

NOVEMBER

1947

25¢

Swing





1. Johnny of Phillip Morris matches size with WHB's Bob Grinde, and takes the opportunity to "call for Community Chest Contributions.

2. Robert Merrill, baritone, star of opera, concert and radio, switches from Music Time to Air Time just long enough for a chat with WHB's listeners.

3. George K. Reeder, Southwestern representative of Part of Houston, listens as foreign trade expert A. Kelly expounds his theory that American exports are definitely not responsible for high prices.

4. Princess Ro Mere Darling, Pattawatamie Indian, tells the WHB Shopper, Sandra Lee, all about playing Cecil B. DeMille's extravaganza, *Unconquered*.

5. The WHB "Magic Carpet" did yeoman duty during the 1947 World Series. Parked strategically, it carried exclusive Mutual Network coverage to the ears of passersby.



foreword

WHEN Omar Khayyam wrote about the book of verses underneath a bough, the loaf of bread, the jug of wine, etc., life's simple pleasures were considerably less expensive than they are this season. There is still some singing in the wilderness, but the loaf of bread and the jug of wine or their equivalent come high. The only food that doesn't is food for thought, and that we have in plenty. We have the Marshall Plan to think about, and at the moment, Armistice Day and Thanksgiving. And inevitably all three are entwined. On the eleventh day of the eleventh month, a fresh wreath will lie at Arlington and children across the country will rise and solemnly recall the poppies that blow in Flanders Field. If this weary celebration of an outdated victory were not such a mockery, then that other November holiday would retain its meaning. But in spite of those who died early and in good faith, Armistice Day has lost its validity; and because of that, this year's thanks on Thanksgiving Day will go up qualified and cautious, escorted by a prayer for help. Because we did not make the first victory last, we have less to be thankful for this year — and we can't blame that on God. The whole sorry world could use some help, call it a Marshall Plan or what you will.

And so it follows logically that while the Thanksgiving table groans with food (it can, in America, yet) the diners will groan louder with the high cost of it. Perhaps those who are wisest will forego the bread and wine until a more appropriate day and learn to live on verses and a song beneath a bough.

Jetta

Swing

November, 1947 • Vol. 3 • No. 11

C O N T E N T S

ARTICLES

THE PAPER AGE.....	John E. Lewis	3
AS YOU WILL IT.....	Frank Gillio	7
THE LEATHERNECKS HAVE A BIRTHDAY.....	John C. Harvey	9
TALL CLUBS.....	Rosalind Lee	13
CANDY FROM KANSAS CITY.....	Rosemary Haward	17
BROADCASTERS OF TOMORROW.....	Bill Mall	21
THE FINAL BARB.....	Herbert L. Schon	25
NO MORE WOODEN NICKELS.....	David R. Kennedy	29
STUBBORN MAN.....	Favius Friedman	31
HEAVENLY CITY.....	Jetta Carleton	41
WHAT'S THE FUTURE?.....	Carmen McBride	45
BLIGHT OF THE BLUEBLOODS.....	Joseph N. Bell	49
ON WINGS OF WIND.....	Grier Lowry	53

DEPARTMENTS

NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES.....	2
MAN OF THE MONTH.....	37
THE SWING IN WORLD AFFAIRS.....	55
SWING SESSION.....	58
NEW YORK THEATRE.....	60
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL.....	62
CHICAGO LETTER.....	63
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	65
KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL.....	66

Editor

MORI GREINER

Art Editor

DON FITZGERALD

Business Manager

JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS



Contributing Editor: Jetta Carleton. *Associate Editors:* Rosemary Haward, Evelyn Nolt, Verna Dean Ferril, June Thompson. *Chicago Editor:* Norton Hughes Jonathan. *New York Editor:* Lucie Brion. *Humor Editor:* Tom Collins. *Music Editor:* Bob Kennedy. *Circulation Manager:* John T. Schilling. *Photography:* Hahn-Millard, Sol Studna, Johnny Fraser, Jr., Don Hibbard, Foto Service.

Art: Ewing Rankin, Don Fitzgerald, Frank Hensley, Rachael Weber, John Whalen, F. E. Warren, David Hunt.

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NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Loan Exhibitions: "War's Toll of Italian Art," photographs and restored works of art on exhibit through November 15; paintings by Franciasco Dosmantes, November 22 to December 29; a group of paintings by Karl Mattern.

Masterpiece of the Month: "The Enthroned Madonna and Child Between St. Francis and St. Thomas Aquinas."

Lectures: Every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series of lectures by Paul Gardner on "Italian Paintings." Admission free.

Drama . . .

(Music Hall)

Nov. 1, *The Fatal Weakness*, with Ina Claire.

Nov. 9, *Arms And The Man*, presented by Barter Theatre, matinee and evening.

Nov. 20-22, *State Of The Union*, with Kay Francis.

Nov. 27-29, *Voice Of The Turtle*.

Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Nov. 2, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Nov. 3, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Elementary School Students.

Nov. 4, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for High School Students.

Nov. 4, Jazz at The Philharmonic.

Nov. 7, Helen Traubel, soprano.

Nov. 11-12, Nathan Milstein, violinist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Nov. 16, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Nov. 17, Arthur Gold and Robert Fitzdale, duo pianists in concert.

Nov. 18, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for High School Students, with Eugene List, pianist.

Nov. 18, Eugene List, pianist.

Nov. 24, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Parochial School Pupils.

Nov. 24, Don Cossack Chorus.

Nov. 25-26, Jascha Spivakovsky, pianist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Nov. 30, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Special Events . . .

Nov. 3, William Lawrence, lecturer, Music Hall.

Nov. 8, Shrine Ceremonial, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Nov. 10, Film, *India — Land of Paradox*, with Dean Dickason, speaker, Little Theatre.

Nov. 10-16, Shrine Circus, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Nov. 29, Charity Ball, Young Women's Philharmonic Committee, Continental Room, Hotel Continental.

Ice Hockey . . .

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

Nov. 5, Houston.

Nov. 9, Tulsa.

Nov. 12, St. Paul

Nov. 16, Omaha.

Nov. 23, Fort Worth.

Nov. 26, St. Paul.

Nov. 30, Houston.

Basketball . . .

Nov. 26, Professional Tournament, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing . . .

Nov. 1, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Municipal Auditorium Arena. Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.

Nov. 1, Stan Kenton.

Nov. 12, 13, 16, Kenny Sargent.

Nov. 15, Ray McKinley.

Nov. 20, Harry James.

Nov. 27, Tony Pasteur.

Nov. 29, Sonny Dunham.

Wrestling . . .

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

Conventions . . .

Nov. 1-2, National Secretaries As-

sociation, Missouri State Convention, Hotel Continental.

Nov. 2-3, Heart of America Cosmetology Institute, Hotel Continental.

Nov. 2-4, Kansas City Shoe Show, Hotels Phillips, Aladdin and Muehlebach.

Nov. 5-7, Consumers Cooperative Association, Auditorium.

Nov. 9-11, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotels Muehlebach and Phillips.

Nov. 9-11, Women's League of the United Synagogues of America, Hotel Bellerive.

Nov. 12-14, Missouri Poultry Improvement Association, Hotel Continental.

Nov. 12-14, National Alumnae Association of Vassar College, Hotel Muehlebach.

Nov. 12-14, Missouri Municipal League, Hotel Phillips.

Nov. 13-15, Missouri Valley Chapter Radio Representatives, Hotel President.

Nov. 13-15, Stereotypers & Electrotypers Union Midwest Conference, Hotel Phillips.

Nov. 16-18, Heart of America Optometric Congress, Hotel President.

Nov. 16-18, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.

Nov. 17-18, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, Region VIII, Hotel Continental.

Nov. 19-20, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association, Hotel President.

Nov. 20-22, National Council Camp Fire Girls, Incorporated, Hotel Continental.

Nov. 20-22, American Federation of Grain Processors, Hotel Aladdin.

Nov. 21-23, Missouri State Credit Union and Missouri Credit Union League, Hotel President.

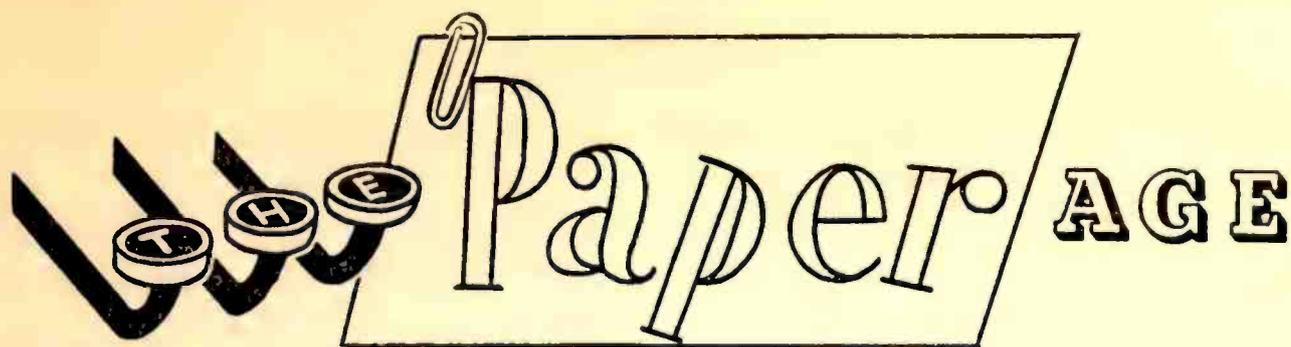
Nov. 24-25, National Cooperative Elevator Association, Hotel Phillips.

Nov. 27-28, Missouri Baptist Training Union.

Nov. 30, American Alumni Council, District VI.

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The title 'The Paper Age' is rendered in a stylized, hand-drawn font. The word 'The' is written in a cursive script, with the letters 'T', 'H', and 'E' each containing a coin. A paperclip is attached to the top of the letter 'P' in 'Paper'. The word 'Age' is written in a bold, blocky font. The entire title is enclosed in a rectangular frame that is slightly tilted.

Sure the atom is important, but what about paper?

by JOHN E. LEWIS

WHILE men split atoms to find their secret stores of energy, the humble piece of paper, often carelessly discarded in a nearby wastebasket, quietly continues to educate itself into the service of humankind, who seem bent on educating themselves into the service of the atom.

But if the atom provides energy for a new age, paper may well be the dominant material of that age, serving its turn along with stone, bronze and iron, as a medium from which the tools of living can be shaped. Paper and paper articles are steadily making themselves indispensable, not only to the businessmen of today, but to housewives and children. Inside the home, outside the home, paper becomes more important.

It is not too many years from now. John Doe, a man of the Paper Age, comes home from work, enters his paper house, greets his busy wife (the little paper doll he can call his own) who is wearing a neat paper apron and setting the paper covered table with serviceable paper dishes. John kisses his paper-clad children, takes off his heavy paper-soled shoes, slips his tired feet into paper slippers, gets settled in his favorite paper chair,

turns up the light in the paper lamp, and proceeds to scan the headlines of his evening paper.

The Paper Age is not just a lot of pulp. It has been predicted that within ten years, a paper house will be absolutely practical. Wallboard, one of the paper house materials already in use, is taking the place of lath and plaster. Paper bricks made of straw pulp, compressed, kiln dried, water-proofed and covered with a hard, elastic varnish, are being manufactured and successfully used. Lumber, too, has a substitute. Paper lumber, made of straw board, is treated with resin and other water-proofing, heated to 350 degrees Fahrenheit, and then put under hydraulic pressure. This lumber, three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, is hard and solid and can be cut with a saw and chisel. In time, this process will direct the manufacture of paper car wheels and paper ammunition.

Paper furniture is no longer relegated to the doll's house. It can be purchased at furniture shops in any of the larger cities. In appearance, paper furniture resembles the better class wicker and grass furniture. Because the average person, knowing

little about the new uses and durability of paper, would hesitate to invest his money in a chair or sofa made of such apparently fragile material, the trade name for paper furniture is "fibre." Every day more people are being convinced of the durability of "fibre" furniture.

The paper home is not without a rug. Paper rugs are almost as practical as paper furniture, and are being manufactured especially for bungalows and summer homes. The rugs wash without injury and can be dyed to match any color scheme.

Scrap baskets, baskets for fruit and flowers, picture frames, lamps, lamp shades and trays are just a few more examples of attractive and practical products of paper for the paper home.

Paper fabrics have invaded the modern kitchen. Food wrapped in parchment paper does not absorb odors. Chemically treated parchment paper affords perfect protection for dairy products, meats and fish. The paper dish cloth takes over the job of washing greasy pots and pans. Blankets of heavy paper keep ice from melting, but do not decrease refrigeration. Jelly protectors are simple and handy to use.

The paper plates of the new age won't look like the old picnic dishes at all. The new paper dishes are strong and waterproof. They are lightweight, the right shape and size, and are being used not only for outings, but to replace china dishes, especially during the summer when Mrs. Housewife is interested in decreasing her hours in the kitchen. Decorated sets are being made for luncheons and

parties, and complete pure white sets, ornamented with delicately colored bands or flowers, are appropriate for "everyday" use in serving family meals.

Paper blankets are another addition to the paper household of the modern woman. Nursery blankets and "didies" make less work for the nurse. Blankets of regulation size are practical for adults because they keep out cold air, yet are light and durable. Another paper household help is the chemically treated paper bed springs cover, protecting the springs from rust and wear. Being made of sulphite pulp, it also affords protection against germs, and in addition, is a powerful factor in keeping the chill air of winter from penetrating the mattresses of those who sleep with all the windows open.

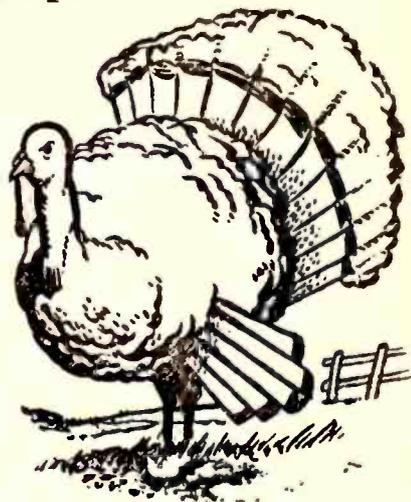
The mother of today worries herself and her children with constant commands about being careful not to tear clothes. The mother of tomorrow can forget such admonitions, for the use of paper extends to clothing and promises to be one way of bringing down the high cost of living. Already some paper garments are on the market. Other paper fabrics are still in the experimentation stage. Chamois fibre of long-fibred sulphite stock is being made into skirts, undervests and coats. It is impervious to air and a great protection even in extremely cold weather. Undergarments of soft, thin paper are being made for warm days. This fabric is white and resembles crepe. Almost the same material, but with a slightly heavier fibre, is being used to make aprons. They are moisture and grease absorbent, and so inexpensive they can

be discarded and replaced as often as desired.

Today when you buy a pair of shoes, you make sure not to purchase a pair with paper soles, and rightly so. But a new vulcanized paper sole is being tested that will last longer than leather and is absolutely waterproof. The paper sole will be another practical item for John Doe in the Paper Age. And although dressed in paper, John won't worry about being caught in the rain. Raincoats and inexpensive umbrellas, chemically waterproofed, are being manufactured right now and will be put on the market in a few months. Whether the day actually looks threatening or just undecided, the new waterproof coat can be rolled into a small bundle and carried without the least discomfort. The umbrellas will be so inexpensive they may be used as souvenirs—or given away to department store or restaurant customers in the event of a sudden shower. The old joke about the borrowed umbrella won't even be good as a radio gag when the Age of Paper comes into its own.

Paper handkerchiefs have found their way into hospitals. They are soft and impregnated with glycerine to impart flexibility and strength. If kept in a damp place they remain soft for months. While these paper handkerchiefs are not entirely practical for everyday use, they are especially desirable for hospital use because they are sanitary and inexpensive.

The outfit of the paper clad man is not complete without hat and socks. The hat will be made of thin, soft paper pulp. Trimmed with a ribbon



band, it will be much like the Panama in appearance, but much lighter and less expensive. The paper socks, perspiration-proof, are made of three thicknesses of paper impregnated with chrome, glue, starch, paste, and stearine, stuck together by passing through warm rollers, pressed and dried. Darning socks will become an activity of history.

Paper is the product of civilization. In the Paper Age—comfort will be the product of paper. Each day paper and new paper products become more important in every area of our society, bringing us closer to the Age of Paper—an age of lighter housekeeping duties and greater freedom from disease, an age when drudgery finally surrenders to comfort.

The atom offers us energy. Paper offers John Doe the material out of which he can create comfort, cleanliness and a lower cost of living.



The track coach found a husky freshman busily tossing the weight, with a tall white stake planted at least 30 feet beyond his longest throw.

"Is that your best one?" asked the coach.

"Gosh, no!" the lad replied. "That's the mark I've got to beat."

They'd Rather Be Right

IF YOU want to know what Monte Carlo was like in the Naughty Nineties, or the names of Santa's reindeer, Hollywood's research experts probably have the answer. Because they would rather be right, most film studios maintain staffs of expert mistake-catchers who spend long hours checking the accuracy of every picture you see.

Identifying Saint Nick's steeds was only one of the problems faced by Twentieth Century Fox's trim, white-haired guardian of accuracy, Mrs. Frances Richardson, during the shooting of *The Miracle on 34th Street*. Queried about the length of Santa's whip, Mrs. Richardson quickly replied, "Long enough to reach the farthest reindeer."

Splashy costume-dramas, like *Forever Amber*, always mean extra research for the studio experts. While the hour of a May sunset in London, which has changed since Amber's time, was quickly found in Whitaker's Almanac, other details of Restoration life, the period during which Amber supposedly lived and loved, were harder to find.

The Great Plague, which plays an important part in Amber's story, was reconstructed from Restoration author Daniel Defoe's vivid description of that calamity.

Screen mistakes, gleefully pointed out in fan letters, are the bane of any research department. Some slip by unnoticed, but others are purposely made to aid plot development. The highwayman who sports a branded thumb in *Amber* is one such "mistake." Although any captured Restoration road agent would have been promptly executed, the director allowed the bandit to escape with only a brand to add a colorful character to his production.

Many potentially embarrassing mistakes were caught by Mrs. Richardson's staff. The prop man who wanted to have gallons of hot water available when Amber's baby was born, was told that such sterilization practices were unknown to Restoration doctors. Cornel Wilde's vaccination scar was hastily covered when it was pointed out that no one was vaccinated in Amber's day.

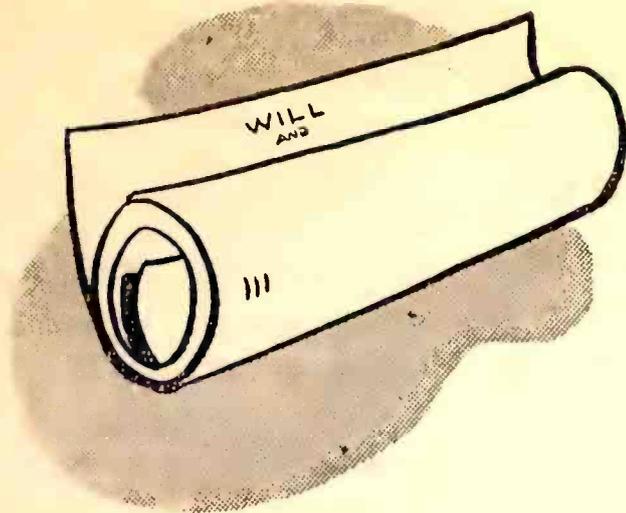
Slang meanings for words can cause trouble, too. One scene called for Richard Greene to tell his manservant to take down his bags. Discovering that "bags" is English slang for "trousers," the research department tactfully suggested substituting "baggage."

Frequently Hollywood outdoes itself in the cause of accuracy. The local glassblower who made authentic reproductions of crystal goblets for a banquet scene, told the researchers that the crystal he used was "better than anything Charles II ever saw." The researchers were also ordered to costume authentically a land of carolers who, although heard, never actually appear in the picture.

The chore of answering all kinds of strange questions on a few hours' notice has made studio researchers avid hoarders of odds and ends. Paramount has a unique collection of plates showing all types of bridal gowns. Most studios maintain a file of auto license plates for all states and years, and a 1903 Sears Roebuck catalog is the best source of background information for any picture laid in that era.

The richest reward for any research department is praise from a studio visitor who knows the Real Thing at first hand. Recently a group of researchers nervously watched a man from Boston step onto a set for a new picture laid in that city. They quickly relaxed, however, when the visitor, looking incredulously about him, smiled and shouted: "At last! I am home on Beacon Street."

AS YOU WILL IT



*Follow the letter of the law,
or others will live to regret it!*

by FRANK GILLIO

MAKING a will is no guarantee that your wishes will ever be carried out. Every day, many, many wills are rejected by courts, because their makers have slipped up in some unexpected manner.

Failing to follow the exact letter of the law is an all too common reason for wills being refused. The law is particularly strict when it comes to making your will. Not having the proper number of witnesses, or signing your will before the witnesses arrive, inevitably causes trouble.

Mistakes in wills are common, but, unfortunately, final. Even though the evidence is clear that while you said one thing, you really meant something else, the law cannot correct your mistake.

If your plan for distributing your property violates the law, or is against "public policy," the law will not approve of it, and your entire will may fail. An error made by one-time presidential candidate Samuel J. Tilden

cost charity \$4,000,000. Tilden drew up his own will ordering certain-named trustees to form a corporation to distribute his charitable bequests. What Tilden overlooked was that trustees were not allowed to form corporations in his day.

Cutting off an unpopular relative is a hazard which many wills fail to survive. Merely leaving such a person out of your will may not be enough. Many states allow close relatives to share in the estate even though they were omitted from the will.

One of the older bits of misinformation about wills is the popular belief that you must leave at least one dollar to the person cut off. Wills mentioning the person, and adding that the maker does not want this party to benefit, have been upheld by many states.

