

DECEMBER

1948

25¢

Swing





1. Rear Admiral H. L. Pugh, (MC), USNR, outlines plans for medical mobilization in wartime.

2. Mugging before a WHB mike are Paramount stars Robert Stack, Mary Hatcher and William Holden.

3. Ruth Warrick addresses the WHB Philharmonic audience at intermission. (See pages 31-33).

4. *Great Scenes from Great Plays* (Friday, 7 p.m. CST) features a message from the Right Reverend Robert Nelson Spencer, D.D., U.D.

bishop of the West Missouri Diocese of the Episcopal Church.

5. Louis Bromfield, Pulitzer Prize novelist and agricultural specialist, in an exclusive WHB interview.

6. John Mason Brown, drama critic and author, chats with John Thornberry, the Man In the Hat. Thornberry's show is heard on WHB on Monday, Wednesday and Friday 2:15 p.m.

foreword for December

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year and so does good will among men. For 364 days, roughly, we quarrel and cheat, snatch and grab, threaten and accuse and make war. But let a holly wreath appear, a chime ring, and the shop windows sparkle with dolls and hostess gowns—and our ancient enmities somehow retreat and dissolve in a flood of sentiment and eggnog. Christmas is such a good excuse for love or something near it. If we are of a mind at all to do the good, feed the poor, kiss and make up, forgive our debtors, we'll do it at Christmastime—in spite of all the fuss and bother, the high costs and the high pressure that politicians and advertising men can dream up. In spite of everything it is a lovely season and there is a Santa Claus, even though he'll have to hitch a ride on the airlift to get into Berlin, and get into Russia just any way he can.

It's a futile wish, but wouldn't it be fine if the present arrangement were reversed, and we might set aside one day for quarrels and combat and have Christmas the rest of the year! Of course, we might get pretty bored with plum pudding and *Silent Night*, but better to be bored with the good things than destroyed by the bad. And anyway, who was ever bored by peace? Or by Christmas? Or any of the good will that should be among men unwavering as north and south and permanent as weather?

Jetta

Swing®

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Editor

MORI GREINER

Art Editor

DON FITZGERALD

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS



Contributing Editor: Jetta Carleton. *Assistant Editor:* Betsey Sheidley. *Associate Editors:* Rosemary Haward, Verna Dean Ferril, June Thompson. *Chicago Editor:* Norton Hughes Jonathan. *New York Editor:* Lucie Brion. *Humor Editor:* Tom Collins. *Music Editor:* Bob Kennedy. *Circulation Manager:* John T. Schilling.

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DECEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Lecture Series: Dec. 1, Early Chinese Paintings Through 11th Century, Lawrence Sickman, 8 p.m.

Dec. 8, Chinese Paintings, 12th through 14th Centuries, Lawrence Sickman, 8 p.m.

Dec. 15, Later Chinese Paintings, Lawrence Sickman, 8 p.m.

Concerts:

Dec. 10, Mary Kate Parker, pianist, 8:15 p.m.

Dec. 12, Christmas concert, Grace and Holy Trinity Choir, 3:30 p.m.

Motion Pictures:

Dec. 3, *Way Down East*, with Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish, 7:30 p.m.

Dec. 5, Repeat performance of *Way Down East*, 3 p.m.

Special Events . . .

Dec. 1, Mayor's Christmas Tree boxing show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 3, Clare Booth Luce, lecture, Music Hall.

Dec. 3-4, Cub Scouts Show, Exhibition Hall, Municipal Auditorium.

Dec. 7-12, *Skating Vanities*, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 16, Oldsmobile display, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 19, Mayor's Christmas Tree Party, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 20, Welfare Christmas Party, afternoon and evening, Music Hall.

Dec. 31, Annual New Year's Eve Party, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dancing . . .

(Plamor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday and Wednesday, "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.

Dec. 2, Tex Beneke.

Dec. 3-5, 9-10, 12, Will Back.

Dec. 16-19, Jules Herman.

Dec. 24-26, Lee Williams.



Drama . . .

Dec. 6-11, *Elizabeth the Queen*, starring Jane Cowl, produced by Blevins Davis. Kansas City University Playhouse, 8:30 p.m.

Music . . .

Dec. 1, Ginette Neveu, violinist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 5, Helen Larson, soprano, All-Souls Church, 3:30 p.m.

Dec. 6, Winifred Heidt, contralto, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Dec. 7-8, Kansas City Philharmonic All-Beethoven concert, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 12, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.

Dec. 13, Bach Christmas Oratorio, Kansas City University Choral Groups, Edison Hall, 8 p.m.

Dec. 13-14, Kansas City Philharmonic Young People's concerts, 1:30 p.m.

Dec. 15, Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 21-22, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Maryla Jonas, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Dec. 22, *Play of the Nativity*, Kansas City Conservatory of Music Choral Groups, All-Souls Church, 11 a.m.

Dec. 26, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.

Conventions . . .

Dec. 1-3, International Crop Improvement Association, Hotel President.

Dec. 1-3, Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Hotel Continental.

Dec. 5-8, American College Public Relations Association, District VIII, and American College Alumni Association, District VI, Hotel President.

Dec. 8-10, Missouri State REA Bookkeepers and Accountants, Hotel Phillips.

Dec. 8-9, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association, Hotel President.

Dec. 12-15, National Association of Women's and Children's Apparel Salesmen.

Dec. 13-14, Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Region 8, Hotel Continental.

Dec. 18-21, Luzier's Incorporated, Hotel Continental.

Dec. 27-30, National Basketball Tournament, Hotel Muehlebach.

Wrestling . . .

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

Gorgeous Nature Boy (accompanied by his valet), performances two or three Thursday nights during December.

Ice Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Plamor Arena, 32nd and Main.)

Dec. 1, Dallas.

Dec. 5, St. Paul.

Dec. 8, Omaha.

Dec. 12, Minneapolis.

Dec. 19, St. Paul.

Dec. 26, Minneapolis.

Basketball . . .

Dec. 13, Harlem Globe Trotters, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 17-18, National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball teams, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Dec. 27-30, Missouri Valley Association of Intercollegiate Basketball teams, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

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THERE'S A KILLER IN YOUR C A R !

Nearly half of the automobiles in the United States are lethal gas chambers. Is yours?

by JOHN PAVIS

THE vision of a soft, warm bed with crisp white sheets and fuzzy woolen blankets has given many a midnight motorist thoughts of pleasant sleep on a cold winter night. With Alec Fenton, sleep became real—almost permanent.

Alec was driving one night to a distant city. The temperature was near zero but with front and rear windows closed and his auto heater working diligently, Alec hardly noticed it. Nor did he notice a fine stream of carbon monoxide gas seeping into the car's interior through a small hole under the front seat. The air was becoming saturated with poisonous vapors. After awhile Alec began feeling sleepy. He yawned. Then a feeling of listlessness enveloped him, and when he attempted to stretch he felt unusually weak. He shook his head several times, but his tired, sleepy eyes were too heavy. He fell into slumber.

When he awoke, he found himself lying on an icy carpet of grass with a pair of anxious eyes staring at

him. Alec had been lucky. When his car had lurched off the road into a ditch, it attracted the attention of another motorist. The man quickly removed Alec from the car, and after 20 minutes in the fresh air Alec revived.

Yes, Alec Fenton was lucky, but thousands of other persons have been less fortunate. This year more than 600 Americans will die as a direct result of exposure to carbon monoxide gas. Thousands of others will be affected in some degree every day, but will recover. With quick treatment after only short exposure, death can be averted.

But why does this deadly killer take the lives of so many motorists year after year? Why must your life be menaced by the constant threat of lurking carbon monoxide, and why is it necessary for so many people to succumb when the dangers of exposure to this gas are so well known? One explanation answers all questions. It is a simple one. Since the gas is colorless, tasteless and odorless, in its usual concentration, detection is difficult.

Insurance companies recently attempted to determine the percentage of vehicles containing carbon monoxide. A check of hundreds of cars on

the highways revealed that in over half of them, the gas was present. The incidence of poison was found to be much higher among older vehicles. Tests conducted by the California State Department of Public Health produced even more startling results. Of 1,005 automobiles checked, it was found that 97 per cent had a concentration of .01 per cent of carbon monoxide when the motor was allowed to run only five minutes; the other three per cent had a higher concentration of the gas.

Hopcolite machines, designed to filter air to determine the amount of carbon monoxide present, have shown that 46 per cent of all automobiles on the highways have a concentration of .04 per cent of the gas. Anyone desiring a restful nap need only expose himself to this concentration for three or four hours. Results are guaranteed.

These facts should impress upon the motorist the necessity for learning a little more about carbon monoxide—the symptoms of poisoning, its treatment, how to guard against it.

Carbon monoxide kills because it combines with the hemoglobin of the blood, making it impossible for the hemoglobin to combine with oxygen, which is a necessary life process. The degree of poisoning depends on the concentration of the gas and the duration of exposure. If the percentage of gas in the blood rises to 70 or 80 per cent, death occurs.

The treatment of acute poisoning is fairly simple. Artificial respiration is given immediately. Then, as soon as possible, a mixture of 95 per cent oxygen and 5 per cent carbon dioxide

should be inhaled by the victim. The carbon dioxide is a direct respiratory stimulant and the pure oxygen hastens the release of carbon monoxide from the hemoglobin. In most cases the victim recovers quickly, and no after effects result.

In some cases, however, delayed complications may occur. Victims frequently develop pneumonia. Swelling of the brain may follow, for which methods of treatment are still being sought. Paralysis sometimes results, leaving the victim disabled for life. Diabetes and various types of skin diseases are often consequences of carbon monoxide poisoning.

The lungs may develop all sorts of inflammatory diseases, and it has been found that the heart suffers permanent weakening. Frequently, hemorrhages result when the walls of the blood vessels are weakened sufficiently to burst. The victim's eye muscles may become paralyzed, leading to nystagmus; or the optic nerve may be affected, causing partial or even total blindness. Carbon monoxide poisoning can be especially dangerous to pregnant women, since the poison may pass from the mother's blood into the blood of the fetus.

These are only a few of the effects which may be expected after a short bout with carbon monoxide.



In order to avoid these consequences, the following precautions should be taken:

Check the floor of your car frequently for holes through which carbon monoxide fumes may leak.

Do not allow piston rings to become loose, permitting seepage of the gas.

Have your carburetor adjusted to insure proper combustion of gasoline.

But most important of all, be on the lookout for symptoms of carbon monoxide poisoning. If you develop a headache, become slightly dizzy, and have a tightness across the forehead,

you have reason to suspect that carbon monoxide is at work. These symptoms indicate that it is time for you to stop your car, get out and breathe fresh air for at least five minutes to rid your system of the poisonous gas. And don't forget to open the car windows to allow proper ventilation in the car!

If you are a motorist, then you are a potential victim of carbon monoxide. But if you can recognize the symptoms and take the necessary precautions, you can feel confident of avoiding any unexpected trips into slumberland—or into eternity.

Christmas and Mr. Field

PROBABLY no famous writer ever received an odder Christmas gift than was bestowed on Eugene Field one holiday season. In the years when Field conducted his "Sharps and Flats" column in the *Chicago Daily News*, it was the custom for Melvin E. Stone, owner of the paper, to present all his employees with turkeys for Christmas.

After receiving one of these birds on each of several holidays in succession, the humorist finally put in a protest. Not the least bit backward in expressing his feelings, Field informed his employer that, when the next December 25th rolled around, he would much prefer to get a new suit of clothes.

The suggestion amused Stone, and he thought his time had come to square off with the nation's most celebrated practical joker. Accordingly, when Christmas Day came, Field was delivered a large pasteboard box and a card from Mr. Stone.

The box looked as if it had come from Chicago's finest haberdashery, but when the writer opened it, he got a surprise. It was a convict's suit, complete with all the stripes that distinguished such an outfit in those days!

Not the least bit put out, Field acted as if he were highly pleased. A born merry-maker, he knew how to make the most of a good thing. As a matter of fact, Stone lived to regret his skylarking gesture, not once, but on many occasions.

Always, after that Christmas, Field kept the suit handy in his office. There were certain days when his employer liked to show important people through the newspaper office, and whenever the writer saw such a party approaching, he would hastily don his convict's suit and begin puttering around the office with a shovel and coal scuttle.

Seeing a convict in a striped suit never failed to amaze the visitors. Usually, one of them would slip away from the group and ask Field on the quiet how he happened to be there. The humorist always gave the same answer—he let it be known that he was serving out a life sentence at hard labor for Mr. Stone!—James Aldredge.

Sneezing Their Way To Fame

CLAIMANTS to the sneezing championship are being recorded every day. For instance, Betty Grose of Oakland, California, was on a schedule of three sneezes a minute. At the completion of every third sneeze her ear whistled for ten seconds. Miss Grose is estimated to have sneezed 150,000 times—a record for the Pacific coast.

From Arlington, Virginia, comes the strange case of Mary Margaret Cleer, 13, who sneezed for 57 days, baffling a nose specialist, eight physicians and a chiropractor. After being taken to Johns Hopkins hospital for further study, little Mary stopped suddenly when 12 specialists came stalking into her room. They actually frightened the sneeze out of her system!

Canada is also laying claim to the sneeze championship. Geraldine Sopher of Edmonton sneezed for 12 consecutive days—at the recorded rate of 130 times an hour!

Not every sneeze is one of long duration. Some are the short but quite useful type. In Hazleton, Pennsylvania, N. B. Miller's sneeze blew loose a portion of a torpedo which had been lodged in his head for 45 years. In Havana, a sneeze brought from Arturo Rente's neck a bullet which had been placed in him by a political enemy 15 years before.

There is also the loud, bellowing sneeze that sounds like a blast of dynamite. A young man, William Brown of Pocatello, sneezed with such gusto that it snapped his shoulder blade out of place. While being taken to an operating table for resetting, Mr. Brown sneezed again—another shattering blast that actually carried the blade back to where it belonged!

A series of remarkable sneezes is recorded by George R. Pilant of Tacoma, Washington. He sneezed in his home state one day and caused the driver of an auto to disjoint his neck. Later he sneezed during a rummy game, causing a fellow who was just about to rummy to fall off his chair. And during this reverberating guffaw Mr. Pilant tore out both of his tonsils!

And so these assorted cases come pouring into the record book—each case stranger than the other and causing the scientists of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to analyze the sneeze. These learned gentlemen photographed a sneeze in full flight and discovered that it has a muzzle velocity of 150 feet a second. They learned that the jet-like impetus reaches its greatest force near the end of each sneeze as the mouth is closed. The male, these scientists learned, is more susceptible to this spasm of kachoovery than the female.

By the way, do you have a little sneezer at home worthy of claiming the sneezing championship?

Gesundheit!—*Malcolm Hyatt.*



A Hollywood producer received a story entitled, *The Optimist*. He called his staff together and said, "Gentlemen, this title must be changed to something simpler. We're intelligent and know what an optimist is, but how many of those morons who see the picture will know he's an eye doctor?"

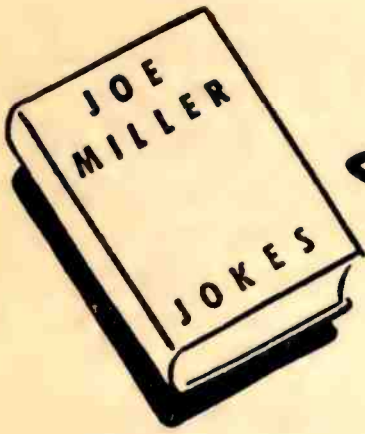


One day an acquaintance remarked in the presence of Sarah Bernhardt that she could not account for the peculiar manner in which a certain young woman had been acting lately.

The great French actress intervened.

"I can," she said. "The other day someone told her she had a beautiful profile and ever since she's been trying to live sideways."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Poor Joe Miller is long dead,
but his infamy lives on.



The Joke's on JOE!

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

S LIGHTLY more than 200 years ago an English actor was careless enough to die without first providing for the future of his wife and family. And ever since he has been getting the blame for all the stale jokes that issue from the mouths of imitative comedians.

His name was Miller, Joe Miller. He was known variously on the playbills of London theaters as Joseph and Josias, but he's just plain Joe to the countless clowns and gag writers who for two centuries have been helping themselves to the stuff he did not write.

Actually, Joe had nothing to do with *Joe Miller's Joke Book*, the collection of jests and japes reputed to be the bible of every gagster who ever performed behind footlights or microphone. In the first place, he could neither read nor write. Compiling a glossary of quips was an impossibility for him. In the second place, Joe, although adroit at getting off a snappy line provided by the playwright, was by nature a rather morose fellow who simply didn't have a book of jokes in him. And in the third place, the book was not written until after Joe passed to the reward that awaits all actors.

In fact, one authority cites Joe's untimely death as the *raison d'être* of the joke book. Joe was a competent actor—a skilled comedian, indeed—and as such may be presumed to have earned reasonably good money in his prime. Yet he never managed to save, and when he died in 1738 his widow (he had married, says one historian, simply because he needed a partner to read the lines he had to memorize) was in the way of becoming a public charge.

So who should step into the picture but one John Mottley, an English writer of sorts who is credited with originating some fairly entertaining comedies and one or two astonishingly dull tragedies. He entered the world of letters in a rather roundabout way. As a youth he was employed in the excise office, but owing to what have been euphemistically described as "unfortunate speculations" he was forced to resign. Literature seemed as good a way as any to pick up a quid or two.

Mottley, it is said, became quite concerned over the Widow Miller's imminent plunge into poverty. So he arranged with a publisher to issue a book of jokes entitled *Joe Miller's Jest*s. Presumably, in exchange for the use of her late husband's well-known

name as buyer bait, Mrs. Miller received a share of the proceeds from the sale of the book.

Mottley by-lined the book *Elijah Jenkins*, possibly out of respect for his own name. It was dedicated to several notables, Alexander Pope among them. The complete title was *Joe Miller's Jest: or the Wits Vade Mecum. Being a collection of the Most Brilliant Jest; the Politest Repartees; the Most Elegant Bon Mots, and the most pleasant short stories in the English language.*

This, in common with most book blurbs, was an exaggeration of the grossest sort. The book was a collection of approximately 250 dull and tawdry anecdotes, most of them copied from other books, many of them as delightfully subtle as a skid across a stable floor, and all of them very, very tired. Only three of the whole weary batch centered around Joe Miller.

This is a sample, verbatim: "A poor man, who had a Termagant Wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her if she spoke one more *crooked* word he'd beat her brains out; why then Ram's Horns, you rogue, said she, if I die for't."

Incredibly enough, the book found a good public. Several editions were issued in the first year of publication, 1739. Mottley wrote more ambitious works, including biographies of Peter I and Catherine the Great of Russia, but here was his best seller of all time.

The list of jokes had increased to 587 by the time the eighth edition hit the book marts in 1745. Since then, Joe Miller joke books have been published in almost every imaginable format, from dime pamphlets to \$2.50 library editions. Other than the name, they have little in common . . . unless it is their consummate disregard of poor old Joe's reputation.



Coffee, Please

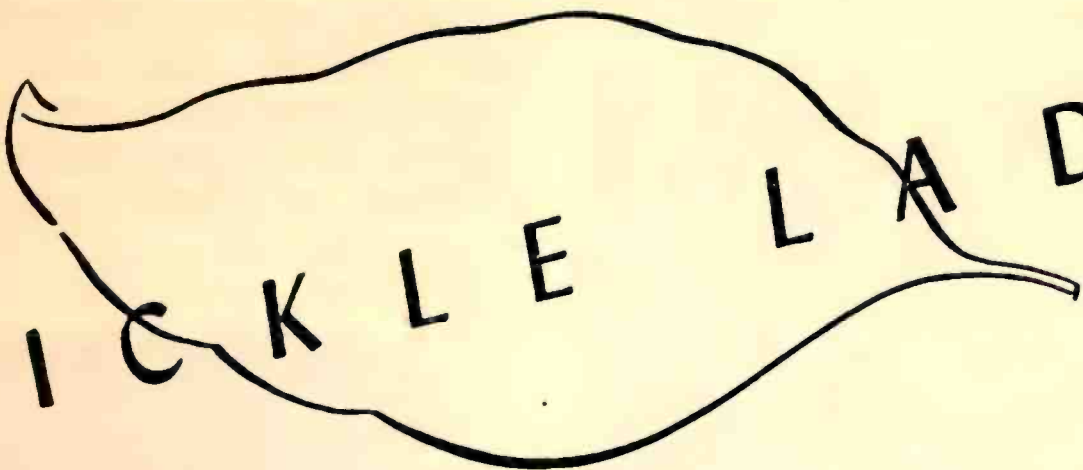
SOME LIKE it hot. Some like it cold. Some like it in the pot nine days old. Me? I like it hot and cold; but never in the pot nine days old. We are speaking of java, a scuttle of mud; in plain English, a cup of coffee. If you are 16 years of age or older and don't drink coffee, then you belong in the minority. It is estimated that more than eight out of ten persons over the age of 16 in the United States drink coffee. The per capita consumption is about 18 pounds per year.

