

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

Fulton Lewis, Jr.
on
"PIRACY IN THE
WAR PROGRAM"



HOMECOMING
Picture Story of
President Truman's
Visit to Kansas City
and Independence



"Not Alone a
Plot of
Ghetto Ground"
by
Elmer Berger

**AUGUST
1945**

25¢



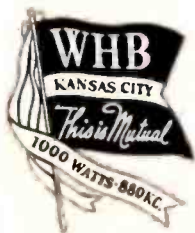
Where to Go -- What to See --

NEW YORK ★ CHICAGO ★ KANSAS CITY



To Swift the Accolade

In its 58th year, Swift and Company's Kansas City plant receives the War Food Administration's valued "A" award, in ceremonies at the Municipal Auditorium broadcast over WHB. Left to right above: Manager E. W. Phelps receives the "A" Award Flag from Rear Admiral E. G. Marsell, U. S. Navy District Supply Officer. "Now we, too, as a group shall have this flag . . . a constant reminder that the record of achievement which has merited this flag shall not be morred." . . . Andrew F. Shoeppl, Governor of Kansas, speaks of the importance of the livestock and meat packing industry to state and to nation . . . WHB's Dick Smith and five pretty girls! Forty-seven of them displayed samples of the large variety of meats which Swift & Company prepare for armed forces and lend-lease. (Martha Logan, home economist for Swift and Company, is heard over WHB and the Kansas State Network Monday through Saturday, 9:30 a. m.)



NEWS REEL

Demarest Drops In

The two mouths of the mike belong to William Demarest of Paramount Pictures, and Jetta of Swing and "Aisle 3." The popular comedian and character actor came through town to help celebrate Paramount's One-Third of a Century Anniversary; told Show Time listeners about his Army hospital tours; colled all the elevator girls "Mather"; and kept everybody in stitches.

Pulitzer Prize Winner

Hal Boyle visits home folks in Kansas City, en route to the Pacific. . . . Stops in at WHB to tell about his work as an AP Correspondent in the European theatre; how he always carried two typewriters, just in case; about the picture based on the writings of his friend, Ernie Pyle, "G.I. Joe." In the picture, Hal soys, his is the face on the cutting-room floor. . . . Hal Boyle always gathers material first-hand, often in the face of real danger, and through his newspaper stories thousands of the folks back home have learned about their sons or husbands, how they lived and fought, and how some of them died. Hal's distinctive style—simple and strong and always touched with something like poetry—won him the Pulitzer Prize this spring for the year's most distinguished correspondence.



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 Kaye, Inside Back Cover.

AUGUST is a tawny stupor. By this time, the summer has become a sort of long dream, like a yellow afternoon in which people come and go, and talk and music from no definite source float on the shimmering air . . . and it is as if winter never was in all the world, nor any edge of frost, nor anything but great wallows of green and the stuttering punctuation of flowers and all of it luminous and lovely and stunned.

We have reason to believe that in this time people came and went. We have a pleasant feeling left to prove their one time presence. We believe that early in the summer the President came to call . . . that movie stars and a Pulitzer Prize winner came our way . . . and that many words entered our office telling the news of the wide world—of the war that has no summertime . . . the intricate structures of the Japanese character . . . about hillbillies and the theatre and jazz and food. We think we must have patched all this together to make a magazine, and if we did, here it is with our greetings. But we're hardly sure of anything. It's all too dazed and yellow and hot . . . Summertime is upon us . . . and we love it.

Jetta
 Editor

August's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

MUSIC

August 5, 12, 19, 26—Kansas City Municipal Orchestra in concert, under direction of N. de Rubertis. Guest artists. 8:30 p. m. Loose Park, 50th and Wornall Road.

August 3, 10, 17, 24—Band Concert, 8:30 p. m. Swope Park.

August 6, 20—Community Sing. 8:15 p. m. Swope Park.

August 13—Community Sing. 8:30 p. m. Budd Park.

DANCING

August 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 26—Lloyd Labrie. Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.

August 17—Nichols Brothers (A&N presentation) Municipal Auditorium. 9:00 p. m.

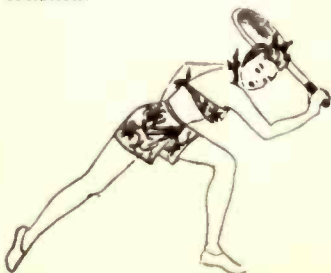
August 18—Tony Pastor. Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.

August 25—Jimmy Lunceford. Pla-Mor. 10:00 to 1:00.

Tuesday and Friday nights—"Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra. Pla-Mor. (For other dancing see listing of Parks and Lakes.)

ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockhill—August Exhibit: Twenty-three water colors by Burchfield and a traveling exhibit of water colors contributed by the Midwestern Muscum Association.



KANSAS CITY UNIVERSITY LITTLE GALLERY—Silk screen prints by Carlos Merida. Subjects taken from Mayan legends and native dances. Open 9-5, Monday through Friday. University Greenhouse, 52nd Street. KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone. Post card exhibit in Hobby Room. Large old music box from Switzerland. Relics from Germany. Redwood Doll Collection continues.

BASEBALL

(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)

August 11-13—Kansas City Blues vs. Louisville.

August 14-17—Blues vs. Indianapolis.

August 18-20—Blues vs. Columbus.

August 21-24—Blues vs. Toledo.

OTHER EVENTS

August 4, 11, 18, 25—Community Night (entertainment under direction of City Welfare Department). 8:15 p. m. City Market, 5th and Walnut.

KANSAS CITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 3522 Walnut—Auditions will be held in all departments, Sept. 4., for fall session. Special scholarships available in string section. Please write for applications.

PARKS AND LAKES

FAIRYLAND PARK—Rides, attractions, picnic facilities. Swimming—10 a. m.-10 p. m. Dancing—Orchestra Saturday nights from 9:00. Other nights, juke box. 7501 Prospect. DE. 2040.

QUIVIRA LAKES—Swimming—Tuesday through Friday, noon till 10 p. m. Saturday and Sunday, 10 a. m. till 10 p. m. Closed Monday. Club House available for private dances. On Argentine Holiday Road, 6 miles west of Argentine city limits. (Take Quivira bus, 9th and Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.) FA. 5930.

SWOPE PARK—Swimming—Monday, noon till 10 p. m. Other days 10 a. m. till 10 p. m. Animal cages open 10:30 a. m. till 7 p. m. on Sunday; other days till 6 p. m. Animals fed each day, 2:15 p. m. Picnic facilities. Boating. Golf. 63rd and Swope Parkway. JA. 1793.

WINNWOOD BEACH—Swimming—1:00-10:30 p. m. Roller skating—7:30-10:30 p. m. Dancing (juke-box) any time after 1:00 p. m. Fishing. Picnic facilities. Highway 10, 4 miles north of Kansas City. (26 buses daily from Pickwick Hotel.) GL. 9680. (R. G. Young, Manager).

WILDWOOD LAKES—Swimming, 9 a. m. till 11 p. m. daily. Picnic facilities. Saturday night dancing, 9 p. m. till 1 a. m.; music by Bob Brown's orchestra. Half mile east of Raytown. FLEMING 1151.



Piracy in the War Program

And don't think there isn't! Your money is squandered by the billions—and if investigations are started, war contractors howl that the war effort is impeded. What price (to you) patriotism? . . . One of Mutual's most energetic news analysts places some blames as a result of careful research.

By FULTON LEWIS, JR.

THREE and one-half years of close observation of the waste, extravagance, and what, in some cases, amounts to downright piracy in our war program, have left me a bit confused as to just who actually is to blame.

The Army construction forces, which have been the greatest offenders, have, of course, to take the initial rap. But somewhere along the line the public apathy to the bold squandering of public funds has to take its share of the responsibility.

If any one had said a few years ago that the American public would sit back and swallow a job like the Canol Project in Canada without screaming for somebody's scalp; that it could read about truck drivers on Army contracts getting paid at the rate of 12 thousand dollars a year with about the same reaction it would get from reading yesterday's baseball results; or that it would be only temporarily ruffled by the realization that some war contractors are enriching themselves by various devious proc-

esses while they are proudly claiming that they are getting only the meager fixed fees that the government allows them for cost-plus work—if any one had said a few years ago that any of those things could happen, they would have been catalogued as crazy.

But that, apparently, is what has happened, and is happening every day. Case after case of exorbitant profits in war contracts have been brought to light; but nothing is done and the whole thing keeps right on rolling.

Take the case of the Hawaiian contracts. Millions of dollars were funnelled out of the Federal Treasury through Army contracting officers who apparently had no regard whatever for the money they were spending. We still don't know all the facts on that case, but we have seen examples of the grossest kind of inefficiency and waste, plus such interesting little incidents as the renting of private yachts apparently for the sole purpose of paying fantastic rents to the owners.



We had a Congressional investigation of that situation, and the investigating committee tore the whole set-up, out there in Hawaii, into a thousand pieces. The only result was that the Army officer in charge received a medal for his work in Hawaii and was moved on to bigger and better jobs. Congress forgot it and the public forgot it, and apparently everybody is happy, particularly those who gained from those Hawaiian contracts.

On the Canol project, General Somervell and his Army engineers spent 130 million dollars for the alleged purpose of opening up a source of oil in northern Canada. They tied up thousands upon thousands of pieces of equipment that were vitally needed. They hired thousands of men during the most critical stage of our manpower shortage. They threw money right and left, and with that, plus their bungling, made American ingenuity the laughing stock of Canada. And to top it all off, the project is now closed down after producing much less oil than was burned up in building it.

We had a Congressional investigation of that project by one of the best investigating committees in Congress. The committee tore the project apart, and then Congress and the public promptly forgot the whole thing and permitted those who were responsible for it to move on, once again, to bigger and better things.

At the present moment we have several more Congressional investigations in progress—this time in connection with charges of exorbitant

rental payments on equipment rented from private contractors by the Army Engineers. These investigations are just getting under way, but unless they produce more in the way of final results than some of the others have, we might as well save ourselves the time and trouble of making them and just let the loose practices in government contracting go on without adding to their cost the cost of investigating them.

After all, the only purpose in making an investigation is to correct whatever abuses that investigation uncovers. But when we uncover them and still do nothing about them, we might just as well forget all about the whole thing and let the plunderers continue to plunder.

The fact that there is public apathy to these wastes and extravagances is beyond question. But just who is responsible for that apathy is quite another matter.

You can't blame it on John Jones, the average American citizen. He probably is a farmer or a plumber, and he spends eight, or ten, or twelve hours a day making a living, and tries to keep tabs on his government in his spare time. He knows only what he is told, and in the case of these government contracts, he isn't told very much.

He has been told all the time that the government contractors were getting only small fixed fees for their work, and that the war millionaire was a relic of the past.

That's a good slogan, but it just isn't true. Our production line on war millionaires probably is working



faster right now than it has any time in history, and a lot of it is being done with the complete knowledge and consent of the government's contracting officers who are handing out the dough.

The primary blame for the squandering of public funds of course rests on men like General Brehon Somervell, the head of the Army Service Forces. He has handed out billions in public funds, and some of his contracts are livid examples of things that should not be done. He has concealed his mistakes and the loose practices that have grown up in his program under the cloak of military secrecy and even to this day nobody but a Congressional investigating committee with the power of subpoena can look over the accounts or the contracts connected with such defunct projects as Canol.

But somewhere between the General Somervells and the John Joneses there is a responsibility that has not been assumed. And if you look objectively for the place where that responsibility should rest, you cannot

find any place but Congress.

It is an easy thing to criticize Congress, and a lot of people seem to make a hobby of it. But in this case, Congress rightfully deserves some criticism.

The members of Congress have made sacred cows of too many agencies in the government which are directly connected with the war. If they criticized those agencies, the agencies and the agency heads came back with the cries that they are interfering with the war effort, and in all too many cases Congress has been scared off.

The result has been that Congress has taken an attitude toward the Army and the Navy similar to the attitude a fond parent might take toward a spendthrift son. As long as they do effective work in the job of carrying on the War, Congress asks no questions whatever on the amount of money spent.

To be sure, if Congress turned too far in the other direction and started penny-pinching in the war program, the result could be disastrous. But there should be some middle-ground approach which would put a stop to some of the squandering of public funds.

The Comptroller General of the United States, Mr. Lindsay Warren, has been hammering away at Congress for years on this very question. He has told both houses on frequent occasions that public money is being thrown away with a reckless abandon never before equalled, and he has repeatedly urged that some action be taken to stop it.

There will be a reaction someday. But prosecutions won't bring the money back, and the American taxpayers will be forced to keep on for years, paying money into the Federal Treasury to pay off the fantastic profits that some of the war contractors are making at this moment.

