

OCTOBER

1947

25¢

Swing



LARS

CONTINENTAL

MUEHLBACH

PRESIDENT



WHB
Campaigns for
SAFETY ...



... and for Civic Betterment

Addressing WHB listeners in behalf of Ralston's Tom Mix Safety Campaign are:

1. A. W. Gilbert, vice-president of Kansas City Safety Council for Children's Activity.
2. L. W. Crowl, vice-president of Kansas City Safety Council for Public Safety.
3. Sergeant William Kirchner, officer in charge of School Patrolmen.
4. A. H. Wood, president of the Kansas City Safety Council.
5. Everett Creek, city-wide safety chairman of PTA groups.

The WHB Magic Carpet plays a part in securing signatures for a petition to write a new Kansas City charter.

6. Claude V. Cochran, 10th ward chairman, watches Lila Shields add her name to the petition.



foreword

THERE is a brief and haunting play by Maurice Maeterlinck about a family which keeps watch at night outside the room where a woman lies dying. No one knows she is dying, except the blind grandfather, who hears Death coming along the avenue between the poplar trees. Inside, in the moonlit room, one says, "What shall we do while we are waiting?" And another asks, "Waiting for what?" "Waiting for the doctor to come," is the answer. But the grandfather knows. They are waiting for Death.

The play is called *The Intruder*. This seems the fittest name for Death. And never does he seem so much the intruder as in this gaudy month that feeds the senses grandly with color and scent and the pleasant shock of frost. It is a physical month, wakening the sense of vigorous life in us after the torpor of summer and the indecision of early fall. The thought of death is out of key. Yet it hovers ominously in the news, hulking back of all reports from the world's peacemakers. It is no farther away than the nearest atomic bomb. The bomb is not the danger, man's use of it is. And while men of one world and many nations decide what to do with it, we are a family keeping watch. *What shall we do while we are waiting?* Run for the doctor! Administer first aid! Try home remedies! No small effort will be totally lost. It is not in the drama that we should sit and wait while Death shuffles through the fallen scarlet of October—or the snow of mid-winter or, even if he is late, through the silvery pools of spring.

Jetta

Swing

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Centerpiece: Bill Sims.

OCTOBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts)

Loan Exhibitions: "Missouri, Heart of the Nation," group of paintings on exhibit until October 15; "War's Toll of Italian Art," photographs and restored works of art; a group of paintings by Karl Mattern.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Portrait of a Lady" by Vittore Carpaccio, ca. 1450-1525.

Lectures: October 29, 8 p.m., Atkins Auditorium, "Italian Painting." First of a series of 20 lectures by Paul Gardner. Admission free.

Motion Pictures: "Man of Erin," October 3, 7:30 p.m., and October 5, 3:00 p.m.; "Les Bas Fonds," October 10, 7:30 p.m., and October 12, 3:00 p.m.; "La Boheme," with Jan Kipura, October 17, 7:30 p.m., and October 19, 3:00 p.m. Admission free.

Concerts: Stanley Hoffman, violinist, October 26, 3:30 p.m.; Virginia French Mackie, pianist, October 31, 8:15 p.m.

Drama . . .

(Music Hall)

Oct. 21-26, *Annie Get Your Gun*, with Mary Martin.

Oct. 30-Nov. 1, *The Fatal Weakness*, with Ina Claire.

Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Oct. 10, Raya Garbousova, cellist, and Leonard Pennario, pianist, in joint concert.

Oct. 14-15, Kansas City Philharmonic.

Oct. 20, Robert Merrill, baritone.

Oct. 21, Mack Harrell, baritone, and Devy Erlih, pianist, in joint concert.

Oct. 28-29, Maryla Jonas, pianist, with Kansas City Philharmonic.

Special Events . . .

Oct. 8, Women's National Aeronautical Association presents Carni-Cost-Ya, Hotel Phillips.

Oct. 11, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.

Oct. 12, Association of Men's Bible Classes, Music Hall.

Oct. 18-25, American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, American Royal Building.

Oct. 18, American Royal Coronation Ball, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Oct. 20-25, Cowtown Carnival, Hotel Muehlebach.

Oct. 24-25, Katz Concert, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Oct. 26, Eagle Scout Presentation, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Oct. 29, Citizens' Bond Committee, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Oct. 30, Jackson County Democratic Committee Dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Oct. 31, WHB Hallowe'en Festival, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Ice Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)

Oct. 15, Dallas.

Oct. 19, Fort Worth.

Oct. 22, Minneapolis.

Oct. 26, Omaha.

Boxing . . .

Oct. 27, Amateur Boxing, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.)

Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

Oct. 4, Frankie Carle.

Oct. 26, Tex Beneke.

Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

Conventions . . .

Oct. 2-5, Christian Business Men's Association, International, Hotel Continental.

Oct. 6-8, National Association of Clinic Managers, Hotel Phillips.

Oct. 6-9, Southwest Clinical Conference, Hotel President.

Oct. 6, National Association of Music Merchants, Regional.

Oct. 9-10, American Roadbuilders Association, Regional Conference, Hotel Continental.

Oct. 10-12, Western Seedmen's Association, Hotel President.

Oct. 11, Kansas Title Association, Hotel Phillips.

Oct. 12-16, American Title Association, Hotels Muehlebach and Phillips.

Oct. 11-12, National Secretaries Association, Missouri State Convention, Hotel Continental.

Oct. 12-14, National Association of Hotel & Restaurant Meat Purveyors, Hotel Bellerive.

Oct. 13-15, Dr. Pepper Company, Hotel Continental.

Oct. 16, Missouri Bankers Association, Group Four.

Oct. 16-17, Missouri Valley Electrical Association, Accounting Conference, Hotel President.

Oct. 19-22, Future Farmers of America, American Royal Building.

Oct. 22-24, Royal 4-H Clubs, Hotels Pickwick and Commonwealth.

Oct. 26-28, Allied Clothiers and Jobbers, Hotel Phillips.

Oct. 27-29, Southern Drug Stores Association, Hotel President.

Oct. 29-30, Missouri Savings and Loan League, Hotel Continental.

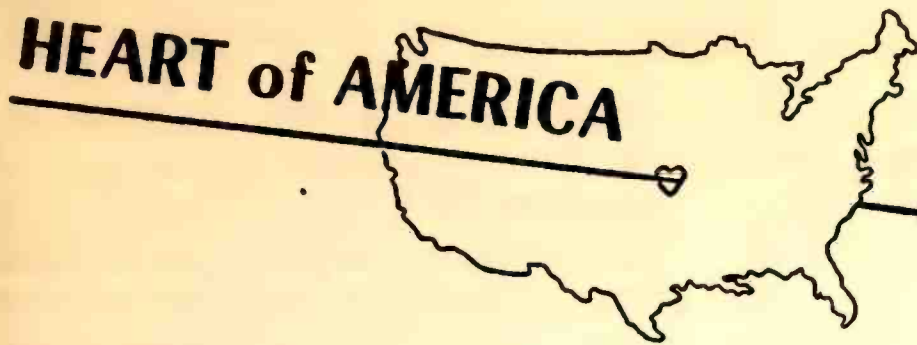
Oct. 29-30, National Council of Jewish Women, North Central Regional Conference, Hotel Muehlebach.

Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Sales and Rural Conference, Hotel President.

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1102 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. 'Phone Harrison 1161. 333 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois. 'Phone Central 7980. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, \$3 a year; everywhere else, \$4. Copyright 1947 by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pic-

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HEART of AMERICA



Meeting Place of Millions

The city at our country's crossroads is a delegate's delight!

by MORI GREINER

PLUNK DOWN in the middle of the U.S.A., almost as far inland as it is possible to get, lies Kansas City, "Heart of America," hub of commerce, and premier convention city of the world!

A fortunate geographical location has made it possible for Kansas City to earn a dozen colorful labels. It is variously billed as Gateway to the Southwest, Cowtown, Back Door of the East — Front Door of the West, Capital of Inland America, and more.

But to millions of Americans on far coasts or corners of the continent, Kansas City is a meeting place to which 70,000 of those Americans journey each year. They stay an average of four days, spend an average of eighty dollars, and in a year's time pump a very conservatively estimated three million dollars into the commercial arteries of the town. Small wonder that Kansas Citians encourage conventions, and call their convention trade an "industry without a smokestack!"

Actually, several factors combine to make Kansas City an ideal gathering spot, not the least of which is its unusual accessibility. Four major

airlines, two international airlines, twelve major railroad trunklines, and thirteen buslines go to or through Kansas City. Among them, they conduct 552 scheduled passenger movements every day.

And Kansas City has fine hotels. Twenty-one hotels, with a total of 4,906 guest rooms and apartments, cater to transient and convention trade. There are 3,500 hotel rooms within three blocks of the Municipal Auditorium, center of most convention activities.

The Auditorium itself is a tremendous drawing card. It is called—and indisputably is — the world's finest convention auditorium. From point of sheer size, both Cleveland and Atlantic City can claim larger meeting halls, but the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium is unexceeded in all around utility. It is beautifully appointed, warmly decorated, fully-equipped. It is no midget, either. The arena seats 13,000 people; the Music Hall, 2,552; and the Little Theatre, most popular for convention purposes, 610. In addition, there are 28 smaller meeting rooms, accommodating from 18 to 425 people apiece for

a total of 2,000.

In all, the Municipal Auditorium has 145,000 square feet of display space for exhibit purposes — roughly three and a third acres! It is well-stocked with storage and office space, loading docks, ramps, winches, special power and steam lines.

Central location, transportation, fine hotels and meeting rooms are a large part of Kansas City's appeal to conventioners. Ordinarily mild, enjoyable weather is another factor; and the invariably warm and gracious hospitality of native Kansas Citians is the absolute clincher. Midwesterners are naturally friendly, and are certainly not ones to look a three million dollar gift horse in the mouth!

Of course, all is not wheatcakes and gravy in the convention business these days, not by many a mile. There was a time when the major cities undertook strenuous and expensive campaigns in their efforts to book convention business. They could handle a convention of almost any size at almost any time. But no longer. The buyer's market ended in 1942. It has not returned, and will not return for an unforeseeable number of years to come.

The hotel industry was everywhere greatly overbuilt in the prosperous period of 1926 to 1929. There followed the deepest and most prolonged depression this country has ever known. That depression cut travel to the bone and cut normal demands for hotel space to the point where hotels needed — had to have — convention trade in order to keep their doors open.

With war, however, travel received extraordinary stimulus. Population increased but housing did not. Vast numbers of people moved from farms and rural communities to urban areas. Population shifted from city to city.

The war not only erased the depression factors, but it raised the general standard of living and produced conditions favorable to more commercial and pleasure traveling than any nation has ever seen.

All these things have filled hotels to near capacity and have kept them filled. With the exception of expansion at Reno, Miami Beach, and one new hostelry in Washington, D. C., there has been virtually no new hotel construction since 1929. There are no prospects of any, largely because a building erected today would cost from seven to eight times more than a hotel of the twenties which has been several times bankrupt and reorganized, until it is now held at perhaps one-fifth of its original value. A new hotel could not compete with existing plants.

This sounds like a grim outlook for conventions, with available transient housing at an all-time low. It isn't, necessarily, and Kansas City has proved that it isn't by booking as much convention business as it ever did. This has been accomplished by increased planning and by exact timing calculated to utilize every facility. By allowing no space to go to waste, and by spreading conventions out over every month of the year, the Kansas City Convention and Visitors Bureau is able to accommodate a vol-

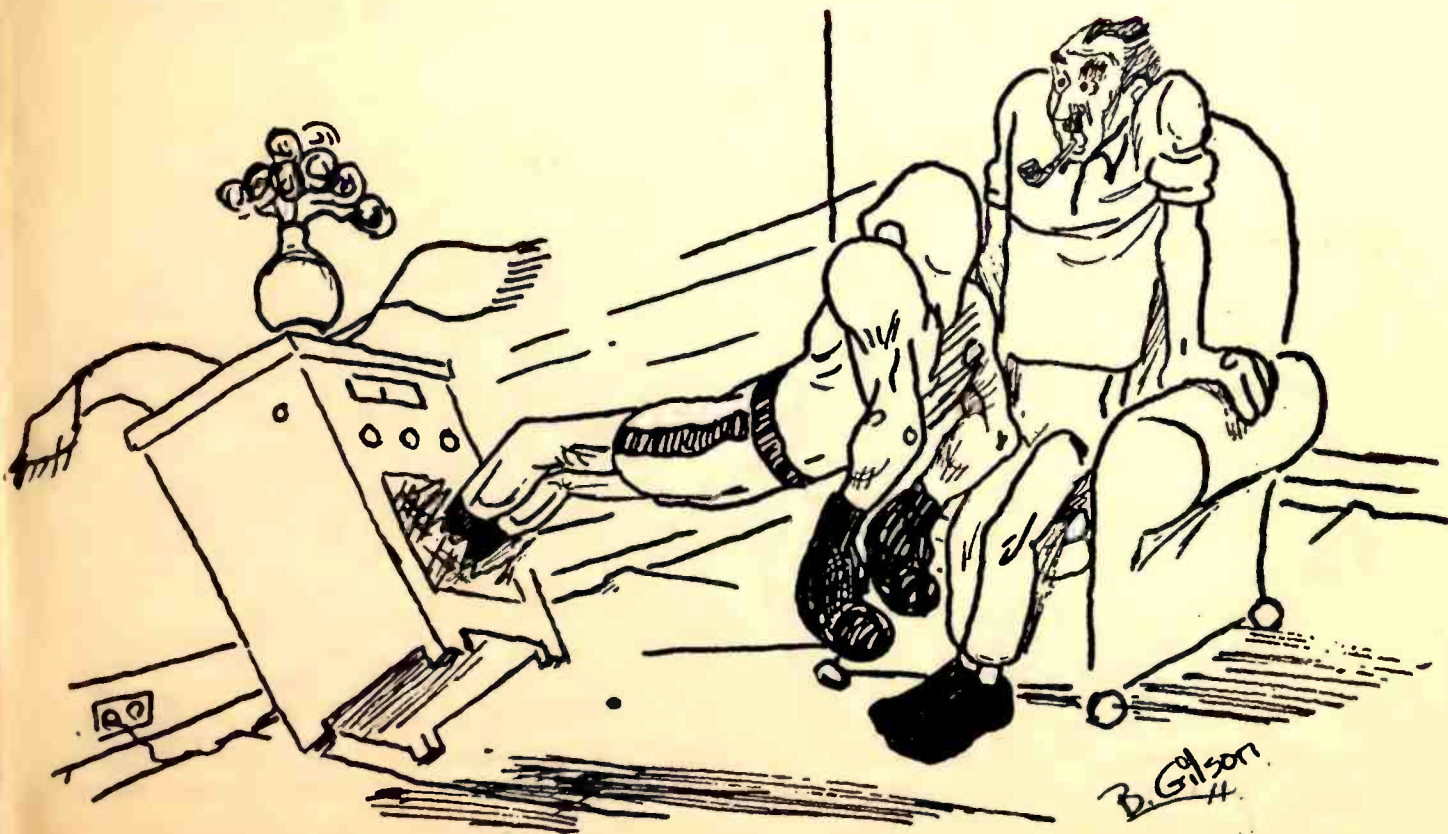
ume of business equivalent to the pre-war norm. It hasn't been easy, of course, but H. E. Boning, Jr., capable manager of the Bureau, has worked convention requirements out to a fine science. He is confident that changed conditions have completely reversed the role of convention bureaus everywhere, and he is making certain that his own organization is completely ready to meet the new requirements.

One of Boning's policies is to give precedence to regional groups, making his own physical plant available to Kansas City's vast trade territory whenever possible. This is partly due to an evolutionary development of the convention itself. Organizations are finding regional meetings to be of more value than large national conventions, and the emphasis is shifting in that direction.

One thing is sure: conventions are

bound to continue. They are a peculiarly American institution woven permanently and prominently into this nation's social and economic life. They exist in all fields: in professions, crafts and vocations; in religion, education, government, industry, commerce, benevolence and fraternalism. By allowing a free exchange of ideas and a broad dissemination of specific knowledge, by emphasizing high standards of ethics, and by encouraging a breakdown of sectionalism and prejudice, they have made an inestimable contribution to the welfare and progress of our entire population. They have played a vital part in the maintenance of national unity.

And there is one other certainty: while conventions continue, Kansas City will continue to be a meeting place, opening the doors of its heart to America!



"Wow! Darcey just landed a terrific left hook!"

Famous People

Edward Bok, well-remembered magazine editor, loved flowers. On one occasion, he had thousands of crocuses planted outside the fence of his Pennsylvania home.

"It's foolish to plant your flowers beyond the fence," one man warned. "People will only steal them."

Bok was equal to the occasion. The next morning he nailed a large sign to the fence, reading, "These flowers are under the protection of the public." Not a blossom was ever stolen.



One of Samuel Taylor Coleridge's visitors argued vehemently against religious instruction of the young and declared his own determination not to prejudice his children in any form of religion, but to allow them to choose for themselves at maturity.

Coleridge answered him, "Why prejudice a garden in favor of flowers and fruit? Why not let the clods choose for themselves between cockleberries and strawberries?"



After Joan Crawford had given Van Heflin four resounding slaps in a scene for a new picture, Van asked, "Have you looked at page 121 in the script?"

"No," Joan answered. "Why?"

"Well," said Van, "on page 121 I slap you."



Humorist Wilson Mizner and a friend passed an often-married woman who affected an aloof manner.

"She certainly puts on airs, doesn't she?" commented the friend.

"Yes," agreed Mizner. "She's been married to so many gentlemen that she's beginning to think she's a lady."



Could You Have Figured It Out?

SIDNEY LENZ, whist expert, noted for his disbelief in mind reading, was once invited by a friend in London to attend a vaudeville performance which included a demonstration of second sight. During the exhibition Lenz was startled to hear the blindfolded performer say: "There's a gentleman in the second seat from the aisle, in the eighth row, who doesn't believe in second sight. In this man's left-hand vest pocket is his little yellow purse, and in that purse is a five pound note. The number is X-908761."

Lenz felt in his vest pocket, where he usually carried his money, for the little yellow purse, opened it, and there was the five pound note numbered X-908761.

"Are you convinced now?" his companion whispered excitedly.

"No," firmly replied Lenz. The incident might indeed have convinced the average skeptic, but Lenz figured out what must have happened.

"She knew the number of that bill," he declared, "long before it came into my possession, and she knew somebody was going to get it. So she arranged with the box-office man to give it to the first person who presented a large bill to be changed. When he gave me my change, he made a note also of the number of the seat he sold me. The rest was easy enough."

—H. C. Suter.



Hath WINGS

*They flew and laughed and died,
pioneering an industry, writing in
too-thin air a crazy, beautiful, un-
forgettable legend of conquest.
And, while man has wings and
memory, they are with us still.*

by REESE WADE

THEIR memories are all about me. I see them in the darkening sky of a summer storm, or in the unbelievable blueness of a Sunday afternoon. I see them on the airports they never knew — living again in the boys who are their successors, their blood descendants, but who are, somehow, so very different . . .

You know them — these clean-looking, earnest-faced lads who plan careers in aviation. There is nothing foolish about them. They are setting aside years for education. They attend flying schools with all the zeal and sober ambition of young medicos struggling to earn the right to practice. They see a practical world of aviation existing self-assuredly on a par with the vast automotive and transportation enterprises.

They are boys and young men with their feet on the ground — even while they fly. They appraise aviation as a career in realistic competition with dentistry and engineering and law and commerce.

They are the boys and men whose

solid shoulders support the aviation in which all the world now believes.

But it wasn't always thus. And because aviation once was less than an industry, and more — incomparably more — than an occupation, I bring you remembrances which prove or argue nothing. I simply offer my tribute to friends who flew because they couldn't help it, who lived by no rules and who scorned all regulations — even those posted by Death.

How well I remember them, those old friends of mine! To me they seemed mature men, generously tolerating a kid who stood in awe beside their ships and breathed in the smell of dope, and felt the taut fabric beneath reverent fingers; but now I know that they were young men. They were youthful and fiery and full of the hell that made them into artists and renegades and corpses. Their memories are so many and are so unimportant against the vast panorama of a world conquering Air Age. But how vividly they come back to me.

There was one hot, blistering Saturday afternoon, for instance, when we worked long hours with a saw and an axe, hacking down a hundred feet of hedge-trees so that the two OX-5 Swallows could carry passengers off the field on Sunday. There was no guiding "sock" to point the course of the wind, and it would have made no difference if there had been, because the only possible

take-off runway was due south, through the break in the trees, and heaven help you if the OX cut out!

Hour after hour the passengers would climb aboard, be hoisted off the ground and through the hedge, and dumped back on the field to make way for other eager buyers-of-thrills. And then, near sundown, when passenger business was dead and the crowd waited silently, one ship would take off with a bulky bag tucked beneath its wing.

Higher and higher it would climb, while the crowd watched and skins tightened with morbid anticipation; and then the little black dot would fall free, and the bag would spill its silken colors upon the wind, and the black dot would swing gently toward earth below the exhibition 'chute of many hues.

They were men who laughed a lot, and who laughed at deadly things. I suppose it was because they spent so much time looking into the face of the man with the scythe. There was the day, for instance, when the newspapers briefly reported the mishap of a parachute jumper.

"Lance Anderson" — the item said — "suffered critical injuries today when his parachute hit high voltage electric power lines . . ."

