

# Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

The  
SAN FRANCISCO  
CONFERENCE  
by Arthur Gaeth

★

Frank Singiser on  
"LABOR UNIONS"

★

Kent Cooper on  
"WORLD FREEDOM  
OF PRESS AND  
RADIO"

★ ★

APRIL  
1945

25¢



Where to Go -- What to See --

NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO ★ KANSAS CITY



**POWELL AROUND** Dick Powell of Hollywood blows into Kansas City to watch himself go! Appeared at the Orpheum Theatre for the opening of the new picture with the new Powell—a straight dramatic Powell with nary a song in the sequence. "Murder, My Sweet" was the film. The Muehlebach Penthouse was the scene of this shot. Jetta, of "Swing" and "Aisle 3," puts our hero through the third degree in an interview for her daily stint on WHB, heard at 2:30 p.m., Mandays through Fridays.

**TO MUTUAL VIA WHB** On February 4, can the first radio correspondent's eyewitness report on the liberation Manila. It was made by Royal Arch Gunnison, via the Mutual Network. Flying low over the city, Mr. Gunnison saw Japs dead . . . the prisoners of San Tomas waving . . . the tiny tar-paper-raafed hut I had built for his wife when they were interned by the Japanese. Just six weeks later, Gunnison broadcast from WHB in March. Regularly heard on WHB at 7:00 p.m., Mandays through Fridays.

**MAGIC CARPET AND C-46** Under the nose of a flying vehicle of another sort, WHB's "Magic Carpet" (short wave transmitter) covers the recent air show at Fairfax Airport. Be Dean, Chief Announcer for WHB, and one of the glider pilots describe a demonstration of the use of glide behind enemy lines. Sponsored by the Air Forces Carrier Command, Staut Field, Illinois, this was Kansas City first glider show. WHB relayed events to listeners in this area.



"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

### ARTICLES

RADIO REPORTS SAN FRANCISCO AND WORLD PEACE.....	Arthur Gaeth	3
WORLD FREEDOM OF PRESS AND RADIO.....	Kent Cooper	37
SCHEMES TO TAKE YOUR MONEY.....	George M. Husser	15
CAN LABOR UNIONS STRIKE TWICE?.....	Frank Singiser	9
SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE MIKE.....	Ray Dady	7
AMERICANS ARE NAIVE!.....	Melita O'Hara	23
GREAT DAY!.....	Jane Porterfield	31
DOUBLING BACK.....	John Reed King	11
40 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS 40.....	Marion Odmark	27
THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE ENEMY.....	"Human Adventure"	29
APPLYING THE GOLDEN RULE TO COURTSHIP.....	Helen Gregg Green	45
YOUR PROBLEM, PLEASE.....	John J. Anthony	42
SALAT TIME IN THE OZARKS.....	Verna Springer	19
MOVIES FOR THE THEATRES OF WAR.....	William Ornstein	49

### MISCELLANIES

DUMBARTON OAKS IN AN ACORN SHELL.....	"Reviewing Stand"	5
ZOO-LOGY.....	Edward R. Schaffler	14
RICH UNCLE.....	George S. Benson	18
FASHION SHINES IN THE RAIN.....	Kay Daniels	48

### OUR TOWN TOPICS

APRIL'S HEAVY DATES.....	2
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY.....	52
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS.....	51
YOU CAN HELP.....	56

### OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO COMMUNIQUE.....	Norton Hughes Jonathan	57
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	59	
NEW YORK COMMUNIQUE.....	Lucie Ingram	62
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL.....	64	

### PICTURES

J. Harold Ryan, 33 • Marguerite Chapman, 34-35 • L. Welch Pogue, 36  
 WHB Newsreel, Inside Front Cover • Liberty Memorial, Back Cover

IT IS, pretty people, assuredly spring. There was a time when we thought spring was merely a rumor, some gossip that got about. But now we know. It's spring when the newsie on the corner of 10th and Walnut puts up the flaps of his caps; when a chemical something you can neither name nor suppress makes you look with new and impersonal passion at someone who isn't your wife or your true-love; when forsythia butters the Plaza, and no more ice skates alight at the Pla-Mor. It's a funny thing about this indecisive season. You're never quite sure whether things will bloom or not. It's the season of holding one's breath. The springtime of our little magazine has been typically dubious. (You know—paper shortage, freezes, things of that sort). But it's out at last—no orchid, maybe, but heartier if humbler than that. So shout a little with us, won't you, and let's all go fly our kites!

*Jetta*



# April's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

## **THEATRE**

April 16-26—Resident Theatre play, "Over 21." Jewish Community Center, 1600 Linwood. 8:30 p. m. No Sunday performance.

## **MUSIC**

April 4-5-6-7—San Carlo Opera Company. 8:30 p. m. Saturday matinee, 2:30 p. m. Music Hall.

April 6—Conservatory of Music presents students of Dr. Labunski. 8:15. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

April 8—Alec Templeton. (A & N. presentation). 3:30 p. m. Music Hall.

April 8—Students of Amy Winning in recital. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.

April 11—Wiktor Labunski, presented by Sigma Alpha Iota, in a benefit concert. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 13-14—Sigmund Romberg. (A & N presentation). 8:30. Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

April 13—Sisters of St. Mary's Spring Festival. Musical Hall.

April 15—Cochran Music Company recital, afternoon performance. Music Hall.

April 15—Students of Lois Black Hunt and Edna Forsythe, in concert, assisted by N. De Rubertis and his orchestra. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 18—Martha Orr, of Kansas City Conservatory of Music, in graduation recital. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 20—Students of Mrs. Miles G. Blim, in recital. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 22—Sigma Alpha Iota recital. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 27—Virginia French Mackie, pianist, in recital. 8:15 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

April 27-28—Columbia Opera Company, with Donald Dickson in "Carmen." (A & N presentation). 8:30 p. m. Music Hall.

April 29—Students of Mrs. Paul Willson and Della Willson, in recital. 3:30 p. m. Atkins Auditorium.

## **LECTURES**

April 9-May 3, Monday and Thursday nights—Andre Maurois, French historian and biographer, in a series of lectures at the University of Kansas City, 5100 Rockhill Road, Room 217, Liberal Arts Building. Open to public. \$4.00 for the series of 8 lectures; single admission, \$1.00. Call Registrar's Office, JA. 1135.

April 10—Moody Bible Institute presents General Dobbie. Music Hall.

April 18—Jackson County Health Forum Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.



## **DANCING**

April 1—A.Z.A. Nordaunin No. 22. (Private). Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.

April 3—Gene Krupa. 8:00-11:45 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

April 3—Walker Beauty School. (Colored). Little Theatre.

April 5, 12, 19, 26—Welfare Department square dancing. Open to public. Little Theatre. No charge.

April 6—St. Theresa Academy prom. Little Theatre.

April 6—Pratt-Whitney (Private). Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

April 7—Pratt-Whitney Aircraft Club for the Colored. Little Theatre.

April 14—Corn Products Sportsman Club. (Private). Little Theatre.

April 15—Les Brown. Pla-Mor.

April 21—Count Basie. (A & N presentation). Arena.

April 21—Pratt-Whitney Aircraft Club. 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. Little Theatre.

April 28—Tony Pastor. Pla-Mor. Tuesday-Friday nights — "Over 30" nights. Tom and Kate Beckham and Orchestra. Pla-Mor.

## **OTHER EVENTS**

April 1—Community Church Service. 9:30 a. m. Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

April 7—Camp Fire Girls Round-Up. 7:30-10:30 p. m. Arena.

April 13—Temple Baptist Church evangelical meeting. Little Theatre.

April 13-14-15—Human Relations Institute. Grand Avenue Temple, 205 East 9th. (For information, call Fa. 6542, the Rev. Lawrence Scott.)

## **ART EVENTS**

**WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART**—April exhibit: paintings by six contemporary American artists. Masterpiece of the month, "The Tambourine Girl," by John Hoppner. In Gallery 30, watercolors by Ivan Wilson. . . . Children's activities, Saturdays, 2:00 p. m.: April 7—Motion Picture, "Tom Sawyer." April 14—Marionette play.

**KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN**—April exhibit: I.B.M. collection of Latin-American prints. Week days, 9 to 5; Monday, Wednesday, Friday evenings 7 to 9:30. No charge.

**KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY**—Newly opened under direction of Burnett H. Shryock. Featuring the work of Kansas City artists, and presenting next a group of photographs from Chicago. Open 10 to 5, Monday through Friday. University Greenhouse, 52nd Street.

## **SPORTS**

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 matinee, Sundays.

# RADIO REPORTS *San Francisco* ... AND WORLD PEACE

*What's doing on the west coast, come April 25? A Mutual Network commentator briefs the business of the World Peace Conference — with some optimisms on why it cannot fail*

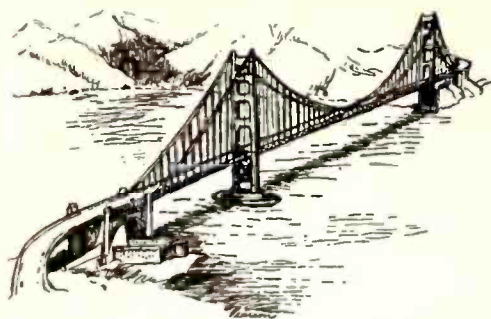
By ARTHUR GAETH

RADIO faces a new challenge as it prepares to give the world an on-the-spot coverage of the most important meeting in modern history—the Conference at San Francisco on April 25th of hundreds of delegates from the 45 nations united in war against the Axis. With every major network having its top commentators at the Conference and literally providing hour-by-hour coverage of developments, the American public will have an opportunity to sit at the ring-side and follow the proceedings.

The San Francisco meeting will be committed largely to organization. Four world powers have already drawn up a rough sketch of the type of world organizations their people will support. It consists of a General Assembly in which all nations are to be represented on the basis of equality, a Council which will include the representatives of eleven nations with the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France having permanent seats, an International Court of Justice which may be a continuation of the present Permanent Court of International Justice using the new con-

stitution, and an Economic and Social Council to make recommendations for solutions to economic, social, and humanitarian problems.

After the San Francisco meeting has had its opening plenary sessions—at which the chairmen of the different delegations will speak, the Conference will have to settle down to the discussion of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals and work them into a constitution that can be accepted by the body of the Conference and later by the legislatures of the participating countries. For days there may be little that is spectacular in the meeting. There may be lengthy technical discussions, some wrangling, many compromises. To the public the meeting may even become somewhat dull, but future world security depends on how well the task is done and how wholeheartedly the nations of the world accept the results. Few, if any, of the outstanding controversial political problems will be discussed at the Conference. It is called primarily for the purpose of creating a world organization and those nations engaged in fighting Germany and Japan will determine what



that organization will be. The neutral powers—and ultimately the defeated nations—will be allowed to join and accept the constitution drawn up by the victors.

President Harry S. Truman will not attend the Conference; but may address it by radio—to carry through the international policies of President Roosevelt not only because of a sense of obligation, but because of a sense of conviction that they were right. It is felt that he will be able to command unusual support on Capitol Hill for this policy.

The work of the Conference will be done by the secretaries of state or ministers of foreign affairs and the delegates appointed to accompany them. Winston Churchill, Josef Stalin, and Chiang Kai-Shek are not expected to be present. The top-ranking figures will be men of the caliber of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Cordell Hull, Anthony Eden, Clement Attlee, Vyacheslav Molotov, Maxim Litvinov, T. V. Soong, and others. Men will predominate although a few countries may follow the example of the United States and send a woman delegate. Generally the meetings may be closed to the public, although the plenary sessions at the opening and close of

the Conference may admit special guests by ticket.

Once the San Francisco Conference has completed its work, the foundations will be laid for greater international collaboration and for transferring the solution of international problems from the procedure of personal negotiation between three or four individuals to one of general discussion by the representatives of all the countries in the United Nations. The major powers still will direct the course of events, but forty other nations will have a voice in the decisions.

From the American point of view, this meeting is timely for it calls for the perpetuation of the cooperation that developed in the course of the war. The group of obstructionist American Senators who might have tried to spike participation in an international organization will not find the same wave of reaction now that could set in after the war.

Failure by our Senate to ratify the results of the San Francisco Conference would seriously hinder collaboration in war as well as in peace. It would immediately loose a wave of endeavor on the part of the major nations to strengthen their own spheres of influence and dominate increasing world areas. That would create foundations for the next world war while this one was still being fought.

Therefore, the San Francisco Conference will produce positive results and the Senate of the United States will ratify them. Under duress of war, America will have decided to carry on for peace. Our leaders who have successfully brought their negotiations to



his point have given international affairs wise direction and avoided most of the pitfalls which made only a patchwork peace after World War One. That international organization will have been achieved before the war

is brought to a successful conclusion indicates how far the peoples of the world have come in their thinking about the need for collaboration and united action in preserving peace for the future.



## Dumbarton Oaks in an

(Condensed mostly from a broadcast of "The Reviewing Stand," a Mutual Network feature presented by Northwestern University)

## ACORN SHELL

THIS MONTH the United Nations meet in San Francisco. They won't be there just for a look at the bay. They'll be there to consider and revise the original Dumbarton Oaks proposals. And here—in case you're anything like us, and need an extra thumbnail around most of the time—is a high-spot summary of the original plan for world peace.

### THE ORGANIZATIONAL STRUCTURE OF THE PLAN

1. A General Assembly of all member nations—with an Economic and Social Council as set up by the General Assembly.

2. A Security Council—composed of the Big Three, plus the other two major powers: The United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and eventually, France—with a military staff committee.

3. An International Court of Justice.

### FUNCTIONS OF THE COUNCILS

1. Of the Security Council and its Military Staff Committee: *To meet aggression and quell it.*

2. Of the Economic and Social Council, as set up by the General Assembly: *To eliminate the causes for aggression.*

### PURPOSE OF THE PLAN

1. To prevent warfare.

2. To stimulate international trade.

3. To develop international air travel.

(These are three of the more salient objectives of the Plan; there are others.)

### DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE PLAN AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

1. The League had a Council and an Assembly, but their functions overlapped. In the

new Plan for World Peace, the Council has the sole task of stopping aggression, while the General Assembly has the task of solving the problems which make for war and for aggression. Their functions are exactly divided.

2. Under the League Covenant, the great powers had made no provisions for force to stop aggression. Their idea was to delay the disputes until the conflicts could be looked into. But the Security Council, as briefed by the Dumbarton Oaks Conference, places full responsibility upon the Big Three, plus China and France, and there will be the military strength to meet and stamp out aggression. This Security Council is the big difference between the League and the Plan. The one was passive; this one is active.

3. The Plan is to be an association of all the peace-loving nations in the world. The United States was not a part of the League of Nations, and at one time Russia did not belong.

### MEMBERSHIP IN THE SECURITY COUNCIL

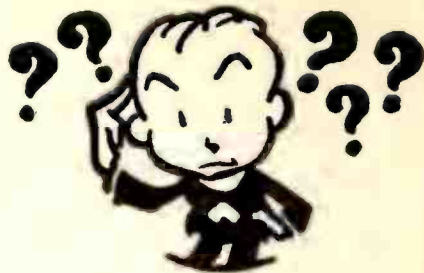
1. The Big Five will be given permanent seats: The United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, and France.

2. Six small nations will be included as non-permanent rotating members.

### THE PLAN IN PERSPECTIVE

"It is not a super-state; not a world government; not a weak federal system: It is a confederation, a league of sovereign states."—William Stokes, department of political science, Northwestern University, speaking on "The Reviewing Stand," October 29, 1944.

# Is There a Doctor in the House?



by DOROTHY SARA

**T**IME was when the old family doctor prescribed the cure, gave a pill, made you say ah, thumped your ribs, bound up your ankle, delivered the baby, and was even a fair psychiatrist by virtue of his best bedside manner. But that was yesterday. Today everthing is specialized. Even simple ailments are treated by specialists. And some of them have pretty fancy names. Would you know which one to

call for certain specific ailments? Take a look at the list below. Allow yourself 5 points for each correct matching of ailment with specialist. If you make as much as 100—you're either pretty good—or a hypochondriac! 75 is a good score; 50 just fair; and below that—well, you just better stay well. You'll find the answers on page 50.

## In Case of Any of These

1. Foot ailment . . . . .
2. Nervous disorder . . . . .
3. Application of anesthetic . . . . .
4. Defective eyesight . . . . .
5. Children's diseases . . . . .
6. Despondency and delusions . . . . .
7. Corns and callouses . . . . .
8. Childbirth . . . . .
9. Skin trouble . . . . .
10. Crooked teeth . . . . .
11. Heart ailment . . . . .
12. Internal medication . . . . .
13. Joint or spine injury . . . . .
14. X-Ray treatment . . . . .
15. Intestinal disorder . . . . .
16. General examination . . . . .
17. Mental disorder . . . . .
18. Blood tests . . . . .
19. Nose trouble . . . . .
20. Women's ailments . . . . .
21. Advice on drugs . . . . .
22. Eye disease . . . . .
23. Ear ailment . . . . .
24. Nerve operation . . . . .

## Call One of These

- a. alienist
- b. dermatologist
- c. chiroprapist
- d. optometrist
- e. radiologist
- f. gastroenterologist
- g. otologist
- h. diagnostician
- i. pediatician
- j. obstetrician
- k. podiatrist
- l. neurologist
- m. anesthetist
- n. psychiatrist
- o. ophthalmologist
- p. neurosurgeon
- q. pharmacologist
- r. orthopedist
- s. orthodontist
- t. gynecologist
- u. cardiologist
- v. rhinologist
- w. hematologist
- x. internist



# Slips that Pass in the "Mike"

*"I didn't say it! I know I didn't!"*

By RAY E. DADY

GET a group of radio announcers together for more than twenty minutes and the odds are ten to one that the conversation will swing around to "blows" or "fluffs." This is just radio lingo for slips of the tongue over the air. Somebody will tell the one about Norman Broken-shire and another will tell the one about Harry Von Zell and from then on, it's anybody's guess who will contribute the biggest laugh. Now it's my turn.

A few years ago a paint company bought a large schedule of spot announcements—so many in fact that every announcer on the station knew the announcements by heart. They all had one standard tag line at the conclusion of each spot. The copy read—"Buy True-Enamel, sold at the stores with the rainbow front. It's guaranteed not to crack, chip nor peel."

The announcements went on without incident for weeks until Allen Anthony, who now does the commercials on the Dr. I. Q. show, had to join the network in something less than twenty seconds and hurried into the studio to present the True-Enamel spot. He sailed into the copy with characteristic verve and confidence. The tag line was the same as always:

"True-Enamel is guaranteed not to crack, chip nor peel."

But that isn't what Tony said: Not that time. To the listeners it was unmistakably: "True-Enamel is guaranteed not to crap, cheek nor pill."

The story of Anthony's famous "blow" will always bring to somebody's mind the story of the guy in Cleveland. This business of transposing first syllables and then floundering helplessly around trying to get out is one of the trickiest little booby traps in the radio book. The bigger you are the harder you fall.

They cautioned the announcer in Cleveland to watch it—that sooner or later the copy would send him into a linguistic pin-wheel. He got along fine for weeks by dint of careful rehearsing and concentration. Just about the time he was quite sure he could always say, "Perfect Circle Piston Rings," he had an off day. You might toy around with that one for a few minutes to see what you can make of it. It has numerous possibilities but the one he chose wasn't too bad. He finally came up with, "Serfict Perkle Wriston Pings."

Then there's the fellow up at KFNF in Shenandoah who was extolling the virtues of a well-known flour.

He had a handful of testimonials which he was presenting to the listeners, when he came across the one in which a woman told him about her expertness as a "bread baker." Need I say more?

Any veteran announcer can tell you there are certain word combinations which should be carefully avoided. My pet aversion, which I haven't used on the air since 1934, is "true to tradition." There are many sibilants which should be avoided in connection with the personal pronoun *she*. Even the most perfect diction cannot make you sound like a gentleman if you read a sentence like this. Try it aloud sometime.

"And here comes Mary Blank—what a charming little bit she is."

The engineer who puffs a contemplative pipe in the control room says I blew it. The announcer who was standing by to make a spot in the studio at the conclusion of my program will swear I said it. But I didn't

say it! I know I didn't! At any rate here's the one they like to tell on me on long winter evenings.

