

JANUARY 1947

25¢

# Swing

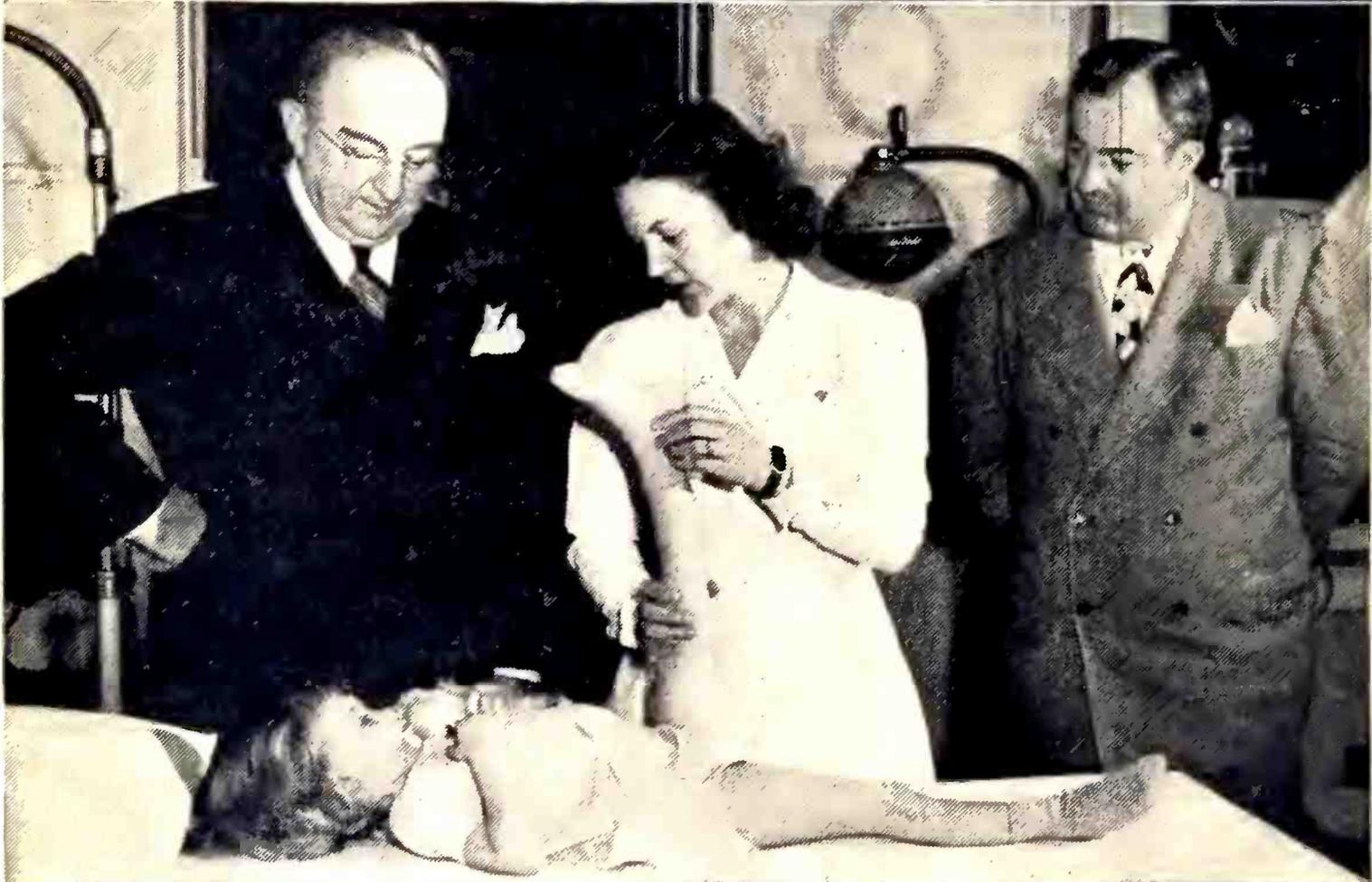


officials at the opening of their new Kansas City ticket office: E. M. Mattes, General Agent, Passenger Department; G. F. Ashby, President; C. J. Collins, General Passenger Traffic Manager; and D. R. Alexander, General Freight and Passenger Agent.

CENTER: James J. Rick and Robert T. Hensley, Jackson County and State of Missouri chairmen of the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, look on as a physical therapist massages a polio victim in the isolation ward of Kansas City's Mercy Hospital. (See page 25.)

LOWER LEFT: Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano and one of America's best dressed women, tells WHB's fashion expert, Sandra Lee, what goes in the world of music and charm.

LOWER RIGHT: Ralph Bradford, Secretary of the United States Chamber of Commerce, drives home a point to Kansas City radio listeners.



# Swing

**A** SEASON surrounds a man like the walls of his house or the air through which he moves. As he inhabits space, so he inhabits times, and alters and adjusts to it as trees do, or the creature of the animal world. He doesn't moult or shed his skin. But he freezes or thaws emotionally, and reacts in spirit to the seasons. It is as if each—even each month—were a different house, of particular design and decor, mood and behaviour. January is a large house, chilly, plain and partician, lighted by north light, and done in chromium and glass. It's a good place for settling down soberly (after the confetti has cleared away) to put our minds in order.

But the house of the season isn't enough. Time is only a fourth dimension, space has the other three. And space is something of uncommon importance in the world today. The sun, say the astrologers, has his houses, the Republicans have their House—yes, and their Senate, too, but some thousands of ex-GIs have only a room with the in-laws. Even the U.N., that corporate body of the peace, has little place to lay its collective head. And peace itself has scarcely anywhere to live. She wanders through the world, putting in at temporary ports of call and sleeping in little hidden corners till she is hunted out again by hatred and greed and run out of town by organized suspicion. Some find her now and then asleep on a bench in the sun in some forsaken park. Sometimes you'll find her on a hilltop where only the polemics of wind and oak leaves break the quiet. But in all the world there is very little place that peace can call her own. And she, of all entities, should have the world for a home and inhabit all the rooms like the sun its golden houses. Perhaps *this* year. . . . That is the hope of a good part of the world; in the new year, a new home, even on the site of the old one; a place to settle, to make one's own hollows, to live graciously. The season isn't enough. We need space and spirit within whatever season—a space within time—where we may feel at home, assured, and secure. Until this happy condition evolves, peace may likely wander about, a waif. And lucky the country who wakes up some morning to find it on the doorstep like a foundling, who takes it in, and gives it—like the queen—a room and a bed of its own.

*Jetta*  
Editor.

## CONTENTS

● ARTICLES

Ten Point Program for Some Other Year.....	Charles H. Hogan	3
Wanted: Motherhood, Not Martyrdom!.....	Sarah Wilton Jeffers	7
Vision and Subdivision.....	Mori Greiner	11
Puerta de Arribada.....	Jetta Carleton	17
Basketball Baby!.....	Sam Smith	21
They Fought Polio— And Won!.....	John W. Fraser, Jr.	25
Whitehouse Wishing Well.....	Marion Odmak	31
By Land and By Sea— But Never by Air!.....	Evelyn Nolt	43
Spare the Rod!.....	Beverly T. Post	47
Playground in the Sun.....	Rosemary Haward	51
Fever-Beater of Arrow Rock.....	Joel Longacre	55

● DEPARTMENTS

January's Heavy Dates.....	2
According to the Stars.....	6
Man of the Month.....	37

Swing Session .....	46
Chicago Letter.....	59
Chicago Ports of Call.....	61
New York Letter .....	62
New York Ports of Call .....	63
New York Theater .....	64
Kansas City Ports of Call.....	66

● FEATURES

Notes from a One-Stringed Zither.....	24
Quizzes .....	42
His Hobby Is Names.....	54

Editor .....	Jetta Carleton
Managing Editor.....	Mori Greiner
Publisher.....	Donald Dwight Davis
Business Manager, Johnny Fraser, Jr.; Associate Editors, Rosemary Haward, Evelyn Nolt, Verna Dean Ferril; Chicago Editor, Norton Hughes Jonathan; New York Editor, Lucie Brion; Humor Editor, Tom Collins; Music Editor, Bob Kennedy; Circulation Manager, John T. Schilling.	

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1102 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. 'Phone Harrison 1161. 247 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. 'Phone Plaza 3-9327. 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 pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction for use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Printed in U.S.A.

# JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

## Art

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)  
Exhibitions: Encyclopedia Britannica Collection.  
Masterpiece of the Month: *Guitar Player*, Andre Derain, Contemporary French.  
Lectures: January 15, 22, and 29 by the Director, Paul Gardner. Based on recent Gallery acquisitions.  
Motion Pictures (No Admission):  
Jan. 5, 3 p.m., *Beau Brummel*.  
Jan. 10, 7:30 p.m., *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Jan. 17, 7:30 p.m., *The City and The Plow That Broke the Plains*. Jan. 31, 7:30 p.m., *Captains Courageous*.

## Music

Jan. 6-7, Andre Kostelanetz.  
Jan. 8, Whittemore and Lowe, duo pianists.  
Jan. 12, Pop Concert.  
Jan. 14-15, Philharmonic Subscription Series.  
Jan. 19, Pop Concert.  
Jan. 20, Philharmonic Concert for school children.  
Jan. 22-23, Tito Gizar.  
Jan. 26, Pop Concert.  
Jan. 27, Philharmonic Concert for school children.  
Jan. 28-29, Philharmonic Subscription Series.

## Dancing

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)  
Tuesday and Friday nights, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.  
Jan. 1-2, Ozzie Clark's Orchestra.  
Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, George Winslow's Orchestra.  
(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main.)  
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.



## Drama

(Music Hall)  
Jan. 1-4, *Anna Lucasta*.  
Jan. 9-11, *Mae West in Come Up and See Me*.

## Boxing

(Municipal Auditorium Arena)  
Jan. 6, Amateur Bouts.  
Jan. 8, Professional Bouts.  
Jan. 16, Kansas City - Chicago (Benefit of Infantile Paralysis Foundation).

## Basketball

(All games at Municipal Auditorium Arena.)  
Jan. 2, Kansas University - Colorado University.  
Jan. 3, High Schools.  
Jan. 4, M & O - Phillips 66.  
Jan. 7, M & O - Oakland.  
Jan. 10-11, High Schools.  
Jan. 11, M & O - Pocatella (Idaho).  
Jan. 14, M & O - Denver.  
Jan. 15, High Schools.  
Jan. 17, High Schools.  
Jan. 18, M & O - San Francisco.

## Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.  
Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.  
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.  
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.  
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.  
Palace, 1232 Broadway.  
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.  
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.  
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

## Conventions

Jan. 5-9, Kansas City Life Insurance Company, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Jan. 7-8, Western Association of Nurserymen, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Jan. 8-9, Association of General Contractors of Missouri, Hotel President.  
Jan. 9-11, Midwest Equipment Wholesale Association, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Jan. 12-14, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach and Phillips.  
Jan. 13-14, Kansas Contractors Association, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Jan. 16-17, Missouri Ice Manufacturers Association, Hotel Continental.  
Jan. 19-21, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Jan. 22-24, Southwestern Lumbermen's Association, Auditorium.  
Jan. 28-31, Western Retail Implement and Hardware Association, Hotel President and Auditorium.

## Special Events

Jan. 9, War Dad's Dance, Municipal Auditorium.  
Jan. 13, Shrine Installation and Ball, Municipal Auditorium.  
Jan. 13, Will Durant, historian-philosopher, Music Hall.  
Jan. 20, Richard Harkness, Music Hall.  
Jan. 21, Leonard Warren, Music Hall.  
Jan. 25, M & O - San Diego.  
Jan. 27, Rosario and Antonio, dancers, Music Hall.



*Resolutions are writ in bourbon on New Year's Eve,  
but they're faced by the gray light of day!*



# Ten-Point *Program*

for

## Some Other Year

by CHARLES HOGAN

**B**ACK in the lost days when I still had full use of mental powers I made a New Year's resolution. I made a resolution not to make any more New Year's resolutions.

This dramatic decision was reached after it dawned that resolutions are very dull stuff. You make 'em; you break 'em! It's like looking down a well, there's no future in it!

But with the passing years the staunch and manly determination which upheld me in that stern resolve appears to have ravelled at the seams. For the first time since I was voted the "Boy Most Unlikely to Succeed" in the high school annual, I find myself back in the New Year's resolutions racket in a big way.

In fact, much to my amazement, I seem to have signed a list of stuff to do or not to do in 1947 that is as full of pious promises as the United Nations conference. I am awash with good intentions.

For instance, now that the party has been over for a day or so (Oh,

my aching over-indulgence!), it seems that I have sworn, throughout 1947, not to sing any more—any more—something or other, the writing is a little scrawly on the subject.

I must have made that vow while I was draped across the refrigerator demanding that somebody mix me another highball. But it is a fascinating resolution and at the moment I wonder what I have sworn not to sing.

Then there is an entry which says: "I resolve not to go in wading without hip boots." This is an intriguing item, and must have been slipped in when I went out on the back porch to sulk while somebody recited Gunga Din.

It seems that in 1947 I am committed to a course of not—let's, see, now—of not—(the writing is a little blurred) so I can skip that one. They can't put me in Alcatraz for an honest mistake!

But there is a definite resemblance to my handwriting and the cryptic

paragraph undoubtedly contains something or other I mustn't even think of for 12 months.

The fifth paragraph in this remarkable document looms out with astounding brilliance. (We are disregarding the fourth paragraph, of course, because it seems to be just a lot of little old squiggly kind of marks, punctuated with rings from somebody's highball glass.) "I swear and affirm," the fifth paragraph begins, "that throughout the year of 1947 I will not keep threatening to take an ax to that juke box but will go get an ax and do it!"

Under penalty of being jailed for perjury, or mawkery and high gawkery or something, it appears that I have pledged myself to give up stalking around the shack in my old, sagging robe and my whiskers. In fact, it seems that I have sworn to become a man of distinction. I am already cultivating the proper clutch for the glass.

This unfortunate promise is duly set forth. But for the life of me, I can't recall writing it down at any time during the proceedings. Maybe I dashed it off while panicking nobody but me with an impersonation of Bert Williams.

In a dreamy sort of way I recall an interlude in the gaiety in which our hostess bobbed up right under my nose and shrieked: "What resolutions are you going to make for 1947? Come on, now, we're all making lists of our resolutions."

"Red-haws," I remember murmuring.

"What?" she yelled.

"Red-haws!" I insisted firmly. "I

am not going to eat any more red-haws in 1947."

This seemed to me like an innocent conceit and a remark certain to get her to go away and try to wheedle somebody into eating some more anchovy paste and crackers. But the pleasantry was ill-timed. Instead of leaving me on the piano top she galloped out and came back with paper and pencil and yelled: "Here! Start your list!"

Thus, as nearly as I can figure, the list of resolutions started. Besides red-haws, it appears that I have foresworn pawpaws and — and — something. What is obviously a gargoyle, or possibly a griffin, is evident in the paragraph, though. It is reasonable to assume that I was swearing off gargoyles at the moment.

In addition, I am committed to eschew:

1. Drinking anything stronger than that new cola drink which scientific tests *prove* is not harmful for movie stars.

2. Smoking anything stronger than Cubeks, which have been shown by independent tests to be not harmful to movie stars.

3. Sleeping on mattresses which have not been proved, by the famous "Snore Test," to be unharmed for movie stars.

4. Chewing tobacco which does not contain Atomium, the miracle discovery which has been proved by scientific research to be absolutely dandy for Trigger and other movie stars.

5. Using any cold cream which is just some kind of greasy goo. I am pledged for the next twelve months

to use either a cold cream that is guaranteed to make me as lovely as a movie star, or as desirable as a vestal with a rich father.

6. Gr-ll-xx-m-Joe-x-Suffolkdoxscae dill pickles—

I am further sworn to give up what appears to be annotated as playing my bagpipe on Sundays. (This is ridiculous on the face of it. Nobody ever plays a bagpipe—they just torture it to death).

Item eight or nine is a jimdandy and is a resolution which would stand all of us in good stead. It is a vow to abstain from the folly of riding on merry-go-rounds which have not been proved, by scientific tests, to be safe for movie stars.

But the sub-heading 10 is a dead loss all the way around. "I firmly resolve to"—That is Item 10 in its entirety. Certainly, I firmly resolved to do something or other, like maybe sitting down and dashing off the great American novel, or finally getting around to putting some jade Coroc on the walls of our library. Item 10 is a

particularly nebulous thing. When I get around to it, I'm going to worry about that resolution, made in the greatest good faith and high determination.

Item 10 is followed by a long line which culminates in a brilliantly executed doo-dad. I am pleased to think this represents the true perfection of my work as an artist. It is a drawing of several parties in rebellion about something or other. Now that things are over I have titled it "Comes The Revolution, We Will All Be Eating Strawberries and Cream: Especially Comrade Me!"

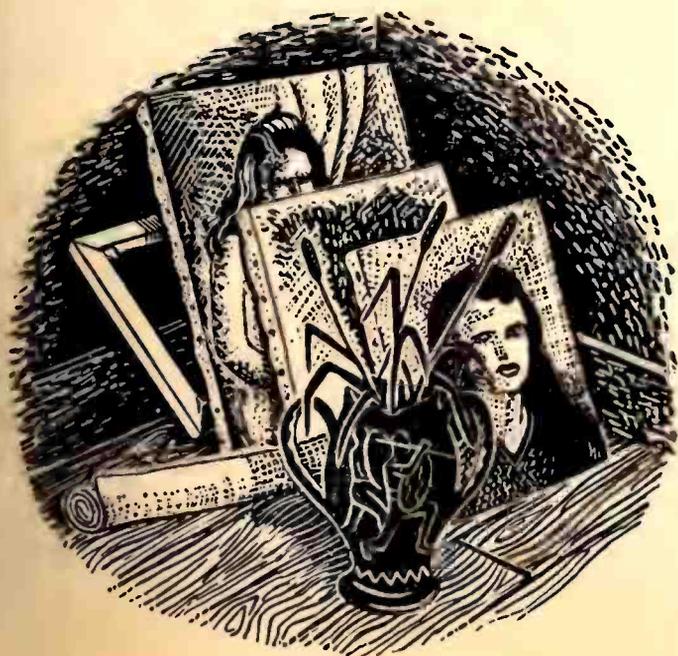
Copies of this artistic masterpiece will not be sent upon request. After all, this sketch not only represents all that I have to show for my New Year's resolutions, it is the finest example of my resolving work.

It was executed in the Hogan "Blue Period," I guess. Right between that guy, with gestures, demanding that somebody ship him "somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst" and our hostess loping out into the kitchen and screeching: "I found him! Here he is! Have you got your resolutions made up?" Even now, through the haze, it is easy to exclaim: "Boy, was I blue!"

But it is satisfying to know that I am not only pledged not to do several different kinds of wrong things in 1947 such as—well—the record becomes a bit vague again . . .

There must be something I have to do in 1947!

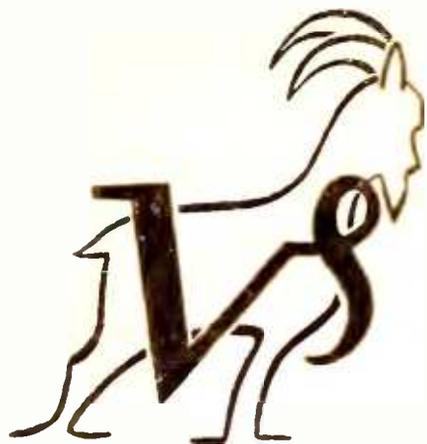
Probably it is to sign a resolution not to make any more resolutions. But this is where I came in!



