

# Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

JUNE, 1946

25c





**ADD-DRESSES**—Mrs. James A. Reed, widow of the late Missouri Senator, told the Mutual radio audience that the “unrealistic attitude of OPA is responsible for the present dearth of women’s dresses.” Mrs. Reed, a notionally known dress manufacturer and creator of the “Nelly Dan” lines, directed her remarks at Chester A. Bowles who had spoken over another network a short time before. Bowles said the shortage would be eased in July; Mrs. Reed replied that July would find no more dresses available than now. Mrs. Reed recently caught attention at the notion by stoging a dress show in the Senate.

**SWEET AD-O-LINE**—Worming up for national competition in St. Louis, is the “Four Leaf Clover” quartette. Left to right, Roy Ryan, Earl Mustard, Joe Fehrenboch and Dick McVay. They are members of the K. C. chapter of the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartette Singing in America.



**HEADACHE HEARING**—Problems of management were discussed by business leaders of a forum meeting in the Hotel President, broadcast by WHB. Left to right, E. B. Chopmon, Topeka State Journal; Rex Newman, Joplin Globe; W. T. Grant, Business Men’s Assurance Association; Ira Mosher, Russell-Harrington Cutlery; M. G. Ensinger, Union Wire Rope; E. W. Phelps, Swift and Company, and Warren Whitney, National Cast Iron Pipe Company.



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JETTA CARLETON	Editor
DAVID W. HODGINS	Managing Editor
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS	Publisher
TOM COLLINS	Humor
NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN	Chicago Editor
LUCIE INGRAM	New York Editor
JOHN T. SCHILLING	Circulation Manager
PHOTOGRAPHY: Harold Hahn, Brooks Crummett, Ray Farnan, Norm Hobart, Louise Putnam.	
ART: James Gantt, Art Director; Betty Schultheis, Marge Estes, Jane Edmiston, Flaucy Pearson, Mignon Beyer, Don Flowers, H. Lindsey.	

THERE have been, since the Christian reckoning of time, exactly one thousand, nine hundred and forty-five Junes, up till now. And here comes another one, none the worse for wear, and not one shade less wonderful because it has happened before. In many ways, June is a state of mind. It may happen to you in the middle of winter, for all we know, or toward the end of September. But mostly it comes around between May and July—whether you're looking for it or not. Even if you didn't look at the calendar, you'd know it by its ancient, reliable signs: by the sound of Lohengrin, by roses singing on the fence like music written in reds and pinks upon a staff of wire, and by the miraculous gradual widening of the bright world.

Not that the pretty month doesn't have its solemn note. Running counterpoint to "I Love You Truly" is the inevitable theme of doom, compounded of greed and fear, the mumble of ancestral voices prophesying war, punctuated by the rumble of old battle drums. The month of rice and roses finds the world in a condition not exactly rosy. And the rice that should bless the wedding must fill the empty bowls of starving countries. This year when the young Laufals ride forth, they will find their poor lepers multiplied millions of times. And not one of us is guiltless of these beggars. More reason, then, that we should share our crust, and our caviar. And reason, too, to share our laughter if we have it still, and any exultation that comes with a joyous season. For it is a joyous season, essentially, by tradition and by weather. Because we creatures love the sun and the gentle warmth of late spring. We expand in it, mellow, and grow kind. Winter is a thing that never was on land or sea. It's as if you had folded it away like a woolen blanket. And if the moths consume it, you'll never care. Summer is icumen in—lude sing, and a couple hullabaloo!

*Jetta*  
Editor



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# JUNE'S HEAVY DATES

## In Kansas City

### DANCING

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)

June 1, Griff Williams. June 2, Chuck Hall. June 5, 6, 8, 9, 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 20, 22, Kenny Jackson. June 26, 27, 30, Lee Williams. June 29, Eddie Howard. Tuesday and Friday nights, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.

### ROD AND REEL

Lake of the Ozarks. For list of 112 resorts write Lake of the Ozarks Association, Box 31, Gravois Mills, Mo.

Lake Venita. 35 miles East of Kansas City on U. S. 40. No closed season. Open now. Bass, Crappies, Bluegills, Catfish.

Lake Remote. One mile north of Smithville race track on Hiway F. No license required. \$1 per automobile.

Allendale Lakes. Good fishing. 25 miles from downtown Kansas City. Following Highway 71 by-pass South to sign.

Pertle Springs Lakes. Fine bass, Crappie and Bluegill fishing. One hour from K. C. on 50. Warrensburg, Mo.

Lake Taneycomo. Fine Bass, Channel Cat, Crappie, Jack Salmon fishing. Write Bud Brown, Box 100, Branson, Mo.

Tonganoxie State Lake. Largest Bass, Crappie and Blue Gill fishing. Within one hour of Kansas City, West.

Bean Lake, Keene's Camp. The fish are really biting. Only 40 miles north of Kansas City on Hiway 45, Rushville, Mo.



### CONVENTIONS

June 3-6, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Muehlebach.

June 6, Missouri Automobile Dealers Association, President.

June 7, Federation of Republican Women's Clubs of Missouri, Muehlebach.

June 9, Kansas City Kennel Club Dog Show, ing, 26th and McGee.

June 10, Sunflower Kennel Club Dog Show.

June 9-11, Missouri Lions Clubs, Dist. 26, Muehlebach.

June 12-14, Missouri Pharmaceutical Association, President.

June 15, Southwest Federation of Cosmopolitan Clubs, Muehlebach.

June 16-18, Cosmopolitan International, Muehlebach.

June 21-23, Veterans of 13th Railway Engineers, President.

### THEATRE

June 10, 11, 12, 13. "Merry Wives of Windsor," with Charles Coburn. A. & N. attraction. Music Hall.

### GRADUATION

Arena, Municipal Auditorium  
June 3, Central High.  
June 5, Manual.  
June 6, Southwest, Northeast.  
June 7, Paseo, Southeast.

Music Hall.  
June 4, East High.  
University of Kansas City, Sunday, June 2.  
Rockhurst College, Friday, May 31, Mason-Halpin Fieldhouse.

### MUSIC

Concerts held regularly in Loose Park on Sunday nights.  
June 9, Cochran Music Co. recital, Music Hall, Municipal auditorium.

### WRESTLING, BOXING

June 11, Arena, professional wrestling sponsored by Sports, Inc.

June 18, Arena, professional wrestling sponsored by Sports, Inc.

June 25, Arena, professional boxing.

### ART

Kansas City Art Institute:  
Summer school starts June 17.  
Summer art show, including best works of the year on display during June, July and August. William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art:

Masterpiece of the Month: "Portrait of a Man and His Wife," by Bartel Bruyn, 1558.

Summer classes for children, 7-16 Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, June 18 through July 27.

Loan Galleries: "A Woman With Pearls," LaTausca.

Nelson Art Collection paintings by Burnett Shryock.

Ceramics Room: 18th and 19th Century English pottery from the Burnap Collection.

Print Rooms: Old Master Prints from the Permanent Collection.

### BASEBALL

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

June 1, 2, Louisville.  
3, 4, 5, Toledo.  
6, 7, Indianapolis.  
8, 9, Columbus.  
22, 23, 24, Minneapolis  
25, 26, 27, St. Paul.



# LET'S GO *Fishing!*

*How about a Swing up through Wisconsin and Upper Michigan? Here are some inside tips!*

by D. W. HODGINS



**K**OSHKONONG, Winnebago, Waupaca, Ontonagon, Escanaba, Minocqua, Tomahawk?

What is this, injun double talk?

Well, how about Shawano, Weyauwega, Menominee, Eau Claire and Eagle River?

No, brethern and sistern, these are famous summer playgrounds in the heart of America's most colorful country, the Wisconsin-Upper Michigan vacation land.

It is the land of the sky blue waters where rustic highways arched by stately forests wind through mirrored lakes; where nimble deer bound across the road in front of your car; where lakes are so numerous that there has never been an accurate count of them.

Would you like to do your camp shopping in a small city of ten or fifteen thousand—where 90 per cent of the people are dressed in slacks, shorts and other vacation attire? Would you like to walk into a spotless dairy and say, off-handed like, "ten pounds of butter, and pack it in ice to take back to Kansas City, please."

Okay then, how about 50 or 60 nice perch, blue gills or crappies in

one evening of fishing, and having an open air fish fry in the back yard of your cabin, topped off with some genuine Wisconsin brew?

Wisconsin and Michigan resort owners realize that when a person takes a vacation, he wants it to be a vacation, that is not tied down by restrictions with which he has to contend the year around back home.

For example, slot machines and pay-off pinball machines are just as much against the law in Michigan and Wisconsin as they are in Missouri. However, during the tourist season it is not hard to find anything you want along those lines, from the really big games in the swank resorts of the far north, down to the small roadhouses in the woods at thousands of crossroads.

However, drunken driving will get a man into serious trouble as quickly as anything can. Wisconsin peace officers realize that if people come up there and get killed, it will eventually kill off business. Some of the small towns in Upper Michigan and Northern Wisconsin depend entirely on the tourist trade. Surrounded by

forests and lakes, agriculture is impossible. Naturally, they must make vacation hay while the sun shines.

Prices in this vacation-land are high but not exorbitant. Food is generally cheaper than it is here, and the average cottage weekly rental, on a good lake with boats and fishing accommodations furnished, usually runs no more than \$35 a week.

However, if you want to go to King's Gateway, at Land o' Lakes, on the Wisconsin-Michigan border, you can splurge. This place is a vacation city within itself. It has an airport with 4,500-foot runways, a large hotel, 18-hole golf course and every vacation accommodation you desire. You can spend a lot, or you can get by within reason. It's your money.

Wisconsin-Michigan vacations may be had for almost any amount of money you want to spend, and you can get there by train, plane or automobile.

Oconomowoc, Lake Geneva, Lake Koshkonong and some of the classier resorts in the southern part of Wisconsin are more expensive than up north. Moderately priced are such regions as Lake Winnebago, Lake Poygan, Shawano Lake, Pickerel Lake, Three Lakes, Tomahawk, Wausau, Rhinelander, and the Chain o' Lakes at Waupaca. Minocqua and Eagle River run into just a little more money.

Wisconsin resorts may be reached by automobile and are about 650 miles northeast of Kansas City. The



best driving route is through Des Moines, Marshalltown and Dubuque, Iowa, into southeastern Wisconsin.

Rail connections are good, too. For example, there's the Southwest Limited on the Milwaukee road leaving Kansas City daily at 7:10 p.m., arriving in Milwaukee at 9:45 p.m. From there you can take the Northwestern, Milwaukee Road or Soo Line to any point in Wisconsin or Upper Michigan.

The Flambeau on the Northwestern runs from Chicago to Eagle River daily, and return. It is a non-reservation, daylight train, through Fond du Lac, Appleton, Green Bay, Shawano, Antigo, Three Lakes and Eagle River. The Milwaukee Road runs two streamliners, the Chippewa and the Hiawatha west, northwest, and into the Upper Peninsula.

Plane connections to Chicago may be negotiated on Braniff or TWA, while another good bet is Mid-Continent to Rochester, Minn., and Northwest to Milwaukee or Madison. For example, you can leave K. C. at 6:30 in the evening and be in Madison before midnight.

Connections at Chicago may be made with Wisconsin Central Airlines, a network of passenger lines deep into the resort country. A two and a half-hour trip from K. C. to Chicago, and from two to three hours on Wisconsin Central, and there you are. For reservations on this line write to Wisconsin Central Airlines, Clintonville, Wisconsin.

A Wisconsin-Michigan vacation

should cost a family of four no more than \$250 by automobile. However by rail or plane it might go higher.

Lining up a trip to the north country from this distance is always a problem, and writing to Chamber of Commerce officials usually does not bring desired results. They will send you travel folders which will net you no more information than you already have.

The best way is to write to the newspapers which publish special vacation editions; and all of them in the resort country do that every year! Better enclose a 50-cent piece and ask for their vacation edition. Here is a list of papers where you might write: Appleton Post Crescent, Appleton, Wisconsin; Wausau Record-Herald, Wausau, Wisconsin; Merrill Daily Herald, Merrill, Wisconsin; Shawano Evening Leader, Shawano, Wisconsin; Vilas County Times,

Eagle River, Wisconsin; Marquette Daily Times; Marquette, Michigan; Escanaba Daily Journal, Escanaba, Michigan; Rhinelander News, Rhinelander, Wisconsin, and the Antigo Daily Journal, Antigo, Wisconsin.

Another good shot is to write to the Milwaukee Journal Travel Bureau, 4th and State, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and ask for vacation folder on Wisconsin and Michigan, and a Sunday edition of the Journal. When you get the newspaper, turn to the classified section and you'll have a wide selection of where to go and whom to contact.

Your poorest bet is to start out from home "cold," trusting to luck that a nice cabin on a lake full of fish awaits you at the end of the long journey. If you insist on doing it that way, don't be surprised to find yourself sleeping in some farmer's haystack.



A young widow commissioned a monument cutter to inscribe on her husband's tombstone: "My Sorrow Is More Than I Can Bear."

Before the work was finished the widow married again, and the cutter asked her if she still wanted the inscription.

"Yes," she answered, "but I want the word 'Alone,' added."

One thing about hell—it's the only institution still mentioned without a prefixed "pro" or "anti."

With history piling up so fast, practically any day now is a first or second anniversary of something awful.

Here is an idea of Chinese psychology. "Why don't you oil that squeak in your wheelbarrow?" a coolie was asked. His answer: "The squeak is cheaper than the oil."



*"He promised me a mink coat"*



*If you want to get hep to this slanguage, bone up on the wit parade . . . Be a solid sender!*

by JOHN QUINN

## APOSTLE OF *Jabberwocky*

**H** OPE your birthday's just perf! Geetchie, cagey, snazzy, sharp, that is, I mean. Rooty, tooty, reet, terrif, hope it's simply keen! But def, I mean.

Well, wind me up and call me cranky. What kind of jabber is that? And from one so young? What's he talking about?

No, your ears didn't deceive you. Yes, you did hear it from that slick chick next door, or able gable in the corner casbah—to translate, young man in the corner drug store. It's just a hep character's way of saying "happy birthday."

But don't worry. Those keen teenagers know what they are saying. They are not speaking a foreign language. They are speaking the language they love, and they call it jabberwocky and jive.

If you want to get hep to this swingy slanguage, bone up on the wit parade, for this nonsense is the thing that makes sense to the solid senders.

Jabberwocky and jive have been around a long time and in various forms. In grandpa's day it was, "Oh, you kid!", "Twenty-three, skidoo!", and the purveyors were dandies and pretty babies.

Today it's "Jet-propelled," "Get lost, frosty," and the purveyors are wolfs, first class, or cruisin' susans



(gals who get around). The keen teeners have taken up the conversation piece in earnest and in their own inimitable way have evolved their elusive, exclusive slanguage.

Jabberwocky and jive are more than a manner of speaking. They indicate that the teen ager has come into his own, a sign that the coke set not only has a speech all its own, but a world all its own.

This world is fostered by many present day influences, among them such national magazines as *Calling All Girls*, *Deb*, *Seventeen*, *Miss America*, and *Woman's Home Companion*. *Calling All Girls* has made jabberwocky its very own province, publishes handbooks on the lucid lingo, much as did the Army on languages for the GI in foreign lands.

A number of people share the credit for this focus on the coke set. Among these are Nancy Pepper, Winifred Snyder, Walt Disney, Carl Ed and Betty Betz. Miss Pepper doubles as editor of fashion and jabberwocky for *Calling All Girls*. A recent chore was to devise ways and means of weaving "hubba-hubba" into costumes. That it can be done by typing the phrase on a white hair-ribbon, by painting it on various places with nail polish, by sewing it on sweaters, and other means are results of the Pepper plotting.

Miss Snyder is regarded as one of the ablest writers of the Foote, Cone and Belding Advertising Agency, a ready Hedy at attracting teen age attention.

Walt Disney has made bobby soxers a principal part of his movie, "Make Mine Music." And always, of course, Carl Ed and his Harold Teen strip, and other Comics.

All these have their following, but the one who has all followings and is the real apostle of teen agism is Miss Betz. As cartoonist, editor and writer for *Woman's Home Companion*, *Seventeen*, *National Rotary Magazine* and others, she is the epitome of their world.

She can speak and write their language as easily as the average person talks back. For the uninitiate she is compiling a "coke-abulary" of jabberwocky. They say parents will study this book like mad to catch up with their offspring, much as we used to uddystay igpay atinlay to catch up to our big sister.

Betty Betz first won accolades of the teen world designing playsuits, petticoats and other fashions. She it was who beribboned and beruffled the petticoat into the slip which can and does show top and bottom. This undie won such acceptance it is

### How's Your Coke-abulary?

#### Jabberwocky Terms

1. Hi, celery.
2. Rat race
3. Retread
4. Corner Casbah
5. Fizzician
6. Slurpswitch
7. Vanny
8. Able Gable
9. Able Grable
10. Ready Hedy
11. Jet-propelled, atomic or cataclysmic
12. 20/20 zazz
13. Dinah mite
14. Warrior
15. Fugitive from a faucet
16. Feeble grebble
- 17-22. Terribly reet, boogin, on the old downbeat, large charge, strictly uptown, booties laced, solid sender

#### The Translation

1. Let's talk, or, let's stalk.
2. A rat wouldn't go near the place, too much noise and dancing.
3. A woman gets it at the beauty shop.
4. Pop called the drug store.
5. Fountain squirt at the CC.
6. A gooey sandwich.
7. Like Johnson, who else?
8. Any sharp Joe.
9. Sharp Jill.
10. See No. 9.
11. Ultra, the last word, super.
12. Stuff easy on the optics.
13. Chic chick, no relation to chickery.
14. Chick who daubs the paint on freely.
15. Drip.
16. Opposite of No. 10.
- 17-22. Okay.

called "betticoat." And no wonder, Gunder, is it?

More recently she has won the Jills with a combination blouse and slip. By itself it serves admirably for scrounging at home; with a skirt it serves as a petticoat below the waist and a blouse above.

Is it any wonder the teen agers claim her for their very own? They list her as a smooth chick with 20/20 zazz and booties laced, strictly up-town and all reet. In other words, hubba hubba. She is only 24, but just to stay in the groove she picks up many a lush idea from her kid sis, Swish.

Miss Betz' drawing is as unaffected as herself. She did not study cartooning, but just doodled and came up with the homely cartoon characters that live the teen life. Roughly the drawings are reminiscent of Syd Hoff, but there is no connection. It is just one of those happy things that her cartoons hit the teen agers where they tick. She is their Rembrandt and good will ambassador, and they will have few others.

