

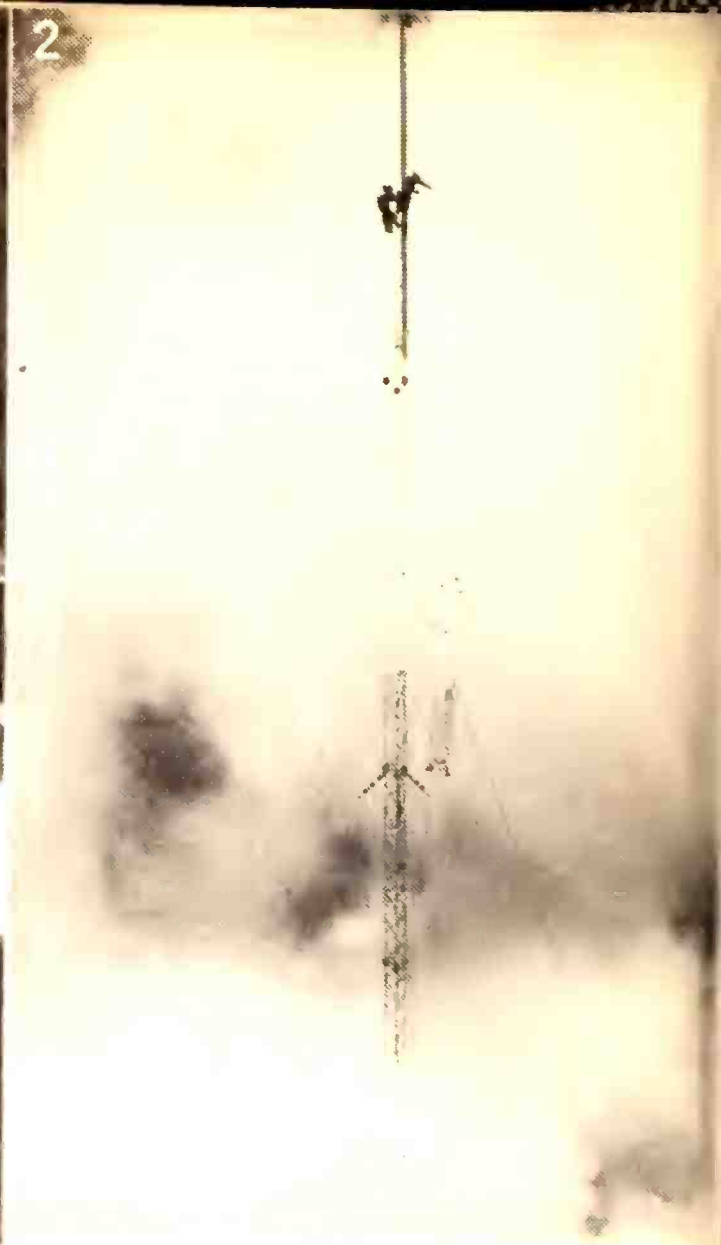
AUGUST

1947

25¢

Swing





DIZZY WORK IN THE CLOUDS as riggers go in the world to complete a 5000 watt transmitter for WHB in Kansas City.

1. At a meeting of the True Vow Keepers, Mr. and Mrs. James E. Daniels, married 56 years, reaffirm their vows.

2. It won't be long now! The last section of tower for WHB's new 5000 watt transmitter is hoisted into place. When the installation is complete, WHB will broadcast night and day on 710 kilocycles.

3. Hal Burns, Al Dexter, Carolina Cotton, Tommy Duncan and Bob Wills pose with Dick Smith.

4. John Thornberry is the Man In the Bookstore heard over WHB Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 1:30.

5. Paramount star Joan Caulfield tries to decide on



foreword

THERE had been rumors earlier, and east and west of us celebrating had begun. But on that Tuesday, we remember, around five in the afternoon, the President said it was so, and a band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the most debonaire man-about-town we know stood with his head bowed and wept for joy. Then it was all a tangle of confetti and paper streamers and shouting and kisses. People drank themselves silly and danced in the streets; they threw water out of hotel windows and rang bells and prayed. And the sun went down red and magnificent on V-Day.

Peace, it was wonderful! And the celebration was fine. But it wasn't worth it. No celebration is. The jubilation can never reach the inverse proportions of the war that brings it about. And sometimes we shudder at the thought of ever having to celebrate again. Heaven forbid! The State Department and the President forbid! Russia forbid! And we too—we can forbid individually if we do it loud enough. We do not have war unless we want it, but it takes a bit of doing not to want it when a few others do. It takes perception and integrity and strength, all of it personal, and all so steadfast that even in the hurricane of mob hysteria it will not fall, even when the fallen wall next to you leans heavily. These qualities show up in little ways: the way you say thank you, or discipline the kids; the way you work or sing or read; the way you play; the use you make of the quality of summer and the honey-colored warmth of August that can penetrate to the heart if you let it.

Jetta

Swing

August, 1947 • Vol. 3 • No. 8

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AUGUST'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibition: Fifty photographs by Frank Meister, from an exhibition held at Smithsonian Institution.

Masterpiece of the Month: Chinese gilt bronze Buddha, seated on a lotus blossom. One of the finest of the period (11th-12th Century) with an especially brilliant gold overlay.

Drama

Aug. 29, 30, *Harvey*, starring Frank Fay.

Special Events

Aug. 2, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.

Aug. 2, 9, 16, Kansas and Missouri state preliminary contests for Miss America Pageant, El Casbah, Hotel Bellerive, 3:15 p. m.

Aug. 9, Queen for a Day Show, Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

Conventions

Aug. 4, Kansas City Apparel Association, Merchandise Mart.

Aug. 7-9, American Association of Masseurs and Masseuses, Hotel Continental.

Aug. 8-9, Ledo Road Reunion, Hotel Muehlebach.

Aug. 11-12, Fox Midwest Theatres, Hotel Muehlebach.

Aug. 11-18, Oil Workers International Union, C. I. O., Hotel Continental.

Aug. 15-17, 9th Troop Carrier Flight Service, Hotel Phillips.

Aug. 19-22, Reunion 3626th Quartermaster Truck Company, Hotel Phillips.

Aug. 24-28, United Spanish War Veterans National Encampment, Auditorium.

Aug. 29-30, Missouri State Conclave, Order of DeMolay, Hotel Continental.

Aug. 30, Walther League, Missouri, Hotel President.

Dancing

Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances every 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.

Aug. 2, Claude Thornhill and Orchestra, Pla-Mor.

Aug. 3 (Colored), Eddie Vincent, Arena.

Aug. 9, Glen Gray and Casa Loma Orchestra, Pla-Mor.



Swimming

Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Fairyland Park pool open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. 75th and Prospect.

Lake Quivira, open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily. Four and one-half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cutoff road.

Lakewood Park, Bonner Springs, Kansas. Filtered pool, also dancing, rides, and picnic grounds.

Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., every day except Monday when hours are 12 noon to 10 p. m.

Wildwood Lakes. Open 9 a. m. to midnight.

Winnwood Beach, spring-fed lake with sand beach open until 10 p. m. daily. Also skating, dancing, fishing, and picnic grounds. Five miles northeast of Kansas City on Highway 10.

Baseball

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

Aug. 19, 20, Toledo.

Aug. 21, 22, Columbus.

Aug. 23, 24 (2), Indianapolis.

Aug. 25, 26, Louisville.

Wrestling

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

Polo

Aug. 17, Kansas City vs. Saint Louis.

Aug. 24, Kansas City vs. Saint Paul. 95th and Antioch road. 2:30 p. m.

Midget Auto Racing

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

Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford & Tessman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.

Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.

Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.

Palace, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.

Sackin's, 3212 Troost.

Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main.

Veretta Amusement, 5th and Walnut.

Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th.

Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

Amusement Parks

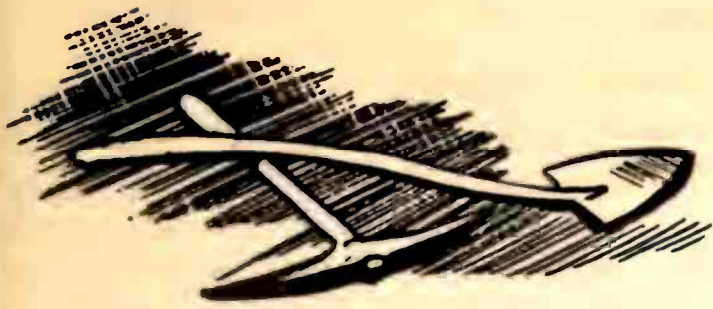
Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p. m. Saturdays; 1 p. m., Sunday; 6 p. m., week days.

Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 7600 Blue Ridge.

Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road.

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You'll Never Get RICH!

*Sam Pandolfo wanted money fast. He got it—
and a few things he hadn't bargained for!*

by W. T. EDMONDS

NEAR the outskirts of St. Cloud, Minnesota, spread along the tracks of the Great Northern railway, lies a long row of sprawling factory buildings. In the recent war, these buildings were renovated and used to turn out pre-fabricated sections for bomber fuselages. But a few years ago these same buildings had fallen into a sad state of disrepair and ruin—monuments to a man now almost forgotten, but whose kind, sadly enough, lives on.

For it is now more than a quarter-century since that fabulous promoter, Samuel Connor Pandolfo, built his vast plant, the Pan Motor Company, and launched his plan to transform the small, Midwestern city of St. Cloud into the automobile capital of the world. And records prove that this same incredible person also perpetrated one of the slickest stock-selling frauds the country has ever known.

Actually, only a few hundred Pan cars were produced before the bubble burst, and Pandolfo was sentenced to Leavenworth Penitentiary for his ambitious schemes; but while

he was operating, he sold nearly ten million dollars worth of stock, and swindled more than 70,000 trusting souls throughout the nation. Pandolfo's biggest failing was that he became more interested in selling stock than making cars. His imagination literally ran away with him, although his intentions at first appeared sound enough.

Many great gaps appear in Pandolfo's early history, but a few facts are known about him. He was born in Alabama of poor farming parents. Somehow he managed to go to college, and oddly enough, took his degree in classic arts. He became a school teacher; and, in an extremely short time, was appointed superintendent of schools. This is explainable, since Pandolfo was the type of man who pushed himself ahead quickly—a sort of 19th Century "eager beaver." He was intense—never satisfied to stand still. He was an excellent talker, a positive, convincing man who could approach a group of strangers and soon have them gaping with his forceful speech. He had that rare ability of dominat-

ing people without being oppressive. His personality had an almost electric quality about it.

But there was little money or prestige to be gained in education, and Pandolfo looked for new fields to conquer. He quit his position and found employment with a huge construction company as a bookkeeper. What better spot could he have chosen to learn the complex workings of a big business?

The training proved valuable to him, and after a time he resigned and went into the insurance business. Here was a field vast enough for Pandolfo's imaginative powers to operate without being cramped, and here the trouble first started. After a few clever manipulations, the state of Texas took away his license as a general insurance agent, and told him he could never sell insurance in that state again. Bank officials described Pandolfo's scheme, which involved worthless trust fund certificates, as the biggest fraud they had ever come across. And they described Pandolfo as a fisherman who, instead of spitting on his bait, used numerous bright red seals on his certificates to attract the suckers.

Samuel Pandolfo quickly packed his bags and went north, leaving numerous angry creditors behind him, and found himself in Minnesota. There he was totally unknown. He found rich natural resources, well-to-do farmers and businessmen. And surrounded by such opulence, his imagination once more soared to new heights.

In those halcyon days before the first war, the automobile business

was just starting to boom. A man named Henry Ford was making a moderate priced car that was selling everywhere—a car within the reach of everyone. But Pandolfo, never one to underestimate his own abilities, decided he could beat Ford at the game. He would start a factory, make a car that would sell for only \$500, and shift the automobile capital of the world from Detroit to St. Cloud. So, mustering his inner forces, he went to bat for himself. He appeared before clubs, meetings, small groups, painting compelling word pictures of the vast possibilities of automobile manufacture.

The fifteen thousand people of St. Cloud, Minnesota, were swept away by Pandolfo's strong personality and ideas, and, as a result, fell wholeheartedly for his elaborate scheme.

In a few short months the company was organized. Pandolfo, of course, saw to it that he was elected president and fiscal agent, and that his twelve associates empowered him with the important task of shaping the policy of the company. And under Pandolfo's guiding hand, it was decided that because of the limitless possibilities of the venture, the company would also manufacture tanks, tractors, railway coaches, airplanes and balloons. Authorization was also gained to buy and operate oil wells, refineries, railroads, iron mines and rubber plantations. Capital stock was established at \$5,000,000. Little did St. Cloud residents realize then that the possibilities of Sam Pandolfo's imagination were also limitless. They were to learn this sad fact later.

Meanwhile, proud of its new cap-

tain of industry, the St. Cloud commercial club went on record as saying that "President Pandolfo has been thoroughly investigated and found to be not only honest, but a man of great capabilities." Another organization was quoted as saying: "There's no cleaner or better proposition offered the public today than to invest money in Pan motor stock." No wrong was meant by these groups—but how sadly misled they were!

Newspapers took up the clamor, describing the company as one of "incomprehensible proportions." The stock they believed to be absolutely sound. "Rarely . . . in the history of American finance," one paper said, "have small investors been afforded such a chance to get in on the ground floor of a proposition . . . destined for certain success."

St. Cloud itself was by this time enjoying a boom period. Thousands of workers had arrived and construction of the huge plant was well under way. Near the plant site a model community was being developed for permanent workers' homes. This townsite appropriately was to be called "Panville."

While such free publicity was being disseminated around the country, a million shares of Pan motor company stock were placed on the market. Par value was five dollars, but each share sold for ten dollars; Pandolfo got the extra five for his promotion fund.

Advertising firms were employed to launch a na-

tionwide campaign heralding the "coming giant of the automobile world," and the mails were flooded with pamphlets and letters, most of them addressed to the "soldiers of the soil," the hard working farmers who are invariably the biggest suckers in all stock frauds.

These brochures were masterpieces of propaganda as well as persuasion. Ten shares, they said, would surely make you rich in a short time, and dividends were expected to be paid in less than a year. Pandolfo himself made the chest-thumping claim that his stock had a chance to pay larger dividends than Ford stock. Ford shares eventually produced about \$250,000 for every hundred dollars invested. And, had Pandolfo lived up to his claim, he would have found it necessary to return \$25,000,000,000 to his stockholders—a most amazing feat!

"It will pay you," the pamphlet announced, "to read every word here, keep it in confidence, and then act!" Testimonies were given by such great and unsuspecting personages as John D. Rockefeller and Chauncey M. Depew. Even shrewd old Benjamin Franklin, who had been dead for more than a hundred years, was quoted from his *Poor Richard's Almanack*.

While the sprawling Pan plant was still in its skeleton stage, President Pandolfo became restive. If only the public could have visual proof of his low-priced dream car, then the stock



would sell much faster. He went East and had ten Pan cars assembled according to specifications. When they were ready, the stock salesmen used them for display purposes. And how the shares did sell! In a few months, 35 thousand persons in the United States as well as in foreign countries boasted shares of Pan stock in their safety deposit boxes.

A Pan tractor was also fabricated at an Eastern plant and put on display at several Western cities, surrounded by whole batteries of super-salesmen with fountain pens within easy reach. The cost of this exhibition piece was around \$7,000, an astonishing total when it was advertised that the mass-produced counterpart would sell for only \$1,500.

When Samuel Pandolfo wasn't in the field himself, he was at his desk scribbling memos to his far-flung salesmen in the same manner that a general directs his staff from headquarters. This analogy is not too far-fetched since here is the opening line in one of his bombastic communiques:

"TO THE BOYS ON THE FIRING LINE:—Now is the time to put on steam! Go absolutely hog-wild and rabbit crazy selling Pan Motor stocks! Make hay while the sun shines! The dear people need the stock, we need the money, and you need the commissions."

Another ran like this: "Preach Pan Motor stock until the last trench is taken, the last fortification captured. Go at it like an Irish bulldog!"

It is interesting to note that Pan motor stock salesmen had no scruples about accepting liberty bonds, and

thousands of dollars worth of them were welcomed with open, grasping hands. During the first World War, government bonds were negotiable; in the last war they were not—a smart move taken by Uncle Sam to protect citizens from unscrupulous schemers.

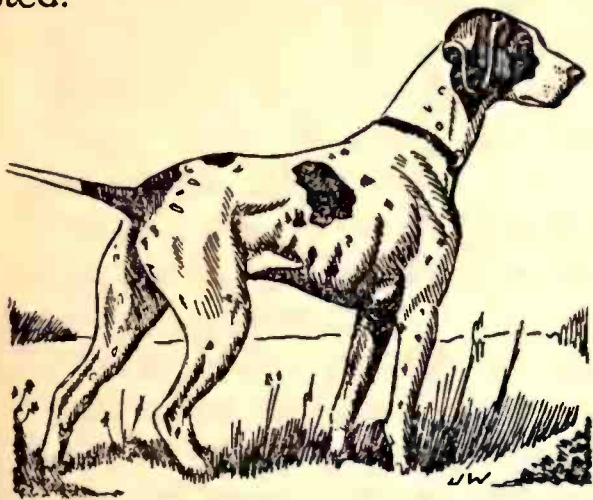
One salesman, then working over the state of Washington, penned this note to his chief in answer to queries as to how things were going out there: "The people out here are lousy with money, but it is hard to get. When you mention stock to a prospective buyer, he puts one hand in his pocket, the other hand on his watch, and looks at you with a frozen face."

Between 1916 and 1920, Pan promoters took in over \$9,000,000 from approximately 700,000 suckers throughout the country. More than 90 per cent of the one million shares were sold at ten dollars a share, and Sam Pandolfo, as agreed, took half. Later he raised the price of the stock to \$12.50 a share, for he had warned people in his pamphlets that the price would eventually go up.

Of course, there were some far seeing individuals and groups which had doubted Pandolfo's stupendous claims from the outset. The Federal Trade Commission in Washington for one, had for a long time been carrying out a secret investigation. An advertising association was going over Pandolfo's sensational mailing pieces, and the Chicago grand jury was also doing a bit of off-the-record research on the company.

In the winter of 1919, the li blew off the whole thing and Samu

Pandolfo was nabbed by government authorities on a charge of using the United States mails to defraud. His twelve confederates were also arrested.



Pandolfo was amazed. He ranted and raved and tore his hair. He shouted that a great conspiracy was being planned against him and promptly brought \$5,000,000 worth of lawsuits against sundry advertising agencies, banks, newspapers. He lost in every single case.

The trial of the government versus the Pan Motor company in Chicago lasted for nearly a year, and much of that time was spent in trying to form a jury. Almost every venireman questioned proudly admitted he owned Pan stock, and swore that it was sound.

At that time the press played up the trial in bold headlines. The judge, the late Kenesaw Mountain Landis, publicly flayed Pandolfo from the bench, and said he was one of the slipperiest characters he had seen in his 15 years as a judge.

But justice, as the old saying goes, finally triumphed. On December 6, 1919, Samuel Pandolfo was found guilty on four counts, and was sentenced to ten years in Leavenworth

Penitentiary. He was also fined \$4,000.

But Pandolfo still didn't give in. He was as stubborn as the "Irish bulldog" of his memorandums. Twice he appealed his case to higher courts, and in 1923 he instructed his lawyers to take it to the Supreme Court. That dignified body flatly refused a hearing, and the great Pandolfo, knowing there was no other place to go, finally realized he was licked—at least for that time. He surrendered himself to a United States marshal on April 7, 1923, and started to serve out his term.

Here exists another three and one-half year lapse in the ignominious career of this colossal faker. Samuel Pandolfo bided his time quietly, for he evidently didn't care for prison politics or intrigue. He was a model inmate, studious, calm, self-possessed. He so impressed the authorities that he was pardoned in October of 1926.

But the get-rich-quick ideas had never been quite erased from Pandolfo's fertile brain. When he got out of prison, he once more went into mass production, but this time it wasn't worthless automobile stock certificates. He chose a smaller line—"Pan Health Doughnuts," potato chips and cookies. For one thing, it was a safe venture, and he had no stock to sell.

Evidently it was a little too safe, and certainly not lucrative enough to suit him.

So, bored with the whole thing, Sam went into the restaurant business. This, too, seemed pretty tame, after once having had a taste of the big money. Thus it was that Samuel

Pandolfo again set to thinking. It was a fatal mistake, for once more his imagination took over and found itself flowing into old channels. He decided to have another try at his first love—the insurance game.

And this time, strangely enough, he headed south—into the great Southwest, where he first got his start, and met his first defeat. He neatly sidestepped Texas, for he had unpleasant memories of that state. He travelled next door, to New Mexico, and began to beat his drums.

In a short time the Old Line Insurance Sales Corporation was formed, and securities were placed on the market as Class A and Class B common stock. As the money started to roll in, Sam felt his old dynamic self again, for once more he was back in his own natural realm—the slick profession of fleecing suckers.