How many pounds does the United States consume each year? Well, when you get into those figures it looks something like a national debt. Just to keep it in round figures, our yearly average consumption is near 1,640,000,000 pounds of green coffee. Roasted, ground and brewed to an average strength beverage, that will make 3,680,000,000 gallons. It would require 460,000 railroad tank cars to haul that much liquid coffee.

At present, the United States consumes between 75 per cent and 80 per cent of the entire world output of coffee. We take it seriously. The Inter-American Coffee Agreement made by this country with 14 Central and South American countries in 1940 has the status of an international treaty. It was ratified by the Senate.

Who says they've got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil?—Jesse Collier.

Only when the auctioneer's soft chant turns the "brown gold" into ready cash can Weston farmers breathe a momentary sigh of relief.



FICKLE LADY

by ANNA MANG

“SHE looks like she's going to make a better than average crop this year.”

With these cautious words, farmers near Weston, Missouri, praise the fickle queen of their fortunes—tobacco. When the tobacco sales open early in December at Weston's thriving white burley market, the farmers of Missouri's Tobacco Belt expect to offer millions of pounds of “brown gold” to the mystic cry of the auctioneer.

They hope that for the sixth year in a row, the heavy demand for tobacco will again promise high rewards for their year-long headache of tobacco growing. But the prudent Weston farmers are careful not to count on a thing—until the tobacco is in the hands of the buyers and the cash in their own pockets.

For those who agree that a woman holds and often uses the inalienable right of changing her mind, the choice of the pronoun “she” to designate that delicate plant, tobacco, should have a special significance. Tobacco growers know only too well that from

the day the infinitesimal tobacco seeds are mixed with corn meal and sown carefully by hand in hot beds, to the moment when a basket piled high with tobacco is sold at auction, many things can happen.

Almost anything can ruin a tobacco crop. Too much rain, too little rain, hot weather, cold weather, frost, wind or hail can be disastrous. Since the fragile weed disdains their company, other weeds must be painstakingly removed by hand. The persistent, destructive tobacco worm can only be discouraged by frequent applications of Paris green. After the stalks have been cut, sticked, wilted and hung up to season in a tobacco barn, there is still threat of mildew or houseburn—conditions caused by moisture condensation.

From the drying barn, the tobacco is taken to the stripping room, where the leaves are removed from the stalks, sorted according to the various grades of tobacco, and gathered into “hands.” The size of a “hand” is determined by the number of leaves a man can hold in one hand. In

shape, a hand of tobacco resembles a whisk broom.

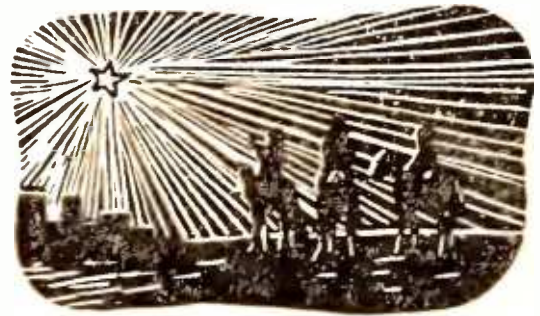
Even after it reaches one of Weston's two tobacco warehouses, the tobacco crop may undergo petty destruction during the auction by the hundreds of curious visitors from all parts of the nation who attend the opening sales each year. For the tobacco, laid out on round, flat baskets set in open rows, is a great temptation to souvenir hunters who like to pocket a few leaves to take home.

In Platte County, where Weston is located, tobacco was first grown as a commercial crop in 1840. Growers of those days depended largely on slave labor for cultivation of their crops and shipped the tobacco by raft down the Missouri River to Glasgow, the nearest market. Then came the Civil War and a temporary end to commercial tobacco farming in Missouri.

It was 1908 before a former Kentuckian, Canby Hawkins, realized that the fine loess soil of Platte County was ideal for tobacco crops. He wrote to his Kentucky neighbors, urging them to move to Weston.

In the next few years the tobacco industry began to revive. B. J. Bless, editor of the weekly *Weston Chronicle*, saw the need of a better way to market the growing crop. As a temporary measure he established a hogshead warehouse, where tobacco packed in hogsheads was sold to Eastern buyers. Shortly afterward, W. R. Hull, one of the Kentuckians who had migrated to Missouri at Hawkins' invitation, opened Weston's first loose leaf warehouse.

Today the Hull Tobacco Warehouse Company is operated by the sons of W. R. Hull, just as the Bless tradition is carried on at the *Chronicle* where B. J. Bless's grandson, Charles A. Bless, is active manager of the paper. The open house which Mr.



and Mrs. B. J. Bless, Jr., give for tobacco men and visitors on the opening day of the sales is another Weston institution. The Hull warehouse is distinguished by tradition, while Missouri District, Weston's other warehouse, has its own claim to recognition. A cooperative organized in the early 1920's, Missouri District is known as the only cooperatively owned and operated loose leaf tobacco warehouse in the world.

When cigarettes suddenly became respectable and popular during World War I, the Weston market began to boom. The red tobacco grown for chewing purposes had formerly brought high prices, while the golden brown tobacco known as white burley was given or thrown away. Now white burley cigarette tobacco is the only kind grown for the Weston market.

The market had its greatest year in 1944, when farmers from Platte and the surrounding counties of Clay, Buchanan and Nodaway sold 6,724,-

405 pounds of tobacco for an average of \$50.12 a hundred pounds. The 1947 crop, smallest in several years, totaled 3,734,704 pounds and brought an average of \$43.24 a hundred-weight.

Weston, located in northwestern Missouri midway between Kansas City and St. Joseph, has a population of 1,150 persons. But when the tobacco sales open in early December, crowds of government graders, government reporters and buyers from the large tobacco companies stretch the little community to the proportions of a city.

To the spectator as well as the grower, the drama of tobacco reaches its height as the auctioneer paces up and down the rows of baskets on the warehouse floor, preceded by the warehouse starter and followed by the buyers. Although the sale is conducted under the myriad skylights of a warehouse before dozens of curious onlookers, the auctioneer and buyers exchange offers and promises in a code as secretive as any ever employed by shy sweethearts.

Each basket is tagged with the name of the owner and the amount and grade of tobacco it contains. Beside each basket the auctioneer pauses. The starter names a minimum price, and the auctioneer begins to "cry" the tobacco. Then the uninitiated watcher discovers that it is just as impossible to decipher the buyers' bids as it is to understand the auctioneer. No bids are heard. Only the most minute gestures are visible. The price of tobacco may hinge on the lift of a finger or the twitch of an eyelid.

A favorite Weston story tells of

the tobacco buyer who has attended the sales for many years. Otherwise well dressed, he invariably wears a shabby overcoat which bears the badge of his profession. On one shoulder is a spot worn threadbare by the many times he has held his thumb there to signal his bids.

The auctioneer sees, understands and quotes the rising bids until the basket is sold. Then the process starts again at the next basket.

Although the Weston auctions are still a source of interest to tourists, much of the color and glamour has disappeared with the coming of government controls. Under these regulations each of 52 grades of tobacco has a price ceiling and floor. For instance, "cigarette wrapper" tobacco, one of the finest grades, has a ceiling of 62 cents a pound.

With the present demand for tobacco, the element of uncertainty in prices is almost entirely removed. The tobacco sales are largely a matter of seeing that each tobacco company is able to buy its allotted share, and heated bidding has disappeared.

While some farmers grumble at the ceiling prices, others point, figuratively, to the floor. While tobacco can't rise to a dollar a pound, they say, neither can it fall to seven cents a pound. They recall 1927, when some baskets of "flyings," a high grade tobacco, brought a cent a pound, and the highest price was 12 cents. Tobacco is a fickle mistress, they insist, and it's a fine thing to have the government's help in controlling her.

After three weeks of sales, the market closes for the Christmas and New Year holiday season. The bulk of the

crop is sold in December, but the sales resume in January and continue until late February.

The tobacco farmer's worries are all over by February 28—all over, that is, until March 1, when it is time to seed the hot beds for next season's

crop. After that, he can start to worry about too much rain, too little rain, hot weather, cold weather, frost, hail, wind, mildew, houseburn, labor shortages and souvenir hunters. If everything goes just right, she'll be a bumper crop next year—maybe.



Wagging About Wigs

“LADY, do you wear a wig?” Many women do. According to Charles R. Richardson, one of the country's leading wig makers, American women buy more than 100,000 wigs annually.

Wig is short for periwig; but whether you call it a periwig, peruke, toupe or wig the implication is the same. A wig is a headcovering fashioned from real or artificial hair, and is worn for adornment or simply to cover that bald spot.

The wearing of wigs isn't new. The ancient Egyptians wore them, as did the Persians. The Greeks adopted the custom from the Persians and really made wig wearing a vogue for both men and women. No well dressed Greek considered his wardrobe complete without a number of wigs.

The Romans were not to be outdone by the Greeks. Faustina, wife of Marcus Aurelius, boasted a collection of several hundred wigs. The Romans made use of the wig as a badge of office and social position. Roman prostitutes once were required by law to wear wigs of bright and distinctive yellow.

Later the use of the wig was revived by King Louis XIII of France. Again men wore wigs as a mark of their profession or official station. Even today, English judges and barristers still wear the long white wigs of their office. It was only a few years ago that the Supreme Court Justices of the United States discarded the wig.

Do you remember not too many years back when wigs and toupees were displayed by department stores and mail order houses as a standard line of merchandise? Long skirts and hip pads are back, and fashions go in cycles, you know. Perhaps wigs are just around the corner.



It may very well be that the basis of all our troubles with Russia is the much discussed housing shortage. We're trying to live together in the same world and neither wants the other to be the landlord.—*Parade*.



A businessman had to sign his checks with two X's. He made a lot of money, and one day the cashier of his bank noticed a check with three X's on it. Not being sure whether he should honor the draft, he called the man.

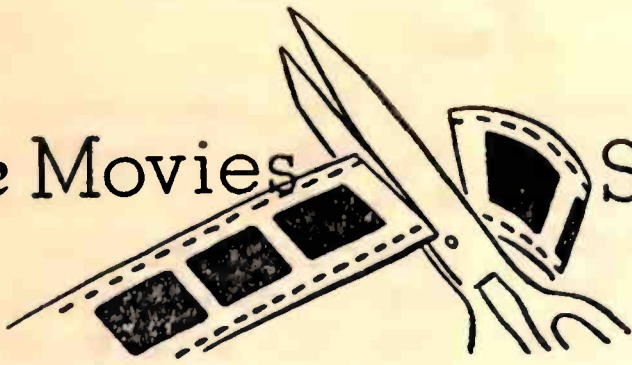
“I have a check here signed with three X's,” he said. “It looks like yours, but I'm not sure.”

“Yes, it's mine all right,” said the other. “It's OK.”

“But tell me—what's the idea of three X's?”

“Why not? Why can't I have a middle name?”

Are the Movies Safe for JUNIOR ?



Pin the blame where it belongs,—on you!

by BEATRICE TRESSELT

“I WUZ just casin’ the joint when this dame comes out an’ tells me to scam. She waved a broom at me so I let ’er have it!”

This cold-blooded confession of murder recently came from an eight-year-old, cherubic-faced youngster in a Los Angeles Juvenile Court.

“He learned it from the movies,” whimpered his white-faced mother. “It’s not his fault! . . . They’ve no right to make crime pictures! There ought to be a law! . . .”

The unhappy woman was right. There certainly ought to be a law. A law to do what parents obviously will not do; a law to prevent Junior from seeing the wrong kind of movies.

In fairness to Hollywood, let’s not forget that for decades past our film producers have been criticized constantly for their apparently unshakable belief that all motion picture audiences had the I.Q. of a ten-year-old child, and for pandering to that level of mentality. Yet now that the screen has attained partial maturity there is again a torrent of criticism; this time because it is too adult. Parent-Teacher representatives, radio commentators and newspaper columnists vehemently demand that Hollywood cease making pictures unsuit-

able to the juvenile mind, implying—somewhat erroneously—that motion pictures are created primarily as entertainment for children, and that the sooner we return to our early diet of slapstick and custard pie, the better for all.

Granted that many of the screen’s finest films are unsuitable for the child mind—not necessarily because of unpleasant or immoral subject matter, but simply because they deal with topics not interesting to the immature intelligence—should adults therefore be denied such films? Must the rest of us forego *Crossfire* or *The Naked City* because Junior prefers *Red Ranger*?

We do not demand that other art forms be slanted to the juvenile intellect. In literature, the drama, music, painting or sculpture, we permit the artist free rein without any qualms as to how Junior will react.

But you say Junior isn’t interested in these other arts? It’s only the screen which intrigues him?

Too true. And whose fault is that? Who let him “taste blood” in the first place?

Let’s face it. The uncomfortable fact is that parents are as much to blame in this matter as is Hollywood,

for a mother who is meticulously careful about her child's food, clothing and general hygiene, will nonetheless permit his impressionable young mind to be exposed to *Nightmare Alley* or *Duel in the Sun* without the slightest trepidation.

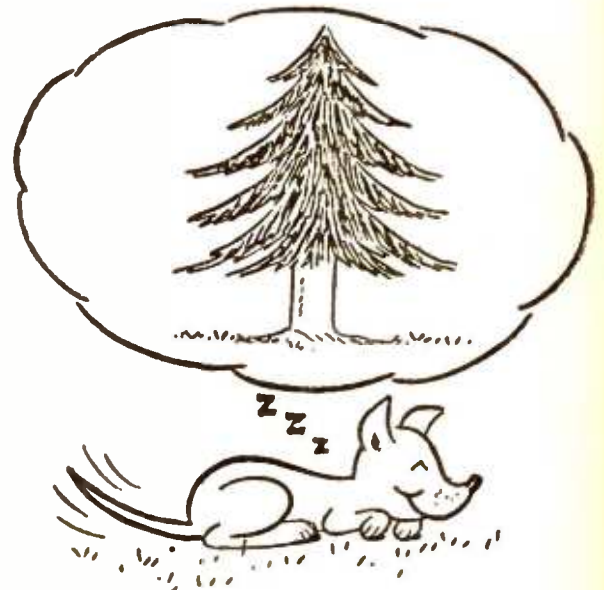
Why? Why not be just as particular about what goes into a child's mind as into his tummy?

It is a singular fact that even perfectly normal youngsters have a keen interest in the weird and terrifying. They love ghost stories and screech in delight over *Dracula*—yet it is but a

step from such macabre fantasies to the realm of psychological thrillers and the vast menu of underworld fare.

No intelligent woman wants her child to see such films, but ask her what she's doing to prevent it, and watch her arch her pretty back in resentment. How can she be expected to keep track of what is being shown at the neighborhood theatre? . . . How should she know what sort of story it tells? . . . Gracious, why should . . .

Why not? Isn't it part of the job of being a mother? And what's so difficult about it?



Every newspaper carries its daily columns of movie reviews, and in a very few minutes we can read them and make a memo of those films whose stories sound objectionable. It takes no longer than jotting down the grocery list or the address of a new beauty shop. The parent who won't make this slight effort has only himself to blame if Junior fattens on a diet of gangster tales instead of wholesome, character-building stories. There are just as many good films as bad ones, but a child cannot judge. That is *our* job.

Various plans have been outlined for making the movies safe for children, from founding a special Board of Censorship to the impractical suggestions that separate theatres be built for children or that adult films be banned altogether. None has the simple effectiveness of the European plan.

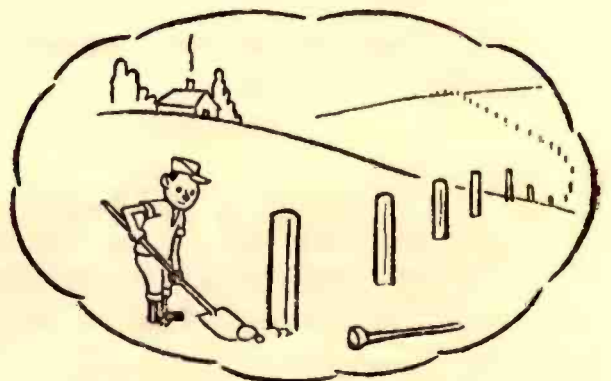
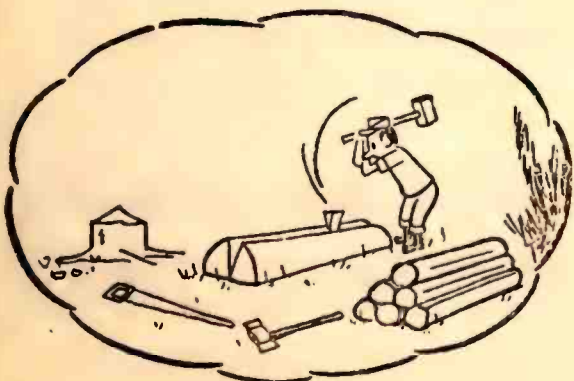
In Europe—particularly in Germany and other countries whose theatre is highly adult—the matter is not left in the hands of indifferent or “delinquent” parents. It is handled

by the authorities. A Board of Review decides which films are unsuitable for the child mind, and when such films are shown, a sign to that effect is placed in the lobby and no child is admitted, not even if accompanied by its parents.

Under such a system of control the Texas theatre manager who recently offered *The Outlaw* at a “Special Children’s Matinee” would have his license revoked, or perhaps land in jail, or both.

At first, exhibitors would protest that box-office receipts were falling off. But that is of negligible importance because the money of juvenile patrons is only a drop in the bucket at best.

If every neighborhood theatre offered one show per week especially for children, with cartoons plus a good animal story or an exciting historical film, the children would love it and pack the theatre. A Saturday matinee program would not jeopardize either the youngsters’ home-work or the box-office receipts, and the house manager could sleep with an easy



FILLOCK

conscience. So too could Junior's mother.

When a child drinks the varnish remover we don't demand that the manufacturer cease making this lethal draught; we blame the child's mother for her lack of care. Why not be just as sensible in the matter of motion pictures? Junior needn't thrill to the *Kiss of Death* if we don't want him to; the matter lies in our own hands. And that is where it belongs!

Consider the enlightening and highly successful experiment recently

conducted by the citizens of Baker, Oregon. When their juvenile delinquency problem passed all bounds, it was decided to punish in each such case the parents or guardians, instead of the child. Result: in less than one year, this city's juvenile delinquency rate has been reduced more than 90 per cent!

The Baker experiment proves that intelligent parents, sufficiently interested, can win the war of the movies versus Junior.



A Peach of a Pickle

“THE Case of the Shrinking Orange” is causing some sleepless nights in California, and not a leaf is being left unturned to get at the roots of the situation. This isn't a whodunit murder case but a horticultural riddle that is murdering the profits of orange growers.

The Valencia orange, long a favorite with many housewives, is shrinking, noticeably and rapidly.

For the 20 years before 1945 it took only 219 Valencias to fill a crate. Last year, 265 were needed in the same sized box, and this year the unwelcome dwarfism has continued to the point where 273 are required to fill a crate.

With prices quoted at the crateful, naturally the shrinkage has shrunk the returns.

Men who watch the habits of oranges are trying to diagnose the trouble. Some say it's in the fertilizer. Others say oil sprays and weed-killer do it. And others haven't so much as a theory. So far, all Valencia orange research has been lemon-sour.

Meanwhile, the growers are worried. If something isn't done soon, the Valencia orange may become the size of an undernourished plum. What a pickle!



“Years ago at San Juan Hill,” Grandfather told little Junior, “my head was grazed by a Mauser bullet.”

Looking critically at the same head, Junior commented passively, “There's not much grazing left now, is there, Grandpa?”



It happened during football practice. A trainee, puffing and groaning, failed to make an opening. As he lay stretched out, the coach ran forward.

“Hey,” he cried, “What's the trouble?”

“I think I've broken my leg.”

“Well, don't just lie there, man. Start doing push-ups.”

CLOWN PRINCE



COMEDY!

ON Broadway he's known as a one-man gag factory. On the air he's the closest thing to perpetual motion since Marconi invented radio. As a songwriter responsible for such hits as *Why, Oh Why Did I Ever Leave Wyoming?* and *Oh, My Aching Back*, he's no slouch, either. In fact, Morey Amsterdam, the guy in question, can't forget the first song he ever wrote.

"I was 14," he says. "It was so bad they had to rewrite it before they threw it away. I got terrific fan mail from the rubbish collectors."

That remark is typical of Morey and his anything-for-a-laugh philosophy. "I'm a songwriter when my songs are sung, a gag writer when people use my jokes, a comedian when people laugh," he says in one of those rare moments when he's serious.

With his own vaudeville show recently playing on Broadway, with a twice-daily radio show over a local station and a weekly network program, besides running his own night-club—Morey is easily one of the busiest men in New York today.

