

Swing



25¢

Television Comes to Stay

A personal prediction by the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission forecasts a spectacular future for television Page 3

Where to Go • What to See and Do

THE HIGH SPOTS FOR FOOD AND ENTERTAINMENT IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY 67

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THE BEST CARTOONS • THE BRIGHTEST LAUGHS

THE MAGAZINE OF TOMORROW—TODAY!



1. Richard Mowrer, foreign correspondent recently returned from eight years in the Middle East, scans the latest flashes on the teletype in the WHB newsroom.

2. Charming skater Gloria Nord and singing master of ceremonies Dick Finney take time out from "Skating Vanities" for a WHB interview.

3. Author David Guy Powers discusses his book, *Live a New Life*, with announcer Kemper during the *Man in the Book* program.

4. Lyall T. Beggs, Commander-in-Chief of Veterans of Foreign Wars, points to the invisible Iron Curtain on the globe, as he advocates greater military preparedness.

Foreword

IN *The Golden Bough*, that exhaustive study of men and gods, Sir James Frazer tells of an ancient kingship whose domain was the space beneath a tree in the sacred grove of Diana. The king held office by virtue of murder and his only duty was self-protection. Day and night around the tree he must crouch with drawn sword, for he was king only until another man killed him. Before history began and until the decline of Rome this vicious pattern of murder and vigil continued.

In spite of what we know as civilization, much of that barbaric simplicity has obtained into our own times. Succession by the sword is not yet obsolete. Still, there have been changes. The business of kings no longer is confined to self-protection and the title itself is no longer always adequate. Premiers and presidents now rank with kings; leaders are more in demand than soldiers; and their object has evolved from self-preservation to the preservation of their people.

But there is still a further step, unprecedented and imperative, that leadership must take. It is not enough that the leader protect himself, alone, or even his country and his people. His custody must be of the kind. As a head of state he contributes to the welfare of the world. This is the responsibility imposed in the president of the world's most powerful country and committed to the task he has, the vigil of the sacred grove might be more applicable. In this inaugural month we send greetings to the man who takes office not by virtue of the sword but of the faith his fellow citizens have placed in him, hoping that with his help all countries may be a year nearer one world.

Swing

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JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Water Colors by the National Association of Women Artists.

Masterpiece of the Month: Two Leaves from Jahangir Album, Mughal, early 17th Century.
Concerts: (Sundays, 3:30 p.m., Fridays, 8:15 p.m.)

Jan. 14, Julianne McClean, pianist.

Jan. 16, Dale Reubart, pianist.

Jan. 28, Mu Phi Epsilon concert.

Jan. 30, Piano concert, pupils of Amy Winning.

Motion Pictures: (No admission charge.)

Jan. 7, *The Covered Wagon*, 7:30 p.m.

Jan. 9, Repeat performance of *The Covered Wagon*, 3:00 p.m.

Jan. 21, *The Big Parade*, 7:30 p.m.

Jan. 23, Repeat performance of *The Big Parade*, 3:00 p.m.

Music . . .

Jan. 4-5, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Isaac Stern, violinist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Jan. 9, Paganini Quartet, Kansas City University Playhouse, 4:00 p.m.

Jan. 9, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.

Jan. 11, Hardin Van Deursen, baritone, Kansas City University Playhouse.

Jan. 18-19, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Benno Moise-witsch, pianist, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.

Jan. 20, Howard S. Wilson, pianist, Kansas City University Playhouse.

Jan. 21, Conservatory of Music Annual Concert, Edison Hall, 8:15 p.m.

Jan. 23, Kansas City Philharmonic Pop concert, Music Hall, 3:30 p.m.

Jan. 23, Helen Larson, voice recital, All Souls Unitarian Church, 3:30 p.m.

Jan. 24, Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Jan. 25, Luboshutz and Nemenoff, Duo-pianists, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Jan. 26, Bel Canto Trio, Music Hall, 8:30 p.m.



Jan. 31, Kansas City Philharmonic Young People's concert, Music Hall, 1:30 p.m.

Conventions . . .

Jan. 3-5, Western Association of Nurserymen, Hotel Muehlebach.

Jan. 9-12, Central States Salesmen, Municipal Auditorium.

Jan. 9-12, National Restaurant Association, Hotel Muehlebach.

Jan. 12-14, National Fidelity Life Insurance Company, Hotel Continental.

Jan. 13-14, Kansas Contractors Association, Hotel President.

Jan. 14, Chevrolet Motors, Municipal Auditorium.

Jan. 17-20, Western Retail Implement & Hardware Association & Show, Municipal Auditorium.

Jan. 23-25, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show.

Jan. 26-28, Southwestern Lumbermen's Association, Municipal Auditorium.

Jan. 31-Feb. 1, Associated General Contractors of Missouri, Hotel President.

Jan. 31, Feb. 2, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Hotel Phillips.

Lectures . . .

Jan. 10, Richard Lloyd George, *The Outlook in Europe*, Music Hall, 8:20 p.m.

Jan. 12, Cyril M. MacBryde, M.D., *Modern Trends in Diabetic Treatment*, Little Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

Jan. 17, Deane Dickason, motion picture in color, *The Coveted East Indies*, Music Hall, 4:00 p.m. and 8:20 p.m.

Musical . . .

Jan. 20-22, *Allegro*, Music Hall.

Drama . . .

Jan. 6-8, *Born Yesterday*, Music Hall.

Special Events . . .

Jan. 5, Catholic Youth Council boxing show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Jan. 14, *Voice of the Deep*, udersea motion picture, Music Hall.

Jan. 19, Pontiac Motors Display, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Jan. 23, Gene Autry, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Basketball . . .

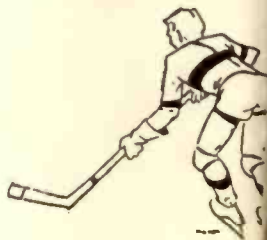
Jan. 7, 14, 21-22, 28, High school basketball, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Jan. 29, N.A.I.B. double-head Rockhurst v. Hays State Missouri Valley v. Ottawa Municipal Auditorium Arena

Hockey . . .

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

Jan. 2, Tulsa.
Jan. 5, Houston.
Jan. 9, Minneapolis.
Jan. 16, Omaha.
Jan. 19, St. Paul.
Jan. 23, Fort Worth.
Jan. 30, Omaha.



Wrestling . . .

(Wrestling every Thursday Memorial Hall, Kansas Kansas.)

Jan. 11, Four professional wrestlers, Municipal Auditorium Arena.



Comes to Stay

The miracle of visual broadcasting is with us, and is growing day by day.

by WAYNE COY

WHAT do the American people think of television? Well, the best indication is the avidity with which they are buying receiving sets. They are buying them as fast as they roll off the assembly lines.

As 1949 dawns, more than one million American homes, clubs and public places will have television sets, and some industry leaders predict that by 1955 there will be 17 million in use.

Until there are a lot more sets in the hands of the public, however, the builders of television stations are going to have to operate in the red. That is one of the phenomena of this infant industry. It's about the only business there is in which the enterprisers brag about the amount of money they are losing.

In the first place, it costs from a quarter to a half million dollars to build a station, and it is not unusual at this stage of the game to find stations losing from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a month. Most of the larger stations are losing a lot more. One network admitted publicly that it expected to lose three million dollars in 1948. Another large concern makes quite a point of the fact that it has already sunk 40

million dollars in television.

We know that these men are daring, venturesome trail-blazers in the old American tradition of free enterprise. But we also can assume that they are not philanthropists, not in this matter at least. They are convinced that the potentialities of television far overshadow every other medium of communication. They are convinced that it will be an unrivalled instrument not only for the dissemination of information, education and entertainment, but also for the display and the demonstration of goods and services.

We can start with the fact that nine-tenths of everything we learn comes through our eyes. Television enables us to reach the minds of men via electronics at the speed of light. It is costly to build and to operate a television station. But the advertisers will find it the most powerful, most effective and the most profitable medium for mass merchandising yet devised.

Television does better than set up a show window for the advertiser in each home throughout his area, because a show window is, after all,

From a speech by Wayne Coy, Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, before the Rotary Club of Chicago on November 16, 1948.

static. On the television screen, under ideal circumstances, with the customer relaxed and concentrating in his own living room, the advertiser does not merely show his product or his service. He also demonstrates it. He can get over his point with a wider variety of visual aids than he has ever had at his command before—the presentation of the actual subject, motion pictures, still pictures, paintings, graphs, maps, animated charts, animated cartoons. To this he can add speech, drama, music, sound effects.

Looking to the future we can see that the utilization of this newest means of communication will stimulate informational, educational, entertainment and commercial activities beyond anything that has been experienced before.

We must remember that television is able to present news, information, instruction and entertainment just as efficiently as it does an advertising message.

Every city, no matter how large, will be magically compressed by this electronic marvel. The personalities, the institutions, the mercantile establishments, the industrial enterprises of every community will become familiar sights in homes within a 40 to 50 mile radius of the local television stations.

In our present system of television, 13 channels were originally available for allocation over the nation. After lengthy public hearings and consultation with the industry, the Federal Communications Commission arrived at an allocation table calculated to distribute these channels fairly over the nation. Later it became necessary to

reduce the total number from 13 to 12.

Today, in the entire United States, 45 stations are in actual operation. Seventy-seven other applicants have permits to construct stations. In addition, there are 311 applications pending. I estimate that in another two years there will be 400 stations on the air.

Meanwhile, the Commission is studying the possibilities of adding more channels, employing those in the higher part of the radio spectrum. I am now holding conferences with industry leaders to determine if equipment can be developed to operate in this upper region. I predict that higher channels soon will be added. My opinion is that there will be a thousand stations on the air in seven or eight years.

Several manufacturers have assured the F. C. C. that when additional channels are added, they will be able to produce adaptors at reasonable prices that will enable the present set to tune in the new stations.

At present, the demand for radio frequencies is at an all-time high. It far exceeds anything like the available

Four television channels have been allocated to Kansas City. The F. C. C. has granted in Kansas City one television construction permit to the Kansas City Star Company (WDAK-TV). Other applications pending in this area are: WHB Broadcasting Company, KCKN Broadcasting Company, KCMO Broadcasting Company, New England Television Company, Midland Broadcasting Company (KMBC), and 20th Century Fox Missouri, Incorporated.—Editor.

supply. The Commission has the responsibility of rationing the available frequencies.

In this postwar era, radio is being used on an unprecedented scale. The Commission is under heavy pressure for frequencies from the railroads, taxicabs, police and fire departments, radio heating, public utilities, doctors, trucks, streetcars, newspapers, motion picture producers, telephone companies, forestry, shipping and aviation interests.

Meanwhile, television network facilities continue to forge ahead. Already Chicago is the hub of a Midwest television distribution system that connects St. Louis, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and Buffalo.

On January 12, this Midwest system will connect with the television stations on the Eastern seaboard. Those facilities are now serving television stations in Boston, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Schenectady, and New Haven. On January 12, the T. & T. coaxial cable will complete a section between Philadelphia and Cleveland, via Pittsburgh, thereby joining Chicago and the other Midwestern cities into the Eastern hookup. January 12, when East meets Midwest, therefore, becomes a mighty milestone in the history of television in this nation.

These electronic highways will transport exciting cargoes of news events, educational programs, dramatic performances, variety shows, sports, and other entertainment in unprecedented volume.

The hope is for coast-to-coast television networking within another two

years. Eventually, of course, network facilities will blanket the nation. A city will be able to project itself from coast to coast and from border to border. And similarly, the sights and sounds, the picturesque and historic places, the news and history in the making will come to the living rooms of that city from every corner of our land.

Some day, and I do not think it will be too long, American cities will ride the television waves around the globe with the speed of light.

The phenomenal growth which television has had and the predictions for its future development have been accompanied by all sorts of dire predictions as to the future of other media of information, entertainment and education. I think it is certain enough that television itself has a very bright future and that within a few years it will grow to be a tremendous industry. I think it is likewise equally certain that the growth of television is destined to have far reaching effects on other means of information, entertainment and education. But it seems to me to be a serious mistake to suppose that television must inevitably grow as an incubus, by sucking out the life blood of other media.

Contrariwise, it would be most unfortunate for the economic well-being of our country if other media should stick their heads in the sands and



assume that this new development may not affect them adversely. In the

first place, television is going to get its audience from someone. In fact, it may get its audience from a composite of places—from radio, from the movie houses, from the legitimate theatres and from sports events—and it may attract listeners who now devote their time to reading the newspapers and the magazines. It's a cinch that no one can listen to a regular radio broadcast and watch television at the same time. It's a sure bet that no one can attend a prize fight and see a televised vaudeville show at the same time. There will be competition between these events and the different media. But the indications are that television is going to be the most dynamic medium of all in terms of attracting audience—that is, if the programming of this new service is of high quality.

Where the advertising will come from to support this new medium is a matter of conjecture. Many people in the industry believe that television will not necessarily get its advertising revenue by depriving other media of

their present advertising customers. For the fact remains that with the advent of radio it was believed that we had already reached the saturation point in advertising expenditures. Actually, it was only the beginning.

Those expenditures in 1927 were less than 500 million dollars. In 1947 the advertising volume on radio alone was in excess of the total of all advertising expenditures in 1927. And the total expenditure for the major media was in excess of two billions of dollars.

Sound broadcasting has not been particularly successful in securing any substantial portions of the advertising budgets of department stores and similar retail services. Television, as a demonstration sales medium, may be able to tap this source without adverse effects on radio advertising. But it may have serious consequences in terms of newspapers and magazines.

As television grows, there may be a temporary loss of advertising volume by one medium or another to television, but in the long run, television will serve to create larger advertising expenditures. Perhaps the most significant thing of all in terms of the competition of the various media for the advertising dollar will be the kinds of adjustments which the various media will make.

The great industry of sound broadcasting, with its 3,000 stations in operation or under construction, is in for major readjustments. When television comes into a home, the inter-swings sharply away from the sound broadcasting set. A recent check indicates that people who own television sets use those sets twice as much as



Wilson

"And now the Weather Report . . ."

people in non-television homes use their radio sets. As television progresses, persons conducting both television and sound radio stations probably will abandon the latter to concentrate on the former because of the incompatibility of the two services under one management.

Sound broadcasting in the metropolitan areas will always be necessary to supplement television. In the rural areas it will be expanded.

Newspapers will need to readjust to new competitive conditions when thousands of their subscribers see and hear the big news events of the day just as they happen.

The motion picture industry seems to be in for a period of great changes, too. This new electronic medium, television, becomes a competitor to the motion picture exhibitor in more ways than one. Surveys show that when families acquire television sets their attendance at theatres dwindles seriously. Theatres may meet this challenge by improving their programming, and it is altogether possible that they may use the very art of television to bring their theatres outstanding public events simultaneously with television. Until there is a saturation of television receivers in this country there will certainly be a large audience for such events in theatres.

Television techniques may be utilized to revise the programs of theatres beyond the presentation of outstanding public events. For example, feature films may be supplemented with symphony concerts and popular entertainers by means of the coaxial cable. Theatres may take a leaf out of the book of television operators who now

have their own newsreel staffs, and build up their own local newsreel programs for showing in their theatres. Or, the half dozen or so newsreel companies now in the business of supplying theatres may find it advantageous to combine in whole or in part and build up a newsreel service for American theatres on the basis of international, national, state, regional and local coverage of news events in the manner of our great wire news services.

But television holds another threat to the motion picture theatre. Television becomes a competitor for the production of the motion picture producer. Television broadcasters will bid against the exhibitor for the feature films and for short subjects. Television operators face an almost superhuman task in programming their stations 12 to 18 hours a day. Film, of necessity, will be one of their essential requirements. Either they will get the film from the present producers in competition with motion picture exhibitors or the producers will make film tailor-made for television or new producers will make them or the television broadcasters will make them.

What we are witnessing is a great spectacular eruption in the communications world — competition between various forms of communication. It seems to me that America cannot help but be benefited from this kind of competition if it means more and better education, more and better information, more and better entertainment. American industries certain to be affected by television may fall before this new communications medium or, as the phonograph record did in

partnership with radio, may rise phoenix-like with this new industry.

Some businesses do get wiped out. We no longer travel by ox cart or stagecoach or canal boat. Railroads and automobiles have replaced them, and since that replacement, we have seen the airplane come along and provide even a swifter means of transport. Movie houses replaced the legitimate theatre and the vaudeville theatre, but television is bringing back vaudeville and surely will bring the legitimate theatre to millions of our people who have never had an opportunity to enjoy it.

Television is still so young that none of us can foresee its fullest potentialities. Perhaps we are building better than we know; perhaps year by year visual broadcasting will discover many new ways to serve mankind that occur to none of us today.

When we Americans devote our time, energy and money to the building up of this system of television, it is our fond hope and dream that the facilities may be forever dedicated to the pursuits of peace—the enrichment of our daily lives, the promotion of our general welfare, the instruction and entertainment of our families.

However, in the present precarious state of world affairs, we are forced to consider other eventualities, and we are looking to our defenses. In that consideration we can envision television not only as a tool of peace but

as a powerful weapon to protect our national security.

Television made its debut as an instrument of national defense in the second World War. The half dozen stations then on the air proved the unique value of television in training large groups for civilian defense activities.

Should our nation be the victim of another aggression and subject to the destruction of atomic bombing, our television stations may well serve as our most effective means for the mass mobilization of our people in the large population centers for protective measures. By means of the television screen they can be shown instantaneously and accurately how to carry out the instructions of civil and military authorities.

The evacuation of cities, fire fighting, demolition work, first-aid treatment to the wounded, emergency feeding, housing and sanitary measures could be expedited beyond anything possible in any previous war.

Let us hope, however, that this marvelous product of man's genius may be permitted to continue to serve our nation in the ways of peace—by expanding our opportunities for free speech and the presentation of all sides of controversial issues, by the promotion of understanding of domestic and international problems, by spreading the spirit of tolerance, by constructive programming designed to inspire and strengthen our people



An onlooker at a New York parade, shoved by a policeman, got angry about it. "Don't push me," he said. "I'm an anti-communist."

The cop eyed him icily, "I don't care what kind of a communist you are —move on!"

Pillbox-totin' Mamma, lay that pillbox down!

CURES *That Mean*



death

by JEAN CAMERON

SIX months ago Helen was a healthy, happy young woman. Today she is dead, another victim of the demon cure-all.

This young girl is a typical case history of health rackets. She depended upon a "miraculous machine that cures all ailments" instead of sound, professional treatment.

The Spectro-Chrome, this particular cure-all was called. According to directions and the high price, it was supposed to cure everything from baldness, cancer, or tuberculosis to simple toothache or arthritis.

Certainly, this new pain killer looked impressive, mounted on a stand with its many-colored glass slides and light projector. It was claimed to be the new wonder of scientific treatment, but because of it Helen died of cancer.

Every year thousands like her ignore doctors' advice and medical treatment for "magic" home remedies—gadgets and pills. They want to get better the quick, easy way because they're tired of doctoring. And every year gadget racketeers and pill peddlers take ruthless advantage of these people to the sum of billions of dollars.

Instead of consulting a physician, countless people turn to the Spectro-

Chromes, the electrical shockers, the magnetizers, or to the numerous other belts, bandages, pumps, massagers, coils, and baths that are peddled by quacks.

Besides parting with badly-needed money, these victims jeopardize their health, sometimes to a point where it's too late for cure.

In 20 years, the Spectro-Chrome inventor sold more than 9,000 of his gadgets to people who didn't realize their danger. Of course, this cure-all peddler was clever. He combined a blue metal box with a heavy front lens and some colored glass slides. Inside was a 1,000-watt bulb and an electric fan.

With a whirr and a buzz the machine poured forth colored rays, depending upon the glass slides you put in front of the lens. Certain colors or color combinations cured certain ailments, as you were told in the detailed book of instructions.

All this was supposed to "re-arrange all body unbalances," said the inventor. Thousands joined his "club," donated \$90 each, and received in the mail a cure-all for their ailments.

When federal authorities investigated this gadget, witnesses came by crutch, wheel chair, or bed to testify. Originally these sufferers had expected to be rid of all pains, but in

many cases disease had only advanced in degree. Many victims were already dead.

Another gimmick which should have fooled no one, but which actually sold by the hundreds, was seized in Michigan. It was the Catalytic Barium Chloride, priced at \$300 and guaranteed to cure any ill, ache or ailment.

This fake was simply a metal tube of white powder, a barium chloride mixture. The buyer wore it around his neck for a few days, or, better yet, taped it to the sore spot, and was assured quick, permanent relief. Supposedly pain was relieved by mysterious radio-active properties which even the manufacturer couldn't explain or prove were there.

The Food and Drug Administration investigates all rackets as soon as they suspect queer goings-on, but they are hampered not only by the clever quacks, but by the buyers themselves. Such faith do the victims put in the magic formula for quick health that they fail to see their errors until too late.

For instance, one woman in Ohio invested \$2,000 in a Vapor-Bath—another magic cure for arthritis, poor elimination, gout, piles, and lumbago.

This particular fake was a furnace-like generator filled with lime, salt and other minerals. The bather was to be healed of all ills by these vapors. Only the Ohio woman, like so many others, didn't know that salt and lime don't vaporize. By the time authorities found one of these quack gadgets, the woman was dead.

Federal courts did find and condemn the Sinuothermic, which was claimed to be a cure for arthritis,

heart disease, deafness, blindness, and abscess of the liver. But not before countless victims fell. Sold for \$1,500, the Sinuothermic looked like a radio, complete with wires and electrode pads. The object was to plug the set into a socket, place the pads on the aching spot, and be cured.

Food and Drug investigators sent the Sinuothermic to the University of Cincinnati for testing and proved it a fake. The manufacturer, himself a cripple from arthritis, was brought to court. But how many sick people died or became incurably ill before the contraption was demolished?

Gadget racketeers aren't the only health quacks, though. Right next to them are the amazing pill peddlers.

These men have a cure for the same aches and ailments, but in the easy-to-take tablet with the double-your-money-back guarantee. Or else it's a cream, or a beauty soap that the quack peddles. Whatever it is, it's dangerous and expensive.

One of the most famous beauty aids appeals to women. It is the well-known reducing pill. Lose ugly fat in just a few weeks, the advertisements tell us. Just take these safe, scientific tablets and be enticingly slender.

An Indiana woman tried the pills and died of pernicious anemia. Her pills, like most of the quick-method reducers, contained Benzedrine, the dangerous drug that only a physician should prescribe.

Also marketed are "marvel" creams that sometimes are advertised as dissolving fat tissues or sometimes, on the other hand, as building up certain "beauty spots."

There are bath salts and steam re-

ducers, massagers and slenderizing belts to "firm fatty tissues." No matter what form they take, they're mostly fakes, yet thousands of women donate thousands of dollars every month in an effort to get slim quickly, instead of consulting a doctor, the only person who should recommend a diet or reducing pill. These women often see their mistakes only after their money is gone or their health is injured.

More than 97 million dollars is spent each year on laxatives. All but a very small portion of this is sheer waste. The real need could be measured in thousands of dollars, says the secretary of the Council of Pharmacy and Chemistry. Yet American people have somehow taken to the notion that a weekly dose is necessary to good health, and they freely support the advertisers.

Of an equal proportion, but of much deadlier effect, are the sleeping



potions sold to millions of unsuspecting buyers. Despite the extensive publicity and warnings against these pills, New York recorded one death every two days from barbiturates. Of the 40 million pounds of medicine prepared in the United States each year, sleeping pills constitute more than a half a million pounds. They should be used with extreme care, say the doc-

tors, because they easily become habit-forming. Then the danger appears.

