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OCTOBER
1945
25c

Where to Go . . . What to See
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • KANSAS CITY



**STEP RIGHT UP AND GET YOUR FREE TICKETS
TO THE WORLD'S SERIES . . . STEP RIGHT UP!!**

WHB got as much fun out of the series as Detroit! . . . with our loud-speaker truck circulating about town during the games, and a pretty girl handing out "Armchair Tickets" to startled citizens. Least startled of all was Joe Garman (in grey suit, below). This photo was made when the truck crossed the bridge to Garman's.



Armchair Ticket
SECTION: WHB
ROW: K.C.
SEAT: 880

Ticket will admit holder to a show
by any radio loudspeaker found for all
area. All armchair seats exclusively
proof for WHB Mutual listeners. Admis-
sion and tax paid by Gillette Razor Co.

**1945 WORLD'S SERIES
Armchair Ticket**

DETROIT vs. CHICAGO
(BEST FOUR GAMES OUT OF SEVEN!)

TAX PAID

No admission fee tax or license
where required. Holder and
party to attend game at office
of Gillette Razor Company. Mu-
tual listeners and WHB
Office, 1000 Bell Bldg. A,
Detroit and Phil. Curran

SCHEDULE OF GAMES

Oct. 3 - 12:15 PM - Briggs Stadium
Oct. 4 - 12:15 PM - Briggs Stadium
Oct. 5 - 12:15 PM - Briggs Stadium
Oct. 6 - 12:15 PM - Wrigley Field

This ticket will not be valid for radio
to what is or additional games may be

EXCLUSIVELY PRESENTED IN THIS AREA BY

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Van Johnson and Lana Turner in "Weekend at the Waldorf" (MGM); Fred Astaire looks over an array of beauties in "Ziegfeld Follies" (MGM); Navy flier in forced landing at War Dads' Rodeo; K. U. has tough evening; WHB's Showtime Gal and Dick Smith interview Bataan heroes. Back Cover—The Fidelity Building from the Kansas City Market.



As we write this the ends of the earth lie only sixty air hours away from Kansas City. A union picket parades in front of a plant in Detroit. Europe digs graves this morning for those who will die this winter of hunger and cold. Over at Rothschild's an ex-soldier stares at himself in a triple mirror in mufti. Japan is a jack-o-lantern, a grotesque yellow face turned upon us with a fixed inscrutable grin and a fire within its head. And the earth turns slowly through October. There are abroad these days goblins and witches more substantial than the vestments of Hallowe'en. But we needn't wonder "why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts." Here is a world coming out of delirium, and not all of it is brave or even new. Strikes and errors are a natural if unnecessary part of this emergence. It will take a leap of fiddlin' to fiddle some of the current ghosts into their graves again. And fiddlin' there is, so—political, social, and just plain. Some of it is effective. It makes a busy time. It's a season like the man in the fairy tale who jumped on his horse and galloped in all directions. Therefore, to do we. And so—another pocketful of impressions for the moment, some more variations on the persisting theme which is the world we live in.

Jette
Editor

OCTOBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

FOOTBALL

- (All games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
- Oct. 5, Central-Paseo (night)
- Oct. 6, Manual-East (1 p.m.)
Westport-Southeast
(3 p.m.)
Northeast-Southwest
(night)
- Oct. 12, Northeast-Southeast
(night)
- Oct. 13, Central-Westport
(1 p.m.)
Southwest-Manual
(3 p.m.)
East-Paseo (night)
- Oct. 19, Westport-East (night)
- Oct. 20, Manual-Paseo (1 p.m.)
Northeast-Central
(3 p.m.)
Southwest-Southeast
(night)
- Oct. 26, Southwest-Central
(night)
- Oct. 27, East-Northeast (1 p.m.)
Southeast-Manual
(3 p.m.)
Westport-Paseo (night)

SPORTS

WRESTLING—Thursday nights, 8:30 p.m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena; Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. American Legion sponsored.

ICE SKATING—Starts Oct. 19 in the Plamor Arena. Gilbert Brothers' "Holiday on Ice" featured Oct. 21-31.

MIDGET AUTO RACING—Every Sunday in October, weather permitting. Starts 6:30 p.m. 15th and Blue River.

CONVENTIONS

- Oct. 1-3, American Institute of Architects. Muehlebach. Southwest Clinical. President.
- Oct. 5-6, Western Seedmen. President.
- Oct. 7-10, Future Farmers of America. President.
- Oct. 12-15, Christian Doctrine. Auditorium.
- Oct. 16-19, War Mothers. Muehlebach.
- Oct. 17-18, State Nurses Assn. President.
- Oct. 22-25, Standard Oil. President.
- Oct. 23, Parliamentarians. Continental.
- Oct. 26-27, Nat'l Press Women. Muehlebach.

THEATRE

- Oct. 7-13—**DEAR RUTH** (A. & N. Presentation), Saturday Matinee, Music Hall.
- Oct. 27-28—**BALLET RUSSE DE MONTE CARLO** (A. & N. Presentation), Saturday evening, matinee (only) Sunday, Music Hall.

MUSIC

- Oct. 19—**DR. WIKTOR LA-BUNSKI**, pianist, yearly concert for benefit S.A.I. scholarship fund. 8:15 p.m. Atkins Auditorium.
- Oct. 23-24—**KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC**, first concert in 46th season. All music; no guest artist. Music Hall.
- Oct. 25-26—**DESERT SONG**, MUSICAL, Music Hall.



ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART—"French School of Painting in 1939", collection of modern French Art gathered by French Embassy in Washington. Shown during entire month of October.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE—Fall term opens October 1, following open house to entire membership on September 30.

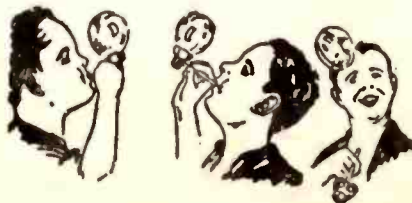
KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 321 Gladstone—Display of minerals, including uranium. Closed Mondays.

DANCING

(Plamor Ballroom, 3142 Main)

Tuesday and Friday—"Over 30 nights with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.

Chuck Hall and orchestra Oct. 4, 7, 10, 11, 13, 14, 17, 18, 24, 25, 27, and 28. Tomm Tucker, Oct. 6; Stan Kento Oct. 20, and Sam Campbe Oct. 31.



Japan's Peace Offensive

By ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

"You do not have the persistence to maintain peace," said the little Japanese with the British accent. "You forget easily!" Today this man is working as liaison with General MacArthur—just as the Japanese planned it!

ONE of the last things the Japs did before they put me aboard the Teia Maru, to repatriate me to the United States, was to give me a "course" on what I should tell the people of the United States about the "misunderstood Japanese war aims."

It was more obvious than Japanese buck teeth that certain of the Japs wanted to develop a plan for an "arranged cessation of hostilities, even to include surrender"—but designed as a long range diplomatic defeat for Uncle Sam. This was a part of Japan's peace offensive.

In the presence of an Admiral, a General, and a sub-Minister of the Department of Greater East Asia—with a high foreign office official observing—I, the "hated spy-correspondent," was given the good will treatment. Up until this time as an American correspondent captured in Manila and transferred to Jap-held Shanghai, I was under the closest scrutiny. I was a spy in the eyes of the Japanese. There was no use denying it. But I did just the same. All Japanese cor-

respondents abroad are trained espionage agents. Therefore, they naturally surmise, all of us correspondents captured by the Japanese must be agents.

For this reason, the Japanese figured I must have a quick pipeline to the White House, the State Department, and especially the Navy Department. And it was because of this belief that a month before I was repatriated everything suddenly became rosy. They smiled instead of roaring at me. They gave me white bread with butter instead of mouldy brown bread baked with gypsum to make it heavy. They fed me tiny French pastisseries and offered me sweet Japanese tea instead of fly-bloated water-buffalo meat and greasy fishbone slop. I was "invited" to the Commandant's "Home" (where British friends of mine had lived pre-Pearl Harbor), instead of being "ordered," and escorted from camp to Jap gendarmerie headquarters. I was offered the choicest, most comfortable chair in the room instead of being forced to kneel on a baseball

bat. Every attempt was made to "persuade" me to understand the righteousness of the position of his Imperial Japanese Majesty's Government. Their instruments were soft words and praise for my country's President, instead of brass buckles swinging at the end of military blouse belts.

I was given the entire polite "Japanese Business." I was smeared so thickly with the Japanese veneer of politeness that I felt a sickly stickiness for days afterwards. The theory, of course, typically Japanese: *The last impression is the lasting impression.*

The commandant to whose "Home" I had been "invited" was named Ryozu TSURUMI. This is important to remember. You'll see why in a minute.

He had been the commandant of the Santo Tomas internment camp in Manila from which I had been shifted to Shanghai. Because he had done such a good job of maltreating civilians in Manila, this man had been given control of all allied civilians in North and Central China, totalling some 25,000.

When I arrived at his home I was told to wait. Shortly there arrived a squat little Japanese who spoke English with a British accent. If you closed your eyes you'd have thought he was English. He was oh-so-polite and oh-so-arrogant. He was a sub-minister in the Department of Greater East Asia, the department that controlled all of the overseas possessions of the Japanese Empire.

For two hours he talked to me



about psychological warfare against America and Britain. The idea was that both countries might as well stop fighting; it wouldn't matter what happened for in the end Japan would win—not the fighting, but the peace—because Americans and British are weak and soft. "You do not have the persistence to maintain peace," he told me. Then he became very expansive because, he said, "I can tell you this since we can tell Americans anything. You don't believe what we tell you. And you forget easily. You don't have the intelligence nor the patience to make any kind of a military victory stick."

This man boasted that the groups which he represented would be ordered to take control by the military as a last resort when it became certain that the allies were going to win the war. "When this war is over, your people will deal with the men in Japan whom we shall designate," he said.

The important thing is that this was in September, 1943. This man, whose name I will tell you in a minute, said that it was the plan to

pull a Pearl Harbor in reverse. He told me that they hoped to quit shortly after the Germans were defeated because they, the Japs, felt that American psychology would be ripe to end the war at that time. He analyzed our thinking here at home, saying that there would be millions of mothers, fathers, and wives who would be ready to accept almost any surrender terms rather than have their sons or husbands go out to the Pacific to chance being killed.

This sub-cabinet minister from the Department of Greater East Asia also told me that Japan would attempt to use the Russians to mediate between Britain, America, and Japan. Finally, he said, they would attempt to quit fighting before we attempted to land in Japan—first, to preserve, at all costs, the sovereign rights and position of the Emperor system, and second, to be able to say to their people, "We prevented the powerful allies from landing on and soiling the sacred shores of Japan, by fighting their way ashore. Thus we've won a psychological victory."

This is quite a prediction, and yet it has come true. Why do I tell this story today? Because yesterday, August 30, it was announced that this man and his brother would be working as liaison with General MacArthur and the allied governments in Japan. This man's name is Yusuki TSURUMI, brother of the camp commandant whom I mentioned earlier. These two men have a third brother, also known in America—Ken Tsurumi, who was Consul in Los Angeles in 1924 and attache at the Embassy in Washing-

ton in 1937. It's Ken Tsurumi and Yusuki Tsurumi who will work with the American government. Just before I was repatriated, Yusuki Tsurumi said to me and to Carl Mydans of Time and Life Magazine, "I'm going to play a big part in the future relations with America and Britain." And here he is.

I suggest on the basis of this information and on information from other prisoners of the Japanese who have had similar experiences that we be more careful of the men with whom we deal or whom we accept as the Emperor's liaison officers. MacArthur should make his own appointments without benefit of advice from the very men who have said, "When this war is over, you will deal with the Japanese whom we designate."

I don't know what has happened to Ryozu Tsurumi, the camp commandant in China, but there's enough evidence noted in my book, "So Sorry—No Peace," to have him picked up and held as a war criminal. Yusuki Tsurumi, as a sub-minister in the Department of Greater East Asia Affairs, also stands in line to be held as a war criminal since the Department of Greater East Asia Affairs administered civilian prisoner of war camps. Ken Tsurumi, the third brother and the diplomat, who was in Shanghai when I was a prisoner there—Ken Tsurumi, as an official of the Japanese Information Service, is also in line for investigation as a war criminal. Ken Tsurumi was sent to Malacca, a small Malay State just north of Singapore, as the governor.

There should be a careful examination of the administration of Ken Tsurumi as governor of Malacca, and of his treatment of the native population before he is accepted as

a liaison officer to MacArthur.

This Tsurumi family is a bunch of very bad yeggs. Let's not be black-jacked by them or others like them!



THEY WERE SMART, TOO!

By WALTER G. FABELL

Somehow we think of hoaxes on a large scale as something of fairly recent origin. For instance, Winchell the other day mentioned that a report had been circulated that a famous aviator had crossed the country at better than record speed. On being questioned, the aviator said he was on the other side of the world at the time.

Then, of course, there was the "Mars Invasion" featuring Orson Wells.

It is odd, however, that no one seems to mention a hoax that took place around 1844.

It seems that in 1843, Mr. Monck Mason, an Irishman and an enthusiastic balloonist, thought it would be a wonderful idea to cross the Atlantic ocean in a lighter-than-air-craft. His ideas were printed in newspapers of Europe and the United States. A year later the people of this country were ready to believe the headlines which appeared in the morning columns of "The New York Sun".

"THE ATLANTIC CROSSED IN THREE DAYS"

**Astounding News Via Norfolk!
Signal Triumph of Mr. Monck Mason's Flying Machine.**

There was a long thrilling account of the voyage and of the landing on the coast of North Carolina.

On investigation the story proved false. It seems a writer of the story had come to New York with a sick wife. He was penniless. Being familiar with Mr. Mason's experiments he wrote "the story" and sold it to raise immediate funds.

No wonder the story was well written—was believed. The writer was none other than Edgar Allen Poe.

Bright *Eyes* Don't Mean Bright *Brains*

By CONSTANCE RIVARD

You may be smarter than the fellow with a Phi Beta key! And then again, you may not! Only your I. Q. test will tell. WGN's "Human Adventure" tells the story behind the I. Q. tests.

HOW smart are you? The answer to that question won't be found in your scholarly face, alert eyes, good memory or a university degree. The answer to the question, "How intelligent are you?" took ten years to devise and still longer to improve . . . the answer is the I. Q. or Intelligence Quotient.

Your intelligence can be tested, rated, and expressed in your Intelligence Quotient. Your personal I. Q. fits you as individually as your hat or your shoes. It is science's clue to the grading of your mind.

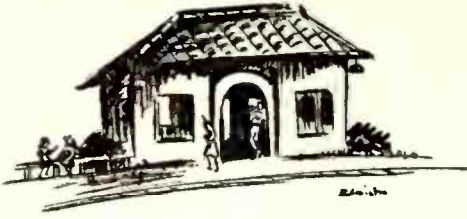
This clue discounts the guesswork of teachers who classify certain children as smarter than others because of "bright eyes" or "sparkling personalities." It cancels the theories of business men who hire and fire on the strength of "wide brows," "determined chins" and other facial characteristics. The I. Q. points out that the Phi Beta Kappa key on the university graduate's vest is not always proof of intelligence.

The I. Q., the tool which seeks out and classifies man's inborn, permanent, general intelligence, was devised by a Parisian university professor, Alfred Binet. It was in 1900, when Binet, a director of the psychology laboratory at the Sorbonne, began to watch the progress of his two small daughters with a professional eye.

One of the girls was slow to walk, but she had a lively personality. The other, a quiet youngster, toddled about the house at an early age. As the two children grew older, the differences between them became even more marked.

Why they should differ was a mystery to Professor Binet. The children had the same parents, same training, same environment . . . yet they reacted differently to walking, speaking and learning. Binet suddenly hit upon the idea of intelligence. Yes, the one was more intelligent than the other. But he didn't know why, and he didn't know what "intelligence" really was!





In his spare time, Binet experimented. He set out to account for differences in learning. He observed his children more closely and he spent his spare time writing articles on his theories for the scientific journals of the day.

One of his readers, the French Minister of Public Education, became very much interested in his ideas, and called him in for a consultation. The minister had a problem which he laid before Binet.

Paris had its institutions for the instruction of feeble-minded children. The extreme cases were easily distinguished. The difficulty lay in saying which children were merely dull and which were so badly handicapped as to need special instruction. If a way could be found to measure intelligence, it would be an easy matter to classify the children. The minister asked Binet if he would help them solve their problem, and Binet accepted, only too happy to be given a commission to work on his pet theory.

Matters of professional collaboration threw a shadow on Binet's happiness soon after he began working on the definition and measurement

of intelligence. His first attempts were very coldly received. He was working with teachers and physicians who resented his intrusion upon what they considered their special fields.

Binet made progress only after he had convinced both the teachers and physicians that the definition and measurement of intelligence was strictly in the psychological field. When they realized he was right, they left the problem to him, and he worked on, unhampered.

Of those who believed in him from the start, Dr. Theophile Simon was his most faithful follower. Dr. Simon, a former pupil of Binet's, offered to help him in his research, and so the two of them set out to classify the school children of Paris by yet undetermined methods.

Binet was sure that if he could devise the right tests for the right age groups, he could measure intelligence. Together the two men spent four years of patient study, experiment, and drudgery. By 1904 Binet and Simon had shown marked progress. They had arrived at something definite and factual to work with in their experiments. Hundreds of school children of all ages had been interviewed. Special questions had been asked, revised, and asked again a hundred times over. These questions were now standardized and classified, and with these questions they were able to set up exact tests. The questions were simple, but they were classified as to age groups, and they provided the beginnings for the measurement of intelligence.

At last, the commission for the Minister of Public Instruction was finished. Their scale for the measurement of intelligence was completed. Binet and Simon were a success.

Simon was jubilant that their theories were now proven useful. But Binet was not satisfied. He had done the job for the commission. He had devised a test for separating the dull from the normal or the superior children of Paris. But his job was even bigger than that . . . he wanted to test adult intelligence as well.

Again Simon offered his services, and the two men went to work on a method of expressing human intelligence in standard, definite, and permanent terms for people of all ages. By 1908, new studies, new data, and a wider range of questions and scales had been completed. Binet had hit upon the idea of correlating mental and chronological ages. In the child, this meant simply that a boy of eight, unable to pass beyond the six year-old standard, was two years retarded . . . that a girl of seven, able to complete the nine year-old scale, was two years advanced. It was a method at once clear, definite, and readily understandable. Practically, it was one of the most important discoveries in the history of psychology.