Early in the war, when there was frequent reference to the invasion roads leading to Europe, we heard a great deal about Natal which is on the extreme east coastline of Brazil, and Dakar, the nearest land point right across the South Atlantic in French West Africa. For some reason which I do not presently recall, I mentioned this geographical area as the scene of a fleet movement. The copy went something like this:

"Fleet action is said to be taking place in the South Atlantic—somewhere off the eastern bulge of Brazil."

It looks like an innocent enough sentence, but they insist I said:

"Fleet action is said to be taking place in the South Atlantic—somewhere off the eastern bulge of Brasiere!"

I didn't say it. I know I didn't. Well, anyway, not very loud.



## What? No Elephants?

A friend of ours went to see the San Francisco ballet a few weeks back. It appeared during the week of the Police Circus, remember? During the Nutcracker Suite, our friend noticed that the lady sitting next to him did a quantity of inaudible muttering. The dancers had completed the Chinese part of the suite, and were moving into another and distinctly more dancy section. Suddenly she turned to our friend and remarked with some exasperation, "This is the darndest circus I ever saw!" . . . We're always getting in at the wrong door, too!

# Can Labor Unions Strike *Twice*?

*Once for their nation at war — and a second time for the support of labor's rights by the uniformed forces. It's an idea!*

By FRANK SINGISER

IF you are a member of a labor union, you have probably wondered what you should do if your union voted to go on strike during war-time. Many union members have already had to make that decision under circumstances that did not make any final decision easy.

I want to report a suggestion from one of my listeners who faced this dilemma.

He is a railroad employee having about average seniority in his particular brotherhood. He believes sincerely in his union and its objectives. He supports the conviction that in an industrial society, organized labor is the working man's best hope for financial and physical betterment. He further declares it as his opinion that only a disciplined union with the power to strike and to picket, can hope to represent fully the individual workers in their dealings with large corporations. In brief, this union rail-worker is no Johnny-come-lately union member. His membership in the railroad brotherhood is not just a happenstance.

But this same man has several younger brothers in service.

At the time of the threatened railroad strike a year ago, he felt that he

would be unpatriotic and would be letting his brothers down if he went out on strike. Many of his fellow union members felt the same. Yet he was sure that the union's wage demands were justified. The cause for which the strike vote was taken was a just cause in his opinion. He also knew that unless the union demands were met by the railroads voluntarily the threat of a strike was the union's last recourse. But he did not want to strike at the very moment when the railroads were choked with the materials and troops being assembled for the invasion of Europe.

Fortunately, through arrangements set up by management, labor and government, a way was found to settle the railroad brotherhood's dispute before the strike date arrived.

But his own personal moment of decision came so close that this one union member was troubled. What would he have done if the morning to strike had arrived? Would he have been able to strike with his union at a time of national crisis? Could he have defied his own union and stayed on the job because he felt his brothers overseas would expect it of him? Was there any way out that would satisfy his conscience on both scores?

Here is his answer. Let the union strike vote in such cases be taken. But let the union buy paid advertisements in the press and on the radio to tell the public the union's side of the case. When the strike date had been determined let it be advertised in the same way.

If there were still no adjustment of the dispute before the day set for the strike, let the union members stay off the job on that day. The strike day would be used for meetings in central places of the entire union membership. At these meetings, war-necessity resolutions would be adopted.

These resolutions would note that the union had been forced to strike for its demands. Note would also be taken of the consequences to the national war effort if the strike were to continue. And there would be a resolution suspending the strike for the duration. The following day the union members would be back on the job.

But the union would not rest its case with the passing of mere resolutions and a one-day strike. According to this suggestion from one union member, a full scale publicity cam-

paign would be put in motion to acquaint the public and the armed forces with the union's patriotic action in bowing to national necessity before the welfare of its own members.

Money in the union treasury normally used for strike benefits and strike expenses would pay for this full scale publicity drive. More paid advertisements in the press and on the radio would tell service people and the public at home why the strike was being suspended for the duration. And if it were legal, letters and circulars would be sent overseas to every possible man or woman in Uncle Sam's uniform in which the union's whole course of action would be set forth. Every such advertisement or statement would end with this paragraph:

"The members of our union are in this war to the end. No matter what our grievances, we will not desert our posts. The members of this union will back you up until the enemy surrenders. If our stated grievances are not settled when the war ends, we reserve the right to strike at that time. We believe that you as fellow Americans will want to see that Justice is still the law of the land when you return."

Would such a plan work? If it would, a lot of conscience-searching by patriotic union members could be avoided. Certainly the number of war-time strikes might be reduced still further. And Labor Unions might well be striking two blows: one for their nation at war, and the other for the overwhelming support of labor's rights by the uniformed forces.





# Doubling Back . . .



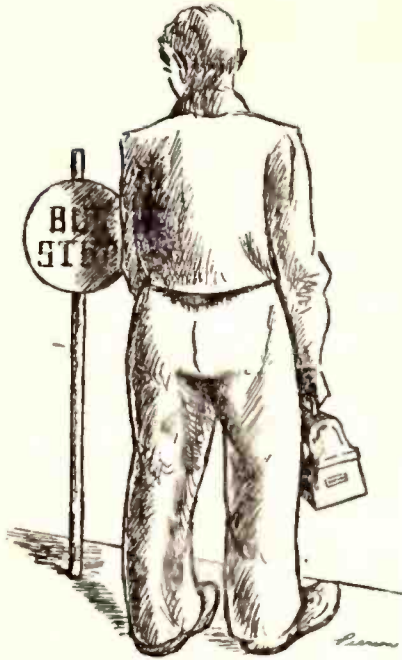
JOHN REED KING, emcee of "Double or Nothing," doubles for us at a television broadcast.

CONTRARY to the opinions of many, television is very real and, I think it's safe to say, very near to coming into its own. The only drawback at the moment seems to be that you can't buy a television receiver. Otherwise, the shows are on the air waiting to be received. Their portrayal or "picture" is good for the most part; color television is about ready to go into operation; and at latest reports it has been discovered that television broadcasts can be transmitted over telephone cable . . . a discovery which just about licks the problem of how to establish Television networks as we now have radio networks. All these factors being what they are, let's . . .

GO BEHIND THE SCENES in a television studio. At present most of those in New York are in the experimental stage with walls being knocked out to suit or lights being added when necessary. For the most part the studio is like a small Hollywood movie set with its microphone on a boom moving overhead on the set, banks of flood lights and spots (sometimes even garishly set-up on great overhead catwalks), and its great variety of people who roam around the stage wearing earphones and signalling wildly to each other. Lighting has been and

still is a major problem for several reasons but the most important one is . . .

THE TEMPERATURE ON STAGE in front of the "Ike" (Iconoscope, if you please) . . . the "camera" of the television. One studio went in for the use of Foto-flood lights which result in temperatures suitable for baking . . . both human and culinary. In a recent Bond show on television I was in front of the camera for 30 minutes in a quiz, and when I came off my hair was steaming . . . literally. In the bargain my eyes had "the blinks" for two weeks. Other studios, however, are using banks of incandescents such as you use in the kitchen, augmented by spot-lites, and the results have been very good. Adequate lighting brings out all the fine-points of the picture, of course, and that's most necessary when with black-and-white television you are turning everyday reds, blues, yellows, purples, and oranges into black or white. The director or directress (as the case may be, and any number of fine women directors are coming to the top with television) sits in the control room beside the engineer. In front of her are a number of screens, each one corresponding to an iconoscope or "camera" in action on the floor of the



stage. That way, the picture or scene that each "camera" is picking up is before her, and having made her choice of camera angle and shot she can call for the camera-shot she wants and the engineer switches it on to the out-put screen. And that's what you see on your set at home. Those are the basic factors . . .

And now let's talk about TELEVISION PROGRAMS. A good many different ones have been tried already. In my opinion there is a great opportunity for audience participation type shows, news programs augmented with on-the-scene pictures either moving or "still," and any other type of program in which one single setting will do for the whole show. That's especially true now when space limitations wreak havoc with long and involved dramatic productions, and in

the end it will probably be true if a "live" television show is called into competition with a filmed show. The use of movie films on television is, of course, very important right now, but these are usually educational or governmental films which, while good in their field, are still no competition for the average A, B, or C motion picture at your local theatre. Nor can television afford the elaborate sets, costuming, music and other details that go to make a \$250,000 film which on television might last one hour. This is pretty obvious when radio advertisers today are not willing to go much above \$15,000 for big-time package shows. More obvious now when there are millions of radio sets and some 4,000 television receivers in the New York area alone. So, from here it looks as though radio soap-operas and other shows will carry on all day long, and television will compete with radio shows for the evening audiences, say from 8 to 11 p. m. For after all it's much easier to play cards or talk, listening to the radio, than it would be to keep an eye on the television screen while doing the same things. Listeners have been conditioned to the "freedom" that radio-listening gives, and after the novelty of television wears off, they will drift back to their old habits unless it's a championship boxing bout on the screen or something of equal importance.

HOW DOES IT FEEL in front of the television camera? Well, I do a little comedy-quiz every Thursday night in one of the New York studios, and these are some of the things that

keep running through your mind: "Keep the contestants closer to the overhead microphone than you are—remember you're both about three feet away from it. Keep facing forward into the camera range (there's a girl there to signal you if you're turning too much either way.) Keep an eye on the time-signal man who warns you with finger signals all through the show just where you are in time. Watch the camera-men and follow their signals, too, moving forward and back. Don't move too fast, for the camera can't either. Watch the little lights on the front of each camera (when they flash red you know that that camera is "in action" transmitting the actual picture that is going out over the air); and then remember the script! If it isn't memorized keep all the things in mind that you are planning to do because in television there is no opportunity to stop a minute and go back and look at the script, nor is there any prompter in a convenient "box" . . . it's up to you, you're on the air! All that may sound pretty hard, but . . .

IT ISN'T. All these are simple rou-

tines after very few shows, and you get as much of a kick out of falling into the routine and carrying your end of the job as you can get out of anything. The whole television show-story goes drifting along on a cloud-like plane, supported by the sheer effort of the many people including yourself who piece together extemporaneously the sound, the sight, and the fury of television.

TELEVISION SHOWS must be earthy, homey things. As in radio, the arty shows are doomed to failure. On my comedy quiz I have a live duck (borrowed each week from the Bronx Zoo) and he walks in and out the aisles during the show, and I honestly believe that he is the biggest star on the show, drawing as much attention as anything we mortals do. The duck gets the fan mail . . . the duck is the pay-off. When Jimmy Durante dropped in for a short television call on the show one evening . . . nothing would do but that we measure the two respective beaks . . . Durante lost . . . "It was mortifyin'."

Next time: Something NEW in television.



## HUNTING LICENSE

In war-jammed Ottawa the newest of Canada's controls has been inaugurated in the form of licenses issued to those seeking houses or apartments to rent. Licenses are issued only to families living in greatly cramped quarters. Landlords may not rent to unlicensed persons, under severe penalties.

—from *The Kansas City Realtor*.



# Zoo-ology . . .

By

EDWARD R. SCHAUFFLER

WILLIAM T. A. CULLY must have had a stork in his pocket. Ever since he took over directorship of the Swope Park Zoo on May 2, 1942, the birth rate has been going up. Baby lions, a tiger, young monkeys—to say nothing of birds ad infinitum—have been a-borning out at Swope Park. (Last summer Mr. Cully sold Sammy, a tiger and a real *enfant terrible*, to the Brooklyn Zoo.)

The president of the park board, Harry Evans Minty, is devoted to the babies. Every Sunday morning he drives out to the zoo before its opening to the public, gives the password, and is admitted. He takes the macaque monkey child, Bobo, from the cage and she cuddles against his shoulder and tells him all about things.

"She's a dear little animal," Mr. Cully tells us, "and more loving than many children."

He's fond, too, of old Sally, the venerable chimpanzee, reputed once to have been a member of a Ziegfeld Follies troupe. Cully has never been able to verify that story, but he says it may be so. As for Sally, she is discreetly silent about her past, as a lady should be. She merely shrugs a fur clad shoulder (not mink) and blows what might be a reasonable facsimile of a smoke ring. Even in these days Sally expects and demands her quota of cigarettes, and raises a clatter when she is turned down.

William Cully says it's all bunk about animals losing their minds in confinement. If they're healthy and well cared for they stay as sane and cheerful as a clam at high tide.

He gives his charges excellent care. On Sunday mornings early, the smaller animals are taken out to play on the green grass. We happened by one Sunday, early enough to catch the animal fair. Letitia, a blonde ballet dancer, who happens to be our wife, was particularly taken



by Sammy, the tiger. She's fond of cats, anyway. And Sammy was fond of her, sensing, no doubt, some kindred and kinaesthetic quality in rhythm! He went all-out for her and romped and scuffled for all the world like a playful puppy. As for Letitia, she was delighted with Sammy's firm, lithe muscles. We recalled Hilaire Belloc's jingle about tigers, which ends:

"But mothers of large families  
Who tend to common sense  
Will find a tiger well repays  
The trouble and expense."

William Cully used to be head keeper at the Bronx Zoo, before coming to Kansas City. After the war he has hopes of building an "African Veldt" in the old rock quarry south of the present animal house. A monkey island already has been built. And by the time warm weather comes, it will be crowded with whooping simians. Monkeys, Mr. Cully tells us, are hardy fellows and can stand a good deal of cold.

A question just occurred to us. If the stork brings all the baby monkeys, tigers, birds, and what-not—who brings baby storks? We'll ask Mr. Cully. He'll probably know.



# Schemes to Take Your Money

By GEORGE M. HUSSER, Manager  
Kansas City Better Business Bureau

**B**BETTER Business Bureaus throughout the country work constantly to break up schemes perpetrated upon the public. Some are ancient, some brand new, but they all have this in common—if you fall for them, you can't win.

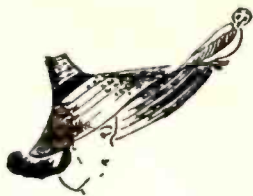
Among the major schemes now swinging into activity are phony war charities and refugee benefits, which solicit funds or sell tickets and advertising space on a basis which yields from zero to 10 per cent of the proceeds to actual charity. The remainder is delivered to the promoters. Legitimate charities and beneficial organizations need every cent you can spare; every time you give to some shady promotion, you waste money that would do great good if turned over to a reliable agency. No matter how plausible or heart-rending the appeal, check up carefully before you give or before you buy.

Complaints have been filed by servicemen and their families against certain fly-by-night dealers regarding watches which were sold as new but later proved to be used movements in new cases. Bureau warnings have abated this evil to a great extent.

The wife of a member of the armed forces purchased a watch for her husband at a pawn shop. It was sold to her as a new watch, and from the shiny case and bright dial, she believed

it was new. She paid \$59.50 for it, and sent it to her husband. In a few weeks, he returned it, with the remark that it didn't keep time and stopped frequently. She took it to a watch repair shop and was told the works were old. She brought the watch to the office of the Better Business Bureau. Upon writing to the manufacturer of the movement, it was found the movement dated from 1883 and that the ceiling price on that type movement in a new case would be \$27.50. Armed with this information, a representative of the Bureau called upon the dealer and refund was made.

Another pawn shop refunded \$24.50, the purchase price of a new imported Swiss watch sold to a soldier. This refund was made after investigations following the soldier's complaint to the Better Business Bureau revealed the ceiling price of the watch was \$17.00. The Bureau works closely with the Office of Price Administration on items of this kind. OPA regulations were promulgated setting prices on three types of Swiss watches, which are being imported in greater quantities than usual since war conversion of watch factories create a shortage of inexpensive American-made watches. Importers or wholesalers of these watches are required to attach to each watch a tag



describing the watch, with retail ceiling price exclusive of tax.

Schemes which have preyed on the housewives are fake appliance repair men who secure irreplaceable appliances for repair and do not return them. Often such racketeers claim to represent well known appliance manufacturers. They take vacuum cleaners and other items away—and fakers and appliances fade out of the picture.

Several elderly women have reported that they were victimized by two men who called, saying they represented a certain stove manufacturer. They said they had been sent out to check gas ranges to see that they were operating satisfactorily. When asked if there was a charge, they said they would look at the stoves, and if there was any charge it would be slight. For fifteen minutes' work at one home a charge of \$30.00 was made, and the woman was afraid not to give the money to them as she was alone in the house. Another woman reported she contested a charge of \$25 and the men agreed to take \$10 for doing no more than looking at the stove.

If a girl calls at your home, saying she is earning money to take a nursing course, and that you can help her by subscribing to a magazine, do not be misled. Nurses are trained in all

good hospitals under government aid, and are paid while they are training. This is just another version of the old "I'm working my way through college."

Then there is the itinerant roofer who "just happens to be in the neighborhood" and will repair your roof for a small sum. He observes the gutters of your house are clogged with leaves or that shingles are loose. All of this is handled very casually. The impression is given the job is a small one and the cost will be similarly small. You authorize the work, and when you get the bill you are incredulous. It may be anywhere from fifty dollars to several hundred dollars. You may have been given a long-term guarantee on the job but when your roof leaks, or you discover the inferior character of the work, your guarantee is worthless because you cannot find the roofer.

Many new and wonderful things will be on the market after the war, and none more wonderful than plastic products. But if you are offered a miraculous new plastic paint today that is guaranteed to last the life of the building, proof against everything, does not blister, crack, peel or chip, you may learn to your dismay you not only have bought ordinary paint at a fancy price, but that it is inferior to most house paints sold through legitimate channels.

"Kidsnapper" is the term applied to the photographer who calls on busy mothers in their homes to snap pictures of their children. Often, such pictures are of poor quality, and the operators are fly-by-nights who fail to

deliver the finished pictures after payments have been secured in advance. The wife of a soldier who is overseas reported to the Better Business Bureau that she had been called upon by a photograph salesman who stated he had noticed the soldier's name in a list of men wounded in action. He said he was making a special price on enlargements to families of servicemen. After she had given a picture of her husband to the agent, she later learned she was required to buy a frame at a price high enough to have had the enlargement made at any photographic shop.

Racketeers have post-war plans, too. While the Better Business Bureaus are building defenses against these anticipated promotions, the promoters are likewise building their fences on a gigantic scale to separate the unwary from their money.

A real estate racketeer in an eastern city recently sent letters to Negro soldiers in the Pacific to interest them in buying lots in a proposed development for Negroes in New Jersey. The New Jersey Real Estate Licensing Bureau investigated it at the request of the Philadelphia Better Business Bureau. It found the property almost

as bad as the jungles in which the men had been fighting. The racketeers were called off.

One smoothie sold memberships in an "own-your-own-home" club for a \$100 fee. He also got several veterans to make down payments on prefabricated houses. Investigations by the Better Business Bureau in Washington, D. C., finally led to this sharpster's arrest.

A Florida concern interested a group of veterans in buying property in tung oil on the absentee farming basis.

With discharge pay for service men and accumulated war bond holdings and provisions for veterans to receive business loans, a tremendous reservoir of investment money will be available and a fertile field afforded for financial and merchandise promoters to swindle the returning service men.

The Better Business Bureaus have prepared a booklet, entitled, "Facts Veterans Should Know Before Starting a Business," which is being distributed free of charge to veterans.

The public can be protected from rackets if they will only heed the advice of the Better Business Bureaus—"Before You Invest, Investigate."



"Am I happy! A bundle of joy arrived at our house yesterday!"  
 "Congratulations. Boy or girl?"  
 "Neither one. Last month's laundry!"

—from B & R News.



# Rich Uncle

By GEORGE S. BENSON

*President, Harding College, Searcy, Arkansas*

**A** YOUNG 4-F of my acquaintance works at a government-operated chemical laboratory in a distant state. He came home on leave a few months ago and scratched around considerably on his father's big farm collecting rocks. He said he had always believed those shale glades might have value. Now he would find out.

More recently he was at home again, discreetly silent on the subject of his mineral samples. After his first breakfast he saddled a nag. Not pleasure; it was a business trip. He cantered directly to the home of his mother's uncle, the richest retired capitalist thereabout. When he took to horse again, he was a sadder but wiser young man of affairs.

Apparently the young man's home acres are full of a good grade of valuable ore, near the surface and not costly to recover. He had visions of incorporating a new, local industry soon after the war, offering jobs to the whole county's discharged service men and unemployed war workers. All he needed was capital—that's what he thought. He had even checked markets, demands, and prices and had drawn probable production and profit charts for his prospect.