Rivalling any other money-making scheme is the rage for vitamins. Advertisers offer "quick, glowing energy" or "that youthful complexion of beauty" with every bottle, and eager buyers flock to the corner drug stores. They don't realize that they can get the same thing from three balanced meals a day, but instead readily give millions of dollars every year.

Certainly, a vitamin deficiency should be treated by a doctor, but even physicians question the rows of brown bottles in the drug stores.

Many other preparations are advertised and sold for exorbitant profits. Food and Drug authorities cannot stop the sales, because most of the articles are harmless. The point is, you pay for something you don't get.

For example, popular "antiseptics" do nothing but give you a cool, fresh taste. If they were strong enough to kill bacteria they would also be strong enough to hurt the delicate tissues of your mouth.

In about 99 per cent of all cases, alkalizers are pure humbug. In certain cases they may even be harmful. Skin remedies, too, are mostly fakes, sometimes making the "cure" worse than the ailment.

Along with the expensive fads are tonics, blood purifiers, and "health foods" which do nothing but provide a mild laxative.

Why do millions of unfortunates fall for these remedies every day? Mainly because Americans still like magic instead of medicine. The annual toll in deaths from unprescribed drugs and gadgets is appalling, yet it's

much easier to sell the fake than to convince the victims that they actually are fakes.

Federal authorities ask that you protect yourself from health racketeers. Avoid all quick miracle meth-

ods. If you need treatment, never try to prescribe for yourself. See a competent physician. You will save both discomfort and expense.

Don't be a victim of the demon cure-all!



Statues on Guard

IT was 1793 and France and Spain were at war. A Spanish army under the command of General Ricardo moved toward Catalonia. French troops camped at the Pyrenees. The Spanish general stationed his army near the border at Fort Figueras. Among his soldiers were two young men, Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer.

One night Castells and Ferrer were on guard duty. No one knows just what happened when the two sentinels found themselves face to face that night while the army slept. There were no witnesses. That they were both in love with the same Spanish senorita and that her name was Olalya is generally known. That the two young men were hot blooded and that their enmity flared that night as they patrolled Fort Figueras, is proved beyond doubt by the fact that the dead bodies of both were found in the early hours of the following morning. Ferrer's bayonet had pierced the heart of Jaime Castells. Castell's bayonet was buried deep in the body of Francisco Ferrer.

Perhaps somewhere in Spain a girl named Olalya mourned. But military authorities were not interested in the love affairs of soldiers. Castells and Ferrer were guilty of a military crime. They had abandoned their post before the enemy. Fort Figueras with Ricardo's army had been endangered by those whose duty it was to guard it. True, they were both dead, but their very deaths were crimes which must be punished. So the two dead soldiers were ordered court-martialed.

Court-martial proceedings were carried on, although the places reserved for the accused remained vacant. The court passed sentence. Infantry soldiers Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer were sentenced to perpetual exile, and to guard as eternal sentinels some fort in New Spain.

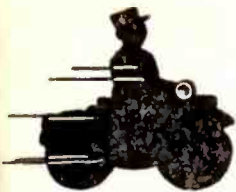
Months later a ship from the mother country sailed for Mexico bringing two life-sized statues to Vera Cruz. Each had a name chiselled at its base.

Ever since then, the images of Castells and Ferrer, as per order of the Spanish Military Court, have been performing sentinel duty at the entrance to the Castle of Perote, a hundred miles inland from Vera Cruz.

The statues witnessed the War of Independence, when the soldiers of Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain. They stood guard when the famed troops of France were routed by Porfirio Díaz and his Mexican volunteers. They remained through the Revolution of 1910 and were untouched by the American invasion of Vera Cruz in 1914. Now, the fortress guarded by Castells and Ferrer is a deserted building in a country at peace.

For over 150 years these two stone statutes have been lonely sentinels in a strange land, because once, being young, passionate, and in love, Jaime Castells and Francisco Ferrer forgot their soldiers' duty and fought to death on a terrace of a Catalonian fortress near the Pyrenees.—Ralph E. Ogden.

Lawrence of Arabia rode to fame on camel and horse, and to glory on a motorcycle.



SOLDIER ON WHEELS

by WILLIAM J. MURDOCH

THE issues at stake between the Jews and the Arabs bring to mind one of the most romantic figures of his or any century, who might have been able to effect a speedy settlement of the territorial strife had he not, on a gray and drizzling Friday the 13th of May of 1935, crashed into oblivion on a lonely road near Dorset, a victim of his motorcycle mania.

He was Thomas Edward Lawrence, known then as T. E. Shaw and familiar to millions as "Lawrence of Arabia."

In his young manhood, Lawrence raced across the glittering hot sands of Arabia on a camel, leading the Bedouins in a successful revolt against their Turk oppressors during World War I. He was a pioneer in modern guerrilla warfare, with its emphasis on mobility.

With this passion for speed it is not surprising that in the postwar years Lawrence took to the motorcycle. Although he had used an armored Daimler-Benz in the closing stages of the Arabian campaign—the celebrated "Blue Mist" which he hurtled across the hard-packed sandy wastes like a thunderbolt—he was rather contemptuous of automobiles for their luxuriousness. He was a hard, tough man when he had to be; and for him the

motorcycle, which offered daring speed at low cost to anyone who had the nerve to climb on and go, seemed the ideal vehicle.

Lawrence was not exactly a stranger to 'cycles when he called it quits after the end of World War I and entered the Royal Air Corps under an assumed name to escape further publicity. Before the war he had taken his pedal-bike through France, studying castles. He was a dyed-in-the-wool cyclist, in fact, long before he was a soldier and celebrity. And he remained one until the end—when he was catapulted from the saddle of his famous black speeder which crashed along the British roadside and lay there with its front wheel lazily spinning in the silence.

Lawrence spent 13 years in the service as an enlisted man after he saw the affairs of Arabia settled to his satisfaction. He could have had his choice of dozens of big-paying jobs and important political offices in England. He could have had wealth, fame, and position. Instead, he wanted a night watchman's job in a bank. He never got it, because of two boys on bicycles who appeared suddenly on the crest of a hill. It sounds like a puzzle, but then he was a puzzling man.

The Arabs didn't ask for Lawrence. He simply happened to be on the scene, as a British intelligence officer, when the Arabs decided to strike against Turkey while that nation was busy helping Germany against the Allies.

Lawrence was figuratively set afire by the idea of helping these so-called "children of the desert" wrest their freedom from the Turks who had held them in cruel subjection for so many years. So he won their confidence, and he went forth into the heat and sand of the desert and won them their freedom.

For this daring exploit, fame hit Lawrence like a dazzling light. He was one of the most romantic personalities of the war, and the newspapers of the Allied world plastered him all over their front pages. Turkey gave his picture wide circulation, too—on posters offering huge rewards for his capture.

He was an insignificant-looking little chap, but he had the courage of a lion, the strength of an ox, and the inspiring leadership of a messiah. Dressed in the white turban and flowing white robes of the Arab, and carrying a curved dagger at his belt, he led his small army of fierce tribesmen to historic triumph in Damascus.

When the war was over, Lawrence wanted peace and quiet. He was tired of the headlines, the constant pester-

ing of newspaper reporters, weary of being sought out by celebrity hounds and snoopers.

But there was more work to be done. There remained many details of the Arabian campaign to be cleaned up when he returned to England. He was kept right in the center of the publicity spotlight by friends, well-wishers, and others who wouldn't give him much more than a minute's peace.

Finally, desperately seeking the peace of mind that goes with obscurity, Lawrence joined the army. Using the name of Ross, he entered the Royal Air Corps in 1922. His true identity leaked out the next year, and his superiors discharged him, presumably because they feared the other enlisted men would be extremely suspicious of a man who had resigned a colonel's commission to become a private. He then joined the Royal Tank Corps as a private, using the name T. E. Shaw, and in 1925 he returned to the Air Corps. Here he stayed in ranks until honorably discharged; few months before his death.

Throughout most of his years in service as an enlisted man, Lawrence—or Ross, or Shaw—kept a motor cycle within reach. When he joined the tanks corps in 1923, he brought his motorcycle with him. It was whispered through the ranks that he was the daring Lawrence, the "Uncrowned King of Arabia"—a title, incidentally, at which he scoffed. But this romantic reputation didn't impress his mechanically minded buddies half as much as did the skill and courage he displayed on his motorcycle. 'Ere, now was a chap wot knew 'ow to ride that bloomin' bike!



He knew how to share it, too. He had a side-car model at that time, and Lawrence used to take soldier friends on breathtaking excursions. Many of the men who have ridden in the side-car with Lawrence to take a swim at an ocean resort six or seven miles from the camp where they were stationed. Instead of resenting this small, light, quiet-spoken man who was trying to hide from fame in their midst, they liked and respected him. They used to tip him off when newspaper reporters came to call, and he would jump on his motorcycle and race away to sanctuary.

In 1925, Lawrence met George Brough, the renowned English rider and racer who at one time held more motorcycle cups and medals than any other man. Brough was naturally attracted by Lawrence's intense interest in motorcycling, and a cordial friendship developed between them. Lawrence suggested many cycle improvements that Brough found helpful in designing his own machines.

During their ten years of friendship Brough built eight motorcycles for Lawrence. T.E. affectionately dubbed them all George, and numbered them

I through VIII. The eighth he never rode.

We have Brough's word for it that Lawrence was one of the best riders—no small compliment coming from an expert. T.E. was never reckless on the road, nor did he violate the road rights of any other motorcyclist or autoist. But when the road was clear—vroooooooooommm!

Released from service in the spring of 1935, Lawrence planned a quiet life centered in his cottage at Dorset. He would rest, and read, and ride. Once he informed friends that he would like a job as a night watchman in a bank. There, behind the heavy, bolted, locked and double-locked doors in the middle of the night, he would surely be safe from snooping visitors.

But if he really wanted it, Lawrence waited too long to find such a job. Came the day in May when he rode to a telegraph office to send off a wire to one of his thousands of friends. On the way home, hunched low to the handlebars of his rocketing motorcycle, he saw the figures of two young bicyclists suddenly loom up before him on the crest of a hill. So he swerved to avoid them.

Today's Child

A small boy walked into a drugstore, laid a nickel down on the counter, and asked for an ice cream cone.

"Cones are eight cents, sonny," explained the druggist.

"Gimmie a package of gum, then," said the boy.

"Gum is six cents," informed the druggist.

"How about a popsicle?"

"Popsicles are six cents, too."

Shaking his head, the boy turned abruptly and headed for the door—leaving his money behind.

"Hey, sonny," called the druggist. "You forgot your nickel."

"Aw, keep it," was the disgusted reply. "I can't buy anything with it nowadays, anyhow."



"Trouble is, these little bundles from heaven come C. O. D."

Years are not the yardstick by which to measure men.



DO YOU KNOW YOUR REAL AGE ?

by ALEX VERNOR

THERE is an advertising executive in New York City who is listed as OPC-42 on a small blue card in the files of a great psychological testing laboratory.

This cryptic figure means the executive has the stamina, alertness, and imagination of a healthy man 42 years of age. But measured in terms of calendar years, the advertising man is 63 years old—well past the retirement age in many so-called “progressive” companies and corporations!

He is one of the fortunate few Americans whose age is measured in terms other than months and years. But their numbers are growing, thanks to the work of such men as Dr. Harry Benjamin of New York City, who are insisting that the number of years a person has lived is not an accurate index of that individual's powers and physical condition.

To Dr. Benjamin, “old age,” as we know it, is a malady. He believes this disease is preventable to a large extent, and that precautions can be taken which will stave off physiological old age indefinitely.

“We call the treatment of old age gerontherapy,” he says. “It not only adds years to life but adds life to years. Our objective is to extend

the platform of efficiency well into later life.”

It was World War II, with its sudden shortage of man- and woman-power, which focussed the nation's attention on how well “oldsters” can do things. Grandmothers operated riveting machines; grandfathers worked eight- and ten-hour days in aircraft factories. Countless men of 65 and 70, whose children had relegated them to the fireside and a comfy pair of slippers, found themselves well-paying jobs.

True, you didn't find any 60-year-old becoming a steeple jack or a deep-sea diver. But there were tens of thousands of posts to be filled, which called for alacrity, ingenuity, and the readiness to make important decisions.

Today, although many of the elder workers have been retired by their companies, you'll still find many thousands of them happily earning their own livings and beholden to nobody for their support.

Dr. Benjamin points to these post-war workers—some as old as 80—as proof of his contention that adherence to a fixed age, in terms of years, for purposes of compulsorily retiring individuals, is fair neither to the individual nor to society.

Indeed, this authority points out,

many men and women who are "young" in calendar terminology are actually old and played-out at 35 and 40.

Don H., a Chicago commercial artist, is a case in point. Don has been turning out clever magazine illustrations and calendar art since he was 20 years old. He is a heavy drinker, has had three wives, and is perpetually in debt and up to his ears in all kinds of petty troubles.

A year ago, he landed a coveted post as art director of a large printing firm—simply because the company president had said, "This is a job which calls for a young man!" Don was 37, so he landed the plum.

Another artist, who had been with the firm for 20 years, had been passed up for promotion because he was "too old" for the job at 55.

Within six months, Don's erratic personal habits, his temper and his frequent bouts with the bottle, had resulted in complete confusion within his department. Quietly, the older man pitched in, expedited things, assumed many of Don's responsibilities.

When Don was fired, as was inevitable, the older man landed the job he should have had in the first place, for he had proved that his *real age* in terms of usefulness, productivity and ability to get along with people was young enough to make him a successful department head.

If you would keep young mentally and physiologically, pay attention to what you eat! Dr. Benjamin states that the right foods in the right quantities are vital if the human or-

ganism is to be kept in "young" working condition. He adds:

"Hormone as well as vitamin deficiencies are the inevitable companions of the aging process. Preventive measures must precede and accompany therapeutic efforts. Proper nutrition is an outstanding factor in the management of the aged."

Utilizing the brain-power and physical abilities of our senior citizens is especially important today, because of the increased life-expectancy of all Americans. Within the last 100 years, our population has doubled its average life span. In George Washington's day, a man was "old" at 30 or 35; disease usually carried him off before then. Today, thanks to the scientific conquest of disease and pain, who can say when a man or woman really is old?



As science plunges forward, we can expect that within the next 50 years the human life expectancy may well be 85 to 100. If this be true, then what is to become of a person's late years—would the retired worker of 55 have to spend 40 years or more marking time until death?

Dr. Benjamin and his colleague say that we must find a way to utilize our senior citizens if our national economic structure is to be secure. For the percentage and number c

younger people is decreasing, while that of older individuals is constantly increasing.

This means, inevitably, that older men—who in the 1930s would have been tossed on the human slag heap—will be at the controls of our national economy in the next 25 to 50 years.

Today we have 13,000,000 people over 60 and 9,000,000 over 65. Perhaps half of them are—within limitations—as “young” as they were 25 years ago, if one considers primarily their mental abilities, coordination, and powers of judgment.

Every family physician is familiar with the retired business man who suddenly develops vague aches, pains and mental lassitude after he is turned out to graze. Your doctor knows that enforced idleness takes a greater toll than disease.

Therefore, the proper question to ask of yourself is not, “How old am I?” but, “Am I able to handle a job to the satisfaction of an employer and myself?”

In Chicago, a unique job-finding organization called “The Men-Over-60 Club” has recorded some amazing successes in putting “old” men back to work. The club, started during the

depression, has convinced hundreds of employers that the man of 55 may be a better bet job-wise than the youngster of 27.

The earning records of the “alumni” prove it: the club lists scores of men past 50 who are holding down executive posts paying \$7,000 a year and more.

And many “human discards” past 60 have landed profitable jobs, thanks to the club, which uses each member to spread the gospel among employers that the older man may be the best apple in the barrel from the viewpoint of productivity and judgment.

That ancient bromide, “you are as old as you feel,” has real scientific validity, in the opinion of Dr. Benjamin and other researchers. Untold thousands of men young in years are turning in sub-standard work because they lack enthusiasm, confidence, and interest in what they are doing.

And many oldsters—if one considers the calendar in so dubbing them—are capable of doing everything from running a streamlined train to writing the Great American Novel. How to get them to do both these things—plus many more—will be the job of the “gerontherapists” for years to come.



The piano teacher was expected any minute, and Tommy was preparing to take his lesson.

“Did you wash your hands?” inquired his mother.

“Yes.”

“And your face?”

“Yes, Mother.”

“And did you wash behind your ears?”

“On her side, I did, Mother.”



It takes an awful lot of people to run this country, and some of them are really useful.

And, Waiter, Some Catsup, Please . . .

UNSUSPECTING patrons of Mad Michael's restaurant in San Antonio, Texas, are more than a trifle shocked when they start to inspect the menu which a straight-faced headwaiter hands them. For the following attractive, expensive, and thoroughly indigestible items are listed in an authentic manner beside the usual dinner selections.

Appetizers

Turnip Juice	\$.45
Torpedo Juice65
Au Jus15
Stuffed Schumeel with Truffles.....	13.39
Matched Black Pearl Cocktail, Vinaigrette.....	1500
plus tax	
Imitation Black Pearl Cocktail15
Genuine Imitation Black Pearl Cocktail20
Mother of Pearl-in-Law	10 centimes
(Ground Sea Shells)	

Sea Foods

Octopus au Gratin—with apple in mouth (for 20)	\$ 350.00
Virgin Mermaid on Half Shell (for one).....	565.00
Young Whale Stuffed with New Buick.....	3500.00
Shrimp a la Gimp (crippled).....	11.75
Armored Lobster.....	325.00
Lobster, hors de combat.....	33.50
Lobster, en garde	16.50

Steaks . . . Chops . . . Fowl

Unless specified, all steaks will be served raw — *Gr-r-r*

Broiled African Leopard Steak	(order in advance 2 years)
San Quentin Quail	(Sorry)
Breast of Boiled Peasant (Very Hard to Catch)	\$1000.00
Hippopotamus Jowls with Black Eyed Peas35
Sirloin Snake.....	15.00 per foot
Barbecued Pig — on spit	1 buck
Barbecued Pig — without spit	1/2 buck
Whole Chick Hen	2 dollars
White Meat	1.50
Neck	After 10 P.M.
Duck in Oven	Order in Advance
Hog on Ice	\$35.00
Saddle of Mule (with or without stirrups).....	25.00
Tripe!	1.98

Cheeses

Swish Cheese (Whoops!)50
Rat Trap Cheese15

Desserts

Banana, split.....	\$1.29
Banana, WHOLE	1.39
Mousse Moose	2.50
Moose Mousse	2.55
Crape Suzette (Please do not order; the cook is a pyromaniac)	
Mezzanine Box	1.80

. . . and, sir, will you have your virgin mermaid rare, medium, or well done?

Some of our best citizens are illegitimate!

America's **DIVORCE** Dilemma

by WILLIAM McLAIN STEPHENS, JR.

MARY JONES wanted a divorce. But she and John lived in New York, where divorces are given on only one ground, adultery. Mary didn't want to get a divorce for adultery. In the first place she had no reason to think that John had been unfaithful. Besides, she didn't want to take a charge of that type into court. Mary wanted a divorce on some simple ground, such as mental cruelty. So she went to Reno.

John didn't want his wife to divorce him; so he followed her to Reno and defended the suit by arguing that the Nevada court had no power to grant a divorce to Mary, since she lived in New York. The court, however, overruled John's objections and granted the divorce.

Some time later John wanted to marry again. But, just to make sure about the Reno decree, he saw a lawyer, who informed him that the divorce was absolutely void. Mary, however, had already re-married, so John, wanting to get things straightened out, sued Mary for divorce in New York.

The result? John can't get a divorce. He is not permitted to prove that the Nevada court was wrong in holding that Mary was a resident of Nevada.¹ He is barred by the doctrine of *res judicata*, which means that once a person has had an opportunity to litigate a question, he will

have no second chance. Since John had in Nevada argued the jurisdiction of that court, and had lost, he is denied the right to bring it up again. So he is legally married, yet he cannot obtain a divorce, even though his wife is living with another man. And if John, relying on the Nevada decree, marries again, his children will be illegitimate. He can do one of two things: prosecute Mary under criminal statutes for adultery or bigamy, neither of which would help his situation; or he can move to Nevada or another state which recognizes the Reno divorce.

John's predicament isn't at all unique. Since a Supreme Court ruling in 1944,² no one who has left his state to get a divorce can be sure that the decree is any good. His state can at any time declare such divorces void. Literally thousands of people today are in danger of being charged with bigamy, and having their children of second marriages declared illegitimate.

In *Williams v. North Carolina*, a man and woman had gone to Nevada, obtained divorces from their respective spouses, married each other and returned to North Carolina. They had done nothing extraordinary—nothing that hadn't been done many times before—but unexpected results came about. Upon their return, the state immediately prosecuted and convicted

¹Davis v. Davis, 305 U.S. 32.

²Williams v. North Carolina, 325 U.S. 226.

both parties of bigamous cohabitation, asserting that the Nevada divorce was of no effect in North Carolina. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld the conviction, declaring that any state can pronounce a divorce invalid if it is satisfied that the parties were not lawfully domiciled in the state where the divorce was granted.

Now, domicile means more than residence. In the eyes of the law a man may have dozens of residences, but he can have only one domicile. His domicile is the place he intends to remain permanently, or at least for an indefinite period. One can go anywhere, step off a train and say, "I am now domiciled in this state," and if he intends at that moment to remain in that state, then he is domiciled there. Obviously, however, when Mary Jones flies to Reno, stays in a hotel for six weeks, gets a divorce and returns to the New York apartment she has kept in the meantime, the New York courts will take with a grain of salt her assertion that she went to Nevada with the intention of establishing domicile there.

Nevada's six weeks requirement of domicile is the shortest of any state, though Wyoming requires only 60 days, and Florida and Idaho only 90 days. Thirty-four states require a year, seven states two years, while Connecticut and Massachusetts require three years.

The strict requirements of some states, however, are offset in part by laxity in applying, and liberality in interpreting, the grounds for divorce. In South Carolina, where no divorces are given, and in New York, where there is only one ground, the courts

have been disposed to leniency in annulling marriages for fraud—declaring the marriage void from the beginning. New York has given annulments because the wife was induced to marry by false statements concerning the bank account or social standing of her prospective husband.³

Cruelty, too, can mean anything. Tennessee has 13 grounds for divorce,



yet about 70 per cent of divorces in that state are given for cruel and inhuman treatment.⁴ One Tennessee woman not yet out of her twenties has obtained 16 divorces, all for cruel and inhuman treatment.⁵

Most states recognize adultery, cruelty and desertion as causes for divorce. A number of states recognize pregnancy by another man at the time of marriage, if the fact is unknown to the husband. More than half the states allow divorce to one whose spouse has been convicted of a felony. Except for these grounds, however, there is little uniformity. The others run the gamut from mistaken identity⁶ to joining a society forbidding cohabitation.⁷ Maryland dissolves marriages for unchastity ex-

³Shonfeld v. Shonfeld, 260 N.Y. 477, 134 N.E. 60.

⁴"Chattanooga Divorce Report," 19 Tenn. Law Review 945.

⁵Ibid. p. 952.

⁶Louisiana Revised Civil Code, Articles 91 and 110.

