

MARCH 1947

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Swing



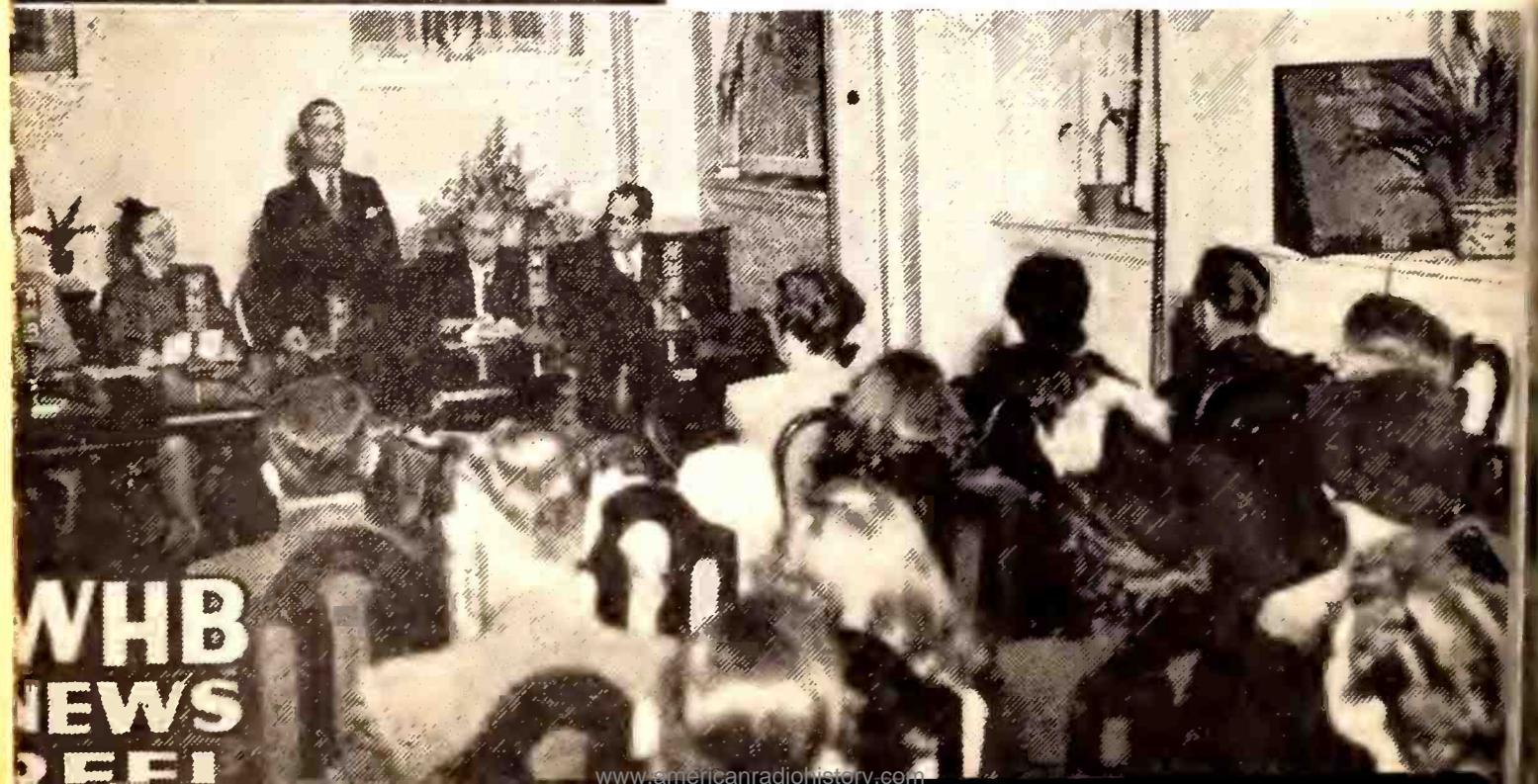


ABOVE: Assistant City Manager Thomas Maxwe accepts the M-G-M key of welcome from Gallar Bess. James J. Rick and WHB newsman Dick Smit are beside him.

UPPER LEFT: WHB's Dave Hodgins interviews Hug S. O'Neill, business manager of the Kansas City Central Labor Union. Subject: press relations.

TO YOUR LEFT: Mayor William E. Kemp; Hugh W. Coburn, vice-president of Midcontinent Airlines; and William R. Brown, president of Brown Printing Co.

BELOW: John Thornberry governs a panel of important speakers at a WHB "Our Town Forum."



Swing

MARCH, 1947

VOL. 3 NO. 3

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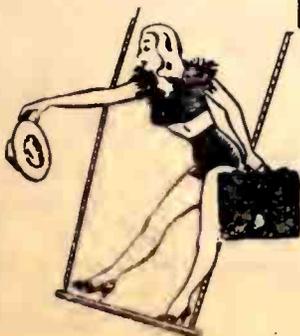
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LIST, the winds of March are blowing!" The shutter bangs and the heart awakes with a start. Earth breaks out with lambs and crocuses, patches of the sky shine in the muddy fields, the farmer spits into the wind, and tall beautiful girls chase hats down city streets. The sunsets spread themselves red and ragged on the sky like a Rorschach test, and "the spring is near when green geese are a-breeding!"

Tell us, if you will, of death and ugliness, terror and poisons, of the barrier around Russia, the sadists in the South, intrigue and fury in Palestine, selfishness next door. Your words are confetti on the wind. *Can't hear you!* Our ears are full of bird calls and barrel organs and the roaring of lions rampant.

But the heart will hear your words and not be gladdened. For spring is a time of the stirring of roots, and deep within, the crumbling of certain foundations. We feel the tremor of still another "disorder'd spring." And we cry out against it, wanting pure delight. Perhaps, as they say, we are marching toward destruction steadily. But the world's too beautiful this year for us to die, alone or collectively, because of things in it that are not beautiful. Tell us again about our cosmic woes, the disease that wastes the root, the dissolution of our strength, the pernicious anemia of a world in which the soft aesthetes are the white corpuscles. Only by hearing these things can we find out where to strike, how to cure, where to cauterize and amputate if we must. So tell us again. We've got to hear, and we will. But the shutter still bangs in the Rabelaisian wind, and the crocuses make a tumultuous glad noise as they push through the earth.

Jetta
Editor.

Editor.....Jetta Carleton
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Front cover: Harold Hahn and Ewing Rankin.

Back cover: Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad.

Center Spread Pin-up: Courtesy Warner Brothers.

MARCH'S HEAVY DATES

in KANSAS CITY

Art

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

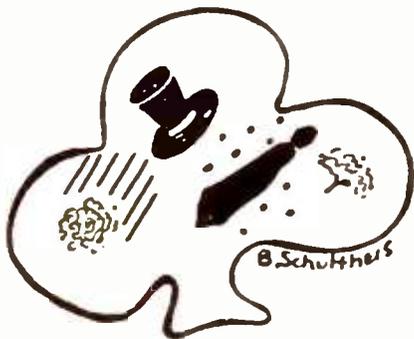
Concerts: Mar. 2, Sigma Alpha Iota Alumnae; Mar. 7, Conservatory of Music; Mar. 9, artists and students of Sister Mary Lee, St. Agnes Academy; Mar. 16, Music Department, University of Kansas; Mar. 21, Conservatory of Music; Mar. 23, Sigma Alpha Iota; Mar. 28, artists and students of Mrs. Miles Blim; Mar. 30, Music Department, Stephens College. (Sundays at 3:30 p.m., Fridays at 8.)

Exhibitions: Photographs by the Kansas City Camera Club.

Lectures: Mar. 5, *Greek Bronzes*, Paul Gardner; Mar. 12, *Pesellino*, Paul Gardner; Mar. 19, *Indian Buddhist Sculpture*, Laurence Sickman; Mar. 26, *Derain and His Circle*, Paul Gardner. (Mr. Gardner's lectures will be in the Library at 8 p.m. Mr. Sickman's lecture will be in the Persian Gallery at 8 p.m. No admission charge.)

Masterpiece of the Month: Francesco Pesellino's *Annunciation*.

Motion Picture: Mar. 14, 7:30 p.m., *Camille*. (No admission charge).



Dancing

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)

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

(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.

Ballet

(Music Hall)

Mar. 1-2, Ballet Theatre.
Mar. 18, Trudy Shoop and Comic Ballet.

Drama

(Music Hall)

Mar. 13-15, *Magnificent Yankee*.
Mar. 20-23, *Blossom Time*.

Music

(Music Hall)

Mar. 5, Indianapolis Symphony.
Mar. 10, Mario Berini, tenor.
Mar. 20, First Piano Quartet.
Mar. 27, Robert Casadessus, pianist.

Conventions

Mar. 2-4, Missouri Egg and Poultry Shippers Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 4, National Egg Products Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 6-7, University of Kansas City School of Dentistry, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 9-11, Missouri Photographers Association, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 10, National Association of Office Machine Dealers — Regional, Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 11-12, Regional Presbyterian Conference, Hotel Aladdin.

Mar. 12, Farmers Union Jobbing Association, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 14-15, Kansas Dietetic Association, Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 18-19, Missouri members of United States Brewers Foundation, Hotel President.

Mar. 18-20, Seven State Educational Conference of Milk Dealers and Ice Cream Manufacturers.

Mar. 19-20, Missouri Independent Oil Jobbers, Hotel Continental.

Mar. 20-22, Intercollegiate Conference on United Nations, Auditorium.

Mar. 21-22, National Selected Morticians — Group Seven, Hotel President.

Mar. 23-25, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.

Mar. 28, Industrial Sorghum Conference, Hotel Phillips.

Mar. 28-29, National Stationers' Association, Eighth District, Hotel Muehlebach.

Mar. 28-30, Missouri Tuberculosis Association, Hotel President.

Mar. 30, Missouri State Medical Association, Auditorium.

Special Events

Mar. 4-9, Police Circus, Auditorium.

Mar. 6-9, Blackstone the Magician, Music Hall.

Mar. 16, Jazz at the Philharmonic, floor show and dancing, Auditorium.

Mar. 24, Raymond Gram Swing, Music Hall.

Mar. 2, 5, Board of Education Band Concert, Music Hall.

Mar. 30, Eagle Scout Meeting, Music Hall.



Basketball

(Municipal Auditorium)

Mar. 10-15, NICA Tournament.

Mar. 17, NICA Playoffs.

Mar. 21-22, NCAA Tournament.

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.

Hockey

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

Mar. 2, St. Paul.

Mar. 9, Fort Worth.

Mar. 16, Omaha.

Other Sports

(Municipal Auditorium)

Mar. 1, Track meet.

Mar. 2, 4, Benefit wrestling.

Mar. 26-28, National AAU Boxing Tournament.



RETURN of the EXILES

by WILLIAM P. ROWLEY

ON the slopes overlooking the city of Cannes, in Southern France, the violets are again lifting their furred petals to the opening warmth of the sun. So were they also the morning of March 1, 1815, when a strange little fleet of seven small ships sailed into the Gulf of Juan to drop anchor just off the city.

At first, as longboats plied between ship and shore, carrying men and supplies, the townspeople were apprehensive of a raid by pirates from Algiers. Then they spied the tall bearskins of the Old Guard, and those near enough could see a squat, broad-shouldered man descend from the largest of the craft to be rowed ashore amid a roar of cheers. Instead of the white emblem of the newly restored Bourbons, he wore in his hat a tricolored cockade; and as he reached the beach the tricolored flag that had flown victorious over a hundred battlefields was run up to catch the morning breeze.

Upon his banishment the year before, Napoleon had promised his confidants, "I shall return with the violets." Now the violets had returned from their winter's exile, and with them—from Elba—the Emperor.

Unknowingly, the inhabitants of Cannes were that March morning

In March, the violets and Napoleon came back to France.

witnessing the curtain's rise upon the first act of one of history's most amazing dramas—a stupendous, earth-shaking spectacle that ran for 100 days before the crashing finale at Waterloo.

All that was over 130 years ago, but those years have done little to diminish the imaginative appeal of Napoleon's spectacular return. Like the crossing of the Rubicon and General Lee's bold invasion of the North, it was a great gamble, an all-or-nothing dare which still retains the power to rouse pulse-stirring responses.

The sheer audacity of the Little Corsican in itself presents a challenge to comprehension. He pitted himself against the world with a force of fewer than 1000 men, daring both the power of the reestablished Bourbon monarchy in France and the might of all the nations which had combined to overthrow him. There was no concerted, organized action to aid him. Even most of his former marshalls, the majority of whom had been retained in service by Louis, were content with the preservation of the *status quo*.

Napoleon's coup caught the world by surprise. Even those who knew his penchant for the spectacular had never dreamed he could dare so much.

A world at peace had done its best to dismiss and forget him. At the Congress of Vienna, the peace treaty diplomats were carrying out an impressive process of tidying up after the monstrous disarrangements of revolutionary wars. European frontiers were being put back where they had been in 1792, and loving hands carefully replaced fragile monarchies like precious china, each in its proper niche. A George still reigned in England, and a Louis—brother to the Louis who, with Marie Antoinette, had received final ministrations from the guillotine at Place de la Concord—occupied the throne of France.

There were murmurs against the government, yes. Specifically, there was a plot to replace the Bourbons with a regency in the name of Napoleon II. It was apparently this news that decided Napoleon to action.

"A regency?" he demanded sharply when the word reached him. "Why a regency? Am I dead?"

THE opportunity was perfect. The watchful Allied Commissioner had gone to the mainland for a few days, so orders were issued to put the tiny fleet in commission immediately. Stores, plate and bullion were packed. The Emperor's carriages were loaded aboard, and extra shoes were issued the small group of soldiery which the Allies had allowed the Emperor to take into exile with him. There was a week of frenzied preparation.

Then, the night of February 26, the flotilla sailed silently away. Only when at sea did Napoleon dispel the mystery of their destination. France was to be taken by surprise. The nation, he glibly told his followers,

was eagerly awaiting his return. The army, he assured them, was his. Bold initiative could not fail. "I shall reach Paris," he concluded, "without firing a shot!"

His predictions were based more on wishful thinking than on fact, but subsequent events proved them correct. To support his hopes were a mere handful of troops, unswerving faith in personal destiny, and—most important of all—a sheaf of eloquent proclamations which had been printed in anticipation of this very event.

A master of moving prose, Napoleon had calculated his inflammatory proclamations to bring all elements of French discontent flocking to his banners. Exiled as an Emperor, he returned as a demagogue.

He assured a people sick of wars that his father-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, would persuade the other allied powers not to take up arms against him.

He told the peasants they were threatened with a revival of all the feudal evils of the old regime. "I have come," he wrote, "to free you from bondage and serfdom."

To the liberals he promised a representative government, freedom of press and speech, and everything else which Louis had already granted them—but with a revolutionary tinge. The idea of a liberal Napoleon conforming to the principles of the Revolution was presented for edification of the national mind.

There were two of these proclamations. The first informed the French people they were invincible despite apparent victory of the other side in 1814, when treachery had

transformed a hopeful military situation. In consequence, their grief-stricken Emperor had dutifully retired to a lonely rock, from which he had heard the bitter cries of France. The nation's choice had raised him to the throne, and anything that had been done subsequently without the



consent of the whole nation was not valid. He had returned to restore representative government which would preserve the new institutions and the new glory which the new France had won.

The second informed the army it had never known defeat, but that its enemies were now busy robbing French soldiers of all they had fought for. The Exiled Emperor had heard their voice and was with them once again—their general and the people's choice. It was for them to rally about him, to tear down the white cockade and raise the tricolor once again. Past

glories were rehearsed in a long roll call of victories. There was a shrewd appeal to self-interest which suggested that pay and pensions were insecure. The climax was a brilliant word picture of the sacred emblem soaring across the land.

The eagle with the tricolor will fly from steeple to steeple until it reaches the pinnacles of Notre Dame. Then you may show your scars . . . In your declining years, honored by your fellow countrymen, they will gather round you to hear the tale of your great deeds. And you will say with pride, "Yes, I was one of them, one of the Grand Armee that marched into Vienna twice and into Rome, Berlin, Madrid, and Moscow, and redeemed Paris from the same."

Immediately upon landing, scouting parties set out to broadcast the proclamations throughout France. The result was almost incredible. Although the good sense of the French rebelled against the adventure, it caught their hearts.

Napoleon rode triumphantly to Paris on a great emotional wave of popular enthusiasm that was nearly beyond belief, in view of the inevitable consequences of the action and the low esteem in which he had made his departure from France a few months before. He had only to appear and entire populace flocked to his banner. Soldiers the king sent to intercept him ended by joining his forces *en masse*. At the head of a royal army, Marshall Ney set out from Paris swearing to bring his former commander back in a cage. On sight of Napoleon, however, tears rolled down Ney's cheeks, and he knelt to proffer his services and sword.

THE first test came near Grenoble, where the Emperor's march toward Paris was blocked by a regiment of the king's infantry with fixed bayonets, drawn up across the road. The Emperor, a small figure outlined against the dark mass of his grenadiers, walked slowly toward them. By his order, his men had reversed their arms as a reassuring gesture. As he approached a frantic royal officer called an order.

"There he is! Fire!"

But there was no answering rattle of musketry from his troopers. Silently they watched the squat figure approach. Then it stopped, and they heard Napoleon's level voice.

"Soldiers of the Fifth," he called to them, "I am your Emperor! If there is one of you who would kill his Emperor," the level voice continued as he flung open his greatcoat in a dramatic gesture, "here I am!"

Then the silence ended. There was a roar of cheers as the infantrymen broke ranks to crowd around him, to touch his sword, his coat, even his boots. White cockades were torn from shakos and thrown to the dust.

After that, it was plain that the army indeed belonged to Napoleon. So, too, the peasantry, who trooped along in his wake in ever-swelling numbers. The scene was repeated in variations at every encounter. The march became a triumphal procession which ended March 20 when the flood engulfed Paris.

That night the Emperor again slept in the Tuileries, hastily vacated a few days before by a dazed and fleeing king. True to Napoleon's prediction,

Paris had been regained without the firing of a shot. France was his.

It is difficult to explain the flood of popular feeling by which Napoleon reconquered France in less than three weeks. It seemed he had only to appear, and all the tragedies and disasters of yesterday were forgotten.

Moderate men realized the dramatic action was all but hopeless, that it would end in a catastrophe even greater than that of the previous year. But sober thought had little chance against the powerful surge of mass hysteria. One hundred days; the adventure lasted no longer and was doomed from the outset. Three months of madness, in which Napoleon played upon the emotions of the nation as a master might upon the strings of a violin. Then the end.

The Allies, still in session in Vienna, had had their fill of the Corsican. When the news reached them they declared Napoleon an outlaw and took immediate steps for concerted action against him. Three great armies were ordered to close in and destroy the returned French Emperor at any cost.

It was the beginning of the powerful finale. Napoleon tried frantically to avert a resumption of hostilities. Desperately but futilely he attempted to gain an intercession on his behalf by the Emperor of Austria. He made every possible effort to convince the Allies of his peaceful intentions. It was no use. Twenty years of warfare had left the Allies determined to rid Europe of Napoleon.

Like a mad thing, the returned exile labored to reconstruct his govern-

ment. He worked feverishly to build, train, and equip an army capable of meeting the threatened invasion.

Miracles were accomplished, but they weren't enough. Came Sunday, June 19, and Waterloo. There the hopes of Napoleon and the French

Army perished together. For the future there remained only St. Helena.

Summer by that time had come to the hills overlooking Cannes. The last of the violets had bloomed, then faded and died. The hundred days were over.



FORGOTTEN GODS

A MULTITUDE of feline-toothed, stone idols—a score of weirdly-carved sacrificial altars—a wind-swept plateau surrounded on all sides by towering, mist-tipped mountains and deep valleys—these are the ingredients of one of the world's greatest archeological mysteries.

The plateau is high in the Andes of southwestern Colombia, and the strange gods and altars are the sole relics of a forgotten people whose culture had faded even before the rise of the ancient Inca civilization.

Many of the idols, worn nearly smooth by the winds and rains of over two thousand years, are as high as twenty feet and weigh up to ten tons. They are in the shape of men, and yet their broad, flat noses and their long, dagger-like eye teeth give them only a half-human appearance.

Sacrifices, probably human, were obviously made to the stone gods. On one mound is a huge, flattened stone with a depression running along the front on which the victim was sacrificed. The fresh blood drained along the depression into the open mouth of a ferocious-looking diety called the Alligator God.

Whence came these idols that are older than Christianity? Who were their worshippers? Scientists do not know. Even to the six hundred inhabitants of San Augustin, the town nearest the plateau, their origin is a mystery. These natives assert that they do not worship the ancient gods, and yet they regard them with superstitious fear and hint that their evil power stills hangs over them like an eternal cloud.

When Hermann von Walde-Waldeg, archeologist for the Colombian Government, visited the town in 1936, the natives warned him against intruding upon the forbidden ground. They told him the tale of the farmer who defiantly built his wooden house over several of the mutilated statues. Almost at once he became ill with dropsy. Before he could remove the carved stones, he was dead.

Then there is the story of a native worker, Don Sinforoso, who dug up a *guaca*, an ancient Indian burial near the plateau. Two days later his brown face revealed the first signs of leprosy!

