

MAY 1947

25¢

Swing





1. Carroll Reese, chairman of the Republican Natl. Committee, outlines party objectives.
2. H. M. "Jack" Horner, president of United Aircraft, speaks of aviation.
3. Harold Russell, hands-on special Academy Award winner for his performance in Best Years of Our Lives, kids with veterans representatives.
4. Yellowstone's vacation possibilities lauded by Governor Hunt and ex-Governor Miller of Wyoming.
5. Charlie Black, two-time All American basketball player, in exclusive interview with Lou Kemper.
6. WHB Newsbureau chief Dick Smith talks with actress Gene Tierney.
7. Swing Session fans crowd around Swingmaster Bob Kennedy and band leader Elliott Lawrence.
8. Lt. Col. Vargier Gonzales, Director Mexican Aviation, and Rex Brock, district manager of Braniff Airways, address WHB audience.



May is nice in New York. There are balloons in Central Park and parades around Union Square. It's a nice month in Cincinnati, too. Summer is old in Albuquerque by this time; lizards dart across the sand and plaster houses blaze white in the sun. White spirea foams all over Kansas City. In Harzfeld's windows a Dalian springtime blooms like a hothouse hybrid; and streetcars bulge on Sunday on the way to Swope Park. By virtue of the present tilt of the earth, the people in London and Paris and Berlin are thawing out. It would seem that spring has come all over. And like the gentleman in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, it speaks holiday, it smells April and May.

However, this year we trip over all sorts of clauses putting the clamps on Maytime. We just can't tell: what with the current witch hunt, with sovereignty throwing its weight around, with titular benevolence operating like a cartel—who knows what to expect?

The year's at the spring, the lark's on the wing, but all's not right with the world and not by a helluva sight. We'd like to institute a reform, hunt down injustice, and poison the tyrant. But the reform might boomerang, and we aren't quite sure which one is the tyrant. These are deceptive times. Even the flowers that bloom in the spring aren't too dependable. We half expect them to explode in our face or fold up with a snap like a magician's bouquet. Maybe it would be just as well if, for the moment at least, we went gathering nuts in May and took most of the rest of the world along.

Jetta
Editor.

Swing

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MAY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art

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

Exhibitions: Memorial exhibition of paintings by Frank Mechau.

Masterpiece of the Month: Chinese bronze vessel of the kwei type, early Chou dynasty.

Musical Programs: Concerts will be given on Sunday afternoons at 3:30 in Atkins Auditorium.

Drama

May 19-24, Bloomer Girl. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, May 22 and 24.

Music

(Music Hall)

May 5, Beau Brummel Minstrels.

May 7, Board of Education Music Department's May Festival.

May 9, Kansas City Alumni Association of Central College presents a musical program.

May 10, Sigmund Romberg. Matinee May 11.

May 15, 16, Kansas City Choral Union. Matinees May 17, 18.

Dancing

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)

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

May 10, Frankie Masters and Orchestra.

May 17, Harry Cool and Orchestra.

(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main)

Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

Special Events

May 2, 3, Boy Scout Roundup, Auditorium.

May 16, Camp Fire Girls, Auditorium.

May 17, Heart of America B'nai Brith benefit dance, Auditorium.

May 19, Shrine Ceremonial, Auditorium.

May 24, 25, Kansas City Garden Club, Auditorium.

Wrestling

May 3, Scottish Rite Temple.

May 20, Ladies' wrestling, Auditorium.

Memorial Hall (Kansas City, Kansas), wrestling every Thursday night.

Conventions

May 3, 4, Missouri Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.

May 4, 5, Woodmen of the World, Missouri Division, Hotel Pickwick.

May 5-7, Missouri Bakers Association, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.

May 8, 9, Mortgage Bankers Association of Missouri, Hotel President.

May 8-10, Missouri Funeral Directors Association, Hotel Muehlebach and Auditorium.

May 9, 10, Equity Union Grain Company, Hotel Phillips.

May 12-14, Missouri-Kansas Dental Convention, Auditorium.

May 12-14, Missouri State Dental Assistants Association.

May 15, 16, Regional Conference Illuminating Engineering Society, Hotel President.

May 15-17, Society of Grain Elevator Superintendents, Hotel Continental.

May 17-21, National League of Pen Women, Mid-Western Congress, Hotel Muehlebach.

May 18-20, Allied Clothiers and Jobbers, Hotel Phillips.

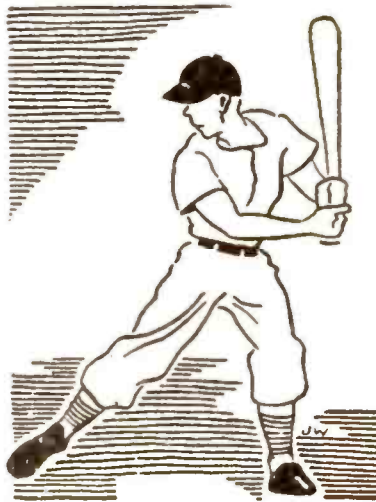
May 18-20, Sweet Lumber Company, Hotel Muehlebach.

May 18-23, American Association of Cereal Chemists, Hotel President.

May 22, 23, National Association of Weather Forecasters.

May 25-27, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips, and Aladdin.

May 26, 27, Midwestern Retail Coal Association, Hotel President.



Baseball

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Ruppert Stadium.

May 10, 11, Indianapolis.

May 12, 13, 14, Louisville.

May 15, 16, Toledo.

May 17, 18, Columbus.

May 20, 21, Minneapolis.

May 22, 23, St. Paul.

Bowling

Armour Lane, 3523 Troost.

Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.

Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.

Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.

Palace, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

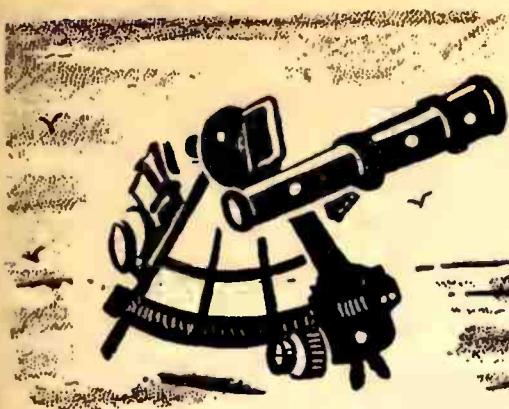
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Goodbye, Sky!

The blip-happy boys who invented radar have made even the heavens obsolete. Now the Navy's closely guarded "loran" may be described.

by J. W. McCLOY

IF *Variety* put out a "Skyway Edition," the following advertisement might well be placed on one of its pages:

"Over Fifty Stars from Hit Constellations — Four Famous Planets as Solo Acts—One Moon with Upper and Lower Limbs—Soon to be Available for New Bookings. Formerly Under Contract with Columbus, Magellan, Drake, Cook, Vancouver and all Modern Merchant Marines and Navies. Victims of Technological Unemployment."

Yes, it's true; the year is not far in the future when the stars (and associates) will lose their most loyal audience, that small fraternity of men who, since unrecorded time, have made the greatest use and been the most devoted and dependent followers of the celestial bodies.

These men, the navigators of ships, will not need to look skyward tomorrow in order to draw their course lines straight and true. Science, that practical disrespecter of traditions,

will soon call them in from the bridge wings one by one. It will place them before the indicator, or 'scope, of an instrument that in a few seconds' time will answer the eternal question of navigation: what is our position?

This interloper, of course, is the recently much publicized "loran," nickname of the new long range aid to navigation method.

Reduced to its briefest, simplest terms, the "loran" system combines the use of pairs of synchronized radio transmitters on shore with a super-sensitive receiver on board a ship. The receiver is actually a complex electronic stop-watch that measures the infinitesimal difference in time that it takes the radio signals to arrive from the two transmitters that are broadcasting simultaneously.

This time difference can be translated into a line of position on a special "loran" chart. By crossing two or more of these lines, each based on a time difference from a separate pair of transmitting stations, a ship can establish its fix. "Loran" is that simple and that complicated, depending on whether you're looking at the general principles involved or at the complex receiver itself.

Like radar, its high-frequency step-brother, "loran" was born in war and nursed in secrecy. Now in peace it

will be developed as an international navigation system, with its transmitting towers located in all countries.

Against such a widespread conspiracy, the venerable mariner's sextant and kindred instruments haven't a chance. Celestial navigation, of course, will continue to be used until "loran" takes over, and it will always be used as an emergency method when a piece of shipboard "loran"

equipment gets temperamental. The handwriting, however, is clearly visible: the stars, planets and the moon are no longer indispensable to the safety of man's wanderings on the oceans of the world. The sun, too, could be retired into the aloof seclusion of its light years if it didn't have other qualities much in demand by civilization.

As the end of an era approaches, the veteran navigator can't help but feel a tinge of regret.

This master or mate, be his ship a dumpy tramp steamer or a luxury liner, has made too many landfalls safely with the help of his "obsolete" instruments not to pay just tribute on their passing.

The sextant, the chronometer, the Nautical Almanac, the tables of pre-computed solutions, the heavens of day and night—these have been his companions in a never-ending battle against the immensity of ocean spaces, the temperaments of weather and the vagaries of current and magnetic influence.

Not every navigator, naturally, thoroughly understands the celestial methods he has been using for determining position. The principles involved are in the precinct of advanced mathematics, physics and astronomy.

It is enough for him, that with simple instruments and a few small books of figures, he has been able to guide a ship with reasonable certainty and safety around the world.



The sextant he knows and respects. It's an instrument of beautiful simplicity, one that he can repair himself if necessary, or even construct in an emergency.

He likes the feel of it in his hand. He enjoys the command it gives him over what, to most landmen, are imponderables. With it, he becomes a part of a great tradition because, in the two hundred years since its practically simultaneous invention by Godfrey and Hadley, it has changed only in the degree of precision of its few working parts. And, in turn, the sextant produced by those two men in 1730 differed in principle from the arc measuring devices in use in the remote B.C.'s only by the addition of two small mirrors. When a navigator uses a modern sextant, then, he is in essence and in spirit using the old cross-staff, astrolabe, nocturnal and back-staff.

Companion instrument with the sextant has been the marine chronometer, on which every navigator for

two centuries has lavished loving care.

Cradled in a special case to protect it from shock and the motion of the ship, wound every day at the same time, this keeper of the hours can tick on month after month, steadily losing or gaining but the same amount every twenty-four hours, and that often only a fraction of a second.

Such precision has been necessary in the past in order that the mariner be able to synchronize his observations with the known positions of celestial bodies as pre-determined by the astronomer. In fact, so important was the chronometer considered that the British Government in 1765 awarded its inventor, John Harrison, the modern equivalent of over \$70,000.

Is it any wonder that the chronometer, like the sextant, has a special place in the affections of the navigator?

An accurate timepiece, of course, will always be in demand on board a ship, but its presence will not be as vital tomorrow. In fact, already its importance as a self-contained instrument, with a movement capable of an extremely uniform rate, has been lost. Time checks are now broadcast by radio from observatories at frequent intervals throughout the day.

To a high shelf then in the chart house, or away in the back of a drawer there, will go the old tools of an ancient trade. Not antiquated nor completely replaced by "loran," but certainly relegated to a position of secondary importance.

As for the part of the veteran navigator himself, the part belonging to the days when the sign posts on the searoads were all above the swaying

mast of his ship, "loran" can't really touch or change that.

It is unlikely that he'll ever forget the thrill of laying down his first series of position lines on a chart after having translated the pattern of the sky into terms of time, bearing and distance. He may have plotted in a thousand positions since then but the last, as did the first, gave him the stimulating satisfaction of being able personally to defy the trackless, empty sea. Looking at the intersection of his lines, he could say with justifiable confidence, "My ship is close to where they cross."

Even the simple ritual of taking sights—that measuring of the arc between a celestial body and the horizon—has had its unforgettable element of the dramatic, especially sights at the beginning and the end of day.

In the transient darkness just before dawn, the navigator carefully chooses from among the familiar, unobscured stars still on duty in the sky of night. He stands waiting, sextant ready, stop watch ready. His stars are ready too but his horizon is not yet distinct enough for accurate working.

As daylight rises out of the east, the stars lose their brilliance . . . fade . . . slowly fade. But at the same time the horizon line between sky and water is gradually sharpening into a finely drawn rim.

This is the moment!

In the next fleeting minutes suspended between night and day, the navigator swiftly takes his measure of the arcs, pausing between sights only to call out his sextant readings to the quartermaster.

At evening twilight, the drama is reversed. The race against time finds the horizon giving way to night, and the brighter stars becoming visible, one by one, with maddening slowness.

There is something exhilarating in this presumptuous partnership with the heavens that "loran," in spite of its complex magic, can never give.

The stars, even our little sun, combine dimensions of size and distance that are actually beyond human comprehension. Yet the navigator calmly uses them as familiar "landmarks," just as a marine pilot uses buoys, lighthouse towers and islands for his bearings. True, the stars are hurtling out of and towards infinity at almost incalculable speeds, but at any given second the navigator, with the help of his almanac, can pin-point their relative geographical position on a chart.

There is also a singular lack of reverence in the way that, with the mirrors on his sextant, he can coax the stars out of their stately constellations and bring them all the way down to the level of his eye. For a moment, he is the master, he is the puppeteer.

This, then, is the navigator of yesterday, and but briefly—of today, a man who finds the heavens not beyond the reach of mind but mixed with the spindrift that whips against his face as he braces himself on the rolling bridge of his ship.

And how, it is asked, will he take

to the New Order of Things?

Most emphatically, the super position finder of the very near future will not be greeted with stubborn hostility on the part of the sentimental navigator of the old school.

As soon as "loran" becomes commercially and technically practical on an international scale, the man who so fondly balanced a sextant in his hand for so many years will be among the first to welcome this wonder of electronics.

He will admit quite frankly that his methods now are rather cumbersome, rather limited at times by the whimsy of weather. First and foremost, he's a practical man with a difficult job to do, and he'll use the best instruments and methods that ingenuity can produce.

You'll pardon him, however, if he reminisces occasionally about the "old days."

And maybe you'll understand why he might sometimes wonder in the future if he hasn't lost something — something intangible — something of the spirit—when he made his bargain with science. For several pale green lines dancing across the face of an indicator bearing the very unromantic name of "oscilloscope," he traded in the great Orion, the angry



Scorpion, the lonely Southern Cross and such lovely jewels as Aldeberon, Capella, Deneb and Arcturus.

Truly, the stars will be out tomorrow—out of a job, at least.

The road to maladjustment is paved with unattainable ambitions.



by WENDELL JOHNSON

SITTING in the stadium on any brisk fall afternoon, eating peanuts, and cheering good old "Snake Hips" McGuire on down the field to another touchdown for Wonderful U, one would never suspect that well over half of the yelling, stomping students filling the air with "yeah rahs" were "maladjusted."

Something like three-fourths of college and university students admit that they have feelings of inferiority; and a slightly larger proportion than that say, when properly asked, that they suffer from mild to severe degrees of stagefright. Between five and ten per cent have speech defects; three to five per cent have some degree of hearing loss; ten per cent read so poorly that they are gravely handicapped in their studies (to say nothing about how they make out with the newspapers and magazines); and every student counseling office, speech clinic, and psychiatric service ever established for students by colleges and universities has found itself swamped and unable to handle adequately all the students who come for help—and they don't include the

indefinite but doubtless large number who are too proud or shy to ask for the assistance they badly need.

Fundamentally, what is wrong with all these maladjusted and handicapped students? To such a question there is, of course, no all-inclusive one-syllable answer. There is, however, one answer that is to be heavily underlined, at least so far as one variety, undoubtedly the most common variety, of maladjustment is concerned.

This variety of maladjustment is one which we might call by the general name of anxiety-tension. It is to be seen in a large number of specific forms, ranging from severe stuttering or knee-knocking stagefright to the milder degrees of uneasiness in dinner table conversation.

They are not the sort of tensions which result from the attempt to lift a davenport, or drive a golf ball three hundred yards. They are, rather, self-defensive tensions. That is to say, they express states of concern, doubt, anxiety—anxiety about oneself, about how one rates in comparison with others, about how one is regarded by others. That is why they are called

Wendell Johnson, author of *People In Quandaries*, is Professor of Speech Pathology and Clinical Psychology at the State University of Iowa, and is Director of the Speech Clinic there. He was recently voted Chi Omega's "favorite professor," and this article has been released for simultaneous publication in the Chi Omega *Eleusis*.

anxiety-tensions. To some degree, in some form, under certain circumstances, practically everybody experiences anxiety-tensions.

The fact that they are so common—at least, in our culture—is at once both hopeful and disturbing. It is hopeful in a rather cheerless sort of way in that it indicates that misery has a great deal of company, and that whatever the cause of all these tensions, it is not to be found solely in you, or in me, or in any one person, but in all of us—which is to say, in our society. This is a way of saying that there is something in our common social environment from which we appear to learn to be fearful, uneasy, or anxious, and to express this unhappy state in various kinds of self-defensive tensions. This relieves you, or me, or any other specific person from the suspicion that as individuals we are somehow just naturally queer or abnormal. This is the hopeful side of the matter. The disturbing aspect is that our society is so apparently unhygienic, psychologically speaking.

But what is so unhygienic about it? Isn't our way of life the best ever in the best of all possible worlds? Perhaps we can answer these questions by saying that we appear to pay an exorbitant price for the virtues of our society. The very forces in our culture that spur us on to ever grander achievements are the forces which also prod us into fearful anxieties over the dreadful consequences of failing to achieve the success essential, so we think, to an enviable reputation and unquestioning self-respect. Ours is a very competitive society.

We have competitive sports, competitive marking systems in our schools, competitive business practices—we even have competitive humor: *Can You Top This?* a radio program in which laughter is recorded on a meter, and the jokester who gets the biggest laugh from the audience gets the highest meter reading! We are eternally trying to win a contest—and since only one can win, as a rule, most of us are, as a rule, losers.



There is a particularly important aspect of this competitiveness: so much of our thinking, feeling and planning are carried on in terms of it. We are responsive to the many kinds of appeals that can be made to our competitive spirit. Publishers, movie producers, advertising men and radio executives learned this long ago. The result is that hour after hour, day after day, year in and year out we are bombarded with fiction, news reports, movies, magazine articles, pictures, commentators' chatter and the ads—above all, the ads—urging us, shaming us, enticing us to look better, talk better, smell better, to know more, to travel farther, faster, and oftener, to be more and more

dissatisfied with everything within reach. And so we feel increasingly inferior, and we hitch our little wagons to higher and higher stars—and have bigger and better wrecks as a consequence.

It all adds up to a pervasive disappointment, a creeping discontent. Aiming at unrealistically high ideals, vaguely defined but desperately cherished, we suffer discomfiting and disorganized feelings of frustration. We react with ill temper and resentment. We are not good company. And as we get older and our impossible dreams recede ever further from our grasp like so many maddening mirages, we come at last to nurse a sense of failure, we become discouraged, apologetic, bored and sometimes cynical.

The road to maladjustment is wide and fast. It runs from idealism to frustration to demoralization—the IFD thoroughfare. All too often a university education is a needlessly unreflective ride along this unrewarding highway. Four years of it can—but needn't—leave one far removed from the world of reality, unfit for the work of housewives, mothers, patient and understanding teachers, considerate business people, unselfish physicians and lawyers, socially conscious citizens. Four years in a spacious, charming sorority house, for example, may not always serve as the best preparation one could imagine for a life of zestful contentment in a two-room apartment, or a trailer. Four years of concerts, formal dances, big time football games and cokes at the Union every afternoon add up perhaps to education for

life for those who can continue easily to have concerts, formal dances, football games and daily cokes—but possibly not for those who can't. Maladjustments—*anxiety-tensions*—are to be expected when you can't have what you have grown used to having, or what you have learned to value highly.

The best insurance against frustration is to set your goals so that you can reach them. You can set them a little higher next time. If you don't look like Betty Grable, don't convince yourself you should. If you don't have an income of ten thousand a year, don't try to live as though you did have. Be yourself and don't apologize for it. Laugh at the perfume ads. And the movies, remember, are dream stuff. Keep in touch with plain folks. Keep your eye on the ball of reality. Be frank with your friends. Put your worst foot forward: you can't get ahead trying to walk on just one foot even if it is your best one.

Nothing succeeds like success. And there is no success in nature. Success is the difference between what you get or do and what you expected to get or do. Your expectations determine in large part whether you are to have any feelings of success, and your expectations are by no means beyond your control.