Actually, his career started as far from comedy as possible. Brought up in a musical family, Morey began as a cellist. His father, a professional violinist, still thinks of his son as a musician to this day. Not so long

*It's strictly Gay Nineties-type humor
—but Mad Morey lays 'em low!*

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

ago, when Morey was using the cello as a gag prop in a comedy routine, his father sat through the performance in high dudgeon while the audience roared with laughter. Afterwards, he berated his son in no uncertain terms. "Morey," he scolded the comic, "your cello was out of tune!"

Getting laughs with that cello is an old story for the comedian. It started when he was still in his teens. Having a yen for the stage, he went to Chicago, where a friend of the family introduced him to a theatrical agent. Presently, he was booked into a theatre. But when he came on with his cello the audience simply howled. Ever since, that cello has been practically his trademark.

At 36, Morey has more than 20 years of show business behind him, and, by all indications, this looks like his year. His activities are so extensive that recently it was estimated that his radio, television, stage and night club shows amounted to 79 performances in one week. That was during the summer, of course, when Morey might be said to be going only at

half-speed. During the winter, he runs his own night spot, "The Playgoers" club, which is located on 52nd Street a stone's throw from Radio City. The club is situated in a cellar, and Morey has a characteristic description for it.

"It's been mistaken for everything from a subway entrance to a foxhole," is the way he puts it. "Sometimes we advise patrons when leaving to walk upstairs slowly as we haven't any decompression chambers and they might get the bends."

Night clubs are nothing new to Amsterdam. Back in 1929, for instance, he was emcee when a Chicago night spot had a gala opening. One of the acts was an Apache dance and a performer in a cop's uniform came out blowing a whistle, yelling "Gendarmes! Gendarmes!" There was nothing wrong with that—except that on the opening night the police happened to raid the place at that very moment!

Amsterdam has a long radio career behind him, too. After making his debut as a boy soprano on a San Francisco radio station, Morey went on the air in Los Angeles in 1930. Later, he had his own show, sponsored by Bernstein's Fish Grotto. "There was only one catch," Morey says. "Everything was based on fish. The music, gags and stories were all about fish."

There probably was no connection, but sometime later he joined Al Pearce's radio show and remained for five years. After more personal appearance tours and night club jobs all over the country, he received a wire one day offering him a gag writing job in Hollywood. The wire read: "Salary starts on arrival." Morey believes

he set some kind of record by driving from Chicago to the Coast in 34 hours.

Fanny Brice, Spencer Tracy, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor are but a few stars for whom Morey has written comedy material. Joe E. Brown, Rudy Vallee and Ken Murray are others. During the war, Morey wrote special material for camp shows, and followed up by going on a USO tour himself. Servicemen in South Amer-



ica, China, Burma, and India got a sample of the Amsterdam brand of humor.

Morey was born in Chicago, where his father was first violinist with the Chicago Opera Company. When Papa Amsterdam joined the symphony in San Francisco, the family moved with him. Morey and his two brothers grew up in that city, and Morey got his first stage job with his older brother's vaudeville act there. He was still attending the University of California, however, and only subbed for an ailing performer. Later he joined the act permanently and toured the West Coast. Then, after playing in small night clubs and theatres around Chicago, he got his first big break.

Learning that a large theatre needed an emcee, Morey applied for the job. By putting up a big front, he got it, although he had never emceed a show before. He confessed this to the Stroud Twins, who were on the bill, and they came to his rescue with advice and a few good gags. Other friends helped him out, too, with the result that he was able to last out the six-week engagement.

After more night club work in Detroit and Milwaukee, Morey returned to San Francisco. To please his father, he joined the elder Amsterdam's hotel orchestra, playing the cello. But playing tea music finally got Morey down, and he hied himself down to Los Angeles.

It was there he got his best lessons in matters theatrical. The great Will Rogers, playing a benefit engagement, gave him pointers. Rogers explained how he based everything on the truth and always ended up by saying something nice about his subjects, so they wouldn't get sore. That made a last-

ing impression on the funnyman with the cello.

Morey's success in New York really stems from a day in December, 1943, when he ran into his old friend, Henry Morgan. The latter was then doing a show called *Gloom Dodgers* over local station WHN (now WMGM). It was Morey's birthday and Morgan suggested that he appear as a guest on the show. Morey went over so big that the station put him on the air to stay.

On the whole, the Clown Prince stacks up as a good showman and better-than-average comedian, but actually he is more impressed with the ability of a certain five-year-old boy who appears on various radio shows and is known as an outstanding juvenile comic. The lad's name is Gregory Amsterdam, and he's Morey's son. When they go on the air together and little Gregory busts in on his father's routines—who do you suppose gets the biggest laugh out of it?

Right! Morey Amsterdam.



One night after Tommy entered the first grade, Pop came home to be met by his little son who was bursting with pride.

"I'm a leader now, Daddy," he announced.

Daddy, trying to keep the thrill out of his voice, replied, "Is that so, son? What do you lead?"

"The lines to the washroom," said the youngster.



An American had an invitation to a private shoot in Scotland. Addressing the old gamekeeper, he said, "I'm one of the crack shots in my country. Tomorrow you will be loading for me, and for every bird I miss I'll give you a shilling."

The following evening the gamekeeper met a friend and told him the story.

"With another blank cartridge," he said, "I would have made five pounds."



Too much of the world is run on the theory that you don't need road manners if you own a five-ton truck.



"No, dammit! I want a card like Dewey would send Gallup."

Maybe there's uranium in your backyard—and maybe you've got rocks in your head!

R E P O R T

Just Rocks, Mister!

by BARNEY SCHWARTZ

“NO uranium in it?” The hope simmered away on the man's face and his wrinkles became deep tints of disappointment. His eyes traveled slowly from the rocks he had lugged in, to the uranium tester, and then to the geologist behind the desk.

“None,” replied the geologist, saying it gently and quietly. “Not an ounce.”

“Humph!” barked the man, suddenly resentful. He scooped the gravel back into a gunny sack. “I can make more money digging ditches!” He hesitated a moment, then angrily dumped the rocks on the floor, turned on his worn heels and stomped out.

Naturally, somebody had to clean up the mess, and, since Dr. J. Charles Miller occupies the office alone, it was his task. “It's a good thing all of them aren't so ill-tempered,” says Dr. Miller philosophically.

Dr. Miller is philosophical both by nature and by necessity. He's a government geologist, and it is certainly

not by choice that he must blast away the dreams of folks who think they've discovered uranium right in their own backyards.

There are many offices like his throughout the United States, but his happens to be in the Federal Building in Los Angeles—in the state which is now commemorating the discovery of gold a hundred years ago.

Dr. Miller reflects that assayers of 1849 must have dished out some similar woe to prospectors, but not so often.

Today's sourdoughs are of different dreams and dispositions. They bring in their “atom ore” in sacks, shoe boxes, coffee cans, cookie jars and various types of pouches, large and small.

One woman came in with a purse filled with dirt and gravel. She refused to believe her “find” wasn't the real thing. Even after the stuff was tested, she still carried it in that purse. Perhaps she isn't convinced yet. It's not easy to convince people they

aren't eligible for a \$10,000 government reward plus fabulous incomes which await the lucky ones.

Another woman burst into tears when the Geiger counter registered negative.

This Geiger counter is an intricate gadget. It looks like a stethoscope, a sound box, an electric eye and a radar cabinet all in one. It's accurate. If there are any radioactive qualities in the ore, the counter lets you know by ticking. No uranium, no tick.

Dr. Miller sits there with the ear-phones on, hoping for the best just as hard as the "prospector" across the desk. But, when the results are that way, there's only one thing to do—break the sad news.

"You can't blame these folks for thinking everything black is pitchblende or everything yellow is carnotite," Dr. Miller repeats. Pitchblende is rich in uranium, and carnotite is uranium ore. "After all, uranium is a short-cut to riches. Ask the few who unearthed some in Wyoming and other states."

The government pays 30 cents per pound for uranium oxide from ore containing more than one-tenth of one per cent, and the rate graduates upward to 50 cents per pound for the radioactive metal in ore containing two-tenths of one per cent or more.

It doesn't take much ore to weigh a pound, but those prices, listed in government bulletins, are misleading if you skim over them too quickly.

Even if you did strike on the 50-cents-a-pound quality, you would get only four pounds of it from a ton of ore. Your total return from the ton would be only \$2, plus a nominal sum for transportation of it. You need acres and acres of it to get into the upper tax brackets.

That \$10,000 government reward has confused any number of people, too. It will be paid only for practically pure uranium oxide, which is 20 per cent or better per ton. And, you don't get the ten G's until the new location has yielded 20 tons. That's 40,000 pounds you've got to sweat out.

Nevertheless, there may be some uranium right in *your* backyard. But, before you dash for the shovel, remember it may be so thinly distributed that its commercial value is as low as a pre-war German mark. There's less than a pearl-in-an-oyster chance for sudden millions.

One newspaperman recently asked Dr. Miller if he thought a big strike probable from the various backyard miners who trek to his office.

The geologist smiled. "There's always a chance. And, if anybody brings in evidence of a new location eligible for the \$10,000, I'll drive him or her to the Atomic Energy Commission myself!"

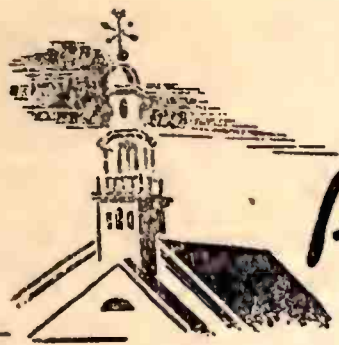
And he meant it!

See, even the guy who disappoints scores of backyard miners every week thinks there's a possibility!



The patient was lying on the stretcher, waiting to be pushed into the operating room. "I'm so nervous," he remarked to a sympathetic young nurse standing by. "This is my first operation."

"So am I," said the young lady. "My husband is the doctor and it's his first, too."



Paul Revere's Church

by BETSEY SHEIDLEY

ON April 18 in 1775, Robert Newman, young sexton of Christ Church in Boston, slid quietly down the sloping roof from the back window of his mother's house in Salem Street and dropped to the ground. From inside, the clink of glasses and the chatter of the British officers over their cards reassured him that his muffled scuffling had not been noticed, and he turned to meet his friend John Pulling, who stood waiting in the darkness.

Across the street, the steeple of the Old North Church rose in silent dignity, cutting a thin, black notch against the dusk-grey sky. With Pulling standing guard, Newman quietly drew his ring of keys and entered the darkened church. The trembling wooden steps of the belfry creaked eerily as he climbed upward past the eight huge bells, looming dumb and massive in the gloom. From the uppermost window, the town below seemed hushed—as deathly solemn as the graveyard near the summit of Copp's Hill. Off to the north, the newly-risen moon played its soft light on the black hull of the Somerset, British frigate of 64 guns, riding the tide at the mouth of the Charles.

With anxious hands, Newman lit the two double-chimneyed "lanthorns" and flashed the signal "two if by sea" across the bay to Colonel Conant and his men who stood watching and waiting. Already Paul Revere, booted and clad in his leather surtout, was rowing with muffled oars past the Somerset toward the Charlestown shore. His job well done, Robert Newman squeezed through a tiny back window of the church and returned home to lie awake in bed, wondering and hoping, while Paul Revere, guiding the fate of a nation with his reins, spurred his sweating horse toward Concord.

From that breathless night, Paul Revere's defiant ride has stood as a challenge to all Americans. And the creaking belfry tower, where Newman's lanterns flickered their warning, has become a shrine. For this year, on its 225th anniversary, the Old North Church continues to welcome thousands of visitors from all over the world.

During a normal month the busy vicar, the Reverend Charles Russell Peck, D.D., chats with natives from every state in the union, as well as visitors from such far places as China, India, Turkey, France, England, Bra-

zil or Canada. The Old North—or Christ Church, as it is officially known—is open each day from ten until four, the only public building in Boston to be open every day of the year. Friendly custodians familiar with the church's curious history are always on hand to guide sightseers from the belfry to the basement tombs. One recent year 70,000 visitors passed through the church doors.

Undoubtedly, some of the Old North's popularity is due to its imposing list of "oldests" and "firsts." Many of the sightseers who wind through Boston's crowded North End to narrow Salem Street come to satisfy their curiosity about the historical furnishings of the church. The American public delights in being told that "this is the *only* one in the country" or "this is the *oldest* in existence." Christ Church does not fail to satisfy the most avid tourist, for it abounds in superlatives.

To begin with, it is the oldest church edifice in Boston. On the 15th of April, 225 years ago, the Reverend Samuel Myles, rector of Kings Chapel, stooped to spread mortar on the cornerstone of the new Christ Church. With a booming voice he pronounced the solemn injunction, "May the gates of hell never prevail against it." By the end of that year, 1723, Master Builders Thomas Tippin and Thomas Bennet had completed an imposing 51 by 71 foot handmade brick structure, surmounted by a wooden spire 175 feet in height which towered above the shingled housetops on Copps Hill. The first congregation, mostly an overflow from crowded Kings Chapel, braved December winds to hear the

Reverend Timothy Cutler, the first rector, preach from the 7th verse of the 56th chapter of Isaiah, "For mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." From then on, a congregation of North End Bostonians crowded the pews each Sunday.

The peal of eight bells hanging below the steeple is the oldest in North America and believed by many to be the clearest-toned set in the country. The bells, cast by Abel Rudhall of Gloucester, England, were shipped to the colonies in 1744. Fifteen-year-old Paul Revere climbed the steep belfry ladder each Sunday to ring the bells. He was one of the seven young men who founded the Christ Church Guild of Bell Ringers.

Another "oldest" claimed by the Old North is its Sunday School—one of the first in North America. On June 4th, 1815, Superintendent John Cotting called the role of scholars on the first Sunday. There were 365 of them. Evidently, early Bostonian children proved to be as restless in Sunday school as those of today, for in 1825 the Proprietors found it necessary to vote that "a very great effort ought to be made to suppress the disturbances and retain the scholars." The Sunday school children were confined to the eastern end of the north gallery during services, the other end being for slaves.

The dark-faced clock which hangs below the organ pipes attracts antique seekers, for it is the oldest public clock still in use in the United States. The excellent works were fashioned by craftsman Richard Avery in 1726.

Even the high, stall-like pews, gleaming in their fresh whiteness,

claim individuality as the highest box pews in the country. The pews were restored in 1912, but the doors, hinges, and some of the paneling date from 1725. In colonial days each pew was owned by a family, the foremost citizens occupying the front positions. To preserve the memory of these early pew owners, the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames has attached a plate bearing the name of the first owner and the date of purchase to each pew door.

But there is something more than these historical curiosities which attracts visitors from all over the world. Perhaps, it is that the church as a whole is a symbol of the intangible ideals of our nation's history. In its brick walls and wooden steeple and whitewashed pews are embodied the words that the poets and pamphleteers have sung for generations—liberty, courage, steadfastness, independence. Here in this ancient church can be found a tangible contact with the vague and glorified past. Here is something which can be seen and touched, which by its own reality gives form and bulk to the shadows of history.

The church is filled with many emblems of the American struggle for independence. On June 17, 1775, General Thomas Gage, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, nervously paced the creaking floor of the steeple lookout as he watched Prescott rally the Americans at Bunker Hill across the Charles. A bust of the Revolution's greatest leader, George Washington, was presented in 1815 by Shubael Bell. It now occupies a niche at the right of the chancel covering

the window where Robert Newman made his escape from the church.



The bust portrays a strangely thin and forceful-faced Washington. "That is the man I knew," said General Lafayette when he visited the church in 1824. "It is more like him than any other portrait."

Even the prayer books commemorate the American Revolution in an odd manner. Strips of paper are crudely pasted over the prayers for the King and Royal Family. For with the change from colony to nation, the Old North shifted from Church of England to Protestant Episcopal Church of America. With the prayer books is displayed the "Vinegar Bible," presented to the church by King George II in 1733. The nickname results from a curious error by the English printer who set the letters to spell "Parable of the Vinegar" instead of "Vineyard" at the top of a page of St. Luke.

Below the floor of the church, dark aisles wind among 37 tombs. More than 1,000 persons have been buried here, including Commodore Samuel Nicholson, first commander of the beloved "Old Ironsides," the United States Frigate *Constitution*.

With typical American ingenuity and daring, an imaginative "scientist," John Childs, used the wooden steeple of the Old North as starting point for two "successful flights" to the ground on September 13, 1757—so say the

Public Records. Such a large crowd of gaping Bostonians gathered to stare as he "set off with two Pistols loaded, one of which he discharged in his Descent," that business was hindered, and he was forbidden "flying any more in the Town."

Undaunted when the steeple crashed to the ground during a nor'easter gale in 1804, the congregation determined to erect another. By 1806 Charles Bullfinch, the designer, had completed the new steeple, which rose tall above the roofs of Boston and was again the familiar landmark for incoming seamen.

Since its founding, the Old North has been visited continuously by adherents of liberty who come to receive inspiration and reassurance. Lafayette, Samuel Nicholson, James Monroe, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Franklin D. Roosevelt are among the great statesmen who have worshiped in the church. In 1872 Queen Victoria's Grenadier Guards, their uniforms a splash of scarlet against the white pews, attended services. When the United Nations was househunting in Boston, Massachusetts' Governor Tobin personally escorted the delegation, including Dr. Stoyan Gavrilovic, Under Secretary of State for Yugoslavia, and Dr. Shuhsi Hsu of China, to the Old North on an historic "pilgrimage."

Most important of all, the Old North has not been preserved as a musty relic. It is still active today,

a living, functioning church. The simple Episcopal service has been read almost without interruption for the past 225 years. Only once were the church doors closed—at the time of the Revolution because of "military necessity."

Worshippers may sit in the high pews below the arched ceiling and fluted columns, sing the old hymns, take communion from the ancient silver service, and feel contemporary with the other Americans who generation after generation have sat there before them. Many of the old members have, of course, moved away from the now heavily tenemented North End. The church is mainly supported by the sale of books, pamphlets, and postcards, and by donations from the visitors who make up most of the congregation. A small choir sings each Sunday, accompanied by an old organ built in 1759 and embellished by four wooden statuettes captured from a French vessel by an English privateer.

The church is especially busy with baptisms, marriages, and funerals, for many of the old families return to their traditional family church for these important occasions.

This December, Bostonians will flock to hear the Old North's traditional "Carol-Candlelight Evensong" held at 4 p.m. a week before Christmas.

Each Sunday the vicar posts his sermon with a cordial invitation that the congregation join him for coffee and doughnuts at the parish



house next door. This bit of hospitality began during the first World War when the church was crowded each Sunday by servicemen and women. Mrs. Henry W. Montague, wife of a Senior Warden, decided to offer refreshments to the always-hungry soldiers after the service. The practice continues to delight congregations to this day.

The Old North Church now stands in the heart of Boston's most densely populated Third Ward. Although anxious patrons recently razed some near-by buildings which hazarded fire with their rickety wooden frames, and the Beacon Hill Garden Club restored the parish gardens in 1946, the church is pressed on all sides by clustered tenements.

The Copps Hill area is crowded with Boston's foreign element—Italians, Russians, and Polish Jews. The Old North is at the end of a twisted street, swarming with bright-kerchiefed women jabbering in foreign tongues, men lounging against doorways overhung with huge circular loaves of bread and uncooked macaroni, and dark-eyed, ragged children darting among the tamale carts and honking automobiles. Many of these immigrants today, like the colonists of the days of Paul Revere, have fled from oppression to find in America freedom and opportunity. Certainly these new Americans, living today in the shadow of the Old North's ancient steeple, are a symbol of the durability of the American spirit.

Under the Swiss Navy Ensign

IT MAY surprise a lot of people to learn that the perennial supply of jokes relating to the existence of the "Swiss Navy" is no longer topical. Mountain-girt Switzerland, although it lacks seacoast and salt water ports, has had its own merchant marine service for the past eight years.

A Swiss merchant marine was established back in 1940, for service on the largest of the country's Alpine lakes. It was formed under the administration of a Federal Maritime Navigation Bureau, with headquarters at Basle. By 1942, the country had an aggregate of 50,000 tons of merchant shipping.

Recent dispatches indicate that Switzerland's merchant marine is still growing in an attempt to keep pace with a flourishing lake trade. It now consists of seven freighters and three tankers. Two more ships are at present being built in England by the Swiss Shipbuilding Company. The most recent addition to the Swiss fleet was the 9100-ton motorship, *General Guisan*, also built in England.

In deference to the always friendly people of Switzerland, our American comedians can now discard their collection of jokes anent the once non-existent Swiss navy. It really does exist—which must be a depressing thought to our domestic punsters.—*Jasper B. Sinclair.*

▲
A university is an institution which has room for 2,000 in the classroom and 50,000 in the stadium.

▲
Anybody could get rich if he could guess the exact moment a piece of junk becomes an antique.

▲
A shoulder strap is a piece of ribbon worn to keep an attraction from becoming a sensation.