"Uncle Jeff knows his business," the lad said woefully. "He says he has \$100,000 to put in such a venture if he can figure a way to come out whole. I showed him how we could earn \$100,000 easily the first year, but he got out tax sheets and showed me that a 100 per cent return on an investment of \$100,000 is no good to him. The most he would be allowed to keep, along with his other income, is less than \$3,000."

This young man went to a lot of trouble to learn what economists have been saying for two years. From his great-uncle's point

of view, a profit of \$100,000 a year was only 2.8 per cent on a return on a \$100,000 investment, thus:

Net profit.....	\$100,000
Normal profit.....	\$8,000
Normal tax 40 per cent.....	\$3,200
Excess profit.....	\$92,000
E. P. tax 85 per cent.....	78,200
Total taxes.....	81,400

Net profit after taxes.....	\$ 18,600
Personal income tax 85 per cent..	15,810

Income remaining.....	\$ 2,790
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Of course, a \$3,000 yearly income is \$60 a week, good pay if it is a salary with no investment and no risk of financial loss. When a man puts up the tenth part of a million dollars (or when ten men go together and invest a million) it is seldom in "a sure thing." There are always risks to run in industry.

All investors expect their money to work for them. For a man of much wealth, \$100,000 earns only a small "salary." Such men are very careful therefore to put capital in a safe place with little or no danger of loss. That's the gravest prospect facing the United States at the close of the war: Danger of having service men come marching back victorious over various armies or various dictators, to find no work at home.

The American people need a great many items, and are ready to buy them. Manufacturers know how to make them, good enough for anybody at popular prices. Making these things can provide good jobs for millions of men; but will it happen? Well—there is one sure way to spoil the prospect. Keep the taxing system exactly like it is now, so people who invest in industry can't benefit from it. Investments are absolutely essential to making jobs.



# Salat Time in the Ozarks



BY VERNA SPRINGER

"In the Spring a young man's fancy—." Never mind about that. Nor the scent of lilacs, the call of the Cardinal, nor the wolf call! I'll settle for that warm, sun-drenched morning when my neighbor, Liza, pokes her head in my kitchen door and calls out, "Grab your bonnet and basket, let's go pick a mess of greens."

It's green picking time in the Ozarks and God's in his heaven! Furthermore, the problem of what-to-have-for-dinner can now be solved. After all, what could be better than a mess of—well, I was fifteen years old before I learned to say "greens" instead of "salat." They say we Ozarkers were just too lazy to use the original word "salad."

I grab up basket and paring knife. Here and there under the bright early sunshine we see other freshly starched sunbonnets bobbing up and down in back yards and along fence corners, as our neighbors indulge in this ancient ritual—gathering greens from the grass roots.

How to cook those greens—(with big hunks of ham hock, for luscious pot likker—or boiled and dressed with sizzling fat from a slab of home cured ham)—we'll discuss later. But first, as in cooking chicken, we must "catch our hen."

Setting out to pick a mess of wild greens is something else again from

strolling down the aisles of your favorite super-market saying languidly, "I'll take a pound of spinach and a pound of mustard."

Forget about casual strolling because, lady, you walk and walk and walk! Out through the barn lot, over the meadow, up the highway, and maybe down the railroad right-of-way. Then you squat on your hunkers and pick this wild species of vitamins that nature so amply provides at this time of the year.

## HOW THE WOMEN WERE JUDGED

Time was when every woman in our village was judged by two things:

1. How soon her wash swung from the line on Monday morning.
2. How many varieties of wild greens she could recognize and place on her table without having to call in the family doctor.

This trick of knowing the exact varieties of What Kind and How Much of Each to pick and what sort to let alone, was an art handed down from mother to daughter.

"Lemme see, now," Liza says, keeping a sharp eye on the long slender blades I've carefully cut and herded into my basket. "You've got enough of that sour dock," she warns me "Too much spiles the vittles. 'N I wouldn't use too much of that wild lettuce. It'll do when it's young and tender, but after it gets strong, one

sprig can ruin a whole batch o' vittles."

"Put THAT down!" Liza yells. "Less'n you wanta take the skin off your tongue. What'n tarnation do you think you're a-gatherin'?"

"Dock," I reply meekly. After all, there's such a big family of dock. But it seems what I've gathered is the broad-leafed burdock, which Liza says "ain't fitt'n for a hog."

I tell her about my uncle. He once plowed up two long rows of my Aunt Mame's highly-prized and carefully tended rhubarb, mistaking it for burdock. "Men!" Liza sniffs disdainfully. "More'n likely he was just tired of plowin'." The same idea has occurred to my Aunt Mame.

"We'll get down here in this garden corner and pull a passel of lamb's-quarter," Liza says, deftly guiding me out of range of the burdock. You can't mistake lamb's-quarter, once it has been pointed out to you. Smooth-leafed, it is a mild leavener for the sharper-flavored varieties of wild greens.

"There's a patch of wild mustard around the barn," Liza says. So we get that, then set off across the pasture for a spot where poke comes up year after year. This broad-leafed plant is also of the smooth-leafed variety, and it too is a mild leavener. The trick with poke, as with wild lettuce, is to leave it alone after the leaves become too large.

#### WHAT TO PICK

How do you know what to pick? Sister, that's the \$64 question. Ozarker though I am, I myself can

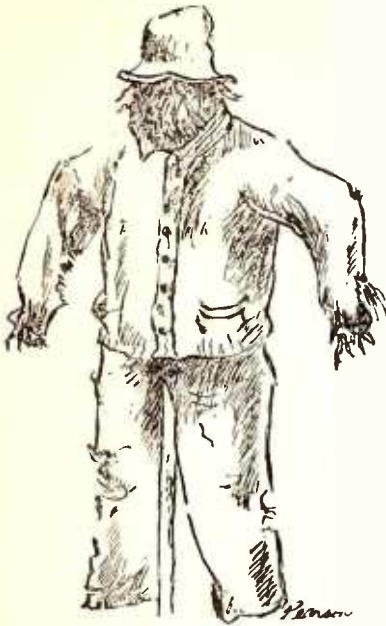
distinguish only eleven varieties of wild green, and that includes plantain and four leaf clovers. But it's a very good plan—when in doubt between smart weed, dog fennel, wild sweet potato and dandelion—either to pass up the whole works, or call in an expert, like my good friend Liza.

You can't always judge by the color or the size and shape of the leaves, nor the way the plant smells; most wild greens have no odor until they're in the pot.

Then, too, you must know about balance. "If you pick too much poke and lamb's-quarter, and not enough of the tart-tastin' varieties such as wild mustard and dandelion," Liza points out cheerfully, "your greens'll be flat. There's them that likes a bait of all-dandelion," she sniffs disdainfully, "but I always say it's just because they don't know more'n one green to gather."

"A few leaves of young horseradish whets the flavor and improves the taste," Liza says, as she snips a half-dozen or so of the broad pebbly-looking leaves. "Mind now, you don't mistake burdock for horseradish." I mind as I, too, snip a few leaves, although the wide-palmed fronds of the two are very similar.

"I reckon we've got enough," Liza finally decides. I am very glad to hear this, for the sun is now high in the sky, my back has begun to ache, and I know all this unaccustomed bending and stooping will take its toll from outraged muscles, come tomorrow morning.



#### HOW TO PREPARE AND SERVE

Preparation of greens, tame or wild, is tedious and time-devouring. First, you look each leaf, however tiny. You look for microscopic "eggs" and pale green parasites; spiders, and nice fat worms. You will also weed out sticks and blades of grass and all other odds and ends not identified as fish, flesh, nor wild greens.

Next you wash your morning haul. And I don't mean take them through only one water. You use gallons and gallons—unless you prefer that gritty flavor that comes when you've spared the water and spoiled your vittles.

In the old days, when grandmother depended on the spring (always located at the bottom of a long, steep hill) for every drop of water, the washing of a mess of greens surely

must have been anything but a labor of love.

If you can beg, buy, or steal a ham hock, well and good. Put it in a pot, preferably iron, or it may be granite. Pile on your greens. Pour in some water. How much? Depends on how well you like "pot likker." Season with salt; cook until greens become tender. Serve with clumps of cornbread, baked in a piping hot skillet until the crust is thick and crunchy.

If you must go "tony," as Liza says, cook the greens in very little water. When tender, drain. Fry up some bacon. Enough for dinner. Pour off the hot fat onto your greens. Season with salt and mix thoroughly. Garnish with hard-boiled egg. Serve with individual "ears" of cornbread.

Now—pull up your chair, and pass the vinegar, please!



I would I were beneath a tree,  
A-sleeping in the shade,  
With all the bills I've got to pay  
Paid.

I would I were on yonder hill  
A-baking in the sun,  
With all the work I've got to do  
Done.

I would I were beside the sea  
Or sailing on a boat,  
With all the things I've got to write  
Wrote.

—from *The Butler Bee*.





Bill Champe

"Is Mr. Ripley In?"

# Americans Are Naive!

*They laugh more, rush more, and go to more ball games than any other people in the world! A world traveler looks at her own people and finds in them the simple secrets of their staying power.*

BY MELITA O'HARA



Americans are naive, but definitely, thought I upon returning to the United States. I'd been gone several months—long enough to gain some perspective. The old bromide about "not seeing the forest for the trees" is always applicable when you're too close to things to have any way of establishing a sense of values. But if you can get away and come back—what a measuring stick you have!

Old memories, forgotten idioms and customs crowded in upon me last month as I sped into Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City. Impressions of this returning American collect hodge-podge in the back of my mind. Most vivid among the impressions are these: the free-wheeling gait and attitude of everyone in stations, restaurants, and sidewalks; the carefree smiles that, thank heaven, haven't been wiped from the faces; the quick alert response to a request; talkative taxicab drivers just being friendly; the telephone operator who calls everyone "honey"; cocktail bars in stations; the array of bottles in drug and liquor stores in certain states; rayon stockings not at a premium; the

many colored people traveling and in uniform; the freedom of speech on political issues; the absence of restraint or inhibitions; the accelerated tempo; the terrific crowds; the lack of adequate help everywhere; the high cost of meals; the machines in stations featuring small editions of famed tones for 10c; the bevy of new exciting looking magazines on the newstands; and the generous open-mindedness of everyone that seems to border almost on a childlike curiosity and trustfulness and which on first encounter, after you've been away some time, strikes you as naive!

It is easy to understand, upon returning, why Europeans or Orientals draw such conclusions about us. Upon first landing in this country they are struck by this naivete and mentally file us away—in the kindergarten class.

In some ways, they're right. Americans *are* naive, and this accounts for many of our blunders and philanderings. But it also is the real secret of our great progress and success as a nation.

When one travels around the world, even in peacetime, one returns convinced that in the land of Uncle Sam people get more out of life. They laugh more, rush more, and go to more ball games than any other people in all the universe! We also chew more gum—but that might be because we have more gum!

To the foreigner an American is probably the greatest enigma of the age. And there is much to be said for his opinion—because we without a doubt display the world's greatest individualistic contradictions in our everyday human behavior.

For instance, abroad you can tell an American yards away even if you cannot hear him—or her! Yet at home we are the most highly standardized people imaginable!

We discarded titles and traditions and all that rot about ancestry and family trees dating back to Royalty or the Czars, with all their pomp and decorations. Yet, the members of the American Army are today wearing more ribbons and carrying more medals than any of the allied armed forces! Also, where is there a nation more highly organized in men's and women's lodges and associations with their ensuing titles and traditions and the brother- or sisterhood privileges which appeal so much? Is it that we want our traditions up to date, our family of our own choosing, with the past forgotten and only the present and the future important? Or is this all a way out of frustration?

We are the greatest individualists in creation. Yet, on many occasions

**M**RS. MELITA O'HARA is one of the busiest women we have ever met. She's all over the country as official travel counsellor of Beta Sigma Phi (national business women's sorority), she appears on innumerable broadcasts, makes personal appearances before innumerable groups, writes for various publications, and besides all that—conducts her own travel agency in Seattle. There's a husband, too—Hugh O'Hara—sandwiched in among all this! He's overseas now with the Canadian Army. Melita O'Hara is Canadian by birth, speaks several languages, appears in "Who's Who." She's been almost every place on the world map where you could throw a dart and make it stick! That was pre-Hitler, of course. But she still gets around on duty in this country. She was in Kansas City not long ago. We had lunch with her at the Terrace Grill. Results: an article for SWING!

we are willing adherents of mass psychology.

We are more spoiled than most nations because of our high standard of living, and ordinarily we demand all and nothing but the best. Yet, we are the greatest travelers in the world, and we will put up with the greatest inconveniences, in countries where facilities are not at par with ours, in order to satisfy our curiosity and that urge to know more.

We are the most talkative people in the world, and our need for self-expression is vital. Yet, statistics show that Americans pro rata attend more lectures than any other nation. We are then, while being the most voluble, also the best listeners. The United States has for a number of years been the mecca for wandering authors and poets who have developed into speakers of the first order, thanks to American receptivity.





*We go after money with the dollar sign in each eye—as if the earning and piling up of money were the only thing that mattered in life. Yet, we spend it at the least provocation and with such lavish ease that we make non-Americans believe that we are all millionaires. This happened during the last war abroad and it is happening again.*

We give out through our gangster films, our business systems of speed and efficiency, that we are the toughest, most indifferent and hard-boiled people in existence! Yet, on scratching the surface, it can be found that *we are the greatest sentimentalists in the world.*

Probably some of the truths were brought home to me for the first time in Paris, quite a few years ago, as I watched a parade of members from one of our finest lodges go down the Champs Elysees. I caught the various

remarks of Parisians around me. They were trying to catalogue the extraordinary gentry marching down that beautiful boulevard in all their regalia. What were they, these Americans—clowns or just immature overgrown children having themselves a time! The average man on the streets of Europe only donned a uniform at request of the State and a uniform was serious business. But this regalia, and the pleasure of the wearers—what did it mean? The average Parisian at that time could not reconcile the fact that these fellows marching down the Champs Elysees were serious-minded businessmen at home and a credit to their various communities.

They and the rest of the world have since learned that the harder the American can play, the harder he can work. This brings to mind that indomitable quality of resilience that assures the quick reconversion from play to work, or from peace to war. It is this quality in Americans that has proved invaluable against the Japanese who are particularly lacking in quick initiative and are always at a disadvantage in surprise attacks.

Speaking of surprise attacks, the Japs first gave us the idea at Pearl Harbor, and because of our traditional naivete, we were unprepared. However, there can be no greater proof of the resilience and stamina of our own people than was shown in the quick conversion from full-time peace measures to all-out war effort.

Although our seeming immature curiosity leads us into many difficulties at times, making us stick our

necks out again and again, it is in this degree of naivete that lie the qualities that make for resilience, loyalty, fairplay, and respect of others' individual rights—as well as constant growth.

In seeing more we learn more; and our sense of fairplay shows up our mistakes. Our insatiable ambition for progress makes us want to correct them. In this also lies another secret of growth. Hitler stopped growing and started his own downfall, even in the midst of his former victories, when he proclaimed the theory that he and his people were perfect—supermen!

Americans, no doubt, are a strange and exciting and enigmatic people, and foreigners have their own mental pictures of us. I recall the owner of a quaint little tea house in Vienna.

Upon learning that I was from the United States, he exclaimed, "An American . . . alone? Why, I thought they always came in droves!"

I have seen Uncle Sam's citizens in Java, in China, in Australia, in South America, and all over the world, testing their strength and their weakness in all sorts of conditions. They brought into play those qualities that go to make life just another ball game—with a fumble just something to be corrected and overcome but quickly!

I am firmly convinced that as long as we do not lose our free-wheeling open-mindedness, our childlike curiosity, our ready faith in others, and begin to think we are perfect—we will be assured of unlimited achievements and no ceiling to progress.

Americans *are* naive . . . thank God!



## UNIFORMITIES

Y 1/c: So Specialist X is conceited?

WAVE: Yeah. He joined the Navy to let the world see him.

New SPAR: Where do I eat?

Captain: You mess with the officers.

New SPAR: Yeh, I know, but where do I eat?

—from *Facterias*.

Two soldiers staggered aboard a street car. One of them turned to the nearest uniformed person and offered the fare.

"Sorry," said the uniform, "I can't take your fare. I'm not the conductor, I'm a naval officer."

"Holy smoke, Joe," shouted the soldier, "let's get offa here! We've boarded a bloomin' battleship!"—from *Old American News*.

# 40 Beautiful Girls 40

by MARION ODMARK

*Strip-tease is a business! Here's how it's run.*



EVERY night of the week between the hours of nine and—well, it used to be four, some two hundred girls in Chicago are making a living by taking their clothes off in public. Theirs is usually a five-time stint—accompanied by an indifferent group of third-rate musicians, a spotlight that flatters the myopic vision of the audience, and a hovering master of ceremonies who spares no superlative in pressing the perfection of beauty and talent now showing.

Very likely this strip-tease show is “continuous,” just as the advertising and billboard ballyhoo have promised. Very likely the girls are beautiful, from where you sit. And if there isn't the actual number of forty flamboyant femmes, it's highly improbable you'll keep count after the first half dozen acts.

Chicago is the only large city in the country to specialize in sex-travaganzas of this nature. It has some twenty sizable cafes that amuse the tired business man, playboys, play-girls, and the conventioneer with all-girl shows. When burlesque declined in the late twenties, a variation of

this exotica moved into the night clubs, hardly noticeable at first. If there was just one act that was a daring expose of skin and gyrations, the club became a sensation over night; the act overshadowed legitimate talent, even of star brackets. It was bound to happen that eventually some cafe owner would stumble on the paradise of having every act a feast of beauty.

Ranging in age from eighteen to forty, the average strip tease danseuse earns from \$35.00 to \$125.00. The average “strip” has an easily un-snapped or unzipped wardrobe of flowing, diaphanous negligee with variations of what was once called a chemise, a G-string that can cost as little as 35c (as high as \$10.00 with rhinestones), high-heeled sandals, and can-can garters if she happens to have any fish-net hose that are wearable. How many of these costumes she has depends on her attitude toward her job. That can be either the spirit of “maybe-there's-money-in-it” or “the-devil-with-it.” The average exotic dancer, as she prefers to be called, does a routine—some uninspired parading, flinging a piece here and there



—in either coosome shyness or shrewsome swagger. The odds of her marrying money, outside of a racketeer, are slim. She usually winds up, when her best days are over, as a club hostess, touting drinks, tips, and company after closing.

The above average Body Beautiful gets a better billing, better salary, and a stronger following by giving a new twist to apparel-peeling. Of the contemporary crop, there's one who uses long hair for the hide and seek chase. Another uses a wire-haired terrier trained to jerk a skirt in the right places. Several use male dummies as partners in compromising climaxes. Neon lights and black light have also been employed as torso attractions. The day of fans, bubbles, parasols and birds departed with *A Century of Progress*, Chicago's last World's Fair, eleven years ago.

These ladies of the evening dream up fantastic names for themselves and change them as often as they do the color of their hair. The mortality rate on picture files has caused layout men many a confusing moment. For the most part, applause (even the more urgent "take it off, take it off") won't make them stay on stage a minute beyond the required thank-you bows. Their concern and reaction are a so-what insouciance.

At one time, their aspirations might have been seriously aimed at dancing or the plum exhibition as show girl in Broadway shows. If it was, they've never forgotten, nor forgiven, the lost hope.

Home life and families have noth-

ing to offer them that comes close to their vicarious careers. When children come, in or out of wedlock, it's not unusual for them to continue to the sixth month of pregnancy. The gradual expansion of an ample stomach is scarcely detected on their bosomy, hippy figures. Often daughters are groomed for this bawdy business. One revue Chicago held over for several weeks featured a mother and daughter who appeared together.

While these dancing sophisticates have an assortment of managers and agents, they circuit about the city brighteries without discrimination. Sometimes an engagement will last only a week and they move on to a neighboring, competitive spot. Sometimes they stay for years, growing fatter and older in one club's spotlight.

The most faithful love of their life is their job, the exhibitional satisfaction they get out of it, and the money. As long as they don't have to go to the "sticks" to get it. Chicago is the Broadway for night club burlesque. To be one of "40 Beautiful Girls 40" in Chicago is their best break in the business.