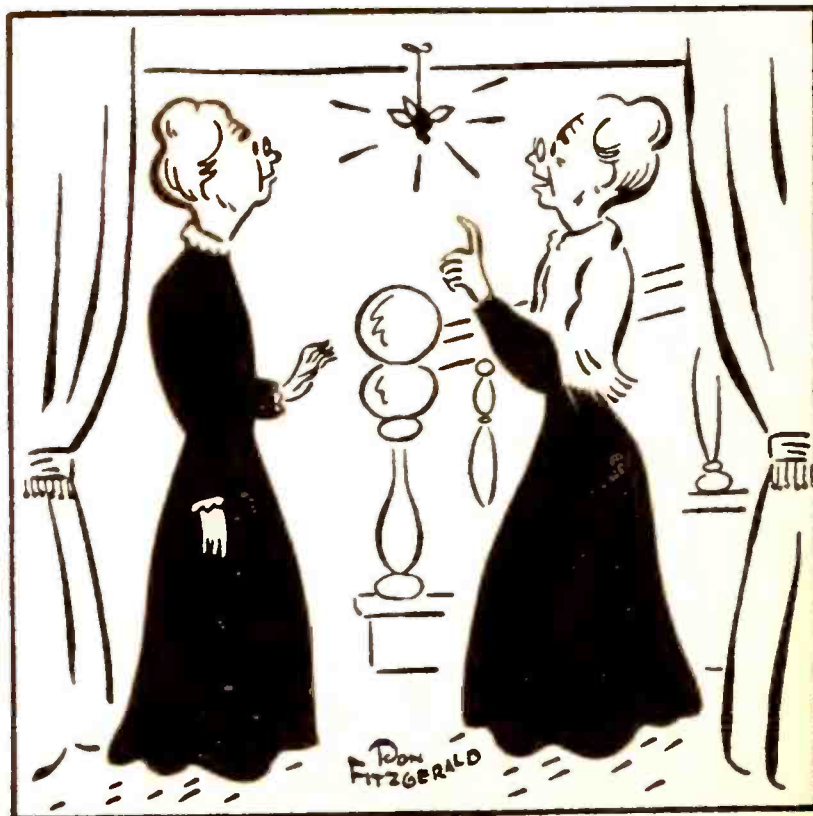
The thirsty thirties rolled by, and Pandolfo became rich. The forties found him still richer, so rich, in fact, that a grand jury in Santa Fe began a secret investigation. It was the same old story all over again—the same theme with variations. Actually, it was becoming monotonous.

In March of 1941, an indictment was returned against him on twelve counts, some of them charging him with having used the United States mails to defraud, others of violating the Securities Act of 1933.

Pandolfo shouted his innocence, and once more raised the cry of conspiracy against him.

The jury trial was started in June, and a week later a verdict of guilty was returned.

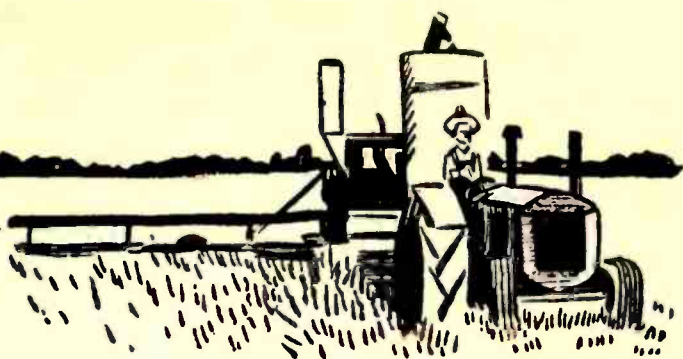
He at once appealed to the circuit court of appeals in Denver, but in October a mandate was filed affirming the judgment of the Santa Fe court, and Pandolfo was again sentenced to ten years imprisonment, and fined \$800. A short time later he was returned to his old alma mater, Leavenworth Penitentiary, to start his corrective education all over again, for records seemed to prove that Sam Pandolfo flunked badly during his first term. He never learned that very simple and much kicked around epigram, attributed to an honest man, Abraham Lincoln, that “you can fool all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.”



“Isn't it about time we took that mistletoe down?”

Kansas City flour mills turn wheat into dough, or so to speak.

And so to BREAD!



by ROSEMARY HAWARD

THE June-July wheat crop of the Midwest sent a golden stream swirling to the market and milling centers of the nation. From Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Oklahoma and Texas countless tons of the precious stuff found their way from field to boxcar to market. As financiers of the country watched the progress of wheat sales on the floor of the Pit in the Kansas City Board of Trade—noting record prices paid for record crops—mills of the area reaped a huge share of the munificent bounty. Those same mills will transform the wheat into flour in order to stock pantries throughout the world.

It has been said that there is no more stable business than flour milling. Whether this is true or not, it can be said safely that it is the most essential of all manufacturing industries. While man may not live by bread alone, history has shown that he does not choose to live without it. Kansas City figures second in the country as a flour production center, having for last year alone a production of 14,927,727 sacks.

The growth of the flour milling industry in the area has not been a matter of chance. While it has de-

pendent to a considerable degree upon the enterprise and initiative of the individual millers, three important factors have contributed to the ascent of its foremost position: superior location, wheat supply and transportation facilities.

Back of Kansas City lies an empire of wheat, vast lands that make up the country's greatest area of wheat production. It is a field unequaled in size and quality of grain produced. Year after year this territory harvests several hundred million bushels of a superior kind of bread wheat. The 1947 crop promises to surpass any in history. By far the larger part of the crop has a natural tendency to move to and through the Kansas City gateway. The arteries of rail and truck transport which honeycomb the wheat producing area converge in Kansas City terminals, bringing with them the wealth of grain from the world's greatest wheat field. Much of the grain stays in Kansas City mills. The rest is shipped to others throughout the country, and also is used as part of the United States food loan to hungry peoples overseas.

The huge modern mills with their tremendous production capacities are

a far cry from the early grist mills that dotted the area. Perhaps the first flour mills within the present limits of the city stood on what is now the site of the New York Life building. Another was within a stone's throw of the present *Kansas City Star* building. One of the oldest of the early mills in the vicinity still stands—the Stubbins Watts mill on Indian Creek, just off Wornall road. Now an uncertain heap of leaning timbers, the Watts mill plays host only to occasional landscape painters and Sunday visitors, and to century-old ghosts of long gone millers.

The story of the milling industry in Kansas City rightfully begins approximately 170 years ago in the Russian Crimea. A large colony of Mennonites had been persuaded to emigrate from Germany to the Crimea in the latter half of the 18th Century, in consideration of freedom from compulsory military service for a hundred years. A century later, when this immunity was about to expire, the leaders of the sect sent emissaries to the Argentine, Canada and the United States to choose a new homeland. Bernhad Warkentin, himself a Mennonite and father of Carl B. Warkentin, now one of the country's best known millers, lived at that time in Illinois. Greeting his kinsmen on their arrival in this country and thereafter acting in part as the representative of the Santa Fe Railroad, he went with them to Kansas and showed them the wide rich plains in what since has become the heart of that state's sixteen million acre wheat field.

Arrangements were made to buy more than two hundred thousand acres of land in the south central part of the state, and a few months later the first party of Mennonites arrived and settled on these newly acquired farms.



Some members of the first group brought with them a few sacks of seed wheat, probably not more than thirty bushels each. From this, supplemented later by somewhat larger shipments, the vast hard winter wheat field of the Midwest has been seeded. From it, too, spring the seed of great acreages in parts of western Canada and a substantial part of the wheatfields of Argentine.

From the first, the new type of wheat showed a marked affection for the soil and climate of Kansas. Its welcome by millers, however, was far less cordial. The berry of the wheat was flinty hard, difficult to grind, more difficult still to separate. The flour produced was so rough that few housewives wanted it or were even able to use it. Yet there the wheat was and the millers had to make the best of it. For gradually the acreage of hard wheat extended itself into

every part of Kansas and the Midwest.

Sometime in the early eighties, it was discovered that the flour product of the new wheat somewhat resembled that made in the Northwest from hard spring wheat, just coming into popularity as the result of the "new system" of milling, gradual reduction and air purifier. The result of this was that which shortly became known as "Kansas flour." While this product was little liked by consumers in the district where it was produced, it began to find its way into Eastern markets and later into export trade. For many years, however, the new kind of flour from Kansas was accepted largely as a substitute for the better known and more costly hard spring wheat flour. It was not until the early years of the present century that hard winter wheat flour won independent standing in domestic markets and sold side by side with spring wheat flours in Great Britain and Continental markets.

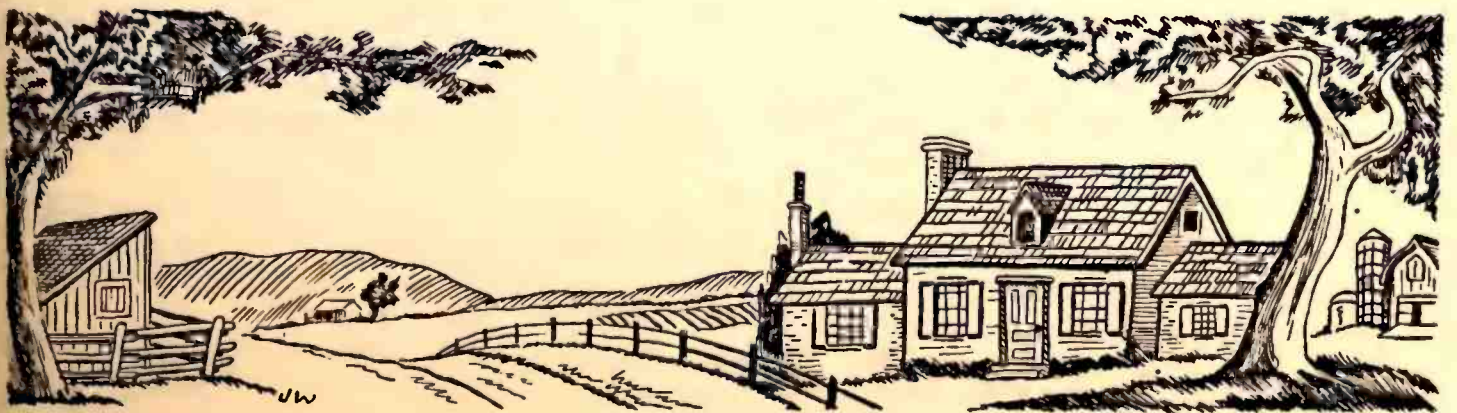
Kansas City, because of its location and railway advantages, quickly established itself as the center of the trade in both wheat and flour. By 1900, the city boasted four "large" mills, three of about six hundred barrels and a fourth with a capacity of

three thousand barrels. This largest mill was owned by Kehlor Brothers, of St. Louis, and was built on the "Alfree System," with the rolls in columns extending almost to the roof, known as "high mill." Operated many years chiefly on export trade, it long since was dismantled to make room for expansion in railroad switching yards.

The golden age of milling in the Southwest began along about 1906 and carried through the years of World War I prosperity, and on into the early twenties. It was momentarily interrupted by the buyers' strike of 1921, but again prospered in the years following. During World War II the milling industry reached new heights.

This report has excluded any mention of the Kansas City Board of Trade, founded in 1869, because its history, progress and present activities are a story in themselves. However, it may be said that as a cash grain market and as a speculative grain market, Kansas City is one of the largest in the world.

The milling companies with plants at Kansas City and companies with headquarters in Kansas City operating plants elsewhere, with daily capacity of each, as listed in *The Mil-*



ler's Almanack, published by The Northwestern Miller, are as follows:

Sacks

Kansas Flour Mills Co..... 6,600

Larabee Flour Mills Co.

(Monarch Mill).....11,770

Midland Flour Milling Co..... 4,200

Rodney Milling Co..... 6,400

Standard Milling Co.....12,700

United Mills Co., Inc..... 4,000

General Mills, Inc.

Central Div.....12,500

TOTAL 58,170

Wagonner-Gates Milling Co.

(Independence, Mo.)..... 2,550

TOTAL 60,720

So long as the great grain raising

territory extending from the Dakotas in the North to the line of cotton production in the South, and westward to the Rocky Mountains, continues to produce wheat, so long is Kansas City secure in her advantageous and entrenched position as a center of flour production. So long will she attract the building of more flour mills; and those already in Kansas City will undoubtedly continue to expand their equipment and production from year to year. With unlimited wheat supplies at her doors and the world's greatest and richest market extending in every direction, Kansas City offers flour milling advantages not excelled anywhere in the United States or the world.

▲
Enlarging on the dangers of modern food, the speaker pointed a finger at a harassed-looking listener and demanded, "What is it that we all eat at some time or another, that is the worst thing imaginable for us? Do you know, sir?"

Softly came the answer from the little man, "Wedding cake."—*Financial Post.*

▲
The young man in the dentist's chair asked if the radio could be turned off. "I know six teeth have to come out," he said, "but I don't want it done to the tune of *The Yanks Are Coming.*"

▲
The young couple finally found a house for rent in the country. After returning home, they suddenly realized that they had not seen a water closet in the house, so wrote the landlord asking where the W. C. was located.

The landlord, puzzled, decided the initials must stand for "Wesleyan Church," and wrote them that, "the W. C. is located about nine miles from the house, and is capable of seating about two hundred people. This distance is quite far, but if you are in the habit of going regularly, you will be glad to know that many people take their lunch with them and make a day of it. I hear that a bazaar is to be held to furnish the place with plush seats, as this has been a long felt need."

▲
Seeing an old lady beckon to him, the traffic cop held up a dozen automobiles, a truck, and two taxis to go to her side. "What is it, lady?" he asked. "Do you want me to help you across the street?"

"No, officer," she replied. "I just wanted to tell you that the number on your hat and shield is the number of my favorite hymn."

RADIO
TOKIO

AMERICAN
STYLE

Japan's most effective entertainment and educational medium is being speedily overhauled.

by BOB DOWNER

“THIS program is unpopular. Stop it at once. We are organized.”

It isn't a threat from a fascist organization preparing to take over a peaceful country; it is a “fan letter” to the GI producers of the 10-program series *Now It Can Be Told*, broadcast in Japan through the early months of the occupation.

The letter is typical of hundreds received by the program, which gave, in half-hour broadcasts, the true story of Japanese aggression from the Mukden incident to the surrender.

But the threats—which never materialized — didn't bother the producers, the Radio Unit of the Civil Information and Education Section of General Headquarters, because they didn't have time to worry. They were too busy reorganizing the 8-network, 44-station broadcasting system of Japan.

Originally, the mission of the Radio Unit was to oversee and censor the Japanese programs, but when they discovered the haphazard way Japanese radio was run, they saw that some reorganization would be necessary in order to censor the programs effectively.

The trouble behind the whole system was that the Japanese radio is government-operated, instead of being commercial. Without competition, no one in the studios could see any reason for having interesting programs or an efficient system of programming. Most of the programs were biased news, music or propaganda.

The inefficiency appalled American producers, directors and engineers. One of them gives this description of his first view of a Japanese broadcast:

“The program was supposed to start at 8:00 in the morning. With no apologies to the listeners for being late, the program came on at 8:14, because by then they decided that there were enough performers in the studio to start a broadcast. There was supposed to be a certain order for the numbers, but they kept changing the order as they went along. At 8:50 they ran out of things to say, so they just closed down, and there was ten minutes of dead air until the next show.”

Program schedules weren't followed throughout the day, some of the programs ran short and some ran overtime. There was much dead time,

during which no programs were being broadcast. "Why not?" the Japanese producers said. Nobody was paying for the time, so who cared?

From 4:30 until 5:00 every day, all stations were shut down in order to give the transmitters a chance to cool off, even Tokio's JOAK, the largest station in Japan.

Because the radio was government-operated, many of the Japanese producers had got their jobs by political pull.

"Before we came here, some of these producers couldn't have put on a high school assembly and come out on time," says Ralph B. Hunter, program director for the Army's Radio Unit.

When the Japanese put on a variety show, there were always at least seven producers in it, one for announcing, one for music, one for engineering details, and so forth, and there was no coordination between them.

The first thing the Radio Unit did was to adopt a policy. That policy was, first, to build public confidence in the radio; and, second, to interest and educate the Japanese between the ages of 15 and 30 years.

Realizing that a slipshod production system could get nobody's confidence, American supervisors showed the Japanese some things that are considered elementary in American radio: the advisability of having only one producer for each show, of building programs in 15-minute blocks, and of using all of the air time by starting and stopping programs on schedule.

Even yet, the listeners haven't got-

ten used to this idea. Station JOAK receives hundreds of letters lamenting the fact that there no longer is dead time in which to "meditate" on the preceding program.

The Army's Radio Unit writes a few programs to be broadcast to the people, and has suggested many more. As a result, the Japanese have the *Editors' Hour*, *Women's Hour*, *Infants' Hour*, *Fishermen's Hour*, *Coal Miners' Hour* and *Farm Hour*, to which 57% of the farmers in the 15 to 30 age group listen.

A calisthenics program was demilitarized by broadcasting ordinary exercises instead of sword drills. A twice-daily English conversation class was started. Only 13% of the people in the 40 to 50 year age group heard it, but 45% of the 15 to 30 year old group listened, and that's what the Radio Unit considered most important.

With great difficulty, a Man on the Street broadcast was started for the first time in Japan. It was difficult because the people were not used to expressing their opinions, especially to a microphone. Overseer Ralph Hunter set up a mike and platform in the center of Tokio's busiest shopping district, the Ginza, and used theater tickets as an inducement to get volunteers to talk.

But here there was trouble, too, because of the Japanese custom of refusing a gift three times before accepting it, which wasted much valuable time. Now he offers the tickets only once, and the volunteers are out of luck if they refuse.

Records are made on the spot, then a telephone wire is tapped and

the transcriptions sent back to the radio station where more records are made. There a final selection of records is made and the program broadcast.

Of all the new music programs they are getting at the American Army's suggestion, such as *This Week's Composer* and *Music of All Nations*, probably the most radical in the eyes (and ears) of the old folks is *House of Jazz*. Only 2% of the

people over 50 years old like it, and many protest against it.

"But we don't care about that," program director Hunter says, calling attention to the Radio Unit's policy. "The kids love it, and that's enough for us."

There is a big educational job to be done in Japan, and from now on the Nips are going to hear Radio Tokio *a la Radio City*.

Out of the Sky

THERE is nothing new about the flying disc stories which have had America agog this summer. At least one hundred eye-witness accounts of the whirling discs have turned up among the thousands of strange happenings in the sky reported during the past century and a half. Some odd tales and a few yellowed drawings are all that remain of the flying discs of your grandfather's day.

Control of the objects by some super-human force is suggested in the account of the large, flat, light-colored whirling disc which startled the passengers and crew of the "Lady of the Lake" in mid-Atlantic on March 22, 1870. One observer reported that the object apparently was "intelligently controlled." The sketch which was published with this extraordinary story was strikingly similar to drawings of modern discs.

A dazzling orange-colored body resembling "an elongated flatfish" projected out of the strange disc visible in the sky over North Wales on August 26, 1894. An eye-witness account of this disc was made by an Admiral Omanney to a fascinated world.

Some of the reports are unbelievably bizarre. A giant trumpet stood vertically in the sky vibrating gently for five or six minutes over the terror-stricken Mexican town of Oaxaca in 1874, according to one report. An extremely brilliant "hook-like" form was seen over Ohio in 1833, and sketches still survive of a disc, "the size of the moon" and with a hook jutting from it, which appeared over India around 1838.

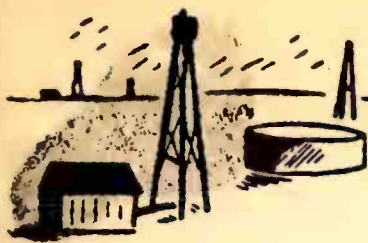
You have your choice of size when it comes to the flying discs of yesterday. Objects described as being four or five times the size of the moon drifted slowly over Adrianople, Turkey, in 1885, while grayish bodies, estimated as being only three-and-a-half feet long, swooped down on Saarbruck in April, 1826.

Most of the mysterious sky visitors reported were round; but a large, luminous object, shaped like a square table, frightened honeymooners when it appeared over Niagara Falls in November, 1833.

Some fascinating theories have been advanced to explain the flying discs of the past. Some believe the whirling bodies came from Mars, or some other point outside the earth's orbit. Even more fantastic is the theory that the discs belong to a dimension of time and space unknown to our world. Whatever their origin, one thing is certain. The flying discs are as old as the tales our grandparents told on long winter nights.—Frank Gillio.



That's right. I'm going to sit up with a slick friend!"



Ponca City's Plain Man...



LEW WENTZ

*Wealth has merely increased the good
which the Oklahoma oil man has always done.*

by ESTY MORRIS

PONCA CITY, Oklahoma, sits squarely upon the main line of the Santa Fe railroad. It is a community of 20-odd thousand people known to Oklahomans as "the best little town in the world," and to others as the adopted home of multimillionaire Lew Wentz, philanthropist and legendary power-behind-the-throne of Oklahoma Republican politics.