Music Hath Charms

IN HIS compartment on a transcontinental express, Albert Spalding was busily practicing for his Los Angeles concert. He thought that the closed door which shut him off from his fellow passengers and the rumble of revolving wheels would keep his violin strains from disturbing anyone. But Andre Benoist, his accompanist, who sat outside, noticed one pretty girl casting angry glances toward the Spalding compartment.

"You do not care for music?" Benoist asked.

"Music!" retorted the young lady. "Do you call that infernal racket music?"

"Yes," replied Benoist. "Sounds pretty good to me."

"If there's anything more painful to an ear accustomed to good music," the disgruntled listener complained, "than inferior violin-playing, I don't know what it is. And that's the most miserable playing I have ever heard."

"Do you attend many concerts?" asked Benoist.

"Indeed I do," was the rejoinder. Pointing to an advertisement in a Los Angeles paper, she suggested: "If you really want to hear what a good violinist sounds like, I advise you to attend this concert." Benoist read the announcement of the Spalding recital.

"Did you enlighten her?" asked Spalding, when he heard of the incident.

"Indeed not!" replied Benoist. "Do you think I wanted to lose a customer?"



Two pints make one quartet.



All of us are working for the government. The trick is to get paid for it.



If women's clothes didn't change so often there would be more change in most men's.



Do You Know Your Fathers?

GEORGE WASHINGTON is known as the "Father of Our Country." And through the years, other pioneers have earned similar sobriquets. Twelve such are listed below. Proper identification of seven is passing; nine or ten, good; and as many as eleven right qualifies you as a "wise child" indeed. Answers on page 68.

- | | |
|---|---------------------------|
| 1. Father of Modern Detectives? | a. Henry Chadwick |
| 2. Father of American Finance? | b. Lee DeForest |
| 3. Father of the Automobile in America? | c. John Figg |
| 4. Father of the Detective Story? | d. Thomas Edison |
| 5. Father of Medicine? | e. Samuel Adams |
| 6. Father of the "Blues?" | f. Walter Camp |
| 7. Father of Electricity? | g. Francois Eugene Vidocq |
| 8. Father of Baseball? | h. Edgar Allan Poe |
| 9. Father of Radio? | i. Elwood Haynes |
| 10. Father of Football? | j. W. C. Handy |
| 11. Father of the American Revolution? | k. Hippocrates |
| 12. Father of Modern Boxing? | l. Alexander Hamilton |

—Joseph C. Stacey

Dead Letter



Jackpot

Every year, more than a quarter of a million dollars winds up in the government's message morgue—along with any number of less desirable items.

by BOB DOWNER

IF you've spent much time waiting for the postman lately, better give it up and get a hobby with more favorable odds, such as playing the Irish Sweepstakes, because there is a good chance that the letter you're expecting will never arrive. Over 50,000 letters that are mailed each day are never delivered.

This mail is the daily headache of the 287 Dead Letter Offices throughout the country, where detoured mail is big business. In the harvest of over 18,000,000 lost letters a year, 30 per cent have enclosures, averaging \$200,000 in money and \$180,000 in goods.

At the Dead Letter Offices, the letters are classified as Misdirected, Held for Postage, Hotel, Fraudulent, or Unaddressed. The "Unaddressed" classification is no gag—about 700 letters are mailed every day in blank envelopes with absolutely no addresses.

Addressees are notified if postage is required on the mail. But, if addressees can't be found or are in illegal or fraudulent businesses, letters are returned to the senders. If the sender hasn't put his name on the envelope, postal employees open the

letter, but Uncle Sam says no peeking! They may read anything down to "Dear Mamie," and anything after "Love and kisses," but they are forbidden to read the body of the letter itself. Even if the letter proves a criminal's guilt, it is illegal to read the letter and therefore impossible to convict any criminal on the basis of a letter that winds up in the Dead Letter Office.

When the employees find the sender's address, they put the letter and its envelope inside a large government envelope, and it is returned to the sender for a fee of five cents, which he pays on delivery.

If the letter can't be returned, it is destroyed unless it contains something valuable or is registered. In those cases, a record is made of it, and it is held for six months.

Working in one of the country's 13 Dead Parcel Post Offices is neither a boring nor a safe job. Since the Dead Letter system was established in 1777 (with the appointment of an Inspector of Dead Letters at a salary of \$100 a year), practically everything imaginable has wound up at a Dead Letter Office, including

every part of the human body. Many an employee has been injured or maimed in opening boxes of snakes, explosives, weapons or similar knick-knacks.

Packages go through the same process as letters to find their owners, except that a note is sent to the sender if postage is required. Insured and C.O.D. parcels are held for a year to give the senders a chance to claim them.

Smudged addresses account for many undelivered packages. Several years ago, the ashes of a Japanese who had lived in America were sent back to his birthplace in Japan. On the way, the address was smeared, so the ashes were returned to the sender in this country for readdressing. But, on the way back, the return address was smeared, too. The Japanese may

be with his ancestors in spirit, but his ashes aren't.

Goods that aren't claimed are sold at open auction, with the proceeds going to the Treasury, but the auction is pretty tame compared to two past features of the Post Office.

One was a semi-annual sight-unseen Dead Letter sale. It's on the records that a woman bought a set of false teeth at one of these, while a man with a normal head of hair unexpectedly got a wig.

The other feature was a museum in which were displayed unusual things that found a final home in the United States mails. Among the grinning skulls and other oddities, there was plenty of proof, for a nation that takes its postal system for granted, that anything can happen in the Dead Letter Office.



If you think the words "night" and "evening" have the same meaning, note the different effect they have on a gown!



Why worry because your hair is falling out? Suppose it ached and had to be pulled out like your teeth?



A school teacher told her pupils to listen to their parents and upon hearing a new word to look it up in the dictionary and write a sentence, using the word properly.

The next day she asked Johnny for his word. He replied he had heard the word "pregnant," and the definition was "to carry a child." The teacher asked, "Have you a sentence using it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied. "The fireman climbed a ladder into the burning building and came down pregnant."



Girl: Always one of three things—hungry, thirsty or both.



A young husband who agreed to buy a vacuum cleaner was disturbed when he discovered that his wife had ordered the de luxe model instead of the standard.

"But, dear," his wife explained, "it won't cost any more. All we have to do is pay a little longer."

A rejuvenated orchestra is bringing new thrills to millions.

MUSIC

in the Air!

by NELSON DONNE

WHEN the stocky, round-faced conductor strode onto the Music Hall stage for the first concert of the 1948-49 season, the full-house audience politely clapped—and waited.

Much had been heard of this new man: glowing phrases following his summer series with the New York Symphony; amazement at his three successive and record-establishing engagements as guest conductor of the NBC Symphony; praise for development of the Fort Wayne orchestra under his leadership.

Yet, perhaps because of the impressive reputation which preceded him, the Kansas City audience was tensely critical that opening October night. They watched Hans Schwieger with careful interest as he planted his feet in a precise 45-degree angle, lifted his hands, and began the simple, dynamic movements which make his conducting technique strikingly effective.

Before the orchestra was well into the first number, the audience relaxed. And when Schwieger, who conducts without baton and without score, brought the concert to a trium-

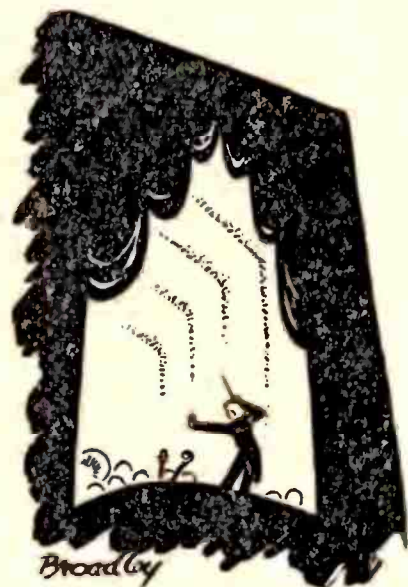
phant end with cymbals crashing the closing strains of Liszt's *Les Preludes*, the audience exploded into a fervent and sustained ovation. Their expectations, and even their hopes, had been generously fulfilled.

Ever since, there's been boasting in Kansas City when the conversation turns to music.

To Schwieger, the acclaim was gratifying but hardly surprising. The 42-year-old German-born conductor has had a brilliant career which has never been diverted by adversity, although often punctuated by it.

His father opposed a musical career for Hans, but the boy managed to study music and philosophy secretly at the Universities of Cologne and Bonn. At 17, he was awarded an assistant conductorship of the Berlin State Opera; and at 25 he was the youngest German ever to attain the title of "Musikdirektor." He held appointments as general musical director of Augsburg, Mainz and Danzig, which led eventually to attainment of Germany's most prized musical plum, conductorship of the Berlin State Opera.

As the Nazi regime tightened in



the early 30's, Schwieger began to be harassed because of his Jewish wife. In 1936, he went to Tokyo, and thence to the United States. His wife joined him in New York, but later died there; and during the war Schwieger was interned as an alien for more than a year.

For the past four years, Schwieger (now an American citizen) has attracted favorable comment with the Fort Wayne Philharmonic Orchestra, which he organized. He married a Fort Wayne girl, Mary Fitzpatrick Shields, last August.

This year, for the first time in the history of the 16-year-old Philharmonic, all regular concerts are being broadcast in their entirety. Sponsored by the Kansas City Southern Lines, the Tuesday evening subscription concerts from the Music Hall are aired over radio station WHB, reaching more than three and a quarter million people over a five-state area.

The current season finds 33 new faces in the Philharmonic, including a new concertmaster, Thruston Johnson. Mr. Johnson was a member of

the Kansas City Philharmonic from 1935 until 1942, and was this year reclaimed from the Chicago Symphony. Four new instruments have been added, increasing the number of members under full contract to 77—of which 18 are women. Extra musicians, such as special percussionists, are needed for most concerts, so the size of the orchestra often reaches 80 to 85 members.

Interest in the regular subscription series is heightened by the appearance of guest artists, and this year's schedule includes William Kapell, Blanche Thebom, Maryla Jonas, Isaac Stern, Benno Moiseiwitsch, Seymour Lipkin and Zeno Francescatti.

But as energetic young Richard Wangerin, business manager of the Philharmonic, points out, the greatest opportunity to proselyte music-lovers lies in the radio broadcasts. "We send music to the home," he says, "where it reaches the young, the old, the tired, shut-ins—everyone. That music is kindling an interest which will repay us all, many times over."

Swing's Picture Story begins with the signing of a contract. Standing are Don Davis, president of radio station WHB, which broadcasts in its entirety each Tuesday evening subscription concert of the Kansas City Philharmonic; and Richard Wangerin, business manager of the orchestra. Seated are J. M. Prickett, vice-president of the Kansas City Southern Lines, sponsors of the show; and Hans Schwieger, conductor. The photographs follow Mr. Schwieger through rehearsals and concert to the air check, which orchestra members hear the day following each performance.



Swing Centerpiece for December is Greer Garson, now appearing in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedy, *Julia Misbehaves*.

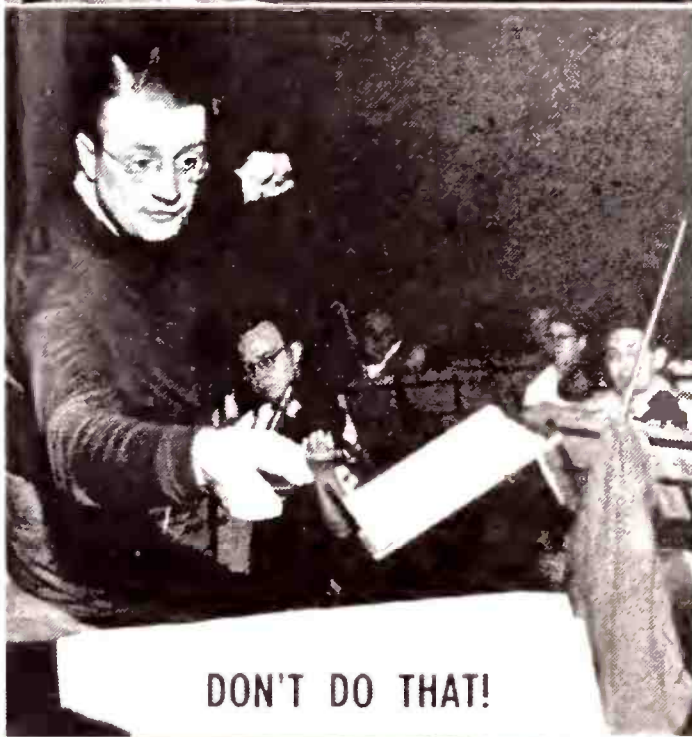
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THE CONTRACT



HIT IT BOYS!



DON'T DO THAT!



ISS VERY GOOD



OPENING NIGHT



IT COMES OUT HERE







. . . *presenting* E. M. DODDS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

THE rotund and cheerful snowman, who makes his annual debut before shivering wintertime admirers sometime in December, never fails to bring a smile of quiet complacency to the lips of E. M. Dodds. For that same snowman is Mr. Dodds' trademark, emblem of a far-flung, multi-million dollar business, and he knows that every snow statue in yard or public park will call to the minds of produce men, meat packers, fruit and vegetable growers the services that his organization, the United States Cold Storage Company, stands ready to provide.

For a time, the USCSC employed a penguin as its registered mark, but the bird was abandoned on the grounds that there aren't enough penguins around to offer much in the way of free publicity. "Besides," Dodds points out, "the penguin is pretty formal. Even with broomstick arms and an icicle on his nose, a snowman manages to look friendly."

There are no less than three snowmen in Dodds' spacious office on the sixth floor of the USCSC Kansas City plant. One of them is encased in a glass paperweight which simulates a snow storm when shaken. "These things are hard to find," Dodds says. "I'd like to buy a lot of them to send out to the trade. But I can't seem to locate enough of them."

Keeping the snowmen company in the big room are a fireplace, Hereford rug, directors' table, two bookcases, two laden but uncluttered desks (one of them roll-top), many chairs, a Royal Crown Cola cooler, two telephones, large photographs of the Dodds family, and a number of framed certificates attesting Mr. Dodds' leadership in civic affairs.

Few Kansas Citians have devoted as much time as he to the welfare of the community. Mr. Dodds is vice president of the American Royal Association, in charge of subscriptions and admissions. He has been a director of the Royal for 15 years. He helped organize the Saddle and Sirloin Club, and was its second president. He has been a Chamber of Commerce director; served five years on the City Planning Commission and two years on the Police Commission. As president of the Market District Association, a post he held five years, he was almost solely responsible for the establishment of the Kansas City produce terminal, the joint venture of four railroads.

He began as a solicitor for the Community Chest in 1923, and for 20 years worked through all phases of the annual charity fund campaign. In 1943 he was general director of the War Chest.

During the war, he became a refrigeration consultant for the War Department, and still serves in that capacity. In addition, his most recent public duty makes him a key man in the United States industrial mobilization plan, for when the Kansas City chapter of the Quartermaster's Association was organized last spring, Ted Dodds was installed as president.

Mr. Dodds, who uses "Ted" in preference to his given names of Eugene Maxwell, has always managed a fairly even division of time among his family, business, recreational and civic activities.

Lately, however, family has been edging to the fore, mostly because of Camilla, a young lady just seeing her second Christmas. The daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. J. C. Williams, Camilla lives in Denver, where her doctor daddy is stationed at the Army's Fitzsimmons Hospital. Camilla's mother is the former Jeanne Dodds, an only child; but Jeanne never received the wealth of attention from her parents that Camilla gets. Mrs. Dodds, traveling to Denver to supervise Camilla's Thanksgiving holiday, summed it up to a friend. "I'm bad enough on the subject of this child, but Ted has gone absolutely silly over her—even though he was always rather stand-offish with children before. Nothing that friends who are grandparents ever told us prepared me for his reaction."

In his granddaughter, Ted Dodds feels he has found the ideal photographic model. Dodds is an avid and extremely scientific amateur photographer. He owns an awesome amount of photographic equipment, and has

more knowledge of the subject than many professionals. So far, he has exposed Camilla to every known photographic medium, including colored stereoscopic slides, his favorite.

He has been taking movies of his family for 21 years, for the past 11 of them, in color. His cinema-making began when Jeanne was seven years old. Her knees were the largest part of her legs, and she wore braces on the teeth she hadn't lost yet. Seeing the pictures recently, the now petite and comely Jeanne asked, "Why in the world you didn't throw me back?"

"Thought about it," her father admitted, "but I figured you'd jell all right."

Mrs. Dodds used to work at photography with her husband, but her interest diminished as his grew more technical. He experiments constantly, taking the same picture over and over again with different lighting, settings, or lenses. She estimates that she has watched him photograph the Kansas City Union Station from the base of the Liberty Memorial several hundred times.

The Doddses were married in Chicago in December of 1918, just a few weeks after the Armistice and two weeks before Dodds resigned his captaincy in the Army engineering corps for civilian life. "We had a few Liberty Bonds," Mrs. Dodds recalls, "and a large trunk filled with fancy boots and officer's uniforms. When we got our first apartment, I spent a lot of time shopping for 25-cent-a-yard material."

Before the war, Dodds had been successively an engineering student at the University of Idaho, a field engi-

neer on a mining job in Mexico, time-keeper for a contractor, and a construction superintendent. While honeymooning in Washington, he met his last employer, H. E. Poronto of the Central Manufacturing District, and decided to go back to work for him. The Central Manufacturing District had built the world's largest cold storage plant in Chicago for the War Department. But the war had ended and the government decided it didn't want a cold storage plant after all. So Mr. Poronto and his associates decided they'd better operate the plant until they could find a buyer to take it off their hands.

Dodds was instructed to find someone to run the business for them, and to stick around in the capacity of an assistant to keep an eye on him. That gave Dodds the unusual opportunity of choosing his own boss. He selected a young man named G. D. Allman, recommended him, and has been working for him ever since.

Today, Allman is president of the United States Cold Storage Corporation, which hold the four USCS Companies and their various subsidiaries. Dodds is executive vice president of the holding company, vice president of the USCSC of Chicago and USCSC of Detroit, and president of the companies in Kansas City and Dallas.

His Kansas City company is in both the fur storage and ice business; owns the Royal Crown Bottling Company of Kansas City and the Tranin Egg Products Company. This last organization processes both cold storage and dried eggs, and manufactures 25 per

cent of the albumin produced in the United States.

"We've got 300 women cracking eggs," says Dodds, "eight hours a day. Damnedest way to make a living you've ever seen!"

The United States Cold Storage Corporation isn't big as some businesses go, but it is the biggest in the cold storage business. And the Chicago plant is still the world's largest.

In 1929, Mr. Poronto was in Dodds' office. "Ted," he said, "we've decided to give you a raise, effective the first of January." As he revealed the amount of the salary increase, Dodds smiled. From a desk drawer, he withdrew a large graph headed, "E. M. Dodds—Predicated Personal Income." Years ran across the top of the chart, beginning with 1919, and



OUR BACK COVER is St. Peter's Cathedral in Vatican City, Rome. (Kodachrome courtesy of Trans World Airlines.)

the vertical column was annual income in thousands of dollars.

"I drew this up when I got out of the Army ten years ago," Dodds confessed, "so I'd have something to shoot at. Let me show you something."

And as Poronto looked on in amazement, Dodds traced the steadily mounting line of the graph to January 1, 1930, then pointed to the left-hand column. To the dollar, the figure coincided with his newly-raised salary.

The graph worked well for quite a time, but eventually the income line ran off the paper. That didn't surprise Dodds' associates, because the young man who set up "something to shoot at" also provided himself with ammunition. He added great facility at accounting to his engineering knowledge and organizational ability, and was able to carry out several important and highly specialized missions in the broad industrial dominion of the Central Manufacturing District. One of his early assignments involved marine architecture; another, auditing; another, petroleum; several, construction. He once worked two and a half years on a project which netted the District a profit of many million dollars.

According to Dodds, his best friend is the Monroe Calculator which sits on his office desk within easy reach. He is currently engaged in a study of cycles, in an attempt to find some method of forecasting demand for cold storage facilities—even if only by three months. He has charted percentage of plant occupancy against the yield per acre of 10 fruits and 28 crops, against general business activity, and against rainfall in the Kansas

City area. He has employed a number of combinations in his graphs, using three year moving averages and three year, twelve section moving averages. Up until now, no plausible parallels have turned up, but he's still hoping.

Dodds has a vast filing system. He is meticulous in a way that is not objectionable to people whose lives are less well ordered. Friends say that he is intensely loyal and, if anything, fair to a fault.

His vocabulary is excellent, probably stemming from his voracious reading habits. Kenneth Roberts is his favorite novelist, and he claims to read every word of every issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*. If he's having a late snack in the kitchen and there are no books or periodicals handy, he scans cereal boxes and the labels on canned goods. But he detests long-hand, and usually reneges on reading manuscript correspondence. "You've read it," he tells Mrs. Dodds. "Just give me an outline."