Binet was now ready to propose his three-part definition of general intelligence. The test of your intelligence is your ability to:

1. Fix your attention upon the problem at hand.
2. Direct your thinking toward a desired end.
3. Evaluate, analyze, weigh and judge between possible solutions and courses of action.

Thus in 1908 the work of exploration into the realm of the human mind had gone farther than scientists had ever ventured before. Binet and Simon worked out scales for adults. They revised their tests, revised their questions . . . striving for more accurate measurement.

In 1911, Binet, a young man of 44, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. But even as Binet, the man, was dying, Binet, the scientist, was continuing to work. Dr. Lewis Terman, at the Leland Stanford University in California, began a twenty-year study of Binet's work the year Binet died.

As a result of his work and studies, Terman published two standardized and improved tests, the famous Stanford-Binet forms L and M, used today in hundreds of clinics and universities.

Thus Binet's tests are hard at work today. They are used by business men testing prospective employees, by the Army and Navy, and in many institutions of learning. However, the widespread use of the Intelligence Quotient has led to many misunderstandings which should be cleared up if the I. Q. is to be appreciated for what it is worth.

First of all, your I. Q. is determined in the following manner: Your Mental Age (the score you reach on the test) is divided by your Actual Age. The result, multiplied by 100, is your I. Q. That is, in the case of a ten year-old boy who answers all the questions expected of a normal child his age, you divide his Mental Age (ten) by his Actual Age (10). The result (1) multiplied by 100 gives

him an I. Q. of 100, which is Normal. Anything between 90 to 100 is Normal, 110 to 120 Superior, 120 to 140 Very Superior, and over 140 is Genius. Between 80 and 90 is considered Dull, 70 to 80 Borderline, and below 70 scores are Feeble-minded cases.

When figuring the I. Q. of an adult, the psychologists use the Actual Age of 16, no matter how old the person happens to be, for it is known that the intelligence, or the capacity to learn, does not increase beyond the sixteenth year. At sixteen a person will do as well on an intelligence test as he will at 30 or 40. His Mental Age, if he is normal, will be higher than that of a child, but the child may have a higher I. Q., or capacity to learn, than the adult.

The cases of the successful busi-

ness men who never went to school, and those of the great inventors, like Edison, who failed in school, are easily explained. They had a high I. Q. or capacity to learn, but they just didn't bother to acquire formal educations . . . their talents lay along other lines.

And so, the intelligence tests attempt to distinguish between native ability and acquired learning. The I. Q. is not yet a perfect tool. Science has learned much since Alfred Binet lived, worked, and died, but it has not learned all there is to know about the measurement of intelligence.

Today the Intelligence Quotient is an important clue. It is the raw material with which education and psychology work . . . and its perfection is the goal for which science is constantly working.

**You Gain
by Giving!**



**Community and
War Chest Campaign
October 17-26**

A Padre Comes Home

*A look at a Kansas City Colonel—who gives us
an unsentimental look at G I Joe.*

By EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

COLONEL L. CURTIS TIERNAN of the Chaplains Corps, United States Army, came back to Kansas City last month, visiting his mother, Mrs. Peter H. Tiernan. The Colonel—and he prefers being called Chaplain, or still more, Father or Padre—is a tall man with a ruddy, weathered complexion, bright blue eyes, and a fringe of silver hair around a head which is mostly bald.

Curtis Tiernan first went to war as chaplain of the 129th Field Artillery Regiment. If that has a familiar ring to you, it's probably because that's the regiment in which Harry S. Truman commanded Battery D in 1918. Curtis Tiernan was then in his early thirties and had a luxurious crop of hair on the front of his head. But, as some bald-headed savant has pointed out, thinking makes men grow bald, and with that, we bald-heads all agree.

Chaplain Tiernan isn't at all the sort of man who denominates himself "the fighting chaplain"—even though he wears the ribbon of the Silver Star citation for gallantry in action in the Argonne. You ask him what he did to win it and he smiles benignly and says he doesn't remem-

ber. Of course, you can't question a Regular Army chaplain's veracity! He first served from 1917 to 1919, returned to civil life for ten years, and became a chaplain in the Regular Army in 1929.

One of his hobbies is having chaplains wear crosses rather than the insignia of their commissioned rank. Rank is necessary to a chaplain, but should be used as little as possible, says the colonel. He also reports that chaplains have done a much better job in this war than in World War I, because they have been organized and trained in their duties.

Realistic, serious, accurate, Colonel Tiernan gives a slightly different slant on G I Joe from that of some others back from the front. The way he sees it, the conduct of the troops in this war was quite as bad, if not worse, than it was in the first World War. But he sees nothing surprising in that—not when this fighting generation is one which went to the army without discipline from parents, teachers, or clergymen! And he adds, "People are prone to regard men as soldiers merely because they are wearing uniforms. That's a mistake.



For a long time they merely are civilians in uniform, thinking and acting like civilians."

As to there being no atheists in fox-holes—"Baloney!" says the chaplain. There are plenty of them! Some of the loudest sayers of prayers were atheists before they went into the foxholes, and atheists again as soon as they got out. He says the men sometimes give God a play when they are sufficiently scared.

If he had his way, the chaplain would make every soldier and sailor pay for every pack of cigarettes he gets. They can afford to, he believes, and if they paid for their fags they'd value them more.

Yet, the Padre is anything but hard-hearted. He is quick to say that for the men who have lost hands or feet, arms, legs, eyes, the government can never make adequate payment. But Uncle Sam owes the boys more than

a mere living; he owes them training and a useful job which will make some genuine demands of the men who hold them. He stresses the duty of men to take an active part in the affairs of their country after they return to civil life.

Chaplain Tiernan is an intimate friend of President Truman with whom he soldiered at Camp Doniphan, Fort Sill, and in France.

How did he like this war compared to the last one? Not worth a hoot says the chaplain! In the last war he was up front where the fighting was going on. This time he was in the communications zone, laying down a program for 2,800 chaplains who served with troops. "For awhile in Paris," Tiernan told us, "I used to exercise by walking in my hotel room. Then they supplied me with a jeep and I didn't need to exercise any more. The jeep exercised me adequately, turning my liver over about once every ten minutes."

Father Tiernan is a graduate of old Central High School in Kansas City, St. Louis University, and the American College for Priests in Rome. Two years ago he was made a monsignor in his Church in England.

In Kansas City in 1919, Father Tiernan organized the St. Louis Catholic Church Parish near Swope Park. From here he went to Springfield where he built St. Agnes' Parish from a mission to a self-supporting unit. Now in three years he will go on the Army's retired list. That means back to the Ozarks for the Padre, to work, to fish, and to look at the low mountains.

Keeper of the *Wayside Inn*

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

East is east and west is west—and in Chicago there's an an Ambassador on both sides. There's just one reason why the twin hotels with the Pump Room and the Buttery are preferred spots—and that is Jimmy Hart.

THE voice at the other end of the wire sounded like a billion dollars.

"This is Secretary Morgenthau speaking. I'm in town at another hotel, but my accommodations aren't what I reserved. One of the bell-boys over here thought you might be able to help me out. Can you give me a suite for my own use and some rooms for my staff?"

It was nine o'clock at night. Chicago's Ambassador East and West hotels were full to their broom closets. The luggage of hopefuls waiting for rooms was stacked in the lobby. Mr. Jimmy Hart, who has fought off all attempts to call him James, was confronted by either a crisis or a practical joker. He had to make a decision in a hurry.

With that intuition for which he has become well known, Jimmy Hart resisted the temptation to retort, "Oh, yeah! That makes me Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Instead he went to work on the house

phone, then reported that the desired accommodations would be ready within an hour.

Exactly sixty-eight minutes later he discovered that his caller really was the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Morgenthau, in turn, became very much pleased with the Ambassador rooms and service. He now makes the twin hotels his headquarters when in Chicago.

"That one was just luck," Jimmy Hart discounts. "Somebody checked out of a suite unexpectedly to catch a plane to the coast and we picked up a few double rooms by shuffling late reservations. Now take the time Bob Hope showed up with a troupe of fifty people. That was really tough. We almost had to put beds in the Pump Room."



Mr. Hart was not referring to a roomful of pumps, but to a very swank eatery of which he is justly proud. The Pump Room is a rallying spot for lovers of the plush, not a hang-out for plumbers. Not that plumb-

ers, properly attired, of course, would not be welcome. Jimmy Hart is one of the most democratic of hotel men.

He can attribute some of his good breaks to Irish luck, but other qualities have made him one of the most successful managers of problem hotels, as well as the guiding genius behind the design and operation of the aforementioned Pump Room in the Ambassador East and the also lush Buttery in the Ambassador West. Jimmy manages both hotels and has time left over to act as host to Gertrude Lawrence, Greer Garson, Lucius Beebe, Orson Welles, and a host of other celebrities when they are in Chicago. It is typical of Jimmy's success that they wouldn't think of stopping anywhere else. He has established a sort of twentieth century Wayside Inn—a rest stop and filling station between Hollywood and Times Square.

He likes nothing better than an empty hotel which the bondholders are frantic to get off their hands. He is an expert executor of his own ideas, which are numerous and often far removed from accepted hotel and restaurant practice. For instance, when he converted a dismal-looking dining room, in which the waiters were accustomed to play pinochle in solitude, into The Buttery, Chicago hotel men smiled knowingly. "This is where Jimmy gets his lesson," they predicted. "That room is too expensive and too out of the way. If people do have money to spend, they won't leave the Loop to do it."

But people did leave the Loop—



and Jimmy Hart found himself entertaining hotel managers on their nights off, in the room they all said would be a flop.

"The unusual decor, the expert service and the smart atmosphere started people talking about The Buttery," Jimmy explains, "and the rest was easy."

It does sound easy, but Jimmy Hart is a merchandiser of service, beds, and food, who can convince each guest that he's important and that the hotel is being run for his special benefit. Even during wartime, Jimmy has kept his standards high—a miracle sworn to by amazed de luxe drummers and glamour citizens alike. Each of the many letters he receives is answered personally. More than a thousand a year.

His hobby is hotel operation. It began years ago, back in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he worked as a bellhop,

and later at a thirty-dollar-a-month storeroom job at the old Harper Hotel in Rock Island, Illinois. There a well-known chef liked his unusual interest in everything pertaining to the hotel business and taught him how to plan and prepare a French menu. He became that rarity, a hotel man who can read his own French menus.

It was the Horatio Alger story of "from storeroom boy to manager" with a new twist. Jimmy Hart didn't remain a manager. When he became associated with a veteran hotel man named Horace Wiggins, he started all over again and worked, at his own request, in every department of the Hotel Jefferson in Peoria. From there it was a quick jump to the Sherman, Eastgate, and St. Clair hotels in Chicago.

He became that twenty-four-hour-a-day man of opposites—the commercial hotel manager. During the hours of one day he may be called upon to be both a greeter and a suave bouncer, an interior decorator and a journeyman plumber, a pleased billing clerk and a wary cashier of bank checks, a purchasing agent and a salesman of peace and comfort, a housekeeper and a bon vivant, a booker of name bands, and an enforcer of nocturnal silence. His ideas are implemented by years of practical experience, as well as by an unaffected friendliness which is refreshing in a business that could teach Dale Carnegie a few tricks.

Jimmy's talent for making the most of ideas became very profitable when he supervised the building of the St.

Clair hotel in Chicago. His first big idea was an effective promotion which he called "service ultra mode"—the utmost in unobtrusive service, plus well-furnished, tasteful rooms far above the usual impersonal standards maintained by commercial hotels.

Astonished guests received the complimentary services of a competent secretary to handle messages and appointments during their absence from the hotel. Free flowers and a basket of fruit upon arrival delighted the feminine guests—an idea which since has been borrowed by other hotels.

Other features of "service ultra mode" were the first midget page boys, personal butlers to serve party meals, and after dinner mints, coffee, and music in the hotel lounge. Jimmy happily combined the services found in first class hotels with those previously enjoyed only in the most exclusive clubs. He called it "the combination of everything that makes the ultimate in living enjoyment"—and had a hit on his hands.

It was at about this time that the owners of the staid and bankrupt Ambassador hotels decided that their twin properties had been unprofitable long enough and called in Jimmy Hart. The two hotels, which are operated together, underwent the Hart treatment.

Both hostelries had been around for years without causing any particular commotion. Both were stiff with overstuffed furniture and retired admirals. Jimmy Hart went to work, first using his ingenuity to redesign and remodel the furniture and

rooms at a cost of less than two hundred and fifty dollars a room. Then he redesigned the service—from the elevators to the back of the house.

He startled the retired admirals by building the slick Buttery in the Ambassador West, a strategic triumph second only to Dewey's victory at Manila Bay. The admirals retreated to the Union League club as a larger crew of decorators moved in.

Success and Hollywood descended upon him almost at once, and Chicago society followed the stars. Hart's hotels became a place where the Armours, Fields, Swifts and Cudahys could safely meet Caesar Romero, Gypsy Rose Lee, John Barrymore, and Claire Booth Luce. Also, Sidney Franklin, the home-grown bullfighter, who is reputed to have flown into a rage when someone screamed "Mo!" at him in the lobby.

Reservations began pouring in from such outposts as Lake Forest and Indianapolis, Indiana. The rout of the admirals was complete when Jimmy opened the Pump Room in the Ambassador East.

As practically everybody who has bought a picture magazine or read a gossip column now knows, the Pump Room is one of the outstanding glamour oases of the country—half way between the Stork Club and Mocambo, as the streamliners fly. Its lavish decor is unsurpassed anywhere. Gold and blue walls. Booths with white leather upholstery. Cry-

stal chandeliers. The finest service west of the Waldorf ceremoniously administered by a platoon of captains in formal black and white, waiters in red jackets and black satin knee breeches, and blackamoor coffee boys attired like howdah bearers in the grand pageant of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey circus.

Jimmy Hart devised a Hollywood setting on the premise that everybody likes to have his food served with pomp and circumstance—especially if the check is going to be large.

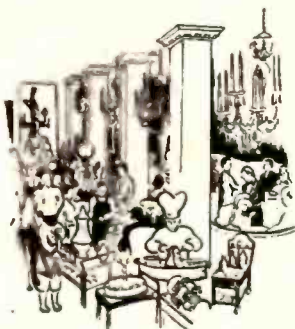
There are two prominent showmanship ideas in the Pump Room:

(A) Everything is on wheels.

(B) Everything seems to be in flames. At any moment the frightened guest expects the waiters to wheel in Jimmy Hart, impaled on a flaming sword.

With little or no encouragement, captains and waiters go into a huddle to produce smoke and flame. Or else they roll in mounds of fruits, pastries, or hors d'oeuvres. Most of the specialties of the house are either frozen stiff or lashed by tongues of flame.

The room also has a permanent fixture, a pint-sized wine steward named Jimmy Tattler, so named by the Chicago Herald and American's columnist, Nate Gross, because he makes up in gossip what he doesn't know about wines. Jimmy Tattler's candid reply when someone wants to

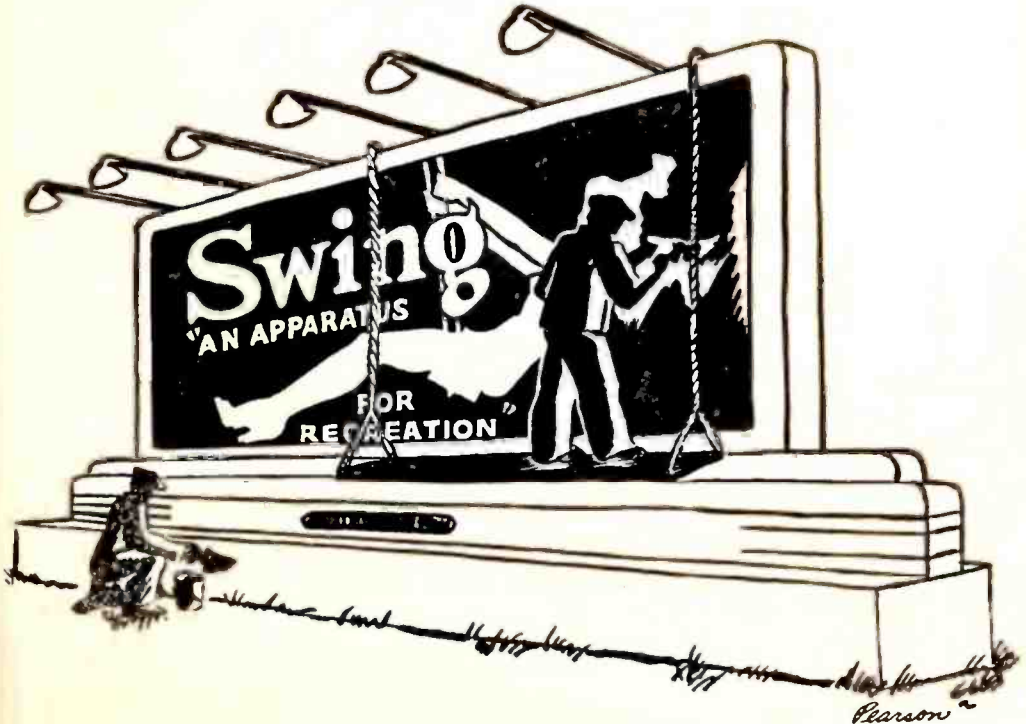


make a big impression by questioning him about the vintage of a wine he happens to be industriously peddling up and down the long room is, "Well, sir, it has a nice-looking label."

But the Pump Room and The Buttery tell only a small part of the Ambassador hotels' success. In the manager's office on the second floor, behind a desk which he designed himself, sits Jimmy Hart. Even when every available room is occupied—which is most of the time—he keeps right on searching for new ideas to make his hotels distinctive as well as highly profitable. The search goes on even while he is worrying about how to keep his service up to the standards first set when he thought of "service ultra mode."

There are shortages to be met, reservations to be filled when there aren't enough rooms, and guests to be greeted personally no matter how tired or frustrated he may feel. A hundred to three hundred phone calls a day must be answered personally. Somehow repairs must be maintained. But Jimmy is doing the only thing he likes to do, and his eyes are on the future.

The retired admirals are gone, and the overstuffed furniture went with them. In their place are the lively dining rooms and the famous guests. Jimmy Hart is busy from early morning until closing time in the Pump Room—and then it's time to count the profits.



SINNIN' IS WINNIN'

A proposition for pointing out that sex appeal is not limited to the female of the species only.