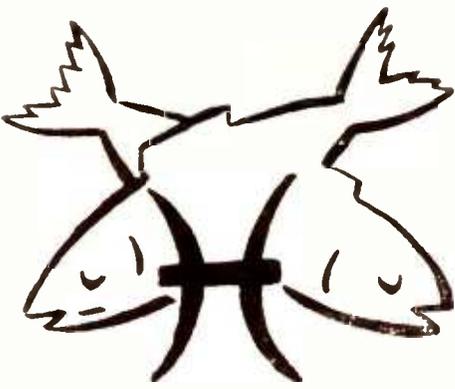
To the southeast of the wind-swept plateau is an amazing series of caves in which swarm thousands of screeching, blue-eyed birds called *guacharos*. Indians believe that the nocturnal birds are the reincarnated spirits of their ancestors, and that the white dots on their chestnut-colored feathers are tears shed by ancient Indians because of their defeats by the white man.

The caverns also provide a home for the jaguar. The natives tell strange tales of seeing the beasts squatting in the mouths of caves with the birds swarming about their heads. They timidly suggest that perhaps the jaguar contains the spirit of a departed Indian chief, and that the spirit-birds are paying homage or receiving commands.

All efforts to solve the enigma of the gods and their makers have failed. It is almost as if an invisible force remains upon the plateau to keep the age-old secret, its determination echoed, perhaps, in the shrill scream of the wind.—Edward W. Ludwig.

ACCORDING TO THE *Stars*

For those born February 19 to March 20



by NELLE CARTER

IF you were born February 19 to March 20, your sun is in Pisces, the sign of the fishes, ruled by the planet Neptune.

This sign is often regarded as the weakest of all the signs, probably because the natives of Pisces are extremely sensitive and dislike a too aggressive approach to life. They think and feel deeply, but hesitate to act. They are the most imaginative, dreamy, sensitive, psychic, secretive, compassionate and sympathetic of all the Zodiacal types.

Natives of Pisces are inclined to develop an inferiority complex, and often go from one extreme to the other in temperament; from the heights to the depths, for no apparent reason. The sublime and beautiful appeals to them, and they spend so much of the time in their own private dream world that they are poorly equipped to deal with the harsh realities of life.

These people are often quite successful in music, poetry, art, mysticism, hospital or institutional work, and among others of this sign who have become famous, we find George Washington, Luther Burbank, Albert Einstein, Michelangelo, Chopin, George du Maurier and Victor Hugo.

A woman born under this sign is well fitted to make her way in the social and fashionable world, as she is endowed with much charm, grace, and wit. She is often the repository of her friends' secrets, and people love her for the sincere interest she shows in their affairs. A Pisces maiden can wear any style and wear it well, whether formal, sports or casual. She is fragile looking, but of rugged endurance. Her loyalty and devotion to her husband never waver, whether she draws an ace or a deuce in the lottery of marriage.

The most harmonious mate for a native of Pisces is one born with sun in Cancer (June 22 to July 22), or Scorpio (October 24 to November 22).

If you are a Pisces person, health and work may take on added importance during the coming year, as Saturn transits that department of your life. Plan your work so that you may get the most done with the least strain, and avoid worry. Overcome nervousness, impatience and discontent, as broader opportunities will soon be coming your way.

Jupiter, the "Great Benefic," favors travel, higher education and philosophy, until October 24th. Also, under the stimulating influence of Uranus to your sun sign, you may meet exciting people in unexpected places or under unusual circumstances.



MARRIAGE

is NOT the reason for

DIVORCE

IT wasn't Dr. Gallup, but someone did say Americans are primarily interested in plumbing. As complete human beings in this Twentieth Century, we are so many outhouses—which could be one reason why three out of every five American marriages are headed for the divorce mill!

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven, and that may be why so few of them work out here on earth with little more than mutual stirrings, a marriage license and an array of duplicated "gifts for the bride" to create a complete and harmonious marital symphony.

To quote again, "There's nothing wrong with marriage. All marriages are happy. It's the living together after marriage that causes the trouble!" Which, though amusing, misses being a truism. The trouble actually starts when the individual is born into a two-headed world mouth-ing one set of rules during childhood, and a set of contraries for practical living after he becomes an adult. It is easier to live with another person if

you've learned how to live with yourself—a pleasant art which has been ignored in our society.

The parent who teaches his children "It is more blessed to give than to receive," while proving to them in daily existence that only a fool gives an inch without hope of return on the initial investment, is splitting personalities.

We have in this country what might be called A CREED OF ULTIMATES propagated, because we the people lethargically allow it, by much radio and magazine advertising, by most movies, by sightless conservatives and by hasty book-of-the-moment selections. In the past a boy was taught to look forward to the Ultimate of his first long trousers. Today a girl is taught to look forward to the Ultimate of her first long party dress. These are surface Ultimates. Those not so near the surface might read something like this:

To have a BA is to be educated.

To make money is to be happy.

To drink bourbon neat is manly.

Associate Editor Evelyn Nolt is a student of psychology and semantics, and is a widely known radio writer and short storyteller. In this exclusive article she approaches divorce from a new angle, and levels some powerful charges at all of us Americans. If it makes you hopping mad, don't say you haven't been warned!

To hide intelligence is womanly.
 To fall in love is forever.
 To get married is to live in eternal bliss.

Even the callous might be permitted a small glandular disturbance on discovering:

To be educated can be with or without a degree.

Happiness may evade the purchaser.
 The sweet-faced child at the bar drinks her bourbon neat.

Mental abilities are distributed equally between the sexes.

To fall in love forever is often.

There is no eternal bliss.

But the Ultimate in our CREED OF ULTIMATES is the ultimate of marriage. It takes a long time to create a marriage. It takes teamwork and constant vigilance and both parties bettering themselves as people, developing their talents and abilities, rather than complete relaxation and abysmal disinterest in the world about them because they have achieved the Ultimate—marriage!

We have allowed ourselves to be bombarded for so long with the ultimate of sex that we see each other not as human beings, but as mechanisms for release. Dogs may well have an animal to animal relationship. A man and woman cannot have without a feeling of extreme disillusion, whether that relationship is inside or outside legal status.

No husband or wife would ask the other to live in a completely empty house, and yet individually we are empty houses—from the cradle we have never been taught to furnish the dwellings of ourselves so that we might find permanent enjoyment in

the taste, humor and ideas of each other.

We have an odd architectural sense, we Americans. We are forever rushing "to get in on the groundfloor." This lack of basement or foundation-consciousness might well disturb us. People now employed on "ground-floors" of the school, church and government might get a nasty shock were they to peek at the basements they're above. A groundfloor has to be held up by something other than a fallacious CREED OF ULTIMATES!

We have assumed that marriage is a matter of walking in on the ground-floor. Apparently love built the basement. What love actually did was to select the site, and any marriage that started off building the first floor rather than the basement was one of the 800,000 divorce proceedings on the books of our courts at the beginning of this year.

Some blame the increasing divorce rate on the laxity of divorce laws. It is a custom among certain African



tribes for a husband to sew his wife's clothes. If he refuses, she can divorce him—just walk out of the house and home to mother. No fuss. No expense. Divorce is even easier among other primitive peoples. When a married woman of the Djukas in Dutch Guinea decides she's fed up, she closes the entrance to her hut. This automatically puts her back in the *status quo*, and bars her husband as completely as if he were a stranger. Although divorce is as simple as closing a door—in Dutch Guinea it's the exception, not the rule.

Blame has been placed on hasty wartime marriages, inadequate housing, the new status of women. And anyone who refuses to accept the shifting scene and equalizing of the sexes is deliberately sticking his head in the sand, which some authorities report not even an ostrich does.

In a recent Gallup Poll husbands and wives gave reasons for domestic discord. The husbands put nagging, extravagance and poor homemaking at the head of their list. Wives came back with drinking, thoughtlessness and selfishness.

But none of the so-called reasons for divorce are causes, they are effects. These provide the superficial excuses. The basic fact is that our idealistic theory of equality and our materialistic reality of competition have met each other head on. When women entered business demanding equality socially and professionally, our two-headed world looked itself in the eyes for the first time.

As long as the woman stayed in the home and held up the idealistic strata of our society (took the chil-

dren to Sunday School), the man was free to be "hard-headed," "practical" and "superior." He gave competition to his business associates—cooperation or lethargy at home. With women in business, men and women have become open competitors. Over a period of years, we have been breeding a race of Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes. It becomes increasingly difficult to successfully play two opposite roles—competition in business, cooperation at home—now that the Little Woman has invaded business, bar and bed.

The competitive spirit that started out as a servant has become dictator. There was a time when competition, like clipper ships, answered a need in our development. To practice a system that provides a peak with footage only for the few—while telling the many they are equal and able—is as dated as shipping at the whim of the winds.

When we are competitive rather than cooperative it is understandable why Mr. Timidface feels the very structure of his manly self dissolving when Mrs. Timidface brings home a pay check worth ten cents more than his.

So long as we accept the CREED OF ULTIMATES, just so long will Mrs. Brown needle Mr. Brown by saying, "Why can't you buy me a fur coat? Sedalia's husband bought her one and he's not nearly as important a man as you are!" The competitive spirit in full gallop. If Mr. Brown can't buy the fur coat he feels inferior to Sedalia's husband, insecure in his wife's affections and

hostile toward everyone on general principles—while Mrs. Brown feels insecure in her social status, inferior to Sedalia and hostile to Mr. Brown, the big brute. So soon you read of Brown versus Brown.

Materially our houses are full. But as people we are empty. We resent our emptiness and we feel duped and cheated. The two heads of our world are merging. Either we must believe and accept the responsibility of equality—to which we have paid so much lip service—and live up to some of those fine things we've been telling our world neighbors we fought the war for, or we must accept without reservation the competitive dictatorship.

The happy marriages in this country have succeeded in spite of, not

because of, the much ballyhooed "American way of Life." Americans have never been taught to live with themselves, let alone with each other. They have succeeded in spite of our fallacious CREED OF ULTIMATES. They have succeeded in spite of the fact that men and women today are competitors. They have probably succeeded in spite of themselves. In 1947, however, an estimated 40 per cent of American marriages will not be able to succeed!

American marriages, like world governments, have a choice between competition and cooperation. Competition in marriage leads to divorce! Competition between governments leads to war!

It's time Mr. and Mrs. American started cooperating with each other!

FAMOUS PEOPLE

Some years ago, Jean M. Douglas accompanied her doctor uncle on his sick calls through a wooded district of Eastern Canada. It was winter and the roads were often impassable. Additional hazards were created by teamsters hauling wood to market towns and frequently hogging the whole road.

Time after time the doctor was forced off the road. Finally he decided to assert his rights. Standing up in the sleigh, he waved his whip dramatically.

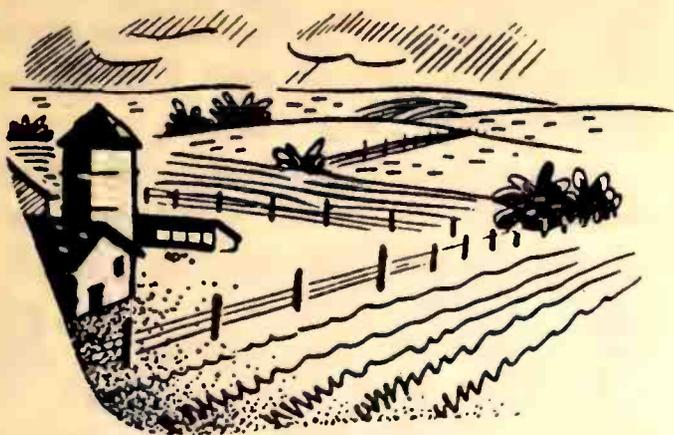
"If you don't give me half the road," he exclaimed, "I'll give you what I gave the last man we met!"

The teamster turned sharply and gave the doctor more than the lion's share of the road. As the vehicles passed, the teamster's curiosity got the better of him and he called out, "What did you give the last man?" The doctor smiled. "The whole road."

It is not generally known, but Millard Fillmore, thirteenth President of the United States, gave Samuel F. Morse his earliest and most potent support. In gratitude, Morse named the two Morse code characters after Fillmore's children: for Dorothy, dot; and for Dashiell, dash.

The vice-president of the Confederacy was Alexander Stephens, a man of wizened body. Once a strapping fellow challenged him to a duel, but complained that while he was an excellent target, Stephens' small stature would make him hard to hit. "All right," said Stephens, "to make it fair we'll chalk off my dimensions on your body, and agree not to count any hits outside that area." The challenger laughed, and the duel was off.

*The dust bowl is a vegetable bowl now—
winds, drought, and government experts notwithstanding!*



Garden in the Sun

by SAM SMITH

BACK in the Thirties there were some notable spokesmen—Rexford Tugwell, for example—who read the reports of dust storms in Kansas and promptly declared that it was too bad but the High Plains area was fast becoming the great American desert.

That was the period of the Oakies, moving out in their jalopies. It was a time when the dust from the plains swirled in sun-darkening clouds far to the East. It was a time when practically nothing grew and debt rode the farmers who dared to stay and fight it out.

Then the rains came.

Out through Kansas today the seventh tremendous wheat crop in a row is in the making. Cattle and lambs were feeding on that pasturage this winter, and money continues to flow into the already wealthy area.

Water did that, water from the skies. But water from the ground is turning parts of the old dust bowl into a commercial garden spot, too. Through hundreds of thousands of years a vast underground reservoir has been filling up in the area known as the Hugoton field, greatest natural gas dome known to man.

The water-gas combination is working now. Gas from the nearby wells pumps water to pour out on rich topsoil. The "desert" Tugwell saw blooms with an increasing acreage of truck crops.

Years ago, United States geological survey maps showed that reservoir of water. The maps showed, too, a surface soil as productive as the alluvial plains of the river basins, a sandy silt loam mixed with volcanic ash. With water, that soil has become as productive as the storied valley of the Nile.

It remained for big-time market operators, however, to put the district on the map. They started in about three years ago by leasing the land from farmers for \$15 to \$20 an acre and supervising the planting, care and marketing of the crops. The towns throughout the area are still small, but a number of them have become warehousing and grading centers.

Last year cars from the garden spot were consigned by the Santa Fe to New York, Kansas City, Houston, Chicago and Des Moines. In 1944, the first big year of commercialization, the Santa Fe moved 120 cars of

produce from the little town known as Big Bow. The next year it moved 500. That's a sample of how the dust which powdered half a continent a decade ago can grow food if only it's given water.

The principal products of this garden land to date have been Honeydew melons, onions and potatoes.

In 1945, not a particularly good year, yields of 300 bushels of potatoes per acre, and up to 800 bushels of onions were the rule. Peas, carrots, tomatoes and lettuce are other crops which are being tried experimentally.

Kansas state agricultural experts view the potential for further development as very high. They expect the development, however, to take the pattern of an increasing use of irrigation within the area rather than a general expansion of the field limits.

For that matter, the irrigation area always will be somewhat limited, not so much by scarcity of underground water as by the depth a driller must go to reach it, by the particular type of soil at that spot, and by market and price conditions.

As for depth, the water level in Stanton County varies from 50 to 300 feet. Naturally there is a distinct commercial advantage in the shallow depth area.

This underground water which is washing the topsoil into gross productivity ranging as high as \$1,000 an acre per year is not a river. It's ground stored water which seeps through sands and porous rock from the west and north, following the slope of geologic formations. It's been

accumulating there since the formation of the High Plains, and water still seeps in from the foothills of the Rockies.

As long as the outflow does not exceed the natural "recharge," the ageless storage will remain virtually intact. There appears to be no adequate data on the content of that vast storage tank. In the shallow water area of western Grant, eastern Stanton and northwestern Stevens counties there is a potential irrigation area of 500 square miles, according to a recent study completed by the state geologic survey. But of that 320,000 acres, much of the land would be unsuitable for truck gardening. Some estimates have placed the total acreage useable at about 125,000 acres.

It costs plenty of money to put down one of those big wells—as much as \$7,500 for the hole and the engine to pump it. But with natural gas from nearby wells, according to figures based on studies of four wells, the cost of fuel per acre foot of water is only 27 cents.



The big irrigation wells have a draw of 1,200 to 1,800 gallons a minute. One of these wells can irrigate 160 acres of land for some crops. For others, two wells are necessary for that acreage.

The water is not inexhaustible, but experts believe that from a short range commercial standpoint it might add up to about the same thing. In years of sufficient rainfall, there is less need for irrigation. In such years, there is an added recharge for the underground "tank" from the surface water. Even in normal rainfall years, the average recharge from ground water is estimated at almost 27 acre feet per square mile.

Kansas water engineers say that for at least the present generation, and probably the next, three to ten times the annual recharge can be pumped.

Pete Molz drilled the first well of importance near Big Bow in 1940. It went down only to the first stratum of water, 194 feet. Molz used it to irrigate a garden and some feed crops. He had no idea of supplying water with that shaft for field garden crops. But the well was so successful other farmers drilled to 300 feet and the garden spot development was under way.

The man who actually opened the area for irrigation was Fred Brookover, a native of western Kansas, who had been an irrigation engineer in South America. He saw the possibilities, and immediately went to work to develop the district. What he accomplished is summed up by A. J. Worm, an operator of the area.

Worm says that the former dust bowl is now "the greatest spot in the world. You can't beat this soil anywhere. It's so rich in minerals and lime content that anything will grow here if it gets the water—and now we have the water!"

The shallow water areas in Grant, Haskell and Stevens counties are similar to the irrigation area near Plainview and Hereford in the Texas Panhandle. In 1939 there were 1,700 irrigation wells in that district, watering 230,000 acres. Since the potential irrigation areas in Grant and Stevens counties are within the limits of the Hugoton field, it is believed that water could be pumped more economically than in the Texas High Plains.

There is another irrigation area in Scott county, Kansas. It's similar in climate and geology but the cost of lift of the water is much higher because it is not so near the gas wells.

Discussion of irrigation in western Kansas is incomplete without mention of the Garden City vicinity, where sugar beets are raised on land irrigated from the Arkansas river. The only beet refinery in Kansas is located at Garden City.

With beneficent rain from the skies and with a vast underground reservoir apparently awaiting only further tapping, those western Kansans who stuck it out through the choking grit of the dust storms have hit the jack pot. Water has done it. Money is rolling in now, and it looks like it will continue to roll.

They'd like to have Tugwell come out for a visit.



"A book of rubber checks, please. I'm trying to stretch my income."



Store for Storekeepers

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

PERHAPS it was back in 1931 when a sagacious group of Kansas City business men first got the idea for a Merchandise Mart. That was the year plans were being made for the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, the year that Marshall Field sent a sprawling building soaring eighteen stories into the sky. Even though the building's gigantic floor space of nearly a hundred acres was soon to be laughingly called the real estate white elephant of Chicago, the basic idea for a Merchandise Mart was sound and logical. In fact, it was so feasible that these Kansas City business men, grouped together under the title of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club, decided during a certain March meeting in 1945 that Kansas City should have a Mart.

The need for a Mart was plain. In the ten state trade area surrounding Kansas City, there are considerably more than fifty thousand retail stores, doing an annual volume in excess of one billion dollars. That is one thousand million dollars. It seemed apparent that with a Merchandise Mart located in Kansas City, representing manufacturers from all over the nation, a sizable chunk of this tremendous business could be drawn to the city. With this premise

in mind, the Advertising and Sales Executives Club rolled up its collective sleeves and went Mart-making.

The Ad Club was not hindered by the fact that the Mart project was the largest venture of its forty-three year history. On the contrary, the Board of Governors plunged into it boldly by authorizing an expenditure of \$25,000 to underwrite, as needed, a survey and investigation of the need and the possibilities for a Mart in Kansas City. Forty members attended a preliminary meeting, and it was a matter of three or four weeks later that a site was selected and a Mart manager employed. Within less than two months from the original meeting, the club had arranged for the purchase of a building. At that time, it seemed that an expenditure of \$50,000 would be required to place the building in usable condition. That figure later proved to be the wishful thinking of confirmed optimists.

Seeing the Mart as a permanent venture, the club decided to go all out in equipping the building. The original estimate expanded to \$135,000 and beyond, all spent on fixtures and remodeling—whereas the original Advertising and Sales Executives Club Building Corporation had an

authorized capital of only \$100,000. By August of 1945, it was definitely decided to form a new and larger corporation. This became known as the Kansas City Merchandise Mart, Incorporated, with an authorized capital of \$500,000. Stock in this corporation was sold almost exclusively to members of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club.

The Merchandise Mart was officially opened during the October American Royal Week, 1946. At that time H. H. Wilson was president of the board; Murrel Crump, first vice-president; W. J. Krebs, second vice-president; A. J. Stephens, treasurer; and J. C. Higdon, secretary. Slight revisions in this original set-up have moved Murrel Crump to the presidency, H. H. Wilson to chairman of the board, W. J. Krebs to first vice-president, and J. H. Grimes to second vice-president. Other officers remain the same. Supplementing the officers is a directorship made up of fifteen other leading Kansas City business men.



At the present time the Merchandise Mart occupies the entire six-story building at Twenty-second Street and Grand Avenue. In June of 1946, the Mart building was eighty percent leased by tenants representing three hundred manufacturers. That number has expanded considerably in the months since, until today it is one hundred percent tenanted. A large number of other manufacturers await space to show their wares in this new trading center of Kansas City.