White-faced and breathless, I ran all the way across town to carry the paper to my friend, Mr. Brown. He helped finance the little "circus" on its tour simply because he too loved airplanes. Mr. Brown immediately reached for the telephone and placed a long distance call. In a few minutes we heard the brisk, vital voice of the pilot speaking.

"Tom," Mr. Brown said anxiously, "The paper says that Lance had an accident."

"Yep," said Tom. "He had a little bad luck. Went through 33,000 volts."

"*Thirty-three thousand volts!*" We were appalled. But from the telephone Tom's voice was continuing, jovial and filled with laughter.

"Yes sir," he shouted. "And Gawd! You oughta saw the fire fly!" Being a Midwesterner he said ". . . Fahr fly." I can hear it to this day.

Lance lived through it somehow, although burned scalp and burned legs still remain to remind him of his parachute jumping days. The event is just a blank spot in his memory. "I can remember getting up high enough to see the Mississippi River," he says. "It was like silver over there. But I can't remember anything at all about the jump. Can't even remember leaving the ship. Oh well! I'm luckier than Tom, anyway."

He says that because Tom isn't with us anymore. Tom, who survived the rigors of gypsy flying in fragile crates, died the week before he was to start flying as a regular airline pilot on one of the scheduled passenger lines. It may have been just as well. I doubt if he would have enjoyed the routine. He liked to fly when he pleased and where he pleased, and he liked to feel that no one mastered him save his own skill and the temperament of an OX engine. Maybe he didn't mind the dying, either, except for the embarrassment of having an airplane have its final way. He said that he already had died once. Maybe he remembered on

that day when his little ship, taking off, hit the old race track pylon.

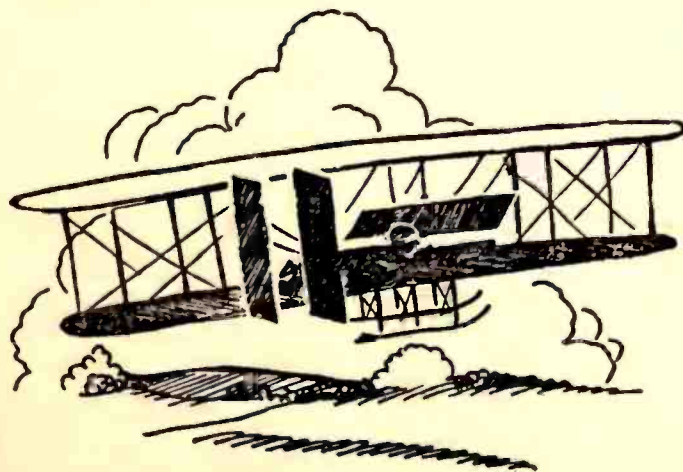
"I was spinning an old Standard at an Iowa fair," he told me. "I went in at about 3000 feet and spun her about three turns and started to come out. But she wouldn't come out. I neutralized everything and she kept on spinning. I reversed everything and she kept right on. I bumped her with the gun and she kept on boring down. So I knew I was going to die. I wasn't afraid. I just sat there and watched the ground come swelling up. And then, without any reason at all, she stopped spinning, and I pulled her nose up just in time to bump my wheels off the grass. We went right on with the show. Folks said I gave a hell of a good performance in that spin, best they'd ever seen."

Tom enjoyed doing those shows, and I enjoyed watching them, in a fearful sort of way. I never could quite understand the men who took it all so calmly. There was the little stunt man from Nebraska. He had a family at home, I knew, and he sometimes spoke of them and indicated that he enjoyed home and fire-side. He would have been wholly in place behind the necktie counter of any good clothing store, except that he was less talkative than most salesmen.

When his turn came he would settle down in the front cockpit while

the ship chugged her way upward. Then he would climb out on the wing, walk to the tip and wave, walk back to the fuselage and climb up on the front cowling, just behind the engine. Then he would hoist himself up on the top wing. He would stand there with his arms outstretched while Tom did easy banks over the city.

Finally he would slip his toes into small metal toe-caps fastened to the leading edge, pick up a short length of cable which served as a rein, and stand calmly upright while the ship looped and then fell off into a spin. When the spin was finished, he would climb down beneath the bottom wing and drop off with his exhibition 'chute. I don't know what happened to him. Maybe he is in some office today, listening to young bucks brag about their bravery and thinking to himself goodness-only-knows-what in the back of his mind. I'll bet only one thing: that he never says a word about how he made his living a decade and a half ago.



Tom was buried from a small country chapel within a week or so of the burial from the same quiet church of friend and fellow flyer, Sam Dawes. Both had gone part-way

through the army schools in Texas, and they had flown together in gypsy days. They lived within a few miles of each other, and both sleep beneath the soil of the same county.

Sam was a hearty sort of a fellow, with an inner coldness that was somehow surprising. Once, when he lived on a flying field, he became annoyed at the howling of a dog. He carried the dog to 3000 feet and heaved him overboard. The newspapers printed indignant stories. I was indignant because I loved dogs. No one ever really knew what Sam thought.

Later, I read that he had been slightly injured in a wreck, so I forgave him and wrote him a note.

"I'm grounded for a few days," he replied. "I was up in a new Eagle-rock with another guy, and it went into a dive. I thought he was flying, and he thought I was flying. When we got close to the ground, I thought he was trying to scare me, so I folded my arms and leaned back. He did the same. So when we got down too low I grabbed back on the stick and the ship leveled out enough to go through about six trees, and I got cut up a little but not much. But I got grounded."

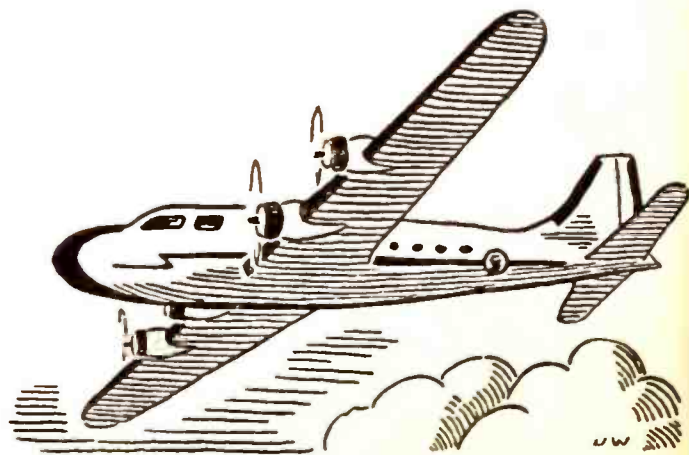
Being "grounded" was a new development in those days. The boys didn't know how to take it. It was an assertion of new and harrassing authority. Sam finally took up flying the mail as being the best outlet for his desire to master the elements. He died in a snowstorm one night when his ship crashed against a tower and burned. His flashlight was still in his hand. Apparently he had been reading his instruments when the deadly object hurtled out of the night.

Sam had no brothers, as I recall, but Tom had two. One of them took up flying and was killed. The other

one said that he didn't think he would fly. Not that he was afraid of it; none of them was afraid. He explained, "With Tom and the other one gone, I'm the only one left and it wouldn't be fair to Mom for me to get killed, too."

Yes, maybe it wouldn't have been fair to Mom. But that was an expected part of aviation in those days. Life in the air usually was death in the air. They knew it and they laughed, and their women laughed to hide the dread, and they kept on flying, and one day they died.

Remember as you fly past their shadows. Remember your predecessors who refused to be earthbound simply because they loved the sky, who flew and expected to die, who hitched their groaning ships to the aviation of World War I and hauled it across the years to meet your aviation of today. Without them, aviation could not be what it is at this moment. And without them this world would have been less colorful, less interesting, less glorious; for they were a magnificent breed of men. They blazed the trail which today's breed of magnificent men make into a highway — the broadest, widest, greatest highway the world has ever known!



HICCUPS

can **KILL** You !

by W. V. KRAUSE

THE next time you have the hiccups, you may hic yourself to death. It may take weeks, months or even years. On the other hand you might bump yourself off in a few days.

Take the case of the Reverend J. McCormick Beeten. He caught a heavy cold. Shortly afterwards he began to hic. In a Saratoga Springs hospital his hiccups stopped four and a half days later. So did his heart. He hardly had time to start a collection of hiccup cures.

Not so with William Wells of Dayton, Ohio. During his two-year siege of spasms, Wells had ample opportunity to collect, or have pushed on him, a tidy batch of remedies. Evidently none of them was any good, as the gentleman passed away on March 13, 1947, gently hiccupping to the last.

To save you from William Wells' fate, let's delve into the subject of hiccup remedies. They run from the absurd to the fantastic. The most common cure is breath-holding or one of its many variations. Let's suppose that you are a victim of hiccups. First you can try just holding your breath. As your color begins to change from its normal healthy green to a bloated blue, you'd better stop and take another breath. Still hiccup-

ping? Don't give up.

From simple breath-holding you can progress to taking liquids, the most popular variation of breath-holding. First try taking ten gulps of water without stopping. If that doesn't work, try drinking a glass of water from the far side of the glass. Most of it will probably go up your nose, and in the ensuing spell of gasping, choking and coughing, your hiccups may stop.

If the hiccupping still persists and you are desperate, you might try diving into a lake and gulping water until you come up gasping. You can improve on this method by taking a few deep breaths while under water. By the time your friends have pumped you dry, hiccups will seem a minor matter.

Water isn't the only liquid suggested for hiccups. Both hot and cold milk are recommended as cures, depending on who is doing the recommending. Drinking a bottle of beer without taking a breath is said to be effective, too. It's supposed to be even more effective if you add a generous dash of catsup to the lager. Whiskey with castor oil is advised by some—or would you prefer a couple of raw eggs in magnesium phosphate?

If your stomach and hiccups are still holding out, you could sample a

tasty concoction made with sugar and vinegar or sugar and eucalyptus oil. Fresh blood is another liquid cure. Don't start hacking your mother-in-law to get blood, however, as blood from a bird or an animal should do the trick.

So now you're as water-logged as a wet mop and still hiccing away at 30 per minute. Don't be a jerk and give up. The surface has not yet been scratched. There is a remedy recommended by Aristophanes, the ancient Greek. It seems the old boy suffered often from hiccups until he discovered his own cure. He would tickle his nose until he sneezed. *Ge-sundheit!* No hiccups.

Aristophanes' remedy seems pretty ordinary compared with the present day crop. It includes eating sand, pulling on your tongue, standing on your head and breathing in and out of a paper bag. One cool character advises packing the hiccupper in ice. But an Ozark farmer comes up with the slickest one of all: catch a snake at least three feet long and allow it to coil around your neck. The Ozarkian hasn't said, but presumably you muzzle the reptile. Otherwise you might get an unplanned introduction to the shock treatment when it starts



whetting its fangs on your ears.

The so-called shock or surprise treatment is in some ways related to scientific shock treatments for nervous disorders. The methods of applying the shock treatment vary from the sudden "Boo" behind the back to oversize firecrackers set off under the sufferer's chair. A sudden blow on the head with rolled up newspaper (don't use a Sunday edition) or an ice cube down the back might prove successful. This field is limited only by the scope of fiendishness of the human mind.

Any cure that does not injure the patient is all right, according to physicians. If you take your hiccups to them, however, they will be a bit more scientific. Irritation of the phrenic nerve, which controls the diaphragm, is the cause of hiccups. Through surgery, doctors can either cut or crush the phrenic nerve to stop the convulsive spasms. Surgery is used as a last resort, however. Sometimes a cure can be affected by strong sedatives, which induce sleep.

Dr. R. C. Nairn, a British Navy doctor serving aboard a minesweeper, had a patient with a particularly stubborn case of hiccups. After trying the simple homespun remedies, the doctor had his patient breathe a mixture of oxygen and seven percent carbon dioxide, but to no avail.

Strong sedatives put the man to sleep but failed to stop his hiccups. Finally the doctor had the patient inhale the fumes from one ampule of amyl nitrate, the drug used by many heart-disease sufferers. The hiccups stopped in less than a minute.

Various actions cause hiccups in various people. Alcohol, of course, is widely known for its hiccup-making tendencies. Pipe-smoking, over-eating, eating too rapidly or drinking soda pop all can cause hiccups. A Montana cop laughed so heartily at another cop's joke that he started hiccuping. He died after six months of steady spasms.

Anna Mayer of New York City doesn't know exactly what caused her hiccups. However, she is probably the most famous living hiccupper. Her first siege was in 1941. For 42 days she hicced away at one second intervals. During this time her weight slipped from 110 to 68. Finally Dr. Lester Samuels, operating on her phrenic nerve, stopped the spasms.

In 1944 she again began hiccuping steadily. Doctor Samuels was away in the army. It was 47 days before he could be found and transported to



the patient. Only after the intervention of President Roosevelt was Doctor Samuels given leave and hurried to New York. He again stopped Anna's hiccups by an operation on the phrenic nerve.

Miss Mayer's stubborn hiccups returned early this year. After two and a half months, Doctor Samuels operated once more. This time he removed about an inch and a half of the phrenic nerve. The hics are probably stopped for good this time. At least Anna hopes so.

▲
San Quentin prison has a disc jockey who plays request records for his fellow music lovers. Most frequently requested numbers thus far include *Time On My Hands*, *'Til the End of Time*, *One Hour With You*, *When I Grow Too Old to Dream*, and Rudy Vallee chirping *My Time Is Your Time*.

▲
One Sunday a local church became so crowded that the pastor had the verger stand outside with a notice reading "House Full." A little man in a bowler hat ran up, pleading that he had a very urgent message to deliver to a member inside.

The kind old verger eventually succumbed. "All right," he said. "You can slip in, but God help you if I catch you praying!"

▲
A small-town newspaper editor calling on one of his merchants in quest of advertising was told, "No, nobody reads your paper anyway. I'm buying some billboards."

Not long after, the merchant brought in a long detailed report of his daughter's wedding, and was quite disturbed when it did not appear in the paper. When he came in to protest, the editor answered him shortly. "You yourself said that nobody reads my paper, so I took the write-up out in the country and nailed it on a telephone pole."



"She's a member of 'The-Little-Below-The-Hip' Club!"

the

THAT WON'T GO AWAY

THE sprightly tune you heard at the square dance last night was *The Arkansas Traveler*. It goes 'round and 'round in your head, like the mortar-cycling chimpanzees at the carnival, a simple air with little substance and no apparent ending. In time you weary and try to shake it off but still it revolves, a durable, persistent ghost of a tune that has haunted American craniums for something over a hundred years.

A story lies behind this lilting melody, although time and passing generations have obscured its details. Many people, in fact, are not aware that *The Arkansas Traveler* is the title of a dialogue as well as a fiddle tune—a comic sketch that convulsed banquet halls and schoolrooms of yesteryear and landed in myriad joke-books and collections of humorous readings. The dialogue represents a colloquy between a traveler and a mountaineer, but is less a recounting of an actual conversation than a stringing together of favorite jokes of the day. This slice of back-country repartee abounds in simple puns, double meanings, plays on words, and other devices of bucolic whimsy. It enjoyed a tremendous vogue and brought laughter to a nation avid for humor.

The expression "Arkansas traveler" perches handily on the American tongue, and people dust it off automatically wherever they meet an Arkansan. Scarcely anyone from



by RICHARD and LOUISE McCUE

Arkansas escapes being dubbed an Arkansas Traveler once he sets foot beyond the confines of his native state. In this he shares the typed role of his Missourian neighbor, who bears with resignation the immutable label of one who has to be "shown."

Arkansans have not always regarded the legend kindly, fearing that its portrayal of one Ozark hill-billy might be taken as typical of the state's citizenry. However, the phrase itself, when divorced from its original connotation, is popular in the state. Arkansas' Southern Association baseball club at Little Rock calls itself the "Travelers," and the team's home diamond goes by the name of Travelers Field. The student newspaper at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville is called *The Arkansas Traveler*; the University's Press Club crowns the queen of its annual banquet as—you guessed it—"Miss Arkansas Traveler." Manufacturers have seized on the tag as a brand name for various objects from baseball bats to rowboats. Rather than

tarnishing the name of Arkansas, the story has enabled the state to add a special pinch of spice to both the terminology and folklore of America.

The tune has traveled its own road to recognition. Bob Burns, a modern-day Arkansas humorist who bases his quips on backwoods situations, dinned the air into the American consciousness when he made it his bazooka signature. In its original form the tune had no words but was played as an intermittent accompaniment to the dialogue. Countless verses since have been written to the music, and, as a final clincher to immortality, the melody has been shanghaied by the singing commercials.

The original Arkansas Traveler and father of the legend is generally conceded to be Colonel Sandford C. Faulkner. A few students of folklore have attributed the tune to an Ohio Valley fiddler named Jose Tasso, but Faulkner's claim is more widely accepted. Young Colonel "Sandy," a Kentuckian by birth, went west in 1829 and settled in southeast Arkansas along the Mississippi River, where he became a well-to-do cotton planter. He became intrigued by the hurly-burly of state politics, and moved to Little Rock, the state capital, in 1839. A year later, while accompanying office-seekers and political leaders on an election campaign tour through northwest Arkansas, he encountered the backwoodsman who inspired him to create the Traveler dialogue and tune.

This is the story of that meeting as Colonel Faulkner told it. A traveler on horseback was jogging over

the rough terrain of the Ozark hills, and as darkness approached he began looking for a place to spend the night. Hugging the hillside just ahead stood a dilapidated log cabin,



bearing over the doorway a crude sign which read "whiskey." Outside the hut a bearded squatter wearing a coonskin cap sat on a whiskey barrel and played a fiddle. The traveler rode up to the door of the cabin, but the squatter took scant notice of the stranger. After a surly greeting, he continued scratching out, over and over again, the first few measures of a simple tune.

The traveler asked if he could get lodging for the night. The squatter halted his fiddling long enough to say tersely that he could not. The traveler temporarily dropped the subject and asked the Ozarkian if he had any "spirits." The word "spirits" tempted the squatter into lengthy punning of the who's-on-first variety until at last, tiring of his little pastime, he declared that he had drunk the last drop of whiskey that morning. Still undaunted the traveler asked for food for himself and his horse, only to be rebuffed again.

"Will you tell me where this road goes to?"—the traveler tried a new tack. "It's never gone anywhar since I've lived here; it's always thar when I git up in the mornin'." "What might your name be?" "It might be Dick, and it might be Tom; but it lacks right smart of it." "How far is it to the next house?" "I don't know; I've never been thar." And so on in the tireless vein of Abbott and Costello.

Doggedly, the traveler offered to forego food if the squatter would provide him with a place to sleep, but again he was thwarted. The house leaked, he was told, except in one place, and that was where the squatter and his wife slept. This brought forth the famous exchange in which the traveler asked the squatter why he didn't fix his roof. "It's been rainin' all day," he explained. When the traveler suggested that it could be repaired in dry weather, the squatter tartly replied that it didn't leak then.

Therewith the conversation drifted into a detailed explanation of why there was no whiskey available in spite of the fact that the squatter made his living by keeping a tavern.



There had been a barrel on hand, it appeared, which had been surreptitiously tapped on each end by the squatter and his wife. Meanwhile one of the children, identified as "Dick, durned, skulking skunk," had managed to drain off the contents through still a third hole in the bottom.

By this time, hungry, wet, cold, and weary of his role of straight man, the traveler's sands of patience had run out. He asked in exasperation, "Why don't you play the rest of that tune?"

The squatter ceased sawing away at his endless round long enough to say, "Don't know the rest of it," and resumed fiddling. Said the traveler, his hunger driving him to masterful determination, "Give me that fiddle." He climbed down from his horse, tuned the ancient strings, and swung into the second part of the music. The traveler's expert playing worked a miraculous change. A smile broke through the squatter's whiskers, and he leaped from his seat on the liquor keg into a sprightly dance that sent the dust curling up between his toes. The children burst from the house and began juvenile versions of the squatter's rustic tarantella, and even the sleeping hound roused up and thumped his tail.

Finally the traveler finished the music and gave his bow a last grand flourish, his claim to hospitality clearly established. His listeners stood a moment, panting and entranced, and then the squatter sent his family scuttling in all directions to procure food for the stranger. A jug of whiskey magically appeared from

under the floor of the cabin, and the horse was led off to the barn and made cozy with enough corn and fodder to flatter Man-O'-War.

"Durn me, stranger, if you can't stay and play that tune as long as you please, and I'll give you plenty to eat and drink." The squatter's newborn magnanimity was vast and boundless. "Play away, stranger, you can sleep on the dry spot in the cabin tonight."

When Faulkner returned to Little Rock, he told the story at a banquet and, amid waves of laughter, "The Arkansas Traveler" was launched. Later, at another banquet in New Orleans, the Colonel was handed a violin and requested by Louisiana's governor to play the Arkansas air whose fame had promptly drifted down the Mississippi. New Orleans was so completely captured by his tune and tale that the old St. Charles Hotel set aside a special room for him with the words, "The Arkansas Traveler," lettered in gilt above the door.

Faulkner's story jogged the imagination of an Arkansas painter named Edward Payson Washburn, who in 1858 visualized and spread on canvas the celebrated scene of the meeting of the traveler and the squatter. The painting was no Rembrandt but it provided a satisfactory setting for the legend and helped plant it more deeply in American folklore. Done in blue and gray oils, it shows the well-dressed traveler, astride a startlingly diminutive white horse, in

conversation with the fiddling squatter. Washburn's painting had a great vogue and was copied and reproduced endlessly until it graced baroque sitting rooms and libraries of Victorian America.

