JUNE 1947 25¢

Swing!

2

1. A. E. Ricks, president of the Kansas Dental Association, and John M. Clayton, president of the Missouri Dental Association, take time from convention duties to address WHB listeners.

2. Composer of *The Spider and the Fly*, Myra Taylor, at a Swing Session program.

3. The Reverend Stuart Schimpf informs Man of the Month Delbert E. Johnson (see May, 1947) that he is to receive an honorary Doctor of Music degree from John Brown University.

4. Henry Winston, national organizational secretary of the Communist Party of America; Helen Musil, leading Missouri Communist; Thomas Hart Benton, and Dr. Samson Solovietchik, former Russian judge and president of the municipal council of Odessa, Russia, participate in an Our *Town Forum* discussion. Moderator John Thornberry is standing.

ON MONDAY JUNE 23rd

"Kate Smith Speaks"

moves to—

WHB—11 A.M.

Monday Thru Friday

Sponsored by

RUTHERFORD'S
HY POWER CHILI

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Indicative of "the Swing to WHB" in Kansas City is the shift of the "Kate Smith Speaks" program from its former outlet here to "Your Mutual Friend"—WHB. "KATE SMITH SPEAKS" first went on the air in 1938—and almost immediately became the sensation of daytime programs. For several years it has been the most popular daytime program heard in Kansas City. Beginning June 23, on WHB, Kate Smith starts a new phase of her brilliant career.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

foreword for June . . .

Here it is June again and summer comes. There's enough for the Baptists and the Methodists, for the salesgirls in Chicago and the peach pickers in California. Enough for Molotov to share with Bevin, and the gandy dancer to share with Nelson Rockefeller. The quality of summertime is non-discriminatory. It falleth on all alike: on the Ku Klux Klan as on the Security Council. But there's one little catch. The deserving make some use of sumner; they distil its essence, like brandy or perfume, and store it up against less happy weather. The others somehow manage to turn it, so that summer and its panacean charm bounce off like ping-pong balls against a paddle.

And yet, not one person goes exempt entirely from the influence of summertime. For like Kilroy, it is everywhere, and going Kilroy one better, it is palpable. It is the moon, it is ice cream on a stick, it is roses on the fence, wet bathing suits on the line, and sailboats on the water. It is the communal sound of dusk, lawnmowers turning, and the antiphonal between father and son, concerning the family car. It is band concerts in the park, air-conditioning, chigger bites, and Junior Miss dancing in organdie. It is the home economist talking of jellies, the women's commentator warning against sunburn; it is freckles and summer loves and picnic weather. And where is the man or woman the worse for any of these? Now they begin, and they're all yours—now that June has burst all over, and the northern hemisphere is sunnyside up.

Jetta

Swing

June 6

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JUNE'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art

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

Exhibition: Sixth annual exhibition of painting and sculpture by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Dark Mountain" by Everitt Spruce. Winner of Scheidt Prize in Pennsylvania Academy Exhibition, 1946. Gift of Richard Shields.

Music

June 9, J. C. Williams Choral Ensemble, Music Hall.

Special Events

June 2-5, Christian Businessmen, Music Hall.

June 21, True Vow Keepers, Music Hall.

High School Commencements

June 1, Catholic Highs, Auditorium.

June 2, Westport, Auditorium; East, Music Hall.

June 3, Manual, Music Hall; Northeast, Auditorium; Southeast, School Auditorium; Coles, Edison Hall.

June 4, Southwest, School Auditorium.

Conventions

June 1-3, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips, and Aladdin.

June 5-6, J+54 Kidnap Blue (506 Parachute Infantry).

June 5-7, 35th Division Reunion, Auditorium.

June 9-18, Town and Country Church Conference, Interdenominational, Parkville, Missouri.

June 10-15, Evangelical Lutheran Augustana Synod of North America, Auditorium and Hotel Continental.

June 12-13, Missouri Society Certified Public Accountants, Hotel President.

June 13-14, Judicial Conference of Missouri, Hotel Muehlebach.

June 15-18, Cooperative Club, International, Auditorium and Hotel President.

June 23-25, American Chemical Society, Midwest Regional Meeting, Hotel President.

June 28-30, Order of Rainbow, Grand Assembly, Hotel President.

Dancing

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

Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p.m., Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.

June 8, Jimmie Lunceford, Auditorium. (Colored only).

June 17, Williams' Dance School recital, Music Hall.

June 20, Jane Roberts' Dance School recital, Music Hall.

June 22, 23, Regan's Dance School recital, Music Hall.

Amusement Park

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect, Concessions open 2 p.m. Saturdays; 1 p.m., Sundays; 6 p.m. week days. Pool open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Baseball

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

June 11, 12, Milwaukee.
June 13, 14, Columbus.
June 15 (2), 16, Toledo.
June 17, 18, Louisville.
June 19, 20, Indianapolis.
June 22 (2), 23, St. Paul.
June 24, 25, 26, Minneapolis.

Bowling

Armour Lanes, 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.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

Wrestling

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

June 5, "The Angel" versus Orville Brown.

Midget Auto Racing

Every Sunday and Thursday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River. Time trials, 6 p.m; races, 7:30 p.m.

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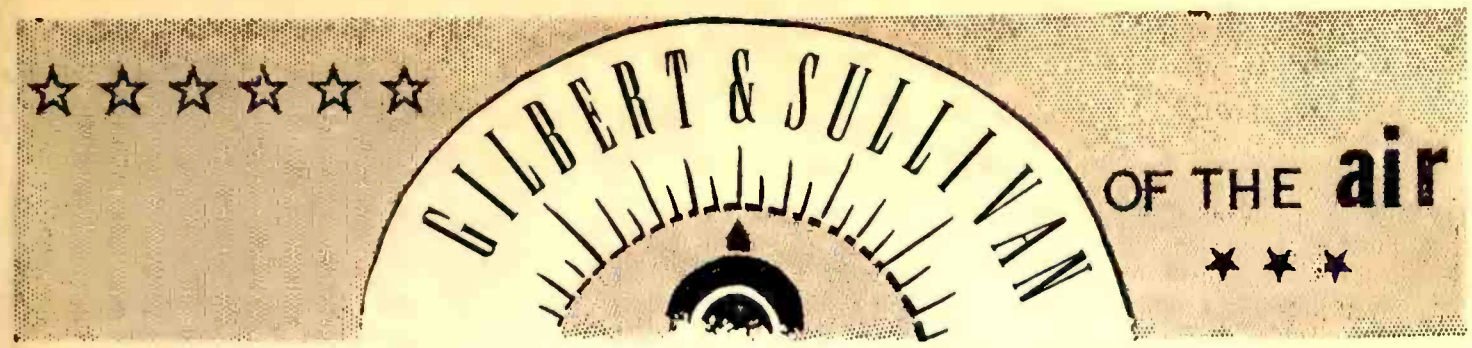


Radio operettas on a weekly schedule.

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

JUST to prove that nostalgia still pays off, take the success story of song writers Tom Adair and Gordon Jenkins, who reached deep into the gas light era and came up with plump bundles of folding money.

Their excursion back into the days of high-button shoes was no lark; it was strictly on assignment. Their job was to create a program idea for crooner Dick Haymes' radio show that would individualize it—keep it from resembling other musicals the way two slices of Automat pie resemble each other.

Offhand, it looked like a tough deal. But Jenkins and Adair started out with at least one point in their favor. Both were sure that radio music could stand some ribbing. Such a theory was something of a novelty in Hollywood.

Maybe it would make a better story if it could be reported that all the smart boys laughed at them. But there wasn't any laughter. Those cynics weren't even called in for consultation.

Jenkins and Adair, keeping their memories green, recalled a kind of capsule operetta they had tried out once before on a program known briefly as *Little Old New York*. The gimmick was part tent show, part musical comedy and just a little less restrained than a sailor's wolf call. But it played like a house afire.

Refurbished and smartened up, the Jenkins-Adair idea went in the Haymes' show, with Tom writing the words and Jenkins creating the music. Dick Haymes and his singing partner, Helen Forrest, were down for the leads, there was a chorus of 20 voices and an orchestra of 31. This weekly "rep" company completely took over the final portion of each week's broadcast.

What resulted was a carnival in miniature, with some 10,000,000 weekly listeners chuckling over the Gilbert-and-Sullivan flavor of the Jenkins-Adair "operas."

Only a quibbler could point out the one possible flaw in the working relationship of the two partners. Unlike their 19th Century prototypes, they've never learned to hate each other!

Perhaps only a couple of musical heretics like Adair and Jenkins could distil so much gayety out of what is basically so little. Yet their "Auto-Lite operas" *are* a clever blending of fresh lyrics with time-ripened melodies, all whipped up by two young Midwesterners who know show business. Their musical nosegays seem to come right out of the song bag of Americana.

Tom and Gordon rate each other's talents pretty high. "Adair," says Jenkins, "can take a handful of notes out of, say, *Bicycle Built for Two,* and dream up as pretty a production idea as you'd find on Broadway. All I do is fill in five, six minutes of music."

But in Adair's book, it's Jenkins' music that deserves major credit. "When you get melodies that good," says Tom, "how can you miss?"

There are days, of course, when the boys fall short. That's understandable, with those operettas rolling out each week, inspiration or no. But mostly the team manages to deliver a production number that pulls bundles of listener fan mail.

Some fragments from the Jenkins-Adair output show how they slap radio music around. The goal is laughs, with the original tune used merely as a springboard. Take this opening from *Waitin' for the Robert E. Lee*—an extravaganza with Dixie on its breath. (Dick Haymes leads off:)

HAYMES: Down upon the Mississippi, in a certain Southern state,
Where the boll is on the weevil and the citizens debate,
The culinary virtues of the 'possum and the yam,
There's a word they have for Yankees, and it's—

FORREST: Shhhh!

HAYMES: Thank you!

In another verse, Helen Forrest, aided by the chorus, takes over:

In this carefree Dixie paradise, the citizens agree,
That shootin' revenooers is a right delightful spree,
But when they want a change of pace they gather up their kin,
And go down to watch the steamboats comin' in!

Within limits the boys have a pretty free rein. They may spoof themselves as they once did in their *How to Write a Song* production; they may figuratively don Easter bonnets for an *Easter Parade* number, or even mill around in an atmosphere of cigar-store Indians with *Red Wing.*

In the Jenkins and Adair reincarnation, their *Red Wing* sounded like this, as Helen Forrest sang:

My friends, I've come to tell you,
Of the Red man's sorry plight,
It's time somebody spoke for him
And tried to make things right . . .

It doesn't seem to matter too much that Red Wing suddenly lapses into some "Red Ryder" dialect; after all, she has post-war problems:

By cliff dwelling Redskin see,
Sign nailed on to trunk of tree,
Sign him say "No vacancy!"
Indian got-um troubles, too!

In the Jenkins-Adair team-up, the composer rarely knows what the week's production idea will be until the librettist hands him the finished lyrics. As musical director of the Haymes' program, Jenkins' heavy

schedule—he creates all the orchestral arrangements and conducts the band—occupies a great part of his time. Frequently the music for the little operettas is written in a morning, just about as fast as he can put notes down on paper.

"Tom's lyrics," says Gordon, "are a kind of weekly adventure. I try to get the same effects with the music as he does with the words."

The "librettos" are written in Tom's Hollywood home. "I've got stacks of old songs," he explained, "and I get my ideas from them. Once I dig up a basic theme, I'm on my way."

The scholarly-looking, plumpish Adair graduated into lyric writing from a clerkship in the Los Angeles Water Department. Now 33, he began turning out ballads only six years ago. That change-over from water rates and schedules to "June" and "moon" was abrupt but successful. With Matt Dennis as collaborator, Tom banged out *Everything Happens to Me* and *Let's Get Away from It All.* Then came *In the Blue of the Evening,* written with D'Artega, and *There's No You,* with Hal Hopper. These tunes brought him an offer to come to New York and a chance to write Tommy Dorsey's *Fame and Fortune* radio show.

Tom was doing fine until he got drafted. Then he got a lucky break when the Treasury Department asked the Army for a G. I. who could write songs and radio material for the War Loan campaigns. "They flew me to Washington," Tom said, "and put me on a kind of musical assembly line. I wrote hundreds of songs to order. One day there was a hurry-up call for a hymn to be used by some New York school kids. I wrote it in a cab, dashing between Pennsylvania Station and Times Square. Of course," Tom explained, "the heavy traffic gave me a little extra time."

Along with playing "Mr. Gilbert" to Gordon Jenkins' "Mr. Sullivan," Adair has labored in the *Duffy's Tavern* writing stable and on *Glamor Manor.* He is looking forward to the day when he'll have a musical on Broadway.

Jenkins' own eyes have turned towards Broadway, too, but he has already hit the jackpot with *San Fernando Valley*—probably the best-known of his hit parade achievements. The success of *Valley* brought some zany repercussions. Out in Brooklyn some hackies who had drunk too deeply of the ballad heard the call of the wild, turned in their cabs and headed for the Golden West.

They went back home quickly, chastened and wiser men. Says Jenkins, "I'm afraid they were a little disappointed."

This transplanted Missourian—he

comes from Webster Groves — has been making music since the age of 15, when he won first prize in a ukelele contest staged by a St. Louis movie house. The next day he discarded the uke for the piano. He left home to play in brother Marshall's band, but in his spare time wrote orchestral arrangements. Then, at 21, by an odd fluke, he found himself in New York, batoning the orchestra in a Bea Lillie musical.

"I was in Chicago," Jenkins recalls, "and I had just hired an agent. One day somebody I hadn't ever heard of asked me if I was a conductor. 'Sure,' I said, figuring it was a gag. I referred the fellow to my agent, then forgot all about him. Next thing I knew I had been signed to conduct the Bea Lillie show and I was in New York."

This is characteristic of the tall, melancholy-seeming composer. Somebody once called him "Hamlet with a baton"— a colorful tag, but not too truthful a description. Jenkins' music is actually alive with humor.

Between radio chores he has written a packet of songs. *Ev'ry Time, P.S. I Love You, Homesick, That's All* and *You've Taken My Heart* are some of them. He records for Decca and his serious symphonic work is represented by *Manhattan Tower*, a paean to his beloved New York, recently issued in a Decca album.

Jenkins-Adair *aficianados* rate the pair's Gilbert-and-Sullivan-ish whimsies as something really different in the way of radio entertainment. Obviously, such high regard is very pleasant. Yet they have no wish to go long-hair. "We write for people who like corned beef and cabbage, shop in super-markets and spend family Sundays at the beach," Jenkins declares.

The two young men seem set to cultivate their flourishing garden for a long time. Their partnership will likely retain its Gilbert-and-Sullivan quality, too, except for one minor detail. They expect to remain friends for many years to come.

A Play Is Changed

WHEN Van Heflin, the Hollywood movie star, was a young man studying drama, he accepted the leading role in a play written by classmate Betty Smith, who has since become famous with her novel, *A Tree Grows In Brooklyn*. The play was a light domestic comedy which Betty had to produce and direct—a requirement of all fledgling writers.

As the play gradually unfolded, the inimitable Van Heflin gave a rather unusual performance, ad libbing and inventing plenty of stage business. Betty, who sat in the audience, couldn't believe what her eyes were seeing, for it was hardly the play that she had visualized and directed.

When the curtain finally rang down, Van greeted Betty with a broad grin. "How did it go over?" he beamed.

"Well," replied Betty with restrained calm. "I guess I've got myself a collaborator." She paused briefly and then asked sardonically, "Why didn't you tell me that you decided to rewrite the play?"

"I didn't rewrite it, Betty," he answered sheepishly. "I simply forgot what I was supposed to do!"—*Malcolm Hyatt.*

There's dough on the ocean—for those who can recognize it!

by MARCIA AUDREY GARDEN

THE crew of the Liberty ship, *Albino Perez,* hauled the huge, grayish, rubber-like mass into Mobile, Alabama, with high hopes that it would prove to be what they thought it was. They had fished the smelly substance out of the Atlantic somewhere off Gibraltar.

After a critical analysis of the porous, bulky stuff, the chief chemist of the A. W. Williams Inspection Company confirmed the suspicions of the crew. The substance contained from thirteen to fifteen per cent pure ambergris. This meant that the men of the *Albino Perez* had plucked about fifty thousand dollars out of the ocean. It was figured there were more than three hundred pounds of the rare and valuable ambergris in the mass, and every pound worth one hundred and sixty dollars. The lucky sailors had brought back to this country one of the largest single quantities of ambergris ever found. They decided to divide the proceeds from the sale among them, assuring each of well over a thousand dollars.

Few people know what ambergris is and why it is so extremely valuable and rare. As a matter of fact, many who do know what ambergris is wouldn't recognize it if they should come across it. In the Natural History Museum of New York City, there is a whole display case devoted to objects which people have brought in while under the impression they had found ambergris. Among these are such things as cakes of soap, scraps of old, water-logged shoes, masses of hardened grease, lumps of fat, clinkers, sponges, water-soaked ships' biscuits, and dozens of other articles as worthless.

If a person is of the opinion he has found ambergris, he can make the following test: insert a hot needle into the substance. If it is ambergris, a peculiar odor will assail the nostrils and, on withdrawing the needle, an amber-colored liquid resembling oil will exude from the puncture.

Often, ambergris has been discovered by entirely unsuspecting persons. There was the instance of the handful of Hawaiians who took their horses to the edge of the water to wash them. When they happened to see something resembling sponge floating in the water nearby, they waded out, gathered up some of it and proceeded to wash down the horses with it. Suddenly they real-

ized it could not be sponge they held, and curiousity got the better of them. They took several pieces of the stuff to a local trader for his opinion. On being informed it was ambergris, they raced back as quickly as possible only to find that most of it had gone out with the tide. Somewhat dissappointed, they gathered up as much of it as they could and carried it back with them. The sale of the ambergris made them all wealthy enough to know life-long independence thereafter.

Most people who know ambergris are aware that it is a formation within the intestinal tract of the sperm-whale, but few realize that the condition exists in only one among thousands of the mammals. Why it should be there at all, and why it occurs so infrequently is a mystery as deep as the ocean. It is not, apparently, a diseased condition of the whale for the old whalemen agree that a whale holding ambergris is as healthy and normal as one without it.

Because ambergris is used in perfumes, some people are of the opinion it is pleasant of scent—but this is a mistaken idea. Most ambergris is practically free from odor, although it sometimes gives off a greasy, fishy smell. It is often porous and usually of firm texture. As a rule, it is grayish in color, but it can be brown, purple, yellow, black or white. Sometimes it is of a mottled appearance combining two or more of the colors mentioned. But the most valuable ambergris is that which is grayish.

Ambergris has been known to be taken directly from its housing place in the intestinal tract of the sperm-whale, but in most cases it has been procured from beaches or found floating on the surface of the sea.

Ambergris is the most important ingredient used in the making of rare and expensive perfumes. Chemists have tried to find a synthetic substitute for ambergris, but all their efforts have been in vain.

The reason that ambergris is so vitally essential to the making of fine and costly perfumes is that it is the only known product which will, without damage to the intended scent, "fix" it. This is true because of its ability to absorb the floral or other scent, and perfect a long lingering odor.

Many times women have complained that a certain perfume, although pleasing of scent, lost its fragrance soon after being applied. They erroneously attribute this to the particular floral scent they found to be so fickle of odor. The truth is that the difference between a lasting fragrance and a vanishing one is the use of a tiny amount of ambergris in its manufacture.

When one considers the minute quantity of ambergris which is used in a whole pint of perfume, it seems strange that the substance should be considered so rare and so highly prized. Although it is true that the value of ambergris has declined with the advent of cheaper, synthetic perfumes in recent years, it varied very little for a great many years before this. Ambergris is, nevertheless, still sought after avidly and remains yet one of the most priceless substances found.

COWTOWN GETS CULTURE

by ESTY MORRIS

"ART is on the bum in Kansas City." Scathing words, spoken by a Kansas Citian 40 years ago, when Miles Bulger, presiding judge of the Jackson County Court in 1907, turned on his home town and gave it both barrels.

He spoke with conviction, terseness, and justification. Art *was* on the bum in Kansas City.

The sprawling, surging city, famous for grain and livestock transactions, hub of lengthening railways, just hadn't time for culture.

Already there were 300,000 people in the Southwestern gateway, and more were coming. Many were well-educated and sensitive, but to most of the town oil paint was something for a carriage house door. Judge Bulger's words were not without basis in fact.

Unfortunately, the situation was not remedied quickly. Cultural growth continued slow. Two decades later, Kansas City had few of the fixtures associated with an intellectually progressive community.

There had been talk, and false starts. A downtown cornerstone had been inscribed "College of Medicine, University of Kansas City." The medical school was there, right enough, a fine one. But the university was wishful thinking.

In 1919, the committee organized to select a fitting memorial for the dead of World War I had considered the idea of a university. A hot debate raged over the "living memorial versus marble monument" question. Marble won. The result is a strikingly beautiful Liberty Memorial, visible for some miles, impressive to visitors, housing war relics and several battle flags.

With the dawn of the 1930's, every major city in the United States had a full four-year, non-sectarian university, a symphony orchestra, an art gallery. Kansas City was the sole—the one and only—city of more than 200,000 people with none of these things.

Plans were going forward, preliminary purchases and arrangements were being made, but there was nothing the Chamber of Commerce could photograph.

True, the system of parks and boulevards was outstanding. Residentially, the city was superior to any in the world. But formal evidences of culture were non-existent.