Everyone who knows Ted Dodds is impressed by his keen mind, and his ability to absorb and retain statistics. His memory for faces, however, is not good, and very often he must call Mrs. Dodds to his aid. "Betty," he whispers, "that woman in the black hat with the feather . . . don't I know her?"

"You sat next to her at the dinner party last night," Mrs. Dodds tells him, "and bragged afterwards about the whirl the two of you had!"

There is much of the stoic in his make-up. Nineteen years ago he was inspecting a construction job when a brick fell six stories to crack his

(Continued on page 48)

How Firm A Foundation!



by LYNNE SVEC

A GOOD example is a powerful thing. Take, for instance, Lana Turner, who happened to look cozy keeping warm in a sweater. And boom!—the brassiere business rocketed 500 per cent, following on the heels of the sweater girl craze.

Such occurrences (both Lana and the bra boom) tend to make an otherwise conservative group of men turn handsprings. They are the members of the corset and brassiere industry in America. Any bid for male attention in general affects these gentlemen in particular. They are "curve controllers," and they perk up whenever necklines plunge floorward, waistlines dent deliriously, or hips form a softly-molded arc. The corset coterie is only too happy to please the eye with its multitudinous pink, blue and black lace and lastex understatements.

Talk about style and sylph-like forms all you like, here is a segment of America that knows for sure seein' ain't believin'. Without a foundation to help them along, women just aren't what they're cracked up to be, whether sporting a basement buy or a Mainbocher original.

Foundation designers make it their business to remedy any evidence of nature having gone astray. As one of

them said recently, "We give women more of what they want where they need it, and less of what they've got where they don't need it."

The ideal dimensions you'd find listed on a Conover chart—bust, 34"; waist, 24"; hips, 34"—do not coincide with the measurements of typical Miss or Mrs. America. A recent survey by the Corset and Brassiere Association of America bares the truth, that the average woman is plump as a pullet. She's 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 133 pounds, her bust measures 35½ inches, her waist, 29 inches, and her hips have a circumference of 38 inches.

The results of the survey also prove that the girl with the hoe is broader than her city slicker sister, but not so tall. Women with money are slimmer than those without it.

Womankind might as well know what the future holds, while we're about it. Listen to this prognosis by a leading Washington anthropometrist, who says: "Woman's waist is increasing in girth, since the demise of the iron-bound corset. Her hips have been growing narrower as to bone structure but she's putting on enough extra flesh to make for an increase in hip girth."

The passage of years has seen quite a number of changes made in figures. If you've an attic handy, just try to get into a dress that your grandmother wore! Chances are, you won't be able to do it. The waistline will be too tiny and too high for you; the blouse, too tight; and the skirt will stop you in your tracks. The only thing that you and granny would have in common is shoulders: they measure about the same.

The whalebone corsets of yore didn't give bodies a chance to develop. What contributed to woman's emancipation was a freer style of dress, increased interest in sports, better and more abundant food and a faster pace of living.

History records that for more than 2,000 years women have been inventing—or urging the men to invent—garments intended to improve the feminine form. Milady clanked when she boasted the latest in corsetry in Queen Elizabeth's time. Her garment was fabricated from thin steel plate, made in opposing sections that were hinged on one side and secured by a sort of hasp and pin arrangement which was forced shut by a system of levers.

Maybe she could breathe and maybe she couldn't, but she had a diminutive waistline for her trouble. That was the standard of fashionable elegance in those days.

It took a lot of pull to be a glamour girl in the 1870's, when every woman's goal was to have a waist small enough to be circled by a man's hands. A corset with strings attached, tugged to the right breathtaking degree, produced an 18-to-20 inch waistline. And

there you had an hour-glass figure, by golly.

After World War I, women became completely "emancipated." They threw away their corsets and adopted the debutante slouch—a careless flat-chested and round-shouldered posture. While the early 1920's are known as the "corsetless era," the foundation industry's gross annual income remained stable in the twenties at around \$76,000,000. Apparently young girls were suited by nature to the boyish form and therefore needed no corsets. And they bought no corsets. Yet the high price levels of the war years and the twenties neutralized the effect of falling unit sales with higher unit prices. And then, of course, there were those ladies "as had a figger of their own" which had to be toned down. So they wore foundation garments in the form of constrictive bandages. The figures of literally millions of women were wrecked by that temporary insanity, and some are still paying for it.

Right now, most manufacturers make nothing smaller than 24-inch



garments, which incidentally, are for the slenderest of women. Even with Christian Dior plumping for a

clinched-in waist, corset styles are not extreme. Women nowadays cry for, and get, comfort.

Belles of today are willing to pay, and they did in 1948—\$425,000,000 for the girdles, bras and corsets that “do things for them.” Eighty-five per cent of all American ladyfolk look to their foundation garments for prettier figure ins and outs.

Such demand for underniceties ups production, naturally. The brassiere output has quadrupled since 1927, increasing from 25,000,000 to about 100,000,000 a year; while the manufacture of corsets, girdles, all-in-ones and garter belts has more than doubled, climbing from 18,500,000 to 41,000,000 over the last 20 years. Over five million sets of “falsies” are sold annually, indicating a determined quest for the curved silhouette.

Approximately 300 companies create corsets, employing more than 17,800 persons, predominantly women. Fifty per cent of the industry is concentrated in the New York area, while other large manufacturing centers are located in New England, Michigan, Illinois and California.

A modified assembly line method is employed in the United States, with about 30 women working on one garment. A good girdle made in America

sells for \$5 to \$12.50 and up. In Europe, on the other hand, an individually-tailored model goes on the block at a cool \$250.

Before a customer has a chance to ogle a frilly, curve-promising number and say “I want,” every corset style has its “test hop.” Whereas newly-designed corsets were once fitted to unfeeling tailor’s dummies, today they are tried out on live models. First the garment is fitted as nearly perfectly as possible to the contours of the model. Then she sits, bends, walks and flexes her muscles. As she goes through her paces, expert fitters check length, tightness and smoothness in all positions of the torso. The model reports any corset boner, so the corsetiere can mend its ways.

Then, for six weeks a “trial run” is made. The model, or the corsetiere herself, braves subway crowds, dances, does housework, skis or does her daily dozen while wearing the corset. Again, the garment is inspected, laundry tests are made and, if everything is satisfactory, it’s well on its way to swathing a paying customer.

As things stand now, the “paying customers” could form a line to girdle the globe many, many times. And come to think of it, the globe needs it, too.



Among the war time shortages that have been overcome is that of diapers. The *Journal of Commerce* has just reported that the diaper makers have overshot the mark and produced a surplus. Suggestions are now doubtless in order for:

Increasing the birth rate.

Making diapers into screens for home movies.

Using them as cloths for those little tables in nightclubs.

Letting heroines of cowboy movies wave them instead of handkerchiefs as the hero ends the picture by riding away into the sun.—*New Republic*.



"I thought only good little girls got presents at Christmas."

"One tongue, one world," say Esperantists. And they keep working.

Is This the



World Language ?

by RAMON FORRESTER

A CLERK in a Manhattan department store sports a green, five-pointed star in his buttonhole. His fellow employees mistakenly think it's a lodge pin. That's because customers from foreign lands stroll in, spy the button, and fall upon the clerk like a long-lost brother.

Actually, the button signifies that the wearer speaks Esperanto, the world's most popular and longest-lived manufactured language, which is ardently espoused and spoken by 2,000,000 adherents in 61 countries.

There's nothing peculiar or neurotic about Esperantists. A prominent Chicago lawyer is one; so is a famed Boston doctor. Teachers, housewives, scholars, writers, sailors and clergymen are found within the Esperanto fold.

In Holland, many Dutch policemen wear armbands which read: "Esperantist." Though Dutch might be meaningless to him, the traveler who knows Esperanto realizes he can engage the policemen in immediate fraternal conversation.

Before Pearl Harbor, the canny Japanese were quick to scent the propaganda opportunities in the growing Esperanto movement. Some of

their fifth columnists came to the United States, ostensibly as Esperanto scholars. They really were special pleaders for Nippon's cause, but our own Esperanto clubs coldly gave them the brush-off.

Father of the trend toward a world language, which people of any race or climate could learn in a short time, was a hungry Polish urchin named Ludoviko Zamenhof. At the age of 12, while his friends were scrounging for bread and stealing, Ludoviko studied endlessly in libraries, to become fascinated by the multitude and complexities of languages.

"Why can't there be a single tongue which everybody can understand?" he asked. "Then the cause of wars might disappear because everybody in the world would be able to understand everybody else!"

"Invent such a language, fool!" scoffed his father, cuffing him smartly. Young Zamenhof did exactly that. After becoming a prominent eye specialist, he spent years inventing and perfecting his new tongue and introduced his first "grammar" to the world in 1887.

It was simplicity itself. There were only 16 simple rules and 3,500 root

words. The language today is pretty much as Zamenhof devised it. Modern Esperantists hold "Zammy" in reverence and proudly display his picture at club meetings.

By now, there have been 4,000 books written in Esperanto and more than 100 magazines printed in this coined tongue are issued regularly. The Bible always has been the best-seller in Esperanto book shops, more than 1,000,000 copies having been bought.

Now the Esperanto fans are planning regional and international conferences again, after being stymied during the war years. At Esperanto conclaves before the war, as many as 5,000 Esperantists would gather, jabbering away in the lingo which would give any etymologist the shakes.

The old League of Nations favored teaching Esperanto as a peace measure in the schools of the world. So far, the United Nations hasn't done anything about fostering this global tongue, but Esperantists at Lake Success keep buttonholing foreign dignitaries and pleading their cause.

Blind people in Sweden are turning to Esperanto books printed in Braille. They report that the coined language is easier to understand through the fingertips than is their native tongue!

In 1925, Esperanto got a real shot in the arm when the International Telegraphic Union—after much obstinacy—officially declared it to be a "clear language" acceptable for transmission over the Union's facilities.

The Vatican also has given a friendly nod to Esperantists and has taught many missionaries this artificial language. In the Amazon jungles, a mis-

sionary chanced upon a tribe of hostile natives and was pinioned to a tree. Finally, after trying several native dialects without success, he said a few last words in Esperanto.

The native head man looked startled and answered in the same tongue. Then the white man spoke, "Mi estas fremduloj in via lando, sed kiel esperantistoj ni estas samideanoj tutmonde!" (I am a stranger in your land, but as Esperantists we are followers of the same idea throughout the world.)

After that, the going was easy and the white priest was treated as an honored guest by the tribe. He discovered that another missionary 20 years earlier had trained the native chieftain in the simple Zamenhof tongue.

TEACHERS of Esperanto are at work in Papua, Australia, Iceland, China, Madagascar, France, Poland, Spain, Palestine and Sweden. Thousands of Esperantists exchange letters with fellow fans throughout the world. Intense nationalistic feelings and racial hatreds have been watered down by the Esperantists, who have discovered that human beings are pretty much alike.

Leader of the Esperanto clan in the United States is Dr. A. P. Anthony of Chicago, director of the International Language Foundation. He says it's the world's easiest tongue to learn. Some zealots claim to have mastered the grammar book in 30 minutes. Even the cautious Encyclopedia Britannica says, "Esperanto has literary power, beauty, precision, flexibility and power of growth."

Dr. Anthony says Amen to that. He well knows the powers of Esperanto. An indefatigable traveler, he was once embroiled in a riot in a Persian village and thought his end had come when soldiers who arrested him became ugly.

"But their captain wore the Esperantist emblem on his uniform,"

says Dr. Anthony. "I introduced myself in the universal Esperanto tongue and the effect was instantaneous. Not only was I released, but the captain rounded up 20 Esperanto-speaking big-wigs of the area, who gave a wonderful dinner party for me. With all of us talking the same language, it made the Good Neighbor policy an actuality."



"...and we'll raise little fur coats with pockets in them..."

Winged Horses — 1948 Version

PEGASUS, the winged horse of ancient Greek mythology, would have to take a handicap from today's modern race horses.

And not at the racetrack, either.

Today's horses fly the Atlantic easily and swiftly—at speeds upwards of 200 miles per hour, a good deal better than Pegasus could have done.

Ten yearlings sired by famous French race horses recently flew the Atlantic on Trans World Airline's all-cargo Skymasters between Paris and New York. The shipments, in two lots of five each, were consigned to the Elray Farms at Kingsville, Maryland. The horses were bought from a French farm near Tours by L. Stanley Kahn of New York.

The animals arrived in good condition. They made the flight in specially-built, collapsible, portable stalls devised by TWA for such shipments. A French groom and a TWA flight attendant cared for the horses in transit.



A teacher asked the class to name the various states of the United States. One child responded so promptly and accurately as to bring forth this comment from the teacher, "You did very well—I don't think I could have got them all, when I was your age."

"Yes you could," responded the child consolingly. "There were only 13 then."



Man of the Month [Continued from page 40]

ankle. Severe complications followed the break. Dodds traveled all over the country in a wheel chair and on crutches, but he never missed an appointment and, although the pain was often intense, he never complained. The injury is still a source of considerable discomfort, often confining him to his home.

The Dodds home is large. It is filled with carved furniture—mostly English, some French—which is also large. Proportionately, the biggest piece in the house is a tremendous hand-carved coffee table which Dodds had built to his own specifications, supervising its construction through many months. He has always taken an active interest in the selection of furniture and draperies.

The library was Ted's private domain until his desks, tripods, lights, cameras, tape recorder, phonograph records and other assorted contrivances spilled out into the entrance hall. Then he took over the sun room. That was only about a year ago, but already he's looking for another, larger, room to hold his ever-growing pile of gadgets.

Recently, it occurred to Mrs. Dodds that her husband's hobbies must be expensive. "I'd like to see your bills from camera shops for just one month," she told him. "I'll bet they're terrific."

Ted Dodds just smiled. "You would find," he replied, "that photography costs less than blondes."

The subject has not been discussed since.

the CHALLENGE

by GEORGE STATLER

“I THINK I see him, Pop!” cried the boy. He stood looking anxiously through the big front window of the farmhouse, straining his eyes to see the length of the winding lane and where it struck the main road at the mailbox.

“Do you, now?” The man’s voice was steady. But his brown hand gripped the mantel, hard. Knuckles stood out, fingers whitened under the nails. “Come away from that window, Corley,” he said. “Bick Judson will be here soon enough.” He looked around the big room, the pot-bellied stove, the framed mottoes on the wall, the antique furniture. The tired woman’s picture over the easy chair. “Corley,” he said.

“Yeah, Pop?”

“Come here.”

Reluctantly, the boy pushed the hair from his eyes and left the window to stand before his father. He stood erect. His wide eyes were unafraid.

“Now, tell me again just what Bick Judson said.” The man’s voice was careful. “Tell me real straight, Corley.”

“Well—.” He scuffed a toe against the rag rug, forming his words. “Tige and me was passing Judson’s farm,” he said finally. “I was tossing a stick

for Tige. Judson seen us. He come out, acussin’ and wavin’ his arms. Folks say he killed a man oncet with his fists and his ugly temper—”

“Stick to the point. Why was he acussin’, now?”

“Said Tige dug in his garden. Said he tole you if Tige ever come near his place again he was gonna kill Tige. He said that, Pop! He said—”

“Wait. Don’t ruffle your feathers.” The gray-haired man forced a tight smile. He gazed at the skinny boy, then let his eyes drift to the window. His fingers drummed on the mantel. “What did you say to him?” he asked.

“The honest truth, Pop. Told him Tige done no sech a thing.” He looked at the floor. “Called me a liar.” When he looked up, his face was red under the freckles, his eyes blazing. “You know I ain’t a liar, Pop!” he cried hotly. “You always taught me to tell the truth, no matter what, and not to be ascarded. Ain’t I always been that way, Pop? Ain’t I?”

“That’s right, Corley,” said the man. “Now, tell me true—you *sure* for certain your dog didn’t dig in Bick Judson’s garden? You watch him every minute?”

“N-not every single minute, I reckon,” faltered the boy. “But—”

"Then, without you knowin' it, Tige could've done it?"

"Y-yes." He gulped, and dug his fists deep into his overalls.

"Well, you been truthful and you been brave." The father smiled. "You couldn't no way help what came up. It was bound to happen, with a mean man like that for a neighbor. Neighbor!" Briefly, anger showed in the patient eyes.

"Pop," ventured the boy. "He said somethin' else—"

"Maybe," the father interrupted, as though thinking out loud, "this is what I told you might pop up some day and you'd have to handle it." *Maybe, he thought, this is it, the challenge that will change you from boy to man.* "Corley, don't feel bad."

"I—I don't know. That feller, he don't fool around—"

"Just be like I tole you. Have courage. Face him. Even though down deep you want to turn and run," said the man.

"Maybe you ain't ascares of him like I am, Pop!"

"I know what fear is, Corley. Lord knows I felt it often enough. That's why I taught you never to let it lick you." He put a rough, scarred hand on his son's shoulder.

"I know. I always faced things, Pop. But—but this is some different." The boy gulped. "Bick Judson, he said he's usin' this chance to come after you!" he blurted. "He's despised you nigh onto ten year, he said, and he's comin' to knock your head off—he said that!"

"Wha-at?" His jaw slackened, and the father stared at his tow-headed, thin-shouldered boy, nervously finger-

ing an overall strap. "Look at me!" he said roughly. "You sure, did you hear right?"

"Honest—honest injun!" Wide-eyed, he gaped at the old, tired man, the gray eyes sunk in circles of wrinkles in a sunburned face. The shoulders sagged, and the father turned his back. He rubbed his knuckles together. He was silent.

"What are you going to do?" asked the boy. "Light out?"

The man turned, his face stern. "Light out?" he said.

"Sure! You got time!" Eagerly, the boy watched his father. "You can git, and when Judson comes I'll tell him you gone I don't know where and you ain't aimin' to come back. Don't let him git holt of you, Pop!" The young face begged. He clutched the father's faded shirt, pleading with him.

The old man pondered. It would be easy, all right. Just skin out the back door and over the hill into town and he'd be safe as a mouse in church. There was still time. Only a ignoramus and a darned fool would wait around to get beaten up by a bigger man. Such as Bick Judson. All because of a dumb little mutt that didn't have sense enough to stay where he ought.

Angrily, he glared at Tige, huddled like a dirty white mop in the corner, looking guilty and miserable. The short tail wagged uncertainly, and the man had to smile.

He remembered, he'd given the pup to Corley for telling the truth. The grain shed door had been left open one November night and six sacks of precious feed had got soaked. Ruined.

Corley owned up to the deed, though his face was like slaked lime and his lip trembled. He didn't have to. The lock was rusty, the jamb was no account. It could have been an accident. But Corley owned to it. So he got the dog he'd always wanted.

For ten years he'd dodged Bick Judson after what happened at a dance. They'd been wild youngsters, hot words, the usual little brawl. Bick had licked him and vowed to do a real good job next time. Since then, the fear had grown inside of him with every thought of that cruel, scragged face and those powerful meat-hook hands. Now was the time, if he was any way honest, to confess his sick fear to Corley. This fear and this waiting were something a feller had to let out or he'd bust—and who else could he tell but Corley? The boy was old enough to understand. He'd know sure enough there were times—such as this—when teachings had to be forgot when your own skin was in danger.

He saw Corley's eyes cloud. Could he guess what his father was thinking? Had he already begun to lose respect? Respect . . . that was something the old man came to regard as more precious than money or crops or the land, through the years. The respect of the only human being in the world who looked up to him.

And so another fear crept up and up—the fear of loss. If Corley discovered what a coward his father had been all these years—what then? The

man choked a little sound in his throat, and turned again to the window. Then he saw the hulking form turn into the lane and approach the house. Bick Judson.

"Reckon I ain't no scary rabbit," he drawled. Fondly, he rumbled the boy's unruly hair. "I'll stay and hear what Judson's got to say."

"Don't, Pop! Please, don't!" Tears came to Corley's eyes. His face screwed into grief.

"And when he comes," the man went on in his deep, quiet voice, "you tell the truth, no matter what. Tell the true facts. Hear?"

"If I do, he'll beat you! He'll beat you!" Corley started to cry in short, dry sobs, trying to hold it back.

"Look at me." The father cupped his strong hand under the boy's chin and raised it. Under the gaze of the calm, sure eyes, the young face lost some of its grief. "Now, we're both goin' to be real brave, ain't we, Corley?"

The tow head nodded. He sniffled, and wiped his nose with his clean, worn sleeve.

"All right." The man straightened. Deliberately he stepped to the door and swung it open. He watched Bick Judson come. He set his jaw and waited, and he wished his palms wouldn't get so slick.

"Reckon I forgot," he muttered. "I forgot it wasn't jest Corley needed a challenge to make a man of him."

Lord, Bick Judson sure looked big!



We don't ever recall having heard the expression, "Well, that's human nature," used with a complimentary connotation.