But we still have the same program of operation. Congressional committees investigate and make a report, and then the matter is dropped. And good solid American dollars keep pouring out by the million and millions in exorbitant profits.

THOUGHTS WORTH REPEATING

American business pays its taxes, its payroll and its other costs out of what it receives for its products. The sum left over goes to the stockholders as a return for the use of their funds, or is reserved for the future needs of the particular enterprise. There is no magic about corporate finance. A corporation is exactly like an individual in this respect: it cannot for long spend more than it receives without 'going broke'."—Benjamin F. Fairless, President United States Steel Corporation.

As long as inflation is nothing but a future possibility, fear of its consequences is usually sufficient to keep everyone in line. Neither individuals nor groups are willing to start the avalanche. But, break the line at any point, set the spiral in motion, even though slowly, and a mad scramble follows."—Leo M. Cherne, Executive Secretary Research Institute of America.

Most of the dire predictions of civilian privation made some two years ago have failed to materialize, and the reason is that no one could foresee the miracle wrought by business enterprise in expanding its output, in spite of the handicaps of strikes, red tape and shortages of some materials."—George V. McLaughlin, President Brooklyn Trust Company.

The more we reduce the risks of business by building a favorable climate for business, the lower is the necessary profit which will induce high rates of industrial activity. If we make the life of the businessman tougher, more uncertain, and constantly threaten investments with all sorts of pressure group and political action, we will find that we cannot have high levels of production and employment."—Emerson P. Schmidt, Economist.



—from *The Wasp Nest*

Genus *Hummock William*



Concerning that section of HOMO SAPIENS known to us as Hillbillies—those phenomena of noon-hour and early morning radio whose origins are practically unknown.

By BILL BROWNE

THERE is an axiom in the broadcasting business that says, "You don't have to be crazy to be in radio, but it helps."

Personally, I think that is a foul canard and I resent it. But you do meet some "kerrikters" around a radio station and I think it is about time these strange flotsam and jetsam be given a wider audience. There was the Production Man in Chicago who regularly ran into a men's toggery store every morning, bought a pair of red, yellow or magenta socks, then sat on the curbstone on Michigan Avenue and changed into the new merchandise. The soiled pair went in the side pocket of his coat.

I won't mention any names, but one of the better known among the literati of the radio business, (who, incidentally, conducts a quiz show of the snootier sort) is likely to break up the most serious business conference by jumping over the chairs. Another radio fellow has an aversion to wall-paper and spends the first six months of any apartment leasehold, patiently stripping the paper off the walls with a kitchen paring knife. Some sort of phobia, the doctors say.

These, however, are the milder manifestations of dementia. I wouldn't want to discuss the more serious cases

because that might give radio a bad name and besides, what I really want to talk about is hillbillies.

Most people don't know much about hillbillies and that goes for Dr. Hooten, who is the renowned anthropologist of Harvard University. Too many people are studying the habits and cultures of the Hopi Indians and not enough attention is being given to the American hillbilly. Who is he? Where did he come from? And where does he go after the mating season? These questions cry out for an answer.

There is a rumor, which needs examination, that the genus *hummock william*, sprang from a generation of men lost on high ground after the landing of the Anglo-Saxons in 1640 and fought their way to survival in an area overrun with pterodactyls and dinosaurs. The legend continues that these men came down out of the Kentucky hills in a caravan of trailers soon after the Scope Monkey Trials in which the late William Jennings Bryan so stoutly defended the dignity of man. The only shred of evidence to lend credence to this old wives' tale, is the indisputable fact that few people had ever seen (much less heard) a hillbilly until the early 1920's, which may be just a coinci-

dence with the Scope proceedings.

But enough of this digression along scholastic lines. My point is that the hillbilly is here or he was here a minute ago. That is another strange fact about the hillbilly. He shows up promptly for his radio program and then disappears. I personally try to keep an up-to-date list of station employees and their addresses, but in over ten years of patient address-taking, I have never known where to send a letter to a hillbilly, in case I ever wanted to. If you want to get in touch with him, you just concentrate real hard and he'll get off the elevator in a few minutes.

I wish I could get to the point of this article on hillbillies. What I want to say is this: The hillbilly is neither dumb nor broke. He has come into his own and I'm glad. The time was that the hillbilly opened up the station at five or six o'clock in the morning. He kept the station on the air with his guitar strumming and yodeling until the paid talent decided it was time to go to work. Then the hillbilly would slink unobtrusively away into the cold dawn of the winter day to his cabin camp, his trailer or the back seat of his battered Ford and stay there out of sight until he was due at the studio the next morning. This went on for years. He huddled uncomfotably in his quarters in Kansas City, Chicago or St. Louis, making up lyrics about sage brush and cactus,



western skies and round-up time, until people began to take him seriously. He never knew the contamination of the chrome trimming and leather upholstery of the radio front office. He sang his songs in Studio D and came in the back door.

Then what happened? This happened. Sponsors found out that the home-spun philosophy of the hillbilly, the earth-bound approach to the people, sold more pills and soap, hair tonic and Peruna than all the fine orchestrations and Cole Porter lyrics in the book. They began to pay money for hillbillies, which brings us to the present state of affairs. Roy Acuff, who sings coast-to-coast, on the Grand Ole' Opry from Nashville, pays

more income tax than the President of the United States. Roy Rogers, the King of the Cowboys, is sponsored over another network and pulls down a salary that would make many a corporation president green with envy. There is gold in them thar hills, Billie.

These days the *hummock williams* come in the front door, present themselves at the cashier's window on Saturdays, look their creditors straight in the eye and have C stickers on their Paekards. It's enough to restore one's faith in competitive enterprise. They did it the hard way and without the help of collective bargaining.

But the question still remains, where did they come from?

What's *Your* Definition?

Whether you're pro or con—do you know exactly what it is you're beatin' your gums about? F'rinstance, take a look at this list of definitions of a certain inflammatory word!

By NICKY JACKSON

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in a rather scornful tone, It means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

—Lewis Carroll.

WHEN it comes to denotations, most of us are Humpty Dump-ties. We develop our own meanings for words, sometimes far afield from their strict definition. What do such terms as property, religion, or patriotism mean to you?

Remember a play of a few years back called "On Borrowed Time"? In Act I of that play, Gramps called the cantankerous aunt a "bird stuffer?" "What's a bird stuffer?" asked the little boy. Whereupon, Gramps sailed into an explanation to the effect that the aunt *looked* like a bird stuffer, therefore she *was* a bird stuffer . . . because when God saw a dog, it looked like a dog, so he called it a dog, so it was a dog. And that, it seemed, was that.

And that, it seems, is the way most of us come by our own definitions of certain terms.

When an abstract noun is presented to several different people, a different mental picture is created in each mind, according to the past experience of each. For instance—the

word *duty*. To one it may be synonymous with honor; to another, with drudgery; and to still another, with social responsibilities.

The science of semantics helps bridge the gulf between connotation and denotation. This is, of course, the study of the influence of language upon thought. Hitler influenced the German mind by linking *weak* and *decayed* with *democracy* until democracy came to connote weak and decayed as an immediate mental response.

Our language holds so many of these abstract terms that mutual understanding among human beings becomes increasingly difficult. Disagreement and even bloodshed result. And this is especially true in the realms of politics and religion.

Just for fun—and as an experiment—I have been asking various people I meet what they mean by *communism*. This is a term tossed around in many conversations these days and found in almost every periodical you pick up. We read praise of Russia's advanced democracy from Eric Johnson, Joseph Davies, and the late Wendell Wilkie. We read condemnation for her totalitarianism from Colonel McCormack, Randolph Hurst, and Westbrook Pegler.



And from the man on the street what do we hear? I didn't ask them what they *thought* about the subject—only what the term meant to them, right off the bat. Here are some of the answers:

Lawyer—"Communism is simply this—a collective agreement of a group to share in a common thing."

Salesman for the Encyclopedia Britannica—"My idea would be—a failure's idea of heaven." He spit out the end of his cigar and said, "Now there's some meat for thought!"

Cabctte—"A standard salary in professional lines and equality of the races." (I think she was more worried about my paying the fare than about her definition for communism!)

Negro sailor, Cook First Class—"It's something like they have in Russia—everything and everyone is equal." He added, "I don't want no one getting the benefit of my money!"

Radio Announcer—"Share the wealth—centralized form of government where the government controls the food."

Corner newspaper salesman—"They don't believe in much work I don't think."

Salesman for cosmetics—"A bunch

of excited people who can't make up their own mind and want somebody else to make it up for them."

Cadet Nurse—"A feeling of equality for all the people. Where regardless of the way the people work, they all should have the same amount."

Fountain Girl—"Ask me what a coke is and I'll tell you!"

Examiner for Reconstruction Finance Corporation—"It's really just the teachings of Christ. Every man was created equal."

Elevator operator—"Entire government ownership, I reckon."

President, Communist Political Association—"It is based on the formula, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.' At the present time there is no true Communist State and there won't be for a long time. Socialism exists in the Soviet Union. It is based on the formula, 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his *work*.'" (Never ask a Communist to define his ism unless you have an hour or so to spend listening!)

Union organizer—"They work for the working people. That's about as good a definition as I can think of from what I've observed."

Food Broker—"It is a dream of people to establish equality of rights and opportunities for everybody."

A soldier—"Where you share what everybody else has."

Street car operator—"I don't know. I don't think much of it. Where each and everybody share alike."

Insurance executive—"Where the

government is by one person for all the people. In other words, they control everything."

Cab driver—"Where rich people making too much money share with smaller people."

A student—"In my opinion, an undemocratic form of government."

Jeweler—"I don't know. Where all the people are supposed to pull together and divide equally."

Aircraft worker—"Everybody is a government worker. That is, the government runs all plants, practically everything in Russia is government owned. All their big factories are owned by the government. There are rich people as well as poor in Russia."

Inspector for Dishwashing Machine Company—"A whole lot of trouble!"

Optician—"It's a state in which all property is common property of all people working supposedly for the benefit of all by the state."

Army M. P.—"The working class, ain't it?"

Labor representative, Railroad Brotherhood—"A cross between democracy and dictatorship. A'possum and *not* a'possum, a coon and *not* a coon, but it's hell on the common people!"

Add all these definitions of the same term, divide by the number of people questioned—and what do you have? I am not quite sure! Probably nothing that could actually meet the specific dimensions of this thing called communism.

Stuart Chase in his book "The

Tyranny of Words" searched for a clear definition of Fascism and found none. But he added, "Why worry about a dead bone?" That same dead bone, like the famous jawbone of an ass, slew thousands.

Perhaps if the peoples of the world had had a clear and accurate conception of Fascism—a sound definition—the tragic conflict might have been avoided.

Perhaps if we understood exactly what it was we argued, fought, pounded the cracker-barrel, and yah-tahed about—we'd get somewhere. There's too much confusion. How does anyone know whether he's fer or agin any ism in the world? How can he recognize good forces or bad? We all need clearer definitions.



PROVERB

Never milk a cow during a thunderstorm. The cow may be struck by lightning, and you'll be left holding the bag.



Why the Japanese Character?

The Nipponese are medieval peasants living in the dark ages of Shintoism. What will it take to defeat the national character? Some say isolation . . . some say annihilation.

by Arthur Gaeth

*(Vice-president of The International Network;
news commentator for the Mutual Broadcasting System)*

HOW LONG will it take to defeat Japan? Even in official circles, there is a divergence of opinion. One school of thought, led by General Joseph Stilwell, believes that Japan will have to be invaded and overrun and that the Kwantung Army in Manchuria will have to be annihilated before the war in the Pacific can be terminated. Another school of thought, fostered predominantly by air men and some of the naval heads, maintains that concentrated bombing of the Japanese home islands will bring Japan to its knees speedily, possibly even without invasion. The latter school points to the increase in the number of Nipponese soldiers surrendering. It believes that once the industrialists find their position hopeless, they will promote some way to bring about a conditional surrender that will terminate the war very shortly.

The American public does not know which group to believe. It keeps asking: "Why do the Japanese act the way they do? Why are they so fanatical? Why will Japanese fliers engage in mass-suicide as they launch their Kamikaze and Baka acts?"

In terms of their own background and history, the Japanese act as they do because they still belong to a medieval state which has only acquired a thin veneer of Westernization. This claim can be adequately substantiated when Japanese history, not myth, is brought in review.

Although the Japanese claim 2600 years of ancestry from the Sun Goddess, they have no written history older than 712 A.D. Their oldest records are 1233 years old, or less than half of their claimed 2600 years. They also have no archaeology beyond that period. Until their islands were visited by Buddhist priests at the beginning of the Seventh Century, the natives of the four Japanese islands lived in a near savage state. They did no building in stone and kept no records. Then, when the Buddhism took hold among the natives, their own Shintoism almost disappeared. In a few hundred years it was really no longer a religion but merely a cult with emphasis on cleanliness and with a system of emperor worship built around the doctrine that the emperor was a descendent of the Sun Goddess.

