Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

"EVERYMAN'S MEAT —Where Is It?"
By
Clinton P. Anderson
and Committee

★

"THE HERITAGE and THE INHERITOR"
By Cecil Brown

★

CEDRIC FOSTER
JANE PORTERFIELD
KARL PETERSON

★ ★

JUNE
1945

25c

Where to Go -- What to See --

NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO ★ KANSAS CITY

O'Brien For Bonds

The Pot O'Briens hit Kansas City together—he in a picture, "Having Wonderful Crime," and she on a bond tour. Mrs. O'Brien, brown, vivacious, and much prettier than her picture, tells Show Time listeners about the care and feeding of a star.

An Afternoon With Sigmund Romberg

The composer of "New Moon," "The Desert Song," "Maytime" (etc., etc.) and currently, "Up in Central Park" is here interviewed on Show Time by WHB staff member Rosemary Haward. Romberg is touring the country with his company of sixty, presenting what he calls "middle-brow" music in a series of concerts titled "An Evening With Sigmund Romberg." We found him a jocular person with a quick sense of humor, and mighty obliging about playing his own and the works of other musicians.

To Mutual Via WHB

"They Knew Him When" . . . when he was a captain in World War I—a judge of the Jackson County Court—their neighbor and friend in Independence, Missouri. "He" is the President, of course, Harry S. Truman. The old acquaintances who gathered around Dick Smith at the WHB mike early on Saturday, April 14, for a broadcast to the Mutual Network were Major General E. M. Stayton; the Hon. Albert A. Ridge, United States District Judge; Major General Ralph E. Truman, first cousin to the President; Roger T. Sermon, Mayor of Independence; and Edgar Hinde, Postmaster of Independence.

Swing
"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"
Vol. 1 JUNE, 1945 No. 6

ARTICLES

EVERYMAN'S MEAT ..... Clinton P. Anderson & Committee 3
"AND LEAVES A LONELY PLACE" ..... Cedric Foster 8
THE HERITAGE AND THE INHERITOR ..... Cecil Brown 37
STRICTLY CRICKET ..... S/Sgt. Karl L. Peterson 17
WHAT WAS THAT NAME YOU CALLED ME? ..... Ray E. Dady 23
LET'S CLEAR THE AIR ..... Frank Singiser 43
THE PEOPLE AND THE WAR ..... Arthur Gaeth 11
DO YOU HEAH ME? ..... "Mouse" Straight 30
KANSAS CITY CHURCHES ..... Earl A. Blackman 45
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SUCCESS? ..... Jane Porterfield 41
THE KREMLIN ..... James N. Mosel 25
CLEAN IT UP, KIDS—SUCH LANGWIDGE! ..... Charles Hogan 28
PARROTS ..... George F. MaGill 15

MISCELLANIES

LOCAL BOY ..... Jetta Carleton 20
NOSTALGIA—PAST, PRESENT, FUTURE ..... Odell Trengove 22
A BOY GROWS IN BROOKLYN ..... Malcolm Hyatt 27
WE GOT YOUR NUMBER ..... Harold Ziegler 7
FOR SALE FOR A SONG ..... Walter C. Fabell 48
REPORT ..... Walt Whitman 49
HAVE YOU READ YOUR BIBLE LATELY? 48

OUR TOWN TOPICS

JUNE'S HEAVY DATES 2
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY 53
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS 51
SWING AROUND 50
WAR EFFORT 68

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO COMMUNIQUE ..... Norton Hughes Jonathan 56
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL 58
NEW YORK COMMUNIQUE ..... Lucie Ingram 61
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL 63

PICTURES

President Truman and Samuel R. Guard, 33 • Tini Anders, 34-35 • Milt Grafrath and Dick Smith, 36 • WHB Newsreel, Inside Front Cover • Union Station, Back Cover

WELL, here it is June—and here we are! You'll find our Swing Bride fronting a lot of good names again this month. Some of them will be familiar to you. Some are local boys who made good. One of them made best. You'll find his name in articles by Cecil Brown and Cedric Foster and in our picture captions. He is the President of the United States, the first from the State of Missouri, our "home town boy" who became the Chief Executive. With him we look ahead to a day marked simply by "V" —with no qualifying letters and no strings attached. We look ahead with the 7th War Loan—to Allied Victory and allied peace . . . to international unity, to world understanding, to a time when there will be fewer touchy issues at stake—and yes, more steaks to issue. All this is here, within these pages, along with assorted asides we hope you'll enjoy. So go ahead, get those center pages pinned up, and let's get on with the rest of it, whatta you say?

Jetta

Editor

June's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

DANCING

June 2, 3, 6, 7, 13, 14, 17, 20, 21, 24—Chuck Hall. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—12:30 a. m.

June 9—Bernie Cummins. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—1:00 a. m.

June 16—Johnny Long. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m.—1:00 a. m.

June 22—Colored dance. Municipal Auditorium, Little Theatre.

June 23—Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans. Pla-Mor. 9:00 p. m. —1:00 a. m.

June 23, 24—Dance. (A & N presentation). Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

TUESDAY and FRIDAY nights —"Over 30" dances, with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra. Pla-Mor.

MUSIC

June 24—First open air concert by Kansas City Municipal Orchestra, under direction of N. de Rubertis. Maxine Korphage of WHB, guest artist. 8:15 p. m., Jacob L. Loose Park, 50th and Wornall Road.

•

ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART. 45 and Rockhill — Special June exhibit (loaned by Philadelphia Museum of Art): Paintings, prints, and sculpture by well-known artists identified with art movements in Russia—from Diaghilev's World of Art Group (early 1900's) to the realism of the Soviet viewpoint.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 4415 Warwick—June exhibit; Student paintings. Gallery open 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.; Saturday, till noon. (Summer classes begin June 18).

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone—Miss Theo Redwood's exhibit of Authentic Dolls. Gold Room, 2:00-5:00 p. m.

KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY—Exhibit of student paintings until June 22. Followed by exhibit of art work by Joseph Fleck's Business Men and Women's class. Open 10 to 5, Monday through Friday. University Greenhouse, 52nd Street.

•

COMMENCEMENTS

June 3—University of Kansas City, 10th Annual Commencement. Address by Lt.-Col. T. V. Smith, Professor of Philosophy on leave from University of Chicago: "A Bell for Adano and Peace for the World." 5:00 p. m. University Quadrangle (or Gymnasium, in case of rain).

June 4—Kansas City Conservatory of Music. Address by Dr. Andreas Bard of St. Mark's Lutheran Church: "The Inspiration of Music." 8:15 p. m. Reception Room, 3522 Walnut.

June 5—Paseo High School. 8:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

June 5—East High School. 8:00 p. m. Municipal Auditorium, Music Hall.

June 6—Northeast High School. 8:00 p. m., Arena.

June 6—Manual High School. 8:00 p. m., Music Hall.

June 7—Central High School. 8:00 p. m., Arena.

June 7—R. T. Coles (Colored). 8:00 p. m. Music Hall.

June 8—Westport High School. 8:00 p. m. Arena.

June 8 — Lincoln High School 8:00 p. m., Music Hall.

BASEBALL

(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)

June 17, 19—Kansas City Blues vs. Toledo.

June 20, 23—Blues vs. Columbus.

June 24, 26—Blues vs. Indianapolis.

June 27, 29—Blues vs. Louisville.

•

OTHER EVENTS

June 2—Kansas City Youth for Christ. 8:15 p. m. Music Hall.

June 4—Bond Rally—Bob Hope Show. Municipal Auditorium, Arena.

June 4—Kansas City Conservatory of Music: Auditions for ballet classes conducted for 5 week course by Herbert Bliss, dancer with Ballet Russe. 10:00-12:00 a. m. Little Theatre, 35th and Walnut.

June 30—Baby Contest, sponsored by Knights of Pythias. Municipal Auditorium, Music Hall.

Everyman's Meat...Where Is It?

Clinton P. Anderson answers the question and is appointed Secretary of Agriculture

● ***A special Congressional Committee investigated supply and demand—found storage space inadequate, producers lacking confidence . . . They place a few blames and make a few recommendations—to insure meat for your table sooner and oftener.***

"AND so the poor dog had none!" —And neither do the rest of us—unless we hit the right restaurant on the right day; unless we happen to have a frozen locker cache; or unless we support the black market. The civilian in these days has just about those alternatives if he would eat meat.

Now that the fragrance of roast pork, broiled steaks, and backyard hamburgers is conspicuously absent across the country, the situation has raised quite a smell of its own. Here in the greatest cattle country in the world, what has happened to all the meat? Why the pinch on civilian supply?

The first and frequent answer is, of course, armed service allocations. That's only part of the reason for civilian shortages. A special investigating committee for the House of Representatives went out to find the others. And in their Preliminary Report, as of May 1, 1945, stand revealed certain facts which—even if they are of cold comfort to poor Worried Mind in the home kitchen—are at least a clarification.

Seven House members, appointed by the Speaker, were authorized and directed to make a full study of—

(a) Shortages of food in the United States and its Territories and possessions;

(b) Civilian meat supplies and the governmental order (April 1) to reduce these supplies by 12 per cent;

(c) All factors relative to the production and distribution of essential foodstuffs;

(d) The presence of black markets in all kinds of meat; and

(e) Diversion of meat from normal, legitimate commercial channels of trade.

Chairman of this Committee was Clinton P. Anderson of New Mexico, and the rest of the group comprised of Stephen Pace of Georgia, Earle C. Clements of Kentucky, Martin Gorski of Illinois, August H. Andresen of Minnesota, Christian H. Herter of

Massachusetts and Hal Holmes of Washington.

Their first hearing took place in Chicago, the center of the meat-packing industry. Subsequent hearings were held in Cleveland, Washington, Boston, Providence and New York City. They plan numerous others in the months to come, for investigating shortages of supplies other than meats—sugar, fats and oils, fluid milk, etc. (Might we suggest also: matches, nylons, and cleansing tissues? Or are these bitter truths self-evident?)

The Meat Situation Now

For 1945, our committee finds, the production of meat is projected at more than 22 billion pounds. That's a lot of meat—a rather satisfactory supply for civilian tables. But here's a startling fact: There is at this time an estimated purchasing power to develop an average annual consumption of 170 pounds of meat per person. Yet with this purchasing power, there is now only enough meat for a per-person average of 115 pounds. That means a 170-pound demand—against a 115-pound supply.

Sure, we wonder why, the same as you do!

Reasons for Current Shortage

Here are some of the answers given by the special committee for the House of Representatives: The military and war services are taking—

Sixty per cent of the good, choice, and commercial beef;

Eighty per cent of cutter, utility, and canner grades;

Fifty per cent (at least) of the pork.

Now this is not quite as much meat as it may seem, since these set-asides are taken from the output of federally inspected plants *only*. And these plants process about two-thirds of all domestic meat. (What happens with the other small plants, not federally inspected, we shall see later). Even so, that indicates a set-aside of at least 50 per cent of two-thirds of the country's total meat supply. Reason enough, then, for the civilian skimp. The Army uses this quantity for feeding less than fifteen million people. That leaves about 130,000,000 civilians to be fed from what's left. Are you beginning to see the light?

Well, then, let's look at some more of the House committee's findings: Answer number two to the shortage of civilian meat supplies lies chiefly in the expectation of an early European victory during the fall of 1944. What happened was this: the Army made smaller purchases than usual; the civilian allotment went up by more than one billion pounds. At the same time, pork began to glut the market. Civilians raised their meat purchases enormously, and the War Food Administration urged farmers to produce fewer hogs. On the hog market farmers lost confidence in support prices—and pig production dropped by 30 per cent of the 1943 crop. Result: short pork supply today—the Army must take its meat allocation

from beef supplies—so the civilian has practically nothing left.

Now during the time when pork was glutting the market, the military and war services were not using the eight million pounds of meat allocated to them by the War Food Administration. Lack of canning facilities was their excuse for not using this pork granted them. The House of Representatives Committee holds that if some of this pork had been stored for later use by the military and war services, the Army's present 80 per cent set-aside against canner and cutter beef would not be necessary. Much the same situation applies to poultry. Military and war service requirements have moved into the broiler-producing areas with a 100 per cent set-aside. There simply was not enough meat stored during peak production periods to off-set the periods when production is low.

Feeding

Of course, part of the low cattle and hog production was the result of low feed supplies during 1943 and 1944. However, feed is abundant now. It would seem that pork production should be requested and encouraged.

The Committee is enormously concerned over cattle feeding. If beef is to be produced in greater quantities, it must be made profitable to fatten cattle in the feed lots. (It is in these lots that the steer or heifer reaches final and finest development, after it has left the range pastures.) At present, feed lot fattening is not profitable. Actual feeders—an important part of the meat-producing industry—show reluctance to face the dangers of prolonged feeding at the present margins. The current spread of meat and cattle prices was set by the OPA when the feed shortage made it desirable to fatten cattle to lighter weights. But now when supplies are greatly increased, there is a need for revision in the price structure.

As remedies for the situation, the Committee suggests that (a) retail ceilings be increased; or (b) that prices be lowered on the hoof; or (c) that the squeeze on the feeder be absorbed by subsidy.

That Old Black Market

—has us in its spell! And that, the Committee finds, is not just an empty play on words. Black market activities are still on the increase in spite of all efforts against them.

And another thing. While well-established national packers, federally inspected, are forced to cut their production drastically, reports show that small packers, usually *not* federally inspected, have increased their business to twice, eight, even ten times their volume for 1944. The Committee considers this factor an indication of some sort of black market ac-

tivity, even though the mere increase of business is no damning feature. Where else could the black market obtain its considerable flow of meat?

The whole complicated mess seems to have started with the development of what they call the "slaughter-permit system." This—to put it oh, very, very briefly—was tangled up with a flock of Meat Restriction Orders and Food Distribution Orders which had something to do with permits and licenses. These orders were constantly being issued and revoked—until finally (from September, 1943, to January 25, 1945) all a slaughterer needed to obtain a license was to show that he had adequate facilities and could meet sanitary requirements. Droves of new slaughterers came into the field, complicating enforcement and making things rather soft for restaurants and hotels who chose—and many of them did!—to buy above ceiling prices, without ration points. The Committee recommends the immediate review of all slaughtering permits, and their reissuance or continuance only if the slaughterer has been buying his cattle at or under ceiling prices and selling in legitimate channels of trade at or under legal ceilings.

What to Do About It

So we begin to see that lack of storage, resulting in decreased production, resulting in lack of support of producer prices—all have something to do with why there wasn't any meat at the grocer's this morning. Adequate storage space, increased production, and the renewed confidence of the producer are three vital factors right now. In summing up, the Committee to Investigate Food Shortages for the House of Representatives makes the following recommendations:

1. That steps be taken at once to give first priority to food production, and all possible measures be taken to increase production of food items now in short supply, with provisions for adequate manpower and machinery for the farm.

2. That the President immediately consider the problem of coordination of the entire food program—production, distribution, rationing, and pricing. (This they consider most urgent of all—since if coordination is not achieved in time, the black market will have cracked price control beyond repair.)

3. That fair margins be established in all production, processing, and distributing of meat, with special incentives for feeders of cattle to produce better and heavier beef.

4. That support prices on hogs be increased to $13.50 per hundred on drove weight — costing the public nothing, but giving confidence and encouragement to the producer.

5. That special inducements be given to poultry producers and the fishing industry.

6. That special inducements be given to sugar producers both in this country and its Territories.

7. That storage space be increased in measure with increased production.

8. That separate ration points be issued for meat only.

9. That rigid market controls be applied.

These are their findings and their suggestions—in a meat-pie.

Don't feel too desperate, you there making out your shopping list or poring over a wartime cookbook! Your situation isn't ignored. If you can't feed the family chops or steaks, or even find a pound of hamburger for a meat loaf—that's not only your problem, it's the problem of the people who run the country. And they're workin' on it, right this minute. Meanwhile, what can you do to help? Watch those ceiling prices . . . stay out of the clutches of the black market . . . concentrate on vegetables and vitamins! And the day will come again when one meat ball will be only a song—and not the family's meat rations for the week!

We Got Your Number!

Here is a mystifying trick. It will rip away the veils of time and tell you how old that guy *really* is; it will even give you the phone number of that fancy blonde baggage in the party. (To get the exchange you're on your own.) By the simple means of the following non-military strategy, you can find out anyone's age and telephone number. Here's how:

Have the victim jot down his telephone number. (You can't see what it is, see?) Then have him multiply it by 2. Then add 5. Multiply by 50. Add 365. Then have him add to this his age.

Now then. You get the total. And here's where the dirty work begins and you become the life of the party.

From the total you deduct 615. (No matter what the total is—you *always* deduct 615, get it?) In what's left from this deduction, point off two places from the right. These will give the person's age. The figures on the left will give the telephone number. Easy, isn't it?

Just for the helluvit, let's say the total is 11152. Deducting that 615, we get 10537. We point off two places from the right and get 105.37. This shows that the person's age is 37; the phone number 105.

See, it's no trick a'tall!

—*Harold Ziegler.*

"and Leaves a Lonely Place..."

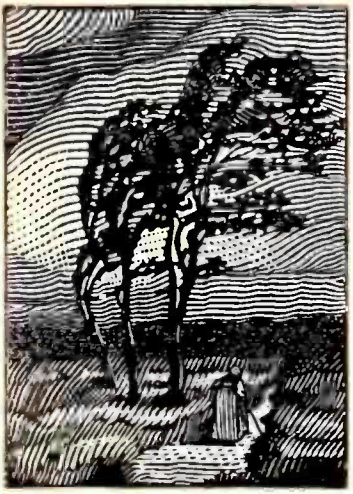
On the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay, Franklin Roosevelt learned the sea . . . and the likeness between the human and the ocean tides. Here is published the partial text of a broadcast made April 13, 1945, over the Mutual Network —

BY CEDRIC FOSTER

ON the Tauber River in Germany, where American casualties were dribbling back to a small Bavarian village, the president's death came through the loudspeakers of the BBC like a shock of a bullet. Howard Cowan reported that Captain K. E. Wilcox of Sioux City, Iowa, had just finished digging a piece of shrapnel from an American soldier's arm. He wiped the perspiration from his face and then slowly declared: "He will go down in history as one of the three greatest president . . . Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt."

Trite as the saying may be, there still is no way of avoiding the statement that it will be future historians who will the more accurately appraise the work of Franklin Roosevelt than those of contemporary nature. But it is given to us to have had the opportunity to have lived through the memorable career of this man. We may well ask the question, why was he taken at this time, without encroaching upon the divine prerogatives of the Almighty God and Saviour who rules the universe and the planet upon which we dwell for such a fleeting period. The answer to that is that the brain of the man was burned out. It was sacrificed in the toil and worry which beggar description; it was lost in the labor of years, in the responsibility which weighed so heavily upon it. This irrefutable fact is the one so many of us fail to comprehend. We do not understand it because the responsibility has never been ours. Yet no man to whom the world turns for any sort of leadership in critical times can doubt the truth of that statement. After twelve years of wrestling and grappling with problems which had never been faced by any man in the history of this land, and by few men in the history of any other—death struck him down at last.

As to the lasting quality of President Roosevelt's labors . . . let us turn today to the words of Gerald Johnson who said: "No more knowledge of American history than may be obtained from a good college textbook is enough to correct the false idea that the development of the democratic process has proceeded in an even flow. Every well informed man is aware that it has been characterized by oscillation between radicalism and reaction . . . between progress and



retrogression; we are perpetually moving forward to the New Freedom with some Wilson or back to normalcy with some Harding. This wave-like motion of history is too obvious to have escaped anyone's attention.

"Observation a little more careful, however, is required to disclose the fact that under this surface oscillation there is a second motion—also characterized by surges which suggest waves—but different from the first in that its upheavals are followed by relatively little ebbing. Much of Theodore Roosevelt's work was undone under Taft; much of Wilson's, under Harding; but the essential changes introduced under Jefferson have never been reversed, nor those introduced under Jackson or Lincoln. Each of these men was not merely an innovator in his own right, but each came to the presidency on the crest of a tremendous upsurge from the depths . . . a genuine wave of the future.

"The surface oscillation commonly absorbs the attention of politicians . . . in the first place because it is more frequent than the other and in the second place because it is powerful enough to smash administrations . . . perhaps even political parties. But the second movement . . . although less frequent and less obvious, is powerful enough to smash governments. It is frequently described as revolutionary, but it is a description that should be accepted with caution, for it does not develop explosive force until it encounters a rigid obstruction. The singular good fortune of the United States provided this nation—at the moment when each of the first three great upheavals swept into our history—with a leader . . . a national leader able and energetic enough to blast the rigid obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free. The result is that the United States has survived at least three crises, every one of which contained enough potentially explosive force to wreck any country. Perhaps one of the essential differences between a politician and a statesman is the ability of the statesman to distinguish between the movement of surface billows and that of the tide."

It seems to me today that these words of Gerald Johnson sum up Roosevelt, the leader. Certainly there is none who can deny that fact that Franklin Roosevelt came to the presidecency on the crest of a tremendous upsurge from the depths. Certainly, there is none who can deny that the situation which prevailed in the black days of March in the year 1933 con-

tained enough potentially explosive force to wreck any country. Certainly there is none who can deny that Franklin Roosevelt was sufficiently strong and powerful, sufficiently dynamic in his leadership to blast the rigid obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free.