Thirty-six years ago, Wentz checked in at Ponca City's Arcade Hotel, and his name has never left the guest register. His single room has given away to two apartments, one on the ground floor and another two stories higher. But it is the same hotel. Richer, wiser, and 36 years older, it is the same Lew Wentz.

"I like it here," he says. That's that.

Wentz is a plain man, and proud of it. His father was a blacksmith. Asked about it, one time, he did more than nod an affirmative. "Yes," he declared, "and he was a damned good one, too!"

For young friends, Wentz has some advice on this subject. "It's all right to be plain," he says. "Most of us belong to the plain people; but don't ever be common!"

Wentz, a most uncommon man with money enough to be what he pleases, long ago chose to be plain. He lives simply but well at the Arcade, generalling from there the activities of his scattered interests. At the moment, they include oil in five states, automobile agencies, real estate, newspapers, operating ranches, a large citrus grove in Texas, an extensive English walnut grove and an avacado grove in California, a city subdivision, a game sanctuary, and even a modern cemetery.

He was born in Tama, Iowa, but moved to Pittsburgh with his parents while quite young. He went through school there, played baseball for the University of Western Pennsylvania (now the University of Pittsburgh), and later became baseball coach of all the Pittsburgh high schools.

As a hustling infielder, he developed a love for the game which has never diminished. Years ago he attempted to buy the Pittsburgh Pirates, and later he was widely mentioned as a prospective purchaser of the St. Louis Cardinals.

To Wentz goes credit for baseball umpires signalling strikes with the right hand. While managing a sand-

lot team back in the Smoky City, he furnished the umpire a black alpaca coat. On the right sleeve he had sewed the white letter "S," and on the left, a "B." By holding up the proper hand, the umpire was able to indicate balls and strikes to the players and spectators. The letters are no longer used, but the custom of right and left hand signals continues.

Lew Wentz has the further distinction of having pitched the first night



game, although the contest itself was something of a fiasco. It was conducted under arc lights, which proved unsatisfactory. So night baseball was shelved until adequate electric lighting facilities were available.

Of his youth and young manhood, Wentz' strongest recollections are of his mother. A remarkable woman, Mrs. Wentz is remembered and spoken of admiringly—almost reverently—by all who knew her. She was strongly religious, staunch in Methodism, devout in faith and prayer. Although not a particularly religious man, Lew has adhered to the precepts of living which he learned from his mother. He is fundamentally sound, fanatically honest, helpful, and willing to fight for what is right.

He is a perfectionist, methodical to a fault. Associates say that if Lew Wentz has a failing, it is that he spends far too much time on details which might well be delegated to someone else. And in Wentz' many

enterprises, details are legion. The saving factor is, however, that this strict attention to little things keeps him completely posted on every phase of his businesses, so that he is personally able to make instant decisions. He knows about everything, all of the time, and never has to ask questions or conduct research before making up his mind.

Wentz went to Oklahoma in 1911 to look after the interests of John G. McCaskey. McCaskey was a fellow Pittsburgher and close friend of Wentz' who had cornered the sauerkraut market and decided to take a flyer in oil. When McCaskey advised Wentz the company had but one salaried man, other than field workers, who was paid \$150 a month, Wentz smiled and said: "You know no such salary would interest me, but I want to try the West and will go to Oklahoma and stay a minimum of six months without salary, if that will help your situation." That six months has stretched into 36 years and will probably be for the balance of his life.

Wentz applied himself whole heartedly to this undertaking and developed a peculiar proficiency in a business altogether new to him. Later he and McCaskey joined into a partnership. The business, all under Wentz' personal direction, expanded fast under his policy never to sell a lease and to develop his own. Until recent years Wentz never owned a producing lease he did not write himself.

John McCaskey died while still a comparatively young man. Among Wentz' cherished possessions is a letter from all five of the McCaskey heirs, commending him for his fairness and

generosity with their father and with them.

After McCaskey's death, Wentz operated alone. In 1924, he organized the Wentz Oil Corporation, in which he owned all of the stock. It was this company which developed Well Number 45 of the McKee lease to the point where it was producing approximately a million dollars worth of oil a month. He personally wrote the famous McKee and Mahoney leases in the Tonkawa field, and all of his own leases in the fabulous Blackwell field.

But in 1928, Wentz abandoned all corporations. Except for the lucrative States Oil Corporation of East Texas, which he controls in partnership with Joseph M. Weaver of Eastland, and his recently incorporated automobile agencies, Wentz operates strictly as an individual. He says this is necessary because, "the demagogues spread the word that all corporations were public enemies.

"I don't know what the next step will be because the same demagogues are now spreading the new doctrine that all who pay their debts, employ well-paid labor and display an interest in the welfare of their country are 'economic royalists,' whatever that is!"

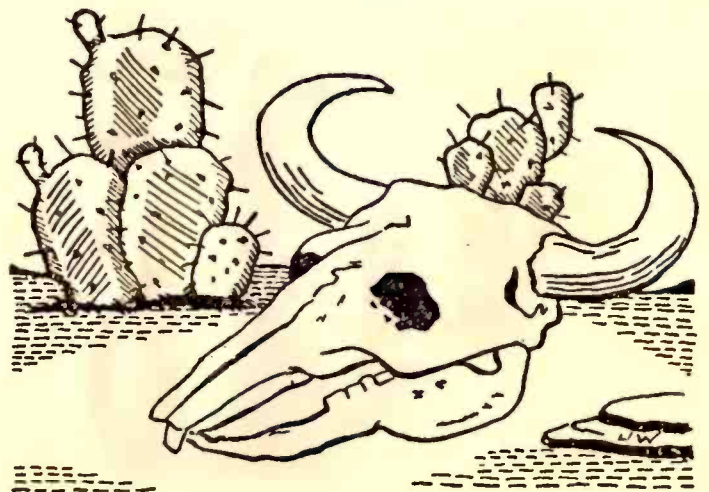
Whatever that is isn't bothering Lew Wentz much. He goes his way, doing his good deeds and operating his various businesses. Actually, most of those businesses are ones he never intended to enter. He financed them for someone who was unable to make a go of them, and now finds himself running them. Among them are a 700-acre citrus grove in Texas; four

daily and four weekly newspapers in Oklahoma; and Ford agencies in Ponca City and Miami, Oklahoma, and Salina and Kansas City, Kansas. His Kansas Motors plant in Kansas City is a plant employing a staff of 100 mechanics and service men. It is the most modern and completely equipped automobile agency in the United States.

There have been men who have worked most of their lives to amass fortunes, employing any means expeditious to the accomplishment of that ambition. Then, being wealthy and fearing death, they have made sizeable and well-publicized donations to charity. Too often that is the picture conjured up by the word "philanthropist."

Be it entered in the record right now, Lew Wentz is not one of those. For Wentz, money has been a means of increasing the good he was already doing.

Many, many years ago, when Lew Wentz was far from a rich man, he



began distributing hundreds of dolls, toys, and other presents to the poor children of Ponca City at Christmas time. He gave these gifts under the name of "Daddy Longlegs." The pseu-

donym was partly modesty, but it was made necessary by the fact that Wentz was borrowing money to buy the gifts, and the bank would never have lent it had they known the unbusinesslike purpose to which Wentz was putting it. Wentz says his greatest kick came on the Christmas when the bank president was an active member of the committee distributing the toys.

Another annual custom of more than 20 years' standing is the sending of a large bouquet of flowers each Mother's Day to the oldest mother attending each church in Ponca City. Each year for the past 18 years he has donated a thousand dollars for membership prizes to the American Legion Auxiliary. For a period of five years he operated a free motion picture four days a week. The show, which included a feature, newsreel, and comic short, was open to the public at no charge.

But of all his helpful activities, the one closest his heart is aid to crippled children. He first became in-



terested in helping a young boy who was an infantile paralysis victim close to death. The boy's progress engrossed him so much that he began to help others, and in 1926 he hired the

Ponca City school superintendent as a full-time employee to establish a permanent statewide system of aid to crippled children. After 21 years the same man, Joe N. Hamilton, is still enthusiastically on the same job. The movement was successful, and other states patterned hospitals and legislation after that which Wentz had fostered in Oklahoma.

In 1928, Wentz began construction of a camp for Boy Scouts. But although Boy Scouts still use it, they are only a few of the thousands of annual recipients of the camp's hospitality. For, in addition to land value, Wentz has put more than \$350,000 into cabins, landscaping, an auditorium-dining hall, and a huge swimming pool. Called the Ponca City Educational Camp, it is open to organized recreational, religious, and educational young people's groups.

Perhaps the stormiest phase of Lew Wentz' career, and the outstanding one from the point of public service, was his four-year tenure on the Oklahoma State Highway Commission. That ended in a row which went to the state supreme court, several letters of apology from people in high places, and a saving of millions of dollars for Oklahoma taxpayers.

Governor W. J. Holloway appointed Wentz to the post of chairman of a new commission in 1929. Lush times had led to carelessness in the handling of state funds, so Wentz' first act was to overhaul completely the entire system of conducting the department. The commission drafted a chief engineer from the Federal Service, but Wentz took no further hand in choosing employees. He placed all

personnel problems in the hands of the engineer.

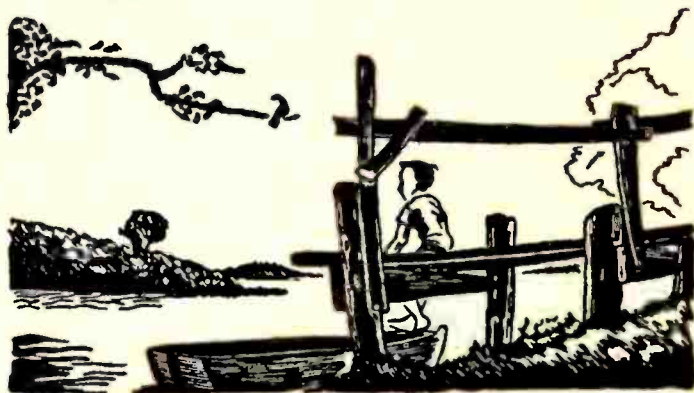
He eliminated politics to the fullest possible extent. Rock asphalt, which had been used by the preceding commission at an exorbitant cost, was ruled out entirely. Bids for the first work advertised were \$300,000 less than those obtained by the previous commission for exactly the same projects just 60 days before. The commission launched a new era of public service in the Oklahoma Highway Department.

Then a new governor took office. He replaced the first two associates of Wentz with two of his own men. But Wentz kept fighting. When his new associates attempted to take fast action in the purchase of a tremendous quantity of cement, Wentz blocked it. This led to an investigation by the legislature. After a three-week hearing, the state senate censured the two commissioners for their conduct in the matter, and commended Wentz. They found he had saved several million dollars.

The new governor, still inexplicably opposed to Wentz (although now very friendly), issued an executive order removing him. Wentz wouldn't take it lying down. He fought the action through to the state supreme court and won reinstatement.

During his entire time in office, Wentz furnished his own office equipment and automobile, paid his own secretary, never submitted an expense account, and assigned his salary each month to the Oklahoma Society for Crippled Children in the total sum of \$24,000.

Despite the struggles he had while highway commisisoner, Lew still succeeded in making and holding friends. At a public meeting, another governor expressed the hope that he might have as many fast friends as Wentz, when he stepped down from office.



One of Wentz' finest friendships over a number of years was with humorist Will Rogers. They met often, and participated jointly in public and private charities. Wentz is vice chairman of the Will Rogers Memorial Commission and rendered an important service in the successful effort to bring Rogers' body back to Oklahoma for burial in the magnificent "Garden" where he and Mrs. Rogers, who died later, are now resting. Wentz arranged for the construction of this garden, with private funds, on the grounds of the beautiful Memorial building built by the State of Oklahoma.

Always interested in politics, Wentz made it a rule never to run for public office or accept an organization office until 1940. Then, to keep harmony in the Republican party, he accepted the office of National Committeeman by unanimous vote. In 1942 E. H. Moore, a Democrat, was substituted on the Republican ticket for W. B. Pine, who had died after his nomination for the office of United States Senator.

Needless to say, this substitution would not have been made had Wentz not concurred. Moore's campaign was successful. But two years later he unaccountably issued an edict that Wentz not be re-elected as a Committeeman. But he learned how useless it was to issue an edict against Lew Wentz! Wentz became a candidate and was the choice of all eight districts and the State Convention. His only comment on this contest was: "The little fellows in the party—who are the real fellows after all—have spoken."

Wentz is a great admirer of Governor Tom Dewey of New York, both personally and on the basis of his record. He believes Dewey will be quickly nominated next year unless he is "temporarily delayed by those who hide behind hypocritical support of 'favorite sons'."

Honors have been showered upon Lew Wentz. A 33rd degree Mason, a Shriner, and a past commander of the Knights Templar, he has been president of the Masonic Charity Foundation since its organization 18 years ago. He has been a treasurer of the Oklahoma Society for Crippled Children for 21 years, and he was an organizer of that society. He is an honorary member of Acacia, Beta Gamma Sigma and Phi Beta Kappa fraternities at the University of Oklahoma.

Wentz has a burning interest in education. He has established perpetual revolving funds of several hundred thousand dollars for student aid at Oklahoma University, Oklahoma A. and M., Tulsa University, Cameron

College, and Southeastern State College of Oklahoma.

The funds form a basis for loans to needy students. When paid back, the money is again lent. Each student feels an obligation towards succeeding students, so loans are repaid as quickly as possible.

In his vivid career, Lew Wentz has indirectly helped more than ten thousand crippled children. He says he wants to be helpful, also, in educating ten thousand boys and girls. Now near that mark, it seems reasonable that the ambition will soon be realized. More and more will be helped, through the years, with the funds that he has donated and the organizations he has set up.

Now, as he says—"getting old and gray," Mr. Wentz continues to lead an active life. He is still a bachelor. He spends an hour or two each afternoon on his ranch just outside Ponca City where he has wild deer, wild turkeys, registered cattle, registered saddle horses and the country's outstanding herd of registered Sheltand ponies. Here, as everywhere else, he strives for perfection, and his mechanical mind is constantly devising new gadgets for the improvement of the status quo. Every trip to Kansas City includes a circuit of the hardware stores, to ferret out the particular hard-to-get bolt, hinge, or whatever, necessary for the completion of some current invention.

Yes, Ponca City is in Oklahoma, and Lew Wentz is in Ponca City. That is why, every year, more people learn about "the best little town in the world."

It was a sad day in the insect world when DDT came along!

by MIKE BURNS

another
larva

Bites the
Dust!



HALF a million dollars in savings await the apple growers of Kansas who follow the new DDT spray program being developed at the Kansas Experiment Station. An estimated 150,000 bushels of Kansas apples were lost in 1941 alone, because there was no available insecticide that would effectively control the ravages of coddling moth.

This year, half of the nation's orchardists will use the amazing insecticide for a miraculous saving, as the result of experimentation throughout the country with DDT.

Prominent in this work with apples and one of the directors of experimental spraying in Kansas is Dr. R. L. Parker of the Kansas Experiment Station.

Pointing to the impressive array of literature atop his desk in the entomology office at Kansas State College, Manhattan, Doctor Parker says, "That is only part of the latest material flooding this office on the recent work with DDT."

Dichloro-diphenyl-trichloroethane, or more conveniently, DDT, still has scientists on the run trying to keep up with the hundreds of new uses developing for it from day to day.

Only a few years ago, "wormy" apples were threatening the success of the apple business in Kansas. Lead arsenate was normally giving little better than 75 percent normal control of that small, insignificant-looking little grey moth whose larva was responsible for the "worm." The

coddling moth was taking a terrific toll in the nation's orchards.

In 1941, a new, most amazing insecticide was reported in Switzerland. Soon brought to this country, it was first manufactured in the United States in May, 1943. The first supplies went to the Army for the spraying of fly infested Pacific islands, but in time, DDT was available for experimental purposes.

The insecticide made its way to Kansas in 1945, and in that first year of its appearance the records of the Experiment Station orchards showed an encouraging 96 per cent control of the grey moth by the use of DDT as opposed to a better than usual 81 per cent control by the use of lead arsenate.

Heads were lifted, eyebrows raised; DDT was taking the country by storm. Hundreds of queries were sent to the college, and apple growers kept a ceaseless vigil for the first word of: "Where do we get it? How do we use it?" But time was necessary for the research required to answer these questions.

The work is being carried on at the Blair Experiment Orchard in Doniphan County, the center of the north-east Kansas apple belt. As part of a nationwide program set up by the United States Department of Agriculture to test the qualities of DDT, the Doniphan County orchard was selected for a control test for coddling moth. The program of Doctor Parker and his associates for that first year, 1945, included tests with lead arsenate; a lead arsenate, zinc sulfate, oil combination; "Gesarol AK 40 Spray" which contains 40 per cent DDT;

"Black Leaf 155" with DDT; and "Black Leaf 155," a fixed nicotine compound, by itself.

Every tree in the orchard had a number. In true Bingo style, the tree numbers were placed in a hat and drawn out, one at a time, to see which trees would be sprayed with what compounds. Two trees were sprayed with each type compound. The remaining trees were left to the standard lead arsenate spray. DDT won the contest hands down.

Just one year's results though didn't mean much. Orchardists were frantic for some word, but the experimenters felt that results were not conclusive enough to give specific recommendations.

Complications were bound to occur, and they did. By using DDT, an almost forgotten pest in orchards sprang up. It was the two-spotted mite, a pest of fruit and shade trees, which lives at the expense of the foliage. The oil in previous sprays had been a fine control for mite. DDT, alone, was practically worthless.

Red-banded leaf roller, a moth most active at night, was also on the increase throughout the East and Midwest where work with DDT was being carried on. Lead arsenate had been an excellent control for roller, but DDT was a failure.

In addition, DDT killed practically all of the beneficial insects found in orchards. Without the lady beetle and others, harmful insects were allowed to multiply and new problem pests presented themselves.

And what about the honeybee? Here was a powerful insecticide be-

ing used which might mean the end of the honeybee in orchards. This would be a serious detriment to pollinization of the flowers of fruit plants. Doctor Parker found that, fortunately, the honeybee was somewhat repelled by the spray and therefore remained unharmed, safely away from spots covered with DDT. A necessary precaution, however, is never to spray the trees when in full blossom.



What to do about these headaches was the problem that faced Doctor Parker and his associates as the next season neared and another spray schedule had to be worked out.

With 1946, and the second year of the work, numbers again were drawn from the hat, and the orchard sprayer rolled to the field with a new set of sprays. There was a repeat on lead arsenate; DMT—chemically known as Di-methoxyphenyl-trichloroethane and a relative of DDT; lead arsenate with zinc sulfate and oil; Miticidal DDT—a new mixture containing 16 per cent DDT; pure DDT at the high rate of one pound to 100 gallons of water; “Black Leaf 155” in several combinations with DDT; and benzene hexachloride.

Results this time were even better than in 1945. Trees in neighboring orchards sprayed with DDT helped to give such results as 95 per cent control with lead arsenate alone, and the highest per cent of “worm-free” apples on record, 98.5, with a spray of “Black Leaf 155,” DDT and oil emulsion combined.

DDT was proving out. The bars were being relaxed, but experimentation still goes on. This year, for the first time on record, some of the trees were marked for no spray at all. Heretofore, experimenters have been afraid to let any trees go unsprayed, because they have had no successful way to stop a codling moth invasion, once it got a foothold in the orchard. Now they have DDT. Some even talk of eventual eradication of the moth from all orchards.

Of course, DDT is still in the experimental stage. New spray materials are being developed which may be more effective than DDT. Soon, results will be conclusive enough that entomologists can give definite recommendations for fruit spraying with all confidence in the results. Other products, such as “Vaportone,” “DN111,” Rhothane D3, Chlordane, and numerous others made by leading chemical manufacturers are coming into the tests each season. The possibilities have not begun to be fathomed.

Garden and orchard folks are looking to DDT as an amazing control for grape leafhopper, grape berry-moth, rose chafer, the tarnished plant bug, Oriental fruit moth, apple maggot, pear thrips, pecan and chestnut weevils, as well as countless other in-

sects involving savings of small fortunes in many an industry.

DDT has proved an excellent control agent for bedbugs, grain beetles, carpenter bees, fleas in homes and on dogs, flies, mosquitos, a variety of lice, spiders, garden insects of several kinds and ticks.

The outcome is more than anyone can predict. Scientists agree, however, that we are on the road to a particularly bright future in eradicating some of our worst common pests—enemies which man has “put up with” for many centuries—and certainly long enough!

Can You Make It a Threesome?

by MYRA CARR

TWO is company and three's a crowd — in the parlor, at the movies or on a bicycle built for two — but not in the case of these famous trios. These come labeled 3-in-1 and seldom is one mentioned without the others. Can you fill in the blanks with the missing names? Five right is passing. Turn to page 49 for answers.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Three Andrews Sisters — | 5. The Three Fishermen — |
| a. LaVerne | a. Wynken |
| b. Patty | b. Blynken |
| c. | c. |
| 2. The Three Wise Men — | 6. Daniel's Three Friends of |
| a. Melchior | fiery furnace fame — |
| b. Gaspar | a. Shadrach |
| c. | b. Meshach |
| 3. Three Men in a Tub — | c. |
| a. the butcher | 7. The Three Graces — |
| b. the baker | a. Aglaia |
| c. | b. Euphrosyne |
| 4. The Three Musketeers — | c. |
| a. Athos | 8. The 1st Triumvirate — |
| b. Porthos | a. Caesar |
| c. | b. Crassus |
| | c. |

Whose Dog Art Thou?