Life is a series of little surprises
Occasioned by slightly inaccurate
surmises:

That man of all the very most
wise is

Whose misjudgments insure him
of pleasant surprises.

What Do You Know About Divorce?

THE current hue and cry over America's growing divorce rate has loosed a deluge of statistics. With how many of them are you familiar? The answers are on page 51. Seven correct passes you.

1. The rate of divorce has risen until it now is—
 - a. 1 out of every 9 couples
 - b. 1 out of every 6 couples
 - c. 1 out of every 3 couples
2. Divorce rates are highest in—
 - a. The eastern states
 - b. The southern states
 - c. The western states
3. The highest divorce rates occur amongst—
 - a. Farmers
 - b. Actors
 - c. Firemen
4. The most common reason given for divorce is—
 - a. Desertion
 - b. Cruelty
 - c. Adultery
5. Fewer divorces occur among couples who marry when they are—
 - a. between 19 and 20
 - b. between 25 and 30
 - c. when the bride is 24, and the groom 29
6. According to statistics, childless couples divorce each other in—
 - a. 50% of the marriages
 - b. 15% of the marriages
 - c. 71% of the marriages
7. This picture is different in marriages that produce children. Their divorce rate is—
 - a. 20% of the marriages
 - b. 3% of the marriages
 - c. 8% of the marriages
8. When questioning juvenile delinquents it has been found that a high percentage come from broken homes. This percentage runs as high as—
 - a. 50%
 - b. 60%
 - c. 90%
9. Divorces occur more often when the couples have been married—
 - a. 3 years
 - b. 4 years
 - c. 5 years
10. Depression years are difficult for a nation and result in—
 - a. increase in the divorce rate
 - b. great decreases in the divorce rate
 - c. very little effect on the divorce rate



Some years ago, Mrs. Sidney Webb was present at a dinner party when the young man seated next to her said: "All this talk about feminism is utter rot. There isn't a woman alive who wouldn't rather be beautiful than clever."
"Quite true," Mrs. Webb agreed. "But the reason for that, you see, is that so many men are stupid and so few are blind."



The Kid's A

CARD

The fascinating history of gaming is centuries old!

by EVELYN NOLT

IT was cool in the cave. Mrs. Flathead came out to look for Mr. Flathead. She had left him repairing his stone club. Not all the evening was broken by his silhouette. She decided to stride down to the river bank, a half-mile away, to see if he were at the neighbors.

Mrs. Broadnose met her half way. Her husband was missing too. They inclined their ears to the wind and caught a peculiar rattling sound. Just happening to have two sturdy clubs with them, they allowed curiosity to guide their footsteps to the edge of a small clearing lighted by the last rays of the setting sun. There Mr. Flathead and Mr. Broadnose squatted over what appeared to be a cow's horn filled with little bones on which were strange markings. The two ladies closed in. Mr. Broadnose was distinctly heard to murmur, "snake-eyes" just before he passed into oblivion.

This little scene is not recorded in ancient documents, but it is a matter of gaming history that dice came first, followed many hundreds of years later by chess, a game invented in India. We mention chess to get to playing cards, because the chessmen of different grades are respon-

sible for the face-cards in the pack. There is no set date for the first deck of playing cards. Some authorities claim they were used in Egypt during the time Joseph busied himself filling the granaries for the seven lean years. It is a fact the good people of Hindustan and China were calling misdeals long before playing cards were introduced into Europe.

Cards were different then. Every pack had a varying number of suits and different markings. There was no queen; this would have been a breach of Oriental etiquette. It took the gallant French to cut the lady in.

Tradition has it that Hindustanee cards were invented by a favorite Sultana to break her husband of a very bad habit—that of pulling his beard. Tradition fails to mention whether or not her ruse succeeded.

The first Hindu cards history tells us about were circular with eight or ten suits to a pack. They were very small, the largest cards being two and three-fourths inches across, and were made of canvas so stiffened with varnish they felt like pieces of wood. Shuffling, in this case, must have been half the game.

The marks on these suits, painstakingly done by hand, were pecu-

liar to the country and its customs. One pack, in particular, included ten suits of 12 cards each. The marks of the suits were emblems of the ten incarnations of Vishnu, one of the three principle Hindu Divinities. These religious cards were not used for playing but for insinuating knowledge into the minds of the young.

Chinese cards were first made of bone, then ivory, and finally paper. Dotted cards, consisting of 32 pieces with symbolical markings, were invented during the reign of Seun-ho, 1120 A.D., to keep his numerous concubines out of mischief. The "paper tickets" of China were much smaller than our present day playing cards.

Just when playing cards invaded Europe isn't known. Perhaps the Asiatic gypsies brought them in with their art of fortune-telling. The returning crusaders may be responsible for their initial appearance. However and whenever they arrived, they were officially received in 1392 when a court painter was commissioned to invent some form of amusement for Charles VI of France, who, regrettably enough, had just lost his reason. The treasurer's entry reads, "Given to Jacques Gringonneur, painter, for 3 packs of cards, gilt and coloured and variously ornamented, for the amusement of the king, fifty-six sols of Paris." Since *sol* translates into soil or ground, it would appear Jacques was paid off in land.

King Charles continued insane for the rest of his life with lucid intervals. However, neither condition seemed to affect his card-playing, although the cards themselves were

fully three times the size of our present day models, and lent themselves but poorly to cheating.

The incident of 1392 seems to have been forgotten until the 19th Century, when a doctor in England used it to prove the insanity of a person in question before the court. He admitted that this person played admirably at whist.

"And do you seriously say, Doctor," said the learned counsel, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in pre-eminent degree memory, judgment and combination, can at the same time be deranged in his understanding?"

"I am no card player," replied the Doctor with dignity, "but I have read in history that cards were invented for the amusement of an insane king." Men in white coats took "the person" away.

After 1393, playing cards became very common in Europe, so common that an Edict of Paris, dated 1397, reads, "working people are forbid to play at tennis, bowls, dice, cards or nine-pins on working days."

Early in the 15th Century card-making was a lucrative trade in Germany. By 1474, Germany was doing a large export business, sending playing cards, in small casks, to Italy, Sicily and across the sea to be bartered for spices and other wares. Later, England and Italy passed laws forbidding imported playing cards for the protection of home talent.

Phillip, Duke of Milan, paid 15 hundred pieces of gold for a pack of cards containing figures of the gods

with their emblematic animals and birds. This is probably the most expensive pack of cards in all history.

It wasn't long until Europe was split into "for" and "against" groups. In Germany, John Capistran, a Fran-



ciscan friar, preached a three hour sermon against luxury and gaming. His tirade was so effective the audience worked itself into a frenzy and had a beautiful fire in the market-place burning 76 jaunting sledges, 3640 backgammon boards, 40,000 dice and "cards innumerable."

For the benefit of poor losers, a Brotherhood of Cobblers passed a law imposing a fine of one-half pound of bee's wax for the company's holy candle, upon any brother who should throw backgammon pieces, cards or dice out of the windows.

Some people — card players, not historians—would have us believe the sailors of Columbus spent all their time playing cards rather than peering into the horizon for a "new world." Certainly the Spanish explorers were familiar with the game. During the reign of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII, the records of burning men and women for the sake of religion form a singular contrast to the vast amount of money put

at her disposal for playing cards. A young Spanish vagabond of the 16th Century tells of making a good living from town to town by being "dexterous" at cards. And it was during this same century that a pack of cards first became a deck of cards. Shakespeare used the term in 1593 in his play *Henry VI*.

Gambling became a continental plague infecting noble and peasant alike. The clergy were having a field day denouncing "the devil's play-things," and it wasn't long until some astute soul realized that many a shilling could be made from a book of advice on the topic. The name of the little volume isn't known, but it might have been *I Play Cards and Like It*, or *How To Increase Your Winning Power*. At any rate, a quotation will introduce you to the contents. "If you play among strangers, beware of him that seems simple and drunken . . . and while you think by their simplicity and imperfections to beguile them, you yourself will be most of all over-taken."

During the 17th Century books of rules began to appear. In 1670, the *Wits Interpreter* came out, and in 1674, Cotton's *Compleat Gamester*. Seventy-five years later a man named Hoyle compiled a modest book of rules and it became the world's authority.

The 17th Century also saw a vogue of educational cards. In 1665, the *Schollers Practical Cards* was published, containing instructions, on cards, pertaining to spelling, writing, ciphering and casting accounts. "I am persuaded," says the optimistic, if

somewhat dim-witted author, in the preface, "that the cards now in common use may be reduced to such a way of use as may not only contribute to knowledge and good learning, but may also remove the scandal and abuse now prevalent."

A geographical pack of this nature contained enough material for a guide-book about England and Wales. This pack represented the 52 counties of England and Wales with the length, breadth and circuit of each county, distance from London and the "Principal Cities, Towns, Rivers with Other Remarks." In 1692, London papers first announced to the world the invention of a fascinating game called Carving At The Table. "The Genteel Housekeeper's Pastime, or the mode of carving at the table, represented in a pack of playing cards, with a book by which any ordinary capacity may learn how to cut up, or carve in mode, all the most usual dishes of flesh, fish, fowl and baked meats, with several sauces and garnishes proper to each dish of meat." How was that again, any ordinary capacity?

Americans were presented with a deck of educational cards in the early 1800's. The kings were represented by: hearts, Washington; diamonds, John Adams; clubs, Benjamin Franklin; spades, LaFayette. For the queens: hearts, Venus; diamonds, fortune; clubs, Ceres; spades, Minerva. This venture was not a financial success. For some undemocratic reason, the "citizens" seemed to prefer kings and queens on their playing cards.

The figures of the four suits on

our modern deck are supposed to have been intended as symbolical representations of the four great classes of men. The hearts represented the choirmen or ecclesiastics. The Spanish word *espada*—for sword, indicating the noble warriors of the state—was corrupted into the English spade. The clubs were originally trefles (trefoil leaves) and denoted peasantry; while the citizens and merchants were marked by the diamonds. Modern bridge ranks the "four great classes of men" in this order: spades — warriors, first; hearts — ecclesiastics, second; diamonds — merchants, third; and clubs—peasants, last.

The modern card game easiest to cheat at is Seven-up, although it is generally conceded that if a person has sensitive hands, a mathematical brain and willingness to practice, he can develop a system for cheating in every game. Poker players, especially, will appreciate this sentence from *The 1944 Pocket Book of Games*. "Poker is an ideal game for nearly every form of cheating."

Card playing has survived writs and edicts, laws and sermons, and many centuries. It's safe to hazard a guess that as long as there are people there will be games of chance. And there will be those who play for money, and those who play for fame, those who play for their opponent's blood, and those who just play for the game.

Mrs. Broadnose might just as well saved her strength. Her mate was vulnerable—but as partners he had human nature, inventiveness, and consummate persistence. He was a card!



Every seventh person wears Kansas City clothes.

by R. D. PALMER

NINETEEN million men, women and children wear clothing that was made in Kansas City!

That statement may come as a surprise to the average reader . . . but, listen to these "show stoppers."

Eighty-one factories and distributors do an annual apparel business of between 75 and 100 million dollars.

Kansas City manufacturers do a steady business in all 48 states, in Alaska, Hawaii, with several foreign countries—and contacts with Mexico and South America are being developed.

At least three factories turn out more than 1,000 completed garments in a single day.

There are over 8,000 workers employed by the Apparel Industry in Kansas City.

APPAREL RANKS AS OUR THIRD INDUSTRY IMMEDIATELY BEHIND FOOD AND PETROLEUM!

Amazing facts, indeed, but what are the reasons behind the phenomenal growth of the fashion industry here in the Middle West? What has caused Kansas City to become America's fifth greatest apparel center?

In 1900, eleven scattered factories were producing approximately 1,200,000 dollars worth of men's and women's clothing annually. These factories were limited in their operation by the absence of skilled workers, most of whom were immigrants from Europe who preferred to make their homes in or around New York, already an established garment center. This same lack of workers was primarily responsible for the slow expansion of this market until the early 1900's when a young lady with revolutionary ideas about garment manufacture entered the scene.

Nell Donnelly, (now Mrs. James A. Reed) as an embryo maker of Hoover aprons and housedresses, conceived the idea of training specialists in each phase of garment manufacture rather than attempting to hire or train expert needle craftsmen. Under her plan, each worker would become proficient in just one operation . . . he or she might become a pocket setter, a joiner, a sleeve setter—make buttonholes, sew on buttons or fell seams. This was called the "Sectional System" wherein garments were made on an assembly-line basis

with each job done by an expert. This method of operation was radically different from that long-established by the needle trades in Eastern centers where one craftsman made an entire garment—where many operations were “contracted out” to other firms specializing in certain phases of garment manufacture.

Kansas City manufacturers adopted and developed the “Sectional System” to such an extent that this market became known as the “Modern Methods Market.” This method of manufacture enabled Kansas City to build an enviable reputation in the trade for dependability of size and fit. The assembly-line type of manufacture, so successfully employed in other major American industries, was economically sound and produced apparel that was lower priced than that manufactured by competing markets. Thus, apparel made in Kansas City became recognized for good fashion—good quality—and accurate sizing. They are, in short, the very best fashions that can be made at the price—they are dependable and so recognized by dealers—and they are known and bought by America’s Middle Millions.

Another major reason for the growth of the Kansas City needle trade is expressed in the slogan “no contracting.” Kansas City garment factories, which are 100% home owned, have always prided themselves on having all operations carried out on their own premises. This factor has been a strong influence in building a reputation for “clean merchandise”—a reputation that places

Kansas City above the ranks of its competition.

The next problem that faced this growing apparel center was that of building a market where heretofore none had existed. Buyers from all over the country had become accustomed to visiting the established apparel markets from time to time throughout the year to place their orders. It was decided that it would be simpler to take the market to the buyers, than to try to change these same buyers’ buying habits. This was done by sending salesmen with made-up samples throughout the Midwest and to every one of the 48 States. As a consequence, orders were placed and garments made according to these orders. Large quantities of garments were not made up for “stock” as in the Eastern markets. This practice, still in use by many of the manufacturers, took the gamble out of the manufacturing business. The individual manufacturer was not faced with the possible large losses if garments made up for Spring or Fall shows failed to “make a hit.”

Having to plan far ahead from season to season resulted in more certain satisfaction for the customer and more certain profit for the purchaser. In addition, this system helps to make employment more year-round without seasonal lay-offs. In this way, the Kansas City manufacturer turned what seemed disadvantages into advantages. His distance from raw materials and his lack of an established garment market had actually resulted in benefit to himself and to his dealers.

Briefly summarized, the several major characteristics that contributed to the growth of Kansas City as a garment center include:

The development of the "Sectional System" to a high efficiency
 "No contracting"

The making of quality merchandise at popular prices

Progressive methods of selling

Excellent transportation facilities

An established reputation for honesty and fair dealing in all practices — a reputation, incidentally, that was enhanced during the war years when Kansas City manufacturers made it a practice to contact 85% of their outlets every season throughout the War.

In 1931 the manufacturers and distributors in the Kansas City area banded together to form an organization that was to be called the Kansas City Apparel Association. The primary function of this Association is



to promote Kansas City as a great fashion market. Through far-sighted advertising and public relations programs, fabulous strides have been made towards bringing the attention of the retail world to focus on Kansas

City as one of the vital fashion centers in America. Another function of the Kansas City Apparel Association has been the development of an educational program in cooperation with the school system of Kansas City.

In September, 1945, a "Cooperative Occupational" program was begun between five Kansas City High Schools and about 70 Kansas City employers representing some 30 occupations. Under this program the student spends half his time actually working in industry, and the other half attending classes in school. For his work he is paid the minimum wage for a learner. At school he receives credit toward graduation if his work is satisfactorily performed.

This helps the student bridge the gap between school and job, and gives him specialized training as far as possible related to the occupation he has chosen. A number of garment companies are participating and the industry as a whole is watching the experiment with interest.

Another cooperative plan in which garment makers are vitally concerned is that between the Kansas City Apparel Association and the Kansas City Art Institute. This plan, which is now in its third year of operation, has as its primary purpose the training of designers for garment factories. Under this program classes are held at the Institute, and practical experience is gained at the clothing plants. While there, students become acquainted with factory requirements and with the types of clothing lines to be made; they may also work on machines. This whole program has

been highly commended by Kansas City garment makers, who are pleased that promising young people, quick to learn, are profiting by the plan and becoming talented garment designers.

As a further development in the Apparel Industry's educational program, a committee was organized to make for closer relations between the Art Institute and other fashion design



schools in Kansas City. This committee, which is made up of prominent local designers, goes to the Art Institute and the Edna Marie Dunn School of Fashion and gives lectures and demonstrations covering pattern making, fabric draping, designing apparel, production and distribution. This committee also makes a practice of conducting advanced students through the factories to enable these young people to gain a practical insight on actual manufacturing problems.

A further educational development closely linked to the fashion industry in Kansas City has been inaugurated at the Art Institute. This course, a part of the School of Design, features fashion designing, pattern drafting, and a study of fashions from the earliest clothing known to man up to the modern styles.

In May, 1946, the School of Design, in cooperation with the Kansas City Apparel Association, staged an outdoor fashion show. It was so well received by the fashion press that arrangements were made between the School of Design, the Kansas City Apparel Association and *Good Housekeeping* to repeat the performance May 22 of this year. *Good Housekeeping* plans to picture the designs made by these talented young Kansas Citians in the editorial pages of its publication.

The most recent development in Kansas City's rapidly growing fashion industry is a magazine for the trade, *Fashion Topix*. As long as five years ago, leaders in the market felt the need for a monthly magazine that would tell the current story of the Kansas City market and promote the Kansas City apparel industry to retailers all over America. War time restrictions prevented the realization of this dream until September, 1946, when the first issue appeared. It is now a thriving adjunct to the Kansas City Apparel market.

In 1946 the Fashion Group of Kansas City was organized, stemming from the New York Fashion Group. This is a non-commercial association of outstanding women engaged in fashion work, formed to advance the principles of applied art in industry and to foster good taste in fashions. Although new, the Fashion Group is enthusiastically making plans for a program which will be of great benefit to Kansas City.

But where does the title, "Fashion for the Middle Millions" enter into the picture?

The "Middle Millions" are the cherished "bread-and-butter" customers of retailers all over America . . . those "salt-of-the-earth" people with middle incomes and middle tastes whose purchases swell the volume and make cash registers ring a merry tune of profit. They are the Mr. and Mrs. Average American Consumer who support the "High-Style" Salons and the Bargain Basements with their middle bracket

purchases. They are nine out of every ten customers.

Apparel made in Kansas City is, and always has been, designed, made and priced for this Multi-Middle-Million audience and for those retailers who cater to their wants. It is this singleness of purpose, shared by every member of the Kansas City Apparel Association, that has made Kansas City famous for "Fashion for the Middle Millions."



A Nickel in the Slot . . .

Due on the market shortly, which means just as soon as production and materials are organized, are several revelations in coin machine vending. The days when peanut and gum contraptions were the only self-service selling are definitely past history. Coming up are inventions of seemingly unlimited convenience.

Now you may insert a coin in a streamlined, decorative mechanism and get a hamburger, well-done or medium, hot dogs with or without mustard, pop corn popped before your eyes, cup ice cream, pocket-size books, a shoe shine, a Telequiz question and answer game to pass the time between trains, your fortune automatically "typed," and steaming hot coffee, either black, with sugar, with cream, or with sugar *and* cream brewed into the instant beverage.

Last year these penny, nickel and dime machines took an estimated one billion dollars in loose change from the American public, equal to 1% of all United States retail sales. Coca-Cola sales through automatic dispensers are said to exceed \$100,000,000 a year alone.

A nickel in the slot is going to pay even bigger dividends this coming year, for both delivering and receiving parties involved. Got change for a quarter?—*Marion Odmark*.



Dearly Demented

The lunatic had been discharged as sane. He returned home, and decided to shave before looking for a job. He nailed a mirror to the wall, selected and stropped an old-fashioned razor, lathered his face. As he cut the first swathe, the mirror slipped to the floor. Gazing at the blank wall before him he remarked bitterly: "Just my luck! First day out, and I cut my blooming head off!"



Two inmates of an asylum for the insane were painting a high wall. The one working at the top heard the one at the bottom shout: "Hey! Get a firm grip on that brush, 'cause I'm gonna move the ladder!"



"Check with Macy's . . . I'm beginning to doubt that he is their buyer."

There's nothing doing in La Ceiba, but it's fun!