By CHARLES H. HOGAN

EVERY time you pick up a woman's magazine it becomes more obvious that the last rampart of the sterner sex has been blasted to flinders—the hunted has become the huntress, the wolf cry has given way to a perfumed falsetto yowl. As far as the eye can read the ads, it is apparent that every female in the land is on the prowl with exotic fragrances and flimsy nothings guaranteed to give every guy within 28 miles the heavenly heaves.

The copy writing boys seem to have found a nationwide conspiracy to give every old bag in the land the idea she can snuggle up to the first comely life-guard still extant merely by giving him a whiff of perfume or letting him glimpse her in something "exotic" or "forbidden" or "shocking."

While all this wistful sinning is taking place among the little women, the men-folks are still being informed that Cohen's Klassy-Kut Klothes are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Now I ask you—what man wants satisfaction or even his money back when, if we can believe the more imaginative artists playing the female side of the street, he spends every waking moment aflame with untrammelled passion?

I propose, therefore, that advertisers start playing both sides of their sex mania and trot out some samples like the following for the once-predatory male:

ECSTASY—That's the blazing new word that is sweeping the shirt world today. So masculine, yet so daringly trim that SHE will melt into your arms at the first blissful glimpse of these sheer, breathless and **BREATHTAKING** shirts! At better shops in "Flaunting Fuschia," "Tantalizing Taupe," or "Breathless Blue."

DAZZLING DESIRE—For the one pair of lips that blend with yours, for

the all-important girl of your dreams, nothing could enthrall her like these dream-gossamer shorts by the inimitable Glorian of Hollywood. Palpitating with purple passion, tailored as only Hollywood can mold underthings to divine male figures! SHE will really forget those gruesome etchings and get down to business at her first shocked (but, oh, so thrilled!) glance at Dazzling Desire shorts. In shades of Whispered Sin, or the roguishly risqué Red-Red, Dazzling Desire shorts are made of genuine imitation ersatzene.*

*Copyright by Glorian.

THE CLOUDHOPPERS—At last, something heart-stoppingly new in footwear for men. Dashingly male, of course, but with a dreamlike grace that will send HER floating into the enchantment of the "one man's" arms. Cloudhoppers are the essence of moon-magic nights when just the two of you, alone in your own little star-dusted "secret place," soar off in clouds of forbidden bliss.

TORMENTING—The bedazzling new drape shape crisp cotton creation of Ginsdorf of the back room of Kelly's Kozy Bar. "Tormenting" will make any unapproachable SHE in the world (and we do mean "make"!) swoon away when she first sees the sleek trimness of this gloriously tailored work suit. (And by "work" we ain't kiddin', brother!) Cut to bring out the secret, the tantalizingly sublime points of the exotic male figure, "Tormenting" strikes a new, a daringly depraved note in haberdashery for Union Pacific brakemen. Whisper your desires to that sly guy in the better shops and watch your score and their blood pressure soar to the stars.

See what I mean? When these passion peddlers get around to that sort of thing the whole world—instead of just the female half—can go to hell in a kite!

Airplanes Do Not Have to Spin ! ?

Most accidents in private flying are caused by tailspins, or the failure to recover from one before the earth comes up and smacks you. Three manufacturers are building airplanes that WON'T spin. When they all do, flying will be immeasurably safer than it is now.

By D. W. HODGINS

"DO I gotta do spins?"

"You gotta—or I'll never sign your ticket for solo," the red-headed, cement-jawed flight instructor replied with a satisfied grimace as he pulled my chute harness tighter.

So, I climbed into the Panting Piper behind the 225 pound Red. I could see daylight, but little else. Instruments were something to be guessed at. Red looked as wide as the tail gate of a moving van.

Little old 26044 gathered speed quickly, hugged the ground a moment as if for one final caress, and then skipped into the air like a scared rabbit.

It was slow, laborious business climbing to 3,000 feet. Red sat there with his arms

folded. Now and then he would scrunch down so I could see the instruments, while my moist hands and jittery feet guided the little canary-colored plane up, up and up.

Off in the distance I could see our little white house, where I knew our little year and a half old Pammy was goo-gooing out a window at her earth forsaking pop. It had been arranged that way, because this was the day for spins. I envisioned Pammy and Mamma looking at a box which a man in a long black coat would tell them contained the pieces, parts and components of their late daddy.

But we finally got to three thousand feet. Red cut the throttle back and the wind through the struts set up a hissing



symphony. The motor grumbled, but above it I could hear Red say:

"We're going to try a few power-off stalls and then we'll spin 'er."

The stalls were smooth, and fun. We'd cut the motor and hold the nose of the ship slightly above level until it dropped sharply.

"Okay," Red shouted. "In this next stall—when you feel the nose starting to drop, kick left rudder as far as it will go and pull that stick back against your guts."

I did that, and the first thing I knew we were spinning dizzily towards a panorama of roads, trees, farm buildings and cheese factories. As per instructions I kicked the rudder in the opposite direction and the ship stopped spinning; I neutralized the rudders and eased the stick forward. Then we were in a straight dive. It was a simple but pants-gluing matter to pull the Cub out of the dive, and our spin was completed.

I asked Red for a couple more. Spins were fun. Before the 30 minute lesson was up we had done eight.

Since that time, and long before, Red has "spun" hundreds of neophyte fliers and none of them have suffered so much as a skinned nose.

But it is past, and beyond, Red's control that the flier runs into difficulties. After he has soloed and gets to going on his own, the spin becomes a factor of hazard.

I never liked spins well enough after that to do them alone, or just for the thrill of corkscrewing towards the earth. I still think spins are



Ed Johnston

the most dangerous of all maneuvers.

Whether great minds travel in the same clouds, or gutters, it all adds up to the fact that several aircraft manufacturers do not believe spins are a necessary characteristic of an airplane, and three of these manufacturers are now turning out "spin proof" planes.

How do they do it?

By limiting action of the controls so that the airplane cannot get into a spinning attitude.

It works just like this. Suppose that the front wheels of an automobile could be turned so far they would be at right angles to the chassis.

You are right. Some drivers would try to turn right angle corners and would go head-over-spare-tire. An automobile can turn only so far. The same goes for aircraft with limited controls . . . the controls cannot be moved far enough to get the aircraft into a position where trouble would result.

The Belanca Cruisair and the Stinson Voyager are two such airplanes, among possibly others, now about to come on the market. These two ships have standard controls, but the controls are limited to a certain extent. This engineering characteristic pays off, too, because no Voyager or Cruisair has "spun in" since the models came out.

Ercoupe, however, went even farther. They linked the foot pedals and wheel together, thereby eliminating the pedals entirely. When you turn the wheel of an Ercoupe right, you go right, and no foot pedals to coordinate in the turn.

Which brings us around to the question we knew you would ask . . .

Why are airplanes made so they will spin?

Well, opinion among people who fly is that a safe pilot must know how to get his plane out of a spin. In order to get out of a spin, he must first have an airplane that is capable of spinning.

Now don't let this little tirade on spins scare you out of learning to fly. Go right ahead, because statistics show that you are safer as a flier than you are as a pedestrain. If you will think with your head and maintain a healthy respect for the laws of gravity, you will find aviation a healthful, interesting, and perhaps profitable, experience.



◆ JUVENALIA

"Mummy, I hurt my toe."

"Which one, darling?"

"The youngest one!"

—from *Good Business*.

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby as he pointed to the high chair.
—from *The Flying Jayhawk*.

Junior was spanked for some dereliction and sent to bed. His mother insisted on the usual bedtime prayer. Junior varied the routine somewhat: "Dear God, please don't send my parents any more children. They don't know how to take care of the one they got."

The small boy planted his feet firmly together and looked up at the grocer. "Mister," he said, swallowing first, "Where you ever a little boy?"

"Why, certainly, son."

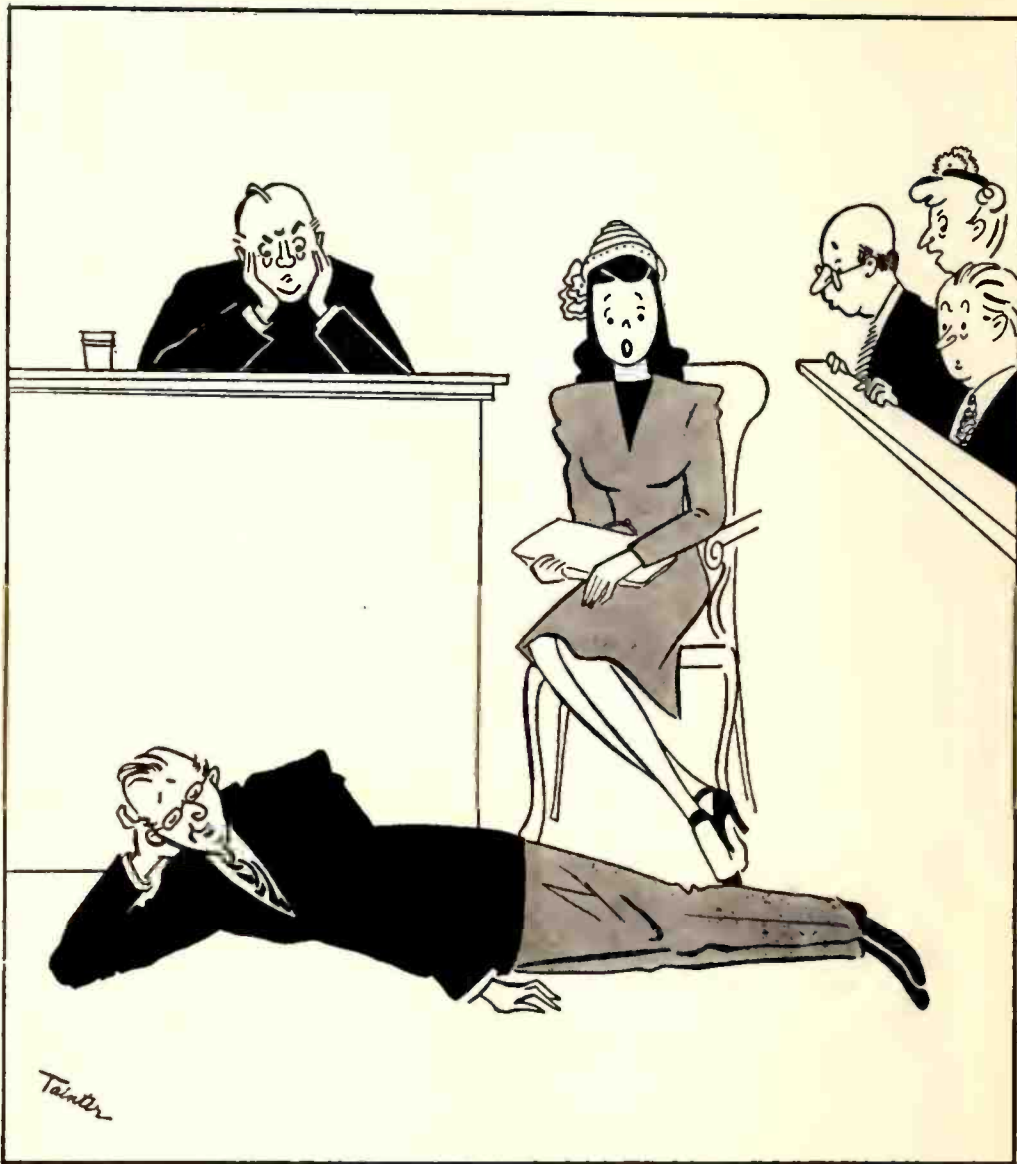
"Did your father ever take the hairbrush to you?"

"Yes, son, that he did!"

"And after he'd finished, did you ever decide that if you ever had the chance you'd do all you could to stop such injustice to little boys?"

"Yes, lad, I did—many a time."

"Well, I'd like 5 pounds of sugar—and I lost the money!"



The Defense Rests

Tiny Mite O' Dynamite

"Well, whaddya know, a woman!" Here's how a New Orleans girl came to be the only feminine sportscaster in the United States.

By INES VILA MASIA

WE STOOD in line at the cafeteria cashier's counter, waiting to pay our checks, while the young lady behind the register showered abysmal gloom on the world at large. Her brow deeply furrowed in a frown, she banged the cash drawer, slammed down change, snapped out an irate word or two. Jill Jackson leaned closer to me and whispered, "Ever try your very best smile on pickle-pusses? You know, to see if you can make 'em smile back!" At that moment the line moved up and Jill found herself facing the cashier; the Jackson smile broke forth like sunshine on a field of cornflowers, lighting her whole face. The cashier glanced up, looked slightly taken aback and then—returned the smile! Jill picked up her change and sailed out, still beaming.

Well, I thought, that's typical of Jill Jackson, that eagle eye for detail, that radiantly happy disposition. Looking at her quick, friendly smile, her bright blue eyes a-twinkle with a zest for living, her shock of blonde hair left hatless to feel the breeze, you'd say that here was a lucky girl, one who'd had all the breaks, who'd been spared life's nastier blows. However, if you thought that, sister,

you'd be making the mistake of your career. Jill Jackson had plenty of nasty breaks, a lot of hard kicks while she was down. But she's just naturally the type of gal who fights back and, as a rule, gets what she goes after.

She's loved sports her whole life long and began playing tennis and golf almost as soon as she could play anything. At thirteen she won the New Orleans Junior City Championship in the Tennis Tournaments.

In college, she continued her sports career and, in order to keep constantly in perfect physical trim, spent many hours a day in the gym. One day, as she was taking her daily workout, she climbed, in hand-over-hand fashion, a rope suspended from the ceiling. Arrived at the dizzy summit she turned to look down, loosened one hand to wave to some friends—and fell. Cat-like, she landed on her feet, shaken, dazed, but insisting that she was unhurt. When other students urged her to visit the college infirmary, lie down, take it easy for awhile, she laughed at them, said it was nothing and walked off, staggering a bit.

The next night she lay sprawled on her tummy, cramming for an

exam. Lights out time rolled around and Jill started to get up—but there was no getting up then. There was no getting up for Jill for many long weary days thereafter. For six long months of slow agony she lay with her back strapped to a board, while doctors watched her case, frowning, doubting that she'd ever walk again.

But, in time, she did walk again and since her beloved tennis was now out of the question, she decided to go in for golf. After all, it wasn't quite such an active game and, even with a badly injured back, she felt equal to the task of earning her laurels as a professional golf champion. She played for two years, winning the Municipal City Championship and, once again, collapsed with a bad back, her road to glory again cut short.

For a time it looked like the end of everything she'd loved best. She'd counted, confidently, on making sports her career, ever since she could remember, but now the doctors positively forbade all sports. To compensate for her loss, Jill read the sports magazines, listened to sports broadcasts, soaked up all she could about the games she had loved and had been forced to renounce. In one such moment, an idea popped into her head, and from that idea grew her present career. Sports commentators were always men, Jill suddenly realized, and asked herself *why?* Women were vitally interested in sports, many sports champions were women. Why not a sportscast, slanted directly for women? Why not sports reporting from the "woman's angle?" Anybody can have a bright idea, of course, but when the success

of that idea involves crashing a radio station, that takes a bit of doing. Jill was persistent and untiring in her efforts and, in time, the sports director of WWL, the 50,000 watt station in New Orleans, grew weary of listening to her pleading and gave her a chance. On a red letter day in 1941, with cold hands and racing heart, she faced her first mike. Her voice was deep, sure, and held the lilt of her excitement. It was a fresh, vibrant voice. It sailed gayly into homes all over the South and people looked up, surprised, and said, "Well, whaddya know, a woman!" It invaded one home where a man stopped, listened intently, and asked, "Who is that girl? She's good!"

That man was fate, in the person of Richard G. Jones, vice-president and general manager of the Jackson Brewing Company. A few days later he met the young hopeful, discovered that their views on sports were similar, and gave her a part in one of his company's numerous air shows. The similarity of her chosen name to that of the company was a natural, and much too good to be overlooked. So that it wasn't long until the day Jill had her own sports show, "Jill and Her Jax," running a regular six days a week schedule. That was in 1941. Today, Jill is still on the air with the same sports show, the same sponsor, and a few extra orchids. For instance, there's the "Jax and Jill in Hollywood," program on which she interviewed such screen stars as Robert Taylor, Errol Flynn, Lanny Ross and many others. In addition, there are a number of other Jill Jackson shows, originating in New Orleans, on which

this versatile young woman discusses everything from prize fights to fashions to new recipes.

But even though she had her own shows, even though she was daily showing what she could do, consistently winning praise, her road was still plenty rocky. The men rose as one in their resentment of her invasion of the hitherto inviolate male sanctum of sportscasting. She found herself barred from press boxes, refused entrance to "after the game" discussions, teased, badgered, and treated as a slightly moronic nuisance.

Her first real assignment came when she was given the job of covering the annual Tarpon Rodeo. Thrilled at such a break, Jill drove to Bayou Barataria where she planned to join a group of sportscasters assigned to the event. Arrived at the scene, she discovered her fellow-workers were all very male indeed, that they had chartered a house boat for the four day jaunt, had made absolutely no provision for tiny Jill. They shoved off, laughing at her dismay, while Jill stood on the shore and watched her first big chance disappear around a bend of the river. But if her fellow workers deserted her, hope never did. Inside of an hour she had spied a yacht, recognized it as one taking part in the Rodeo, flagged a ride and was on her way. She'd promised her lis-

teners an on-the-scene account of this sports event and she gave it to them. The end of the four days found her burned, blistered, covered with insect bites, exhausted from her paddling in a tip-happy canoe from ship to radio to island and back again. It was a long hard grind but, as in most successful sports stories, she made it.

Arnold Gingrich, editor of Esquire magazine, gave her the thrill of her career when he wrote just last year to add her name to the famous Esquire Sports Poll. It was—and still is—the only feminine name ever to crash that coveted position. For two years in succession she has been asked to appear on a coast-to-coast New Year's Eve broadcast, sharing her honors with such luminaries from the world of sports as Grantland Rice, Roundy Coughlin, Harry Wismer and a host of others. She is, to date, the only woman to share the glory of this big network broadcast with a group of top-flight sportscasters.

Nowadays, handing out autographs is an old story to her, but she seldom stops at just a signature. Her time, her talents, her efforts, her whole heart are given freely to the ill, the unfortunate, the lonely. She's active at USO centers, plays a leading part in local War Bond drives, and does outstanding work in the annual March of Dimes drive.



In appearance, she's small, blonde and vivacious, giving an impression of tremendous energy—an impression that inspired one wounded soldier to label her "tiny mite o' dynamite," a name that still sticks, because it fits so well. Her consuming ambition is to have a half-hour straight dramatic show all her own, an American Little Theatre of the Air. In private life she is married to a handsome lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, at present stationed somewhere overseas.