Use Lumpo Soap! Doesn't lather—doesn't clean—doesn't bubble.—Just company in the tub.

—from *The Railwayman*.



"How old would a person be who was born in 1776?"  
"Man or woman?"

# The Human-Nature of the Enemy

*"Our Hitler is a simple man of the people," said a German farmer, typical of many who made up the National Socialist Party. Chicago University's "Human Adventure" analyzes the enemy as individuals, and tells the human story that lies back of many inhumanities.*

WHAT is the nature of the enemy?

Faced with the job of analyzing the profound historical, economical and sociological forces involved in this question, "The Human Adventure" came through with two outstanding dramatic programs. The first was "The Hitler Story," dealing with the Nazi foe, and the second was an equally interesting program about the Nipponese enemy titled "Suye Mura."

"The Hitler Story," revealing how Der Fuehrer came into power, was based on the study of a Columbia University professor, Theodore Abel, who collected the original life stories of 600 Nazis. Professor Abel gathered his facts by advertising for them in German newspapers in 1934; and his device was a prize of 400 marks for the best personal stories of adherents of the Hitler movement.

On "The Human Adventure" Professor Abel's findings became a series of dramatic sketches, starting in the year 1918 with a victory parade at the famous Brandenburg Gate, traditional setting for the celebration of German victories.

The Armistice had been signed and the Allies were claiming themselves the winners. But here, the dramatization revealed, the Germans—with weapons in hand, heels slamming down to a Prussian cadence, heads held high—they too were holding a victory parade. For in 1918, as unbelievable as it may seem, the Germans also considered themselves the victors.

The program went on to illustrate how the idea that Germany was not defeated in the field of battle was nurtured and how the treason—or "stab-in-the-back"—theory was invented and became an effective propaganda slogan.

Then in stirring dramatic passages a bank clerk, a soldier, a farmer, a party worker and others told their own human stories of why they joined the National Socialist Party.

"As I listened," a German worker revealed, commenting upon a Goebbel's speech, "I knew it was a hal-  
lowed act to give up one's life for Germany. I was politically reborn."

"The scales fell from eyes," said a gardener's son after attending a meeting of the Anti-Semitic Schutz-und-Truttsbund. "So this was the explanation," he continued. "This was the



reason. The Jews were our misfortune. My belief is that our leader, Adolph Hitler, was given by fate to the German nation as our saviour, bringing light into darkness . . . ”

“We stand between all Europe and the Red Hordes,” argued the farmer when soliciting funds and support for the party. “Will you contribute to the cause against Communism?” he asked. “After all, our Hitler is a simple man of the people.”

So they planned, so they talked until Hitler became the Chancellor of Germany.

\* \* \*

“Suye Mura,” based on a University of Chicago anthropologist’s report of life in Japan, went directly into an average Japanese home to analyze the nature of this foe. Professor John Embree visited the mainland in 1935 and spent a year personally observing everyday life in the small village of Suye Mura.

The setting for this program was the household of a typical Japanese farmer. Dramatic passages revealed the interesting and significant knowledge that community life in Japan is based upon close cooperation between families.

Listeners also learned that in Japan a wife is expected to be respectful, obedient and subservient to her husband, that the people feel more harshly toward Communism than they do toward Democracy, that they believe they are descended from the early gods and therefore have a touch of the divine in them.

\* \* \*

What “The Human Adventure” illustrates with such programs as these is that war and hardship do not dim people’s interest in other people—even an alien, enemy people. A story about what others do, how and why they do it, still keeps eager ears around cracker barrels all over the world.

That is why, when faced with the task of presenting such a profound subject as the nature of the enemy, “The Human Adventure” forsook the lofty, lonesome plain of the intellectual and let typical German and Japanese people reveal their nature through the things they say and do.

The same question answered in the language of the scholar becomes too complex and too bewildering to hold for long the attention of one who is immediately more concerned with the welfare of a son on the Western front or about how to get enough coal to keep his family warm and healthy next winter.

Contrarily, nothing starts chins wagging and ears wiggling as fast as a human story about someone’s experiences, peculiarities of shortcomings.

This is as true in Tokyo or Berlin as it is in Kansas City, Missouri.



# GREAT DAY!

By JANE PORTERFIELD

- *Heard on Mutual, Jane Porterfield of "True Romances" magazine, points out that the fruits of quiet and solitude and thought often outweigh the most frantic activity.*

THE most successful man I ever knew was also the laziest. John Trainor—to give him a name that isn't his—has a positive dislike of making the smallest motion that isn't absolutely necessary. His wife despairs of ever getting him to fix that stuck window or shake up the furnace—though John will waste plenty of energy playing baseball with the kids. His idea of bliss is to sit down and stay there. If he can lie down, so much the better.

But there's one part of John that's always busy. That's his mind. He's usually figuring out how he can invent work-saving gadgets which will permit him to be even lazier. Sometimes he's had to work hard to be lazy, but he swears it's worth it. That man's fund of ingenuity—as with most Americans—is inexhaustible. As a result of his thoughtful brand of laziness, John Trainor has made himself one of the most successful practical scientists and inventors in the country. You'd know him at once, if I could tell you his name—and you'd say, "Lazy? He? I don't believe it!"



This man has learned that the fruits of quiet and solitude and thought often outweigh the most frantic activity. Americans have an idea that you have to keep busy. Get things done. Keep moving. Hustle! Hurry up, there! We don't stop often enough to think: "Well, just what are we doing? What kind of lives are we leading, anyway?"

You should see how this trait in us amazes another sort of American. I mean our neighbors to the South. I'm lucky enough to have a fairly wide acquaintance with Latin Americans. They admit that our industry, our ceaseless practicality, has made us a great and developed nation. "But," they say wonderingly, "you North Americans don't take time to live!"

The first time I heard that, it stopped me dead in my tracks. There's something in it, you know. I've heard that criticism many, many times since. Said in all friendliness, it's the South American verdict on us. It's John Trainor's verdict. The verdict of many thoughtful Americans who'd rather have a little less money, a little less success—and a little more

time with their families—or more time for citizenship, for worship of God, for simply thinking.

Let me ask you this. Aside from taking five minutes to make your New Year's resolutions, have you sat down, between now and the first of the year, to think over how you're living—why—and where you're going? Have you read anything worth reading? Had a conversation that was like wine in your mind and a warmth to your heart? Or has it all been business, rush-rush-rush, and stomach ulcers? That is, all *surface* living.

Those people who are always making surveys say now that America is experiencing a return to religion. It may well be so. In war-time, if at no other time, we are forced to take moral stock. In the presence of life and death, of profound alterations in history, we are shaken. We are forced back to essentials. "These are the times that try men's souls," wrote Thomas Paine in the days of the American Revolution. Yes, and in these days too, we are being tested, weighed in the balance.

For all their personal sorrow, for all the wartime profits and the new practical inventions, these are days of a moral renaissance for America. Great days, heroic days in American history. I think—certainly I hope—our smart alec debunking of the cal-low twenties is about debunked out of us by now. It used to be the fashion to be ashamed of honest and deep feeling. Read the casualty lists in this morning's paper and see how flippant and smart alec you feel. The glittering twenties were days of moral fail-

ure. All we wanted after the last war was to play. We are beginning to see our failure now. Certainly we are paying for it now, in full.

America today is in a new mood. We are re-discovering the spirit. It's not a temporary war-time hysteria—it is a quiet, deep-lying rebirth, which will long leave its mark on us. Americans have been lost for a long time, in a cluttered fog of material things. We have been shallow. It has taken the horror of war to open our eyes sharply to basic values once more.

These are days of a certain clarity and grandeur. We must live up to the demands of our time. We must fulfill the promise that hovers in the air. Out of ourselves, out of the deep well of inner resources, with respect for all our fellow-Americans, with not merely shrewd but wise perspective, we too must bring something of grandeur. For an America that is rich in more than material things, each one of us must understand how rightly to live.



### "THE WORD" ON RADIO

Radio's 25th Anniversary was observed in Kansas City when J. Harold Ryan, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, addressed the Chamber of Commerce . . . to tell the story of the broadcasting industry's service to the nation. WHB originated his speech to the Kansas State Network.











## of Press and Radio

*The Executive Director and General Manager of the Associated Press hopes that the nations of the world will come to know each other well enough to live together in amity and co-operation*

**H**OW men have learned to live together peacefully in communities and the things that contribute to that achievement, such as your community newspapers, is

something which all of us—certainly all of us who love our children and our grandchildren—need to think about very, very seriously.

It has become commonplace to say that the world has become small; that it is one big community. It is easy to say, but it is difficult to feel. It is a constant source of astonishment to me to have one of our war correspondents in my office one day, then see his signed articles from the war fronts only a couple of days later.

Yes, incomprehensible as it seems, the world has grown small. We daily hear the voices of men—in my own case often of men whom I know intimately—coming over the ether waves into our very homes from the most distant corners of the world. Their voices reach us instantly and one day television will bring them and their surroundings to us as they talk.

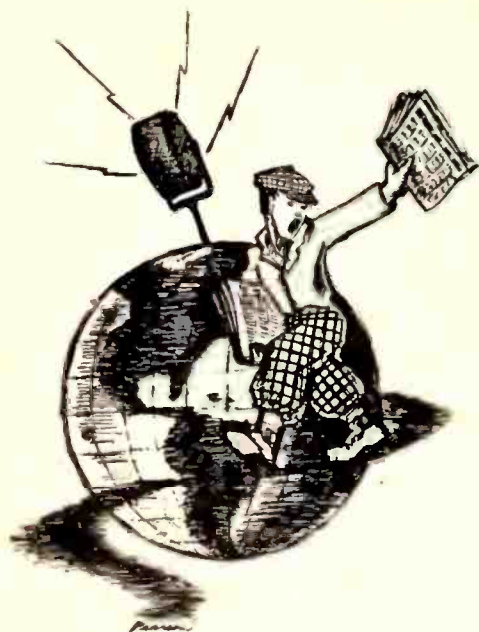
Disavowing any intention of discussing international political questions, I, nevertheless, propose this novel suggestion: Peace can only be attained by short-circuiting self-seeking, predatory governments through

### POST-WAR AVIATION

L. Welch Pogue, Chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board, presented America's plan for world-wide airlines before a Kansas City meeting of the Council on World Affairs. The United States wants to permit several domestic airlines to compete in globe-circling routes.

### ENTR'ACTE

The lounging lady on our center pages is Marguerite Chapman. She belongs to Columbia Pictures and looks pretty luscious even without the fishnet stockings. What gets us are those spangled britches.



letting the people of each nation really know the peoples of other nations through the medium of a worldwide free press and freedom of international news exchange. If governments will only stand aside, with a beneficent attitude toward the effort, the principle of community interest and understanding known to each of you in your own community can, through truthful news exchange, ultimately come true internationally. Then you will need neither pact nor military power to enforce friendly relations in international society.

Without mutual international acquaintance, the future is just too horrible to contemplate. The longer men concentrate on war, the more ghastly war becomes.

So, if the future is to be anything

that we care to contemplate, if the engines of war are to be what they will be, it is plain that the world must learn to apply internationally the simple principle of peaceful community life that each of us knows in our home neighborhood.

Now, actually, there is no secret about it at all. It is so simple that we fail to recognize it. *Communities live peacefully because the people of a community know each other.*

The peoples of most nations do not know the truth about peoples of other nations, and it is a matter of considerable astonishment to many when I say they have never had adequate means of knowing each other.

In fact, the channels of international news communication were long used, systematically and usually clandestinely, not to make them know and understand but to make them fear and hate the peoples of other nations.

Right up until this war, most of the principal news agencies outside the United States were controlled by or were subservient to their governments, and what they reported as news, and what they did not report, reflected that fact.

Hitler, on coming into power 6 years before the war, took control of all media of publication, and completely regimented every form of public expression into his propagandist machine. I was in Germany a year before this war began and I found the peoples of other nations being depicted by the German press and radio as so monstrously fictional as to



seem like peoples of another planet.

It was something like that before the First World War, though not so openly malignant. Not only were the large European agencies under government control or influence, but it was fashionable to serve the crown—not the people.

It was during the last war that I developed the fervid conviction that there could be no durable peace unless the channels of international news and information were opened wide. As the peace was being written at Versailles, I had the idea that, with all the idealistic pronouncements then being made about how to end wars, it would be comparatively easy to plant the idea that the free and untrammelled flow of news would help. I hoped it would be seized upon and that proper guaranties would be included in the Versailles Treaty.

So, in Paris, I sought out Colonel House. He seemed interested and promised to discuss the matter with President Wilson. Later, he explained that the President felt the League of Nations could satisfactorily deal with the problem of opening up news channels.

Of course, it was all a vain hope. What actually happened was that the whole European news situation entered a new era of secret, restrictive agreements.

I was about to bury my hopes, and then I witnessed something that brought a firm resolve never to cease trying to effect honesty in international news exchange. That something was the parade of the Allied troops

through the streets of Paris on Bastille Day. For every man marching in that victory parade there were thousands of dead.

\* \* \*

With the outbreak of this war I disclosed, in book form, how the grip of the European news agency cartel on the sources of news and its international transmission was broken. The press and public responded encouragingly to the idea and ideal of worldwide press freedom for which I appealed. Because of this, and building upon experience and associations reaching back to Versailles, a program to create international interest took shape. So far this program has succeeded. For instance:

1. The first thing to do was to awaken interest in the matter on the part of the American press itself. The appeal was made in an address at the Associated Press annual luncheon in April, 1943.

2. Acceptance of the principle involved and cooperation of Reuters was sought. This English news agency, through the years, has had more experience in international news arrangements than all other news agencies combined. The board of directors of Reuters wholeheartedly acquiesced in the proposal by word and deed. This action by Reuters, now owned by the British press, may, in the long run, prove to be, in a practical way, the greatest contribution that can come from the Eastern hemisphere.

3. A year ago Secretary Hull was appealed to by letter. As a result, and because of a personal visit, the Depart-

ment of State began a thorough study of the question. News reports have indicated that some sort of a statement of national policy has been prepared by the Department and may possibly be announced.

4. The suggestion was made to certain individuals, prior to the Republican and Democratic conventions in Chicago, that the platform committees of both conventions be urged to adopt a plank favoring freedom of news exchange. The resolutions committees of both parties inserted news freedom planks.

5. Having accomplished this, it seemed natural to ask the Congress to declare itself. This was done. The bipartisan response was heartwarming. The concurrent resolution was adopted by unanimous vote.

With all this encouragement there is, however, the sobering conclusion that the effort is just beginning. It would be foolish optimism to say that the battle for freedom of information throughout the world has been won.

The principle is vitally important. We have got to search our hearts to see what, as individuals, each of us can do. Certainly, if newsmen have no confidence in what the product they produce can do, the layman is not going to be much excited about it. The approach must be an unselfish one. The objectives must be obtained for all, with full equality as to availability of news at the source, and availability of adequate transmission facilities at uniform nondiscriminatory rates.

Now, how close are we to a practical accomplishment of this great objective? The principles are well established here, with the press of Great Britain, its commonwealths, and with the servants of this press, namely, the various news services. Though we have gained a positive declaration here from the Congress and acceptance of the principles involved by the State Department, they are not that far along anywhere else. An expression by the British Parliament in terms worded like our congressional resolution would bring to the British press and its great news agency a needed benediction for the new militant idealism of Reuters. This is particularly needed in England because there the great news agency is going it alone, completely separate and apart from the influence of the British Government for the first time in history.

Then someone will ask about Russia and someone will ask about the rest of the inhabited globe. Here is the answer:

Russia never has known freedom of the press as we know it, but the declaration of Moscow drawn up by United Nations representatives, including our Secretary Hull, who took with him to Moscow a year ago my letter to him about freedom of the press, specified a free press for conquered Italy. Indeed, once suggested, Russia insisted upon it. I know your comment could be that Russia is willing to have a free press in every part of the world except Russia.

But how much can we blame Russia? I have been told that the inclusion

of this reference to a free press for Italy was the first time that the Soviet Government of Russia ever contemplated or perhaps even discussed freedom of the press. The trouble is that Russia will not forget that it was once despoiled in international news matters. Prior to the First World War the Russian news agency was controlled by Germans. With the outbreak of war, the Czarist government took it over. Bear in mind that this was no different from what all other European governments were doing. After the revolution in Russia, the Soviets retained control of the news agency.

No, I see no reason to begin in Russia, where the job may be hardest of all to accomplish. But Russia has made tremendous strides in many ways since revolutionary days. Only recently Russia established freedom of religion—once decried as the opium of the people. Already it has adopted the technique of the press of the democracies in many things and one day the Government of Russia will be so strong that it can well afford to grant the boon of a free press. So don't be concerned about Russia. Let us first impose upon our enemies the principles of a free press and leave to the future the matter of Russia. With the Allied countries, except Russia and China, enforcing the principles at home, and with Russia and China joining in requiring it of the enemy countries, you have got nine-tenths of your world in line. That is, except South America where, had it not been for the upsurge of fascism and nazi-ism in Europe, there would

have been no interruption to the admirable progress that the peoples of that continent were making in the matter of freedom of international news exchange. The roots of European continental trends are deeper in South America than they are here. Eradicate forever the principles that brought on this war in Europe and Asia and South America will do its part.

The entire undertaking is not impossible of accomplishment. There is ample reason to hope that the nations of the world may come to know each other well enough to live together in amity and cooperation. But certainly none of the world organizations or systems which are now being discussed for the peace to come can possibly succeed unless the first basic step is taken to assure unhindered flow of information.

You who are adept at intimate community leadership, know, better than I, how to make people understand this. You know, as well as anyone else, the frightful cost of this war in lives and suffering. You, as guardians of the rights of the people, know how to awaken the people to the fact that this effort to get these principles adopted everywhere is their responsibility—or, once again, the next war is their war.





# Your Problem, Please!

*The case of the unwed mother (or any other individual with a personal problem) may give you the solution to your own difficulty.*

By JOHN J. ANTHONY

“O H, Mr. Anthony, I have no problem.”

That is the bright opener I've had many times for a conversation with a person who doesn't think. If he analyzed his statement, he'd discover something he shouldn't like to admit: that he simply vegetates rather than lives.

Problems are a natural consequence of living. We all have them. All of us at some time must make a decision of a personal nature. It may be important or it may be less consequential than we think at the time. But in most cases, we need help in solving that problem. Since time immemorial man has sought counsel from his fellow man. This is no foolish practice. To sit back in smug complacency and say no one can be of assistance in helping you arrive at a better conclusion is almost like denying there is a sky over your head. Only a fool knows all the answers to his own problems.

It is indeed a wise man who seeks advice. But the truly wise man seeks advice of an objective nature from someone who is not involved emotionally in the particular difficulty. And this is where the human relations

counselor becomes a necessary physician for the sicknesses not of the body. This type of counselor is a comparatively recent phenomenon in our present day living. But his art—that of advising your neighbor—is as old as time.

Fourteen years ago I went on the air with a session of advice on personal problems. Many an eyebrow was raised in question. Today my work is looked upon as an obvious outcome of modern thinking. Perhaps fourteen years hence, it may even be more difficult for people to realize that such an important social science was ever off the air. For this human relations counsel is a science, and it should be social. That is, it should be, in many cases, something that many can share at the same time. That's why the air is such a happy medium for this kind of work.

Radio gives me the means to teach by example. It's a way in which many listeners with troubles of their own may share the experiences of others and the advice given them. I do not mean to imply that all the listeners' personal problems can be solved just by hearing of the trials and tribulations of others. But we can avoid cer-





tain mistakes if we pay heed to the mistakes of others.

Take as an example the case of the unwed mother. I believe we may safely assume that this common pitfall may be avoided by some headstrong youngster when she hears from the lips of some heartbroken young woman the misery and agony of her own tortured soul. Nothing written can have the same impact as true life experiences related by the person involved. By pointing out to the listening bystander the dangers of loving unwisely and too well, we may help prevent another tragedy.

Those of us who learn by the mistakes of others are far happier than those who insist upon making their

own errors. In its own field, preventive medicine serves the same purpose. Religion has the exact intent in the spiritual life of the individual and the community.

