

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

WHERE TO GO
WHAT TO SEE
IN KANSAS CITY



JANUARY
1945

25c



"HUMAN... THAT'S THE WAY"
BY ROBERT F. HOAN JR. AND VERA FREEDEN
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Just for Food! . . .

CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE—Linwood and Tracy. The walls here are decorated with blown-up reproductions of the illustrations in Paul Wellman's book, "Trampling Herd." Also worth seeing is a mural on the east wall of the old cattle trails, with reproductions of many famous cattle brands. All quite in keeping with the spirit of the Ranch House, and interesting in their own right. Likewise, the food. No entertainment (except a juke box), no drinks, just good solid food. Mr. Griffith is trail boss out here; and you may see Fred Ott or Tom Devine wandering in and out from time to time. They're co-owners. That's right, Tom is Andy Devine's brother.

DICK'S BAR-B-Q—"Up the Alley"—off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central. Duck into the alley—and there it is—a big bright dining room that once was a gambler's den. You'll recognize it outside by its several stained glass panes, and inside by the barbecue oven. The oven is just inside the door, and those logs are real hickory. They keep 'em stacked in the main room. The cook will open up the oven, too, to show you chickens browning lusciously over the smoke, or maybe it will be ham or beef. They grind their own meats here, and the chili is excellent. For atmosphere there are checked tablecloths, old show bills plastered all over the walls, and Dick Stone. He's co-owner here, with Jimmy Nixon. The place is open from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., and if you drop around after the theatre, you'll probably catch the stars of any production that's in town, eating sauerkraut and barbecue. There's a piano for anyone who feels the urge. No liquor.

EL NOPAL on West 13th—opposite Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral. The darndest nook-and-cranny you ever saw, with some of the finest Mexican food in town! It's just a plain little frame house, with two tiny rooms filled with tables, folding chairs, a heating stove, and a big juke box. The walls are hung with flashy

Latin pictures that must have been salvaged from old calendars. A friendly black-eyed girl brings in your order—and we suggest that you choose the "combination." This gives you tortillas, enchiladas, tacos, and beans or rice. Or you may want tamales—with the prints of real corn sbucks still in the cornmeal part—or some chili. Go easy with their sauce, too; it burns! The cute child who stares around corners at you is Suzanne. (The spelling is ours.)

GREEN PARROT INN—52nd and State Line. One of the nicer excuses for taking a little drive. Mrs. Dowd maintains an establishment of real quality, with excellent food served skillfully in a gracious atmosphere. Three large dining rooms are softly dressed, linens and silver are company best. Families like it for something a little special. And the fried chicken is extra-special. You'd be wise to have reservations. Call Mrs. Dowd at LO. 5912.

KING JOY LO—8 West 12th—upstairs. Chinese cooks produce dishes of some authenticity in this amiable restaurant where Don Toy presides. They feature chop suays, plain or fancied up with shrimp or other items; chow mein; egg foo yung; and a really excellent soup. Also fried rice that's rather rapturous. Tea, too, of course, and rich little almond cookies. If none of these strike your fancy, there are American dishes available. It's fun, if you can get there first, to sit at a window table and watch Kansas City go by, up and down Main or 12th Street. The furnishings are in character, and you'll like the tables—heavy carved affairs with marble center.

TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD 9 East 45th. You'll find it a few blocks west of the Gallery, just off Main. It's a huge and splendid old house, filled with fireplaces, oak beams, and a sweeping staircase. Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher, a couple of genial ladies who know their business, have created and maintained a reputation for good

PORTS OF CALL



CITY HALL • KANSAS CITY

food, well prepared and neatly served. Their waiters have lovely manners, and they're quick. Fried chicken is the feature, presented in its proper setting—snowy linen, bright silver, bits of Spode—all sedate and genial, gently Victorian, and really very nice. Capacity is around 125, but you must have reservations. Phone WEsport 7700.

WEISS' CAFE—1215 Baltimore. The only place in downtown Kansas City where you find crisp golden potato pancakes, chopped livers, and Gefulte fish. It's a big, busy restaurant that features kosher-style cooking. Marinated herring, cheese blintzes with sour cream, Jewish soups and matzos balls, rich and complicated pies—they're all on the bill of fare, along with meats, chicken, and hearty breads. It's a family restaurant, especially on Sundays, and only about half the crowds are Jewish. The gentleman who hustles a table for you will probably be Mr. Weiss.

WESTWARD-HO!—114 "Famous Old West 12th Street." Gather round, you buckeroos, that's meat in them that sandwiches! This new landmark on the old Westport Trail features Kansas City steaks, "Trail Boss Size"; Dodge City Double veal chops. "As

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IN KANSAS CITY

tasty and tender as its reputation was rough and tough," and other foods in the same style. In other words—"grub"—well prepared, hearty, and heartening. Beef Stew comes in individual Dutch ovens. You may want to take home a menu for a souvenir; but there's a price on them. The place is all done up in buffalo guns, cacti, pine logs, and a painting so old they had to scrape the canvas to find the artist's name. William Barsch has reproduced it in reverse direction on the outside. Smitty's in command up here; probably a friend of yours.

For Food and a Drink..

BROADWAY INTERLUDE—3545 Broadway. If you can pass the bar, crowd on back and watch Joshua Johnson make doubletalk on the ivories. The piano is enthroned under some kind of fancy black light that's supposed to enhance the black magic of Johnson's boogie-woogie. You can stay home and listen to his records (Decca); but it's more fun to come pleasant to Jimmy Welsh's for a pleasant interlude with food,

drink, and entertainment. Dinner, cooked by John Cannon, is from 5:30 to 11:00.

COLONY RESTAURANT—1106 Baltimore. One of the newer spots about town. Beyond the plushy rug, the curving staircase, and the palm tree, you'll find a long lounge flanked by a bar. Jack Brown mixes any kind of a drink you ask for; Arlene Terry plays your favorite tunes, any time after five; and Manager Phil Davis or Mrs. Davis sees that everybody's happy. Colony Club chicken and steak dinners are served till nine; the kitchen stays open till midnight. Luncheons, too; delicately priced to just 65 cents.

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

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JANUARY'S *Heavy Dates*

THEATRE

- Dec. 31—**SONS O' FUN**, out of Olsen and Johnson, New Year's Eve Performance, 11:00 P. M. Music Hall.
- Jan. 6-7—**BALLET RUSSE**. Matinee both days at 2:30. Music Hall.
- Jan. 9—**RUSSIAN BALLET** (Fritschy Series). 8:20. Music Hall.
- Jan. 10-11—**REBECCA**. Music Hall.
- Jan. 18-21—**LIFE WITH FATHER**. Matinee, Saturday, Sunday. Music Hall.
- Jan. 23-24—**THE GYPSY BARON** (Fritschy Series). 8:20 P. M. Music Hall.
- Jan. ??—**Resident Theatre Play** (title to be announced).

MUSIC

- Jan. 2-3—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Efreim Kurtz conducting. Jan Peerce. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.
- Jan. 5—Lauritz Melchior. Music Hall.
- Jan. 8—Fisk Singers (St. Stephens Baptist Church). Music Hall.
- Jan. 12-13—Tito Guizar. Music Hall.
- Jan. 14—Pop Concert. David

Van Vactor conducting. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.

- Jan. 15—**Don Cossacks**. (Town Hall Series). Music Hall.
- Jan. 16-17—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Alexander Murray, Violinist; Zara Nelsova, Violoncellist, 8:30 P. M. Music Hall.
- Jan. 28—Pop Concert. Efreim Kurtz conducting. 3:30 P. M. Music Hall.
- Jan. 30-31—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. William Kapell. 8:30 P. M. Music Hall.
- January Sundays: Conservatory Student Recitals, or recorded programs, Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Gallery of Art.

LECTURES

- Jan. 17—Jackson County Health Forum. Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.
- Jan. 29—Dr. Alfred Noyes (Town Hall Series). Music Hall.
- Jan. ??—Rex Stout (Center Cultural Series). Municipal Auditorium, Arcna.

ART EVENTS

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art: January Exhibit, Kansas City Camera Club, **WEDNESDAYS** at 8:00 P. M.: lectures by Miss Hughes or Miss Jackson, on Persian pottery, Sung pottery, Renaissance-Baroque pottery, and European pottery of the 18th Century. Atkins Auditorium. **FRIDAYS** at 7:30 P. M.: informal talks on special exhibitions. **SATURDAY**, Children's Activities: Jan. 6—Motion Picture, "Oliver Twist." Jan. 13—Guadalupe Center program. Jan. 20—Motion Picture, "The Three Musketeers." Jan. 27—Program by classes in Ancient arts and Medieval arts.

Kansas City Art Institute and School of Design: January Exhibit, Paintings and sketches done overseas by former students now in the armed forces. Contributions from New Guinea, North Africa, Italy. No charge. Week days, 9-5; Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings, 7 to 9:30.

CONVENTIONS

- Jan. 2-4—Western Association of Nurserymen.
- Jan. 4-5—Midwest Feed Manufacturers' Association.
- Jan. 6-7—Allied Clothiers and Jobbers.
- Jan. 7-8—Bandwagon of Infants', Children and Girls' Wear.
- Jan. 7-10—Heart of America Men's Apparel Show.
- Jan. 11-12—Nutrena Mills.
- Jan. 14-17—Kansas City Apparel Association.
- Jan. 15-18—Central States Salesmen's Association.
- Jan. 17-18—Missouri Ice Manufacturers' Association.
- Jan. 17-20—International Roller Canary Breeders' Association, and American Royal Canary Association.
- Jan. 21-25—Kansas City Toilet Goods Show.
- Jan. 21-25—Kansas City Gift Show.
- Jan. 24-25—Southwestern Lumbermen's Association.
- Jan. 29-31—Western Retail Implement & Hardware Association.
- Jan. ??—American Meteorological Association.

SPORTS

PLA-MOR PLAY

- Roller Skating: Kids' Matinee—Saturdays. Popular matinee, Sundays; rink open to public each evening.
- Ice Skating: Saturday and Sunday matinees. Open each night. Instructions by pro's.
- Bowling: 34 alleys, available to public for open bowling Saturday and Sunday. Better call for reservations.

DANCING

- Jan. 1—Troveur Club Dance. Municipal Auditorium, Little Theatre. Tuesday, Friday evenings—"Over 30" nights. Tom and Kate Beckham. Pla-Mor Ballroom.

(Continued on page 61)



HUMAN — *that's Truman!*

... by
EDWARD R.
SCHAUFFLER

*Some facts in the case of the Vice-President
Elect, reported by one who knew him when*

I SAT in an army tent at Camp Pike, Arkansas, one morning in August, 1933, with Harry S. Truman, reducing the contents of a bottle of Tom Pendergast's 20-year-old whiskey. Pendergast had given it to Truman to carry to camp with him. Truman was then a reserve colonel of field artillery, I a reserve major of infantry.

As the excellent whisky began to mellow our bones and certain barriers, I said to Harry, "Tell me. You're a conscientious public official. How does it happen that you gang with the Pendergast organization?"

Truman said: "All right, I'll tell you. I believe you can get further working *inside* an organization than you can shying rocks at it from the *outside*. Indeed, you can't get anywhere in politics around Kansas City unless you work with the machine. I know it has done a lot of wrong things. But some of us are trying to make it do better and we're not in despair yet."

Three years later Boss Pendergast pleaded guilty to a federal income tax charge and went to federal prison for a year. All the rats and weasels who had been living out of his pocket for years rushed nervously into the limelight and cried: "My Gawd, how perfectly terrible, Mr. Pendergast doing thataway! Well, you can

bet your bottom dollar I for one shall never have anything more to do with him."

Truman was by that time junior United States Senator from Missouri. He merely remarked that he'd never had much use for rats that fled from a sinking ship which had been their home for years. It was a somewhat cryptic remark and not amplified.

I have known Harry Truman for a quarter of a century, like him and respect him. He's a better than average public official. A decade ago he said there were too many counties in Missouri (there were and still are 114 of them) and that considerable money could be saved the taxpayers if some of the counties were merged. He knew what he was talking about. For several years he had been presiding judge of the Jackson County Court, in which are included Kansas City and Truman's home town of Independence. County judge in Missouri is county commissioner. There are three of them; they disburse county funds and have no judicial duties.

Truman was a farm and small town boy. He wanted to go to West Point, but his eyes weren't good enough. He joined the Missouri National Guard instead. When the Guard went to the Mexican Border in June, 1916, Truman went along as a bat-

tery first lieutenant. He was a good one, able and popular. He was captain of Battery D, 129th Field Artillery, when his regiment went to France, and a major when the Armistice was signed. He never misses a reunion of Battery D. He flew to Washington after election to take part in the President's welcoming, and flew back the next day for the reunion of Battery D on Armistice Day. There the Vice-President-elect played the piano while his buddies sang "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" and similar dainty ditties.

When Harry came home after the First World War, he started a haberdashery. It was a good store. The only trouble was that all the proprietor's old army friends from miles away swarmed in to buy goods on credit. He was lucky if they didn't want five dollars, besides. So the haberdashery folded up. Truman could have taken bankruptcy. Instead, he devoted thirteen years to paying off the debts of his store.

He has held only two political jobs—presiding judge of the county court

and United States Senator, since 1934. He has an unusually pleasant personality and can take ribbing. I wrote to him after he was nominated for Vice-President. I told him: "About three-quarters of the people who have been bumming you for political jobs for ten years are now wringing their hands and crying, 'My God, what if Harry Truman should become President of the United States!' Personally, I am philosophical about that possibility. After all, any nation that can survive Harding ought to be able to take Truman in its stride. Send me your picture, please."

He sent the picture with a friendly inscription, and a note saying he was glad to hear from me, but he did wish I could have found it in my heart to compare him with somebody besides Harding! Coolidge, maybe, or Hoover.

Human, that's Harry Truman. He never went to college, but he was endowed at birth with common sense and a higher degree of intelligence than plenty of people with high degrees.

JUNK DE LUXE

A Kansas City junk dealer has airplane wings for sale—three big yellow ones, complete with official U. S. Army insignia. Price \$15 each. Coming in on a second-hand wing and a prayer!

JUVENALIA

A youngster we know came home the other day with a pretty rocky looking report card. "Oh, dear!" his mother said. "What is the trouble now!"

"No trouble," Junior said. "You know how it is yourself; things are always marked down after the holidays!"

AND USUALLY THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

A man can hide all things, excepting twain—that he is drunk, and that he is in love.—*Antiphones*.



Adductors I Have Met

By DOROTHEA SPAETH

A dancer's answers on how to muscle in on body beauty.

MORE women than you may think were born with the form divine—or a reasonable facsimile. Take a look in your full length mirror. What gives with that body of yours? I mean its general contours. If what's wrong with you is too many chocolate-marshmallow sundaes or glands or Junior on the way, that's none of my business. But granted your legs, arms, tummy, bozoom, etc., all add up to more or less the right proportions, per your height, there is a more or less sporting chance that you have—or can have—the form more or less divine.

It all depends on your adductors. Now an adductor is *not* something that climbs up a ladder and snatches your child to hold for ransom. An adductor happens to be a muscle. Don't ask me how it happened. It just did. And up and down your back are several of these muscles, located at strategic points. They're the ones that keep you in shape. *What* shape is up to the way you use them.

You see, your body is divided into two vertical halves. Right half and left half. The way some women get around, you'd think Right Half wasn't on speaking terms with Left Half, or never the twain had met. That's because the adductors aren't being used for their designed purpose. And that is—to hold together the two vertical

halves of your body, and keep it a compact, neat little bundle of firm toned-up muscles.

A clam has adductors. That's how you can tell a live fresh clam from one that's dead or beginning to be. The adductors keep the clam shells pinched together tightly at the lips. And the adductors keep your two halves hanging together gracefully from the ears. If they don't, that may be the difference between you and someone who's vitally alive. You probably don't fancy being compared to a clam. Neither do I. But can I help it if we both have adductors? That I can't, but I *can* help those adductors. And judging from some of the adductors I have met, they need help.

Adductors condition your posture. Don't let that word scare you away. Posture can be a boring exercise. It can mean standing up what you think is straight and feeling like a cross between an Egyptian mummy and a grain bag with arms and legs. It can also mean poise. A happier outlook. A lovelier look.

And that's why you decide every now and then to be conscientious and take the advice of popular posture pointers. And that's where you, like the best laid plans of mice and men, may gang aft a-gley. And I do mean go awry! There are five of these

pointers that can get you in trouble. They're the ones you hear about most often, and they all mean well, but followed literally, and in isolation, they can certainly play hell with your otherwise nice figger.

The first thing you are told to do is, "Hold up your head." It seems the tendency of most of us is to let the head droop forward like a tired dahlia. And when you decide to look alive—up goes the chin, back goes the head, jam go the top vertebrae—and you get a stiff neck, possibly a headache. The chin-up girl is usually the one who thinks book balancing is a good posture exercise, too. It's worth less than nothing—unless you know what you're up to. It's so easy to thrust the head forward, all out of line, and walk for blocks with *The History of Rome Hanks* perfectly balanced.

Then they tell you, "Throw back your shoulders." It's a good command. But what usually happens is that you put up a good front, extend the chest, and go wagging your tail behind you. You have a bad list. And the mere throwing back of the shoulders is no cure for roundness. The chest goes out, the shoulders stay round. Or you go to the other extreme and pinch your blades together till it hurts.

The third popular pointer is, "Tuck your hips under." That's what the slick chicks used to do when slick chicks were flappers. That was the debutante slouch—the hips swung under and thrust forward, the knees too much bent, and the top part of the body getting there last.

Then they say, "Point your toes." Too many women think this means lead with the toe and walk like a ballerina in the first part of "Swan Lake." That's what they look like, too, sans white feathers and sequins, and it's pretty silly. Touching the toes first gives you a mincing affected gait. And the man in your life is likely to give you the gate.

Last of those posture guides is, "Walk on a straight line." Try it and see. Unless you know what you're doing, unless all the rest of your body is perfectly lined up, you'll be walking pigeon toed, knocking your knees, or swinging around yourself with a rolling, intricate movement that reminds me of a really splendid Holstein my father once owned.

It's not a very pretty picture, this result of following the five point plan. And maybe you're screaming, "But what do I do, if I don't hold up my head, throw back my shoulders, etc., etc., etc.?" The answer is—adduct, dearie, adduct! You have adductor muscles between your shoulder blades, in your lower back, in your buttocks, and immediately below the buttocks in the back thigh. Use 'em! Tune them up! Pull yourself together! Pull those adductors together all the way up and down your back—and they'll straighten your shoulders, tuck your hips under just enough, bring your knees together and correctly turned out, and keep your pelvis straight.

After long experience with postures—other people's and my own—I've decided the five important posture points lie in the center of

gravity, pelvis, chest, shoulders and head.

Now here's what you do. First, feel your total weight correctly lined up over the middle of the arch, and equally distributed over three points of your feet—under the big toe, under the little toe, and in the center of the heel. Sort of a three point landing.

Then adduct those muscles in the buttocks and thigh. Pinch them together—and watch the way your legs straighten and your hips get narrower.

Then lift your chest slightly, on a high contraction, suck in your tummy, and pull up. That's awfully important. Suck in—and pull up!

Now pinch your shoulder blades together. No, no, not that hard! Just till they feel comfortably flat and you can breathe better.

And now for your head. Don't

just hold it up. Pull it back! Pull it back from the base of the neck. The Javanese and certain others of the species can move the head back and forth from the base of the neck, from left to right and vice-versa! Surely you can accomplish the simple corrective of pulling it back in line with your straight shoulders.