The Mart's exhibitors display the goods of nearly four hundred American and foreign manufacturers at the present time. Their customers are jobbers, wholesalers, chain and independent store buyers in the ten surrounding states which look to Kansas City for supplies. Now on display are these lines: women's, children's and men's apparel, furnishings and accessories, china, pottery, glassware, lamps, toys and sporting goods, greeting cards, paper products and stationery, electrical appliances, housewares, furniture, stoves and other home furnishings. Altogether the displays cover over fifty-seven thousand square feet of space.

The function of the Merchandise Mart is simple. It is a store for storekeepers. Buyers like the convenience of finding so many merchandising eggs in one basket. A visit to the Mart saves the buyer or the salesman thousands of miles of travel, saves the inconvenience of lost days and weeks in travel from coast to coast. It is located in the natural distribution center of the Midwest, close to the geographical center of the United States.

A visit to the sample rooms of the Merchandise Mart shows the term "store for storekeepers" to be literally true. Sample rooms have the appearance of gracious, well-appointed shops. The buyer finds himself inspecting merchandise which he intends to buy by the hundred dozen, just as he would were he purchasing a single article for his home. All sample rooms are glass-enclosed, fluorescent lighted and acoustically treated. More than one Kansas City housewife has been tempted to enter the first floor showroom where children's toys are attractively grouped in the window display. More often than not she turns away puzzled when the smiling salesman inside tells her the items are not for sale to retail trade. "Sorry, wholesale only."

Outside business firms which have offices located in other parts of the city do not begrudge the trade at this brain child of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club. They recognize the Mart as a supplement to Kansas City business in general, not a competitor to any of the established firms.

The buyer coming to Kansas City finds the Mart conveniently located just a short two-block walk from the Union Station. A newly established cocktail lounge and restaurant beside the Twenty-second Street entrance has attracted not only thousands of Mart visitors but an even greater number of Kansas Citians who drop in to sample the cuisine.

The remainder of the first floor is occupied by the Wyeth Company, hardware jobbers, St. Joseph, Missouri. The Wyeth Company has been

established in the trade area for many years, though this is the first time it has had any sort of sample room in Kansas City. On the second floor, ladies' ready-to-wear firms maintain



the bulk of the displays. Jobbers of infants' and children's wear and men's clothing and accessories—such as gloves and hosiery—have space on the fourth floor. On the fifth, the visitor will find housewares and electrical appliances. Furniture and other home furnishings are exhibited on the sixth floor.

Already expansion plans for the Kansas City Merchandise Mart are in progress. A fifty-foot lot on Grand Avenue, south of the building, has been purchased by the Mart, and also the property east of the building to McGee Street trafficway, with a ninety-seven foot frontage on the trafficway. With the present waiting list of tenants in view, as well as the ever growing need for an expanded central trading point in Kansas City, the Merchandise Mart will no doubt grow far beyond its founders' dreams.

Since the beginning of the venture, the only paid personnel at the Mart has been the managing director and his associates who spend full time at the building. The work done by the Ad Club members has been contributed—for free! This illustrates clearly the faith the club members have in the Mart project, and their willingness to cooperate with the entire Marketland trade area.

The Advertising and Sales Execu-

tives Club of Kansas City can well be proud of this business baby it has sponsored. The present success of the Merchandise Mart, as well as the future outlook for it, proves the original premise that Kansas City was the proper location for such a trading center. Through this one project the club has made a great contribution to marketing in the area as well as to the advancement of modern selling and distribution.

TRIED AND TRIVIAL

The three most precious things are freedom of speech, freedom of conscience, and the prudence never to practice either.

The applicant for position of cook explained to the lady why she had left her last place:

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master and the mistress was always quarrelling."

"That must have been unpleasant," the lady agreed.

"Yis, mum," the cook declared, "they was at it all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

A little boy dashed wildly around the corner, and collided with the benevolent old gentleman who inquired the cause of such haste.

"I gotta git home for maw to spank me," the boy panted.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "I can't understand your being in such a hurry to get spanked."

"I ain't. But if I don't git there 'fore paw, he'll gimme a lickin'."

What we want from capital, management and labor is the truce, the whole truce and nothing but the truce!

The man of few words doesn't have to take so many of them back.

I took her to a night club
I took her to a show,
I took her almost everywhere
A girl and boy could go.
I took her to swell dances,
I took her out to tea:
When all my dough was gone I
saw—
She had been taking me.

"My wife has just run away with a man in my car!"

"Great Scott man! Not your new car!"

Some of us could well take a tip from an acrobat. He turns a flop into a success.

"What were poor Jim's last words?"

"He said: 'This tastes like the real stuff.'"

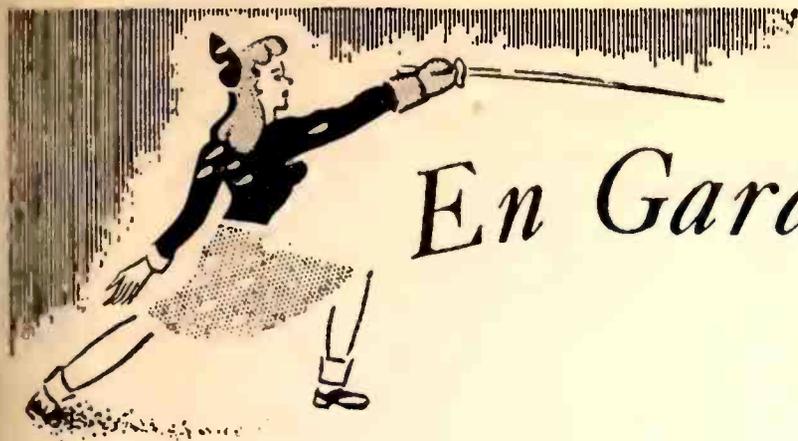
Little words never hurt a big idea.

A man who has taken your time recognizes no debt—yet it is the only debt he can never repay.

To err is human; but when the eraser wears out before the pencil, look out!

Many a man who is proud of his right to say what he pleases wishes he had the courage to do so.

Figuratively speaking, there's nothing like fencing.



En Garde, Ladies!



by LYNNE SVEC

WOULD you like to lose weight? Would you like to gain weight? Fence! Mentally, are you tense? Timid? Fence! Would you morally benefit by discipline, courtesy, a freer spirit? Fence!

Unlike other sports, fencing has no age limit, no rigid physical requirements; and rather than eliminate a woman from participation, fencing offers her a chance to outwit a male adversary not as equipped as she, with qualifications of balance, agility, timing and perfect coordination.

There are good and bad exercises. Some highly boring, others seasonal or dependent on weather conditions. Still others are more work than sport. Not so fencing—here you have a wonderful builder of character and health via an ideal, fascinating recreation. No other sport encompasses more benefits for all—in the realms of the physical, mental and moral—than fencing.

Fencing stretches and lengthens the muscles without overdeveloping them, an important difference, particularly from the aesthetic viewpoint. No battles of the fat bulges for madame, only to have muscle bulges to contend with after strenuous exercise. And the uplifted position of both arms when "en garde" is remarkably

useful in strengthening and toning breast muscles.

Sandor Nagy, Director of the St. George Fencing & Athletic Club of New York, tells of the girls from finishing schools who were gauche and stoop-shouldered, with un-Lana Turnerish proportions. After fencing for some time, these same young ladies not only vied with Lana by looking better in a sweater, but carried themselves with all the aplomb of jug-bearing South Sea Islanders.

The action of attack or lunge is bound to diminish waist measurements. Agile back-and-forth foot movements slim hips inevitably. Furthermore, unavoidable intense perspiration produced by continuous motion in heavy canvas clothes, coupled with the coordinated work of all muscles and constant alertness, make for perfect exercise. Fair warning to girls who desire legs with pin-up proportions: there's fast and furious leg motion in fencing that tends to make limbs limber and shapely. Women who are physically awkward, slow or heavy, who wish to improve poise, posture and grace, should rush to a qualified fencing master—who can likewise fence in measurements that are getting out of girdle bounds.

It has been said that fencing is the

Elixir of Long Life. Doctors have prescribed the sport for patients whose reflexes need revving up. Slow on the uptake? Fencing will remedy that situation. On the strip in the *salle* (fencing hall), all the guile, craft, alertness and timing you can muster to outwit your opponent is bound to reflect in increased mental and physical stimulation. Once you've been bitten by the fencing bug, it's no trick for your imagination to place you in a forest glade, with the clash of steel against steel rending the air, and you fighting for your very life.

Along with the glamour, romance, sheer excitement and pleasure of the sport, there are the moral-building attributes of fencing. There are fencing codes brought down through the centuries, demanding courtesy and discipline on the part of the fencers. It is a brain sport—the “chess of the sport world.” Fencing brings people into focus. The person who has too much energy can give vent to it on the “strip.” The person who is shy and retiring gains in stature psychologically, when he finds he can outwit an opponent by bringing all his resources to the fore.

Fencing allows for an outpouring of personality, temperament, self-expression. It is the most character-revealing of sports, too. Experts say that five minutes with an opponent in a bout reveals more of a person's nature, character, honesty, mental capacity, and true essence, than several hours' conversation.

Concentrate! You might as well start practicing, for it's something you have to do a lot of, when fencing. Here's a sport where you can't take

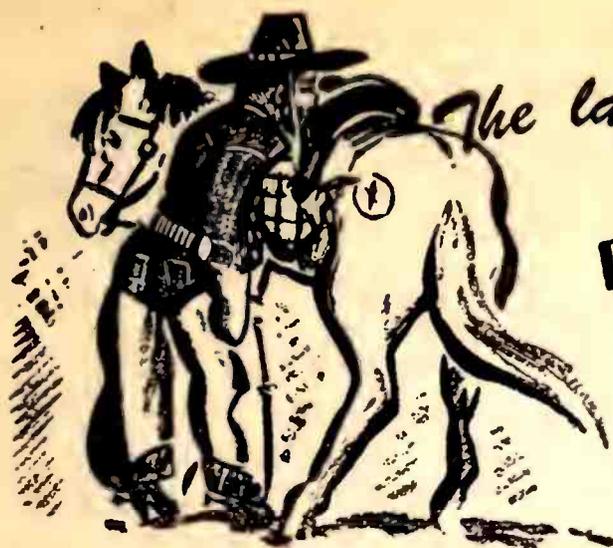
time out for a short beer, or a chat with Abigail. You'll be occupied with fencing and that only; other things can wait when you give yourself up to fencing. It requires a lot of time and patience on the part of the student, but there is tremendous satisfaction in final mastery of the art. You will get out of fencing what you put into it. You cannot approach it with the expectation of learning all in six easy lessons.

Regarding equipment, you should have a complete, safe and comfortable fencing costume of heavy canvas, a mask, glove and a pair of flat elk-soled shoes. Entire equipment costs slightly more than a good tennis racket, but lasts much longer. Fencing equipment can be found in any good sporting goods store, but it's preferable to buy it from a specialized manufacturer.

Though there are three fencing weapons: foil, epee and sabre, women always use the whippy, slender and lightweight foil in fencing.

If you decide to fence, contact a reputable fencing master, for the benefits to be gained by your participation in the sport hinge upon his experience and ability. Although you may think yourself “not the type,” too awkward, or not agile enough to undertake fencing, take solace in Monsieur Nagy's statement, “There are no stupid fencing students; only stupid fencing masters.”

In your mind's eye, do you see that dashing, graceful and daring figure, flitting and lunging on the strip of the *salle*, making one *touché* after another? A beautiful sight to see, yes? . . . I mean, oui? . . . En Garde!



*There are more ways
than one to skin a cat,
a polecat, or a cattleman.*

POLECAT COLLINS!

by JOEL LONGACRE

WHATEVER may be said of the hero of this ditty, it goes without argument that Mr. Polecat Collins was a man who died with the truth on his lips. He didn't have time to get it much further than that.

Since the Polecat's virtues appear to have been almost non-existent, it was surprising to find one such bright facet of character standing out in the meager information preserved for us by a few old-timers in western Kansas who swear they recall his last ride.

Nobody has ever immortalized the Polecat's last ride in ballad to the slow, sad music of the git-tar. Nobody has erected a monument over his grave. Nobody, for that matter, seems to care just where his mortal remains were deposited. To cap it all off, our Mr. Collins has not yet been honored by the western movie makers.

He has been sadly neglected, as you can readily see. Such a colorful citizen deserves a better fate, so it behooves us to pay passing attention to this character of what historians like to call the raw West.

It was in 1882 that Polecat Collins rode up from Texas into Kansas with his trail herd. Already he had become

noted as a full-bred stinker in his home parts. He was quick with a six-gun—quick to steal up behind his victim, slam him alongside the head and then “shoot hell out of him before he knew he was hit.”

Such characteristics probably eliminated the Polecat from any possible resurrection by the movies. Not by the wildest stretch of the imagination did he operate *à la* Robin Hood, Jesse James, or Billy the Kid.

It can't be said that Polecat's education had been neglected. He could at least count to five. Not before he shot because that would have been dangerous. But before he notched his revolver.

The story goes that early in the business Polecat decided to carry his tally in his head until he had five down. Then he'd groove a notch on his gun and start counting all over again. He did dedicate one full notch to only one person, his wife.

We can see by that that the Polecat was a sentimentalist. True, as the story goes, he did his frau in shortly after taking her as a mate. He'd merely learned he wasn't cut out to be a family man. But he couldn't bear to think of her memory

all mixed up with four other people in one notch on his gun.

There is no satisfactory explanation as to why a man of his rather questionable abilities decided to do a turn at honest work. But nonetheless Polecat Collins went to work for Ed Ambercrombie in 1882 to help push a herd of 1,000 steers from Texas to Ellis, Kansas. It could have been Fate working to move the Polecat into line for his last ride.

It was an uneventful trip north to Ellis. There were very few bright spots along the way and about all the cowhands could look forward to was the end of the trip, a few shots of red-eye and a jig or two with the ladies who offered entertainment at Good Luck Louie's in Ellis.

Ambercrombie sold his herd, paid off the help and deposited his twenty thousand dollars in the strongbox at Louie's. It seems Louie had picked up his handle by becoming one of those rare individuals who are able to head off good fortune which starts out aimed at somebody else. It should have been sufficient warning to Mr. Ambercrombie.

Louie ran a clean and honest place. His liquor was so stout that even the coffee he served was said to have a carboic flavor.

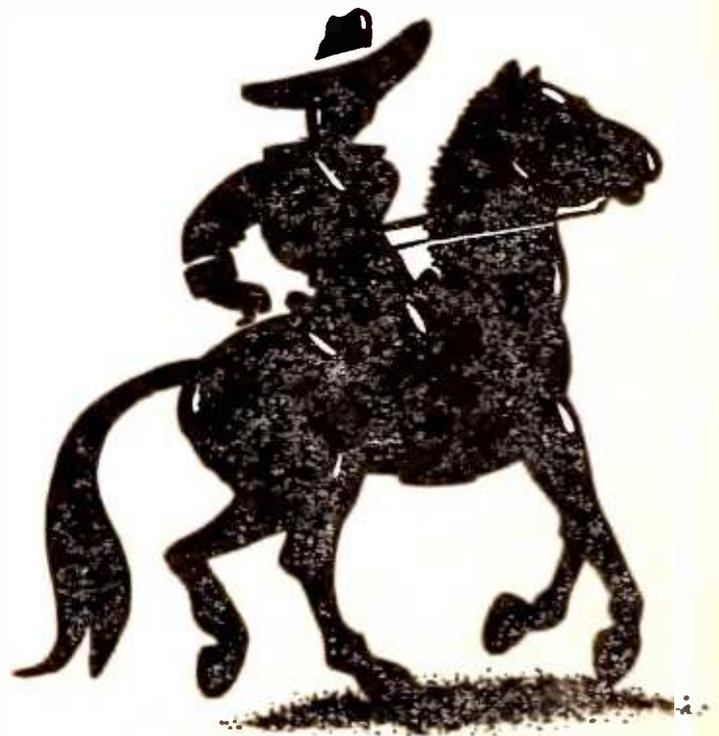
It was a big night. The cowhands were dancing and drinking and trying out their luck at the games. But the thought of that twenty grand in the vault was too much for Polecat. He just couldn't refrain from slipping back into character. He enlisted the aid of his pals, a pair of characters known as Honeycreek Jones and Pinchgut Williams.

They let out a few yells, shot out some lanterns and prodded Louie into opening the vault while the revelers hid under the tables and behind the bar. It was a scene worthy of any B grade western.

With the money tied in a sack, the trio lit out for Texas. They reckoned without the changing times, giving never a thought to the possibility that a posse would stoop to using a railroad engine to cut off their escape.

That's just what happened. After the boys crawled out of their hiding places in Louie's they held a council of war, got an engine and boxcar and chugged down the line to Quinter. There, by horseback, they rode to cut off Polecat and his pals.

They had figured well, although it still looked like they'd cheated using that engine. Polecat and Honeycreek and Pinchgut were sighted as they crossed Wild Horse Creek. There was a mite of lead-spraying but it was brief. The trio was disarmed and the



money recovered. It looked like a tame ending for Polecat but he was the kind of a man who kept an ace up his sleeve.

He whipped out a gun from beneath his chaps and declared:

"If I die, I die a-gunnin'!"

He did, with the truth on his lips, thus proving there is some bit of good in the worst of us.

In the confusion which followed, Honeycreek and Pinchgut unfortunately were shot up considerably. They share with Polecat a grave dug by the railroad right-of-way just outside of Quinter.

Let us not mourn too deeply over their sad end. Had they ridden much longer with Polecat, it's likely they would have received the same treatment.

The posse returned the money to

Ambercrombie, tossed off a few more and wound up the evening. The rancher, still suffering badly from the shakes, turned to Good Luck Louie and asked him to hold the long green until he could send for it.

Louie was an obliging soul. He said it would be perfectly all right with him. But when Ambercrombie got around to asking for it by express, Louie wasn't living in Ellis any more.

Investigation revealed that Louie was in Denver. So was his favorite girl friend. They were living royally. "Good Luck" Louie was a man who lived up every inch to his handle. Without getting shot at or through, he'd gotten what Polecat, Honeycreek and Pinchgut had given their all to gain.

Which proves a Thinker can sometimes go further than a Stinker.

DEFINITIONS

Real poverty: never to have a big thought or a generous impulse.

Bumper crop: hospitalized pedestrians.

Borrower: one who exchanges hot air for cold cash.

Egotist: not a man who thinks too much of himself, but one who thinks too little of other people.

Income: an amount of money which, no matter how large it is, you always spend more than.

THE LAST WORD

The late Dexter Fellows, renowned press agent with Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Baily Circus, once entered a newspaper office and announced: "I am Dexter Fellows of the circus."

"What circus?" someone asked.

Drawing himself up as if struck by the horror of sacrilege, the press agent exclaimed: "Good Lord, man, if you were in London and heard a man say, 'God save the King,' would you interrupt him and ask what king?"—Harold Helfer in *Your Life*.



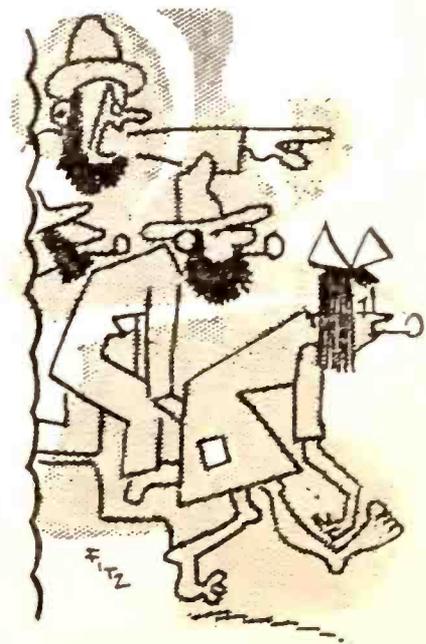
South in the Mouth!

by SEYMOUR KAPETANSKY



How often I used to listen to the
piercing cry
Of the whippoorwill in the early eve-
ning
On the old plantation.
O lost in the mortgaged past.
If we only had planted corn or cotton
or marijuana,
We still might be living on the old
place,
Sharing a crop or two with the land-
lord,
Jefferson Davis Lee.
But we had to gamble, and plant
tations.
Always were we penniless and usually
were we hungry.
Always were we surrounded by
whippoorwills.
How could we sleep while they shat-
tered the stillness
Of the night with their strident mat-
ing calls?
Yet if we hadn't slept so much in
the afternoon,
Perhaps Maw and Paw, brothers Bilbo
and Rankin,
Sister Inbred and I, Wolfin' Tom,
Perhaps we could have copped a few
winks during the night.
The wonder is how we stayed on
Lee's land for so long,
With no crops to pay our way.
Well, Jefferson Davis Lee had a
crush on sister Inbred.

Perhaps he was fascinated by the
seven fingers on her right hand.
Perhaps he couldn't resist her heart-
shaper goiter.
Anyway, the two used to play gin
rummy by the hour.
Lee furnished the gin, and won con-
sistently.
The price of victory, of course, was
the cost of shelter.
Who were we to complain, if sister
Inbred didn't mind?
Was it our business to interfere in
Inbred's affairs?
We had a roof over our heads.
We were content.
The hours dragged into days.
The days dragged into weeks,
Then came catastrophe.



