

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION



JANUARY
1946
25c

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



AIR PARLAY

Merger of Mid-Continent with American Airlines discussed before WHB traveling microphone by W. T. Brown, Kansas City airport commissioner; O. M. Mosier, vice-president of American Airlines; Rex Smith, A. A. public relations director and Bob Moreland, assistant to the president, Mid-Continent Airlines.

AIR GRADS

First class of international hostesses and stewards graduates from TWA training school at Kansas City. All have been assigned to international air runs with inauguration of such service the middle of January.



Here you see the Skyranger in flight. It is made in Kansas City by Commonwealth Aircraft, Inc. A high wing monoplane, with side-by-side seating for pilot and passenger, the Skyranger is powered by 85 h.p. Continental, has a cruising speed of 103 miles per hour, and top speed of 110 miles. It is the first private airplane made here since V-J Day, and does better than 20 miles per gallon of gas.

AIR LAUNCHING

WHB's magic carpet with Dick Smith on hand to cover maiden flight of Kansas City-made Skyranger. City Manager L. P. Coakingham at the controls, with C. M. Waardord, left, manager of Kansas City, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce, and Ralph Perry, right, president.

AIR GIANT

Kansas Citizens inspect 51-passenger Lockheed Constellation. Treaties have been signed with France, paving way for overseas air service soon.

KANSAS CITY

"The City With Wings"



Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

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(Center Section) O. M. Mosier, Vice-President, American Airlines • Barbara Bates (Universal Star) • James J. Rick, Kansas City • WHB Newsreel pictures courtesy TWA, Mid-Continent Airlines and Commonwealth Aircraft Corp.

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COMES now the long white month, the frozen and welcome lull between Christmas and taxes. January has a bone-clean feeling, after the lushness of December. It is, because we need it, the new leaf, the clean page, the time of inventory. Man has a need for ending things now and then and starting over again. It's his defense against the infinity of time which he can neither comprehend nor endure. He has a need for units. He passels out the Fourth Dimension as if it were something you could measure with a foot rule or keep in the cellar in a teacup . . . And nature has done some measuring for him; so that he bad only to be sensitive to changes of the moon and the recurrence of seasons, to have eternity broken up into comfortable little pieces. The seasons are his salvation from terrible infinitude.

And so, the recurrence of this season and the new era. Open the door. There is a new year knocking. Don't expect it to look too fine, though. The sins as well as the victories are visited on the little New Year, and he comes trailing a few old woes and some ragged battle cloaks along with his clouds of glory. But it's the New Year, so help us, and here's a welcome to it!

With the new year, SWING has a birthday. It's our first. And they say the first hundred are the hardest. Well, we're not one to be daunted. We've made a firm resolution: We resolve to stay in the swing. And that, we believe, covers a lot of territory.

Jetta Carleton
 Editor



Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, \$3 a year; everywhere else, \$4. Copyright 1946 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 is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U. S. A.

JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

CONVENTIONS

- Jan. 3-4, Western Assn. of Nurserymen. Muehlebach.
- Jan. 7-9, Central State Salesmen's Assn. Phillips and Muehlebach.
- Jan. 10-11, Midwest Feed Mfrs. Assn. Phillips, Muehlebach and Auditorium.
- Jan. 13-18, K. C. Gift Show. Phillips and Muehlebach.
- Jan. 17-18, Mo. Ice Cream Mfrs. Assn. Continental.
- Jan. 20-22, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show. Muehlebach.
- Jan. 23-25, Southwestern Lumbermen.
- Jan. 28-30, Western Implement and Hdwe. Assn. President.
- Jan. 31-Feb. 2, Eagle Picher Sales Co. Phillips.



THEATRE

- Tallulah Bankhead in "Foolish Notions," Jan. 3, 4, 5, 6, Auditorium (A & N).
- "Fashion," at Resident theatre presented by U. of Kansas City, Jan. 8, 9, 10.
- Joe E. Brown in "Harvey," Auditorium, Jan. 7, 8, 9. Mat. on 9 (A & N).
- "Angel Street," Auditorium, Jan. 17, 18, 19. Mat. 19 (A & N).
- "Blossom Time" operetta, Auditorium, Jan. 25, 26 (A & N).
- "Oklahoma," Auditorium, Jan. 29, 30, 31, Feb. 1, 2. Mat. Wed., Thurs. and Sat.

BOXING-WRESTLING

(Municipal Auditorium Arena)

- Professional bouts, Jan. 7; wrestling, Jan. 8.
- Amateur boxing, Jan. 9. Amateur boxing, benefit Jackson County Infantile Paralysis Chapter, Jan. 14.
- Amateur boxing, Jan. 28.

DANCING

(Pla-Mor Ballroom)

Tuesday and Thursdays, "over 30" dances. Ozzie Clark, Jan. 2, 3; Dean Hudson, Jan. 5; George Didona, Jan. 6; Herb Miller (brother of Glenn) and his orchestra, Jan. 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20. Joe Cappel, Jan. 23, 24, 27, 30, 31. Harry Cool (direct from Blackhawk, Chicago), Jan. 26.

ART EVENTS

Portrait of America, 150 paintings from 5,000 canvases, nationwide. William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.

Kansas City Museum: Mrs. Jacob L. Loose room open to public; new William Volker Room on display. Costume wing enlarged and expanded.

Kansas City Art Institute: Servicemen's exhibit, also work of Ken Riley, coast guard combat officer.

BASKETBALL

(All games in Arena of Municipal Auditorium)

- M & O Cigars of American Amateur League.
- Jan. 3—Salt Lake City Deserets.
- Jan. 10—Twentieth Century Fox.
- Jan. 15—Phillips Oilers.
- Jan. 17—Dardi and Co. of San Francisco.

Interscholastic League

- Jan. 4—Manual-East, 4 p. m. Southwest-Central, 5 p. m. Paseo-Southcast, 8 p. m. Northeast-Westport, 9 p. m.
- Jan. 11—Northeast-East, 7 p. m. Westport-Southcast, 8 p. m. Manual-Central, 9 p. m.
- Jan. 18—Paseo-Southwest, 7 p. m. Northeast-Southcast, 8 p. m. East-Central, 9 p. m.
- Jan. 26—Northeast-Central, 7 p. m. Manual-Paseo, 8 p. m. Westport-Southwest, 9 p. m.

ON THE ICE

(Pla-Mor Arena)

- Hockey, major league, 8:30.
- Kansas City-Tulsa, Jan. 6; Minneapolis, Jan. 9; St. Paul, Jan. 12; Dallas, Jan. 20; Omaha, Jan. 27; Fort Worth, Jan. 30.
- Public skating at night.

MUSIC

(Kansas City Philharmonic, Auditorium)

- Jan. 6, "Pop" concert; ballet theatre in Arena, Jan. 14, 15, 16.
- School concert, Jan. 23.
- Other musical events: Jan. 10, Yella Pessl, Harpsichordist, resident theatre.
- Grand Opera quartet, with four Metropolitan opera stars, Jan. 28 at Auditorium (Town Hall).

Paris—IN 20 HOURS from K.C.

by D. W. HODGINS

The Paris bound salesman liked the nylons and what went with it; the she-child was taken up with her nursery rhymes, the TWA Constellation roared across the airport, and they were off for Paris—in 20 hours.

THE young lady in the silver fox coat was next at the ticket window. Beside her stood a tiny she-child, with a red beret and thumbing through a bright colored book of nursery rhymes.

Next in line was the Paris representative of a midwest manufacturing company. He laid down two heavy suitcases with a thud.

"I'll weigh them in, suh, while you're getting your ticket," said the polite red cap.

On the return trip up from the suitcases the man's eyes slowed down and rode smoothly over the nyloned orthopedic appendages just ahead.

"Boy, I AM glad the war is over," he thought. "Kansas City today! Paris tomorrow . . . No more wrinkled rayon to look at . . . nylons . . . but darn it, I am just a little skittish about flying the Atlantic . . . but think of the fuss they made over Lindbergh . . . hmmmm, me and Lindbergh, what a difference 19 years can make.

"My Paris reservation please—"

"Yes, sir, your ticket is all ready," and quickly the girl counted the small stack of federal fish.

Still in line, and behind the silver fox, the nylons, the she-child and the red beret, the Paris bound air voyager glanced quickly at the calendar on the information desk.

(Saturday—November 1—1946.)

"The war has been over only 15 months and this Trans-Atlantic flying business has been going on for months," he thought . . . "I'll bet that old North Atlantic is cold . . . here's hoping we don't find out just how cold . . . oh, well."

As they filed out past the checker at the gate the line slowed down a bit as they gazed at the great giant thing sprawled on the concrete ramp.

Here was something that could only happen in a dream . . . yet, there it was . . . a great shining airplane, shaped like a giant fish. Four pugnacious motors jutted from the huge wing.

The traveler stopped and drew a mental comparison. He figured that if



the thing was placed in the center of a baseball diamond the right wing would touch first base, the left wing third base, the tail would rest on home plate, and the nose would reach very nearly to second base.

The nylons and silver fox were still at a given distance ahead when they mounted the few steps into the interior of the sky giant. Some faces were already buried in newspapers. An ample lady jounced on the soft, plushy cushions as if buying a new davenport at a furniture store. She smiled with matronly satisfaction.

The little she-child stood up in her seat and snapped on and off the little personal light within easy reach. "Look, mommy, it works . . . just like our floor lamp did before I busted it."

Within a few minutes doors were closed, steps trundled away and motors started.

"Mommy, did you say we'll be with daddy in Paris tomorrow? But it took daddy two weeks to get over there, Mommy—you said."

"Yes, honey, but Daddy traveled by boat. We are flying on a cross-the-ocean Constellation . . . the fastest and safest way to go over water. Tomorrow when we see Daddy you'll be fresh and clean as a little flower."

"Mommy, whereza ocean, I don't see it . . . where is it, mommy?"

"Hush, honey."

And then there was a noticeable rustle across the aisle as the Paris representative of the midwest manufacturer turned noisily in his seat and looked deliberately out the window.

"Aw, gnats, and here I hoped she might be a widda."

A trim young lady in a soft blue uniform walked smilingly through the air coach as though striking up a mental acquaintance with all aboard. As the plane began to roll the Paris-bound representative perked up like a hunter who had spotted his quarry.

"Saaaay, I think I'm going to enjoy this trip after all."

* * * *

Sounds fantastic, doesn't it? All of this and Paris in 20 hours?

Oh no, half way around the world in 20 hours is here to stay, and in probably less time than that. Regular flights are now being made across the Atlantic by those great, TWA, silvery fish of the air. These big cloud chasers cruise along at 300 miles per hour with a full load of 47 trans-oceanic passengers. They carry over 19 tons of people, freight and mail. They could go more than 5,000 miles without stopping for gas at altitudes up to 25,000 feet.

Never before in commercial transportation history has man seen a machine that can get him about the world so swiftly. The Constellation increases by more than 125 miles per hour the average speed now flown on America's air lines by the universally used DC-3. On the other hand the DC-3 was 60 per cent faster than the Tri-Motored Ford which it replaced.

The Lockheed-built Constellation is the product of private enterprise rather than the war. In 1939, before Hitler began ripping up the world, Jack Frye and Howard Hughes of



TWA laid out plans and specifications for a super-transport plane. They were not thinking of the war, but of an airplane that would put their airline out ahead of competitors. They wanted to expand TWA's operations around the world. They needed a plane for the job. There was none, so they had the Constellation built. They planned to put it in service in 1940, but the war held them up five years.

Constellations, on international flights, will carry a crew of seven including a captain, first officer, flight engineer, radio operator, navigator, a male steward and a hostess.

The first class of international hostesses has already been graduated from the TWA special training school. French was a prerequisite, and conversational French was emphasized daily. They received instruction in handling of foreign currency, visas and passports. They studied the different time zones and learned what foods to serve in various countries.

They were also taught chess, checkers and other games to help entertain passengers on the long overseas flights.

They are real hostesses, insuring the traveling comfort of each passenger in a friendly, congenial manner.

All of them are good looking, bright, personable girls, who were chosen for such important assignments for those very reasons.

Now that we are this far along, how about dwelling a bit on the subject of longevity? You and me and all of us want to live as long as Father Time will allow, and if traveling across the ocean by air might cut our tenure a few weeks, months or years, we would be inclined to stick to those nice safe automobiles (29,000 killed last year), steamboats and railroad trains.

But after you have waded through a few more paragraphs, you will realize that air transportation over water is as safe as flying with land under you at all times.

First of all, the Constellation is powered with four 2,200 horsepower Wright Cyclone motors. No, it doesn't require all, or nearly all of that power to keep the big aluminum bird aloft. There is a surplus of power of about 4,400 horses. The four motors are hung on the wings to give an absolute maximum margin of safety. If one goes out, you stay right up there. If two go out, you still have the aerial right o' way—and if three go out and only one stays alive, the pilot can extend his

glide to a point where a safe landing could be made, whether it be near an island or ship.

But the important thing to remember is, that the four motors in the Constellation are no more likely to stop all at once than the four mechanical clocks you have strung around the house would quit at five minutes to twelve, and all at once. The motors are all synchronized, but they operate as independently as your pocket watch and the fellow's across the hall.

Other safety factors include radio control, radar, scientific navigation and the science of meteorology.

Weathermen have such pat hands on the ocean going storms that they can tell where a storm is beginning, where it is going, and can pinpoint within a mile or two where the storm will strike, how fast, and how hard. Naturally, Constellation pilots are no more inclined to run headlong into these storms any more than you are

to ram your car into a tree or telephone pole.

Moreover, the Constellation can climb to 25,000 feet, far above the sphere of the storm, and where you are as safe and comfortable as a bug in a rug in a temperature-controlled, pressurized compartment, far above the turbulence of the earth below.

* * * *

Let's go back and see how our passengers stood their trip across the Atlantic. Remember the Paris representative of the midwestern manufacturer? The little gal with the red beret and her silver-foxed, nyloned mamma? And the pretty hostess?

Well, they got to Paris in just a little under 20 hours, just as hundreds of other passengers will when TWA inaugurates regular trans-Atlantic flight service a few weeks hence. Nobody was frazzled, sooty or travel weary, because people just don't get that way when they travel by air.



A Missouri farmer, noted for his rich flow of profanity when the occasion called for such, decided to reform. He kept his vow until one hot afternoon when he was plowing the cornfield and his team of mules kept refusing to obey commands. Completely forgetting himself he yelled:

"You blankety blank mules! Go on, thar, you blanks!"—and then he added remorsefully, "as I used to say."

HOLD *High* THE TORCH

A terrific job for which there has been too little credit.

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

NOW that the final bond drive—the Victory Loan—is behind us, there are some very interesting facts that come to light, facts that concern the efforts on behalf of the entertainment world in all its phases since Dec. 7, 1941. And in the same breath I would be remiss if I didn't mention that the radio and film industry have done a terrific job for which too little credit has been received.

Ever since Pearl Harbor to June, 1945, these industries have given their all to make the seven drives a huge success. And as I note this, all forces have again been mustered for an outstanding Victory Loan Campaign.

Let's take some of the facts that come to light before the Victory Drive got under way. From Pearl Harbor Day to June, 1945, a total of 551 radio, film and stage stars made personal appearances in one form or another to spurt bond sales. The biggest names in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, and points between gave of their valuable time to the cause, 245 making special broadcasts and 93 having made transcriptions.

Three months after Pearl Harbor

found 3,000 theatres in the United States selling War Bonds and Stamps. This number increased periodically until every theatre, and there are 17,000 of them, accepted applications for bonds and sold stamps. In many instances the AWVS and other agencies were called in to assist in theatre lobbies and other places of amusements.

In one year 400 stars toured 500 towns and cities, covering 21,000 miles in 48 states. During the first drive, the film industry was credited with selling one billion dollars worth of bonds and it was not unusual for stars who were touring in groups to wind up with sales in excess of two million dollars.

Dorothy Lamour, in a tour of New England, alone sold over twenty million dollars in bonds, and Veronica Lake auctioned a lock of hair to the highest bidder for \$186,000 worth of bonds. An Indian tribe in Oklahoma City named Bette Davis "Princess Laughing Eyes" and then proceeded to auction a heifer, named after her, for one hundred thousand dollars in bonds. This was in September, 1942. These are only some of the highlights of the various drives.

Ted R. Gamble, War Finance Director for the Treasury Department, hails from Portland, Ore., where he owns four theatres. In the first bond drive, the state of Oregon paid tribute to him by selling more bonds per capita than any other state in the union.

A red, white and blue trainload of Hollywood stars put on a two and a half hour bond show in 17 cities on its eight thousand mile circuit of the country during the Third War Loan, chalking up a record of \$1,079,586,819 worth of bond sales.

A quarter of a million dollars worth of bonds was sold in ten days by a five-section, fifty-five city air armada of war heroes, chaperoned by Hollywood stars, in one of the drives.

The record also shows that 3,865 players and stars from Hollywood made 47,330 appearances during the first three and a half years of war to cheer service men at home and abroad to boost bond sales, aid in war charities and affiliated activities. They traveled four million miles to do this. Which means that stars from Hollywood were averaging forty-eight performances a day. Conveniences in traveling and at hotels were not of the best, it must be remembered.

One star alone made 90 transcriptions for overseas broadcast during the war. A theatre owner in Windsor Licks, Conn. (which has a population of 4,000), held a bond premiere and sold \$104,000 in bonds.

Theatres throughout the U. S. held a total of 30,661 Free Movie Days, 23,913 regular and children's bond



premieres up until July 6, 1945. Up to the end of 1944 there were more than 20,000 free movie days, which meant that all you had to do was buy a bond, regardless of the amount, and you were admitted to theatres free of charge.

More than one-third of the theatres in the United States were special issuing agents for bonds. Theatres had to have special sanction of the Treasury Department for this permit, which means you could buy bonds day and night, Sundays and holidays, when other agencies, like banks and post-office, were closed.

Lest we forget, novelty was a highlight in every drive. One instance that comes to mind, an unusual stunt, was where a theatre operator in the New York ghetto district hired a pushcart, loaded it with bond blanks, a typewriter and two combat heroes, formerly ex-ushers of the theatre, and sold \$19,600 worth of bonds in one afternoon. Now that's something any way you want to figure it.

Up until the final drive, Taylor Mills, director of the OWI Domestic

Motion Picture Bureau, estimated that 16,000 theatres contributed a total of \$218,003,200 of screen time for the exhibition of government messages to the nation. He also figured that Hollywood producers contributed an additional \$9,500,000 in production costs. As for overseas, Gen. F. H. Osborn, director of Special Services Division of the Army, revealed the film industry contributed another forty million in special features and short subjects which were made available to men in all theatres of war free of charge, as of V-J Day.

During the Victory Loan Campaign, it was estimated that fifty thousand people in the motion picture industry contributed their services gratis to put over the bond selling drive. This could not be estimated in dollars

and cents, but it ran into the millions. Additionally, there were ten thousand parades staged in various cities and communities in the United States. Every man in the radio industry who could give his services to the cause graciously volunteered. Here again no monetary value could be deduced, so tremendous was the application.