Life on the Japanese islands was organized on a tribal or clan basis. Through the centuries, the Daimeo or the clan chieftains, supported by their samurai or professional soldiers, had dominated the country under a feudalistic structure. In recent years, our own Western historians and interpreters of the Japanese have related their political-economic system to the emperor, but as a matter of fact when the Takugawa Clan or Shogunate, the last of the five great clans, came to power and dominated all of Japan, the emperor was relegated to the position of a nonentity; he was not resurrected until 1868 with the Meji-restoration.

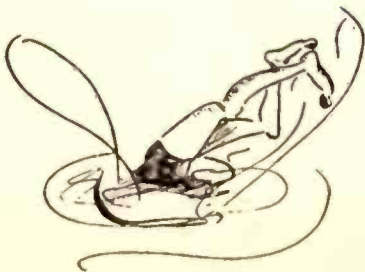
It is only since 1868 that the emperor plays a prominent part, for under the Takugawa Shogunate or the feudal leadership of that clan, he was nothing more than the religious leader of the Shinto cult. It was not until Yoshida rediscovered the old traditions of the Shinto that the power of the emperor was expanded and the doctrine of the Mikado was propounded to make the emperor divine.

There is no evidence in Japanese history that the people accepted the emperor as divine before 1868 A.D. Only since 1935 A.D. has his divinity really been played up. It was a tool

of the militarists and the four clan leaders, for through their dominance of a "divine" emperor they obtained control of the people. Although there is talk today of the emperor's taking over the affairs of the country, that is not in the Japanese manner of government, in which the emperor is a symbol and a figurehead; it would require a revolution against all the traditions of the past.

The American Commodore Perry broke Japanese isolation because the use of the steamship compelled the United States to find a new coaling station between Honolulu and Canton. When this happened, the Takugawa Shogunate which made the concession suffered in loss of prestige. The other clans reduced its power and finally ousted it from the top position.

In 1867, four clans decided to restore the emperor as a symbol of unity. The two most powerful clans, the Satsuma and Choshu, developed the leadership for the army and navy and supplied the generals and admirals. They freed the army and navy from any governmental control and made them directly responsible to the emperor; in other words, the emperor was subjected to army and navy controls. In 1868, when the emperor was restored as the symbol of unity, and the Yamoto clan leader who had been the leader of the Shinto cult was re-enthroned, the young emperor Meji was only sixteen years old. He served until 1912 as an excellent facade for the clan chiefs, but his successor was imbecilic and a regency had to rule in his behalf. The present



Hirohito is the third emperor since the Meji restoration.

With the Meji restoration, the clan chiefs also worked out a program of industrialization for Nippon. They sold their lands to the peasants under a new land-reform program. With the wealth thus acquired, they took over the sponsorship of the industrial program. Actually the great clan families of Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and one or two others developed into the wealthiest closed corporation systems in the world. World War One enriched these clan families. Until the bombings on the industrial enterprises of Japan, this war was doing the same thing, actually at the expense of the sweat of the Japanese people.

Except for a few months, a member of one of the top four clans has been the head of the Japanese Government since the Meji restoration. Two political parties did develop in Japan, but they had no opportunity to bring the so-called "masses" into government. The one "popular choice" prime minister Hara was assassinated.

In Japan, the Upper House of Parliament or the House of Peers has been dominant, which is contrary to the general practice in parliamentary government. The House of Peers has 300 members and they are the clan chiefs of the 300 clans in the Japanese feudalistic system. The President of the House of Peers still is the head of the Takugawa Shogunate. The Japanese Constitution never did give away any of the powers of the clan chiefs. Today, as they always have, they still



dominate Japan politically and economically. What the clan chiefs have wanted has been the course Japan has taken. The men who have carried out the program of conquest, the generals and admirals, have been linked to the clan program because they have been prominent members of two of the top clans.

In the course followed by the Japanese Government, the Nipponese people have had no say. They have been serfs in the manner of medieval peasants in Western Europe. *Any effort to reconstitute Japan will require the destruction of this entire system; either that, or it will require the isolation of Japan, which few observers think is possible.* If the system is destroyed, it will mean the crushing of the Japanese people as well as the government because the people are imbued with the fanaticism of Shintoism. American leaders, afraid of the chaos of such destruction, favor retaining the emperor, shady and shaky

as his foundations are. However, the Chinese, Filipinos, and other Asiatics generally would destroy the emperor and Shintoism. Their argument is that if the emperor survives and remains in control, it will only strengthen his claim to divinity. It will entrench Shintoism and make impossible a development of real democracy among the Japanese people.

It would seem that the Oriental logic is better than our own—that while we would have to continue the war to the final destruction of the present Japanese system, it would nevertheless make possible the creation of new and better foundations for a Japan that could then ultimately be brought into the family of nations.

DIAMOND ASSURANCE

AN AVERAGE American would take out an insurance policy to assure himself of a decent, respectable funeral. But not a certain Negro down in Miami. Not that he doesn't have faith in insurance, but "a bird in hand" he feels "is worth two in the bush!"

This man had been playing the horses for many years. All his earnings evaporated rapidly at the track. But then, like many serious people, he got religion! He saw himself walking through the gates of heaven garbed in rags and disgrace. Above all, he wouldn't dream of being buried by some charitable organization or by donations from friends in Colored Town.

But one day his horse came in—first! And with a pocket full of money he went walking up the main avenue whistling "Oh What a Beautiful Morning." He stopped at a large jewelry shop and admired the diamonds displayed in the window. An idea struck him! He entered the store and

bought one of these "rocks" for a goodly sum; in fact, he spent practically every cent he had.

He then proceeded to his dentist.

"Where did you get that diamond?" asked the dentist, transfixed by the size and beauty of the stone.

"Jus' bought it," beamed our man. "Here's the receipt!"

"Well, what do you want me to do with it?" the dentist asked warily.

"Doctor, one of mah teeth needs fillin'. Ah wants you to use this diamond along with the fillin' cuz Ah wants to be worth somethin' when Ah dies."

Now wherever the negro walks in Colored Town people admire that "man with the diamond." They know that when he dies the people will witness the most fabulous funeral in history. Perhaps even Gabriel will blow out his lustiest trumpet in tribute to a man who insured his entrance into heaven with a diamond in his tooth!

—Malcom Hyatt.



THE NEW *Aristocracy*

If you've done any shopping since the war began, you'll find a familiar note somewhere herein.

BY LOIS PECK ECKSTEN

IT'S no news that war, greed, and rudeness are the Three Dis-Graces. I remember reading, just the other day, the words of one returning correspondent—a scholar and a gentleman who had been out of this big beautiful country for quite some time. He was hurt and amazed at the rudeness of the folks on the homefront. Too many of us kept the home fires burning with a sort of petty wrath.

Forgive me, then, that I turn my wrath—and I hope it's not so petty—on one phase of rudeness that has increased by leaps and bounds since war began to be a fact in this land. I mean the war-born aristocracy of the shops. They have it all over the titled heads of old Europe when it comes to arrogance, indolence, and in too many cases, downright uselessness.

At hindering the war effort and multiplying the headaches of the proletariat shoppers, they have no peer. The three-inch heels of their feet of clay seem to be on our necks for the duration.

I know—it happens to you all the time. What happens to me is just part of what all shoppers meet up with these days.

The other day, caught on the sixth floor of a one-time exclusive downtown store, and in a big hurry, I press and press on the down signal of the elevator. Maybe six minutes elapse—a good six minutes in which I could have been finishing the rest of my shopping, ordering lunch, or doing a bit of necessary work. Then all of a sudden the empty elevator shoots down like a fast express utterly passing me by. I dare to wave frantically—and the duchess of the cage condescends to bring it leisurely back for me.

As she opens the door to admit me, I cough over a blast of cigarette smoke. She drops a half-empty package into her pocket. "I've been waiting for *minutes*," I try to say firmly.

"What's the matter with the signal?" condescends the duchess as she adjusts her diadem of jeweled combs.

"Just what I wondered," I murmur.

She ignores this and in a moment completely forgets me. She bursts into song. "Don't Tell Me Unless You Mean It," she croons. She does not mean to entertain me. The voice crucifies my already jangled nerves.

After about 35 years of this we

reach the first floor and she allows me to escape after some coy badinage with her chum, the starter.



The scene now shifts to the will-call department of another store, not too exclusive, where I had made a deposit and wanted to complete a purchase. A queen and her lady-in-waiting, both loudly chewing gum, exchanged reminiscences of last night. I had to hear every lurid detail before they turned their imperial glance on me. I explained my mission and asked if as a favor I might look at my purchase to be sure of the color.

The queen would not consider it. "You'll have to pay what you owe before I can bring it out," she decreed indifferently.

I wondered if it would take an Act of Congress for me to get one brief glance at my purchase. Finally, one

of the personnel department from upstairs was summoned by a floor walker. He very tactfully suggested to Her Majesty that it might be well to let the customer eye the purchase. He had a strained look about the eyes as if the diet of hay fed to him by the new regime didn't agree with him.

My favorite salesperson in a cosmetic department must have abdicated to a very yellow haired bit of royalty.

"We don't have it," this princess told me flatly.

"But I've bought this cream here for years," I protested.

"We don't have it," she repeated coldly. "Don't you know there's a war on?"

"Are you just out or can't you get it?" I persisted, peering at the drawer where the cream was always kept.

"I told you we don't have it." Her voice was stratospheric.

I tried new tactics. Turning myself into Gayle Carnegie I smiled ingratiatingly. "You have such beautiful hair," I said. I hated my duplicity, but I needed the cream!

But she would not be melted, won, or influenced. She did not listen but turned the light of her royal but blank countenance on another harried buyer.

Thinking fast, I solicited the alliance of the browbeaten floor walker. Taking his life in his hands, he crawled behind the counter, opened the drawer to which I pointed, produced the cream, and slipped it to me without distracting the attention of Her Highness. I made my getaway.

Then there was the incident in a grocery store—one of the big chains

where a friend of mine has traded for years.

"She will be glad to remove them for you," the manager assured her in regard to some carrot tops.

But the countess at the checking counter turned down her request flatly. "Take them home with you," she commanded. "We have no place for them here."



With a twist of the wrist my friend removed the tops from the carrots and laid them on the counter. The girl immediately picked them up and put them back in the bag of groceries.

"Take those things out of here. We didn't ask you to come in here," said she.

At this point the manager intervened long enough to pick up the shopping bag, remove the offending carrot tops, carry the bag to the door, open it for my friend with deference, and ask her to come back again.

But royalty in slacks still dominated the checking counter.

I think the prize for exclusiveness and snobbery in this sudden aristocracy of the war goes to the wife of our colored janitor. Of Amazon proportions and straightened black hair, she has always held herself high above me, consenting on her own terms and at what a price to do my laundry. But even those days are gone. She now works in a war plant. Which is, of course, very much all right. What bothers me is that she suddenly feels too good to speak to me.

I live in hourly expectation that she will send her weekly wash over to me in a laundry bag.

And so it goes—incident after incident involving these queens-for-a-day. It isn't that I begrudge them their new independence, their new ability to have what they once only yearned for, their better wages. Heaven knows, I, too, have profited by the war in that way. And to me it is little less than pathetic—(and an indication of something deep-rooted and undesirable in our social system)—that so many Americans have had so little, that they must snatch and grab and push, once the dear unattainables are at hand.

But what does trouble me about the whole affair is this: that the new aristocracy overlooks the fact—or never knew—that courtesy and consideration are the hallmark of those to the manner born.

Wouldn't it help a little if they too remembered there's a war on? All we ask is a little more tolerance from the royalty behind the counters. It might help the customer be more democratic, too.

SPARROWS

By GEORGE F. MCGILL

*Don't look now, but that
Ole Bird Man is back again!*

A SPARROW is a little bird that used to make his living by following the horses.

There is no future in following the put-put or the output of a Ford. And yet the sparrow thrives and his number increases. He is the "common people," the dandelion of the bird kingdom.

There are many varieties of sparrow, but the one we're talking about is the city or English sparrow. Uncle Edgar, who reads the World Almanac and knows all about such things, says the English Sparrow was imported through the efforts of Senator Peck of Wisconsin, author of the book, "Peck's Bad Boy." He had the mistaken idea that they would eat up all the mosquitoes, but the sparrow merely turned out to be Peck's bad bird.

The sparrow is a tough little cockney and when he comes on the place your wren houses will soon be for rent and your blue birds will be singing the blues. He runs off all the fine-feathered, sweet-singing gentry and takes over with his Johnny One-Note chirpings.