Roosevelt knew the tide as no man knew it. He knew it from the days he spent on the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay as a young boy in the sail boat. As Gerald Johnson pointed out, "There is no finer water for sailing provided the sailor maintains a decent respect for the fundamental laws of seamanship. No water is worse for the man who doesn't. The prodigious tides makes currents and tide-rips dangerous. But they are not treacherous. They may be relied upon to act at a certain time in a certain manner. The man who knows his way about has no occasion to be caught in them. In the waters of Passamaquoddy, President Roosevelt learned that this world is subject to law. Kicking and screaming may browbeat a doting family but they have no effect upon a tide-rip; certain things must be done at certain times; revolt against the rules brings its own punishment, instantly and inexorably. Yet the young sailor discovers that if law is relentless justice is never denied. Forces infinitely greater than he is compel him to perform certain acts in a certain order and there is no escape from this compulsion. Yet if he understands the ways in which these forces move and governs himself accordingly, that same inexorable law becomes his protection. The sea is not capricious. It seems so to those who have never learned . . . to those who have misunderstood . . . or those who have forgotten its laws."

So it has been in the career of Franklin Delano Roosevelt . . . the man who is dead, but whose spirit will live eternally because he was able to realize that there is no real line of differentiation between the human tide and the rise and fall of the waters on this globe. None is infallible. Were he to be infallible he would not be human. The dead leader made his mistakes, as we all have done. But underneath it all, America may be eternally grateful to him for having the foresight to blast the obstructions out of the way and let the tide run free.

Now, under President Truman . . . in the words of Foch . . . "*a la bataille . . . tout le monde . . . a la bataille*" . . . to the battle, everyone, to the battle.

The *People* and the *War*

ARTHUR GAETH, *a Mutual Commentator, wandered for ten years through Europe . . . understands the reasons why the Anglo-American leaders may have trouble with the liberated countries. They fight for the same thing we fight for. But we had them once. They never did.*

ACROSS the nation the film, "Winged Victory," is drawing huge audiences. The film not only entertains, it relates the story of the air force. It re-enacts what is taking place in the lives and homes of millions of Americans, homes with boys going to war, leaving sweethearts, wives and families, parents and brothers and sisters. Americans hate war but they can wage it.

"Winged Victory" shows what these boys, their wives and sweethearts hope to realize from the war—not territory and world power, but the right to live decent lives with children, a home or farm of their own—those things for which the normal American yearns.

Our Congress realizes that when 11,000,000 men and women return from war they will want jobs; they will want a normal life. That is at the head of the list of reasons why they are fighting. Unless they realize that, this war will have been in vain.

If you were to transplant yourselves to Europe—to that Europe so remote and so controversial to the average American (a Europe through which I wandered for ten years) you would find the average European wanting much the same things, except possibly on a smaller scale—peace, a government that thinks of the people, their needs and desires—security, social insurance, the right to own land, to have an apartment, to find a job. Basically, in their desires, those Europeans are not much different from our Americans. Yet, they have had a different past. The average Greek, Jugoslav, Pole, Italian, has lacked the opportunities which have been ours.

Recently one of my listeners on the Pacific Coast wrote me: "Why do we and the British find ourselves in hot water with the people we liberate and as far as we can learn, the Russians do not have this difficulty. It looks to me as though our governments are afraid of the common people and the Russians are not." There is sense in that observation.

We have had our troubles in North Africa, Italy, Greece, Jugoslavia, Poland, Belgium, and other countries. To begin with, in each case, Anglo-American leaders supported the so-called "legitimate" governments, those which were in existence when the change came. Our governments be-

gan where they thought law and order had last existed. They were prepared to go back, even in the case of Italy, to institutions which had existed before.

In each case, there were millions of people who were not. In fact, there were movements which fought the Axis, not only to defeat Germans and Italians but also to gain a life very much different from that which existed before. There is the case of the Jugoslavs. They fought Italians and Germans and they fought among themselves. One of the factions, that of Michailovic, fought for the Serb king against the Partisans. To millions of Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians, and Montenegrins, the Serbs had been dictators in control; non-Serbs were second-class people.

There is the case of the Greeks. The pre-war government of Metaxas and King George was fascist; it came to power by suppressing all the democratic groups.

Constantine Poulos, American correspondent, gives us some Greek background when he tells of his visits to Kaiseriani, the great workers' section of Athens.

He writes: "My first visit was on Thursday night, October 12. The Germans had not completely withdrawn from the city, but the last of them were to leave the next day. The Kaiseriani was celebrating. Bright bonfires blazed on the main street and in the neighboring squares . . . Around the fires the young people were dancing Greek folk dances. The old people sat around chatting gaily. On the steps of their church, a good-sized group of older young people were singing folk ballads. They invited me to sit with them, and they sang to me . . .

"We talked of the Germans. A hundred voices proudly told me that the Germans had called the Kaiseriani the "Stalingrad" of Greece. The greatest strength of the Athens underground resistance movement was concentrated here. Acts of sabotage against the occupation forces were planned from here, and the individuals who carried them out came mainly from the ranks of the Kaiseriani workers."

Poulos tells how he reviewed 2,000 stalwart young men of the Kaiseriani after the Germans had gone. Those were the workers' sons of the Greeks of Asia Minor, who had come to Greece as destitute refugees in 1922.

"We are the children of those people who were pushed around and exchanged like cattle by the great men of the world 22 years ago," a young commander of the Kaiseriani brigade announced. "We grew up in a bleak world of poverty, misery, and fascism. We fought that fascism, both domestic and foreign. Now we are free from foreign fascism, and for that freedom we paid dearly. But we know that the fight against domestic fascism, which wants to keep us in poverty and misery, is not over."

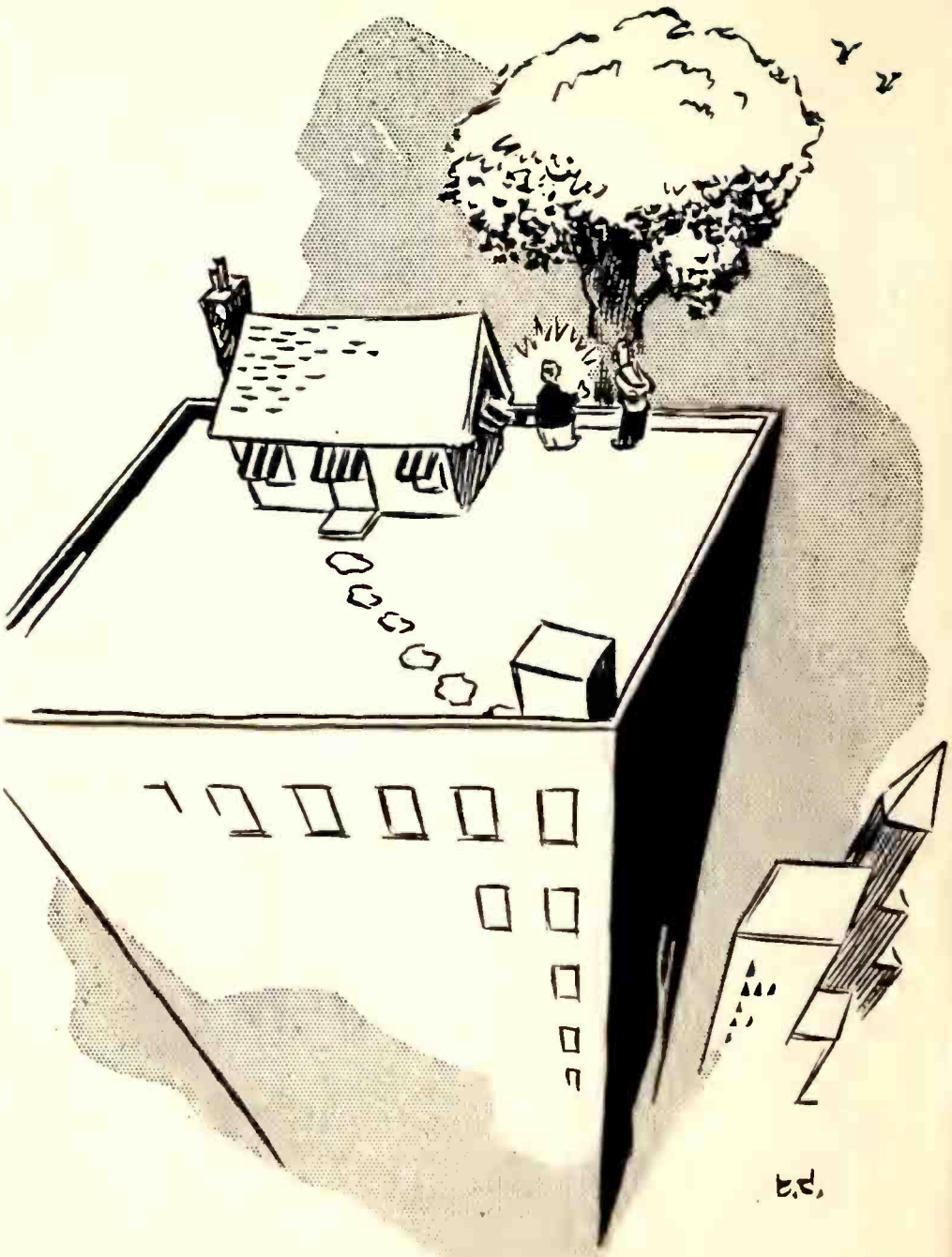
Today the people of Kaiseriani are sullen and bitter. Their houses have been levelled. Foreigners came in and

subdued them. They do not know yet how much voice they will have in their government; before the war they had none.

If you find Italians opposing the House of Savoy, Jugoslavs supporting Tito as against King Peter; if you find Poles forming a Liberation Committee against the Government in Exile; if you find the great mass of the people in Europe do not want to return to their rulers of the past, then you need to remember that the history of the past is bleak for many of the people of Europe. They do not want that past chained upon them again. And they will turn for aid to those who are opposed to that past.

The Russians also are opposed to the past. They want a new Europe and as they overrun it from the east, it is quite apparent why the larger resistance movements and even the DeGaulle French Government will team up with them. If the British and Americans oppose those movements and attempt to keep them out of power wherever they can, they will indirectly bring support to the more radical elements willing to stage a revolution, which in the end may produce a Europe even more "leftist" than the one that would result if the people were allowed to choose.

It is easy to say: "But we will permit them to choose when the struggle is over." By then, the House of Savoy or any returning pre-war government may have military divisions sworn to it; it may have the persuasive aid of food which it can distribute; it will be able to institute controls or organize plebiscites in a manner which it cannot do now. In the reaction, which can set in after the war, much will be in favor of those who still claim the legitimate right to rule. The people in the resistance movements are afraid of that; they do not want the past to regain a hold on the present. Thus they resist while they can; later they will be too weak. If Europe returns to its kings, its political parties of the past, it will also return to its strife and popular suppression and there will be no new Europe; there will be only another war.



"Beautiful tree, isn't it? But I've never had the nerve to look over and see where it springs from."

PARROTS

by GEORGE F. MaGILL

"Oh, excuse me. I thought you was a bird!"

They say the boys returning from service in the far corners of the earth are bringing home some exotic ideas such as wearing one earring pirate style and carrying strange mascots . . . like parrots. Well, just in case the service man in your life should imbibe too freely of fermented cocoanut juice and come home with a parrot perched on his wrist, we shall set down a few helpful observations out of our experience with Carlos. Yes, we had a parrot.

Which brings up the one about the sailor who followed the parrot into the jungle. The polly flew into a tree. The sailor climbed up after it. The parrot edged out on a limb and the sailor reached for him. "Stop," screamed the parrot. "Don't you dare touch me." "Oh, excuse me," said the sailor, "I thought you was a bird."

We thought Carlos was a bird, too, but after living with him awhile we became convinced that he was the reincarnated spirit of a departed traffic cop or a baseball umpire.

Carlos came to us as a gift. A friend had two of them shipped up from Mexico—one for himself, one for us. They arrived in the same crate and had obviously been about as congenial as a marine and a sailor trying to sleep in the same hammock. My friend's parrot proved to be blind in one eye, doubtless the result of one of their battles enroute, and Carlos had no tail. It had really been plucked out by the roots. In five years he never added a feather to it!

Carlos was a Panama Black Tongue, supposed to be one of the best talkers. He (or she, we were never sure) soon learned to say "Hello," which is basic parrot English. He had one other conversational bon mot which sounded like, "Bring it over." Occasionally he would slur the two together into "Hellover." We spent endless hours trying to increase his vocabulary further. No soap!

We had just about given up teaching Carlos to speak fluently when we received a very promising piece of advice from Mexico City. A guide, named Jose whom my friend had met in that land of romance, suggested this classic method:

> "Refferent about the Parrot, you can tell to your friend, he can use a regular alcohol or wiskey or brandy on the head, behind the ears the winds under to make dronk the Parrot, and after when he be sure the Parrot is full dronk he can start to talk slowly and clear a two or three frases repeting for a while, and if Parrot is of a good race,

(Black tongue, yellow feathers on the head and red colour feathers on the beginning of the winds) he will be sure the Parrot will repeat the next day, when he is so over; No question about; I have a good experience unfortunately in this monkey business."

It sounded quite authentic and one evening when the girls and their mother were away, I lugged home a pint of Old Taylor and Carlos and I proceeded with Jose's method. Carlos couldn't carry his liquor worth a damn and was soon tottering about the floor in an excellent imitation of W. C. Fields doing his pool table act without the pool table. I had selected the one phrase which I thought would do him the most good through life—"When do we eat." I repeated it to him over and over. "When do we eat, When do we eat, When do we eat"—occasionally feeding him another wee drop of Old Taylor to encourage him.

From that point my memory seems a bit hazy. I must have given up and put Carlos in his cage eventually and covered him for the night, because I certainly found him there the next morning, although why I wrapped one of my socks around his neck will always remain a mystery.

When I uncovered Carlos in the morning he looked about as rocky as I felt. "Bring it over," he chirped feebly, so I made us both some hot coffee. Oh, yes, he drank coffee at every meal!

For weeks I lived in terror that Carlos might repeat other things we may have discussed while we were enveloped in our alcoholic fog. But, he was a gentleman (or a perfect lady). He never said a word about the episode and neither have I up to this time.

Reflections Following a More or Less Recent Radio Flash

"Miss Temple to be wed in two years!"
And the war might end in five.
It's one p.m. in Kansas City.
Gracious, are we not truly fortunate to be alive?

—our friend, Meme la Moto.

Strictly *Cricket*

An American overseas looks at the British national sport—and finds it "confoozing," to say the least!

by S/SGT. KARL L. PETERSON

WHEN Great Britain was packed with American troops for the European invasion, Sunday afternoon strollers in London's Hyde Park used to gaze in puzzled awe at Yank troops playing baseball. But those Britains who at first heartily applauded pop flies in the belief they were home runs can now laugh in turn, as we did then. at the American approach to cricket. G.I.'s in England, Australia and India are encountering the gentlemanly sport, and finding it "confoozing" to say the least.

Abner Doubleday's invention of baseball in 1839 is like yesterday afternoon compared to cricket, whose disputed origins are lost in antiquity. Certain it is that King Edward IV, a sort of 15th Century LaGuardia, banned the game in 1477 because there was too much betting on the outcome of matches, although history does not tell of any heavily-subsidized Oxford or Cambridge athletes creating a big cricket scandal by selling out to the bookies.

The staid Marylebone Cricket Club, ruling body of the game, has been collecting membership dues for a little matter of 200 years, in which time cricket has gained a code of ethics, manners, messy traditions and old ivy.

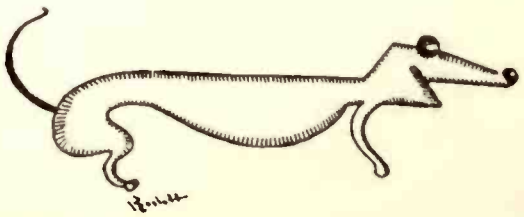
A cricket field (pitch) must be at least 450 feet square, and play proceeds in all directions from the two wickets placed in the center and 66 feet apart. These wickets consist of three knee-high wooden stumps, each about an inch thick, with a small block (bails) laid across the top ends. The pitcher (bowler) runs up to one wicket and stiff-arms the ball overhead towards the base of the other wicket, where the batsman attempts to hit it on the bounce. The bowler's object is to knock the block off (the wicket's, that is), to accomplish which he may hurl fast ones, slow ones which break right or left after hitting the turf, or a super-blooper called the "googly." Use of resin on the ball or hands is viewed with alarm in purer cricket circles, and as for a spit ball—well, really, old boy!

The batsman swipes viciously at the apple with his flat, wide-bladed bat, which looks like a laundry-paddle, and since there is no foul territory in cricket, the artist at flipping them off to his right and to the rear is considered a very sharp operator indeed. Fielders, under such glamorous designations as the "square leg," "silly mid on," and "short slip," are scattered all about, playing bare-handed. Since stopping a hard-driven cricket

ball with the meat hand is roughly equivalent to fielding hot rivets without a bucket, the game is only for daredevils and he-men.

Now here's the rub (as an early Danish player remarked): the batsman doesn't have to run out a hit unless he's pretty doggone sure of making it safely to the other wicket, while his batting partner runs the other way, exchanging places with him. A pair of conservative old codgers can stand up there all day, punching out safe one-run grounders. They can be retired only if they hit a fly ball which is caught, or if the bowler gets one past them and clips off the bails, or if they are thrown out by a fielder, who tosses the old agate to the wicket-keeper, cricket's well-padded "catcher," who then swipes off the bails with his mitted fist before the batsman arrives safely at destination.

There is also some very technical business about the batsman blocking the wicket with his leg, a foul glibly referred to as "l.b.w.," rendering him liable to being thumbed "out" by the umpire. Plus a ruling that an eager beaver who steps out of the batter's box (crease) to swing at a cripple, and then misses, may be put out by the wicketkeeper's catching the ball and flicking ye olde bails away before the slugger gets back in the crease, or groove, as Americans would say. But all this is much too complex to worry about.



Murderers' row in cricket is composed of the "four" and "six" hitters, who get four runs for belting one beyond the field boundaries on the ground and six on the fly. Such swinging for the fences, however, heightens the risk of being bowled or popping up to the infield, and puts a premium on conservatism—possibly a clue to the British character.

Ergo, it is not uncommon for a lad with a sharp eye to "hit up" a hundred runs in one batting session, said performance being called a "century," which is just how long it seems to the spectators. With whatever little action there is proceeding in the middle of the large pitch, the grandstands cannot be closer than 75 yards distant, so the avid cricket fan gets a rough shuffle. This may be why the crowds are so restrained, indulging in desultory applause and drinking innumerable cups of tea in the shade of the pavilion. A good guess is that many cricket-watchers get the fine points of a match only by conning the newspaper over breakfast next morning.

Australian Don Bradman, modern cricket's most prolific scorer, rang the bell for 452 runs at one clip in a 1930 match played in Queensland, probably leaving the scorekeeper with a hand permanently deformed from writer's cramp. John B. Hobbs, at mention of whom English cricket fans stand to attention, legged up a snappy 61,221 runs in his 29-year career. By

these standards, Ty Cobb was just a bush-leaguer.

To rest the long-suffering bowler and relieve the monotony, a new bowler takes over after six good balls have been bowled, tossing them from the opposite wicket, while the relieved bowler replaces him in the field. After another "over" of six balls the first man resumes. Popular strategy (with the players, not the spectators) consists of putting your short, safe hitters up first. These "blockers" tire the bowler after a few hours, leaving him at the mercy of the cleanup sluggers farther down the batting order. Bowlers must train religiously, therefore, to stay in the pink. Maurice Tate, famous English expert, swears by a "10-mile hike over the Sussex Downs followed by a pint of beer with a crust of bread and cheese." Well, every man to his own system.

Two umpires, looking like dignified butchers in their long, white cloth coats, perform the necessary adjudication. A far halloo from the maligned and badgered baseball umpire, these haughty gents are so aloof from the game that by custom they render no decisions until asked. Thus a legal eagle wicketkeeper, thinking he detects the batsman in the foul practice of "leg before wicket" shouts "How's that?" at his nibs (in cricketese, the phrase is rendered "Huzzat!") whereupon the arbiter so questioned calls the turn.

In a championship match, each team bats twice around, batters performing in pairs with each man staying in until he is retired. Thus one sticker may well outlast several partners, and occasionally one of the first two men at the wicket is still in there swinging at the finish, being credited as "not out" in the score after his ten mates have succumbed. A match may last six days, with "stumps drawn" each evening and daytime breaks for luncheon and tea. Obviously, even the most rabid cricket devotee must ration his enthusiasm over the period, hence one reason for the mannerliness of the onlookers. Likewise, picture the feelings of an unfortunate batsman who tries fence-busting and flies out on the first pitch, reflecting that he likely won't get to bat again for three days.