Although the goal for the entertainment world for the final drive was two billion of the eleven billion dollars sought by the Treasury Department, the industry again topped its quota by better than half a million, as it did in the previous drives, which all goes to prove the entertainment world has its place in any emergency, large or small, unselfish and unstinting to the end.



DEFINITIONS

Adolescent: A person in his early nicoteens.

Guitar Player: A musician who has easy pickings.

Darkroom: Where many a girl with a negative personality is developed.

Fireman: A man who never takes his eyes off the hose.

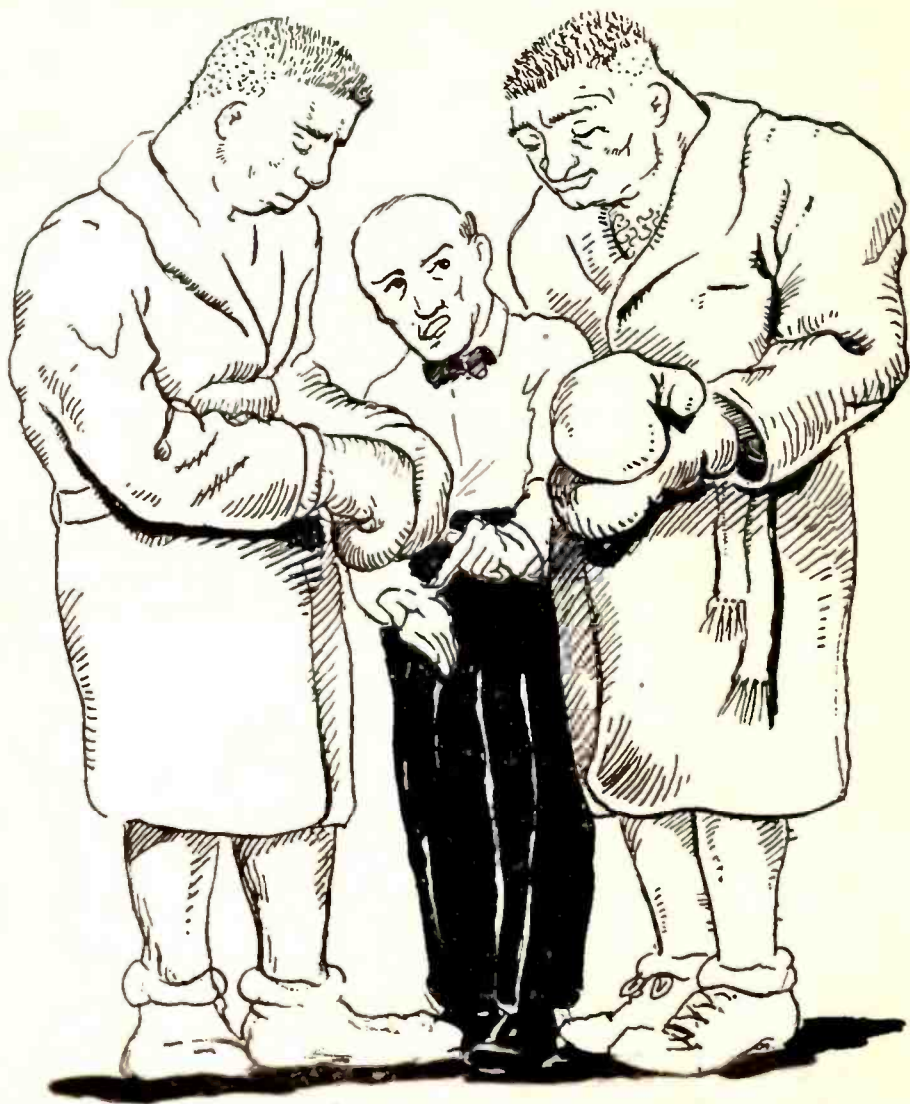
Newsprint: A kind of paper which is neither news nor print.

Rum: At a party there's always rum for one more.

Tip: The wages we pay other people's hired help.

Oyster: A fish that's built like a nut.

"I see you are no gentleman," hissed the young woman on the street corner at the man who laughed as the wind swept her skirts up pretty high. "No," he replied gently, "and I see you aren't either."



*... and wait until you're hit
before you lay down!*

MODERN *Life-Saving* TRIO

Surgeons were not always in the business of saving lives.

by CONSTANCE RIVARD

YOUR great-grandmother probably would have died from a simple appendectomy. If she lived, she would have suffered great pain, and infection common to almost every operative case in those days. Today, you can undergo a complicated surgical operation . . . safe from pain, safe from infection, safe from death. The surgeon and his team work over you carefully, but confidently, with scalpel, forceps, with ligatures, hemostats and clamps. They work on you knowing that in a matter of hours you will be back safely in your room, just coming out of the anaesthesia, on the way to that blessing of modern surgery, an uneventful recovery.

You have been guarded against infection, pain and death by three advances which have made surgery a science of the modern world . . . (1) anaesthesia, (2) antiseptics, (3) "the surgical team."

Looking back to great-grandmother's day, however, we find that surgeons were not always in the business of saving lives. A hundred years ago, their work was largely a hit-and-miss business. They tried to perform successful operations, but 9 times out of 10 they failed. Even more discouraging, was the fact that their few successes were marred by pain . . . pain which made the hospital a place of terror.

While the doctors of the last century were pondering over their failures, a group of people, not in hospitals, were seeking a pleasure that was destined to change the history of the surgical world.

It was in the early 19th century when laughing gas parties were all the rage. A group of people got together and in-

haled what they called laughing gas, scientifically known as nitrous oxide. A few whiffs, and the party was on for the evening.

Despite its pleasure-inspiring qualities, there was no scientific use for the gas. That is, there was no use for it until the 10th of December, 1800, when a young Hartford dentist, Horace Wells, took his wife to a gas frolic staged by Dr. Gardner Colton. Twelve young men babbled from the stage to the amusement of the audience. All went well until one of the young men, a drug clerk named Samuel A. Cooley, left the stage to wander about the audience. In doing so, Cooley scraped his leg on a piece of rough wood. Then, suddenly, the gas wore off and he found himself standing in front of Dr. and Mrs. Wells, his trouser leg torn and a deep gash in his leg. The young man swore he hadn't felt the blow, yet the flesh was torn through to the bone.

All the way home, Dr. Wells thought about the wound . . . the painless gash in Cooley's leg. The next day, after a sleepless night, Dr. Wells decided to test the pain-killing qualities of nitrous oxide. He went to visit a dentist to have a tooth pulled. The only difference between this and other extractions was that Dr. Wells asked to have laughing gas before the operation. This was the first scientific use of nitrous oxide as a pain killer, and it worked. But it didn't work when Dr. Wells attempted to demonstrate it before the medical faculty of Harvard University. Cut by failure, Wells died within four years, a suicide in the New York City jail.

Horace Wells had failed. But to Dr. William Morton, the man who actually pulled the tooth in the unsuccessful Harvard demonstration, Wells' failure was a challenge. Morton went to work on a new group of chemicals, and by September, 1846, he had perfected sulfuric ether, known simply as ether. He performed a successful demonstration in a case of amputation, before the same Harvard faculty which saw Wells' previous failure . . . and ether became instantly popular as anaesthesia, the first of the three advances which made surgery a science of the modern world.

Ether was wonderful! No longer did hospital attendants have to duck from the wild blows of struggling patients. But better still, the people lost some of their fear of the operating table, thanks to ether. They lost some of their fear, but not all of it. Ether had made it possible to operate anywhere in the human body, but the larger number of operations resulted in a large number of post-operative deaths.

Joseph Lister, a professor at the University of Glasgow, first saw the clue to preventing post-operative deaths. In 1865, Lister had seen 15 years of pus flowing from operative wounds, and he concluded that there was some connection between this pus and post-operative death. One day Lister found an article on putrefaction in alcohol and milk by a French scientist, Louis Pasteur. He studied the findings, and found them particularly interesting, in connection with his pet theory, operative wounds. Lister discussed his problem with a friend Anderson who was a chemist. Anderson had a suggestion, which had occurred to him while strolling past the city's garbage dumps. Creosote was being used on the garbage dumps to keep them from rotting. Why then, couldn't the same substance be used to keep operative wounds from rotting.

Lister took to the idea immediately, and on his next compound fracture case, he tried it. It was a young boy, and Lister swabbed his wound with the strong, stinging creosote. The youngster didn't like the stinging sensation, but he did like

the results. He was able to walk, thanks to Lister, and he recovered without the usual wound-rot or fever. The creosote had killed the pus-forming bacteria.

From that day on, Lister dipped everything that came in contact with operative wounds . . . hands, instruments, sponges . . . everything was dipped in carbolic acid, the bacteria-killing agent in creosote. When he published his results, the world thanked Lister for the new modern anti-septic technique, the second of the three advances which made modern surgery a science of the modern world.

The third advance is a more subtle, gradual change. There are no names involved in its development, for it is the result of hundreds of men individually meeting thousands of problems in surgery. It is an ill-defined advance called "the surgical team."

Who are the members of the surgical team? Let's look at them. There is the surgeon himself, who directs the entire operations and is the man who actually makes the incisions. The surgical assistant is himself a surgeon. Only he and the surgeon have actual physical contact with the incision. The anaesthetist originally puts the patient to sleep, keeps him at the proper stage of anaesthesia through the operation, and brings him back to consciousness. The pathologist is charged with inspecting samples from the operation, in order to determine its future course. The first nurse is in charge of the instruments, handing them to the surgeon as he needs them, returning them to their place when no longer needed. The second nurse is in charge of sponges, to ascertain the number that go into the surgical wound and to be sure that the same number come out again.

This is specialization . . . six people with definite tasks . . . a specialization which shortens operating time, guards the health and life of the patient by reducing shock, reducing the number of times that a second operation is necessary. They are "the surgical team."

Let us watch the six-man team in action on a modern operation of today . . .



You are lying in the preparation room as the surgical team goes into action. The first act of the team is the proper draping of your body with sheets, so that only your head and the actual operating area are exposed. Then the operating area is sterilized before any bacteria can get in. You are wheeled into the operating room, where the surgical team is preparing itself . . . wearing sterile gowns, sterilizing hands in antiseptic solution, donning surgical masks and sterile rubber gloves. And now you lie in the shadowless brilliance of the sterile operating theater, surrounded by white-robed figures bending patiently over you.

The anaesthetist slips the cone over your face and before you can count very far you are without response between the regions of sleep eternal and the waking reality of pain.

Unhurried, with infinite skill, the surgeon and his team cut and clamp and tie under the sterile light. With a swift incision the surgeon cuts through your skin. Even as he does so, the surgical assistant

calls to the first nurse for retractors, a kind of clamp, which he uses to hold back the flesh and tissue so the surgeon can have room to operate. The second nurse supplies sponges to absorb the blood. The first nurse returns with hemostats to clamp on vessels and prevent further flow of blood. Now, the surgeon takes a bit of the tissue, places it in a pan, and hands it to the pathologist.

For everyone but the pathologist, it is a time of waiting. He takes the sample and his carbon dioxide apparatus begins to hiss. It freezes the tissue and the pathologist slices a section, stains it with a special dye and examines it under his microscope. His decision determines the future progress of your operation. By his presence on the surgical team you are saved the delay necessary between operations, or perhaps saved a second operation.

The team functions again, and as the surgeon cuts, the nurses pass instruments and sponges, the surgical assistant stops blood flow with hemostats, holds tissues out of the way with retractors, and the anaesthetist watches your breathing rate, your color, and your pulse continuously.

Soon, it's all over and there you are, lying in your own bed, weak and tired. But you've felt no pain, because of anaesthesia. You're not infected, and you won't be, thanks to bacteria-killers not only in the wound but also outside it. And you are not going to die because the surgical team prevented the delay which might have meant your death. That's the part of the three advances of surgery in your own personal human adventure.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work with, for those who will, and blessed are the horny hands of toil. The busy world shoves angrily aside the man who stands with arms akimbo until occasion tells him what to do; and he who waits to have his task marked out shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.

—James Russell Lowell.

CHRISTY MATTHEWSON . . . Checker Player

CHRISTY MATTHEWSON is best remembered as one of the greatest pitchers baseball has ever known, but it is true he was also one of the best checker players in the United States.

Many winter evenings were passed pleasantly by Christy in checker games with friends and acquaintances.

First he played just to keep the long hours occupied. As he got into the game, he learned more and more of this ancient pastime, and realized its unlimited possibilities.

Then, he bought a book of the scientific side of checker playing. Had a special board built with each spot numbered, and even when alone, Matthewson would study the book and the board for hours at a time, moving both sets of checkers until one side finally won.

Naturally, he became very adept at the game, and would spring these "book moves" on his next opponent with considerable skill and greater pleasure.

Even during spring training, back in the days the New York Giants trained at Marlin, Texas. Christy often found himself in the midst of some hot and exciting games of checkers.

He became so good at the game, however, he soon exhausted his list of formidable opponents.

Then, one day a young man from the nearby little town of Durango came to Marlin to see his hero, the "mighty Christy," throw out a few in the Giants' park.

In fact, this young man, E. C. Stuart, being a pretty good amateur baseball player, was given the thrill of catching a few curves from Matthewson.

The conversation between the two afterwards revealed that Stuart was also a "pretty good checker," so Christy invited him to stay over for dinner at the old Arlington hotel, preparatory for an evening of checkers.

Much to Matthewson's surprise, Stuart won the first game.

"Pretty good," was Christy's laconic comment.

Truth of the matter, Stuart had also studied the book of rules, and had practiced for months just for such an evening with the famous baseball player.

When the short evening was over, Matthewson had won four games, and Stuart three.

In the deciding game, Stuart had made less than a half-dozen moves, when suddenly Christy smiled, looked up at his opponent and said:

"Going to let me get old number three again, huh?"

That was his favorite play, learned from the book of rules.

He gave Stuart three free jumps, then, like many he had played in baseball, the game was "in the bag."



IT TAKES *Vision*, SOLDIER

Boiling hooves in the local glue works, or standing by the drugstore and making like wolves, is OUT.

by CHARLES HOGAN

With practically everybody from War Dads to college professors sticking their big noses into our returning soldiers' business, Swing herewith presents a factual career-counseling service on planning one's future. Unlike the lectures poured in a deluge on our suffering warriors, this treatise is not written by (a) a tycoon, (b) Professor Fludd of Squidge university, or (c) the vice-president of the Save Our Redbud League. The treatise is as "homey as an old shoe" (to coin a phrase) and "right down to earth" (as the fellow says).

AS OUR BOYS return in a sweeping trickle to Uncle Sugar, literally two of them have confided in me that they don't want to go back to the old treadmill. This seems to indicate a nation-wide trend.

The humdrum job, such as boiling hooves in the local glue works, or the avocation, such as standing by the drugstore and making like wolves, is OUT!

Well, soldier, you don't need to go back to the weary old grind. A new world, a dynamic, atomic world, if you please, is your oyster!

No, Sir! All you need is vision, ingenuity and DRIVE! Of course, it doesn't hurt to own a couple of oil wells or to stand in good with a rich uncle.

The paramount thing to remember in choosing your post-war career is to select a field that is *not overcrowded!* This "keystone of the fu-

ture" cannot be overemphasized. IT IS VITAL!

Such a field is the breeding and raising of penguins! Of course, there is a slight drawback in that one would have to go to the South Pole to establish his penguin ranch. But one would not be overcrowded, unless Admiral Byrd should turn up some day looking for all that stuff he left down there the last time.

Byrd, I feel, would be a crowd even at the South Pole.

But penguin ranching can literally be started on an ice pick. All you need is a mamma penguin and a papa penguin (the latter wears swallow-tail wings) and the will to "see it through!" For diversion in those vast white solitudes, you can climb up the Charles Bob mountains. Then you can climb down the Charles Bob mountains.

Other fields which are equally uncrowded, but which are liable to get jammed to the hilt any day now, are to be found in the Gila Monster game and the "Bright Burnoose" racket. A Gila Monster rancho can be started almost anywhere in the southwest, preferably Texas. In that vast republic all you have to do is shake out your boots and you've got your livestock. They also have fighting scorpions and salamanders, which ought to be good for some damn thing or another.

The manufacture and sale of burnoses, of course, can best be conducted in the middle of the Sahara desert. Burnoose weavers are few and in the desert they're far between!

But even in the mad hurly-burly of our great cities there are countless opportunities for pleasure and profit. For instance, just 10 short years ago J. Emil Titwillow of Chicago awakened one day to the realization that he was a failure! In his work as a pretzel bender at Gritzmiller's Quality Bakery, he was earning a paltry one mill per pretzel satisfactorily bent. That, mind you, after 15 years!

Furthermore, he was anemic, myopic, asthmatic and afflicted with Gleebers Disease. In fact, J. Emil Titwillow was a mess.

But J. Emil Titwillow had that priceless gift, imagination!

"I am anemic, myopic, asthmatic and afflicted with Gleebers Disease," he mused as he savagely twisted a pretzel. "But I've got imagination!"

As the wintry blasts of the worst Chicago blizzard since the last one

blew with chill fury into his bones, J. Emil Titwillow pondered: "Seems to be a hell of a lot of snow around here."

What to do about it, was the next question. Then came the inspiration that changed his life. An imaginative man could make snowmen out of it, he decided.

Today J. Emil Titwillow has a monopoly on snowmen in the windy city. He employs 500 assistant artists and is known far and wide as the "Snowman King of America."

Well, there you are! Look at all the snow scattered around the country literally going to waste. For working capital all you need is VISION, several million flakes of snow and a stout shovel.

The list is well-nigh endless.

There is the fascinating vocation of pool cue tipping. Only three men in the United States really know how to put tips back on pool cues after some lunk has knocked them off!

This and its allied craft, racking balls in Jigger McCarthy's pool hall, requires no capital and keeps you out of the cold in the winter and out of the sun in the summer.

As a parting hint, particularly for returning sailors. The Navy is going to haul a lot of battleships off somewhere and scuttle them.

Well, Mack, if you're a fast talker, maybe you can get the admiral to hold off the scuttling business and give the old hulk to you.

Then you can overhaul the battleship and go into business for yourself!

Bison CAN'T BE BUFFALOED!

*They make pretty rough pets,
Pal, better stick to rabbits.*

by JOHN WARINGTON

ATTEMPTS to domesticate the buffalo, or more properly the American bison, have been rare and have to date all ended in failure. Nevertheless, Edwin Butters, a young ex-cattleman, is about to undertake the domestication of 50 to 100 bison on his 230-acre farm in Michigan. Painted fence signs bearing the inscription: "Certain Death Inside" warns curious trespassers against the unsocial buffaloes.

Demand for buffalo meat soars. Cuts run exactly as beef—porterhouse, T-bone, sirloin, roast, boned cuts for stews and goulashes, and buffaloburgers. Connoisseurs consider buffalo tongue a rare delicacy.

What will be the outcome of this bison experiment? Experience has shown that the temper and action of the bison can never be relied on. Although apparently a sluggish animal he is really extremely active and, when least expected, he suddenly sees red and attacks and gores a

man to death. Many tragedies of this kind have occurred in the past.