Then the dam broke. In 1933, the city formed a philharmonic orchestra. It acquired a magnificent art gallery and museum of fine art and a trust of over 11 million dollars for the purchase of art objects. And it opened the doors of Kansas City's own university!

The University had only 264 students, and a faculty of 18. But it was an important stride. It was the only privately controlled university between St. Louis and Denver. While tax supported institutions provide useful and necessary educational services, complete freedom in study, teaching, and research is possible only in schools entirely free from political control. Those institutions are essential in maintaining private enterprise, because they guarantee freedom in study of arts, business, and the professions. Some call them "the last bulwark."

The founding of the University of Kansas City was made possible primarily through the generosity of one man, William Volker, and through the persistent hard work of many others.

By 1929, Mr. Volker had arranged to purchase a substantial tract of land in the Rockhill section of Kansas City, for use as a campus.

But that same year Mrs. C. B. Hewitt had given the 147-acre Meadow Lake golf course to Bishop E. L. Waldorf of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the location of a university. Bishop Waldorf commenced soliciting private subscriptions, and it looked very much as if two universities were about to spring up.

The inadvisability of such a division of effort and funds was apparent to both parties, however, and in 1930 they consolidated their holdings. It was decided to build on the ground originally obtained by Mr. Volker—a convenient location, and remarkable for great natural beauty.

The school was not ready for formal opening for three years. Then, with a three-story former residence as the only building, and with a dozen and a half professors, enrollment was begun. No one knew what to expect. Ten students might matriculate, or a thousand. Actually, a few more than 250 came, and a half-hundred more entered the second semester.

For a few years, the hardihood of the new school was in doubt. For one thing, it took townspeople a little while to get used to the idea there was a fully-accredited four-year university right at home.

Thirty to forty percent of all graduates from Kansas City high schools go on to college. That is about twice as high as the national average. For years, the great majority of them had attended Kansas City Junior College, maintained by the public school system; or the University of Kansas, located only 45 miles away at Lawrence; or the University of Missouri at Columbia. But now it was possible for them to get a college education while living at home.

The idea began sinking in, and enrollment climbed slowly. In 1936, summer courses were offered for the first time, and nearly 300 students enrolled for those.

Meanwhile, the University was struggling to build up a sound curriculum, to assemble a good faculty, and to interest Kansas Citians in aiding the school financially. It wasn't easy going.

In 1938, Clarence R. Decker was appointed president of the University. That Fall, enrollment jumped from 1,100 to 1,500, and things started happening.

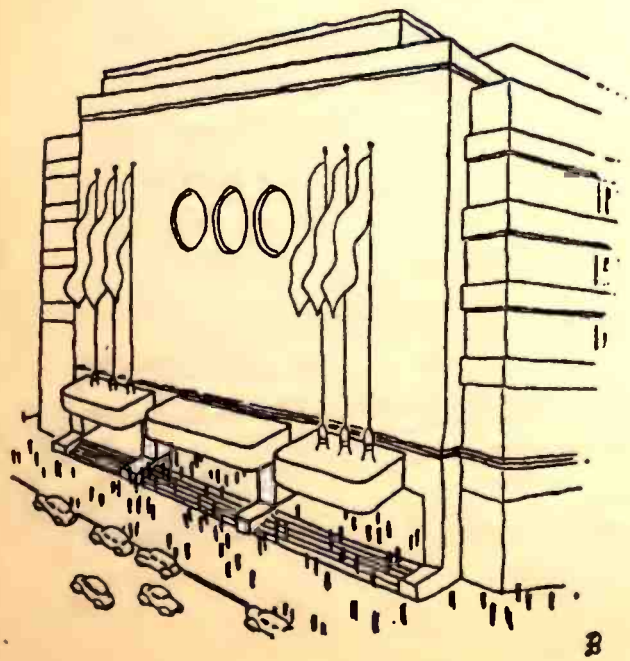
That year the Kansas City School of

Law — which had been founded in 1895 and boasted a galaxy of alumni, including Harry S. Truman—became the School of Law of the University. Three years later the Kansas City-Western Dental College, founded in 1881 and now the fifth largest dental school in the United States, became the School of Dentistry. And in 1943 the Kansas City College of Pharmacy, founded in 1885, became the School of Pharmacy.

Dr. Decker, only 33 at the time of his appointment, was the youngest university president in the nation. And he was president of the youngest university in the nation.

He began collecting young professors, men who were outstanding and showed definite promise of becoming top-flight educators. At the beginning of World War II, the average age of the faculty was 35, as compared with a national average of 56. The present faculty is nearly as large as was the first student body.

Then the University launched a "visiting professors" plan. Each year it brought several internationally known, and very expensive, teachers to the campus to supplement the regular staff. This proved so successful that the system has been continued, and is being expanded.



In the University's fourteen years, enrollment has climbed to more than 3,000 students. It is still increasing. Indications are that it will level off around the 6,000 mark, as soon as facilities are developed to accommodate them.

The original building now houses the administrative offices, and seven other buildings have been added. The campus has grown to 85 acres. The grounds, buildings, and equipment represent an investment of about $2,000,000.

But best of all, the development of the University of Kansas City has made possible a cultural center which is absolutely unique. It is now only partially completed, but when finished will be without peer anywhere in the world.

The unusual technical research, fine arts, and music center will be contained within a strip of rolling, heavily wooded land a mile long and perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide. A hospital and recuperative home, the Linda S. Hall scientific library, and the Midwest Research Institute will join the magnificent William Rockhill Nelson Art Gallery and Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts, the University of Kansas City, Menorah Hospital, several churches, Rockhurst College, and the Kansas City Art Institute.

This last institution is a four-year professional school providing a complete education in the fine and ap-

plied arts. It is a 60-year-old, non-profit organization supported by endowment, tuition, and subscription. Graduates from the Art Institute are recognized as coming from a top ranking school. The 750 students currently enrolled come from almost every state in the union and abroad. Many of them are taking practical work in fashion design in cooperation with Kansas City garment manufacturers.

The Art Institute is at present completing a number of new studios. Each unit has been carefully planned for its particular purpose, to provide maximum physical facilities for art education. The new buildings will house classes in commercial, advertising, and industrial art, as well as ceramics and sculpture. In addition, there will be a semi-circular "life" class studio, the only one of its kind anywhere.

Not far from the Art Institute and the new cultural center is the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, also a privately supported institution. The present enrollment is over 1,600 students, 300 of whom are taking part-time or full college courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Music or Master of Music. The remainder are grade and high school children studying music, dance and speech; and special students of all ages taking musical subjects without intention of earning degrees.

The Conservatory offers degrees in piano, organ, cello, violin and other orchestral instruments, public school music and composition. Students may take extension courses in academic subjects through the Kansas City Junior College.

The Conservatory chorus, directed by Stanley Deacon, and the training orchestra, under David Van Vactor, are outstanding musical groups. Dr. Wiktor Labunski is the director of the Conservatory.

Kansas City's primary educational force is the same as that of other communities, of course, the public school. In addition to the 79 elementary schools, there are eight high schools, four junior high schools, two junior colleges, two vocational trade schools, and 12 special schools. The total public school enrollment is over 60,000.

The public schools offer cooperative occupational education for students who wish to continue studying while receiving practical on-the-job training, and they hold special day and night elementary and high school courses for veterans and other adults.

There are 37 parochial schools in Kansas City, 12 Catholic high schools, and three Catholic colleges.

So Kansas City has developed a definite educational awareness. This is best demonstrated, perhaps, by the fact that the public library system is used more extensively than that of any of the 45 major cities in the United States.

It has developed a cultural awareness, too. Art, so long a vagrant, is no longer "on the bum in Kansas City." It is on the come in Kansas City now!

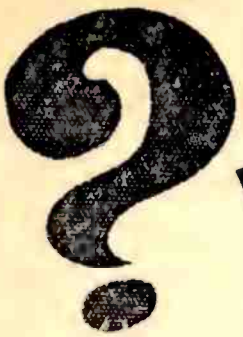
▲

Little Willie rushed into the house and showed Papa a new penknife which he said he had found in the street.

"But are you sure it was lost?" asked Papa.

"Of course it was lost," said Willie. "I saw the man looking for it!"

A consulting psychologist makes some interesting observations on the importance of personal privacy.



WHY SOME MEN REMAIN SINGLE

by LESTER F. MILES, Ph. D.

WITH typical male directness I am going to reveal the entire subject of this article in two words. Wives and single girls might read them with profitable concentration. The two words are—personal privacy.

There must be many married women who can honestly state, "I *never* nag my husband." And they don't—intentionally. But this article is not on "nagging" as we have come to define this particular behavior trait in either a man or a woman.

More than one man has balked at marriage only because he witnessed how some other man's wife managed to discard her husband's favorite old painting shoes, fishing hat, hunting trousers. None of these articles was of any worth and frequently just an eyesore in the house. To a man, however, they are as much prize possessions as were his clasp knife or marbles when he wore knee britches and had his pockets crammed with an assortment that would have filled a counter in any five-and-ten cent store.

Curiosity killed a cat—so they say—and woman's inquisitiveness has a way of giving even the most perfect marriage a highly rancid flavor. A man's personal possessions are minor items in the issue at hand. How do you handle his unseen possessions—his private feelings and thoughts?

"When you married you gave up your membership in the club," I said to a friend, while dropping in at my favorite men's club recently. "I see you've taken up membership again. What's the matter — honeymoon over?"

"Not at all," he replied, half apologetically for his wife. "Our apartment is a little small and there are times when a man wants to just sit and do a little thinking in privacy. You know how it is."

I know how it is. It is too bad more wives are not given to understanding this one failing in their otherwise complete devotion to their husbands. When a man just wants to sit, even if he isn't engaged in any heavy thinking, why will a wife come in and start a lot of questions rolling just to make conversation? When a man has a quiet spell of inner reflection why does a wife lose no time in offering him a penny for his thoughts?

Like my friend at the club—a woman soon manages to convince her husband that if he is to have any

privacy at all he must obtain a home large enough to offer him a den with a sign on the door that reads, "Private —Keep Out," or find what little time he wants to himself *outside the home.*

Everyone at times longs for a quiet haven where he can be absolutely alone with his own thoughts, his own hopes, his own plans, his own problems. Marriage doesn't alter this one bit. While not guilty of nagging, many wives are guilty of prying.

Men are usually good sports, and when they marry they do not object to a close confidence in their wives. They pretty readily tell all about their business and personal affairs. A wife doesn't have to use prying eyes to find out what she wishes to know. I don't believe I have ever heard of a man accused of going through his wife's handbag and wallet just out of curiosity. I have heard women accused of reading their husband's mail, and other violations of an individual's privacy.

One wife developed the habit of nicely slitting open every piece of her husband's mail with the paper knife to make it easier for him to read his mail when he came home after work. His mail was always neatly piled on the family desk. *She never read his mail*—a fact she swore to at a later date. She even maintained that she never so much as glanced into the envelopes, and waited until her husband told her what was in the mail. But he developed the notion that she was prying, and their *one and only* major fight was on the day he told her, "Will you please from now on let me open my own mail!" The intimation of prying was present in this case even though the intentions were good. But you know all about the place paved with good intentions.

There are times when there would seem to be basis for belief in the old adage, "where there's smoke there's fire," for it is certain that the cartoonists who depict the housewife with hands on hips casting a malevolent eye on her husband who is sneaking up the stairs at a late hour with his shoes in his hands didn't get their idea solely from their own imaginations. While the scene is exaggerated, there is a great deal of truth and frequency in the situation. When a woman meets a female friend who has been to some opening night performance, a meeting of a woman's club, or a church social, woman-like she looses a flood-gate of questions to satisfy her curiosity over what happened, who was there, what they wore, and any other intelligence that is of interest. The female friend or female relative enjoys satisfying the desire for information. Where a wife makes a mistake is in treating her husband as a female friend or female

relative when he has been out with the boys, to his club, to a town meeting, a community men's rally, or any other activity at which his wife was not present. If a wife will give her man a chance, he will tell all—in his own good time.

True enough, a question here and there will often bring out news he thought entirely inconsequential, but which his wife will value highly for some reason known only to the feminine mentality. I won't attempt to analyze that phase of this situation here. It is enough to say that a man takes a lot of questioning not so much as purely innocent curiosity on the part of his wife. More often than not he will resent it as a sort of suspicious prying—whether his outing has been innocent or something to consider "out of bounds" for married men. It is the best way, this business of firing questions at a man, to make him develop evasive tactics in his answers. Sometimes he will go so far as to be downright deceptive in his replies and then you face a parting of the ways where common confidences are completely gone.

So, wives, for the sake of your married happiness, or your future married happiness, make your love less inquisitive and keep your man closer to yourself mentally and spiritually. To strip a man of his personal privacy, or to invade his personal privacy to a point where he begins to feel he no longer has a shred of thought to himself, is frequently the reason why some men do not marry and others wish they hadn't.

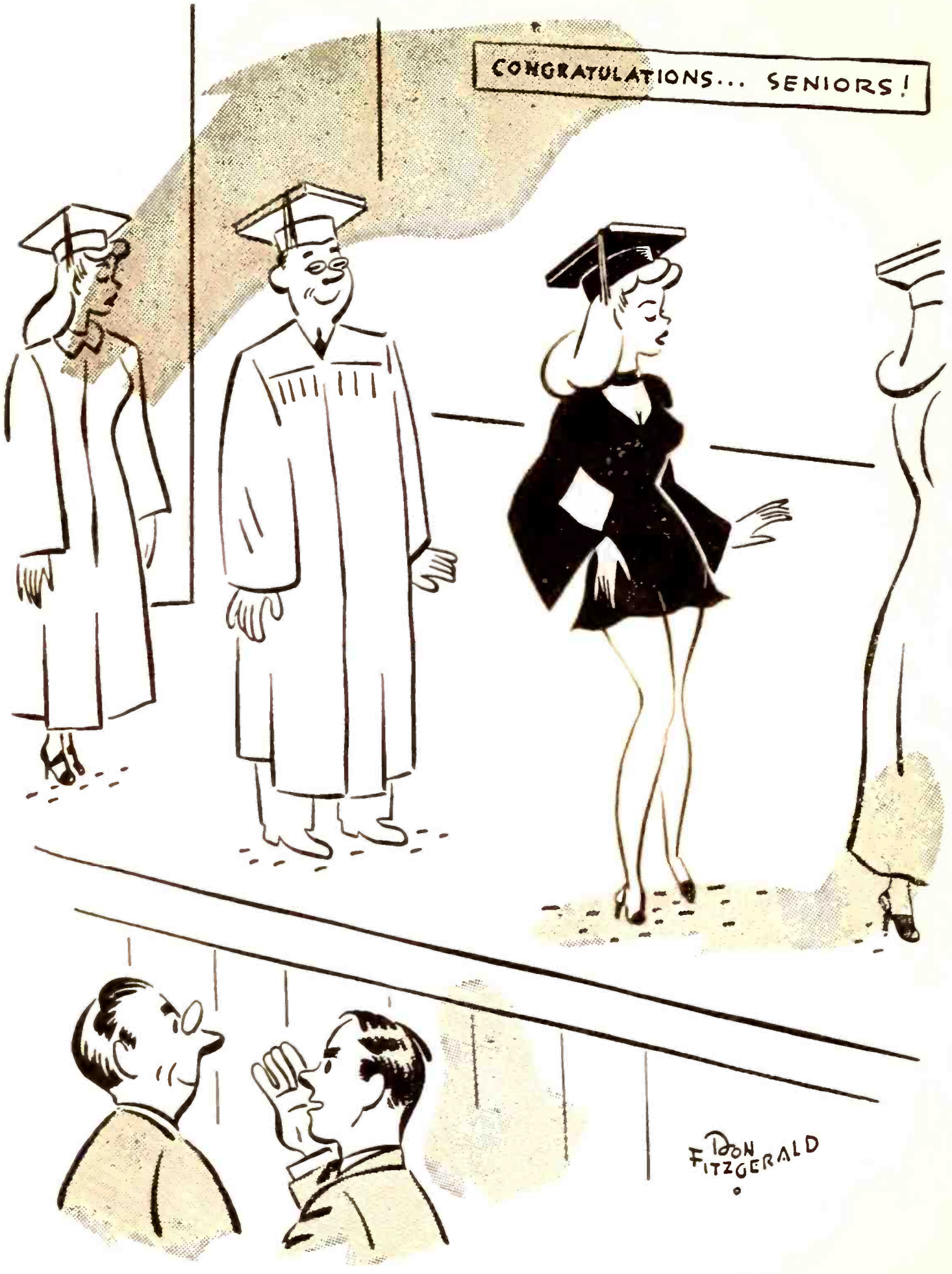
Caribe—The Fish That Routed An Army

THOUGH rarely exceeding two feet in length, the caribe, or *pirhana,* as it is also called, is surely one of the world's most ferocious and deadly creatures. A fish native to many of the rivers of South America, it is an ugly brute with a blunt head and remarkably short, powerful jaws armed with rows of sharp cutting teeth. It can snip off a mouthful of flesh as cleanly and quickly as though with the keenest knife, and with the first wound a horde of caribes appear, irresistibly and madly attracted by the smell of blood. Any person or animal so entrapped has only the slightest chance of escaping, and usually is reduced to a bare skeleton in an incredibly short time.

In one case on record, a man and his horse fell into a river inhabited by the vicious fish. They were immediately surrounded by a pack of caribes, and before they could be pulled out, all flesh had been picked off their bones, though the man's clothing was undamaged.

In another instance, these bloodthirsty swimmers actually attacked and routed an army of soldiers. On May 26, 1819, when the famous South American liberator, Simon Bolivar, was leading his weary men across the Venezuelan plains to New Granada, it was necessary to cross a stream intercepting the route. One of the men was bitten by a caribe and scores of the fish immediately rushed to the scene. General Bolivar and his men were forced to beat a hasty retreat, but not before a number of them had received severe wounds. They were indeed fortunate in escaping with their lives.

The caribe has but one redeeming feature: it is a highly edible fish. But when hooked and landed it will fight to the death in an attempt to seize its captor.—*Carl Coolidge.*



"She was voted most likely to succeed!"

Marriage is a bargain basement business in Japan.

by WALT ANGRIST

MR. MITSUKOSHI owns a department store in downtown Tokyo, but B-29 raids have left him little more than the first floor and basement of what was once the Oriental version of Macy's or Marshall Field's.

A good part of Tokyo enters his place of business at one time or another to buy scarce goods if yen is plentiful, or to gaze enviously at the toy counter or food department.

But. Mr. Mitsukoshi has gone his American business counterparts one better when it comes to merchandising and expanding the business of his establishment.

Since early in 1944, the Mitsukoshi *depaato*—as the edifice is called in pidgin English—has been running a "special" on weddings. War had worn away at Japanese economy and morale by 1944, and Tokyo's 7,000,000 citizens were not living much above the subsistence level. Bombs were arriving on a bothersome schedule. Homes, of paper and wood at best, were burning. By the time Mr. Mitsukoshi added the marriage sideline to his business few Tokyoites had complete wardrobes, and many had no better place to live than the subway stations.

But war couldn't stop nature. B-29's and short rations had no effect on young Japanese men and women. When they met and came to know each other and their respective honorable parents, marriage was usually in the offing.

In peacetime, a wedding would have taken months to plan. If done properly, it would have required a temple, a staff of priests and gallons of *sake,* the rice wine which is the national drink of Mr. Tojo, his cohorts and the millions who blindly followed him into disastrous war.

But once war came to Honshu there was no time and little finery for the usual elaborate ceremony that ordinarily goes along with Japanese nuptials.

That's where Mitsukoshi was very much "in business." In the basement of his establishment was a large, windowless room which had been used to store turnips and other vegetables until they were fragrant enough for the Oriental palate. Out went the turnips. Out went vegetables, assorted. In moved one red plush car-

pet minus much of its plush, one priest from a local shrine blasted by fire bombs, and a row of old folding chairs placed along opposite walls of the room.

Then he advertised.

A Japanese advertising campaign is much the same as one finds it in a large American city. Publicity and handbills announced that Mitsukoshi had weddings for sale, if prospective couples desired to be united as honorable couple and had the yen equivalent of $20 for a complete ceremony —with dress for bride and groom.

That was in 1944. Since then the Mitsukoshi Store, beaten to a shell of a building by bombing, has never failed to sell a wedding when the price was offered.

Store officials, when asked for statistics on that particular department, drag out their beaded Oriental adding machines and come up with figures that mean good business. They claim more than 5,000 couples have walked into the little basement room to be married—that more than 100,000 parents and well wishers have filed into the shabby sub-surface marriage factory to watch a bald-pated priest intone the ancient and proper phrases which lift the Japanese desire of man for woman from just that, to honored status of husband and wife.

While Tokyo has done much to dig out blasted ruins, and bamboo-braced houses are springing up like mushrooms, marriage stays on its wartime basis at Mitsukoshi's. Business holds to a fair volume today, with an average 24-hour period witnessing the union of ten couples.

The bridal party gets complete service. Here's what the bride gets or is lent: one ceremonial kimono which would cost $75 if purchased, one elaborate and very ponderous wig, hair ornaments, scent, special sandals and a fan suited to the occasion. With the accessories go three giggling Nipponese dressers who make the bride feel she is getting all the attention due her at this auspicious moment.

The bridegroom, who pays the $20 upon entering the basement chambers, is handed a much-worn swallow tail coat and striped pants. He dresses himself.