Blue-chip classic of cricket is the England-Australia Test Match series. This was discontinued during the current unpleasantness, but in peacetime it frequently became the subject of major international concern. Of 143 Test matches played, England has won 55, Australia 57, with 31 contests tied (drawn). Drawn matches occur where a time limit, three days in Test matches, runs out before both sides have finished batting. Aussies have a big advantage when playing on the hard ground of their home fields, in the hot, dry climate of Australia, whereas the English like the going at home where rain and humidity in the air makes for a springy turf and a slow-sailing ball. Die-hard English cricketers will confide to you, "Y'know, the Australians don't really play *cricket*, if you know what I mean," to which you nod sagely, having not the faintest notion what they

do mean. Nor could they explain in detail if asked, although the general idea seems to be that the forthright Aussies play the game strictly for blood, their terrific fire-ball bowlers displaying a most ungentlemanly preoccupation with winning. And their own freely-given opinion of English cricketers is not for the U. S. mails.

The great imponderable of cricket is the tradition that one must "play the game," displaying at all times good breeding and form, which is to the British a way of life as well as a sporting mean. Thus, for example, when a jittery fielder muffs an easy catch at a crucial time, the bowler must not scream, "You thick-witted dolt!" and slam the ball on the ground in a fit of pique. Rather he returns stoutly to the task, with grim expression and stiff upper lip. Similarly, a denizen of Brooklyn, lost in a cricket pavilion, who might brashly shout, "T'row d' big bum out!" at some hapless player, would experience the greatest chill since the continental glacier receded. Though an American may find cricket incomprehensible, yea, even dull, beside his beloved baseball, he should try to appreciate the game from the British viewpoint. Just try explaining the niceties of the infield fly rule to a Briton sometime, or selling him on a sport where the teams only score a picayune four or five runs a game. That's not cricket.

Local Boy

By JETTA CARLETON

HE'S blonde and lean and has that wonderfully scrubbed look of little boys on Sunday, and the whitest teeth you ever saw. In the *Calcutta Statesman* they wrote of him last fall: "To rediscover India in Sergeant Peterson's lively company is a tonic for frayed nerves and the ennui that comes with years of staying put in the old peace-time job . . . it's the Sarge's gift of seeing the funny side of things, and sharing it, that makes him such excellent company."

"The Sarge" is S/Sgt. Karl L. Peterson of Kansas City, New Delhi, and points Far East. He used to play baseball and swim and go to school in Kansas City. Now he's holding his own pale hands beside the Shalimar. Technically, he was a feature writer for one of the better publications to come out of this war—the *CBI Roundup*, published by and for the China, Burma, India Headquarters of the United States Army Forces. And as a roving reporter, Karl does get around.

He got around to our office, along in December. We put him through a mild third degree and learned a lot of things that a lot of Kansas City people knew long before us. Such as: Karl went to Southwest High School and then to the Junior College when it was located downtown in that dark old building that looks dingy as a third-hand textbook. From there he went out to the University of Kansas City and graduated in 1940. He majored in history and political science. Which sounds awfully stuffy and impressive for a person who can turn right around and write of his sojourn in Kashmir: "You'll return to hear friends say enviously, 'My, how brown and dissipated-looking you are!' "

But that's our Sarge for you! He's that rare combination of good student and cute kid. (And we *don't* mean cute kid in the sense of a child actor.) He was sports editor of the University News, also, and besides dashing about baseball diamonds and basketball courts ("blond flash" they called him in those days!) he was one of the better swimmers at the Athletic Club. In fact, he'd just come from there when he dropped in for a chat with the editorial us.

We asked him about India. He told us, "It just smells bad." (Shalimar by any other name would raise as much of a stench—and we don't mean that stuff put out by Guerlain.) Calcutta and New Delhi are the best stations. Especially New Delhi, which is a planned city, very beautiful, and the cleanest.. But even there, there are drawbacks. Ice is available, but there's not much of it; light bulbs are $1.80 apicce. And all over that contradictory country you'll see such sights as streamlined locomotives and water buffaloes—all in the same glance. We were interested in the Sarge's comments on young India's passion for schoolin'. He tells us they watch the papers for the published examination grades as avidly as we'd watch for football scores. That's *young* India, though, he reminds us . . . the rest of them spend their time trying to get enough rice.

The most knocked-out piece of Baedeker this side of *The New Yorker* is Sgt. Peterson's account of his visit to Kashmir. (Aforequoted several times in this same article.) It appeared last October in the *CBI Roundup*, and we can't resist passing along a few choice bits:

> "After two nights of shivering insomnia in the low mountain temperatures, you transfer to a houseboat on a conveniently located lake just two hours boat-ride from town.
>
> "Here, with five rooms, four servants, a sun deck and a well fitted little cook boat riding out back you can fairly take it on the plush. Just relax in your easy chair, gaze out at the lakes and mountains, and holler at the bearer for tea.
>
> "Houseboat bathrooms feature running water, but it's the *bhisti*, or water bearer, who comes running, with the stuff in a pail. Bathing in the narrow confines of a tin 'Grandma' tub in two inches of tepid water is a neat trick; the secret is not to try to immerse yourself by contortions. A friend of ours, thus engaged, got over on the back of his neck once and would have drowned but for the timely arrival of a sweeper who had come to haul another load away."

He has a lot to say, too, about the boatmen who operate in more ways than one on the Kashmir lakes. Their craft have flowery names and inevitable commercials: "Garden of Heaven—best spring seats," for example. And Kashmir's wool weavers and walnut carvers do business under monickers just as startling: "Suffering Moses," or "Cheerful Chippendale."

> "Curio buyers are advised by the local Provost Marshal to make no deposit-down-on-future-delivery deals, as some optimists in the past who thought

they were getting woolens got fleeced instead."

Ah, that's our boy! And we also liked his account of horse racing in India. ("The horse's sire is listed properly, but the book doesn't give a dam.")

Sgt. Peterson has been in the Air Corps almost four years; has been overseas most of that time. He was bombed at Asaam; served for a time in "Operations." As a feature writer for the *CBI Roundup* he's well on his way to becoming one of the brighter journalistic products of the war. His approach is fresh and affirmative. And we're thinking he'll be just as good, back home in the middle-west. Kansas City certainly won't want to be giving Karl Peterson back to the Indians.

Nostalgia — Past, Present, Future

BY ODELL TRENGOVE

GLIMMERS of the postwar world inspire readers with awe. Helicopters, glass houses, robot housemaids—you know the advertising patter! As soon as the war is over and the boys come plowing home to man the converted factory throttles—oh boy!

So say the inventors, the manufacturers. We're going to have a field day, we ladies. For housewives, no little nagging tasks to do. Turn a button, flick a switch. Dinner—raw five minutes earlier—all done, and the gravy made.

Friend husband gets in his little buzz-baby, toots up into the air-lane to play 18 holes of golf 300 miles away. Zips back in time for the evening radio programs at home, television, of course, in his own projection room, channeled from NBC.* That will be home life, 1955, say the experts. Fanfare and a few salvos!

Junior will no longer be going to school with books or homework under arm. Visual aids instead of texts for our small fry—moving pitchers from 9 till 2, where they learn little things—like how to plant a cucumber and dissect frogs. They'll simply gaze, then imitate in practice laboratories. Predictions, a bit alarming, indicate there'll not even be penmanship lessons, no chalk talks on how to print. The kids will start strictly from the typewriter (touch system) down there in primary grades. And do sums on adding machines, divide with calculators.

Pardon me, madam. Did you say you like the old days, when it took four good hours to roast a turkey, so that the flavor dripped slowly through the dressing until the family swooned at the first taste?

You mean you didn't mind when Dad paddled off in the family Chivvy, two miles to the country club, and sat happily in BVD's at the 19th hole dressing room with the teammates and a bottle of Scotch until long after dark?

You actually liked ambling off with the kids to the neighborhood movie, bearing bags of hot popcorn and molasses kisses to chew?

You rather enjoyed Monday mornings, with Junior doing a last-minute batch of fractions during the oatmeal (15 minute variety) on the "reminder-for-groceries" slate beside the kitchen refrigerator?

Go ahead, men of vision. Streamline the home. Streamline the school. Streamline the whole countryside. But for the luvva little apples, leave my family life alone! It's sort of fun, the way we have it now.

*And MUTUAL, *don't forget!*

"What Was that *Name* You Called Me?"

When you sling mud, know what you're slinging, or words to that effect—by KWK's news commentator, who does a bit of defining of words like "communist" and "fascist."

By RAY E. DADY

THE word "communism" is one we are likely to hear more and more in the days to come. Whether we like it or not whole European areas, notably in the Balkans, are going to fall within the Russian sphere of influence. This means the system of government which will be devised to shape the lives of the people, will be along communistic lines. So the term "communism," which used to be confined largely to conversation among readers of the New Masses, is now becoming a world term and is finding its way into the vocabulary of both statesmen and sand-hogs. Whenever the entire population of a democratic country gets on speaking terms with any word, there should be some idea of what it means.

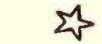
However, I find the word "communism" being loosely used by employers to designate any guy who works overtime at time and a half, any bloke who believes in the principle of collective bargaining, any lost soul who belongs to a credit union or buys his groceries from a co-operative store. The same word is used to put in his proper place any idealistic loafer who believes a certain amount of regulation in business is in the interest of the commonweal, or any itchy-palmed tub-thumper who believes the TVA and the other proposed valley authorities have a place in protecting and preserving our economy and our recources. To use the word "communism" or "communist" in any such loose fashion is little short of libelous against the millions of good Americans who believe the TVA, collective bargaining, a great mass of so-called social legislation, yes, and even the New Deal—are all good instruments in the creation of a sound and democratic way of life.

Now let's flip the coin over and see what's on the other side. There we find another nasty word—"fascism." That term has been bandied about and kicked across the field so often that not even the boys of the original beer cellar putsch would recognize their own creation. The words "fascist" and "fascism" are subject to the same careless and many times vicious misuse as their antonymns of "communism" and "communistic." The starry-eyed idealists,

the irresponsible trade unionists, the pink-to-red editorial writers of national journals and daily newspapers who carry Guild cards in their hip pockets, have been throwing the term "fascist" around in a most ungentlemanly and unprovoked manner. Any arch-backed employer who feels that he has a certain property right in his own investments, any sparkless and literal man who sputters with impotency over administrative ukases that try to mask social reform procedures behind the cloak of a national emergency, any person who fails to subscribe to a governmental philosophy which lies "a little left of center," is likely to be dubbed a fascist and a black-hearted reactionary with a mental pattern cut along the same lines as the shirt worn by William Dudley Pelley.

This name-calling back and forth is a shoddy spectacle for Americans to be putting on before an audience of world spectators. It happens that the fertile soil of our country is capable of producing an infinite variety of crops. Two men—reared in the atmosphere of democracy, both exposed to the same traditions of freedom, both loving their country and its people—may develop strangely different attitudes on political and economic issues. It may seem that their ideas are irreconcilable, but if they are good Americans, they show one mark in common. They have been innoculated with the protective vaccine of tolerance. They believe in the rule of the majority but they will fight at the drop of a hat to protect the rights of a minority.

So to these people who have been using the words "communism" and "fascism" without thought to their proper meaning, it is suggested that they refer to their glossary of faulty diction. Both words have ugly connotations and very seldom do they mean what their users think they do. On the rare occasions when the words can be properly employed to describe a person in this country, they should be taken as an insult. Any American who finds himself on the receiving end of such a remark will snarl: "Smile when you say that, Mister." He will be angered by it because he knows there's something wrong with the blood stream of any American who is either fascist or communist, the innoculation of democracy didn't take.



Juvenile Delinquency

Louis E. Perkins, 2 years old, who was found lying in a first-floor doorway at 1025 Cherry street, suffering from head injuries early yesterday told police in a signed statement last night that while drinking in a tavern near Twelfth street and Troost avenue Wednesday night he had met a young couple whom he accompanied to an apartment. He said he had a drink, then remembered nothing until he came to in jail yesterday.

The youth gave his address as 1333½ McGee street, and his occupation as a cab driver.

—from the *Kansas City Star*.

How young was that young couple, did you say?

The KREMLIN

Really, now, do you know what it is? Quick, before the Palace of the Soviets grows up to its intended 1,364 feet—better learn about Russia's present governmental home, as described

by JAMES N. MOSEL

TWO Russian soldiers, just returned from the United States as part of a military mission, were challenged by a sentry who saw them wandering aimlessly amid the looming edifices of Moscow's Kremlin.

"In America," one of them explained, "very few people know exactly what the Kremlin is. We'd never been in Moscow ourselves, and we became curious, too. Decided when we returned home, we would come and see the place at first hand."

Typical of the Russian conscientious pursuance of information, this little incident is also indicative of what the average American knows about the Kremlin. Most of us are vaguely aware that the Kremlin is the home of the Russian Government, and as such corresponds to London's Whitehall and Washington's Capitol Hill. But to any Muscovite, mention of the word Kremlin calls up a much more vivid picture than this.

The first thing an observer learns is that the Kremlin is the inner fortress of Moscow. In fact, the word Kremlin itself was originally used to designate that central part of any early Russian city which was surrounded by strong walls and embattlements; sometimes there were even embankments and moats. Being in reality fortresses, these enclosures were usually located on an elevation dominating the surrounding terrain.

In present day usage, however, the term Kremlin refers exclusively to the inner fortress of Moscow. Here, within bizarre and steepled walls dating back to medieval times, are the residences of the former court officials, as well as the most important offices of the Soviet Union. Here, spread out along its single street, renamed "Communist Street," are the lofty, green pleasure Palace of the old Czars; the Arsenal; a museum containing the more important treasures of tapestry, enamel, jewelled and silver work of the Russian Church; and the Kremlin Palace—a building of white stone with a gilded cupola where the various Soviet Congresses are held.

In pre-Soviet times, the Kremlin contained the imperial palace, the

cathedral in which the Czars were crowned, and many important garrisons and arsenals. During the 1917 Revolution, the arsenal of the Kremlin was held against the Bolsheviks, but the steady bombardment damaged many sections; this damage has now been repaired as far as possible.

Within the walls of the Kremlin are the private apartments of Marshal Stalin. The long white corridor leading to his chambers is vaulted by indirect lighting, and punctuated at frequent intervals by colorfully uniformed guards—not one lower in rank than a major. Marshal Stalin himself —officed behind huge double doors to prevent eavesdropping—works at a massive desk in one corner of a long, rectangular room. The chamber is replete with highly polished mahogany furniture, which for the most part centers around a capacious conference table.

When viewed externally, the Kremlin appears to be a city in itself, surrounded by high, pyramidal walls of pale pink brick; it is surmounted by battlements, pierced by five gates. One gate, dating back to 1490, marks the spot where the first settlement arose on Kremlin Hill. Another gate, built in 1498, destroyed by Catherine the Great, and later rebuilt, has a secret passage connecting it with the nearby Moskav River. The main entrance to the Kremlin today is the Spasskiye Vorota Gate which opens onto Red Square. In 1625 an Englishman erected the famous chimes in the tower above this gate, from which the "International" was pealed at noon and 6 o'clock in the evening. The "Russian Revolutionary Funeral March" was also played, at 3 and 9 p.m.

These gates, with their drawbridges, made the Kremlin an island fortress when the alarm tower gave warnings of the approach of an enemy. By the 17th century, when the danger of barbarian aggressors had become less imminent, the Kremlin lost its importance as a fortress, and in the following two centuries the structure fell into disrepair with the accompanying loss of many monuments of medieval Russian architecture. But today, the Kremlin has emerged from its long and varied history—not only as the center of Moscow, but what is even more significant, as the heart of the vast nation that is modern Russia.

•

A BOY GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Not long ago a letter arrived at the home of Mrs. Roventini, the mother of Johnnie, the famous radio "Call' boy. It was a request from the United States Coast Guard Auxiliary that Johnnie appear immediately for an interview at the Brooklyn office.

Who would want a little boy like Johnnie in the service, thought Mrs. Roventini. As Johnnie was busy at the studios that day, she called a good friend, Frank Higgins, who rushed over and assured her that everything would turn out all right.

When Johnnie and Higgins appeared at the Coast Guard office, the recruiting officer sized up Higgins with a view toward immediate service.

"You're just the man we want to see," the officer said. "You have a Richardson Motor Boat about 32 feet long which we could use in the auxiliary, haven't you?"

Johnnie didn't say a word. He just stood there laughing to himself. His 48 inches of masculinity didn't make much of an impression on the R. O.

"I'm not the man you want," remarked Higgins.

"Aren't you John Roventini?"

"That's me!" spoke up the famous radio voice in familiar Brooklynese.

The officer suddenly recognized him.

"I'm afraid you're just a wee bit too small for the auxiliary," he said. "Where's your page-boy suit, Johnnie?"

Johnnie opened his top-coat and there was his red-coat with the 48 shiny brass buttons!

A few days later Johnnie's draft card arrived from his local board. "1/2-A" it stated—the only classification of its kind in the country.

—*Malcolm Hyatt.*

DEFINITIONS

A barracks is a pin-up gallery overlooking a crap game.

●

Stagedoor canteen: A place where they let you inspect the merchandise but they won't let you take it out.

—from *Prints of Paris.*

●

Experience is what you find when you're looking for something else.

●

Prime Minister: A preacher at his best.

●

A tommyhawk is what if you go to sleep suddenly and wake up without hair there is an Indian with.

—from *Prints of Paris.*

"Clean It Up, Kids... *Such Langwidge!*"

"I often wonder why'n'ell
They have to say 'materiel'."
—*from* Songs of a Duck-Billed Platypus.

by CHARLES HOGAN

SOME particularly erratic and uncalled-for behavior on the part of the gods of war resulted in the explosion, right under our very noses, of a couple of panzer divisions of assorted military experts. All of them have the inside track on the whole business and are just about as reliable as those slithery guys who trickle up to you with a sure-fire long shot in the sixth.

These sunporch Napoleons must number at least into the millions—but smart! Why, compared to them Hitler and Himmler were just a couple of rookies wondering if they'd ever get off the bench and up to bat before they were farmed out for another season with the Baden-Baden Boosters.

These boys who peddle their wares under such snazzy designations as "military commentators," "war commentators," "all-around commentators" or just plain, unsullied "commentators" have got the whole military picture locked up and tucked in for the night.

The fact that they can't agree much better than a bunch of sports writers on the eve of a prize fight merely adds zest to their efforts.

But there is one point on which the whole brigade sees eye-to-eye. That is good old Gallic "materiel," which keeps rearing its ugly head every time one of these wizards gets near last week's map and typewriter.

For some bewildering reason the wizards love that word and cherish it, and fondle it, and work on a 72-hour week with no time off for overtime. Every time they want to tell you that an army loses its pants in a battle they report: "The enemy forces fell back to new positions with what was admitted a considerable loss in materiel. This means—" And so on.

Of course, ordinary gutter-grubs who are merely worrying about whether or not the United States should break off diplomatic relations with the Eskimos can figure out that the gents mean "material." If we can't dope it out we can always get that freshman from next door who is studying first-year French in M'sieur O'Rourke's class to come over and translate it for us.

But why should we fritter away all that talent on one measly French word? Why don't these guys either write in English from beginning to

end or else dish up the whole war to us in exotic tongues?

For instance, wouldn't it make your palpitating old ticker flutter some day to pick up the paper and read: *a la Guerre comme a la guerre.*

Why, it would give the old pump, which isn't just what it used to be anyway, an upheaval of joy!

Translated by the young droop next door this would inform you ("and I quote")—"in war as in war," or, for the matter of that, "a rose is a rose is a rose is a rose." How should one know?

Another nifty which any commentator who amounts to a hoot could profitably heist from the French someday is that old military axiom: *le veritable Amphytriion est l'Amphytrion ou l'on dine.* There now, clean it up and you've got something there!

As nearly as the kid next door has been able to figure out, that wheeze means ("and I quote!")—"The true Amphytrion is the Amphytrion where one dines." Meaning darned near anything under the sun, but you can bet your last sou (a French word meaning "your last sou") that it's wacky.

The particularly irritating thing about these commentators is that they've been batting and manhandling that word "materiel" all over Europe and totally ignoring its possibilities on the domestic market. Just look what they could do with it on the Camp Knox front!

Take a commentator from one to 10 (take them all and "materiel" with 'em and see if I care!) and send him packing off to the training camps. He ought to get something perfectly dandy when Sergeant O'Shaughnessy of the so-called "Red" army reports to his captain on the results of recent field maneuvers with the "Blue" army in the pidgin English which these wizards seem to go for in such a big way.

"Bon jour, mon capitaine—we have met the inimy and whipped the diable out of 'im! As usual, I landed a coupe de maitre" (French for 'master stroke') "on a damn Badli (Hindu for 'substitute') "shoutin' the while, 'hodie mihi, cras tibi' (Latin for 'today for me, tomorrow for thee')."

Then, carried away on a moonbeam of whimsy, Sergeant O'Shaughnessy continues: "An' I might be addin' too, that the damned inimy lost much materiel. Voila!" (French for 'there it is!' or 'Here you are!') You pay your money, and you take your choice, folks.

But the sergeant, faithful chronicler that he is, dishes up the bitter with the sweet and adds: "However, in order that mon capitaine may be *au courant*" (French for 'fully acquainted with') "it galls me to say that in the midst of the battle I felt a surge of *Heimweh*" (German for 'homesickness') "and before I knew it damned if I hadn't lost much materiel—namely one *Geta* (Japanese for 'shoe'), "and my *Brunch* (Woman's Home Companion for 'a little too late for breakfast and a bit too early for lunch')."