It was the anniversary of Gettysburg,
and Lee was in a vile temper.
He could not keep his mind on the
game.

Inbred unconsciously won hand after
hand.

Lee's patience broke.

Out you go, he roared, out with you,
you illegitimate Jukes.

This was true but only on Paw's side.
Maw was a Kallikak.

So we were thrown out of our home.

Our borrowed time was up.

We were left to the mercy of the
four winds, the tumbleweeds,

The broken bottles of Southern Com-
fort that mark Dixie Highway.

Was this the Free America our Con-
federate forbears had known?

Was this the land glorified by Phil
Harris? Burl Ives? Eugene Tal-
madge?

What assets had we to face the dark
unknown, the grim Northland?

Faith in the past gone forever?

Hillbillies without a hill.

Desolate desperation.

Now we wander across the face of
the nation.

A handout here.

A Salvation Army lecture there.

How I long for what went before.

Even the shriek of the whippoorwill
beckons me.

Back to the old swamp where ty-
phoid roamed and malaria reigned.

How delicious with hominy grits, the
whippoorwill.

We, the lost, the strayed, the stolen.



Will Rogers once asked the head of one of the world's finest hotels
how he had gotten to be the managing director. The answer was simple.
"By being the best doggoned bell-hop they ever had!"



During the course of the Sunday School session, the teacher called upon
one of the pupils to recite some parables. "Do you know the parables,
Johnnie?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I want you to tell us about the one you like the best."

"That's easy, ma'am. I like the one where somebody loafs and fishes."



"What are your eyes for?" the little child in kindergarten was asked.

"To see with."

"And your nose?"

"To smell with."

"And what are your ears for?" was the final question.

"To keep clean," the child answered.

HOW TO BE A PEDESTRIAN

Two weeks ago at the suggestion of my doctor, I took up walking. I walk to work now, twenty blocks, and I walk home from work, twenty blocks, and as soon as I put away this jar of Minit-Rub I want to tell you about it.

There is nothing like walking. Of all the sports I am actively acquainted with, a subject I'd just as soon not go into too deeply, there is no exercise that better flexes all your muscles.

Walking is a sport that entails no previous instruction, warm-up, training, no outlay for expensive equipment. You just get out and walk, free. The first few days of this outdoor program I found out, however, that it's the smart cookie who wears slippers that were intended to be walked in. Frankly, I didn't waste any time getting over to a well-known bootery and picked out two pairs of sturdy, low-heeled brogans, one pair at \$15.95 and the other \$13.95. The clerk said it's better to have two pairs to alternate, because if one is going to walk much, your feet must come first, you must baby and coddle your feet, and nothing's too good for your feet. I was surprised what an interest this clerk took in my feet and I don't think it was just that things were slow that day in the salon either.

Another thing I found out in a hurry; if you're going to be hiking much in the great outdoors, you need a good, sporty coat. I didn't happen to have one but as luck would have it, very quickly it was brought to my attention that Monte-Sano had designed just the model to fit my needs, a darling little number that was a steal for only \$275.00. No matter how you look at it, it's a good investment even if it can be worn *only* for walking.

Also missing from my wardrobe was an umbrella. As you may know, we're coming into the rainy season any day now and to be forewarned is forearmed. \$27.50 for the umbrella, but don't forget, the case came with it.

Let me caution you at this point about one little item: see that your arms swing naturally. You positively can't clutch an under-arm style purse, or grip a handled bag, and still have that easy, natural swing. That's why I simply had to buy one of those shoulder-strap pocketbooks. This came to \$32.14 with the tax, but it's worth every cent in storage possibilities. Of course, anybody who battles the wind this time of the year knows the beating a hat takes. I got around that fine. One of John-Frederic's new wrap-around turbans (\$45.00) is the answer.

It will probably come as a great surprise to you to realize that this total expenditure to be suitably garbed for walking comes to only \$409.54, which is nothing to what some people lay out to take up a new sport.

Now for the basic knowledge of walking. I have had several people, total strangers but obviously alert enthusiasts of the sport, stop me on the street to inquire how I have achieved such an irregular gait. As they say, anybody can walk in a steady pace, but to have such an uneven stride as mine is rare indeed. Here's the secret. While I walk I hum what might be called a heterogeneous assortment of songs. I may start out with "Stars and Stripes," then go into "I Guess I'll Get the Papers and Go Home," "Oh, Promise Me," or "My Sugar Is So Refined," etc., naturally fitting my footing to the melody of the moment. That's the major reason but I also try to jump traffic lights and I have a \$1.00 penalty for every sidewalk crack I step on. There are other contributing factors, too, like daydreaming, show-window gazing and just a natural talent for stumbling. Yes, walking can be fun besides exercise. One thing a walker must always keep in mind, I must caution. Never let your eyes stray to the street. There is something about seeing an empty cab that's just plain murder.—*Marion Odmark.*



STOP STORE THIEF!

*Today's scientific stealing makes
Ali Baba's boys look like pikers!*

by GORDON D. BUSHELL

BETWEEN the time of opening and closing each day, most department stores play host to thieves who relieve the stores of millions of dollars annually.

Thieves mingle with customers and work among salespeople. Their activities make necessary the employment of store detectives and guards. Price tags must cover these losses and expenses, which means that each purchaser sweats a little extra for a thief's luxury.

Shoplifting is the most publicized, but not the most damaging form of department store stealing. Some thieves work what is known as the charge account racket. Miss X, who craved glamour, was one of these. She was good looking and well dressed—certainly not a person to be watched. She made frequent purchases of expensive clothes, becoming known to the salespeople as a good customer who could use fitting rooms freely and alone. Carrying several garments into this privacy, she would conceal one or two on her person, would later purchase two or three others on her charge account. Soon the purchases would be returned for refund, while the stolen joined her ever growing wardrobe.

The store's alert detective was on her trail before long. He shadowed

her for days, until evidence was complete. One evening Miss X went to dinner in a \$1200 silver fox jacket, with \$2000 worth of diamond rings, all "borrowed" from the store. The next day Miss X was defiantly denying all in the detective's office.

There was no glamour there for her. She was confronted with four aliases she had used, and was given a choice between admitting aliases or admitting forgery. She was shown the records of her stealing and of all her methods. She confessed and paid the bill.

A recently arrested teen-ager had charged \$5000 worth of trousseau to her "aunt" in Westchester. It developed that an elopement was in the offing, so the girl's wealthy parents were being left out of the trousseau picture, and Bonwit Teller, Best's, Oppenheim Collins, and Altman's were unwitting sponsors of an outfit for young love. This girl's trial is pending.

Some thieves, browsing through a store, use a quick hand and the refund system to get their unearned cash. They lift an article from a

counter, then hie to the credit desk, where they return it as unsatisfactory, for cash.

Other thieves buy with forged checks. One forger recently arrested had spotted a wealthy customer paying for purchases by check. He transferred his watch to the man's home, at mail delivery hours. When his victim's checks were returned with the monthly statement from the bank, he stole them from the mail. At home, he carefully traced the check signature. Resealing the envelope, he returned the packet to the owner's mailbox. Detectives ended a two days' spending spree for this fellow after fourteen hundred dollars worth of checks had been cashed. This cost the forger his life's freedom, as this was his fourth offense.

Store employees do a fair amount of dipping into the wealth of merchandise they handle and long to own. Some sales people steal cash paid them by failing to record sales, then pocket the money. Some go into intricate plots and make big money on the sale of goods they steal.

A young stockroom employee at one large New York store, though trusted by everyone, proved to be crooked. Shrinkage had been noted in her department for a long time, and the place was under the detective's watchful eye for nearly a year before evidence enmeshed the girl.

Gradually, each person in her section had been eliminated as a possibility, and she was under constant surveillance, at work and to the door of her home at night. The inevitable happened—she was caught in the act of filching fine linens. Much sur-

prised, the girl denied ever having stolen anything before. This linen had been her one weakness, she claimed.

In her tenement home, however, were found items ranging from 50



cent garters to \$100 suits. The store's detective kept searching. He knew there was more loot than had been recovered, and he suspected accomplices. The fact was that the girl's mother was her accomplice, and after the hiding place was revealed, it took six trucks to cart \$18,000 worth of merchandise back to the store.

Another trusted department store employee gave fine educations to two sons and maintained ultra fine city and country homes on the money he made dishonestly through his job. He was foreman in the fur workroom at Abraham & Straus for many years. Later he joined McCreery's in the same capacity.

Part of his job was to estimate the number of new skins needed for the repair of coats, to buy these skins, and to insert them. He devised a scheme whereby he ordered, for example,

four skins, used two and sold the other two back to the dealer, tax free. He wet and stretched the two skins to do the work of four. Their subsequent drying and shrinking to normal eventually led suspicion to the furrier's work bench. Complaints on repairs came in so frequently that the matter was put under investigation.

Over a long period, store detectives watched the fur workshop. Sensing the deal, they secretly marked new skins that came in. Sold tax free back to the wholesaler, they returned again to the store at full price, plus tax, and were spotted promptly by the store detective. Proof of guilt brought confession by the foreman, and the end of one more racket.

Delivery men have many opportunities for stealing. One detective caught six thieving drivers in one operation through the refund department.

A woman brought in for credit eight very expensive shirts with no sales check. The shirt department had been showing unusually heavy shrinkage, and so was already being watched. The refund clerk had been alerted. These shirts were recognized as stock not yet on sale, so the detective was quietly notified. He advised payment of the claim and set a man to shadow the woman to her home, while his assistants checked with the shipping clerks, both at the wholesale house and at the store. In both places, all was in order.

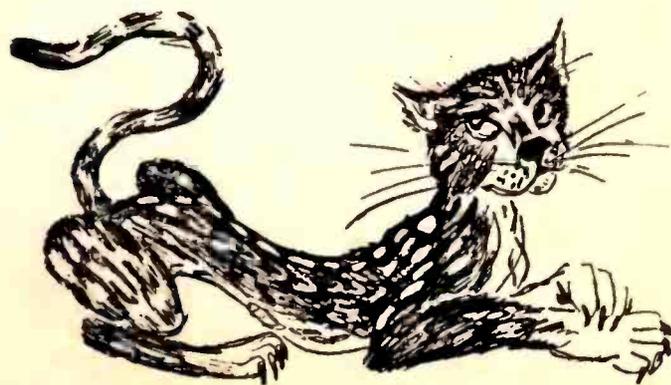
Investigation at the woman's home turned up the fact that six deliverymen had made gifts of shirts to her husband at his garage. Further investigation disclosed that these six, by systematically lightening their deliv-

eries over a period of years, had been weighting their bankrolls with thousands of dollars. They are now in prison.

The inroads amateurs make into store profits are slight compared to those of professionals. Some years back, a gang from Massachusetts eyed the wealth of New York department stores covetously. The women in the gang wore double skirts fastened together at the bottom, which served as surprisingly capacious bags. Dawdling through the clothing and yard goods department, apparently examining this and that, they slipped suits and dresses and whole bolts of materials into these skirts. Being informed and discriminating shoppers, they wasted no room on inexpensive items, so they entered their car much richer than they had left it a short while before.

Since, however, the thefts had been so easy and so profitable, and there were many goods still available, the women went back after unloading their loot. This second trip ended less auspiciously—in the detective's office.

The thieves made the usual denials, which the detective apparently believed. He released them without a search. Quite exhilarated over their escape, the women hurried to their waiting car. There store detectives



and police closed in on the whole gang and all the evidence.

The night shift in department store crime makes large and frequent hauls.



These thieves enter the store with the day's shoppers, but hide themselves at closing time. Having only to keep an eye open for the night watchman, they pick for themselves what they want, fairly unmolested, and make

great headway by the time the next day's crowd arrives.

Usually they start by stealing one or two suitcases. These can be neatly and expensively filled during the night hours and carried nonchalantly from the store by the thief, during the day. One such, spotted when about to leave Bloomingdale's recently, had over \$3000 worth of goods in his valises.

Occasionally a kleptomaniac turns up. Boston has a famous one, who is tall, handsome, and gracious. His sick brain has developed a very quick hand, but his true self despises his art, so that he follows a day of stealing by a day of returning the goods and apologizing.

Store detectives have unspectacular jobs, but they deserve appreciation from the public. Like city police, they function to protect the honest, to help the newly-tempted back to honesty, and to jail criminals.

STATES OF THE UNION

Here are five questions on American geography and history. Turn the page upside down to see if you have as many as three correct answers.

1. What state has the longest coastline?
2. Name the largest and the smallest states in the Union.
3. Which was the first state to enter the Union, and which was the last?
4. What was the native state of eight American presidents?
5. What state boasts both the highest and the lowest altitudes in the United States?

-
1. Florida, 2,077 miles.
 2. Texas, with 263,644 square miles, and Rhode Island with 1,058.
 3. Delaware, on December 7, 1787, and Arizona on February 14, 1912.
 4. Virginia was the native state of Presidents Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, and Wilson.
 5. California's Mt. Whitney is 14,495 feet above sea level, while Death Valley is 280 feet below.



1. Governor Phil M. Donnelly of Missouri.

2. Prince Amir Saud (right foreground), Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, faced a microphone for the first time during an exclusive WHB interview.

3. Count Basie, who started at WHB, returns for a Saturday afternoon "Swing Session."

4. Georgia's ex-governor, Ellis Arnall, tells WHB listeners that all along Georgia has had but one governor, plus a man who is "an interloper, an intruder, a pretender, a usurper."

5. Mr. Charles I. Campbell, Kansas City's "Big Little American" of 1947, accepts a framed certificate from L. C. De Shond. H. H. Testerman makes the presentation speech as Nat Milgram, founder of the American War Dads, looks on.









. . . *presenting* ROY ROBERTS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by Howard Turtle

ROY A. ROBERTS walked into the news room of The Kansas City Star, hung up his hat, peeled off his wraps down to vest and shirt sleeves, looked over the telegrams on his desk, then slipped behind the sport desk and ruffled up Ernie Mehl's hair from the back.

Mehl, who has been familiar with this occurrence for years, looked across the desk to the sports editor, C. E. McBride, and said, "Mac, shall I get up and hit him?"

"No, I guess you better not," said McBride, "he's the president of the company now."

Roy Roberts, who had gone to work for the paper as a sports reporter thirty-eight years before, had just been elected president and general manager of the Kansas City Star.

Somebody asked him, first thing, if he intended to move his desk out of the big news room and into the director's room, where he could have privacy.

"Nope," said Roy, "I'm afraid if I got in there where everything was peace and quiet, I'd never be able to get anything done."

At his desk at The Star, Roberts probably can be approached more

easily than any other executive of a large newspaper in America. It's like visiting the editor of the Bingville Bugle. You go to the 3-story brown brick building at Eighteenth street and Grand Avenue, go up a slow elevator to the second floor, and step into the editorial department. It is all one room, half a block long, desks and typewriters everywhere, papers littering the green linoleum on the floor. Leaving the elevator, you turn slightly to the right, and fifty feet ahead, at a flat-topped desk, sits Roy Roberts. He is occupying a massive but unpretentious leather-upholstered chair, and is chewing a cigar. His face is red, his eyes blue, his hair light-brown and plentiful. He is in shirt sleeves, four or five cigars stuck in his vest. He is talking to a visitor, nodding his head up and down for emphasis.

There is not a single secretary to take your name, nor a single vice-president to go through—the way is clear to Roberts, except for the others who are waiting, too. You can see them hovering around the office—reporters watching for a chance to show him a story; politicians talking to friends, throwing glances his way; a delegation of women from a school P.-T. A., waiting on an oak bench.

You move on over toward his desk, and if you're wise, you will walk right in when the previous visitor begins to rise. If you don't, someone else will jump in ahead.

He mangles his cigar as he talks, gets down to points quickly, highlights his opinions with stories and anecdotes, and gives a visitor more information in five minutes than some executives can give in an hour.

He was born in Muscotah, Atchison County, Kansas, November 25, 1887, the son of a Congregational minister. While still in knee pants, his family moved to Lawrence, Kansas, and there his father died when he was 9. As a grade school boy, Roy got out and carried papers—the old Lawrence World, and the Kansas City Star—to help support the family. He entered the University of Kansas at Lawrence in 1905, but had to drop out after the first semester because he ran out of money. He worked as a reporter at the Lawrence World until the next fall, then re-entered the university and got started on a money-making program as a newspaper correspondent in connection with his studies. By the time he was a senior at K. U., he was writing campus news for the World, was editor of the Kansan, university paper, and was correspondent for the Kansas City Star, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the Chicago Tribune, and the Topeka Capital.

Some of his classmates and friends were Alf Landon, producer Brock Pemberton, and Jerome Beatty, the well-known magazine writer.

Once he went with the K. U. basketball team to Columbia, Missouri, to cover a game with the University of Missouri, and the referee didn't show up. Coaches and players asked Roy to referee, so he did—he weighed a mere 180 pounds then.

He failed to win a degree at K.U., because of the credits he had missed in the semester he dropped out to earn money. When his class was graduated in 1908, Roy quit school and went to work for the World at \$25 a week. This was fabulous pay in those days. He covered a bank robbery in Eudora, Kansas, for The Kansas City Star. He handled the story in excellent fashion, keeping well-ahead of the police, and the late George Longan, then city editor, called him by telephone and offered a job.

“How much?” asked Roy.

“Eighteen dollars a week,” said Longan.

“I'm already getting \$25 here!” protested Roy.

Longan went up to \$22.50 and Roy accepted, a financial sacrifice in order to get city experience.

“But I didn't intend to stay,” he said. “I expected to get me a small paper out in Kansas and go into politics.”

In 1911 William Rockhill Nelson, founder of The Star, sent him to Jefferson City to help the regular correspondent cover the Missouri legislature.

“I was a Kansan,” said Roy, “and I don't know why he picked me to do the job in Missouri unless he knew I could drink more beer than anyone in Jefferson City.”

He soon knew everybody in the Missouri capital. His reputation began to grow as a political writer. His physical size also increased to huge proportions, and when he came into the Kansas City office to write a



story, the two forefingers with which he hit the typewriter seemed about the size of broomhandles. The typewriter rattled, the desk swayed, and the floor beneath seemed to jiggle. He hit the keys so hard that the type rammed clear through the paper and C. G. Wellington, now managing editor, says Roy's copy was perforated like the roll on a player piano. His stories were not perfect grammatically, but were interesting, informative, and accurate. The copy desk fixed up the spelling. In 1915 the paper sent him to Washington.

When Roy arrived in the national capital, he had not yet acquired a wide reputation as a political writer. His colleagues at first were inclined to regard him as a country bumpkin. He soon won friends, however, by retorts such as he made one night in

Berstenberger's saloon. He went up to the bar and overheard someone from behind say:

"There's the fat boy from Kansas."

He turned, a smile covering his red moon face, and said, "The fat boy from Kansas will buy the house a drink."

He's been buying 'em ever since.

He served a short spree in the army in the first World War, emerged a captain, returned to Washington and remained as chief of The Star's Washington bureau until 1928. He became a prolific, well-informed, readable writer.

"I never cared much for press conferences," he said, "I always liked to get my stuff out the back door."

Even before he went to Washington he covered the Bull Moose convention of 1912, and has attended and covered for the paper every national political convention of both parties since 1912. He went to Russia for six weeks in 1927, and climaxed his career as Washington correspondent by being elected president of the Gridiron Club.

After the death of August F. Seested, president of The Star, in 1928, Mr. Roberts was elected managing editor, and returned to Kansas City from Washington. He has directed the news coverage of the paper since that time. His first attention has been toward a complete service on important events in Kansas City and the world, but he has always emphasized the human interest side of journalism — the small, interesting things people do, the things which have no tremendous significance in

history, but which have a universal appeal for the readers. Once he told reporters, "Sometimes I find that the most charming bit of reading on page one is the shortest story on the page."

Size is the thing about Roy Roberts which first attracts strangers. Estimates of his weight run around 300 pounds. He believes that if he had started dieting as a young man, he could have kept his size down, but he has no regrets.

"I've enjoyed every pound of it," he says.

Distinguished as a trencherman at the Kansas City Club and the University Club, he likes thick steaks, charcoal broiled, medium rare. He likes hot biscuits, and baked potatoes with gobs of butter, black pepper and paprika.

"I like everything I shouldn't," he declares.

In 1941, Roy launched himself on a reducing program of heroic proportions. He had to give up everything he liked to eat and drink. He lost his genial disposition, and his friends complained he wasn't his old self. Despite his misery, he stuck to the routine, but suffered a ruptured ear drum, severe sinus pain, and a ruptured appendix. It was the first time he had lost an hour from work because of illness in forty years. When he got out of the University of Kansas Hospitals after the appendectomy, he decided to forget about the diet. He began eating and drinking as he always had before, and has felt very well ever since.

The doctors have given up trying to regulate his diet, but strongly urge on him moderation in smoking. In

deference to this wish, Roy tries to hold himself to fifteen cigars a day.



His store of energy is enormous. After a day at the office which would have exhausted most men, he goes to the Kansas City Club, takes a steam bath, and is ready to start all over again. At 59, he says he's slowing down—he needs five hours sleep a night.