# According to the *Stars*

by NELLE CARTER

## *A Capricorn person's best chance*



**I**F YOU were born December 23 to January 20, your sun is in Capricorn, the sign of the goat, ruled by the planet Saturn. The new year should be good to you.

A Capricorn person is clever and ambitious, with innate ability to manage and direct others. A woman born under this sign will manage her home well, for she loves system and order. She will probably be greatly in demand for church, lodge, or club work, as she is a capable leader and has a natural ability for directing others. She loves attention and appreciation more than those born under any other sign.

Capricorn people have great determination; they are practical, industrious, frugal, cautious, reserved, serious, reflective, and subtle. They act largely from external motives, gaining points by cunning rather than by force. They strive to gain power and social influence, and are diplomatic and good organizers.

This sign tends to give a slender figure, thin face, dark hair and complexion. The physical weaknesses may center in the knees, breast, stomach or liver.

In business, these people are interested in mining, real estate, coal, grain, building material, basic utilities, and farming.

for marital happiness is to choose a mate born when the sun is in Taurus (April 20 to May 20) or in Virgo (August 24 to September 23), or in his own sign. Natives of Capricorn frequently meet with disappointment or delay in affairs of the heart, but when at last marriage is consummated, they are faithful to their mates, and are conscientious about performing all duties and obligations.

If you are a Capricorn person, Jupiter in your eleventh house will cause your friends to be very important to you during the coming year, especially until the latter part of next October, stimulating your most generous impulses and providing much pleasure. But be careful that the expansive rays of Jupiter do not cause you to indulge too much in extravagant entertainment, for Saturn in the department of partnership money will exact his toll.

Venus, the "Lesser Benefic," enters your sun sign in February, stimulating speculation, amusements, and love affairs. At the same time, Neptune, the planet of deception, will be shedding his rays on your first house Venus, so be on your guard about the middle of the month against misrepresentation in matters of love or business. Generally speaking, the year ahead looks very bright for the natives of Capricorn.

# Wanted: *Motherhood* -- Not Martyrdom

*Can we stop the human waste?  
Birth by choice instead of chance.*

**T**HIS YEAR America will lose 7,000 mothers in childbirth.

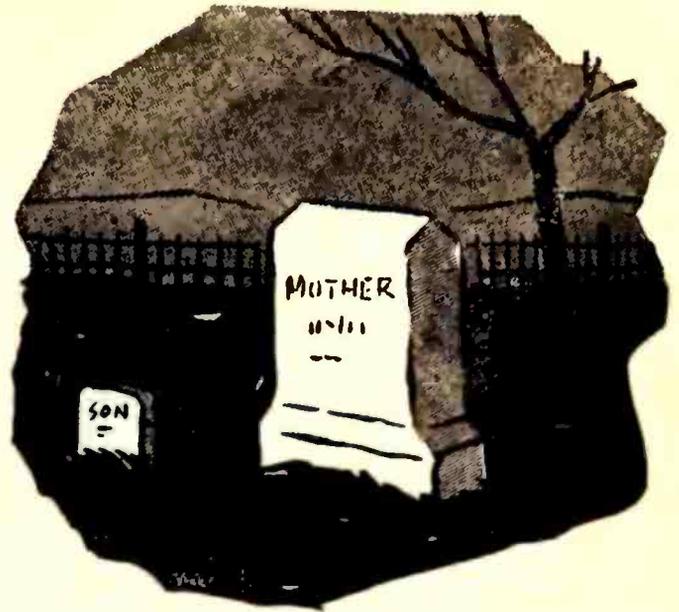
More than 150,000 families will know the tragedy and heartbreak of babies stillborn or dying during the first month of their lives.

America—a nation of only 130 million—must take some drastic step, or, during the next four years, it will produce one million children who will grow up so chronically ill or maladjusted as to be a burden on society.

This appalling waste in human life and health to a very great degree must be attributed to a problem which America has neglected too long . . . the *accident* of birth through chance, not choice. Ignorance and bigotry offer the challenge which this country must accept if it is to preserve the health, the social well-being, and the economic security of its family life.

Through ignorance of proper birth control methods, thousands of mothers become pregnant when their physical condition is unequal to the strain of child birth, and the health of both mother and child suffers. The economic capacity of family resources is strained to the point where family disintegration is unavoidable in countless cases.

Too often, the unplanned child grows up with a strong sense of being unwanted and unloved. One prominent judge estimates that of the juvenile delinquency cases under his jurisdiction, nine out of every ten are from



by SARAH WILTON JEFFERS

broken homes, or evidence a strong feeling of being unwanted.

As for the divorce rate, which today is approaching 40 per cent of all marriages, many marital difficulties arise as the fear of more children places undue burdens on both parents. Or consider the opposite condition . . . sterility. Doctors claim that 10 per cent of all marriages are sterile, with resultant marital difficulties and unhappiness. Research, education, and active medical aid offer an answer to both these problems. Only through complete public acceptance and aid to this program can America develop better families, stronger families, and more enduring families.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the socially-minded Margaret Sanger recognized the evils which arose from the accident of birth, due to lack of knowledge concerning means of controlling the size of fam-

ilies. Her advocacy of birth control met with rigid opposition at first, but gradually public acceptance grew.

The Birth Control Federation of America was founded twenty-six years ago, but under that name it faced a wall of opposition due to the erroneous popular impression that a decrease in childbirth was its primary aim. Actually its goal was the opposite. Through healthier children born to healthier parents, the nation could be assured a larger number of strong and happy children.

Out of the pioneering efforts of that period, the Planned Parenthood Federation of America was formed. This federation is active in 38 states today, and is backed by nearly 50,000 American physicians and 19,000 clergymen.

At present, only two states, Connecticut and Massachusetts, raise legal barriers to education on birth control under medical auspices. It is fairly significant that both these states have low birthrates, much, much lower, in fact, than most of the states where birth control education is legally permissible. This bears out the claim of advocates of Planned Parenthood that such information does not decrease the birth rate, but tends to increase it by promoting healthful reproduction.

Seven states, all in the South, give parenthood education (one of the strong planks in Planned Parenthood's campaign) in their public health programs. In the South, the opposition is least, and the need greatest.

Planned Parenthood has two basic aims:—to save lives and to save homes. Toward this end, the association plans

to spend two million dollars in 1947 to promote four phases of its program: Child-spacing information.

Education for marriage and parenthood.

Information for treatment of infertility.

Research in the field of human reproduction.

In more than 600 communities, Planned Parenthood offers approved medical advice to married couples on planning the size of their families and proper spacing of their children to insure the greatest health for the mother and child. These clinics gave counsel and medical service to more than 154,000 women, last year.

Often, such advice is directly responsible for saving a faltering marriage. And in a surprising number of cases, it is the husband who seeks advice. In one fairly typical case, a man just out of the state penitentiary came to the Planned Parenthood clinic in a large mid-western town. Prior to his prison sentence, he and his wife had had nine children in rapid succession. Now, driven by terror at the



thought of more children, his wife refused to return to him, even though she was not financially able to keep her children with her under any other arrangement.

Through counseling on birth control, the clinic was able to reunite the husband and wife, and prevent the tragedy of a broken home for their children.

These clinics work closely with competent physicians, to whom they refer any of their cases which need medical service that the clinic is unable to offer. They also integrate their work with that of the communities' welfare agencies, receiving a tremendous number of cases from these agencies. Most of the clinics also have their own social workers in the field, and their own libraries for pre-marital-information seekers.

One of the largest problems facing this country is abortion, which is usually the desperate alternative to birth control. Doctors estimate that *at least three-fourths of a million* illegal abortions are performed each year in America. There is no way to count the number of women who die as a direct result of such operations. Perhaps even more tragic are those who live, but face a lifetime of invalidism. Thousands more are made sterile as a result of these illegal abortions. Contrary to popular thought, authoritative sources claim that of the 750,000 illegal abortions a year, *90% are performed on married women* to terminate unwanted pregnancies. In other words, it is a definite fact that with proper education, nine-tenths of this country's abortions with their attendant evils could be eradicated.

Dr. Fred B. Kyger, medical advisor of the Kansas City chapter of Planned Parenthood, states that abortion is a much more frequent cause of sterility than either gonorrhea or endocrine disorders, which usually take the blame.

One out of every ten marriages is sterile. This percentage indicates the startling fact that there are three million married couples in America today who need help in overcoming infertility. Estimates vary, but at least twenty percent of this childlessness can be erased by medical treatment (glandular medication, relief from adhesions, and the opening of blocked tubes, to mention a few.)

In close co-ordination with its services to the individual families, the federation also provides the public with printed educational material on fertility control.

**T**HROUGH its medical committees, it seeks to stimulate wider teaching on the subject in medical schools. There is great opportunity in this field, as fewer than half the grade A medical schools include courses in the control of fertility for their students.

The federation cooperates in promoting sufficient interest in the subject to lead to the establishment of clinics in hospitals. Of 4,884 general hospitals, only 69 actually offer clinical services in this matter today. Here too, there is a huge field for expansion.

Planned Parenthood strongly backs all efforts to advance industrial health, knowing that healthy parents produce healthy children.

The research program of the Fed-

eration plans to initiate a broad program in the long-neglected field of the physiology of human reproduction, which will have as its principal aims investigation into the causes and cure of sterility, and the discovery of a simple, acceptable, and inexpensive method of contraception. To further the program, a series of grants have been made to establish universities and laboratories.

Any thinking person must realize that the problems which Planned Parenthood seeks to solve are vital to the health of the nation. Up to now, the American public has not had the

opportunity to support its work, due in part to wartime restrictions, and in part to the Federation's own decision to further local organization before making any national appeal.

However, during February and March, the Federation will ask the American public to contribute \$2,000,000 to insure the continuance of its work . . . \$2,000,000 to help stamp out the third highest cause of deaths in the country—birth ailments.

Keep this thought in mind when you are writing *your* check, and make it a big one . . . for yourself . . . for America!



## CHANGING TIMES

Women not only keep their girlish figures—they double them.



An elderly plutocrat went to a rejuvenating expert and asked: "Can you make me twenty-five again?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it will cost you \$500."

"Can you make me eighteen?"

"Yes, but it will cost you \$2,500."

"I'll have the operation for eighteen."

Six months later the expert called for his money.

"Nothing doing," said the patient. "I'm under age and if you say I'm not I'll sue you for fraud."

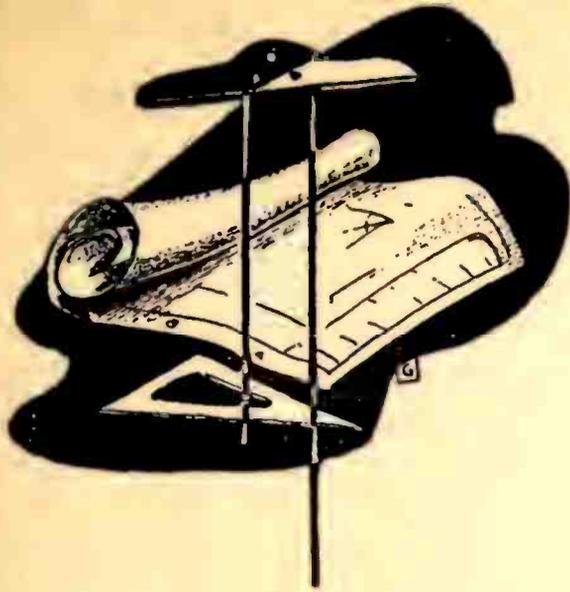


Women are attractive at 20, attentive at 30, and adhesive at 40.



In the old days—a twelve-year-old boy was six so he could travel at half-fare, but now he is sixteen so he can drive a car.

*Things happened in a large way  
when the country boy hit town!*



# Vision and Subdivision

by MORI GREINER

THERE was a year—a very bad one. It was 1907, a year of chaos and financial panic.

There was some land—a ten-acre tract of low-lying ground a day's wagon ride from Kansas City. It was such a bit of property as would give today's FHA experts a hearty laugh, without streets, without utilities, without transportation lines. It was a deserted subdivision which had lain dormant since the boom-time Eighties—and now it was encircled by the City Dump, two stone quarries, and "Razor Park," a Negro recreation area. Anybody could see it was a mess.

There was a man—an inexperienced visionary of not more than twenty-four or twenty-five without a cent in his pocket.

And so our story begins, with a time, a place, and a protagonist.

What happened next you won't believe. It seems incredible that anyone could be so ill-advised. But the penniless young man took the near swampland in the panic year—and determined to subdivide it as residential lots! His name was Jesse Clyde Nichols, and he called his real estate travesty the "Country Club District."

People began talking about J. C. Nichols, as you can well imagine. Before long he was in the newspapers. But it wasn't exactly the sort of talk such inauspicious beginnings might indicate. For instance here's part of what the Kansas City Star said in 1909:

"Where he got his insight into the development of real estate is somewhat of a mystery. Six years ago he was a student at the University of Kansas.

"However that may be, he became a real estate operator with one million dollars behind him to spend in the development of 1,000 acres of land in the same time it would take the average man to reach the position of confidential clerk in a rental agency."

In two years, his capital had risen from absolute zero to one million dollars, and his holdings had increased a hundred times!

That was the beginning. It was the start of a residential district which now has 6,500 homes and 160 apartment buildings covering 4,000 acres and housing 40,000 people.

But it was the beginning of much, much more. It was the start of a new idea in city planning. J. C. Nichols knew what he was doing. He had

fixed ideals of land use and residence building, ideals that were unique in the field. He was working with a particular thought uppermost in his mind: *it need cost no more to build a beautiful community than an ugly one.*

Today, architects, real estate men, and community designers from all over the world—literally and actually all over the world—make the trip to Kansas City to study the results Mr. Nichols has achieved. Every week he confers with droves of them from the United States and a dozen or so from foreign countries.

Most realtors open a subdivision, sell the lots, and move blithely on to new pastures with never a thought for the district they brought into being.

But J. C. Nichols doesn't operate that way. He learned the hard way. A post-graduate course at Harvard under Dr. O. M. W. Sprague and a bicycle trip around Europe (he had worked his way across on a cattle-boat), convinced him that he wanted to devote his life to city-planning. He wanted to create interesting, unusual, and beautiful residential areas and maintain them as such throughout the years

SO HE returned to Kansas City, which he felt sure would benefit from industrial growth and colonization southward and westward. He had no capital, but he borrowed money from some farmer friends and built a series of small houses for workmen in Kansas City, Kansas. With the profits he was able to purchase the 10-acre tract in Missouri, and so the Country Club District was launched.

During the morning young Nichols dug drainage ditches and laid board sidewalks. Then a change of clothes transformed him to a salesman in the afternoon.

In the beginning, all was not heavy cream and strawberry tarts, despite the youthful enthusiasm, vitality, and a liberal dash of foresightedness. The initial venture brought soul-searing experiences from which bitter lessons were learned. Foremost was the way building restrictions have of going all to pot.

The original lots sold were restricted for only ten years, and covered just the cost of the houses, setback from the streets and single family residential use. Within three or four years buyers became leary of what might happen when restrictions ran out, and lots became difficult to sell.

When the term did expire, it was impossible to get all owners to join in setting up new restrictions. Owners were, by then, scattered over the country; some corners had taken on high value as business sites; many properties were under guardianship and trusts.

At tremendous costs, Nichols succeeded in buying back all of the land and repairing his original mistakes; he was obstinately determined that nothing would reduce the value nor mar the beauty of his subdivision. He vowed never again to sell a home-site that would go back in value, and never to offer property not protected against the influence of bad surroundings.

It was apparent that success for his plans depended upon making every

piece of land more valuable and retaining a practical, active interest in each one long after it was fully paid for.

So he put his mind to the restriction problem and evolved, over a period of time, a plan of self-perpetuating restrictions, wherein the restrictions automatically extend themselves unless affirmative action to abandon them is taken by some majority of owners. This plan has been widely copied and is in itself a very real contribution to community planning.

Then he got hold of a great deal of land, thinking he would develop it from the standpoint of overall unity. To protect the land, he built special "buffers." To the north he put up apartments — large, attractive buildings, set on winding streets and well-landscaped. Along the western

boundary he laid out a series of four golf courses. With his property thus protected Nichols went into action. The appearance of the land today is a tribute to his wide vision and good taste.

He designed the Country Club District with several main arteries to carry the bulk of traffic, but kept the other streets narrow, gently winding, constantly beckoning.

This breaks the monotony of ordinary rectangular street patterns, and gives more individuality to the homesites. Too, the easy curving frequently makes possible the saving of fine old trees, stone ledges, and other important features.

Land contours have not been graded away. Hillside sites are utilized to their utmost advantage. Streams have

## NICHOLS' NOTES ON SELLING

J. C. Nichols, the dean of city-planners who controls almost 40 subdivisions in Kansas City, is recognized throughout the United States as a master of personal salesmanship. He addresses his large selling staff at weekly meetings, and here are some of the rules he has outlined for them:

*Never swear unless you are damned sure the other fellow likes to swear.*

*Always remember that your client has a perfectly good reason for his own opinion, and simply because he disagrees with you it does not necessarily follow that he's a fool.*

*Never talk so loudly when talking to a client that he keeps thinking about the loudness of your voice rather than the things you are saying to him.*

*Diplomacy is letting the other fellow have your way.*

*You lose if you win an argument with a client.*

*Look your client straight in the eye.*

Country Club Plaza,  
Kansas City



been retained and beautified, with occasional fords and picturesque bridges.

In addition, Mr. Nichols has retained a quantity of land for parkways, fountains and statuary. He has imported almost half a million dollars worth of artwork from Europe—sculptured benches, Italian well-heads, marble columns. His district is now referred to by realtors as the

“Outdoor Museum of Art.”

What’s more, he has made the large investment in art objects pay off! Crews of workmen keep everything in perfect condition. Residents have developed a great pride in their neighborhoods and actively aid in maintaining them. Vandalism is no problem at all.

**T**HE result, of course, is a constant increase in property values. The

bugaboo of nearly every realtor is that tag-end lot which remains unsold, declines in appearance and value, and all the while runs up an expensive tax bill. But Country Club lots always sell for more as time goes on, because neighborhood improvements make them more desirable.

One of the most distinctive features of the Nichols' area is its system of shopping centers. The National Real Estate Journal calls them "the best developed shopping areas in the world."

There are now almost 40 subdivisions, served by seven groups of shops. Each group is comprised of one and two story buildings of harmonious architecture—all Norman, all colonial, all Italian or what-have-you. Each group is different in design, but planned to fit congenially into the surrounding residential area.

The gateway to the District is the Country Club Plaza, the principal business center. It didn't just grow, but was painstakingly planned.

The Plaza is Spanish in motif. It covers an area of ten square blocks, has three very large free parking stations, and houses 250 stores and professional offices. There is no single department store: the small, exclusive shops fill the need adequately, and give more personal service.

Nichols spent \$25,000 in beautifying the Plaza parking stations alone. The whole area was built, and is owned and managed, by him. He allows no protruding or overhanging signs, and carefully regulates window displays and store arrangements. The buildings are stucco. They have red tile roofs, imported wrought-iron

grillwork, and small flagstone patios with fountains.

And that brings us back to Mr. Nichols himself. As you've probably guessed by this time, he may be conservatively described as a dynamo. At 65, he is robust and full of vitality. He keeps longer hours than any of his employees, and young men trying to impress the boss have been known to crack under the strain. Lounging in an easy chair to watch J. C. Nichols work would exhaust the average man in something under an hour.

His mind is an amazing thing. It has the ability to envision progressive plans on a grand scale, and also to focus on every minute detail necessary to carry those plans into action. It works effortlessly, but with surprising speed.

Few completely thorough men are also progressive. J. C. Nichols is both.

