

JULY

1948

25¢



Swing



1. General C. B. Cates, commandant of the United States Marine Corps, says a few words on the subject of national security.

2. The Kansas City professional chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalism fraternity, installs new officers. They are John Collins, editor of the *Weekly Kansas City Star*; C. G. Wellington, managing editor of the *Kansas City Star*; Richard C. Smith,

director of Special Events and chief of WHB Newsbureau; and Calvin B. Monday supervisor of the Associated Press.

3. Uncle Lou, whose *Story Book* is broadcast over WHB at 4:30 p.m. Mon. thru Fri., gives away 14 puppies to 14 happy children.

4. Valerie White, English movie actress, is currently starring in *The Winslow Boy* and is a guest on the Sandra Lea program.

foreword for July

THE reason for fireworks is freedom. In the beginning the American Colonies put up a noisy fight for freedom because that was the only way they could get it. Now every July we have that noise again, symbolic noise, commemorating the real fireworks that won the right to establish a homeland.

July has all the earmarks of a festive season, with kids shooting off sky rockets and cannon crackers while flags blaze in colored lights in the ball park at night and from every bunting-draped platform across the country the word "freedom" rings. And yet it always seems to us a little sad, and especially so this year, when to the east of us we hear echoes of other fireworks not in play. It's a sorry, fearful sound, reminding us once more of the tragedy of humankind; not that there is no freedom, but that men should have to fight each other for it; not that the freedom can't be won by bloodshed, but that it must be.

This world-wide, history-long dilemma would not be so stubborn if all of us could get it through our heads that freedom is only half the word and its better half is responsibility; that responsibility is an individual matter before it can become a matter of state; and that it begins 'way back—with so simple a thing, for instance, as the decision not to put a firecracker in somebody's pocket just because it's funny!

Jetta

Swing

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JULY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: One Hundred Years of French Prints.
Masterpiece of the Month: Two 18th Century Venetian Arm Chairs.

Conventions . . .

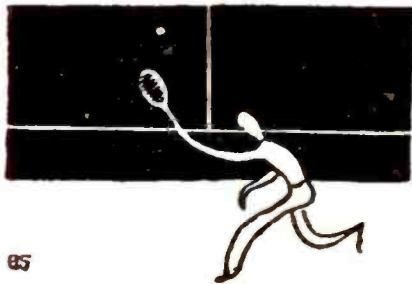
July 2-4, 358th Infantry Association Reunion.
July 6-9, Future Homemakers of America, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
July 9-10, National Association of Post Office Mechanics, Missouri Branch, Hotel Commonwealth.
July 11-13, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.
July 14-16, Masonic Order, Jurisdiction of Missouri (Colored) Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.
July 3, Ray McKinley
July 15, Jack Stalcup.
July 22, Eddie Howard
July 24, Charlie Spivak
July 27, Don Ragon.

Amusement Parks . . .

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m., Saturday; 1 p.m., Sunday; 6 p.m., week days.
Blue Ridge Roller Rink and Park, 7600 Blue Ridge. Rink open to public Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road. Saturday, 12 a.m. to evening; Sunday, 10 a.m. to evening; Wednesday, 4:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.



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Special Events . . .

July 2, Kentucky-Phillips basketball exhibition, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
July 3, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
July 4-5, Olathe Saddle Club horse show.
July 10, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
July 11, Blazer dance (colored), Municipal Auditorium Arena.
July 17, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
July 18, Baptist baptismal service (colored), Municipal Auditorium Arena.
July 19-24, Women's Missouri Golf Association, Hillcrest.
July 24, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
July 25-29, Gift Show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
July 31, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.



Baseball . . .

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
July 7, 8, St. Paul.
July 10, 11 (2), Minneapolis.
July 13, 14, Louisville.
July 16, 17, 18 (2), Indianapolis.
July 19, 20, Toledo.
July 21, 22, Columbus.
July 28, 29, Minneapolis.

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 Cut-off 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.

Bowling . . .

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford & Tessman Recreation, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat Recreation, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Bowling Lanes, 4040 Main.
Grindel-Lembke Recreation, 734 Minnesota.
Halin Bowl, 1610 West 39th.
Northeast Bowl, 112 N. Elmwood.
Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.
Palace Recreation, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Sackin's Recreation, 3212 Troost.
Tierney-Wheat Recreation, 3736 Main.
Veretta's, 5th and Walnut.

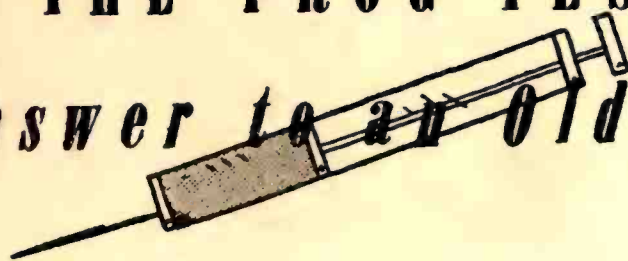
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The African amphibian furnishes a sure diagnosis of pregnancy.

THE FROG TEST:

New Answer to an Old Question



by JOSEPH BERNSTEIN

THE young woman, who had just completed a tennis match with her husband, suddenly began to complain of sharp abdominal pain. Deathly pale, with hands rapidly becoming cold and clammy, she collapsed on the court. Reviving from her faint, she began to vomit. In less than an hour, before a doctor could reach her, she had died.

This was not a case of poisoning or acute appendicitis. It was a ruptured tubal pregnancy.

Situated between the top of the womb and the ovaries are two muscular tubes whose function it is to carry eggs, which are liberated from the ovaries, to the womb. These ducts are known as the Fallopian tubes. So narrow is the caliber of these passages, the most insignificant obstruction may block the path of the eggs so that they are unable to reach the uterus. Should an egg be fertilized in such a tightly restricted tube, it may plant itself there and develop. As it continues growing rapidly in these abnormal surroundings, the pressure distends the wall of the tube to such an extent that it may suddenly rupture, eventually causing severe internal

hemorrhage. Such abnormal pregnancies are called "ectopic," or tubal, and require immediate surgical intervention if the life of the woman is to be saved. But this also means that the condition must be recognized quite early.

Recently, a technique for assisting in rapidly diagnosing such pregnancies, as well as the normal variety, has become widely adopted in this country. It is astonishingly simple. A small quantity of the urine of a woman suspected of being pregnant is injected into a fold of skin on the back of a female South African frog. If pregnancy exists, the frog responds by depositing its eggs in about six to eight hours. There is no response of any kind if the woman is not pregnant.

This striking test is now being hailed by the most outstanding authorities as the easiest, speediest, most accurate and least expensive of the large variety of pregnancy-diagnosis techniques which have been used in this country. It originated in England several years ago through the brilliant experimental work of the famed biologist, Professor Lancelot T. Hogben.

The South African frog is really a form of toad, which is characterized by unusual horny claws on its toes. Normally it lives in rivers in South Africa, but its value as an experimental animal has long made it familiar in laboratories throughout the world. Hobgen was mainly interested in the pituitary glands of these animals, which are located at the base of the brains, and are capable of secreting chemical messengers, or hormones, into the blood. One of these hormones is able to stimulate the growth of the ovaries, and to induce them to release their eggs. By means of an extremely delicate operation, Hogben succeeded in removing these glands, which are about the size of pinheads, from several female frogs, without killing the frogs.



He then noticed that something very strange was happening to the frogs' ovaries, when he inspected them several days later. These organs had begun to degenerate and shrivel up! Obviously the decline had been caused by the removal of the pituitaries. Could the ovaries be restored to their normal structure and function by injecting pituitary extracts? Hogben tried this experiment, but he added a slight twist to it. Instead of injecting frog pituitary extracts into the frogs, he introduced into their bodies extracts prepared from the pituitary glands of sheep!

And now a truly amazing thing happened. Not only did the moribund ovaries suddenly take a new lease on life, growing back to their former nor-

mal size, but the frogs did something which no South African frog in captivity had ever done before. They began depositing eggs as nonchalantly as if they were back in their native rivers of Africa, in the midst of breeding season!

While these startling experiments created a furor in the scientific world, they particularly excited two obscure young biologists at the University of Cape Town, South Africa. These investigators, Dr. H. A. Shapiro and Dr. H. Zwarenstein, had for a long time been seeking a simpler and more reliable test for human pregnancy than those commonly in use. From the work of Aschheim and Zondek in Germany several years earlier, they knew that the urine of pregnant women contained a substance which was capable of stimulating the growth and development of mouse ovaries. This substance acted just like a pituitary hormone. What would happen, wondered the South African scientists, if human pregnancy urine were injected into the bodies of South African frogs, which normally never laid eggs under laboratory conditions? Should the frogs lay eggs, here would be a possible test for pregnancy.

So the investigators injected one group of female frogs with urine from women known to be pregnant, and another group with urine from women who were not pregnant. Those receiving the pregnancy urine began to lay eggs in a few hours, and those that had not, went about their ways as if nothing had happened, without depositing a single egg. The frog test for pregnancy thus made its debut.

This was only the beginning, however. Numerous technical wrinkles had to be ironed out so that the test could be standardized to the point where it could be used anywhere and anytime with the utmost reliability. In England and continental Europe, the frog test has been so perfected that it is practically the only one used. In America, until very recently, the standard test for pregnancy has been the rabbit technique. This is based on the appearance of blood spots on the ovaries of the rabbits within 24 hours after injecting pregnancy urine.

But the rabbit test is clumsy and expensive, a busy doctor being unable to perform it by himself. He has to send the specimen to a laboratory, and then await the results. In an ectopic pregnancy the loss of time involved, even if only a matter of hours, may seriously jeopardize the life of the patient. The frog test, on the other hand, is easily performed right in the doctor's office, and he gets his results in a few hours. And so sensitive is this technique that it has been known to give accurate diagnosis of pregnancies only a few weeks old.

Dr. A. I. Weisman, one of America's leading experts on pregnancy tests, has made a systematic investigation of this technique in about 1,000 experiments, during which 4,000 South African frogs were used, and has declared, "We have never ex-

perienced a false pregnancy." He has also compared the frog technique with 26 other pregnancy tests, and has found it to be by far the best in every respect.

One of the main reasons why we have not had the test in America on a large scale up to now, is that war shipping conditions, which have only recently been eased, prevented the importation of these frogs from South Africa. But now there is reason to believe that such frogs will be relatively abundant in this country soon, due to recent discoveries in Switzerland and at Harvard University of techniques for breeding the animals in the laboratory. Every doctor should have access to these frogs. They can be used over and over again, unlike rabbits.

The question might be asked, "Why can't we use the frogs which are common in this country?"

The answer is that, unfortunately, domestic frogs will not respond to even the most massive doses of pregnancy urine. And the toads in America are likewise unsatisfactory.

Dr. Weisman is confident that we shall soon be as familiar with the frog test in America as with the rabbit technique. Its widespread use should prevent diagnostic errors and be another step toward elimination of the dangers of childbirth.



The one successful relative arrived for a visit. His career-conscious nephews were impressed with the thought of a financier on the family tree. Their questions flew thick and fast, and all went well until one asked: "Uncle, just what does a fellow need to make a fortune?"

"Pluck, my boy, pluck," boomed the rich relative.

"Oh, sure," nodded sonny. "But just whom did you pluck?"

Home-Grown Circus

IF YOU are looking for a circus that has neither a payroll nor a single wild-animal act, yet is one of the nation's largest three-ring shows, you will find it in Gainesville, Texas. For this North Texas city boasts of what is probably the most unusual civic project on record, an honest-to-goodness circus in which most of the town's 15,000 inhabitants take part.

Impresario and founder of Gainesville's sawdust extravaganza is the local newspaper editor, A. Morton Smith, who confesses his lifelong secret ambition was to own a circus. Apparently the rest of Gainesville's citizens had similar dreams, for when Smith broached his plan for a community circus some years ago, the entire town enthusiastically joined him.

Gainesville's circus was a hit from the beginning. Much of this success is due to the unwritten rule that all performers must aim for professional standards. This, combined with the fact that the town provides the finest equipment, puts the show on a par with the country's top circuses.

Most of Gainesville's residents appear sometime during the galaxy of acts ranging from a 17 girl ballet performing on flying ladders to trick riders who put slick show horses through their paces. The ringmaster is the manager of the local ice company, and "Uncle Ezra," the tramp clown who fascinates the children, is a teacher and sports writer by profession. The star of the dizzy high tightrope walking act operates a trucking firm, while the county judge dons a clown cop suit to do a side-splitting "fireman save my child" routine.

The entire family usually ends up "in the act." Most popular of the "husband and wife" routines is a daring double trapeze act perfected by a local power company employee and his wife. Everyone from junior to grandma is "circus happy," because there is a job for each member of the family. Grandma helps backstage, while the small fry begin training for circus roles when they're six. Some youngsters have an even earlier initiation into circus life when, at the age of four, they join the "Seven Dwarfs" group which takes part in the grand entry.

Gainesville's experiment in community living is a bright exception in a day when most of us depend upon manufactured entertainment. The trapeze bars, horse-training rings and other circus paraphernalia that blossom out in the city's backyards every spring are proof that the whole family can have fun doing something together. Frequent circus parties make it possible for neighbors to know each other better, and the bond of a common interest is building Gainesville into a happier and more closely-knit community.

This year's circus season opened in Gainesville on April 21, but during the summer the town periodically folds its tents and bustles out along the modern macadam circus trails to play engagements in Texas and Oklahoma. Southwesterners realize the Gainesville community circus is good—and it's "home grown!"—*Frank Gillio.*





In greasepaint and costume, the clown is a special friend in the world of sawdust.

by JOHN C. KELLAND

SOME years back, a taciturn, earnest young man in an Eastern university took intensive courses in child psychology and the behavior of adolescents. His college instructors admired him and said he was headed for a brilliant career as an educator or psychologist.

When he received his degree, the somber student surprisingly headed for a circus lot in a nearby town and was welcomed by a group of clowns or "Joeys." The student was Howard R. Rider, one of America's great circus clowns, who had taken a year off to study the kids in order to make them laugh more readily!

Such devotion to the profession of producing belly laughs will not surprise any circus Joey. For these fellows with the bulbous noses and floppy, colored pantaloons know that making people laugh is a tough job.

No longer do clowns depend solely on grotesque costumes and fright wigs to insure their applause. Off the circus lot, today's crop of Joeys sits around reading blueprints and seeking new and startling effects through the use of electronics, hydraulics, chemistry and carpentry.

There's Lew Hersey, for example, star buffoon of the Al Barnes Shows,

who was desperate for new gags when he walked into the store of a circus-loving merchant in a Kansas town. The storekeeper, who idolized everything connected with a circus, modestly showed Lew some mechanical gimmicks which he had constructed for laughs in his spare time.

Impressed, Lew induced the businessman to help him build a huge prop goose made with 400 feet of wire and more than 500 soldered joints. The two men painstakingly bought hundreds of photographs of geese in order to guarantee authenticity. When the mechanical goose was introduced at the circus, it followed Lew around the ring and kept snatching at his coat-tails. It caused more laughter than any other effect in the clowns' stockroom. From then on, Lew was a "producing clown," one of those aristocrats of clowndom whose ingenuity delights moppets and oldsters alike.

Clowns never know from where their next big idea will come. The Manetti brothers, two noted Italian mimes, find their best laugh-provokers in the countryside.

Once, on a hot July day, they were very thirsty. Finding a well, the clown brothers cranked up the heavy

bucket, only to find the bucket contained a squawking duck.

They laughed, seized on the idea, and introduced it into their circus performance with one variation—instead of hauling up a protesting duck, the brothers dredged out another clown, dripping wet, who emitted sprays of water whenever he was touched!

Actually, there are only 500 clowns in the United States, and the number is getting smaller all the time. Few young men today care to spend years in a rigorous profession which pays poorly and offers scant social security or old age benefits. Even a top clown, after 20 years' experience, is lucky to draw \$100 a week.

But for the few who do turn to the sawdust ring, there are satisfactions of a different sort in becoming a "First of May," as new, green clowns are dubbed.

The "First" has a tough time for a year or two. If he stays with the Joeys, and survives their incessant panning and horseplay, he can proudly call himself a "Johnny-Come-Lately." This is roughly equivalent to a sophomore now to be tolerated by upperclassmen.

A few more years, and he graduates to a "Joey's" rating—respected and accepted by his colleagues the world over.

Once, there was a great clown named Joseph Grimaldi. Charles Dickens wrote rave notices about him. The monarchs of Europe plied him with champagne and rare gifts. Yet the masses adored him, and he loved the common people, for he was one of them and cared only for their cheers.

Because this legendary idol didn't

let success go to his head, Joe Grimaldi became "Joey" to the profession in every nation. To speak slightly or disrespectfully of Grimaldi—though he's been dead more than a hundred years—is to invite a fight on any circus lot.

The clown's chores still fall into established patterns set generations ago. First, there is the "walk-around," a raucous procession of all the Joeys around the ring to give the customers a look at them en masse.

After that comes the "clown chase," a zany stunt to occupy the audience while the ring is being changed for a new act. Third step is the comedy acrobatic stunt, with clowns and acrobats mixed up in a parody on the usual muscle and trapeze stuff.

The final fillip always is the "clown entree," the big production number with all producing clowns in the ring showing off their most ingenious effects and mechanisms. These include fall-apart autos, tiny fire engines, trains that blow up, tin horses that drink gallons of beer and every other specialty coming within the producing clown's orbit.

Some clowns are individualists who like lone wolf roles. For them, the "walk around" and the "chase" offer the best chance to display their talents. But for the elite of clown alley—the producing Joeys—the "entree" is the big moment when their pooled inventive and mechanical achievements are proudly displayed.

Clowns have a strict code of ethics. They will not offend races or religions. They will not mock political parties or personalities. No good Joey

will ever embarrass or offend a member of the audience through his antics.

Clowns well know which towns are most receptive to their foolishness. Paul Jerome, a serious-minded Joey star with Ringling Brothers, says:

"You'll find factory towns are best for real belly laughs. People who work hard with their hands to make a living appreciate our efforts and they want to laugh. The worst spots are college towns where playboys always want to get into our act!"

In addition to inventiveness, clannishness and loyalty, you'll find real heroism in the clown brigade. Circus people will ever

remember fondly the midget buffoon, Paul Horompo, who met an escaped tiger face to face one afternoon in Madison Square Garden.

The tiny Paul, attired inadequately as Grumpy, one of the Seven Dwarfs, battled with the tiger by brandishing a small papier-mache sword. The beast snarled and slashed at Paul, but gradually retreated into his cage.

At the other end of the corridor, a crowd of scared, white-faced kids menaced by the tiger broke into cheers for the little clown.

"All in a day's work," grumped Grumpy. "Clowns are suckers, not heroes!"



It Pays to Advertise!

Centralia, Illinois, *Sentinel*:

"Wanted immediately: Unfurnished apartment or house for man, wife, daughter (8) and dog. Will dispose of dog, but prefer to keep child."

Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

"WANTED: Boss' marriageable daughter. Unusually fine opportunity to liquidate the daughter problem and simultaneously acquire a capable executive for your organization. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed, or your job and daughter cheerfully refunded."

San Francisco *Chronicle*:

"Wanted: Name and address of motorist who knocked me down, and promised to pay the doctor's bill."