It is the Betz pets which have brought current emphasis on the sleek, sensitive dachshund. She has two of the elongated pooches, and it was inevitable that they should wander into her cartoons. And they do, at least one pooch in each drawing, a sort of signature. It is little short of a 3-ring circus to see her go through a revolving door with the dogs in tow.

Kansas City has found its place in the teen world, and Miss Betz is the link between the two. Recently Calling All Girls made a survey which



revealed that teen agers have a yen for greeting cards, but don't like to adopt those of their elders. It was only natural that Hall Brothers, the leading greeting card manufacturers, should heed this call.

When it was found the teeners preferred cartoon cards with jabberwocky verses, who but Miss Betz, natch, should be called in. With some help from Miss Snyder and the Hall editorial department the job has been done, but def, and terribly reet. Jabberwocky has been trapped and put in print.

That birthday greeting, for instance, and how a hep character sends cheer for the glum chum—"Hi, bird-brain. Sorry you're sick. It sends me low, you feelin' gooney. When you recoop, it will be swoony!"

Other cards are quoted in the lush language as saying "Why don't you write?" and just plain "Hi." With such sentiments, what name so suits the series as "Solid Senders?"

Walt Disney, too, has heard the Hall call, and is to produce a series of teen greeters under the Hallmark banner. Similiarly a card of this series has the Disney cartoon characters swinging out with a verse reading,

"Bake a cake and call me cookie, hear ya gotta birthday due—Hope it's darby, groovy, shiny. 'Fact, I hope it's simply gool!" Out of this world, true, and little about it you can do, Stew.

There may have been a time when the teen ager was a source of dis-

comfort to the commercial world. But with national influences at work the teen age world is cutting a facet to match each one in the adult world, with their own strictly atomic variations, but def. Seventeen has come into its own. Jabberwocky is here to stay. Reet? You shred it, wheat!



*Just as I thought—not one of 'em  
is a yard wide—*

# BASEBALL'S *Little* HELPERS

*From bat-boy to major league star? It's been done many times.*

by GRIER LOWRY

AS a husky youngster strode toward the plate, bat in hand, at a Cardinal-Giant baseball game last summer, a feminine voice rose piercingly from the front row of the grandstand: "That child play baseball! Take him out!"

"That, dear," said her escort, with controlled patience, "happens to be the batboy."

It's a common mistake; because these youngsters really know their way around the diamond. Batboys often shag flies during batting practice, sometimes take over a position while a player changes a shirt, and the keen-eyed ones even join the bull sessions when the players confer on methods to be employed in trouncing the opposition.

Tim Sullivan, the goodluck batboy of the 1941 version of the New York Yankees, had the players lending ready ears when he made suggestions for improvement of their play. Tim was perhaps the most widely-heralded batboy of recent years, was so highly-regarded by members of the team they voted him a \$1,500 share of the 1941 World Series money. Tim used to say that the most trying period in a batboy's life was the first of the season, when, watching someone like Joe DiMaggio



take a lusty swing at the ball, it was easy to forget to hand the players their bats.

To all appearances a batboy's existence is a prosaic one. Clearing the field of bats, masks, gloves, and other paraphernalia, and running errands for the players, are the main duties with the pay averaging two dollars a day for three hours work. Evidence that the young men consider the job anything but prosaic is the fact that along about the time of the year everyone gets spring fever, the New York Giants, and other major league clubs, receive thousands of applications for the job. The clubhouse custodian, who picks the batboys—one for the home club, one for the visiting teams—selects athletic stripplings from sixteen to eighteen years of age, who have an interest in baseball, are alert, in good health, and possess a cooperative temperament.

An opportunity to rub elbows with baseball greats is the main lure. Association with men of the strong

character and playing calibre of big leaguers is an experience boys relish, and outweighs the financial advantages, which, with clubs like the Giants can amount to around \$500 if the team finishes in the money. Players often tip batboys generously. St. Louis' perennially-great Cardinals always vote batboys a share of World Series money.

Youths in their early teens with the urge to adopt baseball as a career enhance their chances by joining clubs as batboys and learning the tricks of the trade. From batboy to the major leagues reads the story of several players. One player to reach the big-time via the batboy route is George "Skeets" Dickey, brother of the famous Bill Dickey, catcher for the Yankees. George, today a first stringer with the Chicago White Sox, was batboy with the Little Rock Travelers in 1930.

The late Lou Gehrig, idol of batboys of every club in the American League, who played first base for the Yanks, used to take Yankee batboys, with a serious interest in becoming players, aside and give them advice on improving their game. After hammering out a homerun, Lou often ignored other outstretched hands to let the Yankee batboy be the first to offer him the traditional five-fingered congratulations.

A lot of people ask batboys if players have superstitions. No one has a better opportunity to note the lockers full of horseshoes, rabbits feet, 4-leaf clovers, wishbones and sharks teeth.

If a pitcher, on the day he is due to fling, spots a cross-eyed woman on the way to the ballpark, he is very likely to count the game lost before he pitches it. When slugging Hank Greenberg has a field day at bat, he eats precisely the same food the next day, believing that by doing so he will have good luck again. Batboys say that almost any pitcher would rather step off the side of a mountain than walk on the chalked foul line. Some pitchers won't shave on the day they are to pitch; others won't bathe on that day.

Ducky Wucky Medwick always kicks third base when he trots out to the outfield. There is a player in the American Association, according to the batboys, who stoops to the dark age practice of tipping his hat to the scoreboard when he moves to his position in centerfield.

But batboys, in all leagues, agree that the most universal evidence of superstition among ballplayers, is the practice of retaining the same ball-gloves, no matter how venerable or worn, that they used in their high-school playing days. Many players contend that were they to forsake their old gloves for new ones they would misjudge the first pop fly to come their way.

If, when you occupy a seat in a baseball park this season, you note a player approbatively eyeing a shapely red-headed woman in the front row, remember his intentions are honorable!

Ballplayers say red-heads are good-luck charmers!

# DUST BOWL or *Food* BOWL?

*The great question over the wheat belt of Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska is, "Will it still the international cry for food?"*

by B. J. ROBINSON

THE international cry for food from war-devastated countries all over the globe has refocused important new emphasis on the nation's bread basket. This is the wheat belt which extends through Kansas, Oklahoma and Nebraska and which funnels most of its essential, nourishing goodness to the wide world through the trade channels of Kansas City.

The question posed by the requests of President Truman, Herbert Hoover and Herbert Lehman, to eat less and share more food is: "Will this region, already cultivated to the hilt, come through as the food bowl over which the hungry nations hopefully drool?"

Once termed in disgrace as the dust bowl, bounteous war-time production earned for the wheat belt the right to change its name to food bowl, but already the traditional anxiety of the wheat belt farmer has been raised a few keys by forebodings of dry weather.

While rain, or lack of it, continually changes the outlook,

prolonged dryness of the 1945-46 winter season again has raised the fearsome question, "Will the dust bowl return?" Some observers state this winter's dryness is the worst drought in ten years. Some said too much land was farmed too hard during the war, that with a little more drought and a couple of high winds the topsoil will dry up and blow away.

The wet period during the war, like the dry period preceding, was unusually long. If nature is to stay on its schedule of cycles, is it time for a change to dry weather? The farmers know that nature knows no exact timetable and that anything can happen in the realm of the earth and the elements.

Viewing nature's unpredictability, agriculture officials are turning prime attention to the dust bowl possibilities. If it is likely to return, could it do so in one season? Is it possible that this area, so far removed from former devastation, could again actually degenerate to scant production?



How can dust bowls be prevented? Will this vital area come through with its share of world food needs?

The United States Geological Survey has jumped into the fray to say that the dust bowl will not return, at least not soon. Surveys show the sub-soil water level of the former dust bowl to be far above that of the

to what brought the dust bowl. The new-deal movie, "The Plough That Broke the Plains," presumed a pictorial answer of how it all happened. Some said there was too much sod-busting; some said too much unchecked erosion.

Whatever they said, it was too much dust, and all knew that the com-



drought period. Recent rains have strengthened this reservoir, and except for surface moisture, there is little cause for alarm.

Surface moisture is probably the greatest single factor in telling this year's story of whether famine is beaten back or not. But on the question of a ravaged dust bowl such as that of ten years back the Department's answer is probably as good a short-term reply as can be given.

The plain answer to the plain question, however, is that no one can say definitely whether the dust bowl will return. Man would like to think he knows all the answers to nature's mysteries, but, clever as he is, his best efforts little more than scratch the surface of the elements.

Numerous answers were offered as

plete cure was in the hands of nature, herself. While there was an element of truth in all answers, no one provided the complete, definite solution.

Wet and dry spells have alternated for centuries. Bible lore tells the story of Joseph in Egypt, or that of Noah and the flood, for examples. There were cycles, and there are likely to be more.

The wheat belt has a historically dry heritage. Coronado, exploring what he hoped was Quivira over 400 years ago, labelled the region "desert" on his maps, and the label stuck until less than a century ago.

Even later explorers, such as Zebulon Pike, were doubtful whether it was worthwhile for the young United States to spill over into such a dry region, according to C. C. Isely writ-



ing recently in *The Northwestern Miller*.

That the region has been brought a long way from this habitual dryness is due to the perseverance, boundless energy, foresight and thrift of the American pioneer and his farming descendants, Mr. Isely points out.

While the hardy American strain has wrought great changes in the dust bowl, the day is not yet here when nature has settled down to a rut of bounty. Nature is never through with extremes.

What of the effect of extremes on the dust bowl? What of severe winters, or roasting summers? What of late freezes? What of such little-understood phenomena as sun spots? Where do grasshoppers, locusts and millions of other insects fit in? Are dust bowls caused by any one factor? Or by a combination of the elements? Who is to say exactly? As yet, no one has the key to the situation.

No one can logically conclude that the dust bowl will not recur. Or that it will recur. That it will recur this season is obviously unlikely.

Today's farmers have many advantages over their predecessors. They have the greatest advantage in

mechanization of farm machinery which is licking more and more the problems of bounteous production. Today's market prices are an equally great incentive.

There are other, newer, aids. Knowledge of soils, fertilizers, nutrition, conservation; practices such as stubble burning, contour plowing, basin lifting, weed control and others. There is continual help from the Department of Agriculture, the ag schools, county agents, 4-H Clubs, and other agencies. All in all the battle is joined and progress is being registered.

If nature runs true to her erratic form the dust bowl will be back. The hope of food producers is that when the drought does arrive it will find itself up against better man-made counter-measures. It will be a fight, but it will be a better fight. Wet or dry, whichever the season, that hardy American strain will be in there pitching.

Man's efforts lessen the extremes of nature more and more. Therein, and on the wheat belt farmer, lies the hope and reassurance for the wheat belt to continue as the food bowl. You can bet on it.



There was the Boston clergyman who returned a purse to a woman who had left it in her seat. He warned her of her carelessness with this classic: "You must remember that there are some in the congregation so simple that they might consider finding your purse an answer to a prayer."

# Jest A MINUTE

(With Tom Collins)

A village fire chief, busy with his only engine at a big blaze in the local factory, was called to the telephone to hear of a distressing coincidental conflagration two miles across the country.

His instant response:

"You'll just have to keep your fire going until we get finished over here."

« »

It is not the number of hours that a man puts in, but what the man puts in the hours that counts.

« »

Two workmen were cleaning the paint off the top of a high building with the aid of a blow torch.

The foreman, from the ground, called out to one of the men, who turned to hear what was being said, at the same time accidentally directing the flame of the torch directly on to the ear of his mate.

The mate said nothing for a minute or two. Then he remarked casually: "Blimey, Bill! Someone is talkin' abart me!"

« »

Two Arkansas farmers had been feuding for more than 20 years. One morning one of them hitched up his mule and drove to the property fence. Pretty soon the other one came along in his buckboard.

"Mawnin', Jeff," said the first farmer.

"What in tarnation you speakin' to me for after 20 years?" asked the second one suspiciously.

"I'm just here to tell you that I'm aimin' to run for Congress and I don't want you nor none of yours a votin' for me."

"Now looky here," said Jeff, "me and my kin's been a votin' the straight Democratic ticket since granpappy came to these hills, and if you don't want us a votin' for you, you can get off the ticket."

John Hay, the famous American diplomat and statesman, before being admitted to the Illinois bar, was called before a committee of prominent lawyers for examination. A member of the group in an attempt to confuse the young lawyer, cited a very difficult and involved case in great detail and turning a forbidding eye upon the fledgling, said:

"And now, Mr. Hay, let us suppose that a client came to you with such a case. What would you tell him?"

Young Hay had become lost in a maze of data and was thoroughly bewildered. Inwardly he swore that he would kill the first man who came to him with such a problem. But after a moment of nervous reflection, he looked up and said: "I would ask him for \$50 and tell him to call again in the morning."

The committee murmured its approval.

"Mr. Hay," said his questioner with a twinkle in his eye, "you are admitted."

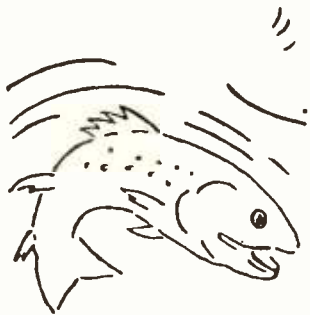
« »

When Bill O'Dwyer was running for District Attorney he generally appeared on the platform with a piece of paper in his hand ostensibly covered with notes of the address he was about to make.

He'd look around the audience, say "Hello, Joe," to one listener. "Howya, Harry" to another. Then he'd smile and tell the audience: "I didn't know I would have so many friends here tonight. I don't need notes to talk to you people," and he'd throw away the paper in his hand. "To you, I can speak from here," he'd add, indicating his heart.

A reporter, curious because he had seen O'Dwyer do this in every Brooklyn neighborhood from Red Hook to Brownsville, one night mounted the platform and picked up the discarded paper. It was an old laundry bill.

# OKAY THEN, *Flounder*



by CHARLES HOGAN

*If a famine does come, you can blame it on a gibbous moon the man saw the other night!*

American Museum of Natural History Gudgers, silly!)

Doc Gudger made his report to Science magazine. It was relayed on to me by the science and filler editor of the local newspaper. So here I sit, going noisily mad (I could go quietly but I've done that before officer) and worrying over this appalling situation in the winter flounder field.

It's not enough to have too many atom bombs and soviet menaces and stuff to worry about—according to Doctor Gudger we've got too few left-eyed flounders! Frankly, I'm aghast!

But I'm not surprised. In a sneaky sort of way I've been keeping a close eye on this flounder business ever since I was a tot of 22. In my keen young brain there lurked a suspicion that there was something mighty fishy about the whole flounder situation. And as to left-eyed winter flounders—well, really!

In his report to me (and of course to Science and that filler guy on the local journal) my darkest doubts have been confirmed. You can't tell me these mama flounders haven't been ruthlessly killing any left-eyed babies that turned up in their broods (or whatever it is one calls a bunch of infant flounders). Gudger remains significantly silent on this crucial point.

**Y** E GODS! We Face a Left-eyed Flounder Famine.

Yuck that I am, I took a hasty gander at the moon the other night—it was gibbous! There was more gibbosity floating around up there than I've seen in many a moon.

"Aw, aw, Hogan, grab your rabbit's foot and head for the tall timber!" I gasped. "There's ba-a-a-a-d news tonight!"

Well, the shattering blow has arrived—just as prompt and horrifying as a witch on a broom!

It seems there are only three authentically known cases of left-eyed winter flounders in all the lakes, rivers and the seven seas!

This just goes to show what can happen when you go maundering around looking at gibbous moons.

The devastating shortage of left-eyed winter flounders, in a world that certainly could do with a darned sight more of them, was reported to me by Dr. E. W. Gudger (of the

But the doctor gets almost gabby on other aspects of the world flounder crisis.

"Flounders and their ichthyological relatives are odd fish," the report leers. "In early youth they settle to the bottom and lie down on one side all the rest of their lives except for very brief spurts of swimming."

Odd, the man says.

Why, offhand, I can't imagine a dreamier, more sensible, way to fritter away a life! I just wish I'd thought of it, that's all! This fellow Gudger is the one who's eccentric! He thinks they ought to get jobs and have income tax worries, I presume.

As the flounders loll at their ease in the ooze, the report continues, their "underneath eyes migrate around" so that both right and left eyes come to be on the same side of the head.

But, it seems that Doctor Gudger, by snooping around amongst this incredibly intelligent breed of fish, has discovered that there are flounders and flounders. (I for one would like to know how Gudger ever developed his technique for flounder-sleeping-habit-peering in the first place. You can't get a job like that at the United States Employment Service, you know!)

Some brands of flounders, for instance, roll over every 50 years or so to turn off the alarm clock on the calendar. Thus, in those species there are about an equal number of right-eyed and left-eyed flounders, blissfully snoring away down there among all that junk which has been tossed



overboard from the Horace J. Ent-whistle excursion steamer.

Gudger doesn't come out like a man and say so, but he hints that these restless sleepers of the deep belong to the **SUMMER FLOUNDER** school of inertia.

For he states bluntly that the **WINTER FLOUNDER** has got too darned much sense to go flopping around, grabbing all the covers, and stewing over who's going to have to get up in the cold and find those bathing suits for that "brief spurt of swimming." To hell with it, says the winter flounder.

The sensible little critter merely bids the stork a fond farewell, yawns at a damp, dismal world and remarks: "Ho, hum! Guess I might as well turn in. Got a hard life ahead of me!"

Then he flops down on his left side. There he spends his lifetime, as serene and unperturbed as a drunk in a gutter. His eyes, of course, start "migrating" all over our prone pal. But it doesn't even faze him. As

far as the winter flounder is concerned, he's got a damn good thing in this snoozing business. If his eyes want to go gallivanting all over hells half acre, let 'em!

Anyhow, Gudger reports, both eyes eventually meet up on the right side of our friend and pal, the winter flounder. Having satisfied their absurd wanderlust they settle down in some light housekeeping rooms. Hence the rarity of left-eyed winter flounders, Gudger comments.

But shiftless and worthless as they are, the winter flounders seem to have found time from their comas to develop some fiendish traits. According to the doctor they have a maniacal hatred for proofreaders. Somewhere in their boondoggling history, they flopped up enough

energy to pick out a name for themselves.

Did they choose Jones, or Smith, or even the Jukes family? Huh! If you think so, you don't know your flounders.

We flounder friends, of course, such as Dr. Gudger and me, refer to the little critters as, simply, "flounders."

But with all the venom of their malignant, sleepy souls the left-eyed winter flounders call themselves "Pseudopleuronectes Americanus."

And if a name like that doesn't start the proofreader floundering around to the nearest lost weekend. I'm a Pseudopleuronectes Americanus myself—with roving southpaw eyes, even!