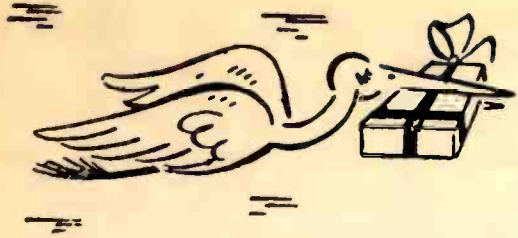
The original canvas, faded by age and damaged by water and folding, has hung in recent years in the home of a niece of the artist in Russellville, Arkansas. Washburn started a companion piece called "Turn of the Tune," but died, still a young man, before finishing it.

New York playgoers got acquainted with the tune and dialogue in *Kit, the Arkansas Traveler*, a lurid action piece of *Tobacco Road* caliber which played the East in the 1880's. Arkansans took a dim view of the play, feeling that its preponderance of gun play and bowie-knife waving painted an unrealistic picture of the state's cultural attainments. Indeed, by that time they had already begun to regard *The Arkansas Traveler* as a once-good joke which had somehow gotten out of the family.

Today *Kit* is a forgotten bit of stagecraft, and *The Arkansas Traveler* dialogue is largely unknown, but the melody lingers on wherever fiddles and guitars sing out mountain music. As recorded by song collectors, the air has several versions which differ slightly in key and structure, but the same buoyant rhythm that set grandmother's feet jiggling in sinful ecstasy prevails in all of them.



He told his girl he would go through anything for her, and she suggested they start with his pay.



They Dress

Mothers-To-Be

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

ONE of those Hollywood legends hard to down is that the movie town's glamour girls will not have a baby until they first visit a certain little shop on Wilshire Boulevard for a look at the newest in smart clothes for mammas-to-be.

But like so many of Celluloidia's legends, the story is apocryphal.

True enough, the Page Boy Shop—one of a trio operated by three young sisters from Dallas, Texas—has dressed such movie notables as Betty Hutton, Loretta Young, Alice Faye, Mrs. Alan Ladd, Mitzi Green, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Margaret Sullavan and a host of others, when little images were on the way.

Actually, Page Boy, according to its originator, merely provides accessories *after* the fact.

Elsie Frankfurt's styles for mothers-to-be—and, incidentally, Miss Frankfurt is still a bachelor girl—came from the somewhat bizarre notion that fashions and a slide rule could be mixed. Elsie, a mathematics major at Southern Methodist University, designed the original Page Boy dresses on mathematical principles to emphasize youthfulness, an attention-attracting neckline and a patented "expansion program."

The Page Boy idea, born only a few years ago with an initial capital

of \$500, is now a million-dollar national business.

It first began back in 1938, when Elsie Frankfurt was still a young accountancy student in school. Her sister, Edna Ravkind, with a second child on the way, came home after a day of fruitless shopping, discouraged by the wrap-around, "sad sack" type of maternity wear in the local stores. That was when Elsie, backed by only a few months of designing experience, got out her neglected drawing board and created what proved to be a new kind of maternity fashion.

The original model was a two-piece number—a blouse and skirt with a high neck, a tailored turned-down collar trimmed with three buttons to attract attention away from the approaching event. Elsie, who made much of the costume's neckline, found herself with a special selling job to do when one of the sisters' first customers, the mayor of Dallas' wife, came in one summer day wearing her Page Boy outfit. Understandably enough, the matron was a bit disconcerted by the heat. "Elsie," she asked, "would it be all right if I opened this collar just a little?"

"Goodness, no," said Elsie, "you mustn't touch it. The dress must be worn exactly that way."

The lady went out with the neckline as it was.

Though the original Page Boy dress was really designed for sister Edna, other expectant mothers of Dallas immediately wanted dresses just like it. So the two sisters, who had long wanted a business of their own, opened a tiny shop, hiring two outside seamstresses to do the actual sewing. Within six months they were in the wholesale business, swamped with orders from virtually every big department store in the country. That was when they opened their factory, which now has a staff of 50 employees. For their copyrighted trademark they chose the Page Boy name and symbol, selected because in medieval times a page boy heralded the coming of the son and heir.

The Hollywood shop was the next



step in their expansion program. Louise, the youngest of the Frankfurt girls, had just won a scholarship in designing at the University of Illinois. But instead of accepting the scholar-

ship, which would have given her a year's study at the Traphagen School of Design in New York, 20-year-old Louise elected to go to Los Angeles and spend six months in the Page Boy Shop, studying the needs of customers. Soon she was designing evening wear, hostess pajamas and play clothes in a special custom-made department for the screen stars.

Louise still recalls the night she was working late, when the telephone rang and someone with an oddly-familiar voice asked if she could come in and look at some dresses. About 15 minutes later actress Margaret Sullivan arrived. She departed at midnight, having ordered one of virtually every model in the store. Miss Sullivan was the first big name to patronize Page Boy. Another of the early customers was Alice Faye. Since then there have been innumerable others.

For those screen ladies who are somewhat coy about the purpose of their visit, Page Boy has a discreet side entrance where they may enter and leave unnoticed.

Still in charge of designing is Louise Frankfurt, now about 25. Like her sister Elsie, who has taken over the administration of the business, Louise, too, was a bachelor girl until recently. But the two younger and childless Frankfurts seem to have found inspiration a-plenty in married sister Edna, who is mother of three children. "I guess," says Louise, "we used Edna and her blessed events as our laboratory."



Temptation is something which when resisted gives happiness, and which when yielded to gives greater happiness.



COLUMBIA'S CAMERA COLLEGE

by JAN NORRIS

Hold it! There is a school for those flash bulb fiends now!

DOWN in the little community of Columbia, Missouri, 100 eager camera enthusiasts are occupied in accentuating the negative as well as the positive.

There, at the University of Missouri, the School of Journalism has been invaded by a fascinating addition to the curriculum—photographic journalism.

The average young graduate of the “nation’s oldest journalism school” is a feature writer, reporter, or advertising man, but now a different type of expression in black and white is charming the veterans and coeds at the University of Missouri. The Who, Where, What, When, and Why formula has been tossed aside by many budding journalists, and in its place young photography students are asking about correct lighting, proper types of film, and good composition.

What has caused this interest in photographic journalism?

The School of Journalism has realized that photography is destined for a much more prominent position in the field of journalism. To supplement a news article, to tell a story of its own, or for pure esthetic appreciation, photographic journalism has established itself as an integral part of the newspaper and magazine field.

The School of Journalism has real-

ized that small town newspapers are interested in combination reporters and photographers; dailies employ hundreds of photo journalists; advertising agencies are interested in free lance photographers. It also understands that because of the importance of photography to journalism the photographers must be trained to meet the rigid requirements of a profession.

To take care of this growing need for good photographers, the School of Journalism brought Cliff Edom to its campus, a man well versed in the relationship of journalism and photography.

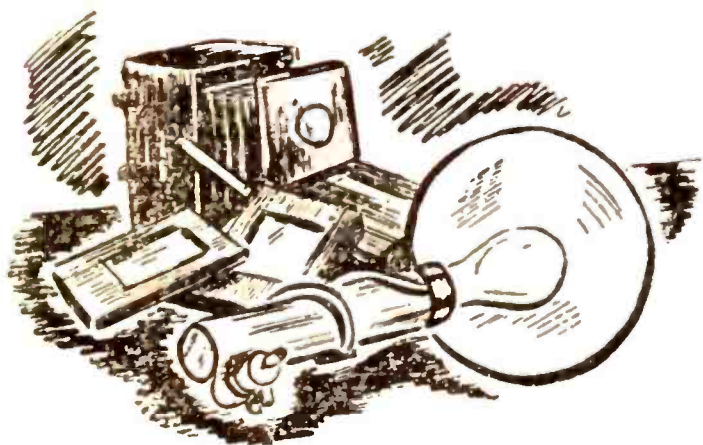
Edom, who had 14 years of photographic experience, came to the University of Missouri in 1943 to organize the photography department, and to work for a Bachelor of Journalism degree. That year, 16 students enrolled in his beginning photography class and five in the advanced class.

By 1944, class enrollment began to grow, but Edom was not satisfied. He decided to concentrate on new ways of getting students interested in photography.

That year, the School of Journalism sponsored an exposition of the best news, sports, and feature pictures of the year.

During Journalism Week last May,

the Fourth Annual 50-Print Show was judged by Edward J. Steichen, famous portrait photographer, who was recently appointed photo director of the New York Museum of Modern



Art; Wilson Hicks, executive editor of *Life* magazine; and George Yates, picture editor of the *Des Moines Register-Tribune*. The prints in the show were chosen from 885 entries, representing the work of 292 newspaper photographers.

Next year the *Encyclopedia Britannica* will help sponsor the show. The merger will include the publication of an annual book exhibiting the 100 best photos. The winning pictures will be offered for exhibition by art centers, schools of journalism, and libraries.

But the photographic exposition was just a part of the big dream of Cliff Edom. One day he approached Dean Frank Luther Mott with a plan for a photographic fraternity at the School, and during Journalism Week the following year, Kappa Alpha Mu was founded. The fraternity, named by Professor H. R. Long, bases its membership on scholarship and on interest and ability shown in photographic work.

Last year, the fraternity was chartered as the first national photographic fraternity. Today it has 13 chapters on college campuses from Washington to New Jersey, and is continuing its crusade "to uphold photographic and journalistic ethics, to secure photographic by-lines, and to elevate the pictorial journalist to his proper place."

Besides Steichen, Hicks, and Yates, Kappa Alpha Mu numbers among its honorary members R. M. Beer, chairman of the Photographic Society of America's Press Division; "Sammy" Schulman, *International News Photography*; Roy Stryker, director of photography for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey; Joe Rosenthal, best known for his classic "Marines on Mt. Suribachi;" Marie Hansen of *Life*; Murray Becker, chief photographer for the Associated Press; Joseph Sprague, executive of the Graflex Corporation, and many others.

Each year the fraternity sponsors a National Collegiate Exhibition in cooperation with *Popular Photography* magazine. This year 791 entries were received from 66 universities. The contest awards such prizes as a working week in Chicago as guest of *Popular Photography*. The organization of the exhibition, including arrangement of prints and repackaging, is done by Kappa Alpha Mu members. Graduate assistant Jack Bell, secretary of the organization, spends most of his "spare" time planning the collegiate shows.

Now, Edom is confident that the step-child of journalism is beginning to hold its own. Next year, the

School of Journalism will offer a major in photographic journalism with courses in beginning photography, advanced news photography, advertising and free lance work, and staff photography, which includes work on the photographic staff of the *Columbia Missourian*, the daily town paper published at the School of Journalism. Edom is also interested in another new course being offered, the theory and principles of photo-engraving. He is supplementing his other work by giving talks at his home on the philosophy of photography.

To take care of the increased enrollment in photography courses, the department has acquired three new enlargers, six printers, a Wabash Speed Flash, and two Pace-Maker graphics. The photo-engraving department is being moved into its own quarters, and five new darkrooms are being added. A special photographic studio for use in advertising and free lance work is also a part of the equipment.

"It's a far cry from the three Speed Graphics they had when I came here," Edom says, looking at the new equipment.

Graduates of the School of Journalism include Marie Hansen, now photographer for *Life*, and Brooks Honeycutt, former photographer for

the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who has gone to the University of Illinois to teach photography. Citizens of India, China, and South America are among the students who have taken the technique of photographic journalism back to their respective countries.

Back at the University working on her master's degree is Jane Petersen, former assistant editor of *Popular Photography*. She is helping Edom in the laboratories.

Students in photography don't stop developing film when the bell rings. The school's darkrooms are always crowded with photographers making pictures for the *Columbia Missourian*, doing free lance work, or developing film for their own pleasure. But there's more than one angle to a photographer's life—and whoever said that darkroom work isn't fun?

This spring the camera angle met its equal, the romantic, when Peggy Fite, graduate assistant in photography, and Jim Ashcraft, graduate assistant in photo-engraving, decided to hold hands and flash bulbs for life. And what do you think the bride will be worried about at the wedding? Probably, the type of camera the photographer is using.

Yes, they all agree that it's a great profession!

▲
The medical officer was examining the sergeant. "Now really, Sergeant, in civilian life would you come see me with a trivial complaint like this?" he asked.

"No, sir," came the answer, "I'd send for you."

▲
A man went to his tailor and was measured for a suit. When the tailor said, "Your suit will be ready in thirty days," the man excitedly replied, "Why the good Lord made the whole earth in only six days!"

"That's right," said the tailor, "and have you taken a good look at it lately?"

History's Gluttons

THROUGHOUT history, eating well and extravagantly has been a favorite pastime of those who could afford it. The check for what is probably the most expensive meal ever eaten amounted to \$50,000, and was paid by Lucullus, a famous Roman general who became a well-known gourmand after his retirement. Lucullus and two of his friends consumed this lavish feast a few years before the birth of Christ.

Many of Rome's rulers were notorious spenders when it came to providing a groaning board. Vitellius, one of Nero's Imperial successors, spent \$12,000 for every dinner he ate. His dinner bill amounted to \$30,000,000 over a four-month period. Vitellius's guests began one of his bountiful feasts by consuming 10,000 oysters. Two thousand other dishes, including some 7,000 different types of fattened birds, followed.

Partial to ostrich brains, Heliogabalus, who was murdered by his own palace troops when he was only 18, once had the heads of 6,000 ostriches served at a royal banquet.

By these standards, Apicius, another Roman who loved good food, hardly deserves a mention. Apicius, who spent more than a million dollars annually for food, finally committed suicide rather than change his way of eating when poverty reduced his yearly income to a scant third of a million. Tiny singing birds, valued at \$100 each, made up the favorite dish of one Roman epicure who paid \$1,700 for each serving.

Expensive eating habits were not limited to ancient Rome. A 548-franc dinner was once ordered by a Frenchman named Vicomte de Vieil Castel in a clever attempt to win an unusual bet. Challenged to eat 500 francs' worth of food in two hours, Castel won the wager by accenting quality rather than quantity. The winning menu, the most expensive which could be ordered in mid-winter, consisted of birds' nest soup, pheasant, truffles, ortolans and asparagus, peas and fresh strawberries topped off by choice wines. Whether the young Frenchman used part of his winnings to treat an upset stomach is not recorded.

One of England's most sumptuous banquets, given several centuries ago at Guildhall in honor of George III and his Queen, cost almost \$30,000. Four hundred and fourteen dishes were served on this occasion. Another extravagant feast was given in honor of the Prince Consort in 1850 to mark the opening of the great English Exhibition. One of the culinary delicacies served the Prince cost more than \$420, and consisted of the choice meat of more than 360 birds, including turkeys, pheasants and larks. The thrifty English, however, served the remaining meat to the other guests.—*Frank Gillio.*

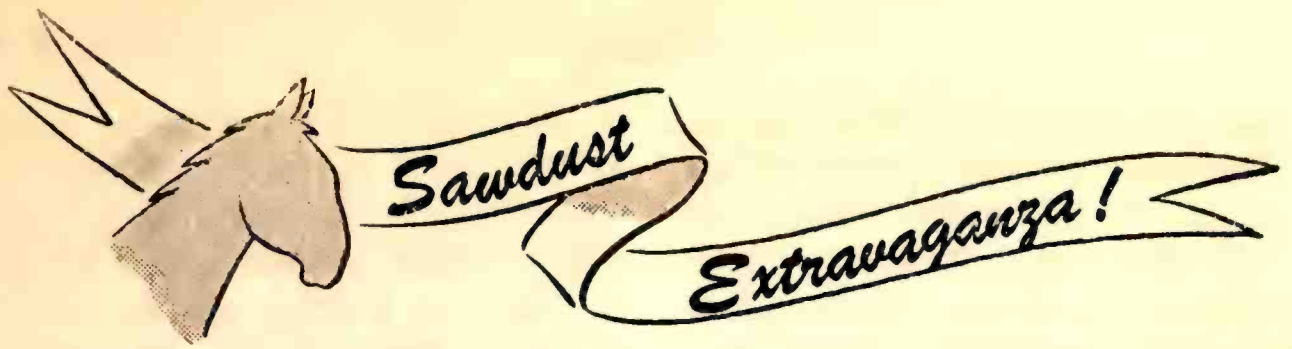


Fifty In the Hole

SIX soldiers stationed at Camp White, near Medford, Oregon, had missed the last bus to camp, but managed to get a lift in a wagon driven by an old farmer. The soldiers were doing the usual beefing about things in general, and Oregon in particular. Their dislike for Oregon was evident.

When they neared the camp a G. I. asked the farmer, "Say, Pop, how come you stay in Oregon when California is so close?"

The farmer scratched the back of his neck. "I'll tell you," he said. "When my father came here he had a horse and 50 bucks, and I'll be hanged if I'll leave these parts until I get that 50 back."



October is "Royal time" in Kansas City, and a royal time is had by all as 6,000 animals look pretty for the people.

by **BILL YORK**

KANSAS CITY'S American Royal Livestock and Horse Show is the most complex production in the United States.

That statement isn't idly made. The amount of time lavished on this annual display of the Middle West's livestock riches is incalculable. Everybody gets into the act. Insurance executives, merchants, lawyers, radio officials, editors, garment makers, and manufacturers turn showmen, come up each year with a \$250,000 production that plays to 130,000 paying customers.

Royal time brings a temporary truce in the commercial battle between the two Kansas Cities as the welcome mat is rolled out in mid-October for some 75,000 visitors from the trade territory.

The details of the show itself are handled by a small, permanent staff, but the rest of the work is done by volunteers.

Spontaneity is an important ingredient of any production, and the American Royal is saturated with it. Every year the business and civic leaders solemnly declare they'll make

an early start on arrangements but, of course, they never do.

Six weeks before the opening date, however, the big boys roll up their sleeves and go to work. The Royal has priority on their time. When a luncheon meeting is called for 20 men, 20 luncheons are served. That's the secret of the show's success.

Working capital is needed, so at the outset approximately 50 representatives of as many lines of business go out and ring doorbells for \$100,000 with which to pay for purses, prizes, and trophies.

The American Royal operates as a civic, non-profit organization, and the more than 700 individuals and firms contributing to the fund become members of the American Royal Association. They also are given parking privileges at the show and an opportunity to buy reserved seats early. Those contributing \$250 or more become sponsors of one of the 129 different classes.

Royal week starts with what are called the "uptown activities." They are to the livestock and horse show what the sideshow is to the circus. The first of these activities is a parade

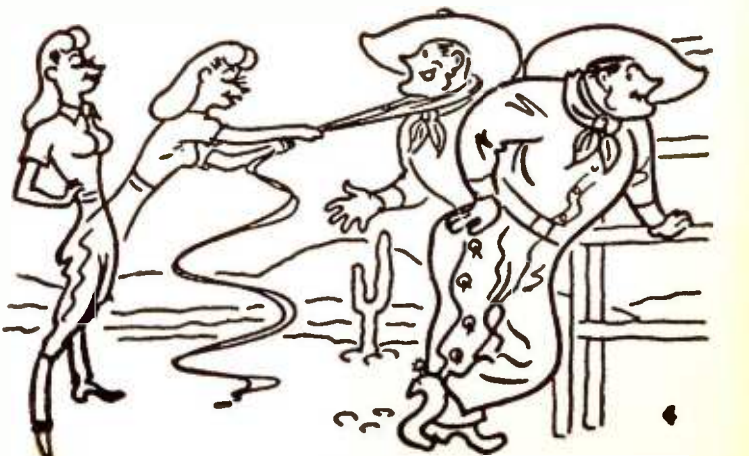
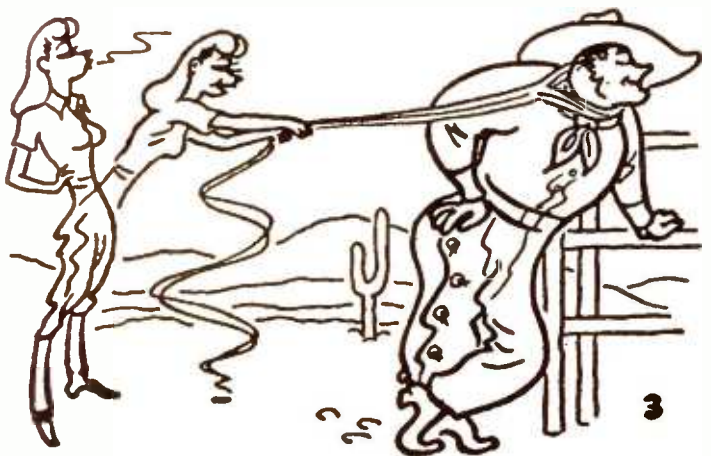
through the downtown business district. The theme of this year's edition will be the March of the '49ers, with historical scenes and pioneer tableaux recreated on floats that will be interlarded with marching bands and mounted drill teams from surrounding communities.

Then there's the queen contest. Civic organizations in 50 neighboring communities each select a beauty candidate and she comes to Kansas City, along with her chaperone, at the Royal's expense. A queen, two princesses, and eight ladies-in-waiting are selected to reign over the show.

The queen is acclaimed at a formal Coronation Ball, and throughout the week a great fuss is made over her during twice-daily appearances at the American Royal, at luncheon clubs, and at parties in her honor.