Once this war is done, she plans to combine her radio career with that of wife and homemaker. Always interested in the stage, she was discouraged early in life by those in the theatre who told her she was too small for leading parts, that she'd never have a chance to play anything but types. Someday, Jill hopes to laugh at that gloomy prophecy, too, with her radio theatre. She'll probably do it.

When not on the air, rehearsing, or revising her scripts, Jill collects books, proudly boasting of her sports collection, one of the finest in the country. History, philosophy and of course plays of every description are among her favorites. She likes putting around a garden, experimenting with plants and flowers, even doing a little amateur grafting occasionally. And she's just a trifle annoyed because, although she really likes perfume, she seldom remembers to put any on; she's always, it seems, in such a rush!

It is her firm conviction that radio holds a bright future for the young, ambitious woman possessed of native initiative and unafraid of solid

hard work. However, she cautions would-be feminine radio hopefuls, to go in for facts—for food—for fashions—for figures. Stick to the "womanly" things. "Heavenly days!" she sighs, "I wouldn't ever advise any woman to follow my example and go in for sportscasting! Sister, that's tough!"

She stands before the mike, her script in one hand, hardly glancing at it; her voice is low and vibrant, sometimes racing in a blow-by-blow commentary, at other times level and chatty in an interview; a small, plucky, dynamic figure that hard luck and suffering just couldn't lick. The only feminine sportscaster in the United States reaches the end of the script, looks up with a quick smile and signs off with her own special tag, "So long, Sports!"

FACTS FROM WAY BACK

The old 1883 nickel did not have the word cents stamped upon it. Consequently, the sharpies of the gay 90's used to plate the nickels and use them as five dollar gold pieces. They had the answer to "How much do you want for a nickel!"

A prospector who goes by the name of Pegleg Pete is still looking for his lost mine. The mine is located on Superstitions Mountain in the Chocolate Mountain Range of Arizona. Gangway!

A look at some laws passed in Virginia once upon a time, shows the pioneers were a rough and ready lot. One law levied a penalty of 20 days to 6 months on offenders who had "unlawfully and willfully disabled the tongue, put out an eye, slit or bit the nose, ear or lip of another."
—Andrew H. Babyak.

Fox Hunt In the Ozarks

The "Openin'" Chase on Barn Hollow Creek

By

MALINDA DONALDSON

and

VERNA SPRINGER



“W^HOOOP-EE-E!”

The call shatters the deep quiet up and down Barn Hollow Creek. It is the signal for the “Openin'” fox chase.

Here at Lost Ranch, we can almost see our neighbor, Lee Smith, throw back his head and cup his hands. It is always Lee who gives the signal. We know that even before the echo of his first call fades away, every fox hunter on Barn Hollow will spring to his feet, grab his hat and coat, hastily pocket tobacco, pipe, and matches, and sit—waiting. In a few seconds Lee calls again. This time the men hurry out into the autumn night, in the direction from which his call has come.

Barn Hollow is located deep in the Ozarks and it wends its way through a sometimes wide and sometimes narrow valley eight miles long. All of us up and down the Hollow have definite ideas about things. You might call them superstitions. But on the Hollow, no man goes against the legend that the “Openin'” fox chase will determine the success or failure of the coming winter fur season.

This “Openin'” chase, to be a good one, must last all night. Then, shortly before dawn, the dogs catch the fox. We know then the winter fur season is secure, and it will indeed be a “good 'un.” But, if it is an all-night chase and the fox “gits away,” the fur season will be only “fair to middlin.’” If the chase is short and the fox eludes the dogs completely, then the fur season “won't be fit fer nothing.”

Last October the “Openin'” chase was staged here on our own Lost Ranch, through which Barn Hollow Creek runs from East to West.

On this moon-washed evening, Lee Smith and his three sons and their train of eighteen fox hounds arrive at Lost Ranch by pick-up truck, which Lee fondly calls “the dog wagon.” Lee's dogs, mind you, are no riff-raff picked up hither and yon. Of the Walker strain, they are the canine aristocrats of Barn Hollow.

“Hurry up, 'Linda!” yells Don, my husband. I hurry, and we crawl into the truck cab with Lee. We drive through a meadow, cross a gravelly branch, climb a steep hill, come to a stop on a ridge which Lee pronounces a “likely spot.”

Lee opens the back of the truck, but only "Old Rock," the lead dog, is unleashed. The old veteran jumps down gravely, knowing full well the entire weight of the hunt rests upon his keen nose and his big brown frame. Immediately, he begins to circle.

Inside the "dogwagon," pandemonium reigns; as the rest of the dogs are kept on leash until Old Rock "bays trail." Assorted whines, frantic clawings, vigorous tail-thumps, shrill yippings, and now and then an ear-splitting "yo-ooo-oooo-EE!" come from the waiting canines. Arkansaw, July, Splint, Whitie, Brownie, Liar—so named because he will chase rabbits instead of foxes; Stump—who lost part of his tail, nobody knows where; Bucket—upset a bucket of milk when a pup; Pie-Plate—broke the plate when he stole a pie; Thunder—cries and shivers when it storms. Lute, Mix, Spot, Oak, Hickory, Oscar and Rene, are much more impatient than their master.

By now the rest of the Barn Hollow fox hunters arrive. Greetings are exchanged and everybody stands around speculating if it will be a "good chase." Some sit down and begin to tell tall stories; others quietly whittle as we wait for Old Rock to "open up." Lee Smith backs up against a hickory tree. He explains to me that if the trail is "hot," Old Rock will begin to bay at once; but if he strikes "a cold trail," he'll run back and forth in circles, crossing and re-crossing, until he hits something that leads to a fox scent or "hot" trail.

The night wanes. We wait with baited breath.

Our fox hunters pay no heed that the full moon looms high, and lacy shadows begin to lean westward. Nobody, except me, jumps when the eerie "Who-who-who-who!" of an owl drifts back across the hills. The painted autumn leaves rustle softly as the gentle breeze cries itself to sleep. Cow-bells tinkle far and near. In the dog-wagon, seventeen tails softly beat the floor.

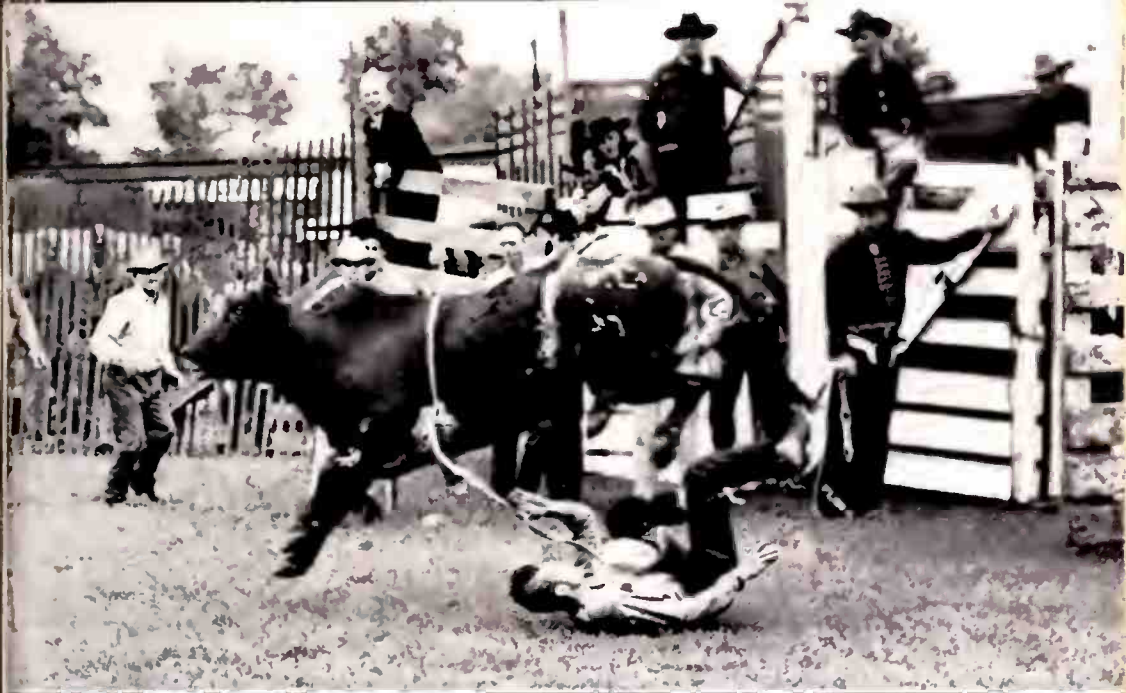
Suddenly, far over the next ridge, a triumphant "Owo-o-o-EE!" splits the air. Old Rock's full-throated cry tells waiting men and dogs he has found scent, and his rolling, haunting bugle notes echo back to us from over the hills, then dies away. Lee says quietly, "He's jest about a mile over that there ridge—an' a-comin' fast!"

We all jump to our feet. Lee releases the waiting hounds. Like a flash, they are off to join Old Rock. They disappear into the brush, but the din of seventeen happy, baying hounds "a-takin' up the chase," is terrific.

"Owe-o-EE!" One of the Smith boys bends forward, listens closely, then grins knowingly: "That there's July. He got there first!" Another long-drawn "Owe-o-EE!" and Lee states proudly, "Bucket ain't fer behind." A third long wail: "Pie-Plate shore is a-crowdin' Bucket." The Smith's are so familiar with their dogs, they call each one by name as he bays.

The "Openin'" chase is on—full pack.

Lee summarizes what has already



(See page 36)







(See page 36)

happened over beyond the next ridge: "Old Rock jumped that fox about two miles back, on the Preacher and the Bear place. I have an idee they ran this way and that way, and all but flew across the Vaughn place and down the creek until they hit back agin onto Lost Ranch."

We make no attempt to follow the dogs, for this is strictly a dog and fox race. Men take no part, other than to get together and follow the dogs by sound. Only in actual fur season do the men follow the dogs, so they may get the fur. Tonight is merely the opening chase.

"By Jollies, it's a-red'un!" Lee yells proudly.

"How can you tell, at this distance?" I ask skeptically.

"Well now, Miz Donnelson, I can tell—and the dogs can tell. Them there dogs is a-makin' a straight run; so I know they've got a red fox. If it was a gray fox—well, a gray fox won't take a long, straight run. They'll circle. That's how us fox hunters always know whether we got a red or a gray fox; we can tell by the way he leads out.

"Nother thing. A gray fox never takes a hound out of hearing. If the dogs git after a gray fox and he don't get under a rock; he's a gone gosselin; they'll soon run him down. But a red fox will take out across country, seekin'

a stream of water. If he finds it, then he'll go up-stream and lose the dogs. When a gray fox begins to circle, and the circle gits smaller and smaller, then the chase narrows down. The dogs can tell it's about all over—and so can we."

Dogs and fox come through the timber in full view. Through the moonlight, we catch a flash as they race by, within fifty feet of where we are standing beside the dog-wagon.

"Listen to Old Mix a-crowdin' Oscar," a Smith says softly, as the chase roars by. Another Smith says, "Old Lute shore is a-pickin' 'em up and a-layin' 'em down." Lee nods his head. "Old Rock is pushin' that fox on the tail."

"Man! Ain't that heavenly music!" somebody else exclaims.

Eleven men "yipp-ee-ee" excitedly, as dogs and fox complete a circle, then race on down the Creek through the Wash Winningham place. We all know that Old Wash, too old now to follow the chase, will be sitting on his front porch wrapped in a quilt, waiting for the chase to go by. Above the distant baying of the dogs, we can hear Wash's faint cry: "Hipp-ee-EE!"

The cry of the dogs wavers in and out as they race through another farm, plunge down a valley, then take to the hills. Fainter and fainter they grow. Once



more we strain our ears to catch even the faintest sound of the running dogs. We hear only the faintest "owe-o-ee." Lee interprets: "They're takin 'em across Chicken Hawk Bluff." This bluff is on Wolf Creek, about two miles farther on.

We lapse into dead quiet again.

"Betcha two bits Old Rock's let him git away," an unfortunate hunter suggests. This is stoutly denied by all three Smiths.

The air grows chill. Sapling sticks have been whittled into slender tooth-picks. No one seems to notice that the outlines of distant farm buildings are now discernible.

"Owe-o-EEE!" The chase has turned at last. "Bringin 'em back!" Lee says proudly.

The chase whips by in full fury; the fox, a red streak, pursued by that pack of panting dogs. They circle, cross meadows, melt again into the tall timber. Men turn up their collars and button their coats; pipes are filled by chilled fingers. Frost settles on the leaves. I begin to wish I had brought along the gallon coffee pot. I wonder if I dare slip away to the persimmon thicket in the hollow—and then—the chase comes back!

But the tired fox runs by—winded now.

Abruptly, the baying of the dogs ceases.

A hush falls over the crowd. The dogs surround their quarry. The "Openin'" chase is ended. We hurry to the dogs. Before us lies the red fox—stiff. His slender front feet for-

ward; his hind feet folded under him. His big, bushy tail plumes up over his back; his pointed ears stand straight. A valiant warrior to the last. "He looks for all the world as if he were mounted," I murmur a bit sadly.

"A running fox always dies in that position," Lee tells me, as he picks up the fox and eyes him with deep satisfaction.

"He's a fine fox," Lee says. "He runned a good race. But then, so did the dogs."

Lee opens the truck door. Old Rock, the patriarch, jumps in first, takes up his individual position. Seventeen tired hounds file in behind him quietly. Believe it or not, each dog has his own separate spot in that dog wagon. He finds it and keeps it.

Men and dogs, their night's work over, now depart in various directions.

Tomorrow, all Barn Hollow will know that the "Openin'" chase was a "good 'un." Lee Smith himself has said so: "It shore was. It shore was," he sighs contentedly as we ride homeward.

But tomorrow is now today. The first pink streaks of dawn appear.

And at Lost Ranch, seventeen cows will be waiting to be milked!



We never used to be able to find Grand-ma's glasses, but now she leaves them right where she empties them.

What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

II—The Thinker



(This is the second of a series of articles on sculptury by William P. Rowley, eminent art authority and horticulturist who astounded and confused the citrus fruit world with his epoch-making discovery that a tangerine was only an orange disappointed in love.)

THE THINKER, one of the foremost works of the famous French sculptor, Auguste Rodin, often has been interpreted by members of the Windsor tie division of art writers as a portrayal of "the spirit of the father of man, uncultured and primitive, brooding over the mad doings of his children."

If this be the case, as the old farmer said in another story, The Thinker certainly picked a good spot for it. Probably no place else on earth is better qualified to inspire that particular sort of brooding than Paris. Particularly since it has become the haven of leave-celebrating European zone GI's. Even the name itself, honoring a man of such loose-living habits that he offended even the sensuous Greeks, connotes goings-on of the like calculated to give much pause for thought if a man's mind is turned in such philosophical direction.

Ah, Paris! . . . Beautiful and sensuous city of the Seine! . . . Ah, Paris, in romantic lush of springtime! . . . Ah, Paris,

in the fruitful festiveness of fall! . . . Ah, Paris!

Oh, yes . . . The Thinker . . . No wonder he thinks long, bitter, and brooding thoughts. Who wouldn't, who by the very nature of his eternal immobility, finds himself, as Samuel Goldwyn would put it, included out? And especially if he has those primitive instincts accredited him by art critics to qualify him for the title of "the father of man". He certainly didn't win that championship just sitting there thinking.

Those who seek to read some sort of a moral into Rodin's masterpiece overlook the highly evident fact that The Thinker is getting no place rapidly. Insofar as achievement is concerned he might as well be renamed Futility. After years and years of thinking all he does is to continue to sit there and think, with neither change of expression nor posture. In fact, it is doubtful if he would look up even if Marlene Deitrich should pass by when the wind was blowing. That

alone ought to prove the fallacy of the quaint notion that thought inevitably produces ideas.

After an exhaustive examination of all Rodin's works, it is my studied opinion that anyone seeking inspiration can find more in the little finger of the left hand of the feminine figures in *Eternal Springtime* or *The Kiss* than he can in all the muscle-bound pondering of this so-called "father of man".

However, one must accord *The Thinker* the accolades he so richly deserves as a determined and consistent sitter. Already he has put to shame such outstanding contenders as *One-Eyed Connolly* and *Flagpole Kelly* and now he is shooting at the mark established by that admirable old patriarch of the early Christian era, *Simon Stylites of Antioch*, who achieved no little fame when he clambered atop a pillar 72 feet high and four feet square at the apex and remained there, braving sunshine and rain and Republican and Democratic administrations alike, until his death.

Food, jugs of water, and possible changes of underwear were brought to the pillar by his faithful followers, to be hoisted by him to his elevated observation platform. It doubtlessly was a highly inspirational and edifying life, if one is of the type that goes in for that sort of thing. I don't, and am quite frank in

my intention not to try it. I see no future in the business. Besides, it is doubtful if a person could remain perched a column under present conditions long enough to attain immortality.

Even if a modern *Simon* should emerge, the stunt probably would be attributed to some movie publicity man as a plug for some picture called "*Pillars of Society*", or something like that. It's really remarkable what those boys can dream up, even when sober. Witness the one in Chicago who staged a special showing of "*Son of Lassie*" for an audience of seeing-eye dogs.

Rodin has been called the father of modern sculpture. Possibly for that reason, he was a highly temperamental man and often flew into ungovernable tantrums when at work, especially upon the busts for which he is most noted. When he was in one of these states, his friends would avoid his studio with the whispered explanation: "Rodin is on a bust!" This expression has survived the years and gained an expanded meaning to cover anyone in a temperamental display. It has even reached a point where it is almost impossible for an Irishman to stop at the corner saloon on Saturday night, corral a few quick ones and then go home and start beating his wife without some of the neighbors calling the police to report: "Better send the wagon; Hogan is on a bust again!"

Words for our Pictures — Pages 33-36

FORCED LANDING—"Tex", a volunteer Navy flier from the Olathe base, gets roped in on the War Dads' Rodeo at Kansas City's Ruppert Stadium. It seems Tex didn't steer right.

GOAL POST GUARDIANS—Duke Burt, James Irwin, Cecil Langford, Frank Pattee, and Ernest Wallin of K. U. kibitz the night game in Kansas City, as T. C. U. wallops the Midwesterners to the tune of 18-0. Nearly 14,000 fans saw the carnage.