The morning of January 17, a small group of contract city carriers who insisted on employee status and union recognition by The Star, set up a picket line around the building, and printers and pressmen refused to cross. The paper was shut down for the first time in its sixty-six year history. Mr. Roberts and Earl McCollum, then president and general manager of The Star, and other Star officials, began negotiations with the pressmen's union, with which the contract carriers were affiliated.

After a week of negotiations, Earl McCollum, who had suffered from heart disease thirteen years, was unable to leave home. Roberts took over

leadership in the negotiations. Kansas City was without a city-wide newspaper. Roberts called for a conference with the president of the International Printing Pressmen's union, George L. Berry, of Pressmen's Home, Tennessee. Berry sent word he was too ill to come to Kansas City. Roberts went by train to Pressmen's Home, along with Arthur C. Wahlstedt, treasurer, and Raymond A. Barrows, secretary of the company. Union leaders from Kansas City also made the trip. Roberts and Berry came to an agreement the first day, signed a contract, and The Star resumed publication the morning of February 3.

From his bed at home, Earl McColum received the news by telephone that the presses at The Star were rolling. Next day, February 4, he died. Mr. Roberts was elected president and general manager of the employee-owned newspaper February 8.

January 25, while the strike was going on, Robert's daughter, Miss Kate Schwartz Roberts, was married to Mr. Hugh Smith at Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral. Since Mr. Roberts had no paper to put his own daughter's picture in, he carried her photograph around to show friends.

Worried about the strike, engaged in endless conferences, and with the telephone ringing at all hours of the day and night, Roy had been virtually sleepless for a week before the ceremony. Wedding guests, arriving in full dress at the cathedral, wondered if he would be able to go through with his part of the wedding. When Dale Beronius, an artist for The Star, arrived at the cathedral, he discovered

Mr. Roberts, in white tie and tails, standing in the foyer of the cathedral, greeting the guests as they arrived, and shaking hands.

"What are you doing out here?" Dale asked, and Roberts replied, "I don't have any business out here at all, but I'm enjoying this wedding, and I like to see the people as they come in."

The colorful crowd almost filled the cathedral. Flowers banked the front of the nave. The Memorial Boys' Choir marched, singing, down the aisle, and the organist struck up the wedding march.

The crowd of several hundred stood, and heads turned toward the rear. With his smiling daughter on his arm, and with tears of pride on his cheeks, Roy Roberts plowed down the center aisle like the Queen Mary putting out to sea. He gave the bride away, shook hands jovially with hundreds at a Country Club reception, and next day turned back to the work which ended in settlement of the strike.

Mr. Roberts was chairman of the OWI advisory committee in wartime. He is now a director of the Associated Press, and is a former president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors and a former member of the Pulitzer Prize committee. He married Miss Barbara Schwartz of Natchez, Mississippi, in 1914, and they now live at 5433 Mission drive.

Several times a year Mr. Roberts goes back to Washington and writes a series of three or four articles on national and international affairs which are widely reprinted after they

appear in *The Star*. They retain the old-time punch his articles always have had, give a well-rounded picture of the world situation, and stamp Roy Roberts as still one of the best newspaper reporters in the country. In the composition of these articles in recent years he has given up batter-

ing the typewriter himself, and dictates the material as fast as his secretary, Miss Thelma Hubbard, can take it down in shorthand.

"Miss Hubbard," he says, "is my grammarian, my stylist, and my speller, and she cuts out the cuss words."



THE AIRPLANE RIDE

DELLA, seven and chubby, wriggled into the dentist's big chair. Dr. Lane, losing no time, fastened one end of a chain to a square towel, then placed the linen under Della's chin. Next, he reached for two instruments. One had a round mirror attached to the end; the other, a small pointed question mark.

"Now, open your mouth, Della! Show me your mouth like a good little girl."

"I don't wanna, you'll hurt me!" Della wanted to cry when she saw the instruments.

"Look, Della, I'm going to show you it doesn't hurt—this is going to be a game that just the two of us can play."

He saw that she wasn't entirely captivated, but went ahead to press his slight advantage. He put the drill in front of her. "The game is called 'Making the Airplane Fly,' and this is the propellor. See how I screw it on. This (pointing to the stem) is the plane. Now listen to the propellor make noise." As he said this, he pressed his foot down on a pedal that touched off the electricity. Then he slowly lowered the instrument to Della's ear, so she could hear it better. Then he went on. "I'm going to be the pilot, and you are the passenger. If it hurts, all you have to do is lift your hand like this."

The child nodded.

"Now, open your mouth wide, and we'll begin."

The first few "airplane" trips were short ones—exasperatingly short to Doctor Lane. But gradually he finished the grinding and put a temporary filling into place.

"We are not quite through, Della," the doctor said, "and when you come back next Tuesday, we'll play airplane all over again."

Della considered this a moment, then said, "When I come back, I want to be the pilot, and you be the passenger!"

The doctor stifled a desire to laugh. "But don't you want to give the signals? The pilot doesn't give signals, only passengers do that."

Della wriggled down out of the chair. "I wanna be the pilot!" she said stubbornly.

"Well," said the dentist, "we'll have to see about that."

Della edged toward the door, but stopped short when she saw the doctor extend a lollypop.

She took the lollypop, nodded a shy thank you. She slid through the door and bolted for freedom.

Dr. Lane smiled and turned back to his equipment shelf. Mrs. Crouter was next, and then Tom Padgett. No children until Saturday at nine. He heaved a sigh of thankfulness, and tried not to think of Saturday.—William Ornstein.

ETHEL MERMAN in

LONG RUN LADY!

BY ABNER D. KLIPSTEIN

PRECISELY when Ethel Merman first "got rhythm" is a moot question. There are some who remember Ethel as a chubby seven-year-old entertaining the soldier boys of the first World War at Camp Mills and Camp Yaphank, and who insist that the infant songstress was already brimming with rhythm. Another school of thought has it that she acquired her terrific rhythm in her early typewriter pounding days as a suburban New York stenographer.

Whatever may be the truth of the matter, the fact remains that Ethel at the tender age of eighteen was in a show called *Girl Crazy*. She was laying customers in the aisles with her rendition of *I Got Rhythm*. Where she got it, nobody could definitely say, but it was unanimously agreed that she certainly had it.

On the opening night of her first Broadway musical, Merman made good by proving to the world that she had more rhythm in her little finger than most band leaders had in their entire orchestras. What was more important was that her particular brand of rhythm was so infectious that soon everybody "had it." In pre-Merman days, there may have been people who didn't know what

rhythm was. But try to find them now!

A few short semesters before that memorable debut on Broadway, Ethel Merman was pounding a typewriter in Astoria, Long Island, as secretary to Caleb S. Bragg, president of the B. K. Vacuum Booster Brake Company. In addition to being president of an insanely named company, Mr. Bragg was a sportsman of some repute. Because of this, he associated with a number of well-known sport and theatrical figures of the day. Ethel finally persuaded her boss to send a letter of recommendation to George White, producer of the *Scandals*. It is sometimes unkindly said that Ethel wrote the letter herself and Bragg signed it. However, the best that Mr. White was willing to do for her was a job in the line. Ethel turned it down.

Ethel was determined to get on Broadway. While she was still working for Bragg, she got herself a job singing in a night club called "Little Russia." There were any number of offers for better jobs but Ethel was still skeptical about the permanency of show business and wore her commuter's ticket to a frazzle.

But she finally bade adieu to wheelbrakes and journeyed to Miami, where she worked under the aegis of Clayton, Jackson and Durante at Les Ambassadeurs and the Pavillion Royale. She then took to the road in split-week vaudeville, which led to a booking at the Palace when that institution was the Palace.

One rainy afternoon, musical comedy producer Vinton Freedly took refuge in the Brooklyn Paramount. There he heard Ethel. The results were happily obvious in *Girl Crazy*, and Freedley has taken a kindly attitude toward thunder showers ever since.

When *Girl Crazy* had run its course, George White entered a bid



for Miss Merman's services, but not for work in the line. He featured her with Rudy Vallee and the Freres Howard in the eleventh edition of the *Scandals*, which provided her with a background for *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries*, and *Ladies and Gentlemen That's Love*.

After a brief plunge into motion pictures with Warner Brothers, who

then seemed to have no interest in singers and used her in only one picture, as a dramatic actress, she returned to Broadway. Ethel is still wondering for what purpose she played in that picture. The Warner Brothers had her cavorting in a jungle set.

On her return to New York, Ethel was starred in *Take a Chance*, in which she immortalized four songs—*Rise and Shine*, *I Got Religion*, *Smoothie*, and that epic lament to a departed friend, *Eadie Was a Lady*.

On her second call to Hollywood, Miss Merman did a lot better. She starred with Bing Crosby in *We're Not Dressing*, and with Eddie Cantor in *Kid Millions*. In 1936, she returned to Broadway and *Anything Goes*. The following season found her again on the Coast for *The Big Broadcast* and *Strike Me Pink*. But again she came back to New York. This time for *Red Hot and Blue*, with Jimmy Durante and Bob Hope.

Tempted to do another musical film, Miss Merman hied herself to California, where she made Irving Berlin's *Alexander's Ragtime Band* with Alice Faye, Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, and galloped through *Straight, Place and Show* with the Ritz Brothers.

Up until the middle of May, last year, when Ethel Merman opened in Rodgers and Hammerstein's hit musical, *Annie Get Your Gun*, she had appeared in nine Broadway musicals for a total of 2,754 performances. This means that the life expectancy of any show starring Miss Merman is approximately 38 weeks. *Annie Get*

Your Gun has passed this mark and the law of diminishing returns has yet to set in.

To get some more figures, it is estimated that she has been seen on the stage by some 3,500,000 people. Her salary has risen from \$350 in *Girl Crazy* to ten per cent of the gross in *Annie Get Your Gun*, or \$4,750 a week. For a girl who was making \$35 a week as a Long Island secretary a decade or so ago, she is doing all right.

Miss Merman is the first to admit that she had a rather sketchy musical education. As for heredity, her father sometimes played the organ at Masonic lodge meetings. She was just a girl who could stick to a tune and sing louder than anyone else. Never in her life did she have a singing lesson. According to the rules she sings all wrong.

She never had a dramatic lesson either. In *Annie Get Your Gun* she gets a real crack at acting. For the first time in her career she is cast as a sympathetic character instead of a shady lady. Other comediennes are more glamorous. Other singers are more melodious. Yet she can put over her lines and her songs so that her limitations are forgotten. She is above all else natural, and her naturalness is what gets her across.

Ethel Merman adds more than a feminine touch to the liberties that Herbert and Dorothy Fields have taken with the life story of Annie Oakley. When she walks awkwardly on the stage, gun in hand and moccasin-footed and looking faintly bewildered, the audience is prepared for

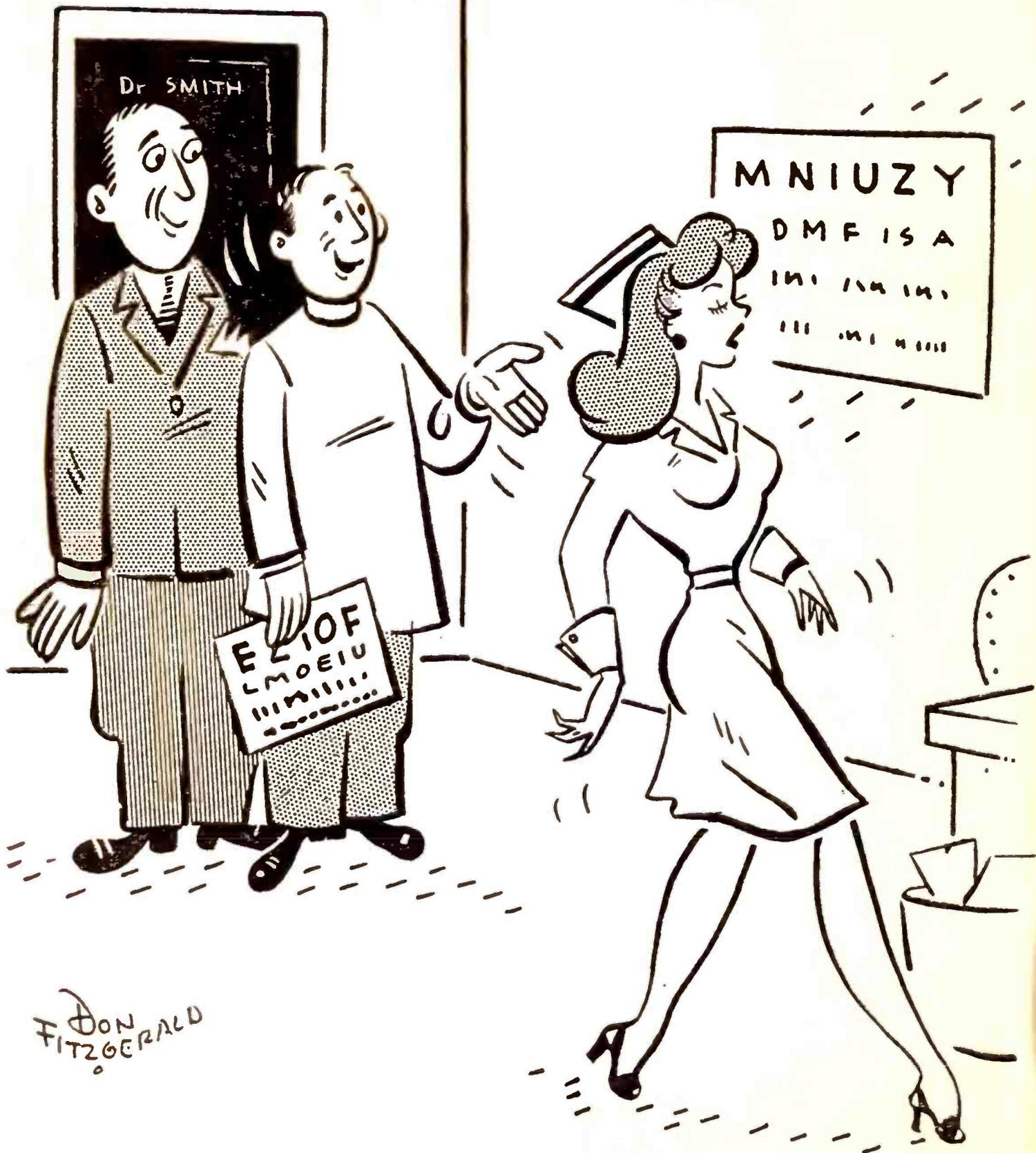
almost anything. And that is what it gets—and loves!

Somehow Ethel Merman has found time to develop a home life as well as a theatrical career. Her husband, Robert Daniels Levitt, is a newspaperman. They live in a Manhattan apartment with their three children:



two girls, four and 11; and Robert, Jr., aged 16 months. Junior isn't singing much yet, but his four-year-old sister can bawl out the entirety of *You Can't Get a Man With a Gun* in the best Merman manner.

All in all, things are going smoothly and should continue so until Mama's work takes her to Hollywood once more. That, however, may be a long time from now, because with *Annie Get Your Gun* so firmly entrenched on Broadway, it looks like Ethel will be *Doin' What Comes Naturally* for months and months to come. People want to see, and producers want to sign, New York's Long Run Lady.



DON
FITZGERALD

"When a patient doesn't whistle, I know he needs glasses."



TERRIBLE PLACE TO LOSE A COW!

by JETTA CARLETON

One man's lost cow is another man's meat—literally, figuratively, and even scenically.

EBENEZER BRYCE had been a millwright in Scotland in the middle 1800's. Then he traveled to America and the mormon Church sent him into the dry fire-colored wilderness of Utah to help build cities for the Children of God.

In 1875, Brother Ebenezer was sent into the southwestern part of the state to set up a new town. They called it Tropic. It lies about a hundred miles northeast of what is now the Utah-Arizona border. Here the little band of pioneers and their earnest, hard working leader were too busy and too beset to pay much attention to the canyon at whose lower gateway they had settled. A pretty wonderful sight, that canyon. It was one of a series in the scenic wilderness, all of them carved and colored fit to take your breath away. But the good people had to save their breath for prayers and hymns. They had need of both. And though they may have marveled somewhat at the canyon nearest them, they had little time to say so. Brother Ebenezer himself—

the canyon came to be named for him—had the least time of all to be impressed by its splendor. Of all such rocky geological wonders of the world, Bryce Canyon is perhaps the most brilliantly colored, and its rocks, eroded by centuries of rain and wind, are carved with astonishing delicacy. But as the legend goes, Brother Ebenezer had only one comment to make on the gorgeous canyon. He said, "It's a terrible place to lose a cow."

So it was, and so it still is today. Anyone looking for a lost cow in Bryce Canyon might conceivably take the creature for just another one of the intricate formations, if it happened to stand still long enough. The color would be natural enough, unless it happened to be black and white. Even that purple cow you'd rather see than be could show up in Bryce Canyon. For the colors there are varied and variable according to the slant of the sun, and purple appears in the ancient rocks along with orange and red and yellow, blues and greens, white, brown, and watermelon pink.

Because of its bird-of-paradise coloring and its intricate erosions, Bryce Canyon is a target for all the superlatives and the most hifalutin' nouns in the book. Words like "fairylend," "spires," "majestic," "galaxy," "wonderland," and "supernal" are hung on it all the time. But of all descriptions,

the best is the one the Indians used. Translated, their name for the place is "a bowl-shaped canyon filled with red rocks standing up like men." And that's what it is, if you use restraint.

Before the white man moved in on Indian territory, Utah belonged to the Utes, and around Bryce Canyon, to the section of the Ute Nation known as the Piutes. Before them, however, many generations of Indians had lived in the hidden crevices of the canyons and their homes are still uncovered occasionally by those with authority to probe among the bright strange rocks. In the early days of the canyon, the casual tourist had a field day. But he carried off so many valuable discoveries the government finally had to pass a law against it. Today, because of the "pot-hunters," there's quite a penalty attached to disturbing a pre-historic ruin.

The Mormons believed the ancient cliff dwellers to be descended from the Lamanites, one of the lost tribes of Israel. The way they had it figured, these ancient people got there via Wales, and at one time the Mormons took to a conference with the Ute Indians an interpreter who spoke Welsh. According to the record, sign language still came in handy.

Before the Utes and the Piutes, before the cliff dwellers and anyone else who left even so slight a trace, this section of America had undergone sea change many times. Six times at least, the geologists say, this part of the southwest became a sea floor and a high plateau. And each time, new deposits of mud and sand turned into shale, sandstone, conglomerate, and limestone.

These sea-born strata became what is known today as the Plateau Country—a series of gigantic steps from Utah into the desert plains below the Grand Canyon. Farthest north are the High Plateaus. Next come the Terraced Plateaus, followed by the Southern Plateau, which includes the Grand Canyon, and the Colorado Plateau, the lowest of the group.

Bryce Canyon is a ragged box sunk in the High Plateaus, in a section called the Pink Cliff. Its rim, 8,400 feet above sea, forms the dividing line between the Great Basin and the Colorado River watershed. According to statisticians, two raindrops falling simultaneously but an inch apart might very likely go their separate ways—one into the Basin, the other into the watershed drained by the Colorado River, and via the Colorado, eventually into the Gulf of California.

The erosion that created Bryce Canyon's strange formations goes on at an infinitesimal rate per year. The rim crumbles annually perhaps two inches, and a few more pines topple into the brink. It's something like a hundred miles through the mountains from the Great Basin to the Colorado watershed. At the present erosion rate, it will take some 2,640,000 years for the rain to eat away the cliffs between.

Rain is the artist in this canyon, working in limestone and assisted by ice and wind. No river runs through here, as through Grand Canyon, but in the rainy season, there are streams which storm through, sweeping away all debris. This keeps Bryce a neat canyon. But as style goes, it is strictly

gingerbread. Or more correctly, Byzantine. One of the predominant formations is the spire capped by a dome. Some of the domes weigh tons.