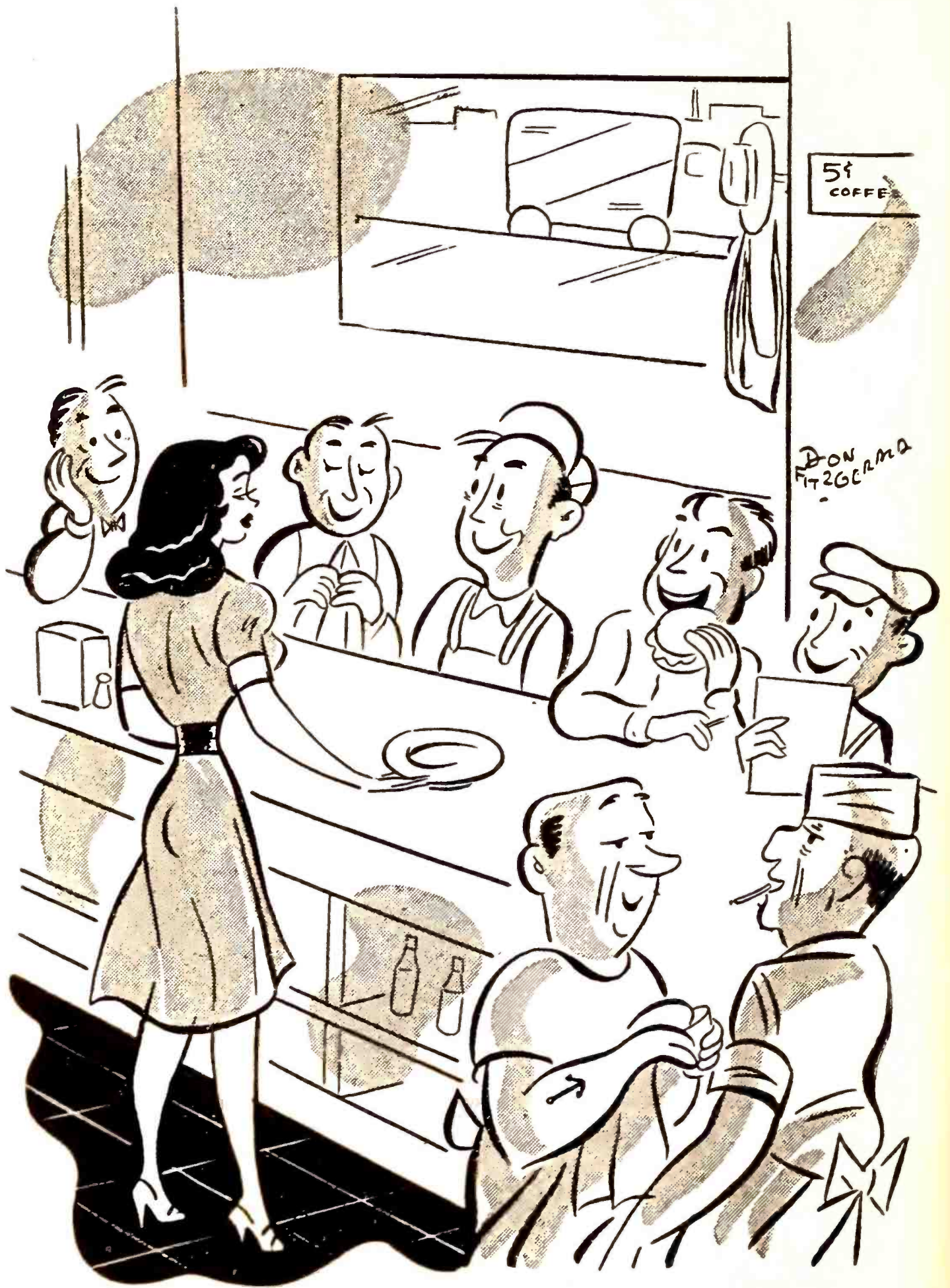
China-Press:

"Two young, well-educated Americans, former officers with considerable experience, residing in Shanghai for the forthcoming year, earnestly desire acquaintanceships. Advantages—good looks, apartment, jeep, adequate means. Disadvantages—disinclination toward matrimony, susceptibility to drink, blondes, brunettes, and redheads."

Chauncey M. Depew had an old friend who, after courting the same woman for 20 years, finally married her.

"Josephus," said Chauncey, "Why didn't you marry that splendid woman before now? Why did you wait all these years?"

"Chauncey," explained the other, "I waited until she talked herself out. You see, I wanted a quiet married life."—*Capper's Weekly*.



"We ain't had a complaint about the food since we hired her!"

Everybody's MR. CHIPS

Angelo Patri is America's outstanding authority on children.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

WHEN he hears people talking ponderously about juvenile delinquency, as if they were discovering it for the first time, Angelo Patri is inclined to give a horse laugh.

Patri snorts: "So-called delinquents are nothing new. They have always been with us! They always will be, until we learn how to prevent their failures and how to apply their powers—for they all have some power that can be used for their and our good!"

Patri ought to know. Ten million mothers and fathers turn to Patri as frequently as they admonish their offspring. More than 150 newspapers print his daily column on child problems and family living.

To scores of famous persons, including an Academy Award movie star, a mural painter, journalists, artists, stage folk and important business and professional leaders, Patri extended the first helping hand they ever knew as under-privileged slum kids. Yet, paradoxically, this expert on youth problems has no children of his own!

Patri knows how to help unhappy kids because he was one himself. As a shy, sensitive Italian immigrant lad in teeming New York City, Angelo hated the grinding poverty around him and did poorly in school.

He was a puny, maladjusted boy who rebelled against his father's intention to prepare him for the priesthood. Despite his personality handicap and addiction to daydreaming, young Patri managed to graduate from New York's City College in 1897 and became a confused though hopeful teacher.

Students loved to embarrass him. They howled at his inadequacies. The toughies and wise guys in school knew that this gentle pedagogue was no match for them. Depressed over his failure with children, Patri became a college student again at Columbia University. This time, it was the great progressive educator, John Dewey, who showed him the mistakes he was making in handling children.

Returning to teaching, Patri was placed in a forward-looking school operated under the slogan, "Serve the children!" That made sense to Angelo; from then on, he really hit his stride. For the school welcomed his own theory that teachers and pupils had to become comrades, not foes.

"I saw that most parents had erratic notions—sometimes justified—about the teaching profession," he relates. "I made it my job to prove to parents as well as to teachers that

mothers and fathers could help poor students to adjust and learn."

It was Patri, aided by a handful of other educators with vision, who pushed the Parent-Teacher Association idea ahead. This was at a time when parents firmly resisted all efforts to draw them into the orbit of school life.

On one memorable morning, parents and teachers alike gasped when Patri, their principal of Public School No. 45, abolished the dull and formal assembly programs which everybody disliked. The children whooped enthusiastically.

Patri transformed these conclaves into friendly meetings rich with amusement, humor and comradeship. Gone were dullish lectures and pious sermonizing to restless youngsters. Instead, folk tales, dancing, amateur theatricals and music became welcome assembly routines.

When Arbor Day was a new and little-known holiday, Patri gave it



a much-publicized impetus by getting the toughest boys in New York gangs to lay aside their knives and clubs in exchange for shovels. Leading them, he marched to barren city plots where no trees had ever grown and encouraged the dead-enders to plant saplings which today are stout trees pro-

viding shade for another generation of children.

Indeed, on one Arbor Day, 3,000 kids from other schools and their relatives stormed Patri's office, demanding that they, too, be allowed to plant trees any place Patri designated.

Hundreds of pupils, the well-adjusted as well as the "chronic" mischief-makers, turned to the eager young teacher for solutions to personal problems.

One was a boy with a tear-streaked, dirty face who called at Angelo Patri's home and sobbed out his story.

"I'm no good! That's what my old man says, and I believe him. Please put me out of your school, Mr. Patri. I'm so dumb I keep the other kids from learning!"

"Hold your horses," cautioned Patri. "Things can't be as bad as that." By skillful interviewing, he learned that the boy—admittedly a poor scholar—excelled in wood-carving. "Then you shall carve wood in class every day!" decreed Patri.

While the other pupils studied the Three R's, Tony whittled wood industriously. He turned out artistic products which neighbors and stores eagerly bought. Later, he became a highly-paid craftsman, respected by family and friends, even though he had been a complete failure as a student.

Another boy, who showed scant intelligence or initiative, was asked by Patri what kind of book he would buy if he had the money.

"A book about pigeons and how to raise 'em!" the lad piped.

Patri promptly bought several texts on pigeon-breeding and gave

them to the seeming misfit. The boy perked up. Before long, he was a happy, well-integrated student — no Einstein mentally, but a normal youth who subsequently earned a good living raising pigeons.

Though he has retired from active teaching to a cozy home in Patterson, New York, Patri is far from idle. The mails, telephone and telegraph each day bring him pleas from parents and teachers to help them straighten out "problem" children.

He still is whacking away at the notion of conformity in the classroom.

"Most children who get into trouble with the police are below the school standards in mental ability," he asserts. "The trouble is with society's insistence that all children should have the same training and education, in spite of the failures of this large group of pupils.

"No teacher or parent can work successfully against nature. We must work with her, within her laws, to succeed. That's why our school programs must become fluid enough for the adjustment of children of varying backgrounds and capabilities!"

Parents, even at this late date, are still surprised to learn that Angelo Patri is a man of action as well as a trailblazer for new educational theories.

There was the occasion, for example, when a well-meaning father violently protested that his son was mistakenly called a roughneck by neighbors and teachers. Patri, who knew the boy, proved to the dad that the son actually was a liar, and a bully to boot.

He then escorted the irate parent to a real estate dealer with whom they discussed the problem of wayward boys. The real estate agent, beguiled by Patri's flow of words, contributed a vacant lot to be used as a community garden.

Then Patri and the father rustled up tools, seed packets, manuals and built a shed to house the equipment. The tough boy and other members of his gang, plus many from rival outfits, dropped their juvenile animosities long enough to become amateur gardeners.

Within three months, juvenile escapades in the area had dropped to a new low and once-ferocious toughs were crowing about their lettuce, cabbage, and onions.

It didn't surprise Patri. For he's been telling teachers' conventions for years:

"Teachers and parents must stop doing things for children and get them to do things for themselves. Just put the work before them in such a way that they will want to do the job!"



Christopher Morley tells about a writer who had a habit of banging himself on the head with both hands. He insisted it helped him to think.

One day a friend visited him and saw a rough-looking fellow raining blows on the writer's head. "Hey, stop that! What's idea of letting that gorilla beat you over the head?" he shouted.

"Why not? I've sold my first story and now I can afford a secretary!"

Swing in History Lessons

ALL the disc jockeys aren't on the radio. Some of them are schoolteachers. Peek into the Beverly Vista Grammar School in Beverly Hills, California, most any day and you'll see for yourself. And, as you watch the modern teacher spin a platter in a portable record-player, you might hear this:

"Queen Isabella believed in Chris
And came to this decision:
She felt that Christy couldn't miss,
And sent him on this mission!"

History lessons were never like this before! Rhyme set to swing music to tell the pupils that Queen Isabella had confidence in Christopher Columbus, and sent him out to sea! Textbooks, of course, wouldn't say it like that, but the new jive history lessons are hep and in step with the kids.

The pupils memorize some of the lyrics, and before you can change a needle they're singing right along with radio-screen actor Donald O'Connor in his "Songs About History."

The Beverly Hills school is one of several throughout the country to adopt this new method. Pupils remember dates, names and places longer, in addition to learning them more easily, reports J. C. Schwartz, audio-visual chief of the Beverly Hills school board.

Do they remember history longer than they do the words of *Bongo, Bongo*? "Yes," says Schwartz, "and more important is the fact they enjoy their lessons."

The jive history might even be inaugurated in the adult evening classes one of these days.

Actor O'Connor is assisted by the "Singing Bookworms" who, incidentally are named "Butch," "Freckles," "Dizzy," and "Beanie." What could be more informal?

All right, you ask, what do they do about such events as the purchase of New York from the Indians? To be sure, it's one of the incidents in the three unbreakable records used in the course. Here's what is said:

"Minuit was quite the smartie-pie.
He bought Manhattan Isle for
trinkets worth \$24—and that was
a wonderful buy!"

The style is different, but effective. Jazzed up also are the tales about Marco Polo, Ponce de Leon, Magellan, Balboa, John Smith and Pocahontas, the Pilgrims, Ben Franklin, Betsy Ross, George Washington and many others.

Informality is the keynote of such teaching, even down to the end of the lessons when O'Connor and his Bookworms sign off with, "So long, gang! Be seein' ya."

A bit different from the old puritanical, "Class dismissed!"

The backers of the audio-visual education program believe such records in classrooms are a trend strictly in keeping with the times.

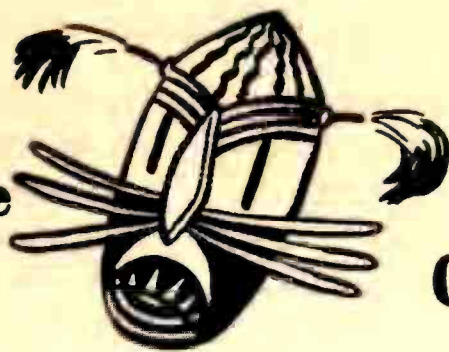
After-school hours might be spent near a juke box, and that's all right, too. The history lessons are designed to hold their own with any other swing music.—Barney Schwartz.



The manager of a business firm, a widower, noticed that his son seemed rather interested in his pretty secretary. He determined to speak to the girl, but before he got around to it she announced that the son had proposed and she had accepted him.

"Well," said the parent, "I think you might have seen me first."
"I did," she replied, "but I preferred your son."

The CASE of the



FABULOUS CANNIBALS

*The Beanes ate heartily—also handily, armily
and leggily.*

by TED PETERSON

IF Sawney Beane and his family were alive today, they wouldn't worry about the housing shortage nor the high cost of groceries. For a home, Sawney appropriated a cave on the seacoast where he lived with his hag of a wife and a growing family of inbreeding sons and daughters. For food, the clan picked off wayfarers who strayed into the neighborhood.

The victims' bodies, after being cut into convenient portions, were pickled and stored in the cave until they turned up on the Beane dinner table. So successful was the Beane family's method of keeping living costs to a minimum that for 25 years no member had to make a trip to market.

Sawney Beane and his carnivorous family furnished Scotland with one of its grisliest legends. Whether or not the family actually lived, its story has kept popping up as truth for more than two centuries. In musty books about crime, in broadsides, the tale has been passed from generation to generation. The accounts vary in minor details, but all agree that Beane was a host to steer clear of. Whenever he had a guest for dinner, the guest *was* the dinner.

The son of poor laborers from near Edinburgh, Sawney took to an abandoned life at an early age, and he acquired a vicious wife with whom to share it. The couple set up housekeeping in a cave on the seaside in western Scotland, their home for 25 years, during which they not once set foot in town. As children were born to them, they inducted the young ones into their peculiar way of life. If a census-taker had visited the cave before the anti-social family met up with the law, he would have found Mr. and Mrs. Beane and some 46 descendants—8 sons, 6 daughters, 18 grandsons and 14 granddaughters.

But for a long time, only victims were aware of the Beane family, for its home was well hidden. The cave was in a lonely spot. When the tide was up, it seeped more than 200 feet into their subterranean hangout. And the Beanes prudently stayed close to home. From time to time, they amused themselves by murdering strangers who wandered into their locality. They wiped out as many as half a dozen foot-travelers at one time; but in order to make sure that no victims got away alive, their bag-limit on horsemen was two.

Once a traveler had fallen into their hands, he was robbed, murdered,

butchered and pickled. Despite the fact that the family kept growing, it was never without plenty of food. In fact, the larder was often so well stocked that the Beanes lavishly tossed unneeded arms and legs into the sea. They were always careful however, to dump this surplus food a safe distance from their own front yard.

Two circumstances made Scottish folk realize that all was not well on the west coast. For one thing, the tide washed unexplained arms and legs onto the shore with monotonous regularity. For another, the population showed a marked decline. Travelers vanished and were heard of no more.

The suspicious eyes of the law rested on innkeepers, who were believed to be augmenting their incomes by murdering their guests for valuables, then chucking the bodies out of sight forever. After an alarming number of travelers had disappeared, the law perfunctorily hanged a few innkeepers whose guests had checked out for good. About the only effect, though, was that several hotel operators turned to less precarious professions. Still the tides washed up arms and legs, still wayfarers vanished.

Spies ventured into the neighborhood from which no traveler returned. They too disappeared. Natives avoided the place and wondered if the inroads on the population would ever stop.

Then one evening a man and his wife, jogging pillion on horseback home from a fair, rode into a band of ruffians. Drawing sword and pistol, the man fought bravely, but in the skirmish his wife toppled from the

horse. The Beanes swooped her up. While her horrified husband looked on, female vampires cut her throat, drank her blood and hacked up her body. The husband, figuring that the same fate awaited him, lashed out more fiercely than before. As his strength ebbed and his attackers closed in, a band of persons also returning from the fair approached in the distance. Sawney Beane and his clan saw that they would soon be outnumbered. They scurried into the woods.

The rescuers took away with them the first person ever to escape alive from the Beane family. In Glasgow he told his story to authorities, who hastened a messenger off to King James VI of Scotland. The king himself, with an army of 400 men, came to investigate the bloody affair.

Though the royal forces looked long and hard, they found no trace of the marauders. They passed by the sea-swept cave on the supposition that no one would be able to hole up in such a desolate place. Suddenly the bloodhounds set up a yelping. With canine curiosity, they had explored the cave, and they kept barking until the searching party also entered it.

At first the searchers were dubious. They saw only darkness. Slowly and painfully they groped their way through intricate passages and around tricky turnings, all the time muttering that no living person would choose such a hideout, but encouraged nonetheless by the yelping of the dogs.

At last they reached an inner room, dripping and gloomy and eerie in the light of flickering flares. What they saw convinced them they were in the

right place. Hung up like beef were arms, thighs, hands and feet of men, women and children, and more limbs lay in pickle. The searchers were per-



haps somewhat comforted by the fact that the cave was a sort of early-day Fort Knox containing large heaps of treasure — gold and silver money, watches, rings, swords, pistols and clothing of the murdered victims.

Luckily the entire Beane family was at home, though in no mood to receive callers. The searchers seized the whole clan. After burying the human remains and loading themselves down with treasure, they set off for

Edinburgh with their prisoners. Along the way people turned out to see the hungry Beanes, who were believed to have killed more than a thousand persons in their 25 years of activity.

The entire Beane family was executed without trial. The men were suffered to bleed to death by having their hands and feet cut off. The women and children, after seeing the men disposed of, were burned to death in three great fires, shouting wickedly to the last.

So died Sawney Beane and his evil family. They live on in legend. As late as the last century, a publisher in Exeter rehashed their story with a timely twist. He published it as current news on a handbill that he hawked around town. He changed Sawney's name to George Bruce, changed the location of the robbers' cave to the coast of Devonshire, and conservatively lowered the number of victims to 800. But by any name, his villain was still Sawney Beane, a character to inspire nightmares as well as legends.



Two airline pilots, ferrying an overhauled plane, had for their only passenger an eager, dewy-eyed stewardess who had just graduated. Frequently they had their passenger come forward with coffee, and they awed her by explaining the many instruments.

After she had gone to prepare lunch, high over the desert, one of the pilots scribbled a note, stuck it on the automatic pilot, and opened one of the cockpit windows. Then he and his companion stole into the mail compartment. A few minutes later there was a wavering shriek, and a trayful of lunch was flung indiscriminately around the pilot's compartment as the terrified stewardess read: "So long. We're tired of it all."—*True*.