⁷Kentucky Revised Statutes 1946, 403.020 (f).

isting at the time of marriage.⁸

It is easy to see that divorce laws are an exception to the rule that law is just about the same anywhere. There is good reason for this. The first colonies in America adopted the common law of England. But divorce, instead of being a part of the common law, was regulated in England by the ecclesiastical courts. The colonies, rebelling from all church authority, accepted none of the church laws. Each state or territory made its own laws of marriage and divorce, depending upon its particular needs. In some sections, where preachers were scarce, marriages by mutual consent were permitted. Other sections demanded a religious ceremony. Nearly every state later gave each of its counties power to regulate divorce. So today, while only one court in England can grant divorces, nearly 3,000 courts in the United States can do so.

In an effort to avert conflicts between states, a "full faith and credit clause" was incorporated into the Constitution,⁹ by which each state is required to recognize and accept judicial decrees and judgments of all

⁸Hoff v. Hoff, 162 Md. 248, 159 A. 591.

⁹Article IV, Section 1, Constitution of the United States.

other states. The only catch is that no state can be required to recognize something which is against the public policy of its people. Of course public policy can, and does, mean anything the courts want it to mean. In the Southern states, inter-racial marriages are taboo as against public policy; and parties to such marriages who come into some Southern states are not only considered unmarried, but can be put in prison for living together in violation of miscegenation statutes. The same is true of marriages between cousins. Such unions are valid in some jurisdictions and punishable as incest in others.

Most Americans agree that divorce is regulated poorly, and that something should be done about it. Judges and sociologists frequently advance plans, none of which seems to be noticed by the only persons who can do anything about it—the legislators. It has been suggested that uniform divorce laws in all states be enacted. This would of course be a solution, or at least a step toward the solution, if care were taken in drawing up the laws. However, plans of this type receive a common reception—long cold stares from 48 directions.

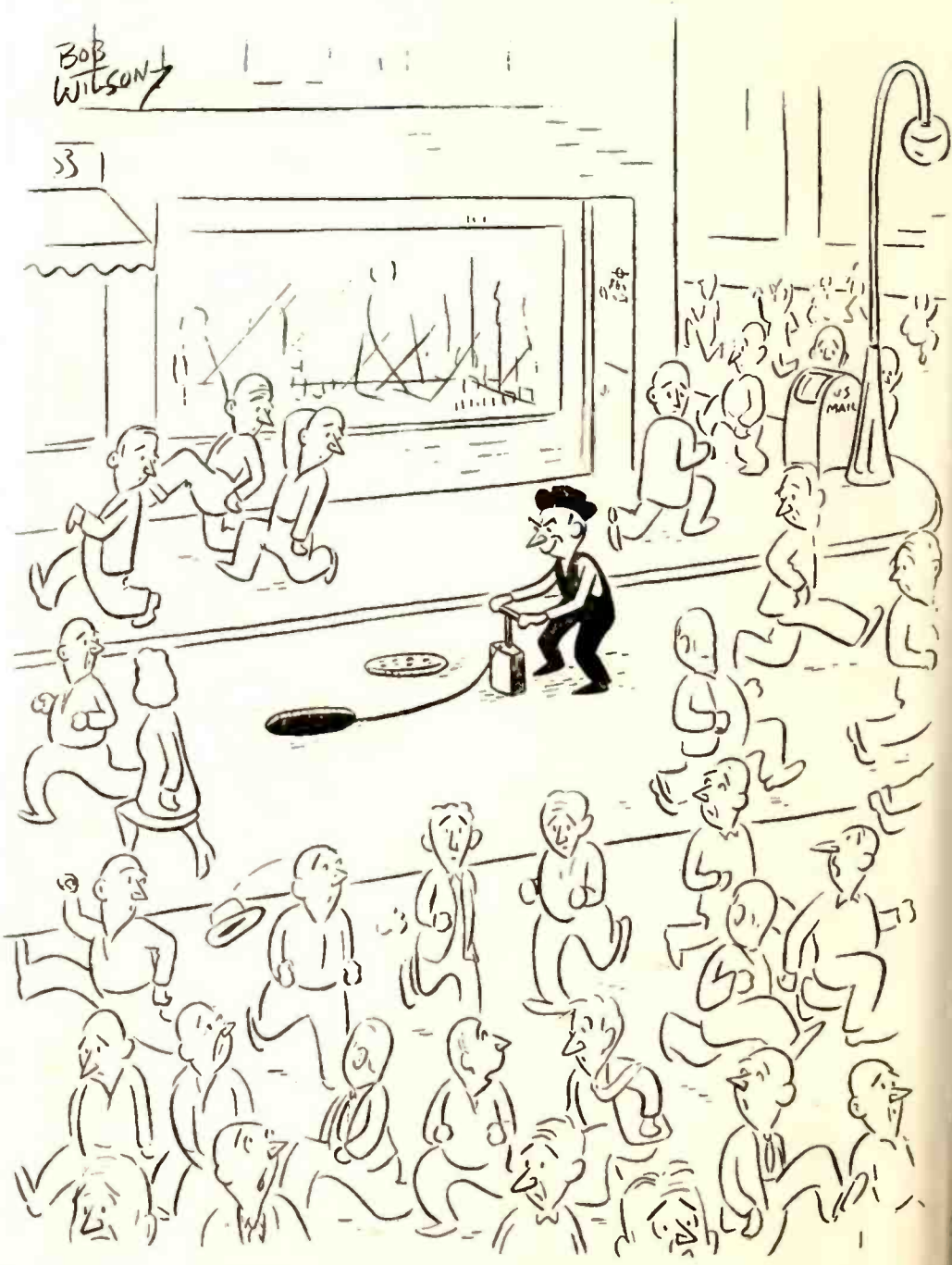
Success Story

THE manager of a neighborhood movie house no longer has a certain problem on his hands. Children who came to see the shows on Saturday or Sunday had acquired the habit of seeing the feature picture over and over again at one sitting—creating, thereby, a "standing room only" situation for adults during the evenings. One day, however, the manager flashed the following slide on the screen after the first showing of the feature: **CHILDREN WHO LEAVE THIS THEATRE NOW WILL RECEIVE A BAR OF CANDY AT THE DOOR.**

In five minutes, he had over 800 empty seats.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

BOB
WILSON

331



Remember the one-man barracks air battle in "Tars and Spars"? That man is here again!

DOUBLE-TALK



by BETTY AND WILLIAM WALLER

ONE evening not long ago, General Dwight Eisenhower was the guest of honor at a party where a young entertainer did a Russian-English double-talk sketch that brought down the house. Afterwards, the general graciously complimented the comic on his Russian. When the latter confessed he didn't really know a word of that language, Eisenhower flashed his characteristic grin. "Son," he said, "you certainly fooled this old man that time!"

The comedian was Sid Caesar, and his double-talk has fooled many people, high and low. Although he does not speak any language except English, he can give a perfect imitation of almost any tongue, even though what he says makes no sense whatsoever. Once, for example, a teacher of French heard him and remarked, "It's a bit difficult to understand you. You're speaking a provincial dialect, aren't you?"

Actually, of course, Sid Caesar was talking pure double-talk but making it come out sounding like French.

The same is true, in a degree, when he imitates inanimate objects. Although better judgment tells you otherwise, for a moment you're almost convinced that it's the real thing when he imitates an airplane, a taxicab, or a slot machine. His famous airplane

routine in the film *Tars and Spars* went over so big that practically every American kid was trying his hand and tongue at the same thing for weeks after Sid's first movie was shown at local theatres. And now his amazingly realistic saga of a chewing-gum slot machine nightly stops the show *Make Mine Manhattan*, which is his first venture on the Broadway boards.

This hit musical revue, however, is by no means Sid Caesar's first appearance on the Great White Way. He made that eight years ago, when he was 17, and it was a rather less auspicious occasion. One day he walked into the Capitol Theatre and asked for the manager. Immediately, he was ushered into that gentleman's office.

"What's the complaint?" asked the manager.

"I've got no complaint," said the young Caesar. "I just want a job here."

The manager took a long second look at the husky, good-looking youth. "You're hired," he said. "Ushers get paid 15 bucks a week."

Husky and handsome, he got the job, which was a lifesaver to the lad from Yonkers. It paid him enough to continue his musical studies and go on with his dream of studying in Paris. Within a few months Sid's

salary was raised two dollars, and he became doorman at the theatre. Thereafter, he opened taxi doors for many of the celebrities who applaud his performances today. Once an actor tipped him a dollar, and Sid began wondering what it would be like to be a star, with his name in lights over Broadway.

That seemed like an impossible dream, of course, and Sid stuck to music for the time being. One summer he played saxophone at a Borscht Circuit resort. By the end of the season he was in love with the proprietor's daughter. Sid was 19 then, and a year later he married the girl and went into the United States Coast Guard.

It was while he was in training that he first began playing around with comedy in an attempt to break the monotony of barracks life. He was a big hit with his mates at the training station, so Sid proceeded to write a musical show which played many camps. About this time, Vernon Duke and Howard Dietz were writing a show called *Tars and Spars*, and were looking for a comedian serving in the Coast Guard. The boy who could imitate an airplane to perfection and could spout double-talk so that it sounded like the real thing, was the answer to their prayers.

The show toured the United States and Canada, then went on to Hollywood for a stint before the cameras. The war ended, and Sid was released from the service. But after appearing in another picture, which he'd just as soon forget, Hollywood stagnation set in. There were plenty of parties, but no roles in the offing, so Sid headed

back to Broadway, determined to go to work before he got gray hair waiting for a job to turn up.

After his sensational success in the *Tars and Spars* picture, that was easily arranged. He went into the Copacabana at \$3,500 a week, although he had never played a night club before. That was followed by an engagement at the Roxy Theatre, and word about Caesar soon got around to the producer of *Make Mine Manhattan*. He offered Sid a two-week contract, and because he was eager to appear in a Broadway show, Sid accepted.

In collaboration with writer Max Liebman, who had directed the Coast Guard show, Sid wrote the sketches he uses in the revue. His choice of a collaborator was wise, for Liebman is one of the writers responsible for the success of Danny Kaye, a comedian whom Caesar somewhat resembles. Caesar's routines were so successful in the show's out-of-town try-outs that the producer tore up the contract, replacing it with a far more substantial one.

Sid's "penny chewing gum machine" episode in the show has been called a "modern classic," and his other satirical specialties have drawn rave notices. Hollywood, which a year ago could find no further use for Caesar's talents, now is clamoring for his services. Sid, however, is cold-shouldering all celluloid offers for the time being. He's working on a musical comedy scheduled to be produced next season and expects great things of it. "At the time I was a theatre doorman," he says, "I wanted to be inside. Now that I'm inside, I'm going to stay for awhile."

Eat RICE and LIVE!



Here's hope for high blood-pressure and heart sufferers!

DON'T look now, but if you're 45 or over there's a killer around the corner who stands a better than even-Steven chance of doing away with you. His name is hypertension, and his henchman is arteriosclerosis. Together, these assassins are responsible for 500,000 deaths each year in the United States—a greater number than the combined deaths caused by tuberculosis, syphilis, infantile paralysis, cancer, pneumonia and rheumatic heart disease.

Happily, there's a better chance now for the hypertension victim to live a long and fruitful life. That this is so may be attributed to a stubborn physician named Dr. Walter Kempner, of Duke University, who for years has been pleading with the medical profession to listen to his theories about the eating of rice and the effect of this diet on high blood pressure patients.

Dr. Kempner and a handful of other researchers had noted a curious fact: that in oriental countries such as China, where rice is the main staple of diet, high blood pressure was a rarity. Some years ago, Dr. Kempner cautiously tried the rice diet on his own patients—and it seemed to work, when taken in combination with certain other foods.

Before he besieged the medical citadel with his pleas that rice be

studied as a hypertension preventive, Dr. Kempner worked with many patients, keeping careful tab on the progress of each.

At last, when he was ready to make limited claims for the rice diet and to stick by them, he persuaded the Duke University Medical School to provide laboratory and hospital facilities which would enable him to conduct his experiments on a large scale under strictly controlled conditions.

Now here is what he reports to the New York Academy of Medicine:

"In 203 out of 322 patients, on most of whom other forms of therapy had previously been tried, the rice diet led to objective improvement."

Out of 222 untreated sufferers from high blood pressure, 62 per cent showed marked improvement under the rice regimen.

Actually, the rice diet did more than merely relieve the symptoms of high blood pressure. In 77 of 87 other patients having hypertension, the heart actually became *smaller in size* following a regular period of rice eating.

Typical was the business man of 45—nervous, high-strung, worried—who had suffered from high blood pressure for ten years. His wife, children and friends watched him anxiously, fearing he might keel over

any day after a severe heart spell.

This man, without the knowledge of his friends and business associates, went down to Durham, North Carolina, and placed himself in Dr. Kempner's hands for six weeks. When he returned to the office, the patient felt good, his blood pressure was remarkably lower, and his own physician was nonplussed when the patient confessed that the Kempner rice diet had succeeded where all other forms of therapy had failed.

The diet itself does not consist solely of rice. Nobody could live very well on one food. The patient is permitted to eat fruit, except dates and figs, and eventually an egg each day. Lean meat such as beef, veal and chicken may be taken with rice in limited amounts. But pork and lamb are avoided because of their high fat content. So are foods rich in minerals. However, sugar is permissible, as are desserts, so the patient undergoes no deprivation.

Doctor Kempner warns that the rice diet should not be tried by the patient alone, without the counsel of his physician. A doctor's close supervision and frequent check-ups during the diet are essential to the eventual success of this new therapy for high blood pressure.

It is not known just why the rice, added to the daily food supply, acts as well as it does on the heart and blood pressure. Dr. Kempner himself seeks to explain it in terms of cellular metabolism. Another New York expert on hypertension who has successfully used the Kempner diet candidly says:

"None of us really can tell why it

works. We only know that many cases are helped."

Some other authorities offer explanations involving the kidney function. Because they believe that the kidneys usually are involved to some extent in cases of high blood pressure, they reason that the rice diet does away with harmful substances which adversely affect the kidneys.

One of Dr. Kempner's prize exhibits is a 37-year-old man who took constant sedatives to relieve his dangerously high blood pressure. At New York Hospital, he was told that he had hypertensive vascular disease. Next year, the Neurological Institute of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center reported that his heart had become seriously involved.

At Rockefeller Hospital, the patient tried a new drug, tyrosinase, and finally had such a bad reaction to the drug after ten months of injections that the treatment was halted.

Later, he had an operation at Massachusetts General Hospital, in which the nerves supplying the blood vessels of the abdomen were blocked off. Though some patients experience relief after this type of operation, the young man was in as much discomfort as before.

He finally wound up at Duke University, and for 20 days endured : reducing diet, but this did not affect his blood pressure to any real extent. Next he was placed on the rice diet. In a matter of weeks, his blood pressure descended to normal, and now his reading is 128 over 90 as compared with the dangerous previous reading of 220 over 132.

(Continued on Page 70)

RING of the *Collies*

SOME actors land in the movies for odd reasons, and "Lassie" is a prize example. This lucky dog, instead of being 42nd cousin of a director, having a smart press agent, or using any of the usual stratagems for launching a film career, became a star through the good graces of an unpaid board bill.

The beginning was dull and unspectacular. At that time Lassie was merely part of a blessed event; the very smallest part, in fact, and inelegantly known as the runt of the litter. He was undersized, and his head was much too wide for show standards—but it was exactly this physical peculiarity that later proved perfect for Technicolor motion picture cameras.

For the first year or two, while his four pedigreed brothers and sisters were being groomed for a life of medals and blue ribbons, the ugly duckling enjoyed himself in his own way, which was chiefly motorcycle chasing. To stop this, his owner took him to the Weatherwax Dog Training School.

Before a week had passed, his owner called to say that the peace and quiet of his home "without that yapping dog," was so pleasant that he didn't want him back, trained or otherwise. He suggested that the Weatherwax boys keep the collie in settlement of the account he owned for the dog's training, which up to that moment was a rifle over ten dollars.

The default came at a propitious

Lassie, a boy dog, is Hollywood's top canine glamour gal.

by BEATRICE TRESSELT

time. Rudd Weatherwax had for years been training dogs for film work, as assistant to Rennie Renfro and Henry East, and had just decided to launch a business for himself, aided by his brothers, Frank and Jack. Lassie was the first dog in his kennel.

Lassie was not yet a female impersonator. He was frankly male and known by the unglamorous name of "Pal." Forty other dogs were added to the kennels and, as soon as they were able, began their screen careers. But not Pal. Collies are brushed aside by directors and trainers because they are nearly always too high strung for film work. However, Weatherwax continued training him.

The first phase was basic training: teaching him to sit, lie down, speak only when spoken to, retrieve, and, above all, to be obedient. When the course was concluded, Weatherwax left it at that. He liked the dog, but no one else saw any future in him, so for the next few months Pal was allowed to roam the countryside, chasing squirrels and having a splendid, unproductive time.

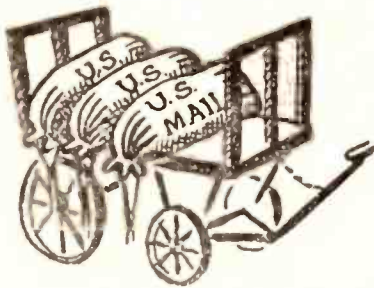
As a result of this freedom, his beautiful coat was soon worn thin by underbrush. It was then, as luck would have it, that M-G-M sent out a call

for a collie to play the title role in Eric Knight's famous dog tale, *Lassie Comes Home*.

When Weatherwax presented the bedraggled but nonchalant Pal to the judges, explaining that it was only the dog's exterior that needed a New Look, and that on the inside Pal was smarter than smart, they sneered, "Are you kidding?" and motioned to the door.

"But don't you want to see what Pal can do?" pleaded Weatherwax. To that he got a one-word, two-letter answer.

But a man that can get the results from dumb animals that Weatherwax can is rarely stymied by dumb human beings. He went to work on Pal in earnest. He taught him his famous crawl, his attack, how to open doors, and even how to yawn. Lessons in tricks and stunts alternated with beauty treatments, with several brushings and combings every day, week in, week out. Meanwhile the studio's search for a "Lassie dog" continued from one end of the continent to the other.



Months later, when the studio scouts returned empty-handed to Hollywood, Pal was waiting for them. They took one incredulous look at the handsome

creature and almost swooned. This was surely an answer to prayer, if . . . A quick screen test before the Technicolor cameras settled all the "ifs." Lassie was found!

Yes, Lassie was in, and he has been in ever since, for one starring film followed another from that day forth.

Rudd Weatherwax says Lassie's contract with MGM is an inch thick and so involved that he has never had time to read all of it himself. "All I know," complains Rudd, "is that whenever I plan to do anything with Lassie anywhere away from the studio, I usually find out the contract won't permit it."

Other details from Lassie's contract inform us that his work day is limited to eight hours, but that only four can be spent in actual shooting under the hot studio lights. Neither can he work more than 20 minutes at one time.

At the studio and on location trips he travels in a Pullman compartment, a plane, or his own station wagon. He drinks only bottled spring water, and he naps at regular intervals in his private dressing-room. Like two-legged stars, he has a stand-in who takes his place while technicians adjust the lights and prepare the scene; but unlike the human players, he does not have to give autographs or be mauled by over-enthusiastic fans. He does, however, endorse a canine food, and he barks on a radio program every week.

When Lassie's seventh birthday was being celebrated recently, the studio announced that it had secured for him the most comprehensive insurance policy ever written for an actor or actress. The policy covers everything

from possible injury and old age to falling and graying hair, and insures the dog a comfortable living should any sort of accident befall him. Rudd Weatherwax has set up a trust fund for him, assuring Lassie lifelong care no matter what happens to any of the Weatherwaxs or to M-G-M.

According to present indications, Lassie can work for the rest of his life, insofar as his fans are concerned. He heads the canine popularity parade, leading "Daisy," Rennie Renfro's star-

let of the *Blondie* films and Henry East's "Asta," featured in the *Thin Man* series.

Just recently Lassie has had a film story written expressly for him by the distinguished authoress, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Although written for Lassie, it has already appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* under the title of *Mountain Prelude*. Hollywood being what it is, the screen title will be *Sun In The Morning*. But by any other title it will be as good, and so—it is safe to say—will Lassie.

Next Question

Young Annie, who was an enthusiastic novice in art, had returned from a trip in the country, bringing many rural canvases. Examining these, a friend made an interesting discovery. Whenever Annie painted cows, she showed them standing in water. She asked the young artist to explain her fondness for this arrangement.

At first Annie sought to evade the question, but when pressed for an answer, wryly explained, "Well, if you must know, I've never learned to paint hooves."



Around midnight the absent-minded professor left his berth for a drink of water, and upon his return, found that he was lost. He appealed to the porter for help.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" the porter asked.

"I'm afraid not," replied the professor.

"Haven't you any idea where it was?" asked the porter.

"Why, yes," the professor brightened, "to be sure. I did notice one time this afternoon that the berth looked out on a little lake."



A house-hunting veteran got off the train at a suburban station, and said to a boy standing near, "Say, I'm looking for Mr. Smith's new block of semi-detached houses. How far are they from here?"

"Twenty minutes' walk," replied the boy.

"Twenty minutes!" exclaimed the veteran. "The ad said five."

"Well," replied the boy, "you kin believe me or you kin believe the ad, whichever you want. But I ain't trying to make no sale."



Two fishing tackle salesmen were comparing notes. The first reached into his sample case and drew forth a gaudy plug, striped, spotted and resplendent with all the colors of the rainbow. The other man eyed it dubiously and said, "Do you sell many of these? I wouldn't think that a bass would go for such a gosh-awful contraption."

"Best plug in the line," said the first man with a grin. "You see, I don't sell 'em to the bass—just to the suckers."





DAT OLE DEBBIL LIGHTNING

The frightening fireworks are an evil, but a necessary one.

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

IT WAS a sultry summer day in a Massachusetts CCC camp. Suddenly, the skies darkened and lightning played in the heavens. As the boys watched in fascination, a 30,000-ampere bolt struck suddenly at an apple tree, went underground, snaked along the tree roots to a barracks building 30 feet away.

There, the bolt shot along the structure and located an iron bed. It hopped across to another bed, shot to the head, and encountered a camp worker sitting at the window gazing at the storm. The lightning bolt—its energy undiminished—entered the man's right leg, passed upward through his body, killing him, and jumped from his chest to a metal mess kit on a nearby table.

Leaving the mess kit, the lethal bolt entered a nail, proceeded to a copper window screen and mounted a radio aerial. Finally, the bolt raced along the aerial wire to the captain's quarters, entered the telephone circuit and played hob with the camp administration building.

One part of the killer from the skies was discharged into the ground. Another part shot out harmlessly through a lightning arrester, and the dazed watchers collapsed in relief.

Yet, if the proper kind of lightning rod system had been installed in the camp, this malignant visitation would have been dissipated harmlessly in the first place.

Today, we're learning many things about lightning, trapping it with special instruments which record the important characteristics of the bolts. Modern builders can make almost any structure impervious to this electrifying death.

Lightning is the guinea pig at an experimental station on top of the 535-foot high Cathedral of Learning in Pittsburgh, where Westinghouse engineers constantly are learning new facts about this dangerous force.

The most potent stroke ever recorded by the lightning detectives was estimated by engineers to be of 345,000 ampere strength—*enough "juice" to light a city of 300,000 homes!*

There are two kinds of lightning bolts. One is "cold" lightning, which splits trees and makes an Independence Day sound—furious and short. The other is "hot" lightning. This starts fire, but makes comparatively little noise. Also, scientists at Pittsburgh have discovered that some lightning strikes from the ground upward instead of descending from the sky.

Farmers now protect their lives and their livestock by grounding wire fences. Sad experience has taught the knowing farmer to ground isolated trees, too, for such trees—used as shelters by cattle during a storm—invite destruction from the skies.