A SMART dog knows his own master, and a smart quizzer knows which dog in the left-hand column belongs to which person in the right. A score of less than eight qualifies you for a box of doggie biscuits. Answers on page 49.

THE DOG

1. Daisy
2. Zero
3. Flush
4. Fala
5. Sandy
6. Pluto
7. Asta
8. Toby
9. Blaze
10. Tige

THE MASTER

- a. Little Orphan Annie
- b. The Thin Man
- c. Buster Brown
- d. Punch
- e. The Bumsteads
- f. Elizabeth Barrett Browning
- g. Annie Rooney
- h. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
- i. Mickey Mouse
- j. Elliot Roosevelt

DEAD MEN



*Notes on a not-very-pleasant
but well-paid profession.*

by TED PETERSON

ADVANCES in the field of medical science have been made possible in large part by researches performed on human anatomy. Yet feeling has always run high against dissection. This gave rise, in the late Middle Ages, to the grisly but lucrative profession of body-snatching, a vocation which was carried on for several centuries and was highlighted by an incident which came to public attention only a little more than a hundred years ago.

Selling human corpses was the business of John Bishop and Thomas Williams, who carried on their partnership in London in 1831. Their lonely cottage at Nova Scotia Gardens was an ideal place for converting stray acquaintances into saleable merchandise.

The pair confessed to murdering three people, but very likely there were more; rumors in their time put the figure at more than sixty. Before Bishop hit upon the scheme of killing people for their bodies, he had peddled newly-buried corpses which he dug up from graveyards.

"I have followed the course of obtaining a livelihood as a body-snatcher for twelve years, and have obtained and sold, I think, from 500 to 1,000

bodies," he remarked in his subsequent confession.

At that time body-snatching was a flourishing profession. Surgeons who held classes in anatomy needed bodies for dissection and study. The law provided them with bodies of condemned criminals, but the demand was always greater than the supply. To augment their skimpy allowance, they bought cadavers from whoever could furnish them—mainly professional body-snatchers or "resurrectionists" who robbed graves or claimed friendless charity-ward cases for burial.

Bishop and Williams learned that a living person, quietly and efficiently murdered, resulted in a more suitable subject than anything they could dig up in the graveyard. For one thing, the subject was fresher, and consequently it fetched a better price from the surgeons.

They undoubtedly had that in mind late one October night when they came upon a thin, pockmarked creature named Fanny Pigburn sitting with her child in a doorway in Shore-ditch. Learning that she had been turned into the street by her landlord, they invited her to their cottage, one of a lonely cluster, where they treated

her to a few drinks and prepared a make-shift bed of rags for her in front of the fire.

Next morning Bishop and Williams asked Fanny to get rid of her child and meet them later in the day at the London Apprentice public house, or saloon, an appointment which she kept. About eleven o'clock that night, Fanny and her two benefactors left the bar. The night was dark and rainy, and for half an hour the three huddled in the shelter of a doorway. This time the men took Fanny to a vacant cottage next door to their own. The house was inky black; they had no light. Williams stepped into the garden long enough to mix some laudanum into the rum they brought along. Returning, he chivalrously handed the half-pint bottle to Fanny, who downed the contents in two or three gulps.

Ten minutes later Fanny dozed on a step between two of the rooms. When she drowsily toppled backwards, Bishop, with more business sense than gallantry, was there to catch her—the body would bring a better price if it weren't cut or bruised. The partners knocked off for a drink at a public house while Fanny slumbered. On their return, they stripped off her cloak, tied a stout cord to her feet and carried her to the garden well. They plunged her into it headfirst.

"She struggled very little afterwards, and the water bubbled a little at the top," Bishop, with a fine eye for detail, observed in his confession.

The men left Fanny hanging head-downward in the well until the rum,

laudanum and water had drained from her mouth; meanwhile they amused themselves by taking a short stroll. A little later they hauled out the body, cut off all its clothes and hid them. They carried the corpse to the wash shed of Bishop's house, where they stuffed it into a trunk for safekeeping.

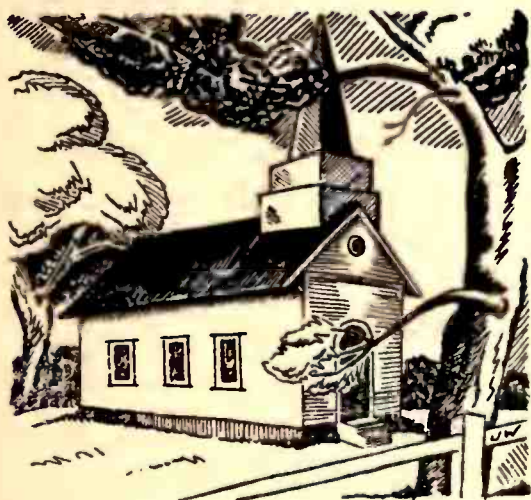
The partners had a good night's work behind them, and they must have been tired, but they didn't go to bed. Instead they routed a porter named Shields to tote the body to St. Thomas' hospital for them. When morning came, Shields set out for the hospital with their merchandise. He was accompanied by Williams' wife Rhoda, who carried an empty hatbox, as Shields feared his burden might otherwise make him conspicuous. Bishop and Williams lagged behind, an eye on their wares.

Bishop handled the business details at the hospital while his companions waited for him in a nearby public house. One of the surgeons wanted a body but couldn't give a definite answer until the next day. Bishop impatiently chased down another buyer, a Mr. Appleton, who paid him eight guineas for Fanny. Bishop and party celebrated the success of the deal with a few rounds of drinks, then called it a day.

The partnership resumed business operations about a fortnight after Fanny had gone plunging down the well. Near midnight one night late in October, the partners came upon a boy of ten or eleven sleeping "under the pig-boards at Smithfield." Williams woke the lad and invited him

home with them. They learned that the boy was named Cunningham, that his mother lived in Kent street and, most important, that he had not been home for a year or more. From the firm's point of view, he was ripe for the dissection slab.

At Bishop's cottage they gave him warm beer, sweetened with sugar and laced with a good dash of their rum and laudanum mixture.



"He drank two or three cups full," Bishop said, "and then fell asleep in a little chair belonging to one of my children." The men presently gave the child the garden well treatment that had finished off Fanny. He fetched them eight guineas at St. Bartholomew's hospital.

Bishop and Williams were off to a good start; their October gross was 16 guineas, a large sum in their day. But in November they met their downfall. It came when they tried to sell a surgeon at King's College the body of Carlo Ferrari, a little Italian boy who earned a living exhibiting a small tortoise and white mouse which he kept in a wooden cage hung from his neck.

The scheme went well enough at first. They met the boy in a Smith-

field public house and lured him home with them on a promise of work. When they reached their cottage about eleven o'clock, Bishop's wife and children and Mrs. Williams were still up, so they hid the boy outside until Williams had shooed the families off to bed. Then when all was quiet in the cottage, they brought in the boy and fed him bread and cheese—an unbusinesslike gesture, since they passed him the familiar rum and laudanum as soon as he had finished eating.

The lad swigged down the rum in two draughts and had a little beer for a chaser. Ten minutes later he was sleeping soundly in his chair. While he slept, his hosts chucked him headfirst down the well.

Next day they offered the corpse to a Mr. Tusan. "He said he had waited so long for a subject which I had undertaken to procure," Bishop related, "that he had been obliged to buy one the day before." They went next to a lecture hall on Dean street, where a man agreed to pay them eight guineas for the body. They accepted the offer and promised delivery next morning.

Meantime, however, they dropped in at a public house and there bumped into a body-snatching acquaintance, James May, who sometimes used the fascinating alias "Jack Stirabout." In the course of some shop talk he told them that eight guineas was too low a price for their subject. He could get them more, he said, at the place where he did business. The partners would have spared themselves a lot of grief if they'd told May to go peddle his own bodies. But they listened

greedily. Bishop invited May to get what he could for the boy and to keep anything more than nine guineas. May accepted. After a good deal of drinking, the three wound up at Nova Scotia Gardens, where the partners showed May the body.

"How are the teeth?" May inquired professionally. Bishop said he hadn't looked. Williams got a brad-awl from the house, and May gouged out the teeth, which he later sold to a dentist for 12 shillings.

"It is the constant practice to take the teeth out first, because if the body be lost the teeth are saved," Bishop explained in his confession.

Stuffing the body into a sack, they carried it to a coach they had engaged. Two attempts to sell the corpse were unsuccessful. The following day Bishop and May, both drunk, appeared at King's College to inquire of the porter if anyone



wanted to buy a good corpse for 12 guineas. A Mr. Partridge told the porter he would give nine guineas for the boy, and the lackey passed this offer on to the two body-venders. May held out for ten guineas, but Bishop, who had nothing to lose, promised delivery for the nine guineas.

The body-merchants departed and returned later with Williams, Shields and a hamper containing the cadaver. The corpse was so fresh that it aroused the porter's suspicions. More scrupulous than many a surgeon of his day, Mr. Partridge examined it, and he too became suspicious. He sent for the police, who carted the lot of body-salesmen off to the station. Shields was later released after the authorities found he had been only Bishop's porter and knew nothing of the murders.

Bishop, Williams and May were brought to trial on Friday, December 31, 1831, charged on one count with the wilful murder of the Italian boy and on another count with that of a male person, name unknown. After a half hour's deliberation, the jury found them guilty. The three men were sentenced to be hanged the following Monday, and their bodies were ordered to be turned over to the anatomists for dissection.

On the two days following the trial, Bishop made a confession, which Williams corroborated. They cleared May of any part in the three murders, and as a result his sentence was respite. They insisted that their third victim had not been the Italian boy, as was proved at the trial, but a Lincolnshire lad. Whoever he was, Bishop and Williams were hanged for the murder on December 5.

That night their bodies were sent to medical schools for dissection. Williams' went to the Theatre of Anatomy, Windmill Street. Bishop's, with poetic justice, went to King's College.

★ PROCESSION...

MAGNIFICENT

STAR spangled beauties with knockout figures and sleek, well-groomed noggins full of gray matter will converge upon Atlantic City come September 1st. The reason—The

Miss America Pageant.

These bonny babes will hail from all parts of the forty-eight and will have *puh*lenty on the proverbial sphere, talent-wise as well as shape-wise. Facial features? Sis, you've got to be Aphrodite's daughter, Hebe's sister, Venus' cousin and remind the judges of the Graces, all with one gorgeous face! Simple, isn't it?

Actually, it is simple to enter one of the preliminary contests that are being held this summer throughout the country. Take Kansas City for example—Station WHB and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling are jointly sponsoring the Miss Missouri and Miss Kansas contests. To enter, you merely fill out an application blank, have an interview with the school officials concerning your talent, and learn a few modeling tricks in order to display your talent and figure to the best advantage.

Of course, you must be unmarried and between the ages of 18 and 28. The sponsors are holding the preliminary contests each Saturday afternoon at Kansas City's smart El Casbah in the Bellerive Hotel. Contestants from as far away as St. Louis will take part in the final judging

Saturday, August 16th. The public is cordially invited.

Years ago, the Miss America winner was merely a beautiful girl. She wasn't required to display talent or even intelligence. She won a cash prize and was given a great deal of national publicity which frequently resulted in stage appearances and sometimes movie contracts.

Things are different nowadays. She must use intelligence when displaying her talent and personality to the judges. Instead of a cash prize, the winner now gets a \$5000 educational scholarship to the college, university or special training school of her choice. She still receives publicity and the chance at movie contracts, but she has a much better opportunity of getting somewhere because of her brains and inherent ability.

Today's Miss America Pageants are conducted with a lot less fanfare and a lot more dignity than they once were. In charge of the \$25,000 scholarship fund awarded to Miss America and the next fourteen winners are Dr. Guy E. Snavely, executive director of the American Association of Colleges, and a Scholarship Committee of University Women. The judges in both the state and national contests are important leaders with impeccable reputations in their individual fields.

It's a long climb for the winners, but well worth it. Each week, interest is mounting as more and more girls all over America vie for positions in the magnificent procession from which Uncle Sam's number one sweetheart will be chosen. Miss America of 1947!

Let It Rain!

IF you are in a mood for rainmaking, pour over this quiz. Seven right is "fair," but any fewer indicates that you are all wet. Answers on page 60.

1. Which of these clouds will rain all over your golf game?
 - a. cirrus
 - b. cumulus
 - c. nimbus
 - d. stratus
2. Annually the most rain in the United States falls on the
 - a. tip of Florida
 - b. coast of Washington
 - c. Mississippi delta
3. Chopping away forests and turning grass lands into bare fields diminishes the supply of rain.
 - a. true
 - b. false
4. "Rain tomorrow" if—
 - a. the barometer is low and falling, wind from SE to NE
 - b. the barometer is high and steady, wind from SW to NW
5. Which side of a mountain range usually receives the most rain?
 - a. the side that faces the ocean
 - b. the side that faces inland
6. There are no regions absolutely rainless, but three of these localities have practically no rain.
 - a. Sidney, Australia
 - b. Greenland
 - c. Yuma, Arizona
 - d. Assam, India
 - e. New Orleans, Louisiana
 - f. Cairo, Egypt
7. Is it a proved fact that heavy concussions accompanying gun firing on the battlefield cause rain?
 - a. true
 - b. false
8. The size of a raindrop depends on the
 - a. rapidity with which it is formed
 - b. amount of water vapor in the cloud
9. An instrument used in aviation for measuring the condition of the upper air, and an important factor in determining how much rain can fall, is the
 - a. radiosonde
 - b. anemometer
 - c. rain gauge
 - d. hygothermograph
10. The water supply of a country is dependent, to a large extent, upon its precipitation, which includes rain, hail, sleet, snow.
 - a. true
 - b. false

Take Your Pick!

HOW do you like your cover girls? This is your magazine, so *Swing* editors want your aid in the selection of next year's cover girl. Across the center pages are Miss W, Miss H, and Miss B. Look them over, take your pick, and let us know which one you would like to see in the swing during 1948. Just drop a letter or postcard to *Swing*, Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri.



1. Veronica Lake, in Kansas City for a Cancer Relief Benefit, addresses WHB listeners from the airport.

2. W. E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City, presents a plaque of honor to James J. Rick, Missouri state chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

3. Blues pitcher Carl De Rose tells the Mutual network how it feels to pitch a perfect game. He is the seventh player in baseball history to achieve the feat.

4. Lew Wentz, multimillionaire oil man, at the opening of his Kansas Motors plant, most modern automobile agency in the United States. (Story on page 17.)

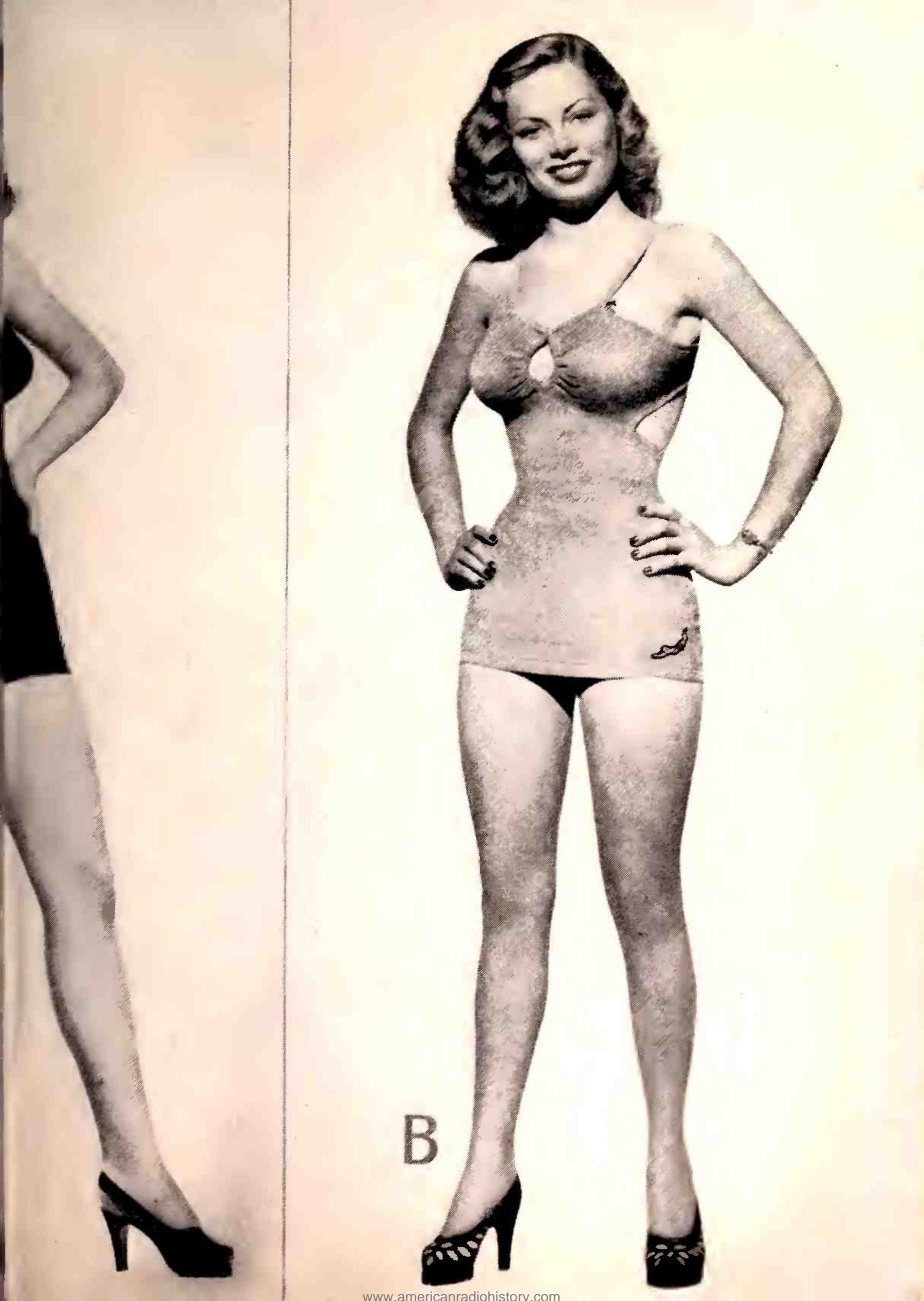


W



H





B



. . . *presenting* HEROLD C. HUNT

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

BLUFF, hearty Herold C. Hunt descended upon Kansas City, seven years ago this month. He came 'midst drum-thumping, speech-making, assorted fanfares and a tremendous editorial welcome. There were then two newspapers, and the new superintendent of public schools was front page news in both of them.

A special deputation met him at the airport. Luncheons and dinners were arranged by Rotary, the Optimists Club, the Chamber of Commerce, and other groups. Teachers gave a "Hunt dinner," at which a song entitled *Welcome, Dear Doctor Hunt* was sung to the tune of *She'll be Comin' Around the Mountain*. He was the man of that month, for sure. The man of the hour, day, week, and season.

Kansas Citians were plunking down \$11,000 a year to buy his services—not bad for a school administrator at prewar prices—and they were expecting big things.

Kansas Citians were not to be disappointed, either. Not by a long shot. They got big things, and lots of them.

As for Hunt, a strapping man with a booming voice and a super-extroverted personality, he took to the glad huzzahs of welcome like a legislative incumbent to a baby contest. Hunt was, and is, a politician. A very fine one, capable of coaxing cooperation

out of recalcitrant Board of Education members; interesting the citizenry in important problems, such as charging themselves more money for taxes; and keeping happy a couple of thousand teachers and thirty times as many pupils.

He knows when to speak softly, when sharply, and exactly how to roll a short-fused powder keg into the middle of public complacency.

There were no powder kegs at first. Doctor Hunt and Doctor George Melcher, because of age retiring to the position of superintendent emeritus, appeared before fifty-five safety patrolmen and a conclave of teachers, slinging well-deserved orchid bouquets with gay abandon. Doctor Hunt praised his predecessor, the patrolmen, his new colleagues, the teachers, the students. He'd heard of all of them, knew about their fine work. He was happy to have the opportunity of working with them. They, in turn, praised him. They'd heard about him, knew he would do a fine job, were glad to have him around.

All was sweetness, light, and just about the sort of thing you would expect. Those in the know confidently expected activity would settle back to status quo, and even hoped everyone would get a nice rest.

What a sad mistake! On his first day Doctor Hunt bounced into the

office at 7:30. He had been up since six. And it wasn't a fluke. He was at the office at 7:30 every morning thereafter, making up for being the first to arrive by being the last to leave.

A couple of days later, he turned up in the cafeteria of Southeast High School at the noon hour, plunging the place into a panic. He ate a hearty lunch, talked to a few students about football, made a short address over the loudspeaker system, and left, declaring he had no intention of being a "desk executive."