He was much more enthusiastic over the looks of his wife than his friends were. "She's marvelous," he declared. "She just floated down from Heaven and landed in front of me."

One of the listeners said in a low tone to the man beside him, "Too bad she landed on her face."

Much Ado About Everything

The local miser stomped into the doctor's office, pounded the floor with his cane, and wheezed: "You're a danged old fraud! I came to you in 1904 for a cold and you charged me \$3."

"I cured you, didn't I?" asked the doctor.

"Cured me!" stormed the former patient. "Look at me! I'm sneezing again!"



Two tramps sat beneath a water tank in the damp shade. The old hobo asked, "Going east, son?"

"Yes," replied the younger.

"Don't do it," the old one cautioned.

"Why not?"

"'Twon't do any good for me to tell you why not. Just take the advice of an older man and don't do it. You wouldn't believe me if I told you. Even when you see it you won't believe it."

"Won't believe what?" asked the mystified young tramp.

"You'll see folks *running*—to work!"



Small Walter was strolling down the street with his still smaller niece when a neighbor stopped to comment on the little girl's growth.

"Can she talk yet?" asked the neighbor.

"No," admitted Walter, "she has her teeth, but her words haven't come in yet."—*Reader's Scope*.



"What a silly thing to do!" said the doctor's wife as she looked at the book from which her husband had torn some pages.

"What's wrong, dear?" he asked.

"Why you've torn all the pages from the back part of this book," she replied somewhat angrily.

"Ah," he said placatingly, "can't you let a fellow have a little fun? I haven't removed an appendix in a long time."



The president of a big steel outfit called in eight department heads for a confidential discussion. "I understand," he said, "that all of you have been dating Miss Jones, the receptionist. I want the truth now. How many of you have been taking her out?"

Seven of the execs raised their hands and looked sheepish. Mr. Big glared at the eighth man and intoned: "Are you *sure* that you are telling the truth?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"All right then," punch-lined the boss, "you fire her."—*Walter Winchell*.



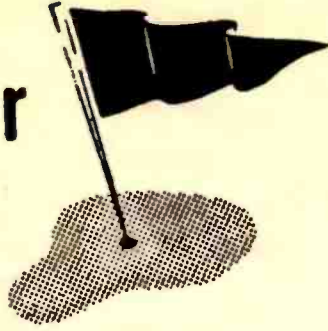
Sometimes the immature simplicity of the youthful mind makes a shrewd guess at the truth, as in the case of a group of "tinies" discussing their arrival on this planet. One said that the doctor brought him; another, that his mother bought him at a shop. One little girl said modestly, "My mother was too poor to buy me; I was homemade."



When asked why he never got excited no matter what went wrong, a man replied: "Oh, it's just a matter of environment. You see I have a wife, five children, two dogs, and a cigarette lighter."

*Lift high your glass to Homer Feep,
the fabled scourge of Scarsdale.*

Westchester Was sail



by RICHARD E. GLENDINNING

IN THAT time of year when the greens begin to thaw and the freshly-raked sands lie damp in the traps, a country club in Westchester County gives a dance to ritualize the advent of spring. But in the stag bar, the occasion has a deeper meaning. There, a highball is placed on the bar in honor of a former member, one Homer U. Feep, and glasses are raised in silent toast.

Homer and his good wife, Gertrude, no longer dwell within the vastness of New York's Westchester forest. In a different society and in other times it would have been said that Homer had been run out of town, but that took place in the hamlet of Scarsdale, a highly civilized community.

The day that Homer and Gertrude drove out of town, leaving for parts unknown, the good housewives of Scarsdale murmured, "Poor, brave Gertrude." They then forgot all about the Feeps in their haste to meet their commuting husbands at the station with approximately the customary degree of tardiness.

But the husbands, who were not responsible for the Feeps' departure, did not forget. As one commuter in-

terrupted the running bridge game on the 5:17 out of Grand Central to remark, "Trouble is, the women see too many movies and we don't see enough of them. The movies, I mean."

The impact of Hollywood on Scarsdale may not have been the direct cause for Homer's trouble, but there is no doubt that he became an abhorrent creature to the women of Scarsdale at one of those spring dances at the country club, and Hollywood was as much to blame as anything.

At the dance in question, the evening started off innocently enough, following its usual pattern. Gertrude inveigled Homer onto the dance floor, where he found himself an unwilling member of a conga line—a kind of dance which will never die in Westchester. It was difficult for Homer to make conversation over his shoulder while his body writhed, but he managed to mumble, "Gertrude, let me out of this. I'll throw a hip out of place."

"Oh, Homer!" she replied gaily, giving the impression to others that he had just paid her a particularly glowing compliment. But in a lower voice, for his ears alone, she said, "You'll dance this and like it. That gang in the bar can wait."

Homer danced.

When it was over, they found a quiet corner in which only ten or twelve of their friends were gathered. The women waved and the men raised their laps until Gertrude was seated, such being the custom in Westchester County at that time.

Bill Crane slapped Homer on the back. "Good to see you, boy!"

Homer had not seen Bill since they had been partners in a bridge game on the train earlier that evening. "You, too, Bill . . . Say, I wonder if the gang has started up a song in the—"

"Homer!"

"Yes, Gertrude."

"Well," Bill Crane said, "that's that."

The women then began to talk about the men as if the men were not there.

"Honestly," one wife said, "I sometimes wonder why they ever married us. Mine got down on his knees and begged. As soon as I gave in and married him, he began to find ways to get away."

"That's the trouble these days," Gertrude Feep said, working around to her favorite subject. "It isn't like the wonderful age when men fought duels for a woman's honor."

"Which reminds me," Bill Crane's wife said, "I saw a wonderful picture today. I forget its name but it's in technicolor. I don't seem to remember who was in it, either. Let me think. How did that work out? Well anyway, one man looked at another man's wife in a funny way. The two men fought a duel. The husband killed

the man who looked at his wife that funny way."

Homer looked at Mrs. Crane in a funny way.

Bill Crane saw him do it. He gave Homer a sharp, piercing look and nodded his head abruptly. Both men rose and walked determinedly across the dance floor, their wives watching them in tense silence. Neither of the grim-lipped husbands spoke until they reached the sanctuary of the stag bar.

"What's yours, Bill?" Homer asked.

"Rye," Bill said. "Did you ever hear the like of what a woman can worry about?"

"Never."

They downed their drinks quickly to avoid any unnecessary delay in getting to the second. They continued that even pace until several highballs lay heavily on their tongues. The score stood five to five when a harried waiter rushed into the bar and jerked Homer's sleeve.

"Mr. Feep," he said, "something's wrong with your wife. She's throwing a conniption fit. No one can bring her out of it."

Homer nodded and finished his drink. Then, backed by Bill Crane, he went in search of Gertrude. He found her lying on a wicker divan on the porch, and she was surrounded by frowning ladies.

"Gertrude," Homer said, crouching at her side, "what on earth is wrong?"

"I've been insulted. I've been insulted by a wretched little man," she sobbed. "He—he—oh, Homer, thrash him. Find him and thrash him!"

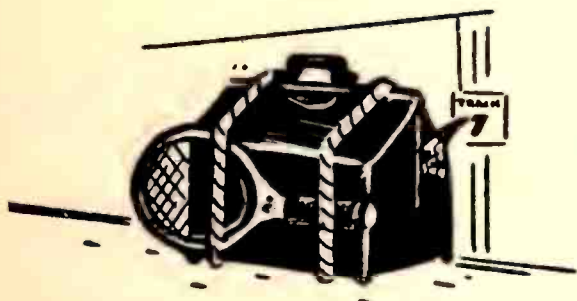
Never in his life had Homer thrashed anyone. "What did he do?" he asked.

"He insulted me. Find him and thrash—"

"Yes, I know, I know. Which way did he go?"

"To the terrace. Oh, that horrible, horrible man!"

Homer straightened up and threw back his shoulders. His fists clenched at his side, he strode out of the terrace to find this cad, this sullier of a



woman's virtue. There was only one person on the terrace and that was a little man who sat on the steps leading down to the tennis courts. Homer stuck out his jaw, sucked in his stomach and confronted the little man.

"You've insulted my wife!" Homer snarled. He struck a pose adapted from one used by Humphrey Bogart in a similar situation. But it felt awkward. Keeping up his guard, Homer relaxed his stomach.

"Did I?" the little man murmured, obviously faint from drink.

"She says you did. Didn't you?" Sensing that his retort lacked challenge, Homer dropped his guard.

"If she says so, it's so," the little man said. "Women're fine and honest people. Strike me, sir. I'm a heel."

Homer choked back a telling remark and stared suspiciously into the owlish, double-jointed eyes of the little man. Something was amiss here. "If you feel that way about women," Homer asked curiously, "what could you say to insult my wife?"

"She said that chivalry was dead and that men didn't care. I overheard her and I just said, 'Shuddup, you woman, you. Chivalry isn't dead unless a woman murdered it.'"

Stunned, Homer slumped down on the step and slipped an arm around the shoulders of this little man who had spoken with the tongue of Solomon. They sat in silent contemplation of the rising moon while the women crowded in the doorway behind them and said unkind things about Homer.

The Feeps left Scarsdale soon after that and the incident was quickly forgotten by the good housewives, who began to attend the moving pictures more frequently than ever.

Only the men have remembered.

Each year the highball is set on the bar. As the clock tolls midnight all glasses rise, clink, and then are drained quickly in a silent, grim toast to Homer Feep.



When a producer started to quibble with her about a fee for a scripting job, Dorothy Parker squelched him by saying, "You can't take it with you, and even if you could, it would melt!"—*Hollywood Reporter*.



Archibald MacLeish once said that he divides people into two classes: those who divide people into classes and those who do not.



Born in a Box

NONE of the unusual experiences that have been part of the life of Elsa Maxwell—writer, radio commentator and party hostess extraordinary—ever topped her beginning.

Elsa was born in a box.

Mignon was playing at the opera house in Keokuk, Iowa, on the night of May 24, 1883, and Elsa's mother was watching the performance from a box when Elsa put in her appearance—just in time for the second act curtain.—*Marion Simms.*



Signs of the Times

In the window of a Johnstown, Pennsylvania, drug store:

“WANTED: Reliable cat. One wishing to learn the drug business and willing to catch mice while learning.”

In an Oklahoma City restaurant:

“Please be careful with the atomic waitresses employed by this establishment. One wrong word from the customers and they blow up.”

On the shoulder of a man picketing a Medford, Massachusetts, cleaning establishment:

“THIS STORE HAS LOST MY BEST PANTS. THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU.”

In the window of a newly deceased Worcester laundry:

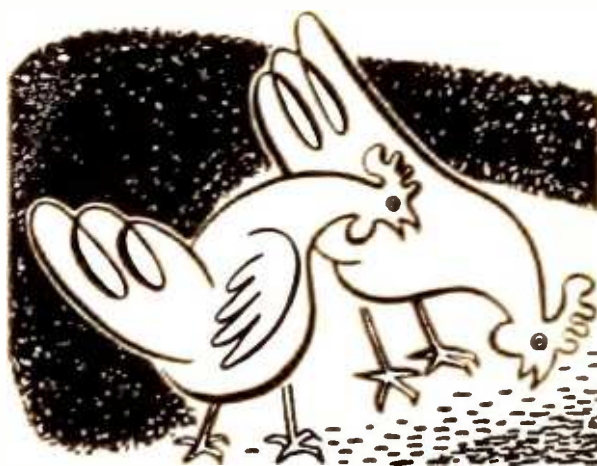
“NOT ENOUGH BACHELORS.”



Mrs. Smith received a small pail of eggs each week, and as a safeguard against breaking, they were wrapped individually in pieces of paper. One morning Mr. Smith complained to his wife about a “stale” egg.

“But those eggs can't be stale,” protested his spouse. “I bought them only yesterday.”

“Yeah, well listen to this,” said Mr. Smith, brandishing a small section of want-ads he had found wrapped around the egg. “‘For sale. Nearly new five-room house in good location. Double garage. Price, \$3,800.’” He grinned and added triumphantly, “I guess that proves how fresh those eggs were!”—*Wall Street Journal.*



One ordinary father can support four children, but it takes four extraordinary children to support one father.

Belle Starr decorated interiors, — some with furniture, some with bear skins, some with bullets.

PISTOL PACKIN' DILETTANTE

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

BELLE STARR isn't remembered for designing unique furniture. Historically, and appropriately, her name fits into the same sentence with the names of Jesse and Frank James, the Daltons, Cole Younger and Quantrill's guerrillas.

Yet this queen of banditry, who fired a lawless trail from Missouri to Texas, to California and return, had an unquenchable penchant for interior decorating, books, and music.

She did leave a monument to her decorative skill; four monuments, in fact—a table and three chairs, one of them a rocker. Her design is as different from conventional furniture design as her life was different from that to be expected of a girl born into the family of an upright, wealthy Missouri judge.

Back in 1862, when she was 16-year-old Myra Belle Shirley and still under the parental roof in Carthage, Missouri, she sketched her design.

She chose cow horns and buffalo horns instead of wood, and decided they must be embellished with ivory and must have copper pounded inside them to add weight. That definitely was accomplished. The set of one table

and three chairs weighs half a ton—although requiring no more room than an ordinary set of wicker furniture.

How to get such a design into form? Belle merely turned on her engaging smile and convinced a fire chief and his crew at Seventh and Mission Streets in St. Joseph, Missouri, that they should do it—not without monetary remuneration.

Throughout her life, Belle Starr had a beguiling smile—until that last day when she was shot in the back and fell face down in the mud.

The firemen went to work in their spare time. They kept no chart of actual working hours on the furniture, but it is estimated that it would have taken one man, working ten hours a day, 100 years to do the job! In all, there are 155,000 separate pieces fitted together, including 300 carved hands fashioned in the exact likeness of human hands—even to the fingernails.

The petticoated desperado took the furniture with her to any place she was able to call home in her later years, but today the set is in a corner of the casino at The Last Frontier, a motel-resort in Las Vegas, Nevada.

The furniture is the property of Sheriff Glen Jones of Clark County.

Perhaps Belle Starr would like the present location for her monument to unconventional design. Nearby, gambling games are like echoes of her old West, and equi-distant is a long bar reminiscent of her day.

No museum or art gallery of the nation contains furniture even faintly similar to hers. The small carved hands extend up and down but not touching, from cross pieces. Souvenir hunters have taken at least three of them after a difficult task of prying them loose from their sturdy mountings. But most tourists are content to sit in the chairs and delight in the workmanship, wonder how many outlaws enjoyed the same comfort, and also wonder from whence such an idea of design sprang.

The furniture is most indicative of Belle Starr's nature: boldly dominant, distinctive and wantonly different, durable, and shouting defiance at



fixed patterns. An Italian criminologist once stamped her as the worst offender against fixed laws.

Nevertheless, she was an attractive woman capable of melting men with

her smile. Those smiles at the firemen who built her furniture were only preludes to the way she smiled her way through Union lines during the Civil War while carrying on espionage for Quantrill's Confederate guerrillas.

She was a staunch supporter of the cause of the South, and it was while getting her schooling in lawlessness in Quantrill's gang that she met Jim Reed, her first husband. Her father objected when Belle and Reed proclaimed their love, so there was an elopement. That happened in Texas, where Belle's family had moved. At one time, she and her husband hid out in California until one of his crimes "blew over." Both of their children had been born before Reed was slain, shortly after their return to Texas.

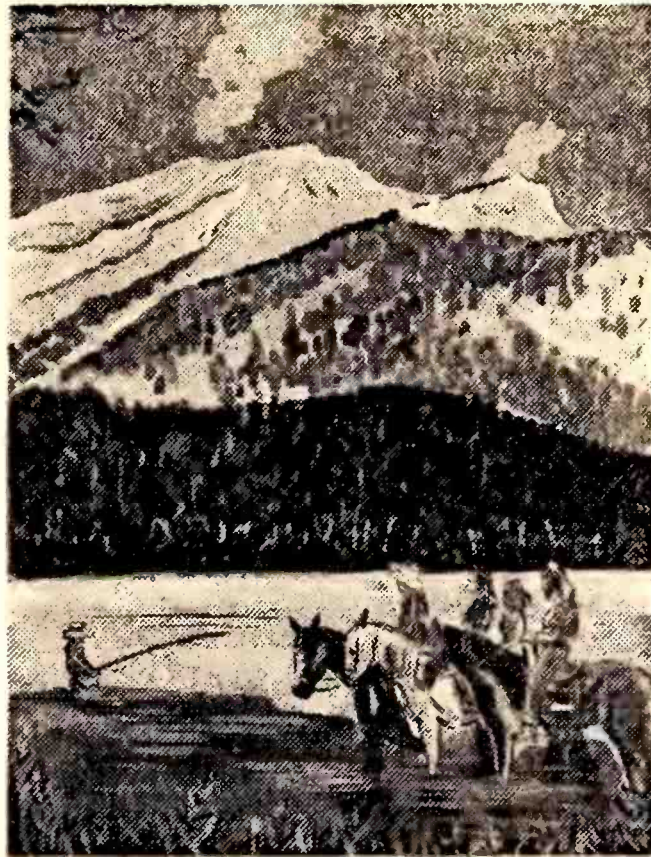
The death of her husband had much to do with her restlessness. Soon she had organized a mob of her own, a mob of sharpshooters of which she was the best, a mob she ruled with daring and with both a fiery temper and the granting of special favors.

Toward the end of her tainted, colorful career, after she married Sam Starr of the Cherokee nation, she spent much time pursuing her penchant for interior decorating. She arrayed their cabin on the Canadian River so splendidly that it could not rightfully be termed a cabin at all. Her four-piece furniture set was there, too.

At that time, she instilled the love of music in her daughter. Nor did she forget books. Even while serving a year in a Detroit House of Correction—not a penitentiary—she read

avidly, and beguiled the superintendent into a staunch friend who gave her access to more books.

Sam Starr also died a violent death, shot without much chance to draw his own weapon. No man ever tried to shoot it out with Belle Starr, though. Not while she was looking. She was as fast on the draw as she was stubborn in breaking broncos. That's why Edgar Watson chose to shoot her in the back.



OUR BACK COVER might be titled "Heaven in July." It is Jackson Hole, the Grand Tetons. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

Belle Starr didn't like Watson and, unwisely, revealed that she knew he was wanted for a crime in Kentucky. At a distance of 20 feet, he fired a .30 gauge shotgun as she rode by him

on horseback. She plunged from the saddle, face-down in the mud, but looked up at him as he fired twice more, once directly into her face.

It happened on February 3, 1889, as she was riding to her home for a birthday dinner — her own—prepared by her daughter, Pearl.

Her epitaph reads:

"Shed not for me
the bitter tear
Nor give the
heart to vain
regret,
'Tis but the casket
that lies here,
The gem that fills it sparkles yet."

The epitaph, cut in granite, will last a long time. So will the furniture, made of cow horns and buffalo horns and ivory, with copper pounded in.



Octaves When You Speak

WITH every speaking and singing voice are accessory notes that come unbidden and are not written down on any musical staff. By experiments in radio laboratories, the human voice has been broken down into its heard and unheard sounds. As many as eight octaves have been sliced from the singing of the song *Alice Blue Gown*, proving that even seemingly simple music is not really simple at all.

Piano and violin music, in fact all music, contains these hidden octaves, as does speech. Your own speaking voice makes not only the notes you intend, but other notes octaves higher and lower. Otherwise, the voice would sound mechanical, unvibrant, and unhuman.—J. E. Harris.

