical, so that we can enter the United Nations and have liberty of movement inside and outside of Italy."

As we continue looking at the European scene, in the Middle East,

there have been demonstrations favoring full independence for Egypt. Students several thousand strong have paraded the streets of Cairo with banners which read: "By steel, fire, and blood we shall get our independence." Pamphlets have been circulated stating: "The time is ripe for action. Rights can only be obtained by force." In Palestine, the unrest continues. Border clashes are reported from Syria and Trans-Jordania as hundreds of Jews, seeking haven and refuge after enduring frightful tortures of body and mind, for ten years past, attempt to cross the frontier to the promised land . . . promised literally, not figuratively, and then the promise was reneged. Jumping into northeastern Europe, the age-old question of Teschen has raised its ugly head to cloud the relations between Poland and Czechoslovakia. Jozka David, who is the Deputy Prime Minister in the regime of Mr. Benes, says it's all settled insofar as the Czechs are concerned. The Czechs, he declares, cannot survive without the coal of Teschen. He added that while Czechoslovakia has always wanted to come to agreement with Poland "in a spirit of democracy and Slavonic brotherhood, we shall not go back on the question of Teschen. We shall discuss the transfer of Poles from the republic for we wish to give them financial compensation we refused the Germans and Hungarians. We shall put the Silesian question before the peace treaty."

The Russian attitude in the settlement of European problems appears,

at this distance, at any rate, to be one of characterizing as reactionaries all persons who object to Russian influence among the masses. If agreement is to be found, some middle course must be followed. The collapse of the London conference makes it more than ever imperative that Truman, Attlee, and Stalin get together—and quickly so—to restore some unanimity of action.

If Europe appears to be troubled, what of the Far East? Revolt still flares in Indo-China. Famine faces the people of Batavia in Java. Rice and meat are scarce and there are forty-five million people to feed on that island. One hundred sixty-five thousand tons of rice are known to have been harvested but the Japs hid it and it has not been located. Javanese nationalists and Japanese erstwhile invaders are fighting side by side against pro-Dutch and anti-nationalist elements. Fighting goes on in Purwakarta, Surabaya and Batavia. Allied authorities in Batavia told the Japanese leader, Colonel Niamato, that Japan was responsible for order. Allied commands must be carried out, they said, scrupulously, and, if necessary, by force. Repercussions of the unstable situation in the Indies were felt in Australia where the Australian Communist Party was said to have circulated pamphlets demanding "hands off the Indonesian Republic."

No amount of discussion, however, can alter the fact (and it's a very unsavory one, too) that the allied gov-

ernments now find themselves arrayed against the Javanese, who have accepted, in some instances, Japanese aid. A sad commentary on the principles for which we fought the war.

In China, there were reports of fighting in Chekiang province between the Communists and the troops of Chiang Kai-Shek. Far to the north of this action, five American cruisers, the MINNEAPOLIS, the SAN FRANCISCO, the NEW ORLEANS, the TUSCALOOSA, and the LOUISVILLE, sailed into Chefoo harbor, southeast of Tientsin and sixty-five miles due south of Port Arthur. These naval vessels are commanded by Vice-Admiral Barbey. The port of Chefoo is held by Chinese Communists and there are indications that the general situation there is pregnant with possibilities. Thus we have peace, but actually there is no peace. Everywhere there is unrest, perturbation, everywhere there is instability, dissension, and disagreement. Even here in the United States, between capital and labor. The task of restoring order and of building a decent world—where men will be free to govern themselves—confronts us on the road ahead. More than one million Americans who were casualties in the war demand we march down that road with eyes forward and hearts unafraid. We may be certain that the living of those casualties will speak for themselves, but only the nation as a whole can answer to the dead.

(This article was from a broadcast on August 24 by Cedric Foster. The writer's vision is exemplified in the timeliness of the article even at this late date.)



*They ferret out fake heroes, separate sailors from too young girls with over-anxious hearts; protect those who won their medals the hard way.*

## “NIGHTSTICK Navy”

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

**I**N peace as in war, from Kobe to Kansas City, the Shore Patrol is the Navy's police force. It also looks after lost offspring, separates sailors from too young girls with over-anxious hearts, and safeguards the privileges of enlisted men and officers who won their medals the hard way.

There was, for instance, the First Class Gunner's Mate who strode impressively through the Kansas City Canteen one night in 1944, staring haughtily through thick-lensed glasses at mere seamen and buck privates. A handsomely tailor-made uniform had been cut to cling to the somewhat chubby person of its wearer, as a custard to its mold. Ribbons were festooned four deep across his ample breast.

But Chief Petty Officer John Golden of the Kansas City Detachment of the 9th Naval District Shore Patrol was not impressed. He waited until the mate was

seated alone at a table, then quietly walked over to check his papers. Ten minutes later the man was on his way to jail. The SP's had spotted another phoney. The would-be Gunner's Mate was a civilian who wanted to be a hero—the safe way.

“That guy was an easy one,” Chief Golden—an ex-policeman with eleven citations for heroism—said later. “A gunner's got to have good eyesight. Who ever heard of one wearing thick glasses?”

The fake hero was only one of a dozen or more persons masquerading as servicemen turned up in average month by the SP's. These phoneys, most of whom are prosecuted on Federal charges, find a uniform and medals of great assistance in impressing women, gaining free drinks, and cashing bad checks.

It is also the duty of the Shore Patrol to protect sailors from wenches — both the teen-age “victory



girls" and their more monetary minded older sisters. SP's shoo sailors and marines out of bad districts, taking into temporary custody those who have imbibed too freely, thus becoming no credit to the Navy, as well as an easy "roll" for anyone who would like to separate them from hard-earned overseas pay.

The tight are allowed to sleep it off at headquarters, then are sent on their way with a stiff warning. Some are veterans of long months of battle and feel entitled to a good binge. When they are sober again, they're grateful that their pay is in the Shore Patrol safe—instead of in the pocket-book of a 12th Street blonde.

A Shore Patrolman is taught that his most important duty is to help his shipmates, not to punish them. Working with the conviction that most offenders can be quickly corrected with a little friendly advice, he does much to keep men of all branches of the armed forces out of trouble.

All officers and enlisted men assigned to SP duty are thoroughly indoctrinated in naval regulations, police procedure, and military law during an intensive course which also includes ju-jitsu, firearms, first-aid and military drill. On duty they are a walking travel bureau, a friend to the man who is confused, has lost his papers or money, is lonely, or has missed a train connection. And by keeping a few trouble-makers in line, SP's maintain respect for the naval uniform.

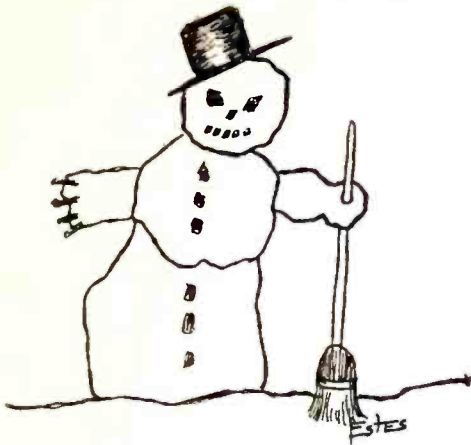
Around the clock they answer

questions. One night during the heaviest part of the rush in Kansas City's Union Station, a confident seaman dashed up to a Shore Patrolman, demanded, "Say, have you seen my wife?" And a radioman once approached an SP petty officer to ask where he might meet a girl who could cook. "I'm just back from the Pacific to get a discharge," he explained, "and I decided while I was out there that when I got back stateside I wouldn't waste my time and money on the frivolous babes."

He met the right girl, at a nearby servicemen's canteen.

A typical Shore Patrol watch means patrolling on foot or on wheels, combing the hot spots for the tight, the pugnacious, or the AWOL, warning those who wear the naval uniform sloppily, cooling off overly ardent swains, providing guards of honor for funeral services, policing stations, and checking papers. Other duties include riding cross-country trains, conveying prisoners, and watching over drafts of enlisted men moving under orders.

Ninth Naval District men assist overworked trainmen on more than a hundred trains a day out of Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Detroit, Cleveland and St. Louis. One surprised SP found himself caring for three lost children in the Chicago Union Station. Another acted as a midwife aboard a jammed coast-bound train. And in metropolitan areas they keep an eye on the thousands of Navy men and women who crowd into midwestern cities for



a few hours of liberty, as well as the additional thousands of enlisted men and WAVES on their way to new duty assignments, or to discharge centers.

Petty Officers Frank Kuehnell, Charles Wiesenmeyer, and Oliver Hodges are assigned to the four P.M. to midnight watch in Chicago. Their station wagon has a roving assignment, and is expected to respond to all radio calls, thus backing up the street patrols and depot details. Following them on their rounds is something more than the Shore Patrol keeping order. It is also the story of servicemen in a big city.

Their first stop was a shabby one and a half room apartment on North LaSalle Street, the home of an AWOL sailor—stuffy with too much heat and stale from the odors of cooking. The sailor's baby crawled forward, chuckling, as the SP's walked in. His wife was pale with shame and fear. "Honest, I don't know where he is," she protested, picking up the baby. "I haven't seen him in

two weeks, since he walked out on me. But my girl friend saw him up on Howard Street one night with a woman." Her mouth twisted on the last word.

Outside in the street again, Kuehnell whistled in Hodges, who had thoughtfully posted himself at the rear of the building, and predicted, "We'll pick that guy up sooner or later. He'll come back for money, or because he hasn't any other place to go. And in the meanwhile, we'll have the Howard Street detail do some checking."

"That kid was cute," added Wiesenmeyer. "Too bad his pappy had to pull a dumb stunt like going AWOL."

The patrol's next duty was to check bars on the near north side of Chicago, asking for papers or liberty cards. The approach was usually a friendly, "Having any fun, Mac?"

In a filthy bar that looked like a set in a George Raft movie, five sailors swigged beer while a midget woman did a strip-tease, surrounded by an assortment of queer bits of humanity. There were other dives, not quite so dirty, where servicemen watched floor shows consisting mostly of precious emcees, dirty jokes, and third rate torch singers. But they also had a good time in clean but crowded spots like the Hotel Sherman's Panther Room, where the Sinatra Set beat time to Jimmy Dorsey's music, or in the downbeat room, where "Hot Lips" Page blasted ear-drums and Dorothy Donegan's piano playing started them weaving at their

tables. In most of the night clubs, however, civilians were in the great majority. There were a few soldiers or sailors in the high-priced, hopefully swank Latin Quarter.

On West Madison street, the SP roving detail chased minor sailors out of a cheap night club noted for its predatory "B girls." Further west, on Washington boulevard, all was noisy fun at a roller rink where about a hundred sailors skated with bobbysocked females.

Riding slowly back to the Loop area, to cover the depots and canteens, Kuehnell explained, "They like to do the same things they did as civilians. The guys who liked to sit in bars, sit in bars. The kids who like to skate make for their own kind at the rinks. The family fellows look up their relatives. The jitterbugs run for the ballrooms and canteens, where they can dance and meet girls like the ones they knew at home."

At the Union Bus Terminal one of the SP's on duty turned in a third class Torpedoman who had his wife—an 18-year-old in slacks—with him, but little else. He was small, barely twenty, and scared. His bride of four days sobbed throughout his story and kept right on crying when it was finished. The sailor went to SP headquarters; his bride was taken to Traveler's Aid while her husband's story was checked. After three hours a

teletype message from his station on the west coast cleared him and supplementary orders were prepared to send him on his way.

After two tipsy marines in a South State street bar had been convoyed to their hotel and put to bed (another exclusive Shore Patrol service) the detail made a final round of the depots. At the Dearborn Street station they picked up a second class seaman who had overstayed his leave, he said, because of family troubles. He had voluntarily given himself up and mournfully confessed that he hadn't had anything to eat for eighteen hours. The SP's treated him to three hamburgers and coffee and took him to the brig for the rest of the night.

Back at Shore Patrol headquarters—a combination office building, brig, and barracks which formerly housed a midshipman school—the detail wearily shed their leggings ("boots" to all Navy men, and always worn by SP's on duty) and the SP brassard and nightstick. They were through for the night. Another detail was ready to take over.

Specialist (S) Kuehnell said, "Well, it was an average night. We didn't see much trouble, but that's the way it is." He unbuckled his service revolver and placed it on the duty officer's desk.

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Blonde: "Would you call it mental telepathy if we were thinking of the same thing?"

Soldier: "No. just plain good luck.—From B. & R. News.

# WHAT ABOUT *War Films?*

*Bitter reminders of devastation, ruin and death only reopen an old wound.*

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

**N**OW that our boys are returning from the war fronts the question naturally arises as to whether films should be made about the war and whether it wouldn't be better to scrap a lot of them made in recent months. There are some people who feel that it's been a horrible war, beyond all imagination, and for Hollywood to crop up now and then with a bitter reminder of devastation, ruin and death only reopens an old wound.

There's a lot of truth in that, no doubt; and while there have been many heartaches suffered during the period of strife there have also been carloads of heroes. In other words, war can be likened to a pendulum: what happens on one side of the scale is offset by the other side and in the final analysis it all evens up.

But when it comes to motion pictures, the question is whether the public wants to see the gruesome. My answer would be the majority of the public doesn't want to see the horrors of war. The best evidence of this I got the

other night while attending a showing of "True to Glory." An elderly woman sat next to me in the theatre. When the scenes were flashed on the screen showing civilians dumping bodies of victims atop each other in a large pit, she covered her eyes with her hands and sighed "Oh, God!" She repeated this performance several times and while I didn't free my eyes from the screen long enough to turn around, I know there were many others in the audience who couldn't look.

Then there's the case of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo." You may have seen the picture, particularly the realistic scene where the Chinese doctor amputates Van Johnson's leg.

From various sections of the country it was reported patrons fainted during the brief interval the operation is performed. Word got around about this scene and many people who like the red-haired star wouldn't go to see the picture.

Newsreel editors have eliminated tons of footage of horror scenes sent them



by correspondents in all theatres of the war. Most were stomach-upsetting and never saw the light of the screen. Yet some were sent out, cut to the bone in length, and even then patrons squawked to theatre managers that they shouldn't be shown.

Horror stuff doesn't set well with the public. It's bad enough to read about it in the newspapers. Reading about it flashes an imaginary picture on the mind, no matter how well described and reported a story is, but actually seeing the wholesale carnage is quite another thing. The public wants to be entertained when it goes to a theatre and not be reminded about the cruelties of war.

At the moment there are at least twenty-five films finished, near completion or contemplated about the war. Some will naturally be fluffy stuff without significance. Others like "They Were Expendable," "The Last Time I Saw Paris," "Objective Burma" and one or two others have social significance, a message to tell, and standing on their own should meet with public approval.

"Objective Burma" has been shown in most cities and communities. "They Were Expendable" has just been completed and work is about to start on "The Last Time I Saw Paris." If the latter two pictures are treated in an interesting manner with a keen eye toward entertainment potentialities they are bound to meet with success. Such was the case with "Objective Burma." Those pictures which do not treat the war with an objective will fail of their own weight.

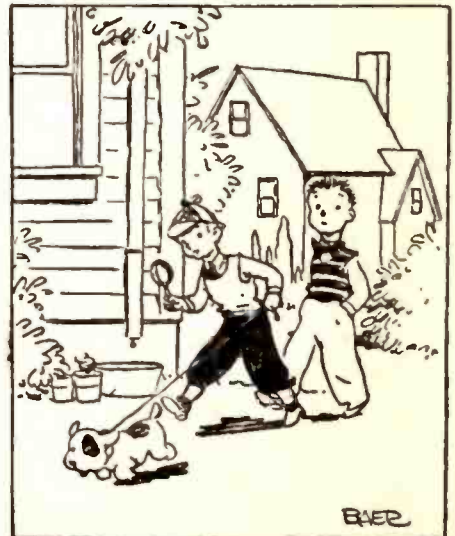
I can recall vividly what happened after World War I. There were quite a few innocuous films made on the subject, but three that stood out bring home my point. If the picture has a definite message, something to say, it will be immediately recognized by the public and win its plaudits.

The three films I have in mind are "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which starred the late Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry; "The Big Parade," which had the late John Gilbert and Renee Adoree as the principals, and "Lilac Time," which starred Gary Cooper.

Of the three "The Big Parade" garnered most of the public's money. It was the first to be released and I can still remember the scene where Gilbert is being moved away on a truck packed with other soldiers and

## QUICK TAKES

By Baer



"And what, Holmes, is your grade?"  
"Elementary, my dear Watson."

Miss Adorce is running after it, trying to hold on to Gilbert's hand and then finally having to give up as the truck gains speed.

In "The Four Horsemen" there were two unforgettable scenes, the fighting on the battle front and the last sequence showing an immense graveyard with its crosses as the sun sets. Two indelible scenes that will live forever in my mind. In "Lilac Time" there were quite a few love scenes between Cooper and Colleen only factors that can spell success.

Moore that one can never forget.

The horror angle in each of these pictures was played down to a minimum and the romantic slant built up. Each in itself was entertaining. Each had a definitive message. And the public responded in kind.

What remains to be said is this: In the new potpourri of films, it is hoped that most will have a conclusive message and at the same time be entertaining. The two ingredients mix well for success. They are the

## TRANSFUSIONS ONCE IN DISREPUTE

IT is hard for us today, knowing the miraculous effect of transfusions, to believe that once in the distant past they were in disrepute and against the law—particularly in France.

Transfusions were condemned in the time of Pliny and Celsus and in medieval times when Pope Innocent VIII lay dying from that "terrible disease old age." As a last resort his physician attempted a transfusion, which resulted in the Pope's death and the daring physician had to flee for his life.

It was William Harvey's discovery in 1616 of the circulation of blood that removed transfusion from the realm of speculation.