By Thanksgiving, he had dropped unannouncedly in on every school in the city.

At first, he played things cagey. He said quite frankly that he wanted a chance to study the situation before making any rash statements, although he did mention that he was opposed to the seven grade elementary system. But by and large he felt his way along, winning confidence from his associates and speaking in generalities.

One thing he didn't like at all. No teacher had been paid in full for ten years. Discounts ranging from 12½, 15, to 25% had been entered against each check. Often the schools were open only nine months, thus cutting further into teacher revenue. Hunt felt teachers were poorly paid at best, and he promised to do something about it.

He began checking into school revenue, and found that an unequal distribution of state funds provided by the school tax law of 1931 was responsible for Kansas City losing about a million dollars a year. Rural districts were receiving state funds

in such disproportion to the number of students enrolled that they were able to abolish local taxes. Cities, on the other hand, were contributing to the state but receiving almost nothing in return; they were taxing right up to the ten mill limit provided by law, but were unable to operate properly on that income. So he appealed to the Missouri Board of Education for more money.

Then he came out for democratization of the school system. He organized a Teachers' Educational Council and arranged to meet with it monthly to discuss problems. He met with the Parent-Teachers Association in a city-wide conclave every month to hear their views and to explain his. And he startled everyone by inviting two student representatives from each high school to come to his office each month to present their idea of how things should be run. To the other monthly meetings he added a gathering of the supervisory staff, so that every group was represented.

Even in retrospect, it is pretty difficult to tell just when the dynamic doctor unlimbered his big guns. He worked at things gradually, getting every detail set, and was sure he had the range before cutting loose with the large artillery.

By the end of his first year, he had sold the Board of Education upon the idea of an eight-year elementary school system. The seven-year system, used in the South as a matter of economy, was graduating students at too young an age, and was crowding their working schedule from fourth to seventh grades unduly.

But his first big coup was the es-

establishment of unit administration in the Kansas City school system. There had formerly been a superintendent of education, a superintendent of buildings and grounds, and a superintendent of business. The titular head of the system actually had no means of effecting changes or repairs to school properties.

In addition, there were several committees composed of members of the Board of Education which were empowered to act independently on administrative matters.

All this left the school superintendent in a rather ineffectual position.

Hunt changed that. He somehow convinced board members that they should confine themselves solely to matters of policy. He would handle the administration. It was a bitter pill for some of the board members to swallow, since they enjoyed dabbling in personnel problems and details of the curriculum. But they finally consented in July of 1941.



At the same meeting, they demoted the business and the buildings and grounds administrators to assistant superintendents, placing Hunt in charge of all public educational functions.

It amounted to a vote of confidence, since the doctor had offered to step aside in the event the board felt he was incapable of looking after all details. It didn't take them long to decide that he was completely capable!

With authority to act, Doctor Hunt sailed into one of his pet projects, vocational training. Only 20% of Kansas City high school graduates go on to college, leaving 80% to face the business world. He was worried about this great majority which was terminating education at the twelfth grade level. So he proposed a canvass of all employers in the area, to see what courses high schools might offer to equip students for business or industrial careers.

It was a fine idea, but there were thousands and thousands of employers to be contacted, and no funds with which to conduct a survey.

That didn't even slow him down. He enlisted the aid of civic groups and got student volunteers to help on the interviews. They worked at it for nearly two years.

When the picture was complete, Doctor Hunt went over it with teachers' committees, and new courses were added as rapidly as possible. They are still being added.

He used the survey again in 1946, when he installed a system of Co-operative Occupational Education, by which a student could carry a half-schedule of classroom studies and actually work somewhere the other 50% of the time. The student received minimum beginner's wages for his work, and grades from his employer as well as his teachers. In addition,

he received academic credit for his job, and his studies were keyed to his particular position — especially designed to help him get ahead.

This COE, as it is called, has been tremendously successful. Students love it, and employers are unrestrainedly enthusiastic. They say it has improved the quality of available help immeasurably, and is probably the answer to their employment problems.

To supplement COE, and to aid young people already out of school, Doctor Hunt introduced 17 new merchandising classes into the night school curriculum.

It was about this time that he was asked, "Are you a progressive educator?"

"You wouldn't ask your grocer if he were a progressive grocer, would you?" parried Hunt. "Or ask your dentist if he were a progressive dentist? I would like to think that I was up-to-date, making education meet the needs of the 20th Century, not the 19th Century."

One way to fit education to this century, Doctor Hunt maintained, was to provide an adequate food service. All Kansas City high schools, and most elementary schools, had cafeterias, but each one was operated separately. Some had good menus, some did not, and there was a variance of 100% in prices throughout the city.

He studied the situation exhaustively throughout his second year in office, and appointed a director of food service in the fall of 1942, to plan a standardized nutritional program and see that it was carried out.

That incident, however, was com-

pletely overshadowed by a statement from the superintendent's office which rocked the town on its foundations. For two years Doctor Hunt had been stumping for increased revenue but not getting it because legislative action was necessary, and it was impossible to arouse sufficient support.

So, with a positive genius for timing, he picked the week before schools were scheduled to open for an announcement that the kindergartens and the Kansas City Junior College would be forced to close. Insufficient funds.

When doubt was expressed that such drastic action would be necessary, Hunt reiterated the statement and added that he would also close all public libraries, which operated out of school board funds, and shorten the school term by a month.

Pandemonium broke loose. The Board of Education met in special session and every Kansas Citian over 12 years of age made at least two speeches in defense of libraries, kindergartens, and the Junior College.

Doctor Hunt, who had expected all this, weathered the storm with *elan*. Patiently, he explained that it was possible to do only so many things with so much money. The kindergartens were nice but not really essential. The Junior College was a splendid institution, and something every city of 25,000 people or more had, but it served a comparatively small percentage of the students. The elementary and high schools were required by law, the other institutions were not; so it was plain which ones would have to be eliminated. The libraries he dismissed briefly, they had

no business being connected with the Board of Education anyhow, since they were mainly for the use of adults.

Reactions were varied, but all were violent. The city manager was afraid an attempt was being made to dump the libraries onto him, and he sourly announced he would have no part of them. The press defended Doctor Hunt and so did nearly everyone else, since he was doing the best he could and wasn't really to blame. Junior College enrollees and parents of kindergarteners were frantic.

Then, when he had the whole stage, Doctor Hunt stated with grave concern that he was *very* sorry if anyone had gathered the impression that he meant these drastic changes would take place immediately. The cutbacks would be necessary the following year; provided, that is, additional funds were not arranged for in the meantime. For instance, he went on to point out, the state legislature was meeting in January, and at this very time its members were working out bills for submission. If everyone would apply pressure for a revision of the school tax law of 1931, so that districts would receive appropriations in proportion to the number of students therein, Kansas City would get a million dollars and its worries would be over.

Needless to say, that is exactly what happened, spurred by the neatest touch of all. In accordance with his original contract, Hunt had received a \$500 raise at the end of his first year and was due another. He refused it, saying the school system couldn't afford the added financial burden.

He was urged by the Board of Education to accept the increase, since it was a point of pride with them. He demurred, maintaining the system was just too poor.



The incident made all of the wire services, and was printed in nearly every city in the country.

Hunt, friend of pupil, parent and public, is the especial champion of the classroom teacher. By dint of vigorous crusading, he was able in his second year to eliminate all payroll deductions. Then he introduced the single salary schedule, placing teachers on an equal financial footing according to their preparation and length of service, rather than discriminating between elementary and high school teachers. Salaries were then revised upwards, and provisions made for teacher retirement.

Something more for which teachers may thank Doctor Hunt is a liberalization of "periodic study" requirements. He arranged with Northwestern University, the University of Kansas and the University of Kansas City, for the setting up of summer workshops for teachers. And, instead of arbitrarily requiring additional college courses, he made it known that teachers might substitute travel, summer teaching at colleges, research, and other occupations that were approved in advance. Throughout his seven-year tenure, he consistently improved the teachers' lot.

Herold Hunt began his own career

as a teacher of journalism, social studies, and public speaking in the high schools of Hastings, Michigan. That was back in 1923. He had been through the public schools of Holland, Michigan, and received a *cum laude* bachelor's degree from the University

the University of Chicago, Hunt received his doctorate in education from Columbia in 1939. This year he was awarded two honorary doctor of laws degrees.

His first job as a superintendent was in St. Johns, Michigan, in 1931.

Farewell address . . .

What success has attached to my work here in Kansas City has been due to the magnificent cooperative spirit so characteristic of this community. To this spirit and to the vision of community leadership I would pay special tribute as I thank Kansas City for the privilege and opportunity of seven very happy years of work and association here in the Heart of America.

Harold C. Hunt

of Michigan.

Nineteen twenty-seven was a big year. It was then he received his master's degree, a principal's position, and married an attractive home economics teacher named Isabel Wright. Miss Wright, a native of Webster Groves, Missouri, and a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, was apparently quite capable in the home economics field and no slouch as a cook, either. In their first year of marriage, Herold gained 55 pounds, and their well-kept, beautifully managed home still rates her high as a model wife. They have one son, Douglas, who is 14 years old.

In all, Doctor Hunt has been a school administrator for twenty years, although not all of the time as a "doctor." After graduate work at

Four years later he became superintendent of schools in Kalamazoo, and jumped from there to New Rochelle, New York. When he came to Kansas City in 1940, he was taking over a school system that had more students than New Rochelle had citizens.

Now, at 45, Hunt heads the second largest school system in the United States, at Chicago, and carries the title of the country's number one educator by virtue of his recent election as president of the American Association of School Administrators. His accomplishments fully qualify him to head that distinguished body composed of more than 10,000 college and private and public school officials.

Hunt classifies himself as a joiner, but is probably too modest about it.

In Kansas City he has served on the board of governors of the American Royal Association, and as a director of no less than nine outstanding civic groups. What's more, he has served actively; he doesn't go into anything half-heartedly.

He has been a lay reader in the Episcopal Church, president of the Rotary Club of Kansas City, vice-president of the Kansas City Safety Council, and a hard-working member of nearly every worthwhile service organization in town.

Socially, he is a member of the University Club, and the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

Part of Hunt's outstanding success is due to the fact that never in his life has he walked into a room. He bounces in. You know he's there. With a handclasp, a look, a word, he serves notice that this is Herold C. Hunt, a man to be reckoned with.

He doesn't fool with details. He builds up a competent organization, capable of handling routine and furnishing specialized information at a moment's notice, leaving him free for big things.

Like almost every highly successful administrator, he has a mind which cuts immediately through to the core of complex-seeming problems. Several lawyers had worked almost 20 years to effect settlement of an insurance claim. The claim was justified, but

they couldn't find a way to prove it. Doctor Hunt listened to the story less than two minutes, then gave them the answer they were looking for.

He moves fast. Kansas Citians still laugh about the fire at Northeast Junior High School. A blaze broke out in the stage draperies about noon. The nearest fire station was notified immediately. Then someone thought to call the Board of Education. Doctor Hunt ran down the two flights of stairs at his downtown office, jumped into his car, and arrived at the scene on the other side of town just a few minutes before the first fire truck arrived. That's the way he has been doing things all of his life.

This past spring, New York considered Doctor Hunt for the top post in its public school system. San Francisco bid for his services, but Chicago topped the California offer by seven thousand a year.

So now the man who for seven years had in his charge Kansas City's most priceless possession, its children, has moved on. As he arrived, so he departed, in a burst of well-deserved publicity.

But the effects of his contact with Kansas City and its schools will remain. They have prompted this final honor, *Swing's* salute as Man of the Month!

▲
A priest was making his way home through the pouring rain one night, when a stickup man shoved a gun in his ribs. As the priest put up his hands, his clerical collar became visible. This greatly embarrassed the thug, who apologized at length for his blunder.

To show that there were no hard feelings, the priest offered the man a cigar.

The crook shook his head. "Oh, no, Father, I never smoke during Lent."

Write Your Own Ticket

MORE than 85 million people see and presumably enjoy the movies each week. To furnish constant entertainment, five hundred motion pictures are produced each year, with movie companies paying all kinds of fancy prices, often bidding against each other, to get literary material particularly adaptable to their program of activities.

The motion picture companies garner their five hundred plots from magazines, radio, books, plays, and "originals." An original is an outline that has been neither published nor produced in any way.

During the past five years, the motion picture companies spent an aggregate of \$31,375,000 for stories. Nineteen forty-five was the peak year, when writers received a total of \$6,900,000.

Five years ago, when companies paid out a little under five million dollars, Maxwell Anderson received \$300,000 for the rights to his play, *Eve of St. Mark*. The same company, 20th-Century Fox, paid John Steinbeck a like amount for his book, *The Moon Is Down*. MGM got together with William Saroyan for \$60,000 for the author's original, *The Human Comedy*. The deal was made before the book was written, and long before its selection as Book of the Month.

The following year, 1943, saw Moss Hart sell his play, *Winged Victory*, to 20th-Century Fox for \$1,000,000, which the company agreed to turn over to the Army Emergency Relief Fund. Wendell L. Willkie's book, *One World*, went to the same company for \$250,000, and Sig Herzig received \$50,000 for *Where Do We Go From Here?* an original.

In 1944, Warner Brothers dealt out \$500,000 plus a percentage of profits for *Life With Father*, the play by Howard Lindsay and Russell Crouse, which holds all records for number of New York performances. MGM gave A. J. Cronin \$200,000 for the novel *The Green Years*. Tops in the original field was Helen Deutsch's *As You Want Me*, which earned for its author the sum of \$100,000.

The Voice of the Turtle, John Van Druten's delightful play, was worth half a million dollars to Warner Brothers in 1945. A tie for high honors in the book field occurred when 20th-Century Fox paid Somerset Maugham \$250,000 for *The Razor's Edge* and Cagney Productions paid the same amount for Andrea Locke's *Lion in the Streets*. Republic Pictures handed out \$100,000 for Borden Chase's original, *I've Always Loved You*. These four were the highs in each division.

Last year, having their ideas converted to celluloid earned writers over six and a half million dollars in all. Of this amount, Joseph Sheering collected from 20th-Century for his book, *Moss Rose*, to the extent of \$225,000, the highest price paid in the year for a book. Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay again walked off with top honors in the play division, receiving \$300,000 plus a percentage of the profits for *State of the Union*. As for an original, Sam Fuller got \$100,000 for *The Dark Age* from an independent film producer, Sidney Buchman.

The situation in Hollywood today shows that more top flight writers are employed at the film studios than ever before. Most are writing originals at a stipulated fee or are guaranteed so many weeks at a specific salary each week.

It's a great day for the creative writers! So go ahead and write that book, play, radio show, original, or short story. If it has film possibilities, you, too, may be hearing from Hollywood!—William Ornstein.



Mountains Of My own!

IT WAS a long time before I learned that the entire Rocky Mountain Range was not concentrated in the state of Colorado. I was introduced to mountains at a tender age, and like the Little Colonel books and the movie version of *Ben Hur*, they had me in their spell.

Since, with the exception of my best friend, who had seen Mt. Ranier, I was the only one in the third grade who had seen a mountain, I began to look on them as more or less exclusively my property. Hadn't I survived the journey up Big Thompson Canyon in a Model T? Hadn't I caught rainbow trout up Sheep Creek, and slept on the ground, and had my picture taken beside the Balanced Rock in the Garden of the Gods?

Hadn't my very own father slipped on a log and fallen into a mountain stream early one icy morning? And hadn't he also ridden a burro all the way up Pike's Peak?

Hadn't I helped cook supper over a campfire and seen a wild deer and made perilous ascents over rocks and pine needles?

By virtue of all these things the mountains became mine. My possession was undisputed in the third

grade—except, of course, by my best friend, who had seen Mt. Ranier. And although I have done some growing up, have conceded to several thousand others a share in the Rockies, and have learned that Colorado isn't their only site—still, the Colorado mountains seem to me the most exciting of all; and in spite of anything, I feel they are mine exclusively. The difference is—I know thousands of other people feel the same way about them. The mountains are every man's, because they create in him that special feeling of exaltation and wonder that is untranslatable and therefore exclusively one's own forever.

Not that most of us don't try to translate that feeling into words at the drop of a hat—ten gallon or otherwise. But it's no use. No amount of regional prose or rhymed rave notices can give you the essential quality of mountains. You have to see them for yourself.

Figuring roughly, you have between now and Labor Day in which to see the Rockies for yourself. It doesn't much matter just where you go, as long as you go west. You're almost sure to hit the Rocky Mountains at

some point. The range stretches from the deserts of New Mexico to the snow plains of Alaska, a distance of almost one-tenth the circumference of the earth.

Actually, this same chain of mountains is vastly more extensive. It includes all the mountains of the Pacific coast area, and runs southward through Mexico and Central America, across the Strait of Magellan and into Tierra del Fuego. But since in South America it is called Andes, and in various other sections, various other names, we'll stick to the ranges more familiarly known as the Rockies proper.

The Black Hills of Dakota are part of the Rockies; so are the San Juan Mountains of southern Colorado, and the Spanish Peaks; the Grand Tetons and Wind River Range of Wyoming; the Big Horns, the Lewis and Clark Ranges, and various others. And, of course, there are the Canadian Rockies. At its widest—in Colorado and Utah—the range measures three hundred miles across. At its highest it rises well over fourteen thousand feet. In Colorado alone, forty-six peaks have a height of more than fourteen thousand feet, and two hundred and fifty-four rise between thirteen and fourteen thousand.

The Rockies are tall and rugged because of their comparative youth. The older a mountain grows, the smoother it becomes, worn down by weathering and erosion. The mountains of the Eastern states are visibly more ancient than the Western range.

The Rocky Mountains rose up out of an inland sea during the Upper Cretaceous period of the Meso-

zoic Era. Then followed the Cenozoic or Modern Era—it lasted about sixty million years—followed by twenty million years of the Psychozoic or Recent Era. A great deal of alternating volcanic and glacial action made the mountains what they are today.

Throughout the third grade, the fourth, and most of the fifth, I took it for granted that Estes Park was *the* park. It came as rather a surprise to me to learn that Estes was only a village, that Rocky Mountain National took in several hundred square miles and a few dozen big mountains, and that it was only one among many. Within or adjacent to the Rockies there are now fourteen national parks. Half of them are in Canada, but within the United States, New Mexico, South Dakota, and Montana have one each; Wyoming and Colorado each have two.

Rocky Mountain National Park lies 68 miles northwest of Denver, and at the moment covers 405 square miles. It has been enlarged several times since its creation by Act of Congress in 1915.

High point in the park is Long's Peak—14,255 feet of rugged snow-splotched mountain. You can see it easily from Denver, and even from Pike's Peak, 103 miles to the southeast. Long's is around a hundred feet higher than Pike's Peak, and the highest in northern Colorado. But it is only the thirteenth highest in the state. They grow 'em big in that country.

Long's Peak was first climbed by a group of seven men on August 23, 1868. Today a number of trails wind

to the top, and over the two favorite ones hundreds of hardy tourists have gone up in the world. The view from the summit will take your breath away—if you have any left after making that fourteen-thousand-foot climb. More than a hundred miles of America stretch out before you in all directions—the Great Plains to the east, and the Great Divide to the west.

If you prefer to take your scenery sitting down, all you have to do is drive along any of the scenic highways of the park. The most traveled route is Trail Ridge Road, a really magnificent drive over the Divide to Grand Lake, at the park's southwest entrance. Eleven miles of this highway wind above timberline, four miles of it above 12,000 feet. It feels like the top of the world.

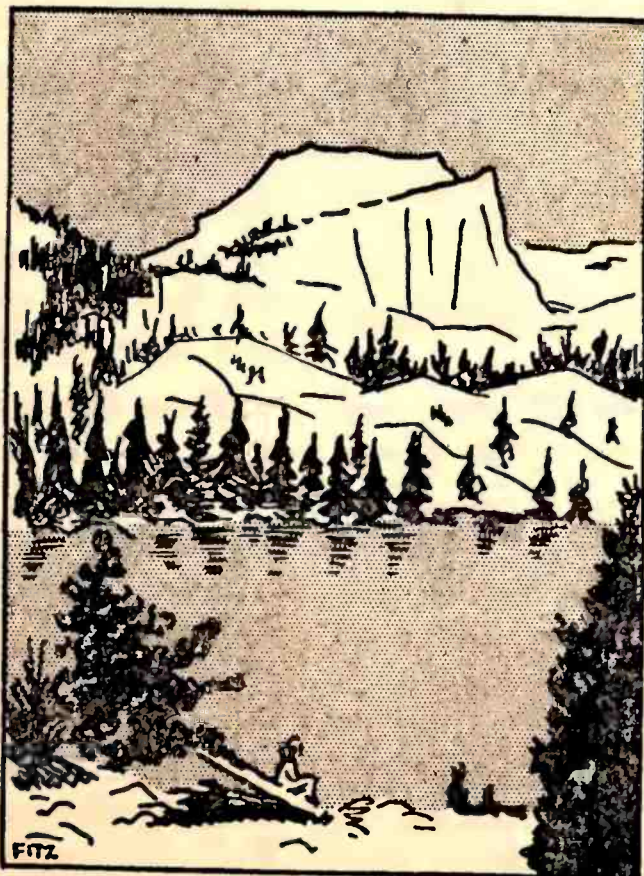
Bear Lake Road is the trunk line to a large glacier-formed lake high in the Front Range. Zagging off from this road, numerous other trails lead to other lakes and mountains. Dream Lake, lying beneath Hallett Peak, is only a mile from Bear Lake.