So They Say

Two small British boys were gazing at a butcher shop window decorated for Christmas. One of them pointed to a number of hams hanging from a large holly branch. "Look, Tom," he said, "Look at them 'ams growing up there."

"Get away," said the other. "'Ams don't grow on trees."

"Well, that's all you know about it," said the first scornfully. "Ain't you ever 'eard of an ambush?"



The young clergyman, during a parochial call, noticed the little daughter of the hostess was busy with her slate while eyeing him closely from time to time. "And what are you doing, Clare?" he asked.

"I'm drawing a picture of you."

The clergyman sat very still to facilitate the work of the young artist, but presently Clare shook her head in discouragement.

"I don't like it very much," she confessed. "I guess I'll put a tail on it and call it a dog."



**G Y P
HUNTERS**

at your SERVICE !

by MYRON NEWELL

AN elderly Nebraska couple, both of whom were slowly going blind from cataracts, were visited one day by a glib, smooth individual who called himself a doctor.

He promised them immediate relief and restored vision through a "simple operation right here in your own home." The price was \$500. Trusting and hopeful, the couple withdrew this amount from the bank—it represented half of their life's savings—and submitted to the "operation."

It was painful, harmful, and quite useless. Later, when their plight came to the attention of the Better Business Bureau, that agency sent out a description of this new swindler in the ancient and vicious "glimmer scheme" which has brought distress and poverty to hundreds of persons suffering from cataracts and glaucoma.

The phony doctor finally was apprehended and convicted. The files of the Better Business Bureau helped provide the evidence needed to send him to prison.

Such service is available daily—without publicity—to 140,000,000 Americans by the 97 local bureaus

There's no need to buy blind—not with the B. B. B. on your side!

affiliated with the National Association of Better Business Bureaus. These local units, in their unending war on swindlers and cheats, cooperate with the Post Office Department, Securities and Exchange Commission, Federal Trade Commission, Federal Bureau of Investigation and local police departments.

This vigilant service, for which the public pays not a penny, safeguards your health, pocketbook and property.

It started back in 1914 when a two-fisted Minneapolis business leader named H. J. Kenner decided he'd had his fill of gyps and charlatans.

His singlehanded crusade against misleading newspaper advertising of that day was a tough grind. But before long, legitimate newspapers, other businessmen, professional people, and the Minneapolis buying public had joined hands with Kenner in exposing crooks.

Soon, service clubs, advertisers, trade associations, and district attorneys were telling Kenner: "Count us in—it's our fight, too!"

Today, Kenner's idea has mushroomed into a smoothly-functioning,

nationwide network of business-supported bureaus which are eternally vigilant on your behalf.

Let us say that you buy a room full of furniture at a stipulated price, only to discover that the items you ordered were switched to shoddy substitutes when delivery was made. You complain to your own Better Business Bureau.



A trained investigator gets all the facts, names and prices from you. The seller's version is solicited, too. For the B. B. B. assures a square shake to both parties in any dispute. Then, after the versions are analyzed and compared, the Bureau will warn the offending dealer if the evidence is clearly on your side, and expect him to make good on the transaction.

If there are repeated complaints about a merchant, the Bureau may notify the media which carry his advertising. The offender is likely to find that newspaper pages and air time are refused him. Other merchants are advised of his fraudulent practices. His credit rating may be affected.

But if he gives a written assurance he will abandon shady practices, or,

without that, if he proves a change of heart by honest dealing in ensuing months, then the Bureau may feel another convert to fair-dealing business practices has been made.

It takes a raft of personal calls and leg work in the course of a day's operations at the Better Business Bureau. The mail complaints alone require special correspondents who clear with other bureaus on suspect individuals and firms.

Complaints about local stores may develop into prolonged investigations requiring weeks of effort and time. But this painstaking, objective technique of separating rumor from truth has established confidence in the Better Business Bureaus on the part of sellers and buyers alike.

Your own insurance agent will tell you that the Bureaus help to keep your premium costs down because of their daily search for frauds in the insurance field. Despite their vigilance, insurance companies lose \$15,000,000 yearly by paying claims to chiselers. Naturally, such losses are borne by honest policy-holders.

One such racketeer, for example, specialized in trimming bus companies for sizable injury "settlements." He was able to fall in front of a slowly-moving bus, throw his knee into an unnatural position, and then scream that the bus driver had hit him.

The Better Business Bureau in his city quietly built up a dossier on this skilled faker. After he pocketed his last \$1,000 claim check, they closed in on him with detectives and insurance company operatives who made sure that he couldn't put through more claims after he was behind bars!

The Bureaus even keep their eyes on fraudulent practices in marriage and divorce. Today, slick Mexican attorneys find it tough sledding to get gullible American customers for their instant, easy divorces-for-cash. That's because the Bureaus have exposed dozens of such divorce mills, and warn argumentative couples that they should ascertain whether a Mexican divorce has Yankee legal status.

That word "guarantee" poses many problems for alert Bureaus. Says a B. B. B. spokesman:

"The word *guarantee* is a tricky and misleading one. Oral guarantees are of scant value. Obviously, a guarantee is only as reliable as the company or individual who gives it. If a written guarantee does not state definite facts and conditions, it is virtually worthless!"

Also, beware of the phony "wholesaler," the Bureau men warn. Such phonies sell at retail or above, though they represent that they can save you 40 per cent or more on clothing, furniture, and other heavy items.

One New Jersey carpet merchant, for instance, gained hundreds of customers by claiming that he sold goods at wholesale. The Better Business Bureau in his city proved he really was selling rugs at 20 per cent more than retail prices for the same wares in other stores.

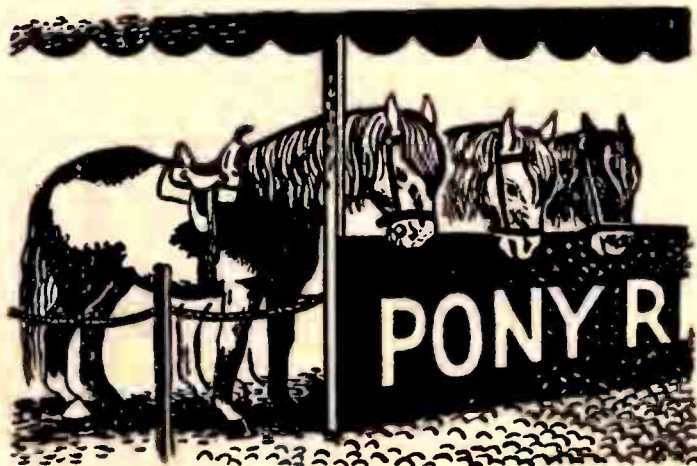
Currently, the Bureaus will warn you about the risk of buying cemetery

lots for speculative purposes. There was the Philadelphia cobbler, for example, who was hornswoggled into paying out his life's savings of \$6,000 for a parcel of "cemetery lots."

"There's an airplane factory going up near there, and they'll need your lots," the salesman confided. "You should make a 300 per cent profit within six months."

The shoemaker fell for this line, bought the sites, and discovered they were barely worth \$100—and he had paid \$6,000! He died following a heart attack resulting from his grief, and his family had to buy a new grave in an established burial ground.

For the grave plots he had purchased were in a wilderness 20 miles from the nearest cemetery, as the Better Business Bureau would have told him had he spent a nickel to learn about the "investment," or heeded the B. B. B. slogan, "Before You Invest, Investigate."



It happened in the perfume department. A young lady with a baby in her arms stepped up to the counter and carefully surveyed the display which included "My Sin," "Tabu," "Ecstasy," "Irresistible," and "Surrender." Quietly she asked the salesgirl, "Would you like a testimonial?"

Trivia In Transit

A very slightly-built 17-year-old was applying for a job with a road construction gang. The boss took one look at him and said, "Afraid you won't do, son. This is heavy work, and you can't keep up with the heavier, older men."

The youngster glanced at the crew leaning on their shovels. "Perhaps I can't do as much as these men can do," he replied, "but I certainly can do as much as they will do." He got the job.



There's no fun in reaching success when everybody is looking the other way.



Good manners consist largely in treating the other fellow as though he were as important as he would like to have you think he is.



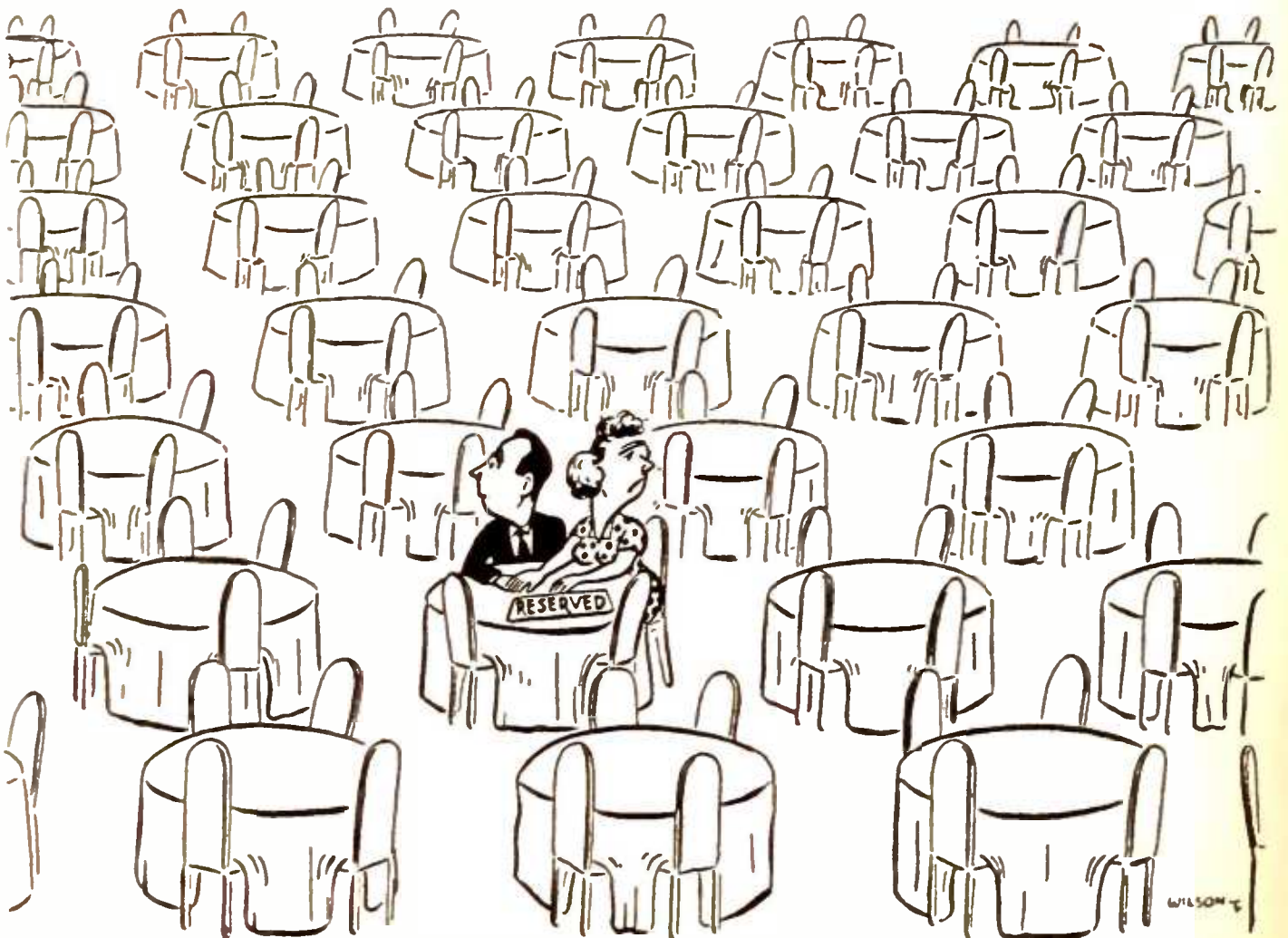
The superior man is dignified but not proud; the inferior man is proud, but not dignified.



Wayne Morris opines that aviation won't really be safe until we can do away with the automobile ride to the airport.—*Hollywood Reporter*.

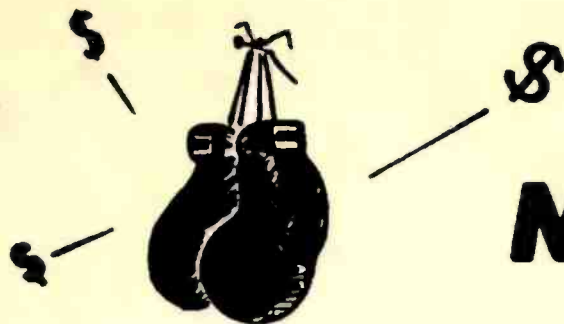


Electricity travels 11,600,000 miles a minute, arriving 59 seconds behind town gossip.—*Plattsmouth Journal*.



The fighting game is up and down, give and take. That's one thing Mom never understood.

In the



MONEY

by WILL LOZIER

MOM didn't go out much on account of her bad heart. She got practically all of her entertainment from the radio, sitting by it hour after hour, perfectly happy and content.

Then television came in and naturally I bought her a set the first thing. I never saw anybody as happy as Mom was when she saw the first picture on it after the guy set it up and showed us how to operate it.

I tipped the guy ten bucks.

"Thanks, Mr. Malloy," he said. "I hope you beat Tiger Welsh tonight."

"Don't worry" I said. "I'll knock him out inside of two rounds."

After the guy was gone Mom started fretting like she always does just before I'm going in the ring.

"You be careful, Danny," she said.

I patted her on the back.

"Take it easy, Mom," I told her. "I can beat Tiger Welsh with one hand tied in back of me."

I think Mom was more scared about boxing than most women. Maybe it was because I was the only one she had left. My two older brothers were over in the Philippines under those little white crosses the Army puts up.

I'd never been able to get Mom to see me in the ring and it was some-

thing of a disappointment because I'm kind of proud of the way I handle my fists. Maybe that had something to do with me buying her the television outfit. I figured she wouldn't be able to keep from turning it on when they started telecasting my fight with Welsh.

I was awful anxious to beat this Tiger Welsh. It meant that I would be in the big money—and besides, I never did like Welsh personally.

When I climbed into the ring that night with him I tried to act cool and unconcerned but when I looked over to his corner and saw him sneering at me, something inside my brain sort of flashed open. I was seeing red. I didn't care anything about skill or science, I just wanted to fight.

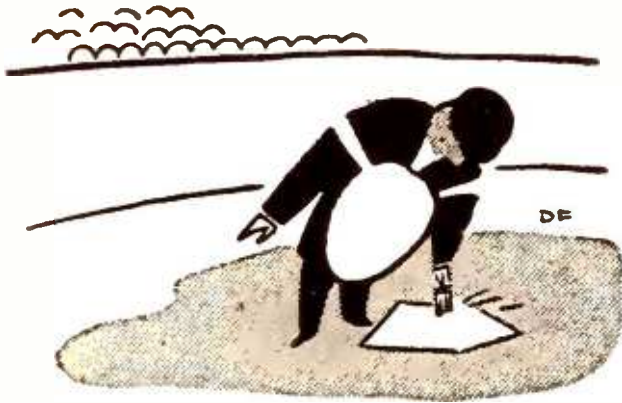
Now that don't pay. Any experienced box fighter will tell you that you've got to keep your mind on your business every second you're inside those ropes. It only takes one good crack on the jaw to end a fight; so keep your eyes open.

The referee called us to the center of the ring and gave us the usual instructions. We came out fighting at the bell. I was still sore and Welsh knew it. He connected with a solid smash to my mouth and followed it

up with a right to the chin and I was down on the canvas with the referee counting over me.

At first I couldn't tell what he was saying. I could hear the crowd yelling but I didn't care. It felt good just to lie still.

Then I heard the referee say "four-five-six" and then I didn't hear him any more because I was thinking of just one thing: Mom probably had that television set tuned in and was worrying her head off.



The next second I was on my feet. My head cleared and I was cool; cool as ice. Down deep inside of me I was still mad, but I was smart enough not to show it. If Mom was watching that fight, I'd give her something to watch.

For the rest of the round, I remembered to fight like I knew how and I gave Welsh a boxing lesson. I figured I'd soften him up and finish him in the second round.

The bell rang and I went to my corner.

"Watch his right," my manager said. "He almost put you away for keeps."

I didn't answer him because I couldn't think of anything but Mom. Her sitting alone, watching me almost get my head beat off in that first round; wasn't going to do that bum heart of hers any good.

The bell rang again and I rushed out of my corner at Welsh so fast that he couldn't get set. I socked him with an uppercut that lifted him clear off his feet and left him sagging against the ropes until he slumped to the floor and stayed there while the referee counted "ten."

I couldn't get out of that ring fast enough. I didn't wait for the usual congratulations and I didn't bother with a shower or nothing. There was a taxi at the side entrance and I hopped in and told the driver to take me to my Mom as fast as he could.

He made pretty good speed but the ride seemed awful long to me. When I got home, Mom was sitting in front of the television set with her chin resting quietly on her skinny chest.

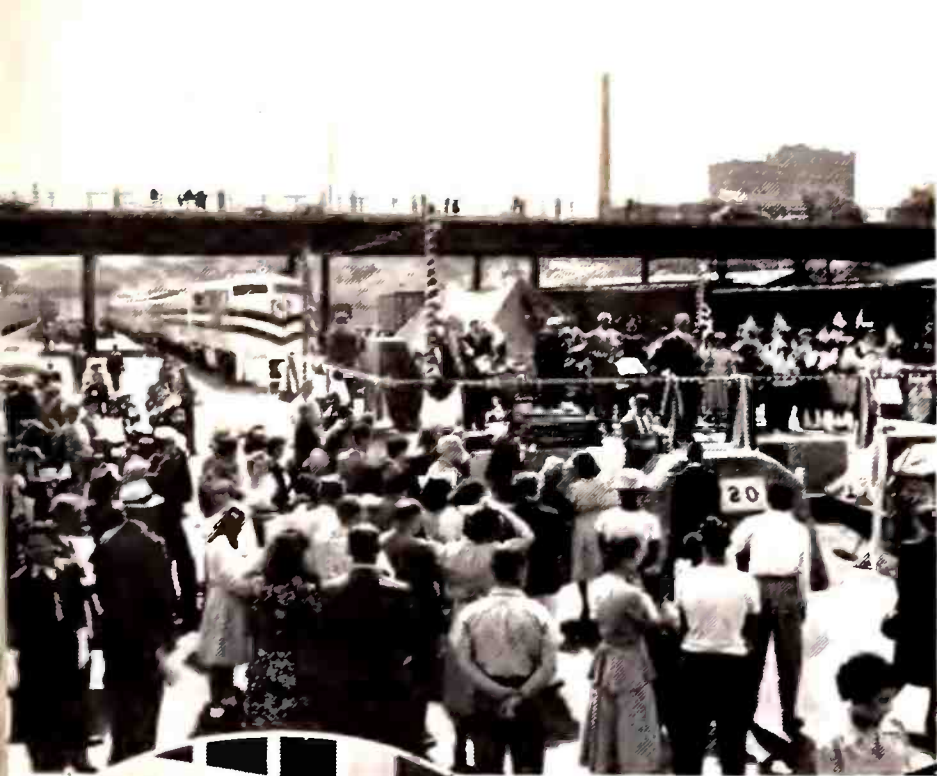
I said, "Hello, Mom," but she didn't answer. Her arms hung limply at her sides and somehow I knew that she wasn't breathing.

I put my arm around her shoulder and whispered in her ear. "I won, Mom. Did you see me knock him out, Mom?"

