Swing

N APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

oung Bill" White
discusses
WHAT'S THE
ATTER WITH
RUSSIA?"

★

C. NICHOLS
ALTER COMPTON
EXANDER GRIFFIN

★

CRASH-BANG
MARRIAGE"
y Odell Trengove

★ ★

EBRUARY
1945

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WHERE TO GO — WHAT TO SEE —
NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO ★ KANSAS CITY

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

VOL. 1 FEBRUARY, 1945 NO. 2

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Miscellanies

Our Town Topics

Other Town Topics

Pictures

They say the second is always easier than the first. It was! But no less amazing to us! It's a motley and composite brainchild contained within these pages. But hair-lipped or halt—it's ours; therefore we (to paraphrase Mr. Browning only slightly) love it! We hope you will, too. May we, with natural parental pride, point out some qualities of our progeny? Observe, if you please, that it can cut a rug, listen to long-hair, discuss intelligently and at first hand such topics as Russia, jazz, freedom of speech, the White House, film celebrities, and Mr. Lincoln; that it is on speaking terms with the better places not only in the home town, but also in Chicago and New York; that Cheesecake is its favorite dessert, but that it also has an appetite for the simple and the nourishing, that it feeds upon the milk of human kindness, reads its Bible daily, and remarks upon the little goodnesses of people roundabout. These things we hope you'll notice. But most of all, we hope you'll just plain like it—for whatever reasons of your own. And humbly—if with some pride—we ask: May we present Our Second?

Jetta

February's Heavy Dates *in* Kansas City

THEATRE

Feb. 8-9-10—GILBERT AND SULLIVAN. Repertoire includes "Pinafore," "The Mikado," "Trial by Jury," and "Pirates of Penzance." Matinee Saturday. Music Hall.

Feb. 16-17—VELOZ AND YOLANDA, dance concert. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 12—Resident Theatre play. "You Can't Take it With You."

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MUSIC

Feb. 4—Gardner Read. Concert by Kansas City's talented composer. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 4—"Footlight Favorites." Music from Strauss through "Oklahoma!" sung by Metropolitan Opera people. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 6—Leonard Warren, baritone; Isaac Stern, violinist. (Fritschy Series). 8:20 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 11—Pop Concert. 2:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 11—Marjorie Lawrence. A. & N. presentation. 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 13-14—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. Efrem Kurtz conducting. With Artur Rubenstein, Pianist. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 15—Alec Murray and his Joseph Guarnerius violin. 8:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 19-23-26-27 — Philharmonic School Concert. 2:00 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 23—Anne Brown. (Star of New York production, "Porgy and Bess"). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 25—Zara Nelsova, Cellist. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

Feb. 27—Richard Crooks, tenor; William Primrose, violinist. (Fritschy Series). 8:20 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 28—March 1—Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra. With Jascha Heifetz, violinist. 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

LECTURES

Feb. 7 — Dorothy Thompson. (Center Cultural Series). 8:30 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

Feb. 12—John Mason Brown, (Town Hall). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 21—Maurice Hindus. (Center Cultural Series). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

Feb. 21—Jackson County Health Forum Lecture: Alton Oschner, Tulane University, on "Varicose Veins." Municipal Auditorium, Little Theatre.

Feb. 25—Red Cross Rally. 2:00-5:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

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ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART—February exhibit, Ceramics of the Orient and Occident, from the 13th Century to the present. Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.; Lectures by Miss Jackson, Miss Hughes, or Miss Lebrecht, on English Pottery of the 18th Century; Persian Wares; and European Porcelain. Atkins Auditorium. Saturdays, 2:00 p. m.; Children's Activitics, Feb. 3 —Motion Picture, "Grandma's Boy," "Sherlock, Jr." Feb. 10—Movie short subjects of American history. Feb. 17—Motion Picture, "Abraham Lincoln," with Walter Huston. Feb. 24—Painting and Sculpture; talks by morning class members; water-color and clay modeling demonstrations. Special February exhibit in the Little Museum—Arts and Crafts by Public School students of Kansas City, Kansas.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN—Feb. 19 and succeeding Mondays, 8:00 p. m., a series of 12 lectures by Wallace Rosenbauer, Director of the Art Institute, Fanny Fern Fitzwater, and David Benton Runnells, and covering contemporary spheres of art, fashion, and design. Public invited; enrollment handled through Registrar's office of the school, 4415 Warwick.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM—3218 Gladstone. Special exhibit of bells by the Heart of America Hobby Club. Also a newly opened Children's Room, featuring a collection of miniature furniture, doll houses, dolls, etc.

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CONVENTIONS

Feb. 1-3—Nutrena Mills, Inc.

Feb. 5—Midwest Research Institute.

Feb. 5-6—Institute of American Poultry Industries, Fact Finding Congress.

Feb. 7-8 — National Association of Broadcasters, Districts 10 and 12.

Feb. 8-9 — Associated General Contractors of Missouri.

Feb. 11-12—Midwest Circulation Managers.

Feb. (Date to be announced)—Highway Engineers Association of Missouri.

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SPORTS

Basketball—Feb. 9, 16, 21, 23. 7:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

Boxing—Feb. 12, 13; finals, Feb. 17. 8:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena. Kansas City Star Golden Gloves tournament.

Wrestling—Thursday nights, 8:30 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena; Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. American Legion sponsored.

Roller Skating—Pla-Mor, every evening. Kids' Matinee, Saturdays; Popular matinc, Sundays.

Ice Skating—Pla-Mor. Saturday and Sunday matinees. Open each night. Instruction by pro's.

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DANCING

Feb. 1, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 18—Joy Cayler and her All Girl Orchestra. Pla-Mor Ballroom.

Feb. 17—Frankie Masters and Orchestra. Pla-Mor Ballroom.

Tuesday-Friday nights—"Over 30" nights. Tom and Kate Beckham and Orchestra. Pla-Mor Ballroom.

What's the Matter with *Russia?*

Emporia's "Young Bill" White was a last-summer guest of the Soviet Union . . . objects to Russian censorship of the press . . . applauds their theatre . . . doesn't think "Uncle Joe" is a Girl Scout

THE SAGE OF EMPORIA had a son. You've heard of him. Without him, Margaret O'Brien might not have become your favorite screen child today! For he's the author of *Journey for Margaret,* that poignant and brave little episode out of the current war. He's also the author of a story poignant and brave in other ways, and bitterly true. It's called *They Were Expendable.* The writer is called "Young Bill." His full name is William L. White. He has written, also, *What the People Said* and *Queens Die Proudly,* and one other book, not yet off the press.

William L. White, son of the late William Allen White, owns a newspaper not far across the border from Kansas City. He is editor of the Emporia Gazette. But that's only one facet of Young Bill's career. He is also a roving editor for Readers' Digest, and since 1939 has been one of the most perceptive and alert of the war correspondents.

Last summer he made a trip to Russia. He went with Eric A. Johnston, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Johnston, it seems, did most of the speechmaking — and ably; but Mr. White was busy, too. He was soaking up information about the great, sprawling country under Joseph Stalin, and his memoranda on that five-week visit will be published early this spring. Already the condensation of *Report on the Russians* has been printed in the Reader's Digest for December, 1944, and January, 1945. If you haven't read it, you *must,* to understand Russia.

With Eric Johnston and four other reporters, Young Bill made the trip through the Urals and down into Russian Kazakstan, "to parts of the world that no American reporter had seen — a wonderful part of the country, a whole section that had been practically closed to the capitalist bourgeois world."

In mid-January of this year, William Allen White came over to our town one day and made a speech. He appeared at a weekly membership luncheon of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, made a few general comments on his recent Russian junket, and answered a lot of impromptu questions.

At the luncheon that day were members of Kansas City's Russian Relief Group. "I'm very glad to have the Russian relief people here today," Mr. White said. "*That* is a worthy cause if there ever was one. The need of the Russian people is desperate beyond our understanding. Almost anything that we can send over there

is pathetically needed and is useful; and also it is fairly distributed. In Russia I heard from our boys nothing but praise for Russian Relief."

As for his own feelings toward Russia, Mr. White stands divided. "I came away, I think as most honest reporters do, with mixed feelings on the country. There were some things that I like very much. There were some things that I didn't care for. For instance, I didn't think that their industry was anything like so efficient as ours, although occasionally we would find a remarkably well-run factory. . . . On the other hand, I thought their agriculture was very good, indeed. Now we didn't see much of it, because this was primarily an industrial tour. And of course, admittedly, they showed us their best. There wasn't anything sinister about this! If a party of visiting foreign dignitaries would come through Kansas City, why, you'd probably take them to the best factories that you had — and you'd take them out to — well, I don't know if Sni-A-Bar Ranch is still the best — but you'd take them to your show agricultural places and see no reason to apologize for taking them to the best." And of course, he's right. He went on to say, "We also saw *their* best, but I don't think they were concealing their worst from us. And I will say that their best was as good as our best.

"I thought their methods were excellent, and while I'm not actually a farmer, I grew up in a farming community and I don't think I could be badly fooled on the subject of a well-run farm. The Russians are good farmers.

"Also, they have a magnificent theatre. Artistically, in many ways they are up with us and in some ways they are ahead of us. Their movies aren't nearly so good as ours, but in every community this size they have — well, you would have here, if this were a Russian town, a local ballet theatre with a permanent staff of people and probably a local repertoire theatre. Those places in America have largely been taken by the movies. Of course, they have movies in Russia but they're not so good as ours. But the local theatre was usually better than anything I saw — than anything you'd see in America."

As for the Russian attitude toward freedom of the press, Mr. White had adverse criticism. "It's their privilege to run any kind of a press that they want, in Russia. Their form of government and their form of freedom of the press is their business and not ours. However, when it comes to the way we want to run *our* paper, it's our business! . . . In this country, reporters representing papers of varying viewpoints always attend all large events and comment on all things. I feel that if we are to be free, if we are to be properly informed about the world, that this should be true in other sections of the world.

"While they don't come in and sit down at a desk of the Kansas City Star, everything that the Star *gets* from a Moscow dateline is edited before it leaves Moscow by the Russian Foreign Ministry. . . . No fact can ever come out of Moscow which the authorities think might in any way give an unfavorable picture of the country.

"Now by contrast to that, foreign reporters in America are free to go wherever they like. Russian reporters representing the Russian news agencies can cover all of the seamy side of American life — and they certainly do! . . . Now all that I think we should not only ask for — but insist on — is exactly that right that we allow to them: that our people should be free to send press representatives of our own choosing to Moscow and to Russia, to report it from our point of view. That we don't have."

William White knows this from personal experience. Almost the moment his *Report on Russia* appeared in the Reader's Digest, a commentator in the Communist Party newspaper, *Pravda,* took up the attack! From Moscow he accused Mr. White of "premeditated intention of spreading calumny, deceiving Johnston, and abusing the hospitality and confidence of the Soviet Union." Naturally, Mr. White foresaw this reaction. But being an honest reporter, he reported Russia as he saw it.

Their Far East, he says, is a great deal like our own Great West. "Novosibersk reminded me in many ways of Kansas City. It's got a great big beautiful new Union Station, on the Trans-Siberian Railroad. And wandering around in this station, we could see what at first I thought were some of the Oklahoma Indians up here spending their allotment money; only they turned out to be exactly the same thing — except that they were Cossacks. They were in about the same stage of culture as our Indians were — maybe a little higher, but not much; nomadic, hunting tribes, and the Russians subdued them, more or less as we did. They don't herd them into reservations — they herd them into 'collectives.' But in general, they have pacified, civilized the country, and built up a great and beautiful empire out there.

"We found no freedom in the country in our sense of the word. That was the discouraging thing about it. The complete slavery of thought, the complete obsequiousness to the rulers and in particular, to Stalin. I regard Stalin as a great leader. I think he's guided Russia wisely. But there's a difference between that and being able to agree with the worship accorded him — which is abnormal. . . . You can tell you are in a totalitarian dictatorship."

Someone at this point asked a question: "*Are there any individual farmers (in Russia) now, or is it all collective farming?*"

"Everything we saw was collective," Mr. White answered, "and I would say — I'm guessing now, but I think it's a reasonably accurate guess — that certainly not less than nine-tenths of the land is collectivized. I think that in some of the outlying Republics you will find land that has not yet been organized — back up in the mountains, along the river streams, you'll find land owned by individual farmers, and things like that. But everything — practically all of it is — almost no individual farmers, particularly in the civilized portions of the country.

Another questioner mentioned an incident in Mr. White's *Report on*

Russia: "You told about this Russian thinking the jeep was Russian-made — that the American jeep was inferior. Is that general? Do they think that all this Lend-Lease stuff is Russian? *Don't they realize what we're doing for them?*"

"Well, now, that story was probably exceptional," Mr. White answered. "I think that most of them *do* know that these jeeps are made in Detroit. But it still illustrates how wide-spread that is in other fields. They are used to American sugar — they get a lot of it. Incidentally, they don't like it — they say it isn't as sweet as Russian sugar . . . they're a little bit annoyed when they get it on their ration coupons. But by and large, they do know that in Moscow they can spot the American sugar. The boys at the front who use the material usually know whether or not it comes from America. This particular man didn't. But behind the lines, I don't think they realize it and no great effort is made to publicize it. However, I would say this — that at the top, the high officials do know it and express a proper gratitude for it. But often they don't feel it's necessary or advisable to say too much about it to the people.

Another question: "*Will Russia ever help us fight Japan?*"

And White's answer: "Not for the purpose of helping us. The Russians are controlled by a sensible government which does not send its men out to die in gratitude to other nations. . . . They didn't get into this war with Hitler because of any gratitude or for nice things that were written about them in the Capitalist press or the Liberal press in this country! They got in because they were attacked.

"I don't think, of course, that the Japanese will attack them—but the reason I'm rather sure that they will get in is this: I think Stalin would like to round out the Empire of the Czars. You remember Russia lost Port Arthur to the Japanese in 1905. I think they'd like to have it back. I think also they'd like to have the Chinese Manchurian Railway and that Serb influence there. China and the Far East is a very important sphere of

influence for Russia and I don't think that they would feel at all easy to sit aside and see the powers of Japan taken over by the Anglo-American powers . . . I think they will get into the struggle for that reason, and not out of gratitude to us at all. I think we will have our differences with them in the Far East as we are now having to a certain extent in Europe —and I think that these differences can and should be fairly compromised and sensibly compromised. I think we can get along with Russia—but I would not say that they will fight Japan out of gratitude to us."

Q.—"*To what extent is the Church in Russia revived?*"

A.—"They do have freedom of religious worship. At least, the Party was very much surprised when they took a census in '37 or '39—a census of the people—and one of the questions they asked was, 'Do you consider yourself a member of any religious body?' They were enormously surprised to find that after twenty years of anti-religious propaganda, a little better than 50% of the people answered, 'Yes.' About 50% consider themselves members of the Church—whether or not they're able to go. Churches have been closed down . . . there is now a tendency to reopen them. This thing has always gone in waves in Russia. I can't give you the exact dates at this time—but I think in '27 they had an opening-up period in which they allowed a few more churches to open. Then in the early thirties they put on the heat and had anti-religious propaganda, and closed a lot of them down. Now they are on the up-grade; whether or not it's permanent, I don't know."

Q.—"*How really influential is Pravda?*"

A.—"Pravda? It means 'the truth.' It's the official organ of the Communist Party . . . The other daily paper in Moscow is Izvestia. It's supposed to be simply a newspaper with —well, there is supposed to be rather less *propaganda* and more *information* in Izvestia. And in Pravda—it's rather strong on the propaganda line, and doesn't attempt to cover the news so thoroughly. But the Russians have an old saying: 'Izvestia means the

news and Pravda means the truth, and they say where there is no truth in the news, there is no news in the truth."

Q.—"*We hear of greater reward for greater effort. Did you see anything that would indicate a trend toward what we consider capitalism?*"

A.—"Under Socialism, the means of production—the factories and the farms and what-not—are owned by the State, and in Russia, all property which would bring in an income to anybody—all property which supports a man in a job—is owned by the State. That's the dividing line. For instance, you are allowed to own a home in Russia. You can own a tooth-brush, a home, and a pair of pants! *But you cannot own anything which gives you a livelihood.*

"If you are a cobbler—if you make shoes—they say, all right, you can make shoes and you can charge what you like for them and sell them. But—if you set up a place of business and hired another man to help you make those shoes, you would then get ten years in prison at hard labor—because you are *exploiting* that man—and by taking his labor and exploiting it and selling his product to the people, you are also exploiting the *consumer* who buys your shoes—both of which are crimes under Socialist regime . . . There is no trend toward Capitalism in that sense in Russia. None whatever, and I can't see any time in the future when they will ever let down on that.

"The means of production, all farms, all factories, all businesses, except little one-man businesses like a one-man barber shop or a one-man shoe shop—that's permitted. You're not exploiting anybody then. But anything else is completely owned by the State and I think in our time, always will be . . . However, the Russians see no disparity between that and paying a man what they think he's worth. That they do all over the place—and they have built up a considerable aristocracy—of beaurocrats, officials, factory managers, professional men, lawyers, States employees, artists, actors, and writers—are extremely well paid there. And they pay them on the basis of—well, I mean they *recognize* the difference in *quality* of work. But they do not regard that as a return in any way toward Capitalism—which they see purely in terms of the ownership of property which might yield an income."

Q.—"*Could two men or a hundred men get together—join together?*"

A.—"Yes, they could get together as a cooperative—but they would be then subject to the laws governing cooperatives, and the division, as a matter of fact, would have to be equal."

Q.—"*What about the standard of living over there now?*"

A.—"The standard of living is unbelievably low. I would say that the average family on work relief in America during our depression was *better off than the average Russian citizen* . . . You'd think they'd at least—they ought to be able to feed themselves and distribute it decently; but they've always had rationing in Russia and they've always had lines at the food stores—except for the last

two years before the war. When things got better you could go in and buy a pound of butter without any trouble and not have to stand in line for it—and that was considered a tremendous victory! Twenty years after the revolution, they were beginning to come into the good things of life!—then the war came along and they went right back! . . . It's worse, admittedly much worse, because of the war. But I still say of the average Russian that even in peace-time his clothes were less good and his diet was more meager than we supplied our submerged tenth on WPA."

Q.—"*What about the program of education and the teachers?*"

A.—"The program of education, I would say, is good . . . Their schools are good. They pay a lot of attention to it. They have schools now in all the villages. They've made progress . . . Now at least 90% of them know how to read, but I've sometimes heard exaggerated statements to the effect that only about 10% of them could read and the Bolshevists taught them. Illiteracy was being eradicated before this revolution. But there's no doubt but that the Communists have a deep respect for science and teaching. Their teachers are well paid—particularly the top brackets."

Q.—"*Do you think publication of your article will affect relations between Russia and the United States?*"

A.—"No, I don't. I think that more important than any temporary sounding-off that the Russians may do—I'm thinking of my own people, if I may—I think that if we are to deal with Russia in the next decade, we've got to know what we're dealing with. And we can't go around with rose-tinted glasses, thinking Stalin is a member of the Girl Scouts—which is not true! Now, temporarily, the Russians may not like to have me say that he's not a member of the Girl Scouts! But in the long run, I think that good relations depend on the realistic view, of both parties, of each other . . . So I'm afraid that I'd hardly set my thing up as a contribution to immediate good relations to the Russians—because naturally—if you know the Russians—they'd be very much annoyed. But in the long run, if we take a realistic view toward them, we'll have much better chances of good relations than if we assume that they're all members of the Girl Scouts—and then wake up with great surprise to find that they're not."

Q.—"*Did you meet any Russians who would admit that they say Capitalism is opposed to Communism?*"

A.—"Any Russian who would walk up to me and say, 'Mr. White, I'm in favor of Capitalism—I thought you'd like to know it!' would be committing suicide! . . . He would have some reasonable assurance that if you asked a question in Kansas City I might answer it and say yes; and I might give some certain details as to where and when he had said it, and they might be able to figure out who he was and he would then be arrested as an enemy of the State. So the answer is emphatically no!"

Q.—"*Were you afforded absolute freedom when you were going about Russia?*"

A.—"We were afforded absolute freedom and we were—well, wait! I'll answer that in some detail: When I first talked about going over, last April or May, I expected it to be an expensive trip because we told the Russians that we wanted to pay every cent of the expenses. I mean . . . because I want to feel perfectly free to be able to write and say exactly what I think about them when I get back. I thought I would take along three or four thousand dollars because airplane fares are expensive and we were going to take many airplane trips. The ruble is valued very high.

"Now as a matter of fact, as it turned out, we were able to spend only a small fraction of that because . . . we were a little naive, really. For instance, we didn't travel on regular airlines—*they don't have regular airlines.* They have a lot of planes but they are reserved for government officials who want to get some place. Well, they gave our party two planes. Now, how are you going to pay for two airplanes? No tickets are printed and they didn't have any schedule of rates.

"Also, you go to a town and they take you out to a rest villa or *dacha* they call it—luxurious thing like a beautiful Long Island estate outside of town—and put you up. Well, this *dacha* is reserved ordinarily as a rest home for the members of the local government—for the high government officials to come out with their families. It's not a hotel and nobody ever sends a bill—nobody's ever made up a bill there—everything's always been 'on the cuff.' Well, how are you going to pay for it? You couldn't do it . . . the whole thing is set up there as though some of you might ask me out to dinner and at the end of it, I'd say: 'Well, look, I want to pay.' Well, all right! What do you do? How do you make up a bill for things like that? Well, pretty soon we gave up the struggle. I know that I continued to struggle for a while.