For instance, Dick Rock, who owned a game ranch at Henry's Lake in Idaho, had a buffalo bull which he had captured as a two-day-old calf. The animal became extremely tame; he would allow his master to mount and ride him around the corral. But one tragic day the vicious brute suddenly turned on his master and gored him to death. So great was the animal's fury that he had to be shot before the body of his victim could be recovered.

The American bison is the largest animal on the American continent. A full-grown bull stands, on the average, six feet at the shoulder and, with tail included, is from ten to twelve and a half feet long. And look at the poundage! Bulls easily tip the scales at 1800 pounds, and 2400 pounds are recorded.

Although the horns of the savage beast are not long as horns among the cattle of the world go, the breadth between



them is superb. Records are on hand which displays a stretch of $30\frac{1}{2}$ inches from horn tip to tip. With those horns bulls ripped tough prairie sod to make themselves a wallow, tossed wolf packs around like confetti, disemboweled horses, and hurled hunters, white men and Indians alike, ten to fifteen feet into the air. To approach a buffalo cow on foot with a calf by her side is nothing short of suicidal.

Many demonstrations of the bison's strength and ferocity were given at the time the Pablo herd in Montana was rounded up for shipment to Canada. At the railroad station, a stout corral was built—nine feet high and made of two-inch planks spiked to posts 8 feet apart. Yet a bull charged through it as if it had been a screen door. Another inserted his horns under a plank, ripped it with the toss of his head and flung it a dozen feet to the rear. Five horses died from vicious encounters. One day a bison suddenly whirled and sank both horns into the sides of a horse, lifting both horse and rider clear of the ground and carrying them a hundred yards, at full run, before he flung them to the ground. Fortunately, the rider was thrown clear and escaped, while the enraged beast gored the dying horse.

To biologists, the drawbacks connected with feeding wildlife have been demonstrated repeatedly. Piles of carcasses surrounding the artificial feeding grounds of elk in Jackson Hole in Yellowstone National Park and of deer in the Gunnison region of Colorado are typical examples. Feeding



grounds attract all animals—the sick and the well—and they all crowd together. A disease carried by one animal soon infests the herd. Disease, in the early 1900's, wiped out a herd of bison in Central Park in New York City.

Wild animals, like human beings on the dole, soon become lazy and unable to shift for themselves. Spectators at Jackson Hole have observed elk after filling their stomachs with hay, walk only a few feet and lie down. Here they lie until the next feeding rolls around. Taking no exercise, the wild creatures are subject to pneumonia and other diseases.

Outstanding American scientists unanimously agree that the buffalo herd in Yellowstone Park must be reduced to the extent that it can subsist without the winter dole of hay. Accordingly, during the winter of 1944, 400 buffaloes were removed from the "tame" herd. This left 350 buffaloes, mostly cows, heifers and calves, in the "tame" herd in the Lamar Valley

and 300 "wild" buffaloes in various parts of the Park. The offspring of the wild herds are in excellent condition.

Men working with bison, either on the range or in the corral, can take nothing for granted. In the book *From Cattle Range to Cotton Patch*, Don H. Biggers, the author, relates an incident which occurred when he visited his friend Colonel Goodnight, an old-timer with bison.

One day the Colonel saw Biggers climbing the high fence which surrounded the buffalo pasture.

"Where are you going?" the Colonel called to Biggers.

"Thought I'd take a stroll in the Park and have a look at the buffalo," Biggers replied.

"If you will wait a minute I will have the buggy hitched up and haul you out there."

"Oh, never mind, Colonel. I don't want to put you to so much trouble."

"It won't be nearly so much trouble to haul you out there as it would be to locate the pieces, haul you back, dig a grave, go after the coroner, hold an inquest, and notify your folks."



MUSIC HALL HABIT

In this day and age it may seem far fetched to name an actress Queen of the Music Hall, but that's what's happening to Greer Garson, the Cameo-like Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star. At the same time her latest picture, with none other than the personable Clark Gable playing opposite her in "Adventure," opens at the Music Hall in New York, Mr. Gus S. Eysell, managing director of the world's largest and most uniquely appointed motion picture theatre, will confer upon Miss Garson the title of Queen of the Music Hall. The star will be given a diamond studded Tiffany tiara becoming the title.

No one other star has appeared in as many pictures at the Music Hall as Miss Garson. In sum total her pictures have grossed more money at this theatre than any individual personality and the number of admissions to the Music Hall while showing films in which she appeared definitely proves the point of her popularity.

Miss Garson has appeared in seven pictures at the Music Hall since it opened, namely, "Random Harvest," which played 11 weeks and holds the record; "Mrs. Miniver" played 10 weeks; "The Valley of Decision," 9 weeks; "Madame Curie," 7 weeks; "Mrs. Parkington," 6 weeks; "Pride and Prejudice," 4 weeks; and "Blossoms in the Dust," three weeks. In round figures her pictures have grossed close to ten million dollars and were seen by approximately seven and a half million people.

With this kind of a record certainly Greer Garson unreservedly falls heir to Queen of the Music Hall in New York, a signal honor which is the envy of all Hollywood. And Kansas City's Gus Eysell gets to crown her!

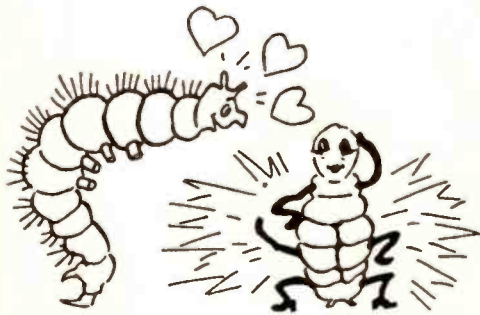
WHEN YOU GOTTA GLOW YOU GOTTA GLOW

THIS is the sad saga of Elsie, the glow-worm, and Sam, the caterpillar. Now Elsie was a very attractive and ambitious glow-worm—not content to glow the usual basic colors. Elsie, having the soul of an artist, dabbled in unusual and startling color combinations. She would amuse herself by the hour by glowing charming pastel shades and, sometimes, when she was feeling unusually patriotic, she would glow red, white and blue, simultaneously.

It was only natural, however, that love should find its way into Elsie's life, and that she forget her play for the more serious business of marriage. Elsie was out for a walk one spring evening, when she chanced to spy Sam, a very sturdy specimen of caterpillar manhood. The little glow-worm's heart was immediately stricken with a bright, flaming pang of love because everybody knows that a caterpillar is just an overstuffed worm.

After a brief whirlwind courtship, Elsie and Sam were married. They spent many beautiful evenings together, that spring. Theirs was not a brief flickering honeymoon; but, rather one continuous span of bliss. Elsie happily glowed her way along, imitating, on every side, the riotous spring colors. Sam patiently plodded behind—love and admiration written in every look which he bestowed upon Elsie.

One evening, while they were out for their usual evening stroll, Elsie chanced to see a college coed, wearing a very daring and many hued plaid skirt. At that moment, Elsie knew in her little heart that she would never be satisfied until she had glowed plaid. She realized that this wasn't one of the usual color combinations at which she was so talented—that this was even more difficult than red, white and blue simultaneously.



Realizing the difficulty of the task before her, Elsie wisely conserved her glows for three weeks. During this long period of inactivity, she went over her plans time and time again. This was to be her greatest triumph. Sam noticed the absence of her usual glowing; but, having learned the eccentricities of women at an early age, he wisely refrained from comment.

The fateful day arrived for the "Plaid Premiere." Well, Elsie glowed and she glowed, and she glowed until she was purple in the glower—and still she glow plaid. Taking a large breath, Elsie made one more tremendous effort and—Elsie blew a fuse. Sam tenderly carried her to their little home, laid her on the bed and left at a full caterpillar canter, to fetch the doctor. The doctor came immediately (this is a pre-war story), gave Elsie a thorough physical and stepped back, sadly shaking his head. He called Sam aside and whispered to him that Elsie was in very bad shape, indeed. Only excellent nursing on Sam's part and a maximum of care on Elsie's part would put her glow back in tip-top shape.

Elsie lay, dying. Sam was beside himself with anguish. He blamed himself for being a bad husband for not giving Elsie the happiness in life that she had deserved; but, Elsie dramatically raised her hand and said, "Sam, you know it isn't that. You have been all that I could ever have desired in a husband—but, there are some things stronger than the physical life—things of the spirit. You know, Sam, that I have always had the soul of a great actress—when you gotta glow, you gotta glow."

—Joe Morgan.

Wind Blows *Hard* in Hollywood

Radio people may talk an arm off you any place else, but in Hollywood they really blow you down!

by JOHN BROBERG

NOT until I had worked in Hollywood did I come to find out that there are "camera hogs" in the radio game. Everybody knows what a camera hog is. He is a scene stealer—the guy in a movie who tries to turn his bit part into Academy Award material. In the radio game—at least, until we get television—the only way an actor could possibly steal a scene would be to shout, or butt in, or ad lib some very clever wise cracks that aren't in the script. But radio has found it necessary to take extreme precaution in the form of continuity department censors, producers, rehearsals, and live studio audiences that are so damned critical they might even tear a man limb from limb after the broadcast if they don't like him.

So, a radio personality with scene-stealing tendencies is forced to get his release elsewhere, by barging into private conversations, talking over cocktail parties, boring his family to tears, or God knows what. Wherever he goes, he talks and talks

and talks. He makes a friend one minute, and loses him the next. I won't swear that this is true, but there is a story concerning one of these persons. When he died, they could not make him stop talking, and it was necessary for the undertaker to strap his jaws shut so that he would not spoil his own funeral.

I suppose that New York, Chicago and Kansas City have their share of long-winded radio people. But for my dough, I'll lay anyone even money that there are more gab-happy persons per square inch in this glamour capital than there are in any other city in the world. They are very versatile, too. They do not talk in spurts. If you talk in spurts, you stop occasionally to take a breath, and there is

danger of someone busting in and taking over. These men talk and breathe at the same time, with perfect ease. In Hollywood, it is one long, flowing sentence, clear and precise and calm. Occasionally the modulation changes and it rises to exhalt; it be-

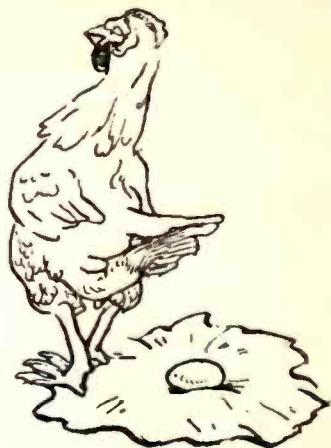


comes hysterical, then blatant, and then is calm again. The words gush forth like water from a hose, while the talker himself adjusts the nozzle from a fine spray to a jet so powerful it blasts anything before it. But always it is only one sentence, only one. It starts, it rambles, becomes fanciful, and often does not stop until the talker goes out the door and his voice trails off into an astounding and miraculous silence.

Let me elucidate.

We were sitting around the office one evening talking over a new radio program idea. There were two of us, both writers. We were speaking in low tones, thinking out loud, trying hard to unify a lot of loose ideas that were floating about the room. "George," I said, "can I bum a cigarette from you?" I held up a crumpled package to allay any suspicions that I am a moocher—a little habit I acquired during the shortage. George proffers his pack, we both shake out cigarettes, and I find a match. I strike it on the sole of my shoe, the door suddenly bursts open, and a man with an electrifying, gripping smile on his face shouts:

Hold that light, son, thanks, just happen to be out of matches myself and my lighter isn't worth a damn but I see you fellows are working anyway, not interrupting am I, or am I, just ambled in to see who was burning the midnight oil but I might have known it was you two slaves working away as usual trying to win fame all in one night, well, it won't hurt you anyway, that's how I got my start back in little old Kansas—



KPU—at Dogwood, that's my home town, yes sir, worked for 25 skins a month there for two years before I went into big time and brother that's a far cry to what I'm making now with four T C shows on the string and me paying income tax for one year that the average workingman could retire on, but then, what the hell, I guess anybody can do it if he has anything at all on the ball and a damn good agent to throw in those plugs for him and tell him what and what not to audition for, yes sir this is a great old town, but you have to keep a stiff lower lip at times when those old checks aren't coming in the way they should and the little lady wants a new fur coat and your own pants are so thin in the seat that you can read the scripture through them, but I always say you can't keep a good man down no matter what happens come hell or high water and lord knows we got plenty of both out here regardless of what the Chamber of Commerce says, or the Lions Club or

any of those boys but I guess it's all right if they say so because nobody ever believes them anyway but I remember the old days how they used to dish out the stuff over the air and the people would eat it up, no matter what we said even if we read out of the Congressional Record for an hour, they thought it was good, why I remember a guy by the name of Quentin Crosby, no relation to Bing of course, who had a seven ayem news-spot which is a godawful hour to get up, even out here where its warm in the winter and Crosby had a room in a hotel across the street from the station and he would come busting in about two minutes before airtime, unshaved, his hair tousled, and his pajamas still on under his overcoat, and he'd grab his false teeth out of his pocket and cram them in his mouth even while he was waiting for the engineer to give him the cue and the guy was so damn sleepy and groggy and half shot that he could hardly see the newspaper because they didn't have news writers in those days and the announcer read the morning news out of the paper and he would sit

there, his voice sounding like a buzz saw, but then only a few truck drivers were up and around at that hour getting their own breakfasts while their wives were still sleeping, so nobody ever listened to him anyway and in those days of course nobody ever heard of Hooper so what the hell and then there was another guy called Tubby Johnson and we'd always heckle him while he was on the air reading his commercials to try and get him to laugh and one morning some guy went into the can and got a big wad of paper towels and soaked them in hot water and rung them out and came into the studio and let them fly right at Tubby who was on the air at the time and it caught him right in the kisser and people later told how they heard the "splat" right over the air, and Tubby had to stop reading and blubber and splutter and dance around like a head with its chicken cut off and then he finally found his place again and finished the commercial, but, oh brother it was a good thing the sponsor wasn't listening that morning because Tubby would have been canned say I could write a book about all the screwy things that I've seen happen in the radio business that would be just as good as "Low Man on a Totem Pole," which is about the newspaper game and has some pretty rare spots in it and had me laughing so hard I nearly ruptured myself especially the one about the farmer kid who worked on the copydesk and this smart columnist got sore at him when he tried to edit the columnist's copy and this copyreader told the columnist he didn't claim to be so smart but he had



lived on a farm for many years and there was one thing he could recognize and that was horsemanure haw haw haw haw haw haw ho ho ho ho ho . . . brother I laughed when I first read that one and it still kills me, but I've seen some situations just as funny myself in the radio game so help me Hannah which would make a helluva wonderful book but not one exactly for the family to read if you know what I mean . . . say! good God, is that clock right, I've got a show myself in just five minutes in studio D so I gotta run but if you birds ever get over Beverly Hills way why don't fail to drop in and we'll have a few spins off the wheel even if it is after curfew because our place never closes except when my wife

gets the d. d. t.'s—I mean D. T.'s—say I wonder if Hope could use that gag—just thought of it now, I'll give Bob a ring in the morning, well got to run along now but fellas I'll be seeing you (fade) and keep that old lower lip stiff and don't take any wooden nickels and . . . door slams).

ME: Whew! Hey, George, know who he was? That's Gregory Gregory, announcer for "The Aspirin Hour" . . . Hey, George! Wake up!

GEORGE: (groggily) . . . not sleeping . . . passed out . . . hour ago . . . quick . . . open a window . . . no air in room . . . guy used up all the oxygen . . .

ME: Gosh . . . I feel . . . funny . . . too . . . say . . . I think I'm going to . . . fai . . .



THE FIRST AIR MAIL

On the 1st of July, 1859, John Wise ascended from St. Louis for a trial trip in his balloon "Atlantic," with which he hoped later to cross the ocean. He carried a bag of overland mail entrusted to him by the United States Express Company. Over the eastern end of Lake Ontario a storm was encountered and the mail was thrown overboard as ballast. Two days afterward it was picked up on the shore at Oswego, New York, and forwarded to its destination, New York City. The first balloon mail to be dispatched from a postoffice was sent from Lafayette, Indiana, in August of the same year.

—Dr. E. Bumgardner.

A Day AT THE OFFICE

The career girl who mops the back porch may live longer and sprout fewer gray hairs.

by BARBARA FRYE

WAS there ever a housewife who, at some time in the midst of sloshing a stringy mop in a pail of dirty water, has not wished fervently for the dignified haven of an office desk?

Suppose you changed places with the girl next door who leaves the cares and responsibilities of a household behind her each morning. She steps into the nice, fresh air looking immaculate and composed anticipating a day of business instead of formulas, what to have for dinner, and numerous other domestic chores that you are finding humdrum.

Your office retreat starts at 8:30 and while that is not exactly the crack of dawn (and, yes, I know that you are used to getting your husband off to work and your two children scrubbed, fed and off to school by that hour) as a "career" girl, you rise between 5:30 and 7:00 a. m., depending on how much domesticity you must manage before starting on the job. Did you ever notice how much easier it is to

fry an egg dressed in an old wrapper than in freshly pressed gabardine?

The alarm is switched off frantically to stop those little men from running the adding machine in your head. You groan involuntarily as you recall a notebook full of dictation yet to be transcribed. The question is whether to make the supreme effort immediately and go through the motions leisurely and enjoy your morning coffee, or whether to lie there debating the question and rush madly from putting on your face to a half eaten breakfast. And breakfast is a must whether you like it or not or you will live to regret it in mid-morning when you begin feeling not only hungry, but stupid.

Your clothes were laid out the night before, and your mind is running ten minutes ahead of yourself making coordination impossible and your stomach begins a churning motion which usually lasts until you are home running in reverse process in the evening. Of course, if it is raining, your whole



schedule is thrown off while you hunt frantically for old shoes, raincoat and umbrella. The night's wardrobe preparations must be completely switched or wear the new suit brazenly defying the elements.

Then there is the shoving or being shoved (the survival of the fittest), the balancing act, weaving with every sway of the street car. You turn your ankle several times and mentally kick yourself for wearing those heels when you're late and off schedule.

From 8:30 to 9:00, you are lady janitor. You dust the furniture, wash the glass top desks, dump the ash trays and then look over the day's appointments and yesterday's unfinished business. Nine o'clock finds you (or should find you) beaming over your desk with complete composure (whether you just noticed a run or have a migraine headache or any other personal grievance that will have to be pushed into the background for the next eight hours).

Mr. Hugh Mann Dynamo strides in looking fresh as a daisy and you are discouragingly wilted at 9:15.