He is an optimist with indomitable will power. His parents were hardy pioneers of Olathe, Kansas. Comfortably set up financially, they would gladly have given their only son a college education. But he preferred making his own way.

He worked through the University of Kansas where he was a member of Beta Theta Pi and Phi Beta Kappa, and set a scholastic record which is still unbroken. Then he went to Harvard for a post-graduate course.

Finally he decided to abandon cloistered halls for the business world—and when he came in, it was with both feet!

Time, of course, has brought Mr. Nichols many honors, locally and na-

tionally. In 1926 President Coolidge appointed him a member of the National Capitol Park and Planning Commission, the government arm devoted to the task of making Washington the world's most sightly capital city. Presidents have come and gone in the intervening 20 years, but Mr. Nichols has been reappointed by each of them.

In addition, he has held other government advisory posts. he has been an official of the National Association of Real Estate Boards, and of many national groups sponsoring civic betterment. He is an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, and the American Society of Landscape Architects.

J. C. Nichols' services to his own community are legion. He plays a leading role in every civic undertaking. For eight years he was a member of the Board of Education and President of the Kansas City Art Institute. For 17 years he has been chairman of the board of trustees of the William Rockhill Nelson Trust for the collection and exhibition of art housed in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Atkins Museum of Fine Arts. He was a force in war housing and sparkplugged several fund campaigns. Even a partial list of his memberships and activities would be staggering.

The Country Club District covers ten percent of Kansas City's total area, but Mr. Nichols has always worked on the theory that anything which bettered the city would also further his own interests. So he doesn't confine himself to his own territory. He devotes time, money and valuable

ideas to improving any phase of the city's life or any one of its districts. His whole organization may be counted upon to co-operate fully on downtown, industrial, traffic, suburban, or residential problems.

The Nichols Companies build and sell speculatively houses ranging in price from \$5,000 to \$100,000. They build more expensive homes on order. Bungalows and two story houses are not mixed indiscriminately. They are grouped separately in natural, cohesive neighborhoods.

At the present, small houses for veterans are an all-out project. A new subdivision, Prairie Village, has been opened for small and exceedingly attractive homes priced upwards from \$9,000. As in all Nichols' subdivisions, landscaping is extensive, and a complete shopping center will be erected. Prairie Village will have its own schools, churches, and recreational facilities—designed to fit into the overall architectural scheme.

Prairie Village is the latest subdivision in the famous Country Club District, but it won't be the last.

\* \* \*

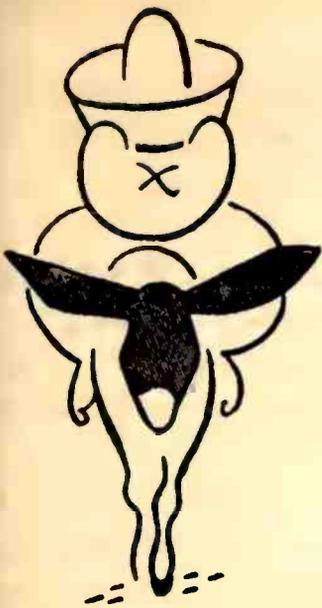
That's the story. As you can see, it has no ending. It had a quick beginning, and it had a middle which showed what can be done, against odds, if the determination is great enough. Luck was not in our cast of characters.

Now there is another year—a new one, and we hope a good one.

There's some land—4,000 acres of the country's finest residential property.

And there's a man. His name is J. C. Nichols—keep an eye on him!

# Puerto de Arribada



*Port of Call in the Southwest,  
where art, atmosphere, and  
tortillas are blended under an  
ancient roof-tree.*

by JETTA CARLETON

As you drive west out of Albuquerque, headed for the desert on Highway 66 (on which a number of musical aggregations urge you to get your kicks) you may notice a small sign that points down a straggling dirt road. The sign indicates that down that road you'll find *La Placita*. And so you do. It's a low rambling adobe building facing the plaza of Old Town. Here once lived the governor of New Mexico under the Spanish flag. Now it's a series of quaint dining rooms. They call it *La Placita*—the little place.

This is the site visited in their respective times by such eminent explorers as the Spanish Conquistadores and Duncan Hines. When the Conquistadores appeared on the scene, neither plaza nor placita was there. That was in 1540. By the time Mr. Hines arrived, a number of changes had taken place. Among them was the

building, in 1706, of a mansion called *La Casa de Armijo*. It remained the house of the Armijos until the late eighteen hundreds, and finally, six and a half years ago, was purchased by C. F. and W. C. Brown, who turned *La Casa* into *La Placita*. And that's where Duncan Hines came in. Today above the entrance to *La Placita* hangs the familiar Hines stamp of approval. Inside you may sample the proof.

The specialty of the house is, of course, Mexican food, but you may eat American if you'd rather. The prices are on a par with the doorways: both are low. (If you're over five-foot-nine, duck!) The range is sixty-five cents to \$1.35, except for T-bone steak, which sets you back a buck-fifty. But even a T-bone steak is small potatoes (this sentence sounds like a pot-pie) by the side of *comidas Mexicanas*. After all, *that's* what you came here for. And you'll turn from



the pot roast, the chicken pie, and the menu you can read to the *enchiladas* and *guacomole* and *jugo de fruto con tostadas* that taste as wonderful as if you knew what you were eating. Even if you have to order by the index finger method, you can't go wrong. And we hope for your sake you have a discerning tongue that can develop a taste for that unleavened cornmeal they press out in circles and call *torillas*. They look—and for all we know, taste—like cardboard, but they're habit forming.

*La Placita* serves hot sauce on request. But take it easy. The innocent are often cauterized by mistake. As bread, we suggest you choose the *sopaipillas*. They're hot and crisp and puffy and greasy. Beyond that we haven't the faintest idea what they are, except delicious.

*La Placita* is a composite of five dining rooms, plus some kind of liv-



ing quarters, the kitchen, a curio shop, and a second story. All we know of the upper regions is the ancient carved stairway leading up. If you're the female of the species you pass by the stairs as you go down a hallway to the powder room. The plumbing, incidentally, was installed somewhat later than 1706.

The entrance to *La Placita* is off the long front porch. You stumble down a short but unexpected ramp into a curio shop, where you're surrounded by bright tin trays, baked clay piggy banks, blue Mexican glassware, and those inevitable silver bracelets with turquoise. In this room as in all the others there's a white plastered fireplace that looks more like an igloo than a fireplace. The fireplaces and the walls are the only things plastered in *La Placita*. No liquor is served.

In the curio shop you give your name to Mr. Crawford, a polite gentleman barricaded behind a case of Indian jewelry. Then you browse among *serapes* and *bateas* and the displays of local art (the exhibit changes each month) until there's a table for your party. Mr. Crawford in a voice as beautifully modulated as a dinner chime announces your turn, and in you go, following a Spanish waitress dressed in a long flowered skirt and a peasant blouse.

If you're lucky, you'll draw the patio. It has a beautiful old uneven floor paved with flagstones worn smooth by the feet of Spanish *grandees* long before cash customers began to flock in. And in the center of the patio is a tree—a real, live tree reaching toward heaven. The reach is only slightly obstructed by a

glass roof which the Browns installed a few years ago. But in summer the roof opens and there you are, *al fresco*.

To make the atmosphere complete, Spanish music throbs gently through the rooms. But you needn't look up from your *aguacate* (alligator pear to most of us), for the music is recorded and relayed from the outer room. You won't be seeing any smoldering Latin with a guitar and that geeve-me-your-leeps look in his eye. But you may very likely see any visiting celebrity who happens to have stopped over enroute, TWA, to Hollywood or New York. Most of them get here, sooner or later. And perhaps every second guest in the room is an artist or a writer. The region around Albuquerque is a celebrated art preserve. And



if you could make a discreet under-the-table survey you'd probably find —Oh, keep your mind above the belt! —more cowboy boots per flagstone than in any other dining room along Route 66.

---

## WEIGHTY REMARKS

A bearded rustic, in the big city for the first time, saw people using a weighing machine. He watched awhile, and finally got up enough courage to step aboard himself. When he dropped in his penny, out popped a card bearing a picture of Van Johnson. For a moment he studied it, then stared critically into the mirror of the machine.

"Shucks," he said, turning to an on-looker, "this contraption don't take sech a very good picture, does it?"



A fat woman stepped on scales which were out of order. The indicator stopped at 47 pounds.

A nearby inebriate watched the scene intently. Finally everything focussed and he let out a shriek. "My Gawd!" he cried. "She's hollow!"

Husband—"Rosie, do you know anything about my wife's whereabouts?"

Rosie—"Yessuh, Boss—Ah thinks Ah put them in de wash."



Well-padded Posy: "Young man, I am a physical culture instructor. I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium."

New Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, and how big around is your gymnasium?"



Pessimist: "How many will this car hold?"

Optimist: "Three, but six can get in if they're very well acquainted."



It's all right to tell a girl she has pretty ankles, but don't compliment her too highly.



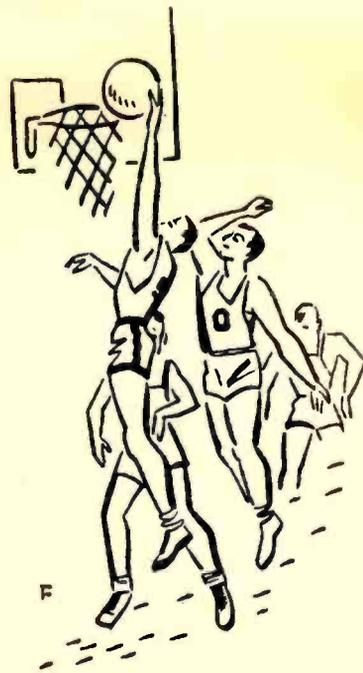
*"It's amazing—the beautiful fur you can get from an old wolf!"*

*The hardwood hijinks are new,  
but they're fun for all.*

# BASKETBALL

## *Baby!*

by SAM SMITH



**T**HIS is the basketball season, the beginning of those winter months when the hardwood sport rules as the supreme spectator, as well as the top participation game in these United States.

As great games go, basketball still is an infant. But it's a lusty infant. A few years ago the crowd estimates for the year placed basketball attendance at 80,000,000 persons. Believe it or not, that was twice the number of persons who witnessed the year's football classics.

Dr. Forrest C. Allen, the Kansas University coach who has been teaching the game for four decades, says it is the "only major sport that is the invention of one man's brain." Football, for instance, has been in the process of evolution for a thousand years. All others of our national games have been handed down through the ages, evolving considerably before reaching us.

But the game of basketball was invented by the late Dr. James Naismith just fifty-five years ago. Today there probably are more basketball teams in the nation than those playing any

other sport. It's tailor-made for the Sunday School leagues, for college intramurals, for the high schools, the big universities.

It's a common denominator in sports. It's a great leveler extending the same enjoyment to the Epworth League class in the church down the street that it provides for major university quintets.

Being a new game, it is still in the process of evolution. Only last March, at the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball tournament in Kansas City, the twelve-foot basket was tried. Given a whirl, too, was a plan for dividing the court into ripple-like circles to facilitate broadcasting of the game so listeners could better visualize the play. Neither idea drew a warm reception from the audience. The point is that they *were* tried; that the game is still developing.

The late Dr. Naismith was a student at the International Y.M.C.A. Training School at Springfield, Massachusetts, when he was commissioned by Dr. Luther H. Gulick, his adviser, to work out an indoor game that would harness the activities of a class of

eighteen irrepressible physical education students.

All other team games played throughout the year were outdoor games—football in the autumn, baseball and track in the spring and summer. Naismith at first sought to modify football for indoor play but that would not suffice. After all, what was football if tackling were eliminated?

So Naismith hit on the idea of nailing a pair of peach baskets from the inside rim of the running track. He looked around for a ball and selected a soccer football because of its even-bouncing qualities. He divided those eighteen men into two teams of nine each. There were three forwards, three centers and three guards, and zone lines kept the players within their areas.

Forwards were chosen for their ability to hit the shaky peach baskets with that soccer ball. Centers were picked for their hustling tendencies and the guards were the leftovers. They were the ones who couldn't shoot.

Compare that with today's version which sees the guards quarterbacking much of the offense, as well as performing like a fifty-cent leech on defense.

Naismith had no idea how his brain child would develop. He envisioned a game in which 25 or 30, or even 50, would play on a side. He foresaw a mass game. Incidentally, there was one early day basketball game at Cornell which possibly had quite a bit to do in changing that.

In that game, there were 40 men on a side. The affair got a trifle out of hand and the players tore one end out of the wooden gymnasium. Cor-

nell gave up the game, considering it too expensive to equipment and building.

So, with such examples to guide them, students of basketball soon set the number of players at five per team. But a considerable number of Naismith's first rules have been handed down with little change and today are the law of the greatest winter sport in the land.

**B**ASKETBALL spread around the world. Before the recent war eliminated friendly athletic strife in many lands, at least 50 nations and territories were playing the game. For one thing, international Y.M.C.A. secretaries trained at Springfield planted the game in foreign lands. It caught on.

With elimination of the center jump and the inclusion of the three-second and 10-second rules, basketball offense has become more and more a carefully plotted military maneuver. The three-second rule prohibits a pivot post man from remaining in the free throw area for more than three seconds at a time, the 10-second rule makes it necessary for the offensive team to move the ball across the mid-court line in that period of time, thus preventing stalling.

Now you see a game played partly with the fire department type of fast break, mixed with carefully timed set screen plays designed to shake a man loose close in for a pot-shot at the hoop.

When you find a team capable of both, you're in for a beautiful evening of basketball because it takes good ball handling and flawless floor play to

make the fast break go, and it takes clever ball handling plus polished offensive play to assure the success of the set plays.

Recent years have seen the development of the skyscraper players, the "balcony boys" who can reach above the basket at its 10-foot level. Legislation against goal-tending — just standing there batting the ball away or out of the hoop—is making them into good all-around players in numerous cases. The top instance, of course, is Foothills Bob Kurland who, after three years with the Oklahoma Aggies, is now with the Phillips Oilers.

Basketball really takes the spotlight late in each season with the Madison Square garden invitational, the NCAA and the NAIB tournaments. Between them, they draw the best in the land, the first two attracting the top teams generally of the larger leagues, the latter the hustling winners in the various districts in the smaller college category, although all comers are eligible if they meet the requirements of the NAIB.

Basketball has developed somewhat differently in various parts of the country and so has officiating. The

NAIB, beyond its competition-building effect, is performing an excellent service to the game by bringing coaches together for clinical discussion of their mutual problems.

Ned Irish and his basketball promotion in Madison Square Garden doubtless helped skyrocket the game, but it's growing all the time in its own right. It's perfect for all who want a winter game of combat, and schools too small to support football teams often turn out court quintets which claim national attention.

And mammoth field houses on college campuses are jammed of a winter night. Balconies in public school gymnasiums fill up, too, for the recreation league games matching church and all-employee teams. You can't call some of that good basketball, even if you're playing it, but it's good, clean sport and you're in it for the fun of it.

That's basketball, whether the jersey bears a church insignia or the champion's shield of the NAIB or NCAA. That's Dr. James Naismith's bequest to the youth of today,—a brainchild grown to a lusty yowling infant!



In Richmond they say that General Lee made a striking picture during the surrender ceremony at Appomattox—erect, well-groomed, wearing a jeweled sword and a handsome new full dress uniform. Grant, on the other hand, was clad only in his ragged old Union suit.

## from a one-stringed

zither . . .

We are forever a people of paradox  
 Singing hymns to freedom  
 Nailing freedom to a tree.  
 We are forever big  
 Forever little  
 Forever wanting and not getting  
 For the want is past when we receive.  
 We are forever singing  
 Forever laughing  
 To hide the silence of unshed tears.  
 We are forever doing this and that  
 Saying we'd like nothing better  
 Than doing nothing at all.  
 Doing nothing well is an art  
 And we are not artists  
 We are skilled workers.  
 And so the baker  
 Goes back to his baking  
 And the lathe turner  
 Goes back to his lathe  
 And the newly-wed  
 Goes back to her bed  
 With the latest copy  
 of TRUE ROMANCE!



My head has an ache  
 My back has a pain  
 And my third corn tells me  
 We're sure to have rain.



I wandered lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high  
 O'er hill and dale.  
 But when I tried to tell  
 The judge, he simply said,  
 "Six months in jail."



My heart is such a wayward thing  
 It never can love softly.  
 I've noticed though  
 It never pounds  
 Unless I've had my coffee.



Last night  
 I dreamed that I was called  
 To give account for all I'd done.  
 Old Satan said, "I'll match you, kid!"  
 The strange thing is—I won!



Sunset and Evening Star  
 And one clear call for me  
 And may there be  
 No shoving at the bar  
 For everything's on me.



When I was young  
 I had a way  
 Of fabricating tales  
 Now that I'm old  
 I've lost my touch  
 And simply bite my nails!



A short beer  
 Is something  
 You can have  
 Five more of  
 Before you  
 Have to go!



Some people are born great  
 And other people  
 Gain weight  
 Even though they diet.



# They Fought Polio —and *Won!*

*They battled death and crippled limbs and mass hysteria when they struggled with the most dreaded disease of our day!*

THE resolution recently signed by the Mayor of Kansas City, and reproduced on the following page, gives the reader only an inkling of the dynamic part played by the Jackson County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis and the Kansas City hospitals in their struggle against the dreaded disease.

One day last January a small group with a serious purpose met in the chapter's council room and began mapping plans to cope with poliomyelitis should it strike Kansas City during 1946.

The city had not been faced with an epidemic for three years, but for some inexplicable reason, Chairman Jim Rick felt that the community would be faced with a serious outbreak in the coming summer. Rick realized there was no medical explanation for the fact that Kansas City's epidemics have always run in a cycle of three years, but the cycle had never been broken and 1946 would mark the third season since an outbreak of epidemic proportions.

Many people felt that Rick was an alarmist and were hesitant to pitch

in to make the necessary preparations for grappling with an epidemic. The goal in the minds of Rick and his fellow board members was the installation of a complete polio unit in each of the city's major hospitals. This program meant the outlay of thousands of dollars; iron lungs, hot pack machines, heat cradles, leg splints, beds, blankets, wool, and—as important as the equipment—trained personnel to provide constant care for the victims.

Rick and his co-workers refused to be side-tracked. During the spring they worked diligently—conferring with hospital officials, making surveys of wards that could be turned into polio isolation units at a moment's notice, listing the equipment that would be needed, and arranging with the Red Cross for the recruitment of nurses. A grant of \$10,000 was made to St. Luke's and to St. Mary's Hospitals. The purchases of iron lungs, hot pack machines and other equipment was expedited.

In May, poliomyelitis struck its first Kansas City victim. There had been a few cases each year previously, so at the outset no one was unduly

## RESOLUTION

### IN APPRECIATION AND RECOGNITION OF THE GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE RENDERED KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, BY THE JACKSON COUNTY CHAPTER OF THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS, INC.

WHEREAS, this city has undergone this year a serious outbreak of poliomyelitis, commonly known as polio, and

WHEREAS, the hospitals and nursing institutions in this city were not equipped nor prepared to meet the extraordinary demands resulting from the spread of such disease, and

WHEREAS, the Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., with admirable foresight provided facilities and personnel required to meet the emergency and have spent and are prepared to spend this year more than \$50,000 on polio equipment for hospitals, imported 41 nurses experienced in handling polio patients, and 8 physiotherapists, together with a special polio staff, at an estimated cost of \$40,000, and have paid and are paying certain hospital and doctor bills for polio patients, which will total another \$30,000, or approximately \$120,000 in all, and expect to provide treatment in the future for many polio victims for an indefinite period of time, and

WHEREAS, our city could never have adequately met the emergency

without such assistance, NOW, THEREFORE,

BE IT RESOLVED BY THE COUNCIL OF KANSAS CITY:

(1) That this Council on behalf of the people of Kansas City, Missouri, recognizes and acknowledges the great public service rendered this community by the Jackson County Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc., and hereby expresses to such Chapter our heartfelt gratitude;

(2) That the City Clerk furnish Mr. James J. Rick, Chairman of such Chapter, a copy of this Resolution, with the request that he in turn notify all those public-spirited citizens associated with him in this humane enterprise of the adoption of this Resolution and our deep appreciation for the outstanding public service rendered by them.