There follows, then, the natural question, "Isn't it true that applying to your own similar problem the solution offered some other person might be harmful?" No, that is not true, for if one applies the broad general principle outlined in the recommended solution, then the same proportionate amount of good or evil can be secured. It's almost like buying a box of aspirin. Aspirin tablets do not help everyone who swallows them; yet the instances of harm done are so rare as to be almost non-existent. Every problem needs individual attention only because every person is of a different emotional makeup. But the tremendous practical benefit of hearing the other fellow's troubles is of such value that it is better to err on the side of too much advice rather than not enough.

Now, you say, what equips one to enter the profession of human relations counseling? The qualifications are many and varied. Recently a 19-year-old wrote to me applying for a position in my organization. He assured me he was "a good trouble listener." Well, good trouble listening isn't enough! It takes much more than that to be able to give the advice that will solve the problems of many, through solving the specific problem in hand. Remember that, the next time you hear me say, "Your problem, please." Remember that "your" does mean yours.

# APPLYING the *Golden Rule* to COURTSHIP

*After all, a girl can put up with just so much! She can't go on like this—living the best years of her life on candy, flowers, and sweet nothings. Men, where is your honor!*

By HELEN GREGG GREEN

FOR two years an attractive bachelor was attentive to a friend of mine, as fine and charming a girl as I have ever known.

One day I inquired, "Dorothy, was Tom romantic?"

"Oh yes," she replied with insouciance.<sup>1</sup>

"Tell me about the romance!" I'm always eager to hear of that which makes the world go 'round."

"At the end of his courtship he told me I was his *best friend*," Dorothy replied, amused at the disappointed look on my face.

Here was a case where a man had done everything in his power to make a sensitive girl care for him; he had taken her to the nicest places of entertainment, had introduced her to his circle of friends, sent flowers and gifts; told her of his great admiration for her. He did everything but *ask her to marry him*.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Insouciance: a word best characterized by the can-can flip.

<sup>2</sup>That was the most unkindest cut of all!

No doubt at the end of two years when Dorothy ended the unnatural romance he patted himself on the back and thought to himself, "Well, I was honorable and fair. I didn't tell her I loved her! I didn't encourage her to believe I was serious."

Of course, Mr. Bachelor, you are fooling no one but yourself! You did encourage that fine girl in every possible way! You led her to believe you had serious and honorable intentions. Two years is quite a slice out of anyone's life; especially when you have taken so much of Dorothy's time that every other lad was frightened away. While Dorothy showed to the world the same serene personality, all her friends who knew and loved her felt there was a deep hurt that left a permanent scar when you walked out of her life.<sup>3</sup>

This same bachelor has been repeating this pattern year after year.

<sup>3</sup>You cad!

At present he has a record of three years' devoted attention to a friend of Dorothy's.<sup>4</sup>

It is plain to be seen Ellen is head over heels in love with Tom. Ellen was busy in her youth earning her way through college. She matured late, emotionally, having been interested in the more intellectual side of life as a young girl. She kept teaching year after year, working on a master's degree.<sup>5</sup> She has a splendid position, a gracious apartment, and at long last has time for the small amenities and social graces of life.<sup>6</sup>

Tom is the real love of her life. He completely fills it. She talks of Tom as a school girl talks of her first romance.

And Tom? Again he tells her, "There is no one else," and other sweet nothings that do not in any way commit him to anything more serious than "the best friend he ever had."

But is it fair, is it honorable?<sup>7</sup> It is plain to see Ellen considers Tom everything a woman's heart could ask for.

He well knows she is deeply, sincerely, and whole-heartedly in love with him. In fact, she has told him so. And still she doesn't know any more than you and I what her prospects are for marriage.<sup>8</sup>

For my part, I call this a form of



slow torture. I have heard of a father or mother calling in a suitor and asking, "What are your intentions?"

In the particular case I have in mind, it was the mother of the girl who asked this question; the father having died.

The tall handsome young man replied, "Mrs. King, I haven't any intentions!"<sup>9</sup>

The mother then asked the lad to stop coming to see her daughter, who at once began seeing a bachelor who offered her his love and marriage. Hardly had this courtship begun when the other boy quickly acquired "intentions." He came with an engagement ring and asked that the date be set for a wedding.<sup>10</sup>

In my neighborhood lives a black-eyed, quiet girl who had received ardent attentions from a retiring but ambitious lad for several years. Frequently he told her he could not marry because of the need for financial aid for an aging mother. The girl knew the young dentist had a good practice; one evening she said to him

<sup>4</sup>Wouldn't you think she'd catch on?

<sup>5</sup>Once a master, but never a mistress.

<sup>6</sup>Meaning men.

<sup>7</sup>Ay, that is the question!

<sup>8</sup>Speak for yourself. We know, we know!

<sup>9</sup>Now there's an honest lad for you.

<sup>10</sup>O shucks! She got him!

when he spoke of his deep love, "I'm not an iron girl, my dear."<sup>11</sup> For four years you have done everything within your power to make me love you. Yet with every profession of love you tell me it is impossible for us to marry. I cannot stand this strain longer! I shall have to ask you to stop coming to see me."

Bob, we shall call him,<sup>12</sup> stayed away two months. Then he, too, returned to ask the size of her third finger, left hand—and tell her, "Let's set the date of our wedding—I have talked this over with mother and she is very happy about us!"<sup>13</sup>

A friend of mine told of a young man who liked "to have his cake and eat it too." He gave most of his evenings to the girl he loved, but he frankly told her he enjoyed the companionship of other girls and that was that.

After several years, Evelyn said to him, "You know I care for you and yet you come to me with stories of the charm and appeal of other girls. This is not only an unhealthy, unwholesome situation but I consider this disrespectful to me. You said we have an understanding—a 'sort of engagement.' This is not good enough for me! I must ask you for a definite engagement with the responsibilities of an engaged man or we must not see each other any more."<sup>14</sup>

The Don Juan stayed away from his true love for three months; in which time she became thin, lost her appetite, and was close to a nervous breakdown. But at the end of three months there was an announcement of their engagement. Now there is a happy marriage and two fine babies.<sup>15</sup>

I know of another case of a young widow and a stunning bachelor. With his devoted attention, he inferred "I love you," many times but never was a word said that in any way bound him. The young widow sensing this, felt this "ersatz relationship" would probably go on for years. She tried to break off the romance; the bachelor mailed a beautiful gift in posthaste. "He means to talk things over," she said to herself. But the cagey bachelor arrived and nothing of importance was said.

The wise little widow, half ill with the strain, packed her trunks and planned to leave.

With the trunks standing packed ready for their destination the bachelor called and insisted that the vivacious young widow still make her home in his city.

She left the next day. The bachelor is still a bachelor<sup>16</sup> and the woman he admired is happily married to a splendid man with more honorable ideas of courtship.

In my father's youth he had as a dear friend a man a few years younger than he.

<sup>11</sup>Calcium, maybe?

<sup>12</sup>That's not what we'd call him, the so-and-so!

<sup>13</sup>Another good man down.

<sup>14</sup>"Never darken my door again etc. . . ."

<sup>15</sup>Cf. note 10.

<sup>16</sup>Well, thank goodness, here's one who didn't succumb to the old squeeze play!



He had been "courting"<sup>17</sup> a girl for several years when suddenly one moonlight night he said to her, "My dear, I have decided I do not want to get married. I am sorry to tell you this but I feel it the fair thing to do."

The girl's eyes flashed and she replied spiritedly, "It is indeed the thing to do! Neither do I want to marry you." The next day Anne left for a visit with a rich uncle in a city some miles distant from her home town.

The papers published pictures of the lovely girl and described the wonderful time "the popular Anne Lindsay is having as the house guest of her uncle." Reports came back of Anne's popularity. Her former fiance was told she was flamboyantly happy and carefree.

The chagrined young man came time and again to my father. "I thought David was going to lose his mind," my father confided to my mother. "He wrote letters begging Anne to return and marry him." Part of the letters were returned unopened. At long last he boarded a train and almost by force took Anne to the minister's.

*Playing with the hearts of women is a serious matter.*<sup>18</sup> Men who want

to live by an honorable code<sup>19</sup> should do a lot of thinking before they permit a human heart to become a toy for their whims and pleasure.

"All men kill the thing they love" is too often literally the case. There are certain obligations and trusts which should be shared and understood during the courting period. Naturally, a few casual "dates"<sup>20</sup> hold no importance. But when a man does everything within his power to make a woman care deeply, to cause her to love him mentally, physically, spiritually, do you not agree it is up to him to follow through with a frank statement of his intentions and expectations?<sup>21</sup> Should there not be fairness and honor in a relationship as fine, sacred, and meaningful as a courtship of several years? When a man is doubtful about the right thing to do let him say to himself, "Am I applying the Golden Rule in my courtship?" and the answer will indeed<sup>22</sup> lead him to the path of honor and fair play.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>19</sup>Know any?

<sup>20</sup>Cf. note 17.

<sup>21</sup>Preferably engraved on zinc.

<sup>22</sup>Watch your language, there!

<sup>23</sup>"Hope springs eternal etc. . . ."



<sup>17</sup>The quotation marks are not ours.

<sup>18</sup>Neither are the italics.

# FASHION

## *Shines* IN THE Rain



By KAY DANIELS

(of the Celanese Corporation of America)

Lady, you're all wet! Ah, no! Not this day and age—not when raincoats are something you don't even save for a rainy day!

All through her feminine career, from kindergarten to canteens and clubs, the little woman has had to cope with the vagaries of weather and the problem of saving her pretty dress and her dignity—come rain, snow or hail. She kicked off the ugly rubbers, frequently "mis-laid" the bulky raincoat, and finally made a virtue out of necessity when she put fashion in the rain, or rain in fashion, as you like it. The result of her conniving to circumvent the choice of looking scrubby or getting wet from the feet up, is now evident in rainwear. Coats, footwear, and headgear are created for good looks, in good style. Their undeniable utility is only incidental.

These days manufacturers are experimenting with new and different fabrics. They try almost everything—rubber, cottons, rayons, satins, taffetas, sharkskin, gabardines, airplane cloth, twills—and all of them treated to make them waterproof. Styles have become so attractive—who knows whether it's a coat for the rain or a coat for the sun, and who cares!

One day in the showroom of the Celanese Corporation of America, Marian Wright of Sherman Brothers happened to see on display a man's jacket made of a

Celanese fabric of the sharkskin type. Miss Wright picked up the jacket, remarked how well it would look in a raincoat, and immediately began to stir the vision of a new textile medium that would put the plain utilitarian raincoat into the fashion picture. Thus accidentally was born the idea which resulted in a new kind of raincoat. It's called "Celareign," and has just been introduced in several spring coat styles.

"Celareign" is a modern, synthetic fabric made entirely of Celanese yarn. The cloth is similar to those immaculate white tropical suitings preferred by men in the South, and has never before been used in raincoats. It is shower-resistant, and soil-resistant, light in weight, but with sufficient body to give it firm, clean lines.

In such raincoats you may expect—and find—such details as the broad, padded shoulder and dropped armhole, tailored lapels, built-in belt lines and officer pockets. Not the least of their fashion appeal is color. There is a sandy beige, canary yellow, bright aqua, blue, and white.

Rainwear like this is a work of art! And it's about time something so essential was also made beautiful. In a Celareign—in one of the new smart-cut, well-fitted waterproof coats—it's a wise gal who has sense enough not to come in out of the rain!

# Movies

By WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

*for the*

# Theatres of War

*Lana Turner's latest, and other Hollywood delights and documents, take the long way home—via Timbuctoo—thanks to the industry's good business policy.*

IF you were in business, how would you like to reduce the price of your commodity for 3 years—so that men in the service would benefit to the tune of \$50,000,000? This is a staggering figure. Yet the movie industry collectively ran their business this way for the 36 months following Pearl Harbor. At movie houses all over the country, more than 150,000,000 men and women in uniform, drew tickets cut two-thirds to fifty per cent of the regular tariff.

These monumental figures still do not include the 14-cent admission which has prevailed at the approximate 900 Army Camps where there are from one to six movie theatres. In all cases, the Army theatre gets priority over civilian-operated movies and all of the important pictures are shown at the Army-operated theatres thirty or more days in advance of first-run downtown theatres.

Because of the large number of trainees in Army Camps, films are usually shown two and three days in an effort to accommodate one and all in uniform. Wives and sweet-hearts of service men and women living on the grounds or in the vicinity

are asked not to attend the Camp shows, because cut-rate admission is designed strictly for those in service.

By an arrangement between the Red Cross and War Activities Committee of the Motion Picture Industry all hospitals housing wounded soldiers are given pictures hot from the studios without charge. This not only applies to hospitals in this country but in all foreign theaters of war.

Another service unusually popular with families of men and women in the Armed Forces is to furnish clips of their beloved and friends who appear in newsreels. Requests have been made time and again to managers of local theatres for such clips. The motion picture companies have given carte blanche to managers to provide them where requests are made. Some theatre managers go even further. They make enlargements of the clips at their own expense and send them to the families interested. The idea has proved itself a tremendous goodwill builder.

There have been several instances where the industry, in a desire to hasten delivery of prints to Army Camps here and abroad, have shipped films

air express at their own expense. Only recently the boys in the Pacific held a world premiere of a Lana Turner picture. The request for a first showing anywhere came from the men in that war theater. The producer was only too happy to hold "Marriage Is a Private Affair" from the American market until the men in the Pacific put on a little hoopla show of their own. When informed of the Pacific premiere, Miss Turner decided to go the producers one better. She made a trailer, a direct message to the boys, and told them how thrilled she was about the whole affair.

According to the Army Overseas Motion Picture Service, there have been as many as 32,000,000 admissions a month at film shows in all overseas camps. These are gratis showings, with the film companies supplying 16 millimeter prints.

There is a dual purpose behind the motion picture industry's gesture. One is to help maintain high-spirited morale. The other, simply good business, is to remind the boys and girls in the service that the best in motion pictures is for their enjoyment both now and in the future, when they come back from doing a great job over there.

**ANSWERS TO  
QUIZ, PAGE 6,  
"IS THERE A DOCTOR  
IN THE HOUSE?"**

- |       |       |
|-------|-------|
| 1.—k  | 13.—r |
| 2.—l  | 14.—e |
| 3.—m  | 15.—f |
| 4.—d  | 16.—h |
| 5.—i  | 17.—a |
| 6.—n  | 18.—w |
| 7.—c  | 19.—v |
| 8.—j  | 20.—t |
| 9.—b  | 21.—q |
| 10.—s | 22.—o |
| 11.—u | 23.—g |
| 12.—x | 24.—p |





# Swingin' with the stars

## Pictures expected in April • Kansas City

### ATKINS AUDITORIUM NELSON ART GALLERY

8 p. m. Admission free.  
April 4—LA BOHEME.

### LOEW'S MIDLAND

**KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY**—But your hanky may get a bit damp from a furtive tear or two tucked into this bright comedy of army manners. Lana Turner, Susan Peters, and Laraine Day are three gals who join the WAC and learn about sportsmanship. Agnes Moorehead is in it, too.

**THE CLOCK**—Judy Garland without a song. She has Robert Walker instead. Together they give us this warm and sweet story of a soldier's leave. Paul Gallico wrote it.

**THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY**—Oscar Wilde's old moral tale retold with gestures. Hurd Hatfield is Dorian, the man whose portrait changes with the years and the sins, but whose own face remains guileless and young. George Sanders is the bored and blase Lord Henry into whose mouth Oscar put many of his own bitter-bright philosophies. Angela Lansbury and the Devi Dja dancers are included in the cast.

**WITHOUT LOVE**—Another one of those bright, swift comedies starring the indefatigables, Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. Lucille Ball is also around for color.

### THE NEWMAN

**BRING ON THE GIRLS**—A big, bright musical starring Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Eddie Bracken, and Marjorie Reynolds. So you can see—it's very big and very bright. Lots of song and dance, with a bubble bath thrown in for good measure.

**PRACTICALLY YOURS**—Another of those comedies about a uniform and a girl—distinguished this time by Fred MacMurray and Claudette Colbert and a pup with a pug nose. Robert Benchley does a droll routine with a sleeping bag. Slapstick and sentiment, nicely blended.

**OBJECTIVE, BURMA**—Errol Flynn without wimmen. This time he's a paratrooper, operating behind Japanese lines in Burma. Henry Hull, George Tobias, and a lot of others appear in this action piece directed by Raoul Walsh under the eagle-eye of four experienced technical advisers. Gripping as a stuck zipper—and several times more exciting.

### RKO ORPHEUM

**THE THREE CABALLEROS**—Disney out-Disneys Disney. This good neighbor extravaganza takes Donald Duck, Jose Carioca, and Panchito, a Mexican rooster, on a flying-serape tour of Mexico and points south of the border. About the trickiest and most colorful thing you ever sat dazed through. New technique brings flesh (and what flesh!) and blood senoritas into the cartoon, so that live actors and cartoon drawings dance and sing together and everybody's happy.

**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT**—Big and biographical. The story of General Chennault's Flying Tigers over the Burma Road—with Dennis Morgan as Col. Robert Lee Scott, Jr., and Dane Clark as one of the Tigers. Raymond Massey portrays Gen. Chennault. Some terrific airfights. Alan Hale makes a very convincing flying padre.

**IT'S A PLEASURE**—And Sonja Henie is delectable in technicolor. Ice shows and hockey playing are all mixed up in this story of a girl's faith in a lovable scamp. Michael O'Shea is the scamp. Lots of pretty girls on ice.

**THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE**—Tender little story of a plain girl and a disfigured soldier, who learn that love's illusion can be lasting. Dorothy McGuire and Robert Young are starred, with Herbert Marshall, Mildred Natwick, and Spring Byington.

### THE THREE THEATRES

#### *Uptown, Esquire and Fairway*

**A ROYAL SCANDAL**—Catherine of Russia again—this time mixed up with a young lieutenant in a fictitious affair directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Tallulah Bankhead and William Eythe play the hussy and the hussar, respectively. Anne Baxter is the lady in waiting. Probably the most luxuriously upholstered costume piece since Scarlett O'Hara tore down those green velvet drapes.

**SUDAN**—Maria Montez romps through another Hollywood fairy tale, with Jon Hall and Turhan Bey doing high deeds and looking just too wonderful. It's in technicolor. Andy Devine supplies the laughs.

**THE SONG OF BERNADETTE**—returns at popular prices. Franz Werfel's novel made into a tremendous picture. Jennifer Jones won the Oscar last year for her portrayal of the French peasant girl who saw the vision at Lourdes. There isn't a bad performance in the film. Charles Bickford, Vincent Price, Blanche Yurka, Gladys Cooper, William Eythe, and especially Anne Revere are all just about perfect. Beautiful music—a beautiful picture.

### THE TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week; singing, dancing, acrobatics, comics, and what-not—usually of considerable merit. On the screen—double features, either mystery, horror, breezy comedy, or westerns.



# PORTS OF CALL



## JUST FOR FOOD . . .

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE.** One ranch where you're happy to be fenced in! Hearty beef stew, steaks, thick hamburgers, sausages, homemade pie—see whatta mean? Wall decorations taken from Paul Wellman's "Trampling Herd." Fun to look at while you wait. Not that you have to wait so long, of course. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **DICK'S BAR-B-Q.** It's "Up the Alley" for barbecued meats and chicken, with a dash of sauerkraut on the side. Big, barny, atmospheric; inhabited after the theatre by lots of interesting people. Open 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. Off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

★ **ED'S LUNCH.** A printer's-devil of a place, replete with ink and atmosphere, doughnuts and coffee. It's just back of that edifice where they turn out the daily paper, and tenanted at all hours by people of the press. There's a side room where the reporters gather at their own special table, and three or four stools at the counter in the main room where you better not sit in your good clothes. That's where the printers sit when they sneak in the back door in their workin' jeans. The food here is plain but satisfactory, the drink is beer, and the magazines up front are something you'd never see any place else! Open all night, and a casual, comfortable place to stop. 1713 Grand. GR. 9732.

★ **EL NOPAL.** Authentic Mexican food and waitress. Both good. A small and unpretentious place that serves wonderful enchiladas, tostados, tacos, tortillas—the works! 416 West 13th. HA. 4530.