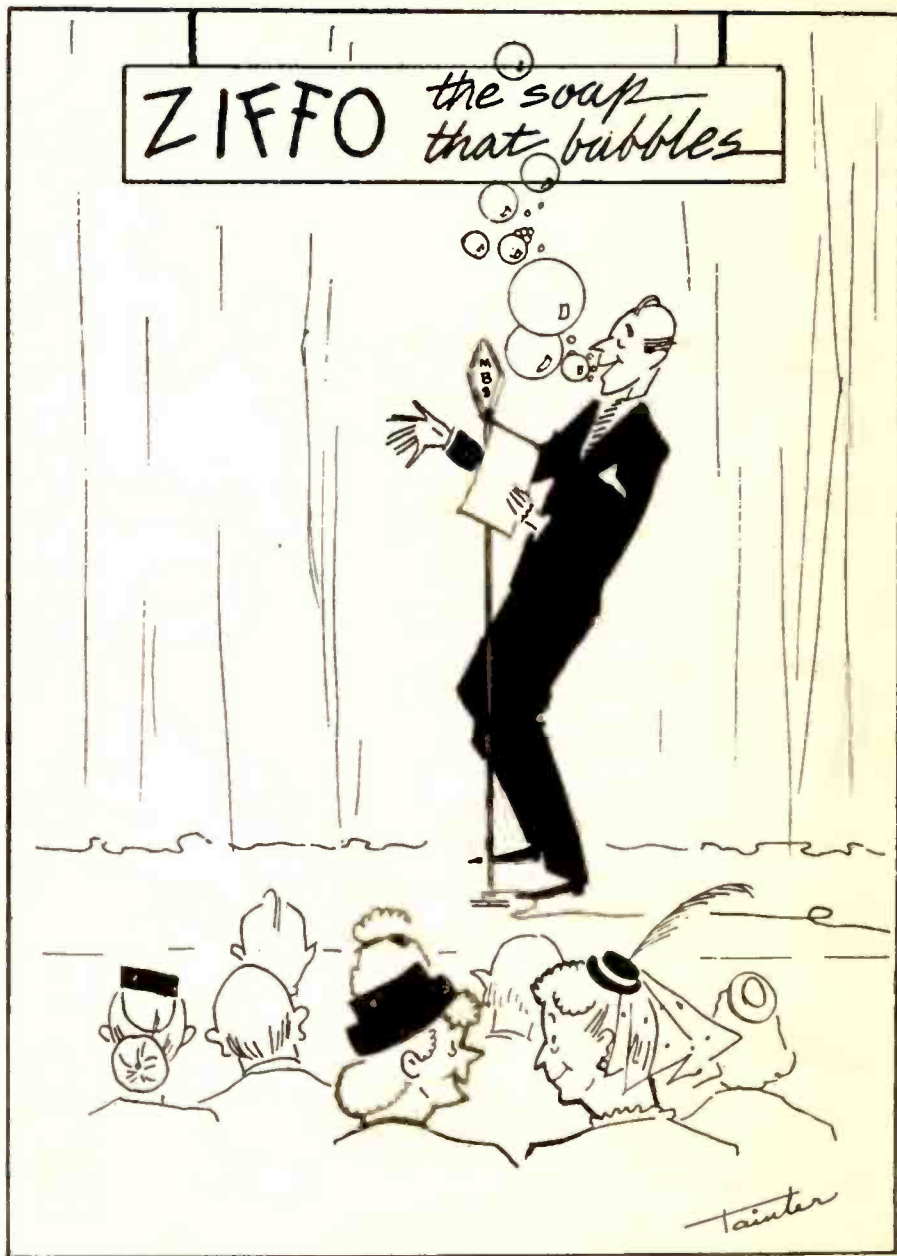
English experiments stimulated the pioneer work of Jean Baptiste Denis in Paris, 1666, and his work became widely known. However, malicious hostility was aroused by it, and the work was attacked on scientific, metaphysical and religious grounds.

Following three transfusions administered to improve lunacy, the patients died and the enemies of the operation brought Denis to trial on charge of murder.

Although he was eventually cleared the anti-transfusionists were able to utilize publicity against Denis, and transfusions were prohibited except with the specific approval of the Paris Faculty of Medicine whose members strongly opposed the operation.

In England, Germany and Italy, experiments continued from animal to man, but eventually the campaign in Paris resulted in a law prohibiting experiments with it, on human beings, thus succeeding in putting it into disfavor through the world. Falling into disrepute, it was not again mentioned for 150 years.

—Margaret Benz



*Convincing, Isn't He?*



*The Kid thought more of his \$550 banjo than he did of himself. But big Russ Winslow, the drummer, thought both were worth saving.*

## Christmas in the Adirondacks

(Many orchestras, now at the top of the heap, did not walk over a bed of roses to get there. This is an account of an incident that occurred back in 1928. The leader of this band is now known to everyone who is familiar with popular music.)

by RICK ALLISON

IT WAS after one o'clock and there was the usual crowd of young folks, musicians and hero-worshippers who always stay late to watch the crewmen of a nationally-known band pack up their instruments and fold back into the bus.

"That's no band, that's a mob," remarked one of the boys who was obviously a trumpet player in one of the local outfits. You could pretty near always tell a trumpet player by his carefully nursed little mustache.

Yes, it was a big band, 18 pieces. Most of the musical foremen were toting around nine or ten men those days and calling it a big band.

The crowd had thinned and now and then somebody would stroll over to a window and comment on the snowflakes as big as saucers and the ten inches or a foot of white blanket covering the ground. Outside the 1928 Fords and Chevrolets were having a hard time getting loose.

Two or three of them were still stuck while their spatted chauffeurs pushed, tugged and cussed.

"How far is our next jump, Paul?"

"Oh," he replied, "about two hundred and ten miles, straight north, right up through the Adirondacks. But they say the road is plowed out all the time and we won't have any trouble."

Within half an hour the 18-piece orchestra was packed, crammed and jammed into the wheezing old bus that had been adequate when the boss was making the one nighters with ten pieces.

The snow beat softly against the windows as the bus headed north out of Albany. Came two o'clock, three, yes, even four and there wasn't a sign of trouble.

But by five o'clock the hills were getting steeper, the snow deeper, and the old bus was steaming like a tea kettle.

"We gonna make it, Horse?" somebody shouted to the Cedar Rapids alto sax man at the wheel. Horace, who always hated that equestrian nom de plume, didn't answer.

And then it happened. A hairpin turn, and uncertainty where the road actually lay, sent the bus skittering into the ditch. It came to rest at a 45-degree angle, but still upright.

"Merry Christmas, boys!" Joe, the piano player, chirped from the rearmost seat, beneath a heap of sax cases, the public address system and the Kid's \$550 banjo.

And for the first time it dawned on everybody that it actually was Christmas morning.

Nathan, the first trumpeter, had stuck his foot through a window when the bus slammed into the ditch. He wasn't hurt, but the newly created vent let in a column of snow and cold air.

Up front the kid banjo player looked around like a cornered, frightened little rabbit. The windows were frosting badly and it was getting cold in the bus. "Horse" thought they should sit it out until daylight. Russ Winslow, the drummer, thought so too. But three of the huskiest boys decided to set out in some direction.

Came seven o'clock and with it the first gray streaks of dawn. The door of the bus burst open and in wallowed the three explorers. Icicles clung to Russ's black mustache. The big red-headed trombone player



trembled like a leaf, but he was always grinning, even at that almost terrifying moment.

"There's a filling station down the road about a quarter of a mile. They've got a fire going and said we should come on down."

One by one the boys filed out of the bus, wincing with cold as they set out single file down the road. The bigger fellows went ahead and beat the path. The Kid hesitated in the door, took one look at his precious, \$550 banjo, and then turned to go. He was already out of the door, but suddenly wheeled back, dug the banjo from the pile of instrument cases, and set out down the road. The fellows were already three rods ahead.

"Where's the Kid?" Russ asked.

"He's coming."

But the Kid lagged farther and farther behind. The 25-pound instrument and three feet of snow,

and besides he had a game leg, made it tougher and tougher.

"Go ahead, fellows," he shouted bravely. And soon they were out of sight.

From here on, let's hear the Kid's own story:

"My legs were like logs, my fingers were numb, and I dropped the banjo in the snow. God, no, I couldn't leave it there. I picked it up, or tried to, and staggered on.

"Suddenly a strange, dark peace seemed to settle over everything. I just let go and settled back into the snow. It was soft and warm and inviting. Things began to waver and whirl, and the world was warm, but dark. I could see mother, a thousand miles or more back home, going in and out of my empty room. There was something about a Christmas tree. It seemed that my dad got up early that morning, looked at the Christmas tree, but didn't smile like his usual, good-natured self. I tried to make them understand, but they just looked around the room as though it were empty. It grew darker. I could hardly see them. Funny, I thought, snow is supposed to be cold but I felt real warm. I settled back. It was almost dark now.

"Then suddenly came an annoying voice. Someone calling my name: 'Wake up, Kid. You'll freeze! . . . My God, I believe he is freezing already.' It was the voice of big Russ Winslow, and the boss himself, who had come back after me. They formed a cradle with their hands

and I remember being carried, somewhere."

"Boy, he was damn near gone . . . I'm telling you," Russ told the boys.

\* \* \*

As the day wore on it cleared up. Snowplows came through and they pulled out the bus. Night came, and at ten minutes of ten the band unloaded in front of the hall. The manager was fit to be tied. He said most of the crowd had gone home. Said he wouldn't pay but half price. He'd see about that.

But after 11 o'clock things were pretty well smoothed out and the boys were back in the groove. They were doing a nice job on a special arrangement of "Ain't Misbehavin'."

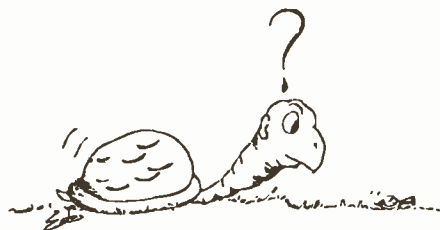
Then, from a side entrance, came the figure of a slight, 117-pound youth. Slowly he and his precious banjo jostled past the dancing couples. They looked at him curiously.

In a minute or two he had the banjo out of the case and he came in with his breaks on the last chorus.

The floor manager strode by, paused in front of the newcomer with the sparkling, rhinestoned, \$550 banjo on his lap and pointed.

"Drunk, huh?"

Strange, but not one of those musicians thought it was funny.



# ALASKAN WILLIWAU

by A. G. ARMSTRONG

Alaska, long known as The Last Frontier, has been brought years closer to the rest of the Union by the wartime built Alaska Highway—and by the long cement runways that mark the air route of planes to Russia.

Now that hostilities have ceased, there will undoubtedly be a flood of homeseekers to this, the last Frontier. How much do you know of this rugged, picturesque

land where America's highest mountains and glaciers tower, aloof and serene, with white capped peaks jutting into alluring skies, where calm valleys are speckled with nameless lakes, and fragrant flowers grow?

If you have five minutes to spare, pull up your parka hood, lace tight your mukluks, and mush into this Alaskan Williway of knowledge. Answers on page 65.

A A A

When an Alaskan says:

1. TOTEM POLE.

Does he mean?

(a) Device for carrying a load. (b) A tree. (c) An Indian Symbol.

2. INDIAN PAINT BRUSH.

(a) Indian art equipment. (b) A flower. (c) A dog whip.

3. ANCHORAGE.

(a) A town. (b) His wife. (c) A moored boat.

4. INNOKO.

(a) An Eskimo. (b) A mountain (c) A river.

5. DOLLY.

(a) A child's toy. (b) His wife. (c) A device for obtaining gold.

6. CACHE.

(a) Money. (b) A hiding place for supplies. (c) Fur bearing animal.

7. SKUNK-BEAR.

(a) A wolverine. (b) Striped skunk. (c) A sheriff.

8. GRUBSTAKE.

(a) Porcupine meat. (b) Pemican. (c) Money to buy food with.

9. SOURDOUGH.

(a) A biscuit. (b) Spoiled pastry. (c) An old timer in the north.

10. CHILCAT.

(a) A wild animal of the lynx family. (b) A summit. (c) a mountain pass.

11. MUSH.

(a) Breakfast cereal. (b) In love. (c) An order to travel.

12. CHEECHAKO.

(a) Gold bearing sand. (b) A sled (c) A newcomer to the north.

13. KODIAK.

(a) Alaska made camera. (b) Glacier. (c) Largest of all bears.

14. SLUICE BOX.

(a) A coffin. (b) A device to store food. (c) Gold mining equipment.

15. KLOOTCH.

(a) Indian village. (b) Overnight camp. (c) A squaw.

16. DALL HUNTING.

(a) Gold prospecting. (b) Searching for Siberian flowers. (c) Hunting a species of mountain sheep found north of the 65 parallel.

*Your house may fold up like a baby carriage, tucked away in a fluorescent lighted jeep.*

by CHARLES H. HOGAN

## After Tomorrow — Whither?

I HAVE been doing a lot of reading lately, and much nervous thinking. It has occurred to me that the Little Helpmeet and I might as well give all of our stuff—lock, stock and rocking chair—to the Salvation Army, and be done with it.

For, come the future, according to every magazine I pick up, those treasured hard-bought items will be as outmoded as the wrappings on the late lamented Thotmes III.

It's enough to drive one creepy just contemplating what some international gang of super-duper meddlers are cooking up for the way we're going to live.

They tell me our houses will be a little number that you can fold up like a flexible baby carriage and tuck away in your air-conditioned fluorescent lighted jeep and haul away to new vistas of enchantment.

At first, in their crude pioneer days, these wizards were going to have plastic buttons which one would push and there-

by set in motion various do-hinkuses that will do anything from mowing the lawn to washing the family's young.

Radionics or some such whimsey will make it possible for a citizen to sit in the living room (which is really the garage but you'd never recognize it) and whisper: "I sure wish them dishes was washed!"

Presto! Your voice, via short wave, goes to the kitchen and bellers: "Come out, come out, wherever you are," or some such to the sink and all hell breaks loose.

The sink comes sashaying out of the bathroom (with a photofilm of Wham, the Slick Magazine, under its faucet). The sink bows; silently and and swiftly washes the dishes, dries them, sprinkles talcum on them and lovingly pats their rosy little plastic bottoms.

We aren't going to have any sheets or blankets it seems. We are to lie down and tuck ourselves in under a lot of ether waves and thus off to



dreamland to the soft strains of symphonies wafted through space without anything so prehistoric as a radio set.

This little dodge is going to be rough on wivcs of the future, though. Theoretically at least it will rob them forever of one of their old standbys in the griping line. Imagine them being forced to complain: "I nearly froze to death all night. You had all the ether waves on your side of the bed an' I like to died." It won't sound right or logical, some way, but sooner or later, they'll wiggle around science and be happily off on their indignant course.

Doors, I learn to my horror, will be mere figments of a scientist's imagination. They will consist of



some newly discovered light waves that keep out the cold but don't obstruct the view. Imagine trying to slam a newly discovered light wave in the face of the elderly eager beaver from Jehovah's Witnesses!

Everywhere you turn you read one of these prophecies—each wilder than the last, and more terrifying. I don't want any retort-wrestler telling me how I'm going to live!

They're planning my future when I haven't even caught up with my present! In fact, I'm still living in the past and getting bills to show for it.

"On second thought, honey, maybe we better hang onto all our stuff," I remarked to the Roommate, who was dreamily perusing a picture spread of "the Home of Tomorrow" in *House Beautiful*.

"We'll be the most beloved folks in the village some day merely as a refuge for modernists who are driven berserk by gadgets slinking around their chromium shacks, fixing leaks in the roof and turning out the fire under the potatoes (really the rum-pus room but you'd never recognize it)."

"M-m-m, yes," she murmured, from a thousand light years away.

I say down with the whole gang of them! I'll stick to that sagging pink chair and that couch which is a damn sight more comfortable than a whole bed of radionic rays—even perfumed radionic rays! To any meddler who is charting my future life I shout: "Dammit, sir, tinker with your own future!" I might even toss in "Egad!" to show my vintage.

# Old Sol Will Heat Your Home

*... And at an annual cost of nothing!*

*Yes, that's what the man said.*

by JOHN BROBERG

THE annual fuel bill, that most unwelcome item on the homeowner's budget, will soon be a thing of the past, it says here. In the post-war era—that marvelous world of the not-too-distant future—houses will be heated by the sun's rays at an annual cost of nothing.

There have been many theories on this subject. But perhaps the most feasible method of harnessing solar radiation has been dreamed up and recently patented by Dr. Alwin B. Newton, former chief of refrigeration research at Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company—world's largest manufacturer of heat control units. The reason: Newton's idea not only heats houses in the winter, but cools them in the summer. During the warm months, the system is reversed, and the house is cooled—but the sun's rays still do the job.

As with most scientific men, Newton had pondered over the problem for a long time before the answer came to him. Inventions usually come that way. Suddenly something clicks, and there you have it. Invariably a long, secret thought-process has gone before.

Once when he was making a tour of the South, Newton noticed that in many places people heated hot water for their homes by piping it through metal coils on their roofs. Sometimes the water got so hot that steam would actually sizzle from the faucets.

Then, another time, when he was up in Maine, he saw farmers making ice in the middle of summer by using a very elementary principle of physics.

Newton's idea for heating and cooling houses, which has won nationwide ac-

claim, uses both of these principles. And like most successful inventions, it is very simple.

So, when we get back to peacetime production again, here's how you may be heating your home in the winter, and cooling it in the summer: There won't be any furnace to mess with, or any type of fuel to buy. It will all be done with heat radiation—a principle as old as the earth itself.

First of all, there'll be a coil of pipes on the roof of your house. In the attic will be a storage tank filled with water. On cold days the sun's rays will heat the water in the roof coils by solar radiation. This water will be stored in the tanks to heat the house during the night. A battery of thermostats will regulate the water temperature in the same way they now control the temperature of the air within your home.

Now it may seem a bit strange to most of us that a whole house can thus be heated comfortably in winter—say when the temperature hovers near the 30-degree below zero mark. Nevertheless, it can. Anyone who lives in the northern U. S. has seen snow melting on rooftops even though the temperature is far below freezing. And all of us have seen pictures of skiers standing atop snow-clad mountains in perfect comfort, clad only in bathing suits. If it weren't for solar radiation, none of these things could be possible.