And now, neatly stacked, you should be able to drop a plumb line smack from your ears to your ankle bones, passing directly across your shoulder, center-side of your knee, and center-side of your hip. You can't do it, though, unless those key muscles in four places of your back-side are working. And if they are, you'll probably be rid of those round shoulders, that bulging middle, those bow legs. You *may* have congenital defects, but I doubt it. Most of the bad figures aren't born—they're made. So are the good ones—and by better people.



A family with a summer cottage in a Wisconsin wilderness habitually paid the requested price of 50 cents to an Indian for a milk pail brimful of blueberries. But one day last summer he suddenly grunted in protest and upped the price to a dollar.

"Why?" they asked in amazement.

"Hell of a big war some place," was his laconic reply.

—from "Houn Dog."

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

—James Russell Lowell.

A colored preacher was trying to explain the fury of Hades to his congregation.

"You all has seen molten iron runnin' out from a furnace, ain't you?" he asked.

The congregation said it had.

"Well," the preacher continued, "dey uses dat stuff fo' ice cream in de place I'm talking 'bout."

A man from the mountains came up to the post office riding a mule.

"How much for the mule," asked a native.

"An even \$100," said the man.

"I'll give you \$5," said the native.

The rider dismounted saying: "Stranger, the mule's yourn. I ain't a-gonna let \$95 stand between me and a mule trade."



—Gertrude Freyman

EARLY AMERICAN

George Washington looks down upon the Square. Behind him streamliners and troop trains pass on their way to coasts and borders.

Upton Close on "Americanism"

"Freedom of individual initiative" has made America great . . . and while it's not a "state of perfection," we seem to overcome difficulties as they arise.

IN AN effort to clarify some of our catch words, let's take the word "Americanism." Instead of being an empty word for orators, Americanism is really and factually just the difference between life in the United States of America and life in Europe or Asia today. Viewed in that light, you can take your stand on whether or not you want Americanism for yourself.

Americanism is an historical development. In Jefferson's day it meant a farmer community in which men were more prosperous and happy than in the peasant communities of old Europe whence they came, simply because they were not government-ridden and were given the freedom of individual initiative in America which was denied to them in Europe. In our day Americanism means an industrial community which, since the invention of the automobile, has pioneered forty new basic industries while all the rest of the world has pioneered just one—that one being rayon. This is simply because the American inventor and investor and workman were not government-ridden but were given the freedom of individual initiative in America which was denied in Asia and Europe. If you want a factual report of the difference between products and industry and the lives of workmen in one system and in the

other, read William L. White's new book, "Report on Russia," the first installment of the condensed version of which appears in the December Reader's Digest.—But read the whole thing!

Americanism is not a state of perfection, but a process of overcoming difficulties as they arise. It is the process of overcoming both surpluses and dearths of production in industrial articles. Americanism is the business of applying brains and effort to overcoming both booms and depressions; but it is overcoming these extremes while conserving what we have got, not while destroying everything with debt and political chicanery and emotional violence. Europeanism and Asianism have the problems of boom and depression, surplus and dearth, too—although a good deal more depression and dearth than boom and surplus. The difference between the distress and destruction which Europe and Asia have so far got into as they go about solving these problems, and our present condition, still, in this country, is the difference between Europeanism and Asianism on the one hand, and Americanism on the other. It is the difference between bosses who can be popularly influenced and controlled and regulated, because they are called capitalists and industrialists, and bosses that cannot be pop-

ularly controlled and influenced, because they are called dictators and bureaucrats.

Americanism is not isolationism from the world's joys and the world's strifes. But it is protecting America from floods of destructive and aggressive ideas pouring in here just as much as from armies of aggressive soldiers coming to attack this continent—which our boys have gone out all over the world to protect against. Our founders did try to isolate us—not from the world, but from conquests and greeds and destructions. They thanked God and geography for aid in this. Since we certainly benefit from the ideas and work of the founders of Americanism—even if we have been here only part of one generation—it is rather important and it is but fair that we go back and examine those ideas, instead of falling victims to a propaganda of despising them—without even understanding them.

Now, Americanism in Jefferson's and Madison's day was strictly staying out of Europe's wars and fighting neither Britain nor France unless in self-protection only. Americanism in our day is standing strong and capable on our own feet to protect ourselves without having to choose the lesser of evils as an ally because we are afraid to stand alone. Added to this, Americanism is, now, even as it was to Jefferson, the constant sympathy with victims of aggression everywhere, and the constant desire to join with others who feel that way in organized efforts to protect the peaceable fellow from the man with

the strong arm, on the basis of justice.—But not on the basis that might makes right, whether that be in India or in Poland or anywhere else. Americanism is the effort to create an international sense of justice expressed in an international code of law to which all nations and peoples of all colors, big and little, have equal appeal. Americanism is not the small boy spirit of joining the strongest gang just for the privilege of being a member. Let's get *that* straight! Instead, America is the adult spirit of saying—"I know what my conscience says. Now you join me!"

Americanism in relation to world conflicts is the willingness to take the risk in peacetime to put out small fires of strife about the world, not the indifference of waiting until wartime and then rushing into strife as our emotions dictate. Americanism is being alert and cooperative fireman in the world, not a sleepy, semi-intelligent giant to be called into action each time, to the side of those who have the strongest ties of old friendship, or are most vociferous.

As now, in and after victory, economic and political rivalries will arise between the reduced number of great world powers, particularly between Britain and Russia—this is the kind of Americanism that is going to be more precious than all the gold in Kentucky, and only a man who has never read a history and does not now read the news bulletins can believe they will not arise.

PLANNED EDUCATION

By FRANK SINGISER

MOST mothers and fathers of American school children do not realize it, but something of a battle royal is now going on among the educators of the United States. It concerns the manner in which our young men and women are being educated—and the kind of steps that should be taken to bring our educational system up to date.

Colleges are being charged with hanging on to antiquated admission requirements—requirements which are forcing high schools and other secondary schools to teach certain subjects so that their students may enter colleges. The high schools, on the other hand, are being accused of failing to take responsibility for deciding which students should go to college and which, instead, should be given technical training for particular trades.

The President of Harvard University, Dr. James Conant, believes that it is time we realize that not all children have the scholastic aptitude for a college course. He thinks we should recognize that some children should go to college and others should go to schools which give them a thorough training in trades at which they later will have to make their living.

This is a subject loaded with dynamite—but one which directly concerns America's future. Parents are fortunate when a child shows a preference for some particular profession or trade while still at an early age. But this is not always the case; in fact, more often than not, the opposite is true. If you doubt this, look at the large number of young persons entering college with no idea in the world of what profession or trade they intend to pursue after their graduation. Too many

young persons "just happen" to drift into a particular line of business—either because they obtained their first jobs in that line of business, or because they thought it might be interesting work. They do not realize at the time how easy it is to become a square peg in a round hole—and when they reach the age where they do realize it, it is often too late to do anything about it.

At first glance, the solution seems very simple. Why not have the high schools decide which students should take the regular college courses and which should go to the technical schools that teach the trades in which those students have shown an aptitude? Under such a plan, a record would be kept of the child's inclinations from the day he first entered elementary school. And then, before graduation from high school, certain especially appointed educators would assign the students to the various colleges and technical schools.

But that is where the problem first starts. How would you handle the many cases where the parents would disagree with the school's choice? And how about the opposition of those who insist that it is the right of the parents to chart the courses of their children—and not the right of the State? And what about the young person whose own preference might run contrary to the results of the aptitude tests?

No, it is a problem which lacks an easy solution. But it is a problem that many feel must be solved. And it cannot be solved unless the educators themselves can agree on what should be done, and how it should be done.

"THE PENNY JAR"

By

JANE PORTERFIELD

of "True Romances" Magazine
Broadcasting over Mutual . .



*W*E Americans are funny people. We go ahead and matter-of-factly do something for a long time, taking it for granted, and then it dawns on us that we've built up a tradition! Little things, usually, which embody big principles.

One small, homely but significant tradition you'll find in most homes is the penny jar. Maybe you don't call it that at your house. Maybe you have a china pig or a tin toy bank. In my house, it's an empty glass jar; so no one can have any illusions about how much is in it.

Go into most kitchens and you'll find the penny jar. It's on a low shelf, where the children can reach it. There's never a lid nor top on it; it stands open. Everyone puts his spare pennies in it—from Dad and Mother to the smallest small fry. Everyone is entitled to dip into it in an emergency. It is a point of pride and honor not to take out five cents today if you've contributed only two cents yesterday. Of course Dad might drop in a nickel or dime or even a magnificent quarter, but Dads are lordly things.

The modest penny jar stands for a great deal in American home life. It bespeaks the equality of each member of the family, to give and to take. It stands for sharing. It's thrift, and foresight, and responsibility, and spells for the youngsters a feeling of safety. The fact that the penny jar really does meet many a small emergency is the least of its values.

*O*ne of my listeners wrote in to me about this problem of sharing responsibility among the members of the family. A widow, she had four children, and could not control the eldest, a sixteen-year-old boy. Joey was running wild, in with the wrong crowd—not a bad boy but lacking the proper outlet for his youthful energy. Like so many children and young people today, he was upset by the chaotic impact of war.

Joey refused hands down to do his part at home. Of course, had he had a father, all this might never have started. I suggested that the mother find in the community a sort of "substitute father" for Joey. A man leading and guiding a group of boys, or an understanding minister, or a neighbor who might take Joey under his wing. Some time went by after I made this suggestion. I waited, wondering what was happening.

About a month later, the mother wrote me again. Joey has joined a neighborhood group of boys, she wrote. A middle-aged man, whose own sons are all grown, organized the group and is running it. He combats juvenile delinquency by giving teen-age boys something they really want to do. We need more such groups—for all the Joeyes; and to keep society decent for ourselves and our children.

The Kid Next Door

By BILL CUNNINGHAM

Mr. Cunningham's tribute to Captain Lishon appeared originally in The Boston Herald; and has been published in beautiful gift book form by Hale, Cushman and Flint of Boston. It is here reprinted in its entirety—a heart-warming "true story" of families bound by war in new-found ties of sympathy, solace, prayer and faith.

I

THE kid next door was the nearest thing to my personal fighting man in this particular war. I saw him grow up. I was one of his character references when he applied for admission to the Army Air Corps. Because his mother and father are good friends and good neighbors, I was able to follow him closely and proudly as he won his wings, was promoted to First Lieutenant, and eventually emerged as the Pilot of a Flying Fortress, expertly trained and ready to go.

His mother and his dad were over at my house the night he called and said, "This is it. We're flying at dawn." How he got the call through, or whether he should have, I never knew and it makes no difference now. But that meant England and the war over Germany.

He was in the thick of it before his folks knew it, and evidently he didn't want them to know it. His letters were brief, but light hearted. They said nothing about any danger. It's now pretty evident that from two raids he brought back planes shot so completely to pieces that they

had to be scrapped, and on at least one of these, he had dead and wounded aboard.

That one got into the newspapers. The London edition of *Stars and Stripes* featured it, and evidently figuring he'd better say something about it, he wrote his mother, "I guess you've read about our ship, but we have a new one now and everything's swell."

II

Evidently it was swell for only so long, for a subsequent letter said he was leading the life of a duke, or some such, in a wonderful rest camp, that the food was great and the countryside beautiful.

He didn't say anything about having been shot up so badly over one of the hottest of those September targets that he had to crash land in the sea, where the crew took to life rafts and was listed as missing for five days before it got back to its base. That's why they were at the rest camp; they were recuperating.

But all at once there was no mail of any sort. The days began to run far past the number usually marked

by his letters. I could see his mother's face getting drawn and his father's hand tremble a little as he lighted his pipe, but neither mentioned what I knew was inside.

We kidded and talked about casual things. As nearly as they could figure, he was about to fly his twenty-fourth mission. One more and he'd be on his way home. His letters had been looking forward to that.

Toward the end of October came the dread telegram. His mother was at home alone when it arrived. It said the War Department regretted to announce that Captain Dexter Lishon, U.S.A.A.F., had been missing in action since October 8.

That's the first they knew that he'd been promoted to Captain. We lost thirty-nine planes on October 8, and sixty the next day over Schweinfurt. That's the first time our fliers ran into the new rocket guns of the enemy.

The father came home from his office. The neighbors and friends gathered as word spread by telephone. The sons, the daughters, the brave little bride who'd been so proud of the wings that gleamed on his tunic, all came to what amounts to the family homestead.

There was no weeping nor wailing. Neither was there any of this "chin-up-stout-fella" business. There was Deckie's picture on the piano where it always had been. There was a tenseness, of course, a tenseness that many another American home has known, and many another will know.

III

But here is where the story goes beyond the reach of any words of mine. The Lishons are straight-grained Yankee stock, Lester, the *pater familias*, being a native of Maine.

The Navigator of Deckie's crew was a Jewish boy from the other side of town, maybe a better side for all I know, but what I mean is that the families in the ordinary course of events never would have heard of each other. The Tail Gunner, an enlisted man, and the cited hero of a previous mission, had a bride in Lynn.

A Polish lad, a member of the ground crew that serviced the plane, has a mother in Allston. She works in a war plant. The wife of the Major, who seems to be the personnel officer at that still unnamed field, lives in Waban.

I don't know how many more of the crew, and those close to it, have relatives in this immediate vicinity, but because of this common bond, because their sons and brothers and husbands were a crew, a team, daring death shoulder to shoulder in foreign skies, the families here have been drawn together as if they were relatives.

Regardless of race, religion, status in life, they've been pulled close together—closer than relatives. They've been drawn together as Americans.

Polish, Jewish, Yankee, what not, they've become firm friends by telephone. They've read their letters to each other. They've pooled their



CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF
SORROWS, KANSAS CITY

news and hopes and prayers. They've been sympathetic with one another and solicitous of one another.

For instance, Lester, with the dread missing-in-action wire in his hand, called the Tail Gunner's wife in Lynn. From her cheery "Hello," and "Oh, how are you, Mr. Lishon?" he instantly knew she'd had no bad news.

So he merely said, "I wondered if you'd heard anything new from Bill. We're getting ready to send Deckie's Christmas package, and he's such a bum correspondent, I wondered if the address is the same." He had tears in his eyes as he said it, but he held his voice as steady as a radio announcer's.

Later that day, the girl called him. She was crying, but she, too, had matters under control. "I now know why you called me this morning," she said. "I've just got my telegram,

too. Thanks so much for letting me be happy just a few hours more."

"Don't give up," Lester said as if to one of his own daughters. "There's still hope. There'll always be hope."

IV

There was hope and there's hope in this story for all similar families everywhere. There were days of waiting, of course, while the families got in touch with the Red Cross and did what they could. Then came word that somebody named "Shorty," who'd been on the same raid, said he saw the plane in trouble, saw the crew bail out of it and all ten parachutes open.

It wasn't clear from this report what happened to the plane, over what country it happened, whether he saw the men land, or even definitely who he was. It wasn't much, but it was something.

Finally came a letter to the wife of the Major in Waban. It said, "Call the Lishons and tell them not to worry about Dexter." That's all he said. Maybe he couldn't say more, but that word was promptly relayed to the other families.

Then one morning a post card came from New York. It was just a plain penny post card, but millions couldn't have paid for the news that it brought. It was addressed to "The Parents of Capt. Dexter Lishon," with the correct street address, not an easy one, either, given.

The card explained that the writer, who said his name was Sanford Lowe, made a hobby of listening to

short wave radio broadcasts from Berlin.

On one of these they announce the names and serial numbers of their new prisoners of war, and the previous night, he said, he had heard the name of Capt. Dexter Lishon, the serial number, which he repeated and which was accurate to the last digit, and his home address—the one which had correctly brought the post card.

V

I don't know what this German radio program is. Probably it's a scheme of the diabolical Goebbels to trick Americans into listening to his unhallowed preachments, but this patient New Yorker was evidently out-smarting the Nazi from a distance of nearly four thousand miles.

Discarding all else, he listened, and so far as I venture to judge, still listens, only for the names, serial numbers and home addresses of the Eagles With Clipped Wings and the other American lads officially behind the enemy wire.

And then, as a labor of love, he sends the word winging to the address he has heard. This was the

2943rd message he'd sent, he said, and he is herewith nominated for some civilian facsimile of the Congressional Medal of Honor.

But here was hope—real hope.

The news was quickly sent speeding the rounds.

Shortly came official wires to all the families. These were from the government. All the boys were officially registered prisoners of war.

The families were free to assume that they all got down safely, although no details were given. These sometime would follow. Sometime, too, they'd all be home again.

War is war, and in it, gallant lads such as these, and yours, must, perforce, take their chances.

But the story of the families behind them, these and others all over the land, bound in new-found ties of sympathy, solace, prayer and faith because their lads are in those skies, or those foxholes, shoulder to shoulder, regardless of faith or creed or social strata, should, please God, build a better, a more human, a more unified America.

If there's any balm in Gilead, this is it.



On my first stay in Samoa I undertook to give a lesson in Basic English to an aged native reclining beneath a coco palm.

Pointing to a marine cleaning his carbine, I said "Man."

The native repeated, "Man."

Pleased, I pointed to the palm. "Tree," I announced.

He echoed, "Tree."

Just then a plane roared overhead.

Pointing, I asked, "What?"

The native stood up, squinted and said, "I'm not sure. It looks like a PB 2Y, but it might be a B-24."

—Buzz Saw.

Mother: "I'm so glad, twins, you're sitting quietly and not disturbing daddy while he has his nap."

Twins: "Yes, mummy, we're watching his cigarette burn down to his fingers."

The Chamber and the Super-New Deal

By FRANK A. THEIS

"Farmers don't need a wheelchair fabricated of government benefits," says the new President of the K. C. Chamber of Commerce. "But business, agriculture and labor must champion their own respective interests, and recognize the rights of others."

AS KANSAS CITIANS, it is important that we have a complete understanding of the agricultural problem in our trade territory. I doubt very much if the business men in this town have given the time that is necessary to bring those two very important groups together in a mutual understanding: the group of *agriculture* and the group of *business*.

Back in 1937, I said, in a speech at Dallas:

"In Farm Board days all of us were considerably disturbed over the ill-conceived experiment in price-stabilization and so-called orderly marketing, which if continued, no doubt would have completely wrecked our future market and our present system of distribution. We foresaw the doom of this scheme; but many persons took exception to our criticisms as selfish outbursts against what many accepted as a sincere attempt on the part of our government to lift agriculture out of a depressed state.

"Since then a myriad of laws has been enacted to relieve other groups in the period of depression until gov-

ernment control has been extended to every conceivable group and type of business.

"Set up to deal with 'emergencies' (and how that word has been mutilated!) arising out of the droughts and economic disturbances, these so-called temporary measures are being enlarged upon and extended in the direction of complete governmental control of all social and industrial groups under the pseudonym of 'planned economy,' which in effect brings centralization of power and destruction of the open, competitive theory of trade. It is a plan for regimentation with a concerted nationalistic viewpoint."

A number of my friends criticized me quite severely in 1937 for making that talk. Today I think you all realize that that very situation has now come to pass.

I would like to quote editorially from the October 6th edition of "The United States News" on the three main branches of our social and business life. This is entitled "Super-New Deal in Making":

"The underpinning now is being

constructed for a postwar New Deal on a much broader basis than the prewar New Deal. This new structure will rest upon a base of guaranteed prices for farmers and assurance of high wages for workers, plus a deliberate effort to hold down prices and to limit profit margins of business through competition and through control.

"Part of the structure of postwar policy is being shaped in action, part in attitude. The action already taken assures a further rise in the guaranteed price of wheat and cotton. Action scheduled to be taken, barring a last-minute change of mind, will assure a further rise in the level of hourly wage rates in basic industries. The attitude disclosed is that industry and trade shall absorb increased costs of labor and materials in narrower margins of profit.