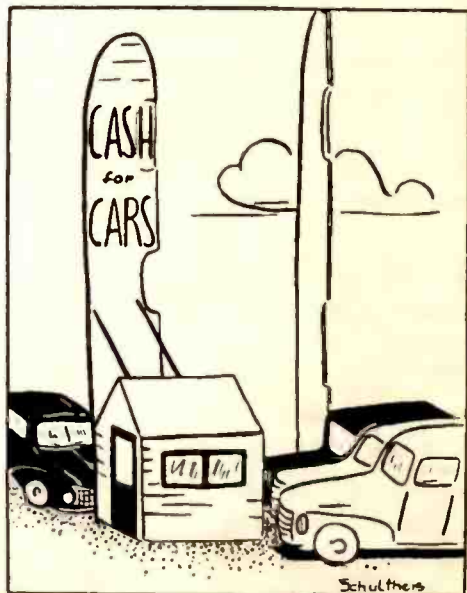
You hand him ten telephone messages, not counting the two phones that are ringing persistently at your elbow. You switch him in simultaneously as he calls you. Grab your notebook, flip over yesterday's unfinished transcription, and take up your morning post. He covers the mouthpiece of the telephone and dictates memorandums while making calls but you sort the conversations out automatically.

Mr. Dynamo motions for you to

pick up line three and you return to your desk to do so. It is Senator Fuddle calling from the Coast who wants to dictate a letter to be sent to a number of professional and business men of our city. Senator Fuddle dictates rapidly, but distinctly, and it would be a pleasure to take his copy except for the reception room door opening and closing a dozen times, a western union to sign for, five cents due the postman who is in a very talkative mood. He is a jolly and patriotic citizen and you and Sam get along famously except that right now you could murder him to have it quiet.

You hate yourself, but have to ask the Senator to please repeat that last sentence. A salesman has just the carbon you've been looking for except that you haven't been looking for any and you already have a year's supply.

The long distance operator calls to



report that they are waiting on a circuit, and you call the Airport to see if Mr. Dynamo's reservation has been established. The window washers finish and the telephone man comes. Someone knocks over an ash tray and you sweep it up.

You remind Hugh Mann of a luncheon appointment and, upon his return, take your own lunch hour. (A lunch hour is what you have an hour of if there is any hour to have it.) You grab a sandwich at the cigar counter, pick up Hugh Mann's hat, drop his shoes off at the shoe shop, stop at the post office for three hundred stamps, take the checks to the bank and see about a new rug for the office.

The telephone rings. You notice an old school friend of Hugh Mann's as he walks in the door, try to figure how you can slip him in ahead of the others. You call his Honor, the Judge, and get a man excused from Jury duty as he is essential in his war position and send Mr. Dynamo's card with a hastily scribbled "thanks."

From the Dynamo's office, you hear "fixin' to leave" noises and you knock and enter his private office with a list of "musts" for the afternoon. He asks if you have your dictation out, and you answer that you don't even have yesterday's dictation transcribed, let alone today's. He just beams and tells you a funny story which relaxes you in spite of the devil. He asks how many people are waiting out there and you give him a quick inventory. You give him a stack of checks to sign and ask for his okay on preliminary steps you have taken

in handling the business of a new client.

The phones on your desk are screaming for attention. You rush back and stuff checks into envelopes with one hand, answer the phone with the other, and direct traffic with your head. A man with a red bandanna tied around his head appears and asks if Dr. Ugg can pull his tooth now. The phone rings.

You buzz Mr. Dynamo on your inter-office communication system and remind him of a Board Meeting at 3:00. He says to remind him again when it is time to go. It is now 2:55 by your watch. You show a new client in, introduce her and hope that she is not long winded or the Board will be on your ear.

The telephone rings.

Determinedly, you tackle the task of your shorthand notebook before you. You riffle back to yesterday morning's notes and scan hastily for the most expedient letters. You get to "Dear Sir" before the phone rings.

A woman with a voice like a grater asks you how much you want for the lawn mower. You discover you have made two dinner engagements for Mr. Dynamo on the same evening. The telephone rings. You are hungry and you think longingly of that piece of cold chicken at home in the ice box. The telephone rings.

It is nearing the close of the day and you finally have yesterday's dictation out. You call a friend and break an engagement for this evening as you can see you will be working late. The telephone rings. (Oh,

where is that sweet luxury of afternoon tea, hausfrau?)

You tackle a bunch of shorthand that is so cold it looks like Einstein's latest theory. Phone numbers and "by the ways" are scrawled around the sides scribbled in haste while interpreted by Mr. Dynamo's two-track mind.

The telephone rings. It is after five and you resign yourself to another sandwich at the cigar counter think-

ing perhaps it will be worth it to get caught up in the peace and quiet of after office hours.

The telephone rings and your nerves are so close to the surface you wonder why you can't see them.

You see, I'm the girl next door. I have looked longingly at the sweetness of your "humdrum domesticities." I, for one, would be glad to be on the business end of a mop!



NOW YOU TELL ONE

An elevator operator in a downtown building, off for the day, was replaced by a cute little miss greenhorn, who on her first trip brought the elevator to an abrupt stop.

"Did I stop too quickly?" she asked the passengers.

"No, indeed," cooly replied a little old lady in one corner of the car. "I always wear my bloomers around my ankles."

A well known sales executive fell in love with a night club cigarette girl and decided to marry her. For the sake of prudence he hired a private dick to get a character report on her. The operator's report read:

"This lady has a fine reputation. Her past is without a blemish; she has a circle of impeccable friends. The only breath of scandal is that lately she's been going around with a sales executive of doubtful reputation."

Struggling Artist (being dunned for rent and endeavoring to put up a bold front): "Let me tell you this—in a few years' time people will look up at this miserable studio and say, 'Cobalt, the famous artist, used to work there.'"

Landlord: "If you don't pay your rent by tonight they'll be able to say that tomorrow."

A milk bottle fished out of the Atlantic ocean was found to contain a piece of mysterious looking paper, but the writing was too water-soaked to be deciphered. It was clearly a case for the FBI.

Various tests were made and acids applied. At last, six words stood out in startling clearness: "2 quarts of milk, no cream."

Family life has become honeycombed with too many tunnels that lead to Miami and Reno.

Don't GET A DIVORCE!

by DOROTHY TRENGEN

“WHEN A MAN from Colorado meets a girl from New Hampshire down in Texas for the first time almost anything can happen,” said Judge Robert Gardiner Wilson, Jr., in a Boston divorce court the other day.

That's a bit of understatement aptly phrased to cover 1,000,000 marriages between people who were comparative strangers—marriages that wouldn't have occurred if it hadn't have been for the war's pressure. Based on not much more than a speaking acquaintance and perhaps a shiny moon, too many young Americans have been putting the holy state of matrimony into a hit-and-run category for lo, these past five years.

Add to the above figure, another million marriages composed of couples who HAD known each other for a respectable length of time, but who (1) hurriedly married because John was going overseas or (2) hurriedly married because John came home from overseas. Thus we have today 2,000,000 couples who now face difficulties in personal adjustments.

Unfortunately, the adjustments in many instances are attempted in a lack-luster manner, and end in marital break-ups. Figures show that in the country as a whole, the annual ratio of divorces to marriages now runs about 1 to 5. Paul Popenoe, director of the American Institute of Family Relations, admits two reasons for this upsurge. One, as previously pointed out, is hasty marriages by very young couples. The other is that, in flush and prosperous wartime, for most couples there is enough money to get rid of the unwanted spouse.

To this, of course, could be appended the interesting fact that legal aid societies, in one 12-month period, had 15,000 requests for divorces from servicemen.

If the present trend continues, by 1965 51% of American marriages will end in break-ups. In Los Angeles county alone last year there were 33,000 marriages, and 24,000 divorces—more than seven divorces for every ten marriages.

What to do?

Obviously, the rockbound Gibrals

tar that was American family life has become honeycombed with too many tunnels that lead to Miami and Reno. The smart, the only way to check the trend is to chink up the tunnels quickly, with practical methods to make failing marriages become successful again. Assuming from the start that, to Mr. A, B was beautiful, charming, and intelligent, or he wouldn't have said "Will ya?" in the first place, let's look at one major fault she has.

B left her sense of humor at the altar. She didn't think it was funny when Uncle Algernon twitted her about the burned biscuits that day the in-laws came over dinner. Hubby's excruciating cracks, at which she used to die laughing before she was married, are putrid now, in the bungalow setting. If the laughs are on B, she pouts. To the recipe for a successful marriage, let's add a tolerant chuckle for bad situations from now on. You don't need to go hysterical—just a cheerful crinkle on the old pan will make a mother-in-law love B, and cause a husband to swell with pride because she's such a grand little sport.

B can't seem to gear her post-war economy program correctly. The cash isn't as thick as it used to grow; she has best intentions about spending A's income wisely, BUT she broods over when she was a working goil, and used to earn all that money, and why shouldn't she go back to the old job? A's ache lies in the penetrating words of Lewis Carroll, who said:

*"If half the road was made of jam,
The other half of bread,
How very nice my walk would be,
The greedy infant said."*

B, like thousands of young wives, needs to remember that the marriage road, in the financial beginning, is usually whole-wheat with only a thin coating of jam to sweeten. And stews are in order, not tenderloin. She's a married woman whose job lies, not in an office, but in a home that must be operated economically in order to pay dividends of savings and happiness. A husband appreciates simple, tasty food, not expensive caviar. In furnishings he likes comfort, which is not necessarily moneyed style.

On the other side of the fence, if marriage for A shows signs of slipping, and he wants to hang on, there are a couple of angles for him to



Then . . .

work, too (assuming he's handsome, stern-chinned, and solvent, or B wouldn't have said "You bet" when he stuttered the question!).

"He's too nervous and jumpy," the wife complains.

Now look, Mr. A, the conflict's over and now you're back home. Okay, so you fought a war and personally annihilated nineteen of the enemy in a minute and a half and now your arm that got some shrapnel doesn't feel so good, especially when the weather is damp. Don't let self-pity interfere with the fact that, facing the possibility of your being maimed and/or killed before you went overseas, you **MARRIED** and now you have a **FAMILY** to support. Maybe the responsibilities seem tiresome and life is hum-drum, but remember that you licked two

powerful nations to insure Junior's future, and be proud, and humble. A lot of fellows over there weren't as lucky as you. Calm down to the cakewinner role, and hang to B in the reality as you hung to her in desperate dreams while drawing gunfire in lonely foxholes.

Another thing, Mr. A, life's not dull if you treat your girl briskly. If B said she'd obey, then she'll darn well obey. You have her pegged all wrong, butch. Women yell like the devil when they're dominated, but underneath those shrill cries they love the master's hand. Rule the roost wisely, pepper your commands with plenty of sugar, and keep her gasping with fresh plans for what lies ahead. Don't let **YOUR** part of the marriage go stale, and give it the best you have to give. The interest rate it pays is very high.

The saving grace of marriage is A's and B's will to make marriage a success, and a chilling horror of the divorce courts. There's nothing fatal about a man from Colorado marrying a girl from New Hampshire down in Texas after knowing her for only four days. The sinister sign of failure is forgetting they lugged home their marriage certificate in a mood of "This is for keeps."

Ever wonder what that funny looking little hole means which a train conductor punches in your ticket?

Well, it's his "signature," for this peculiarly-shaped hole is cut by a die which is unlike that of punches issued to all other conductors on his division, and his headquarters keeps a record of it.



... and Now

1945 Un-Pronouncable

ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

by LARRY WINN, JR.

Kluszewski, Indiana End.....	Dieckelman, Holy Cross
Hollingshead, Yale Tackle.....	Lalikos, Brown
Mastrangelo, Notre Dame Guard.....	Virshup, Temple
Hellinghausen, Tulsa Center.....	Sniadack, Columbia
Bourgeois, Tulane Guard.....	Schuetz, Northwestern
Jarmoluk, Temple Tackle.....	Savitsky, Penn
Schumchyk, Arkansas End.....	Spounagle, Penn
Kuykendall, Auburn Back.....	Karamigios, Denver
Dekdebrun, Cornell Back.....	Weisenburger, Michigan
Olsonowski, Minnesota Back.....	Dellastatious, Missouri
Trojanowski, Connecticut Back.....	Taliaferro, Indiana

Honor Mention: Dancewicz, Notre Dame; Schlinkman, Texas Tech; Ruggerio, Notre Dame; Sacrinty, Wake Forest; Wedemeyer, St. Mary's; Koslowski, Holy Cross; Kusserow, Colgate; Castronis, Georgia.

Words for our Pictures—Pages 33-36

AMERICAN HISTORY—From the old Missouri side-wheelers that once paddled up to Westport Landing, to the which which later became the crossroads of the nation's railroads, Kansas City natched another historic event recently when an American Airlines plane made its first landing here. Pictured here is O. M. Masier, Vice-President of Administratlan far American Airlines, who was in Kansas City in connection with the praped merger of Mid-Continent Airlines with American. Mr. Masier, farmer city manager of Oklahoma

City, is one of the airline industry's outstanding administrative officials. (Page 33.)

REVERSE ENGLISH—Actress Barbara Bates (Universal) sit cazily on a hunk of ice and bids Old Man Winter to da his warst. (As if he hasn't already!) She and Peter the Penguin hatched this idea of turn-about on the weatherman after all other methads failed. (Pages 34-35.)

MR. KINDNESS, HIMSELF—James J. Rick, chairman of the Jackson County Infantile Paralysis Chapter, and a dozen ather charitable organizations, is Swing's Man of the Month. (Page 36.)









MAN OF THE MONTH

James J. Rick

"Big Hearted Banker"

WITHIN the ample breast of a prominent Kansas City man beats a heart so big he can hardly hold it. This man is James J. Rick, whose picture appears on the opposite page.

Chairman of the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis, Rick gives generously of his time, money and talents so that the less fortunate may have at least a fighting chance. He's just that way because he's Jim Rick, big, kind, and friendly.

That's why he is: member of the board of trustees, Missouri State War Chest; director of the Kansas City community and war chest; state chairman of United China Relief; a sponsor of the Progressive Club for the Handicapped; national director of the Inter-American Institute; executive committee member of the National Clothing Collection drive; chairman of the United Nations Council, and treasurer of St. Mary's hospital.

His "pet" charity, however, is St. Christopher's Inn at 530 Main Street in Kansas City's north end—where unfortunate men of all ages and creed are clothed, fed and housed until they find work and the road to rehabilitation. Rick is one of the five trustees of this institution; and has been the leader in its fund-raising activities since the Inn was founded.

Rick is a member of the Kansas City Club and the Advertising and Sales Executive Club. Moreover, he puts in full days as vice-president of the Union National Bank. People have found him a kind and wise counsellor, whether on matters of banking, financing, business, or the poor little Mexican boy down in the west bottoms who needs some new crutches. In the game of fruitious living and unreciprocal giving, Jim Rick is a big leaguer.

Born in Philadelphia, and after attending St. Joseph's College in that city, Mr. Rick did an assignment in Europe as comptroller of Herber Hoover's European Relief Council. From then on he and Mr. Hoover became fast friends. They correspond frequently, and Rick regards the former president as one of the outstanding men of this century.

Mr. Rick went into the grain business and came to Kansas City as treasurer of the Hall-Baker grain company. He went to the Union National Bank eight years ago as vice-president.

Mr. Rick's two years as treasurer and two years as chairman of the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis distinguished the chapter nationwide. In no other city or community are infantile paralysis patients given better or more expert treatment than in Jackson county . . . and a great deal of the credit goes to James J. Rick.

He is married and lives at 3724 Belleview. The Ricks have three fine children, Mary Ann, Jeanne and Jimmy. Our friend is an ardent sports fan and enjoys swimming. The following story describes in some detail how the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis operates, what it has done, and what it plans to do.

IF YOU LIVE in Jackson county and you or your child were to come down with Infantile Paralysis, what would happen? Would you be sent to an isolation hospital to get through the virulent stages of the disease, and then be toted home to recover as best you could on your wobbly pins?

Or would you have to cut through yards and yards of red tape, and withstand investigation to become eligible for further treatment?

No. If you contracted Infantile Paralysis, here is what would happen:

You would immediately be placed under the care and supervision of a merciful and wonderful service—the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis. Whether you could pay or not would be immaterial. You, or yours, would be taken to one of the local hospitals and placed in isolation for 21 days. You would receive the best of care, and your family would be looked after. Upon initial recovery, you would receive physiotherapy treatment either in a hospital, or at the Chapter Institute, free of charge.

This same procedure takes place in every case, regardless of the patient's financial status. Of course, if you were financially "well fixed," naturally you would want to pay. And that could be arranged, too.

In charge of this marvelous and unique service is a group of civic minded and unselfish people. They start with James J. Rick, chairman; Senn Lawler, vice-chairman; Walter W. Walton, treasurer, and Gunnard A. Johnston, secretary. Mrs. John B. Gage, wife of the mayor, is in charge of the Women's committee, and 50 other prominent Kansas City people, including a staff of four doctors, complete the executive staff.

It would not be possible to list all the beneficent deeds performed by the chapter this past year, but here are a few:

Physiotherapy departments are being added to St. Luke's and St. Mary's hospitals, at an approximate cost of \$10,000 each.

The chapter arranged with all hospitals in the city to establish isolation units for polio victims during the period of isolation. This important accomplishment was achieved through the cooperation of Dr. H. L. Dwyer, director of health. Heretofore, only the city-operated general hospitals would accept such cases.

The chapter purchased two iron lungs at a cost of \$1,385 each, and installed them in St. Luke's and St. Mary's hospitals. Other hospitals had been previously supplied.

They purchased 14 hot-pack machines at a cost of \$4,000 for use in the approved method of treatment and installed them in local hospitals, and in the Delano school for crippled children.

They paid the salary of an expert technician at the chapter institute at 4532 Main, and paid all relative expenses. The technician gave 216 treatments at the Institute during the period January 1 through October 1, 1945, and at the same time 1,802 treatments at General hospital.

Technicians gave 5,347 treatments at the Delano school during the last school term. Although the school is closed during the summer months, the physiotherapy department remains open for treatments deemed necessary.

Records disclose any number of cases where the child has been restored to full vigor and able to establish a happy and useful life through this treatment.

The chapter also pays the expenses of operation for a similar department at the Attucks (Negro) school, with free transportation to crippled children.

If all the braces, crutches, and physical aids purchased by the Institute were collected, half a dozen moving vans would have more than they could haul.

Moreover, the chapter paid all expenses during the past year of three residents of Jackson county who were stricken and hospitalized elsewhere: one in Omaha, and two others in Warm Springs, Georgia.

The chapter believes not only in treatment and possible cure of the aftermath; but in prevention, too. Thousands of pamphlets have been printed and are being circularized, advising against doing things which might make it easier to contract the disease.

Kansas City has been fortunate this year in that only a few new cases of polio have appeared. However, should the need arise, it is a great comfort to know that the Chapter is prepared to meet any emergency.

The insidious thing about Infantile Paralysis is that recovery is seldom complete. The process of healing is slow, and the treatment can be no more rapid than response to healing applications.

Boys and girls, and many older people, who had Infantile Paralysis one or more years ago are still receiving treatment . . . and will, until they can go along nicely by themselves.

All of us have seen people pursuing the daily walks of life bogged down by an infirmity. Maybe one leg, both legs, or a shrunken, useless arm. We wonder if at some time this person may have had Infantile Paralysis, and if so, we marvel at their recovery.

But the truth of the matter is that the people you see now getting about with difficulty, some perhaps in middle age, some of them older, probably had Infantile Paralysis. In days gone by there was no known treatment: in fact, the doctors were not sure the victim had polio until sometimes months and years after, when the limbs shrunk or wasted away noticeably.