That's the idea, folks—and come in, you old Commentator, you!

"Do You *Heah* Me?"

Being a Pretty Ponderous Pandect on the Southland's Secession from the American Language

by "MOUSE" STRAIGHT

My maiden exposure to "talkin' Suthahn" was the diction of a New Girl on the Campus back in college days. For a week or two, the slick chick cut quite a figure (particularly since she *had* quite a one). Then her green-eyed sisters trimmed her down to size . . . "Yeah, she's from the South, all right," they confided with all the reluctance of a housewife buying a pound of bacon—"South *Wichita!*" The awful truth was that our heroine had picked up her palaver in a season at a Southern finishing school.

And there my comprehension of Confederate lingo languished until some ten months ago, when I moved to Memphis, Tennessee. Ever since, Suthahn Talk has pounded my ears thick and fast.

Since my former home had been Kansas City, I expected Southerners to classify me as neither Southern nor Northern . . . but as a sort of Creature from Limbo. But no! Anything north of the north Tennessee line is strictly damyankee. They were friendly and polite in classifying me —but *firm* as well.

My very first impression was that some time during the hated Reconstruction Era some unanimous impairment attacked southern eardums. Such solicitude for one's hearing! Each request . . . each suggestion . . . each response . . . is followed up with "do yuh heah?" or "heah me?" or simply "heah?"

After the first shock, I found that the expression "wears well." Matter of fact, it's pretty cute.

And there's the matter of "you-all . . ." I had long heard this expression among would-be southern mimics, but it failed to live up to its advance billings. Instead of "you all," in general Memphis practice, the expression is "y'all." The usual morning greeting is not "how are you all?" but simply, "how y'all?"

This brevity is not occasioned by disinclination toward small-talk. As a devastating and loquacious redhead explained to me, "We Suthahanahs don't run wuhds togethah because we don't like to *talk* . . . We'ah just savin' ouahselves so we can talk *moah!*"

And I'll hand it to 'em—these rebels are highly articulate! They say a southern girl of twelve can make a better speech than a damyankee boy

M. H. "MOUSE" STRAIGHT was born January twenty-seventh, nineteen-ten, in Bradford, Pa.—raised in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, where, at age seven, he received his nickname through a juvenile mispronunciation of the real name, "Morris." Educated at the University of Kansas, where he got his sheepskin in 1931, after serving as editor of the University Yearbook. Two college summers, he worked for the Kansas City advertising agency of Loomis, Baxter, Davis & Wholen, Inc., in which WHB's Don Davis was then a partner. After graduation, Mouse went to Paris to get a job in the romantic Old World. Best he could do was $32 a month as English secretary and translator in a Parisian literary agency. Bicycled over the Pyrenees and saw Barcelona and Berlin before coming home in June of 1932 to join the WHB staff. Continuity editor for six years; sales manager for a year. Left WHB to go into agency work and for a brief fling at the photographic business in Kansas City. Last year he joined Plough, Inc., in Memphis, in their advertising department.

Ht. 5' 10½"; Wt. 160 lbs. Hobbies are travel (yes, he wants to see Paree again); Writing (he's going to do the Great American Novel, but so far has landed only in Breezy Stories and Swing); Handball, and Suzanne (she's the daughter. Her mother was WHB's traffic manager for five years).

of twenty-one. Could be.

My only rebuttal, a dour one, is—"practice makes perfect."

I'm not surprised that the filmers of GWTW had such a terrible time instructing Vivian Leigh and Clark Gable exactly how to read the Scarlett and Rhett lines. "Talkin' suthahn" varies by section of the South . . . varies urban vs. rural . . . varies male vs. female . . . and even varies by individuals. You can't be sure what is Basic Confederate and what is merely Local Colloquial.

Voices make all the difference in the world. When your cuddly southern belle rings out, it may be with the mellow limpidness of a Colorado brook—or with the rising whine of a screech-bomb. There's the fullness of long vowels—neutralized by a frequent over-shortness of short vowels—"git," "thin" (for "then") and so on.

Phonetics are disgustingly impotent in describing Suthahn Talk. I can't explain how the folks here say "Memphis" by writing *mee-YEM-fis*. *MAA-en* fails to convey the pronunciation of the first word in "Man, I suah am thusty!" *Gull* doesn't do justice to the below-Mason-&-Dixon "girl."

Of course, the ultimate "g" of "ing" was forgotten long ago by the Deep, and the Not-So-Deep, South. But I suspect they may have been preceded in this seceding from the American Language by Flatbush pitchmen, Kansas wheat farmers, Chicago butchers and California pinup girls. As a matter of fact, maybe right now during the War Emergency, Congress should legalize what is already common usage and save tons of vital newsprint by eliminating even the apostrophes. What's wrong with—"I'm lookin for the guy that's been foolin with my wife so I can knock the stuffin out of him?"

I find it is possible to measure the *Degree of Seductiveness* of various

southern locutions. (If you aren't prepared for some pretty Deep Stuff, read no further.)

The first thing a damyankee, fighting to save his Mother Tongue, finds himself saying is "yes ma'am" and "yes sir." He winces at becoming so polite, but manfully, carries on.

Then, struggle as he may, he slips into "y'all." It's so damned easy to slurp and slur!

He may next, unwittingly, "*change up*" something. No one merely "changes" anything. And no one "changes down" anything. We "change *up*" here in the Sunny South!

From that point, the confused damyankee is in the lap of the gods. He may get into "I'm tellin' yuh, man!" . . . "Boy, yuh know that's true!" . . . "Girl, let's go ta town!" (There's no "reason why" for this one.)

Then again, our neophyte may be ensnared by "fixin'." I've always wondered if a rebel would say, "I'm fixin' to fix the fixin's for the fish," but so far, my continuing survey hasn't recorded such usage.

These are the expressions a damyankee *may* pick up. However, he probably won't adopt the "carry" expression—"I'm carryin' Pearl to the party tonight." The most amazing "carry statement" I've heard was "I'm fixin' to carry my car ovah yondah to the garage tomorrow"—spoken by a gentle, white-haired old lady!

Finally, it's very doubtful if a self-respecting individual from "up No'th" will monkey at all with his "r's." A "softness of r-ness" isn't natural to him, and he can't conceal it. When the Foreigner essays "bee-ah," "teh-uble" or "fi-ahce," it sounds phoney, not funny, to southern ears.

But even the most iron-minded, earmuffed damyankee will catch himself using extravagant pet names occasionally, if not frequently. That, like politeness, seems to be part of the folkways and mores of the South. Something in the magnolia blossoms, no doubt.

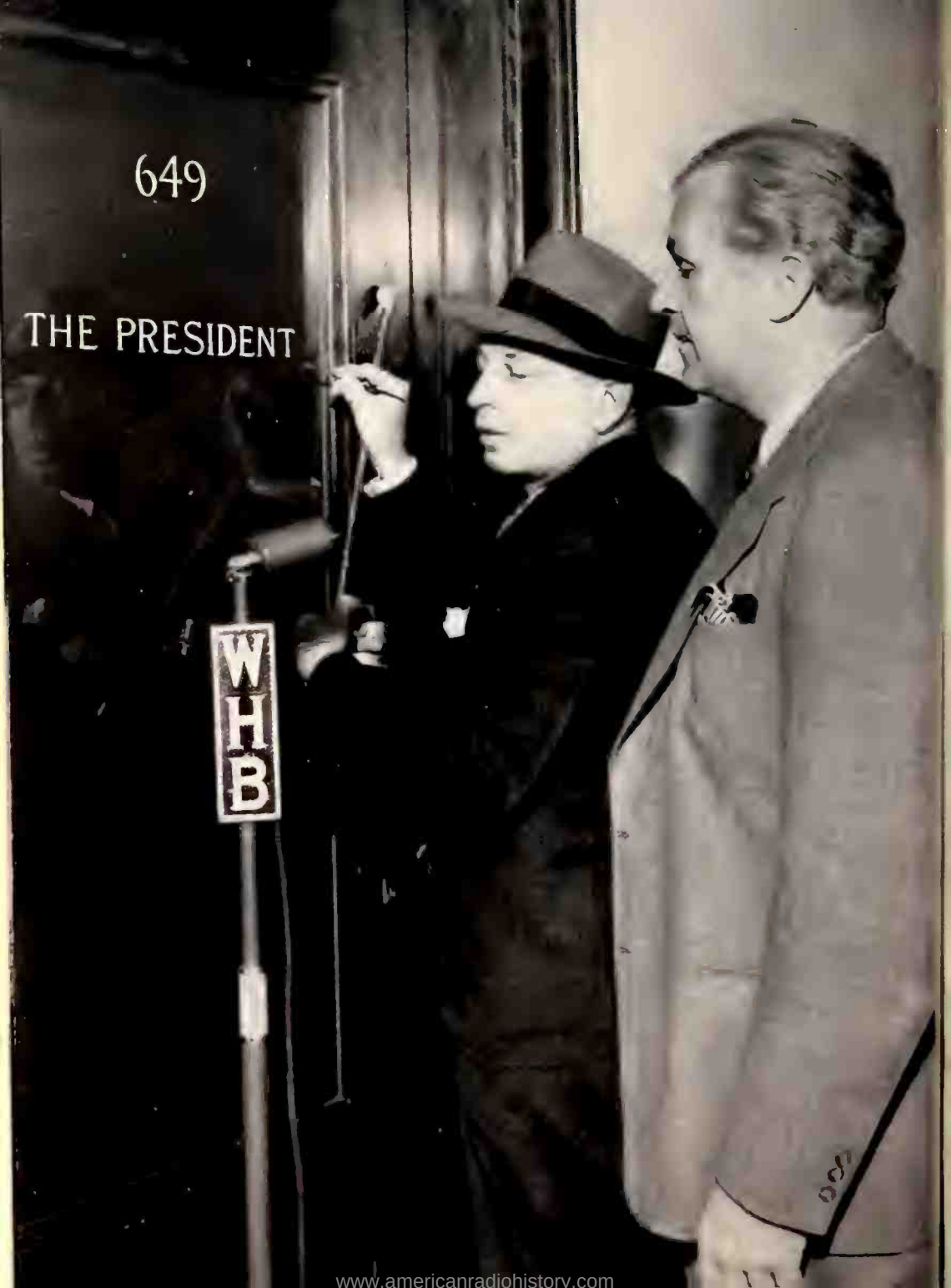
Being honest about it, I imagine it would do something to one's blood count to hear a molassesy feminine voice whisper, "You suah ah handsome, darlin' pet." I imagine a languorously moaned "lambie sweet" would force the Yankee-est into at least a decorous "my love." And a drawling-dictioned "Honey-chile"—well, I imagine—

But this is *all* really just imagination. I don't *know*.

Shucks.

WHEN THEY MET ABOUT MEAT

President Truman was a Senator when this photo was taken with Samuel R. Guard, publisher of the *Breeders' Gazette*. They were attending a conference of livestock growers in Kansas City, to discuss the meat shortage. Here is where The-Man-Who-Was-To-Become-President learned that the way to get more meat is to have OPA adjust price differentials; so that range men can get more money for their feeders —feed-lot operators, more money for finished beef. When it's done, we'll get steaks and roasts again!



The *Heritage* and the *Inheritor*

"The King is dead! Long live the King!"

With an affirmative outlook, CECIL BROWN highlights some differences — and likenesses — between the late President and the new President.

HOME OFFICE

When "The President" went up on the door of 649 in Kansas City's Federal Building, no one asked the sign painter, "President of *what?*" All the home folks know this is Harry Truman's work quarters when he pays his native state a visit. Here WHB's Dick Smith talks things over with Milt Grafrath, who has put some of the best names in town on some of the best doors. But this one is the tops.

TINI'S BEAR SKIN

To make a photograph like the one on our center pages, you first get Dr. Richard L. Sutton, famed Kansas City hunter and explorer, to shoot a bear. Then you ask Tini Anders to bring a negligee to the Hahn-Millard Studios. There, Harold Hahn photographs her—with results as shown. Miss Anders, of Kansas City, has been nominated for WHB's 1946 Swing Girl. Do we hear a second?

(On Friday night, April 13, 1945, Cecil Brown's regular news commentary for the Mutual Broadcasting System was noticeably discerning and forward-looking. We present here Mr. Brown's broadcast, in part, as he gave it on the day after the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.)

TONIGHT, people everywhere are saying: "Why did he have to die when we need him so much?"

People are asking that question because Franklin D. Roosevelt was so very much more than a president. He was the great symbol of a new freedom, and the promise of a better world of decency and equality.

In the midst of their sorrow, people are also apprehensive. People are studying the photographs of President Harry S. Truman, and wondering: Does he have the stuff?

Can this mild-appearing man from Missouri — untried, untested, inexperienced—stand up to Churchill and Stalin?

Can Truman direct America toward this brave new world? Can he help us reach the rendezvous with destiny, that Roosevelt spoke about?

The future will have to answer those questions. But part of the answer is to be found now—not only in Truman's personal character, but also in the heritage that Roosevelt passed on to his successor and to the American people.

That heritage is so rich—that fears about the future are unbecoming, even shameful.

THE LATE COMPARED WITH THE NEW

President Truman now reaps all the benefits—and all the deficiencies—of Mr. Roosevelt's policies in directing the war, in directing foreign affairs, and in the domestic program.

As for the prosecution of the war, everyone knows that nothing is going to interfere with all-out victory.

President Truman is not a military strategist in the sense that Roosevelt was. But he knows that, and his first move today was to confer with military chiefs on the conduct of the war. That is not going to be changed. It is, as you know, carrying us to fast approaching victory over Germany.

As for the Pacific, it may be that the final strategy against Japan has not yet been mapped out. In any event, if Russia enters the war against Japan—then it will be President Truman's job to sit down with Churchill and Stalin, as Roosevelt did at Teheran and at Yalta.

As of now, it's evident that the Japanese have no way out, except unconditional surrender or to go on with their empty strategy of committing suicide. That has been their practice, for the very good reason that they have no weapons or strategy to turn back the tide that is sweeping over them.

Roosevelt helped create that tide: Truman takes over to see that the tide continues.

All the fruits of Roosevelt's unceasing work to build a structure for peace, are now put in the hands of President Truman.

He has two outstanding advantages: He enters the White House with the United Nations a genuine thing, not just a dream. And also at a moment when the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of cooperation with other nations.

Roosevelt, against great opposition and by gradual stages, ripped open the cocoon of American isolationism. It was anything but a small job, and few men could have done it. But it has been done. That is one battle Truman will not have to fight, but it is a battle that will take continuing effort to stay won.

Truman is on the side of international cooperation. He has the friendship of Congress, and the technique of working with Congress. He does not have Roosevelt's mastery of the art of government, nor his grasp of foreign affairs. Roosevelt was his own Secretary of State for the most part. Truman is expected to depend much more on Secretary Stettinius.

Roosevelt had a detailed understanding of foreign affairs. He understood far in advance what was coming, even though at times he was uncertain about how to meet the inevitable. But on the big issue of facing up to the war, he was daring and

courageous. President Truman now faces many grave issues that call for Roosevelt's kind of daring and determination.

For the world knows that Roosevelt's work was far from over. He knew it better than anyone. That is why he asked the American people to return him to office for a fourth time, and why he expressed hope that his health would permit him to finish the job.

Those jobs are many. Roosevelt gathered together a successful team for winning the war. And he also got the big powers to agree on an agreement to keep the peace. That is a tremendous achievement, *but the real work on peace is ahead, not behind us.*

DECISIONS AND ISSUES

The economic reorganization of the world is in its first stages. It will take strong and unselfish men to bring about an order of decency and fairness.

Decisions on the control of Germany remain to be reached. President Roosevelt had not yet been able to work out with Russia the formation of a new Polish government. That job now faces Truman.

A decision has to be reached about Spain, because we are now winning the war against Fascism in Europe, at the same time that the Fascist government of Spain still goes on, as a refuge for Germans and as a breeding ground for the next war.

In the Pacific, President Truman faces the issue of whether America is going to keep the bases we have won, and whether the big powers should become trustees for colonies. Those matters are fundamental, because the road we take will determine just how much responsibility America wants to assume in world affairs.

Those basic, international issues present no bed of roses to a man trying to step into Roosevelt's place. Truman is well aware of the fact that he finds himself between Churchill, the Tory, and Stalin, the Communist—each of them anxious to have security and determined to have it, come what may.

It takes a skillful negotiator to achieve that security for all nations—without making Stalin think that Russia has been denied something, or having Churchill think he has sold out a tiny chunk of the British Empire.

The small nations of the world, just as small people, regarded Roosevelt as their champion. They, as well as Churchill and Stalin, will be studying Truman to see if he is the champion equal to Roosevelt.

On domestic affairs, President Truman inherits many a headache. So did Mr. Roosevelt when he took office. You may remember those first hundred days. When Roosevelt said we had nothing to fear but fear itself.

You may be sure that Roosevelt never forgot those days, how the whole nation—bankers, manufacturers, workers, farmers, ran to Roosevelt to be saved. Nor could he have forgotten how some of these same people who were at their wits end in 1933, began to call him a dictator as soon as they had been put back on their feet again, and their pockets began to fill up.

Those episodes are not water over

the dam, because President Truman also takes office when a rampage is getting started on the American home front.

Roosevelt took drastic action, because those were drastic days back at the beginning of the 1930's. We felt it was better to spend money than to have riots, chaos, and then Fascism. Money was worth something only if it could be used to hold America together, to keep America sound. He achieved that.

The dangers facing Truman on the home front are not as great as those Roosevelt had to meet. But the issues Roosevelt met head on and solved to some extent were experiences that many Americans have not forgotten.

The man who said America can produce fifty thousand aircraft a year —and was scoffed at for saying it— also wanted jobs for sixty million Americans.

So do the American people who were friends of Roosevelt.

For in twelve years, Roosevelt taught the majority of the American people that the so-called good old days were something to be avoided, because those were the days of depressions, of being told, "Sorry, no job today," of workers fighting to gain the very minimum of rights.

President Truman is considered something of a conservative. But he is also rated as a firm supporter of the Roosevelt program.

How well he carries out that program, and how much he deviates from it, will depend not only on his own character and strength, but also on the men who surround him.

SPECIFIC PROBLEMS AHEAD

For all of the promises being made about unity, we have to expect that the political cat and dog fights will continue.

Then, too, the problems of gradual reconversion of American industry to peacetime are great. In that process, special groups are going to exert all their power to gain special advantages.

The assault on prices and wages, on priorities for materials, on rationing will gain new momentum with Germany defeated. And that assault comes at a time when the power of the agency officials to resist it, seems to be growing weaker.

President Truman may strengthen the agencies by appointing some new men and taking to himself some new advisers. Of course, it would be natural for President Truman to feel his way around for a time, to build up the nation's confidence in him. But as against that, events are moving fast, and decisions have to be made because so many events cannot wait.

That fact in itself imposes a great burden on President Truman, who must make critical decisions while he is still studying the chart handed to him by Mr. Roosevelt. And that imposes also a great duty on the American people to help President Truman guide us on the road toward victory, and then a stable and secure world of equity and freedom.

That is what Franklin Roosevelt worked and fought for. And that is what he died for, confident that we would carry on the fight.

What Do You Mean, *Success?*

"You do not have to be at the top to be 'somebody'," says JANE PORTERFIELD, of "True Romances." YOU may be more of a success than you think!

CAN you remember when you were eighteen? Remember the glorious plans you had? Not merely plans to make a fortune—though of course you were going to do that too, just on the side—but plans for resounding fame, for great and unselfish contribution to the world. You knew you could do it. You felt the drive, the talent, the fearless confidence, surging up within you.

Don't smile at the boy or girl you once were. Never since then, in all probability, have your vistas been so boundless, your interests so many and pure, your picture of yourself so constructive.

How many of us have lived up to the high ambitions about which we dreamed? Today, at thirty or forty or fifty or sixty, where are you? Imagine, in your mind's eye—You-to-day confronted by You-at-eighteen—the two of you face to face. Your young self would have many questions to ask, perhaps some sharp reproofs. You of today might laugh in reply. But you'd smart a bit, too.

Of course, between eighteen and now, you have acquired, probably painfully, more than a nodding acquaintance with reality. Your ideals have been tempered to fit what is possible. The danger is, however, that in the day-to-day struggle, in the welter of little things that must be done, we may lose sight of our aims altogether. We may live without direction, without principle—with only the aim to keep going. You-at-eighteen would mutter scornfully, "That's hardly living!" And for all that youthful ignorance, the verdict would be right.

There is an opposite danger. You know people—perhaps you are one of them—who have sets their hearts on some vague, grandiose success. What this success actually is to be, remains curiously undefined in their minds. To have enormous wealth—to be presidents of the United States—movie stars—builders of great industries—great scientists—heroes—that is the *public* sort of attainment which most of us call success. When we fail to attain success on that scale, we are prone to accuse ourselves of failure. If that were true, about 99% of the world must be failures. No, not the people, but the

standards of success, are wrong.