"In brief, the moves now being made that foreshadow a postwar New Deal include the ones that follow:

"*For farmers:* The Government now guarantees, as a result of action just taken, that farmers shall receive full 'parity' prices for the 1944 wheat and cotton crop, minus the cost to the Commodity Credit Corporation headed by J. B. Hutson, of carrying that crop. This means an increase of about three cents a bushel to wheat growers, with a record 1,115,000,000 bushel crop; and it means about three quarters of a cent a pound more for cotton. Higher prices are ordered by the Government at a time when farm prices generally are 90 per cent above prewar average, and when farm cash income is more than twice the pre-

war average. Congress ordered the White House to use every means to assure full parity.

"*For wage earners:* Added income to farmers is a prelude to action that is to result in a further moderate increase in hourly wage rates of labor. This action, unless present decisions are altered at the last minute, is to add about eight cents an hour on the average to the wages of workers in the steel industry. The increase would be within the framework of present wage controls, supervised by Fred M. Vinson, Director of Economic Stabilization. An increase to steel workers then would be followed by increases to workers in automobile, aluminum, electrical, shipbuilding, packing-house and glass industries, among others. Wage earners, on an average, are enjoying hourly wages, on a straight-time basis, that are about 50 per cent above prewar. These wage rates are to be pushed up to about 55 per cent of that level if present plans go through.

"*For industry:* United States industry is to be told that it can assume the wartime increase in wage rates, plus the increase now scheduled, without raising prices. These increased costs are to come out of profit margins, on the basis of existing plans. The White House is assured by economists of the Office of Price Administration, of the Commerce Department and of the Labor Department that United States industry will be well able in peacetime to absorb the higher costs by getting along with a smaller margin of profit and by depending upon increased volume to

yield a return for stockholders and managers. Any price increase, based on the new wage increase, is opposed. The point is made that labor, not ownership or management, should enjoy any fruit of greater capital investment and improved techniques and greater production efficiency.

"It is when these actions and attitudes are translated into longer-term effect that the basis for anticipating a large-scale postwar New Deal is disclosed."

I feel definitely that Kansas City business men must begin to understand the problems of agriculture and of labor; and their getting together on a basis where we can preserve what we know as the economy of a nation that is surpassed no place in this entire world.

With that thought in mind I have been doing a tremendous amount of work on the outside, with the United States Chamber of Commerce and with the National Association of Manufacturers. I say "I." Many business men have; it happens that it is a subject that I am very much interested in, and I hope that I can instill some interest in all of you here in Kansas City.

In late November we had an agricultural industry meeting in Columbia, Missouri, under the auspices of the National Association of Manufacturers. It was the first meeting of its kind in any city in Missouri, and to those of us who attended it it was a very heartening sign that there is the opportunity of getting together on some common ground, and of understanding each other's problems.

I had the privilege of speaking before that group and I would like to quote briefly from that talk:

"Too many of us in industry and in agriculture have, for too long, been unaware of, or indifferent to, the mutuality of interest between us. We have been too intent in pursuing our own side of the national highway even to glance to the other side and note that our natural economic and philosophic ally was going our way. Through the medium of gatherings like this, promoted by farsighted farm and business leadership, this unawareness or indifference can be replaced by interest and concern for each other's welfare.

"We have a broad, basic relationship, born of economic interdependence and common faith in the same philosophy. Recently published statistics emphasize the closeness of our economic tie. Since 1940, the nation's



APARTMENT ROW
COUNTRY CLUB PLAZA
KANSAS CITY

industrial plants have operated at a full production pace. The millions of fully employed workers, in large business and small, have accounted for more than 75% of the purchases of farm products.

"These, briefly, are the benefits accruing to agriculture during this four year period of rising industrial employment:

"First, the cash farm income has risen 119% to more than \$20,000,000,000; second, farmer-operator reserves have increased to \$12,000,000,000 in cash; third, equities of owners in agriculture have increased about \$30,000,000,000; fourth, farm real estate values have advanced 36%.

"Industry rejoices at this improvement in agriculture's balance sheet. It congratulates our farmers upon the wise use they have made of this increased income, as further revealed by statistics. Farm mortgage debt has been reduced \$1,000,000,000, a reversal of the trend in World War I. Farmers have purchased \$2,400,000,000 of War Bonds."

"There is, I believe, a practical lesson in economics in these figures. The farmer is a business man—and a good one—when he has the opportunity.

"Provide high-level industrial employment and the farmer will have a profitable market. Neither he nor his industry will need a wheelchair fabricated of Government benefits.

"The economic philosophy of the farmer and the businessman is rooted in common soil. Both believe in the traditional American system of free competitive enterprise. Under this

system, agriculture and industry were able to develop their productive facilities to such capacity that they could feed and arm most of the civilized world in its war for freedom.

"This system must be the base of our future national economy, if industry's great war-demonstrated possibilities are to be effective in the nation's postwar re-building. In the continuance of this system lies agriculture's strongest assurance of continued economic independence, through expanding industrial employment developed under the impetus of competition with a profit incentive."

It was rather gratifying to me later on in that day to have Mr. Chester C. Davis, whom I think you all know as President of the Federal Reserve Bank at St. Louis, in his very able presentation of his conception of the farmer's problem, make the following statement which I should also like to quote because, to me, it is definitely a challenge to business people:

"In the long run there are two ways to stability in farm prices. Either we must vary the supply so as to maintain stable prices, or we must maintain a high level of demand. The latter way appeals to me for two reasons. First, maintenance of a high level of demand means high consumption as well as stable prices and promotes a more prosperous agriculture. Second, it is difficult to control the short-run supply of agricultural goods to the extent necessary to maintain stable prices. It is a tough enough job to make the long run adjustment to demand changes.

"It is vital to maintain industrial

prosperity to have a prosperous agriculture, for only with a high level of industrial activity will we have the sustained demand for farm products that will maintain prices.

"We have been talking so far about maintaining a prosperous industry, which means a high level of production in industry, so as to maintain a high level of domestic demand for farm products. Industry, however, must do more than maintain the status quo in the industrial agricultural relationship. It must expand sufficiently so as to reinforce the demand for products and at the same time also absorb the migration from rural areas."

Now, I quote from these two talks for this reason: While it is true that those of us in Kansas City in business are thinking definitely of the expansion of Kansas City, still most assuredly we can hope for no definite, true and continued prosperity in this area unless we get together with agricultural groups and understand their problems. I am hoping there will stem from that meeting in Columbia a number of smaller meetings at the little school house in the counties throughout this entire territory. It is from the grass roots and not just from the cities that must spring this urge to get the job done.

Renewed efforts must be made to establish close contacts with the agricultural group and its leaders in our territory. Friendly cooperation between city and country should be constantly sought; an understanding of the problems of each is essential to

the successful development of the southwest.

Economically speaking, there is no such thing as "getting back to normal conditions." As business men, we should recognize this as a fact. Change is inevitable, although we may differ as to the value of the change. Progress is ever ahead.

Business, agriculture, and labor constitute major groups in our population and general economy. In the end the general economic progress of this country and of each of these groups depends upon their ability to work and prosper together. Temporary economical advantage gained by one group through the government or otherwise will not long endure if it drags down either one of the other two groups. The proper balance of economic conditions of all three will bring the greatest progress to all. Some leaders in business, agriculture, and labor have this fact to learn.

Business is challenged as never before to maintain its proper place in our economic life. Government will probably continue to regulate to a greater or less degree business, agriculture, and labor. There should be unity of purpose and action among businessmen. There has not been enough such unity in the past.

Perhaps in no other city in America is there such a fair balance between business, agriculture, and labor as there is in Kansas City. If all three will strongly champion their own respective interests, and at the same time recognize the rights of others, Kansas City can go a long way in its development, and its postwar activity.

Senators for the *Nation*

A Mutual network commentator advances plans for a Senate that will be for the states united, not just the state.

By STANLEY DIXON

CORDELL HULL has retired after serving as Secretary of State longer than any other man. He has vast experience and knowledge of foreign affairs, yet his health will not permit him to continue the arduous work as Secretary.

Why could not the voice of Cordell Hull be heard in the United States Senate?

Wendell Willkie was defeated for the Presidency and retired into private life, yet his influence extended to the four corners of the globe. How useful he would have been in the Senate!

In Britain, opposition leaders retain their seats in Parliament. If they should be defeated, usually someone will resign to make way for them in a "safe" constituency.

Why could we not do something of the same nature? It would of course involve a change in the constitution, but this might be possible were sufficient public sentiment obtained for the proposal.

Guy Gillette, one of the best of our senators, was defeated because he is a Democrat in a firmly Republican state. There are first class men who could not go to the Senate because they are Republicans from the solid Democratic South.

There are other men of great distinction who have no political connections, or who live in a state where

they would not wish to run against competent incumbents. Would not such men as Philip Murray . . . or Eric Johnston . . . or Sumner Welles have something valuable to contribute to our government?

There are a number of ways in which this could be done. The constitution might be changed to increase the membership of the Senate by six or eight members at large, whose names would be submitted to the electorate either every two years or every four years, with the names arranged alphabetically without party labels.

Another plan would be to permit each major political party to nominate four individuals who would then become Senators, but without the privilege of voting. They would, however, be able to speak, and in that way their views would be brought before the other Senators and before the people.

A large number of Americans find it impossible to hold closely to one political line. After all, there are liberals and conservatives in both parties. During the recent election, a liberal Republican senator supported the President, and a conservative Democratic Senator opposed him. That action might cost those men their political skins . . . yet they followed their conscience.

A party system is necessary and I

am not suggesting that it should be changed. I do suggest, however, that we would have a better government if we could make use of those men who, from their experience and knowledge, have something to offer which is of value to the entire country, and not a single state.

Clearly, I think, if the new senate members were appointive, they should not be permitted to vote, as this would be against the theory of popular government. That is why some system for electing a limited number of senators nationally would be the most effective.

There is a movement at this time to

abolish the entire farce of the electoral college, to prevent the recurrence of the nonsense which took place in some states, when a few of the electors solemnly announced that they would not vote for the candidate chosen by the people of their state. It is even suggested that the electoral vote should be divided in proportion of the votes cast for each Presidential candidate.

It is a good suggestion . . . and while these changes are being made . . . let's go further and provide for the election of Senators from the United States.



PUPPY DOG TALES

Three o'clock in the morning. The telephone rings. The theatrical producer gropes in the dark, picks up the phone, snarls into the mouthpiece, "Yeah?"

A small voice asks gently, "Could you use me in your show?"

"Hell, no," the producer shouts, and bangs down the phone.

It rings again, and the same small voice says, "Sir, are you sure you couldn't use me in your show?"

"Why, you—you—! Whatta you mean calling me up in the middle of the night! Of course I can't use you in any show!" The producer hangs up again. Again the phone rings.

"But, sir," it's that same small voice. "I'm sure you could use me in your show—"

"And what the hell makes you think I could use you in a show?"

"I can talk!"

"So you can talk! So who the hell can't!"

"But," said the voice, "I'm a dog!"

The artist, Whistler, had a French poodle of which he was extremely fond.

When the poodle was seized with a throat infection, Whistler had the nerve to send for the great throat specialist, Sir Morell Mackenzie. Sir Morell was not accustomed to treating canine patients. But he prescribed, pocketed a big fee, and drove away without open complaint. The next day he sent post-haste for Whistler, and the artist, thinking he was summoned on some matter connected with his beloved dog, dropped his work and rushed to Mackenzie's. On his arrival, Sir Morell said gravely, "How-do-you-do, Mr. Whistler? I wanted to see you about having my front door painted."

A transport truck stalled on a hill. The driver set the brakes, climbed out, looked for something to help push or pull him to the top. A lady was walking her dog along the road. The dog was a Pekingese. The truck driver sized the dog up, then turned to the lady. "Ma'am," he he said, "could I borrow your dog to help pull my truck up the hill?"

"Now, young man! You know that great big truck couldn't be budged by this little tiny dog!"

"Well," said the driver thoughtfully, "couldn't we beat him?"

'tis a bird I love with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled
throat;

There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest.

—THE BELFRY PIGEON

PIGEONS

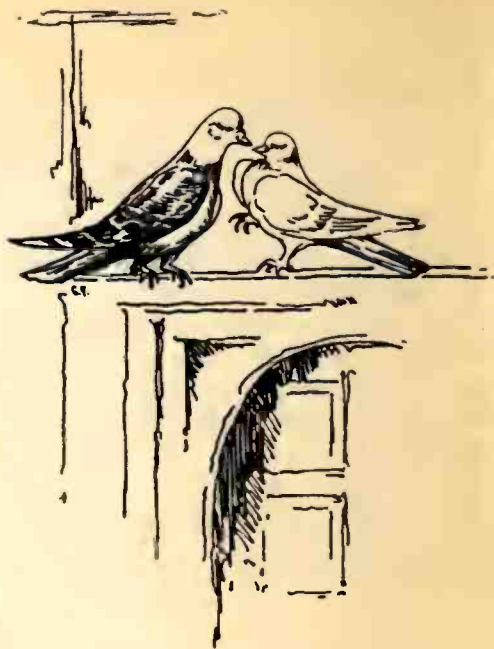
By GEORGE F. MAGILL

A GREAT many people can get quite sloppily sentimental about pigeons. But I can take them or leave them alone, because pigeons have a habit of getting sloppy over people.

Most birds prefer the quiet of the fields. Not your pigeon. He lives, loves, and has his being in the smoke and noise of the city, and is never happier than when he is perched on a three-inch ledge about twenty stories above the street pitching woo to his squab. He swells out his chest like the ice man and walks around his lady love in little mincing circles, cooing his love song: "rickety-coo, rickety-coo." She preens her feathers and pretends complete indifference, and, if he circles too close, flies coily across the city chasm to the eighteenth floor of another building, and the whole rickety-coo business starts over.

I have heard of the homing or carrier pigeon and how they will fly through gunfire and flak, carrying their message to Garcia in spite of hell and high water. Many of them have been decorated for bravery in action; but pigeons in action have decorated more people than people have pigeons. I doubt if the carrier pigeon is related in any way to the common or dropping variety of city pigeon. I have never known them to carry anything very long.

This affection for pigeons, which you gather I do not share, dates back to Bible times. It was a dove, which is nothing but a small variety of pigeon, that Noah sent out to scout the end of the flood. You may have wondered why he sent a pigeon when he might just as well have sent an



eagle or a swallow. If you have ever noticed the condition of the north side of the Keith and Perry Building or the once beautiful St. Gauden's eagle on the New York Life Building, you will see why old Noah was anxious to get the pigeon away from his nice clean Ark, even if he had to invent an errand to do it.

The late Judge Henry F. McElroy was accused of many things; but he was a practical man. A prominent citizen once congratulated him on the beautiful new City Hall, which was built while the Judge was calling the signals in civic affairs.

"Judge," he asked, "how did you ever happen to achieve the smooth streamlined effect that makes the building so beautiful?"

"I really didn't have as much to do with it as people think," said the Judge. "I only gave the architect one specification. You see, for years I had my office in the old City Hall, one of those gingerbread, gay nineties structures full of ledges, cupolas and gables. I just told him our new City Hall must be built without a single place where a pigeon could light!"

"One Sparrow

By CEDRIC FOSTER

Does Not Make A Summer"

On August 20, 1944, Mr. Foster delivered some sober predictions on the war. Here is the actual text of that broadcast, with the warnings that remain timely.

THERE is a wave of optimism sweeping across the United States concerning an early termination of the war against Germany and Japan, which does not appear to be warranted by the facts. It is somewhat difficult to determine the causes of this optimistic trend, but the roots of it probably lie deeply in two reasons, closely related to each other. The first is wishful thinking, which is easily understandable. Hope springs eternal in the breasts of all Americans that the struggle will soon be ended . . . that loved ones who are now fighting on fields of battle all over the world, shortly will be reunited with their families. The second reason—and this, in many respects, is the more important of the two—is the failure of the American people to read, and then to analyze, the communiqués and the official statements which emanate from the front lines of conflict. Failure to read these pronouncements in a realistic manner allows the mind to dwell in almost unchecked enthusiasm in the realm of wishful thinking. In some instances there has been a flagrant refusal to permit the official declarations to stand in the simple, straightforward, unvarnished English in which they were written. A false

interpretation has been placed upon them, to twist and to distort them out of their original shape and form so that they will not conflict with the perfectly natural hope that everyone has for a quick and total victory.

There are two startling examples of this which have occurred in the past week. One in the European zone and the other in the Pacific. Early this week General Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander of all allied troops in the invasion of western France, issued one of his rare "orders of the day." In that statement to his troops General Eisenhower said, "You have a fleeting opportunity to win a major victory over the German armies." Millions of people chose to disregard the word, "fleeting," which was the most important word in the entire statement. General Eisenhower, who has an excellent command of the English language, did not insert that word with the expectation that it would be ignored. He meant exactly what he said. The chance to inflict a body blow upon German troops was there if the opportunity could be grasped. In large measure it was seized. The Germans were caught in a pocket between the French cities of Falaise and Argentan. That pocket

is now in the process of being squeezed dry. Thousands of Germans have either laid down their arms in surrender or they have been liquidated on the field of battle. But other thousands escaped what we hope will be their fate of ultimate destruction. Streaming out of the flaming bottleneck they ran the gantlet of allied artillery fire and they braved the strafing from the skies above, which was carried out by thousands of American, British, and Canadian aircraft. A British staff officer declared that the Germans managed to extricate most of their armor from the Falaise pocket. This straight, unqualified declaration, has been tossed lightly to one side by those who refuse to believe that the German is capable of any further resistance in western France.

The Germans headed for the left bank of the River Seine, intent upon crossing that stream to the right bank. When aerial and ground reconnaissance revealed this fact, allied aircraft directed their offensive against the bridges which span that river. They destroyed many of them, but not all. Some of those structures which were heavily damaged, we learn tonight, have been repaired. The Germans are still retreating. Front line reports declare they are being hemmed in against the river barrier, but in the same breath the announcement reveals that the enemy troops were swimming across the Seine and that they were being ferried to the other side.

On the northeast side of the River Seine, stands the German fifteenth

army. Units of the German seventh army, which has been so badly mauled in the Normandy fighting, are endeavoring to join the fifteenth on the right bank of the Seine. German losses will unquestionably be heavy. Beyond the River Seine are the German robot bomb installations from which the enemy has sent his mechanical instruments of death in an indiscriminate attack upon the people of the British Isles. North of these are the German occupational forces in the Low Countries. It is the hope of the allied high command that they will be destroyed. But General Eisenhower stated in unequivocal language that even were the seventh German army to be destroyed, and a major victory thus to accrue to the allied arms, this victory would be only the first of a series which would have to be won before the French republic was freed from the trampling feet of the German invader. There is not one statement issued by the supreme commander which could be construed as meaning that a quick and easy triumph is in sight on the fields of France.

Are we in Paris yet? This question is on the lips of every American citizen. Yet General Eisenhower said in words which could be understood by even a child that Paris was *not* the immediate goal of the allied armies. Although the value of Paris, from a moral point of view was not underestimated, the French capital is but a waystation on the line of march of the allied troops. The supreme objective always has been and always will be, the destruction of German armies on the field of battle. Only by

destroying those armies will it be possible to move on to the east . . . toward the Rhine and the Ruhr River valleys, into the heart of the militaristic German people.

If we jump quickly to the Russian front we find the German stoutly defending the Polish bastion of Warsaw. The Soviets are said to have breached the German lines northeast of the capital tonight but the fighting is severe. The Germans are still protecting with more than a modicum of strength and tenacity, the line of the Vistula River. This water obstacle, in some places, has been hurdled by the Russian armies, but there appears to be little doubt this evening that the German is capable of fearful resistance as he is slowly but surely being crowded to the west, back onto his own soil, whence he loosed his war machine three years and two months ago.