Did you hear about the couple driving across the Mojave desert? In the distance they saw a tiny black speck which, when they approached it turned out to be a man wearing only his swimming trunks.

The man hailed them and said, "How far is the ocean?"

Somewhat surprised, the couple explained that the ocean was a few hundred miles away, on the other side of California.

"Good Lord," said the man, staring at the sandy waste, "What a beach!"

"Have you been to any other doctor before you came to me?" asked the grouchy physician.

"No sir," replied the meek patient. "I went to a druggist."

"You went to a druggist!" exclaimed the doctor. "That shows how much sense some people have! You went to a druggist. And what idiotic advice did the druggist give you?"

"He told me to come and see you."

« »

A sign on the front gate of a house in Edinburgh, Scotland, reads:

Salesmen and canvassers barred—except those with free samples."

STATE UNIVERSITY  
...  
OFFICE OF  
STUDENT ADVISOR



*"Yes, Miss O'Neill—I'd say you have a well-rounded, er, ah, curriculum!"*

# Advertising Critics Need to "Grow Up"

*Prize winning reply to John Broberg's article on radio advertisers.*

by EUGENE GRAMM

ADVERTISING is, without a doubt, the most highly criticized form of human endeavor in modern civilization. Everyone outside the immediate field of advertising has something carping and venomous to say about it, in varying degrees of eloquence. Why? I dunno. Maybe it's a hold-over from the old days of itinerant salesmen with magic cure-all elixirs. Maybe it's because many people are inclined to think of any form of it as an unpleasant "trick"—an effort to "put something over" on them. Maybe it's just that the function of advertising has never been articulately explained. As I say, I dunno.

Lately, the scope of this critical carping has widened. Advertisers have now become, among other things, political villains, dictating editorial policies to the most powerful publishers in America. And to top it all off, along comes Mr. John Broberg, a network news editor, to tell us that advertising is responsible for—guess what? For the low cultural level of our masses. "It is the advertising agencies," says Mr. Broberg solemnly, "who are dictating the policy of radio entertainment." He avers that it is the advertising agencies who cause the soap operas, mystery thrillers, and

comedy shows to contaminate the air-waves with the "obvious and commonplace of dramatics." To which, permit me to say: Phooey, Mr. Broberg, that's a lot of editorial static, and you know it! It is the masses themselves who determine what sort of radio entertainment they shall have, and they do it through letters to the networks, through support (or lack of support) to a given sponsored item, through reputable polls of opinion, and through the amazingly simple expedient of turning the radio dial when they get fed up. Mr. Broberg himself is ready to admit, for example, that the "advance guard" in radio is "a pitifully small one" and that it exists only on a sustaining basis. . . . And that the audience of the experimenters in "better" kinds of programs, however fervent it might be, is "a small one." If Mr. Broberg needs further proof to supplement his own contradictions, let him look to the cinema. There, without the sinister hand of advertising to intervene, the mass still prefers its own crude melodramatic choice to the refinements of the avant garde.

"No agency would dare have the unmitigated effrontery to tell a sponsor that it (an experimental type of program) was a good thing for him." So says Mr. Broberg. Does Mr. Broberg have the slightest notion as to the function of an advertising agency? I think not. Allow me to enlighten him. The principal role of an advertising

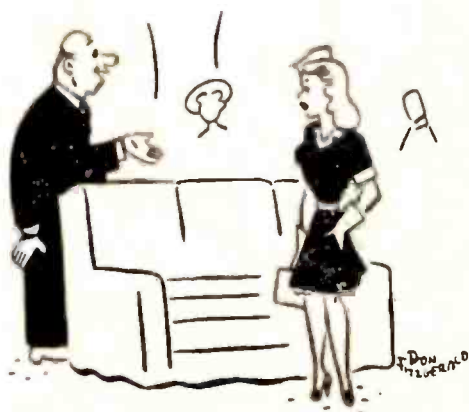
agency is to sell a given article or service to a great number of people through a medium that reaches a great number of people. Advertising a breakfast cereal or a cake of soap on a program devoted to the Greek drama might prove very gratifying to devotees of Euripedes, but I question the effectiveness of such a program as far as selling soap and breakfast cereal is concerned. You know, enormous sums of money are paid for very small allotments of radio time. I wonder if Mr. Broberg would be so altruistic about the whole thing if it was his money getting spent.

Certainly radio can "grow up" a bit. I agree on that score. (So can a lot of things. It's still comics and crossword puzzles that sell the newspapers with the largest circulations, if Mr. Broberg gets the analogy). But this is the business of the radio executives, not the advertising executives. Furthermore, the former seem to be doing

very nicely, with quite a few experimental dramas and fine symphonic programs, so I really can't see what all the squawking is about.

As for the soap operas, mysteries, and gag-shows that so irritate the delicate sensibilities of a few intellectual snobs, I refer them to that immortal remark by the late Will Rogers on his lack of respect for some people who were too lazy to get up and change the station. Those soap operas and mysteries, corny as they may seem to Mr. Broberg, give a lot of pleasure and relaxation to a lot of ordinary folk, in a world filled with a lot of extraordinary misery, avarice, and hopelessness.

I have saved for last my comments on Mr. Broberg's scorn for radio commercials, because it betrays so unbalanced a set of values, as to deserve the coup de gras. Those commercials which so anguish Mr. Broberg and a few others of his ilk here and there, are merely what make the fabulously expensive phenomenon of radio possible. Without them, Mr. Broberg's radio would emanate a long sustained silence through most of the day (as they do in many foreign countries). Without them thousand of blind people, cripples, shut-ins . . . and ordinary housewives, trapped indoors by the drudge of daily chores, would be robbed of that magic little box which provides them all day long, almost free of charge, with music, laughter, information, and a touch of that make-believe they need so badly to make the stubborn clock-hands move in the long afternoons. And without them, network editors like John Broberg would have no job.



*"You can't go wrong on  
a divan like this"*



# KID STUFF...50 A Year

*Why so much from radio and so little from the flickers?*

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN



ONE of these days I'd like to see a miracle happen in the motion picture industry. It's simply this: That all the producers in Hollywood get together and among them agree to make at least fifty films a year with at least one child playing an important role in each picture.

Selfishly, I suppose, I'd like to see my youngest daughter, age nine, go to a movie theatre once a week and witness a picture she can enjoy. Have in the picture at least one performer, under ten, and I know she'd be thrilled until she reaches her teens. Notice, if you please, that I'm allowing for two weeks vacation; but if the general principle were followed it would do a lot of good for the industry and create any amount of goodwill for the children and parents concerned.

I have another daughter, fifteen, and between the two they presently find a series of radio programs such as "Junior Miss," "A Date With Judy," "The Great Gildersleeve," and others much to their liking. And with a few other programs my children are getting something in the way of entertainment practically every

day. But why so much from radio and so little from the flickers?

Now I'm not asking for 365 pictures designed for the children's palates every year. All I'm asking is one a week with two weeks not to be discounted for vacation stuff.

Only the other day I took my youngest daughter to see "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes." It was the first time she'd been to a movie since "Meet Me in St. Louis."

Both pictures starred the magnetic Margaret O'Brien, who gets cuter with each and every film. In "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes," she had precocious, freckle-faced and ever-darling Jackie "Butch" Jenkins as cohort in mischief. On the whole, the picture was a double treat for my nine-year old offspring. In "Meet Me In St. Louis" moppet Margaret was unbeatable in that Halloween sequence. Aided and abetted by Judy Garland, mite O'Brien was a delight to see.

Then later, I took both daughters to see "Junior Miss" and it, too, was a grand picture for their set. My

oldest daughter saw Peggy Ann Garner doing some of the things which we did not approve in Joan, and Joan took the hint after she saw how bad her faults were painted on the screen. And it was also a lesson to Francine, my youngest.

Child stars, as I see it, run in cycles in the motion picture business. Very well do I remember the Lee Twins, Jane and Katherine, for in their heyday I would never miss one of their didoes on the screen. And very well do I recall the day they made a personal appearance. It was on a Saturday and I made sure I'd be among the first in line to buy a ticket and sit up front in the theatre for a close-up of my favorites.

Then there was freckled Wesley Barry who had the field to himself for many years with such pictures as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "Daddy Long Legs," "Rags to Riches," "School Days," and "In Old Kentucky." He grew up and out of pictures, like so many of our favorites who reach the "awkward" age. The last time I saw him in Akron, O., he was leading a band of his own on the stage of Lowe's Theatre.

And then there was darling Madge Evans. She could make me borrow or do some extra chore for ten cents so I could see her latest picture. She's married now to a famous playwright. As in the case of Wesley Barry, she, too, had to bow to "awkward" age.

Lee Cobb, the fat boy, and Farina, the Negro girl, always gave me an extra quota of laughs in Our Gang comedies. I tried never to miss any of these comedies, which for the past few years have been missing from the

screen. I'd like to see these subjects come into their own again and it may not be long now. From informed sources I've learned that Hal Roach, the producer of these shorts, is working on an idea to make a new series. However, I'd like to see a new tag used because the word "gang" now has an ominous tinge to it. Something with Kid or Junior in it, I would imagine, would meet with general approbation.

Mickey Rooney is one of the few child stars who slipped through that "awkward" age without serious mishap. In his earlier days he may well be remembered as Mickey McGuire, the tough kid whose derby was synonymous with mischief-maker roles. His appearance in the Andy Hardy series carried him through the so-called dangerous years and his performances in "The Human Comedy" and "National Velvet" proved he could be as touching a dramatic



actor as he was trouble maker in his derby days. Now that he is out of the Army, his first picture will be based on the old reliable series under the title of "Uncle Andy Hardy."

Another great child actor in his day was Jackie Coogan, who flashed to overnight stardom following his appearance with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." The last heard from him, after his discharge from Army service, was his appearance as night club and vaudeville entertainer on the west and east coasts. Performances of his which can never die in my mind were in such bellringers as "Peck's Bad Boy," "Oliver Twist," "Long Live the King," "A Boy of Flanders," "Tom Sawyer," and "Huckleberry Finn." How can one ever forget such outstanding characterizations once you've seen them!

Freddie Bartholomew's appearance in "David Copperfield," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Kidnapped," "Lord Jeff," and "Captains Courageous" were pictures no child should have missed. He has made some films of minor importance while passing through the "awkward" stage and to my way of thinking they have not added much to his credit. He continues to make a picture now and then.

A little different twist fits in neatly with Shirley Temple. Since she swept into the limelight with "Little Miss Marker," little Miss Temple made any number of pictures which were "musts" on my movie schedule. She was idle only a comparatively short time during the "awkward" age when David O. Selznick signed

her. He cast her in roles definitely hand-tailored to her talents, such as in "Since You Went Away" and "I'll Be Seeing You." And making sure Miss Temple's boxoffice potentialities would not be injured when he "farmed" her out, Selznick himself put his okay on the script of "Kiss and Tell" before she appeared for work at another studio.

Deanna Durbin is another star I'd rather see in "Three Smart Girls," "100 Men and a Girl," "Mad About Music," and "Three Smart Girls Grow Up" than in any of her recent films. Not only do I feel this way, but I've taken my children to see one of her "grown-up" parts and they are in full agreement with me.

Elizabeth Taylor, after her work in "White Cliffs of Dover" and "National Velvet," is fast winning public plaudits. Ditto for Peggy Ann Garner in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "Junior Miss." Miss Garner, as you well know, garnered an Oscar from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her unusual work in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," the only juvenile to be so honored. Jean Porter has outgrown her child parts and is now in the Junior Miss class, but even at that it has been difficult to find enough parts to keep her busy every week in the year. The same goes for Virginia Weidler. Skippy Homeier, who scored heavily in "Tomorrow the World" on stage and screen, is seen in "Boys' Ranch" and other celluloid doings. But the call for his services are not too frequent, either.

If only the producers could believe what they preach; that the youngsters

today are the potential adult patronage of tomorrow. Then give more consideration to plotting an even flow of films designed especially for children!

Yesteryear the cycle was the Lee Twins, Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Shirley Temple, Madge Evans and

Mickey Rooney. Today it's Margaret O'Brien, Jackie "Butch" Jenkins, Elizabeth Taylor, Peggy Ann Garner, and a handful of others. Tomorrow, what and who?

Let's hope the new cycle will be as pleasant and entertaining tomorrow as it is today.



## "TAPING A WALK"

THE record shows this really happened—at the Portsmouth Naval Prison, maintained as a part of what is now the Portsmouth, New Hampshire Naval Base.

It was a bright sunny morning some five years ago when two trusty prisoners arose from the table, and stepped confidently toward the front door of the dining hall. One carried a familiar, circular object about the size of a saucer, and a piece of chalk. The other bore a common clip-board, holding several sheets of blank paper. Impressed by their manner, a sentry at the door allowed them to leave with little more than a passing scrutiny.

Still in plain view of the guard, they headed for a telephone pole about twenty feet from the entrance.

First, a chalk mark at the base of the pole. As one prisoner held an end at the mark, the other strolled away, unrolling a ribbon of shining steel measuring tape.

"Sixty feet . . . check." The performance was repeated. "Sixty feet . . . check." At each step, the prisoner

with the clip-board made a few notes.

They did it again. "Sixty feet . . . check." And, again, a dozen and more times.

A dreamy sentry at the front prison gate saw them coming. "Sixty feet . . . check."

The front gate. "Sixty feet . . . check." Still another notation.

"Sixty feet . . . check." Outside the gate.

"Sixty feet . . . check." Going farther away. "Sixty feet . . . check." Finally, the two measured their casual way to a building three hundred yards from the sentry tower. Then, like a flash, they ducked around the corner.

It was a good trick, alright—and it almost succeeded! It was two days before enraged Marines rounded up the ingenious pair.

The escapees never did get outside the main Naval Base gates. They had remained hidden in one of the huge submarine construction buildings, where they were finally spotted, cornered, and recaptured without a struggle!

—Dal Wyant.

# Gentleman ON STATE STREET

*Henry C. Lytton has survived  
four wars, five panics, the  
Chicago fire, and looks ahead!*



by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

At approximately one o'clock on a recent bright spring afternoon, Mr. Henry Charles Lytton, ninety-nine years and nine months old, jauntily entered the corridor outside the offices of the Chicago store bearing his name. Mr. Lytton was on his way to an afternoon of work, stopping along the way to talk to younger associates and turn out the lights in offices empty during the lunch hour. Executives who had left desk lamps burning could count on hearing from him later.

Once at his desk in the big office at the end of the hall, Henry Lytton called in his secretary and asked for the sales figures of the day before and went to work with a concentration which a century of living hasn't dimmed. The man who has survived four wars, five financial panics, and the Chicago fire is still on the job, looking forward to his 100th birthday on July 13th.

Today, seated erectly at a big desk eighteen stories above the great shopping district he helped found sixty years ago, Henry Lytton remembers

many things. However, his are the memories of a man who still lives in the present—still is incredibly active in the business he began in 1887. The yesterdays were all right, he feels, but the tomorrows look even better.

He belongs to the group of pioneer prairie merchants who in the years of expansion following the Civil War changed Chicago's State Street from a dirt road to one of the world's foremost shopping centers. One of the fourteen founders, he is the last alive. Marshall Field, Potter Palmer, Levi Leiter and all the others are gone. The huge stores they created are run by other men, but at the northeast corner of State and Jackson, The Hub, Henry C. Lytton and Company is still headed by a patriarch who looks like a man of eighty, talks like a man of sixty, and dresses like a man of forty.

He scans the daily sales figures with the happy concentration of an accountant hot on the trail of a fugitive dollar. This retail merchandising business grossed more than nineteen million dollars in 1945. When his work day is over, Lytton departs for

the elevators and his waiting car with all the spirit of a commuter on his way to a big evening at home.

His day begins at eight-thirty, with breakfast at nine o'clock. He reads the papers in bed, but doesn't care much for sleep. "It wastes too much time when you get to be my age," he says. "And besides," he adds confidentially, "I've been having the darndest dreams lately."

After an early lunch he dresses himself and starts for the Lytton building. If there were a prize for the best dressed man over seventy, Henry Lytton would undoubtedly be the winner. His attire is impeccable. Sartorially magnificent in a gray suit, complemented by matching spats, a maroon and white tie, crisp handkerchief folded in his breast pocket, and with a freshly perfect flower in his buttonhole as he looks like a boulevardier who has emerged from retirement to show the boys a thing or two.

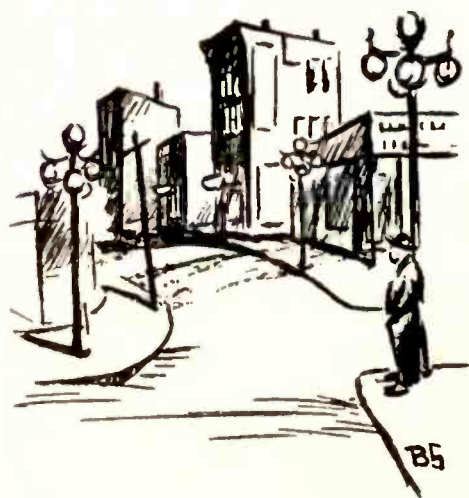
He dislikes bad days because they

keep him away from the office. He likes walking through his store and overseeing its advertising. He is certain that progressive advertising is one of the main reasons for his success. "Advertising is to selling," he said in 1900, "what steam is to an engine."

He claims he has lived a long time because of moderation. He stopped smoking a quarter of a century ago, and gave up drinking at the age of 79. He likes to eat practically everything and says that the books he reads are "the damndest trash you ever heard of."

He likes big occasions, like the annual State Street Seniors banquet—a gathering of the deans of the city's great stores. He's bald and hard of hearing, but speaks fluently and precisely in a strong voice. There is none of the tremor of age in that voice. At most public occasions he can be counted upon to recite the numerous verses of Kipling's "If" with the enthusiasm of a high school graduate delivering the prize-winning senior oration.

These are the surface things . . . the human qualities which indicate the man's great zest for living. There are other qualities, too, deeply rooted in Henry Lytton's character. Qualities which brought him back from retirement at the age of eighty-seven to guide his store through the depression years. Qualities which began to take form when James Polk was in the White House . . . when Robert E. Lee was a colonel and the war against Mexico was only two months old. A century ago, this nation was only a little more than half as old as Henry Lytton is now.



Before the Civil War was two years old, he was busy at his first job, which, incidentally, paid him the magnificent sum of fifty cents a week. Too young to enlist himself, he had to be content with marching down Broadway, trying to keep in step with the departing troops, proudly carrying his brother's gun.

The New York he knew as a boy had a population of less than a million



people. There were farms along the East River that dated back to the time of George Washington and the Dutch settlers. To the South, Battery Park occupied the tip of Manhattan Island. The six young Lyttons, shepherded there by an Irish nurse, could look out over the several yards of water separating Manhattan from the circular outline of Castle Garden.