Wills often cancel themselves out because they are not kept up to date. Marrying or having children may mean automatic changes in your will. In some states both your wife and children may take part of your estate at the expense of those named in your will unless provision is made for them, or they are definitely barred. This policy insures them a means of support.

Carelessly chosen witnesses cause trouble. One who benefits by the will does not make a good witness. Some states deny such a witness his share of the estate because it is possible that

a person who is both witness and beneficiary persuaded the maker of the will to include him. The executor, the person named in the will to carry out the maker's instructions after his death, cannot be a witness in many states. Usually the best witness is one who has no interest in the will, and whose testimony concerning it would be believed.

Some states limit the amount of property which can be left to charity, and others require that such a will must have been made a certain number of days before the maker's death. Both of these curbs are designed to discourage hastily made wills which may rob relatives of necessary support.

Naming a "second-choice" might have saved many wills. If the person who is to benefit should die before you, your will may fail because there is no one else eligible to take your property.

Dabbling with your will once it is finished is always dangerous. Striking out certain parts and adding others invites trouble. Making changes is meaningless unless the law of your state is carefully followed.

Too few people make their wishes known in simple, understandable language. Although the law must carry out your wishes, often they are so poorly expressed that no judge could fathom their meaning. Simple wills frequently are the most effective. One will, consisting of exactly two lines, completely disposed of a \$70,000,000

fortune left by railroad pioneer Edward Harriman.

Almost every will made today must be in writing to lessen the chances for fraud. Oral wills, however, are still acceptable in a few cases. Some states allow a serviceman on active duty, and in imminent danger of being killed, to tell a friend to whom he wants a certain amount of his property given. Other states allow a civilian who is fatally injured in an accident, and who dies the same day, to make a similar oral will.

Now that wills need no longer be drawn up in any particular legal form, some strange ones are offered for probate. One, written in the sweatband of an old hat, was accepted, as was another written in an eggshell. Recently a New Jersey court approved a will written entirely in verse.

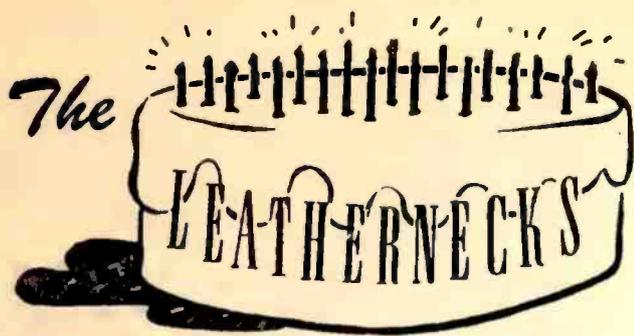
"All my earthly goods I have in store
To my dear wife I leave forever more;
I freely give—no limit do I fix.
This is my will, and she the executrix."

However you prepare your will, be careful! it may affect the lives of many people. Almost 400 years after a wealthy English merchant, Sir Thomas White, made his will; "young men of good character" are still receiving business loans from a fund provided for in this former Lord Mayor of London's will.

Drawing up your will cautiously now may save your family and friends added grief and trouble in the future, and insure the distribution of your property "as you will it."



Indicative of the times is the answer sent by one skilful entrant in a newspaper contest. On the subject, "What I Want In My Post War House," he sent in one well-chosen word, "Me!"



Have A BIRTHDAY

Meet the United States Marines, colorful veterans of wars, revolutions and foreign uprisings for 172 adventurous years.

by JOHN HARVEY

ON GUADALCANAL, jungle grass covers the shell scars on Raider's Ridge. On Tarawa, only the roaring trade winds break the silence over reef and deserted airstrip. And on Saipan and all the other half-forgotten islands of the Pacific, jungle growth and driving tropical rains fast are erasing the last traces of World War II.

But on November 10, United States Marines, wherever they may be, in stateside barracks, on capital ships of the fleet, or on far-off outposts, will mark the 172nd anniversary of their famed Corps and vividly recall names like Pelelieu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa — names which have now joined Tripoli, Chapultepec and Belleau Wood in Marine tradition.

It's a long way back to the days of flintlock rifles and tall leather collars, but the story of the "Leathernecks" begins in Philadelphia on the 10th of November, 1775, when the Continental Congress authorized Ma-

yor Samuel Nicholas to recruit two battalions of Marines.

In addition to the usual requirements for infantry of that day, the Major wanted men "who are good seamen and so acquainted with maritime affairs as to serve to advantage by sea when required."

And so, ever since 1775, the United States Marines have been doing just that—serving on land and "by sea when required" through the Nation's seven major wars and numerous "undeclared" smaller wars. Under international law, Marines are permitted to land on foreign soil to restore order and protect American lives when such action by the regular Army and Navy would be an act of war. So when there's an uprising, a revolution or disorder, it's always the Marines who land to bring the situation under control.

American Marines were known even in Colonial days, as early as 1740, and were patterned after the British Royal Marines. Those early Marines took part in the campaigns against the French and Indians and in the expeditions to Acadia, Louisburg and Quebec.

But after their official organization by the Continental Congress, the American Marines saw their first amphibious operation. That was during the Revolutionary War, when a fledgling United States Navy put

them ashore at New Providence in the Bahamas. There they captured British forts, stores and a supply of powder badly needed by the Revolutionary army.

Out of this first amphibious landing, later generations of Marines developed their own deadly specialty—the beach assault against an entrenched and heavily armed enemy ashore. Prior to World War II, the Marine Corps successfully carried out more than 160 of these ship-to-shore assaults.

On land in the Revolution, other Marines fought with Washington at Princeton and later engagements; but after peace with Britain, the Marine Corps was allowed to decline until a short naval war with France from 1799 to 1801 established the sea power of the United States.

During the war with the Barbary pirates in Tripoli in 1805, Marines served on board the ships of the Navy as well as on land. At this time a small detachment of Marines under Lt. P. N. O'Bannon wrote an unforgettable chapter in Marine Corps history when they marched 600 miles across the North African desert to take the stronghold of Derne from the rear in a coordinated land and naval assault.

In the War of 1812, Marines were again serving on land and sea, and participated in the memorable battle between the U. S. S. Constitution and the British man-of-war, H.M.S. Guerriere. In this sea engagement, the commander of the Marine detachment, Lt. Bush, was killed while repelling boarders before the victory

was finally won. On land, Marines fought from Bladensburg in the north to the Battle of New Orleans on the Gulf under Andrew Jackson.

Although history books record the years between the War of 1812 and the Mexican War as years of peace for the nation, they were anything but peaceful for Marines. In this period they fought Indians in Georgia and Florida and took part in the South Seas expeditions to Quella Battoo, Sumatra and the Fijis.

War with Mexico in 1845 again found the Marines in the thick of the action. On the West Coast of the American continent, Marines helped capture Monterrey, Yerba Buena (San Francisco) and Mazatlan. On the Gulf Coast, Marines were in on the capture of Vera Cruz and went with General Scott to Mexico City. Here they took part in the storming of Chapultepec and fought their way through the Grand Plaza to the "Halls of the Montezumas," now commemorated in the opening words of the Marine Hymn.

It was after the Mexican War that the Marines first met their future enemies, the Japanese, but the encounter was a relatively peaceful one. It was in 1853-54 when they accompanied Commodore Perry on his cruise to Japan.

In the Civil War, the role of the Marines was generally limited to service with the Navy, although Marines participated in the first battle of Bull Run, a night attack on Fort Sumter in 1863, and the capture of New Orleans.

The year 1867 found Marines on

their way to Formosa, where they remained until 1870. In 1868 other detachments were sent to Korea to aid in maintaining order there during local disturbances.

The Spanish-American War was an important milestone in Marine



amphibious tactics, for it was then that the Marines made use of a specially trained landing force to take and hold an objective. At Guantánamo, Cuba, a carefully rehearsed battalion captured and held the city against counterattacks by 6,000 Spanish troops.

China, often called the Marines' second home, first saw the Corps in action during the Boxer rebellion when Marines were landed from ships and rushed inland to help defend the Legation Quarter of Peking. Another regiment took part in the relief expedition from Taku to Peking. From 1905 until World War II, Marines were continuously on duty in some part of China. In the Orient where the white man has "face" to maintain, Marines were selected from among the nation's crack troops and given the coveted task of guarding the American Embassy and Legation in Peking.

In 1900, Marines and Army troops fought insurrection together in the Philippines and in 1903 Marines were sent to Santo Domingo and Korea. The latter year also saw the Marines in action on the Isthmus of Panama. In 1906 Marines were back in Cuba, this time with four battalions with which to restore order.

It was in the minor wars and upheavals of this period when Marines were given the job of restoring peace and quiet that the naval communique, "Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand," became a classic. Again and again this sentence was used to signify the end of civil disorder in far-off and little-known parts of the world.

In World War I, the Fourth Marine Brigade distinguished itself at the battles of Belleau Wood, Aisne-Marne, St. Mihiel and on through their last engagement near Rheims in October, 1918.

Thereafter, Marines were given the job of guarding the United States mail after a series of daring robberies, and were sent overseas to put down disorders in Haiti, Nicaragua, and China. In 1927 the first step toward a modern amphibious striking force was begun when the Fleet Marine Force was established; and by World War II, the Marine Corps was prepared to take the lead in the Pacific offensives.

In August, 1942, Marines made good their boast of being "first to fight," when the First Marine Division invaded a little known island called Guadalcanal and opened the first American offensive of the war.

After six months of malaria, mud and sudden death from sniper's bullets, the Japanese forces were split up and destroyed and the journey up the Pacific began.

After Guadalcanal came Rendova-Munda followed by Bougainville and Tarawa. It was at Tarawa that Marines established the bloody pattern of conquest for the Pacific Islands—a furious naval bombardment and desperate frontal assault by wave after wave of Marines in landing craft. One thousand twenty-six Marines died there, on the narrow sand beach of Betio Island.

After Tarawa, other Marines carried the amphibious war to Cape Gloucester in New Britain, Roi-Namur and Eniwetok in the Marshalls, and finally to Saipan and Guam to gain bomber strips within flying range of Tokyo. And in the fall of 1944, the taking of Pelelieu opened the southern route to the Philippines for General Douglas MacArthur.

Then in February of 1945 came the "toughest fight in Marine Corps history," the assault on Iwo Jima, eight square miles of shifting black sands and barren rock. On this tiny island, only five miles long, three entire divisions of Marines were required to blast the Japanese out of miles of caves and tunnels.

Even before the battle was over on Iwo Jima, far to the south loaded Marine troopships were moving up from the Solomons. And on April 1, 1945, two divisions of Marines and two divisions of Army troops landed on the is-

land of Okinawa in what was to be the final battle of World War II. When the island was finally conquered after two and one-half months of hard fighting, a base was obtained for the grand assault on the Japanese homeland itself.

But the atomic bomb changed the entire course of the war, and by early September, 1945, the Japanese had surrendered in Tokyo Bay. However, the Marines' task was not yet over. Almost before the ink was dry on the surrender documents, Marines were on the move again, this time back to North China, after an absence of four years, to occupy key cities and disarm the Japanese.

Disarming the now meek and obedient Nipponese was only a minor part of this new assignment, for revolution suddenly flared in China and once again the Marines found themselves in the middle of a shooting war. By early 1947, however, their mission was accomplished and the Marines were recalled to the United States and American territory, leaving only small detachments to instruct Chinese troops.

And so today, after 172 years of wars, expeditions and assault landings, the United States Marines are once more at peace but ready still for the day when new disorders and revolutions may come to a troubled world. And if that day should come, chances are you'll open your morning paper and read, under some foreign dateline, the old familiar story, "Marines have landed and the situation is well in hand."



Folks whose heads are in the clouds have as much fun as anybody.



TALL Clubs

by ROSALIND LEE

IF you are a girl five-feet-ten in height or taller, the chances are you look down on most of your dance partners. If you tower six-feet-three or four in your bobby-sox, it's the rare male who tops you. Statistics indicate that more unusually tall girls are growing up in America than ever before. They are becoming less unusual.

A really tall girl feels awkward in the ordinary crowd, however. Often she assumes a slouching posture, in order to seem less tall, and this of course makes her look awkward. She is always hunting for a place to sit down, so she won't feel conspicuous, and she has a hard time buying clothes that fit well and are becoming. Since she makes the average man look sawed-off, he is likely to shy away from her, and she gets in the habit of staying at home and growing more self-conscious.

Men who are much above normal height are sensitive, too, as a rule, and their social problems are similar to those of the extra-tall girls. But these problems are being solved by clubs that tall young people are starting all over the country. Only tall people can belong, and the members get together, forget about their height, and have wonderful times.

Back in 1938 a group in Los Angeles started what seems to have been the first tall club for both sexes. Two men who were six-feet-four and a young woman who was six-feet met at a party and felt so much at home with each other that they decided to round up other tall folk and do something about it. They thought they would not find many as tall as themselves. But in a few weeks of scouting they had 28 prospective members for a club they decided to call the Tip Toppers.

They agreed on a minimum height of six feet for the girls and six-feet-four for the men, with ages between 18 and 35. An altitude of seven feet was the limit.

In nine years this club has grown to a membership of more than a hundred. Other clubs, some of them inspired by the Tip Toppers and some developing independently, have sprung up and include organizations in Kansas City, Omaha, New York, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Houston, and points between. It is impossible to keep up with all the new groups as they pop up here and there and start functioning merrily. By now the idea may be world-wide. There is talk of forming a national

organization in the United States, eventually.

The Tip Toppers publish a club paper, the Tip Top Pix, which is



mailed to all members. It prints club news, lots of snap shots, and information about tall people in general. Club members meet every week, have dinners, dances, picnics, theatre parties, fish-fries and other shindigs where a good time is had by all, since nobody feels conspicuously different. A big Christmas dinner and membership dinners are established traditions.

Some 40 couples in the Los Angeles group have married since the club was formed, and there are more than 20 children, ranging downward from six years old. Every youngster is tall for its age, "a real Tip Topper," say the parents proudly, forgetting that they once were shy and uncomfortable about being too tall. What is too tall? The Tip Toppers have made the question a challenge. And the outsider is prone to speculate about a possible tribe of young giants growing up in the tall clubs of the U.S.A.

In most of the groups, a member

is dropped automatically if he or she marries "small fry"—a wife or a husband under the club minimum height for membership. The height varies, as do other conditions and requirements, in the various clubs.

The main purpose, of course, is to get tall people together to enjoy themselves and work out their special and often annoying problems, to overcome the self-consciousness and timidity felt by nearly everyone who is much above average height. Instead of feeling lonely and different, these tall-clubbers are now having the time of their lives with congenial associates. And when they travel, they find welcoming groups of fellow Tip Toppers, Higher-Ups, or other tall pals who are ready-made friends in the chief cities across the country.

The Sky-Liners of Kansas City have earned a reputation as royal entertainers. Often they stage a special party or banquet for a visiting fellow club member. They are interested, too, in encouraging the manufacture of suitable clothes for tall people and also of longer beds and more ample couches and chairs. They know from experience that getting along with undersized clothing and furniture definitely cramps one's style. Keeping properly shod may be difficult if you happen to wear a number 14 shoe.

Most of the men have their clothes made to order, which is expensive and bothersome. Suppose a guy is an automobile mechanic. Buying overalls that function as they should is practically impossible. So what? He maybe has to hunt up a kindhearted tailor and have them custom-made!

Many of the club women make their own dresses. But they like to wear ready-made coats and suits, and these are often hard to find in tall and properly-proportioned sizes. Due largely to the efforts of tall clubs, special shops, such as the one in Beverly Hills called "Tall and Tailored," are being operated. "Taller modes" are featured by some of the department stores at moderate prices.

Tall girls like soft, feminine suits, according to a tall-club woman. Some of them, naturally, cannot afford to pay too much. But the stiff, mannish type of suit, coat or dress emphasizes the tallness of the wearer and makes her awkward and conspicuous. The soft, dress-maker suit reduces her height.

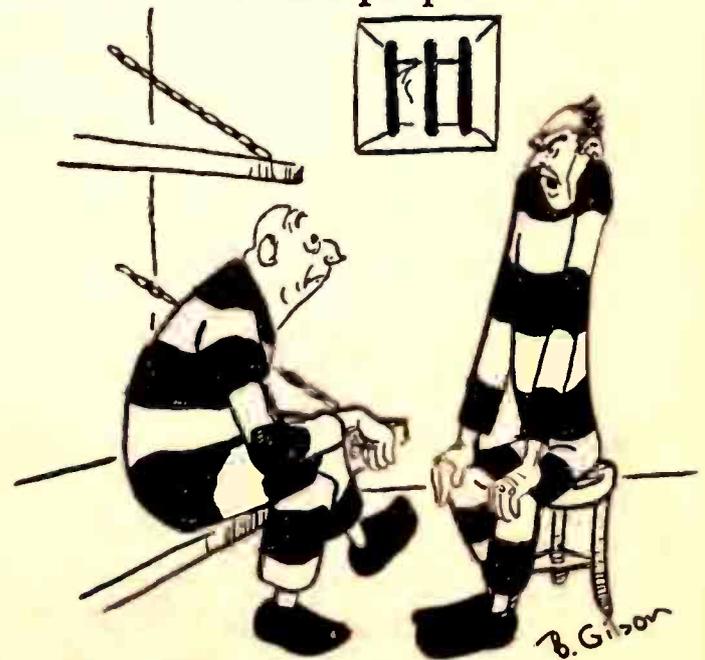
Costume parties are fun for the tall clubs. Staging an old-timers dance at the Dollar Saloon of the famous Knott Berry Place, the Los Angeles Tip Toppers danced square dances with vim, though their heads barely cleared the ceiling. Incidentally, 40 men and women of the Los Angeles group are World War II veterans.

Typical of the smaller clubs are the Nebraska Stardusters, of Omaha, with approximately 40 members. A young lady there read an article about the Tip Toppers of California and decided that it would be a good idea to start a similar club in her home town, Omaha. At the first meeting it was discovered that there were not enough people in town stretching high enough to permit use of the name Tip Toppers. But the tall ones persisted in plans to organize a club of their own. They finally decided to lower the

height minimum to five-feet-ten for girls and six-feet-two for boys, with an age limit of 18 to 38. They chose "Star Dust" as a club song and called themselves, appropriately enough, the Stardusters. Their tallest girl is six-feet-two and the tallest man six-feet-eight.

The Stardusters do a lot of bowling, dancing and picnicking. Their prime function is purely social, having fun. They go in a body to night baseball games, wrestling matches, and shows. The club was started in 1940, and four couples from the membership have married.

Theatre seats that can be pulled out long and pushed back out of the way when unoccupied are a welcome invention for the general public which came about through the agitation of tall club members. The campaign for taller sizes in ready-to-wear clothing is gaining momentum all over the country. But the most important results are a conquest of self-consciousness, and still more and better entertainment for tall people.

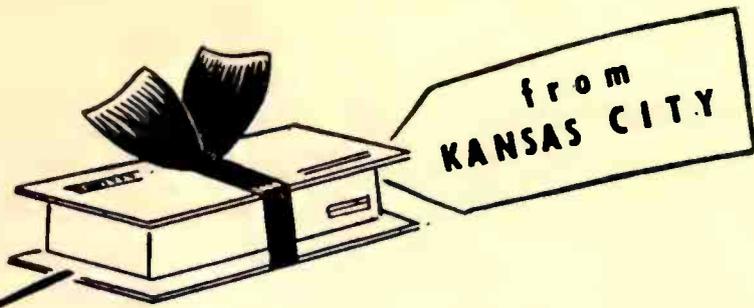


"Mister 13472 to you!"



*“How did I know what you meant
when you asked for a blind date?”*

Candy



by ROSEMARY HAWARD

AROUND of Kansas City sweet shops discloses that 35 percent of the customers are men, the remaining 65 percent, women and children; that paradoxically, 65 percent of the candy is bought by the sterner sex, the remaining 35 percent by you-know-who. But whether you're man, woman or child—unless you're on a diet, need a trip to the dentist or are a diabetic—chances are you're one of the many Americans who contribute \$687,000,000 to the candy industry each year. \$687,000,000! That's a lot of Tootsie Rolls, tootsie, anyway you look at it!

Candymaking is Kansas City's fourth largest industry, and is also fourth largest of the nation's food industries. An important advertiser, the candy industry relies on the *food* theme, rather than the *sweets*, to win friends and influence people. Candy is a rich, nutritious food. Candy is a quick energy food. Candy is healthful for growing children. And whoever makes such maligning statements as "reach for a smoke instead of a sweet" is liable for lawsuits.

In the national candy picture, Kansas City takes its place in the North Central Region division, one of five which blanket the country. In the last survey of the United States

Market for Confection, the Department of Commerce listed this North Central Region as producing 1,320,000,000 of a national total of 2,519,000,000 pounds, more than any one region. This survey was taken in 1942, and the industry has been expanding like bubble gum since.

Kansas City confectioners received a twofold "go ahead" signal when recent freight rate adjustments were made. On the one hand, a lower rate allowed local manufacturers to ship to the Southwest. On the other, the new basing rate permitted on corn syrup shipped from Chicago to Kansas City made the supply of this important candy ingredient greater than ever before. Previously, corn syrup had been sold on the Chicago corn market base. But now it can be made and shipped practically as cheap from Kansas City as from Chicago, the city which has always held the title of the candy-champ center of the industry.

Some dozen candy makers ply their trade in Greater Kansas City, many of whom supply nationally. The majority of these produce sweets to be sold by the pound, though a few manufacture bars that retail at five cents (six cents, if inflation has hit your private supplier). It seems as though the good old days of the

one cent lollypops and licorice whips are fast disappearing. No more does juvenility take its loaf of bread and sack of wineballs beneath a tree. Nowadays, the pint-size plutocrats order up the more expensive bars. And adults, too, account perhaps for the fact that half the candy sold in Kansas City and throughout the country is comprised of nickel bars. Another fifth, incidentally, is hard candies—an inclusive term also covering gums, jellies and other plain confections.

