

FEBRUARY

1948

25¢

Swing





1—Arthur C. Haysler, president of Index Employment Company, receives congratulations from Kansas City's Mayor William E. Kemp as Index opens America's largest employment office.

2—Audrey Totter, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, all smiles for Dick Smith, chief of the WHB special events department.

3—Winning basketball plays are a subject of discussion by Harold Howey, ace scorer for Kansas State College, and his coach, Jack Gardner.

4—Commander-in-Chief Ray H. Brannaman of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, tells WHB listeners that universal military training is essential to national security.



foreword

IN these United States the color of February will be forever red, white and blue — thanks to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Washington.

It is strange to think that it wasn't always so, that once February was just another month, too late for winter, too early for spring, impatient, full of whimsical weather, enlivened only by Valentines and an occasional leap year (arranged by man in his efforts to keep pace with the stars). But that was before the two great Americans had lived, placed their mark on history, died, and become traditions. Forever after, February is their month, and we are reminded punctually of patriotism in its only legitimate sense — not patriotism to one country only, but to humankind. It is this which made — and makes — the great men great — that they work for the common good. They may work through the medium of one nation, yes, as Washington and Lincoln did, but through that medium because it is the instrument at hand. What each of them envisioned for his country he envisioned for the world: freedom, security, and peace. It's as Mr. Lincoln said, on his birthday 87 years ago, when he spoke of "that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time."

That hope, like a candle in the wind, has faltered many times since then, but it never has gone out completely. We may feel encouraged by that fact and work a little harder to fulfill Mr. Lincoln's faith. It's the least we can do to commemorate his birthday and the principles he stood for. We can send, by word and deed, a Valentine to the race of man — with love.

Swing

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FEBRUARY'S *Heavy Dates* IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Loan Exhibitions: Steuben Glass and paintings by Cleveland artists.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Portrait of Queen Elizabeth," artist unknown.

Motion Pictures: On February 20th and 22nd, *William Tell*, featuring the late Conrad Veidt, will be shown. Admission free.

Lectures: Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series by Paul Gardner on "Italian Painting." Admission free.

Feb. 4, "Painters of North Italy."

Feb. 11, "Venetian Painters of the 15th Century."

Feb. 18, "Venetian Painters of the 16th Century."

Feb. 25, "The Bolognese School."

Concerts: 4th annual concert by THE MADRIGALIANS, from Kansas State Teachers College, under the direction of Orville Borchers, to be given February 29th, at 3:30 p.m.

Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Feb. 1, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Feb. 2, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for young people.

Feb. 2, Igor Gorin, baritone.

Feb. 3, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for young people.

Feb. 9, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for young people.

Feb. 10-11, Gregor Piatagorsky, cellist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Feb. 15, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Feb. 22, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Feb. 24-25, Philharmonic Subscription Concert.

Special Events . . .

Feb. 9, Robert St. John, NBC London correspondent, Music Hall.

Feb. 14, Veloz and Yolanda, ballroom dance team, matinee and evening performances, Music Hall.

Feb. 16, Alfred Wolff, travelogue "Mexican Mosaic," with technicolor pictures, Little Theatre.

Feb. 19, Shrine Dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 22-24, Kansas City Flower Show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 28, Big Seven Track Meet, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

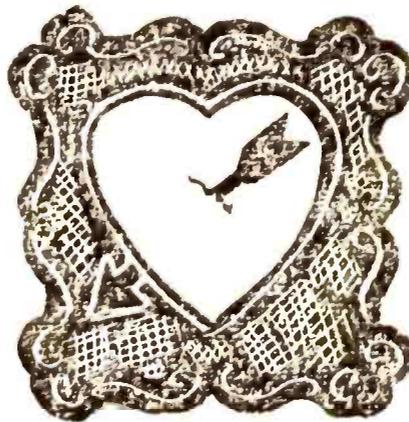
Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

Feb. 18, Tex Beneke.

Feb. 21, Carmen Cavallaro.

Feb. 28, Charlie Spivak.



Wrestling . . .

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

Feb. 17, Professional Wrestling, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Ice Hockey . . .

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

Feb. 1, St. Paul.

Feb. 4, Dallas.

Feb. 8, Omaha.

Feb. 15, Tulsa.

Feb. 22, Minneapolis.

Feb. 25, Dallas.

Feb. 29, Omaha.

Basketball . . .

Feb. 6-7, High School Basketball Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 13, High School Basketball Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 20, High School Basketball Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Boxing . . .

Feb. 9, Golden Gloves, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 10-11, Golden Gloves, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Feb. 14, Golden Gloves Final Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Conventions . . .

Feb. 1-3, Fact Finding Congress Institute of American Poultry Industries, Auditorium.

Feb. 5-6, Missouri Valley Electric Association Power Sales Conference, Hotel President.

Feb. 8-10, Ralston-Purina Company, Dealers Sales Conference Hotel President.

Feb. 12-13, Johns Manville Sales Corporation, Hotel Phillips.

Feb. 14-15, B'Nai B'Rith Regular Bowling Tournament.

Feb. 17-19, Fitts Dry Goods Company, Hotel Phillips.

Feb. 19-20, Midwest Feed Manufacturers.

Feb. 24-27, American Association of Junior Colleges, Hotel President.

Feb. 26-28, Academy of Orthopedic Orthopedists, Hotel Continental.

Feb. 26-28, Eagle Picher Sales Company, Hotel Phillips.

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QUEEN LYDIA

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

Gone but not forgotten is Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, whose vegetable compound gathered fortune, fame and female followers.

EDITORS published photographs of her tombstone to prove to her followers that she was really dead. On many occasions, her picture was used in publications as a substitute for the likeness of Queen Victoria, Lillian Langtry, and Susan Anthony.

Doctors excoriated her, but millions of women chanted her praises—and bought her highly alcoholic “vegetable compound.”

She started her business career with one dollar and recklessly spent 15 cents of it on advertising. By unofficial estimate, the company she founded has since spent \$50,000,000 on promotion of her product and face. The firm has grossed hundreds of millions of dollars purveying the same compound which was originally cooked up in the kitchen of a drab Lynn, Massachusetts, house.

For Lydia Pinkham, first maker of the nostrum bearing her name, is still regarded by countless women throughout the world as America's most famous woman, although she died in 1883. African natives, seeing her notherly face on bottles carried by

missionaries, are convinced she symbolizes American womanhood today.

During her lifetime, Lydia received more mail than any other individual in the nation—not excepting the President—and counted her letters from ailing females in the tons rather than thousands. Children were named after her; women aped her hair-do; and she inspired more music hall jokes and wisecracks than the Model-T Ford ever provoked.

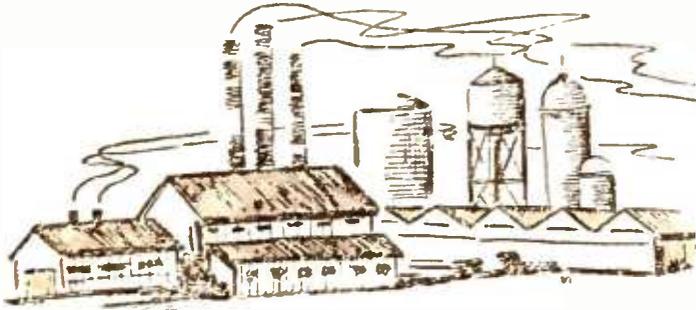
Despite her position as America's first big business woman, Lydia's throaty voice was heard in the temperance movement, greenback meetings, anti-slavery crusades, spiritualist circles and in the drive against vaccination. For Lydia Pinkham, wife of a bankrupt business man and mother of four children, fervently believed herself to be the salvation of woman-kind and she lavished her vitality and passionate voice on every tiny current or personality within the “emancipation” movement for women.

Her dollar-spangled success story began in Lynn on September 24, 1869, a gloomy day when American businessmen moaned like babies, when overtaken by a sudden financial panic.

Among the moaners was her husband, Isaac Pinkham, a pleasant chap who always spoke wistfully of big business deals which would redeem

his family from their genteel poverty. But this Massachusetts Micawber never succeeded in pulling off a deal which would bring security to his brood.

Instead, his paltry holdings and



assets went down the drain in the panic and Isaac became a mumbling gaffer who lived in the past and allowed his wife to take command of the family.

"Cheer up!" she said sharply to her children. "We're failures now, but perhaps the compound I make for the neighbor ladies can be sold instead of given away."

Always the gentleman, Isaac protested weakly that it would lower their standing to "ask money for something you've always given away."

"Nonsense!" retorted Lydia. "If women want my compound, they'll have to pay a dollar a bottle for it. If we sell only seven bottles a week, that's enough cash to feed us all. Pride buys no groceries, Isaac."

Lydia was destined to sell 10,000 bottles of her product daily in the United States alone, but the Pinkham family was highly elated and thrilled when a neighbor woman planked down a dollar for the first bottle Mrs. Pinkham ever brewed commercially.

"I've got woman's weakness, and your remedy always has helped it,

Lydia," whispered the neighbor. "I think I can get more customers for you."

Lydia smiled. She recalled how she had upbraided Isaac when he accepted the recipe for the remedy from its originator, George Todd, an improvident Lynn machinist, who had been unable to pay a debt he owed Mr. Pinkham.

Isaac had generously credited Todd with \$25 for the recipe and forgave the balance of Todd's bill. He had shrunk from his family's wrath at the folly of settling for "a worthless piece of paper." But that paper was to earn millions of dollars for Lydia's heirs and descendants and was destined to make Lydia America's most talked-about woman.

AFTER Mrs. Pinkham's triumphant first sale, prim ladies from Salem started driving several miles to Lynn, where they secretively asked Lydia for bottles of her compound. An ardent temperance worker Lydia was grieved by back-biters who jeered:

"O! Miz Pinkham's medicine is the demon rum itself. Plenty of kids to it. No wonder the high-and-mighty gals and ladies swig it in private!"

One day, Mrs. Pinkham walked into the county jail and thrust several bottles of her elixir at the startled warden.

"The gossips say that my compound gives the effect of liquor," she said crisply. "Will you try it on the worst drunkards locked up here? Please let me know the results."

The jailer complied with the odd request and offered swigs of Lydi

Pinkham's medicine from plain bottles to the happy inebriates locked in their cells. But after their first swallows, the tosspots all made wry faces and spat the fluid on the floor.

"It's medicine, ma'am!" opined the jailer. "I'll swear to that. No drunkard, however much he needed a drink, would take that stuff."

Lydia effectively used his testimonial to confound the rumormongers. But it was true that her remedy contained 20 per cent alcohol and evidently did give the ladies a lift. Even when the alcohol was cut down to 15 per cent, the jokes about the compound's secret uses continued unabated.

Few people in Lydia's day heeded the doctors who violently attacked her for selling a nostrum purported to be good for all the maladies of womankind. The medical profession was unorganized and quacks were plentiful. The doctors, even honest ones, were held in low esteem, and Mrs. Pinkham profited from this distrust of the practitioners.

For a time, she and her family, aided by neighbors, brewed the compound on the kitchen stove in such small quantities as her sons were able to sell. Finally, Lydia saved enough money to print a few handbills which the boys distributed on the Boston rains.

All of her early profits—reckoned in pennies—were plowed back into more bottles, herbs, alcohol, and handbills. Will Pinkham ran the business with his mother while Dan, another resourceful son, passed out circulars to any pallid females he encountered in Boston and other towns.

One of Dan's promotional schemes caused him a lot of work but it brought results. On plain paper, he wrote in longhand:

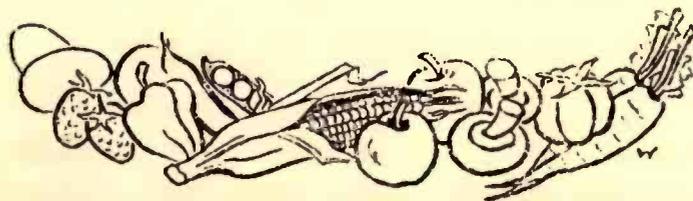
"P.S. Try Lydia Pinkham's Compound and I know it will cure you. It's the best there is for female weakness. From your loving Cousin Mary."

He scattered hundreds of these hand-written fragments in parks. Later, he had cards printed and dropped them at beaches, picnics, churches and wherever else women congregated.

Dan's biggest day came when a Boston druggist said, "I'll take a dozen bottles of your ma's elixir, son. And I'll buy plenty more if it sells well." It did. But, meanwhile, Dan often had to stay in his room and exist on a cracker diet when he lacked money for carfare or food.

One day, while peddling the compound to sickly-looking women of Brooklyn, Dan hit upon the idea of using his mother's picture on the bottle.

"You're healthy-lookin' and sweet, Ma, and women will trust us when they see a face like yours on the bottle," he urged. "Let's try it anyway. Maybe sales will increase."



When brother Will collected \$100 from a wholesale druggist in Boston, he paced the floor and debated for hours before going to the newspaper office at Dan's insistence and planking down \$60 for an ad on the front

page.

Will was afraid to confess to Lydia that he had spent the money on an advertisement featuring her picture. But after the ad appeared—the first instance in which a photograph of a person was used in advertising—orders began to cascade upon the family and Lydia wrote gratefully to Dan in New York:

“You certainly had the right idea, my boy.”

His reply was prompt: “But you had the right face, Ma!”

Lydia now mortgaged her home to buy more advertising. She purchased the house next door and converted it into her first factory. The mail from anxious women poured in from diplomats' wives in Washington, society matrons in Manhattan, plantation women of the South, and homesteaders' wives in the West.

Lydia's picture was first published on the compound wrapper itself in 1879. Since then, her fan mail hasn't subsided. (Even now, hundreds of letters are received each month addressed to the long-dead Lydia, giving details of maladies, mental states, family quarrels, husbands' women friends and other problems plaguing feminine hearts.)

THROUGHOUT the existence of Lydia Pinkham's product, numerous critics—from medical societies to journalistic crusaders—have sought to debunk claims made for the nostrum and the child-like faith of women in its efficacy.

Bill Nye, the humorist, helped make Lydia's name a household word by jocularly nominating her for pres-

ident. Many women took his suggestion seriously and formed committees to put their idol in the White House.

Mrs. Pinkham's most faithful support came from childless women who gulped her brew with unshakable confidence in its power to stimulate conception. Naturally, a large number of these women eventually bore babies anyway. But they wrote Lydia glowing letters of praise which were widely circulated. Her compound became known as “the medicine with a baby in every bottle.”

As her newspaper ads, posters, and billboards blossomed in England, Europe, Latin America and the Orient, the Pinkham factory had to employ many interpreters to translate letters from women living in all parts of the globe. Not a few men swore that her remedy had relieved their ailments, too.

A visiting businessman from South America, holding a bottle of Lydia's medicine, grinned as he said: “This bottle is the true international currency. It never changes in value, for it is always worth a dollar bill in my country!”

When Lydia died in 1883, a son Charles, and her daughter carried on with the business. Pinkham descendants are still active in the company which uses the original recipe Isaac Pinkham accepted in settlement of debt.

Whether Lydia was the savior of millions of females, as she proudly believed herself to be, is open to question. But as a moneymaker and idol of women, she puts the current crop of Hollywood lovelies to shame

"This is it!" Hollywood's favorite curtain line, has a nice simplicity. Some historical personalities did even better.



HAVE you got your deathbed statement ready? If you are anybody at all, you had better get busy and prepare it. And be sure it is easily accessible should you be unfortunate enough to expire without utterance. Your biographer will insure that the deathless words are attributed to your last few conscious seconds.

You may be in a coma for three weeks before "breathing your last," but you have nothing to worry about if a masterful statement has been given to a friend beforehand. He will rearrange history to record a last minute awakening to cover your spouting the words of wisdom you stole from an old Lincoln speech.

It's as simple as that, really. History proves it. Here we are in France in 1592. Michael de Montaigne, the famous essayist, is on his deathbed. Does he get a sudden spell, clench his fist and mutter, "Ugh!"? No, indeed. Not *the* Montaigne. He's too famous for such a prosaic death. He has written too many clever lines during life to be allowed to die without giving one more to posterity. So, his friends tell us, with his last breath

by JOSEPH A. MURPHY

he speaks the following words, "There is nothing of which I am so inquisitive, and delight so to inform myself, as the manner of men's deaths, their words, looks and bearing . . ." Those dots at the end undoubtedly represent another modifying clause the famous man was about to give to the world. Still that was a pretty long breath, even for an athlete.

Our own George Washington, too, was a long-winded deathbed orator. His contribution to forensics, made with his last earthly strength, was: "I am just going. Have me decently buried, but do not let my body be put into the vault in less than two days after I am dead. Do you understand? It is well."

To be honest, there are a few cases of dying statements that seem reasonably probable.

Aaron Burr said but one word, and a believable one. "Madame" was his coda.

Beethoven, deaf for over 20 years, can be understood for saying in a dying gasp, "I shall hear in heaven." A touching statement, really. But

one wonders if a sentimental acquaintance didn't coin the phrase for Ludwig, thinking he *should* feel that way facing death.

Lord Chesterfield was comfortable enough on his deathbed to worry about the seating arrangements of a friend. "Give Day Rolles a chair," he said. They say.

That this good lord was noted for his qualites as a gentleman and a host during his life is surely coincidental.

Also by a not-too-strange coincidence, the French writer, Rabelais, left behind an appropriate final sentence, "Let down the curtain, the farce is over."

The great Queen Elizabeth, we are told, was a good deal more practical when her demise came. "All my possessions for one moment of time!"

said Good Queen Bess, quoting good odds for the circumstances.

The poet, Keats, a master of figures of speech, apparently was unable to resist a last poetic line. "I feel the daisies growing over me." That's why poets are born.

The prize of pre-death antics, however, dates back to Roman days under Emperor Claudius. The consul, Paetus, was sentenced to die at his own hand. Hesitating, he caused his wife, Arria, to become embarrassed. She, history says, grabbed the dagger from him and plunged it into her own breast before he could stop her. She then calmly withdrew said dagger, coolly handed it to her husband and said, quote, "It is not painful, Paetus."

Then she fell, without adverb, dead at his feet. And about time, too!



How much pain can you take? If medical science finds the answer you may not have to take any.

A D V E N T U R E S I N T O



by ROBERT WOOD

THE Johns Hopkins doctors were puzzled. Slowly, methodically, they went over the little boy's body, counting dozens of angry scars—relics of severe burns which he had suffered in his brief lifetime.

"My son can't be broken of the habit of grabbing red-hot pots and pans from the stove," related his worried mother. "Since he was a baby, he's been reaching for hot things which a normal person would drop in an instant. To him, they are play-things—though they sear his skin and cause terrible scars!"

The doctors pricked the lad with needles. He smiled. They placed red-hot metal in his hands. He held it—nonchalantly. He was cheerful and intelligent, a normal lad in every way except one: pain meant little or nothing to him. In fact, he had no concept of "pain" and wondered what it was.

This boy was an extreme example of the one-third of the earth's people who are less sensitive to pain than are the majority. For more than a hundred years, scientists have been puzzled by pain, especially by the riddle

of one individual's seeming indifference to sensations which are unbearable to his neighbor.

The ordinary human being has between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 pain spots on his skin. Doctors call these spots "pain receptors." They are sensitive to pain and transmit pain sensations to the brain via the nervous system.

The boy examined at Johns Hopkins had few or no pain receptors in his skin. Nor did two other amazing children who were studied at the same hospital by Drs. Frank R. Ford and Lawson Wilkins. These kids chewed their fingers until they were raw; held red-hot metal bars until their hands were blistered. They stubbed their toes without feeling a thing, and bumped their shinbones without a grimace.

Even when doctors squeezed hard on their sensitive Achilles tendons—located just above the ankle—the youngsters merely grinned pleasantly and wondered why the men in white were making such a fuss over them.