★ **GREEN PARROT INN.** All the comforts of home—and then some! Mrs. Dowd serves some of the finest fried chicken in these parts, in a gracious atmosphere. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ **JAN'S GRILL.** Open 24 hours daily (except for their weekly holiday on Tuesdays). Comfortable and attractive spot to wind up an evening with visiting firemen. 609 West 48th, on the Plaza. VA. 9331.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Chinese food—or had you guessed! Chop suey with shrimp, maybe; egg foo yung; a wonderful soup; fried rice—all that sort of thing, served smoothly in a pleasant upstairs restaurant overlooking Main Street. 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Busy and bright; probably the best service in town; chocolate eclairs. Open all night, too. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** A jump up from the lobby. Music is piped in from the Cabana, pleasantly counterpoint to the conversation. A nice blonde room where you can get a wonderful cheese and nut sandwich, in case you're interested. Also the more substantial foods. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.** Fried chicken dinners, served up on silver and spode. Immaculate and dignified, and the service is rather special. Be sure to have reservations. 9 East 45th. WE. 7700.

★ **TIFFIN ROOM.** Full of business men and cretonne. Wolferman's famous food gets better and better as it goes up—from the downstairs grill, past the balcony, to the second floor. A large pleasant room serving luncheon only, and mostly to pin-striped Calvert men and women who go through life seeing the manager.

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher-style cooking, with most of your favorite kosher dishes, all very rich and satisfying. Whole families like it for a tribal pow-wow, and especially on Sundays.

## FOR FOOD AND DRINK

*(Curfew did ring, after all)*

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Decca's Joshua Johnson, in white satin and phosphorescent fingernails, still beats out tremendous boogie under that weird black light. Reason enough for going back time and again. Or, if that's not enough, there are some funny old two-reel comedies run off on a screen above the bar. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Where no bills are introduced—but you may run several up—especially if you go in big for Congress steaks (when they have 'em) and their really good dinner salads. Fran Ritchey is caressing the keys this month. Park the car in the Congress garage, come in thru the back way, and park the carcass at the bar. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DUFFEY'S TAVERN.** "Where you don't meet the elite—but you eat!" It says there. A big, bright, untidy, noisy room where you're quite likely to have a lot of fun. Barbecue—if you're hungry; Joe Hamm, Whitey Hayes, and Little Buck will probably sing for your supper. Try and stop 'em! 218 West 12th. GR. 8964.

# IN KANSAS CITY

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Formerly Jim Lee's, now in the capable hands of Harry Turner, who keeps the place busy and clean, and sees that the menu is sufficiently varied. Luncheon from 11:30 to 2:30; dinner from 5 to 10. There are a couple of huge circular booths that are fun for big parties—and a bar for lone wolves. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Open from 4 till curfew; closed on Sunday. You may have to stand in line for Signora Teresa's spaghetti—but it's worth it. Looks something like a third-rate set for a movie beer-garden—has a deserved reputation for wonderful Italian food. And the Bondons will bless you for having the good taste to order wine with your meals. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **MORRIS DELICATESSEN.** Morris and his daughters serve the best Jewish delicatessen in town. Go back and take a look at the case—then establish yourself in a booth with a drink, or some coffee—and the richest, tangiest sandwiches, sliced meats, and salads you ever dreamed up in these days or any other. 3121 Troost. WE. 3410.

★ **OFFICERS' CLUB.** Just in case you're an officer, you should know about the Walnut Room, just down the steps as you enter the Phillips on 12th. All the comforts of home—plus an orchestra on Saturday nights—and Dorothea Buschman! She's your hostess—and nice. Set-ups on Sunday, if you wish. Lunch, dinner, supper, and big leather lounge chairs!

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Which means just what it says—bowling, plus the wherewithal for an appetizing luncheon or dinner or some stimulant drinkin'. The Eddy's—George, Sam, and Ned—maintain a well-rounded place to help you maintain the well-rounded figger. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Zena and Mary Dale move out south, from the downtown Royale. They play the piano, organ, solavox, and what-not, you know. And there's Kay Van Lee, the graphologist, in case you run out of conversation. Here's a very comfortable lounge, with some satisfactory drinkin' and dinin' qualities. 614 West 48th. Lo. 3393.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR.** Upstairs and downstairs and all around the counter there's good food for three times a day. Downstairs is most fun around five. It catches a lot of tired business men and white collar gals who pay the Price for a quick refresher. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Usually has more standing than sitting—because there's more room, perpendicularly. Always crowded, and with good reason—partly those Pusateri steaks and salad with garlic sauce. Piano music by night, in case you can hear above the hubbub. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** One of the better places to be caught in a convivial mood—thanks to the Muehlebach cellars and the generally pleasant atmosphere. A rather noisily well-bred room with no entertainment except what you can stir up in

your own table talk. That's usually enough. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** An institution—since the days of Sarah Bernhardt, Theodore Roosevelt, et al. They all knew the old Savoy—the same as gourmets know it now. There's mellowness about the place—from the dim browned murals, the high leather booths, to the favorite old retainers. George, John, and Brown have been here for years. The food is traditional in style, up-to-the-minute in method. Steaks usually available here, and lobsters as large as you like them. 9th and Central, VI. 3890.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** Zola and her organ melodies return from out south, and Betty Burgess, the graphologist, stays to read your writin'. But shucks, the place is almost its own excuse for being! Chummy and just noisy enough, and conveniently close to the sidewalk. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** If you have too much fun in the station bar, you never the train shall meet. Might try mixing those drinks with some of Fred Harvey's famous food in the next room. Union Station. GR. 1100.

## JUST FOR A DRINK

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Bring your your bundles and catch a quick one inexpensively. From 3 to 5, two drinks for the price of one, hear! hear! After that, regular prices, but they're gentle. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **EL CABANA.** Just off the side-walk, and always crowded. An institution here is Alberta Bird who plays the novachord, alternating with Lenora Nichols. The walls have some nice dancers painted on—if you can see them. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** If you're looking for a book of verses underneath a bough, better bring your own. Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape or a reasonable facsimile, and there'll be singing, or its equivalent, in the wilderness. A dim and cushiony room that somehow always makes us think a bombing squad is about to come over. Maybe that's that last one we drank. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** The attraction here is the old two-reelers that are run off from time to time—vintage of 1900 and up. You may catch an old Charlie Chaplin comedy, or some of the Keystone Cops. It's a microscopic lounge; better get there early, or keep trying. State Hotel, on 12th between Baltimore and Wyandote. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Oasis on the third floor. A melee of palm fronds, grass skirts, and bamboo—not very authentic but definitely pleasant. Music under the cocoon shell comes from Margaret Melby at the piano, and from Vera Claire and marimba. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A soft green lounge, with Sandoval (formerly of Ciro's), Armandita, and that sort of intimate neighborliness that makes you feel like one of the family. It's about half way home—and you're a better man than we are if you can pass it by. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.



## WITH DANCING

★ **COLONY RESTAURANT.** Long, narrow room flanked by a bar, and including a dance floor, where you can trip the light fantastic, or just trip, from 7:30 till curfew. Saturday afternoon dancing from 1:30 till 4:00, with music by Arlene Terry and her boys. You can have lunch here as well as dinner. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** From 6 to 7:30—entertainment without tax. Dancing from 8:00 p.m. The wherewithal comes from the Eddie Beach trio—piano, bass and guitar—fresh in from Chicago. Really a nice spot out from downtown. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** Authorities say you'll find the best Kansas City jazz in town, here in this casual room which has a dance floor of adequate size, and spaghetti with more than one meat ball. The Cuban Room trio consists of Fess Hill at the piano, Herman Walder on the alto sax, and a drummer. Herman has recorded with Andy Kirk, Benny Moten, et al. They bounce the beat from seven to twelve.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Bob McGrew and the boys come back to town, enroute to their summer stint at the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs. Bob is a gentleman and a musician! You'll like him. The girl who doubles on piano is Kay Hill. There's dancing at dinner and supper; no cover. The Drum's mushroom omelettes can make meat rationing seem almost fortunate. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **EL BOLERO.** Notable for several things—among them Marguerite Clark (who used to sing over WHB); the crayon murals; and the casual informality of the place. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Esquire lists it as one of the four most popular clubs in the country. Barney Goodman's entertainers are a large part of the reason why. Dwight Fiske, no less, moves in for the first week of April, followed by Shirley Dennis, who sings little songs. There's dancing to the music of Charlie Wright's orchestra; tea dancing Saturday afternoon. Week-night cover—\$1.00; Saturdays and holidays, \$1.50. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN.** Preferred spot on the south side, even sans orchestra and entertainment. There's a juke box to dance by, and several different spots to sit and sip. It's a cafeteria by day—a restaurant by night—and a nice drop-in at any time. 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Where Julia Lee—brown, buxom, and genuine—plays jazz piano and sings of sex and woe. She's kept the place open 11 years. Which should mean something. And does. It's a dim, smoky, crowded place, and authentic. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Ah, here we are! Shrug those sables, sister, and toy with a salad whipped up before your very eyes by Walter. One of the town's ultras—with excellent food and service, and dancing to the music of Dee Peterson's orchestra. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Pink and plushy, with music at noon and night. Dancing at dinner and supper. Bobby Meeker and his orchestra do the honors. The famous Muehlebach courtesy and the Muehlebach cellars keep the Grill right up to the town's top. For reservations, call Gordon, GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.



## What's Your Idea?

—about how to have the form divine? Rube Goldberg has a wonderful system for reducing. You probably heard him on the air the other day when he appeared as guest on the Duffy-Mott program, "What's Your Idea?" It comes over Mutual via WHB, five days a week, at 10:45. Anyway, Rube's theory, as expounded to Imogene Wolcott, is that all women could have perfect figures simply by eating while standing on a scale. As the woman's weight increases, a magnet moves toward a small steel ball, picking it up and tilting it. This releases a golf ball which drops on an ant hill. At this point a midget takes a swing at the golf ball, misses it, and knocks a chunk out of the ant hill, scattering the ants. Whereupon, an ant eater, attached to the table, goes after the ants, thereby moving the table away from the hungry young lady. She can't eat any more, and thus she preserves that beautiful figure!



# You Can Help . . . Bring 'Em Back Alive!

## RED CROSS

222 West 11th, HA. 2341—There's still The Blood Bank. Have you joined the Gallon Club yet? Or is your blood too blue?

## KANSAS CITY CANTEEN

1021 McGee, VI. 9266—If you'd like to volunteer as a telephone operator, or work at the Snack Bar, stop in for an interview. If you'd like to help make the boys feel at home, contribute some pies, cakes, or cookies; cigarettes (you know, those long thin white things); razors or blades; soap; brushless shaving cream; new dance records.

## U.S.O. CLUB

3200 Main, LO. 7525, WE. 1331—Towels, soap, razor blades, sheets and pillowcases—all the comforts of home! That's what they could use.

## LUTHERAN SERVICE CENTER

2047 Main, VI. 5254—Can use cookies—homemade ones; also fruit, cigarettes, soap, and towels.

## SERVICE MEN'S CLUB

15 East Pershing Road, VI. 0798—Some ladies' organization—a Sunday School class, a neighborhood club, etc.—could do

their good deed by donating pies on a certain day each week. Let the Service Club depend on you for so many pies on specific days. They'd appreciate it. They could also use games—checkers and cards. And cigarettes, of course . . .

## SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL

1021 McGee, VI. 2367—They can use some coathangers. Also toothpaste and powder, besides the usual needs such as homemade food, sheets, towels, and razor blades.

## RUSSIAN WAR RELIEF

1330 Grand, VI. 4659—Needs volunteers, individually or in groups, for sewing simple, ready-cut garments, either in their work-room or in your own home. You might also drop one, purloin two for them—or 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?

## HOW TO COMMUNICATE

with your *Favorite Man* overseas . . .

Carrier Pigeon: Probably not too reliable to send him the birdie. The pidge might hitch-hike on a clipper, but by the way, do you know any carrier pigeons?

Wig-Wag: But maybe you weren't ever a Boy Scout. Besides, it's an awful long way from here to Leyte, Ceylon, or Berlin.

Regular Mail: Effective, but slow. Bulky, too. Your letter may get bumped—and legitimately—for a container of plasma or Spam.

Mental Telepathy: Sure, your thoughts are always with him. But why not verify the fact daily? Let him know it by—

V-Mail: Because V-Mail always flies—and for just 3c! Because 43,000 V-Mail letters go in the space that would carry only 300 regular letters.

Because one plane can transport as many letters written V-Mail as would fill 49 planes if written for regular mail.

Because V-Mail always reaches its destination—sooner and not later.

# Chicago Communique . . . .

MISS MAE WEST and the dim-out arrived in the Windy City at about the same time. Miss West brought with her a very bad play called "Catherine Was Great," a loutish, lumbering attempt at the lascivious which might be called a burlesque show for women only.

The brown-out brought with it some really first class histrionics on the part of the guys who run the saloons. To a man, from the managers of the plushy places down to the West Madison Street bouncers, they are putting on a sorrowful scene far surpassing anything achieved by the various defunct opera companies that have tried to make a go of it at the Civic Opera House. There has been a great weeping, and a wailing, and a wringing of hands, since the dim-out and the curfew began to take their toll of the carefree and merry. The 5100 Club is now said to be down to its last Irish tenor, while the 606 Club—home of maidens who frolic around in as few beads as Mayor Kelly will allow—is stripping itself of strippers. Only the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman, which specializes in loud bands for the prom-trotting and jitterbug crowd, seems to be holding its own. The kids get tired of drinking cokes, wear themselves out on the dance floor, and go home early without any prompting from Ernie Byfield—or Mr. Byrnes.

However, for the benefit of those Kansas City bon vivants who call Joe Sherman's Garrick Lounge "home" when they're in Chicago, it must be reported that Joe's place is just as smoky as ever, and just about as noisy. There is now the added attraction of Joe running up and down behind the bar blowing a policeman's whistle at 11:45 p.m. That's the only way he can make himself heard above the band.

Getting back to the drama, the Shubert boys were in town the other day and rescued the Great Northern Theatre from a series of peep shows that began with "Maid in the Ozarks" and ended, none



too soon, with a dull and dirty little number called "Unexpected Honeymoon." Henceforth the theater will operate under the Shubert banner and house chiefly operettas and musical revues requiring a large stage. The first attraction will be a Theatre Guild show—"Sing Out Sweet Land."

As "Sweet Land" and "One Touch of Venus" move in—Eddie Dowling, Laurette Taylor and the fine play, "The Glass Menagerie," are deserting the Loop for Broadway. This is the production which Ashton Stevens called "the best play in fifty years." We think New York will like it, too.

And, oh yes, Mr. Burton Holmes—complete with goatee—is in his umptieth season as a travel lecturer, talking this year on "Guatemala" and "Mexico"—in technicolor. Burton has had his wings clipped by the war, but he still fills Orchestra Hall two or three times a week with those who can't get enough of the travelog shorts at the movies. If you must entertain Aunt Minnie while you're in Chicago, Burton is a safe bet.

Combating the dim-out over at the huge Stevens Hotel is another special revue staged by Anthony Nelle. This will be his last show before leaving town for his yearly duties with the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Mr. Nelle's productions in the magnificent Boulevard Room, which at one time was a lonely place where the waiters

played tic-tac-toe to pass the time, have been monumentally successful. The Nelle method is to assemble three or four colorful variety acts and blend them into a show, using his "stock company" composed of the dancing Even Stevens, the Six Sophisticates, and singers Nora Neal and Phil Kinsman as the backbone.

Visiting stay-uppers (until twelve), will also be pleased to hear that Willie Shore is back at the Chez Paree after more than three years on the USO circuit. Enough said. . . . And the casualty of the late winter was Bert Wheeler at the Latin Quarter who learned, too late, that a comedian needs to have a good routine, well-rehearsed.

Chicago is talking about the rash of radio shows that are breaking out at military hospitals in this area. Most of the stations in town now want to originate programs at the Gardiner, Vaughan, and Great Lakes hospitals. WIND got going first with an audience participation show, "Prizes for Prize Guys," featuring Fran Allison (who used to be on "Breakfast

Club") and a bevy of beauties from radio row. Other programs are ready to go on WMAQ and WGN-Mutual, with at least three more stations planning to entertain wounded servicemen.

Chicago is talking about the general apathy toward the Sox and the Cubs this spring. So far the sports writers haven't been able to work up even a good sweat over the chances of either team's winning anything. There's more interest in Chicago sporting circles in the Blues signing Casey Stengel.

Chicago is talking about the announced closing of the Naval Reserve Midshipman School at Abbott Hall. Soon the non-military populace will no longer be able to watch the "ninety day wonders" hepping along at a military clip on Chicago Avenue. One of the most reassuring sights of the war will be gone.

However, "maneuvers" will still be going on in the Scotch and Soda sector. Visitors from afar can still watch the soldiers and sailors "take" Randolph Street—any night.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan.



## CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

### Casual . . .

★**BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** The smart, modern room with its Balinese murals, delightful bar, and copper dance floor, is a favorite dinner rendezvous. Boasts the dance music of Bill Bennett and his orchestra along about nine. 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

★**BAMBOO ROOM, Parkway Hotel.** For a charming tete-a-tete, lose yourself in the intimate Bamboo Room, where cocktailing is done with finesse. Particularly relaxing, conducive to quiet conversation, amid a rich atmosphere. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 5000.

★**BISMARCK HOTEL.** Double-barrelled entertainment in the form of the Walnut Room and the Tavern Room. The former offers the sweet danceable

music of Buddy Franklin's band, with Harriet Collins, vocalist, plus Talia Wermouth, popular dancer, and Art Nelson's superb marionettes. The Tavern Room features Allan Kane and his boys, who bring out the audience, starting with community singing and ending with a square dance. Other attractions are the statuesque Iris Stohard, The Paulens, Al Nilsen and Russ Morrison. (LOOP). Randolph and LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★**BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** The sweet swing music of Chuck Foster keeps patrons dance-happy, as Gloria Foster and Jimmy Confer do the vocals. Edward and Diane weave beautiful dance designs and there is the novel mind-reading act of Ray Parker and his exuberant dummy, "Porthole." Due soon—Del Courtney with Dottie Dotson and Johnny Williams, in new show. Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.



★**BUTTERY, AMBASSADOR (WEST) HOTEL.** Bright fiesta colors are contrasted with a white, modern background in this long, narrow room with its small bar at one end, and tiny dance floor at the other. Booths are comfy and cozy. Dancing to the music of Dave Morris' orchestra, as Pat Willis does catchy ditties. Popular spot for nightcappers. (NEAR-NORTH). N. State and W. Goethe. Sup. 7200.

★**HELING'S VODVIL LOUNGE.** Jimmy Costello, comedian-emcee, is contributing new gags and routines to the well-balanced show produced by Frank J. Hogan. The many acts include Mal Cardo, deceptive "pitch" man, Johnny Allen, the singing find of the year, and Jeanne Williams, songstress super, plus musical interludes by Alice Oleson and Chet Roble and his band. 4361 N. Sheridan. Buc. 6800.

★**JAMES ISBELL'S SHOW LOUNGE.** The imaginative piano interludes of Mike Young, and the musical trio of Howard Bestul provide solid entertainment for pleasure-seeking winners and diners. Late-callers who have missed out on the complete dinners will find tasty midnight snacks awaiting them. 1059 Bryn Mawr Ave. Lon. 8967.

★**LA SALLE HOTEL, Pan American Room.** Collette and Barry's revue called "The Little Show" is still on display and suits to perfection the intimate decor of this room. Production numbers range from a charming waltz to an auto ride in the Gibson girl era. Between routines, Harold Barry doubles as emcee. Former concert violinist, Florian ZaBach, and his orchestra provide light dance and dinner music, and Jimmie Rogers-Kelley offers extremely illuminating pianologues. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★**THE NORMANDY.** Lew Andrew's intimate supper club with the marine motif features pretty violinist, Bea Mazcr and her orchestra. In the "Petite" show is Marie Lawler whose songs keep patrons clamoring for more; Savina, a charming dancer who does Russian numbers; Fred Douglas, a nimble Negro tap dancer, and Don Strahl, pianist, with boogie and semi-classical keyboard work and a unique style of singing. 1110 W. Lawrence. Rav. 9060.