How About

Honduras?



by MARION ODMARK

FOR the completely satisfying vacation, do-nothingness is a factor to be considered above all others. That means Latin America. It also means a place where there'll be no events of national or international importance to attend, where there are no strenuous sports to engage the already tired traveler, where historical side-trips may be ignored with impunity, and where worries are non-existent because no one has the strength to cope with problems extending beyond the moment. It probably means Honduras.

With fanfare for Mexico and Guatemala reaching an all-time high in tourist promotion, Honduras is receiving an undeserved slight. The country is delightfully languorous and unexploited, richly rewarding. It is possible to do virtually nothing there—amidst colorful surroundings.

What is also important, it is inexpensively accessible from New Orleans by both United Fruit and Standard Fruit Steamship lines, on regular seven-day cruises. The ships have restricted passenger lists. They are well-serviced, spotlessly clean, and noted for extravagant dining. They are the perfect preparation for a life of idleness.

That's what you'll find in Honduras—at La Ceiba, say. Life at La Ceiba isn't activity: it is the suspended animation of going down for the third time. You're suffocated by the paradise of flowers everywhere; submerged in the thick, vibrant green of foliage and forests; immersed in the overpowering cobalt blue of sea and sky. Intermingled with these forces is heat and humidity and an enervation resulting in almost total disability. You won't do much in La Ceiba, because you won't have much with which to do it.

The people are Indians, Negroes, Arabs, and mestizos (offspring of Europeans and Indians or Negroes). They are quick to smile, cautiously curious, lean, clean and eminently graceful. Their Spanish is throaty, metrical music. They are educated to the sixth grade, and study English only with tutors. They are amoral, entirely without the sphere in which moral distinctions and judgments apply. They keep track of new family affiliations in the four-page, hand-set newspaper, which obligingly records births in three columns: legitimate, those acknowledged by the father, and natural. Business is bad for the justice of the peace, it may be noted.

Influenced by Hollywood and the infiltration of magazines, all of which look like *Lurid Love Stories*, the girls have magnificent multiple names — like Millicent Consuelo Heliotrope Smith, or Ingrid Lana Jennifer Dolores Ridriguez.

La Ceiba's one movie house shows both English and Mexican releases. So many stills are displayed in the flashy gold and filigree foyer that it is quite possible to see an entire feature without going inside.

The Sears, Roebuck catalogue is the respected fashion consultant, and a necessity it is. There are no dress shops in La Ceiba.

There are several saloons, all with swinging doors. One of the regular customers is a tame deer with a taste for rum.

You'll find open air barber shops, a dilapidated building grandly called the Paris Hotel, a "hot spot" with white girls upstairs, a shop or two selling mahogany bowls, baskets, silver and picture postcards. The lempira, half a dollar American, goes a long, long way!

Some eight employees of the Standard Fruit and Steamship Company live in the heavily-guarded American section. From the commissary there American cigarettes are available, also bonded Scotch and bourbon at \$3.50 a fifth. The local liquor is mostly rum, and each bottle is identified by a familiar American gold Guardian Safety Seal. This is the policy of a benevolent government bent on protecting its citizens. Not only are the seals an insurance of genuine Hondurian rum, but they help the gov-

ernment immeasurably in collecting liquor tax.

Of the population, 85% are laborers for Standard Fruit in the banana industry. A few natives have little farms, which they futilely subdivide from the jungle thicket with fence posts that come to life again with new growth and vines. Artisans in wood, silver and leather are lazy and not too exacting in their work.

Unlike many related neighbors, La Ceiba looks at politics with apathy. When a new mayor was elected ten years ago, the incumbent said he had made up his mind he would like to have the job for another ten years. So the citizens let him keep it. It seemed like an awful lot of bother to change his plans, so nobody troubled to interfere.

La Ceiba has one night club, and only one. It is El Patio, an open-sided pavilion with a bar across the front. When the thick dusk seeps in from sea and jungle, it is to this focus the young crowd comes — young blades in casual sports attire, girls in cottons homemade from Sears, Roebuck pictures. The fact that anyone is inside El Patio serves as ample introduction for dancing; further social amenities are waived in favor of music that is a miracle in tintinabulary tickling. When the three marimbas, xylophone, saxophone, and drums go into action there is no such thing as a bored looking dancer; both sexes are either hysterically gay or soulfully soused in the romance of the moment. There is no such thing as Petrillo, either. Slip a piece of change

to any musician and the band will play until dawn, beating time for the lithe latins who are the real show at El Patio. Rhythm, creative expression, and supple coordination are inherent talents of every native.

But life in Honduras, it can be said, is a languid void. Days and nights have a rare carefree quality of non-importance. Natives live uninhibit-

edly, easily; and visitors find complete relaxation irresistible. The change of scenery and change of tempo blend to form a perfect prescription for harried urbanites hankering to rest.

So, when your favorite travel bureau begins the next bombardment of four-color brochures designed to lure you afar, don't forget to ask the question: how about Honduras?

▲

The Animal War

Watch out—the enemy is all around you!

Sinister reports from widely-scattered cities and towns prove conclusively that the birds and beasts of the animal kingdom, so docile from all outward appearance but evilly watching their chance to throw off the yoke of human domination, have begun their attack right in our midst. We have news of these skirmishes:

In Warren, Pennsylvania, a large buck deer romped through the employees' entrance to panic girl workers, upset work benches, and scatter tools and parts in a radio tube factory. Sabotage.

An organ-grinder's previously well-behaved monkey in Philadelphia bit a man who gave him a penny. Ingratitude, poorly concealed.

In Traverse City, Michigan, flocks of robins took advantage of the scarcity of scarecrows (scarerobins?) and attacked the cherry orchards (aggravating the food shortage).

Wrens in Easton, Pennsylvania, built three nests of seven-penny nails, arrogantly rebuilding them each time they were torn down (adding to the nail shortage). They tried it with eight-penny nails, but couldn't carry them.

A black bear crashed its way into a logging camp in Utica, New York, and kept the woodsmen awake all night (psychological warfare). The foresters rigged a trap with bacon and dynamite, and the bear blew himself up.

That's the kind of thing that's going on.—George Statler.

▲

The question for each man to settle is not what he would do if he had means, time, influence and educational advantages, but what he will do with the things he has.—*Birmingham News-Age-Herald*.

▲

Asking a woman her age is like buying a second hand car. The speedometer's been set back, but you can't tell how far.—*Grit*.

▲

A beautiful woman is the product of intelligence, character, discipline, personal charm and good taste, none of which was ever acquired by accident.—*Today's Woman*.

▲

Shortly after Lady Astor landed on our shores for a visit, reporters swarmed around her for interviews, during which she gave expression to this uncommon bit of good sense: "It isn't the common man at all who is important; it is the uncommon man. You Americans like to quote Abraham Lincoln as a great man, but you have had only one Lincoln."—*Red Barrel*.

CHILD'S PLAY

by MYRA CARR

THE ten children in the left-hand column are key characters on familiar radio programs. Can you pick the show on which each appears? See page 37 for answers.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Cookie | a. Life of Riley |
| 2. Charlie | b. Quiz Kids |
| 3. Pinkie | c. Mayor of the Town |
| 4. Baby Alice | d. Fibber McGee and Molly |
| 5. Leroy | e. Blondie |
| 6. Sis | f. The Edgar Bergen Show |
| 7. Butch | g. The Bandwagon |
| 8. Junior | h. The Great Gildersleeve |
| 9. Homer | i. One Man's Family |
| 10. Joel Kupperman | j. Henry Aldrich |

NUMBER, PLEASE!

IT shouldn't be hard to get the right number in this quiz, but watch out, the wrong number may pop up when you least expect it. If you fill 10 of the blanks correctly, you pass. For answers, see page 37.

- _____ men on a dead man's chest.
- Into the Valley of Death rode the _____.
- _____ days shalt thou labor.
- The _____ Musketeers.
- Three score years and _____.
- _____ horse shay.
- A good _____ cent cigar.
- _____ % American.
- _____ a loaf is better than none.
- _____ Leagues Under the Sea.
- _____ in-hand.
- _____ lives like a cat.
- _____ Guinea Pigs.
- Mr. _____ by _____.
- _____ Years Before the Mast.

IS MY FACE _____?

EVERY color of the rainbow is represented in this quiz, but don't look for a pot of gold at the end of it. Just fill the blanks with the right colors and score more than 12 right. Answers on page 37.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. _____ eyed monster. | 9. _____ sky at night, sailor's delight. |
| 2. _____ as the ace of spades. | 10. _____ beards. |
| 3. Ultra _____ rays. | 11. _____ as a berry. |
| 4. Chrome _____. | 12. True _____. |
| 5. I never saw a _____ cow. | 13. _____ washed. |
| 6. _____ of perfection. | 14. Mood _____. |
| 7. Mock _____ blossoms. | 15. _____ colored glasses. |
| 8. _____ and old lace. | 16. _____ balled. |

They're DIESELIZING

Casey Jones



The wheezing Iron Horse is rapidly becoming ancient railroading history!

by DAVID P. MORGAN

TODAY'S sleek, powerful fleet of Diesel-electric locomotives represents the most fabulous Horatio Alger story in recent railroading history. Already, scores of these grumbling giants are pulling luxury limiteds and heavy freight trains, with more pouring into the roundhouses from Boston to Los Angeles every week.

Although America's first Diesel-electric locomotive — a humble switcher still operating on the Jersey Central—was built only in 1925, the big passenger engines didn't really get rolling until 1936. Yet 1947 finds these powerhouses moving practically all of our fast streamliners, many of the conventional standard-weight limiteds, hundreds of freight hauls—and they are eradicating the old chuffing steamer in a thousand and one railroad yards from coast to coast. While the coal industry is fighting back with all kinds of new turbine coal-burners, the Diesel is admittedly taking the nation's railroads by storm.

The progressive Boston & Maine, up in old New England, is already moving 80% of its freight business with bright new 5400-horsepower Diesels, and the aristocratic Pennsyl-

vania Railroad recently revealed its intention to Dieselize many of the feature "blue ribbon" limiteds to Chicago and St. Louis. New York Central's "20th Century Limited," the world's most famous train, daily speeds on its 16-hour New York-Chicago route behind fleet-footed 4000 horsepower Diesels — and has done so for some time. And all this in spite of the fact that NYC owns some of the finest steam locomotives on anybody's railroad.

On the Susquehanna, a short but frisky carrier in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, the veteran Iron Horse has vanished forever, replaced by a fleet of stubby internal-combustion products. Out west, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, famed in song and story, boasts the largest fleet of Diesel locomotives in the world, and thinks nothing of operating all of its freight traffic over entire divisions with nothing but this new form of locomotion. And Empire Builder Jim Hill's Great Northern Railway contemplates complete Dieselization within 15 years—and already has 117 such engines in operation.

Dixie's Diesels are going great guns, and can now be seen wheeling such

feature trains as the "Crescent Limited" of the conservative Southern Railway, and the Florida-bound "Orange Blossom Specials" on the Seaboard.

The Old Iron Horse is losing ground rapidly on two counts. First of all, the Diesel-electric locomotive is a remarkably efficient mover of railroad traffic—and it has effectively proved its worth to an industry not accustomed to accepting innovations at face value. Next, the price of coal has skyrocketed almost out of sight, and many railroads formerly satisfied with modern steampower have turned to the Diesel as the economical solution of the fuel question. Working together in this postwar era of intensified competition, these things have nearly forced the conventional steam locomotive out of the running.

The Electro-Motive Division of General Motors has been the flag-waver in the new surge to Diesels, turning them out in its huge La Grange, Illinois, plant. Two out of the three established big steam locomotive builders are now building Diesels in a heroic effort to stem the GMC fostered attack. Fairbanks-Morse has now entered the fray with an opposed-piston Diesel it built for the Navy's subs during the war, and it recently delivered the world's largest Diesel locomotive to the Kan-



sas City Southern — a block-long creation developing 8000 horsepower.

On paper, the Diesel locomotive is really an *electric engine*. The Diesel engines merely turn over generators which, in turn, deliver electric power to motors mounted right down on the axles of the locomotive. But the Diesel is the true heart of the outfit—the electrical setup having been the only successful way thus far developed to deliver its great power to the rails. A direct drive such as the automobile uses is out of the question, because of the terrific loads with which railroad engines must grapple.

Watch that next Diesel you see flashing past, and you'll note it is made up of one or more units. Usually, these individual units develop 1500 to 2000 horsepower each, and they can be coupled together to form any desired amount of capacity for pulling. This unique flexibility has been a great selling point for General Motors. For example, the Santa Fe recently took delivery on several 6000 horsepower Diesels, each composed of four units. Now should that system ever find it needed less power and more engines, it could easily make two 3000 horsepower locomotives out of one big one.

Another feature of Diesel-propulsion is the gear-change formula. Under this system, a locomotive may be a powerful brute used exclusively in slow heavy drag work up stiff mountain grades—but if conditions change, this identical engine can be converted into a locomotive suitable for racing streamliners over the prairies on the fastest schedules any

railroad has. A simple, quick change of gearing does the trick.

Other selling points for the Diesel include its ability to run thousands of miles without a change, and then come right back. It travels long distances, too, without needing to stop for fuel or water — and unlike its steam heated rival, it doesn't have to pause for a grease gun crew lubrication all the time.

But the picture isn't quite as rosy as some Diesel advertisements might lead you to think. You can't overload a Diesel on stiff grades, or it'll simply "burn up" — and the repair bill on such matters is high. And while the Diesel-makers point with pride to the many years between major overhauls, they forget that scores of minor repair jobs often take place on any given unit. Frankly, the Diesel-electric locomotive is a complex piece of machinery, and must be treated and operated as such. Many of the railroads employ full-time mechanics to ride with their Diesels on every trip, as insurance against small breakdowns enroute.

But the Diesel is a hefty puller and a fast running speedster, and has proved to be the answer to many a railroader's prayer. For the first time, Santa Fe is now operating its extra-fare, all-Pullman "Chief" over bitter Raton Pass, in New Mexico, without helper engines—a feat impossible with previous steampower.



And on the New Haven, 4000 horsepower giants wheel fast streamliners into Boston during the day, and come right back out on heavy freights. The world's fastest train, a Chicago & North Western "400" streamliner, is powered by a Diesel, too.

Yes—Dieselized railroading is here to stay, and it is doing a big share of the work which keeps America's railroads the finest in the world.

▲
On the basis of reliable statistics; 66 per cent of all great achievements accomplished by man were developed and given posterity after he had reached or passed his 60th year.—*Red Barrel.*

▲
This is a good time for the colleges to try to work their way through some of the students.—*Coal Getter.*

▲
Russian Foreign Minister Molotov coined a word during his sessions with the British and Americans. He had observed the way they indicated approval by nodding and saying, "Okay." Later when Molotov wanted to indicate disapproval he shook his head from side to side and said, "Nokay."

▲
Worry is like a rocking chair—it will give you something to do but it won't get you anywhere.

▲
Huge truck with two signs on the rear tells motorists: Left, passing side—Right, suicide.

WEIGHT WILL TELL

Ever wonder why your weight and height are so important to the doctor examining you for life insurance? It isn't that he's just a busybody or concerned with the incidental fact of your figure. It's because weight and height and their relation to each other have a very important bearing on the number of years you are expected to live.

Full normal development is usually reached at the approximate age of twenty-five. According to comprehensive insurance studies, the normal weight at twenty-five is the best weight to keep through life. Weight increases after twenty-five or thirty are not desirable.

The cause of overweight is most commonly too much food and too little exercise. Only in a very small percentage of cases is glandular disease to blame. Inactivity due to fallen arches, poor posture and bone disease may contribute. And you can forget heredity as having any importance at all. When several members of the same family are overweight it is usually due to family habits of eating too much.

Insurance companies consider overweight a serious danger. Diabetes, heart and kidney diseases and arthritis are known to be associated with overweight. Not only is overweight a menace to health, it's a burden to carry around, contributes to fatigue and discomfort. In children and young people, excessive overweight limits play and exercise and may result in personality complexes.

Too little or the wrong kind of food, fatigue or over-activity, worry or mental strain are contributory factors to an underweight condition. This may also be a warning of disease, especially any sudden loss of poundage.

Generally speaking, weight should not fall more than ten or fifteen pounds. If it does, there is an indication of lack of physical endurance or impaired general health. In the teen ages, underweight is particularly hazardous because of the danger of tuberculosis.

Beating surplus weight begins with forgetting about the easy way out. Never use commercial "cures"—they're either useless or dangerous. Drugs should be used only under constant medical guidance. Have a thorough medical examination to make sure overweight is not caused or accompanied by disease. Determine amount of weight to lose and length of time to do it. Two pounds a week is a safe amount to lose. Plan a sensible diet, to lose weight and safeguard health. Sixteen hundred calories daily will reduce most people, others may cut down to 1,200 or 1,000 calories. Eat three meals a day at regular times, avoiding between-meal eating and bed-time snacks. Exercise unless the doctor says no. Be sure of regular elimination. And check results by weighing weekly.

Similarly, correcting underweight begins with a thorough medical check-up, to make sure the cause is not disease. Get enough sleep, eight or nine hours, and rest during the day, a few minutes after meals being especially helpful. Eat slowly, avoid hurry, worry, stress and strain at mealtime. Plan regular meals to give you about 200 extra calories daily, more if you're very active. Encourage that between-meal bite and bed-time snack, but don't indulge before a regular meal. Exercise except when tired, and stop before you become fatigued.

Control of weight will add years to your life. What's more, it will make living more fun right now.—*Marion Odmark*.



A girdle is something which keeps figures from telling the truth.



A bathing suit is a garment with no hooks but plenty of eyes on it.



*Letter from MILWAUKEE...
by Walter D. Marker*

*Mahoney thought she was lovely—
until she opened her mouth!*

AS soon as I saw the Milwaukee postmark, I knew it was either an urgent letter from old man Schrievengovogel or one from his son, Max.

I ripped it open and the first words that cracked me between the eyes were:

Dear Dan,

Congratulations are in order! Millie and I were married last Monday.

It was from Max, all right, and it wasn't good news as far as I was concerned. I had certain indefinite ideas about Millie myself. It wasn't too long ago that I nearly popped the vital question.

If it hadn't been for her fantastic ambition to be a singer, she might today be Mrs. Mahoney instead of Mrs. Schrievengovogel. Even a tin ear can tell which is the more melodious.

Max and I had been pals since our boyhood days. Our friendship went so deep that we would have killed for each other. But after Millie came along we were willing to omit the "for."

She was a beautiful kid. Her father was Russian and her mother the kind of Irish they write those ballads about. The result was that Millie turned out exotic.

Millie had everything except good intonation. Hers was the only voice that could take away the patriotic feeling from the national anthem.

But she was beautiful. She won the local beauty contest when she was seventeen though she never got to Atlantic City.

Instead she ended in bed with the German measles. Max told her she was passing through the first phase in becoming a Schrievengovogel.

She thought that was cute. She kissed him for it while I stood by cursing myself and my healthy Irish blood.

For sentimental reasons we got married in the church Millie sang in once.

ONCE was right. I have to smile when I think about Millie's debut. She joined the church choir to get extra training.

Unfortunately, on her first and only appearance, the text of the sermon was based on the first chapter of Mark. As the third verse which began, "The voice of one crying in the wilderness," everyone in the congregation looked at Millie.

But she could take it. Her marvelous sense of humor always saved her from discouragement. She never doubted that someday she would become a recognized singer.

She wasn't aiming at the bottom of the ladder, either. Millie had her eyes set on the top rung. She confided in me once that her goal was grand opera. I was already convinced that a miracle *might* make it opera but no miracle could ever make it grand.



Danny, I had one tough time getting her to come through with an affirmative to my proposal. She was determined to prove that she could be a singer before she married anyone. And you know what an obsession that was.

Obsession was a weak word. Her whole life seemed to revolve rather dizzily around her desire to make a name in music. I never had the heart to tell her that her voice was hopeless . . . absolutely hopeless.

What made it extra tough for me is the fact that by trade I'm a piano tuner. To top it I have absolute pitch. Millie's voice and my tuning fork were two things that did not go together.

When I landed my job with one of the big music houses in New York, I intended to ask Millie to take the step with me.

But my better judgment warned me it would never work out.

I knew that after spending a hard day tuning pianos and then coming home to hear Millie several hundred vibrations off key would not lead to a melodious marriage.

Max, however, never seemed to mind her voice. He had no ear for music. To him a banjo was just as musical as an organ.