You can make up your mind that the people you now see getting around with difficulty might have had near or complete recovery if modern treatment had been available.

But alas, it was unheard of, and they must go limp, and halt, through life. Let's have less of that in the future, shall we?

We have, we can, and we will!

TREASURE BEACH

“**M**ONEY BEACH” near Rehoboth, Del., is a treasure trove as exciting as any in adventure stories of distant lands. From a wrecked ship of Revolutionary War days, every northeaster storm throws up on the beach lead and copper buttons, copper nails, shoe buckles, and copper coins, as well as an occasional silver coin. Nearby coin collectors visit the beach only after a storm, and may pick up as many as twenty-five or thirty in one search. Several theories are held as to which ship is responsible for the treasure; some think it is “The Faithful Steward” which was wrecked near its goal, Philadelphia, on Sept. 11, 1785, sinking only one hundred yards from shore; others that it is the wreck on an English paymaster's ship which was delivering their pay to hired German soldiers fighting with the English; while a third theory holds that it was a ship returning British coins to England after our own coinage was started in 1791. There are English coins bearing the likenesses of George II and George III, and Irish coins with a harp on one side, none bearing dates later than 1783, and all so corroded that their faces can be seen only after several weeks' cleaning by electrolysis.

—Virginia Carter Stumbough.

FASTER THAN THE WIND

by ROLAND J. BIRD

ALL HAIL to the King of Winter sports—Iceboating. Iceboat racing is packed with thrills and chills for both the competitor and the spectator alike, and with occasional spills. Of course minor spills are frightening to the neophyte in this sort of chills, but to the experienced Winter yachtsmen they are just a small part of the day's fun. The first time out in one of these winged creatures might not convince you of the thrills the sport holds, in which case you try a few more runs and learn the truth about the fascination of Iceboating.

Goggled against the biting wind that keeps slapping your face, fingers already numb as you huddle in the small cockpit, legs braced against a small cross-board for support. All set, you clutch the cockpit rail for dear life as the eerie whine of the steel-bladed runners rises into a roaring chatter. The wind whistles through the wire rigging and bites your exposed face with an angry roar, a howling gust of wind strikes the taut canvas and carries you up, up, up, then the iceflyer heels over, one runner high off the ice. In that burst of speed you go perhaps one hundred and twenty miles an hour. After that breath-taking moment of rocketing across the ice-crusted lake, the pilot slaps down the craft to a gliding speed of fifty miles an hour, then reaching home skillfully dumps the wind out of the sail and slides to a halt a few feet from where we started.

That is really iceboating, a sport replete with chills, spills, and thrills, a sport for red-blooded sailors. For the origin of iceboating one must go back more than a century to the Netherlands, where the first crude crafts were built by the Dutch as a means of winter travel on the many frozen canals of the country. Soon after the start in Holland, iceboating caught the fancy of the hardy folk of Norway and Sweden and quickly gained in popularity.

Iceboating in America developed in the era of the Revolutionary War, and the locale for this development was around the Hudson River. The craft first tried by these ice sailors was quite rough, merely a long runner affixed to a box on which was mounted a mast and sail. When the craft actually moved no one was more surprised than the builders of the awkward looking boat. Soon competition developed with the residents of every little hamlet along the Hudson River trying to see who could build the fastest iceboat. Finally a new type craft was developed. It was three cornered with a runner on each of the forward corners and another runner for a rudder on the rear apex of the triangle. This type of iceboat was often referred to as the banjo boat, and remained practically standard until a comparatively few years ago.

The new development in iceboats is a "skeeter." The skeeter is a sporty front-steering racer. Inexpensive, streamlined, and light, the skeeter carries seventy-five square feet of sail and can be disassembled quickly for moving about the countryside. The skeeter does not attain the speed of some of the larger iceboats, but it will attain a speed of at least twice the velocity of the wind in which it is sailed. To minimize the weight and increase the speed, all timbers of the craft are built hollow, like the bones of a bird.

The great improvement in iceboats has taken none of the thrills from riding in this fastest non-mechanical means of transportation known to man. There still are sudden gusts of wind to catch one unaware and a cold ducking lurking up ahead for ones who gamble with thin ice. The new-found speed has added to the thrills. Given a nice ice-crusted lake and a thirty-mile-an-hour blow and the skipper of a skeeter will skim along at a better than a mile a minute.

What *Wonders* Man Hath Wrought!

V—THE WASHINGTON STATUE



(This is a continuation of a series of articles on sculpture by William P. Rowley, whose original researches into Revolution history have caused him to believe General Washington was the first to utter the classic phrase: "Here's Howe!" Then he proceeded to put Howe down the hatch.)

THE dedication of the George Washington statue in Kansas City's Washington Square on Armistice Day, 1925, was a gala occasion in many ways, not the least of which was the opportunity it presented for the feminine participants to adorn themselves in the Colonial mode. It presented a scene of beauty, although it was somewhat startling to see a grand belle of the 1780 period step out of a twentieth century limousine. Step out, however, is hardly the proper descriptive term for the maneuvering necessitated by the voluminous skirts.

The Kansas City Washington statue is a replica by the sculptor Henry Merwin Shrady of a work

which he was commissioned to execute for the city of Brooklyn back in an era when that city had heroes other than those whose names were included in the roster of the Dodgers. The Dodgers, however, deserve plaudits for miracles on the diamond—in fact, some sports writers contend it's a miracle whenever the Beautiful Bums win a game. The only crack about its ball club that Brooklyn never forgave was when President Roosevelt was seeking to displace the "nine old men" on the Supreme Court. A New York writer said the justices had nothing to worry about—they could always get a job with Brooklyn.

The Shrady statue depicts Wash-

ington in the dark days at Valley Forge, a season in which the fate of the American cause depended not so much on the force of his sword as the strength of his character. It was then that prayer was his principal ally, and in shaping the statue the artist sought to bring out the grim determination and spiritual force in the great leader's countenance.

The work was the first of real importance in Shrady's career as a sculptor. The son of General Grant's physician, Shrady was educated for the law but was drawn into sculpture by the artistic creative forces within himself. The artist also created the famous Grant Memorial in Washington, which he completed only fifteen days before his death. Of him it is said his life truly went into his work.

Obtaining the Shrady statue for Kansas City was due principally to the work of the Pioneers' and Patriots' Memorial Foundation, of which the late Joseph Meinrath was the untiring guiding genius, a man whose contribution to the cultural development of the city never can be overemphasized. It can be emphasized, however, that he had no part in the paving of Brush Creek and the "beautification" of Penn Valley Lake.

In selecting a site for the statue the Foundation sought a place where it might be viewed by the greatest number of persons in the every day course of life, to serve as a constant inspiration to the residents of the city and its visitors. In the choice, they not only accomplished this purpose but also gave Washington probably the

most elaborate view of liquor advertisements to be seen any place in the city. Oh, well, they had taverns in Washington's day, too.

Speaking of Washington and taverns recalls the modern tavern keeper who became slightly more balmy than most of his brethren and was taken to an asylum. Several other newcomers arrived at the same time. Asked his name by an attendant, the tavern keeper replied impressively:

"My name is George Washington!"

"Who gave you that name?" the attendant asked.

"The Lord gave it to me," the man answered.

There was a slight pause, followed by the indignant voice of another of the new inmates:

"That's a rank falsehood—I never did any such a thing!"

There have been many falsehoods circulated about Washington, some malicious and others merely sickening palp. The true Washington of the Valley Forge days whom Shrady depicted was a real man in every sense of the word, a man who in that dark winter of doubt, death and despair took a ragged and nondescript rabble and made it into an instrument of ultimate victory. That winter, under Washington's leadership, that rabble marched and drilled and marched and drilled until even their rags became something grim and ominous.

Hundreds died, but those who survived stood forth in the spring as an army. Dirty and ragged they might be, but their weapons were clean and

shining. Before all they could do was retreat; now they were ready and eager to attack. They met and routed the enemy at Monmouth Court House. After that it was merely a question of time.

Today on an arch at Valley Forge

are engraved these words . . . "this valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America arose regenerate and free . . ."

And the man responsible was the man whom Shradly saw—the Washington of Washington Square.



Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

This, then is the message we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all. If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us all. Following is the suggested daily bible reading for January.

Tues., Jan. 1—Numbers 20.

Wed., Jan. 2—Numbers 21.

Thurs., Jan. 3—Numbers 22:1-35.

Fri., Jan. 4—Numbers 22:36-23:26.

Sat., Jan. 5—Numbers 23:27-24:25.

Sun., Jan. 6—Joshua 1.

Mon., Jan. 7—Joshua 2.

Tues., Jan. 8—Joshua 3.

Wed., Jan. 9—Joshua 4.

Thurs., Jan. 10—Joshua 5.

Fri., Jan. 11—Joshua 6.

Sat., Jan. 12—Joshua 7.

Sun., Jan. 13—Joshua 8.

Mon., Jan. 14—Joshua 9.

Tues., Jan. 15—Joshua 10:1-27.

Wed., Jan. 16—Joshua 11.

Thurs., Jan. 17—Joshua 22.

Fri., Jan. 18—Joshua 23.

Sat., Jan. 19—Joshua 24.

Sun., Jan. 20—Judges 2.

Mon., Jan. 21—Judges 3.

Tues., Jan. 22—Judges 4.

Wed., Jan. 23—Judges 5.

Thurs., Jan. 24—Judges 6.

Fri., Jan. 25—Judges 7.

Sat., Jan. 26—Judges 11:1-33.

Sun., Jan. 27—Judges 11:24-12.

Mon., Jan. 28—Judges 13.

Tues., Jan. 29—Judges 14.

Wed., Jan. 30—Judges 15.

Thurs., Jan. 31—Judges 16.

DEMOCRACY *Begins* AT HOME

And Politeness, Too, for That Matter.

by VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

IS YOUR "home government" one of special privileges and executive decrees, or is it democracy—where individuals submit to an accepted code of conduct and established laws?

"I can't do a thing with Philip," a distracted mother recently complained. "He has a good mind—better than Elsie's, in fact. But he just out-talks me. If I ask him to do anything he gives me such a reasonable excuse I can't argue with him."

This woman gives lip service to democracy but hers is a home where anarchy governs—there are no house rules. The fact that she shouldn't argue with an eight-year-old boy has never occurred to this well-intentioned mother. Obedience and respect for authority are not part of the accepted code in her household. Philip probably will grow up into one of those intelligent but maladjusted men who "enjoy a good argument," become expert at pointing out faults of other people and of the political system under which they live, proficient at self-analysis. But Philip probably will never amount to anything or find much happiness. The railroad engine of his life, self-discipline, hasn't any tracks. It isn't going anywhere.

It was Aristotle who said, long before modern psychology entered the scene to confirm him, "Children cannot reason properly until they have acquired the right habits . . . which must be inculcated by example and discipline. To reason with children not equipped to reason is futile."

It is through example and through discipline that you give your child "a code to live by." These are the railroad tracks for his engine. A parent ought to know better than a child what is good for children, or he isn't fit to be a parent. A mother should no more hesitate to force a child into habits of good conduct than

she insisted on housebreaking him when he was young. Decent behavior is as much a matter of habit as reading and writing and arithmetic. A personal code of moral behavior is certainly as important as good manners. The most "progressive" mother will not hesitate to teach her son to eat his peas with a fork instead of a knife, yet the same mother will refrain from "interfering with his self-expression" through insistence on the habits of moral conduct.

Self-expression is a very good thing, but of what benefit is it if one has no self to express? And what is self but another name for character?

"ELIZABETH," an exasperated mother scolded her young daughter the other day. "You have disappointed me. You know perfectly well you were kept in school yesterday. How can you lie to me?"

"But, Mother," Elizabeth said, her dark eyes deeply troubled, "I only told you I went home with Mary so your feelings wouldn't be hurt. You know, like you told Mrs. Morrison you couldn't play bridge because you had a headache?"

You can do all the talking you want to about the rules for playing tennis but you'll never learn the game until you get a tennis racket in your hand and start practicing. And you can talk until you sound like a broken record about right and wrong, but unless you are an example for your children, "unless you practice what you preach," and see that they do the same, your words will have no meaning.

One set of house rules for parents and another for children in such matters as personal integrity, truthfulness, honesty, courtesy, and decency, lead only to confusion and distress on the part of children

unable to understand why their parents can be dishonest with impunity, or discourteous and rude to one another, and yet the same behavior on their part is cause for displeasure and sometimes even punishment. For a child sees the world with clear eyes, and "special privileges" are more apparent to him than to more jaded eyes, accustomed to compromise.

These "special privileges" in many homes are not limited to the variation between the behavior of parents and that required of children. Frequently they exist in the treatment of the children themselves. Who has not seen the difference in privileges and opportunities given to the pretty, forward child, and denied her shy sister who wears braces? Or the "special privileges" accorded the baby of the family, or the only son? The example and habit of justice to all is the cornerstone of democracy. It should be the cornerstone of the home as well, for it is in the home that the child develops his understanding of the world outside.

If there be no justice there, why should he look for it in the outside world? Why, indeed, should he value a word the meaning of which has never been made clear to him?

In recent years much has been said about the rights and liberties of American citizens, but less and less about the duties and responsibilities which alone provide those rights and liberties. One of the major causes of emotional insecurity in adult life is a lack of "mental tracks," an absence of a set of fixed principles or a code of conduct by which to live. These principles are based upon duties and responsibilities, not upon rights and privileges. The acceptance and performance of these responsibilities lead to mature, adult living, and in turn earn the privileges of the "good conduct medal" of life. Accepting and performing according to a code of personal behavior are accomplished only by practice, by forming the habit of acting or doing so.

The greatest value which lies in the habitual response to situations, to problems, to decisions, along the "mental tracks" of an accepted code of conduct, is that the person who has become habitual in his personal behavior within the framework of the laws of decent behavior, doesn't have to waste his energies worrying about them. To him, the ethical response is a reflex, and of him his friends can say, "I know what John would do in a case like this," for his integrity is consistent, not spontaneous and haphazard. He eliminates from his mind the necessity of deciding whether to return a lost pocketbook, no matter how valuable; he returns it automatically, and has no sleepless night with his conscience.

Moral confusion, indecision in the face of moral problems, leads to more mental insecurity and wasted energy than any other character weakness. In a true democracy there is only one set of laws, moral as well as other laws. See to it that your house rules are the same for every member of the family, and see to it that the rules are enforced. Remember that democracy, like politeness, begins at home.

QUICK TAKES

By Baer



"I bumped into a couple of Mutual friends."

OH, *Please* PLAY SOMETHING!

by MONA LOURIA

Most Amateur Ivory Punchers need hardly that much of an invitation.

PRESIDENTS play it; maids play it; schoolgirls play it—and so do secretaries, doctors, lawyers, accountants, and a host of other able representatives of various and sundry other professions.

The amateur pianist is as firmly established in America today as the hot dog with mustard, and the five-cent subway fare. Almost every home in the country can boast of at least one eager exponent of the pianistic art, and doting mothers who direct little Johnny to "sit down and play something for the company" are rampant.

The reasons for the piano's wide popularity among amateurs are many. Barring the harmonica (which technically is not an instrument) the piano is the easiest of all to play. Whereas at least a modicum of inherent talent is requisite for the playing of other instruments, a person who is utterly stone deaf can play the piano without sounding too glaringly bad, although the degree of skill he may attain will probably be questionable.

Another explanation for the piano's great vogue is the wide tonal range. All other instruments have a somewhat limited range, and are usually played as a complement to each other

in full orchestral works. Most amateurs do not play in groups, as it is often difficult to find someone to play with. The piano is primarily a solo instrument with a range including that of most other instruments, and additional instruments are not necessary to add to the richness of its timbre.

Amateurs, like professionals, vary in their styles and degrees of achievement, most of them falling into the following categories:

A. Eager Beaver. Will sit down at the piano with or without the slightest provocation and obligingly satisfy his ebullient desires to burst forth into arpeggios, to the acute discomfort of everyone within earshot.

B. Thwarted Genius. Tells people he's just another "amateur," but secretly considers himself a frustrated Hoffman or Horowitz and believes it won't be long now before he will be up there giving them stiff competition.

C. Realist. Knows he's rotten, admits it, but keeps right on playing just for the sheer enjoyment he gets out of it.

D. Sensitive Esthete. Uses his piano as a background—a sort of setting against which to droop perceptibly and dreamily let his long, taper

ing fingers slide gracefully over the willing keys while he gazes moodily off beyond the blue horizon.

E. Just-Missed-the-Boat Type. The really good amateur pianist, who with an nth more talent might have amounted to something really important musically. He ranks very high among amateurs, but suffers when compared to professionals.

F. "I-Never-Took-a-Lesson-in-My-Life" Type. The musical outcast among all amateur pianists. We amateurs are a disdainful lot, and do not consider some Johnny-come-lately, who uses his ear as something other than an instrument to hear with, fit to join the ranks of the true amateur pianists.

The piano can be a figurative Aladdin's Lamp for the average person. One can indulge in all sorts of vagaries while playing. One minute you are in a great concert hall com-

manding the attention of thousands of people whose only thought is for the perfection of your playing. Then you are seated in an elegant drawing room in a black velvet dinner gown with your milk-white hands gliding gracefully over the keys.

The piano means escape, and that's one reason why so many people play it. It also means beauty and relaxation, and that's another reason for its immense popularity.

As a friend once remarked to me: "It's a pretty comforting thing to know that when the world gets you down, you can always go home and play Chopin."

So the next time you hear your neighbor's son diligently banging out his sonatinas, you may laugh a little at his hopeful poundings, but remember that he has captured something you have missed, and his life is immeasurably richer because of it.



THE \$63 QUESTION

A man made a \$63 purchase. He had no dollar bills, and no silver. The man from whom the purchase was made had no one-dollar or two-dollar bills, and no silver.

How did the purchaser pay the correct amount? (See page 53 for answer.)

AN OLD RUSSIAN CUSTOM

IT IS SAID that when Czar Ivan IV wanted to marry, a circular was addressed to the governors of towns and provinces of the empire, that is, those of noble birth, and from this notice 1500 young girls were assembled for Vasseli Ivanovitch to choose from.

After the first meeting 500 were sent to Moscow, that is, those chosen from all the rest as the most beautiful and healthy, and the grand prince would select 300, then finally 200, then 100 and on until the final 10 who were the most attractive and desirable were chosen. After that, these would be examined by court doctors and midwives to judge their physical suitability and finally, the most beautiful and healthiest became the Tzarina.

Upon becoming Tzarina the girl took a new name as a sign of her new existence, and the girl's father, too, would take a new name, as since her marriage he became a pretender to the throne, and her relatives became the Czar's nearest relatives.

—Margriet Benz.