Perhaps the most widely publicized candy manufacturer in the district is the Cinderella concern founded by Mr. and Mrs. Russell Stover. Theirs is a home-sweet-home story literally, since the company began in the kitchen of the Stover's Denver bungalow. With the transference of Stover's business headquarters to Kansas City in 1930, there began an expansion of stores and partner businesses throughout the country. Now the Stover enterprise employs over 200 people in the offices and four stores in Kansas City and some 300 more in various other cities. Recently a store was opened in New York City and plans are laid to inaugurate two additional ones in Washington, D. C., and Birmingham, Alabama.

The Russell Stover Candy Company follows the example originated by Martha Washington candies years ago, namely, to operate as a manufacturing retailer of home-made-style candies. Ask the Stovers to account for the phenomenal success of their business and they will credit two factors: consistently good, high quality products and the prominent loca-

tion of their stores. The candy industry gives more personal credit, however, to the originator of the business, having two years ago awarded him their prized Oscar, "The Kettle," for his service to the industry.

Although there are about 5,000 candy products manufactured by the industry as a whole, Stover's limits its output to approximately 60 of these. The experimental laboratories of the company are constantly looking for new ways to improve the product and have developed, among other things, a dipping table to maintain a constant temperature of the chocolate while being processed. One problem, not obvious to the rank amateur, with which they have to deal, is to have a product not too rich. Instead, they strive constantly to develop the happy medium so that the consumer always wants to reach for another. Conniving, you call it? Good business, Stover's calls it.

The Price Candy Company, founded by Charles H. Price, began as a



rented concession in a Kansas City department store. Now it operates candy factories and retail units in 14 cities, including New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Jacksonville,

New Orleans, Milwaukee, Dallas and Kansas City. The general offices are still maintained in Kansas City along with the sole combination restaurant-grill-bar-candy store of the chain. Candy and tea room concessions are held by Price's in department stores of 13 cities.

The candy company started by Charles Price in 1913 has paid off considerable dividends since, having a nine million dollar volume in the past year. The range of candy manufactured is still limited, for the most part, to hand dipped chocolates and homemade candies. The Price people point with pride to the fact that, despite the tremendous volume of business, their candy is still made in small batches in their kitchens to retain the homemade quality.

The Sunshine Biscuit Company, one of the nation's largest confection manufacturers, had its beginning in Kansas City under the name of the Loose-Wiles* Biscuit Company. The company was co-founded by Kansas City philanthropist, Jacob Leander Loose, "the cracker king." Although the company has since changed both its title and general office location, a large plant continues to operate in Kansas City, producing, along with innumerable baked products, several varieties of candy.

Construction is now underway on a new Sunshine Biscuit Company plant in the Fairfax Industrial district, Kansas City, Kansas. The three million dollar plant will mark one of

the final phases of the company's nine-year expansion plan.

As a sidelight to the change of name from Loose-Wiles to Sunshine, it might be mentioned that the operation took a year. It meant running down stockholders in 48 states, explaining the whys and wherefores of the change to them, recalling old stock and issuing new, changing signs, stationery and uniforms in plants throughout the country. One official remarked that, "with a lot of careful planning the cost (of the name change) was kept under \$100,000." Moral of the story: don't change names in the middle of the stream.

The Sifers Confection Company, in association with the Donaldson Candy Company, favors the five-cent candy bar as a means of livelihood. It distributes its single product, the Valomilk, in 25 Midwestern states and anticipates expansion in the near future.

Other major candy manufacturers in Kansas City are the Dye Candy Company, Hill Candy Company, Missouri Candy Company and the Crane Chocolate Company.

As long as people continue to eat more candy each year, as they have been doing for the past two decades, the candy business will prosper proportionately. Whereas the average consumption now is about 20 pounds per person per year, the trade authorities all agree that this figure will rise sharply in the next few years. New outlets may be responsible in part for increased consumption. This was proved beyond doubt when the chain store entered the retail picture in 1927. Between that date and 1944,

*Once nominated by The New Yorker as the most salacious title of any American industry.

through modern merchandising practices, this group's sales increased up to 21 percent. The vending machine as a means of distributing candy also does its bit in spreading the good word. Four percent of all candy manufactured in the United States is sold through vending machines. In this statistical parade comes one important reversal of the onward and upward trend. Between 1927 and 1939, there was a 67 percent decline in fancy package goods selling at one dollar or more. Although these

figures have swung back considerably in the past eight years, it's still apparent that the consumer doesn't, as a rule, want to pay more than a dollar for the sweets he's giving his sweet.

General predictions for the national candy output in 1947 reach well past the three billion pound mark. Kansas City, as an important center of the industry, will contribute its full share to this quota. So from both the consumer and producer viewpoints, brother, it seems that candy is dandy!

Black Magic Brought to Light

AT Lake Success, where the United Nations General Assembly meets, a series of six low-powered, very high frequency transmitters continually broadcast translations of the proceedings in six different languages (one the original speech). Delegates carry small receivers having a working range of about 200 yards, and thus they can wander around at will, and hear the speech being delivered, in their own language.



Radio direction finding, first used by ships at sea, and later by airplanes on long overwater flights, is now serving us in a different and rather startling way. Scientists use radio direction finding equipment to track the path of thunderstorms. Several such stations in communication with each other can plot the path of a thunderstorm none of them can see or hear. The new science is called "spherics."



New electronic timing devices can measure the time difference between the occurrence of two distinct events with an accuracy of one part in 10 billion. That's a one followed by ten ciphers.



New 20,000,000 volt x-ray machines penetrate steel sections two feet thick, and show up tiny flaws in the metal no larger than the head of a common pin.



Infra-red equipment enabling our armed services to see great distances on pitch black nights were so highly refined by British and American engineers that original German models weighing over 16 pounds were condensed in weight to slightly more than one pound.



A new medical tool, the Berman locator, actually locates foreign particles of steel lodged in the human body. The operating surgeon is directed to the area of a buried steel splinter by audible signals generated by the device. These change their pitch when a probe is moved near the buried metal. The instrument, then, is not too different in action from its big brother, the mine detector.—*Lew Morse.*

Comes the day when radio announcers aren't born: they're made!



BROADCASTERS of TOMORROW

by BILL MALL

THE pretty coed looked at her boy friend and asked in disbelieving wonder, "Do you always do that much work for just five minutes talking on the air?" Her boy friend, a radio broadcasting student at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas, told her yes. She shook her head from side to side.

She had come to the studio of KSAC, the college station, to see how news broadcasting is done. She had waited patiently as he had taken the copy from the news teletype, read it and edited it. Then he had read it over for time. He had picked enough material for a little over five minutes, so he had to prune it here and there until the fourth reading, when it timed exactly five minutes. She sat twiddling her thumbs as he read it over and over, aloud, until he could read it easily and smoothly. After looking up certain word pronunciations in the dictionary, he had time for a final reading before going on the air. By that time she had been waiting 40 minutes.

"I thought you just took the news and walked into the studio and read it," she said. He smiled tolerantly and told her that maybe after doing

newscasts and nothing else for five or six years he might be able to do that. But not now. He was just learning. She looked at him thoughtfully and decided, "You must like it an awful lot, to work so hard for so little."

She had hit on the reason why a great number of young college men and women are preparing for radio broadcasting. They like it. They get mike fever and can't stay away from broadcasting studios. They are much like the young journalists who get printer's ink in their blood and haunt newspaper offices. In either case, it is impossible to explain the appeal of the profession. They just like it.

Student training for radio broadcasting is fairly new. Early broadcasters were drawn from many fields. They stepped in front of the mike and learned the hard, but best, way—do by doing. Those who were naturals made the grade and can still be heard today. Others are gone and forgotten. There were no training grounds for broadcasters.

Today, 27 colleges and universities that own and operate educational radio stations provide the training grounds. At these institutions radio broadcasting constantly is being

boosted with improved equipment and extended courses.

Station KSAC, Kansas State College, is representative. Courses in radio writing, programming, production, speech, news and continuity make up the broadcasting curriculum. These, plus economics, sociology, drama, music, psychology, literature, mathematics and languages are requirements for a radio major. Two new studios and a control room recently have been built for the exclusive use of students who, up to now, have used the studio facilities of the college station, which have been overworked. From their own studios, students will present each week a drama, a documentary, an on-the-campus interview, and a women's program. A women's shopping news show, a newscast and a sports program will be presented daily.

Once, a student said he was going to take radio because he knew it would be easy and a lot of fun. It was fun all right, but it wasn't easy. Broadcasting isn't a snap. However, it isn't difficult if one has a definite talent. That particular young man found it hard to write radiowise and he had an unpleasant voice. He went searching for something easier at the end of the first semester.

For announcing, a good voice is necessary. Not necessarily a voice with beautiful resonant tone and depth, but a pleasant, friendly-sounding middle range voice. With the good voice there should be an ability to use it properly. In fact, some men with rather poor voices have worked hard and long at proper voice pre-

sentation until they have achieved a radio voice the untrained ear cannot recognize as basically poor in quality. One such diligent vocal student, who trained in college, is now one of the finest announcers in the Midwest.

A radio writer, too, must have a definite talent. He must be able to



put down on paper something that is to be read aloud, and that may be *understood* when read aloud. If you think it is easy, take a book or newspaper and read it aloud to someone. How many times do you stumble over the long sentences, and how much does your listener get from your reading?

When students first start studying broadcasting, they often find their previous education has taught them very little about writing and practically nothing about talking.

One Kansas State boy thought all he had to do to read his script about Thomas Edison was to pay strict attention to pronunciation. He was greatly surprised when he heard his recorded voice and learned he sounded as if he were delivering a revivalist sermon. A girl wrote a short how-to-do talk on ironing shirts. When she heard it read by a class-

mate, she had to admit that, even though she wrote it, she couldn't have ironed a shirt from her own directions.

After overcoming initial setbacks, the student either fails to make the grade or charges ahead with fired enthusiasm. He becomes fascinated with talking; the sound of his own voice is music to his ears and he wants millions to hear it and like it. Writers find they may achieve with spoken words shades of meaning and thought that are impossible in written form. It is modern writing that appeals to youth; it is simple, direct and realistic.

Student broadcasters learn the same way pioneer broadcasters learned—do by doing. There is a good deal of practical broadcasting within the curriculum and much that is extra-curricular. Criticism—from instructors and fellow students—is a constant guide. There are many, possessing definite radio talents, who have dropped out because they were too sensitive to criticism.

After four years of practical work, the student is not ready to step in and revolutionize the broadcasting indus-

try with his particular talent. His college training is merely a basic training. He must enter a second basic period of commercial experience, for all his college work is done on a non-commercial station. Probably his first job is with a small 250-watt station where the staff is small and he is called upon to do the work that would be done by three or four people at a larger station. It is here that the broadcaster is actually made.

However, college training is a big factor in getting and holding jobs these days. A broad education is necessary to the modern broadcaster, for he must be intelligent and fast-thinking. A varied educational background, coupled with instruction in vocal work and writing slanted especially for radio broadcasting, provide the embryo broadcaster with a sound basis for success.

As colleges and universities produce more and more well-trained students, the broadcasting industry will increase its reliance upon educational institutions as a source of new material. All present indications are that the college students of today will become the broadcasters of tomorrow.



A golfer was up before a magistrate for beating his wife. Pleading his case, the lawyer said, "My client is a much maligned man. His wife is constantly nagging him. Driven to desperation, he finally beat her into silence with a golf club."

The magistrate, with renewed interest, asked, "In how many strokes?"



An inspector noted for his fault-finding propensities was checking a newly completed portion of the trans-Canada highway. He grumbled that the crown was not high enough, the shoulder too steep, the ditches not deep enough.

The foreman bore it all patiently. Then he straightened up, looked the inspector in the eye, and asked, "How is she for length?"

They Arrested the Corpse

ON a foggy morning in 19th Century England, a man in deep mourning introduced himself into a house of death and begged to look on the face of his "friend." Quietly the coffin lid was removed. The mourner stood looking down on the dissolute face with what appeared to be profound emotion, then suddenly drew a bailiff's wand from his pocket and, touching the dead cheek, turned to the servant and said, "I arrest this corpse in the name of the King, for a debt of 500 pounds."

Thus Richard Brinsley Sheridan, creator of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*, notorious traveler from his debts, failed at last to cheat the bailiff by so adroit a maneuver as leaving this world. Sheridan—paradox, genius, eloquent speaker at Warren Hastings' trial, combination wit, drunkard, gambler, spendthrift and debtor played his destined part from 1751 to 1816, during an interval in England when the second and third Georges and the Regent only added to the corruption and confusion of the times.

Sheridan inaugurated his "buying without paying" plan early. Soon after leaving Harrow, he visited Bristol where it became apparent new boots were not optional, they were a necessity. Naturally, Sheridan couldn't afford the necessity. He immediately called upon two boot-makers, ordered a pair at each place, and promised to pay on delivery. When the first delivery arrived, young Dick tried on the footwear, complained that the right foot pinched and suggested it be taken back for stretching. This same device was used in handling the second bootmaker; only this time it was the left boot that gave trouble. Now supplied with a matching pair of boots, Sheridan quickly got out of town.

Extravagant, almost beyond imagination, Sheridan was also completely unburdened by conscience. When his debts were most numerous, he insisted on giving large dinner parties, swindling his wine merchant with good-humored abandon.

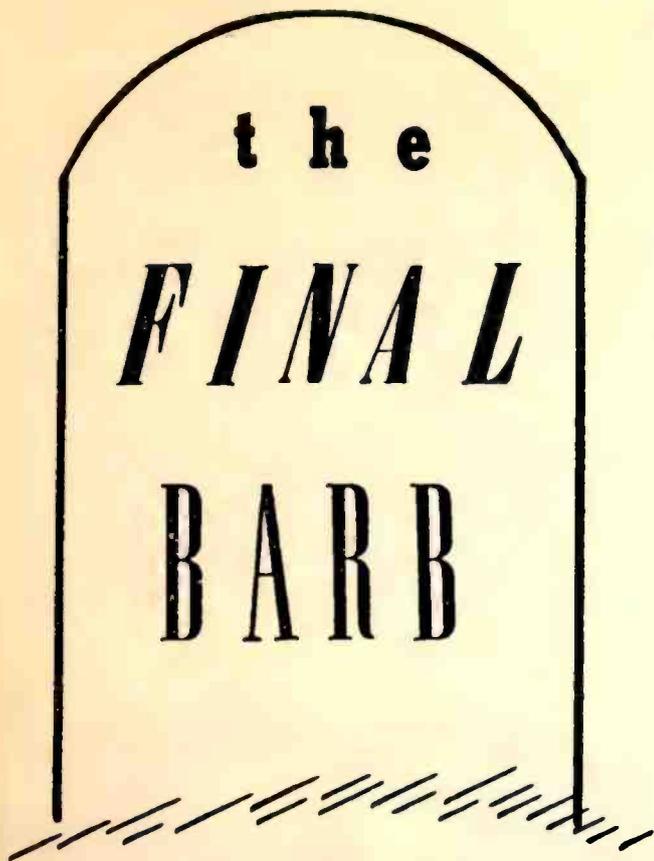
His debts and lawsuits mounted steadily. A second marriage to a woman of means, and a fair success in politics could not retard Sheridan's miserable decline. And to make things worse, just about this time his Drury Lane Theater burned to the ground. Thoroughly discouraged, and at wits end, Sheridan sold his books, his plate and finally the portrait of his first wife, painted by the famous Joshua Reynolds.

In his sixty-fifth year, Sheridan was stricken with a disease and his friend, Peter Moore, tells us that, "A sheriff's officer arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off in his blankets to a sponging-house, but Doctor Bain interfered." The sheriff's officer wasn't so easily put off, however, and on a foggy morning, in 1816, Sheridan's corpse was arrested in the name of the King, and not released for burial until Canning and Lord Sidmouth paid out 500 pounds over the coffin lid.

Four noble pall-bearers—the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Lauderdale, Earl Mulgrave and the Bishop of London, carried the pauper to his grave. They were followed in the funeral march by "the two royal highnesses—the dukes of York and Sussex—two marquises, seven earls, three viscounts, five lords, a Canning, a lord mayor and a whole regiment of honorables and right honorables." Richard Brinsley Sheridan couldn't pay his debts but he could command a funeral procession of royalty.—*Marion Duncan.*



One girl to another, "I told her she looked like a million, and I meant every year of it!"



*No words are so unkind
as those carved in stone.*

by HERBERT L. SCHON

WOMEN of another era had cause to be docile and subservient to their husbands.

There was always a fifty-fifty chance that their mates would have the very last word.

These last words, engraved on a tombstone for all time, were a threat which many a woman of spirit must have thought twice about before presuming to argue with her spouse.

Unusual epitaphs went out with high-laced shoes and whalebone corsets, but while they lasted they were enough to give pause to one's actions. The animus which caused many a long-suffering male to take revenge by calling attention to his wife's defects through some pungent lines engraved on a slab of marble has ap-

parently become as extinct as the pterodactyl.

Time has not diminished the telling effect of hundreds of these final commentaries, however. Many a vixen and shrew must have revolved in her ultimate resting place as the stonemason inscribed the monument which would mark her for all time.

A fine example of this ancient art is the epitaph which an Alabama worthy felt was fitting tribute to his late mate:

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie;
She's now at rest, and so am I.

In a similar vein, an Australian husband who insisted on telling the truth about his wife, even if it hurt, had this to say on her passing:

Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew.
If I said I was sorry, I should lie too.

Garrulous wives seemed to be the particular bane of those husbands who took the trouble to memorialize the women with whom they shared their lives and ears. A Maine farmer feared his wife's tongue even after she had departed this life. He warned those who came to visit her grave:

Tread softly here, reader, lest you wake
The greatest talker that ever spake;
'Tis chance, but if her dust you move,
Each atom there a tongue may prove;
And tho she rises all alone,
You'll think it a general resurrection.

The release from the dominating will of some virago caused at least one harried husband to revert again to the happy, carefree ways of his youth. Indeed, the epitaph he prepared for his help-meet hasn't even a tinge of lamentation about it. This Virginian announced blithely:

The light of my life has gone out,
But I have struck another match.

Some few conscientious husbands may have looked on the passing of

their loved ones with a feeling that they had failed to be the sort of men whom women dream about. This sort of abject admission runs through this epitaph:

She lived with her husband fifty years
And died in the hope of a better life.

A number of men, if we are to believe the tombstones, have found nothing to complain about in their married life. The very meagerness of details on five markers in a New London, Connecticut, cemetery bespeaks satisfaction on the part of all concerned. A grateful husband arranged the graves and inscriptions as below:

My I wife	My III wife
My II wife	My IV wife

OUR HUSBAND

Many a woman, of course, has lived to have the final word. Perhaps the most unusual of epitaphs composed by wives, and one having the courage to indicate that life must go on, is that of a Maine widow who inscribed the following lines on her husband's tombstone:

Sacred to the memory of James H. Ral-
dom, who died August 6, 1900. His
widow, who mourns his passing as one
who can be comforted, aged 24 and pos-
sessed every qualification for a good wife,
lives at Monmouth Street in this village.

It must have taken a tremendous
tablet to tell the long and sorrowful
story of Bridget Applethwaite of
Beamfill, England, who died in 1737.
Few of the vital statistics concerning
the good Bridget seem to be missing
from this epitaphic account of her
life:

Between the remains of her brother
Edward

And her husband Arthur
Here lies the body of Bridget Apple-
thwaite, once Bridget Nelson.

After the fatigue of a married life
Borne by her with incredible patience
For four years and three quarters, bating
three weeks,

And after the glorious enjoyment
Of an easy and unblemished widowhood
For four years and upwards
She resolved to run the risk of a second
marriage,

But death forbade the banns.

All of the inscriptions were not, of
course, the result of an anger pent up
for years. Some few husbands cred-
ited the distaff side with the virtues
of Caesar's wife.



In Silver Lake, New York, for ex-
ample, is this touching acknowledge-
ment of love and devotion:

Elizabeth McFadden
Wife of David P. Reed
Died Feb. 28, 1859

She never done a thing to displease her
husband.

Even more glowing are the words
which a husband in Clerkenwall, Eng-
land, dedicated to his spouse:

Near this monument of human instability
Are deposited the remains of Ann,
The wife of John Lodden.
She resigned her life the 8th day of Nov.
1764, aged 37 years.

She was——!
But words are wanting to say what!
Think what a wife should be,
And she was that.

Perhaps the ultimate tribute to
obedient womanhood is the amazing
statement on the grave of Elizabeth

Hamilton in Surrey, England. It reads:

Elizabeth, wife of Maj. Gen. Hamilton,
Who was married near forty-seven years
and
Never did one thing to disoblige her
husband.
She died in 1746.

When the wife of William Lynne died in Surrey in 1663, he was almost at a loss for words. "Might I ten thousand years enjoy my life," he wrote as her epitaph, "I could not praise enough so good a wife." Nearby, another good wife, Rebecca Freeland, inspired her mate to write no paeans of praise. He assayed her existence as follows:

She drank good ale, good punch and
wine,
And died at the age of 99.

Jane Cathew's husband apparently never had an opportunity to write her epitaph. It seems to have been composed by relatives of that fine English woman—people who had their own ideas about her marital life. The lines they wrote have achieved somewhat of a classic stature in graveyard literature:

Here lies the body of Jane Cathew,
Born at St. Colomb, died at St. Ewe.
Children she had five.
Three are dead and two alive,
Those that are dead choosing rather
To die with their mother than live with
their father.

Parting shots such as that probably hit home. As many a survivor will attest, having the last word has always had its satisfactions.

Fifth Row Center—Chinese Style

IT ISN'T necessary to travel to Shanghai or Nanking to see an authentic Chinese play. In the heart of San Francisco's Chinatown stands "The Mandarin," an unusual theatre where one may observe the quaint oriental customs of the stage.

Frequently large Chinese families, unable to afford enough tickets for all, see the play by relays. Each member leaves the performance when he chooses, handing the ticket stub to a waiting relative in the lobby. Upon returning home, each one comments on the part he saw and compares notes with the others, thus reconstructing the plot by narration.