Dealing with the question of German morale, we have nothing to prove that it has been lowered to such a point that collapse is imminent. The revolt against Adolph Hitler came from German army officers who were not willing to fight to the end . . . men who were determined, if they could, to salvage enough from the wreckage of the German war machine so that a rebuilding of that machine could be effected after the war. On the Italian front, the Germans in their Gothic line are entrenched and prepared to fight on in furious combat. After the Gothic line is the line of the River Po. Certainly not a situation to engender the feeling that col-

lapse is going to come over-night, or even in a matter of weeks.

There is no reason to believe tonight anything other than Dwight Eisenhower's words that one sparrow does not make a summer and that one major victory does not mean the defeat of all of the armed forces of the Third German Reich.

Last week Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, issued a statement which has been misunderstood and misinterpreted by millions of persons in the United States. Admiral Nimitz did not declare that Japan could be defeated without an invasion of Japanese home soil. The admiral thought that there was a possibility that such a defeat could be inflicted, but he said we must be prepared to carry out that invasion. Developments, in other words, would occur which would make such an invasion necessary. But in any event, it was measured judgment that occupation of the Jap's home islands would be necessary to win the peace. Yet, the length and breadth of the United States the admiral is quoted on the street as saying that invasion of Japan won't be necessary. His qualifying statements have gone with the wind . . . the halcyon breeze that blows so gently so as not to disturb the thoughts of those who dwell in a never-never land.

The two wars which we fight, against Germany in Europe and against Japan in the Pacific, (particularly the one against Japan) are struggles which will call forth the greatest effort which we have ex-

pended in our history as a nation. These wars involve the life and death of empires. These wars involve the survival or destruction of philosophies of life. These wars are being fought by our enemies with all of their strength and power. For every advance they mean that we should pay . . . and pay heavily in blood, tears, and sweat. There's no better way to evaluate the price than to reiterate Winston Churchill's words to the British people. That tonight is all that the American people have ahead of them as they stride unflinchingly down the road to victory. The destruction of the German seventh army is but a milestone on that road. The fall of Warsaw will be but another. The bombing of Japan by the B-29s (which has again taken place) is only one episode in a deadly war of attrition which is being fought over millions of square miles of this world. What price over-optimism? The answer is prolongation of the war. What price wishful thinking? The answer is more dead, more wounded, more suffering. What price flying in the face of facts? The answer is strength given indirectly to the enemy.

Where do we find the antidote? We find it in the words of George Klym, whose home was in Gorham, North Dakota, out in the rugged Bad Lands and Butte country, thirty miles northwest of Dickinson. These words were: "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot." George Klym was doing his regular midnight watch in a fox-hole in Aitape on the island of New Guinea. With an automatic rifle he stood alone against a Japanese suicide charge. Japanese bullets, directed by the flames of his rifle, found their mark on the body of this North Dakota boy. The searing enemy lead crashed through his eyeballs to destroy his sight. With both of his eyes shot out, he maintained his fire. He was still blazing away as he crumpled to the ground. He saved the lives of possibly fifty American comrades. He stood alone in the breach while his company formed into line of battle. When the stretcher bearers reached him he spoke: "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot." Then he died. Blind in both eyes, he still had the vision which America must have if it is to win this war. "Don't move me. Just show me where to shoot."



A WET PLATFORM

It was during Prohibition. The railroad station was packed with a gay going-away throng. Over at one side of the platform stood a quiet little man fidgeting about and trying to hide himself from the crowd. A Federal Agent noticed that the stranger had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. The Fed., with a gleam in his eye, collared the gent. "Scotch?" he asked accusingly. "Nope," said the stranger. "Airedale pup."

John Erskine on the limitations of grammar: "Grammarians will tell you that two negatives make a positive, but when my child says: 'I don't want no soup!' we know exactly what he means."

Doubling Back

By JOHN REED KING, M. C. of "Double or Nothing"

Heard Weekly Over the Mutual Broadcasting System

THE "Hundred Dollar question" for any radio column is always what would the reader like to know about quiz shows, such as ours, or radio programs such as ones we appear on. So to start from the beginning . . . let's say that each nationwide radio show is usually a bundle of scripts (written and re-written), hours of rehearsal and planning, running through lines in front of a microphone again and again. All "boiled down" it comes out in your homes in the form of a half hour or so of your favorite or maybe not-so-favorite entertainment. This time our topic is the radio show "Double or Nothing," which probably resembles more than anything else a . . .

SUITCASE . . . going by train, plane and auto to the far corners of this land. In the fast-flying, past few months the show has gone to Denver, Omaha, Salina, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Atlantic City, Chicago, Great Bend, Baltimore, Detroit, and about thirty other quick stops. In Denver we climbed (by auto) to the mountain peaks and the grave of Buffalo Bill at Pahaska Tepee, which looks out over snow-capped cliffs. Immediately after the broadcast, word came in that a child had become lost in the mountains; so every one in the company, announcer, orchestra, producers and directors went trekking out to

find the missing youngster, who was luckily discovered before it became necessary to search for us. In Atlantic City (July 7th) there was time for a swim between orchestra rehearsals and air show. But behind the broadcast lies the . . .

WORK . . . of preparing quiz questions and categories. Producer John Wellington, announcer Fred Cole and yours truly usually sit down and start popping questions at each other until we find ones that are interesting and not too hard. But that's a difficult thing to judge, for once we came up with the question, "If George Washington were alive today what would he be most famous for?" On the airshow we got this reply, "His age." Again we asked, "What is the chief use of cowhide in America?" A fast-thinking G. I. Joe replied, "To keep the cow together." Now, I ask you, what are you going to do with replies like those?

In picking out contestants for the show we have found that women are more talkative than men. G.I. Joes and Janes are usually a little more alert to the world's goings-on because they've had occasion to get around and see more of it than most civilians. Most talkative of all the United Nations forces, however, are usually the Australians and New Zea-

landers who are amazed at us, our cities and customs and at Double or Nothing which may from time to time supply them with \$100 in cash to buy stockings and perfumes and almost anything we have here in America—and which they usually don't have "back home" in little country towns on the other side of the globe. We love the talkers who usually do well until they get up to say something in front of that great beast . . .

THE MICROPHONE. You folks who sit home and listen can usually answer all the questions, but in front of the microphone . . . it's quite a different thing. The average hero soldier, sailor or Marine will cringe

from it. A recent contestant, who had killed 367 Japs on the blood-red beach at Tarawa, wiped his forehead at the start of the quiz, looked at me, and said, "Anyone who gives this up for combat is a coward!" (P.S. He went on to collect the \$100 with "no help from the audience, please.") Another time, a tall Texan be-decked with ribbons and medals "sweated the quiz out" and when he came up with the \$100, bounced six feet into the air, shouting, and headed out the stage door for home . . . Goose Creek, Texas.

That's all for now . . . but next time a word on an increasingly important subject to you . . . TELEVISION.

GOURMET

A man went to the bar and ordered a Martini, drank it, chewed up the bowl of the glass, and threw the stem over his shoulder. After having masticated six Martinis in this manner to which we are all too unaccustomed, he noticed that the bartender was staring at him. "I guess you think I'm crazy, don't you?" he asked. "I sure do," the bartender said. "The stems are the best part!"

CONSIDER THE BLUEBIRD

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

John Barrymore once said that after looking around for it for years he had suddenly discovered that contentment is never found by hunting for it. Happiness just sneaks in through a door you didn't know had been left open.—From Rotary Fellow.

BRIEF CASES

A cub reporter ordered to be concise in his report of a musical entertainment covered the situation with one line: "An amateur quartet played Brahms last night; Brahms lost."

A colored man was sentenced to be hanged. In desperation he wrote to his former employer, the Governor: "Dear Boss: They're a-fixin' to hang me on Friday, and here it is Tuesday."

That cub reporter, again, covered the story of a fatal accident. "John K. Edwards looked up the shaft at the Union Hotel this morning to see if the elevator was on its way down. It was. Aged 45."

The Trend of the Times

The VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES points out weaknesses, strength, and possibilities of the press. Here is his forceful address delivered December 4, 1944, in Chicago's Palmer House, at an anniversary dinner in honor of Marshall Field and the Chicago Sun.

By the HONORABLE HENRY A. WALLACE

THIS dinner tonight is an occasion to gladden the hearts of all true liberals. Marshall Field's name through the *Chicago Sun* and PM has come to stand for as much in the world of progressive thought as does the name of the original Marshall Field in the world of business. To me it is both an honor and a pleasure to be here tonight.

My purpose is to discuss one of the weaknesses of newspapers as they now exist and then indicate some of their great possibilities for future service.

Time was when the little man with a big idea and not much money could launch a little newspaper and build it up as a medium of personal expression in behalf of the general welfare. Those days are largely gone. In almost every town one newspaper now exists where there were two or three before. The mechanics of news gathering and photographic transmission have been improved but the possibility of starting a new newspaper in large towns is almost non-existent except for the man of great means. The influence of little men with big ideas has been steadily declining. Their place has been partially taken by columnists and radio commentators who for a time expressed liberal sentiments

freely but who more and more find themselves hampered and censored if they cater to the liberal public.

Everywhere the heavy hand of a stodgy, financial conservatism has more and more been closing down. The people sense this and most of all the working newspaper men and those in the composing room and shop.

North of the Ohio River the vast majority of the publishers of the newspapers are either reactionary or Republican or both. At the same time from two-thirds to seven-eighths of the employees of the same newspapers are liberal or Democratic. The *Chicago Sun* is one of the few newspapers where there is just as high a percentage of liberal sentiment in the front office as there is among the working newspaper men and the employees in the shop.

I have no desire to go over the old familiar story of the influence of advertisers on the editorial slant, as well as on the presentation and selection of news. There has always been a hot difference of opinion on this subject and I am convinced that most newspaper publishers, no matter how biased they may be, feel, nevertheless, that they are honest and fair in their presentation both of news and edi-

torial opinions. I do not tonight intend to take extended issue with them on that front.

The text which I would urge on all newspaper men at all times is—"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The most serious criticism which I would urge against publishers is that they become so much concerned with short-time, local problems and superficial prejudices that they fail to realize the deep underlying forces which are remorselessly pushing the world ahead.

They do not realize that the American revolution, Judo-Christianity and modern science have combined to let the genie of world revolution out of the bottle. The old-fashioned reactionaries think they can lure the genie back into the bottle again and put in the cork of normalcy. The liberal Democrats know that this cannot be done and therefore they strain themselves to the utmost in order that the worldwide revolutionary forces may prove to be beneficent in terms of a well-fed, well-housed, highly productive humanity. Liberal Democrats know that these forces are worldwide and that after this war they will have as much influence in Africa, China, Latin America and the Near East as they have in the United States and Europe.

Few people realize what social dynamite there is in the Bible. Most churchgoers are conservative but now and then there comes a person who is able to translate the social message of Jesus and the prophets into modern English. Now and then a missionary or a minister becomes imbued with a

holy determination to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth as a manifestation of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Jesus said, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God;" "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth." "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Woe unto you that are rich!" "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things which he possesseth." "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God." "Sell all that thou hast, and come follow me."

The disciple James goes even further than Jesus, saying, "Go too now, ye rich, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you."

Small wonder that one earnest Christian forty-five years ago, pondering statements of this sort, said, "If we would follow Jesus in the social redemption it will be by storming the citadel of monopoly." But the most explosive doctrine of all in the Bible is that all men are brothers because God is their Father. This is the religious sanction behind ethnic or genetic democracy. The American sanction for ethnic or genetic democracy is the statement in the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal. In the eyes of Divine Providence I cannot help feeling that the purpose of the American revolution was to bring here on earth as nearly as might be a manifestation of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Declaration of Independence and the Bible speak the same language.

(Continued on page 37)



LOCAL BOY

Senator Harry S. Truman, now Vice-President Elect, visits the old home town—Kansas City. From haberdashery to the high places is his story. See page 3.



Singin' Sadie Thompson

"Into each life some rain . . ." June Havoc and James Newill appear in Broadway's musical version of Jeanne Eagel's old saga of sex and woe. Somerset Maugham started the whole thing; Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulain, and Vernon Duke add the latest chapter. "Sadie Thompson" plays, since mid-November, at New York's Alvin Theatre.



Fair — and Warners'

Dolores Moran, out on a limb. You'll see her with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in "To Have and Have Not," opening at the Newman this month; next month in "Hollywood Canteen" at the Orpheum. She's tall and terrific; you can't miss her.





Tomorrow the World!

Skippy Homeier is the fair-haired boy in both stage and movie version of this study of Nazi evils. The enfant terrible is in evidence this month at Loew's Midland, along with Frederic March, Betty Field and Agnes Moorehead. Maybe you've heard him on the air.



Gam-Inesque

Vivian Blaine of 20th Century-Fox recalls the angel-cake qualities of Nancy Carroll. Remember? You'll see that cherry-blonde hair again in "Nob Hill," another technicolor job, in which San Francisco, George Raft and Joan Bennett are all mixed up.





ACROSS A MAN'S HEART . . . *Always* A WOMAN'S FACE
*Phyllis Thaxter and Van Johnson in "30 Seconds Over
Tokyo." The picture opens this month at Loew's Mid-
land, with Spencer Tracy in the role of Jimmy Doolittle.*

When in the early part of the last century technology and modern science strode forth in power the problems of wealth were multiplied a thousandfold. Jesus Christ never saw with his physical eyes the infinite good and the infinite damage that could come from great inventions in the hands of great corporations. As a human being here on earth he saw only the hideous selfishness of the greedy individual; he never saw the heartlessness sometimes manifested in the operations of a great corporation. Two generations ago human beings suddenly found that they had to make nearly all their purchases from corporations and nearly all their sales of goods and services to corporations. Free enterprise in the old-fashioned sense of the word was almost gone. Most people had to find their place in some corporate scheme of values. Great economic power was obtained in this way but human nature was restive because the power of the great corporations continually grew faster than technological progress and modern invention.

Karl Marx and Freidrich Engels, seeing the trend of modern civilization, knowing that the genie was out of the bottle and that it could not be put back, proclaimed a revolution on their own account. They fought the church as the foundation of economic injustice and denounced the idea of God as a lie. This was where the early Socialists were strangely blind. They failed to see that the doctrine of Christ and the prophets was even more revolutionary than that which they were proclaiming. They were

dealing solely with the materialistic dialectic as the ultimate reality. But beyond the materialistic dialectic is the psyche, the soul of man. Even though we grant that many church members and some ministers are reactionary, I still say the churches are worth while because they have preserved through the centuries in the Bible the revolutionary social message of the prophets and Jesus Christ. It is a message which those of us who want to be true realists cannot ignore. Those who try to center all attention on a future life while they ignore social injustices of a type which would have stabbed the heart of Jesus, have no claim to the word "Christian."

It would be a sad commentary on modern Christianity if the Russians, denying God, should more nearly attain to social justice than we, invoking the name of God.

One of my Latin American friends wrote me a year or so ago that the Russians do in Russia every day what the people in the United States talk about on Sunday.

Since 1918 in Russia there has been unfolding a revolution in terms of the material welfare of the people which has been challenging the progress of Western Europe and the United States as based on Christianity, the American revolution and the French revolution. The people of the United States should have been taught the full truth about the Russian revolution from the very start. But we were not told the truth and as a result we nearly lost our national life. The publishers didn't read the signs of the times correctly. They didn't try hard

enough to find out what was going on in the world. A few people took the pains to study Russian and live with the Russians in their villages. But only a few. Those who made this deep study of Russia knew that Germany when she attacked Russia would not succeed in destroying her. They were about the only ones who did know it. Ninety-nine per cent of us in the United States had been given a totally false impression of Russia because of what had been published in our newspapers or magazines. We and most of the rest of the world had been taught by the press to believe that Russians were either mystics, artists, or illiterate peasants and that nearly all of them were born without any ability to handle the tools of modern civilization. Our engineers came back with strange stories of how the Russian farmers mishandled tractors. What a surprising awakening it was for us to be assured all of a sudden in the fall of 1941 by Averill Harriman, Bill Batt and others who had visited the factories that the Russians were doing a good job under more difficult conditions than any modern nation had ever had to face. The lack of this knowledge of the true Russia could either have cost us our national life or the lives of millions of our boys.

The difference between the liberal Democrat and the reactionary Republican is as follows: The liberal Democrat knows that the people's revolution is on the march and that he will have to run fast to keep up. The reactionary Republican knows that something is happening but he

can't quite figure out what it is, and so he runs around shrieking alarm, hoping in his wild panic to gain some measure of security for himself, his wealth, and the wealth of his children. Many of these people are no more vicious than a chicken flopping around on the ground with its head cut off. They don't discern the trend of the times. They are blinded by passion and fear. They are psychopathic cases or "plain nuts." Of course, there is another group that is subject to stronger condemnation than these poor frightened people of great wealth. This second group discerns the signs of the times clearly enough but goes ahead and says cold-bloodedly in the spirit of Louis XV, "I am going to make all the money I can. Why not? After me the deluge." This kind of man oftentimes eases his conscience by giving large sums of money to charities. Nevertheless, from a Christian point of view he is subject to condemnation because seeing the signs of the times he fails to use his influence to make the inevitable revolution beneficent, striving instead for short-lived power in the old-fashioned way.

A most glaring failure to discern the trend of the times came after World War I when the United States suddenly shifted from a debtor to a creditor nation. Germany was the big debtor of the world and the United States was the ultimate big creditor. It was vital that the United States learn to act as a creditor nation must act. When the United States refused to do so, it was inevitable that Germany in her desperation would en-



Flossy Pearson

The only truly unbalanced budget is labor not at work. We may face the future with the greatest confidence provided both the newspapers and the larger business men discern clearly the signs of the times and work harmoniously with government in revising of tax laws for risk capital, in the drawing up of plans for the sale of self-liquidating exports of heavy goods to so-called backward nations, and in the provision for adequate and prompt large-scale government work on highways, air ports, river valley authorities and the like.

gauge in unwise and violent action. The newspapers and magazines of the United States did not train the American people in the simple algebra of international relationships. This failure to discern the signs of the times was one of the main factors in costing the world nearly a trillion dollars, tens of millions of lives, and the story of the full cost may have just begun.

Another terrible failure which can cost us tens of billions of dollars has to do with the algebra of the circuit flow of money. Wage cutting and salary slashing can reduce our national income by 30 billion dollars annually and can by reducing consumption cause such unemployment as to make the annual interest charge on the national debt almost impossible to pay. On the other hand enlightened plans for the employment of 60 million people can produce a situation where the annual charge on the national debt can be carried almost as easily as in the decade of the twenties.

Thought should be given without

prejudice to fiscal devices which will not increase either public or private debt, which will insure full employment and which will not produce inflation. Some modern Macaulay should educate the public as to the difference between public and private debt and as to the ease with which public debt can be carried provided labor is fully and productively employed. The newspapers, if they really discerned the trend of the times, would cease spending so much effort scaring American tax payers. Rather they would center their attention on the full employment problem. If all labor is at work at good wages nothing very serious economically can happen to us here in the United States.

In a country like the United States the press should be as sacred a calling as the ministry. Under the Bill of Rights the press is given freedom of expression. By Congress it has been given the second class postal privilege which means a continuous subsidy by the Federal Government. The one

great improvement in the press which I would crave is the continual backing by the publisher of every editorial writer, news gatherer, columnist, and feature writer who honestly and intelligently strives to discern the trend of the time and presents his observations interestingly on behalf of the general welfare. The essential lament in truth for mankind is the accurate discerning of the trend of the times. Therefore both newspaper men and radio commentators should be encouraged by their backers to study the past and present in terms of the future. Every day each person connected with the publishing business should ask, "What can I do this day that will most fully unleash the constructive energies of the American people? How can I challenge their attention? Are there new psychological or mechanical devices available? Our paper must carry with it the ring of efficient sincerity, eager awareness of the world, and fundamental wisdom."