If an electrical storm whips up, you'll find greater safety if you forego sitting on a radiator, monkeying with the stove, or taking your bath. And if you have a fireplace, avoid it like the plague. For lightning likes to sneak down a chimney and the resultant "sideflashing" when it emerges in your fireplace can kill you if you're nearby.

One woman was cooking supper when lightning paid a surprise visit to her kitchen. Luckily, in her yard was a pipe which a power crew had driven into the ground. The gruesome visitor danced along the window ledge, hopped onto a maze of tree roots between the house and the pipe, wiggled along the roots to the metal pipe 155 feet away. After the bolt had discharged itself harmlessly into the ground, awed neighbors investigated



and discovered that the bolt had plowed a ditch 4 feet deep and 18 inches wide in its hurry to reach the pipe!

If you think that lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, you're

wrong. The Empire State Building in New York City, for example, is hit by lightning around 20 times yearly. In one year, more than 40 direct hits were counted. But people inside the nation's tallest building don't mind these frequent visits. The huge mound of stone, plus the framework of steel, actually is a gigantic lightning rod which also protects all other structures in the vicinity.

A golfer recently was electrocuted by a bolt on the fairway of a New Jersey golf course. His friends were grieved—and amazed. For 25 years before, the same man had narrowly missed being killed by a bolt on the same fairway, three feet from where he finally met death!

And in Newman, Georgia, lightning tore loose a plank from the house of one Ralph Potts. Five years later, a second bolt snatched the same plank completely off the Potts home.

Your chance of being struck by lightning is three times greater than normal if you live in New Mexico, Arizona, Georgia or Mississippi, according to insurance companies which keep a record of such violent deaths. Ten out of every million persons may expect to die from lightning in those states each year.

In the United States as a whole, around 2,000 individuals are killed or injured by lightning each year. July and August are the worst lightning months: the majority of deaths always are recorded in their 62-day span.

Many old wives' tales are based on the subject of lightning. Rumor to the contrary, you *can* use your phone during an electrical storm, for the telephone utilities now use protective

gimmicks which virtually insure safety from shock during a storm.

You can also keep your radio blaring during a storm—if your aerial is properly grounded. And you can keep your windows open, too, according to Dr. Gilbert McCann, nationally known lightning expert.

For generations, farmers have believed it necessary to remove their cattle from barns during an electric storm because of an erroneous notion that the animals' warm bodies attract the lightning shafts. That's all wrong, say the experts. So is the rural belief that milking a cow during an electric storm will turn the milk sour.

But don't curse lightning as an un-

mitigated evil. Actually, it performs a useful service, and life on this earth couldn't survive without the terrible but beneficial bolts.

The bolt leaping through space at 60 million miles an hour releases nitrogen from the air. In the form of nitric acid, the nitrogen enters raindrops and nourishes the farm lands of the world. Experts say that more than 100 million tons of nitric acid are produced by lightning each year. The world's factories couldn't produce a fraction of that amount.

So, the next time blinding bolts flash in the sky, keep your distance, be respectful, and keep your fingers crossed. Lightning is necessary, but not in the parlor!

Slow Down for Death!

ABOUT the grimmest joke that was ever played on a country's joy-riders sprang from the brain of a Venezuelan dictator not many years ago.

Flush with huge oil profits, President Juan Gomez started a great road-building program for his country. The leading Venezuelan engineers were sent to Europe and the United States to learn the most modern methods of highway construction.

Once the big project got under way, even American consultants had to marvel at the way the Andean dictator pushed his plan through. Mile after mile of fine concrete pavement was laid after the foundation had been blasted from the face of the cliffs.

Then there was a serious awakening. When the new roads were finished, slap-happy motorists remembered too late that, on a mountainous curve, there was nothing to prevent a car from going off the road in a sheer plunge of hundreds of feet.

Accidents became so common that something had to be done to bring drivers to their senses. At first a mild hint was tried. At the scene of the latest fatalities, little wooden crosses were planted beside the highway.

However, even this reminder did not seem to strike home. Then President Gomez had an inspiration. Acting promptly, he put an army of masons to work on the most dangerous turns. The traveling public, growing curious, soon noticed that all those men were making oblong concrete forms to replace the old wooden barriers.

Came the day at last when the wooden frameworks were torn away. What the drivers saw then made them exclaim in horror—and slow down.

Every one of those new concrete barriers was the veritable replica of a coffin, even to the decorative fringe around the lid!—James Aldredge.

No Monkeying Around Here

THE apes on the Rock of Gibraltar are living the life of Riley again—much to the pleasure of sight-seers traveling through the historical strait, and to the complete satisfaction of the British soldiers stationed there.

The apes are looked upon as symbols of steadfastness on a stronghold which itself has become synonymous with solidity.

Even slightly annoy one of these apes and you'll find yourself facing serious charges. They're looked after in a devoted, almost worshipful, manner by the soldiers.

Closely related to baboons, the yellowish-brown apes are the size of medium-sized dogs. They have long square snouts and no tails. Terrestrial animals, they are natives of the Barbary Coast. Their original home was on the rocky mountain, Jebel Musa, on the African side of the Strait of Gibraltar. Nobody seems to know for sure when they came to the rock, but apparently it was centuries ago—and they came in droves.

The Spanish say, "The British will leave when the apes do." It's an old saying, and while there's no military basis for it, no chances have been taken. Twice the ape population has been increased secretly by the British. The first importation was in 1740, the second in 1930. Both times, the number of animals was dwindling to the point of extinction.

The British have good reasons for perpetuating the apes.

One reason dates back almost two centuries, when the Spanish attempted to take the Rock of Gibraltar. A sentinel had fallen asleep at his post. Spanish troops were moving stealthily toward him. Suddenly, while foraging for food, one of the apes upset a pot of beans. The sentinel was instantly aroused, saw the danger, sounded the alarm, and the invaders were beaten off.

Then there was a later occasion when the Spanish attempted to lay siege to Gibraltar by digging underground passages into the stronghold, planning to blow up the British headquarters. For weeks they carried on this tedious work, and military records show they were well on the way to success. Their plan was upset by an ape.

This particular ape held its ear close to a drum one night and listened intently. The soldiers were puzzled by the action, and it became a case of "monkey see, monkey do" in reverse, because then the soldiers put their ears to drums and listened. What they heard in the sensitive drumheads were the vibrations of digging.

Immediate investigation revealed the Spanish encroachment, and counter-mines were set off, blasting out the invaders again.

With those two incidences still being recounted by the soldiers who guard Gibraltar, it's not difficult to understand why the military sent up a howl in 1941 when all animals on the rock were ordered killed as an emergency war measure. Consequently, the order was altered. All animals—except the apes of Gibraltar—were destroyed.

So, the apes survived the war—and they've got the run of the place again.—Barney Schwartz.

▲
"Have you put the cat out?" she asked.

"No," was the sleepy reply, "I didn't even know it was on fire."

▲
"I dearly love veterans," said the first old maid.

"That's what you say after every war," answered the second.

▲
"Well, I never!" blurted out a mother entering a dark room unexpectedly.

"But, mother, you must have," came daughter's voice from the shadows.

LONGEST Day of the Year

by RICHARD E. GLENDINNING

*There is a tide in the affairs of man,
as Hunter was forced to confess.*

"WELL, it's working into spring again," Hunter said, turning from the window which overlooked the avenue, "and I'm a little sorry to see it. It means I'll have to be doing something about my height."

Hunter was one of the club's dullest conversationalists but there was no one else to talk to in the reading room and I had grown weary of watching the pretty girls who passed the window. "Your height, you were saying?"

"Yes, Smithfield, my height." He sank into the leather chair next to mine. "It has something to do with spring and summer. As the days grow longer, I grow shorter."

"Same thing happens every year, suppose?"

"I never paid much attention to it until about five years ago."

"Stand up and let's have a look at you." He stood in front of me and I studied him carefully. He looked the same as always to me. Hunter never had worn a cutaway with any particular flair and it always seemed a bit raggy. "I don't notice anything."

He sat down again. "It's too early in the season. In any case, it's a rather subtle thing. Even my best friends don't see it. My wife doesn't, either."

I remained silent for a moment, listening to the scrape of a checker

moved slowly across a board in the game room. "How does this thing affect you?"

"I don't feel anything, if that's what you mean, but it's a bother. Suits and shirts, you know. They get a little floppy."

"And during the fall and winter?"

"Nothing to worry about then," Hunter assured me. "I'm the same height as I would expect. But spring and summer are unnerving. I tell you, Smithfield, I don't know which way to turn!"

"How much do you lose, generally speaking?"

"Only the smallest part of an inch each day. I suppose that on the longest day of the year I haven't lost more than an inch all told. But that's something to reckon with, let me tell you."

"At our age," I said, knowing full well that Hunter was at least three years my senior, "a man can ill afford to lose an inch."

"The first time it came to my attention, it was too late to do anything about it."

"Too late?"

"Rather. The days had reached their turning point and were already growing shorter. By the time I got around to seeing my doctor—you know how a man of 65 keeps putting it off—I was practically my normal height."

"I gather he prescribed something. I mean, doctors usually do."

"Platform shoes," Hunter said. "That was five years ago. I've been to several doctors since then. All of them prescribed the same thing."

"Have you engaged the services of a competent psychiatrist?"

"Last year—at my wife's suggestion. I must say, his diagnosis made a good deal of sense."

"Something in your youth?" I murmured. "A complex, perhaps?"

"Really, Smithfield!" Hunter said with more curtness than one usually hears in the club. "Let's not be snide. I attach considerable importance to this loss of height."

Rebuked thoroughly, I colored somewhat. Still, I managed to say, "Forgive me. But the psychiatrist—?"

"He said I was geared to the moon. Like the tide, you know. A certain seasonal rise and fall. I don't profess to understand it, but the evidence is conclusive."

The explanation was so ridiculously simple that I lost all interest in the conversation. I found an excuse to leave Hunter. At the door, I glanced back. He was standing somberly at the window, his face a mask of deep melancholy. It seemed to me that he was taking this much too hard. It wasn't as if his loss of height were permanent. I made up my mind to keep a watchful eye on him. To the best of my knowledge, no one in the club had ever had quite the same complaint as his, and I was afraid he would bother the others with his troubles. As Chairman of the House Committee, I couldn't permit that.

A few weeks passed before Hunter made another appearance at the club.

Then, one sunny afternoon, he stopped at my chair. The date was the twenty-first of June.

"Do you have a few moments, Smithfield?" he asked.

I looked him over carefully. He seemed as always. "Of course," I said. "How is your height?"

"Do you notice anything?"

"I can't say that I do."

"But it's gone," he said. "An inch is gone. I tell you, I'll be glad when this day is over! It's the longest day of the year, you know. Today, I'm at my shortest. Tomorrow, I hope to start back to where I belong."

"Who's to say where you belong? Perhaps you have no normal height."

"Don't tell me that!" he cried, gripping my arm.

"Steady, Hunter. Steady does it."

"But suppose something went wrong?"

"What could go wrong? Tomorrow will see you through it."

He shook his head ruefully. "Take 1947, for example. That year, I got through the twenty-first, all right, and I counted on growing the next day—but if anything, I got a little shorter. You see, I had forgotten that in the year preceding a leap year, the longest day is the twenty-second, not the twenty-first. I had to wait a day."

"But," I reminded him, "you're safe this year."

"Let's hope so, Smithfield, but I'm like the tide. All kinds of things affect the tide. Severe storms are an influence—and, Smithfield, storm warnings went up all along the coast today!"

"It won't last long. A few days at most."

He laughed bitterly. "How will those few days affect me? How much height can I afford to lose while waiting for the turning point before I become—I might as well face it—ridiculous?"

"Hunter," I said tartly, "you're making a mountain of a molehill."

"It's easy enough for you to say that!" he exclaimed. "This thing isn't happening to you!"

"No need to be boorish about it," I snapped. I got up and left him.

The more I thought about Hunter, the more convinced I was that he was not the kind of man we wanted in the club. Our members were mature men of some substance; but Hunter, despite his success in the financial world, was a baby who whined continually about a problem which was, after all, only temporary.

Consequently, I went to the Chairman of the Membership Committee. "This man Hunter," I said, "isn't quite up to snuff. He lacks backbone."

"I've had other reports," he said. "I intend to bring it up at our next meeting."

"Splendid," I said. "I don't mean to rush you but—"

As it turned out, no action by the Membership Committee was needed. Hunter resigned of his own accord three days later, during a raging storm which was lashing the coast and showed no promise of letting up. Actually, however, he tendered his resignation because of an unpleasant incident in the game room.

The incident began when the Oldest Member demanded to know why Hunter had removed his shoes, despite a strict rule against removing shoes on the lower floors of the club. Hunter denied that he had removed his shoes. The Oldest Member insisted that Hunter *had* removed his shoes and that, in fact, his shoes were *still* off. Hunter protested vehemently.

"How, then," the Oldest Member asked, "do you account for the fact that you are much shorter than usual?"

"It's this damned storm," Hunter replied gruffly.

"Come now," said the Oldest Member. "That's a bit thick!"

"But look," Hunter pleaded. "If you will only look, you'll see that my shoes are on my feet!"

The Oldest Member looked. Hunter was indeed wearing his shoes. But an amicable settlement of the dispute was out of the question, and Hunter tendered a resignation which was accepted immediately. Hunter then plunged out into the howling, ferocious storm. The wild winds and rains continued for six days and Hunter has not been heard from since. I assume he must have regained his height by fall, or I would have read something about him in the *Times*.

Though Hunter was never a particular friend of mine, I think of him frequently, especially at this season of the year. Spring is coming around once again and the days are growing longer. I find myself curious to know the name of Hunter's psychiatrist. My cutaway doesn't fit me nearly as well as it did last month.



A theory is a hunch with a college education.

Tom Collins Says . . .

The average citizen frowns upon profanity in public places, but loves it in a best-selling novel.

Give a woman enough rope and she'll want the pearls on it to be perfectly matched.

The average man: 42 around the chest, 42 around the waist, 96 around the course, and a nuisance around the house.

A radical is a man who wants \$10 more a week. A conservative is a man who wants \$100,000 more a year.

It's only natural for older people to be quiet. They have a lot more to be quiet about.

Money still talks, but with the dollar so devaluated, it no longer talks common cents.

Women may not always keep their agreements, but they always keep their compacts.

Motorist: A person who, after seeing a wreck, drives carefully for several blocks.

A man with a wonderful vocabulary is one who can describe a shapely girl without using his hands.

A committee is a group that keeps minutes but wastes hours.

Firmness is an admirable quality in ourselves and pure stubbornness in other people.

A hobby is something you go goofy over to keep from going nuts over things in general.

An infant prodigy is a small child with highly imaginative parents.

Golf is about the only thing that depreciates above par.

A man's horse sense always flees him when he is feeling his oats.

Beauty on the Sands of Time

WHAT better way to start any year than with *Swing's* center-lovely for January? The lady is Esther Williams, as she appeared in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *On An Island With You*.



1. Plans for the 1949 baseball season are discussed by Bill Skiff, new manager of the Kansas City Blues, in a WHB sparts interview.

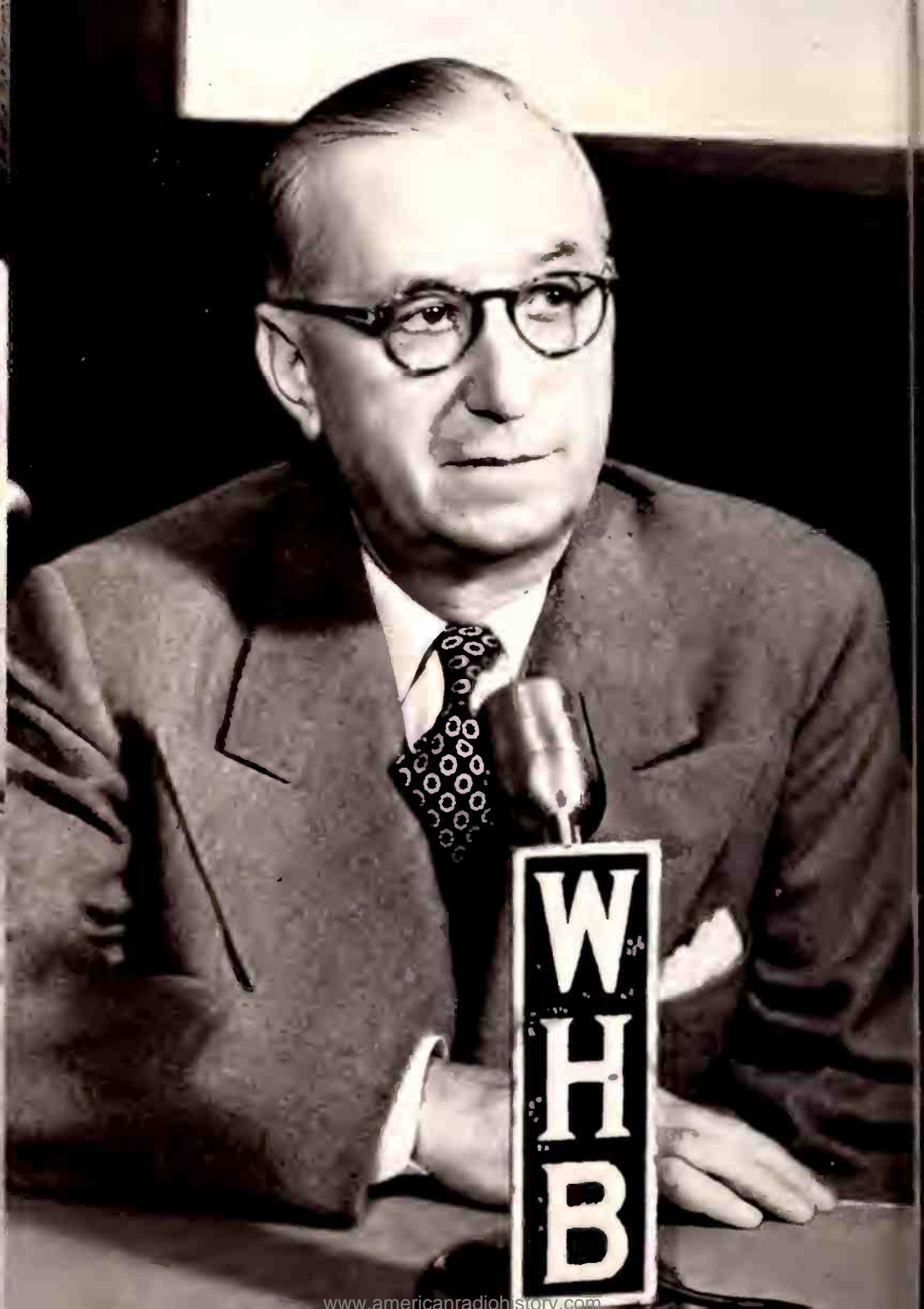
2. Sparkling Terry Maare, Paramount movie starlet, poses before a picture of the new 10,000-watt WHB transmitter, following a broadcast at which she presented dramatic excerpts from several movies.

3. Temporarily angelic, members of the Kansas City Bays' Club carol *Silent Night, Holy Night* for a special Christmas broadcast.









... *presenting* HERBERT H. WILSON

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

IN this season of good resolutions, as dreams are built and graphs projected for the new year, the busiest planner in Kansas City is Herbert Wilson, a graying, bespectacled and immaculately groomed merchandising expert recently selected to guide the destinies of the Chamber of Commerce throughout 1949.

At 56, Wilson is a wiry fishing enthusiast who loves the out-of-doors but lives in a penthouse atop a co-operatively owned apartment, spending 48 to 50 weeks of every year in the purely urban activities which accompany directors' meetings, charity campaigns, and the operation of a large retail business.

His retail career has been self-made and successful. It began 44 years ago in a St. Louis grocery store and butcher shop where Herb worked after school and on Saturdays. Chickens were the first items he ever prepared for the consumer public. Each Friday evening he killed, plucked and cleaned them, readying them for the Saturday rush and the Sunday dinner. Even now, he instinctively remembers Friday as "chicken killing night."

Wilson was born in Hillsboro, Missouri, the son of a newspaper editor. His family moved to St. Louis and later, in 1906, to Los Angeles. On the West Coast, all of the Wilson boys became newspapermen or print-

ers. All but Herb. He enrolled in night school and got a daytime job delivering packages for a department store called Ville de Paris. He soon was promoted to stock boy, and in succession became receiving clerk, shipping clerk, salesman, window trimmer. He was advertising manager, then a buyer, then merchandising manager, and, finally, general merchandising manager and executive vice president of the Dyas Company. In this capacity he supervised the operation of two large retail stores and an apparel factory producing outer garments for both men and women. His rise from deliveryman to vice president took exactly 16 years.

Clothes design claimed much of Wilson's attention at the Dyas Company. The divided skirt worn by horsewomen before the advent of riding breeches was his creation, and he fathered the boxer style undershort now worn by men. The shorts began as elastic-topped gym trunks, but their popularity eventually merited adaptation to more general wear.

Although Mr. Wilson has a slight New York accent, he has lived half his life in Missouri, the other half being divided among California, Washington and seven trips to Europe.

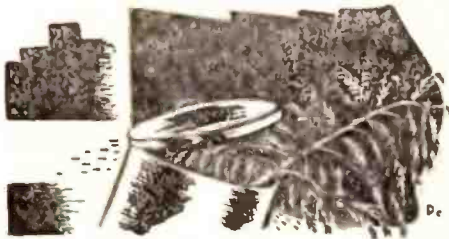
In the sunshine state, where he lived and worked for 25 years, Wilson found much to admire. He occasion-

ally drove all night to reach Lake Arrowhead in time for morning fishing, and sometimes traveled by horse and pack mule to more remote angling meccas. He belonged to the Sierra Club, a hiking group which conducted frequent excursions up Mt. Wilson and Old Baldy. Appropriately, the club headquartered at a lodge accessible only to foot travelers hardy enough to walk seven miles from the nearest transportation.

It was the tendency of Californians to brag, however, which most impressed Herbert Wilson. "The people of California are less inhibited than other Americans," he says, "except maybe for Texans, and I think we can learn a lesson from them.

"They're promoters, talking constantly about the virtues of California products, California climate—everything that is California.

"Here in Kansas City, we have a great deal of which to be proud. Personally, I think we had better start



talking Kansas City. We'd better start right now!"

From his merchandising experience, Wilson has evolved a program designed to "sell" Kansas City; first, to itself, then to the nation. He calls it "Kansas City on Parade."

It is Mr. Wilson's theory that the industries are the economic backbone

of the community. He plans to have a competent speaker discuss one basic Kansas City industry at each weekly Chamber of Commerce luncheon during 1949. The speech will be supplemented by a booklet setting forth salient facts and statistics.

"Do you know," Wilson asked the Chamber last month, "that we have more than 35 paint manufacturers here in Kansas City? That we have more than 100 separate dealers in live stock? That we have more than 20 meat packing plants? That there are 40 or more store fixture manufacturers here? That we have a women's apparel industry that ranks among the top ten in volume in the United States? That we have an industry making men's and boys' work clothing, underwear, ties and shirts that does a volume in the millions each year? These are just a few, because we also have our steel industry, the metal working industry, the railroads, chemicals, coal, automotive and lumber dealers, insurance, real estate and many, many more."

Mr. Wilson hopes the "Kansas City on Parade" program will accomplish two things: that it will serve to build a spirit of community pride by spotlighting valuable industries and the numerous advantages of the Kansas City area; and that it will rally local industries to the support of the Chamber.