When bride and groom are seated on opposite sides of the room, with relatives and friends at proper stations, the priest begins the ceremony. At no time do the principals leave their seats, a fact which has proved a blessing for many timid couples.

In twenty minutes the marriage ceremony is over, the couple drinks of a special *sake* cup and puts a sprig of the sacred saka tree before the priest. Now they are man and wife.

But there's more to come for the twenty dollars. The grinning vice-president in charge of weddings admits a bored cameraman who has been waiting outside. He takes three posed shots of the party. The pictures are delivered while more *sake* (not supplied by the store) is passed around among the guests. The photographer inevitably picks up a few extra yen selling additional prints.

One of the better stories of faith and love has come out of this very commercial wedding service at Mitsukoshi's. Store clerks tell of a "bomber's moon" night when one ceremony was scheduled to take place. A particularly heavy American raid was in progress as the guests began to arrive. Finally all were there but the bridegroom.

The marriage party, priest and attendants waited in their comparatively safe room until the girl's parents suggested they call off the wedding. They figured a bomb had caught the unfortunate groom and there wasn't much sense in waiting.

But the Japanese miss, sure that her man would present himself, persuaded the party to wait until the morning dawned. Then the bridegroom did arrive, tattered, bruised, and caked with soot. He clutched the necessary yen, which he had rescued from his blasted quarters hours after firefighters had extinguished the resultant blaze.

War and destruction could not keep that marriage from coming off, nor many others like it. And Mr. Mitsukoshi, grinning and bowing, is happy in his role of commercial cupid. He plans to make pre-fabricated weddings a permanent sale item in the bargain basement of Tokyo's biggest department store.

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THE umbrella is a very old invention. Few improvements have been made on the early models, although many gallant attempts have been made to that end, more noticeably in the field of fashion than in that of utility.

It was over the umbrella that the famous court decision was laid down that possession is nine-tenths of the law. An umbrella is much like a pigeon as to the question of possession. That is to say, the last one who has it is considered the legitimate owner.

An established etiquette has been evolved in the use of the umbrella. An umbrella carried over a woman, with the man getting the drippings of rain, indicates courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman gets the drippings, it is a sure indication of marriage. To place an umbrella in a rack indicates that one is going to forget it and it is to have a new owner. To carry your umbrella at right angles under your arm signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man immediately following you. To place a cotton umbrella alongside a nice silk one signifies "exchange is no robbery."—*Kenneth Irwin.*

▲

"I wonder what men talk about when they're off by themselves."
"Oh, I don't know. Probably the same thing we do."
"Aren't men awful?"

Television For Everyone

IF you've despaired of ever being able to enjoy the wonders of television because you don't live in a big city, radio engineers working with aircraft experts have good news for you.

And if you are one of the 23,332,277 persons living in cities where television studios are operating or are being built, you may get a chance to further this research. Together with other owners of television receivers, as well as FM sets, you may help in the perfection of "Stratovision"—the newly devised system of airborne television and FM radio transmission.

A year ago December, tests began. Planes were flown over two main courses—from the Martin Airport near Baltimore over Wilmington, Philadelphia and New York to New Haven, Connecticut; and over Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Virginia, to Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Check stations along the way got excellent results. They found the planes were able to transmit a clear signal over a distance of 240 airline miles from an altitude of 25,000 feet, using only 250 watts of power. This means, say electronic technicians, that Stratovision at last can break the fetters that have held television and FM to the big-city audiences only. It means that, very soon, economically practical all-round radio services for farm people, small towners and city dwellers will be possible.

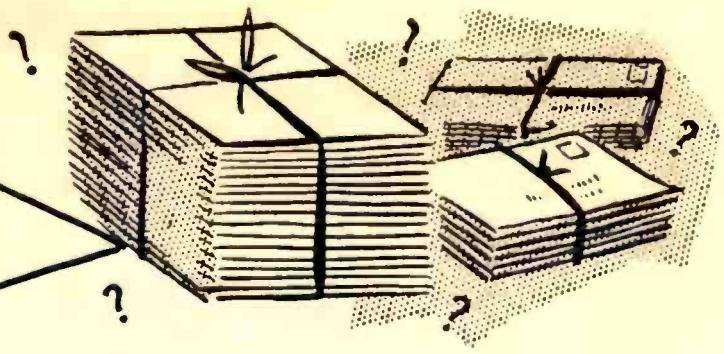
Now that the groundwork has been laid, many observers in widely-scattered areas will be needed. Engineers plan on resorting to the same expedient adopted in the early days of radio. They will invite FM set owners to listen and report reception. Flight times of Martin bombers carrying the equipment will be announced, and test broadcasts on 107.5 megacycles will begin soon. These planes, flying six miles high, would cover about 103,000 square miles in a circle of more than 400 miles in diameter. Thus, eight such "Strato-planes," besides broadcasting in their immediate areas, would form a perfect coast-to-coast high-altitude radio network. They'd be a relay team. The addition of several more planes would mean 100 per cent coverage of the entire United States.

One nuisance "bug" on which these tests have shed light is "ghosting"—a picture received on two different wave paths, one in direct line from the transmitter and the other by reflection from any object that gets in the way. Radio waves carrying televised and FM programs travel only a straight line and are lost on the horizon. Thus, even the best ground station reception is limited to fifty miles. But as the broadcast antenna is raised, reception is broadened, and fewer stations are needed. This means less power is necessary. Quality is improved, costs lowered.

By placing the antenna six miles up, in the stratosphere, the wished-for results are achieved. Three antennae are used on each plane. One is hinged on the bomb-bay and lowered after take-off. This is the rebroadcast antenna which sends programs back to the ground over a wider range. Another underside antenna picks up programs from the ground for rebroadcast. The third one is topside on the plane, and provides communication.

By this means, the worst bottleneck in television broadcasting has been broken. No longer will it be necessary to maintain expensive "repeater" stations every fifty miles across country to relay programs. With public cooperation, Stratovision will be improved, so that when enough television receiving sets are available for every person who wants one, the best programs on the air will be easily picked up anywhere in America.—*George Statler.*

the MYSTERY PAPERS of A. LINCOLN



The private papers of a great American will be public property soon.

by JOSEPH N. BELL

ON July 24, 1947, in the vaults of the Library of Congress, Abraham Lincoln's "secrets in ink" will be unveiled. These secrets are contained in a collection of some ten thousand items from among the private papers of our Civil War president, and their opening has been eagerly awaited by students of Lincolniana for the past twenty-five years.

The documents were impounded and placed in the Library of Congress by Robert Todd Lincoln, the only son of Abraham Lincoln to reach maturity. Three years before his death in 1926, Robert Lincoln deeded the papers to the United States with the stipulation: "That all of said letters, manuscripts, documents, and other papers shall be placed in a sealed vault or compartment and carefully preserved from official or public inspection or private view until after the expiration of 21 years from the date of my death."

A tremendous aura of mystery has surrounded these documents, a curiosity aroused by the peculiar provisions of Robert Lincoln's deed and fed by speculation over the contents and the strange insistence of Robert Lincoln that the papers not be violated by outsiders during his lifetime. The mystery, indeed, is of much more common knowledge than are the facts which led up to the strange disposition of the papers and an understanding of the man who dictated this arrangement.

The documents were first brought to the attention of Lincoln biographers and students when Senator Albert Beveridge, in January of 1923, requested of Robert Lincoln that he be permitted access to the papers. The request was refused in a letter to Senator Beveridge in which Robert Lincoln presumably set forth his reasons for wishing to keep secret the contents of the papers. This letter, which was never made public, could possibly clear up a great deal of the mystery surrounding the paper's contents.

Eight months later, Nicholas Murray Butler, president emeritus of Columbia University, sojourning in Manchester, Vermont, the home of Robert Lincoln, was told that Mr. Lincoln was destroying his father's papers. He hastened to the Lincoln home and found his information to be true. He pointed out that "those papers belong to the nation," pleaded with Mr. Lincoln not to destroy them,

and finally prevailed upon him to consent to their preservation with the understanding that they not be made public while he still lived.

Mr. Butler's suggestion that the papers be impounded in the Library of Congress and that a certain date be set for their opening was not new to Mr. Lincoln. On January 23, 1923, fully eight months before the attempt to destroy them, Robert Lincoln had indicated his intention to turn the documents over to the government. It was on this same date that he refused Senator Beveridge's request for access to the papers, and it is not illogical to assume that the papers were offered to the government at this time to prevent Beveridge or anyone else from examining them.

It is interesting to note that in 1926, the year of his death, Robert Lincoln apparently relaxed in some measure his determination to keep the documents secret. On January 16 of that year he wrote Dr. Putnam of the Library of Congress that he wished to modify the conditions governing the accessibility of the documents in order to vest in his wife, Mary Lincoln, the authority to grant permission to inspect the papers to anyone whom she deemed desirable. Mary Lincoln, however, did not exercise this privilege, and the boxes remained unopened, the continued subject of greater and greater speculation.

Individuals—ranging from ardent students to newspaper men seeking a feature story for the Sunday edition—have not been loath to venture an opinion as to the contents of the documents. Some are based on historical fact, others the mere figment of rather ethereal observation. The four main groups of theorists contend that the papers contain: first, information pointing to a group of conspirators who desired the removal of Lincoln policies and achieved the actual assasination of Lincoln; second, scandals concerning the personal life of the president and his family; third, evidence which might have been injurious to Lincoln contemporaries who survived the president; and fourth, very little information not already known.

Perhaps the best method of reaching some conclusion as to what the boxes may contain, as well as an explanation of the secrecy which has surrounded the documents, is an insight into the owner of the papers, Robert Lincoln. Even after the Lincoln papers have been opened and their contents made public, it will probably be difficult to understand the peculiar conditions surrounding the revelation without comprehending the personality of Robert Lincoln. And this should be a comprehension based on fact, rather than on the popular misconception that Robert Lincoln was a strange, moody, sorrowful man who throughout his life was oppressed by the greatness of his father, a greatness which he could never hope to simulate.

Such an explanation of the character of Robert Lincoln has been too generally accepted by a generation

which has come to revere the father and shrug off the son as "that queer fellow who tried to burn Abraham Lincoln's private papers." Such a dismissal of Robert Lincoln is a decided injustice to a kind and able man who achieved an all-too-easily-forgotten prestige in his own right after his father was killed.

Robert Lincoln was eminently successful as a lawyer and as a statesman. After serving on the staff of General Grant during the Civil War, he studied law and was admitted to the Illinois Bar in 1867. Five years later he was appointed a trustee of the Illinois Central Railroad.

Robert had carefully steered clear of national politics and only his intense loyalty to an old and trusted friend, General Grant, finally drew him in. He supported Grant in the campaign of 1880, but James Garfield won the nomination and the presidency. Garfield then paid a tribute to Robert Lincoln's ability by selecting his erstwhile opponent as Secretary of War, a position which Lincoln retained when Chester A. Arthur succeeded Garfield as Chief Executive.

In 1884 a number of influential Republicans urged Robert Lincoln to run for the presidency. There is little doubt that he would have been able to win the nomination and the election, but he refused to run against his political chief, President Arthur.

In 1889, Robert Lincoln was appointed United States Minister to the Court of St. James by President Harrison. He served in this capacity until 1893, in which year he retired from public life. It was during this period that Robert's only son, named for his illustrious grandfather, died. The tragedy caused immeasurable pain to Robert Lincoln.

After retiring from the political world, Robert gave himself wholeheartedly to business. He became special counsel for the Pullman Company, and in 1911 was appointed chairman of the company's board of directors. He later also served as director of both the Commonwealth Edison Company and the Commercial National Bank.

The last few years of Robert Lincoln's life were spent in virtual seclusion at his Manchester, Vermont, home, and it was here during this period that Mr. Butler and Senator Beveridge first brought to the public attention the Abraham Lincoln papers. He died on July 26, 1926, as he neared his eighty-second birthday.

The sympathy, patience, understanding, clear vision, and intense loyalty of Robert Lincoln were demonstrated in his contacts and in his work throughout his life. A simple story of Robert Lincoln's last political speech serves to underline all of these qualities.

Robert was to speak in Danville, Illinois in 1900, and he arrived in the city early in the morning. A reception was arranged for him, but he failed to appear, and a search for him disclosed that he had left the hotel. He was finally discovered in the humble home of a Negress, Mrs. Maria Vance, joyously partaking of corn pone and bacon.

Mrs. Vance had cooked for the Abraham Lincoln family in Springfield, and had, at one time, been Rob-

ert Lincoln's nurse. Robert, running down a rumor that Mrs. Vance was living in Danville, had discovered her. He visited with the aged Negress before his speech and hastened back for more corn pone and conversation after he had completed it. He left only when he had to catch his train. And from that day until she died, "Mammy" Vance received a substantial check each month from Robert Lincoln.

This, then, was the man who chose to withold the personal papers of a statesman whose memory had become public property of the American people. The qualities of Robert Lincoln that we may perceive behind the skeleton of his life certainly give more than a passing indication of his reasons. His loyalty, his kindness, his fear of giving offense presuppose something in the contents of the letters which, if disclosed during Robert's lifetime, would have offended his sense of justice and fair-dealing.

But we need not speculate much longer. Next month, the "secrets in ink" will be divulged, and whatever the contents of the documents, they will serve to shed further light on the life and times of a great American.

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The Clevelands On Tour

WHEN W. A. ROGERS, the cartoonist on old *Harper's Weekly*, was touring the country on the presidential train during Cleveland's first term, he was impressed one day in the Tennessee hills when the train was obliged to stop at a little hamlet to change engines for the long haul over the steep grades. Although the village had no station building, the citizens had rigged up the railroad platform to the best of their ability in order to welcome their honored guests.

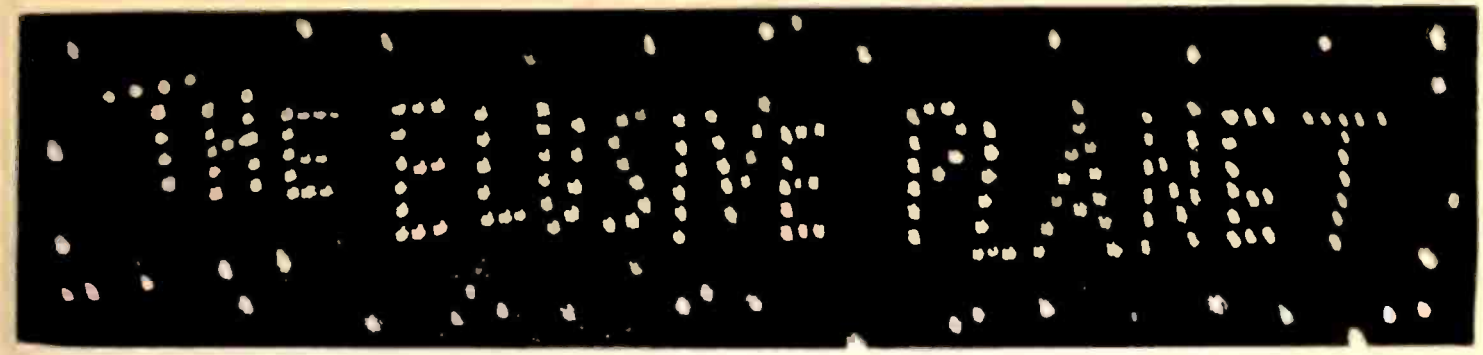
First they laid down a rug of the brightest red and yellow hues obtainable. Upon this they set two new red plush armchairs to flank a little round center-table, which held a small vase full of garden flowers. While the engines were switching, the first citizen came forward and invited the President and his wife to step down and enjoy their hospitality. The President looked dismayed, but his wife didn't hesitate a moment.

Never was there any sign that Mrs. Cleveland considered the spectacle of two persons sitting out in the glaring sun upon two red plush armchairs as anything out of the ordinary; or that to be encircled by a horde of bashful mountain folk, who merely stared or smiled, was anything but what she had expected.

After the train pulled away, and had traveled the length of a deep gorge, one of the correspondents asked the conductor when they would return for the President. "Great Scott! Isn't he aboard?" yelled the conductor.

It was not until the train had gone a mile farther to get a running start that it was able to retrace the miles up the steep grade over which it had just traveled.

When the train backed up to the platform about an hour later, there sat the Clevelands, still in the red plush armchairs, under the hot sun. The President was wearily mopping his brow but, by that time, the gracious Mrs. Cleveland had captured every vote in the whole county—*Marion Duncan.*



Is it or isn't it? That is the question.

by MORRISON COLLADAY

HOW many planets are there between the earth and the sun—two or three? Venus and Mercury—is there another?

Several astronomers claim they have seen a third, a planet only 13,000,000 miles from the sun. There is no question of their honesty; only of the reliability of their eyesight, for this elusive planet remains invisible to most observers.

However, this fact is not conclusive. The Italian astronomer Schiaparelli announced his discovery of the so-called canals on Mars in 1877, but very few observers since have been able to see them. American Percival Lowell was one of these few and he carefully mapped them. Unfortunately they wouldn't show up on a photographic plate and most astronomers were, to put it mildly, skeptical of their existence. Then a few years ago Dr. E. C. Slipher, director of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, succeeded during an expedition to South Africa in taking photographs which showed the canals perfectly as Lowell had mapped them.

So the negative evidence of those who have not seen Vulcan—as the third planet has been called—isn't conclusive against those who think they have seen it.

The existence of Vulcan is indicated, as was that of Pluto, by its effect on the motion of other planets. Twenty-five years before Pluto was discovered, Percival Lowell announced its existence and calculated where it would be found and where it *was* found not long ago. It isn't remarkable that Pluto actually was not seen before, because it is probably smaller than the earth and over three billion miles away. Even with our largest telescopes, an object that size three billion miles away is most difficult to see. But Vulcan—if it exists—is only 80,000,000 miles from the earth, practically next door as astronomers measure distances.

What do we actually know about the "hypothetical planet" as present day astronomers call it? To answer that question it is necessary to tell something about the rather uninteresting planet Mercury. Only 36,000,000 miles from the sun, Mercury is so hot that it is almost certain life as we know it could not exist there. Yet some astronomers have found indications that this smallest planet, not much bigger than our moon, has an atmosphere. Most scientists believe this impossible because the force of gravitation on an object as small as Mercury would not be great enough

to keep the atmosphere from flying off into space. That, at least, is the assumption.

Mercury and Venus, the other known planet between the earth and the sun, every few years crawl across the sun's disc, little black spots in full view of earth. Mercury does this thirteen times in a century, and most of the world's telescopes watch these transits. They do this for two reasons. One is that if Mercury has an atmosphere, when its tiny disc crosses the edge of the sun, a glow should appear above the part of the disc still outside the sun.

The other reason is that there is an irregularity in the motion of Mercury which indicates that some unknown body is attracting it. This is important because it was a similar irregularity in the motion of Uranus that led to the discovery of the unknown Neptune; and an irregularity in Neptune's motion caused Percival Lowell to predict the existence of Pluto a quarter of a century before it was actually seen for the first time.

The French astronomer Leverrier had predicted the discovery of Neptune when he observed the effect of some unknown body on the planet Uranus. He afterward pointed out a similar perturbation in the motion of Mercury, and suggested that it was due to the attraction of an unknown planet between Mercury and the sun. He was so certain of this unknown planet's existence that he gave it a name—Vulcan. This was in 1859 and astronomers have been hunting for Vulcan ever since.

Most of them have been unsuccessful in their search, but a few have been lucky. A French physician, an amateur astronomer, in the year of Leverrier's announcement saw a small body pass across the sun's disc. Leverrier examined this man's calculations and was satisfied that he had seen Vulcan.

The late Professor James Craig Watson of the Ann Arbor Observatory announced in 1878 that he had seen Vulcan. His observations and calculations seemed sufficiently conclusive to establish the actual existence of the planet. They apparently have been confirmed by several observers since that time.

Still the great majority of astronomers have never seen the planet and the text books, if they mention it at all, still say "Vulcan—hypothetical."

Early in August of this year, the grinding and polishing of the 200-inch mirror for the Mount Palomar telescope will be completed, and the California Institute of Technology announces that the giant instrument will be ready for use three months later. It will enable astronomers to peer at least twice as far into the depths of space as they ever have in the past. Probably millions of new universes as large or larger than the one of which the sun is a part will be discovered.

While it is not certain that the great telescope will give much new information about the almost infinitesimally small portion of space occupied by our own solar system, perhaps in spite of its limitations for observations of comparatively near objects, the "big eye" on Mount Palomar will end the dispute over the elusive planet, as well as solving a myriad of mightier mysteries of outlying space.

by ARTHUR S. POSTLE

Advice for the man who would have a fisherwoman in the family.

MY WIFE now drags *me* along fishing. Can you beat that? She has become a veritable Sister of the Angle. What I did, you can do. Listen.

I got darned tired trying to crowd a little fishing into *her* program for *us*. Somehow it remained cluttered up with symphony concerts, teas for visiting firemen, dinner with the McRiches. There was never a spot left for me to fish. So I did a bit of research on feminine psychology. I applied the principles I learned. They worked. Now I know the secret.

Approach gingerly and indirectly this matter of fishizing your wife. For Pete's sake don't let her know you are unreeling a scheme to innoculate her with the fever. A woman is worse than a she-bass. Once you scare her off the nest you can't interest her in any bait for a long time. If she feels the hook she may never bite again.