When I proposed to her, I told her that I knew of the one and only way she could ever become a singer. She promised to marry me if I made her one.

I took an awful chance but it worked only because of her great sense of humor. But it didn't turn out so good for me financially. I lost one thousand bucks on that bright idea.

I read that part twice. All the gold buried in Kentucky couldn't improve Millie's voice. To do it on a thousand dollars, Max was either a genius or had discovered a new use for uranium.

Now, if my old man would only forget those annoying and stupid aryan ideas of his, especially the one about pure racial strains, everything might work out.

I knew too well that old man Schrievengovogel objected to Millie's blood. He was a firm believer in everything that came out of the old country. If it was stamped "teutonic," it was good in his estimation.

The metamorphoses of his moustache can best describe him. When the Kaiser was on top, the old man wore his handlebars the same way.

When Hitler took over, he cut it down to a rectangle. Now, all he wears is an occupied look.

He went out of his way to patronize me. He had sent me numerous telegrams and letters begging me to return to Milwaukee. I know he hoped that I would marry Millie and save the Schrievengovogel blood line from what he considered contamination.

The old man has already disowned me and fired me from the plant. He is making it tough for me to get another job here. Millie and I are practically broke.

We counted on that thousand bucks the old man had promised to the first Schrievengovogel that got married. He never went back on his word before but right now he has me by a technicality.

I am no longer a Schrievengovogel. I went to court and had it changed.

It was the only way I could get Millie to marry me.

Well, if the old man wanted to play that rough, I knew a way to help Max. I had a few checks in my pocket that the old man sent me with his urgent pleas to get back to Milwaukee and break up the affair between his son and Millie.

I'm glad I didn't tear them up. I'll cash them and send the dough to Max as an indirect wedding gift from the old man.

Well, Dan old pal, that's about the whole story. Right now we are living with Millie's folks. You know the address. As soon as we can gather a few bucks together we are going to try some other town.

Drop me a line real soon. Love from Millie.

Your old pal,

Max.

P. S. When you write, use my new name . . . Max Singer.

Famous People

Late on a night many years ago, a New York couple came into a small hotel in Philadelphia. The wife was ill and they had been unable to find lodgings. They were polite; they made no demands, but asked the manager's advice as to where they might find a place to sleep.

Every room was full. However, the manager, without even asking their name, volunteered his own room as an act of courtesy.

The next morning the husband called the manager and said: "You're the kind of hotel manager that should be at the head of a really great hotel. I'd like to build one for you."

The guest was William Waldorf Astor, and the hotel manager was George C. Boldt. As manager of the old Waldorf-Astoria, he became known as the greatest hotel man of his time.

Charles M. Schwab was once visited by a southern railroad man who wanted to obtain steel for his new road. When negotiations for rails had been completed, the man said: "Now, in payment, Mr. Schwab, will you take bonds of the road?"

Schwab, who had been waiting for that question, nodded immediate assent.

"On what basis?" asked the astonished promoter.

"Fifty-fifty," Mr. Schwab answered, "a ton of bonds for a ton of rails."

Words for Our Pictures

1. Walter Reuther, President of the United Automobile Workers, C.I.O., tells WHB listeners that full production is a sure cure for any recession.
2. "President Truman's foreign policy is sound, but it doesn't go far enough," says Louis E. Starr, National Commander of the V.F.W.
3. Elliott Arnold, author of *Blood Brother*, *Tomorrow Will Sing*, and several other novels and biographies, inspects a copy of *Swing*. Says he likes it.
4. WHB sent its Special Events chief, Dick Smith, aloft on Army Day to tell listeners what the cabin of a C-47 was like in flight. Pictured with him is the pilot, Major Thomas R. Keevey.
5. At the microphone is L. R. Bryan, president of the Second National Bank of Houston, Texas. Beside him is R. Crosby Kemper, president of the City National Bank of Kansas City.
6. Four top-level railroad executives talk it over. Left to right: James Hill, vice president of the CRI&P; W. N. Duremus, president of the Kansas City Southern; L. R. Capron, first vice president of the CB&Q; and Clark Hungerford, president of the Frisco.
7. Governor of Kansas Frank C. Carlson, who keynoted the Salvation Army fund campaign opening, is interviewed by Ed Birr, WHB sales representative and publicity manager for the Salvation Army campaign.
8. Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper, extracts a few helpful household hints from Martha Logan, noted home economist of Swift & Company.
9. Lou Kemper brings Army Day home to WHB listeners. He is shown here with Major General Clark L. Ruffner.
10. C. N. Taylor, president of the Houston, Texas, Chamber of Commerce, brought a special good will delegation to Kansas City. They were welcomed by Kearney Wornall (right), president of the Kansas City Chamber.
11. For some unaccountable reason, it's a sad day when the mayor of Houston, Oscar F. Holcombe, meets the mayor of Kansas City, William E. Kemp.
12. Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, addresses a luncheon group at the Kansas City Advertising and Sales Executives Club. To Mr. Miller's right is Arthur B. Church, president of KMBC. To his left are Earl Scott, president of the Advertising Club, and Hugh Feltis, president of the Broadcast Measurement Bureau.
13. Colonel Stoopnagle and guests on the Mutual Network show, *It's Up To Youth*.
14. Doctors Paul Baldwin, R. W. Kennedy, and H. E. Peterson discuss rural medical service in Missouri.
15. A panel of speakers on WHB's *Our Town Forum* hears a question from the floor. Compulsory military training was the subject under discussion.



Centerpiece

Adorning *Swing's* center pages this month is titian-haired, 21-year-old Linda Christian, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet who was born in Mexico and educated in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Mexico, South Africa, and Palestine. She is five feet, five and a half inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. She has green eyes, but who cares?









. . . *presenting* DELBERT E. JOHNSON

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by DOROTHEA WARD and MORI GREINER

WHEN certain leading citizens of St. Louis learned that Kansas City was staging a huge festival of music this May, they didn't like it a bit.

"Doggone it," they groused, "we were going to do something like that."

To which Delbert Johnson, the chunky, powerfully determined organizer of the Kansas City May Music Festival observed: "There's nothing holding you. You've been sitting here in Missouri all your natural lives. Why didn't you go ahead?"

It must be noted in all honesty that St. Louisans weren't the only people sitting, so to speak, on their batons. Many Missourians had given long thought to plans for an annual music fete, but no one had done anything about it.

Ironically, it took a Hoosier—arriving via California and twenty years in Detroit—to shake the Heart of America out of its lethargy.

Del Johnson came to Kansas City as Minister of Music in one of the city's largest churches. After a brief survey of the local situation, he put out a call for singers who could be welded into a group capable of performing the great choral works for the largest possible number of listeners. He based his appeal on two things: ability and willingness to

work. Race or religious considerations played no part.

It wasn't a new venture for the energetic Johnson. He had previously organized 312-voice choirs in Windsor, Ontario; Detroit and Royal Oak, Michigan. He directed the three of them simultaneously; sang, himself, in the Ford Sunday Evening Hour Chorus; and worked days as a junior executive of the Chrysler Corporation. The schedule required prodigious amounts of vitality, know-how, and organization. Apparently Del had all those things in quantity, and enjoyed his work, because everything he touched seemed to turn to success.

He has been in Kansas City for 21 months now, and is well on his way toward more success. In answer to his initial invitation, many singers came, including a number of professionals, voice teachers, and choir directors. Thirty-five churches were represented, of all denominations; and every outlying community in the district sent several of its best choristers.

Anxious to make the group a civic project, completely democratic and self-governing, Johnson urged the members to draw up a constitution and elect officers. Definite and stringent membership requirements were set up, based on tonality, ensemble,

Camera study of Mr. Johnson by Hahn-Millard.

ear training, enunciation, sight reading, and style. The final group was the cream of the crop. They were all fine musicians who loved to sing. They called their organization the "Kansas City Choral Union."

After working with the union for awhile, Mr. Johnson invited the University of Kansas A Cappella choir, under the direction of Dr. Donald M. Swarthout, to come to Kansas City for a concert. It was a huge success, and there was some talk that the visit should be made an annual affair.

That was the seed.

A short time later—on the 24th of May, 1946—Johnson conducted the Choral Union in a presentation of *The Creation* at the Music Hall. It was so well received by the public at large as to make the fact immediately apparent that these performances filled a definite community need for fine music.

That decided it.

With characteristic optimism, Del Johnson began planning a festival.

"It can be done," he said. "There is that sort of cooperation here. And talent—lots of fine talent."

There were skeptical faces, but Johnson kept talking. "The Choral Union can be used as a nucleus. We'll import some soloists and name artists. Maybe we won't be able to schedule a full week the first year, but it should be possible to have a full-fledged festival by 1948—one that will make Chicago, Ann Arbor, and Worcester sit up and take notice. It

will be an annual event, and there will be plenty of support once the word gets around."

His ideas were big, and they're growing bigger, because it looks like the Music Festival is in the bag!



Naturally, everything hasn't broken exactly right all of the time. It is impossible to come into a new community and launch large, ambitious programs without treading all unknowingly on a few toes. But Mr. Johnson has come closer to doing it smoothly

and easier than anyone you can name.

His work brought him many good contacts. In remarkably short time, musical, educational, and church leaders were loud in their praises of the driving redhead. He had the vision, the persistence and the enterprising spirit that counts for so much with Kansas Citians. And with the Kansas City population, 85% native born, he fitted admirably.

Born forty years ago in Indiana, Del Johnson's lineage is pre-Revolution on both sides. He likes to emphasize this point, because the thing that gets him maddest fastest is the contention that only foreigners can succeed in the world of music. He believes almost violently in the ability of American musicians, and in the future of music in this country.

The basis for his belief, perhaps, is the sound musical education which he himself received in the public schools of New Harmony, Indiana.

New Harmony is the town purchased by Robert Owen, Scotch financier, in 1824. Owen wanted to establish a New World Utopia, and collected 30 leading European educators for importation to Indiana. The cargo he brought to North American shores was called "the boat load of knowledge."

Communism had a try in New Harmony. Women's suffrage was born there, and the first woman's club was founded. Eventually, of course, human friction and the petty considerations of day-to-day living broke down the impractical set-up, and today New Harmony is like almost any other small American city.

Delbert, orphaned at an early age, lived on a nearby farm with his grandmother, aunts, and uncle. There was a large square piano in the parlor around which the whole family gathered to sing, and upon which an aunt gave little Del his first piano lessons.

It was in New Harmony public schools, though, that Del learned most of his elementary music. When he entered high school, he was able to read a musical score as easily as a page of typewriting.

He went on to Oakland City College, a Baptist seminary, on a scholarship, and after a year there transferred to the University of California. The following year, he went to Detroit, where he landed a \$20-a-day job at the Chrysler plant. That ended college days for Delbert.

Johnson soon realized, however, that a formal musical degree was necessary, so he continued his studies in the evenings at the Detroit Institute

of Musical Art, of which Dr. Alle D. Zuideman was then the dean. Special classes and extra study made the going tough, but resulted in a comprehensive knowledge of music.

Now, this June, he is to receive an honorary doctor's degree from John Brown University, in recognition of his splendid work in the musical field.

Although Johnson is becomingly modest about most of his accomplishments, he is inordinately proud of one thing: his choice of a wife. It was in Detroit that he met Sally Bellis, a blonde and charming Welsh girl whose father was a composer and choirmaster. Del was in a church choir: Sally was a soloist. He invited her to a concert, and they soon discovered their vast field of common interest made them unusually compatible. They were married in 1932, and music is still their greatest delight.

People love to hear Sally Bellis Johnson sing, and she is in constant demand as a soloist. But no one enjoys her voice more than Del does: he is her coach, fan, and most fervent admirer. She's good, and he doesn't care who knows it!

About his own voice, Del is frank to a fault. "It's useful," he says. "It can hit the notes, and I can use it to fill in for most parts in case of emergency. But it isn't a pretty voice. Not pretty at all."

For the forthcoming festival, Mr. Johnson won't have to rely upon his own useful voice. He will have a number of outstanding soloists. Moreover, he will have his own 225-voice choir. The second season of the

Choral Union brought 325 applicants. All of them, including the previous year's members, were required to take the performance tests necessary for membership, and only about two-thirds passed. That number represents 125 different churches, and is a heterogeneous group from the standpoints of neighborhood and profession. Music is the common denominator. They love to sing, and they're willing to work hard at it.

Del Johnson sees to it that they do work hard, and sets an example by working harder than anyone. He puts in 60 to 70 hours a week. In addition to arranging and directing all music at the church where he serves as Music Minister, he gives several lessons a day, advises and conducts the Choral Union, and has organized and promoted the first annual Music Festival almost solely by dint of his own efforts.

Although most of the time he conducts with only his very expressive hands, Mr. Johnson uses batons enough to break about three of them a week. He keeps reasonably regular hours, and finds it takes food to keep him going.

A few months ago he began worrying about his waistline. He went to a specialist who outlined a rigid diet. Johnson adhered to the diet for nearly six weeks, slimming down nicely. But he just didn't feel well. He got tired, and commenced imagining there were circles under his eyes. Days that once had too few hours now didn't end soon enough. So he gave up, and went back to eating all

he wanted of things he liked, and he's felt fine ever since.

Chances are that he regained his energy none too soon, because he has needed all of it in bringing his ambitious festival to culmination. But everything is arranged now, and Kansas Citians are looking forward eagerly to the night of May 15th, when Mr. Johnson will open the Festival by conducting Mendelssohn's oratorio, *Elijah*. The Choral Union will be the performing group, supported by the Allied Arts orchestra. Sally Bellis Johnson, Virginia McClelland Ehwa, Thomas Caleb Evans, and John MacDonald will be featured soloists.

The following evening, a "university concert" will be given with the University of Kansas *A Cappella* choir, the Missouri University string quartet under Rogers Whitmore, and pianist Gui Mombaerts from Kansas City University.

At noon on May 17th, Dr. Clarence Dickinson of the famous Brick Church in New York will give an organ recital, and in the afternoon



there will be a "youth" program performed by the Allied Arts orchestra under David Van Vactor, and by the Madrigal Club of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music directed by Stanley Deacon. Wiktor Labunski, internationally known concert pianist, will be guest soloist.

There will be an organ demonstration by Dr. William H. Barnes, noted organ authority, and a concert by Helen Snyder Johnson.

The final event will be Handel's *Messiah* on May 18th. Mr. Johnson will conduct, with Josephine Mader, Freda Draper, Carlton Eldridge, and Hardin Van Duersen as soloists.

Del Johnson, and all of those asso-

ciated with him, are convinced that the series will be a success. Arrangements have been made to use any profits for music scholarships to be administered by the Kansas City Public Schools.

Already, too, plans are underway for the 1948 program, when even bigger and more ambitious things will be attempted. It's still early to talk about those plans, but Del Johnson smiles whenever he thinks of them.

Kansas City smiles these days, too. It took a roundabout Hoosier to do it, but it looks like the May Music Festival is about to become a Missouri institution. *Swing* is pulling for its success, and congratulating its founder —Delbert Johnson.



Answers to CHILD'S PLAY Quiz

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



Answers to NUMBER, PLEASE!

- | | |
|--------|------------------|
| 1. 15 | 9. $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| 2. 400 | 10. 20,000 |
| 3. 6 | 11. 4 |
| 4. 3 | 12. 9 |
| 5. 10 | 13. 100 million |
| 6. 1 | 14. 5 by 5 |
| 7. 5 | 15. 2 |
| 8. 100 | |



Answers to IS MY FACE RED Quiz

- | | |
|-------------|------------|
| 1. green | 9. red |
| 2. black | 10. gray |
| 3. violet | 11. brown |
| 4. yellow | 12. blue |
| 5. purple | 13. white |
| 6. pink | 14. indigo |
| 7. orange | 15. rose |
| 8. lavender | 16. black |

Notes from a one-stringed zither . . .

by LEIGH WILDE

He said he would come back to me,
He said I was his life.
He kept his word—he did return
So I could meet his wife.



Three years ago
When I was young
And had more red corpusles,

I often fell
For big, broad men
Who loved to show their muscles.

But now that I
Am thin and weak
And think much of my soul,

I find that my
Main passion is
The man who brings the coal.



For people who step
On my feet in the bus
I have a kindly thought.
I don't stoop so low
As to vulgarly cuss
Or get emotionally over-wrought.
I just withdraw
For an hour each day
To work on my steel-trap invention.
I'm making one for
Each of my shoes—
The purpose—need I mention?



LYRIC FOR A CONTINUITY WRITER
Capped and gowned
I made my way
Up to the front for my B.A.
Three years have passed
And here I am
Selling people cans of spam!

If about the peace
We cared a rap,
To the U. N.
We'd send Al Capp.

And any other guy
Who can
Poke shrewd fun
At somber man.

If we could laugh
At greed and power,
We'd have peace
Within an hour!



Lives of great men
All remind us
We must learn to be discreet,
And departing
Leave behind us
Footprints larger than our feet!

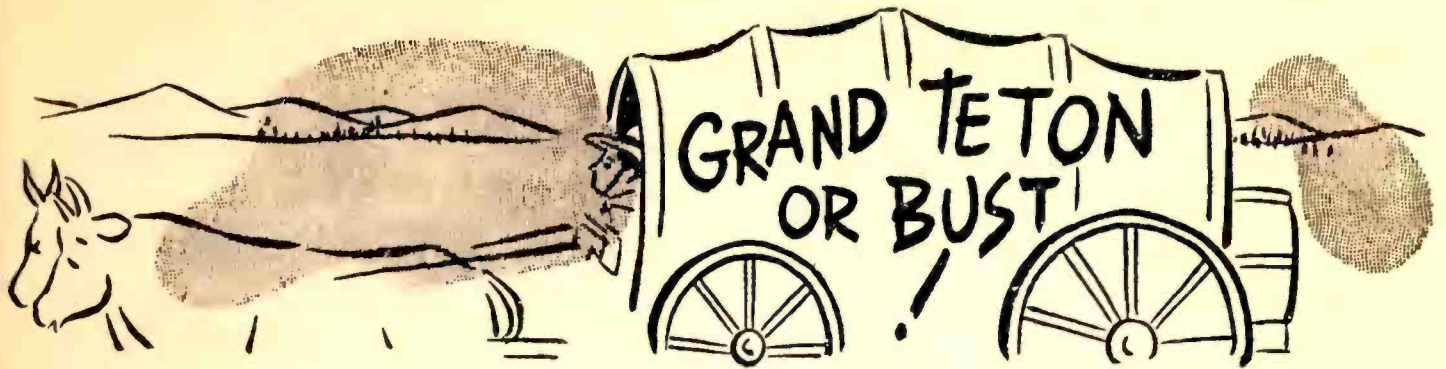


Thrice blessed are my friends:
They come,
They stay,
And usually
The check they pay!



—It's all the same thing when you boil
it down! Wyoming boasts the only Sweater
Girls never interviewed by Earl Wilson.

by JETTA CARLETON



THE sun moves from Taurus toward Gemini; the lawn needs mowing again; most of the summer programs are wrapped up, ready to take over the minute the winter radio stars take off for Martha's Vineyard, the Maine woods, or the Chicago nightclubs. And a good many American families are ready to take off for vacation country.

The time has come when father kicks the tires, estimating their mileage; when the Little Woman thumbs through resort folders and the smart magazines, putting herself in the place of that sulky handsome model wearing jeans and a plaid shirt (a little knockabout number pegged at \$32.50) against the background of a corral fence and a kodachrome mountain. Bathing suits, yes—for Jones Beach, the Lakes, Bermuda, or the neighborhood pool. Some will vacation in water. But for the most part, the eyes of potential tourists turn to the mountain tops, come summertime, and this year as in years before the war a goodly number of all the cars that run will head for those Wide Open Spaces, that Home on the Range. The juke box tunes they've

heard all winter will drive them west this summer. And the gal in calico can't say we didn't warn her.

In the rockier regions of Colorado, Montana, Washington and Oregon, in Arizona, Utah, and Wyoming, lodges and dude ranches and souvenir shops are slicking up for a bumper season. They know that in spite of Russia and the Balkans and the price of butter, the tourists will descend on them any minute now, since the roads open in the higher mountain regions as early as the middle of May.

In addition to the highways, there are railroads, bus lines, and planes. One way or another, vacationers will get there, swarming into the national parks and forests that lie all over the West. The eruptions of pre-Cambrian times (the beginnings of time as man knows it) plus the erosions of Pleistocene glaciers, certainly did right by the tourists who followed hard on the heels of trappers and explorers of the 19th Century.