The Swing WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The "little people" of Germany are still strangers to most Americans, who often wonder what the Germans are doing, thinking and saying. But from a few persons in Europe have come letters to American citizens describing more vividly than any newspaper or magazine article the situation that now exists on the Continent. It is from many of these personal letters that the material for this account has been gathered.

German sentiment, which used to be strongly anti-American, has changed greatly in the past six months. Today the people of Germany are clinging to the hope that the Americans will continue their occupation. Why the change? The answer is simple. It has been only within the last half year that the Soviets have let their true intentions regarding the peoples of Europe, and more specifically the German people, be known. The realization of what the Soviets actually are trying to do has turned German hearts stone cold. Consequently, hopes have shifted toward America.

Hundreds of thinking, patriotic individuals in Germany are so bold as to come out openly in support of the American administration and a democratic form of government. These democratic sympathizers and their families are now marked for extinction if the Soviets take over. But they are holding desperately to a diminishing hope that the Americans will not leave Berlin, which, in turn, means all of Germany.

• • •

In the Russian zone, the present treatment of Germans appears to be a forecast of what may be ahead, should Soviet occupation of all Germany ever become a reality. Germans who openly assert their

deference to communism and offer to join the Communist Party will be decently treated, according to an observer from Hof, Germany. Young German men already have been encouraged to join the People's Police, which is merely a unit of the Red Army. These youths who fall in with the Reds are granted more privileges than others. Those who refuse to collaborate are doomed to a life of abuse. Many have been forced into jobs against their will. Thousands have been exported to man Siberian industry.

Since only a privileged few German citizens have passes through the Russian lines to the British and American zones for necessary business purposes, information from the Russian zone is scant. Only during temporary excursions beyond Soviet surveillance can letters be penned safely to friends abroad.

• • •

The threat of war is feared frantically by Germans. The Kremlin recently intimated that if the atomic bomb is used on Russian cities in World War III, the Soviets will massacre every man, woman and child on the European continent. Such statements, however unfounded, add to the uneasiness that hovers over Europe.

• • •

Living conditions in Germany are deplorable. Germans see the futility of rebuilding their ruined cities only to have them razed by bombing raids if another war comes. The atmosphere is one of waiting and, in many cases, utter despair.

In Berlin, Stuttgart and other heavily damaged cities, most of the middle class are living on the top floors of apartment houses, while upper-class Germans and occupation authorities reside in the lower

stories. This is because the top floors are almost uninhabitable. Most of the buildings have no roofs, and makeshift coverings are insufficient to protect against winter weather. There will be many deaths again this winter from exposure.

• • •

A German town untouched by war is Bad Nieheim, a resort village nestled at the foot of the Alps, where the United States Army of Occupation has its headquarters. Today, only a few tourists pass through the town, but the picturesque beauty of the past is still there. Large groups of displaced persons are located in and around Bad Nieheim. One correspondent writes of a colorful group of Latvian noblemen who have brought a touch of the dead past to the occupation authorities in Bad Nieheim. The gentlemen sponsor many elaborate social occasions for their military guests. Curt bows, the clicking of heels and the kissing of hands have given Americans a taste of the pomp and flourish of old Europe.

• • •

Paris is striving hard to live up to its old reputation for gaiety. The cuisine suffers only from lack of material, for the talents of Parisian chefs still rival the world's best. One correspondent commented, "What would the food be like if

these French chefs had good ingredients to work with?"

Heat in Paris will be a luxury this winter, but perhaps heat in the political situation will make up for it. Undoubtedly De Gaulle will soon make a strenuous bid for renewed power. Chances are he will gain much more strength, and the present government will be shaken greatly. The future of Europe, the Brussels Pact and the Marshall Plan will be directly influenced by De Gaulle's attempt to gain control. His supporters, the RPF party, hope to replace the present fourth Republic with a constitutional government similar to that of the United States, with its three balanced branches—legislative, executive and judicial.

De Gaulle's success will depend on several points. First, he counts on a complete disintegration of the now wobbling party system. He also believes he represents stability which will be welcomed by a people tired of continual political unrest. If possible, he will use a plebiscite or an election to secure power, but if such attempts fail, he may resort to unconstitutional methods leaning toward a dictatorial form of administration. At any rate, the trend of events in France during the next few months will pronouncedly influence the country's course for many years to come.



A mountaineer and his wife visited the city for the first time. The husband was interested in the street pavings and the concrete sidewalks.

Scraping his foot on the hard surface, he said to his wife, "I don't blame them for building the town here. The ground is so hard that they couldn't plow it nohow."



"The last time I went horseback riding I wanted to go one way and the horse wanted to go the other."

"What happened?"

"The horse tossed me for it."



A man spent the winter in a small Vermont town and had to buy his groceries from one of the crustiest old general-storekeepers in the state. Once he got a package of breakfast cereal that must have been stored next to the kerosene. It smelled to high heaven. He took it back to the store and said, "We can't use this. It's contaminated."

The storekeeper squinted: "What was that again?"

"I said it was contaminated."

"Hmph. Talk plain mister, that's one of them out-of-town words."

Platter Chatter

BEFORE we get into the news about the record greats—here's wishing all the readers of this column a great big fat Merry Christmas! . . . Seems like a shot in the arm to the music business that Artie Shaw and Benny Goodman are forming new dance bands. They're rumored to be on the terrific side. . . . Eddy Howard is now appearing on the Mercury label—and that should be good news for Howard fans. One of his first releases is *On a Slow Boat to China*. . . . Harry James and crew currently are raking in the profits at Hollywood's Palladium. . . . The Mills Brothers are back in sunny California to the tune of 3500 smackeroos a week. . . . Erskine Hawkins and his orchestra will co-star with Ella Fitzgerald at the Paradise Theatre in Detroit. . . . Art Kassel on Mercury has a new tune, *Queen for a Day*, to tie in with the popular Mutual show by the same name. The song pays tuneful tribute to the "Queen" via the Kassel chorus. . . . Crooner Crosby is thinking of buying three television stations in the Pacific Northwest. At present he's starting his next Paramount film, entitled *A Diamond in a Haystack*. . . . Nick Lucas, veteran guitarist and troubadour, signed a recent disk contract with Capitol Records. . . . Margaret Whiting has agreed to star in a Paramount musical short, beginning early in '49. . . . Ted Weems is extending his stay on the West Coast 'cause he's discovered a sponsor interested in airing a revised version of his pre-war musical quiz show, *Beat the Band*. . . . Count Basie has bookings through next September and is now traveling cross-country on a one-nighter tour. . . . Johnny Long is also on tour in the Midwest, playing one-nighters and college prom dates. . . . Stork news: Dinah Shore and husband George Montgomery are expecting again—"sometime in '49." . . . Maestro Paul Weston is planning to conduct a pop music concert early next year in Hollywood. He's getting the scores in shape now. . . . The Deep River Boys have a possible new hit on Victor called *Recess in Heaven*.



with BOB KENNEDY

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Eddy Howard hitchhiked from San Jose to San Francisco via hog truck to win his first music audition. . . . Paul Weston was once chief arranger for Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . Bing Crosby was a champion athlete in his long-gone youth (he once won 11 medals in one swimming meet). . . . Hal Derwin has dubbed in singing voices for such stars as Lee Bowman, Larry Parks, David Bruce and Barry Sullivan.

Christmas Specials

DECCA ALBUM A-550—*Merry Christmas* with Bing Crosby. Here's a Crosby album that we heartily recommend for 'round the fireplace yuletide listening. Bing is in his usual good voice on the beautiful old carols, *Silent Night*, *Adeste Fideles*, *God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen* and *I'll Be Home for Christmas*. The Andrews Sisters join Bing to render a rousing doublet—*Jingle Bells* and *Santa Claus Is Comin' to Town*. It's all Christmas and all mellow!

COLUMBIA 37955—Harry James and his orchestra. *White Christmas* plus *All the World Is Mine*. The James crew offers a pair of smooth tunes to put you in the mood for snow and popcorn balls. The first is the perennial Irving Berlin favorite from the movie *Holiday Inn*. The flip is a theme from the *57th Street Rhapsody* in the movie *Carnegie Hall*. Marion Morgan does the vocal. This fine waxing should be in your Christmas library.

MERCURY 5177—Frankie Laine with Carl Fisher's orchestra. *You're All I Want for Christmas* plus *Tara Talara Tala*. On this coupling you'll hear Mercury's star crooner with two splendid numbers. *You're All I Want for Christmas* is one of the newest Christmas songs to hit the market this year and should draw big sales. Frankie sings this ballad with such feeling that it may prove to be one of his best sellers since *My Desire*. The reverse is taken from a familiar old refrain and as the name implies, it's a lullaby. There's smooth background shading by Carl Fisher and the boys. A Christmas special must!

CAPITOL 311—The King Cole Trio with string choir. *The Christmas Song* ("Merry Christmas to You") plus *In the Cool of Evening*. This fine re-release by Capitol that proved to be a big success last year was written by "the velvet fog," Mel Torme. Nat gives the lyrics a very special treatment backed by the addition of a string choir. The flip features the Trio in an original King Cole tune that makes for smooth listening. Latch onto this one!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

VICTOR ALBUM P-161—Perry Como sings merry Christmas music. If you like crooning in a mellow style, Perry is the lad who can set the stage for your Christmas festivities. Included in this album are such sacred songs as *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Silent Night* and *O Come All Ye Faithful*. On the lighter side are the popular hits—*I'll Be Home for Christmas*, *That Christmas Feeling*

and *Winter Wonderland*. Here is a must for your Christmas listening.

DECCA 24500—Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians with their arrangement of *White Christmas* and *Twelve Days of Christmas*. The Fred Waring group needs no introduction. They're up to their usual fine standard in this new Decca release. The voices of the Glee Club blend beautifully in this superb Waring arrangement of *White Christmas*. The reverse, a round patterned after a canon of ancient origin, tells the story of what happens on the 12 days of Christmas.

COLUMBIA ALBUM C-167—*Christmas Songs* by Frank Sinatra with accompaniment by Axel Stordahl. A cozy Christmas album is this new Columbia issue. Frankie's voice sounds unusually warm and mellow as he renders such favorites as *It Came Upon A Midnight Clear*, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*, *Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas* and *Jingle Bells*. It's Sinatra at his best.

VICTOR 20-3177—Spike Jones and his City Slickers. *All I Want for Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth* plus *Happy New Year*. If you like a little humor and comedy with your Santa Claus, this disk is just the ticket. You'll guffaw loudly at the first side, a humorous "kiddy" character portrayal by Spike's trumpet man, George Rock. The flip, which starts out with the entire band wishing everyone a happy New Year, includes a satirical imitation of Guy Lombardo's *Auld Lang Syne*. It's one for all—and all for fun!

*Brookside Record Shop, 63rd and Brookside, JA 5200.

▲
The bride was ordering her first ton of coal. "What kind of coal do you want?" the dealer asked.

"Kind?" exclaimed the bride, puzzled. "Are there different kinds?"

"Oh, yes," answered the dealer. "For instance, we have egg coal and chestnut coal."

"I'll take the egg coal," the bride promptly decided. "I'll be cooking eggs oftener than I will chestnuts."

▲
Nobody can have too many friends, but one enemy may constitute a surplus.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN



NEVER let it be said that the good people of Chicago aren't sport conscious. They are. Chicagoans get pages of sports in all the newspapers, hear sports daily on the radio, watch sports on the television set in the neighborhood saloon—and still buy tickets by the hundred thousands. Enough tickets, incidentally, to support all sports from polo to ping-pong in a manner to which they would like to become accustomed.

It's practically impossible to name a sport that doesn't pay off in the Windy City. Even what passes for professional boxing in these parts attracts a pretty good audience, and last year when the Town Club sponsored a series of championship handball matches, the committee was amazed to find a full house on its hands.

Chicago is probably the only big city in the country that will support enthusiastically two mediocre big-league baseball teams at the same time, keeping them in the profit column for miserable season after miserable season. Chicago is the only city in the country currently boasting two professional football teams of championship calibre. There is even a third professional football team, the Chicago Rockets, but the less attention called to them the better.

Chicago also has the largest and most remarkable collection of sport pundits, soothsayers, horse-pickers and sports announcers to be found in or around any municipality. It has the coldest stadium south of Nome, Alaska—Soldier's Field.

It also has Arch Ward, the editor of the sport pages of the *Chicago Tribune*.

It was Arch Ward and the *Trib* who brought into being such hardy annual events as the all-star baseball game, the Golden Gloves, and the yearly football classic between the college stars and the top team in the National football league. The all-star baseball game was taken over by the big leagues long ago, but it was Archy's baby. He was the fellow who bucked plenty of opposition from a powerful segment of organized baseball to get the annual fracas started. He was also the fellow who managed to enlist the support of newspapers all over the Midwest to get the Golden Gloves tournaments started on a sectional level. You can get a pretty good idea of what a feat this must have been when you consider how much newspapers in the Midwest love the *Chicago Tribune*. Arch did it, and through the *Chicago Tribune Charities, Inc.*, he put his newspaper in the sport promotion business. He has been so successful that even opposition papers find it necessary to cover *Tribune* sport promotions. They're that important to the fellows who buy the tickets—and the papers.

Lately, however, Arch has developed into something of a Little Napoleon. If the boys won't use his marbles and play in his backyard, he has a tendency to sulk on his perch in the *Tribune Tower*. Sometimes when they don't invite him in, or forget to ask his permission to play, he tries to ruin their game.

For instance, last winter there was a mysterious situation which can be called "The Case of the Two Sports Shows." Our town had two Sport and Travel shows at exactly the same time, at two separate locations. Arch Ward supported the show on Navy Pier; a couple of industrious Irish boys named Cullerton and Hogan promoted the other show out at the International Pavilion, where the International Stock show is held every year. The identical attractions confused the paying public, with the result that both

shows suffered badly at the box office. However, Cullerton and Hogan stood to lose the most because they didn't have the power and majesty of the *Tribune* behind them. They had made the grave error of going ahead with their plans for a sport and travel show without getting together with Arch Ward.

Thanks to the Chicago weather, Cullerton and Hogan came out on top. Apparently the majority of sport-minded Chicagoans found the odors of the stockyards preferable to death by freezing on Navy Pier.

While Arch Ward is easily the best-known sports editor in Chicago, there is a whole pack of claimants for the title of foremost sports announcer. With six radio stations and four television stations all devoting a considerable part of their weekly schedules to sports, there are about a dozen voices raised to claim the title.

Most venerable is Hal Totten, who has been broadcasting most of the major sports since the whistle and screech days when DX fans used to clamp on the earphones to hear Pittsburgh. Hal now limits his sportcasting to college football, although he first established himself as a baseball announcer more than 20 years ago.

Most hysterical is WIND's Bert Wilson, who once made the statement that he didn't care who won a football game so long as it was the Chicago Bears. Mr. Wilson is also a great Cub fan. He has been known to allow wishful thinking

to color his announcing. Any advance made by the home team is thought by him to be brilliant strategy; any gain made by the opposing team he considers just a lucky break of the game.

Most cool, calm and collected is WJJD's Bob Elson. Mr. Elson seldom gets excited, unless he happens to be losing at gin rummy. He is known as an expert at recreating a game from a telegraphic report, and is probably Chicago's busiest sports announcer both winter and summer. He averages four or five programs a day in addition to play-by-play descriptions of baseball, football, hockey, basketball, and handball. When he has 14 or more spare minutes, he transcribes a series of celebrity interviews called "Bob Elson on the Century" for a shaving cream manufacturer—a series which is allegedly recorded on the 20th Century Limited just before it pulls out for New York.

Most comical is television's Russ Davis, who describes the wrestling matches several nights a week on WBKB. Mr. Davis is to television what Pete Smith is to the movie short. The way Russ says "Oops!" when a stalwart of the wrestling ring lands on his you-know-what, has his video audience rolling on the rug.

Probably the most widely liked announcer, as well as the least cussed at, is WGN's Jack Brickhouse, who seems to combine competence with modesty. What is also important, some of his best friends and boosters are rival sports announcers. In Chicago, folks, that's the acid test.



A minister who was very fond of pure, hot horseradish always kept a bottle of it on his dining table. He offered some to a dinner guest who took a big bite. When the guest was finally able to talk, he turned reproachfully to the minister.

"I've heard many men preach Hell fire," he choked out, "but you're the first one I've met who serves it!"



A lady was scolding her six-year-old son. "Billy," she said, "if you don't start behaving yourself, I'm going to leave home."

Looking up from his breakfast, he hesitated a moment, then replied: "Mommy, I'm going to miss you."—*New Orleans Time-Picayune*.



"How would you like to sign up with me for a life game?" was the way a baseball fan proposed.

"I'm agreeable," replied the girl. "Where's your diamond?"

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WABash 2-4400). The big ice show is now in its sixth month and is still going strong. Benny Strong's band plays on. No pun intended.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUperior 7-7200). Sue Stanley is still holding forth here. Even if you don't think she can sing, you'll have to admit that Sue is one of Chicago's best built singers, and also one of the best gowned, too.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUperior 7-2200). Paul Sparr plays the kind of music that the regular trade here likes. No entertainment, but one of the smoothest rooms in Chicago.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAndolph 6-7500). Griff Williams will be around for awhile with an autumn revue that is short on big names but long on good entertainment. Merriel Abbot has put together a show which seems much shorter than it really is. It's that good.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HARRison 7-3800). A slick decor in modernistic glass—gray, blue and yellow. Lenny Herman's quintet is fast finding a large following, even among those of the rumba set who felt Jerry Glidden's music could never be satisfactorily replaced.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HARRison 7-4300). Mata and Hari, the somewhat eccentric dancers, are the current attraction in the svelte Mayfair Room. Last seen in these parts with Olson and Johnson, the comedy dancers are a slightly unusual booking for the Blackstone, but the customers are very happy with the result.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUperior 7-7200). The glamour drifts in off the Century and the Super-Chief every day. If you can't see a visiting movie star,

disc jockey, or Indian potentate while you're around, you're just not trying.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEntral 6-0123). Jimmy Featherstone seems to have developed a devoted following here—perhaps among those who yearn for the return of the old Art Kassel crew. Neither the show nor the music is wonderful, but still they add up to a pleasant, inexpensive evening—which is really something these days.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 Lake Shore Drive (DElaware 7-9300). If you're serious about your eating, you won't go wrong here. Plan to spend an entire evening over a leisurely dinner. George Scherban's small gypsy-type band plays while melancholy Russians serve the gourmet's idea of a fine meal.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LONgbeach 1-6000). There's a new management in the front office, but you can be sure that no rash changes will be made in the stately Marine Dining Room. Del Courtney is playing for a fine floor show staged by Dorothy Hild.

The Show's the Thing

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). Gracie Barrie shares the honors this month with the Vagabonds. Gracie is better than ever, personable, stunning, and a mature singer of special material songs. The Vagabonds also stop the show with their playing and singing.



★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DElaware 7-3700). The Latin beat still dominates the entertainment here.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph at Clark (FRanklin 2-2100). Ernie Byfield finally got that new idea he wanted, so the venerable College Inn has reopened—and is hardly recognizable to habitués. Tex Beneke is on the bandstand. Jim Ameche, Don's little brother, narrates a nightly concert of the works of popular composers.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 616 W. North Avenue (MICHigan 2-5106). A near north side bright spot with a terraced, mirror-lined dining room and carousel lounge. Comedian Joey Bishop heads the current show.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash at Randolph (RANdolph 2-2822). Al Trace and his Silly Symphony are proving to be the biggest hit since Kay Kyser left years ago. The fun is inexpensive, too.

★ **CLUB ALABAM**, 747 Rush Street (WHitehall 4-9600). Flo Henry keeps the show running smoothly, and there is a long list of capable entertainers always ready to amuse the customers.

Strictly for Stripping

Nature study is the main entertainment in these north and west side joints. Take along a full wallet and entrust yourself to the first taxi driver who has an honest face if you want to try these strongholds of the feminine figger . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 West Madison Street . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N.

Clark Street . . . **L AND L CAFE**, 1315 W. Madison Street . . . the **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . **TROCA-DERO CLUB**, 525 S. State Street. And, by the time you read this, Satira will probably be "taking it off" at her old stripping-ground up on Howard Street, the **SILHOUETTE**.

Gourmet's Delight

★ **FRITZEL'S RESTAURANT**, State at Lake Street. A fine place to dine in the tradition of the famous hash-houses of the gay nineties. You can eat a reasonably priced meal here, too.

★ **WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT**, 410 N. Michigan. D deservedly popular with the advertising crowd for luncheon, a drink, or dinner. Also inexpensive.

★ **BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB**, 741 West Randolph Street. Barney's hearty greeting is well-known from New York to Hollywood. So is his food and fast service.

★ **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark Street. Great spot for steaks and seafood.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 E. Walton Place. They have invented something here called the Missionary's Downfall that is exactly as advertised.