Mom didn't say anything. She just sat there with her chin on her chest.



Congressman Sol Bloom, House Foreign Affairs Committee member, always drops a coin in the street as he leaves his home. He explains it this way: "Somebody is sure to find it and be happy the rest of the day."—*Journal of Living*.



The Freedom Train visits Kansas City and WHB broadcasts the special events for those unable to attend.

Celebrating WHB's increase to 10,000 watts power, dial change to 710 kilocycles, and full time operation, Robert D. Swezey addresses banquet guests at the Hotel Muehlebach. Mr. Swezey is vice

president and general manager of the Mutual Broadcasting System.

3. Bobbie Locke, Australian golf star, demonstrates a swing from "down under."

4. Real, live wranglers from the annual Olathe Rodeo swap tall tales with Lieutenant Commander L. H. Witherspoon, USNR, public information officer of the Olathe Naval Air Station.



WHB goes FULL TIME!!

Several weeks of intense activity climaxed the recent expansion of station WHB in Kansas City. With 10,000 watts power, WHB is now heard night and day on 710 kilocycles. Station executives and department heads were guests of various luncheon clubs, and provided special entertainment for the occasions pictured in 1, 2 and 3

- 1. At the Advertising and Sales Executives Club.
- 2. At the Co-Operative Club, with a 24-sheet poster in the background.
- 3. At the Mercury Club.

The new facilities of WHB were dedicated officially on June 6.

4. A half-hour program called *Cowtown, U.S.A.* was originated by WHB and broadcast by the more than 500 stations of the Mutual Broadcast





g System. A 35-piece orchestra, a 50-voice mixed chorus and four soloists were featured.

. During the formal dedication service, the Right Reverend Claude W. Spouse delivered a charge of responsibilities to WHB officials. Clergy of three faiths participated.

. The *Lionel Hampton Show* was broadcast to the network from the Municipal Auditorium arena.

. More than 250 people attended the WHB Full Time Operation banquet at the Hotel Wuehlebach.

. J. C. Nichols and R. Crosby Kemper chatted

across the speakers' table with Robert D. Swezey and A. D. Eubanks.

9. Speakers and special guests sat under a photograph of WHB's new 10,000-watt transmitter. They were John T. Schilling, vice president and general manager of WHB; Henry E. Goldenberg, WHB's chief engineer; E. W. Phelps, president of the Man of the Month Fraternity; Robert D. Swezey, vice president and general manager of the Mutual Broadcasting System; A. D. Eubanks, toastmaster; Donald D. Davis, president of WHB; L. P. Cookingham, city manager; and John F. Cash, vice president and treasurer of WHB.





. . . presenting JOHN B. GAGE

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

TO Kansas Citians, earnest, genuine Jack Gage will always be the leader who rode to their rescue on a broom.

The broomstick campaign Kansas City women conducted in his behalf and their sweeping victory made page one headlines all across America, in newspapers ranging from the *New York Times* and *Christian Science Monitor* down to and through tiny country weeklies of New England, the South and the West.

Never in our time has the outcome of a single municipal election meant so much to the nation.

For the victory was not Gage's; it was the people's. It was proof that the people—though tricked, bullied and put upon—could by legal process triumph over a vicious and gargantuan political machine. It was proof that an aroused citizenry could place in office an administrator of its choice. It was proof that the price of clean government is hard work—not by a few, but by many.

And editorial writers everywhere found it significant that the fusion forces in Kansas City had not chosen a flashy figure to carry their standard, but an industrious, quiet, almost phlegmatic lawyer distinguished for his clear thinking. The fight for "sensible" government was based on an appeal to intellect and integrity.

All this happened eight years ago, when a coalition of Republicans, Democrats and plain citizens of no previous political affiliations ganged up to deal the *coup de grace* to Missouri's notorious Pendergast machine, already wobbling under numerous vote fraud convictions and the imprisonment of "Big Tom" himself for federal income tax evasion.

Kansas Citians did Jack Gage honor, but no favor, when they went to the polls that April of 1940 to name him their mayor by a decisive majority.

Boss Pendergast, who in his heyday "made" governors and even United States senators, had personally accepted a half million dollar bribe for his influence in settling a fire insurance rate case. During his reign, a narcotics ring grossing 12 million dollars annually and a 20 million dollar a year gambling racket had flourished.

Business was leary of Kansas City, and understandably afraid of locating in a town where it would be forced to pay tribute to a dictatorial regime which seemed to have the community in a hairy-armed deathlock.

The scandal of tommy-guns and red lights was nationwide.

As many as 50,000 ghost votes had been cast in a single crooked balloting; and in one city election, four

"opposition" voters were killed at the polls.

Worst, perhaps, was that Kansas Citians were floundering in a morass of apathy. Natural leadership had been suppressed, civic enterprise beaten down, until any proposal for community improvement was met with lethargy and an air of resignation.



The three words most often heard were, "What's the use?"

Bad as the situation was known to be at the time Mayor Gage took office, the full, awful scope of the picture was not apparent until an audit of all available records was made. It showed that bad debts, padded payrolls, improper contracts and wholesale embezzlement had bled the city white, leaving it within \$45,000 of the maximum tax limit and teetering on the brink of bankruptcy.

Mayor Gage set things right as quickly as possible. The "United Campaign" party had won seven of the eight councilmanic positions, so he had the complete support and cooperation of the council.

Almost the first act of the new mayor and council was to hire a crackerjack city manager named L. Perry Cookingham, a young man whose municipal administrative abilities had been proved several times over.

Cookingham, Gage and the council acted as a team, and together moved mountains. They totted up the legiti-

mate claims against the city, which came to well over \$400,000, and began paying them off. Pending claims and suits against the city amounted to many millions of dollars.

They set up a system which Gage called "visible government," providing a chart to show taxpayers where every penny was going, and for what.

At the end of a year they made a formal progress report before a Chamber of Commerce luncheon of more than a thousand business leaders.

The report was delivered by Mayor Gage in his usual slow, genial fashion—but it caused a sensation!

He was able to announce that negotiation of a revised garage contract was saving the city \$100,000 a year for five years.

The cost of operating the water department had been reduced by 21 per cent.

Inauguration of a new system of tax billing and accounting was saving the city \$35,000 annually.

The number of employees in the health, public works, water and park departments had been cut from a peak of 6,353 to an efficient 3,223.

Protection by police and the municipal courts was costing each individual taxpayer only one cent a month.

A vast program of street repairs had been launched. Parks and playgrounds were being built.

Municipal bonds, almost unmarketable at any price a year before, were sold at 1.69 per cent interest—lowest in the city's history.

A complete financial and administrative report, with charts, graphs, diagrams and explanations,

was being prepared for mailing to taxpayers.

All of the accumulated debts had been paid off.

With bills and salaries paid in full, the first fiscal year under the new citizens' government closed with a general fund surplus of one and a quarter million dollars.

That was the record Kansas City hung up the first year John B. Gage was mayor.

Interestingly enough, it had been Gage's first year in public office of any kind. Voters insisted it could not be his next to last. They re-elected him in 1942 and again in 1944, but at the end of his third term he retired in favor of William E. Kemp, who had served as city counsellor during Gage's tenure as mayor.

Jack Gage's life is split four ways, between his family, his law practice, his farm, and his public duties.

His family consists of Mrs. Gage, who as Miss Marjorie Hires once held several tennis crowns; two sons and two daughters. Both sons are veterans. One is an engineer, and the other—a West Point graduate—is in Japan with the regular Army.

The Gage farm is called Duallyn. It covers 700 acres near Lawrence, Kansas, and takes its name from the cattle raised there: Milking Shorthorns, a dual line bred for both milk and beef.

Duallyn has produced two national grand champions, one of which was selected by Canadian breeders as the model type, everything a Milking Shorthorn cow should be.

Mr. Gage, who is the attorney and a director of the Kansas City Ameri-

can Royal Association, has served as a cattle judge at the International Livestock Show in Chicago and a number of other major exhibits. Some 2,200 American breeders recently voted him the country's second best judge of Milking Shorthorns.

He spends every possible week end at his farm, but Monday morning finds Jack Gage back in his law office in town. He has handled the legal affairs of various livestock exchanges, producers' associations and packing companies.

Gage has been practicing law since 1909. For over 20 years he lectured on wills and the administration of estates at the Kansas City School of Law. He is the author of *Kelley's Probate Guide*, the standard work on Missouri probate law, and hit the high spot of his legal career as attorney in the famous Morgan cases, which were five times argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. His arguments caused the Court to formulate new rules for administrative procedure, and the rules have largely been put into statutory form since by the Administrative Procedure Act.

Although he has left elective public office, Gage has not left public life. He is extremely active on behalf of numerous charities and civic undertakings. He is a director of the Mid-



west Research Institute, which he was instrumental in founding, and is chairman of the board of trustees of the Citizens' Bond Committee. "That's the job of a watch dog," he explains, "over expenditures of the 43 million dollar bond issue the people voted last November."

Gage served one term as president of the American Shorthorn Breeders Association, the oldest purebred breeders association in the United States. He is the secretary and a director of the Saddle and Sirloin Club of Kansas City.

It was Gage who got the original idea for the Saddle and Sirloin's "Operation Santa Fe," which was so overwhelmingly successful last year that it has developed into an annual event.

On July 28, 135 members and wives of the Saddle and Sirloin Club in brilliant Western attire will board a 14-car, all compartment, air conditioned train bound west on "Operation Cheyenne." They will carry a mountain wagon, a Conestoga and a tally-ho, plus half a hundred horses for their mounted drill team.

The next day will see them in Denver, for a six-hour trip through

the Colorado Rockies. Then on to Wyoming, where they will participate in Cheyenne's famous Frontier Days celebration, returning to Kansas City August 1.

The trip combines the best features of a hilarious holiday and a good will tour, tying together Kansas City and the West. Throughout the trade territory it serves as excellent advance publicity for the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

It is one more example of a Gage idea which has proved its practicality.

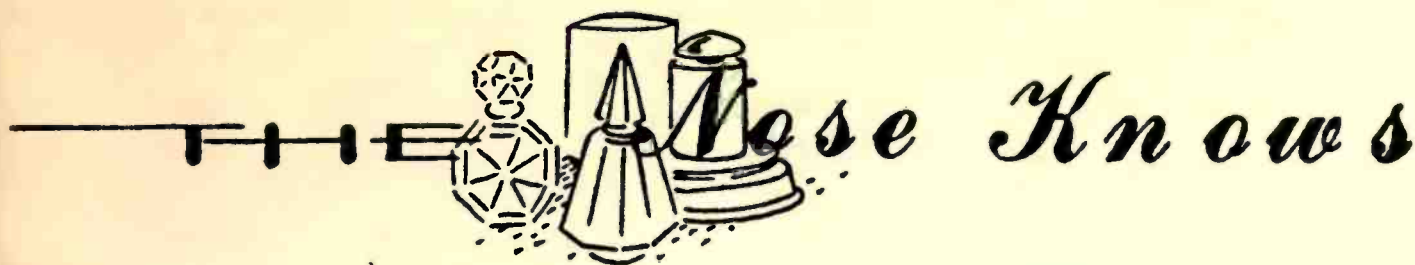
It was an idea of lawyer John C. Gage, Jack's father, which was responsible for the framing and approving of a new city charter in 1875. That act is credited with the saving of early Kansas City.

In 1939, Kansas City was in trouble again, and it was John B. Gage who devised a way to amend the city charter in order to shorten terms of office, thus applying the lever which ousted the last of the Pendergast puppets and sent them crashing to political oblivion.

Whether it concerns a charter, or a trafficway or a ten-gallon Stetson, Kansas Citians figure that if the idea comes from Gage, it's a good one!



Don't be half safe!



by MILTON SMALL

A FEW years back, the passengers of an English bus line wrote blisteringly indignant letters to the management complaining about the insufferable fumes and stuffiness in the lumbering vehicles.

When a passenger strike loomed, the bus company hired a firm of "odor engineers" to meet the problem head-on. The experts came up with an answer: perfuming the ancient busses with a refreshing, heady odor of pine, which raised straphangers' spirits and made them forget over-crowding and the smell of petrol.

Today your nose is a target for scores of experts who try to make the sense of smell a thing of joy and beauty to 140,000,000 American consumers.

One firm, for example, does a thriving business with a line of scented carbon paper and sweet-smelling typewriter ribbons to please the most finicky stenographers. And pencils with an irresistible spice aroma are snapped up by inveterate pencil chewers.

Thanks to much experimentation by psychologists, the odor engineers are convinced that your nose influences your purchase of everything from salted peanuts to new cars.

Men boast they buy on merit alone. Don't believe it. Oscar Nelson, a Chicago scent expert, says men are influenced subconsciously by what they smell—or think they smell.

Nelson, to test his claim, concocted an ersatz "leathery" odor with which he treated the wallets, overnight bags and suitcases on one side of a leather goods shop. The other side he ignored.

Within two weeks, the scented merchandise had sold out, but there was little demand for the identical luggage on the other side of the showroom.

Most men customers, sniffing at bags redolent of good leather, bought eagerly—even though such bags might be imitation or plastic.

Nelson has helped plumbers to locate leaks by blowing the odor of peppermint through the pipes and conduits of large apartment buildings. By going from room to room and sniffing for peppermint, the wrench-and-pipe boys were able to locate leaks in half the time formerly required.

America's most renowned scent sleuth, Ernest C. Crocker, of the Arthur Little Industrial Laboratories in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has re-

duced all odors to four bases: fragrant, acid, burnt, and caprylic (goaty).

Out of his simplification has come a method of properly identifying more than 1,000 separate smells, both pleasing and repellent. This identification is accomplished by assigning numbers to every smell. For instance, a rose to Crocker is simply



“6423”—the numbers representing the components of that particular smell. Thus, knowing the numbering code, a chemist anywhere can reproduce with fidelity any specified scent or combination of scents.

Nowadays, banks hire odor experts to deodorize their old grimy banknotes. Bakers hire these specialists to concoct that freshly baked bread odor dear to the hearts of men who watched grandma at her oven. And farmers' associations and grain buyers hire the boys with the gifted schnozzles to sniff samples of grain to determine its quality.

So keen are their noses that they can smell a few samples of grain and tell their clients whether the dreaded weevil has affected the fields from which the grain was harvested.

To test the claims of the odor experts, a Chicago department store

ran a hosiery sale recently at bargain prices. Women's stockings were placed on two tables. One table was sprayed gently with a popular feminine cologne. The other stockings were factory-fresh but unscented.

When the store opened, the girls almost caused a riot grabbing the scented boxes of hosiery, while the same stockings on the adjoining table didn't sell at all.

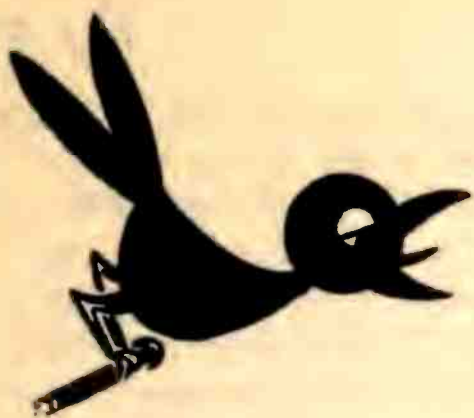
Some theatre owners already have experimented with scent, the “new dimension in entertainment,” as one showman enthusiastically terms it. Odors are wafted into the theatre through the ducts of the air-conditioning system. Thus, when a garden scene of love and passion is flashed in Technicolor on the screen, you soon may sniff the very flowers which bring such bliss to the celluloid lovers!

When the famed Chicago Museum of Science and Industry introduced its model coal mine to the public, people showed small enthusiasm for the display. Yes, they conceded, it was just like a real coal mine and the illusion was complete but for one thing—it didn't *smell* like a coal mine!

Finally, after several visits to mines in southern Illinois and much wrestling with formulas, the odor wonder workers came up with a repellent, clammy odor which they manufactured every day and piped into the mock display. Then everybody was happy, including visiting miners who marvelled at the exhibit's authenticity.

Repugnant smells as well as pleasant odors can sell for the businessman. One fire insurance firm used an advertising circular which reeked of

(Continued on page 45)



CONCERTO IN JAY!

Ken Murray's new movie is strictly for the birds!

by JAY UTTAL

THE Screen Actors Guild in Hollywood is up in arms because it claims that it's getting the bird—and it really means that literally. For the first time in cinematic history a motion picture has been made in feature length using birds as actors. The Guild claims to be angry because it may throw a lot of unfeathered thespians out of work!

Everyone thought Ken Murray was suffering from too much California sunburn when he conceived the idea of making a 60-minute movie, complete with plot and parakeets. But finally, the comedian who has guided a variety show to seven record-breaking years in the land of the blase convinced Republic's shrewd prexy, Herbert Yates, to risk a release. Murray had long marveled at one of the most unusual acts in show business, George Burton and His Birds, and he set to work to prove his contention that they would make palatable movie fare.

The flicker, *Bill and Coo*, turned out to be a Walt Disney thing in live action. In addition to training 35mm cameras on the miniature sets, the film was also shot in 16mm size simultaneously, so that it can be shown in veterans' hospitals, churches, schools, foreign lands.

"The beauty of the thing is," Murray chuckles, "that birds speak a universal language that can be understood as well in Bombay and Brazil as in Boise."

Burton, who broke his back in 1938 on the rodeo circuit, learned his trade accidentally while laid up for 18 months in a hospital. One day a parakeet his wife had given him flew away; when Burton reached for a stick, the bird surprised him by settling on it and docilely allowing him to place it back on its perch. The ex-bronc buster decided to practice, and in short order became the world's greatest bird trainer. He is a master, working with his voice and slender sticks to direct his charges. In *Bill and Coo* he trained not only his main troupe of 14, but all the animals in the opus; in addition he purchased hundreds of store birds to act as "extras" and in very quick time had them answering his beck and call.

Murray secured the services of an extremely clever designer named Fred Malesteska, who had done all the work for the *Puppetoon* cartoon series. Fred created an entire miniature scale town called "Chirpendale." For one of the scenes he made a three-ring circus, and other creations included a

park with a lake and waterfall, a bar, townhouse, beauty parlor, main street and school. This was all built on a platform 24 feet long and 8 feet wide—try doing it some time!



Made in Trucolor, a comparatively new process that is challenging Technicolor's hold on the industry, the picture is narrated in Murray's rapid-fire style, and tells about the heroine, "Coo," and the hero, "Bill." These bird lovers are supported by a cast that includes "Looney the Loon," the comedian; a crow, the villain; the preacher, admirably played by a cardinal; "Ma Singer," Bill's hard-working mother; and a group of "wild animals" in the circus. These involved a bit of perspective, so that the "beasts" would scale down to a size comparable to the birds. Hence, the fierce alligators are baby ones; monkeys are supposed to be bears; kittens are designated as panthers; and there are little guinea pigs to simulate rhinoceros.

Royal Foster caught the spirit of the project with an extremely original script, taken from a story by Edgar Bergen. One of the minor characters is a "Jailbird" and an act in the "Sparling Brothers Circus" sideshow is the "Strongbird" who lifts weights labeled "2000 Grains" (the weights, by the

way, are ping-pong balls). Then there's the town newspaper: "The Bird's-Eye View." Chirpendale's citizens eat "wormburgers" that sell for two "Ceeds" each (plus tax), and they assign "dunce birds" as keepers of the ferocious caged animals.

Everything's the McCoy in the movie. Burton, whose first professional appearance was in a Denver department store, used his genius to accustom quickly his multitude of feathered performers to the kleig lights and grinding cameras.