During the course of the play, children are afforded the privilege of roaming the aisles while their parents sit through the acts sipping tea, munching gingered candy or dried lizard meat.

Chinese drama is distinctive. There are no intermissions or curtain calls. The scenery is shifted before the eyes of the audience while the cast casually directs the arrangement. Characters are usually interpreted by their individual costume and facial make-up, since the drama is largely dependent upon form, color and pantomime. For instance, if an actor stoops, it signifies he is going through a door. If he carries a wand tipped with white horse hair, he is a supernatural being. If he parades with a banner with wheels painted on it, he is riding a chariot. Standing on a chair means the action is taking place on the balcony above. When the climax of the act is reached, the actor pours forth his soul in a familiar song while the audience applauds or hums in accompaniment, tapping the tempo with their feet or folded fans.

A single play may be the continuation of the previous night's performance and may progress for a week or more. But when it is finished, don't expect to see it again. There are no repeat performances.—O. H. Hampsch.

How "Z"ealous Are You

LISTED below are definitions of ten more or less tough words with a preference for the consonant Z. See if you can guess the words from their definitions and fill them in to complete the Z pattern. A score of eight or over is excellent. Answers on page 68.

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. | . | . | Z | Z | . | . | . | Z | Z | . | A bear in American song |
| 2. | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Z | . | U. S. fortification and prison |
| 3. | . | . | . | . | . | . | Z | . | . | . | Lowest division of animal life |
| 4. | . | . | . | . | Z | . | . | . | . | . | Bewilder |
| 5. | . | . | . | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | Flowering shrub |
| 6. | . | . | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Ass-like animal |
| 7. | . | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Stringed musical instruments |
| 8. | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Fanatical partisans |
| 9. | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | . | Type of dirigibles |
| 10. | . | Z | . | . | . | . | . | . | Z | . | Eldest son of former Russian Emperor |

Giving the Works

AFAMOUS author gave all of his collected works to a friend. One-half of the volumes contained novels, one-quarter poetry, one-seventh plays, and three volumes contained miscellaneous items. Can you tell of how many volumes in all the author's collected works consisted? Answer on page 68.

Postage Stumper

IS it possible to have a letter delivered through the mail without using postage, and without the person for whom the letter is intended paying the postage? Answer on Page 68.

A Kiss in the Dark

AT a party there were 15 girls with blonde hair, 8 with brown hair, and 6 redheads. A man who was blindfolded was to kiss three girls having the same color of hair. Can you tell the least number of girls the man had to kiss? Answer on page 68.

Let's Square Swing!

CAN you put letters in the empty spaces so that words will result which read alike in the horizontal rows and the corresponding vertical columns? The word clues are not in order. Solution on page 68.

S	W	I	N	G
W
I
N
G	.	.	.	S
S	.	.	.	S
.	.	.	.	W
.	.	.	.	I
.	.	.	.	N
S	W	I	N	G

Elements; hut; bulk; bet.

Boredom; up to the present (two words); stops; lament.

*Coin vendors can now supply everything
from shoe shines to roast beef au jus.*

No More **WOODEN** **NICKELS**

by DAVID R. KENNEDY

NEIGHBORHOOD supermarkets where the housewife can complete her daily shopping and Dad buy his shirts, socks and similar articles of haberdashery, simply by dropping coins in a slot and pushing a button—a robot's dream of paradise? Not at all.

The feasibility of establishing coin-machine vending markets was but one of the suggestions discussed seriously at the last convention of coin-machine manufacturers.

Meeting in Chicago for the first time since the war, representatives of the industry made plans to expand their business at least five-fold during the next five years. Already boasting a sales volume estimated at a billion dollars annually, it is hoped to increase that figure to five billions by 1952.

Today there are three main divisions of the industry. amusement, music and vending. The juke box is the mainstay of the music division, dispensing music at five cents a record—a price soon to be upped to ten cents, according to industry spokesmen. The amusement division includes one-armed bandits, pinball machines, penny arcade peep shows,

voice recorders and similar gadgets. Within the vending division, dispensers of candy bars come first. Next most important are cigarette machines, followed by vendors of gum, peanuts and small confections.

According to the latest figures made available by Coin Machine Industries, Incorporated, the industry's official trade body, coin-operated vending machines are now in use in approximately two million stores and public locations. At the present time, the sales volume of the three divisions is approximately equal but the vending machines are expected to forge far ahead during the next few years.

A rapidly growing section of the vending business is the dispensing of soft drinks. One leading manufacturer is now selling about 40 percent of his bottled drinks through machines, with yearly gross sales aggregating close to \$100,000,000. Other soft drink manufacturers are following suit, and it is estimated that 40,000 new units a year will be required to satisfy the demand. In addition, some 50,000 new cigarette machines will be needed each year to meet requirements.

Soon new fields, as yet scarcely touched, are to be invaded by these mechanized salesmen. Although candy bars, cigarettes and soft drinks likely will remain important in the industry, the producers are experimenting in a score or more different directions in their search for wider markets.

At the recent Chicago exhibition, models were displayed for dispensing pocketbooks, vitamin pills, railroad tickets, shoe shines, ice cream and aspirin. One new dispenser is equipped



to supply a complete restaurant menu in frozen foods, electronically pre-cooked. Promised for the near future are vendors of gasoline, frozen foods, razor blades, canned fruit and fresh milk.

During the war the industry was classified as non-essential and its facilities were devoted largely to the making of electrical switches, incen-

diary bomb containers and shells. Since V-J day, although the industry has been free to resume its interrupted career, material shortages have plagued the manufacturers. Aluminum castings and steel are the chief bottlenecks.

Even so, more than 100 factories are working at capacity to meet the ever-increasing demand for machines of all kinds, from the inexpensive chewing gum dispensers to ornate juke boxes. Some 1,500 other plants are kept busy supplying parts and materials.

New machines are coming off assembly lines in a steady stream. Many of the new machines are equipped with a change maker that performs more efficiently than an experienced cashier and permits the charging of odd amounts. And—to the chagrin of dishonest customers—most of the latest models are provided with a slug rejector, a device which employs magnetism to recognize and eject worthless imitations while accepting genuine coins of the realm.

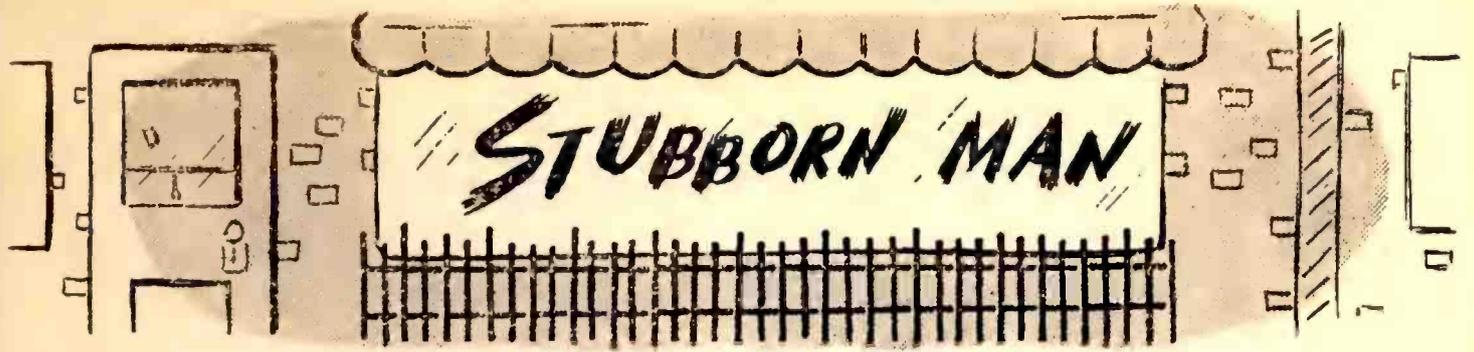
If the manufacturers' present hopes materialize, it may not be long before folding money will be as extinct as the dodo. Instead of billfolds and pocketbooks, the shoppers of 1952 may have to carry bus conductors' change racks. And Junior's piggy bank will be in greater jeopardy than ever!



A young man walked breezily into the doctor's office. "Good morning, sir," he said. "I've just dropped in to tell you how greatly I benefitted from your treatment."

The doctor eyed him. "But I don't remember you. You're not one of my patients."

"I know," replied the young man, "but my uncle was, and I'm his heir."



by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

WHEN the door of the little stationery store opened, a bell tinkled. Old man Gross came out, wearing a soiled yellow muffler looped around his throat, one end tossed back over his shoulder. He looked cold; his thin nose was red and a small drop of moisture beaded the end. In one hand he held a long, thin paint brush; in the other a small open jar of orange water paint. Gross picked at the torn newspapers and rubbish that littered the short area-way in front of his door. Still muttering to himself, he turned and measured with his eye the store window fronting the street.

"Hat, schmat, who needs a hat," the old man said. "By me is not yet so cold."

On the window the peeling silver letters still read "M. Gross, Prop." In what had once been bright orange was another legend, the words "Sale—Going Out of Bisness" painted irregularly in larger letters. On that block of East 149th the little stationery store was no shabbier than any of the other shops—neither worse nor better than Zalman's Appetizing or Loduca's Fruit Mart nearby. But the November winds had been over-partial to Mr. Gross, filling his store entrance with an extra measure

of ragged papers, dust and old leaves. The one narrow display window was a jumble of heaped writing paper, envelopes, rules, note books, bottles of ink and school pencil sets, all mixed with fly-spotted greeting cards pasted into large black sample books.

Coughing, the old man dipped the thin brush into the paint jar he held and traced a large orange "L" on the window. He was beginning on the second letter when he heard the store door open, the bell tinkling inside. In the half-open doorway stood a short, stoop-shouldered woman. "Meyer!" she called.

"Nu?" said the old man, without turning his head.

"Meyer, more doctors we can't affoder now. Don't be so stubborn; put on at least the hat."

"I told you before. Hats I don't need now."

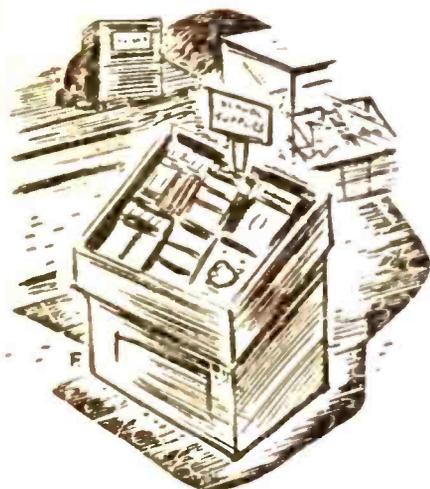
"*Gottenu*, look how by him the ears is freezing already, and he tells me he don't need no hat."

"Please, leave me alone," the old man cried, his face working. "What do you want from my life? Five minutes more I'll be here." Gross began painting again, stabbing at the window with his brush.

The store door banged shut. A few minutes later it opened again and a

girl came out, carrying a woolen shawl. She walked up to the old man and gently wrapped the shawl around his shoulders. "Poppa, why do you do this?" she asked. "I told you I'd paint the window for you. Please, let me finish it for you." She grasped his sleeve. "Look what a fancy painter you are. Your 'Few' is all crooked."

"Crooked, shmook-ed, mine fine customers here will know the difference?" Suddenly the old man bent over in a fit of coughing; his shoul-



ders shook so that some of the orange paint spilled from the jar and splattered his black, heavy-toed shoes.

"It's all right, Poppa," said the girl, her arm around his shoulders. "It's all right." She spoke very gently. "Finish up your sign and come inside. Momma's going to make you some hot tea."

The old man stopped coughing after a while. "One more word I must make, only. This last." He pronounced it "lest." He dipped his brush into the paint again.

"Here, let me hold the jar for you," his daughter said. "That much you can let me do." She took the jar and watched him shakily letter "D-A-Y-S," the paint running a little on the window. Mr. Gross was wheezing heavily now. "You're just killing yourself," the girl said, shivering. "You know Doctor Levy wouldn't let you do this."

Her father seemed not to hear. He stepped back and looked at his sign. "So," he said, reading, "Last—Few—Days." He coughed again. "So, next week it's finished. No more store."

The girl looked at the sign, reading the lettered words again, then stared at the old man. "Oh, Poppa," she sobbed, suddenly. "Poppa, Poppa, Poppa."

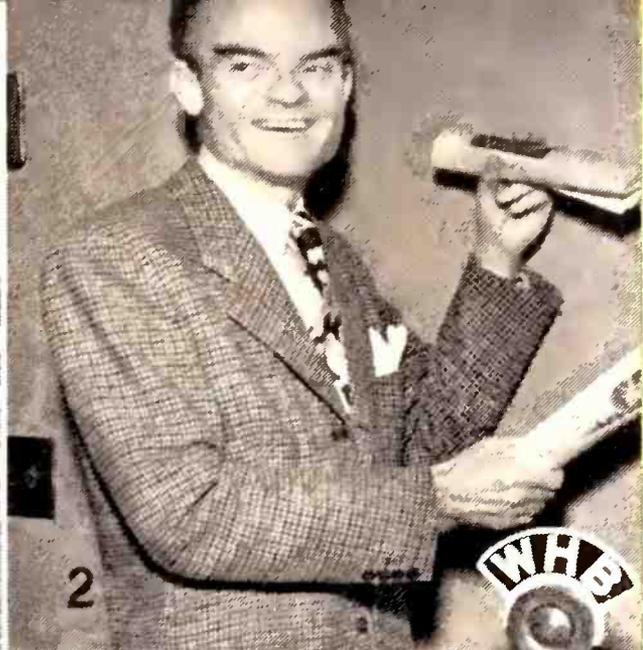


Centerpiece

LANA TURNER, gift of Idaho and the month of February, lends 110 pounds of atomic allure to *Swing's* center section this month. From a chocolate soda after high school classes in 1937, to appearance in more than 24 pictures, to the lead in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Green Dolphin Street*, opening this month in seven key cities for a test road show engagement. That 110 pounds, incidentally, is very interestingly distributed along five feet and three inches of pulchritude, which remains unaffected by chocolate sodas, and seems to photograph better and better!



1



2



3

1. WHB in Kansas City captures the "new look" with recently completed transmitter house. Very soon, W will increase its power to 5000 watts and broadcast time on 710 kilocycles.

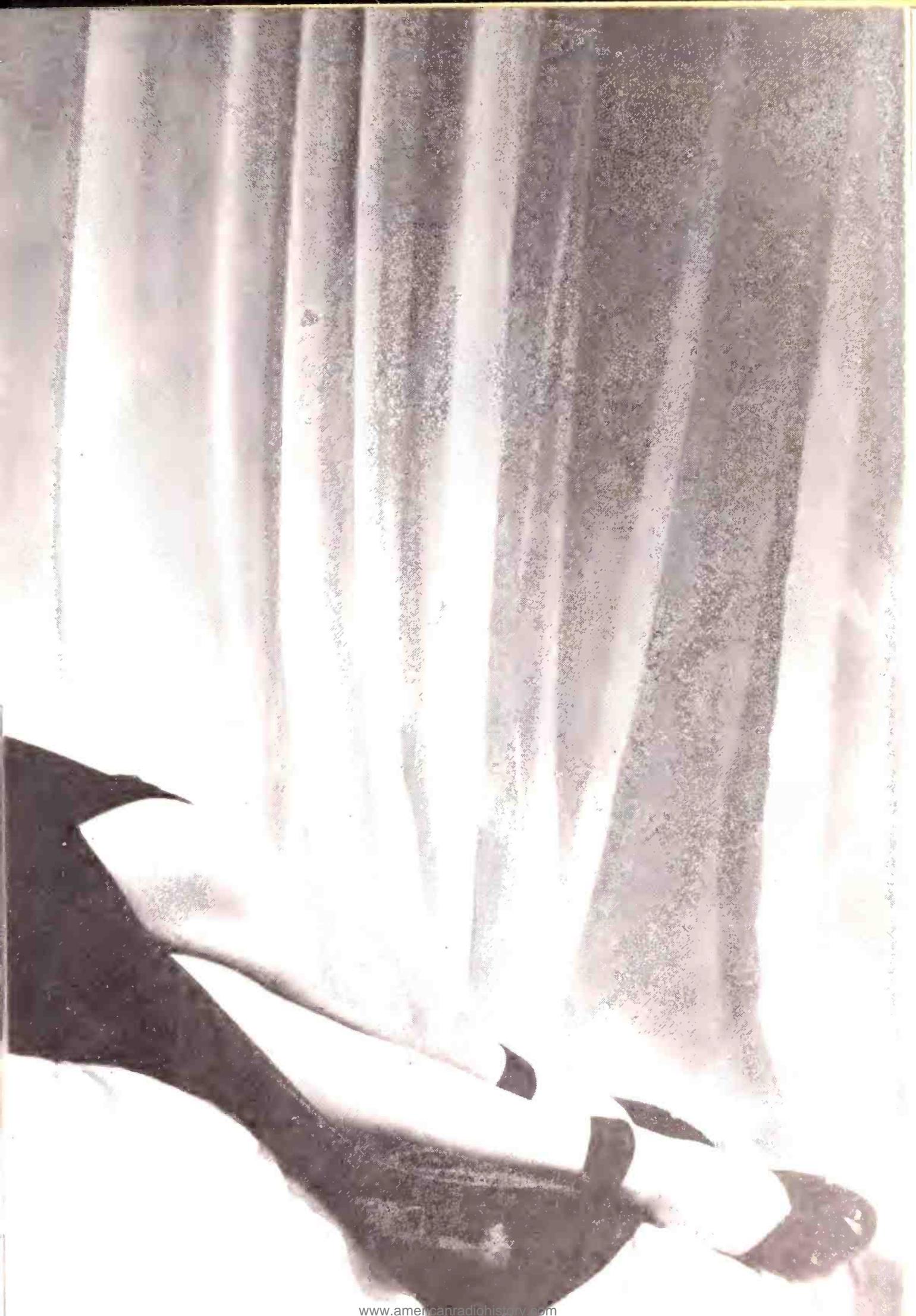
2. In a special interview, musically wacky Spike Jo uses newspaper drumsticks but spins the chit-chat straight for WHB admirers.

3. Tom Brenneman turns his attention from feather to the big red feather as he boosts the Community Ch over WHB.

4. Betty Bell Launder, Johnnie Miller and 58 others were happily in the finale of *Cowtown Carnival*, extravagant musical revue which was a feature of the 1947 American Royal and the WHB Hallowe'en Festival.









. . . presenting ELMER C. RHODEN

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

ELMER RHODEN got into show business with a magic lantern and a harmonica when he was 12 years old. Five years later he worked out an acrobatic routine and joined a circus. Last year he was one of two Kansas Citians whose published salaries were in excess of \$100,000. There's no business like show business!

His hobby is horses. He has always loved them and has ridden all his life. His earliest memory is of his mother clutching him gently by the scruff of the neck and hoisting him into the saddle in front of her. Now he is president of the American Golden Saddle Horse Association, and is probably the world's best-known breeder of gaited horses. As chairman of the 1947 American Royal Horse Show, he produced the largest horse show ever held in America.

Elmer Rhoden is an erect, abrupt, physically strong and active man with three lives: business, civic and personal. He has made an eminent success of all three.

It is the civic Rhoden in the public eye this month. As general chairman of the Citizens' Bond Committee, he has been waging a vigorous and intensive campaign to win the approval of Kansas City voters for a 15 year, 47½ million dollar municipal bond program, the fate of which will be decided at the polls November 4th.

The task is a huge one, perhaps the largest any private citizen has been asked to undertake in behalf of his city in several years. Rhoden and his associates have been working on it since last January.

First, the details of the financial arrangements and the extent of the improvements were decided upon. That entailed nearly ten months' work. Now, the problem is one of public information: voters must be made to understand what the bond program is, what it will mean to Kansas City, how it will be financed, how it will affect taxes. The facts must be presented clearly, with explanations and all necessary supplementary data. Obviously, the plan calls for a top executive at the helm, and a showman. Rhoden is both of those things: he has proved it.

A few years ago, Elmer Rhoden was made chairman of the War Manpower Commission. His job was to bring 60,000 new workers to Kansas City defense plants. He was offered a budget of \$125,000, and was given 13 weeks in which to accomplish the assignment.

"A hundred and twenty-five thousand is too much money," he said, "I don't want it. Seventy-five thousand is plenty.

"And 13 weeks is too long. Let's get this thing done in a hurry!"

Six weeks later the job was completed; and Rhoden was able to return, unused, 56 per cent of the \$75,000!

During the war, he served as president of the Kansas City Canteen in addition to holding other positions in



the community, among them a Chamber of Commerce directorate. He is a director of the American Red Cross, the Art Institute, the Midwest Research Institute and Saint Luke's Hospital. He is vice president of the American Royal Association; a vestryman at Saint Andrew's Episcopal Church.

The business Rhoden is no idler, either. He owns a substantial interest in Commonwealth Theatres, Incorporated and Republic-Midwest Film Distributors. He is chairman of the board of directors of both corporations, and is president of Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated. He has other business interests, including a third interest in a half-million dollar popcorn farm and processing plant near Tarkio, Missouri.

Elmer Rhoden has been credited with the Midas touch. It's not unusual to hear some envious associate mutter, "That guy can't *help* making money! He can't keep from it!" Of course, he

doesn't try. Quite the contrary. He thrives on competition, and where it doesn't exist, he creates it. This characteristic is evident in his fondness for games, both athletic and sedentary.

He has an acute business sense, and is often pointed to as the "true executive," because he surrounds himself with capable people and then delegates complete authority. When Rhoden makes an assignment, he doesn't follow it up and annoy his associates with questions. He takes it for granted that the job will be done. The system works because Elmer Rhoden inspires loyalty instead of requiring it.

In Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated, Rhoden has 2,000 employees, over a hundred of them at his Kansas City office. All of the employees are covered by hospitalization and surgical benefit insurance completely paid for by the company. They have a retirement pension plan. Every child born to an employee earns for its parents a \$100 bonus. The office workers have an attractive dining room called "The Corral," where lunches are served well below cost. Coffee is served every morning at ten; and cokes, every afternoon at three-thirty. It is a happy office, and an extremely efficient one.