★**SHERMAN HOTEL.** College Inn. The music of Hal McIntyre and his orchestra, which can be either celestial or down-to-earth, depending on the mood, is an extremely pleasing background for the baritonations of Al Noble and the powerful singing of tiny Ruth Gaylor. Carl and Faith Simpson's

marionettes do a series of acts including the Andrews Sisters' "Rum and Coca-Cola." The four Marimba Co-eds, dynamic musical quartette, are likewise applause-compelling. Woody Herman is due in mid-March. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★**TRADE WINDS.** Hy Ginnis' cafe is the pet of nightlifers, with its good food and liquors, and hospitable service. It's a friendly spot in the tropical mood, with barbecued ribs, charcoal-broiled steaks and chops, and choice beverages. A perfect place for winding up an active evening, open late. 867 N. Rush St. Sup. 5496.

### Colorful . . .

★**BLUE DANUBE CAFE.** If you're looking for old-European atmosphere and tidy surroundings, this is for you. The Hungarian cooking is really wonderful, though it takes a hearty appetite, for it's substantial. And there's the carefree music of Bela Babai's gypsy ensemble and songs by Maritza. (NORTH). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★**DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** Since everybody is so tropical-minded these cold nights, you'd do well to phone in your reservation, or you'll wait back of the rope. This house of the tropics has all the dreamy atmosphere you could wish for—mat-covered walls, hanging baskets, soft lights, island music and all. The fancy drinks are as much a delight to the eye as they are to the palate, and the food is a delightful adventure. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★**IVANHOE.** A page from knighthood's history! Room after room of surprises. A thrilling descent to the Catacombs far below, deep in the cellar. There are six different bars throughout the castle—and when you're through roaming you will find the Enchanted Forest, super wining and dining spot, awaiting you, where Barney Richards' orchestra, Helen Sumner, Kay Becker and Vierra's Hawaiians send forth melodies. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

**L'AIGLON.** New Orleans in Chicago, with the finest of Creole cooking and French delicacies on the menu. A mellow old mansion. Spyros Sramo, and his continental ensemble make the music. (GOLD COAST). 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

**SINGAPORE.** Devotees of the simpler things in life, such as tasty barbecued ribs, always wend their way into Singapore, which, incidentally, has an attractive bamboo interior. The Malay Bar is always alive with animated conversation and the clinking of glasses. Stars from other cafes in town invariably wind up their evenings here. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.

★**SARONG ROOM.** A long stairway leads you to a cozy, intimate room with exotic murals, a bar, tables, and a small dance floor. A trio of musicians play your favorite dance tunes as well as light dinner music. Later in the evening, strange Balinese music accompanies the exotic dancers in their weird movements. In addition to the beautiful Balinese ceremonial dances, there is a volcanic Tahitian ritual number by Mono Api, and a thrilling dagger dance by George Kirsoff. Along with all this, the Devi-Dja dancers themselves. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.





★**SHANGRI-LA.** Tropical paradise, where tables nestle along wall balconies under silvery palms, and you forget your cares over tall, intriguing tropical drinks and superb Cantonese food. The menu tells the story of over fifty delectable dishes prepared after recipes dating back to the time of Confucius. A favorite after-the-theatre spot. 222 N. State. Dea. 9733.

★**YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL.** Colonel Yaschenko extends a royal welcome to this masterpiece of Russian elegance. The cocktail lounge, with its murals and deep, comfortable sofas, enhances the pleasure of leisurely cocktails, while the Boyar Room beckons with Russian delicacies and the music of George Scherban and his gypsies. Dining at its continental best, under the direction of Louis Steffen. Closed on Sundays. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

### Bars of Music . . .

★**ADMIRAL LOUNGE.** Between the gay piano tunes of Al Mulvaney and the accordion melodies of Joe Petrocelli, evening cocktails take on an added punch. 24 So. Dearborn St. Dea. 6230.

★**AIRLINER.** Takes off every evening with the Musical Counts and boogie-beating General Morgan. Theatrical folk and sleep-dodgers in general usually board between 3 and 4 a. m. for the highest musical flight on record. (NEAR NORTH). State and Division. Del. 0305.

★**ALEXANDRIA COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Host Mickey Meyers and his friends always make you feel at home and always on hand to entertain you are Dixie Painter, top-branch warbler, accompanied by Buddy Kirby at the piano and songstress Honey Mellon. Buddy's keyboard capers are particularly arresting. Rush at Ohio. Sup. 5544.

★**BREVOORT HOTEL.** The world-famous Crystal, a masterpiece in itself, offers a wealth of entertainment in the form of community singing, organ tunes, a songstress, and a musical trio. Bob Billings provides melodic diversion at the keyboard when not accompanying Rita Wood's listenable songs, and Marvin Miller's musical trio carry on from there. Edith Hofmeister takes over at the organ on Sunday nights. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison St. Fra. 2363.

★**CAFE DE SOCIETY.** If it's the best in boogie-woogie you're seeking, drop in at this southside rendezvous for a cocktail and listen to Sherman Crothers, the original "scat man," and the Four Jumps and a Jive. 309 E. Garfield. Wen. 2425.

★**CLOVERBAR.** Lew Marcus, pianist-composer, is now known as Chicago's finest pianist. Bert McDowell's pianologues are also very much in demand, and, as though that weren't sufficient, there's attractive Lorraine Luehr and her accordion to help keep everyone up late. 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★**RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR.** Continuous merry-go-round includes Frank Gassi and his Silver Quartet, Lea Roberts, Juanita Cummings, Rose Kane, Marie Costello, Jean Thomas and Ruth Glass, with Chuck Liphardt and his band, providing music and comedy. (SOUTH LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★**SKYRIDE.** The corn grows high in "The Sky-Rooiest Show in Chicago" featuring the "Gay Balladiers." Alternating with this group are Cliff Real, singer comedian, and winsome Irish canary, Mary O'Leary. 105 W. Van Buren.

★**STEVENS HOTEL.** At Park Row, is Henri Gendron and his orchestra, with glamorous singer, Lorraine (Sugar) Cain. In this attractive room, with its ample bar, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper, depending on the hour. (SOUTH). Michigan Ave. and 7th. Wab. 4400.

★**THREE DEUCES.** The house of jive that won't stand still, has good reason, with star attractions like the original Cats 'n Jammers and Laura Rucker with her incomparable pianologues. (LOOP). Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★**TIN PAN ALLEY.** Jam sessions, boogie-woogie-wise and otherwise, plus down-to-earth song-selling, are attracting Hollywood celebrities as well as our own, which makes for a particularly exciting evening. 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0024.

★**TOWN CASINO.** This loop favorite is usually jammed to the top balcony with admirers of the music-making Waldorf Boys and alternating Hal Leaming with his Colony Boys. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark. And. 1636.

★**THE TROPICS, HOTEL CHICAGOAN.** The bamboozed interior of this make-believe sea-island refuge is a fitting spot for Sam Bari and his Men of Rhythm, pianist Red Duncan, and glorious singer, Gloria Panico, who entertain you royally. 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

### Ultras . . .

★**CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Piano expert, Jerry Glidden and his group of music-makers provide melody in keeping with the rich surroundings. Personable Skip Farrell remains with his choice ballads. We can't get over the camellia pink satin draperies, festooned near the ceiling with ruby velvet; the candles adorning the white baroque chandeliers; the fan-shaped high backs of the banquettes along the walls. Then there's that white garden gate leading to the bar, with its tropical foliage oozing over the top of white-washed walls; the chintz-covered seats, wrought-iron cocktail tables topped by hurricane lamps—all a welcome sight. Michigan & Walton, Sup. 2200.

★**MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** The current Dorothy Hild revue includes the Three Glens, Russell and Renee and The Ross Sisters. Production numbers of the Hild dancers include a tropical fantasy to the tune "Rum and Coca-Cola," a "Gypsy Camp," dances from "Peer Gynt Suite," and a novelty sequence on the sophisticated side. 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★**MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Phil Regan, the popular Irish tenor, is delighting listeners in his one-man show called, "Songs That Never Grow Old." Selections range from "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie" to "Too-Ral-Loo-Ral-Looral." Don Fairchild furnishes a nice musical background for Regan's ballads, and bandleader Bill Snyder does magnificent things pianowise, in specialties such as "Rhumbolero," "Ridin' the Off-Beat." March 2nd marks the return of Dwight Fiske, master of sophisticated song and piano, and Dick LaSalle, one-time accordionist, who succeeded the late Neil Bundsbu as leader of the orchestra. Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

★**PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR EAST HOTEL.** The ever-fascinating Pump Room, fashioned after its famous original in Bath, England, continues to satisfy the most discriminating diner with its culinary masterpieces. This luxurious setting—with its midnight-blue walls and stark white trim, crystal chandeliers, white leather seats, and blackamoors in velvet knee-breeches with white-plumed headgear—is dear to the hearts of all true lovers of tasty decor and elegant food. Dancing to Mel Cooper's orchestra begins at 9:00 p. m. State and E. Goethe. Sup. 7200.

### Entertainment . . .

★**BACK STAGE.** There's plenty of excitement "back stage," where George Meade continues to add more gorgeous girls to the already huge production under the direction of Sally Joyce. Recent newcomers are the eye-filling young dancer, Joan Mason, and vocalists Marvelle and Renee Kemm. 935 Wilson Ave. Rav. 10077.

★**BROWN DERBY.** Accent on comedy in the current revue, in the persons of Tommy Raft, Diane Berry, Barbara Long, and the tap-dancing Andrews Sisters. Emceeing is handled with finesse by Jackie Hilliard, direct from the "Ziegfeld Follies." (LOOP). Wabash and Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★**CHEZ PAREE.** Zero Mostel has the patrons rocking with laughter at his endless variety of comic characterizations which include a school board lecturer, a senator, a Charles Boyer, a Jimmy Durante, a jitterbug, and, of all things, a coffee percolator. Sleek, blonde Dolores Gray sings; Fanchon dances to Gershwin and boogie-woogie tunes; and the expert team of Pierre d'Angelo and Vanya are a joy to watch. Show and dance tunes are handled smoothly by Gay Claridge and his band, and the Chez Adorables offer new routines in colorful costumes. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairhanks Court. Del. 3434.

★**CLUB ALABAM.** Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, boasts such delights as Margo Martin, Genevieve Val, Paulette laPierre, Dotty Dallas and Dell Estes. Flaming crater dinners share the spotlight. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush St. Del. 0808.

★**CLUB FLAMINGO.** Contributing much to the continuous revulsical that always sparkles are vocally Diana Clifton, clever quipsters Ray Reynolds and Dave Tannen, who handle the introductions, and a bevy of charmers including Annette Allen, Olive Sharon, Grace Carlos, Sherry Darlene, Jean Terry and Wanda LaVonne. "Tubby" Veil and his orchestra are the satisfying music makers. 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★**CLUB MOROCCO.** Loop merry-makers are being entertained lavishly by Billy Carr, master of ceremony, song and quip; Jessie Rosella, queen of the torch ballads; and Inga Borg, extra-special specialty dancer. The supporting cast includes tall and talented tapper, Pat Wymore; novelty dance patterns woven by Edwards and Lawton, and ensemble activities by the Moroc-Coeds, ten lissom and lovely lassies, under the direction of George Pronath. Music makers are Charlie Rich and his orchestra, plus the "Three Pearls" led by Lou Mine. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★**COLOSIMO'S.** Jean Fradulli's "Moments of Grand Opera" have hit a new high in unique nightclub entertainment. The streamlined versions of operatic favorites are under the direction of William Fantozzi. 2126 S. Wabash Ave. Vic. 9210.

★**CUBAN VILLAGE.** Ted "Daddy" Smith, the King of Gagsters, presents a gay revue that features Amparo and Moreno, Latin dance team; Riela, the Cuban bombshell who sings and dances Latin fashion; Marge Anthony, Lorraine Stone, and the Cuban Antoinettes. Two bands, Don Pablo's Latin-American orchestra and, Memo's Cuban Combo keep the music coming all the time. Delectable Latin-American dishes under the direction of Carlos F. Carrillo. 714 W. North Ave. Mic. 6947.

★**885 CLUB.** Joe Miller's streamlined nightery, with its plain but smart treatment of white walls and glass brick, is known for its wonderful food and well-balanced entertainment. At present there is a Latin-American dancing program by Don Elisio and his Rumba band, featuring the songs of Bida Lopez, while Kay Pemberton continues to lend melodic diversion pianowise during intermissions. (GOLD COAST). 885 N. Rush St. Del. 0885.

**EITEL'S OLD HEIDELBERG.** whether you play upstairs or downstairs depends on your mood. If it's quiet relaxation under candle-chandeliers you're after, you'll climb the carpeted stairs, order some good food, and listen to Hans Muenzer's ensemble play light dinner music. If it's excitement and laughter you're seeking, make for the Rathskeller, where pandemonium reigns, with Louie and his Gang, and don't say we didn't warn you. (LOOP). Randolph St. near State. Fra. 1892.

★**L & L CAFE.** Introducing a beautiful girl every five minutes keeps Flo Whitman busy and the patrons happy. Meeting the approval of pattycaekers are such sparklers as Barbara Doane, on the sultry side; Sonja Czar, an exotic; and Conchita, delightfully wicked. Red Forrest is emcee, and Joe Nitti's band provides the musical background. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. See. 9344.

★**LATIN QUARTERS.** Hail, fond farewell, and good luck to the Ritz Brothers. But the club goes on, even without them. One of its finest features is its raised platform that enables patrons to see every bit of the show without craning. Food and beverages are good, and so's the service. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.

★**LIBERTY INN.** McGovern's nightspot has been in the same location under the same management for over twenty years, and features a continuous floor show that is wickedly witty, yet smart. 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★**PLAYHOUSE CAFE.** Under the capable direction of Ginger DuVell and Billie Garland, emcees, there's a sophisticated all-girl revue. All in all, sixteen feminine entertainers are on hand to see that nary a dull moment passes by. 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★**RIO CABANA.** Benny Fields holds the comedy spot, co-starring with Dr. Marcus, who entertains with his magic and his hat game, while Capella and Patricia, Universal Studio stars, do clever routines. The Rio Cabana Lovelies are under the direction of Dorothy Dorben. Cee Davidson handles the music, and rumba lovers shine as Joe



Manbanare's and his band take over every other dance set. When the show starts, the dance floor rises to meet the occasion. 400 N. Wabash. Del. 3700.

★**SO-HO CLUB.** Breezy entertainment with accent on feminine pulchritude, here at Chris Velis' club. Peppered with informal comedy and song, the revue parades such beauties as Terry Martin, Genevieve Jean, Lee Voyer, Rosita Morell, Nappi Swank and Lee Voyer. Emcees Al Reynolds and Eddie Gorman handle introductions. (WEST). 1124 W. Madison. Can. 9260.

★**VINE GARDENS.** Henry Kramer's sensational Hollywood Midget Revue is a novel musical comedy in miniature. Phil D'Rey, ventroloquist-emcee, heads the regular group of entertainers. (NORTH). 614 W. North. Mic. 5106.

### *Food for Thought . . .*

★**A BIT OF SWEDEN.** Candlelight and quaintery and the most wonderful smorgasbord you ever delved into: tiny Swedish meat balls, salads of endless variety, fish molds, fresh shrimp, herring, jellied fruit, hot brown beans, cold meats and cheeses. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush St. Del. 1492.

★**AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT.** Magpie chattering at the Marine Bar is punctuated by the loud clanging of the ship's bell . . . Big, friendly Gus serves liquid refreshment, and Andy's usually around to extend a friendly hand to all who come to join in the fun and partake of luscious steaks or just plain, wonderful Italian food prepared by the combined talents of "Guido" and "Alfredo." (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

★**CAFE DE PARIS.** The small, but elegant dining room is the gourmet's favorite rendezvous, offering some of the finest cuisine France has ever produced, under the direction of Henri Charpentier, world-famous food artist. Continental atmosphere and smart clientele. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn St. Whi. 5620.

★**THE CASSEROLE, SENECA HOTEL.** Three separate dining rooms, each with its own unique decoration. In the formal elegance of the first room there's a spotlighted table supporting a tempting collection of pastries and cakes. The casserole specials vary from day to day; Monday, Lamb Curry; Tuesday, pepper steak; Wednesday, Shrimp and Lobster Newburg; Thursday, Hunter Style Chicken; Friday, Baked Lake Trout; Saturday, Veal Roulade; Sunday, Breast of Capon, Ham and Mushrooms. One visit will convince you that there should be more than seven days in a week. (GOLD COAST). 200 E. Chestnut St. Sup. 2380.

★**DUFFY'S TAVERN.** This bit of old Dublin features murals straight from the pages of beloved Irish tunes, and original dishes by Arturo, the famous chef who won the Escoffier Award in Paris in 1935 and the International Culinary Show Award in Chicago in 1939. Corned brisket of beef with cabbage is an around-the-clock specialty, and the place is open until sunrise. Evening brings the entertaining pianologues of Nettie Saunders. 115 N. Clark St. Dea. 1840.

★**GUEY SAM—**On the fringe of Chicago's Chinatown. A stairway leads you into a large, unpretentious room with tables and booths, but one or

two morsels from the steaming, highly-heaped dish before you, sends you off to a gourmet's paradise. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

★**GUS' RESTAURANT.** The tang of the salt sea is in the atmosphere here. Your entrance is heralded by the "BING-BONG!" of the bell. Have one of their famous steaks, if they have them; or try lobster tail, broiled chicken, spareribs, froglegs, or scallops. Open till midnight. 420 N. Dearborn. Del. 1782.

★**HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL.** A set of exquisite dining rooms, high in the clouds. Delicate furniture, flowered draperies and candlelit tables—plus a breath-taking view of the harbor below. There is a quiet, dignified charm about the place, and the food is deliciously prepared. Courses are priced separately. Fried spring chicken with cream gravy and whipped potatoes, tasty lamb stew, fish and steak, are usually on the menu. Don't miss the bamboo bar—an irresistible nook. 2150 North Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

★**HENRICI'S.** Henrici's grew up with Chicago. Through the years its high standards of fine food have remained unchallenged. The pastries and the apple pancakes are always in demand. 71 W. Randolph St. Dea. 1800.

## CHICAGO THEATRE

**CATHERINE WAS GREAT.** (Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan. Cen. 8240.) Mae West as the Russian queen, having herself a time. A Michael Todd production.

**DEAR RUTH.** (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) Follows "Ten Little Indians," April 16. It's a charming story of a little girl who writes letters to service men and signs her sister's name. A helluva lot of trouble that turns out to be quite a lot of fun.

**ONE TOUCH OF VENUS.** (Civic Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Dea. 9330.) Mary Martin, as the statue of the goddess of love, comes to life in Chicago. It's the musical whipped up by S. J. Perelman, Ogden Nash, and Kurt Weill, and advancing the theory that love is here to stay.

**OTHELLO.** (Erlander, 127 N. Clark, Sta. 2459.) Follows "Rosalinda," April 10. It's Margaret Webster's production, starring Paul Robeson, Jose Ferrer, and Uta Hagen, and something you certainly ought to see.

**SING OUT, SWEET LAND!** (Shubert Great Northern.) American folk music with gestures. Admirably produced by the Theatre Guild, with a cast including Raymond Jacquemont, Burl Ives, and Alma Kaye. Dances by Humphrey-Weidman. Fresh and American.

**TEN LITTLE INDIANS—**(Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) This fascinating mystery comedy continues to romp on the boards. Robert Warwick, Toni Gilman and Alexander D'Arcy, are in it. Still on the reservation list in Chicago.

**THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—**(Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) It's still heard throughout Chicagoland, as John van Druen's comedy continues to draw theatre-goers with the charm of a simple tale told superbly. K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlow and Betty Lawford share histrionic honors. The setting is particularly intriguing.

# New York Communique . . .



New York seems to have an abundance of everything but meat and hotel rooms. Two meatless days are already in effect, with some agitation for another in the offing. The whole idea is received with much grumbling from restaurateurs—and more concoctions of fish and chicken on the menu. It takes pull to put the snatch on a steak these days.

Travel difficulties and "Stay home, please" placards have had no noticeable effect on the hordes of visitors.