Attainment of these objectives will provide not only the information but the money necessary to advertise Kansas City to the nation.

"It's a matter of pay rolls," Wilson says. "The more new industries we

can attract, the more prosperous our trade territory will become."

The venture isn't a new one to Wilson. On a slightly smaller scale, he has conducted similar campaigns in both Los Angeles and Kansas City, although he has always been reticent in accepting credit for them.

"To hell with credit," he says. "On something like this, we all benefit. The important thing is getting the job done. I find I can usually accomplish more by letting someone else get the glory."

Herbert Wilson came to Kansas City in 1935 from Seattle, where he was president and general manager of the McDougall-Southwick Company, president of the Washington State Retailers Association, vice president of the Seattle Credit Bureau, and vice president of the Seattle Shopping News.

He has been called by Jim Jackson, featured columnist for the *Kansas City Star*, a "clean-desk executive," because his office is simple to the point of severity, and completely uncluttered. No papers litter the workspace, yet every report, letter, file or breakdown is miraculously and immediately available.

In this almost austere setting, Mr. Wilson performs with quiet efficiency his role as president of Emery, Bird, Thayer's, Kansas City's oldest department store. It is his aim to preserve the reputation for integrity which the firm has built up over the past 85 years, and to that end he recently conducted a whirlwind campaign against the practice of using comparative prices in retail advertising. EBT is doing nicely, maintaining a sales rec-

ord higher than that of a year ago and consistently higher than the area average. Since Mr. Wilson's assumption of the presidency, six of the store's seven floors have been remodeled completely.

Employee-relations are a point of particular pride with Wilson. EBT



has a bonus system and the usual employee benefits, but Wilson urges his store executives to take an interest in the employees as individuals. He sets an example, and it is not uncommon to see him playing cards with salespeople in the company cafeteria or rooting for the deliverymen's bowling team.

Not long ago, a store roster was submitted for his approval. "What's my name doing at the top?" he asked. "Put the executives at the bottom of this thing and get the salespeople at the top where they belong. They make it possible for the rest of us to be here."

Wilson crowds an incredible number of civic activities into every day, and has devoted much time to community affairs in the past 13 years.

He was one of the earliest and hardest-working promoters of the Kansas City Merchandise Mart, which was established in 1945. He served two terms as its president, and is now chairman of the board.

In 1946 and 1947, Wilson was president of the Merchant's Association of Kansas City. He is now a director of the Merchant's Association, Philharmonic Association, Community Chest, Red Cross, and Kansas City Conservatory of Music.

Last year, civic leaders asked Wilson if he would act as general chairman of the American Red Cross fundraising campaign in Jackson County, with a quota set at \$413,000. He said yes, and a few weeks later turned over contributions totaling \$508,000.

Wilson is a member of the board of governors of the Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design, and holds a similar position in the American Royal Association. He has been a tireless worker on almost all phases of the annual American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.

To his other activities, Wilson has added Boy Scouting. Upon his election as vice president of the Kansas City Council of the Boy Scouts of America, someone remarked to him, "You have no sons, how come you're interested in boys?"

"Boys?" said Wilson. "Sure. Boys and girls and men and women. I'm interested in all of them."

Mrs. Wilson is nearly as busy as her husband. She is an enthusiastic

patron of the Philharmonic, and serves as chairman of the art committee and a director of the Woman's City Club. Her project for 1949 is to coax her husband onto a horse, a feat which has stump-ed experts these past few years.

The Wilsons share a love of sports. Last summer they golfed for one solid week and fished for two. Every year they spend at least two weeks in Minnesota.

"Rozine's trouble," says Mr. Wilson, "is that she is too enthusiastic. When we fish, we're out in the boat before sun-up and back after dark. She just won't quit."

Mr. Wilson has one daughter, Mrs. Gladys Heerhold, a graduate of Kansas City's Westport High School and the University of Missouri. He has two granddaughters.

Because of the press of their self-assigned civic duties, the Wilsons have little leisure time, but Herbert Wilson likes to spend what slack moments he does have with friends at the Kansas City Club or the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch. No one special, just friends. "I don't have any particular friends," he says. "When I go out, I'm not with anybody. I'm with everybody."

That same attitude, applied to nationwide Kansas City promotion, may bring interesting results in 1949.

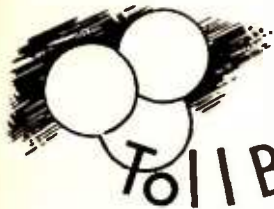
The Reason Why

SENIOR and Junior both patronized the same restaurant. Junior was a big tipper; Senior wasn't.

"Why is it," inquired a waiter, after receiving the customary dime from Senior one evening, "that your son always gives me a tip 50 times larger than you do?"

"He can afford to," snapped Senior. "He has a wealthy father. I haven't."

*A jug of wine, a pound of
flesh, and three brass balls . . .*



Toll Bridge: Pawnshop Style

by JAMES L. HARTE

THE auto of ancient vintage, bearing Georgia license plates, moved over the bridge that spans the Potomac River between Dahlgren, Virginia, and Newburg, Maryland. It came to a halt at the toll gate on the Maryland side. A smartly uniformed young woman stepped out of the box-like booth at the gate and extended a hand toward the driver of the car.

"Gee, Sister," said the motorist, after a fruitless search of his pockets, "I've used up all my cash. But I can write a check." The last hopefully.

"Sorry," said the attendant, and her manner indicated the story was not new.

"What am I going to do?" asked the nonplussed driver.

Patiently the toll-collector explained. "Since you have no money, you have a choice. You can turn around and go back, or you can let us have something as collateral for your toll. The State of Maryland insists upon being paid for each crossing here, and my job is to collect, one way or another. There isn't anything else I can do about it."

The autoist searched his pockets. He found nothing. He opened the glove compartment of the car and

drew out a long, three-celled flashlight. "Will this do?" he asked.

"If it works," replied the polite lady attendant.

It did. The flashlight changed hands. The woman wrote the name and address of the motorist on a tag and tied the tag to the flashlight. "You can come back and redeem this in person," she advised, "or you can mail us the amount of your toll and we'll ship the light to you." She pencilled a receipt, gave it to the Georgian, and he went happily on his way.

The comely toll-collector, one of three women who work the job in shifts, turned the searchlight over to Bridge Superintendent Elwood Schafer. He opened his office safe to deposit it along with a goodly store of other flashlights, fountain pens, rings, watches, and other bits of jewelry left by motorists who had reached the toll gate as unprepared as the driver of the Georgia-tagged Ford.

"It happens with surprising frequency," says the bridge superintendent. "You should see the storage room behind my office."

The storage room looks like a cross between an old-fashioned country store and a big-city pawnshop. Its

shelves are stocked with jacks, hand-pumps, tire chains, spare tires and other automobile accessories. There are several radios, and there's a heater left by a desperate motorist who had nothing else to offer. "But," he'd said, "I'm going South, so I'll have no use for this."

There are a pair of ice skates and a good plaid overcoat and, says Schafer, "Back in the office safe I have a wedding ring left by a woman driver. Apparently she prized the accessories on her car more than she did the ring."

All the articles are of the past year's accumulation. At the end of each year the material that has not been redeemed by the impecunious motorists who have deposited it, is offered for sale either privately or at public auction. Meanwhile, any of the motorists may redeem his property by forwarding toll charges to Mr. Schafer, who then ships the collateral back to the claimant.

"We manage to get our money out of the collateral all right," states the superintendent. "Sometimes we make a profit, which goes to the State, of course."

"It all began some years ago," he

relates, "when we were unable to change a large bill for a motorist, and we accepted his spare tire to be held until he could return with the change to pay his toll." This situation still exists, for by regulation the toll-collectors can neither change any bill larger than \$20 nor cash a check of any kind. If a driver proffers a bill above the \$20, or offers to write a check, he is invited to leave his collateral just as is the unfortunate who hasn't the money to pay. However, if such autoist is not traveling alone, he is permitted to leave a traveling companion behind to wait while he drives on to the nearest inn or store to get change. Many times, wives have remained at the toll station in order to assure the return of husband-drivers who have gone ahead for cash. It is on record that such collateral has never gone unredeemed.

Superintendent Schafer doesn't know what course he would take if left with such a live pledge. He doesn't even want to think about it. "There are enough problems as it is," he says, "without borrowing trouble. I guess, though, that we've been lucky up until now. So far, we've never had a piece of collateral that had to be fed."

It's a Nutty Problem

THE Navajo and Hopi Indians of Arizona are experiencing a nutty supply-and-demand situation.

They're receiving 25 cents a pound for the nuts of the pinon pine, and that's 250 per cent higher than the pre-war price. But even so, they're earning less take-home money. The new price would be enjoyed if some condition in the spring of 1947 hadn't affected the 1948 nut crop and made it the lightest on record.

The Indians are compelled to take six times as long to gather up a pound, all of which prompts them to explode with a word just as famous in Arizona as it was at Bastogne—"Nuts."

It's slightly hilarious when Mr. President takes a card.

MAGIC at the White House

by WALTER GIBSON and PAUL GREEN

C. RAY TERRELL, a debonair professional magician, was performing a card vanishing routine before a group of government officials in Washington. A card picked by a spectator disappeared from the pack after having been returned to it. Terrell approached an amused, dapper-looking gentleman standing a dozen feet away from him and quickly reached inside his coat and extracted the evanescent pasteboard. The audience applauded generously as Terrell bowed away and backed into the arms of a perspiring stalwart who muttered:

"Say, that was the closest anyone ever got to the president without our moving in! Suppose there was an assassin in your place?"

For Ray Terrell had plucked the missing card from the pocket of Harry Truman, and the worried bodyguard assigned by the Secret Service to protect the Chief Executive had his gun ready every moment from behind the stage curtains.

Which demonstrates the chances presidents sometimes take when they invite mystifying characters to the White House. Nevertheless, since George Washington's day a long line of magicians has been welcomed to the presidential headquarters.

A typical reaction was expressed

in Franklin D. Roosevelt's day. The late president loved professional entertainment and regularly amused his friends at the White House with Broadway talent. Among his favorites were Orson Welles and Chester Morris, both well-known for their histrionic accomplishments but slightly less known, outside of magic circles, as accomplished amateur magicians.

During one Easter celebration in the early days of the Roosevelt Administration, during the unhappy period of the Blue Eagle and halting recovery, Milbourne Christopher was stopped at the White House gate by a guard who requested his credentials. Christopher plucked a silver dollar from behind the stern fellow's ear and announced, "I am Christopher—the magician!"

"At last," said the attendant. Then he whispered to Christopher, "At this moment, what Washington needs most is a magician!"

There have been many times before and since when it seemed that only a magician could guide the presidential hand out of the morass of political and economic strife. Surely Mr. Truman must have considered a Merlin or two during the recent rash of reconversion-crippling strikes.

There is something about the deceptive art of magic that relieves the tension of pressing state affairs to a

greater extent than music, dancing or other live entertainment. The psychology has its roots centuries back, when rulers of ancient and war-torn empires regularly employed conjurers in their courts, many of them assuming the importance of prime ministers. Presidents and kings are apparently in tune with the common herd in believing that it is fun to be fooled, which accounts for the string of professional misleaders who have amused presidents.

The practice of magic has even invaded Congress. The Honorable Fritz Lanham of Texas is a dyed-in-the-wool-over-your-eyes necromancer who is a big light in the Society of American Magicians, which recently convened in the shadow of the White House. Mr. Lanham habitually amazes his Congressional cohorts with well-planned trickery, and was the star of the last Washington Press Correspondents Dinner at the National Press Club, attended by government bigwigs and all degrees of brass from the military units.

Mr. Lanham says his most appreciative critic was the late, taciturn Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Coolidge invited Lanham on a cruise on the yacht "Mayflower." The first evening out, Lanham whipped out a trio of rubber rabbits in the salon and made them multiply before the dead-panned president's eyes. Slowly, like cement cracking from a house-wrecker's wedge, a smile broke out on the Coolidge fa-

cade and stayed put while Lanham went through his entire repertoire.

Seeking the origin of magicians who have amused presidential timber, we go back to 1756, two decades before the Declaration of Independence was conceived. New York City was astir over a strange exhibit—the "Microcosm," a tinny ancestor of the robot which moved about and behaved in a somewhat human manner.



"Automata," as such exhibits were called, represented the highest development of magician's ingenuity at that time. One of the spectators at

the exhibit was a Virginian named George Washington, whose personal diary reveals that he took time out from a trip to Boston to treat a party of six friends to Ye Microcosm.

In 1767, before he became our first president and before the White House was built, Washington summoned an itinerant conjuror to Mount Vernon to entertain his guests for a fee of one pound, thirteen shillings and ninepence, or approximately eight dollars in today's currency. Now, an ace performer like Cardini, Russell Swann, Bert Allerton or Jimmy Grippo demands \$250 to \$1000 for a one-night stand.

Joseph Decker was the first mystifier to be identified by name as the "Purveyor of Prestidigitation to the President." He actually billed himself as the "Proprietor of the Speaking Figure," a combination of Charlie McCarthy and mind reader Joe Dun-

ninger. It was a lifelike bust suspended between a pair of slanted ribbons in a sort of half-domed temple, and it answered questions put to it by spectators.

This illusion, which remained unsolved for a long time, depended upon a hollow tube that ran inside one of the ribbons. In another room, an assistant who could hear the questions gave the proper answers through a mouthpiece connected to the tube, and the audience was deluded into thinking the image itself spoke.

Deeker's exhibit had a five-year heyday in New York, where Congress met, and it was attended by many notables of the era, including two future presidents—John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

For a half-dozen administrations after Jefferson, apparently there was a dearth of magicians worthy of appearance in Washington. In that period, too, presidents were beset by the overpowering problems of shaping our country into a workable union, and had little time for deceptive diversionists. Perhaps a little hokum applied at the right moment might have saved many an administrative headache in those days.

Wizards of sorts, however, roamed the land, selling their wares to a beguiled populace. The public became very much acquainted with the ways of wizards, and when Martin Van Buren won the presidential chair, he was dubbed "The Little Magician," because of his diminutive size and political astuteness.

At a general gathering before Van Buren, one Captain Cobb had the occasion to introduce a very dignified

stranger to the tiny president. After they had shaken hands, Cobb turned to Van Buren and said, "I wanted the Little Magician to meet the Great Magician."

The Great Magician was Signor Antonio Blitz, who imported his big magic show from Italy, giving Americans their first view of staged witchery. Accustomed to appearing before the crowned heads of Europe and building his business by advertising that fact, Blitz capitalized on his casual meeting with Van Buren. The president thereafter attended Blitz's performances regularly, enhancing his prestige considerably.

Then a rival to Blitz sprang up, a young American named John Wyman, Jr., who billed himself as Wyman the Wizard. He claimed that as a boy magician he had antedated Blitz's introduction to Van Buren by many years. A hot race for White House favoritism between the two magicians livened the period of heavy presidential turnover during which we had eight incumbents during sixteen years.

Blitz solidified his position in Washington during the term of John Tyler, and ingratiated himself among cabinet members as well. Figuring the Tyler administration would be short-lived, he curried the favor of other aspirants to his seat, among them Henry Clay. At one time Clay proposed to Blitz that the Signor come to the Senate gallery and by means of ventriloquism cause certain Democrats to vote against their own measures when their names were called. Can you imagine the consternation today if a secreted Charlie McCarthy caused Senator

Rankin to vote against the poll-tax or Senator Wagner from New York to champion an anti-labor bill?

Blitz, of course, never staged the gag suggested by Clay. He fraternized regularly with senators and cabinet members, however, and eventually had a peculiar interview with Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State.

As he entered Webster's office, the great orator spread his arm across the state documents on his desk, with the admonition, "No hocus-pocus, Signor."

To which Blitz responded that he had actually tricked himself, because he had entered Webster's office by mistake while seeking the Secretary of the Treasury.

"You, an office-seeker, Signor?" Webster bantered. "What sort of duty would you want?"

"I'd like to count the treasury notes," replied Blitz. "You might give me 100,000 dollars to count, and watch closely, but you would find only 75,000 when I returned them."

"There is no chance, Signor," Webster declared. "There are better magicians here than you, for there would not be 50,000 left after they counted them!"

In his memoirs, Blitz commented on this incident.

"Learning from such an authentic source," he wrote, "that there were more capable conjurors in the employ of the government, I retired, without further urging my claim."

The cabinet went out, including Webster, when James Polk was elected president, and Signor Blitz faded temporarily from the national scene. A newcomer from Germany

captured the limelight, one Alexander Heimburger, who called himself Herr Alexander. He intrigued Polk so much that he was commanded to give a series of performances sponsored by the president.

Alexander became so friendly with Polk that when he left the country in 1847, with letters from Polk to the King of Brazil and other South American rulers, he was thought to be a secret international ambassador of good will. His trip took on added significance because he made it during the Mexican War, when Latin America was concerned about the United States' attitude toward imperialism. There was strong talk in diplomatic circles that Polk had chosen a magician for the mission because no one could keep a secret or conceal documents better than a magician.

Alexander received further acclaim when he deceived Samuel B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph and the great thinker of the day. Alexander showed Morse a remarkable "Spirit Bell" which rang at command, while resting on an ornamental box. Morse was sure that only an electrical hook-up could accomplish this, but he failed to locate it. The secret was a trained bird inside the box which would jump from its perch at the proper word from Alexander, and spring a secret catch that made the bell strike.

When the Polk administration ended in 1848, Signor Blitz reappeared in Washington at the inaugural of General Taylor. It happened that Blitz, during one of his slow tours by canal boat, had become friendly with Millard Fillmore, Taylor's vice president. Fillmore inherited the pres-

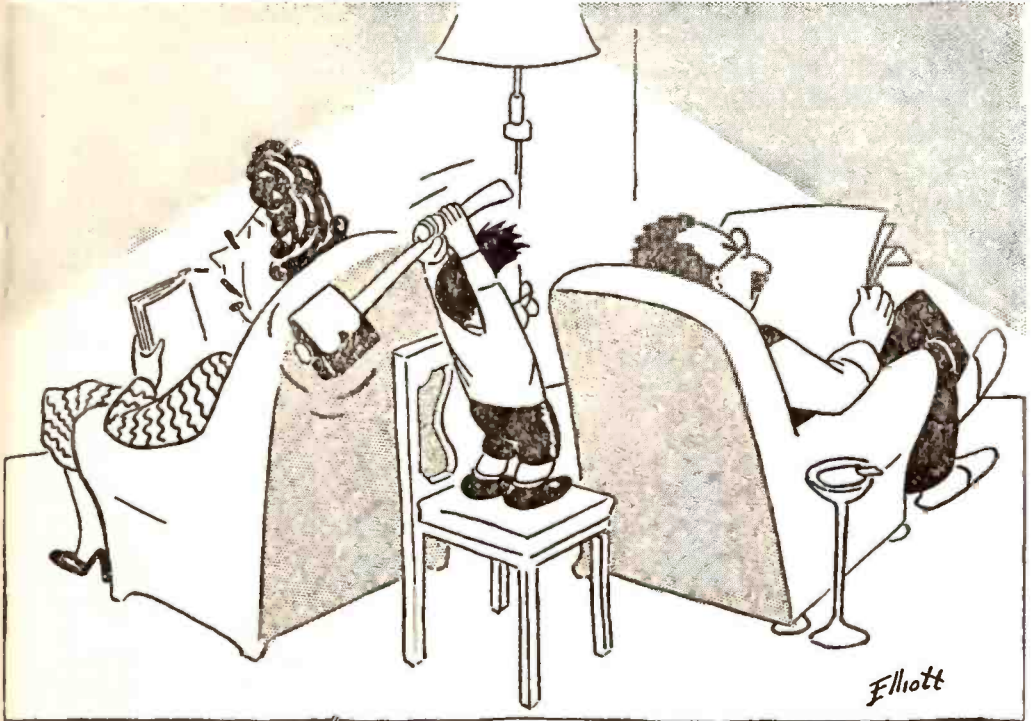
idency when Taylor died after a year in office. The headquarters of the president then became a veritable open house for magicians.

Blitz was always welcome, but his pet illusions, "The Learned Canary Birds," "Incomprehensible Snuff Box," and "Dance of Six Dinner Plates," appealed more to juvenile minds than to austere governmental audiences. Other magicians were invited, and the ubiquitous Professor Wyman came to the White House to deliver his topper.

Wyman cornered Fillmore and his cabinet in the East Room of the Presidential Mansion and showed them the sensational "Inexhaustible Bottle"

from which he poured any liquor called for by the audience. A popular print of the period depicts the cabinet members gayly refilling from Wyman's wonderful bottomless bottle, the progenitor of the "Magic Bar" shown by magicians today.

This type of sorcery may have injured magic's popularity at the White House for a while, because it waned for the remainder of Fillmore's term. Wyman came back again during Lincoln's term, and became the wartime wizard of the White House, making four appearances during the Civil War. Wyman whimsically advertised that he was the only magician using no Confederates. To borrow a phrase



*"The psychiatrist says he has an Oedipus complex,
whatever that is . . ."*

from Senator Claghorn, that's a joke, son.

The most renowned magician to appear in White House circles in the ensuing four decades was Herrmann the Great, the standout of all time. Herrmann, notably deft at skilful sleights-of-hand, scored an appropriate triumph by producing a succession of cigars from President Grant's whiskeys.

Magic hit its heyday when Teddy Roosevelt took over the helm. It had graduated to full-size stage productions, and for an illusionist like the Great Kellar to set up such magnificent presentations as his "Blue Room," and the "Floating Lady," in the White House would have required greater powers than even a magician possesses. Teddy Roosevelt had to take his family to the theatre instead, and Kellar used to invite the boys up on the stage to assist in his tricks.

Quentin Roosevelt enjoyed the contact with hocus-pocus immensely, and when Thurston succeeded Kellar, Quentin offered to help out in his act. Once Quentin pulled a typical Rooseveltian gag which left the great Thurston nonplussed.

A favorite comedy stunt of Thurston's was to take a dozen or so eggs from a derby hat, pass them to a little girl who in turn handed them to a boy from the audience. The boy's arms soon became loaded with hen-fruit and he was unable to hold more. The eggs plopped messily on the stage at an increasing pace, to the hilarity of the audience.

The second time Quentin Roosevelt attended the show, he offered to be the goat. Hardly had Thurston be-

gun to take the eggs from the bowler when Quentin brought out a big bag from beneath his coat and cried:

"There, Mr. Thurston. Put them in that!"

President Taft also attended Thurston's show in Washington, but when Coolidge became president, a White House show was arranged involving a sectionally-built stage on which Thurston could perform some of his sizable magic. Seeking some unusual trick for the occasion, Thurston obtained a description of a watch that had been given Coolidge by the Massachusetts Legislature and ordered a duplicate that closely resembled it, except that the works were merely a collection of odd parts.

Thurston intended to switch watches after borrowing the president's own. He accomplished the exchange and indulged in some diversionary by-play with a hammer while an assistant rushed out to the kitchen and hid the real watch in a loaf of bread. The loaf was brought on stage, and Thurston was to smash the dummy watch he still held and load the pieces into an old-fashioned revolver. The gun was to be shot at the bread, and the watch would be found, mysteriously restored, inside the loaf when it was broken open.

Seeing the assistant return, Thurston took it as his cue to begin, and began counting "One-two-three" as he lifted the hammer. The assistant clutched Thurston's arm just in time to halt the final smash.

"You've got the wrong watch!" he buzzed into Thurston's ear.