Rhoden's own inner sanctum is as impressive as anything in the Hollywood movies shown at his theatres. The room is huge, panelled on three sides and glass bricked on the fourth. The beamed ceiling conceals lighting channels. There is a large conference table at one side; a couch, desk grouping, and much leather furniture at the other. The carpet is electric blue, with a beige fluer-de-lis pattern. Mounted above the conference table is a set of

longhorns of truly impressive size, and watercolors, original etchings and photographs of champion horses are everywhere.

A door leads to a king-size, completely tiled massage room equipped with a steam cabinet, shower stall, sun lamp, rubdown table and cot. A masseur, who operates a photostat machine when not pummeling his trade, is on constant call. Rhoden is a great lover of steam baths and massage, and a number of his executives have come to share this enthusiasm.

In the slightly breathtaking atmosphere of this executive suite, Elmer Rhoden moves quietly and without ostentation. He is soft-spoken, and seldom raises his voice even in the face of excitement. He accomplishes a great deal with enviable ease. There is a telephone on a built-in shelf beside his lunch table in "The Corral," and he handles several calls in the course of a meal. He's a busy man.

But then, he always has been busy. He was born in LaMars, Iowa, a town of about 6,000 people, but moved to Omaha while still young. There he got an after-school job with the General Film exchange. His duties were to cart the daily film shipments to the railway station in a wagon drawn by an old gray horse. That was the only time in his life when his interest in horses and movies exactly coincided.

In college — two years at Omaha University and two years at Nebraska — Rhoden played football, ran a collection agency, taught tumbling and was physical director of a Y.M.C.A. He was an Army aviator during World War I.

It was 1920 when Rhoden moved to Kansas City as branch manager of

the Associated First National Pictures exchange, the franchise for which was held by A. H. Blank. The exchange had six employees.

Five years later the exchange had thirty employees, and was handling more accounts than any film service in the Midwest. So Rhoden got a couple of partners, bought out Mr. Blank, and was on his way. Since then he has made history, progress, money and friends in show business.

In 1945, film executives from all over America gathered in Kansas City to honor their friend Elmer at a silver anniversary testimonial dinner. There were speeches, jokes, reminiscences and congratulations. *Boxoffice* magazine published a special "Elmer Rhoden" edition, and Rhoden received a Buick stationwagon as a concrete expression of the esteem in which he was held by his associates and competitors in the industry.

It was a thrilling experience for him, but a little embarrassing, because Elmer Rhoden is essentially a modest man.

The personal Rhoden is a trim 54, with rather more hair on the back of his head than the front. He has been married to Hazel Schiller Rhoden for 26 years. He is the father of two sons, both veterans, and is a grandfather.

His primary interests are farming and ranching. His Starlane Farm in Johnson County, Kansas, is admirably equipped for horse raising. Each year it is the scene of one of the country's largest private horse sales. He operates two Missouri cattle ranches where a thousand head of Hereford cattle range. His Starlane Ranch in the

Santa Ynez Valley of California is also devoted to cattle raising, and Rhoden loves to ride the rugged trails there. He is one of the founders of the Kansas City Saddle and Sirloin Club, never misses a Trail Ride.

Certainly an important attribute is Rhoden's ability to speak persuasively to large groups of people. In behalf of the Citizens' Bond Committee, he has addressed union meetings, clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Board and assorted gatherings, sometimes in the face of opposition. He never fails to arouse enthusiasm in these audiences, and by the time he

leaves they are invariably pledged to work for passage of the bond proposals. They share his bright optimism for the future of Kansas City, and are willing to invest in that future.

Of course, there is much persuading to be done. Excellent as the bond program is, it requires careful, factual explanation to a large number of taxpayers who must be made to see the wisdom of planned improvements now to meet the needs of the bigger, better city of the near future. A big job, and if it is brought to a successful conclusion, it will in large measure be due to the efforts of *Swing's Man of the Month*, Elmer Rhoden!

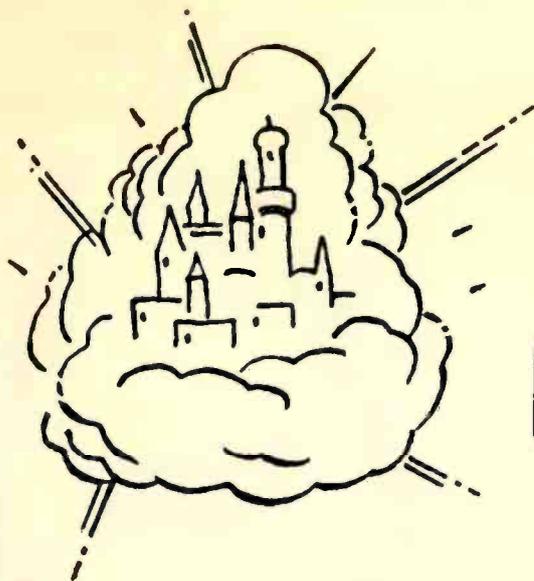


STANTON.

"No insurance. The contents are worth only about 98 cents!"

"It is not Zion!" said
Brigham Young.
But it is.

HEAVENLY



CITY

by JETTA CARLETON

IN southern Utah, south of Bryce Canyon and north of the Grand Canyon, the earth opens into another great chasm known first to the Indians who called it *I-oo-goon*—"arrow quiver." Because of the canyon's construction, you had to come out the way you went in, like an arrow from a quiver. Then the Mormon settlers arrived in the middle of the 19th Century, and in spite of Brigham Young's objections, called the canyon Zion. In 1872, Major John Wesley Powell changed its name to *Mukuntuweap*, the Indian name for the river which carved the chasm. And as *Mukuntuweap*, the canyon became a National Monument in 1909. Nine years later the monument was enlarged and the name changed back to Zion. It became a national park the following year, 1919.

In Mormon terminology, Zion is the heavenly city, the ultimate in peace and beauty. They had reason enough for calling their canyon Zion. In the heart of the desert it breaks open like some gigantic flower, with a grandeur that could seem no less than heavenly.

It is not so much the depth of the canyon that makes Zion spectacular. It is rather its serene massiveness and its color. The great sandstone formations rise against the blue desert sky dazzling white and red—rich, varied reds that change with the sun.

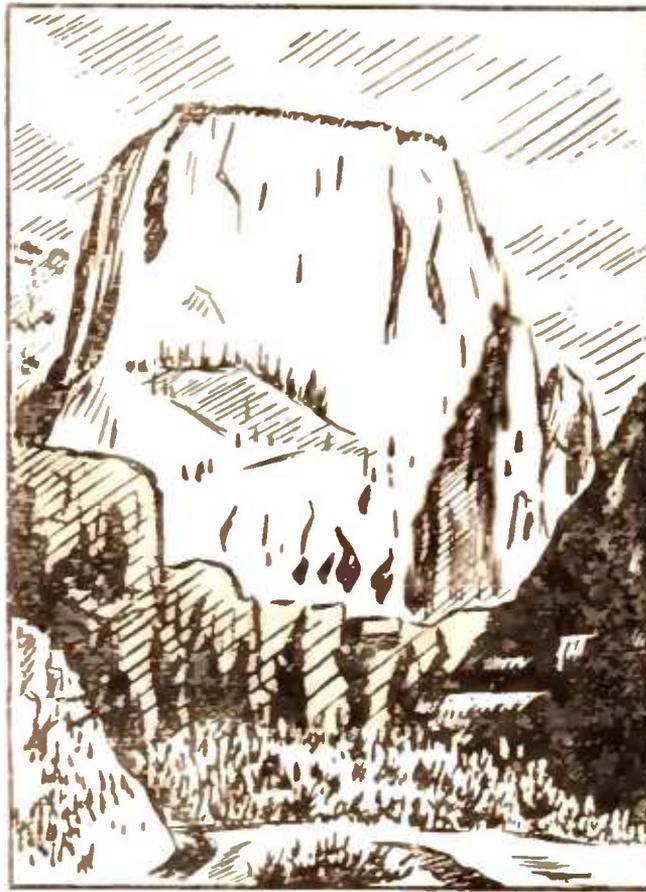
Zion Canyon was carved slowly by a relatively small stream, now called the Virgin River. In the beginning, the Virgin flowed some 5,000 feet above the present level. Through thousands of years it ate its way down to where it flows today, between high canyon walls. The stream pattern has changed only slightly in all that time. At present, the river and its tributaries carry away annually about 3,000,000 tons of ground-up rock weathered from the canyon walls.

The first recorded discovery of Zion Canyon came about in 1858, just 11 years after the founding of Salt Lake City, and the year the Mormon's colonized the region called Dixie. Nephi Johnson, a Mormon scout, found the canyon. Three years later it was explored by Joseph Black, and the following year, 1862, a few

Mormon settlers moved in. The first to build his home in "Little Zion" was Isaac Behunin, who cut away the dense vegetation near the Virgin River and began to farm the canyon valley.

The earlier visitors to Zion National Park — and any who visited there before 1930 — no doubt remember Cable Mountain. There actually was a cable, with a single span of 2600 feet, running down the mountainside for the transportation of lumber to the canyon floor. Brigham Young had not been wrong. When the earliest settlers in Zion Valley had complained to him of the shortage of lumber, he had waved his hand at the high forested slopes above them and grandly announced, "Lumber will soar down from the cliffs like an eagle." It almost did, although it was not until 1900 that David Flanigan, a young mechanic, conceived the workable idea for the cable. Most of the wood that built Zion Lodge came "down the wire." The cable was dismantled in 1930 after several years of idleness.

Zion Park today covers about 135 square miles, and includes three canyons — Zion, Great West, and Par-



OUR BACK COVER is the Great White Throne, a majestic mountain in the east wall of Zion rising nearly 2,500 feet above the valley floor. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific).

unuweap. The Park's closest railroad point is Cedar City, reached by Union Pacific. From there bus service is provided to Zion and to Bryce National Park.

From federal highways Numbers 89 and 91, state roads lead directly into the park. Linking 89 and 91 is Zion-Mount Carmel Highway, built at the suggestion of a Union Pacific president, Carl R. Gray. This excellent road climbs about 900 feet in three miles. Eleven

and a half miles pass through Zion Park, and one mile of it through Zion Tunnel. The tunnel is punctuated in six places by huge galleries opening onto spectacular views.

Zion attracts tourists the year around. While Zion Lodge on the East Rim is open only from the end of May to the end of September, the South Entrance Camp stays open all year. So do numerous free public campgrounds. The Grotto Campground, north of Zion Lodge, is open from May 15 to October 1. At the National Park Service headquarters, a quarter of a mile from the south entrance, the information office and park museum remain open all year, and during the summer, nature walks

and evening lectures are part of the daily program.

The park contains 20 miles of improved roads, in addition to the stretch of Zion-Mount Carmel Highway, and about 26 miles of trails. These lead to points of special interest, such as Angels' Landing, a sandstone formation rising an abrupt 2,500 feet above the floor of the canyon; or the Great Arch, a natural bridge 585 feet high, 722 feet long.

Two of the most popular trail trips are those to the West Rim and to the East Rim. Both are relatively strenuous foot and horse trails and take about eight and five hours, respectively. Along the West Rim trail climbers find the section known as Walter's Wiggles. This is a series of 21 switchbacks, or hairpin curves, in 600 feet of trail. It was created by a Park Ranger, name of Walter, to reach a shelf on the cliff.

Zion Canyon walls are famous for the number of springs that come out of the rocks to form beautiful green pools. Ferns and flowers and moss grow lush and lovely around them. Trails lead to upper and lower Emerald Pools and to Weeping Rock where you find the Hanging Gardens of Zion. On the wet walls of

The Narrows, below the springs, lives a species of tiny snail called *Petrophy Zionis* and found nowhere else in the world.

The Narrows is aptly named. It is the upper end of the canyon, very narrow and very deep. In places the walls are only a few feet apart, although the depth may be 1,500 feet. In flood times the waters have risen 40 feet within a matter of minutes.

Whether you climb or drive, you can't miss the Park's most familiar and famous monuments, such as the Great White Throne, the Sentinel, and the Temple of Sinawava. All the brilliant sandstone structures bear grand and grandiose names in keeping with their proportions: the Court of the Patriarchs, Mountain of the Sun, the Altar of Sacrifice. Many of them were named by Frederick Vining Fisher, a fiery preacher who visited the canyon in 1911 and considered it Zion indeed.

By any name, however, the canyon has the same massive beauty. It's a rare and phlegmatic traveler who can look upon it apathetically — unless like the dear lady from a prairie state, who said, "The cliffs are wonderful, but they do shut off the view."



"Give me a sentence containing a direct object," said the teacher.

"Teacher, you're beautiful."

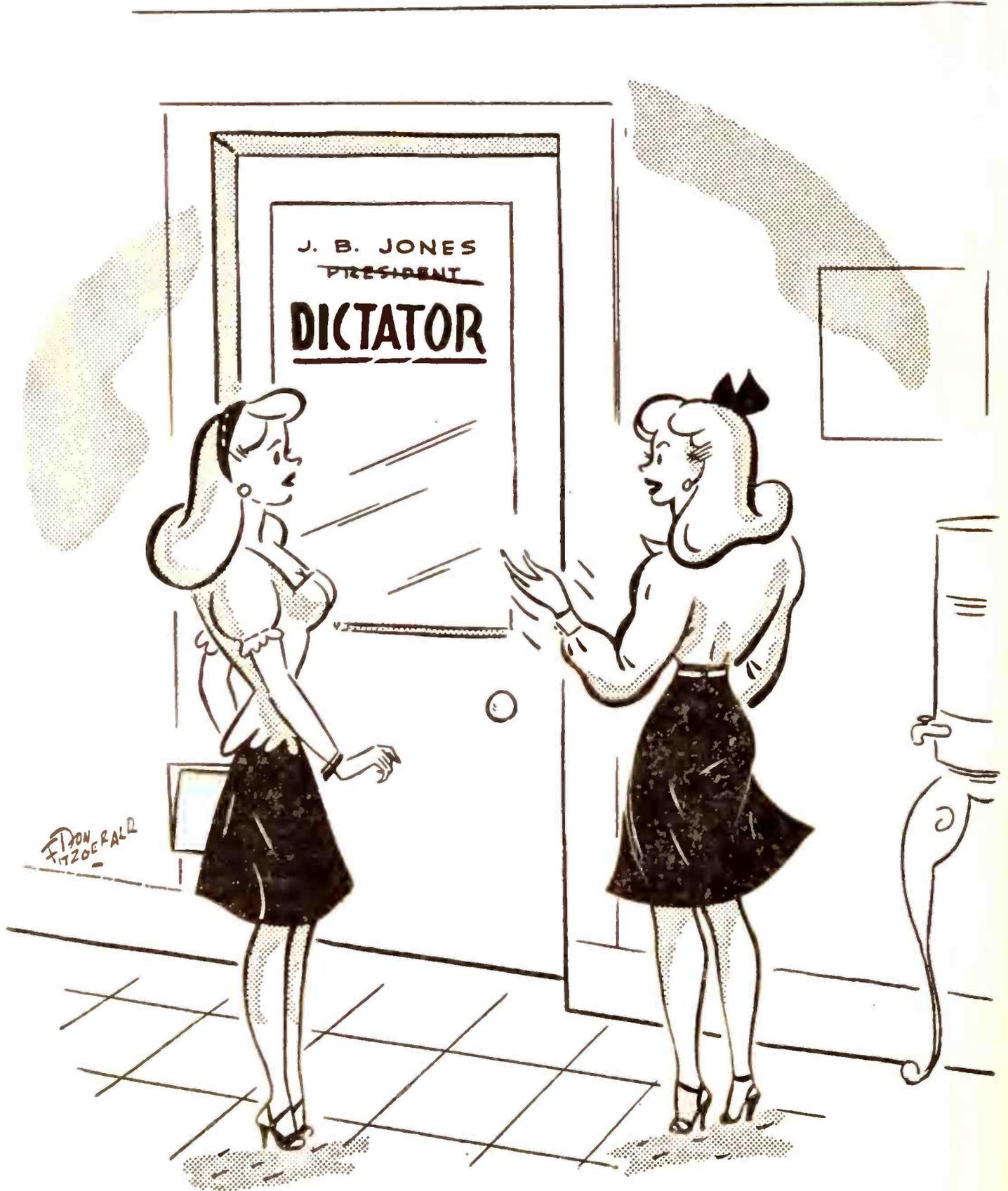
Not showing her surprise, the teacher asked, "What's the object?"

"A good report card."



One cold, windy day in the late spring, a snail started to climb a cherry tree. Some sparrows in a neighboring oak enjoyed a good laugh at his expense. Finally one flew over and said, "Listen, you sap, don't you know there are no cherries on this tree?"

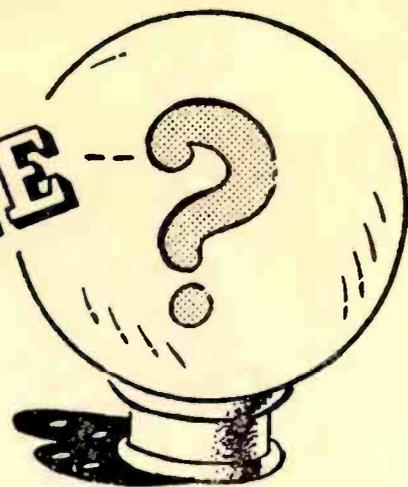
The little fellow didn't pause as he replied, "There will be when I get there!"



"At least he's frank about it!"

What's the

FUTURE



Looking for work? For workers? Then you'll be interested in what this employment counsellor has to say about the current job market.

by CARMEN McBRIDE

ALTHOUGH the war has been over nearly two and a quarter years, hundreds of thousands of displaced Americans are still drifting around, looking for work, finding it, moving on. On the lips of each of them is the question, "What's the future?"

"Where is this job taking me?" they ask. "How fast?"

If you are an employer, you may wonder why applicants today insist on knowing in advance just what future your position offers.

The reasons are not far to seek. The majority of all job applicants are young men who have been in the service. For months they could see no future. Postwar civilian life was a dream, hazy and indistinct. Now they want security.

Those men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard lost three to six years from the most important time of their lives. They lost the years when they should have been finishing college and getting a start in business. Now they want to get in step with the rest of the world. They want to start off where they

would be, had there been no war. They want to make up for lost time—in a hurry.

They not only ask what future your job offers, but how much it pays and how long it will be before they get a raise.

You tell them the best salary you can offer. You know, and the employment counsellor knows, that it is more than they will be worth to you. But nine times out of ten these young men will turn down your job.

You may try to explain to them that they know nothing about your business, that you are paying \$175 a month while you train them, but they just look at you and say, "I've got to have at least 200—I can't live on less," and walk out.

They go back to the employment agency and the counsellor tries to reason with them. But they refuse to listen. They go on day after day searching for a job that offers quick advancement, success and big money, all wrapped up in one prize package.

Things did happen fast for many of these boys when they were in the service: missions, awards, promotions,

big money. Two hundred dollars a month doesn't look like much to the man who made 350 or 400. Before the war he had difficulty in making a 100 or 150 a month, but he feels that those days are behind him, and that he is entitled to more. It is hard for him to realize that a job now, as an economic producer in civilian life, may move slowly and without sudden honors, but it is building toward security and the opportunity to advance through personal initiative. Those are two things for which he fought.

As an employer, you no doubt know all of this. What you may not know is that the situation is nationwide. Other employers and employment agencies all over the country are facing these same problems. In all their history, never have employment agencies had so many good jobs open as they have right now. And never has there been a time when it was so hard to find men for the jobs.

Perhaps you are not an employer, but are someone looking for work. Well, here's how the employers and employment agencies feel about you.

If you are a veteran, both the employers and employment counsellors are particularly anxious to assist you in securing the position you want. They're glad to help you make up for the time you've lost; glad to help you get started on the best job they can find for you. But they cannot accomplish the impossible. They cannot get salaries beyond your worth. They cannot guarantee your future on any job. Nor can they tell you what you will be making a year or two from now.

But why should you depend on any one else to guarantee your future? If you have the imagination, the initiative and the will to work, you don't have to worry about your future. It is within you and you don't have to look for it elsewhere.

That doesn't mean that you can find your future in just any job. It may pay the \$200 you ask, or more, or less. But until you have faith in your work, until you have faith in yourself for your job, there can be no future in it for you.

If your job tires you, or bores you, or you keep at it only for the money it pays you, then you can forget any future it may offer. It hasn't any. You've got to work at your job with all the imagination, all the hope and all the faith you have in you—and love it.

You can't be like the boy who came to the employment agency and said that he wanted to work for an oil company because he thought there was a future in oil.

"All right," the employment counsellor told him. "Here's a job with one of the oldest and biggest oil companies in the country. I've placed



men with them for years and watched them grow to top jobs. You should be just the boy for this job."

"What kind of a job is it?"

"A typist-clerk."

"How much does it pay?"

"One hundred seventy-six a month—five days a week."

"That's not much money. What are the hours?"

"You'd work as a tripper. One week from eight to four, another week from four till midnight, and another from midnight till eight."

The boy shook his head. "I wouldn't work those hours for anybody. Not for that money."

The same agency placed an older man with a company where his future would have been guaranteed if the man had been able to make his adjustment. He had the ability, the experience and the background to make a wonderful success. His work required imagination, initiative and enthusiasm. But because this man could not forget the importance of the executive position which he had just lost, because he felt that this new work was inferior to the position he had had, he could not adjust to it. He did only the routine work that was placed before him, and complained that he could see no future in the job.

All the time the future was right there within himself. He had proved that he had it in him by the way he had worked up to the executive position for which he still was mourning.

A woman secretary who is looking for a position with a future has spent weeks going on interviews. Always

something is wrong. The office is not right downtown, or it's a large office and she prefers a small one, or it doesn't pay enough. She doesn't know what she wants. She is like the boy who came to the employment agency and said he wanted to be a salesman.