Castle Garden is one of Lytton's most vivid early memories. He recalls it was there that Jenny Lind made one of her first American appearances under the management of P. T. Barnum. Henry was too young to remem-

ber much about the Swedish Nightingale herself, but the ballyhoo methods Barnum used to tell the city about her made a profound impression. Years later, when business lagged, he began using circus-like promotion and advertising methods. And what worked for Barnum also worked for Lytton.

Lytton went to work in New York as an office boy. Later, in 1865, he got a better job in St. Louis. There he sold boots to soldiers returning from the war and watched the covered wagons trundle West. The levees along the river front were crowded with steamers—the air acrid with pine smoke from towering funnels. Young Lytton met the trains, the boats and the caravans. He sold so many boots that he decided to go into business on his own and chose the little town of Ionia, Michigan, for the venture.

In Ionia, and later on in Grand Rapids, Indianapolis and Chicago, he remembered the Barnum idea of dramatically calling attention to what he was selling. He decorated every barn available with huge signs painted in fire-truck red. He mounted a crate in front of his shop and literally began throwing away merchandise into an astonished crowd.

Lytton staged the first wedding in a store window in Indianapolis when he took over a retail business there. In addition to being a pioneer in outdoor advertising and in store promotion, he was among the first users of full page newspaper space. His ads were larger, blacker, more attention-compelling than any others. Long-established merchants thought him crazy. The public flocked to his stores.

In 1887, Henry Lytton founded his

first Chicago store, calling it "The Hub." He had only \$12,000 in capital, but he spent more than a third of it for advertising before the first customer appeared. He began his campaign with a quarter-page proclamation more than a month before the opening.

That was just an eye-catcher. Other ads appeared on an almost daily schedule until the opening date. The public, its curiosity aroused, mobbed his store on State Street.

"I kept people interested with publicity stunts," the century-old merchant prince recalls. "I knew that publicity, coupled with plenty of honest advertising, paid. I sent up balloons with tickets attached entitling the finder to from one dollar to ten dollars in trade. I threw overcoats from our store roof down into State Street. I posted the name of our store on the city street signs. I wanted people to say, 'This fellow Lytton must be either crazy or run a wonderful store. Let's go and see.'"

He remembers that one of his most successful stunts involved paying off an election bet in a show window. "That was the year Cleveland was running against Harrison for the presidency, and I had a bet with a newspaperman named Keefe that if Cleveland lost I was to put on my dress suit—boiled shirt, white tie, and tails—and saw half a cord of wood in the front show window of The Hub. Well, my man lost, so I paid off the bet—even though they almost had to carry me out of the window, and I had to buy a new dress suit. In twenty

minutes my collar was a limp rag, my coat had split, and my shirt was ruined.

"But it was a wonderful stunt," he smiles. "Thousands of people came to watch. They had to call out extra police to clear State Street."

His ideas on advertising remain youthful. "Early methods were so conservative that something drastic had to be done about them," Lytton recalls. "Only during the last few decades has advertising taken great strides forward. Modern advertising, both press and radio, is just good salesmanship in print." He is proud that his stores were among the first to buy radio time on Chicago stations. Radio, he feels, is a medium too many retail stores have neglected too long.

The Lytton stores are still expanding. When materials can be obtained, a branch store will be opened on Chicago's South Side. Other plans for expanding further are still in the formative stage.

On the day he signed the lease for the South Side property, Henry Lytton felt like celebrating by singing a little. As his secretary helped him into his coat, he recalled the words to a song he had liked sixty-five years ago in Grand Rapids: "Wake, lady, wake! The hour of love draws near . . . Wake, lady, wake. . . ."

The last of the State Street merchant princes, who once appeared in a benefit concert with the great Lilli Lehmann, sang the words again as he started for the elevators, jauntily swinging a walking stick. He sang them on key.



# HORROR IN THE *Galleries*

*"Masters of Decay," take prize  
after prize in national shows.*

**A**NYTHING can happen in the world of art, and usually does year after year. Abuse of color, form and expression has long been a camouflage, however, for new trends or interpretations of old schools. And as any inveterate observer of the academies of palette can tell you, strange ideas get by as artistic, cultural developments. What will be lasting in values and acceptance is anybody's guess.

Gallery-goers this season in the Middle-West are getting a taste of pre-meditated horror, a vicious attack of the senses that to all indications will probably continue for some time to come.

Credit for this mode macabre goes to the twin Albright brothers, Ivan LeLorraine and Malvin Marr (better known by the adopted painting name of "Zsissly"). It was Ivan who gave impetus to the trend with his painting, "Dorian Gray" for the movie of the same name and later on exhibition. For the first time, at the age of forty-nine, the brothers have been jointly exhibiting their retrospective show. The critics have variously called them the "masters of decay," "gremlins" and "old masters," as they took prize after prize in national



by ANN SEDGWICK

showings. Until now they have resisted all offers to let the art world see in one performance paintings and water colors created by them from 1924 to 1945.

Symbolic portrayal of death is Ivan's \$125,000 canvas of the funeral wreath on the door, a painting called "That Which I Should Have Done, I Did Not Do," for which he received First Medal at the Metropolitan Museum of Art for "one of the most unusual and distinguished paintings ever produced in the United States." This took ten years to paint and is so large that Ivan was forced to cut a hole in the ceiling of his studio and raise the canvas on pulleys to save himself from lying on the floor to paint the bottom portions. The one human hand which appears in the painting necessitated a model posing every Sunday for two years. To achieve the proper "inspiration," Ivan bought a door from a wrecking company and a wax funeral wreath from a florist for the complete setting props. After five years of working on the canvas, he felt that the wreath

began to take on the quality of decay which he was seeking.

Ivan's painting briefly called "Woman" is another shocker that caused one reviewer to write, "The pictures of Ivan fall into the same category as Poe's tales of horror; there is a frightful fascination about them that makes a beholder return to the scene of torture." The painting, a flabby, lined old woman, was banned by public protest after it had been invited for showing at the Toledo Museum of Art in 1929.

Last year, the "masters of decay" were invited to paint four portraits for the film version of Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray." Those who saw the movie know the theme, wherein Gray expresses the hope that he may remain as he is while his portrait be-

comes old and withered in his stead. The wish eventualized with the withering of himself on the successive Albright portraits. The Albright brothers did such an impressive job of fear in art that the Director of the Art Institute of Chicago, one of the most astute authorities in the country, was beside himself in praise. "Death's corruption," he said, "has never been exposed with more unflinching insight; the very pigment seems dead, made up of cob webs, dried spittle and dust . . . it loosens, rots and decays, yet holds a strange fascination."

No predictions are being made how long or how far this trend will live or grow. While it does, though, the nicest respect you can honor the artist is, "Your painting makes me sick."



## Words for Our Pictures

**WORK, WORK AND WORK . . .** President Harry S. Truman returned to his native state of Missouri the other day and accepted an honorary Doctor of Laws degree from William Jewell College at Liberty, before a neighborly crowd of several hundred. Burdened with strikes and confusion of home, distrust and starvation abroad, the president pleaded for work and more work as a solution to our bewildering problems. The entire program was broadcast by WHB, with News Bureau Chief Dick Smith giving a pleo-by-pleo description.

**STILL FEVERISH?** When Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released "Blonde Fever" they say that drugstores were cleaned out of clinical thermometers in no time. Reason for that rush of high temperature business reclines on

Swing's Center Spread. She is Glorio Grahame, daughter of the famous English actress Jeane Grahame Hollwood. Glorious Gloria is five feet five and one-half, 112 pounds, very blonde, has greenish blue eyes, and her marital status is prefixed with a "Miss." She played a leading role in "Good Night Ladies" and understudied in such stage productions as "Skin of Our Teeth," "Stardust," "Worlds Full of Girls," and "Highland Fling." For Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer she has worked in "Blonde Fever," "Without Love," and currently, "Tenth Avenue Angel."

**MAN-OF-THE-MONTH . . .** Frank C. Lone, Director of the Western Division of Yankee Farm Clubs, directs all activities of the Yanklets from the Blues office in Kansas City. He is Swing's Man-of-the-Month.



LIBERTY NO 1245PM MAY 16 1946

RADIO STATION WHB,  
KSC.

WHITE HOUSE SECRET SERVICE HAVE INFORMED US THAT THEY WILL  
PERMIT ONLY TWO RADIO MICROPHONES WITHOUT LABELS AND THAT THE  
FIVE RADIO STATIONS SHOULD ARRANGE THE ENGINEERING PROBLEM INVOLVED  
AMONG THEMSELVES BESIDES YOU THE STATIONS ARE WDAF KABC KCMO AND KFEQ  
P CASPER HARVEY.







Swing's

## MAN OF THE MONTH

Frank C. Lane

"He's Got the Blues"

**DIRECTOR** of the western division of the Yankee Farm Clubs, this shrewd, sure-footed and very likable baseball executive conducts President Larry McPhail's Western Worry department from a point near the rafters in Kansas City's Blues Stadium. From there he is sowing the seeds of baseball prosperity which his followers believe will bring another crop of Rizzutoes, Kuhels, Priddys and whirling turnstiles.

Son of a druggist, he was born February 1, 1896 in Cincinnati, Ohio. Grade and high school and University of Cincinnati two years. Tried out with Reading, Penn., and Marion, Ohio. Managers hinted he would be a better ticket taker or ump. He chose the latter and spent the next 25 years officiating basketball, football and baseball in the Big Ten, Big Six, Southern Conference and others. Worked 70 basketball and 40 football

games per season. Followed his old whistle-tooting colleague, Larry McPhail, into business office of Cincinnati Reds in November, 1932. Took unto himself a wife the same year. They now have a daughter, Nadi, age 7. Was vice-president of Reds in charge of minor league clubs until November, 1942, when he entered the Navy as a full lieutenant. Put on another half stripe in September, 1942 and became full Commander in July, 1945. Served under Rear Admiral A. E. Montgomery, in charge of rehabilitation and crash survival. While on terminal leave, became acting general manager of Kansas City Blues January 10, 1946. Took Blue Neophytes to Lake Wales, Florida, for Spring training. Appointed to present position May 9, 1946, when Lee McPhail, son of Larry, became general manager. Says he has known Lee since the boy wore rectangular britches.

**FAVORITE FOOD:** Base-hit soup, and the more base hits in it the better.

**FAVORITE SMOKE:** For him none, but he likes smoking curve-balls.

**FAVORITE DRINK:** Frank says: "Lips that touch liquor shall never, etc."

**FAVORITE EXPRESSION:** "Larry, I gotta have one more outfielder."

**FAVORITE COLOR:** White, thousands of white shirts in the grandstands.

**FAVORITE FAVORITE:** The Lane's 7-year old daughter, Nadi.

**HOBBY:** Searching for apartment in apartmentless Kansas City.

**AMBITION:** Pennants, every year for all Yankee farm clubs.

**PET PEAVE:** Rain, about an hour before a croocial ball game.

**PET HATE:** Umpires who consistently guess instead of look.

**PASTIME:** Rounding up and keeping baseball crews happy.

**DARKEST HOUR:** Snow on the opening day at Fond du Lac.

IT WAS quite a few years ago that Frank Lane and Larry McPhail were officiating a football game between the University of Ohio and Ohio Wesleyan at Delaware, Ohio. Wesleyan was the big favorite, but for a very obvious reason they weren't getting a chance to kick points after touchdown — mainly because they weren't making any touchdowns.

The crowd of 25,000 Wesleyan partisans got it in their heads that there were just two obstacles between their team and victory, and those two obstacles were running around out there on the field in black and white striped jerseys and tooting whistles.

Larry claimed that Wesleyan was using illegal shift which put the whole forward wall in motion before the ball was snapped. Every time he or Frank spotted the play they called an offside on Wesleyan. Pretty soon the scorekeepers were running out of space to write in the offside penalties.

The crowd was in tantrums. Cops ambled back and forth in front of the stands to keep them off the field. With the first half over, and Ohio Wesleyan gaining about 300 and losing 299 yards on penalties, the crowd clamored for the scalps of their umpships.

During half-time the two unpopular officials walked meekly around the corner of the stands, searching the haven of the dressing rooms. They were met by a posse of fans.

"You guys!" they threatened. "We're gonna mob the bothaya unless

you quit callin' offsidess on Wesleyan."

"Lissen, you fellas," Lane roared at the nearest heckler. "You haven't seen anything yet . . . just wait until you see the second half." And Larry gestured his assent. They thought alike and acted with that unison born of a common bond.

When McPhail stepped up from Columbus, Ohio, in the American Association to Cincinnati, in the National League, Frank Lane went along as director of the farm clubs.



Oh, there were hectic days in the Reds' office, too, as well as weary nights on the basketball courts and long, chilly afternoons following the pigskin up and down the gridiron trail. Frank recalls very vividly a few years back when Johnny Vander Meer hurled two consecutive no-hitters for the Reds, and how the office force didn't do a tap of work for a week.

In those days before the war the boys who chose baseball as a career had to start in the bush leagues despite the physical hardships it entailed. Time after time Frank got telephone calls in the middle of the night with the bad news that a busload of hungry, weary ball players were waiting to get towed in a hundred miles from nowhere. Transportation in the small leagues is usually by bus or automobile and somebody is forever getting hung up somewhere.

Frank claims that keeping half a dozen bush league ball clubs in line was like pasturing a herd of antelopes



in an open field. You were chasing some of them all the time.

The minor leagues are all back in operation, and with old and war-weary traveling equipment, more headaches are probably in store for the management.

The western division of the Yankee Farm Clubs includes Kansas City in the American Association; Beaumont in the Texas League; Quincy, Illinois, in the Three-Eye League; Twin Falls, Idaho, in the Pioneer League; Joplin, Missouri, in the Western Association, and Fond du Lac, in the Wisconsin State League.

The Yankee organization is headed by McPhail, with Del Webb, president of the Blues and Dan Topping, president of Newark, New Jersey, as vice-presidents. A third vice-president is George Weiss, of the home office in New York.

Included among very important people in the Blues organization in Kansas City are Fritz Nicolai, public relations director, who will be remembered as a first rate shortstop in the American Association from 1925 through 1930; Mrs. Gertrude McClure, secretary; O. D. Lenn, grounds superintendent; Pat Bales, supervisor of concessions; Bud Dyke, office assistant, and a large crew of helpers, groundskeepers and assistants.

Out on the playing field of course is the man who baseball men have marked as the outstanding manager in baseball—including the major leagues—William Meyer. Bill's chief sidekick is Golden (Goldie) Holt, the coach, who doubles just about everything from nursemaid to road secre-

tary. A valuable man, Mr. Holt.

But Lane's most vivid memories are not connected with baseball and its many implications. They rush back to a certain night not many months ago when he was in the Navy. The PBY amphibian of which he was in charge became badly weathered during a flight from Rio to Recife, in Brazil. Ceiling was zero and the air was a combination of rain, mist and fog. They could see exactly nowhere for quite a distance, Frank recalls.

Finally, with the gas supply running low, they decided to set down at Amapa, where there were no radio beams, no control tower, no anything . . . just makeshift two-way communication with the field operator . . . who failed to make himself clear.

Just as they were about to touch wheels they saw the runway under them but at an angle. They were drifting sideways. A second later they crashed into a commisary shack. Nobody was hurt but the ship was badly wrecked.

To add climax and insult to bewilderment, the field operator at Amapa said he was glad it happened . . . because he had been crowing all along to the Army how badly they needed a radio control tower.

"And to think that fellow was glad that we darn near broke our necks," concluded Lane.

Truth in advertising was upheld when some shirts, said by their manufacturer to be able to laugh at the laundry, came back with their sides split.



# LOOK OUT BELOW!

A certain schoolmarm has a niece and the niece has a husband. The niece has also been sewing on tiny garments lately.

So the other wee hour the niece's husband called the schoolmarm and said, "I'm at the hospital now . . . it's a baby boy . . . eight pounds, three ounces!"

The schoolmarm climbed into her clothes and stuck her hair under her hat and called a cab. "Get me over to . . . hospital quick," she told the cabbie, "I want the maternity entrance."

The cabbie rolled. Along came a speed cop. The cabbie shouted, "Maternity case!" and the cop opened up his siren and escorted the cab to the hospital at 70 miles per. As the cab reached the maternity entrance the schoolmarm, a tremulous creature, fainted.

When she woke up the staff physician, three nurses and an interne were standing around her. She was in a hospital gown. They were puzzled. She was puzzled. She was, they intimated, either a false alarm or crazy. She didn't try to explain . . . just took her clothes and went home, blushing.

•

Johnny's mother asked him if he had fallen down in his good pants. To which Johnny replied, "Yes, ma'am. I didn't have time to take them off."

•

"It won't be wrong now," hummed the young bride as she strolled down the aisle.

•

**Blind Date**—An engagement between two strangers, arranged by someone who dislikes both parties.

•

Doing right would probably be a lot more fun if it were wrong.

•

Two Chilean workmen stopped on a railway siding to have a look at a huge electric transformer which filled most of the space on a flatcar. "I wonder what that funny-looking thing can be?"

"I'm not sure," said the other, "but it might be a North American canary cage. These Yankees always make things as complicated as possible."

•

"I'm very absent-minded," said the professor. "I often find names and telephone numbers written in my notebook, but I can't remember what persons they represent. Recently I had a general checking up. The name and address of one man baffled me, so I wrote to him asking if he had ever heard of me and if I was supposed to do something for him.

He wrote back a cordial letter, saying that I had already done it. He was my wife's first husband."



# KANSAS AND THE ATOMIC AGE

*Sunflower folks get first hand information: Facts, not fancy!*

**I**N early July last year, no sign in the sky foretold the coming of the atomic age. The forces of the United Nations were busily preparing for the assault on the Japanese homeland. The bloody Okinawa campaign had been completed, and estimates of future casualties of the United Nations before final victory ranged from one million to two million men. That the war would continue through the fall and winter seemed a certainty. The *New York Times* on its science pages was featuring statements on the aloofness of scientists from social activities, how powerless the scientists are in regard to the uses to which their discoveries are put, and how small a part they play in generating the desires of mankind or formulating its aims. A joint statement had been issued by Truman, Churchill, and Chiang Kai-shek calling upon the Japanese people to surrender. The document ended with the significant statement, "The alternative is prompt and utter destruction." It was on this world of preparation, condemnation of the lack of social responsibility of the scientist, and pleas to the enemy to surrender, that the atomic age dawned on

July 16, 1945, in the New Mexican desert.