DOWN ON THE FARM

—100 YEARS AGO

TODAY when a farmer wants to move he loads up the family car and a truck and he is on the way. The problem of the farmer a hundred years ago was much more vexing; even with modern transportation he would be hard put to move his belongings. No wonder he wanted to sell! Witness this advertisement which appeared in a Versailles, Ky., newspaper in 1840:

FOR SALE:

Having sold my farm and am leaving for Oregon by ox team, I will sell all my personal property: Two milk cows, yoke of oxen, two ox carts, iron plow, 1500 fence rails, 60-gallon soap kettle, 85 sugar troughs, 10 gallons maple syrup, 1 barrel Johnson Miller whiskey 7 years old, 20 gallons apple brandy, 2 spinning wheels, 30 pounds of tallow, 100 split hoops, 4 sides of leather, 12 wooden pitch forks, figle with bullet molds and powder horn, soap, bacon, ham, lard and molasses, 6 fox hounds all soft mouth, 6 Negro slaves, all together as will not separate them.

—Bertha Ellen Rolston.

WHEN THE ATOM IS *Smashed*—

Certainly, an instrument that weighs 4,900 tons ought to smash something.

by GARLAND R. FARMER

WILL the super atom smasher revolutionize our lives? Will it release unheard of power and possibilities? Will man be able to harness it, or will it master man?

Those are just a few of the momentous questions man has been asking for years, and now that the Rockefeller Foundation has given to the University of California \$1,150,000, which must be matched by \$250,000 by the University, for the construction of a new and much larger cyclotron, or "atom smasher," the world will be looking and hoping for answers to some of these puzzling questions.

The University's present cyclotron, largest in the world, is said to have permitted striking new advances in the knowledge of the atom and also in the fields of biology and medicine, particularly through its production of artificially radioactive substances and its neutron rays.

Compared to the 60-inch magnet of the present cyclotron, the magnet of the new instrument will measure 184 inches. It is hoped to produce a deuteron beam of 140 feet, as compared with the five-foot beam obtainable at present.

The new cyclotron will be 58 feet long and 15 feet wide and will have an over-all height of 36.8 feet, of which 11.8 feet will be underground.

The plans for the cyclotron call for a mechanism that will produce energies in excess of 100 million volts, as compared with the 33 million volts produced by the University's present 60-inch cyclotron.

The weight of the new cyclotron will be 4,900 tons, or more than 20 times heavier and bigger than the present instrument!

Estimated weight of the steel that will be used in construction is 4,500 tons, to which the copper winding will add 400 tons.

The new cyclotron will resemble the present medical cyclotron, but in details it is planned to be the most distinctive engine of its kind in the world. The designers in the University's radiation laboratory state that, because it is the first of its size ever planned or even contemplated, its actual operation may compel changes that cannot be predicted at present.

The new cyclotron is expected to show, in a quantity sufficient for observation, the types of phenomena observed in cosmic rays. More simply,

its primary objective is to study new regions in the atom, which itself is an infinitesimal planetary system. More simply still, it will endeavor to wrest from the atomic substances that make up all matter the secrets of the energies that make plants and animals grow.

Use of the giant atom-smasher, to help time the passage of blood-building iron from food through the digestive tract, was announced by the University of California.

Unexpected new fact discovered in these studies is that about one-half of the iron absorbed by the body, representing one-fourth of that given the animals under study, accumulated in the muscles.

At this stage its objectives are of a purely physical nature, with the structure of matter as the particular problem to be solved. However, no one knows what new objectives it may light up or what new problems it may produce or solve.



INDIAN LINGO

Chalk one up again for the Marine corps! They found the only foolproof, unbreakable code in the history of warfare, right in America's back yard.

When Major General Clayton B. Vogel suggested investigating the Navajo reservation at Window Rock, Arizona, back in 1942, he knew he was about to dredge up a system that was likely to keep the Japs guessing forever. The Navajos have a "hidden" language—one that lacks an alphabet or other symbols in its original form.

Cheerfully, these Indians surrendered their secret to the Marines when they learned that the hard-hitting leathernecks needed a non-crackable code that could be translated double-time on the battlefield.

At the same time, they bared the information that not more than thirty people outside their tribe can converse in their tongue, and that, being extremely clannish, they are the only Indians which were not approached by German "scholars" between World War I and World War II.

So, for three years, everywhere the marines landed, the Japanese received puzzled earfuls of queer choked gobbles, mixed with other sound effects resembling sunset prayer call to a Mohammedan mosque plus fast American Brooklynesse and the dull gurgles of a hot water bottle being emptied.

THAT *They* MAY WALK, TOO

The banker didn't "pop" very often, but he did that night; said he would beg, borrow, rob and steal if his little boy could only throw away those crutches.

by RICK ALLISON

THE lights were low in the theater, the only theater in a small mid-western town. Farmers, still in their boots and mackinaws, sat quietly beside the village banker, the high school principal, and a row of school ma'ams. It was a typical community gathering for the Saturday night show. It had to be, for there were few other places to go. But it was one place in town where humanity leveled itself off; banker, hole-in-the-wall shoe repairman, the section foreman and his three grimy helpers all sat together, brothers for a night.

In the back of the small, cove-like showhouse an angular lady in her late 50s paced nervously. Now and then she would snap on her flashlight and send its gleam down the aisles. Yes, she was looking for peanut shucks. She would teach those kids that they couldn't throw peanut shucks around her showhouse any more than they could at home.

But underneath her stern veneer, beat a big heart. She

was always doing something for somebody, and this was an occasion.

But tonight she was worried and concerned. Would this year's March of Dimes collection equal the \$595 of last year? She prayerfully hoped so. It had grown from a mere \$45 the first year up to the amount that brought back a congratulatory letter from state headquarters.

"Dear Mrs. N—, State Headquarters is proud of you, your efforts in behalf of this great cause, and your city . . ." Yes, she knew the letter almost by heart.

And suddenly the feature picture was over and on the screen came the enlarged countenance of Gary Cooper, talking straight from the shoulder for more generous contributions

to this year's March of Dimes. Within a few minutes the plea was completed, lights were snapped on, and four petite little Girl Scouts passed around tin containers with slots in the top.

"Clink, clink, clink."

One by one the



dimes, quarters and half dollars dropped into the Infantile Paralysis fund collection boxes. Frequently there was a delay as a rugged farmer, or perhaps the section foreman, or maybe the high school principal stuffed in some "folding money."

Near the back sat the town banker and beside him his bright-eyed son. Mr. "Moneybags," which nobody ever called him to his face, was his usual, unsmiling self. The picture had been a bore, and he was not impressed with Gary Cooper, but he had sat there patiently through it all.

The anxious, tousle-headed boy leaned over and whispered something in his dad's ear. And for the first time that evening the old boy cracked . . . people looked around . . . Mr. M. didn't smile very often.

It was all over in an instant and people were pushing for the door. The banker and his son remained in their seats until most of the crowd had left.

Then there was a rattling of crutches. The boy used his strong arms to catapult himself to a standing position. His dad handed him the crutches and the boy began dragging his useless, shrunken limbs over the carpeted aisle toward the exit.

At the door they were met by the manager. She removed her old-fashioned, thin-rimmed glasses and dabbed at tears in her eyes. The banker took her arm gently.

"A thousand dollars, just think, a thousand dollars," the woman weeped. "God will have to thank you for that. I can't find the words."

The banker said nothing but a thin, almost tragic smile curled his lips as they went into the manager's office.

By this time the boy on crutches had left and joined the gang. He was lagging a rod or two behind, crutching along as best he could on the icy sidewalk. The other fellows casually waited, making believe they were in no hurry.

The banker sat down heavily, cupped his hands on his chin, stared straight ahead, and began slowly:

"Families who have never been visited by the frightful tragedy of Infantile Paralysis have never felt the torture and heartbreak of watching a little boy's body grow and develop while his legs wasted away.



"Oh, I'll admit there's lots worse things that could happen to a family, blindness, perhaps, or the loss of a son in the war, but I believe this losing battle at home, against a treacherous, unseen enemy, is as bad or worse. Time may heal, to some extent, the wounds of death or the loss of a loved one, but the tragedy of Infantile Paralysis is the darkness that never lifts.

"Up until a few years ago little was done, and little could be done about the crippling, living, grim reaper . . . not until a determined man, a man with real guts, if you want to call it that, rose up on his crutches and led the world through the wilderness of death, devastation and confusion to the doorsteps of peace . . . He led the way until his crutches could no longer bear the weight of the big heart that beat within him.

"And by the great horned spoon, I have always been a Republican, still am, but I will forever admire and respect the courage, the guts, and the spiritual stature of Franklin D. Roosevelt. He proved, as no other man ever proved before him, that strong legs do not win all the races.

"If people could only realize that their dimes, their quarters, yes, even their dollar bills go to fight the most dangerous and unrelenting enemy that ever beset mankind, we would collect in one hour what it takes us a month to gather in. If they could only realize that half of the money collected stays right here at home to battle the enemy on its own grounds, while the other half goes to battle on a national scale, and particularly the

Warm Springs foundation where Mr. Roosevelt found physical fortification to carry on through the tiring, wearing years.

"A thousand dollars is a lot of money to a small town banker, with interest rates being what they are . . . but by God's great kindly light I would give that and everything I own, and I would borrow, beg or steal . . . if my kid could play basketball with his pals, rather than sit on the sidelines with his crutches and keep score."

At that moment the office door burst open and a pair of bright eyes illuminated the darkness of the room.

"Pop," the lad began with youthful glee. "They've got the lights turned on down at the pond and all the kids in town are down there skatin' . . . what's holdin' us back?" still blinking into the soft winter

"Okay, son, you're the doctor."

And they went out quickly.

The lady, with the night's receipts still uncounted and the theater lights night, knelt softly beside her chair and prayed:

"Dear God, give us the heart to give . . . so that they can all skate, and run and play, and so none with crutches may sit on the sidelines with longing, aching hearts . . . please, Dear God."

By that time the tap-tap of crutches on the sidewalk had grown dim.

ANSWER TO THE \$63 QUESTION

The purchaser gave the following bills in payment:

- One fifty-dollar bill,
- One five-dollar bill, and
- Four two-dollar bills.

Chicago Letter . . .



by
NORT JONATHAN

Now that New Year's resolutions can be safely tucked away in mothballs for another twelve months, Chicagoans are ready to be up and about again. Hot toddies and the family fireside are being neglected, at the risk of the flu, double pneumonia, or both. No one wants to miss the January-February rush of new shows, new talent, and new places to go. It's a bright, happy town, in spite of the inevitable gales which come howling in from Lake Michigan. Chicago wants to have a good time.

And Chicago is having a good time. From the North Shore to Gary, and from Navy Pier to Oak Park, it's the same story. Few Chicagoans are staying at home.

You'll find them in the stations, crowding aboard every piece of railroad equipment which will move.

FEW CHICAGOANS STAY AT HOME The big Union Station has that "lived in" look—orange peels, crying babies, popcorn, and customers who look as

though they had settled down to stay for days, or even weeks, if necessary, to get a train to Gravel Switch, Kentucky.

The Dearborn Street station is even more crowded. Any Kansas City travelers who have used this depot will agree that without a doubt it is the dirtiest and most dismal and airless piece of station architecture in the nation. Now twenty-four hours the Dearborn Street station is packed with a mass of patiently waiting humanity. And when trains run from eight to eighteen hours late, and are correspondingly late loading passengers, often it's an all night wait.

The overflow hotel crowds are back in the Turkish baths. Literally all hotels worthy of the name are jammed to their broom closets. At such popular hostelrys as the Palmer House and the Drake, hopeful customers wait in line for hours just to check their reservations. Getting a room is another matter. Often hotels have found themselves unable to fill confirmed reservations until after midnight. Bad weather, late trains, and a general reluctance on the part of some people to give up a sure bed—all have contributed to the congestion. Jimmy Hart—the debonair manager of the swank Ambassador Hotels—says he's never seen Chicago hotels more crowded. He should know. Every morning he gloomily surveys piles of waiting luggage in his lobbies. The trains and planes are in, but few of his already registered guests seem inclined to leave town to make room for new arrivals.

Conventions, the influx of returning

servicemen and their families, the proximity of discharge centers **SAD PLIGHT** at Great Lakes, Fort **OF PILGRIMS** Sheridan, and Rockford, the lack of apartments or houses of any kind, and a general restlessness on the part of one and all are contributing to the sad plight of the pilgrim from afar who wants a room and a bath for the night. Just one night.

The hotel association has rallied its forces valiantly to try to keep up with the growing flood of requests for room. Frantic guests are being bedded down in small neighborhood hotels, in Aurora, Joliet, and Hammond—and in banquet rooms from which the half-empty highball glasses have not yet been removed. The best advice is: if you're stuck for a hotel room in Chicago, call the hotel association and cross your fingers. You may find yourself quartered with the floor maid's brooms, but you'll have a room.

Perhaps another reason for the overcrowding is the large number of four-star attractions in town. The theaters and nightclubs, recovered from the pre-Christmas letdown, are now packing them in to the doors.

This month the Palmer House will welcome back one of its favorite sons in the person of Lieutenant Griff Williams. For the past two years, Griff has been busy in the Navy, his last assignment being that of band, music, and entertainment officer at Great Lakes. Griff, his fine piano, and his new orchestra will headline a new

GRIFF WILLIAMS HAS NEW BAND Merriel Abbott revue, the like of which has not been seen in these parts for some months. Others in the Empire Room show will be Irwin Corey, a highly touted new comedian from New York, the deservedly popular zanie acrobats, the Three Nonchalants, and Stan Kramer, the puppeteer. It looks as though Fritz Hagner, the suave major domo of the Empire Room, will have plenty on his hands.

Another show with a distinctly Navy flavor will continue well into the New Year in the Glass Hat of the Congress hotel, where the Tune Toppers are holding forth. Four boys with a great talent for tunes, the Tune Toppers entertained all over the Pacific, presenting one show in a submerged submarine. It seems that an alert was sounded while the quartet was putting on its show—and down went the sub. Kansas Citians may remember them from the "Meet Your Navy" show at the Municipal Auditorium in January of 1944. They stopped it cold.

Burl Ives, the singer of folk songs, continues at the Blackstone. Playing his own accompaniment on the "gittar" Burl sings like a big, good-natured angel. In a room which usually sticks to the Jean Sablon, Carl Brisson type of male singer, Burl Ives is completely natural, completely humble and appreciative of applause. The guy is great.

The theaters are full of good shows, with Eddie Dowling's new play, "St. Lazare's Pharmacy," joining "Anna Lucasta," **THEATRES FULL OF GOOD SHOWS** "Dear Ruth," "Voice of the Turtle," "Carmen Jones," and "The Hasty Heart" in the hit parade. Dowling's new play is no "Glass Menagerie," but is certainly on the plus side of the theatrical ledger.

The talk of the town these cold winter nights is the Actor's Club series of "guest nights" for plays and musicals on Chicago stages. Every Saturday night the Actor's Club entertains an entire theatrical troupe, from wardrobe women to stars and featured players, or vice versa. Of course, the club's beautifully decorated quarters at 720 North Rush street had to be practically rebuilt and redecorated after Olsen and Johnson took over the place one recent Saturday night, but that was expected. The club's officers had thoughtfully taken out more insurance three days before the invasion.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

★ **BAL MASQUE.** One of Chicago's newest brighteries, located in the Hotel Continental which people formerly identified as the Medinah Athletic Club. Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan. Whi. 4100.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** Fourteen karat stuff produced by the old master Ted Weems and his orchestra, mid the breath-taking surroundings of one of the world's largest hotels. All of this plus a Dorothy Dorben production of name acts. 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** An ornate, old English setting wherein Boh McGrew (former WHB musical director) and his musical crew set up a sophisticated pace. (GOLD COAST) Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** Spacious, traditional, showy, yet convivial and friendly. Wonderful music by George Olsen and his new orchestra and a great show. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** A place to go for that extra special event, located on the lobby level of one of the midwest's most exclusive hotels. Ultra-chic magnificence. Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ **MARINE ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** The Dorothy Hild dancers, Emil Vandy and his orchestra with Nancy Evans round out the entertainment fare in one of Chicago's smartest places to go. (NORTH) 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ **PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL.** Shimmering silver and blue hideaway kept by the affable and dynamic Jimmy Hart. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 N. State. Sup. 5000.

★ **YAR.** George Scherban's ensemble sets the romantic mood in the main dining room and Boris Romanoff in the lounge. Colonel Yaschenko, Chicago's suave, hand-kissing host, is in complete charge here. (GOLD COAST) 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

Casuals . . .

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

★ **BISMARCK HOTEL.** Sherman Hayes and his orchestra in the colorful yet restful Walnut Room. For a kicker try the tavern where Earl Roth's orchestra holds forth. Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** Harry Cool and his great orchestra continue for something like four months, along with the luscious Jeanne Shirlev, and the dancing Rossi Sisters. (LOOP) Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ **SHERMAN HOTEL.** Where all the cats in the midwest congregate to heat their coke bottles to the far out stuff of Gene Krupa and the like. Gene is now extending a return engagement. (LOOP) Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ **TRADE WINDS,** Barbecued meats, ribs, chops and steaks is the choice type dining that has made Hy Ginnis' place a national institution. Open all night. 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ **BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** Bela Bahai and his Gypsy ensemble add a classic touch to this Southern European cafe. Open late. (GOLD COAST) 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** An enchanting sea-island refuge with straw mat-covered walls, glass floats in knotted straw-stacks, huge shells, soft lights and rum-based cocktails. (GOLD COAST) 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ **CLUB EL GROTTTO.** Variety musical revue with Earl "Fatha" Hines and his orchestra plus a "Star-Time" company of top sepia headliners. (SOUTH) 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9174.

★ **IVANHOE.** Ralph Jensen's Ivanhoe on the north side is open daily at five, good food and drinks, atmosphere of old England and music by Barney Richards orchestra. (NORTH) 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ **L'AIGLON.** People who have been coming to Chicago for years and sorting out the town's finest restaurants, know all about Teddy Maerus' L'Aiglon restaurant, its French-Creole cooking and ornate Victorian atmosphere. 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ **SINGAPORE.** They say the sincerest form of flattery is imitation at this steak and chop harbor, which has a vast following among celebrities. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ **SARONG ROOM.** Practically the only place in the midwest featuring Bali-Java menus, where native dishes are prepared by real natives. (GOLD COAST) 16 E. Huron St. Del. 6677.

★ **SHANGRI-LA.** America's most romantic restaurant. Food for the mind and soul. A new world spot in an old world setting. Open at 4, dinner at 5. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ **AMERICAN ROOM, HOTEL LASALLE.** Florian Zahach is back in front of his orchestra after a stretch on a hospital cot. Nobody ever leaves without a whirl at the Gay Nineties Tap where the Barber Shop Four entertain. (LOOP) La Salle at Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ **BROWN DERBY.** Irving Singer's band top-lights a super-sophisticated show, drawing plenty of celebrity trade. (LOOP) Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ **CHEZ PAREE.** This lavish show place now features Danny Thomas, comedy sensation, in a limited engagement. Also those lovely standbys, the Chez Paree Adorables. (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairhanks court. Del. 3434.