I used to have a terrific yen to catch a muskellunge. Many a time, rowing across a northern lake, I've seen one of those old warriors lie motionless just under the surface of the water alongside a half-submerged tree top or a wild rice bed. I would reverse the oars, grab my rod and slam a gaudy plug right under the old boy's nose. Invariably he eyed it with disdain, even as I retrieved it in my inimitable, tantalizing fashion. No soap.

An old Indian guide taught me the indirect approach.

"Never let that musk' know you interest in him. He smart baby. You no chase him—make him chase you."

A musky is a curious fish. Any moving thing, be it duck, boat, or another fish, excites his interest. But he attacks only the receding. He is wary, ready to stand on his nose, wallop the surface with his tail, and dive for the bottom if he suspects something is pursuing him. So with your wife.

Proceed thus. When you return from your next trip to the wilds of Ontario never mention the fishing. Instead tell about those adorable English gowns and smart suits you saw in the stores of Toronto. Mention the delicious French cuisine in that quaint little place in Montreal. Describe the wonderful antiques you "discovered" in that odd off-the-trail shop at the ridicuously low prices, practically steals. See what I mean? Tease her.

I remember so well the first muskellunge that I hooked. The weather-beaten Indian was paddling me along in his canoe. The graceful spotted

giant was snoozing in the shade of an overhanging pine, but with one eye open. I started to whip a Daredevil right at his head.

"No," warned my guide, "not yet."

I restrained myself.

When we were well past the quarry he whispered, "Now. Shoot away many foots."

I followed his advice all right. I missed that old water tiger by fully thirty feet. An aura of blue air rose around us as I expressed dissatisfaction with his instructions.

In the meantime the Daredevil was being pulled away from the saw-toothed fellow as fast as my guide could propel the canoe. Suddenly the musky went into action. There was a flash, with a wake. He streaked through the water and nailed that Daredevil with a power-dive that almost jerked the rod from my grasp. Boy, oh boy!

Women are like that. Make them know you have something good—but not for them. Then pull it beyond their reach. Wham, they're at it

with a vengeance. Having tossed out suggestions of the clothes, cuisine and copper lustre in a careless, removed sort of maner, just paddle nonchalantly by. Your wife will make the pass at the bait, have no doubt, and will herself set the hook.

The next step is to get your wife to select that out-of-the-way, tumbled-down shack in the remoteness of the woods where there *are* fish, not the swank watering place with the golf course, the club-house, and the board-walk where the only fish are the guests.

Easy now, this step is tricky. Believe you me, it takes finesse to suck her in on this one. Every woman has a sense of the colorful and the beautiful. The next time John Bates and his wife are your guests, tell them, in your wife's hearing, about that perfectly charming place on the edge of the crystal-clear lake deep in the piney wood. Dwell on the aromatic spruce, the tang of wood smoke from the glowing campfire, the dancing ripple on the lazy waves, the melodic notes of the woodland birds. Ecstasize on the magnificent display of aurora-borealis, and the soft copper tones of the slowly sinking sun (lay off the sun*rise* though, or she'll remember how she hates to get up in the morning). Go lyrical, toss in a helping of nature verse, or that line of Ike Walton's, "Angling is somewhat like poetry."

Smear the pastel colors all over the place. Did you ever notice the assortment of rainbow hues to be found in the veteran trout fisherman's book of flies? He knows the importance of color in a lure. Take trout, for instance. They're individualistic. One wants a magenta morsel, another prefers coral, a third, royal blue or aquamarine.

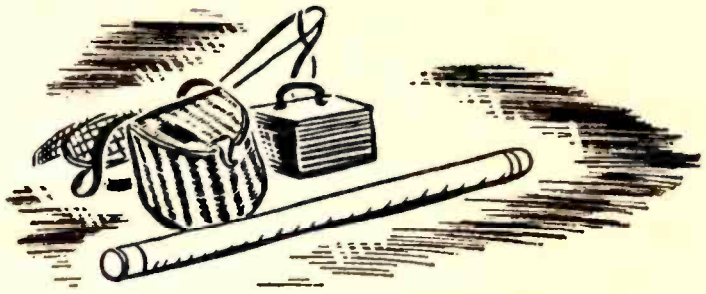
So it is with the genus *femina*. If your wife is a brunette, go in heavy for vermilion sunsets, the goldenrod, and the browns of autumn. If she is a blonde, emphasize the blue depths of the shady pools, the verdant emeralds of the flora. If she is titian, topaz, bronze and amber are the hues. See what I mean?

You have a real sense of accomplishment when summer rolls around and the wife comes up with a sly, "You know, Jim, dear, I think I'd like to see that cute thatched cabin with the wild honeysuckle around the porch where you went fishing last year."

For heaven's sake, don't lose your head at this moment and say, "Fine, why don't you go with me this year?" That would ruin everything. It would be worse than jumping in a pool and grabbing at a fish with your bare hands just because he showed a casual interest in the impaled worm you dangled. Jerk that bait away. Tell your wife firmly, "No, darling, I don't think you should go up there. Why not spend August with your mother, or vacation at home this year for a change and really rest up?" The very prospect of these scares the pants off her. She would even rather go fishing. See?

Well, your vacation arrives. The little woman has made up her mind to go with you. She has chosen the remote camp in the hinterlands. You have her safely past the summer hotels, the stores and the antique shoppes. Now comes the real test. Everything thus far is preliminary.

Obviously you can't make a confirmed fisherman out her *without* her fishing. The chief danger lies in your not making a fisherman of her *by* fishing. If you fail here, all is worse than lost. She will make your trip a miserable one, a rough holiday. Moreover, she will never,



no never, go with you again. Worse, she may never let *you* go again. Permit that to sink in before you reach for that last trick, before you attempt the *coup de grace*.

Her first fishing experience must be successful, but only partially so. This is the *sine qua non*. If the fish don't bite, she will be discouraged. If she makes a haul she will underrate the sport, think that she has the earth by the tail, and, like Alexander, simply quit because there are no more finny worlds to conquer. Unless you strike the happy mean you are a gone gosling. You may as well throw away your fishing paraphernalia and take up bridge, pool-shooting, duck-pins or some other innocuous sport. Better yet, take a powder. It's quicker.

Select a time for that fishing flyer when all is favorable. The weather, the almanac, the spot, everything. Don't go off half-cocked at the first harbinger of game. Even your wife's costume must be right for her. I've seen a promising vacation spoiled just because the gal wore a thin ensemble on a cold morning and her goose pimples got in the way of enjoyment. One man failed because he persuaded

his mate to wear old clothes; she worried about how terrible she would look if she fell in and drowned and they took her to a mortuary in those rags. Whether anyone is present to admire her or not, she must feel fish-stylishly dressed. See what I mean?

Be certain that she is clothed according to *her* standards for piscatorial pursuit. For one woman this may mean slacks and blouse, for another overalls, for a third a blue skirt and middy with an anchor embroidered on the pocket. You should know your wife by this time and sense what is for her the perfect costume.

And, if you ever wooed her, do it now. Put her in the canoe with all the cavalier that is in you. Make her comfortable with luxurious cushions. Tell her how fresh and gorgeous she is looking. Cite a line from Phineas Fletcher, "While by his side his faithful spouse hath place." Forget about *your* fishing. Devote yourself exclusively to her. You can fish some other time.

When you get to the spot you have selected, shut off the motor—or stow the paddle. Assist her with the tackle. Woman like to catch fish, but how they hate to fiddle with equipment! They are horrified at the thought of stringing dew worms or minnows on a hook. Your spouse may even come to this eventually if you handle her skillfully, but for the love of Mike, postpone that lesson to another day. Gang hooks on a plug terrify her. She has visions of those imbedded in your anatomy—or worse, hers. Rig up for her your best rod, reel and plug.

Now you are arrived at the most delicate maneuver of all. Undetected by her, cut the line half-way through, a few inches above the plug or hook. This is the master stroke.

On a half-cut line she can catch small fish only. That is good. Small fish will whet her desire to catch big fish. She could have taken many small men before she married you. She wanted the big one. See?

Now she's trolling, casting or doodling, whichever is the most likely to enable her to snag into a lunker. Wham! He's suddenly struck. She's hooked him.

She screams, "What shall I do now?"

You're excited, too. You don't have to pretend at this point, not if you're a dyed-in-the-wool Waltonian. Pray for him to break water, stand on his tail, cut all the didoes sweet to the heart of a fisherman. Shout loudly, "He's a beauty, darling, he's a beauty. Wind him in! For Pete's sake, wind him in!"

Now she has him at the boatside. This is the moment to cry, "Don't let him get away, honey, he's the grandpappy of them all." *But don't make a move to help her land him.* That's fatal.

She will shriek again, "What do I do now? Help me!"

You reply, "Haul him in, my love, haul him in. You have the prize fish of all time. Land him and the other girls will always be jealous of you. I shall be so proud of you, darling."

She beams. Now she attempts to heave him into the boat. You know, of course, what happens at this point. The line breaks, right where you par-

tially cut it. The fish falls back into the lake with a tremendous splash. He takes a nose-dive, flips his tail defiantly, and departs for an unknown destination.

Your wife sits down in the bottom of the boat, exhausted, chagrined. For a moment she had visions of being the lady of the lake, sportswoman of her set, even prize winner in the fish-of-the-year contest with her picture in the paper — in color. *And he got away.*

My wife has been insisting for years that I go back with her each summer to the scene of her encounter with that monster. Of course she never lost a really big one. Her imagination and my exaggerating have built him up into something to plug for—through a lifetime.

I smugly know what John Major meant a hundred years ago when he wrote in his preface for *The Compleat Angler,* "May the ROD of the *Critic* be exchanged for that of the *Fisher;* and endless be the willing captives of Walton's imperishable LINE," Izaak himself wrote it over his fishing-house at Dove, *Piscatoribus sacrum.*

▲

The night before a recent wedding, the grandmother was busy in the kitchen, helping to finish up sandwiches and pastries for the reception. In flounced the prospective bride and groom. As the girl leaned over the table to admire the heaping platters, the young man playfully kissed the nape of her neck.

"There now," snapped Grandmother, "no nibbling at the frosting before the cake's on the table!"

▲

One day while playing in the park, little Johnny made friends with a genial old gentleman sitting on one of the benches.

"Tell me," said the old gentleman, "what are little boys good for, anyhow?"

Johnny considered the question carefully and then sagely replied, "Well, we're good to make men out of."

▲

Coue complained that his famous formula, "Every day in every way, I'm getting better and better" was of little use in America. It took too long to say. Americans just cut it down to "Hell, I'm well."

▲

A clergyman at a dinner had listened to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," he argued, "what difference it would make to me even if my grandfather had been an ape."

"Maybe none to you," commented the clergyman, "but I'll bet it must have made a lot of difference to your grandmother."

▲

A San Diego grammar school teacher was forced to separate two little boys at recess. "Sammy," she said, "why did you kick John in the stomach?"

"I couldn't help it—he turned around too quick."

Relay Spelling

by HILDEGARDE WALLS JOHNSON

IN relay spelling, each new word begins with the last three letters of the word it follows.

Below are the definitions of the twenty-five words of this spelling relay, with the first three letters of the first word given as the starting mark. You'll find the answers on page 52.

On the mark! Get set! Go!

1. Good place for sick people. Hos
2. A kind of powder. .....
3. Heaping white clouds. .....
4. Gloss. .....
5. Breach of allegiance to the government .....
6. Fourteen line poem. .....
7. Lower. .....
8. Birthright. .....
9. Small blue flower. .....
10. Cart formerly used in France. .....
11. Unwilling. .....
12. Direct opposite. .....
13. Female relative. .....
14. Member of the tortoise family. .....
15. High point. .....
16. Pertaining to the clergy. .....
17. Steam organ. .....
18. Musical drama. .....
19. Typewriter accessory. .....
20. Discourse from the pulpit. .....
21. One who advises or warns. .....
22. Abundant or tumultuous flow. .....
23. Enslave. .....
24. A compound of metals produced by fusion. .....
25. Faithful. .....

▲

A man and his wife used to have occasional friendly fights. One night after an unusually warm session, the man was sitting on one side of the fire and his wife on the other. Between them lay the cat and dog lazily dozing before the fire. After a while, the wife ventured this remark, "Now, dear, just look at that cat and dog. See how quietly and peacefully they get along together. Why can't we do that?"

"That's all right," said her husband. "But you just tie them together and see what will happen!"

▲

"How did your horse happen to win the race?" a man asked the jockey.

"Well, I just kept whispering in his ear, 'Roses are red, violets are blue—horses that lose are made into glue.' "

▲

Centerpiece

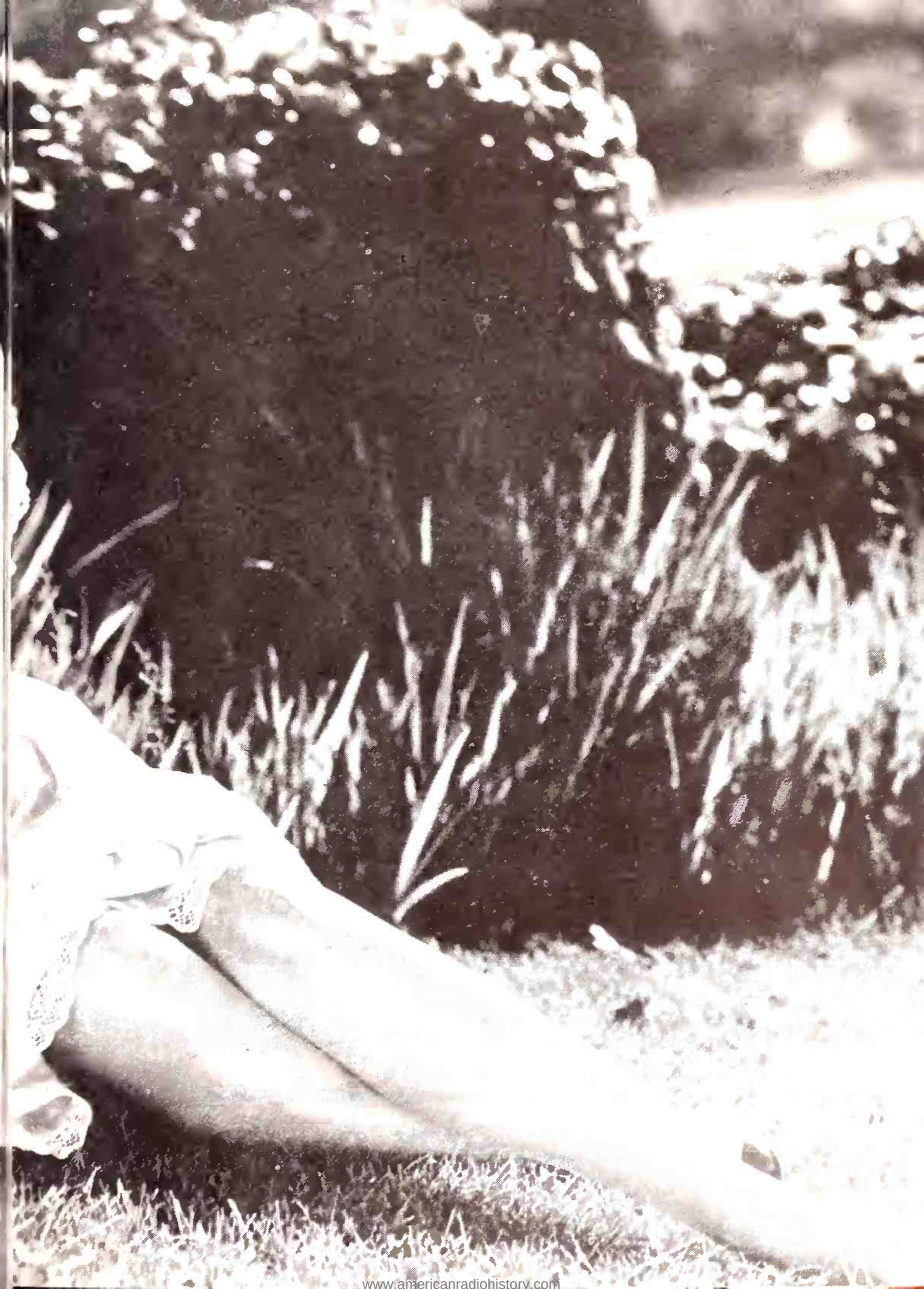
Lovely and charming Marilyn Maxwell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is the answer to many a young man's June-time dreams.

1. Miguel Aleman, president of Mexico, salutes Kansas City admirers.

2. WHB's Dick Smith interviews Mrs. R. W. McCawley, assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Mrs. C. W. Weiss, Jr., Republican National Committeewoman from New York.

3. The National Commander of the American Legion, Paul H. Griffith, tells WHB listeners about veterans' accomplishments.

4. Charles A. Halleck, majority leader of the House of Representatives, in an exclusive statement on Party policy.




WHB

. . . *presenting* CLARENCE R. DECKER

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

SMALL in size, big in stature, Clarence R. Decker is a man of many parts.

A practical visionary, an administrator of tremendous ability and driving vitality, Dr. Decker has built America's youngest university into a very real cultural force making front page educational and political news around the world.

At 33, he was the youngest university president in the United States. At 42, he has just been beaten at tennis by a student for the first time.

Standing five feet, seven and one-half inches tall, and weighing 135 pounds wringing wet, "Deck" can wield a racket, pack a canoe, shoulder a bird gun, or surf-cast on a par with almost any amateur sportsman. He works in his huge garden several hours each day—clad only in swimming trunks. He is inordinately fond of Chaucer, chess, chamber music, and fried fish. The fish he catches himself, and cooks with only slight help.

But the first love, the primary obsession of this very intense person, is the University of Kansas City.

It may come as a shock to many of his friends and associates, but Clarence Decker is an extremely shy man. Large gatherings terrify him. He invents a dozen reasons why it is impossible for him to attend big parties. He develops aches, pains, and assorted ailments at an alarming rate. But in the end, cajoled and managed by his understanding wife, he goes to them. And, once the conversational subject has swung to the University of Kansas City, he is completely in his element. It then becomes a task to get him home again. For the one exception to his rule of reticence is the University. He will speak for it, fight for it, solicit for it, defend it and further it in any possible way, with no thought for himself. Dr. Decker's devotion, his energy and ambition, are the things which have done most to make the University what it is today.

He came to the University thirteen years ago as chairman of the department of English. He had taught previously at the University of North Dakota, Northwestern University, De Paul University, and Illinois Wesleyan University. In January of 1938, he was appointed vice-president of the University of Kansas City, and he took the president's chair six months later. During his entire association with the school he has worked relentlessly and prodigiously toward its expansion and improvement.

What this work has accomplished is more or less common knowledge.

He has succeeded in obtaining substantial gifts. That, after all, is a primary task of the president of every private educational institution.

Further, realizing that no school can become great without a great teaching staff, he has collected a fine faculty of outstanding educators—young, and as he points out, grossly underpaid.

He has supplemented this permanent group with some of the most important figures in the world of education today by means of a "visiting professors" plan which brings to the campus such men as Andre Maurois, Benjamin Fine, Louis Untermeyer, Norman Angell, T. V. Smith, Bernard Pares, and Wallace Atwood. The students, regular faculty members, and the entire community benefit from associations with these men.

He has expanded the school physically, and has superintended its tremendous growth. The University's enrollment has increased from 264 students to 3300, and this year nearly 3000 others were turned away. This is not an inflated enrollment: it is not caused in any real sense by the influx of returned veterans. With the attack on Pearl Harbor the University lost nearly all of its young male students, and it had no special military units on the campus during the war. Yet enrollment climbed steadily. As soon as proper facilities may be developed, the school will handle about 6000 students a year, and will continue to grow. The current peak will be reached about 1950.

Dr. Decker has fostered adult education. It is a project very dear to him. "Like radio," he says, "universities have a tremendous potential in adult education. The surface scarcely has been scratched."

The University now offers a wide range of night school subjects, and has a surprising number of students over 40 and even 50 years old. Decker has cut technicalities to a minimum: anyone may attend any course offered.

Moreover, under Dr. Decker's direction, the University operates on a full schedule. It is open from eight in the morning until ten at night, 12 months out of the year. Its first function is to service the Kansas City area, from which two out of three students are drawn. It does not yet aspire to compete with older institutions on a national basis.

The War brought wonderful changes in education methods, according to Dr. Decker, but the basic aims are unaltered. "As in the time of Plato," he says, "the primary purposes of education are to train people to support themselves, and to fit them for lives as thinking, responsible citizens in what is, at best, a precarious world.

"We've learned that certain studies — languages, for instance — may be speeded up. We were wasting a lot

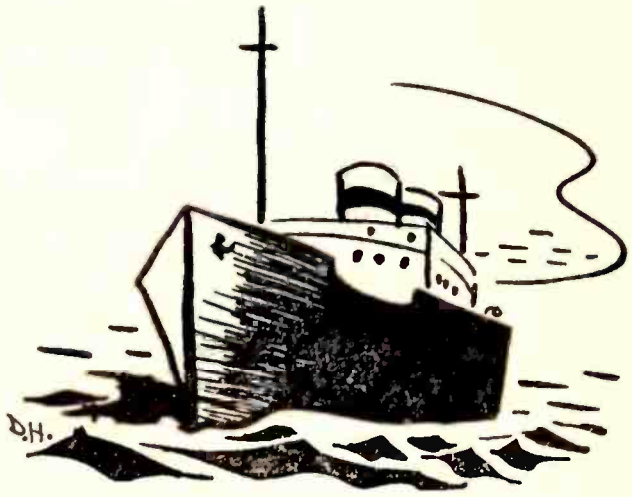
of time. But the reflective courses must be absorbed slowly. In many subjects we only start people on the right track. Real education in philosophy and logic comes with the years."