There must be a mission. There must be a high resolve. There must be a clean, enduring policy in the public service.

The modern world owes a great debt of gratitude to Marshall Field. He has given freely of his money to many worthy causes. That is good as far as it goes but it should be observed in passing that many evil men have done the same. The significant thing about Marshall Field is that he has invested himself as well as his money. After all, that is the Christian test. You remember Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal," which we

learned in school, "The gift without the giver is bare." Marshall Field is giving himself as well as his money to *The Sun*. He is trying resolutely and honestly to discern the trend of the times so that the people of the United States will not be 25 years late in understanding what is going on in the world.

We must know about the advance in the standard of living, the improved methods of production, and the aspirations of the people in all parts of the world and especially in the so-called backward areas. The people are on the march all over the world and there is nothing the reactionary forces in the United States can do to stop it. But we can, if we are sympathetic, channel these revolutionary forces for the constructive welfare of the whole world. It is the essence of liberalism to be interested in the worldwide problem of humanity as it affects the local human situation. I believe that Marshall Field and the *Chicago Sun* have been called of the Lord to discharge a very important duty on behalf of liberal humanitarianism here in the central part, the backbone, of the United States. This chosen land of ours must not again be led astray by false prophets. May the *Chicago Sun* grow with even greater speed during the next three years. May the future be blessed with more Marshall Fields.

At a particularly loud clap of thunder, a lady walking along a London street involuntarily and visibly started.

"It's all right, lidy," said a passing urchin. "It ain't 'tler, it's Gawd."

A \$500,000,000 Program

ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *General Motors Board Chairman,*
appraises the opportunities and the dangers of the future.

IT APPEARS that the war is entering the last phase of what might be called its European stage. But it is by no means won. There is much yet to be done before Victory rewards the magnificent efforts of our armed forces.

The war production effort of General Motors continues at the moment with little aggregate change. All resources, generally speaking, are still being fully utilized. Revisions in production schedules on existing war products and the need of new and different types of war products brought about by changes in demand and the experiences of combat are logical reflections of the more advanced stage of the conflict. Engineering changes continue to absorb the efforts of the technical staffs. War demands both quantity and technical quality. Supremacy in both is essential to a successful conclusion. Both are now available to our armed forces—thanks to the capacity of American enterprise. But to maintain and improve that position until the very end will require continued effort.

THE PROBLEM OF RECONVERSION

Under such circumstances little time and effort are available for the consideration of *what* is to happen postwar and *what* is to be done about it. On the other hand, the time is rapidly approaching, and can not be

longer delayed without great danger to our peacetime objectives, when industry must meet the problem of reconverting its facilities in part and eventually in whole to peacetime needs.

In contemplating this problem General Motors is not unmindful of its responsibility to its stockholders and to its organization, both executives and workers, as well as to the economy as a whole. It realizes that the manner in which the reconversion of industry is carried out is certain to have a profound effect on its future opportunities. It recognizes that the reorganization of its production facilities is a gigantic task. Likewise it recognizes the hazard of trying to appraise both the opportunities and the dangers of the future in the face of great uncertainties. Yet the problem exists. An answer must be found. The purpose of this message is to make clear, so far as is possible at this time, the concept of the management with respect to General Motors' postwar program and the underlying reasoning in support of that concept.

PATTERN OF POSTWAR BUSINESS ACTIVITY

First, we start with the premise that there is developing a broad potential demand for all categories of consumer durable and semi-durable goods resulting from the suspension

or curtailment of peacetime production during the war. Likewise, a broad potential demand is developing for capital goods both because of the depreciation and obsolescence of equipment which could not be replaced during the war and because of the need to bring into production new products as well as postwar designs of existing products.

Modern history records the fact that after big wars there follows a period of great business activity. Only in duration and intensity does the pattern vary. All the circumstances point to a recurrence of such activity at the end of the present conflict, probably on a greatly intensified scale. No former war has seen such a great concentration of economic forces directed toward a single objective and one not in any way concerned with normal peacetime needs. Moreover, in the 25 years since the last conflict our productivity has enormously expanded in volume and variety. In World War I American industry was just preparing to change over to total war production at the time of the armistice. In the present conflict it has long since been completely converted. Our participation in the former war was only for a comparatively short period, already far exceeded in the present war.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE NECESSARY

Second, we may safely accept the additional premise that there is being accumulated an enormous backlog of potential purchasing power. Consumer short-term indebtedness has been greatly reduced, and the reser-

voir of instalment purchasing power is again available. In addition, it is estimated that individuals and businesses have accumulated a backlog of wartime savings that will exceed 100 billion dollars at the end of 1944. Hence it seems likely that, at least temporarily after the period of reconversion is completed, there will be a period of intense business activity as compared with prewar standards. But to make this possible we must have a foundation of public confidence. If the problems incident to the transition are not solved effectively and realistically and, most important, promptly on the part of both industry and government, the trend of business activity may turn downward with a resulting prolonged period of serious unemployment. The kind of start we make and the direction we take after the armistice are of great importance.

THE BASIS FOR SOUND PLANNING

It is most important to recognize that this prospective upward trend of business activity will be largely synthetic in origin. It will not be based upon an economic balance between production and consumption. It will be the result of a backlog of potential demand supported by a backlog of purchasing power. To accept it as the pattern of economy for the longer-term position ahead would be unsound. To plan any business enterprise upon such an assumption would be far from realistic.

Business opportunity depends upon business aggressiveness and upon business leadership. But it also depends,

and importantly so, upon the economic environment as determined by national policy. The latter can serve either to encourage the expansion of enterprise or to discourage such expansion to the point that development is largely frozen. The field of business opportunity must always be appraised for its long-term as well as its short-term possibilities, and likewise as to whether the underlying factors are sound and likely to be permanent or are synthetic in origin. No intelligent measure of the future of any business is possible without consideration of all such circumstances.

One requisite of a successful business is the ability to deliver products of an advanced type at a competitive price at a time when the customer is prepared to buy, and in quantity to meet in full the demands of all customers in all markets. Only by recognizing such a formula can the position of any business enterprise be maintained and strengthened.

CONCEPT OF GENERAL MOTORS POSTWAR

Certain questions arise from what has been stated in the preceding paragraph. Upon the answers depend the whole concept of General Motors postwar. First, what is the consumer demand of the early postwar period likely to be for General Motors products? Second, what is the relationship of that demand to the longer-term position beyond? Third, what is the national policy to be with respect to business enterprise as importantly determining the scope of business opportunity?

The answer to the first question is

ascertainable with a reasonable degree of accuracy by statistical analysis, assuming the problems of the transition are effectively solved. The answer to the second question depends in great part upon the answer to the third. And the answer to the third involves a great amount of uncertainty. Its determination importantly depends upon whether the attitude of the prewar "thirties" towards business is to be the attitude of the postwar "forties." But the answer must be found.

IMPACT OF NATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICY

The concept of General Motors postwar is based upon these beliefs: that the people of our country, as a result of the war, have found new inspiration in an opportunity to do something worth while and to work for the things they want; that economic "fantasies" will have died with the war; that a changed attitude will inevitably reflect itself in new and different national economic policies that will broaden the field of business opportunity; that the expanded bureaucracy will be duly deflated with the end of the war—and because our people will, through this preview of regimented economy, recognize its depressive influences and its restrictions on their freedom of action and opportunity.

Perhaps this conception of the postwar era will not be justified by future events. But it is because of these beliefs that General Motors moves forward as it does. There is every reason for thinking that the nation is awakening to a new appreciation

of what industry seeks to achieve, a better understanding of industry's role in the economy and a wider recognition of economic realities.

It is not my purpose to define in detail what is believed to be essential to insure an expanding economy in the longer-term postwar era. That is another matter. Herein let me state in general terms the underlying beliefs of the management as to the proper policy to pursue and *why*, as the business passes from war to peace and into the longer-term position beyond.

A 500 MILLION DOLLAR PROGRAM

General Motors' postwar program divides itself into five component parts.

First, expenditures must be made for rearrangement in order to reorganize production facilities to resume production of motor cars, trucks and all other products that constitute our peacetime order of things. Generally speaking, every plant must be stripped to the bare structure and laid out along entirely different lines.

Second, equipment sold to others as a part of the wartime cooperative program must be repurchased or replaced to restore prewar capacity.

Third, the necessity of a complete reorganization of facilities will afford an opportunity of modernizing all equipment in line with existing standards of technology. Industry must always seek lower costs because that means lower selling prices and hence increased vol-

ume with expanding job opportunities. There has been little replacement of machinery and equipment during the war. All facilities have been subjected to severe usage involving continuous operation under unfavorable operating conditions with less than normal maintenance. Reserves provided by General Motors for depreciation and obsolescence will have increased in three years by an aggregate amount of something like 150 million dollars.

Fourth, prewar capacity will be expanded to provide facilities to meet the potential but abnormal demand of the immediate postwar period, all in proper relationship to what the longer-term possibilities have been estimated to be. In our automobile operations new assembly plants are contemplated to effect better distribution of cars with a resulting savings in cost. Aside from our motor car interests we have other products to develop. Some activities, like our Electro-Motive Division, are still in early stages of development.

Fifth, expenditures will be needed to provide better facilities and service for our employes, as well as for an expansion of other facilities not directly related to production.

General Motors' postwar concept has been dramatized as a "500 Million Dollar Program." Expenditures are likely to reach, if not to exceed, that amount. The funds for these expenditures, as well as the additional working capital required, will be provided out of general corporate

resources, representing in part existing depreciation reserves and other reserves set up out of income for re-conversion expense and in part profits retained in the business.

PREREQUISITES TO JOB OPPORTUNITIES

It might be argued that any concept of General Motors postwar that is limited to the consideration of production facilities is putting the cart before the horse. That is recognized. But the concept basically involves far more than production facilities. It involves research, engineering, distribution, over-all policy and its administration. These are the fundamentals. They are all preliminary to production—and jobs. Jobs are the result of a combination of capital, management and opportunity. The number of jobs cannot be determined in the abstract by some arbitrary method.

It is important to recognize these facts because jobs are unquestionably a social, economic and political "must" of the postwar period. Undoubtedly the world faces many momentous problems, the satisfactory solution of which will determine whether we win the peace after we have won the war. But the one single problem that affects the happiness and security of—and hence means the most to—the greatest number is: Will there be the opportunity to work?

Hence it is clear that there is far more to the problem than facilities alone. Research must be intensified to develop new products and new techniques. Engineering facilities must be expanded to make existing products better and at lower costs. Capa-



ble management must be available. Sound and aggressive policies must be established to insure the most effective assembling of all the component parts of the operating program. All are vital in capitalizing production facilities and expanding job opportunities. All will be given proper consideration.

Such, in general, is the concept of General Motors postwar as it stands at this writing. It is believed to be an aggressive step forward in the evolution of General Motors toward still greater accomplishments. Bold planning is vital in order that business may do its proper part in meeting the demands of the future. The situation demands aggressive action by business leadership along a broad front and to the full extent justified by individual circumstances. The aggregate effect would be to contribute to the winning of the peace and the building of a stronger foundation of free-enterprise as the motivating force of the economy of the future.

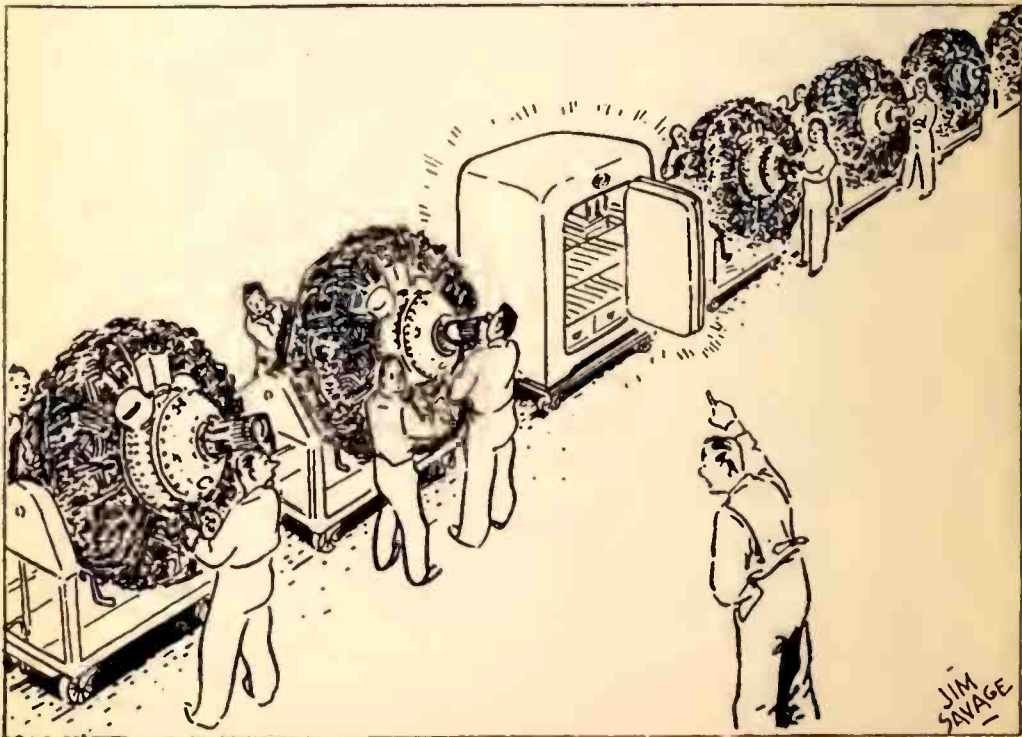
LOOKING AHEAD

In evaluating the long-term opportunity, General Motors believes that it is entirely a matter of how we man-

age our affairs. And "we" might be defined as business leadership in general, together with Government and its attitude towards business as evidenced by national economic policies that so importantly determine the scope of business opportunity.

There can be in fact no real ceiling on opportunity if science continues to move forward. Science is the real source of all economic progress. And it might well be said that we are just beginning to make a start in our understanding of the marvels that are available to us through scientific research. Our objective should be the capitalization of such opportunities in terms of a constantly ad-

vancing standard of living. It is not difficult to know *what* to do. But it is most difficult to get that done which must be done. The need for removing obstacles limiting business opportunity and the expansion of job opportunities has been lost sight of in the enormous demands of war. But these obstacles will return to plague us when that abnormal incentive is removed. The first object of attack is to eliminate these obstacles and with that as a foundation to move forward and build a superstructure of national economic policy that will serve to revive the spirit of venture. That is what made America what it is today.



"Who sent out that peace feeler?"

—from "The Wasp Nest."

Hitch Your Theatre to a Star

EDITH J. R. ISAACS, *Editor of "Theatre Arts," writes a thoughtful article on "How To Give a City a New Soul."*

ONE day in early summer, just as our armies started slugging their brave way up from Rome, three articles, obviously unrelated and with no apparent relation to the theatre, appeared in a single issue of *The New York Times*. Obviously unrelated, yes; but fitted together they were transformed by some strange alchemy into a hopeful pattern for community living in America after the war. They seemed clearly to point a way to break through that overpowering sameness which has dulled our naturally lively American eyes and ears; to give back to our cities and towns the souls too many of them have lost. And when you talk of giving a city a new soul, of course you think of the theatre as an active means to that desirable end.

A bright editorial noted the young suburban lieutenant who was the first American soldier to look down on the Tiber, and the Brooklyn youngster who drove the first tank across the Via Casilina: "To say that the New World has met the Old World is not so thrilling as to say that a boy from 3081 Third Avenue has just driven past the sacred grove where old King Numa Pompilius used to meet the nymph Egeria for lessons in political science;" and so on to other names that stirred the memory of myth and mystery.

The second article took its theme nearer our own day. A survey conducted by the War Department was authority for the statement that a large percentage of veterans being discharged from the Army not only did not want their old jobs back, they did not even want to return to their old communities.

The third article reported an address before the National Wartime Conference. The speaker was a man who has watched the sun and the stars so long that the earth's time and space cannot frighten him. It was a gay speech and forward-looking. It was, however, introduced by this solemn paragraph: "Prof. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard College Observatory, called upon scientists, artists, professional and white-collar workers 'not to leave to practical politicians or to uniformity-producing . . . broadcasters, the shaping of the future.'" With a preface like that, one might easily have missed what followed, unless by a lucky chance his eye fell upon this:

"The major hope, in this brief confession of optimism, is that the local American community will grow in cultural self-sufficiency. We are quite willing to give over to international organization the responsibility of the larger political and economic management, if such delegation means peace, efficiency, and progress. But

let us work toward both a brave and a colorful New World through the maintenance of local customs and cultures. . . . As one contribution . . . the small community, we hope, will continue to live, and think, and play to itself."

The small community will, we hope, continue to live and think and play to itself! Try saying that to a "mass manufacturer" or a broadcaster or advertising executive. It does not sound like heretical doctrine, but he would probably turn upon you and declare that it is distinctly un-American in a land that is "all for one and one for all"; or perhaps—with a proudly modern gesture—that it is only another form of isolationism reduced to village terms.

It may be clear that the three diverse articles fitted neatly into a single frame. Picture an untraveled young American soldier, half-blinded to beauty by the regimentation of life and thought and play in most of our small cities, approaching the lovely hill towns of Italy, passing from Orvieto on its Etruscan hill to Assisi, rich with memories of Giotto and of St. Francis, through Perugia with its fountains and palaces, to Siena with its great market-place, its fabled Cathedral in which the victor horse is crowned after the Palio, past San Gimignano, Dante's City of Towers, and on to Florence, the Queen of all beauty. Every one of these hill towns is Italian to the core but even the least of them has a soul of its own, a culture, a style, a tradition of its own, that endears it to its dwellers. Even from Rome or from



UNION STATION,
KANSAS CITY

America, which are not places so much as symbols of fortune, men who were bred in the hill towns still look homeward with love and with longing.

Can we honestly say the same for the men born and bred in many of our American communities? We do not need the report of the War Department's survey on Employment to tell us that we cannot, because, with only a few exceptions—ten towns out of a thousand perhaps—there is little to distinguish the life or the culture of one American community from another. And this in spite of differences that a lavish nature has provided in the way of mighty mountains, wide plains, deep canyons, great rivers—a miracle of grandeur and variety. The railroad stations, the Main Streets, the bridges, the

shops, the houses, the churches and the schools are all alike. There may be woolen mills here and steel mills there and oil refineries farther away but the pattern of life—except as the difference is dictated by climate—is pretty much everywhere the same. Why? Dr. Shapley answers that when he says:

“Much of our thinking and feeling has been delegated to others through the domination of chain newspapers, broadcasting syndicates, and movie theaters. . . . It is alarming to realize how many of us hear the same news commentators, the same comedians and music analyzers; and to realize how many of us read the same comic strips, eat the same food, pin up the same girl, announce the same profound observations on the good-neighbor policy and the morals of Mussolini. Unconsciously, we have delegated our thinking, our feeling, much of our tasting, and even the intonation of our trite comments to a few score of men and women, mostly mediocre, who have gained access to our food jobbers, our broadcasting studios and our newspapers.”