There is another sort of success which is less often talked about. Not material triumph or public fame, but success as a human being. We tend to undervalue the man who is "merely" a good husband and father, "merely" a good citizen, "merely" a useful worker for his community at moderate earnings. We look for dignity as coming from outside things, instead of from the human spirit, where the only true and lasting dignity originates. Fame can depart, wealth can be lost, power dissipate with the wind—but the quality of a man or woman is indestructible, basic. High attainment and the world's greatest rewards must be a thrilling happiness. Yet the handful of people who achieve the top tell us they, like the rest of us, still want something more.

That "something more" is to be found in our own hearts. Without serenity of spirit, without being able to like and live with ourselves, the pomp of public success soon wears thin. Our respect goes out to—not the man who has the biggest car, the oldest name, the most influence—but to the man in any walk of life who has stature as a human being. That is what democracy is about.

The men who wrote our Constitution with such foresight were men possessed of learning and an intimate belief in God. They believed that all human beings are equal in the eyes of God, and around this belief they built the law of the land. They bequeathed us a set of traditions which values decency above power, character above money, honest accomplishment above fame. Our American values are plain and solid. We Americans are quick to laugh at what is "phoney"—quick to detect and attack what is dishonest. We are the people who refused to have kings, plain people who have always ruled ourselves, and who still are not fooled by outward display.

You remember the song from Gilbert and Sullivan: "When everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody." Our Fascist neighbors believe this so literally, they demeaned and debased their populations, wrecked their nations, so that a handful at the top could be "somebody."

We in America know better. Although, here *everybody* has (and must have) a chance to climb to the top, we know that you do not have to be at the top to be "somebody." We know that a man's or a woman's worth lies within him. We admire the exceptional few. But we also, and equally, respect the value of every human being. Success in the American language means the ability to live freely, honestly, securely, in fulfillment of oneself.

The boy was looking through a telescope. "Gawd!" he murmured.

"G'wan," said his friend. "It ain't *that* powerful!"

—from *The Tooter*

LET'S *Clear* THE AIR

What to do until the plans of Dumbarton Oaks and the San Francisco Conference jell and become workable! Herein—

FRANK SINGISER

Of the Mutual Network presents some minimums demanded for the future security of our nation—

a tentative blueprint for peace

FROM TIME TO TIME, I wager you have had the feeling that this war is sure to be followed by a third and even more terrible war. Oh, not right away. But in ten or fifteen or perhaps twenty years after the end of this one.

We have all been disturbed by public admissions of Allied differences. It is our hope that the San Francisco Conference will remove some of the possible causes of friction.

But is it not true that we, as Americans, are even more deeply concerned because some of the sharpest criticisms come from our friends and allies? Can we give a clear and definite answer to the question: "What does America want after this war?" Our own confusion is confusion confounded to our friends and allies. Our own uncertainty offers hope and consolation to our enemies.

Do we ourselves know what sort of world we want after victory? Is the world we are building going to be one in which the United Nations can live at peace along with liberated peoples and neutrals and the enemy? What is America's blueprint for peace?

It is in trying to work out separate answers to these questions that Allied differences have arisen.

The first answer to all these questions is that Americans will have absolutely nothing to say about the post-war world if our enemies are not defeated.

FIRST: Winning the war is the most urgent task before us. Beating the enemy is top priority. Without clear and unmistakable victory all other considerations become meaningless. This is a fact. We sometimes overlook it.

SECOND: Our military strength must continue to be a decisive factor in the world after the war. Today the United States of America is the most powerful nation in the world. Our pre-eminence as a war-making power is a present fact. America's outpouring of men and machines is regarded by our Allies with gratitude and by our enemies with dismay.

This war is above all wars Amer-

ica's war. If we demand what is best for ourselves from the peace, we will be doing what is expected of the most important victor.

Yet, it is possible that what is best for Americans will be best for freedom-loving peoples everywhere. There is an added quality in the very word *America* that lifts the heart of the whole wide world. The reasons for this unique regard are many. But it must be beyond doubt that the world waits for an indication as to the kind of peace Americans want badly enough to fight for again, if need be. Any decision we make now, we make as citizens of the greatest military and democratic power of the world.

THIRD: Americans are in general agreement as to our future minimum demands for national security. We should lose no time in stating what those minimum demands are.

Until international means for enforcing the peace are established, America must and will look to its own defense. To be specific, *we will maintain a Navy large enough and strong enough to operate from bases so situated throughout the world as to be able to repel any attack from any combination of other Naval powers.* This will be expensive. But, until there is established a workable international sharing of control of the seas, it is our continental insurance policy.

We must and will maintain an air-force with trained personnel and adequate air bases sufficient to keep any possible combination of foreign air power away from the Western Hemisphere. This ambitious program is not necessarily the way in which we would like to use American leadership in the air. But until there is an international air patrol force, this program is our protection against the sudden tornado that destroys before a nation knows it is at war.

We shall engage in a program of military training to provide a citizen's army which can be converted in the shortest time into a striking force. This is not because we are a nation devoted to the pursuit of military aims. But until there is an international military force to keep the peace among the nations, this program is our guarantee against the landing of any hostile invader on our shores.

These are the minimum requirements which Americans want for their own security. These are the requirements for which America will strive until—and unless—a world organization of powers, friendly to the United States and our ideals, can be established at the Peace Table.

We should make this clear to our friends and Allies as well as to our enemies.

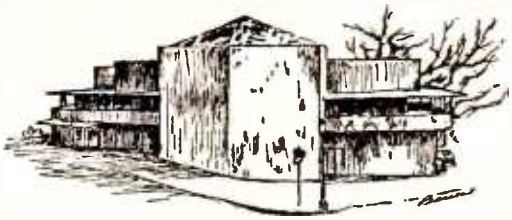
Sign on a New Orleans street: "No U-all turn."
—from *The Railwayan.*

•

She was only a gravedigger's daughter, but she sure could lower the beer.

Kansas City *Churches*

by EARL A. BLACKMAN



STICK a pin anywhere on a map of Kansas City—there will be a church within easy walking distance. Protestant churches alone number two hundred and eighty. Of these, fifty-four are colored. And there are representatives of almost every type of religion, short of Zoroastrianism.

Kansas City is headquarters of a large diocese in the Roman Catholic Church, with a resident bishop, the Most Reverend Edwin O'Hara. One of the oldest ministers in point of service is Monsignor J. W. Keyes. He has a parish at 39th and Harrison. His work in Kansas City began forty-five years ago, starting with a parish of twenty-five families. His first services he held in a dance hall at 38th and Woodland. That was during the building of the present church where he now holds mass for three thousand people every Sunday.

Of the rabbis who serve the ten Jewish synagogues, orthodox and reformed, probably the most prominent is Samuel S. Mayerberg, rabbi of Congregation B'nai Jehudah. It was he who started and waged a reform movement during the darkest days of the corrupt political machine rule in Kansas City. Fearless and untiring, he worked almost night and day. It even became necessary for him to have a bodyguard whenever he appeared in public.

The Church of the Nazarene has its national headquarters here, with a large publishing house—handsome modern quarters from where they issue a national magazine widely read by all faiths. The Baptists also have a publishing house in Kansas City, and they, as well as the Methodists and the Roman Catholics, have a book store in the downtown district.

Probably one of the largest publishing concerns in the city is that of the Unity School of Christianity, which has its origin here. The tall yellow stone tower and the gracious wide buildings of Unity Farm are a Kansas City landmark. The Farm, just outside the city, produces some of the finest fruits and vegetables in this area. It is here, too, where thousands

of people gather on summer Sunday evenings to listen to excellent music in Unity's spacious amphitheater.

The Unity idea began about fifty years ago. It originated in the mind of a woman, Mrs. Myrtle Fillmore. She and her husband, Charles, a real estate man, developed the School and its principles. It is not a religious denomination in the accepted sense. It is rather a school of Christian teaching. It stresses temperance, vegetarian diet, and prayer. One of the tenets of the faith is the tithing idea of the ancient Hebrews. Not only is each individual member encouraged to give a tenth of his gross income, but he is also urged to win ten converts to the School.

Charles Fillmore is still living at the age of ninety, and still is active in lecturing and conducting classes. Unity School of Christianity has grown to the point where it has over a million subscribers to its numerous publications.

One of the most distinctive churches in the city is the one large Community Church. For more than thirty years, it was in the capable hands of the late Dr. Burris Jenkins, classed always as a "liberal minister." This non-denominational group is housed in an edifice designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. Probably no other building in Kansas City has called down the controversial judgments of so many as this angular white building overlooking the Country Club Plaza. It is massive yet graceful; labyrinthine within and without; ultra-modern in design, and low, wide, and horizontal in feeling. Here on the carpeted platform lower than the congregation, University players have trod in buskin, in such quaint and reflective plays as "Everyman" . . . and the city's most distinguished group of modern dancers have performed barefoot and by candlelight their Christmas rituals.

The city boasts of many men of religion who are "scholars and gentlemen," active civic leaders, and respected and known in many other places as well as in their own town. The Episcopalian bishop, the Very Reverend Robert Nelson Spencer, English-born, is a poet as well as one of the best-loved dignitaries of his church. The Reverend Andreas Bard, pastor of St. Mark's Lutheran church, is a colorful and versatile character. He can be the center of attraction—swapping yarns with traveling men in the smoker, writing an opera, playing a Shakespearean role, or arguing Victorian liberalism with Sinclair Lewis. And it was, by the way, in

this city that Mr. Lewis lived for several months, meeting with groups of ministers each Sunday afternoon, to gather material for his novel, *Elmer Gantry*.

Among the colored churches, two rank among the largest congregations in the city. One, with a membership of two thousand, was built 23 years ago by its present pastor, Dr. D. A. Holmes. Dr. Holmes is a member of several inter-denominational committees, chairman of a large inter-racial organization, and a strong political influence among all classes. His wife directs a distinguished choir of fifty voices.

Just next door to Kansas City, and within sight from a skyscraper any clear day, is the home of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. The huge domed temple is located in Independence, Missouri, world headquarters for this hardy legendary church.

It all began with a vision. The vision appeared to one Joseph Smith —and out of it grew this religious body which has undergone innumerable persecutions across the country from upper New York to the western edge of Missouri. Joseph Smith and his brother were shot in June of 1844 by a mob in Nauvoo, Illinois. Two years later Brigham Young proclaimed himself leader and took his followers into Utah. But the original church, although without a head, still existed in congregational form in many localities, challenging the doctrine of polygamy, which Brigham Young claimed originated in a secret doctrine left him by Joseph Smith. In 1860 "young Joseph," who was only twelve when his father was killed, assumed leadership of the church. He served until his death in 1914. His son Frederick Madison Smith is now president of the church. Court decisions have twice sustained the claim of the Reorganized Church as the successor of that organized in 1830 by Joseph Smith.

There are twelve congregations in Independence, including the Stone Church, and ten more in the two Kansas Cities. In Independence also are a publishing house and a sanitarium and hospital owned by the Latter Day Saints. Ten radio programs originate each week from the Stone Church.

Christian Science—Unitarian—Spiritual Church of Christ—Pilgrim Holiness—Seventh Day Adventist—Assembly of God—these and many more are represented in Kansas City. We are, literally, the very buckle of the Bible Belt.

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

Looking ahead to complete Victory — perhaps you would like to follow this daily example of Bible readings, studying the example of One through Whom the only true victory can be achieved:

Fri.,	June	1—Isaias 61:1-5	Sat.,	June	16—Mark 8:34-38
Sat.,	June	2—Psalm 23	Sun.,	June	17—Matt. 5:1-11
Sun.,	June	3—Matt. 18:1-10	Mon.,	June	18—Matt. 5:13-20
Mon.,	June	4—John 14:1-15	Tues.,	June	19—John 14:16-27
Tues.,	June	5—Psalm 46:1-11	Wed.,	June	20—Matt. 6:19-24
Wed.,	June	6—Luke 4:14-22	Thurs.,	June	21—Matt. 6:25-34
Thurs.,	June	7—Mark 1:21-34	Fri.,	June	22—Matt. 7:24-29
Fri.,	June	8—Psalm 72:1-10	Sat.,	June	23—Luke 14::16-24
Sat.,	June	9—Matt. 25:31-46	Sun.,	June	24—Matt. 7:1-6
Sun.,	June	10—Mark 10:44-52	Mon.,	June	25—Luke 8:4-15
Mon.,	June	11—Luke 5:1-11	Tues.,	June	26—Luke 6:27-38
Tues.,	June	12—Luke 5:17-26	Wed.,	June	27—Matt. 25:1-13
Wed.,	June	13—Luke 15:1-10	Thurs.,	June	28—Luke 16:19-31
Thurs.,	June	14—Luke 15:12-24	Fri.,	June	29—I Cor. 11:23-31
Fri.,	June	15—Mark 12:28-24	Sat.,	June	30—John 15:1-15

•

We should pray as did the Chinese Christian: "Oh, Lord, help me to reform the world, beginning with me."

—from *Friendly Adventurer* (Birmingham & Prosser Company)

•

For Sale for a Song!

If you can't find a house or an apartment for love or money—might take a tip from Burl Ives and sing for your shelter.

That's what the Wayfaring Stranger did. You've probably heard him on the record, with his guitar and his quaint, soft voice—half cowboy and half lute-singer, styling old folk ballads in the charmin'est way in the world. Perhaps you saw him in the Theatre Guild production, *Sing Out, Sweet Land.* At any rate, you've heard of Burl Ives. And even Burl Ives had his housing problems—until a friend of his heard him singing one day a certain ballad. The friend wanted that song. He made a bargain. If Burl Ives would teach him the words and music, he in return would give him a place to live.

And that's how it happens that Burl Ives lives on a barge.

The barge is anchored off Whitestone Landing in Long Island Sound, and it wasn't long before it was transformed into most comfortable quarters. The main cabin is panelled in pine and has an open fireplace. A bedroom, bath, and kitchenette are all done up in excellent taste. Oh, yes, there's a sun deck, too.

And now, whenever The Wayfaring Stranger has the urge for travel, he has only to pick up his guitar and weigh anchor.

—*Walter C. Fabell.*

REPORT . . .

What might be a rugged optimist's observations on the Peace Conference and its aims turns up in the latter part of a book called "Leaves of Grass." The reporter, one Walt Whitman, sets a pace which the delegates at the Golden Gate may well follow, and comments with amazing clairvoyance (considering he was some sixty-five years ahead of himself) on the current world scene:

"I see not America only, not only Liberty's nation but other nations preparing;
I see tremendous entrances and exits, new combinations, the solidarity of races;
I see that force advancing with irresistible power on the world's stage;
(Have the old forces, the old wars, played their parts? Are the acts suitable to them closed?);
I see Freedom, completely arm'd and victorious and very haughty, with Law on one side and Peace on the other,
A stupendous trio all issuing forth against the idea of caste;
What historic denouements are these we so rapidly approach?
I see men marching and countermarching by swift millions;
I see the frontiers and boundaries of the old aristocracies broken;
I see the landmarks of European kings removed;
I see this day the People beginning their landmarks (all others give way);
Never were such sharp questions ask'd as this day.

* * * * * * *

The perform'd America and Europe grow dim, retiring in shadow behind me,
The unperform'd, more gigantic than ever, advance, advance upon me."

Pirate Stuff

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo—ho—ho, and a bottle of rum!"

The average person, upon hearing or reading this choice masterpiece of pirate lore, conjures in his mind a picture of fifteen bold and blood-thirsty pirates indulging in a Bacchanalian orgy over a corpse.

Actually, one of the British West Indian Islands is known as "Dead Man's Chest" because of its resemblance to a coffin. It is about a half mile long, and slightly raised at one end. According to tradition, the pirate Bluebeard once marooned fifteen men on this island, with nothing but a bottle of rum.

Bluebeard's Castle still stands, to this day, on the island at St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands purchased for $25,000,000 from Denmark in 1916 by the United States.

—*Alexander Woodville.*

Swing Around

SURE SIGN . . . Coming events had certainly cast their shadows in display workrooms many months ago. For on V-E Day it was amazing how quickly the windows of downtown stores were dressed appropriately. Flags and V's and scrolls with patriotic inscriptions hung in all the correct colors against correct backgrounds. Harzfeld's always exciting windows were masterpieces of simplicity — with white replicas of the Winged Victory set like solitaires, lone and eloquent, one to each window. But in the five-and-ten next door they proudly displayed what we considered the town's most implicit symbol of Victory: they'd filled half of one window with babies' tiny pants—all rubber.

•

SOUR NOTE . . . In the midst of a peaceful (to the point of stunned) V-E Day in Kansas City, news of the Halifax incident descended with sinister import. Can wars be prevented, ever, as long as supposedly civilized people insist on putting the riot into patriotism?

•

IT'S BETTER THAN BEATING A DRUM . . . It was noon in Price's. Swarms of people. Two young civilians, very Stanley Clements, and one young Naval officer with an overseas ribbon, were ganged up at the far end of the candy counter. Their means of attracting the pretty blonde clerks was a loud, good natured whistling of a current juke-box tune. You can guess which one. We thought it one of the pleasanter ways of demanding—and getting—attention. When you want candy—just whistle it.

•

HOW TO WRITE A BEST-SELLER . . . Our friend, Meme La Moto, is reading *Forever Amber,* and concludes that she, too, will turn out a historical romance. Her plan is to take a copy of Beard and Beard, remove every other paragraph, and replace it with sex.

ON A CLEAR DAY . . . Not long ago, a friend of ours who had nothing better to do for the moment, idly picked up her pair of binoculars and walked over to the window. She executed a couple of peripheries with the high-powered glasses. Suddenly something swam into her ken that left her gasping. She had looked straight into the lenses of another pair of binoculars staring from another window in another apartment house.

•

"Oui, when Madame came in, I seen she was just the type for Henri's very *tres chic* coiffure!"

Swingin' with the stars

Pictures expected in June • Kansas City

LOEW'S MIDLAND

WITHOUT LOVE—Katie Hepburn and Spencer Tracy hold over well into the first part of June, with their crackling comedy about a marriage of scientific convenience. Philip Barry wrote the play especially for Miss Hepburn, and although the movies have changed it a lot, it's still enormous fun. Lucille Ball and Keenan Wynn are in it, too.

SON OF LASSIE — also comes home. The late Eric Knight started something very good, and now Jean Bartlett has written a sequel to the famous "Lassie Come Home." The characters are grown up now but just as lovable. With Peter Lawford, June Lockhart, Donald Crisp, and Nigel Bruce.

BLOOD ON THE SUN—Cagney Productions present James Cagney in a tremendous story of an American newspaperman in Japan, pre-Pearl Harbor, and the discovery of the Tanaka Memorial—called the Japanese Mein Kampf. Sylvia Sidney heads the supporting cast of this film, which premiered in San Francisco last month.

•

THE NEWMAN

SALTY O'ROURKE—holds over into June, with Alan Ladd, tough and fascinating as always, starred in a racy story that's just about what you'd expect of a bunch of jockeys, trainers, and professional gamblers. Gail Russell looks wonderful, and Stanley Clements (of "Going My Way") is his usual cocky and engaging self.

THE HORN BLOWS AT MIDNIGHT—Jack Benny as a trumpet player who blows no good. He dreams he is sent to heaven, and back to earth again to herald the destruction of the world. Allyn Joslyn is a Fallen Angel who helps the plot thicken, and Alexis Smith is an angel. A lot of heavenly nonsense which most of you will relish.

MURDER, HE SAYS—Hillbilly hi-jinks, with Fred MacMurray, cute Jean Heather (of "Going My Way"), and Marjorie Main, who cracks a mean blacksnake whip. It's about the Fleagle family, who liked to kill off their enemies with the waters of a strange spring, and watch them light up with a peculiar phosphorescent glow.

•

RKO ORPHEUM

CHINA SKIES — Love among renegades. Randolph Scott and Kansas City's Ruth Warrick are a couple of American doctors trapped in a remote Chinese village with Randy's unpleasant wife, Ellen Drew. But through intrigue, treachery, and bombings, love finds a way.

ESCAPE IN THE DESERT — Philip Dorn, Alan Hale, Irene Manning, and a lot of other people in a sort of Death Valley daze. It's a new edition of "The Petrified Forest," with Helmut Dantine cast as yet another Nazi running loose in the land of the free. Good, tight drama of the thriller variety.

PILLOW TO POST — Featherbrained comedy about those familiar complications arising when two people pretend to be married for business purposes and aren't. Ida Lupino plays refreshingly for laughs, for a change, assisted by good-looking William Prince, not-so-good-looking Sydney Greenstreet, Stuart Erwin, and Ruth Donnelly.

THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS—A gay romance involving Robert Young, Bill Williams, and Laraine Day—with Ann Harding cast as Laraine's mother. Rather routine plot, but very prettily played.

•

THE THREE THEATRES
Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

BILLY ROSE'S DIAMOND HORSESHOE—With Betty Grable, which means it runs on into June from a May start. A ponderous and involved story gets slightly in the way, but all around it are gorgeous production numbers in technicolor, and the famous Grable figger in feathers and stuff. Dick Haymes is charming and melodious; Phil Silvers is charming in a hysterical sort of way. Watch for those dessert hats!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—One of the bigger, better fantasies to come out in technicolor with music. In other words—the works! 20th Century Fox rings the bell on this one, with Fred MacMurray as a 4-F who wants to get into the Army and can't—until an obliging genie takes him back to the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries and shows him what's what. It's gaggy and bright and hardly ever *too* clever. Joan Leslie and June Haver share femme honors. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin supply the pleasant songs. Gene Sheldon as the genie almost steals the show.