The month ended without any sign to the common man that the atomic age had been inaugurated. Within the first ten days of August, however, it was realized throughout the world that atomic energy had become the most powerful destructive force known to mankind for waging war. On August 15, Japan surrendered as an immediate result of two atomic bombs, one on Hiroshima and one on Nagasaki. The world stopped short in its preparation for war, turned to the problems of peace, and began a thoughtful consideration of future atom bomb wars.

During the period which extended from the date of the announcement of the dropping of the first bomb until the present, there has been a great deal of discussion regarding the national and international aspects of the atomic bomb. The world was even more unprepared to deal with the atomic bomb than it was with the surrender of the Axis partners.

As time progressed, the people of the United States learned more and more about the problem of atomic



energy. They observed that the British government which shared the secret of the bomb, advocated late in August, international control of atomic energy. They found that by the beginning of October, the thinking in Washington on the atomic bomb was divided into three groups—those in favor of keeping the bomb secret, those in favor of sharing it with Russia, and those in favor of turning it over to an international organization. At that time it was stated that about 90% of the men in Congress were against any plan to share the secret. By the beginning of November, they learned that the scientists who had created the bomb had begun making speeches throughout the country on the futility of trying to keep the bomb secret, of the uselessness of any known defenses, and advocating that the military control of research on nuclear physics be abolished.

Before six months had passed, they found that an agreement had been reached between the United States, England, Canada and Russia which stated that the problem of controlling the atomic bomb would be referred to the Security Council of the United Nations. They watched with interest the altercation between the scientists who had created the atomic bomb, and the Army who controlled it, and noticed that essentially all the top scientists who had been on the project had returned to universities to carry on other research. They heard discussions about the May-Johnson bill, the MacMahon bill, and the Vandenberg amendment to the MacMahon bill.

By the first of April, this year, the whole problem of control of the atomic

bomb was in such a state that the average individual could not distinguish fact from fancy. There existed, however, in addition to the scientists who created the bomb, a number of men who felt that the people should know the facts regarding the atomic bomb and the future of atomic energy. One of these individuals was Professor Hilden Gibson of the University of Kansas.

Professor Gibson, who is in the Departments of Political Science and Sociology of the University, had attended a meeting in Denver, Colorado, on the atomic bomb last fall. After listening to the statements of the scientists, he became firmly convinced of the importance of this topic to the world at large and to the people of Kansas in particular. Through his



*"This should keep  
him home nights"*

efforts and those of other members of the University faculty, arrangements were made to bring scientists who had worked on the bomb project to a number of Kansas towns in order to have the people of the State informed on the very significant question of the control of atomic energy.

Drs. L. Borst, P. Henshaw and H. Brown came from Oak Ridge, Tennessee; Drs. D. Hill and J. Nickson from Chicago, and Dr. T. Jorgenson from Los Alamos, New Mexico, to participate in the tour. In addition, men from the University of Kansas staff assisted in the discussions. Included in this group were:

R. S. Brewster	D. Hume
H. B. Chubb	J. O. Maloney
L. Gemmel	L. Pritchard
H. Gibson	W. E. Sandelius
R. S. Howey	E. O. Stene
J. Ise	J. D. Stranathan
L. L. Waters	

The eight Kansas towns selected for visits were Kansas City on April 1, Topeka on April 2, Salina on April 3, Hays on April 4, Dodge City on April 6, Wichita on April 8, Chanute on April 9, and Pittsburg on April 10. In each of the cities the program was sponsored jointly by the University of Kansas, the local schools, the Chamber of Commerce and other civic and service clubs and organizations. People of the surrounding areas were invited. Those attending the meeting were individuals who are articulate and influential in guiding the destiny of these communities.

The program consisted of three sessions. The meeting at Kansas City could be taken as representative of all

the meetings. During the morning, a description of the atom and the nucleus was presented in an elementary manner by Dr. Borst. Dr. Jorgenson described the general principle of a chain reaction together with its application to the operation of the bomb. The point was made that very little of the basic information needed to produce U-235 or plutonium was a secret and that almost any country could conduct sufficient experiments to make a bomb in a period of five years. Dr. Hill considered the possibility of defense against an atomic bomb attack. He stated that 100 to 500 bombs were probably enough to destroy all of the major cities of the United States. The best defenses around London during the buzz bomb attacks knocked down 90% of the V-1 type and none of the V-2 design. Since any effective defense would have to be essentially 100%, it was concluded that no physical defense was possible. Dr. Brown next presented the scientists' conception of what should be done. He stated that the only feasible control was of an international character. Individuals and not nations must become the responsible parties for any breach of international law.

During the afternoon session, Dr. Jorgenson showed pictures of the test in New Mexico and the bombing of Nagasaki. The number of persons killed in the two Japanese cities will never be known. He stated that the article by Major de Seversky which appeared in the *Reader's Digest* for February, in which it was stated that the atom bomb would have no more effect on a modern city than a block-buster, was completely in error in the

opinion of every competent scientist and bomb expert.

The peacetime applications of atomic energy are many, according to Dr. Hume of the University of Kansas and formerly of Oak Ridge, Tennessee. He stated that the use of radioactive tracers will undoubtedly be of great help in medical and chemical research. The application of atomic energy for power production is possible, but the details remain to be worked out. Members of the Economics Department of the University of Kansas stated that the effect of the atom bomb and atomic energy on the economy of the nation was difficult to determine. But it did tend to force the nations of the world to reach reasonable economic agreements in world trade, or failing at this, another world struggle was inevitable.

The legislation now before Congress was described by members of the Political Science Department of the University of Kansas. It was pointed out that there were two bills and one amendment now being considered. The May-Johnson bill definitely emphasized military control of atomic energy, and secrecy. The scientists were definitely against this bill. The MacMahon bill emphasized civilian control and considerable freedom in nuclear research. This bill was favored by the scientists. The revised Vandenberg amendment to the MacMahon bill calling for a military liaison group acting in an advisory capacity is agreeable to the scientists. The international aspects of atomic energy control were also discussed. The report issued by the State Department under the name of the "Acheson

Report," prepared by a distinguished board of consultants consisting of businessmen and scientists, received the hearty approval of the scientists as the significant document in guiding our international relationships on this matter. This report recommends that the control of atomic energy be vested in an international agency. This agency would have control of the world supplies of uranium and thorium, would construct and operate plants producing uranium 235 and plutonium, would license activities in research and development, and would have an inspection force to check on declared and legal activities as well as undeclared activities. The report recommends the gradual turning over of the information to this agency as it begins operation on atomic bomb manufacture.

The conference was concluded by an evening session at which representatives of the locality presented a series of findings or resolutions resulting from the conference. The principle features of these resolutions included a recommendation that the MacMahon bill as now on the Senate floor be adopted and that international control is the only sound solution to the problem of control of atomic energy.

The meetings were marked by the interest of the local people attending. Many questions were asked and opinions expressed by them throughout the sessions. These meetings were noteworthy in that they represented an organized attempt by scientists to inform the leaders of a state on the issues of the atomic bomb; and that the state of Kansas was the first of all the states to become so enlightened.



*"I hope you don't mind, dear! Father always likes to appraise my rings when I become engaged!"*

# WHO SAID IF FIRST?

by ALMA LEE MARTI

**A**MERICANS love pet phrases. Someone says something pertinent, or which appeals to our imagination, and all of us repeat it. We quote the phrase long after we have forgotten the author's name. Sometimes we are surprised when we learn who really did say the phrase first.

See if you can remember who is given credit for having first said the following pet phrases. Count five points for each correct choice of authorship. A score of 70 passes you. Between 70 and 80 is good, and over 80 places you at the head of the class. (Answers on Page 55)

1. If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.
  - (a) Gen. George S. Patton
  - (b) Andrew Jackson
  - (c) John A. Dix
2. While there is life there's hope.
  - (a) John Wesley
  - (b) John Gay
  - (c) Ralph Waldo Emerson
3. Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.
  - (a) Harriet B. Stowe
  - (b) Francis Bacon
  - (c) Sara Doudney
4. A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said: "When I first discovered that if I were quick, I was fast; that if I were tied, I was fast; that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won one one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying to learn the English language."
  - (a) Henry W. Longfellow
  - (b) Walt Whitman
  - (c) John Keats
5. I am black, but O my soul is white.
  - (a) Paul Laurence Dunbar
  - (b) Heywood Brown
  - (c) William Blake
6. Brevity is the soul of wit.
  - (a) William Shakespeare
  - (b) George Bernard Shaw
  - (c) Irvin S. Cobb
7. If she seems not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?
  - (a) George Wither
  - (b) Sir Walter Raleigh
  - (c) Carl Sandburg
8. I would rather be right than president.
  - (a) Henry Clay
  - (b) John Wesley
  - (c) Dwight L. Moody
9. Be sure you are right, then go ahead.
  - (a) Benjamin Franklin
  - (b) David Crockett
  - (c) Amos Bronson Alcott
10. These are the times that try men's souls.
  - (a) Abraham Cowley
  - (b) Abraham Lincoln
  - (c) Thomas Paine
11. If any would not work, neither should he eat.
  - (a) Jesus
  - (b) Paul
  - (c) Moses
12. Procrastination is the thief of time.
  - (a) Edward Young
  - (b) Owen Meredith
  - (c) Benjamin Franklin
13. A man's a man for a that.
  - (a) Emily Dickinson
  - (b) Robert Burns
  - (c) William Shakespeare
14. When lovely woman stoops to folly.  
And finds too late that men betray.
  - (a) John Greenleaf Whittier
  - (b) Edgar Allen Poe
  - (c) Oliver Goldsmith
15. The half was not told me.
  - (a) Anne Bolcyn, wife of Henry VIII
  - (b) Josephine, whom Napoleon divorced
  - (c) Queen of Sheba
16. All men are created equal.
  - (a) George Washington
  - (b) Thomas Jefferson
  - (c) Alexander Hamilton



# NO MORE *Weeds*

*New chemical concoction will do  
to weeds what DDT does to insects.*

by JOHN BROBERG



**N**OW that science has dealt the insect kingdom a fell blow in the form of a chemical known as DDT, it is readying another new and potent concoction which, if used by the public with such unmitigated enthusiasm and ardor, will surely make us a weedless nation as well as a bugless one. The new chemical, known as 2, 4-Dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, but called merely 2, 4-D for short, is a white powder that when dispersed in water kills dandelions, ragweed, plantain, pennywort, and all manner of garden and lawn varieties of noxious weeds when used as a spray. So far as is known, it is harmless to animals as well as man. It has been tested extensively by its developer, the United States Department of Agriculture, in collaboration with the United States Golf Association. Its effect on poison ivy is being intensely investigated. The treatment definitely kills poison ivy leaves, but it is not yet known whether the treatment will be permanently successful by killing the roots. So far, 2, 4-D has not been found effective on crabgrass, quackgrass, Johnson grass, nut grass or other

weedy sedges or grasses. It does hurt bent grass and anyone with a bent grass lawn should be cautious about this new treatment. A good point about 2, 4-D spray is that it does not injure Kentucky bluegrass, annual bluegrass, redtop, fescue and buffalo grass. It will kill or seriously retard the growth of White Dutch clover.

The first question most home owners will ask is how much does this new concoction cost, say for treating the average sized lawn. 2, 4-D is very cheap to use. In home-made preparations, enough of the chemical needed to treat one acre will run around \$1.25 to \$2.25, depending on the quantity purchased. This may be less when manufacturers are able to make it in larger quantities. To this cost must be added the cost of the dispersing agent. 2, 4-D is not readily soluble in water. Investigators at the Plant Industry Section of the Agriculture Department used "Carbowax" — about six parts of it to one part of the plant killer compound. One ounce of this mixture is dissolved in a gallon of water. Adding the cost of the disperser, the total cost per acre for

chemicals alone runs from between \$4 to \$6 when used on lawns and turf. And to most property owners who have spent many a sweltering, back-breaking afternoon crawling over their greensward armed with trowel and oil can, it is well worth it, if it does the arduous job for them.



to avoid applying the spray to bare soil, since 2,4-D may for a short time effect the growth of crops planted there.

Usually the best time to use 2,4-D sprays on lawns or other turf is in the late spring or early fall, when the weather favors the growth of grass, rather than extremely cold or hot, dry periods. Lawns effectively treated with the mixture will be free of dandelions and plantains for two or three months. Later it may be necessary to re-treat the area to kill seedling plants that have grown since the first spraying. After being used for 2,4-D, a sprayer should not be used for spraying garden crops or ornamental plants. The chemical leaves a residue that cannot easily be cleaned out of a container, and even a small quantity may endanger some kinds of useful plants. In using the mixture near crops that may be injured, such as beans, tomatoes, squash, etc., care must be taken that the spray does not blow or drift to these plants. Care should also be exercised

Many a veteran coming home from the wars with no job in sight might make an excellent living for himself by purchasing a used sprayer from a surplus property store, loading it on a pickup truck and making the rounds as a "weed exterminator" charging so much per square foot. In many a city neighborhood, well manicured lawns are a first consideration, and competition is high. Weary businessmen would be overjoyed to hire a man to kill all their dandelions in one fell swoop.

But even so, even if it enjoys definite benefits from this new scientific miracle, the public, long accustomed to paying through the nose for all good things, must of necessity pay for this. For if 2,4-D takes hold the way DDT did, if every hardware, drug and grocery store has an ample stock on hand by summer, we will find ourselves a nation where dandelion wine has become an extinct brew, and the making of it a lost art. And in that sense, perhaps, it is not worth it.

•

Prejudice is a great time-saver. It enables one to form opinions without bothering to get the facts.

•

A new thing about a one-way street is that you can only be bumped in the rear.



*"Strange time for those things to be mating, isn't it?"*

# SWINGIGGLES

A well-known novelist sold the cinema rights of one of his novels to a certain motion picture producer, and when the picture adaptation was completed, the producer submitted it to the novelist for his okay.

With growing amazement, the writer perused the scenario of his book and at one point exclaimed, "What on earth is this?"

Looking over the novelist's shoulder at the scene indicated, the producer studied the lines. "Oh, yes," he explained. "In your novel there was a girl in that scene, but in the picture we make her a boat."



<>

A famous old New York banker, still functioning at the age of 87, was listening to his lawyer list the faults and foibles of the banker's 55-year-old bachelor son. "And the worst," concluded the over-wrought attorney, "is this half-million-dollar breach of promise suit which was filed against him today by a blonde gold-digger!"

Calmly the old bank official sat back in his chair, stuck his thumbs in his vest pockets and laughed tolerantly:

"Well, boys will be boys."

A long que stood outside a theater in England where an opera company was playing for the season. Noticing the line, a woman passer-by approached and inquired:

"What are you people waiting for?"

"Tales of Hoffman," was the reply.

"Well," she remarked, joining the procession, "that'll do for me. I don't know how to cook 'em, but my husband will eat anything."

The salesmanager of a very reputable firm held up an order book. "This," he said, "is the thing that put business on the books of our company year after year." And then turning to the advertising manager, he asked, "Can you show me a single order that advertising ever put on my order book?"

"I think I can answer your question," replied the advertising executive, "if you will first answer one of mine. Will you show me a single load of hay that the sun ever put in a barn?"

Susan B. Anthony, the pioneer of women's suffrage, once had a heated argument with an abolitionist on the question of marriage.

"You have no right to discuss marriage," said the abolitionist. "You're not a married woman."

"In that case," responded Miss Anthony, "why do you talk so much about slavery? You're no slave!"

# THE GLICKSTEIN *Tonic*

*... and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.*

by BARBARA FRYE

**J**UST about the time you are convinced that a person has to have "pull" to get along in this world, and when your son or daughter comes home from high school with a disreputable report card, complaining that one has to know the "right people" to get good marks—you are a patient ready for a liberal dose of the "Glickstein Tonic."

What is the "Glickstein Tonic?"

It is not a medicine, and it is not a political, social or economic panacea . . . it is simply the prescription of a young high school senior who came to this country from Poland eight years ago, unable to speak or understand a word of English, and who now leads his graduating class by every standard with which a good student can be measured.

For those who think this is no longer the land of opportunity, for those who are convinced that you have to "be somebody" or "know somebody" to "get somewhere,"

Aaron Glickstein is a living frustration of these lazy theories.

Not long ago WHB carried its popular high school quiz show, "It Pays to Be Smart" from the auditorium of Central High School, Kansas City, Missouri. Our awe was added to that of the judges when Aaron walked through the sets of questions—questions that were filled with academic booby traps—with the ease of a college professor. His speech was without the slightest trace of foreign accent. He answered difficult questions on American history, present day economics and government with the ease of a motorman calling off streets. The circumstances of his education would have made it utterly impossible for him to obtain even a small fraction of this vast storehouse of information casually. There is only one answer, and to put it bluntly, he must have studied like hell.

To this brilliant young mind the ordeal of enrolling in the first grade



at the age of nine could have been humiliating. But he jumped grades, two at a time, and hurtled himself into Junior High School in the unbelievable period of two and one-half years.

Now a senior at Central High, Aaron is top student in his class, president of two societies, and a member of the Engineers' Club.

In many ways Aaron is not unlike millions of other American boys and girls of high school age, with a variance of likes and dislikes. He doesn't care for dancing and many other forms of teen-age recreation, but his eyes light up at the suggestion of football and basketball.

Rather slight of stature and tensed somewhat by the characteristic nervousness of so brilliant, Aaron seems to find difficulty in putting himself at ease with people older than himself. Perhaps it is a strong inherent quality of the European tradition of respect for one's elders that Aaron has retained—and that so many American young people have either lost or never had.

He gives the impression that having come so great a distance in so short a time has built up a head of nervous energy that seeks constant release. Yet, he is casual, friendly and courteous, even to the extent of frequently employing the Continental bow of departure.

The Glickstein family in only seven years has become well-established in the community. Aaron's

father owns and operates a drygoods store. His sister Sylvia, age 12, attends Central Junior High, and Martha, 19, is employed as a secretary. There has been no word from the relatives they left behind in Poland since the German occupation.

Life for Aaron began in the small Polish city of Dubienka. There were no newspapers, no automobiles, no plumbing, no paved streets and only two telephones in the city of 5,000.

There being no high school in Dubienka, the seventh grade was considered the zenith of education. It is difficult to imagine where this brilliant young mind might have traveled had not the footsteps of fortune led him to America where initiative has the opportunity to flower and grow.

It seems that in the case of the Glicksteins, two "Uncle Sams" have played important roles. One was Uncle Samuel Abend, a well known figure on Kansas City's "Film Row," and a part owner of the Exhibitors Film Delivery and Supply company, who is widely known and remembered in the show business. The other Uncle Sam is yours and mine, too, who has bestowed upon Aaron no greater opportunities than he has upon us.

But—have we done as well with them?