To paraphrase Abraham Lincoln's famous remark, the Lord must have loved the sparrows, He made so many of them. In fact, He did care for them. The Gospel according to St. Luke says, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God."

The sparrow ranks with the dove and the eagle as one of the few birds mentioned in the Bible.

The sparrow has a criminal record, too. You remember the famous trial to determine, "Who killed Cock Robin?" The sparrow confessed. "I did," said the sparrow, "with my little bow and arrow." We have always suspected, however, that the little fellow may have been framed



by a poet who had to find a rhyme for bow and arrow. Poets are not above such things.

The sparrow is persistent and prolific. He builds a kind of "Tobacco Road" nest out of chicken feathers, straw, string, or what have you. He'll build it in the eaves of your house, in the rafters of a church, or wherever he takes a notion. It is said that sparrows in the rafters of a certain war plant have had more to do than company rules with getting the employees to wear their safety glasses.

One of my earliest recollections is a bunch of sparrows taking a dust bath in the middle of the road. How they could get any kick out of that procedure was a mystery, but Grandpa used to say that was the sparrow's method of deluding himself. Just throw dust in their eyes and sneak out from under them. Great system!

Sparrows seem to hold conventions. One summer they held their caucus in a row of beautiful elm trees around the town square. In the late afternoon they gathered in the tree tops, thousands of chirping little chippies, and above the traffic noise you could hear their jam session or bull session or whatever it was.

I know one thing, if you had on your new straw "katie" and were on your way to take the girl friend to the dance at Odd Fellows Hall, you better not walk under those trees, or else.

As a bomber the sparrow bows only to the pigeon—and there are more sparrows.

Let's Hear from the Folks Back Home

This is not a V-mail plug—but something everyone should read who has a son, a husband, or a best beau of peace-time conscription age.

BY STANLEY DIXON

Iowa Radio Commentator

A COUPLE of Congressmen, Smith of Wisconsin and Taylor of New York, suggest that a poll should be taken on the question of post-war conscription, and that no such law should be put into effect until the people have had their say. They have, I think, got something there.

The Washington brass hats, seeking comfortable arm-chair jobs, are trying to force through Congress a conscription law now, while the twelve million men in service are unable to express their opinions. You and I know that the question of post-war conscription was never mentioned at the Congressional election of 1944, and therefore no Congressman can possibly know how his constituents think on the matter. This conscription is a vital question . . . one which will affect the lives of every American family. Why not let the people express their opinion as a guide to congress? In this particular instance, it is quite likely that the people will vote against it if they knew what they would be letting themselves in for. The proposal has the concrete opposition of church, labor, farm and educational groups. It is favored only by the Wall Street generals who apparently want to perpetuate their

power at any cost. I am well aware that some of our combat generals have gone on record as favoring the plan . . . but it is no secret that no general, no matter how high his rank or position, dare express an opinion opposed to those of the Washington clique.

Most people think of conscription as a simple plan for training boys and helping to make them more physically fit. *Nonsense!* First of all, it is not a one year training program, but two or three, that the brass hats want, and they are interested in nothing but the strong and physically fit young men who would make the best cannon fodder. It follows conclusively that every man who has been in service in this war must be utilized, either as instructors, or as backbone around which to build a training unit . . . perhaps to come up for training every year, no matter what the effect on his home, job, or career. It would mean a probable three years as a conscript for every physically fit man.

In view of the monumental waste of the War Department and its frequent inefficiency, surely the American people will not want to place themselves under the dictatorship of this bureaucracy forever. That cou-

rageous one-man investigating committee, Representative Engel of Michigan, has protested time and time again against the waste of money on various War Department projects . . . approved by the War Department but not by Congress . . . and on which vast amounts of money have been "sub-legally" diverted to certain cooperative individuals.

A Congressional committee stated that the shortage of ammunition on the western front near the end of the European war was not due to labor or production trouble in this country, but to the negligence of the army purchasing agents who got muddled up and sent bombs to planes which could not use them while guns did not have enough shells. Then there is the way in which the army commanders gave every possible contract to big business until Congress stopped them. Of course, a large conscript army would be a bonanza for big business in the post-war days; they would get the profitable job of supplying food, clothing, housing, and everything else a constantly shifting army would require.

The brass hats are anti-labor. Numerous times they have made statements indicating that factory workers were responsible

for some shortage . . . when it was finally proved the fault of their own incompetent planning. And the presence of a standing conscript army can easily be imagined as a handy and cheap weapon to break strikes. They are already planning how they can use veterans to break unions by permitting business to employ them at lower wages—in place of older union men with families.

The argument that a conscript army will protect us against aggression is stupid beyond belief. France had a huge conscript army . . . it did not protect her. Furthermore, the scientific advances in warfare will come so rapidly in the future that any type of training will be out of date almost as soon as given. In many cases, between the time our boys leave training camp, and their arrival at a combat zone, they must completely reorganize their methods of fighting.

On the other hand, a conscript army could be used as an offensive



weapon, just as it was used by Germany, Italy, and Japan. Obviously there are two reasons for retaining an army and educating the civilian to war: either to *protect against war* or to *wage war*. In spite of the ugly sound of the latter, there are those to whom waging war is profitable, therefore desirable. They are the ones who might obtain high rank, get fat contracts. To them it would be a delightful war; but it would not be a delightful war to those of the rank and file—who sweat and fight and die.

And again—whom would we wage war against? Do the war-wanters intend to fight the smaller nations, none of which has an army of any size? Obviously not. Great Britain? It hardly seems likely. Russia? Well, there are those who would see two great peace-loving nations rise against each other.

We do need a powerful navy and air force for protection, for the time

being at least. But the best possible protection for all is the world charter, properly accepted and endorsed . . . an instrument representing the hopes of the peoples of the world—that never again shall they loosen their guard and allow themselves to be governed by tyrants, civilian or military or any other kind—never again shall war be forced upon them.

We will need an army, but as that grand old man Josephus Daniels said, let that be a democratic army . . . an American army . . . an army well paid and well fed . . . a voluntary army made up of smart young men who want the training that the army will give them so they can go out and get a better job. Or if they want to remain permanently, they may have an opportunity of becoming officers. Let every officer be selected from the ranks, with such places as West Point used for their training only.

Then watch the enthusiasm of the brass hats dwindle and die! A democratic army for the defense of democracy is the last thing they want. It is, however, the first thing that the American people want.

Before any conscript law is passed, let the American people have their say—including the men in the serv-



—from *The Wasp Nest*

ice, in the concentration camps and hospitals.

Speaking of hospitals, do you remember "The Breakers," that wonderful luxury hotel in Florida? It was converted into a hospital at a cost of a million dollars of your tax payments, and filled with badly wounded and shell shocked soldiers so they might have a chance to get well in Florida sunshine. But . . . rooms in that hotel usually rent at from thirty to fifty dollars a day, so real estate and other interests involved put on the pressure, and it wasn't long before the army ordered these suffering American heroes taken out of that hotel and sent to other hospitals in the north . . . away from the healing sun. The hotel was given back to private interests, and is now welcoming the profiteers who can afford the tariff. Even the permanent residents of Florida protested but to no avail.

Those who allowed such inci-

dents—those who batten on the miseries of war to make money—are the men who want to conscript your sons when this war is over. To their tender care would be entrusted the welfare of American boys taken away from their homes and schools to be converted into grist for another conflict . . . and this right at the moment when the peace loving peoples of our world have united to form an international organization to prevent fascism and militarism from ever again making an attempt at world domination.

There must be force behind that world organization, but let that force be provided not by conscripts ruled over by despots who fear democracy, but by free men, volunteers from all the free nations of the world, ready to fight as free men only if the forces of aggression should ever again raise their heads . . . not to fight each other to make profits for the merchants of death.



UNIFORMITIES

The WAVE: I don't mind your making love to me, but couldn't you be a little more subtle?

The Wolf (in ship's clothing): Subtle! On a six-hour pass?

—from *Kansas City Kernettes*.

The stable sergeant told a recruit to bridle a horse. Later he came along and found the recruit holding the bit close to the horse's head.

"What are you waiting for?" the sergeant yelled.

Answered the recruit, "Waiting for him to yawn!"

—from *Good Business*.

"Where have you been all morning?" the sergeant snapped.

"Filling the salt shakers, sarge, like you told me to."

"All this time?"

"Sure! It ain't easy—pourin' the salt through all those little holes!"

"Not Alone a Plot of Ghetto Ground"

A reply to Zionism by an Anti-Zionist—who believes that Jews are nationals of the countries in which they live—and not a homeless people.

By ELMER BERGER

I AM an anti-Zionist. That is to say, I am an anti-Jewish-nationalist. There are a number of inaccuracies and inadequacies in Mr. Stanley Dixon's article, "Land of Promise," published in the July issue of "Swing." One of the inadequacies was his failure to note that among the opponents of Zionism is a significant and growing number of Americans of the Jewish faith. There are also a significant number of Americans of Christian faith opposed to Zionism.

These people, anti-Jewish-nationalists, oppose Zionism out of the deep conviction that the designation "Jew" is religious and only religious in meaning. They believe that Jews are nationals of the countries in which they live; Americans, Britons, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Czechs. These are the nationalities of these people. Their religion is Judaism and they are Jews by virtue of that religion and for no other reason.

Believing that, these people, Jews and Christians, oppose Zionism. For Zionism is Jewish nationalism. Here again, Mr. Dixon's article was inadequate. Mr. Justice Brandeis's statement which Mr. Dixon quoted is not Zionism. Brandeis quarreled violently with Zionist party-line ideologists—and Brandeis lost. The official platform of Zionism was laid down in the first Zionist Congress of 1897, to

which Mr. Dixon referred. It declared "the purpose of Zionism is to establish a publicly guaranteed, legally-assured home for the Jewish people, in Palestine." It declared further that to realize this purpose Zionism was "to strengthen and foster Jewish national sentiment and consciousness." These purposes, contained in the so-called Basle Program, are still the purposes of Zionism.

Today, they take the specific political form of the Biltmore Platform, formulated at the Biltmore Hotel, New York, in May of 1942, at the most representative convention of American Zionists ever assembled. The Biltmore Platform called for control of Palestinean immigration to be vested exclusively in the Jewish Agency for Palestine. (This sovereign right was demanded despite the fact that Jews constitute only one-third of Palestine's population). The Biltmore Platform further required, that self-government in Palestine be postponed until by such exclusive control of immigration, Jews in Palestine shall achieve a majority. Recently, the Jewish Agency for Palestine went beyond even this artificial procedure of establishing a Jewish majority by demanding of Great Britain that Palestine be declared a Jewish Commonwealth now, despite the fact that Jews still constitute only about one-third of the population.

Because many Jews and Christians oppose such undemocratic and exclusionary procedures, any place in the world, they oppose Zionism and offer in place of the Jewish Commonwealth formula a program that would make of Palestine a democratic commonwealth in which Jews would be Palestinian citizens of the Jewish faith and share the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship with their fellow Palestinian nationals, of whatever creed or race.

But there is more than this dissent from immediate Zionist procedures to the opposition of many Jews and Christians to the movement. Zionism seeks "to strengthen and foster Jewish national sentiment and consciousness" among all Jews, everywhere and among Christians, in their opinion of, and relation to, Jews. In the words of a more modern disciple of the movement it looks upon all Jews as members of a "world-wide Jewish people which sees in the Jewish Commonwealth its highest political aspirations."

Many Jews and Christians believe this to be deleterious to Jews and to the societies in which most men and women of Jewish faith live and hope to continue to live. For if Jewish nationalism succeeds, it will tend to fragmentize the world and to make of Jews, blocs in the many countries of the world. If a Jewish people, as such a political entity, should exist and its "homeland" should be considered to be Palestine and upon the basis of that association of "people" and "homeland" special political rights be accorded this "people" there, it follows by all the logic of history and

ELMER BERGER is Executive Director of the American Council for Judaism. Graduated from the University of Cincinnati, 1930, B. A., Phi Beta Kappa. Ordained, Rabbi, Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1932. He served as Rabbi of the Reform Congregations in Pontiac and Flint, Michigan, from 1932 to 1943, when he was asked to assume the responsibilities of his present position. As Executive Director of the Council, he has written and lectured extensively on the subject with which this article is concerned. He is the author of a book to be published this month, "The Jewish Dilemma."