Estes Park Village, just outside the park's east entrance, may be reached by roads running up three canyons—the Big Thompson, North

St. Vrain, and South St. Vrain. The latter two were named for an early family of traders.

Estes Park, named for Joel Estes, its first white settler (1860), originally lay within a private game preserve owned by the Earl of Dunraven. Before that, Kit Carson used to hunt in that territory. Today the village has a population of around a thousand, and some thirty hotels. It serves as headquarters for the national park, and for the Colorado-Big Thompson water diversion and power project. Estes is the usual resort town, full of souvenirs, camera shops, horses and guides. But it is attractive and has one of the most beautiful locations in the country. When it isn't enveloped in one of the quick, intense showers that gathers frequently in the mountains, it seems almost suspended in luminous air.

The air is one of the reasons why mountains get you. It is literally thin air, and for that reason is cool. There simply is nothing there to absorb much heat, and nothing much to stop the penetration of sunlight. The hard granite of the mountains soaks up the heat, which is reflected with sometimes



OUR BACK COVER is beautiful Bear Lake in the Colorado Rockies. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

painful results to mountain climbers. Sunburn and snow blindness are two of the perils of high climbing.

High in the mountains northwest of Denver, a little south of the park boundaries, lies another village settled about the same time as Estes Park. This is Central City, 8,500 feet up, and a resurrected ghost town whose history has been shaped by silver, gold, and the theatre.

It was a mining town for half a century. The first claims were staked in 1859. By 1900 it had a population of over three thousand. One of the streets was paved with silver bricks, and one of the several buildings, large for that day, which the people erected was an opera house. On its stage appeared many of the theatre great of that day: Sarah Bernhardt, Joseph Jefferson, Booth, and Modjeska.

Then the mines began to play out. The bonanza kings, perhaps beggars now, moved on to richer hills. The silver bricks disappeared. Mine entrances caved in, and houses stood empty. By 1930 only around five hundred people remained in Central City.

Then came the resurrection, but not through the mines. The opera house at Central City was presented to the University of Denver. Perhaps taking a cue from Salzburg in the Austrian Alps, the University revived the old theatre, began bringing in celebrated artists, and opera for a season each summer. Things looked up in Central City. Art became its life blood. Until the war put a stop to the festivals, the "season" at Central City was one of the chief events of the West.

The first performance in the resurrected opera house was *Camille*, starring Lillian Gish. For a number of years, the six-week seasons featured plays. Later, opera took over, with established Met stars in the leading roles.

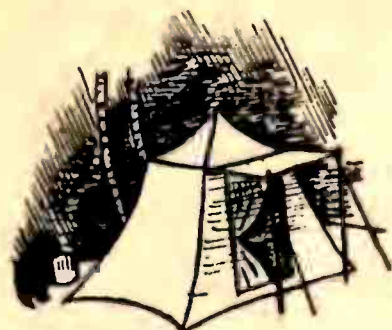
Theatre in Central City has an enchantment attendant on no other theatre I have ever known, because the drama persists outside the opera as well as within. You lunched or dined at Teller House, where President Grant once stayed, and where the presidential suite remains just as it was. You pushed your way through Teller House bar and took a look at the Face on the Barroom Floor. If it was not the original, as they said, you didn't care. The atmosphere was conducive to that "willing suspension of disbelief."

Then you watched Colonel Lloyd Shaw's beautifully trained young square dancers at work in the stables across the street; and had your picture taken a la tintype. Everybody did. It cost a quarter and looked funnier than anything.

Then the young man—a student from one of the universities—came striding through the steep streets ringing a bell, crying the approach of curtain time. He wore high frontier boots and the decent good black coat of another day. You hurried across to the opera house, went in with the crowd of distinguished, elegant visitors; celebrities were always there. You sat down in an old hickory chair. These were the same ones used when Bernhardt played the opera house. The curtain went up—and you moved

from one enchantment into another. The magic lasted far beyond the final curtain—all the way down the canyon by moonlight—maybe forever after.

Colorado has its full quota of enchantment, thanks to its geography. That is the great conditioner. It shaped the history of the West because people lived as the land



and its weather dictated. That history and its subsequent influences and permeation are part of the heritage of anyone who goes into the mountains and loves them. The rest is the grandeur of age and agelessness. This is why mountains are every man's exclusively if he chooses. He need only go out and claim his inheritance!

Borrowed

No intelligence test ever equalled marriage.—*Banking.*

You can get out of life only what you put into it. That's the difference between life and a laundry.—*Dublin Opinion.*

If every man carried his own cross, how few women would walk.—*Martin Haug.*

The size of your troubles generally depends on whether they are coming or going.—*Sunshine.*

A lot more people might try to do right if they thought it was wrong.—*Gilcrafter.*

A genius is a man who shoots at something nobody else can see and hits it.—*Irish Baker.*

Some people use language to express thought, some to conceal thought, and others instead of thought.—*News and Views.*

Bread Basket

Have we forgotten so quickly
The beauty of springtime Kansas
And her jade-green fields?

Spanning her broad mileage,
Traveling satirists
Are uncomplimentary today,
For Kansas is brown-splotched
And cumbersome
From the pregnancy of producing grain.

But harvest-humming
Her muted golden waves
Ripple toward the sunset rim
Of far horizons.

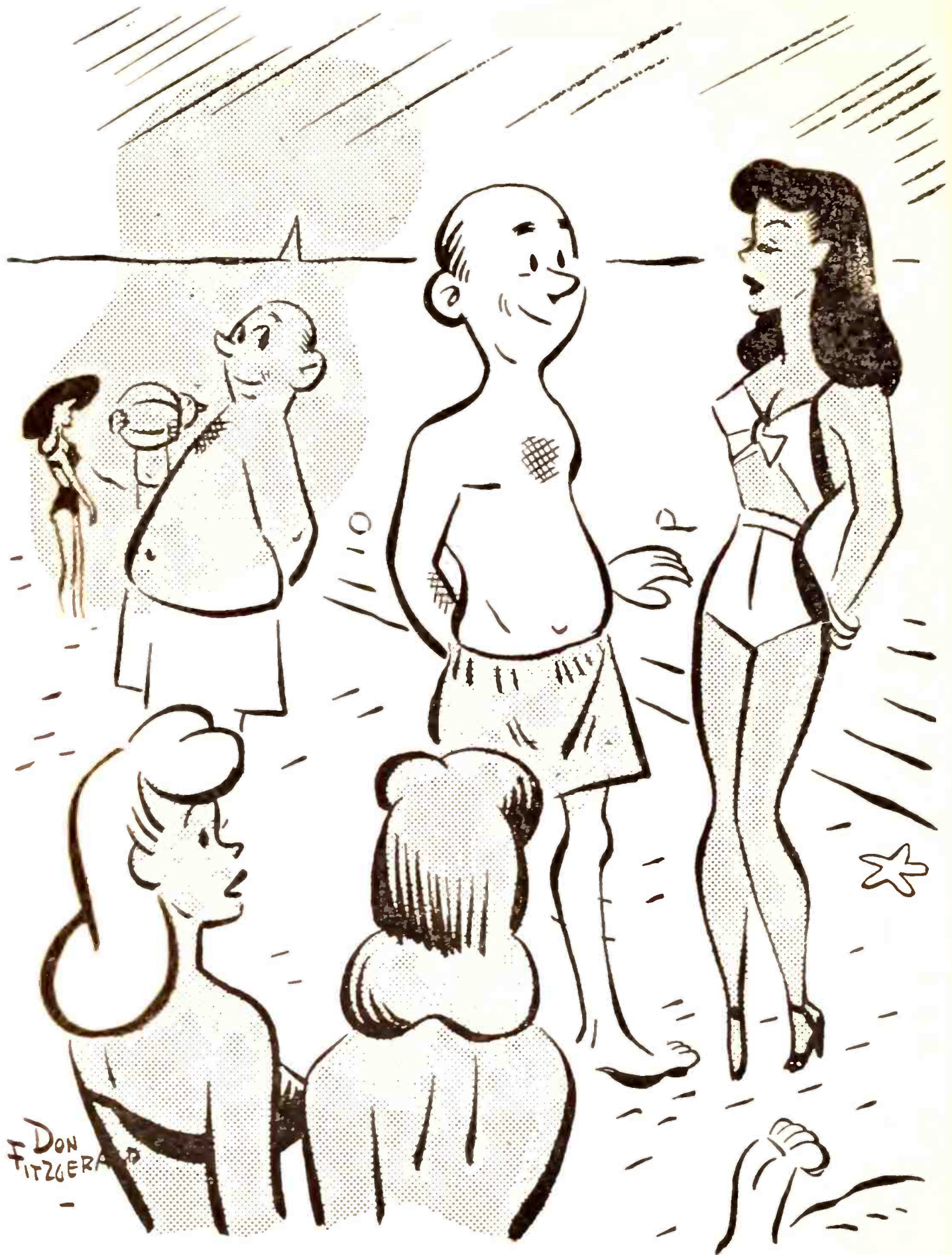
Billie Williams.

Answers to *Threesome Quiz.*

1. Maxine
2. Baltasar
3. The candlestick maker
4. Aramis
5. Nod
6. Abednego
7. Thalea
8. Pompey

Answers to *Whose Dog Art Thou?*

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



*“... and Mother always said you had to
use your head to get a man!”*

Alligator Pear?

Vegetable Marrow

PEAR? TER? PEAR? VEGETABLE MARROW?

Apple? PALTA? AGUACATE? ON? BUTTER?

ON? BUTTER? PEACH? AGUACATE?

An avocado by any name is mighty sweet.

THERE she sat, dressed in quiet green, yet the center of attraction in a window of de luxe attractions. A companion of Romance and Adventure, the avocado has been somebody since the New World's very beginning. And before.

The natives of Mexico and South America have thrilled to her creamy goodness for eons. The ancient Aztecs called her "Ahuacatl" and left picture writing to proclaim her popularity. The Mayans of Guatemala, whose records go back to 291 B. C., knew her as "On." And from the Inca dynasty of Peru came "Palta"—still a preferred name in South America.

The family tree of the avocado has always been a reasonably sedate affair. It is an evergreen of the laurel tribe, and while it is true there are numerous branches of the genus—such as the sassafras, cinnamon and camphor—the avocado blossoms have always been careful to respond wholeheartedly to pollination only if tendered by their own kind.

However, as the exotic fruit journeyed down the corridor of centuries



by P. M. RUPERT

she garnered over forty pronounceable, but picturesquely variable names and each proclaimed a different personality. A few of the more dashing are Butter Pear, Custard Apple, Laurel Peach, Midshipman's Butter and Vegetable Marrow. Some unpoetic soul even dubbed her "Aguacate," which is Mexican for "Alligator

Pear," but this slur on her dignity has almost died out. "Alligator" indeed!

In this country the avocado always dwelt in the social and financial stratosphere—until recently. So accustomed was she to hobnobbing with the famous, ordinary mortals hesitated to approach her. But that this was due to her preference for folding money she never suspected. A dollar a pear—or an apple or a peach, whatever you want to call her—seemed only reasonable recompense for the pleasure her chartreuse pulp gave the connoisseur.

But that was in this country. In her native bailiwicks she has always been the poor man's meat, and thanks to farseeing Yankee pioneers and the

bovine family's intermittent exclusiveness, she may become ours, not to mention our butter.

She is well fitted to take over the job. A four-inch avocado contains about 200 energy units, or calories. She is low on carbohydrates, has no starch and only a sprinkling of sugar and a thread of cellulose. But of minerals she claims fourteen, with iron and copper leading the procession. Her vitamins number nine. And her rare, richly abundant fruit oils set her apart from all other fruits. Digestible? 93.8 per cent!

But her inherent nourishment, no matter how significant, would be of little value unless she possessed that greater excellence: palate enchantment. The avocado tastes good! She is something to sigh esthetically over.

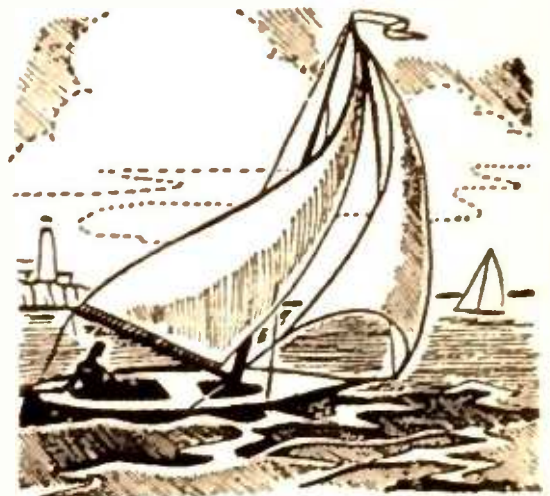
If you have not already made her acquaintance, don't let her solemn outer garment fool you. Her demure dress belies an interior so rich that few, if any, become gustatorially intimate with her upon introduction. The wise lead up to familiarity gradually. However, once you and she become fast friends—and you will—there's no limit to the fun you'll have.

You'll begin, of course, by buying one of these pear-apple-peach creations. A nice ripe one. If she's "just right" she'll be butter-soft; mellow. To tell, don't pinch her. She's thin skinned and sensitive; besides she bruises easily. Cradle her in the palms of your hands and if she yields to gentle pressure she's table-ripe.

You'll find, to be sure, that her charm is elusive, but that's sheer coquetry. She's habit forming and knows it. So, if you're a chef with a

polished imagination you'll be surprised at the cooperation you'll receive from her. She has a natural affinity for sea foods, meat and fowl, but she's equally gracious as a simple sandwich spread or *hors d'oeuvres*. And as a salad . . . But why try to explain?

Your best approach is a simple one. Just cut your avocado in two, remove the pit, add salt or a sharp French dressing—then nibble away. You'll never surround a whole "pear" at the first sitting, so tuck what's left in waxed paper, put it in a cool place, and forget all about it until the next meal. By that time you'll want another taste of this tantalizing creature. This time, combine her with other fruits, or vegetables, in a Symphony Salad. You must denude her for this operation, so remove her wrap carefully with a sharp knife; then arrange her in slices or cubes, crescents or



rings, on a lettuce leaf with the other comestibles. It's wise to serve her at once as she's impatient and darkens with waiting, but this tendency can be checkmated by brushing her with pineapple or citrus juice.

From salad to cocktails to creamed

entree to "main dish" to dessert is the inevitable path down which you'll travel together. It's one of endless fascination because the avocado is uninhibited and will lend herself to any new or old menu whim.

She has just one taboo: she refuses to be cooked. In fact, she goes all to pieces if subjected to such unorthodox treatment. Still, she's agreeable to being cubed and flipped into hot soup the last second before it's served. She'll even consent to add her luscious flavor to such delicacies as creamed turkey or chicken, or an omelet; but, like a prima donna, she must be allowed to enter the scene at the psychological moment, which, for her, is the very last one.

While she is violently opposed to being baked, stewed or fried, other culinary avenues are wide open to her. She even speaks with a Spanish accent, as evidenced in such dishes as "Guacamole" or chili con carne on the halfshell. Oh, yes, without doubt, on further acquaintance, and a few more avocados, you and this "custard apple" are destined for a long and happy life together.

The avocado's reputation preceded her to the United States by many years. That Spanish pathfinder, Martin Fernandez de Encisco, reported in a book published in 1519 that there was a fruit in Santa Marta, Colombia, that was "like butter—a marvelous thing!" Amazed reference to her witchery also flowed from Oviedo's pen. In a letter to Charles V of Spain the historian declared: "Here in the West Indies there are pears which are unlike pears. Strange. Yet very good eating and of good taste." But it took

William Hughes, English gardener-writer, to employ classic rhetoric to describe "one of the most rare and pleasant fruits of the Island of Jamaica. It nourisheth and strengtheneth the body, corroborating the vital spirits and procuring vigor exceedingly."

Explorers, travelers and the printed word extolled her virtues, but the avocado didn't come to the United States to live until 82 years after our own George Washington found her to be "the most popular fruit in the Barbados Islands" when he visited there in 1751. It was Judge Perrine of Miami, Florida, whom fate decreed should be the first to bring trees from Mexico and plant them in his own back yard. Later on, precious seeds and cuttings were laboriously brought up the West Coast on burro back by the intrepid Franciscan Fathers. These were set out around the California missions, but the whimsical seeds did not always reproduce their kind—indeed, often did not even bear.

Budded seedling trees responded to the lure of Florida and California climates, however, and in 1911 pioneer growers and the United States Department of Agriculture co-sponsored an expedition into the wilds of Latin America in quest of the best strains and varieties which the avocado's homeland had to offer. For nine years Wilson Popenoe, horticulturist, explorer extraordinary, combed these regions, traveling thousands of miles on foot, on horseback and by boat. Many of his chosen varieties—sent home over chartered and unchartered routes—flourished

here, and little by little the avocado became thoroughly North Americanized through scientific culture and propagation.

Still, she remained the rich man's prize.

Not until the growers themselves formed a marketing exchange—in the West called the Calavo Growers of California—were economic advantages instilled into the adolescent industry. Then energetic expansion of the groves and widespread distribution of this complex fruit changed her status from “exclusive” to “available.” Today she proudly takes her place in every phase of the American diet—and in response to the jingle, not crackle, of currency.

You have about two dozen varieties of the “laurel peach” to choose from. Actually there are at least 500

types, ranging in size from no larger than an olive to more than three pounds in weight; in shape from round to bottle-necked; in color from light, yellowish-green to purplish-black; and in skin texture from thin to thick. But only a few of these are considered “commercial.”

You'll find the Florida crop at your fruit stalls from late summer through early winter. The California yield will grace your table from November to May, and the Cuban importations will take care of your needs from June through September. There are no canned avocados yet, but there is avocado oil dressing on the market so you won't have to worry along without the enthralling flavor of this tropical treasure. Not even when she's resting between seasons.

Good eating, *amigos!*

Famous People

Fabien Sevitsky, conductor of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, demonstrated in a recent concert his ability to meet all situations. During the playing of a symphony, he had to blow his nose. Stealthily he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, waited for a passage calling for horns, then blew his nose in time with the music.

Ferruccio Tagliavini, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, tells of a columnist in Rome who called a countess a cow, and lost the resulting libel suit. He paid the damages, then asked the judge, “Since it is now clear that I may not call the Countess a cow, would it be all right for me to call a cow a countess?”

The judge assured him this would not be libelous.

“Fine,” said the columnist, as he turned to the plaintiff and addressed her, “Hello, Countess.”

When Frank Davis was actuary of American National Life in Galveston, one of his friends was an underwriter who had a national reputation as a super salesman. A visitor expressed a desire to meet the underwriter, so Frank arranged a luncheon date. After lunch, he asked how the interview went. The visitor exclaimed, “Really, I was quite disappointed. He was a mighty nice fellow, but I don't see that he has much on the ball!”

“Did you, by any chance, buy any insurance from him?”

“Well, as a matter of fact, I did. But it just happened that I really needed it anyway, so I bought it from him.”

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

A SPECIAL session of Congress for this fall is almost definitely in the cards. The reason will probably be domestic as well as international. A world "dollar crisis" very probably will have ripened into a serious problem by that time. This means that most foreign powers simply will have run out of enough money to buy what America has to sell on the foreign market. This, of course, will upset the United States' economy to a great extent and will bring reconstruction in blighted countries to a standstill.

As a remedy for this problem the United States government is proposing that Congress appropriate \$25,000,000,000 to be distributed to foreign nations over a period of five years in order to get them back on their economic feet. Such aid would enable needy countries to continue buying from the United States and thus keep the United States' national economy on a comparatively high plane. It is certain that without the revenue received from foreign exports the chances for a severe business recession would become very great.

At present this country is exporting three times more goods than she is importing. Going on the basis that world trade among other nations is negligible, it is quite apparent that foreign powers will have to balance up the ratio of 3 to 1 in order to stop going in debt for United States' goods. In other words, United States' imports should equal exports. That is flatly impossible within the next year.

The only other alternative is for the foreign nations to dig into foreign assets which roughly total \$31,000,000,000. If all these assets were liquidated only about \$8,000,000,000 would convert into purchasing power for United States' goods. This, along with United States' imports,

would last only about eight more months, so the issue of foreign aid is critical.

Casting a weather eye to the future, it is to be expected that Congress will not receive the Administration's foreign aid program with open arms. There will be many objections. The chances for Congress appropriating \$25,000,000,000 at this time are very slim, but the occurrence of pending events in Europe may make the situation more critical by fall, critical enough, in fact, that Congress may fork out the billions requested by the Administration without batting an "eye."