"Of course, birds are just like human actors," he philosophizes. "When they get temperamental, they hit the ceiling, too—but they really do it. They just fly up there and won't come down!"

The feats performed by Burton's Birds are such that you won't believe the printed words describing them, until you see for yourself. The mild-mannered, soft-spoken trainer smilingly admits he doesn't mind being called a "bird brain," because that's just what he's obtained: the remarkable facility of virtually thinking like his trainees. In the picture he has Bill's poor, hard-working mother taking in clothes for a living; the bird actually washes, wrings and hangs out the garments to dry. Another parakeet that Burton has worked with for years crosses a tightrope with a parasol in its beak. Still another, dubbed "Cannonball Twitchett," rides a toy motorcycle that has a tiny motor and three speeds. The bird really operates the vehicle, increasing and decreasing its speed by body movement. Burton softly calls the bird by name, some-

times hitting his stick on the table, but never touches a bird with his hands.

The most phenomenal trick in Burton's bag is having a bird do a somersault three times, completely turning around. This feat is practically impossible because of a bird's anatomical structure and it took ten months of long, patient training to perfect it.

Another amazing stunt Burton consummated in the film was his staging of a panic scene when the citizens learn that the Crow is on his way to wreak vengeance on them. They trap the villain before he can do his dirty work, with the birds doing everything from pulling a firebell to riding a wooden horse. The spectacle of hun-

dreds of birds milling around on the miniature set in apparent "mob" confusion, yet responding perfectly to Burton's instructions had onlookers open-mouthed with astonishment.

"I've worked with lots of extras on plenty of mob scenes, but I ain't never seen one like this!" exclaimed an ungrammatical but truthful prop man.

In Hollywood, where they spend millions like you spend nickels, Murray made all the wise owls eat crow by expending a measly 200,000 berries. That low-budget production should help him feather his nest, so now he's chirping louder than all of the birds put together.

THE NOSE KNOWS

(Continued from page 42)

charred wood. The prospects read the warning about fire and sniffed the results—on paper. Unprecedented sales of new policies were chalked up.

If you become seriously ill, you can avoid the pungent odor of anti-septics and chloroform which formerly pervaded hospitals. Patients now recover and get well quicker because of floral scents which are impregnated in the paints used in many hospital corridors and rooms.

Treasure your sense of smell if you still possess it intact. Not all of us have well-functioning noses. Some people are born without a sense of smell; others lose it as the years advance. The most common cause of inefficient odor perception is sinus trouble, which has robbed more than

2,000,000 Americans of this pleasurable faculty.

But if your sense of smell is keen, new and exciting vistas of scent are opening up to you. Yet, preferences in smell vary from one individual to another. At a big Manhattan flower show, Dr. Albert Blakeslee of the Carnegie Institute tested 16,000 visitors on their reactions to one type of floral scent.

"The smell's wonderful—out of this world!" said a housewife.

"Terrible . . . Reminds me of the battlefield odors," declared a Marine.

"Enchanting!" cooed an actress.

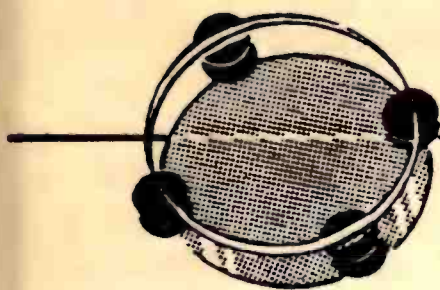
"Moldy!" snapped a banker.

Which just proves that the odor engineers can come up with a host of new scents, but your own sense of smell will determine whether you like 'em or not!



“Well, you wanted an old-fashioned girl!”

Carlos and Maria had their differences, but eventually they saw eye to eye.



my friend *Carlos*

by FRED H. DODD

CARLOS always say, "In this country everybody is as good as anybody, so why work to the bone-hard to be Somebody?"

But Maria is head set. She work hard to keep their six washed and ironed at school. Always she say, "What would the Pea Tea Aye Ladies think?"

One payday Maria is out front talking to Mrs. Schultz about the Meeting. Carlos come home all over the dewalk. Maria know that Mrs. Schultz saw. Maria is horrified. She yell at Carlos, "Now I cannot hold my head up yet!"

The screaming give Carlos the quivers. He try to find a little peace quiet. Maria follow his heels. She come so quick she sock-o her eye on the new cabinet.

Next morning Carlos see her eye. He fill with misgiving. Maria be little. Only her tongue is big. That night Carlos buy candy in the big box with ribbons.

Mrs. Schultz come again about refresh mints. Maria give her candy out of the big box with ribbons. She want Mrs. Schultz should know her Carlos can too act like a Man of Stinction. Mrs. Schultz look at Maria's blighter, then the candy with ribbons. She nod the head. Word get round.

The boys at the plant hear. They

see Carlos with new eyes. He can manage his woman. Maybe he could manage the pipe fitting in No. 5, eh? Carlos tell them how. The super attendant see. Carlos is a marked man.

But Maria is not asked to serve. Woe is to her. She do not yell. She do not talk anything unless Carlos ask first. For one night Carlos love this. Ah, here is peace quiet!

Then worry come. The house is so quiet he think she is an undertook parlor. He stand in the floor and yell, "Say something!"

"We never be Somebody," whisper Maria.

The silence he cannot endure. She boom like a frog horn in his ear. Come payday Carlos come home all over the street. He don't see the rake in the yard. Maria has put out roses because at least the house can look like Somebody lived there. Carlos fell in the bush.

"My poor Dorothy Perkins," sob Maria.

"Look at me!" bellow Carlos like a radio loud speech.

The boys ask, "What happened?" "I fell inna rose."

They slap their sides and yelp. "I walked into a door onct. She damn near kilt me." . . . "I fell offa roof myself."

Carlos is perpuzzled. He sit aside

and do not laugh at lunch. The super attendant see. He need a new hay boss. Carlos is a remarked man. He is it.

Word get rounder. Mrs. Schultz ask Maria to speak on the Program.

Maria is so busy learning her Pea Tea Aye piece she cannot yell—much.

Carlos is happy. On payday he come home very straight. No more can he come home all over the street. Now he is Somebody. Maria say so.

Boomeranging Brainwaves

CREATORS

A Chicago couple.

A Seattle thief.

A Wichita Falls couple.

BRAINWAVE

Moved into a relative's home —to guard it against burglars — while the relative went vacationing.

Ransacked a house, then exchanged his old pants for home owner's new pair.

Bought a "well-trained" watchdog to guard their home.

BOOMERANG

While on guard duty, their own home was burglarized.

Police found a wallet containing his name in the pants he left behind.

Burglars included the pooch in their loot.

—Joseph C. Stacey.



ACCORDING to an anthropologist with the Museum of Natural History, 500,000 years from now man will have only four toes, no appendix, a larger brain, a smaller face, no third molar, and a head as round and as hairless as a billiard ball.

Blondes have as many as 140,000 hairs on their heads, brunettes and brunettes around 120,000 and redheads only about 90,000.

About four per cent of men are color blind, as compared with only 3/10ths of one per cent of women.

The human heart is constructed to beat about 2,500,000,000 times, or the equivalent of a life span of nearly 100 years.

Of the nearly 4,000,000 babies born in this country last year, about 67 per cent had blue eyes, 20 per cent brown, 10 per cent green or grey, and only 3 per cent had eyes of other colors.



A gentleman had just completed a course of driving lessons and was being congratulated by his instructor: "A little more practice on your own and you'll make a first-rate driver."

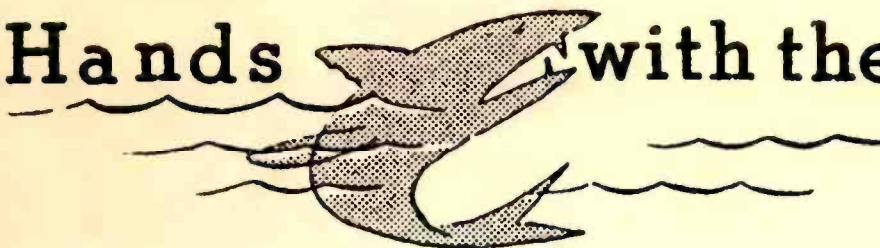
"Thanks," beamed the pleased novice. Then, struck with a thought, he asked: "Say, what would you advise me to do if the brakes give way?"

"I'd suggest," commented the instructor, "that you steer toward something cheap."



Economy: The process of doing without things you need to buy things you don't need.—*Bridgeport News-Blade*.

Shake Hands with the Shark!



Oops! Try the other hand!

by MILLICENT CAIN

THE shark, who for generations has endured a "bad press" in every country of the world, should hire himself a smart public relations man!

For a press agent might do what the shark is unable to do for himself: give the public an understanding of the amazing contributions made by this hulking killer who generally is more afraid of man than man is of him.

That pilot in the Army Air Force jet fighter squadron, for example, may not know it, but he can thank the shark for the keen night vision which enables him to tool his flying projectile long in the dark at 600 miles per hour.

For jet pilots take heroic doses of vitamin A before night training lights. That vitamin, derived from the shark's monstrous liver, has brought a greater margin of health and efficiency to millions of people.

If you keep a box of vitamin A tablets at the office to ward off colds and infections, spare a kindly thought for the shark who made such protection possible.

If you give the vitamin in liquid form to your baby, then again you can nod in friendly fashion to the big rigand of the seas.

Indeed, almost everybody is a consumer of the 149 trillion units of vitamin A used in the United States every year. The Borden Company has purchased a special vitamin-processing plant in Salerno, Florida, seat of the East Coast shark trade, recognizing that we will be dependent on the shark for years to come in filling our growing vitamin needs.

The Borden people actually send out shark-hunting expeditions to the Caribbean, and are getting ready to explore South American coastal waters to snare more of the valued big fellows for pharmaceutical purposes.

Thanks to vitamin-rich shark livers, fishermen today make more money in a month than they formerly earned in a year.

During the war, when Hitler's invaders isolated Norway from the Allied nations, the price of sharks mounted dizzily from \$10 to \$1,500 a ton. Even with Norway fishing fleets back in service, shark-hunting still is a fantastically-profitable operation. A crew of five fishermen in the Pacific, for instance, made \$17,000 in one big week when gray sharks congregated around their ship.

In Oregon, a ten-year-old Chinese boy, who was fishing from a dock, hooked a small shark and almost fainted from excitement. Before he knew it, a shark broker had pressed a \$50 bill into his palm and had run off with the shark's liver to a process-

ing plant. The transaction netted the broker a 500 per cent profit.

Scientists are generally agreed that the shark is so rich in vitamin A because of a tiny form of marine life called "plankton." This vitamin-producing organism, so small that it must be viewed through a powerful microscope, is absorbed by the shark through inhalation.

Other substitutes for the shark as a source of vitamin A fall on their faces when compared with shark liver for potency. The soup fin shark is the vitamin king pin of the sea.

The soup fin shark obligingly possesses a liver which weighs as much as one-fifth of the entire fish. Meat packers, long known for utilizing everything except the squeal of an animal, have blinked in amazement at the total use of the shark.

First, his liver is processed, for that's where the big money lies. Then his flesh is run through a meat chopper and becomes highly-prized food for dogs and cats.

The shark's teeth and jaws are polished and placed on sale at ocean-side souvenir shops. Even his backbone is cleverly fashioned into novelty canes, while his eyes are dehydrated and burnished to become attractive, sparkling jewelry pieces.

Gradually, Americans are learning to like shark as a food. Chicago, for instance, uses 100,000 pounds of shark steak a year. Gourmets crowd over the dish, saying it tastes like halibut—only better!

Chinese cooks in New York and San Francisco bid spiritedly for the fins of the shark. They make soup from the appendages, and according

to venturesome diners who have sampled the soup, it's out of this world for taste and odor.

The shark pancreas, too, plays a role in the unceasing fight against disease. Insulin for diabetics come from the pancreas. And the shark's pituitary gland is valuable in producing serums for certain rare diseases



And if there's anything left of the shark by this time, it's likely to become a valuable mucilage and glue which is strong enough to join two locomotives together.

Adding to the demand for shark products are fashion-conscious American women. Because they demand that their mink and chinchilla coats have that haughty, glossy sheen, fur-breeders pay huge prices for shark-derived medicines which enhance the value of animal pelts.

Not surprisingly, chemists have cut themselves into the profits of shark-hunting. That's because the vitamin potency of the shark's liver decreases rapidly after the fish is killed. You have to act fast to process the liver while it is still rich in vitamins, otherwise the catch is practically a waste.

A San Francisco chemist named Ralph Orkin blazed the way for his

colleagues to share in the big shark money. Orkin, after months of experimentation, developed a technique for extracting oil from the shark liver on a shipboard, minutes after the ocean killer is captured.

The big shark expeditions today depend on chemists as the most important members of the crew. They share equally with the crew in the profits of shark hunting because of their technical know-how.

It's true that many amateurs have caught sharks, accidentally and on

purpose. But despite the fabulous money in the trade, shark-hunting requires plenty of capital.

The minimum cost is \$3,500 or \$4,000 for a small, 25-foot crab boat, to say nothing of the cost of outfitting and provisioning the craft.

But to latch onto the big dollars, you've got to prowl the ocean deeps. That requires a 50-foot, Diesel powered ship, a crew and plenty of costly equipment. It takes \$40,000 to get started in the shark-hunting game, but you've got a fighting chance of making it back in vitamins!



A ferocious football game was on between the Protestant *Packers* and the Catholic *Crushers*. As the *Packers* tallied, one spectator cheered and threw his hat high in the air. When the *Crushers* scored, the same spectator was equally delighted. This puzzled the man in the next seat, and so he asked, "Which side are you rooting for, my good man?"

"Who, me?" replied the excited spectator. "Oh, I'm not supporting either side. I'm just here to enjoy the game."

Whereupon the questioner sneered, "Hmm, an atheist!"



The big business tycoon made it a point to know everyone who was in his employ. One day he noticed a new man who was dexterously counting out a large wad of the firm's cash.

"Where did you get your financial training, young man?" he asked.

"Yale," the young man answered.

The businessman was a staunch advocate of higher learning, "Good," he said, "and what's your name?"

"Yackson."



When Hollywood started to make talking pictures about 20 years ago, movie execs began worrying about the voices of the silent film stars.

One of the first stars to be summoned by the studio was cowboy hero Tom Mix, a tremendous favorite.

"Tell me, Tom," asked the studio production chief. "Can you talk?"

"I think so," replied Mix calmly. "I've been ordering steak in restaurants for the last 25 years and so far I've always received steak."—*Milwaukee Journal*.



Mr. Zilch was a homely gent. One night he met a plastic surgeon who soon convinced him a change of face would be a help. In fact the doctor said, "Mr. Zilch, with plastic surgery I can make you the most handsome man in the world." The date was made for the operation. Just before Zilch went under the knife, the doctor said, "Do you want me to change your face completely?" "No," answered Mr. Zilch, "I want people to know who it is that's so handsome."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

No war with Russia this year, according to Washington observers who give peace a three to one chance to continue. However, the "cold war" grows more intense. With both Russia and the United States sparring for choice diplomatic positions, affairs between the two nations become increasingly grave as the weeks go by. The present administration has succeeded in running up quite a batting average of diplomatic blunders. In numerous instances, it has acted arbitrarily without consulting the proper authorities in the State Department. The United States has also taken steps without consulting those other nations who are more or less allied with this country in the common cause of defeating Russia in the "cold war." Although top government men hesitate in the release of statements to the press; in private, they willingly express the opinion that war, not peace, is the expected state of the world in not too many years. This attitude will be reflected in legislation immediately following the November election.



The National Security Resources Board, a planning group sponsored by the executive department of the government, has just submitted to the White House a complete blueprint for economic controls more drastic than those in effect during World War II. Mr. Truman and his Cabinet, for the most part, favor activating such a program of controls at the earliest possible time. Congress will turn a deaf ear until after November; then, with its hearing miraculously restored, Congress will probably pass portions of the plan.

The specific idea is to create legislation on a stand-by basis so that the nation will have already assembled a pattern of economic controls for immediate use when

needed. Although hesitant about forcing stringent measures upon the people, Congress does want to effect a partial control of fuels, metals and manpower—and the greatest of these, at the moment, is manpower. Competition will increase between the essential industries, such as plane manufacturers, and the non-essential industries, cars, washers, refrigerators, etc., for the existing manpower. This makes control imperative if the militant "keep-the-peace" program is to function with any efficiency at all.



The nation is going back to a wartime basis, almost imperceptibly, but steadily. Though not yet recognized by the general public, this will become more obvious during the last few months of this year. 1949 may well be the year in which the United States will again place itself on a full wartime basis. A tremendous surge of industrial preparedness is not unlikely as the people awaken to the situation.



The overall national economy still rests on a high plateau and shows no sign of coming down. Inflation continues, promising to spiral the cost of living another five per cent in the next year, unless rigid controls are applied and applied soon.

For all effective purposes, the country is now enjoying full employment. Figures for the summer months estimate about 62½ million employed personnel, including students and the military.

The volume of industrial production has reached a high point of 190. This is the index number which will shrink this summer because of strikes. Production losses however, will be made up by the end of the year. An estimated 210 billions as the total personal income for this year is

proof that few Americans really know the inner points of poverty, although many families are just getting by because of the inflated cost of living.

• • •

Strikes scheduled for this summer may have long-range repercussions. In the automotive world, Chrysler is the testing ground for the CIO. If the Union can win "easier pickings" with another corporation they may switch in order to establish a suitable precedent for other companies and lines.

The Ford Company and the union are still trying to shed tears, though neither side has any real cause for weeping, and both recognize the mutual bluff. Electrical, maritime workers and shipbuilders have scheduled strikes which would cause serious breakdowns and delays in other areas. But in the whole strike picture, the most unhappy situations are with steel and coal. Miners will end their vacations on July 15th, but at this writing it looks like negotiations may not be finished. That may mean another interruption in coal production. Steel will settle for higher wages, and in turn will elevate the cost to manufacturers later in the year.

The general strike picture finds management somewhat more self-confident because of the Taft-Hartley Law. Labor has backed up for the same reason. So far, the law has functioned reasonably well, but it is suspected that Congress will disregard much of it in the future, or portions of it will be declared unconstitutional by the courts. The sifted product will probably be milder than the existing legislation.

The situation in Germany is critical. Again it is the break between Eastern and Western Europe being demonstrated on a smaller scale in Germany. It is expected that Russia will soon create a separate state out of Eastern Germany. It will be completely Communist dominated, with a Russian-trained German army. This Eastern German government will then demand that the other powers leave Germany—and especially that the United States give up Berlin.

The Russians mean to force the Western powers out of Germany by every means, short of war, they have at their disposal. The coming months will see this concentrated offensive against the Western nations bringing us closer to actual war at a running pace.

If Russia does succeed in forcing the United States and her allies out of Germany, we will know that the Soviet Union is not as ill prepared for war as many had thought, or that Russia is completely disregarding the possibility of the United States being provoked into declaring war against another world power.

As has always been the case, Germany is the key to Europe. What happens in Germany is felt all over the Continent. That has been demonstrated time and time again, but for some reason the great nations have been prone to disregard this fact. Russia knows the importance of Germany, and she is playing her cards with the skill of a veteran gambler. The Soviet Commissars know if they hold Germany in their grasp, they hold the trump card. They can win in Europe.

▲

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that he always comes out ahead. An incident of his childhood might well prove this. "Well, Benny," said his father, after the lad had been going to school about a month, "What did you learn about today?"