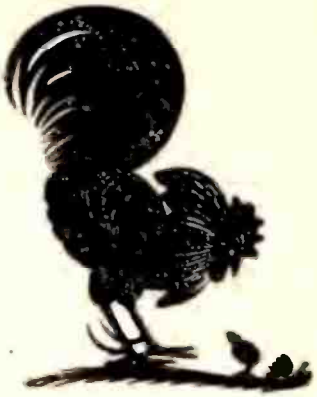
DON JUAN QUILLIGAN — A whole bunch of fun—and no wonder! Look who's in it: Big Bill Bendix, Joan Blondell, and Phil Silvers!

(AT THE UPTOWN: Alberta Bird is presented each Sunday afternoon, 1:30 till 2:15, playing your favorite request numbers at the organ.)

•

THE TOWER

Stage and screen: On the former, good, clean fun—dancing, singing, acrobatics and what-not-ics. On the latter, mostly light comedies, westerns, or mysteries, with now and then a dandy recall picture—and always two of them. Saturday night Swing Shift Frolic—12:30-3:00 a.m. Mondays at 9 p.m. are "Discovery night." Such dear madness—someone always wins!



The Girl (she's been to college): Aren't you getting corpulent?

The Soldier (he hasn't): Corpulent, hell! I'm a sergeant already!

•

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "I've missed you so much!" So she raised her revolver and tried again.

—*from The Alcoa Observer.*

•

Sultan: Bring me a girl.
Servant: Very good, sir.
Sultan: Not necessarily.

—*from The Alcoa Observer.*

•

Rest Assured

Hollywood is hotel conscious. (As who isn't?) HOTEL BERLIN has just been released—and before the summer is over, you'll be seeing WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF. For six years after 1939, no American movie company seemed concerned enough about hotels to make pictures about them. But in 1927 there had been one called HOTEL IMPERIAL. And in 1932. HOTEL CONTINENTAL. A year later, HOTEL VARIETY. In 1937, HOTEL HAYWIRE; and in 1939, HOTEL FOR WOMEN. Foreign movie producers made four hotel pictures shown in this country. HOTEL KIKELET was produced in Hungary in 1937; HOTEL SACHER in Germany; HOTEL FOR LUNATICS in Spain in 1939; and in 1940, HOTEL DU NORD, in France.

If you are a lady without reservations (or a gentleman sans same)—stop at the movies. That seems to be the next best thing. At least, they'll help you remember what the inside of a hotel looks like beyond the swarming lobby.

—*William Ornstein.*

•

SHORT SNORTS

Two pints make one cavort.

The inebriate was walking a wavering line down Main Street. He turned to a passerby and asked, "Mister, where am I?"

"You're at the corner of 14th and Main."

"Never mind the details! What city?"

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

JUST FOR FOOD . . .

★ CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. Moderate prices on hearty foods, with the emphasis on beef stews, steaks, and pie. Looks surprisingly like a ranch house, elevated and white, and decorated inside with appropriate western motifs. Linwood and Forest. LO 2555.

★ DICK'S BAR-B-Q. A unique place, to say the least. Open from 6 to 6—p.m. to a.m. Atmospheric mostly because of its size, the checkered tablecloths, the old show bills on the walls, and white-haired Dick Stone. Up the Alley, off 12th, between Wyandotte and Central.

★ ED'S LUNCH. Notable mostly for the habitues—the printers, reporters, and other people who put out the town's daily news sheet. A reporters' round table in the side room is sacred only to those parties of the press. And certain lunch-counter stools near the back door better be left sacred to the printers who come in in their work clothes! It's open all night; a casual menu, with beer on the side if you want it. 1713 Grand. GR 9732.

★ EL NOPAL. "The Cactus" offers good simple Mexican food (if you can call it simple!) with no gimcracks. Lala and Nacho feature tortillas and all that goes with them, including a sauce that sizzles. Jessie is the good-natured gal who waits on all the tables. Our usual choice from the menu is what they call the "combination;" we prefer the light brown rice with it, but you may choose the dark brown beans. Open Friday, Saturday, Sunday nights only—6 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. 416 West 13th. HA 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. Mrs. Dowd provides the appropriate atmosphere for the full enjoyment of fried chicken, served home style—and very-nice-home. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO 5912.

★ KING JOY LO. Upstairs restaurant, overlooking Main and 12th. Luncheon and dinner consist of such dishes as fried noodles, all sorts of chop sueys, egg foo yung, and better-than-average tea. American foods, if you prefer. Don Toy manages this very amiable place. 8 West 12th. HA 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Open 24 hours. A very busy shop with probably the fastest and most efficient waitresses around the Baltimore beat. We might recommend their Russian salads; ham when they have it; their famous beef stew, and of course the chocolate eclairs. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ NANCE CAFE. Comfortable rooms and excellent food. A place with a merited reputation, thanks to Harry Barth and good management. There's a plushy backroom beyond a grilled gate where you might like to entertain a special group at dinner. Here's where, you may remember, the Biscuit Girl and the Coffee Girl used to keep you well plied with their savory wares. The War banished that gracious practice, but Mrs. Hoover tells us the Girls will be back again, come the peace. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. HA 5688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. A nice blond room mostly equipped with those swing-around tables that give you a little trouble when you try to get in or out of your booth. Pleasant food and music piped in from El Cahana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ TEA HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD. Fried chicken again—and again and again—and that's all right with us! Very smooth and dignified rooms, with good service, lovely food, and a couple of lovely ladies (Mrs. Bailey and Mrs. Thatcher) in charge. Dinners each evening, and at noon on Sunday. Be sure to have reservations. 9 East 45th. WE. 7700.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Luncheon only—and always crowded at the noonhour. Smooth business men and southside shoppers flock up to the third floor for things like Spanish bean soup, well seasoned vegetables, incomparable pies, and rich ice cream. Wolferman's Downtown Store, 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. A cafeteria—where you find rare things done with nuts and vegetables; intricate and amazing salads; and the richest pies in town. Most of the food is supplied by Unity Farm; they make their own ice cream; and of course, there is no meat on the menu. It's a most pleasant spot out from downtown for a quiet luncheon. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Big, noisy, and busy—because here's probably the most varied menu and the best food in the downtown district. Crusty brown potato pancakes, cheese blintzes and cheesecake, (huh-uh! the kind you eat with a fork!) capon baked elegantly, gefulte fish with pink horseradish, and a whole flock of other things that have us drooling. Kosher-style, at prices rather more reasonable than not. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999

FOR FOOD AND A DRINK . . .

★ BISMARK. You'd never know the old place! Kenneth Prater has reopened this convenient corner spot with its face considerably lifted. There's new paint all over, and a lot of other improvements. It should be packed fuller than ever now, although heaven knows, it was always full enough. A lot of radio people hang out (and over) here. KCKN, KCMO, and WHB personnel seem to consider the Bismark a branch office. Don't look now, but isn't that the announcer who did the news this morning? 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Black magic at the piano still has us in its spell. Joshua Johnson's boogie is pretty terrific, as long as he sticks strictly to boogie. Other entertainment is those ole two-reelers shown on a screen above the bar. Dinner from 5:30. Friday night family night dinners—$1.00. 3545 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CLOVER BAR. A funny, dusty little place with comfortably upholstered booths and barbecued ribs that make you feel comfortably upholstered. It's noisy and unfancy, but friendly and fun. And as they say of Miss Jaxson, the barbecue is simply divine. The feed bag is on from noon on. Be careful not to stumble over a beer barrel. 3832 Main. VA. 9883.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Fran Ritchie at the piano, 5:30 on. Dinners by Buster Rohovit, $1.00 to $1.50. Free parking in the Congress Garage. No cover or tax. Well, what more do you want? O.K., they've got it. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. They do say there's onion soup to be had—if you say the good word to Maurice Jester. He's the chef in this big restaurant where you find hearty meals and good drinks and a couple of very pleasant hostesses. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Where you sit in little latticed booths, festooned with wine bottles in straw jackets (not you, chum, the booths) and eat miles of spaghetti. It's Signora Teresa's best—and her best is mighty all right with home folks as well as the visiting celebs—most of whom leave their autographs on a photograph for the Garden walls. Steaks and chops available most of the time, too. Opens 4:00 p.m. Closed on Sunday. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Blond and blue room where Hazel Smith plays pop tunes at the novachord, and fried chicken and stuff are on tap for dinner time. Willy Ganz plays very nice organ from 11:45 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ PLAZA BOWL COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A crowded but very pleasant spot where dry Kansans tank up just before crossing the border. Some of the best food on the Plaza, thanks to the management of the Eddy's. 430 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. A routine but attractive lounge, with piano, organ, and solavox tunes from Zena Schenck or Mary Dale, and graphology by Kay Van Lee, who reads your writing and makes something of it. 614 West 48th. LO. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND BAR. All slick and newly decorated, with food on four levels, at very moderate prices. (And you can make something of that if you wanna!) The popular downstairs Grill is all touched up with Pickwickian paintings of bankers, lawyers, doctors, etc., because this is a favorite business man rendezvous after five and at noon. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. We like the sweeping staircase and the grilled balcony. It's a rather ornate lounge, flanked by a bar, and serving typical Pusateri food and satisfactory drinks. At the organ, Martha Dooley; roundabout, Uncle Joe, (an uncle of Gus and Jimmy). Hyde Park Hotel. 36th and Broadway. VA. 8220.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. The same perpendicular clientele—because there's no room to sit, half the time. But who cares! Cluster around the bar and wait your turn. It's worth waiting for those steaks and their special salads. Gus and Jimmy have a very convivial place here. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Noisy and nice and no entertainment. Luncheon and dinner run up to a little more than a dollar, and the food is usually excellent. So are the drinks. We like the way Gus Fitch floats about the place with that imperturbable manner. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Tucked away, way up on 9th Street, but you'll know it by the sign of the lobster and those dignified old stained glass window panels. Inside, there's the best sea-food in town, and usually pretty fair steaks, with good drinks, and slow but venerable service. So just relax and soak up atmosphere and don't get in a twit. It's a famous old place and still going strong. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Lots of women stop in here after shopping; and there are usually a lot of uniforms around, too. Manager Harry Newstreet is our bid for one of the better-dressed restaurateurs along Baltimore. Zola at the organ and Betty Burgess, the graphologist, provide entertainment. Incidentally, Town Royale hamburgers are among the best. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. If you're about to go a sentimental journey—squeeze in for a quick one first, at the Station bar. (And we do mean squeeze). Don't be alarmed if you run smack into a vaguely familiar face as you enter. That's a big mirror on the wall and the face is yours. There's pretty wonderful food next door in the dining room. Union Station. GR. 1100.

JUST FOR A DRINK . . .

★ EL CABANA. Not exactly a cabin in the sky—but you can get sky-high here in no time at all. Novachord music—by Lenora Nichols or Alberta Bird—helps the stuff along. Always crowded. And no wonder. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ OMAR ROOM. Not exactly a tent for the Tentmaker—but a very refreshing room with a bar ne flight down and Johnny Mack moving in for this month's musicale. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. A tiny room just off the walk, where there are pink elephants on the walls and old two-reel comedies on a center screen from time to time. Take our advice, and try for that booth at the west end of the room. State Hotel, on 12th, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★ THE TROPICS. Look for us under the bamboo tree—or a reasonable facsimile—on the third floor of the Phillips, past the Gift Shop, and down a long hall. The Lenaud Sisters will be followed by organist West Masters of Boston. On rush nights, Mr. Phillips gets out the velvet rope. Hotel PhiHips (like we said), 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Those amber mirror tables may give you the jaundice, but Tim Spillane's snake-bite cure will fix that! Weela Gallez sings the *darndest* little songs! And who do you think is back in town—pretty little Marvelle Myler, who used to be the Town Royale's chief draw. She's at the Bellerive now, singing her own ballads. No cover, minimum, or tax in this room. Opens at 11:00 a.m. Entertainment from 3:00 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

WITH DANCING . . .

★ CROWN ROOM. Judy Conrad's Beguine Rhythm begins around six; dancing from 9:00 p.m. You'll want to hear Billy Snyder, too, a microscopic trombone player—the world's smallest. And step down to the new glass bar in the Russian Room—where it's all done with mirrors! Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ CUBAN ROOM. The trio (Fess Hill, Herman Walder, and a drummer) call in the hep-cats from seven to twelve, and the welkin (whatever that is) rings with Kansas City jazz. You can have dinner here, too; spaghetti and meat balls and that sort of thing. 5 West Linwood, VA. 4634.

★ DRUM ROOM. One of the plushier places, especially if you're lucky enough to snag a booth. Bob McGrew and his orchestra (with lean, charmin' Jimmy Townsend at the piano and pretty Kay Hill on the vocals) are in absolutely top form this season. And what George does with omelettes—(with brandied broiled grapefruit or figs and burnt sugar)—would amaze any chick. Dancing at dinner and supper; no cover. Music for luncheon. And remember, there's a bar next to the Drum Room. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ ED-BERN'S RESTAURANT. George Cohen tells us Arlene Terry and a small orchestra will be back soon to play for dancing, which should be good news. The food here, like our dreams, is getting better all the time—now that the Ed-Berns have taken over. Luncheon and dinner; entertainment from mid-afternoon. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ EL BOLERO. Murals and Marguerite make this a right charming place. Marguerite (Clark) sings about anything you ask for and then some; and there's a place to dance to juke-box rhythms. The Bolero is about two jumps down from the bar. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ EL CASBAH. Lotsa show, with Rita Oehman, Universal's singing star, appearing the first of the month; followed in mid-month by Arthur Blake. He's "the Dwight Fiske" of mimicry and a scream. Charlie Wright, his orchestra, and lovely, lovely Dawn Roland continue. There's a cover—week nights, $1.00; Saturdays, $1.50. Personally, we like Saturday afternoons at El Casbah—when Arthur Murray dancers give free rumba lessons, in addition to the other entertainment. There's no cover or minimum, either, and luncheons start gently at 65c. No wonder we like it! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN. Preferred spot on the south side, even sans orchestra and entertainers. You can dance to juke box tunes, or eat chicken in the rough all over the place. A long narrow bar opens into an odd-shaped lounge, which in turn opens onto the cafeteria part. There's no end to the place! 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MILTON'S TAP ROOM. Notable for three or four things: the caricatures of famous faces about the walls; the brothers Morris who own the place (Max is managing now while the others are off to the wars); and Julia Lee. She plays piano, in case you haven't heard. And if you haven't, do! She sings in a sweet, husky voice, and is about the most authentic jazz maker left in these parts. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ PENGUIN ROOM. A large dining room with the usual pint-sized dance floor, good food, and Constance Duin's All-Girl Orchestra. Dancing at dinner and supper. No cover. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SKY-HY ROOF. If you wanna dance with stars in your eyes (astronomically speaking) come on up to the Roof on Saturday nights, when Warren Durrett swings out with orchestral arrangements. Other nights, the Roof is available for private parties. No bar; you bring your own. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Suwanee suavity, with music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra, good food, and green walls backing white pillars and pickets. No bar, but you may have drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ TERRACE GRILL. You still can't beat it—for food, service and entertainment. Don Reid returns from Chicago this month. His is an extra-smooth style that pleases dancers at dinner and supper. There's luncheon music, too, strictly for listenin'. For reservations—Gordon, at GR. 1400. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore.

★ TROCADERO. Pink paradise, half-way to Southtown. There are drippy white trees painted on the pink walls, and comfortable blond and rose booths. The bar has a bunch of giddy lights that probably help the drinks do their work quicker! Juke box dancing begins at nine. New manager out here is Fritz Genss. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

Chicago Communique . . .

MUSIC

Some plaintive inquiries are beginning to drift in to this correspondent from such suburban communities as Mission Hills, Kansas, and Hollywood, California, asking about the summer music situation. Sorry, but the outdoor music plans are somewhat frozen at the moment along with practically everything else in the Windy City. However, a few hazy outlines are beginning to appear.

The free concerts, presented with the beaming cooperation of Mr. James Petrillo, the noted ex-trumpet player, will open in Grant Park on June 27th, with Izler Solomon slated to be one of the guest conductors. The Chicago Symphony's Ravinia season opens three nights later, on Saturday night, June 30th, with a special concert under the direction of Desire Defauw. Maestro Defauw is the new conductor of the symphony, and the center of much unhappy bickering on the part of those who take their symphonies very seriously. It seems you either think he's wonderful or want to throw a music stand at him.

Two of the soloists with the Chicago Symphony this summer will be bluejackets from the Great Lakes Naval Training Center. With the special permission of the Commandant of the 9th Naval District, Oscar Chausow and Frank Miller will be soloists in the Brahm's Double Concerto. It probably isn't news to Kansas City music lovers that Mr. Chausow formerly was a member of the violin section of the Kansas City Philharmonic, which he left for the Chicago Symphony. Frank Miller was Toscanini's solo cellist before he received greetings from the government.

The free Grant Park concerts will last until Labor Day, with a variety of local orchestras taking over the bandshell. The Ravinia season normally runs six weeks, with as many guest conductors. Last summer Kansas City's Efrem Kurtz was among the most popular of the guests.

The Grant Park concerts, some of which are very good, feature sudden cloudbursts and traffic jams. The Ravinia series, if it runs true to form, will attract the largest mosquitoes west of Jersey City. Scratching sounds and the muffled moans of wounded music-lovers will be an added, if unwelcome, feature.

HOTELS

Whether you vacation in Chicago to enjoy music, or yearn to hear and see Sophie Tucker in person at the Chez Paree, you probably won't have to worry about spending your nights in Grant Park. The hotel room sit-

uation has eased considerably. One man walked into the Palmer House recently, minus a reservation. Without waiting in line, he got a room—and fainted. However, it's still a safe plan to wire ahead for reservations. The Palmer House, Sherman, and the Drake have the NO ROOMS sign up most often. On the other hand, the Stevens, Morrison, and LaSalle are a good bet if you're coming to town on short notice. The convention ban is chiefly responsible for the great improvement in the bed situation.

Even though most of Chicago is eating out several nights a week because of the meat famine, you can still order a steak. And with the exception of a meatless day now and then, most of the hotels, restaurants, and night clubs offer a bill of fare that would make a European moan, "Don't you know there's a war going on?"

NITE SPOTS

On the night club front—Emile Petti returns to Chicago in a few weeks, this time to the Bismarck hotel. It will be a change of pace for that room, which previously has featured Art Kassel and Jimmy Joy, and it will be very nice to have Emile and his satin smooth society rhythms back again. This time he'll be playing in a room with a large dance floor. The floor in his previous stand, the Pump Room, is about the size of the rear platform of a Country Club trolley.

Stan Kenton's superb music is currently a feature of the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman. He will be replaced presently by Jimmy Dorsey, of the battling Dorseys. Mr. Kenton, by the way, has a big brassy band that practically blows you right out into Randolph Street.

With the lifting of the curfew, the cafes are putting money into the safe again—and taking the rubber band off the talent bankroll. According to the grapevine, Ted Lewis is to return to the Latin Quarter. Ted is like Sophie Tucker. He goes on forever.

Under the heading of "already arrived" attractions comes another old-timer, George Olsen, who seems to have discovered the Fountain of Youth somewhere near the Empire Room of the Palmer House. Although his current band looks as though he had recruited it from a Boy Scout drum and bugle corps, it has an alert, smart appearance that is the mark of all too few big bands. The boys play crisp, well-controlled music which has flavor but is not too over-burdened with musical condiments. The band also has wealth of comedy and novelty talent—in addition to lovely Judith Blair, who can also sing.

The Edgewater Beach is headlining the music of Emil Vandas, with Wayne King, now minus his Captain's bars, about to take over the bandstand for a late spring and summer sojourn. Del Courtney is at the Blackhawk indefinitely, and Ted Weems—another longtime local favorite—is well set in the big Boulevard Room of the Stevens.

RACING

Now that Mr. Byrnes has smiled on the sport of kings, the bookies are back in Henrici's for their morning coffee and the line forms at the right at the pari-mutual windows. Sportsman's Park—the popular pocket-sized track—is now in operation, with big Hawthorne scheduled to open within a few days.

THEATRE

Only three theatres are lighted currently in Chicago, and the prospect for a big summer is not too bright at the moment. Several plays have closed abruptly. Eddie Dowling, Laurette Taylor, and their "Glass Menagerie" moved on to give New York a real theatrical experience, and only "Dear Ruth" has arrived. This comedy hit, however, is destined to stick around for months. Authored by Mr. Norman Krasna, the eminent gin-rummy player, it's a well-cast, well-directed carbon copy of the Broadway company. Definitely on the Chicago horizon is "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," scheduled for late May.

Louis Calhern and Oscar Karlweis of the original New York cast will be among those present.

V-E day found Chicago in a pretty solemn mood. Those who came downtown to watch a rip-roaring celebration must have been disappointed. Nature provided a bright, warm day (for a change), but that's about all that was unusual about May 9. Aside from an orderly crowd at State and Madison streets, and a few showers of paper from Loop buildings, there wasn't much visible festivity. The real celebration took place in homes and hearts and churches. All churches were open. All taverns were closed.