ROOM FOR TWO at a grand hotel. MGM gives us a picture of one week-end that wasn't lost—at least, not for Lana and Van, two among many who make "Week-End at the

Waldorf" the big picture it is. Laew's Midland will show it late in October.

THAT FRED ASTAIRE WAY—is what gets him where he is now, who wouldn't like to bel Some of the luscious scenery attendant on this season's version of the "*Ziegfeld Fallies*," showing at Laew's Midland soon.

BACK FROM BATAAN—come Sgt. Dennis Rainwater and Chief B. M. Sidney Awalt, of Paris, Texas. WHB's *Shawtime Gal*, Rosemary Howard, and newscaster Dick Smith find out about those two years our heroes spent in the Japanese Cabanatuan prison camp. RKO Orpheum shows "*Back to Bataan*" this month.

Queen of the Night

By JOHN BROBERG

Fables of a fabulous flower of the desert—night-blooming cereus.

LONG ago, an aged Indian woman whose body was as dried and twisted as the trunk of a pinon, asked the Great Spirit to make her beautiful. The Great Spirit, knowing that death stalked close at her heels, felt compassion for her and granted her wish. Wherever he touched her, delicate white blossoms burst forth, and her ugly body was changed into a thing of great beauty.

Such is the legend of the night-blooming cereus, a species of desert cactus. Each spring, usually in June, the plant blooms for one night, then closes its petals and is again changed into the dried and withered plant that resembles the old Indian woman of the legend.

This amazing spectacle occurs about eight o'clock in the evening. The blossoms are white, very large, and open their petals but once in the bright, ghostly desert moonlight. They send forth a fragrance that hangs in the air for a whole day after.

The Indians call the plant "Queen of the Night," and many tribes observe the blooming with strange, secret ritual. All night they dance about the pale ghost-flowers, gesticulat-

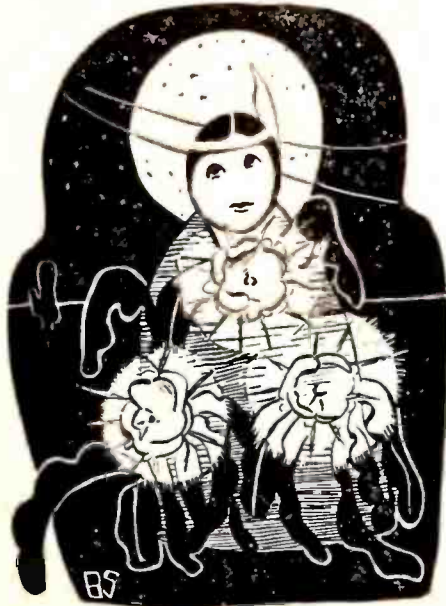
ing wildly to the moon, exorcising devils that may lurk in the dark shadows. As they dance, they chant weird incantations to the night spirits.

When the first weak rays of sun touch the blossoms at dawn, they droop their heads like sleepy fairies and close their petals. These blooms are large—often six inches deep and nine or ten inches wide—and open so rapidly that their movement may be seen with the naked eye. They reach their fullest perfection of beauty an hour before dawn.

The Indians never pick the beautiful blossoms. Perhaps it is the deep respect they have for the mysteries of nature that keeps them from doing so. Most tribal taboos, however, can be

traced to superstition. To less civilized peoples, they serve as a sort of moral code, a law of conduct. As they are handed down through countless generations, they come to be folklore. Invariably they are based on great wisdom and truth. The moral of the night blooming cereus is meant for the haughty and the vain. Here is the way it goes:

Once a beautiful



Indian maiden, on her way to keep a midnight tryst with her lover, came upon an ugly cactus plant emblazoned with beautiful white flowers. A proud, arrogant girl, vain as a peacock, she stood before the cactus and said: "What lovely flowers there are that spring forth from such ugliness. I shall fashion a garland of them for my hair. They will look better upon me than upon this unsightly thing."

She picked the flowers and placed them in her hair. When she tried

to walk away, she found that her feet had rooted themselves to the earth.

To her horror she saw that her body had changed into a thing of ugliness, shrunken and withered as the cactus plant.

On clear, dark nights, when the moon has gone out and only stars remain in the sky, her lover may be heard walking shamefully through the darkness, seeking his lost mate.

Salt Over the Shoulder — Flour On the Floor

by Ida M. Pardue

Food superstitions are like measles—catching, of numerous kinds, and often leaving a lasting impression.

One of the oldest and commonest superstitions is concerned with salt. When you upset the shaker, do you toss a few grains over the left shoulder? Know why? The spilling is supposed to mean bad luck. Tossing a little over the left shoulder creates a counterspell.

Salt was one of the very first articles of trade. The oldest roads in the world were constructed primarily for the salt traffic. Because it was scarce in some places, salt became a precious item. It was a necessary ingredient in the sacrificial cakes offered by the Greeks to their pagan deities. It was also believed to have the power to repel evil spirits, and to cement friendships. And so the spilling or loss of salt came to be regarded as unlucky.

There are a host of other food superstitions, some vanished, others still faithfully followed in some parts of the world.

Here, for example, is a very old one:

"She that pricks bread with fork or knife
Will never be a happy wife."

Nine peas in a pod? That's good!

Flour on the floor? That's bad!

Potatoes too salty? The cook's in love.

If you're in need of money, tuck a crust of bread into your pocket, or look for an Easter egg with a double yolk. If you don't want to be sick, for goodness sake, see that your fork reaches your mouth without dropping any food.

Want to get married? Next Valentine's Day, weave this sure-fire love charm: Fasten five bay leaves to your pillow; one goes in the middle, the rest in the corners. You'll not only find a mate within a year, but you'll know who it is because you'll dream of him, or her, the very night the charm is prepared.

Like large families? Arrange to be showered with wheat as you leave the church.

And to be sure you'll live happily ever after, burn some tea leaves, and bake a cake every New Year's Day.

TUNNEL

By RICHARD GREY

IN the vicinity of Eighth and Washington streets the buzz has been going around recently that somebody was getting ready to use the Mushroom Tunnel for something. The Mushroom Tunnel starts at Washington street on Eighth and burrows half way through the rock bluffs to the west. A stout door with steel grating and secured by a large padlock bars entrance to the shaft to tramps, curiosity seekers, and persons who have no better place to keep out of the cold.

It is the Mushroom Tunnel because once upon a time Warren Douglas Meng, a newspaper editorial writer, used to grow mushrooms there for market. Afterward he sold his lease on the tunnel, which belongs to the Kansas City Public Service company. The tunnel was not built for growing mushrooms. It was built to take cable cars through the rock bluff to the old Union Depot in the west bottoms, instead of taking them down the precipitous Ninth street viaduct which plunged down Ninth street from Pennsylvania avenue at a dizzy grade and brought up at a covered passage way, known affectionately as the cattle chute, to the railroad passenger station.

Occasionally even the sturdy little cable cars ran away and shook off riders. That happened the day President Grover Cleveland came to Kansas City with his young bride, Francis Folsom Cleveland, to lay the cornerstone of the Y. M. C. A. at the northwest corner of Ninth and Locust, now the Studio Building. That was in the middle '80's. The building had been erected on faith, hope, and charity, mostly faith and hope—which were deflated considerably when the panic of 1893 punctured the boom of the '80's.

The original Eighth street tunnel served satisfactorily enough until trolley cars took the place of cable cars. Then its grade was too steep. So the street car company went a block east and dug another entrance on Broadway, leaving the first half of the tunnel stranded some distance in the air.



A concrete ceiling sealed it off from the west end.

In 1927 when the present Public Service company acquired the street railway property, the street car tunnel had become so damp from drippings from above that the company waterproofed the upper, disused tunnel, evicted the mushroom ranchers and sealed the tunnel off.

Not long ago the wetness once more became aggravated. So the company once more opened the upper tunnel, installed electric lights and created considerable mild excitement in the area, which is mostly wholesale and squatter. An elderly Irishman, with few teeth and little hair, gave it as his opinion that "the Metropolitan"—the old name of the street car company—was planning new uses for the old tunnel.

Maybe, it was hazarded, it was to be equipped as an air raid shelter. No such

romantic luck. It is one of the few ready-made air raid shelters in the Kansas City area, another being the tram tunnel which runs under it, and still another the buried tunnel running diagonally across the street, northwest to southeast at Eleventh street and Baltimore avenue, from the Continental hotel to a parking lot where the Hotel Baltimore was until a few years ago. (When the florid old Willis Wood

theater occupied the site of the Continental, thirsty theatre-goers used to toddle across to the Baltimore bar between the acts, not getting wet anywhere except inside.)

All the street car engineers wanted to do with their almost forgotten tunnel was to waterproof it once more, to protect the lower boring. So it sometimes goes with the dreams of romantic minds.



SPEED BREEDS TRAVEL

We have been reading predictions as to the future of air travel — not the speculations of imaginative writers but engineers' statistics.

Estimates vary. Right now, commercial air travel in the United States is measured at about 1.9 billion "passenger miles" — higher than any peace-time year. Five years from now, according to one authority, it will total "upwards of 5 to 6 billion per annum." Another — more precise — submits the figure of 4.115 billion.

Will this cut into railroad . . . bus . . . passenger automobile traffic?

During normal pre-war years United States railroads averaged about 25 billion passenger miles annually. In recent years busses have accounted for 10 billion or thereabouts, and the mileage of passenger vehicles has varied from 185 billion in depression years to 264 billion in 1941. Assuming no new travel, this is the "area of competition."

The rails are the most vulnerable to competition for passenger traffic via air, though busses will suffer, in some degree, for planners of air-transportation after the war are projecting short-haul, feeder lines. However, much of the increased airline mileage, it is predicted, will come from new travel markets. For example, many a

business man will fly from New York to San Francisco — or Mexico City, or Vancouver — and back (overnight each way) who would find the same trip impracticable if he had to make it by train; and who would never think of making the journey at all if he had to do it by stage-coach. Thus speed breeds travel. In the opinion of many of the experts whose compilations of statistics we have cited, increased air travel will actually stimulate all modes of transportation — air, rail, bus and private car — and freight as well as passenger. For, in the wake of people move the goods people buy, the food they eat, the materials for their housing — (even if they are transients) and the raw stuff they may use in manufacturing. In the opposite direction move the products of their farms and factories and swarms of the very people themselves, pleasure-bent or business-bent — but traveling!

There is reassurance, in such opinions as these, that traditional investment values will not succumb hastily to the emotional appeal of a dramatic new industry; that good management, in all fields of transportation, will continue the prosaic business of paying bond interest, debts as they mature and reasonable dividends. — From "Security," the news letter of the First National Bank.

The Migraine Headache

If you've ever had one—no one needs to tell you what it's like! But maybe someone should tell you a few simple things to do when the attacks occur. Which is just what is done here—by one who speaks from experience.

By ETHEL F. FREDERICKS

I WAS just about to step into a bus. Suddenly before my eyes I saw queer, indescribable outlines. They were not black, as such confusing outlines appear sometimes because of an upset stomach. These were white and glowing. Their clearness and intensity increased until they seemed to cover my vision. Yet I could see—and if I had tried, I am convinced I could have read a paper.

But I went into a panic, sure that I was losing my eyesight. In terror I turned back home and hurriedly telephoned my physician. By the time he arrived, the aura had disappeared and I was in the throes of the most severe headache I had ever experienced. It was my first migraine attack.

For years migraine headaches have been an enigma. Doctors all over the world have experimented, trying to find a cure. Volumes have been written about their researches. But in spite of much advancement, no definite cure has been discovered.

If we were all uniform bodies, responding the same way to treatment, migraine would be a comparatively simple matter. But unfortunately we

all react differently and each individual case of migraine headache may be the result of a different cause.

The lay person is usually ignorant of cause and preventive, and is obsessed by the most devastating fears. It is for these people this article is written. I speak as one migraine sufferer to another, trusting in a small way to ease the distress caused by apprehensions attendant upon the migraine headache.

Fear may be one of the greatest factors in producing and increasing the duration and severity of the attack. I have learned that a comprehensive knowledge of these blinding headaches and their demoralizing symptoms has aided me in eliminating them. Forewarned is forearmed. Even though I sometimes waken from a sound sleep, after dreaming of a fire, and seem to be looking through the haze one sees through flame, I am no longer possessed by fear. I no longer believe—as I did at the time of that first hideous attack—that I am doomed to some rapidly advancing and fatal illness.

All migraine sufferers have an aura of one type or another. Sometimes they consist of nothing more than

dizziness, a feeling of pressure, and frequent yawning. Many times they are much more severe. Generally the aura lasts from fifteen to thirty minutes, and may take on the most grotesque forms. And in their fear many people exaggerate their symptoms to alarming proportions. One woman I know has suffered from these headaches for years; yet she is still frightened to death every time she has an aura. Each time she is positive that it is evidence of a serious heart ailment or that it precludes a stroke.

Some people think that all the migraine sufferer has to do to avoid devastating headaches is to control his nerves, eat wisely, and say to himself, "I won't be afraid, I won't have a migraine headache." How easy it would be to control these headaches, if these people were correct. But they fail to take into consideration the fact that the subconscious plays an important part in this illness. These same people who lack all understanding of these headaches often ask, "How can the subconscious and the fear that lurks there be overcome?" The answer is a simple one. Educate the sufferer to the causes of his aura and headache. Let him see the roots of his illness. Remarkable results and a decrease in the duration and frequency of attacks generally follow after the patient has been given a clear understanding of the facts.

Statistics show that a large majority of people subject to migraine attack belong to a class of thinkers—high-strung, sensitive people. Through their finer feelings and perceptions they are more sensitive to surroundings



and conditions. They become tired and nervously exhausted more quickly than others, and so are more prone to these headaches.

Oddly enough, the mere association of ideas may sometimes produce an attack. A sufferer may have had a headache causing an embarrassing situation at a certain place some time in the past. When he revisits this place his subconscious may recall the distressing experience and fear that it may be repeated. It is this very apprehension that usually almost instantly produces another headache in similar circumstances. Other contributory causes are overwork, depression, suppression, sensitivity to heat or light, color or smoke. But the most important factor of all is food.

These days with highly perfected tests to determine just what foods the

migraine sufferer is allergic to, digestive causes can be greatly reduced. All that is needed is a little care in eating. But unfortunately too many people follow the line of least resistance and say, "I have always eaten this and it has never harmed me." They do not take into consideration the fact that what may not hurt them when taken once or twice may have a bad accumulative effect when taken continually.

Despite the vast strides medicine has made in curing migraine headaches, it is still a long way from the goal. Nevertheless, the responsibility is not altogether in the hands of the medical men. It is up to the sufferer himself to study his individual case. Here are a few things, one or more of which each individual can apply to himself:

1. Have a good doctor in whom you have confidence. This is essential.
2. Trust yourself and realize that no matter where you are when you have an aura, it is not a fatal symptom and that it will pass in a short time. Do not dart about in panic.
3. Recognize the migraine headache as a definite illness which should be treated as such by care, diet, rest and medication. A number of people treat it too lightly and un-

less absolutely incapacitated will not give in to it. But they should realize that a few hours' rest at the right time would curtail the headache, leave them less exhausted afterward, and less apt to have another headache soon again.

4. Try not to become exhausted or nervously overtire yourself.
5. Rest, quiet nerves, and peace of mind should be cultivated as much as possible. They are most beneficial in combatting headaches. Even in these strenuous days, with a little patience and self-control, it is possible to develop some serenity.
6. Do not over-eat or take foods to which you know you are allergic.
7. Do not brood and worry about inconsequential things. Worry is the chief ally of the migraine headache.
8. Above all, banish fear from your mind, relax and do not try to fight the headaches when they arrive.

These are a few of the things that the migraine sufferer can do to help himself. A long line of untiring scientists and physicians keep striving to find more and better ways to help. Despite the demands of war, study and experiment go on. Someday they shall find a cure. In the meantime, it is up to the individual migraine sufferer to help others to help him.

◆ LETTER-ALLY SPEAKING

Friend of ours, a Bulgarian musician, once wrote to his father in Bulgaria, telling him that he now had a new address. Since the father had only a sketchy knowledge of English, the son told him, "Your letter will reach me if you will just copy the address printed at the top of this sheet." In due time came a response. It was faithfully addressed "Boris Maslennikov, Ford Hotel, 400 Rooms, All Fireproof, Rochester, New York."

Read Your Bible—God's Book for Mankind

The fountain, from which pour forth waters of wisdom, is the Holy Bible. Selections this month were chosen to help you surmount the many on and growing problems of daily living.



Fri.,	Oct. 5—	Heb. 7
Sat.,	Oct. 6—	Heb. 8:1-9:10
Sun.,	Oct. 7—	Heb. 9:11
Mon.,	Oct. 8—	Heb. 10:11-39
Tues.,	Oct. 9—	Heb. 11:1-31
Wed.,	Oct. 10—	Heb. 11:32-12:17
Thurs.,	Oct. 11—	Heb. 12:18-13:25
Fri.,	Oct. 12—	Col. 1
Sat.,	Oct. 13—	Col. 2
Sun.,	Oct. 14—	Col. 3
Mon.,	Oct. 15—	Col. 4
Tues.,	Oct. 16—	Thess. 1:1-2:12
Wed.,	Oct. 17—	Thess. 2:13-3:18
Thurs.,	Oct. 18—	Thess. 4
Fri.,	Oct. 19—	Thess. 5
Sat.,	Oct. 20—	Thess. 1:1-2:12
Sun.,	Oct. 21—	Thess. 2:13-3:18
Mon.,	Oct. 22—	1 Tim. 1
Tues.,	Oct. 23—	1 Tim. 2:1-3:13
Wed.,	Oct. 24—	1 Tim. 3:14-4:16
Thurs.,	Oct. 25—	1 Tim. 5
Fri.,	Oct. 26—	1 Tim. 6
Sat.,	Oct. 27—	2 Tim. 1:1-2:13
Sun.,	Oct. 28—	2 Tim. 2:14-3:17
Mon.,	Oct. 29—	2 Tim. 4
Tues.,	Oct. 30—	Titus 1:1-2:14
Wed.,	Oct. 31—	Titus 2:15-3:15

Mon.,	Oct. 1—	Heb. 1:1-2:10
Tues.,	Oct. 2—	Heb. 2:11-3:19
Wed.,	Oct. 3—	Heb. 4:1-5:14
Thurs.,	Oct. 4—	Heb. 6

◆ LET'S KEEP OUR MERCHANT MARINE

Twice in 25 years, by superhuman efforts, our shipbuilding industry and the men of the Merchant Marine have built the vessels and delivered the goods that saved this nation from destruction. But peace has always witnessed a decline in the strength of our merchant fleet.