The Coronation Ball is society's contribution to the week's gaiety. Society leaders knock themselves out in making each successive ball more lavish than its predecessor. It's the neon event of the year, and 20 social and country clubs preface the lavish pageant of pomp and beauty with steak and champagne dinners for their members.

From the clubs, the more than 1300 members of the town's 400 move to the Auditorium. There they watch a floor show made up of the best acts on the Kansas City amusement scene followed by an outstanding star of the entertainment world and a big name band. Those in formal attire occupy the boxes and are the only ones permitted to dance after the show and coronation are con-



cluded. The spectator seats are as much in demand as the \$4.50 box seats, and the 6,500 gallery seats are inevitably gone by the morning of the show.

The Junior League steps into the entertainment spotlight two nights after the Coronation Ball with its Cowtown Carnival that runs for six nights at the Hotel Muehlebach. It's for the show exhibitors, the out-of-town society folk and Kansas Citians. Locally produced, this year's show is built around the songs of Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue hill-billy. The show is professional-looking and sophisticated in appeal.

Down at the American Royal pavilion overlooking the stockyards district, four-legged entertainers are the thing. The building is jammed from morning until night with city and farm visitors inspecting the 6,000 animals that are entered in the livestock show. Future Farmers, 4-H Club members, and city and country school children are everywhere. The industrial exhibits aren't overlooked either. Church groups join with professional caterers in dispensing hot dogs and hamburgers. Astronomical amounts of

popcorn are consumed.

The horse show has a universal appeal, and though there are a few empty pews at the matinees, every seat is filled at night.

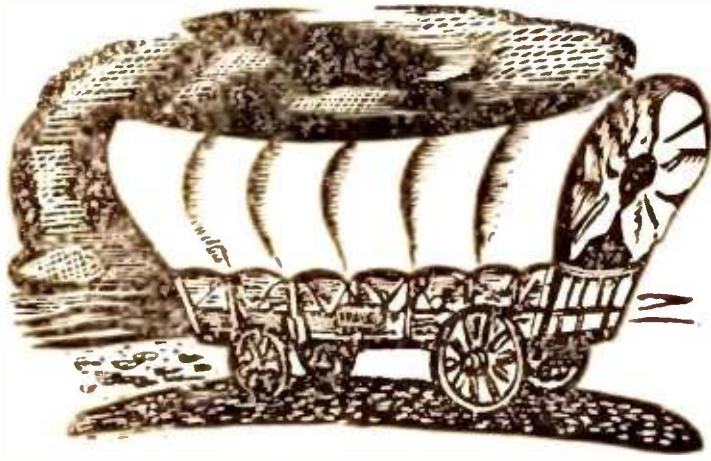
The sales of prize stock are a prod to the imagination of the spectators, an inspiration to exhibitors of all ages. Take the 1946 highlight, for example. Jack Hoffman, a 15-year old 4-H Club member from Ida Grove, Iowa, paraded a short, blocky white-faced steer — the champion junior calf — before the auctioneer's stand around which were gathered 100 prospective purchasers.

The auctioneer started at \$5 a pound and when the bidding reached \$10 a pound all but four or five bidders dropped out. The farm youth was bewildered as the bidding went up and up.

"All done, once — all done, twice — sold for \$35.50 a pound!" That was it, \$35.50 a pound, a record price of \$43,026, or three times the previous world mark!

Although a vast amount of the missionary work in connection with the improvement of livestock is being





carried on by the farm youth programs, county agents, and agricultural colleges, the American Royal helps groove the thinking of stockmen along solid lines.

Kansas Citians put so much into the American Royal because their prosperity is closely linked to the farm and livestock industries.

"A cattleman," as one Kansas City businessman points out, "can take his stock to any one of three or four markets and get about the same amount of money. Consequently, he'll go to the market he likes — and that whole town profits. If he comes to Kansas City he may spend a few days at a hotel, patronize the restaurants, shows, and bars. He may make some other purchases; and if his wife comes along, you *know* she will.

"The American Royal has made thousands of friends for our livestock market, and the show and the spirit of friendliness of the community help keep us on top."

Kansas City is a grain and livestock center, but it's also a big distributing point with several outstanding industries of its own. Not only do raw materials of the farm move into and out of Kansas City, but manufactured goods from the East arrive for par-

celling out to trading towns in the agricultural regions.

The livestock show began in 1882 in Riverview park, an area long since absorbed by the horse and mule division of the Kansas City Stockyards Company. In 1888 the show took the name of the National Hereford Cattle show and was held in a tent in proximity to the stockyards. An early livestock authority commented that the Kansas City show, which was held under canvas, compared favorably with the British Royal Livestock Show. So, around the turn of the century, Walter Neff, editor of the *Drovers Telegram*, suggested the show be called the "American Royal." That has been its name ever since.

The horse show grew out of popular sentiment to send members and horses of the Kansas City fire department to London and Paris in 1894. Funds were needed, and Tom Bass, famous Negro horseman who had won honors at the World's Fair in Chicago the previous year, suggested a horse show as a means of helping defray the expenses. Staged near Fifteenth and Lydia, the show was a big success. In London, Kansas City's own Dan and Joe, a famous pair of Arabian horses, established a world's record that's never been equalled.

When the livestock and horse shows were later combined, a permanent area was built by the Stockyards Company, but the show outgrew its quarters. Old Convention Hall was the site of the American Royal a few years; and Electric Park, once. In 1921 the Chamber of Commerce raised \$100,000 and the stockyards

people \$500,000 to build a permanent American Royal building that would put the whole shebang under one roof.

The new building, with more than 300,000 square feet of floor space, was dedicated on November 19, 1922. But in the winter of 1925, when the structure was being used for a motor show, some decorations caught fire and the building, 300 motor cars, 75 trucks, and two aircraft were destroyed. Plans were set in motion to rebuild the structure on the same site. By American Royal time the second new building, bigger and better than ever, was ready to go.

How does the American Royal

compare with other events of its kind? Experts in such matters say the Toronto show is the biggest, but they add hastily that it's different in that it has fruit and vegetable exhibits and other state fair competitions. The International at Chicago and the American Royal are about even on livestock displays, officials say, with the Kansas City Royal show a shade better on the horse side. That puts it at the head of the class!

Harry Darby, president of the show, predicts the American Royal will be the biggest show on the North American continent within the next few years and no one in Kansas City has the temerity to disagree with him.

Brewed Trouble

A DRUNK staggered up to a midtown bar. "Quick. Give me a glass of beer before the trouble starts," he said. "What trouble?" asked the bartender, as he slid a beer to the drunk. The drunk gulped down the beer, turned and started toward the door. "Hey!" the bartender shouted. "Where's the dime for the beer?" The drunk skidded to a stop, turned around and shrugged his shoulders. "What'd I tell you," he said. "Now the trouble starts."

A small, timid private asked a sophisticated girl, "May I have this dance?"

She glanced at his size and the lone stripe on his sleeve, then replied, "I'm sorry, but I never dance with a child."

The private was deeply concerned. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't know of your condition."



Hen-Pecked Heroes

THE nagging wife is nothing new.

In American history, Abraham Lincoln stands out as the classic example of the henpecked husband. His wife, Mary Todd Lincoln, often drove him out of the house with a broom because she couldn't endure his desire for a noon-time nap on the hall sofa. The public tongue-lashings she administered were notorious throughout the land.

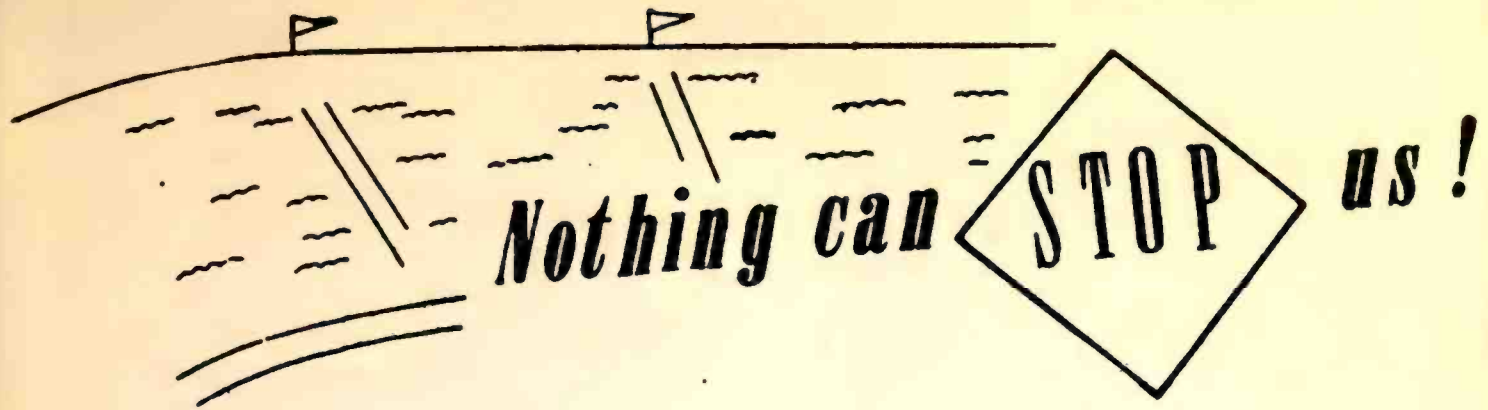
In ancient history, there was Xanthippe, the shrewish wife of Socrates. The philosopher's indifference to money matters and practical affairs often drove her into a fury. She would souse him with a bucket of water, to the amusement of their Athenian neighbors.

The men who told the world but whose wives often told them were almost as numerous as their deeds. Dominant and self-assertive were the wives of Disraeli and Henry II. Henrietta, the wife of Charles I, climaxed her religious zeal by having her husband's head cut off.

Even the prophets were not above taking their wives' advice. Mohammed was one who owed a great deal of his early success to the devoted help of his first wife Khadija, a rich widow for whom he was originally a camel driver. In fact in his later life, the prophet was so wife-minded that though he limited the number of wives his followers might take to four, he himself had several more.

As one professor has explained it, all men like to think they're henpecked. But every man is two men: one, what he is to the outside world; and the other, a humbler creature in his home. Men of destiny came in for just as much wifely criticism as the average man today. Feel better?—*Marion Odmark.*





by WALTER D. MARKER

Football is such a rough game!

WHEN my son, Baldwin, wrote me that Coach Miller had personally implored him to resign from the college chess team and report for football, I felt elated.

I was so proud of Baldwin that I intended to honor his P. S. request for twenty bucks.

After all, our family never had produced a good football player.

But then I began to consider Baldwin's physical qualifications. They weren't reassuring. His weight is negligible. Baldwin always got his penny back from the Guess Your Weight machines whether he guessed right or wrong.

In a remote sense he is ambidextrous, if throwing inaccurately with either hand can be considered such.

He is also extremely slow of foot. During his early adolescence he was known as "Skunky," a sobriquet he acquired while failing to retreat rapidly upon encountering a well known mephitic mammal.

My analysis of Baldwin's capabili-

ties left much doubt in my mind. His decision to lay aside his bifocals for a football helmet made me suspect that some great crisis confronted my old *alma mater*, Hemenhaw College.

But it wasn't until I came across the first of two clippings from the college periodical that I saw the light.

The first one was as follows:

Coach MAULER Miller promised a cheering Hemenhaw student body at last night's pre-victory celebration that he will start his strongest eleven against the weak Burton Theological team tomorrow.

"We are out for BLOOD!" the Red Devils' mentor declared bluntly. "And since we hold every advantage in weight, speed, and experience, I intend to give my men an opportunity to establish a new conference mark!

"The Hemenhaw line will be as follows: CRUSHER Carter and BRUISER Butler, guards; KING KONG Kerr and HOMICIDE Hartfield, ends;

GORILLA Groggenbauer and DYNAMO Dawson, tackles; and TIGER Toomey, center.

"Our backfield will consist of BLITZKRIEG Blatz at quarter; A-BOMB Brown and



TNT Tomplins, halfbacks; and SLUGGER Stravetski at fullback.

"We are definitely out for BLOOD and I know that NOTHING CAN STOP us!"

After I read that clipping, I felt proud of my boy. The fact that he had been implored to become a member of such a powerful organization could mean only one thing, viz, he was a potential All-American.

But after reading the second clipping, I reached a definite decision. The item was dated two days later and read as follows:

Coach Milton J. Miller, Hemenhaw's amiable football director, issued the following statement with regard to yesterday's game with Burton College.

"During my long career as an advocate of football for recreation, I have never seen such deplorable methods as those used by the Burton team.

"I intend to file charges against their entire eleven, and especially against Spud Palmer, Burton's 120-lb. fullback. The fact that he made six touchdowns in the first quarter is beside the point.



"Four of my boys are in the hospital, namely: Llewellyn L. Stravetski, Eustace Blatz, Royce Bertram Hartfield and Jasper Willis Toomey, III.

"Tristram Groggenbauer and Eugene Francis Carter are under the care of their personal physicians.

"Sylvester Dawson and Hilary Tomplins have handed in their uniforms.

"Egbert Butler, Sebastian Kerr, and Leland J. Brown have been missing since our gallant stand on the one yard line in the first quarter.

"If the officials had been alert and had strictly enforced the rules, the rest of my boys would not have refused to leave the locker room at the beginning of the second half.

"Under the proper conditions I am quite confident that we could have reversed the 92 to 0 defeat we so unjustly suffered.

"Anyone interested in trying out for the Hemenhaw team will PLEASE report to the Stadium immediately. We have quite a few vacancies.

"Our toughest games are ahead and we need new BLOOD!"

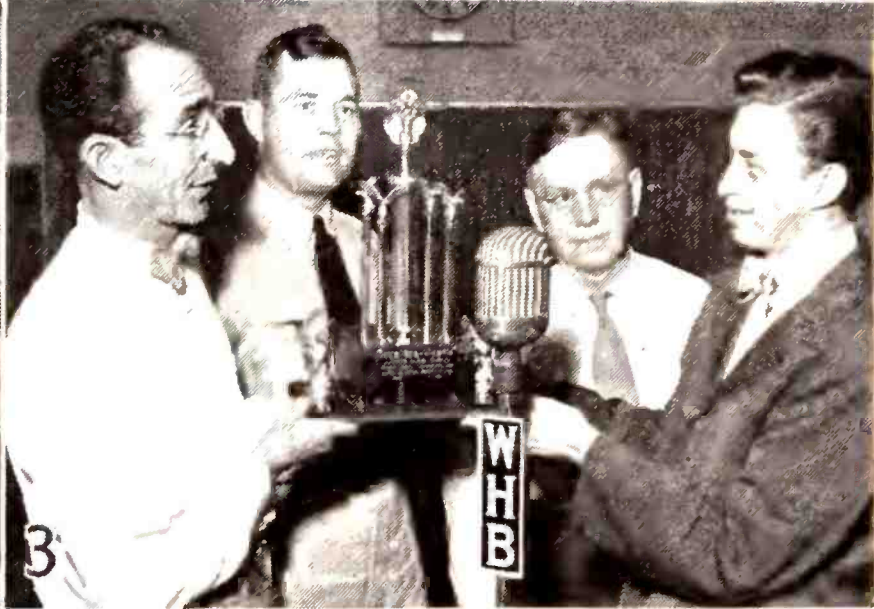
Yes, my mind is made up. I shall send Baldwin the twenty bucks, but only with the stipulation that he sever all relations with Coach Miller and the Hemenhaw Eleven.

Chess is a much nicer game, and after all, our family never has produced a good chess player.



Centerpiece

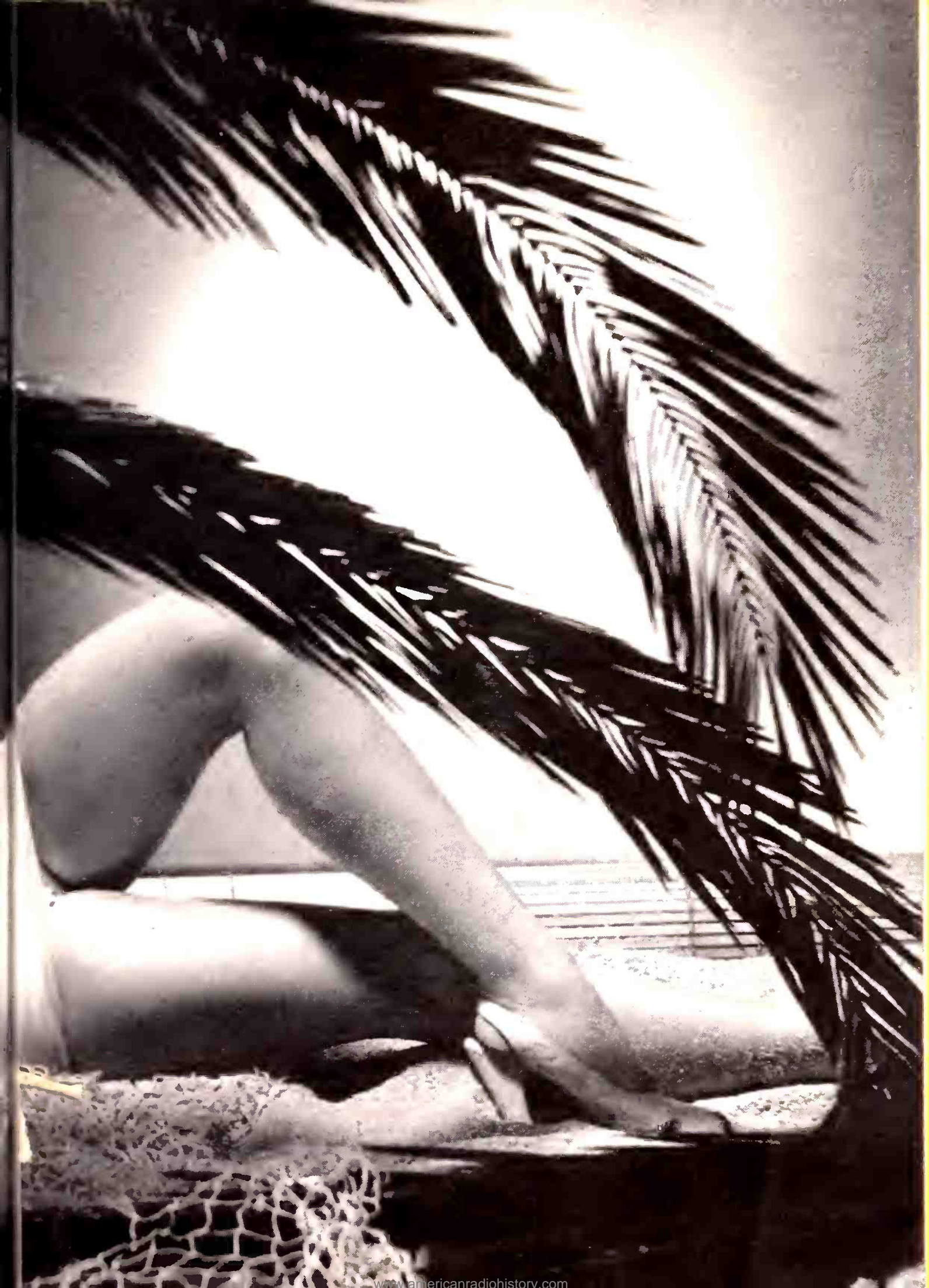
Stop and look—at Mary Jean Burke, Miss Missouri of 1947. *Swing's* two-page lovely represented the "Show Me" state at the recent Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City. Miss Burke won her title in a competition sponsored jointly by the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling and radio station WHB in Kansas City.



1. Saddle and Sirloin Club members W. E. Kemp, H. Darby, Elmer Rhoden, Henry Bundschu, John Gage and E. Phelps receive copies of *Swing*. (See September, 1947). lady is Miss Mary Gibbs, *Swing* cover girl for 1948.
 2. William M. Reddig, author of *Tom's Town*, chats WHB's Man in the Bookstore, John Thornberry.
 3. Bob Kennedy presents the WHB Perpetual Trophy for fastest plane in the Midwest Model Airplane Meet to Poor, president of the Olathe, Kansas, Chamber of Commerce Lt. Cdr. L. H. Witherspoon and Ernie Miller look on. The holder of the trophy set a new world's record.
 4. Genii Pruitt, of the WHB Newsbureau, reads over Johnson's shoulder.
 5. The voice of Donald Duck, Clarence Nash, duck-talks the people.
 6. All aboard for the preview flight of Braniff Airways' D Luxury Airliner are WHB's Ed Birr; Mrs. Don Brottlund; Charles Buckley; Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper; and Mrs. J. Cannon.









... presenting R. CROSBY KEMPER

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by TOM COLLINS

THERE is an old story about a businessman who went into a railroad station and said to the ticket seller, "Give me a ticket."

"To where do you wish a ticket, sir?" asked the man behind the wicket.

"It makes no difference," replied the businessman. "I've got business everywhere."

That story would be less foolish told about Rufus Crosby Kemper than almost any other Middle Western businessman, because Kemper, through the spread of his amazing business connections, does business just about everywhere and in almost every kind of enterprise.

If this description of his responsibilities and breadth of commercial activities gives you a mental picture of a nervous, harried, dyspeptic, bad-tempered, big-shot who has no time for humanity, so completely immersed is he in his business duties; you couldn't be more in error as to Crosby Kemper the man.