"About a mouse, father."

"Spell mouse," his father asked.

After a while Benny answered, "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all. It was a rat."

▲

Little Tobey was telling his mother about his day at school. "Mother," he said, "today our teacher asked me whether I had any brothers or sisters, and I told her I was an only child."

"And what did she say?" asked his mother.

"She said, 'thank goodness'."

Platter Chatter

FOLLOWING their successful Hollywood Bowl date, Stan Kenton and his crew are doing the Pacific Coast . . . Dizzy Gillespie, still in the East, will soon head for California where he hopes to crack motion pictures . . . Charlie Barnett has become a night club owner in North Hollywood . . . MGM star David Rose will not go on the Red Skelton summer tour. Instead, starting this month, Rose will conduct in the Hollywood Bowl . . . Eden Ahbez (the "z" is silent) composer of *Nature Boy*, was born right in Brooklyn, U. S. A. . . Frankie Laine opens the new Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel this month, with top billing yet . . . *Dwight's Right*, written by the Three Suns, is the first political song since *Dew-Dew-Dewey Day*. It sings the praises of guess-who as a Presidential possibility . . . Victor's Hall Sisters have been chosen to pose for a famed Cuban artist . . . Sammy Kaye replaces Jo Stafford and Perry Como on the summer *Supper Club* show . . . The Kansas City tune, *My Happiness*, has been recorded by the "Big Four" recording companies . . . Doris Day, Columbia recording star, begins a new picture for Warner Brothers this month, entitled *The 49'ers* . . . Tommy Dorsey has acquired a new soloist for the TD outfit, an English import by the name of Denny Dennis.

Betcha Didn't Know

. . . Crooner Gordon MacRae sang for Horace Heidt before the war? . . . Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey organized their first band in Pennsylvania in 1921, calling it "The Wild Canaries"? . . . "Spike" Jones' real name is Lindley Armstrong Jones? . . . In 1937 Joe Mooney did arranging for Martha Raye? . . . Lena Horne's first stint in show business was as a hooper in the old Cotton Club?

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 38194—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. *On An Island With You*



with **BOB KENNEDY**

and *Charisse*. The first tune, from the MGM picture of the same name, is one of those dreamy, latin numbers complete with soft woodwinds and marimba. From the same movie, the flip-over, *Charisse*, is sweet and nice, a listenable, danceable tango. Bob Graham's romantic voice carries the lyric. Here's a fine addition to your Cugat library.

VICTOR 20-2785—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. *Melody Time* and *Blue Shadows On The Trail*. If you're a Monroe addict, this is the platter for you! *Melody Time* is a smooth ballad featuring Vaughn on the vocal, and some fine band work behind him. The reverse is a tune headed for "hitdom." Wait'n see! Western-flavored, with vocal assistance from the Moonmaids. This Vaughn's for you!

DECCA 24401—Danny Kaye with orchestra. *St. Louis Blues* plus *Ballin' The Jack*. Two swell sides by the Mitty guy—who can sing straight, too. *St. Louis Blues* features a solid musical aggregation led by Vic Schoen with rhythm all the way. The flip-over is an oldie Daniel brings up-to-date. Vocal antics by D. Kaye and rockin' rhythm by Johnny Green's orchestra help recommend this record for good listening and amateur soft shoe enthusiasts.

CAPITOL 15096—Johnny Mercer, the Pied Pipers with Paul Weston and orchestra. *The First Baseball Game* and *Sweetie Pie*. *The First* is a novelty

number with Johnny at his best telling a tricky story in song. On the reverse side, those Pied Pipers form an added attraction in a novelty tune from the picture *Lulu Belle*. It's a bargain in good listening!

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

ICTOR 20-2878—Dizzy Gillespie and his orchestra. *Good Bait* plus *Ool-Ya-Koo*. Both tunes were written by Diz, the king of "be-bop" himself. *Good Bait* is an example of "bop" at its best. Congo drums, excellent trombone and bass, and the Gillespie trumpet are featured. The flip-over sports a "bop" vocal by Diz and Ken Hagood. You won't understand the words, but you will enjoy the music. This one's tops in modern jazz.

MERCURY 5133—Les Paul, Clancy Hayes and Fos Carling. *My Extraordinary Girl* and *Suspicion*. One of America's finest guitar men gives a little musical face-lifting to an extraordinary oldie, with Clancy Hayes vocally affirming the good work of Les and the trio. The reverse is done up in hill-billy style featuring Les Paul, alias Rhubarb Red, and Fos Carling telling

the suspicious story of a suspicious guy.

We suspicion, you'll go for this one!

COLUMBIA 38195—Arthur Godfrey with orchestra conducted by Archie Bleyer. *You're Over The Hill* and *Mother Never Told Me (It Was Anything Like This)*. Even though it's been to the cleaners, you'll recognize the first one, as Arthur does a medium-tempo, bouncy, half-patter, half-singing job. The Bleyer group fills in the open spots but nice. The flip-over finds Mr. Godfrey in the role of a young man finding out what Mater didn't tell him. Two minutes and thirty-five seconds of chuckles . . . by Godfrey, a swell record!

CAPITOL 15097—Ella Mae Morse with orchestra conducted by Dave Cavanaugh. *Bombo B. Bailey* and *A Little Further Down The Road A Piece*. If you like Ella Mae, you'll like this. The first side is a typical piece of vocalizing about a "Mr. Five by Five," and it rocks from beginning to end. The other side is a re-issue with her famous "boogie woogie seven" doing the musical honors. For Morse fans, for boogie fans, this one carries the beat all the way home!

***Jenkins Music Company, 1212 Walnut, VI 9430.**



Members of the Celtics, professional basketball team, wear green uniforms decorated with shamrocks. When the squad takes the floor for its home games, the theme song played is *It's a Great Day for the Irish*. The first-string lineup for the Celtics is composed of Marischin, Riebe, Sadowski, Spector, and Garfinkle.—*Catholic Digest*.



Five-year-old Billy lay stretched out on the floor, looking at the ads in a current magazine. Suddenly, he looked up excitedly. "Mother, when I get to be a big man, do you know what I'm going to buy you?"

"No," answered his mother, "what?"

"I'm going to get you an electric iron, an electric icebox, an electric stove and an electric chair."



"No wonder you're such a sissy," declared the bad boy. "Your pa and ma were married by a justice of the peace."

"Well," retorted independent Susan, "from the noise I hear coming out of your house, your pa and ma must have been married by the Secretary of War."—*Christian Observer*.



While we all think we are getting "too much government," just think what would happen if we got all the government we are paying for.

CHICAGO *Letter*

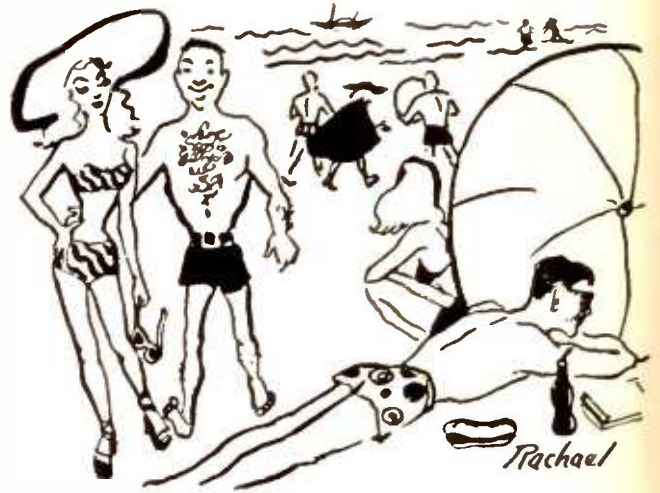
by NORT JONATHAN

“HOW long does this go on?” That’s the way most Chicago sports fans feel today. It’s getting tiresome—supporting teams that continue to chin themselves on the cellar floor year after year. They want action—the sports fans do—in the winning column.

With the exception of the Bears and the Cardinals, the Windy City’s two National League football teams, our town presents a sorry picture when it comes to big league team play. The Chicago Rockets, our entry in the All-American League, finished a slow last in 1947 competition. The Blackhawks, known in these parts as a professional hockey team, didn’t do any better. They couldn’t even make the Stanley Cup playoffs—a feat considered by most hockey experts as less than taxing. The Chicago Cubs and White Sox, our two alleged major league baseball teams, would have a hard time beating Ottumway, Idaho, in the Greater Sand Lot Association. Both teams are either in the cellar or so close to it that little comfort can be gained by even the most ostrich-like rooters.

Just to save commas let’s lump all three—Hawks, Cubs and Sox—together and call them the Chicago Teams. Let’s continue by saying that their present sad state cannot be blamed on lack of public support. The Chicago Teams have played consistently to packed stadiums for years. It has only been during the current baseball season that the least rabid fans have begun to stay away in droves. The die-hards still turn out by the thousands, particularly when the Cubs play a home stand, but the question remains—“How long does this go on?”

How long will our town put up with mediocre teams? The management groups of the baseball clubs in particular seem to feel that the patience of the Chicago fan is inexhaustible. Nothing at all is done to make the fans feel happy or proud of the two major league teams. On the other hand, it seems that everything possible



is done to alienate the affections of the paying customers. For example, the Cubs finally got around this season to admitting that night baseball does exist by scheduling after-dark games at Wrigley Field. We’ll award somewhat belated credit for that. When it comes to acquiring talented new players, however, that’s another story. Good players cost money, and both the Cubs and the Sox seem to feel that the ideal financial arrangement calls for the expenditure of as little cash as possible and the intake of as much cash as the ticket windows can rake in from the lack-lustre talent at hand.

All this is not intended to say that the makings of a couple of better than average ball teams do not exist. There are a number of top-rank ball players on both teams. What we do mean is that front office practices, policies, attitudes, and the general willingness to play the Chicago fan for a sucker, lick our boys before they leave the locker room. When you consider what kind of management the Blackhawks, Cubs, and Sox have had recently, the boys in uniform are to be congratulated. It’s really marvelous that they do win a few games here and there.

All is not lost, however. The girls’ professional softball leagues are in action again, and drawing plenty of customers. The extreme popularity of sandlot baseball around town—particularly girls’ professional baseball—ought to give the Cubs and Sox management something to think about on those dismal days when even a

double-header won't draw 5,000 people to the major league ball parks.

Football, as previously mentioned, is another story. Our town came up with two of the top teams in pro football in 1947. What is even better, the lowly Rocketts—plagued by internal strife and the coldest stadium this side of Nome, Alaska—have been taken over by a group of local businessmen. These LaSalle Street scoons turned sport executives have a glint in their eye which means football business. It is not too unlikely that Chicago will have three outstanding football teams in professional competition in 1948. At least the Rocket's new owners will be trying.

Now that we've got the summer sports scene—or what currently passes for it—out of our system, it's high time to take up pleasanter things. For example, the Railroad Fair which is due in July.

This will be the happy picnic ground this summer for every boy from nine to ninety who has ever wanted to sit in the cab of an engine, ride a caboose, or brake a rolling freight car. The railroads of America have gotten together to provide the biggest, most authentic display of railroad equipment ever shown to the public.

The site will be the grounds of Chicago's Century of Progress Exposition of more than a decade ago. Miles of track are in the process of construction, and from the first of July on, both ancient and modern railroading equipment will funnel into Chicago from all over the country. If you're dramatically inclined, a gigantic pageant blending theatricals and hot steam

will make a trip to the big show worthwhile. But whether you like drama or not, there'll still be plenty of locomotives, cars, and assorted equipment, new and old, to climb over. We have an idea that the drama, good as it may be, will never be able to compete with the average visitor's desire to play Casey Jones at the throttle of a steam engine.

While you're in town for the big Railroad Fair, there are some other things you might like to see. For instance, drop in at the Hotel Sherman's College Inn some morning for a give-away radio show called *Welcome Traveler*. Les Lear, the hard-working impresario, thought up a good one when he concocted this blend of *Truth or Consequences*, *Queen for a Day*, *Breakfast in Hollywood* and any other similar show you can think of before the end of this paragraph. *Welcome Traveler* blends the better and more generous parts of these productions with a sort of Union Station rush and bustle. The participants are people in town between trains. They probably will never be the same again.

It is also interesting to note that the hotels are actually soliciting resident business again. After snubbing the permanent guest for about six years, some of the more forward-thinking hostelries actually seem to be welcoming permanent business. In fact, welcoming business of all kinds is now the order of the day. Sign of the hotel times: Rose petals now float in the fingerbowls of the Hotel Graemere.

Who knows? If this sort of thing continues the customer may even be entitled to a civil word from the bellhops.

▲

The rich uncle wrote to his nephew: "I am sending you the ten dollars you requested, but must call your attention to a spelling error in your last letter—ten is written with one zero, not two."

▲

A discussion was going on. The atmosphere was getting hotter by the minute. Suddenly one of the men arose, went over to the couch and stretched out.

"What's the matter? Are you tired?" I asked.

Everybody stopped talking as he answered slowly: "No, I'm not tired. I'm just getting mad, and I've discovered that it's very difficult to get mad lying down!"—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, *American Way*.

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*



by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life . . .

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). The Drake is known far and wide as one of Chicago's finest hotels. A good reason for its popularity is the smart dinner and supper music of Ron Perry and his orchestra, playing a return engagement in the lush Camellia House. A Chicago best bet.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Hildegard is back. So is Eddie Oliver's music. Major domo Fritz Hagner has the ropes up seven nights a week. All this makes the Palmer House treasurer very happy indeed. If you like Hildy, and obviously thousands do, this show will be a "must" on your Windy City schedule of things to do.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). A modernistic glass decor in gray, blue and yellow. Open daily at four in the afternoon for cocktail hour dancing, with Jerry Glidden's orchestra pleasing the dancers. He's also around for dinner and supper entertainment.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Carl Brisson, the dashing Dane, has taken over the spotlight here. Carl may be a grandfather, but he can still give forth with that Continental charm, vocally and otherwise. Ray Morton plays for dancing.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). No visiting movie star, sensational jockey, or literary light on the loose would think of passing up this oasis. The food is unusual, and sometimes even very good. The guests supply the entertainment, while David LeWinter's small but good band manages to make itself heard over the allegedly brilliant conversation.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0123). Billy Bishop and his music from Mayfair, as the billing goes, has taken over the bandstand for a summer run. A dance team, Florence and Frederick, is the abbreviated floor show.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). If you're really serious about eating well, here's the place for you. Fine food, Russian of course, plus the gypsy music of George Scherban's romantic band.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). Orrin Tucker carries on, the Beach Walk is open and attracting the usual heavy business. Delightful summer dancing in the open air, and in the romantic atmosphere of lantern light and moonlight. Even if there isn't a moon, it's still well worth a visit.

★ **CELTIC ROOM**, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). Dinner and supper dancing nightly with one of the best small musical groups in town pleasing the customers. Gloria Van and her Van-guards have more than made a name for themselves since this new spot began featuring them a couple of months ago.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Willie Shore headlines the Spring Revue, with valuable assistance from a large and happily chosen cast. Willie is a Chicago favorite, so if you haven't caught his brand of comedy before try him the next time you're in town.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). Very little worn by the girls here, which seems to please the customers a great deal. It's a beauty parade for the

ale trade, certainly not hard on the eyes
at a trifle difficult for the pocketbook.

VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North
venue (MIC 5106). The new Mirror
terrace room here has an entertaining
ow. This is a new spot on the near north
le of town which is attracting a lot of
stomers these warm weather days.

JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue.
hangout of the hot music addicts. It opens
e and closes somewhere around four or
ve in the ayem. A steady procession of
e most popular jazz men in the country
ork out on the tiny bandstand—strictly
om Dixie.

GLASS HOUSE, Graemere Hotel, 113
Homan Avenue (VAN 7600). Don
elding's music continues to please in this
f-the-beaten-track spot. Fielding is due
r replacement, but Ralph Gourley will
obably be around to mix the finest
rtini available.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

If you're out for nature study, try these
rth and west side hangouts for those
o like G-string entertainment. The
veliest maidens in the take-it-off business
e featured in the following strongholds
stripping deluxe . . . the FRENCH
ASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL
OCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street
. THE PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N.
ark Street . . . L AND L CAFE, 1315
. Madison . . . the 606 CLUB, 606 S.
abash . . . the TROCADERO CLUB,
5 S. State Street. Take along a full
fold for any of these joints.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

MIKE FRITZEL'S, State at Lake Streets.
fine place to dine, in the tradition of
e famous eating houses of yesteryear.
ou can phone your friends, too, from
e cozy booths.

WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAU-
ANT, 410 N. Michigan. Deservedly
pular for both lunch and dinner. Fine
od at very reasonable prices, and one
the finest bars in town. Hangout for
e radio and advertising crowd.

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W.
Randolph. Barney's greeting, "Hello, Sena-
tor!" is his trademark from coast to coast.
The steaks and lobster are far better than
most.

★ CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash. Rendezvous
of the stay-up-lates. The Randolph street
gang says the food is terrific. Open until
five or six in the morning.

★ GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark. Good spot
for a steak. Musical entertainment, too,
at dinnertime.

★ HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph. Rendez-
vous for politicians, newspapermen and
musicians. Petrillo eats here often, but even
he can't keep the crowds away.

★ JACQUES, 900 N. Michigan. That
French charm! That French cuisine!

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michi-
gan. See above.

★ RED STAR INN, 1528 N. Clark Street.
Hearty German food served in comfortable
surroundings. Deservedly popular with
practically everybody.

★ ST. HUBERT OLD ENGLISH GRILL,
316 S. Federal Street. Roast beef, steaks,
chops: very good, and good and expensive.

Other Top Choices . . .

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush
Street . . . SHANGRI LA, 222 N. State
. . . SINGAPORE PIT, 1011 Rush Street
. . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Ran-
dolph Street . . . SINGERS' RENDEZ-
VOUS, Rush at Superior . . . IMPERIAL
HOUSE, 50 E. Walton Place.

Very High Life . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens,
7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). If ice in
July is your idea of a hot weather enter-
tainment treat, this is the spot for you.
Chuck Foster's band plays for an "Ice-
land Fantasy" in this big and justly popular
room.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel,
1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). Just
across the street from the Pump Room,
this delightful spot for luncheon, cocktails
and dinner has its own following. People
discover it for themselves and come back
often.

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

LONG ISLAND has been invaded again—this time by poison ivy! The shaded paths and hillsides are green with invitation and ripe with rash for the susceptible. For those who prefer fresh air, long walks and the feel of earth under foot to no air, the subway crush and the feel of cement, a weekend in the country—Long Island, that is—is a small piece of paradise. But the rose has her thorn, and ivy, her poison.

Yet, with science marching on, we receive word of a new chemical that kills these tender vines in three weeks. Used in a spray, this servant of nature-lovers is no paragon of discrimination and may kill non-poisonous flora as well. But in the hands of an expert, flora, bless her heart, is perfectly safe. To protect town-tourists, some Long Island villages have taken the spray routine on as a community project. Home owners are using it, too. Though medicine has new remedies which promise to shorten the time of misery for poison ivy sufferers, the price of discomfort is still too high for a casual stroll o'er hill and dale. Which reminds us, at a village meeting recently, someone asked whether eating a poison ivy sandwich or even a single leaf resulted in immunity. The answer was what we had always suspected, "No!" That's just a method of having it inside as well as out. Better to sit on the porch and commune with nature from afar.