V-E DAY

—Norton Hughes Jonathan

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

★ BALINESE ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. Smart, modern room with Balinese murals, copper dance floor, and a good bar. Dinner music at 6:30; music for dancing, at 9:00 p.m.—from Bill Bennett and the orchestra. 7th and Michigan Ave. Har. 4300.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Plushy melee of pink satin, ruby velvet, chintz and wrought-iron and lush foliage. One of the places. Jerry Glidden and his men make the music to which society dances. Michigan & Walton. Sup. 2200.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Wayne King and his orchestra are featured this month, with their silky rhythms, and there are those Dorothy Hild dancers in new and scintillating numbers. Rosemary Deering is the ballerina. The "lyrical miracle" is Nancy Evans; and the revue also boasts of the Three Bars, the Stylists, and the Gaudsmith Brothers and their intelligent dogs. 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. Ultra-ultra, to the tune of Dick LaSalle and his orchestra. There's always a show worth seeing. Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. Ted Weems and his orchestra are held over. New Dorothy Dorben revue is called "Spree for All." Good looking Dan Harding emcees and sings on the side. Or vice-versa. In the Park Row Room, Adele Scott plays organ melodies. The room has an ample bar, and you may have luncheon, dinner, or supper. Saturday night dancing. 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. One of the traditions. There's a revue, and music by George Olsen and orchestra. State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

Casual . . .

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Intimate, atmospheric, and relaxing. The smart set has put the approval on this one. 2100 Lincoln Park West. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARCK HOTEL. The Walnut Room offers the danceable rhythms of Emile Petti and his orchestra, with gorgeous Linda Larkin, and a revue. In the Tavern Room there's continuous dancing and entertainment with Earl Roth's orchestra, and Ozzie Osburn. (LOOP.) Randolph & LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Del Courtney's orchestra plays for dancing. Dottie Dotson and Johnny Williams appear in a new show, with a lot of other entertaining people. (LOOP). Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ LA SALLE HOTEL. In the smart Pan American Room, Florian ZaBach and his violin make memorable music; so does the tenor, Richard Gordon. Zarco and Beryl do some exciting dance routines. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. In the Panther Room, Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra replace Stan Kenton. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. Hy Ginnis keeps one of the preferred cafes in the town. Sorta tropical and friendly, with good food and drinks, and it stays open late. 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. Substantial Hungarian cookery; lilting gypsy music by Bela Babai's gypsies. (NORTH). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ CLUB EL GROTTO. "Patha" Hines and his orchestra beat out dance music all around a "Star Time" revue which is all-Negro and all exciting. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. Five years old, just recently, and one of the better established

traditions of the town. Cantonese food is the tops; so are the rum-based drinks; so is the atmosphere. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ IVANHOE. 12th Century England, with Catacombs, and Enchanted Forest, and all manner of surprising nooks. Music, wining and dining facilities are modern, however. (NORTH). 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ L'AIGLON. A mellow old mansion featuring French and Creole cookery, and the music of Spyros Stamos. (GOLD COAST). 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ SINGAPORE. Under the bamboo tree you'll find some of the best pit barbecue in these parts. The Malay Bar is always gay. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush St. Del. 0414.

★ SARONG ROOM. Notable for several items, with the Devi-Dja dancers heading the list. They do their tribal chants and Balinese dances with exquisite skill. Atmosphere and food are in keeping, and of course, so is the music. You'll likely dine on chicken, shrimp, sharp sauces, and rich desserts, all Bali-Javanese in style. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI-LA. Forget your cares under silvery palms (and we don't mean palms crossed with silver) and over tall intricate tropical drinks. The food is Cantonese and excellent, and the menu reads glowingly of more than fifty dishes prepared after recipes that date back to Confucius. 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ YAR, LAKE SHORE DRIVE HOTEL. In the cocktail lounge, deep sofas, murals, and wonderful drinks. In the Boyar Room, rich Russian foods and the music of George Scherban's gypsies. Colonel Yaschenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sunday. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 0222.

Entertainment . . .

★ BROWN DERBY. Mad and beautiful—with a show featuring Tommy Raft, who pantomimes like crazy; Judy Scott, Betty Hill, the Debutantes, and Jerry Salone's orchestra. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CHEZ PAREE. Chez Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson there's that one-and-only, Sophie Tucker, blazing away at some bran new songs and some that are old and clamored for. Ted Shapiro still accompanies. The Adorables parade around in some new dances; and Arthur Lee Simpkins, the sepia singer, is making a hit. A big, expensive show. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Variety revue, with Alvira Morton as mistress of ceremonies, shares the spotlight with flaming crater dinners. The dinners come at $1.75. No cover or minimum. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. Where the girls stand on one leg, too, and kick the other one, and both are beautiful. Ray Reynolds and quips are still around. It's quite a show. No cover or minimum. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Carrie Finnell, plump and amazing, moves in from her late success in "Star and Garter." Songs by Jessie Rosella and Billy Carr; dancing by the Serranos and Billy Severin; music by Charles Rich's orchestra—shall we go on? Minimum, Saturday only, $1.50. 11 N. Clark. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Tropical, as the name might suggest, with typical dancing, etc. Riela Ressy is the dynamo; Al Samuels, the new emcee; and Don Pablo leads the band. Sunday dancing at 4:00. (NORTH). 714 W. North Ave. Mic. 6947.

★ L & L CAFE. A beautiful girl every 5 minutes keeps everybody happy. Red Forrest as emcee tries. The Averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. See. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Well, look who's here! Ted Lewis—and everybody's happy. He brings with him a choice bunch of entertainers and his old top hat. Food, drinks, and service here are better than average. (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.

★ LIBERTY INN. In which they take liberties—and patrons love it. Some of Pat Perry's pretty girls are Mickey White, Sharon Kay, Vivian Morgan, and Sherry Adaire. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. Ginger DuVell emcees a sophisticated show which shows (to put it mildly) such luscious femmes as Margie Lacey, Peggy White, and Marion Peters. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ RIO CABANA. Spacious, spicy, and special. A new show features Frances Faye. (GOLD COAST.) 400 N. Wabash. Bel. 3700.

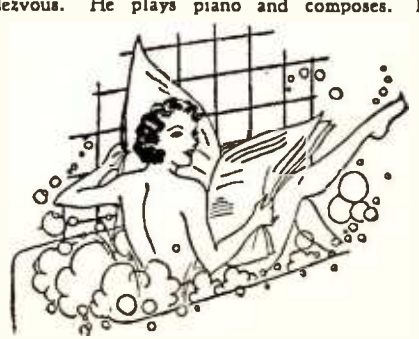
★ SO-HO CLUB. Breezy presentation of feminine pulchritude, here at Chris Velis' club. Informal peppering of comedy and song. Lots and lots of girls, including Rosita Morelle, Terry Martin, Betty Lee, et al. Dave Tannen and Jules Savoy emcee. (WEST.) 1124 W. Madison. Can. 9260.

★ VINE GARDENS. Jimmy Pappas presents Joe Morrison, with Marvin Boone, Howard & White, Betty Maxwell; and Joe Kish's orchestra for your dancing. Tax after 8:15. (NORTH). 614 W. North. Mic. 5106.

★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. Byron Massel and Henry Weiss present a lot of fancy people in a good strong show. There's Jan Murray, the new Paramount star; also the Condos Brothers, Viola Layne, and Alyce Strickland. 5100 Broadway. Long. 5111.

Bars of Music . . .

★ CLOVER BAR. Lew Marcus makes some of the very best music in Chicago in this popular Loop rendezvous. He plays piano and composes. Bert



McDowell relieves with pianologues that have 'em crying for more. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ CRYSTAL TAP. In Hotel Brevoort. Here's probably the town's most famous musical bar, where Marvin Miller's Trio, Bob Billings at the organ, and Rita Wood with her songs fill in the gaps when the whole crowd isn't singing. Which is what you're expected to do whenever the urge strikes. (LOOP.) Madison East of La Salle. Fra. 2363.

★ PREVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. A new and sumptuous spot for enjoying music and drinks at the same time. (LOOP). State and Randolph.

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. Non-stop entertainment gives you Chuck Liphardt and his Sophisticates of Swing; Lea Roberts, Juanita Cummings, Rose Kane, Marie Costello; Ruth Glass, and at the novachord, Jean Thomas and Cookie Harding. (SOUTH LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.

★ THREE DEUCES. The "joint that jumps"—and with good reason! Laura Rucker still carries on with her incomparable pianologues and there's the Memphis City Trio to send it solid. (LOOP.) Wabash and Van Buren. Wah. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. Jam sessions, boogie-woogie-wise and otherwise, plus down-to-earth song selling, attract Hollywood celebs as well as our own. As well as us, too. 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0024.

★ TOWN CASINO. This Loop favorite is usually jammed to the top balcony with fans of the Waldorf Boys and the Colony Boys. It's very elegant to look at, as well, and the liquor is quicker. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark. And. 1636.

★ THE TROPICS. In Hotel Chicagoan. The hambooed interior of this sea-island refuge is a fitting spot for Sam Bari and his Men of Rhythm; and for the scintillating stylings of Red Duncan, the blind pianist; (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 4000.

Food for Thought . . .

★ A BIT OF SWEDEN. Candlelight and quaintery and superb smorgashord, hot or cold. (NEAR NORTH). 1015 Rush St. Del. 1492.

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Big, friendly Gus hands over the drinks; Andy is usually around to extend the welcome. Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. The place is attractively ship-shape. (NEAR NORTH). 1121 N. State St. Del. 9862.

★ CAFE DE PARIS. Small, smart, and gourmetrical. Henri Charpentier does the food honors here, offering some of the finest French cuisine this side of France. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearhorn. Whi. 5620.

★ DUFFY'S TAVERN. Sure, and it's a bit of old Ireland—even if the chef is French! (He's Arturo, by the way, who won the Escoffier Award in Paris in 1935; the International Culinary Show Award in Chicago, 1939). Cornfed brisket of beef with cabbage is an institution here around the clock. The place stays open till sunrise. Pianistics in the evening. 115 N. Clark. Dea. 1840.

★ 885 CLUB. Offers satisfying entertainment, as well as food, but the food dished out in Joe Miller's joint is no joke! It's as delicious and varied as the place is elegant. (GOLD COAST). 885 Rush. Del. 1885.

★ GUEY SAM. On the fringe of Chinatown. Unpretentious surroundings, but the most wonderful Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth Ave. Vic. 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAI. Variations on a good theme—chop suey in all its versions, plus fine American foods as well. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. A set of exquisite dining rooms with a view. The harbor is simply breath-taking below. In the rooms, graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and candlelight add up to simple enchantment, and the food is delicious. Courses are priced separately. May we also recommend the Bamboo Bar? 2150 N. Lincoln Park, West. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICI'S. A tradition of a sort—and a very good sort. Their pastries and apple pancakes will keep the place open for as many more years—and that's a long time. 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNGSHOLM. A rare combination of smorgashord, scenery, and grand opera—which goes on nightly in the theatre-salon upstairs. The food is fine. Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. Whose name tells the story rather well. It's a lovely spot with wonderful food and service. Closed on Sunday. 619 N. Michigan Ave. Del. 0102.

★ NANKIN RESTAURANT. Chinese-American dishes, nicely served. A nice drop-in for shoppers or theatre-goers. 66 W. Randolph. State 1900.

CHICAGO THEATRE

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearhorn. Cen. 8240). Charming affair about 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. With Leona Powers, William Harrigan, and Augusta Dabney.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). This amiably uproarious comedy, based on the book by Clarence Day, moves in for a limited stay, so better catch it quick. Cast is headed by Carl Benton Reid and Betty Linley.

★ MADAME DU BARRY. (Civic Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Dea. 9330.) The summer's first operetta, starring Marita Farell (of the Met) and Michael Bartlett. Score by Carl Millocker. A gay, romantic thing about the lady who's still being talked, written, and sung about. Nightly, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday.

★ JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL. (Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Har. 8830). Franz Werfel's wistful little comedy about how some people escaped from the Nazis in France. Oscar Karlweis still steals the show, as he did on Broadway; Louis Calhern and Marianne Stewart are both fine. Elia Kazan is the director, and Stewart Chaney did the sets.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearhorn. Cen. 8240). Is heard in Chicagoland, as K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe, and Betty Lawford enact this delightful story of young love on a week-end pass.

DANCING

★ ARAGON BALLROOM. (1100 Lawrence Ave.) Art Kassel and his orchestra.

★ TRIANON BALLROOM. (6201 S. Cottage Grove Ave.) Lawrence Welk and his orchestra.

New York Communique . . .

The big news nowadays is that New York City, literally, is beginning to see the light!

V-E

The three years of black, dim-, and brown-out ended May 9 in a blaze of glory. The Great White Way went white again; and out in the harbor the Statue of Liberty was bathed in the most brilliant light of her fifty-eight years. The news once more dashed 'round and 'round the Times Tower. Times Square swarmed with jubilant New Yorkers who had thrown some thousand tons of paper some twenty hours before V-E Day became official. The curfew had rung for seventy-two days. But when the brown-out and bans were lifted New York's nitelife was back on the beam on split-second notice. It was quite a different city from the one which in mid-April had run the flags down to half-mast . . . and yet, the city had not forgotten.

When a death in the afternoon struck New York last April, the effect upon the city—and on Broadway in particular—was something that will not soon be forgotten. Tributes in mourning appeared as if by magic in store windows along Fifth Avenue and a hush settled on the crowds of people as they began to realize a President had just died. One of the most interesting phases of the reaction was the almost immediate and enthusiastic reception of the new President. From Wall Street to the Bronx there were voluntary pledges of support and confidence. Though not many people in New York are very familiar with Kansas City or the State of Missouri, "way out west"—they are quite familiar with the expression, "the Heart of America." And this, coupled with the modesty, the fine record, and the straightforward manner of Harry S. Truman which was extolled and dramatized by radio and press, has appealed to the people back East to an extent beyond all expectation. They like this man who was once a farm boy in Missouri, and members of the Union Club as well as service men at the Stage Door Canteen rallied to his leadership with "God bless him, I'm for him!"

Always when fair weather begins, Central Park comes into its own. Every visitor should find time for at least an hour's stroll round its many winding paths and small lagoons. It is one of the best shows in New York, with continuous performances . . . children, dogs, "characters," and of course, the strange beasts in the small zoo. And all mixed up in a colorful tangle of human interest. There is a small outdoor cafe at the zoo which is usually crowded and gay. Directly in front of the terrace cafe is a large pool, residence of the Sea Lion family. Actors at heart, they always give a good performance though curtain time varies too much to be included in *The New Yorker* as a "must." At the Fifty-ninth street side of the Park the cabbies are lined up with a marvelous assortment of carriages. There are three dollar and five dollar rides, depending on the route; and they are available day and night. A carriage ride in the Park is like a whiff of lavender and a touch of old elegance. It's wonderful for romance . . . and it's wonderful anyway.

UP IN CENTRAL PARK

Info picked up on the Avenue: Sure cure for limp, stringy veils that ruin the effect of a smart hat: place the veil between two pieces of wax paper and press with a fairly hot iron . . . An amusing touch round the house: hand-made tarleton flowers wired to the branches of a rubber plant, or any good-sized potted plant.

TO THE LADIES

NITE LIFE

Maisonette, popular little dine-dance-show in the St. Regis Hotel, closed its doors April 25th for the summer. Many others now follow as the season takes to roof gardens. The Starlight Roof at the Waldorf and the St. Regis Roof are two of the most attractive spots in the city. Always cool. Floor shows . . . smart and expensive. LaRue's, pet place of New Yorkers, young and unyoung, remains open all summer. No floor show, but none needed with the hats that appear. Have plenty of "ready" handy when the check comes here, too. . . . For a quiet dinner with quiet prices and lots of atmosphere—the Hotel des Artistes. The walls are paneled with paintings by Howard Chandler Christy of bee-utiful girls representing the four seasons. Mr. Christy himself, rotund and rosy, is often there twinkling and enjoying the complimentary remarks made about his work. . . . La Poissonnier (Madeleine's) on East 52nd Street—moderate prices, very intime with specialties in French cuisine and excellent entertainment . . . two femmes sing with a tiny piano that is pushed from table to table, and a colored trio sings with a guitar . . . all the songs you can recall. You can sing yourself if the urge strikes . . . but tip the entertainers, mister. Madeleine is always there, moving from patron to patron for a brief chat. She bears a striking resemblance to Irene Bordoni with whom she came to this country many years ago.

Restaurants and hotels are ingenious in meeting the meat and butter shortage. At famous Christ Cella's, one diner may have beef if his or her companion will take chicken, veal or fish. Cheese and apple butter are served at many places instead of butter—others serve a neat triangle of butter (half as much) instead of the pre-war squares.

CELEBS

Spotted in the audience of "The Glass Menagerie" . . . Greta Garbo and Katherine Hepburn. For a glimpse of the famous of stage, screen, or literary fame, go to the Twenty-One Club on West 52nd Street. . . . And for radio renowns, the Barberry Room on East 52nd Street.

THE VERSAILLES TREAT

Incident at the Versailles where Doris, famous palmist, reveals the vagaries of fortune for patrons in the cocktail lounge. . . . Three young business girls waited their turn for Doris while ordering the customary drinks. It was a long wait. Then, just as their turn came, a mink clad woman entered, slipped a tip to the head waiter, ordered a drink and started towards Doris' table. One of the three girls, however, had already seated herself there. The head waiter stepped over and informed the girl that she was to relinquish her turn to the new arrival . . . that the woman belonged to the "fourth estate" and was entitled to this privilege "on the house." There was something about the situation that seemed awfully phony. The girl stood up and answered that if the woman in the mink coat had "on the house" privileges of making other patrons wait an extra half or three-quarters of an hour (which is the length of time Doris usually takes) she and her companions would just consider their drinks "on the house." They had waited in good faith and could not wait any longer. The three then walked to the door where the head waiter stopped them and presented their check. Everyone was interested by this time and listening when the girl said, "You may be impressed by that mink coat, but it doesn't mean a thing to me. Pay for the drinks yourself out of the tip she gave you—or give her the check." They left. The woman in mink took her place at Doris' table

completely undisturbed by the scene. But when she returned to her own table the waiter presented her with the girl's check. She laughed, paid it, and said she didn't mind a bit. This attitude didn't go over with the other patrons and as if by mutual agreement each called for the head waiter and asked that their checks be given to the woman in mink, too. Soon the woman became the brunt of so many laughs that her face flushed, and she left. If more such incidents occurred there would be much less Manhattan palm-greasing.

—*Lucie Ingram.*

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

For Festive Fun

★ AMBASSADOR. Dinner and supper dancing to the music of Jules Lande in the Garden. Dinner for $2.50. A lot of radio folks roundabout these parts. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. Sammy Kaye's orchestra plays for dancing on the roof. Cover, after 10—$1.00; Friday and Saturday, $1.25. Closed on Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Gay Paree that attracts French sailors and emigres and a lot of others, with its authentic atmosphere, its Montmartre Girls, and its French cuisine. Dinners from $1.25; minimum, Saturdays and holidays, $1.50. 225 West 46. CI 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the "Glass Hat," Payson Re and Nino dispense music, regular and rumba, respectively. Revue with Kathryn Duffy Dancers and others at 7 and 10. Dinner from $1.95. Minimum after ten, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE. A new show in the Bowman Room, featuring Ann Warren who sings, and Harrison and Fisher who dance. Ray Benson's orch and that of Mischa Raginsky are on hand at different times. Cover after 9, $1.00; Saturday, $1.50. Also cocktails under the clock, and in the Men's Bar and Madison Room. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ BLUE ANGEL. Irene Bordoni makes a clean sweep with her eyelashes and little songs; there's also Mildred Bailey, Eddie Mayehoff, and the Delta Rhythm Boys to help make this a preferred spot. Dinner a la carte. Minimum $3.00; Saturday and Sunday, $3.50. 152 E. 55. PL 3-0626.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Lots'n lotsa good people entertaining: Josh White, Imogene Coca, Mary Lou Williams, Ed Hall's Orchestra, etc., etc. Shows at 7:30 and 10:30. Dinner from $1.75. Minimum, $2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. More good people, including Jimmy Savo, Beatrice Kraft, who dances, Delores Martin, Field's Trio, and Phil Moore's band. Minimum, $3.50. 128 E. 58. PL 5-9223.

★ CARNIVAL. Louis Prima's band blows hot in this big theatre-club. There's currently a revue called "Sawdust Holiday." One of the biggest and most reasonably priced of N. Y. attractions. After 8:30, cover $1.00; Saturday, Sunday, and holidays, $1.50. 8th Ave. at 51. CI 6-3711.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Music by Cornelius Codolban's orchestra; other entertainment featuring Adia Kuznetzoff. Food both Russian and American. Minimum after ten, $2.50; Saturdays and holidays, $3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. CI 6-6116.

★ COPACABANA. Xavier Cugat and a revue, twice nightly. Dinner a la carte. Minimum $3.00; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. Tea dancing Sundays from 4 p.m. 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ EL MOROCCO. Wonderful food to the tune of Chauncey Gray's music and a two-buck cover after seven. Cocktail (or tea, take your choice) dancing 5:00-7:00 Saturday and Sunday. 154 E. 54. EL 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. Dance all evening (except Monday) to music by Stan Keller and his orchestra. Minimum, Saturday after 9:30, $2.00. Sunday brunch, 11:00—4:00—isn't that convenient? 100 Central Park S. CI 7-0300.