All canyons, however unspectacular, have their rock formations of greater or lesser interest. Many canyons have formations more grandiose than those of Bryce Canyon. But none has such delicate work, such infinite detail, and such variety as the limestone imagery of Brother Ebenezer's cow catcher. Guides in Bryce Canyon National Park point with pride at the monuments known as Queen Victoria, the Pope, Queen's Castle, Tower Bridge, Bluebeard's Castle, and the section known as

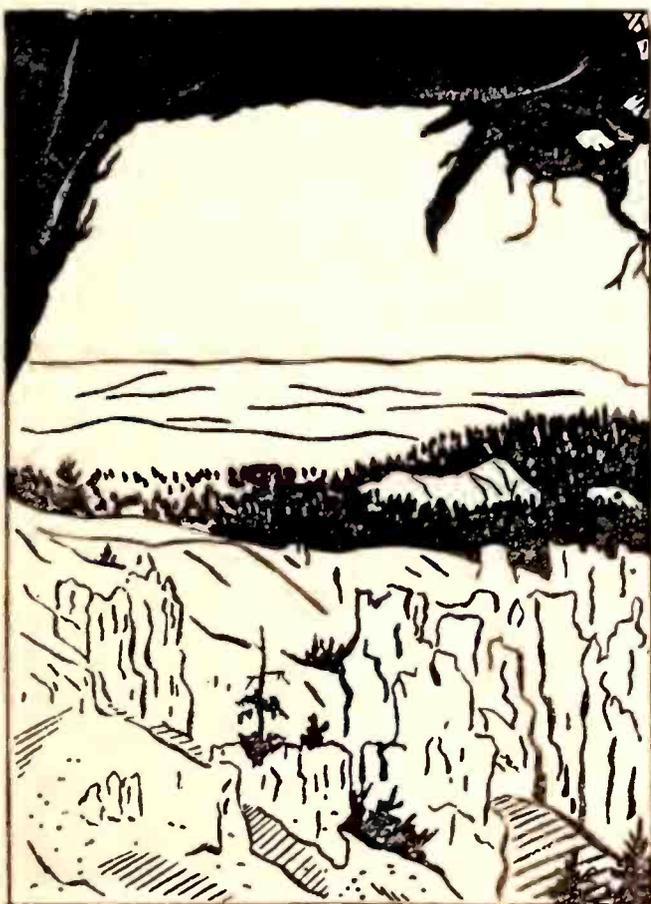
Fairyland. There's a Wall Street, too, minus the pin-striped men at noon. You reach it by a trail leading down from a lodge on the rim. Altogether, there are at least ten miles of trail winding down into the canyon and traversable by foot or on horseback.

The canyon even boasts a waterfall, thanks to the ingenuity of the Mormon settlers of Tropic. They diverted a stream from the Great Basin to the cliffs, where it creates a

water supply for the town as well as another bit of scenery.

After the village of Tropic was fairly well on its feet, Ebenezer Bryce moved on to his next mission, some place in Arizona. The beautiful pink canyon he left behind remained virtually unknown and certainly unsung. For one thing, its isolation was almost perfect. Heavy pine forests grew to the very rim, and only the Indians and a few hardy pioneers knew that somewhere in the depths of the forest the earth opened up like an enormous and rather terrifying jewel box.

At first, the land around the canyon rim belonged to the state as school lands. Then the Union Pacific Railroad bought twenty-three acres of this land on a long-time lease for the purpose of opening it as a resort section. In 1923 the canyon became a national monument by presidential proclamation. The next year, Congress authorized its inclusion in a new reserve to be known as Utah National Park—with one provision: that the twenty-three acres around the rim be



OUR BACK COVER . . . Bryce Canyon is set in the High Plateaus of Utah, 8,400 feet above sea level. Fine weather and breathtaking scenery make it a popular playground. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific).

deeded to the government. Union Pacific's president, Carl R. Gray, offered to cede the land to the government with a provision of his own: that the government complete the Zion-Mt. Carmel highway, opening a road between Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. The railroad placed the deed to its holdings in escrow, and in 1928 Congress appropriated funds for the road. On September 15 of that year, the twentieth national park in the United States was established, not as Utah National Park, however, but as Bryce Canyon National Park.

Once this area was made accessible, the park became a preferred playground. It lies only a short distance from the Arrowhead Trail stretching from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City, and it is easily reached by train. The Union Pacific runs to Cedar City, where all trains are met by buses of the Utah Parks Company, a subsidiary of the railroad. Besides the lodge at the canyon rim, there are camp sites in many places, complete with water and lights and some of the

handsomest rangers south of the Canadian Mounties.

The season at Bryce is fairly long, since its location is happily both high and south. The summers are dry and hot, but the nights are mountain-cool. In late summer comes the rainy season, followed by what the Indians call "Little Summer," when there are flowers and an atmosphere softened and cooled. Then in the fall the landscape is colored more highly than ever with the turning of the aspens and oaks and maples. No doubt the canyon is magnificent in the bleak white winters, but few are able to see it then, since the roads are closed.

Considering the colors, the design, and the ancientness of Bryce Canyon, it's little wonder so much rich beautiful prose has been written about it. Fortunately, the canyon is infinitely more beautiful than the prose. The only really adequate description of it is Brother Ebenezer's negative compliment. Anyone who waits for the cows to come home from Bryce Canyon is in for a long, long wait.



COLLEGIANA

Listed below are ten schools with which you are familiar, but how many of them can you place geographically? Match by putting the letter of the town beside the number of the college or university. Answers on page 68.

- | | | | |
|----------|--------------------|----|--------------------------|
| 1. | Cornell | a. | New York City, New York |
| 2. | Dartmouth | b. | Durham, North Carolina |
| 3. | Harvard | c. | New Orleans, Louisiana |
| 4. | Tulane | d. | Hanover, New Hampshire |
| 5. | Vanderbilt | e. | Milwaukee, Wisconsin |
| 6. | Yale | f. | Nashville, Tennessee |
| 7. | Duke | g. | New Haven, Connecticut |
| 8. | Marquette | h. | Ithaca, New York |
| 9. | Fordham | i. | Dallas, Texas |
| 10. | Southern Methodist | j. | Cambridge, Massachusetts |



with BOB KENNEDY

WE'RE "out for the count," and there's a statement you can take literally! Recently we had the pleasure of interviewing Count Basie, an old WHB alumnus, and later we had a small off-the-record chat with him on all sorts of subjects musical.

Count Basie started at the tiny Reno Club on Kansas City's once wide-open Twelfth Street, where he took over Benny Moten's band. He and that small group of colored musicians made the sort of music there that brought true jazz its eventual fame. From time to time the band appeared before WHB microphones, and in 1934 Count Basie was signed for an organ and piano program called *Harlem Harmonies*.

One day in the middle thirties Benny Goodman, the King of Swing himself, was passing through Kansas City. He took a listen to Basie's boys and arranged an immediate promotion to the big time. He got them a job at the Grand Terrace in Chicago. That was all it took. They clicked, and the name Basie has been in lights ever since.

During the years, Count Basie has more than once passed that favor along. Many are the jazz names which he has started on the road to fame. With him still, however, is Walter Page, the same fine musician who began playing with him

in 1928. Walter and the Count have come a long way, and they've come together.

One question we asked the Count was whether he agreed with several band leaders who have made the statement that they think the trend of popular music is definitely changing to the so-called "sweet music." "Well," he answered, "styles come and go, but I am of the opinion that there will always be a place for real jazz. The jazz beat is too deeply imbedded in the human make-up to be rooted out, and it's a natural release for emotions. In the future I intend to keep up the same style and quality of jazz that I have presented to the people in the past."

Platter Chatter

Rubenstein's most recent achievement on Victor records is Chopin's *Piano Sonata in B-Flat Minor* . . . When asked about the controversy over his first name, Rubenstein replied, "I don't care how they bill me. My legal name is 'Artur,' but I sign everything 'Arthur' since I am now an American citizen." To which we query, why not just "Art" and be done with it? . . . Woody Herman has turned disc jockey, and Freddy Martin is angling for a similar spot. It's getting so a plain old radio announcer can hardly get on in the world, what with all the competition from orchestra leaders . . . Jessie Price's payroll boosted since Capitol's release of *I Ain't Mad at You* . . . The Three Suns are switching from Majestic to Victor. Watch for their first release, *If I Had My Life To Live Over*.

The most popular record in Paris is *Tiger Rag* . . . Jan August's recordings for Diamond are selling like hot cakes. Even so, he'll have to go some to catch Frankie Carle. It is reported that Fank sold more than seven million discs last year. That's a lot of wax! . . . Park Avenue hillbilly Dorothy Shay (no relation to the One Horse Open Shays), is recording for Columbia. Her new album is T-riff, but radio censors won't allow it.

Watch for Benny Goodman's new recordings for Capitol. The vocals are by Johnny Mercer, and they're mighty good.

Highly Recommended

CAPITOL 358—Dave Barbour and Orchestra. *Forever Paganini* plus *Forever Nicki*. Both sides present a new musical technique headed by Barbour's guitar treatment together with piano, trumpet, and clarinet solos by Buddy Cole, Ray Linn, and Heinie Beau. An outstanding jazz record.

VICTOR 20-2121—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra. *How Are Things in Glocca Morra* and *When I'm Not Near the Girl I Love*. This is one of the latest recordings by T. Dorsey and fans are sure to scramble for it. Both sides get superb Dorsey treatment with outstanding vocals by Stuart Foster.

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

MAJESTIC 7192—Eddie Howard and Orchestra. *Rickety Rickshaw Man* and *She's Funny That Way*. A novelty tune with cute lyrics to send Howard fans solid. The number is going places, and Eddie's versatile baritone voice will certainly help it along. *Funny That Way* is a wonderful old thing that's right at the top of the "slave song" series. The platter is a must for Howard-lovers.

CAPITOL 342—Andy Russell, the Pied Pipers, and Paul Weston's Orchestra. *I'll Close My Eyes* and *It's Dreamtime*. As a pair, these are crooner Russell's best sides to date, and the backing by Weston's Orchestra is exactly right. *I'll Close My Eyes* should make the hit parade at a breeze. The Pied Pipers, a fine vocal group, take a couple choruses of *Dreamtime*. Their voices blend nicely, and they work beautifully together.

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

EXCLUSIVE 235—Vivian Gary and Trio. *Blues In the Storm* plus *ABC Blues*. A very nice trio with Rickey Jordan. Features two gals and a fellow on a mellow blues lament. The piano, guitar and vocal are all good. The overside is a jump tune giving each of the individual members a chance.

VOGUE 755—Charlie Shavers Quintet. *Broad Jump* and *Serenade to a Pair of*

Nylons. The jump side is terrific, with Shavers' unusually fine trumpet working smoothly with the combo. If you're after a good rhythm fastie, look no further. *Serenade* swings to the end, but just isn't on a par with *Broad Jump*, which is a don't-miss.

***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

VICTOR 20-2117—Spike Jones and Orchestra. *Laura* and *When Yuba Plays the Rhumba on the Tuba*. Spike Jones, up to his zany tricks again, presents an unorthodox version of *Laura*. It's like nothing you've ever heard. The first half is straight, but the last—wow! The flipover is vocalless. It features the versatility of "Country" Washburne on the grunt-iron, while the band plays on.

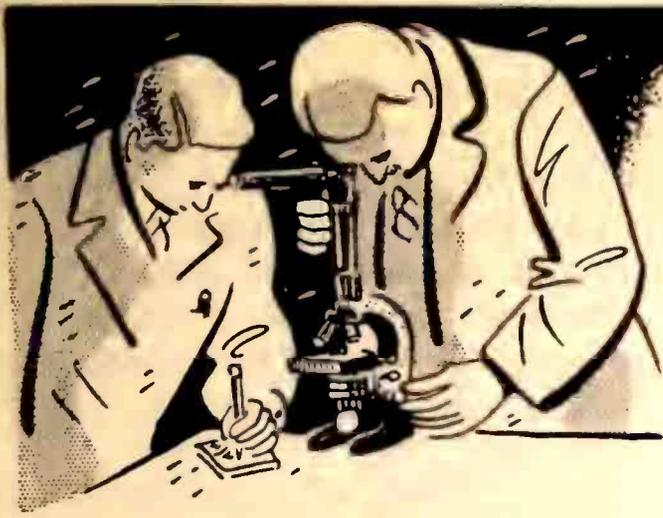
VICTOR P 148—Artie Shaw and Orchestra. *Begin the Beguine* and *Lady Be Good*. Here are two all-time juke box favorites revived in a Victor album titled *Upswing*. This album is an absolute must for collectors. It features Benny Goodman, T. Dorsey, and Glenn Miller.

***Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.**

DECCA 23810—Louis Jordan and His Timpany Five. *Texas and Pacific* plus *I Like 'Em Fat Like That*. T. & P. has a choo-choo beat and a smooth vocal by Jordan. The *Texas and Pacific* is a railroad, of course, and if riding it is half so pleasant as listening to this arrangement, it should be doing a whale of a business. The tune backing it on this disc is a novelty number with some humorous spots.

CAPITOL 368—Andy Russell with Paul Weston's Orchestra. *Anniversary Song* and *My Best To You*. The former is the haunting melody made popular by *The Jolson Story*. Andy does a fine interpretation which is admirably suited to his voice. It is probably his best work so far. *My Best To You* is a sentimental waltz. It's made to order for crooning, and the background music by Paul Weston is exceptionaaly smooth.

***Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, AT 1206.**



the War within US!

by RALEIGH WILLIAMS

A man can't call his blood his own!

IT is probable that few laymen are given to look upon their bodies as battlefields. In fact, the more squeamish might find it somewhat disconcerting to regard their corporeal beings as densely populated military theaters of operation in which surging armies of countless thousands of microbes and bacteria wage a never ceasing struggle for supremacy.

While this constant war within us may never become a favored topic for breakfast table chit-chat, it is necessary that it be recognized in order to understand the miraculous workings of penicillin, the "wonder drug" of World War II. In reality penicillin is not a drug at all, but a benevolent antibacterial substance produced by a mold micro-organism discovered some twenty years ago by Dr. Alexander Fleming of London.

Despite the revolutionary nature of Fleming's discovery and the widespread acclaim it received in the war years as a worker of miracles, especially in its effectiveness against venereal infections among members of the armed forces, there was nothing actually startling in the therapeutic principle involved. Medical research

itself is a process of evolution, and one of its most amazing aspects is that there is no such thing as a totally unexpected discovery. Behind every new development, which to the layman may appear as a modern miracle, lay countless hours of research and toil, of slow, plodding progress, of many small advances and many disappointments.

Before any discovery actually is made, the idea upon which it is based has been germinating for a long time. Perhaps a score of scientists, working either together or independently, may have contributed something to the ultimate success. The public hears only the names of those who achieve the final triumph, the others who have paved the way often remain unknown or forgotten.

Take, for example, Dr. Paul Ehrlich's experimentation with aniline dyes in the quest of his "magic bullet" which, shot into the human body, would cause the destruction of all malign bacteria. He did not succeed in perfecting his marvelous cure-all, but he did succeed in employing arsenic to concoct formula 606, or salvarsan—a deliverer of mankind

from the ravages of that terrible pale corkscrew microbe whose bite is the cause of syphilis. But Dr. Ehrlich had not even reached the beginning of the road to success after eight years of experimentation until he read of the researches of Alphonse Laveran, who had used arsenic to kill those trypanosomes which were fatal to mice. The only bad feature, from the scientific standpoint, was that it also killed the mice; and despite the old joke about operations, none can be considered an unqualified success if the patient fails to survive.

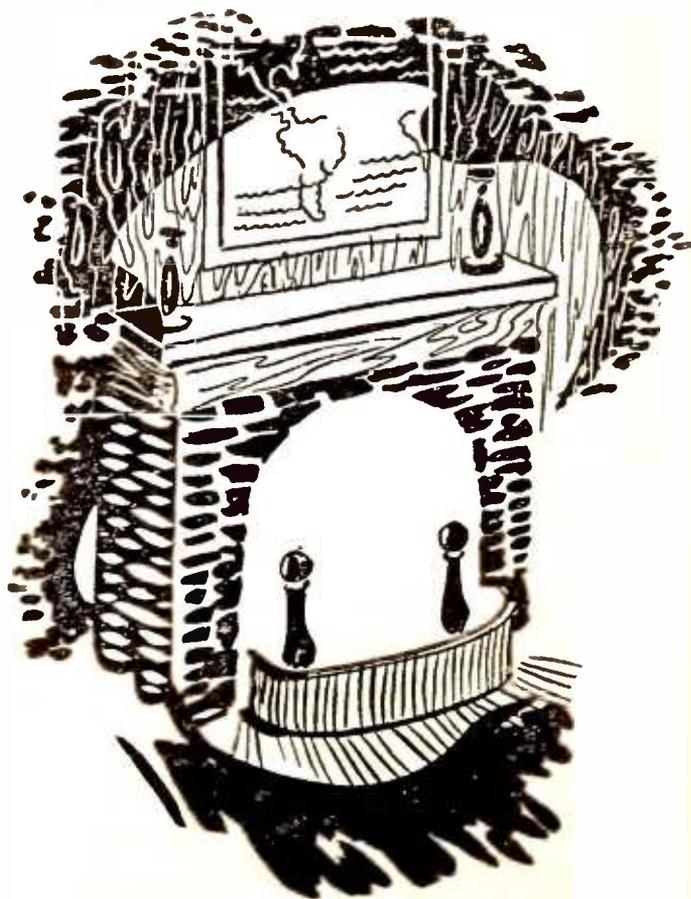
Inspired by Laveran's discovery, Ehrlich experimented with various arsenic and dye compounds to find a means of killing the typanosomes without also losing the patient mice. It was a long, difficult and tedious process. At last, however, after 605 compounds had failed, he reached his goal. Compound 606 proved trypanosomes could be destroyed in mice without injury to the mice. So what? So the discovery was only a discovery with no apparent practical application until an obscure German zoologist named Fritz Schaudinn isolated a germ which he called *spirocheta pallida*, and proved that this germ was the cause of syphilis.

In Schaudinn's report he hazarded a wild guess that these spirochetes, because of similarity in appearance, were akin to trypanosomes. It is fortunate that he did so, for it happened that the report was read by Ehrlich, who without any further investigation blandly accepted the relationship as fact merely on the basis of this report. This being true, he reasoned, spirochetes as well as trypanosomes

should be vulnerable to the compound 606. They were, and in consequence thousands upon thousands of men and women escaped a horrible disfiguring death or an idiot's end in Bedlam.

Ehrlich's name shines forth in big letters on the roll of the immortals of medical research, but who now recalls Schaudinn?

The discovery of penicillin, despite the fact that to a great degree it was sheer accident, formed a confirmation of a theory that had intrigued scientists from the days of Pasteur's epoch-marking discoveries. As early as 1888 a Frenchman named Bouchard found that some bacteria were capable of destroying other germs. The discoveries by Twort and D'Herelle in the World War I period, that bacteria themselves are susceptible to attack by virus-like substances capable of destroying them, gave new impetus to research in the field of chemotherapy.



The Russian investigator, Elie Metchnikoff, who appears to have been touched with a little of that madness which a person invariably associates with Russian scientists, laid the basis for future developments with experiments that proved bacteria fight each other to the death, and that friendly bacteria constant in the human body act as a repellent to disease germs. These friendly organisms he called phagocytes, from the Greek word meaning "devouring cells."

Metchnikoff, an associate at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, had a flair for attracting public attention. In a short time thousands of searchers had viewed his phagocytes which sometimes gobbled up germs—and sometimes lay idly by allowing the germs to multiply unmolested. Why, no one could explain. It remained a mystery why one man might die from an attack of pneumonia microbes and another simply break into a sweat and recover.

But at the same time the discovery did focus attention upon the fact there were defensive bacterial forces within the body itself, that in many instances invading germs were eaten and destroyed by the friendly phagocytes. If sometimes, why not always? There was the question, and there the question remained until that morning when Dr. Fleming noted the mysterious mold on a laboratory slide which an attendant had neglected to clean, and noticed that the staphylococcus germs in its vicinity had been rendered impotent. He called the mold substance penicillin because of the structure of its sporophores, after the Latin *penicillus*, a brush.

The mold grew rapidly and soon he was able to obtain a sufficient quantity to begin experiments to test its efficacy in the destruction of various types of disease germs. To their amazement, he and his fellow research workers discovered penicillin did not actually kill bacteria, but rather restricted its aggressiveness and rendered it impotent to a point where multiplication was impossible. They also determined that it had no ill effects upon body tissues and that it was received without antagonism by human and animal blood. Thus it became evident that in the treatment of disease in the human body, penicillin could be used to check or immobilize the enemy disease germ forces and block their increase and progress while the natural defensive soldiers of the body, the white blood cells, or *leucocytes*, set upon the invaders to destroy them.

Despite the wonderful successes which have been attained in the never ending war on disease through the use of penicillin, medical scientists even now are beginning to regard it merely as a new starting point, a base of operations from which new advances may be made against the tiny microscopic enemies that constitute the greatest menace to man. And the prophets already are looking into the future hopefully, confident that the sulfa drugs and penicillin will lead to greater agencies and more powerful weapons in the war on eternal enemy, that the dream of scientists of an ideal antibacterial agent, to be found among substances already existing, may soon reach its fulfillment.

Let us hope so!

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE YEARLING — Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, Claude Jarman, Jr. Based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' Pulitzer Prize novel, the movie presents the Baxters and their life in the Florida scrub country. Young Jody (Claude Jarman, Jr.) brings up a fawn, which he grows to love. But when the fawn begins to destroy their crops, Ma Baxter (Jane Wyman) shoots and wounds it. Jody finishes the job of killing the deer, then runs away from home. Later, he returns, ready now to take his place on the farm as a man, no longer a "yearling."

LADY IN THE LAKE — Robert Montgomery, Audrey Totter, Lloyd Nolan. This picture presents the new technique of showing scenes through the hero's eyes (the camera, that is). Private detective Phillip Marlowe is hired to find a missing woman. After the body of her rival is found in a lake, Marlowe receives a call from her, saying she is in trouble and wants him to bring money to her hideout. There, in a crashing finale, a case of mistaken identity is cleared up and two more deaths occur before the case is finally closed.