Rabbi Berger was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and educated in the public schools of that city. The American Council for Judaism evolved out of an experiment which he conducted with a small group in Flint. In 1942 he described his activities with this group to a group of Reform Rabbis meeting in Atlantic City to consider a program of action to counteract the unchallenged program of Jewish nationalism. Out of this meeting, the American Council for Judaism was born and is now a national organization of some 8,000 members, headed by Lessing J. Rosenwald of Philadelphia. Headquarters—1001 Keystone State Building, 1321 Arch Street, Philadelphia 7, Pennsylvania.

events that this same "people" will have less than equality elsewhere. No man can be a member of two nationalities, maintaining organic, political relationship with both. No man can have two "homelands" in the modern order of things. Jews are not members of a "homeless" people. The Jews of the world cannot have special, national rights in Palestine and equal national rights in the countries in which they live. And the Jews of Palestine, as Jews, presently have no democratic right for such control of

the country as is being advocated by Zionists in public forums. Yet Zionism uses the Jews of the world as a lever to pry concessions for Jewish national rights in Palestine from the powers that be. To do this, they strive to create the illusion of a Jewish nationality. They utilize the conventional devices of "Jewish" flags, "Jewish" national anthems, "Jewish" congresses and an incessant stream of propaganda for "Jewish" representation at international conferences of sovereign states, such as the San Francisco Conference. They hold forums, in the name of a "Jewish" people in such vital public opinion forming centers as the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Resolutions Committees of the major American political parties. All this is Zionism and Mr. Dixon's failure to mention it is an inadequacy. Yet it must be apparent to Mr. Dixon that no "Jewish" commonwealth can be established on the basis of the present population of Palestinian Jews. A "Jewish" Nationality must be created, sustained, energized politically to justify, as its logical political aspiration, a "Jewish" homeland or national state or commonwealth. The result cannot be obtained without the reason. Zionists who understand their movement know this. They consciously wage a propaganda campaign to achieve this double purpose of creating a "Jewish" nationality and a "homeland" for it, in the form of a "Jewish" commonwealth guaranteed politically to a "Jewish" people.

Others, who are not familiar with this total picture of Zionism may be well meaning in their endorsement of

the program. But they are frequently unaware of the full import of the position they take.

What effect Jewish nationalism has upon the lives of the very human beings these well-meaning people wish to help may be illustrated in one or two recent incidents. One example occurred in Australia a few months ago. The Australian government rejected a program that sought to establish a solidified Jewish colony in the Kimberley region of the continent. The rejection was accompanied with the observation that the government had no intention of creating a minority problem where none existed. It also added that Jews would be welcome under a "normal" program of immigration. This could only mean that Jews would be welcome as individuals of the Jewish faith but would not be welcomed as members of a separate, national group. The latter pattern is fostered and strengthened by Zionism.

Another example occurred more recently in Czechoslovakia. Hubert Ripka, minister of state, recently declared "that Zionists will naturally have, as in the past, the possibility of leaving for Palestine and that Czechoslovak official authorities will, with friendly understanding, help toward the accomplishment of their plan, the goal of which is to organize the emigration of Zionists, living in Czechoslovakia, to their national state."

It becomes clear therefore, that Mr. Dixon's well-intentioned support needs further examination, for Zionism is something more than the inadequate representation of it which Mr.

Brandeis defended in a losing fight in 1921.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Dixon, like a great many other well-meaning people is in the wrong camp. For he ends his article with a plea to which I, as an anti-Zionist might subscribe. He wishes Palestine to be open for "all Jews who wish to go there . . . so that it may eventually become a democratic commonwealth . . ."

I do not believe the second wish is conditioned by the first. Nor do I believe that Mr. Dixon, as a radio commentator, has used very explicit language stating his first wish. For no country, anywhere, has unrestricted immigration and it is inconceivable that so small a country as Palestine should be able economically, sociologically and politically to sustain unrestricted immigration. Nor do I believe that Mr. Dixon meant that the future immigrants to Palestine should be exclusively Jews. If I have not taken liberty with his closing statement he may mean therefore that within the economic and political capacity of Palestine to absorb immigrants, Jews should be free to take advantage of such immigration opportunities. They should certainly not be discriminated against, as Jews, as in the present White Paper. And when, in the opinion of any impartial commission of the future United Nations organization, the present population of Palestine and its future immigrants are ready for self-government, it should be granted.

For Palestine is a part of this "one world" and its citizens' religion should not be a matter of qualification for, or in, its type of government. The era of the alliance of Church and state is ended. To speak of Palestine or any other country's government, in terms of "Jewish" or "Moslem," using those qualifications as political yardsticks or designations, is archaic. Anti-Zionists oppose Zionism because it would revive that anachronism.

Finally, anti-Jewish nationalists, both Jews and Christians, oppose Zionism because over and above the political formula for Palestine they believe they have a better program for men and women of Jewish faith, most of whom live now and will continue to live as nationals of the countries in which they live, outside of Palestine.

Anti-Jewish nationalists believe in a program of integration for Jews. That is to say they seek to encourage Jews to integrate their lives completely into the societies in which they live, enjoying by virtue of freedom of religion, whatever difference their consciences elect in their faith. Instead of "strengthening and fostering Jewish national sentiment and consciousness" anti-Zionist Jews seek to strengthen the Jew's sense of belonging and security and "at homeness" in the country in which he lives.

And to do this, we anti-Zionists of both Jewish and Christian faiths need the help and fellowship of all liberal men who see in the history of



the last decade the dangers inherent in a fragmentized, Balkanized society. We need the help of the Mr. Dixons, in creating the kind of society here and, through America's leadership, elsewhere, in which all decent men and women really live with dignity upon a basis of equality, regardless of creed or race. We need the help of the Mr. Dixons to make sure that the military victory we have won in Europe and will inevitably win in Asia, will be implemented by the kind of a world we have said we were fighting for. To promise a "Jewish" Commonwealth on the belief that that world cannot or will not be is a mockery of those who will not return from the beaches of Anzio and

Normandy and Tarawa and Iwo Jima.

Anti-Zionists have faith that that mockery will not be. For the first time in history, anti-Zionists of the Jewish faith have organized their hopes. Through the two and a half year old American Council for Judaism, they have said in the spirit of that better world, "For our fellow Jews we ask only this: Equality of rights and obligations with their fellow-nationals," so that our co-religionists may be "free to walk the entire earth—not alone a single plot of ghetto ground—with the full dignity befitting men." By that faith we anti-Zionists abide. We invite men of good will to join us in that faith.



Marriage—

ITS PROBLEMS AND THEIR SOLUTION

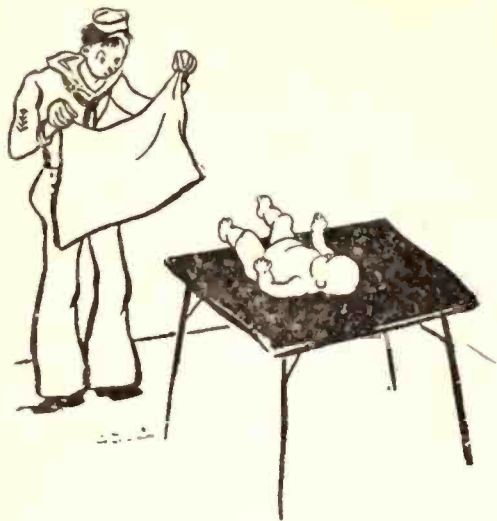
By John J. Anthony

(Mutual Network's famous "Mr. Anthony")

THE REASONS for marital unhappiness fall into two general classifications: These are (1) physical incompatibility and (2) lack of economic sustenance. Of course, these two great classifications can be broken down into countless sub-divisions; but to avoid confusion we'll confine ourselves to the two.

From experience, I have found that every marriage goes through four progressive stages:

(1) First, there is the fine, ecstatic flush of mutual passion. During and after courtship, both persons are usually tremendously in love with each other. But the great reason for it is personal magnetism, based upon physi-



cal desire. The first stage generally wears off—in some instances soon; in others, later. But it inevitably fades, and then follows the

(2) Period of Adjustment, so vital to every union. For every marriage fundamentally is the endeavor to blend two unlike personalities into one. Should this period of adjustment be a successful one, the marriage progresses into the stage of

(3) Companionship, understanding and tolerance. This is probably the most important step in the course of any marriage. The Fourth and final stage is reached when this companionship and tolerance have been welded into a harmonious medley of understanding. Then the husband and wife reach the level that I choose to call

(4) Ideal Marriage—the mature stage of matrimony, in which love, passion, and true friendship are so completely merged as to defy any line of demarcation..

Unfortunately, the romantic illu-

sions fostered by popular belief do not prepare the average husband and wife for such a course of events. Many of them actually expect the first flush of love to last indefinitely. But human nature makes that impossible. And there you have one great reason for divorce.

I have often been asked, "What are the most important ingredients for a happy, successful marriage?" To this, of course, I can only answer in generalities:

First, physical compatibility. That is most important.

Next in importance I would place the ability and the desire to compromise.

Money is only third in importance. However, I will say that much unhappiness results when a wife demands too much of her husband's earning capacity. A wife should not try to act as a spur to her husband—an inspiration, yes; but never a goad.

Fourth, I would say that it is vital that both husband and wife make a conscious effort to study marriage and find out exactly what makes it click. For marriage is a concrete art—it must be learned.

Fifth, similar likes and dislikes and similar emotional reactions to these likes and dislikes.

Sixth, the ability to completely sever oneself from the mother or father fixation.

Seventh, physical fitness—the desire and "right" to raise a family.

Eighth, close scrutiny of social background and environment.

Ninth, tolerance in every possible direction, especially insofar as one's

religious and political beliefs are concerned.

Tenth, age is also an important consideration. Few happy marriages are consummated between two people whose age difference is great.

Far too many people consider marriage merely a biological necessity. While it is true that the fundamental reason for marriage should be the desire to be with one's loved one and to satisfy the mating instinct and for the purpose of procreation, yet we definitely know that marriage is far more deeply rooted. The marital institution should not be entered into for the above reason alone, but also from the standpoint of maintaining our civilized concepts of monogamy. Marriage also should be considered from the point of view of social intercourse—of maintaining with one's fellow-man the legitimate right to be part and parcel of our society.

The issue of any marriage is not to be looked upon simply as one's independent property, to be treated as one's desires may dictate. Rather, these children should become part and parcel of our social system and be raised to take their rightful place in the further development of a good society. Bringing children into this world places upon one the obligation and responsibility of making these children not only good citizens but healthy men and women. The complete development of marriage as a structural unit so necessary for the furtherance of any community should be looked upon as the ultimate goal of every normal individual.

For this reason I have always recommended pre-marital education, and here are the points which I believe should be included in any course on marriage:

1. The present day concept of marriage on a democratic basis in which the husband is the head of the family rather than its lord and master; and in which the wife has a definitely important function as a component part of the unit instead of a subservient role, as in the formerly practiced autocratic ideal.
2. Marriage and home-making as social responsibilities as well as personal gratification.
3. Adjustments of home life to the needs, interests, and character growth of each member of the family.
4. Present-day problems of divorce, separation, and unhappy homes.
5. The new status of women.
6. Present trend in morals.
7. The relations of the family to other institutions of society.
8. The guidance of youth.
9. The use of community helps for educational opportunities.
10. Study of the relationship of sex compatibility and personality.
11. Study of home economics in relation to our economic system.

HOME COMING

(Legend for pictures—pages 33-40)

1. **PALMS FOR THE PRESIDENT . . .** It's the first homecoming for the first president from the state of Missouri. The time is late June; the place, the Auditorium—huge domed citadel of the Latter Day Saints, who headquarter in Independence, Missouri, the President's home. Harry S. Truman stands before old friends and new in a new role—a role which becomes him because he wears it simply. . . . Behind him, Mrs. Truman, Margaret, and Mrs. Roger T. Sermon.
2. **OUT OF THE BLUE . . .** President Truman arrives at Fairfax Airport in Kansas City, Kansas. With him, his daughter Margaret, and of course, a bodyguard. From Fairfax the President and his party drove in open cars through the streets of downtown Kansas City and into neighboring Independence.
3. **A PLAIN HOUSE . . .** for a "plain man of the people." Both of them began in the 1880's. Now in 1945 the man is President; his home, the Summer White House. It's a 12-room affair at 219 North Delaware Avenue in Independence.
4. **HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS! . . .** Used to be, Harry Truman could walk down the street, into Mayor Sermon's grocery store, in and out of friends' houses—and say hello to them one at a time. Now he has to say hello in the aggregate, to the thousands who flock to the Auditorium for his initial appearance before them as Chief Executive of the land. Said he simply, "Time and again I have tried to fill this great auditorium, and this is the first time I have ever succeeded!"
5. **BEHIND SCENES . . .** WHB's Chief Engineer, Henry Goldenberg, and Chief Announcer, Bob Dean, keep the program moving smoothly out over the air to the many listeners who were not among those present.
6. **FRIENDS OLD AND NEW . . .** Mayor Roger T. Sermon of Independence, with Mutual News Analyst Bill Hillman of Washington, who won the toss to become Radio Pool representative for the Truman trip home and to the West.
7. **MEMBERSHIP DE LUXE . . .** Gold certificate of membership presented to the President by the Independence Chamber of Commerce.
8. **MAYOR SERMON GIVES A PARTY . . .** entertains his old friend and mutual friends at dinner. Mr. Truman is almost lost in the glare at the far end of the table.
9. **STAR TIME . . .** President Truman pins a gold star on the shoulder of his military aide, Harry Vaughn—from that time on, Lieutenant-General. It seems to be very much all right with everybody concerned.