He is no five-secretaried, big office, multiple pushbutton, barking executive type. In fact, his private office in the City National Bank of Kansas City is smaller than the offices of any of his junior executives. That he wants it that way is evidenced by the fact that in his newly finished bank

building on the northwest corner of Tenth and Grand, which is the pride of his heart and the culmination of a lifelong dream, his office is modest in size and appointment, although from it will come the direction of business that would be called "big" in anybody's city or nation.

Consider a partial list of businesses in which Crosby Kemper has a finger, often up to the armpit:

President, City National Bank and Trust Company of Kansas City, Missouri

Chairman of Board, Interstate Securities Company

Member of Executive Committee and Board of Directors, Kansas City Southern Railway Company; Louisiana & Arkansas Railway Company, and United Utilities Company, of Abilene, Kansas

Board member and member Finance Committee, Kansas City Life Insurance Company, Business Men's Assurance Company, Kansas City Fire & Marine Insurance Company.

Board member, Kansas City Stockyards Company, United States Fidelity & Guaranty Company, of Baltimore, Maryland; Investment, Incorporated; Forum Cafeterias of America; Kansas City Airways, Incorporated; Kansas

City Title and Trust Company; Stewart Sand & Material Company, Kemper Investment Company; member Advisory Committee, Braniff Airways.

One would think that a man interested in the finances and management of business ranging from banking through insurance to railroads and airlines to building material and restaurant food and livestock, would be too busy to take any part in civic affairs or have any home life.

Yet Mr. Kemper is essentially a family man, a home man and a citizen who has done more than his share in the unpaid civic duties that someone must do. Consider again a partial list of some of his civic activities:

Member of board, Treasurer and on Executive Committee, Community Chest

Advisory Committee, Stevens College, Columbia, Missouri

Member of Board and executive committee American Red Cross (Kansas City Chapter)

Advisory Board, Municipal Auditorium; University of Kansas City

Governor and Treasurer, American Royal Live Stock and Horse Show

Trustee, Kansas City Museum

First Vice President and Treasurer, Kansas City Club

Board Member, Saddle and Sirloin Club

Member, Alumni Fund, University of Missouri

Executive Committee, Kansas City Clearing House Association

Industrial Committee, Chamber of Commerce of Kansas City

Of course, now comes the logical question, how does he do it all and how so well, as the growth and successes of the businesses with which he is associated attest?

The answer is that Crosby Kemper early went into training for just the sort of life he has led and to do the multitudinous business jobs he has done. Then too, he is a big man, both physically and mentally, with a bodily stamina to carry a tremendous load without tiring.

When he attended the University of Missouri, from which he was graduated in 1914, his nickname was "Bear" Kemper, not because of his disposition, which always was and still is amiable and patient, but because of his great and often bumbling strength. He played tackle on the varsity team and played it well enough to leave legends. Middle-aged alumni still recall with a warming of their pampered hearts the time in 1914 in Urbana, Illinois, when the Missouri Tigers were playing Illinois and Tackle Kemper scooped up a fumble and ran an incredible number of yards for the only touchdown made against the powerful Illinois team.

Mr. Kemper also participated in track and was heavyweight boxing champion at the University of Pennsylvania, where he took a post graduate course in the Wharton School of Finance. His early days as a golfer at M.U. are remembered more from his powerful swings than for their accuracy. Old timers will tell you that Crosby Kemper dug up more turf on the Columbia, Missouri, golf

course than any other player. This vague "swing-and-grunt" technique has been improved by years of work into a reasonably controlled and polished swing resulting in regular scores in the respectable 80's. He is still known as a long ball golfer.

Schoolmates at the two universities he attended and older friends who remember him at Westport High School all agree that while a notable athlete and a good student with a capacity for having as good a social time as anybody, he early showed a marked serious trend and a desire to learn all he could about a number of things. He learned them quickly and thoroughly. There were no wasted years. His old teachers say he was an ideal student, sensing early the application of lessons to the realities of living and business.

After leaving the University of Pennsylvania, Crosby Kemper went into the grain business, which activity the advent of World War I cut short. He served in Europe as a first lieutenant in an infantry company and returned to this country in 1919. The grain business having been sold, he decided to enter the banking business in which his father, the well known William T. Kemper, had made such a notable success.

Crosby Kemper elected to start with a small bank, one just newly opened, and to build his own business, rather than to step into a well es-

tablished and going concern, which he might have done. He became vice president of the then new City National Bank and Trust Company in 1919. He became the bank's president in 1920 and has been president ever since, developing its capital from \$115,000 to the more than \$6,000,000 the institution today has in capital, undivided profits and surplus, all earned except \$400,000. Deposits are now more than \$120,000,000 against the \$220,000 when he became president.

This bank later built its own seven-story office building at Eighteenth and Grand Avenue at a cost of more than a million dollars and came to carry this modern and well built structure at \$1 on its books and its more than \$100,000 worth of furniture and equipment at another dollar.

On November 10th the bank will move into its new banking home on the northwest corner of Tenth Street and Grand Avenue, across the street from the Federal Reserve Bank. This new location, consisting of the first four floors of the Long Building and a newly constructed garage building 150 feet to the north on Grand Avenue with space for 500 cars, is unique

in America as a bank home. It is the last word in bank design and offers motoring customers conveniences and banking techniques not available in any other bank in America. More



than two years have gone into the building of this unusual banking building.

City National's stock is the highest priced bank stock in Kansas City, selling at \$700 a share. Paying 8% dividends, it is one of the lowest yield bank stocks in the United States, yet it is in active demand.

Crosby Kemper and James Spaulding, Negro stock room superintendent, are the two oldest employees of the bank from a standpoint of length of service and they have seen it grow in such a fashion as to be one of the most phenomenal and talked of banking developments in the nation.

A reason often given for Crosby Kemper's ability to carry the business load he does without having ulcers as large as turnips, is his uncanny ability to relax. He sleeps well and is a fairly early retiree, but is up with the birds. He plays golf frequently, rides horseback on one of his two farms south of the limits of Kansas City or with the Saddle and Sirloin Club members; and still plays an occasional game of tennis.

Mr. Kemper, frequently accompanied by Mrs. Kemper, takes evening or early morning walks in Loose Park, which neighbors the present Kemper home in the Walnuts.

Crosby Kemper had a fortunate heredity. His father, W. T. Kemper, was one of Kansas City's most widely known and influential bankers and civic leaders. The father of his mother, Lottie Crosby Kemper, was one of the pioneer merchants and bankers in Kansas. Crosby was born in Valley Falls, Kansas, but moved to

Kansas City when he was a little boy. Kansas City has been his home since, and he makes it clear that it always will be. Close friends know that he has had many offers to leave Kansas City for even wider business fields, but he has chosen to remain "at home."

Mr. Kemper married a Tacoma, Washington, girl, Enid Ann Jackson, in 1921. They have three children, Mrs. Thomas Wood, Jr.; Miss Jan Kemper; and Rufus Crosby, Jr., recently discharged from the Navy and now attending the University of Missouri.

Few nights find Crosby Kemper at home without his first having attended some civic or business meeting. Yet with all of his tremendous connections and the demands on his time for such meetings, he spends an astonishing number of hours at home with his family and friends. Nor do current books and magazines escape his attention. Everything is grist in his mill, and one of the traits that calls forth comment from acquaintances is Mr. Kemper's ability to converse on any subject. He maintains an interest and knowledge of a wide variety of general subjects. Like most good conversationalists he is an excellent listener.

One of Crosby Kemper's most outstanding abilities, and one that never fails to amaze those in contact with him, is his uncanny memory for names. His father was celebrated throughout the Southwest for the fact that he could remember and call by name thousands of people. There are many who knew father and son who

say that, "Crosby is almost as good at remembering a fellow's name as W.T. was." Again, this impressive and valuable trait is a matter of training from an early age.

A good summing up of Crosby Kemper's business astuteness came from a successful and hardbitten Kansas City executive who said, "If some strange circumstance pitched Crosby Kemper out into the street today, penniless and in his nightshirt, by the

end of a week he'd have two successful businesses going and making a nice profit—and he'd never have raised his voice nor a sweat in the doing of it."

He just grew up that way at home and at school. Kansas City has cause to be pleased that no little share of its business development and prosperity has been in the capable hands of Rufus Crosby Kemper.

American Nobleman

IN EARLIER history the attempts of the United States to adapt national behavior to the manner of China, the Great Inscrutable, were sometimes clumsy and even ludicrous. That, however, is not to say they always failed to achieve their ends.

In one instance we even went so far as to create American nobility in an effort to gain favor with a Chinese emperor. It happened in 1843, when President Tyler appointed Caleb Cushing to negotiate a commercial treaty with China. History lists Mr. Cushing as an American lawyer and diplomat, born in Salisbury, Massachusetts, graduate of Harvard, a member of the House of Representatives from 1835 to 1843.

Awed, perhaps, by the dazzling title of emperor, and determined that his emissary should not be too far outdone, Tyler solemnly conferred on Caleb Cushing the title of Count.

Whether by prestige of the title, the catchy alliteration in the name, Count Caleb Cushing, or sheer personal ability, the plucky American "nobleman" waded through Oriental subtleties and accomplished his mission, the Treaty of Wanghsia that opened five Chinese ports to American trade.—
—*Florence Jansson.*



An army captain was making his way to the dining car aboard the Pacer, enroute to New York, when his progress was blocked by a group of youngsters who were listening to yarns being told by a silver-haired lady. The captain, amused, listened for a while.

After one of her stories he said, "I'll bet you are somebody's nice grandmother."

The lady looked up at him with a twinkle in her eyes. "Young man," she said, "where I come from, old maids do not have children."



The pilot somehow managed to land his smoking plane on a beach close to a dense jungle, but when he stepped from the wreckage five ferocious natives were waiting for him. He was about to make a run for the jungle when one of the natives handed him a piece of paper.

"Write name," the native ordered.

"You want my autograph?" asked the aviator as he wrote his name on the paper.

"Autograph, hell!" replied the native. "This is menu."

Tulip Fever

ONE of the strangest crazes ever to strike a country was the tulip mania which started in Holland in the early 1600's. The wealthy aristocrats first became the devotees of the chalice-like flowers, the mere possession of which established a man or woman as a person of refinement and culture. They paid fabulous sums for the bulbs. Soon the craving for the flower spread to the other levels of society, and "gone with the wind" was the proverbial Dutch thrift and industry. Business came to a virtual standstill while the populace trafficked in tulips. Trading began in earnest on the stock exchange for the precious flowers. Special laws were passed to deal with the record-breaking new business. The designation "tulip notary" came into use, replacing "public notary."

An amusing story is told of a Dutch sailor returning to his native land at the height of the tulip fever and not knowing of the craze that was sweeping the country. Stopping into a shop to apprise the merchant of the arrival of his shipment of silks and satins he was rewarded by the shopkeeper with a red herring. When the owner's back was turned the seaman saw what he thought to be an onion lying on the counter. He hastily picked it up and dropped it into his pocket, thinking how delicious it would taste with the herring. Of course, the "onion" was a most valued tulip bulb, and the poor sailor was thrown into jail for months for his offense.

Money poured into Holland from foreign countries. The fever spread to London and Paris, but did not take hold there to the extent that it did in the land of the Zuyder Zee. The people were in a state of wild excitement over their seeming prosperity. Hard times were never again to be known.

But came the day of reckoning, as it was sure to come. The bubble burst and the price of tulips started to drop. Crash went the fortunes of the speculators. Many wealthy and noble families woke up to find themselves beggars. Suits were instituted in the law courts for breach of contract, but the judges ruled that these were gambling debts and, therefore, uncollectible. It took the country years to recover from its emotional spree, but it is interesting to note that even today the Hollanders will pay higher prices for tulip bulbs than any other people.—*Madeleine M. Ginaine.*



A Nod to Our Neighbors

WHEN the people of France were starving at the time of the French Revolution, one widow and her several children remained well nourished. It became so apparent that word spread, and eventually the woman was called before the abbot to explain how she was withstanding the general famine.

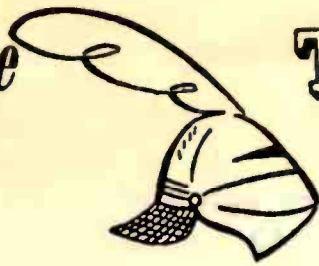
She revealed that her family was dining upon snails which they gathered from the leaves in the vineyards, and proved it was possible by brewing up a snail stew for the abbot. He was delighted, and ordered her release.

Today, snails are considered a delicacy in France. Along the avenues, outside the better restaurants of Paris, hang baskets filled with grape leaves upon which the snails are fed.



THE cigarmakers of Havana contribute a few cents each week for an entertainer who sits upon a platform among the workers. His duty is to read the daily paper, play a musical instrument, or offer other entertainment. Sometimes female workers request that a sentimental or romantic novel be read to them. Girls are girls the world around.—*O. H. Hampsh.*

Sons of the



TEMPLAR

Two million strong, marching along

for God, for home and freedom.

by **SAM SMITH**

IT was late in 1918 when 29-year-old Frank S. Land first met teenage Louis Lower. It was an important meeting for boys in free countries the world around.

Land was at the time serving as chairman of a committee of the Scottish Rite to help the needy of Kansas City. Louie Lower's father was dying in a hospital and the family was straining every financial nerve to keep him under treatment.

So Land called on the Lower family. He gave Louie, the oldest boy, a job in the Scottish Rite's storeroom. On Christmas Eve of that year, Louie's father died.

To help the boy over that hump, Land invited him to bring some friends to a meeting one Tuesday night early in 1919. Nine boys showed up. They became the first nine members of the Order of DeMolay.

Frank S. Land now is 57 years old. The Order of DeMolay has listed 1,700,000 boys in its ranks in the intervening 28 years. Today it is growing steadily, swelling into new areas of the globe and building constantly in this country.

The nerve center of this great order of boyhood—with its lasting effects

throughout adult life—is in a fine old three-story stone house on Kansas City's Armour Boulevard. Since 1928 that structure has housed the offices of DeMolay's Grand Council.

There, in a great bay-windowed first floor room, "Dad" Land maintains his office. There he talks with men high in their various professions, boys who once were DeMolays. There he counsels teen-aged youths now in the Order.

Man and boy alike, they call him "Dad." Land is almost white-haired. It's thin on top. Once again he appears in the best of health, after some years of strain.

"DeMolay is prospering better now than it ever has, with the possible exception of the first four or five years," he says. "Then it was something new.

"Now it is past the period of its swaddling clothes."

Land is a man of tremendous patience. Even in the depression years of the 1930s, when DeMolay was hard-pressed, Land lost none of his patience, his willingness to listen and counsel.

"We have no debts now," he states with some pride. "All of our property is paid for. We have 800 acres

in the Missouri Ozarks, near Versailles, which we plan to build into a park capable of taking care of 1,000 boys at a time, as well as serving us as a year-round training spot for leaders of boys."

Today DeMolay has about 1,300 chapters in this country. Five chapters have been started in the Philippines and more are being formed. The first DeMolay chapters in Australia will get underway this year. It now appears that DeMolay will be started in Belgium and in Bolivia.



There already are chapters in several South American countries and in Canada.

That was the result of the meeting of Frank Land and Louie Lower.

Louie is dead now, shot down by a drunken war plant guard who was attempting to direct traffic on a busy street. When he died, he was director of Kansas City's block-square Municipal Auditorium.

"Dad" Land has seen thousands of success stories such as that lived by Louie Lower before his untimely death.

"I tell these boys that the fellows sitting near them in the chapter rooms now may 20 years from now

be the surgeons who might save their lives, the lawyers who might save their fortunes, and so on.

"That's been the story of DeMolay, for now we are really beginning to see the worth of the Order as men who have passed through it as boys climb to high place in all fields of endeavor."

Boyhood's order took its name from Jacques DeMolay, the last of the Templars who was burned at the stake on an island in the Seine in the year 1314 rather than reveal the secrets of his order.

During the earliest meetings of Louie Lower and his chums with "Dad" Land, they asked him to tell them stories of the great martyrs. One of the stories he recited was that of the Knight, Jacques DeMolay.

Then and there a name was selected for the new Order. Land sketched the skeleton of a ritual and the late Frank Marshall, Kansas City editorial writer, clothed it with the majesty of his writing.

In that ritual, the boys pledge their love of God, of country, of home and parents. Once within the chapter room, they find opportunity for fellowship, opportunity to develop leadership. The record shows that many thousands of men have profited.

All because Frank Land lent a helping hand 28 years ago to a fatherless boy.

Before the dictators rose to power in Europe, DeMolay was strong in some parts of the continent. But dictators cannot tolerate that for which DeMolay stands. The precepts of DeMolay are the precepts of free men.

The entire international organiza-

tion of the Order is unified and governed by a group of outstanding Masons known as the Grand Council of the Order. DeMolay is sponsored by recognized Masonic bodies but is in no way affiliated with the Masonic institution.

A staff of about 20 persons handles the work at the headquarters of the Order. The staff includes no high-powered public relations establishment. DeMolay doesn't need that to grow, for what it has to offer—its

records show full well—is sufficient inducement to boys over 14.

As for himself, Land says that his biggest pleasure has been in seeing boys develop into men of leadership in their chosen fields. Today he knows thousands high in government, in business, in the professions, because he knew them as tousle-headed youngsters a few years back.

He started out to help one fatherless boy, but he now has 1,700,000 men and boys calling him "Dad."

Men of Science

THE nine gentlemen and one lady listed here made outstanding contributions in the field of science. But do you remember what each one accomplished? Mix 'em and match 'em. Seven correct is passing. Answers on page 68.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. Wilhelm Roentgen | Discoverer of the circulation of the blood |
| 2. Robert Koch | Inventor of microscope |
| 3. Sigmund Freud | Discoverer of digitalis |
| 4. William Withering | Discoverer of hormones |
| 5. Anton van Leeuwenhoek | Father of antiseptic surgery |
| 6. William Harvey | Founder of psychoanalytic theory |
| 7. Claude Bernard | Discoverer of X-ray. |
| 8. Karl Ernst von Baer | Discoverer of the tubercle bacilli |
| 9. Madame Curie | Discoverer of human ovum |
| 10. Joseph Lister | Discoverer of radium |

Who Loved Whom?

Scrambled below are ten famous couples. Straightening out seven of them will qualify you as an authority on love. Invert the page for answers.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Josephine Beauharnais | Benjamin Disraeli |
| 2. Madame Recamier | George Washington |
| 3. Jenny Lind | Robert Browning |
| 4. Mary Ann Evans | Pierre Curie |
| 5. Martha Custis | Henry Blackwell |
| 6. Mary Anne Lewis | Otto Goldschmidt |
| 7. Elizabeth Barrett | Napoleon |
| 8. Lucy Stone | Chateaubriand |
| 9. Frumtje Guggenheim | John Walter Cross |
| 10. Marie Sklodowska | Moses Mendelssohn |

Answers to WHO LOVED WHOM?
 1. Napoleon. 2. Chateaubriand. 3. Otto Goldschmidt. 4. John Walter Cross.
 5. George Washington. 6. Benjamin Disraeli. 7. Robert Browning. 8. Henry
 Blackwell. 9. Moses Mendelssohn. 10. Pierre Curie.



I've got a rough schedule this semester—all women profs!"



GOPHER HOLE

*A Scotsman once lost a nickel—
and Grand Canyon got its start.
Scotsman or no, it's still big
diggin's.*

by JETTA CARLETON

IF it hadn't been for the Colorado River and several million years of uplift and erosion, the Philip Morris people might never have found a suitable theme song. For without the river and erosion there would be no Grand Canyon, and without the Grand Canyon there would be no Suite of the same name. Ferde Grofe might have written music about something else just as grand, but he wouldn't have composed *On the Trail* nor any of the other movements that celebrate in music the world's most spectacular hole in the ground.

Besides doing all right by Philip Morris and Mr. Grofe, the Grand Canyon of the Colorado does handsomely by geologists, naturalists, and something like a quarter of a million tourists each year.

Cut by the second longest river in the United States, the canyon is 217 miles long, 4 to 18 miles wide, and averages a mile deep. In its region are included six of the seven climatic belts recognized in America; while snow falls around the canyon rim, a mile below you'd be comfortable in

a sarong. The canyon yields up fossil footprints and marine forms, and inside or on the edge there are 500 ruins of ancient Indian pueblos. The basement rock of the canyon walls is the oldest known on the earth's surface. And to add to the canyon's appeal, there is its primeval quality. There still remain buttes and side canyons where, as someone put it, "the hand of man has never set foot."

But for each of these spots, there are two or three where the hand of man *has* set foot. Evidence is the modern highways, the railroad, airports, modern hotels and lodges that have been built. By the combined efforts of the National Park Service, the railroads and Fred Harvey, convenience, comfort, and luxury have been made tangible in the wilderness. The Fred Harvey people, the Union Pacific and the Santa Fe are responsible for the fine hotels—Grand Canyon Lodge on the North Rim, El Tovar and Bright Angel Lodge on the South Rim—as well as shops, services, and recreational facilities. The Park Service, on the other hand, combines aid to the tourist with aid to the Park itself. A great part of their job is to keep the Grand Canyon as much as possible the way nature made it.

Nature has been some 12,000,000 years in the making of the canyon. It probably began as a mass of great peaks and became in turn a level

plain, the bottom of a sea, a great delta, and at last an uplifted plateau which gradually became eaten away by the river, by rain, wind, and frost, into what is now the Grand Canyon.