LOVE LAUGHS AT ANDY HARDY—Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Sara Haden, Bonita Granville, Lina Romay. The Hardys are back again! Andy, just out of the army, resumes his studies at college, and is immediately in love. His proposal is nipped when the girl tells him she is marrying—someone else—and will he be best man, please, huh? Heartbroken, he decides to go to South America, but changes his mind after a chance meeting with Lina Romay. Comedy highlight is Andy's jitterbug scene with a 6-foot-4 Amazon.



Paramount

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE — Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Charles Dingle, Peter Lorre. Hope, sitting in a death cell awaiting execution for murder, tells newspaper reporters how he got into the situation. The usual Hope-hokum will keep you in stitches throughout the recital. When the doctor comes to prepare him for the gas chamber, he passes out. In the warden's office, he comes to, with the whole case finally having been solved, and Dorothy Lamour is there to point out that as a private eye he's a better baby photographer, but that she loves him just the same.

20th Century Fox

BOOMERANG — Jane Wyatt, Dana Andrews. Political pressure is exerted on a young state's attorney to prosecute a man whom the attorney believes to be innocent. The attorney discredits the witnesses, and proves that the suspect's gun could not have been the murder weapon. The case is dismissed, and leaders of the opposition party leave town, figuring that it is impossible to beat a completely honest man. The real murderer is killed in a car accident as a reminder of the Johnson office's views about crime not paying.

THE BRASHER DOUBLOON—George Montgomery, Nancy Guild. Still another of Raymond Chandler's mysteries with private detective Phillip Marlowe assigned to find a rare coin. Three murders occur, and Marlowe gets slapped around, giving him a chance to prove his stamina is up to the calibre of Bogart, Powell, and Robert Montgomery—other members of the Marlowe club. Nancy Guild, as a neurotic secretary, adds attractiveness to the scene, though the question of her sanity is cleared up too late in the film for much romance.

Republic

ANGEL AND THE BADMAN — John Wayne, Gail Russell, Bruce Cabot, Harry Carey. In the home of peace-loving Quakers, where he recuperates from a bullet-wound, Quirt Evans (John Wayne) falls in love with the young daughter, Penny (Gail Russell). Though he has sworn to kill the murderer of his foster-father, Penny gets him to promise to give up his gun and settle down. As his enemy is about to shoot Quirt, the town marshall kills him, which leaves Quirt free to keep his promise to Penny.

Universal-International

I'LL BE YOURS — Deanna Durbin, Tom Drake, William Bendix. Louise Ginglebusher arrives in New York to search for a career. Her first job is that of an usherette, but after a waiter friend of hers sneaks her into a fancy party, she sings and is an immediate hit. To protect herself from a mushy millionaire, Louise claims to be married to a young lawyer (Tom Drake). There is a blowup when the truth comes out, but finally the millionaire and the waiter reunite the young couple.



New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION



ONE of the strangest reports from Manhattan these days is that theatre tickets for Broadway hits are going begging. It is no uncommon sight to see empty seats at a bang-up show. This, of course, is the result of the times when, if a seat could be obtained at all, one paid through the nose for it. Now, the theatre-going public is becoming lethargic, discouraged from the battle for seats and unreasonable prices. The general attitude is, "There's no use trying to get tickets for THAT" . . . and so they don't. And so there are empty seats. Most persons like to go to the theatre on short notice—making reservations weeks in advance is always hazardous—and it looks now as though that time is rapidly approaching. It will be a relief to see those little box-office signs again, "Good Seats Available."

Helen Keller was in town again recently, making personal calls and also attending to her long list of projects to aid the deaf, dumb and blind. Despite the fact that she is now in her middle sixties, she continues to work at a pace that would defeat most young and fully equipped women. Her courage and determination to overcome not one but three terrific handicaps has made her name a symbol of hope for all similarly afflicted. She has done perhaps her greatest work

during these past few years—traveling extensively in Europe and this country, visiting, encouraging, teaching our war casualties who have suffered the loss of sight, speech or hearing.

Miss Keller is always accompanied by Miss Thompson, her secretary, companion, manager and interpreter to whom goes so much credit for Miss Keller's amazing success. As Miss Keller's deafness prevents her from hearing the questions or conversation of others, she depends upon Miss Thompson to relay the words to her through a system of finger pressures on her arm similar to Morse code. Then she speaks for herself, or rather forms words with a sound she has learned to create. Most people find her difficult to understand at first but after a little while are able to carry on a fairly rapid conversation with her. And everyone who meets her is left with the same reaction, a feeling of inspiration and courage.

A short time ago, Miss Keller's home in Connecticut burned to the ground, and burned with it were art treasures and gifts beyond description which had been sent from admirers all over the world. This loss was not only one of possessions, but one of the ability to move about in familiar surroundings with ease. Now she must adapt herself to new surroundings and new environment, and to this task she has set herself with the same dauntless spirit that the world has grown to associate with the name Helen Keller.

• • •

Nylon sails are the latest delight for sailing enthusiasts. Their acceptance was a moot question at first, but now it looks as if they are here to stay. They stretch a bit when full but have been found to shrink right back again; and they are much lighter in weight than the old canvas ones. They are lovely to look at and easy to manage, so here is another strike for the popularity of nylon.

• • •

If you want to buy something really interesting for the house or for a gift,

put on an old pair of shoes and rummage around some of those little junk shops under signs "ANTIQUES" in the Forties and Fifties on Second and Third Avenues. There you will find all sorts of lamps, mirrors, frames and old prints, brocades, bric-a-brac, furniture—in fact, practically everything you've heard of. With a little polishing up they turn out to be real treasures and are far superior to most new things on the market today. And the prices are down in the realm of reality. Don't however, pay the first price quoted or you'll be spotted as a novice shopper. The whole business of selling there is fashioned after the European custom of bargaining. It's fun and lends flavour to the transaction. A great many collectors frequent these shops and they are very amusing about it. They never want to tell where they find their goodies for fear someone will beat them to the next one.



Television is coming into its own at last and orders for the sets are being filled remarkably fast, considering the long waiting lists. There aren't enough television programs on the air as yet to suit the lucky owners, but no doubt the next few months will remedy that. So far, the programs are limited mostly to sports and news reels, but that's enough to gratify and fascinate most people at the moment.

The present sets cost between three and four hundred dollars and have to be installed with a special antenna. They are very neat-looking and will fit on any medium-sized table or chest. It will be a lot nicer when the price gets medium-sized, too.

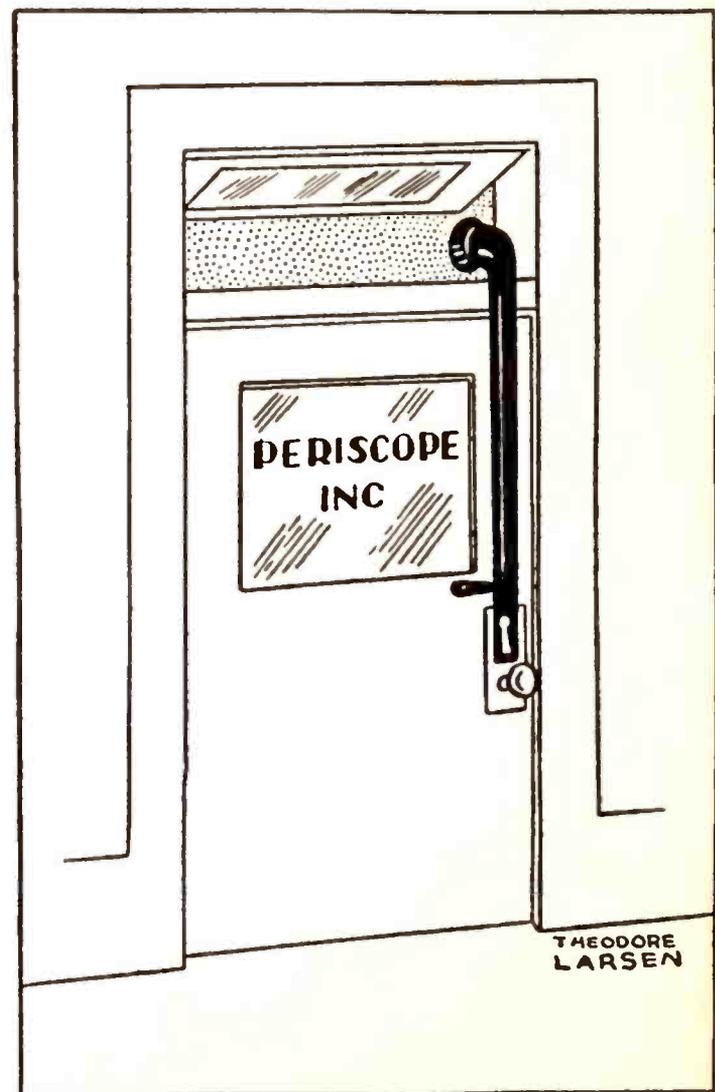


William Lyons Phelps said: "A dog is always on the wrong side of the door." That's true every place. But in Manhattan they're not only on the wrong side of the door, they're on the wrong side of the sidewalk, the elevator, the lamp-post, the curb, the traffic and hurrying pedestrians. Those long, fancy leashes aren't any help, either. But dogs are loved in Manhattan more than any place else in the world—no one is ever afraid of them. They are coddled and catered to in hotels and shops and don't know the meaning

of a harsh word. Their sweaters and coats are monogrammed and their hair-cuts are the last word in canine fashion. Now they also have raincoats and galoshes. As is typical with dogs, they are out whenever there is a chance to be out, but the most general parade is 'round about eight in the morning and nine o'clock at night. Some of the walkers are worth looking at, too.



A colored maid in a Manhattan apartment hotel excused herself for being late to one of the residents by saying: "I was here earlier this mo'ning but I seen your husband was still here so I just went on my way 'cause when they is a man around you cain't do anything and I don't care who he is, you just cain't get anything done." This may be a new incentive for early rising, or maybe for legislation limiting the amount of time a man may spend around the house.



NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). A play by Arthur Miller about a manufacturer who turned out some substandard airplanes during the war. This caused the death of one son and earned him the everlasting hatred of the other. There are definite structural weaknesses, but the cast—including Ed Begley, Arthur Kennedy, and Beth Merrill—works hard. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE.** (International). Rotating performances of *John Gabriel Borkman*, *Henry VIII*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Pound on Demand*, and *Androcles and the Lion*. The company boasts the talents of Walter Hampton, Eva LeGallienne, Ernest Truex, and Margaret Webster. Evenings, except Monday. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Curtain times differ according to the play being presented.

★ **ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.** (Fulton). This early chapter glimpse of the Hubbard family is chiefly notable for the performances of Patricia Neal, Leo Genn, and Margaret Phillips. The play itself is not up to the standard Lillian Hellman set for herself and her characters in *The Little Foxes*. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday carry on in this truly hilarious piece written by Garson Kanin and produced by Max Gordon. It's about a racketeer and an ex-chorus girl, and everything about it is fine! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

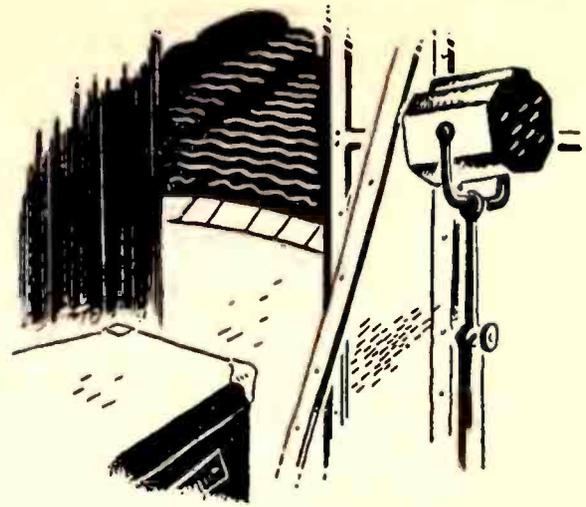
★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Another revival, this one well worth the doing. Bert Lahr plays a comedian who has certain professional, financial, and physical ups and downs, but mostly downs. Jean Parker is his handsome, loyal wife. There is abundant cause for laughter, and some real honest-to-John pathos which is handled with an exact touch. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CHRISTOPHER BLAKE.** (Music Box). Funnyman Moss Hart has written a serious play about a twelve-year-old whose parents are seeking a divorce. His realism, and perhaps his premises, leave something to be desired; but his fancy is fine. So is Richard Tyler as the protagonist. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CRAIG'S WIFE.** (Playhouse). Judith Evelyn and Philip Ober in a revival of the play by George Kelly. Directed by Mr. Kelly and produced by Gant Gaither. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CYRANO DE BERGERAC.** (Ethel Barrymore). The same *Cyrano* written by Rostand a half-century back and played by nearly every romantic actor since. This time it's Jose Ferrer who brandishes the sword and putty nose in his own production. Quite satisfactorily, too. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **THE FATAL WEAKNESS.** (Royale). Proving definitely that middle-aged divorce can be a dull subject indeed, unless one of the participants is named Ina Claire. The play is by George Kelly, and also features Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:35.



★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). You can't see Harvey, but you can see Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in the Pulitzer Prize play by that name. What's more, you'd better, because it's wonderful theatre fare. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). A little librarian gets all lit-up one rainy afternoon, and the results are marvelous to behold! Helen Hayes, of course, is quite perfect—as is the entire cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE ICEMAN COMETH.** (Martin Beck). Eugene O'Neill takes four hours to say that illusions are the only things that make most lives worth living, but he says it rather well. There is an excellent group of actors to help him get the point across, including James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. Direction is by Eddie Dowling. Evenings at 7:30.

★ **JOAN OF LORRAINE.** (Alvin). Ingrid Bergman in a magnificent performance which will undoubtedly become theatre history. The vehicle is Maxwell Anderson's version of the Maid of Orleans legend, and employs the play-within-a-play technique. This gives Miss Bergman ample opportunity to display her unusual talents, of which she has many. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Booth). A farce by Norman Krasna, with not much to recommend it beyond the direction of Joshua Logan and the performance of Loring Smith. It's about a senator, a British war bride, a mismatched marriage, and several other things. However, it was produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and you know what that means! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN.** (Cort). It's Cecil Beaton's costumes and settings that people are talking about, not the creaky comedy of Oscar Wilde. Oh yes, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Penelope Ward do not badly, either. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou). Thanks to the original humor of Clarence Day and the deftness of Lindsay and Crouse, *Father* still leads the list of all-time long-runs. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire). The Lunts, who would draw a capacity crowd for a recitation of the alphabet, have only slightly heavier material to work with here; but needless to say they make the evening eminently worthwhile. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

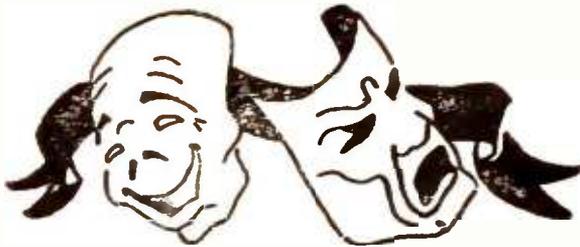
★ **PRESENT LAUGHTER.** (Plymouth). Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden do well with a disappointing comedy by Noel Coward. In fact, they probably give it better treatment than it deserves. Evenings, except Sundays at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have investigated the political situation, and have produced a man who really ought to be elected president. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson are the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). Very justly one of Broadway's long-timers, John Van Druten's play is now enacted by Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **DONALD WOLFIT REPERTORY.** (Century). A British troupe presenting *King Lear*, *As You Like It*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon has written about herself at the age of sixteen, when she lived in Boston and longed to be an actress. The result is a completely captivating play with witty dialogue and excellent portrayals by Frederic March, Florence Eldridge, and Patricia Kirkland. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.



Musicals

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). The incomparable Ethel Merman, shouting and shooting her way through an Irvin Berlin score and a book

by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. She is admirably assisted by Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY.** (Broadway). Despite John Latouche's book and lyrics, Duke Ellington's music, and a large and lively cast headed by Alfred Drake, this adaptation of *The Beggar's Opera* somehow misses fire. It could be that too many people are pulling in too many different directions. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). Everyone associated with this revue is an ex-G. I. or overseas entertainer. But don't see it solely on grounds of patriotism or you'll be startled half to death by the fine singing, dancing, music, dialogue, settings, lighting, and everything else which goes to make up a completely wonderful offering. The songs by Harold Rome and the sketches by Arnold Auerbach are worthy of special mention. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). Ferenc Molnar's *Liliom* with distinctive Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II treatment. There's good music in it you've probably never heard, and some impressive de Mille ballets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FINIANS RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A leprechaun (pronounced leprechaun) turns up amongst a group of Southern sharecroppers, matching brogue for drawl. What happens next isn't important, because the bright songs and dances are only hampered by the plot anyway. Donald Richards and David Wayne do their bits to make a lively evening of it, and Ella Logan is as good as ever. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). A musical. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STREET SCENE.** (Adelphi). An operatic arrangement of the Elmer Rice play, with book by Mr. Rice, an effective score by Kurt Weill, and lyrics by Langston Hughes. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). Victor Herbert wouldn't recognize his old chestnut as rewritten by John Cecil Holm and ad libbed by Bobby Clark, but he'd like it. Two and a half hours of Clark is not nearly enough. Evenings 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	Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W	Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	International, Columbus Circle.....	CO 5-1173	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	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
Fulton, 201 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CL 5-5760	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970	E	St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL



by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

- ★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** The atmosphere blends wells with most any mood. William Scotti and his rhumba band are still on hand in the Trianon Room. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.
- ★ **ARMANDO.** Popular with the younger set. Jacques Maler at the piano and Harry Harden and his accordion. Good food. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.
- ★ **BLACK ANGUS.** Attractive, modern and moderately priced—Aberdeen Angus beef any old way you want it. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.
- ★ **BILTMORE.** Music all over the place. Carmen Cavallaro in the Bowman Room; Mischa Raginsky in the cocktail lounge. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.
- ★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE.** Roast beef, sea food, but best of all the mutton chops in this English style setting. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.
- ★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Barney Josephson's spot features entertainment by Lucienne Boyer, Edmund Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.
- ★ **CHATEAUBRIAND.** Fine French food, vintage wines, provincial dishes. Strictly good. 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.
- ★ **COPACABANA.** Popular night spot featuring Irwin Carey, Kitty Kallen, Raye and Naldi and Michael Durso's orchestra in a gay new show. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.
- ★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Sweetest, hottest, fanciest music in town . . . Dixie jazz, yeah man! 47 W. 3rd. GR 3-8736.
- ★ **ENRICO AND PAGLIERI.** Famous old restaurant in the Village. Try a Sunday dinner after 1:00 p.m. 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.
- ★ **HEADQUARTERS.** G. I.'s Schwartz and Snyder, a couple of SHAEF mess sergeants, couldn't get it out of their system so they opened up in New York. Food is swell. 108 W. 49th. BR 9-0728.
- ★ **LEXINGTON.** Johnny Pineapple, yes, Pineapple, in the Hawaiian Room; food at the Cape Cod Room, Lexington Terrace and the Revere Room. Lexington at 48th. WI 2-4400.

★ **MONKEY BAR.** More fun than a barrel of 'em here. Singing waiters, entertainers, and customers. 60 E. 54th. PL 3-1066.

★ **MONTE CARLO.** Very fancy . . . historic now, though. This is where they made the Rockefeller deal providing the UN with a place to settle down. Dick Gasparre's orchestra. Madison at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ **NINO'S.** Charming French spot with good food and service. Little cocktail lounge just right for petting and cooing. Piano interlude by Rudy Timfield. 10 E. 52nd. PL 3-9014.

★ **REUBEN'S.** Nothing missing — pastry shop, florist, gift shop, theatre ticket office and even Dagwood sandwiches named after celebs. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ **ROSE.** Friendly, Italian people serving their native fare. Dry martinis head the favorite drink list. 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ **RUSSIAN SKAZKA.** Russian folk-dancing on Friday nights or Saturday afternoons. A Balalaika orchestra to background your Russian or American choices on the bill of fare. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Favorite of the sophisticates. Irving Conn's orchestra in the p.m. alternating with Clemente's rhumba band. Try the Savoy Room for a fancy breakfast. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ **SAWDUST TRAIL.** A bit of old England with continuous entertainment featuring Julia Gerity. Informal and fun. Cover after 7:30 to keep out the scruffies. 156 W. 44th. BR 9-9741.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** Fine food and drink while gazing out over Central Park. Quiet, dignified cocktail lounge. 5th Avenue at 59th. VO 5-2800.

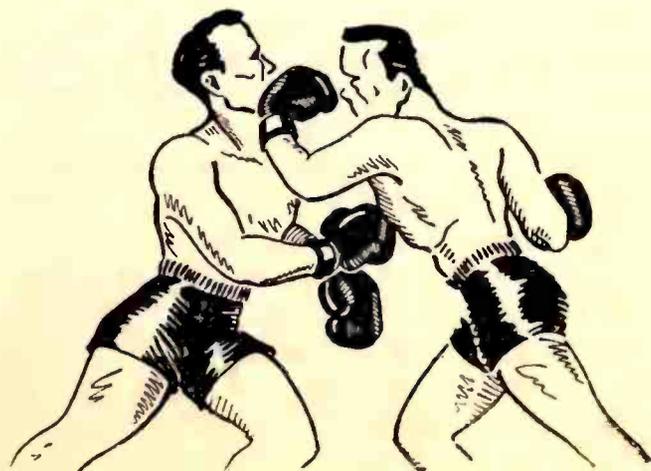
★ **STORK CLUB.** Don't let your meal grow cold while watching Billingsley and the celebs strut around. See and be seen. 3 E. 53rd. PL 3-1940.