(Continued, Page 41)

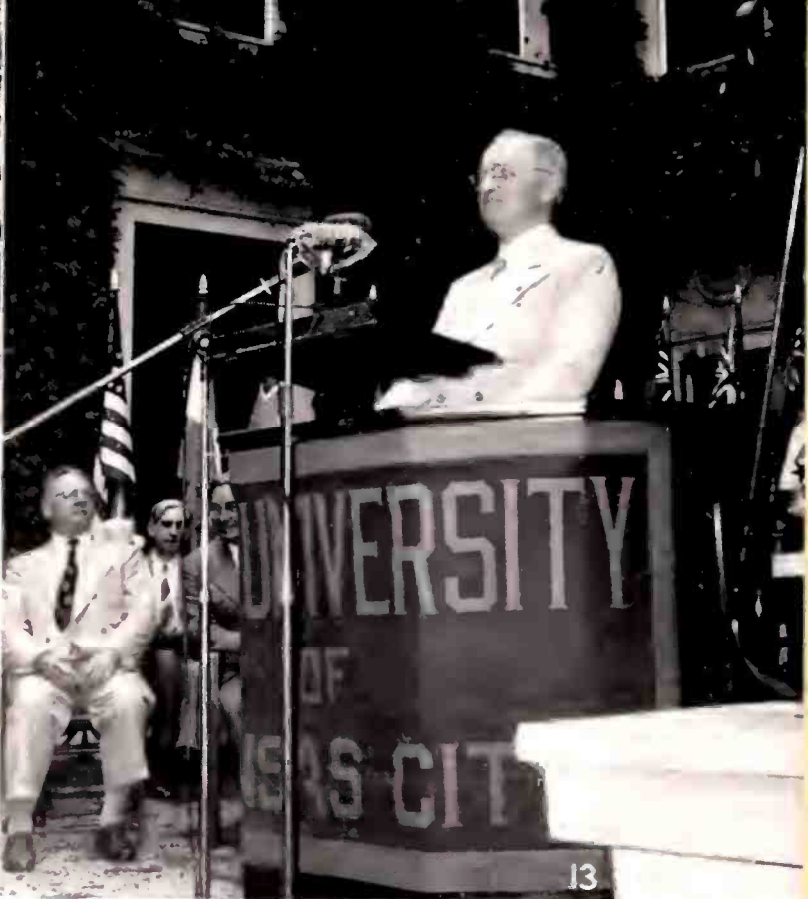
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
WELCOME
HOME













15



16





HOMECOMING

(Picture Legend, Continued)

- 10-14. **UNIVERSITY WELCOME . . .** The University of Kansas City feted the President with a full afternoon and evening of speeches, entertainment and honors. On the green and beautiful University campus, honored guests and faculty lunch al fresco while spectators hover just a secret service man away . . . The President is adorned with a lei of flowers presented by one of the younger participants in the afternoon's pageantry. Clarence R. Decker, young president of the University, smiles approval from before the speakers' stand. . . . Harry Truman talks informally and genially to the hundreds gathered on the campus . . . speaks of his early days in these parts; how his formal education was interrupted by the press of affairs; how he managed two years of law school somewhere along the line in a busy career as soldier (artillery captain, World War I; fought at St. Mihiel and the Argonne); farmer (once owned several hundred acres of Missouri land); retailer (the haberdashery will go down in the annals); and politician (Judge of County Court).
15. **ACRES OF FRIENDS . . .** In the arena of Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium, more crowds gather for the conferring of the degree, Honorary Doctor of Laws, upon President Truman.
16. **INTERESTED ONLOOKERS . . .** The First Lady and her daughter Margaret, behind orchids and in front of Lt.-Gen. Harry Vaughn. The grim face in the background belongs to another secret service man.
17. **"BY AUTHORITY VESTED IN ME" . . .** From president to President—both in mortar board and bishop sleeves. Clarence R. Decker bestows upon Mr. Truman the highest honor the University can give. Now it's Harry S. Truman, LL D.
18. **FLAG DAY . . .** for yet another great day in the life of our newest President. . . . The platform with banners, Municipal Auditorium, June 21, 1945.
19. **THE PRESIDENT AS A WHB-MBS LISTENER . . .** Even a President has to relax once in awhile. In the home of Mayor Sermon of Independence, Harry Truman listens to WHB's broadcast emanating from the next room and going out over the Mutual Network . . . At 61 the President is still trim, sound, and in the pink, with what his New York tailor calls a beautiful figure. He has an easy middle-western charm; he does not "offend with superiority." And he's a showman of a rather rare and wonderful sort—showman enough to know that to be as brilliant as the brilliance that has gone before, he must not try to eclipse—only to emulate—and therefore to achieve the same thing in his own way. . . . Another long involved day is ending. The President will sleep in his own house tonight, breakfast tomorrow on fruit, toast, and a glass of milk, and take up again the duties of "the new pilot (who) was hurried to the helm in a tornado." Home was Independence . . . now it is the United States of America.

Photographs, courtesy of Foto Service, Kansas City, Missouri.

Write Back at You



by Frank Singiser

*Hell if you do, hell if you don't!
You can't please all of the people all of the
time, as any broadcaster will find out
through fan mail.*

DID you ever talk back to your radio? Did you ever stand in the middle of your living room and shake a furious fist at its loud speaker and fervently wish it were a face instead of a voice? There are people who do more than that. They rush to write a letter with a punch in it.

Were you ever so sick with loneliness that you had to talk to someone or go out of your mind? Do you like certain voices on the air and detest others for little or no reason? Do you firmly believe that newscasters are biased and paint a distorted picture of world events? My morning mail can testify to the fact that there are many who sit at their desks to write with plenty of vim and vigor for any of these reasons.

These writers of the daily fan mail are real people. One of them may be your neighbor next door, or the fellow who works next to you, or perchance you yourself have on occasions enjoyed having your say at the cost of only a postage stamp. It can be good fun.

It is a surprising fact that many people hear only what they want to hear. Scientists tell us that the human eye has a blind spot which is insensitive to light. A glance at the mail caused by a single broadcast

when the news is "hot," would convince any scientist that our dislikes can create a deaf spot in the human ear. But that very human trait is what makes the morning mail a gateway to surprise and usually a pleasure to answer.

When loved ones are away fighting for their lives and ours, the news of the day hits home as it never did before. Nerves are tense. Tempers are apt to flame quickly with little or no cause. And when you think your news broadcaster is taking sides and against your own private beliefs, what is more satisfying than to let him know about it?

I know the great news-gathering agencies are doing a difficult war-time job, and I believe they have been successful beyond expectation. Radio newscasts, when they are read just as they come from the newswire, have been carefully prepared and edited to present events in as factual a way as it is humanly possible to report anything. Strict censorship, for reasons of security, may keep certain items from the news report. The straight news reports on the air are not altered or slanted by any governmental or private interest. This is also true of all news broadcasts, except those giving the personal opinion or comment

of the individual broadcaster. Yet listeners can and do supply the brush and paint pot of their own pet peeves. How else can you explain the fact that these two letters were received following the broadcast of one particular item.

"Dear Mr. Singiser:

"You called the greatest man of this age a Dictator. This is irritatingly false. Every intelligent person knows it. And you call yourself an Educator. I say Glory to Josef Stalin . . ."

"Frank Singhyser:

"When you bark like a dog to a full moon through the radio, you are not barking at Jews only. The real Christians are not listening to your dreaming news, and these real Americans will not fight for Stalin and Churchill, and your dirty lies can't persuade us . . ."

There are many listeners who are sure that the newscaster is pro-this or pro-that, but definitely not pro-what-ever the listener is. Newscasters are truly all things to all people, I guess.

"Mr. F. Zinghiser:

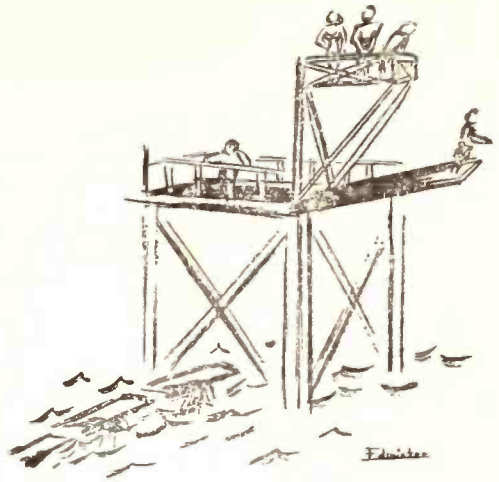
"Our paper stated that 50,000 Germans were slayed but I didn't hear you even mention it on your report. What's the matter? Do you feel sorry for them? . . . We don't want to listen to the aides of Germany. . . . You dirty Hitler spy. . . ."

That letter was received some months ago. But in the same week's mail, this also was charged against me:

"Dear Sir:

"If your sponsor forbids you to report Russian victories they can keep their product. I notice an under-current in broadcasts that soft-pedals Russian news. We Americans want and expect the news . . . The Nazis always seem to get their share of publicity . . ."

The news of Mr. Churchill's first visit to Washington brought forth these two reactions:



" . . . How long do we have to put up with your anti-British propoganda; it is getting sickening . . ."

"Sir:

"Or should I say, My Lord and recognize your leanings. Why don't you try just once to give impartial news in your broadcasts? People generally agree with me that your reports are biased always in favor of Britain, boasting here, boasting there; bragging here, bragging there. I am sick of it all . . ."

Of course, many letters are just warm expressions of appreciation and interest from friendly people. These letters are always nice to read. Occasionally a letter from one of the unseen audience marks the beginning of an acquaintanceship or even a life-long friendship.

I will never forget one such incident. During the American invasion of Italy, I mentioned on the air the name of one of our young Army officers. He had been credited with stopping the Nazi tanks that counter-attacked our first landing on the

beach at Salerno. The mother of that young officer wrote me to ask for a copy of my broadcast to add to her collection of souvenirs. I noted from her letter that she lived not far from the broadcasting studio. I called her by telephone, and gave her a "private broadcast" over the phone, reading to her again the dispatch describing her son's heroism. I told her I would be glad to send her the broadcast copy she had requested. This officer's mother begged me to tell her what one thing she might do to show her appreciation.

I had promised to appear that week at a War Bond Rally in a large Times Square theatre. I asked her if she

would like to accompany me and allow me to introduce her to the audience. "I would be honored, Mr. Singiser, and will certainly be there if it will sell one more bond and bring back our sons one day sooner," was her reply. Not only did she attend the rally with me, but on the stage she bought a bond herself. That night that fan-letter writer sold bonds running into five figures to a cheering audience, who saw in her the mother of every boy in uniform. And she thanked me for answering her letter!

A newscaster's fan mail is not all a bouquet of roses. But it's always a thrill to happen upon an orchid among the brickbats.

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

Know your Bible as great literature, as well as the source of comfort and guidance. This month's suggested readings include the wisdoms of Job... the incomparable poetry of Ecclesiastes... the beautiful affirmation of the story of Ruth...

Wed., August 1—Job 15	Fri., August 17—Job 36:17-37:24
Thurs., August 2—Job 16, 17	Sat., August 18—Job 38
Fri., August 3—Job 18:1-19:22	Sun., August 19—Job 39
Sat., August 4—Job 19:23-20:29	Mon., August 20—Job 40, 41
Sun., August 5—Job 21	Tues., August 21—Job 42
Mon., August 6—Job 22	Wed., August 22—Ecclesiastes 1, 2
Tues., August 7—Job 23, 24	Thurs., August 23—Ecclesiastes 3, 4
Wed., August 8—Job 25, 26, 27	Fri., August 24—Ecclesiastes 5, 6
Thurs., August 9—Job 28	Sat., August 25—Ecclesiastes 7
Fri., August 10—Job 29	Sun., August 26—Ecclesiastes 8, 9
Sat., August 11—Job 30	Mon., August 27—Ecclesiastes 10
Sun., August 12—Job 31	Tues., August 28—Ecclesiastes
Mon., August 13—Job 32:1-33:7	11, 12
Tues., August 14—Job 33:8-33	Wed., August 29—Ruth 1
Wed., August 15—Job 34	Thurs., August 30—Ruth 2
Thurs., August 16—Job 35:1-36:16	Fri., August 31—Ruth 3, 4

EXPLANATION

On pages 44 to 47, inclusive, of the April 1945 issue of SWING appears an article entitled "Applying the Golden Rule to Courtship" under the name of Helen Gregg Green as author. The footnotes to that article were inserted by the editor and published without the knowledge and consent of the author, and if any injury or damage arose therefrom it is sincerely regretted.