Another question might be this: Granted that the sun will heat the water in the daytime. But how are you going to keep it hot all night without having a whole attic full of water tanks?

The answer is a substance known as



Wood's Metal, which can store more heat than water can. Within the storage tank in the attic are a number of small sheet iron containers filled with this strange substance. Wood's metal is solid at normal temperature. It looks much like ordinary lead. But at a temperature of 130 F, it melts. And in changing from a solid to a liquid, it is able to absorb and retain much more heat than the water within the tank that surrounds it. So, at night when the sun's rays cease to warm the water in the roof coils, the Wood's metal in the storage tank gives off its heat and keeps the water hot. This water circulates through the radiators in the rooms downstairs, and the house is kept snug and warm while you sleep. Your fuel bill? Well, you just don't have any.

\* \* \* \* \*

The process is reversed for cooling your home in the summer time. The sun's rays, of course, are not brought into play, but the idea of radiation is still there. Actually, the heat is radiated out of your home by the same principle.

During the daytime, the roof coils are closed off so no water circulates through them. But at night, when the air is cool, the water is pumped through the coils to give off its heat. Before morning the storage tanks are filled with cold water which may be used to cool the house during the day.

In this case another substance—acetic acid—which might be termed high-octane vinegar) is employed to keep the water cold in the daytime, the same as Wood's metal is used to keep the water hot. Acetic acid freezes solid at 50 degrees F., and acts much in the same way that a block of ice would in the tank. It lowers the temperature of the water around it, and helps maintain a low temperature for a much longer time. Thus, the house has a tank of ice cold water all day long for purposes of air conditioning.

Now this process may also appear a bit strange to the layman. Some might ask: How can you keep your house cool all day long just by exposing the water in the roof coils to the night air?

First we must remember that radiation works two ways. All day the sun radiates heat, and the earth absorbs it. At night, when the sun is gone, and a ghostly moon takes its place, the earth radiates, or gives off heat. But since air itself is a poor conductor, the earth soon loses its heat, and the temperature drops rapidly. Surrounding the earth is an envelope of air about five miles thick. This is called the atmosphere. Beyond is the stratosphere which has almost no air, then the troposphere, which is vacuum. Way out there in the vast celestial spaces, there is no heat at all—a temperature which is —460 degrees F., or absolute zero—the coldest temperature science has yet recorded. During the night, when the sun is not charging the air with heat, the earth is radiating its heat toward this deathly cold region of the sky.

Up in Maine, when the farmers want ice in summer, they simply dig a shallow basin in the ground about a foot deep and perhaps fifty feet square. They line the bottom with straw—thereby insulating it from the earth's saved-up warmth, and a layer of clay to seal the basin off, and fill the remainder with water. A mound of dirt is heaped up along the sides of the little lake to prevent warm air from coming in contact with the water and warming it. During the night the water gives off its heat by radiating directly



toward the absolute zero of the firmament—and it freezes solid!

In the morning the farmers merely break up the ice with long poles, shove it to the side, and haul it into underground coolers.

Cloudy weather doesn't interfere much with the roof coil method of heating houses because the infra red rays or heat waves of the sun penetrate through the cloud layers. If you've ever received a good smarting case of sunburn on a cloudy day, this fact will have already been brought home to you in a rather unpleasant way.

That is why this method is much more feasible than using direct solar rays to heat your home. Tests have proven that such systems—which depend on large glass windows and shutters—must have auxiliary heating systems to take over

when the sun isn't strong enough to do the job. On cloudy or rainy days, when the temperature falls, a thermostat cuts in a furnace, and you're back where you started from. But in a post-war house with a roof coil heating system, a furnace just isn't necessary and you can use the extra space in your basement for another ping-pong table, or perhaps a bar.

But home planners shouldn't get their hopes up too high—anyway not for awhile. The system will have to undergo rigid and extensive experimentation before it is ready to be turned out en masse.

But anyway, we're in for a new deal in house heating in this marvelous post-war era we're hearing so much about. The old-time furnace is on its way out, with its soot and dirt and ashes. Science has found that the best way to heat a house is to harness the sun to do it.



## STEAMBOATING ON OL' MISS—1946 VERSION

**M**ANY things have changed on the rivers since that well known spinner of yarns wrote of the dangers of navigating OL' MAN RIVER. Instead of straining his voice the leadsman chants into a microphone the varying depths of the water, and when the riverboat with its precious cargo gets into safe water the leadsman sings out the familiar cry—"twain—mark twain."

Many are the stories of Mississippi nights when a pilot had to fight strong currents through long stretches of inky blackness. In those days the river pilot felt his way along through the darkness with a mixture of intuition and experience. Today the United States Coast Guard has helped solve that part of the pilot's problem by installing sixty-five

hundred floating and fixed lights along the seven-thousand-mile navigable river. Old-timers along OL' MAN RIVER say that the river is now as bright as "THE GREAT WHITE WAY."

River navigation demands great skill. In contrast to the three hundred foot steamboat of the '90's the modern Diesel towboats push and tow strings of heavily loaded barges over a quarter of a mile in length. Locks along the river are only one hundred and thirty feet in width and often a pilot will have a clearance of only two feet on either side. A barge carries from one to three thousand tons of cargo and the lineup of barges in a single tow may have over fifteen thousand tons of mixed cargo—the equal of three hundred fully-loaded



freight cars. So you can see that a single miscalculation of a pilot would result in a serious tieup. Mississippi River piloting as summed up by an experienced riverman, is fifty per cent knowing how to maneuver a towboat and its tow of barges, twenty-five per cent courage to back up that judgment, and twenty-five per cent knowing the river.

Although many things have helped

simplify riverboat piloting, do not get the idea that it is a cinch for it definitely is not. When they figure out a way to harness the river currents, and to make the channels of Old Man River stay put, then maybe riverboating will be a cinch.

The rivermen are having boom times now. More than a billion miles of freight will be moved this year on the great inland highway.

—Rowland G. Bird.

^ ^ ^



Ah! Nylons!

# A PIONEER *Suffragette*

*Mother said at her birth:  
"A woman's life is so hard  
I'm sorry it's a girl."*

by ARA J. GEBAROFF

**T**HIS SLOGAN was undoubtedly originated by some male jealous of his prerogative rights.

Perhaps this was in the mind of a certain Massachusetts minister when he made this peculiar public announcement: "I am asked to give notice that a hen will attempt to crow like a cock in the town-hall at five o'clock tomorrow evening. Those who like such music will of course attend."

He was referring whether facetiously or seriously, to a lecture to be given by Lucy Stone, a pioneer in the field of Woman's Rights.

This same Lucy started to think of her life-work when as a child she read in her Bible that wives must be in subjection to their husbands. She ran in tears to her mother asking, "Is there anything that will put an end to me?"

Early did she become indignant at man-made laws, and the way men treated women. A married woman's property and her earnings belonged to her husband. He had sole control of the children while he lived. If he wished, he could at his death will them to strangers.

A wife could not make a contract, and had scarcely any legal rights. She was entitled to stay only forty days in her house without paying rent, after the death of her husband.

Lucy Stone was born in Massachusetts in 1818. Her mother said at her birth, "I'm sorry it's a girl. A woman's life is so hard."

She should have reckoned with Lucy. She had inherited something which put her ahead of her times, even as her famous prototype, Anne Hutchinson.

But whereas Anne rebelled at women keeping silent on religious matters, and did something about that, much to the wrath of the Puritan fathers, Lucy Stone determined on another course.

She wanted to find out for herself just how badly translated certain Biblical sections were. She wanted to read in the original Greek those passages relating to a woman's being in subjection to a man.

She became the first woman from Massachusetts to graduate from a college. That college was Oberlin in Ohio. It had been founded in 1820, and made no distinction of color or



sex. It also wanted to meet the needs of students who were willing to work for an education.

Lucy's father thought she was crazy to want to attend, and refused his support; so she earned the money herself. It took her until she was twenty-five. She taught country school at a dollar a week, later increased to four.

In college she did some tutoring, also housework. She would prop up her Greek book before her while washing dishes. She boarded herself for fifty cents a week.

After three years, her father hearing that she got up at three o'clock in the morning, wrote that he would send her money.

She was the recipient of a rather dubious honor while a senior. She was asked to write one of the Commencement theses. She refused unless she herself could read it and not let a man-graduate do so.

The convention of the time would not allow that, so she did not write. In later years she was the featured

speaker at an Oberlin Commencement.

From the date of her graduation in 1847, Lucy Stone made a name for herself. A dainty little body, she was far from being a strident exponent of Woman's Rights. Her voice was of a singularly beautiful quality, and she had many admirers with serious intentions, even though her father said at one time, "Lucy's face is like a blacksmith's apron. It keeps off the sparks."

An early picture shows her with hair parted in the middle, drawn back and slightly puffed out over the ears. Her nose was broad and tip-tilted. Her eyes grey, her mouth strong and kindly. She was a small woman with gentle manners, sweet voice and great natural eloquence.

The garments of that time were tight-laced ones, voluminous and trailing skirts. Lucy took up the Bloomer costume. A newspaper in Cleveland described it in these words. "Her dress is first a black velvet coat with collar fastened with buttons. Next, a skirt of silk reaching to the knees, then the breeches of black silk, with neat-fitting gaitors."

Susan B. Anthony considered the costume an agony to wear. She gave it up after four years. Lucy gave up also.

Lucy lectured for ten years. She converted Susan B. Anthony, Julia Ward Howe and Frances Willard to the cause of Woman Suffrage. She headed the call for the first National Woman's Rights convention.

She married Mr. Blackwell after he had agreed not to stand in the way

of what she had determined to be her life work. He also agreed that she should retain her name. The only concession she made was to prefix it with "Mrs."

A few years ago, H. L. Mencken said, "She began her melodramatic tours in stagecoaches and canal boats and if she had lived a few years longer, she would have ended them in automobiles and airships."

For over twenty years, she edited the "Woman's Journal" founded in Boston in 1870. During the centennial year of Presidential activities (this would be the time of President Harrison) she wrote in Woman's Journal this appeal: "Women of the

United States, never forget that you are excluded by law from participation in the great question which at this moment agitates the country. A question which is not only who the next candidate for the President will be, but what shall be the policy of the Government under which we live for the next four years."

Lucy Stone died four years later in 1893. By that time Woman's Rights were no longer connected with irreligion, free love and everything radical.

We ask as did Mencken, "Where is her monument reaching upward to the stars? For one, I believe it is too long delayed."

Λ Λ Λ

## NOW YOU TELL ONE

"Is it true, my dear, that your husband is very absent-minded?" inquired a friend.

"Yes," the lady replied, "we've been married six months and many an evening at eleven he gets up, takes me by the hand, tells me what a delightful time he has had, and would leave if I didn't remind him."

A street car inspector was watching the work of a new conductor.

"Here, Foley," he said, "how is this? You have 20 passengers and only 19 fares have been rung up."

"Is that so?" asked Foley. Then, turning to his passengers he yelled: "There's wan too many on this car. Git out, one of yez."

An old lady who was being introduced to a doctor, who was also a professor in a university, felt somewhat puzzled as to how she would address the great man.

"Shall I just call you 'doctor' or shall I say 'professor'?" she asked.

"Oh, just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact some people call me an old idiot."

"Indeed," she said sweetly, trying to patch it up, "but then, they are the people who know you."

A fashionable Hollywood hostess recently sent out elaborate invitations for "Bearer and One Wife" to a Hollywood party.

—Harry S. Donen.

# TO AN OLD BRIEF CASE

I FOUND YOU TODAY when we were cleaning out the old back room at the office and grabbed you up with a whoop of joy. What a flood of memories you brought back. Battered and worn now, I remember when you shown with newness. I guess I shown with newness in those days, too. I carried you proudly on my very first call on a prospect, almost 20 years ago. Into your warm leathery heart I stuffed my first order. What a triumphant day that was. The battle see-sawed back and forth a dozen times but we finally got the name on the dotted line and went out of that office with our hearts singing. I remember one morning when I got up and drove a hundred miles and then found I had forgotten to put you in the car. You and I have taken some tough knocks. You and I have met some very fine people through the years. And we have called on some heels, too. You don't have to be jealous, old boy, because of the new brief case. Even though it has a fancy zipper it can never take your place in my affections. I've rescued you from the old back room and I'm taking you home for a place of honor in my study. I'm going to keep you around to remind me of some of the adventures we've had together, so we can pass on to other chaps just starting out, a few of the things we've learned about the art of selling.

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A fire engine was racing down the street, siren shrieking, when a drunk staggered out of a doorway. For two blocks he chased the engine shouting, "Stop, Stop!" Finally, out of breath, he dropped to the pavement and shook his fist. "All right for you, mister—you can keep your darn ole peanuts."

—The Down Towner.

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## INFLATIONISTICS

Farm Hand: "What is a buccaneer?"

Farmer: "That's how much I got for my corn."

•

Only the brave can deserve the fair, but only the rich can support them.

•

McTavish: "I'll have a sardine sandwich, lassie."

Sheila: "Domestic or imported? The domestic is twenty-five cents and the imported is a dollar and a quarter."

McTavish: "The domestic, me good woman, I'm paying no sardine's passage across the ocean."

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A rich man is one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

# "HAMS" ARE BACK ON THE *Air*

*Lots of "bands" and they give out with squeaks, squacks and squeals, but not necessarily music.*

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

THERE is another kind of "ham" back on the market in addition to the regular kind. The amateur radio ham, barred from the air since Pearl Harbor, has been released from bondage. Before the war about 60,000 Americans had amateur radio licenses and conversed via the ether waves in their strange lingo with other radio amateurs all over the world.

These radio stations were silenced by the government for security reasons after December 7, 1941. The normal period for a license is three years, but the FCC extended these licenses; in August of this year they assigned them a temporary band of 2½ metres, which has put them back on the air within certain limits.

Each amateur radio operator must have his license renewed by the FCC when it runs out. In order to get a renewal he must show that he has worked three stations

(talked with three other hams) within the last year. And on top of that each ham must have two licenses, one for the station and one for the operator.

Right now the army and navy are using most of the bands that amateurs used before the war. So the ham is restricted to the 2½-metre band. But even with this handicap a ham in Southern Massachusetts recently set a new record for this band by working a station in Pennsylvania.

The report of this record shows the reception to be about 360 miles. The old record for the 2½-metre band was 200 miles. With this type of restriction the ham cannot do much about distance work — or DX as he calls it. More bands for the amateur are expected to be available as soon as the services relax their use.

Before the war the hams had a 160-metre band, but they may not get this one back.



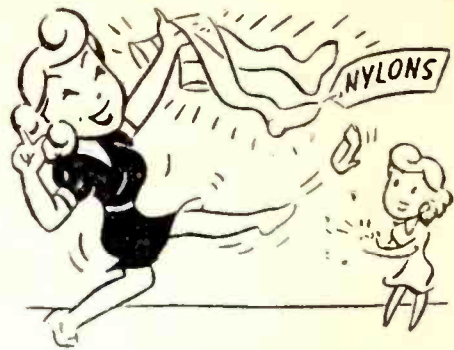
They had an 80-metre band that was used for both code and voice, mostly in the Midwest on local work. The 40-metre band was used for code before the war and was a good band for night work on DX. The 20-metre band was used for both code and voice and was the daytime DX band.

A new band that the amateurs expect to have released to them is 15 metres. Just what they will do with it remains to be seen, or perhaps we should say heard. The old 10-metre band is expected back. It was used mostly for voice before the war. And it was an odd band. Sometimes it would carry from New York to South Africa. At other times it could not be worked beyond Texas from Illinois.

The old 5-metre band was all phone or voice use, and the  $2\frac{1}{2}$ -metre band was both code and phone. In addition to these bands they also had  $1\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$ -metre bands that were not often used.

Many of the hams closed their stations and went right into uniform. The majority of them were in the draft age brackets and the army, navy, marines and coast guard grabbed them up in a jiffy. The amateurs that were left soon found their way into war work.

The radio amateurs of the United States are zoned into nine districts by the FCC. The first district is New England; the second, New York City, Long Island and part of New York State; the third is Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, District of Co-



lumbia and parts of New Jersey; the fourth includes Alabama, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Tennessee; the fifth includes Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arkansas.

The sixth district comprises California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona. The seventh district includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. The eighth district comprises parts of New York and Pennsylvania, the lower peninsula of Michigan and the states of Ohio and West Virginia. The ninth district includes Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kentucky, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Colorado, North and South Dakota, Nebraska and the upper part of Michigan.

The radio ham had a great war job, both in the service and right here at home. As usual he did himself proud. The hams have always been able to come up with the right answers when disaster struck. During floods and hurricanes, when other means of communication were out of order, the radio ham has gone on the air and called help when it was urgently needed.



When more bands are released to the amateurs, and more hams are released by the services, there will be some great get-togethers on the air waves. The boys will have many stories to tell one another of war-time experiences all over the world. These radio amateurs have covered the entire world by short wave right from their own homes, and now many of them have actually visited parts of the globe they were familiar with by radio. Some great tales will go out over the short waves before long.

If you are listening in on the short waves bands of your radio, you may hear some of these stories—that is, if you can understand the lingo the boys use. It was full of abbreviations and initials before the war, hold-overs from the old code days. That was when all amateur radio commu-

nication was by Morse code and the hams borrowed the telegraphers' trick of abbreviating many words and running whole phrases into a few words.

There should be a fine new set of abbreviations and letters tossed on the air by the boys who have been in service. All of the services have been coining new words by telescoping a half-dozen words into a few letters.

Some of these nights, if you tune the short wave band of your receiver, you may hear, "CQ, CQ, CQ. This is W1XXX calling; CQ, please." This means that a radio ham is back on the air and is in the mood to talk to someone far away. "CQ" in the "Q" system of the hams means, "Pick up my wave length and let's talk." Through the air the answer may come from anywhere—and then the stories begin!

^ ^ ^

## J U V E N A L I A

The schoolgirl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle and was busily chewing gum when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

•

"My daughter has arranged a little piece for the piano."