Vegetation helped speed the process, too. A microscopic lichen can cause a lot of faulting. Millions of tiny lichens begin to grow on a rock. Acting as a sort of sponge, they catch the rain water, and a weak carbonic acid forms. This begins to eat away at the limestone. Tiny holes form; larger lichens take root. Finally there is a hole large enough for a seed to lodge in. Pretty soon there's a tree growing, presumably out of solid rock. But the tree's roots are down underneath, in the soil, reaching through the crevices of the rock. Then the roots expand, the rock is pried loose. One day it breaks away and tumbles down into the canyon. So another nick is made in the walls; so the canyon increases.

Innumerable legends have attempted to account for the Grand Canyon. The Navajo Indians believe it to be the result of a great flood, which left an inland sea. When the sea forced its way back to the main ocean, it cut the canyon. Although many of the Navajo ancestors were swept away in the flood, they did not die, but were changed to fish, instead. To this day, older Navajos refuse to eat fish.

A certain religious group thinks the Grand Canyon was created by an earthquake at the time of the crucifixion of Christ. And then there's that old one about the Scotsman who lost a nickel in a gopher hole . . .

However, the creation by erosion

and plant growth seems to be the logical explanation. And that's the one you'll hear from the Park ranger—even though he often gets reported as an infidel to Park Headquarters by someone who takes the Bible literally.

Indians lived in or around the canyon for many centuries before it was finally discovered by one of the Conquistadores who wasn't even looking for it. Don Lopez de Cardenas and his company of 12 were looking for the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola. Coronado had dispatched them into the north country in 1540. The Grand Canyon, for all its brilliant colors, was no substitute for the wealth they hoped to find. They never went back. In fact, no one went back for some 230 years. Then in 1776, while the American colonists were whipping the British, a couple of Spanish padres led an exploring party into the Grand Canyon country. But this expedition, like that of Cardenas, came to little.

It was only with the age of trappers, traders, and prospectors that the section began to open up. These men found trails ready-made — animal trails widened and defined by the Indians, and now teasing the more adventurous and acquisitive white men into new country. The first Americans to travel along both rims of the canyon were a beaver trapper and his father who made the trip in 1826. In 1858 the United States Government sent an expedition to explore the region, and in 1869, Major John W. Powell, a one-armed Civil War veteran, made the first complete passage through the Grand

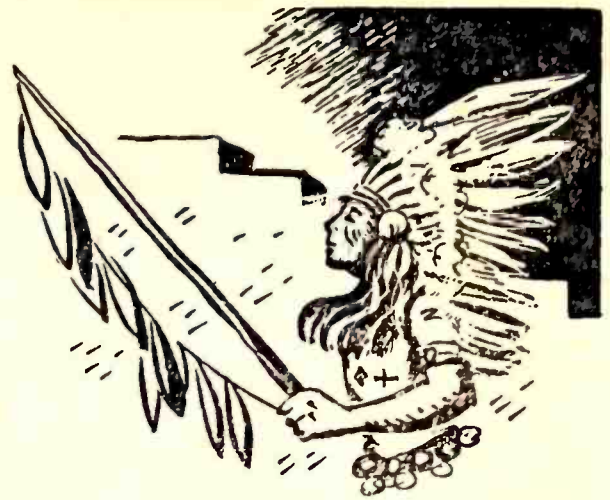
Canyon. Backed partly by the Chicago Academy of Science, Major Powell started out with a dozen men, completed that difficult journey down the Colorado with only six.

The first cabin went up on the rim in 1892, and the first hotel, five years later. That same year, a stage began to operate, bringing the first tourists from Flagstaff, 72 miles away, in just 12 hours! Four years after that, the first passenger train drew up to the South Rim. Today the Santa Fe furnishes daily train service to the South Rim, and the Union Pacific furnishes bus service to the North Rim.

Until 1932 the railroad served another purpose: by tank car it hauled all the water used on the South Rim. Now the water is pumped from springs inside the canyon at Indian Gardens. An ingenious hydroelectric project brings water up to the North Rim from Roaring Springs, a half mile or so down.

In 1908, a section of the Grand Canyon region was set off as a national monument; and in 1919, in spite of privateers and politics, it became a National Park. The Park itself covers 1,008 square miles, including 105 miles of the Colorado River. Headquarters is Grand Canyon Village.

A minor Park controversy persists, as to whether the view is better from the North Rim or the South Rim. Either one will knock your eye out, to use the vernacular, which is perhaps as good as any other in this case. But at least one familiar of the Park gives the South Rim a slight edge—at least for the beginner. Mr. Edwin Corle, in a book called *Listen*,



Bright Angel, indicates that the South Rim may be the better for one's first glimpse of the canyon. He calls the North a "postgraduate course."

The South Rim, which is nearly a mile above the river, stays open the year 'round. The North Rim, being 1,300 feet higher than the South, becomes blocked with snow during the winter, and therefore closes October 1. The season opens June 1.

Authorities on the canyon's grandeur insist that you haven't seen anything yet until you make the trip down in. The only way down is by means of pack trail. From the South Rim, Bright Angel Trail leads down by way of Indian Gardens, through the Granite Gorge, to the banks of the Colorado. (Trip as arranged by Fred Harvey takes most of a day, sets you back \$7.50 per person.)

Kaibab Trail is the shortest traversable link between the two rims. (The only other is 217 miles of Navahopi Road.) Kaibab crosses the river by means of a suspension bridge that is a miracle of engineering efficiency at that almost inaccessible point. The cables for this bridge, weighing over two thousand pounds each, were carried on the shoulders of 50 men

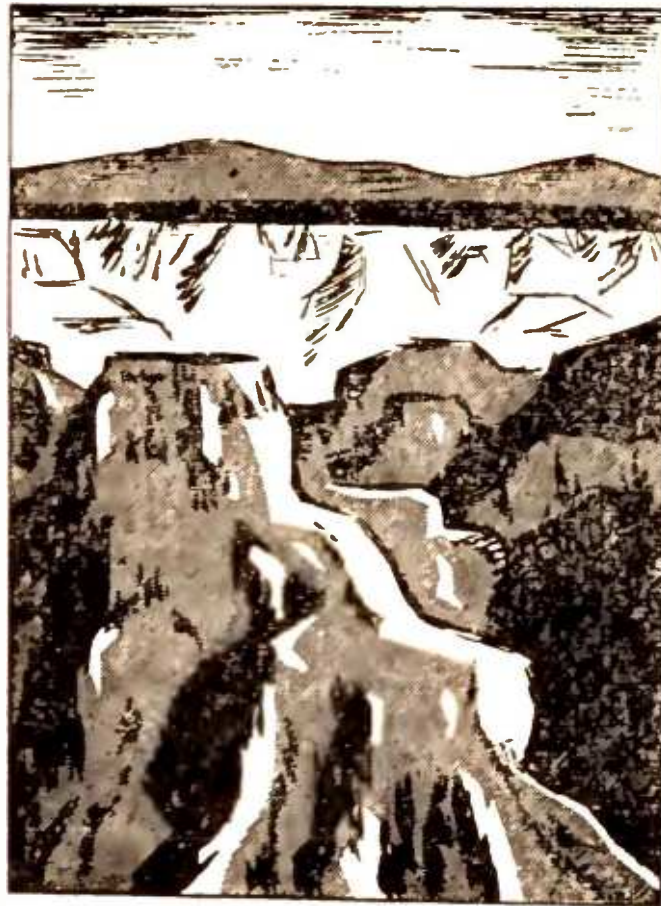
down six and a half miles of trail to the river.

Both Bright Angel and Kaibab Trails lead to Phantom Ranch, a phenomenon tucked in among the crags of Bright Angel Canyon at the bottom of the canyon proper. This is an expensive, beautiful outlay of rustic cabins and lodges built with 20,000 pack loads of material carried down on mule-back. Bright Angel Creek furnishes the water

for the swimming pool. (A two-day pack trip down Kaibab to Phantom Ranch costs \$22.00 a head.)

But regardless of what old-timers say, even the most superficial view of the Grand Canyon can be rewarding. Indeed, even the most superficial view is so crowded with scenic wonder that the visitor is almost surfeited with simply looking around. Not only that great gash in the earth, but the country surrounding, is gorgeous in the full sense of the word. Besides the Painted Desert, the forests—petrified and live—and no end of monuments and famous ruins, there is Indian country, and this holds as much fascination as anything around the Grand Canyon.

Forty-eight thousand Navajos, the Bedouins of the Southwest, roam the



OUR BACK COVER depicts the full-color beauty of the Grand Canyon. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

largest Indian reservation in the United States, driving their flocks as they have done for generations. The Navajo women, ignoring even so primitive a device as the spinning wheel, make their wool by traditional methods and weave their rugs from designs they keep only in their heads. On three mesas north of the Painted Desert, in a reservation entirely surrounded by Navajo country, the

Hopi maintain their ancient folkways. And inside Grand Canyon Park, the Havasupai, "people of the blue-green water," continue to live in their rude huts. The government built them clean new cottages, but the Havasupai used these for storing tools and grain and went on living in their hovels.

Though the Indians in the Grand Canyon country number less than 60,000 today, and though many of them now have haircuts, they still maintain their native way of life. The white man has not managed to absorb them. A Navajo woman may still divorce her husband by placing his saddle outside the hogan door. The Hopi still hold their Snake Dances which are not empty ceremony, but an earnest prayer for rain. White

men see only the finale, never the secret, sacred, nine-day preliminaries.

Thus an ancient civilization carries on, counterpoint to a young civilization which conducts scenic flights daily over the Grand Canyon, and has strung the world's most massive dam across the Colorado—the new civilization which arrived on the canyon rim less than a century ago.

It would seem that Major Powell's prayer has been more than answered. When the Major made his expedition in 1869, he met most of the disasters

affordable by a vicious river and an unexplored wilderness. One day, standing on the banks of a clear blue stream, Major Powell was moved by so much catastrophe to call on more than human help. And so he prayed, ending with words that speak for all the men since him who faced the Grand Canyon as a challenge: ". . . and if this expedition has any right to success or survival, then listen to a scientist's prayer, O Bright Angel of Immortality." The angel must have heard.

▲

During the governor's visit to the state penitentiary, a colored inmate asked for a pardon. "What's the matter, Auntie, haven't you a nice home here?" asked the governor.

"Yassuh," she replied, "but Ah wants out."

"Don't they feed you well here?"

"Yassuh, dat ain't it."

"Well, what makes you dissatisfied, then?"

"Ah got jist one 'jection to dis place, Suh, and dat's the repitation it's got ovah de state."

▲

A waiter looked unhappily at the tip left him and sneered at the diner. "Is that the best you can do?"

"No," said the diner, "That's the best you can do."

▲

Pat and Mike had jobs in a coal mine. Pat broke his shovel, and being too lazy to take it to the surface, he chalked a note on it, "Take my shovel out, Mike, I've forgotten it!"

Mike rubbed the message off and substituted one of his own, "Take it out yourself. I've not seen it."

▲

"Sister," said the deacon severely, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil. For instance, on your sideboard, you have several cut glass decanters, each half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"But, deacon," she protested, "it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I fill them half way with a mixture of floor stain and furniture polish just for the looks."

"That's why I'm cautioning you, sister," said the deacon. "Feeling a trifle faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big decanter in the middle."

▲

The mathematics professor and his fiancee were out roaming the fields. She plucked a daisy, looking roguishly at him, and began to pull the petals off, saying, "He loves me, he loves me not."

"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary work," said the professor, "You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number, the answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."

Treasures May Be Little Things

IS THERE something that you treasure above anything else in the world? Some object, perhaps, a souvenir or token that you have put away in safe-keeping because of its special meaning to you? If you have, then you can rest assured that you have most famous people in the world as company.

A few years ago, Dr. Peter Lindstrom gave actress Ingrid Bergman a floppy leopard doll. It was one of many little knick-knacks he gave his fiancée. Years have passed and marriage has united them, but this leopard doll remains Miss Bergman's dearest treasure because it represents the memory of the first Christmas that she knew Dr. Lindstrom.

A small silver bell is one of the most highly prized possessions of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the former First Lady of our land. Her mother gave it to her many years ago and it still stands on a table in her home. It is the cherished remembrance of a woman whose character inspired the work Mrs. Roosevelt has done throughout the world.

Betty Smith, author of the best-seller, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*, still prizes the tattered old clipping of a short poem she had published in a Brooklyn newspaper, *The Chat*, when she was only 11 years old. The thrill of seeing her effort in print provided her with the inspiration to succeed.

"It made me decide then and there, at the tender age of 11, that I would be an author some day," says Miss Smith. "I've never let go of that early ambition. The poem wasn't much good—an imitation of James Whitcomb Riley—but it is the most valuable of all my possessions."

Mary, Queen of Scots, lived about the time when the first watch was invented. A special watch was made for her by an expert Swiss watchmaker. Small and shaped like a human skull, this odd-looking watch introduced a new fad in costume jewelry and it became one of the Queen's fondest possessions.

When Sister Elizabeth Kenny was a tiny girl, she used to sit with her entire family around her mother's knees and listen to the reading of the Bible. The readings influenced the girl greatly.

She turns to the Bible for solace and comfort—the very same Bible her mother owned years ago. It is this Holy Book which inspires the work of a great woman, and it is, unquestionably, the object of her deepest affection.

Stage and movie star Cornelia Otis Skinner owns a tremendously valuable collection of stage props which once belonged to the theatre's famous folk. The swords that Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett wore as Brutus and Cassius, respectively, are part of this collection. But her greatest treasure is a simple little glass which was used years ago for the famous annual get-togethers of Mark Twain and Joseph Jefferson, America's outstanding actor during the late 19th Century.

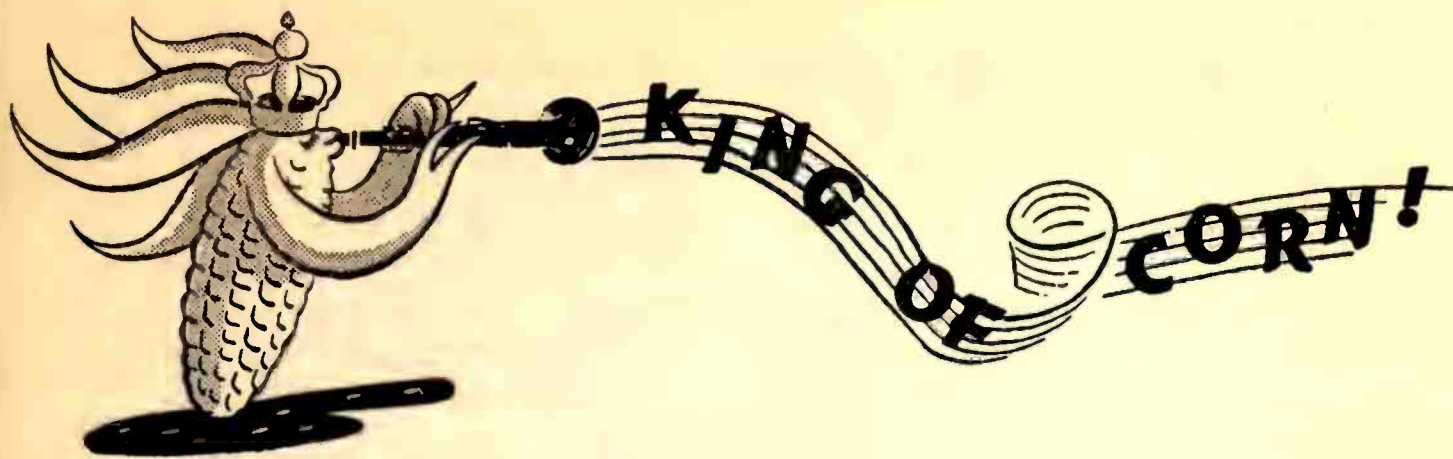
Down through the ages people have always treasured some object, usually for its sentimental, rather than pecuniary value. Psychologists say this is normal human behavior. So you needn't be ashamed of that sea shell or golf club or locket. You are not alone.—*Malcolm Hyatt*.



A friend was examining the canvasses in Picasso's studio, but could not understand them. "Why do you make such unintelligible paintings?" he demanded. "These pictures don't make sense."

"The world doesn't make sense," shrugged Picasso. "Why should I paint as if it did?"

Those fearful sounds are music, son, California style.



by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

MASTER of questionable musical instruments, Spike Jones is probably the only man in history to boost an improper noise into international fame. It is estimated that he now has more than 25,000,000 rabid fans. His income tots up to better than \$100,000 per year. He's a movie star. His records sell faster than the recording company can wax platters to keep up with the demand. Juke boxes gobble up loads of nickels from those who relish his washboard obligato. His personal appearance tours attract audiences the way Frankie-boy Sinatra draws bobby-soxers. On the radio, when you think you're getting static—why, it's only Spike and his boys!

It all goes to show what a guy with an idea, ambition, a lucky break or two, some hard work, and a strange assortment of cowbells, doorbells, auto horns, washboards, pistols, and other musical noisemakers can do!

Spike's full name is Lindley Armstrong Jones, and he became a virtuoso of the washboard at the tender age of 11. This momentous event took place in Calipatria, California, where the youngster used to kill time

by hanging around the railroad station. He got himself a set of drum sticks by inveigling the colored cook at a nearby restaurant into whittling them from chair rungs. The bread board Spike just pilfered. Immediately, he started pounding out the hit tune of the moment, *Carolina In The Morning*.

Earlier, Spike's old man, a station agent for the Southern Pacific, had given in to Spike's wheedlings for a trombone. The instrument wasn't tried on for size beforehand, so Spike resorted to tying a string to his little finger, with the other end tied to the slide arm of the tram. He played unconcernedly along, tossing out the slide and reeling it back with a fishing line!

That got Spike plenty of laughs, and led, in time, to the washboard, cowbells, and other junk that piled up in his father's garage. In despair, his parents bought him a set of drums for Christmas, with the proviso that jazz was out. Spike obeyed the injunction as long as he played in the school orchestra. Then he switched to a local dance unit. He was still a grammar school kid with everything

before him.

In Long Beach, California, Spike attended high school, played in the school orchestra, and became drum major of his alma mater's 90-piece band. On the side, he organized a dance orchestra, and soon was appearing regularly on local radio stations. After graduating in 1929, Spike moved around a lot. He played in a cafe in Venice (Hollywood's Coney Island), went to college for a year, played various Los Angeles hotels and theatres. Those were depression days, and Spike was doing okay at a time when a lot of musicians were on WPA or worse.

Engagements were soon forthcoming with some of radio's best bands: Rubinoff, Victor Young, John Scott Trotter, and others. His reputation as a drummer was growing. He drummed for specialty numbers in the movies, and Decca, Victor and Columbia often called upon Spike Jones when they wanted a good skin man.

Spike might still be one of many drummers if he hadn't decided to branch out on his own. He formed a group of musicians with the sole idea of doing some novelty numbers just for the fun of it. They made some records for Victor, not taking it too seriously until *Red Wing* made the recording officials sit up and talk large lettuce. Then Spike and his boys were signed to a contract calling for a new record every two months. Spike felt they

couldn't make good loony platters more often than that.

Spike's climb to fame was accelerated by two things: (1) A novelty song, *Der Fuhrer's Face*, which originally was written for a Donald Duck animated film during the war; and (2) a fellow-Californian and true friend, Martin Block.

After making eleven records for Victor, the record company rejected the twelfth. Spike needed another tune in a hurry. The only one he liked was *Der Fuhrer's Face*, and Disney at first refused him permission to use it. Spike persisted, and finally was allowed to make a recording of it. The Bronx cheer part of it was guaranteed to wow his growing list of fans, and secure many more.

Spike went to New York about that time, and bumped into his old pal, Martin Block. Block, America's Disc Jockey Number 1, immediately saw possibilities in the zany ditty. He played it on his WNEW *Make Believe Ballroom* program, offering a free copy of the Jones record to every listener buying a \$50 war bond. For a war bond, Spike Jones and his City Slickers would give you the "bird"—free. The first day Martin Block made the offer, he gave away 289 records. Within two weeks, Martin and Spike's double-play sold \$60,000 worth of bonds!

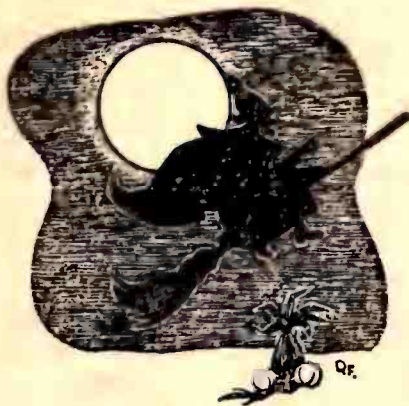
That put Spike up on top of the heap—and he's been there ever since. He has



made more and more recordings, personal-appearance tours, and has played in such films as *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, *Meet The People*, *Bring On The Girls*, and *Ladies Man*. It is probably the only case in history where a man has parlayed a "razzberry" into national fame!

To some, Spike's rendering of the classics is sacrilege bringing them unbearable pain. To

others, Spike is the boy who can take an oldie like *Red Wing* or *Cocktails For Two* and put new life into it. Musicians, however, usually shrug it off as just one of those things.



If the public, or a sizable portion of it, likes corn—well, it's Spike's privilege to give it to them. There's no question that, when it comes to corn, His Nibs Spike Jones is undisputed king.

▲
The young husband wired home from his new job, saying, "Made foreman. Feather in my cap."