The Joint That *Jumped*

Perhaps you remember the old cafes where Kansas City jazz had a great, if dingy, day. WHB's authority on the jazz art gives you the sound-picture of Twelfth Street in its hey-hey-day.

by JAMES B. GANTT

WHEN Kansas City jazz was flourishing along Twelfth Street in the early thirties there were two fountainheads of influence.

At Twelfth and Cherry, in what is now a cobbler's shop, the style was set by the way Mister Basie thought music should be played; a very fine way indeed and one destined to become nationally famous. From Sol's Reno Club the world learned much about the production of jazz and all along east Twelfth the lesson was not lost. Powerful drive was the earmark of the era. From 7 p.m. till daylight, the surging rhythm set the pace for Kansas City's night life. The myriad joints bounced wildly to the four-four beat while Mister Basie made himself a name.

But west on Twelfth there was another spot from which an entirely different style was emanating. A style not dominated by one personality but created by the separate yearnings of the several individuals involved.

Unlike the always-crowded Reno Club, the place was not one to court the carriage trade and yet it remains in memory as one of the most inter-

esting of the upholstered sewers that Twelfth Street sported.

We'll call the place "Lamb's Cafe." The hot beat was encouraged here; and ten years before boogie woogie had caught the public fancy, much of the native product was splattered off the walls.

The public never ventured into its dim myopic fog. The small space was peopled entirely with musicians, white and colored, and various denizens of the Twelfth and Broadway locale for whom social consciousness had not yet arrived. Those gentry who did not blow a horn but merely mingled in the murk perhaps often wondered about the frantic purveyance of noise which continued well into the dawn's oily light. To them it made no sense—the fine, dreamy wanderings of Earl Darrow's trombone, the raucous, pell-mell bellowing of Emmet Adam's fusty tenor sax—adorned with cellophane, chewing gum, hairpins and sheet rubber in lieu of a major overhaul—the embouchuric strife of Len Denby's dented cornet presided over by his one good eye (a kind of Cyclopiac cacaphony); and the quietly chaotic keyboard acrobatics of Bill Chowning.

It shouldn't be said that the place was rough; neither was it benign. If one would listen uninterrupted to good jazz, he sat with his back judiciously placed next to the wall. In this way he could save his skull from being creased with a flying beer bottle.

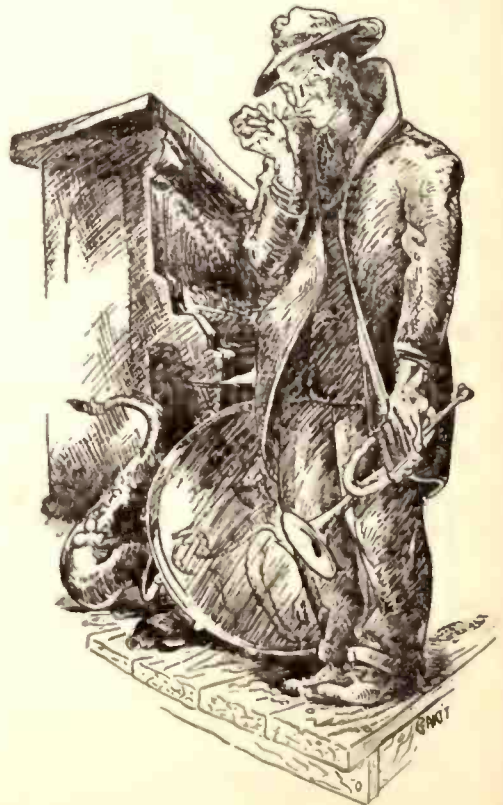
In the west wall, toward the back, was a door with a dingy staircase ascending to nowhere. No one was ever seen to come down or go up. Many were curious about what was at the top but no one felt hardy enough to venture a trip. The rats cavorted undisturbed and untrodden.

The "Men's Lounge" was a symphony in miasmatic putrescence. This perhaps accounted for many trips to the alley back of the place. Even the sodden bums who came in out of the winter to nurse a nickel beer preferred relief in the bitter cold of a January dawn to spending a moment in that odious cell.

The piano was of an early vintage. So many fingernails had scratched the front board that the maker's name had long been obliterated. The keys were of naked ivory. A tuner hadn't touched the pegs for uncounted years. One end of the keyboard was charred to rocklike hardness from countless cigarette butts. Two .38 caliber bullet holes stared at the gloom from the sounding board, about head-high as the player sat. Some unnamed hero had ducked just in time, perhaps going on to become a high school band teacher. The sustaining pedal, once a noble shiny steel casting, was worn to a thin rusty sliver. It was never

used anyway. The instrument possessed an inherent sostenuto—courtesy of a herd of moths which had feasted on the felt dampers.

It is difficult to explain why such a strange atmosphere would foster long remembered jam sessions. Pure, unbridled, uninhibited jazz is an escape mechanism for the benighted musician. He might have felt that the surroundings represented the acme of his frustration, the core of his yearning. He wanted his escape to be complete and far distant. From such a taking off place he knew that any



higher level, however momentarily obtained, would quench his hunger for the real beat.

In later years "Lamb's" was flushed down the drain of a civic improvement program. A parking lot now adorns the spot where her walls once stood—walls past the saturation point in absorption of high flown jazz and contrapuntal depravity.

The passer-by in present days,

strolling in the wee hours, may if he listens with the ear attuned to dim echoes, hear again a kind of jazz not now available on Twelfth Street nor yet on recordings.

The recording studios fail to provide anything remotely resembling the air, the clientele, the liquid refreshment or the decor of the old Cafe. Here lived and died the great fountainhead of the Kansas City white style of jazz.

From "Down Beat," the musician's magazine, June 15: "Local radio shot by Jim Gantt on WHB marks the most impressive jazz series yet aired in Kaysee. Nightly strip at seven features Gantt's informative scripts and excellent record selection, while two-hour Saturday afternoon session really comes on with top jazz crews, from his own collection and from station's 'Jam Session' library." (7:15-7:30 p. m., Monday through Saturday; 2:30-4:30 Saturday p. m.—over WHB.)

F U N N Y M O N E Y

By DOROTHY SARA

They say money talks. But do you speak the language of these bills and coins? They are from countries all over the world, and if you had to change your United States currency into any of these strange monies, how would you match them up with their proper countries? If you get ten correct, your score is good. If you get less, better carry travelers' checks—or turn to page 72 for the answers.

1. sucre
2. tael
3. rupee
4. bolivar
5. libra
6. shilling
7. lira
8. lev
9. cordoba
10. dinar
11. drachma
12. guilden
13. kopeck
14. zloty
15. balboa



- A. England
- B. Italy
- C. China
- D. Poland
- E. Netherlands
- F. Russia
- G. Peru
- H. India
- I. Yugoslavia
- J. Venezuela
- K. Ecuador
- L. Greece
- M. Panama
- N. Nicaragua
- O. Bulgaria

MIRACLE METAL



By GERTRUDE DORO

HARDLY a day passes without some stirring scientific discovery in the medical world. At this time, it is the rare metal tantalum which is working miracles in the bodies of wounded men and sending them back to the fighting lines well and fit again.

Before the war this metal was used as filament for electric light bulbs. And while the medical profession had done some research in its possible uses, its miraculous aid in surgery and the treatment of wounded men was not fully developed until recently.

Surgeons had looked in vain for a metal which the body chemicals would not effect, which caused no irritation of the tissues nor had any other unfavorable reaction. In tantalum they have the answer to the problem, and are amazed by its other valuable uses as well: Tantalum bolts and screws to join broken bones. Tantalum wire, so fine the normal eye can hardly see it, to tie together nerves shattered by shellfire. Tantalum plates substituting for smashed skulls.

The procedure required to fill in a bullet hole in the skull of a patient reads like a story. The margin of the hole in the bone is exposed by turning down the scalp overlying the defect. A pattern of the defect is then made of X-ray film as it is pliable and easily cut. After the exact size is ascertained, the film is placed upon a thin sheet of tantalum and the tan-

talum is cut around the margins.

Next it is shaped to conform to the curvature of the patient's skull, and is then fitted into the defect to replace the bone which has been lost. It is wired with tantalum wire, the scalp is placed back over the tantalum plate and sewed in place. There will be only a slight scar and the patient is soon able to resume a normal life.

Before this metal came into use, strips of rib and hip bone were used to replace parts of a skull shot away, but it has been found that tantalum is in many ways far superior for this purpose. It is a very hard metal and bone will grow to it. Another important factor in its favor is that it shows up clearly in X-ray pictures.

In spite of the fact that production has been stepped up, tantalum is expensive—around \$65 a pound. At the present time the Army and Navy have the monopoly on the available supply. It is obtained from mines in the Black Hills of South Dakota and is processed from tantalite ore.

Tantalum is a most significant development in the field of neurosurgery. Where operations on the brain, spinal cord, and peripheral nerves are performed it is indeed a wonder metal. It saves lives and gives hope to wounded men who might otherwise be cripples and misfits throughout the remainder of their lives. A miracle metal, bringing hope for today, promise of a brighter tomorrow!

The Champion Columnist

*A Glimpse of brilliant,
half-forgotten Lafcadio Hearn*

By "MOUSE" STRAIGHT

TODAY'S newspaper columnists are the aristocrats of the Written Word. Never before in history has it been so falling-off-a-log easy for anyone to turn out Copy. With their keyholes, inside tips, legmen and research staffs . . . with their chrome-trimmed Dictaphones or their guilt-edged blonde secretaries, the Winchells, Pearsons, Peglers and Hoppers are veritable Willow Runs for Writing.

Yet again and again, into their daily stints of 500 to 1,000 words, there creeps a plaintive bleat against the inexorable obligation to turn out *one column every day* . . .

The sissies!

Far back in primitive 1878, a spiritual ancestor—equipped only with pen and foolscap—turned out *five* regular columns!

Pint-sized, half-blind, neurosis-ridden Lafcadio Hearn has never been ranked as a literary tip-topper of the 19th century, though many of his translations from the French, his descriptions of the West Indies, and his stories of the colorful Creoles of Louisiana are unforgettable. No, Hearn can't be listed with Mark Twain, Edgar Allen Poe or the other giants of his day, but his feats as a

columnist, during two and a half years with the old New Orleans *Item*, should make modern journalists blush bright scarlet!

Let the sound effects man, with a whirrrrrrrroooooop of his slide whistle, whisk us back to the *Item* office of 1879 . . .

A puny, self-absorbed man enters almost furtively and hangs up an enormous, broad-brimmed black felt hat. (Contemporaries said he looked like "the stub end of a candle being snuffed out by a pie plate.") Now that he has his hat off, we can observe a long nose and scraggly moustache, if we like, but we'll probably be attracted, instead, to his enormous pop-eyes. One has an ugly film over it. That eye is blind. The other has a myopic stare. Its effective viewing range is limited to inches.

Hearn speaks to no one. Perfectly oblivious to the chattering, clattering office, he paces up and down the cocoa matting of the aisle. Then you know his mind is made up. All the pieces of an editorial, a criticism, or a short story have fallen into place, for abruptly he seizes a pen and a handful of long, narrow sheets of yellow paper. With a sort of eagerness in his strange face, he places the

paper against the door jamb and standing with his good eye seeming to lean on his pen, writes with incredible speed. Sometimes he spends hours in this uncomfortable position.

And with results!

Hearn's favorite column for the *Item* was "Our Book Table," a remarkable series of book reviews and literary criticisms. Since he read with lightning speed—and could apparently commit to memory almost as fast—Hearn evaluated not only contemporary American works, but also the best French literature of the day, translating excerpts for his column.

Sometimes his editorial courage must have given the *Item's* advertising department serious indigestion. This, for instance—"The *Item* will not hereafter notice fourth-rate novels, stupid volumes of poetry, and whatever is generally termed 'Trash' in more than one line, if at all. With a daily paper the literary department is a news department. It is the medium through which the public is informed as to what good books are for sale, and where they may be obtained. We do not consider as an item of any news value, the announcement that a worthless novel is for sale and we take this opportunity of requesting publishers and booksellers not to send us any more trash."