Congress will likely demand that some method of repayment, in part at least, be provided. Most of the money will be an out-and-out donation tagged as an "intangible investment," which is just another way of saying that the United States is out to stop Russia in Europe.

Soon many businesses will be asked to prepare reserves and units within their organizations that can be converted quickly to wartime manufacturing demands. The government, in the near future, will earmark about 300,000 employees in private industry for quick assignment to war jobs in case a war emergency should materialize. This is merely one of the first steps in a giant program that will include further industrial mobilization and stock-piling (here lies America's chief strength), a greatly improved and expanded intelligence service, unification of the Army and Navy, a new and greatly augmented air force capable of striking hard and fast any place in the world, and expanded scientific research and development.

The Universal Military Training Program, of which military training is only a part, is being obstructed by Senator

Robert Taft because he believes it to be unAmerican. Taft made no bones about it, saying that he would fight "conscription . . . to the bitter end."

The report of the commission on military training made it plain that it was the opinion of the citizens who formulated the report that the United States had not less than four and no more than ten years in which to prepare. Yet, because Senator Robert Taft chooses to use obstructionist tactics the bill for Universal Military Training will not see the light of day in this session of Congress. The reason for this is that Taft heads up the powerful Senate majority policy committee which is responsible for sending or not sending bills to the floor of the Senate. Taft is the mainspring of the committee, so what Taft says goes.

Russia is currently having her hand showed all over Europe. There is no longer any doubt that the one world of which Wendell Wilkie dreamed is a dead pigeon. The European nations have met together in Paris and talked over down-to-earth, bread and butter economic matters—and yet Russia balked. Russia's objections to any and everything suggested by any and everybody seemed rather childish and silly toward the end of the Paris conference. It began to be obvious that Russia had no idea of cooperation with any nation. It sized up then and now as a political, economic and social battle between the ideologies, democracy and communism, or more concretely the United States and Soviet Russia.

Everywhere the tentacles of the Soviets are choking the life out of the people, they are taking over whole countries at a time. Eurasia is infested with communist line agents. The communists are gaining favor with Arabs in the Middle East, Finland and Norway are in danger from Red infiltration tactics, Hungary is completely gone, Tito is a worm, rotting the whole Balkan bloc right from the core.

Italy may fall to communists at any time. If it does, simple geography will show that Russia will control the Mediterranean and the United States' plans for

Greece and Turkey will suddenly become impossible to accomplish.

Most of Europe is starving and the United States wants to help by sending food and farming equipment; but Russian communism thrives on filth, disease and starvation among people, so it is natural that Moscow should fight United States' plans for reconstruction. Wherever there is light and cleanliness and satisfied people communism finds hard going.

In the very near future, the government will start "trust-busting" again. Anti-trust suits are in the offing for a number of large corporations who dominate their fields all too completely. The word is mum on whom the suits will be against, but guesses are very easy to make.

The government will consider a trust to exist where four or five units seem to dominate the field. Examples pointed out by government spokesmen are industries making flour, window glass, chemicals, agricultural machinery, and business engaged in meat packing.

Installment buying will increase as soon as the Federal Reserve Board abolishes its one-third down, fourteen months to pay regulation on all installment buying. President Truman asked Congress for a law reinstating the regulation, but it does not appear likely that he will get it.

Talk of Henry Wallace forming a third party is highly improbable. The difficulties are too great. State laws and regulations make it difficult for new political parties to form and there is a great deal of red tape from other sources also. Unless Wallace is drafted by some group willing to endure the trial of forming a new party, he will probably content himself with splitting the liberal Democratic vote in 1948, thus helping the Republicans to win the White House. Then Wallace would like to come back in 1952 as the candidate for a liberalized Democratic party. This is what seems to be in the wind but whatever happens it is certain that Wallace will grow more than corn this year—he will probably raise a little Cain, too.



with BOB KENNEDY

On The Record

MONICA LEWIS, the girl with the "theyx" voice, has recorded a new one for Signature. Quite a gal, who invades the sacred precincts "down at Morey's" via *The Whiffenpoof Song*. RCA Victor has also recorded this one and is making quite a todo over it, with publicity spreads asking "What is a Whiffenpoof?" The answer should be obvious to Victor. Whiffenpoofs sell records!

• • •

Signs of the times: Two teenagers appeared in a local record store and requested *Peg O' My Heart* by Clark Dennis and *Pray For the Lights To Go Out* by Phil Harris. What has happened to boogie woogie?

• • •

She's from England and it's jolly well all right with us! The name is Beryl Davis, a name you won't soon forget in popular music. She sings songs right from the heart with fine breath control and much gusto, which reminds us of Kate Smith and Jo Stafford. Those latter two singers are doing all right, and we predict a great future for Beryl Davis.

• • •

Tempo Records will put on wax, in album form, *Queen For A Day*, with a tie-up of the Mutual show of the same name. It will be interesting to note on

a three-minute disc what a "queen" does in 24 hours.

Platter Chatter

Columbia's releasing eight sides of previously unreleased recordings by Duke Ellington. Watch for the album entitled *Ellington Special* . . . Vido Musso is carrying the baton while Stan Kenton takes a rest . . . Ray McKinley and company are now on the road with one-night-ers . . . Les Brown with eight new sidemen is touring the Pacific Coast . . . Jimmy Dorsey is back in the groove after vacationing the band . . . We'd like to see more records put out by Randy Brooks' jazz group . . . Jo Stafford's burlesque version of *Temptation* is going over big. Will Capitol cut more? . . . Billy Williams, former Sammy Kaye crooner, has donned spurs and is strictly in the cowboy groove . . . Mel Torme opens at the Copacabana in Hollywood . . . Ella Mae Morse, Capitol star, is back in California awaiting the birth of a baby, her second . . . Jose Iturbi is touring in Europe now . . . Fred Lowery, Columbia's whistling genius, has solid bookings across the country . . . The "Jump King of Swing," Count Basie, is drawing in the crowds at his summer-long engagement at Atlantic City . . . Freddie Martin and band are now at New York's Strand theatre . . . Harry James is planning to produce a flicker in Hollywood, but it's doubtful if 20th Century will let Mrs. James star with hubby. Charlie Spivak now adds his own dance adaptations of classical favorites with a new album for Victor, *Kreisler Favorites*.

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 37528—Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra with orchestra directed by Axel Stordahl. *My Romance* plus *Tea For Two*. For the first time Frankie and Dinah have recorded together. Result: a double-feature well worth the centavos. Alternating on the verse and chorus, they end up with Dinah on the harmony and Frank on the lead. Both numbers have a slow, steady beat throughout, so the recordings are more than grand singing, they're fine dance music.

COLUMBIA 37497—Les Brown and his Orchestra. *Fine Thing* and *Oh My Achin' Heart*. Les has recorded two excellent numbers on this record. From *Dear Ruth* comes the tune *Fine Thing*, a medium tempo ballad, with Ray Kellogg doing vocal justice to the second chorus. The latter is an interesting parody on a war-time phrase, neatly turned into a tune idea. Eileen Wilson handles vocal honors. Both are reeeal nice for listening and dancing.

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

VICTOR 20-2272 — The Three Suns. *Peg O' My Heart* plus *Across The Alley From The Alamo*. One of the best of the small combos comes across with a pair of swell ones. Peg is played with expert phrasing and is a natural for this group. The reverse is a novelty which the boys take in their stride. Artie Dunn supplies the vocal to the toe-tappin' melody.

DECCA 18395—Hoagy Carmichael at the piano. *Hong Kong Blues* with *Stardust*. Hoagy takes command on this record with the music and vocals. Both numbers are among Hoagy's favorites, and the composer does a superb job on each. Definitely a must for anyone's record library.

*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE 1718.

PAN AMERICAN 064—John Laurenz with Joe Venuti, his violin, and All Star Orchestra. *You Call It Madness*, *But I Call It Love* and *I Surrender, Dear*. Here is a new crooner with two solid old-timers. *You Call It Madness* is an old Russ Columbo number and Laurenz sounds very much like a '47 version of same. Venuti and the orchestra provide splendid background on both numbers.

PAN AMERICAN 056—Cliff Lang and his All Star Orchestra. *Sleepy Time Gal* and *The Man I Love*. Two solid instrumentals that are just right for dancing. The band is comparatively

new, but this disc proves it is worth watching.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

CAPITOL 40001—Tex Williams and his Western Caravan. *Smoke! Smoke! Smoke!* plus *Roundup Polka*. Tex has a winner in these two sides. The *Smoke* tune is a novelty that should get quite a play from all musical units. Tex puts over the vocal with a style that sounds much like that of Phil Harris. The reverse is a colorful polka tune ably played by Tex and the Caravan. A must for Western fans.

DECCA 23868—Virginia O'Brien with Orchestra conducted by Victor Young. *I'm Goin' Back To Whur I Come From* and *Say That We're Sweethearts Again*. Two novelties by the "stone faced" cinema star. The first concerns a gal who came to the big city, Kansas City, and what happened when she met the wrong man. The reverse is an amusing one-sided romance set to music.

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

VICTOR 20-2259—Perry Como and the Satisfiers with Lloyd Shaffer and Orchestra. *Chi-Baba Chi-Baba (My Bambino Go To Sleep)* plus *When You Were Sweet Sixteen*. The Como voice retains the same mellow flavor that keeps the crooner on top of the heap today. Perry might as well throw the barber clippers away . . . and the Satisfiers and Lloyd Shaffer are right in there too!

VICTOR 20-2245—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. *Love In Bloom* and *Blowing Bubble Gum*. Here's Spike up to his old tricks and his fans will love it. *Love In Bloom* gets a treatment that will have you rolling in the aisle. Assisting on this side are Dr. Horatio Q. Birdbath and the Saliva Sisters. The flipover is a take-off on the fad of blowing bubble gum, with a falsetto vocal provided by George Rock. Tops in novelty entertainment.

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WI 6540.

New York Letter

AT THIS writing, hotel rents in Manhattan are causing a major fracas. The morning after hotel rent controls were lifted many permanent guests received notices that their rents would be raised. These new rates entailed an addition of anywhere from ten to two hundred dollars a month. You can imagine what a blow this was to persons whose income (with no tax reduction in sight) was already strained. And, in Manhattan, there is no place to which to move. Heart attacks and strokes were all over the place. Mayor O'Dwyer had to do something . . . and quick.

Now, it appears that rates of permanent guests may be frozen to the status of June 30th—although transients may not be so protected. The matter should be settled this month. Some hotel managements are asking only a reasonable increase to meet high operating costs and they will have no difficulty at all in getting the cooperation of their tenants. But those who had planned to force out their old tenants with an eye to high transient rates are in for trouble. Some guys just won't play fair . . . and they are the very ones who make necessary the laws they complain about.

• • •

The used car turnover in Manhattan isn't a pretty situation, either. It seems that a lot of slickers are able to get new cars by one means or another. They drive around the block and sell to second-hand dealers for a very neat profit. It's all legal according to the laws of buying and selling and nothing can be done about it. It's a racket high, low and sideways, but there you are. How these slickers manage to get new cars while honest people must wait for months is a mystery, one that has no appearance of being solved up to date. Perhaps the general public is to blame, too. Used car dealers say that although these transactions are outrageous, as long as people will pay the price, and demand cars, it's up to them to sell. What a business!

• • •



Test pilots are perhaps the only human beings in this jittery world who have no nerves. At least there's one out Long Island way who hasn't any.

This pilot was testing a jet plane high over Long Island Sound when his fire went out and he had to make a forced landing. *Where* was the paramount question.

Jet planes will have no part of water in any form, which is understandable even to the lay mind. They are land planes in the first place, and land at a speed of one-hundred-and-fifty miles an hour in the second. And, when the fire goes out, that's a predicament, especially over water.

This particular "pilot in a predicament" looked desperately at the long, sandy beaches in the environs of Oyster Bay, but dared not land there as they were crowded with bathers. So, he took the only alternative and brought his plane down near a lighthouse at Lloyd's Neck. A large group of teen-agers were racing their Lightning sailboats out there at the time, and the report is that their race became a confused mass of luffing sails and wayward tillers as they watched the plane skip and bounce across the surface of the water with a quick and final plunge to the depths. They thought the pilot had turned in his last ticket and all felt a little sick. Misplaced concern. The pilot was wearing a Mae West and was thrown out when the plane hit the water. Within

a few minutes a fisherman's boat picked him up, and before the afternoon was over he was back at his field reporting the difficulties.

Next day he was up again with his fire going in high glory while the tug boats from Oyster Bay fought to recover the plane from a depth of sixty feet of water. Would you like an aspirin?

● ● ●
 Previews of fashions for the fall point towards the longer and longer skirt. Otherwise it's the same old story of yummy, yummy creations with gold nugget prices. No boyish effect will be tolerated. Gals must be strictly feminine.

Strapless evening gowns are still in the mode and skirts are fantastically full. Hats are ridiculous and charming, as ever, with price tags that take the joy out of life. Wholesale buyers don't seem to be buying in the same quantity that they did a year ago . . . the public purse is becoming a bit moody.

Last year's hit shows will swing on into the fall season. There are very few new shows scheduled to open at the moment, although more may be expected in September. One thing sure, theatre tickets will be down to a price where one can eat and see a show both in the same day.

Now if you can just get a room . . .

▲
 The retiring old usher was instructing his youthful successor in the details of his office. "Remember, my boy, that we have nothing but good, kind Christians in this church until you try to put someone else in their pew."

▲
 An Irishman in a windy region built a stone fence three feet high and four feet wide. When neighbors asked for an explanation of this strange construction, he replied, "Now when the wind blows it over, the fence will be higher than it was before."

▲
 A particularly offensive efficiency expert who was making the rounds walked up to one of the clerks, asking, "What do you do around here?"

The exasperated clerk snarled, "I don't do a blasted thing."

The expert made a note of the reply, passed to the second clerk, and asked the same question.

"I don't do anything, either."

The efficiency expert's ears perked up and his eyes brightened. "Hmm," he hummed with triumph. "Duplication!"

▲
 A mother with five children traveling on a train gave the conductor so much trouble that he finally said to her, "I wonder why you don't leave half of your youngsters at home."

She answered sadly, "I did."

▲
A CRUMBY CHARACTER

The busy ant of story fame,
 A creature wise and swift,
 Has won himself an honored name,
 And men extol his thrift.

I wouldn't say the view is wrong,
 But only this I know:
 That when a picnic comes along
 The ants find time to go.

—Florence Jansson

Answers to Let It Rain!

1. c
2. b
3. a
4. a
5. a
6. b, c, f
7. b
8. a
9. a
10. a
11. c
12. b

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, **ALL MY SONS** was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

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

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

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

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Mary Chase's wonderfully whimsical comedy about the six-foot rabbit which hardly anybody can see is still going strong. Josephine Hull has returned to the cast, and James Stewart is playing Elwood P. Dowd while Frank Fay is on the road. 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.

★ **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 Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford. Louisa Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It's a comedy by John van Druten, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). Somehow still around is this not-so-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reformation of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor but



a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, score by Irving Berlin, and the inimitable talents of Ethel Merman in the role of Annie Oakley add up to an almost unbeatable evening in the theatre. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). Two American tourists step into a Scotch hamlet and find it's 1748, but if you've heard that one before don't worry—it's still a good show, with catchy tunes, sprightly dancing, and a whole stageful of plaids. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). A 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. Matinees 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)

Barrymore, 243 E. 47th	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th	CI 6-6699	E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th	CI 6-8870	W
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
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th	CH 4-4256	E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st	PE 6-8220	W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th	CI 6-9156	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 KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ALGONQUIN. Writers hang from the rafters, or would if there were rafters. There's the Rose Room for five to seven cocktails and a cute, cozy little bar open all the time. Good a la carte from a buck seventy-five. 59 W 44th. MU 2-0101.

★AMBASSADOR. A lovely garden, Bill Adler's concert music at luncheon, and Basil Fomeen from five to seven with dancing after seven. \$3 minimum Saturday. Park at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ARMANDO'S. You'll find all the giddy youngsters here in this friendly place that serves an excellent dinner. Harry Thaler does a magnificent job of tickling the ivories in accompaniment of Harry Harden's accordion. 54 E. 55th. PL 3-0760.

★BAGATELLE. Lamotte did the gorgeous murals in this chic supper club, but a stronger attraction rests in the fabulous Dorothy Ross and her naughty ditties and the antics of Wally Griffin. A keen place to take that naive girl from the office. 3 E 52nd. PL 3-9632.

★BARCLAY. Large, dignified dining room with Chigrinski's string ensemble to background a delicious dinner. The ensemble also appears on the Terrace for tea and cocktail time. Excellent luncheon in the Gold Room Cafe on weekdays. 111 E 48th. WI 2-5900.

★BILTMORE. Ray Heatherton and Arthur Ravel's orchestras for your dancing pleasure. Evening shows are hilarious with Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals. For solitude the harried male can visit the Men's Bar. Delightful luncheon and dinner in the Madison Room. Don't miss Mischa Raginsky's Ensemble in the Famous Cocktail Lounge from four until seven. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★CAFE DU PARC. Continental specialties and many delightful Italian dishes are featured in this cozy little place. Name your nationality and find a dish to suit it! Dinner entrees from \$1.25. 208 Central Park. LO 3-8858.

★CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. The lady from Paris, Lucienne Boyer, no relation to Chuck, warbles delightful melodies that leave you tingling just a little like a lovesick robin. Abbey Albert's orchestra and Dave Martin's Trio for dancing. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★CARNIVAL. The food is as good as ever but who needs food when Olsen and Johnson are around? The show is a wow and is ably supported by John McManus and Morty Reid's band. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★CHAMBORD. Take a gastronomic trip to gay Patee. Out-of-this-world French Provincial cooking and the selection of wines — voila! If you speak a good brand of French, the house is practically yours. 803 3rd Avenue. EL 5-7180.

★CLAREMONT INN. The glorious Hudson swirls past below and refuses to give an inkling of any of the deep, dark secrets contained within its depths, as you sip your martini or contemplate the fine music emanating from the instruments of Sonny Weldon's orchestra and Ennio's rumba band. Dinner dancing in the garden or in the lounge. A peach of a place. Riverside Drive & 124th. MO 2-8600.

★DRAKE. Quiet, dignified, the Drake Room for those who wish relaxation and good food. Enjoyable pianistics of Les Crosley for cocktails and Cy Walter in the evening. Entrees in the main dining room from \$1.25. 440 Park. WI 2-0600.

★GALLAGHER'S. How do you like your lobster? They can do it here that way and also in ways you've never seen before — all good, too. Of course, the steaks are unsurpassed anywhere in the city. A nice bar and open from noon on. 228 W. 52nd. CI 7-9574.

★HEADQUARTERS. Two of Uncle Sammy's chefs, who incidentally were responsible for the fine food General Ike enjoyed over there, are serving man-sized meals with a hearty flavor. A spacious dining room to accommodate the crowds. 108 W. 49th. CI 5-4790.

★JACK DEMPSEY'S. Even if you're not hungry, it's fun to go in to see if you can get a look at the old Mauler. And the Korn Kobblers will keep you in stitches even if Jack isn't there. Very fine food. Broadway at 49th. CO. 5-7875.

★JOE KING'S FRATERNITY HOUSE. Literary people and college kids have kept the doors open here for ages on end. The house specialty is sauerbraten and it is excellently prepared. A friendly bar and very low prices. 190 3rd Ave. ST 9-9603.

★LEON & EDDIE'S. Frolicking lasses and Eddie Davis do four shows an evening here. The last one is at 2:30 and it really lowers the boom, if you know what we mean. Celebs after midnight Sundays. The bar opens at 4 p.m. 33 W. 52nd. EL 5-9514.

★PARK LANE. The Tapestry Room for peace, quiet and good a la carte. Food and cocktails in the Cafe Lounge with dinner entrees from a buck thirty-five. 299 Park. WI 2-4100.

★SAVOY PLAZA. Dancing daily from five to Irving Conn's orchestra in the Cafe Lounge. Conn alternates with Clemente's marimba band. A keen breakfast can be had in the Savoy Room. If you're too late, try luncheon, or later still, dinner! Plaza Circle at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★THREE CROWNS. The smorgasbord revolves — just stand there and take your pick. Swedish fare at its very finest. Very popular on Sundays but keep the kiddies' paws out of the mustard. 12 E. 54th. PL 8-1031.





Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

ANOTHER July 13th has rolled by and Henry C. Lytton, the old gentleman on State Street, has chalked up another year. This one happens to be his one hundred and first. To him it was not in the least remarkable, except that a miserable winter and spring kept him at home and away from his merchandising business more than usual. Mrs. Lytton and his doctor conspire to keep him at home in his Lake Shore Drive apartment on Chicago's Gold Coast when the weather is bad. The old man doesn't like inactivity.

Last year when your Chicago correspondent wrote a special article about him for *Swing* he had yet to be discovered by the big circulation magazines. Since then both *Reader's Digest* and Hearst's *American Weekly* have discovered Mr. Lytton, but both seem to have missed some of the most interesting things about him.