Dr. Shapley, being a star-gazer, is not pessimistic about all this as we are sometimes tempted to be. He accepts the fact that it is too late to begin over; but at this hour of great changes we can still change:

“It is high time,” he says bravely, “we got started on a program of deliberate cultivation of community life. . . . A political internation and a universal economic agreement need not lead to a sterile uniformity in the cultural world. . . . That’s the point

to remember. Hills, valleys, deserts, mountains, the seashores, and the various belts of latitude will remain, notwithstanding the ingenuity and deviltry of man. And the climates, soils, waters, and scenery of various . . . localities can and will have a basic effect upon the folkways of whatever inhabitants choose to remain. . . . That localized cultures change slowly (whether of man, plant or animal), and with some care might be made almost permanent, is demonstrated in nearly all the large countries of the world by the present social and domestic differences in contiguous groups. Only if the world maintains these cultural human varieties, these endemic cultures, will it provide natural opportunities for evolution. *I mean evolution in taste and art, as well as growth in industry and natural science. For it is well recognized by the biologist that a uniform population changes but little, and that that small change is likely to be for the worse.*” (The italics are ours.)

But if we are to change our tack—to move consciously from an imposed sameness toward a natural diversity—how and where shall we begin? One way would be to borrow—without benefit of lend-lease—from our allies the Russians, to borrow not only their purpose to develop within each separate Soviet every evidence of local or national culture and tradition, but, more particularly, to borrow the free and fearless use of the word soul, and with it the free and fearless defense of the idea that it represents.

Our government and our private philanthropies are already organized to offer the fullest scientific cooperation to our returning fighters and to other citizens who have suffered from the shocks of war, in order to bring our physical stamina back to par.

Our entire educational system, from the secondary school to adult education, is laying foundations for a new "liberal" structure to develop the minds of the community. And although every community will probably not get the education it desires, it will, very likely, get the education it deserves.

But the soul of a community, unlike the body and the mind, builds not only with what we get but with what we give. A lively soul does not require much pampering. All it needs is not to be stifled by the "super-colossal" or the singing commercial and to be given peace and room enough to spread its wings; or, to put it in another way, time and

the opportunity to contemplate and to create. The soul of a community most often finds outer expression through the arts, music and painting, architecture and poetry and through all of these arts fused in the arts of the theatre.

The theatre building is a natural home and a focus for a city's creative endeavor. It can be a resting-place, a workshop or a laboratory, an arena or a forum, an approach to reality or an escape from it into the world of the imagination, a vista down the past or into the future. Its workers can dig into the soil and the history of the land and the people and relate them to other times and other peoples. If we have the desire and the talent and the will to make it so, every community theatre can be made a mirror of the life and the hopes of the town in which it exists. It is something worth thinking about and worth working for—now, at the hour of change.

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

John Kemble was performing one of his favorite parts at a small country theatre. From time to time he was interrupted by the squalling of a small child in the gallery. At last, annoyed by the rival performance, Kemble walked solemnly to the front of the stage and addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, that child cannot possibly go on!"

An extra came up to Helen Westley, elderly character actress, who had appeared on the movie set. "Why, Miss Westley, she gushed, "what are you doing in this picture?"

"My dear," the reply sped back, "hadn't you heard? I furnish the sexagenarian appeal."

No actress ever enjoyed a more touching tribute than one received by Helen Hayes when she was portraying the role of Mary of Scotland. One winter afternoon she emerged from the stage door just as darkness was falling, and there stood a small boy gazing rapturously up at her. He said nothing, but on the next afternoon, he was there again. And after several successive matinees, he still appeared faithfully. One afternoon he stepped forward impulsively and thrust something into her hand. As he fled down the street, Miss Hayes found she was holding a small box. She opened it and found a little gilded medal that bore the inscription, "Scholarship Medal, Public School 42. 1933."

What John Smith

Thinks of *Hans Schmidt*

By CECIL BROWN

An observer and reporter of world affairs asked the question across the nation. Here's how Americans feel about Germans.

WHAT John Smith thinks of Hans Schmidt, even in the midst of war-time passions, is not simply a case of John saying, "Hans, I intend to beat you into a pulp." The attitude of the American toward his economic, or social, or even physical counterpart in Germany is entangled in many factors.

John Smith is supposed to be an average American, but an average American is quite as difficult to find as an average Englishman. With respect to the American attitude toward the Germans there are two well-defined and easily recognized John Smiths.

John A. Smith is fighting the German people, the men and women of Germany. John B. Smith is fighting the Nazis and, to him, the German people are all right.

This double standard applied to the people of Germany forces the two John Smiths in the United States to see two Hans Schmidts in Germany. One is an evil fellow with a swastika on his arm—he's probably in the German army. The other is the much more numerous German whom John Smith thinks has been misled, heiling Hitler while he hates the

Nazis, an unwilling victim of all that Germany has done in the past ten years.

So Americans see two different kinds of people in Germany. Both the amount of hatred Americans feel for Germans and the extent of our extenuation of the Germans are tied up with America's history, hatred for all war, extensive isolationism, confusion about why we are fighting this war, hesitancy about facing the full impact of international responsibility, a skepticism about what we are told, and the relative smallness of our casualties, compared to that suffered by other nations.

What both the John Smiths think of both the Hans Schmidts of Germany is based on a survey I made through thirty-five of the most populated states, asking questions of people in all economic groups from coast to coast.

One of the many questions I asked was: "Are you fighting the German people?"

Slightly more than fifty percent of the Americans I questioned answered in the negative. Their usual answers were, irrespective of their economic or regional grouping:

"No, I'm fighting Hitler," or "I am fighting the Nazis," or "I'm fighting the German form of government."

The others, however, said they definitely were fighting the German people, every man and woman. To test the sincerity of their statements, to find out if these people were saying what they meant and were thinking in straightforward terms, I posed this brutal question both to men and women:

"You say you are fighting the German people. Now suppose you were the bombardier in the last plane

of a bombing formation which already had destroyed your target, an aircraft factory.

"There is no need for you to drop any more bombs on it. But your instructions had been to destroy the target and any other object which might hinder our victory.

"You see that the airplane factory is destroyed. But a mile away you see two hundred German women aircraft workers who had escaped from the factory when the air raid sirens sounded. Now my question is, would you drop your bombs on those two hundred German women who made airplanes?"

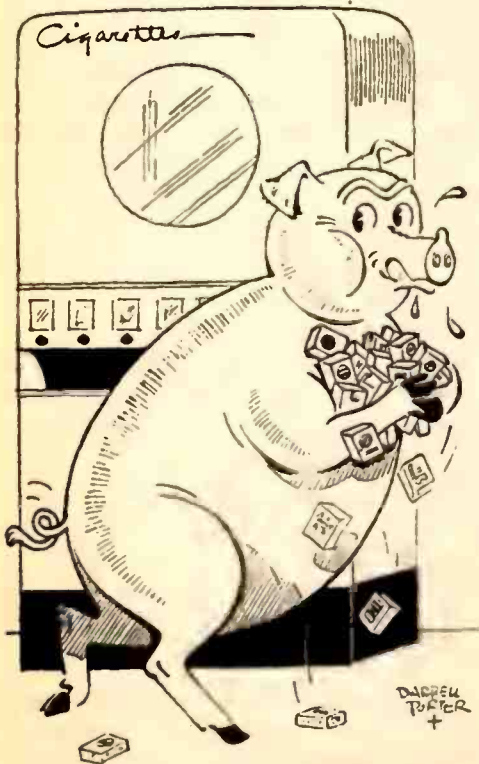
The question shocked most people. Some of those who determinedly had said they were fighting the German people recoiled—and retracted.

Others stayed at their bombsight. "Of course I would," said a grower of apples in upper New York state. "Those women make the planes that shoot down our men. Everyone is in this war and, to me, those women would be the same as soldiers."

"No," said an industrialist in Virginia, "those people are victims of the war just because they are Germans. It is the fault of their leaders."

But a banker sitting beside the industrialist took the opposite view. "In the last war we fought the Kaiser. That's what I did in uniform, and look where we are today. This time I'm fighting the German people, every damn one of them. Sure, I'd drop that bomb."

Our John Smiths of the two views are found in every economic group



—from "The Wasp Nest."

If some people could see themselves
as others do—

and in all parts of the nation. A middle-aged prosperous looking physician in Maine used almost the same words as a copper miner in Montana.

Each said: "Yes, of course, I'm fighting the German people. Who else would we be fighting? Why charge it up to their leaders? If the German people didn't want Nazism, they wouldn't have it."

Out of the mouths of other John Smiths (and Dorothy Smiths as well) come certain constantly repeated phrases: "... fighting Hitlerism and his form of government . . . the people are victims . . . the people are subjugated . . . the people are all right, they produced luxuries and scientific things . . . some of the Germans are just as much against the war as we are . . . no, I like the German people very much . . . I am very proud of the German blood in me . . ."

These expressions are by no means confined to the Middle West. They are to be heard from people one asks at random in the New England states, in the South and on the Pacific coast. I did find, however, that they were expressed with greater frequency in the states of the Middle West.

Other John Smiths, in the Middle West and in other regions of the country, have a deep prejudice against the Germans, even despite their German blood.

There was the Ohio steel worker for example, a second generation American of German descent. "Sure, I'm fighting German people, and any

cousins I might have over there. The German people have been going mad for about a hundred years. They are mad dogs, and that's all there is to it."

John Smith's confusion as to our purposes in fighting this war also spills over into his attitude toward Hans Schmidt. Talking with people at random over the country, you get an overwhelming impression of the absence of agreement on why the war is being fought. This benefits Hans Schmidt because as a result of our confusion, Hans emerges as a shadowy person, even someone worthy of pity and, in any event, deserving of understanding.

Many a John Smith is still victimized by the clever propaganda job done by the Germans on the Treaty of Versailles. Hans Schmidt, they say, is really not a bad fellow and if the German people had been given better treatment then, we would not have this war now.

It is not that our John Smiths—or most of them—have any ingrained objection to fighting the people of a country. The proof is that a majority of Americans, about seventy-five percent of those I talked with, told me they are fighting the people of Japan.

Some John Smiths impressed me as being too busy nursing a hatred for the Japanese to be able to engender much emotion over Hans Schmidt. Of course, on the Pacific Coast the concern to whip Japan is much greater than it is elsewhere. Yet I did not find the attitude there toward the Germans very dissimilar to that in other parts of the United States.

The relative proximity to Japan of the people in the Western States of California, Oregon and Washington makes them more interested in the Pacific war, but in the Middle West and on the Atlantic seaboard, the enmity for the Japs is quite as strong. The difference is one of *interest* in the war.

Isolationism is far from vanquished in the United States; hence a unified sense of international responsibility is far from developed.

Many John Smiths who said they were fighting the men, women and children of Germany impressed me as determined that the German people must be held responsible for the deeds of their rulers. In fact, I occasionally heard the cliché, "People get the government they deserve." "The Germans always are making wars," and "Hitler wouldn't have lasted if the people didn't want him," and "we should have learned our lesson last time,"—said these John Smiths.

But these, even those who limited their condemnation of Germans to "the Nazis and the Prussian militarists" were in the minority among the thousands of John Smiths who expressed their views to me.

The John Smiths who said they are fighting every Hans Schmidt and his *frau* expressed their view with an obvious air of daring. Frequently they gave me the impression that they were a little bit shocked at their own words.

That shock came, I think, partly because Americans essentially are a good-hearted people and don't like to attribute to others any greater viciousness or brutality than they themselves possess.

The German record of brutalization and atrocities is pretty well known.

I have reported some of the factors which make up John Smith's prejudices. Stories of Japanese atrocities he, for the most part, believes; stories of German atrocities are greeted with a sharp skepticism.

John Smith is three thousand miles away from the "foreigner" who is being tortured or murdered. It is difficult for him to visualize the scene, the person or the anguish. But the wrathful reaction in this country to the verified accounts of the American soldiers' "death march" on Bataan is evidence that when an American is the victim, the stories become believable.

◆ THE HAZARDS OF WAR

One of the boys from the "Winged Victory" cast told us this. He was in the movie version of the show, and while it was in filming, several of the soldier-actors had to dispense with shaving so their beards would approximate the McCoy. All went well until the beards began to reach that unsightly, unheroic scraggly stage. Then the M.P.'s began picking the boys up. Their honest explanation was pure fantasy to the M.P.'s. Finally the boys behind the beards had to be given a letter by the Commanding Officer to prove they actually were under orders NOT to shave.

When Will the War With Germany End?

*A Prophecy—
and a Warning
by Mutual's
"Flying Reporter."*

By BILLY REPAID

IN my very first broadcast in January, 1944, over the Mutual Network, I made my prediction about the coming year, and what we could look for in the way of progress in our war with Germany. I very definitely stated that in my opinion the year of 1944 would be a year of progress, great progress, but that January, 1945, would find us still fighting Hitler, more war conscious than ever. This was my forecast, and from it I have never wavered, although I hoped sincerely that I would be proved *incorrect*.

After we invaded Europe, on "D" Day, June 6th, 1944, and began to make such rapid moves across France, once again optimism ran high, and once again, some of those in high places began to talk of "V-E" Day, the day of Victory in Europe. In fact, you'll doubtless remember, that this kind of talk reached such stages, that plans were actually under way, as to the closing of stores, saloons, etc., when the news came that the war with Germany was over.

Despite these optimistic utterances, however (which I feel had a great deal to do with slowed down efforts on the home front, including the rush to get peace-time jobs), I at no time could agree with these forecasts, as my news programs have very clearly

indicated. From time to time, I have been criticized by some of my listeners for taking the stand that I did, in the face of statements from some in high places that the day of victory was just around the proverbial corner. I am sure I don't need to name any of these people to whom I refer, as you have heard and read their statements just as I did.

Today, one year later, I still do not foresee a short war in Europe. Although, goodness knows, I'd like to see it end tomorrow, as I have sons in the thick of it, as doubtless you have too.

Now, of course, I knew as you did that we must invade Europe and, frankly, looked for that main invasion to come across the English Channel. However, there was one thing in connection with that invasion I would like to have explained. As you well know, the Allied invasion fleet assembled off the south coast of England ready and waiting for the signal to move. Now, Hitler knew it was there, his reconnaissance planes had brought back that information. So the Germans knew it was there, and they knew *why* it was there.

Here then was the greatest military target the Germans ever had a chance to hit, and they missed it. WHY? When I put this question to those

who should know at least some of the answers I was told that it was impossible for the Germans to get through because the Allies held definite air superiority. Now follow me closely, please. The more important the target, the greater the risk the opposition will take, and one hundred per cent losses, that is, air losses, to my knowledge, have not been known in this war by either side.

So Germany certainly could have afforded to take great chances to strike at this huge target, and undoubtedly could have delayed the invasion indefinitely, and possibly compelled the Allies to change their schedule considerably. However, this was not done, and the invasion went ahead according to schedule. Again and again I brought up the question, why did Germany not at least try to break up this invasion fleet, and again and again I was told, first, Allied aerial supremacy and, second, Germany lacked the planes or the weapons with which to make the attack. This I doubted and still do.

Less than a week after we had landed in France, the Germans began sending over their V-1 rocket bombs, and the damage these new projectiles caused in England, has just recently been revealed. This proves that the Germans *did* have some means of destruction from the air—something new. When you know the full story of the death and destruction caused by these bombs in England, and realize that all this was accomplished without *one single German* crossing the English channel then you

can well realize that the Germans today are fighting a different kind of war than they were fighting twelve months ago. If they had these robot bombs then, why did they not attack the invasion fleet? It was a huge target. They knew it was there, yet they held their rocket bombs until after the invasion forces had landed. Why?

Well, here is my answer, and it may sound ridiculous to some people, and frightful to others. To my way of thinking it is indeed frightful. Germany has indeed perfected new weapons—England was the ground for experimentation. To successfully use these newer weapons to their best advantage, the Germans required a massing of allied forces at not too great a distance from the German homeland. Germany knew and knows today that by using the same tactics that we use, the same kind of weapons, the same kind of planes and guns, that the war would be just about over.

So the German mind, which could create and build such things as the cremation ovens at Maidanek in Poland, which could devise trucks for the exclusive purpose of asphyxiating civilians, has also produced death dealing automatons—call them V-1, V-2, V-3 or whatever you like—and these are not indeed the ravings of a mad man or the far fetched schemes of a Buck Rogers, but the newer weapons of destruction—swift, powerful and death dealing—with which Germany hopes to be able not to win the war but to

prolong it so that terms will be extended which will be easier than unconditional surrender.

In other words, the Germans knew they could never win the war by trying to keep us out of Europe; so the newer technique lets us come in, which we planned to do anyway, and with her secret weapons Germany is counting on methodical *mass murder* which will cause many in the allied nations to cry, "Why continue this senseless slaughter?" By this means the Germans hope a compromise peace may be brought about. This is Germany's plan, this is Germany's hope. This is the kind of enemy we

are fighting. A cunning, devilish enemy who will stop at nothing.

By these means, they may well be able to prolong the war to a far later date than most of us imagine. How long will this war with Germany last? Frankly, I don't know, neither does anyone else, but for my part, I say, let's be done with all these plans as to how we'll celebrate "V-E" Day and stay right on the job here at home, inventing, producing and perfecting the weapons with which to destroy the most methodical murderers the world has ever seen. And remember, that we're in this war ALL OUT, until the enemy is ALL IN.

Whose News Do *You* Believe?

Ray Dady of KWK, St. Louis, discusses the old "Newspapers vs. Radio" Argument.

PEOPLE are turning more and more to radio for their daily information, not only about the war, but about politics and statecraft, about disaster and crime, weather reports and all the other facets of news which go to make up the daily grist of great and small happenings in the world of today.

For several years the poll takers have been sampling the public attitude toward this question: "On which medium do you depend most for news coverage, the newspapers or the radio?" In each succeeding sample, the percentage has been shifting from a heavy preponderance in favor of

the newspapers, over to a growing dependence on radio. Today the two great media are almost tied, with radio having a slight edge.

This rapid growth is due to a number of factors. First, there is the element of speed. Radio's coverage of world affairs is almost instantaneous. The press does an incredibly fast job of setting up and re-plating their papers; but there is no way to compete with an open microphone which can carry an eye-witness description or the actual words of a speaker and transmit the message seven times around the world in one second. It is no wonder, in the face of this type

of news competition, that the newspapers have almost abandoned the practice of publishing "extra" editions. No matter how fast they work, their news is old when it reaches the street.

There is also a less tangible factor which has contributed to the rapid public acceptance of radio news. That is the factor of trust and "believability." Radio stations and networks have rejected the idea of an editorial policy. They do not support the candidates of one political party as opposed to the other. On the other hand, almost every informed person knows that the Chicago Tribune is "agin" Roosevelt and the Chicago Sun is "for" him. Where is the person who can say station ABC is for one political candidate and station XYZ is "agin" him? Winchell as an individual spokesman may be for Roosevelt, Upton Close as an individual may be "agin" him; but they do not speak for the networks that provide their facilities, nor the individual stations through which they are heard.

This middle-of-the-road, dead-center approach of the radio industry to controversial issue seems to have established in the minds of the listeners the conviction that they *can trust radio to be objective in its handling of the news*. This has particular application to the straight newscast as opposed to the commentator. Since the stations have no editorial policy, the public harbors little suspicion that the news, as such, will be colored or flavored to emphasize one story and play down another.

Few newspapers permit their editorial position to influence their coverage of news. As a matter of policy they will give full and accurate accounts of news developments to which they are directly opposed. But in the same issue they may turn the drumfire of editorial comment against a page one story, with the result that the reader begins to ask himself disturbing questions about the objectivity of the news coverage of that paper. Was the story on page one complete and honest? Was it deliberately selected to serve as a target for the editorial sharpshooters? The reader wonders, turns on his radio, hears the Orson Welles dramatization of the "War of the Worlds" and hustles his family into the storm cellar. Why? Because he believes it. He heard it on the radio and that's enough for him.