Their parents said that the children were always getting abrasions, cuts

and bruises—though these never hurt. As the kids had never experienced pain, they lacked the normal youngster's skill in protecting themselves from injuries.

Another free-from-pain individual who recently came to light is a young soldier, who astounded Army doctors by proclaiming: "I've never felt pain in my life. What is it?"

Unbelieving, the doctors jabbed him with needles, rained blows on his shin bone, and pulled his hair. They drilled his teeth and kneaded his stomach.

"It's no use," he said. "You simply can't hurt me. I don't know what suffering is!"

Even when his examiners immersed the soldier's hand in ice water for long periods, he was mildly amused and experienced no discomfort.

"What does your hand feel now?" he was asked. "Moderate coolness!" was the reply. Ice strapped to his bare skin wasn't even an annoyance to the G.I.

We aren't all as fortunate. Some of us—with many aches and pains—are anxious to learn any method of reducing discomfort, however slight.

Today, by the use of unique measuring instruments, science is finding out new facts about pain and how to foil it. They know, for example, why the dentist's drill is excruciating torture to you, but a matter of indifference to your lucky neighbor. They have solved the mystery of the Indian fakir who lies all day on a bed of spikes.

Soon, your doctor may use a "dolorimeter" in determining just how much pain you endure from an infected finger or impacted tooth. In-

vented by Dr. Lorand Gluzek of Cleveland, the dolorimeter is a simple gadget which measures pain in grams.

The patient puts his leg on a leg-rest; a pressure inductor is applied to the shin bone; then pressure is applied until it hurts. The first cry of "ouch!" indicates the threshold at which pain becomes noticeable. A nervous, high-strung person may yell quits at 500 grams of pressure. A phlegmatic fellow—say, a prizefighter—may endure 2700 grams without wincing.

The dolorimeter can evaluate how much pain you feel in any part of your body, from whatever cause. Dr. Gluzek made 16,000 readings with it and found the machine astonishingly accurate in 97 per cent of his experiments.

By making the patient forget his real pain temporarily, the dolorimeter, in effect, reveals which pain is greater—the one the individual complains of, or the pain artificially induced by the Gluzek machine.

A **N**OTHER torture device which would do credit to the Inquisition is used by Dr. Harold G. Wolff at New York Hospital to measure the "pain threshold"—that point at which the subject first experiences discomfort. Here's how the Wolff apparatus works:

The person to be tested presses his forehead against a small hole in a partition. On the other side of the partition, the pain investigator focuses a 1000-watt lamp on the hole. By using a shutter, he sends a mild beam of light to the skin of the victim for three seconds. Gradually, the light and heat become more intense, until

he human guinea pig yells uncle.

Since the function of pain-relieving drugs is to raise the pain threshold in sufferers, the Wolff machine has been helpful in appraising the worth of various drugs. By giving drugs to patients before subjecting them to the Wolff pain test, investigators learned that morphine hikes the pain level to twice its normal starting point; codeine raises it by 50 per cent; alcohol by 45 per cent; and aspirin affords only 33 1/3 per cent relief.

Users of the Wolff machine also found that distraction and hypnotic suggestion could raise the pain level markedly, without the use of drugs. Thus, when you have a splitting headache, conversation with an interesting friend probably is as effective as aspirin in elevating your pain threshold.

A famous English pain sleuth, Dr. David Waterston, used a scalpel to pare off layers of his own skin. He went down to varying depths. Each slicing of his skin was accompanied by pain which he carefully described in his notes. By this self-punishment, the British scientist determined that the outer layers of skin contain the organs of touch while the deep layers harbor the pain-transmitting nerves.

Two researchers at the Russell Sage Institute of Pathology in New York City inflicted equal torture on themselves. Lieutenant Commander James

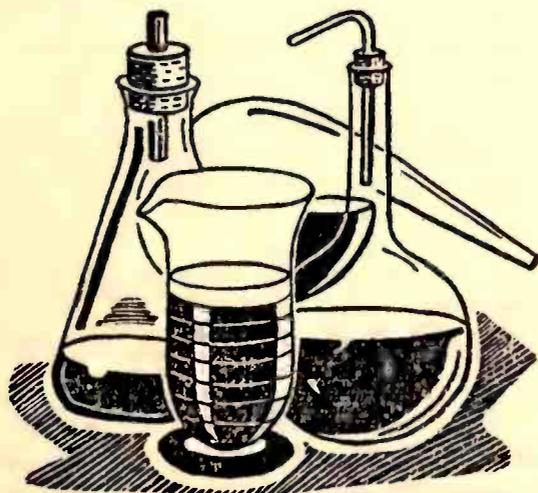
D. Hardy and Captain Stewart G. Wolf lay on cots, day after day, with their arms plunged up to the elbow in ice water. Each man measured the suffering of the other, charted the effect of pain upon blood pressure, and learned how the pulse reacted to the icy baths.

Subsequently, they measured the effects of drugs upon the horrible ache induced by the ice water immersions. Also, they determined which nerve fibers transmit pain caused by extreme cold. Their findings are now utilized in treating victims of frostbite and exposure.

The most painful infliction known is "trifacial neuralgia," known throughout history as "tic douloureux"—the dolorous spasm. So fearful is the agony of this facial pain that its sufferers in medieval times had their own patron saint and shrine. If they couldn't recover quickly, they prayed for sudden death.

Today the pain conquerers have triumphed over even this dreaded disorder. Surgeons remove the three roots of the sensory nerve supplying the face, but leave the motor nerves controlling facial expression untouched. Suffering thus becomes a memory of the past to the relieved victim.

America's pain researchers hope to borrow one of the great war developments of Russian science—a drug called "Sovcain" which removes pain from any region



of the body. Enthusiastic Soviet doctors have performed virtually every type of operation on injured men who remained conscious and light-hearted under the knife, thanks to Sovcain.

The drug practically eliminates shock and keeps the patient from

experiencing pain after, as well as during, the operation.

Within 50 years, pain may become a dim memory of the unenlightened past to the human race, which will profit from the work of men who were not afraid to suffer themselves in order to relieve others.

An "Unfinished" Whistler

AN old Paris friend of Whistler never forgot his experience when he once looked up the famous painter in London. The visitor was an artist, and he immediately insisted on seeing the American's latest work.

As he was strolling through the studio, he suddenly stopped before a small canvas.

"That's one of your good ones," he spoke up.

"Oh, don't look at it, dear boy," Whistler airily answered. "It's not even finished."

"Not finished?" the friend exclaimed. "Why it's the most perfectly finished picture of yours that I have ever seen!"

"You really musn't look at it," the artist protested. "You do injustice to yourself — to the picture — to me, most of all!"

The caller stood bewildered.

Then Whistler cried dramatically, "Stop! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll finish it now — right before your eyes!"

He picked up a very small camel's hair brush, fixed it on a long, slender handle, mixed a little speck of paint on his palette, and dipped the tip of his brush into it.

Then, standing off from his picture and striking the pose of a fencer with his foil, he suddenly lunged forward, touching the canvas in one tiny spot with the brush.

"There! It's finished at last!" exulted the master. "Now you may look at it."

The visitor had watched, enchanted.

The next morning Whistler's friend was back for the umbrella he had forgotten. The artist was out, but the servant recognized him and let him into the studio.

The man could not resist taking one last look at the "finished" picture. But he got a surprise. The little dab of paint that Whistler had so dramatically applied the day before had been carefully rubbed out!—*James Aldredge.*



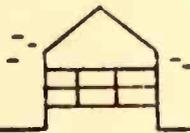
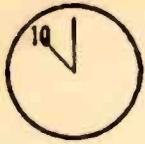
A radio star went away for a rest to a small farm in the country. When he picked up the receiver of the party-line phone, little clicks informed him that he had an audience. When he finished the call, he rang back the operator. "Tell me, what was my Hooper?"



Polygamy is defined as trying to get more out of life than there is in it.



Every woman likes to be taken with a grain of assault.



THE NIGHT MY FATHER DIED

by DAN HALLIGAN

Man looks back and remembers, even not wanting to. There are some things he can never forget.

I REMEMBER the night my father died as clearly as if it had just happened, instead of 20 years ago next month. And even though they never say a word about Pa, my two sisters, Katie and Grace, remember, too. They were ten and eight years old when it happened. Eddie, the baby of the family, wouldn't remember even if he had lived. He was only four years old at the time. I was just a kid of 13 myself, but kids have a way of remembering things. Important things like that, I mean.

Until it happened, we were about the happiest family on Barge Street. Ma and Pa really loved each other, and even when they did argue, they never meant anything they said. Pa was a big, strapping fellow with coal black hair and a wide, Irish grin. He worked down at the dock as a stevedore.

Pa had only one fault. Every three months, as regular as clockwork, he'd disappear for a few days. Then Ma would hardly speak to any of us.

She'd just go around the house, her mouth set tight and hard, dusting and mopping until the place shone. That was her way of letting off steam.

Usually on the fourth day when we'd come in from school, Ma would make us take a bath while she labored over a pot of corned beef and cabbage. That's how we knew someone had got word to her that Pa was sobering up and would be home for supper. Katie would set the table around five o'clock and Ma would send me down to the front door to "watch for that loafer father of yours."

Seeing Pa coming down the street, I'd run up the three flights of stairs and tell Ma. Then we'd sit down to the table and begin eating. We weren't allowed to make a fuss over Pa when he did return. Just say "hello" and no more. Ma wouldn't say much to him either, just, "Sit to the table, Jim. Supper's getting cold." But she didn't fool me. She'd try and let Pa know how glad she was to have him back without showing it. She'd keep piling food on his plate until the gravy spilled on the oilcloth.

Pa would look terrible for a week afterwards. His eyes would be red and his hands would keep trembling. I used to feel awfully sorry for him.

After Pa would go back to work,

everything would be swell for another three months. Then he would go and do it all over again. But until that terrible Saturday morning when the trouble started, we were happy.

Saturday was the one day in the week we kids looked forward to. Besides being able to sleep till eight-thirty that morning, we would have sweet buns for breakfast. After breakfast, Katie and Grace would help with the housework and I'd go to the store for Sunday's meat. Around one o'clock Ma would give me some money and we'd go to the movies. Only the last three Saturdays hadn't been much fun for us three older kids. We had to take Eddie along. And all he would do was squirm around in the seat and want a drink every ten minutes.

This particular Saturday we had just finished breakfast when the front door flew open and Uncle Joe rushed into the house. He was Pa's twin brother only he didn't look much like him then. His face was red and he was yelling and waving his arms around in the air.

"Mary," he screamed, "Jim is in jail. He killed a man down at the docks."

Clutching the table to keep from falling down, Ma made a funny sound and turned white.

I felt as if someone had driven a truck right through my stomach.

Ma sank slowly into a chair. "Joe Rafferty, say that again," she whispered.

The words came tumbling out. Some man that worked on the same crew as Pa had been teasing him all week about his drinking. Pa had held

his temper until he couldn't take it any more. They got into a fight and Pa knocked the man down. Then he jumped on the man's chest and choked him to death before any of the other men knew they had been fighting.

Ma just sat in the chair looking stunned for what seemed like hours. Then, telling me to look after the others, she rushed out the door with Uncle Joe.

Katie fixed something to eat around four o'clock, but Eddie was the only one with an appetite. I took one bite but the food stuck in my throat.

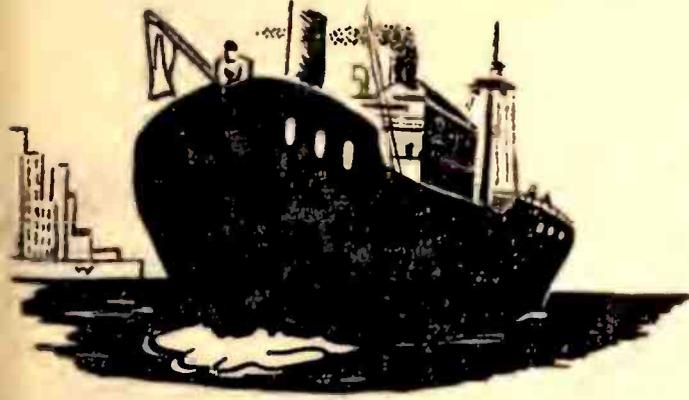
During the night I awoke three or four times in a cold sweat. The last time I struggled up on one elbow and saw it was getting light outside. Then I remembered. I jumped out of bed and ran into Ma's room, but she wasn't there. I found her in the kitchen, sound asleep in a chair. I tugged at her shoulder, "C'mon, Ma. Come to bed." I guess I frightened her because she jerked her head up and stared at me with a wild look in her eyes, then pulled me to her and cried for a long time.

The next couple of months went by quickly. Some of the kids at school kept away from us and I got into three fights, but it wasn't too bad. Ma was the one who really suffered. She got paler and more sickly-looking every time she came home from seeing Pa.

We kids only saw Pa once at the jail. After that he wouldn't let Ma bring us any more. He kept joking and laughing all the while we were there but I saw his eyes cloud up when we were leaving. Grace cried

all the way home and everyone on the trolley kept looking at us.

None of us mentioned the trial around the house, but I read about it in the papers. A lot of what was



said didn't make sense to me.

The day the trial ended Ma kept us home from school. She never said a word all morning; just kept pacing back and forth in the kitchen. Uncle Joe and Aunt Alice came in about two o'clock and talked in low voices with Ma for a few minutes. After that, the three of them went out.

I knew that meant the jury was ready with a verdict. They hadn't been gone more than an hour when they came back. Uncle Joe had his arm around Ma so I didn't have to guess what the verdict was. Ma seemed to be almost unconscious, yet she kept moaning and shaking. She was sick all night long.

The five weeks till Pa's execution went by so fast that before we knew it the time had come.

Pa was scheduled to die at ten o'clock, and right after supper that night Uncle Joe told us kids to go in the parlor and stay there. Aunt

Alice and he stayed in the kitchen with Ma.

Little Eddie didn't know what the fuss was about so he curled up in a chair and fell asleep. The two girls huddled together on the sofa feeling as miserable as I did. We tried talking for awhile but that didn't help, so I just sat on the arm of a chair staring down at the street, through the open window. Every time I'd think of Pa, I'd feel as if I was going to get sick.

Father Mulqueen of St. Monica's came in but I guess he didn't help much. Ma still kept on crying.

A quarter of ten came. Turning around, I looked out in the kitchen to see what the grown-ups were doing. Ma was sitting on a chair, her face expressionless. She kept rubbing her hands together as if she were washing them.

Suddenly, she screamed twice and shouted, "Oh, Jim, Jim, what are they doing to you?" Then she came running into the parlor, picked Eddie up in her arms and ran to the window.

I saw what she intended to do but I couldn't get up to stop her. My legs felt numb.

Then, just like that, they were gone from sight.

I'll never know why I didn't look down, or scream, or faint like you'd think I would. Instead I just turned around and looked at the time. The hands of the clock pointed exactly to ten.



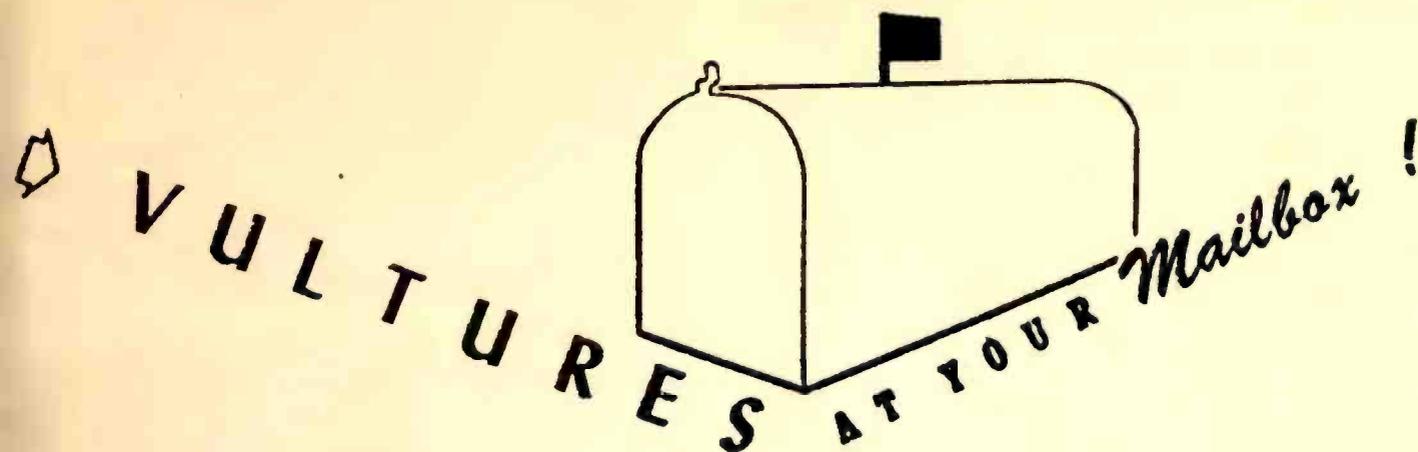
A carefree entrepreneur went into a bank to borrow \$50,000. "That's a lot of money," said the banker. "Can you give me some kind of a statement?" "Yes," said the man, with considerable enthusiasm. "I'm optimistic."



"Things have changed. She used to go out for a good time—now she wants time-and-a-half!"

The looting of mail is a lucrative racket.

Better learn to save yourself grief—and financial loss.



by ROGER L. CATHCART

IF you have a mailbox—and the odds are that you do—you're a potential victim of crooks who have excited a paltry sneak-thief vocation into a \$5,000,000 a year national racket.

Even now, intercepted personal letters, bills, cancelled checks and insurance receipts may be giving a mail theft gang valuable clues to your personality, affluence, habits and friends. These details may enable them to assume your identity for a profitable round of bogus-check cashing adventures.

With 300,000,000 government checks a year mailed to individuals, chiefly women, and with as many checks mailed by state unemployment boards, banks, and insurance companies, the mail box robbers are making a killing which has United States postal inspectors plenty alarmed.

Millions of terminal leave checks are being mailed to veterans. Disability payments and pensions account for another batch of mail running into the hundreds of thousands of pieces.

The ways of the mail looters are cunning and varied. In two sections of Chicago, one thief stole two small checks from householders' mail boxes. Endorsing the checks over to himself, he wrote a third check for \$800 on a non-existent Missouri bank and opened a checking account with all three checks.

Almost immediately, the thief wrote himself another check—this one for \$400—which was paid out to him on uncollected funds by a trusting bank teller. In this case, the bank had to stand the loss.

In another city, a professional man was victimized when his monthly salary check for \$400 was filched from his mail box. At the same time, the crook took an \$8 electric bill which he promptly paid at the power company's office with the stolen check! He received \$392 in change.

New York and Chicago are the biggest losers from the stolen mail racket. This form of thievery has developed into many networks of footpads, forgers, and "passers" who make comfortable livings by opening other people's

letters. Though numerous crooked rings may flourish, lone wolf operators also find easy pickings in the mail boxes of apartments, houses, business firms and rooming houses.

One of these "independents" was a railway mail clerk who stole checks and cash from 1400 letters, both in mail cars and from letter boxes.

"I was compelled to steal to keep up my hobby of amateur photography," he explained. "Camera costs and modelling fees were too steep!" In New Jersey, an expectant mother was mystified when an allowance check didn't turn up in the mails. Clever detective work subsequently revealed that her own 12-year-old daughter had lifted the check, endorsed it, and then cashed it at a jewelry shop after two young cousins had urged her to rob her mother's mail box.

An oft-used stratagem of the mail snatchers is to intercept the mail man before he drops letters in a box.

"I am Mrs. Smith's brother-in-law," the crook will say. "She is sick today, and asked me to come down and pick up her mail." If the postman



hands it over, it's a simple matter for

the thief to walk upstairs and out another door with mail which may contain a needed insurance check or old age pension payment.