"I went to the Hotel Metropole there. We were invited to stay at the Embassy but I preferred not to and went down there and got a bill for . . . well—I was there a month in all and the first two weeks I got a bill and I glanced at it. It was for about six hundred rubles. I characteristically then paid no attention to it whatever, intending to pay when I left.

"Well, we were there a couple of weeks more and I went down and I said, 'I'm awfully sorry. I seem to have lost the last bill. It was for approximately six hundred rubles and I want to pay out.' And they said, 'Well, we'll get you the bill here in a little while. Come back in an hour.' I came back in an hour and they said, 'We are very pleased to tell you that we have been informed that you are a guest of the Russian government.' And I said, 'Well, thank you very much, but under no circumstances can I permit you to do this. I don't want to be rude but I can't accept this and I want to thank you for your kindness but I insist on paying.' And they said, 'You absolutely can't,' and, 'We've had a lot of orders.' And you could see they did have their orders! So I pulled out a big wad of rubles and counted—one,

two, three, four, up to twelve—and slapped them down and said, 'Thank you very much,' and walked away, and they said, 'Mr. White! Mr. White! Come back!' You see?

"Well, I didn't come back but as I came down with my bags, the hotel manager was standing there at attention and he had a little slip of paper which he handed to me and it was a receipt for 1200 rubles. And I said, 'Well, thank you very much,' and I hope they understood and said, 'By the way, was that the exact amount of it? Are you sure I don't owe you any more money?' as I was only guessing as to what the bill was. And he said, 'Our instructions are to accept whatever you offer.'

"Now!—how are you going to beat that one? We made every effort. I, as a reporter particularly, wanted to be under no obligations, to feel that I had every right to render what I though was an honest report to the American people. There was nothing that they *refused* point blank to let us see except the actual fighting front. I will say that maybe we were derelict and possibly we should have asked to see more things . . . but we didn't."

By the time Young Bill answered all the questions, it was twenty minutes of two, and the long lunch hour was over. But the shape of things to come in the Soviet Union was much plainer in the minds of those who attended. The son of the man who wrote "What's the Matter with Kansas" has done a good job of reporting what's wrong—and right—with Russia.

THE DIFFERENCE HERE

(With permission of The Reader's Digest we reprint an excerpt from W. L. White's "Report on the Russians.")

In America a man who saves money is regarded as a sound and valuable citizen. He performs a useful act, for out of such savings our industries are built and our farms improved. In Russia he is viewed with suspicion as a hoarder, a potential capitalist, someone to be watched for criminal tendencies toward exploiting his fellow workers by means of giving them jobs.

These Socialists argue that panicky saving can stop all business activity and throw millions out of work. They say that the greatest waste of capitalism is the valuable man-hours of work which our nation loses when these millions are idle.

But are the capitalist depressions any more wasteful of human energy than this bureaucratic society with its inefficient methods, where almost every activity is a State monopoly, and where there is no competition to force inefficient businesses to reform or go broke? True, these people don't stand in line at employment agencies. They work terribly hard and stand in line to pay $1.25 for a fresh egg.

Although they work so hard, they produce so little that their living standard is less than was that of our jobless on work relief. During our depression as many as 5,000,000 of our people were for a few years down to this low WPA living standard. But in the Soviet Union *about 180,000,000 people have been on an even lower living standard for 25 years.* And only a few privileged millions know anything better. During this quarter century the Soviets have controlled one-seventh of the world's land surface, an area rich in natural resources.

They explain this low living standard by pointing out that the Russian people lack technical experience and that Russia's resources are largely undeveloped. But to correct these things they had a quarter century of peace—which is a long time.

The whole picture was nicely summed by William Henry Chamberlin, the veteran Moscow correspondent, who has written several scholarly books on the Soviet Union. Chamberlin was caught in Bordeaux the week that France fell. People were sleeping five and six in a room; grocery stores were sold out; there were long lines waiting to get into restaurants. Chamberlin surveyed all this and remarked to a fellow correspondent (who quoted it to me in Moscow): "You know, it takes a catastrophic defeat in war and a national convulsion to reduce France to that state of affairs which is normal' everyday life in the Soviet Union!"

"HONEYSUCKLE ROSE"

" . . . It was a grimy, smelly, ill-lit ivory tower but they lived in it and made the world listen."

Some Liked It *Hot*

"White" hot, says this artist who used to listen to both white and Negro musicians make jazz history to tunes as they were never written.

By JAMES B. GANTT

KANSAS CITY in the middle 'thirties — corrupt politics — vice ridden—boss ruled—wide open—as loud and tough and risky as any boom town. Every night was Saturday night. The town was jumping and Kansas City jazz was being born and clamoring to be heard.

The story of the great negro bands that came from this center and spread the gospel of the four-four beat has been told and retold. The names of Basie, Moten, Kirk are as familiar in Junction City as in New York. With the momentum gathered here, the great black drive bands captured the enthusiasm of the nation.

The stimulus of Kansas City Negro jazz has left an indelible mark on American music. It is easy to believe, when one searches the evidence of critics, reviews and comments, record releases, etc., that no white man in this town was in the business.

Do not misunderstand me. I agree that Negro music from this city is some of the greatest in its field. I simply wish to point out that the critics and recording companies overlooked the fact that good fertile ground and ideal growing conditions produced a white school of great quality too. Though killed by the great reform wave and buried by the war, there were men of great ability whose work was never recorded, whose names are seldom heard and whose contribution was ignored.

There was an excellent reason why the white musicians failed to gain the recognition due their ability and integrity. There was no integration of effort on their part—no welding influence to bring them together into one organization.

All over the city in smelly little gin mills, second story dance halls and corner beer joints you could find them playing in two's and three's. In nearly every case there was but one real musician, backed up by indifferent talent, so that the effect was either an entire evening of sustained solo work by one man or an uneven quality of all in jamming, with spotty work from each individual.

White jazz in the commercial sense was never a very hot commodity in Kansas City. It attracted no attention for the simple reason that it was not worthy of attention. The very best in Kansas City white jazz was something that was never played for the cash customers. The real article

was found only in the transient sessions that blossomed unexpectedly in out-of-the-way places.

These were the places sought out by the boys from the big name bands playing the town. Here could be heard the fine, unwatered version of a fierce, powerful medium. The names that created this style—that made it live and without whose influence it quickly died—are lost to all but a few musicians who made this town their home during its hectic heyday.

Here is a listing of those who gave it most: Jack Mathis, trumpet; Bobbie Williams, clarinet; Emmet Adams, tenor; Earl Darrow, trombone; Gordon Means, drums; Bud Kelsey, guitar; and such piano men as Dick Brooks and Bill Chawning. There were many good men besides these but the real boot came from this group.

They were nearly all non-union, since the employers, north side racketeers, felt that the two bucks a night they paid the boys was far better than they could do elsewhere. The union business agents rarely gained entrance to their jobs and when they did so they were removed bodily and brutally by the management. The Kansas City local can claim little credit for the production of white jazz.

Thus the hot man became an outcast — often communing with the reefer and the bottle. They looked pale, consumptive, and in many cases ragged—but theirs was also a fierce pride—a self-respect that they would not sell, a standard of production that they would not lower.

Offers from name bands to take important chairs came many times to such artists as Bobbie Williams and Jack Mathis, but they never compromised. They didn't believe in the regimented orchestration, couldn't read it and wouldn't learn. They knew what they wanted and were content with the small wages and the proximity of the bar. They played as if they knew it couldn't last long and they lived as if nothing but their music existed in the world. It was a grimy, smelly, ill-lit ivory tower but they lived in it and made the world listen for the short, hectic time they lasted.

Tragedy dogged their path and since that time society has picked up the burnt out pieces, placed them in hospitals, jails, and square jobs, but they lived once—and don't forget, Kansas City had a white jazz style. I heard it.

(On Wednesday night, January 17, James Gantt initiated a series of record sessions for Kansas Citians interested in the art of "hot jazz." These sessions recur on alternate Wednesdays at 8:15 at the Jewish Community Center, 1600 Linwood. Mr. Gantt has access to several record collections here in town. His own stock of authentic American jazz recordings numbers well into two thousand, some dating back as far as 1908.)

"Chief, there's a recruit out here who says he used to be with a circus. He had a special act—stuck his right arm into a lion's mouth."

"Interesting. What's his name?"

"Lefty."

The "Greatness" of the German People

In his broadcast of December 18, 1944, this Mutual network commentator quotes from a dispatch by Hal Boyle to prove a point about the enemy. Here is the text of that broadcast—and it still is timely.

By CEDRIC FOSTER

POSSIBLY the easiest manner in which to tell this story is to quote it . . . quote it to you exactly as it came from Hal Boyle of the Associated Press today under the date line of an American front line clearing station somewhere in Belgium, the seventeenth of December.

Hal Boyle hails from Kansas City. Worked for AP here, while going to Junior College, and again after graduation from Missouri University's School of Journalism. Lived in an apartment out on Armour near Gillham.

My broadcasts have honestly, and I hope, fearlessly, attempted to point out for the past three years the character of the enemy whom we fight in this war of survival. It is sheer folly to try to cope with any enemy if we do not understand him. And by "understand him" one means to acquire a knowledge of his philosophy and his creed and of the tactics he employs in giving life and breath to that creed. In many ways this broadcast has tried to do this. Many people still refuse to believe. It is understandable *why* they so refuse. They refuse because the stories of German brutality are such that they cannot conjure up in their minds any persons who claim to cling to even the slightest vestige of a Christian civilization perpetrating the crimes which have been placed at the German door.

Cf. article by Cecil Brown, "What John Smith Thinks of Hans Schmidt," printed in the January "Swing."

This broadcast today is directed to a man who lives in Dallas, Texas, at thirty-two hundred Greenbrier Drive. He has written to me from time to time extolling the high qualities which he declares are to be found in the German people. His latest letter to me declares: "You are the bravest man I ever saw behind a microphone. You condemn a great race of people at close range, about three thousand five hundred miles. It takes courage to do this. Of course, many of our innocent boys are a wee bit closer. I was a wee bit closer in the last war. They are learning, and we learned, that the German people were a great race. They fought well and bravely. They treated our prisoners with great consideration and it appears they are doing likewise in this war. The greatest trouble with all wars is that old men like you declare them, and the young men, most of whom have never voted, fight and die. You have never heard and you never will hear a veteran who actually faced the Germans at close range, rant as you do over

a microphone. They know and respect the Germans as a great people."

That is the end of the quotation of the letter from the gentleman who lives in the state of Texas, in the city of Dallas, at number 3200 Greenbrier Drive. I know that he does not represent the feeling of the great majority of the people in Texas . . . certainly not the Texans whom it has been my privilege to meet on my several trips into the southwestern part of the United States. He does not represent the men from Texas who have been blasting the Germans from one pill-box after another in the fortified town of Dillengen . . . men who are members of the American 90th Infantry Division. Nor does he represent the men from the state of Texas who waded ashore on the island of New Britain in the face of withering machine gun fire . . . even though those men were fighting the Japanese and not the Germans. Nor does the gentleman represent the men and women of the state of Texas who volunteered for the armed services of the United States before Pearl Harbor. The state of Texas had the highest per capita voluntary enlistment prior to Pearl Harbor in the military forces of this country. Possibly he represents merely the household at 3200 Greenbrier Drive in the city of Dallas . . . or maybe only himself. God forbid that he speak for the state of Texas which has shed its blood so profusely in this war for freedom. God forbid that he speak for the boys and girls of the Sul Ross School in Waco . . the men and women of Southwestern University in Georgetown . . . the high school children of Waco and every other high school and university in Texas. God forbid that he speak for Letty Jo Culley at Baylor University, whose home is in Shawnee, Oklahoma, and who daily follows the course of this war as she prepares to take her place in a future world which she will help to mould. God forbid that he speak for my daughter, Shirley, who soon goes to Texas to work on the Dallas Morning News. It was my intention to answer the gentleman from 3200 Greenbrier Drive in Dallas, but Hal Boyle has written the answer . . . he's typed the "Greatness" of the German people in the red blood of American soldiers who were slaughtered yesterday . . . mowed down by German fire as they stood completely disarmed, huddled in a field after having been trapped and taken as prisoners of war. Hal Boyle has answered the man on Greenbrier Drive in Dallas as to how considerate the Germans are of those who fall into their hands.

Hal Boyle went overseas with AP after a stint as night editor of New York's AP office. At home, he and Frances live down in the Village, in a book-lined apartment heated only and admirably by two fireplaces. Frances has early-gray hair and amazing blue eyes; married Hal 5 years ago at The Little Church Around the Corner. She's a Kansas City girl, too. She cooks peas on the half-shell and keeps a clipping book of her husband's articles. Hal once started a literary agency, interrupted by the war.

Here is Hal Boyle's story . . . a staff member of the Associated Press attached to American armies on the western front:

"Weeping with rage, a handful of doughboy survivors described today how a German tank force ruthlessly poured

machine gun fire into a group of about one hundred fifty Americans who had been disarmed and herded into a field in the opening hours of the present German counter-offensive. William B. Summers of Glenville, West Virginia, declared: 'We had to lie there and listen to the German non-coms kill with pistols every one of our wounded men who groaned or who tried to move.' Summers escaped by playing dead. The Americans were members of an artillery observation battalion ambushed and trapped at a fork in the road . . . caught by a powerful German armored column of Tiger tanks, whose heavy guns quickly shot up the two dozen American trucks and lightly-armored vehicles. There were no heavy weapons in the American observation column and the entire unit quickly had to surrender. Summers said: 'We were just moving up to take over a position at the top of a hill and as we got to the road intersection they opened fire on us. They had at least fifteen to twenty tanks. Then they disarmed us. They then searched us. They took our wristwatches . . . and anything else they wanted. I guess we were lined up on that road for one full hour. Then they stood us all together in an open field. I thought something was wrong. As we were standing there, one German soldier, moving past in a tank column less than fifty yards away, pulled out a pistol and emptied it into our men.' A grimy soldier, sitting in the little room here with Summers ran his hands through mud-caked hair and broke into sobs . . . There were tears in Summers' eyes as he went on:

" 'Then the Germans opened on us from their armored cars with machine guns. We hadn't tried to run away or anything. We were just standing there with our hands up and they tried to murder us all. And they did murder a lot of us. There was nothing to do but flop onto the ground and play dead.' Private William Green of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, took up the story. He said: 'I never saw such slaughter before in this war. They were cutting us down like guinea pigs. Then those German non-commissioned officers began walking around and knocking off our wounded. I kept my head down, but after they had emptied their pistols, I could hear them click fresh cartridges in their hands while they were reloading. Then they went on looking for more of our men to shoot.' Charles F. Apoman of Verona, Pennsylvania, declared: 'We just hoped and prayed while we lay there listening to them shoot every man who moved.' The survivors lay in tense, rigid silence in the freezing mud. They lay there for one hour before cautious glances showed that all the Germans had moved away except one Tiger tank. Harold W. Billow of Mt. Joy, Pennsylvania, said: 'That tank wasn't more than one

hundred yards away, but we decided that we had to make a break for it then or never. We jumped up and scattered for the woods. The tank opened up on us, but I don't think that it got many that time.' Three hours after the slaughter less than twenty survivors had made their way back to the American lines. Jack Belden of Time Magazine and I rode back to this clearing station with the first survivors picked up by our reconnaissance jeeps."

That is the end of the story transmitted by Hal Boyle. That story is the answer to the man on Greenbrier Drive in Dallas who believes in the "greatness" of the German people.

Why Don't We Do This More Often?

By WORRAL G. SONASTINE

A rather stout Negro woman was making her way along a crowded sidewalk with a large market basket. She was apparently trying to catch a bus that stood at a near-by bus stop, but it seemed doubtful that she would make it. A nice-looking, neatly dressed white woman took hold of the basket and helped the other woman carry it to the bus. Laughing pleasantly, she assisted the colored woman up the steps, then turned away as though nothing had happened. But something had happened.

Witnessing this little episode gave me a pleasant sensation around the heart. It was quite evident from the looks on faces about me that this nice feeling would be spread further abroad that day.

A woman had just purchased a pound of butter. As she moved toward the door, another customer asked for butter. "I'm sorry," answered the grocer, "but I just sold the last bit I had to that woman going out the door." The woman who was leaving turned again to the counter she had just left. "You may have half of this butter," she told the other woman, with a smile. She handed the package to the grocer saying, "Will you please cut it in half for us, Mr. Arnold?"

I saw the eyes of numerous customers shining with pleasure at this friendly gesture.

Mrs. Cohen, who lives in the block next to ours, received one of those heart-rending telegrams from the War Department informing her that her son had been killed in action. One of the first to call and offer condolences was a young Catholic priest from the little parish house just around the corner.

I raised the receiver on a telephone the other day and was about to dial a number when I noticed that someone was already using the line. Before I could hang up, I heard one of the speakers—a woman—say in a warm, friendly voice: "I think the other party on my line wants to use the phone, Martha. The call may be urgent; so I'll call you back later. 'Bye."

Why don't we do such things more often? It has made me feel good just to put these down on paper. I wonder if Hitler and Hirohito ever experience the pleasurable thrill one gets in performing little acts of kindness like those which I have mentioned. Some people don't know what they are missing.—*from "Good Business."*

Washington's Inner Sanctum

Described by one who is there, when the President makes his Fireside Chats.

By WALTER COMPTON

TO THE many millions of Americans, Washington is a place of glamour, a city of statesmanlike achievement. The average visitor to the Nation's Capital, in normal times, takes a day touring the Smithsonian Institution and, more recently, the Mellon Art Gallery. He pays thirty cents for a cab ride to Capitol Hill, gawks up at the great dome, pauses before the statue of Will Rogers, nudges his companion as a famous Senator or Congressman passes in the corridor. He goes into the House Chamber, sits in the gallery and finds that legislation is a pretty dull procedure. The next day he gets the big thrill — this is in normal times, remember — he takes the public tour of the White House.

But our average visitor never gets into the Inner Sanctum; he never gets beyond the great stairway which leads from the basement of the Executive Mansion to the East Room, the great Hall and the other rooms, decorated in various colors, which give thereon. Those rooms he sees. But not the Inner Sanctum. Yet, that one room has been for almost twelve years the focal point of America. It's one of the most familiar locales in the world, to millions all over the world. It is the Oval Room of the White House.

It's really not a very interesting room, as rooms go. Its major feature is its egg shape. Located in the basement of the White House, it lies beneath the Blue Room, which is on the main floor. Entering upon it are four doors, one from the corridor which bisects the building, another giving upon the south portico, and two from the rooms where, in the earlier days of the Roosevelt regime, the gifts and curios from admiring citizens were kept.

The shape of the room and the great thick walls, characteristic of the construction of the early 19th century, turn the doorways into alcoves perhaps four feet wide by an equal depth. Across three of these alcoves hang red velvet curtains, broken by small isinglass windows. From these three improvised booths, the official White House announcers of CBS, Mutual and NBC speak their pieces. The Blue Network, latest arrival on the scene, has a little box very similar to a telephone booth. The walls of

the Oval Room are cream, the wainscoting, white. A maroon, oval carpet covers the parquet floor, and the chairs are done in an off-shade of gold, dulled through the progress of the years. From this room for twelve years, have come the words which have molded the destiny of a nation —perhaps of the world.

Most frequently, when Presidential broadcasts are scheduled, there are newsreel cameramen and still photographers present as well. We of the networks, in company with regularly assigned engineers, are present perhaps half an hour before program time. Our equipment has been set up earlier in the afternoon. We talk in low tones. We exchange pleasantries and occasionally an obviously barbed remark concerning the competition. We do not smoke in the room—only in the corridor outside. We await the sound of the buzzer which means that the small elevator down the hall is descending. A secret service man announces succinctly, "The President." Franklin Delano Roosevelt, President of the United States, enters. Generally he is smiling, jovial, greets most of us personally as he shifts from his small wheeled chair to the larger chair behind the big desk.

Franklin Roosevelt takes out a small black loose-leaf book. In its pages, his address is typed, triple-spaced. We will later follow the speech from single-spaced, mimeographed copies. He lights a Camel—if he can find one these days—and studies the speech. He takes a gulp of water which he pours from the silver carafe. Should he pause in his deliberations, he can note the likenesses of other famous people who have inhabited the House. To his left the wife of President Tyler. Directly before him, Zachary Taylor. To his right, Presidents Garfield and Arthur. Directly behind him are portraits of Mrs. James K. Polk and Ulysses S. Grant. In winter time, the fireplace which Mrs. Roosevelt had installed in 1942, is brightly aglow. Above it the engineers and cameramen see their own reflections in the great, gold-framed mirror.

Now the President stops his perusal of the script, for before the desk is a battery of still photographers. "Look this way, Mr. President!" "Over here, sir!" Pop! go the bulbs. Stephen Early, the Presidential Secretary, gives the signal. The cameramen quickly pack their belongings in their black cases, and like the Arabs, silently steal away.