★ **CLUB ALABAM.** One of the best buys in sundodgers circles is the Club Alabam with its famed flaming crater dinners and fine shows. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

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

★ **CLUB MOROCCO.** A variety floor show with Carrie Finnell, remote control dancer, Billie Carr and his music for dancing. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ **CUBAN VILLAGE.** Northside, it's the Cuban Village for Latin-American frivolities featuring Kiki and his Havana Rhumba band. Show-time 10, 12 and 2. (NORTH) 715 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

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

★ **51 HUNDRED CLUB.** Under new management and presenting bigger shows, is this northside club where Jan Murray is starred in a new revue. (UPTOWN) 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** Billy Vine headlines the show. It's typically Broadway in character with some solid stuff from there on in. All of this plus Selma Marlowe's Latin Lovelies. (LOOP) 23 W. Randolph. Lon. 5111.

★ **L. & L.** Leading a lavish all-girl entertainment bill of beauty is Denise Darnell, Collette, Penny Kent, Olive Sharron and Ronnie Williams. It's good, kids. (WEST) 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ **LIBERTY INN.** A steady stream of conventioners and visitors make this one of the brightest spots on the Gold Coast. 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★ **PLAYHOUSE CAFE.** One of Chicago's largest and loveliest arrays of femininity can be seen here nightly. Troy Snap is your maestro and your host is the popular Lew King. (GOLD COAST) 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ **OLD HEIDELBERG.** Laugh and quaff with the rotund burghers in the main dining room, and then go downstairs and visit Herr Louie and his Hungry Five. (LOOP) Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ **CLOVER BAR.** One of the town's most popular sip spots, under Glavin-Collins management and with a well-liked staff. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

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

Food for Thought . . .

★ **AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT.** For spaghetti, seafood, Italian style food and steaks, if you're lucky to be early, Agostino's is the happy, hospitable favorite. (NEAR NORTH) 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

★ **COLONY CLUB.** Smartly designed menus of superb tastability and a new show policy that you will like. (GOLD COAST) 744 Rush. Del. 5930.

★ **GUEY SAM.** Yes, just what the name implies . . . the best in Chinese cooking served in authentic surroundings. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

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

★ **HENRICI'S.** French in name but in the universal language of good food you can make yourself understood. Try the Merchandise Mart stopover, too. (LOOP) 75 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ **KUNGSHOLM.** Smorgasbord has always been one of the Windy City's favorites, and this handsome mansion of the Gold Coast is one of the reasons. (GOLD COAST) Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

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

★ **NANKIN RESTAURANT.** Especially for the noon hour is the Nankin and its restful release. An ideal stop-in anytime. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

Theatre . . .

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Civic Theatre, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Fra. 7818). Original New York cast, all Negro, is in this fine Broadway hit that has been described as the best in many seasons.

★ **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.** (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Louisa Horton, Hugh Marlowe and Vivian Vance are the three stars in this John van Druten comedy that's topped all New York attractions.

★ **LAFFING ROOM ONLY.** (Shubert, 22 W. Monroe. Cen. 8240). Olsen and Johnson's staff of fun-makers all but rip the place to pieces in their latest laugh riot with an all star cast.

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

★ **THE DESERT SONG.** (Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Ran. 9242). Romberg's glorious operetta in a new production with Walter Cassel and Dorothy Sandlin heading a company of 115.

★ **FOOLISH NOTION.** (Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan. Cen. 8240). Tallulah Bankhead stars in Philip Barry's sophisticated play. (Under Theatre Guild sponsorship.)

The trouble with champagne is that it makes you see double but feel single.

Said the old maid: "Don't put 'Miss' on my tombstone when I die, for I haven't missed as much as you think I have."

A hick town is one where there is no place to go that you shouldn't.

New York Letter



by LUCIE INGRAM

There is no wonder that visitors in Manhattan cannot understand how anyone with less ability than superman can stand the stress and strain of living in this great metropolis. The answer is that visitors try to crowd everything into a few days or a week or two. Consequently, they end up with a fine head cold, a flat wallet, utter exhaustion and somewhat disgusted with the whole thing. It's too much . . . in a BIG way. The secret of longevity here is

**JUST TAKE
IT EASY,
THAT'S ALL**

in taking things in easy stages with a day or so off now and then to pick up the pieces. That's the way Manhattanites manage.

One can do or find practically anything somewhere in this maze of avenues . . . but it takes time. And in order to prevent a case of split personality or body disintegration one has to "hole in" occasionally with both feet on the wagon and a bottle of vitamins. New Yorkers with es-

tablished homes are calm and philosophical about the whole thing (some are just now taking in Life with Father) and relax with the confidence of knowing that they'll "get round to it" sooner or later. It's the visitors who are in danger of being vaporized. It's fun and it's fascinating . . . but take it easy. Manhattan is going to be with us for a long, long time.

One of Manhattan's most thriving enterprises is Proxy Parents. Babies and small children, heavenly little bundles that they are, can be a pain in the neck if there isn't an occasional relief from their pretty little demands. The problem of how to have a few hours respite from them and know that they are under expert care has been solved by Proxy Parents. It's a sort of registered sitters institution. All sitters from this office have the finest references and their prices range from two-fifty to however many hours are required. To be able to call one telephone number instead of numerous ones and get a certified sitter is such a good idea that Proxy Parents may soon become nationwide. After all it's a national problem.

After a series of inexcusable presentations which opened and closed almost simultaneously, Broadway is beginning to "give" again. The State of the Union has been received like welcome home Johnny and is slated for a long run. Certainly Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse must know what they are about in show business . . . they've dreamed up another

**NO FLIES
ON MR.
BELLAMY**

honey. The lines sparkle and are so elastic that they include each day's news headlines. It seems kind of funny but exciting to hear actors repeating

in a play the news that one has just read in the papers. But this they do ever so often in such a casual way that it is hard to believe the script wasn't written that day. Ruth Hussey as the wife of a Republican presidential possibility is at her best . . . which is something. She shines here as she never did in the movies. And there are no flies on Ralph Bellamy either. Or the rest of the cast. It's going to be hard

to get tickets but have a try anyway. Also watch Dream Girl . . . new but most promising.

Best and Co. have an atomic crater fenced in on the corner of 51st and Fifth Ave. So far there is nothing in the hole but the store's hope of moving uptown. But something may start any day now. In preparation for the great day some clever member of Best and Co. has arranged special peep-holes for side-walk kibitzers. Large holes have been drilled in the fence at adult height for side-walk superintendents and some distance below them are little holes for junior superintendents. Best and Co. won't overlook a plug for the Lilliputian Bazaar.

Crossing the streets in Manhattan is a "look sharp, step lively" affair . . . so much so that it is a common sight to see

LOOK SHARP, of foot person asking for
STEP LIVELY the loan of a strong,
guiding arm to pilot
them across. One wonders how these elderly folk ever had the courage to get out on the town in the first place but has to admire them in the second for their determination, by heck, not to miss anything.

Very few out-of-towners ever take time off to visit Manhattan's churches, and yet they are one of the most revealing, dramatic and important parts of the city's life. In the far East or Europe a visit to the shrines or various places of worship is a "must" on the list. It should be in Manhattan. If it is inconvenient to go down to St. Marks in the Bowery where the ghost of Peter Stuyvesant still walks on Christmas Eve, or any of the other various religious landmarks in lower Manhattan, it is always easy to drop in at St.

CHIT-CHAT Patrick's Cathedral at 50th
COLUMNS and Fifth Avenue. St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's are easy, too.

This doesn't mean a Sunday visit or sitting through a service . . . it means a few moments out of any day in the week. And you'll never be alone. It's a marvelous transition to step through a door from a crowded, noisy street into a quiet, softly lit chapel and find a scattering of silent heads bent in reverence. It dispels the impression of paganism which so often

becomes a verdict on any large city. Chit-chat columns are full of celebrities who have been seen at such and such a restaurant . . . but here let us add that they are often seen deep in prayer in these quiet chapels. The whole thing is a heart-warming experience and good for the soul. And who hasn't got a little prayer handy.

There is a feeble little hope drifting about that the demand for hotel rooms and apartments may let up a bit after the first of the year. But it isn't based on anything substantial and the chances are that it will still be drifting about for some time to come. It's a common thing for visitors here to change their hotels two or three times in the course of a week due to the fact that their reservations and their intended stay don't fit. It's a pretty grim business. Get the body and the baggage set before you come . . . and then don't try to argue. It won't do any good. And it's difficult enough anyway to remember where you are without having to memorize a new hotel room number every other day. Some visitors have arrived and found that they are commuters from Bronxville, Pelham, Long Island or New Jersey. All the hotels and inns in these suburbs are in on the housing jam, too.

Shades of the old Home and Bell telephone system in K. C. . . . Manhattan has two electrical current systems, A.C. and D. C., which are equally as inconvenient as the old Home-Bell job. In the old days when one wanted to call a Bell

THE WRONG number and had a Home
NUMBER, phone, one could always
PLEASE scoot to a neighbor's for
the loan of a call. But
with this A.C., D.C.

system one dare not do anything but accept the inevitable. For instance, all electrical equipment made for the A.C. current will burn out in the flash of a moment if plugged into the D.C. current. The smell is pretty gruesome, too. This is another headache for movers in Manhattan as it includes radios, irons, toasters and all the other little results of civilization. And it's something one can't run to a neighbor's for the loan of.

Quip of the month . . . Washington fiddles while Byrnes roams.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

For Festive Fun . . .

★ **ADMIRAL.** Spacious, modern setting. Specialties: fish, oysters, clam chowder and baked Idaho potatoes. Open daily from noon, and there's a bar. 250 W. 57th. Ci. 7-8415.

★ **ASTOR.** Columbia Room with Jose Morand's orchestra for dancing during cocktails. Ron Perry's band for supper dancing. Closed Monday. Times Square. Ci. 6-6000.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Elbow Room, a cozy little bar, from which you work your way up to the top of the tower, 26th floor for good American cooking, moderately priced. 49th and First Ave. El. 5-7300.

★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** In the Glass Hat, Payson Re's orchestra and Nino's Rhumba band, also the Kathryn Duffy Dancers and Bert Stanley. Good food. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** In the Josephsons' Sheridan Square one-flight walk-down, Josh White continues to top the list of distinctive entertainers. There's none like him when he sings the plaintive old folk song about "I Gave My Love a Chicken." Imogene Coca carries on with her zany commentary on the passing scene, and Cliff Jackson plays some mighty fine piano. Benny Morton's band beats out the rhythm for dancing and good listening. Minimum, \$2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Off Park Avenue, the Josephsons present another distinguished show whose best feature is Susan Reed. She's the young ballad singer who perches on a high kitchen stool, turns her calm but sentient blue eyes upon her audience and announces simply, "This is a zither." Or it may be "This is an Irish harp." Then she sings and the audience invariably clamors for more. Also on the bill, Beatrice Kraft, a pixie with a prim and sexy little face, who burlesques Oriental dancing; and Mary Lou Williams, from Kansas City, whose piano playing is pretty superlative. Ed Hall's orchestra, likewise. We might suggest that you ask them to play, "You Go to My Head," if you want to hear honey out of a horn. Minimum \$3.50. Closed Sunday. 128 E. 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

★ **ASTI'S.** Everybody sings for your supper. The bartender, the hat check girl, and assorted others wander in and out with songs ranging from Pagliacci to Jerome Kern, and it's all kinda nice. It's a little old room about two jumps from the street and usually crowded. Dinner from \$1.50. Closed on Monday. 79 W. 12th. Gr. 5-9334.

★ **CAFE TOKAY.** Strictly from Hungary. The food and gypsy music are both authentic and they're both fine. There's a dark and handsome man who plays dream nostalgia on his violin. That's his son at the piano. Any time after nine you're quite likely to see some honest-to-God czarding, and it's delightful. Dinner from 5 to 9. Dancing after that. Closed Monday. 2nd Ave. between 82nd and 83rd. Re. 4-9441.

★ **400 CLUB.** Woody Herman and his orchestra sound to the dance amid the tumult and shouting

of this very gay spot. They're on from 6:30 each evening. Cover after 9 is \$1. Saturday, \$1.50. One East 43rd. Mu. 2-3423.

★ **EBERHARDT'S CAFE GRINZING.** Gay, cozy Continental atmosphere. Viennese-Hungarian cooking. Bela Villanyi ensemble from 7:30. Continuous entertainment with Carlo Hatvany and Meta Korbitski. Bar closed Mondays. 323 E. 79th. Re. 4-9117.

★ **LEXINGTON.** In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma's orchestra and a pleasant Oahu revue. \$75 cover after ten. Higher weekends. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.

★ **HELEN LANE'S RESTAURANT.** Well edited New England, in the heart of the Village. It's a clean, relaxed and gracious room with scrubbed oak tables and old burnished copper. Audubon prints, and maybe the handsomest and most genial colored service in the city. The food is plain American, and superb. Lunch and dinner around 85 cents and \$1.50, respectively. Closed on Sunday. The tall, well-groomed person around up front is probably Helen Lane. And this is where we came in. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square.

★ **LEE CHUMLEY'S.** A dim old one-time speek, lined with book jackets hinting of the glory that was Greenwich in the Golden Twenties. Around an open fireplace and the bar, chess, backgammon, bridge, and gin rummy can always find a taker or a fourth. The waiters are Oriental and the food is mostly American and pretty good. 86 Bedford. Ch. 2-9512.

★ **ROOSEVELT.** In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's dreamy music for dancing daily except Sunday. Also Mr. and Mrs. Melody's piano interludes. Palm Room for tea or cocktails with music by Esther Vela's string ensemble. Madison at 45th. Ci. 5-6150.

★ **RUSSIAN YAR.** Wherein Muscovites gather it's bound to be fun. George Magiloff's Balalaika band is better than you expect, and Zachar, the dagger dancer, is killing. Specialties, beef Stroganov shashlik and blinichiki. 38 W. 52nd. El. 5-9746.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Beyond the neat brick facade is a more or less circular bar and a big dining room where Toots does some fine things with steaks and roast beef, and the fowl is more than fair. Our favorite boy back of the bar is Chips. Lunch and dinner come ala carte. Entrees from \$1.60. Opens Sunday at 4 p. m. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ **TOWN AND COUNTRY.** Enormous elegance, even to the chandeliers. In both the Town Room and the Regional Room really superior American cooking, with the same thing in the Country Room where men can dine in peace without females around. (The girl friend may go there for lunch if she's with an escort.) There's a thing inelegantly called a peanut Ball which tastes pretty gooey and wonderful for dessert. And the T & C hot popovers are probably among the dreamiest things in the culinary world. Dinner from \$1.65. Sunday brunch, noon to four, \$1.10-\$1.65. Cocktails in the front lounge while you wait for a table. 284 Park, at 49th. Vo. 5-5639.

★ **WHALER BAR.** So authentic you may get seasick just sitting there. The portholes are alarmingly realistic; so are the old salts who serve the drinks. They wear sloppy blue middies and look kinda charming, even at that. The cushions on the side-wall benches could stand some new upholstering, but maybe you'd rather sit in the little back room anyway. It's darker, there. Lunch ala carte, except on Sundays. Open noon until two a. m. Madison at 38th. Ca. 5-3700.

★ **WALDORF ASTORIA.** Frank Sinatra has taken over in the Wedgewood Room where Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dancing, relieved around supper time by Mischa Borr. There's a two buck cover beginning around mid-evening. Park at 49th. El. 5-3000.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Dwight Fiske, of the kingly leer and fiendish delight, sits down at his piano nightly around 8, 12:30 and 2. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday, holidays and opening nights, \$3.50. 151 E. 90th. Pl. 8-0310.

★ **TAVERN ON THE GREEN.** Walter Perner's orchestra specializes in sweet tunes, varying them with an unusually good collection of Latin-American rhythms. Art Baker's trio takes over from time to time. Minimum after nine, \$1; Saturday, \$1.50. Central Park West at 67th. Re. 4-4700.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ **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.

★ **BRIGHTEN THE CORNER.** (Lyceum, 45th. East. Ch. 4-4256). New comedy by John Cecil Holm, presented by Jean Dalrymple, with a cast including Charles Butterworth, Lenore Lonergan, and Phyllis Avery. Nightly 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.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet, 49th, West. Ci. 6-8870.) Prolific playwright Elmer Rice turns out

another vehicle for his wife, Betty Field, an uncommonly good actress. This time it's a comedy about a career girl who daydreams too much. This dreaming means a field day for fantasy, and it's all good fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **DUNNIGAN'S DAUGHTER.** (Golden, 45th. West. Ci. 6-6740.) S. N. Behrman's new play starring Dennis King and June Havoc, and presented by the Theatre Guild. Cast includes Luther Adler, and the staging is by Elia Kazan. Such a bevy of good names should indicate a hit. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday 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.

★ **HAMLET.** (Columbus Circle Theatre, Broadway at 59th. Co. 5-1173.) Shakespeare as the GI's saw it overseas. Maurice Evans, under the aegis of Mister Michael Todd, presents the tragedy of the gloomy Dane in mid-Victorian costumes, and sans a few scenes which we've grown used to in his particular play. The gravediggers are out. They say the fellas in uniform considered them corny, and anyway, says Mr. Evans, the play moves better without them. It's a great show. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **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.

★ **MERMAIDS SINGING, THE.** (Empire Theatre, B'way at 40th. Pe. 6-9540). An entirely new show with a prominent cast. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **PYGMALION.** (Barrymore, 47th, West. Ci. 4-4499.) Gertie Lawrence (the Star Who Danced), having herself a time as the little cockney who turns into a lidy, thanks to the efforts of the professor, played this time by Raymond Massey. With Melville Cooper and Cecil Humphries, and staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **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.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson Theatre, 44th E. of B'way. Br. 9-5641). Best thing of the new season. Lively, timely and telling comedy-drama concerning liberal industrialist who takes to politics but not to politics, and his wife who likes to tell the truth, never mind who is listening. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **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.

★ **STRANGE FRUIT.** (Royale Theatre, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 5-5760). An amazing story of Negro life in a small town in Georgia. Twelve scenes, with seven different locales, presents a moving problem alone. They say the whole business is rather slow, due to its size. Evening 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.

★ **THE FRENCH TOUCH.** (Cort, 48th, East. Br. 9-0046.) Brian Aherne and Arlene Francus in a more or less inept comedy that may or may not be closed by the time this appears. It has good intentions toward the light touch, but we regret to say the French touch is slightly teched. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE MERMAIDS SINGING.** (Empire, Broadway at 40th. Pe. 6-9540.) A light thing about a playwright in his autumn season who falls in love, almost, with a young girl. John Van Druten, who hardly ever misses, got a bit precious in this one, and although those mermaids (cf. the last part of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") may sing melodiously, their song barely extends beyond the footlights. Nightly 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.

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. Matinees 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.

★ **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.

★ **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.** (Adelphi, 54th E. of B'way. Ci. 5-6868). Some Chopin music, lots of singing by Jan Kiepura, 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, Maurcen Cannon, Noah Beery, sr., and Betty Bruce. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Air farers describe this place as the finest among many of the big airports in the country. Food and surroundings are excellent. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** Reproductions on the walls of Paul Wellman's famous hook, and quite in keeping with the spirit of the Ranchhouse. Likewise the food. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **EL NOPAL.** Genuine Mexican food served by petite Mexican misses. Open 6 p. m. to 2:30 a. m., Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th HA. 5430.