Other Top Choices

CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash . . . **HENRICI'S**, 71 W. Randolph . . . **BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . **SHANGRI LA**, 222 N. State Street . . . **SINGAPORE PIT**, 1011 Rush Street . . . **ST. HUBERT'S GRILL**, 316 S. Federal Court . . . **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton . . . **RED STAR INN**, 1528 N. Clark Street.

▲
Two small boys at the Salvation Army dinner put their grimy little hands side by side on the white table cloth.

"Mine's dirtier than your'n!" exclaimed one, triumphantly.

"Huh!" snorted the other disdainfully, "you're two years older'n me."

▲
Clarence was a hard-working clerk in a downtown clothing store. Being a somewhat uneven talker and easily excitable, he quite frequently got his words tangled. When the boss called him on the phone one day, he became very nervous and before long everything was in confusion. The boss lost his temper and shouted suddenly, "What's the matter, have you lost your hearing?"

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," replied Clarence, very embarrassed, "and then I can't understand a word you say."

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION



THE ski season is coming into full bloom. Remember when we used to associate this sport exclusively with the Europeans? No more of that. New England is full of ski trails and ski lodges and everything that goes with them. Formerly, the New England vacation business had only a short but lively summer season before it closed up for the long winter. But now, the winter season is almost as brisk as the summer. Stowe, Vermont, and Franconia, New Hampshire, are among the most popular resorts, and a new one is opening at Waitsfield, Vermont, on Mad River. Since most of these ski resorts are within an easy day's drive from Manhattan or a short overnight ride by train, it is a common sight to see skis protruding from car and taxi windows or stacked up in Pullman vestibules.

One might think that this strenuous sport is strictly for the very young and agile, but that isn't so. Plenty of middle-agers have been seen to tuck in their bay windows manfully and whizz down the ski slopes with the dash of a 16-year old. But the few casualties that are reported make us content to do no more than observe. As it is, the present speed of pedestrian and motor traffic in Manhattan makes two legs, two arms and a white flag only the barest of necessities for getting around.

Speaking of New England — Bonwit Teller has a new store in Boston that is unique, to say the least. Long ago the

building belonged to the Museum of Natural History. Subsequently, it has been taken over by the John Hancock Life Insurance Company and leased to Bonwit Teller. The old-fashioned brick facade faces a plot of ground quite aloof from Boston's crowded metropolis, and inside, high ceilings, antique cabinets and a priceless collection of old china make this store one of the most inviting in the country. William Pahlman, famous for designing Lord and Taylor's striking windows, has presented the various departments of B. T. in a style that is breathtaking. Enticed by the old settees, quaint chairs and rockers that make a collector's mouth water, patrons have been clamoring to buy the furnishings as well as the merchandise. Enchanting color combinations make any day look cheerful, no matter what the weather. The entire store combines charming old atmosphere with modern convenience and—well, we just wish we had something as attractive to offer in Manhattan.



Visitors seeking a peaceful drive around the Island or wishing to call on a friend in the suburbs need not worry with the tangle of train or bus schedules if time is at a premium. For 20 dollars, you can hire a Carey Cadillac with chauffeur for four hours—long enough to get to and from almost anywhere. Split the cost with a friend, and it becomes a modest luxury.

The drive-it-yourself systems are so popular for longer trips (all personally driven cars are a burden in the city) that advance orders must be given. Manhattan is packed with alluring things to do and see to the point of exhaustion. It's a pity not to take a few of the beautiful excursions outside the city.



Not long ago, we were astonished to hear that it is no longer easy to buy fine woolens and tweeds in London. It seems that under present conditions most of those materials are being exported to the

United States in order to get American dollars. The Mayor of Westminster and his wife, recent New York visitors, greatly admired our large stocks of fabric. The delighted Mayor received a suit, and his wife, a coat—both gifts from relatives on this side, since no English visitor has more than a pittance to spend beyond actual traveling expenses.

• • •

Room space in this mad Manhattan appears to be about as scarce as it was a couple of years ago. Hotels continue to be filled to capacity, and available small apartments are still in the realm of dreams. It's difficult to explain why. Broadway has some new "hit" shows, fashion is high, art and ballet are in full swing, business is buzzing, dancing is dandy—but there isn't anything going on that would justify the shortage of living space.

Anyway, don't fail to get that reservation nailed down if you're coming this way. There's no fun in arguing with a room clerk or having your change of clothes parked behind a counter in a check room.

• • •

Christmas shopping suggestions are popping out all over the place—lush, plush things that can't miss. The stores are jammed to nightmare proportions—but don't be afraid to order by mail from any well-known concern, for the orders are delivered quickly, and the merchandise is always fresh. We know—we've tackled the problem from all angles. Manhattan charge accounts, obtained by writing to the stores, will bring a deluge of mailing pieces and catalogs. It's a wonderful way to get ideas for gift problems and escape the shoving and pushing of the crowded stores.

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Eating . . .

★ **AL SCHACHT'S.** There's a new clubhouse on the top floor here, which is a wonderful place for big parties. And television, on the second floor, is bringing in new fans for Al and his super steaks. A fine place if you're a visitor from non-television parts of the country, because there are still mighty few good restaurants set up for television here in our town. 102 E. 52. PL 9-8570.

★ **ARNOLD, JR.** Delivery service to your home for just the calling! The same delicious food, including that great big assortment of sandwiches. Keep this name and address for a handy reference, because there may be a time it will be needed. 687 Lexington. PL 9-6750.

★ **CAFE ST. DENIS.** One of the good little French restaurants in midtown. It is no budget problem to enjoy luncheon or dinner here. Try the hors d'oeuvres when you drop in at cocktail time. Tres Yum! 11 E. 53. EL 5-8032.

★ **ENRICO & PAGLIERI.** Village spaghetti devotees call this place their second home. Famous for more years than can be remembered, the food is always well prepared, authentic, and best of all—inexpensive. 66 W. 11. AL 4-4658.

★ **HEARTHSTONE.** Away from home over Christmas? Here are two "homey" eating houses where you find such familiar foods as are always associated with your own kitchen. There's not a drop of the seasoning used in the chicken gravy, for



instance, which is reminiscent of most restaurant varieties. The settings are colonial—and what could be nicer this season of the year? 15 E. 48. PL 3-1434. 102 E. 22. GR 5-1889.

★ LUCHOW'S. Twice in a row *Swing* nominates this famous name for a memorable holiday meal. This is the month for the most beautiful, big Christmas tree in town to go up in the middle dining room. Trimmed from top to bottom just as it was 50 years ago at this time, it's a tradition everyone loves. So it is with the food, the same kind we associate with Santa Claus and holiday feasting. 110 E. 14. GR 7-4860.

★ MARY ELIZABETH. Sounds pretty tea-roomy, but there are as many men as women eating here daily. A perfect place to have "just a bite," or a well-cooked meal during the Christmas shopping scramble. Right off Fifth Avenue and around the corner from most of the big department stores. (Take home some of those doughnuts, too). 6 E. 37. MU 3-3018.

★ RAINBOW LOUNGE. Sixty-five floors high is this literally "out of this world" room. All of Manhattan may be seen on clear days, and when the fog is low you may even be above it. The ideal time to come is in the afternoon. Refreshments are served daily during the week. RCA Building, Rockefeller Center.

★ REUBEN'S. That you should live so long not to know Reuben's! Times Square is almost as crowded as Reuben's from midnight on. But, *oh*, that pastrami, those scrambled eggs with sausage, that cheese cake! For the celebrity hunter this is the reward at the end of a night's search. 6 E. 58. PL 9-5650.

★ SEA FARE. Hot, steaming fragrance of oyster stew is the answer to cold weather appetites. East siders know this very attractive place and the delicious

fresh sea food it serves. 1033 1st Ave. PL 9-4176.

Entertainment . . .

★ BRADLEY'S. An intimate supper club which is almost as well patronized as its much publicized across-the-street neighbor, El Morocco. There's rumba music by Jose Cortez for dancing from dinner on, and entertainment later in the evening. 161 E. 54. PL 9-4970.

★ CHILD'S PARAMOUNT. Don't let the name fool you. It's not one of the offshoots of the restaurant chain, nor yet for the kiddies. This Mammoth Cave is the setting for Wilbur de Paris and band, who make with some very interesting and fine Harlem music. Mostly for listening as this is, there is dancing later in the evening. Broadway and 44. CH 4-9440.

★ COPACABANA. Three times nightly, Joe E. Lewis romps forth with a special monologue dear to the hearts of his admirers. This is his home territory, and this is the holiday month of Christmas and New Year's—so make a date early. Lots of music, rumba and otherwise, plus those Copa choruses, make for a full evening at this stop. 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ MAISONETTE, ST. REGIS. What a charmer this room is, year in and out! Alabaster white baroque on ruby red walls, crystal chandeliers, candle light, as romantic as a movie set. Withal, it's informal and not as expensive as it should be for such perfection. Excellent food, music and entertainment. 5th Ave. and 55. PL 3-4500.

★ ROYAL ROOST. The ultimate in jazz by some of your favorite name bands blows forth from here every night except Monday. That's the night for an all-out block warming session for the younger set, predominantly. As a safety measure, no dancing is allowed. 1580 Broadway. CI 6-9559.



It wouldn't hurt so much to become angry, except for some reason, anger makes your mouth work much faster than your mind.



While the faint of heart hunt caves in which to sit out the atomic age, a Los Angeles hotel announces it will have eight penthouses on its roof.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **EDWARD, MY SON.** (Sept. 30, 1948). An English actor, Robert Morley, holds the audience tense as he progresses through arson, blackmail and murder for the sake of pride in his worthless son Edward. Peggy Ashcroft as the neglected wife of the sly, cruel tycoon is tragically convincing in her alcoholic degeneration. This dramatic success, which comes to Broadway after a long run in London, was written by Noel Langley. The long evening of villainy is enjoyable thanks to superb acting. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:25.

★ **LIFE WITH MOTHER.** (Oct. 20, 1948). That family of redheads is back again in a delightful sequel to the old favorite, *Life With Father*. This time the threat to the Days' domestic life is an upheaval over an engagement ring which Vinnie never received. When the ring turns up in the hands of one of Father's old flames, the result is broad but charming comedy. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are back again with deft performances as the senior Days. Several others in the cast have been welcomed back from the original household. Beautiful sets by Donald Oenslager and Stewart Chaney. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **PRIVATE LIVES.** (Oct. 4, 1948). The revival of Noel Coward's 1931 com-

edy is a perfect vehicle for the display of Tallulah Bankhead's boisterous, rowdy technique. The old story of a divorced couple who meet again on their second honeymoons and ditch their respective mates has been reduced almost to burlesque in this new version. But for those who admire Miss Bankhead's noisy style, *Private Lives* provides a gay evening. Donald Cook has the male lead. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **SET MY PEOPLE FREE** (Nov. 3, 1948). The Theatre Guild's new presentation by Dorothy Heyward is a sometimes stirring chronicle of a slave uprising in 1822 which was doomed to tragic failure. This drama of the Negro's historical problems is played with deep feeling by Canada Lee, Juano Hernandez and Mildred Joanne Smith. The Charleston settings were designed by Ralph Alswang. Directed by Martin Ritt. Hudson, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SUMMER AND SMOKE.** (Oct. 6, 1948). This play, which deals with the tragedy of a sexually-suppressed Southern woman, has moments of sharp insight, but is structurally incoherent. Tennessee Williams, in an effort to duplicate his two former successes, *The Glass Menagerie* and *A Streetcar Named Desire*, has come too close—and at times gives the unfortunate impression of rubber stamping his previous style and stories. However, the performance of a young Welsh actress, Margaret Phillips, and the acting of Tod Andrews make the play worth seeing. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). This witty and slightly caustic comedy about a junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine has some serious overtones. Written by Garson Kanin, it's still fine theatre entertainment in its third year. Henry Miller, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . .

★ **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). Joe E. Brown

continues to chum around with a six foot white rabbit that really isn't there. Four years old, this delightful comedy-fantasy just doesn't wear out. 48th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35. . . . MR. ROBERTS. (Feb. 18, 1948). The salty, rough-and-tumble story of a Navy crew sweating out boredom on a behind-the-lines supply ship when it's 110 in the shade. Piercingly accurate, the



drama taken from Thomas Heggen's novel stars Henry Fonda, David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . THE PLAY'S THE THING. (April 25, 1948). An entertaining revival of Molnar's brittle comedy about the sophisticated set on the Riviera. Superbly acted by Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson and others. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE. (Feb. 9, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre presents an arresting drama of race-hatred culminating in a lynching in the Deep South. Ann Dvorak heads a magnificent cast. Preceded by Richard Harrity's one-acter, *Hope Is the Thing With Feathers*. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45 . . . A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Dec. 3, 1947). The brilliant story of a woman's degeneration in a squalid New Orleans slum. The drama, played superbly by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando has won for author Tennessee Williams the Pulitzer

Prize and Critics Circle Award. It's a magnificent presentation! Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Musicals . . .

★ LOVE LIFE. (Oct. 7, 1948). Admirers of Nanette Fabray will find her as lovely and versatile as ever opposite smooth-voiced Ray Middleton. Starting from the peak of marital happiness way back in 1791, the couple descends through a humdrum 150 years of industrialism, materialism and greed to a wrecked marriage in the present. A wide variety of performers, who at times suggest vaudeville, are buoyed up by Michael Kidd's stylish dances and Kurt Weill's bright and tuneful score. Cheryl Crawford, famous for *Brigadoon*, is the producer. 46th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MAGDALENA. (Sept. 20, 1948). The audience may get lost while wandering through the jungle of plot which combines pagan rites, political issues, emerald hunting and torrid love affairs in a Brazilian setting. However, it's possible to forget the story and simply enjoy the strange melodic music of Brazil's famous composer, Heitor Villa-Lobos. Irra Petina, John Raitt and Dorothy Sarnoff head the cast. Jack Cole's quivering dances with color-splashed costumes and sets are breathtaking. This musical comes to Broadway after a very successful summer in Los Angeles. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MY ROMANCE. (Oct. 9, 1948). A Sigmund Romberg operetta, full of lovely and melodious love songs, which should charm the matinee trade. Anne Jeffreys is the pretty prima donna who comes to Victorian New York and falls for a stuffy Episcopalian rector, played by Lawrence Brooks. The scenery, done by Watson Barratt, is convincingly realistic. The few comic moments are well-handled by seasoned trouper Luella Gear. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert and directed by Rowland Leigh. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SMALL WONDER.** (Sept. 15, 1948). Peppy Mary McCarty and amiable Tom Ewell turn *Small Wonder* into lively fun for the audience. Filled with sharp satire and a few good songs by Albert Selden and Billings Brown, this little musical, while far from being a roaring success, promises a pleasant evening. Others in the cast are Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day and Hayes Gordon. Produced by George Nichols III. Coronet, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** (Oct. 11, 1948). All Ray Bolger—even when he's hidden under artificial curls and voluminous petticoats. Mr. Bolger's antics—in and out of auntie's disguise—keep the audience screaming. His great skill in dancing is well-matched by the talent of pretty Allyn McLerie. A lavish Brazilian dance sequence and a grand finale in a period ballroom are delightful. Music by Frank Loesser and book by George Abbott. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (May 16, 1946). Boisterous Ethel Merman as sharp-shooting Annie Oakley in a loud, colorful production. Wonderful songs by Irving Berlin. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30. . . . **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947.) Hilarity results when two grafters invade staid New Brunswick in 1913

and get mixed up with Keystone cops and bathing beauties. Joan Roberts, Phil Silvers and Joey Faye handle the fine dancing and bright tunes. Broadway, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 . . . **INSIDE U.S.A.** (Apr. 30, 1948). Beatrice Lillie is still gay and entertaining opposite comedian Jack Haley in this Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz musical. The gaudy costumes and vivid settings make an excellent background against which dancer Valerie Bettis shows off her great talent. This all-American revue is a fine example of expert show business. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). A light, intimate revue in a gay New York setting. Sid Caesar, Julie Oshins and David Burns romp through several very laughable sketches, while Richard Lewine's tunes complete an entertaining evening. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ **AS THE GIRLS GO.** Winter Garden, Nov. 13.
 ★ **BRAVO!** Lyceum, Nov. 11.
 ★ **FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MOTHER!** Belasco, Nov. 16.
 ★ **GOODBYE, MY FANCY.** Morosco, Nov. 17.
 ★ **LIGHT UP THE SKY.** Royale, Nov. 18.
 ★ **THE SILVER WHISTLE.** Biltmore, Nov. 24.

NEW YORK THEATRES ("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CO 5-1173	
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....BR 9-0046	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th..CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....BR 9-2200	E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-5990	W
Imperial, 249 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. It's as bright and shiny new as the brass buttons on the grinning doorman out front—Pusateri's new 85-room hotel and restaurant! And Daniel MacMorris's attractive mural of a slightly rearranged New York skyline over the bar adds a Times Squarish touch. There's no place like Kansas City to feast on honest-to-goodness Kansas City steaks, and the New Yorker has them—thick and juicy. It's gay and friendly here with Gus and Jim Pusateri table-hopping and everyone enjoying the cocktails and fine foods. 1114 Baltimore. VI 9711.



★ SAVOY GRILL. At the Savoy, one may choose to dine in the past or in the future. The solid dignity of the Grill with its pioneer murals; high, green leather-padded booths; and courteous, stately waiters remains for those inclined to the traditional. But for the person with an eye to the future, there's the new Imperial Room, which opened last month. Old-timers will find it difficult to recognize this modernistic wonderland as the old Gold Room. Rose drapes, wide scroll mirrors reflecting ivy in wall boxes, and an unusual colored lighting effect provide stylish splendor in which to enjoy the fresh live lobster, swordfish and thick filet mignons for which the Savoy has been noted since 1903. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS'S CAFE. Recalling the early days of 19th Century Kansas City, this restaurant is situated in the Coates House, one of the distinctive landmarks on old Quality Hill. Following an established tradition for delicious food and courteous service, Weiss's offers roast duckling, thick steaks, capon, and fresh live lobster flown from Maine daily. In contrast to the huge stone fireplace dating back to 1867 is the adjoining cocktail lounge with its smartly modern decor. Coates House. VI 6904.

★ PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA. This new restaurant on the Country Club Plaza has earned the reputation of being able to please everybody. For those busy people always in a hurry, there's a cafeteria for fast service. For the leisurely-minded, the Restaurant-Bar offers full table service and cocktails for slow sipping. And there's a spic and span soda fountain for those desiring a double chocolate soda or a tasty sandwich. A full line of pastries prepared daily in the spotless bakery is at the counter for carry-home purchases. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ NANCE'S CAFE. Located on the Union Station Plaza, Nance's has been favorably known to Kansas Citians and travelers for 45 years. Fine steak dinners and a varied list of other appetizing meals make up the menus. Good news—the Biscuit Girl is back again! For the holidays, roast turkey with dressing and gravy will be sent on request for a savory dinner at home. Open every day but Saturday until 8:00 p. m. Plenty of free parking across the street. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ TROCADERO. Sit back and relax in the lazy tropical atmosphere of the Trocadero. It's as friendly and cheery on a December night as the sunny South itself. A new addition this month is a string trio—for listening or for dancing if you like. The bartenders at the circular mirrored bar have built up a great reputation for excellent mixed drinks, so no one even notices that no food is served. Drop in and meet Bob Ledterman, the cordial new manager. He's there to see that everyone is having a merry time. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.