At the close of the first World War, the annual tonnage of shipping in foreign trade carried in American ships was 11,000,000 gross tons. By 1937 it had dropped to 2,500,000 tons. American ships were carrying only one-fourth of our foreign trade. Our merchant fleet was outranked not only by the British Empire but also by Japan and Germany.

Now, as a result of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936 and war-time ship production, the merchant fleet of the United States is the greatest ever possessed by any nation. To maintain our military and economic strength and to hold our proper place as a great world power, this maritime supremacy must be preserved and maintained.—Excerpts from an address by C. H. Weaver, Manager, Westinghouse Marine Department.

Chicago Letter



By
NORT JONATHAN

SINCE all of last month's Chicago Communique was devoted to various aspects of the Windy City's reception of the news that the Japs were "So sorry!" this one will attempt to struggle back into the groove. Resuming the Randolph Street-Near North Side-Hotels "beat," there's certainly no dearth of events to communicate about.

THE CLUB BEAT For one thing, there is Mike Fritzel over at the Chez Paree on Fairbanks Court, happily rubbing his hands over a new contract calling for the appearance of Danny Thomas at his bistro in the near future. Danny has been a Chicago cafe fixture for years, only recently finding new fame in Hollywood as the postman on the Fanny Brice show. Apparently he will spend most of October and November in our midst. There was a lot of horse-trading back of the Chez-Thomas deal. In fact, the confetti which the management has been tossing out the window once upon a time was Danny's old contract. The new pact calls for about twice as much money, which indicates what radio can do for a clever night club comedian—if he has the right material.

The acquisition of Danny Thomas gives the Chez Paree a little drawing power insurance against the tremendous Chicago popularity of Harry Richman, who, complete in top hat and immaculate white tie and tails, will also be romping with us in late October—this time at the Latin Quarter. Mr. Richman will undoubtedly set a new record at this home of the midget table, the small drink, and the large check. Harry Richman's wares are too well-known to call for much publicizing here. As for the Latin Quarter, it's a nice place—but be sure to take along plenty of folding money and a periscope.

Another local boy who made good, Willie Shore, opens at the Rio Cabana early in October. And another autumn arrival will be Les Brown, who will be making his second appearance of the year in the Sherman Hotel's boiler factory—better known as the Panther Room. It is interesting perhaps to note that even the suave George Paxton, who has a wonderfully sweet band, made the welkin ring in the Panther Room. No band apparently can resist the temptation to push the walls right out into Randolph Street.

Still looking into the crystal ball we find staring right back at us Myrus, the mental marvel, who apparently forgot his last Blackstone date, but is tuning up his brain cells for a belated October 12th appearance in the swank Mayfair Room—now inhabited by the ingratiating Phil Regan. That bonny boy is back in Chicago again, and the customers are hanging from the chandeliers—in a nice way, of course—to hear him sing. There are no tricky arrangements, no interpolated special lyrics. He just stands there and lets you have your favorite songs—straight, the way they were written and the way they were meant to be sung. Two of his numbers are typical of the Irish gayety which silvers the Regan repertory—"Tread on the Tail of Me Coat" and "Phil the Fluters Ball." They rank with his theme song, "Dear Old Donegal."

The drama pages of the **FOOT-LIGHTING** Chicago papers are beginning to fatten up again after an exceedingly skinny summer. First under the wire this new season will be Olsen and Johnson in "Laffing Room Only." In addition to the customary insanity of Messrs. O. and J. there will be the more subtle insanity of Frank Libuse, Betty Garrett as leading vocalist, and specialties from such fugitives from the "five a day" as Mata and Hari and Willie, West and McGinty. It is of course understood that the pulchritude department will not be found wanting either.

An interesting sidelight on the current Olsen and Johnson appearance is that they are re-opening a theater which has been dark for twelve years. The Shuberts have taken over, rebuilt, redecorated, and renamed the old Majestic Vaudeville House, making it into Chicago's largest legitimate theater. The faithful customers of the musical show and the drama will now be able to see productions requiring a large house and stage without losing themselves in the cavernous, acoustically poor Civic Opera House.

Following the zanies, local show business may take a serious turn for awhile. "Anna Lucasta," Philip Yordan's negro drama, is set for an early autumn opening at the little Civic Theater. John Wildberg is moving the New York cast to Chicago for the occasion, which means that we'll be seeing Hilda Simms in the title role.

Also on the horizon are Elizabeth Bergner in the "Two Mrs. Carrolls" and Margaret Webster's production of "The Tempest"—written by a fellow named William Shakespeare and acted by such toppers as Vera Zorina, Canada Lee, and Kenny Baker. Miss Zorina is a fugitive from Hollywood and the ballet; and the last time we saw Mr. Baker he was stooging for Milton Berle. It should make an interesting production, and it's too bad Mr. S. can't be around to see it. Canada Lee, of course, is the fine negro actor who starred in Richard Wright's "Native Son."

Let us now move on to the **OPERA-TIONS** rarified atmosphere of the opera and ballet—both of which will be with us this fall at the Opera House. The "one and only Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo" is advertising six new ballets and a company of 125 for late September and October. And the Chicago Opera Company is even now tuning up in its suite of offices and practice halls for a season beginning on October 8th and continuing through November 17th, with most of the time-honored favorites scheduled.

On the social scene, the autumn will be marked by a rash of debuts. The girls on the Gold Coast are no longer cloaking social events under impressive wartime titles to benefit something or other.

On North Rust Street the radio crowd is happy with its Actor's Club. There on any night of the week you will find such Chicago radio standbys as Phil Lord, Ken Griffith, and Joe Ainley proudly beaming on tastefully decorated premises that have become the smartest "little club" in town. And the place is usually full of soap opera stars and stage and screen people in Chicago either for a play or between train reservations.

MAKE Steaks are back on the menus again and Army and **MINE** Navy jokes have disappeared **RARE** almost completely from floor shows. Stars no longer talk about how many USO tours they did, but now are speaking once more of their new picture. Soldiers and sailors are no longer placed conspicuously at ringside tables. You're now more likely to find them back along the wall, near the door to the kitchen. And those radio interviews with G.I.'s and gobs have disappeared from Mayor Kelly's mammoth service centers. As we move into October and the second full month after V-J Day the theme song seems to be, "Don't you know the war is over?"

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras

★ **BAL MASQUE.** One of Chicago's bright and distinctive showplaces, starring Sandra Star. (NEAR NORTH.) Hotel Continental. 505 N. Michigan Ave. Whi. 4100.

★ **BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Featuring Johnny Long and his music in the Marine Dining Room. (GOLD COAST) 5349 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** They're flocking there to hear Clyde (The Trumpet) McCoy and his orchestra. Supported by lavish production of name acts.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Spacious, fragrant loveliness featuring Boh McGrew's smooth orchestra. (GOLD COAST) Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE.** Breathing and traditional, with Jack Durant, John Sebastian, Paul Winchell, revue, and Eddie Oliver's orchestra. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Ultra-chic magnificence with Dick LaSalle's orchestra. (LOOP) Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ **PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL.** Restful white and blue shelter from the outside world. Exquisite dinners and dancing among people you read about. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 N. State. Sup. 5000.

★ **WALNUT ROOM, BISMARCK HOTEL.** Emil Petti and his orchestra in the Walnut Room, with Gaynor and Ross, Helen Honan and Linda Larkin. The tavern room, with Earl Roth's orchestra featuring Antonio and Estelle. (LOOP) Randolph at LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

Casual

★ **BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL.** Where the smart set of the big towns in the midwest gather in the aggregate. Talkative, relaxing. (WEST) 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** Not too large, not too small, and always with the best in food and music. Now it is Harry Cool and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph at Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ **PANTHER ROOM, SHERMAN HOTEL.** He of the dancing bells. Les Brown and his orchestra. (LOOP) Randolph at Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ **TRADE WINDS.** One of the most delightful and desirable places in Chicagoland. Organ and pianistics during the dinner hour. Open all night. (NORTH) 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful

★ **BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** European classic and mood supplied by Bala Bahai's Hungarian Gypsies. (GOLD COAST) 500 North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** South sea atmosphere, sweetened with rum-based cocktails and excellent Cantonese Cuisine. (GOLD COAST) 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ **L'AIGLON.** A page out of the color and drama of French-Victorian days. Finest southern European cooking. (GOLD COAST) 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ **IVANHOE.** England in the 12th century. Wine cellars, catacombs, hut modern musical fare. (NORTH) 300 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ **CLUB EL GROTTTO.** "Fatha Hines," the torrid piano stylist, and his musicians are back for indefinite engagement. Also the Rhythmaires, and Sunny Thompson, prince of the ivories. (SOUTH) 6412. Pla. 9174.

★ **SINGAPORE.** From a rih to a national institution. The sincerest form of flattery is imitation. Come, come. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ **SARONG ROOM.** Dine under the stars, featuring Devi-Dja and her Bali-Javanese dancers. Mystic Balinese Temple Ceremonies. Benno Delson's Gypsy orchestra. Closed Sundays. (GOLD COAST) 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.

★ **SHANGRI-LA.** Food for the soul at America's most romantic restaurant. Open at 4 p. m. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ **YAR.** George Scherhan's Gypsies entertain nightly in the atmosphere of old Russia. Boris Romanoff, pianist, in the Fairy Tales Lounge. (GOLD COAST) 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

Entertainment

★ **BROWN DERBY.** Sensational new show featuring Jessie Rosella, lady of Rhythm, and Reta Ray, the naughty nightingale. Jerry Salone's orchestra. Four shows nightly. (LOOP) Monroe at Wabash. Sta. 1307.

★ **CASINO.** Rather spacious hut cozy night club featuring fine shows and tops in revues. (SOUTH) Halsted at 75th.

★ **CHEZ PAREE.** Jerry Lester, the Clowning King and company, with Cahot and Dresden, dance stylists. And the Chez Paree Adorables!!! (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairhanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ **CLUB ALABAM.** Flaming Crater dinners and sizzling shows share attention. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ **CLUB FLAMINGO.** Presenting Chicago's most beautiful girls in a brilliant new show. No cover, no minimum. (WEST) 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ **CLUB MOROCCO.** The world famous remote control dancer, Carrie Finnell, cavours here, supported by all-star cast and the seven beautiful darlings. Charlie Rich and orchestra. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★ **CUBAN VILLAGE.** Latin-American atmosphere with sun-tanned revue. (NORTH) 714 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ **885 CLUB.** Joe Miller presents Sparky Thurman Duo and Larry Leverenz, piano stylist. (GOLD COAST) 885 N. Rush. Del. 9102.

★ **51 HUNDRED CLUB.** You just can't say no to the Fifth Avenue Models, nor can you sit still in range of Duke Yellman's orchestra. (UPTOWN) 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ **L & L CAFE.** If beautiful girls make you happy you can't improve on this place. The averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST) 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** Ted Lewis, the high hat tragedian of song, is rounding out history making

weeks at this air cooled spot. (LOOP) 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.

★ **LIBERTY INN.** The show and disposition of this place are for the daring. (GOLD COAST) 661 N. Clark. Del. 8999.

★ **PLAYHOUSE CAFE.** Presenting the Scan-Dolls of 1945, with Ginger Duvell mistress of ceremonies. Troy Snap and his orchestra. (GOLD COAST) 550 N. Clark St. Del. 0173.

★ **VINE GARDENS.** Joe Kish and his orchestra to go with fine food. Open until 4 a. m. (NORTH) 614 W. North Ave. Mich. 5106.

Bars of Music

★ **CLOVER BAR.** One of the town's most popular sip spots. Lew Marcus and his sophisticated music. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ **CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT.** Chummy, friendly, traditional. Historic circular setting. (LOOP) 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.

★ **MINUET CLUB.** Popular Rush street rendezvous with continuous entertainment. (GOLD COAST) 939 Rush. Del. 0641.

★ **PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** New and super gorgeous cocktail rendezvous with excellent music. (LOOP) State and Randolph.

★ **RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR.** An array of tunesters carry on from the back bar. (LOOP) State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ **THREE DEUCES.** With a hep-cat in every corner. Laura Rucker at the piano and the solid Memphis City trio. (LOOP) Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★ **TIN PAN ALLEY.** Swing-minded theatrical rendezvous on the intimate side. (NORTH) Del. 9842.

★ **TROPICS.** Equatorial setting and continuous entertainment. Or you might stumble into the Tiffany Room, on lobby level. Nice! Hotel Chicagoan, 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought

★ **AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT.** An attractive eating place with novel marine trimmings. (NORTH) 1121 North State. Del. 9862.

★ **HOE SAI GAI.** Chinese Cuisine at its tastiest. Try a Shanghai Moon. Finest of liquors. (LOOP) 75-58 West Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ **COLONY CLUB.** Smartly planned menus and the musical dessert served up by Tito Rodriguez. (GOLD COAST) 744 Rush. Del. 5930.

★ **GUEY SAM.** A Chinese restaurant where the mood and food is genuinely Chinese. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.



★ **A BIT OF SWEDEN.** A typical old 18th century inn serving Swedish delicacies from their famous Smorgasbord. (GOLD COAST) 1015 Rush. Del. 1492.

★ **HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL.** Exquisite tea-room atmosphere overlooking the harbor, plus good food. (NORTH) 2150 N. Lincoln Park. Div. 6800.

★ **HENRICI'S.** Traditional in all Chicagoland for solid food. Try Henrici's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP) 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ **HOUSE OF ENG.** Generous squares of aged tenderloin. Visit the famous Confucius Lounge where fine philosophy and fine liqueurs are distilled. (GOLD COAST) 106 E. Walton. Del. 7194.

★ **KUNGS HOLM.** No loyal Swede nor hungry wayfarer could give this lovely place the go-by. Distinguished food in a distinguished and beautiful setting. And not too expensive! (NEAR NORTH) Rush at Ontario, Sup. 9868.

★ **NANKIN RESTAURANT.** For extraordinary Chinese and American food. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

★ **LE PETITE GOURMET.** If you're up on your French, the name describes the place exactly. A lovely little spot. Closing Sundays. (NEAR NORTH) 619 N. Mich. Del. 0102.

The Theatre

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Civic Theater, Washington and Wacker Dr.) An all-negro cast in a fine drama, first discovered in Harlem and brought up to Broadway for a long run. Every night including Sunday. Mats. Wed. and Sun.

★ **LAFFING ROOM ONLY.** (Old Majestic, Loop.) Opens in October with those two wacky-crackies, Olsen and Johnson, with their customary insanity.

★ **THE OVERTONS.** (Great Northern Theatre.) A bright comedy of marriage manners, and how one happy home almost gets broken up by meddling friends. With Jack Whiting.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn.) Moss Hart's direction, an excellent cast, combine to make this a real hit.

★ **GOOD NIGHT LADIES.** (Blackstone, 7th and Michigan.) Now in fourth record breaking year, with Skeets Gallagher and Edmund Lowe. Nightly except Monday.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn.) A tender comedy about a serviceman who gets jilted right into true love. Nightly except Sunday. Mats. Wed. and Sat.

★ **CARMEN JONES.** (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark.) Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all-negro version of the opera "Carmen" which is one of the sensations of many seasons.

NEW YORK LETTER

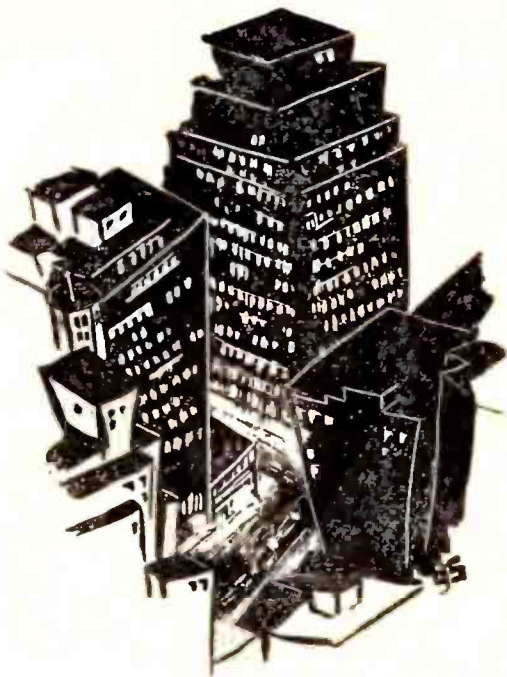
By LUCIE INGRAM

Traffic in New York has never been mother's little joy and now it has developed into a real problem child. With gas back to its old status everything on wheels is out and about. A four-block ride may take anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour depending on the breaks or whose fenders one scrapes. Language used in traffic jams definitely is not constructed for frail ears . . . and references about one's social standing don't come under the heading of brotherly love.

It is best not to try to compete with these postgraduate mud slingers . . . you're likely to be down for the count before you can remember your favorite back alley retort. Also you can't talk through your nose. So, be patient, give yourself plenty of time to make that date and wear a hat that will stay on if your hair suddenly curls. There is a little improvement in the courtesy of taxi drivers and waiters but there is a long way to go before they get Mrs. Post's okay.

The hotel situation is worse than ever. Everyone expected that the end of the war would bring relief to the harassed hotel managers but this is not so. The crowds don't seem to be particularly the result of anything. Just crowds. Outgoing luggage is immediately replaced by incoming luggage just as it has been for the past two years. This is just the same old warning . . . have a verified reservation in advance. It's no fun spending the day in a pay telephone booth trying to find a little nook for the night.

Under the clock at the Biltmore is still the favorite meeting place of college and boarding school students although the Waldorf is beginning to run it a close second. "Messing around" seems to be the most fitting expression to describe these young hopefuls. They meet anywhere within an hour or two of the time previously planned and seem to have not the slightest concern about any direct course of action, the time of day or what



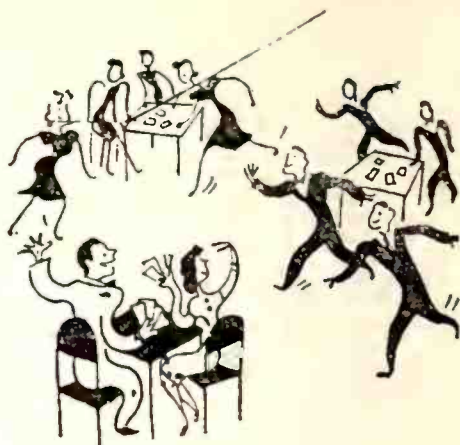
to do with it. Their favorite dancing spot is LaRue's, their favorite shows *Bloomer Girl*, *Harvey* and *Oklahoma* and their favorite eating places vary from a corner drug store to Hamburger Heaven to Gallagher's Steak House on West Fifty-second. Their vagueness and indefinite plans which change completely by the minute are far beyond the comprehension of adults; but they have a wonderful time and are very well behaved. Just as in the old home town they usually move about in gang fashion and mothers of daughters who live in New York have that old, familiar condition of the drawing room . . . empty coke bottles, spilled peanuts, scratched victrola records and general litter. It all seems to be a part of growing up.