A few weeks later, he wired again, saying, "Made manager. Another feather in my cap."

After some weeks, he wired again, saying, "Fired. Send money for train fare home."

His wife unfeelingly telegraphed back. "Use feathers and fly home."

▲
"Henry," complained the little woman, "I've noticed lately that your kisses are getting colder."

"Nonsense, darling," rejoined the wily Henry. "You've simply been getting your cosmetics on a bit thicker."

▲
A reporter was visiting a small Southern town in search of information regarding a native reputed to be 112 years old.

"Tell me," he inquired of a resident of the community, "How do you account for this man having lived all these years?"

"Well," replied the other, "I guess it's because he's never done anything else."—*Wall Street Journal*.

▲
A man visited a friend for the first time, and was amazed to find one child ripping upholstery off a brand new divan, a second child driving nails into an expensive table, and a third swinging from a chandelier.

Bewildered, he turned to his host. "I say, don't you find it rather expensive to let your children play like that?"

"Not at all," replied the father cheerfully. "I get the nails wholesale."—*Bluebird Briefs*.

▲
The tramp entered the doctor's surgery. "Doctor, he said, "You've got to help me. I swallowed a silver dollar about 15 years ago."

"Good heavens, man," ejaculated the doctor. "Why have you waited 15 years? Why didn't you see a doctor the day you swallowed it?"

"To tell the truth," replied the tramp, "I didn't need the money at the time."

The Swing WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

THE next six months will probably be the most crucial since the end of the war. Every evidence points in this direction. Pressure for a special session of Congress is increasing from all quarters, especially from state department officials who are stationed in foreign fields. These men see the real danger in Europe first-hand.

The European continent is crawling alive with Communist agents who are using every means at their command to create revolution. The United States is fighting the Russian menace with a very potent weapon, economic aid. Every European country is courting America in hope of having the purse strings opened wider for them.

However, it is once again a matter of too little, too late. In the countries which form a periphery around Russia, the Communist political philosophy is already so firmly ingrained that these nations cannot speak for themselves on any matter. They must first consult the Kremlin.

Russia is now preparing to extend her hand in the Middle East and even down into North Africa. Such countries as Ethiopia are beginning to feel the worm of Communism gnawing from within. It is not inconceivable that Russia will have encased the whole Mediterranean within six months.

In Greece, where Communist troops from Jugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria are threatening world peace, the situation is very critical. It has come, indeed, to the troops stage. It is reported that United States forces that have been training in Germany in past months will soon be sent into Greece as a border guard. It is at this time that the world crisis will reach fever heat. Russia will either back down or fight. This will mean Russia fighting

the United States by a sort of remote control action. Russia will not actually be fighting: it will appear as a border clash between the United States and aggressive Balkan countries. Little sparks like this, however, lead to big conflagrations.

About a month ago the United States government made a move to strengthen the Mediterranean fleet. About 5,000 Marines were sent into the Mediterranean as a fleet reinforcement. News of this was not published in the American press at all. The government did not wish to give publicity to the action, since it might seem to be a warlike gesture. The object was to make a show of force and scare the Communists out of Greece. Apparently the maneuver was unsuccessful.

Russia is very happy about Britain's dangerous economic circumstances. The Reds are heralding this as the beginning of capitalism's last phase. Were England to go bankrupt, it is a safe bet that Moscow would be happy as a peasant child with a little red wagon. Considering this fact, it is an easy matter to guess that the United States government will not allow England to go unhelped. As always, it is to America's best interest to keep England as strong as possible.

Britain's new austerity program will save about 700 million dollars annually which, along with additional funds provided by her American cousins, will very likely pull England through the crisis.

The effects of one phase of Britain's austerity program, limiting purchase of United States export products, is being felt in this country right now and will be felt more severely in months to come, as other nations begin to limit their buying. Exports are a vital part of the United States domestic economy. According to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, five out

of every one hundred jobs depend on exports—that's about two million non-farm jobs. This is all provoked by a world dollar shortage, no other reason. This may give added emphasis to the Marshall Plan and its vital importance. But the 1948 session of Congress may come too late.



There isn't enough steel in this country to keep production running along smoothly without interruption. Automobiles are hardest hit. Plant shutdowns at periodic intervals will continue for the next few years or at least as long as auto production rides along on the same high peak.

The government estimates that about ten percent more steel production capacity is needed in order to satisfy the demand. Manufacturers are clamoring for more steel production, claiming that the present demand and rate of consumption will remain on the same high plane. Steel manufacturers, on the other hand, believe that present requirements are inflated and that production capacity now is sufficient to take care of the average demand over the long run. Indications are that the opinion of the steel producers will prevail and the shortages will continue.



The trust breaking offensive on the part of the administration is a purely political maneuver. The avowed reason for all this activity is to lower prices. Suits of this nature take years, so no immediate tangible result will be felt in the price structure. It is believed in some quarters that the trust suits will throw a scare into some business organizations which will cause them either to hold the price line or make an attempt to lower prevailing prices. Most people believe, however, that prices are now an ironclad part of the economic pattern, an impossibility to reduce since they have their genesis in the cost of raw materials themselves.

This is all very good party politics for the Democrats in 1948. The hue and cry will go up from Democratic ranks that "prices are high but it's not the government's fault—it's the responsibility of business." The Republicans are also getting on the bandwagon with the Taft economic committee. The Republicans

will take a different view of things. They will say that business cannot help the high prices, that they are actually making less profit than before the war. In other words, the administration has shifted the blame for high prices to business and the Republicans are trying to disprove what the Democrats are saying. Right now the administration holds the top card, according to most observers.



Congressional investigations are much in the news these days. Some of them are of a purely political nature, others have a more sincere purpose.

The Republicans will pull the Kansas City vote fraud skeleton out of the closet next session and rattle the bones loudly. This is a real political plum, it could hurt Truman's chances in '48. On the other side of the ledger, the Brewster committee investigating war contracts is through, all washed up. Howard Hughes won the public's sentiment so wholeheartedly that it is now believed Brewster's personal political future is ruined. The Republicans will reorganize the Brewster committee under different leadership next year but will soft pedal the investigation.



The so-called "collusive dodge" being so successfully employed by the labor unions is incurring the wrath of many Congressmen. The lawmakers say that legislation will be introduced in the next session to plug up this loophole. The "dodge" is based on a fundamental difference in interpretation of the law. The labor negotiators are insisting that management sign contracts which specify that the employer will not carry any dispute to mediation, either the Labor Board or the courts. The employer also agrees not to hold the union liable for any infraction of the contract stipulations. This amounts to collusion, an agreement to forget the Taft-Hartley Act.

The unions say that disagreements between employee and employer are private and do not concern the public, whereas the law theorizes that fights between labor and management are a public concern. The whole matter may be the subject of new legislation next session.

Platter Chatter

The King Cole trio opens late this month at the Troubadour Club, New York . . . Sammy Kaye has been named president of the Hospitalized Veterans Foundation, succeeding Jack Benny . . . Ted Hus- ing will end his sports chores after this football season to devote himself entirely to disc jockeying . . . The Three Suns take off on a series of one-nighters down South this month . . . Jack Leonard, former T.D. singer, is making a picture for Columbia which will be released soon . . . Spike Jones and his top-corn outfit are headed for a Broadway engagement . . . Lionel Hampton and his crew will head south for a musical tour . . . Irene Day has rejoined the Charlie Spivak orchestra as vocalist . . . Dick Haymes is now working on the Universal lot in *Up in Central Park* . . . Harry Cool's best Mercury recording to date is his latest, *The Caretaker's Daughter* and *Ragtime Cowboy Joe* . . . Nellie Lutcher is going over big in New York, and Frankie Laine is drawing huge crowds at Chicago's Hotel Sherman . . . The Andrews Sisters appear this month for their new Campbell Soup radio program . . . Tex Williams is taking many of Phil Harris' fans with his latest platter, *That's What I Like About The West* (Capitol) . . . Martin Block, Mutual disc jockey, will make a series of musical shorts for MGM . . . Tommy Dorsey, Victor artist, takes his band into Eastern theatres this month, while the Mills Brothers move into L.A. the latter part of October for a stand at Billy Berg's . . . Our salute to Louis Armstrong, who after all these years, is still in there with the best of them. In case you've wondered, Louis is 47 now. It must be convenient to be 47 in '47, 48 in '48, and so on.

Highly Recommended

EXCLUSIVE 18X—Herb Jeffries with Buddy Baker and his orchestra. *Angel Eyes* plus *You Give Me Ev'rything But Love*. Herb Jeffries is proving to be one of the most exciting colored baritones of 1947. Unlike the mike-clinging crooner, Jeffries has plenty of volume and good control. These two sides offer Herb at his best in slow dreamy ballads, with the latter having a



with BOB KENNEDY

trace of bounce for variety. Buddy Baker and band provide excellent background music. You'll like the quality of the recording, too!

EXCLUSIVE 17X—Frances Wayne with Buddy Baker and the orchestra. *Happiness Is A Thing Called Joe* and *January Woman*. Frances does right by her many fans in this new release. *Happiness* is definitely the side and Miss Wayne's shading and interpretation are outstanding. The reverse side is a blues number with much credit going to Buddy Baker and the music.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

COLUMBIA 37586—Billie Holiday and her orchestra. *Long Gone Blues* and *Am I Blue*. Billie still has the reputation of being one of the best blues singers in the business. *Long Gone Blues* is in the traditional form, with the small swing instrumental group accompanying her. *Am I Blue*, an ageless tune, shows the warm stylizing for which Billie is so famous. A jazz-fan "must."

VICTOR 20-2346—Count Basie and his orchestra. *I'm Drownin' In Your Deep Blue Eyes* plus *South*. The Count's expertly phrased ivory knucklin' sets the key for the first side with smooth vocalizing by Bob Bailey. On the flip-over, you'll find a streamlined version of Bennie Moten's old favorite, *South*. Basie knows the tune from being a sideman with the original Moten band and need-

less to say, he captures the true spirit of the number.

CAPITOL B439—Benny Goodman and his orchestra. *Dizzy Fingers* and *Tattle-tale*. In this new two-sided musical piece, Benny brings back some fine clarinet playing. These two numbers are superbly done and Benny has the backing of some of Hollywood's finest musicians. This should make a fine addition to your collection of Goodman records.

VICTOR 20-2394—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. *My, How The Time Goes By* and *I'm Still Sitting Under The Apple Tree*. The first number is featured in Cantor's new picture, *If You Knew Susie*, and is a new tune among the oldies present. The Monroe unit presents this fine rhythm tune in their fresh and breezy style with the maestro and the Moon-Maids doing the song-selling. The flip-over is another hit stemming from the composers of *Let It Snow*, and has a bouncy, romantic lilt that's sure to please. Another Monroe Hit platter!

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

CAPITOL A-40028—Julia Lee and her Boy Friends. *Snatch And Grab It* and *I Was Wrong*. Here's Julia at her best on Capitol's new Americana release. And on this platter we find Julia surrounded by an orchestra of such stellar instrumentalists as Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Bobby Sherwood, Dave Cavanaugh, Red Callender, and of course Julia's old teammate, Baby Lovett. The first side is similar to *Gotta Gimme Whatcha Got* and the latter is slow blues. Jazz fans, insist on this one!

DECCA 23935—Randy Brooks and his orchestra. *Harlem Nocturne* plus *A Night At The Dueces* (From *Tales of 52nd Street*.) Here we find the golden trumpet of Randy Brooks along with top solos by the band completing a solid disc. The first side features a superb sax solo by Eddie Caine with rhythm slow, blue, and melancholy. The reverse is sparkplugged by vibes, and bounces from beginning to end. Here's

a record that's both danceable and listenable.

COLUMBIA SET C-140—*Theme Songs*, volume 2. This is Columbia's second album of theme songs. It contains eight of these grand numbers and should be very popular with band lovers, as it includes themes of Frankie Carle, Gene Krupa, Claude Thornhill, Les Brown, Xavier Cugat, Dick Light, Elliott Lawrence, and Ray Noble. No record library should be without it.

COLUMBIA 37822—Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys. *Blue Eyes Crying In The Rain* and *The Devil's Train*. Roy Acuff is tops when it comes to interpreting folk music, and sings two of his best numbers on this record. The first is a real down-to-earth ballad about how tough love can be, and the latter has a kind of religious mood. The stringed instruments of the Smoky Mountain Boys provide stirring music that will make you stop and listen. Tops for Western folk music!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE. 6540.

CAPITOL 40017—Nellie Lutcher, vocal with rhythm accompaniment. *He's A Real Gone Guy* plus *Let Me Love You Tonight*. Here is a real find by Dave Dexter, jazz critic. Nellie gets her chance with Capitol, and makes good. The first side is a knocked-out rhythm number (original with Nellie) with rhythm background and a rhythm vocal . . . in other words, it's rhythm plus! The flipover is slow and moanful with Nellie singing around the melody. The *Gone Guy* side is more than worth the money!

VICTOR 20-2375—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. *Our Hour* (The Puppy Love Song) and *The Pop Corn Sack*. Spike Jones goes on a canine kick with the first song, *Our Hour*. Vocal by the Tail-waggers, who give a hilarious imitation of a "purp" baying at the moon, plus Dr. Horatio Q. Birdbath, George Rock, and Sir Frederick Gas. The latter side illustrates the distressing habits of movie morons who grind their molars on popcorn. Fun from end to end!

New York Letter

by TRUDGE WARREN



AUTUMN is more intoxicating than spring ever thought of being. It is a quickening season and pleasantly shocking, like three fingers of brandy on an empty stomach. Here on the island it is a very special time of year, a period of revivification. There are new and exciting fashions in the shop windows, new plays in the theatres, new acts in the night spots. Things are getting in gear and moving fast after a summer of lethargy.

Summer is never ended, though, until the last batter is called out in the World Series. This year, it is an All-New York Series, and the town is a madhouse of baseball fever. Relatives who haven't been heard from since the big fair in Flushing are arriving on every train, plane and bus—until there isn't an unoccupied guest room or studio couch within a hundred mile radius of home plate, Yankee Stadium. Hotel-keepers are wearing harried looks, and are afraid to answer the telephone: they never even suspected they had so many friends. An Omaha banker, called to New York for a director's meeting on the 1st, spent \$62.17 on long distance calls to get a \$6.00 room at the Biltmore for one night.



Most of the vacation stories are already in, but one just came to our at-

tention which must be recorded, since it may bring hasty and blushing revisions to a number of American history texts.

A friend of ours, who earns his living as moderator of one of those public opinion air shows, was vacationing in Wisconsin and decided to attend a straw hat performance at the Belfry Theatre, a small, old country church near Lake Geneva which has been remodeled for light theatricals. At the box office he learned that all seats were sold out. Moreover, there was nothing available for the next four performances. As he left the window he discovered the reason for the rushing trade in a billboard announcement which read:

“George Washington
Slept Here”
nine nights
with Harriet Plows
under the direction
of Leonard Demanus



Hildy Stevens, advertising manager of a local ladies' specialty shop, redecorated her four-room apartment recently. She had the walls done in dark green, with thin, white vertical stripes.

She was quite pleased with the completed effect until one late September evening when she came home to find the building janitor slumped in her largest chair, a decanter of Scotch in one hand and a tumbler in the other. He was looking at the walls and slowly shaking his head.

Hildy pulled off her hat and took a tentative position on the edge of a hassock across the room. She watched him belt off the remainder of the glass and pour another. Nobody said anything. Occasionally the janitor would glance around the room, shake his head, and take a

quick swallow of Scotch—almost as if to steady himself.

Finally he set the decanter down, replaced the cap, and set the glass down beside it. Then he got up and walked to the door, opened it, and went out, slowly shaking his head from side to side.

• • •

Two New Yorkers are credited with starting the big presidential boom for General Ike Eisenhower which has Democrats everywhere trembling in their 1948 political boots.

It all began, as near as anyone can tell, at Headquarters, a very good restaurant at 108 West 49th which is operated by a pair of ex-mess sergeants whose war-time chores included preparation of food for the SHAEF officers' mess. The pair, who now answer to John and Marty rather than "Sarge," presumably had a con-

siderable amount of contact with the General and developed a profound respect for him. That led them, one day last summer, to hang out a big "Eisenhower for President" sign.

What followed was amazing to a lot of people, but not to John and Marty. They insist that it is a mere matter of logic: General Eisenhower is the man for the job.

The General himself is not exactly pleased with the growing movement. It has already caused him a good deal of professional embarrassment, and threatens to force upon him duties which he has no desire to undertake. The Democrats are reacting dazedly, somewhat futilely pretending not to hear the swelling murmur. Nearly everyone else, however, is happy as can be. And business is booming at HQ on 49th Street—largely with Republican trade.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, *ALL MY SONS* was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a crook, and Judy Holliday as a Little Girl Whose Heart Is Pure, simply couldn't be better. Garson Kanin wrote and directed and did a bang-up job in each department. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). From the late twenties comes this revival starring Bert Lahr as a comedian of variable fortunes. Mr. Lahr gets the most out of every scene, and handsome Jean Parker does a competent job in assisting him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). As a little librarian on her first toot, Helen Hayes is terrific! The comedy by Anita Loos provides a rainy afternoon, a barroom, and a few Pink Ladies: Miss Hayes takes it from there. The entire cast is fine. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in Mary Chase's wonderful, whim-



sical comedy produced by Brock Pemberton. It is theatre history, every minute of it! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE HEIRESS.** (Biltmore). Basil Rathbone and Wendy Hiller in a play by Ruth and Augustus Goetz based upon a Henry James novel. The Raymond Sovey sets depict a Washington Square mansion of the 1850's. The piece was produced by Fred. F. Finklehoffe and staged by Jed Harris. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **I GOTTA GET OUT.** (Cort). A comedy written by Joseph Fields and Ben Sher, directed by Joseph Fields, produced by Herbert H. Harris and Lester Meyer. The cast includes David Burns and Reed Brown. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). And there are some who don't care if he does. Others find it fun. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince, that nice young fellow from the movies, carry on as neatly as if the play were a lot better than it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **OUR LAN'.** (Royale). Julie Haydon, whom you will remember from *Glass Menagerie*, in a mood piece by Theodore Ward. Directed by Miss Haydon's old acting partner, Eddie Dowling, and produced by Mr. Dowling and Louis J. Singer. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford. Louisa Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It's a comedy by John van Druten, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). Inexplicably still running is this not-so-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reformation of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor but a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, score by Irving Berlin, and the inimitable talents of Ethel Merman in the role of Annie Oakley add up to an almost unbeatable evening in the theatre. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

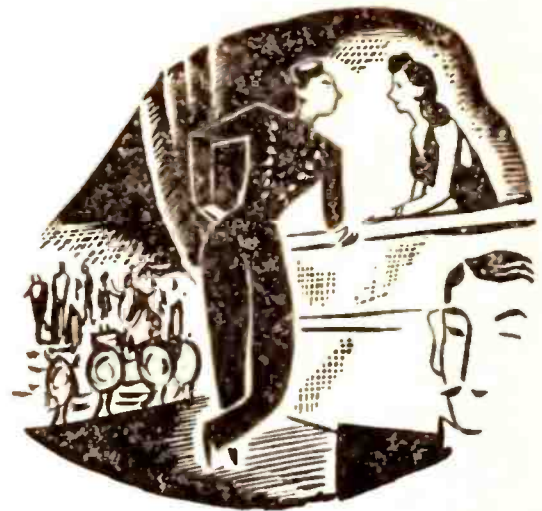
★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). Two American tourists step into a Scotch hamlet and find its 1748, but if you've heard that one before don't worry—it's still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly dancing, and a whole stageful of plaids. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (Majestic). A fine revue written, scored, produced, directed, and played by ex-GI's and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street Theatre). Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez in a gay fantasy revolving around a leprechaun in Dixie. Catchy tunes, and some right sprightly dancing by Miss Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE MEDIUM** and **THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). Gian-Carlo Menotti has written and staged two short operas, and they're really pretty

good. *The Medium* is in two acts, and is occasionally quite powerful. Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier sing and act simultaneously and skillfully. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.



★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). The oldest of the Rodgers and Hammerstein II hits, and well-worth seeing again. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

October Openings . . .

★ **ALLEGRO.** (Majestic). Theatre Guild production of a new Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II musical, with settings by Jo Mielziner, costumes by Lucinda Ballard, and staging by Agnes DeMille. There is a cast of 80, ballet corps of 25, and chorus of 40. Opens Friday, October 10.

★ **COMMAND DECISION.** (Fulton). Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett and Paul McGrath in a play by William Wister Haines directed by John O'Shaughnessy and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden. Opens Wednesday, October 1.

★ **DEAR JUDAS.** (Mansfield). Cast of four, ballet corps of twenty, and chorus of thirty in a story of the betrayal of Christ based upon a poem by Robinson Jeffers. The play was written, and is being directed and produced, by Michael Myerberg. Opens Sunday, October 5.

★ **DUET FOR TWO HANDS.** (Booth). From London, a play by Mary Hayley Bell produced by Robert Reud. Francis L. Sullivan, Joyce Redman, and Hugh Marlowe are among the players. Opens Monday, October 6.

★ **MAN AND SUPERMAN.** (Alvin). The George Bernard Shaw comedy, starring Maurice Evans. Produced and staged by Mr. Evans, with the assistance of George Schaefer as associate director, Frederick Stover as set designer, and David Ffolkes as costumer. Opens Wednesday, October 8.