The race of man seems pretty callow, when you consider that although the mountains of North America have been sitting there in much their present state for several million years, no

one except a few anonymous red men ever laid eyes on them until a paltry few hundred years ago. And in certain spots, white men never appeared until much less than one hundred years ago.

For example — and a spectacular one—take the Teton Range of Wyoming. Running north and south, the range has a length of well over two hundred miles, and its highest peak, the Grand Teton, reaches 13,766 feet into the air. But even on a clear day, the Tetons cannot be seen from Independence Hall. And since the boys back East were pretty busy with other affairs, none of them were in much of a hurry to push farther west. It was only in the early years of the century just before this one that white men muscled in on the Indians and discovered the Tetons. It was not until 1884 that the first settlers moved into the valley or basin alongside the Teton Range. Your arithmetic has probably already told you this wasn't so very long ago. But within the short time between that time and this, Grand Teton National Park has evolved, and this and its flanking valley, called Jackson Hole, have become one of the nation's big playgrounds. The ultra-modern in convenience and luxury has been superimposed in spots upon nature as the Pleistocene glaciers left it. Yet enough of the mountains and forests primeval is left to please even the most nostalgic.

The Tetons were discovered, as far as anyone can ascertain, in 1807-08, by John Colter, who also discovered the Yellowstone Country. But the mountains were named by French

trappers. They took a look at the most conspicuous trio of peaks and with Gallic candor and drollery and a sense of *mot juste* (if not of anatomy) caled them *les trois tetons* — “the three breasts.” The mammary monicker now applies to the entire range.

Jackson Hole was named in 1829 by Captain William Sublette, a fur trader, for his partner, David Jackson, who had a special passion for the long valley cut by the Snake River. It lies just west of the Divide and east of the Teton Range. It's quite a hole—48 miles long, six to eight miles wide, and completely surrounded by mountains.

In 1929, one hundred and fifty square miles of the Teton country became a national park, 27 miles in length, three to nine miles wide. The northern boundary lies just eleven miles south of the southern edge of Yellowstone. Teton National Forest lies east of Jackson Hole and Targhee National Forest, west of the park proper. The entire region is wealthy in lakes and glaciers, snowfields, peaks and canyons—everything it takes to overwork the adjectives and lead you to agree with Ruskin who said, “Mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery.”

And he may very well be right. The sky behind snowy mountain tops can outdo Maxfield Parrish, and the lakes have a fathomless, jewel-like quality that doesn't always obtain in lowland water. Mountain rivers make all others seem turgid and sullen. And the deep evergreen forests are as ancient and mysterious as Americans could ask for, being caught as most

of them are yet—in their own Romantic Period. This country, then, is the perfect setting for dude ranches, tourist lodges, and great big playgrounds.

In the 96,000 acres of Grand Teton National Park there are the makings of the complete vacation—if you like any one of its chief activities: mountain climbing, fishing, boating, riding, or in winter and early summer, skiing. If you're the kind that feels even a vacation must be educational, you can attend the campfire talks on geology and flora and fauna, given each evening in an open-air amphitheater at Jenny Lake. Jenny Lake,

by the way, is one of the park's main entrances. Here you'll find the park museum, good looking rangers, photographers' shops, saddle horses for hire, and a lot of guides for everything from mountain climbing to nature walks. If the climbing fever gets you, as it does many people, you may find it advisable to enroll in a climbing school at Jenny Lake, where you learn the difference between a hobbled boot and a sling pump, and how not to hang yourself with enough rope to

hoist you to the top of Grand Teton.

The title peak of the park was first scaled in 1898. Fifty-six years earlier, a Frenchman named Michaud had tried to get to the top and failed. But nowadays, almost anyone with the urge, enough wind, the right equipment, and an experienced guide can manage those thirteen-thousand-feet-plus to the top of the Grand Teton. However, it isn't child's play. It takes most of two days to make the climb, and you don't start out in sneakers and a Malacca cane. You'll find the going smoother with an ice axe, an alpenstock, and some clothes that will

keep out the altitudinal chill. No one is allowed to climb the Tetons alone without full approval of the superintendent, and all climbing parties are required to report either at park headquarters or Jenny Lake Museum before they start and as soon as they return.

Although the season officially opens in Grand Teton Park on June 15, the climbing season is best during July and August and the early part of September. It all depends, of course, on the weather.



OUR BACK COVER . . . Renowned as an outlaw hideout of frontier days, Jackson Hole in Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, preserves a tang of the Wild West in its numerous dude ranches. —(Photo courtesy Union Pacific).

Fishing is good in the park. The waters are stocked by the United States Fish and Wildlife Service with such anglers' delights as mackinaw, cutthroat, and speckled trout. But be sure you have a state license. And don't bother to catch more than ten fish a day; that's the limit.

In Jackson Hole and in the park there are six major lakes. The smallest of these, Phelps, measures 525 acres. Jackson Lake, the largest, measures 25,540 acres and has a depth of 400 feet. Next in size are Leigh and Jenny, both in the park, and both encompassing well over a thousand acres each. Leigh Lake was named for one Dick Leigh, a guide for Dr. V. F. Hayden who made the first official surveys of the Teton country. But they haven't always dignified the lake with Leigh's surname. They used to call it "Beaver Dick," because Dick looked something like a beaver. He was toothy.

One of the pleasanter occupations in the park is horseback riding over trails with picturesque names: Cascade Canyon; Indian Paintbrush (this is the trail traced in wildflowers); and Death Canyon. There are six of these trails, altogether, adding up to ninety miles of foot or bridle path through canyons and forests, around the bases of mountains, and along the many lakes. Saddle horses rent for something like a dollar an hour, \$3.50 a day, and \$17.50 a week. Sometimes, for an additional fee, you get a guide thrown in. And for longer trips you rent pack horses.

The flora and fauna of Grand Teton Park are no small part of its attraction. Because the high mountains limit plant migration, a number of the flowers found here are unique. They grow extravagantly from the time the snow melts in May until mid-August. The park protects its wild game, and herds of Shiras' moose, the largest of the deer family, are not uncommon sights. Mule deer, a wary species, may be seen now and then, but you gotta be quick. In the more isolated sections you may see small herds of bighorn, the Rocky Mountain sheep with the horns like cornucopias. Herds of elk, or wapiti, tenant the Government feeding grounds in Jackson Hole through the winter, moving north and east into the highlands in the spring. In the mountains and canyons, bears still roam at large. But the national park bulletin is careful to mention in italics, for the benefit of Bostonians and others, that very few bears invade the campgrounds.

Wild bears may seem an anomaly in this split-atom age of electronics, Lucius Beebe, and the frozen dinner. But remember that the Union Pacific has not yet celebrated its first centennial in Wyoming. They were building the first railroad across the state only eighty years ago, in 1867 and '68. And every foot of the way, they were under military escort because of such hazards as inhospitable Indians, buffalo stampedes, and surprised bears. Give the wild life of Grand Teton another eighty years of tourists, and they'll be eating out of your hands. Or vice-versa.

Is America Going Feminine?



2,425,000 psychopathics give rise to an interesting question.

AMERICA today faces a number of internal social problems. Its divorce rate is increasing drastically, with a resultant number of half-orphaned children. Its juvenile delinquency rate is soaring. And it is more and more aware of the vast number of Americans who are developing into chronic neurotics. During the past war, 1,825,000 men were rejected at induction centers for psychiatric reasons, while 600,000 were discharged after getting into the service, for the same reason.

Psychologists claim that parents are responsible for the development of their children, and although anthropologists state that parenthood should be regarded as a joint job for both parents, our social pattern puts the great burden of child training and discipline on mothers. Therefore, it is they who have come in for the greatest criticism for faulty parental relationship and training.

A provocative discussion of "momism," disguised behind the title, "Is America Going Feminine?" was held recently on Northwestern University's program, *The Reviewing Stand*. This weekly radio forum originates in the WGN studios in Chicago, and is carried by stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, including WHB.

Swing editors, feeling that the subject is of interest to all Americans,

herewith present excerpts from that program.

ANNOUNCER: The first speaker on today's broadcast, speaking from Philadelphia, is Dr. Edward A. Strecker, head of the Department of Psychiatry, Medical School, University of Pennsylvania; author of *Their Mothers' Sons*; *The Psychiatrist Examines an American Problem*. Dr Strecker:

DR. STRECKER: Is America going feminine? Unfortunately, feminine is almost the opposite rather than being the same as woman, perhaps implying an economic and psychological rebellion against the biology of being female—a defiant challenge to the male and his fancied superiority. I am deeply concerned about the intrusion of feminism into the art of true motherhood. In my recent book, *Their Mothers' Sons*, I describe a "mom" as a female parent whose maternal behavior is motivated by seeking emotional recompense for the buffets life has dealt her ego. With her children almost every word and act is designed unconsciously to hold them emotionally and bind them securely to her. To attain this purpose, she must stamp a pattern of immature behavior upon the children, making it somewhat unlikely that as men and women they will succeed in living

their personal and social lives on a reasonably mature basis.

This is the opposite of womanliness in motherhood, and if it is feminism, I pray America may never go feminine. Let me add, I am not derisive of the name mom. Indeed, I honor it whenever it designates a loving but wise and unselfish maternal parent.

Mom does not make herself. Often she is a mom because she had a mom. Naturally, too, momism flourishes in a system in which a collection of birth certificates of children rather than an evaluation of the actual performance of motherhood is the criterion for indiscriminating adulation.

Particularly in America many moms are made by selfish husbands who leave their wives but little choice other than emotional overattachment to their children promoted by the frustration produced by the complete preoccupation of many husbands with business; their endless pursuit of stag diversions, and their unwillingness to participate in the psychological growth and maturing of their children.

Finally, in spite of our high sounding boast of equality, in large measure we do deny women full participation in political, civic, and other affairs. This is particularly true after their child-bearing periods when they have the fruits of so much valuable experience to offer concerning the needs of children.

ANNOUNCER: Thank you, Dr. Strecker. To continue today's discussion *The Reviewing Stand* now takes you to Mutual's studio in Chicago. James H. McBurney, Dean of

the School of Speech at Northwestern University, is the moderator. Dean McBurney:

MR. McBURNEY: Joining Dr. Strecker on *The Reviewing Stand* are: Sydney Harris, syndicated columnist with the *Chicago Daily News*,



and Instructor in *The Great Books* at the University of Chicago; and last, but by no means least, in this discussion of femininity, or any other discussion for that matter, Emily Taft Douglas, recently Congressman-at-Large from Illinois, and Helen Hohman, formerly Lecturer in Economics, at Northwestern University.

Now we have agreed to consider three questions today: First, is "momism" the kind of menace that Dr. Stecker thinks it is? Second, are women trying to usurp man's place in society? And finally, how should we deal with these moms and these feminine encroachments?

MRS. DOUGLAS: No normal person could condone that maternal vampire who sucks the emotional life out of its child. But since the mom is a maladjusted mother, I won't agree that momism has much to do with feminism. It is abnormal feminism. Psychiatry today points to the mother

as responsible for most of the sins of her children, and therefore, I suppose, of civilization. That is a heavy load for us mothers to carry. Dr. Strecker is correct, therefore, in pointing out that a mom is usually a mom because she is a product of a mom—male or female—or else has been made into a mom because her natural and rightful satisfactions in other fields have been withdrawn. She can't lift herself up by her own bootstraps and become a well-adjusted person without help.

MR. HARRIS: I think Dr. Strecker overemphasizes only one kind of mother. I think that there are two extremes that are equally bad. I think the overprotective mom who is a horrible leach is a malignant growth in our society. On the other hand, I think there are just as many cases of mothers who, consciously, or subconsciously, reject their children.

I think this plethora of glamour advertising that wants a 40-year old woman to try to look like a 20-year



old woman, and all the perfume ads and all that silly business about charm, have done a great deal to make women want to reject their children as symbols of growing old and get-

ting middle aged. I would say there is just as much danger of that type of rejection as there is of overprotection.

I think the most fruitful part of Dr. Strecker's analysis is the few sentences in which he mentioned the father's neglect of the home. I think modern social and economic life has become so highly competitive and so rapacious and the tempo has been so speeded up that the father is virtually forced to spend most of his time away from the home. He works all day long, and on Sundays he goes out and plays golf with business prospects and very rarely sees his family. Then I don't think there were as many moms in past times for the simple reason that the father's influence was considerably greater around the house. There was a more proportionate share of the children's time divided between the parents—which is not true today.

MR. McBURNEY: As a result of this, do you think that women are moving out of the home, attempting to usurp men's place in society?

MR. HARRIS: Well I think so, very much!

MR. McBURNEY: Which puts us right in the middle of the second question that we want to discuss today. "Are we faced," as Dr. Strecker puts it, "with an economic and psychological rebellion against the biology of being female?" What should be women's status in our society. Should it differ substantially from men's, Mrs. Hohman?

MRS. HOHMAN: I would say women, like men, have many different capacities and many different in-

terests. The problem of adjusting to their lives within a family is therefore a somewhat complicated one. Most women in the United States are married. Most women have children. And it is the woman with a family and the unbroken family that we are concerned about today.

I think that the very fact that so much of her life, of her former activities, have been taken out of the home means that now she has leisure that she never had before. She has smaller families. A woman who has six children doesn't have any problem of leisure. Good or bad, that is the fact. Therefore, the modern woman cannot find within the home, after the children have passed infancy, things to do that take all of her interest and all of her capacities.

MR. McBURNEY: You are talking about the change in the American home, the fact that it is leading to some frustration for the mother, that she is looking outside the home rather than within the home. Would you suggest that we try to restore the home and the family to something of its former status?

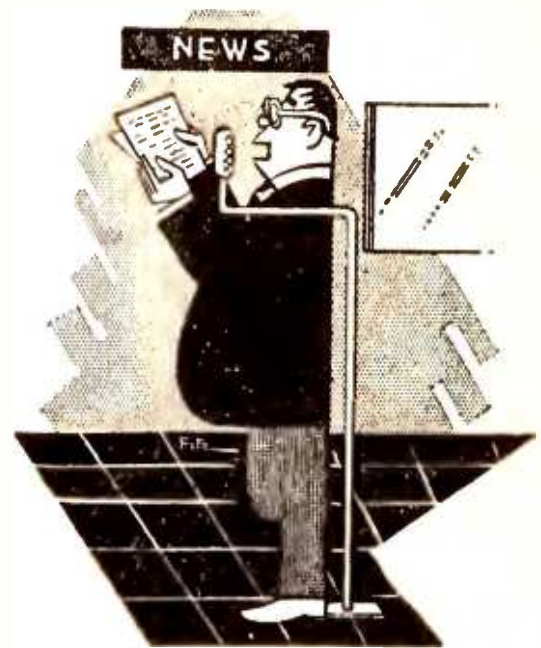
MR. HARRIS: Yes, I think that women ought to be made to realize that home-making and rearing children is perhaps the most important function of a society that doesn't want to commit race suicide. I think she needs status and prestige—like everyone else.

MR. McBURNEY: Now, do you mothers accept this masculine analysis of what is a woman's main function in life?

MRS. HOHMAN: I think that the

main function of a woman who has children is to bring up her children, and I think most women accept that because they are definitely and emotionally oriented in that direction . . .

MR. HARRIS: I don't agree with you. I don't think they really accept it. If they got the full satisfaction out of it that they got in the past, that they should get, we shouldn't have the tremendous number of divorces and the tremendous number of infidelities and the phenomenal number of feminine alcoholics and the female cocktail lizard and all these horrid phenomena that we have . . .



MRS. DOUGLAS: We can't turn the clock back to the time when each home was an economic unit which made a very diversified and interesting community center in each home. This means that almost inevitably we will have the surplus leisure of modern woman. The question is: How should she use that leisure? As a matter of fact, I believe that a great many of woman's age-old functions are now carried on outside the home and if she is to follow those functions she

has to go outside the home, if she is to keep her influence upon children.

MR. HARRIS: I think that is very bad. In the past woman was part nurse. She was responsible for the welfare of her family. As it is today, the schools, the government agencies, welfare bureaus, and a whole host of so-called social services have robbed her of those traditional feminine functions.

MR. McBURNEY: Regrettable as this may be, what do you propose doing about it; are you going to move these people back into villages and into the suburbs?

MR. HARRIS: I am not going to do it. I think the atom bomb is going to do it. I think that is one of the few benefits of the atom bomb. I think it is going to disperse modern industrial society. Yes, I think we probably will have to move back into villages.

MRS. DOUGLAS: Dr. Strecker has a point there. He says: "It is made somewhat difficult for women, particularly married women, to participate fully in civic affairs."

Of course, you might say a lot of jobs that are done today on the local level of government—the matter of clean streets and alleys—are just community housekeeping. Jane Addams was the best garbage inspector Chicago ever had.

MR. HARRIS: She had no family.

MRS. DOUGLAS: Quite right. There are a lot of unmarried women today in America . . .

MR. HARRIS: I don't care what unmarried women do—morally or intellectually. They are not responsible for the perpetuating of the race.

Their lives are irrelevant to today's thesis . . . so barren . . .

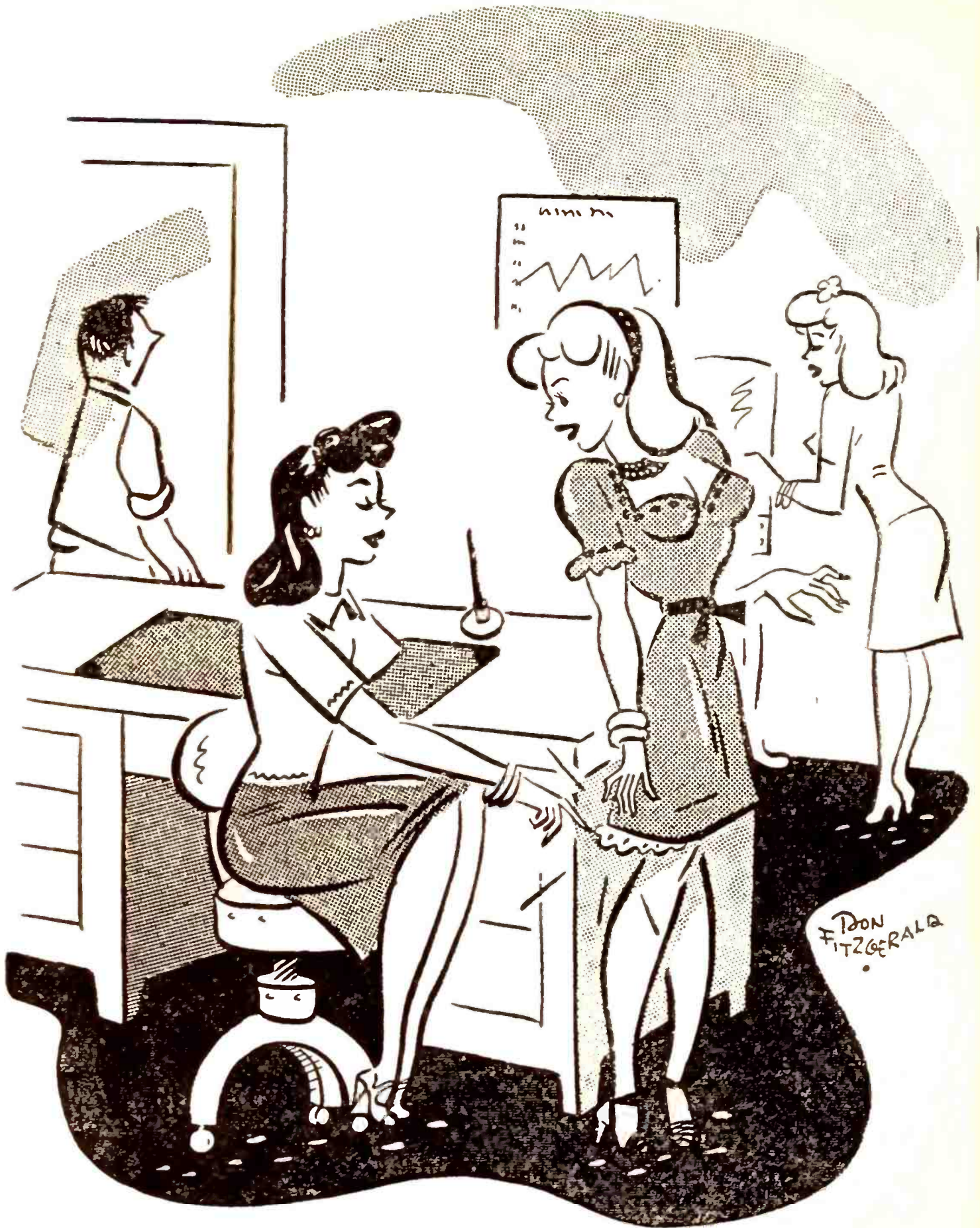
MRS. DOUGLAS: We are discussing the question of whether America is going feminine . . .