"Have you ever sold anything?" the employment counsellor asked the boy.

"No."

"Then how would you like to start as a sales trainee? A printing company 'phoned us this morning and gave us an order for just the kind of a job I think you will like."

"Selling?"

"You'd begin as a stock clerk and work into sales."

"How much does it pay?"

"They'd start you at \$30 a week."

"Thirty! They can keep it," the boy said. "I'm not sure I want to sell, anyway. Maybe that's the trouble—I don't know what I want to do."

That seems to be the trouble with many people who are looking for work. They have talked so much about the money they must have and the future the job must offer, they haven't stopped to figure out just what they want to do. Until they do know what they really want to do, how can they expect to find a future in a job?

So, if you are one of those people still looking for a job with a future, why don't you stop and take an inventory of yourself? What is it that you really want to do? What do you like well enough to work at for the

rest of your life?

When you have made up your mind, you'll find that you've made a double discovery. You'll be on your

way to a job that does have a future. You can't fail because you will have faith in your job, faith in yourself for the job, and you'll give it everything you've got.

The Diamond Maker

HALF a century ago, the boast of a French inventor that he had discovered the secret of manufacturing sparkling, flawless diamonds startled and threatened the world's diamond industry.

The dull glow of an arc-lamp caught his sardonic smile as Lemoine, the inventor, sweat pouring out of his half-naked body, welcomed a delegation of diamond merchants to his London laboratory for a demonstration. Among those who stared at the huge electric furnace which crowded the tiny laboratory were the fabulously wealthy proprietors of De Beers, a firm whose corner on 90 percent of the world's diamonds was menaced.

Under Lemoine's watchful eye, James Jackson, one of the diamond experts, carefully mixed a handful of unknown raw materials and sealed them in a tiny crucible. Lemoine slowly thrust the crucible into the searing heat on a long-handled shovel.

Exactly 25 minutes later the crucible was removed and smashed, revealing 23 glittering white diamonds which were pronounced perfect by Jackson. The diamond masters offered Lemoine an incredible fortune for his secret. But the inventor refused to sell, insisting instead that De Beers finance production of his diamonds. Eventually, Sir Julius Wernher, one of those present, agreed to advance \$300,000 for construction of a diamond "factory" somewhere in France.

Although he had promised not to, several months later Sir Julius determined to make a secret visit to Lemoine's new laboratory. Remembering the inventor's glowing descriptions of his progress, Sir Julius was dumbfounded to discover on his arrival that the only building on the site was an abandoned woodshed.

Realizing that a brazen fraud threatened the entire diamond business, Sir Julius quickly returned to London determined to expose Lemoine. Quietly combing the music halls, Sir Julius finally found his man, a magician. Taking him back to France, Sir Julius introduced the magician to Lemoine as a prospective investor and requested another demonstration. Again Lemoine triumphantly produced beautiful, true diamonds. But the quick eye of the London magician caught Lemoine craftily substituting another crucible containing the finished diamonds, an exact duplicate of the one he had shoved into the furnace with a flourish.

Even more fantastic was Lemoine's complete plot as revealed at his trial. Enlisting the aid of a Trieste banker, Herr Janesick, Lemoine told him to buy up De Beers stock when the price fell after the announcement of the Frenchman's discovery. Later Lemoine would admit that he had made a mistake, and would refund Sir Julius' money. When De Beers shares skyrocketed again, Janesick was to sell, and the two would split the profits.

Clever though his fraud was, Lemoine forgot to provide for chance in the person of an unknown vaudeville magician, whose eye proved quicker than Lemoine's wily hands.—*Frank Gillio.*



BLIGHT

of the BLUEBLOODS!

By JOSEPH N. BELL

THE bluebloods of Newport, Rhode Island, playground of the veddy, veddy wealthy, may cast fear and trembling in the realms of high finance the nation over, but in their home town they pull their pants on one leg at a time just like anybody else — as Timothy Sullivan, more fondly known as “Timmie the Woodhucker” will gladly attest at the drop of a good piece of scrap iron.

But the storm clouds of legal action are once again hovering over the Sullivan menage — this time with an implied threat of the use of the right of eminent domain — to force Timmie to clean up the debris which has kept Newport and most of New England in a constant tizzie for the past several years.

A high-powered community face-lifter by the name of Chorley has recently interested the scions of Newport in restoring old-world atmosphere in that city—and making it a national show-place. Large sums of money are being raised to permit Chorley to get to work. The city officials are sympathetic. The only person standing in the way is Timmie the Woodhucker.

Timmie, by one of those strange strokes of fate which go to make life interesting, is a sow's ear among a

very imposing list of silk purses. Timmie was a charter member of the Newport colony in the days before WEALTH reared its ostentatious head in Timmie's neighborhood. Timmie placidly plied his trade while the face of his neighborhood received a very decided lift from the influx of a good many millions of dollars worth of assorted wealth.

Timmie is a lank, bewhiskered, gaunt figure of a man who lives with his sister, Julia, and makes his living by collecting odds and ends discarded from the homes of well-to-do Newporters. In the language of the proletariat, Timmie is a junk man.

But Timmie, never one to inject his nose in his neighbor's affairs, adopted a strict policy of *laissez faire* while the Vanderbilts, the Van Rensselaers, the Vickers, the Havermeyers, and other members of and aspirants to the 400 moved into his neck of the woods.

Timmie's new neighbors, however, took a dim view of some of his activities. Timmie's office was his front yard. It offered the passerby an intriguing collection of items on which to feast his eyes. Among other things, the Sullivan front yard contained in great quantity such things as discarded furniture, broken baby carriages, piles

of newspapers, burning rubber, scrap iron of every description, old wood, and Timmie's pride and joy, a slightly down-at-the-heels cast-iron reindeer.



The neighbors objected, not wisely but too well, as the phrase goes. Several times, action was taken to force Timmie to clean up the litter which overflowed from his front yard onto the sidewalk. In each case, the action was unsuccessful. Timothy and Julia, defending themselves without benefit of outside counsel, proved more than a match for the Social Register.

But there has been nothing quiet about Timmie's victories. Sharp-nosed reporters, scenting the drama in the case of the junk man versus the scions of Newport, made Timmie a public hero in the press. The flamboyant *New York Daily News* joyfully assigned a reporter to cover Timmie's activities and spread his grizzled visage across their pages.

All Newport, and a large section of New England as well, chose up sides. The mayor of Newport was moved to remark that the Sullivans were a "fine old couple, courteous and polite to everyone they meet." The city solicitor called them "people of extraordinary character and refinement."

Then, early last fall, a formidable array of Timmie's wealthy neighbors

launched an all-out attack to enforce clean-up week in the Sullivan establishment. The fight was led by Mrs. Peyton Van Rensslear, who complained bitterly that Timmie's junk pile was "84 yards long and 15 to 16 feet high—a health menace to everybody."

Commented Julia Sullivan austere-ly, "The personality of Mrs. Van Rensslear is beyond my understanding."

Added Timothy, "I think I have a right to pursue my own destiny in any way I prefer. I don't think anyone has the right to challenge the way I live or what I do unless it's illegal."

The action by Mrs. Van Rensslear and 36 of her neighbors was prefaced by fabulous attempts at arbitration which would have more than soothed the wounded feeling of many another junk man. But not the self-righteous Timothy.

Mrs. Van Rensslear offered to pay the Sullivans the equivalent of what Timothy would make in ten years if they would transfer their services to some other community.

In the words of Julia again, "The price came to \$25,000. Do you know, Mrs. Van Rensslear was aghast."

Bribery having failed, Mrs. Van Rensslear further offered Julia and Timmie a free vacation at Mrs. Van Rensslear's showplace home in Florida, and suggested that she have the Sullivan homestead painted and the litter cleaned up while the Sullivans were basking in the Florida sun. The Sullivans were unmoved. They liked it where they were.

Then Mrs. V. threw arbitration to the winds, prefacing her action with

the remark, "I like Timmie and I like Julia. I've tried everything in the world to get the thing settled amicably for the past two years."

The flank attack having failed, Mrs. V. and her cohorts turned to a frontal assault. They brought action requesting that the Newport Board of Review "condemn the disgraceful conditions existing on and around Timmie Sullivan's premises, and that you give him notice to immediately move same, allowing him not over 36 hours to have carted away all the old wood, trash, iron, furniture, clothing, refuse etc. now piled high on both sides of Howe Avenue, in his own yard and on the sidewalk, and require him hereafter to keep his house and grounds in an orderly condition so they will no longer be a disgrace to the City of Newport."

The city fathers, with a nostril cocked appreciatively at the political trade-winds of sympathy toward the Sullivans, ranged themselves openly on Timmie's side.

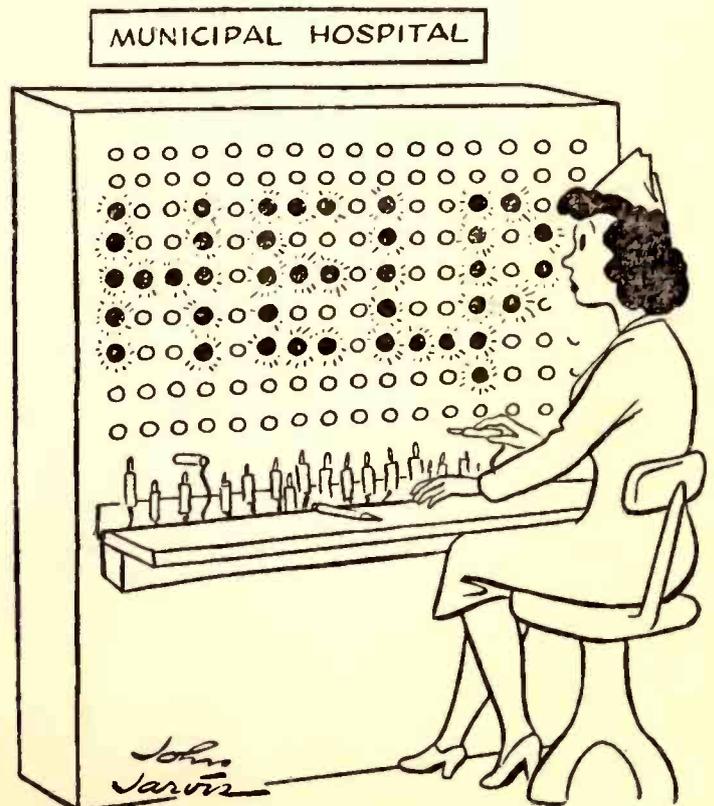
Furthermore, many of Timmie's neighbors refused to sign the petition. The wide publicity caused others to withdraw. As a result the case never reached court. Mrs. V. agreed to drop the petition when Timmie condescendingly consented to stack his junk a little more neatly.

Now, however, things seem to be catching up with the Sullivans. The city officials, once their champions, have apparently gone over to the enemy. The Sullivans haven't been dealt a hand in the proposed refurbishing of Newport.

Timmie and Julia are civic-minded enough. They have no objection to civic improvements. But there was one jarring note to Timmie and Julia in the landscape that Builder Chorley has painted for the scions of Newport. Chorley had stipulated, in doing the town over, that "the environment must be in keeping with the general character of the structure."

Timmie and Julia know that spells trouble. They know that the encroachment of wealth in their neighborhood has made the "general character" of their structure out of place.

Yes, they know all these things — but they don't intend to go down without a fight. And chances are, they'll still have most of New England planted solidly on their side when the chips are on the table once again in the Sullivan's battle to live where and how they please.



Interesting — But Inefficient

WHAT is an inch? An ounce? A gallon? A bushel?

How you answer those questions will depend on where you are. If you are in England or Canada, your gas tank won't hold its rated number of gallons — the English and Canadian gallon is a sixth larger than the United States' gallon. A British bushel is larger than the 56 varieties of U. S. bushels. So are the British liquid and dry quarts. But a British inch is smaller than a U. S. inch — and so, as a consequence, are the British foot and yard.

A recent dispatch from Cambridge, England, to the *New York Times* said: "British scientists are to enter into negotiations with United States authorities for an agreement on the pound (weight) and the yard. The delegates of the Royal Society's Empire Scientific Conference today expressed their concern at the variations developed between the standards of the United States and the British Commonwealth. The general desire was for a metric system, but in view of the insurmountable difficulties at present, they proposed fixing a new agreement."

The English weights and measures have an interesting history. William the Conqueror in 1066 decreed that the pound should be the weight of 7,680 grains of wheat, all taken from the middle of the ear and well dried. In the 13th Century a pound had come to mean the weight of 7,000 grains of barley. About that time England officially adopted another pound named after the French medieval fair town of Troyes. The troy pound was equal to the weight of 5,760 grains of barley and contained twelve ounces instead of sixteen. Druggists and jewelers still use the troy pound.

A yard originally was the distance from the chin of Henry I of England to the fingertips of his outstretched arm. A mile dates back to the Roman occupation of Britain — it consisted of 1,000 Roman double paces of five feet. An acre was the extent of land a man could plough in a morning.

However, we in the United States need feel no sentimental attachment to our weights and measures on account of their history. Our American pound bears no relation to the pounds of William the Conqueror and Henry VIII. According to the Bureau of Standards in Washington, the American pound is $1/2.204622$ of a kilogram. And, if you inquire what the metric system kilogram has to do with the American pound, you will be told that the kilogram is the primary standard of weight in the United States. It is represented by a cylindrical block composed of ninety percent platinum and ten percent iridium, known as U. S. Prototype Kilogram No. 20, made for the Bureau of Standards by the International Bureau of Weights and Measures in Paris.

Similarly, the Washington Bureau will inform you that the primary standard of length in this country is a meter bar of the same composition, also made by the International Bureau.

A further advantage of the metric system of weights and measures is that, being based on the decimal system, it is about ten times as easy to use as our complicated pounds, yards and gallons. Alfred Hooper has this to say in his recent book, *The River Mathematics*: "Although medieval weights and measures are extremely interesting historically, it is inexcusable for us to cling to them now with all their complications and the unnecessary labor involved in manipulating them. Adoption of the simple straightforward metric system would save school children months of wearisome uninteresting labor and incalculable hours of work for all of us every day."—*Morrison Colladay*.



The motorless monarchs of the blue are soaring to new heights!

by GRIER LOWRY

MORE thrilling than ski-jumping — that is what they say about a new sport that is sweeping the country. Sail plane soaring, a thrill-a-minute pastime, is catching on everywhere, but excitement over the new diversion has reached a high pitch in Denver.

Atop lofty South Table Mountain, near Denver, the Colorado School of Soaring has been established whereby airline hostesses, stenographers, pilots, businessmen and housewives learn to pilot airplanes without motors. "Wrens of the West," a group composed exclusively of feminine soaring fans, has been organized, and the girls are fully as skilled at soaring as men, if you take the word of the faculty of the School of Soaring.

Fans of this new sport talk glibly of such things as thermals, adiabatic lapse rates, vertical banks, variometers, green air and ridge currents. Their enthusiasm and reverence for soaring is infectious.

A young man with a vision and a way with air currents, Art Maynard, combined talents with the Denver Soaring Club to establish the Colorado School of Soaring, a project with a curriculum which features complete instruction in motorless flight. Under

Instructor Maynard and his staff, School of Soaring students are using brand new Denver Glider Port, the only municipal airfield in the country for sail planes. Facilities include a 3,000-foot runway.

An ideal locale for soaring is furnished by the atmospheric conditions of Colorado's Rocky Mountain region. Tremendous temperature changes, produced when the cooling effect of the mountains and the heat from the plains meet, create the sort of thermal activity necessary for good soaring. "Thermals" are created when air pockets on the ground are broken up and the air contained in them is forced upward. As the air ascends, it becomes colder and the hot air is forced out of the pockets and into the atmosphere. Sail planes gain altitude by utilizing these rising warm air currents.

The Denver Chamber of Commerce hopes the development of soaring in the Denver area will result in this metropolis becoming an Elysium of rising air currents and ridges, the soaring capital of the country.

In the early stages of the school, Art Maynard and his associates camped out on the mountain in a tent, but a solution to the housing problem

came when R. S. McIlvaine, president of the Chamber of Commerce, donated his deluxe fishing house trailer as a mountain top home for the School of Soaring teaching staff.

Amid the cacti and boulders on the mountain — watching the flights or going up themselves — you run into Denver celebrities. They got a thrill the day Dr. E. E. Allaby had trouble bringing to earth a craft he had soared to 10,000 feet — the plane wasn't made to go that high.

There was another event worth watching when Dr. Linwood E. Down teamed up with Art Maynard to tow a sail plane behind an airplane 250 miles across the top of the Continental Divide, a performance unprecedented in the annals of Rocky Mountain gliding achievements.

For power plane pupils of the school there is a practical side to developing gliding proficiency. Gliding sharpens a power pilot's sense of height, speed and depth perception. How many times airplane pilots have prayed for glider skill when their power failed!

Not a top bracket luxury activity, the total price of the private sail plane pilot's course is \$167.00, or solo instruction by the hour at \$4.50.

Possibilities for financial gain from soaring are slim. Perennially sun-burned Art Maynard is regarded as something of a rarity among soarers; he makes a living for himself and his wife from participating in airshows, furnishing data from soaring activities to power pilots, and by teaching. Mrs. Maynard, incidentally, spent her second date with her husband helping patch up a glider rudder.

What attracts enthusiasts to this new pastime?

"Soaring," says Maynard, "pits you against the elements. Each time you strive to stay up a little longer, go out a little farther. As your skill increases there comes complete relaxation, the feeling that nothing can touch or harm you. It is, paradoxically, the most relaxing, yet the most exciting of all sports."

Twelve years a glider pilot, Art Maynard has over a thousand hours of soaring to his credit, and is one of 20,000 registered glider pilots in this country. There were 1,500 before the war.

American glider pilots were flying by the seat of their pants in crates most of them built themselves, before World War II. Now, with vastly improved ships and instruments, they are stepping out to blast world records. Maynard has himself broken every Rocky Mountain Region gliding record, only to have one of his pupils come along and outstrip his feats.

A leaps-and-bounds growth has characterized gliding in recent years a far cry from the era when John J. Montgomery flew a glider back in 1883, years before the Wright brothers dreamed of their flying machine.

Most major aerodynamic trends stem from glider tests, an example being the "flying wing" bomber made by the Northrop Aircraft Factory.

As an exhilarating sport, as an industry with a host of practical applications, aviation experts say the future of gliding is here now. Art Maynard and the Denver Soaring Club are determined that Denver will share in that future.

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

A special session of Congress, long a political football expertly fumbled between the President and members of the Senate, has finally been called for November 17. The topic for discussion will be the Marshall Plan and the domestic situation. The aid for Europe program should start rolling with a preliminary appropriation of about two billion dollars. This, of course, will be an emergency measure enabling stricken Europe to "winter" the winter, and will have to be followed through if the Plan is to serve the reconstruction of Continental economy as well as the blocking of Russian imperialism. Europe needs help now! The situation, already critical, approaches the status of a catastrophe. Another three months without aid from the United States will lessen the "probability" of revolution and expand the reality of complete communist domination of the continent. The United States has no alternative but aid to Europe—and fast!

Even with the proposed aid and Europe's eventual realization of it, the situation still remains more than precarious. Communist coups to take over France and Italy are more than figments of this-side-of-the-Atlantic imaginations. Inflation, starvation, political confusion, lack of adequate democratic leadership and cooperation within national boundaries give added impetus each day to communist delusions (it is to delude ourselves) of world domination. Red agents and sympathizers have established effective infiltration and work from within to weaken government efforts to restore conditions under which peace and plenty might reasonably be expected to flourish.

Europe requests 22 billion dollars. To view this as charity, or as the gift of a good-natured adolescent again being

played for a world sucker, is foolish, immature and totally without appreciation of the vital and irrefutable fact—if the world goes bankrupt, we go bankrupt, whether that bankruptcy is moral or financial. Even business leaders are aware of the necessity of the Marshall Plan for the temporary equilibrium of our own economy. Unless we help Europe, we face an immediate business recession.

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There will be a Marshall Plan! It may be in time—it may well be too late! While all the world waits (except Russia) and all the world wonders, Congress shows every indication of preceding passage of the Plan by arguing this huge, unprecedented appropriation. The Marshall Plan will come as a function of the basic foreign policy of the United States. The policy is to "bottle-up" Russia. The Plan provides the strategy to effect this economically. However disconcerting to our desire for placidity, the United States, all great and all powerful, is not prepared to give anything but financial aid. We are militarily weak. Top Army officials are usually worried, but at this juncture with apparent reason. Our big talk is nothing but big talk despite the fact we do have troops in the Mediterranean and some available for Greece to match Russian armored divisions in Bulgaria. On the whole, we are unable to counter the many Russian movements with troop re-deployments of our own.

The Plan will mean hardships at home. Hardships as we Americans so casually define them. There will be, and already is, voluntary rationing, meatless days, shortages of petroleum products, various other curtailments, all in all none too stringently curtailing in comparative

analysis. The job not only can be done, the job has to be done or we may all have the "privilege" of new employment and new employers.

Informed sources in key positions are insisting the public be given the facts, even though it dims national appreciation of post-war Utopia, and tarnishes the brightness of "high-prices, new-styles" conversation. The public must know Russia has been busily engaged in a very profitable game of "Drop the Handkerchief" with the small countries of Europe. American diplomacy, or lack of it, has aided the success of this "Recreation Hour" on the continent—Greece being a prime example. The situation there has been so bungled as to be considered beyond repair, by some authorities. A repair could be effected if the United States were less interested in saving face and more interested in saving Greece.



A recent poll resulted in the depressing information that a large percentage of the American people have no idea what the Marshall Plan is. Another poll revealed that 50% of those polled were against the Plan; which, actually, is the only alternative to war, at this point. The government, eyeing its voters as recalcitrant children, and with reason, has prepared a two-edged salestalk for the purpose of selling the Marshall Plan. First, it will be presented to labor and management as an alternative to recession, or perhaps a severe depression resulting from termination of foreign trade. The second talking point for the Plan, revealing in its irony, will be that it is "cheaper than war." The Government expects much negative, if uninformed, reaction to this message, which will mean more parleying in Washington, delaying the aid to Europe. Europe needs aid now, not next year when everyone has had time to be convinced by virtue of repetition in newspaper, over the air and from the more aware pulpits.