The late Wendell Willkie stressed the great reservoir of good will and confidence which the people of the world have in the United States. Yet he emphasized that unless our statesmen and our people assume the responsibility of helping to shape the destiny of the post-war world, unless the United States is willing to be a *leader*, that reservoir of good will will soon disappear.

There is a lesson for radio in the Willkie "One World" philosophy. Radio news has a tremendous reservoir of public good will and confidence. But unless radio newsmen bear with honesty and humility, the burden of stewardship which the public has placed upon them, that reservoir of good will can soon be empty.

Philharmonotes . . .

You like the music better when you know something about it. For a more intimate understanding of the Kansas City Philharmonic Concerts we print excerpts from the actual program notes by Dr. Robert D. W. Adams of the University of Kansas City, and others. The concerts will be heard in the Music Hall of the Municipal Auditorium. For information regarding available recordings of any composition listed, address the Music Editor of "Swing".

SIXTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,

January 2-3. *Efrem Kurtz conducting*
Assisting Artist, JAN PEERCE

SYMPHONY IN G MINOR, No. 40.....
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

It is difficult, perhaps, for the modern listener accustomed to the more impassioned utterances of Nineteenth Century romantic composers to believe that during the composition of this symphony, in which serene thoughtfulness seems so perfectly tempered with delicate good humor, Mozart was on the verge of despair. The work is the second of three immortal symphonies, written under pressure of the most distracting sort, in the incredibly brief period between the middle of June and the tenth of August, 1788. Mozart was in desperate need of money; sickness and death in his family had drained his resources, and during the toil of composing and producing the opera "Don Giovanni" the year before, he had lost most of the music pupils who were his chief income. He was heavily in debt, and creditors were "wearing out his door with their knuckles." Two thousand florins were needed to ease the pressure of debt; he had been able to raise but two hundred. Such were the circumstances under which he wrote his last three great symphonies. Mozart achieved this monument of symphonic writing (the SYMPHONY IN G MINOR, NO. 40) with the modest means of the Eighteenth Century orchestra—the usual strings, two horns, a flute, two clarinets, two oboes, and two bassoons.

WHERE'ER YOU WALK, from "Semele"
Handel
 DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL from
 "Jephtha"Handel
 WAFT HER, ANGELS from "Jephtha"
Handel

JAN PEERCE
 CORRAL NOCTURNE AND HOE-DOWN,
 from "Rodeo"Copland
 FIRST AND THIRD MOVEMENT FROM
 SYMPHONY IN G MINOR.....
Wiktor Labunski

This month Kansas City audiences will hear these movements for the first time. The composer, who is Director of the Kansas City Conservatory of Music, is Polish born and received most of his training in Russia. The composition is American born, dating from only a few winters ago, and created of the quality of American folk music. Parts of it have been played by the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, with Dr. Labunski conducting, and the Slow Movement ("Americana") was performed here about three years ago. Dr. Labunski appears frequently in recitals here and has three times been presented as soloist with the Philharmonic. His professional debut in 1912 was made in St. Petersburg, with Beethoven's Emperor Concerto. After serving as lieutenant in the first World War, he returned to his music and in 1928 made his American debut at Carnegie Hall.

O PARADISO, from "Africana".....
Meyerbeer
 LA DONNA E MOBILE, from "Rigo-
 letto"Verdi
 JAN PEERCE

SEVENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,
January 16-17, David Van Vactor, Assistant Conductor, conducting; Assisting Artists, ALEXANDER MURRAY, Violinist; ZARRA NELSOVA, Violoncellist

OVERTURE TO "THE MERRY WIVES
 OF WINDSOR".....Otto Nicolai

Composed on a libretto by Mosenthal from the Shakespeare comedy, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was produced in Berlin only two days before the composer's death. The overture, which remains the most popular portion of the work, is in the Italian potpourri style, built on fragments of themes in the opera, intended to be suggestive of amusing episodes that form the play.

SYMPHONIE ESPAGNOLE for Violin and
 Orchestra, D Minor, opus 21

.....Lalo
 ALEXANDER MURRAY

Here the violin, named first in the title, takes definite place as the solo instrument in what is for practical purposes a concerto in the modern sense. The title is probably justified by the larger and more significant role played by the orchestra than in the usual accompaniments to concertos of Lalo's time (1823-1892). Lalo was one of the first of a long line of French composers who interested themselves in the music of Spain; the late M. Ravel is perhaps the most recent notable example. Like Ravel, Lalo was predisposed to an interest in the subject of Spanish ancestry. Melodic idioms, rhythms, and even harmonies typical of Spanish folk-music are heard throughout the work.

JOYEUSE MARCHE.....Chabrier
 VARIATIONS ON A ROCOCO THEME FOR
 VIOLONCELLO AND ORCHESTRA....

.....Tschaikovsky

These variations were written about December, 1876, and dedicated to the composer's friend. Wilhelm Karl Friedrich Fitzenhagen, an instructor in 'cello at the Conservatory of Moscow, and first 'cellist in the orchestra of the Imperial Musical Society. The scheme of the composition is direct and simple. The rococo theme is announced in A major by the violoncello and is followed by seven variations. Tschaikovsky uses the term "rococo"

rather in the sense of "old fashioned." E. Markham Lee, in a study of the music of this Russian master, says: "The term 'Rococo,' together with its companions, 'Zopf' and 'Baroque,' refers to manner, and it is a term borrowed from architecture, where it refers to a highly ornamental period, denoting a certain impress derived from the study of a school of thought foreign to that of the artist's natural groove. One would therefore not expect the theme of this set of variations, though original, to be in Tschaikovsky's own distinctive style; nor is it really so, exhibiting rather a dainty Mozartian grace and simplicity, together with a certain rhythmic charm."

SYMPHONIE NO. 4 IN F MINOR, opus
 36Tschaikovsky

Beethoven and Tschaikovsky might be called the tragic poets of the symphony. But how different is their view of tragedy! Beethoven is essentially an optimist; Tschaikovsky is the poet of despair. The tragic fabric of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, conceived after the composer's complete loss of hearing, is yet a setting for a hymn to joy. If Fate knocks at the door in the opening raps of the Beethoven Fifth, the finale hymns man's triumph over fate. In the Tschaikovsky Fourth, the fate motive, blared out by sinister brasses intermittently through the symphony, appears still at the close, even after the composer's avowed attempts to show where joy may be found, still impudently mocking all of man's striving for happiness . . . The Fourth Symphony reflects the emotional shocks of a peculiarly tragic period in the life of the composer. In the summer of 1877 he made an unfortunate marriage, probably through pity, with a young woman (later found to be sub-normal mentally) who had admired him from a distance and had written to him telling of her love. The shock of this unnatural and undesired marriage brought about a complete nervous collapse: within two weeks he had fled from his bride and lay unconscious for two days.

When the doctors ordered the composer abroad for a complete rest, the means were provided by a wealthy patron, Nadejda von Meck, the widow of a Rus-

sian engineer. She had already given him some commissions, and now not only came forward with funds sufficient for the two years which he spent abroad, but offered him a permanent pension which would leave his time free for composition. The only condition attached to the gift was that the two should never meet. The symphony was completed in December, 1878.

EIGHTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT,
January 30-31. Efrem Kurtz, conducting;
Assisting Artist, WILLIAM KAPPELL,
Pianist

SYMPHONY NO. 4.....Schumann

Schumann's fourth symphony, in reality his second, was written in 1841, perhaps the happiest year of his life. It was the first year of his marriage to Clara Wieck, the famous piano virtuoso whose father's opposition to the marriage was overcome only after a long and distressing suit at law. They had settled in a small house

in Leipzig where, completely happy and in full confidence of his own genius and his wife's talents, Schumann faced the future most bravely. He was in contemplation of this symphony in May, 1841, according to a letter by Clara, but his manuscript score bears the date of June 7 as the time the actual work began. He delivered the finished score to his wife as a birthday present on September 13. It was first performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus on December 6 of that year. Schumann was not satisfied with its original form, and withheld it from publication. In 1851 it was revised and published as his fourth symphony.

SPIRITUAL FOR STRING CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA*Gould*
 I. Proclamation
 II. Sermon
 III. A Little Bit of Sin
 IV. Protest
 V. Jubilee
PIANO CONCERTO.....*Khatchaturian*

Swingin' with the Stars

**ATKINS AUDITORIUM
 NELSON ART GALLERY**

(Movies at 8 p.m. Admission free)

Jan. 5—Noel Coward's **CAVALCADE**.

Jan. 19—**THE THREE MUSKETEERS**, Douglas Fairbanks.

Jan. 26—Films by the advance guard of directors in Europe, following the first World War. (These pictures presented under sponsorship of Fox-Midwest, in the Museum of Modern Art series.)

1903-04. It's based on Sally Benson's book of about 3 years ago. Fresh, lively, and musical.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—It has Van Johnson. What more do you want? If you want more, there's Spencer Tracy, Robert Walker, and Phyllis Thaxter. Also a pretty magnificent event as the film's reason for being. Based on Major Ted W. Lawson's book, here's an account of the Doolittle fliers and their famous raid, plus a simple love story that all but steals the show.

TOMORROW THE WORLD—Skippy Homeier, the boy who won an award for his performance in the stage version, likewise turns the movie into an alarming commentary on what to expect from Nazi youth. Frederic March, Betty Field, Agnes Moorehead, and little Joan Carroll are also in the cast of this thoughtful and agitating picture.

THE NEWMAN

AND NOW TOMORROW—Loretta Young turns a deaf ear to Alan Ladd, in a picture based on Rachel Field's best seller. This is a spirited couple; Loretta performs adroitly as always in this story of a romance complicated greatly by meningitis, social caste, and Susan Hayward.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT—You'll be so engrossed with Lauren Bacall you may not notice what Hollywood has done to Hemingway. But that's beside the point. The point is that Bacall and Bogart are the toughest couple of lovers that ever smuggled Gaullists out of Martinique and hissed sweet nothings between their teeth. Hoagy Carmichael beats out some tunes. But it's Bacall's show, and very sultry.

Pictures expected in
 January at:

LOEW'S MIDLAND

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—The picture that gave us The Trolley Song. Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, Mary Astor, and others have family fun as the Smiths of

Swingin' with the Stars

(Continued)

RKO ORPHEUM

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY—A rather tender little story in which Dick Powell forsakes singing for other activities. Claire Trevor is his lovely.

BELLE OF THE YUKON—Gunplay and vocalizing in Alaskan Gold Rush days. Gypsy Rose Lee pursues a hectic happiness with Randolph Scott, while Dinah Shore, Boh Burns, Charles Winninger, et al, cavort about in period costumes and technicolor. Good lusty Saturday-night-Western stuff, with music, of course.

THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW—Edward Winkle Robinson as a family man caught up in dramatic circumstances which include Joan Bennett. Dan Durvea and Raymond Massey help this who-dun-it along to something like extraordinary power.

THE THREE THEATRES Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

WINGED VICTORY—Moss Hart, Darryl F. Zanuck, and the Army Air Forces turn out an entertaining account of how to win your wings and keep them. Lon McAllister and Barry Nelson head the large cast, most of whom were in the stage production.

CAN'T HELP SINGING—Light costume piece, very prettily done up in technicolor. Deanna Durbin, in hoops, lands at Independence, Missouri, and other points, singing Kern-Harburg songs to Robert Paige, Akim Tamiroff, and Leonid Kinskey, among others. Nice wholesome musical.

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM—A. J. Cronin's dignified novel comes to the screen with Gregory Peck in the leading role. He turns in a distinguished performance, along with Thomas Mitchell, Rosa Stradner, and others. A beautiful, affirmative picture.

THE TOWER

A stage show between a double feature. The accent is heavily Western on the screen, with a good many rousing mysteries and bright comedies thrown in. Stage acts usually worth seeing.



Call the **RED CROSS**—HA. 2341—for an appointment with the Blood Bank. Volunteer workers needed in the production department for filling Army and Navy kits, etc. Motor Corps motor mechanics classes at Manual High School, 9 a. m. Saturday; 7 p. m. Thursday. Nurses' Aides needed; call for info.

Call **VOLUNTEER SERVICE BUREAU**, Y.W.C.A., Victor 7535, Room 500. They have a lot of things you can do.

SALVAGE DRIVES are still on. Your butcher still gives you 2 red points for each pound of waste **KITCHEN FAT** you take in. Army, Navy, and industrial plans need **RAGS**. Turn them in to any charity organization. There's no source of essential tin ore in this country. Wash, remove wrapper and ends, step on all **TIN CANS**, and keep them ready for regular collection. **WASTE PAPER** is Number 1 critical material in entire war program. Save papers, magazines, boxes, and bags. Watch papers for dates of regular pick-up.

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF, 1330 Grand, needs volunteers either individually or in groups for sewing. All garments are cut out, sewing is simple. It may be done in their workroom or in your own home or club room. Also knitting to be done and the filling of household utility kits. Or you might stay around and help sell the Russian novelty gifts.

An average of 750 showers are taken daily at the **SERVICE MEN'S CLUB**, 15 East Pershing Road. You can help by giving soap and towels. The Club also

You Can Help—

Bring 'Em Back Alive!

WRITE better, more cheerful, shorter and more frequent letters. The Post Office will give you 3 sheets of V-MAIL per day, gratis.

needs homemade pies and candy, and fruit, particularly small Delicious apples.

The **LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER**, 2047 Main, needs homemade cookies and candies, as well as fruit and cigarettes. Soap and towels, too.

Wanna be a Senior Hostess? Or a dependable Staff Aide between five and seven p. m.? Call the **U.S.O. CLUB**, 3200 Main, LO. 7525. Staff Aide does office work, and they need 'em badly. Sheets, towels, pillow cases, blankets, and razor blades will help the boys make themselves at home.

The same equipment would help out the **SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL**, also. It's at 1021 McGee.

Maybe you'd really like to give the **KANSAS CITY CANTEEN**, 1021 McGee, your lovely Oriental rug or a pair of stuffed love birds. But make your giving count! The boys and girls would rather have **MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS**; new juke box records; sheet music; cookies, cakes, pies, or doughnuts. Don't try to be different! Just stick to the pattern; that's what the kids want! Army style blankets—no satin bindings! Ash stands, lobby type! **THEATRE TICKETS** to the really good attractions, not the things you didn't want to see, anyway. When you find you can't use that Music Hall ticket, call VI. 9266. And here's a thought for **BUSINESS FIRMS**: If each of you in town gave one ream of your plain stationery, you'd never miss it—and the Canteen would have enough to supply all homesick G.I.'s. They need 2 **TYPEWRITERS**, too, any kind or condition. And **FREE COFFEE**.

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

(Continued from Page 1) . . .

For Food and a Drink...

CONGRESS RESTAURANT—3529 Broadway. A rangy lounge turns into a dining room on the other side, where you'll find food whipped up by Buster Rohovit who used to be at the Athletic Club. They serve a good hearty salad. You may recognize Floyd, the colored waiter and a landmark here. Bill Caldwell at the keys is by way of becoming a permanent fixture, too. He plays piano and organ at the same time with considerable ambidexterity. Pete Pearson, the manager, says, come Victory, there'll be colored lights over the bar again, and the horn o' plenty will change color every few minutes. And again you'll think it was that last one you drank!

DUFFEY'S TAVERN—218 West 12th. "Where you don't 'meet the elite' but you eat." It says here. You also drink. You also listen to Joe Hamm, Whitey Hayes, and Little Buck Buckner break into a ballad at the drop of a night cap. "Just another night on 12th Street, folks!" That will be Joe's voice rising above the general din, making everybody at home. He and Whitey knock themselves out in song at the various tables, with Lola Rardin playing a patient accompaniment. She used to be with Major Bowes. Little Buck will sing a tune, warm your heart, light your cigarette, and make you believe a mellow stupor is the glow of genius. You'd never believe he's old enough to have a college-age son. He is, and he does. Duffey's have their own barbecue pit, and the town's tallest bartender. He's six-foot-seven. There's nothing subtle about Duffey's, but as the sign says, "Gentlemen will behave. Others must."

FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT—1211 Baltimore. Since Jim Lee, the place has been re-decorated and remodeled. Harry Turner, the new owner, has made

it a lively room, and Maurice Jester supplies an attractive menu. Try their fried chicken some time, or their sbrimp Creole. Lunch-eons in the main room or the dining room adjoining are served from 11:30 to 2:30, dinner from five till ten. Hostesses Effie Helgesen and Beulah Jester will be around to see that you're comfortably seated and promptly served. There's a bar, too, of course, if you'd rather just sit and stare at yourself in the mirrors.

ITALIAN GARDENS—1110 Baltimore. Lay end-to-end all the spaghetti served at the Gardens in the last 20 years and it would make a corduroy bigway, seven lanes wide, from here to Italy and back. (Rough estimate.) Signora Teresa's spaghetti and raviola dishes pull in stage and sports people from all over, to say nothing of daily bordes of home folks, who sit in the little latticed booths under portraits of Vincent Lopez, Simone Simon, et al, or at the crowded tables, happily winding their dinner on a fork. This is a family affair, with Johnny Bondon and Frank Lepari bustling about out front, aided by nephew Ralph Bondon, and Johnny's sister Teresa governing the kitchens. Two sisters and a niece are back there, too, along with Elbert Oliver who does the "man cookin'"—steaks and chops. Johnny says it takes a woman's touch for sauces and meat balls. He likes you to have wine with your meals, too; it's better taste. Ordinarily, the Gardens rank about fifth in the country for wine sales. The spaghetti is on at four each afternoon, until midnite. They're closed on Sundays.

JEWEL BOX—3223 Troost. From 2:30 till 5:30 Jimmy Townsend furnishes soothing piano obligato for your afternoon cocktails. By night there's strawberry blond Willy Ganz at the piano and novachord above the bar, managing a skilful blend of the classical and popular (in music). He plays from 9 till 10:45, and again from 11:30 till closing, after making a

quick dash for a broadcast. This is a clean, attractive little room; Ralph Fuller sees that it's kept that way. Aside from drinks and decent music, the specialty here is fried chicken and charcoal broiled steaks. Tops for the steak is \$1.25.

MORRIS DELICATESSEN—3121 Troost. The most unassuming establishment that ever put out the town's best delicatessen. There's a bar, rarely busy, and a lot of booths. The clientele who have learned, return time and again to partake in silent rapture of Morris's liederkrantz or braunschweiger sandwiches on wonderful Jewish breads, to bite into fat black olives, or a rich potato salad, or superb kosber pickles, to lick up the slices of spicy cold meats, and wash it all down with a bottle of beer or some fresh black coffee. If you prefer you can take the food home. This is one of the few places where you'll find real Russian paupernickel. Morris and his two daughters take care of most of the business. And the customers come of their own accord—with good reason!

OMAR ROOM—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. No haven for Omar, the Tentmaker, but for the rest of us, a pleasant meeting-place. A good many uniforms in evidence here. Hill and Dugan make listenable music; no singing in the wilderness, however! Down a couple or three steps is a semi-circular bar with a mirrored ceiling which may give you a fit at first—if you're a stranger here, yourself, or have had one too many. Jack Armordale, the chief barkeep, used to be at the old Chesterfield. (Remember?) If you can't find it yourself, ask Mr. Hutchinson to show you the mural of Khayyam underneath the bough, painted by Rex Werner, a Kansas City artist.

PLAZA BOWL—480 Alameda Road. Smartly south side, the Bowl offers recreation, food, and drink—all in attractive surroundings, smooth and modern. Most mornings find young Country Club matrons bowling away pounds and depressions, while Sunday morn-

For Food and a Drink...

ings are taken over by those men who find it hard to break away during the week. The Bowl Restaurant offers a fine bill of fare, and you'll enjoy the small cocktail lounge, which is especially busy around dinner time, just before the Kansans go home! Sam and Ned Eddy are the dapper gentlemen who keep this one of the Plaza's better draws.