The President clears his throat, ducks the cigarette, takes another gulp of water. The fire crackles merrily in the fireplace. The announcers take their places, await the signal. There is a brief 15 seconds of complete quiet as the door to the hall is closed. A guest coughs and a secret service man looks at him reprovingly. This is the Inner Sanctum. This is the Oval Room of the White House. This is the room with the Fireside.

Comes the signal, a slight drop of an engineer's hand, and four voices say simultaneously those familiar, yet always startling words: "Ladies and Gentlemen . . . the President of the United States."

Crash-Bang Marriage

Hollywood ups and downs — to the count of ten!

By ODELL TRENGOVE

MARRIAGE is no private affair for the Bogarts, Humphrey and Mayo. Nor is stormy weather. They've had a chaotic career of mud- and bottle-slinging, confirming the public hunches that Bogie is a bold bad man, and his wife also is no slouch at tossing nasty remarks and weighty objects. The fans love it. Warner Brothers love it. It's good box office. And the Bogarts love it. At least, Humphrey came home again on Christmas night, and thereby another good marriage hangs together for a few more weeks.

Friends of the Bogarts maintain that Mayo and Humphrey are temperamentally suited to one another, and their fights are merely evidence of their great love. Puppy love—dog eat dog!

Be that as it may, their great love has caused the ruin of many a Chippendale chair and set of china. One of the framed items above the bar of their Sunset Boulevard home is a bill from the Hotel Algonquin for damages incurred to furniture and glassware during one of their famous fracases.

On their recent USO camp tour through Africa and Italy, another happily destructive evening in the Bogart room culminated in an irritable manager's descent upon the scene to itemize the damages. Then in a few minutes a Nazi plane swooped down to lay an egg on the whole hotel. Shrewdly surmising that the Fuehrer would likely ignore the incident if sued, the manager presented a bill to the Bogarts, anyway, for the room THEY had split apart.

The Bogart marriage is probably the most colorful and certainly the fightin'est in all Hollywood. There's nothing subtle about it. Whenever Mayo feels the urge she shrieks at her husband, "You're nothing but a cheap ham actor!" The more autograph-hounds standing around, the better she likes to make this startling disclosure. She also hurls highball glasses with excellent aim, narrowly missing the famous map featured in "High Sierra," "Casablanca," and O, heck, you know all the others. Humphrey usually dodges, with the pat comment, "She loves me because I'm tougher than George Raft!" Or maybe he'll pick up a handy missile with which to make the retort-in-kind.

Bogart has been married twice previously—first to Helen Mencken, in 1926. After one month, they decided it had been an incompatible mistake, and called the whole thing off. Then in 1928 Humphrey tried marriage again with Mary Phillips. That lasted until 1937. Finally, he

met Mayo Methot, a shapely blonde character actress, whose legs and simple childlike tastes struck Bogart as completely what he wanted. They entered wedlock in 1938, and have been in deadlock ever since.

For her fifth wedding anniversary Mayo got a hand-carved rolling pin from friend husband.

The Bogart family's gregarious drinking habits and militant married life have earned the fervent and respectful admiration of such celebrities as Louis Bromfield, Bob Benchley, Hoagy Carmichael, and James Thurber. The latter designed one of his famous murals to fit the Bogart bar room wall; it's entitled "Jolly Times at the Bogarts," and portrays male and female free souls in various attitudes of struggle cosmic and otherwise—all done up in true Thurber fashion.

When the Bogarts packed their bags for Africa to entertain the troops, the consensus of Hollywood opinion was that the boys at the front would see some REAL fighting when Mayo and Humphrey arrived. Neither of them came home with the Purple Heart—but Mayo came home with a purple eye.

During the Coolidge sojourn in the White House, an overnight guest found himself in an embarrassing predicament. At the family breakfast table he was seated on the President's right. Coolidge picked up his coffee cup, poured most of the contents into the deep saucer, and leisurely added a bit of cream and sugar. The guest, sensitive to presidential folk-ways, and feeling it was incumbent upon him to do as the President did, hastily poured his own coffee into the saucer and followed suit. Just as he was about to pick up the saucer and blow gently—he was aghast to see the President take his own saucer and place it on the floor for the cat.

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Two laborers were working on a very tall block of apartment buildings. Suddenly the man at the top of the ladder called to his mate at the bottom.

"I say, Jim, come up here a minute and listen."

His mate slowly climbed the ladder and at last, quite out of breath, reached the top.

"I can't hear anything," he said.

"No," said the other. "Ain't it quiet?"

When Heywood Broun was covering big league ball games—before he took up columning—he casually mentioned in one of his reports that a large and intelligent crowd witnessed the contest . . . What, his sports editor wanted to know, was the idea in writing that a large and intelligent crowd had attended the game—when the Associated Press coverage of the same meet reported that the attendance was slightly less than scanty. Broun wired back, "Crowd at game was large and intelligent. Fatty Arbuckle was in the stands. He is large. I am intelligent."

•

At a little stream on the Swiss frontier, a Swiss and a Nazi soldier were fishing from the opposite sides of the water. Great success had attended the Swiss and he had a handsome string to show for his efforts, whereas the Nazi had not had so much as a nibble.

"Why is it," called the Nazi, "that you have so much better luck? Aren't we using the same bait?"

"Well," said the Swiss. "on this side the fish aren't afraid to open their mouths."

This is *The Human Adventure*

The story of science at work, and how it is made listenable to the layman by Sherman H. Dryer on the University of Chicago radio programs.

CHILDBIRTH, Einstein's theory of relativity, the weather, sleep, "useless knowledge," map-making, chlorophyll—these are but a few of the scholarly and drab-on-the-surface subjects that have been presented on "The Human Adventure" since its debut over the Mutual network in the fall of 1943.

Rejecting the pedagogic approach to the intellectual, Sherman H. Dryer, who wields the showman's hand behind this series, can justifiably boast that there has not been a dull fifteen seconds in the more than sixty half-hour dramatizations that have been presented.

On "The Human Adventure" the important stories of science research become thrilling episodes in the history of man's climb from the cave to the skyscraper. And, significantly, material for the scripts is drawn not only from the records of science in the universities and colleges of America but from learned institutions all over the world. Thus "The Human Adventure," in effect, is actually science's story of its work.

Dryer's is the ability to put the earthy touch to the most profound scientific pronouncements. Take, for example, the Einstein script. Here was the job of explaining relativity, the fourth dimension and measurements of time, space and the speed of light.

Cram this into a thirty-minute broadcast. Make it scientifically accurate and make it good radio.

The vehicle for putting across these weighty concepts to the ordinary guy was . . . an ordinary guy. The central figure in the dramatization was a bewildered citizen, and the movement was accomplished through a series of dramatic episodes and narration designed to give him an insight to the various facets of the relativity theory.

Listeners' interest in the program, judged by the number of letters received following the broadcast, surprised even those who were directly responsible for the show and consider it "their baby." Of the thousands of comments received one of the most interesting came from a nine-year-old boy—who said that he enjoyed the program but still "didn't exactly understand Mr. Ine Styne's terey."

In order to meet the keen competition of commercial radio, showmanship is given equal priority with subject matter on "The Human Adventure." A "good" radio program with no listeners is an inexcusable waste of valuable radio time. As a result "The Human Adventure" stands between

the exacting demands of radio on the one hand and the more exacting demands of science on the other.

An examination of a few of the scripts will illustrate how the two are blended into a finished product that is both good radio and good scholarship.

The story of early man as presented on this series followed the popular pattern of a detective thriller. The anthropologist was the detective who probed into caves, graves and tombs to recreate the story of prehistoric man from such flimsy bits of evidence as a tooth, a thigh bone or a skull that may be a million years old.

How can you depict what goes on in a blade of grass? Without the use of any visual devices how can such a story be told over the air? That was the problem to be faced when it was decided to base a program on chlorophyll, the green coloring matter in plants.

On "The Human Adventure" the dramatization took the form of an exciting Alice in Wonderland tour through "the factory where chlorophyll is manufactured." The miracle of chlorophyll was thus related through the adventures of Alice, the Rabbit, a water foreman, magician and various other gremlins at work in a blade of grass.

Fantastic? Surely. But it put across—with showmanship—the story of what science knows about a substance that is so important that without it no life could exist.

Then there was the story of human birth. This was a touchy theme. But,

as Dryer stated in announcing this program, "The greatest of all human adventures is the story of human birth. It is one of the most important, vital and personal experiences in the life of human beings."

How was this story told? Dramatically the script followed the event of human birth through the true-to-life experiences of a young couple from their first breakfast table discussion of coming parenthood to a climax in the delivery room. In the course of the extremely human drama it was pointed out how science determines pregnancy. The most important rules of pre-natal care were outlined and an analysis of popular superstitions concerning child-bearing was woven into the day-by-day account of the developments.

How did this show go over with listeners? Although it is impossible to answer this question for everyone who heard the show, it can be said that it definitely did impress the

Morale Division of the Armed Service Forces. Shortly after the broadcast, the A.S.F. requested a repeat of the program "for the benefit of expectant fathers in the armed services." The rebroadcast of this program was recorded by the A.S.F. and shipped to the service's 400 overseas radio stations. Today expectant fathers in the service throughout the world can hear the factual, reassuring dramatization telling the story of human birth.

Maintaining absolute fidelity of fact is the toughest handicap faced by those who plan and present this series. It is a paramount ruling that the programs must be scientifically accurate. It is a cardinal sin to use dramatic license as an excuse to violate the facts of a scientific story. Extraordinary attention must be paid to good taste and intellectual tone because the dignity and integrity of the world's great scholars are at stake.

That is "The Human Adventure."

They tell this one of Mr. Lincoln. It was during the Civil War that some officer disobeyed an order. Said Secretary Stanton to the President, "I believe I'll sit down and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do," said Mr. Lincoln. "Write to him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him up."

Stanton didn't need a second urging. He wrote a bone crusher and read it to the President.

"That's right," said Lincoln. "That's a good one."

"Now whom can I send it by," asked Stanton.

"Send it?" Lincoln replied. "Why, don't send it at all. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up."

JUVENALIA

The precious bane of her mother's existence refused to eat her oatmeal the other morning at breakfast. Her mother used all the progressive wheedling at her command, and finally resorted to an old tack: "You should eat your oatmeal like a nice girl, darling. There are thousands of little boys and girls who would like to eat that oatmeal."

"Yeah?" said Precious. "Name three."

It happened in history class. The teacher asked one of her small fry to name two ancient sports. He answered, "Antony and Cleopatra."

Progressive education has its trials. And some think it has little else. For example—there's a teacher we know who had trouble with one kindergarten youngster. He was in revolt and determined to go home. All coercion failed. Finally our teacher telephoned the child's mother and after explaining the situation, put the culprit himself on the line. She could tell by the way Mr. Big's protests grew weaker and weaker that he was losing his case. At last he drew a long bitter sigh and said into the phone, "All right then—if you want me to be a damned bead-stringer!" And hung up!

SOUND AFFECTED

By

REESE WADE

Our friend swears it's true. He used to be in radio back New York way, and his favorite story is about a sound effects man. One day a script called for the effect of feet-climbing-stairs. The sound effects man was all set with the right equipment—some steps mounted on a handy little wheeled chassis. The wheels simply made it easier to move around in the studio. Well, the story goes, the sound effects man readied himself for a dash up the stairs. Promptly on cue he threw himself into his art! Only, he'd overlooked one detail. He'd forgotten to set the brakes on the wheeled chassis. Sound effects man, steps. and chassis slammed against the studio wall—and instead of the "effect of feet-climbing-stairs" what the show got was the effect of total collapse.

But wait—there's another day coming! And the sound effects man had yet another stairs to climb. But this time he wasn't to be caught loose-wheeled—not he! He locked the wheels with the greatest of care, took his place, and charged up the stairs exactly on cue. But his zeal ran away with him. When he reached the top he kept right on going, and crashed over the stairs, flat on his face.

But they didn't fire him. He must have had a beautiful soul. Or maybe it was the employer's soul that was beautiful. Anyway, our man was retained as assistant on another program. The chief sound effects man was working himself into a frenzy with horse's hooves, screaming tires, crashing automobiles, and all such pictorial sounds, often called for in radio scripts. The assistant sound effects man simply followed the script. He had one cue and one sound—a pistol shot.

Somehow amid the fury of his various noises, the chief noticed that a cue had been missed.

"Hey," he muttered to his assistant, "you missed a cue a couple of pages back."

"What?" said the assistant, benignly intent upon the script.

"I said a couple of pages back you missed a cue—the pistol shot."

The assistant thumbed back through the script and read the page carefully. Then his brow wrinkled. "Dammit," he whispered, "I *did* miss that cue." He raised the pistol and pulled the trigger. "*Bang!*" went the gun several pages late.

"There," said the assistant sound effects man with satisfaction. And putting his pistol back on the rack, he picked up his script again. Of such simple determination are great cities conquered—the wrong cities: and messages carried to Garcia—two days late!

Tommy Fitzgerald, the sports writer, tells of the young girl, a war worker engaged in the making of precision instruments, who at a recent baseball game exercised the American prerogative of abusing the umpire. "Ya big bum!" she shrieked. "He was safe by a thousandth of an inch!"—*from* "Good Business."

Exploring the *Aerial* Arctic

How to defrost a "flying refrigerator!" It's one of the household tasks of major airplane manufacturers — to keep war planes safe for the boys who fly them.

By HARRY VAN DEMARK

A BIG twin-engined medium bomber begins to climb on its test flight over the rolling hills. At first glance it looks like any other of its kind—impressive, but no longer unusual. Then a sharper glance detects an arrangement, affixed much like the outrigger of a native canoe, running parallel to the portside wing about three feet in front of the propeller.

Unusual as this mechanical contrivance appears, its function is even more extraordinary. At 20,000 feet the chief test pilot at the controls will level off and fly evenly. Then the flight test engineer, from his seat in the nose of the plane, will press a button on the instrument panel. Immediately from forty-four nozzles along this outrigger, forty-four jets of water forcefully strike the whirling blades of the portside propeller.

Ice forms at once. Great chunks of it fly off to beat a fierce tattoo on the fuselage and on the three-fourth-inch glass protecting the pilot. Most of it remains on the blades.

The test plane falters, loses speed. Tail and wings begin to vibrate. The starboard propeller continues to run smoothly, but the portside blades, now thoroughly iced up, begin to vibrate, while the portside engine fights to regain control over enemy ice.

This is what happens to a plane when ice forms on the propeller blades. Although this flight test ice is artificially produced, it is the same kind of ice, and just as dangerous, as that which imperils pilots and crews of fighter planes, bombers and transports in war areas at freezing altitudes and in Arctic and sub-Arctic theaters.

Back in the test bomber the flight engineer keeps on his course, intently watching the iced propeller. Then he presses still another button on the panel. A de-icing solution, being tested on this current flight, is released to spill over the surface of the blades.

The pilot, confident of the starboard propeller, waits patiently for the de-icing solution to get in its work, then feathers the portside blades. Cautiously the flight test engineer opens the escape hatch of the bombardier's compartment and aims his color camera at the now still blades of the feathered propeller. Later, these pictures will be used to compare the results of this with past and future de-icing tests.

Now the pilot takes the bomber down and sets her down on the long runway. Oxygen masks and parachutes in hand, both men discuss the flight as they walk to their office. The ice had formed as planned. Results, however, were more or less unexpected. They would be the subject of a "skull session" for some hours to come.

This is de-icing in action—just one of the many test activities of a major airplane manufacturing company.

The search for a solution to the threat of ice on propeller blades is one of aviation's oldest puzzles. At first the answer was sought in *anti*-icing—that is, preparing the blades in such a fashion that ice would not form. Early pilots even used honey, smeared in the blades, and since then every substance from road tar to ski wax has been tried—and is still being tried.

Then came *de*-icing—getting rid of propeller ice after it has formed. It had become apparent that even the most effective forms of *anti*-icing solutions lost effectiveness after a relatively short time in the air.

Because of the valuable information gained through de-icing and many other propeller tests, the Army has on occasion made a medium bomber available for such tests.

The engineer's first problem was to make the bomber a "flying refrigerator." First, how to carry enough water aloft to make the ice. Into the bomb bay of the plane went a 400-gallon tank.

Next, how to spray this water to the propellers. A seven-foot hollow strut was obtained. To this was fitted forty-four atomizer nozzles. The device was rigged from the fuselage outward, parallel to the port propeller disk and about three feet in front.

Then—how to govern this device so that all atmospheric conditions could be simulated and ice made to form at any season. Electric pumping solved that, at the rate of six gallons of water each minute. Electric heating coils around each nozzle keep the water from freezing before it is sprayed on the blades.

Weather conditions under which propellers "ice up" vary, of course, in intensity, and these variations are simulated on the test plane by regulating the water pump or by previously changing the nozzles to vary the density of the spray.

The de-icing solution itself is released by another ingenious arrangement. Electrically pumped from a tank in the fuselage, through a slinger device, the solution pours out at the shank of the blade, into a grooved rubber shoe to the blade tip. There, through a slit in the rubber, it spills out over the entire surface of the blade.

The use of a twin-engine plane in the tests is a safety factor that minimizes the danger of deliberately icing a propeller in the air. It follows, of course, that the results obtained from each test also apply to single-engine planes.

When a propeller cakes with ice the thrust horsepower is at once lessened and there is little the pilot can

do about it. If one blade of a propeller cakes more thickly than another they are thrown out of balance, causing violent vibration.

Our pilots in war planes which often fly in the sub-stratosphere cannot choose to run away from ice as a peacetime pilot would do. For their sake, de-icing tests continue as often as practicable, and every last possibility for a final solution to the problem is immediately explored. Every improved means found to avoid or eliminate propeller icing is another step in the direction of eliminating one of aviation's major hazards.

"And this high-finned empennage aids stability, particularly with the laminar-flow wings where, in this case, you have considerable parasitic drag on the wing load through the heavy power generated by the radial-type engine . . . " — from *"The Wasp Nest."*

WOMEN

The trouble with women is—
—they're women!

A woman will stand before a wardrobe that is bulging with dresses, suits, hats, shoes, etc., and say with a straight face, "I haven't a thing to wear." At which point, if her husband is anything like me, he will lift the coat of his blue serge suit and let the shine of his trousers make her blink.

Slacks happen to be the fashion. But why do women have to look like the back end of a Greyhound Bus before they start wearing them?

All women agree that marriage should be a 50-50 proposition: 50c for you and 50 bucks for them.

They say women are shrewd in financial matters, and yet I have known women to spend $1.30 on a taxi ride in order to save 25c on an article at the other end of town.

If you don't kiss your wife, she says you are neglecting her. If you kiss her twice in one day she says, "Now—what have you been up to?"

If you don't take a drink, you're a killjoy. If you take two, you're a drunkard.

Buy her a bracelet—you're a darling! Buy yourself a pair of shoes—you're extravagant!

A woman says, "We simply must have more heat in this house—I'm freezing!" And that night, she steps out in zero weather in an evening gown cut to here—sheer stockings, and a flower in her hair.

If you dance the rhumba twice with her girl friend. that is "Exhibitionism." Yet she has nine straight dances with that handsome lieutenant—and that's "Patriotism."

If you wear your shirt open at the neck, a woman will call you eccentric; but she can wear a hat decorated with two potato chips, a slice of pear and half a banana—and that's "Adorable."

You can tell your most intimate friend what you are paying your cook, and your wife will call you a "big mouth." But that same day—in the beauty parlor—she has let her hairdresser know what you earn, that you sleep in only the tops of your pajamas, how cleverly she nipped in the bud your affair with the "Painted Hussy of a secretary."

One woman talking is a monologue. Two women talking is a dialogue. Three or more women talking is a "catty" logue.

A woman will forget your past for a present.

Signed,

A MAN.

P.S. If my wife happens to read this piece, remember—the trouble with men is: they're such liars! ! !

—From Barnett and Ramel "Employees News."

Holy Deadlock

Bill: Have you seen one of those instruments which can tell when a man is lying?

Hank: Seen one? I married one.

"What shall I do?" wailed the sweet young thing. "I'm engaged to a man who just cannot bear children."

"Well," remarked the kindly old lady, "you mustn't expect too much of a husband." — *from "The Tooter."*

Let's Get to *Know* Each Other

By STANLEY DIXON . . . *who would have peace among the nations begin with peace and understanding among individuals.*

ALL the treaties in the world won't be any good unless the people of the world get to know and like each other better. The same is true in America. It is all very well to have union leaders meet with business and farm leaders. What we need is more farmers understanding the point of view of a union member because the farmer can count some union men among his friends. It is a lot easier to see the viewpoint of someone you like personally.

A large number of our twelve million men and women in uniform are going to add to the cause of international understanding by making friends with Australians, Frenchmen, Russians. Some of them will go further than that by marrying them—which is all right too, provided that both parties recognize their national differences—and no hearts at home are broken!

Perhaps the most important thing in the world today is friendship and cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Whether we like their form of government or not, the fact remains that modern Russia has the national will and organization to become a tremendously powerful industrial nation of more than 200 million people. If the U. S. A. and Russia stand together, the two can keep the peace of the world.

But how can we combat those who perpetually and persistently sow seeds of hatred and distrust against the Soviet Union. How many of us have ever even met a Russian?