So he had. During the preliminaries, both he and the assistant had

made the switch, bringing Coolidge's timepiece under the hammer. Thurston calmly dismissed the assistant, took the watch to Coolidge so he could assure himself that it was the president's own, and secretly substituted it for the dummy which was under the bread. From then on the trick proceeded to its planned conclusion.

Houdini, the great escape king, met Teddy Roosevelt in 1914, returning to America on the "Imperator." Houdini offered to produce a "spirit" slate answer to any question Teddy wrote and sealed in an envelope. Roosevelt's question was: "Where was I last Christmas?" There suddenly appeared on the slate a drawing of a map showing part of South America, with an arrow pointing to the River of Doubt, near the Andes.

What amazed Teddy more than the message was how Houdini could have learned the question; and especially, how he knew the answer, since the ex-president had not yet published the itinerary of his exploration tour.

Houdini later explained the whole trick, to prove that spirits had nothing to do with it. He had fixed a carbon and a sheet of white paper under the cloth of a book cover. When Roosevelt wrote the question, Houdini handed him the book so he could place his paper on it. This gave Houdini a carbon impression which he secretly noted, later.

Of course, this was the usual slate trick, but the mystery of how Houdini knew the answer was something quite special. When he learned that T. R. was sailing on the "Imperator," Houdini went to the *London Telegraph* and asked to see advance in-

stalments of Roosevelt's South American exploits, which that newspaper was just about to publish in serial form. Not realizing that Houdini could have had access to that material, Teddy was completely baffled by the result.

Ironically, Houdini visited the White House during the Coolidge administration to present first-hand evidence about charlatans who posed as spirit-mediums. He thereby lent his weight to the defeat of a Congressional bill that would have legalized such fraudulent operators. Congress had already demonstrated respect for Houdini at an earlier appearance, during Wilson's tenure.

Woodrow Wilson attended a Keith vaudeville show in 1916 in Washington, to see Houdini escape from a tank of water in which he was imprisoned upside down. Houdini referred to that day, April 24th, as the "proudest day in my life." Earlier in the day he had entered the Senate gallery, where he was greeted from the floor by Vice President Marshall, and loudly acclaimed by the senators. Later in the



afternoon Houdini gave an impromptu demonstration of legerdemain for Marshall and a group of Congressmen.

The history of magic at the White

House continues with Harry Blackstone, rated as America's number one magician today. Blackstone's introduction came through Warren Harding, whom he met in his hometown of Marion, Ohio. Blackstone was probably the only magician who visited the White House during Harding's brief career as president. Afterward, Blackstone appeared there during Coolidge's administration.

Franklin D. Roosevelt once gave his protectors an unhappy moment during a party when he was entertained by suave Russell Swann, a contemporary prestidigitator. Sophisticated Swann usually leans heavily on comic relief to liven his ordinary magic routines. He decided to create a little diversion by whipping out a revolver and blasting away to awaken his audience. He checked with the Secret Service men to see if there would be any objections.

"None," the head man answered. "But if you hadn't told us in advance and had started shooting, you'd have been a dead duck before the second shot was fired."

Great precautions had to be used to perform the act. All bodyguards throughout the room were advised Swann was going to use a gun at a certain time during his act, but only one which he would remove from behind a curtain where an SS man would hand it to him, loaded with blanks. If he tried to use any other weapon, they had orders to shoot.

But it is obvious by now that killing a magician in the White House is a waste of time, since another will spring up in his place.

JANUARY

MORNING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY
6	00	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Harrington Trio Ray & Lannie
	15	
	25	
	30	
	45	
7	00	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clack Musical Clack
	15	
	30	
8	00	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clack Crazy Croons Musical Clack
	05	
	10	
	15	
	45	
9	00	Unity Viewpoint Unity Viewpoint Martha Logan's Kitch. Piiza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.
	05	
	15	
	30	
	45	
10	00	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlohr Gabriel Heatter's M'bg Memory Time
	05	
	15	
	30	
	45	
11	00	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandro Leo, Shopper Halland-Engle Show
	05	
	15	
	30	
	45	

AFTERNOON

12	00	Wm. L. Shirer Sunday Music Radio Warblers Marriage for Millions	AP News—Bob Grinde Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News
	15		
	30		
	55		
1	00	Army Air Force Bill Cunningham—News The Vet. Wants to Know	Queen for a Day Bing Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys
	30		
	45		
2	00	Michael O'Duffy, Tenor Michael O'Duffy, Tenor Juvenile Jury Juvenile Jury	Cedric Foster Men in the Book Store "BB Keys" Soy It With Music
	15		
	30		
	45		
3	00	House of Mystery House of Mystery True Detective Mys.	AP News—Bob Grinde Embassy Club Songs—John Wohlstedt
	15		
	30		
4	00	The Showdown The Showdown Quick as a Flash Quick as a Flash	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana
	15		
	30		
	45		
5	00	Ray Rogers Ray Rogers Nick Carter Nick Carter	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix
	15		
	30		
	45		

WHB-FM on 102.1 megacycles
now broadcasting 3 to 10 p.m.

PROGRAMS ON WHB

MORNING

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Harrington Trio Roy & Lonnie	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	Town & Country Time Weather Report Livestock Estimates Harrington Trio Roy & Lonnie	Town & Country Time Weather Report Town & Country Time Roy & Lonnie Harrington Trio	6 00 15 25 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Musical Clock Musical Clock	AP News Musical Clock Musical Clock	7 00 15 30
AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Bob Grinde Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News—Lou Kemper Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Musical Clock Crosby Croons Musical Clock	AP News Weatherman in Person Fruit & Veg. Report Crosby Croons Musical Clock	8 05 10 15 30 45
Unlty Viewpoint Unlty Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unlty Viewpoint Unlty Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unlty Viewpoint Unlty Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unlty Viewpoint Unlty Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Plaza Program Vaughn Monroe's Orch.	Unlty Viewpoint Unlty Viewpoint Martha Logan's Klitch. Wy. HI Radio Workshop Library Lady	9 00 05 15 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Haatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Haatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bob Grinde AP News—Bob Grinde Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Haatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Victor H. Lindlahr Gabriel Haatter's M'bg Memory Time	AP News—Bruce Grant AP News—Bruce Grant Xavier Cugat's Orch. Magic Rhythm Magic Rhythm	10 00 05 15 30 45
Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Sandra Lea, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Sandra Lea, Shopper	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Sandra Lea, Shopper Holland-Engle Show	Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade Shoppers Serenade	11 00 30 15 30 45

AFTERNOON

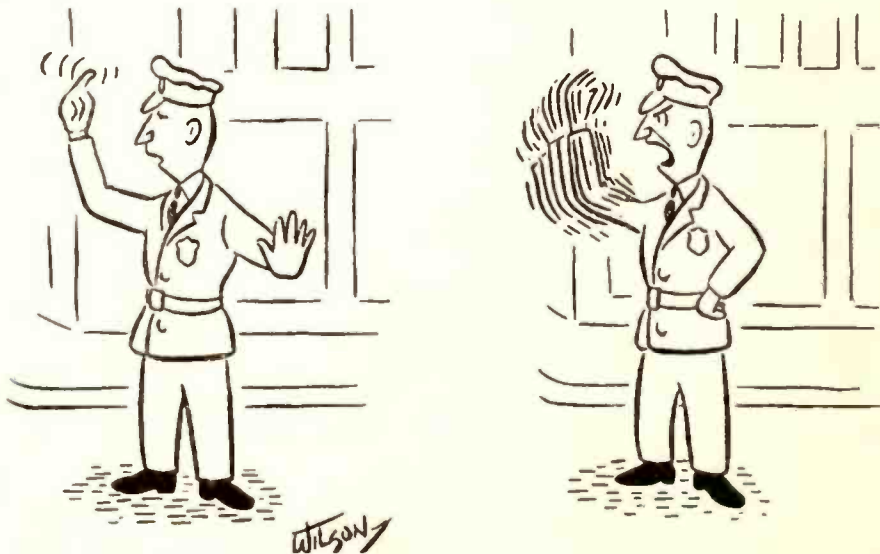
AP News—Bob Grinde Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Bob Grinde Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Bob Grinde Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News—Bob Grinde Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	AP News Boogie Woogie Cowboys Boogie Woogie Cowboys Missouri-Kansas News	12 00 15 30 55
Queen for a Day Bling Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bling Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bling Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Queen for a Day Bling Sings Cottonwood Ranch Boys	Network Dance Band Network Dance Band Network Dance Band	1 00 30 45
Cedric Foster "88 Keys" "88 Keys" Say It With Music	Cedric Foster Man In the Book Store "88 Keys" Say It With Music	Cedric Foster "88 Keys" "88 Keys" Say It With Music	Cedric Foster Man In the Book Store "88 Keys" Say It With Music	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	2 00 15 30 45
AP News—Bob Grinde Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Bob Grinde Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Bob Grinde Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	AP News—Bob Grinde Embassy Club Songs—John Wahlstedt	Swing Session Swing Session Swing Session	3 00 15 30
Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Italian Serenade Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Guy Lombardo's Orch. Cliff Edwards Show Swingin' on A Star Club Copacabana	Lionel Hampton Show Lionel Hampton Show Furlough in Music Sports Time	4 00 15 30 45
AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	AP News Let's Waltz Captain Midnight Tom Mix	Take a Number Take a Number True or False True or False	5 00 15 30 45

Evening schedule on next page

JANUARY PROGRAMS

EVENING

TIME	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
6 00 15 30 45 55	Mutual Dromo Mutual Dromo Mayor of the Town Mayor of the Town Johnny Desmond	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstoff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstoff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstoff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstoff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill
7 00 15 30 45 55	Mediation Board Mediation Board Memos for Music Memos for Music Memos for Music	The Falcon The Falcon Sherlock Holmes Sherlock Holmes Hy Gardner Says	Geo. O'Hanlon Show Geo. O'Hanlon Show Official Detective Official Detective Hy Gardner Says	Can You Top This? Can You Top This? High Adventure High Adventure Hy Gardner Says	It Pays to Be Smart It Pays to Be Smart The Hollywood Story The Hollywood Story Hy Gardner Says
8 00 15 30 55	Under Arrest Under Arrest Jimmie Fidler Twin Views of News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel What's Nome of Song? Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel The Lone Wolf Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theatre Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry News
9 00 15 30 45	Secret Mission Secret Mission WHB Mirror News—John Thornberry	Korn's A-Krackin' Korn's A-Krockin' Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Amer. Forum of the Air Amer. Forum of the Air Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Manhattan Ployhouse Manhattan Ployhouse Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Adv. of the Thin Man Adv. of the Thin Man Passing Parade News—John Thornberry
10 00 15 30 55	Starlight Moods Starlight Moods Eddy Howard's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Xavier Cugat's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Ted Lewis' Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Boyd Roeburn's Orch. News	"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Art Mooney's Orch. News
11 00 15 30 55	Billy Bishop's Orch. George Winslew's Orch. Henry King's Orch. Midnight News	Don Roth Trio Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Don Roth Trio Sherman Hayes's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Don Roth Trio Lawrence Welk's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	Don Roth Trio Sherman Hayes's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.
12:00 1:00	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF



ON WHB

Swinging THE DIAL

EVENING

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	TIME
Fulton Lewis, Jr. Falstaff Serenade Evening Serenade Evening Serenade Edwin C. Hill	Twenty Questions Hawaii Calls Guest Star Mel Allen Sportscast Mel Allen Sportscast	6 00 15 30 45 55
Gt Scenes from Gt Plays Gt Scenes from Gt Plays Leave It to the Girls Leave It to the Girls My Gardner Says	Hawaii Calls Twenty Questions Life Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80 Life Begins at 80	7 00 15 30 45 55
Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Yours for a Song Bill Henry News	Gabriel Heatter Lanny Ross Show Meet the Boss Meet the Boss	8 00 15 30 55
Meet the Press Meet the Press Passing Parade News—John Thornberry	Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air Chicago Theatre of Air	9 00 15 30 45
"The New Listen" "The New Listen" Richard Himber's Orch. News	Network Dance Orch. Network Dance Orch. Ted Lewis' Orch. News	10 00 15 30 55
Don Rath Trio Gay Claridge's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch. Dee Peterson's Orch.	George Winslow's Orch. George Winslow's Orch. Barclay Allen's Orch. Midnight News	11 00 15 30 55
Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	Swing Session WHB SIGNS OFF	12:00 1:00

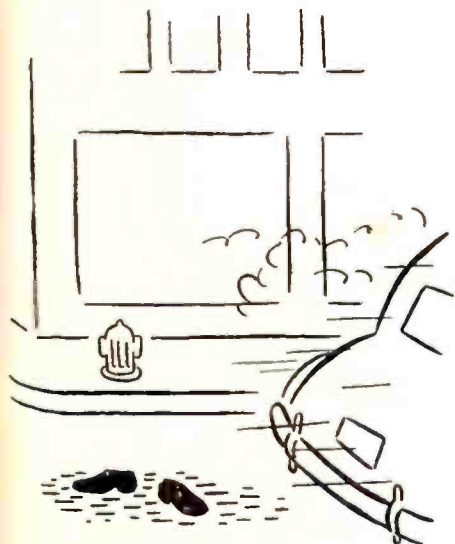
THE DYNAMIC piano technique of Benno Moiseiwitsch belies his professional wrestling career, yet an early decision to abandon hammerlocks in favor of roulades has made him England's leading pianist. Moiseiwitsch will be featured with the Kansas City Philharmonic on January 18, following by two weeks the January 4 appearance of Isaac Stern, who has been ranked by admiring critics as the outstanding young violinist in America. Both artists will be heard during the regular full-length broadcasts of the Kansas City Philharmonic subscription concerts on WHB at 8:30 p. m.

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PERFORMANCES turned in by Henry Fonda, Gertrude Lawrence, Gene Tierney, Celeste Holm and other outstanding stars would make it seem that "Great Actors" should somehow be included in the title *Great Scenes from Great Plays*, which is broadcast over the Mutual network each Friday evening at 7 p.m., CST. The program, sponsored by the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church, maintains consistently high dramatic standards. Walter Hampton acts as master of ceremonies for the series.

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JOHAN NESBITT loathes modern male dress, and seldom appears in anything but sneakers, white ducks, and a casual jacket zippered up the front. Yet his delivery is precise as he spins the fascinating stories of romance, adventure, mystery, and science which have made him a radio favorite. Nesbitt reviews the *Passing Parade* on WHB each weekday evening at 9:30.





"Please, Miss Ladonna — you moved!"

Platter Chatter . . .

If you received a Christmas gift bond from your neighborhood book store and you're a popular music fan—here's just the ticket for you! Pick up a copy of Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography*. It's a fine directory which promises to become the bible of recorded jazz . . . You may wonder what happened to Ina Ray Hutton. It's rumored that she's been organizing a new band composed strictly of males. She's scheduled to welcome the new year by opening at The Last Frontier in Las Vegas . . . Sarah Vaughn is enjoying a steadily increasing following, as indicated by the crowds she draws to the Clique Club on Broadway . . . Count Basie's jump rhythms will be aired over Mutual from the "Click" in Philadelphia, so be listening. His band is bigger and jumpier than ever . . . Tony Pastor and orchestra will play at a number of big college proms throughout the nation. Incidentally, latch on to his latest recording, *You Started Something* . . . It's expected that Ted Neems' Mercury platter of the oldie, *Mickey*, will go over the million mark. This is the second time it's been ranked as best seller . . . Somebody says Frank Sinatra will promote a two billion dollar resort in Southern California . . . Eddy Howard and band will desert the Windy City area for sunny California this spring . . . La Verne of the Andrew Sisters fame is now Mrs. Lou Rogers, wife of the big record executive . . . Ella Fitzgerald, who recently returned from a sensational appearance at the London Palladium, is now singing to crowds in East Coast night clubs; and Nellie Lutcher, Capitol find, will play West Coast dates following her excursion home for the Christmas holidays . . . Earl Hines' new 13-piece band will hit the road any day now . . . Red Ingle and his Natural Seven will open at the New York Village Barn on January 6 for a noisy six weeks . . . All Kansas City is watching for a new night club to be opened by the Decca recording star, Jeannie Leitt . . . Johnny Mercer is now writing lyrics for a Broadway musical entitled *Free and Easy* . . . Dick Haymes, Decca's smooth-voiced crooner, has transcribed National Safety Council jingles to be played over 100 United States radio stations . . . Frankie Laine, Mercury star, will appear



with BOB KENNEDY

with Peggy Lee on her nightly radio show . . . The talk about Guy Lombardo giving up speedboat racing because of an injury received in his last race is not true. In fact, he's already working on a \$100,000 craft for the races next season . . . Artie Shaw is now dabbling in producing a Broadway show . . . Hal Derwin has decided to fold up his band, but will continue as a crooner . . . Cab Calloway is writing his autobiography. It should be quite a jazz history when it's finished.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . Eden Ahbez, who penned *Nature Boy*, is now a commentator on health subjects at a West Coast radio station . . . Freddy Martin never has used a girl vocalist with his band . . . Russ Morgan was a coal miner before he earned enough money to study music . . . Japan has begun importing records from the United States, and Western tunes seem to be the outstanding favorites.

Highly Recommended . . .

CORAL 60005—Geri Galian and his Caribbean Rhythm Boys. *Chopsticks*, *Rumba* and *Oh, Hear My Heart*. Along with the new year appears a new record label. Coral is actually a subsidiary of Decca Records, and will have the duty of presenting new and unknown talent. Whether you're a rumba fan or not, this twosome will entertain you when Geri exhibits his talent on the piano.

VICTOR 20-3133—Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. *The Chocolate Choo Choo*

plus *In My Dreams*. It's Vaughn again, with the Moon Maids lending their vocal talents to a fine pair of tunes. The first side is a lullaby to please all ages. The flip is a dreamy ballad that's perfect for smooth dancing. Vaughn gets wonderful backing by the boys in the band plus the crooning of the Moon Maids.

COLUMBIA 38355—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. It's *Like Taking Candy From a Baby* and *The Chowder Social*. The first side of this double feature finds winsome Rosemary Clooney exchanging romantic pleasantries with Tony in a duet version. The reverse is really something. It seems that Local 1064 of the National Brotherhood of Progressive Pots, Pans, and Boilermakers is throwing a big chowder social. Tony, the Clooney sisters and the boys in the band all join in to describe the rowdy celebration. The Pastor crew has a lot of fun—and so do the listeners.

CAPITOL 15285—Johnny Mercer with Wingy Manone and the Pied Pipers. *Tuscaloosa Bus* plus *The Tailgate Ramble*. "Rousing" is a mild description of this new Mercer disc. Everybody gets a boisterous ride on the *Tuscaloosa Bus* while Johnny takes turns at the lyrics with jazz-trumpeter Wingy Manone. The Pied Pipers manage to get in a few words, too. The turnover is strictly from Dixie, with Johnny and Wingy singing a tune of their own. It's noisy, yes, but entertaining!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

MERCURY 5174—Frankie Laine with Carl Fischer's orchestra. Singing the *Blues* plus *Thanks for You*. Here's a neat coupling by the gent who's grabbing more followers every day. The "blues" side is right for Laine's crooning, with a special rhythm emphasis by the band. The flip is a slow ballad with a mellow interpretation of the sentimental lyrics by Frankie. This twosome should make you an ardent Laine fan for sure!

VICTOR 20-3063—Sammy Kaye and orchestra. *Here I'll Stay* and *Green-Up*

Time. The Swing and Sway aggregator presents two new hits from the Broadway show, *Love Life*. Don Cornell does a fine bit of balladeering with the lyrics on the first side, and *Green-Up Time* is a lilting three minutes with just the right bounce. Laura Leslie and the Three Kaydets tell the story. A Sammy Kaye must!

DECCA 24506—Dick Haymes with the Troubadours. *Any Time* plus *Bouquet of Roses*. This should go fast from the record shop shelves, so you'll have to hurry if you want to snag a pressing. *Any Time* is a familiar old melody that seems to mellow with age. Dick Haymes sings it with harmonious blendings by the Troubadours. The reverse is the Western style tune that's going great guns these days. Dick gives it the sage-



brush and saddle touch that will demand playing over and over again. It's top croonin' with Haymes!

COLUMBIA 38354—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Little Jack Frost Get Lost* plus *I Couldn't Stay Away From You*. The master of the 88 presents a couplet that should please everyone. On the first side, Marjorie Hughes presents a novel rhythmic complaint about the rigors of winter weather, while Frankie provides sparkling background effects. *I Couldn't Stay Away From You* features vocalist Jack Lawrence. It's another ideal tune for the Carle keyboard style.

*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside, JA 5200.

The Swing WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Dominating the world today is the shadow of a giant Russian octopus, its many tentacles slowly ensnaring nation after nation.

In the face of this frightening spectre, we see the smug lethargy of the American people being replaced by a calculated, rapidly growing mistrust of the Russians and everything they stand for. Most Americans, as demonstrated by public opinion samplings, believe that Russia is attempting to make war in the world in order to achieve her ends. This pessimistic attitude is the reaction of a generation that has known war intimately.

The facts are alarming. Russia continues to grow in power and to make further inroads, militarily or by means of espionage, into all the nations of the world. Our own house is not in order. This is not to say that there are necessarily traitors in our government, but that in many instances traitors have made dupes of our high-level government officials.

It would seem that espionage agents have found unfaithful Americans in nearly every walk of life. Even in this land where so many have so much, there are those who are willing to sell out to foreign interests at the drop of a handkerchief—a red one.

There is reason to suspect, certainly, that propagandists have an effective voice in many of our most vital informational media. It cannot be said, of course, that all newsmen report inaccurately. That is far from true. Neither can it be said that all news is distorted. That is preposterous. But it is a fact that much of what we see and hear is untrue; or, more important and far more dangerous, is partly untrue. This subtle blending of truth and untruth is the propagandists' most effective weapon. It takes time and much thought to win-

now the chaff from the grain. Most Americans are loathe to make the effort.

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The military authorities of Great Britain and the United States feel an increasing anxiety about the disparity of strength between the Western powers and Russia. Although the West now holds an appreciable edge, Russia is fast gaining ground in the race for superior military technology. The Russians are not slouches as scientists, and their progress in research and development of lethal weapons has been considerably expedited by the work of captive German scientists. We must suppose that progress is being made at a rapid pace.

The theory of Western power strategy is simple and direct. It is to build Europe into a tough, sinewy military unit—a buffer—then tie down Russia's strength in all other theatres of operation. This program is difficult to execute, however, because it is no longer a question of what Russia is going to do. The question is, "What are the Western powers able to do?" They claim that they must see a complete change in Russian policy, or else any aggressive act on the part of the Soviets will bring full and complete retaliation. Such measures are indeed in the minds of top-level authorities in both Britain and the United States, but decisions of this type are of little use in democracies unless the people understand the situation well enough to authorize action. Democratic peoples must be conditioned for war over a period of time. It is this conditioning period which is often fatal to adequate defense.

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The Indian situation is becoming more complex. To Indians, freedom from British rule is still a miracle in every sense of the word, even though it is apparent to

the rest of the world that Britain wanted to unload India. This is proved by the fact that opposition to the British was confined to a little more than four per cent of the total Indian population.

Indians, however, feel that they are the obvious leaders to throw the yoke of white leadership off from all the other races of the earth. Russia has stepped in to capitalize on this hatred of the West. As a result of work by Russian agents, India probably would be pro-Russian in any war. The attitude of Britain and the United States toward Palestine has helped to mould this decision.

In March of 1948, a very significant conference was held in Calcutta. The Communist Parties of India, French Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, China, Indonesia and Burma were represented. Most dele-

gates traveled on diplomatic passports, indicating that they were officials of the nations in attendance. A review of the countries which were present reveals the fact that the Far East was well represented.