Authenticated as Adopted This  
October 21st, 1946.

W. E. Kemp,  
Mayor.

Flournay Quest,  
City Clerk.

Con R. Baule,  
Deputy City Clerk.

excited. Then, in the middle of June, the case rate started on an incline. Calls from hysterical parents began pouring in to the hospitals. Some days as many as eight persons, most of them children, were admitted to Kansas City hospitals. Outlying counties, with no equipment or personnel to

handle the disease, began sending patients into Kansas City.

Although this possibility had been foreseen by chapter members, the out-of-town case load had not been expected to rise to such great proportions. Hospitals began calling for the equipment that had been held in

readiness and the personnel necessary to staff their isolation wards. With the isolation units established, with physical therapists providing hot packs and massage for the patients, the anxiety of parents and relatives diminished considerably. Chapter and hospital officials weren't the least surprised to note the absence of any demonstrations of mass hysteria. They had realized in the beginning that adequate and intelligent care of polio victims was all that anyone could ask and that is exactly what every patient received regardless of race or color.

The case rate continued on an even keel during July and the first part of August. The average number of patients admitted to hospitals was four to six per day.

There has never been actual proof that the disease is contracted or carried in water nor that the disease is peculiar to heavily populated areas. Since no one could offer proof in either direction, Dr. Hugh Dwyer, City Health Commissioner, played safe by ordering all swimming pools closed.

The fund collected from the 1946 March of Dimes campaign was soon exhausted. Rick telephoned the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis in New York and obtained a grant of fifty thousand dollars with the promise that another fifty thousand would be sent if needed. Physical therapists were brought in from such far away points as Portland, Oregon. Nurses came from all parts of the United States in answer to Kansas City's plea for aid. By September, forty-one specialists had arrived and were on constant duty at the hospitals.

Rick had to make train and plane reservations for these people and see to it that they had a place to live upon their arrival. The hospitals were able to take some of them into their nurses' homes but there were a great many who had to find living accommodations elsewhere. This was but one of the minor problems confronting the chapter.

An example of how completely the chapter was coping with the epidemic was the establishment of an emergency service center at the polio clinic. The nurse in charge of the clinic, Mrs. Frances Scates, visited each patient every day. In the evening she would deliver a full report to a volunteer worker at the clinic who, in turn, would telephone parents and relatives of the victims. Parents were not allowed to enter the isolation wards and knew relatively little about their youngsters' progress from day to day.

The worker would give intimate details of each patient's condition—newsy bits of information such as "Jimmy ate all his lunch today and was sitting up playing with his teddy bear. He was so cute when he offered to share it with the little girl in the next bed. He is in no pain and there



is just a little paralysis left in his leg." These warm, human reports earned the gratitude of hundreds of anxious parents. Not only were the parents deeply grateful, but the reports helped immeasurably to prevent the general hysteria that might have accompanied the epidemic.

By the middle of September, public opinion held the view that the epidemic had reached its peak and would slack off with the approach of cool weather. Unfortunately, this was not the case. Had Rick and the chapter members relaxed in their activities, an appalling situation could easily have resulted. They absolutely refused to believe that the epidemic was at an end, and were determined to carry on until incoming cases subsided entirely.

Rick, personally convinced that it was not "all over," wired New York for another fifty thousand dollars to carry on the work. More hot pack machines were ordered, more iron lungs; and additional personnel was contacted. One hospital was desperately in need of a physical therapist.

Rick arranged for her arrival from Michigan within forty-eight hours!

Rick's actions had been fully justified. Up to September 15th there had been 120 polio patients admitted to

Kansas City hospitals. Thirty days later the total had risen to 450 — almost four times the number admitted during the entire summer.

Today there are still cases trickling in, but the major portion of the epidemic may be said to be over. However, citizens of Kansas City realize that the task of caring for polio victims has not ended. There were 28 deaths and over 500 polio cases during 1946. A great many persons must continue to receive long and costly treatment. Hot pack applications and massage must be ministered to many patients for months,

and in some cases even years, before their crippled limbs will be able to carry on with a semblance of their former usefulness.

The National Foundation provides for all polio victims. Ability to pay or social status means nothing. During the 1946 epidemic, children from

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION  
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS,  
INC.

120 BROADWAY  
NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Rick:

It would be extremely difficult for me to evaluate in words the great contribution you have made to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis and to the people of Jackson County.

The National Foundation and I, personally, are deeply indebted to you and your Chapter members for the splendid assistance you gave to the people in Jackson County during the emergency. The resolution, presented to you, by the Council of Kansas City is further proof that your efforts have been appreciated.

Because of the fine cooperation of people such as you, the fight against poliomyelitis will be carried on until success has been achieved.

Sincerely yours,  
Basil O'Connor,  
President

Mr. James J. Rick  
Union National Bank  
9th & Walnut Street  
Kansas City, Mo.  
No. 10532

Kansas City's Country Club District lay side by side with tots from squalid sectors of the city. All were accorded the same fine care and treatment. The Foundation paid the hospital and doctor bills for those who could not afford it. For those who are partly recovered, the R. J. Delano School for Crippled Children is staffed with physical therapists and has the finest equipment available to treat children of school age.

During the 1946 epidemic, more than \$50,000 was spent on polio equipment for hospitals; payroll salaries for nurses and physical therapists amounted to \$40,000; and doctor and hospital bills consumed another \$30,000. This is a tremendous expenditure, and the parents and relatives of victims will be the first to realize that the cost of the marvelous work carried on by the Jackson County Chapter cannot be borne only by those stricken.

During the 1947 March of Dimes campaign, which begins January 15th, this group will ardently support the cause. But they alone cannot assume the staggering financial burden. This campaign involves every American and all should feel a genuine willingness to contribute.

Poliomyelitis is the most dreaded disease in the United States today. Even the finest medical care cannot cure all types of the disease. Millions of dollars are needed not only to care for those who contract polio, but more important, to finance the research necessary to find a means of preventing it.

Kansas City's fight against polio need not be dramatized. The mere

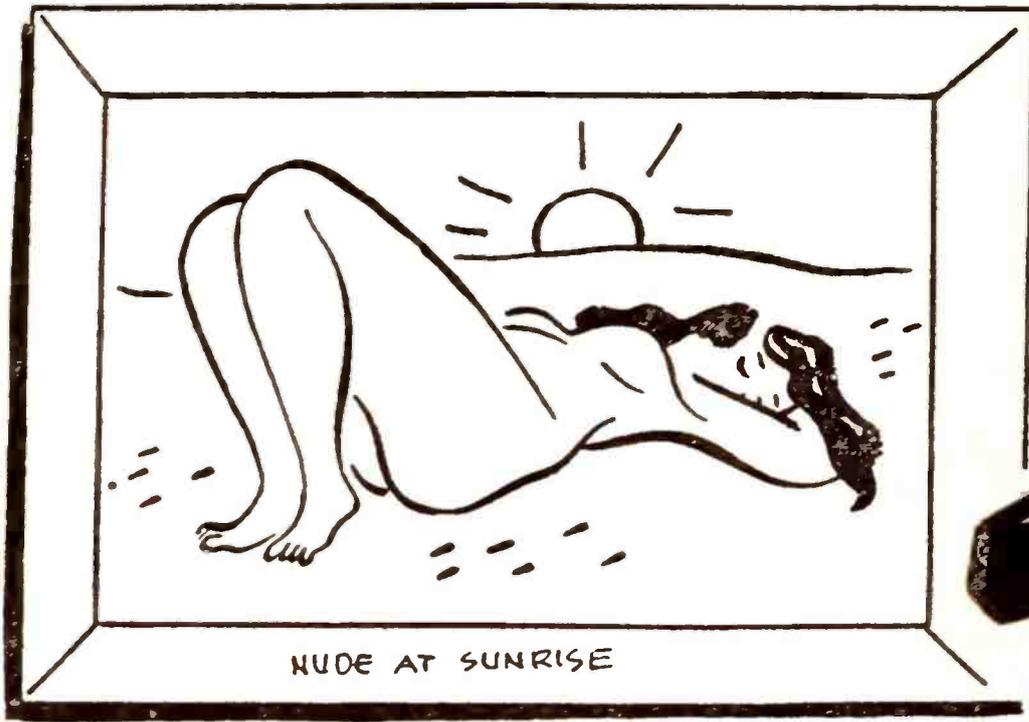
stating of facts—the day-to-day story of the unceasing efforts of all who joined in the battle—provide an eloquent plea which cannot be ignored. Mr. Senn Lawler, chairman of the 1947 March of Dimes campaign in Kansas City, feels confident that all Kansas Citians will join in replenishing the \$150,000 deficit incurred in that grim struggle.

When you give this year, think of the hamlet, the town, or the great American city that may be faced with an epidemic in 1947. Contributions from Americans everywhere were used to fight Kansas City's battle. It is only right that Kansas Citians should help those who assumed the heavy cost of its 1946 epidemic.

Half of all money collected will remain in Kansas City to enable the Jackson County chapter to carry on its vital work. The other half will be sent to the National Foundation to finance research and to hold in reserve for such emergencies as Kansas City faced last summer.

Though you have no children; though you, yourself, may have a fortunate natural immunity to the disease; this does not relieve you of your responsibility as an American. Give generously — and give some child a chance at a happy, normal life!





FITZGERALD

"Let's break it up, men!"

# White House *Wishing* Well

*The pollsters have come out of hiding with another guessing game for millions.*

by MARION ODMARK

**R**IGHT now, it's anybody's guess who will be President of the United States come 1948. From here on in, however, polls will have their daily prominence in the press, tabulating the momentary pulse of the American public from various cross-sections of the country's voters.

Of the interesting polls already taken was one recently held by the management of *State of the Union*, the Lindsay-Crouse Pulitzer Prize play that takes as its theme a would-be presidential campaign. Participating were the theatre audiences attending company performances over a ten-day period in New York, San Francisco, and Chicago.

Twelve presidential possibilities and the opportunity to write in candidates not listed made up the ballot. Here's the outcome:

Principal Chicago write-ins were General Eisenhower, General MacArthur, and Eric Johnston. San Francisco's write-ins included these three plus Harry F. Byrd. New York honors were accorded Byrd, Johnston, Eisenhower, MacArthur, and its own ex-governor, Fiorello LaGuardia.

Henry Wallace, strong in the East, lost votes to Stassen in the Midwest, and to both Stassen and native-son Warren in the far West. Conversely, Governor Warren ranked second to Stassen in San Francisco, third in Chicago, and fourth in New York.

	Total	Chicago	New York	San Francisco
Harold E. Stassen.....	2638	836	869	933
Henry A. Wallace.....	2596	609	1370	617
Earl Warren.....	1543	440	243	860
Thomas Dewey.....	1418	407	648	363
Arthur Vandenburg.....	632	286	136	210
John Bricker.....	627	425	109	93
James F. Byrnes.....	496	189	175	132
Leverett Saltonstall.....	405	124	167	114
Robert A. Taft.....	326	180	96	50
Claude Pepper.....	287	71	118	98
Harry S. Truman.....	206	90	40	76
Chester Bowles.....	111	20	49	42
Write-ins .....	442	178	157	107
<b>Totals .....</b>	<b>11727</b>	<b>3855</b>	<b>4177</b>	<b>3695</b>

President Harry Truman, tenth in both Chicago and San Francisco, dropped to last place in New York.

Observers noticed that there appeared to be a strong difference in the choice of candidates, depending on the balloter's location in the theatre. This provided a cross-sectional view of economic groups represented. For instance, at Chicago's Blackstone theatre, the votes lined up like this:

	Total	Orchestra	Balcony	2nd Balcony
Stassen .....	836	416	282	138
Wallace .....	609	183	201	225
Warren .....	440	271	123	46
Bricker .....	425	267	115	43
Dewey .....	407	216	129	62
Vandenburg .....	286	174	88	24
Byrnes .....	189	100	50	39
Taft .....	180	107	38	35
Saltonstall .....	124	76	25	23
Truman .....	90	44	17	29
Pepper .....	71	17	24	30
Bowles .....	20	3	11	6
Totals .....	3677	1874	1103	700

Stassen, top man in the Chicago poll, had a broad cross-sectional appeal, ranking first with the top-hat group and balcony, and second with the far balcony.

Henry Wallace, self-styled savior of the common man, ranked fifth in the orchestra, second in the balcony, and first with the second balcony.

Of the top six candidates, four are Republicans (Stassen, Bricker, Dewey, and Vandenburg), Warren is supported by both parties, and Wallace is the lone Democrat.

An interesting addendum to the balloting was this question posed to estimate the voters' political awareness. Asked "Do you know the names of your congressman and your state's two senators?" 2569 answered YES,

1254 answered NO in Chicago. In New York, 2393 responded YES, and 1785 NO; while in San Francisco, 2164 said YES, and 2100, NO.

But everyone, despite his acquaintance with politics' lesser-lights, wants a voice in the presidential poll. So, it looks like guessing will be an over-time activity for the coming year.

---

### Centerpiece

Swing's wish for all its readers is that their new year will shape up as nicely as Miss Gloria DeHaven of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who stretches across our center pages this month.



**UPPER LEFT:** Theresa Stone, M-G-M publicity gal, discusses new movies with WHB staffer and Swingmaster, Bob Kennedy.

**UPPER RIGHT:** Vivian Della Chiesa, Metropolitan Opera star, rehearses for her Kansas City concert.

**TO YOUR RIGHT:** D. Kenneth Rose, national director of the Planned Parenthood Foundation outlines aims of the association in an exclusive interview. (See page 7).



**BELOW:** J. C. Nichols, board chairman of the Midwest Research Institute; Major General Leslie R. Groves, Officer-in-Charge of the Atomic Bomb Project; and Robert Mehornay, retired chairman of the Midwest Research Institute Board of Governors, pose following a panel discussion over station WHB.









... *presenting* JIM KEM

*Swing nominee for*

## MAN OF THE MONTH

**T**HIS MONTH a new Congress will take its oath of office. For the first time in a decade and a half that august, and occasionally inane, body will be dominated by members of the Republican Party. Theirs will be perhaps the least envious of all tasks during the new year.

To a nation faced with radical price inclines, ugly mutterings of intolerance, labor strife, political uneasiness, and regrowth of old complacencies, they must bring unity. They must bring security.

To a world groggy from old quarrels, recent war, and current suspicions, they must bring mental and physical succor. This United States Congress must actively lead the way to peace—the definite, workable peace which is so widely awaited, so slow in coming.

Now that the odor of political red herring has dissipated together with the general confusion of election, Americans are pausing to survey their newly elected representatives and weigh the wisdom of November decisions. There is optimism, and a taut expectancy. What sort of legislative body will this be?

Among the new voices answering roll-call at this 80th Congress will be that of Republican James Preston Kem of Missouri.

Jim Kem is the taciturn type who inspires quiet confidence rather than enthusiasm. He is a big man—tall, robust, trim-waisted—whose white hair contrasts healthily with his ruddy complexion. He's not a back-slapper, not a professional politician, and not at all the type of man one could expect to wage a successful campaign in a notoriously Democratic state. In his new role, he tries hard to be expansive, but what he actually achieves is a sort of reserved friendliness that is much more becoming to his whole personality.

Probably Mr. Kem was more surprised than anyone to find himself competing for public office for the first time at the age of 56.

He was a highly successful Kansas City lawyer with a comfortable home in a good residential district, a 160-acre country place in Cass County, a charming wife, two attractive daughters, and all of the right social and civic connections. He raised cattle and trees, was fond of dogs and horses. He was a great walker, but spent most of his time reading meaty books on history and biography, and thinking about how things ought to be. It was that thinking which brought him to the Senate.

A few close friends heard his ideas, and liked them. Finally, W. Capen Shank, a prominent Kansas Citian

who went through school with Keim at Bles Military Academy 46 years ago, called a meeting at the University Club. Then and there a "Keim for Senator" campaign was launched.

Jim Kem had never run for an office of any kind, but his friends said they needed him, so he organized his thoughts and made a few speeches. He won the primary, and the battle was on!

The incumbent, Senator Frank Briggs, was well-entrenched. Moreover, he was sailing under a presidential blessing.

There was a lot of ground to be covered. Jim Kem got in his automobile. With his wife and Major Joseph E. McEntee of St. Louis, he toured 110 counties—a distance of 8,700 miles. He and the major made speeches, sometimes nine a day. They stopped everywhere they could gather a handful of listeners.

The opposition called Kem a "stuffed shirt." They called him a "pawn of big business." They called him everything they could lay tongue or pen to. But Jim Kem went right on talking.

The speeches he made weren't spectacular. He just told what conditions were and how he thought they ought to be. People seemed to like it. There were no novel ideas, no extravagant promises of future benefits through complicated government processes. He talked plain sense and dealt with facts everybody could understand. He mentioned all the things that had made this country great, and suggested we give these same things another try.

Most of the audiences liked it. They liked Kem. Not because of his

personality, but because of his sincerity. Many who heard him felt a deep and immediate respect for the man's integrity of character, for his own belief in what he was saying.

A few weeks before election, the Kems returned to Kansas City. There were more personal appearances at rallies and teas. But the formula was the same: say plainly what was to be said; leave baby-kissing and political sensationalism to other candidates.

This was no ordinary election. A great Republican sentiment was building up. The eyes of the country were turned toward Missouri, where President Truman was taking a personal interest in affairs and marking certain men for defeat.

And in the same precinct with the Kems lived James M. Pendergast, heir to the remnants of the notorious machine which once dominated the Missouri scene. Pendergast worked apace as things began to move at fever-pitch.

November fourth arrived. By midnight, it was apparent the machine had fared badly. Jim Kem and his fellow candidates were headed for Washington!

In the two months which have elapsed since that climactic day, Kem's followers have grown progressively more certain that their judgment was sound in sponsoring him for the Senate.

As a victor, he has been approached by over a hundred special groups seeking promises and pre-office commitments. Jim Kem has come closer to being rude to those representatives than to anyone he has ever met. His strongest precept is that government should be for *all* the people, that every

man is equal before the law. He says: "Government by pressure groups doesn't work. It didn't work when business groups dominated this country, nor has it worked under the dominance of the P. A. C." He intends to take office without encumbrances of any sort.

To insure government for all, Mr. Kem proposes an immediate return to the principles of self-government. "Government officials," he says, "should be elected by their neighbors and friends—directly by the people they are going to represent.

"We have latterly built up a bureaucracy of political appointees which has been granted power to regulate even the minutest details in the lives of common citizens. The common citizens have made it apparent they don't like that at all.

"The first step necessary to smash this bureaucracy is to terminate the War. It doesn't make sense to perpetuate on paper a conflict in which the shooting stopped a year and a half ago. The 'Emergency' grants special powers to which the government is not now entitled. Those powers should be relinquished, so that government may be returned to the people through their duly elected representatives. The young men now in the services were drafted to fight a war, but there is no war. It is only right to release them. Congress is capable of enacting whatever legislation may be necessary to maintain military and naval strength abroad. Let's put things on an honest basis!"

The senator-elect served as a cavalry lieutenant in World War I, but all of his service was in this coun-

try. His one-war trophy is Mrs. Kem, whom he met in Louisville while stationed at Camp Zachary Taylor.