• • •

Though the dog is often considered (by dog lovers) man's best friend, the axiom isn't always reversible. Every summer, vacationers gleefully befriend dogs and cats, and then return to their steam-heated apartments in the city leaving their little four-footed friends to brave hunger and the winter elements. Left to go wild, the animals often do. Survival of the fittest is a difficult lesson to learn after being domesticated, and the survivors are sorry sights. Battle-scarred, with dull, shaggy coats, they trust no one. This is the stuff of which delinquents are made and many



of these animals become scavenging menaces. Maybe there ought to be a law but there isn't. However, the Speyer Hospital for Animals in Manhattan does a wonderful job of finding homes for pet that must be given up. These pets are loved when they come to Speyer and loved again in their new homes. The cost of adoption depends solely upon the amount of food they have consumed while there, which usually isn't longer than a week. On happy country gentlemen we know have adopted a beautiful Irish Setter and Basset Hound. He couldn't have one without the other, as they'd been raised together and the former owner didn't want them separated. It's now a happy situation all the way around.

• • •

As skirts get longer, hair styles become shorter. An operator in one of the lush beauty salons here has been wistfully wishing to cut her hair for weeks and weeks. It wasn't the shop that held her back—it was her husband who insisted on the long-haired up-do. Finally, she lopped off the locks anyway. And what do you know he liked it! If he hadn't, she had the explanation all ready, "I had to do it for business reasons."

• • •

'Way up at 104th Street and Fifth Avenue you'll find the Museum of the City of New York. It's certainly off the beaten path for out-of-town visitors but should be a must on the list of things to

do while in town. Though small, the museum is never crowded. It contains the history of Manhattan from the beginning to the present, with fascinating pictures, models, furnished rooms and relics. Don't miss it!

• • •

It's easier to get a hotel reservation now than to find a needle in a haystack, but apartment rentals are still all but impossible to come by. Occasionally, a big apartment appears on the market, but the small two or three room jobs are on the missing list, and will be for some time to come.

Now that the war has been diplomatically postponed, foreign travel is heavier than at any time since the late '30's. South American travel has been heavy all year, but until recently tourists seem to have been avoiding the Continent. Boats to Europe are now sailing at full capacity with lists made up far in advance. Trans-Atlantic plane service is flying at full-up, too. American tourists tell of interesting experiences and astronomical European dinner checks. And by and large, they're always overjoyed at seeing the Lady with the Lamp again as they steam Stateward.

New York PORTS OF CALL

Dancing . . .

★ **BILTMORE CASCADES.** This perennial summering roof has again brought back the patrons of good music, food and cool, informal entertainment. Hotel Biltmore, Madison at 43. MU 7-7000.

★ **BILL BERTOLOTTI.** For visitors in town, this gives the well known Bohemian, or Village, atmosphere. Highly informal, there is considerable table-hopping and spontaneous introductions among the visitors, who largely are that—from out of New York. 85 West 3rd. GR 7-3230.

★ **RIVIERA.** From the heights of the Palisades on the New Jersey banks of the Hudson, this entirely glassed, circular promontory gives a view of the whole of Manhattan. One of the show spots of New York, everyone welcomes its opening.

Music and entertainment are of Broadway caliber, and very good food is served beginning with dinner and ending with supper. Fort Lee, New Jersey. 8-2000.

★ **CLAREMONT INN.** This beacon to all visitors still serves luncheon and dinner each summer on the site of one of New York's most historic hilltops. The freshly painted white of this charming old building, which is owned by the City of New York, makes it ever inviting. There is a beautiful terrace, beside clipped green lawn, for dining outdoors, and music comes from a little band shell, where first rank orchestras play. Dancing out-of-doors only, except in case of rain. Riverside Drive at 124. MO 2-8600.

Eating . . .

★ **PALM.** A gourmet's restaurant, always crowded. It will ever be too small for the number of people who swear a Palm steak is better than any other in the world. In summer the 2nd Avenue Kids are likely to swamp you getting in, but if you've never been there before don't let the neighborhood lull you into the supposition this will be an inexpensive repast. 837 2nd Avenue. MU 2-9515.

★ **LE PERROQUET.** Though this may appear a longer ride than necessary for a good meal, the French and Italian cooking will make you happy to be out of the



familiar eating rut. There's music too, and East Siders are largely the patrons. 1111 2nd Avenue. PL 5-7761.

★ **CHATHAM WALK.** Outdoor terrace lunching and dining is still a perfect New York solution for in-town contentment. A favorite for many years has been this well-managed, beautifully appointed little terrace protected from the street noise and dirt. Only the best of the sidewalk cafes have survived these past 15 years. Vanderbilt at 48. VO 5-5400.

★ **THREE CROWNS.** Swedish smorgasbord must have been originated for jaded hot weather appetites. What other explanation could there be for having such an ideal arrangement as a revolving table loaded with eye and hunger-appealing delicacies? Here you will find an excellent assortment. 12 East 54. PL 8-1031.

★ **HOUSE OF CHAN.** If you're visiting, the theatre will bring you to Broadway this summer. As substantial and reliable a restaurant as can be found in the playhouse section is this one noted for superb Chinese food. The food must be authentic, too, because you'll find Chinese eating here. Also a goodly sprinkling of the theatre and writing folk on Broadway. 7th Avenue at 52. CI 7-5785.

Out of Town . . .

★ **LOBSTER BOX.** This should be a daytime start, for City Island is not the easiest place hereabouts to find. But it is one of the most interesting, so plan to arrive before dark. For boat lovers, this is fascinating—all sizes and kinds of craft in the docks. As you'd expect, the best food to be had here is lobster—but the shore



dinners are in even greater demand. City Island. 8-1592.

★ **COBB'S MILL INN.** When you're driving along the Sound, or exploring Connecticut, this makes a happy stopping point. The food is very good, and over the week ends there is music for dancing with dinner. One of the most attractive thing about this Early American inn is the guest accommodations for those who want to tarry. A reservation is needed fairly well in advance for rooms, so allow ample time. North on Route 57, off Merritt Parkway, Weston, Westport, Connecticut Westport 2-4330.

★ **TOW PATH HOUSE.** When you drive to Bucks County, across the Delaware from New Jersey, this will lie right on your course. A most enchanting and inexpensive place to have meals, the food is excellent and the setting beautiful. Only a short drive from Trenton, but it seems that cities are far, far distant from this artists' and writers' retreat. New Hope, Pennsylvania 3784.

▲
One day a visitor arrived in the home of Leonard Liebling, editor of *Musical Courier*, just as the family was about to sit down to dinner. Mr. Liebling, annoyed at such thoughtless timing, had the maid ask the guest to wait. After an unhurried meal, Mr. Liebling greeted his friend. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said, "but we always eat at seven."

"That's what I thought," the friend replied, "when you invited me to dinner tonight."

▲
A man who wouldn't even walk across the street to see his best customer will get out of bed at 2 a.m. to answer the telephone.

▲
First woman: "Helen and Paul are going together again."

Second woman: "It's one of the most mixed up things I ever heard."

First woman: "It's just one of those wartime divorces that didn't pan out."

NEW YORK Theatre

Current Plays . . .

JOY TO THE WORLD. (Mar. 18, 1948). Marsha Hunt and Alfred Drake play Hollywood politics quite attractively, but the fast-moving action doesn't thoroughly save the production. Also in the cast are Morris Carnovsky, Myron McCormick and Mary Welch. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

ME AND MOLLY. (Feb. 26, 1948). Most of the lifeblood of *The Goldbergs* was spilled during its transfer to the stage. However, small amounts of humor remain in its hardening veins. With Gertrude Berg, the author, and Phillip Web. Belasco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

MISTER ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). A war story by Thomas Heggen turned into the most compelling stage comedy of any seasons. Audiences never forget it. Henry Fonda leads the excellent cast which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

THE PLAY'S THE THING. (Apr. 28, 1948). A revival of Molnar's comedy concerning some gay times on the Riviera. Among the fine cast are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernestossart and Claud Allister. Booth, eve-

nings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Mar. 16, 1948). Meg Mundy turns in a praiseworthy performance in this Jean-Paul Sartre melodrama built around lynching in the South. The race-hatred message in this case is much clearer than in many similar attempts. *The Happy Journey*, by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). This story about the '90's and some suffragettes is squeezed for all it's worth, and, surprisingly enough, a few humorous incidents are still left. With Joan Tetzl, John Archer and Carl Benton Reid. Morosco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and John Alexander as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **COMMAND DECISION.** (Oct. 1, 1947). An expertly written drama concerning our Air Force in England. The all-male cast includes Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). James Dunn, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **THE HEIRESS.** (Sept. 27, 1947). Wendy Hiller supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). The toast of Broadway, this Tennessee Williams





Pulitzer Prize winner mirrors the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **HOLD IT.** (Apr. 28, 1948). Johnny Downs and Red Buttons work with practically nothing in this musical comedy produced by Sammy Lambert. The words and music are by Gerald Marks and Sam Lerner. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **INSIDE U. S. A.** (May 3, 1948). A gala revue which spares nothing for looks. Beatrice Lillie is back again, assisted by Jack Haley and dancer Valerie Bettis. Produced by Arthur Schwartz; lyrics by Howard Dietz. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'.** (Jan. 29, 1948). Nancy Walker stumbles delightfully through ballet numbers with complete lack of grace in this hilarious comedy aimed at dance. Jerome Robbins arranged the choreography and the songs are by Hugh Martin. In the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed and Katharine Sergava. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar

shine in the comic numbers, a couple of which shake the house. The rest is good enough to make the revue worth seeing. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book and the songs are by Richard Lewine. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ALLEGRO. (Oct. 10, 1947). Richard Rodgers' music carries the burden as Oscar Hammerstein and Agnes deMille ride along. The book and the ballets add little to the production. In major roles are Annamary Dickey, John Conte, Robert Jonay and John Battles. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

ANGEL IN THE WINGS. (Dec. 11, 1947.) A rather average revue held together by Paul and Grace Hartman. Their six very amusing numbers make up for everything else, including sketches by Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN (May 10, 1946). Loud and irresistible Ethel Merman still going strong. Imperial evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

BRIGADOON. (Mar. 13, 1947). A musical fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . .

FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missituck and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sun



ay, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUTTON HOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Nanette Fabray at her best.

Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

delphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
lvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CI 5-4884	
arrymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
elasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
iltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th....CI 6-9056	W
ooth, 222 W. 45.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
roadhurst, 253 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
entury, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
oronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
ort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
mpire, Broadway at 40..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
orty Sixth, 221 W. 46th....CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....CI 5-6060	E
orty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
ulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
udson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
perial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	



A preacher whose congregation regularly spurns seats in the front of the church was surprised to see one man, a stranger, in the very first row. After the sermon, the pastor asked the man why he sat down in the front. The man replied that, being a bus driver, he wanted to find out how the preacher got people to move to the rear.



The Scotchman bought a nickel's worth of peppermint drops and took his bride for a honeymoon ride on the street car. When they got off the car, he said, "Honey, hadn't we better save the rest of the candy for the children?"



In church for the first time, the little boy watched, wide-eyed, as the choir, all in white surplices, filed in. With wonder in his voice, he whispered hoarsely, "Are all those people going to get their hair cut?"



A tavern keeper was awakened in the early hours of the morning by some heavy pounding on his front door. Putting his head out the window, he shouted: "Go away, you can't have anything to drink at this hour."

"Who wants anything to drink?" was the response. "I left here at closing time without my crutches."



Sister: "He's so romantic. Every time he speaks to me, he starts, 'Fair lady'."

Brother: "Romantic, my eye! He used to be a streetcar conductor!"

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.

Pusateri's steaks and succulent roast beef are still the favorites at 1104 Baltimore. The cool, crispy salads with garlic sauce are truly wonderful. Jim Pusateri can't sit still, so whenever he's there he goes behind the bar, mixes drinks and chins with his friends—and he's got a million! Jerry is host and the moosic's by Muzak. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.



★ SAVOY GRILL. There's always plenty of "stompin' at the Savoy"—patrons stompin' for steamy, buttered lobster, filet mignon, Kansas City steaks and a variety of seafood dishes. But the stompin' is quiet and dignified, and the Savoy is just the place to take your out-of-town business or social acquaintances. They'll love it! Mixing good drinks is a labor of love with the Savoy bartenders, too. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS CAFE. Choice steaks, roast beef, lobster, roast duckling and capon served in a distinctive Continental style. Gorgeous salad bowls and other luncheon specialties bring throngs to Weiss' during the noon hour. An ornate fireplace at the north end of this beautiful cafe dates back to mid-19th Century, when the grand old Coates House was in its hey-day. Be sure to inspect it next time you come to Weiss'. And next time, come for cocktails! Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With A Glass . . .



★ BLUE DAHLIA ROOM. An attractive cocktail lounge on the edge of Kansas City's wholesale and downtown shopping districts and just one short block from Municipal Auditorium. Theatre parties can begin the evening here and also end it after the show in grand style. Charles

Phil Provost offers a pleasing combination of piano and Solovox music—not loud. Prominent sports people make the Blue Dahlia their headquarters and the room echoes cheery conversation at all times. Big, strong drinks. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Official downtown hangout for the "fourth estate." If you have business with any one of a number of editors, this is the place you'll find him. Cool, dignified and serving fine liquors. Order snacks or full meals when you're ready. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A cool, cozy retreat just down the hall from glamorous El Casbah. Soft seating, a tiny circular bar and delightful entertainment. Vic Colin and Kay Hill with mighty pretty accordion-Hammond harmony and winsome Betty Rogers at the piano. Relax at the Zephyr, friend. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PUTSCH'S. This beautiful restaurant features popular Freddie Heikel, his violin and trio, direct from the "Ram," Challenger Inn, Sun Valley, Idaho. He has been a featured attraction at New York's Roxy Theater many times. Putsch's serves truly distinguished food—excellent dinners as low as \$1.65. Choice steaks, air-expressed Colorado mountain trout and roast prime ribs of beef are dinner suggestions. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and is priced at a dollar. A typical luncheon includes short ribs of beef, a nice salad, rolls and coffee. If you're taking visitors on a tour of the city Putsch's "210" is a "must!" 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

In A Class by Itself . . .

★ PLAZA BOWL. A clean, attractive restaurant, a beautiful cocktail lounge and 32 super-smooth bowling alleys are a combination hard to beat! Restaurant features include a tender, juicy filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for \$1.25 (Imagine!); huge, green salad bowls with a variety of tasty ingredients, and a list of "super-sandwiches" as long as your arm. The kitchen is immaculate! Upstairs, the

vely Green Room is the very ticket r private meetings, luncheons and dinner parties. The cocktail lounge has soft lighting and a beautiful pioneer mural. The bar and lounge which is cleverly illuminated with indirect lighting. The liquor is the best in town and the prices are very reasonable in both restaurant and bar. The cocktail lounge and restaurant are soundproofed against noise from the bowling alleys, and music is furnished by jazz. And gosh, what beautiful bowling alleys! Remember, bowling is a game designed for the whole family, so come on over for some grand exercise! Good food, good drinks and fine exercise—all under the same roof—what could be nicer? 430 Comadena Road. LO 6656.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Patrons will dance to the delightful music of Ernie Hecksher and his society orchestra during July. Ernie comes to Kansas City from previous engagements at San Francisco's Mark Hopkins and the Blackstone in Chicago.

This cool and beautifully appointed supper club is just the place for an evening of dancing and good food. Head man Gordon will see that all is well with you and your party. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

DRUM ROOM. Kansas Citians will be delighted to hear of the return of Gordon Schroeder and his orchestra. Gordon has had two previous engagements at the Drum Room and here's hoping he'll have any more! The Drumbar, at the sign of the big red drum on the corner, is just a block above the Drum Room proper and sports a keen circular bar. Large, lovely drinks are a specialty. Luncheon, dinner and supper available in the Drum Room. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 40.

EL CASBAH. By now, everyone knows about Bill Snyder, pianist extraordinary, back with his orchestra. And guess who's coming for a two week appearance beginning

July 5th! Yessir! The inimitable Dwight Fiske and his full repertoire of risqué ditties. Be sure to come early to get a seat! Flaming Sword dinners, flaming desserts, glamorous ladies in gorgeous attire, and their gentlemen, and—no cover or minimum. It's the Midwest's very finest! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** A beautifully decorated restaurant and cocktail lounge just across from the Union Station Plaza. Behind a polished bar may be seen a colorful display of



statuettes and other merchandise featured by tenants of the Mart building. Down a short flight is a lovely, cool dining room. Genial John Harper, well known to scores of Kansas Citians, is maitre de. At dinner time, try a meat entree and the smorgasbord. Or if you prefer, you can have the smorgasbord by itself for only 50 cents! There's also a fine fried chicken dinner special, complete with hot biscuits and honey, for one dollar. Parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Golden fried chicken, tender roast beef are just two of the grand menu features at the Broadway Interlude. Inexpensive businessmen's luncheons and green salads are a treat. Bartender Riley Thompson always gives you a full measure of whiskey in your drink and boogie beater Joshua Johnson always gives you a full measure of creamy pleaty jazz—expertly banged out on his pyanna. Come over Sunday night at the stroke of twelve and chase those blues away! Yowsah! 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** Chic Alberta Bird Hammondizes the top ten while you sip your cocktail. Alberta is also WHB's staff organist. Luncheon snacks include excellent steak sandwiches which can be had for a pittance. A very friendly place and

always filled to the glass muralled walls. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.
 ★ **LA CANTINA.** The perfect place for a quiet drink. Smartly and colorfully decorated, this cozy place is really soothing after a warm day. Delightful snacks may be ordered from a special La Cantina menu. The "jb" music is tuned sweet and low. Just down a flight of carpeted stairs from the glamorous Casbah and Zephyr Room. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .



★ **BIRCHWOOD GRILL.** Excellent food may be ordered at this conveniently located restaurant, just a stone's throw from the twinkling lights of downtown Kansas City. Sixteen-ounce steaks

are a special treat here, and they come garnished with a generous helping of long branch potatoes, Birchwood Chef's salad, butter and rolls. Grand dinners—complete, for as little as \$2.50. Specialties are prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh

fish and filet mignon. And—such swift, courteous service! Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Air cooled! Sit by the big picture windows, watch the warm crowds below at the busy intersection of 12th & Main, and be thankful you're at King Joy Lo's! Here are some suggestions that are delicious: fried shrimp, Chinese style; beef with green peppers and tomatoes; fried lobster, Chinese style; Pak Toy and beef or pork. King Joy Lo also offers excellently prepared American food. Fried chicken, steaks, roast beef and pork are menu standouts. And this Chinese restaurant is spic and span—clean restaurants have clean kitchens. King Joy Lo's is immaculate. 8 W. 12th St. (2nd floor) HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals in this cool, green cafeteria are done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's very neat and spotless and many Kansas City businessmen can be seen headed toward Unity Inn at noontime these days. The cafeteria is managed by the Unity School of Christianity. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

▲
 Don't hesitate to give out advice. It passes time, and nobody will notice it anyhow.

▲
 A diplomat is a chap who says his favorite color is plaid.

▲
 Cemeteries now are operating with a skeleton force.

▲
 Some folks' enthusiasm to do things brings to mind the man who, when asked if he were a friend of Einstein, replied, "I should say we are friends! There's nothing he wouldn't do for me. In fact, for years we've gone through life doing absolutely nothing for each other."

▲
 Man reaps what he sows, excepting the amateur gardener, of course.—*Pathfinder.*

▲
 A toastmaster is one who uses a few appropriated words.

▲
 Dancing is the art of pulling your feet away faster than your partner can step on them.—*Camp Lee Traveler.*

▲
 Early rising: Triumph of mind over mattress.

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