Why not start with our young people, in high school as well as in college. Let us have a world-wide system of exchange students, with the boys and girls selected living in homes in the selected country, while the students from other countries would live in American homes, on farms as well as in cities. Unions and farm organizations might join in, and arrange for their members to spend time working in French factories and on Australian farms. Such a plan would have been impossible fifty years ago . . . but now in the air age, it could be managed. The governments concerned might cooperate, also organizations such as the Carnegie Foundation. Even if it costs money, it will be money well spent, for those personal friendships formed by these young people may help prevent another war which will destroy our civilization.

Many people oppose compulsory MILITARY training after the war . . . a year's training would not fit our young men to fight robot bombs. A year's training in citizenship might be a different matter. In addition to a thorough medical examination which

might help to prevent some serious illness later, there could be physical and vocational training . . . both of which would help the men to be better soldiers if that should ever again be required. In addition, send the young men from the cities to work on farms . . . let the men from agricultural areas work in factories. Let them see something of how other Americans earn a living. They might form friendships which would help to erase prejudice and misunderstanding.

Remember that you aren't born with a prejudice. Little children play happily with each other, unconscious of differences of color, race or religion, until some older person instills the poison of prejudice. After the last war there was a terrible flood of hate, in America as well as abroad. Despite the fact that our sons are fighting side by side on the battlefields of the world, there is still the hatemonger at home . . . spreading rumors and lies . . . against different groups of our people . . . other races . . . other religions.

It is very easy to be prejudiced against someone you don't really KNOW. There are some hopeful factors today. There are more books about other countries . . . and a greater curiosity about other lands and peoples. There is more INFORMATION to combat PREJUDICE. Travel is easier . . . hundreds of thousands of peace-time tourists are driving in parts of America very different from their own home towns. The radio helps . . . with its overseas broadcasts . . . its messages of goodwill from leaders in other countries . . . and the frank discussions of national problems.

But we still want to bring it down to a basis of you and me . . . so let's you and I make up our minds that we won't condemn other nations . . . other groups . . . until we know the reason why they behave as they do.

Hitler and Hirohito thrived on hate . . . they built their war machines on it. We can only build world peace and industrial peace on a foundation of goodwill . . . of getting people to LIKE each other.

The MacTavishes went to a movie, taking their very vocal baby. At the ticket window they were warned that unless the child was quiet during the show they would have to take their money and leave. Halfway through the show the wife turned to her husband and whispered.

"What do you think of it?"

"Rotten."

"Pinch the baby."—*from "Good Business."*

SON OF THE SAGE

From Emporia, where he edits the Gazette, William L. ("Young Bill") White comes over to Kansas City with his report on Russia. He knows whereof he speaks. He was there. You'll find his story on page 3.

Hitler's *Final* Secret Weapon

Will a hard, desperate core of Nazi guerrillas make peace impossible?

By ALEXANDER GRIFFIN

ONE of the big topics around American dinner tables today is: How will peace with Germany be achieved? Apparently it has not occurred to very many Americans that there may not be any peace with Germany. Literally—no peace! For there is a very distinct possibility that when official German resistance ends, unofficial resistance will continue. By that I mean guerrilla warfare and underground warfare.

THAT WOMAN

Those aren't stripes — those are heat waves! Lauren Bacall of the big bass voice gives you that look from down under. You saw her with Humphrey Bogart in "To Have and Have Not" at the Newman. Catch them again in "The Big Sleep."

SLEEPY TIME GAL

Gayle Robbins, reclining on our center pages, looking like something you'd like to come home to. She belongs to 20th Century-Fox. Used to sing with a band. As if she had to sing! You saw her in "In the Meantime, Darling," if you saw it.

By all the rules of war, Germany today is near defeat. Her condition is fully as critical as when she collapsed in 1918. For in the last war, Germany was still fighting on French and Belgian soil when hostilities ceased, but today, both American and Russian troops are inside the frontiers of Germany, itself. The economy of the Reich is slowly collapsing under relentless pressure. And Germany's casualties have been tremendous. Yet . . . Germany's battered armies continue to fight, and fight well. And many of her civilians who have fallen into Allied hands continue to breath defiance.

There is no indication as yet that these conditions will change when ultimately our forces cross the Rhine. Nor, for that matter, when we occupy Berlin itself. Hitler has boasted that if he goes down, Germany will go with him. And already, the teen-aged boys and the German graybeards are being shoved into the front lines, while women are working on the East Prussian fortifications.

Behind them all, to make sure that there is no let-down, stands the deadly Gestapo of Heinrich Himmler. And Himmler also is busy training special groups of fanatical young Nazis for guerrilla and underground warfare if the regular army quits. These fanatics are sworn to assassinate all

Germans who deal with the Allies, and also to pick off Allied administrators.

Let us assume that American, British and Russian armies do occupy the Reich. Can there be peace—any peace—with armed bands roving the countryside and working underground? Can there be any peace worthy of the name without a German Government to deal with?

There are probably very few trustworthy Germans who would agree to form a government under these conditions. Russia has set up a pseudo-government in Moscow made up of captured and hand-picked German officers, but it is very unlikely that this set-up would be satisfactory to the Allies. And so, under these conditions, it is quite within the realm of possibility that the Big Three, or Four, now France has been given a seat in the Sun, will have to establish a government of their own—with their own nationals as officials of Germany.

That, however, would not be peace; at best, it would be only an uneasy armed truce.

The Allies could not very well sit down and write a treaty with their own officials; even Germans who were reconciled to the fact that all was lost would sneer at any such procedure as that. They might obey the treaty's decrees, but they would not respect them.

Hitler has boasted of his secret weapons to come, weapons over and above the dreaded V-1, V-2 and V-3. This may well be his ultimate secret weapon. For after the last war, the Allied powers went soft and gradually withdrew all controls, and Hitler very probably is hoping for something of the same thing this time.

True, he may not be present to see it. But under the set-up now being forged, there will remain the hard, desperate core of Nazi guerrillas around which to build a new machine for world conquest.

Yes, peace is a popular topic now. But peace—like a bargain—requires two parties. Without Germans to deal with—good, trustworthy Germans—there can be no bargain . . . maybe no peace.

• MEDLEY

A couple of Sundays ago, on our way for a bottle of milk, we passed a couple of small fry sprawled on some front steps. They were boys of seven, possibly eight, and evidently just home from Sunday School. They looked pretty scrubbed, and their Bibles and Sunday School papers were scattered on the top step. With typical juvenile disregard for the seasonal, they were singing loudly around lollipops one of the Christmas carols, "We Three Kings of Orient Are." And for some reason known only to most gentlemen and a few ladies of their tender years, they found the song tremendously funny. Just as we came within extra good earshot, one of the small boys cackled. "Hey, here 'tis!" And strangling with laughter, he gave out with his new version, "Star of Wonder—don't fence me in!"

Awaken Our *Sleeping* Industrial Giant

By J. C. NICHOLS

- No magic will preserve our freedom!
- We must strengthen our nerves; harden our muscles; put callouses on our hands — and do the impossible!
- Ours is no part-time job — it must be green lights ahead for our factories!
- Silent shops and idle mines will not do it.
- We are playing a desperate game of keeps; our land must be fit for our children to live in!
- Every tick of the clock is precious time.

LET US have courage to face the facts. Analyze the 1930-1940 census by counties and realize the alarmingly declining population of our central area. Mechanization of our farms is rapidly reducing our population; replacement of horses and mules has sadly reduced the market for agricultural products. Much of our farmers' cash today is spent for high cost farm equipment made in distant places, where formerly the farmer capitalized his time on his own land.

Until recent foreign demand, a large part of the export market for our crops had been lost. We have gone through ten years of drought, but God knows I hope we have now hit a wet cycle.

We have suffered low prices, but it is hoped that the new parity schedule will bring relief. It has been a long time since we have had good crops and good prices at the same time.

The drainage of our man power, amounting to several thousands per month, has for years depleted our consuming population. The constant national trend to mass industrial production has concentrated processing industry in regions beyond our section.

We are in a power-age favoring T. V. A., Oregon, Boulder Dam section, and other remote areas. The lower all-water haul, via the Panama Canal, freight rates have adversely affected the Midcontinent; the St. Lawrence Seaway, if built, may only further maroon our section.

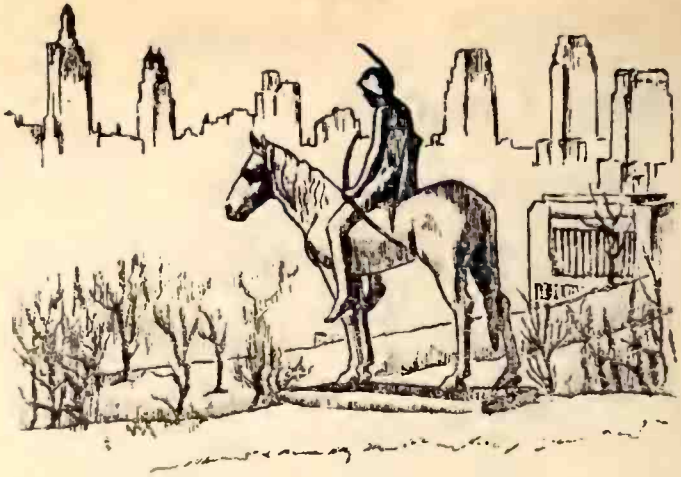
Shall we become an economic dust bowl?

The trade territory of all our larger cities is rapidly declining in buying power.

Ghost towns are beginning to appear in our region.

You know that we are not balancing agriculture with industry!

We must have industry in near-by



towns to give employment to our men released from our farms by mechanized farming requiring less labor.

This creates a vicious circle because industry prefers to locate near the largest consuming markets.

Large factories for defense materials built elsewhere on a plan of a five-year amortization of buildings and equipment are creating grave competition for any future new plants in our area for generations.

Let us not be misled in our thinking, that the few defense plants erected in our area permanently solve our problems. We have violent headaches ahead unless we plan now for the post-emergency period.

Have we the superhuman leadership? Have we the stamina? Have we the spirit of cooperation among our several central states to accept the gauntlet and build private industries to balance our agriculture? Can we stem the tide of declining population?

Can we avail ourselves of our vast reservoir of raw products and build industry in our area?

I am not thinking simply of more large factories in our big cities, but am pleading for small shops and factories in the towns throughout our entire section.

The hand on the plow should lead to the loom in the near-by town, the end of the furrow, to a smokestack near-by. Cities can only grow with wide distribution of prosperity in their trade territory.

I challenge America that no area has a finer supply of intelligent American-born labor.

I challenge America that no other section has such wide unused resources and known reserves of natural and raw products, ready to support industry.

I challenge America that no other community has cheaper or more abundant supply of fuel or finer distribution of land and air transportation services. Certainly the full use of the Missouri River, clear up to Yankton,

S. D., must be added to our cheap transportation facilities.

DECENTRALIZATION IS OPPORTUNITY

A great migration of industry has been under way for many years. The textile industry has moved largely from New England down along the Atlantic Coast; the paper industry into the south; the electrical industry mostly into Ohio; the automobile industry into Michigan; the moving picture industry into California and so on through a long list of migrating industrial centers. Large industrialists are recognizing the economic hazards of over-concentration.

But what is the situation in the Central United States? The records tell the story that our industrial production is not keeping pace with the average industrial growth of our country and my purpose in coming here today is to charge the red-blooded, two-fisted leadership of our region as to what we can do to develop new industrial uses for the products of our farms and our mineral resources through scientific research; to build new industries based upon our natural resources and to claim our share of business in the nation's industrial progress.

Will we meet the crisis confronting us? "Men of our area, awaken, because we have great things to do today."

We don't propose to accept idly a closed economy for our territory.

During the World War, great new industries were born. From the present emergency, due to the need of substitute materials, many new industries will be created.

"*Shall we sleep on our gigantic resources?*" Daring industrial pioneers are needed today.

I propose that the research authorities of the institutions and private industries in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Colorado, Iowa, the Dakotas, Missouri, and other adjacent

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ONE of the widest awake men in Kansas City—or any other city—is J. C. Nichols, chairman of the board of the J. C. Nichols Company, and developer of the Country Club into one of the finest residential districts in the country. Mr. Nichols has been for seven years a member of the Business Advisory Council for the Department of Commerce of the United States; and for eighteen years has served gratuitiously as a member of the planning commission of our National Capital.

In the fall of 1941, before Pearl Harbor, Mr. Nichols made a memorable address at Oklahoma City and at Pittsburg, Kansas. Since that time, some of the serious situation pointed out by Mr. Nichols has been corrected. In fact, he himself, in his seventeen months as a dollar-a-year man in Washington, has been quite instrumental in bringing about the location of war plants in the middle west. Fundamentally, however, many of the conditions described by Mr. Nichols still exist, and they deserve the serious consideration of the leaders and business men in our area. We present the text of Mr. Nichols' pre-Pearl Harbor speech, feeling that it is timely even yet.

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areas, all suffering the same declining population and slow manufacturing growth, work out a coordinated, allocated plan of scientific research as to industrial uses of the products of Central United States.

The Mineral Industries Building being erected at Kansas University, and the new Research Building at Oklahoma University and Nebraska's and Colorado's and Iowa's research program show our states are aroused.

Let us arrange a series of joint meetings of the best scientific research men of our section.

Let us lay before ourselves a list of all products—agricultural and mineral.

Let us find out what studies are under way in our own institutions and in the four great United States research laboratories and other national laboratories and not duplicate their efforts.

Let us particularly pick those products on our list in which research today is not being fully prosecuted.

Let us send a committee of our best scientific men to travel from laboratory to laboratory to ascertain all research work under way relating to our products. Then let us not duplicate our efforts, but by definite assignment allocate certain fields to each of our state institutions and our own existing private research laboratories.

The heads of several of the largest national research laboratories were reared in our region. Dr. E. R. Weidlein of the great Mellon Research Institute, Dr. Ernest W. Reid, head of the Union Carbide Laboratory, John Brentlinger, head of Industrial engineering for duPont and others are keenly interested in our cause.

MOBILIZE RESEARCH FOR PROGRESS

I suggest we call into conference, after we survey our field, these able men to counsel with our best research men.

Let's urge our legislatures to be liberal with appropriations to support this broad research program.

Let us approach the whole field from the standpoint of our general area.

Let us share our findings, let us exchange our studies; let us admit no discouragement.

Then let us have the daring; the vision to support financially the beginnings of new industries which bid fair to prosper in our region.

Think what the early courage and undaunted spirit of a few men in Wichita in the early, feeble days of the aircraft industry have finally achieved for that part of Kansas, which is already bringing to our area some half billion dollars of orders of airplanes in Wichita alone.

Certainly we have the men and companies of means that will supply the "risk capital" to exploit the commercial potentialities of the most promising results of our research efforts.

Synthetic chemistry rests upon certain basic pillars; coal, gas, oil, lime stone, water, air and farm products. In all these products our Central Empire abounds. But have we the ingenuity to utilize these God-given resources?

We cannot think of the future industrial horizon of our domain without considering its relation to synthetic chemistry.

Ponder the mysterious alchemy by which the gases of the air and the minerals of the soil are transmitted into waving grasses, and tossing foliage by the radiation of the sun.

As miraculous as it seems, synthetic chemistry today is outdoing nature in breaking down molecules in matter and rearranging atoms into

articles of daily use and necessity. This juggling of atoms spells future industrial growth for the central U. S.

Nature works with catalysts called enzymes, which bring about reactions in living organisims. Our chemists, delving into the mystery of earth's contents and products, set up new compounds, rearrange matter and outdo the soil and rays of the sun. They bring into existence hundreds—yes—thousands of materials, creating a new world and a new frontier for the industries of our land.

Yes, chemurgy puts chemistry to work for ages to come.

Cheap power is the basis of all industrial operation, and in our area we have potentially the cheapest power in the United States from our great oil and gas fields and coal deposits.

Here we have in this immediate area enough bituminous coal (based on present consumption) to last some 9,000 years, and yet we know that synthetic chemistry can make nearly ten thousand things from coal; such as aspirin, dyes, perfumes, drugs, ammonium nitrate, saccharine, TNT, plastics, acids, textiles, brushes, furniture, artificial leather, rubber and chemicals.

The 1,200,000 estimated tons of metallic manganese—not just ore but actual metal—in South Dakota, and immense beds of lignite in that area should play a big part in our defense program, and the future development of our central area. A Pilot Plant is now in operation at Chamberlain, South Dakota, to test this great body of manganese. There are also great bodies of coal within a radius of 400 miles of Rapid City, S. D.

Chlorine and sodium made from salt are the principal tools which the chemist uses in synthesizing new products. The other chief requirement is low power cost.

Here we have great supplies of natural gas and petroleum from which a multitude of articles of daily use can be made through synthetic chemistry.

The petroleum and gas industry of the Midcontinent has already been most aggressive in its research—bringing millions of dollars of wealth, and immense employment in our region.

But what can we do to reduce the piping of our oil and gas out of our territory which is now building industry far beyond our region?

Perhaps cheap gas, oil or coal can make electricity at as low a cost as can be done with water power when all costs are really calculated.

Power puts chemicals into active form, and one or more electrolytic plants should be built immediately as there is now a dangerous shortage of chlorine, metallic sodium and metallic magnesium.

In the tri-state area we have large

—Ferdinand E. Warren

reserves of lead and zinc, basic to so many industries.

Would not a slight raise in the price of lead and zinc bring into operation immense fields of our lower grade ores?

Your ammonium nitrate plant will train men in synthetic technique which may have far-reaching results in a greater use of these products, but we must be industrially conscious. Remember an ammonia plant is a real basic chemical plant.

Perhaps from those huge piles of chat in your lead and zinc fields, magnesium, a critical material, can be salvaged.

From our resources untold plastics may be created.

Nylon, rayon, duprene, butadiene rubbers, fabrics may be made from your coal, your petroleum and your gas; phenols from your coal tar; formaldehyde from your gas, lucite glass and a whole range of plastics from coal.

TNT is now being made for the first time from toluol coming from your petroleum gases mixed with sulphuric and nitric acids.

Henry Ford has well said that the future automobile may be "grown" from our soil. Already some 243 items in an automobile can be made from plastics derived from coal, oil, limestone, and farm products. Some 100 parts of an airplane can already be derived from the same sources.

Within ten years, from our limestone and coal and our petroleum gases, rubber may be produced cheaper than we can obtain it from the East Indies.

Startling results are coming from laboratories of our land, making superior fabrics from casein. Aralac wool from milk is rapidly becoming a part of your hat, your clothing, and draperies. In fact hundreds of products, through synthetic chemistry can be developed from milk. Some day the old family cow may be dressing as well as feeding us!

You know the story of the soybean and the 300 products which may be produced from it. Soybean oil is as old as the Chinese painted idols—yet as new as tomorrow's plastics.

Sugar beets, broom corn, sargo, kaffirs, peanuts, castor beans, cornstalks, sweet clover, cow peas, sunflower, straws, milkweed, lespedeza—yes, the common hated weeds of our farms and roadsides may spell industrial opportunity!

Starches and plastics from our sweet and Irish potatoes—cigarette paper from flax—may create new values for our farms.

AGRICULTURE IS OUR BULWARK

While on the subject of farms let me say that the time has come in the depletion of our soils in this whole central area when we must give serious consideration to its upbuilding. Sulphuric acid made from the pyrites of your coal, or from your zinc roasters, mixed with the estimated 20,000,000 tons of phosphate rock in Northwestern Arkansas and the large deposits in Oklahoma, can produce a superphosphate fertilizer at some half the cost of that shipped today from Baltimore, Md., which, strange to say, is

now the center of the fertilizer industry of America.

Reports from seven of our mid-continent agricultural colleges show the need of more than a million tons annually to maintain the fertility, and to build the prolific production of our own soils. Soon we may be growing vegetables and other products to provide oils and fats which will supply industrial needs for fabrics, furniture, building materials, and a host of other items.

Experiments are under way at Kansas and Nebraska Agricultural Colleges as to industrial use of our sorghum family, which can be produced in such tremendous tonnage in our states.

Do you know that more than 200 products are today being made from our corn? In fact, corn sugars are being used to coat steel!

And don't forget that some 12 million acres, or nearly one-third of the area of the state of Oklahoma, and large areas in the Ozarks are covered with timber, comprising 134 species—offering untold potentialities for pulp for paper, plastics and other products.

Furfural, a liquid made from corncobs or oat hulls, may in turn be used to convert more corncobs, cornstalks, oat and wheat straw into valuable plastics.

Houses of the future may be built with building board made from our immense beds of gypsum . . . or glass houses may be the result of our cheap fuel and sand.

Oat hulls and cotton are already proving valuable as binding material for paving of our roads . . . Houses may some day be largely built of cotton, building boards made from waste farm products or glass from our sands.

Corn alcohol, our salt, our cotton, gas and coal and air will be used in making smokeless powder at the Chouteau plant.

The question is—have we reached a static farm maturity? Or is there an ever-surging, irrepressible spirit to accept the industrial challenge to hew out the rightful destiny for central U. S.?

When you can make a plastic from the products of our soil that has ten times the strength of steel, are you content to allow that new industries of our times be built far removed?

Over 53 billion tons of coal reserves, our oil and gas, can serve some 90 per cent of the chemist's needs of our country.