"Good!" pop grumped. "It's about time we had a little peace."

•

Teacher: "Johnny, can you give me a definition of health?"

Johnny: "My pop says health is what people are always drinking to before they fall flat on their face."

•

Pammie: "Whatcha doin', mommie? Whatcha eatin'?"

Mamma: "I got up early so I could eat breakfast in peace."

Pammie (2½ years old): Baw, waw, yowl—"I wanna piece, too."

# The Christmas Story in *Art*

*A Glorious and beautiful story, touching the hearts of men throughout the ages and inspiring the greatest works of art the world has ever known.*

by RALEIGH WILLIAMS

**A**NOTHER Christmas nears and a world again at peace looks back through the centuries to that night in Bethlehem long, long ago when Mary first pressed the Christ Child to her breast.

It is an old story, that of Joseph and Mary, who came up from Galilee to the city of David to be taxed. And there, in the grotto stables where they were forced to stay because the inn was filled, the Christ was born. And in the nearby fields a great light shown upon the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks and the voice of an angel spoke to them to fear not because he brought good tidings; that in the city of David a Savior had been born, Christ the Lord, whom they would find wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.

It is a simple story, simply told in the second chapter of St. Luke. Yet it is a glorious and beautiful story, one that has reached down to touch the hearts of men throughout the ages and inspired the greatest works of art the world has ever known. From it have sprung masterpieces by the greatest composers of music, poetry and prose; from it sculptors have been inspired to

genius. But of all the arts which have sought to express the soul-stirring Christmas drama none has been employed more successfully than the palette. Many of the great masters of the brush have employed the story of the Nativity for some of their greatest works; many have depicted the scene time and time again.

The "Madonna and Child" was perhaps the most popular of all subjects with the Renaissance masters. Sometimes they were painted by themselves, sometimes with the little cousin Saint John, or with the grandmother Saint Anne, or Saint Joseph, husband of Mary; sometimes with an entire group of saints.

One Siennese painter, Duccio, about the turn of the fourteenth century, surrounded his "Madonna and Child" with twenty angels, six saints and four of his best Siennese patrons. The Dutch and Flemish artists employed something of the same idea, when commissioned to paint a family with its patron saint, by making a huge representation of the saint with tiny figures of the family grouped about it.

The Madonnas of Raphael are, of



*"The Magnificat," by Sandro Botticelli. On the following page the legend of the supernatural light is employed in the famous painting by Correggio, "The Holy Night." Raphael's great "Sistine Madonna" is also reproduced on these pages.*







course, among the best known and best beloved of all. His famous "Sistine Madonna" is his most widely known painting dealing with the subject. It is said that the face of the Madonna was that of the woman he loved. It could well be true, for artists ever were prone to weave something of the heart into their works.

Raphael was one of the greatest painters of the Renaissance—perhaps its foremost master. His father was a painter and poet, and although he died when the lad was only 12 years old he must have given the boy a good beginning in art for at 17 young Raphael had outstripped all his instructors in his native city of Urbino and had gone to Florence in search of greater worlds to conquer.

Soon the gifted young painter was summoned to Rome by the Pope, and so brilliantly executed were his figures on the walls of the *Camera della Signitura* that the Pope dismissed all other artists and ordered their work destroyed. But the Madonnas by Raphael immortalized his name.

Titian gave the world a wonderful Christmas painting in "The Holy Family." Tintoretto's "Adoration of the Shepherds"—a theme employed by many artists—also is a master

work. "The Nativity" by Rubens is second to none in spirit and execution. Murillo chose the Nativity for two outstanding works, "The Birth of the Virgin" and "The Flight Into Egypt." Also famous are "The Adoration of the Magi" by Veronese and "The Holy Night" by Correggio.

One, however, that deserves especial attention is Fra Lippo Lippi, whose madonnas were chiefly impressive because of the sweetness of the faces. It is legendary that the model for these was a young nun with whom he eloped from a convent in Florence where he was engaged in painting the chapel.

One of the noteworthy legends of the Nativity is of the dazzling supernatural light which filled the cave at Bethlehem with glory. Another is that told by Matthew, how on the third day Mary placed the Child in a stall and the ox and the ass adored him.

Hardly a painting of the Nativity fails to introduce these two humble beasts, sometimes with the ass being represented with open mouth, lifting up his voice in audible adoration—a form of worship which might be disconcerting to infant ears.

The legend of the supernatural light has been employed with remarkable effect by some of the painters. A noteworthy example of this is the "Adoration of the Shepherds" by Anton Rafael Mengs, in the Corcoran Galleries of Washington. Born in Aussig, Bohemia, in 1728, Mengs was a great admirer of Raphael and in his fourteenth year accompanied his father, who was a painter also,

←  
*Fra Lippi's "The Virgin Adoring the Child" stresses the delicate beauty of Lucrezia Buti, the nun whom he abducted from a convent in Florence and who became the mother of another noted artist.*

to Rome, where he spent his time copying the works of his favorite. It is for his "Adoration" that Mengs is best remembered.

Quoting from Van Dyke's "The Christ Child in Art:"

"There are certain symbols or mystical emblems which are frequently introduced in pictures of the Nativity. The cross is placed in the hands of an angel or in those of the little Saint John to remind us of the future for the Holy Child. The lamb is a sign of his purity; and when it is bound with cords it represents his sacrifice. The dove is the emblem of the Holy Spirit; it also speaks of meekness and innocence.

"The goldfinch, because of the red spot on its head, is connected with the memory of Christ's death. A sheaf of wheat is often used as a pillow for the infant Jesus, or just a few beads of it are placed in his hand as a symbol of the bread of life. When Jesus has his finger laid upon His lips it is to remind us He is the Word of God. The palm is the symbol of martyrdom and glory, the olive is the emblem of peace and the globe represents his kingly authority."

Thus in the silent language of symbols the artists have expressed the thoughts of wonder and worship which have gathered through the ages about the cradle of the infant Jesus.

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### *Notes on a Famous Street*

Peter Stuyvesant once built a wall to keep cattle from straying. That was in 1652. Today the site of that wall is a street. That gives us Wall Street.

This famous thoroughfare is only a little more than a third of a mile in length, at its widest point only forty feet across. The first trading took place in 1709. Here slaves were once bought and sold, and familiar sights were a cage, a pillory, and a whipping post.

First resident of this area was Captain Kidd. Later Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr had offices in the shadow of Wall Street.

The term "watered stock" originated when Daniel Drew, "the Sphinx of Wall Street," fed salt to lean starved cattle, then let them drink all the water they could hold, and sold them shortly afterward as prime plump cattle.





# Hate IS EVERYWHERE

*It is the religion, creed and enigma  
of occupied Germany.*

by EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

PRICE WICKERSHAM, Kansas City lawyer, is getting the low-down on American military government in occupied Germany in letters from his 37-year-old son, Capt. Wyman Wickersham, who is in charge of American military government at Mainburg, Germany, in the heart of the Bavarian hop-growing district. October 21, Captain Wickersham wrote to his father:

"If you were to describe conditions in Europe in one word, that word would be HATE. Every country hates the other and in Germany one section hates the other. What is the greatest fear in Germany? You guessed it—Russia and Communism. They blow it up to a tremendous size. What of political life? Germans are afraid of politics. Some intelligent people will even tell you that we ought to stay over here twenty-five years, dictating to the people, giving them no voice, and during that time the people should devote themselves to hard work. Political party sponsors say it will be hard to get members. We have two active political parties here, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats. Their principal difference is

that the latter believes in combination of church and state.

"The food situation will be critical, but the country will have enough to get by without much to spare. Ration is about half what you get in a day without the quality. Biggest local shortages are coal, fat, sugar, shoes, gasoline and work clothing. Basic fuel this winter is wood, of which there is enough.

"You hear a lot of UNRRA. They operate in this area with displaced persons and I don't know too much of their work. Some people who know are inclined to feel they are not doing too well, definitely not as well as the army.

"Right now we are in the midst of economic denazification, which is a tremendous job. It isn't so much work for us as it is responsibility to see that it is done properly. By economic denazification is meant the removal of active Nazi party members from any positions of supervision over another person in business life. This does not extend to farms. An example is the case of a chemist who works for a firm, but bosses no one, not even a clerk or steno or office boy. That man can remain, but if

he supervises in any way anyone else he must go, providing he was at all active in the party. This removal is the responsibility of the owner of the place, who, if he fails subjects himself to severe penalties and imprisonment.

"Now you ask, who denazifies the owner. That is done by a committee appointed by the Landrat (a local official), and approved by me. To begin with, the burden of proof is on the Nazi to prove he was not active and that he was virtually forced into the party.

"What is done with a business that is denazified at the top (owner)? You can suggest that the active Nazi owner sell it, or, if he refuses, just let it remain closed, or if its operation is essential to the community, you

can place it under Property Control, which means the appointment of an administrator who runs the establishment. He is appointed by me and turns over all but 12 per cent of the profits to the Property Control officer at Munich, who deposits it to an account. This money will be used by the United States government to buy German stuff for export to the U. S. for reparations.

"The term active Nazi is hard to define as it differs with the individual. Attitude is a big factor. What is being done with persons dismissed on account of Nazi activity? They cannot work under anyone they formerly supervised. Many are going to work in road repair. It is upsetting the lives of many families; the party members who have anything at all are worried sick."

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## STORY OF THE WEEK

A Kansas City businessman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed immediately to the hospital where his wife and newly acquired family were, and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse, being out at the time, was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father.

"Don't you know better than to come into the nursery here in those germ-filled clothes? Why—you're not sterile."

He looked at her and said, "Lady, you're telling me?"



### ◆ CONTEMPORANEITIES

"What model is your car?"

"It isn't a model—it's a horrible example!"

—from *The Tooter*.

# What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

## IV

### *The Pioneer Mother*



In this continuation of his remarkable series of articles on sculpture, W. Phimister Rowley, L.S., M.F.T., chooses the work of A. Phimister Proctor in Kansas City's Penn Valley Park. This beautiful carven tribute to the women of the west made a tremendous impression on the professor, who always did think women were wonderful, anyway, particularly a couple of telephone operators he knows.

**T**HE EXQUISITE sculpture group which stands at the foot of the Liberty Memorial Mall is in reality a tribute to all the pioneer women who played their heroic part in the winning of the west, although it was inspired by the life of Mrs. Sarah J. Birchfield Vanderslice.

In 1853 Mrs. Vanderslice with her husband and little son, Howard, migrated from Kentucky to Kansas, probably passing the very point where the statue now stands on their way from the inconsequential little landing station on the Missouri river to the thriving city it served, Westport. That was in the heyday of "Westward Ho!" when the gold and land rushes to the fresh lands of the West brought the migration of families

which resulted in the establishment of civilization through the Great Plains area.

The hardships and rigors of the frontier life so impressed themselves on the small lad that he was instilled with profound reverence for the fortitude of the pioneer women. Later he met Proctor and arranged for the creation of the inspiring marble group. That was after the lessons of industry and thrift taught at his mother's knee had enabled him to become a leader in the inland empire his mother had helped to create.

Thrift was characteristic of all these women of the west. It was at the knees of his grandmother, who also made the trek back in the covered wagon days, that this writer

learned the great merits of thriftiness and became one of the world's foremost paper bag savers—a trait of no small advantage in the recent paper shortage. Others may have had to carry their groceries home in a basket or a freshly washed garbage pail, but not the Professor. He always had an old bag to take to the store with him, although don't tell my wife I called her that.

This trait was manifest in all members of the family. My cousin Homer, for instance, was a string saver second to none, while his brother Hosea specialized as a bottle cap putter-awayer. At one time he had, by actual count, 8,264 bottle caps. It was my cousin Lucindy, however, in whom the trait of thriftiness was most pronounced. She was an electric light putter-outer and went about the house continuously putting out lights others had left burning. She estimated that over a period of twenty-five years she saved a total of \$4.86. Poor Lucindy is dead now. She stumbled over a stool in the dark and broke her meddling neck.

In his statuary group Proctor made his characters with faithful adher-

ence to historical accuracy in the minutest detail. The principal figures are the mother and child, mounted on a horse which exudes weariness; a pack animal, the husband, and an old scout. Close examination will reveal even the tobacco juice on the old scout's luxuriant set of whiskers.

It is reported Proctor's passion for accuracy caused him to drive the horses used for models for mile after mile in order to weary them to the point of presenting a true likeness of the jaded animals he desired to depict. When he achieved this, he would set to work with enthusiastic joy. There is no record that it was shared by the horses.

About the base of the statue is a Biblical quotation, the words of Ruth which every wife should memorize and recite in reverent humility each morning at the breakfast table: "WHITHER THOU GOEST, I WILL GO; AND WHERE THOU LODGEST I WILL LODGE; THY PEOPLE SHALL BE MY PEOPLE, AND THY GOD MY GOD." "Pass the butter and try coming home sober tonight, for a change."

## *We Got Your Number!*

While the conversation lags during the first two drinks, you might try this little number trick on that cute little number. To find her age and the month of her birth, have her do this: First, on the cocktail napkin (or the back of that card suggesting something or other made with Four Roses) she writes down the number of the month of her birth. That is, if she was born in February, she writes down 2; if in October, she writes 10; etc. Then have her multiply by two; add 5; multiply by 50 (all right, all right, you do it for her, then!); add her age (she'll do that, sight unseen); subtract 365; add 115. What comes out is four numbers. And you, you wise guy, will know that the first two numbers indicate the month of her birth; the last two are her age. Go ahead—try it and see!

# PRETTY LOOKS AT *Pretty* PEOPLE

*Interviews That Probably Will  
Not Be Published Very Soon.*

by CARL REVERE

## CARLOTTA CLAIRE— HOUSEWIFE AND MOTHER

**D**ESPITE the unfeeling criticism of some of the boys and girls of the Hollywood news "beat," our beloved Carlotta Claire, "first lady of the screen," is at heart a modest, simple housewife and mother.

She is a down to earth "homebody" whose great noble heart is wrapped up in her little family and her career.

As a reporter for Cinema Spotlight I have wormed my way through the shell of esoteric aloofness which surrounds this glamorous star. Thus Cinema Spotlight is able to bring you, for the first time, a candid portrait of this lissome film star who literally has the world by the heels! (And, boy! does she know the heels!)

It is only fair to report that Carlotta, "the honeyed one of 21," as Noel Coward once quipped, is actually a simple creature of simple tastes. I found her, for instance, displaying her famed lithe contours in a pair of chic mid-riff slacks and what she jocosely called a "sloppy Joe" (it's fitting in all the best places!) bustling gayly about her little white cottage on a hillside in Beverly Hills.

As we exchanged fripperies on her

patio it was almost horrifying to me to realize that this esoteric, poised, sophisticate once had been held up to public scorn in the press.

That shocking episode, which might have broken the spirit of a



lesser woman, occurred last year. Our sensitive, our idolized Carlotta, was voted the most uncooperative feminine film star by the editorial staff of the Potluck Falls (Idaho) Bugle!

The staff, the cad!—later confessed he had been toting an ax for Carlotta for years. The Bugle staff, a pimply party named Simpson S. Simpson, as-

serted he never had been able to see Carlotta (and vice versa) since the afternoon she turned him down flat for a date to go to the junior prom and barn dance at the local high school.

But the damage was done! Our beloved Carlotta Claire, housewife and mother, had been castigated in the columns of the Potluck Falls (Idaho) Bugle!

The sensitive soul of this superb artist of the silver screen had been bared to the coarse jocosities of 57 Idaho sheepherders.

The shepherds, tending the flocks on the potato filled hills, maintained that Carlotta, then known as Gerrydene Globber, had rigged the election in which she was voted "Jolliest Girl of the class of '30 of dear old Potluck High."

The herdsmen claimed a ewe named Minnie Maddern Barrymore actually won the election. In fact, the kindly but indignant shepherds rode Gerrydene Globber out of town on a rail.

Thus, humbly, the Carlotta Claire we revere today embarked on her dramatic career. Her struggles for the heady heights, her heartbreaks and her triumphs from that gray Idaho eventide to the blazing incandescence of Broadway are a matter of theatrical lore.

Fame! Autograph fiends! Palm Springs at twilight! Producers at daw—"Well, anyway, humble Gerrydene Globber had become a star. This modest, unassuming "child of the prairies" had become the most talked of woman in Hollywood. So,

after her years on the heady pinnacles, I have probed the heart of this exotic star who has been called by film fans "the soul of mystery."

"Hi, mack!" she carolled. "What'll you have? A snort of gin or two fingers in a washtub—wow, a boffola!"

I told her I would take a spot of sherry and in that lovely, husky voice she exclaimed: "What do you mean 'a spot of sherry?' Are all the writers in Hollywood petunias, too?"

As we sat beside the small swimming pool she said, languidly: "Some mudhole, eh, kid? Get that diving board—solid gold. I keep it filled with dry martinis and W. C. Fields."

"Our readers, Miss Claire, would like to know some of your favorite recipes, the little intimate dishes you concoct so skillfully when you are just being a wife and mother."

As we sipped our drinks in the shadow of the small, 82-room cottage which is just a simple home I insisted: "Miss Claire, our readers would like to know the secret, hidden depth of genius, that has brought this cozy little nest and fame to you."

"Gwan," she cooed, "your readers can't read. Take another snort."

"But, Miss Claire, this is a question that has puzzled the public for years. All film stars have some sort of charm, beauty perhaps, but yours is a more magnetic, a more pulsating quality that has never been—"

"Are you kiddin'?" She rolled those pansy-purple eyes and murmured. "I didn't get this shack by hanging around any sailors in Westlake Park!"

# The Coach, *the Man*, the Prophet

*How did he get that name "Phog"? Why do they call him the "Dean of American Basketball Coaches"? Well, here's a portrait of K. U.'s famous Phog Allen, whose 1946 team will soon be after another Big Six championship.*

LARRY WINN, JR.

The headlines have read: "A Laugh to Allen" . . . "Raps the N.C.A.A." . . . "Phog Is Still Talking" . . . "A New Blast by Allen." You've seen them in newspapers all over the country. They refer to Dr. Forrest C. Allen, Kansas University's famous basketball mentor.