Not infrequently, mail theft rings are able to recruit former employees who have been fired from government offices responsible for mailing out checks.

One such ex-worker was given a big salary by a Midwest gang because he possessed a lengthy list of the recipients of monthly checks from Uncle Sam. With forged stationery, identification cards and other documents appropriated from his office before he was fired, the ex-government employee became the most important member of this gang of mail thieves.

He provided the names and addresses of dependent families which were scheduled to receive government checks on certain days of each month. When the checks were lifted from the boxes by "foot boys," the actual looters, this mastermind wrote out phony credentials on government stationery which he turned over to the gang's "passers." But the arrest of a passer in a bank brought about seizure and the breaking-up of the entire gang.

Another Midwest gang, when apprehended, had lists of the addresses of social security offices and draft boards in all major cities. Whenever one of the looters stole a government check, it was turned over to a passer who adopted the name of the check's payee when he called at a social security or draft board office.

"I've got the offer of a job but can't take it because I've lost my social security card," he would whine.

"Can you give me a duplicate?"

If asked by the clerk for identification, he would produce several letters and bills which had been filched from the mail box in which the check was found.

Satisfied, the clerk would issue the crook a new social security card, which was presented as identification when the check was offered at a business house or bank.

THIS whole unsavory business of mail thefts—a shunned racket in years past because the gains were not commensurate with the risks—got a shot in the arm during the lean depression years. Relief checks were rolling into mail boxes by the millions. Janitors, high school boys, canvassers and even housewives found it profitable to lift checks from poorly-locked mail boxes, or boxes with no locks at all.

"The professionals soon got wind of the rich pickings, and from then on the woes of the post office department increased," says a veteran inspector who has tracked down and arrested scores of mail grabbers. "This is the one criminal racket in which even a coward or a weakling can make good. Mail thieves almost never carry guns or knives. They depend on glib tongues and fast legs to escape from danger."

The professionals who have robbed hundreds of letter boxes develop an uncanny sixth sense which enables them almost to smell cash or checks inside envelopes.

The Secret Service men call such thieves "pen and paper pirates." When a government check is stolen from your mail box, several months

may elapse before the government agency which issued the check is able to send you a duplicate.

If a check is expected and does not turn up in your box, notify the Secret Service men or post office inspectors at once. Prompt notification of a missing check enables them to spread a net for the thief, and to warn banks and merchants against cashing the stolen voucher.

In Wisconsin, the wife of a Navy man, dependent upon her missing allotment check, waited anxiously for 21 days after a monthly payment failed to turn up in her box. Finally, she complained to the authorities. But it was too late—after having waited for two weeks, the thief had cashed the check.

One of the cleverest mail thieves used a fur coat as his sole prop in conducting his illegal business. After stealing a check from a mail box, he would saunter into a bank, the coat draped over his arm, and introduce himself as a fur salesman desiring to cash a check which had just been given him in payment for a jacket or coat. Lulled by his appearance and the real coat over his arm, the teller would honor the check without question.

Another thief, a matronly woman in Chicago, visited currency exchanges where she displayed pictures of a handsome youth in Army uniform.

"This is my son who is returning soon from overseas," she would tell a girl clerk proudly. "If you don't think me presumptuous, I'd like to bring him in to meet you—you look like such a sweet, lovely person."

After several other friendly calls,

the woman would present a number of checks, the fruits of several days of box looting. Unsuspecting, and hoping to get dates with the handsome soldier, the girl clerks would readily cash the stolen checks for this motherly thief.

It's not always cash or checks that are stolen from letter boxes. A wealthy New York society woman had a boy friend who wrote her regularly. For a stretch of two weeks, she missed his love letters. Then came a telephone call from a mail thief who said he had the letters in his possession—and the asking price was \$2,000. Deciding to confess to her husband, the woman did so and summoned detectives, who arrested a young man when he came to collect his blackmail. The letters were in his pocket—damning evidence of his guilt.

THE smart bank teller or shopkeeper should look upon all checks presented by strangers with extreme caution, unless airtight identification papers are offered. If you cash a forged United States check, then you, not Uncle Sam, bear the loss.

Before cashing any check, ask yourself: "If this check bounces because the endorsement is forged, will I be able to locate the forger and recoup my loss?"

If a presented check already bears an endorsement, ask to see a sample of the bearer's signature. Phone the bearer's office or home if you're still

dubious. Or call the bank on which the check is drawn.

Here are some other tips from the Secret Service which may save you money and aggravation if you receive checks in the mail:

1. Equip your box with a serviceable lock. Print your name legibly on the box. Ask the mail man to ring your bell whenever he leaves a government check—he can identify it by the window envelope.

2. If you move, report your change of address promptly to the post office and to the government bureau, bank or insurance company which issues your checks.

3. Be certain somebody is at home to pick up a check on the day it is due in your box.

4. Never endorse a check until you are in the presence of the person who will cash it. You bear the loss if the check is taken from you after you have signed it.

5. Cash your checks at the same place each month. Your identity problem is simplified this way.

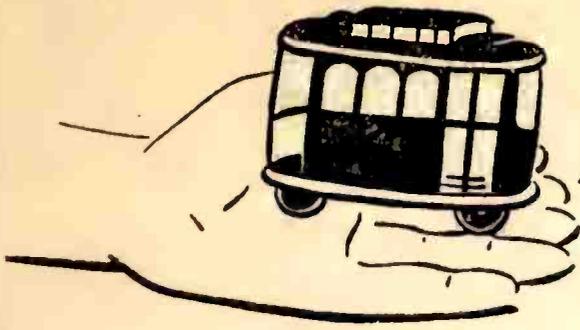
The penalties for stealing mail—any letters, not just money or checks—is swift and stiff. Sentences of five years for the theft of one letter may be imposed by a federal judge.

But mail thieves never learn their lesson. The majority of them try it again as soon as they are released from prison. That's because we, through our carelessness, make it easy for them to steal our mail!



A tough drill sergeant ordered his men to hold up their left legs. One recruit inadvertently held up his right leg, thus placing it beside his buddy's left. "All right, all right!" bawled the sergeant, "who is the wise guy holding up both legs?"

San Francisco's rickety little cable cars are more than transportation. They are adventure, romance—and a headache to repair crews.



Meet the

HILL HOPPERS

by FRANK GILLIO

SAN FRANCISCO is the last town in the world where you can buy adventure for a lean dime, the price of a ride on one of the famous snub-nosed cable cars which are as much a part of the city as foggy days and Chinatown. There is something about hanging on while the breeze whips your face, and taxicabs flip out of reach, that is guaranteed to kindle a carefree spirit in the glummiest rider.

San Franciscans have been tempting fate to the tune of the whistling cable ever since Andrew Hallidie accidentally invented the cable car more than 70 years ago. While there are few of the jaunty hill-climbers left, San Franciscans have doggedly beaten back all efforts to completely clear the streets of the clanging cable cars. The latest attempt came last fall, when a record number of voters turned out to vote the straight cable car ticket.

The father of this unique transportation system was a disappointed gold-seeker who drifted from the Mother Lode mines down to San Francisco, where he opened a wire rope business. Andrew Hallidie was solving the problem of transporting heavy ore over the Sierra with a system of iron buckets moving along an over-

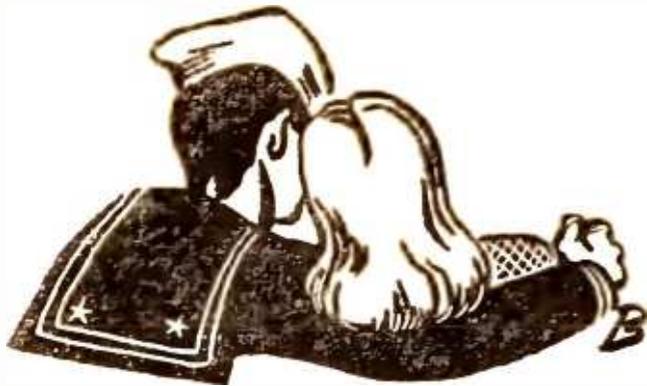
head wire rope when he heard that the City Fathers doubted whether the new-fangled horse car could climb the city's steep hills. Stringing his wire cable underground and substituting a light-weight car for the ore bucket, Hallidie presented San Francisco with her first cable car.

During the first critical trial run early on the morning of August 1, 1873, a window was thrown open in one of the houses along the route and an amazed Frenchman, his red flannel nightcap bobbing, tossed a wilted bunch of flowers to the pioneers. It was a good omen, for word of the successful test spread quickly, and by afternoon the entire city had turned out to ride back and forth on the new cable car.

The noisy cable car was in its heyday during the years before 1900. That first trial made Hallidie's long-sought fortune, for Kansas City, New York, Omaha and Seattle quickly adopted the cable car for their own streets. The long cable slots crept all over San Francisco, where Senator Leland Stanford, founder of Stanford University, invested heavily in the new enterprise on condition that the cars stop in front of his palatial Nob

Hill mansion.

The 1906 Earthquake and Fire ended the proud cable car's reign on



all but San Francisco's steepest hills. Supporters of the new electric trolley won coveted franchises with the argument that their cars would be running before the tangled and broken cable car system could be restored.

Today the twin cables climbing Powell Street, and the California Street Railway's handful of cable lines are all that remain. But still one of the first things San Francisco visitors ask for is a cable car ride. Usually they help turn the car around on the huge turntable at Powell and Market Streets before clambering aboard. Then they hang on the steps watching Powell Street flash by as the car strains up the steep grade. The car clangs along the edge of Chinatown, shoots across the heart of North Beach, finally stopping at Fisherman's Wharf, where the salt air is strong and the foghorns close.

The ride is a wild one, but there has never been a cable car fatality. Most dangerous time for the passengers is when the gripman sings out "Curve ahead, hold on," releases the cable and allows the car to careen around the corner, where he grips the new cable. Not everyone observes the warning. Several years ago Gypsy

Rose Lee, riding the O'Farrell-Jones line, forgot to hang on and landed in a gutter. Almost every stranger is gleefully told about the conductor who shouted "Hold on," and then fell off himself.

Many out-of-towners feel the same way General Jimmy Doolittle did on his first ride. Innocently boarding the cable car on the crest of Powell Street hill, the General's heart skipped a beat as the car blithely missed a gasoline truck at Pine Street, chased a limousine at Bush Street, and was on the trail of a taxicab at Sutter Street when Doolittle jumped off muttering, "A man's entitled to a chance."

For all the glamour, running a cable car is a nerve-wracking job and a permanent headache for repair crews. The cars are old, but worst of all are the giant cables which spin through strategically placed powerhouses at nine miles an hour. With unexpected strains snapping them, and the continual gripping and releasing wearing them thin, the life of a cable is very short. The two-mile long Powell Street cable is replaced every 110 days. Powerhouse watchers are able to detect weak spots as the cable passes through and to stop it while temporary repairs are made. When there is an outside snap, repair crews walk the streets for hours peering down into the slot until the break is located. Then it is a ten to twenty-six hour job to repair the cable.

Actually, cable cars are much safer than they appear. Modern ones are equipped with three separate sets of brakes. One, a set of friction blocks, grips the car wheels, while the

second set shoots wooden blocks onto the rails. The third brake is a wedge which can be slammed into the cable slot. Caught in an emergency, one gripman slammed on all the brakes, forgetting to release the grip. The car stopped, but the entire grip mechanism crashed through the front end and continued nonchalantly down the street.

In spite of the potential dangers, most San Franciscans would rather

ride a cable car, and so would their visitors. In a recent poll of out-of-towners, all but one enthusiastically favored retaining the saucy hill hoppers. The lone exception was a Los Angeles woman who claimed the cars had disturbed her sleep during a visit to the Bay City. San Franciscans would even welcome her back if she would admit she was wrong. They are like that when it comes to their beloved cable cars.

Discover That Happy Chance

STRANGE as it seems, almost all of the most important inventions and discoveries were made by chance.

A chemist, trying to invent a mixture for making a strong melting pot, invented porcelain.

A watchmaker's apprentice was wondering why the spire of a neighboring tower looked so big in the lens that he held in his hand. That led to the invention of the telescope lens.

A glassman in Nuremburg by chance spilled a few drops of strong brandy on his spectacles and noticed that the glass split and softened in that spot. He began to make figures on the glass with lacquer and to pour strong brandy over them; then scoured off the glass from around the figures. After the removal of the lacquer the figures were convex on a dark background. In this manner, glass figure-making was invented.

The slow swaying of the chandelier in a church in Pisa gave the idea for the invention of a pendulum; Galileo discovered the laws of swaying and Higgins used them practically.

Lithography was also invented by chance. A poor musician wanted to see if it were possible to "eat away" notes on a stone in the same manner as it was done on copper plates. When he had prepared the stone, his mother asked him to mark the laundry that was to be sent out for washing. At that moment he had neither pen nor paper, so he noted down the laundry on the stone with his marking preparation, hoping to re-write it later. After a few days he wanted to clean off the stone and poured strong brandy on it. In a few minutes a convex writing was the result. Then, of course, it was only necessary to ink the convex part and print it. That was the first lithography.

Also, ill luck has sometimes been good luck. There was a fire in Dublin. It occurred in Lundy's tobacco factory. While strolling in despair among the ruins, Mr. Lundy noticed that some men were gathering snuff tobacco, despite the fact that it was spoiled by fire. From curiosity he also tried this tobacco and to his wonderment noticed that, because of the heat, the tobacco was unusually aromatic. Using this discovery, Mr. Lundy rented a new place, built ovens for heating tobacco, called the product by a special name and in a few years was a rich man.—*Arejas Vitkauskas.*

Hollywood Music Sleuth

PROWLING around a dark basement in search of a rare musical score is a far cry from the glamour of Hollywood, but it is all in the day's work for one of moviedom's unique specialists, music detective George Schneider.

Schneider landed in the basement after his bosses at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sent out a call for an orchestral-choral arrangement of Robert Schumann's *Faust*. The score was needed for a scene in *Song of Love* during which Schumann collapses while directing a performance of this work.

Unable to secure the necessary copy, Schneider was abandoning the hunt when he heard that the Library of Congress had received a shipment of musical odds and ends discovered in war-wrecked Europe. On a hunch, Schneider hurried to Washington, where he was given permission to browse through the dusty crates. Dressed in overalls and armed with a flashlight, Schneider went to work and came up with a priceless copy of the score. Photostatic copies were hurried West shortly before shooting was scheduled to start.

Not all of George Schneider's searches prove as exciting. But after 19 years as head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's music library, a five million dollar collection second only to the Music Division of the Library of Congress, this scholarly detective has come to expect any type of assignment.

Chasing down culprits is an important part of Schneider's job. Unlike other "gumshoes," Schneider's offenders are in-

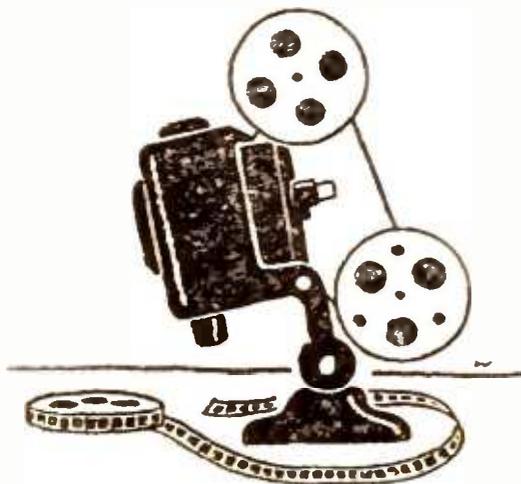
nocent-appearing musical compositions masquerading as copyrighted material when they really belong in the public domain. To insure a good background score for their productions, Hollywood's major studios pay more than a million dollars annually for the privilege of including snatches of popular tunes in their pictures. Naturally, the producers welcome any possible savings.

Happy Birthday To You is an excellent example of the price Hollywood pays to make music. Five hundred dollars changes hands every time Mary Hill's song is included in the soundtrack. Let an actor sing, or even whistle it, and the fee is a thousand dollars. Consider that MGM alone has used this melody in pictures 54 times since 1929, and that the usage fee has jumped tenfold in the meantime, and you understand why Hollywood pays experts like Schneider to track down the royalty status of familiar music.

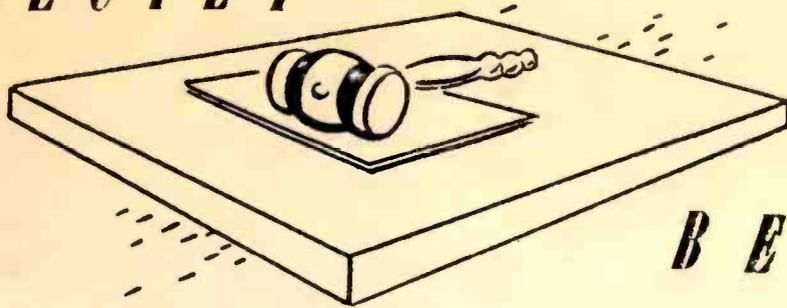
Some of Schneider's musical sleuthing is in the best crime-detecting tradition. For years studios have been paying for the privilege of using Jacques Offenbach's *Apache Dance*, which has become almost as necessary a part of French cafe scenes as Frenchmen. Although this piece is included in the copyrighted opera, *Le Roi de Carrotte*, Schneider became suspicious. Checking further he discovered that this dance was first written as *Valse des Reyons*, a ballet number on which there is no copyright. Today Hollywood apaches dance to royalty-free music.

The traditional Navy song, *Anchors Aweigh*, is another one for which MGM pays no usage fees. While every other studio pays for the privilege of using it, they pay to one of MGM's music publishing subsidiaries. With rare foresight, Schneider purchased all rights to this song back in 1928 when he needed it for the musical score of a silent picture, *Flying Feet*.

In a town noted for overnight success and failure, music sleuth Schneider holds his own year after year. For while stars come and go, music goes on forever, and George Schneider probably will be around for a long time advising and detecting, musically speaking.—Robert Colfax.



P E R F E C T L Y



B E A S T L Y

*More than one judge has sentenced
beasts to Animal Kingdom-Come!*

by BARRETT NELSON

NOT too long ago, the city of South Bend, Indiana, saw its most unusual defendant in police court—a frisky chimpanzee. His crime? Smoking a cigarette in a carnival sideshow in defiance of a municipal anti-cigarette ordinance!

Fantastic as the case was, it has been matched countless times in history with rats, snakes, cats, dogs, bears, foxes, horses, pigs, and crickets as the defendants. With all the panoply of law—defense counsel, prosecuting attorneys, indictments, jury trials and formal passing of sentence—the members of the animal kingdom had their day in court, usually at the cost of their lives.

Southern cotton growers may be interested in learning that in 1545, near St. Julien, France, some weevils which had damaged vineyards were formally indicted and shrewdly defended by the top legal talent of that day. When the insects were re-indicted years later on another malicious mischief charge, they were assigned some acres “in fee simple” on which they were permitted to feed without hindrance.

Even a rooster was haled into a Swiss court in 1474, charged with sorcery because he allegedly laid an egg.

“Your honor,” the prosecutor contended, “this is a devilish bird, indeed. It is well-known that conjurers prefer cocks’ eggs to philosophers’ stones. Satan himself uses witches to lay such magical eggs. I ask for a verdict of guilty!”

Solemnly, the judge passed sentence on the bird and the egg, which were burned at the stake with much formality before a cheering crowd of thousands.

An equally-ludicrous animal trial occurred in Falaise, France, where a pig was sentenced to death for the killing of a child. This squealing porker was dressed up in man’s clothing, a hat was perched on its head, and it was carried protesting to the gallows. There the animal was publicly whipped and then hanged as an example to other porcine wrongdoers.