MR. HARRIS: I don't think unmarried women are feminine. I think they are neuter.

MR. McBURNEY: I don't think you answered my question. Do you face this thing realistically? *We have* these big cities. *We have* apartments. *We have* electric gadgets for women. *They do* have leisure time. And these two mothers have been sitting here telling us how women should employ that leisure time profitably.

MR. HARRIS: I think I am, if you ask me, the only realistic person in America. I think that is the only real future that faces us. I think this problem of industrialization is much more serious. It underlies the problem we are discussing today. I think it affects men, too. In the industrial age men are increasingly dissatisfied with their jobs.

MR. McBURNEY: I am inclined to believe that we have said "yes" somewhat timidly to the question: Is America Going Feminine? "Yes," with varying degrees of emphasis and for somewhat different reasons. Dr. Strecker certainly deplors the psychological immaturity of many mothers, and I think everyone around this table agrees with him. The speakers here have underlined the changing American home as a factor which services to push women into activities outside the home. The burden of this discussion has been to suggest ways and means of channelling these activities constructively.



"It cost twenty bucks. I want it to show!"



Look out professionals—the Hawk is loose!

by LARRY WINN, JR.

A SOCCER ball and two peach baskets hanging from the running track were the essentials of basketball in 1891, when the game was devised by Dr. James Naismith for students at the Y.M.C.A. training school, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Little, then, did Naismith know how his game would catch American athletic fancy; and little did he suspect that he would become a professor at the same school which would turn out one of the game's greatest players, a much bruited hawkeye to arrive on the scene a half century later.

"CHARLES BLACK, 6-4½, 205, LAWRENCE, KANSAS, FORWARD," is the short description listed in the program. But to a multitude of coaches and fans, he is Charlie Black of Kansas, one of the greatest cagers of the Middlewest. Others say he is the greatest ever to come off "Phog" Allen's endless assembly line which has produced eighteen All-Americans to date.

On April 1st, the fabled K.U. basketball "Hawk" wrote finis to his brilliant college cage career, as a starting forward on the West All-Star team against the A.A.U. cham-

pions, the Phillips "66" Oilers, and a great many coaches applauded the news.

Just two days before, in Madison Square Garden, Black played a little over half the ball game, but dumped in eleven points as the West All-Stars defeated the East All-Stars. It is with sighs of relief that K. U.'s opponents can rest a bit now, because the big pair of shoes in that Kansas center circle will probably go unfitted for a spell. Possibly quite a spell!

But why praise Charlie Black? Let Black's record speak for itself. He was named All-American twice; played in the East-West All-Star tilts in New York twice; and, when he was named to his fourth All-Big Six Conference berth this year, he became the only player in league history to attain such an honor.

Raw figures disclose that "The Hawk" scored more points than any other player in Kansas history. In four seasons, he hit the hoop for 1,072 points. A pile of them! Also school records are Black's feats of compiling 362 points in one season (1946), averaging 17.3 points per game in Big Six competition (1946) and tallying 33 points in a single game against Missouri (1943).

He gained his first All-American selection in 1942 as a sophomore and repeated in 1946. His All-Big Six years read 1942, 1943, 1946 and 1947. He missed two seasons while serving as reconnaissance pilot in the Army Air Corps, where he flew 51 missions and gained the rank of captain.



"The Hawk," a sure-fire drawing card anywhere he plays, lives up to his nickname. He swoops up against the backboards like a sky-born marauder, plucking the ball with one hand as if it were a doomed owl, then balances on one leg to deliver a whistling underhand shot to a fast-breaking teammate. One of his favorite tricks is to hoist short heaves by his teammates into the netting, often dropping them back over his shoulder as he faces the court. Sometimes he soars up to 11 feet to bag underthrown enemy flips. He was called for goal-tending five times this year.

Personally, Black is a retiring sort of individual who doesn't seem to have nearly the amount of faith in himself that his coaches and followers have, although he is not known to

give anything to anyone on the hardwoods. Amazing as it sounds, Black rounds out his playing repertoire with superlative defensive ability. Facing all manner of skyscrapers and high scorers this season, he limited them to an average of 5.4 tallies along a 26 game route. The experts will tell you there isn't a big man in college basketball today that Black can't muffle.

Such an authority as Hank Iba, the famous Oklahoma Aggie coach, maintains Black is the best collegiate post guard in the country today. Helping to substantiate this rating, Black held "Easy Ed" MacCauley, the 6 foot 9 inch center of the newly crowned Missouri Valley champions, St. Louis, to three points. He stifled George Mikan of DePaul with four, and limited Gerald Tucker, Oklahoma's great post artist, to 20 counters in three games.

If Black never averaged over two goals a game he would still rank as one of the conference's greatest hoopmen. The long-armed forward hasn't had a close second in the rebounding department for two years. Against the dethroned national champion Oklahoma Aggies in Lawrence this season, the big swooper snared the unbelievable total of 28 caroms himself.

He receives rebounds and passes one-handed. Eastern writers proclaimed him as having the "neatest feint and pivot seen in the East for some time;" and Coach Phog Allen says, "Black is the best big man I ever coached." In 1943, the famous Great Lakes team members voted Black the best player they faced, including the Whiz Kids from Illinois.

Black, who is extremely popular on the K.U. campus, spends his spare time in Robinson Gymnasium in impromptu cage games with his Phi Kappa Psi fraternity brothers, and working out for the decathlon. He placed second in the recent K. U. Relays, winning four of ten events. He is married and has a daughter. A scrapbook kept by his wife reveals that Charlie has been pictured in newspapers, magazines, All-Star selec-

tions, and college publications nearly 100 times.

It's not hard to see why Midwest coaches are glad to see the "Big Hawk's" career come to an end, collegiately at least. And most of all, it is not hard to figure why many of the top A.A.U. and professional basketball teams are seeking the services of All-American Charlie Black. They'd love to turn him loose on somebody else's chickens!



Answers to Divorce Quiz

1—c
2—c
3—b
4—b
5—c

6—c
7—c
8—c
9—b
10—b



Friends and relatives of a certain old lady were in the habit of giving a birthday party for her each year. Their gifts were usually nicknacks for her house. Finally, at the age of ninety, the old lady was asked by a friend what she wanted for her birthday this year.

"Give me a kiss," was the answer, "so I won't have to dust it!"



The city slicker visited the hills to see how the mountaineers lived. He came to a farm where a man reclined on the front porch, smoking a cob pipe while the woman worked in the garden.

"Isn't that hard work for your wife?" asked the city dweller.

"Yep, but we work in shifts hereabouts," the man replied.

"Oh, I see. When she gets tired, you take over."

"Nope," said the native. "When she gets tired out in the garden, she shifts to the house chores."



At a large medical conference, one ambitious doctor leaned close to the one beside him and asked: "Where did Dr. Alger make his fortune?"

The reply was brief. "Stork market!"



Two great big piano movers rang Merton Mildweed's doorbell. "Hey, Bud, here's the piano you ordered from the Tinwhistle Piano Company," one of them rasped.

Morton shook his head. "Not a piano. I ordered a flute."

The piano mover looked menacingly at the piece of paper. "It says here it was a piano, Bud."

Merton studied the sweating huskies and replied, "Very well, bring it in. But if your company makes any more mistakes like this, I'll have to deal somewhere else!"

SATISFIED ?

Human progress owes a great deal to dissatisfied people.

Long ago, one of them picked up a piece of stone. Its shape didn't suit him—he was a dissatisfied man. So he chipped it against another stone until the shape was different. And he had made the first tool.

A cave woman gazed at her reflection in a pool. Phooey! She looked about her. After a time, she found some red mineral substance, and smeared it on her lips. She gazed again. Ah, that was better!

When her lord came home from hunting a cave bear or being chased by a mammoth, he may have approved the result. Or he may not. That didn't matter—any more than it does today. Whatever his masculine opinion, the art of cosmetology had been born.

So it has gone, all the way down to the Wright brothers, who were not satisfied to remain on the ground, and your wife, who tried out that new recipe last night.

Dissatisfaction!

When a human being improves on something because he doesn't like it the way it is, he is on the move.—J. Paul Suter.



Perpetual Calendar

A NEW calendar may result from a dare a 15 year old boy received from his teacher more than 27 years ago. The new calendar, named the Edwards' Perpetual Calendar, was received favorably by the delegates at the World Security Conference in San Francisco, and is now up for discussion before Congress.

The new calendar is the brain child of Willard Edwards, ex-naval lieutenant, now at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He went to work on the calendar after his Latin teacher asked him if he thought he could make a better one than the Caesar or the Gregorian, which seemed to confuse him.

He said that he thought he could, and the Edwards' system is the result. On his calendar there would be 364 days in a year. New Year's Day would be set apart from any week or month. It would always be followed by Monday, which would be January 1.

Under the new system Labor Day and Christmas would always fall on Monday, and Easter would always come on April 14. This system would cause all holidays to pop up on the same day of the week.

March, June, September and December would have 31 days, and all the rest would have 30.

This new arrangement would allow calendar makers to print their wares in advance. However, the business would drop sharply, because there would be no need for new calendars; not with every year alike.


Every fourth year would be Leap Year, but the day now known as February 29 would be a special day, like New Year's. It would have no connection with any month, but would be a very special holiday, always celebrated the day after June 31.—STANLEY J. MEYER.



Paul Whiteman tells about a rich and portly friend of his who weighed in excess of 250 pounds. Once when Whiteman called, the friend was wearing a bathrobe with enormous checks. Each check was numbered.

"What's the idea of the t...lated tessalations?" Whiteman asked.

"I'll show you," said his friend. Summoning a butler, he yawned and ordered: "Jeeves, scratch number 231."



MR. KEELY and the....

ATOM

The fascinating faker of Philadelphia had scientists everywhere doing nip-ups!

by F. D. FLEMING

MEN were thinking and talking about atomic energy seventy years ago. In Philadelphia, at that time, an enterprising and inscrutable genius by the name of John Worrell Keely professed to have discovered the incredible power of the atom. Furthermore, he actually gave demonstrations with many different machines operated, apparently, by the mysterious force.

Iron bars were broken in two or twisted like pretzels, great ropes were torn apart, and bullets were fired through a twelve-inch plank by means of what Keely called the "oscillation of the atom." And to prove the commercial possibilities of his alleged discovery, he exhibited a motor driven, so he asserted, by the same force. His claims in support of his brain-child were staggering.

"I propose," said Keely in July, 1875, "in about six months to run a train of thirty cars from Philadelphia to New York at the rate of a mile a minute with one small engine, and I will draw all the power out of as much water as you can hold in the palm of your hand."

To back up this astounding statement, he made another, equally astounding: "I once drove an engine

of forty horsepower eight hundred revolutions a minute with less than a thimbleful of water—and kept it running fifteen days on the same water."

The man was a superb master of the promoter's art. A one-time sleight-of-hand performer, he could, at a later date, reach into the hat of public confidence and pull out a rabbit in the form of thousands of dollars of other people's hard-earned cash. Stock in the Keely Motor Company was held in large amounts throughout the country. At Keely's death there were more than three thousand stockholders.

Talented and versatile, Keely possessed great personal magnetism. A tall, dark-featured man weighing two hundred pounds, with grave face and earnest eyes, his appearance inspired confidence. Working in his laboratory, his shirt sleeves were rolled to his elbows and his hands were as soiled as those of a day laborer. There was grime even in his black side whiskers and moustache. His palms were as hard as bone, and the ends of his fingers were broad and calloused and thick. He was a born showman.

"The first public exhibition of the Keely Motor was given this evening in the presence of a large body of

New York men," states the New York Herald of April 22, 1881, under a Philadelphia dateline. "Tonight's exhibition was an extended



one," the Herald continues, and then proceeds to describe the performance in detail. This "seance" was typical of dozens of others which were to follow in the next quarter of a century. They were held at Keely's laboratory, a small, two-story brick building at 1420 North Twentieth Street, Philadelphia.

The motor was a ponderous and fanciful contrivance built, for the most part, of steel that shone like a mirror. Supported by rods and open at the sides, it was armed with tuning forks and metallic rings with steel wires inside, and capped by a heavy steel globe. Attached to the motor was a primitive pressure gauge.

Keely would assemble the apparatus in the presence of the spectators, and then begin his baffling experiments. He would pour a glass of water into the "generator," and in less than half a minute the pressure gauge showed a reading of fifteen thousand pounds to the square inch. He would strike a tuning fork and set a brass ball revolving at six hun-

dred revolutions a minute. Again he would strike the tuning fork and the apparatus would lift a heavy weight. He would strike an iron disc, and the roaring motor would instantly speed up. And, as he smote a gigantic tuning fork, the motor would slow down. He would take down from the wall a dilapidated fiddle bow and saw away on a tightly-stretched wire, and the motor would at once begin turning in the opposite direction. This reversal, Keely would explain, could be made at the highest speed without breaking anything.

And so for a quarter of a century Keely persevered through bankruptcy, a jail sentence, the jeers of orthodox scientists, and the threats of disappointed and angry stockholders who periodically demanded some tangible return for their money. But he was a persistent optimist, ever maintaining that he saw his way through it all as clear as sunlight. Whenever the motor failed to "mote," Keely would come up with some new angle or discovery. By 1887 he had constructed 124 different engines, not one of which was ever put to practical use.

What was the powerful, mysterious force employed by Keely in performing his incredible experiments? To this day no one knows exactly. Driven into a corner more than once by threats of exposure, Keely stubbornly insisted on keeping his secret to himself, and it rests with him in his grave.

But after Keely died, November 18, 1898, some Philadelphia scientists rented his laboratory and began

an investigation. The Keely motor was not on the premises. The investigators set to work ripping up floors, tearing down partitions, and prying into ceilings. Their efforts were soon rewarded. Under a trap door in the floor, down among the dirt and rubbish, they unearthed a steel sphere, forty inches in diameter and weighing over three tons. A hole which had been drilled into the side of the sphere was found to fit exactly small brass tubing previously discovered running up to the exhibition rooms. A heavy iron pipe, thirteen feet long, ran diagonally under the floor to a point under a trap door in a front room. In the light of these revelations it requires but little imagi-

nation to picture Keely at his demonstrations, pressing his foot on a spring valve concealed in the floor and releasing some of the compressed air or gas which had been piped from its spherical prison below to his engine of delusion on the second floor.

Was Keely really a faker, a charlatan, a humbug? Or could it be that he was a man far ahead of his time? Be that as it may, no one can deny that he was a genius. A genius who for twenty-five years baffled some of the best scientific minds of the century, and extracted millions of dollars from a credulous public. And all on a fabulous contraption that never even attained the dignity of a patent office application!

The Machine With a Brain

SIX hundred and forty man hours were spent preparing a problem for a machine to solve. When finally it was ready, speeches were made and the problem was fed into the mechanical brain. It raced over 500 miles of wire; 3,000,000 wire contacts; 2,235 tumbler counters; 1,464 ten-way switches, and 72 adding machines. Nineteen hours later the answer dropped into a little wire basket. The experts were elated until they checked the machine's answer. It didn't jibe with theirs. So they went into another mathematical huddle which lasted for three weeks, and they found that they were wrong! The machine was right!

Similar tests were tried and each time the machine arrived at the correct answer in about one-tenth of the time it took the experts.

The machine, known as the "Automatic, Sequence Control Calculator," is housed in a special sound-proofed, atmosphere controlled room at Harvard's School of Engineering. It is the brain child of Commander Howard H. Aiken, USNR, an associate Harvard faculty mathematician on leave to the Navy.

The ASCC is the result of six years labor and an outlay of \$259,000. It is capable of out-figuring any human brain, which poses an interesting problem. Which is greater? The brain of the machine or the brain of the man who created it?—STANLEY J. MEYER.

▲
A sufficient commentary on human nature is that a mob never rushed madly across town to do a needed kindness.

▲
A well-known radio figure went into a grocery store to purchase six pears. "That will be \$1.20, please," said the clerk. The customer handed the clerk \$1.50, and started to walk out of the store. "You forgot your change, sir," said the clerk. "That's all right, you keep it," retorted the customer. "I stepped on a grape on the way in!"

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE MIGHTY McGURK—Wallace Beery, Dean Stockwell, Edward Arnold, Aline McMahon. Blustering ex-prize fighter, "Slag" McGurk (Beery) finds himself the reluctant guardian of an English orphan, who idolizes him. "Slag" is hired to take over Salvation Army headquarters, as his boss wants the site for a new saloon. However, his affection for the youngster causes him to break with the saloonkeeper, and the little orphan finds a home and affection at last with "Slag"—just as you knew he would! Dean Stockwell makes an appealing orphan, and of course the part is tailor-made for Beery.

LITTLE MISTER JIM—"Butch" Jenkins, James Craig, Frances Gifford. Here is the story of a little boy's life on a pre-war military post. When his mother dies in childbirth, little Jim Tucker finds himself neglected by his grief-stricken father. Their Chinese houseman tries to take care of the boy, to the consternation of the ladies of the post. When things are blackest, big Jim discovers his son's loyalty, and makes amends. Soon after, he is sent to China. Little Jim cannot go, but decides to follow in his father's footsteps, and enrolls in a military school. It's "Butch's" picture all the way!

Universal

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE—Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, Jean Pierre Aumont, Eve Arden. Amid technicolor, young Nicholas Rimsky-Korsakoff (Aumont) as a midshipman in the Russian navy, and dancer De Carlo make a hot Moroccan port hotter. After a futile attempt to stow away on Nicholas' ship, the young lady finally gets to Russia, where she and the composer are reunited. A wonderful opportunity to hear such music as *Arabesque*, *Caprice Espagnole*, *Scheherazade*, *Song of India*, *Hymn to the Sun*, *Fandango*, and *Gypsy Song*.

R. K. O.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER—Loretta Young, Joseph Cotton, Ethel Barrymore, Charles Bickford. A young country girl, Katie Holstrom, goes to the city, where she works as maid in the home of Congressman Glenn Morley. When the party names a political hack as candidate for a vacant post, Katie exposes his miserable record, and is put up by the opposition party to run against him. A smear campaign is nipped through the action of Morley, thus saving Katie's political future and paving the way for Glenn and Katie to get together, which they do.

Paramount

THE IMPERFECT LADY—Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Virginia Field. A young dancer marries a member of Parliament, and all goes smoothly until an incident from her past threatens to ruin her happiness and her husband's career. She must choose between furnishing an alibi for a man falsely accused of murder, which will mean scandal for her, or keeping silent and letting the man be executed. Her decision and the resultant action create a dramatic climax. Milland and Miss Wright, both Academy Award winners, do an excellent job with this story of Victorian England.

Warner Brothers

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS—Humphrey Bogart, Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Nigel Bruce. As the mad painter, Geoffrey Carroll, Mr. Bogart has a wonderful time feeding poisoned milk to all his wives, meanwhile painting them as "Angels of Death." Fortunately, his young daughter talks too much, and his sinister activities are discovered. The picture builds up to a high pitch of suspense, with a lovely burst of final violence nearly resulting in another dead Mrs. Carroll. This one won't help your blood pressure!



TWENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLDS who lead name bands and rate *Who's Who* listings are rare birds. But there is such a one, and we had the pleasure of interviewing him recently. His name is Elliott Lawrence, and he, like Topsy, just grew up—in the music business, that is!

The youthful composer-conductor made his professional debut at the age of three, when he conducted a kid band on an Eastern radio program. At four he began piano study, and at 11 he organized a 15-piece orchestra called the "Bandbusters."

Elliott went from high school to college with a music scholarship in one hand and his baton in the other. The band followed.

In 1944 A.C. (after college), Elliott engaged the band in radio work. The publicity led to their big-time debut at New York's *Cafe Rouge*, where they shattered all existing attendance records. Word of the "new" band began to spread, so Columbia hired them to cut a record. The disc satisfied Columbia, and the public nodded approval and plunked down money at record counters across the country.

Thus the Elliott Lawrence Band was moving, and in one direction only—toward the top! A publicity campaign was launched. Then *Look* helped matters when its scouts selected the aggregation as "The Band of the Year 1947." At present, they are booked solidly for the next nine or ten months.