"There goes Phog, popping off his mouth again," say sports followers whenever the Jayhawk tutor makes the headlines. But almost always, whenever he "popped off his mouth," Allen was right and could prove it. Maybe he didn't always use the utmost tact in several of his public charges, but he is a true sportsman and a firm believer in the right.

Water swigger, gum swallower, and bench slider Phog has worked tirelessly and endlessly for the betterment of his true love, basketball. Last year he finally proved he was right in his contention that "professional gamblers are taking over the game of college basketball." Phog Allen was yelling, "Fire, fire!," when the others couldn't even see the smoke—or didn't want to see it.

But this continued warning against "professionalism's part" in basketball didn't start just last year. Even as early as November 4, 1941, Dr. Allen

said in addressing a Y.M.C.A. meeting in Kansas, "Today, and in increasing proportions, basketball is being played for the 'dough' involved. Young men are going to colleges where they can get the 'most' out of the institution." He continued his campaign against money interests through the years. Phog Allen, the prophet, warned the public that "a scandal that would stink to high heaven" was in the making. It wasn't long before the Brooklyn scandal hit the headlines.

He recommends as part solution to this problem the establishing of a basketball czar. Sports writer Grantland Rice has nominated Phog Allen as the "czar of collegiate sports," while Phog urges selection of someone such as General MacArthur, Thomas Dewey, or J. Edgar Hoover—"someone with knowledge of law and order and someone who can set up legislation protecting the collegiate sports."

It was Phog Allen who in 1943 proposed the 12-foot basketball goal. This is something brought up again and again at coaches' meetings, most recently at the Big Ten Coaches' conference rules meeting last year.

Allen insists that "it will come as

sure as the sun sets." With the cage players growing taller and taller—7-foot Bob Kurland of Oklahoma A. & M., and 6-foot 9-inch George Mikan of Depaul as examples—the tactics of goal-tending are going to ruin the game. Until A. & M. got Kurland, Allen had the support of Henry Iba, Aggie coach, and Bruce Drake, youthful Oklahoma Sooner coach, in his belief that goals should be upped to 12-feet. He contends the change will equalize the alleged advantages of the tall player over the short one, decrease the crowding, blocking, and fouling that inevitably occur around the basket.

Although a true prophet in some matters, Allen is a poor prognosticator of his own teams in his pre-season guessing. His familiar chant, "I don't see how we can possibly finish any higher than fourth or fifth place," is usually passed lightly by sports writers. Often times called a sentimentalist and reminiscer, the energetic Jayhawk often replays his ball games in his classroom. Aside from his courses in elementary and advanced basketball, Phog teaches kinesiology and community recreation to University of Kansas students. He is the Director of Physical Education at K. U., and during the war years the only slightly gray-headed, 59-year old coach was in charge of Army and Navy physical education, averaging 10,000 man hours of recreation per week for the servicemen on the campus.

Noted for his wearing of loud ties, tweed suits, and colorful diamond-figured socks, Allen is probably one



of the busiest mentors in the country. He founded the Kansas Relays in 1928 and started the National Association of Basketball Coaches in 1928, serving two years as president of that organization. He has been a member of the National Joint Basketball Rules Committee for thirteen years and chairman of their Research Committee for nine years. He is a Blue Lodge Mason, a Scottish and York Rite, Shriner, an Elk and a Rotarian, along with being a Phi Kappa Psi fraternity advisor.



But that's not all, for Allen is president of the Lawrence Country Club, secretary of the Douglas County Selective Service Board, Chairman for K. U. drives in Third, Fourth, and Fifth War Loan drives, chairman for National War Fund and Community Chest, Infantile Paralysis Fund, and of the Douglas County Red Cross War Fund Drive. Aside from that, just to be sure his time is occupied, Phog is a member of the Salvation Army Advisory Board, past president of the Rotary Club, and Chairman of the Lawrence Civil Action committee.

He's written a couple of books, too, in his spare time, along with numerous articles. In 1923 he first published "My Basketball Bible," which sold more than 15,000 copies. Then in 1938 he finished his popular "Better Basketball," which was based on changes in the rules and practice.

"The good, kind Doctor," as he is called by son Bob, also is famous for being the instigator of the building of Kansas Memorial Stadium, which seats 38,340. He is the man, too, who won fame for coaching the Kansas football team in 1920 that tied Nebraska, 20 to 20, and for coaching the Crimson and Blue baseball teams in '39, '40, and '41.

Voted the "greatest basketball coach of all time" by the Helmes Athletic Association of Los Angeles in 1943, Phog is also known as the "maker of All-American basketball players." He boasts having coached such stars as Paul Endacott, '22, Charles Black, '24, '25; Tustin Ackerman, '25; Gale Gordon and Al Peter-

son, '26; Fred Pralle, '37, '38; Howard Engleman, '41; his son, Bob Allen, '41; Ray Evans, '42, and Charles Black, '43. Ray Ebling, Ralph Miller, Dick Wells and another son, Milt Allen, also received various All-American honors under the great Doc's tutelage.

Dr. Allen received the nickname "Phog" from a K. U. journalist-fraternity brother named Ward (Pinhead) Coble. Coble heard Allen being called "Foghorn" for several years as he umpired baseball and football games. He shortened Foghorn to Fog, supplemented the letters Ph for the F, and so it remains today.

There is a fallacious belief among many people that great players do not make great coaches, but Phog is a good example of the fallacy of this belief. He was chosen All-American at the end of the 1905 season, after the Kansas City Athletic Club team on which he was playing won three straight games from the Buffalo Germans, then touring the country as the "world's champions." Among the outstanding coaches in the country are several who played under Allen—Arthur "Dutch" Lonborg of Northwestern, John Bunn of Stanford, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, Forrest "Frosty" Cox of Colorado, and Louis E. Menze of Iowa State, are a few of them.

Included in Allen's impressive record as director of the Jayhawk basketball destinies are 19 conference championships, most of them undisputed. Since 1908 he has won 271 games for Kansas, losing only 86. His work at

other schools shows 180 victories and only 14 defeats.

In Lawrence, Dr. Allen is loved and respected by University students, faculty, and townspeople alike. No school ever had a better ambassador of good-will than the jovial, friendly and sincere Allen. After his basketball team has won a hard battle, digni-

ties by the dozens may be counted in the crowd which swarms down upon the glistening maple surface of Hoch auditorium court to wring his hand or slap his back. One of his closest friends was Dr. James Naismith, who founded the game of basketball in 1891 and who later became an instructor at Kansas.



### SPEEDY RECONVERSION

Some hundred men were hard at work on the excavation for a new washing machine factory. It was a rush job and the foreman rarely let them forget it. When all was in readiness to lay the foundation a man clad in overalls with a ladder on his shoulder stopped for a moment to watch the proceedings.

The foreman saw him and roared out to his men, "Now then, lads, get a moving on! Don't keep the window washer waiting."—*From The Tire, Clinton, Mo.*

•

First chorus girl: "For a hundred dollars I took acting lessons. I was taken for Lana Turner and taken for Betty Grable."

Second chorus girl: "You were also taken for the hundred dollars."

•

Two hicks were looking at a sign in the country store window which read: "Ladies Ready to Wear Clothes." And one observed sagely, "It's about time."

—B & R News.

# BEAUTY FOR THE *Boys*

*The squat and sturdy mug is glorified with facial cream, lotion, talc, cologne and special soaps.*

by MARION ODMARK

THERE was a time when the only beautifying the great American male yielded to was a shaving stick, pomade for his pompadour, and a little, very little, lilac vegetable. With these three standbys, he was the essence of good grooming and sterling masculinity. And if anyone had prophesied cosmetics for men that would make daily necessities of such luxuries as after-shaving lotion, talc, facial cream, deodorant, cologne and special soaps, he no doubt would denounce the trend a downfall to dandyism.

As recently as 1936 there were no cosmetic lines exclusively for men. A few woman's beauty houses had toyed with the idea and introduced a few supplementary items. But to no great profit nor popularity.

No average business man was going to risk his established virility by such a "sissy" stigma. And it was the general opinion in the trade that appealing to the delicate side of the male ego was barking up the wrong chin. That was less than ten years ago. Last year, 1944, sales of complete men's lines soared to \$25,000,000. And if individual men's toilet articles sales were to be added to this, the figure would mount near \$40,000,-

000. Over one hundred companies are now engaged in glamouring Joe, with added entries daily. The peacetime picture is even more golden.

Pioneer in this new-found commerce was Alfred D. McKelvy of Kansas City, who introduced a class of cosmetics called "Seaforth" in 1939. Chemist, mechanical engineer and advertising man, McKelvy birthed the idea in 1935 and desultorily made plans for eventual production. Four years later, he got around to talk over the idea with an executive of Marshall Field and Company, Chicago. Even before actual operations could be started, he had an order that foretold an interesting future. Seaforth's business for 1944 is notched at approximately \$2,000,000, a gold mine owned by Vick Chemical Company since 1941.

As in women's cosmetics, packaging has played a role as magical as advertising. The squat and sturdy mug is glorified in eye-snaring scenes for the sportsman. It may even be camouflaged as a fish or a bowling ball. The shaving bowl has been streamlined into a masterpiece of wood workmanship and graining. The sea-faring jug has been symmetrized to engaging line and color.

Bottles are arresting as the first new travel posters. There's even one line that has made its container nothing less than 23-karat gold-plated.

Conceptually, the psychology is twofold: To hit that consumer market of women (as high as 70% in purchase of men's toiletries) by charming *her* aesthetic eye, and satisfying *his* more rugged taste at the same time.

Unlike the florid, imaginative and indirect suggestive approach that keys women's cosmetics advertising copy, most men's space investment is a conservative and factual selling job, a presentation that gently re-establishes the fact that men are not sacrificing their masculinity with cosmetics, rather enhancing it. Covertly, it's the same sexuality that Philip Wylie, among other observers of American

attitudes, has bemoaned as indicative we are not a chaste people.

However that may be, advertising expenditure of the five firms dominating the men's cosmetics field is over \$1,000,000 annually. Top individual budget of this group is \$500,000 a year for media. And, of course, it pays rich dividends. One line that spends a modest \$125,000 a year showed an increase of 150% over 1939, a general idea how mercurial the field is as a whole.

Post-war prospects are decidedly rosy, with a finger pointing to the thousands of servicemen who have been initiated through gifts and got the beauty habit. They, like civilians, have found that there's nothing feminine about these for-men-only aids. They're accepted, expected indulgences.

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## SIGNS OF THE TIMES

A certain night club advertises a chorus of fifty, but we are positive some of them aren't a day over forty-five.

•

About the only person in the world who can watch the clock all day and still get paid for it is a radio announcer.

•

Rumors have it that Minnie and Mickey Mouse are not on squeaking terms.

•

Gal: I'm all worn out trying to get into this evening gown!  
 Guy: You don't look all in.  
 Gal: Omigosh! Where?

—from *Old American News*.

# Tung-Yu-Shu—Oil From Trees

*Thanks to the Chinese—Tung Oil is Dolling Up America.*

by ELLA ALLISON

**T**UNG oil, produced in China as tung-yu-shu, is as slick for paint or varnish as an oily tongue is in politics or at a peace conference. The Chinese, inventors of gunpowder that is used to settle wars—and what will salesmen do with it after all wars are settled?—evolved a peace industry before Marco Polo's time, one that is also useful in war: getting oil from trees.

The Chinese sent us tung oil before the present war. The trees, which grew in the region of the Yang-Tse River, bear nuts. The oil comes from the grown-up nuts, when crushed. The trees did not stay in China exclusively. Americans found out about them, notably William H. Raynes of Tallahassee. Bailey F. Williamson, national authority on tung oil, had the foresight to promote their growth in Florida for commercial purposes.

Williamson enlisted others for experimentation. He held tung-blossom festivals during tourist seasons. Almost any tourist has a patch of land on which small trees are slowly growing larger. There are now four million bearing trees in the United States.

The trees grow in various kinds of

soil, acid not lime, with proper drainage. Potash, phosphorus, and nitrogen are needed as for other plant life. The hulls from the fruit and the residue after pressing should be put back around the trees. A bit of zinc is helpful. An orchard of mature trees may be used for a cattle pasture. The leaves repel livestock and insects. The tree does not have diseases, and requires no spraying.

The government, until recently, has taken over all of the oil that is produced, and uses it in many ways. Ocean cables are insulated with tung oil. It is the best electrical insulation. It is used as a water-proofing finish for boats. The yacht that won all the races across the Atlantic, and from Palm Beach to Nassau, was finished with a tung-oil coating. It resists the tropical sun and salt air.

Gainesville furnishes all of the seed used in Texas, Africa, and South America for increased production of wood oil. Experiments continue, and many by-products are possible when capitalists decide the nuts are nuggets of gold, or that they contain liquid gold.

Peace time uses of tung oil for varnishes have been demonstrated by Bailey Williamson with his lectures.

So tung oil, one of the first aids in war, will be one among the first in peace. Continuing the methods now in use for war purposes, any kind of wood, properly treated, will be used as steel or as cork in the post-war world. Even so, tung oil will be used to protect and decorate the transformed wood.

The name tung means heart. The name was given to the tree because of its heart-shaped leaves. It is a beautiful tree, especially when in blossom. It does not in the least damage Florida's sub-tropical scenery, although the air roots of Spanish moss are never permitted to drape a graceful length of foliage across its limbs, for it is more valuable as a nut producer.

This tree waves its heart-shaped leaves as messages of peace, thirty-seven feet high, and furnishes oil to smooth the difficulties of the world.

It is an international tie, a growing olive branch.

Dr. L. W. Chang, a graduate of the best institutions of learning in China, was sent by his government during the present year to study our tung-oil production. In a country of 400 million people, he explained, all college graduates and students are exempt from military service, unless they wish to volunteer. They are considered to be more valuable as leaders to reconstruct the country later on. Dr. Chang gave interesting radio talks while in this country. He visited the Federal Tung Oil Research Laboratory of Gainesville and the Tung Investigation Field Laboratory of the University of Florida.

This capable student has returned to China with plans for increasing tung oil percentage derived from nuts from our twenty-eight per cent to ninety. Our boasted Yankee efficiency may be challenged.

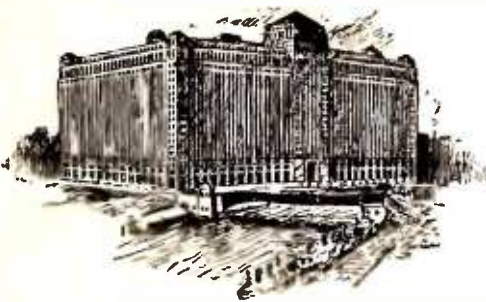
## Have You Read Your Bible Today?

Appropriate and helpful Bible messages have been selected for the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas. A minute with your Bible may make a difference in the way things go all through the day.

Thurs., Nov. 22—Psalm 121  
 Fri., Nov. 23—Psalm 23  
 Sat., Nov. 24—John 14  
 Sun., Nov. 25—John 3  
 Mon., Nov. 26—Matthew 5  
 Tues., Nov. 27—Romans 12  
 Wed., Nov. 28—John 1  
 Thurs., Nov. 29—Exodus 20:1-17  
 Fri., Nov. 30—James 1  
 Sat., Dec. 1—Ephesians 6  
 Sun., Dec. 2—1 Corinthians  
 Mon., Dec. 3—Psalm 24  
 Tues., Dec. 4—Hebrews 11, 12:1-2  
 Wed., Dec. 5—Matthew 6  
 Thurs., Dec. 6—Romans 8  
 Fri., Dec. 7—Matthew 7  
 Sat., Dec. 8—Psalm 91

Sun., Dec. 9—Galatians 6  
 Mon., Dec. 10—Colossians 3  
 Tues., Dec. 11—Ephesians  
 Wed., Dec. 12—Philippians 3  
 Thurs., Dec. 13—1 Corinthians 3  
 Fri., Dec. 14—Philippians 4  
 Sat., Dec. 15—John 15  
 Sun., Dec. 16—Psalm 1  
 Mon., Dec. 17—Psalm 27  
 Tues., Dec. 18—1 Corinthians 15  
 Wed., Dec. 19—Psalm 46  
 Thurs., Dec. 20—Matthew 28  
 Fri., Dec. 21—11 Tim. 2  
 Sat., Dec. 22—John 17  
 Sun., Dec. 23—Revelation 21  
 Mon., Dec. 24—Revelation 22  
 Tues., Dec. 25—Luke 2

# Chicago Letter . . .



by

NORT JONATHAN

The question they're asking most often this yuletide season is, "When did you get out of uniform?" Back into the social and business life of the Windy City are pouring thousands of men, and women too, who have been under contract to the government. Seeing them back in civilian clothes, it seems almost as though they never left town. That discharge button—called many things which can't be mentioned in a magazine—is a common sight all over town.

It's going to be a gay Christmas. In addition to the thousands of service guys and gals home for the first time in several years, Father Dearborn is going all-out to see to it that the 1945 holiday season is the biggest and best since 1940. The stores report shipments of merchandise previously not available—everything from radios to nylons. And of course the boys who run the Chicago night world, from deluxe hot dog stands to saloons, will do their share to make sure that everybody who wants to spend money can do so easily, and with a minimum amount of pain.

For example, the Mayfair Room has come up with a prize booking—Jean Sablon, the Frenchman's Frank Sinatra.

Mr. Sablon hasn't been around for some years. His opening will undoubtedly be greeted with many sighs and a general swooning on the part of the Carriage and Cover Charge Set. Jean specializes in sentimental songs sung in the bedroom manner. If you've heard any of his recordings, you'll know what we mean.

Another Yuletide addition to the after-dark festivities will be the return to the Empire Room of the Palmer House of George Olscn and his young orchestra. George had a highly successful engagement in that genteel spot last winter. So successful, in fact, that Hildegard really became worried about the records she had hung up a few months before. And then in mid-January, Merriel Abbott will reintroduce to Chicago audiences one of two famous bandleaders about to be discharged from the Navy. For our money that means either Eddie Duchin or Griff Williams, both Empire Room favorites before they became officers. Probably the former, because Duchin is reported to be out of the Navy and forming a new band on the West Coast, while Griff Williams is still stuck out at Great Lakes as Entertainment Officer.