Cellulose from our cotton and other farm products can make celanese fibers superior or equal to many natural fibers heretofore known.

Are you astounded to know that Nylon machinery bearings are made today far superior to steel products? And that they need little oil for lubrition?

This whole region abounds in limestone, "that Great Monarch of the Mineral Kingdom," and from calcium and other products they can produce ceramics, glass, nylons, and the synthetic rubbers Duprene and Neoprene which find increasing usefulness in the commercial world. Your granite marble is as fine as the "Rock of Ages" from Vermont.

Now cotton is being bred for highly specialized commercial uses. Cellulose plastics from cotton are even today being used in aircraft, ships and automobiles. A whole new world of articles made from tobacco is on the horizon.

Tobacco does not end necessarily with smoking.

Near-by areas offer immense possibilities in charcoal products to be used in all kinds of metallurgical uses, solvents, clarification of water.

When Texas was promoting a plant to make news print in Lufkin, forty publishers agreed to take the production of this six million dollar plant. Is the time not here, when a similar procedure could be followed by consumers in our area, of various products that can be made from our raw resources?

Here, where we have the cheapest and greatest supply of fuels and sands to make glass, why cannot we manufacture glass for our area? Here, where we have the limestone for rock wool and building materials, the chalk, the diatomaceous marl, the clays, the volcanic ash, helium gas, the bentonite, tripoli; tungsten dolomites, cadmium, germanium, manganese, brown iron ore, indium, inexhaustible supplies of salt, asphalt rock and cement, hematite, oil field brines, carbon black, novaculite, sandstone, shales, limonite, magnetite, iron oxides from our coal, magnesium salts, bauxite ores, alabaster, barite, diaspore, lignite; what is the limit to our production?

Possibly tung oil may be produced

from tung trees in the valleys of Southeast Oklahoma.

We have the greatest agriculture area in the world with no forbidding mountain ranges or barren expanses of lake or sea.

Why can we not tan our hides, manufacture cereals, can our fruits within our own states; dehydrate our farm products? Process food by quick freezing?

The question is, whether we have the grim leadership to coordinate a research program for the development of products at our very door? Shall we become the economical hinterland of our nation or can we rally our leaders to meet the issues of today and build industry to use the inexhaustible products of our domain and create an increasing consuming population rather than a declining people?

And in all this let us not overlook the importance of the study of our under-ground water resources and need of ample dams and lakes to offer essential water for industry.

And let me call to your attention right now that our Central U. S.—so accessible to Gulf ports and Mexico is a perfect natural for manufactured articles to supply our growing trade with our friends in Latin America.

Tom McNally, of Pittsburg, has already demonstrated the possibility of this foreign trade.

COURAGEOUS men of Kansas —daring men of Missouri— pioneer men of Oklahoma, have we the courage to meet the challenge of our time? Are we satisfied to sit idly by and see our population dwindle—to see our factories become smaller and smaller, and ghost towns appear? We deserve to be licked if we cannot beat this situation.

Shall we resign ourselves to seeing the big industries of the East and West and Gulf Coasts drain our men and machines? Or, shall we proclaim ourselves the undefeated champions of the rights of "Central United States?"

Shall we become permanently retarded by the concentration of industry in areas far removed from us? Or shall we carry the flag of industrial development and build more industry for our great plains states?

Let us encourage resident farm ownership so essential to safe Americanism.

Let us ruralize industry. Eastern Oklahoma has today the second worst rural unemployment section in the entire U. S.

Let us create a larger near-by consuming market for our manufactured articles, and the farm products of our area!

Let us proclaim blowing of factory whistles in all our towns our "march of time" . . . the daily, happy employment of increasing thousands in our industry will be our truest safeguard against communism, and nazism, as well as the blessed assurance of the continuance of our American institutions.

Gentlemen, any lesser goal of achievement; any lesser task, would be untrue to the daring pioneers who carved our great states from a wilderness of prairie and plain. I am confident that every man in this room is ready to devote his time; his energy, his soul and his resources to the future economic progress of the Central U. S.—a progress that will place us on a reasonable parity with the rest of our nation; a progress which will revitalize our farms, towns and cities, attracting and holding our youth in their native heath.

Let the hum of factory machines be the booming theme song of our time. We have the creative genius—we have the faith—we have the driving energy—we have the adventurous spirit and courage to meet the challenge of today.

Gentlemen, I leave it to you . . . have we the ability? Have we the vision? Have we the indomitable leadership and willingness to consecrate our lives to establish a balanced economy between agriculture and industry?

Let's not despise any small beginning . . . even a tiny spark can easily burst into a mighty flame!

Let every man put his shoulder to the wheel if we are willing to risk "our all" for our part of the country which we so dearly love, and there shall never be an industrial blackout for the central part of America.

Let us awaken our own sleeping industrial giant!

Philharmonotes . . .

To help you have a more informed and educated ear—we present excerpts from actual program notes prepared for the Kansas City Philharmonic Concerts 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.

NINTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

February 13-14.* Efrem Kurtz *conducting. Assisting Artist,* ARTUR RUBENSTEIN, *Pianist.

PROGRAM

EGMONT OVERTURE.....*Beethoven*

SYMPHONY NO. 1, IN C MAJOR, OP. 21.....*Beethoven*

CONCERTO NO. 4 IN G MAJOR FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA, OP. 58 .....*Beethoven*

ARTUR RUBENSTEIN

Overture to Egmont, Op. 84—This is one of a group of ten short pieces composed in 1809-10 as incidental music to Goethe's well known tragedy on the life of Count Lamorel Egmont. Count Egmont, a Dutch patriot, was treacherously condemned and executed in the 16th Century. This inspired his compatriots to resist and finally throw off the tyranny of Spain. The music was first used in connection with the drama in Vienna in 1810, and always thereafter, was used whenever the play was presented in Germany.

The overture opens with a brief but expressive introduction which some interpreters have taken to denote the dull suffering of the people of the Netherlands under foreign rule. The introduction gradually merges into the main body of the work. Here comes a much quicker tempo and brighter import. It is biographical perhaps—enough to reflect the happy early life of his hero, and his romantic love affair. A somber and ominous second subject is heard, recalling certain passages in the introduction, and forcasting the tragic denouement of the drama. The two principal themes are recapitulated in the conventional manner, bursting forth at last into a triumphant coda, and bringing the overture to a brilliant close, sometimes takes to symbolize the ultimate liberation of the Dutch nation.

Symphony No. 1 in C Major, Op. 21.—Beethoven was by nature slow, cautious in creation, unwilling to give to the world until he had expended all of himself upon his work. The general opinion seems to have been that his First Symphony was somewhat trivial; too dependent upon Mozart and Haydn, the latter especially; that it is worlds removed from the rugged originality of his later ventures in the field. Surely closer study will reveal the error of this contention. Nothing so clearly displays the character of Beethoven as the manner in which his idiosyncrasies creep into this first venture, the constant intimations that are to be heard of the coming man; the boldness of the opening chords; the minuet that is no minuet at all; the vigor and variability of of the main theme of the first movement! The manner is the manner of Haydn, but the voice is the voice of Beethoven. Grove has well said that the existence of later works obscures our judgment as to the early works of the artist. The grander glories of the midday cause us to forget the dawn. Yet within the glow of dawn the promise of the day lies concealed. The first Symphony has about it the morning mists of simplicity, the aristocratic beauty of the Mozart and Haydn symphonies. Through them, however, burns the sun of Beethoven's warmth, of the greater vitality and force of his soul, of that rough but tender humor that embodied itself in his music.

Concerto No. 4 in G Major, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 58—The fourth of Beethoven's five piano concertos was composed at about the same time as the "Leonore" overture, following shortly upon the

"Eroica" symphony (Op. 55) and the Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57). The work is unlike the composer's first three concertos in the omission of the long orchestral introduction which had been the regular rule with his eighteenth century predecessors; the solo instrument appears at the start, announcing the first part of the main theme of the first movement. The treatment of the sonata-allegro form is in line with the composer's practice in the symphonies of the same period; the transitions are greatly elaborated and are provided with interesting subordinate themes, but without overshadowing in importance the energetic and persistent development of the principal subject, which is frequently given an elaborate setting in ornamental passage work for the piano.

The slow movement is in some ways an anticipation of the composer's later works, in which the emotional content completely overshadows the musical means employed to express it. We have here a dramatic dialogue between the strings and the piano. The former reiterate a message of persistent sternness, to which the piano replies with equal persistence but in a more supplicatory, placating mood, broken near the end by a passionate cadenza passage.

TENTH SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT

February 28-March 1. **Efrem Kurtz *conducting.* *Assisting Artist,* JASCHA HEIFETZ, *violinist.***

EURYANTHE ..... *Weber*
SYMPHONY NO. 2 ..... *Kabelewski*
VIOLIN CONCERTO ..... *Brahms*
JASCHA HEIFETZ

Overture to Euryanthe—Carl Maria Von Weber—(Born December 18, 1786, at Eutin, Prussia; died June 5, 1826, in London). Just two years after Weber, whom we still regard as the founder of German romantic opera and Wagner's predecessor in that field, was crowned with a laurel wreath by the poet Hoffmann, following the success of Der Freischutz, Euryanthe was produced by the Theatre An der Wien, Vienna. The first performance took place October 25, 1823.

The overture epitomizes the emotional undercurrent and coloring of the drama. Chivalry, knightly valor, and love are the dominate notes. The mysterious harmonies for muted and divided strings, in the Largo which forms the middle portion, anticipate a ghostly apparition in the tomb scene. These and many other chord progressions—such as in the eighth measure—are strikingly modern. The brilliant coda seems to typify the triumph of devoted love.

Violin Concerto in D Major, Op. 77—Brahms—The Brahms Concerto is considered by Leopold Auer to be, after the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, the most important work in the entire literature of the violin. The work was dedicated to the composer's friend and advisor, Joachim, who performed it for the first time at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, January 1, 1879.

More than half of the performing time is occupied by the grandly planned first movement. The concerto opens with a rather long introduction by the orchestra, stating the main theme of the movement at the outset. This introduction is described by Niemann: "The first movement opens with its simple principal subject, ascending and descending within the compass of the D Major triad, in an uplifted, joyful tone which is not lacking in a certain brightly festive spirit. It works up to a pitch of powerful energy, then changes into a lyrical mood, and quickly loses itself in rapt, twilight dreams, out of which Brahms rouses himself, so to speak, with the sharp staccato rhythm of the D minor second subject, and impetuously rallies his forces for fresh action . . . Thus the entry of the solo violin, after the rush of the great, broad tutti of the orchestra, which precedes it, produces a truly regal effect, as it improvises freely on the principal theme, and works it up from the idyllic to the heroic mood."

After the violin's challenging statement of the main theme, an episode of marvelously beautiful tracery leads to a tenderly lyrical melody in A major, the second main theme of the movement. After an elaborate development of these ideas there follows a cadenza which, as in the

works of the pre-Beethoven period, is left to the choice—or improvisation—of the performer. The abbreviated recapitulation which brings the movement to a close, is in a much quieter mood, anticipating the idyllic atmosphere of the second movement.

In the Adagio (F major), the quiet melody, which is thematically related to the main theme of the first movement ,is repeated, after the oboe, by the violin. The calm mood is preserved through the contrasting middle section, after which the first melody is repeated.

A welcome contrast to the serious calm of the slow movement is afforded by the gypsy rhythms and robust, sunny humor of the finale.

"Rasslers"

By GEORGE MaGILL

Lo! How the mighty hath fallen!

IN THE arena two all-but-naked giants are doing their best to tear each other apart. One man goes down under a resounding punch to the jaw. His opponent kicks him, seizes his inert form, raises it high above his head and slams it to the floor. The mingled yells and boos of the crowd rise to a hysterical pitch. Men and women alike are calling for blood. "Kill him!" "Break his leg!" "Throw him out of the ring," they scream.

Gladiators in the arena at ancient Rome? No, just a wrestling match at Memorial Hall in Kansas City, Kansas. It happens every Thursday evening. Week after week the same fans see the same grapplers slug, gouge, and slam each other around. One of the current favorites is a giant Englishman who calls himself Lord Albert Mills, and tosses his opponents about with a deadly but dignified skill. Then there's Dynamite Joe Cox, Tom Zaharias, who snarls like an enraged wildcat all the time he is in action, Lee Wyckoff, master of them all when it comes to working up the crowd, Karl Davis, Blimp Levy, Orville Brown, and The Angel, just to mention a few.

Durable fellows, these mat men. They wrestle several nights a week, traveling a regular circuit like any other show. Wrestling is America's best organized sport. Wrestlers probably are the biggest money makers of all athletes and it is not uncommon for them to survive in active competition for 25 or 30 years.

It's a good show and the public loves it. The more the grapplers seem to suffer, the more they howl and grimace and foul and toss each other out of the ring, the better people like it. Usually one man is cast as the villain. He pulls all sorts of dirty tricks behind the referee's back—gouging eyes, pulling hair if his opponent has any, kicking and kneeing, actually throwing his victim out of the ring. This goes on until the other wrestler, who is cast as the hero, is staggering blindly around, almost out. The crowd gets more and more en-

raged, more and more worked up. Finally the hero, with a last surge of strength, rises up and begins to smite the villain who runs away, crawls out of the ring, actually begs for mercy, sometimes on his hands and knees. The hero now pulls on the villain every dirty trick that was used on him. But this time the crowd likes it. It serves the "so-and-so" right. It's not foul play now, it's retribution. And so, as in all popular American drama, the hero wins and the villain limps back to the locker room amid the catcalls of the populace. All beverages at Memorial Hall are served in paper cups, to protect the contestants from a shower of pop bottles. Such showers have happened—and they didn't fall as the gentle rain from heaven.

We are told that ninety-eight per cent of the fans who pay their good money to see these athletic dramas believe it's all on the square. If you are one of those of such innocent faith, we fondly hope you haven't read this far!

Wrestling is the most ancient, the most universal sport. In King Tut's time, in Rome and Greece, in Ireland, in the Orient, all over the world since time began, men have wrestled. In America, some famous names have been numbered among the grapplers, including, if you please, two great statesmen whose birthdays we celebrate this month—George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

Honest Abe started his wrestling career in New Orleans and wrestled all over the Mississippi and Ohio river country. His outstanding championship match was in Coles County, Illinois, where he threw Dan Needham in two straight falls. He had over 300 matches and was never defeated. Affairs of state eventually crowded wrestling out of his life, but he carried his cauliflower ear, the wrestler's medal of honor, to his grave.

Imagine a match between Honest Abe and one of these modern boys, Texas rules with no holds barred. That we would like to see!

WHITE-ELEPHANT BOYS

They're not what you think. No pastel shades of Sabu! It's just that we heard a little story the other day that re-affirms a bit of our scanty knowledge of the world far beyond the intercity viaduct! India is *still* the land of the sacred cow and the white elephant! And it isn't only the American housewife who trades in her white elephants after Christmas!

In the midst of the exchange season, one of our friends received a letter from her husband stationed somewhere in the general vicinity of the Taj Mahal or Mahatma Ghandi. And we hope none of the home folks will take offense at the news that GI's trade off their Christmas presents, the same as anyone else. Only, having no Emery, Bird, Thayer's, Berksons, or Harzfeld's to run to—they swap intramurally. And our friend's husband, at moment of writing, had just heard one of his buddies offer to trade a jar of pickles, a box of cookies, and two cans of soup for a half a fruit cake! American traditions carry on!

"The earth has nothing like a she epistle." That's Byron!

"There's nothin' to tie a mash note from the rag-bag!" That's NOT Byron.

There's nothing that will get there quicker than V-Mail. That's for sure.

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

February Is "Brotherhood Month." You Might Follow This Daily Schedule of Bible Readings:

Thurs.,	Feb.	1—Gen. 4:3-9	Thurs.,	Feb.	15—James 2:12-17
Fri.,	Feb.	2—Matt. 22:34-40	Fri.,	Feb.	16—I John 2:5-11
Sat.,	Feb.	3—Acts 17:22-28	Sat.,	Feb.	17—I John 3:14-18
Sun.,	Feb.	4—Acts 10:34-40	Sun.,	Feb.	18—I John 4:15-21
Mon.,	Feb.	5—Luke 10:29-37	Mon.,	Feb.	19—Romans 14:10-14
Tues.,	Feb.	6—Matt. 7:7-12	Tues.,	Feb.	20—Romans 14:17-21
Wed.,	Feb.	7—Acts 15:6-11	Wed.,	Feb.	21—Romans 15:1-7
Thurs.,	Feb.	8—Luke 18:9-14	Thurs.,	Feb.	22—Gal. 3:26-29
Fri.,	Feb.	9—Matt. 5:21-24	Fri.,	Feb.	23—Ephes. 4:1-7
Sat.,	Feb.	10—Matt. 5:38-42	Sat.,	Feb.	24—Ephes. 2:13-19
Sun.,	Feb.	11—Matt. 5:43-48	Sun.,	Feb.	25—II Peter 1:5-9
Mon.,	Feb.	12—John 15:12-15	Mon.,	Feb.	26—Romans 12:1-5
Tues.,	Feb.	13—John 17:20-23	Tues.,	Feb.	27—Matt. 7:1-5
Wed.,	Feb.	14—James 1:22-27	Wed.,	Feb.	28—Matt. 7:24-29

Swingin' with the Stars

Pictures expected in February:

ATKINS AUDITORIUM NELSON ART GALLERY

(Movies at 8 p.m. Admission free)

Feb. 2—GRANDMA'S BOY, with Harold Lloyd. SHERLOCK, JR., with Buster Keaton.

Feb. 9—THE LAST LAUGH—one of the most famous of the Emil Jannings films; made in Germany; directed by F. W. Murnau.

Feb. 16—MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE, with Rudolph Valentino and Bebe Daniels. Also an excerpt from ENOCH ARDEN, starring Wallace Reid with Lillian Gish.

Feb. 23—ANNA CHRISTIE, with Greta Garbo.

(These pictures presented under sponsorship of Fox-Midwest, in the Museum of Modern Art series.)

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LOEW'S MIDLAND

NATIONAL VELVET—Butcher's daughter wins horse at a raffle, wins Grand National Steeplechase. More plausible and charming than it sounds. Mickey Rooney, Jackie Jenkins, and Donald Crisp are the men involved; Elizabeth Taylor, Anne Revere, and Angela Lansbury on the distaff side. Elizabeth is a 14-year-old version of Vivien Leigh and sensational. It's in color. Western premiere in Kansas City, February 8.

MUSIC FOR MILLIONS—And millions will go see it—since it offers Jose Iturbi, Jimmy Durante, and a bevy of beautiful girls, including Marsha Hunt, and June Allyson. Something about an all-girl orchestra. Jimmy sings "Umbriago" in this one, and it's all good fun.

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THE NEWMAN

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—Return engagement of one of the big, big pictures. This time at popular prices. Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman make love in the thick of the Spanish war; Katina Paxinou turns in the most magnificent performance of many years as the strong, ugly woman who always has felt beautiful. Hemingway wrote it; you probably know all about it already; but do see it if you haven't. And listen to the music. Alfred Newman is responsible—and it's terrific.

HERE COME THE WAVES—Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, and Sonny Tufts are three of the reasons why this big, good natured musical can't miss.

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RKO ORPHEUM

THE CONSPIRATORS — Hedy Lamarr with Paul Henreid. In other words, fire and explosives. Smoldering with suspense—like waiting for flames to break thru the smoke. Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre are in it, too. See what we mean?

HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN—Including practically everybody from the Warner lot. Joan Leslie carries on with the story and a polite love affair—while Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Jack Benny, and everybody else takes a turn at entertaining. Very big and bright.

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THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

THE SUSPECT—Charles Laughton as a wife murderer, Ella Raines is the woman who doesn't get killed. Very sinister and exciting, with more suspense than a tight-wire act without nets.

HERE COME THE CO-EDS—With Abbott and Costello. Doesn't that tell you enough! Well, then, there's Peggy Ryan, (sans Donald O'Connor) in the feminine lead. Hijinks and hysteria—singin', dancin', and horse-play!

HANGOVER SQUARE—In this one George Sanders doesn't commit the crime, he solves it. Laird Cregar is the menace; Linda Darnell is one whom he menaces. That's not air-conditioning giving you that chill; it's the picture.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN—Betty Smith's best seller chalks up another victory on the screen, thanks to delicate direction and the delightful acting of Dorothy McGuire, Jimmy Dunn (who makes a grand comeback) and Lloyd Nolan, who isn't a gangster, for once. Nostalgic and rather tender little account of the struggle of such things as trees and human hearts.

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THE TOWER

Double features surround a stage show that's worth seeing. It changes each week. Tower Orchestra is a good draw, and if you like good slick westerns and amusing mysteries, this is your dish. Swing Shift show Saturday nights.

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THE FOLLY

Girls and gags, burlesk style.

PORTS OF CALL

Just . . . for Food . . .

ALLEN'S ON THE PLAZA. Steaks and chicken, admirably served. Redmond, who does the chicken, used to be a dining car chef; and Henry Bert, in charge of the kitchen, was formerly chef at Lake Quivira Country Club. Allen Price is the owner, and pretty Mrs. Price is around with those recognizable feminine touches. Their waitresses are attractive and specially trained by the Allens. It's the kind of place where you can take your grandmother or your granddaughter or your date—and enjoy good food. Nice shopper snacks, too, from 2 till 5. Ward Parkway at Pennsylvania, on Highway 50. VA. 9655.