One of the most unusual qualities of this 101-year-old merchant prince, who owns stores in Chicago, Cincinnati and Minneapolis and a lot of other places, is his unflagging interest in the present. While other old people dwell almost completely in the past, Henry C. Lytton seldom gives it a thought. He is much too interested in today's sales figures to give much of his time to thinking back to Lincoln's day, when he was a boy in New York. Merchandising absorbs him completely. So does modern advertising, both radio and press. He gives a large measure of credit for his continued success and prosperity to advertising.

During the somewhat hectic celebration of his 100th birthday at a summer estate in St. Joseph, Michigan, several radio special events crews wire-recorded interviews

for Chicago stations. The old man who has survived four or five depressions and the Chicago fire, as well as assorted other calamities, would have no part of the script which had been so carefully prepared for him. He thought he'd just say a few words of appreciation, and he did just that—ad libbing in a clear, firm voice for almost two minutes without faltering or groping for a word.

On another occasion a network broadcast was arranged. Mr. Lytton was again scheduled to speak from a script. When the production crew arrived, old Henry chorled, "I know what you've got there. It's a script but I'm not going to use it. I know what I'm going to do. When I was a boy I used to march down Broadway beside the Union troops, singing along with the soldiers. I'm going to sing the song I used to like best of all—*Marching Through Georgia*."

It was tactfully pointed out to the old man that the sponsor of this particular network show had a large Southern business and might not care to stir up animosity below the Mason and Dixon line. Mr. Lytton with his remarkable sense of good advertising and public relations saw the point at once, but he still would have nothing to do with the script. He simply ad libbed for the time allotted him on the air.

The only bad moment came when the announcer who had been sent over from Chicago to introduce him closed his part of the broadcast with the well-known switching cue . . . "We return you now to our studios." Mr. Lytton, unable to hear the announcer because of deafness, and believing the program over, piped up petulantly, "What's he saying? I can't hear a word he's saying." He got coast to coast coverage with that remark.

Sitting on the front porch of his summer home one day last June, Henry C. Lytton remarked impatiently, "This is a dull way

to spend the summer. I'm too old to be happy rocking on the front porch."

• • •

Another well-known Chicagoan often in the news lately is John Barriger, the president of the Chicago, Indianapolis and Louisville railroad. Mr. Barriger is young for a railroad president, still being in his forties. But he shares with Mr. Lytton a profound belief in advertising and getting things done. In little more than a year he has made startling progress toward putting what used to be a streak of rust on its financial feet.

When Barriger took over the C, I and L, better known as the Monon Route, it was headed for an oxygen tent. It was the only Class I railroad that had made less money during the war than during the boom twenties. Trains, when they ran at all, were invariably hours late. Rolling stock and other operating equipment were in a sad way. No one cared very much what happened to the Monon.

Now all that is changed. Business is on a steadily rising curve. The road will probably be the first completely Dieselized Class I railroad. Twenty-five specially built hospital cars have been purchased from the Army and converted into modern



coaches. Behind it all is Barriger, coaxing business from shippers, peppering up traffic and operating men, popping in on rural station agents to find out what their problems are.

With little fuss and with none of the fanfare given to Robert Young, Chicagoan

Barriger is literally bringing a railroad back from the junkheap. He is perfectly willing to let Young make the headlines. He's having too much fun surprising the bankers who bought the Monon at a receivership fire sale.

• • •

This is the time of year when the Tribune really goes to town on its two big summer promotions—the Chicagoland Music Festival and the annual All Star Football game. Both of course will be sell-outs, so get your ticket orders and room reservations in early.

Speaking of hotels, the LaSalle is back in business again—following last year's disastrous fire. No traces remain of the blaze that made the front pages in June of 1946. A very complete rebuilding and redecorating job has put the LaSalle back into the running as one of Chicago's better hotels.

• • •

These hot summer days the best free show in town takes place on the Oak Street and North Avenue beaches. If it's comedy or a strip-tease that you want, the beaches have it.



Lunar Lines

When trips to the stars are a week-end event

And I move to the moon to save on the rent

And rocket-commute from office to home
Inspired by earthlight, I'll write you a poem

Of crescent shaped Earth riding high in the skies

And worldlight reflecting itself in your eyes.

Though June night and earthlight may limp as to rhyme,

I hope that you'll come up and join me sometime.

Dale Suthern.



In the field of endeavor there grows

An abundant perennial crop

In the topheavy number of those

Who would like to begin at the top

—Florence Jansson

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

Bounty for a Price . . .

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Actually a bargain in interior spaciousness, show-time grandeur, and accessories of food and drink. Dancing to Henry Brandon's music.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Urbane little room for quality dining, dancing and the songs of a rising vocalist.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Elaborate divertissement in the dining-wining department, dancing to Ron Perry's band, and mood elevation by becoming background.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Liberace, the pianist with inventive entertainment, heads a big-time revue and music for the light fantastic is by that handsome Englishman, Freddy Nagel, and his boys.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Matinees it's Rickie Barbosa for rhumba writhings; evenings, Joe Vera for more conservative dance floor contortions.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). The last word in well-mannered deportment, one star act, music by Bill Snyder's orchestra and a fashionable clientele.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Interesting room in the moderne motif, dancing in the evenings, good food and cocktails. Open for luncheon, too.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 8200). As famous as the Stork Club for celebrity patronage, flaming sword service, and the high cost of living high.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Distinguished meeting spot with Germanic food, light entertainment and dancing Fridays and Saturdays.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian as a samovar, respectful to national delicacies of dining, with gypsy airs by George Scherban's fine ensemble.

Stars for a Ceiling . . .

★ Dancing outdoors at the Edgewater Beach Hotel **BEACH WALK**, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000) to Henry Busse and his orchestra with a Dorothy Hild revue twice a night.

★ Dining in a garden at **JACQUES' FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan (Del. 9040), elegantly a la French cuisine . . . **LE PETIT GOURMET**, 619 N. Michigan (Del. 9701) . . .

And **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 E. Walton Place (Whi. 5301).

Biggest in Show-Fare . . .

★ Your money's worth in amusement is **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544).

Mostly for Dancing . . .

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Music by Ray Pearl and his orchestra and a two-act floor show.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100). Hottest names in music come and go as quickly as new records are made.

Out of the Ordinary . . .

★ Superiority one way or another, maybe in specialties of the house or unusual decor, marks **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733).



Vitamins That Satisfy . . .

★ Steak significance at the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush—**FOLEY'S STEAK HOUSE**, 71 East Adams . . . Good Italian dishes at **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State . . . Seafoods at **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark—**MANN'S**, Lake and Michigan . . . Smorgasbord at **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush . . . Barbecued ribs at **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush . . . Late snacks at **LINDY'S**, 871 Rush . . . Chop suey at **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph, **ONG LOK YUN**, 105 N. Dearborn and **BAMBOO INN**, 11 N. Clark.

Strip Belt . . .

★ What is known as exotic dancing, the striptease theme prevails at the **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 500 N. Clark . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark . . . **L & L Cafe**, 1314 W. Madison . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison . . . **EL MO-CAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison . . . **BAND BOX**, 1156 Clark.

Theatre . . .

★ Subject to the multiple whims of box office, management and temperaments, Chicago expects to hold fast to:

★ **BORN YESTERDAY** at the Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark, Sta. 2459.

★ **THE RED MILL** at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Fra. 7800.

★ **CAROUSEL** at the Shubert Theatre, 22 W. Monroe, Cen. 8240.

★ **CALL ME MISTER** at the Blackstone Theatre, 7th near Michigan, Har. 8880.

★ **PRIVATE LIVES**, with Tallulah Bankhead, at the Harris Theatre, 170 N. Dearborn, Cen. 8240.

Lake Cruises . . .

★ Cross-Lake Michigan daily at 9:30 a.m. to Benton Harbor and St. Joe, Michigan, **S.S. CITY OF GRAND RAPIDS**.

★ Two-hour sightseeing cruises, **WENDELA**, Michigan Avenue Bridge.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



The Magnificent Meal . . .

★**BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** This popular mid-town cafeteria attracts customers from all over Kansas City — and good reason for it, too. Owner "Pop" Wormington is an experienced restaurateur from 'way, 'way back and we'll bet he could tell even Duncan Hines a thing or two. Enjoy crispy salads, beef, ham and other meat dishes all for a song. The place is air conditioned and neat and clean as the proverbial pin. 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★**BRETTON'S.** Continental specialties are the words here. Or would you rather have a Kansas City steak? Max Bretton delights in serving the epicure, catering to slightest whims and whimsies. Max tells us to watch for his new sign out front as it's to be a very special one. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★**IL PAGLIACCIO.** We can't decide whether the gals drag their hubbies to Il Pagliaccio for the delicious meatballs and spaghetti or whether they go there just to see handsome host Frank Ross. Of course, you can get a beautiful steak for the asking, and while you're waiting for your medium rare, sidle over to the attractive bar for a martini. The Ross' carry a fine line of wines and a beaker of your favorite goes perfectly with your meal. If you're looking for the nicest people in town, visit Il Pagliaccio. 600 E. 6th. HA. 8440.

★**ADRIAN'S.** The people inhabiting the Merchandise Mart firmly declare that the Mart Cafe belongs solely to them . . . but you *do* see "foreigners" in the place. Manager Adrian Hooper brings many years experience from the President Hotel to the operation of the Mart Cafe and the food is better than ever. It's so nice and cool inside, too. A clever job of decoration back of the bar features clocks, statuettes and other gadgets from the show rooms of building lessees. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★**PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** (Sung to the tune of *Oh Dem Golden Slippers*) "Oh those french-fried onions, oh those french-fried onions, french-fried onions and roast prime ribs to make your meal complete!" Yes, and a host of other delectables all excellently prepared by Fanny Anderson. Whatta cook! Sit at the bar first and slake your thirst with a bourbon and soda. Jerry will seat you when you're ready. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★**SAVOY GRILL.** If Grandpa is too old to take you there himself, he can at least tell you how to get there. And there is old fashioned advice that is still very much up-to-date, because the Savoy still serves the finest lobster in these parts. Rich in tradition, the Savoy's fine food and drink bears out its reputation. Attention, gourmands! 9th & Central. VI 3980.

Class With a Glass . . .

★**PUTSCH'S 210.** Shades of New Orleans. Here is the most sumptuously and attractively decorated restaurant in the Midwest. A beautifully appointed bar room on one side with a muralled mirror highlighting green-jacketed bar men; a dining room done in a white brick effect with elegant wrought-iron trimmings; and a cozy, dim, floral-patterned room decorated with huge brass candelabra complete the restaurant. Owner Putsch is featuring steak, lobster, chicken a la king, cooked with sherry, tasty buffet dishes and many other attractive summer menu offerings. My those cold prime ribs of beef! Soft dinner music is furnished by Kay Hill and Vic Colin. There's a keen cafeteria on the Wyandotte side, too. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★**CABANA.** Cool and cozy is the phrase for this pleasant little cocktail lounge tucked away in the corner of the Phillips Hotel. WHB's Alberta Bird has ten pinkies full of rhythm and they get to work out on the Hammond while you sip your cocktail and stare dreamily into the eyes of your date. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★**LA CANTINA.** A perfect spot for after the theatre. No cover and JB jive only so that eliminates the federal tax. This all adds up to a pleasant, inexpensive evening. If you get hungry the waitress will bring you a sandwich from up stairs. Very refreshing red-and-white striped decor. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★**OMAR ROOM.** A bar for men only, surrounded by soft leather seats, is just below the deck holding tables, chairs and a piano corner. Charlie Gray has a mighty fine repertoire of love ballads to soothe you while you loll at a table sipping king-sized concoctions designed to please the most discriminating palate. If you want to go to Kansas City, Kansas, just trip out the side door and into the Quindaro bus. It's fun to watch Southtowners hopping onto that bus thinking it's the Broadway-Wornall. Hotel Continental 11th & Baltimore. GR 6040.

★**RENDEZVOUS.** Jack Henry and Swanson did the decorating . . . we're talking about the clientele. Financiers may be seen here any after noon or evening relaxing with a glass of Teacher and soda, dispensing with the cares and worries of the big business world. A wave of a well manicured paw will bring waiters scurrying for drinks or dinner. It's strictly strictly. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★**THE TROPICS.** A South Seas hideaway in the heart of you know where. Cool, tropically decorated and featuring exotic drinks that smack of the essence of Trader Vic's in Honolulu. Soft background music that barely blankets the sweet nothings you're whispering into that pearly, shell

like ear. A keen place to be on a hot summer's afternoon. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ZEPHYR ROOM. Teen-aged Eddie Oyer, a veritable virtuoso on the 88, keeps Zephyr patrons spellbound with his remarkable pianistic performance. Handsome dark-eyed barmen keep you spiritually satisfied and Eddie, with his boogie, and Mary Ann Garwood on the Hammond, take care of the rest. Step down the hall if you wish, and dance one or two to the strains of Wayne Muir and the band. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick, VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★THE PEANUT. "Cares and worries disappear, 'neath the surface of a beer." And brother, Lewis Stone has the beer! And he also has scrumptuous barbecue and a delightful little beer garden in back. The garden is made very private with a vine-covered fence and it's soooooo cool out there at night. Owner Stone loves people and he is very popular with Southenders, a fact attested by the crowds you'll find there any afternoon or evening. Don't cook dinner in that hot kitchen tonight — go out to the Peanut for barbecue and beer! 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★CROWN ROOM. Judy Conrad continues to hold his widespread popularity and an evening is far from complete if you don't stop in for a dance. There are pretty, life-size Varga girls on the walls in very scanty attire, and it's fun to stare at them while sipping one of those big, strong drinks they give you out there. Games in the evenings with prizes and a cocktail hour from two 'til five with a free copy of the drink you're holding every time the gong blows. Hotel LaSalle. 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★PINK ELEPHANT. "Too many cocktails, too much gin, makes you forget whose bar you're in." But that's not true here, because those pink pachyderms act as reminders. This place is cute as a minute and a barrel of fun. Big strong drinks and lots of friendly people. *Everybody* has fun here and when you're lonely, there's always someone to listen to your troubles. Hotel State, 12th & Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★OLD PLANTATION. This serene and lovely old mansion is just a short, cool drive east on highway 40. Ken Porter features steaks, chicken

and delicious frog legs. Lively dance music is furnished by Will McPherson, Don Ross and Ray Duggan. The drinks are just the kind you'd get if you visited a real southern "colonel." Just the place to be on a warm summer's night. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★TRALLE'S HILLSIDE TAVERN. Head the family bus east on Highway 50 and stop when you get to Belmont. There, tucked in the base of a cool green hill, lies the Hillside Tavern. A rock and mortar structure, there's a bubbling brook trilling its way along behind the place and the very appearance of everything spells coolness. Two grand ladies named Tralle and Martin are the proprietors and they feature chicken and steak. Songstress Dorothy Harris keeps the customers enthralled with her vocals sung to the piano music of Merle Steward. And remember, they serve the coldest beer in the county! Open week nights till 4 a.m. Dancing. 50 Highway & Belmont. WA 9622.

★BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Maybe you didn't know it but the Interlude serves a keen, moderately priced luncheon every day from 11 until 2. Next time you're out midtown way, give it a whirl. Ole Bus Moten still manipulates the ivories in his kingly fashion and customers leave with a light case of the wiggles after listening to his music for awhile. Lots of fried chicken and steak to be had of an evening and the drinks are as fine as ever. Those dying of thirst on Sundays need to hold out only until midnight when the Interlude opens. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

Drive-Ins . . .

★NU-WAY DRIVE-INS. Go inside where it's nice and cool or stay in the jalop while the evening breezes waft through the window. 'Burgers and a jillion delicious and wholly different sandwiches are the specialties featured by C. L. Duncan. The car hops are cute and most efficient. And the soft drinks are icy cold. Don't bother to flick your lights or toot your horn because those outdoor food purveyors can beat you to the draw every time. Try the Nu-Way today! Midtown it's Linwood and Main and out south it's at Meyer and Troost. VA 8916.

★WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN. Brand spanking new and managed by friendly, vivacious Jackie Forman. Peachiest dance floor in town on the inside and plenty of soft drinks and sandwiches. You'll meet the kids out there most any night and they make the place literally jump with joy with their fandangoes and lively chatter. It's air-conditioned but being away from the city it's always cool outside, too, so you can enjoy service from your car if you've a mind. Try the pie, guy, it's terrific! 85th & Wornall. JA 9564.

Good Taste . . .

★VILLAGE INN. The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in rattlesnake leather presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. Southtowners must put



this delightful place on their list for a visit. 85th and Wornall. JA 9950.

★**FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Friendly Frank Marshall operates two superb restaurants in Kansas City. At the Brush Creek place you can enjoy one of the quarter of a million chickens that are prepared there each year. That also means that the chefs have worlds of experience in preparing chicken the right way. Frank has another fine place at 917 Grand that is popular with business men and women who drop in for hearty breakfasts or luncheons at any hour of the day. Yes, it is crowded, but you'll get a seat in a jiffy! Have your bridge luncheon or private party in one of the rooms at the Brush Creek place. Complete party accommodations available. Brush Creek at Paseo. VA 9757.

★**BARREL BUFFET.** Don't roll that barrel out now! Wait until you get over to Jack Accurso's Barrel Buffet. A friendly, popular downtown spot, there's a whole row of little barrels above the barkeep's head to remind you why you came in . . . as if that was necessary! Plenty of good barbecued ham, beef and pork sandwiches and sizzling steak too. Jack himself will chin with you. Air conditioned, of course, and a spotless, stainless steel kitchen in which your meal is cooked. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★**ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Bedecked with murals, business men and bustling waitresses, you



can grab your luncheon snack while reading a mimeo news sheet. Savor your meal to the strains of Alberta Bird's Hammond organ by remote from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★**AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Air travelers always look forward to the Kansas City stopover because it means an opportunity to sample the Milleman-Gilbert bill of fare. This pleasant, spic-and-span restaurant is open 24 hours a day and it is just as popular with the local crowd as it is with people from far away. Look for the after-the-theatre crowd here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★**AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** Continental specialties, coolness, the El Bolero bar and pleasant, courteous service are the features of

Martin Weiss' downstairs room. The midtown business crowd has found the Fiesta a perfect place for the combined business conference and luncheon. You'll find execs from Fox-Midwest and other offices in here almost any noon. 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★**BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** Gracious Mrs. Rice, hostess at this lovely dining room, is featuring steak, chicken and delicious baked ham. The Brookside is a grand place to take the family any evening or on Sunday. You can get away from the hustle and bustle of city life here and relax before a meal of real home cooking. Quiet, efficient service and very moderate prices. A rarity these days is the immaculate kitchen. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★**GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** OH! THAT LEMON PIE! Yessir, and that's not all. We could go into ecstasies describing the waffles that are served with jelly, sorghum, powdered sugar or any sweetening you can name. Fish 'n chips is the luncheon selection and, of course, the idea is to top it off with that lemon pie. The waitresses dress in starchy white and the whole place just smacks of cleanliness. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★**MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** The leather seats at the counter are just as comfortable as your old Morris chair — but a sight prettier. And it's such a wide counter — you can eat your meal without the necessity of juggling dishes from side to side. These are just little things but they add up to an enjoyable meal. Delicious hotel food. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★**UNITY INN.** An unusual vegetarian cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. You'd be surprised at the crowds each noon which come to enjoy crispy salads, magnificent pastry and a meal devoid of meat. Everyone is courteous and friendly and we guarantee you'll thoroughly enjoy your luncheon. 901 Tracy. VA 8916.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★**EL CASBAH.** Wayne Muir, his two piano and his orchestra continue to enthral Casbah patrons. And, speaking of captivation, beautiful Jane Churchill trills like a nightingale. She sings for her supper, and yours, in a most charming manner. Genial Jerry Engle is maitre d'hotel and he performs his functions in splendid fashion. Food, entertainment and good music in the Midwest's outstanding supper club for a perfect evening. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick VA 7047.

★**SOUTHERN MANSION.** Dee Peterson's band with Ken Smith vocalizing in a smooth manner provide a pleasant musical background for you dining and dancing. Host Johnny Franklin will see to it that you're seated and that all is well with you and your party. Excellent steak and chicken. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★**TERRACE GRILL.** Your host is Gordon and he always seats you where you want to be seated. He'll see that you're wine'd and properly dined too. The Grill's musical attraction during August is Tommy Sheridan. Fine food, dancing and friendly people for an evening of real pleasure. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



LET'S FACE FIGURES!

Here's the flour milling picture in Kansas City:

- 8 flour mills
- 60,720 sacks per day capacity
- 14,927,727 sacks annual output
- \$75,000,000 yearly production value

The MILL on the MISSOURI

Kansas City, second largest milling center in the United States, produces 15 million sacks of flour annually for a cash return of 75 million dollars. That's a lot of dough, Joe! Not just for bakers, but for folks who grow, reap, mill and sell. It's dough for you, too, if you reach the wide

milling market by swinging to WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station. WHB reaches the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar, and makes a business of grinding out sales successes.

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President

JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

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