Gene Krupa is on his way back to the Panther Room at the Sherman. This will be good news for the jitterbug set, bad news for the waiters. They'll have to deliver all those cokes and listen to the heavy beat of that jungle rhythm hours on end.

This strong cafe line-up, with a bountiful helping of new stage plays, should make the holiday season one of the merriest ever. Also Major McLaughlin's Chicago Blackhawks can be counted upon to take care of the sport-inclined. The assault and battery season is well upon us, with the bruises and contusions at about par for this time of the year. The Blackhawks, much to the amazement of one and all, are ripping along in first place in the hockey league. This happy circumstance may not continue for long, but

white it lasts the customers are filling the Chicago Stadium to the rafters. It hasn't seen such crowds since the Lone Ranger appeared with the Barnes Brothers Circus.

The local yen for legalized assault and battery is also expressed in the annual reappearance of the Roller Derby. For a number of years now, Mr. Leo Seltzer has brought to the Coliseum an assortment of male and female skaters who spend days on end whirling dizzily around a wooden oval. This combination of the 6-Day Bike Race and the Dance Marathon, with a little mayhem thrown in to make it interesting, is highly popular with the citizenry. So much so, in fact, that Mr. Seltzer makes it an annual event.

The current state of the Theatre is extremely healthy. All playhouses are now occupied, most of them by hits which should be around for months to come. A theatrical traffic jam seems to be developing, with few houses available to take care of January arrivals.

The long-run hits are "Voice of the Turtle," "Dear Ruth," "Carmen Jones," and Anna Lucasta." Of the quartet only "Carmen Jones" will leave in the near future. This Billy Rose hit will stick around only until the first of the year. The others will probably be with us on July 4, 1946.

On the horizon are a revival of the old standby, "The Desert Song," and a new play starring that debonair fugitive from the Hollywood whodunits, Mr. Edmund Lowe. Mr. Lowe arrives in the photogenic company of June Havoc in "The Ryan Girl," assisted by Doris Dalton and Una O'Connor. Also promised are the new Eddie Dowling play, "St. Lazare's Pharmacy," and the Broadway hit, "The Hasty Heart." Mr. Dowling hopes to repeat the Chicago success of last season's premiere of "The Glass Menagerie." And, incidentally, he hopes to appease his Chicago supporters who were counting on him for something in the way of a repertory theatre.

Visitors from out of town during the

holiday season who want to get away from the usual pubs and places will do well to visit several of the not so well known but important restaurants. These spots are frequented by Chicagoans but off the beaten path for visitors.

First on many a personal list of top cafes is the Wrigley Building Restaurant on the first floor of that venerable pile on North Michigan avenue. The Wrigley, as it is more familiarly known, has wonderful food at surprisingly modest prices. Also famous is the bar, presided over at almost all times by Lou Harrington, master of martinis and manhattans. You'll find politicians and nice old ladies eating happily side by side in the main restaurant. The bar in the rear is the almost exclusive hang-out of Chicago's radio and advertising fraternity. Great consternation was caused recently when a small fire in the kitchen brought a twenty-four hour closing. Radio and advertising agency people peered into the darkened windows anxiously and roamed the boulevard like lost souls.

Other restaurants well worth a try are Riccardo's on Rush Street, the Corona (also on Rush Street), and the Petite Gourmet on North Michigan Avenue. These, like the Yar and the Kungsholm, are famous for their food and atmosphere. The only difference is that the checks are considerably smaller. With the money saved you can pay for a ticket back to the home town or buy new shoes for Baby.

## UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND INCLUDED OUT

I think that I shall never see  
A horse-thief on a family tree:  
Somehow in charting families  
All those who've hung on other trees  
Are missed by genealogies.



# CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

## Ultras . . .

★ **BAL MASQUE.** One of the truly palatial places of Chicago's colorful near north, and incidentally, one of Chicago's newest dining rooms. Sandra Star is featured. (NEAR NORTH) Hotel Continental. 505 N. Michigan Ave. Whi. 4100.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** An exciting and lavish room located in the world's largest hotel. Clyde McCoy alternates with Mischa Novy and his handmen. (LOOP) 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Bob McGrew, the WHB alumnus, entertains nightly with his smooth orchestra at a place which is thoroughly in keeping with the grandeur of Chicago's Drake Hotel. (GOLD COAST) Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** Spacious and traditional, headlined by Eddie Oliver and his orchestra, now in their fourth month. For restful relaxation, visit the traditional Victorian room where elite Chicagoans hear Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM.** Ultra chic magnificence in all of the dignity and refinements which this famous hotel has built up through the years. (LOOP) Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ **MARINE ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Emil Vandas orchestra sets a varied tempo and provides excellent musical background for the Dorothy Hild dancers in eye-consuming dance designs. (NORTH) 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

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

★ **BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL.** Opens early (11 a. m.), closes late (?), bamboo coutrements and atmosphere as scenic as the south seas. (WEST) 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 9000.

★ **BISMARCK HOTEL.** Sherman Hayes, his orchestra and the lovely Dell Welcome are current attractions at this rich oaken and huff sip and quip spot. One of Chicago's favorite gathering places for many years. (LOOP) Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ **BLACKHAWK.** Tiny Beth Farrell, the "fold-up" girl (4 feet 9 inches), contrasts sensationally with Swooner Harry Cool (6 feet 4 inches) and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ **SHERMAN HOTEL.** A fine place to knock yourself out with Gene Krupa and his crewmen who are currently featured. The Panther Room is appropriately named, because the cats are strictly in charge here. (LOOP) Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ **TRADE WINDS.** One of the favorite late spots and heartily recommended for steaks, chops, drinks and music to go with it all, for a pleasant bounce. Open all night. (NORTH) 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

## Colorful . . .

★ **BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** Hungarian cooking is in the limelight at Joseph Berceci's place, and along with it a light musical opera program. Open late. (GOLD COAST) 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 9988.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** Elegant Cantonese cuisine has never been so delicious as now. Here's a show-place of undisputed character. Huge shells, soft lights, glass floats in knotted straw-stacks, and what have you. (GOLD COAST) 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ **CLUB EL GROTO.** Seventh edition of "Star-time." Too thrilling for mere words, so Earl (Fatha) Hines has set it to music with an all-star cast. (SOUTH) 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9174.

★ **IVANHOE.** Colorful background of medieval England and delightful entertainment by Barney Richards' band, Kay Becker and Vierra's Hawaiians. (NORTH) 300 N. Clark St. Gra. 2771.

★ **L'AIGLON.** In the French-Creole department, nominations are in order to put this place at the head of the list. Victorian atmosphere and attentive service enhance its bill of fare. (GOLD COAST) 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ **SINGAPORE.** With the celebrity crowd, the Malayan Bar is the choice for steaks, chops, conviviality at the bar, and late snacks. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

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

★ **SHANGRI LA.** Decidedly one of Chicago's real show-places. Large, dramatic, and tops in Cantonese cuisine and rum originalities. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Del. 9733.

★ **YAR.** Russian food at its best. Better make reservations if you plan to avail yourself of this superb dining and music by George Scherban's ensemble. (GOLD COAST) 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

★ **AMERICAN ROOM, LASALLE HOTEL.** Florian Za Bach is back with his violin and his orchestra in the intimate American Room. Then go downstairs to the Gay Nineties Tap and get acquainted with the Barber Shop Four. (LOOP) LaSalle at Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ **BROWN DERBY.** The six American Beauties plus Jerry Salone's orchestra. An added attraction is B. S. Pulley from Hollywood and an assortment of variety names. (LOOP) Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ **CASINO.** Two great hands, lots of room, lots

of people, lots of everything. (LOOP) 6 N. Clark St.

★ **CHEZ PAREE.** One of the most pretentious of all Chicago clubs, now starlighting Gay Claridge and his orchestra, the Chez Paree Adorable, and dance stylists Gail Meredith and Dixie Roberts. (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairbanks court. Del. 3434.

★ **CLUB ALABAMA.** Warmer than a Birmingham bonfire. Interest is equally divided here between a prize winning flaming crater dinner and a bright floor show. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ **CLUB FLAMINGO.** A sizable moderne setting for sizable sophistication, emceed by Ray Reynolds and Bob Revel. No minimum or cover. (WEST) 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ **CLUB MOROCCO.** Carrie Finnell, she of the famous bouncing anatomy, is still going strong (literally) with admirable sidekicks in Billy Carr, emcee, the dancing Darlings and Charlie Rich and his orchestra. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ **CUBAN VILLAGE.** South of the Gulf warmth raises the temperature of this north side spot. Jose Mantellia's rumba band is a conspicuous headliner. (NORTH) 715 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ **885 CLUB.** For several seasons Joe Miller has been spotted by knowing diners as a great Chicago host. Added attraction is Dennis Varzos at the piano. (GOLD COAST) Del. 9102.

★ **51 HUNDRED CLUB.** Day, Dawn and Dusk, superb warblers, appear with Jan Murray, consummate comic, and Isabel Johnson, twinkle-toed tapster, to the delight of a usually full house. (UP-TOWN) 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

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

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** A triple-threat show has the spotlight in this downtown spot, presenting Billy Vine, comedian, and Dorothy Donegan, mercurial keyboard genius, and Jerry Cooper, the singing heart-throb of radin. (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.** Chicago's largest all-girl revue, the Scan-Dolls of 1945, is presented by your host, Lew King. Ginger Du Vell, mistress of ceremonies; Troy Snap and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST) 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ **OLD HEIDELBERG.** Laugh and quaff with the round Bavarian burghers in the main dining room and then go downstairs where Herr Louie and his gang hold forth. (LOOP) Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ **CLOVER BAR.** Where you'll find that popular keyboard threesome, Vic Artese, Bert McDowell and Gladys Keyes, who keep the atmosphere constantly musical. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ **RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR.** Here's an assorted swing program with such talent as Frank Jacobi, Ed Brody, Ross Gordon and the Sophisticates of

Swing. (LOOP) State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

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

### Food for Thought . . .

★ **AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT.** A near north side hit that offers plenty in the way of food and excellent drinks. You'll like the bar with its novel marine decorations. (NEAR NORTH) 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

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

★ **GUEY SAM.** On the fringe of Chicago's Chinatown. An eerie stairway leads you into a large, unpretentious room with tables and booths. Good, solid, and plentiful Chinese dishes in all variations. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth.

★ **HOE SAI GAI.** (Meaning prosperity.) Extra good Chinese dishes, intimate cocktail lounge, amid a quiet, oriental atmosphere. (LOOP) 85 W. Randolph St. Dea. 8505.

★ **KUNGSHOLM.** In the Scandinavian bracket, there's no surpassing the delectable food of Kungsholm, nor its after-dinner divertissement of puppet opera. (NEAR NORTH) Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ **NANKIN RESTAURANT.** A great favorite of society and epicures, especially those who go for good Chinese cooking, which includes practically everybody you know. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

### CHICAGO THEATRE

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Civic Theatre, 20 W. Wacker Drive. Fra. 7818). Original, all-Negro New York cast in this Broadway hit that Walter Winchell called the best of this season.

★ **CARMEN JONES.** (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Billy Rusc's lavish colored version of Bizet's "Carmen" with a great sepia cast. Features Muriel Smith in the lead role.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Norman Krasna's charming comedy of war-time romance with William Harrigan, Leona Powers and Herbert Evers.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Sciwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). With Louisa Horton, Hugh Marlowe and Vivian Vance. A John Van Druten comedy that has topped all New York attractions.

★ **LAFFING ROOM ONLY.** (Shubert, 22 W. Monroe. Ran. 9680). Olsen and Johnson's latest laugh riot with an all-star supporting cast.

★ **THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.** (Great Northern, 26 W. Jackson Boulevard. Wab. 6197). Elizabeth Bergnet is starred in this thrilling, psychological drama.

★ **THE STUDENT PRINCE.** (Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan. Cen. 8240). Revival of Sigmund Romberg's operetta with Toby Durst, Laurel Hurley and Alexander Gray.

★ **THE WINTER'S TALE.** (Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Har. 8880). A Theatre Guild production of the infrequently played Shakespeare work with Jessie Royce Landis, Florence Reed, Henry Daniell, Romney Brent and Whiteford Kane.

# New York Letter...



by LUCIE INGRAM

The best tunes of all may be at Carnegie Hall . . . but there's a young chap by the name of Leonard Bernstein who packs them in at the New York Civic Center whenever he raises his baton. His orchestra is made up of both men and women and though the setting and whole concert in general seems much more informal than Carnegie, there is a certain vivacity and intensity in the presentation that is most compelling. L.

**BEST** Bernstein is very clever in his  
**TUNES** selections for the orchestra.  
**OF ALL** He offers a bit of modern  
music in a way that makes one  
feel that it has a meaning after all and  
then warms the heart with expert inter-  
pretations of the old masters. His age  
one might guess to be around twenty-  
five. He is very slight of build and has  
a grace of movement that delights the eye.  
He has a sureness and a magnetism that  
seems to electrify the audience as well as  
the orchestra. In fact he is really super.

His six o'clock concerts that last until seven-thirty are very popular and can be easily taken in without sacrificing other Manhattan activities. If ever he goes on tour let's hope that Kansas City gets a chance for him.

The elevator system in New York is getting completely out of hand. Getting in a store these days takes expert navigation and getting out takes navigation plus patience plus self-preservation. Most stores have express elevators to try and ease the strain but they don't seem to help very much. Customers are not encouraged to use the stairways . . . in fact in most stores it is strictly forbidden. At Saks Fifth Avenue one can climb up and down as an independent unit if the knees hold out. The stairs there are long and steep but well worth the effort as a time saver. Also there is much less chance of getting a black eye or broken rib. Why is it that second floor customers always get in the rear corner of an elevator and make everyone either get completely off while they emerge from the chaos or get their clothes twisted hindside foremost? And the personal remarks made on these occasions can be most unsettling. About the stair systems though . . . be careful just what stairs you get on. Some are a snare. The doors open easily from the shopping or business side and one is led to expect a change of altitude with poise and surety. Then comes the blow. The doors automatically lock on the stair side and there is no way back to civilization before the ground floor. Most hotels have the same trap. The escalators at Macy's and Bloomingdales are a joy to the heart. There, one can buy a little piece of something in not more than an hour and a half. Advice to out-of-town shoppers is . . . do it by mail.

A good investment these  
**COSTLY,** days would be to own a  
**BUT** something-or-other in Bermu-  
**WORTH IT** da. Anything that could be  
rented. The plane service to  
this delightful little spot is so booked up  
and crowded that even the sky down that

way is beginning to show the wear. Accommodations are harder to get than a strap in the subway. However, they say it's all worth it. And the flight itself only takes a little over four hours.

The current Broadway play **THERESE** has a most unpleasant theme . . . the triangle-murder type of thing. But, the play aside . . . the fact that Margaret Webster directed her mother, Dame May Whitty, and her old friend, Eva le Gallienne, in the production is most interesting. Now, Miss Webster and Miss le Gallienne are planning to start a repertoire theatre of their own. For old theatre-goers who remember Miss le Gallienne's Fourteenth Street Theatre where many famous actors appeared in old classics such as *The Cherry Orchard*, the idea is most enthusiastically received. And Miss Webster's merit as a director as well as an actress is definitely super. The project should develop into one of those pleasant things . . . unglamorous in presentation but real and satisfying in performance . . . as is always a fine interpretation of any master whether it be in music or drama.

There is much more to a battle than the fighting. Manhattan is full of couples, young and old (as no doubt is every place else) who are faced with the problem of trying to get back into a course of life that was interrupted and splintered by war. Nothing ever remains the same . . . especially people . . . and the frustration of trying to recapture memories and habits quickly is drawing heavily upon the bank of patience and understanding. The desire is to adjust too quickly, with a tremendous impatience over the hiatus that must necessarily bridge the gap towards readjustment. Too frequently these days one observes this situation, or overhears conversations about this problem, in night spots where the equation is trying to be solved by having a gay time. Reconversion means a lot more than turning a jeep factory back into kitchen equipment.

New Yorkers and their week-ends are an institution. And what fun they have. They never seem to lose contact with old

friends no matter whether they live in town or have migrated to Westchester, New Jersey, Long Island or various other points.

### NO SUNDAY PRIVACY

They get together . . . and it's always a week-end. It doesn't take much effort to pack an overnight bag and arrange the household for a couple of days . . . and the salutary effect of a change coupled with the fun of old friends is more than worth the effort. It's one of the few things one might miss in the convenient home-distances of Kansas City. Of course there is no Sunday morning privacy for the grim, neurotic results of Saturday night's hilarity, but there are always other grim results limping towards the coffee pot so a good Sunday morning neurosis hasn't enough solitude to sprout anyway. Then, all is forgotten in brotherly sympathy and happy memories . . . with the hope "We'll all get together soon again."

How can you figure it department . . . A lovely young gal of sixteen was twenty minutes late getting home from a date. Mother and father were still up due to the late departure of guests and stuff and junk. Daughter received a severe reprimand. Next night she was twenty minutes early getting in . . . not only to find the entire household completely dead to the world but to receive no credit whatsoever for her great sacrifice. And so it goes . . .



# NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ **AMBASSADOR.** In the Trianon Room Juks Lande and his orchestra play rather stately music at dinner and supper, daily except Sundays, with William Adler and the light classics for luncheon and cocktails. Dinner from \$2.50, luncheon from \$1.50. Minimum, Saturday after ten, \$2.00. Park Avenue at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** Jose Morand's orchestra plays for dancing during cocktails, dinner and supper, except Sunday. In the Broadway Cocktail Lounge, you dance to music of Ron Perry. Lounge is closed on Monday. Times Square. Ci. 6-6000.