Dr. Decker believes strongly in these "reflective" courses, and in a sound grounding in the basic knowledges comprising a well-rounded education. For that reason, he has instituted a series of "foundation" courses in fine arts, history and government, physical sciences, biological sciences, and philosophy. In addition to English composition and foreign languages, these are required of all students in the College of Arts, and it is planned to extend the requirements to students in the other colleges.

But the University offers a number of progressive studies, too. A large visual aids department has been created, and all of the advanced methods developed by the military are employed. There is an excellent radio department which teaches microphone techniques, radio acting, script writing, and various phases of production. The department produces six air shows a week, including the popular high school quiz show, *It Pays To Be Smart,* which it presents in cooperation with WHB and the Kansas City Public Schools, and *Our Town Forum,* also in cooperation with WHB.

Dr. Decker, who received his Ph.D at the age of 23, was a precocious boy, and he has always been sensitive about his youth. Since his tennis defeat this spring he likes to say he is a "precocious old man," but there are those who would question that, among them the wide-eyed freshman girl who spoke to him on the campus recently. "Ooooh!" she said, "I'll bet you're at *least* a sophomore!"

Clarence Decker was tennis champion of the Fargo, North Dakota, Y. M. C. A. at the age of 15, and he is still proud of it. He was a Phi Beta



Kappa at Carleton College, and president of the student body. In 1924, he won the national collegiate oratorical contest. Those are the early achievements you might expect to find in a college president's past. What you wouldn't expect to find is membership in the "Royal Riders of the Rods"—result of having bummed 20,000 miles on the steps, blinds, and rods of railroads during 1924 and 1925.

He visited the art galleries of England and Scotland. He got there, however, by cattleboat. Later he studied in various continental universities, principally the University of Berlin, and traveled over most of Europe and Asia Minor, largely by his wits.

In 1937, he married Mary Bell Sloan, Bloomington, Illinois, in the University of Chicago chapel. They had been friends for a long time. She

had audited some of his English classes, and had collaborated with him on a novel which was published in both the United States and England.

Mrs. Decker has taken perfectly to the rather trying business of playing wife to a college president, something of a tribute to her ability to live in a goldfish bowl.

She is a charming and competent hostess, able to make poets, politicians, and sophomore boys feel at ease. She manages to get Dr. Decker to appointments on time, and is an accomplished pianist. This last is particularly important to her husband, because Dr. Decker began studying violin at the age of four, and it is still one of his greatest diversions. Since he suffers from insomnia, the Deckers often descend to the living room at midnight for a couple of hours of Mozart followed by bacon and eggs, which the Doctor prepares personally.

His love of music led him to found, in 1935, the Kansas City Chamber Music Society, which has brought most of the world's great ensembles to the city.

Getting places on time is also important to Dr. Decker. The key to his success is his almost unbelievable ability to concentrate. He is able to think about the problem on hand to the exclusion of all else. This is a valuable attribute, but it occasionally causes him to miss trains. Once, when some exceptionally important dignitaries were coming for dinner, and elaborate preparations had been made to entertain them, Dr. Decker failed to arrive home in time to dress. When dinner had waited more than three-quarters of an hour, Mrs. Decker sent a searching party after her husband. He was discovered in the recreation hall, playing chess with a student. His complete concentration obliterated all thoughts of dinner, social obligations, time, and the outside world.

The University of Kansas City was recently in the news, when it conferred an honorary LL.D. degree upon Miguel Aleman, President of Mexico. The ceremony grew out of a trip the Deckers took to Mexico City in 1938, and a stormy meeting there with Salomon de la Selva, Nicaraguan poet and close friend of Aleman who was not yet President. De la Selva and Dr. Decker met at a small party, and almost immediately fell into a bitter argument over United States' foreign policy. Later, the Deckers drove de la Selva to his home, in frigid silence. Out of courtesy, he asked them in. Out of courtesy, they accepted. He introduced his brother, a famous painter, and the four began a spirited discussion of Mexican and American art. That led to literature, music and more international politics, and an all-night bull session. They parted great friends.

Several years later, de la Selva visited the Deckers in Kansas City. He and Dr. Decker sat up nearly all of another night, again talking about the idea of bringing a President of Mexico to the United States as a way of dramatizing the friendly relations that could develop between the two countries.

"Nobody really thought of it first," Mrs. Decker says. "It was just one of those crazy ideas that seemed good."

The war postponed the idea. Then Aleman, de la Selva's good friend, became President and the crazy idea popped up again. It was proposed that the Mexican President visit the Middle West, tour some of the model farms of this region, receive an honorary degree at the University of Kansas City as the climax of the trip. Protocol changed and supplemented many of the original plans. The White House had to come first. But, on May 7, Miguel Aleman stepped before President Decker to receive his degree.

It was the second honorary degree the University has conferred. The first was received two years ago by President Truman, on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of the School of Law, which he had attended as a student many years before its absorption by the University.

The Aleman ceremony went off without a hitch, but at least one interesting behind-the-scenes incident occurred. Dr. Decker, in an attempt to escape diplomatic demands for a short time, retired to his garden. Just then a formal and effervescent group of Mexican officials arrived at his home. They had been entertained there previously in great state, and knew the lay of the land. Off they went to the garden.

Mrs. Decker, helpless to stave off what she knew would come next, convulsed in quiet hysterics.

And the delegation found Deck. They found him in bathing trunks, hoeing his radishes!

What followed was a little confusing. There was mutual embarrassment, of course, dissipated when Dr. Decker gravely offered each of the visitors a radish.

This then is the man who heads the University of Kansas City. He is a hoer of radishes, a catcher of fish, a reader and writer of books. He is a musician, teacher, thinker, leader. A small man with a large future—Clarence Decker!

▲

Macmillan's, the book publishers, received a wooden box. It smelled like ham. It weighed like ham. Appetites sharpened in the editorial offices. Everyone gathered round as the editor lifted out—not ham—but the eleven-pound manuscript of *Forever Amber*.

▲

A suitcase from Ernest Hemingway arrived at Charles Scribner's & Sons. But no key. The editor could hardly wait to read the new manuscript and he wired Mr. Hemingway, hunting in Idaho, time and again. But no answers. Finally, the editors could wait no longer. He called in a locksmith. At last the cover was flung back. But no manuscript. Only shoes and suits to be stored until Mr. Hemingway's arrival.

Calling Dr. Post

WHENEVER a newcomer enters politics or show business his first discovery, after realizing the choice was sheer insanity, is that he is the principal victim of the liberties contained in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. That is to say, victim of all such reference to freedom of speech and freedom of the press.

Show me a novice angel to show business whose property has been damned by a critic and I'll show you another crusader out to run some self-styled newspaper pundit off the face of the globe. They argue, and with fierce logic and some sane reasoning, that it is sinful, inequitable, treasonable and plain ratty of such persons to write pieces which injure and often kill their enterprises.

Whenever they present their arguments they all cite the same considerable defense, and almost inevitably concur that no other business on the American scene gets the shoddy treatment vented by the press as that lofty citadel of culture, the legitimate theater. To be sure, the movies are critically inspected in a sort of sand-bagging way but inasmuch as flesh theaters only spend money by the dime's worth, the public has been educated to look to the dramatic columns for the real blood-letting pieces.

Maybe the impressarios are right. Could Business America take the autopsies and post mortems accorded the shows? And if the same attention was accorded them, what would the yawning advertising coulmns do to sustain the life of a newspaper?

Without striving to be too earnest about such an eventuality, let's take a few random enterprises and put them under critical glasses and then reflect on the pulse beats of the board of directors.

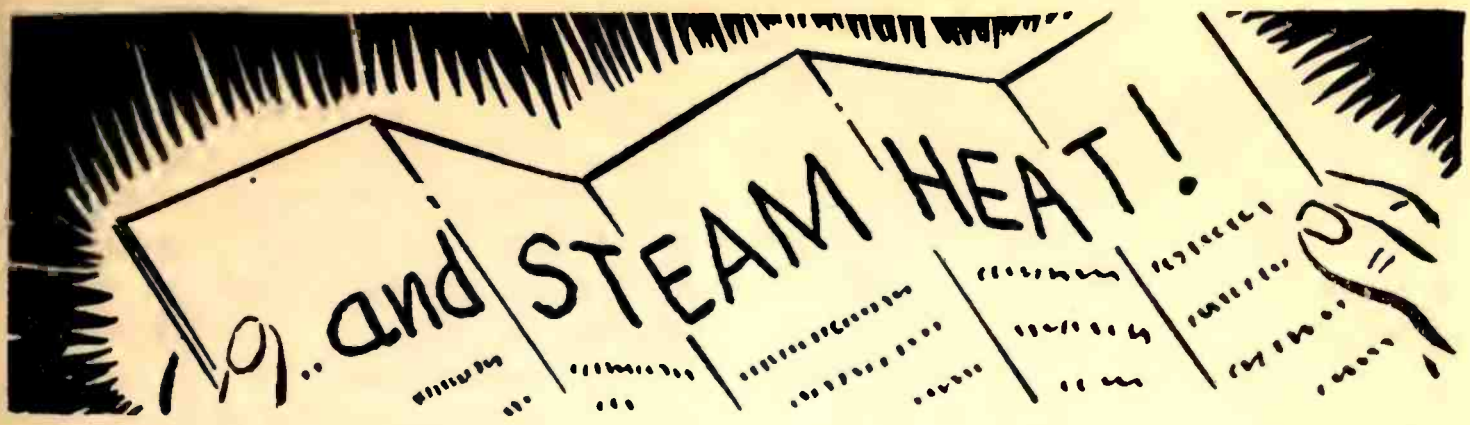
The financial editor's review would doubtless impart a personal touch and all the prejudices incurred by the writer's forebears. It would be dangerous to allow a financial reporter a *carte blanc* authority. The result would unquestionably come out something like this:

> "Depositors along LaSalle street cringed in terror yesterday with the announcement of the merger of the Basin Street and First American banks, two pillars of pilfer which have monopolized the local banking business scene for generations. The union brings under one roof an assortment of bandits, con men, widow-strippers and coin magicians as gifted in double-talk as Houdini was in double joints.
>
> "The doors were scarcely opened under the new combination when it became apparent that the practice of usury, trick entries, phoney deductions and heartless foreclosures were proceeding with double speed and thoroughness. The cuspidors shone as brilliantly as the seats on the pants of the suckers struggling to retrieve a little folding . . . etc., etc."

The Market Basket Editor would have a field day reporting his beat, to wit:

> "The A.B.C. Market opened store No. 106 yesterday exactly like the system operates its string of grocery store asylums. Pushing, snarls and bad manners were the chief commodities and complexes were as superior as merchandise was inferior. Butchers and vegetable counter clerks had a grand lark playing snobs and weighing their hands with every sale. The order of the day was short weight and short change. A typical day at good old A.B.C."

Of course, the newspapers, when they branch out to weigh the values and merits of other vital items for sale, will have some nice subjects to deal with when they cover public utilities, real estate, transportation, religion and even the conduct of professional men. Put them all together for a general appraisal and a *Variety* headline writer might be impelled to caption such a review with a slight variation another of its memorable banner lines, thus: "America Lays an Egg."—*Marion Odmark.*



The nation's first playground may not have the kitchen sink—but it has everything else, including hot water.

by JETTA CARLETON

THE United States has 169 national parks, and all of them have scenery and fish and flora and fauna and a bunch of stuff that qualifies them as national parks. But in the northwestern corner of Wyoming there's a park which is to all others as a Ziegfeld production was to most other musical comedies.

Yellowstone Park has everything and lots of it. It's the first, the biggest, the most varied, and the most spectacular of all the natural show places in the country. Besides its geysers and grizzly bears it has a great big lake, the largest in the northern hemisphere to be so high up (almost 8,000 feet); a river with two or three waterfalls, one of them nearly twice as high as Niagara, a flock of good sized mountains; the fossil forests of Amethyst Mountain; its own Grand Canyon; more steam than a Turkish bath; and hot and cold running water.

If the wonders of Yellowstone aren't an old story to you, it's simply that you aren't a tourist, don't know any tourists, never sat in someone's darkened living room while they ran off colored movies, and haven't read any magazines for the last several decades.

People have been writing about Yellowstone since long before it became a park. Jim Bridger used to put it down in pictograph, at least, as early as 1830, with a piece of charcoal and a buffalo skin. Then along came one David E. Folsom who in 1869 wrote an account of an expedition to the Yellowstone country and sent it to several Eastern magazines. All of them turned it down. *Lippincott's,* that venerable publication, sent it back with a terse little reminder that "we do not publish fiction."

Folsom's article finally appeared, in Chicago's *Western Monthly,* in July, 1870, after the editors had deleted all the passages they considered too incredible. That was sixty-three years after John Colter had wandered alone and on foot into the Yellowstone country to become its discoverer, and the very year of its first really effective and official exploration. The Folsom-Cook Expedition of 1869 spearheaded the movement for the Washburn-Doane Expedition of 1870.

By the time General Henry D. Washburn had made his reports, Yellowstone was considered news fit to print. *The New York Times*, no less, came out with an editorial on October 14, 1870, insisting that although reports of that astounding region read like a "child's fairy tale," they were undeniably true. The *Times* even went so far as to describe some of the bona fide wonders, adding, however, that such a name as "Hell-broth Springs" was in "questionable taste."

Bad taste or not, "hell" was a term applicable to many parts of the "Land of Burning Mountains," as the Indians called it. They also called it the "Land of Yellow Stones." But they seldom went near it. They figured that was where the evil spirits lived, and it was too much for them. Later, when the white man had instructed them in the meaning of hell, they knew just where it was. In the East the region was known for years as "Colter's Hell." As for Colter himself, he was considered all kinds of a liar, and so were most of the early explorers of the Yellowstone country. Those days passed, and everybody believes the tales now.

But there's no believing like seeing. And to see Yellowstone Park is—for all the ga-ga prose and the corny verse written about it—still quite an experience.

Yellowstone is what it is, thanks to a few geological periods, the Department of the Interior, and various park companies. The Cretaceous and Tertiary periods and thousands of years of glaciers worked on the northwestern corner of Wyoming to make it a natural for a national park. Volcanic action heaved up a mountain rim around an enormous basin. A few million years later a couple of volcanic bursts half-filled the basin, creating a plateau. The Ice Age scooped and hollowed its way through volcanic materials—and there it was, ready and waiting for the United States Government to turn it into a national park. The region had to wait several thousand years, but it had plenty of time.

The government's first action that even remotely concerned Yellowstone was the Louisiana Purchase. This gave the United States a section of western and northwestern country from which the Territory of Idaho was formed in 1863. The next year, the Territory of Montana was carved out of the Territory of Idaho, and in 1868 the Territory of Wyoming was in turn carved from Montana.

Meanwhile, Yellowstone had been discovered in 1807, and on March 1, 1872, the Department of the Interior took over officially when President Grant signed the bill creating the first national park in the United States.

The idea for a national park is credited first of all to David Folsom. But it took root firmly around a campfire one night during the Washburn expedition. According to the record, it was the night of September 19, 1870, when discussion arose concerning Yellowstone and its park possibilities. One of the party's backers, Nathaniel P. Langford, was smitten with the idea. He became one of the chief agitators for turning Yellowstone into an official preserve "for

the benefit and enjoyment of the people," and later was appointed its first superintendent, *sans* remuneration. He worked so loyally in behalf of national parks in general that he became familiarly known as "National Park" Langford instead of Nathaniel P.

Once the park bill had the presidential signature, the long battle for appropriations began. None were granted until 1878, despite the efforts of innumerable Congressmen and others. Then Congress set aside a mere ten thousand dollars for Yellowstone Park. Meanwhile, things hadn't gone too well in that national wilderness. The police force was sadly inadequate, and wild life was taking a beating at the hands of visitors. It wasn't until 1894 that legislation was secured for something like adequate protection of the park and a more thorough administration.

Yellowstone Park covers an area 62 miles long, 56 miles wide, most of it Wyoming. A small section now lies in Montana, and a sliver in Idaho.

In the early days, almost every entry into the Yellowstone country was made via Helena. It was quite a trick even to reach Helena. Montana had no railroad; the nearest railroad point was Corinne, Utah, five hundred miles away. Wells, Fargo ran daily stages between those two points, and the trip took four days. In the summertime it was possible to reach Fort Benton, 140 miles north of Helena, by boat up the Missouri River. From the Fort one traveled to Helena on a stagecoach that ran three times a week. It was 3,100 miles from St. Louis to Fort Benton, a trip that took four to eight weeks. Boat fare alone cost one hundred dollars.

Today Yellowstone—to say nothing of Helena and the whole of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming—is accessible from every direction and by every means. The west entrance, not far from Old Faithful, is served by the Union Pacific Railroad.

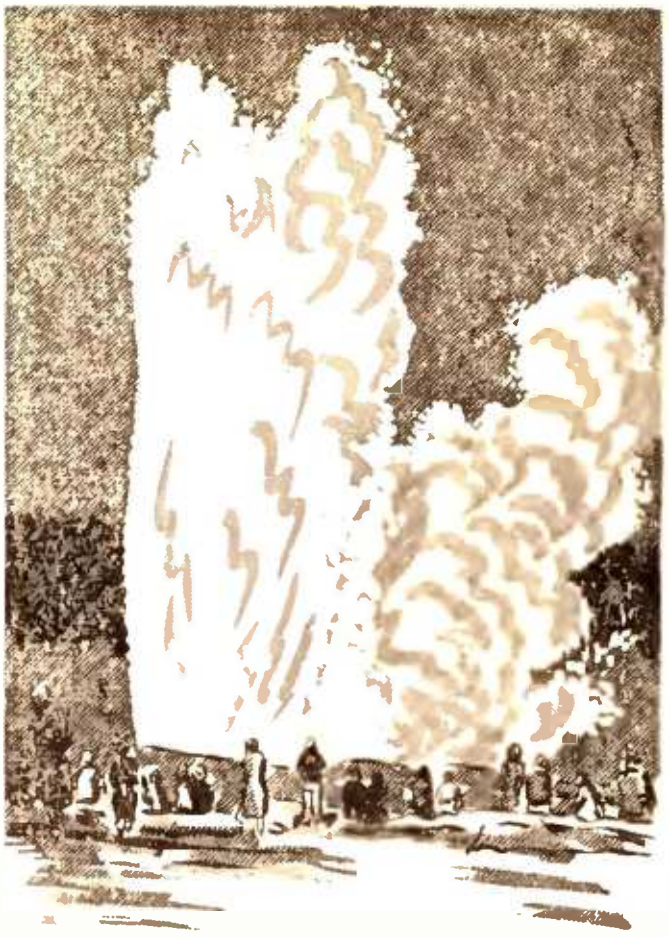
In the park alone, three hundred miles of excellent roads wind through the scenery, in addition to nine hundred miles of horseback trails, so that the traveler may view the natural wonders as close as nature and the park rangers will allow.

Park visitors are classified under two headings. If you drive your own car and pitch your tent in any of the fifteen or more free camping areas, you're a sagebrusher. If you arrive by bus, train, or plane, and live in one of the hotels or lodges, consider yourself a dude.

Something like 500,000 dudes and sagebrushers flock into Yellowstone Park each year. During the war, of course, the number decreased. But it picked right up again. Within a few days after V-J Day, travel to many of our national parks had doubled. That's how much the people want to see the sights. And at Yellowstone Park there are more

than its share of sights to see.

As scenery goes, Yellowstone is literally hot stuff. Since it is an old volcanic region, its beauty is based on steam. The geysers are the park's number one attraction, as well they might be, since they are found in only two other places in the world. They were known first in Iceland. "Geyser" derives from the Icelandic word meaning "to gush." New Zealand also has geysers. But neither of their regions is so large or so active as the geyser region of Yellowstone. In six large basins, the park lets off steam by means of several thousand geysers, mud springs, and mud volcanoes.



OUR BACK COVER picture this month is the world's most famous geyser, Old Faithful. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

To make steam, both heat and water are necessary. For Yellowstone geysers the heat is supplied by molten masses of rock lying not too far below the surface. These are leftovers from that ancient volcanic period. A couple of scientists not long ago found that 265 feet below the ground the steam had a temperature of 400 degrees. The weather, along with nearby lakes and streams, supplies the water. As the moisture sinks into crevices of the earth, it is heated by the molten rock. There's your steam, and it has to come out somewhere. The geysers are its outlet. They are a sort of tube through which the steam rises. However, since cold water also descends by means of that same tube, pressure builds up, until finally the steam wins out and escapes with a roar, sending the water hundreds of feet into the air with perhaps mud and rocks along with it. Then the whole process begins all over again.

Some geysers put on a regular show for the crowd. Old Faithful, a name almost synonymous with Yellowstone, erupts on an average of every 65 minutes. For almost a million times since its discovery in 1870—and for thousands of years before that—it has hurled water 120 to 170 feet into the air for four minutes at a time. The park's largest geysers, the Giant and the Giantress, throw water to a height of 250 feet. But the Giant plays only once in every seven to fifteen days, and the Giantess only once or twice a year. Occasionally a geyser blows itself out. This happened to the one called Excelsior, which used to rise to a height of 300 feet. In 1888, after some fancy erupting that tore loose huge rocks and hurled them

up, it exploded, sending out a column of water reported to have been fifty feet wide. That just about finished Excelsior. Two years later it retired, and now only a large crater of boiling water marks the spot.