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In the footprints on the sands of time  
some people leave only the marks of a  
beel.

# GILT-EDGED ADHESIVES

**A**RE you interested in investing in an article on which you can't lose a cent, but which may increase up to 100% within twelve months of its purchase? No, it isn't a government bond, but it is a government product. Such an investment is possible only in the United States and Canada. Almost all other countries have taken precautions against it.

The article is the every-day postage stamp. The profit is not made by buying single stamps. Nor is it made by buying up huge quantities of the common stamps which are released for use over a period of years.

The money is made by purchasing complete sheets of the lower denominations of special stamps which are issued from time to time to commemorate historical occurrences or famous people.

Recent examples of this type of stamp are the Army-Navy issue, the United Nations commemorative, and the Roosevelt memorial stamp. All of these stamps were issued in limited numbers and were on sale for only a few days.

Collectors value this type of stamp. When the government supply runs out, they bid for the privilege of owning these stamps. In the case of those issued in small numbers, the demand far

exceeds the supply. This has been known to increase the value of a three-cent stamp to six cents within a year.

The commemorative may be expected to increase in value from ten to twenty-five percent. The exceptions occur when the stamp is not well designed or when it is printed in large numbers.

Even if the stamp does not increase in value, you can't lose because they're still available for postage! Other nations insure against this by invalidating their stamps when a new general issue is released. In those countries the purchase of large lots of stamps is truly speculative.

The large profits in stamps go to the careful buyer. To obtain top market price, the stamp must be perfectly executed. It must have an even margin on all sides and perfect perforations. The investor who buys any sheet of stamps that the postoffice offers without checking them for imperfections, will seldom get more than his postage out of them.

This type of "speculation" is favored by the government. Each unused stamp purchased by a collector is all profit for the postoffice as it is called upon to render no service for its fee. This is one of the few ways the postoffice can make a profit.

—R. W. Vail



If we could see ourselves as others see us, we'd be a mess of plumb dissatisfied folks.

The church is full of willing people; some are willing to work, and others are willing to let them.

# Chicago Letter...



By NORT JONATHAN

... And the band played on!

This month the venerable (as night spots go), Blackhawk Restaurant on Chicago's Wabash Avenue is celebrating a quarter century of dining, dancing and imbibing at the same old stand. Right now Chuck Foster's not too notable orchestra is carrying on a tradition started years ago by a famous band known to jazz lovers everywhere—and to Kansas Citians in particular—Coon-Sanders famous Nighthawks.

The Blackhawk, operated through the years by the same management, has survived the Charleston, the Big Apple, and the Black Bottom. Jitterbugs have done little damage to its long-lived reputation as a good place to go for good dance music. It has also spanned the years from the "nip from the hip" era to the legalized "varnish remover" of 1946.

Named for the Blackhawk Division of the first World War, the cafe opened with sedate dinner music by Ralph Gins-

berg's string orchestra. Ralph can still be heard from another venerable spot—the Palmer House—on a schedule that calls for almost daily broadcasts over MUTUAL.

According to newspaper clippings, there was a housing shortage in 1921, too. The cars that pulled up in front of the Blackhawk were WHAT, THEN, Auburns, Hupmobiles and Maxwells. Chicago's women were wearing

polo coats, one-strap shoes and ribbon hats. Evers, McGraw and Ty Cobb were making baseball history. Helen Hayes was just becoming well-known on the stage in a long-forgotten play called "Bab" at the Erlanger Theatre over on Clark Street. Concert-goers were mobbing the old Auditorium Theatre to hear Galli-Curci's great voice with the first Chicago Opera Company.

It wasn't until 1926 that a dance floor was added and the sedate cafe became a cabaret cradle of great dance bands. In that year the Blackhawk made musical history with Coon-Sanders and their "Kansas City Nighthawks." The Coon-Sanders aggregation played five seasons to capacity crowds and was one of the first to gain a national reputation over the air.

Ben Pollack took over in 1931—with the great musical assistance of a trombone player named Glenn Miller and a clarinetist who wore glasses named Benny Goodman.

Then the parade of Blackhawk "discoveries" really began. Coon-Sanders and Ben Pollack had made their first reputation elsewhere, but Hal Kemp, Kay Kyser, Art Jarrett, Bob Crosby, and Red Norvo were virtual unknowns when they took over the bandstand. They left, months and even years later, with solid reputations. All of them were heard nationally over the MUTUAL network from the Blackhawk.

Hall Kemp had a featured singer named Skinnay Ennis. Kay Kyser was an un-



known young man from the South who successfully followed Kemp **KEMP AND** at the Blackhawk—con- **KYSER, TOO** sidered an impossible feat. Bob Crosby accomplished a similar feat when he followed Kyser.

Don Roth, who runs the place, has eyes and ears on the future. He's looking for new bands to "discover." But perhaps around three A.M.—when the last guest has consumed his last scotch and soda, when the tables and chairs are stacked and the lights turned off—he can still hear Coon-Sanders giving forth with "Broadway Rose."

Not that Mr. Roth has too much time to listen to ghostly music. He, like other Chicago night spot operators, has been facing the coal shortage and the resultant dim-out bravely. The public is facing it bravely, too. To a man and a maid, the public is flocking toward the bistros, candlelight, and a very short supply of beer. Never was "stepping out" more popular.

However, by the time June starts bustin' out, the situation should be back to normal. The pilgrim from afar will be able to count on such outstanding entertainment as Merriel Abbott's annual summertime Review at the Palmer House for a big evening in the big Empire Room. Ted Straeter's band—in from the Mark Hopkins of San Francisco and Hollywood Ciro's—will take Griff Williams' spot on the bandstand. Griff moves westward, but will be back again next year for another long run.

That big noise over on Randolph Street means that Woody Herman and the Herd have once again taken over the Panther Room at Hotel Sherman. You don't need lights to find Woody and the boys. Just listen—then follow that superb beat. Woody's pushing the walls back with the highly successful assistance of such toppers as Red Norvo, Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, and Pete Condoli. In the floor show, in addition to that wonderful band, you'll watch "Think-A-Drink" Hoffman utilize the highly decorative College Inn Models

to serve a multitude of quickly mixed cocktails.

Michael Todd has come around with a delightful production of "Up In Central Park" which, judging by the advance sale, should still be packing **A GOOD** 'em in when the leaves begin **SHOW** to fall. Everybody liked the performance of little Maureen Cannon, who was discovered in Chicago by George Abbot and popped into "Best Foot Forward" with another youngster named June Alyson. Now Maureen's back again, this time in a starring part.

Leo Carroll and "The Late George Apley" company has deserted the Er-langer and, incidentally, the Actor's Club bar. But the replacement, which will run well into the summer, should be well-worth taking in. It's Charles Coburn as Falstaf in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Mr. Coburn is appearing in person having temporarily deserted the film business.



"Anna Lucasta" remains and so does "Deep Are the Roots." The critics couldn't get together on this "race prejudice" play. The liberal Chicago Sun thought it was wonderful; the critics from other papers thought it was more propaganda than play.

If you're sport-minded, have no fear. Chicago has almost anything along the straining muscle line. Besides the two major league ball clubs, there's hoss racing at Lincoln Fields, boxing at the Marigold Gardens and grunting and groaning at the Coliseum. Look for the wrestling news in both the sports and drama sections of the local papers. Those who know claim that some of the best all-out, no grimaces barred, ham acting in town is done by the resident stable of muscle torturers. Come and see!

(ANSWERS)

"Who Said It First"

- |        |         |                  |
|--------|---------|------------------|
| 1. (c) | 7. (b)  | 12. (a)          |
| 2. (b) | 8. (a)  | 13. (b)          |
| 3. (b) | 9. (b)  | 14. (c)          |
| 4. (c) | 10. (c) | 15. (c)          |
| 6. (a) | 11. (b) | 2 Thess. 16. (b) |
| 5. (c) |         | 3:10             |

# CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

## Open Air

★ **BEACH WALK**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Another season of dancing under the stars to Henry Brandon's orchestra, with a lavish Dorothy Hild production an added attraction, swings along in this dream-world setting.

★ **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 0904). The patio is now open for luncheon and dinner, a Riviera scene that attracts society like the Lido. French cuisine is magnificent.

## La-De-La

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, Michigan and 7th Ave. (Wab. 4400). Dorothy Dorben has put together another imaginative revue and has Orrin Tucker and his orchestra to furnish the music. The combination nets another unquestionable hit for the hospitable Stevens.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). If you take your dining seriously and know a good small band when you hear it, you'll appreciate this slick favorite of the smart set.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Watson Place (Sup. 2200). Good news for the rhumba enthusiast, Ramon Ramos and his band are back! American tunes get their share of attention, too, but oh, that rhumba rhythm.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). "Summertime Revue" is a vacation in itself—stardust music by Ted Straeter and his orchestra and Gil Lamb, Nip Nelson, the Stuart Morgan Dancers and those cute Abbott Beauties.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (Har. 3800). Here's a honey for dining, dancing and cocktailing that promises to help your romancing along at a nifty tempo.

★ **NEW HORIZON**, Hotel Continental, 505 North Michigan Ave. (Whi. 4100). It's an understatement to call this room unique. It's something entirely modern in plan and appointments and embellishes the beauty with tasty food, dancing and a single act.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Number one showing for celebrities of the hour and what a backdrop! Flaming swords, cool blue walls and white banquettes, not to mention the fashion headlines of the ladies. Pint-size Jimmy Tatler is the popular wine steward.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Year after year, you can't beat this airy, ample focus of the Bismarck Hotel for trim little shows and danceable music.

Sherman Hayes is the current maestro; his wife Dell Welcome is his vocalist.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). By all means try borscht, chicken Kiev and baba au rhum for dessert, and if you're stout-hearted, you can begin with the Yar Special cocktail, a vodka based nectar. Concert music by George Scherban will probably transpose you right back to the Steppes of Russia.

## Broadway-Wise Revues

★ Nothing's too good for the vacationer in Chicago this year. Without exception, every major night club has shot the bank-roll for expensive acts and a quantity of them. Cream of the lot: **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), with Danny Thomas . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), with Jan Murray . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), with Martha Raye . . . **FROLIC'S**, Clark and Madison (Fra. 3300) . . . **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash (Vic. 9259), with ice show.

★ On a smaller scale but definitely in the running for good entertainment, food and liquors: **BROWN DERBY**, Monroe and Wabash (Sta. 1307) . . . **CLUB MOROCCO**, 11 N. Clark (Sta. 3430) . . . **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Ave. (Div. 5106).

## Specially for Dancing

★ **AMERICAN ROOM**, Hotel LaSalle, LaSalle and Madison (Fra. 0700). Florian ZaBach's orchestra stays on until the handsome maestro leaves for Hollywood.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Randolph and Wabash (Ran. 2822). Del Courtney's back with the best band he's ever had, and that's terrific.

★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Names like Krupa, Calloway, Herman, Dorsey and Monroe and their bands come and go.

## Emphasis on Color

★ The slant-eyed view of the world at **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State Street (Dca. 9733) . . . **BAMBOO ROOM**, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West (Div. 5000) . . . **TROPICS**, Hotel Chicagoan, 67 W. Madison (And. 4000).

★ For Olde English trimmings: **Ralph Jansen's IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . For the graceful gay '90s, **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario St. (Del. 6070) . . . for continental grace and distinction, **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892).



*That Inner Man*

★ AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State Street (Del. 9862), choice for Italian delicacies . . . STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush Street, (Del. 5930), all kinds of steak cuts, all superlative quality . . . BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North Ave. (Mic. 5988), Hungarian goulash is a real pride . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414), ace barbecued meats is the big draw of theatrical notables . . . CHEZ EMILE, 180 E. Delaware Place (Del. 9713), romantic retreat with a demi-poulette you can't match . . . KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush Street (Sup. 9868), magnificent smorgasbord and dividend dining, plus puppet operas if you have advance reservations . . . 885 CLUB, 885 Rush Street (Del. 0885), besides gourmet menus, there's Johnny Honnert and his mind-reading of tune-titles . . . IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark, (Del. 2020), the old standby for seafoods . . . TRADE WINDS, 867 Rush Street (Whi. 9054), fine drop-in-late spot with ribs a specialty worth investigating . . . A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush Street (Del. 1492), its nationally famed smorgasbord is justly famed, believe us . . . And if chop suey is your dish, there's HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton Place (Del. 7194) . . . HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505) . . . NANKIN, 66 W. Randolph (Sta. 1900).

*The Shapes*

★ You'd never recognize the burlesque brand of entertainment as it has been revised in Chicago's

sundodging spas—the girls are beauties, what little costumes they have are ingenious and the comedy chatter is very, very blue . . . Best of the bumps-emporiums: BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson Avenue (Rav. 1000-77) . . . CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison (Can. 9230) . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison (Can. 9407) . . . L & L CAFE, 1316 West Madison (Sec. 9344) . . . CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison (Can. 9260) . . . PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street (Whi. 9615).

*Chicago Theatres*

★ "UP IN CENTRAL PARK" at the Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Michael Todd's handsome costume musical comedy about Tweedtime in New York City, with the original cast of 100.

★ "ANNA LUCASTA" at the Civic theatre, 20 N. Wacker Drive (Fra. 7818). That fabulous Negro beauty Hilda Simms still plays the prostitute reformed in this bewitching comedy-drama.

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone theatre, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Judith Evelyn, Neil Hamilton and James Rennie are the key threesome in this year's most outstanding topical masterpiece from the brains of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.

★ "CANDIDA" at the Harris theatre, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Katharine Cornell's handsome production of the G. B. S. perennial with Sir Cedric Hardwicke (closing June 17th).



A lordly limousine was followed through the congested traffic by an anti-quoted "jalopy." The limousine stopped suddenly and the "jalopy" crashed into it.

A policeman came out and asked the driver of the "jalopy" for his name and address.

"Paddy Murphy," he answered.

"Begorra, is it now?" said the officer. "Hold on a minute while I give the other fellow a ticket for backin' into ye."

Senator Josh Lee, of Oklahoma, recently attended a travel congress in Mexico City. After a few meals of Arros Con pollo and frijoles, he hungered for a good American steak with mushrooms. Going into a restaurant, the Senator from Oklahoma prepared to enjoy himself. But he couldn't speak Spanish and the waiter couldn't speak English.

So, Mr. Lee resorted to picture writing. He drew a picture of a cow, and beside the cow he drew two mushrooms.

"Si, Si!" said the waiter, and he darted away. Presently he came back bringing two umbrellas and a ticket to the bull fight.

# New York Letter . . .



by LUCIE INGRAM

Summer is arriving in Manhattan and is one of the few visitors who can settle down without a five day limit. Holiday and Saturday mornings find the Stations packed to the gates with country bound room-dwellers. Most of the traffic from town heads out Long Island way (Longilan is the way to pronounce it), where there are beaches all along the south and north shores. Also, swimming, hot-dog stands and row-boats for a dollar a day. There is a tremendous lot of fishing off the shore line . . . one wonders what becomes of all the fish caught out there. Perhaps, as the sun grows more intimate, it may be a good idea to take an early train back . . . just in case you might have to share a seat with some unhappy fish on its last mile to a Manhattan frying pan. Sail boats are on the water from various Yacht clubs and are preparing for the racing season. Department stores are practically out of those bits of material we laughingly call bathing suits and all in all it looks as if Summer is ready to open for business.

Hildegarde is still packing 'em in at

the Persian Room. She has been there now for about six months out of the year for the past four years and HILDEGARDE there doesn't seem to be PACKS 'EM IN any doubt about her contracts for some time to come. She entertains for a solid hour at each performance and is the only "one show" in Manhattan . . . probably in existence. This is a feat of no mean proportion and everybody in the show business takes off his hat to her. Songs, some on the market and some purely individual, have a distinct charm that belongs only to Hildegarde. Her hair-do and chic gowns don't hurt anything either. At one point in program she gives away roses (from a florist whom she coyly mentions), to celebrities or chosen patrons. The other evening Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was at a ring-side table with her son Elliot and his wife, Faye Emerson. Everyone knew that Mrs. Roosevelt was due for a rose. But, Hildegarde presented all the others first, Then without mentioning a name she merely said, "To a very lovely lady," and placed the roses on Mrs. Roosevelt's table.

One of the most amusing press stories lately was that of Victor Moore being arrested in Central Park because his dog didn't wear a muzzle. Mr. Moore's fame as a mild and baffled civilian and the fact that his dog is a Pomeranian made the case a big laugh. He was fined two dollars and this created another laugh as his most famous skit in the Ziegfeld Follies was about a two dollar fine. In the skit, Mr. Moore had a lawyer who insisted in defending him against the two dollar fine as a result of spitting in the subway and ended up by getting him convicted of murder. In real life Mr. Moore fared better. He paid the two dollar fine, took his dog and went home. He remarked, however, in parting, that if his Pomeranian had to be muzzled he thought the squirrels should be muzzled, too.

Visitors in Manhattan find that doing business here and shopping, is a sort of

Marathon of endurance. Half of this is due to the fact that **MARATHON OF** one tries to do too much **ENDURANCE** in too short a time.

And half is due to the bewildering problem of how to get where. Most taxis have one wheel in the grave and traffic being what it is, one can often save time by walking. To save time by walking, however, one has to resist shop windows; they are time-eaters but definitely. If a taxi is desirable and available, be sure and watch the one-way street signs. One can save many a three blocks by walking half a block for a ride in the right direction. Subways are great time-savers . . . if you get the right one, that is. Otherwise one can land miles out of the way in a split second. On rainy nights if one is at the old Plaza Hotel or thereabouts, and getting a ride is a lengthy and grim ordeal, there is usually a horse and carriage available from the Park-driving trade. This type of transportation is slow and expensive . . . but dry and sure.

Kansas Citians may well keep a watchful eye on a young lady from their midst by the name of Robin Humphrey who has chosen a theatrical career. Robin is now appearing in *Pygmalion*. Also, she is working with Theatre, Inc., and doing occasional radio parts. Summer stock is beckoning to her with a bright aspect for the fall theatre season. Robin has won her way through many a radio and theatre contest by hard work, reliability and constant training . . . to say nothing of a natural beauty and charm. She has everything . . . so step right up and place your bets.

The Old Vic Theatre Group is packing them in at the Century . . . 59th and Seventh Ave. They were brought here from England by Richard Aldrich (Gertrude Lawrence's husband), head of Theatre, Inc., and have proved a gold mine. Their offering of *King Henry IV*, first and second part, is a perfect example of Shakespeare as he should be spoke. *Uncle Vanya*, the relief play, isn't much of a relief. It is heavy and tedious but so expertly done that Chekov is forgiven for writing it. Judging from the general enthusiasm accorded the Old Vic Company, methinks they will return anon.