One lawyer of old established a life-long reputation in France when he dramatically defended a pack of rats in 1510. In a wordy legal paper, the rats had been formally accused of wantonly destroying a crop of barley.

“Your lordship,” argued the counselor, “my clients are afraid to appear in court because certain evilly-disposed cats are lurking in the vicinity. Unless the cats are enjoined from

harming my clients, I move that this case be dismissed." He lost the case but won a reputation because of his legal maneuvering on behalf of the absent rats.

Another time, a donkey was arrested by police and tried for sacrilege after drinking holy water from a church vessel. The luckless animal was hanged in the public square, but its owner, a gardener, had to pay all court costs.

An entire herd of pigs was arrested and tried in another medieval court when three of the porkers killed the son of a swineherd. The Duke of Burgundy heard the case himself. He pardoned all the pigs except the three guilty animals, "notwithstanding that the others had seen the death of the boy without defending him!"

In medieval times, most people believed that beasts and insects were possessed of the Devil. Some animal offenders were said to be Satan himself. Nevertheless, to ensure a "fair" trial, all the forms and procedures of law were employed at such animal hearings.

The grasshoppers of Lausanne, Switzerland, were treated as criminal defendants and given a lengthy court hearing. After learned arguments by counsel, the insects were ordered by the court "to quit forever the diocese of Lausanne" under penalty of extermination if they disobeyed.

In a certain French lake, the eels became a nuisance to bathers and fishermen. In court, the eels were enjoined by the judge from free use of the lake and were assigned a special section of the water where they

might frolic without further legal squabbling.

Though we now recognize the absurdity of such animal trials, they have been re-enacted in the United States within recent years.

In 1932, an uncomprehending police dog was tried in Richmond, Virginia, for murder, and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the county jail. Another dog had his day in court when a Spitz who bit a woman was given a four-year term of probation by a judge in Hudson Falls, New York.

The most celebrated dog trial occurred in Brockport, New York, when Idaho, a six-month-old pup, was indicted for having caused a 14-year-old boy to drown. Idaho had the finest legal talent in his corner. His case was discussed in newspapers from coast to coast. Defense witnesses were summoned to establish his good character.

Throughout the proceedings, Idaho sat genially and wagged his tail. His lawyers even tried to slip across the "mistaken identity" argument. Finally, the dog was pronounced guilty but was placed on probation.

In 1938, some fighting roosters were brought into the Court of Special Sessions in New York City, where they served as damning evidence against men accused of cock-fighting. In court, the roosters escaped from their cages, flapped wildly around the room, and settled down on the judge's bench. They crowed in full-throated glee when a verdict of guilty was returned against their crestfallen masters!



A Fortune with DOLLS

*When a hobby gets out of hand
almost anything can happen.
In this instance, it resulted
in the world's largest doll factory.*

by ROSALIND LEE

WHILE awaiting her cues on a Hollywood movie set, Nancy Ann Abbott used to dress tiny dolls to represent her favorite film stars. Everybody admired them a lot and people were always saying, "Nancy Ann, you ought to do something commercially with those cute babies!"

After awhile Nancy Ann did. She was not much interested in a motion picture career anyway. "It's devilish hard work," she says. "Not at all the rosy glamour stuff most fans imagine."

So she up and quit Hollywood cold; went back to San Francisco where she was born and reared; formed a partnership with an old friend, Mr. A. L. Rowland; and started a doll factory that is now a million-dollar concern and the largest doll factory in the world.

Two things Nancy had liked about motion pictures—the lovely, colorful costumes and the stunning back-grounds. She had spent some time

in art school and she has a definite talent for costume design, the flair for creating character by the use of deft, simple lines that can be duplicated a million times without losing their individualistic quality.

This unusual ability as an artist enabled her to create charming character dolls right out of fairy stories and Mother Goose rhymes. So she and Mr. Rowland launched the Nancy Ann Storybook Dolls, which are now gaining a world-wide reputation in their field. Nancy Ann is chic and youthful, a Peter Pan-ish sort of person with a glamour-girl air like one of her prettiest models. In spite of her sophistication, she has never lost the child's point of view.

At the outset, some seven or eight years ago, the going was very tough. Nancy Ann and her partner worked 18 hours a day to get the business rolling. He ran the spray gun that gave the dolls their healthy sun tan while she sewed costumes, curled wigs and painted personalities on the bisque faces. And they both wrote

letters imploring merchants all over the country to buy their dolls, which are miniatures ranging from five to seven inches in height and retailing for something over a dollar each.

The dolls represent such universal favorites as Cinderella, Little Bo-Peep, Mistress Mary and Little Boy Blue. And there are Dolls-of-the-Day families, like Monday's Child, who is fair of face, Tuesday's Child, who is full of grace, and so on. Saturday's Child who works hard for a living, is clad in patched gingham and carries a tiny broom in her hand. The Dolls-of-the-Month series form another gay parade—January Girl for the New Year, in stunning winter garb, a Shower Girl for April and a Flower Girl for May. There's a very independent Miss for July; a Girl for August, when it's warm; and September Girl, who is like a storm.

An American Girl series includes Quaker Maid, Colonial Dame, Southern Belle and Western Miss. These all sell well, especially in their respective localities. There is a Topsy, a Queen of Hearts, a Prince Souci. There are brides and bridesmaids, princesses and queens. A great deal of time and thought and quite a bit of money went into these lovely models—but at first nothing came out.

At long last, a San Francisco store sent in a \$75 order. The thrilled doll-makers hired some women to help sew, and rushed the dolls through. That first batch meant more to them than a \$50,000 order does now, when a single store sells as much as \$100,000 worth of dolls in a year.

After that first real order, Nancy Ann made up a hundred dainty

models and set out with them for the New York Toy Fair. It was her first venture as a business head, and her knees quaked at the responsibility. It was worse than riding a bronco in a Wild West film. But she came back with the first prize. After that, orders poured in from everywhere. They had to move the doll factory to larger quarters, hire more workers and start turning out dolls on an assembly-line scale, a giddy stream of personalities whirling along, from cutting room to shipping crates.

All over the country the Nancy Ann dolls went into smart small shops and big department stores. Children begged for more and more of the companionable creatures. Adults began collecting them as a hobby. They were shipped to Hawaii during the war, where GIs bought them for big girls and little girls back home. They sold in England to the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, went on to Africa, China and other distant lands. More than \$2,000,000 worth of the diminutive darlings are bought every year.

The doll factory now has moved for the third time, to a big, three-story plant where production averages 5,000 dolls a day. Even so, the doll-makers are more than a year behind on their orders. They own their own kiln, the only bisque-doll business in this country, and so they control every step of the production, from raw clay to painted faces to frilled frocks.

Cutters, dressmakers, artists and packers are all women, working under the direct supervision of Nancy Ann and taking pride in the record of

mass production. Rowland is business manager and has learned so much about character dolls that he is now an authority on the subject.

Nancy Ann has created more than 125 models, and has ideas for as many more in the back of her head. Sometimes she makes up her own jingles to characterize dolls, such as this one:

“Jennie set the table and spread
the butter thin.

Lay a plate and lay a cup and
call the neighbors in.”

It takes some 80,000 yards of material to dress a year's output of the tiny dolls. The factory storerooms hold hundreds of bolts of fine fabrics and bushels of bright flowers, from which come beguiling hats, frocks and coats. The shoes are simple. When wartime restrictions cut down on the use of leather, the doll-makers dipped the tiny clay feet in black paint. The result — smart slippers in a split second.

The all-time favorite so far is blonde Little Bo-Peep, a modest young damsel in orchid and yellow, with a



flower-trimmed hat and a shepherdess' crook held jauntily under her elbow. Next in popularity is pink-flounced Cinderella, a dashing brunette. Others

standing high in the affections of millions of doll-owners are Little Red Riding Hood, Little Miss Muffett, Goldilocks and One-Two-Button-My-Shoe.

The Seasons are elfin lovelies, each with a hint of the time and tide in her smart ensemble. Spring wears a delicate green-and-lavender outfit. Winter is gay and dashing, with a pointed crimson cap and a candy-striped frock. Autumn is pensive and colorful in butterfly yellows, and summer is a gorgeous dream girl in glowing shades of rose. It seems remarkable that so much can be done with such tiny costumes.

Through her clever, original designs, Nancy Ann creates an atmosphere of storybook romance about the dainty miniatures which is enchanting to child owners. And while they are especially popular as Christmas and birthday presents, the dolls sell steadily the year around, those for the days of the week and the seasons always providing timely gifts. Children have Storybook-Doll parties, compare favorites and decide which of the fascinating characters they will beg for next.

Imitators have tried to copy the dolls but, lacking Nancy Ann's enthusiasm and talent, they have not succeeded.

In the beginning, however, all sorts of difficulties bobbed up, like the problem of getting the right clay. At first, clay was shipped from England. When the war made this impossible, the doll-makers experimented frantically until they discovered a satisfactory California clay right at their door.

Then all at once, after they were all finished and ready for shipment, the dolls started crumbling. Chemists were called in and analyzed the clay over and over. They could find nothing in its composition to account for the change. At last they discovered that the crumbling was due to the effect of fumes from a permanent-wave lotion used on the dolls' wigs. When the finished dolls were packed in trays set one above another the chemicals evaporated from the wave-setting fluid and affected the bisque. By keeping the trays separate and open to the air until the wigs were thoroughly dry, the doll-makers avoided the crumbling.



redheads. The rest are divided evenly between blondes and brunettes. In the heavy fan mail which pours into the office, letter-writers often suggest special characters they would like to have made. But none of the ideas have proved usable, for the models must be chosen carefully, and must be simple and easy to turn out in quantities, as well as being pretty and distinctive. Every year Nancy Ann designs fresh new costumes for her large and growing family, and no matter how many models she turns out, each is a distinct and original creation.

In beautiful St. Francis Wood, Nancy Ann lives in her own lovely house, with her aunt in charge of the housekeeping. She enjoys her garden the most of anything, and with her artist's love of color she has made it a bit of fairyland. "I can thank my little doll-people for it," she says. "They've been extremely good to me!"

About one-fifth of the dolls are

▲
IF YOU stop and think about it for a moment, you're likely to agree that your living and working habits form a definite pattern which repeats itself over and over again. Matter of fact, if you wanted to, you could probably construct a graph of your daily life and it would be about as good for one day as another. It might show, for instance, that you do your best work in the mid-morning, that you have a slump in the late afternoon, that you perk up about dinner time, and that you're seldom sleepy before midnight, regardless of how busy you've been that day. Anyway, whatever your particular "activity pattern" is, science says that it's likely to recur day after day.

You might try making a little, informal chart of your own personal cycles: when you do your best work, when you feel fagged out, and so on—and then adjust your working schedule to fit.

It's just a suggestion, of course. But we think it's a pretty good one. Because, according to the experts, you've got rhythm.

Why not put it to work for you?—*Edison Voice Writing.*

▲
 Over half of the world's people have a real income of less than \$4 per week. Eighty percent of the earth's inhabitants earn less than \$10 a week real income. While American workers get seven times as much real income as do 53 percent of the world's workers, they still get an average of only \$28 a week.—*Population Reference Bureau.*



Bubble gum and neutrons are all right, but you've got to credit old-timers who wrought some pretty classy contrivances of their own.

by FRANK J. FORD

IN these days of atomic bombs, robot planes, and a conservative million and one other technological marvels, we are inclined to scoff at the lack of imagination of the generations which have gone before.

But the fact is that more than a few of our modern wonders are merely refinements of gadgets invented by hoary-headed old duffers—some of whom date back to antiquity. And if you don't think their ingenuity is worthy of three lusty cheers and a tiger, just consider that every man, in those times, was his own scientific laboratory, and that his finished products were strictly *handmade*—without benefit of dies, stamps, lathes, or any other labor saving device. His total equipment consisted of little more than an idea, two fists, and a mace. And yet, he bludgeoned out many an intricate item that would do credit to the most skilled engineering brains of today.

Let's take the field of self-propelled mechanisms, for instance . . .

Away back in 400 B.C. a certain Archytus of Tarentum constructed a wooden pigeon which flew through

the air with the greatest of ease, and performed its pigeonly feats with such natural grace that the beholders were slightly put out at its inability to carry the deception the whole way, by laying an egg.

Then, along in the Middle Ages, a creative old chap, named Regiomontanus, fashioned an iron fly which, when released, took to wing, and fluttered about the room with such lifelike gusto and abandon as to cause many to doubt that it was only a reasonable facsimile. But, by way of proving that he was no fly-by-night inventor whose success was the result of a happy accident, Regiomontanus later repeated with an iron eagle which proved its metal by flying before the Emperor Maximilian as he made his triumphal entry into Nuremberg. The emperor, so legend says, professed such profound admiration for the eagle's accomplishment that Regiomontanus felt duty bound "to give him the bird."

And about the same time that Roger Bacon was forging a head of brass which spoke, Albertus Magnus was building a robot which was to act as

his doorkeeper. Unfortunately, the first mechanical man's career came to a quick conclusion when one of Albertus' friends, mistaking the robot's jerky motion for a threatening gesture, delivered the grandfather of all uppercuts to the doorman's jaw

fathered a group of automatic trumpeters whose repertoire comprised a varied assortment of spirited marches. Faberman, of Vienna, contrived a figure which gave an almost perfect simulation of the human voice, and Kempelen's chess player was a sensa-

Words for Our Pictures →

- 1—All-America halfback Ray Evans and George Sauer, head football coach at the University of Kansas, reminisce after their Orange Bowl game.
 - 2—Senator Robert A. Taft, airing his views on the Marshall Plan, lets pearls of political wisdom fall in the direction of WHB special events chief Dick Smith.
 - 3—Dave Franklin, composer of *Anniversary Waltz* and scores of other top song hits, does a few licks for *Swing Session* fans.
 - 4—The famous musical comedy husband-and-wife team, Charles Collins and Dorothy Stone, caught between scenes of *The Red Mill*.
- CENTERSPREAD—Posing before a painted ocean, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Esther Williams proves that even winter weather is no deterrent to Hollywood publicity photographs.

and sent him crashing down the steps to his doom.

In the 18th Century, Jacques de Vaucanson, a Frenchman, astonished the public with a mechanical flute player and a tambourinist who gave out with such artistic aplomb as to awaken the envy of many a contemporary competitor endowed with the breath of life. But Jacques' crowning glory was a synthetic duck, which was actually capable of eating and drinking, and which carried its quackery to such perfection as to imitate exactly the natural voice of that fowl.

In Austria, the Drozsos, father and son, collaborated on several ingenious figures which wrote and played music. And, carrying the musical theme still further, Frederick Kaufman and Leonard Maelzel, a brace of Teutons,

tion throughout Europe for the better part of a decade.

But perhaps the most remarkable automatons of all were the spectacular pair exhibited by Maskelyne between 1875 and 1880. There was the man to top them all! His contribution to public entertainment and awe consisted of Psycho, who played cards, and who is said to have dealt one of the meanest hands on the Continent—and Zoe, who drew pictures which brought admiring, if begrudging, gasps from more than one professional dauber.

Soooo, you see, you've got to give the old-timers credit for using their heads for something besides hat racks. Maybe they'd be ashamed of themselves for not dreaming up the atomic bomb—or, would they?

SWINGSHOTS









. . . presenting M. LEE MARSHALL

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

IN a 30 by 30 panelled office seven floors up in Rockefeller Center sits America's Number One Baker, a transplanted Kansas Citian who is the country's largest buyer of flour. Chairman of the board of the Continental Baking Company, Lee Marshall controls from his desk on New York's Fifth Avenue the operation of 89 large baking plants scattered through 28 states and the District of Columbia. He supervises more than 13,000 employees and sales of 150 million dollars annually. And he directs, in a way, the destinies of American wheat farmers a thousand miles distant.

The girl at the slicing machine or the man at the thresher couldn't have a more sympathetic boss. He came up the hard way and he's been at the top a long time. Some people claim he was swaddled in flour sacking and used wheat grains as his first rattle. It is almost true. Throughout all of the milling and baking industries there is not one word of criticism for kingpin Marshall. He is there because he belongs, and he retains to this day every one of the hundreds of friends he made on the way up.

Lee Marshall likes people, and he enjoys nothing more than his visits to Kansas City and old friends there. On his birthday each year, a field day

and barbecue is held at the Paul Uhlmann farm in Johnson County, Kansas, under the auspices of the Kansas Wheat Improvement Association. It is attended by 600 to 800 bankers, grain men, railroaders, flour buyers, implement men, millers, bakers and flour bag manufacturers from the East and from the Southwest, Midwest and Northwest. Fields of test wheat are judged, reports on strain improvements are made, there is at least one nationally known speaker and the day is brought to a close by a spectacular banquet. Through all the activities moves guest of honor Marshall, greeting everyone with the warm friendliness which is probably his outstanding characteristic.

"Lee is like an old shoe," the president of a large milling company said recently. "He is the prime living example of the adage about taking the boy out of the country, but not taking the country out of the boy. He's got some money and a Park Avenue apartment, but his roots are down in wheat fields, and he'll be Midwest 'till he dies."

For several hundred millions of the earth's population, it is a good thing Marshall likes people. That is a dramatic-sounding statement, but true. For Marshall, because of his executive

ability and distinguished record as a public administrator during the war, has been selected national chairman of American Overseas Aid and the Crusade for Children.

Sixty-six per cent of the world's population is existing on a sub-standard diet. Half of all people are in danger of starvation, and 20 per cent of those are children less than 15 years old. All of

these people must somehow be fed, especially the children. It is generally conceded that the world of tomorrow depends upon the action we take now.

We have it in our power, Marshall says, to save that future. The people who are starving now, he contends, are the same people who were giving in great measure, such a short time ago, to help win the gigantic struggle in which we were all involved. Now they need help—badly.

The American Overseas Aid association is a fund collecting agency. It will sponsor a nationwide drive in February to raise money for world relief, and the funds it collects will be divided among various long-established overseas aid groups of good repute. "Save a Child, Save the Future" is the slogan it has selected, and donors are urged to contribute one day's income in the cause of relief-

ing suffering abroad.

On such a basis, Lee Marshall's personal money contribution will be large. Yet, in proportion, a janitor of the building where he works, the girl

who runs the cigar-stand in the lobby, the man who drives a Continental Baking Company truck, will be giving just as much as Marshall. All of them will be placing the fruit of one day's labor as a down-

payment on tomorrow.

Naturally, Lee Marshall's services are sought often in connection with charitable and public service organizations. So much so that he is generally forced to refuse. Occasionally, however, a cause so compelling as American Overseas Aid appears — and you can count Marshall in, with both feet!

American Overseas Aid is important beyond the value of any individual, yet the fact that Lee Marshall is national chairman means a great deal. His name on an organization's letterhead is as valuable as the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval on a waffle-iron.

Lee Marshall, now of international prominence, was born in Marshall, a small Missouri town named for one of his distinguished forebears, John Marshall, first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. He was christened with "Maple" as

Man of the Month on the Air . . .

The Man of the Month is on the air now, in "Meet the Man of the Month," a dramatic narrative based on the popular SWING feature. The program is presented by WHB, 880 on your radio dial, and may be heard the first Sunday of each month at 12:30 p. m., Central Standard Time.

his first given name, after the Baptist minister who had married his parents, but a few years of answering to "Mable" and "Maple Leaf" were enough for him. He began parting his name in the middle and has lived a happy life ever since.

As is the case with every self-made man you might name, Lee began hustling for nickels at an early age. His father, Charles Marshall, kept books for the Rea and Page flour mill, and the Marshalls lived on the mill grounds in a two-story white frame house which biographers delight in calling a "cottage." At seven, Lee began sweeping up grain which dropped from wagons unloading at the mill. He sold it to nearby farmers for chicken feed.