Here are the things that make the band what it is: a symphonic woodwind section consisting of bassoon, oboe, and English horn; a French horn to provide tone color and contrast variations; a six man brass team; a reed section which doubles on flute; the regular rhythm section; the unusual Lawrence piano. To these add arrangements that are different, and the vocalizing of Rosalind Patton and Jack Hunter.

Those are the mechanical components, but there is more to the success secret of this band which has stuck together through so many years. Elliott puts it this way: "There's a feeling with us that everybody has a part in the band, that we're all members of the same family working toward a common goal."

Small wonder that they're going places—and fast!



with BOB KENNEDY

Highly Recommended

MUSIC CRAFT 380—Sarah Vaughan and Orchestra under the direction of Tad Dameron. *You're Not The Kind* plus *If You Could See Me Now*. One of the newest singers to come out of Manhattan. She's a combination of Mildred Bailey and Julia Lee, which means she really sells. Both sides are terrific . . .

PAN AMERICAN 064—John Laurenz with Joe Venuti and All Star band. *You Call It Madness and I Call It Love*; reverse *I Surrender Dear*. Here is another new baritone to hit the wax. If you remember Russ Columbo, here is a very good facsimile. These two old standards performed by Joe Venuti and combo produce excellent results.

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

VICTOR 20-2178—Vaughn Monroe and Orchestra. *As You Desire Me* plus *We Knew It All The Time*. Two standard platters by the Monroe unit that are bound to please. Although the tunes are not the best recorded by Monroe, there is something about the mellow voice that still gets you. The latter cut features the Moon Maids with good results.

COLUMBIA 37305—Harry James and Orchestra. *Heartaches* plus *I Tipped My Hat*. Here are two footstompers by the sock James Outfit. *Heartaches* has fine rhythm beat with unusual orchestration. The James trumpet is up to usual qual-

ity. Marion Morgan sings nicely on this side. The reverse is novelty and in spots resembles *Cow Boogie*. Art Lund does a fine job on a tune that's right for his voice.

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

MAJESTIC 1117 — Eddy Howard and Orchestra. *Midnight Masquerade* and *Adobe Hacienda*. This is a double feature that is worth the money. Eddy is at the top in the sweet band group, and this coupling is verification of the reason why. Howard's sax section is as smooth as ever, and you'll want these "hit parade" tunes.

CAPITOL 383—Margaret Whiting with Frank DeVol and Orchestra. *Time After Time* plus *Spring Isn't Everything*. Whiting is consistently good so you can expect some expert warbling on this disc, which is exactly what you get. *Time After Time* is from MGM's *It Happened In Brooklyn* and is made to order for Miss Whiting. The reverse is a tune that is sure to become very popular. DeVol gives Margaret colorful background music for both songs.

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

COLUMBIA C 123 (album). *Boogie Woogie* featuring Will Bradley and Orchestra. Here is an album that is sure to please in-the-groove fans. Such old favorites as *Celery Stalks At Midnight*, *Down The Road Apiece*, and *Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar* are included. These tunes find Will Bradley at his best featuring his star performer, Ray McKinley. It's a must for jazz fans.

CAPITOL 382—Stan Kenton and Orchestra. *Concerto To End All Concertos* parts 1 and 2. Bearing the label notation *Artistry In Jazz Series*, this disc marks a new era for Stan Kenton fans. Weird and excitingly different, this is a masterpiece of melody, harmony, and rhythm. Part 1 features solos by Kenton, Safranski, and Musso—plus trumpet and alto solos by Wetzell and Mussulli. Part 2 is entirely orchestral, with the exception of a bass solo by Safran-

ski. It's the most unusual jazz platter at this time.

***Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE 1718.**

COLUMBIA 37269—Frankie Carle and his Orchestra—*Sunrise Serenade* and *Carle Boogie*. Here is a release brought back by popular demand, and *Sunrise Serenade* is just as good today as when first waxed several years ago. Carle's orchestra seems to be improving which is a bright note for his followers. The reverse boogie side finds Carle in some unusual piano work backed up by good instrumentation. Both sides are more than worth owning.

COLUMBIA 37278 — Dinah Shore with Sonny Burke's Orchestra. *The Egg And I* and *Who Cares What People Say*. *The Egg* is riding high these days and the tune is certainly a catch one. Dinah does a smooth, free-and-easy version of this top number. The flipover is from the film *Nora Prentiss* and should be another hit for Dinah fans. The tune is helped immeasurably by Sonny Burke's accompaniment.

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

MGM 1007—Hal McIntyre and Orchestra. *The Man Who Paints The Rainbow* and *I Can't Believe It Was All Make Believe*. This is one of the initial pressings for the new MGM company and herewith they have a winner. The McIntyre band has improved and is more exacting in phrasing and tone variation. The addition of Frankie Lester as vocalist is a noteworthy item. His style is similar to Sinatra's. *The Rainbow* side should reach hit proportions.

CAPITOL 380—Betty Hutton with Joe Lilley and Orchestra. *Poppa, Don't Preach To Me* plus *Rumble, Rumble, Rumble*. Bouncing Betty is back again, and it's good news today. The *Poppa* lament takes us to Paris with Betty taking on a laugh French accent. Catchy melody plus clever lyrics make this a socko knockout. *Rumble* is a story about a piano player who lives upstairs and planks the keys all night long. This is Betty at her animated best.

***Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue (Kansas City, Kansas), AT 1206.**

New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION

PARIS may be wonderful in April and England may be wonderful in May, but Manhattan in the spring has a flair and a gayety that is unequalled anywhere. The streets and parks are crowded with people and dogs and no one seems in any particular hurry to get anyplace. It's nice after the hectic rush of the winter season. The hurdy-gurdy is out again and flower carts have taken over the side streets with assortments of potted plants and greenery. Manhattan cave dwellers find these flower carts irresistible. They crowd around them and feast on the colors. Window sills in the most drab sections light up with pots of geraniums and it's easy to imagine that life behind the windows is brighter for their presence. It's a wonderful season.

LaRue, 45 East 58th Street, is a favorite spot for the Settled Set. Eddie Davis and his orchestra play all the old yummy tunes and the food is divine. There is no other place quite like it in town. It's best to plan to linger here as the money belt is likely to be pretty flat by the time you leave. Might as well enjoy it. For offspring of the Settled Set, it is definitely a hang-out. During school holidays fledglings try their wings here.

They, however, due to restricted finances, have developed a system which guarantees a visit to LaRue without having to stay and do the dishes. They arrive late, order a coca cola to which ice can be added indefinitely, dance continuously, and leave in good standing on nine dollars a couple. Of course, nine dollars a couple isn't habit forming for even a holiday allowance, but it's no end impressive to have at least one date at LaRue.

There is a little shop in a little arcade at 170 East 51st Street, name of Engel and Schield. At a cursory glance one might call it a junk shop, but with more detailed study it becomes a fascinating pile of rare items not to be found any other place. Nothing is neat and everything is dusty. One has to watch his

elbows, feet and clothing to avoid knocking things over; and look under, behind and over all sorts of objects in the search for treasure. There is no end of bric-a-brac strewn about and furniture and lamps and brass and tapestries and goodness-knows-what. The prices, though not cheap, are most reasonable—and there is no fear of misrepresentation. The same management has another shop across the street, a prototype of the first, and what isn't in the first is sure to be in the second.

Big parking lots are now being completed all along the Long Island shores in anticipation of the summer rush. The surest bet on anything these days is that when summer arrives everyone will try and get to the country at least one day a week. Sunburn and traffic will be a three-month insoluble problem, but lunch-stands, boat rentals, parking lots and beaches will have a hey-day. There is wonderful fishing and clam digging along these shores and somehow there always seems to be enough to go around despite the work-out they get all summer long.

Recent visitors here have been able to secure hotel reservations in one place for a two weeks' stay. This is perhaps the most encouraging report yet. One can arrive in town and not be quickly pulverized.

Restaurant reservations also are available with merely a phone call and no reference, and theatre tickets . . . well, they're easing up, too. It's wonderful to be wanted.

Alteration shops are frantic with skirts to be lengthened. Mostly the hems have to be faced as there wasn't much material to begin with. If fashion keeps dropping the line Mary Jane will have to get a whole new wardrobe.



NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND.** (International). Bambi Linn bounces prettily through Eva Le Gallienne's beautiful production, which is *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, about fifty-fifty. The sets and costumes, remarkably faithful to the old Tenniel illustrations, draw "ohs" and "ahs" from oldsters and youngsters alike. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). A profiteer sends two sons and a bunch of defective airplanes off to war. One son is killed, and you can imagine how the other feels toward his old man after that! Ed Begley, Beth Merrill, and Arthur Kennedy do very well with dialogue that could be neater. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Paul Douglas as a crook, and Judy Holliday as a Little Girl Whose Heart Is Pure, simply couldn't be better. Garson Kanin wrote and directed, and did a bang-up job in each department. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). From the late Twenties comes this revival starring Bert Lahr as a comedian of variable fortunes. Mr. Lahr gets the most out of every scene, and handsome Jean Parker does a competent job in assisting him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). As a little librarian on her first toot, Helen Hayes is terrific! The comedy by Anita Loos provides a rainy afternoon, a barroom, and a few Pink Ladies: Miss Hayes takes it from there. The entire cast is fine. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). From "foots up" to the final curtain speech, *Harvey* is wonderful theatre fare. It's a grand whimsical comedy, and still stars Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.** (Royale). Exceedingly talented John Gielgud has revamped the Oscar Wilde original, directed it, and appears in the leading role. The result is one of the season's brightest comedies. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOAN OF LORRAINE.** (Alvin). Maxwell Anderson's vehicle provides adequate opportunity for the engaging genius of Ingrid Bergman, and who could ask more? Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). A farce by Norman Krasna, produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and directed by Joshua Logan. Despite flimsy framework, the finished product is smooth and sure-fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou). Donald Randolph is Father and Mary Loane is Mother, and there's as much life as ever in the Lindsay and Crouse comedy based on Clarence Day's great book. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.



★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire). The incomparable Lunts playing a slight comedy in their own incomparable manner, recommendation enough for anyone. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson in the Lindsay-Crouse political satire that copped a Pulitzer. Evenings, except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). Still filling the land from the *Morosco* is the turtle's voice as scored by John Van Druten and interpreted by Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **THE WORLD OVER.** (Biltmore). Reconversion in Russia is the theme of a gay comedy by Konstantine Simonov. The excellent cast includes such people as Joseph Buloff, Stephen Bekassy, Uta Hagen, and Sanford Meisner—all of whom do a lot more toward improving international relations than certain of their compatriots now playing important roles at Lake Success. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). Frederic March, Florence Eldridge, and Patricia Kirkland do splendidly in a witty and captivating play by Ruth Gordon—who once lived in Boston and longed to become an actress. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Ethel Merman shouts and shoots her rollicking way through an Irving Berlin score and a book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver occasionally stray into her line of fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK.** (Martin Beck). The Max Shulman book which opened eyes wide at ladies' literary circles is now closing them at the Martin Beck, in spite of the best efforts of Nancy Walker and Billy Redfield. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). Two American tourists step into a Scotch hamlet and find it's 1748, but if you've heard that one before don't worry—it's still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly

dancing, and a whole stageful of plaids. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). A bunch of talented ex-GI's and their girls in a musical revue that's far above par, and beginning its second year. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). An American version of *Liliom* which bids fair to become a fixture. Lots of good music and deMille ballets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER.** (Century). Frances McCann and Keith Andes in a revival of the Oscar Straus classic, with Billy Gilbert knocking himself out for laughs. The music is probably even prettier than you'd remembered it being. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). The singing of Ella Logan and dancing of Anita Alvarez highlight this bright but somewhat weak-plotted musical. David Wayne and Donald Richards also turn in creditable performances. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). The Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II version of *Green Grow the Lilacs*, which will probably be remembered as America's greatest musical. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STREET SCENE.** (Adelphi). Kurt Weill music detracts not a bit from the exciting drama by Elmer Rice. The cast is excellent, too. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). Bobby Clark, a very funny man, does fearful and wonderful things to V. Herbert's old timer. Apparently he enjoys it as much as the audience, and that's considerable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

May Openings . . .

★ **HEADS OR TAILS.** (Cort). Comedy by H. J. Lengsfelder and Ervin Drake, with Les Tremayne, Jed Prouty, and Audra Lindley under the direction of Edward F. Cline. Produced by Your Theatre, Incorporated. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). Leo Coleman, Evelyn Keller, and Marie Powers in two one-act operas by Gian-Carlo Menotti. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). A Harry Thurshwell and Alfred Golden comedy starring Lenore Lonergan. Henry Adrian is the producer. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E
Empire, B'way & 40th.....	PE 6-9540	
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
International, Columbus Circle.....	CO 5-1173	
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CI 5-5760	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 64th.....	CI 5-5200	



THEODORE LARSEN

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL



by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** Elegant and very sophisticated. Atmosphere heavily laden with Chanel and chiffon. William Scott's orchestra and a rumba band. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ **ANCHOR SEA FOOD HOUSE.** A huge dining room with excellent sea food and moderately priced steaks and chops. 200 W. 57th. CI 6-4107.

★ **BILTMORE.** The subdued Bowman Room is brightened by the music of Phil Wayne and Ron Perry. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ **BLACK ANGUS.** Aberdeen Angus beef is prepared here in many different ways, each more delectable than the last. Modern decor and low prices. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE.** Beautiful oaken panelling and stained glass decor take you right to London. Steaks, sea food and the specialty, mutton chops, attract the seasoned meat eater. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Host Josephson features Lucienne Boyer, that scintillating Frenchy, and the music of Edmund Hall's orchestra, if you like to dance. Dave Martin's Trio, too. Excellent food from \$3.50. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ **ENCORE.** A cozy spot in which to enjoy guinea hen and chicken casserole. Carroll Boyd does very well at the piano, too. 9 E. 48th. EL 5-8226.

★ **FISHERMEN'S NET.** A homey place with a menu of sea items that veritably crowd one another off the page. Lobster Newburg, mussels mariniere are specialties. 3rd Ave. between 33rd and 34th. MU 4-8911.

★ **FLEUR DE LIS.** As French as the name and serving excellent table d'hote. The chicken Marengo and the frog legs are scrumptious. Dinner starts at a buck and a quarter. 141 W. 69th. TR 4-9060.

★ **MONTE CARLO.** Very fancy . . . Hollywoodian in fact. You might even say "just like the movies." Fine food. Madison at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ **OLD GOLDENROD.** No liquor, but home-made pies and cakes just like Mom's. Inexpensive and inviting. 85 Washington Place. GR 5-9285.

★ **PALM.** Cartoons abound on the walls and the picturesqueness is rounded out (or should we say "grounded out?") with sawdust on the floor. The hash-browned spuds are terrific. 837 2nd Ave. MU 2-9515.

★ **PLAZA.** Here, there and everywhere you'll find Hildegard enjoying herself and greeting all comers in a merry squeal. In the Persian Room, of course, with Hal Kanner's and Marke Monte's orchestras. Fifth Ave. at 58th St. PL 3-1740.

★ **RITZ-CARLTON.** No dancing in the Oval Room, but soft music emanates from Larry Siry's string ensemble. Madison Ave. at 46th St. PL 3-4600.

★ **ST. REGIS.** The Iridium Room boasts an ice rink under the dance floor and skaters cavort for your pleasure. There's music by Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras. Sprightly tunes also in the Maisonette. Fifth Ave. at 55th St. PL 3-4500.

★ **STORK CLUB.** Billingsley is really more fun to watch than the "names" who throng there. Cocktail dancing from five 'til seven and luncheon in the Cub Room for men only. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

★ **SUSAN PALMER.** An oyster bar downstairs, cocktail lounge and dining room above. Steaks and chops a la carte. 4 W. 49th. CI 5-6770.

★ **SWEDISH RATHSKELLER.** A charming, friendly place in a little cellar. They have a smorgasbord and very reasonable dinners from \$1.65. 201 E. 52nd. EL 5-8680.

★ **THREE CROWNS.** Another Swedish inn that features, with great delight on the patron's part, a smorgasbord that actually revolves! At luncheon you can dive into the smorgasbord and come out with a plateful plus dessert and coffee for \$1.25. 12 E. 54th. PL 8-1031.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Known far and wide as an entirely creditable eatery, a mecca for well-knowns and popular with the press. Toots' friends have hung the nickname Humphrey on him, after the character in the *Joe Palooka* funny strip. Ham Fisher won't say, but chances are that the resemblance is no accident. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

★ **TOWN HOUSE.** There's the Town Room, the Regional Room and the Cocktail Lounge. Exceptionally fine American cooking in rooms of delightful decor. Also featured is a Sunday brunch. 284 Park. VO 5-5639.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Ex-pugilist Carl Brisson dons evening clothes and makes with the entertainment. Very fine, too. Bob Grant and Panchito's rumbas for dancing. 151 E. 50th. PL 8-0310.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr alternate in the Wedgewood Room for dinner and supper dancing. There's a supper show at midnight with Tito Guizar, Fred and Elaine Barry. Michael Zarin is in the Flamingo Room. Norse Grill for a delicious breakfast, and the Men's Bar where the distraught male can have his solitude. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ **YANK SING.** Cantonese cooking at its very best. You don't have to know what's in the various dishes but do try the egg foo yong. 133 W. 51st. CI 7-3747.

★ **ZANZIBAR.** Your money's worth in good food and entertainment here. The shows feature Art Tatum, Thelma Carpenter, and the Dickens' quartet. The chicken-in-the-basket is yum-yum. 1580 Broadway. CI 7-7379.

Chicago LETTER

AT about the time you're reading this, the Windy City will make a slightly self-conscious bow as a cradle of serious music. Early in May the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Henry Weber, MUTUAL midwestern director and conductor of the "Chicago Theater of the Air" series on that network, will premier the *State Street Symphony*. The Medinah Temple, no less, will be taken over by the Street Council for the event, which has been timed to help celebrate National Music Week.

The composer of *State Street Symphony* is a shy, smiling Navy veteran and professional musician named Earl Hoffman. Only thirty-five years old, Hoffman is presently employed by NBC as a staff musician and arranger. He was announced last November as the winner of the George Lytton Memorial Award for the best musical composition based on a State Street theme. His symphony was unanimously chosen from more than fifty serious entries by three well-known music critics and musicians acting as judges.

During the war Earl Hoffman played in the Bluejacket band at the Glenview Naval Air Station. There he made most of the outfit's arrangements for radio shows and distinguished himself at "Happy Hours" by playing *The Flight of the Bumble Bee* on the slide trombone. We understand this is an even more difficult feat than writing a symphony.

Anyway, when he reached the peace and quiet of an aircraft carrier (Hoffman claims it was much more peaceful and quiet than Chicago) the young musician decided it was time he wrote some serious music. The result, composed between air attacks and almost constant drill, was the *State Street Symphony*.

Critics and musicians who have heard Hoffman's work are enthusiastic about it. From here it looks like another modern composer of importance will meet his public for the first time early in May. Anyway, the sounds and moods of a great street have been woven into a symphony.



by NORT JONATHAN

Ever since Martin Kennelly, the Democrats' surprise candidate for mayor, buried his Republican opponent under a landslide of reform and independent votes, everything has been sweetness and light along "political row" on Randolph Street. Politicians are even taking off their hats and removing their cigars reverently as they enter the City Hall and the County Building. Civic virtue is at the moment triumphant, which is certainly something new for these parts. How long the honeymoon will last is anybody's guess.

What happened was this. Reading the handwriting on the wall last November, the boys in the back room dumped Mayor Ed Kelly and picked an impeccable civic leader as their candidate. This took the Republicans pretty much by surprise, especially since they had already picked a party hack as their own man. Mr. Kennelly won in a walk — but what will happen to the ward bosses who helped elect him? That's the sixty-four dollar question—particularly since Mr. Kennelly made no commitments to win the nomination. He was drafted by "Jake" Arvey's own political "selective service" board—the Cook County Central Committee.

So ever since Mayor Kennelly took over the fifth floor of the City Hall, it has been nice and respectable. However, there aren't many ward bosses around. Those who have remained in the grimy halls have become "servants of the people." When they speak of the future, they do so wistfully and with a virtuous Civil Service air. Some of the big shots even left their sleek cars at home and rode to work on the public transportation system so that they might carefully study the traction situation. All of them quickly became indignant about the crowded conditions they discovered and sent for their cars so they wouldn't have to ride home the same way.