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CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. 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. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

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DICK'S BAR-B-Q. It's really "Up the Alley," about two jumps, and atmospheric in a back-stage sort of way. Dick Stone has plastered the walls with show bills, and there are autographed photographs of various celebrities here and there. Maybe even the celebrities themselves, after the theatre. It's open from 6 to 6 — p.m. and a.m. Real hickory logs barbecue meats and chickens just inside the front door. Take a look — and a good whiff! Off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

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EL NOPAL. Two rooms in a white frame house are dedicated to gastronomical delight. It's that sure-nuff Mexican food that pulls 'em in — and no wonder. Your hosts — Lala and Nacho, offer a combination — or choice of — tortillas, fried or plain, tacos, tostados, enchiladas, beans or rice, tamales, and chili, and the hottest sauce you ever washed down quick with a swig of coffee! Jessie is the smiling girl who takes your order. The juke-box specializes in Latin tunes. 416 West 13th. HA. 5430.

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GREEN PARROT INN. 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. 52nd and State Line.

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JAN'S GRILL. Notable mostly because it's open all night (except Tuesdays, when it's closed entirely), and because it's a clean and nice-looking red-and-blond place to have a snack or a full meal at almost any time. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

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KING JOY LO. Chinese cooks produce dishes of some authenticity in this amiable restaurant where Don Toy presides. They feature chop sueys, 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. 8 West 12th—upstairs. HA. 8113.

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MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Almost a replica of the Rendezvous, except that it's more brightly lighted and there's no liquor served here. It's a paneled (Cuban mahogany, no less!) and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish, and specializing in good food. About the only place left where you'll find chocolate eclairs. If you sit at the horseshoe, you may be served by Edith, our bid for the town's most efficient waitress. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

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TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. 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 food, 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 gracious, gently Victorian, and really very nice. Capacity is around 125, but you must have reservations. Phone WE. 7700. 9 East 45th.

IN KANSAS CITY

WEISS CAFE. 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. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

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For Food . . . and a Drink . . .

BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Joshua Johnson, in white satin coat and some kind of phosphorescent finger nails, still plays some of the best boogie-woogie in town. Decca is bringing out a new album of his, by the way. Down here you can listen with one ear and have a drink with the other hand! Or vice versa. Or have dinner from 5:30 till 11:00. That's real candle light in the hurricane lamps, too. Vince Burns is in command around here, and a nice job he does of it. 3545 Broadway. VA 9236.

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CONGRESS RESTAURANT. You can leave your car in the Congress garage and walk in thru the back door, practically at the bar. Or drop in the front way. Either way, you'll find Gene Moore turning out melody at the Hammond organ—which is plenty good reason for dropping in. Congress salads are another good reason, and their steaks (when available) are still another. Casual atmosphere. 3529 Broadway. WE 5115.

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DUFFEY'S TAVERN. It's the same old Duffey's—complete with Joe Hamm, the owner; Whitey Hayes, Little Buck, and that six-foot-seven bartender. The lights are bright and the din is furious—but it's fun. There's a nostalgic vodvil quality about it, too, what with the old ballads the boys break into from table to table. They barbecue their own meats here, in case you're interested. 218 West 12th. GR 8964.

FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. Since Jim Lee, the place has been redecorated 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 shrimp Creole. Luncheons 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. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

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ITALIAN GARDENS. Practically always crowded to capacity, but worth a second try if you don't get in the first time. Signora Teresa is famous for her spaghetti and ravioli dishes and for sauces — all of them available from four p.m. till midnight, except on Sundays, when the place is closed. Steaks and chops are well prepared here, too, by Elbert Oliver. But it's those strictly Italian foods that most people like, with the wine which Frank and Johnny like you to have with your food. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

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JEWEL BOX. A tidy little room where you can drink, listen to the music, and have a chicken dinner. New owners are Tony Sansone and Charlie Perkins, both of them well known about town. The girl at the piano and novachord is Beth Roberts. 3223 Troost. VA 9696. (That's not her number! That's the Jewel Box, see!)

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JOE ROSS'S SPAGHETTI RESTAURANT. Known generally as Il Pagliacci, and known pretty well for the quality of the Italian food. Spaghetti with various trimmin's, with wine or beer, is the feature, of course, and it's worth going after if you want to drop in some place just a little bit different now and then. Joe used to sponsor pro football teams, you may remember; his son played Big Six half at Missouri U. once, and is now in the service. 600 East 6th. HA. 9330.

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MORRIS DELICATESSEN. 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 liederkranz or braunschweiger sandwiches on wonderful Jewish breads, to bite into fat black olives, or a rich potato salad, or superb kosher pickles, to lick up the slices of spicy cold meats, and wash it all down with a cold 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 pumpernickel. Morris and his two daughters take care of most of the business. And the customers come of their own accord—with good reason! 3121 Troost. WE. 3410.

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OFFICERS' CLUB. Just in case you're an officer, you should know about this Walnut Room rendezvous, just down the steps as you enter the Hotel Phillips on 12th. All the comforts of home—plus an orchestra on Saturday and holiday nights. There's

For Food . . . and a Drink . . .

a juke box to furnish dance music at other times. Pearce and Harvey, at the small bar, are two of the nicer attendants we've met recently, and by the way, take a look at Mrs. Worley's mural behind them. Dorothea Buschman is the hostess down here, and perfectly charming. Here too you'll probably run into suave Charlie Hall, who is all over the place, extending his really genuine welcome. Officers and their guests may have lunch, dinner, supper, and drinks in this club; Sunday dinner served, with set-ups if you wish. There's even a lounge section, complete with deep leather chairs. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

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PLAZA BOWL. Take off those pounds in the bowling alleys—put 'em back on in the Bowl's restaurant! Or, if you're careful, you may choose their delectable salads and light snacks, guaranteed to satisfy without fattening! George, Sam and Ned Eddy manage a very complete spot—with recreation, food, and drink all wrapped up in smooth, attractive surroundings. George has charge of the cocktail lounge, which is usually pretty busy. The alleys open at 9 in the mornings, and Sundays find a lot of businessmen bowling themselves back into shape. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

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PLAZA ROYALE. Besides music by Zola Palmer at the Hammond organ, there's Kay Van Lee to read your writin', by way of entertainment. Kay will give you the low down on your character, through grapho-analysis, and it's all sorts of fun. This smart South Side drop-in catches a lot of Kansans, just before they cross the border, and a lot of others, too, by virtue of its pleasant atmosphere, good food, and versatile bartender. 614 West 48th. LO 3393.

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PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR. They're putting the finishing touches on the new decor by Janet Waldron. Which ought to make it more popular than ever for downtown business people. There's ample restaurant space for breakfast, luncheon and dinner—and a cozy lounge downstairs for after-five relaxation. The drinks downstairs are always potent. And upstairs whatta you think they have almost always — chocolate ice cream! Don't try them both together, however. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

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PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks—those inimitable Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce! Not a spacious room by any means; but always filled, and with good reason. There's piano music at night, as background to your table talk. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

RENDEZVOUS. 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, except anything you order, the Muehlebach 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 Ehster, served from 12 to 3; 6 to 8:30. Hotel Muehlebach —12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

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TOWN ROYALE. Probably the most conveniently-reached bar in town. Just off the sidewalk, but comfortably cloistered, and just large enough. Mary Dale continues her melodies at piano and solovox; and the food and drinks stay up to par. That charmin' man surrounded by a bevy of beauties is quite likely Harry Newstreet, who runs the place. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

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WESTPORT ROOM. A drink in the station bar always gives delusions of grandeur. You think you're about to make a happy journey, or meet your favorite man home from the wars. Whether you are or not, here's a stimulating place for a couple of quick ones, and if it's food you're after, you can't do better than ebb on in to the Fred Harvey restaurants next door. Union Station. GR. 1100.

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Just . . . for a Drink . . .

ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE. This is a shoppers' special, where you can bring your bundles, friend husband or your date, and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 till 5, two drinks for the price of one, hear! hear! After that, regular prices, but they're fairly gentle. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

EL CABANA. A well-bred bar with the welcome mat out. Practically always jammed because people like it. Mignon Worley, a popular Kansas City artist, did those colorful dancers on the walls. An institution here is Alberta who plays the novachord. She's probably the best-dressed entertainer in town, and one of the genuinely nicer people. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

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OMAR ROOM. If you're looking for a book of verses underneath a bough, better bring your own. But Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape or a reasonable facsimile. A dim and cushiony room with that incredible mirror over the bar—and just when you thought you were holding your drinks so well, too! That fascinatin' man at the piano and solovox is Skeets Light. There are those who think he's the best white boogie-woogie player in the country. And they could be right. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

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PINK ELEPHANT. 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. They're authentic old two-reel comedies, vintage 1900 and up. Mr. Gerard says the films are changed each week, so there's no end to their variety. On 12th Street between Baltimore and Wyandotte, in the State Hotel. GR. 5310.

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THE TROPICS. Accent on atmosphere. Take the elevator to the third floor of Hotel Phillips, turn the corner, pass the gift shop, and go down the long hall. You emerge into what many people think the south sea islands are like—except that you don't drink out of cocoanut shells. You sit in deep leather and bamboo chairs, with your drink before you on a low table. Solid comfort, while the La Monde sisters, two very pretty gals, not in grass skirts, play the organ. It's enough to make beachcombers of us all! Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

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ZEPHYR ROOM. If this spot half way home from the office weren't so chummy and pleasant, most of us would get home on time. But there are Evan and Price, with a really distinctive repertoire for voice and piano; the charming Latin rhythms of Armandita and Sandoval. And bawdy little tunes from Jane Jones. There are Tim Spillane's Manhattans—or his Scotch Old Fashioneds—Well, why should we go home! The wife's so mad now, she'll get no madder in one more hour! Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA 7047.

All This . . . and Dancing, too!

COLONY RESTAURANT. Didja know you can dance here now? The new managing duo, Morris Green and George Coben, have brought in an orchestra, so you can get up and dance it off between drinks. We like the arrangement here—it's a convenient drop-in, yet the small lobby keeps you from feeling that you're right on the sidewalk. Chicken and steak are served till 9; kitchen stays open till midnight. 1106 Baltimore. HA 9044.

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CROWN ROOM. That "Latin in Satin," black-eyed Bea Vera, is back in town, holding forth at the LaSalle with her Spanish rhythms and other danceable tunes. She's in from the Hotel Kingsway in St. Louis, and pleased dancers are giving her welcome home. Al Steinbaum tells us they're planning an additional bar; but until it gets installed, you can do very well with the one that's here, plus the various booths and tables. We like this place because it's lively without being too noisy. Maybe the rugs help. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood Blvd. LO 5262.

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DRUM ROOM. There's a bar on the corner. Enter at the sign of the drum. Or go in via the lobby through that magic eye door! Luncheon, dinner, and supper available in the Drum Room proper, two steps below the bar, where Jack Wendover and his Whisperings Rhythms continue whispering sweet nothings throughout this month. We like that Doe Adams who does a bit of singing on the side; he has a nice whispery style. Marcella continues as femme vocalist. No covert here; dancing at dinner and supper. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR 5440.

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EL BOLERO. Marguerite Clark still sings her little ditties and casual dropper-inners still go for them strong. It's a nice half-way stop between downtown and Southtown, and good for a beer and a casual juke-box dance when you feel in the casually festive mood. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA 5040.

All This . . . and Dancing, too!

EL CASBAH. "Come with me to El Casbah!" No kiddin'! Besides Charlie Wright's smooth dance tunes and smooth Dawn Roland (Mrs. Wright) and her vocals, there's a new dancing team appearing for a limited engagement. They are Capelle and Patricia, and very beguiling. You'll like El Casbah; Charles Boyer does! There's a cover, by the way; week-nights a dollar; Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. No covert for the Saturday afternoon Cocktail Dansant. Barney Goodman brings a lot of talent into this room. Don't miss it. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

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MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN. Wanna dance? Drink? Dine? Sit and stare at the murals? It's all yours at Clair Martin's angular establishment, and good fun it always is. There's new entertainment this month, dancing every night except Sunday. By day it's a big cafeteria, by night a club, where you can still take your choice from their varied menu. May we suggest again, their "chicken in the rough"? 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

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MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Notable for three or four things: the line drawings of famous faces about the walls; the brothers Morris who own the place (3 of them are off to the wars); the casual friendliness; and Julia Lee. She plays piano, in case you haven't heard. And if you haven't, do! She sings, too, and is about the most authentic jazz maker left in these parts. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

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SOUTHERN MANSION. One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. Excellent cuisine, though not fancied up; pretty much American, which is all right, too. Dee Peterson and the boys play for dancing at dinner and supper; they're smooth and unobtrusive, and you can talk above the music if you just want to eat and not dance. No bar, by the way, but excellent drinks at your table. Call Walter Whittaker for reservations. GR 5131. 1425 Baltimore.

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TERRACE GRILL. Grass skirts are in evidence until mid-month. Not on the guests—the girls in the show wear them! Ray Kinney and his Hawaiians make some really excellent music, and the Five Aloha Maids make with the torso twisting. They've arrived via Hawaii from the Hawaiian Room of Charlie Rochester's Hotel Lexington, New York. Following them comes Joe Sanders, the Ole Left Hander. Remember when he used to play piano and sing with Coon-Sanders and the Nitehawks? He moves in to the Grill with his band about the 16th, continuing the long line of good entertainment brought in by Barney Joffee. Sunday nights are pretty much family night at the Grill. But it's a good spot, any time. For reservations, call Gordon, GR 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

YOU CAN HELP . . .
Bring 'Em Back Alive!

RED CROSS

222 West 11th, HA. 2341—still needs appointments for the Blood Bank. It's your most important gift to a service man. Red Cross also needs volunteers in production department for filling Army and Navy kits. Nurses' Aides needed, too.

KANSAS CITY CANTEEN

1021 McGee, VI. 9266. They need razors, plastic or metal; a stenographer's chair; a wardrobe chest—cardboard or wood—for storing the volunteer helpers' uniforms; also metal wastebaskets to keep the boys from setting the world on fire; records and sheet music. The Canteen also has tickets available for Service men or women to Philharmonic Concerts.

U. S. O. CLUB

3200 Main, LO. 7525. No soap—and the USO could use some! Also sheets, cases, blankets, and razor blades to help make the boys feel at home.

LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER

2047 Main, VI. 5254. Could use home-made cookies; also fruit, cigarettes, soap and towels.

SERVICE MEN'S CLUB

15 East Pershing Road, VI. 0798. Bath towels are what they need mostly; also tea, candy, and fruit.

SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL

1021 McGee, VI. 2367. They need the same things—sheets, towels, pillow cases, razor blades, and maybe some homemade food.

RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF

1330 Grand, VI. 4659. Needs volunteers, individually or in groups, for sewing simple, ready-cut garments. You may do it in their workroom or at home. You might also do some knitting for them, fill household utility kits, or help sell the Russian novelties at their headquarters.

VOLUNTEER SERVICE BUREAU

Y.W.C.A., 1020 McGee, Room 500, VI. 7535. Through this bureau you may become highly useful as a librarian, clerical, clinic or nursery aide; as a group leader in arts and crafts; or as a dancing instructor. Give 'em a ring, how about?

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

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Ultras . . .

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. A most pleasing setting for a gay evening. A dance floor that won't cramp your style. Chicago's most lush entertainment, and food you'll enjoy. (SOUTH). 7th and Michigan Ave. Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Baroque a la Dorothy Draper, famous designer, reminds you of "Gone With the Wind." Sensational mammoth candy-like chandeliers, rich draperies. You can luxuriate in one of those velvet-covered shell-backed seats along the wall with your table cozily in front of you, or in simulated leopard-skin chairs around a table closer to the dance floor, if you want it that way. Excellent food, music that's always listenable, and top singing talent. A rendezvous for society. (GOLD COAST). Michigan and Walton. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Deserving of its laurels. It's spacious, a pleasure to dine and dance there, and the shows are always good. This spot is a Chicago tradition. (LOOP). State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Has several claims to distinction, offering top-name bands and extravagant productions that are worth seeing. Plenty of breathing, dining and dancing space. A perennial favorite of sybarites. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. A magnificent setting, chic in atmosphere, super in wining and dining. Entertainment always on the sophisticated side, and well worth your while. (SOUTH). Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR (EAST) HOTEL. Fashioned after famous pub in Bath, England, gathering place of the elite. You pass the "pump" as you enter. White leather semi-circular booths, deep blue walls, crystal chandeliers, a stunning bar. Wait till you glimpse the cunning blackamoors with their velvet knee-breeches and plumed headgear! Try the flaming sword dinner, although you can't go wrong on anything else. Small dance floor, but the music's good. You're apt to run into celebrities most any time. (NEAR-NORTH). N. State & E. Goethe. Sup. 7200.

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Casual . . .

★ BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. This is the ultra-smart supper room with the famous copper dance floor, and the bar's beautiful, too. (SOUTH). 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

★ BISMARCK HOTEL. The Walnut Room offers fine dance music at all times, and throws in noteworthy revues. The Tavern's fun too, has a band, and features stellar acts. Either is wine-and-dine fun. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. A good old Chicago standby, with pleasant surroundings, dancing, and a floor show. Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ BUTTERY, AMBASSADOR (WEST) HOTEL. Gay Mexican colors set off by a smart modern background. A small, but cozy, bar, a tiny dance floor, but the music's good, and from the featured songstress you'll usually hear some of the catchiest ditties in town. This room in normal times is famous for roast beef. (NEAR-NORTH). North State & West Goethe. Sup. 7200.

★ LA SALLE HOTEL. The Pan-American Cafe is yours for that "Continental" atmosphere. But you don't have to rumba all the time, either. It's versatile. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. The Panther Room provides enough heat these wintry days, both decoration-wise and otherwise. Swing devotees keep the place jumpin'—and the band helps. Dance, especially if you like it strenuous. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. By all means, tarry a moment in Colonel Yaschenko's cocktail lounge with its gorgeous Russian decor, then try to tear yourself away for a trip across the foyer to dine in the famous Boyar Room, a most exclusive setting for perfect dining and wining. Gypsy music will enthrall you. Louie is one of the world's finest head waiters! (GOLD COAST). 181 East Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

Colorful . . .

★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. Old world aura, enhanced by Hungarian gypsy music and tasty Hungarian dishes. (NORTH). 500 West North. Mich. 5988.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. An enchanting sea-island refuge, where you'll really forget the tension of the present-day. Straw mat-covered walls, glass floats in knotted straw sacks, huge shells, soft lights, and your favorite Hawaiian music. It's calm, it's peaceful, it's wonderful, and so are the rum cocktails and those soul-satisfying Cantonese dishes. (GOLD COAST). 101 East Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ IVANHOE. Twelfth-century England. An interesting spot, inside and out. Six different bars . . . catacombs . . . unique wine cellars. A spacious, modern dine-and-dance spot, called The Enchanted Forest, may be found upstairs. Ample musical fare and good food. (NORTH). 3000 North Clark, Gra. 2771.

★ L'AIGLON. The trip to Paris you never made. A French-Victorian mansion, excellent French cuisine and wines. Its musical treats will delight the fastidious music lover, as though its atmosphere weren't enough! (GOLD COAST). 22 East Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ SINGAPORE. Malayan motif. Bury yourself in tasty pit barbecued ribs and chicken. A bamboo bar, too. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush Street. Del. 0414.

★ SARONG ROOM. You're in Bali. Devi Dja's famous dancers not only entertain you royally, but cook for you, too! You'll delve into exotic foods and listen to strange music. Another orchestra for your dancing pleasure. (GOLD COAST). 16 East Huron. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI-LA. Tropical Utopia. Cantonese delicacies and fancy drinks. An enchanting showplace with shadowy palms, flowering hibiscus. Taste-tantalizing fried shrimp and pressed duck. Gaylon beef or chicken hong sue . . . chow lone harr. 'Nuff? 222 North State. Dea. 9733.

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Bars of Music . . .

★ AIRLINER. Stratospheric in design, lending an "up-in-the-clouds" illusion. The musical entertainment doesn't let you down, either. An after-theatre favorite. (NEAR-NORTH). State & Division. Del. 0305.

★ ADMIRAL LOUNGE. A honey of a cocktail lounge, where instrumental entertainment reigns supreme. Popular loop spot. 24 South Dearborn. Dea. 6230.

★ BREVOORT HOTEL. Famous for its circular Crystal Bar. There's informal singing, too. (LOOP). 120 West Madison Street. Fra. 2363.

★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. Modern and cleverly-designed cocktail rendezvous, and fine entertainment. (LOOP). State & Randolph. And. 2263.

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. Assembly line of rhythm and nonsense to aid you in your bar-work. (SOUTH LOOP). State & Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ STEVENS HOTEL. Sooner or later everyone gets around to sipping cocktails and listening to the music in the Park Row Room. (SOUTH). Michigan Ave. & 7th. Wab. 4400.

★ THREE DEUCES. The famous house of swing. (LOOP). Wabash & Van Buren. Web. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. The near-northside's boogie-woogie treasure-box, where theatrical people go. Some solid song-selling. 810 North Wabash. Del. 0024.