The hot water that boils through Yellowstone has created another of its salient phenomena. This is the terraces or Mammoth Hot Springs—gigantic deposits formed of limestone deposits brought up by the water. Close to the west shore of Yellowstone Lake there's another boiling spring enclosed by cone shaped rock walls that rise from the bottom of the lake. This is the Fishing Cone. In the good old days, fishermen could catch and cook a trout with a couple of flips of the line. But the Park Service finally put a stop to the cooking.

In addition to its thermal marvels, Yellowstone has its share of mountains and forests. The naturalist, John Muir, once wrote that it had "hills of sulphur, hills of glass, hills of cinder and ashes, and mountains boiled soft like potatoes and colored like a sunset sky." He wasn't wrong. All these hills exist in Yellowstone, the result of volcanic action. The glass mountain is Obsidian Cliff, a huge hunk of natural glass, dark and brittle, formed by the sudden cooling of lava. On Amethyst Mountain geologists have found buried forests, twelve of them, one on top of the other, each having grown above the lava that covered its predecessor.

Riding, boating, and fishing are perhaps the chief occupations in the park. Visitors may fish without a license, but fish caught inside park boundaries and taken outside are subject to the laws of whatever state you are entering. The individual limit is fifteen pounds of fish, dressed weight, including the heads and tails, plus one fish which may not exceed a total of ten fish. (You'll find full information in the National Park Service bulletin, a guide which every prospective visitor to Yellowstone should have. The Department of the Interior, National Park Service, Chicago 54, Illinois, will send you a copy free.)

One of the commonest varieties of fish found in Yellowstone is the cutthroat trout. It got its name because of a peculiar marking that resembles—well, a cut throat. Strangely enough, this fish found east of the Rockies is actually native to the Pacific regions. It is a close relative of the Pacific Coast Salmon. Scientists have decided it probably came east via Two Ocean Pass—a stream which emerges in a meadow in Yellowstone, there divides, and sends its waters toward both the eastern and the western oceans.

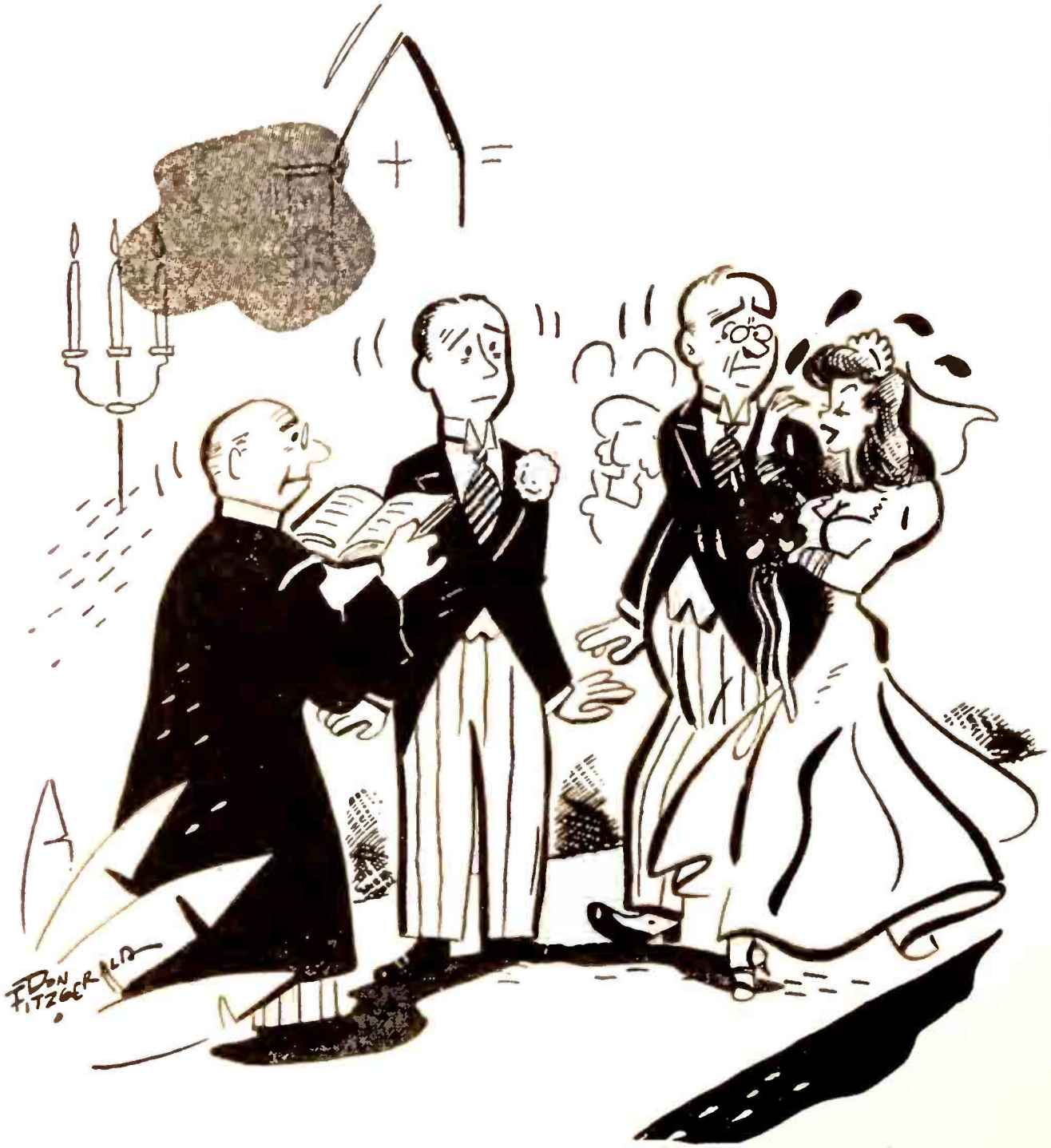
Time was when a major occupation of park visitors was watching the bears fed. But since 1945, artificial feeding has been discontinued. This was done to prevent an unnatural concentration of the large bear population, to give them a more natural setting, and in some measure to protect the tourists. The bears were getting too friendly in their own clumsy way, and sometimes they didn't know their own strength.

Visitors are forbidden to feed the bears or even make a friendly gesture toward them. They are also for-

bidden to produce a piece of soap around a hot spring, and don't let this give you ideas. You may not do the family wash in any hot spring, even if Owen Wister did, back in 1887. Soap, it seems, makes a hot spring or geyser do unpredictable, sometimes drastic things. It does something to the rhythm and the structure of the steam vents that upsets them temperamentally.

The story goes that a Chinaman once set up a laundry over a spring near Old Faithful. So much steam and hot water, he figured, should be put to use. The good man got all set for business, put the first bundle of dirty clothes into the spring, and up went laundry, Chinaman, and all.

So remember, when you visit Yellowstone this summer—no soap!



"I love him—I love him not—I love him—I—"

Joe knew a good joke when he heard one—or did he?

by RUTH CHESSMAN

"CARL," Jerome said, "you've got no right to look so sophomoric. Leave that to your son. Get yourself a paunch and a cane and settle down."

Carl Smith seemed amused at the pleasantry, but he said nothing. Instead, he looked around Jerome's severely expensive office, stared at the law books as if he expected to see someone hiding there. Jerome watched him uncomfortably.

"Where's Joe?" Carl asked finally. "Isn't Joe meeting with us this year?"

Jerome jerked his two chins as if his collar had suddenly got too tight. "Good old Joe," he murmured.

"Not dead, is he?" Carl asked quickly.

"Very much alive," Jerome said.

Carl looked at Jerome thoughtfully. "Born a lawyer, you were," he remarked. "Can't hoe a straight row, even conversationally." He continued to look at Jerome, who pursed his lips and said nothing.

At last Carl said, "I deduce that good old Joe isn't going to be here to celebrate our good old 27th anniversary of graduating from good old Harvard?"

"Good old Joe," Jerome said, by way of reply.

"I'm glad I'm a farmer," Carl said fervently. "Glad I raised my son to be a farmer. Dammit, Jerome, what's the matter with Joe? You two legal bigshots finally step on each other's toes?"

"Oh, no," Jerome said. "We just aren't speaking.'

"I can't believe it," Carl said.

"Joe's serious about it," Jerome said. "In a way I don't blame him."

Carl grunted. "If you admit that much yourself, you must have done Joe a great wrong."

"You're a hard man, Smith," Jerome said facetiously. Then he added gravely, "I wish, though, that you could patch it up between us. I miss him, and I miss seeing Edith, too. Naturally you can't be friends with a man's wife and not be speaking to him, can you?"

"Not very comfortably," Carl said. "Let's have it."

Jerome pushed a box of expensive cigars at him. "I was only doing my duty, Jedge," he said plaintively.

"You don't seem to take it very seriously," Carl said, holding the unlighted cigar and looking hard at the fat man behind the desk. "Your closest friend, you lose his friendship

after all this time, and you sit there and kid about it."

"Just to hide my aching heart," Jerome said. "No, seriously, Carl. I feel rotten about it, really I do. But it was something I had to do. Maybe you can get him to shake hands and be friends. But the truth is, Joe was making a fool of himself over some woman and it seemed to me the best thing to do would be to tell Edith. So I did."

Carl looked scandalized.

"Oh, I know you're not supposed to tell the wife," Jerome admitted uncomfortably. "This sort of thing is always supposed to blow over, especially when it comes on at our age —they call it the dangerous age, don't they? But this woman had her hooks into him pretty deep, and they were all heading for trouble, Carl, Edith and their younger daughter, too —just got herself engaged, you know."

"So you told Edith," Carl said contemptuously, "and Edith told Joe you told her, and Joe won't speak to you?"

"Well—in a way," Jerome said, looking hard at the ash on his cigar. "I told Edith, but I told him, too. What happened was one Sunday morning when we had a golfing date I got the two of them together. I said I hated to do this, but I was the closest friend they had, and it might hurt now but it would be all for the best. And I told them all the town knew about this woman. And that she was a gold digger but that Joe couldn't seem to see it."

"Joe must have loved that," Carl commented.

"He didn't take it like I'd hoped," Jerome admitted. "The one thing he hadn't wanted was for Edith to find out, of course. He thought, in his innocence, that he was just being a gay old dog, and never suspected for an instant that this woman would ever be able to force his hand."

"And Edith?" Carl asked, adding, "I grant you my share of that. Weeping women! I can't stand them."

"Edith didn't weep," Jerome said quietly. "She laughed."

"Laughed? Oh—hysteria."

"No, she was amused. She laughed and laughed until the tears came to her eyes. Every time she could stop laughing she'd say something like, 'Joe, darling!' or 'I don't believe it, I can't!' or 'Joe, the great lover!' and then she'd go off into another gale."

"What a sense of humor!" Carl said.

"It did the trick," Jerome said reminiscently. "After awhile Joe began to chuckle, then before he knew it he was roaring away with her. Naturally, he couldn't take any love affair of his seriously after he and his wife had laughed over it together —now, could he?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, that's why he's not talking to me," Jerome said. "It's an injustice. I saved his marriage. But, I guess the truth of it is," he concluded sadly, "I hurt his pride."

"And lucky that's all you hurt," Carl said sternly. "You took a steep chance."

"Well, no," Jerome said judiciously. "I didn't at all. I had been to Edith earlier in the week with the story and she asked me to tell them

both on Sunday. As I did. You don't suppose," he asked brightly, "that she'd planned it all just as it happened, do you?"

Carl took a few extra cigars and slipped them into his pocket. Then he stood up. He exchanged a long look with Jerome.

"All right," he said. "I'll take a leaf out of Edith's book. I'll see if I can get good old Joe to laugh at you, too."

He started out of the office, then at the door turned and added, "That ought to be easy."

"—And here's our special for the month of June."

Mythellaneous

A confirmed woman-hater looked up from the piece of wood he was whittling by the old cracker barrel.

"Women wouldn't be here except for a little misunderstanding," he snarled. "The Lord came down from the sky one day and asked Adam how things were going. Adam felt a little persnickety that day and said, 'Lord, you ain't giving me no company.'

" 'That's right,' said the Lord. 'Maybe what you need is a nice woman.'

"Adam turned white at that and said, 'Aw, Lord, can't you take a rib?'

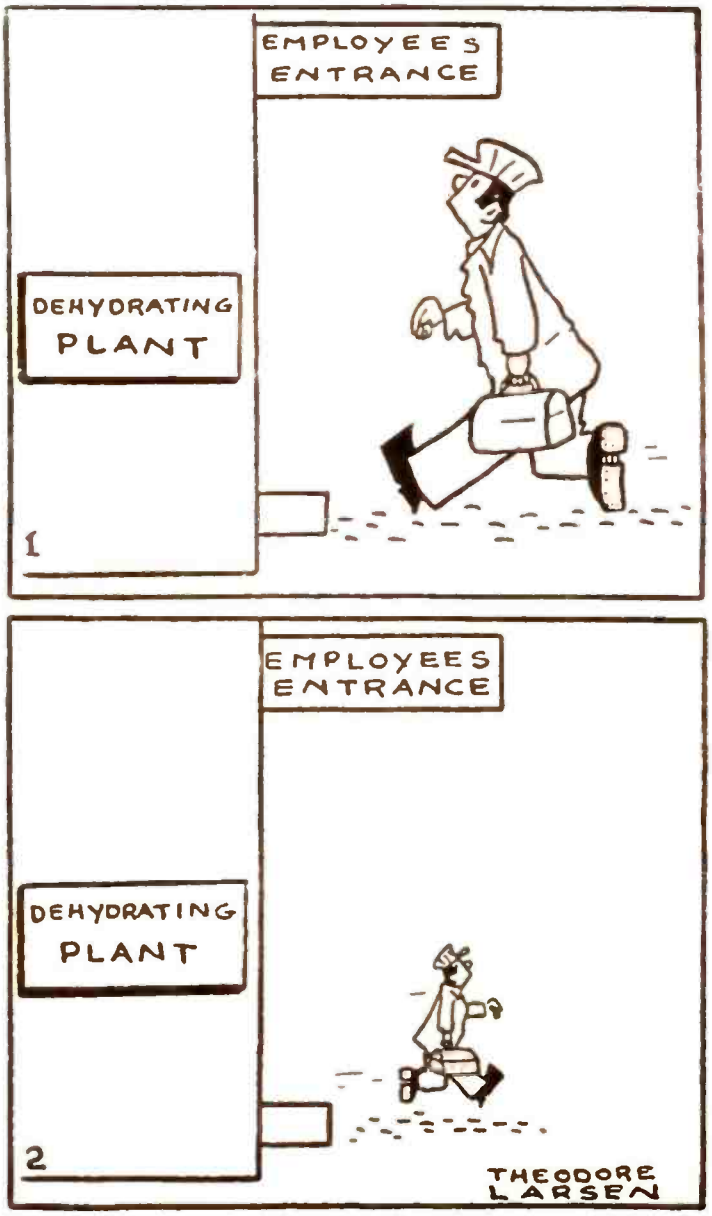
"And that's just what the Lord did. The next day Eve put in her appearance, and you fellers know the rest of the terrible story."

▲

A taxi driver whose fixed fee is seventy-five cents for the trip from a certain hotel in Washington to the Navy Department Building received just that amount from a prosperous looking customer.

"That's correct, isn't it?" the man asked as the cabby stared at the three quarters.

"It's correct," answered the cabby, "but it ain't right."



Relay Spelling

ANSWERS

1. Hospital
2. Talcum
3. Cumulus
4. Lustre
5. Treason
6. Sonnet
7. Nether
8. Heritage
9. Ageratum
10. Tumbrel
11. Reluctant
12. Antithesis
13. Sister
14. Terrapin
15. Pinnacle
16. Clerical
17. Calliope
18. Opera
19. Eraser
20. Sermon
21. Monitor
22. Torrent
23. Enthrall
24. Alloy
25. Loyal

▲

A wolf is like a modern dry cleaner —works fast and leaves no ring.

▲

One morning a small boy living on a farm ran to his mother, crying because the other children in the neighborhood had gone on to school without him and he would have to walk the trip alone. "Sure," said the mother, "they have gone ahead, but they haven't taken the road with them."

Tillers of the SOUL

by JOEL LONGACRE

The farmer-minister brings new hope to rural religion.

OUT in the sweep of the Missouri countryside there is an incipient revolution in rural life which promises to spread far beyond the borders of the state.

The center of this revolution is in the Bible College of Missouri and the Agricultural College of the University of Missouri, both in Columbia.

They're beginning to train ministers especially for the rural churches, men equipped by education not only to minister to the needs of the soul but to the needs of the soil—men trained to help farmers to better agricultural methods.

The plight of the rural churches—centers of community life in the country—long has plagued religious leaders.

The Bible College appears to have found the answer.

The College, established by the Disciples of Christ, with grounds, buildings and endowment estimated to be worth $350,000 created by gifts of members of the Christian Church, decided to mark its fiftieth anniversary by developing the key to healthy, active rural churches.

Dr. Carl Agee, the dean of the Bible College, calls it a "radically new" plan. It's different from anything ever tried before because it places an equal emphasis on training a man in agriculture and other phases of rural life, as well as in religion.

Dean Agee says that for years leaders in religious life in rural communities have been ill-prepared, or have taken to the rural work only because they were unsuccessful in other phases of the religious field.

As a result, rural churches have sickened and died. The growing network of all-weather roads has offered escape of sincere rural lay members to town churches. The effect goes much deeper than a decaying church building. That decay deals the community a terrific jolt—for in the church was one of its great centers of interest.

Dean Agee says that the college plan to establish a course aiming at a degree of "Master of Rural Religious Life" promises to put new spirit into country community religion by providing leaders who not only are capable of teaching religious values, but who also understand and are sympathetic with the everyday problems facing the farmer. They will be qualified to advise him on crop rotation, animal husbandry, contour farming and a dozen other vital agricultural topics.

It's a two part plan. In the first place, it aims at providing a new type of minister for rural parishes. In the second place, it also expects to aid in the development of rural communities so they will be able to support such well-trained and understanding ministers in a suitable and comfortable manner.

County and district groups in Missouri are being urged to adopt the "Lord's Acre" plan, with each member of the community devoting the produce and proceeds from one acre of his land to the church. Funds obtained by that plan will go to the minister, who will also have a modern, well-equipped farm and home furnished by the community.

Last September, six students began to study toward the newly created degree. And 30 more will begin the course next fall.

Dr. Agee says that several students should receive the degree in 1949. When they get their sheepskins, they will have completed a four-year course leading to a Bachelor of Science degree in agriculture, which includes some work in religion. Then they are susbjected to one year of intensive study in religion on the graduate level.

Meantime, the trail is being blazed for them. The Reverend Gene W. Wetherell, a Methodist, on August 1, 1945, received a call to work as "Extension Minister for the Rural Church" as a part of the Bible College plan. A 40-year-old farm-trained minister, Wetherell went to work with the entire state as his parish.

It was the first time in its history that the resources of the College were placed behind the support of anyone other than a Disciple.

Wetherell is spending his time developing demonstration churches in each of the major denominations and working on one inter-denominational situation where four churches might be led to cooperation. He reports that his work has received a hearty welcome from the rural areas over the state.

He's known from the "boot-heel" in the southern section of the state to the northwestern corner. His extension ministry was the first office of its kind ever created. In his travels he encourages rural groups to adopt the "Lord's Acre" plan; enlists students for study at the Bible College, a non-sectarian institution despite its supporting faith; and spots prospective parishes for eventual graduates in the course in rural religious life.

Too, Gene Wetherell has been doctoring quite a few rural churches back to health.

Dean Agee says that the farmer-minister plan was conceived orginially to serve Missouri. But now he believes it will spread over the country, for he has been receiving inquiries from other states and from Canada.

Agee believes that this move to provide a trained ministry to interest itself in agricultural problems may mean "a revolution in rural life." He foresees the time—what with the REA raising the standards of rural

home life—when it may be more desirable to live in small rural communities near fair-sized towns than to live in large cities.

The rebirth of the rural church is vital. Listen to a part of one of Gene Wetherell's reports:

"The most neglected areas in the life of rural people of Missouri are the spiritual and social. The closing of country churches has left many communities without moral and spiritual guidance and with no center for social life. This lack has caused our farm communtities to lose many of their most intelligent young people."

Wetherell's advice on agricultural problems is sought after by farmers. It's a change from the boyhood he recalls. Then the ministers seldom were drawn into such talk because it was believed their purpose was to administer to the soul.

"The ministers we train here will be more than peddlers of sectarian religion," Agee will tell you. "They will be men who know rural life and who go to a community to develop its life in all phases."

Wetherell, while extension minister, symbolizes those who will receive the new degree. He grew up on a farm in Callaway County, Missouri's famous "Kingdom of Callaway." He was a 4-H club member. Farm earning helped pay for his ministerial training. He has served both rural and urban churches.

As for the good roads which lead farm folk away from decaying country churches, Wetherell has an answer:

Those same roads will lead them back to the country churches, once the rural centers of worship get the shot in the arm the Bible College program aims to give it.

▲

Vacationer's Diary

Only ten lines apportioned
Today's events to record?

But I saw Yellowstone Canyon—
Centuries and centuries old—
An eastern sky at morning
Rich with painted gold;

I saw Old Faithful geyser
Erupt its misty spray—
Imagine ten lines recording
The events of such a day!