She was then Mary Elizabeth Carroll, daughter of a lawyer, granddaughter of John D. Carroll, for many years chief justice of the Supreme Court of Kentucky and author of the state's legal code—called Carroll's Statutes of Kentucky. All of her uncles were lawyers, her brother was a lawyer, and her brother's son has since become a lawyer.

This gave Miss Carroll much of common interest with Lieutenant Kem, who had gone from the University



of Missouri (class of 1910) to Harvard Law School, and thence back to Missouri to complete his bar examinations successfully.

The couple found other ways in which they were alike. Both loved dancing, and riding, and long walks. The dancing is now largely a thing of the past, but the Kems still take to their saddles as a family group, and walking has become their most publicized trait.

For years, Mr. Kem has walked three miles in the direction of his of-

face each day, and he and Mrs. Kem have taken a brisk stroll during the late afternoon and evening. Even in the height of the campaign, the Kems found time to walk. Usually they would walk the last two or three miles into any town where a speech was to be made. It gave them their exercise, and made a great impression on the natives, who claimed they'd never before seen a political candidate arrive on foot.



Kem followed up his first impression with talk in farmers' language, too. Usually it was about cattle. He breeds Shorthorn cattle on his farm about 25 miles from Kansas City, and he once raised horses there.

One of his favorite hobbies, however, is growing trees. It was something he stumbled on in a rather unusual way.

Following a Thanksgiving dinner many years ago, the Kems were sitting before the fire, eating nuts. Suddenly Jim said, "I wonder if one of these nuts would grow if it were planted?" So he set some walnuts aside, and took them along on his next visit to the farm. The ground was soft after Fall rains, and it was an easy matter to poke holes with a walking stick, then drop in a nut and tamp earth over it.

He planted several that way, and kept a close check on them. Before long, there were small shoots, then young healthy trees.

It was shortly after the walnut experiment that Kem saw a notice in a

government bulletin which advertised a thousand trees for two dollars. He sent for them, and two weeks later received a call from the baggage-master saying his trees had arrived. "Fine," said Kem. "I'll get a truck and be right over."

"What's the truck for?" asked the amazed baggage master.

"Why, the trees, of course."

"Don't bother! These trees are in a bundle you can carry under one arm."

It was true! There was only a medium-sized package containing a thousand tiny seedlings. Kem planted them, and kept a close watch over them. Today, they're forty feet tall.

The rest of the Kems are bound to come into any discussion about Missouri's new senator, for they are a well-knit family group. One daughter, Evelyn, is at Vassar. The older daughter, Carroll, has been graduated from Vassar, is married (to a lawyer, naturally), and has a small son. Her present home is in Virginia, which is quite in keeping with the Southern sentiments of her parents.

Then there's the gracious Mrs. Kem—wife, companion, and tremendous political asset. Following a campaign speech and brief visit in one town, the editor of an opposition paper was moved to write: "Mr. Kem was accompanied by his charming wife. If they are sent to Washington, she will be a credit to the people of Missouri."

Despite education at a French convent in Canada, four years in Wyoming, and 26 years in Kansas City, Mrs.

Kem still speaks with an extremely pleasing drawl. Reporters have called her husband's speech "a cross between recognized Harvard accent and the Virginia drawl of maternal ancestors."

But besides vocal intonations, Virginia produced a statesman whose life and writings have long been a favorite study of Jim Kem—Thomas Jefferson. Like Jefferson, he believes in a minimum of federal regulation, a maximum of governing by states and municipalities. Like Jefferson, he styles himself a liberal.

When asked to define a "liberal," Kem says, "A liberal is a person who believes in the greatest amount of freedom for the individual consistent with the rights of others."

Next in importance to liberalism in government, Kem places a sound labor policy. He says he believes in organized labor, and in the right of employees to bargain collectively. He feels, however, that too many favors have been granted to certain labor groups in return for political support; and he is an active sworn enemy of the Political Action Committee of the C. I. O.

"People have learned the hard way," Kem says, "that the first principle of economics in government is that every public act must be judged by its effect on all the people. Second,

it must be judged on its merit or demerit over a long period of time.

"I am one of those people who believes that you can't repeal the law of supply and demand. It is inexorable—beyond the reach of any body of legislators.

"The United States has been on a spending spree. Someone should have thought of inflation 14 years ago, when the sluice gates of the treasury were thrown open. Now we've got a job on our hands. We have to reduce government expenditures to the means provided by the people. We have to produce useful goods in larger quantities—for ourselves and the rest of the world."

Then he smiles. "Of course, we Republicans have been a party of criticism for a long time. Now we have the responsibility of doing something definite. The exact program will be worked out by some of the country's best minds over a period of time. But it's obvious we'll have to adopt the old-time policy of thrift, frugality, and work.

"I believe we should trust in God, be moderate, and be friendly with each other. We're faced with a lot of problems, but they should all yield if approached in the spirit of moderation, friendliness, and faith."

—M. E. G., Jr.



# PRESIDENTIAL POSERS

You know the popular details about the White House occupants, their families, and their political parties, but how many of the incidents of their lives do you really remember? To test your ability to remember what you have read about them, here are 10 questions.

Score 10 points for each correct answer. If you get 60 you are fair, 80 is fine, and if you get 100, then you need not turn to page 57 for the answers.

1. Can you name two presidents who died on the same day? ..... and .....
2. Name the only president who ever received the full electoral vote .....

3. What's the shortest term a president ever served? .....
4. Who was the first vice-president to become president upon the death of the chief executive? .....
5. Which president won the Nobel Peace Prize? .....
6. Was a woman ever nominated for president? .....
7. The first president born under the United States flag was .....
8. The fourth and twelfth president were second cousins. Can you name them? ..... and .....
9. Who was the only bachelor ever elected to the White House? .....
10. Which president was of the Quaker faith? .....

## ARE YOU COLOR-MINDED?

Usually, we can associate an epic event with some colorful title. Below are 25 titles of colorful motion pictures, books, and songs. Can you furnish the missing color? Each correct answer counts 4 points. A score of 80 is average.

1. How ..... Was My Valley.
2. Wake of the ..... Witch.
3. The ..... Rose.
4. .... Hawaii.
5. The Man in .....
6. .... Beauty.
7. The ..... Pony.
8. The ..... Years.
9. The ..... Tower.
10. The ..... Dahlia.
11. .... Street.
12. .... Mansions.
13. .... River Valley.
14. Forever .....
15. .... Angel.
16. Three Little Girls in .....
17. The ..... Badge of Courage.
18. .... Cliffs of Dover.
19. Deep .....
20. .... Dolphin Street.
21. That Old ..... Magic.
22. .... Skies.
23. The ..... Bay Tree.
24. .... Fang.
25. Beach .....

Answers to Are You Color-Minded:  
 1—Green; 2—Red; 3—Black; 4—Blue; 5—Grey; 6—Black; 7—Red; 8—Green; 9—White; 10—Blue; 11—Scarlet; 12—Green; 13—Red; 14—Amber; 15—Black; 16—Blue; 17—Red; 18—White; 19—Purple; 20—Green; 21—Black; 22—Blue; 23—Green; 24—White; 25—Red.



# By Land and by Sea



by EVELYN NOLT

## *but Never by Air!*

*The saga of a winged corpse  
in Seat 21.*

money but he made her the wealthiest woman in the world.

At this point I fastened my seat belt and the plane took off one and a-half hours late. So there I was sitting in Seat 21 thinking kindly of all God's little creatures. Saying over and over to myself, "I'm going to enjoy this! I'm going to enjoy this! I'm not going to be sick!"

My friends had been liberal with information concerning air travel. My friends have never been airsick. "Just like sitting in your rocking chair at home," they said. I've always hated rocking chairs—they make me sick.

"The food is wonderful—lots of meat," they said. I'm partial to milk, poached eggs and tea.

"The stewardess takes care of you like a baby," they said. That at least was prophetic!

"You'll find the most complete little restroom!" *There* was a piece of information I could latch onto for comfort!

I sighted my objective and thought—maybe Seat 21 wasn't close to the front, but it was close to the john. I wondered how soon I could decently encounter its facilities. The stewardess brought breakfast at this strategic

THEY said I walked to the plane with all the dignity of a Capet going to the Guillotine. I followed the well-dressed blonde with the black hood and bored face. I held my gate pass rigidly extended and remembered, "Sit up in front—you can't possibly be sick up in front."

To begin with there were only two seats left—21 and 22—a single and a double. I was left with the double. And I sat by an elderly lady whose arteries were hardening and she was going out to California to live with her daughter who is 18 and a dancer. All of her children are musical. One son plays the trumpet. She is not an artist—but all her children are artists. But they would not have been artists if she hadn't earned the money which got them where they are today. Yes, she always says that God didn't give her

point in my discussion with myself. It included ham. I had the ham taken away. I drank the orange juice, coffee and ate a roll. I felt fine and went to sleep for five minutes.

Then I saw some clouds and the pain started over my left eye. I closed both of them. A little later the first feeling of nausea set in. After Wichita we ran into a storm . . . but it was mild. The stewardess kept ignoring me to talk about fishing trips with the man in 18. She was a husky-looking blonde who probably thought I always looked half-dead with perspiration running down my face. Here the suit jacket came off and I unbuttoned my blouse (one button).

Finally, as I hovered fitfully between life and death—the situation became clear—the stewardess had disliked me from the moment I boarded the plane . . . Else why was she letting me die in Seat 21!

At Amarillo the bored-faced one with the black snood left the plane. Our stops were short—but had they lasted for hours I could never have gotten off. Out of Amarillo we hit the second storm. **FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS.** I hadn't had strength enough to unfasten mine after Wichita! And all other information to the contrary — without those seat belts most of the passengers would have been in the aisle. The pilot sent back word we were bucking a head wind of 50 miles an hour and flying at "12,000 feet to escape the turbulence". I wondered just how the "turbulence" could be greater at 11,000 feet. But the altitude did explain a curious sensation of floating low all around the cabin.

At Albuquerque we picked up a new stewardess. One who weighed less, was more attractive and had a feeling for humanity. She was hardly aboard before she said, "You're not feeling so good are you?" "I'm dying," I said modestly, not wishing to alarm her. Her eyes twinkled and I managed to raise enough lip to show one tooth in a ghastly travesty of a smile.



When we were in the air she brought me my first paper container and an ammonia capsule. It was somewhere over New Mexico that the plane took a sudden dip and I was sick all over my suit. The stewardess mopped me up.

The two babies on board were getting fed at the same time. They seemed to be making the trip in fine fettle. I loathed them both and all the other passengers—except five who were "actively" sick. I started for the john and the stewardess helped me back into the seat. She buckled me in and said to stay there—meanwhile gathering quite a supply of paper containers around Seat 21. She brought cold compresses for my head. Over the Canyon I filled my third container. Over the Dam I was doing well with the fourth. But I did glance out and down—

Boulder Dam looked just like a giant-ize container already used.

I decided to get off at Boulder City and go on by train. The stewardess patiently helped me back into my seat. The first thing I'd do on arriving at Burbank would be to say to the man behind the ticket counter, "Life is so short for travel like this," and get a refund. This cheered me temporarily. I also prepared a telegram for my friends in Kansas City—**BY LAND AND BY SEA BUT NEVER BY AIR.**

**A**T Boulder City, the gals reloading the place called my favorite furnishing "urp cups." After leaving Boulder City, my seat companion said, "That was a long time for anyone to be as deathly sick as you were . . . you're beginning to get a little color in your face. I used to be a practical nurse . . . but my children are all musicians. My arteries are hardening and that's why I'm going to California to live with my daughter who's 18 and a dancer . . . etc. . . ."

We were nearing Burbank when the stewardess removed the fifth container saying, "You won't need this any longer." Then she asked me if I'd been worried or nervous about anything before getting on. I said yes and she said that probably added to the severity of the sickness.

She said not to let anyone kid me, even the stewardesses had bad days. I accepted this information with enthusiasm, thinking of the husky blonde. She said something about squelching any thought I had about cashing in on a return ticket if I had one. The airline has a gem in that girl! She

even capped her commercial speech with, "why just think—I may get you again!" . . . as though mopping me up were a pleasure. I thanked her for making the trip bearable.

I thanked my seat companion for being so patient. She replied, "This is my first trip, too. But I'm not the least bit sick. I can always stand things better than my children. Nothing ever effects me. My children are all artists. One boy plays the trumpet. He's always been musical. My arteries are hardening and that's why I'm going to California to live with my daughter who's a dancer. She's 18 years old. My children are so good to me. But then I was always good to my children. They would never have got where they have without me . . . etc. . . ."

At Burbank I stood to my feet and stayed there. I could move—uncertainly—but I could move. I was a far-cry from the reasonably well-groomed individual I'd planned on being. Also, I smelled. I couldn't have looked worse on arriving if I'd been working on the effect for six weeks, and my aunt, who has a natural public address system voice, fully appreciated the result with a ringing, "You look terrible!"

What's that you're asking . . . "Did I return by train?" Listen, do you know I traveled from Kansas City to Los Angeles in just 9 hours! And furthermore, I picked up some grand information. She was a total stranger when our conversation started—but now, she's my dearest friend. She told me about Mothersill's Airsick Pills.

I wonder—do you suppose it's too soon to make my plane reservation for next summer's vacation?

# Swing Session with BOB KENNEDY

Fellow penman George Frazier, who calls notes and noises for the up and coming magazine *GO*, recently lowered the boom on clarinetist Artie Shaw. The thing that set him off was the album of Cole Porter music Shaw recorded for Musicraft not far back. Apparently, he has long been rankled by the fact that anyone could ever have seriously compared Shaw to Benny Goodman—as an artist, a man, or on any other terms you'd care to mention. As he tells it, Goodman himself summed things up after hearing a Shaw solo. "Well, Artie," he said, "all you need is the glasses."

What brings this up is Frazier's next paragraph, to which all who know echo hearty amens. He writes: "To leave Shaw and get to someone with talent, listen to a girl named Julia Lee on a Capitol record of *Lies*. She's marvelous, and, for my money, the most exciting new singer to come along since Pearl Bailey. Miss Lee is a colored girl from Kansas City. She has attack, a good beat, and a wonderfully clear voice. Other girls may be all right, but Julia Lee is an artist. You really ought to hear her without further delay . . ." Amen, Brother Frazier!

## *Open Letter to Recording Companies*

Your 1946 slogan should have read: "Good to the last scratch." . . . I have a New Year's Resolution for you. **RESOLVED:** Better quality records in 1947. You wax manufacturers should take this to heart and try hard to adopt a new set of standards. It's been an actual disgrace to have fine work spoiled by inferior



cutting needles and bad pressings. . . . Perhaps we'll have an atomic platter soon. Stick around for the big blow-out!

## *Platter Chatter*

From the looks of music being recorded these days, songwriters must be hard up for material. They're borrowing heavily from the Soap Operas. For instance, Vaughn Monroe has just waxed *Life Can Be Beautiful*, and now comes a disk yclept *John's Other Wife*. What next? *Portia Faces Dr. Paul*? Or, *Aunt Mary—Queen for a Day*? . . . Latch onto Capitol's new album featuring Stan Kenton, called *Artistry in Rhythm*. You'll like it . . . Everyone seems to be cutting children's albums. Lassie, you're next!

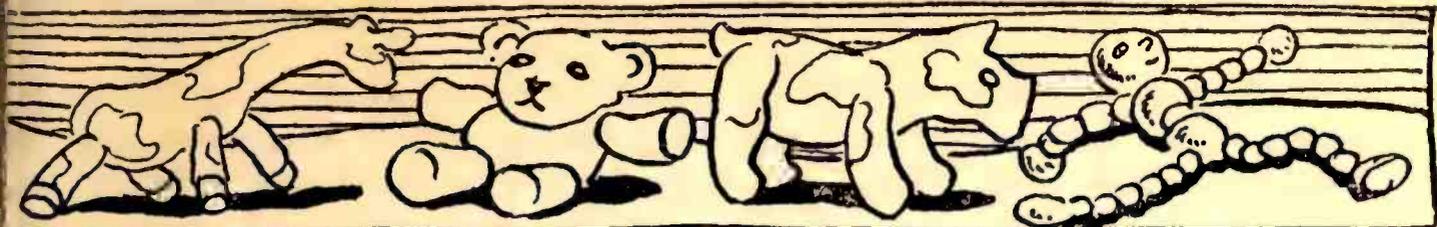
## *Highly Recommended*

**BALLAD:** *That's the Beginning of the End*, King Cole Trio; and *Sonata*, Jo Stafford, Perry Como.

**DANCE:** *Then I'll Be Happy* Tommy Dorsey.

**NOVELTY:** *Steamroller*, Billy Butterfield.

**HILLBILLY:** *I Got Texas in My Soul* Tex Williams.



*Relax, sister! You're  
trying too hard!*

## SPARE THE *Rod*

by BEVERLEY T. POST

[T ISN'T what we learn from child psychology classes and from books and lectures that goes toward keeping a family in hand. Not for my money! For me it was rather what I unlearned in the realistic process of bringing up an only child; and in keeping a husband healthy, wise, and wealthy enough to give us what we want and need.

My theory is in opposition to all accepted principles on the rearing of children, yet I know from experience that it works. And we'll throw in

an extra bonus, too. My system has not only brought me a fine new home, but a lovable, lively child and a husband that I'll gladly dangle before those dimple-kneed office sirens—and dare them to a race!

How?

I let them both have their own way.

Dr. George W. Crain, famous child psychologist, would probably refer to this as Case XY-33, but I am going to take the case of my own little daughter, Penelope, age three and one half.

From the moment we brought Penny home from the hospital she was petted, pampered, babied and given everything her tyrannical little heart desired. If she woke up in the middle of the night she not only got her bottle, but a good rocking as well. At the toddling age of one year when she reached her tiny hands into the cupboard and upset my last precious five pounds of sugar I didn't even spank her. I salvaged what sugar I could and sent Penny waddling on her way. I didn't tear my hair or slap those precious, chubby fingers when she dumped the contents of the salt



shaker into a fresh pound of coffee, and neither did I put her to bed with a spanking when she daubed our Scottie dog with my best vanishing cream. It seemed to me that it was a whole lot easier, and wiser, as it turned out, to trail after her than it was to scold, spank or get myself all upset. And it paid dividends, too.

By the time Penny was two years old, she concluded that yanking off dresser scarfs was not such an exciting adventure after all. Nobody trailed after her with a forbidding hand and a wagging, carping tongue, and it wasn't fun for her at all.

When Penny was two and a half I began taking her with me on morning shopping trips. She didn't go tearing around like many other children, ripping off price tags and scuttling orderly pyramids of Ritz. She behaved like a little lady. You can make up your mind that the children who do such things are the ones who have been prohibited from touching anything at home.

Children are prone to muss up the house, but this problem, too, can be conquered by the mother using her head. Penny has her own room where she sleeps and keeps all her toys. It is and has been one room in the house that she could tear up to her heart's content; yes, even write on the walls with crayon. Now and then I would remark, "Penny, your room is certainly a mess."

**BY AND BY** Penny got it through her head that her nursery room actually was a mess, and she became ashamed of it in her own little way. She piled things in an amazing array in one corner, and I concluded she

was trying to clean it up. One day we had a good "house-cleaning" in Penny's room, had it repapered; and now she keeps it as respectable as any three-year-old possibly could with her fumbling little hands.

Most mothers spend a good share of their waking hours poking baby food into the tiny mouths of their tots. My first advice is, to taste it first yourself. If it tastes awful to you, chances are it does to the child, too. Penny went through that inevitable stage in most children of "dwaddling." Well, I let her "dwaddle" and took the food away when eating time had passed. Just two days of that performance and Penny was hungry enough to eat the maple panel on her high chair. From then on she ate like a small-sized horse, and still does.