★ TOWN CASINO. Luxuriously decorated beehive of melody and activity. Go give a listen. (LOOP). 6 North Clark. And. 1636.

★ THE TROPICS, HOTEL CHICAGOAN. Relax in a tiny bamboo hut with your favorite drink, whilst lending an ear to some listenable music. Equatorially devastating, and you'll want to linger in languor. 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

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Entertainment . . .

★ BROWN DERBY. A two-floor arrangement, where they serve sultry songs with cocktails upstairs, and plenty of laughs with a rollicking show downstairs. Plenty of activity, and don't go for peace and quiet. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CHEZ PAREE. A sensational theatre-restaurant, offering the most extravagant productions known to the night-club world, headed by famous stars of stage, screen and radio. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Sizzling shows and flaming crater dinners keep Chicago warm. See for yourself. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. To delight the soul of Latin rhythm lovers. Definitely south-of-the-border in character, with colorful Latin-American revues. 714 West North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ 885 CLUB. Joe Miller's ultra-modern nightery, with notable cuisine of enviable reputation. Dancing, and plenty of sparkling entertainment. (GOLD COAST). 885 North Rush Street, Del. 0885.

★ EITEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG. In the atmospheric main dining room upstairs, you enjoy excellent food and listen to a concert orchestra; or, if it's antic-minded you are, try the Rathskeller downstairs, where you can drink and dine, between laughs. (LOOP). Randolph St. near State. Fra. 1892.

★ L & L CAFE. Strictly not for adolescents, but fun if you're in the girly-revue strip-tease mood. (WEST). 1316 West Madison. See. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. A Broadway show-spot in Chicago. Decidedly New York in its showmanship. Dining and dancing, of course, and solid shows that are definitely worth a look-see. (LOOP). 23 West Randolph. Ran. 5544.

★ LIBERTY INN. You take your own chances on the show and the mood of this late-hour nook. (GOLD COAST). 70 West Erie. Del. 8999.

★ RIO CABANA. Look in on the intimate little bar upstairs, hear a tune or two, then whisk off to your table downstairs, so as not to miss the excellent floor show. A particularly attractive room, the food's yum, and the service out of this world. (GOLD COAST). 400 North Wabash. Del. 3700.

★ 606 CLUB. The lure of pulchritude has the bon vivants in tow at this famous and lively spot. And no wonder! Some really good novelty acts and strip-tease superb! (LOOP). 606 South Wabash. Web. 1952.

★ SO-HO CLUB. Go west and see pretty girls. Spicy revues served emcee style. (WEST). 1124 West Madison. Can. 9260.

★ VINE GARDENS. Right there on top with sensational productions that have set complimentary tongues wagging. (NORTH). 614 West North. Div. 5106.

Food for Thought . . .

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN. Bright and shiny as a new penny, a quaint spot, patterned after an old 18th century inn. Prepare for Smorgasbord and other taste-thrills. (NEAR-NORTH). 1015 Rush Street. Del. 1492.

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. You'll like the bar with its novel marine decorations, and the food's wonderful. (NEAR-NORTH). 1121 North State Street. Del. 9862.

★ CAFE DE PARIS. French delicacies in a smart dining-spot. The gourmet's delight. (NEAR-NORTH). 1260 North Dearborn. Whi. 5620.

★ THE CASSEROLE. A most charming and unique set of rooms. A quiet, dignified atmosphere, and wonderful food. (GOLD COAST). Seneca Hotel, 200 East Chestnut Street. Sup. 2380.

★ EASTGATE DINING ROOM. Very popular Chicago dining-spot. Good for late snacks, too. Eastgate Hotel, Ontario and St. Clair Streets. Sup. 3580.

★ GUEY SAM. At the gateway to Chicago's Chinatown, where you'll find tasty Oriental food in modern surroundings. (SOUTH). 2205 South Wentworth Ave. Victory 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAI. Fine Cantonese and American food amidst Oriental splendor. Restful and delightful. (LOOP). 85 West Randolph Street. Dea-8505.

★ HOUSE OF ENG. True to its Oriental ancestry dating back to a famous restaurateur family in China, House of Eng serves you well. (GOLD COAST). 106 East Walton Place. Del. 7194.

★ IRELAND'S OYSTER HOUSE. Excellent seafood at all times. After-theatre goers never miss. (NEAR-NORTH). 632 North Clark Street. Del. 2020.

★ JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT. Beautiful continental dining spot, with a French cuisine that lives up to its name. (GOLD COAST). 900 North Michigan Ave. Del. 0904.

★ KUNGSHOLM. A gorgeous old mansion consisting of four floors serves as a royal setting for some excellent Scandinavian food. There is smorgashord plus the regular menu, and it will he hard to choose. Also boasts a tiny theatre on the top floor, which is famous for its puppet operas. (NEAR-NORTH). Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. Delicious food, tastefully served, in a charming, cozy place. Aptly named. 619 North Michigan Ave. Del. 0102.

★ MARTIN'S RESTAURANTS AND COCKTAIL LOUNGES. Have distinguished themselves hy their uniquely attractive settings and excellent food. 120 South LaSalle Street, 33 South LaSalle Street, 71st and Jeffrey, and Silver Palm Room, Board of Trade Building.

★ MONTE CRISTO. Dining and dancing. Fine Italian-American food. Has a bar, too. 645 St. Clair. Del. 9647.

★ MORRISON HOTEL. Here's where you'll find the historic Boston Oyster House. (LOOP). Clark and Madison Streets. Fra. 9600.

★ THE NANKIN RESTAURANT. Extraordinarily delicious Chinese food. (LOOP). 66 West Randolph Street. Sta. 1900.

★ NORMANDIE HOUSE. Chicago Avenue, just across from the famous old sandstone water-tower. A delightfully quiet and quaint spot. We like the Black Sheep Room downstairs, with its fireplace, and the Frankie and Johnnie murals by Edgar Miller. Chopped heef (or tenderloins when available) with blue cheese sauce is out of this world. Prices moderate.

★ PALM GROVE INN. It's on the outer drive, a favorite oasis for Hyde Parkers. Outdoor drinking and dining in the summertime, hut equally cozy inside in winter. There's a wide selection in foods and liquors; we always fancy the lohster tail dinner. Soft music is all the entertainment, and plenty. Dinner hegins around $1.50. On the lake at 53rd.

★ THE PUB AND THE PROW. Sit in the prow of the ship and order an "Ol' Davey Jones," a complete meal on a tray. The "puh" proper has a fireplace and sawdust on the floor. 901 North Rush Street. Del. 9896.

★ THE RANCH. Here's some real Western hospitality, and popularly-priced food that's delicious. 123 East Oak Street. Del. 2794.

★ RICCARDO'S STUDIO RESTAURANT. Wonderful Italian dishes, and some real studio atmosphere. Bocce games downstairs. You'll like the informality of the place. 437 North Rush Street. Del. 0485.

★ THE STATIC CLUB. The best harbecued rihs and country-fried chicken in town. Don't miss the display of autographed folding money downstairs. Shrimp cocktails are giant-sized. The tossed salads are wonderful, too. 116 East Walton Place. Whi. 9892.

★ SWEDEN HOUSE. Imports from Sweden adorn the narrow candle-lit room. The smorgashord table is heaped with taste-teasers, and the menu contains everything you could wish for in the finest of cooking. 157 East Ohio. Del. 3688.

★ TIFFANY ROOM. Popularly-priced good food in cheerful surroundings. Another favorite with diners who know. Hotel Chicagoan, 67 West Madison. And. 4000.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT. Gathering place for Chicago's advertising and radio elite, famous for food and Martinis. Get there early to be sure of a table. Restaurant and har close at 8 p.m. Not open Sundays. Luncheon from 85c; dinner, $1.35 to $3.50. 410 North Michigan Ave.

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DANCING

ARAGON BALLROOM—(1100 Lawrence Avenue). Henry King and his orchestra.

TRIANON BALLROOM—(6201 S. Cottage Grove Avenue). Lawrence Welk and his Champagne Music.

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CHICAGO THEATRE

CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY—(Blackstone, 7th near Michigan, Har. 8880). Homespun hi-jinks, about life in an Arizona boarding house and the people who run it. Taken from the best-seller, and going strong on stage.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Civic Theatre, Civic Opera Bldg.). Nightly at 8:30. Saturday matinee, 2:30. Dreamy Eddie Dowling with Laurette Taylor in a charming study which will please the real theatre lover.

HARRIET—(Erlanger, 127 North Clark, Sta. 2459). Nightly except Sunday, 8:30; matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Helen Hayes brings her hardy period production in from New York. It's all about the life and times of the gal who started "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

THE MERRY WIDOW—(Opera House, Madison at Wacker). Nightly; Saturday matinee. Jan Kiepura and his wife, Marta Eggerth, opened in mid-January in this handsome and lively musical. A fresh edition of an old favorite.

OVER 21—(Studebaker, 410 South Michigan, Cen. 8240). The play which Ruth Gordon wrote and stars in comes to town with Ruth Gordon. It's funny as ever, and stays timely as long as wives follow their service men around.

THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn; Cen 8240). Nightly except Sunday, at 8:30; matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30. Probably the nicest thing in two towns. New York is the other one. K. T. Stevens is in the Chicago production, with Hugh Marlowe and Betty Lawford. John Van Druten wrote this tender comedy.

TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Harris, 170 North Dearborn; Cen. 8240). Matinee Wednesday and Saturday. Murder and merriment in about equal portions. Agatha Christie started the whole thing by writing the book; the play is quite exciting fun.

AT THE GOODMAN THEATRE—(E. Monroe & Columbus; Cen. 2337). Feb. 8-24, "Wappin' Wharf," a comedy by Charles Stephen Brooks. March 8-24, Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset." In the Children's Series, "The Golden Touch of King Midas," Jan. 27-March 17.

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CHICAGO CHURCHES

THE CENTRAL CHURCH OF CHICAGO, Studebaker Theatre, Fine Arts Bldg., 410-18 S. Michigan Avenue. Non-sectarian. Dr. Harold W. Ruopp, Minister. Chorus Choir of 60 voices, directed by William Hughes. Sundays at 11:00 a. m.

CHICAGO SUNDAY EVENING CLUB, Orchestra Hall, 216 S. Michigan Ave., 8:00 p. m. Sponsored by Chicago business men. Its thirty-eighth season. Speakers from all denominations. Chior of 125. Admission free. Call Franklin 3356 for current program.

HOLY NAME CATHEDRAL, 735 N. Wabash Ave. Sunday Masses, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Holy Day Masses, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11:30, 12, 12:10, 12:30 noon.

FOURTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, North Michigan Blvd. and Delaware Pl. Harrison Ray Anderson, Pastor. Kenneth N. Hildebrand, Associate Pastor. Sunday Bible School at 9:45 a. m. Sunday Services at 11:00 a. m.; 4:00 and 8:00 p. m. (Organ recital at 4 o'clock services). Midweek Services on Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

Chicago Communique . . .

The winter sports season continues unabated, with the usual contusions and confusion. There's wrestling (now reported chiefly on the drama pages), what little boxing has been left by the draft boards, and roller skating—chiefly enjoyed by sailors from Navy pier and the bobby-soxed devotees of The Voice and Van Johnson.

There's ice hockey at the stadium.—Meaning the Blackhawks, a team which may or may not be inhabiting the league cellar by the time you read this. However, no matter what their current standing may be, there are always action and enthusiasm at the stadium. Chicago is a great hockey town well into April, and last year the Hawks both rewarded and amazed their followers and themselves by sailing into the Stanley Cup finals. The Blackhawks specialize in maiming each other and the visiting team (somewhat controlled by the referee, of course), while the spectators are kept somewhat in hand by Andy Frain's boys in blue and gold. The same bright young men whom you will find at late winter wedding receptions on the Gold Coast (guarding the silver) also keep things orderly at the stadium. Mr. Frain himself, the eminent crowd engineer, declares that hockey crowds are docile compared with those drummed up

t gangster funerals and other great events. This opinion is seconded by Mr. Frank Casey, Frain's Third Lieutenant, who has never been known to miss a good gathering.

Local inhabitants are also giving their attention to some really good plays, which may well be around into the spring.

There's a fine road company of "The Voice of the Turtle" at the Selwyn—with K. T. Stevens, Betty Lawford, and Hugh Marlowe comfortably established for a long run. There are Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and a remarkable young man fresh out of "Winged Victory," one Anthony Ross, in a wonderful play called "The Glass Menagerie." After playing host to a sad series of turkeys, Ralph Kettering's beautifully-appointed Civic Theater (not to be confused with the huge Civic Opera House) has a really outstanding production. Even Ashton Stevens in his newsprint tower across the way in Hearst Square is sure it's the best new play to hit Chicago in years. Designed and lighted by Jo Melziner, co-produced by Mr. Dowling and Margo Jones, and starring Laurette Taylor, who has been away from the stage much too long, "The Glass Menagerie" is really something to write home to Kansas City about.

In the offing are such diverse but promising attractions as Helen Hayes in "Harriet," Ruth Gordon in a return engagement of "Over Twenty-one," and the yearly Empire Room romp of the great Hildegarde. "Hildy" is coming back for the manieth time to the room where she made one of her first great triumphs after leaving Milwaukee by way of Paris. Fritz Hegner, the impeccable maitre de hotel at the Palmer House, is getting out the plush rope again.

Always a factor on the weekly entertainment bill are the free tickets to network radio broadcasts available most of the time. One of the best radio shows from both the musical and visual point of view is Mutual's "Chicago Theatre of the Air," broadcasts of operettas and the lighter operas at the Medinah Temple. On the dramatic side, there's "That Brewster Boy," "Freedom of Opportunity," and "The Human Adventure." If you want to see a broadcast before breakfast, there's always Don McNeill's "Breakfast Club."

A Chicago topic is how the Colonel in his Tribune Tower, after taking a bride, has suddenly turned with bitter cries on Mr. Dewey, who it seems is not a nice man after all. And the Chicago Daily News, which has seen a lot of changes made since the new publisher, John Knight, took command. In the words of one harassed rewrite man, "It's like putting the Madonna in bobby sox." Even Howard Vincent O'Brien, the paper's private pundit on almost every subject under the sun, has not been able to remain aloof and immune. The News has been confusing his readers by running a different photo of him at the top of his column every night. Some of them date back to 1908.

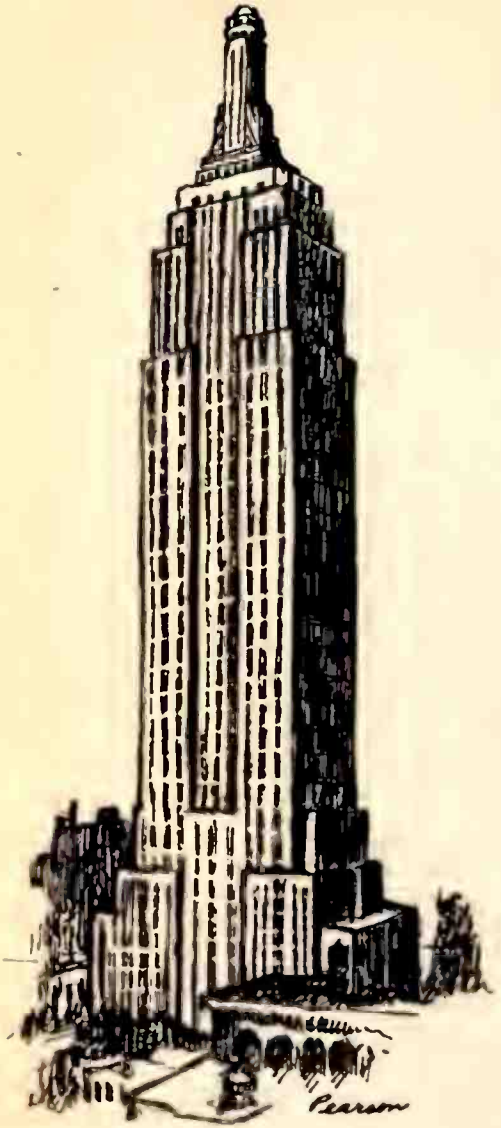
A topic is the mounting casualty lists, which are sharing space in the papers with Charlie Chaplin and the epidemic of child abandonment cases.

A topic is the weather—and the continued disregard of the governor and the mayor for the rights of the common strap-hanger. With ice or snow and freezing winds almost continually in the streets, Chicagoans are becoming increasingly vocal about the bad transportation situation.

Another topic is the hotel room situation. Visitors from afar will do well to make reservations some weeks, or even months, in advance. At the last moment, even knowing a Congressman won't help much. The Congressman will probably be found camping in a pup tent in the lobby of the Sherman—where every bellboy is now said to be in business for himself.

Always a good town for a sweet band, Chicago is liking the smooth music of Carl Sands in Jimmy Hart's lush Pump Room in the likewise lush Ambassador East. The Pump Room is the place where visiting celebrities can safely meet the Swifts and Armours, and where most of the food is expensive, frozen stiff, or in flames. Bob Hope during his first visit to this shrine of the a la carte dinner was heard to remark, "When do they bring in the manager skewered on a flaming sword?"
—*Norton Hughes Jonathan.*

NEW YORK CITY



For Night-y Knights and Ladies

★ AMBASSADOR. Dinner and supper dancing to the music of William Scotti or Louis Betancourt in the Trianon Room. Dinner from $2.50. Radio folks live here—including Ed Kobak. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. You've nothing to lose at the Astor by way of entertainment, food and pleasant atmosphere. The Columbian Room offers Jose Morand and orchestra for dinner and supper dancing. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Rumbas, polkas, waltzes or foxtrots don't faze the 2 orchestras at this Bois de Bologne cafe. Here is a Parce that is really gay, from the Montmartre sidewalk decor to the Can-Can floor show that occasionally comes through with some really good talent. It seems that as soon as they hit New York, French sailors and emigres congregate here to make the atmosphere truly authentic. A good French dinner from $1.25 and a head waiter who really takes an interest in seeing that you have a Gay Parisienne time. 225 West 46th Street. CIrcle 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA'S GLASS HAT. Music by Payson Re's orch., also Rumba band. Good revues. Show 8:30, 12:30. Fine food, dinner $1.95-$3.50. Min. $2 after 10 ex. Sat. and hol. eves., $2.50. Lunch 75c-$1.50. Rumba matinee Sat. 1:30-4:30. Lexington at 49th, WI. 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE'S BOWMAN ROOM. Ice show starring Joan Hyldoft. Dancing to Enoch Light's music at dinner and supper. Cov. after 10:30 $1 ex. Sat. $1.50. Men's Bar & Madison Room popular for lunch. Medium a la carte. Madison at 43. MU. 9-7920.

★ THE BLUE ANGEL. The very swank interior looks like the inside of a jewel box, all velvet and blue. *But*—it is strictly a supper club. No dancing, has the finest of entertainment, featuring Maxine Sullivan, Pearl Bailey, George and Gene Bernard (the pantomimists extraordinary). Opens at 10 p. m. For a $3.00 minimum ($3.50 on Saturdays) you have an evening of entertainment equal to a Broadway show. 152 East 55th Street. PLaza 3-0626.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Same postage stamp dance floor, familiar CSD entertainment format, with Josh White making with the earthy gitfiddle ballads, and Mary Lou Williams attacking the keyboard with enthusiasm. You won't have to ask White to sing "One Meatball" . . . that's as inevitable as Victory. 2 Sheridan Square. CHelsea 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Jimmy Savo's still imploring the river to avoid rushing into his portal, and Hazel Scott continues to display her best points —not always piano technique, either. 128 East 58th Street. PLaza 5-9223.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Russian-American in food, atmosphere, and entertainment. Dancing to music by Cornelius Codolban, shows at 8:45 and 11:45. Minimum after 10:00, $2.50; Saturdays, $3.50. 157 West 56th. CI 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. The Century Room is haven for Hal McIntyre's orchestra, who play for dinner and supper dancing, except Mondays. Mishel Gorner's Trio, too. Cover after 10:30, $1.00; Saturday, $1.60. Lexington at 42nd. MU 6-6000.

★ COPACABANA. Slightly tropical to look at, lots of entertainment. Jane Froman may still be there by the time you read this. George Olsen and Joel Harron divide musical time. There's the Copa Bar, too, with the Milt Herth trio. 10 East 60th. PL 8-1060.

PORTS OF CALL

★THE CORTILE. If it's coziness you want, go o the Cortile. Small, tea-roomish—inexpensive. Deep in the surroundings of Creole New Orleans. Has a bar if you want to use it. Rosalia tells your ortune if you're so moved, and it's fun to be so noved.. Luncheon served till 2. Dinner a la arte or suggested. About $1.00 or $1.50. 37 West 43rd, between 5th and 6th. MUrryhill 2-3540.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. An Artsy-folksy favorite down n the Village. There's an open fireplace, and lways a free exhibits of the really attractive paint-ngs of young artists. Back windows look out on MacDougal's Alley. Drinks and inexpensive food. 28 West 8th. SP 7-2540.