The Twenty-One Club on West Fifty-second, one of Kansas City visitors' pre-

ferred restaurants, is open again in full glory. It has been enlarged during the summer and is at least twice the original size. But even so it is always crowded. It's advisable to get there between twelve-thirty and one if you want a good table . . . or any at all. After lunching in the down stairs grill with its long, long bar, dim lights and low hum of voices, it is always a shock to emerge and find daylight on the street. The upstairs has more of an atmosphere of reality . . . but it's more formal, too. Twenty-One is sometimes called Jack and Charlie's as Jack and Charlie are the owners and usually present with an enthusiastic greeting for familiar habitués.

TWO of Broadway's biggest hits, **BOX SEATS, PLEASE** can't be recommended for a fun evening. Though it has spots of humor it is strictly ungay. Laurette Taylor's performance as a dowdy, impossible mother, however, is a *must* for theatre goers. After years of comparative obscurity she has hit the top again with a bang. The play must be terrifically strenuous for her as she is on the stage almost constantly and there are only three others in the cast. (I might add that the other three are no slouches . . . but we're talking about Laurette.) She practically never changes her tone of voice or her sort of wandering manner yet she arouses keen emotion and response in the audience. Her hair-do is something out of this world and certainly isn't going to start a new trend of fashion. When an occasional and very fleeting smile lights up her face the older generation can recall for a moment the young Laurette in *Peg o' My Heart*. It's rather dramatic to consider that the stars of two Broadway hits, *Harvey* and *Glass Menagerie*, have taken the town by storm after the "best" years of their theatrical lives have rolled by. They both do a super job . . . and more power to them.

There should be a law . . . for persons who get in crowded elevators with lighted cigarettes half strangling other occupants. Which brings to mind a "did you know"



. . . elevator operators have to rest at various intervals during their working hours to keep from getting seasick. The constant ups, downs and stops churn their tummies in a rough sea manner.

MY FISH AND TAILS, JEEVES

The price of women's raiment in Manhattan these days doesn't do a thing towards steadying one's nerves. The selection of a dress or suit is almost a life and death matter. And the things are so lush . . . and it's all so confusing. For daytime wear fashion is still partial to the smart suit; but night life is going in for long dresses in a big way. Swank night spots are encouraging a return to the old formal attire which (I hate to say this) will call for the gentlemen to be in dinner jacket. Better come prepared. It can be fun after you get started anyway.



Life is like a game of cards. You must play the game with the hand that is dealt you. The greatest glory is winning with a poor hand . . . and the greatest disgrace is losing with a good one.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ **AMBASSADOR.** The Cocktail Lounge is winter's meeting place for broadcasters. Jules Lande's orchestra in the dining room, for dinner and supper, except Sunday, from \$2 up. Adler's concert music in the Gold Room. Park at 51st. Wi. 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** Dining and dancing to Sammy Kaye's Swing and Sway. Cover after ten. Try the Hunting Room, too. Times Square, Ci. 6-6000.

★ **BAL TABARIN.** Montmartre girls in a Parisian setting. French cuisine, better than average and inexpensive. Dance music by Lou Harold and his band. Minimum, \$1.50 on Saturdays and holidays. 225 W. 46th.

★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** A nifty review with Kathryn Duffy dancers, Bobby Baxter and Hal Horton. Pianist at cocktails. Rhumba matinees Saturday. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

★ **BILTMORE.** Bob Grant's orchestra alternates with Mario Hurtada's rhumbas. Shows at 7:45 and 11:45, with Russell Swann, the magician. No cover for servicemen. Music by Mischa Raginsky at cocktails. Madison at 43rd. Mu. 9-7920.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Susie Reed, ballad singer, Imogene Coca, Mary Lou Williams, and Benny Morton's band. Shows 8:30, 12 and 2:15. Closed Mondays. Minimum, \$2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Music by Ed Hall's orchestra in sophisticated surroundings. Also Gene Field's trio. Minimum, \$3.50. 128 East 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

★ **CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. Russian and American food. Shows at 8:45 and 12. Minimum \$2.50 after ten. 157 W. 56th. Ci. 6-6116.

★ **COMMODORE.** Mishel Gomer's orchestra in the Century Room. Luncheon and dinner in Tudor room. Lexington at 42nd. Mu. 6-6000.

★ **COPACABANA.** New York fall shows star Joe E. Lewis, dancers Vanya and D'Angelo; Dorothy Clair and the Samba Sirens. Minimum \$3 week-nights, \$4 Saturdays. Phil Moore and music in Copa Cocktail Lounge. 10 East 60th. Pl. 8-1060.

★ **EL MOROCCO.** Chauncy Gray's orchestra, \$2 cover after 7. Superb food. 154 East 54th. El. 5-8769.

★ **ESSEX HOUSE.** In Casino-on-the-Park, Stan Keller's orchestra plays all evening long. Minimum, Saturday, after 10 p.m. \$2. No dancing or entertainment Mondays. 100 Central Park S. Ci. 7-0300.

★ **LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Eddie Davis and Sherry Britton are back in a new fall revue. Celebrity nights, Sunday 9:30 p.m. Cocktails from 4. 32 West 52nd. El. 5-9414.

★ **LEXINGTON.** Hal Aloma and his orchestra in the Hawaiian Room, where Host Charlie Rochester presents restful Hawaiian revues. Shows 7:45, 10 and 12. Jenö Bartel's orchestra Mondays. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.

★ **PENNSYLVANIA.** Cafe Rouge, Stan Kenton's orchestra. 7th at 33rd. Pe. 6-5000.

★ **PIERRE.** Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra with Myrus, the wizard of mental telepathy. Minimum after 10, \$1.50. 5th Avenue at 61st. Re. 4-5900.

★ **NICKS.** Hep stuff by Muggsy Spanier. Miff Mole and Peewee Russell. Minimum after 10, \$1; Saturday, \$1.50. Dinner from \$1.50. 170 West 10th. Ch. 2-6683.

★ **PLAZA.** Persian Room opened Sept. 26, or you might try the Palm Court lounge, Cocktail or tea dancing. Leo Lefleur's orchestra. 5th and 59th. Pl. 3-1740.

★ **ROOSEVELT.** Shep Fields' orchestra in the Roosevelt Grill; Arthur Murray dancers; no cover charge at dinner. Men's Bar open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Madison at 45th. Mu. 6-9200.

★ **ST. REGIS.** Paul Sparr's orchestra alternating with Theodora Brooks at the organ for dancing in the evening. Penthouse for cocktails before luncheon or dinner. 5th avenue at 55th. Pl. 3-4500.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA, CAFE LOUNGE.** Dancing daily from 5, to Roy Fox and his music with Carol Horton alternating with Clemente's marimba band. 5th avenue at 58th. Vo. 5-2600.

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** Continuous entertainment during evening with Spivy herself, Carter and Bowie at twin pianos. Opens 8 p.m. 139 E. 57th. Pl. 3-9322.

★ **STORK CLUB.** Alberto Linno and band plays rhumbas. Eric Correa's orchestra for modern rhythms. \$2 cover after 10. Saturday \$3. 3 East 53rd. Pl. 3-1940.

★ **TAFT.** Vincent Lopez orchestra for luncheon and dinner in Grill. Here is where you really have "Luncheon With Lopez" (Mutual, 12:30 p.m. daily). Times Square. Ci. 7-4000.

★ **TAVERN ON THE GREEN.** Continuous dancing with Hughie Barrett's band and Angie Bond trio. Minimum weekdays after 9, \$1. Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Central Park W. at 67th. Rk. 4-4700.

★ **VERSAILLES.** A line of lovely, languid show-girls; excellent food. Joe Ricardel and his band. Minimum after ten, \$2.50 (except weekends). 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Hey-hey every night with square dancing and games; and Tiny Clark revue. Eddie Ashman's orchestra. Opens at 6. 52 W. 8th. St. 9-8840.

★ **VILLAGE VANGUARD.** Good music for dancing or listening by Art Hodes trio. Ballads by Paul Villard and blues by Big Bill. Minimum, \$2; \$2.50 weekends. Closed Mondays. 178 7th avenue. Ch. 2-9355.

★ **ZANZIBAR.** Big Broadway night club with new revue starring Duke Ellington, Louis Jordan. Minimum after 10, \$3.50. Broadway at 49th. Ci. 7-7380.

WAYS TO A MAN'S HEART

★ **ALGONQUIN.** Haunted by writers, actors, celebrities. Cocktails in the lobby or at the bar. Good music. Dinner, \$2 up. 59 W. 44th. Mu. 2-0101.

★ **AU CANARI D'OR.** Small, friendly French restaurant serving very good food. Hot hor d'oeuvres a real treat. Dinner, \$2.50-\$3. 134 E. 61st. Re. 4-6094.

★ **CHAMPS ELYSEES.** Continues its huge helpings. French food in comfortable setting; popular bar. Dinner, \$1.35 up. 25 East 40th. Le. 2-0342.

★ **BARNEY GALLANT'S.** Unobtrusive music counterpoint to superlative food and liquors, with Barney himself greeting each lady as "Mrs. Gallant." Opens at 5. 86 University place. St. 9-0209.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOPHOUSE.** English chop house atmosphere. Hearty specialties such as mutton chops, and fine seafood. Dinner, \$1.50 up. 490 Lexington. Pl. 8-0354.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor) to food, to more drinks (top of tower), 26th floor. Open 5 to midnight. 49th and First avenue. El. 5-7300.

★ **CHRIST CELLA.** Hearty foods, not inexpensive but more than worth the price. Men love this fine restaurant. Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45th. Mu. 2-9557.

★ **DICK THE OYSTERMAN.** Featuring aquatic foods, plus steaks and chops. Entrees 85 cents to \$2.75. Closed Sundays and holidays. 75 East 8th. St. 9-8046.

★ **DICKENS ROOM.** Take one piano; add some old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens characters wandering around, and murals. 20 East Ninth. St. 9-8969.

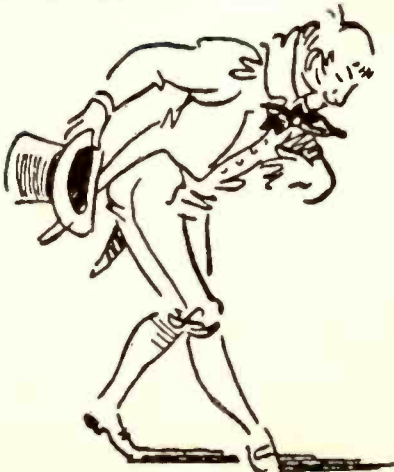
★ **GRIPSHOLM.** Fine Swedish food. Smorgasboard, dessert and coffee, \$1.50. Regular dinner, \$1.75. 324 E. 57th. El. 5-8476.

★ **HAMPSHIRE HOUSE.** Fine cuisine in old English setting. Dinner, \$2 up. 150 Central Park S. Ci. 6-7700.

★ **JACK DEMPSEY'S.** The old Manassa Mauler turns food and drink purveyor. Excellent food and surroundings draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49th. Co. 5-7875.

★ **JUMBLE SHOP.** A big dining room and cozy bar with interesting paintings. Popular with the Villagers for many years. 28 West 8th. Sp. 7-2540.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** A room with a view—Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. 5th Ave. at 59th. Vo. 5-2800.



★ **LITTLE SHRIMP.** A new seafood house; charcoal broiled fish, steaks, chops. Luncheon, 75 cents up. 226 W. 23rd. Wa. 9-9093.

★ **LUCHOW'S.** A cornerstone of good food since 1882. Orchestra music from 7-10. Closed Mondays. 110 E. 14th. Gr. 7-4860.

★ **TOOTS SHOR'S.** Luncheon and dinner; entrees from \$1.60, chicken or duck, roast beef or steak. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ **ZUCCA'S.** Good Italian fare in a spacious dining room and bar. A la carte in Venetian and Garden Rooms. 118 W. 49th. Br. 9-5111.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ **ANNA LUCASTA** (Mansfield, 47, West. Ci. 6-9056). Sensational drama (definitely not for the whole family), beautifully played by an all negro cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **A BELL FOR ADANO.** (Cort, 48, West. Br. 09-046). This dramatization of a Hersey novel makes an excellent, moving play about Allied occupation of Italy. Starring Frederick March. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DARK OF THE MOON.** (46th Street Theater, 46, West. Ci. 6075). A musical drama based on the Barbara Allen folk song, about a witch boy who loved a Smoky Mountain gal. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Henry Miller, 43, East. Br. 9-3970). Bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs name of older sister. Stars Lenore Lonergan; directed by Moss Hart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **ON THE TOWN.** (Martin Beck, 45, West. Ci. 6-6363). One of the year's best revues, with comedy, dancing and song. Bernstein music; Jerome Robbins choreography. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ **THE GLASS MENAGERIE.** (Playhouse, 48, East. Br. 9-3565). A moving and beautiful play from a new, young author, Tennessee Williams. This marks the return to stage of probably America's greatest actress, Laurette Taylor. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street Theater, 48, East. Br. 9-4566). Delightful comedy fantasy, bubbling over with chuckles. About a genial boozehound and his six-foot invisible rabbit. A Pulitzer prizier. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA.** (Music Box, 45, West. Ci. 6-4636). Irresistible, alternately hilariously funny and tenderly touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.** (Lyceum, 45, East. Ch. 4256). George Kauffman's dramatization of the book by J. P. Marquand, with Leo Carroll. He's tremendous! Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Empire, Broadway at 40. Pe. 6-9540). Immensely amusing dramatization of Clarence Day's book, particularly about how father got baptized. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45, West. Ci. 6-6230). John Van Druten's gay, witty, but amoral romantic comedy about a soldier on leave in Gotham, and two girls. A wonderful cast of three: Martha Scott of Kansas City, Elliott Nugent and Vici Cummings. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

Musicals

★ **BLOOMER GIRL.** (Shubert, 44, West. Ci. 6-5990). Charming musical whipped up around women's vote fight and the Civil War, with Nan Fabray and Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic, 44, West. Ci. 6-0730). A Theatre Guild production in the "Oklahoma" manner. Musical play based on "Lilliom," set in New England in 1870. This is the one in which June Gasts out all over. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FOLLOW THE GIRLS.** (Broadhurst, 44, West. Ci. 6-6699). Gertrude Neisen and a lot of sailors. Cheerful, loud and entertaining. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HATS OFF TO ICE.** (Center Theatre, 6th Ave. at 49th. Co. 5-5474). Filled with stars on ice, ballets, pageants and comics for all. Dozens of headliners including Carol Lynn. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday 3 p.m.

★ **MARINKA.** (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50. Ci. 7-5161). A musical comedy version of Mayerling, with a happy ending. Lavish costuming and sets, and starring Kansas City's Harry Stockwell. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James, 44, West. La. 4-4664). The musical version of "Green Grows the Lilacs," produced by the Theatre Guild with music by Rogers and Hammerstein II. It's just as wonderful as everyone says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Imperial, 45, West. Co. 5-2412). Colorful, tuneful and elaborate, based on the life of Edvard Grieg, with Grieg music. Nightly Sunday except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **UP IN CENTRAL PARK.** (Broadway, Broadway at 53. Ci. 7-2887). Lively and entertaining musical more in the operetta than comedy vein, with Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon and Noah Beery, Sr. Some beautiful sets and nice dancing. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

IN SPIE OF EVERYTHING

SARAH BERNHARDT had a motto that is worthy of wide adoption, especially in these times. It was this, "In Spite of Everything." Even after an amputation of one of her legs she kept on as an actress.

Herbert Casson in *The Efficiency Magazine*, published in London, England, tells of another woman who has the same unconquerable spirit. In fact, she has out-done Sarah. Although she lost both legs in an air raid, she is now working a handpress in a war-work factory.

Paul Speicher, writing in *Southland Life*, tells what happens to men who refuse to be stopped:

"Cripple him and you have a Sir Walter Scott.

"Put him in prison and you have a John Bunyan.

"Bury him in the snows of Valley Forge and you have a George Washington.

"Have him born in abject poverty and you have a Lincoln.

"Load him with bitter racial prejudice and you have a Disraeli.

"Afflict him with asthma until as a boy he lies choking in his father's arms and you have a Theodore Roosevelt.

"Stab him with rheumatic pains until for years he cannot sleep without an opiate and you have a Steinmetz.

"Put him in the grease pit of a locomotive roundhouse and you have a Walter P. Chrysler.

"Make him second fiddle in an obscure South American orchestra and you have a Toscanini."

The list could be continued indefinitely. History rests on the shoulders of those who accepted the challenge of difficulties and drove through to victory, "In spite of everything."

—From *Friendly Adventure*.

GOOD TOOLS...

by GEORGE S. BENSON

President Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas

MEN used to harvest wheat with a thing called a cradle. A cradle is a museum piece now, most able-bodied farmers never saw one. It is a scythe (blade like Father Time carries) with a wooden frame attached to catch the straws as they fall, so the workman can lay them straight for bundling. Even I can remember seeing farmers cradle patches too small for manuevering a reaper.

Swinging a cradle is hard work. There is almost none of it done these days. But farmers didn't quit using the device for that reason. They still find plenty of hard work to do. The cradle was cast aside because it was inefficient, extravagant. It used to take the profit out of a wheat crop to pay enough men \$1 a day to harvest it. But Mr. McCormick's reaper changed all that.

Some people complained for a while about farm machinery putting men out of work but that's not what happened. No machine can do a man's work. Machines serve men, help them earn more by helping them do a bigger day's work. Today one farmer with good tools produces as much as 30 farmers did 100 years ago. In those days two-thirds of America's labor worked on farms; now only 18 per cent, and these can overproduce.

Machinery, American inventiveness, helps working people. There is no hocus-pocus about it. No straight-thinking person needs any high-brow economist to help him read these three sign-posts: (1) In the long run, people get paid for what they produce. (2) With good tools, which call for investment, they can produce more. (3) Investments in machinery raise the workers' wages.

It's a fact that employers who work men on purely mechanical jobs are always faced with a three-cornered problem—men, money and machinery. They can hire a man's body for wages or buy machines that will do the same work without getting tired. If interest and deprecia-

tion for the machine are less per year than the man's wages, the employer is likely to buy the machine.