Getting little tots to bed is another thing that should be play. But most mothers make work out of it. When Penny's bedtime arrives, I tell her one story and toss her into bed, repeat her prayers with her, and we count the dogs on her wallpaper. I go quietly out of the room and refuse to be lured back. Penny learned months ago that no amount of howling would bring me back, either. Now, bedtime is fun and she looks forward to it every night.

How about my husband, does the same method work on him?

It does and he knows it. He realizes



full well that the money he makes is his own and that he is held accountable only for Penny's livelihood and mine. He knows darn well, too, that if he should lose too heavily in a poker game and come home broke, we would embarrass him to death by borrowing from all the neighbors, and telling them why.

My husband works in an office where there are many pretty girls. Yet he knows I am a faithful wife. The big bloke also knows that I am young enough and attractive enough to go out and trip the light fantastic

myself, if worse should come to worst.

When I go to other people's houses and see worried, bedraggled mothers harping at their children, and worrying themselves sick about their husbands looking at other women, I chuckle heartily up my sleeve. I have proved to myself that the honor system is the only system for bringing up children and keeping a husband. If the husband has no honor, well, I have only myself to turn around and kick—for being such a block-head in the first place.



## HUBBARD HUMOR

(These observations by Kin Hubbard in his "Sayings of Abe Martin" are, frankly, forty years old. But SWING thinks they're still funny.)

Some folks get what's coming to them by waiting, others while crossing the street.

▲  
The consumer might take a more cheerful view of things if the butcher would let the meat lay on the scales long enough to see what it weighed.

▲  
Politics makes strange postmasters.

▲  
The safest way to double your money is to fold it over once and put it in your pocket.

▲  
There's somebody at every dinner party who eats all the celery.

▲  
I think some folks are foolish to pay what it costs to live.

When some folks don't know nothin' mean about someone, they switch the subject.

▲  
It would be a swell world if everybody was as pleasant as the fellow who's tryin' to skin you.

▲  
Some folks seem to have descended from the chimpanzee much later than others.

▲  
Florida's all right if you can keep from catching a sailfish and going to the expense of having it mounted.

▲  
I don't look for much to come out of government ownership as long as we have Democrats and Republicans.

# ANIMAL CROAKERS



It was during Prohibition, and the railroad station was packed with a gay going-away throng. Over at one side of the waiting room stood a quiet little man fidgeting about and attempting to hide himself from the crowd. A Federal Agent noticed that the stranger had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. With a gleam in his eye, the agent asked, "Scotch?"

"Nope," replied the stranger, "Airedale pup!"



Not long ago sixteen miles of coaxial cable was installed between two English radio stations. But engineers soon learned that the cable was leaking, and losing much of the nitrogen pumped through it. Reluctant to dig up the entire length in order to discover the holes, they forced the cable full of a gas impregnated with the odor of cats. Then they walked a dog over the route. At fourteen spots the canine stopped, sniffed, dug furiously. Investigation revealed that he had accurately located the fourteen leaks.



# FAMOUS PEOPLE

One day Bennett Cerf was lunching at the Harvard Club when the late Edmund Pearson, author of *Studies in Murder*, came up and asked to be introduced. Cerf was naturally very flattered, but said, "Are you sure you are not mistaking me for someone else?"

"Not at all," answered Pearson. "You are the fellow I want, all right. For the last three afternoons I've seen you sound asleep with a copy of my book open on your lap. What's it worth to you, young man, to switch to something else?"



Charles P. Steinmetz, the wizard of electricity, was so devoted to his work that it was only with reluctance that he took time out for meals. And then he ate only sparingly. In an effort to stimulate his jaded appetite, friends tempted him with all kinds of delicacies, but with little success. One day they offered him eggs and watched with delight as he eagerly devoured them.

"Why didn't you tell us you liked eggs?" they demanded.

"Oh, I don't like them," he said with a grimace, "It's only that I'm partial to yellow."

*The wonderland in the Sawtooths just snowballs along!*

# Playground in the *Sun*

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

**D**URING the early thirties, Sun Valley, Idaho, played host only to lonely winds shrieking down frosted slopes, with such occasional guests as herds of thickly pelted sheep searching for grass tendrils in the snow.

Then, practically overnight, it skyrocketed from an unknown sheep ranch along the Idaho branch of the Union Pacific railroad to one of the winter wonderlands of the world. This meteoric rise was no accident, but the result of a carefully formulated plan to give the United States a winter playground comparable to those of Europe.

Sun Valley's success soared beyond its founders' dreams. Although it was designed primarily as a winter resort, it soon forgot seasons and became a year-round pleasure spot of America. In the years between 1936 and 1941, skiers from the world over gathered annually to compete in meets and tournaments. Famous film stars took up the Sun Valley habit, stealing away for weekends there the year 'round. A Hollywood producer gave further impetus to its snowball of fame by staging a movie in the resort setting. Soon Mr. and Mrs. America joined the ever-increasing tide of guest notables.

With the coming of the war and the national elimination of "non-essentials," Sun Valley forgot its role as a resort center, joined the Navy, and became a hospitalization center



for rehabilitation and recreation of Navy personnel. This year, with the 1946-47 winter season, it reopens once again as a resort.

The first-time visitor to Sun Valley will find a carefully planned Bavarian style village built in a high valley of the sun, nestled within the slopes of the choicest skiing peaks of the Sawtooth Mountains. For accommodations, he has his choice of the luxurious Sun Valley Lodge, the Challenger Inn, and the four skiers' chalets. All follow the Tyrolean building style, as do the elaborately appointed shops in the village.

Whatever the visitor's tastes in recreation, Sun Valley has had the foresight to provide facilities. Wintertime swimming is a favorite pastime. Two pools are provided, each glass encased to shut out chill breezes. There the swimmer can enjoy temperately heated waters and warm sun rays while watching skiers on nearby mountain slopes descend in flurries of snow. The ice skater, too, has ample opportunity for practice and pleasure on the three large rinks available. Bowling, tobogganing, bobsledding and trap shooting are a few of the other features offered to make Sun Valley a sportsman's paradise.

The glamour spot of Sun Valley is the Duchin Room at the Lodge. After a hard day of skiing or spectating, the guest can relax in the metropolitan nightclub luxury of the Duchin Room, rub elbows with celebrities, sample the incomparable cuisine, and dance to the music of the old WHB-Kansas City favorite, Harl Smith's orchestra. Then, too, there is the popular Ram in the Challenger Inn, another spot

for nightclubbing.

The focal points of the entire Sun Valley settlement are the four ski runs which wind gently or climb precariously up the slopes of the Sawtooth range. They are blanketed with a fine, dry powder snow and provide long stretches of timber-free runs. But here again the touch of modern invention softens Nature's harsh requisites. Four modern ski lifts serve the different skiing areas, eliminating the necessity of a long uphill climb on foot. Almost as thrilling as the swift plunge downhill is the uphill ride on the world's longest ski lift which climbs Baldy Mountain. Operating in three sections, this lift shoots the skier to an elevation of 11,500 feet in twenty minutes.

Naturally, the visitor who has no skiing background is inclined to watch the experienced timber rider enviously. But if he wishes, within the space of two short weeks he also can learn the elements of the art and find himself soaring down the slopes of Dollar, Rund, Proctor or Baldy Mountain. There is a complete and efficient staff of instructors at Sun Valley, headed by expert Friedl Pfeifer. Pfeifer's ski school has taught as many as five hundred pupils in a single day at the height of the season. Pfeifer himself holds more than sixty cups and one hundred medals to show for his many years of competitive skiing. His staff teaches the Arlberg principles of skiing, a simplified system that can be mastered in a very short time. Further incentives for the novice are the "Learn to Ski Weeks," first inaugurated in 1940. These will be continued this season.

All the ski runs at Sun Valley were designed to afford longer, safer downhill runs and miles of timber-free slopes with a variety of courses for veterans and novices alike. The new theory used in developing them called for the freely thinned timber plan rather than the old European plan of cutting an open swash down the face of the mountain. The open swash provided a cleared way, much like an open road, for the ski trail, and it was usually hemmed in on both sides by thick tree growths. The danger on this type of trail was that the skier constantly faced the possibility of crashing into trees if he became fatigued or unable to check his pace along the way. The new type run averages more than 200 feet in width so that a skier finds a broad variety of terrain on which to maneuver. As seen from the valley floor, no trail is visible on the mountainside.

In former years various ski meets and tournaments were the highlights of the season. There are plans for these to be resumed this season at Sun Valley. Contestants from all over the world will meet to compete for both amateur and professional trophies.

Many World War II veterans who had war ski training are expected to join the competition.

Long hours in the sun and wind give a keen edge to the skier's appetite. So that he will not have to descend to the village for lunch or snacks, eateries are placed close to the runs. The favorite gathering places for a hot lunch are the "Hot Potato" huts at the summits of Dollar and Proctor Mountains. On Baldy Mountain, the Roundhouse offers warmth and food for skiers. This is an octagonal shaped building, flanked by a broad terrace where skiers lunch and relax in the warm sunshine that gives the winter resort a paradoxical summer air. Huge windows make a showcase for the surrounding Sawtooth Mountains.

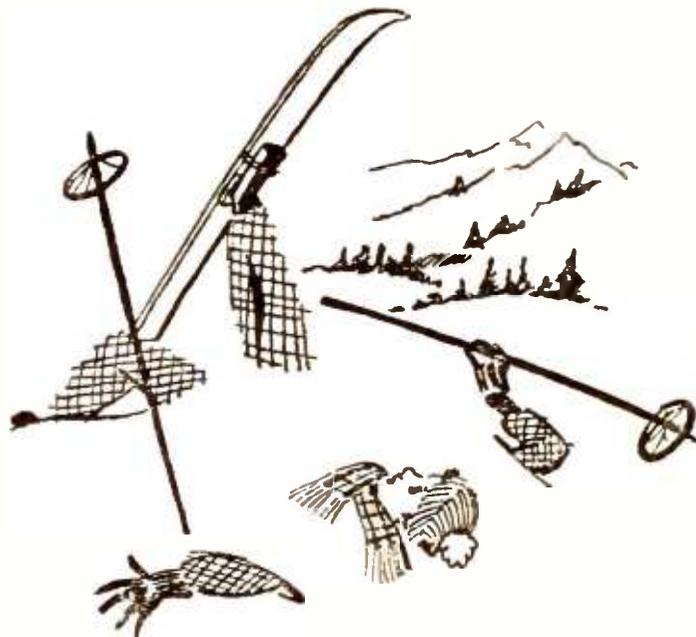
There ski spectators and participants alike, wool togged and deeply tanned, lounge and relax, watching the panorama of majestic snow covered mountains punctuated with flashing figures descending the slopes.

During the five years Sun Valley has been closed to the public, an even greater need for a national winter recreation spot has arisen. The resort's re-



OUR BACK COVER . . . A skier surveys the sweeping panorama of snowclad Sun Valley, famous Idaho winter resort reopening this season.

opening is being welcomed by old friends and new enthusiasts both. Thousands of boys who spent a brief recuperative stay in the dazzling beauty of the Sawtooth Mountain Range have resolved to return.



This season a record crowd is expected to take to the land of sun, snow, skis, sports and natural beauty—the place which just ten years ago was tenanted by sheep and desolation—Sun Valley Idaho.

## HIS HOBBY IS NAMES!

The average American usually pursues a well-accepted hobby, such as photography, gardening, or collecting stamps—but not Curtis Adler of Brooklyn, New York. People's names are his hobby. In fact, he has made such a thorough study of the subject that at one glance he can tell what the meaning of your name is.

"Everybody's name can be interpreted," says he, "and often the meaning is quite illuminating!"

About a decade ago, during a session in the Surrogate's Court in Brooklyn, where Mr. Adler is the official interpreter, the importance of names suddenly dawned on him. It was rather odd at times, he thought, that many people brought into court had names which had very interesting connotations and backgrounds. So he pried relentlessly into the names of various races and nationalities.

Today Mr. Adler can interpret more than 50,000 names of all types, foreign and American. This hobby, which he has developed to a scientific stage, has brought him to the attention of radio and military leaders. At present, he is spending a great deal of his time entertaining wounded servicemen at Army and Navy hospitals in the New York City area. Some time ago,

he made a few broadcasts on WNBC after which the program director immediately asked him to return for more performances. The reception of the radio audience was extremely enthusiastic.

Mr. Adler, a middle-aged but youthful looking gentleman, has included the name of presidents, congressmen and religious leaders among those interpreted. Roosevelt, he points out, means "field of roses." Truman means just that—a true man. And Harry, anglicized from the French "Henri," means "guardian of the household."

Born in Germany, Adler speaks fluently Italian, Spanish, Yiddish, German, French and has a knowledge of Hebrew, Japanese, Portuguese and Russian. There is only one man in the world without a name, he professes—Hirohito—whose designation merely indicates his connection with the deity.

According to this learned Brooklynite there are about two million names in the world, besides his own—Adler—which means "eagle."

"So you can see," he says good-naturedly, "what a tremendous job lies ahead of me. But I love it!"

—Malcolm Hyatt.

# The Fever-Beater of Arrow Rock

*The old Doc was called a quack,  
but he cured a lot of people anyhow!*

by JOEL LONGACRE



[T HAS been recorded that the Long Rifle, handled by the forest runners and the plainsmen and mountaineers, opened the West. But a country doctor in Missouri did his share over the biting protests of his contemporaries.

There were two scourges on the white man's roads to the West. One was the hostile Indian. The other was malaria. The Long Rifle, properly manned, took care of the hostiles. Dr. John Sappington's pills whipped the other.

The proud and whimsical Old Doc was one of Missouri's first physicians. He settled at Arrow Rock two years before the state was admitted to the Union in 1821. Arrow Rock then was the center of culture on the frontier and today is commemorated by a state park in Saline county, not far from Marshall.

There the doctor worked until his death in 1856 at the age of 81. In that time he proved conclusively that quinine was the specific for malaria. For his pains he was called a charlatan and a quack by his profession but the Old Doc knew he was right and that his quinine pills were turning back the dreaded fever.

In the early days of settlement, homes and communities were built along the rivers. Cabins often were windowless. There were myriads of mosquitoes and every summer pioneer life seemed to hang in the balance until the autumn frosts liberated the people from the fever's bondage.

That was the condition Dr. Sappington faced when, fresh from the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, he rode into Arrow Rock and hung out his shingle. Already he had formed positive ideas about the treatment of malaria.

For one thing, he disagreed heartily with the blood-letting practices of older physicians. For another, he believed that Peruvian bark was the best remedy, although it was uncertain.

Shortly after Dr. Sappington settled at Arrow Rock, two French chemists, Pelletier and Caventou, extracted quinine from the Peruvian bark and the frontier doctor hailed the news with joy. He realized it had been the varying content of quinine in the bark which made the cure uncertain.

But his was a voice in the wilderness.

Other physicians went right on

spilling blood and patients went right on dying. Dr. Sappington sent in his order for quinine. Convinced immediate introduction of the drug was the quickest means of defeating malaria, he began the manufacture of "Doctor Sappington's Anti-Fever Pills" in 1832.

Negro slaves mixed and compounded the life-preserving pellets of quinine, myrrh, oil of sassafras, and licorice as a flavoring.

"Take the pills one every two hours, day and night, at any stage of the fever until the disease is broken," he preached. "After that, take them at longer intervals as long as the anemia and debility continues."

The profession labeled him a quack for sure. The Old Doc paid no heed. Soon he had depots at Memphis, St. Louis and other points in a vast mid-continental region. He sometimes had as many as twenty-five agents riding through the country, their saddlebags crammed with boxes of the pills. Apothecaries and storekeepers everywhere in the territory handled them.

The pills went across the plains with the emigrants and in the frontier settlements the church bells were rung to remind the pioneers that it was time for a mass taking of tablets.

Testimonials poured in from Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, the Republic of Texas, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and other states. Other physicians were amazed but few tossed aside their old practices.

How many pills his pharmacy turned out in two decades has never been reckoned. It has been estimated, though, that he made and sold more than one million boxes of the tablets.

John Farr of Philadelphia, the first American to handle quinine, was hard-pressed to fill the Old Doc's orders.

Dr. Sappington wasn't in it for the money he was making. He was more interested in saving lives than making dollars. So he decided to write a book and in 1843 published "The Theory and Treatment of Fevers." The small volume was remarkable not only because he revealed in it the secret of his pills but because it was the first medical book written west of the Mississippi river.

Medical contemporaries ignored it but doctors of later years praised it as mirroring a truly great country doctor. They said he had a deep knowledge of both medicine and of surgery.

He lived long enough to see the die-hards of his profession accept his finding that quinine was the specific for malaria. There was no gloating "I told you so" from the Old Doc.

WHILE he was proving his point to the great good of mankind throughout the world, Dr. Sappington was begetting a family and two of his sons-in-law became governors of Missouri. They were Meredith M. Marmaduke and Claiborne F. Jackson. The latter married three of Old Doc's daughters, returning after the deaths of the first two for the last one.

The doctor said: "All right, sir, take her. But if this one dies, don't come back for the Missus!"

Despite the fact he sought to make no money, he built an unwanted fortune with his pill business. When he died, he left \$40,000—a fortune in those ante-bellum days. He had estab-

ashed by will a trust fund for public education, leaving half of his estate for that purpose.

He decreed that he wanted the income used to provide a common school education for deserving, needy children of his county.

That trust has helped educate almost 13,000 boys and girls of the county. The education has cost more than \$210,000, but there still is a cash balance in the fund of more than four times the original amount.

The doctor planned that his trust fund should assist needy young people in obtaining their education in

the private schools of that time. However, when the public school system came into being, the fund became a source of assistance to boys and girls of high school and college age.

The Old Doc thus erected a living monument, the education of the young, on the foundation of life-saving—quinine pills.

An inscription on his vault, in a small family cemetery near Arrow Rock, reminds the few who seek it out that "A truly honest man is the noblest work of God."

In the days of Balaam it was considered a miracle when an ass spoke. Things have changed.

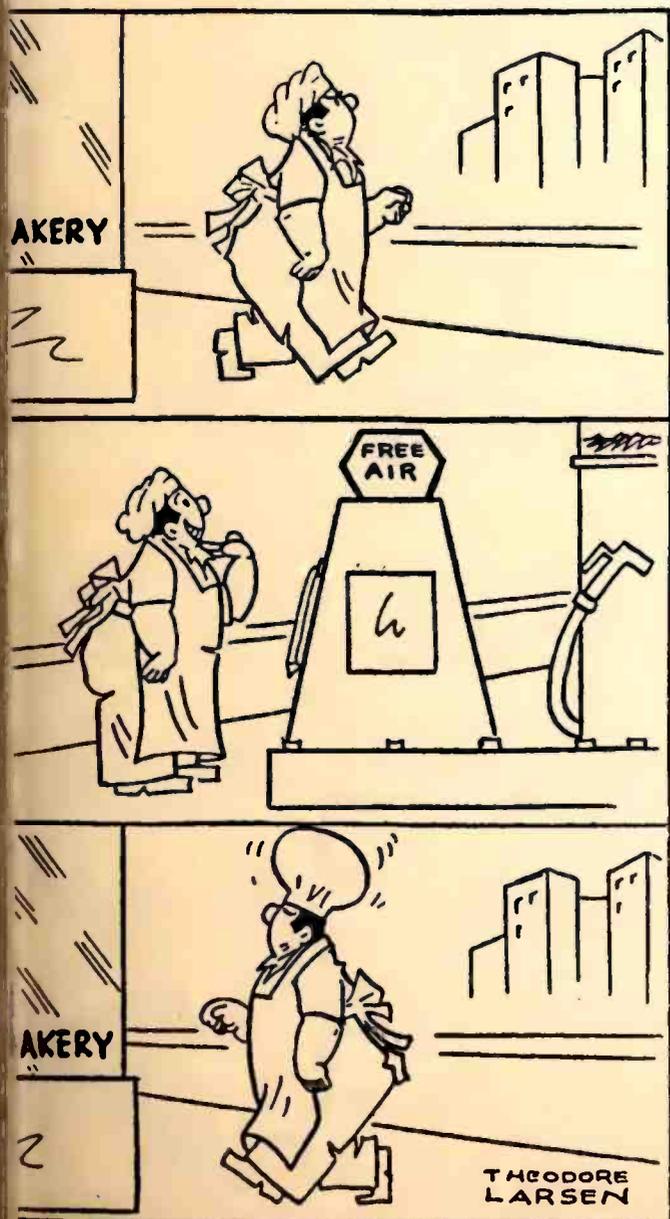


A single track mind is okay. Provided it's on the right track.