It is reported through underground channels that the conference agreed Russia is to keep India and Pakistan neutral during the first phase of war, should one develop. The Soviets are then to drive offensives down through the Middle East and southeast Asia, while guerrilla fighting is carried on in the extreme Far East by Burmese fighters who are in the process of training at the present time.

If this report is only partly true, we face a new year with more than its share of oppressive military and political problems.

Beale Street Blue Laws

These rules are posted in a rooming house on Beale Street (of "Beale Street Blues" fame) in Memphis, Tennessee:

THE LOBBY is strictly a sitting room. No lying down on the davenport. No two or more persons allowed to sit in one chair at the same time or on the center table. No drunk person is allowed in the lobby. Take them to your room. No kissing, hugging or loving of any kind allowed in the lobby. Go to your room for that. No receiving stolen goods or anything of that sort. This may seem funny but it is good business. So please read this sign and understand it good before you rent a room here. All roomers are responsible for the disorderly conduct of their visiting friends.

NO ONE IS ALLOWED in the kitchen except the ones that are cooking. Every person who comes to cook must bring some wood and as soon as they put a cooking vessel on the stove they must put some wood in the stove and that will make cooking lovely. Remember that the kitchen is for cooking and eating. No washing. No hair straightening, no hair cutting or shaving.

NO LOUD NOISE or going to and fro in the hall singing, dancing or popping the fingers at anytime day or night. So please don't be frightened after you read this sign for it is mighty fine to live in a nice quiet place while so many people are living among robbers and murderers and all kinds of evil-hearted people who are walking in the darkness of life and do not care for the better things of life. We do not want their money but all good people are as welcome as the wind that blows.



"I caught my boyfriend necking!" one girl said.
"I caught mine that way, too!"



She: "Would you come to my aid in distress?"
He: "I wouldn't care what you were wearing."

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

BUSINESS may be a man's world, but the girls are doing all right in it, too. Some of them, unaware that they aren't supposed to be around from nine to five, successfully tackle hard jobs without asking either favors or advice from the males they encounter in the daily battle to make a buck and keep ten cents.

An extremely photogenic example of Chicago Career Girl, 1949 model, is Mary Rose Noel, who works in American Airlines' publicity department in Chicago. Mary Rose is the gal who about a year ago made a present of Alexis, her pet alligator, to the Lincoln Park zoo. It is typical of her casualness that she thought having a 'gator around the house was not at all remarkable.

A personable girl with a host of friends, Mary Rose probably creates more good will for American Airlines in these parts than any of the stunts or stories she works so hard to get onto the radio or into the papers. Press and radio people like and respect her, both for the quality of her work and the fact that she doesn't swing sex around to get favors.

Being a press agent for an airline calls for a considerable amount of patience with

in the morning, with the nearest cup of coffee three blocks away.

While we're talking about sharp gal press agents, let's also make a deep bow in the direction of Helen Gambrill over at the Chicago chapter of the Red Cross, and Gertrude Bromberg, who gets praise for *A Streetcar Called Desire* in the local papers. Helen manages to surmount all the difficulties which beset the public relations chairman working for a volunteer organization of part-time prima donnas, and Gertrude Bromberg is that extreme rarity—the theatrical press agent who gets up before noon and sometimes can be reached by telephone as early as ten o'clock in the morning. She is also entirely cooperative—a complete change from the members of the old guard, all of whom can think of nine good reasons why something can't be done, unless that "something" is suggested by Claudia Cassidy of the *Tribune* or Ashton Stevens over on Hearst Square. Gertrude has even been known to make talks before club groups—a practice looked upon with exceeding disfavor by her male contemporaries, many of whom regard the playgoing public as a necessary evil to be dealt with only at arm's length.

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Something new on the radio, and something, incidentally, for our town to be proud of, is an unusual series of sponsored public service programs on WMAQ. Five mornings a week a program called *It's Your Life* effectively dramatizes the vital importance of public health.

It's Your Life is different in a number of ways. In the first place, it packs more listener interest into a single broadcast than the soap operas achieve in a week. Also, it proves that a public service program on health doesn't have to be dull, nor weighted down by eminent medical authorities—many of whom seem to be trying to sound like Paul Muni playing the role of Louis Pasteur.

The drama on the series is real. The first broadcast, tape-recorded behind the scenes in a maternity hospital, featured



everybody in general, and a vast amount of diplomacy when dealing with those self-anointed public darlings from Hollywood, New York and Washington who just love to play Very Important Person. In line of duty she has kept her sense of humor intact while coping with some pretty awful people, sometimes as early as six o'clock

the birth of a baby. Produced by the Chicago Industrial Health Association and sponsored by Johnson and Johnson, the medical supply house, the series is under the supervision of Ben Park, who wrote and produced the much lauded *Report Uncensored* on another local station last year.

Don Herbert, once of the Community Fund radio staff, capably handles the tape-recorded interviews, most of which feature true stories of Chicagoans and their health problems. Herbert visits social agencies, homes, hospitals, and neighborhood houses to record his human interest stories—any place where there are people.

So far, Park and Herbert have licked one of the hardest problems in radio—making a public service program alive and interesting. To do so they're on the job from 12 to 15 hours a day, contacting, researching and recording. An average quarter-hour program requires from two to three hours of actual recording. The

completed reels of magnetized tape are then edited down to 14 minutes of dramatic listening. The rest goes into the ashcan.

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While we're talking about radio, it should be reported here that Mr. Ernie Simon, the unpredictable disc jockey, is in disfavor with Local 10 of the American Federation of Musicians. Mr. Simon was hauled before the local Petrillos and stuck firmly on the AFM Unfair list.

The trouble started when Simon, as is his generous habit, contributed his services to a benefit show for a suburban Community Chest fund. So did a lot of other well-known radio stars from Chicago stations. Of all the entertainers who participated, only Mr. Petrillo's musicians had to be paid for their work.

Ernie Simon's crime was horrible. During the show he repeatedly referred to the members of the union band as "a bunch of crumb-heads."

Accidental Geography

INDIANAPOLIS—A man lit a match to see if there was any alcohol in the radiator of his car. There was—and he was treated for face burns.

STAMPS, ARKANSAS—A farm wife went out to feed her livestock one frosty morn, slipped on the ice covered ground, fell—and sprained her ankle. Her sister went to her aid, slipped and fell, too, fracturing her wrist. The sister's son went to the aid of both women, slipped and fell—and broke his leg.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA—A man opened the door of his moving car to toss away a cigarette butt. Ten minutes later he was seeking medical aid for cuts, bruises and lacerations. He'd neglected to let go of the butt—and had followed it out of the car to the ground.

NEW KENSINGTON, PENNSYLVANIA—A man coughed so hard he ended up in the hospital with a dislocated shoulder.

AUSTRALIA—It was roundup time. A cowpoke sat down upon a log to rest his weary bones—and jumped up branded. A white-hot branding iron had been resting on the log, too.

CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA—A man (while trimming a tree) sawed the limb he was sitting on and fell 20 feet to the ground.



In the beginning we make our own habits; but in the end our own habits make us.—*News Letter*.



Our own definition of a small town is a place where a man is respected not for how much money he makes but for how early he rises in the morning.—*Winneconne News*.

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

by JOAN FORTUNE

Very High Life . . .

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WABash 2-4400). They're still pulling in the customers with an ice show here, which means that the skaters and Benny Strong's orchestra will continue indefinitely.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUPERIOR 7-7200). Just across the street from the more famous Pump Room, this intimate room is a delightful rendezvous for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, etc., etc. There's a small band and girl singer, currently Sue Stanley.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUPERIOR 7-2200). Ron Perry, an old favorite here, is back playing the kind of dinner and dance music that the regular trade likes. We're told he'll be around until Bob McGrew takes over sometime in February.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe Street (RANDOLPH 6-7500). The lavish green and gold of this famous room provide just the right background for Griff Williams' slick dance music. The show doesn't feature any well-known names, nevertheless it is strong on entertainment values. Merriel Abbott is probably incapable of putting together a poor show.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress Street (HARRISON 7-3800). Jerry Glidden is back in this sleek, modernistic room for a return appearance that really and truly is by popular demand. Fine spot for cocktails or a few dances after the curtain falls.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HARRISON 7-4300). Myrus the mystic is playing a return engagement, which pleases a lot of the Mayfair Room's patrons who like to peek into the future. A south of the border gal named Delora Bueno sings differently and pleasantly with Dick Lasalle's band.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUPERIOR 7-7200).



You can usually count on finding lots of glamour around the Pump Room most of the time, if that's what you like to have for lunch or dinner. A favorite oasis for visiting celebrities and those people who like to look like visiting celebrities. People who just have money are very welcome, too.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CENTRAL 6-0123). That old Chicago favorite, Bernie Cummins, is just as suave as ever and plays his usual excellent brand of dance music. The Tavern Room upstairs will reopen soon, after extensive alterations.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DELAWARE 7-9300). Elsewhere in the world the Russian influence may not be very soothing, but in this famous restaurant in the Lake Shore Drive Hotel it's completely relaxing and wonderful for the digestion. Gourmets rave about the food. Lovers like George Scherban's gypsy music.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LONG BEACH 1-6000). Sharing honors now with Del Courtney and his orchestra is a magician named Val Vultane. The festive holiday crowds seem to like this combination of music and magic very much.

★ **SHERATON LOUNGE**, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan Avenue (WHITEHALL 4-4400). One of the smartest of the informal entertainment spots. Currently pleasing the customers are Don Gomez and Lee Baron, an organ-piano duo.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DElaware 7-3434). Harvey Stone, who was well-liked in these parts last year, headlines a show that is long on both quantity and quality. Cee Davidson's orchestra and a rumba band alternate on the stand.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DElaware 7-3700). If you go for that Latin beat, this is the spot for you.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph at Clark (FRanklin 2-2100). Skitch Henderson is sharing honors with Jim Ameche in the floor show. Right now they're giving the customers a little musical pageant called "Salute to Gershwin." Bob Eberle is rumored to be headed this way.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 616 W. North Avenue (MICHigan 2-5106). The new Mirror Terrace Room continues to feature an entertaining show headlined by Joey Bishop and Harry Cool.

★ **JAZZ, LTD.**, 11 E. Grand Avenue. Late spot for the jazz-lovers. Strictly from Dixie.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Randolph at Wabash (RANdolph 6-2822). Sherman Hayes and his lovely wife, Dell Welcome, are back here, playing and singing their sweet tunes. It's quite a change from Al Trace, but the customers don't seem to mind.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

The town's finest flesh (feminine) parades on a practically endless schedule in these night spots on the north and west sides of Chicago. If you wish to study figures that have nothing to do with the income tax try the **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 North Clark Street . . . **EL MO-CAMBO**, 1519 West Madison Street . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark

Street . . . **L AND L CAFE**, 1315 West Madison Street . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash Avenue . . . the **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 South State Street—or ask any cab driver. Be sure to take along a few friends (male) and a substantial sum of money.

Gourmet's Delight . . .

★ **MIKE FRITZEL'S RESTAURANT**, State at Lake Street. A fine place to dine in the tradition of the famous eating houses of the gay nineties. What's more, the prices won't shock you.

★ **WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT**, 410 N. Michigan. Lou Harrington still mixes the best martini in town. The food rates with the martinis. You can have luncheon or dinner in either the smart restaurant proper, or in the Huckster Bar in the rear, where the conversation is bright but deafening.

★ **BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB**, 741 Randolph. This spot could never be called smart, but it has a warmth and feeling of good cheer, plus good food, that has made it popular with thousands of Chicagoans and visitors.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 E. Walton Place. Original rum beverages and fine Cantonese food. Its national reputation is well-deserved.

★ **CIRO'S**, 816 N. Wabash. A stay-open-late spot where the food is good. Hangout for the Randolph Street crowd after the other places close.

Other Top Choices . . .

BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . **SHANGRI LA**, 222 N. State . . . **SINGAPORE PIT**, 1011 Rush Street . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street . . . **RED STAR INN**, 1528 N. Clark Street . . . **ST. HUBERT'S GRILL**, 316 S. Federal Street . . . **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 E. Walton.

Eat Rice—and Live!

(Continued from Page 28)

His heart had swollen in size because of the extra work thrust upon it, and the patient had been in real danger. But now, with the load taken

off the heart, that abused organ is normal size and the patient has exchanged his life of semi-invalidism for a full-time career in business.

NEW YORK Theatre

Current Plays . . .

★ **BRAVO.** (Nov. 11, 1948). Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman collaborated on this highly entertaining comedy which tells of a group of middle-European refugee aristocrats facing life in New York City. Luckily, the former princelings and duchesses all manage to run into money or success by the end of Act III—and everybody lives happily ever after. Oscar Homolka and Lili Darvas are superb in the leads, but everyone in the large cast deserves high praise for delightful comedy characterization. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **EDWARD, MY SON.** (Sept. 30, 1948). Two English actors, Robert Morley and Peggy Ashcroft, give brilliant performances as they chronicle the career of an unscrupulous Englishman who commits arson, blackmail, murder and drives his wife to alcoholism. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:25. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:25.

★ **GOODBYE, MY FANCY.** (Nov. 17, 1948). Playwright Fay Kanin presents a timely message about the world situation in her play which concerns a beautiful Congresswoman, a college professor and a hard-boiled Life photographer involved in a three-way love affair. Skillful performances by Madeline Carroll, Conrad Nagel, Shirley Booth, Sam Wanamaker and Bethel Leslie. Sam Wanamaker, who steals most of the scenes, also directed. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH MOTHER.** (Oct. 20, 1948). An incident about an engagement ring which Mother never received brings a new upheaval to the familiar and lovable Day family. This sequel to *Life With Father* welcomes back Howard Lindsay, Dorothy Stickney and several others from the old household. Attractive period sets by Donald Oenslager and Stewart Chaney. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.



★ **LIGHT UP THE SKY.** (Nov. 18, 1948). Moss Hart's new comedy deals with the tryout of a new play in Boston. The cast takes advantage of the rich character-acting opportunities to turn out a deft and, at times, extremely funny comedy. Starring Virginia Field, Sam Levene, Audrey Christie, Barry Nelson, Glenn Anders, Phillip Ober and Phyllis Povah. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **PRIVATE LIVES.** (Oct. 4, 1948). Tallulah Bankhead dominates the show with her blustering, boisterous performance. The result is a far cry from Noel Coward's comedy of 1931, but for admirers of Miss Bankhead, it is a turbulent success. Donald Cook has the male lead in this tale of divorced mates who meet again on their second honeymoons. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **RED GLOVES.** (Dec. 4, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre's gripping drama, set in a middle European country during the last war, tells of the conflicting philosophies of an old line Communist leader, powerfully portrayed by Charles Boyer, and a fiery, idealistic, young convert, played by John Dall. Joan Tetzel gives a fine performance as the Party leader's attractive wife. It's not light entertainment, by any means, but it's good intellectual theatre. Mansfield, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE SILVER WHISTLE.** (Nov. 24, 1948.) Jose Ferrer is charming as a capering impostor who peddles a fake aphrodisiac and has an amazing facility for inventing exaggerated yarns about his romantic, make-believe adventures. It's a pleasantly unusual story with a Saroyan touch. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **SUMMER AND SMOKE.** (Oct. 6, 1948). Tennessee Williams' dramatic story about a Southern minister's repressed daughter who is passionately in love with the reckless youth next door. The play seems to lack coherence, but has moments of great intensity. The performance of Margaret Phillips, a young Welsh actress, is a dramatic triumph. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Established Hits . . .

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Garson Kanin's pungent comedy about a conniving junk dealer and a blonde ex-chorine. Pleased audiences continue to enjoy the sparkling fun with Judy Holliday and John Alexander. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). A captivating fantasy about an imaginary six foot white rabbit and some slightly crazy people. Joe E. Brown is escorting the rabbit in the comedy's fourth successful year. 48th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35 . . . **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). A salty story about the restless crew of a behind-the-lines Naval supply ship during the war, with Henry Fonda as the competent, humane Mr. Roberts, and David Wayne as Ensign Pulver. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **THE PLAY'S THE THING.** (April 25, 1948). This Molnar revival, set on the Riviera, is highly amusing in spite of its superficiality. Fine acting by Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson and Faye Emerson. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at

2:40 . . . **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Feb. 9, 1948). Ann Dvorak and a magnificent cast offer a piercing interpretation of the race-hatred message in



Jean-Paul Sartre's drama which moves relentlessly toward a lynching in the deep South. *Hope Is the Thing with Feathers*, by Richard Harrity, is the curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45 . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). This magnificent play won the Pulitzer Prize for author Tennessee Williams. The stark tragedy of a woman's degeneration in a New Orleans slum is brilliantly enacted by Jessica Tandy, Karl Malden, Kim Hunter and Marlon Brando. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Musicals . . .

★ **AS THE GIRLS GO.** (Nov. 13, 1948). Boisterous, brassy and full of beautiful girls—a hilarious musical in the grand old leg-show manner, with comic Bobby Clark merrily bouncing in and out of funny disguises. The plot, which is merely a sideline, deals with the difficulties facing the husband of the first woman President. The sets done by Howard Bay are as handsome as the cast, which includes Irene Rich, Kathryn Lee, Betty Jane Watson and versatile dancing and singing Bill Callahan. Winter Garden, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

LOVE LIFE. (Oct. 7, 1948). Nanette Fabray, playing with irresistible sparkle, is enchanting opposite Ray Middleton. A vaudeville combination of a trapeze act, a magician, a Punch and Judy travesty and a minstrel show is interpolated in the story about a couple who watch their 150-year-old marriage slowly disintegrate from 1791 to the present. Lively tunes by Kurt Weill and stylish dances by Michael Kidd. 6th Street Theatre, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

MY ROMANCE. (Oct. 9, 1948). The romantic songs typical of Sigmund Romberg are sung by a fine cast. Luckily, the story about the love affair of a young Manhattan clergyman and an Italian prima donna in Victorian New York is subordinate to the charming music. Anne Jeffreys sings opposite Lawrence Brooks, with Lulu Gear pleasantly refreshing in the comic roles. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

SMALL WONDER. (Sept. 15, 1948). This unpretentious, pleasant musical makes use of lively satire and light songs by Albert Selden and Billings Brown. Attractive Mary McCarty peeps up the show with her guish singing and antics. Others in the revue are Tom Ewell, Alice Pearce, Mort Marshall, Marilyn Day and Hayes Gordon. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

WHERE'S CHARLEY? (Oct. 11, 1948). Ray Bolger puts new life into this 5-year-old farce as he bounds in and out of petticoats, artificial curls and ribboned bonnets. Disguised as a chaperoning aunt from Brazil, he's hilarious—and when he kicks off the skirts to tap, soft-shoe and ballroom dance, he's magnificent! Pretty Helen McLerie matches his skill in dancing. St. James, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 16, 1948.) Ethel Merman, swaggering and wacky in fringed buckskin, totes a six-

shooter in this colorful story about Annie Oakley. With music by Irving Berlin, it's show business at its best! Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947). A gay bit of nonsense results when two grafters come to 1913 New Brunswick. Keystone cops, bathing beauties, pleasant dancing and delightful tunes combine to make charming entertainment. With Joey Faye, Joan Roberts, Jack McCauley, Mark Dawson and others. Broadway, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **INSIDE U.S.A.** (April 30, 1948). A color-splashed musical by Arthur Schwartz and Howard Dietz. Jack Haley and Beatrice Lillie make merry while Valerie Bettis exhibits great talent in dancing. Sparkling sets and costumes, bright tunes and an expert company make this a show



to see! Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). A refreshing, intimate revue about New York with several funny sketches by Arnold B. Horwitt. Comic pranks by Sid Caesar, David Burns and Billy Sands plus Richard Lewine's gay tunes add up to a thoroughly engaging production. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Openings Not Reviewed . . .

★ **ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.** Shubert, Dec. 8.

★ **LEND AN EAR.** National, Dec. 16.

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
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th....CI 6-9056
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..CI 6-6363
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....BR 9-0046	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th..CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....BR 9-2200
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	St. James, 246 W. 44th....LA 4-4664
Imperial, 249 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-5990
		Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200

NEW YORK *Ports of Call**Eating . . .*

★ **ALGONQUIN.** Everyone is in town the first of the year, and the intelligentsia usually gather here. Be sure to leave your table reservation with the headwaiter while you chat over cocktails in the lobby. The buffet supper is a favorite with the after-theatre crowd. 59 W. 44. MU 7-4400.

★ **ARMANDO'S.** This is a cozy, intimate spot, popular with the younger set. With Jacques Thaler at the piano and Harry Harden squeezing ditties from his accordion, it's a pleasant hideaway for a quiet evening. And the food is excellent! 54 E. 55. PL 3-0760.

★ **AU CANARI D'OR.** An authentic touch of Paris night life can be found in this petite, friendly club. The decor, the waiters, and the fine food are all very French. A special delicacy are the piping hot canapes which slide down easily with a cool drink. 134 E. 61. TE 8-7987.

★ **BRUSSELS.** An atmosphere of old world dignity lends a quiet charm to this luxurious room. Here the epicure may feast on specialties ordered a la carte from the fine French and Belgian cuisine. It's elegant dining at expensive prices, and reservations are a must. 111 E. 56. PL 8-0457.



CAVANAGH'S. Fashionable New York has been dining here in traditional propriety since 1876. A few modern changes have not altered the quiet Edwardian atmosphere and the fine menu, featuring seafood, roast beef and steaks at luncheon, dinner and supper. 260 W. 23. CH 1938.

DIVAN PARISIEN. This restaurant just off Fifth Avenue is famous for its special dish, Chicken Divan—a sumptuous concoction of broccoli and breast of chicken blended with melted cheese. Attentive waiters urge large portions, so be sure to take a second helping of the envied salad. For dessert, try the “Oriental”—ice cream topped by a crackly bird's nest of spun sugar and big black Bing cherries. Yummy! Delicious! 17 E. 45. MU 2-8795.

HARVEY'S SEAFOOD HOUSE. Third Avenue has its share of the best downtown seafood restaurants. An established clientele of fish-fanciers enjoy steamy clam chowder, mussels, broiled live lobster, swordfish and other daily specials in season. A fine selection of wines to accompany your seafood choice. 509 3rd Avenue. MU 4-9442.

HOLLAND HOUSE TAVERNE. Unusual and authentic Dutch cuisine served in a pleasant Netherlands atmosphere. Don't leave your wooden shoes outside. On Monday night, the special is a staggering feast called the Rijsttafel, a Javanese meal of 30 items. Chances are you won't recognize what you're eating, but you'll love it. 10 Rockefeller Plaza. CI 6-5800.

HOUSE OF CHAN. The Chinese waiters handle chopsticks with an enviable ease and grace in an Oriental setting. But chopsticks or no—the Chinese delicacies are enjoyed by many famous personalities from the theatre, radio and art worlds. There's always a late after-the-show gathering. 52 and 7th Avenue. CI 7-5785.

PALM. How informal can a place be? Palm makes its bid with sawdust on the floor, cartoons scrawled on the walls, and good old-fashioned hash-browned spuds on the menu. You'll like it if you like crowds and clatter—and delicious steaks. 837 2nd Avenue. MU 2-9515.

Entertainment . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR.** You'll mingle with mink and Chanel No. 5 in the elegant Trianon Room. William Scotti's orchestra provides music for dancing, and the sophisticated set finds it smart to sway to Ennio's rumba selections. No music on Sundays. Park Avenue at 51. PL 5-1000.