★ **TOWN HOUSE.** Spacious and gracious. Sunday brunch and man-sized drinks in the cocktail lounge. 108 E. 38th. LE 2-6044.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Escape the minks and sables and the people in 'em. Pappy Below stages hill-billy games and square dancing. Food and drink are city-style though. 52 W. 8th. ST 9-8840.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** Morton Downey at the supper show—Emil Coleman and Misha Borr for dancing. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ **ZODIAC ROOM.** Read your horoscope on the walls. If you don't care about the future enjoy the present with Julie Andre. Jack Vance and Ellis. Open at five for cocktails. 58th and Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-5900.



Chicago LETTER



by NORT JONATHAN

IT'S really too bad. No sooner are the last political signs hauled down or painted over after an election before the political pot starts to boil all over again. Then new signs go up, with the long-suffering public treated to a new set of earnest, hopeful faces on billboards and car cards. Yes, it's election time again in the Windy City—which makes our town windier than ever. Those cold winds blowing in from Canada over icy Lake Michigan are slightly tempered (only slightly, mind you) by the hot air rising from the throats of Republicans and Democrats.

This time they're really in an uproar. A mayor is to be elected, and after a long, long period Ed Kelly has at last decided that 1947 is a good time to step out of the City Hall. Of course, the resounding shellacking which his gang took in November may have something to do with the decision, but Ed says that at long last he must think of his health and his family. What is more, much to the chagrin of the boys in the back room of both parties, Ed Kelly's candidate is a real knight in shining armor—Martin Kennelly, long-

time civic leader and outstanding Chicagoan, who should make the best mayor Chicago has seen in years.

Try as they may, Colonel McCormick and the Green Republican machine can't find anything bad to say about Mr. Kennelly. His character and background are impeccable. He has spear-headed community and Red Cross campaigns. So they just satisfy themselves by screaming that he's a Democrat and pray that will be enough. Old Ed Kelly seems to have pulled a switch calculated to confound the professional politicians in both parties. The Republicans will have a hard time beating Kennelly with their hand-picked, strictly Organization man, Root. However, if Mr. Kennelly wins, the Democratic machine politicians are likely to find that the good old days are gone forever.

It's interesting to note that the best known and most colorful Chicagoans never are tabbed for public office—unless it happens to be Honorary Deputy Coroner, or something equally safe. Chicagoans who are known from coast to coast are never chosen to run.

Take Ernie Byfield, for instance. Mr. Byfield is our foremost hotelman and caterer to the elegant way of life. He is by all odds the town's most outstanding "character." Also he is a wit whose widely quoted remarks could be counted upon to enliven any political campaign. In fact, most politicians with their strained oratory would have a tough time with Mr. Byfield in a verbal free-for-all. For example—

Byfield on entertaining returned war heroes: "Surround them with lots of pretty girls, put whisky on the table, and then retire to a safe distance."

Byfield on hotel food: "I am the only oldtimer in the swank restaurant business who didn't invent crepes suzettes."

Byfield on running a hotel in receivership during the late, unlamented depression: "The receivers considered me 'artistic'—which in banking circles is just one jump ahead of being a moron."

Ernie Byfield plays host to most of the great and near great at his Ambassador

Hotels and the long-famous Sherman House. His Pump Room, Buttery, and Panther Room feed and entertain thousands more. It's too bad in a way that he can't be drafted to apply his genius for running great hotels to pleasing the people of Chicago. After all, they've been taking a beating for years.



We are now embarked on a series of massive exhibitions which certainly can be counted upon to make everybody restless. First in line will be the Boat Show, followed by the Sportsmen's Show, followed by the International Sport and Travel Show, followed by the just plain Travel Show.

By the time the first spring breezes arrive, the wanderlust around these parts will be pretty strong. These exhibitions feature ninety-nine or more good ways to spend your money in the great outdoors. There are also log-rolling contests and plenty of pretty models standing around shivering in skimpy bathing suits and playclothes. The settings vary. Sometimes the girls loll on fake beaches. Sometimes they help prop up fake trees in sylvan settings. But always they shiver.



With a great pounding and hammering, subway construction has begun again in Chicago. This probably means that after another five years, Chicagoans and their visitors will be able to ride another three miles underground. This new civic project was of course begun with the usual im-

portant group of civic officials standing around holding shovels in self-conscious positions. There is also a lot of civic talk about unification of the street car, bus and



“L” lines—all now operated under separate managements. The average citizen continues to regard all this warily. He's certain that no matter what happens he'll still be in the middle—hanging on a strap.

If all this seems morose, please remember there are good things to come. Chicagoans seldom know in advance what the good things will be, but they always seem to show up. It's that kind of a town.



Beauty note: The beauty contest season is almost upon us. No less than five “queens” will be picked during March and April. If all else fails, you can always see a beauty contest.

Safety note: The Greater Chicago Safety Council has made the interesting discovery that, safety-wise, a child's worst enemy is its parents. We're inclined to agree after watching a little scene on State Street the other afternoon. A mother tugging three small children along with her insisted on crossing the icy street against the traffic and was almost ground under cars, taxis and buses. The big Irish cop on the corner couldn't bear to watch them. He had his hands up covering his eyes.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK



Class . . .

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Dorothy Dorben's motif for entertainment is the big top in show-fare, with music by Don McGrane and his orchestra.

★ **BATTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A wonderful spot for luncheon, dinner or supper to see the smart set in its spring finery.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Typical Drake magnificence every way and a decided pet of the ultra-discriminate.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Most dramatic room in town and rich in tradition. Those wonderful Merriel Abbott revues are due to give way March 20th for a one-act name band policy. Current: Griff Williams and Dorothy Shay.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Don't miss the amazing pianistics of Joe Vera and his orchestra nor the Wednesday fashion luncheons.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton (Whi. 5301). Very New Yorkish for expensive luncheons and dinners—the interior is the divertissement.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Delightful dancing girls, several quality acts, and persuasive dance music by Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Ramon Ramos and his orchestra are handsome bandstand fixtures and there's one star to shine twice a night.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Rendezvous of the who's who, and especially elegant in decor sleekness and French service.

★ **RIP TIDE**, 935 Rush St. Main attraction is a bar in the shape of a question mark . . . no need for punctuation when talking to your escort! Butch La Verde is the proprietor and is strictly a character to boot. His running mate is "Hunk" Conroy and the two delight in calling their customers "senator." Johnny the bartender doesn't know one drink from another but whatever you find in your glass, it's good. No food, but one of the chummiest drop-in spots in town.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Dance to Joseph Sudy and his band and relax with a two-act little show—meanwhile gorging on good Bismarck food.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Lavishly Russian in the imperial manner with gypsy tunes to flavor the evening—choice Russian cuisine.

Shows . . .

★ Film star Tony Martin and the dusky warbler Pearl Bailey will be at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) till the end of the month . . . Frances Faye, the shocking chanteuse, will probably be the attraction at **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . Ted Lewis and his company remain at the **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . Rudy Vallee is due in **COPACABANA**, State and Lake (Dea. 5151) any minute now . . . And all these spots have lavish support for their star performers. Reservations strongly recommended and early.

Ice Show . . .

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), has a lively revue on ice, the music of Ted Weems and his orchestra and dancing, too.

Food . . .

★ Take your choice of any of the following restaurants, most of them self-explanatory by their names, and you won't go wrong in satisfying that inner man . . . **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 East Walton (Sup. 8812) . . . **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 North State (Dea. 9733) . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . **IRELAND'S SEA-FOOD HOUSE**, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414).

Theatres . . .

★ "HARVEY" is still at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240) . . . "SONG OF NORWAY" lifts on at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240) . . . "THREE TO MAKE READY" is at the Blackstone, 7th and Michigan (Har. 8880) . . . "BORN YESTERDAY" is at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459) . . . Better check with local newspapers for changes and newcomers.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



The Magnificent Meal . . .

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

★ **BRETTON'S.** The food is unusually prepared by a Czechoslovakian chef and he can do prime ribs of beef, turkey, lobster and anything else you might desire. One wonders what his two years of medical school might have to do with his present talents. And the pastries—ah! Max Bretton is a friendly, accommodating host. 1215 Baltimore. GR 8999.

★ **GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Gus Fitch doesn't need his delicious steaks and chops to entice customers because most of them sit spellbound while listening to Joshua Johnson. Josh has the fastest left that ever punched a keyboard and his rhythm makes your joints jump—no kiddin'. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Ross' have been serving fine Italian fare for twenty-five years. Frank will see that you have a table or will lead you to the brightly decorated bar for a drink or two. Dave McClain caresses the keys while you drink or dine. 600 East 6th St. HA 8441.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** The guys in the Mart never bother to go downtown for lunch. They just hop the elevator to the ground floor. Smorgasbord in the evenings—load up and then order your entree from your table. If you can't find what you want on the menu, call the chef and have a little confab with him . . . You'll get your dish. Norman Turner plays quiet dinner music. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **PARK LANE DINING ROOM.** A charming luncheon and dinner spot presided over by Edna Munday and her assistant, the gracious Mr. Benton. Three steps down into a foyer that resembles a large living room and then into a dining room

done in soft, pastel white. Specializing in family dinners, it is an excellent place for bridges, teas and receptions. There is a lovely picture window just made for silhouetting the young bride. Luncheon from 11 to 2, dinner from 5 to 8, and meals from 11 to 8 Sundays. Reasonable prices. Park Lane Hotel on the Plaza. LO 3210.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Brother! Those chicken dinners! Frank, a master chef for many years, prepares more than a quarter of a million of the barnyard fowl annually. At the Brush Creek place he features air-expressed sea food, fresh to you, and the chicken is scrumptious. High chairs for the kids when the family comes. Plate luncheons for 35 cents—with a beverage, too. Frank has private rooms for bridges and private parties. Drop in for a business luncheon or breakfast at the new place on 917 Grand. Brush Creek and Paseo. VA 9757.

★ **PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** Lou Ventola will corner you and make you listen to the latest hit tunes on his portable play back. He'll let you play it while he darts over to play host to a party of ten or twelve who are contentedly consuming delicious steaks and a salad that is truly excellent . . . really, the food is simply terrific. Vince helps Lou and Patsy with the *maitre de* work and roly-poly Tony is the kind of bar man who makes you decide you'll stay for another. The place is swarming with good people who serve good food and good drink, garnished with friendliness. East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

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



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



Class With a Glass . . .

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

★ **LA CANTINA.** Tucked away down a flight of stairs from El Casbah, this charming room has a Mexican air. Brightly decorated and very gay, it's also easy on your purse. Hotel Bellerive, Armour and Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Make a hit with a her. Take the lady to the Omar's lush, plush surroundings. Or if you want to get away from it all, sit at the bar—girls aren't allowed. A deck up are tables for two or three or—make it a party! Gene Moore does extraordinary things to the piano. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Horseshoe bar, efficient service and Mary Dale's Hammond music background the South Side crowd's favorite meeting place. You always seem to run into the gal or guy you knew at school. You can get in though, even if you didn't go to school. 614 W. 48th LO 3393.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** Sister to the Plaza Royale, this casually comfortable lounge stands on the site of the old Baltimore Hotel. Harry Newstreet busily engages in hosting duties—he looks real busy, anyhow. And there's always a roomful of people who come for food, drink and Zena and Zola's Hammond tunes—positively electric-fying. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** The right spot for the right people—minkish and camels' hairish. Even the efficient, capable waiters do a little preening now and then. A long bar and little tables across the room. Dinner service at the wave of your hand. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** There are some who swear that Trader Vic did the decorations. At any rate, you don't even have to wait for the first drink to take effect to feel that you're somewhere in the South Seas. Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloudburst—with lightning, thunder and eerie music. The tropical offerings are smooth, and so's the music. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** On one side you find a tiny round bar inhabited by two black-and-white bartenders—at least that's the impression you get because they have dark hair and wear white jackets. They're nimble behind the counter and that means you get your liquids in a hurry. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere with a sense of well-being and comfort. Soft seating across from the bar. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **BLUE HILLS.** Eddie Cross has a new group of entertainers—The Kennedy Lee Trio with Bob and Jack. They make you think they're squares but they're really sharp as tacks. Between entertaining numbers by the trio, munch delicious barbecued dishes. A mighty fine dance floor and music continues from 6:30. Easy to find, too. Go to Troost and head south . . . can't miss. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Charming Juliette makes her piano-solovox talk of love and romantic places far away. You have to shake your head to realize she's right in the room with you. Owner D. T. Turner serves food along with his drink and excellent entertainment. And just to make certain you go away happy, they show old-time films above the bar. If you get bored on Sundays, go on over to the Broadway Interlude at midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Good old Alma. We say that every month because she has grown into an institution. The Navy established a beachhead at the bar during the war and talked Alma into learning their ditties—or did she teach them to the Navy? Anyway, she can play anything you know, and that means anything. Dinner salads and steaks served between liberal portions of Alma's music. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** Delicious chicken, barbecue, and a variety of sandwiches at pre-war prices. There are a host of attractions at this cleverly decorated English style inn. A bar, spacious dance floor, and the juke box jive add to an evening of food and fun. Swope Park car right to the door if you don't feel like driving. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA 9699.



★ **CROWN ROOM.** Want a drink on Joe Nauser? Drop in from two to five in the afternoon. Joe'll give you a free one every time the bell rings. Sip your drink and contemplate the life-size Varga girls that beckon from the walls. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ **DUFFEY'S TAVERN.** Joe Hamm has a nice barbecue pit but he'd much rather sing you a song. The place is big, noisy, a little untidy and lots of fun. Little Buck will sing for your supper or his—either way you want it. Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There's a nostalgic quality about Eddie Harris and the rest of the songsters as they break into old favorites from time to time. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ **LA FIESTA BALLROOM.** Beautifully decorated with a brand new bandstand, you'll always find the place full of genuine dance enthusiasts. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday at La Fiesta there's an Old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management. Old Time Matinee Dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

★ **MARY'S.** Name bands are a regular feature here. Thornhill and others of his class often stop for a night or two at Mary's on their way across the country. The newly decorated dance mecca is now inside the city limits and observes the city closing laws. But that doesn't mean you can't have plenty of fun before 1:30 a.m. Mixed drinks are now available and there's a new cocktail lounge, too. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ **MILTON'S TAPROOM.** Julia Lee is the reason Milt stays happy. She has "cut" for Decca at least a dozen times and every series is a national hit. Ask Julia why she doesn't go to New York and the answer is, "I like it here!" We're glad she likes it here because the gal plays one of the best pianos in the game. That throaty warble of hers lends just the right touch, too. Look at caricatures of celebs on the walls while sipping your rum 'n' coke. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ **NEW ORLEANS ROOM.** Dave Mitchell's newest spot. It's hidden away on Wyandotte but look and you can find it. The bar is long enough

to skate on but dancing is more fun—to the strains of Howard Parker's piano and band. The decor is a bit of N. O. and the drinks are southernly satisfying. Easy parking right next door. On Wyandotte, just north of 12th St. GR 9207.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Small, cute and cozy. This diminutive cocktail room is filled with inebriated pachyderms of a pink hue. They dance and cavort above the bar. They seem to move after a couple of the stiff drinks they serve in there, anyway. Charlie Chaplin performs at one end of the room periodically. Talk to the guy next to you, or he'll talk to you! Very friendly place. Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th Street. GR 5310.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Stubb serves good barbecue and drinks but all people remember when they leave is Jeannie Leitt and her clever ditties. She is a born entertainer and displays all the tricks of the trade in a highly satisfactory manner. The girl is darn good. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Busiest place on the busiest corner in town. Eat your lunch and listen to the top ten by remote from the Cabana. Latest news accompanies your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** The Milleman-Gilbert trade mark is on the food. Hattie Carnegie and others are the trade marks attached to coats slung over the backs of chairs. This 24-hour-a-day restaurant is the air traveler's hangout. "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople are all eager customers. You don't need a pair of silver wings to get in here but the place is full of 'em. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** The name belies the fare. It's as varied as the hats at a style show. Kreplock to borscht—it's all there. We



like the tall green water bottles because they do something to the water. We also like genial Martin Weiss and his helpers. They do a swell job of making you gastronomically happy. Waddle up the stairs to the El Bolero for an apertif or, if you're the manly type, a slug of rye. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ **BARREL BUFFET.** The Accurso brothers' newly decorated bar and restaurant specializes in scrumptious barbecued ribs. A good-looking bar is set off by little wine kegs placed on a shelf above the barkeep's noggin. Beef, pork and ham sandwiches are always on the menu but if you're really hungry try one of those sizzling steaks! Not seen often these days is an immaculate, post-war stainless steel kitchen boasting the latest culinary gadgets. The place is air-conditioned, too. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ **BILL'S LUNCH.** A tiny diner hidden away at the corner of the Scarritt Building. Bill, Elaine, Martha and Linda—yes, sometimes they all crowd behind the counter at the same time, greet you by name and even memorize your standing order. Coffee, 'burgers and chili. Scarritt Building.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A quiet, dignified dining room which is just the place for that Sunday, family dinner. Prices are very reasonable and the service is courteous and efficient. Try the Brookside next Sunday or on a week night, if you prefer. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** A cozy spot tucked in the side of a big stone building on 10th Street. Yvonne Morgan plays on her piano and also on your heart strings. The noon day luncheons are a treat to tummy and purse. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant cocktail lounge and restaurant on the Brookside Plaza. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th Street. VI 4352.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Glenn will show you the daily invoices to prove that his sea food is absolutely fresh. You don't need the proof because it's in the eating. The already immaculate place just got a new coat of paint and they're open again for business. They're just as popular on other days of the week as they are on Fridays, and you can have your oyster stew any way you want it—milk, half-and-half, or all cream! Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** It's hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmh—those meatballs and spaghetti! Hie yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It's a cinch you won't leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ **BISMARCK BAR AND GRILL.** You'll be right at home if you're a lawyer, real estate man, banker or radio announcer. Those guys are all over the place. They're choosy about their food, too, and Kimber sees to it that they get the best. 9th & Walnut. GR 2680.

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

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

★ **POOR MAN'S KANSAS CITY CLUB.** George Coleman and Stan McCollum, assisted by a mighty fine chef named Eddie, operate a cute little place on the northwest corner of 11th and Wyandotte. Former field artilleryman McCollum has a rare dish called "Filet of New Deal" consisting of two aspirins and coffee! They have an authentic mahogany bar salvaged from the 1904 World's Fair.

★ **STROUD'S.** Helen Stroud is the prettiest restaurant owner in town. She and Brother Roy are full of fun and the chicken is excellent. Roy is strictly a character . . . he has the little drawers behind the bar filled with lighter fluid, pliers and anything else you might need. Don't let that ugly old viaduct cause you to miss the place out on 85th and Troost. JA 9500.

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

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** Suave, continental Rene' meets you at the door. Somehow he sets the tone of this smart room that features the polished music of Bill Snyder and drink-mixing deftness of head barman Tony Cordero. There's no cover nor minimum, even at the Saturday afternoon dansant, when luncheons are as low as 65 cents. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** A big red drum marks the entrance but we always have more fun going through the hotel lobby because of those doors—they open at the flick of an electric eye. There's a circular bar presided over by Harding and Gordon. Down a flight of steps is Bea Vera's music and Winhold Reiss' murals. One buck minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Dee Peterson continues to draw the crowds with his dinner and dancing music and host Johnny Franklin provides the kind of service that makes you want to come back. The right place for a polite, pleasant evening. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Sophisticated, aristocratic, and beautifully decorated. Bill Bardo's music and the attentions of Gordon to make your evening complete. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Filled with rail travelers, but that doesn't mean Kansas Citians haven't found out about the delightful cocktail lounge and restaurant. Pioneer murals by Mildred Heire and strong drinks by Joe, Danny and Andy. The adjoining restaurant needs no description—it's Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.



ANSWERS TO COLLEGE QUIZ

- | | |
|-------|--------|
| 1. h. | 6. g. |
| 2. d. | 7. b. |
| 3. j. | 8. e. |
| 4. c. | 9. a. |
| 5. f. | 10. i. |

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Let's Face Figures!

Sales are up. In the past year, wholesale and retail sales in the Kansas City Marketland area showed these increases over 1945:

Retail lumber.... 22%

Retail goods..... 26%

Wholesale products 28%

Life insurance.... 52%

New buildings.. 80%

New residences..273%



HANG ONTO YOUR HAT!

That big March wind is blowing good news from Marketland. Even the bonnet-snatching breezes won't lift your lid any faster than a glance at last year's sales records for the Kansas City area. On every item, sales show an increase ranging from 22 to 273 percent. There's money in Marketland, and a tremendous buying potential! That's why wise advertisers are swinging to WHB in Kansas City. They know

that Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station effectively reaches the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar! . . . And here's more good news: this spring WHB will commence full-time operation on 710 kilocycles with 5000 watts power, continuing to serve both buyer and seller to best advantage. Air *your* message on WHB, and watch sales figures soar like kites on the golden winds of spring!

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

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