★ **BAL TABARIN.** French, if not free, and a fine place to get fried. Montmartre girls and amusing decor make it something special. Lou Harold's band for dancing. Shows at 7:30, 11:30, 1:30. Dinner at \$2.25, plus two bits if you don't drink. Minimum on Saturdays and holidays, \$1.50. 225 W. 46th. Ci. 6-0949.

★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** Dancing in a Glass Hat, to tunes by Payson Re and the rumbas of Nino's band. Kathryn Duffy Dancers in a revue at 8:30 and 12. Better than average food. Minimum after 10 p. m., \$1.50; Saturday, \$2.00. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

★ **BILTMORE.** Lots of pleasing entertainment in the Bowman Room, including Fred and Elaine Barry, the dancers, at 7:45 and 11:45, along with the magician, Cardini, and dancing to a couple of bands—Joseph Sudy's and Mario Hurtada's rumbas. Cover after 10, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Madison Ave. at 43rd. Mu. 9-7920.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Americana in form of folk music and hot jazz, conveyed chiefly by Josh White, Dolores Martin, Cliff Jackson, and Benny Morton's band, along with the quaint hysteria of Imogene Coca. Shows at 8:30, 12 and 2:15. Dinner from \$1.75. Minimum \$2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

★ **CASINO RUSSE.** Agreeable Russo-American alliance, presenting Cornelius Codolban's orchestra, entertainment by Sarah Gorbey and Aida Kuznetzoff, and foods hoth Russian and American. Dinner \$2.75-\$4.50. Shows at 8:45 and 12. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday and holidays, \$3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56th. Ci. 6-6116.

★ **COMMODORE.** Charley Spivak and his orchestra decorate the night air with danceable ditties, alternating with Mishel Gorner, 7 till closing. Cover after 9:30, \$1.00; Friday, Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.

★ **COPOCABANA.** Joe E. Lewis is currently cavorting in a bright show at 8, 12 and 2, along with dancers Vanya and D'Angelo, Carol Horton, and the Samha Sirens. Music put out by Joel Herron and Noro Morales. Minimum \$3.00; Saturday, \$4.00. 10 E. 60th. Pl. 8-1060.

★ **COQ ROUGE.** Everything smooth, including the service, the music, and the clientele. Dick Wilson and Irwin Polk lead a couple of orchestras through dance rhythms, and the food is fine. Dinner a la carte. Minimum, \$1.50. 65 E. 56th. Pl. 3-8887.

★ **EL MOROCCO.** Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing, and there's excellent food for those who care. Cover after 7, \$2.00. 154 E. 54th. El. 5-8769.

★ **ESSEX HOUSE.** In the big dine and dance room, Casino-on-the-Park, Jean Tighe, a dark and different sort of singer, perches on a kitchen stool and sings of love and woe. All this around 9:15. Stan Keller provides the wherewithal for dancing and there's room to do it. Minimum Saturday after ten, \$2.00. 100 Central Park S. Ci. 7-0300.

★ **LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Risque business in the revue glorified this season by pin-up gal Sherry Britton. Eddie Davis is still in fine fettle. Shows at 8, 10, 12—don't go way yet—and 2:30. Minimum \$3.50 after 10; Saturday and holidays, \$4.00. 33 W. 52nd. El. 5-9414.

★ **LEXINGTON.** Shows at 7:45, 10 and 12, surrounded by the danceable music of Hal Aloma and his orchestra in the Hawaiian Room. Monday nights Jenö Bartal's orchestra relieves, and the shows are at 7:45 and 11:30 only. Cover, 75c after 10; Saturday, \$1.50. Saturday luncheon show, with dancing, 1 to 2:30. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.

★ **MADISON.** Val Ernie's orchestra plays for continuous dancing, 5:30-9:00, after which it becomes a supper club presenting, among others, pretty Judith Arden at the piano, and a Professor Razha who reads your palm. Unique occasion is the Madison's Sunday Bracer Breakfast with dancing—1 to 4 p. m. It sets you back a mere \$1.75, and that includes the first drink. 15 E. 58th. Vo. 5-5000.

★ **NEW YORKER HOTEL.** In the Terrace Room, Johnny Long's agreeable music and an ice revue with Joan Hyldoft. Dancing from six. Shows at 7:45 and 11:45. Luncheon show at 1:15, except Sunday, with Peter Kent's orchestra. Cover after 9, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. 8th Ave. at 34th. Me. 3-1000.

★ **PENNSYLVANIA.** Frankie Carle holds forth in the Cafe Rouge. Cover, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Dinner at \$3.50. Closed on Sunday. 7th at 33rd. Pe. 6-5000.

★ **PIERRE.** In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melba's music surrounds a show at 9 and 12, which stars magician Gali-Gali and the dancers, Jayne Di Gatano and Adam. Minimum, \$2.00; Saturday, Sunday and holidays, \$3.00. 5th Ave. at 61st. Re. 4-5900.

★ **PLAZA.** Hildegard's hack home. Shows in the Persian Room at 9:30 and 12:30; dance music by Garwood Van. Cover after 9:30, \$1.50. Closed Sunday. 5th Ave. at 59th. Pl. 3-1740.

★ **ROOSEVELT.** All sorts of diversion, including dancing in the Grill, where Guy Lomhardo is host to a terrific homecoming. Cover after 9:30, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Champagne Hour, 9:30-10:30, with Arthur Murray Dancers. Madison at 45th. Mu. 6-9200.

★ **RUBAN BLEU.** Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, Mervin Nelson, and a lot of other good people make this a superior supper club. Opens at nine; closes on Sunday. Liquor minimum, \$3.00. 4 E. 56th. El. 5-9787.

★ **ST. GEORGE.** If you're over in Brooklyn, take a look at the lower Manhattan from the 26th floor (or thereabouts) of the St. George. Then drop in at the Bermuda Terrace, where Ray O'Hara and his orchestra play for dancing. Dinner to \$2.25. Minimum after 9:30. Friday, Saturday and holidays, \$2.00. Closed Monday. Brooklyn, 51 Clark Street. Ma. 4-5000.

★ **ST. MORITZ.** Home of the Club Continental—for dining and dancing, and the Cafe de la Paix without the dancing. The food is pretty wonderful, and so are the drinks. Nice atmosphere. 59 Central Park S. Wi. 2-5800.

★ **ST. REGIS.** An ice show shows at 9 and 12 in the Iridium Room. For dancing, there's Paul Sparr's orchestra alternating with the organ melodies of Theodora Brooks, and at luncheon, Maximilian's Ensemble. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturday, \$2.50. Closed Sunday. In the Maisonette, Dorothy Shay, George Koch, and Laszlo—the latter two with orchestras—help you have fun. No luncheon here; only dinner—and from \$3.50. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturday, \$2.50. Closed Monday. 5th Ave. at 55th. Pl. 3-4500.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Cal Gilford and orchestra divide time with Clemente's marimba band. Minimum 5 to 9, Monday-Friday, \$1.50. 9 to closing, \$1.00. Saturday, Sunday and holidays, 5 to closing, \$2.00. No cover for dinner guests. 5th Ave. at 58th. Vo. 5-2600.

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** Mostly distinguished by Spivy, who sometimes wanders in to sing of sex and woe. Carter and Bowie add to the entertainment. Liquor minimum, \$1.50, Monday to Thursday; \$2.25 the rest of the time. Opens at 8. 139 E. 57th. Pl. 3-9322.

★ **STORK CLUB.** You know about this one. Cover \$2.00 after ten; Saturday, Sunday and holidays, \$3.00. If you get into the Cub Room, you won't need any further info. 3 E. 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.

★ **TAFT.** Vincent Lopez and his band still hold forth in the Grill for luncheon and dinner dancing. No dancing Sunday noon. Lunch from 65c; dinner from \$1.50. 7th Ave. at 50th. Ci. 7-4000.

★ **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN.** Pretty place in the Park, with continuous dancing from 6:45. Opens at 5 on weekdays, 1 p. m. on Sunday. Minimum after 9, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. Rh. 4-4700.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Dwight Fiske of the kingly leer and fiendish delight sits down at the piano nightly at 8, 12:30 and 2. Shows at 8, 12:30 and 2, with dancing to the music of Maximilian Bergere's orchestra in between times. Excellent food, and not inexpensive. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday, holidays and opening nights, \$3.50. 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Bucolic frolic with Tiny Clark emceeing square dances and hillbilly games. Revues at 8, 11 and 2. Minimum, \$1.50; Friday and holidays, \$2.00; Saturday, \$2.50. Dinner from \$1.50. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. St. 9-8840.

Room with Frank Sinatra and Emil Coleman's orchestra moving in with an all new show. And there's Mischa Borr, too. Cover after 10:30, \$2.00; no cover on Sunday, also no show. But you can

dance to Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's music. Park at 49th. El. 5-3000.

★ **ZANZIBAR.** Shows at 8, 12 and 2, lavishly presenting Duke Ellington, the Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald, and Maurice Rocco in a dazzling show.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** One of the two best spots in the city, thanks to the brothers Josephson (Barney and Leon), who find and present absolutely top talent. Susan Reed comes at the top of the list for our money, but there's nothing the matter with the rest of the acts showing here at 8:30, 12 and 2:15 every night except Sunday. Ed Hall's still around with his geniality and fine orchestra; likewise the Roy Tibbs Trio, alternating with Ed Hall for dance music. The beautifully idiotic murals are the product of Lucille Corcas, frequently of The New Yorker's front cover. Minimum, by the way, \$3.50; dinner from \$2.50, and good. 128 E. 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

### Amusing Miscellani . . .

★ **BARNEY GALLANT'S.** The place is like peanuts; you never know when you've had enough. Good food, fine liquors, music from a piano and an occasional accordion. Dinner to \$3.75. Opens at 5; closed on Sunday. 86 University Place. St. 9-0209.

★ **DICKENS ROOM.** Pickwickian place with a rawther jawly atmosphere and a bar nearby. American food; piano music from time to time. Opens at 5 on week-days. Closed Sunday. Dinner from \$1.50. 20 E. 9th. St. 9-8969.

★ **MADLEINE'S LE POISSONNIER.** Stimulating French quality in the cuisine; entertainment by night, with Irene Stanley, Lucille Jarrott, and the Charles Wilson Trio. Dinner from 4 p. m., and \$2.50 without drinks; \$2.75 without. Closed Sunday. 121 E. 52nd. El. 5-9706.

★ **NICK'S.** Jazz as an art and science, produced by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and a few others. No dancing. Minimum after 9, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10th. Wa. 9-9742.

★ **VILLAGE VANGUARD.** More of the atmospheric sort of folk music by Paul Villard, and by Josef Marais who sings blues and songs of the African Veldt. The Art Hodes Trio supplies fine dance music. Minimum, \$2.00; Saturday and holidays, \$2.50. Closed Monday. 178 7th Ave. Ch. 2-9355.

### Food for Thought . . .

★ **ALGONQUIN.** Peopled by artists and writers, and the laymen who like to watch them feed. Cocktails in the lobby or bar; excellent food in the dining room. Lunch from \$1.75. Dinner from \$2.00. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0100.

★ **AUX STEAKS MINUTE.** Unassuming and crowded little cafe where the food and the accents are French and the onion soup is superb. Beer and wine are your drinks. Closed Tuesday. 4 W. 52nd. El. 5-9187.

★ **BELLE MEUNIERE.** Very engaging spot where the atmosphere is conducive to packing away quite a hunk of the wonderful French foods, all a la carte. Closed Sunday. 12 E. 52nd. Wi. 2-9437

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Drinks in Elbow Room, first floor; American cookery in the 1st floor restaurant; a nightcap on the 26th floor in Top O' the Tower cocktail lounge. Open five to midnight. 49th and 1st Ave. El. 5-7300.

★ **CHAMPS ELYSEES.** French food again, heaping portions. Lunch a la carte; dinner from \$1.35. The bar is somewhere around here if you can push your way through the people. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40th. Le. 2-0342.

★ **CIRO'S.** Hearty hot foods like steaks and chops and who doesn't like them. Luncheon a la carte. None of it exactly inexpensive. 40 E. 58th. Pl. 9-4890.

★ **DICK THE OYSTERMAN.** Seafoods the way they ought to be, and a la carte. Steaks and chops if you prefer. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8th. St. 9-8046.

★ **GRIPSHOLM.** Swedish foods in a soothing setting. Lunch and dinner, both under \$2.00. 324 E. 57th. El. 5-8476.

★ **HAMPSHIRE HOUSE.** Rather wonderful food, accompanied by the music of Francis Dvorak's string ensemble. Cocktails in the lounge. Closed on Sunday. 150 Central Park S. Ci. 6-7700.

★ **JUMBLE SHOP.** Pleasant, reasonably inexpensive food and good drinks in an informal art gallery—of sorts. The Villagers have exhibited here for years. 28 W. 8th. Sp. 7-2540.

★ **LITTLE SHRIMP.** Big beautiful restaurant featuring seafoods and pecan pie. There are other things too if you're interested—such as steaks and chops. Luncheon from 75c; dinner a la carte. 226 W. 23rd. Wa. 9-9093.

★ **LUCHOW'S.** One of the old reliable places, featuring good food and pleasant, unobtrusive music. Luncheon from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25. Closed Monday. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

★ **PETER'S BACK YARD.** Nice old Village spot, with a garden dining room and a bar. Foods are French, Italian, American, and good. Lunch, 90c; dinner, \$1.50 and a la carte. Closed on Sunday. 64 W. 10th. St. 9-4476.

★ **PIN-UP ROOM.** Designed for the tired business man—with Walter Thornton's pin-up gals on the walls, and chops and steaks on the menu. Moderate a la carte. Closed on Monday. 242 Lexington. Mu. 4-8678.

★ **SEA FARE.** Maybe the best seafood in town, accompanied by tremendous salads mostly of crisp endive and a good dressing. Luncheon around 65c on weekdays; a la carte on Sunday; dinner a la carte and moderate. Do your drinking at home, first; they don't serve the stuff here. 41 W. 8th. Or. 4-3974.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** Serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner which come a la carte. Nice view of Central Park from the mezzanine. 5th Ave. at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Everything's good about this one. Luncheon and dinner come a la carte; entrees from \$1.60. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ **YE WAVERLY INN.** One of the little places with real charm and no determinate shape. Has an outdoor garden when the weather is right—which it won't be now, of course, but you ought to know it's there, just the same. They do wonderful things with sweetbreads and mushrooms.

Luncheon and dinner, moderately priced. 16 Bank Street, in the Village.

★ **ZUCCA'S.** Italian foods in the Venetian and Garden Rooms, and the Grill. 118 W. 49th. Br. 9-5511.

## NEW YORK THEATRE

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9056). Sensational drama played by an all-Negro cast. Valerie Black, Charles Swain, and Claire Jay. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **ART AND MRS. BOTTLE.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. Ca. 6-9042). Second production by a new cast at this old Greenwich Village theatre. Good entertainment at modest cost. Evenings except Monday, 8:40.

★ **BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN.** (Coronet, 49th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-8870). Paul Kelly portrays an ex-bootlegger who comes back after 14 years in prison and expects to begin where he left off. He doesn't. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Miller, 43rd E. of B'way. Br. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs the name of her older sister. You can imagine what happened, and it did.

★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton, 46th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6380). A new play by authors of "Tomorrow, the World." A bit controversial and possibly inconsistent in telling of racial prejudices in the South. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **GLASS MENAGERIE.** (Playhouse, 48th E. of B'way. Br. 9-3565). A moving and beautiful play from the pen of a young author, Tennessee Williams. Laurette Taylor plays the lead. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Br. 9-4566). Delightful comedy fantasy about a genial boozier and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA.** (Music Box, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-4636). A hilariously funny, yet tenderly touching story about a Norwegian family and its lovable Mama. With Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.** (Lyceum, 45th E. of B'way. Ch. 4-4256). The story of the Back Bay Boston Apley family makes a thoroughly entertaining evening with Leo G. Carroll superb as the late George. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou, 45th W. of B'way. Co. 5-8215). An immensely amusing play based on Clarence Day's book. With Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James, 44th W. of B'way. La. 4-4664). So much has been said and written about this show, and the best of it is, it's all true. By all means, don't miss it. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **RICH, FULL LIFE.** (Golden, 45th W. of

B'way. Ci. 6-6740). Modern melodrama with Judith Evelyn, Frederick Tozere, and Virginia Weidler. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SECRET ROOM.** (Royale, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 5-5760). As you can imagine, a hair-chilling mystery with Frances Dee, Eleanora Mendelssohn and Reed Brown, jr. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SKYDRIFT.** (Belasco, 44th E. of B'way. Br. 9-2067). A new play by Harry Kleiner with Olive Deering, Robert Breton, and Paul Crabtree. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THERESE.** (Biltmore, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9353). Dame May Whitty gives a superb performance in this drama about two lovers who murder in order to get married. With Eva La Gallienne and Victor Jory. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6230). John Van Druten's witty and chuckling comedy about a soldier on leave and two girls. Principals played by Martha Scott, Elliot Nugent and Vicki Cummings. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **YOU TOUCHED ME.** (Booth, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-5969). A refreshing comedy with no pretensions at being anything else. About an old sea captain and a young flier who put up a very amusing fight against the captain's spinster sister and her prissy debilitating ways. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

### Musicals

★ **BLOOMER GIRL.** (Shubert, 44th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-5990). A nice musical conjured up out of the darkened old question of women's suffrage. With Nanette Fabray, Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken and Dooley Wilson. Evenings except Sunday, 2:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic, 44th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-0730). A fine musical set in a New England seacoast town in 1870. Fine music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **DARK OF THE MOON.** (46th St. Theater, W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6075). Musical drama based on the Barbara Allen folk song—about a witch boy who loved a Smoky Mountain gal.

Evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

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

★ **GIRL FROM NANTUCKET.** (Adelphi, 54th E. of 7th Ave. Ci. 6-5097). Musical comedy with Jack Durant, Jane Kean, Bob Kennedy. Evenings, including Sunday, at 8:30. No performance Monday.