The people must have the facts. On the other hand, our top government officials will continue to gaze into the Crystal Ball of the Coming Election, unless a fully informed public reminds

them that visiting the Swami is not a part of the democratic process. This is not a time to tell the future, this is a time to save it.



The seriousness of the situation inside Britain is on par with that of the Continent. All present arrows point to the resignation of Atlee, and subsequent installation of Bevin as Prime Minister. This move may increase rather than decrease the present complication. Bevin's position toward communism has never been too clearly defined. His stand as a socialist could be utilized as a fence straddling maneuver between communism and capitalism. There is some question among government administrators, in this country, as to the overall efficiency of the present British Administration. It is only fair to add that Britain has had reason, on an occasion or two, to doubt our efficiency.

Observers here feel the British Labor Government has painted rainbow pictures in the minds of the people. They have not insisted on a hard, realistic attitude, but have lulled the people with such Utopian probabilities as oranges and eggs for breakfast, meat for dinner every other day, and several complete changes of clothing each year. As a result, the British people have been preoccupied with social reforms and other non-vital things. This, on top of a devastating war, has provided the proverbial straw, the British Exchequer being the camel's broken back. So, England, too, looks to the United States for financial assistance.



The food situation on the Continent is highly critical. Eastern Europe, formerly the breadbasket of the Continent, is now controlled by the Russians, and exports are directed to communist satellites. This leaves it up to the U. S. to produce for western Europe, which means continued big business for agriculture in this country. The wheat exports may also mean a return to the gray bread of a former year. Correspondingly, alcoholic beverages will decrease.



Here at home, price control is again the center of much pro and con specula-

tion. Legislated price control means wage control. Labor is about as apt to pressure for wage control as management is to pressure for price control. John Q. Public will continue to doubt the logic of uncontrolled wages and prices when the increase in the weekly pay check means a corresponding increase in the prices of commodities that check buys.

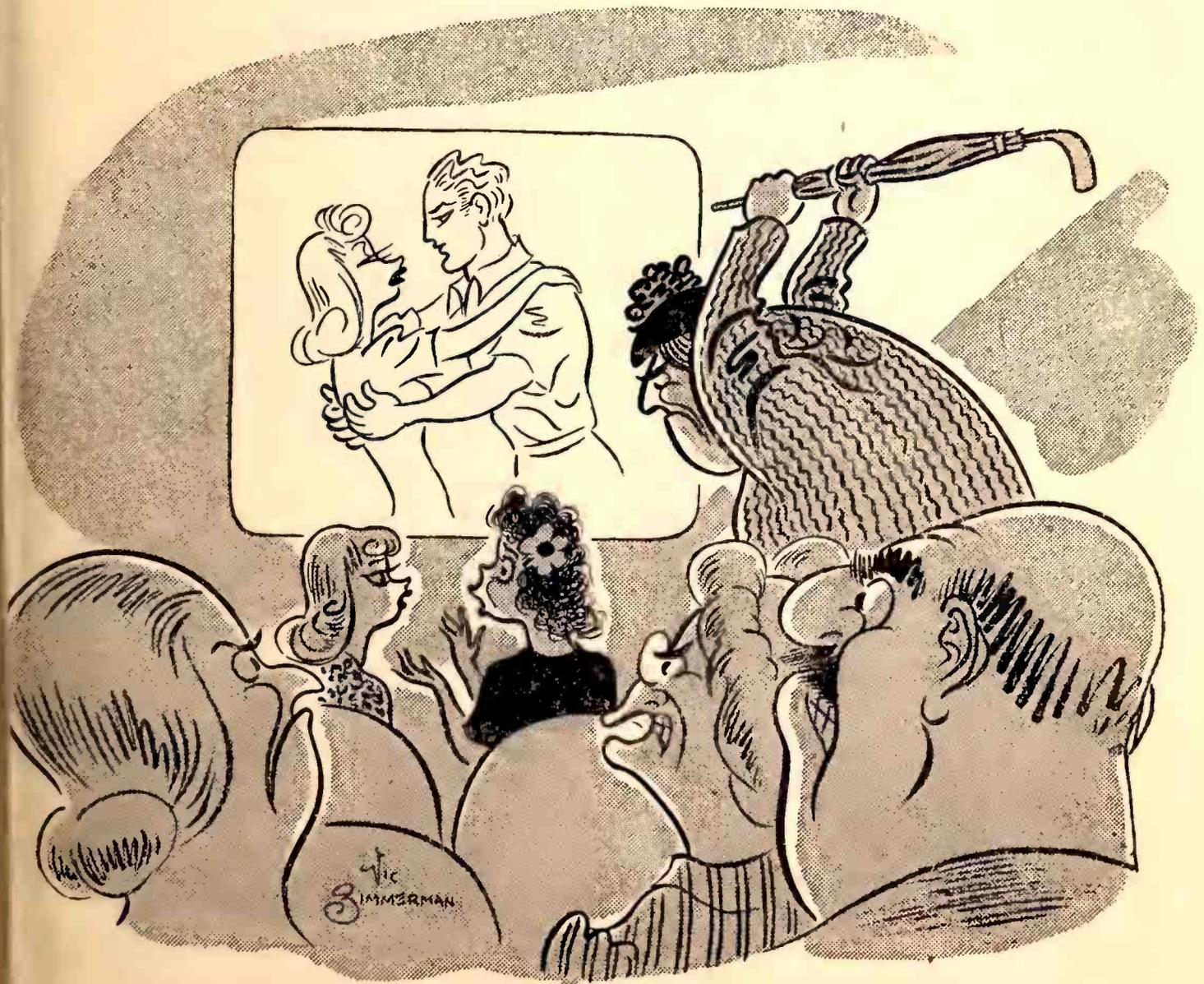
• • •

It is doubtful if official rationing will come back. Certainly not if Charles Luckman, head of the new food conservation program, is able to persuade the American people to conserve food by means of voluntary rationing. Ways will be found to distribute other vital products without

government intervention. For example, steel will probably be allocated by some industry co-op plan.

• • •

In the "who will be the next President" guessing game, Taft has fallen far behind, with Dewey slowing down some, and Harold Stassen, representing the liberal wing of the Republican Party, moving ahead. But the number one question concerns Eisenhower. How will he place in national favor? Some Democrats are whispering he could win over Truman in '48. Eisenhower wisely remains non-committal, although there is every probability "Ike" Eisenhower will toss his hat into the nominating wishing well.



"... and then in the next scene he's gonna ..."

Platter Chatter

COUNT BASIE returns to California this month. His band, usually "tops," is better than ever . . . Gene Krupa and his orchestra head east this month after completing a picture at the Columbia lot . . . Eddy Howard and musical group open late this month at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago . . . Frankie Laine, Mercury's crooner, is being sued for breach of contract by a Los Angeles nightclub . . . Gordon MacRae is the new Capitol find who should go places but fast! . . . Jan Garber and orchestra are all set for a three month visit at L. A.'s Biltmore . . . Joshua Johnson, Decca 88 man, returns to Kansas City's Broadway Interlude . . . Mildred Bailey is scheduled for an engagement in Sweden . . . Tex William's *Smoke* record should reach close to the million mark in sales . . . Spike Jones and Dorothy Shay will star on their own radio show for Coca-Cola . . . Dizzy Gillespie, king of "bebop," may leave with jazz stars on a European tour soon . . . Columbia's Frankie Carle finished his Midwestern tour this month and will open at the New York Strand, November 14th . . . Ray Doray does a swell job on *Freedom Train* for Majestic . . . Freddy Martin is back on the bandstand at the Coconut Grove . . . Dick "Two-Ton" Baker is really gaining the fans since his Mercury disk, *Civilization* . . . Decca has a new sepia vocal group known as "The Brooks Brothers" . . . Phil Brito, MusicCraft star vocalist, will make two pictures for Monogram . . . Kay Kyser (for Columbia) has recorded 15 of the most popular college songs in album force . . . Sarah Vaughn is getting rave notices in the Windy City . . . The new Parkyakarkus show, over Mutual, will star Betty Rhodes, Victor headliner . . . The Three Suns, on their recent personal appearance tour, broke all records at theatres and clubs where they played . . . Charlie Barnett's *Caravan* (on Apollo) is a "must" for jazz fans . . . **GOOD NEWS DEPARTMENT:** Stan Kenton and Woody Herman are back in the biz!

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37883—Frank Sinatra with an orchestra under the direction of Axel Stordahl. *A Fellow Needs A Girl*



with BOB KENNEDY

plus *So Far*. Frankie sings two of the best tunes from the new Rogers and Hammerstein show, *Allegro*. Both are ballads with a light-tempered love theme, done up in superb Sinatra style. The combination of swell tunes and a top artist results in a wax impression you won't forget.

COLUMBIA 37884—Dinah Shore, orchestra directed by Sonny Burke. *That's All I Want To Know* and *Lazy Countryside*. Nothing could be finer than Dinah, especially on this pair of dream tunes. They're tailor-made for Dinah's styling and *Lazy Countryside*, from a Walt Disney film, should be a hit!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

MAJESTIC 1169—Eddy Howard and his orchestra. *I Cain't Get Offa My Horse* plus *I Just Dropped In To Say Hello*. Two top tunes by the sweet band artist, but these have a definite bounce Howard fans will go for. The first is a catchy novelty written by Morey Amsterdam, the latter is penned by Kermit Goell and is so-o-o easy to listen to.

DECCA 48049—The Brooks Brothers. *Fool That I Am* and *You're Gonna Make a Wonderful Sweetheart (For Somebody Else)* Decca introduces a new vocal group similar to the Mills Brothers. The arrangements are different and slanted to rouse the interest of fans partial to this type of vocalizing. *Fool That I Am* is the better tune, with a

better than average lyric. The ending is strictly on the "schmaltz" side.

VICTOR 20-2425—Tony Martin with Victor Young, his orchestra and chorus. *The Stanley Steamer* plus *Julie*. First tune is similar to *The Trolley Song* and Tony handles the novelty patter-style lyric with a bit of zestful au reet. The flip-over is a sentimental melody, and T. Martin turns in his usual nice phrasing and smooth interpretation.

VICTOR 20-2468—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. *The Old Chaperone* and *L-L-L-L-A*. The first is a novelty with a humorous lyric sung by Mae Williams, Stuart Foster and the Town Criers. The reverse side is a lively serenade to Los Angeles with Tee Dee brasses riding high on this jump side. This new Dorsey group has a bounce rhythm good for the front room "solid" session.

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

COLUMBIA 37837—Johnny Hodges and his orchestra. *Jeep's Blues* plus *Rendezvous With Rhythm*. Taken from the old Okeh label, Columbia has repressed two of the finest jazz cuttings of sax man Johnny Hodges. They contain colorful arrangements and improvised solo passages that make for good jazz. This disk is definitely a collector's item.

MERCURY 5067—Dick "Two-Ton" Baker and his music makers. *Civilization* and *Dancers In Love*. This is the best platter put out to date by "Two-Ton" Baker. *Civilization* has a sharply humorous lyric and "Two-Ton" really puts it over. This rotund character gets to show his piano versatility on the reverse side, with an unusual piano theme from *Lansing's Dance* by Ellington. Listening enjoyment for everybody.

DECCA 24180—Mills Brothers. *You Never Miss The Water Till The Well Runs Dry* and *After You*. The always popular Mills Brothers do themselves proud with another potential best-seller. The first tune is right up their musical alley. The latter number, while not quite up to the "A" side, is smooth entertainment. Mills Brothers fans won't want to miss this platter.

COLUMBIA 37920—Buddy Clark with orchestra under the direction of Mitchell Ayres. *Don't You Love Me Anymore* and *The Little Old Mill*. Buddy pairs a wistful love ballad and a novelty number on this platter. The first tune is medium tempo and typical of the music Buddy performs so well. The flip-over is woven around a "boy meets girl" theme and will appeal to all ages. Tops in listening and dancing pleasure! *Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR 20-2435—Count Basie and his orchestra. *House Rent Boogie* plus *Take A Little Off The Top*. The "jump king of swing" has a winning platter here. The first side features several ivory choruses backed by an in-the-groove, jumping brass section. The reverse side gives with descriptive barber shop double-talk around a slow swing tempo—making for the kind of musical capers you'll want in your collection.

COLUMBIA 37921—Arthur Godfrey with Archie Bleyer and orchestra. *For Me And My Gal* and *Too Fat Polka* (*I Don't Want Her, You Can Have Her, She's Too Fat For Me*). Godfrey fans will enjoy this disk, the first platter he's made. He uses the same musical unit featured on his radio shows—and, while Godfrey is no singer of note, he can sell a song. You'll grin from ear to ear when you hear the *Too Fat Polka*.

A Solvable Housing Problem

IN a three-story house, 42 people can be accommodated in such a way that they live above other occupants; 48 people live underneath others; the middle floor houses as many persons as the other floors together. From this, can you tell how many people the house will hold, and how many live on each floor? Answers on page 68.

New York Theater

Plays . . .

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). This 1947 winner of the Drama Critics Circle Award is the story of a war profiteer who wins the undying resentment of his family. Not neat, but powerful. The play was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Still drawing loud huzzahs of acclaim is this engaging and wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. As ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas are unbeatable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Handsome Jean Parker competently assists Bert Lahr in getting the most out of this hit revived from the twenties. "The most" includes tears as well as bellylaughs. There's no business like show business. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3.

★ **COMMAND DECISION.** (Fulton). A forceful, expert drama by William Wister Haines about the AAF in England and over Europe. So far, the best theatre fare to come out of World War II. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath and Edmond Ryan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **DEAR JUDAS.** (Mansfield). A new slant on The Betrayal, as written, directed and produced by Michael Myerberg. The play is based upon a Robinson Jeffers' poem, and features Margaret Wycherly, Roy Hargrave and Ferdi Hoffman in the principal roles. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **DUET FOR TWO HANDS.** (Booth). From London, a Mary Hayley Bell melodrama produced by Robert Reud. Francis L. Sullivan, Joyce Redman and Hugh Marlowe are among the players. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). Anita Loos comedy notable for one thing: Helen Hayes. The story concerns a librarian of the standard, inconspicuous type who gets crooked to the ears one rainy afternoon. It proves, if anything, the efficacy of a few Pink Ladies in revealing unsuspected depths of character. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Charming as ever are Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and their pooka friend, Harvey. Here is whimsy that doesn't misfire, a rare and precious thing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE HEIRESS.** (Biltmore). Wendy Hiller in a distinguished and penetrating performance that is beautifully supported by Basil Rathbone and several other gifted actors. The play is a Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of *Washington Square*, by Henry James, and is admirably directed by Jed Harris. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HOW I WONDER.** (Hudson). Raymond Massey, Everett Sloane, Carol Goodner, and Meg Mundy all mixed up in a morass of nonsense—mostly unintentional—from the pen of Donald Ogden Stewart. Directorially, Garson Kanin did his best, but in this case it wasn't enough. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). As a rather special favor, an engaged soldier marries the girl of his buddy. That's the sort of situation that can get complicated, and it does in this slightly hysterical bromide with Loring Smith, Nina Foch and William Prince. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MAN AND SUPERMAN.** (Alvin). It is Maurice Evans all the way, playing the lead in the GBS comedy which he has revived, produced and directed with his usual skilful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OUR LANT.** (Royale). A talented group of people act a little and sing a lot in this Reconstruction melodrama set on an island off the Georgia coast. But the confused plot and uninspired—if not viscous—dialogue far outweigh those lonely merits. With Julie Haydon, William Veasey and Muriel Smith. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Martin Beck). Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French stay on in the cast of three, and Harvey Stephens steps into the sergeant's role as naturally as if he had been born with three stripes on him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Cort). Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan and Bill Talman in what may well be the duller play still running. It's about children at a summer camp. Summer, of course, is gone. It should happen to this. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ALLEGRO.** (Majestic). An involved and probably over-ambitious offering by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Critical opinion is divided, but it is unlikely



that the "long run boys" will improve either their purses or reputations with this one. With John Conte and Annamary Dickey. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.



★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). After a brief vacation, Ethel Merman is back in the title role of the rootin', tootin' and shootin' Irving Berlin musical which has a book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. It couldn't possibly be finer. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). A dancing, singing musical with not much humor but plenty of warmth and color. David Brooks and Pamela Britton do handsomely. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

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

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A leprechaun lands in Dixie, and what follows is pretty gay fantasy involving songs, dances, Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Century). Phil Silvers and lovely Nanette Fabray in a new show directed by George Abbott. The book is by Stephen Longstreet, music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE MEDIUM and THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). Gian-Carlo Menotti has written and staged these two short operas. Both are good, but *The Medium* is especially so. With Frank Rogier,

Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow and Evelyn Keller. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MUSIC IN MY HEART.** (Adelphi). A mercifully mediocre bit, helped but unsaved by the music of Tschaikowsky. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal and Martha Wright. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). *Green Grow the Lilacs* set to music. And *what* music! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **UNDER THE COUNTER.** (Shubert). Cicely Courtneidge, a robust and vastly talented comedienne, is good as can be in a veddy British musical dealing vaguely with the black market. The production had a successful two-year stand in London, and when Miss Courtneidge is on stage it is easy to see why. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	CI 6-6699	E
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	CI 5-4289	E
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CI 5-5760	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....	CI 5-5200	
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W



When Dinah Shore was a newcomer in New York, struggling to break into radio, she was invited to a swanky cocktail party, attended by many prominent radio people. Though Dinah didn't drink, she was determined to make the right impression, so as fast as drinks were passed, she poured hers into a potted plant.

Late in the evening, she found herself surrounded by a group of men, and no plant in which to empty her cocktail. However, she was near a window. She asked the name of someone across the room, then as all heads turned to see the person indicated, she dashed the drink over her shoulder. The window was closed.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ **AMBASSADOR.** For an enjoyable evening you'll find the hushed atmosphere of the Trianon Room made to order. Hear William Adler at luncheon and Larry Siry's orchestra in the evenings. Nice cocktail lounge. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ **ARMANDO'S.** The latest hangout for the young sophisticates who always keep a nonchalant eye peeled for good food. Jacques Thaler at the piano abetted by Harry Harden's glistening accordion. 54 E 55th Place. PL 3-0760.

★ **ASTI.** Homey as a great big Italian family. If you feel like singing, go ahead — before you can complete the first bar you find yourself ably accompanied by every waiter and bartender in the place. Fun! 13 E 12th. GR 5-9334.

★ **AU CANARI D'OR.** Rather petit, but the portions are huge. A bourbon and soda blends beautifully with the piping hot canapes. Nice people background your meal. 134 E 61st. RE 4-6094.

★ **BARBERRY ROOM.** Soft lighting combines with comfy setting and fine fare for your pleasure. Drop around Sunday any time after four. 19 E 52nd. PL 3-5800.

★ **BARNEY GALLANT'S.** Piano and accordion music from 7:30 on. Barney's bar is stocked with a heritage that dates back to the early twenties — sip your drink reverently, sir! Fine food from two-fifty. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.

★ **BILTMORE.** Stephen Kisley alternates with Sonny Weldon's orchestra in the Bowman Room. A delightful supper show stars Lanny Ross. Have your luncheon in the Madison Room — and for the harried male, a bar for men only. The Cafe is open for breakfast and the Famous Cocktail Lounge under the Clock opens at noon. Raginsky's Ensemble for the cocktail hour. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ **CARNIVAL.** Hilarious show featuring the inimitable Ray Bolger, Beatrice Kraft and Morty Reid's orchestra. Late show Saturday at 12:30. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ **CASTLEHOLM.** The helpings of delicious Swedish food are positively huge. Smorgasbord with dessert and drink at lunch time for a buck fifty. Visit the Viking Room for cocktails. 344 W 57th. CI 7-0873.

★ **DOGWOOD ROOM.** Genuine, old fashioned American food served with a flourish. Kurt Burian with his piano and Four Pals furnish dinner music. 50 E 58th. PL 9-1710.

★ **DRAKE.** For the dignified crowd there's the Drake Room. Sumptuous food served in an elegant setting. Les Crosley at cocktails and Cy Walter in the late p.m. Luncheon entrees from 95 cents in the Main Dining Room. 440 Park. WI 2-0600.

★ **FIRESIDE.** Presidents don't deliver chats here, but the candlelight provides a setting for speeches of love and endearment. Cute, cozy and serving delicious chicken in the basket. Excellent chops and steaks, too. 411 W 24th. CH 3-9511.

★ **GALLAGHER'S.** Shrimpers 'n rice, they're very nice. Yummy! What sea food! Wonderful lobster and steak. Start off at noon at the bar. 228 W 52nd. CI 5-5336.

★ **HAPSBURG HOUSE.** Comical Bemmelmans' decorations are even funnier after you've sampled a few choice liquids from the varied cellar. Fine food, Viennese style. Nice place for parties and there's zither music evenings. 315 E 55th. PL 3-5169.

★ **HEADQUARTERS.** Anybody who could do wonders with army food would be a cinch with civilian fare. "Ike's" former chefs, John and Marty, are doing a fine job of keeping people gastronomically happy. Huge portions. 108 W 49th. CI 5-4790.

★ **JOE KING'S.** The Fraternity House is always chock full of the A & W group with a sprinkling of collegiates soaking up the atmosphere. The chief chef is happiest when you are eating his delicious sauerbraten. 190 3rd Avenue. ST 9-9603.

★ **LEON & EDDIE'S.** See Eddie Davis in a risqué show packed with fun. My what lovely lasses! The food is superb and after Sunday midnight the "names" may be seen supping and just takin' it easy. Bar opens at 4 p.m. 33 W 52nd. EL 5-9414.

★ **JIMMY KELLY'S.** Spaghetti a la Jimmy Kelly holds an anchor spot in the saga of the Village. Dancing and girlie shows in the finest Village traditions. 181 Sullivan. AL 4-1414.