★ 400 CLUB. Benny Goodman and orchestra, hear! hear! Lunch from 85c. Cover after 9:00, $1.00, Saturday, $1.50. 1 E. 43. MU 2-3423.

★ LEON AND EDDIE'S. Not for the kiddies. At least, not the revues, which star Eddie Davis and Sherry Britton, and which are very good if not clean fun! Minimum after 10:00, $3.50; Saturday and holidays, $4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

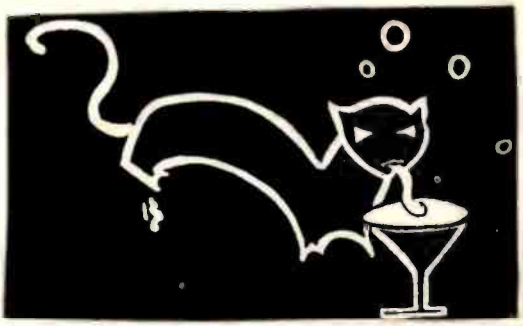
★ LEXINGTON. In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma's orchestra and a Hawaiian Revue. Dancing most of the evening. Jeno Bartal's orchestra on Mondays, and daily at luncheon. Cover 75c after 9:00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

★ NEW YORKER. In the Terrace Room, Sonny Dunham, his orchestra, and an ice revue starring Joan Hyldoft. Dancing between shows. Cover after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Children's Saturday matinee. Luncheon show, 1:15 except Sunday. 8th Ave. at 34. ME 3-1000.

★ NICK'S. The kind of jazz they write books about—sent by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and Pee Wee Russell, the old flame-throwers. Minimum after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 170 W. 10. WA 9-9742.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. In the Cafe Rouge, Glen Gray's orchestra plays for dancing. Cover $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

★ PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melba's orchestra; Jayne Di Gatano and Adam danced into a show at mid-month, along with Willy Boag. Minimum, $2.00; Saturday and holidays, $3.00. Dinner a la carte. Closed Monday and noon Sunday. 5th Ave. at 61. RE 4-5900.



★ PLAZA. Hildegarde is back in her old haunt, the Persian Room, where she entertains around ten nightly except Tuesday, with Bob Grant's orchestra. Cover after 9:30, $1.50. Tuesday night dancing to Mark Monte's music. Minimum, $2.50, no cover. Plam Court Lounge for cocktail dancing, 5:00-8:30. 5th at 59. PL 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. Eddie Stone's orchestra plays for dancing in the Grill daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30 $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ RUBAN BLEU. The Deep River Boys, Monica Boyar, Garland Wilson and others entertain in this popular spot. Liquor minimum, Monday-Thursday, $2.50; Friday, Saturday, and holidays, $3.00. Closed Sundays. No dancing. 4 E. 56. EL 5-9787.

★ ST. MORITZ. Danny Yates and orchestra play for dancing in the New Club Continental, with Jovita and Los Andrini Brothers entertaining between times. Minimum, Saturday after 10:00, $2.00. Closed Monday. 59 Central Park S. Wl 2-5800.

★ ST. REGIS. The roof opens to the tune of Paul Sparr's music, alternating with the organ melodies of Theodora Brooks. Maximilian's Ensemble play at luncheon, which starts at $1.85. Dinner $3.50 up and a la carte, with a $1.50 minimum; Saturdays, $2.50. Try the Penthouse for cocktails at noon or evening. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY-PLAZA. Dinner and supper dancing to music by Roy Fox, erstwhile of London, and that of Clemente's marimba band. Minimum, 5:00-9:00, $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. Cover, 9:00 to closing, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 5th Ave. at 58th. VO 5-2600.

★ SPIVY'S ROOF. Cocktails begin at 4:30; Spivy sings around 7:00; and there's continuous entertainment from then on. Liquor minimum, $1.50; Friday, Saturday, $2.25. Dinner, from 6:00-9:00, begins around $3.00. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

★ STORK CLUB. For tea and evening dancing, Ernie Holst and Noro Morales and their respective aggregations. Cover after 10:00, $2.00; Saturday and holidays, $3.00. 3 E. 53. PL 3-1940.

★ TAFT. In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and the boys play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except on Sunday. Lunch from 65c; dinner from $1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.

★ TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Lenny Herman's orchestra plays for dancing from 6:15. Minimum after 9:00, $1.00; Saturday and holidays, $1.50. Closed Monday. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.

★ VERSAILLES. Jane Pickens and the shapely Versaibs are the attractions here. Maximillian Bergere's orchestra plays for dancing, alternating with Monchito's rumbas. Minimum after 10:00, $2.50; Saturday and holidays, $3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. There's a revue, twice nightly; but you'll get roped in on the other activities, no doubt. They include square dancing and musical chairs and others of that ilk, which Tiny Clark makes you think are just the stuff! Minimum $1.50; Friday and holidays, $2.00; Saturday, $2.50. Opens at 4:00. Luncheon show on Saturday, $1.45. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. Down-cellar festivities, with Art Hodes Trio, a calypso singer, and Betty Wragge. Minimum $1.50; Saturday and holidays, $2.00. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ WALDORF-ASTORIA. The Starlight Roof opens for the summer, with Nat Brandwynne's orchestra alternating with Mischa Borr at supper. There's also the Hermanos Williams trio, Victoria Cordova and Cantu. Cover after 9:30, $1.00, except for Service Men. Sunday dancing, no show, 7:30-10:00; no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

★ ZANZIBAR. "Zanzibarabian Nights" is the new revue at Joe Howard's big, bright club, with none other than King Cab the Calloway setting the pace! With Mr. Calloway are Pearl and Bill Bailey; a harmonious trio, Day, Dawn, and Dusk; Count Le Roy, a terrific roller skater; and a flock of others. Claude Hopkins' band alternates with Cab Calloway's for dancing. Minimum after 9:00, $3.50. Broadway at 49. Cl 7-7380.

Tummy Stuff

★ ALGONQUIN. Famous for its clientele—largely actors and writers; and for excellent cuisine. Lunch from $1.15; dinner from $2.00. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 West 44. MU 2-0101.

★ ARTISTS & WRITERS. Filling food, eaten daily by newspapermen from the Times and Herald Tribune. A la carte lunch and dinner; gentle prices. 213 W. 40. ME 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.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. A soothing retreat for eating. Lunch and dinner a la carte, and expensive. Opens Sunday at 4:00. 19 E. 52. PL 3-5800.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. First floor restaurant offers good food at moderate prices. Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge on the 26th floor is a room with a view. Opens at 5:00. There's the small bar downstairs, too. They call it Elbow Room, and they aren't kidding. 49 & 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ CAVANAGH'S. Cavanagh's clientele, a handsome and hansom one, moved up town, but Cavanagh's stayed put, so the clientele just keeps coming back. Steaks and chops, mostly, and the a la carte tends to mount up. 218 West 23rd Street. CHelsea 3-2790.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. French food and lots of it. Dinner a la carte, $1.35 up. There's a popular bar, too. Closed on Sunday. 25 E. 40. LE 2-0342.

★ CHRIST CELLA. Steaks, chops, and seafood in simple surroundings. The food lives up to its price. There's a bar. The whole works is closed on Sundays and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9557.

★ CORTILE. There's a character analyst for fun, and pretty fair food for just 50c and up (luncheon) and 75c and up (dinner). 37 W. 43 or 36 W. 44. MU 2-3540.

★ DAY-DEAN'S. For pastries you lie awake nights and dream about. Also salads that are pretty superb. A tea-room, serving luncheon 11:45-2:30; tea from 3:00 to 5:30. A la carte only. Closed Sunday. 6 E. 57. PL 5-8300.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Seafood, naturally, supplemented with steaks and chops, and all superb. A la carte. Entrees 85c to $2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8th. ST 9-8046.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Dickens' characters drawn on the walls are worth seeing; the good American food is worth trying. Incidental music. Opens at 5:00 on week-days; Sunday brunch 12:00-3:00; dinner 2:00-9:00. Also a bar. Closed Tuesday. 20 E. 9. ST 9-8969.

★ DINTY MOORE'S. The Green Room near the 46th Street Theatre. Corned beef and cabbage is a staple here. Lunch and dinner a la carte; entrees begin at $1.50. 216 W. 46. CH 4-9039.

★ FREEMAN CHUM'S. On both sides of town, you'll find Cantonese dishes that are really something, at prices that aren't too bad a'tall. 142 E. 53. EL 5-7765. Or 151 W. 48. LO 5-8682.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Smorgasbord, dessert and coffee come at $1.50 for dinner. Regular dinner at $1.75. Fine Swedish food for luncheon, $1.00-1.25. 324 E. 57. EL 5-8476.

★ 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.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. Backed by MacDougal's alley, and populated by villagers and visitors. Changing art exhibits by the natives, and general coziness make this one of the nicer little spots to dine or drink. Luncheon 55c-$1.00; dinner 70c-$1.75. 28 W. 8th. SP 7-2540.

★ KEEN'S CHOP HOUSE. Which just about explains itself. Chops and steaks are well prepared and not too harshly priced. 72 W. 36. WI 7-3636.

★ L'AIGLON. French cuisine surrounded by old French prints, waterfalls and woodlands. Lunch $1.35. Dinner $2.25 if you order a drink; $2.50, if you don't. 13 E. 55. PL 3-7296.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. A new and attractive spot where the fish, steak, and chops come charcoal broiled if you like. And the New Orleans pecan pie rocks you back on your heels. Luncheon from 75c; dinner a la carte and reasonable. 226 W. 23. WA 9-9093.

★ MADELEINE'S LE POISSONNIER. The French again, and very fine French. Seafoods on the menu, among other things; and entertainment by Irene Stanley, the Charles Wilson Trio, and Lucile Jarrott. Closed Sunday. Dinner around $2.75.

★ ROBERTO'S. In the Camelia Room, food with the French accent again, in an appropriate setting. Lunch from $1.25; dinner a la carte, beginning around $2.25. 22 E. 46. VA 6-3042.

★ SARDI'S. Caricatures of theatrical celebs and those celebs in person. Prices are moderate; there's a lounge for cocktails. Closed Sunday. 234 W. 44. LA 4-5785.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. Look down on Central Park from the mezzanine dining room, where luncheon and dinner are a la carte, beginning around 80c and $1.85. 5th Ave. at 59. VO 5-2800.

★ SWEDISH RATHSKELLER. Smorgasbord in a cellar. Luncheon to $1.20; dinner around $1.75. 201 E. 52. EL 5-9165.

★ 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 pants down. Where the praise agents tell stories into cauliflower ears, and talk loudly enough to be overheard by the broadcasting execs. Lunch and dinner, a la carte. 51 West 51st Street. PLaza 3-9000.

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

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

New York Theatre

PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47th 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 East. BR 9-0046). This year's Pulitzer Prize novel made into a slightly less imposing play. Fredric March is excellent as the Major who understands the human heart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ COMMON GROUND—(Golden, 45 West. CI 6-6740). Five Americans (of devious descent) learn to appreciate the Land of the Free while prisoners of the Nazis in Italy. More oratorical than dramatic, but acted competently by Luther Adler, Nancy Noland, and Philip Loeb, among others. Edward Chodorov wrote and directed it. Nightly, except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DARK OF THE MOON—(46th Street Theatre, 46th West. CI 6-6075). A lyrical legend about a witch boy (Richard Hart) and a Smoky Mountain girl (Carol Stone). The old Barbara Allen ballad with gestures and music, and the whole thing rather charming. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43 East. BR 9-3970). Lenore Lonergan plays little sister to Virginia Gilmore; signs big sister's name to a bunch of letters to service men; results—romance and a lot of fun for the audience. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ FOOLISH NOTION—(Martin Beck, 45 West. CI 6-6363). Tallulah Bankhead, Philip Barry, and the Theatre Guild get together on this sprightly comedy which brings home a soldier thought to have been killed. Henry Hull is in it, too. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. (Closes June 16.)

★ FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Booth, 45 West CI 6-5969.) Now begins much ado about readjustment of men home from the wars. Montgomery Clift is the star of this chronicle of an ex-service man, and Flora Campbell is his unsympathetic aunt.

★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Playhouse, 48 East. BR 9-3565). Tennessee Williams, formerly of St. Louis, Iowa, and points mid-west, wrote this story about some phases of his own family. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling, and Laurette Taylor act it magnificently. The Drama Critics gave it their annual award. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48 East. BR 9-4566). Frank Fay and the big white rabbit walked off with this year's Pulitzer Prize for drama. Of course, Mary Chase, who wrote this delightful thing, had something to do with it. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 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 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, 45 West. CO 5-8115). Very funny affair concerning a bobbysoxer who leads her parents on to believing she's going to have a baby. F. Hugh Herbert wrote it. Shirley Temple is doing it for the movies. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday, 2:40; Sunday 3:00.

★ KISS THEM FOR ME—(Fulton, 46 West. CI 6-6380). Luther Davis bases his play on Frederic Wakeman's "Shore Leave," and Richard Widmark and Jayne Cotter are in the cast. 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 Sun., 8:40. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 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 Sunday 8:40. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.

★ THE OVERTONS — (Booth, 45th West. CI 6-8870. Arlene Frances (the cute kid of "Blind Date") along with Jack Whiting and Glenda Farrell, appears in a piece directed by Elisabeth Bergner. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ ROUND TRIP — (Biltmore, 47 West. CI 6-9353). A matron from the middle-west breaks the monotony with the theatre and some mild romancing. Cast includes June Walker, Sidney Blackmer, Eddie Nugent, and Phyllis Brooks.

★ SCHOOL FOR BRIDES—(Ambassador, 49 West. CI 7-0760). Rather coarse comedy, concerning the efforts of a much-married man to find himself a seventh wife. Roscoe Karns is featured. Some seem to like it. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:50.

★ TEN LITTLE INDIANS—(Plymouth, 45 West CI 6-9156). Comedy of terrors, based on the engaging murder story by Agatha Christie, and enacted for the stage by a number of interesting people, including Estelle Winwood and Halliwel Hobbes. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45 West. CI 6-6230). A most delightful incident o

oung love and innocent sin, delightfully acted by etty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday nd Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44th, West. CI -5990). A period piece with an exclamation point. Nightly except Sun., 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., :30.

★ BLUE HOLIDAY—(Belasco, 44 E. BR 9-2-67). An all-Negro revue, starring Ethel Waters, with osh White, Muriel Gaines and the Hall Johnson Choir. Nice swing if it's still open.

★ CONCERT-VARIETIES—(Ziegfeld, 6th Avenue t 54. CI 5-5200). Another Billy Rose jackpot—hich gives you Zero Mostel, Katherine Dunham, eems Taylor, the Salici Puppets, Albert Ammons nd Pete Johnson, and assorted others. Strange edfellows—but a very bright show.

★ CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44 West. CI 6-0730). 'Liliom," New England version—with Jan Clayon and others. Theatre Guild presents it, with ausic by Rodgers and Hammerstein, II, sets by Jo Mielziner, direction by Mamoulian, dances by Agnes de Mille—well, how can it miss! Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(Broadhurst, 44 West. VI 6-6699). The fleet's still in, and so is Gertrude Niesen, who sings and rowdies around with such comics as Jackie Gleason, Tim Herbert and Buster West. It's rather fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center, 6th Avenue at 49th. CO 5-5474). The dazzling ice show, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz, opened the first of last summer, played all winter, and opens again after a two-week rest. Sunday evening, 8:15; other nights except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ HOLLYWOOD PINAFORE—(Alvin, 52 West. CI 5-6868). George S. Kaufman has himself a field-day, hi-jinxing around with Gilbert and Sullivan, Poe's celebrated "Raven," and certain moving picture types. Victor Moore, William Gaxton, and Shirley Booth help the fun along, and Annamary Dickey is very much on her toes.

★ 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 Tues., 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

★ MEMPHIS BOUND—(Broadway, Broadway at 53rd. CI 7-2887). Bill Robinson and Avon Long (remember Sportin' Life?) head the all-Negro cast. Story has something to do with some river boat entertainers who produce their version of "Pinafore," and of course, there's a lot of singing and very stimulating dancing.

★ ON THE TOWN—(44th Street Theatre, 44 West. LA 4-4337). A pert and likable parade of comedy by Comden and Green, who wrote and act in the thing; dancing by Sono Osato; ballets by Jerome Robbins (of "Fancy Free"); and music by young Leonard Bernstein (also of "Fancy Free"). All in all, pretty terrific. Nightly except Mon., 8:30. Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA!—(St. James, 44 West. LA 4-4664). This legendary musical carries on with the same fresh appeal as ever. Lynn Riggs wrote "Green Grow the Lilacs"; Rodgers and Hammerstein, II, set it to music; Agnes de Mille designed some dances; Theatre Guild produced it—and it may very likely go on forever. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ SONG OF NORWAY—(Imperial, 45 West. CO 5-2412). Grieg's life set to Grieg's music, and beautifully produced with Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, and Helena Bliss in lead roles. 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.

☆

WAR EFFORT

Now about that 7th War Loan: It's the best way to bridge the gap between V-E Day and V-Day proper. Your purchase of War Bonds is the stepping stone from partial to complete victory. From a recent OWI Bulletin we quote a few urgent reasons for buying bonds:

"It takes three times as long to carry men, material and supplies from the United States to our rear bases in the Orient as to our front lines in Europe . . . Geography fights on the side of the Japanese . . . So far as Japan's productive capacity for the materials of war is concerned, prior stock piling and the development of resources within her inner defenses have served to greatly minimize the effect of her shipping losses."

In briefer terms, we're still a long way from total victory. We must wage total war yet awhile. Every dollar you put into War Bonds fights the good fight, brings peace nearer, brings the boys home sooner.

V-Mail still flies to the European areas, but more of it flies to the Pacific. The point is—V-Mail still flies. That is, it does when you write. The first taste of victory is going to make fighting men more eager than ever to get the whole thing polished off so they can come home. So write to them often! Write about home! And write V-Mail. It's quicker—safer—surer.

•

The Kansas City Canteen remains a preferred spot by men in uniforms of all description. YOU CAN HELP—by sending the Canteen a few needed items, such as sheet music, cookies, pies, cut flowers. And for the benefit of Service Men and Women, let us remind you that on Sunday afternoons from 3 to 5, guest orchestras (usually the city's best hotel groups) play for tea-dancing at the Canteen, 1021 McGee. (Phone VI 9266.)

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

SWING is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and possessions and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3.00 a year; everywhere else, $4.00. SWING is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, 9th and Grand, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U.S.A.

Editor
JETTA CARLETON

Publisher
DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Contributing Staff
CHICAGO:
Norton Hughes Jonathan

NEW YORK:
Lucie Ingram

Meet KWK's RUSH HUGHES on WHB

Hughes is a natural soles-man . . . a daminantly persuasive personality who builds his programs an the mass entertainment appeal af recarded music by Guy Lambardo, Harry James, Kay Kyser, Glenn Miller, Benny Gaodman, Dinah Share, Bing Crosby and athers—the tap best-sellers from the entire field af popular music.

He knaws papular music and the people in it—and he knaws radia program praductian. These skills, plus pawerful radia salesmanship, make his pragrams nat anly popular—but gaad selling programs as well.

Hear his "Sang and Dance Parade" daily an WHB every afternaon except Sunday—and his "First Five" every night on WHB at 6:15 p.m., Manday through Saturday.

)ut here in Missouri, where people have to e "shown," folks know a good thing when hey see and *hear* it! That's why Rush Hughes, with his "Song and Dance Parade," as a 4.9 Hooperating, mornings in St. .ouis . . . and has already earned a 4.7 in Kansas City with the same type of show, fternoons. And he's getting more popular very week! They *like* him in Missouri . . . nd out in Kansas, too!

WHB exploited his programs with extensive "plug" announcements, and a *two-month showing* of 24-sheet posters throughout Greater Kansas City. In six months on the air over WHB Rush Hughes has become a "top name" throughout the Kansas City area, producing spectacular results for sponsors such as General Baking (Bond Bread). Let us tell you more about it, and about availabilities on these two WHB shows.

For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any of these "SPOT SALES" offices:

WHB KANSAS CITY This is Mutual 1000 WATTS-880KC.

KANSAS CITY. . . . Scarritt Building . . . . HArrison 1161
NEW YORK CITY . 400 Madison Avenue . ELdorado 5-5040
CHICAGO . . . . 360 North Michigan . . . . FRanklin 8520
HOLLYWOOD . Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo . HOllywood 8318
SAN FRANCISCO . . . . 5 Third Street . . . . EXbrook 3558

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

Kansas City . Wichita . Salina . Great Bend . Emporia
Missouri Kansas Kansas Kansas Kansas

WHEN the Westport Troil stroggled toward new horizons they were soying, "West Is Indiol" And West lies the For Eost—the Philippines, Iwo Jima, China, the Burmo Rood and Jopon. Past Konsas City's Union Stotion—that londmork on on old trail —trains roor every doy, carrying fighting men ond moteriel toward V-J Day