PLAZA ROYALE—614 West 48th. The south side sister of the Town Royale, managed by Homer Demming, who is around most of the time, and Harry Newstreet. They used to run the Bit and Spur Club at the horse shows. remember, out in the American Royal Building. The decor of the Plaza Royale is modern, the clientele smart. This is one of the first of the spots to open after Prohibition, and it's still going strong. A lot of the original help are around. There's food, run up by Eddie Parker from noon on through mid-evening; and music by Zola Palmer at the Hammond organ.

PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR—10th and Walnut. Here's a haven for the tired business man, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief; for his secretary, and for the little woman who meets him after five. New decor comes from Janet Waldron, who has done some of the better spots about town. On the walls of the downstairs grill you'll find clever sketches of the business and professional man. Upstairs and on the balcony, as well as downstairs, new touches of green, yellow, and white put more light into the place, and bring up-to-date one of the more popular downtown stops. Take a look at the map above the fountain when it's finished. We think you'll find it interesting. A Price trademark is the big hot cinnamon rolls they always serve with meals. And of course, their candies are pretty sweet, too. Mr. Prater is the busy gentleman who helps you find a table.

PUSATERI'S COCKTAIL LOUNGE AND RESTAURANT—Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and

Broadway. What used to be the Empire Room (and before that, the Hyde Park Tea Room) reopens in January under the expert management of Gus and Jimmy Pusateri. If you know the quality of their downtown dinners, you'll know what to expect by way of excellence in food out here. There's entertainment at dinner and supper. The room is not open at noon.

PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER—1104 Baltimore. Here's a chummy little room just off the sidewalk, where you'll find a lot of the better people most of the time. Gladys Bagwell plays a nice piano; and Gus Pusateri is quite likely to drop around to your booth or table and make with the friendly feeling. With steaks such as the New Yorker serves, you don't need atmosphere—and the salad is truly out of this world! Jim Pusateri runs a mighty fine kitchen. Luncheon begins at 11:30 a. m. Dinner ends at ten. And let there be no moaning at the bar: Bartender Albert Caruso is a hudding Runyon; he writes little sketches about the people he meets!

RENDEZVOUS—Hotel Muchlebach—12th and Baltimore. A large, noisy room, paneled in red, and pleasantly gloomy after the manner of an English manor. A good place to talk over your drinks, since there's no music and your own conversation is confined to your table, in the general din. As for drinks, expect anything you order: the Muchlebach cellar is one of the most varied in the middle-west. You may recognize Gus Fitch in the Rendezvous; he's been around a number of years. Luncheon and dinner, thanks to Henri Elster, served from 12 to 3; 6 to 8:30.

SAVOY GRILL—9th and Central. Restaurants come and go, but the Savoy stays. It's an institution, complete with venerable atmosphere, marks of past splendor, and the mellowness of graceful old age. Which is not to say there's anything deceitful about the place. Where Chauncey Olcott, Eddie Foy, Sarah Bernhardt, William Jennings Bryan, Will

Rogers, Marie Dressler, and Theodore Roosevelt once went for steaks and sea food, today's celebs and other folk still flock. W. C. Gentry is having the kitchen remodeled, but the quality of the food needs no improvement. They still serve up a filet mignon or one-, two-, and three-pound lobsters in the same style. George Stevenson, John Wilson, and J. D. Brown will see to that. They've been with the Savoy 44, 41, and 32 years respectively. The murals, dating from away back, and painted by Edward Holstag, picture the Santa Fe Trail from old Westport to New Mexico.

TOWN ROYAL—1119 Baltimore. On the site of the grandeur that was the old Hotel Baltimore stands this casually comfortable cocktail lounge, housing a number of familiar figures: Whitey, the perennial waiter; Frank Jones, head barman; and Harry Newstreet, who manages the place. Harry attended the famous hotel school at Aix la Chapelle, long before it was Aachen and taken. Manuel Cervantes produces good food here, including a chicken sandwich au gratin that justifies interrupting your drinkin'. Zena Schenk and Mary Dale alternate at organ and piano. Brocades and a couple of big unobtrusive mirrors give the place a faintly houdoirish air. We said faintly.

WESTPORT ROOM—Union Station. Union Stations are fun, anyway, and that makes the station bar more fun than ever. You don't have to be taking a train or meeting someone to enjoy this one—if you can squeeze in! It's that popular. Genial Joe Maciel will seat you some place, though; or maybe it will be Jimmy King who greets you. You are assured of a full ounce and a half of what-it-takes to each drink. But before they get you ga-ga, do take a quick glance at the walls. We think the pioneer figures painted by Hildred Meire of New York are rather droll. Famous Fred Harvey management makes for just about the finest food in town, in the lovely restaurant beyond the bar.

IN KANSAS CITY

Just for a Drink...

EL CABANA—Hotel Phillips—12th and Baltimore. This is a smallish lounge with pretty girls waiting tables. A good drink, good Novachord melodies, and good talk are the bill of fare. You furnish the latter. Alberta Bird, a big-eyed beautifully-groomed gal who has a way with a tune, furnishes the music, alternating with Lenora Nichols. The dapper gentleman who looks so at home—and makes you feel that way, too—will be Charlie Hall. And the tall, distinguished person who may wander in and out is quite likely to be Mr. Phillips himself.

PINK ELEPHANT—On 12th Street between Baltimore and Wyandotte, in the State Hotel. Don't worry if you see Pink Elephants parading around the outside. They're really there, you can't miss it. Don't expect a seat inside, though. It's a hip-pocket edition of a bar, and somebody always gets there first. But it's worth several tries to see the movies. Give Loren a quarter and say please. He'll run off several reels of ancient comedy, vintage 1900 and up. Mr. Gerard says the films are changed each week, so there's no end to their variety.

THE TROPICS—Hotel Phillips—12th and Baltimore. You can't change the spots on the leopard, nor can simulated leopard turn this spot into any torrid zone. But for discreet drinking and dawdling, this is a charming enough haven, neatly tucked away on the third floor; and trimmed out with painted palms and Lula girls (also painted) and bamboo furniture. Don't wear your sarong. The Lamond Sisters are scheduled for early in January. They play piano and Hammond organ under the carved cocoanut lantern. When there's a lull, ask someone to turn on the storm. It's an electrical gadget that cuts up quite a hurricane back of the bar. Mrs. Pope is the smoothest looking hostess in town. See if you don't think so.

ZEPHYR ROOM—Hotel Bellerive—Armour Boulevard at Warwick. Except for the orchestra, the top "name" act and the cover charge, you can see everyone here who appears at El Casbah—including many of the same customers! It's a pleasant room in dim-lit green, chummy and intimate . . . with Barney Goodman's familiar stars; Gill and Price presenting musical comedy hit songs; Armandita, the "Mexican Nightingale"—and Sandoval playing Spanish ditties and singing them well, to his own guitar accompaniment. No spot could have a fresher bartender: his name's Tim Spillane. Prettiest waitress is Georgie McCarthy.

All This... and Dancing, too!

CROWN ROOM—LaSalle Hotel—922 Linwood. A large blond room that doesn't get smoked up as quickly as some. There's a long curving bar, booths and tables. We could wish they'd made the booths a little deeper; you sit down and slide out. But it's a minor defect. Down a step or two there's a smallish dance floor, usually crowded. Music this month again is by Jimmy Van Osell and his Whispering Trumpet. Herb Cook furnishes musical hors d'oeuvres at the piano, delivering ditties in that well-known husky voice of his that wears rather well. Altogether, a pleasant place, managed graciously by Vic Steinbaum and Mibbs Golding.

DRUM ROOM—Hotel President—10th and Baltimore. Decor by Winold Reiss, menu by George Souchet, entertainment by Jack Wendover and his Whispering Rhythms. With these elements Frank Dean, Harry Hopkins and Adrian Hooper produce one of the region's better rooms. The Gauguinesque murals were done by the man who painted the country's largest, those in Cincinnati's Union Station. Mr. Reiss is one of the foremost depicitors of Indian Subjects, but the Drum Room is the farthest west he's gone with his murals. George

brings his culinary training to the hotel's kitchen from France, via New York. He knows what to do with pompano. You'll like the food, also the politic suavity of Harold, who, by the way, returns here after a stint on the Alaskan Highway. There's Ruby, too, who has charm and cigarettes, hear, hear! And if nothing else amuses you, walk back and forth through the magic eye door a few times. A few drinks and that door—and you'll have more fun than anybody! Reservations, GRand 5440.

EL BOLERO—Ambassador Hotel, 3560 Broadway. Beyond the bar and down the steps you'll find a pocket-size dance floor, a juke box, some knocked-out murals, and Marguerite Clark. Some tables, too, incidentally, where you can get together with a cocktail or a beer. Marguerite isn't Hildegarde; but she'll do till Hildegarde gets here. She has a friendly way with a collection of little songs; and if you want to gang up at the piano and harmonize, you can do that, too. The murals were crayoned by a former student at the Art Institute. We think they're amusing. Lounge opens at nine.

EL CASBAH—Hotel Bellerive—Armour Boulevard at Warwick. Barney Goodman has long thought Kansas City needed a spot just like this—with Rococo decor, almost-continuous entertainment and a cover charge that's as inexpensive as a first-run movie. Week-nights it's a dollar. Saturdays and holidays, \$1.50. You can beat the cover-charge rap by just sitting at the bar. Or come Saturday afternoon, no cover at the "Cocktail Dansant." The customers who haunt the Pump Room in Chicago, the Stork and "21" in New York, seem to like it. Charlie Wright and his orchestra (you know that "society" music!) have followed Earl Smith on the band-stand; and the floor show includes from time to time acts such as Russell Swan, Ethel Shutta, Sheila Barrett and Dwight Fiske. Don't expect to see them all the same evening, though! Those K. C. favorites—Jon and Sondra Steele—expect to be around through New Year's, along with Armandita, Jeffrie Gill, Evens Price and Sandoval. Louis Hartman is the brisk maitre d'hotel. For reservations, Phone VAlentine 7047.

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

All This...

and

Dancing, too!

MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN—210 West 47th—A preferred spot on the Country Club Plaza and probably the most labyrinthine tavern in the town! A bar, a lounge, a dance floor, and two cafeterias wander around at odd and interesting angles, and in all of them Clair Martin offers the wherewithal for an entertaining evening. In the daytime, it's an astonishingly large cafeteria. At night, they cover the steam trays pull some curtains—and wham!—it's a night club (with good food!). Jack, Pappy, and Dewey mix the drinks as they've done for years. The Four Tons of Rhythm, a colored group who originated in Kansas City, make music for dancing, and at 10:45 and 12:45 there's a floor show. The entertainment begins at nine, stays open till 1:30. A good place for private parties. Specialty from the kitchen is "chicken in the rough." Those amazing pictures painted on the walls come from the brush of Larry Richman, who, before his khaki-clad days, amused himself by painting the town, in spots. By the way, there's a cover charge of 75 cents.

MILTON'S TAP ROOM—3511 Troost. Otherwise known simply as "Julia Lee's"—for Julia is an institution around here. She's

spent 11 years at that piano, crooning lyrics—tender, hawdy and otherwise—into the mike. You'll catch her from 8:15 on—and do! Robert Moody plays traps for her, and almost anyone from the Big Time is likely to drop in for a visit with Julia and maybe a stint at the piano. Last time we were around it was Meade Lux Lewis. The brothers Morris still carry on. Milton's overseas with the Army; so are Izzy and Joe. Max is managing in their absence. He tells us that Brooks Burnett, who did the caricatures of movie stars around the walls, belonged to the 6-foot club, by virtue of his six-feet-five. There's a dance floor, if you need it, and a friendly feeling about the whole place. It's authentic.

PENGUIN ROOM—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. This is a large mirrored dining room, with a junior size dance floor. In January Chiquita and her all-girl orchestra move in from Miami. They play for supper dancing, 6:30 till 12:30. No music for luncheon, but you'll find the customary excellent food and service. The hotel's manager, R. E. McEachin, says they've found people would rather just talk than listen to a band during the noon-day meal.

SKY-HY ROOF—Hotel Continental—11th and Baltimore. Here's one glass house where you can throw parties. Except on Saturday, the roof is available for private digs, on Saturday nights there's public dancing.

SOUTHERN MANSION—1425 Baltimore. If your head is bending low, there's probably the Mansion's roast beef on the plate. Or maybe the salad that Walter Whittaker tosses, right on the spot. This ceremony is another one of the things that makes Walter one of the town's most skillful maitre d's. You can dance with your dolly and your dinner down here. Dee Peterson and his orchestra play for dinner and supper. The place is comfortably elegant, with solid white pillars and the exterior of a real Southern Mansion for atmosphere; and a white picket fence running around the room, against dark green walls. No pickaninnies and no fields of cotton. No bar, either. For reservations, call GRand 5131.

TERRACE GRILL—Hotel Muehlebach—12th and Baltimore. Schiaparelli chose the pink for the walls. Gordon, in white tie, used to mix the salads. For the duration, however, he's just around, in a business suit, being genial. Which is reason enough for his being around. Henri Ehster's food (he originated the Thousand Island Dressing, you know), smooth dance music, and the kind of service that makes you feel to-the-manner-born, combine to produce one of the town's favorite spots for luncheon, dinner, and supper—with music at noon, as well as night! Sunday night dinner and supper attract lots of the "home folks"—it's "family night." Ray Benson and his orchestra are playing into the middle of January. They move in from such spots as the Persian Room, the Stork Club, and Chicago's Drake Hotel. For reservations: Gordon, at GRand 1400.

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY IN A LAW OFFICE"

As factual, as flat and frigid

As Webster's Unabridged.

RUBY IS A GEM by HANNAH FRY

You may sound taps for Private Tussy, but here are three cheers for private enterprise. Don't look now, but the Drum Room has cigarettes. Most places don't even have a cigarette machine. This place has a cigarette girl! And therein lies our story.

If you've ever stumbled down the steps into the President Hotel's dining room, you've seen Ruby Wandell. Maybe two of her, but double or not, she's a nice eye-ful. She was born Ruby Love. Now she's married to an ex-soldier. He works days at North American, goes to school by night, and lacks only a few hours toward an engineering degree. Ruby goes to Junior College by day, taking her basic for a degree in law; and of course, she's in the

Drum Room at night. The Wandells greet each other in passing.

Several years ago Ruby was gracing the Claredge Hotel in Memphis; later, the Five O'Clock Club at Miami Beach. The Midland Teletype School lured her to Kansas City. While she learned teletype she worked nights at the Drum Room, and returned there after a year with TWA. The customers like her. She has a native smoothness, polished up by the Philip Morris people in Memphis. One of Johnnie's stand-ins, she tells us, was a great help in teaching her the tricks of making the customer call for Philip Morris and Ruby Wandell.

She has what a press agent would call "class." She also has cigarettes. And here's how: All last summer

she went about buying her allotted one package at a time, wherever she could find it. She even hired a couple of young fellows to go buying, also. They accumulated, one at a time, quite a neat number of packages. And now she supplies Drum Room drop-per-inners with popular brands at a price the OPA sanctions.

Besides college and career, Ruby keeps house. One of her courses at school is home economics. Another is Spanish. The Spanish ties her in knots. Mostly because she can't spell. But we doubt if that stops her. She's sharp, that Ruby! And some night when you're rolling your own, sniffing snuff, or smoking corn silks, come on down to the Drum Room and see her!

SPORTSCASTER'S NIGHTMARE

The All-American "unpronounceable" football team:

Selected by LARRY WINN, JR.

FIRST TEAM	POSITION	SECOND TEAM
Schumchyk, Arkansas.....	End.....	Mineweaser, Michigan
Lagomarcino, Iowa.....	Tackle.....	Lazetich, Michigan
Westenkirchner, Notre Dame.....	Guard.....	Stanowicz, Army
Abolstinger, Georgia Tech.....	Center.....	Graiziger, Minnesota
Chiaeverini, Michigan.....	Guard.....	Mohrbacher, Iowa
Savitsky, Pennsylvania.....	Tackle.....	Cassidento, Illinois
Laubenheimer, Wisconsin.....	End.....	Motejzik, Ohio State
Hoernschemeyer, Indiana.....	Quarter.....	Loh, Yale
Dellastatious, Missouri.....	Half.....	Dancewicz, Notre Dame
Sensanbaugher, Army.....	Half.....	Dimanacheff, Purdue
Kondratovich, Columbia.....	Full.....	Wiese, Michigan

What's
YOUR Comment?

\$100

IN WAR BONDS

for the Best Letters
about "SWING"

This is our first issue . . . and naturally, we want to know how you like it, what you don't like, what you like best, what you'd like to see changed.

It's our first issue . . . but it's your "Swing." We want it to swing the way you want it.

If you'll use this ballot to indicate the three things you like best and the three you like least—and write us a letter of 150 words or less telling us *why*—

We'll pay a \$50 War Bond for the best letter . . . and a \$25 War Bond each for the second and third best letters most useful to us in making "Swing" what you think it ought to be.

We have fancy plans for future issues . . . the addition (for instance) of New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Hollywood letters—with feed-bag dope on what to do and see in those cities. Good idea?

You tell us! Let's swing together!

Three Things I like best in the
January issue of "Swing"

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

Three Things I like least in the
January issue of "Swing"

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

Address your letters with this ballot, to

SWING

1120 Scarritt Building
Kansas City 6, Missouri

—And so we named it

"Swing"

And what's in a name? Swing is rhythm. It's rug-cuttin' and boogie-beat. It's the impetus that goes to your head—and to your feet. Swing is the popular trend; the direction of public tastes toward a coffee, a chewing gum, a matinee idol, a toothpaste. It's something the business man does with a deal. Swing is also the cut of a leather-clad fist, arcing through the air to the other fellow's jaw. Swing was what the cattle rustler or the tough road agent used to do when the pioneers had a rope and a sycamore limb right handy. Swing was a hard word then. It not only brought a lump to the throat; it brought many a throat to a lump.

When the Yanks march home victorious, they'll swing down Main Street. Chariots swing; children swing; outlaws swing; orchestras swing; we swing! Some high, some low; and the word means many things to many people.

We hope our little magazine will come to mean as many things to as many people. We hope the rug-cutter and the boogie-beater, the prize-fighter and the fight fan, the business analyst and the sales executive, the man about town, and the man in the service—all the guys and gals everywhere—will find something they like about SWING.

And we'd appreciate it if you'd write to tell us how you do like it.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



Meet WHB's Don Davis . . .

Probably the only radio station president in America who travels as his station's national advertising representative. The guy comes in a suitcase at "SPOT SALES" offices—and that's neither dust nor dandruff on his shoulders. It's Ivory Snow—wrinkled on by the photographer to indicate that Davis travels from frozen north to sunny south, the better to serve WHB advertisers. Phone him for availabilities

at any one of our five offices. Time clearances will be submitted the same day from Kansas City . . . along with program information and Hooperatings to prove that WHB is the best broadcasting buy in the booming Kansas City market.

You'll like doing business with WHB, "the station with agency point-of-view" . . . where every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results. If you want to sell the Kansas City market, WHB is your happy medium!

CHICAGO	—	360 North Michigan	—	FRANKLIN	8520
KANSAS CITY	—	Scorritt Building	—	HARRISON	1161
SAN FRANCISCO	—	5 Third Street	—	EXBROOK	3558
NEW YORK CITY	—	400 Madison Avenue	—	ELDORADO	5-5040
HOLLYWOOD	—	Hollywood Blvd. of Cosmo	—	HOLLYWOOD	8318

To get a job done

ask yourself

3 QUESTIONS

1 WHAT
am I to do?

2 HOW
am I to do it?

3 HAVE
I done it?