Three years later his family moved to Kansas City and he began selling papers at Tenth and Walnut.

Kansas City was his home for the next quarter-century, and Lee worked his way up through a succession of jobs. At school he was a classmate of John B. Gage, later famous as Kansas City's "reform mayor." He made sandwiches at the ball park during the summers, and one fortunate day the regular bat boy failed to show up. Lee was called to fill in, and the Blues crashed through to break a long losing streak. He toted bats the following afternoon and the Blues won again. That established him firmly as bat boy under the reign of Jimmy Manning, and brought him the handsome recompense of three dollars a week.

Lee later pursued a semi-pro baseball career of his own, and he was

tremendously pleased when his son, Lee Mack (now Advertising Director of Continental), made the varsity at Brown. But his greatest baseball thrills were in the hot summers of 1898 when he watched wide-eyed as Dale Gear, King Elmer Smith and record-making shortstop Tinker battled for a pennant.

After a stretch as a Western Union messenger, Marshall got a job as office boy for H. P. Wright & Company, an investment firm. It was there he met Paul Uhlmann, now chairman of the Midland Flour Milling Company, who was also an office boy. And it was there he learned to be neat, courteous and to study further in business training. Mr. Wright counselled him to learn stenography, so Marshall took a 90-day shorthand course and landed a 15-dollar-a-week job with Swift & Company. After advancing to salesman, he resigned to sell goods for his older brother Edwin, a food broker. Two years later he opened his own business.

Marshall was only 22 then, but he



had a varied background and a lot of sound selling experience. From that time forward, his advancement was rapid.

In 1907, a panic year, he became a flour broker. In spite of the panic, he was able to keep his new business in the black and marry Anna McCluer,



the young lady he had been dating for nearly five years.

In the next eight years he learned about flour, *all* about flour from grain men, millers and bakers. His business prospered and his circle of friends grew wide. Then, in 1915, he went with a chain-baker named Win Campbell as a flour buyer. He bought stock, and the following year saw him vice-president of the Campbell Baking Company, supervising bakeries in ten cities.

When William B. Ward of New York bought the Campbell chain in 1924 and merged it with others to form the United Bakeries Corporation, Marshall went to Chicago as vice-president. There were 40 bakeries to look after then.

In two years another Ward-engineered merger — this time on a huge scale — resulted in the Continental Baking Company, a 104-plant chain with headquarters in New York.

That latest shake-up saw Lee Marshall once more emerge as vice-president. Milton L. Livingston, a Chicago

baking executive, was president.

But things were not rosy. The mammoth outfit had been built on sand. Its position in the industry was insecure.

A friend summarizing Lee Marshall's business career said: "After the Campbell chain was gobbled up, there was a succession of mergers. Each one brought a flock of 'hotshots' into the fold. But the hotshots came and went while Lee Marshall kept rising to the top. When Continental was established he gave it stability. He made the Wonder Bakers what they are!"

It was 1927 when Livingston and Marshall determined drastic action was necessary to save the chain. They had bought stock and solicited proxies, so at the annual stockholders' meeting they were able to oust the Ward interests and establish Livingston as president and Marshall as chairman of the board of directors.

They worked in remarkable accord, moulding the oversize corporation to a trim, practical and profit-earning size. Then, in 1933, Milton Livingston died. There was no one to take his place, so Marshall became president as well as chairman of the nation's largest baking company. He served in that dual capacity for ten years.

The war developed a whole new chapter of the Marshall story. In April of 1942, General Brehon B. Somervell asked Lee if he would accept a post with the Service of Supply. The proffered wage — one dollar a year, every year — made his bat boy salary look good. He accepted, however, and became chief of the

Shipping Procedure Branch. Then, in dazzling procession, he became consultant on food to the chairman of the War Production Board; then deputy-administrator of the War Food Administration; Director of Food Distribution; Chairman of the Requirements and Allocation Committee, War Food Administration; United States member of the Combined Food Board; vice-president and director of the Federal Surplus Commodity Corporation; chairman of the United States Agencies Industrial Feeding Committee; director and organizer of the Office of Supply and Office of Marketing Services of the War Food Administration. If the war had lasted another six months, anything could have happened. As it was, Marshall — a glutton for administrative punishment — held several of the top-heavy titles concurrently.

In 1945 he was able to return to the comparative quiet of New York and private enterprise, but in May of 1946 he became executive head of the Emergency Food Collection, a tremendous task which required his talents for eight months.

Sixty-three years old, Lee Marshall is active and robust. He weighs 200 pounds and stands more than six feet tall. Although he has membership in six or eight clubs, he spends most of his spare time on the well-groomed links of the Apawamis golf course at Rye, and likes to play 18 holes at least twice a week. A less strenuous pastime is group singing, usually around the piano in his eighteenth-floor apartment.

He is extremely modest; an unusually clear, straightforward thinker. People meeting him for the first time are impressed by his taciturnity. He says very little, and when he talks he comes immediately to the point. In 1927, he placed by long-distance an order for the largest amount of flour ever sold by a single mill, over a million barrels. That transaction was completed within the three-minute time limit. Six years later, when wheat was falling five cents a day and the Department of Agriculture was wondering whether it would have to close the Board of Trade, Marshall picked up the 'phone again and bought 15 million bushels. His huge order steadied the market and started it climbing, averting what had seemed to be a certain panic. It also gave Marshall enough flour to supply his bakeries for a year—at a price no competitor could match.

The Continental Baking Company, like every Marshall-managed project, is beautifully organized. Marshall picks men carefully, and lets them work with a minimum of supervision.

In addition to his business duties, which include board chairmanship of all Continental subsidiaries, he is treasurer and governor of the American Bakers Association, treasurer and director of the American Institute of Baking, and treasurer and trustee of the American Bakers Foundation.

Lee Marshall inspires confidence. He is universally liked and respected. In turn, he likes people, and works hardest of all on projects which are in the public interest. American Over-

seas Aid and the Crusade for Children is a project tailor-made for Marshall, and he is perfectly suited to serve and lead it. While Americans

give one day, he will be giving many days to help our world neighbors. Lee Marshall is definitely *the* man of the month of February!

Begged, Borrowed and Stolen

by TOM COLLINS

An editor calls himself "we" to make the readers think that there are too many of him to whip.

Man is that peculiar animal who gets a hearty laugh out of an old family album and then looks in the mirror without so much as a grin.

Give a pessimist a piece of rope and he'll hang himself. Give an optimist a piece of rope and he'll start a cigar factory.

An old Irishman collapsed in the store and a crowd gathered. Amid the chorus of suggestions, one Irish lady kept shouting, "Give the poor man whiskey," but no one paid any attention. Then the agonized voice of the man who had collapsed rose above the din. "Will the lot of ye hold your tongues and let this fine Irish lady speak?"

There is no wholly satisfactory substitute for brains, but silence does pretty well.

An optimist is a man of 70 who marries a young woman and starts looking for a house—near a school.

Changing your mind is for all the world like changing your clothes. You may easily make a mistake, especially if the process is performed in the dark.

Rain lashed the windows of the old castle and the wind howled mournfully as the timid guest was escorted to his room under the eaves. "Has anything unusual ever happened in this room?" he asked hesitatingly of the sinister-looking butler.

The butler grimaced, "Not for 40 years," he answered.

Heaving a sigh of relief, the guest asked brightly, "What happened then?"

The butler's eyes glittered ominously as he hissed, "A man who stayed here all night showed up in the morning."

A thoughtful wife is one who has the pork chops ready when her husband comes home from a fishing trip.

After beating his opponent at darts badly, the man explained that he had had quite a bit of practice throwing darts at home, to kill flies on the wall.

"But doesn't your wife object to your making a mess on the walls with squashed flies?"

"Oh, there aren't any squashed flies," was the answer. "I always pin them by a hind leg."

Alpine slalom runs, the haunting beauty of Lausanne, are little more than one day away—by air, of course!

SWISS FAMILY



by JAN NORRIS

WITH the famed Olympics as a stellar attraction this year, Switzerland is playing host to a new type of international traveler—the two-week vacationist!

Who is this new-type traveler, this disciple of Paul Bunyan who can travel thousands of miles over land and sea and still have time for a vacation of play—all in two weeks?

He may be your neighbor; he may be from your town or the suburban community nearby. He's a business or professional man. His wife usually goes with him, but sometimes it is a son or daughter who accompanies him.

But all go by air for this "quickie holiday" abroad.

Recently Trans World Airline planes carried a number of these international passengers enroute to a vacation at Alpine retreats from the United States to Geneva in little more than a day's flying time. Arranged by Holliday Tours of Los Angeles, the trips featured stops at the Fifth Annual Olympic games at St. Moritz, as well as visits to the country's picturesque landmarks and famous cities.

These St. Moritz vacationists

watched competitions in skiing, ice hockey, speed and figure skating, bobsled racing, tobogganing, fencing, horse riding, pistol shooting and patrol races by military ski patrols.

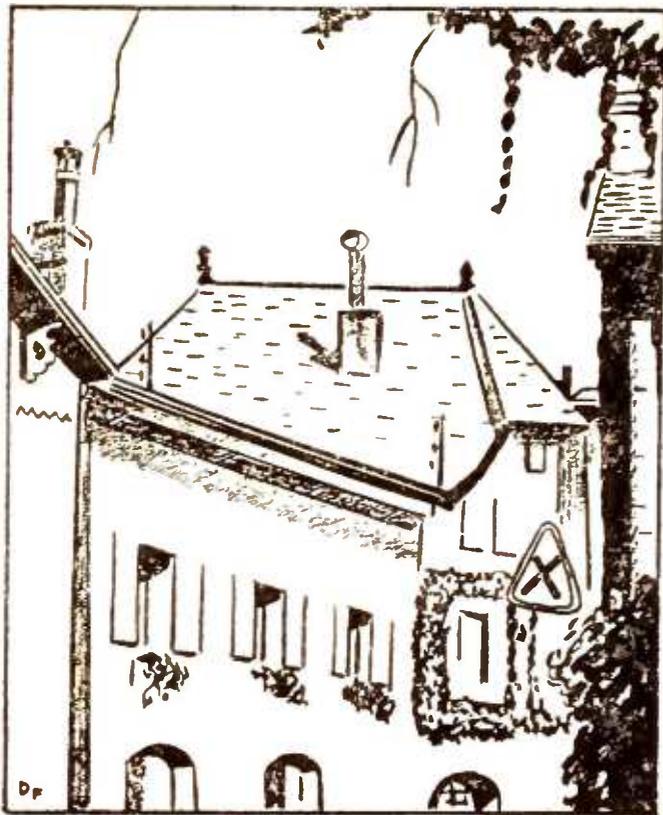
They saw representatives and teams from 26 nations participate in the sports events. Joining the capacity crowds for the 10-day event were 400 newspaper, photographic, radio and film personnel—almost half of them from the United States.

Among the competitors for Olympic honors were members of the Swiss Ski team who toured the United States last winter. Arnold Glatthard, who captained the touring team, headed the Swiss Olympic ski team.

The Olympic games are a revival of the famous Greek competitions recorded in Athens as early as 776 B. C. Their origin, said the Greek poets, stemmed from a wrestling match between Zeus and Kronos, mightiest of the Greek gods. Their titanic struggle took place on Mount Olympus, and games and religious celebrations held later in the valley below reputedly commemorated victory for Zeus.

For the sports enthusiasts who would rather be participants than

spectators, no other country in the world provides such ideal facilities for skiing, bob-sledding, tobogganing, ice skating, and hockey as Switzerland does. Another sport which has caught on in Switzerland is curling, a game



OUR BACK COVER is a street scene, high in the Swiss Alps. (Kodachrome courtesy Trans World Airlines.)

which originated in Scotland. Two teams of four men compete by sliding stones along a 42 yard level stretch of ice toward a mark. The weight of the stone is usually 35 to 38 pounds, but in professional games much heavier iron discs are used.

Switzerland's regular sporting season begins in early November and frequently lasts past Easter. The famous slopes around St. Moritz, Villars, Davos and Zermatt are reported in good condition for this winter's skiing. On the higher slopes, such as the Jungfrau, snow conditions are good as late as June.

Already skiers and tourists from all over Europe are converging on the winter sports paradise, and train service to the ski resorts is described as up to pre-war standards.

The lure of the Swiss Alps in the wintertime is universal. To the seekers of comfortable, peaceful surroundings, Switzerland offers a rare opportunity. At its many fine hotels and attractive village chalets, visitors enjoy crystal clear air and unforgettable scenery for which the "Winter Wonderland" is noted.

Leading hotels offer dining, dancing and cabaret entertainment in the true European fashion.

Interesting to the many visitors flying Trans World Airline's international routes to Switzerland are that country's many legends, usually springing from historical facts or ancient landmarks of the country.

Switzerland is best known, perhaps, for the legend of William Tell. In 1291, so the story goes, Switzerland had been under Austrian rule for several years, and the provinces of the country secretly banded together to overthrow the foreign rule. Learning of the plan, the Austrian governor grew distrustful of his subjects and decided to test their loyalty by demanding they doff their hats and bow before a cap bearing Austrian colors which had been placed in the market place.

One day a skillful archer, named William Tell, marched proudly by with his son, pretending not to notice the cap. Tell was seized and brought before the governor, who was furious at this obvious disrespect. As punishment, Tell was ordered to shoot

the apple off his son's head at a distance of 50 feet. Placing an arrow in his quiver and one in his bow, Tell took careful aim, shot the arrow, and the apple was pierced in two. Surprised and displeased with the result of the test, the governor summoned Tell and inquired about the second arrow. Tell answered, "Had I injured my son, this second shaft was destined for thee." Angered, the governor ordered Tell to be chained to a boat that would take him to a dungeon, where he was to remain for the rest of his life. The tale of how William Tell escaped from the boat and killed the governor, thus releasing Switzerland from Austrian tyranny, has made him a national hero.

Many statues have been erected in his honor, and on the spot where he is supposed to have landed after escaping from the boat, is an impressive little chapel, where frescoes show the important events in Tell's life. Every spring, Mass is celebrated at the chapel, and loyal Swiss patriots gather on the borders of Lake Lucerne to pay homage to their national hero.

For the traveler who is looking for the picturesque, the small Alpine villages—consisting of a few houses clustered around the church and the inn—best depict the simple, yet colorful life of the hard-working Swiss.

The houses, or chalets, are usually built of pine or hemlock logs, and are two and sometimes three stories high, with an overhanging roof that extends six to ten feet. A balcony runs around the second story of the houses, the walls of which are occasionally carved and decorated with beautiful paintings. The ground floors of the

chalets are used for storage, while the second floor is the living quarters for the family.

Interesting, too, are the Swiss open-air parliaments, known as "Ladsgemeinen," which are still held once a year in certain parts of the country. On the last Sunday in April all men of 21 or over meet together in the town square for this most important political event of the year. There they elect members of the cantonal government, and submit new laws and the revised budget to the people. Tourists come by plane loads to witness these meetings in the spring.

Bern, the capital, sits high on a bluff overlooking the river Aar. Founded as a military post in the 15th Century, it has a charm all its own. Along its broad, arcaded walks are the little cafes so dear to the Swiss. The numerous shops, stocked with curios to tempt the passing trav-



eler, always add to the gaiety of the scene.

But like many capitals of the world, Bern is not so well known as the leading industrial center of Switzerland—Geneva, home of the famous Swiss watchmaking industry, and noted also for jewelry, music boxes and medical

instruments.

It was here that the International Red Cross was founded in 1862. Its official flag is patterned after the national Swiss flag, with colors reversed. It was here that the nations of the world met after the first World War for the famous Geneva peace conferences, which eventually culminated in the formation of the

League of Nations, headquartered for many years in that city.

With these famous landmarks and unequalled scenic attractions, Switzerland might well be known as Europe's well-rounded personality, for it has many facets of interest for the vacation traveler. But none so alluring as the powdery downhill slopes in skitime!

▲
Drinking is now regarded as a disease. The only cure is to hold both arms straight so they won't bend at the elbow.—*Richmond News Leader*.

▲
It is one of the charitable dispensations of Providence that perfection is not essential to friendship.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

▲
When two men in a business always agree, one of them is unnecessary.—*Wm. Wrigley, Jr.*

▲
The big potatoes are on top of the heap only by the aid of little fellows keeping them there.—*Canadian Business*.

▲
Things even up. Ignorance causes one man's fear, but it causes another's courage.

▲
Movies, like shoes, wouldn't be the same without a vamp or a heel.—*Redbook*.

▲
A lot of college boys' letters to dad sound like an heir raid.—*Atchison (Kans.) Rotarian*.

▲
An artist's model is a girl who is unsuited for her work.—*Santa Fe Magazine*.

▲
In a Kansas town, an Irishman was on trial for a traffic violation. When the judge asked if anyone present could testify to his character, he said, "Sure, Judge, there's the sheriff."

Surprised, the sheriff answered, "Why, I don't know the man at all!"

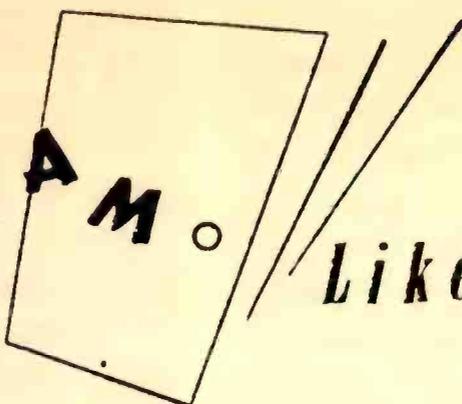
"How's that for a character reference, your Honor?" asked the accused. "I've lived in this town for 12 years and the sheriff doesn't even know me."

Australia—Land of Wonders

AUSTRALIA, long known for its odd pouched animals such as the kangaroo and wallaby, possesses other strange if less publicized animals. Among them is a gigantic earthworm, thick as a garden hose, which comes in ten-foot lengths. Australia is also the home of the Giant Walking Stick, the 14-inch insect which holds the world's record for size in modern times.

A corps of sound specialists is trained to bowl like a bound dog, crackle like a thunderstorm or leak like a faucet.

How to **SLAM** Like a **DOOR**



by DEREK CARTER

WHEN a radio director wanted a door slammed shut during a mystery drama 20 years ago, he reached for the studio piano lid and banged it down energetically but not convincingly.

Today's well equipped studio has 20 or more doors, of all sizes, woods and thicknesses—just waiting to be eased shut or slammed at appropriate moments on air programs.

To make these doors sound like doors over the air, a crop of unsung but well-paid professionals has sprouted in the past dozen years. They are the sound effects boys who will simulate any noise, from asthmatic collie to atomic bomb, at union scale.

These earnest fellows go to fantastic lengths to convince you that you are hearing the real thing. When NBC's Hollywood studios presented a gangster drama, the crucial scene hinged on a furtive conversation between two toughies in a getaway car.

Countless gadgets were used to muffle their voices, but nothing worked until the sound man sug-

gested: "Why not put the actors into a real automobile and roll the car into the studio?"

They did it with a small sedan, and the passengers' voices sounded muffled and menacing over the air. Fortunately, waterfalls can be simulated and fires and hurricanes re-enacted without the need of bringing the real thing before the mike!

The sound effects man surrounds himself with a weird but well-organized collection of junk. A supply of large peachbaskets, for instance, is indispensable. The baskets are fine for the splintery noise of a breaking door. And a cabinet of bells—door, sled, cow, telephone, fire, ship, bicycle and clock—is a necessity.

Other properties include whisk brooms and scrubbing brushes. When slowly dusted over the taut skin of a drum, the brushes make the listener imagine he is dreamily listening to the surf at Waikiki.