Answers to Presidential Posers

1. THOMAS JEFFERSON and JOHN ADAMS—July 4, 1826.
2. GEORGE WASHINGTON in 1789.
3. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was elected in 1840. A month after his inauguration, he died from pneumonia.
4. JOHN TYLER became president upon the death of Harrison.
5. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in 1905, received the Nobel Prize for the part he played in the settlement of the Russo-Japanese War.
6. VICTORIA WOODHULL (1872), and BELVA LOCKWOOD (1884 and 1888), were nominated but failed to show.
7. MARTIN VAN BUREN, born 1782. The Articles of Confederation, giving the thirteen colonies the name "United States of America" was not ratified until 1781.
8. JAMES MADISON and ZACHARY TAYLOR.
9. JAMES BUCHANAN.
10. HERBERT HOOVER.



This month, our magazine celebrates its second birthday. We toyed with several names before the first issue appeared, as any expectant parents might do. Finally, we named it . . .

## “Swing”

AND what's in a name? Swing is a rhythm. It's rug-cuttin' and boogie-beat. It's the impetus that goes to your head—and to your feet. Swing is the popular trend; the direction of public tastes toward a coffee, a chewing gum, a matinee idol, a toothpaste. It's something the business man does with a deal. Swing is also the cut of a leather-clad fist, arcing through the air to the other fellow's jaw. Swing was what the cattle rustler or the tough road agent used to do when the

pioneers had a rope and a sycamore limb right handy. Swing was a hard word then. It not only brought a lump to the throat; it brought many throats to a lump.

When the Yanks marched home victorious, it was with a swing down Main Street. Chariots swing; children swing; outlaws swing; orchestra swing; we swing! Some high, some low; and the word means many things to many people.

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

—Jetta, Editor.

▲  
Rockets zip along at supersonic speed. Jet planes set new world records daily. But it still takes three minutes to boil an egg.

▲  
In another hundred years civilization will have reached all peoples except those who have no resources worth stealing.

▲  
Men still die with their boots on, but usually one boot is on the accelerator.

▲  
If a husband's words are sharp, maybe it's from trying to get them in edgewise.

▲  
“Don't be too quick to see dirt. Maybe you forgot to clean your glasses.”—Sign in the office of Eric Johnston, motion picture czar.



# Chicago Letter

by NORT JONATHAN

Young Phil Gordon, just back from a successful engagement at Kansas City's El Casbah, and equally young Jeanne Shirley, just back from a tour with Harry Cool's band, are currently proving in our town that the age of opportunity is far from over.

Both young people can thank Jimmy Hart, manager of the Ambassador Hotels, for their biggest breaks. Phil can thank his lucky stars that Jimmy Hart heard him entertain at a cocktail party while he was still in uniform and assigned to the Bunker Hill Naval Air Station. A southern product, Phil hails from Laurel, Mississippi, suh. This may account for what he does to the Blues—one of his specialties. Certainly not either a great singer or a great pianist, he is nevertheless a great entertainer. His ability to improvise and to think up new song "material" practically on the spur of the moment, plus his great personal charm, has quickly put him to the fore as a personality. After almost a year in the Buttery of the Ambassador plus several months at the Bellerive in Kansas City, he is now heading the floor show in the loud Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman's College Inn. It's a great tribute to Phil Gordon that even the bobby soxers are quiet and attentive when he appears at his tiny piano.

Jeanne Shirley's success story is similar only in that she too has made the most of her opportunities and was given her big chance as an entertainer by the Ambassador's shrewd Mr. Hart, who seems to specialize in discovering fresh youngsters with enormous popular appeal as entertainers. Jeanne, whose training and experience qualify her to teach speech correction as well as entertain as a singer, is a product of Northwestern University. The winner of an Edgar Bergen scholarship at that institution, she graduated with honors from the School of Speech.



Harry Cool, the Dick Jurgens alumnus who now has a band of his own, discovered Miss Shirley's voice at a campus benefit dance. After some months with the Cool outfit, Jimmy Hart encouraged Miss Shirley to venture forth on her own as a "single." What is more important, he backed up his encouragement with a nice fat contract for an unlimited engagement in the BATTERY—the same room in which the aforementioned Mr. Gordon did so well earlier in the year following his release from the Navy. Mr. Hart's judgment has certainly paid off. In Miss Shirley, the room has another fine entertainer.

Both Miss Shirley and Phil Gordon are swell people. They have acquired none of the artificiality or the over-inflated ego which so often affects kids in show business who get places fast.

P. S.—Jimmy Hart is even now scouting for another "find" to sustain his terrific reputation as a discoverer of top talent.

Television around these parts has taken a new lease on life via WBKB with the addition to the schedule of more than a dozen sponsored shows. Practically all major sports events are now covered on

a regular basis, with Joe Wilson, Don Faust, and Lynn Burton taking turns describing the action shown on the screen. New Orthicon cameras equipped with telephoto lenses follow the action so well that prize fights and wrestling matches are reproduced with newsreel clarity. Hockey and basketball are a slightly different proposition because the action covers a wider range, but the television fan can see them clearly enough to identify the players by the numbers on their backs.

Local television is still in the "free show" stage. Fans owning sets usually invite four or five people to be their guests at important "viewings." The visitor from out of town can always watch the extra-large screen in the lobby of the WBKB studios on the 12th floor of the State Lake Theatre building.



Another "free show" well worth while is Chicago's enormous Board of Trade building, whose tapering 44-story silhouette is edged with great stone carvings. The heart of the structure is the huge trading floor of the Board of Trade. It completely covers the northern half of the building and rises to a height of some sixty feet, with nary a pillar to mar its beauty. In the center of the vast room is the famed wheat pit, with smaller pits for other grains and commodities close by. With telephones, tables, private wires and assorted bric-a-brac, it is one of the most important commercial nerve centers in the world. Under its rubber-tiled floor are more than twenty-five hundred miles of telephone and telegraph wires, and from the room run private wires to all

other exchanges and some five hundred and forty cities all over the world. During trading hours, continuous quotations are flashed around the world, and huge black boards, several stories high, carry the latest figures. So lightning swift is this entire wire system that only thirty seconds is required for a man in Kansas City to place an order—with a confirmation shooting back to Baltimore Avenue in another thirty seconds.

The place is interesting enough when empty, but when a few thousand traders and employees start yelling like LSMF, tobacco auctioneers it becomes actually exciting. The visitors gallery is open during trading hours, so you can see for yourself.

The new Cook County sheriff, Elmer Michael Walsh, is giving the boys in the back room something to worry about. It seems that Mr. Walsh doesn't like one armed bandits. Also he doesn't like underworld characters who operate dives and sell what passes for hard liquor in the "joints" to minors. Mr. Walsh is currently making good on his number one campaign promise—to make the County dives look like Philadelphia on Sunday.

There are other good resolutions about as the Windy City heads into a new year, but no one seems to know whether or not Mayor Ed Kelly has resolved to run again in the spring. Mr. Kelly, who is the Democratic machine in Chicago coyly stated at a recent press conference that he would have to confer with the organization before announcing his intentions. Whereupon Charles Wheeler the veteran political reporter, made the suggestion that Mr. Kelly save time and worry by stepping into an inner office spend a minute or two consulting with himself, and then announce the organization's choice. Mr. Kelly thereupon left for a quick trip for Eagle River, Wisconsin.

It'll probably be another windy January. If you'll be a Chicago visitor, button your coat and secure your hat. And if you're feminine, get a firm grip on your skirts.

# CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK



## FASTIDIOUS . . .

BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan. (Wab. 4400). Clyde McCoy's band back and Dorothy Dorben's new "Holidaze" revue really is.

BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Delightful recourse for incomparable Ambassador dining and wining, dancing and occasional entertainment.

CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Those rich burgundy raperies are back for the formal season and Bob McGrew's band stays on for dancing pleasure.

EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Newly redecorated into a magnificent green and white glamour, this room its the jackpot with Griff Williams, maestro, Dorothy Shay, chanteuse, and the dancing Barrys among others.

GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). A large, mirrored chamber given over to the dance, even in the afternoon.

IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). Two floors of unusual interior design and a great respect for gastronomical pleasures.

MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). A masterpiece that deserves any visitor's attention and a how that's invariably a delight in wholesome divertimento.

MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Get out your rare chinchilla or reasonable facsimile) for showing off in this chic society center. Mel Cooper's neat dance band.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Number one rendezvous of Hollywood and New York stars that approximates the Stork Club in clientele. Dance music by David LeWinter the only entertainment besides ogling.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Joseph Sudy and his orchestra will be presented here for some time to come, he's that immediately popular.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 East Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Continental in the richest sense is the word for this classic contribution of Russiana. Music in the same mood.

## ENTERTAINMENT . . .

A big strapping night club production should attract you to CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . To RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . To the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . Be sure to make reservations . . . For lesser stars, there's VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106) and CUBAN VILLAGE, 715 W. North Avenue (Mic. 6947).

## DANCING . . .

Russ Carlyle and his orchestra set the tempo at the BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822) . . . In the Panther Room of the HOTEL SHERMAN, it's a succession of name bands, loud and youth-conscious for the most part.

## ATMOSPHERE . . .

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812), for tropicana . . . IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) for old England . . . L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070), for French Victorian . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) for Bavarian bounty . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), for another world of vision.



## FOOD . . .

Faithfully recommended menus are those at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) . . . IRELAND'S SEAFOOD HOUSE, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) . . . HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505).

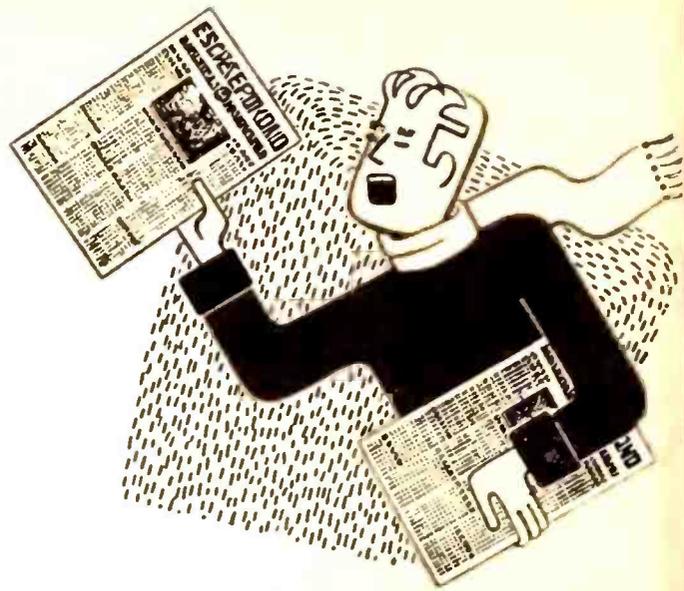
# New York Letter

by LUCIE BRION

"IT'S AN ill wind that blows nobody good." The tragic fires that we have all read about in various parts of the country have brought about a general and thorough investigation of dwellings in Manhattan. Hotels which have inadequate fire protection and fire escapes get prominent and most unwelcome publicity. And it will take a lot of reconstruction and advertising for them to pull back into favor again. Hot plates are forbidden in hotel rooms, as are toasters and such, though nothing yet has been said about electric irons. Cigarettes cause as much damage as anything, but apparently nothing can be done about that. In the summertime fire engines screech up and down the streets constantly in answer to burning awnings—the result of cigarettes being thrown out of windows. That's something else that nothing can be done about. But on the whole Manhattan will be a much safer place to live in due to the new and strenuous regulations. The restaurant investigation for cleanliness which has been going on for several months has brought about amazing results and Manhattan may soon be at the top of the list for good food and clean kitchens. Restaurants found wanting in cleanliness have received the same publicity treatment that improperly fire-protected hotels are getting now. There is nothing like the threat of exposure to get results.

Shop windows are full of southern wear. Gives one an extra chill just to look at the models in abbreviated swim suits and flimsy sport clothes. There must be an awful lot of people going South to support such a vast array of semi-tropical apparel up and down the avenues. Materials and designs of this winter-summer wear always seem more attractive than those offered when summer comes to us all.

Very few out-of-towners ever attend the auctions here. And, it is quite the thing to do if one is in the market at all



for art or furniture. The Parke-Berne Galleries and the Meredith Galleries hold auctions almost continuously, and there are scores of others to be found whose offerings are really worth while. Selling prices have dropped considerably since last year, so it may be a good time to buy.

Gracie Fields was a pinch-hit for the incomparable Hildegard at the Persia Room not long ago. Hildy got took with a bad cold and had to cancel out for a week. Gracie had such short notice that there was no time to rehearse with the orchestra and she had to appear with just piano accompaniment. She sang for an hour and even then the crowd was loath to let her go. Her program ranged from "South America Take It Away" to "Christopher Robin Is Saying His Prayers." Due to a loudly voiced audience demand she had to sing "Walter, Walter, Take Me To The Altar," but that was the only song remindful of her long and popular run at the Wedgewood Room several years ago. If she doesn't have another long and popular run anywhere she pleases here it will be because she doesn't want to. She's top and muchly loved.

Manhattan jewelry ads have about reached the limit in financial flattery. Trinkets ranging from ten to twenty thousand dollars are pictured everywhere . . . "just a little thought for a sick friend . . . but one advertisement really went a little too far the other day. In amongst the doodads was a diamond ring with the price casually listed at seventy-two thousand dollars. Now we don't think they were talking to us at all.

# NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by MARCIA DUDLEY

★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** William Scotti and his delightful tunes make a perfect combination for samba enthusiasts. Food's good too. Park Avenue 51st St. WI 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** Lenny Herman and his band keep you from paying too much attention to your martini. You'll have to drink during intermission. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** The first floor restaurant features good old American cooking. The diminutive Elbow Room which one finds on an upper floor provides just enough room to bend it. First Ave. and 49th St. EL 5-7300.

★ **BILTMORE.** The graceful Bowman Room is the setting for Mischa Raginsky and his string ensemble. In another wing, the Madison Room is the place for luncheon or dinner. Madison Ave. at 3rd St. MU 7-7000.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOPHOUSE.** The decor could be found within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace. Mutton chops done to a turn and delicious seafood. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0354.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** You'll never be disappointed with such entertainers as Jack Gilford, David Brooks and Hope Foye. Music by Tico Occarras and Dave Martin's Trio. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ **CHATEAUBRIAND.** French cuisine at its very best. Connoisseurs of vintage wines will find this a delightful retreat. Try the imported foie gras. 48 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

★ **COPACABANA.** Joe E. Lewis stars in a bright show and the Samba Sirens are still very gorgeous. Pleasant piano music backgrounds the cocktail lounge. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Hottest jazz emporium in the Village. The place is really jivey. Come listen to the hottest guitar in the business. 47 W. 3rd St. BR 3-8736.

★ **ENRICO & PAGLIERI.** When you're in the Village a whiff of the delightful odors emanating from this quaint Italian restaurant will stir the faintest appetite into a veritable frenzy of hunger. 6 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ **HEADQUARTERS.** A couple of G. I.'s who produced banquets from army rations for Ike and the boys now serve hearty, well-cooked meals in a spacious dining room. There's a bar, too. 108 W. 9th. BR 9-0728.

★ **LEXINGTON.** Waikiki Willie would be at home listening to the strains of Hawaiian guitars and enjoying an all-island revue. Dining Sundays. Lexington at 48th. WI 2-4400.

★ **MONKEY BAR.** The waiters and bartenders are part of the act when the mood strikes them. Fortify yourself with a round of drinks to get into a receptive mood. 60 E. 54th. PL 3-1066.

★ **MONTE CARLO.** They say it's just like in the movies. Dick Gasparre's orchestra balances Alberto's rhumbas. The food is good and dinner can be had within the \$3 week day minimum. Madison at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ **NINO'S.** Another Frenchy who deals in superb cookery combined with speedy service. The cocktail lounge is perfect for those who like to play games—under the table. Sunday brunch from 1 to 3:30. 10 E. 52nd. PL 3-9014.

★ **REUBEN'S.** Many celebs have continued their curtain calls through the wee hours at this famous restaurant. Specialties are multi-meated sandwiches named for well-knowns. 6 E. 58th. VO 5-7420.

★ **RITZ-CARLETON.** Dinner music in the Oval Room nightly by Larry Siry's stringed orchestra. A place for a quiet, dignified evening. Visit the "Ladies Bar" and the "Little Bar" downstairs. Madison at 46th. PL 3-4600.

★ **ROSE.** Very friendly. The kind of place that encourages you to eat more Italian food than you really should. Don't forget to fasten your belt before getting up from the table. 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Listen to Barry Winton and his orchestra entertain the blue bloods in the Cafe Lounge. Clemente's marimba band takes over when Winton gets winded. Tea dancing daily. Fifth Avenue at 59th St. VO 5-2600.

★ **SARDI'S.** Theatrical celebrities on the walls and sitting on the chairs, too. The gawker lets his food grow cold while the theater people enjoy medium priced roast beef and steaks. 234 W. 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** An excellent view of Central Park afforded from the mezzanine. Keep your eye on the view and not on the menu prices. Cozy cocktail lounge. 5th Ave. at 59th. VO 5-2800.

★ **STORK CLUB.** If you've seen the movie you've seen the Stork Club. Billingsly is still the smartest club owner in town. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Chicken, duck, steak and roast beef are always excellently prepared at Toots'. You'll never be disappointed with your meal. Entrees a buck sixty and up. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Dwight Fiske captures his audience like a fisherman reeling in a perch. Emil Petti (not Pettibone), and his orchestra combine with Panchito's rhumbas for smooth dance music. 151 E. 50th. PL 8-0310.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** Jean Sablon in the Wedgewood Room, Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band later on in the evening. Michael Zarin is in the Flamingo Room. Take your pick. Park Ave. at 49th St. EL 5-3000.

★ **WIVEL.** Strictly Scandinavian. Friendly, informal gatherings. Smorgasbord. 254 W. 54th St. CI 7-9800.