★ **BLUE ANGEL.** A distinctive supper club with original, polished entertainment. But don't venture in unless you possess an ample pocketbook! Imogene Coca is teamed with Fletcher and Sheidy in some clever sketches. The show also includes songs of the Cole Porter era by Kitty Crawford and jazz numbers by the Striders. It's very popular in spite of the prices. 152 E. 55. PL 3-5998.

★ **CAFE TOKAY.** If you're looking for a place with “atmosphere,” here is the spot. Unusual Hungarian dishes make the menu a gourmet's delight. The buoyant music of the gypsy fiddles soon infects the crowd with laughter and gaiety, and there's dancing for everyone after nine. 2nd Avenue at 82. RE 4-9441.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** A big, flashy night club with two orchestras for dancing. The shows are blaring and beautiful with Sophie Tucker and an eyeful of pretty girls in scanty costumes. That's a lot of entertainment for one evening, so don't be cooled by the \$4 minimum. 48th and Broadway. CI 6-1737.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Everybody has a roaring good time. Even the most staid customers lose their inhibitions by participating in the hilarious games and rowdy square-dancing. When the paid performers can get the audience to quiet down, there's a floor show with music by Shorty Warren and Captain Stubby and his Buccaneers. It's a refreshing escape from Manhattan sophistication and a chance to discover that people are funny! 52 W. 8. GR 3-8841.



MODERN FABLE

“Darling, I've missed you,” said the wife
In tones betraying strain;
And as she gazed upon his form,
Fired the gun again.

—F. G. Kernan

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

MANHATTAN still falls back on the election as a topic of conversation, and apparently will continue to do so for a long time. There are hundreds of stories, jokes and wisecracks making the rounds, but most of the Republicans here have taken defeat nobly and are able to laugh at themselves. The Democrats are laughing too, but with an air of dignity and admirable restraint, although the temptation to rub it in must be tremendous. All take off their hats to President Truman, who won a battle against overwhelming odds.

Of all the messages to the President that were made public, the one from Bob Hope leads in popularity. It consisted of just one word, "Unpack!"

The Christmas holidays were dotted with lavish debuts. Seldom these days, however, is a lovely young girl introduced singly. It is mostly group glamour. For one thing, Papa's purse can't stand the strain of a big party; and, besides, the girls have more fun working on such a project together. Although the guest lists are completely invitational, various charities benefit from the debuts. Tables for the event are sold to patrons, along with other attractions designed to inspire donations, and a nice round sum lands in the pocket of a favored institution. It's a nice idea and the parties are wondrous! Each year, Manhattan is dated up for more and more group debuts.

Headwaiters in such restaurants at the Colony, Henri Soule and Twenty-One have a growing problem: how to place all patrons at a "spot" table. Everyone has caught on to the plan of putting the unknowns in the unglamorous places while the best locations are held for celebrities. Consequently, there are objections by the hundred. If celebrities would move to the back rooms, it might help. Anyway, headwaiters have a hard row to hoe.

A woman we talked to the other day had just signed a two-year lease on a small

apartment, the type she had wanted for long, long time, but which is so hard to find in Manhattan. Her elation was considerably dimmed, however, when she discovered that the apartment had no telephone; and what's more, the Telephone Company wouldn't promise to put one in until late spring. It looks as though telephone service may be the last to leave the ranks of rationed items.

Shows open and close on Broadway faster than one can read the reviews. Nevertheless, there are now more hits than ever before, and seats are more readily available than they have been for the past five years. You can select a show to suit your mood, and most restaurants have special quick service for theatre-goers. To be in at the curtain-raising, you should allow at least 15 minutes to get from the dining table to the theatre, and that's cutting it close in view of Manhattan's terrific traffic. On a rainy night, it's catch as catch can.

Fifty-second Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues is currently being referred to as "Stripty-second Street" because of the many floor-show joints that feature the strip tease. The liquor is so questionable in these places and the food so unpalatable that they have to do something to distract the customer from the total of his check. Don't argue if you go there you will have brought it on yourself.

Manhattan doctors are joining together in a great movement to prevent socialized medicine. They point to England as an example of the disastrous results of government-controlled medicine. With all the charity work doctors do without mention and all the charity hospitals and clinics supported by public funds and donations one wonders just how much need there is for a change. The medicos are becoming very intense on this subject, and when the matter comes up in Washington, no doubt sparks will fly.

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

NANCES CAFE.

For over 45 years, appreciative Kansas Cityans have been enjoying the excellent food at Nance's, located in the Union Station Plaza. Of course, it's always a favorite with out-of-towners who look forward to a delicious Kansas City sirloin or a juicy roast beef dinner during train stopovers. The "Biscuit Girl" wanders among the tables with piping hot biscuits that melt in your mouth. 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.



PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. That stylish new 85-room hotel and restaurant in Baltimore is the new home of the Pusateri brothers, two lads who possess a rare knack for exceptional service. Fine cuts of beef, crisp French fried onion rings and comparable salads are the highlights of an excellent cuisine. If you like an atmosphere that has the color and dash of Times Square—you'll like Pusateri's New Yorker. 114 Baltimore. VI 9711.

SAVOY GRILL. One of the newest—and most lovely—dining spots in Kansas City is the Imperial Room, recently opened in the Savoy. Old-timers will find it difficult to recognize the Gold Room, which has been magically transformed by rose paper, scroll mirrors, ivy wall boxes and a colored lighting effect. Of course, the deep, dark mahogany and green tile walls of the Grill proper have been preserved for those who like to remember the quiet dignity of the past. The kindly, old-fashioned waiters and the fine dinners of steaks, chicken and seafood are a continuation of a long-established Savoy tradition for excellent food and service. 9th and Central. VI 3890.

WEISS'S CAFE. Careful, courteous service and a distinguished menu—featuring capon, broiled live lobster, steaks and roast young duckling—combine for elegant dining in the Continental manner. Located in the old Coates House, which is booming in the gas light and buggy

days of early Kansas City, but the modern cocktail lounge with its stylish bar is a pleasant reminder that the present can be just as enjoyable. Coates House. VI 6904.

In a Class by Itself . . .

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Chalk up a perfect score for a well-rounded evening here! In between strikes and spares you'll want to relax with a cocktail in the attractive sound-proofed lounge. Or if bowling on one of the 32 highly polished alleys has sharpened your appetite, just step into the convenient Bowl restaurant with its tempting menu of triple-decker sandwiches, big salad bowls, and steaks. Businessmen and socialites hold private gatherings in the Green Room upstairs. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6659.

Something Different . . .

★ **KING JOY LO.** To enjoy the most delicious Chinese food this side of Shanghai, simply step up a flight of stairs to King Joy Lo's on the corner or 12th and Main. All sorts of Oriental delicacies—chop suey, chow mein, egg foo young, almond cookies and steamed dry rice—are served in a courteous manner. For a quiet conversation you can slip into one of the enclosed private booths and sip tea from quaint, handleless cups. There are fine steaks, lobster and chicken for those partial to American food. 8 West 12 (Second Floor). HA 8113.



★ SHARP'S BROADWAY NINETIES.

"Hail, hail, the gang's all—!" at Sharp's Broadway Nineties having a wonderful time! You'll grow nostalgic when the quartet croons *Home on the Range*, and you'll join in lustily as everybody sings *Little Brown Jug*, *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* and other traditional old favorites. Of course, singing makes you hungry—and what could taste better than spaghetti and meat balls, spicy jumbo shrimp, grilled beef tenderloin or de-e-licious hickory smoked barbecued ribs? Eating, singing and making merry at Sharp's all add up to a gay evening! Broadway and Southwest Boulevard. GR 1095.

★ **UNITY INN.** An attractive latticed room done in a relaxing shade of green. You might even consider turning vegetarian after an excellent meatless meal in this bright little restaurant run by the Unity School of Christianity. You'll have to be careful not to overload your tray as you slide it along past the leafy salads, colorful vegetable dishes and rich pastries. The cafeteria style is planned especially for busy people during the noon hour rush. Closed on Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** For gourmet or glutton, there's nothing more enticing than the smorgasbord table piled high with unusual delicacies. A weary wait between trains is brightened by a visit to Adrian's modern cocktail lounge, for it's only a step across the square east of the Union Station; and the lucky traveler who can pause for one of the delicious steak or fried chicken dinners mingles with a large throng of Kansas Citians. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.



★ **PLAZA RESTAURANT-CAFETERIA.** Here's a versatile restaurant planned to fulfill anyone's dining preference. There's a cafeteria for hurried Plaza shoppers, a restaurant-bar for a complete meal or leisurely cocktail chatter, and a spotless soda fountain for soft drinks and sandwich snacks. 414 Alameda Road. WE 3773.

★ **UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** The jazz-lover will be found tapping the bar in time to Joshua Johnson's hot piano boogie every evening in the Interlude. And the food-lover knows that Dale Overfelt's sizzling fried chicken and steaks are mighty good! The tall, strong drinks and Johnson's piano are a matchless combination for chasing away blue moods. The bar's open after midnight Sunday—a good place to quench that week-end thirst. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **OMAR ROOM.** A brightly decorated and gay room with a circular bar for men only and plushy leather seats for the fairer sex. Entertainment for January features the Keyaires, a sparkling piano and Hammond organ duo. If Christmas bills have devastated your expense account, take advantage of two cocktails for the price of one in the Alcove. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **TROCADERO.** You'll like the friendly management of this spot, newly redecorated in beachcomber decor. It's as informal and lazy as a South Sea breeze. No food is served, but the bartenders are quite adroit at supplying a variety of mixed drinks. At present, Cliff Goforth is fingering the piano keys for background listening. If you're in the neighborhood, drop in. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** This attractive dining room with wrought-iron grillwork, glass lanterns and a wall with a rose-covered white brick effect suggests the picturesque charm of New Orleans. Theatre-goers are sure to find gaiety at Putsch's after the show, for full course dinners are served as late as midnight. Many people of good taste choose the Victorian lounge, splendid with large brass candelabra and distinctive wall paintings, as the perfect place for luncheons and private parties. Smartly-attired waiters serve cocktails in the dining room or at comfortable wall seats in the adjoining barroom. 210 West 47 Street. LO 2000.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** A fashionable clientele against a suave background of dim lighting and Oriental wall design. The Don Roth Trio, famous for WHB broadcasts, provides some of the town's smoothest music, and a consistently fine bill of fare is served by efficient waiters. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.



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 Ponca City's Plain Man, Aug. '47
 Private Life of a Public Gossip, June '48
 Queen Lydia, Feb. '48
 She Learned the Hard Way, March '46
 The Singing Reed, Feb. '46
 Stars Shine Twice, March '46
 Three Men on a Ladder, Feb. '47
 There's No Disputin'—It Ain't Rasputin, Feb. '47
 Tiny Mite O' Dynamite, Oct. '45
 Traveling Man, Sept. '48
 The Truth About Henry, April '47
 Tek, Tek, Mr. Fiske, May '46
 Two Men on a Swing, June '48
 The Unknown Soldier, Nov. '45
 The Unseen Hand, Jan. '48
 Washington's Inner Sanctum, Feb. '45
 Westport's No. 1 Romance, Nov. '45
 What Happened to Hitler, July '45
 Whistlin' Fred, March '48
 You Can't Win an Argument, Nov. '45
 You'll Never Get Rich, Aug. '47

• POLITICS (See GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS)

• PSYCHOLOGY

Ain't Love Gland? March '46
 Bright Eyes Don't Mean Brains, Oct. '45
 Farewell to Square Pegs, March
 Hypnotism Grows Up, Dec. '46
 Is America Going Feminine? May
 The Magic Words of Elmer Wheeler, April '48
 Put Your Worst Foot Forward, March '47
 Why Some Men Remain Single, June '47

• RACE RELATIONS

Land of Promise, July '45
 Not Alone a Plot of Ghetto Ground, Aug. '45

• RADIO

The Aim is Mutual, June '48
 And Every Woman a Queen, April '46
 Beyond the New Horizon, June
 Bless You, My Bobby Soxers! Feb. '48
 Blood and Thunder, July '46
 Boy Soprano, July '45
 Broadcasters of Tomorrow, Nov.
 The Children's Hour, June '48
 The Cinderella Sisters, June '48
 Come In, Philadelphia, June '48
 Disc Jockey Champ, July '47
 Doubling Back, Jan., April, July '45
 Enter Durr, Swingin', Feb. '46
 Everything to Everybody, Nov.
 First and Foremost, April '47
 Foothall in Your Parlor, June '48
 Generation of Pipers, June '48
 Genus Hummock William, Aug.
 Gilbert and Sullivan of the Air, June '47
 Hams Are Back on the Air, Dec. '45
 Handsprings Down Main Street, June '48
 The Handy Household Manual, July '45
 How's Your E. Q.? Jan. '48
 How to Slam Like a Door, Feb. '48
 Hypnotism Grows Up, Dec. '46
 It All Came True, June '48
 It Pays to Be Smart, April '47
 John Blair and Company, April
 Making Paint—And Music, April '47
 Man Behind the Mike Behind the Footlights, June '48
 Meet Miss Radio, June '48
 Portrait of a Pioneer, June '48
 Private Life of a Public Gossip, June '48
 Radio Advertisers Need to Grow Up! April '46
 Radio Must Grow Up! Nov. '45

io Reports San Francisco and
World Peace, April '45
Radio, the Press, and the Pub-
lic, Dec. '47
io Tokyo—American Style, Aug.
'47
a That Pass in the Mike, April
'45
You Wanna Start a Network?
June '48
tation Broadcasts, May, '46
y Take a Swing at My News,
Aug. '45
s Gunshot for Hire, June '48
Is the Human Adventure, Feb.
'45
y Mite O' Dynamite, Oct. '45
Troubles I've Seen, June '48
Truth About Henry, April '47
Men on a Swing, June '48
nts With Marriage? June '48
y Knew 'Em When, April '47
rever Men Make News, July
'45
ose News Do You Believe In?
Jan. '45
nd Blows Hard in Hollywood,
Jan. '46
rld Freedom of Press and Radio,
April '45
ite Back at You, Aug. '45
WWV—The Dull Spot on Your
Dial, Sept. '47
r Favorite Neighbor, April '47

REHABILITATION AND RELIEF
\$500,000,000 Program, Jan. '45
Is Peace, Feb. '46
Is a Cow by Radio, July 46
Is Peace, Feb. '46

RELIGION
1948 City Churches, June '45
Padre Comes Home, Oct. '45
St. Revere's Church, Dec. '48
igion in Russia, Nov. '48
y Call It Unity, Sept. '46
lers of the Soul, June '47
lley of Churches, Sept. '46

RUSSIA
hind the Iron Curtain, Nov. '48
th and Growth of Communism,
Nov. '48
e Kremlin, June '45
ice . . . But We Have No Peace,
Dec. '45
igion in Russia, Nov. '48
ssian Labor Pains, Nov. '48
lin Means Business, April '46
at Little Red Schoolhouse, Nov.
'48
talian Arts and Sciences,
Nov. '48
ait to Moscow, Dec. '46
hat's the Matter with Russia?
Feb. '45

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY
mother Larva Bites the Dust, Aug.
'47
atom Built Carats, Aug. '48

The Dimes March On, April '48
The Elusive Planet, June '47
Exploring the Aerial Arctic, Feb.
'45
The Frog Test for Pregnancy, July
'48
Goodbye, Sky! May '47
Handmade Miracles, Feb. '48
Just Rocks, Mister! Dec. '48
Life in Your Veins, Sept. '45
Mr. Watson, Come Here, Sept. '46
New Hope for Hay Fever Sufferers,
Aug. 48
No More Weeds, June '46
The Nose Knows, July '48
Old Sol Will Heat Your Home,
Dec. '45
Our Plastic AAF, March '48
The Paper Age, Nov. '47
Peacetime Employment for Elec-
tronics, July '47
Roll Dem Bones, Sept. '47
The Shocking Truth, Sept. '48
This Is the Human Adventure, Feb.
'45
Three Dimensional Pictures, Sept.
'46
Totalitarian Arts and Sciences, Nov.
'48
Tung-Yu-Shu—Oil from Trees, Dec.
'45
The War Within Us, March '47
What Color Is Sex? July '48
When the Atom Is Smaashed, Jan.
'46
Wright or Wrong? Nov. '46
WWV—the Dull Spot on Your Dial,
Sept. '47

SEX AND MARRIAGE
Ain't Love Gland? March '46
Applying the Golden Rule to Court-
ship, April '45
Behind the Iron Curtain, Nov. '48
Care and Feeding of Husbands,
Aug. '46
Careful Who You Kiss, Nov. '46
Crash Bang Marriage, Feb. '45
Don't Get a Divorce, Jan. '46
Frog Test for Pregnancy, July '48
Germany's Abortion Madness, May
'48
How to Be an Old Maid, Feb. '46
Is the Ring Really Yours? Aug. '48
Marriage and the Man from Mars,
Dec. '47
Marriage in the Postwar World,
July '45
Marriage—Its Problems and Their
Solutions, Aug. '45
Now Is the Time for All Good
Girls, Sept. '45
Spare the Rod, Jan. '47
Sterilized Heartbreak! July '46
There's a Danger Over Forty, Oct.
'48
Wanted: Motherhood, Not Martyr-
dom! Jan. 47
Watts With Marriage, June '48
Weddings for Sale, June '47
Why Some Men Remain Single,
June '47
Your Problem, Please, April '45

SPORTS

Baseball's Little Helpers, June '46
Basketball Baby, Jan. '47
Basket Bowl, March '46
Broadsiding Time, Oct. '48
The Coach, the Man, the Prophet,
Dec. '45
En Garde, Ladies! March '47
Football in Your Parlor, June '48
Fox Hunt in the Ozarks, Oct. '45
Hail the Hawk, May '47
The Kid from Kansas City, Oct.
'46
Let's Go Fishing, June '46
Midgets Are Big Business, Oct. '46
Nothing Can Stop Us, Oct. '47
Our Boy Sam Picks Mizoux and
Oklahoma, Oct. '46
Pheasant Country, U.S.A., Oct.
'46
Queen of the Traps, March '46
Speedsters in the Spotlight, July '47
Strictly Cricket, June '45
Win That World Series Pool! Sept.
'48

SUPERSTITION

Fun With Weegee, July '47
It Worked for Grandmother, March
'46
The Seedless Herb, July '46
There's a Black Cat, March '46

TELEVISION

Beyond the New Horizon! June '48
Doubling Back, April '45

THEATRE

Duet in Manhattan, Feb. '47
First Lady of the Theatre, Nov. '46
The Gold Kid, Sept. '47
Hi-Jinks and Lo-Jacks, Feb. '46
Hitch Your Theatre to a Star, Jan.
'45
Long Run Lady, March '47
Oscar Hammerstein II, March '46

TRAVEL

America, Here We Come! Sept. '45
And Steam Heat! June '47
Beautifully Conspicuous, April '47
By Land and by Sea—But Never by
Air! Jan. '47
Colorado Vacation, Sept. 46
End of the Trail, Sept. '47
Glad Hand in the Hills, Jan. '48
Gopher Hole, Oct. '47
Great Big Teaspoon, Feb. '47
Guaymas—Tomorrow's Playground,
Sept. '45
Gypsies Are His Business, Oct. '48
Heavenly City, Nov. '47
He Moves Presidents, Dec. '46
Hines Was Here, Nov. '46
How About Honduras? May '47
Let's Go Fishing! June '46
Mountains of My Own, Aug. '47
Minnesota Vacation, July '46
Oh, Mr. Greeley, What You Said!
July '47
Operation Santa Fe, Sept. '47

- Paris—In 20 Hours from K. C., Jan. '46
 Playground in the Sun, Jan. '47
 River of the West, Sept. '47
 Swiss Family Holiday, Feb. '48
 Terrible Place to Lose a Cow, March '47
 This Shrinking World, July '46
 Traveling Man, Sept. '48
 Vacation in the Ozarks, Aug. '46
 Valley of Vitality, Aug. '48
 Very Near to Paradise, Dec. '47
- **TRANSPORTATION**
- He Moves Presidents, Dec. '46
 Meet the Hill Hoppers, Feb. '48
 Stilwell's Dream, Dec. '46
 There's a Killer in Your Car, Dec. '48
- They're Dieselizing Casey Jones, May '47
 They're Still Rolling, April '43
- **WAR**
- Abolish War! Oct. '46
 America, Here We Come! Sept. '45
 Get the Record Straight, July '45
 Hitler's Final Secret Weapon, Feb. '45
 Hold High the Torch, Jan. '46
 The Human Nature of the Enemy, April '45
 The Japs Came Back to Manila Today, Sept. '45
 The Kid Next Door, Jan. '45
 Let's Hear From the Folks Back Home, Aug. '45
 Movies for the Theatres of War, April '45
- One Sparrow Does Not Make Summer, Jan. '45
 The People and the War, June '45
 Piracy in the War Program, Aug. '45
 The Unknown Soldier, Nov. '45
 What About War Films? Dec. '45
 What Happened to Hitler? July '45
 When Will the War With Germany End? Jan. '45
- **WESTERN**
- America's Main Street, Sept. '45
 The Fabulous Forty-niners, Dec. '45
 The Last Ride of Polecat Collie, March '47
 Law of the Lone Star, Feb. '47
 A Lot of Bones, March '48
 Pistol Packin' Dilettante, July '48
 2,000 Miles of Funeral, April '48

▲

"I thought your wife's name was Susan," remarked a visitor. "How come you call her Peggy?"

"Oh," said the host, "Peggy is just a little pet name I have for her."

Then he added in a confidential whisper, "You see, Peggy is short for Pegasus, the immortal steed. An immortal steed is an everlasting nag."

▲

Last summer a high school boy was earnestly filling out an application for employment. Several questions seemed to puzzle him. The personnel manager, noticing the boy's trouble, went over to help him. The first thing that caught his eye was the blank marked, "Salary Desired?"

Next to it was written, "Yes."

▲

A kind old gentleman, seeing a small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, said, "Don't those papers make you tired, my lad?"

"Naw," replied the lad, "I don't read 'em."

▲

Overheard at the bridge club, "My husband told me this morning that Madame Butterfly was coming here this season."

"Well, I hope she's as good as that last foreign speaker we had."

▲

"I wonder," said the fond mama, "if my little boy knows how many seconds make up a minute?"

"Do you mean a real minute, Mama, or one of those great big 'wait-a-minutes'?"

▲

Figures don't lie—which is one reason why tailoring is so difficult.

▲

Patience is a kind of word some men use to describe their inability to make a decision.

▲

She was only a trainman's daughter—plain loco and no motive.

▲

America has the best-yessed women in the world.

▲

Patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to clap as the United States cavalry gallops across the screen.



THE FARMERS COME TO TOWN!

Ten thousand boys, representing every state in the Union, recently gathered in Kansas City for the annual Future Farmers of America Convention. Their band and chorus proved that boys of the soil can make truly beautiful music. This broadcast originates from the stage of the Music Hall.

2. The Secretary of Agriculture, Charles Brannan, was one of many important guests to address the convention.

3. Ray Rogers, King of the Cowboys, crooned some Western ballads in a special appearance. The Ray Rogers show is heard over WHB each Sunday at 5 p.m.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas



For friendly, understandable news of nations across the sea or neighbors across the street it's WHB. For drama, for laughs, for music — WHB. And for advertising impact WHB, of course, because nearly three and a half million listeners have learned to swing their radio dials to 710.

10,000 WATTS IN KANSAS
W H B (AM) (FM)
 BEN DAVIS
 JOHN T. SCHOLLER
 JOHN BLAIR & CO.

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