★ **HATS OFF TO ICE.** (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Co. 5-5474). A gala ice extravaganza with all the blade stars you can think of, including Carol Lunne, Geoffe Stevens and the Brandt sisters. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **MARINKA.** (Barrymore, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-0390). A musical comedy version of Mayerling, but with a happy ending. Jerry Wayne, Luba Malina, Romo Vincent, Edith Fellows and Doodles Weaver. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ON THE TOWN.** (Martin Beck, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Ci. 6-6363). The year's best revue with wonderful music, dancing and comedy. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **POLANAISE.** (Alvin, 52nd W. of B'way. Ci. 5-6868). Some Chopin music, lots of singing by Jan Kiepora, Marta Eggerth and Rose Inghram. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (Ziegfeld, 54th and 6th Ave. Ci. 5-5200). Revival of Victor Herbert operetta is made lively and amusing by Eddie Foy, jr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. Herbert music sounds grand. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE THREE GIFTS.** (Yiddish Art Theater, 2nd Ave. at 4th St. Gr. 5-5970). A musical fantasy with a wandering musician as the leading character, with Maurice Schwartz, Berta Gersten, Muriel Gruber and Luba Ladison. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:30.

★ **UP IN CENTRAL PARK.** (Broadway, 53rd and B'way. Ci. 7-2887). Pretty, lively entertaining musical more in the operetta than comedy vein. With Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon, Noah Beery, sr., and Betty Bruce. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.



"Boy, was it ever crowded at the party last night," a night club customer remarked.

"It was?" said his friend. "Not under my table."

The one great draw-back to the air age: Who's going to hold up the Burma Shave signs?

—Norma McCallum.



# PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



## Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Pilots and sky-farers rate this as strictly high octane. For breakfast, luncheon or dinner, the airport restaurant is a fine place to touch wheels. The food, too, is right on your frequency. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** The El Sagunda Chamber of Commerce would like to claim this place as their very own. Typically of the old Southwest, with a map of old cow trails on the west walls and a fine longhorn grazes just below the ceiling. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **EL NOPAL.** Authentic food and waitresses. Both genuine. A small and unpretentious place serving top drawer enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works. 6 p. m. to 2:30 a. m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ **GREEN PARROT INN.** Out on the great divide midway between Kansas and Missouri, Mrs. Dowd makes history every day with quality cuisine served in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms. A reservation is recommended here. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ **JOY'S GRILL.** (Formerly known as Jan's.) Service in this red and light-oak eatery is about as fast as any place in town. And the quality and quantity of food is in keeping, too. Open every day, 24 hours, except Tuesday. 609 W. 48th. On the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Who chops your suey when the wife is out of town? Don Toy is your man. A spacious upstairs restaurant convenient to everything downtown. Cantonese cuisine at its best. Luncheon and dinner. 8 W. 12th. HA. 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.** For those who like it hot, Lupe's torrid, tempestuous Mexican dishes are heartily recommended. But all Mexican cooking is not hot . . . and here's the place to find out. On the Plaza. 618 W. 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** One of the few places in the midwest serving seafood exclusively. A plate of chips goes swell for lunch, and then top off your Friday menu with a platter of French fried shrimp. Open 11 a. m. to 8 p. m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **MARTIN'S.** You can go round and round in this half a city block from "Chicken in the Rough" to one bar to another bar to the swing room where Joe Meyers' trio turns out the most polished jazz this town has seen in a decade and back to more "Chicken in the Rough." Then start all over. On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Myron Green hasn't forgotten and he won't let you forget that you can't beat a woman's cooking. He offers two places, 1115 Walnut (VI. 8690) and Myron's On The Plaza (WE. 8310) that people like pretty waitresses and a woman's light touch on the skillet. 4700 Wyandotte.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** Large enough to accommodate the 17th precinct of the 11th ward all at one sitting, but small enough to give individualized attention to your culinary whims. And very reasonable. In the B.M.A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** An "about town" room, cozy and convivial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. The young lady at the Novachord helps you put across your big deal. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

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

★ **UNITY INN.** Specializing in meatless meals, with accent on big salads and rich desserts. A cafeteria, neatly managed by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families gather for tribal powwows, especially on Sunday. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** An after-theatre, post-football game mecca for people who like good food served with as little effort on their part as possible. Pretty gals haul it right out to your car. Or, you may prefer red leather and golden oak booths and tables inside. East of the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

## For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** A comfortable and congenial hotel restaurant to which is added the personality of one Martin Weiss. The two form an unbeatable combination. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **ATER-HORN MUSEUM.** Worth an evening just to see the two-beaded calf, powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn beads . . . even without George Ater's incomparable Old Fashions and steaks. Your friends can tell you've been places if you have your picture taken atop the bucking bronco. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** For four months now the sun-dodgers have been enthralled by Josh Johnson and his bogie pianistics accentuated by black light. Luncheon, dinner, or afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Bet Mr. Truman would even sign these. Alma Hatten is caressing the keyboard for the third straight month. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** A new spot, with somewhat more than elbow room for about 85 persons. Exquisite in decor, with Rocco Ray, boom-boom pianist, rockin' out rhythm under black light. Hotel Robert E. Lee, 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Harry Turner keeps a busy and interesting place, and of interest to every swain who ever stuck his neck in the door is adorable Pauline Neccc at the Hammond organ. There are huge, circular booths, and a bar for the lone wolves. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** A fine assortment of genuine Italian dishes served at tables or latticed booths by young ladies in native Italian attire. They also feature fine steaks and American cooking but pretty near everybody sits there and unwinds spaghetti. Service from 4 p. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** Glenn E. Wood, the new manager, and Dave McClain, pianist, the latter just out of the navy, are greeting old and new friends every night. Attractive blue and gold room with bar, tables and a couple of booths. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A favorite gathering place for radio people, businessmen and gals and others who enjoy good food and congeniality. Ken Prater features a fine noonday luncheon. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MISSOURI HOTEL BAR.** Could be a taxi-dermy school, but no—you are the one who gets stuffed with fine food and inspiring mixed drinks. Gus Fitch is the genial host. 314 W. 12th. 11A. 9224.

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

★ **PICADILLY ROOM.** A cozy little stop-over downstairs from the bus station where the KMBC boys brush up on their lines. In the Pickwick hotel. 10th and McGee.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Which means just what it says—howling, plus the wherewithal for an appetizing luncheon or dinner or some stimulating refreshment. A well-rounded place to help you main-

tain that well-rounded figger. 614 W. 48th. On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ **PIONEER ROOM.** A pastel and old rose room in the new Westport Arms hotel. A divan all the way around puts you pretty close to your neighbor. An ideal place to get acquainted with people. Happy Stilts, who glides smoothly about the place, keeps everybody happy. Bill Caldwell is featured at the Hammond electric organ. Westport Arms Hotel. 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

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

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Congenial atmosphere, roomy bar, plenty of booths and tables, but you'll have to wait for a parking place anyhow. Zola Palmer at the console of the Hammond is fascinating to watch and wonderful to hear. 614 W. 48th. On the Plaza. LO. 3393.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** A comfortable coasting place with organ melodies continuously from 5 p. m. to closing. Opens at 4 p. m. Hyde Park hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Luncheon, dinner, drinks, noise, music and everybody you know. It's one of those places always crowded 'cause people like it that way. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Dim, historic and dignified with the finest food and drinks. Open 10 a. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** A lot of people have been saying that Jeannie Leitt is back, but she's been there for weeks and weeks. This pretty gal at the piano has a stack of stuff that she sings in a big, deep voice. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **VERDI'S RESTAURANT.** The aged wooden doors of this place lead down seven steps to the quietude of an old Romanic restaurant. Service and food is excellent and there is incidental piano music. Armour west of Troost. VA. 9388.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Favorite waiting room for people about to take or meet a train. They come down early on purpose. Next door is the big dining room that's usually crowded around the dinner hour, and no wonder, for the food is better than most. Union Station. GR. 1100.

### *Just for a Drink . . .*

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A diminutive place tucked away in the Continental Hotel. A fine place to sit, sip and tell your life's secrets. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** As near Mexico City as they could get the Hotel Phillips without using jacks and rollers. South of the border in decor. Hazel Smith adds something to the silver and gold Novachord from 12 noon to 5 p. m. In the evenings it's your favorite, my favorite, and everybody's favorite, Alberta Bird.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** A dim and cushiony room famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. Entrance is from the lobby or

through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. A fine place to get acquainted. Understand? Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** A microscopic cocktail lounge with some out of this world art getups on the walls. Flickering two-reelers come on occasionally on the silver screen above the bar. 12th street, between Wyandotte and Baltimore. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** A melee of palms and bamboo with an occasional tropical storm busting out all over the place. Patty O'Dare entertains with the Hammond electric and the piano all at the same time. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** It will be Christmas in the Zephyr room for Jolly Jane Jones, Joaquin and Diane, the Latin Troubadors and Charley Thorpe at the piano. Open at 11 a. m. with entertainment from 3 p. m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

*With Dancing . . .*

★ **CROWN ROOM.** From the crowds that gather at the Hotel LaSalle's Crown Room every night, you might think that Judy Conrad is there for a short stay. He's been there for months, and will be. People go for him like lower taxes. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** One of the south side's high octane places where there's plenty of room for Herman Walder's jive trio to ride high, wide and handsome. The hottest hep crew this side of New Awleams. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Jimmy Tucker and his soft, smooth orchestra hover over a tiny dance floor in a rather gregarious atmosphere. Ideal for noonday luncheon and a congenial evening. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **ED-BERN'S.** Luncheon, dinner and after-theatre snacks, with incidental music for dancing. The Ed-Bern's have charge of the kitchen. Who could ask for anything more? 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Judy Manners has knocked 'em all over at Hollywood and she's moving in December 7 to treat the Kaysee swains in the same manner. Coming December 27 will be Little Joey Rardin, comedian, for a return engagement. All of this and Charley Wright and his band coming back to the El Casbah December 7. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

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

★ **PLANTATION.** Vic Colan and his Chicagoans have been contracted to thrill Plantation sharecroppers until after the first of the year, in this pleasant and attractive supper club. Highway 40, East.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Tommy Flynn, his violin and his orchestra are set for the coming holiday season in one of the town's smartest spots. No minimum or cover. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suave atmosphere and music with Dee Peterson now in this third popular year. One of the more ultra downtown spots done up to livc up to its name. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** They Ran Wilde—and you will too when you hear this smooth aggregation down from the Collge Inn, Chicago. The famous Muehlebach courtesy and Muehlebach cellars keep the grill right up at the town's top. For reservations call Gordon. GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** There are only three or four B-flat bass trumpets in the world, and Dale Jones pumps the valves of this wierd instrument nightly at one of the near suburban spots on the south side. Dale has one of the bounciest bands for six men you ever heard. Food, drinks and dancing until four in the morning. 7852 Wornall road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A chummy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main on 39th. No orchestra, but all the latest platters are served from a juke box. No cats, just drinks and fun. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

*Definitions*

A necessary evil is one we like so much we don't care about abolishing it. . . .  
*From The Down-Towner.*

\* \* \*

**DER VETTERMAN**

A German baker leaned against a lamp-post in front of his pie palace in a small town in Wisconsin.

"Id's gonna rain tomorra," he remarked to the town cop.

"What makes ya think so?" queried the cop as he plunked himself on the dough-man's steps.

"I can feel it in my buns."

---

The rain that kept you from church is no wetter than that which soaked you at the party.

---

Pretending to be rich keeps some people poor.

Λ Λ Λ

[Answers to Alaskan Williwaw.]

1—c	5—c	9—c	13—c
2—b	6—b	10—b or c	14—c
3—a	7—a	11—c	15—c
4—c	8—c	12—c	16—c

# SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

PICTURES EXPECTED IN DECEMBER • KANSAS CITY

(Tentative Schedule)

## LOEW'S MIDLAND

### WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF

—Is playing at the Midland for longer than you can keep a hotel reservation. Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Walter Pidgeon, and Van Johnson mix emoting and romance in the 1945 version of **GRAND HOTEL**.

**KISS AND TELL** — Adolescence learns the facts of life in this movie adaptation of the stage play. All about a junior miss who feigns pregnancy to help her brother and best friend out of a jam. Watch for Shirley Temple and Jerome Courtland.

**I LOVE A BAND LEADER** (Companion Picture)—Phil Harris (Alice Faye's hubby, to you) leads and is loved in this tale of a band as it might have been.

## NEWMAN

**STORK CLUB** — Betty Hutton, Don DeFore and Barry Fitzgerald in a musical set against the background of you-know-what.

**SAN ANTONIO**—Romance, action, technicolor and Errol Flynn—all in one picture!

## TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werner. On the screen—double features designed solely for entertainment. You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery Night". Such dear madness—someone always wins.



## THE THREE THEATRES

*Uptown, Esquire and Fairway*

**DOLLY SISTERS** — Jancsi and Roszicka hold on and on at the three Fox theatres. A big song and dance show, far removed from the original Dolly story, but nice entertainment for those who like Betty Grable and June Haver (and who doesn't!). With June Payne and S. Z. Sakall.

**UNCLE HARRY** — George Sanders, Geraldine Fitzgerald and Ella Raines star in this triangle drama.

**MEN IN HER DIARY** (Companion Picture) — Lanky, leggy Peggy Ryan takes to comedy like a duck to water. If you're a P. R. fan like we are, you'll yell in the aisles.

**THE DALTONS RIDE AGAIN** — Alan Curtis, Kent Taylor, Lon Chancy, Martha O'Driscoll. Blood 'n' thunder in the frontier days.

**ENCHANTED FOREST**—Edmund Lowe, Brenda Joyce, Harry Davenport.

**LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN**—A yarn about a very disagreeable jealous woman—the trouble her hyper-possessive instinct causes a lot of nice people. Gene Tierney, Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain.

## RKO ORPHEUM

**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**—Dramatization of the life of George Gershwin—jam-packed with wonderful Gershwin tunes. Robert Alda, Joan Leslie, Alexis Smith, Oscar Levant, Paul Whitman, etc.

**JOHNNY ANGEL**—George Raft, Claire Trevor, Signe Hasso, Hoagy Carmichael, Margaret Wycherly.

**BELLS OF ST. MARY**—Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby.



# Swing Around

IF THE street car company would like to have their bell clangers cultivate something besides Victory gardens, that something might be the unveiling of an occasional smile.

Most of them do, but there is one motorman on a southtown run who subscribes to the philosophy that if a little will do a little good, a lot should do likewise.

For several weeks a friendly motorman handed a slick chick a stick of gum as she mounted his car at exactly such and such a time every morning on a certain corner.

He said nothing. Just smiled, handed her the gum.

The tram man soon became office conversation and the coffee question every morning was built around the subject of gum and its mysterious giver.

Then things changed. One morning he gave her two. The next day he raised the ante to three, then four, and finally a full, unopened package.

With the chicle drama slowly but methodically unfolding, the office force awaited the arrival of their street car starlet (try saying that fast) the following morning.

But on this particular morning she was late. It was nearly nine thirty when the perfumed, feathered, furred lass glided into the office. She went to the window, looked out, but said nothing.

"What happened this morning, two packages?"

"No, my inquisitive dears—he asked me for a date."



## LET THERE BE LIGHT

THE circumstances have a long white beard but it is a revelation on how we might have lost the war.

A big warplant in the midwest was operated by the army with civilian employees. Army inspectors had orders, so they said, to open and inspect every item that came in or went out of the plant.

Two staff photographers stood helplessly by while inspectors opened and inspected their incoming shipments of unexposed film. After ruining several hundred dollars of film, the inspectors finally surmised that there were no bombs enclosed.

## THE SECRET

ON the bench between innings of the Missouri-Kansas pigskin melee, somebody asked Coach Don Faurot where he got big guys like Jim Kekeris, the Diesel-powered, 4,800-ounce tackle-fullback.

"Well," began calm Don, "during the summer I send my scouts into the hinterlands. If one of them spots a big farmer pushing a plow, he vaults fences and strikes up a conversation.

"Right away the prospect is asked where he lives. If the candidate points with his arm, our scout just moves on.

"But—if he picks up the plow and points with that—we sign him on the spot."



## STORM WARNING

IT was on a Braniff flight between Kansas City and Chicago. The ride had been pleasant, smooth and dream-like all the way. A young woman sat quietly holding her sleeping two-year-old. The child had been in slumberland since the plane took the air.

Then quietly the young mother turned to the nice elderly lady sharing the double seat with her and said apologetically:

"I'm just awfully sorry to disturb you."

"Why?" the other lady replied with astonishment. "You haven't disturbed me. Your little girl has been as good as gold. She has been sleeping all the way."

"I know," the mother answered ruefully. "But we are getting ready to land and she'll be mad as a hornet when I have to wake her up."



## PRECISION

BROADCASTS of special events usually slide on the air as smoothly as a turtle slipping off a lily-pad into the water.

Not long ago Newscaster Dick Smith and his rather dull stooge (I'm used to it) were at the Kaysee Munny airport to broadcast the arrival of General George C. Marshall. It was that time of the day when DC-3 transports were making an outdoor wind tunnel of the arrival ramp in monotonous succession.

How were we to know that one of them contained a passenger by the name of Marshall until he began climbing out of the plane and shaking hands?

Well, there he was, and there were we. Dick grabbed the mike and galloped across the ramp. Engineer Riddle started the transmitter and Mr. Baird, poor Mr. Baird, back at the studio control room, had two seconds to get it on the air.

What? Why, of course we got the

General on the air. Things in radio go off just like clockwork.

Life begins at 40—and so do fallen arches, lumbago, bad eyesight and the tendency to tell the same story to the same person three or four times.

## SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

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SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, \$3.00 a year; everywhere else, \$4.00. Copyright, 1945, by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use without express permission of any matter herein in any manner is forbidden. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Searritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

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48 South Hill St.  
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HARRison 1161



KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX SEPT.-OCT. '45	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A.M.—12 Noon	27.9	23.0	14.4	14.1	15.0	5.5
WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P.M.	23.2	21.2	29.1	15.5	9.6	1.1
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P.M.	15.5	33.9	25.4	12.6	9.9	2.2
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.	18.3	31.1	12.4	23.6	12.0	2.2

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