★ LEON & EDDIE'S. Joey Adams swaps banter with Tony Canzoneri, who seems to have his vocal ands tied behind him, emcees a stock 6 and 7/8 - & E show, which consists, invariably, of male and emale vocalists, chorus girls for purposes of playing umps-a-daisy with embarrassed customers, skating ict or the equivalent, and Sherry Britton, stripteuse, who has no equivalent. Send Aunt Martha to the novies; if Adams doesn't get her, the wall cartoons nust. Food surprisingly good. 33 West 52nd Street. ELdorado 5-9414.

★ LEXINGTON. A pre-Pearl Harbor spirit in the Hawaiian Room, where Al Aloma, his orchestra, nd a Hawaiian revue do the honors. Shows at 7:45, 10:00, 12:00, except Mondays. Jane Bartal's orches-ra at 7:45 and 11:30 shows. Charlie Rochester eeps the Lexington a favorite stopping place for ometown or out-of-town folks. Lexington at 48th. Wl 2-4400.

★ MADELINE'S LE POISSONNIER. Irene Stan-ey and Charles Wilson's Trio are traditional here. So is the sea food and the other dishes which are piquantly French in flavor. Dinner around $2.50. 121 East 52nd. EL 5-9706.

★ NEW YORKER'S TERRACE ROOM. Jerry Wald's orch. & ice show. Shows Mon.-Sat. 1:15, 7:45, 12; Sun. 8, 11:30. Charles Peterson orch. Dinner $2-$3. Cov. $1 after 10 ex. Sat., hol. eves., $1.50. Lunch dancing 12:30-2:30 to Peter Kent's orch. Sat. Lunch $1.10-$1.50. 8th Ave. & 34. ME. 3-1000.

★ ONE-TWO-THREE. Plush and hushed, with Ted Hunter's soft piano, good food, sleek service, and a midnight breakfast from 11 till 3. Closed on Mon-day. 123 East 54th. PL 3-9131.

★ PENTHOUSE. From where you can look down on the Park as you enjoy delicious luncheons or dinners. There's a palmist around if you run out of things to talk about. 30 Central Park South. PL 3-6910.

★ PIERRE. Myrus is doing his mental probing at the same old stand—the Cotillion room, that is. Stanley Melba's orchestra is no paler than par for this kind of a course. 61st and Fifth. REgent 4-5900.

★ PLAZA. In the Persian Room they're currently seeing Celeste Holm, but Hildegarde will be bring-ing her white gown and amiable insults back 'most anytime, presumably. 5th Avenue and 58th Street. PLaza 3-1740.

★ RITZ CARLTON OVAL ROOM. Gypsy music. Fashion show at lunch every Tuesday. Fine food a la carte. Lunch entrees $1.25-$1.75; dinner entrees $1-$2. Madison at 46. PL. 3-4600.

★ ROGERS CORNER. Friday, Saturday and Sun-day listen for the Korn Kobblers in the Pan-American Room. Other days, except Monday, Harry Lefcourt plays for dancing. Room opens at 5:30. Minimum after 10, $2.00. 8th at 50th. CI 5-6150.

★SAVOY-PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE. Ideal for cocktail hour and supper dancing to tunes by Irvin Fielding and his music, with songs by Georgiana; Clemente's Latin-American marimba orchestra, fea-turing Nina Orla. Atmosphere plus! Fifth Avenue at 58th Street. VOlunteer 5-2600.

★ SHERATON. The Duncan Sisters entertain at dinner and supper in the Satire Room. Minimum $1.00 after 9:30; Friday, Saturday, $2.00. Lexing-ton at 37th. LE 2-1200.

★STORK CLUB. Of course, no visit to New York is complete without it. It's very pleasant, with a good orchestra and excellent food. How-ever, after having heard so much about it, you may be a bit let down. 3 East 53rd. PL. 3-1940.

★ VERSAILLES. Carl Brisson, teeth, tails and torchy, is back again, proving that a crooner can get along, even with years and blood. The Ver-sailhs are shapely, stately, and sleepy. 151 East 50th Street. PLaza 5-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. When you leave the Barn, you'll know as much about square dancing as Tiny Hill, your slightly-on-the-solid side M.C., who has you doing things you thought you were far too decrepit for—like playing musical chairs and running potato races. The dance orchestra is good, and so's the food. 52 West 8th Street. STuyvesant 9-8841.

★THE WALDORF. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgewood Room. Food up to Oscar's usual standards. $2.00 cover after 10:30 p. m. If there are no women along, the Waldorf Men's Bar is one of the nicest places in town to have a drink.

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Tummy Stuff:

★ ARTISTS & WRITERS. Solid food . . . a little too solid, some say, but filling like anything. Those conservative looking business men patrons are actually newspapermen from the Times and Herald Tribune, and not a Lee Tracy in a carload. A la carte lunch and dinner, but the over-all tariff's pretty low. 213 W 40th Street. MEdallion 3-9050.

★ASTI RESTAURANT. An Italian place, dis-tinctly on the informal side. The bartender and waiters periodically break forth with operatic arias and the customers frequently join in. Dinners. $1.50 up. Closed on Monday. 70 West 12th Street. GR. 5-9334.

★ BONAT'S CAFE. Opposite the postoffice. French cooking for the more restricted budget, and the most quantitative hors d'oeuvres in town. Save room for the filet mignon, if they have it, or the poulet saute Marengo, which they usually do. The domestic wines seem a notch above average. Lunch and dinner. Surroundings unpretentious, and scattered over two floors. You'll have to bring your own French pastry. Madame Bonat believes in fruit, cheese and crackers—and that's exactly what you'll get. These's a Washington Bonat's, in case you're down that way. 330 West 31st Street, CHickering 4-8441.

★BRUSSEL'S RESTAURANT. Excellent French and Belgian specialties in extremely pleasant surroundings. Dinner a la carte and fairly expensive. Closed Sundays. 26 East 63rd. RE. 4-1215.

★ CAFE ARNOLD. French-ish, but not arbitrarily so. There's a chicken and noodle combination that's something to conjure with, and a park view if you can see past the taxicabs and street cars. Lunch and dinner, and a well stocked bar. 240 Central Park South. CI 6-7050.

★ CAVANAGH'S. Cavanagh's clientele, a handsome and hansom one, moved up town, but Cavanagh's stayed put, so the clientele just keeps coming back. Steaks and chops, mostly, and the a la carte tends to mount up. 258 West 23rd Street. CHelsea 3-2790.

★ CHRIST CELLA. Exceptionally superb food in plain surroundings. Expensive. Bar closed Sundays and holidays. 144 E. 45 St. MU. 2-9557.

★ CRILLON. Sophisticated clientele—popular with advertising people. Good food. Lunch $1.25 up. Dinner $1.75 up. Cafe lunch $1 — dinner $1.35 if no drink is ordered, $1.50. 227 Park. WI. 2-3727.

★ENCORE RESTAURANT. Excellent food in pleasant setting. Casual entertainment, but the type you hate to leave. Ask for Lawrence or Gabriel. 19 East 48th. EL. 5-8226.

★ FISHERMEN'S NET. Fresh selected seafood daily. Lunch 60c & 70c. Dinner moderate a la carte. Specialties — lobster Newburg, mussels marniere, red snapper saute Amandine. Wine & beer. Open until midnight daily. Third Ave. bet. 33 & 34. MU. 4-7855.

★ GAMECOCK. Popular luncheon spot with businessmen. Good food and pastries. Entertainment from 5-11. Lunch 90c-$1.50; Dinner $1.40-$2. 14 E. 44. MU. 2-9242.

★ GRAND CENTRAL OYSTER BAR. Specialize in seafood stews. Lunch 85c-$1.10 & a la carte. Dinner $1.25-$1.75 also a la carte. Popular bar. Lower level. Grand Central Station. MU. 9-5420.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Smorgasbord, glorified in the center of the room, and should be. Shrimp—no sauce, no nothing—for them as likes 'em that way. Lunch, consisting of smorgasbord and coffee, only a quarter less than lunch with lunch, which establishes their relative importance. Dinner from $1.75. 324 East 57th Street. ELdorado 5-8746.

★ HOUSE OF CHAN. Real Chinese dishes served by lineal descendant of first Emperor of China. Lunch 75c-90c. Dinner a la carte. Bar. 52 & Seventh. CH. 7-3785.

★ JACK DEMPSEY'S. Former heavyweight champion, turned restaurateur. Music by string orch., ent., no dancing. Good food. Lunch 65c-$1.10 — dinner $1.25-$1.65. B'way & 49. CO. 5-7875.

★ KEEN'S CHOP HOUSE. Plain, solid food — good steaks and chops. Lunch 75c-$1.25. Dinner $1.65 and a la carte. 72 W. 36. WI. 7-3636.

★ KING OF THE SEA. Fine seafood cooked to order, in spacious quarters. A la carte only, entrees 65c-90c; lobster $1.75 up. Wine, beer & ale. Open 11-2 a.m. 879 Third Ave. EL. 5-9309.

★ KUNGSHOLM. Very fine Swedish fare in a gracious setting. At lunch smorgasbord, dessert & coffee 85c; reg. lunch $1.75; at dinner smorgasbord, dessert & beverage $1.50. Dinner $1.85-$2.50. 142 East 55. EL. 5-8183.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Lou Walters revue. Shows at 8, 12; Sat. 8, 10:45, 1:45. Dinner $2.40-4.50. Min. week days before 10:30 $2, after $2.50; Fri., Sat., Sun. before 10:30 $3, after $3.50. B'way & 48. CI. 6-1737.

★LE PAVILLION. If you know that the best food is worth waiting for, if you enjoy the atmosphere of elegance, if you just want to have food "out of this world," you will enjoy eating at Le Pavillion. Dinners are served a la carte selected from $3.50 up. 5 East 55th Street. PLaza 3-8388.

★LOUIS & ARMAND'S. Good French food in a very pleasing atmosphere. A favorite with radio people, especially at lunch. Closed Sundays and holidays. 42 East 52nd. PL. 3-3348.

★ LUCHOW'S. Famous for good food. Lunch $1.25-$1.50. Dinner $2.25-$2.50. Sat. dinner $2.50. 110 E. 14. GR. 7-4860.

★ PIT. Barbecued ribs, chicken & steaks. Lunch 65c-$1.55; dinner $1.65 up; steaks $3.50. A la carte after 10 p.m. 39 E. 49. PL. 3-5213.

★ RADIO FRANK'S. Continuous ent., dancing, good food. Dinner $2-$4. 70 E. 55. EL. 5-9258.

★ ROBERTO'S. Biggest menu in town . . . physically, that is, but a good selection of good food in the French manner, too. Decor a la Louis XVI; don't sit against the back wall, tho', because a refrigerator motor that sounds like the one Louis bought makes rump rumpus. Lunch and dinner. Stay away from the hors d'oeuvres if you're a parsley hater. Not too crowded for these times, but best come early. 22 East 46th Street. VAnderbilt 6-3042.

★ THE SCRIBE'S. Louis and Eddie specialize in Food with the emphasis on Chateaubriand steaks (at $6.00 for two) when they can be had, which is usually. Cheesecake murals by famed cartoonists and a prominently-placed Corsair photograph decorate the walls. Much literary atmosphere of the journalistic kind. 209 East 45th Street, MUrryhill 2-9400.

★SEMON'S CLUB. Unusual Brazilian dishes served in truly Brazilian atmosphere. A knowledge of Portuguese is not necessary, but it helps. Dinner $2.00 and up. 216 East 58th. EL. 5-8037.

★TIM COSTELLO'S. Excellent steaks in genuine Third Avenue saloon atmosphere, for some strange reason a hangout of advertising copy writers and truck drivers. 44th Street & 3rd Ave. MU. 2-9713.

★ TOOTS SHOR'S. Best prime ribs of beef in town, but the chef proved what could be done with fowl when Toots got caught with his points down. Where the praise agents tell stories into cauliflower ears, and talk loudly enough to be overheard by the broadcasting execs. Lunch and dinner, a la carte. 51 West 51st Street. PLaza 3-9000.

★ TWENTY-ONE. Excellent cuisine in the Kriendler manner, a la carte, expensive, and, in most cases, worth it. Don't order the Baked Alaska unless you've got your gang along to help eat it. 21 West 51st Street. ELdorado 5-6500.

★ ZUCCA'S. Heaping Antipasto, praise be, with enough black olives and those little Italian fish. Lunch a dollar, dinner a dollar sixty, but it's the same meal in a different time zone. 118 West 49th Street. BRyant 9-5511.

New York Theatre

PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47th Street West of Broadway. CI 6-9056). The moving story of a beautiful Negro prostitute, impressively acted by Hilda Simms, with Frederick O'Neal and others. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ A BELL FOR ADANO—(Cort, 48th Street, East. BR 9-0046). John Hersey's best seller brought to life by Frederic March and Margo. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ CATHERINE WAS GREAT—(Royale, 45th Street, West. CI 5-5760). And so is Mae West, who gets her Russian history slightly inaccurate, but has fun as the great Russian queen. Critics pan it, but it still draws. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee, Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43rd East. BR 9-3970). A good many children in the cast, but they're not bad. Something about a little sister who writes to a soldier, signing her elder sister's name. Virginia Gilmore is elder sister. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matince Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—(National, 41st West. PE 6-8220). Frank Werfel wrote the book; Ethel Barrymore does what she can with the play—which is almost enough. A serious drama, with Albert Basserman, familiar in the movies. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48th East. BR 9-4566). You've heard of that 6-foot white rabbit? Here it is. With Frank Fay, the inimitable; and Josephine Hull. Most charming thing in town, as pure fantasy goes. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Friday, 2:40.

★ THE HASTY HEART—(Hudson, 44th, East. BR 9-5641). Those supposed to know are bowing down to John Patrick, the author. Produced by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, who seldom go wrong. (e.g. "Life With Father," "Arsenic and Old Lace.") It has Richard Basehart, Anne Burr, and John Lund in the cast. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee, Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA. "Is Goot!" Mama says—and "Is goot!" you will say too when you see the Rodgers-Hammerstein dramatic production, "I Remember Mama." The story of the growing pains of a Norwegian-American family, it stars Mady Christians in the role of Mama and Oscar Homolka as Uncle. Music Box, 44th Street, West of Broadway. CIrcle 6-4636.

★ JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL—(Martin Beck, 45th, West. CI 6-6363). Another work by Franz Werfel, a charming comedy about how two people got out of Nazi-held France. Oscar Karlweis is the *piece de resistance*. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ KISS AND TELL—(Bijou, 45th West. CO 5-8215). F. Hugh Herbert and George Abbot make this Corliss Archer piece a howl of a good entertainment. Jessie Royce Landis heads the cast. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—(Lyceum, 45th East. CH 4-4256). John P. Marquand's novel brought to the boards, with Leo G. Carroll excellent as the Bostonian. A character sketch, rich and dignified. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, B'way at 40th. PE 6-9540). Father, mother, and the red-headed boys cavort about the stage for the 6th consecutive year. This comedy wears very well. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—(Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 47th West. CI 6-0390). Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory discuss the merits and de-merits of heing married ten years. Comedy, with serious overtones. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SCHOOL FOR BRIDES—(Ambassador, 49th West. CI 7-0760). Rather gaudy production of a gaudy farce, hut audiences are laughing loud and long. Roscoe Karns is part of the reason why. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ THE SEARCHING WIND—(Fulton, 46th West. CI 6-6380). A lot of good names come together in this study of (a) the eternal triangle and (b) the history of Fascism. Lillian Hellman wrote it; Cornelia Otis Skinner, Dudley Digges, Barbara O'Neil and Dennis King are in it. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SNAFU—(Hudson, 44th East. BR 9-5641). A young actor named Billy Redfield becomes a hero home from the wars, and tries to educate his father about the birds and the hees. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SOLDIER'S WIFE—(Golden, 45th West. CI 6-6740). Martha Scott is the wife who has to choose between a returning soldier husband and a career beginning with publication of her letters to him. Glenn Anders is very funny. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SOPHIE—(Playhouse, 48th East. BR 9-3565). Will "Jeeter Lester" Geer is in it, but its whole *raison d'etre* seems to be the Greek actress, Katina Paxinou, who made "For Whom the Bell Tolls" something special. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ 10 LITTLE INDIANS. Agatha Christie's spine-chilling mystery that has you on the edge of your seat from the minute the curtain goes up. Stars Beverly Roberts and Michael Whalen of cinema fame. Broadhurst, 44th Street, West of Broadway. CIrcle 6-6699.

★ TRIO—(Belasco, 44th East. BR 9-2067). Study of a strong psychological attachment between an older woman and a girl, and how a young man breaks it up. Good gutsy drama by Dorothy and Howard Baker. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE TWO MRS. CARROLS—(Booth, 45th, West. CI 6-5969). Elisabeth Bergner is someone you ought to see, and especially in this psychological thriller. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45th West. CI 6-6230). Tender comedy at its delightful

best. Betty Field has replaced Margaret Sullavan in the cast, which is completed by Audrey Christie and Elliott Nugent. One of the very nicest things in town. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

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MUSICALS

★ BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44th, West. CI 6-5990). Celeste Holm, the costumes, and the Agnes de Mille ballets are the talk of the town. A period piece with an exclamation point. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ CARMEN JONES—(Broadway, 53rd and Broadway, CI 7-2887). Look what Billy Rose has done to Bizet! This all-Negro version of the old opera is one of the most exciting and certainly the most beautifully colored productions in town—and no pun intended! Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(44th Street Theatre, 44th West. LA 4-4337). Louder and funnier! Gertrude Niesen is the brightest spot in a big but cumbersome production. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY—(Winter Garden, 50th and Broadway. CI 7-5161). A bit warmed over, but since it's Olsen and Johnson, you may get a hang out of it. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ MEXICAN HAYRIDE—(Majestic, 44th West. CI 6-0730). Much hey-hey, with laughs, girls, and music by Cole Porter. Bobby Clark is the big draw. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★OKLAHOMA! This Rodgers-Hammerstein musical is still going strong with the present cast doing just as well by the lilting lyrics as the original Oklahomans did. St. James, 44th Street, West of Broadway. LAckawanna 4-4664.

★ ON THE TOWN—(Adelphi, 54th East of 7th Ave. CI 6-5097). A pert and likable parade of comedy by Comden and Green, who wrote and act in the thing; dancing by Sono Osato; ballets by Jerome Robbins (of "Fancy Free"); and music by young Leonard Bernstein. All in all, pretty terrific. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ ONE TOUCH OF VENUS—(46th Street Theatre, 46th West. CI 6-6075). Mary Martin and Agnes de Mille's ballets put this sophisticated fantasy in the class with whipped cream. John Boles is in the cast, also. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SADIE THOMPSON—(Alvin, 52nd West. CI 5-6868). June Havoc stars in the musical version of Jeanne Eagel's old saga of sex and woe. Somerset Maugham started the whole thing; Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke add the latest chapter. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SEVEN LIVELY ARTS—(Ziegfeld, 6th Avenue at 54th. CI 5-5200). Billy Rose's super-special, with tunes by Cole Porter, sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht, ballet by Markova, and clowning by Bea Lillie. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SING OUT, SWEET LAND!—(International, at Columbus Circle, CO 5-1173). Rich and nostalgic episodes. "The roar of a nation in the making," as the program cover calls it. Burl Ives and Alfred Drake sing the folk music arranged by Elie Siegmeister. Choreography by Humphrey-Weidman; production by Theatre Guild. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SONG OF NORWAY—(Imperial, 45th, West. CO 5-2412). Grieg's life and Grieg's music, rather neatly produced. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. Nightly except Monday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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MISCELLANEOUS

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center, 6th Avenue at 49th. CO 5-5474). A big glittering ice ballet, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Sunday evenings, 8:15; other evenings, 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturdays, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ NATIONAL VELVET—(Radio City Music Hall, 6th Avenue at 50th). Mickey Rooney, Elizabeth Taylor, Jackie Jenkins, Anne Revere, and Donald Crisp all contribute their share of good acting to this rather delightful story about a little girl who wins a horse at a raffle.

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CARNEGIE HALL EVENTS

Date

1—Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
2—Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
2—Fri. Eve.: Anna Xydis, pianist
3—Sat. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
4—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
4—Sun. 5:30: Burton Holmes, lecturer
4—Sun. Eve.: Mishel Piastro, violinist
6—Tues. Eve.: Philadelphia Orchestra
7—Wed. Eve.: Vladimir Horowitz, pianist
8—Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
9—Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
9—Fri. Eve.: Nitya Marino, pianist
10—Sat. Morn.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
10—Sat. Eve.: Jeri Smith, pianist
11—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
11—Sun. 5:30: Burton Holmes, lecturer
11—Sun. Eve.: "Introduction to Fame"
12—Mon. Eve.: National Orchestra Association
13—Tues. Eve.: Alexander Brailowsky, pianist
14—Wed. Eve.: Boston Symphony Orchestra
15—Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
16—Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
17—Sat. Aft.: Boston Symphony Orchestra
18—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
18—Sun. Eve.: Argentinita, dancer
19—Mon. Eve.: Concert conducted by Arturo Toscanini; Vladimir Horowitz, soloist
20—Tues. Eve.: Gyorgy Sandor, pianist
22—Thurs. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
23—Fri. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
24—Sat. Eve.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
25—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society
25—Sun. Eve.: John Fecney, tenor
26—Mon. Eve.: Zino Francescatti, violinist
27—Tues. Eve.: Philadelphia Orchestra
28—Wed. Eve.: William Kapell, pianist

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