For the past year or so musical hits

on Broadway have been just something dreams are made of. But now two are on the boards with every **BETTER GET** indication of staying a **YOURS NOW** long, long time. **CALL ME MISTER** and **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** have moved in and landed right on top. Already tickets are as scarce as seats on a Madison Ave. bus . . . but one can always try. Like hotel reservations it's best to ask long in advance.

After the stress and fatigue of a day in Manhattan it is quite a temptation to stay in one's own hotel for dinner. It is almost always a sure bet for comfort and service. But, with very little added effort one can frequent the small restaurants. Here, one finds an entirely different atmosphere and a much more indigenous type of Manhattan life. And it is well worth the added effort. If you forget to make a pre-visit list of these attractive spots from your **SWING**, look them up in a Manhattan publication . . . of which there are many. You will find not only names listed but also prices and entertainment. Something not to be taken lightly. Might as well see the town while you're at it.

The movie going public is never reticent about letting its likes and dislikes be known. Applause and hisses are all a part of public opinion. The latest character to be hissed in Manhattan movies is John L. Lewis . . . One cannot believe these hisses to be from an anti-labor feeling . . . rather an anti-a-certain-person feeling. Public opinion is recognized to be the most powerful force in the world. When it jells into a hiss or to acclaim it is something to be highly respected and reckoned with. The receiving end of a hiss can't be a very pleasant spot.

Husband and wife radio programs have taken to the air in such quantity that they have become the brunt of many a gag. Like so many things, it was a good idea until overdone. No doubt the old stand-bys will carry on . . . while many a new team will fall by the wayside. The Fitzgeralds and Dorothy and Dick are very securely anchored but it's anybody's guess for the others.

# NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ **THEATER FOLK** go to Sardi's (and, in the chips, to 21, Chambord, Pavillion, Brussels, Colony, Voisin and their kind), to Louis' Bar on West 45th in the middle of the district. The Sixth Avenue Delicatessen is known as "Little 21" and you'll find lots of celebrities there.

★ **OCCUPATIONAL BARS** with lots of characters—and characters, are Toots Shor's, of course, Hurley's, the only corner of Rockefeller Center which isn't Rockefeller Center—the northeast corner of 49th and Sixth; P. J. Clark's and Tim Costello's over on Third. Tim's Bar is decorated with murals by James Thurber. It's an old New Yorker magazine crowd hangout and frequented by John McNulty and the other NY'er writers.

★ **RADIO PEOPLE** eat at Louis and Armand's 42, E. 52nd; the English Grill in Rockefeller Center; the Barberry, 19 E. 52nd; the Swiss Chalet, just east of Louis and Armand's; at Toots's Shor's 51 West 51; Louis XLV Room on Rockefeller Plaza; the Holland House, also on the Plaza, in fact pick any spot near NBC, CBS, MBS, or ABC and you'll find stars, producers, agency People, announcers, and even control operators, who know as much as anybody about good radio shows. The quick coke spots for radio are at Colbee's just back of CBS on 52nd and the NBC Drugstore, on the main floor of 30 Rockefeller Plaza. It's more fun to go to Toots Shor's after the theater than any other time. Everybody congregates there, and it's far easier to get a table and it's far cheaper than the Club Room at the Stork—unless Jack Spooner knows you you won't get in there anyway!

★ **BASEBALL PEOPLE** fatten their batting averages and themselves at Al Schacht's, 137 E. 52nd, where the Clown prince of the national pastime has proven himself a fine epicurean host.

★ **JUST FOR FISH** it is the Anchor Sea Food House, 200 W. 57th; Captain of the Sea, 19 E. 49th; Cooper's Sea Food, 136 W. 50th; Dick the Oysterman, 65 E. 8th; Fishermen's Net, 3rd Ave between 33rd and 34th; Grand Central Oyster Bar, Harvey's Seafood House, 509 3rd Ave.; King of the Sea, 879 3rd Ave.; Little Shrimp, 226 W. 23rd; the two Sea Fare places 41 W. 8th and 1033 1st Ave. and Sea Food Galley, University Place at 8 Ave.

★ **COUNTRY DINING:** Westchester and Dutchess; Abe Levine's 1890 Palmer Ave; Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, 385 Tuckahoe Road; Glen Island Casino, New Rochelle; Old Greeley Kitchen, Chappaqua at end of Saw Mill River Pkwy; Wendover Farms, 6 miles south of Poughkeepsie.

Long Island: Hidden House, Great Neck, Rte. 25-A; Pierre's, Syosset, Rte. 25; Rothman's, E. Norwich, Rte. 25-A; Town Club, Great Neck, Chelsea Pl. off Cutter Mill Rd.

New Jersey: Mayfair Farms, W. Orange, 431 Eagle Rock Ave.; Robin Hood Inn, Clifton, 935 Valley Road; Terrace Room, Newark, 1020 Broad Street.

★ **SHOW CASES:** Bal Tabarin, 225 W. 46th, amusing decor and good fun; Cafe Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq., hot jazz and Folk songs; Cafe Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th, sophistication, plus Susan Reed; Commodore, ornate and plushy, big bands; Copacabana, popular night spot, good shows; English Grill, Lower Plaza, Rockefeller Center, good view of the amateur ice show on the rink; Essex House, 100 Central Park S; Jack Dempsey's, the fighter's name packs them in; Latin Quarter, big, fast, girly revues; Lexington, dancing, name bands, good shows; McAlpin Grill, traditional, good bands; New Yorker, palatial play spot, platinum ice-show productions; Pennsylvania, name bands first choice; Plaza, 5th Ave. at 59th, pleasant, hospitable, showy; Russian Yar, 28 W. 52nd, imperialistic charm, rustic theme, Russian delicacies; St. Regis, 5th Ave. at 59th, terraced magnificence, sizable dance floor, name bands.

## NEW YORK THEATRE

### Plays . . .

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way, CI. 6-9056). Sensational drama played by an all-Negro cast. Valerie Black, Charles Swain, and Claire Jay. Evenings except Monday 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum Theatre, 45th E. of B'way. (CH. 4-42-56.) "An uproarious delight," says Barns of the Herald Tribune. A brand new comedy hit, with former

sports announcer Paul Douglas a solid success in his first acting role. Evenings except Sunday. Matinee Wed., Fri., and Sat., 2:30.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Henry Miller, 43rd. East. BR. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs her older sister's name. You can imagine what happens, and it does. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton, 46th, West. CI. 6-6380). The authors of "Tomorrow the World" present their plea for racial tolerance under guise of a drama. Although they reach no concise conclusions as to what should be done about the problem, they do write an honest and sometimes stirring play. A good cast, with special honors to Barbara Bcl Geddes. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet, 49th, West. CI. 6-8870). Prolific playwright Elmer Rice turns out another vehicle for his wife, Betty Field, an uncommonly good actress. This time it's a comedy about a career girl who daydreams too much. This dreaming means a field day for fantasy, and it's all good fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.



★ **HAMLET.** (Columbus Circle Theatre, Broadway at 59th. CO. 5-1173). Shakespeare as the GI's saw it overseas. Maurice Evans, under the aegis of Mister Michael Todd, presents the tragedy of the gloomy Dane in mid-Victorian costumes, and sans a few scenes which we've grown used to in this particular play. The gravediggers are out. They say the fellas in uniform considered them corny, and anyway, says Mr. Evans the play moves better without them. It's a great show. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HARVEY.** (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. BR. 9-4566). Delightful comedy about a genial boozier and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA.** (Music Box, 45th W. of B'way. CI. 6-3646.) Hilarious, funny, tender and touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou, 45th W. of B'way. CO. 5-8215). An immensely amusing play based on Clarence Day's book. With Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire, Broadway at 40th. PE. 6-9540). The Lunts once more! Alfred L. and Lynn Fontanne come to town in a new comedy which they acted recently in London. It's by the young Englishman, Terence Rattigan, was formerly called "Love in Idleness," and presents this spirited team at their spirited best. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **ON WHITMAN AVENUE** (Cort, 48 St. E. of B'way. BR. 9-0046). Claims to face Negro problem boldly, candidly and intelligently. Comes to tight grips with post-war racial problems. Evenings 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **PYGMALION.** (Barrimore, 47th, West. CI. 4-4499). Gertie Lawrence (the Star Who Danced), having herself a time as the little cockney who turns into a lily, thanks to the efforts of the professor, played this time by Raymond Massey. With Melville Cooper and Cecil Humphries, and staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson Theatre, 44th E. of B'way. BR. 9-5641). Best thing of the past season. Lively, timely and telling comedy concerning liberal industrialist who takes to politics but not to politics, and his wife who likes to tell the truth, never mind who is listening. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **SWAN SONG** (Booth, 45th St. W. of B'Way. CI. 6-5969). A sparkling new play based on a story by Ramon Romero and Harriett Hinsdale, with Jacqueline Horner and Marianne Steward. Evenings 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THIS, TOO SHALL PASS** (Belasco, 44th E. of B'way.). Dramatic dynamite, a brave, disturbing indictment. Evenings at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45th, West. CI. 6-6230). Sweet comedy about a soldier on a week-end pass, and a little actress who is afraid to fall in love again. John Beal comes home again to play the soldier and very nicely; Martha Scott is vivacious and appealing as the

★ **THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE.** (Royale, 45th, West. CI. 5-5760). Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish in a fine story about Chief Justice Holmes, written by Emmet Lavery. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **UNCLE VANYA** (Century, 59th at 7th Ave.). Theatre Incorporated presents this new play. Evenings, 8:15. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:15.

### Musicals . . .

★ **ARE YOU WITH IT?** (Century, 7th Avenue at 59. CI. 7-3121). A lot of capable people including Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and Dolores Gray get with it to give out with song and dance and comedy in a show having something to do with life in a carnival. Rather more fun than not. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN** (Imperial, 45th W. of B'way. CO. 5-2412). Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II present Ethel Merman in what looks like a musical hit. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **BILLION DOLLAR BABY.** (Alvin 52, West. CI. 5-6868). The madly twitching twenties break into song-and-dance, with Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green doing most of the honors. Adolph Green and Betty Comden who turned out "On the Town" also did book and lyrics for this one and they've scored a hit once more. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National, 41, West. PE. 6-8220). A new musical starring Betty Garrett and produced by Melvin Douglas and Herman Levin. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 8:30.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic, 44th W. of B'way. CI. 6-0730.) A fine musical set in New England in 1870. Fine music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **LUTE SONG** (Plymouth, 45th W. of B'way. CI. 6-9156). Michael Myerberg presents Mary Martin in a love story with music. A beautiful affair, quite unlike most others. A high, wide and handsome holiday. Evening, 8:30, except Sunday. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James, 44th W. of B'way. LA. 4-4664). So much has been said and written about this show, and the best of it is, it's all true. By all means, don't miss it. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th St. Theatre, W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075.) Revival of Victor Herbert operetta is made lively and amusing by Eddie Foy, Jr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. Herbert music sounds grand. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld, Ave. of the Americas at 54th. Cl. 5-5200). One show which, like the river it sings about, just keeps rollin' along. This revival of the Edna Ferber story comes in handsome proportions with a fine cast. The music wears well. With Carol Bruce (doing pretty well in the part Helen Morgan set the precedent for), Kenneth Spencer, Jan Clayton, Ralph Dumke, and Buddy Ebsen. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ST. LOUIS WOMAN.** (Martin Beck Theatre, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Cl. 6-6363). Edward Gross presents this new musical play with music by

Harold Arlen and lyrics by the inimitable Johnny Mercer. Starred are the Nicholas Brothers, Pearl Bailey, Rex Ingram, Ruby Hill and June Hawkins. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Imperial, 45th, West. CO. 5-2412). Grieg's life set to Grieg's music, and very pleasant listening. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY** (Broadhurst, 44th St. W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6699). Loose-jointed musical starring loose-jointed Ray Bolger who makes more sense than the story. Brenda Forbes and Rose Inghram help liven things up. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.



Down in Tennessee I heard a conversation between a colored woman and the wife of a college president.

"Children, Liza?"

"Yes'm three boys."

"Do they all have work?"

"Yes'm. One's a lawyer in Knoxville, one's a lawyer in Nashville and one's a professor."

"A professor?" "Yes'm." She mentioned the university. "How in the world did you ever do it, Liza?" "Oh I jes' took in washin!"

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One morning Bruno Walter, famed European conductor, walked into rehearsal, bowed a courtly good morning to the musicians, then raised his hand for silence. "Now, gentlemen," he said, "the opening of this symphony must be piano—softly, but very, very softly. It opens like a whisper. Now!"

He raised his baton. Tensely, the men placed their instruments in position, but before even a single note was played, Walter lowered his baton. "No, no, gentlemen," he said solemnly. "Already too loud."

Exasperated at being known only as the husband of Fannie Brice, Billy Rose, on opening his Casino some years ago, decided to be famous on his own—had a huge sign made, fourteen stories high, spelling out Billy Rose vertically.

On the opening night the sign was lighted. He stood off about a block away to take it all in. "Some sign, eh?" chummily commented a stranger standing next to him.

"You bet your life," Rose answered proudly.

"Know who that fellow is?" volunteered the stranger. "That's Fannie Brice's husband."

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A woman looking at a display of black candles in an Eastern department store inquired a bit timidly, "Will you please tell me what color of flame they make?"

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Said the stout lady to the little boy: "Can I get into the park through this gate?"

"I guess so, lady. A carload of hay just went through."



# PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

## *Just for Food . . .*

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** When the Wright Brothers invented the airplane we'll bet that nobody ever dreamed that airports would blossom forth with such excellent culinary accessories as this colorful and hospitable eating place at the Kansas City Municipal airport. There's always a congenial crowd at breakfast, lunch, dinnertime and between hops. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **ALLEN'S DRIVE-IN.** A Fielder-Jones establishment with a fine reputation. Features steak and chicken dinner, outside and inside service. Open daily and Sunday until 1 a.m., Friday and Saturday until 2 a.m. 63rd and Paseo. JA. 9534.

★ **ALLADIN COFFEE SHOP.** Famous for sizzling Kansas City sirloins and tempting T-bones. An ideal place for a family dinner party. Alladin Roof is available for private parties. In Alladin Hotel. 1213 Wyandotte. VI. 0371.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** A colorful place a short distance south of the downtown area where the food and service is excellent. Reservations are not necessary but you may have to wait in line, especially on weekends. 3215 Troost.

★ **BRETTON'S.** The tradition Harry Weiss set up as a restaurateur is being capably carried on by the new owners, the Bretton's. The food is rich and plentiful and prices are reasonable. They specialize in filet mignon, roast young goose and broiled lake trout. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE.** Dude ranch atmosphere and surroundings plus liberal portions of good food. Giant hamburgers and full course meals. Their dinner steaks at 80 cents are highly recommended. Two locations, Linwood and Forest and at 12th and Baltimore, across from the Muehlebach.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Reopened now with new fixtures, decorations and improved facilities. Open at 10:30 a.m. closes at 7:30 p.m. Fine fish dinners and sea foods, exclusively, and in a wide variety. There's no other place like it in this part of the country. Scarritt Arcade. 819 Walnut Street. HA. 9176.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Where sea food is flown in by air express daily direct from the gulf. An attractive and friendly place featuring lunch and dinner. Open 11 a.m. to midnight. Closed Monday. Brush Creek Blvd at Paseo. VA. 9757.

★ **MAYFAIR COFFEE SHOP.** Ray Dodd justifiably boasts of a place where choice cut steaks and chops are the rule rather than the exception. Serving 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., 5 p.m. to 9 p.m. Linwood and Tracy. VA. 3870.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Paneled and mirrored, bright but dignified and specializing in traditional Muehlebach food. Open all night. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Neat and attractive and widely advertising a claim that women are the best cooks. The Cameo room downstairs is recommended for family gatherings.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A large place, very comfortably appointed, featuring good service and fine food at moderate prices. Parking just across the street. In the BMA building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.



★ **PICKWICK HOTEL.** A well-organized place, with a justifiable claim of better food and service. Luncheon, dinner and late snacks. Hotel Pickwick, 10th and McGee. GR. 5100.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** An ideal interlude for any well-planned shopping trip. Just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Good food and moderate prices. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** Red and beige cuisine corner of the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys, featuring home-made pies, cakes and tender, luscious steaks. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ **RUGEL'S.** Fried chicken and barbecue, yum yum! And boasting their own Arkansas-raised fried chicken served every day. Curb service and carry out. North Kansas City, Highways 71, 69 and 169. NO. 4304.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30. Monday through Friday. Sunday 11:30-2:00. Closed Saturday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **VERDI'S.** Formerly the Rathskeller, now Kansas City's most unique American-Italian restaurant. Open daily and Sunday from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dinner music by Monica Triska. 1115 East Armour Blvd. VA. 9388.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** A beautiful place on the east border of the Country Club Plaza. Prompt curb service and plenty of parking space. Inside there are plenty of booths and tables and a wide variety of food. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

## *For Food and a Drink . . .*

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** Martin Weiss is the ambassador of good food and congeniality at this attractive room in one of the nicer south side hotels. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **BOETTCHER'S.** Dave McClain at the Baby Grand Piano is somewhat more than sufficient inspiration for broiled steaks, fried chicken and sea food. Swope Parkway at Benton Blvd. WA. 9756.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Joshua Everett Johnson is still packing them in nightly for his inimitable brand of piano boogie performed with black light. Midnight interlude from midnight Sunday to 1:30 a.m. Monday plays to standing room only. 3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Alma Hatten, expressionist of the piano, is heard nightly. Excellent food and casual atmosphere. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** A place to enjoy fine foods prepared to your taste at one of Kansas City's smartest dining spots. This and Maurice's Grill at 6332 Brookside are operated by Maurice Bell. 113 E. 10th. VI. 4352.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** Small and cozy but with Rockin' Rocco Ray it's strictly big league. His digital musical contortions are traced in black light. In the Robert E. Lee Hotel. 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Famous for lobster, shrimp, rainbow trout, famous as a meeting place of the famous, and famous for the organ music of pretty Pauline Neece. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** The popular Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, now holds forth at his own beautifully-decorated place which was once the Colony Club. The food is fine and the drinks are prepared by experts in that line. Gus is just as friendly as ever and always glad to see you. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** A roomy Italian restaurant with a wide variety of American-Italian food and inspiring liquid refreshments. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** A junior size place now under the management of Glenn E. Wood. Piano music by the well known Willie Ganz. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A noon-time and late afternoon gathering place for professional people, radio writers, actors and actresses, where everybody knows each other and the food and drinks are of excellent choice and quality. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** New, smooth, distinctive, spotless! One of Kansas City's most beautifully decorated restaurants, with a cute bar. No cover charge. In the Merchandise Mart, 22nd and Grand.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** A popular standby of those who really know where to go. Mixed drinks at the bar, and a convenient dining room with something in it. Across from the Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9224.