---

## NEW YORK THEATRES

*(Names and telephone numbers listed at the end)*

### Plays

★ **AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE.** (International). One man's meat . . . you know the rest. Some like it, some don't. But regardless of the choice of plays, there's no doubt as to the quality of the actors who make up this ambitious new repertory group: Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Web-

ster, Walter Hampden, Ernest Truex, June Duprez, et al. The playbill combines *John Gabriel Borkman* (a gloomy affair by Ibsen), *What Every Woman Knows* according to James M. Barrie, and Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*. Evenings, except Monday. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

★ **ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.** (Fulton). Dirty work in the Deep South, by a family of fiends, fascinating if somewhat repulsive. If you saw "The Little Foxes" you're acquainted with most of the people involved. Lillian Hellman has turned back to the early days of the Hubbard family to show how they got that way, and *Another Part of the Forest* is the result. Probably only two-thirds as good as its predecessor, but that still leaves it a pretty good play. Margaret Phillips (as the young Birdie), Patricia Neal, Percy Waram (as the patriarch) and Leo Genn are included in an expert cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a racketeer with aspirations toward "class," and Judy Holliday as the babe from whose mouth comes words of wisdom, along with double negatives. A play of actual significance, turned out with so many laughs the significance doesn't hurt a bit. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Bert Lahr and Jean Parker in spangles, funny noscs, and an old warhorse of a comedy about life backstage. Bobby Barry, Jerri Blanchard, and Kay Buckley lend assistance. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CHRISTOPHER BLAKE.** (Music Box). Moss Hart's new play about a divorce in the family and its effect on a twelve year old boy. Richard Tyler is excellent and the piece is interesting, if not perfect. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CYRANO DE BERGERAC.** (Ethel Barrymore). Jose Ferrer leading with the nose, in his own version of the old French play. A lively production and good for months of controversy over the various merits of Ferrer and Walter Hampden, who did the last revival. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet). Elmer Rice makes public some private imaginings, to the huge delight of his audience. The production is top-notch, and so are Jo Mielziner's sets. June Havoc, Edith King, Richard Midgley and many others—all good. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE FATAL WEAKNESS.** (Royale). George Kelly's newest comedy, light, crisp, and hollow as a Town and Country popover. But Town and Country's popover is Ina Claire's meat—and the whole thing is quite a dish, thanks to Miss Claire and a few gifted others, including Margaret Douglas and Howard St. John. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **A FLAG IS BORN.** (Broadhurst). Helen Hayes on a jag, demonstrating again her versatility, her charm, and her knowledge of theater. Anita Loos wrote the play, which concerns a little librarian who just happens into a bar one afternoon and consumes a few Pink Ladies, of all things! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). The tale of the six-foot rabbit whom few can see except Frank Fay and at times, Josephine Hull—both of whom are delightful in this comedy by Mary Chase of Denver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE ICEMAN COMETH.** (Martin Beck). Icometh hooded and garbed as Death. From a grim joke within the dialogue, Eugene O'Neill takes the title of his new marathon play which runs for hours and builds up a powerful case for illusion. A large and excellent cast includes James Barton, Nicholas Joy, Dudley Digges, and Carl Benton Reid. Evenings, except Monday, at 7:30.

★ **JOAN OF LORRAINE.** (Alvin). Maxwell Anderson's version of the Joan of Arc legend, presented as a play within a play, and presenting Ingrid Bergman in the title role. Miss Bergman magnificent in her second appearance on the American stage, and the play itself is a vehicle worth of her talents. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **LAND'S END.** (Playhouse). Shirley Booth, Helen Craig, Walter Coy, and Theodore Newton. The vehicle is by Thomas Job, based on a novel by Mary Ellen Chase of *Harvey* and the Pulitzer Prize. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.** (Cort). Perhaps the most gorgeous thing in town—visually—is this old satire by Oscar Wilde, acted by Cornelia Otis Skinner, Estelle Winwood, Henry Daniell, Penelope Ward and others—all of them dressed by Cecil Beaton who appears also as actor in a minor role. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou). Plays may open and plays may close (and most of them do)—but this one goes on forever or a reasonable facsimile. A. H. Van Buren is the latest actor to step into Father's shoes. Mary Loane is Mother. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **MADE IN HEAVEN.** (Henry Miller). About a marriage, of course, and some think it's teddibly funny. With Donald Cook. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 and 2:50.

★ **NO EXIT.** (Biltmore). Annabella, Ruth Ford and Claude Dauphin portray three eternally damned souls in a small room just off a corridor to Hell. The acting isn't good; the translation from French leaves something to be desired; and the whole thing which for some reason enjoyed success in both London and Paris, probably won't be around too very long. Evenings, except Sunday, at 9. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire). Alfred Lunt, cabinet minister, and Lynn Fontanne, an idle and lovely lady, are comfortably living in sin at the time of their invasion by the lady's son, a young man of leftist—or Laski—tendencies. The result are wonderful to behold, as the Lunts play it, ably aided by Dick Van Patten. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.** (Booth). About a young man who talks himself and everyone else into thinking he's quite a card, and ends up damning the lot of them for believing him. It's a satire, a comedy, and very, very Irish. But

ss Meredith is perhaps the best thing about this vival. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees turday and Sunday at 2:45.

**PRESENT LAUGHTER.** (Plymouth). Noel ward's latest variation on a favorite theme has l the earmarks, but that's about all. Clifton Webb, owever, has lost none of his skill at playing this rt of thing, and Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, d Marta Linden perform admirably enough. Even- ings, except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday d Saturday at 2:40.

**STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). A fine, nny play that ought to be seen by every po- tential candidate for the presidency. With Ralph ellamy, Minor Watson, and Edith Atwater, who ceeds Kay Francis. Evenings, except Sunday, at 35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). A eek-end pass for a sergeant turned into a long- n hit by John Van Druten. Alan Baxter, Bea- ice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings make up the tire cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. atinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

**YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon, who rote "Over 21," has written an autobiographical iece which stars Fredric March and his wife, lorence Eldridge, with Patricia Kirkland playing iss Gordon as a girl. Presented by Max Gordon, irected by Garson Kanin, Miss Gordon's husband. his is certainly a family affair. Evenings, except unday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Satur- ay at 2:40.

**Musicals**

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Ethel erman hollering around in a lot of fringed buck- cin and fast, funny comedy put together by Her- ert and Dorothy Fields and Irving Berlin. Even- ings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday nd Saturday at 2:30.

**BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY.** (Broadway). A heyday or a long-as-your-arm list of people from whom ou have every right to expect better than average. Duke Ellington wrote the music, John Latouche urned out book and lyrics. The cast is headed by Alfred Drake (who originated Curly in *Oklahoma!*), ibby Holman, Avon Long (remember *Sportin' ife?*), Mildred Smith, and Zero Mostel, that man ith the India-rubber face. But wait, that's not all: Oliver Smith designed the production, and the horeography is by Valerie Bettis, one of the more

talented of the young modern dancers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). A fresh and lively fusion of tunes, jokes, and engaging young people, the whole thing adding up to a hilarious commentary on the return to civilian life. Even- ings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). A winsome, somewhat sad, and tenderly funny story about a gay rake who steals a star from heaven to take down to earth to his little daughter. Ferenc Molnar wrote it as "Liliom." John Raitt still sings the lead. Even- ings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **IF THE SHOE FITS.** (Century). Cinderella comes out of her ashes with fanfare and flourish, in this elaborate production whose scenes change like the turning of the pages of a book, thanks to the ingenuity of the designer, Edward Gilbert. Leila Ernst is Cinderella. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). There's nothing new to say about this one. It's still good, probably the best, and the songs sound as pretty as ever. The cast includes Harold Keel, David Burns, Betty Jane Watson, and Ruth Weston, who carries on as Aunt Eller. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **PARK AVENUE.** (Shubert). Turned out by Nunnally Johnson and George S. Kaufman, with music by Arthur Schwartz and lyrics by Ira Gersh- win. Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margetson are prominent in the goings-on, and Raymond Walburn puts in an appearance from time to time. Still, it could be better. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th Street). Victor Herbert a la Victor Herbert, for those as like it that way, and a good many do. Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil are in the cast. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40, and Sunday at 3:00.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY.** (Adelphi). The third of a series that began with "One for the Money" some seasons ago. Ray Bolger dances his way through this one and fortunately that's all any- one could ask—for that's about all you get. Even- ings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

**NEW YORK THEATRES**

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

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5097	E	Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970	E
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W	Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W	International, Columbus Circle....	CO 5-1173	
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Broadway, 227 W. 45th.....	CI 6-0300	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CL 6-6230	W
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	W	Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W	National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....	BR 9-3565	E
Empire, B'way & 40th.....	PE 6-9540		Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Edulton, 201 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CL 5-5760	
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

# KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



## To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **DRUM ROOM.** A large drum marks the entrance to a pleasant circular bar with tables for two and leather wall seats surrounding it. In the Drum Room proper, delicious luncheons and dinners may be had at reasonable prices and Gordon's Dudaro's orchestra furnishes dance music soft enough to converse over. \$1 minimum on week days. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** A delightful surprise to the many patrons of Kansas City's famous night club is the announcement that the cover charge and minimum have been removed. Dinners are priced from two to four dollars and entertaining floor shows vie with the food for patrons' attention. Saturday afternoon dansants from 12:30 to 4:30. Bill Snyder is back and his music provides an earful of mighty good listening. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** The standard by which all other show places in this part of the country are measured. For years it has been the mecca for people seeking good music and entertainment. Sherman Hays, direct from Chicago's Bismarck, will be the orchestra featured during January. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Dee Peterson's rhythm never fails to provide an evening of smooth dancing at this chic supper club. The very place to spend a dignified evening with a superb bill of fare and good drink. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Little brother to El Casbah, but quite a personality in its own right. There is continuous entertainment of just the right sort. The atmosphere is smooth, decorous, but not formal—probably you'd call that just right, too. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

## The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** Ah, the borscht! It can be found just down a flight of stairs in a "South of the Border" room. The menu includes everything from blintzes to thick, juicy steaks—all good. The drinks are reasonable and well-built. Chick Saskin runs the adjoining bar and he's still our favorite tap master. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** This is the place for those who like to eat and drink like royalty. The roast beef is supreme—and don't forget to order a plate of those French fried onions. The salad bowl, of course, is a must. Jerry will find a table for you unless he decides you're happier sitting at the bar. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** A well-dressed clientele meshes with the suave background. The customers gorge themselves on lobster and steak while Gus exercises his arm with a million and one friendly hand shakes. Joshua Johnson, resplendent in his white satin suits, plays the best boogie in the game. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** The oaken panelling takes you back to the turn of the century. When the atmosphere works its charm you're likely to glance outside to see if your hansom driver is still waiting. The food is prepared exactly as it was years and years ago . . . wholesome, delicious, appetizing. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** One of the finest cafeterias in the country. Owner W. W. Wormington brings a wealth of experience in preparing fine food from a large New York hotel. He was a dietician for a large private school for many years and is well-versed in offering a balanced meal. A rarity these days, the dishes and cutlery are immaculate. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.



*Class With a Glass . . .*

**RENDEVOUS.** A very fashionable bar. Good nks and a smart clientele. At the wave of your nd a nattily dressed waiter will whisk a snowy le cloth in front of you and serve your dinner tables across the room from the bar. Hotel ehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

**CABANA.** Handsome Latin waiters dressed in dy black-and-gold mess jackets add a Spanish vor to your drinks. WHB's Alberta Bird manip- es the Hammond keyboard expertly and will play ost any tune you can name. The wall seats are mfortable and get cozier while you're sipping a artini and listening to the top hit tunes. Lunch- n only. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 20.

**THE TROPICS.** A step inside and you're in go Pago or maybe Bali. The walls are done in imals of South Sea scenes and at intervals the hts go out, lightning flashes and thunder roars in e tempo of a tropical cloud burst. It's a sophis- ated lounge with good drink. The tropical con- ctions are especially smooth. Hotel Phillips, 12th d Baltimore. GR 5020.

**LA CANTINA.** A spacious downstairs room th bright red and white decor. The bar is long ough to accommodate the usual weekend rush. ere's always plenty of room and the atmosphere inviting. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. A 7047.

**OMAR ROOM.** Gals can't sit at the bar with e mirrored background, but they can languish on e circular leather seat that surrounds it. A half ght up is a large, softly lighted room with tables r that intimate conversation. If you're lonely, go the Omar Room. It's very friendly. Hotel Con- nental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

*Playhouses . . .*

**CROSSROADS INN.** Antiques of all descrip- ons are arranged upon wall shelves and they im- ort a bit of Merrie England. Chicken, barbecue id delicious sandwiches can be had for a song. bar, a large dance floor and the latest juke box ve make your evening a complete one. Take a wope Park car right to the very door. Swope arkway and Benton. WA 9699.

**LA FIESTA BALLROOM.** Put those Arthur furray steps into practice. There's dancing every ight except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. ach Wednesday night at La Fiesta there's an Old ime Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds orth at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the ime management. Old Time Matinee dance at La iesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After is period regular dancing is resumed. Admission efore 4:30 Sunday is only 45 cents. Plenty of soft rinks and delicious sandwiches. Ice cream and cake, o. 41st and Main. VA 9759.

**CROWN ROOM.** Joe Nauser, a veteran at anaging night spots, has a unique attraction. Be- ind the bar stands a large clock. During the cock- il hour from two to five daily, an alarm is ounded at various intervals. When that happens veryone in the place receives a duplicate of the rink he has at the moment—for free! Judy Conrad ill has one of the best musical aggregations in own—his group entertains nightly. Gorgeous life- ize Varga girls adorn the walls and mental specu- ation is rife as one sits sipping a good drink and azing at the beauties. Free parking in the La Salle arage. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** Al Duke is the center of everyone's attention at the Old Plantation. A very fine entertainer, Al brings nostalgic memories of vaudeville days with his musical interpretations. Jerry Gilbert's Trio is just the thing for quiet dancing. This lovely old Colonial mansion is just a few miles east on Highway 40. FL 1307.



★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** The delicious barbecue is back but Stubb doesn't need his good food to attract customers. The folks have been dropping in to hear—and see—Jeanie Leitt for a long time. Some of Jeanie's songs, ribald in a feminine way, bring the house down every time. The girl is simply terrific! 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

★ **NEW ORLEANS ROOM.** One of the newest places in Kansas City, this spacious room with wine and pearl decor is rapidly drawing the crowds. The drinks are good, too, served at that extra long bar that used to be Col. Jeb Stuart's favorite. Howard Parker, his piano and orchestra, make with the "sweetest swing" you've heard in a long time. The dance floor, ringed with a quaint brass railing, is big enough to make dancing a real pleasure. Park right next door. On Wyandotte, just north of 12th Street. GR 9207.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** The pachyderm in the name does not denote size. This diminutive place makes you want to talk to your neighbor—and you invariably do. It's fun and it becomes funnier after a few of Max's drinks because the parade of pink elephants over the bar do the darndest dance. At one end of the room Charlie Chaplin's antics never grow old on the screen showing old time silent films. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th. GR 5310.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** The D. T. Turner trademark insures an evening of good food and superb entertainment. Eddie Oyer, boy wonder at the key board, has a repertoire ranging from the latest boogie to the Blue Danube Waltz. Eugene Smith and Juliette share the spotlight with Eddie. When bending an elbow at the bar, bend the neck a little too and see old time silent films shown upon a screen just above the barkeep's head. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **BLUE HILLS.** The barbecue is not to be matched anywhere in Kansas City. Long popular with south enders, dancing and drinking are enlivened by a trio featuring Bob and Jack, screwballs of swing. Music is continuous from 6:30. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.



### Good Taste . . .

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Bedecked with latticed booths and photographs of celebs, the Gardens is popular with show people and their friends. Meatballs and spaghetti, served with a little beaker of wine, fills that empty spot and brushes away all pangs of hunger. The steaks are good, too. 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** The murals done on wood paneling are quite interesting. The food is good and service quick. The strawberry short cake is by far the best you've ever tasted. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** This bustling place keeps in tune with the busiest intersection in town which lies just outside. Quick, courteous service, tasty food and the latest hit tunes by remote control from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **FRANK WACHTER.** Three delightful restaurants operated by veteran Frank Wachter prove that inflation didn't happen here—because you can still get terrific meals for 65c and 75c at 1112 Baltimore, 105 East 12th Street or 11 East 10th Street. And the 45c Special for lunch packs the house. Come before noon if you can, or after 1:15. Wachter's feature wonderful ham and beef and splendid dessert. In the bottled goods department, they sell an excellent deluxe brand Bourbon of exceptional bouquet, smoothness and aroma from Shively, Kentucky, at \$7.49 per bottle. HA 8999.

★ **NU-WAY DRIVE-INS.** It's a relief to drive up and not have to toot the horn or flick your lights. The minute you turn off the ignition a perky little car hop is at the window asking if you desire curb service or an inside booth. The sandwiches are the best you've ever tasted—and reasonably priced, too. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** One of the highest tributes to Glenn's seafood is the fact that among his patrons are a great many experts on just that item. It's fun to order a steamy oyster stew close your eyes and imagine yourself at a little wharf cafe in Provincetown. The realistic result is ample proof that Glenn serves the best seafood in the Middlewest. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

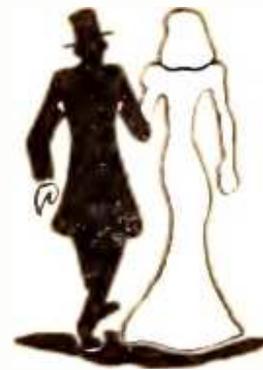
★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** Walk west down 10th S and skid to a stop at a little neon sign bearing evidence that Dierk's Tavern is through the door and down just below street level. You'll find bankers and people whose closest contact with finance is savings account, sitting elbow to elbow at the bar. Noonday lunches are a real treat to your stomach and also your purse. Between Walnut and Grand at 10th St. VI 4352.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** Home of the hamburger supreme. You may have delicious fried rabbit and chicken dinners, too. Don't let the clever, modernistic decorations take your mind off the tasty 'burger. 48th and Main on the Plaza. LO 3434.

★ **UNITY INN.** Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, the green salads and vegetarian dinners are the best ever. You are served in a pretty laticed room with walls of a restful shade of green. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A quiet dining room featuring home cooked meals at reasonable prices. Just the place to take the family for a delicious Sunday dinner. 54th and Brookside. HI 4100.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Partners Millema and Gilbert are masters at providing dishes that keep the "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople gastronomically happy. And what's more they're at it twenty-four hours a day. You don't have to be a flyer to enjoy the food here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.



### All Through the Night . . .

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A friendly after hour spot—even the huge door-man is congenial. A spic floor show and plenty of opportunity to practice some of the steps the chorines do. For an evening of drinking and dancing, Tootie's is the place to be. \$1.00 cover charge. 79th and Wornall Road. D 1253.

★ **MARY'S.** Newly enlarged and decorated, Mary's boasts the largest dance floor in this area. It's little outside of town and is extremely popular "after hours." Big name bands are often featured and the ride out is certainly worthwhile. Setup only. 8013 Wornall Road. JA 9441.

✓ **WHB Blueprint for  
1947!**

*The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City*



## 'Full Time' Operation



**10 Kilocycles**



**,000 Watts Power**



**Mutual Network**

**Kansas City**

BY LATE SPRING, 1947, the big, new, more-powerful transmitting plant now planned by WHB will be completed. Then tune in "Your Mutual Friend" at a new and better spot on your radio dial: 710 kilocycles, instead of 880. . . . We'll have five times as much power as at present. And most important of all, we'll be on the air "night-time" as well as day-time — presenting an entirely new schedule of locally-produced night-time

programs, in addition to Mutual network features. 1947 will be a great year of growth for the station with Kansas City's oldest call letters: WHB. . . . We invite smart advertisers, as you blueprint your advertising plans for the upcoming twelvemonth, to include the alert, forward-looking Kansas City Marketland. We offer you a medium that will reach effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar.

**DON DAVIS**  
*President*  
**JOHN T. SCHILLING**  
*General Manager*

*Represented By*  
**ADAM YOUNG, Inc.**

**NEW YORK**      **CHICAGO**  
Ongacre 3-1926      ANDover 5448

**SAN FRANCISCO**      **LOS ANGELES**  
Sutter 1393      Michigan 6203