Billie Williams.

▲

An eighty-year-old man was as unconscious of his age as a youngster. One cold day he came in wet and muddy from his knees down. "I wanted to cross the creek to see about the cow," he explained. "I used to jump it clear and easy, but now every time I try, I land in the middle. Guess I just ain't noticed it getting wider."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

HIGH BARBAREE—Van Johnson, June Allyson, Thomas Mitchell, Marilyn Maxwell. When his Navy Catalina flying boat, "High Barbaree," is forced down in the South Pacific, Alex Brooke (Johnson) unfolds a past romance to his navigator. His earliest ambition had been to become a doctor. Through the years, he and his childhood sweetheart, Nancy (June Allyson), drifted apart, and he dropped his medical studies. Nancy learned of his engagement to someone else, and left for nursing duty in the South Pacific. Alec then broke his engagement and resumed his medical studies, until the outbreak of war. As Alec tells the story, he and the navigator grow weaker. In the final scene, the two Navy men are rescued, and guess who turns up on the rescue ship to make a very pat ending for an otherwise good film.

UNDERCOVER MAISIE — Ann Sothern, Barry Nelson, Mark Daniels. A new job with the police force finds Maisie working to expose a gang of dangerous confidence men. She assumes a brunette glamour disguise to get her evidence, but it is a little too thin, and the gang lures Maisie into a trap. She is taken to the hideaway, where she overhears a plan to put her out of the way. However, ingenious Maisie has left a trail, and at the last minute is rescued by the two police force members who have been jockeying for her attentions all along. Maisie is Maisie is Maisie.

THE ARNELO AFFAIR — John Hodiak, George Murphy, Frances Gifford. Neglected by her busy husband (Murphy), Anne Parkson is fascinated by gangster Tony Arnelo (Hodiak). One of Tony's ex-flames is murdered, and the only clue is a vanity case with the engraved initial "A." Anne's husband finds a key to Tony's apartment in his wife's pocket, and suspects her of the murder. Anne, caught in a web of circumstances, tries to commit suicide at the same time that Tony is forced to confess his crime. Anne's life is saved, and she and her husband start life anew.

R-K-O

THE WOMAN ON THE BEACH —Joan Bennett, Robert Ryan, Charles Bickford. Although discharged from a naval hospital as cured, Lieutenant Scott Burnett (Ryan) is tortured by recurring nightmares to such an extent that he postpones his approaching marriage. Touring the beach, he meets Peggy Butler (Miss Bennett), whose husband is blind. After Scott and Peggy become infatuated with each other, things begin to happen. Scott lets the blind man fall over a cliff, but the fall isn't fatal. Later, while the two men are fishing, Scott is thrown overboard. Better see this one to catch the smash climax.

20th Century-Fox

THE HOMESTRETCH — Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara, Glenn Langan, Helen Walker. Attractive, spendthrift Jock Wallace (Wilde) buys a horse, then falls in love with the former owner's niece (Maureen O'Hara). Following her to England, he persuades her to marry him, and off they go to Argentina for the Gran Premio race. Wife Leslie wants to go home to Jock's Maryland farm to have her baby. But after an accident she loses the child; and, fed up with the extravagant life of the racing crowd, she returns to America. Jock disappears, then turns up with a Derby entrant. Dispirited when his horse loses, he finally goes back to the farm, where Leslie waits at the door. Technicolor helps.

Paramount

WELCOME STRANGER—Bing Crosby, Barry Fitzgerald, Joan Caulfield. Another excellent vehicle for Bing and Barry, who appear as doctors. Bing, young and fresh from the city, goes to Fallbridge, Maine, as a vacation substitute for the older man, but his apparent brashness causes Barry to try to get another substitute so he can get rid of Bing. After Bing saves his life by performing a brilliant piece of surgery, the old man changes his mind, and tries to induce Bing to stay in Fallbridge. A controversy over the appointment of a medical superintendent for the town's new hospital ends with Barry accepting, provided Bing will remain as his assistant, a chore which a pretty young schoolteacher persuades him to accept.

THE TROUBLE WITH WOMEN —Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Brian Donlevy. When Ray, as a psychology professor, is misquoted by a newspaper as advocating wife-beating, he sues the paper for $300,000. The city editor (Brian Donlevy) assigns his top sob sister (Teresa) to persuade the prof to withdraw the suit. She enrolls for post-graduate study at the university and, disguised as a maid, sneaks into his study to get the manuscript of his next book. Finally she gets assigned to Ray's class on psychology, and falls in love with him, though he is engaged to the dean of women. In the final sequences, Rhys Williams, playing the judge, gives an outstanding comedy performance. Fine entertainment throughout!

PERILS OF PAULINE — Betty Hutton, John Lund, Constance Collier. The story is based, rather tenuously, on the life of Pearl White, queen of early movie "thriller" serials. The picture covers the period from Pearl's ascent to fame in pictures to her popular triumphs in Paris after leaving America. All of Pearl's most hair-raising stunts are re-enacted, including the runaway balloon episode, which is hilarious. Romantic interest centers around John Lund, whose one previous appearance was in *To Each His Own*. Lights, cameras, and much riotous action in the Hutton style

"THERE'S nothing new under the sun" . . . and it certainly doesn't worry lovers of popular music these days. Evidence of this may be seen in the fantastic return of old songs on record. As a consequence, we've been re-released to death—and we love it!

For instance, take the tune *Heartaches*, an inactive number if there ever was one. A fellow by the name of Ted Weems made a recording of it long before the Big Apple ripened and South America took us away. No one gave the record or the melody much thought. Time marched on and the record went the way of all unused master cuts, to the wax museum. The Decca Corporation, one cold winter day in '47, decided to release some of the old numbers, hoping that sales would prove profitable. Radio and disc jockeys started the record *Heartaches* rolling on the turn-tables and this is what happened:

Today, the record industry expects to sell four million platters of *Heartaches*. Sixteen bands have made hasty recordings. The little man who originally put the notes down on the manuscript, John Klenner, has callouses on his palms from the glad-hand boys, and all of tin-pan alley is cheering a new star. The company which holds the lucky copyright will haul down a smooth $150,000 through the accident of having acquired *Heartaches* along with some 400 other tunes it purchased from an inactive firm for $10,000.

Let's see what happened to one Ted Weems. Prior to this nation-wide publicity, he was leisurely playing modest jobs on the West Coast. Now his band is on top and he's swamped with dates, getting $2500 a night—guaranteed, that is! As Ed Wallace of the New York Telegram puts it, "So far as anybody can discover, there just aren't any heartaches in *Heartaches*."

Platter Chatter

That Elliott Lawrence crew has played 49 colleges in the last nine months: is now "resting" at the Meadowbrook . . . Tex Beneke's *Blues of the Record Man* may be a best seller akin to *Juke Box Saturday Night* . . . Stan Kenton's new

release won't put an end to the concerto business, but *Concerto To End All Concertos* will sell fast to jazzfans . . . The Capitol Diskery is trying hard to scotch rumors that Jo Stafford is heading for another record firm . . . Cab Calloway and Vaughn Monroe are now listed in *Who's Who*, a book that seems to grow fatter and fatter . . . One thousand copies of Jan August's *Malaguena* are being distributed to radio stations for plugging . . . Vic Damone has a new singing contract with Mercury . . . Jane "Outlaw" Russell will record for Kay Kyser and Columbia soon.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37293 — Metronome All Stars with Frank Sinatra, Nat Coles, and June Christy. *Sweet Lorraine* and *Nat Meets June*. Here are the "greats" of the jazz music world all rolled into one disc. Sinatra does his usual smooth job on the *Lorraine* side, while June Christy and Nat Cole vie for vocal honors as Nat meets June. Superb solos by Charlie Shavers (trumpet), Johnny Hodges (tenor) and Eddie Safransky make this a must for jazz fans.

COLUMBIA 37279—Les Brown and his Orchestra. *Triskaidekaphobia* plus *Why Don't We Say We're Sorry?* Don't let the first one fool you. It's really quite simple in spite of the title. It concerns the number 13 and is really a slick novelty expertly vocalized by Butch Stone.

The reverse is quite danceable with able crooning by Jack Carroll.
***Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.**

MGM 10020—Art Mooney Quartet doing *Mahzel* and *That's My Desire*. Here's the quartet you've been hearing about, and the recent shouts of approval are for this latest release. *Mahzel* is a novelty that should reach hit proportions. The words are extremely clever. The flipover is a hit tune already, with clever arrangement by the Quartet. Both sides are A-1!

MGM 10026—Ziggy Elman and Orchestra do *Ivy* and *I Believe*. That former T.D. trumpet man is now with band . . . and what a band! Both sides of the record are smooth rhythm numbers with out-of-the-ordinary arrangements ably executed by the new group. Ziggy's solos throughout are worth more than the price.
***Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas, AT 1206.**

SIGNATURE 15085—Johnny Bothwell's Swingtette. *Chelsea Bridge* plus *Dear Max*. The first side is a weird piece of music but the alto sax solo is something from another world—superb! *Dear Max* is strictly swing, and nice swing it is. Throughout, you'll hear both alto and baritone sax work by Bothwell. A "must" for swing fans.

MAJESTIC 1106 — Tony Mottola Four. *Trigger Fantasy* and *Guilty*. In the *Fantasy* business we find one of the most relaxing things in jazz on wax. The tune is named after "Trigger" Albert, bass man, and features a top-notch solo chorus. The flipover features fine guitar work by Mottola plus Johnny Guarnieri, piano, and Morey Feld, drums.
***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

MGM 10011—Art Lund with Orchestra conducted by Johnny Thompson. *Mam'selle* plus *Sleepy Time Gal*. The more we hear Art Lund, the better we like him. In this new release he brings forth one of the best renditions of the top tune of the day, *Mam'selle*, which is backed by an old favorite with the colorful Lund vocal. Fine background music is provided by J. Thompson.

CAPITOL 387 — Stan Kenton and his Orchestra. *Across The Alley From The Alamo* and *There Is No Greater Love*. *Across The Alley* brings a commercial tint to Kenton records, deviating from his previous jazz series. June Christy and Vido Musso are tops in respective solos. The overside features The Pastels, who provide interesting results with their unusual vocal arrangements on an old favorite.
***Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE 1718.**

DECCA ALBUM 461—Bing Crosby singing *Favorite Hawaiian Songs*. There's not much to say about Bing's work in this new album, except that he's up to his usual top performance. Here you'll find such old favorites as *A Song of Old Hawaii, My Isle of Golden Dreams, Sail Along Silvery Moon, Trade Winds*, and many others. It's music strictly for dreaming.

VICTOR 20-2234—Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra. *Through* (How can you say we're through . . .?) plus *Sunrise Serenade*. Here are two sides that bring back an authentic reproduction of the old Miller style. Gary Stevens sings *Through* with superb interpretation. You'll find *Sunrise Serenade* as exciting as it was years ago. Both sides top quality.
***Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA 0676.**

DECCA 23713—Mills Brothers. *I'm Afraid To Love You*: reverse *You Broke The Only Heart That Ever Loved You*. Both songs are well done up in the familiar Mills brothers' style . . . free and easy, with plenty of harmony. If you're partial to the Mills brothers you'll find this new release a prize.

VICTOR 20-2209 — Sammy Kaye and Orchestra. *The Egg and I* with *After Graduation Day*. *The Egg* is already an established tune and is ably sung by Mary Marlow. The reverse piece should become a very popular tune about this time of year and the excellent work by Johnny Ryan and the Glee Club make this recording of it a fine one!
***Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.**

New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION

THERE is more to New York than Manhattan. A short drive upstate leads to rolling hills, mountains, trout streams, rushing rivers and hundreds of little lakes. The farms, the people and the little towns have the same homey quality as those in Missouri or Ohio. They make Manhattan with its towering buildings and congested streets seem like another world—which indeed it is. Usually a driving tour is prefaced with good intentions—the "Now we'll just take our time" type of thing, and ends up with the driver going too far and fast and getting thoroughly worn out. But, for a short and easy tour, try a jaunt from Manhattan to Niagara Falls and back. It can be done in four days, and that means plenty of leisure time for looking and lingering. Go the mountainous route and plan one stopover at the Mark Twain Hotel in Elmira, one of the prettiest little towns on the map and full of Mark Twain lore.

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Manhattan is full of vaccinations in various stages. Though the smallpox scare was short-lived it brought about the most general public response since the war. Millions were vaccinated by their own doctors or at police stations, hospitals and temporary stations. Made a nice conversation piece and a relief from the subject of weather. It's amazing how many vaccinations "took" despite good scars from years ago. Too many people wait until they are going to a foreign country to take this precaution, relying on the old idea that it can't happen here. Now, with world traffic as it is, anything can happen. All incoming and outgoing ocean liners and air liners are under strict vaccination surveillance, as authorities will countenance no thought of a smallpox epidemic in these parts.

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Airplane travel still holds terror for many earth-bound human beings. A trip by air was recently offered to a highly-valued maid. She looked up at the sky and said, "That's for the birds up there, we have enough troubles down here. When you fall from up there you come down like an ironing board." To the theory of "if you're going to die, you're going to die," she said, "When I die I'm going to try to die in bed . . . which is proper. And, if I can't I'll do the next best thing—expire on earth!" No use to present figures on pedestrian, train, bus or car fatalities to her because the sky is for birds and that fixes that.

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Only a few hotels round about seem to believe that a wash cloth is a necessary item in the ablution department. You might think that hotels would get tired of having hand towels used for that purpose, but apparently they don't. Dripping hand towels are no gem for guests or the laundry, and must present a problem in mildew and expense. There is a solution. On the market now is a paper wash cloth called "Fresh-N-Up," and it is a dandy. On first presentation it was received with a tongue-in-cheek attitude, but with one try a star was born. Description: a fairly large piece of rather stiff, perforated paper which, when dipped into water, becomes soft and pliable, and the perforations cause soap to lather in a divine way. We can't say enough for it and it should prove to be a good household commodity as well as a boon for hotel guests.

A new type of hotel radio has made its appearance here, a slot job. Insert a quarter and you get entertainment for two hours. This is not a bad idea for visitors, providing they have the correct change; but it may not prove to be a boon for the owners, inasmuch as the mechanism is not thoroughly dependable.

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Elizabeth Bergner was in Toronto recently with her road show of *The Two Mrs. Carrolls* (the movie is a poor reproduction of the original) and was expected to arrive at a cozy little restaurant for a late supper. Her husband preceded her to the restaurant and told the proprietor that Miss Bergner was very fond of a glass of beer with her supper. Well, intoxicants had been rationed in Canada, but Toronto and a couple of other Canadian cities had just gained permission to serve certain types of cocktails and drinks. However, beer wasn't on the list of permissables.

Fortunately, a patron of the restaurant heard about the dilemma and quickly dispatched a taxi to her home where six bottles of treasured beer had been taken from the basement and were ready for "call." When Miss Bergner arrived at the restaurant—a wispy little lady whose offstage appearance seems incongruous with the flame she presents in the theatre—a chilled, foamy glass of beer was served with her supper. There are a lot of backstage incidents that we never know about; here is an off-stage incident that perhaps Miss Bergner will never know about.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ ALICE IN WONDERLAND. (International). Eva Le Gallienne, Margaret Webster, and any number of other excellent actors make their bow to high class nonsense in this good looking version of Mr. Carroll's old story. Bambi Linn, a diminutive dancer, plays Alice. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ ALL MY SONS. (Coronet). Arthur Miller has a lot to say about the cause and effect of war and uneasy peace. It's considerably more effective than a sermon or a legal indictment. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum). Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in a very funny play by Garson Kanin, who believes that honesty is the best policy. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ BURLESQUE. (Belasco). Some tears and more laughs in the story of a burlesque comedian who got so good he couldn't take it. Bert Lahr and Jean Parker are funny and handsome, respectively. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst). About the librarian and the Pink Lady. Helen Hayes goes to hell and proves herself a comedienne of the first order. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street Theatre). About a genial toper and his pal, a six-foot rabbit—invisible. With Frank Fay and Josephine Hull. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ JOHN LOVES MARY. (Music Box). And there are some who don't care if he does. Others find it fun. Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince, that nice young fellow from the movies, carry on as neatly as if the play were a lot better than it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou). Something like perpetual motion. It's in its eighth year. Brandon Peters is a new recruit in the role of Father; Mary Loane carries on as Mother. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ LOVE FOR LOVE. (Royale). John Gielgud, who did wonders with *The Importance of Being Earnest*, is now playing Congreve, under his own direction. With him are Cyril Ritchard, Pamela Brown, and Robert Flemyng. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire). Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, admirably assisted by young Dick Van Patten. All about sin in the upper income brackets. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

★ PORTRAIT IN BLACK. (Booth). Claire Booth Luce, formerly of Washington, portrays the prettiest paranoic of the season. She has the able support of Sidney Blackmer, Donald Cook, and Dorothea Jackson, but the vehicle is weak melodrama, at best, and there's no getting around it. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson). Good fun at the expense of a certain party known as the grand old. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson help Lindsay and Crouse kid the pants off politics. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco). A sergeant on a week-end pass may be old stuff, but love never is. Which is why John Van Druten's comedy of four years ago is still as fresh and charming as ever. With Alan Baxter, Phyllis Ryder, and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ THE WHOLE WORLD OVER. (Biltmore). Post-war *status quo* in Russia, as Konstantin Simonov sees it. An exceedingly funny play, beautifully acted by Joseph Buloff, Uta Hagen, and a few others. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ YEARS AGO. (Mansfield). Ruth Gordon wrote it, Fredric March is the star, and the whole thing couldn't be better. It's Miss Gordon's captivating account of her early life and times. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY. (Plymouth). A badly written, poorly paced, and not very funny play about a summer camp for boys. Some of the actors do rather well, though, especially Bill Talman, who plays a camp councillor. He shouldn't have much trouble finding another job, and he'll probably need one soon. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial). A rousing good evening of Irving Berlin music, shouted in the inimitable manner of Miss Ethel Merman as Annie Oakley. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK. (Martin Beck). Max Shulman's book about college communism and nonsense at the University of Minnesota isn't as funny as its author intended, but it is a George Abbott production, and has the efforts of Billy Redfield and Nancy Walker to sustain it. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BRIGADOON. (Ziegfeld). A humorless but handsome singing and dancing musical with a sound score, colorful staging, and a number of talented performers. Among the latter are David Brooks and Pamela Britton. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

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

★ FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (46th Street Theatre). Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez in a gay fantasy revolving around a leprechaun in Dixie. Catchy tunes, and some right sprightly dancing by Miss Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ THE MEDIUM and THE TELEPHONE. (Ethel Barrymore). Gian-Carlo Menotti has written and staged two short operas, and they're really pretty good. *The Medium* is in two acts, and is occasionally quite powerful. Marie Powers, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier sing and act simultaneously and skillfully. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA! (St. James). The oldest of the Rodgers and Hammerstein II hits, and well-worth seeing again. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Mainees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ SWEETHEARTS. (Shubert). More of an excuse than a vehicle for Bobby Clark, one of the world's funniest men. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 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
Booth, 45th St	CI 6-5969	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th	CI 6-8870	W
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
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, 45th St	CI 5-5760	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th	CI 5-5200	

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by ELINORE CUMBERLAND

★ AL SCHACHT'S. If you can talk baseball you'll be a lifelong buddy of Al's. If you can't talk big league you'll just have to retire to a corner and munch on delicious Southern fried chicken or a juicy steak. 137 E. 52nd. PL. 9-4753.

★ ARMANDO'S. The place crawls with the youngsters but they don't eat much so there's plenty of good food to go around. Jacques Thaler and Harry Harden make the piano and accordion speak of romance and far-away lands. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★ BLACK ANGUS. It's just that. Aberdeen Angus beef prepared a thousand different ways. Each way seems better than the last. The place is attractive, modern and the prices somehow seem to fit any amount you happen to have along. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ BILTMORE. There's more music here than you can shake a baton at. Phil Wayne and Ron Perry in the beautiful Bowman Room; Mischa Ra-ginsky in the famous cocktail lounge. If you're the manly type try the Men's Bar. The girls can't even squirm their way in! Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE. All kinds of sea food and delicious roast beef but as the title implies, you'll find the house specialty is deliciously browned mutton chops. The decor will take you a stone's throw from Downing Street. 490 Lexington. PL 8-0345.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Barney Josephson offers the gay and charming Lucienne Boyer, Ed-mund Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio. Your food will grow quite cold while watching the excel-lent floor show. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ CHATEAUBRIAND. Famous for its French cuisine this lovely restaurant serves imported foie gras and pate maison as specialties. If you can't read French, just point—you're bound to hit something good! 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

★ CHEZ LINA. Another Frenchy—a wee quiet spot specializing in home cooking. Onion soup! Ooo! And escargots, frog legs, filet mignon. A little bar and very reasonable prices. 70 W. 52nd. EL 5-9881.

★ CONTINENTAL. There's a palmist by the name of Marion Neville and some very clever murals on the wall on a "dog life." The food has a con-tinental air and is most delicious. 19 E. 60th. RE 4-0150.

★ ENRICO AND PAGLIERI. A Village restaurant that has been serving the same appetizing Italian fare for years on end. Table d'hote and a la carte. Drop in Sundays after 1 p.m. There'll be no need for that Sunday night snack, friend! 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ "49". Imagine a filet mignon for a buck sev-enty-five! You can get a big sirloin for a dime less and you might want to try those barbecued spare ribs with the special sauce. Mmmmh! 49 W. 57th. PL 3-1889.

★ MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN. Mighty homey setting. No drinks, but gosh, you don't even feel like lighting that cigarette . . . you're almost afraid the "old man" might catch you! Good old home cooking. If you're a stranger in town and lonesome, drift on over to Mom's. 47 W. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ REUBEN'S. You could live in the place for a month—pastry shop, ticket office, florist and Dag-woods christened after celebs. You should try the cheese cake—the kind on a plate. 212 W. 57th. CI 6-0128.

★ ROSE. Gregarious Italian people strictly at home because they serve their native fare and they know it makes you happy. Ah, the martinis — they're really dry! 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ RUSSIAN SKAZKA. It's modern enough but still Rooshian although they serve American food, too. A delightful Balalaika orchestra from seven and folk dancing on Fridays . . . a cleaned-up jitterbug style will get you by. 227 W. 46th. CH 4-9229.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. Dancing daily from five on, to Clemente's marimba band and Conn's orchestra. The lovely Narita sings with Clemente's group. Ex-cellent breakfast, luncheon and dinner in the Savoy Room. 5th Avenue at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ SAWDUST TRAIL. The decor duplicates an old English music hall and the place is informal and friendly. Amy Andrews and Beryl Bevan head the entertainment. The 7:30 cover is just on account of the mugs. 156 W. 44th. BR 9-9741.

★ TOWN HOUSE. Spacious and gracious. Sunday brunch and man-sized drinks in the cocktail lounge. 108 E. 38th. LE 2-6044.

★ TONY SOMA'S. Walk in the door and you land smack back in the twenties. Tony, Mabel Mercer and Bart Howard do the entertaining and if Tony likes you, you won't have to pay the minimum. Excellent a la carte. 59 W. 52nd. PL 5-0170.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Starlight Roof features Mischa Borr and Griff Williams. Mischa also holds forth in the Sert Room and Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing in the Flamingo Room. Norse Grill is swell for breakfast and the fellows can hide away in the Men's Bar (boys only). Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ ZODIAC ROOM. Your horoscope is painted all over the walls but it takes no crystal gazing to fore-see a pleasant evening for you and your party in this charming room. Open at five with cocktails. 58th & Avenue of the Americas. PL 3-5900.

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

MR. DUNCAN HINES, the eminent authority on victuals and how to avoid ptomaine poisoning when eating out, recently wrote an article for a national magazine in which he endorsed the Wrigley Building restaurant as a pretty good place in which to tuck in a napkin.

Does Mr. Hines know what he's doing? We doubt it. Certainly he's right about the food. It's about the best in Chicago and priced much lower than might be expected. The drinks are generous and well-mixed. Certainly there's nothing wrong there. It's the customers that should have given Mr. Hines pause for thought before suggesting that innocent tourists from North Weehawken patronize the Windy City's favorite hang-out for advertising and radio characters.

Take what happened on a recent Monday noon, Mr. Hines. The usual two hour lunch rush started out normally enough with the usual clamor for martinis, manhattans and tables. But on this particular Monday the Wrigley Restaurant bar, over which the genial Lou Harrington presides with seemingly inexhaustible patience, raised its prices. This would seem like a small economic incident, Mr. Hines, but you just don't know the weird clientele inhabiting the Wrigley bar. The throng of radio and advertising hucksters refused to take this financial slap without making what they considered an appropriate protest.

This protest took the novel form of paying for every drink with pennies—seventy pennies for a scotch and soda, sixty pennies for a martini, and so on. The characters whose elbows have polished the bar through the years arrived loaded with hundreds of pennies, thanks to the convenient proximity of the Boulevard National Bank. If you don't think there were hundreds of pennies, Mr. Hines, you just don't know the capacities of Mr. Harrington's regular customers. In no time at all he was up to his elbows in bright copper coins. The register was quickly filled and an SOS was sent out to the bank for canvas bags. Two hours later when the battle of the bulging bags was over, Mr. Harrington had to be pulled from behind his barricade of swollen canvas by a couple of Brinks express guards. There was a glint in his eye which boded ill for the first character who said, "Hello, Lou. A penny for your thoughts."

How about it, Mr. Hines? Do you think it's fair to suggest to innocent tourists that they risk their lives in such a place?

• • •

A very nice guy named Rudy Vallee has been in our midst for some time and will probably stick around for quite a while. Mr. Vallee is right at home at the lush Copacabana, where he's the big attraction in the floor show. The years certainly haven't changed Rudy much. He still looks and sounds like the Vagabond Lover of other years. He works hard in the show with excellent results and also spends a lot of time table-hopping between performances. Business has been extremely rewarding as a result.

Not so at other bistros around Chicago. For the last three months there has been a great wailing and a tearful wringing of hands on the part of most restaurant and bar managers. It is the personal opinion of this observer that they can assume a large part of the blame themselves. Soaring food, liquor and entertainment costs were gaily passed on to the suckers at the ringside tables. Prices were so high in some of the plushier spots that it took the better

part of a week's salary just to ogle the chorus line. Mediocre talent that six years ago had a hard time getting a job in a two-bit burlesque show started asking and getting five thousand a week. On New Year's eve one restaurant gained considerable publicity by charging one hundred dollars for a deluxe hangover. There was no medium-priced job.

So now it is harvest time. The ropes are seldom up even on weekend nights, and on Mondays and Tuesdays business is pretty brutal. Unless there's a lot of convention business around, there's hardly a soul in most of the cafes to disturb the waiters' gin rummy games.

However, considerable commotion has been caused recently in some of the finer places around town by Mr. Bing Crosby, the groaner. Mr. Crosby was spotted in the Pump Room wearing a sweat shirt and orange pants. He was seen in several other oases wearing equally colorful combinations. All of this proves the value of a Name, a Reputation—Fame. Any localite dressing like Mr. Crosby and entering the sacred portals of Mr. Byfield's Pump Room would quickly get the old heave-ho.

• • •

On radio row—Michigan Avenue from East South Water Street (which, incidentally, doesn't even get close to any water) to Ohio Street—WJJD has proudly come up with two programs which are getting a lot of local attention. The station's pride and joy is the *Ernie Simon Show*, which, as might be expected, features a fellow named Ernie Simon. Mr. Simon is a disc jockey on the screwball side. People avidly tune him in just to find out what he'll do and say next. Then, finding out, they sadly nod their heads and wait with great anticipation for the next Simon broadcast. Mr. Simon sings along with the singing commercials, heckles the high-priced announcing talent on the transcribed spot announcements, and generally succeeds in getting everybody around the station into his act. It's all very hectic, confusing and refreshing—and a great change for the housewives from *Life Can Be Beautiful* and *Joyce Jordan, Girl Female* — or whatever the correct title happens to be.

Another popular show from the WJJD gang is *Mrs. Steven's Party Line* which specializes in interviewing club women, church and civic groups in their native haunts. It's in the *Life Goes to a Party* tradition, with Doris Larson, the photogenic miss who divides her time between modeling and radio, acting as hostess for the sponsor. A typical broadcast was recently wire-recorded in a DC-4 airliner flying over Chicago with the highly social members of the St. Luke's Hospital Women's Board as guests at a "sky luncheon." All went well until the very end of the broadcast when Miss Larson had considerable difficulty in avoiding some of the ladies who were rapidly becoming airsick. Pale-faced passengers who are having a little difficulty hanging onto their lunch do not make the best subjects for radio interviews.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

Show Cases . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Henry Brandon's orchestra now graces the bandstand and the Boulevar-Dears still steal the show in costumes and beauty.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Haunt of the blue-bloods who know good food when they taste it and the finer points of small musical outfits.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan Avenue and Walton Place (Sup. 2200). Ron Perry is set here for summer dancing and those wonderful cool green and white draperies are again the background.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Jack Fina's talented keyboard technique, his orchestra and a Merriel Abbott revue of Americana values make maximum entertainment.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). There's matinee dancing, evening dancing and a light-hearted atmosphere about this Avenue cocktail spa.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi 5301). Highly touted cuisine (not inexpensive) and a patio for outdoor dining if you're lucky enough to have advance reservations.

★ JACQUES' FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N Michigan Avenue (Del. 9040). Outdoor dining in

the garden is a "must" for romantic feasting; Parisian delicacies highlight the menu.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Dine here and then adjourn to the Beach Walk for dancing under the stars and show-time presentations.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). A magnificent room, sleek society dance tunes, and one act for twice-a-night interest.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Who's who of the international celebrity set parades here nightly—gourmet food—wonderful service—and most flattering backdrop in the country.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Dancing and entertainment Friday and Saturday nights only; other evenings, concert music.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel (Del. 9300). Best of Russian bill of fare, gypsy music and continental atmosphere.

Productions . . .

★ Leading Chicago night clubs boasting ambitious revues, dancing and name talent: CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) with Danny Thomas no less . . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . COPACABANA, State and Lake (Dea. 5151).

Better Restaurants . . .

★ Caesar salad and planked tenderloin steak at the BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822) . . . Cantonese cooking at DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . German fare at OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . All cuts of steak at the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . Seafoods at IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . Barbecued ribs at SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) . . . Chop suey at BAMBOO INN, 11 N. Clark (And. 2666) . . . Smorgasbord at A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492).

Theatre . . .

★ HARVEY at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240), comedy with Joe E. Brown.

★ BORN YESTERDAY at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459), comedy with Jan Sterling.

★ THE FATAL WEAKNESS at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240), new play with Ina Claire.

★ THE ICEMAN COMETH at the Studebaker, 418 S. Michigan (Cen. 8240), O'Neill's new epic with Carl Benton Reid.

★ CALL ME MISTER at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan, musical with Betty Kean.

▲

Once in the early days of his distinguished journalistic career, Edwin P. Mitchell included in one of his dispatches a rather sweeping condemnation of a certain local political organization.

"That won't do," objected his editor, Alphonso Ross. "You may think every member of that outfit is an utter fool, but don't write it."

"Then what shall I write?" the young reporter asked.

"Say," replied Ross, "that every member, with one solitary and conspicuous exception, is an utter fool. Then when it's printed not a single fellow in the whole outfit will be offended."

▲

A young sergeant was passing out apricots in small paper dishes to the chow line. He decided to experiment. He asked the next few men as they came by, "You don't want any apricots, do you?" And 90 per cent of them said, "No."

"You do want apricots, don't you?" Approximately 50 per cent answered, "Yes."

The sergeant then asked, "One dish of apricots or two?" And despite the fact that soldiers don't like Army apricots, 40 per cent took two dishes and 50 per cent took one.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. You'll recognize this popular cafeteria by the bright little bluebirds inlaid in the tile walls of the building and also by the steady stream of people moving into the door. Owner W. W. Wormington has a crew of master chefs that turn out delectable dishes of a wide variety. Clean and neat as a pin, air conditioned and easy on your purse. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ BRETTON'S. Walk a stone's throw south from the corner of 12th and Baltimore into a gourmet's and garlic lover's paradise. If you love food, you'll love Max Bretton. Pastries and beef and some wonderful European dishes, if you've a mind. Max will seat you, see that you're served, and tend to your slightest whim. 1215 Balitmore. HA 5773.

★ GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT. Two months ago we dubbed Joshua Johnson the "Boogie King of Baltimore" and from comments we've heard, the handle is going to stick. Ole Josh doesn't need the title to get along, though. Order a great big steak while listening to Joshua and eyeing the pretty lasses. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ IL PAGLIACCIO. Spaghetti and meatballs any way you want 'em. And you'll be surprised at the many delightful ways they serve them in this handsome restaurant. Suave Frank Ross is your host and Dave McClain rounds out the pleasant atmosphere with soft piano rhythms. Bring your out-of-town guests for a touch of real Kansas City hospitality. 600 E. 6th St. 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. We like to talk about genial Frank Marshall's Brush Creek place and we often do—mmm!—that lovely chicken he serves out there. But this month we'll talk about those inexpensive and soul-satisfying business men's luncheons and breakfasts over at 917 Grand. The place is packed to the rafters every day and you just know the food is good because you see the same faces. My, how those perky waitresses scurry about, balancing trayfuls of home-cooked dishes. You don't have to ask Frank if business is good. In fact you can't even see through the crowd to ask him! Brush Creek at the Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. Can you imagine a big beautiful slice of prime ribs of beef for just a buck and a quarter? How do you want yours—rare or medium? And that's not all. There's a delicious Italian salad made with real olive oil accompanied by a towering platter of French bread. Frozen vegetables, too. Incidentally, we nominate Lou Ventola for Kansas City's "Host of the Month." Just a skid off the East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Fanny Anderson does the cooking and amiable young Jerry does the hosting. Jerry puts you in a good frame of mind when you enter the place and Fanny keeps you that way with her beef, steak and fried onions. Sit at the bar and chin with Jim Pusateri over a very dry and very delicious martini. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. As much a Kansas City landmark as the river bluffs. This venerable institution was serving delicious lobster when most of *Swing's* readers were in three-cornered pants. The place is rich in tradition and the food bears out the reputation. The Savoy is an absolute "must" for the food lover. 9th & Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ CABANA. Alberta Bird intoxicates you with her Hammond rhythms while you sip your cocktail or partake of a noonday snack. Chatter, chatter is the watchword here and it's fun to join in. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips. 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. Kind of Latinish with broad red-and-white striped walls that keep you on an even keel even if you have had one too many. No music except the nickelodeon, so no tax. That makes for a pleasant, inexpensive evening. The waitress will bring you a sandwich from upstairs if you get hungry. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Charlie Gray tickles the tusks while handsome gents sit at the "for boys only" bar. If you're dragging, you can sit on the leather seats surrounding the bar or up a deck at tables for two or three or—how many have you? Good drinks. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. If you can't sing college songs you'll be out of the swing here. But even so, it's surprising the number of moms and pops who come to listen in on the fun. Official hangout for the CC district, Mary Dale "solos on the vox" as the kids say, and there's fun and merrimen aplenty. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ TOWN ROYALE. There's a haberdashery on the corner and after you've purchased your new

tie you can stroll next door and display it to the charming belles that always abound in the downtown sister of the Plaza Royale. Zola Palmer executes intricate musical maneuvers on her Hammond organ while the bartender does good things to your drink. The food here is above par. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ RENDEZVOUS. If you like to drink at the bar on the Chief you'll like to drink here because the liquor comes in those little vials—if you're sitting at a table, that is. There's a circular bar that supports the elbows of Kansas City's business elite. Don't stare at that ambassador, son, drink your drink. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. It's warm out now and those tall, cool, exotic drinks you'll find at the Tropics are super coolers. Done in the manner of a beachcomber's hangout, the room is dim and quietly relaxing. Soft background music that makes for soft talk and maybe a sweet nothing or two. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Carrot-thatched, teenaged Eddie Oyer does an unbelievably mature job at the piano in this cozy room. Eddie's repetoire ranges from Bach to boogie and he can play either to your satisfaction. Along with Oyer are Margery Decker and Lillian Way. White-jacketed barmen ply you with good drinks and efficient service. For a dance or two, step down the hall to the El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Dale Overfelt has done a swell job since taking over the ownership reins and our hats are off to this well-liked gentleman. Dale offers the sprightly pianistics of Bus Moten, prince of the jazz piano. Bend your neck while bending an elbow at the bar and see old time movies and sports reels on a screen above the barkeep's noggin. The food here is delicious and there are many specialties from which to choose. If you get thirsty on Sundays, just bide your time till midnight when the doors of the Interlude open. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Can you sing? Well, even if you can't, Alma will accompany your efforts and she can play anything you can hum. We've watched her pick up the tune of a song she's never heard before. Food and good salads. Every other Tuesday, the Muehlebach chorus meets here over a beer (Muehlebach, of course), and the voices blend into very fine musical entertainment. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ CROWN ROOM. By the insistence of many patrons of this popular establishment, Judy Conrad and his orchestra furnish the music for your evening of dancing. In the outer room there's a bar that curves like the lazy bend in a river and beauteous Varga girls in scanty attire on the walls. Three martini's and the figures start whispering into your ears. There are games in the evening with champagne prizes and from two till five of an afternoon, you'll get a copy of the drink you're holding for free when the bell rings. Fun. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ MARY'S. There's been a change. Lots of new things have been added. A cute little cocktail lounge called the "Alibi Bar" nestles in the south corner of the building and mixed drinks are also served in the main ballroom. Top bands make this a one night stand and you're always assured of good music. Mary and Jim Nixon have done wonders with their new decorations. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.

★ MILTON'S TAP-ROOM. Julia Lee at the piano and Baby Lovett at the drums are now a Kansas City legend. If you want proof, ask the Decca company, or better yet, go see and hear for yourself. Milt calls us "stretch runners" but heck, that's when Julia Lee is at her slam-banging boogie best! Dim, smoky, hilarious. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Who has more fun than pachyderms? People! That's who. And they have it 'midst elephants, other people and big stiff drinks like Daddy used to mix. It's a wee place but it sure is friendly. They screen "oldies" at one end of the room, too. Everybody funs, frolics and laughs at the Pink Elephant. Hotel State, 12th & Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Just east of Kansas City on Highway 40 this lovely old Southern house stands in quiet beauty. Inside you'll find the genial Ken Porter who'll see to it that you're seated and cared for in the best Southern style. Pleasant music and entertainment by Will McPherson, Ray Duggan, and Don Ross. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. Jeanie Leitt, educated boogie booter, holds you so spellbound you can't even munch your barbecued ribs. That's a fact! The place is so crowded you can never get a seat—but who cares?—Jeanie keeps you up in the air anyway. 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

Good Taste . . .

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Just a stumble off the Phillips lobby you'll find this muralled coffee shop. Along with your business lunch you get a mimeo news sheet and the remote music of Alberta Bird, WHB's staff organist, right from the Cabana. Busy, bustling and efficient. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Why take seventy-five words to describe one of Kansas City's best restaurants? It's perfect. Ask any air traveler or local inhabitant, or better yet, see for yourself. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA. Operated by Martin Weiss, this midtown cafe serves exciting

continental dishes as well as American fare. We like the tall green water bottles that decorate each table and we also like the quiet El Bolero bar that is situated a step or two up from the dining room. They have a little cart, too, that holds your favorite bottle of spirits and wheels it right to your table. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ BARREL BUFFET. Golly, what barbecue! There's not a barbecued sandwich that these people can't duplicate, and do a better, tastier job of it. The Accurso brothers are swell gents and their friendliness prevades the atmosphere like a rich, heady wine. The place is immaculate and newly redecorated. The drinks are good and strictly man-sized, bub. If you don't see what you want, ask Jack and he'll turn the place upside down to get it for you. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. A very refined and dignified dining room is featured in this lovely Southside hotel. Get away from the din and bustle of city life and relax before a home-cooked meal. The service is courteous and efficient and the kitchen is immaculate. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. The "r" months have passed but there's still "that wonderful lemon pie" and a complete line of salads and other foods. And—those delicious, creamy waffles are back! The waitresses are always dressed in starchy white and they've changed their chant from "uh stew!" to "uh waffle!" Mr. Glenn has an "overflow" room right down Walnut Street for the crowded noon hours. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Just good hotel food is the phrase for it. Service at the wide counter in comfortable leather seats or at surrounding tables. The place for that Sunday breakfast. Try the strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ NU WAY DRIVE-INS. Owner Duncan boasts the two best drive-ins in the city. There's a reason for it, too. The car hops are fleet as Achilles, the sandwiches are well-prepared and tasty, and the root beer floats are terrific. Don't attempt to honk your horn or flick your lights because the cute little car hop will be at the door before you can do it. If you're out South you can drive in at Meyer and Troost. Midtown it's Linwood at Main. VA 8916.

★ 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. This supper club has offered the musical wares of many nationally known orchestras. Wayne Muir and his orchestra are the current attraction and this versatile lad is on his way to the top. Kansas Citians are flocking to hear this outstanding orchestra, particularly the dual piano arrangements played by Wayne and Ted Dreher. Winsome Beverly handles the vocals in a most charming manner. Floor show is always entertaining and there's no cover. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. A handsome spot hosted by Johnny Franklin and well-supplied with danceable music by Dee Peterson, the longtime favorite with localites and visitors. Good food and down-to-earth prices are additional reasons why this is the right place for that special celebration. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ TERRACE GRILL. A big, two-levelled playground tastefully done up and currently reverberating to the rhythms of Eddie Rogers and orchestra. Quite correct for luncheon, dinner, and supper. Hotel Muehlebach, 14th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. One of Kansas City's smartest rooms. Danny, Joe and Andy are a deft trio of drink fixers. The food is Fred Harvey and 'nuff said! Union Station. GR 1100.

DAFFYNITIONS

Apartment—A place where you start to turn off the radio and find you've been listening to the neighbor's.

▲

Doctor—A professional man who still has his tonsils and appendix.

▲

Dope—Someone who doesn't know today what you just found out yesterday.

▲

Lipstick—A device to add color and flavor to an old pastime.

▲

Old Dog—One who remembers when being called "almost human" was a compliment.

▲

Opportunist—A person who, finding himself in hot water, decides he needed a bath anyway.

▲

Peeping Tom—A wolf window-shopping.

▲

Tolerance—The suspicion that the other fellow might be right.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

WHB graduates too!

Our FCC diploma reads "5000 watts, 710 kilocycles, full time operation!" WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, will be on the air at night—with a better frequency, larger audience, finer entertainment, and greater sales power to move your product in the thriving Kansas City Marketland. For availabilities, see a John Blair man.

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