**HOTELS** Hotel reservations are like the stuff that dreams are made of; the anticipated luxury of the Waldorf-Astoria may end in some off-Broadway hostelry, referred to as a flea bag. Hotel managers have developed a ten-inch crust from the tears of women and the blastings of irate business men. The cause of the chaos is not only that so much important business centers around New York—but that never before has the town had so much glamour and entertainment to offer.

The theatres are blooming, with tickets sold weeks in advance and Standing Room

Only. **HARVEY** still tops the list of comedy plays, with its delightful lines and wistful, Barrie-like characterizations. The six-foot, one and a half-inch imaginary rabbit Harvey has become so real on Broadway that obstetricians are now calling the "rabbit" pregnancy test the "Harvey" test. Frank Fay is at his best; so are Josephine Hull and the entire cast. As for musicals, **BLOOMER GIRL** is tops in music, settings, ballet, book, and cast. Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken of **OKLAHOMA** fame lead the story of a feminine revolution instigated by Dolly Bloomer. Funny, witty, charming; couldn't be better . . . More and more openings scheduled all the time.

Carnegie Hall is packing them in with the finest musical season in years. The Sunday night **HALL OF FAME** program



there gives aspiring young musicians and singers a chance to perform before well-known artists and a capacity audience. Many long and successful careers may begin from this program.

The Curfew is on . . . but definitely. Cafe society is decidedly "Curfew Conscientious." That last drink has to go down

the hatch by eleven-forty-five  
**CURFEW** in order to get the body and its accoutrements out the door by twelve. All lights are turned out sharply at the first bong of midnight and though there may be a flashlight handy to prevent patrons from falling over the plants in the vestibule, being left in the dark is not the sort of experience one becomes addicted to. The idea behind the Curfew may be a good one . . . to save fuel and power and so forth. But in practice it doesn't seem very reasonable. Nite Clubs merely open their doors a couple of hours earlier, present their floor shows earlier and in the long run use up as much power as ever. Some clubs are even serving luncheon now to make up for lost time. True, one has to choose between the theatre and a nite club and can't have both as in the old days, but that can be worked out with no casualties. After surviving the shock of going to bed the same day it arose, cafe society seems to be enjoying the novelty.

It's better to make a reservation at your favorite night club. And don't be late!

And a ten per cent tip  
**NITE CLUBS** isn't enough any more. Unless you're immune to insult, better make it between fifteen and twenty. Check up on the entertainment before you go or you may be disappointed. Morton Downey is appearing in the Plaza's popular Persian Room. Victor Borge, pianist extraordinary, comedian superb, gives out at the Waldorf's Wedgewood Room, supper show only. Dorothy Shay is back at Maisonette in the nether regions of the St. Regis Hotel, singing her songs and winning friends. One of her best—"Rum and Coca Cola." Most of the really swank places feature only two or three entertainers, but for lots 'n' lotsa show, there's always the Versailles, Copacabana, Diamond

Horseshoe (Billy Rose revue), Leon and Eddie's, to pick only a few out of the hat.

Anything is likely to be going on at Madison Square Garden—basketball, ice hockey, an ice skating revue or a circus. Have to check and re-check to keep up with it.

A young man's fancy may turn to love in the spring, but the lady's urge is toward that new spring out-  
**FASHIONS** fit. Shop windows are a mixture of "Winter Sales—Drastic Reductions" and gay Easter bonnets. Hats are more fantastic than ever, with tremendous bunches of tulle, ribbons and flowers. The prices are fantastic too. The favorite print dress has taken a flair for comedy with new designs from all forms of animal life to a Picasso nightmare. Accessories must be gay and, if possible, practical. Fashions in coiffeur are a matter of "each to her own"—long, short, up, down, it doesn't matter—as long as it has that well-brushed look. Make-up tends toward the glow effect.

More and more telegrams arriving, "We regret to inform you . . ." and more and more impatience to have the  
**THE WAR** war end. Favorite song—"Accentuate the Positive," lilting tune and lyrics of encouragement in a tired world. Much betting on when Germany will collapse. Bets range from day after tomorrow till the first of June. New York police and civilian defense members given instructions for controlling a too enthusiastic celebration when the news comes through.

Dogs is people in New York, and his hair-do marks his status. Long-haired dogs go in for a clipping around the  
**DOGS** middle with a peplum effect over the hips. Short-haired friends bid for the limelight with fancy collars and a shiny coat. Wonder when they'll start wearing bells on their ears. There are more dogs in New York than in Dogville itself. And their hours of glory are early morning and late afternoon . . . Park Avenue and Central Park preferred. On a cold day their jackets range in length

from two inches to two feet, some monogrammed, some with turtle-neck or turn-up collars. The famous 21 Restaurant usually has several well-turned-out dogs waiting patiently in the lounge for a lingering luncheoner.

Tickets for radio broadcasts are more popular than ever. It's fun to actually see what you've been just hearing.

**RADIO** The best way to get tickets is to write in a request for a program you want to see. Write to the broadcasting station. A little bother but well worth the effort. First hand observation of what goes on back of the microphone makes the home radio more exciting.

Movies—anything you want in any language or any date. For current releases, go early and **EARLY**, if you

**MOVIES** don't want to stand in line for an hour or two. Reserve seats

at Radio City are sold out for six weeks in advance. Pleasant and easy, even if the films are a bit passe, are the small movie houses like the Normandie at 53rd and Park, the Plaza at 58th and Madison and the Sutton Cinema on 57th between 2nd and 3rd Avenues.

Celebrities pop in and out of taxis, 'round the corners, or may sit at the next table to you. If newspapers **CELEBS** mention where they are staying you may be sure to see a mob of autograph collectors waiting outside the entrance. Bobby sox predominate. And everyone of importance comes to New York some time or other. For them, the old Greta Garbo adage, "I want to be alone," isn't as funny as it sounds.

—Lucie Ingram.



## NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL

### *For Night-y Knights and Ladies*

★**AMBASSADOR.** Dinner and supper dancing to the music of William Scotti or Louis Betancourt in the Tmanon Room. Dinner for \$2.50. Radio folks live here and seem to like it. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★**BAL TABARIN.** Rhumhas, 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 water who really takes an interest in seeing that you have a Gay Parisienne time. 225 West 46th Street. Circle 6-0949.

★**BILTMORE.** Joan Hyldoft on ice; pink sherbet, in other words. Dancing to music by Eddy Rogers and the orchestra at dinner and supper. That's in the Bowman Room. The Men's Bar & Madison Room are nice for lunch. Medium a la carte. Madison at 43rd. MU. 9-7920.

★**BLUE ANGEL.** Production in a jewel box. Evelyn Knight is blonde and melodious; and there

are also Pearl Bailey; the Herman Chittison trio; Eddie Maychoff; and those panting pantomimists, George and Gene Bernard. A lot for your money—which means a \$3.00 minimum, by the way; \$3.50 on Saturdays. No dancing. 152 East 55th. 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 Meathall" . . . that's as inevitable as Victory. 2 Sheridan Square. CHelsea 2-2737.

★**CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Hazel Scott and her best points, supplemented by Imogene Coca and Ed Hall's orchestra. And one of our favorites, Avon Long, has moved in for a spell. 128 East 58th. PLaza 5-9223.

★**CASINO RUSSE.** Russian-American in food, atmosphere, and entertainment. Cornelius Godolban's orchestra plays for dancing, and there are shows at somewhat earlier hours than usual, now that you-know-what has rung! 127 West 56th. CI 6-6116.

★ **COMMODORE.** Charlie Spivak and his orchestra are the attraction here, playing for dinner and supper dancing and for kicks. Lexington at 42nd. WM 6-6000.

★ **THE CORTILE.** If it's coziness you want, go to the Cortile. Small, tea-roomish—inexpensive. Deep in the surroundings of Creole New Orleans. Has a bar if you want to use it. Rosalla tells your fortune if you're so moved, and it's fun to be so moved. Luncheon served 'til 2. Dinner a la carte 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 in the Village. There's an open fireplace, and always a free exhibits of the really attractive paintings 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 hands tied behind him, emcees a stock 6 and 7/8 L & E show, which consists, invariably, of male and female vocalists, chorus girls for purposes of playing bumps-a-daisy with embarrassed customers, skating act or the equivalent, and Sherry Britton, striptease, who has no equivalent. Send Aunt Martha to the movies: if Adams doesn't get her, the wall cartoons must. Food surprisingly good. 33 West 52nd Street. ELdorado 5-9414.

★ **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.

★ **COPACABANA.** "They say the lion and the leopard keep . . ." Or to paraphrase Omar, the Copacabana is no more. The Copa Bar alone remains, with the Milt Herth trio still obtaining; also Choo-Choo Johnson and his dance band. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.

★ **PIERRE.** In the Cotillion Room, Russell Swann makes some very nice magic, while Stanley Melba's orchestra makes some fair to middlin' music. Tea dancing daily in the Cafe Pierre. 61st and Fifth. REgent 4-5900.

★ **PLAZA.** Mellow Morton Downey sings softly for the crowds. There's also Ray Benson's orchestra, and in the Palm Court Lounge, tea dancing each afternoon. 5th Avenue at 58th. PLaza 3-1740.

★ **ROGERS CORNER.** The Korn Kobbler hold forth in the Pan-American Room on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Other days, except Monday, Harry Lefcourt plays for dancing. 8th at 50th. CI 5-8150.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Cocktail and supper dancing to the music of Roy Fox and his orchestra, erst-while of London. The Cafe Lounge is, of course, one of the plushier places. Tea dancing each afternoon. Fifth Avenue at 58th. VOLunteer 5-2600.

★ **VERSAILLES.** The Versighs are still shapely, stately, and sleepy. You won't be. Sleepy, we mean. 151 East 50th. PLaza 5-0310.

★ **VILAGE 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.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** In the Wedgwood Room—Victor Borge, much to the delight of many. Also Leo Reisman's orchestra, sounding to the dance. There's a \$2.00 cover later in the evening. In the Lounge Restaurant, Mischa Borr and Orchestra. And for men without women, the Waldorf Men's Bar is one of the nicest places in town to do your drinkin'.

### *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.

★ **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. There's a Washington Bonat's, in case you're down that way. 330 West 31st Street. Chickering 4-8441.

★ **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 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 la carte tends to mount up. 258 West 23rd Street. CHelsea 3-2790.

★ **CHEZ MARIE.** On the small side—only a one horse Chez, really, where the murals are hardly pure-als. French dishes are rushed to the table piping hot, praise the bon Dieu, and they're cooked out in the open to allay any possible suspicion of switchin' in the kitchen. Patsy, the barkeep, swings the most energetic cocktail shaker on the east side; fixes drinks with gusto—and females, barred from the bar, with a baleful glare. One of the places where time buyers bide their time, in case that's a super Hooper sticking out of your pocket. 129th E. 47th. ELdorado 5-9848.



★**FREEMAN CHUM'S.** East is east and west is west, and Freeman Chum gets around the proverbial impossibility of their juncture by maintaining places on both sides of Manhattan. Menus and prices are identical. The easterly spot is the most ornate of the two, but it doesn't consider itself above serving a fifty cent lunch to the office workers in the neighborhood, either. The Canton style chow mein comes with chewy soft noodles, instead of goeey ones. And the sweet and sour roast pork boasts genuine pineapple in its sauce—something that hasn't been happening around these parts with any degree of regularity since Hawaii got forced off the Dole. The best Chinese food value in town. 142 E. 53rd. ELdorado 5-7765. 151 W. 48th. LONagacre 5-8682.

**GAIETY DELICATESSEN.** Paste this one in your hat, but leave the skimmer at the hotel, because there just isn't enough extra space at the Gaiety to hang the thing. About the size of a hole in the wall. Worth fighting your way into, nevertheless, because the Gaiety, ignoring the "delicate" part of "delicatessen," dishes up the astoundingly bountiful corned beef, pastrami, and turkey sandwiches that have forced a loosening of the famous Broadway Belt. Half an inch of meat per sandwich is the usual par for the course, and one course is all you'll be able to handle. You'll order cherry soda, naturally, which looks, appropriately enough, like borscht with bubbles. Come and bring your friends—those with first team experience, preferably; this is that forced Gaiety you're always hearing so much about. 202 W. 46th, off Broadway.

★**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.

★**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, desert & coffee 85c; reg. lunch \$1.75; at dinner smorgasbord, dessert & beverage \$1.50. Dinner \$1.85-\$2.50. 142 East 55. EL. 5-8183.

★**PLACE ELEGANTE.** Built as a domicile for the Donahue division of the Woolworth clan, and still stately in the manner of a dowager wearing last year's dress. Worked its way through the gambling house-speakasy era, and employs four perspiring musicians to prove that rackets may come and rackets may go, but the racket keeps up forever. Supposed to be honeycombed with secret passages installed to baffle prohibition agents, who found evidence as elusive as needle beer in a haystack. Long time feature is Bill Farrell, dusky

pianist. He plays college songs for the old grads, most of whom seem to have attended an amazing number of universities with thundering vocal results. The food is good, not too expensive. The place—oops, Place—employs one of the few chefs who don't have to catch the 8:17 for Malverne, so you can entrust your stomach to the Elegante after the theatre. Loud, but never lewd; heartily recommended for all those who like din with the dinner. 33 W. 56th. Circle 7-7222.

★**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.

★**TOFFENETTI'S.** Throw away that compass, stranger; the place isn't as big as it looks. They come by that cavernous effect by the use of gold tinted mirrors. All very modern, right down to the brightly bedecked basement, whence you emerge, eventually, via a one lane escalator that makes you feel something like the star robot in a Norman Bel Geddes futurama. Toffenetti's employs the most rhapsodic menu writer in town. The fare, unfortunately, is sometimes only fair, and the ham and sweets, to take one example, aren't any yummier, or yammier, than in any one of a dozen places you could name. On the credit side, the French toast is crunchier than most, and the pumpkin pie, come punkin season, is lusciously creamy. The strawberry shortcake tends to be bigger and berrier, too. Usually plenty of room, unless Sinatra's playing across the street at the Paramount, at which times the girls don't feel much like eating anyhow, and the men sit and munch away in sour silence, contemplating, apparently, Frank in earnest. 43rd and Broadway.

★**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 Kriendlor 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 St., West of Broadway. CI 6-9056). Hilda Simms and Frederick O'Neal in an earthy, vivid episode involving a beautiful negro prostitute. Negro life with all its intensity and humor. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**A BELL FOR ADANO**—(Cort, 48th St., East, BR 9-0046). Not up to the novel, but a first rate play. The Allied occupation of Italy, with Frederic March excellent in the role of Major Joppolo. Simple, appealing, intelligent. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**DEAR RUTH**—(Henry Miller, 43rd East. BR 9-3970). Top honors go to young Lenore Lonergan of JUNIOR MISS fame. Little sister involves big sister Virginia Gilmore in romance by writing letters to soldiers and signing sister's name. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**THE DEEP MRS. SYKES**. (Booth, 45th, W. CI 6-5969.) A play not too deep, but dagger-sharp, written by George Kelly. (Remember "Craig's Wife"; "The Show-Off"; et al?) Coldly dissects the "female" nature, and uncovers a lot of distortions-beneath-the-surface. With Neil Hamilton, sometimes of Hollywood, and Catherine Willard. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★**FOOLISH NOTION**—(Martin Beck, 45 W. CI 6-6363). New Theatre Guild comedy, with Talullah Bankhead. Philip Barry wrote it. A good combination.

★**HARVEY**—(48th Street Theatre, 48th East. BR 9-4566). You've heard of that big white rabbit? Here it is, with Frank Fay 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). Smiles and tears about a young Scot in a hospital on the Assam-Burma front. Richard Basehart in his first leading part is captivating the crowds. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**HOPE FOR THE BEST**—(Fulton, 46 West. CI 6-6380). Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt, (remember her in "Lost Horizon"?) come to the stage in a gentle and lyrical comedy by William McCleery. Marc Connelly produces. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**I REMEMBER MAMA**—(Music Box, 44th, West. CI 6-4636). Growing pains of a Norwegian family in San Francisco—tears and laughter to warm the heart. Mady Christians superb as Mama; Oscar Homolka just as superb as Uncle Chris. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★**KISS AND TELL**—(Bijou, 45th West. CO. 5-8115). F. Hugh Herbert and George Abbot make this Corliss Archer place a howl of good entertainment. Jessie Royce Landis heads the cast. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**KISS THEM FOR ME**. (Belasco, 44th E. BR 9-2067). A former Kansas City newspaperman, Frederic Wakeman, wrote a book called "Shore Leave." From this Luther Davis makes a play, starring Richard Widmark and Jayne Cotter. Herman Shumlin directs. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday 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 OVERTONS**—(Forrest, 49th West. CI 6-5969). Arlene Francis, (the cute kid of "Blind Date") along with Jack Whiting and Glenda Farrell, appears in a piece directed by Elisabeth Bergner who spends the rest of her time as star of another play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**SOLDIER'S WIFE**—(Golden, 45th West. CI 6-6740). Martha Scott is one of the nicer things in this play by Rose Franken. Glenn Anders is one of the funnier things. It all concerns a homecoming soldier and a literary wife. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★**THE TEMPEST**—(Alvin, 52nd West. CI 5-6868). A lot of good people had something to do with this production. The first of them was Shakespeare. Margaret Webster edited and staged it; Vera Zorina is the boy all made of air, in a dancy sort of way; Canada Lee as Caliban and Arnold Moss as Prospero are pretty superb, considering the load they labor under. Much talked about; better see it for yourself. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★**TEN LITTLE INDIANS**—(Broadhurst, 44th West. CI 6-6699). The entertaining murder of a number of people, with enough left over to tell the tale. Agatha Christie wrote the book; Estelle Winwood, Halliwell Hobbes, and Michael Whalen, are some of the actors involved. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee 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; and Florence Rice sometimes replaces Betty Field (when the flu bug bites). The cast is completed by Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

## 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.

★ **THE FIREBRAND OF FLORENCE**. (Alvin, 52nd W. CI 5-6868.) The old comedy by Edwin Justus Mayer, about Benvenuto Cellini, is set to music by Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin. Melville Cooper is probably the best thing about this near-opera that doesn't quite come off. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **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 bang out of it. Nightly except Tuesday, 8:30. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!**—(St. James, 44th West, La 4-4664). The freshest, most satisfying theatre you could ask for. Lynn Riggs wrote "Green Grow the Lilacs" a long time ago. Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers turned it into a musical, and that's where all last year's hits came from—the ones that may well turn into popular classics. Special matinees for service men and women, Tuesdays at 2:30. Otherwise, nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **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 Osto; 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.

★ **SEVEN LIVELY ARTS**—(Ziegfeld, 6th Avenue at 54th, CI 5-5200). Billy Rose's grab bag, with something for everybody—especially those who love Bea Lillie. Big and lavish. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday 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.

★ **UP IN CENTRAL PARK**—(Century, 7th Avenue at 59th, CI 7-3121). Another Michael Todd gem in an old-fashioned setting. But nothing dated about the production, not on your tin-type! Boss Tweed and his gang are presented, to music by Sigmund Romberg. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

## CARNEGIE HALL EVENTS

Date

- 14—Sat. Aft.: Boston Symphony Orchestra  
 14—Sat. Eve.: Morning Freiheit—Twenty-third Anniversary Program  
 15—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society  
 15—Sun. Eve.: Lionel Hampton Concert  
 16—Mon. Eve.: Schola Cantorum of New York  
 17—Tues. Eve.: Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival  
 18—Wed. Eve.: Manly Hall, lecturer  
 19—Thurs. Eve.: Second Anniversary of the Warsaw Ghetto Battle  
 21—Sat. Eve.: Gina Pinnera, soprano  
 22—Sun. Aft.: Philharmonic-Symphony Society  
 23—Mon. Eve.: Vladimir Horowitz, pianist  
 24—Tues. Eve.: Dessoff Choirs  
 25—Wed. Eve.: Theater of All Nations  
 26—Thurs. Eve.: Fritz Kreisler, violinist—Benefit Musicians' Emergency Fund  
 27—Fri. Eve.: Vivian Rivkin, pianist  
 28—Sat. Eve.: Fred Waring & His Pennsylvanians, with the Collegiate Chorus  
 29—Sun. Eve.: Vienna at Night—Johan Strauss  
 29—Sun. Eve.—Scandinavian Concert  
 30—Mon. Eve.: National Orchestral Association

## SWING

## "An Apparatus for Recreation"

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