Flick your dial and listen to that killer stalking his victim through crunchy, powdery snow. What you don't see is the effects man kneading

a linen bag of cornstarch between his hands.

Hear the crackling flames in a broadcast story of the historic Chicago fire? That's nothing but strips of cellophane being violently agitated in front of a mike.

Other props in the sound man's kit include chains, clocks, chimes, cutlery, metronomes, bottles galore, motors, rocks, shoes, roller skates, vibrators, whistles, tom toms and telephones (French type, crank variety, and coin-drop model).

Recently, in a bucolic comedy broadcast from Chicago, the studio boys were momentarily stumped when they had to simulate the sound of a cow giving milk. The purchase of a 25 cent syringe, which was squirted rhythmically after being filled with water, made engineers and listeners happy.

In depicting a tough pool room scene, a network's crew of specialists laid planks on the studio floor, built walls of paneled wood, and installed a real pool table with cues and balls. Not surprisingly, it sounded like a pool hall background when the actors made their shots while speaking their lines—although there are certain difficulties involved in being dramatic while playing the seven-ball to a side pocket.

You wouldn't think that a seemingly worthless, wheel-less baby buggy would have any value to a radio station. But this is standard equipment for nautical stories. Half-filled with water and violently rocked, the sloshing baby buggy gives the sound of waves angrily pounding the shore.

Picture a gay cocktail party enacted over the air. Strangely, a real cocktail shaker fails to sound real. This problem is solved by sound men who take some medium-sized sleigh bells, drape them in cloth, and then shake them until the subdued clacking noise of the hammer gives forth the sound of ice in a shaker.

Imitating a snake's rattle is a bit more complicated. You take a cellophane bag containing a pea and hook it up to the striking arm of an electric bell. When the bell is switched on, the pea buzzes menacingly but nobody is bitten.

To make like a train wreck, the experts simply fiddle with a compressed air tank. The hissing sound emerges from your speaker as steam escaping from an overturned locomotive.

For stations which are economy-minded, recordings are available which reproduce this sound and 10,000 more, including a woodpecker's drumming, the footfall of an elephant, the rumble of a plague of locusts, the laugh of a hyena, the actual booming of London's Big Ben, real dockside noises for sea stories and genuine battle sounds.

Sound experts think of Orson Welles with bitter admiration. He has made their jobs doubly tough in his search for acoustic realism. Once, when the wonder boy presented Hugo's *Les Miserables*, he floored the experts by declaring:

"I want the sound of Jean Valjean wading through a Paris sewer. And you'd better make it good!"

A hasty reading of the old classic

gave the sound men enough details of Parisian sewer construction to build some props which would convey the desired effect.

Another time, some genius demanded that the experts create the sound of a man being devoured by ants. Finally, a wax recording was made of the noise given forth by a tiny electric buzzer. This sound was re-recorded three times, with happy results. The final record's effect was that of thousands of ants swarming over a man's body and making a picnic lunch of him.

In a horror play, the sound men were asked for the noise of gigantic crabs slithering over the rocks of a beach. They simply scratched the leather seat of a chair with their fingernails and recorded the rasping noise. Played over the air, it sounded just like crabs.

To chop off a man's head isn't a gory business in radio. The sound man simply takes a handful of twigs, wraps them in wet rags, and hews the bundle with a meat cleaver.

The restaurant of Chicago's Merchandise Mart, world's biggest building, is a favorite haunt for troubled sound effects men who work upstairs in the NBC studios. One typical food order for them called for a boiled orange, four slices of raw bacon, a head of cabbage and a pound of spareribs.

The bacon, when sizzled in front of the mike, gave the effect of an electric chair frying its victim.

The boiled orange worked well for the bursting of a human head.

The cabbage bounced with a thump on the floor during a decapitation scene.

And the spareribs, when cracked in a medieval torture rack, sounded like snapping human bones!

Probably it hasn't yet occurred to the food conservation experts, but when it does they will map out a few rules for the lads who purvey nightmare-breeding noises. Like Decapitationless Tuesdays, for instance, and Tortureless Thursdays to be followed immediately by Fryless Fridays.



Boning Up

SOMEPLACE, you have all of the bones in the lefthand column, but perhaps you know them best by their names at the right. Mix them and match them. Six right is passing. Answers on page 68.

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| 1. Humerus | Skull bone |
| 2. Scapula | Knee bone |
| 3. Clavicle | Heel bone |
| 4. Sternum | Upper arm bone |
| 5. Femur | Shoulder blade |
| 6. Patella | Collar bone |
| 7. Tibia | Breast bone |
| 8. Fibula | Thigh bone |
| 9. Os calcis | Shin bone |
| 10. Os occipitale | Calf bone. |



"Gee, I wish I had her resistance to colds!"

Bless You, My



BOBBY SOXERS

The godfather of all bobby-soxers is Mauri Cliffer, broadcasting personality who is the personal champion of West Coast kids.

by BOB DOWNER

BY 1944, the war had increased the already-rapid growth of Southern California until the "boom" was an explosion that surpassed the wildest dreams of real estate speculators. But the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company had a problem. Although it needed more and more personnel to keep up with its expanding facilities, it was losing girl service representatives and operators through marriages and the lure of war jobs.

A free-lance announcer in Hollywood came up with the solution to the problem — a forty-minute radio show called "Teen and Twenty Time."

Since the show went on the air on November 13, 1944, curly-haired, booming-voiced Mauri Cliffer, the program's originator and emcee, has become probably the world's foremost authority on the so-called "bobby-soxer."

The telephone company had already been trying to recruit employees through announcements on record programs, but Mauri conceived "Teen and Twenty Time" as more than a disc jockey show. Besides playing records and boosting the employment

campaign, he decided to use the program to encourage clubs for teenagers and to act as an informal headquarters and clearing house for the clubs.

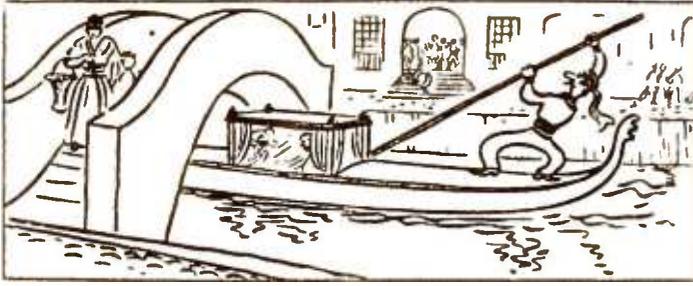
Mauri invited them to register with the program, but he promised them nothing except "Teen and Twenty Time" membership cards for each club member. With only this inducement, 2000 clubs have affiliated themselves with the program, and each club has from five to two thousand members.

Cliffer gets some 1500 letters a month from the organizations, most of which are in Southern California, although there are even members in cities as far away as Detroit, Chicago and New York. Most of the letters come from entire clubs, or from individuals who are spokesmen for clubs, but Mauri is quick to deny that it's fan mail.

"Fan letters," he says, "are merely to praise someone or some organization. Of course we get those, but 75 per cent of our mail requires an answer — a record to be played, information to be looked up, or advice to be given."

No shirker at giving advice, Mauri

has faced more problems than any parent could dream of, and when advice isn't enough, he actively fights for teen-agers.



During the war years, much youth trouble had centered around Los Angeles' east side. Almost everyone was screaming "juvenile delinquent!" and people who lived on the east side were blaming every problem on teen-agers.

One Thursday, a boy and girl went to see Mauri. They realized that the solution to the problem was to start a youth center, but every place they went for help had turned them down. What could they do now?

"First," Mauri said, "get yourselves a champion—an older person in the community who has the time and desire and influence to help you. Then find out where there's a Moose Hall in the neighborhood. They're all over the country, and the Moose organi-

zations are crazy about kids. If neither of those works out, come back and see me again."

Four days later — Monday — the youngsters called to invite him to the opening of their youth center three weeks hence. Mauri said he'd never been so happy about anything in his life. "I'd be there if I had to miss my own wedding to do it," he said.

Some problems have been more challenging, but he has always met the challenge. In one community, the school board refused to let teen-agers use the school building as a youth center. When Mauri heard this, he talked loud and long about the situation. On his program, he insulted the whole community, he says, and demanded to know what schools were for if not to help youngsters. Citizens put pressure on the board, and now the community has a youth center.

In two small suburbs of Los Angeles, Mauri is still working to help kids get a place to call their own. In one of them, school children voluntarily went out to solicit contributions to build a community building, and then were told that they could use the building only one night a week—if and when it were built.

Mauri, who knows teen-agers sometimes better than their parents do, has no fears for the "younger generation." He says, "There are so many cases where adults not only won't help young people do what's best, but even try to prevent them from finding a way, that I think it's wonderful kids have done as well as they have."

He cites the case of the Club Gunga Din. Teen-agers in Hawthorne wanted

a youth center enough to build it themselves. The city of Inglewood donated the land, and the kids talked merchants into giving building materials, and the 300 charter members of the club did all of the work themselves. Now the club has a thousand members and a \$50,000 building, fully paid for.

But Mauri is proudest of the fact that "Teen and Twenty Time" members think of other people besides themselves. About half of the clubs are social clubs, a fourth are fan clubs, and another fourth are service organizations, but all of them pitch in when Mauri mentions a drive or worthwhile cause that needs their support, even though he doesn't highpressure or solicit funds directly. One club, the Coquins, even held a raffle on their own to raise \$100 to buy a much-needed drug for a local hospital.

His sponsors, the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, frequently tell him that they're pleased not only with the quantity, but also with the quality of the girls he recruits for employment.

For the past two and a half years, Friday has been guest celebrity day on the five o'clock program. Johnny Mercer, Benny Goodman, Frankie Laine—in fact, almost all of the bobby-soxers' idols in the country—have been on the program at least once.

When a celebrity makes a personal appearance, the members of his fan clubs are invited to the show. There used to be rivalry between different fan clubs which supported the same celebrity, but Mauri tries to get them together and urges them to consoli-

date.

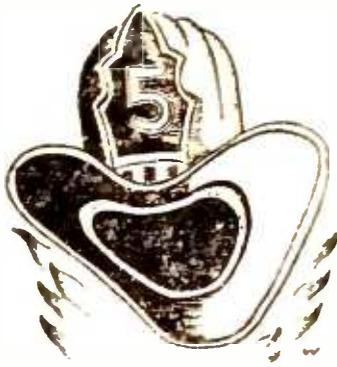
"Let them have one headquarters, one set of dues, one bulletin, and just keep the individual clubs as branches of the main one," he advises. He was glad to see Van Johnson fans stick together as "Van's Eager Beavers" and encouraged the various Johnny Sands fan clubs to consolidate into the "Sand Dunes."

But Mauri Cliffer has one ambition left—to let other people know "bobby-soxers" as he knows them.

"These people who scream about 'juvenile delinquency' and 'the trouble with the younger generation' and their fads, fancies and lingo, haven't really known any kids for ten or fifteen years," he says, "and, besides, they forget about things like the Black Bottom and the Toddle and hip flasks." He shuffles through his daily mail. "I wish that they could hear young people as I hear them and read the letters I read. Then they wouldn't worry about the younger generation."



"The name of this tune is—uh, is—uh, is—uh, is . . ."



Five Alarm FABLES

Two ministers were walking along a country road. One of them took a cigar out of his pocket, lit it and began to smoke. Whereupon the other remarked, "Brother, I see you smoke. I am amazed at you. Do you know that it is a vile habit? Why, even a pig won't smoke."

They walked along in silence for a few minutes, and then the smoker said, "Brother, I've been thinking about what you said just now about a pig not smoking, and I infer that you mean to suggest some subtle resemblance between me and the pig. But, my dear brother, inasmuch as you do not smoke, it appears to me that there is greater resemblance between you and the pig than between me and the pig."



A gambler's funeral was well attended by his professional friends. In the eulogy, all went swimmingly until the minister asserted, "Spike is not dead. He only sleeps."

From the rear of the chapel came the interrupting shout, "I got a hunnert says he's dead!"



In the dark of night, two safebreakers entered a bank. One approached the safe, sat down on the floor, took off his shoes and socks and started to twirl the dial of the safe with his toes.

"What's the idea?" asked his pal. "Let's open this thing and get out of here."

"Naw, it'll only take a minute longer this way — and we'll drive them fingerprint experts nuts!"



A small girl from the city was making her first visit to the country, and was fascinated to see cows milked. The next morning, the hired man came running with news that one of the cows had been stolen.

"Don't worry," piped the youngster, "She won't get far. We drained her crankcase last night."



The young man who was throwing his life and his money away on drink received a call one night from his worried father, who took him to the top of a hill overlooking a large group of distilleries.

"Look son, down there at those lights. All those distilleries are making whiskey. They're making more than you can drink!"

"That's true," the son answered, "but I've got 'em working nights!"



A tramp applied at the back door of a farm house for help.

"Madam," he said to the farmer's wife, "Would you help a poor man out of his troubles?"

"Certainly," she said. "Would you rather be shot or hit with an ax?"

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The inflation spiral continues. Recent legislation passed by Congress to curb rising prices will very likely prove ineffective. Congress had three possible choices in mapping out legislation concerning the "rising prices" situation. First, the legislating of price and wage control along with rationing. This was favored by Truman. Unfortunately, price control cannot exist without wage control nor vice versa. For this choice to be effective, both labor and business would have to agree on a unified program of mutual restraint. This factor along with other objections makes passage of this sort of legislation impossible.

Another choice Congress could have made would have been the tightening of credit. The Eccles plan is an illustration. This plan would raise all bank reserves to about 45 per cent. An immediate result would be a tightening of the reins on lending. Eccles believes that were his plan put into operation, the price rise would be gently retarded. Other formulas along this same line have been suggested, but for various reasons, mostly political, none of them has been adopted.

The third choice Congress could have made might have taken it into the field of scarce materials allocation, not to the consumer, but rather the manufacturer processor. This is the least stringent of the three possible choices and such legislation has been passed by Congress in modified form. Congress voted for voluntary allocations. The Congressmen who drafted and voted the bill through are the first to admit that, as effective legislation, it is a dud.

It was obvious to Congress that some action had to be taken — but not very effective action, since this is election year. The voters must be kept happy, the merry-go-round must be kept oiled, even

if the carnival goes bankrupt. Thus, a token law was produced, a law which says vigorously, "Shame on you!" to nasty, old inflation.

• • •

Voluntary allocation of material has been tried on a limited scale before and has failed. Under the new law, the government will call in representatives of those industries using supplies already on the scarce list. Steel, for example. These industrial leaders, in cooperation with the government, will come to an agreement on which industries should get the most steel. It is conceivable that makers of bathtubs would probably be allocated more steel than a plant manufacturing toy wagons. These industries will agree not to fix prices and the United States will agree not to enforce anti-trust laws (despite the fact Truman said he would). In general, Republicans think this plan will function smoothly, the Democrats think it will fail miserably.

In the near future, Congress will take some further action — though not severe — limiting credit. Any legislation of this nature would certainly effect the lowering of prices sooner or later, but it would also bring on an artificial recession causing a limited amount of unemployment. Something else to make the happy voters not so happy. And so, Congress has a choice of political suicide or the passage of legislation strong enough and stringent enough to curb inflation successfully. History has revealed few Congressmen with a predilection for political suicide.

Whether Congress does or does not pass further anti-inflation legislation, the delaying tactics and sham legislation now being employed will add the apex to the pyramidal certainty of economic depression. It is equally certain no major crash will occur until well into 1949.

When it comes, the blame will be saddled on the party in power. As in the last major depression, that party will probably wear the name Republican.



The Communist Party, rumor has it, would prefer a Republican Administration. Because of this, according to the rumor, the Commies are doing their part to support the Republicans and confuse the Democrats. This will probably be welcome news to those bewildered souls who have until now thought the Commies were confusing everyone and supporting nothing. The premise for their "constructive" activity seems to be a singular idea that a Republican administration would ripen this nation for revolution, by provoking economic and social unrest.

The latest monkey wrench tossed into Democratic machinery is the decision of Henry Wallace to run as an independent presidential candidate. This may be the coup de grace to Democratic hopes of remaining in power. The Wallace "incident" will be used where it can wield the greatest political advantage, or disadvantage, according to the glasses with which you view the scene. Wallace will pull much of the liberal vote away from the Democratic party, and although the Truman administration will have the support of Labor, authoritative sources already concede the coming election to the Republicans.

That Labor will be a potent political force in 1948 is undeniable. Plans to fight Labor's political enemies will mature. There will be regular publication of a nation-wide Labor newspaper. Based on the assumption that the American press "will not give Labor an even break," Labor has decided to publish on its own, without any outside help except advertising. A deficit is expected, but exist-

ing reserves in union treasuries are ample to cover the anticipated loss.



A tax cut is coming. Both parties favor raising exemptions from \$500 to \$600, and adopting the principle of community property based on the idea that a wife earns 50 per cent of the total family income, or at least has a right to claim that amount as her own. These ideas will be pushed by both parties and are assured of passage. Other features of the new tax legislation are more difficult to predict. The Democrats tend to favor the small income groups while the Republicans swing toward the idea of an across-the-board cut, which means a windfall for the big income earner.

Mr. Truman will veto any bill to lower taxes, because he believes it to be an inflationary step, but the veto will be overridden by votes from both parties — with the Republicans dominating. Both factions would like to have the credit for cutting taxes — a fine political feather in any cap during an election year. It is expected, however, that the Republicans will reap the good from any tax-cutting legislation because of the Administration veto.



Internally, we face many problems, and externally, none of our problems have diminished. Hopes by some people that recent devaluation of Russian currency foreshadowed a weakening of Soviet economy are beginning to fade as it becomes apparent that the well-regimented affairs of the Soviet Union are unscathed. This year will see establishment of an "international" Red Army, while the United States sets up European bases in retaliation. Rudyard Kipling to the contrary, it looks as though East and West may soon be meeting — and not in joy and loving kindness.

▲
There's nothing wrong with drinking like a fish, if you drink what the fish does.

▲
Luck results when proper preparation meets the right opportunity.

▲
Moral indignation is jealousy with a halo.

▲
Income is something you can't live without or within.

Platter Chatter

Piano-playing maestro Frankie Carle will stay at the Hotel Pennsylvania's Cafe Rouge in New York until Washington's Birthday. Marjorie Hughes has left the band for family life and will be replaced by Nan Wright . . . Ella Fitzgerald's famed discing of *Stairway to the Stars* will soon be re-released by Decca—watch for it . . . Danny O'Neil's recording of *Trees* is the flattest thing we've heard to date . . . Margaret Whiting is taking no chances, she already has vacation reservations at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, for sometime in June. Incidentally, it's her first vacation in four years . . . Louis Armstrong may take a small combo to Europe this spring . . . Xavier Cugat is setting up a group of orchestras in Mexico . . . Tenor sax man and scat singer Chubby Silvers has packed up his 300 pounds to go back with his old boss, Sammy Kaye . . . Woody Herman and his new band are booked until April, but rumor has it things aren't going so well . . . Kay Thompson and The Williams Brothers, new California night club sensations, have been signed by Columbia records . . . Victor artist Erskine Hawkins has added one-armed pianist Dan Michaels to his band . . . Russ Columbo's sister has said she'd like to see Perry Como portray the role of her famous brother via the movies. To this we add our "ayes" . . . Doris Day's first movie, *Romance on the High Seas*, co-stars Jack Carson . . . Decca's Lucky Millinder is readying an authentic minstrel show to add to his nationwide tour this year . . . Tex Beneke's great ambition is to enter a racing car in the Indianapolis Speedway classic . . . New Victor star, Beryl Davis, has a fine new disc release . . . watch for her version of the tune *Experience* . . . And here's the pay-off story of the month: Two years ago, publishers turned down Francis Craig's *Near You* as being "too corny"—that's all, brother!