Being replaced by a machine may sting some satisfied laborer's pride but he is soon benefited by learning to manage cold steel rather than compete with it. That is the very first lesson, the A-B-C of American prosperity built on intelligent work; volume production, low in cost and good. Nowhere else on earth can the man who swings a sledge enjoy his own automobile and bathtub.

Wages for men are figured by the hour; depreciation on machines by the year. The result is interesting: If two men work eight hours apiece and keep one machine running 16 hours a day, the owner thus doubles his output but does not double his cost. So the owner's margin per unit of sale is wider and he can lower his price without cutting the quality. Result: Wages up, prices down.

Workmen's wages go up with production but that same volume is what lowers the cost of everything the workman needs to make his home as comfortable (his life as abundant) as that of his employer or anybody else. But volume production requires investment in good tools and training for men to use them. When investments are unsafe in America we may well start rehearsing with grandpa's cradle.



PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for food

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** People who are going places, literally, travel by air. At breakfast, lunch or dinnertime, between hops, you will find these alert people at the Municipal airport restaurant. And while there, be sure to take a look around at the pretty murals, put there by Gertrude Freyman and designed by Earl Altaire. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** Come all ye cowhands for a roundup of fine food in one of Kansas City's most unusual eating corrals. Note the famous ranch brands depicted on the east wall map, while you surround a cowhand-size hamburger or a steak. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **EL NOPAL.** A small and snugly little place offering a pleasant variety of torrid Mexican dishes, chili, tamales, jumping beans and tortillas. And we recommend what they call the "combination". Hours are from 6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. Open Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. Across from Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** The only seafood house in town; exclusively for connoisseurs of the best in deep sea delicacies. Open 10 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Scarritt Arcade. 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD.** South-of-the-border atmosphere and food, of the type and variety that would bring Pancho Villa back to life. On the Plaza. 618 West 48th. VA. 9611.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Distinguished for many reasons including good service, good food and pleasant hostesses. Entrance from 12th street or the Muehlebach lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **GREEN PARROT INN.** As long as there are chickens and big, steel frying pans to prepare them in, you may expect chicken—and all the trimmings—at its best at Mrs. Dowd's lovely inn. Better have reservations. Closed Mondays. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ **JOY'S GRILL.** (Formerly known as Jan's.) Eddie Cross would hate to see you go out of there hungry, and he is always ready to do something about just such an exigency. Open all night. Closed Tuesdays. Country Club Plaza. 609 W. 48th. VA. 9331.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Delicious Chinese and American food served by Don Toy in a spacious upstairs restaurant overlooking Main street. Luncheon and dinner. 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ **MARTIN'S.** "Chicken in the Rough." A platter full of southern fried chicken for a modest stipend. Lots of dining rooms, a cafeteria and two bars in this mammoth establishment. On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Duncan Hines stopped in one evening, and immediately sat down and wrote all the nice things about this place in his book on good eating. Closed Mondays. Plaza Theatre building. 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A pleasant eating place within handshake distance of the Union Station. Duncan Hines smiles on this place, too. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** An "about-town" room, cozy and congenial, and just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Alberta Bird at the Novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **TIFFIN ROOM.** A convenient, attractive luncheon (only) oasis in downtown Kansas City. On the second floor of Wolferman's Walnut street store. Excellent food of unusual variety and probably the richest pies in town. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals that attract even those who ordinarily prefer steaks. Cafeteria style, neatly managed by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher style cooking in a great variety, and reasonable prices. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** Savory service station for those who wish to fill their tummies rather than their gas tanks. Just flash your lights for service, or you may go inside.

For food and a drink

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** Martin Weiss is all over the place welcoming the folks who come back day after day, and for good reason! The ultimate in good food and service. Go early unless you have time to wait in line. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** "Black Light" boogie woogie piano music beat out by Josh Johnson before an arrangement of mirrors which makes

the music as fascinating to watch as to hear. Luncheon, dinner, afternoon snacks. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** A cozy, informal cocktail lounge and dining room with the quiet pleasantness enhanced by the rhythms of Alma Hatten at the Hammond organ. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A pleasant combination of good service, congeniality and music, with the latter served up by pretty Pauline Neece. Piano interludes from 6:30 until 1:00. George Gust has charge of the kitchen and food is prepared by Jaclin, an experienced chef who is as French as his name.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Miles of spaghetti dished up daily (except Sunday) by Signora Teresa. To that you may add meatballs, mushrooms, chicken or what-not; or you may prefer steaks or chops prepared by Elbert Oliver. Open 4 p. m. til midnight. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** Congenial Ralph Fuller has people coming to this fascinating place. Yvonne Morgan at the Novachord; and you'll enjoy the classical pianistics of Willy Ganz. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Luncheon and dinner for business and professional people roundabout. Ken Prater features a fine menu and keeps open a jovial and husy place. No breakfast or dinner. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MISSOURI HOTEL BAR.** What was once the lobby of a famous hotel is now a big dine-and-drinkin' room festooned to the rafters with taxidermy. Buffaloes and moose, sailfish and squires look down at your barbecued ribs. Gus Fitch, who used to float silently about the Rendezvous, now owns the Missouri, in partnership with his brother. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** The bar is in front, dining room in back. You can ask for your steaks above a whisper and get 'em, too. Probably the tastiest salad dressing in town. Across from the Pickwick Bus Station, 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ **PICADILLY ROOM.** An attractive blue room downstairs from the bus station. Announcers not actually at the mike at KMBC may be paged there. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Excellent food chimes with chopsticks of the clattering maples in the city's finest howling emporium. And should you care for a topper the cocktail lounge adjoins. Comfy, congenial and air conditioned. 430 Alameda Road, on the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** A place that never has more than two chairs empty at a time. There's always a crowd of Plaza cliff dwellers there to laugh, quaff, and listen to the music of charming Mary Dale. Graphology for fun by Kay Van Lee.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** Comfortable room of no definite shape; but offering booths, tables and bar stools for your comfort; piano melodies by Martha Dooley for easy listening; and dinner or drinks or both. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel, Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL.** Popular morning, noon and night because of filling, tastily-prepared food. The downstairs grill is an ideal place to sit, sip and coast along for an hour or two.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Crowded from the time the door opens until closing, but people seem to like it that way—and the marvelous food! If they made the place any bigger it would be less chummy—and far less fun! 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Dim and dignified, with excellent food and drinks. Lohsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a.m. til midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Noisy, neighborly place where the chief attraction is a pretty gal at the piano who plays loud hoogie and sings rowdy songs in the biggest, deepest voice this side of Lauren Bacall. The name is Jeannie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **VERDI'S RESTAURANT.** Italian foods in a slightly medieval setting, a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour (just off Troost). VA. 9388.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Time flits by between trains if that time is spent in the colorful Westport room at the Union station. And most of the people come here not to wait for trains at all. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A mite of a place hut big in hospitality. Two drinks for the price of one between 3 and 5 p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** If you're scouting around for company, either sex, you're sure to find it here. Just a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **EL BOLERO.** Marguerite Clarke continues to crowd 'em around her piano keyboard. Liquors and service are good too. 3650 Broadway, Ambassador Hotel. VA. 5040.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Bill Caldwell entertains at the piano and around the walls the Tentmaker still advances his philosophy of the grape. You get into this room from the street, from the lobby or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Big in hospitality but small in size, featuring ancient flickers of the Charles Ray era. Pink elephants parade around the walls. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** One of the prettiest cocktail lounges in town, with Mary Jean Miller at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 til 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Jolly Jane Jones, who broke her arm recently, with Charley Thorpe at the piano. Joaquin and Diane, specialists on Latin-

American tunes, are also featured these cool fall evenings in this snuggly little hideaway at the Hotel Bellerive.

With Dancing

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Judy Conrad and His Beguine Rhythms—one of the most popular attractions ever to appear in the Crown Room. Billy Snider, diminutive trumpeter, is deservedly featured. You'll find the Glass Bar on beyond the dancing area. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** Kansas City jazz in the traditional manner played by the Herman Walder trio and listened to by most of the local connoisseurs in that art. 5 West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Jimmy Tucker and his Society Orchestra are rounding out an extended engagement. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **ED-BERN'S** at the Colony Restaurant. Music in the air to augment delicious foods. Luncheon dinner and after-theater snacks with music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Harl Smith and His Orchestra are back at this glamour spot. In October comes Sammy Welsh and Professor Backwardly, NBC comic, best described by his name. Cover, except at the bar, weekdays, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Dinner from \$1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30-4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Noisy, amiable place where lots of people dance to Julia Lee's music and

the rest of them just sit and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Tommy Flynn, vocalist, violinist, and his orchestra are the welcome occupation forces of this low-ceilinged dining room. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SKY-HI ROOF.** Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights the roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table; no set-ups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suave atmosphere and music, with Dee Peterson and his music. It's like being outdoors near a Southern mansion—dining and dancing on the lawn. No bar; mixed drinks served at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Lannie McIntyre is more than upholding the tradition of top-flight musical attractions at one of the town's most popular hop and sip spots. He will be here at least until the middle of October. Music at luncheon; dancing at dinner and supper. No cover or minimum. For reservations give Gordon a ring. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A fifteen minute ride, from downtown out to 79th and Wornall, will introduce you to the famous composer of "Between 18th and 19th on Chestnut Street," Dale Jones, and his Hollywood orchestra. Food, drinks and dancing until something like four in the morning. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A cozy and inviting cocktail lounge just off Main with a juke box grinding out the latest platters. No eats, just drinks. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

PICTURES EXPECTED IN OCTOBER • KANSAS CITY

LOEW'S MIDLAND

OVER TWENTY-ONE—Ruth Gordon's stage hit done up in a celluloid package. More than adequately played by Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox and Charles Coburn.

TEN CENTS A DANCE—(companion picture)—Of local interest to Kansas Citians because of home town boys Jimmy Lloyd and Robert Scott who are in the picture.

BEWITCHED—Schizophrenia de luxe, with murder apparently furnished by Phyllis Thaxter. Radio's Arch Oboler is responsible for this rather outstanding psychological study.

TWICE BLESSED — (companion picture)—Twice as much love and laughter in a romantic comedy with twins Lee and Lynn Wilde. Preston Foster and Gail Patrick come along, too, as well as the "Tico-Tico" girl, Ethel Smith.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—(previously scheduled for September)—Farm life as you read it in the best-selling novel. Edward G. Robinson, Margaret O'Brien and Butch Jenkins. (Remember Butch in **THE HUMAN COMEDY**?)

THE HIDDEN EYE—(companion picture)—The seeing-eye dog invades the detective story realm. Edward Arnold and Frances Rafferty.

THE SOUTHERNER—A minor-league Tobacco Road, dry-cleaned by what used to be the Days office. Zachary Scott and Betty Field play the below-the-Mason-and-Dixon-Line stars.

NAUGHTY MARIETTA—(revival, companion picture)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy singing, adventuring and romancing in a film that's just as good now as the day it was made.

WEEKEND AT THE WALDORF—(tentative)—Lana Turner, Van Johnson, Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon in a not-quite-eternal quadrangle. Robert Benchley and Xavier Cugat are in this, too—and we guarantee you'll enjoy it

if you liked "Grande Hotel". The Waldorf, incidentally, never looked better.

RKO ORPHEUM

BACK TO BATAAN—John Wayne as an American colonel who leads Filipino guerrillas against the Japs, from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the Yank landing on Leyte. Good, strong story, played with admirable restraint, and well photographed. Authentic and exciting. Anthony Quinn and Fely Franquelli make a nice romantic team.

CHRISTMAS IN CONNECTICUT—All about a cooking page editor who can't cook, a petty officer who likes his food, and some romance thrown in for good measure. Barbara Stanwyck, Dennis Morgan, and Sidney Greenstreet.

FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—Tom Conway does the Falcon for the umpteenth time in his own inimitable way. We still love that man.

SPANISH MAIN—Gorgeous costumes, gorgeous technicolor, and gorgeous Maureen O'Hara and Paul Henreid—all in one show!

RADIO STARS ON PARADE—(companion picture)—Joan Davis and Jack Haley do the same wacky things on the screen that they've been doing in radio for the past couple of years.

THE FOLLY

A girl show interrupted now and then by gag routines, familiar but funny.

TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werner. On the screen—double features designed solely for entertainment. You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery Night". Such dear madness—someone always wins.

THE THREE THEATRES *Uptown, Esquire and Fairway*

NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE—The woods are full of 'em. Revival of the comedy-drama that came out about five years ago, in technicolor. With Gary Cooper, Madeline Carroll, Paulette Goddard and Preston Foster.

LADY ON A TRAIN—Deanna Durbin sings, sleuths, romances and looks mighty pretty as a blonde. A mystery story with suspense all over the place.

THE HOUSE ON 92nd STREET—Authentic thriller telling the real story of important FBI activities during the war. Story behind the making of the film almost as exciting as the film itself. None of the actors, including William Eythe, Lloyd Nolan, Signee Hasso, and Jane Lockhart, knew what the picture was all about even while it was shooting. Each scene was separate unto itself, and only the FBI knew how tense and significant it was. See it.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Another stage hit gone Hollywood. Dennis O'Keefe, June Havoc, Gail Patrick, Mischa Auer, Rochester, and a few others keep you rolling in the aisles.

NEWMAN

PRIDE OF THE MARINES—Poignant yarn about a young marine who was blinded in battle, and the ensuing problems of readjustment to normal living. John Garfield, Eleanor Parker.

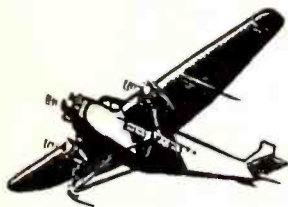
DUFFY'S TAVERN—(previously scheduled for September)—The radio show embellished with a whole crowd of Paramount stars. Lots of fun and a chance to see stars by the dozen.



Swing Around

LIKE FATHER—LIKE HECK!

Charles Nutter, manager of the overwhelming and important Kansas City bureau of the Associated Press, took his little family out to Grandview (Kansas City's suburban upland airport) a couple Sundays ago to see President Truman off on his return trip to Washington. Charley's AP men were covering the event like a blanket and there was nothing for the boss to do but join the couple hundred roped-off spectators and watch.



While Charley and Eleanor were looking over the crowd, their eight-year-old son, Charles junior, whom pop was supposed to be shepherding, slipped away from the family circle and joined President Truman chatting with friends beside the big plane.

"Look! Look!" exclaimed Jamie, the Nutter's eight-year-old son . . . "look where Baby is" . . . (the family affectionately calls the little guy "Baby").

And sure enough, there was "Baby" chinning with the husband of the first lady of the land.

The Nutters crept close enough to hear this conversation:

President Truman: "Hello there young man, what's your name?"

Baby: "My name is Charles Nutter and I am glad to meet you, Mr. President."

President Truman: "Well, let's see, your father is a newspaper man here, isn't he?"

Baby (pointing towards Kansas City): "No, Mr. President, not here . . . OVER IN KANSAS CITY."

The other day one of Kansas City's top executives sat in conference with the national sales manager, vice-president, experts on this and that and some pretty important people in general.

"Let's see now, Joe, on a national scale we could produce two million and——"

(Brrrrrriiiiinnnnnnng) The telephone on his desk clanged ruthlessly. The conversation went like this:

"Yes . . . Yes . . . What's that again? . . . Curtain stretchers . . . you mean you want me to drag home a set of curtain stretchers . . . But my dear, how would that look, those poles sticking out of the car, but . . . yes . . . yesssss . . . yes . . . oh, yes. G'bye dear."

The executive planted the phone with a loud clunk.

"That was my dearest."

(And nobody dared snicker a snicker.)

HEY YOU—SCRAM!

It was fun watching the Kansas City Blues play tag with seven other American association clubs this past season, even though they did manage to catch only one, Columbus. But even more gleeful was watching the ushers shoo kids out of the high priced seats. Like the pestiferous fly that climbs through a small hole in the screen and spirals around your breakfast waffle, those kids got into the box seats somehow. And just as sure, prompted by a duty bound obsession, the ushers put the skids to the kids. It was as much fun watching those little incidents as it was to calculate the frequent trips Kay-C Stengel made to the plate to snap at Umpire Mullen . . . who was having a bad, bad evening.

THE INDISPENSABLE MAN . . .

Which brings to mind the story of a newspaper man who foresook the home pastures up north, for longer grass down south. The Wisconsin scribe came to Kansas City knowing full well he would be missed at the newspaper mill in Wisconsin.

Did the paper suspend publication because he quit and went south? Did the employes all go out on strike until the boss hired him back at five times his old salary? Did the townspeople cancel their subscriptions? No, none of these.

All that did happen was that the boss was able to cut five strokes off her golf game. No questions, please, and no further comment.



PROOF OF THE PUDDING . . .

The other day a woman that one of the people we know knows went into a Crown Drug store out on Main to buy a cathartic. "Sorry, madam," the apothecary's assistant said, "we haven't the medicine you ask for, but we have something better." He pulled down a bottle from the shelf. "This is twice as good for you," he said brightly, "and much much better to take. Why, it's just like marshmallow syrup!" (The lady said it did look it.) "Why," added the clerk with perfect conviction, "you can even use it to make a marshmallow sundae!" And being a good salesman who believes in his wares, he whipped out a spoon and helped himself to a generous sample.

A few days ago Miss Clara Ellis rocked on her front porch at 4400 Wornall road, ruminating happily on the fact that it was her birthday and soon the mailman would be by with a whole stack of greeting cards. It always happened that way on her birthday.

A few minutes later the mailman did come. He walked by with a "Good morning, Miss Ellis," but left nothing in the mailbox.

Disheartened, Miss Ellis went into the house, deeply saddened that all of her friends had either forgotten, or neglected, when—the telephone rang . . .

"Is this Miss Clara Ellis?" said the voice on the phone, "and is this your birthday?"

"Yes," replied the excited celebrant.

"Well," the voice went on. It seems that the mailman left a whole stack of your mail here by mistake . . . This is Saint Luke's hospital."

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

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The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX July-Aug. '45	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 5 A. M.—12 Noon	21.0	26.5	24.5	11.1	10.4	4.8
WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P. M.	17.8	25.3	29.4	15.3	9.0	1.7
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P. M.	18.6	34.3	23.3	11.4	9.0	2.9
SATURDAY DAYTIME 1 A. M.—6 P. M.	21.9	33.1	20.8	15.8	6.0	1.4



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