★ **GREEN PARROT INN.** All the comforts of home—and then some. Mrs. Dowd serves some of the finest fried chicken in these parts, in a gracious atmosphere. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ **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. Luncheon and dinner. 8 W. 12th. HA. 8113.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Just a good jump from the lobby. Busy and bright; probably as good service as you'll find anywhere. Open all night, too. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD.** For those 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 how good it really can be. On the Plaza. 618 W. 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** One of the few restaurants in these parts specializing in sea food. Fish and chips for lunch is the favorite of many down-towners. And they have a big variety of other sea-foods, too. Open 11 a. m. to 8 p. m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **MARTIN'S.** One of the largest and finest places in Kansas City, with two large bars, a night club and "Chicken In The Rough" table and booth service. All of which is very fine. Joe Meyers' trio turn out the most polished jazz this town has heard in a decade. On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Myron Green won't let you forget that you can't beat a woman's cooking. He offers fine food in two neatly appointed establishments. 1115 Walnut (VI. 8960) and on the Plaza, 4700 Wyandotte (WE. 8310).

★ **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. In the B. M. A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** A nice blonde room where you can get a wonderful cheese and nut sandwich, in case you're interested, and some very substantial food, too. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **TIFFIN ROOM.** A large pleasant room serving luncheon only and featuring Wolferman's famous food. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30, Monday through Friday. Sunday 11:30-2:00. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher style cookery and the town's most varied menu. The food is rich and there's lots of it. Harry Weiss has spared no effort in making this one of the most satisfying places in town. Whole families like it for Sunday dinner pow-wows. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** It's a little too chilly to take your food ala-automobile, but there are plenty of nice red and blonde booths and tables inside. Good food, excellent service. On the Plaza, 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** A luxurious dining room featuring de luxe dinners. Martin Weiss has made this place hard to match for variety, quality and quantity. What a spot to get yourself locked in for the night! Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **BLUE HILLS BARBECUE.** The ideal place for a perfect evening, what with barbecued ribs, beef and chicken for dinner or supper. Then to top it all off, step into the cocktail lounge where the Clef Dwellers entertain nightly from 9 to 1:30 a. m. Eddie Cross, well known for making a distinctive place of Jan's Grill on the Plaza, is your host at

Blue Hills. For a perfect evening, here is a place made to order. Closed Sundays. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **ATER-HORN MUSEUM.** Worth a full evening to wander around among the clutter of curios, including the two-headed calf, powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn heads. George Ater's Old Fashions and luscious steaks call for repeat performances. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Fillum Fun and Joshua Johnson fill a mighty fine bill here. One on the screen above the piano and the other on the illuminated keyboard of the piano. Weird Black Light accentuate the tuneful fingers of Josh. It's worth a full evening. Food, service and drinks are top drawer. 3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Bet both houses would agree on that measure. Alma Hatten is caressing the keyboard for the fourth straight month. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** Something new has been added and this is it. A bright new spot, exquisite in decor, and with Rocco Ray, boogie pianist, working with Black Light. Hotel Robert E. Lee. 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A big and chummy place with a couple of enormous circular booths for larger parties. Harry Turner keeps a busy and interesting place. The lovely, blonde Pauline Neece entertains nightly at the Hammond organ. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** The newest entry in the Downtown District Derby. The former "Colony" has been redecorated in grand style—modern and cozy—with a spectacular entrance and a cute bar. Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, is on hand to welcome you . . . and the food is rather special. Nice egypty music, too!

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** A fine array 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. Service from 4 p. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** An attractive blue and gold room with bar, tables and booths, and capably managed by Glenn E. Wood. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Every noon it becomes a branch office of WHB, KCMO, and KCKN, mainly because of good food, reasonable prices and excellent service. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MISSOURI HOTEL BAR.** Could be a taxidermy school, but no—you are the one who gets stuffed with fine food and inspiring mixed drinks. 314 W. 12th. HA. 9224.

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

★ **PICADILLY ROOM.** A friendly little silver and blue room downstairs from the bus station, frequented by radio people, actors and writers. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Food and drinks to the tune of

crashing pins. The cocktail lounge is small and tidy; so is the dining room and both are usually crowded. On the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Attractive lounge, the South Side sister of the Town Royale. Mary Dale takes over at the Console of the Hammond organ while Zola Palmer moves over to the Town Royale. 614 W. 48th. GR. 0800.

★ **PIONEER ROOM.** A pastel and old rose room in the new Westport Arms hotel. A divan all the way around makes it cozy and convivial. Happy Smiles is your host. Westport Arms Hotel. 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT.** Excellent food, fine service in this roomy, convenient down-town oasis. Cocktails, those great levelers, are superb in the downstairs grill. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** An extremely comfortable and inviting dining room offering booths, tables and bar stools for your comfort. Piano melodies during the dinner and supper hour offer a pleasant and inspiring obbligato. Opens at 4 p. m. Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Luncheon, dinner, drinks, music and everybody you know. It's one of those places always crowded for very obvious reasons. Inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** In the heart of Waldo is a gathering place for the kind of folks you like to meet. A large place with a modernistic bar and off to the side, an attractive dining room. Above the bar are some interesting murals on the canopy, accentuated by fluorescent and indirect lighting. 405-07 West 75th st., in the heart of Waldo. JA. 9796.

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

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Friendly, neighborly place where the chief attraction is the pretty gal at the piano who plays loud boogie and sings in a big, deep voice. She reminds you of Lauren Bacall. The name is Jeannie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** Honesty compels us to admit that on our last visit the steaks were small and tough; there was too much vinegar in the salad dressing; and one of the bartenders on duty was smoozing a cigar. However, it was Harry Newstreet's night off—and probably things are better by now. At any rate, this beautifully appointed, dimly lit downtown spot is mighty popular with servicemen and their gals . . . and should continue to be. Mary Dale plays piano and solovox, very well indeed. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ **VERDI'S RESTAURANT.** Old Romanic architecture, historic appointments, plus expertly prepared food and incidental piano music. A nice place to go for a quiet, restful dinner. Armour, west of Troost. VA. 9388.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Favorite waiting place for people getting on or leaving a train. Next door is the big Fred Harvey dining room which, too, is usually crowded. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A diminutive little place tucked away in the Continental Hotel where your greenbacks do double duty. The bargain "two-for-one" cocktail hour from 3 to 5 each afternoon is something worth hantling crowds to get into. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Latin-American in decor, with a large circular bar with comfortable stools, hooths and tables. Hazel Smith at the Novachord afternoons and in the evenings the charming and talented Alberta Bird. Hotel Phillips. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** A dim and inviting room, famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. A fine place to get acquainted. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** A tiny room just off the walk where there are pink elephants on the walls and old two-reel comedies on a center screen from time to time. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. 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 at the Hammond and the Steinway, separately and together. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A soft green lounge with amber mirror tables, hurried deep in the heart of the magnificent Bellerive Hotel. Wayne Muir, impressionistic pianist and composer, Joaquin and Diane, the Latin Troubadors, and Seers and Haymer, pianistic clowns, are currently featured. Opens 11 a. m. with entertainment from 3 p. m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Judy Conrad's Beguine Rhythm, featuring Billy Snyder, the world's smallest trumpet player, begins around six. Dancing till 1:30. The new Russian Room is a wonderful glass house. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** Hangout for the gentry who dig the jumping jive. The Herman Walder trio bounce this histro nightly from 7 p. m. until the legal curfew. If you work up an appetite, the kitchen dishes out dinner. 5 West Linwood (just off Main). VA. 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** You can't heat it. Of course, you can't dance much, either, because the junior size floor is always jammed. But it's one of our favorite plushy places for luncheon, dinner or supper. Gene Pringle and his orchestra have moved in for a stay of at least two months. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** One of the classiest places in the midwest and now featuring a singer and entertainer that Broadway begrudged giving up, even for a few weeks. She is Sonia Cortis and you won't want to miss her. And then there's your old standby, Charley Wright and his smooth music, Joey Rardin, the Camel Caravan emcee, and the Saturday afternoon cocktail dansants with free rhumha lessons and no cover charge. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** An 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 held over for several more weeks at this popular rural supper club. Highway 40, East.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** A new sensation, Kappy Kaplan and his orchestra have taken charge in one of the town's smartest spots. No minimum or cover. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. Dee Peterson and the hoys play for dinner and supper dancing. They're smooth and unobtrusive. No bar, hut excellent drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Chiaparelli pink are the walls, mirrors accentuated by cleverly concealed lights, dim, quiet, yet cozy and congenial. That's the Terrace Grill of the Hotel Muehlebach. Bernie Cummins is hack after an absence of several years with a brand new, sensational hand. Call Gordon for reservations. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

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

★ **TROCADERO.** A chummy cocktail lounge just off Main west on 39th. No orchestra but all the latest platters are served from a juke box.



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

FILMS EXPECTED IN KANSAS CITY IN JANUARY

(Tentative Schedule)

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN—Yes, it's the book you read last year—celluloidized to tell the yarn about a very disagreeable jealous woman—and the trouble her hyper-possessiveness causes a lot of nice people. Gene Tierney, Cornell Wilde and Jeanne Crain.

THIS LOVE OF OURS—Child psychology *a la* Hollywood! Concerning a doctor, his estranged wife, and their daughter who is obsessed with a mother-love complex. Adroitly played by Charles Korvin, Merle Oberon, Claude Rains and Sue England.

A WALK IN THE SUN—Twentieth Century Fox film starring Dana Andrews.

FRONTIER GAL—A big technicolor western featuring Yvonne deCarlo, Rod Cameron, Andy Devine, and other folk from down Red Horse Gulch way.

SCARLETT STREET—Starring the same team we like so well in "Woman in the Window"—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett. With Dan Duryea, Jess Barker and Margaret Lindsay.

THE TOWER

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

NEWMAN

KITTY—Kitty embarks on life's journey as a slums girl, nearly goes on the rocks with her assorted love affairs, and finally comes to safe harbor as a titled English gentlewoman. Paulette Goddard and Ray Milland.

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT—Charles Boyer and Lauren Bacall team up for a sizzling, intrigue-packed tale of Spanish Fascists. Splendid supporting cast of Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre and George Coulouris.

SAN ANTONIO—Technicolor tale of the old days when Texas has as many six-shooters as it had longhorns. Errol Flynn and Alexis Smith.

LOEW'S MIDLAND

THEY WERE EXPENDABLE—Saga of P-T boots and their crews in the early days of the war. Robert Montgomery, John Wayne and Donna Reed.

WHAT NEXT, CORPORAL HARGROVE?—The unpredictable corporal continues his gentle blundering through G. I. routine and regulation. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn and Jean Porter.

RKO ORPHEUM

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S—Bing Crosby continues as the same priest trouble-shooter from "Going My Way"—co-stars with Ingrid Bergman, who portrays the Mother Superior of St. Mary's school. As simple and sincere a performance as we've seen in many a day.

THE UNSEEN—A thriller guaranteed to provide you with goose-flesh and chills along the spine. Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall and Richard Lyon. (Companion Picture) TOO

YOUNG TO KNOW—Joan Leslie and Robert Hutton in an unpretentious story of young love-ah-love!

FOLLY THEATRE

Vaudeville and girlie shows of the semi-lustly sort. (Features not posted in advance.)



Swing Around

Parking your iron horse in this city and many others is getting to be as irksome as your bridegroom partner with a one-trick mind.

Each morning one of the large fender-bashing operators drives three or four cars across the entrance and lets in only a select clientele. He doesn't want "in-and-outers" and you must promise not to take your car out before five o'clock upon penalty of turning over your keys and bank account.

One day we had to resurrect our little gas pig to rush to a fire over at the Swift and Company plant on the west side of town. Not that we are competing with the local bluejackets, but it seems that people like to get first hand information over their radio sets.

Well, we got the land-tank out of hock but only after promising the Gestapo man at the gate that we would never do it again.

The next morning the same three cars were barricading the entrance and the plump man with the baggy pants said they were full up . . . and would be as far as I was concerned until August 18, 1972.



And in Chicago things are no better. Why, traffic is so heavy in the windy city that a fella can't pull away from the Tribune tower until some guy turns into the Illinois Central Station 13 blocks away.

APT-ITUDE TEST . . . Mary Jean Apt is with the home service department of the gas company, and while out of town sent her check for deposit in one of

Kansas City's biggest banks. A few days later the cashier called and said they were unable to find an account in the name of Mary Jean Apartments.

WHAT AGAIN? . . . The advertising manager of our favorite little daily newspaper is still having his troubles. Every Friday they carry nearly a full page of where to go and what to do ads to the delight of brew and bourbon fanciers who make that sort of a weekend out of it.



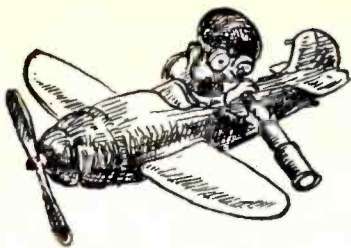
They could have blamed the typesetters, the pressman or the Bretton Woods conference, but anyhow, there was a funeral home ad right in the middle of it all.

Not long ago a certain private airplane pilot was soaring around people's houses on the south side like a hungry buzzard. He picked out a friend's house and began circling around like a bee over a four-leaf clover.

His puzzlement grew as the gyrations continued. It seems that from the north side the house was a definite white, while from the south it was no doubt canary, or sorta cream color.

He went around three or four more times, took out a handkerchief and wiped the windshield.

A fearful chill crept up his spine. So, he turned the little ship's nose toward the airport and went as fast as that little prop could snake him through the air . . .



fearing that perhaps his eyesight might fail completely before he could land.

The next day he found out that the people were painting their house, and had it half done.

HIGH FINANCE . . . The other morning on a townward bound bus, a sulky little gal about four years old sat beside her mother. The tot was obviously miffed.

Her little brow tightened and she leaned over and scolded, loud enough so that nobody in the bus could miss—"Mamma, when are you going to pay me back those pennies you borried out of my piggy bank?"

PRESIDENTIAL PULL? . . . Residents of the president's home town of Independence, Mo., are pleasantly surprised each December when their electric bill arrives marked "Paid." Dunno how they do it, but they does it. Elsewhere in this great white neighborhood (11 inches of snow) a waitress was seen the other day refilling the salt shakers at a local eatery. She tossed the few remaining particles in each shaker over her left shoulder. Did that to a dozen or more shakers. It may help and then again it may not . . . the gal was wearing no engagement ring or a set of wings . . . Out south on Broadway a dancing school advertises an "Exercycle" with the likeness of a live gal riding the thing in the window. She can be seen pumping away several days a week, but ever so often she disappears. Snooping around revealed that the gal wears out her slacks and has to be changed ever so often. (Okay, you win, call it "pants!")

SERMONETTE . . . And remember—your wife will tolerate your shortcomings much quicker than she will your longstayings.

NOW, THAT IS . . . We are inclined to absorb as gospel just about anything that those Russian grenadiers who serve as doormen at the big movie houses choose to yell down our throats, but we were somewhat awed the other night when we heard one outside a large local theater announce: "There will be immediate seating in half an hour."

AND SO WE NAMED IT "SWING"

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

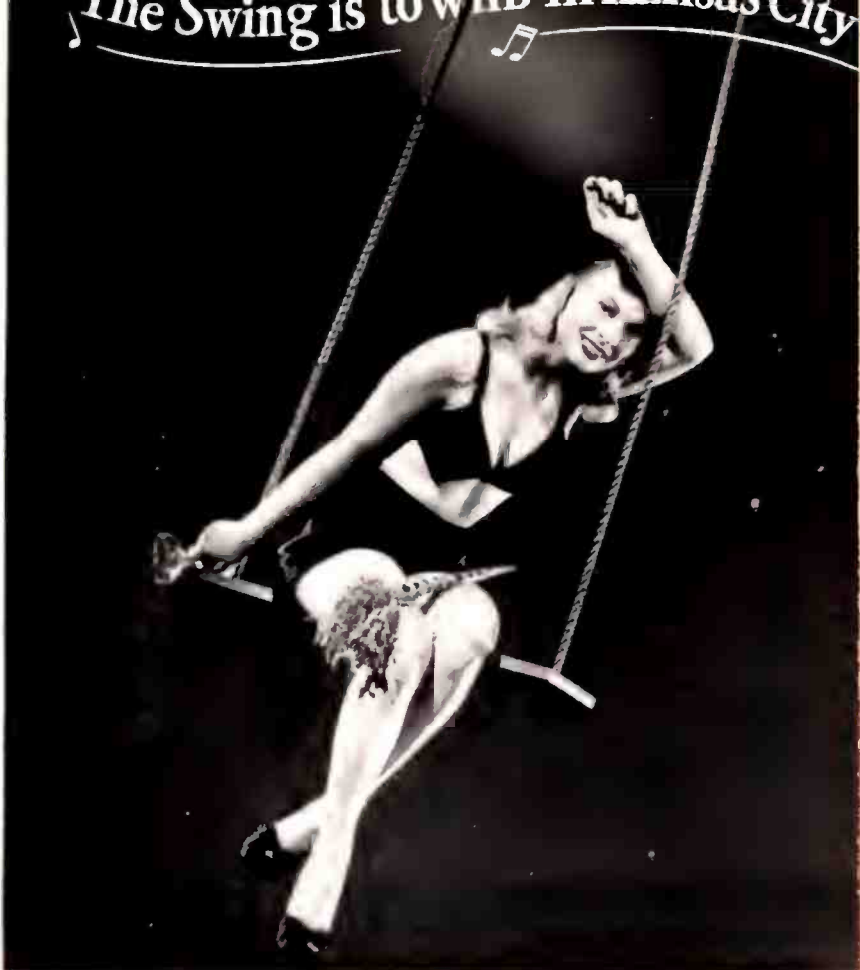
When the Yanks march home victorious, they'll swing down Main Street. Chariots swing; children swing; outlaws swing; orchestras swing; we swing! Some high, some low; and the word means many things to many people.

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

—Reprinted from Vol. 1, No. 1 of *Swing*—January, 1945.



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



IT'S something worth celebrating when *one* station in a market is popularly ranked *first* on the Hooper Index weekday mornings... *first* weekday afternoons... and *first* *all day* Saturday. Also, that's a pretty good indication that WHB is your best radio advertising buy in Kansas City.

For WHB
 Availabilities,
 'phone
DON DAVIS
 at any
ADAM YOUNG
 office:

- NEW YORK CITY 18**
 11 West 42nd St.
 LOnacre 3-1926
- CHICAGO 2**
 55 E. Washington St.
 ANdover 5448
- SAN FRANCISCO 4**
 627 Mills Building
 SUtter 1393
- LOS ANGELES 13**
 448 South Hill St.
 Mlchigan 0921
- KANSAS CITY 6**
 Scarritt Building
 HArrison 1161

KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX NOVEMBER '45	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A. M.—12 Noon	27.2	21.7	18.6	12.3	15.7	3.4
WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P. M.	28.2	22.6	26.7	15.9	8.8	2.4
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P. M.	10.7	37.0	27.0	14.5	9.0	3.8
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.	31.8	28.8	26.7	12.6	2.1	0.0



WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