★ OMAR ROOM. It's so easy to follow Omar Khayyam's carefree philosophy with wine and song (you bring the women) at the Omar Room, where a cushiony daven-

port invites long, lazy sipping about the circular, mirrored bar. The celebrated Don Roth Trio, noted for popular broadcasts over WHB, is drawing large crowds at present. For a quiet tete-a-tete over cocktails, there's the Alcove, a cozy nook off the main lobby. Stretch your expense account by taking advantage of two cocktails for the price of one from three to eleven p.m. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★RENDEZVOUS. A blazing yule log and a sprig of holly would make this dark-paneled room an authentic hideaway in which to enjoy holiday cheer in the old English manner. Discriminating people have their choice of fine wines and liquors from the Muehlebach's well-stocked cellar. Since there's no music, conversation is the only entertainment. Snacks and dinners are served on request. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ZEPHYR ROOM. This quiet room is the perfect spot in which to relax on the way home from the office. The soothing tones of Betty Rogers' piano and the bright tunes of Florence May's accordion are pleasant accompaniment to cocktails. No food is served—but who cares! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★PUTSCH'S 210. It's magic! Anyone can turn the chill of a winter night into the warmth and charm of New Orleans by merely crossing the threshold of No. 210 on the Plaza. Deep green walls, roses and a wrought-iron grillwork suggest a charming Creole atmosphere—and there's warmth in the friendliness of the crowd. The gaiety lasts until the wee hours because full course dinners are served as late as midnight. People of good taste appreciate the dignity and beauty of the Victorian lounge for luncheons or private parties. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★PLAZA BOWL. The Bowl restaurant's mouth-watering filet mignons, delicious triple-decker grilled sandwiches and huge crispy salads invite over-eating. But don't worry about your waistline! Just step up to one of the 32 polished alleys for an evening of exercise and fun. For a quiet

pause between "strikes," the soundproofed cocktail lounge offers pleasurable relaxation. It's an inexpensive way to spend an entire evening. Reservations may be made for private parties in the fashionable Green Room upstairs. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★EL CASBAH. Lots of people are saying "Come with me to El Casbah" — the Midwest's smartest supper club. In December, the polished wall mirrors will reflect Emile Petti at the piano with orchestra in the background. In addition, there'll be Ollie Franks, well-known comedienne, and Arthur Blake, impersonator, to stir up gaiety for holiday merrymaking. For exciting eating, try chicken in a coconut or participate in the ritual of the flaming sword dinner. There's a special "cocktail dansant" for Saturday afternoon diversion. And there's never a cover charge or minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★PENGUIN ROOM. This large mirrored dining room with relaxing dim lights is a fashionable spot for dining and dancing. Bill Warren and his Moods in Music irresistibly tempt patrons to try out the highly polished dance floor. Since the chef possesses the proper technique for turning out delicious food, the Penguin Room's a constant favorite with appreciative eaters. What's more, the drinks are good, too! Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★UPTOWN INTERLUDE. Jazz artist Joshua Johnson is still pounding out hot notes on the 88 to the delight of the cocktail crowd at the Interlude. Everybody knows Charlie and Dale behind the bar, and everybody likes the way they mix good drinks. Sizzling fried chicken and steaks coupled with Johnson's hot jazz are a top combination with which to chase away December icicles. The business-

men's luncheons are very reasonably priced. Monday won't seem quite so gloomy if you help to welcome it Sunday midnight at the Interlude bar. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **LA CANTINA.** What could be cozier on a chilly night than the soft seats and warming drinks of La Cantina? It's full of quiet South American charm—this basement nook hidden away down a flight of stairs from the Bellerive's busy lobby. Even hunger can't disturb your contented mood, for snacks are quickly obtainable from the kitchen upstairs. Low-toned juke-box music provides a restful background. Of course, the college crowd will be there, as usual, to celebrate the Christmas holidays. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** The mystic atmosphere of the Far East is really not so far away.

It can be found right up a short flight of stairs from the bustling corner of 12th and Main. Inlaid tables before view windows or private booths complete the Oriental atmosphere, in which to enjoy chop suey, dry rice, egg foo young, sweet almond cookies and other tempting Chinese foods. But good old American steaks, chicken and lobster may be ordered here as well. 8 West 12th Street, (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** Follow the crowds here each noon, but don't worry about waiting. It's cafeteria style for quick, handy service. The managers, the Unity School of Christianity, have proved that meatless meals are popular—and delicious. Big green salads, attractive vegetable dishes, and rich pastries for dessert add up to something new in eating enjoyment. It's a special favorite with businessmen for that hasty lunch hour meal. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.



Answers to Do You Know Your Fathers?

1—g
2—l
3—i
4—h
5—k
6—j

7—d
8—a
9—b
10—f
11—e
12—c



Or So They Say

Civil service tests are said to work in unexpected ways sometimes. There is the story of the candidate who failed to answer any of the questions put to him in the oral examination but topped the list of successful applicants.

A little later one of the examiners told him, "We saw you knew nothing, but your manner was so free from constraint in what, to some people, would have been embarrassing circumstances, we decided, 'That's the very man to make a good diplomat.' So we passed you."



A little man came into the office of a psychiatrist.

"I was wondering," the little man said timidly, "if you could split my personality for me."

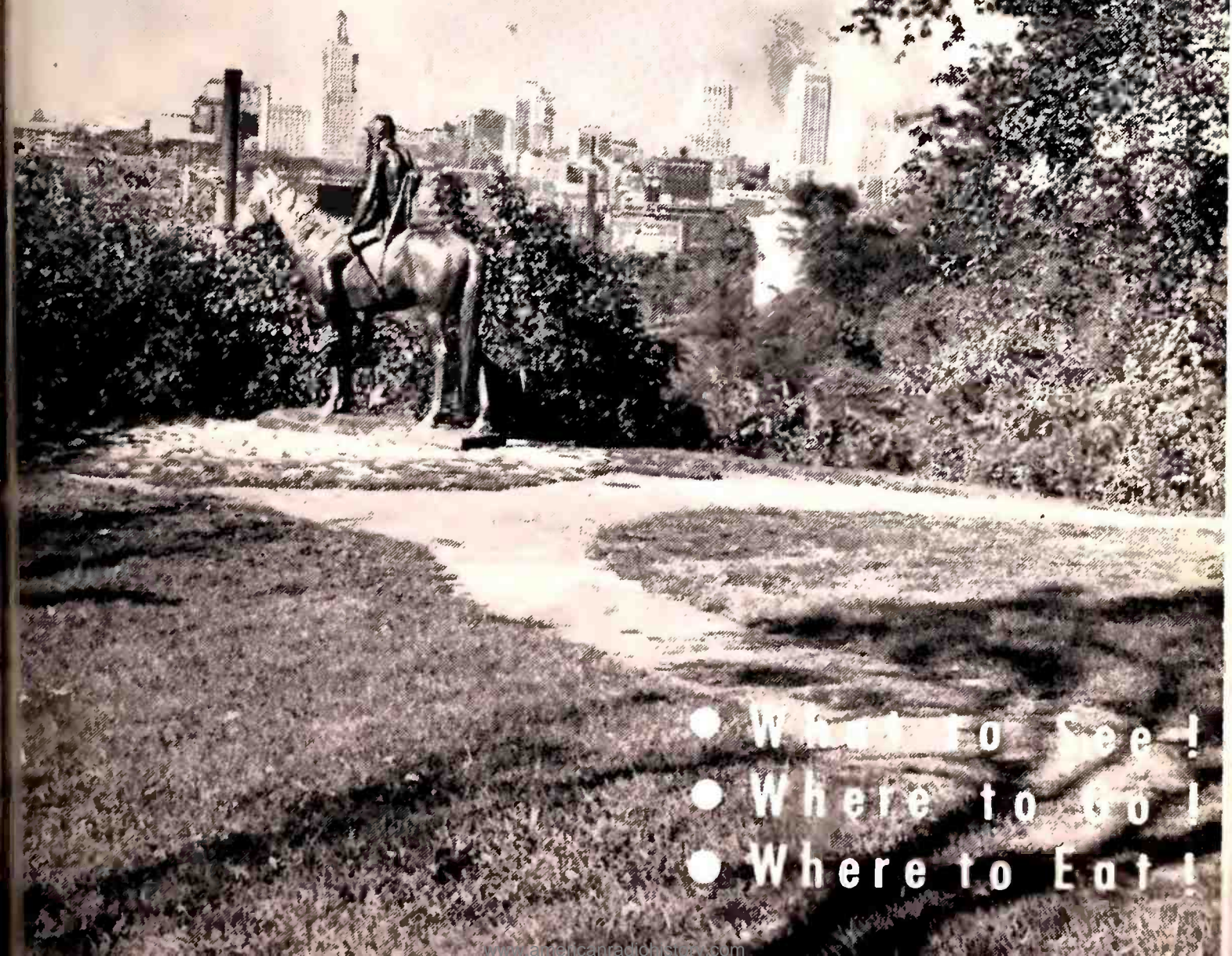
The doctor looked puzzled. "Split your personality? Why would you want that done?"

Tears ran down the little man's face. "Oh, Doctor," he wailed, "I'm so lonesome!"

HOW TO

Enjoy Yourself

in KANSAS CITY!



- What To See!
- Where to Go!
- Where to Eat!

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .



★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.

"There'll be some changes made," as the song goes, and soon. A fine hotel and a beautiful new bar and restaurant

are in the final stages of completion right next to the present 1104 address. We'll keep you posted! In the meantime, come to Pusateri's for roast beef, steak, cool crispy salads and fine drinks. Jerry's the host, food by Fanny, moosic by Muzak. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Like tender, mouth-watering filet mignon? Mmmmmh? Get it at the Savoy. It will be served midst cool, quiet surroundings by a snow-jacketed waiter who knows how to "buttle," but good. Gorgeous, buttery lobster, of course, and other seafood specialties to tickle even the faintest summer palate. Show your out-of-town buddies the Kansas City of yesteryear by taking them to the Savoy! 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS' CAFE. Menus here range from live Maine lobster, choice steaks and roast duckling to excellent capon. Always crowded; so be sure to come early, especially at lunch time. Incidentally, the Weiss salad bowl is a grand luncheon suggestion. An ornate fireplace at the north end of this cafe dates back to 1867 when the Coates House was in its hey-day. Be sure to look it over. We like to go to perfectly air conditioned Weiss' for cocktails. You'll like it too! Plenty of parking space! Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With A Glass . . .

★ BLUE DAHLIA ROOM. This excellent cocktail lounge is adjacent to the wholesale and downtown shopping districts and is just one block from the Municipal Auditorium—centrally located is



Ports of Call

the phrase for it. Charles Phil Provost combines the Solovox with his piano and the result is slightly terrific! Prominent sports figures are always among the well-dressed clients, and the conversation sparkles like a new penny. Air cooled, and serving good strong drinks. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ RENDEZVOUS. When from your nerveless hands shall fall the working tools of human existence, and the little day of labor comes to an end, hie on over to the Rendezvous and envy the suave Baltimoreites who have been there since lunch time. The bourbon and soda is wrapped in a crystal tumbler which rings when rubbed with the tip of a moist pinky. Snacks or full meals. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Lovely Betty Rogers at the piano, Vic Colin and Kay Hill with accordion-Hammond harmony, plushy seating, little round bar serving cool drinks—tempting and delightful! (A pirouette down the hall from El Casbah). Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PUTSCH'S. 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. It is one of America's most elegant dining rooms. 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 lovely Green Room is the very ticket for private meetings, luncheons and dinner parties. The cocktail lounge has soft seating, and a beautiful pioneer mural edged with mirrors makes a background for the bar and lounge. 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 Musak. Good food, good drinks and fine exercise—all under the same roof—what could be nicer? 430 Alameda Road. LO 6658.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Jimmy Featherstone and his orchestra will provide summer dance tunes for Grill patrons in August. And—food at the Grill is now back to its high, pre-war standards. So have your next party in this beautifully appointed room. Gordon is head

man and will take expert care of you and your friends, Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** We're beatin' the drum for the Drum Room! A block away from the center of town hustle and bustle and yet in the downtown area. Drumbar on the corner at the sign of the big red you-know-what, and down a deck is the Drum Room proper with music for dancing. Luncheon, dinner and supper. And say, try the President coffee shop of a summer's morn. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Who's doin' the music at El Casbah? Bill Snyder, "dramatist of the piano," an old-time Kansas City favorite! And say, during the first two weeks in August, you can catch up on your French and Spanish by listening to the clever songs of Diane Adrian, Continental chanteuse. Flaming sword dinners, flaming desserts, lots of nice people and oh, such courteous service! No cover or minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** "It's smart to dine at the Mart!" That's a fact.

Air conditioned, attractively decorated and just a timetable's throw from Union Station. Hubbies and



wives are often seen meeting here at the stroke of the dinner bell for cocktails and then a dollar dinner of delicious fried chicken replete with hot biscuits 'n honey. Have smorgasbord with your dinner—or all by its lonesome for only half a buck! 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 reaty pleaty jazz—expertly banged out on his pyanna. Come over Sunday night at the stroke of twelve and chase those blues away! Yowsah! WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** WHB's staff organist, pretty Alberta Bird, makes her Hammond (and the patrons) hum for cocktails and in the evenings. A late mimeo'd news flash accompanies your noonday snack or drink. Luncheon specialties, by the way, include tender little steaks tucked in a bun. Keen cocktail lounge and if you're a wee bit vain, you can preen with the aid of 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.** Dining is a pleasure in this attractive, air conditioned restaurant which is conveniently located in downtown Kansas City. Sixteen ounce steaks are the chef's

treat here—and that beef is straight from the Heart of America! Long branch potatoes, Birchwood's Chef's Salad, bread and butter are all welcome additions to your steak—and the complete dinner can be had for \$2.50. House specialties include prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh fish and filet mignon. The service is always quick and courteous! Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ **KING JOY LO.** In San Francisco the crowd goes to the Lamps of China; in Honolulu it's P. Y. Chong's; in Kansas

City everyone goes to King Joy Lo's and has the most delightful Chinese food you can imagine! Succulent chow mein and chop suey combinations, hot, dry rice, excellent tea and specialties like egg foo young are enough to make anyone's mouth water. American food is also served, and you can find lobster, chicken and steaks on the menu. There are booths for privacy or you can sit by a huge picture window and watch humanity bustle along on the street below. It's a grand restaurant, completely air cooled. 8 West 12th Street (2nd Floor). HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** You don't have to be a vegetarian to enjoy the meatless meals served in this cool, green-latticed cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. The atmosphere is relaxed, restful, and the food is topflight—especially the salads and incredibly wonderful pastries. Just a brisk walk from downtown Kansas City. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.



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MORNING

Time	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
6:00		Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time
6:15		Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report	Weather Report
6:30		AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bruce Grant	AP News—Bruce Grant
6:35		Weather & L. S. Est.	Weather & L. S. Est.	Weather & L. S. Est.	Weather & L. S. Est.	Weather & L. S. Est.	Weather Report
6:40		Farm Fair	Farm Fair	Farm Fair	Farm Fair	Farm Fair	Farm Fair
6:45		Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time	Town & Country Time
7:00	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News
7:15	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack
7:30	Sun. Sun Dial Serenade	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack
8:00	News	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Lou Kemper	AP News
8:05	Weather	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person	Weatherman in Person
8:10	News	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Fruit & Veg. Report	Musical Clack
8:15	K. C. Council of Churches	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack
8:30	Chamber Mus. Ensemble	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons	Crosby Croons
8:45	Chamber Mus. Ensemble	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack	Musical Clack
9:00	AP News—Bob Grinde	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
9:05	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint	Unity Viewpoint
9:10	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.	Martha Logan's Kitch.
9:15	Ove Dennis' Orch.	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program	Plaza Program
9:45	Dave Dennis' Orch.	That Man With a Band	That Man With a Band	That Man With a Band	That Man With a Band	That Man With a Band	That Man With a Band
10:00	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bruce Grant	AP News—Bruce Grant
10:05	Cavalcade of Music	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bruce Grant	AP News—Bruce Grant
10:15	Cavalcade of Music	Branding Time	Branding Time	Branding Time	Branding Time	Branding Time	Xavier Cugat's Orch.
10:20	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Teen Timers Club
10:45	NW. Univ. Review Stand	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Heart's Desire	Teen Timers Club
11:00	AP News—Bob Grinde	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Shoppers Serenade
11:05	California Melodies	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Kate Smith Speaks	Shoppers Serenade
11:10	California Melodies	Blue Barron Presents	Blue Barron Presents	Blue Barron Presents	Blue Barron Presents	Blue Barron Presents	Shoppers Serenade
11:30	Sunday Serenade	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Sandra Lea, Shopper	Shoppers Serenade
11:45	Sunday Serenade	Holland-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Show	Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade

AFTERNOON

12:00	Mutual Music	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News
12:15	John B. Kennedy	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
12:30	Contemporary Music	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys	Boogie Woogie Cowboys
12:45	Contemporary Music	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News	Missouri-Kansas News
1:00	Army Air Force	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	Queen for a Day	F. Martin, 1:15 Sinatra
1:05	Bill Cunningham—News	Club Copacabana	Club Copacabana	Club Copacabana	Club Copacabana	Club Copacabana	Bands for Bands
1:15	The Vet. Wants to Knows	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Bands for Bands
1:30	Quizpiration	Cedric Foster	Cedric Foster	Cedric Foster	Cedric Foster	Cedric Foster	Swing Session
1:45	Quizpiration	"BB Keys"	"BB Keys"	"BB Keys"	"BB Keys"	"BB Keys"	Swing Session
2:00	"Life Begins at 80"	Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Swing Session
2:15	"Life Begins at 80"	Say It With Music	Say It With Music	Say It With Music	Say It With Music	Say It With Music	Swing Session
2:30	House of Mystery	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	AP News—Bob Grinde	Swing Session
2:45	House of Mystery	Embassy Club	Embassy Club	Embassy Club	Embassy Club	Embassy Club	Swing Session
3:00	True Detective	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Songs—John Wahlstedt	Swing Session
3:15	House of Mystery	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Guy Lombardo's Orch.	Nora Morales' Orch.
3:30	Under Arrest	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Cliff Edwards Show	Nora Morales' Orch.
3:45	Under Arrest	The Story Book	The Story Book	The Story Book	The Story Book	The Story Book	Musically Yours
4:00	What Makes You Tick	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Tommy Dorsey's Orch.	Sports Time
4:15	What Makes You Tick	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News	AP News	Take a Number
4:30	Those Websters	The Showboat	The Showboat	The Showboat	The Showboat	The Showboat	Take a Number
4:45	Those Websters	Shades of Black & White	Shades of Black & White	Shades of Black & White	Shades of Black & White	Shades of Black & White	True or False
5:00	Nick Carter	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	True or False
5:15	Nick Carter	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	Tom Mix	True or False

EVENING

6:00	Mystery Playhouse	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Fulton Lewis, Jr.	Hawaii Calls
6:15	Mystery Playhouse	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Falstaff Serenade	Hawaii Calls
6:30	Gabriel Heatter	Henry J. Taylor	Gasoline Alley	Valley of Vitality	Valley of Vitality	Valley of Vitality	What's Name of That Song?
6:45	Gabriel Heatter	Evening Serenade	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	What's Name of That Song?
6:55	Gabriel Heatter	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	Edwin C. Hill	What's Name of That Song?
7:00	Mediation Board	The Falcon	Mysterious Traveler	Special Agent	Lucky Partners	There's Always a Woman	Twenty Questions
7:15	Mediation Board	Gregory Hoad	Mysterious Traveler	Special Agent	Lucky Partners	There's Always a Woman	Twenty Questions
7:30	Jimmie Fidler	Gregory Hoad	Official Detective	High Adventure	Talent Jack Pot	Leave It to the Girls	Stop Me If You've Heard This
7:45	Twin Views of the News	Gregory Hoad	Official Detective	High Adventure	Talent Jack Pot	Leave It to the Girls	Stop Me If You've Heard This
7:55	Twin Views of the News	Billy Rose	Billy Rose	Billy Rose	Billy Rose	Billy Rose	Stop Me If You've Heard This
8:00	Secret Mission	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Gabriel Heatter	Three for the Money
8:15	Secret Mission	Radio Newsreel	Radio Newsreel	Radio Newsreel	Radio Newsreel	Radio Newsreel	Three for the Money
8:30	"It's a Living"	Quiet Please	The Lane Wolf	Lionel Hampton Show	All Star Revue	Col. Stoopnagle	Three for the Money
8:45	"It's a Living"	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Bill Henry News	Three for the Money
9:00	Voices of Strings	Michael Shayne	Roger Kilgore	Opinion-Aire	The Family Theatre	Meet the Press	Chicago Theatre of Air
9:15	Voices of Strings	Michael Shayne	Roger Kilgore	Opinion-Aire	The Family Theatre	Meet the Press	Chicago Theatre of Air
9:30	WHB Mirror	Passing Parade	Passing Parade	Passing Parade	Passing Parade	Passing Parade	Chicago Theatre of Air
9:45	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	News—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air
10:00	"Clay's Gazette"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	Korn's a Krackin'
10:15	"Clay's Gazette"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	"The New Listen"	Korn's a Krackin'
10:30	Eddy Howard's Orch.	Xavier Cugat's Orch.	Ted Lewis' Orch.	Boyd Raeburn's Orch.	Art Mooney's Orch.	Richard Humber's Orch.	Ted Lewis' Orch.
10:45	News	News	News	News	News	News	News
11:00	Billy Bishop's Orch.	Dave LeWinter's Orch.	Sherman Hayes's Orch.	Lawrence Welk's Orch.	Sherman Hayes's Orch.	Guy Claridge's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch.
11:15	George Winslow's Orch.	Guy Claridge's Orch.	Sherman Hayes's Orch.	Lawrence Welk's Orch.	Sherman Hayes's Orch.	Guy Claridge's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch.
11:30	Henry King's Orch.	Barclay Allen's Orch.	Adrian Rollini's Orch.	Sam Donahue's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch.	Barclay Allen's Orch.
11:45	Henry King's Orch.	Barclay Allen's Orch.	Tommy Ryan's Orch.	Sam Donahue's Orch.	Henry King's Orch.	Henry King's Orch.	Barclay Allen's Orch.
12:00	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News	Midnight News
12:15	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session	Swing Session
1:00	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF	WHB SIGNS OFF