★ **PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT.** Chicken and steak dinners plus a sightly and shapely revue. Weekdays 1st floor show at 10:30. Charly Rankin, M. C. 2240 Blue Ridge. IND. 5702.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** One of the midwest's finest bowling alleys containing a restaurant and cocktail lounge thoroughly in keeping with the Bowl's policy of the best of everything. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA LOUNGE.** Smart, major league entertainment for the Country Club Plaza. This place, formerly known as Martin's, now presents Stan Nelson's jive trio and the vocals of Jean Montrose. Restaurant, cocktail lounge, two bars, cafeteria and a night club. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT.** Spacious, upstairs and down, with prompt service, good food and moderate prices. Downstairs is ideal for after-five relaxation. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ **PIONEER ROOM.** Growing in popularity is this new room in the new Westport Arms hotel. Cozy all around with a circular divan, glass-top tables and indirect lighting. Occasional organ music. Westport Arms hotel. Armour near Broadway. LO. 0123.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** Attractive dining room offering tables, booths and bar service. Throughout the evening Helen caresses the Steinway keyboard beautifully. So is Helen. Opens 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel. Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** A crowded and popular downtown spot, crowded because it is so popular; but it's lots of fun regardless. Excellent food, and the same can be said of the piano playing ability of Willie Weber. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A convivial place in the heart of the Waldo district. Large, comfortable and friendly, with an attractive dining room opposite from the bar. Lunch and dinner, and ala carte after 9 p.m. 405 W. 75th. VA. 9274.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Dim, historic and dignified, but the food is somewhat better than 14-k. Straight and mixed drinks are fine, and always available. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** A fine place from which to miss your train or pass the time of day or evening. Richly appointed with fine service in food and drinks. Right next door is the famous Fred Harvey restaurant. In the Union Station. GR. 1100.

### Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A microscopic little place but big in hospitality. It's popular with people who like to make their greenbacks do double duty. The bargain "two for one" cocktail hour is featured every day from 3 to 5. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Latin-American atmosphere with colorful south of the border decor. Hazel Smith entertains at the Novachord afternoons, while the popular and charming Alberta Bird of WHB is featured in the evening. Hotel Phillips. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** If you're looking for a book of verses beneath a bough, better bring your own. But Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape. A room of constant dawn or twilight (to suit your mood) with that incredible mirror over the bar. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** A junior-size cocktail lounge that's nearly always crowded, but once inside it's more than worth the effort. Yes, those pink elephants parading around the walls are really there. State Hotel on 12th Street. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Take the elevator to the third floor of the Phillips, turn left, pass the gift shop and go down the long hall and there you'll emerge into what your dreams of south sea islands should be like. Paul Weber's fingers dance and the Hammond organ laughs and sings. 12th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A well-mannered little brother to El Cashah, where hospitality seems to run in the Bellerive family. Always top-notch attractions. Program changes every two weeks. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

### *With Dancing . . .*

★ **BLUE HILLS.** An ideal place for a perfect evening in a colorful and friendly blue and silver hideaway. Featured on the menu are barbecued ribs, beef and chicken, for dinner or supper. Through a glass arched door is the cocktail lounge where Tony Curuchi and his Latin music are on hand for nightly entertainment. Your host is the genial and well-known Eddie Cross. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Judy Conrad, the hand of a million melodies and as many friends, is back for another long engagement. Billy Snyder, the world's smallest trumpeter, is the standout entertainer. We like this place because it is lively without being too noisy. Dinner dancing from 6 to 1:30. LaSalle Hotel. 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Bob Sylvester and his orchestra, featuring the lovely Eloise, song stylist, back for an indefinite engagement. There's very little room for dancing but food portions and hospitality are generous. Hotel President. 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5040.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The glamour spot of the mid-west where a name star is featured in two shows nightly. An array of nationally known stars comes and goes on a two-week schedule. The popularity of Dwight Fiske has been a fine example of El Cashah quality. Saturday afternoon cocktail dancers, no minimum or cover; and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Julia Lee and Baby Lovett do things with the piano and drums that send the cats crawling home talking to themselves.

Their Decca records have already become collector's items, even though platters are cut frequently. Food and drinks are other worthwhile attractions here, too. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Roy Mack and his band are setting a record in popularity. This place is cool as a Penguin's nose during the warm summer months, but the atmosphere is just the opposite. No minimum or cover. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. GR. 6040.

★ **PLANTATION.** An attractive dining and supper club, just a convenient drive east of the city. The musical magnet is now Jerry Gilbert's fine trio. Highway 40, East of K. C. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Spacious and airy Baltimore avenue favorite, newly remodeled and decorated—for cocktails and dinner dancing; the latter to the pleasant music of Dee Peterson's orchestra. No bar; mixed drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **SKY-HIGH ROOF.** Dancing Friday and Saturday nights to the music of Kenny White and his smooth orchestra. Other nights the roof is available for parties. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Russ Carlyle, former vocalist with Blue Baron, and his new orchestra is the musical attraction at this show spot of the mid-west. The grill is a gorgeous place from every standard, yet its prices are very reasonable. For reservations phone Gordon Ewing. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **STUBB'S GILHAM PLAZA.** Here's a place for a tuneful night with the pianist-vocalist Jeanie Leitt. For a gal, she has the best heat you ever heard. They call her stuff "Boggie with a College Education." And how right they are! 3114 Gillham Plaza.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A roomy night club out in the Waldo district that stays open later than most other places. Right now the musical attraction is the "Four Tons of Rhythm," and they're just exactly that. 79th and Wornall. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A friendly cocktail lounge where mixed drinks, conviviality and a juke box form an ideal combination for a friendly evening. Just off Main, west on 39th. VA. 9806.



A colored preacher wanted to be a D.D., just like many white preachers. He wrote to a certain institution of very dubious standing and asked them to confer on him this honorary degree. Finally some unscrupulous individual wrote that if the preacher would send \$25, he'd see what could be done. The colored brother did not have the twenty-five dollars, but was determined to get the degree. He wrote, "Enclosed please find the sum of \$12.50, for which I kindly ask you to please send me one 'D.' As soon as I get the money I will send for the other 'D.'"

# SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

## Metro-Goldwyn Mayer

**THE GREEN YEARS** — Charles Coburn, Tom Drake, Beverly Tyler, Dean Stockwell. Screen adaptation of A. J. Cronin's best seller, giving the account of a sensitive Irish lad sent to live with a strict Scottish family. There he finds a staunch friend in his great-grandfather and an unreasoning ruler in his great-grandmother. The boy strives to obtain an education and to carry on his beliefs in spite of handicaps. His romance with a childhood sweetheart is woven throughout the story.

**EASY TO WED**—Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Lucille Ball, Keenan Wynn. A singin', dancin', romancin' Van Johnson woos both Esther Williams and Lucille Ball and finds himself in a marital triangle with the two. Keenan Wynn, as a slap-happy newspaper reporter lends his bit by arranging Van's marriage to both. It takes some hilarious fixing before the comedy of matrimonial errors can be straightened out.



## Warner Brothers

**HER KIND OF MAN** — Dane Clark, Janis Paige, Zachary Scott, Faye Emerson. Tale of a gambler, his gal, and the cinema version of a newspaper columnist. Janis Paige is the gal who loves the ne'er-do-well gambler, Zachary Scott. While Zach is riding a rare streak of luck to big money, back in the late Twenties, Dane Clark tags along trying to edge in on Scott's girl. The law and vengeful associates finally catch up with Scott, relieving Janis of the problem of choosing between him and Dane Clark.



## Paramount

**THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE** —Olivia de Havilland, Ray Milland, Sonny Tufts. Milland is again struggling for a bottle, this time a magnum of champagne instead of a fifth of rye. Ray needs the magnum to christen a ship; Olivia wants it to christen the palate of her returning war hero. Sonny Tufts. Olivia gets the magnum of champagne, but Ray, undaunted, appeals to her patriotism, offers her money, lures her to dinner, even makes love to her—all to get the champagne back. As you might have guessed, he not only gets the champagne, but also Olivia!

**THE BLUE DAHLIA** — Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake, William Bendix. Not a flower show, by any means, but a mystery shocker of the first order. Alan Ladd, as a returned war veteran, finds his wife (Doris Dowling) a drunkard and involved with a night club owner. Disgusted and disillusioned, he walks out on her and into the life of Veronica Lake, who later turns out to be the estranged wife of the night club owner. Ladd's wife is found shot to death, and the plot races bruisingly through his efforts to clear his name and that of his war-buddy, William Bendix.



## RKO Radio Pictures

**BADMAN'S TERRITORY** — Randolph Scott, Ann Richards, George Hayes. There are badmen to boot in this western thriller—the James boys and the Daltons, Belle Star and a horde of desperadoes, bank busters and train robbers. Randolph Scott, as the fearless law officer, mingles with the desperadoes under a sort of truce. Ann Richards portrays a fiery she-editor of a small town newspaper, crusading to have the early-west territory brought under Federal control, and meeting fierce opposition along the way. Scott more than adequately takes care of both—the outlaws and the she-editor.

## Tentative Schedule for Films Showing In April In Kansas City

### NEWMAN

THE BLUE DAHLIA  
THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN,  
FAIRWAY  
DO YOU LOVE ME?  
CLUNY BROWN

RKO ORPHEUM  
BADMEN'S TERRITORY  
HEARTBEAT

LOEW'S MIDLAND  
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS  
RINGS TWICE  
THE GREEN YEARS

## Twentieth-Century-Fox

**CLUNY BROWN** — Jennifer Jones, Charles Boyer, Reginald Gardiner, Richard Haydn. One of the more delightful comedies of the year in which Jennifer Jones portrays a young lady whose sole ambition is to become a plumber. Through a quirk of circumstance she becomes a housemaid instead. Charles Boyer is a Czech liberal in the pre-war English setting, who befriends the housemaid as well as tends to her romantic affairs.

# Swing Around...



(Excerpt from "Santa Fe, The Railroad That Built an Empire," a Random House book, by James Marshall).

"Ripley, Storey and Bledsoe, Engel and Gurley built track and locomotives and millions of things that make a railroad . . . but they built something more.

"In September, 1944, a Chicago-Kansas City train stopped one night at Fort Madison, Iowa, and from it the conductor and a trainman carried Albert E. Stine, an Associated Press man of 4508 Broadway, Kansas City. A. E. Buckingham, the Santa Fe's agent at Fort Madison helped them, and, as the train went on, saw Mr. Stine safely to the Sacred Heart Hospital and waited while the doctors examined the sick passenger.

"The physicians came out with grave faces.

"He'll have to have a major operation. We'll need blood transfusions."

"So Mr. Buckingham bared his arm and gave his blood. After that, he sent for Mrs. Stine, also a Kansas City newspaper worker. Next day he visited the hospital and brought along two other Santa Fe men, already rolling up their sleeves.

"You'll need some more blood for Mr. Stine—here it is," he said.

"Yes, it seems that railroading isn't all just running trains."

AFTER the book was published came a letter from Justin E. Hoy, formerly assistant sales supervisor for Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. in Kansas City, and now with A. T. & T. in New York:

"It's saying here in the paper that a guy named Stine (and it sounds like my Al) gets a bellyache on a train. Well, lots of people get bellyaches on trains. I had a bellyache on a train one time and what did I do? I go to the room marked 'Men' and toss cookies all over Birmingham, Alabama, for three miles. What does this Stine do? Go to the room marked 'Men'? No. He starts yelling 'Who owns this train?'

"It seems that the train belongs to Mr. A. T. Santa Fe, who doesn't happen to be along on this trip, so his first assistant, Mr. Buckingham, he steps up and says 'My boss owns this train—what gives?' You can't imagine what's happening then. This Stine says, 'Stop her! By Gawd, I gotta bellyache.' I don't know why yet but this guy Buckingham, he pulls the rope, they take this guy Stine to a nursery and make him real soft and happy. Some nerve, eh? But still he's not happy. Nothing does but this poor guy, whose boss owns the train, has to be giving up his own life's blood for this Stine. (At this point I'm betting Mr. Buckingham was wishing this Stine had been riding on the Burlington.) Do you think maybe this Stine was happy now? No. Two more guys who happened to work for the railroad, they, too, got to lean over and bleed for this Stine.

"In conclusion I can only say that the railroad should hire more lawyers like that smart shyster from Venice named Mr. Portia, and further that if this guy Stine ain't my friend Al, it's only because my Al didn't think of this routine first."





**BANG BANG . . .** Five Kansas City men went on a hunting trip up into Canada. Coming to a likely looking farm, one member of the party, carefully omitting mention that he knew the farmer, volunteered to ask permission to hunt.

Warmly greeted by his old friend, the hunter was told that they could shoot to their heart's content. "Oh, wait a minute, Fred," said the farmer. "I've got an old horse out by the barn that I have to do away with, but I'm too attached to the old mare to shoot her. Will you do the job for me?"

"Sure," answered Fred.

Returning to the car, Fred began to growl angrily as he approached his friends, and hurriedly loaded his gun.

"What's a matter, Fred?" they asked. "Won't he let us hunt?"

"No," snapped Fred. "I'll show the old so-and-so that he can't get away with that." Walking over to the barn and taking careful aim, Fred plugged the old mare in her tracks.

The other four took one look, climbed back into the car and wheeled down the road with visions of red coated Mounties and stern Canadian law in hot pursuit.

The foursome was twenty miles on their way home before the practical joker could head them off by telephone.

**DOUBLE TROUBLE . . .** A man in a local police court charged with assault offered this novel defense:

"Your honor, I wasn't within a mile of the place where she says the assault took place. Besides, it wasn't an assault because she invited me in. And besides that, she ain't the woman."

**DOUBLE TIME . . .** Fifty-eight minutes after carpenters begin to build one of those new GI houses out in Northeast Kansas City, the lady of the house is already in the tub. Then the doorbell rings. The brush salesman has arrived.

**VERSATILITY . . .** The California spirit, it seems, never gives up. The day of a torrential downpour of near-flood proportions, a department store, advertising boots, raincoats, and umbrellas said: "Let us help you get ready for California's Liquid Sunshine Days."

**FINAL NOTICE . . .** The editor of a southern Missouri weekly paper carried this notice on the front page:

"Attention subscribers. When your subscription expires come in and renew promptly if you want a good boost toward the golden gate when you expire."



**BETTER DUCK . . .** Doris Duck was paddling happily in the lagoon one day when she spied a good-looking, shiny stranger duck. Doris swam up and said coyly, "Hello There." The other duck answered not a word.

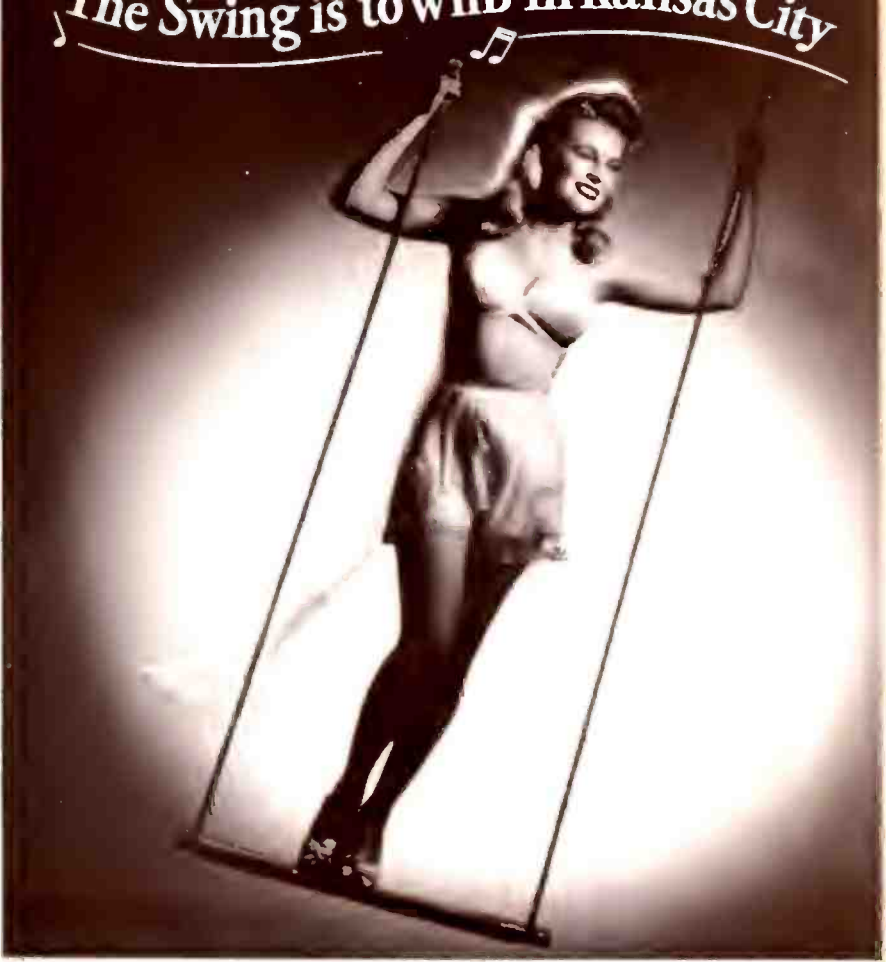
"Aw go to hell then," grated Doris, with her best duck etiquette. Just then she spied a hunter aiming a gun at them from the wooded shore. Being kind-hearted, Doris took time to shout warning to the surly stranger before she dove.

Coming to the surface cautiously, Doris saw the strange duck all shot to pieces, to splinters in fact.

"Aha! Wooden duck, eh!" said Doris.



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<b>KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX APRIL 1946</b>	<b>WHB</b>	<b>Station A</b>	<b>Station B</b>	<b>Station C</b>	<b>Station D</b>	<b>Station E</b>
<b>WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A. M.—12 Noon</b>	<b>24.7</b>	<b>12.5</b>	<b>25.8</b>	<b>12.2</b>	<b>19.8</b>	<b>4.3</b>
<b>WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P. M.</b>	<b>27.4</b>	<b>25.5</b>	<b>19.8</b>	<b>15.3</b>	<b>9.4</b>	<b>1.0</b>
<b>SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P. M.</b>	<b>19.3</b>	<b>23.0</b>	<b>27.5</b>	<b>13.9</b>	<b>13.5</b>	<b>1.6</b>
<b>SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.</b>	<b>34.8</b>	<b>14.6</b>	<b>25.9</b>	<b>16.5</b>	<b>7.0</b>	<b>0.0</b>



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