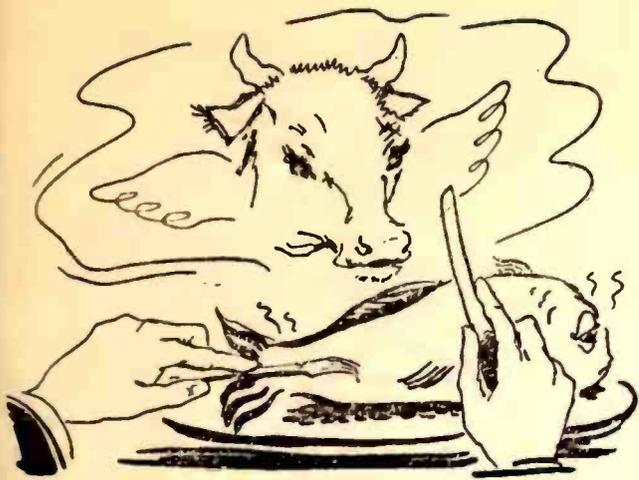
★ **OLD HOMESTEAD.** Kinda rustic and located right in the heart of the wholesale beef and pork district. It follows that the meat cuts are of the best. Bar. 56 9th Avenue. PL 9-2724.

★ **PRESS BOX.** A keen steak house with an upstairs "Press Club" for the boys only. Wonderful salads and Italian dishes. 139 E 45th. EL 5-8297.

★ **SARDI'S.** Celegs on the walls and also draped over the chairs. Don't goggle, son, drink up! 234 W 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ **TOWN & COUNTRY.** What's your pleasure? There's the Town Room, the Regional Room featuring American cooking from all points of the transcontinental compass, and a fine cocktail lounge. Also, the Country Dining Room for couples or stags. 284 Park. VO 5-5639.





Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

THERE is a pretty girl with brown hair and plenty of brains at the Chicago Municipal Airport who holds down one of the most important jobs open to women in modern aviation. Her name is Ann Fallon. Her job—Chief Stewardess for American Airlines' Chicago headquarters. If you, like thousands of other commercial airlines passengers, have marveled over the pleasant efficiency of most airline stewardesses, it probably won't surprise you to learn that they don't just happen that way. Careful selection, plus careful training and constant supervision, maintains the high standard set by American and other airlines for their stewardess service.

Back before the war most stewardesses were nurses. Now most of them are college graduates, or girls with several years of business or professional training. In the pioneer days, they spent most of their time charming passengers into forgetting their qualms about flying. Today on the big DC-6 Flagships, they race like crazy trying to get everybody comfortable, fed, and unloaded at the right airport. The big job is feeding more than fifty people in a couple of hours, yet few people ever think of the stewardesses as waitresses—which is a tribute to the girls and a "boss" stewardess like Ann Fallon.

Ann has been with American Airlines more than six years. She was a registered nurse with a yen for the blue horizon. A stewardess patient talked her into applying for a job and she's been flying ever since. A gal who came up through the ranks to an executive job, she knows intimately the problems and troubles of the girls who work under her. She is an expert on: (A) How to alter a schedule

so that Sally can find herself in Boston just in time for a big date at the Harvard-Yale game between trips. (B) How to lend a wise but unobtrusive word to help solve the problems of girls who make the discovery that efficient aviation doesn't always mix with romance. (C) How to soften the demands of a back-breaking flight schedule with just the right feminine touch.

Ann Fallon's favorite stewardess story is the one about the green girl who spent most of her first flight peering curiously into odd corners of the plane's cabin. Noting the girl's constant search for some unknown object, an executive of the airline who happened to be aboard called her over and offered his help. "Stewardess," he said politely, "I don't know what you're looking for, but maybe, if you'll tell me, I can help you find it." The new stewardess replied devastatingly, "I'm looking for the glamour this job was supposed to have."



Every fall in Chicago finds a return to the happy and continuous program of sport events which makes the town just one big Madison Square Garden. This year the six day bike races are with us again for the first time since 1940. Eight or ten bike riders will flash around an oval at the Coliseum, riding furiously into nowhere. The number of people who will happily make themselves dizzy watching this furiously futile spectacle apparently runs into the tens of thousands.

Another event catching seasonal interest is the Chicago Horse Show. Housed at the Illinois National Guard Armory, it brings out the socialites the first night and the horse-lovers on all succeeding nights. If you can enjoy looking at horse flesh without buying a pari-mutuel ticket, you'll find a lot of company at the horse show.

Some of the finest acting in Chicago is on view every Wednesday night during

the fall and winter months at the Rainbo Arena. This spot is known locally as the home of the grunt and groan boys—Chicago's professional wrestlers. Such manly virility, muscular villainy, and plain and fancy pleading hasn't been seen outside the wrestling ring since William S. Hart stopped foiling villains and Pearl White clung to her last cliff.

Other notable sport attractions: professional football, Friday nights and Sunday afternoons—featuring the Chicago Bears, Cardinals and Rockets. As we write, the Cardinals are the hot team in the National Football League, and it's about time, too. They've been winning handily of late, thereby relinquishing the local football doghouse to the Bears and the Rockets.

As noted, the manly art of self-defense is practiced every Friday night at the Rainbo Arena, where the lads pound each other for cash. On Tuesday nights at the Savoy Ballroom the non-pro's batter away for glory, and very little of it.

• • •

The San Carlo opera company has been with us during October, capably filling in for the more or less dormant Chicago Opera Company. This year the names weren't as big, but the complete casts were better rehearsed. Most of the singers involved behaved as though they had been in an opera before.

Griff Williams is back in the Empire Room of the Palmer House, which is a reassuring note for the dance music fans. Griff usually arrives with the falling leaves and stays until March or April. This year, as usual, he has the same fine dance orchestra, and the same bouncing piano melodies.

This is the month, too, when the Chicago Symphony goes into high gear with Artur Rodzinski as the permanent conductor. This will be fine for Chicago's music-lovers, but a trifle hard on Miss Claudia Cassidy—the *Tribune's* militant critic. Miss Cassidy has been used to going after the symphony's most recent

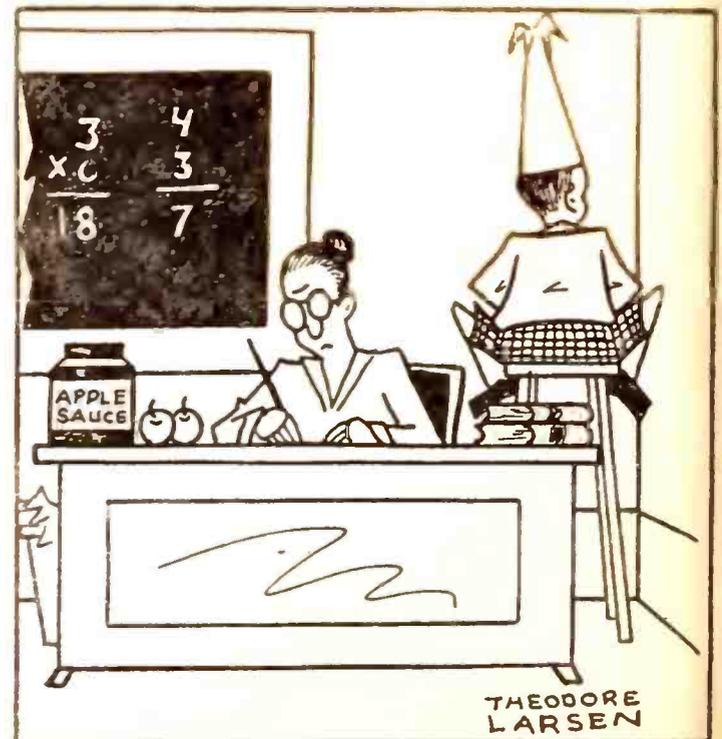
conductor, Desire Defauw, with hammer and tongs. Nothing the symphony ever played, when conducted by Defauw, ever sounded right to the highly critical Miss Cassidy. No matter how hard the recent conductor tried he was always wrong. The present 64 dollar musical question around these parts is: Now that Claudia Cassidy's favorite, Rodzinski, is on the podium, where is she going to find the material for those vitriolic Sunday columns in the *Tribune*?

• • •

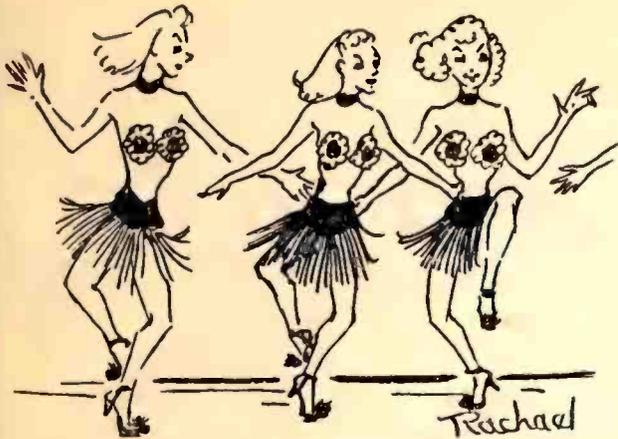
The surface and elevated lines now belong to the people of Chicago. However, the Rapid Transit is still the "rancid transit" to most of Chicago, and the public now pays ten cents for the privilege of dangling from a strap on those sad old streetcars. There may be a new day coming, but to the weary riders of the Chicago Transit Authority, seeing is believing. And sitting is believing.

• • •

The National Safety Council recently held a week-long meeting at a Chicago hotel. This convention was followed immediately by another—the 4th Annual Convention of the Auto Wreckers Association.



CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL



by MARION ODMARK

Grandeur

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Equal distribution here between dramatic background and rewarding entertainment productions, musically keyed by Orrin Tucker's orchestra.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). *Chi-chi* is the word for this society gathering spa famed for its excellent luncheon and dinner repasts and highly touted little bands.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Bob McGrew and his orchestra are back, and so are the burgundy swags of winter. Frank Ahmstadt is the host you should know.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). This traditional and ornamental room now has its favorite bandleader on the rostrum, Griff Williams; and heading the bountiful show is Florence Desmond, English mime.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Music in the afternoon is mostly rhumba; music in the evening is mostly hit parade; both to popular liking.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Tasteful elegance of room and service, society dance music and one very good act add up incomparable Blackstone tradition.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Happy haunt of celebrities and their fauns, this number one rendezvous has all the gimmicks of the glamour trade.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, LaSalle near Randolph (Cen. 0213). Built-up budget for dance music and entertainment makes this Loop veteran more important than ever.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Best and most lavish Russian restaurant in the country, by actual investigation, to a theme imperial rather than red. Delightful music for romancing, not dancing, by George Scherban and his ensemble.

The Big Show

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), definitely leads the field in maximum entertainment: comedians, dance teams and specialty artists, and a line of beautiful girls . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), holds down honors in the Loop, expecting in November to scoop the country with the appearance of Josephine Baker . . . Smaller nighteries, like **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue, naturally have smaller shows, proportionately entertaining . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has succumbed to the all-girl policy, restrained, however, and more eye-filling than the usual run.

Mostly for Music

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Popular bands in rotation are still the big attraction.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Crooners, disc jockeys and small combos make this veteran meeting spot a notable proving ground of talent.

Appetizers

Best French cooking in Chicago at **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan Avenue, **CAFE DE PARIS**, 1260 N. Dearborn, **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario . . . Best seafood delicacies in the **CAPE COD ROOM**, Drake Hotel . . . Classics in Cantonese dining at **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 E. Walton Place, **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State Street, **ONG LOK YUN**, 105 N. Dearborn, **HOUSE OF ENG**, 110 E. Walton Place . . . Smorgasbord and Swedish dishes are unbeatable at **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush street . . . German cooking tastifies the bill of fare at **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street . . . Steaks you call succulent are specialties at the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush Street, **FOLEY'S STEAK HOUSE**, 71 East Adams Street . . . Meats barbecued to a crisp turn have the spotlight at **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush Street . . . Society applauds **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place and **CAMEO CLUB**, two doors east . . . Food is good but simple at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark Street, but the atmosphere is what counts in medieval charm.

Eyebrow-Lifters

The strip-tease goes its uninhibited way at the **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison.

Theatre

What is a hit and will stay on, and what is no box office and will close on short notice is anybody's guess this time of the year . . . For definite information on stage attractions, check with the amusement pages of any daily newspaper, or that handy little free magazine, **THIS WEEK IN CHICAGO**, on any hotel information desk.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BRETTON'S.** Have we told you about Max Bretton's new place in St. Louis? We have? We'll tell you again — it's located in the Hotel Kings Way right across the boulevard from beautiful Forest Park. It boasts the same excellent cuisine you'll find at the Kansas City restaurant. Continental specialties and fine drink. Managed by Martin Weiss, former Kansas City restaurateur. In Kansas City, Bretton's is at 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ **ADRIAN'S.** Genial Adrian Hooper has done wonders since assuming the managership of the Mart Cafe. His many years experience at the President stand him in good stead and it's a cinch you'll not be disappointed. Evenings try the smorgasbord. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Music by Muzak provides a pleasant background for your prime ribs — and yet it's soft enough so that you may chatter away at your dinner partner. Jim Pusateri loves to tend bar but he'll spare a moment for conversation any time. Yes, Jerry is still the host and he's still the best in town. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** We always have a word or two about the Savoy designed to bring back the nostalgic memories of by-gone years. We'd like to remind you that although the air of yesteryear still abounds, the Savoy's up-to-date kitchens turn out the finest in sea food and beef dishes. Marvelous lobster! 9th & Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** Among the many gastronomic treats in store for you at the 210 are Colorado rainbow trout, air expressed in every other day, and succulent Maine lobster! The steak is the finest to be had in the Midwest, and what's more, complete dinners begin as low as two dollars. The Victorian Lounge in this chic, New Orleans style paradise is completely reserved at luncheon time for private parties . . . but call in your reservations a day ahead! Suave entertainment is furnished by Henry O'Neill on the piano and Dorothy Hacker at the organ. The glass be-muralled bar is a gorgeous sight and somehow the drinks take on a delightful Southern flavor. Owner Putsch has a real showplace and he's to be congratulated for a fine job of management. Drop in at the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side on maid's night out. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ **CABANA.** Pretty Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, dominates the scene with her organ melodies and renditions of the top ten while energetic Latins scurry hither and yon with martinis and things. It's a wee place and comfy as the back seat of your Cadillac. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Grand. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** A charming downstairs nook serving sandwiches and JB music in a pleasant combination. No tax, so generally the college set is to be found scattered in gay groups around the room. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.



★ **OMAR ROOM.** Unique decor, with a gorgeous set of mirrors overhanging the circular bar, giving patrons the pleasant sensation of sitting under a large tree. Dim and cushiony and there are lotsa beautiful gals. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. GR 6040.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** We don't know why it is, but there's always a little man polishing that brass fire plug just outside the Rendezvous entrance. Maybe it's an indication of the people inside . . . all the Baltimore brokerage houses have brass fire plugs, too. At any rate, the place is strictly uptown and you won't be disappointed in the drinks or service. If the head man knows your name, you're a big shot, bub! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Swaying palms, soft lights, tropical breezes, lots of greenery, low glass tables, comfortable divans, everything to simulate a south sea oasis. It's even authentic to the typhoons that happen every hour on the hour. Cool, tropical drinks. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A plushy carpet's length from the famed El Casbah, this pleasant little room is quiet and sophisticated. The bar men, attired in starchy white mess coats, serve up your drinks mixed to a point of potent perfection. Soft background music emanating from piano and nova-chord, equally soft seats. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **THE PEANUT.** Louis Stone serves the dangdest barbecue in these h'yar parts, pardner! And he's got barrels 'n barrels of the best beer you ever swizzled! What more can a man ask? Come on out any night and join in the fun and merriment. Louis has been on that same corner for 14 years and he's proud of it — and so are we! 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Diminutive cocktail lounge, bright and cheerful, yet intimate enough for your particular occasion. When the parade of little pink elephants above the bar pulls into a double

ile, it's about that time, friend. The drinks are really strong — we're warning you! Hotel State, between Wyandotte and Baltimore on 12th. GR 310.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Well, folks, Josh Johnson is right back in his ole hangout, and he sure seems to be at home! How that man can make that pyanna scream for jumpin' joy — yowah! Don't bolt that delicious piece of fried chicken, sub, just wait 'til Joshua finishes that one! Owner Dale Overfelt has been doing a swell job and the food and drink are mighty fine. Dancing. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

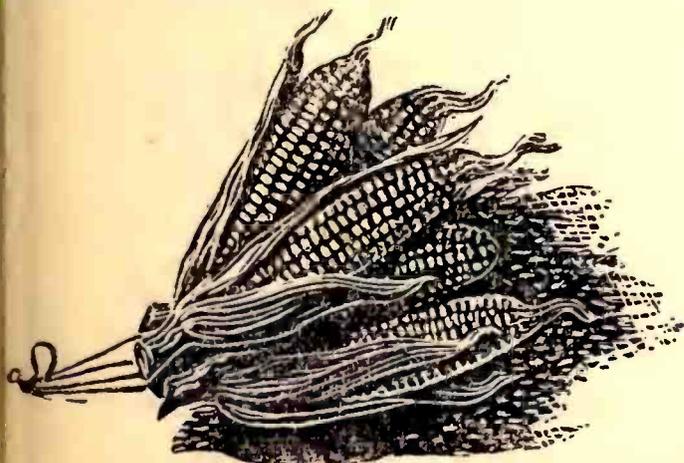
Drive-Ins . . .

★ **ALLEN'S DRIVE-INS.** Young and old, makes no difference — the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmmm! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. It's still warm enough for outdoor service — or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 13rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas.

★ **NU-WAYS.** During these times of rising prices, C. L. Duncan has been doing a grand job of holding the line. His soft drinks and delicious sandwiches are as reasonable as ever. And they're doggoned good, to boot! The car hops are as perky and pretty as KC lasses should be and they are always Jonathan on the spot. A fine place for after the theater — before, too! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

Good Taste . . .

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank's downtown place is completely remodeled since the unfortunate fire of several weeks ago. An attractive



and useful addition has been made. Frank now offers complete fountain service and those white collar guys and gals who are too busy to settle down to a nice luncheon can grab a sandwich and nalt on the run. The Brush Creek place is still

servicing delicious fried chicken and is one of the very few fried chicken establishments in Kansas City that stays open the year around. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Listen to Alberta's top ten by remote from the Cabana, read the latest news presented in mimeo form, and enjoy a tasty business luncheon. Oh yes, pay your check on the way out! Hotel Phillips, 12th & Grand. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** As orderly as the cabin of a Constellation, as neat and well-groomed as the pretty airline hostess who drops in for sandwiches between hops, and just as popular with the Kansas City paddle feet as it is with the flying clientele. Stopover celebs may be your eating companions any time of the day or night. Owned and operated by True Milleman and Joe Gilbert. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

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

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

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

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** It's always a good idea to 'phone maitre d' hotel Jerry Engle for reservations because this famous supper club is very popular with out-of-towners as well as Kansas Citians. Wayne Muir and his brilliant two-piano orchestra continue as the feature attraction. Plan on seeing a fine floor show — and, for a treat, order the Flaming Sword Dinner. Come at one on Saturday for the dansant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Johnny Franklin does a magnificent job of playing host. He'll see to it that you have your heart's desire in food, drink and seating location. Dee Peterson's pleasant music is enhanced by the vocalizing of Ken Smith. The perfect place for a quiet, dignified evening. Wonderful steak. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Murray Arnold and his orchestra will grace the bandstand at the Grill during November. Murray was pianist for Freddie Martin before striking out on his own, and the gentleman has a very capable group of tunemakers. Dim, not too noisy, cozy and congenial. You'll like it! Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

▲
A pat on the back, though only a few vertebrae removed from a kick in the pants, is miles ahead in results.

QUIZ ANSWERS

Solution to A SOLVABLE HOUSING PROBLEM

The house will accommodate 60 people: 18 on the lower floor, 30 on the middle and 12 on the upper.



Answers to HOW "Z"EALOUS ARE YOU?

1. f u Z Z y w u Z Z y
2. a l c a t r a Z
3. p r o t o Z o a
4. d a z Z l e
5. a Z a l e a
6. Z e b r a
7. Z i t h e r s
8. Z e a l o t s
9. Z e p p e l i n s
10. c Z a r o w i t Z



Solution to GIVING THE WORKS

28 volumes	14
	7
	4
	3
	—
	28



Answer to POSTAGE STUMPER

Yes. Address the letter to yourself, using the name and address of the person to whom the letter is going as the return address. Mail the letter without a stamp, and it will be "returned" for lack of postage.



Solution to A KISS IN THE DARK

The lucky man had to kiss at least seven girls.



Solution to LET'S SQUARE SWING!

S W I N G	S T E M S
W A G E R	T O N O W
I G L O O	E N N U I
N E O N S	M O U R N
G R O S S	S W I N G

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

LET'S FACE FIGURES!

The candy manufacturing district of which Kansas City is a part:

Produces 53% of all candy manufactured in America

Produces 25% more candy than its nearest competitive region

ships 47.9% of its annual output

Manufactures \$223,000,000 worth of candy each year.



CANDY IS DANDY!

Marketland's gleaming candy kettles bubble for the benefit of the nation. Candy goes out, money comes in—making Kansas City a sugar-coated, not-to-be-neglected market.

That's sweet news for advertisers who want to reach—and *sell*—Kansas Citians. But here's more: WHB, the dominant daytime station which has been atop the local Hooper-heap since Marconi begged

his momma for tootsie rolls, is going full-time! Within a month, Your Mutual Friend will be operating on a new and better frequency with increased power, *night and day!* WHB reaches Kansas City: WHB sells Kansas City. See your John Blair man for a sweet buy!

DON DAVIS

President

JOHN T. SCHILLING

General Manager

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Randolph 5257

LOS ANGELES

6331 Hollywood Blvd. (Zone 28)
Granite 6103

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Douglas 3188

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