★ **MUSIC IN MY HEART.** (Adelphi). Tchaikovsky's melodies receive top billing in this musical by Patsy Ruth Miller with lyrics by Forman Brown. Henry Duffy is the producer. Opens Thursday, October 2.

★ **UNDER THE COUNTER.** (Shubert). Original cast and chorus of the Arthur Macrae-Manning Sherwin musical which ran two years in London. With Cicely Courtneidge, Thorley Walters and Wilfrid Hyde-White. Opens Friday, October 3.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....CI 6-6699	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....CI 6-4636	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....CI 6-6075	W	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....BR 9-4566	E	St. James, 246 W. 44th.....LA 4-4664	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....CI 5-5200	

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

- ★ **ALCOVE.** In the Village. Small but boasting a dining room, canopied garden and a bar. Italian and French food at very reasonable fees. 71 W. 11th. GR 3-9772.
- ★ **ARMANDO'S.** Filled with smart, sophisticated youngsters and the background music of Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden. 54 E 55th. PL 3-0760.
- ★ **ASTI.** Homey as a great big Italian family. If you feel like singing, go ahead — before you can complete the first bar you find yourself ably accompanied by every waiter and bartender in the place. Fun! 13 E 12th. GR 5-9334.
- ★ **BARNEY GALLANT'S.** Piano and accordion music from 7:30 on. Barney's bar is stocked with a heritage that dates back to the early twenties — sip your drink reverently, sir! Fine food from two-fifty. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.
- ★ **CARNIVAL.** A lilting show starring Bert Wheeler, Lou Holtz, Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. Dance to Morty Reid's orchestra. Late show Saturday at 12:30. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.
- ★ **CHAMBORD.** Boasting one of the finest wine cellars in town, the French Provincial food is superb. Dinner entrees begin at three-fifty. 803 3rd Avenue. EL 5-7180.
- ★ **DICK THE OYSTERMAN.** How do you like your oysters? Dick has a way with these diminutive denizens of the sea that cannot be matched. Steaks and chops, also. 65 E 8th. GR 3-8046.

- ★ **EAST INDIA CURRY SHOP.** No liquor but a host of bona-fide curries, condiments and sweets from the East. Get there before 9 p.m. 52 E 55th. PL 3-8645.
- ★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Honest-to-goodness jazz emporium inhabited by Peeewe Russell, George Brunis, Gene Schroeder, Bill Davison and George Wettling. Jam session Tuesdays at 9 p.m. 47 W 3rd. GR 3-8736.
- ★ **HEADQUARTERS.** If their fare was good enough for General Eisenhower, it's good enough for us. Service excellent. Food well-cooked and in huge servings — the army influence, no doubt. 108 W 49th. CI 5-4790.
- ★ **HOUSE OF CHAN.** Beautiful Chinese panelling to set off the authentic Far Eastern specialties. Nice bar. 52nd & 7th Avenue. CI 7-5785.
- ★ **JANSSEN'S GRAYBAR.** You can come in from Grand Central as well as Lexington Avenue. Delicious German-American food served in the atmosphere of an old world tavern. 439 Lexington. MO 4-5661.
- ★ **LEON & EDDIE'S.** Girl-studded show featuring the popular Eddie Davis. Risque and rollicking. Celebs after midnight on Sunday. 33 W 52nd. EL 5-9514.
- ★ **NEW YORKER.** Jerry Wald's orchestra in the Terrace Room. Ice show. Charlie Peterson plays on Sunday. Smooth music in the Manhattan Room but no dancing. Coffee shop with good food from one-ten. 8th Avenue at 34th. E 3-1000.
- ★ **PRESS BOX.** A keen steak house with an upstairs "Press Club" for the boys only. Wonderful salads and Italian dishes. 139 E 45th. EL 5-8297.
- ★ **SARDI'S.** Celebs on the walls and also draped over the chairs. Don't goggle, son, drink up! 234 W 44th. LA 4-5785.
- ★ **SHERATON.** Skyline Roof for dinner and drinks. Luxurious food and the music of Sande Williams' orchestra. Moderately priced food in the Satire Room. Sheraton Lounge opens at five with Bud Taylor at the organ and Milton Page at the piano. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Walnut Room. Lexington at 37th. LE 2-1200.
- ★ **THREE CROWNS.** The smorgasbord revolves — take your pick of rare Swedish delicacies as it goes 'round. A fine place for a private party. 12 E 54th. PL 8-1031.



CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

Higher Finance

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). A dream room in magnificent proportions with dance music by Benny Strong and beautiful shows by Dorothy Dorben to complement it.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cosmopolitan focus for excellent dining, intimate atmosphere and interesting musical attractions.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Back for the fall season of ultra-smartness are the burgundy backdrops and Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Another tremendous show has the spotlight with Florence Desmond, English comedienne, and Griff Williams and his orchestra heading the bill.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). In the afternoon it's rumba time with Kiki Ochart's men; in the evening Milt Herth's Trio gets the applause.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton (Whi. 5301). Emphasis on distinguished dining and service, salon sumptuousness of setting, and prices accordingly.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Biggest dance floor in the city and a good band to make it worthwhile. Dorothy Hild's floor shows are invariably attractive.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). If you thought this room was elegance itself before, you should see its new decor. Society tempo and one top act remains a diverting policy.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Sheraton (formerly Continental), 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Charms of this room are its delightful appointments, last word in comfort, and dance attractions.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Le beau monde is the by-phrased of this celebrity beehive of regal dining, wining and flattering background.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Hearty dining and choice wines and liquors come first here; second, its dance band and little floor show interests.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian suavity in cuisine and interior and a gay charm about its musical romancing by George Scherban's gypsy ensemble.

Show Spotlights

Number one for big and beautiful floor shows is **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434)

... **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) is runner-up . . . Close behind is the **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544).

Dancing

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822), has Sherman Hayes and his orchestra.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), has famed disc jockeys presenting hit recording artists.

Out of the Rut

Different in atmosphere is **DON THE BEACH-COMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) . . . And the food these spots brag about is worth investigating.

Cues to Cuisine

For steaks, the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush . . . For cheese cake, **LINDY'S**, 871 Rush . . . For spaghetti, **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State . . . Seafoods, **MANN'S RAINBOW RESTAURANT**, Lake and Michigan . . . Smorgasbord, **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush . . . Barbecued ribs, **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush . . . Chop suey, **HOE SAI GAI**, 85 W. Randolph.



Theatres

Legitimate stage bookings are notoriously last minute affairs, so check with any Chicago newspaper for current attractions . . . **ICE FOLLIES** OF 1948, the Shipstad and Johnsons' spectacle on ice, however, is definitely set at the Chicago Arena for a 25-day run beginning October 23.

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN



LIFE is coming back to the old town. The citizens, beaten into the air conditioned bars and movie palaces by a merciless August and early September, are beginning to act like Chicagoans again.

However, let us not bid farewell to the dog days without at least mentioning the unusual story of Alexis, the Amiable Alligator. Until just recently, "Ally," as he was called for short by his fond foster family, spent uneventful years in the backyard and basement of a house occupied by Mary Rose Noel, the charming and photogenic miss who writes publicity stories for American Airlines. In fact, Ally spent some 18 happy years in and around the Noel household, growing to the somewhat overwhelming size of six feet. It was only just recently that Ally left the Noels to take up a new residence in the Lincoln Park zoo—an arrangement mutually satisfactory with Ally and the Noels. Ally was getting too big for the basement—and awfully confused.

You see, it was Ally's yearly habit to do a Rip Van Winkle from fall to spring in a galvanized iron tank in the Noels' basement. Practically hibernating, he would eat nothing during the winter months and spend most of his time drowsing. Then in the spring the Noel family would wake him up and coax and prod him into the backyard, where a specially prepared combination play-pen and mud puddle had been constructed with strong fencing and loving care. Ally got so he always knew when it was time to go to sleep and stop eating. When he was in the basement, it was hibernation time; outdoors, in the backyard, it was time to wake up and smile.

Ally's unhappy confusion can be traced back to a bad thunderstorm, last spring, when a heavy tree knocked down the fencing. Ally, of course, left at once and, after a prolonged and frantic search, was found grinning happily in a gutter three blocks away. What effect his presence might have had on a homeward-bound drunk is left to the imagination. With the fence badly damaged, there was nothing to do but return Ally to his basement abode. This procedure so thoroughly confused him that he promptly went to sleep and refused food. He thought it was winter again.

Alexis (so-called because the family didn't at first know whether he was a boy or a girl) had been a household pet ever since the Noel boys discovered him sitting on a log at Diamond Lake, Illinois, probably abandoned by a returning Florida tourist 18 years ago. This is considered a local record for alligator-raising. Here are some interesting notes on keeping a pet alligator around, contributed by Mary Rose Noel. She should know.

(1) An alligator is not especially troublesome. Neighborhood children bothered Alexis far more than he ever even considered bothering them.

(2) Ally had certain traits of character. He could smile, for one thing. When irritated the scales on his head would swell. When hungry he would follow Mrs. Noel around the backyard, hissing and barking to call attention to his plight.

(3) Alexis respected authority. He would consider being seized by the tail as a distinct reprimand.

(4) He didn't like dirty sewer water. Once, when a nearby sewer backed up into the basement after a bad storm, Ally clambered halfway up the basement stairs to get out of the flood.

. . . But poor, confused Alexis finally had to leave for new quarters at the zoo.

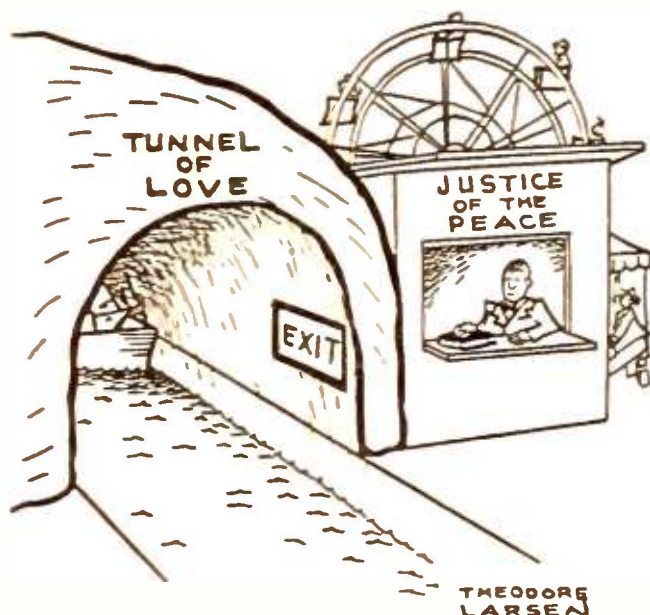
He got June and July and August confused with January, and if you'll recall what the weather was like last August you'll get a small idea of how confused he was.

However, although genuinely sad because of his departure, Mary Rose Noel was bothered most by a great futile feeling. With a publicity gal's dream of a feature story right in her own backyard, she couldn't figure out a way to tie in Ally's departure with American Airlines new DC-6 flagship service.

• • •

Going back to the coming of October, there are realistic signs of fall in the air—and we're not talking about falling leaves. First of all, there's the return of the cocktail party. Every press agent in town brews at least one of these fiestas per week. They're pretty standard affairs. The martinis and manhattans were mixed in a gallon jug at mid-day. The free-loaders arrive early and stay late. The newspaper columnists, and other Big Wheels, if they show up at all, somehow never quite manage to meet the guest of honor and leave wondering what it was all about.

Another sure sign of fall—the fading tans along Michigan boulevard. The boys and girls who whipped over to the Oak Street beach to add to that cigar store Indian color are now almost as anemic looking as the palefaces who never left



the cool dimness of the London House bar. This is a blessing, because it was becoming awfully wearing—noticing and commenting with the proper amount of envy on how tanned everybody else in the office had become over any given weekend.

Still another sure sign of October—the boys in the betting parlors have slowly switched their affections from the horse parks to football. Those colored cards, filled with teams and likely scores, have popped up again on the cigar stands.

With the end of the World Series, the Chicago Blackhawks, those ice-hockey stalwarts, will buckle on their padding and start for training camp. It won't be long now until the Chicago Stadium resounds again with the dull thud of falling bodies.

With the coming of colder weather, the musicians along Randolph street have moved their violent discussions indoors—into Henrici's restaurant and the lobby of the Woods Building. With them have gone their equally violent sport coats—colorful raiment which every musician seems to wear if not carefully watched by his wife.

• • •

Concluding on another musical note: Every radio announcer in town with a record show has lately become a disc jockey. This is causing a great wear and tear on the public's ear. In order to hear three minutes of Stan Kenton it is now necessary to listen to about five minutes of re-hashed information from *Downbeat*.

Some of the boys have even become erudite. Others now introduce the simplest steal from Chopin with purple prose. A happy little number by Spivak becomes in their opinion “. . . a warm, moist, vibrant thing.”

Moist is the right word.

FOR EXAMPLE

Poetry couches thought sublime
In flowing words and meter;
Most people think it has to rhyme,
But it doesn't.

—O. H. Hampsch

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** No specialty here because every dish you order tastes like a feature attraction. Owner W. W. Wormington, affectionately known as "Pop" to his friends, operates one of the finest cafeterias in the country and has a wealth of experience in preparing fine food. Your first impression is always good because you see the snowy napkins and immaculate cutlery as you enter the door. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ **BRETTON'S.** Very dry martinis and a list of delectable Continental specialties as long as your arm. Genial Max Bretton will cater to your slightest whim — you'll like him and his restaurant. Down St. Louis way drop in at Max's new place in the Hotel Kings Way, across from Forest Park. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Rosses have been serving fine Italian fare for more than a quarter of a century. Frank will see that you have a table or will lead you to the brightly decorated bar for a drink or two. Mary Rogers at the piano and solovox. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ **ADRIAN'S.** The people in the Merchandise Mart never bother to go downtown for lunch. They just hop the elevator to the ground floor. Smorgasbord in the evenings — load up and then order your entree from your table. If you don't see what you want, ask the chef . . . you'll get your dish. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** You'll be making up rhymes to express your delight with the roast beef and the French fried onions. Muzak provides music to talk by but the cheery conversation drowns it out most of the time. Jerry stands watch at the door and has your table picked out before you can say "howdy." 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** A genial carry-over from days gone by. If you're looking for bankers and business executives at noon time, you'll find them gorging themselves on the Savoy's piece de resistance, lobster, or on other delightfully prepared sea food. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** It's just as chic and sophisticated as the name. Gorgeous surroundings in the classic New Orleans style. The menu offers such

tasty dishes as chicken a la king cooked with sherry; sweet, juicy lobster; and a host of buffet selections. The steak is positively unexcelled in quality and cookery. For mighty fine entertainment, owner Putsch offers Henry O'Neill and the Londonaires, a trio featuring the novachord, celeste and piano. And gee, what a beautiful bar! On one of those busy shopping nights, you'll want to try the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ **CABANA.** Gay Latins in black-and-gold mess jackets serve your drinks in a jiffy while pretty Alberta Bird, WHB's organist, reels off the top ten on her Hammond. Hold hands with your dolly and listen to Alberta. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** Tucked away down a flight of stairs from El Casbah, this gay little room has a Mexican air. Brightly decorated and very charming, it's also easy on your purse. JB music only so no tax. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Make a hit with her. Take your lady to the Omar's plush surroundings. Or if you want to steer clear of the fair sex, sit at the bar for boys only. A climb up the steps and tables for your whole party. Drinks, drinks and more drinks combine with the piano music of Marie Stanley for a very fine evening. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** We're always talking about the bartenders who wear those bright red, English jackets with the brass buttons. The buttons have a mesmeric effect as you sit and sip your Haig & Haig. It's a tycoon's paradise, right down to the crystal highball glasses. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** There are those who'll swear that Trader Vic himself had a hand in the decorations. At any rate, you don't have to wait for the first drink to take effect to feel that you're somewhere in the tropics. South Seas concoctions are mighty smooth and so is the music! Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** On one side you find a little round bar inhabited by two black-and-white bar-



tenders — at least that's the impression you get because they have dark hair and wear white jackets! They're nimble behind the counter and that means you get your liquids in a hurry. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere with a sense of well-being and quiet comfort. Soft seating across from

the bar. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **THE PEANUT.** Oh, brother, what barbecue! And the iciest, smoothest beer ever. The place is always chock full of Lewis Stone's many friends and neighbors. If you're not a regular here, it's about time you join in on the fun . . . the Peanut's the place, these days. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Small, cute and cozy. This diminutive cocktail room is filled with inebriated pachyderms of a light reddish hue. They dance and cavort above the bar — or seem to after a couple of drinks. Talk to the guy next to you or he'll talk to you! A very friendly place serving man-sized drinks. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th St. GR 5310.

★ **TRALLE'S HILLSIDE TAVERN.** Just a few short miles east on Highway 50. Two very sweet ladies by the name of Tralle and Martin operate this friendly tavern. The place is always filled with good people and the beer is the coldest in the whole darn county! The Hillside specializes in serving chicken and steak . . . you can't go wrong on either one. Open week nights until 4 a.m. 50 Highway and Belmont. WA 9622.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Eugene Smith makes the ivories talk in tones of reety pleeties. You kinda shake your head to keep from fallin' outa the jive boat. Owner Dale Overfelt serves food along with his drink and excellent entertainment. They're offering tasty businessmen's lunches, too. If you want to find us after midnight on Sunday, we'll be over at ole Dale's. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

Drive-Ins . . .

★ **ALLEN'S DRIVE-INS.** Young and old, makes no difference — the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmh! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. It's still warm enough for outdoor service — or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 63rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas.

★ **NU-WAYS.** Reasonable prices and the best darned sandwiches in Kansas City. The biggest headache connected with drive-ins is curb service. No headache at the Nu-Ways though, because those car hops are really on the job. They're not fast, they're actually atomic! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

Good Taste . . .

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank had the misfortune to have his place at 917 Grand almost completely gutted by a fire several weeks ago. However, Frank and a crew of workmen pitched right in and they'll have this popular restaurant re-opened by the time you read this. Completely re-decorated, it will be business as usual in a modern, attractive place. Swing's congratulations to

Frank Marshall and his staff for the difficult job they tackled in order to have the restaurant opened as soon as possible for the convenience of their many friends and customers. Be sure to visit the Brush Creek restaurant for a fine chicken dinner. Brush Creek at Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Busiest place on the busiest corner in town. Eat your luncheon and listen to the top ten by remote from the Cabana . . . WHB's Alberta Bird at the Hammond. A late mimeo newsflash accompanies your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** The Milleman-Gilbert trademark is on the food and Hollywood labels are on the coats slung carelessly over the backs of the chairs. This 24-hour-a-day restaurant is the air traveler's hangout. "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople are all eager customers. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Oysters are back! Yummy! Plain oyster stew, half-and-half, or all cream! Or a double stew for the hearty appetite. Mr. Glenn can be seen wearing a huge chef's cap and clucking approval over the satisfied sighs of customers as they tackle their oyster stew. Cleanest, neatest place in town. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Hotel fare at its very finest. No frills and no waiting — just good food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **UNITY INN.** Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, this restaurant is a vegetarian's delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meals in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads and the stuffed peppers are delicious. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** There's always an entertaining floor show and the delightful music of Wayne Muir and his popular, two-piano orchestra. Maitre d'hotel Jerry Engle will see that you are seated and that each and every course is served to your complete satisfaction. Come at one o'clock Saturday for the dansant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

SOUTHERN MANSION. Dee Peterson continues to draw the elite with his dinner and dance music and Johnny Franklin provides the type of service that always makes you want to come back. The right place for a polite, pleasant evening. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** October's attraction at the Grill is Ray Robbins and his orchestra. Ray worked in *The Bells of St. Mary's* with Bing Crosby and he has recorded with Al Donahue and others. This is his first visit to Kansas City and should prove most successful. The Grill is beautifully decorated and the cuisine is excellent. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

Answers to MEN OF SCIENCE

1. Discoverer of X-ray.
2. Discoverer of tubercle bacilli.
3. Founder of psychoanalytic theory.
4. Discoverer of digitalis.
5. Inventor of microscope.
6. Discoverer of circulation of blood.
7. Discoverer of hormones.
8. Discoverer of human ovum.
9. Discoverer of radium.
10. Father of antiseptic surgery.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



LET'S FACE FIGURES!

These five things make Kansas City America's premier convention city:

1. Central location
2. Unusual accessibility
3. Warm hospitality
4. Excellent hotels
5. World's finest convention auditorium

These are the results:

- 250 conventions annually
- 70,000 out-of-town visitors
- 3,000,000 out-of-town dollars

HERE'S A TIP

In Kansas City, "Heart of America," there's an industry without a smokestack. Conventions are *big business*, bringing to the Kansas City Marketland a constant flow of new dollars, outside dollars, three million of them each year. Those dollars are spent for food, lodging, amusements, merchandise and services. They enter the arteries of commerce and enrich the entire community. They are three million more reasons why, with advertisers, the swing is to Kansas City and WHB.

Listener ratings prove WHB is Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, and *actual sales results* substantiate that proof! WHB reaches more listeners, with greater effectiveness, at less cost. So take a tip: to reserve space for your product in the vast, rich Kansas City Marketland, send your sales message via a dependable medium. Get in the Swing to WHB in Kansas City!

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LOS ANGELES
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Granite 6103

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Douglas 3188

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Chestnut 5688

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