The day Mayor Kennelly took office became a day of great statesmanship. Politicians feeling the cool breath of virtue for the first time in years, cancelled plans for relaxation at the Arizona Biltmore and decided to stay in town—just to see what would happen.

However, at the information booth in the County Building, two unreconstructed "liberals" were talking the situation over. "This place is getting like a Sunday

School," one observed. "Now, what I want to know is, what is this fellow Kennelly going to do about patronage?"

This is a remarkable indication of how things have changed in the Windy City. Always before the boys in the back room have known to a dollar or a job what their candidate intended to do about patronage.

• • •

To get down from the present high political plane, the lads who run saloons have found the answer to the bar business slump—television. Several hundred of the more progressive bistros around town have purchased television sets. For the price of a beer, which can be sipped long and thoughtfully, the man about town can now see a complete television screening while leaning on the bar. Especially popular are the ball games and other sport programs which are a hefty part of the present WBKB broadcast schedule.

One bartender confided, "Business is going up. These guys get all excited watching the screen and drink up real fast. This television is sure here to stay."

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

For Folding Money

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). A handsome Hilton-managed room with Don McGrane's society tempos and a beautiful Dorothy Dorben revue highlighted by the glamorous Boulevard-Dears.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cheerful rendezvous any time of the day or night with evening dance sessions to a rhythm-tricky orchestra.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Dorothy Draper designed this cushioned jewel box setting and there are the sweet dance lullabies of Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Jack Fina's band is here and so is that entrancing angel, Susan Reed, with her harp.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Spacious and airy Avenue favorite for cocktails and dancing to Joe Vera's orchestra.



★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Terraced magnificence, enormous dance floor, full orchestra under the baton of Stephen Kiskey and a Dorothy Hild revue of color and originality.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Great dignity of atmosphere attracts the social register. Two shows nightly of one name star only. Ramon Ramos and his orchestra in the bandstand.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). A fabulous showcase in Shangri-La motif, excellent food and easy-to-dance-to music.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Headquarters, but good, for visiting celebrities, gourmets who appreciate flaming sword cookery, and lovers of David LeWinter's orchestra.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). A pleasant, hospitable scene; excellent cuisine; and neat, petite floor shows.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Imperialistic charm in the Boyar Room, rustic theme in the lounge, tasty Russian delicacies in both, and gypsy airs by George Scherban's ensemble.

Super Shows

★ Big four of Chicago's night clubs, name acts, three or four supplementary numbers, lines of dancing beauties and strong dance bands at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . **LATIN QUARTERS**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . and **COPACABANA**, State and Lake (Dea. 5151).

★ Lesser variety quality with the perennial comedian, customary dance team, singer and addenda dancing at **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash (Vic. 9259) . . . and **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North (Div. 5106).

Mostly for Dancing

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Phil Levant's handsome assortment of musicians for dancing, and good food for feasting.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Cream of the new and up-and-coming band combos. Special pet of the younger crowd.

Scene Changers

★ Tropical flora and fauna at **DON THE BEACH-COMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) . . . **BAMBOO ROOM**, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West (Div. 500).

★ Miscellaneous interior magic of Old English vintage at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . French Victorian majesty at **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . Bavarian setting of Eitel's **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892).

Dining Tips

★ **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) for spaghetti and spumoni . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) for all cuts of beef . . . **BLUE**

DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North (Mic. 5988) for heavy Hungarian feasting . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) for wonderful barbecued ribs . . . **885 CLUB**, 885 Rush (Del. 0855) for gourmet dinners and unusual selections . . . **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) for some fifty varieties of seafoods . . . **TRADE WINDS**, 867 Rush (Whi. 9054) for quality steaks and



chops . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) for the best smorgasbord in town . . . And for chop suey and all its many derivatives: **HOUSE OF ENG.**, 110 E. Walton (Del. 7194), **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505) and the **NANKIN**, 66 W. Randolph (Sta. 1900).

Honky-Tonk

★ Just for the devil of it, you may want to see what goes on and off in these stripalaces . . . **BACK STAGE CLUB**, 935 Wilson . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark . . . Mostly continuous performances from 9 to 4 a.m.

Theatre

★ **BORN YESTERDAY** at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Jan Sterling is the beautiful babe who gets wise in Washington.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY** at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Ray Bolger dances to new success in this merry and mad musical revue.

★ **LUTE SONG** at the Studebaker, 418 S. Michigan (Cen. 8240). Extended engagement of the arty Chinese play with music.

★ **HARVEY** at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown is still the lovable alcoholic romping with his rabbit pal.

★ **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY** at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Alfred Drake has the singing lead in this handsome musical with music by Duke Ellington and a mixed cast.

★ **THE FATAL WEAKNESS** at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Ina Claire is making one of her rare appearances in George Kelly's clever new comedy.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Eminently palatable food—in wide variety at reasonable prices—has earned owner W. W. Wormington the understandable envy of many a restaurateur. The immaculate Bluebird is air conditioned; better mark that in your memory book against the warm months to come. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ **BRETTON'S.** For wonderful soups, succulent prime ribs, fine pastry, or whatever, you'll not go wrong at Max Bretton's pleasant haven for gourmets and garlic lovers. In Kansas City, it's the gathering place of the literati, artists, and visiting notables. Max himself will see you seated, served, and well-attended. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ **GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT.** Gus has a pleasing way with people, and somebody in his galley has a pleasing way with food. But the feature attraction is Joshua Johnson, boogie king of Baltimore, whose unorthodox pianoings alone are worth going back for. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5102.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** Frank Ross hosts this well-appointed room on 6th Street, and oversees the adjoining bar. The emphasis is on Italian food with a quarter century of experience in its preparation. A clever pianist named Dave McClain accompanies your spaghetti winding with old and current favorites, plus a few compositions of his own devising. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART CAFE.** An excellent eatery that is becoming increasingly popular with discriminating diners. Fine smorgasbord, and your choice of dinner wines—compliments of the house. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank features fresh seafood and golden, flaky-crust chicken of the melt-in-your-mouth variety. And his prices are as much a treat as his food. Small wonder that he packs 'em in at both restaurants! 917 Grand, and Brush Creek at the Paseo. VA 9757.

★ **PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** If you haven't discovered Patsy's delightful place on the Trafficway, it's high-time you got hep! There's a lovely new blonde bar, a super sort of juke box loaded with late releases, and food that gets better and better! East end of 6th Street Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** For the fine cuts of beef, the crisp French fried onion rings, the lush pastries and incomparable salads of this intimate restaurant, there's a reason. The reason's name is Fanny Anderson. She's the Pusateri's pride, and well she might be, because there's no food like hers for states around. Jerry will greet you like an old friend, and guide you to bar, booth, or table. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** The fame of the sedate Savoy has spread continent-wide. There's prideful tradition in the dignified service, fine food, and excellent drinks. It's a must for out-of-towners, and every Kansas Citian who can spell "lobster" will be happy to lead the way. 9th and Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **CABANA.** Pert and pretty Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, is as nice to look at as listen to.



Her skillful arrangements are the perfect background for cocktail chatter or luncheon talk. Incidentally, you don't have to read Spanish to find the rest room—just look for the serape and sombrero on the door. If you're distaff, that's the wrong door. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** The newest member of the Bellerive family is this downstairs bar done in the Latin manner. Brightly decorated and very gay, it is also easy on the purse. Ward Perry at the piano. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7041.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Mal Duncan does extraordinary things with the piano while male guests loll at the "men only" bar or murmur quiet things to pretty girls on the upper deck. Tables for two or three, or leather seats along the wall for a large party. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** The likeliest place for South Siders to see one another at play. Collegians, alumnae, and those Rogers Peet men who never grow old crowd the piano for occasional choruses of *Jay, Jay, Jay Hawk* and *On the Steps of Jesse*. Food 'till nine. 614 West 48th. LO 3393.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** White-thatched Harry Newstreet keeps things humming smoothly while Zola plays the Hammond, licking away at it like sixty. A central location, with drinks and food that are above par. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** Ambassadors and even a President or two have rested well-shined brogans on the rungs of the bar stools here. There are tables, too, where the liquor comes in little vials, accompanied by lunch or dinner if you like. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** The season for tall, cool, and exotic drinks is with us once more, and the Tropics is the place to find them. In beachcomber decor, this room three stories above the town's busiest corner is a wonderful hideaway from heat and worry. Smooth music and refreshments to match. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Quiet opulence on the near South Side with soft lighting, efficient service, and pianistics by Margery Decker, Lillian May, and Eddie Oyer—a seventeen-year-old who disproves the worn saw about little boys being seen and not heard. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** To the delight of a growing clientele, Bus Moten lives up to his ambitious billing as "king of the jump piano." And, in addition to Bus, owner Dale Overfelt offers entertainment in the form of movies flashed on a screen above the bar. If you grow thirsty of a Sunday evening, remember the midnight interlude. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** A friendly spot, and popular for Saturday night songfests. Alma has a way of attracting tenors and basses, some of them accurate. If you sing baritone, better rush right out there. *Honey* is coming up next. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** From two until five in the afternoon, host Joe Nausser buys drinks for the house every time the bell rings. There's another game in the evening which involves high jumping in reverse and a prize of champagne. It's fun for everyone. Judy Conrad's orchestra plays for dancing. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ **LA FIESTA BALLROOM.** Although the bandstand is new, Gale West and his LaFiesta orchestra are in their second year at this popular ballroom. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday, with an Old Time Dance on Wednesday. Old Time dancing Saturday at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management, and with music by Harry and his Gay Nineties Boys. Old Time Dance Matinees at the La Fiesta every Sunday from three to eight p. m. After this period, regular dancing resumes. Admission before 4:30 on Sunday is only 45 cents. Proprietor Harry Roberts serves a nice plate lunch for a quarter, if you should get hungry. 41st and Main. VA 9759.

★ **MARY'S.** Some changes have been wrought. Now inside the city limits, Mary's observes city closing laws, but makes up for it with a new cocktail lounge and good drinks. The music is always top-notch, spiked with occasional one- or two-night stands by outstanding name bands. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ **MILTON'S TAPROOM.** Julia Lee, the nationally famous recording artist, is reinforced by Baby Lovett at the drums. Together, they bring down the house—figuratively and almost literally. That house is dim, smoky, loud, crowded and lots of fun. Don't miss it! 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** It's small, but you'll find an abundance of pachyderms, people, and the stiff sort of drink that used to make Dad a little wobbly in the knees—the kind you can't get anymore. "Oldies" are screened at one end of the room, and everyone has fun here. Hotel State, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** Just east of the city limits you'll find this large, rambling, colonial style mansion—like something straight from *Gone With the Wind* tricked out in neon. Yes, and like Senator Claghorn, it even faces south! Massive col-

umns, spacious rooms, and convivial atmosphere. Pleasant, easy-to-listen-to music by Will McPherson, Ray Duggan, and Don Ross. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Barbecue, drinks, and lots of Jeanie Leitt, a little lady who can really boot the boogie. Her songs are naughty, and she sings them in a husky, lilting voice that makes a man want to go home and throw rocks at his wife. Get there early. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN.** A convenient and cleverly muralled coffee shop just off the Phillips' lobby. The food is good, the prices right, and a mimeographed page of late news flashes accompanies your menu. As if that weren't enough, the music of Alberta Bird is piped in from the Cabana! Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Customers arrive by Constellation, Cadillac, and Crosley, attracted by the culinary wizardry of Milleman and Gilbert—two gentlemen who take a rear cockpit to no man when it comes to preparing and serving appetizing food. There's color and dash here, and 24-hour service. Especially smart for late evening snacks. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** Famed for a varied selection of fine full-course meals, the Fiesta is operated by friendly Martin Weiss and a battery of efficient helpers. The El Bolero bar adjoins, and there is a small cart to bring your favorite bottles right to the table—including such luxury liqueurs as Drambuie and Grand Marinier. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ **BARREL BUFFET.** Really splendid barbecue issues from the Accurso brothers' immaculate stainless steel kitchen; and generous, man-sized drinks come across the bar. You'll like the friendly management in this newly redecorated spot. If you fail to find exactly what you want on the menu, a word to Jack will do the trick. 12th and Central. GR 9400.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A quiet, dignified dining room which is just the place for that Thursday night or Sunday dinner with the family. The service is courteous and immediate, and the prices encourage repeat business. 54th and Brookside. HI 4100.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** A cozy luncheon and dinner spot tucked under an imposing stone building,



with paneled walls and a long bar efficiently tended by Cliff True. Proprietor Maurice Bell also operates a nice cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza. Tenth Street, between Grand and Walnut. VI 4352.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** The last "r" month is over, but do not grieve the passing of the creamy oyster stew. Mr. Glenn has instituted a complete line of wonderful chicken salads and sandwiches and, as added compensation, has brought back his own incomparable waffles—which were temporarily discontinued due to the sugar shortage. Not bruited much is his lemon meringue pie; but that, too, is a don't miss. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** As you might guess from the name, the feature here is fine *paste*, but you won't go wrong on anything you try. Host Johnnie Bondon uses his excellent spaghetti and meatballs as an opening wedge of good will, and follows them with the entree of your choice. Steak is especially recommended. There is a wide variety of fine wines, and Johnny is glad to offer the novice sage advice in their proper selection. 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** First rate hotel food, complete with quick, courteous service. Worthy of special note: strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **NU WAY DRIVE-INS.** Mr. Duncan has two outstanding operations here. He doesn't brag about them much, because they speak for themselves. The car-hops are fleet, the sandwiches and soft drinks are fine. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ **BILL'S LUNCH.** Just enough stools to accommodate WHB-ers and a foreigner or two. The second cup of coffee follows the first so quickly as to look like twins. Good 'burgers and chili. 816 Grand. HA 9692.

★ **STROUD'S.** Chicken dinners supreme! The place takes some finding since the new viaduct went up, but it's still very much there, serving solid drinks and the same brand of scrumptious chicken. 85th and Troost. JA 9500.

★ **UNITY INN.** An unusual vegetarian cafeteria decorated in cool green, with white latticework and tile floor. The food is delicious, and the pastry is the town's finest. A pleasant, restful atmosphere. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** Wayne Muir's two piano orchestra, makers of the music acclaimed "the finest heard in Kansas City in years," opens May 22nd. Their stay should do much to boost the already high national rating of this smooth, suave room—and Wayne's outstanding piano solos will highlight the sparkling entertainment. The band is new, unusual, and going places! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** The big red drum at 14th and Baltimore has become a local landmark. Inside you'll find a polite and pretty room, food and drink, and—currently—music by Bob Opitz and his orchestra. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** A handsome spot hosted by Johnny Franklin and well supplied with danceable music by Dee Peterson. Good food and

down-to-earth prices round out the reasons why this is a long time favorite with localites and visitors. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** The Musical Gems of Ray Pearl's orchestra and the Three Jewels are merry month of May features in this big, two level playground. Reserved romping is in order. Hotel Muehlebach, 14th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Fashioned for the fastidious, the bar and restaurant muralled by Mildred Heire are frank swank. There are big drinks mixed deftly by Danny, Joe, and Andy, and the food is Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.



When the donkey saw the zebra

He began to switch his tail:

"Well, I never," was his comment.

"There's a mule that's been in jail."



The architect was nervously pacing the corridor off a maternity ward in the hospital when the nurse finally appeared.

"Well, we've got a surprise for you," said the nurse.

"Wh-what?" he inquired.

"Triplets," replied the nurse.

"My goodness," said the architect, "I've exceeded my estimate again."



According to the National Safety Council, a gentleman on the highway always tips his headlights.



Advertising is the fine art of making you think you have longed all your life for something that you have never heard of before.



An aggressive red-haired boy landed a job as messenger and was dispatched on an errand. An hour later the telephone rang and a voice inquired, "Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes," said the manager.

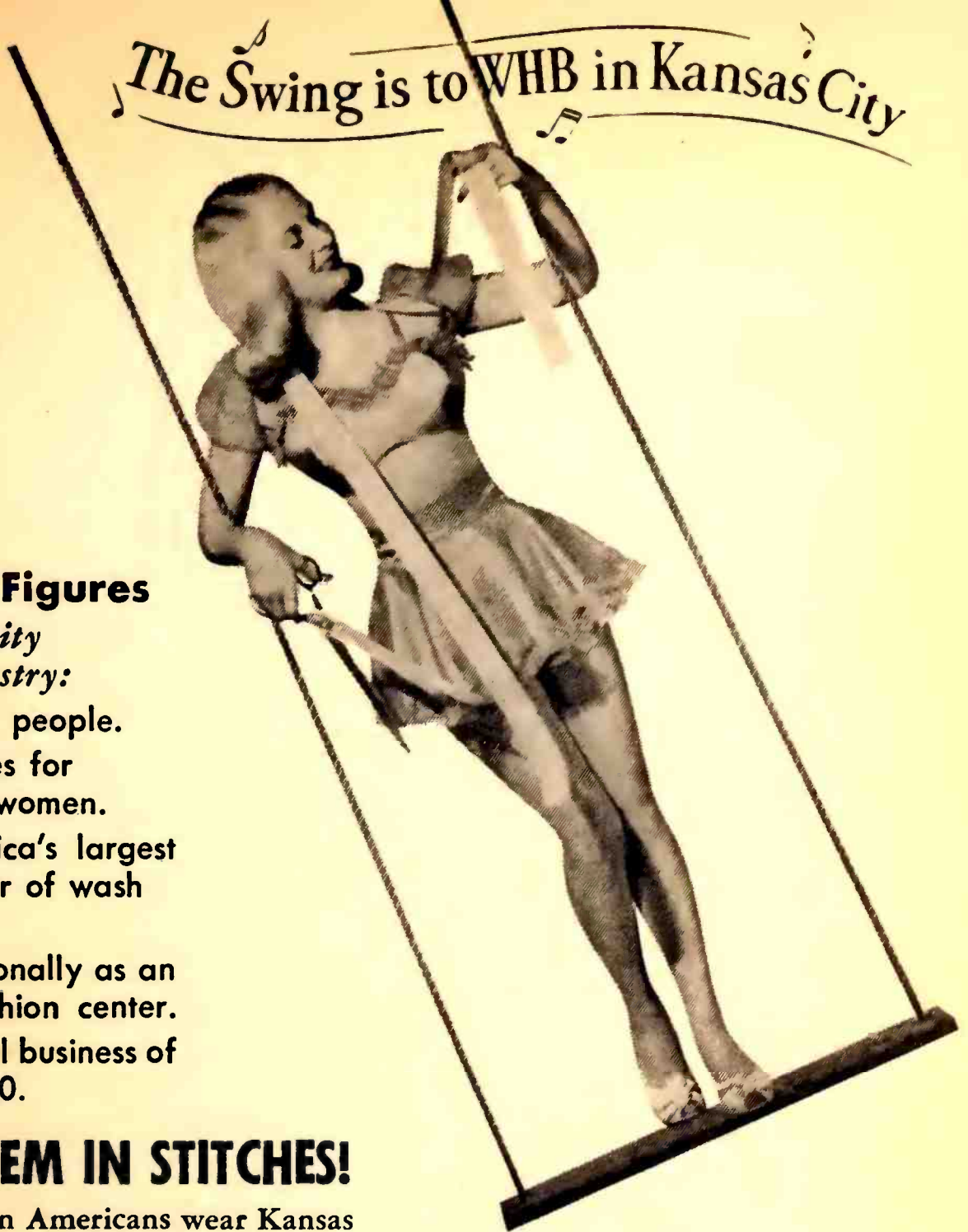
"Well, this is the janitor at Oakwood apartments. Your boy was here a little bit ago to deliver a message. He insisted on coming in at the front door. He was so persistent that I finally had to draw a gun."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the boss. "You didn't shoot him, did you?"

"No," answered the janitor, "but I want my gun back."

—Good Business.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



Let's Face Figures

The Kansas City garment industry:

Employs 8,000 people.

Supplies clothes for 19,000,000 women.

Includes America's largest manufacturer of wash dresses.

Ranks 5th nationally as an all-price fashion center.

Does an annual business of \$100,000,000.

WE KEEP 'EM IN STITCHES!

Nineteen million Americans wear Kansas City clothes imaginatively styled for "the middle millions." Here is the medium-priced fashion center of the world, doing an annual business of one hundred million dollars. . . . One more reason why the swing is to Kansas City and to

WHB! Wise advertisers chalk up sales in Kansas City Marketland by using the station that reaches effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar — WHB. Sow your sale seeds via WHB; we'll sew up the market!

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