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 38036—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Beg Your Pardon* plus *The Dream Peddler*. The first tune is another potential hit penned by the composed of *Near You*—Francis Craig. Superb Carle piano work throughout



with **BOB KENNEDY**

with another fine vocal contributed by Marjorie Hughes. The reverse side is of remote *Old Lamplighter* extraction, and you'll find he's a genial old fellow, this "dream peddler" as told by Gregg Lawrence. For listening and dancing, here's a disc that's tops!

VICTOR 20-2614—Phil Harris and his orchestra. *One More Time* and *Old Time Religion*. Here are two back-a-piece favorites, tailor-made for the Harris-style. You'll recognize the first tune after a few bars of Harris, and it breezes along at a brisk pace. The flip-over starts in a church tempo, then hand-clapping by the band—reminiscent of the old-time revival meetings—picks up the speed, and Harris takes it from there. If you're a Harris fan, put this one on your list.

CAPITOL 15016—Johnny Mercer with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *Never Make Eyes (at The Guys That Are Bigger Than You)* and *That's The Way He Does It*. Popular and versatile Johnny Mercer continues to provide top-ranking entertainment with this new waxing. The first tune is a novelty with a warning to the "wolf" clan to watch their "p's" and "q's," and on the reverse side, The Pied Pipers join the proceedings with results that are strictly good! Should you buy it? Yes, indeed!
*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.

MAJESTIC 7273—Dick Farney with music arranged and conducted by Jack

Mathias. *Made For Each Other* and *I'll Never Make The Same Mistake Again*. Majestic's top baritone, who sings like Farney but sounds like Crosby. He does a fine interpretation of both the ballads on this waxing. *Made For Each Other* is particularly outstanding. If you've an ear for baritones who sound like Crosby, don't miss this one.

VICTOR ALBUM P-195—Eddy Arnold and his Tennessee Plowboys. Eddy Arnold is undoubtedly the top favorite in his country-music field. This latest Victor album, *All Time Hits From The Hills*, demonstrates the easy, effortless, sincere singing style which has made Arnold popular. The famous Tennessee Plowboys accompany Eddy on such favorites as *I'm Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes*, *The Prisoner's Song*, *Seven Years With The Wrong Woman*, plus many others. If you like music from the hills, you'll especially like the way Eddy sings it.

M-G-M 10122—Jack Fina and his orchestra. *Music From Beyond The Moon* plus *Song Of New Orleans*. The first side features that haunting new melody that's catching on so fast. There's some fine chorus work, and of course, the Fina piano-styling is featured. The flip-over is one of those lazy tunes typical of the South; you'll enjoy the heavy left hand of Fina on this one. Vocals on both sides are handled by Harry Prime. For good listening, they don't come any better!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

CAPITOL 15017—Jo Stafford with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *The Best Things In Life Are Free* and *I Never Loved Anyone*. Words fail to describe the quality of Jo's latest record. The first tune, from *Good News*, is sung up to tempo, really showing off the versatile Stafford voice. The flip-over is one of those slow, dreamy ballads Jo

is noted for. Paul Weston and the boys are in there on both sides, putting out solid music. If you haven't been a Stafford fan, you will be after hearing this platter. For the listener and dancer, a wax job par excellence.

COLUMBIA 38039—Harry James and his orchestra. *Forever Amber* and *Lone Star Moon*. James makes a real production of *Forever Amber*. A full, dramatic intro leads into the vocal by Marion Morgan. Fine arranging on both sides. The reverse is a jump cowboy number sung by Willie Smith. You'll be convinced by the solid rhythm plus a terrific horn chorus. Here's a platter no James fan would be caught dead without.

DECCA 25281—Bing Crosby with John Scott Trotter and his orchestra. *I'm Waiting For Ships That Never Come In* and *When Day Is Done*. A revival of two Crosby favorites on the re-release list. Two nostalgic tunes done up as neatly as Der Bingo can do them. *When Day Is Done* features the music of Victor Young, while on the reverse side Crosby is backed by the fine music of John Scott Trotter. It's typical Crosby—'nuf said.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut VI 9430.

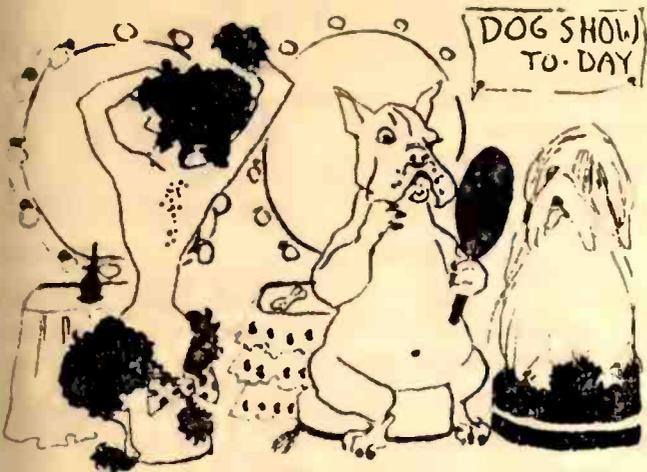
On the Serious Side

COLUMBIA ALBUM MM-716—Claudio Arrau at the piano. Schumann: Kreisleriana, Op. 16. (Eight fantasies) Arabesque in C Major, Op. 18. One of the brilliant pianists of our time, Claudio Arrau, has chosen two romantic and representative works of Robert Schumann. The works reveal the naivete and rich tenderness of the composer's personality. Arrau, a native of Chile, shows great ability plus vivid imagination and technical skill. A fine addition to piano literature.

▲
A business is like a wheelbarrow; it doesn't move ahead unless somebody pushes it.—Office motto.

▲
What can't be said is often whistled.

Chicago LETTER



by NORT JONATHAN

ANYONE whose experience in radio broadcasting goes back to pre-war days must get a large bang out of the current upsurge and glamorization of the herd of disc jockeys now spinning records on practically every AM and FM station throughout the land. Many a radio announcer now pulling down fancy prices on his own record show got his start on radio ten or twenty years ago announcing and playing recordings for 25 dollars a week. If he could sneak in a gratuitous mention of Ptomaine Pete's hamburger stand sometime during his shift, he could also count on at least one free meal per day.

But now being a disc jockey is considered big business. Names like Whitey Man, Dorsey, Kate Smith and Ellington have joined the rush. Incidentally, a few years ago you would have had a hard time persuading any of the four to appear as a guest on a platter program. How times have changed! Here in Chicago in 1948 the big names of the music and entertainment world knock themselves out racing from record show to record show. The once lowly disc jockey is now the air-haired boy of the song plugger, record promoter, and theatrical press agent. Now he's respectable; now he is a part of show business.

Around these parts the disc jockey has so discovered himself. From the blue serge suit, somewhat in need of pressing,

of his less prosperous announcing days he has graduated to the uniform of the Randolph Street character — violent slacks, suede shoes, sincere tie with a jumbo-sized Windsor knot, and mad sport jacket. This is what the well-dressed Chicago disc jockey will wear if not carefully watched.

There are so many on the air these days that they can be classified according to type. Just so the visitor may know what to expect, here are a few samples, plucked at random.

The Disappointed Comedian: Ernie Simon is loud, careless, and sometimes hilarious. Ernie would have been wonderful in burlesque, but he has to content himself with being heard but not seen — with material that the FCC will allow on the air.

The Erudite Young Man: Dave Garoway has become a sort of 50,000 watt mystic. He is the poet laureate of the platter men, and if you can't decipher what his words mean at least the voice is soothing.

The Traveling Man: Lynn Burton is to Chicago radio what the "drummer" once was to the dry goods business. He sells products for at least a dozen different sponsors on six stations. Half his time is spent racing in and out of studios and taxicabs. His broadcasting schedule is so tight that a single red light or a missed elevator can ruin his day.

The Boy in the Back Room: Marty Hogan is right at home on Randolph Street, where the musicians and politicians gather. On his two-hour show from the "Celebrity Train" of the Hotel Sherman all the guests are "sweet guys" and "doing a great job."

The Big Man Off the Campus: Eddie Hubbard is the hot boy right now with the sorority-fraternity set. His ten to eleven session nightly probably has interrupted more homework than any other Chicago program.

Factual note: None of these disc jockeys, nor any radio announcer in town for that matter, actually puts the needle down on the recordings he plays. Mr. Petrillo takes care of that little task. Paid-up members in good standing of Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians

spin all the platters heard on Chicago radio stations.



The circus is back in town again. This time it's a sort of patched together affair featuring acts from four or five different traveling shows — all well-seasoned and familiar to chronic circus-goers. Even the lions in the animal act have been around for a long while. One tired beast, billed as man-eating and extremely ferocious, showed his contempt for the whole deal by going to sleep on his perch midway in the proceedings. Wearing the traditional white riding pants and using the traditional whip and revolver, the daring young man in the center of the cage failed to generate much excitement among his four-footed friends. He had a hard time shaking them loose from the boredom long enough to chase him to the exit for what was supposed to be the finale of the act. Even the juvenile element present was plainly disappointed.

Although the circus was not a great success, there's plenty of entertainment around town. The boys running the plush saloons have discovered during the last few months that they either have to spend money for entertainment or starve. And along the "strip belt" — on Madison, Clark and South State Streets — everybody is happy that it's an election year. In just a few short weeks now the boys will be around to collect campaign funds. In the meanwhile, they want everybody to be happy and satisfied. This includes allowing the girls in the joints to parade unhampered by clothes.

Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobsen, two of the most astute providers of after dark entertainment and refreshment, have reopened the defunct Copacabana as a deluxe eating house. It's now called simply "Fritzel's" and specializes in "good food, considerably priced." It is now the daytime headquarters for the crowd that can be found at Fritzel's Chez Paree at night.

Not to be outdone by his competition, Ernie Byfield of the College Inn, BATTERY, and Pump Room has opened his own new spot. It's called the "Celebrity Train" and it's the newest addition to the Sherman Hotel's collection of places in which to spend your money painlessly. The press agent hasn't invited us over yet, but we hope to receive an invitation in time to give a full report in the next issue of *Swing*.

For sheer entertainment, however, nothing in town surpasses the Madison Street carline. In Chicago the transit system allegedly belongs to the People — and they are the entertainment on the Madison Street trolleys. At any time of the day or night you can find more interesting characters hanging onto the straps than anywhere else in this big city. Some of them even surpass some of those to be found on the New York subway. And spread before your eyes as you roll westward are scenes that are as typically Chicago as Lake Shore Drive, the water tower, and the decrepit "L" cars. As Lou Ruppel, one-time managing editor of the *Herald-American* said just before he was fired for offending the Chamber of Commerce, "It's really Chicago — that dirty shirt town."

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). Skitch Henderson and Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly, are holding forth in this popular room. It's a beautiful place to spend your money, or run up a big expense account on the boss.

★ **BATTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State (SUP 7200). For luncheon, dinner, or an after-the-show drink, this plushy spot is tops. It's

one of the places where Big Names hide between trains and planes.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Bob McGrew and his orchestra play nightly in a room which year after year remains deservedly popular. Perhaps you remember Bob McGrew from his staff days at WH and the nightly dances at the Kansas City Club.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Griff Williams has gone on

New York, but Phil Regan, the Irish Thrush, is pulling in the crowds. It's one of the best shows in town — plus lavish new decor. It's a pleasure to add up the check in this atmosphere.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). During the cocktail hour you'll hear rhumba music. After six in the evening, you'll hear all the tunes on the hit parade. A good choice for a drink and a dance.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Victor Borge is back in his elegant room with all of his old routines, fine piano and Continental charm. Ray Morton is currently providing society dance music, which means you're sure to hear *Where or When*, *Zing Went the Strings of My Heart* and *It Was Just One of Those Things* sometime during the evening.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 State (SUP 7200). As you've probably heard, this is the most glamorous filling station between Hollywood and New York. The food is either frozen stiff or in flames — and all the ham isn't on the menu. The customers provide one of the best floor shows in town. Don't plan to dance because there probably won't be room.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0213). Good dance music, fine German food, and the least crowded dance floor in the Loop make this lovely room justly popular with many Chicagoans. Toni Di Pardo is still on the bandstand, and there's a hardly sensational but pleasantly entertaining floor show.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). Russian food. Russian decor. Russian music. Moody Russian waiters. Capitalistic prices. Those who should know claim it's the best spot in town to begin a new romance, or polish off an old one.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). That long-time favorite, George Olsen, plays for dancing in a room whose beauty a succession of interior decorators hasn't been able to damage. It's a 20-minute ride from the Loop but well worth it.

The Show's the Thing

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). The most pretentious and expensive show west of Hoboken. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis will probably be around for awhile, but don't take them in unless you're resigned to dropping around to the nearest local loan office in the morning.

★ **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (RAN 544). Billy Vine is back in town and the Latin Quarter's got him. Ralph Berger finally decided to lower the minimum charge, and it's about time, too.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). This place has a South American flavor but the girl strippers all look as if they came from Cicero. It's a favorite hang-out for conventioners who don't care where their next hang-over comes from. All girl show — eye-filling but monotonous.

Mostly for Music

★ **JAZZ, LTD.**, 11 E. Grand Avenue. Nocturnal hang-out for the hot platter fans. Smoke gets in our eyes but it's worth a couple of aspirin tablets just to drop in for an hour when the boys get hot.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Sherman Hotel. Nellie Luther is the big attraction these days. Favorite place of the coke and steak sandwich set.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph. Through the years consistently one of the best spots to dance. Art Kassel is currently the bandstand attraction.

★ **GLASS HOUSE**, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan. This residential hotel on the near west side has come up with one of the best small bands to be discovered around these parts in a long time. Don Orlando's five piece orchestra somehow sounds twice that large. The boys have unusual arrangements and make the most of them.

Strictly for Stripping

All of these establishments feature girls with or without their clothes on. Any cab driver can find them for you at the drop of a dollar bill. **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark Street . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1315 W. Madison . . . **THE PLAYHOUSE**, 550 N. Clark . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash . . . **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 S. State Street.

Gourmet's Delight

★ **MIKE FRITZEL'S**, State at Lake. It's the new favorite spot of the serious eaters. A great place to eat if you have two hours for luncheon, or three hours for dinner.

★ **WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT**, 410 N. Michigan. Consistently fine food at consistently moderate prices. Sane people patronize the restaurant proper. The advertising and radio crowd jams the bar, where Lou Harrington mixes the best manhattans and martinis in town.

★ **CIRO'S**, 816 N. Wabash. The show business crowd likes to greet the dawn in this new restaurant with a Times Square atmosphere. Excellent food and open very late.

★ **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark. You can't do better if you want a steak.

★ **BARNEY'S**, Halsted at Randolph. Ditto above.

★ **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 N. Rush. Ditto above.

For an international atmosphere, try these justly well-known places: **JACQUES**, 900 N. Michigan, for French cuisine . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 N. Rush Street, for smorgasbord . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State Street, for exotic Cantonese dishes . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush Street, for meats barbecued to a crisp turn . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street, for hearty German food . . . and the **SINGER'S RENDEZVOUS** at Rush and Superior for Italian dishes and Italian tenors.

Just for a Drink

The cozy bar atop the Allerton Hotel, Michigan at Huron . . . **MARTIN'S** on LaSalle Street in the heart of the financial district . . . The virile men's pub at the extreme south end of the Stevens Hotel . . . The luxurious **TOWN AND COUNTRY** room at the Palmer House . . . **HENRICI'S** in the Merchandise Mart . . . the **PRESS ROW** bar on Madison Street, where the newspaper guys and gals gather.

New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION



THE big holiday snow is still a main topic of conversation in Manhattan. It seems that everyone had some sort of personal experience with it. When it first began faces lit up with delight. But when it continued hour after hour with increasing fury, the owners of those same faces said uncle and then added a few more descriptive expletives. While the subways kept running with crowds on the verge of panic, outside traffic came to a standstill. Buses were stalled all up and down the avenues, and commuters spent the night on trains.

The commuters have the best stories, of course. Parked cars were abandoned in town or discarded out on the parkways, each one looking like just another hump in the snow. It took days to shovel them out. The used, used car lots will no doubt be their next stop.

Manhattan really had a scare. Hospital service was impossible, trucks with food and fuel were unable to get through the streets, and the great hazard of fire with immobile fire stations put the whole city in a state of tension. No one worried about politics or world peace those days; they were too busy wondering what the elements would do next.

It's quite something to realize what a snow storm can do to an over-populated city. Not good. Tug boat crews were about to go on strike again but called it

off for awhile. A good idea, too, as people here are in no mood at the moment to fight a fuel shortage such as the one they had about a year ago due to the same striking crews. Fortunately, there were few casualties from this storm, but it is something Manhattanites won't forget for a long time.

• • •
Dorothy and Dick, WOR's popular husband-and-wife breakfast team, have had their radio time extended. And with reason, too. They are by far the best on the air. The wonder is how they can keep up that flowing, interesting conversation for every day in the week, including Sundays. Usually on Saturdays their two small children, Dicky and Jill, have a turn at the mike with songs and recitations. They're already stiff competition for their parents and there isn't much doubt about future careers. The commercials on this program are few and interesting. A welcome trend.

• • •
Manhattan's annual trek to the sunny South is in full flower. Some reports say that business in Florida is off by quite a percentage, but that is hard to believe judging by the difficulty in getting train or plane reservations. Winter vacations are popular here, and many businesses are half-staffed as a result. After all, new Southern clothes will do for next summer, too, and it's so easy for New Yorkers to get to the beaches or mountains during the hot summer months.

• • •
A good musical show or even just a fairly good musical show is always popular. Seats for *Angel in the Wings* and *High Button Shoes* are at a premium. Brokers ask a fancy price and the regular channels seem to be bottlenecked. Although these shows are entertaining for the most part, they don't warrant much ado. On the other hand there are several highly dramatic plays which are excellent and

for which seats are easily available. Of course, *Oklahoma* and *Annie Get Your Gun* are still with us . . .

The subjects of Taxes and Inflation get chewed on at every gathering. Most hostesses have barred any election discussions, remembering the hot tempers that resulted from the Willkie-Roosevelt campaign. However, the gripe about taxes seems to be so general that there is no danger of flying fists. Churchill's description of conditions in England as . . . "equalizing misery and organizing scarcity . . ." is often quoted, along with such phrases as, "the man at the top of the ladder is more vulnerable than the man at the bottom" . . . "and what are we getting for the money" . . . "take away the incentive for business to climb and expand and we'll all eat in soup kitchens . . ."

No one can disagree about inflation. It's definitely here. Prices are outrageous, especially in wearing apparel. No use for a customer to object, he can take it or leave it. More and more customers are leaving it, but still there are many, many South Americans and Europeans here

on a spree who will pay the price. This should bring out the best in our politicians and economists.

Young people are beating a path to Eddie Condon's these days. It's 'way downtown, 47 West 3rd, but worth the bother. Music there is of the 1920 vintage which seems to fascinate the young and bring back tender memories for the old . . . or older, we should say. At 70 East 55th, the Little Club is a growing favorite with all. Gypsy airs with dinner, and piano music later: not too expensive, either. The Rendez-Vous Room downstairs in the old Plaza is exceptionally attractive, offering interesting people and dinner at three-twenty-five per head. No need to worry about advance reservations at any night places anymore.

For a real, direct, personal effort to help someone in Europe, there is no better way than sending a ready-made ten dollar package through CARE at 50 Broad Street, New York 4. Absolutely reliable and with just the items most needed.

▲
A boy of 18 just won't believe that someday he will be as dumb as his father.

▲
Everyone can give pleasure to others. Some achieve this by entering a room and others by leaving it.

A Gardener Kisses A King

ANDRE LE NOTRE, the famous French horticulturist, was noted not only for the beauty of his gardens, but also for the charm of his personality. He had such naivete and simplicity of manner that he was accepted on the most familiar terms with the great of his time.

During an audience with Pope Innocent XI in Rome, the pontiff talked at length with the French gardener and told him how sorry he was that he had never had the chance to see his great works of art. With this Le Notre begged the Pope to come to France and see his gardens at Versailles. The Holy Father demurred, saying that he was much too old to take such a trip, but Le Notre threw his arms around the Pope and kissed him, assuring him that he was still vigorous, and would, no doubt, outlive the whole College of Cardinals.

The court at Versailles, on hearing the story, was greatly amused, but put no credence in the tale until it was told to Louis XIV, who roared with laughter and said, "Indeed it is true, because when he has been long without seeing me he kisses even me!"—*Mark Shannon*.

New York THEATRE



Plays . . .

★ **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.** (Martin Beck). A Katharine Cornell production starring Miss Cornell supported by Godfrey Tearle, Kent Smith and Lenore Ulric. Guthrie McClintic directed. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:15.

★ **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.

★ **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 2:40.

★ **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.** (National). Full scale dramatization of the Dostoevski novel, starring John Gielgud as Raskolnikoff and Lillian Gish in the rich role of Katernina Ivanna. Convincing set, but not a thoroughly satisfactory adaptation. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FOR LOVE OR MONEY.** (Henry Miller). A highly unbelievable and only occasionally funny comedy by F. Hugh Herbert. Almost knee-deep in double entendre are John Loder, Vicki Cummings and a pretty little girl named June Lockhart. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Plymouth) 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.

★ **HARVEST OF YEARS.** (Hudson). DeWitt Bodeen's new play with more than adequate performances by Esther Dale, Leonie Maricle, Russell Hardie and Phillip Abbott. Aply produced and directed by Arthur J. Beckhard. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **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.

★ **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 skillful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MEDEA.** (Royale). The Euripides tragedy brilliantly adapted by Robinson Jeffers. An outstanding performance by Judith Anderson. Florence Reed shares acting honors with the star and Dennie King plays Jason. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE MEN WE MARRY.** (Mansfield) Shirley Booth, Marta Linden and Neil Hamilton in a comedy by Elizabeth Cobb and Herachel Williams Well, it is entertainment. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **POWER WITHOUT GLORY.** (Booth). English cast, including Marjorie Rhodes, Peter Murray and Hilary Liddel in this opus by Michael Clayton Dutton. Messrs. Shubert and John C. Wilson collaborated on the production. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Morosco). An other comedy, this one by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements. Joan Tetzl, John Archer and Carl Benton Reid do most of the honors on the stage. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Barrymore) Finest new play of the season, by Tennessee Williams. Superbly performed by Jessica Tandy Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden Excellent set, costuming and direction. See it Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE SURVIVORS.** (Playhouse). Troupers Louis Calhern, Hume Cronyn and Richard Basehart in a play by Peter Viertel and Irwin Shaw. See it any evening, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 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
Empire, Broadway at 40th.....	PE 6-9540	
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
International, 5 Columbus Circle..	CI 5-4884	
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
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970	E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....	CI 5-6060	E
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

Musicals . . .

* **THE WINSLOW BOY.** (Empire). Alan Webb, Madge Compton, Valerie White and Michael Newell in Terence Rattigan's intelligent, eloquent and moving drama about a middle-class English family attempting to clear its son of a petty thievery charge. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

* **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Cort). Leila Ernst, Anne Britten and Donald Murphy in what may well be the dullest 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.

* **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 their reputations with this one. With John Battles, Roberta Jonay and Annmary Dickey. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

* **ANGEL IN THE WINGS.** (Coronet). Sprightly, spontaneous revue featuring the Hartmans. Frequently amusing, always pleasant but unspectacular entertainment. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

* **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Ethel Merman 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 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 Marion Bell do handsomely. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

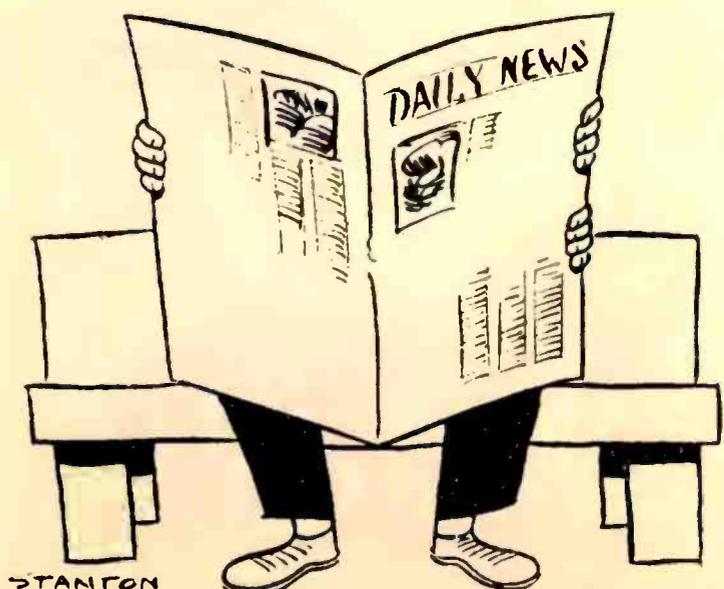
* **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A prechaun lands in Dixie, and what follows is pretty gay fantasy involving songs, dances, Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

* **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Shubert). 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.

* **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Broadhurst). Score by Richard Lewine, sketches and lyrics by Arnold B. Horwitt. With David Burns, Gloria Mills, Sid Caesar, Jack Kilty and a fair supporting cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

* **MUSIC IN MY HEART.** (Adelphi). A mercilessly mediocre bit, helped but unsaved by the music of Tchaikowsky. 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.



NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

Upper Bracket

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** Eat dinner to music three nights in a row, in settings as varied as New York itself, all under Waldorf's renowned roof. Opulent, spacious dining in the Sert Room—dancing in the evening, listening to string music at luncheon. The Wedgewood Room, softly lighted, center of the Waldorf's winter entertainment—where the floor show is always excellent. Or for informal dining and dancing, the Flamingo Room. There's no place quite like the Waldorf! Park Avenue at 50th. EL 5-3000.

★ **TOWN AND COUNTRY.** If you're in the Park Avenue upper 40's at noon-time, eat luncheon at this spacious, gracious restaurant. The food is not expensive; and worth the price. Sunday brunch from noon until four. 284 Park Avenue. VO 5-5639.

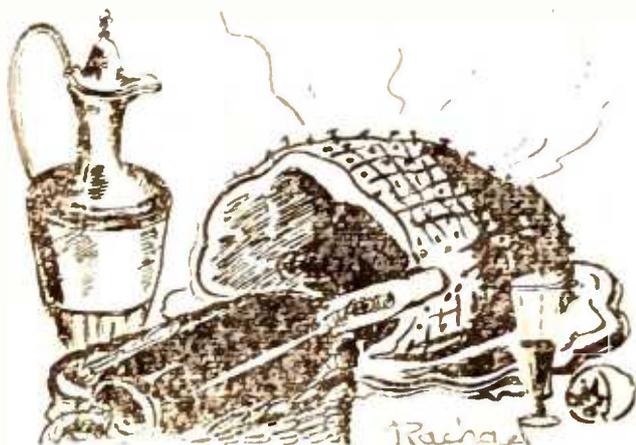
★ **EL BORRACHO.** Dinner from \$4. Supper a la carte. Opens five p. m. A gay, thriving little night spot, featuring the "Kiss Room" and the "Romance Room." Among the patrons, some you may have seen at the other "El" (Morocco). 53 East 55th. EL 5-8976.

★ **LA MARTINIQUE.** Gypsy music during dinner—which is a la carte and expensive. At ten p. m., they put on a 20 per cent tax, add rhumba and samba music, make a lot of noise, and stage a fine floor show—the first of two. A favorite spot with those "in the know" about Latin American dancing. 57 West 57th. PL 5-5757.

★ **COQ ROUGE.** Long known as a visitors' night club, the music is one of the attractions which established its name outside New York. Dancing from seven-thirty—two orchestras. 65 East 56th. PL 3-8887.

Food—and "Atmosphere"

★ **HARVEY'S.** Third Avenue has its share of the best uptown seafood restaurants. This convenient



location finds an established clientele of gourmets in spotlessly clean dining rooms. 509 3rd Avenue MU 3-7587.

★ **HOUSE OF CHAN.** Here you will occasionally see familiar faces of the theatre, radio, newspaper and labor worlds. If you dine late, you'll see real Chinese chopsticks come out while the waiters have their meals. 52nd and 7th Avenue. CI 6-9210.

★ **CHRIST CELLA.** A man's restaurant that women adore. Superb food in simple surroundings—at the end of any trail that leads an appreciative visitor through New York's finest steak haunts. 144 East 45th. MU 2-9557.

★ **BARBETTA'S.** How well can you keep a secret? Many citizens have—as fine Italian cooking is less expensive here than anywhere we know. One of the oldest, one of the best, and the only inexpensive. 321 West 46th. CI 6-9171.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Top of the world, East River version. As beautiful a winter scene as you'll see in Manhattan, from the circular patent leather, mirrored and glass-enclosed cocktail room high at the top of the tower. Dine in the comfortable restaurant on the street floor as a corollary conclusion. Excellent values here—and food exceptionally reasonable in this day and age. 49th and First Avenue. EL 5-7300.

For Visiting Firemen

★ **COPACABANA.** Always a splendid floor show starring the "great names" of the night club world—and presenting some very beautiful, very lush showgirls. 10 East 60th. PL 8-1060.

★ **CARNIVAL.** Russell Patterson designed this big, barn-like circus of a room . . . and it has fast-moving, star-studded show that is as much fun as any "musical comedy" of the pre-Oklahoma era. Eighth Avenue at 51st Street. CI 6-4122.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** "Nowhere so glorious floor show—dozens of girls saucily costumed. Never a cover charge. Fine food. Moderate prices. That's what Lou Walters says in his ads . . . and at least three-fourths of it is true. You may eat better food elsewhere; but at no other night spot will you see so many girls in so few clothes. Broadway at 48th. CI 6-1737.

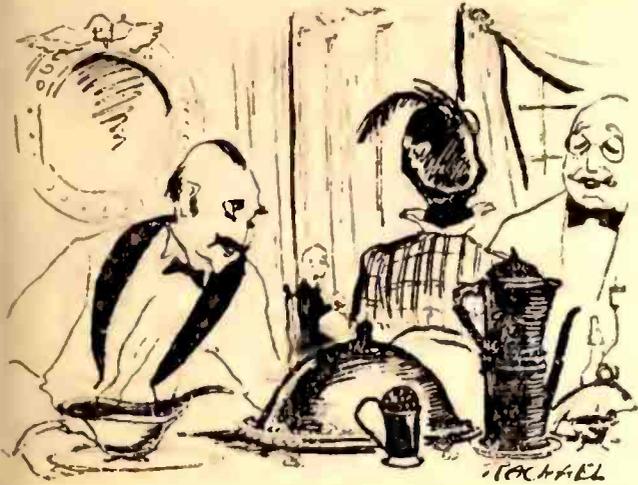
★ **BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE.** Two shows every night, and three on Saturday, parade the Master Showman's gorgeous gals in a loud, funny, and usually nostalgic revue. The minimum is \$3.50, except Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, when it is \$4—but the show alone is worth the price. Besides, who ever got in and out for the minimum? 235 West 46th. CI 6-6500.

For Art Lovers

★ **CAFE DES ARTISTES.** Remember Howard Chandler Christy? Through the years in which he has lived in this neighborhood, he has painted murals for this spot—first, the bar, then a dining room, then a second dining room. As you enter you see the latest paintings first . . . clear back to the nudes he did first, for the bar room. The food is inexpensive—and after you get your breath perhaps you can concentrate on it. 1 West 67th TR 7-3343.

KANSAS CITY

Ports of Call



Gentry sees that the preparation of each and every lobster gets individual attention. The Savoy's lobsters are slowly and carefully broiled. Butter and spices are added and the results are infinitely better than from the usual method of steaming lobsters. Noonday luncheons featuring red snapper, swordfish and Colorado mountain trout are wonderful, and quite inexpensive. For a table or booth, look for the man in the tuxedo, wearing a tiny bow tie. His name is Brown and he's been there almost as long as the fixtures. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** This exquisitely decorated bar and restaurant is one of the most beautiful in the United States. From the gorgeous glass mural extending the length of the bar to the New Orleans wrought-iron-and-rose effect in the large dining room, the restaurant is superbly styled and decorated. Tables in the softly lighted Victorian lounge may be reserved for private luncheons. Air-expressed Colorado mountain trout, choice steaks and prime ribs of roast beef are excellent dinner suggestions. And, of course, the succulent lobster. The waiter takes the meat out of the claws if you wish and he does it without leaving a single delicious morsel in them. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and it costs only a dollar! A typical menu shows baked pork chops with Southern dressing, mashed potatoes, chef's salad, hot rolls and butter, a drink and pie or ice cream! All for a dollar! The 210 is a "must" on everyone's list. Come to the Wyandotte side of the 210 for a fine cafeteria meal. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **KING JOY LO.** This excellent Chinese restaurant overlooks the busy intersection of 12th & Main. It's a real treat to sit by one of the huge picture windows and watch the world trudge by below. The chop suey and chow mein combinations are fine food in cold weather! Our favorite dish is lobster chow mein. For \$1.25 you get a huge bowl of chow mein liberally spiced with chunks of lobster, a bowl of dry and very tasty rice, soup, tea and cookies. Yum! King Joy Lo's American specialties include lobster, golden fried chicken and steak. Booths for privacy and courteous, careful service. Dinners start at 85 cents. If you're not a lobster enthusiast have your chop suey or chow mein with beef, pork or chicken! 8 W. 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** This gorgeous spot is for those who like to dine, dance and enjoy themselves *a grands frais*. Fine dinners starting at \$3.00. A favorite these days is Curried Chicken Bombay, a tasty dish with imported chutney and other East Indian spices, toasted coconut, rice and raisins. Or try the breast of turkey fried in golden butter. A pleasant surprise to all is the return of Joe Sanders, the "Old Left Hand," and his celebrated orchestra—the Joe Sanders whose "Nighthawks" broadcasts made the Grill famous. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** A big red drum highlights the entrance to a circular bar surrounded by leather wall seats and tables. Down a flight of stairs is the Drum Room proper and the music of Gene

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** The New Yorker's kitchen, under the capable direction of Fanny Anderson, turns out the best roast sirloin of beef to be had anywhere. Jim Pusateri sees to it that none but the finest of meat is brought into his kitchen and then Fanny sees that none but the finest cookery is applied to these choice cuts. Host Jerry is the kind of fellow we'd describe as really "on the ball." He can find you a seat even when the place is packed to the rafters—and always with a mile. Put a keen edge on your appetite with a couple of good drinks and a cool, crisp salad. Then order your roast beef or steak and French fried onions. You're set, chum! 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **THE PEANUT.** A very friendly southtown tavern. The name "Peanut" denotes size, but it helps to make the place just that much more happy-like and fun. Ice cold brew in a glass frosty with lew. Louis Stone's excellent draught beer puts you in the right frame of mind to do ample damage with a red hot platterful of barbecued ribs. On your way home from the meat market drop in for a beer and have Louis' chef barbecue the ribs you purchased. The chef won't mind a bit if you tell the wifey you cooked 'em yourself. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Everyone in town knows that Joshua Johnson is back at the Broadway Interlude and Dale Overfelt is just as happy about it as his patrons. Amble up to the big long bar and ask Riley Thompson to mix your favorite drink. He'll do it with gusto and skill. They're serving an excellent dinner meal for only \$1 at this popular Broadway spot. You get a generous portion of fried chicken or roast beef, tasty vegetables and a keen salad. All this and Joshua, too! What more can you ask? Come over Sundays after midnight and slake your thirst. 3535 Broadway. VE 9630.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** This charming seafood place steeped in the traditions of yesteryear—from the historical murals right down to the tile floor and dark paneled bar and booths. Owner Wilford

Eyeman. A delicious specialty here is chicken a la king liberally spread over crispy pieces of toast. This delightful dish can be had for \$1.85. Old standbys are steak, fowl and prime ribs. Nick or Junior will see that you are seated and the fine music and good service will keep you happy. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** Loaded with cosmopolitan atmosphere, this dark paneled room is the meeting place of those who have it and those who'd like to have it. But even if you're not a man of distinction you can act like one at the Rendezvous and get away with it. Businessman's lunch for about 65 cents with beverage extra. You can get an evening meal here for as little as a dollar if you like filet of sole. Roast beef is \$1.50 and steaks around \$2.50. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Down the carpeted hall from the famous El Casbah you'll find this dim, comfortable cocktail lounge. Piano music by Chris Cross and Betty Rogers, and plushy seats combine to put you in a mood of contentment. We like it! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Wayne Muir and his two-piano orchestra have a repertoire ranging from smooth rhumbas to boogie Bach. This versatile young pianist is a real showman and has won a special place in the hearts of Kansas Citians during a long run at El Casbah since last May. There's always a bright and entertaining floor show in this beautiful supper club; and the cuisine is unsurpassed. Try the Flaming Sword dinner, consisting of skewered chunks of tender steak or chicken brought to your table in a blaze of glory. Dramatic and completely delicious. A fitting finish to the Flaming Sword dinner is the Flaming dessert . . . warm pears, peaches or cherries around a dish of ice cream practically floating in brandy sauce. This also is brought to your table in flames. Maitre d' hotel Henry Hermany is in charge of the "No

Cover Charge." Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **ADRIAN'S.** Bartender "Heine" Young will mix your favorite cocktail to exact and pleasing specifications at the attractive Mart Cafe. For about 70 cents you can get an excellent lunch featuring specialties like Northern pike, beef stew and chicken croquettes. In the evenings there is a smorgasbord dinner with ham, beef or other meat entrees, two vegetables, hot biscuits and jelly, and a beverage for \$1.50. And mighty good! By the way, there are convenient parking lots just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **CABANA.** Debonair Lou Vogel sees that you are seated in a cozy booth or at a wee table. The circular bar is the domain of Charlie Otten and he knows how to mix a drink with a genteel kick. You can get a noonday luncheon for less than a dollar. Entree, two vegetables, bread and butter. Along with this you get a mimeo'd resume of the latest news flashes and the lilting strains of Alberta Bird's Hammond music. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** Down the stairs from El Casbah you'll find this friendly room done in floral patterns and dubonnet upholstery. You can order special La Cantina snacks; or if you wish, order from El Casbah or Coral Cafe menus. There's a juke box (tuned sweet and low) and always a well-dressed delegation from the college set. Fine drinks from the little bar. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **VERDI'S.** "The only after-hour spot in Kansas City, Missouri" is this restaurant in the Boulevard Manor Hotel, where all the performers from other night spots go for food when they're through work—and where occasional jam sessions rival the fine steaks, chops, chicken dinners, seafood and bar-becue. Verdi's specialize in Italian dishes, of course—and excellent salads. Open 4 p.m. until 4 a.m. 1115 East Armour, VA 9388.



A bore is one who opens his mouth and puts his feet in.



A widow is a woman who no longer finds fault with her husband.



College is the land of the midnight sons.



A statesman is a politician who is held upright by equal pressure from all directions.



Sandwich spread is what some people get from eating between meals.



Answers to BONING UP.

1. Upper arm. 2. Shoulder blade. 3. Collar bone. 4. Breast bone.
5. Thigh bone. 6. Knee bone. 7. Shin bone. 8. Calf bone. 9. Heel bone.
10. Skull bone.

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- ★ Better frequency — 710 kilocycles
- ★ Greater power — 10,000 watts

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