A second column was the source of many chuckles for those who knew Hearn best. He was a man of notoriously poor judgment, particularly in questions of love and money. Yet "Our Advice Book" was designed to answer the problems of the *Item's* readers—and most of these problems were matrimonial and financial.

Even recipes were included in this journalistic potpourri. Oft-quoted is his reply to the correspondent who inquired how to make tartar sauce. "There are two good ways in which a tartar sauce may be made," advised Hearn. "You can try whichever you please; but if you are in a hurry the second will suit your purpose better than the first. First—Catch a young Tartar: for the old ones are very tough and devoid of juice." After describing the killing, skinning, and cleaning of the young Tartar, Hearn at length got around to the more orthodox Tartar Sauce Method Number Two, having to do with hard-boiled egg, mustard, and olive oil.

In addition to these two columns, Hearn also maintained, rather regularly, "Odds and Ends," "The *Item* Miscellany" and "Varieties." He frequently contributed to "Wayside Notes," and his title of "assistant editor" was not too grand to forbid an occasional straight news item.

Though journalists of today might gasp at the stupendous amount of brain-and-pen-work required of Laffadio Hearn—they would strangle completely at the thought of his salary. He was given \$10 a week when he started at the *Item* and was gradually increased to the munificent sum of \$20!

But this was not the ultimate in the man's versatility. . . . In 1879, he learned that his paper was tottering on the verge of financial ruin. Partly because of loyalty to the *Item*—but mostly because, in his overwhelming shyness, he trembled at the thought of seeking another job—Hearn racked

his brain and came forth with an idea which proved to be the paper's salvation.

Shortly after the editor's acceptance of his plan, feature stories, yarns in dialect, short poems and menacing editorials began appearing on the front page—illustrated with Hearn's own drawings. The sketches—made in pencil and reproduced by means of wood cuts—were rather crude. They wouldn't be considered by a modern editor. But newspaper illustrations of any kind were rare—and New Orleans fell in love with them at once.

One of Lafcadio Hearn's greatest charms was his modest appraisal of his own abilities. Even later, when he left the field of journalism and became a full-fledged man of letters, he never classed himself with the immortals. "By purchasing queer books and following odd subjects," he once wrote a friend, "I have been able to give myself the air of knowing more than I do; but none of my work would bear the scrutiny of a specialist. Knowing that I have nothing resembling genius, and that any ordinary talent must be supplemented with some sort of curious Study in order to place it above the mediocre line, I am striving to woo the Muse of the Odd and hope to succeed in thus attracting attention."

And Hearn's small niche in Literature's Hall of Fame is thus self-inscribed, "The Muse of the Odd." By background and training, he was perfectly reared to it. He was the unwanted son of an amorous Anglo-Irish Surgeon-Major and a Grecian



beauty. The romantic admixtures of his mother's race and a strain of wild Gypsy blood among his father's antecedents made Patricio Lafcadio Tessima Carlos Hearn a sort of human cocktail, with blobs and dashes of English, Irish, Greek, Gypsy, Arab, and Moor.

It is probably because of this unique gencalogy that you can (but probably won't) read the never-excelled descriptions of exotic places and peoples . . . sights and sounds and smells . . . that are Hearn's distinctive contribution to American Literature.

But we'll leave the literature to the highbrows. To us, Lafcadio Hearn was a newspaper columnist *par excellence*. Not one column, but five! Winchell, you should be ashamed of yourself!

Favorite War Stories

(The favorite war story of Frank Singiser, Mutual News Analyst, whose article, "Write Back at You," appears on page 42.)

Between the time that Hitler declared war on Soviet Russia and the beginning of American lend-lease to the Soviets, the Moscow Government bought certain badly needed supplies in the United States, which were to be paid for in American gold.

One such payment of six million dollars was shipped aboard a British cruiser which was sent to the bottom by German U-Boats.

The Soviets asked no special consideration in view of the wartime loss of their first shipment.

A few weeks later the Soviets asked that they themselves be allowed to ship the second six million in gold to a port in Alaska.

Our government agreed, asking merely that the Soviets notify us a week before the Russian ship was to arrive, so our coast defenses in Alaska could be warned.

During the week selected, a small non-descript Russian boat of less than a hundred tons, manned by five Russians, approached the designated Alaskan port.

The Treasury Department meanwhile had sent a special agent to Alaska to receive the Russian payment. He was expecting a much larger and more impressive vessel and asked the five Russians: "Where's the gold?"

In reply the smiling Russian Captain ordered his crew of four to move a large pile of garbage heaped on the vessel's forward deck. There beneath the refuse heap lay wooden boxes containing the six million of gold bullion.



(This one is told by Sydney Moseley, Mutual News Commentator:)



My story starts many months before the Allied forces stormed the beaches of Normandy on June 6th, 1944. Day and night in London, the Allied high command burned the midnight oil planning for the all-important "D-Day."

The Allies, aware the Nazis were trying to discover the date and the plans for the landing they knew was to come, formulated plans to throw the Germans off the true date of the channel crossing—a difficult assignment.

In a high domed room in London, Allied Intelligence finally hit upon a scheme. They planted some faked plans on a dead body of a British Naval officer.

One foggy night, the body, fully uniformed, was dropped into the Channel opposite Calais, at the time Intelligence knew the Channel tide would carry the corpse to the other side of the Channel held by the Germans.

As the Allies anticipated, the Nazis discovered the body of this officer and dragged it from the water. They examined his pockets for the usual documents, which seemed to be in order. There were personal letters, membership cards and money, as well as the forged and erroneous secret plans for the night invasion of Europe.

It can now be told that those forged Allied plans helped pave the way for the highly successful invasion of Normandy—which in turn brought the Allies to their present victorious position in Germany today.

That's *Fine!*

*And that's her husband
on the inside back cover.*

By JETTA CARLETON

SHE likes steak, he goes for lobster. She walks, he runs. She's even-tempered, he's volatile as a paper boat. She's analytic, he operates on instinct. She talks, he listens. But they both laugh at the same things and like the same people. And they like each other. That why they're married. That's why Sylvia Fine is Mrs. Danny Kaye.

For both of them, Brooklyn's their neighborhood. Sylvia's father was a dentist. She used to work in his office for a dollar a day. There, to the contrapuntal rhythms of a drill, she started dreaming up such stuff as very few dreams are made of—but which helped make Danny Kaye what he is today—and we're satisfied!

It turns out that Sylvia's father once employed Danny, too; but he and Sylvia never happened to be at the same place at the same time. They didn't meet until 12 years later, when Danny was making an appearance in a semi-professional revue at one of New York's outlying theatres. Sylvia thought Danny was pretty funny. And he was. But not too funny for words. So Sylvia wrote some words. It wasn't long until she was writing all the special material that really began to make Danny Kaye heard. He

was at Camp Tamiment in the Poconos as a singing waiter and what-not for awhile. At the end of the season, the camp produced "The Straw Hat Revue," and the Shuberts took it down to Broadway where the critics promptly sat on and crushed it.

Drowning his disappointment in salt water, Danny telephoned Sylvia from Florida. Please, would she come on down? A few weeks later, Sylvia's physician conveniently advised her to go south for a rest. Danny met her at the station with \$40—his sole earthly possessions—and asked her to marry him.

"If she'd said, 'Let's not do it,' I'd have been most happy to back out," Danny recalls. "But we were both too stubborn, waiting for the other to say it, so we got married." And that's how Danny Kaye's writer and severest critic became his wife.

She almost always accompanies him in special appearances and with Max Liebman writes practically all his comedy material. In the new RKO Radio picture, **WONDER MAN**, Miss Fine had a hand in writing both



words and music for three of the voluptuously funny routines, "Bali-Bali Boogie"; "Otchi Tchornyis," a burlesque on allergies; and a grand opera sequence that finds the much pursued Danny singing murder evidence to the D. A. in the audience. It is, to put it in the department of understatement, a howl.

Sylvia says they never show Danny

a number until it's finished. Then if he laughs, they throw it out. If he doesn't like it, that's good enough for them. But like it or not, Danny always trusts Sylvia's judgment. She's the business head of the family, a strict disciplinarian. But at home, Danny is the head of the house, and Sylvia is as feminine and wifely as little Mrs. Fluffy-Ruffle up in the next block.



REVIEW

THE HANDY HOUSEHOLD MANUAL

by Jack B. Creamer, "The Handy Man"

(Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.
Illustrated, \$2.00)

WHEN the metal tip comes off the shoe lace, the first thing to do, according to Creamer, is to say, "Oh, Pshaw!"—or, as he adds in the footnote, "words to that effect."

This may give you some idea of the style of the "Handy Household Manual"—but only the faintest clue as to contents. Here's a how-to-do-it book which is a whole five-foot-shelf in itself. Upstairs, downstairs, and in milady's chamber there's always a better way to get the job done—and Jack Creamer is just the man to tell you how.

The Manual grew out of a radio program conducted by Mr. Creamer over Station WOR in Newark. The show is heard over many Mutual stations, and daily draws hundreds of household hints from listeners eager to pass on their own ingenuities. Mr. Creamer passes the best of these on to the dear reader, via his book. How to wash a clothesline, mix your own baking powder, tweeze the pinfeathers out of a chicken, and make old-fashioned rose beads—these are a few of the hundreds of suggestions. Of course, there are others, perhaps more generally practical—such as how to bake potatoes in a hurry, store a woolen bathing suit, remove lint from serge suits, or chewing gum from clothing.

We found ourselves tearing thru the book reading the footnotes first. They're the author's good-natured

asides, and very gay and gaggy. They help, somehow, to temper the thing, and thus negate that attitude of fanatic righteousness frequently attendant upon how-to-do-its which insist, without coming right out and saying so, that "this is really *the* way, and the *only* way!" For instance, following a suggestion that would substitute sweet potatoes or carrots as a mock pumpkin pie filling, he says, at the bottom of the page, "This may not fool anybody for very long, but it tastes good." . . . And then there's the one about blankets that are too short. In a footnote, Mr. Creamer suggests that "The method of cutting twelve inches off one end of the blanket and sewing it on the other has been tried and found impractical." . . . And after some mention of a "stuck stopper," he says "Stephen Steward stared at stacks of stuck stopper stumps! There! Feel better now?"

Well, that's how it goes—throughout the seven sections headed by such

tags as "Home on the Range" (obviously the foods division); "Come Into Your Parlor"; and "The Dug-out," which means, of course, the basement. It even includes sections on Pets, The Younger Set, and M (for moving) Day. In other words—the works!

What some assorted working wives, private secretaries, and people of the species referred to on the radio as homemakers may find surprising—is that "The Handy Household Manual" actually is *handy*! It contains practical information that can be used in every home, apartment, garage, or maybe even the business office a dozen times a day. What's more, it has a readable, breezy style that makes it all sorts of fun, and it would really seem that what every household needs is a Handy Man. Next best to that is a Handy Manual. When it comes to short-cuts, time and labor savers, and clever ideas (hardly ever *too* clever)—"The Handy Household Manual" has everything—including the kitchen sink!



THEY TELL THESE ON TEXAS

Selection Interviewer: How can a bluejacket obtain a good posture?
Texas Recruit: Keep the cows off and let it grow for awhile!

Receiving Unit Yeoman: You can't take this straight-edged razor on board a ship! You're liable to cut yourself!

Texas Recruit: Shucks, Mister, I been shavin' with that thing nigh on to nine year now — and I didn't cut m'self either time!

—from *The Flying Jayhawk*.

Chicago Communique . . .

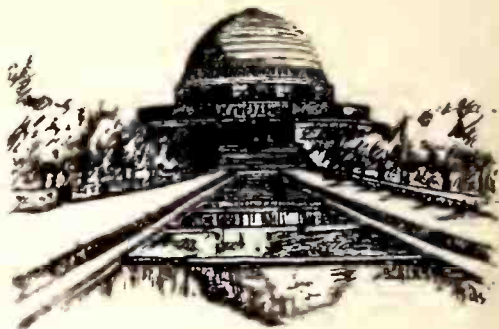
There are currently only three dramatic productions in Chicago, and even the press agents can't think of **THEATRE** anything new to say about them. There isn't any summer theatre season. A few months ago, the drama critics were hopping from opening to opening and yapping about a shortage of houses. Most of the legitimate houses are now as empty as butcher shops and the critics have been lend-leased to the obituary editor.

Of course, the Loop's trio of hits—"Dear Ruth," "The Voice of the Turtle," and "Life With Father" continue merrily. About the only thing new that can be said about them is that "Father" is as wonderful as ever and both "Turtle" and "Ruth" have made cast changes. Vivian Vance replaced Betty Lawford in "Voice of the Turtle" and Beverly Chambers relieved Augusta Dabney next door at the Harris.

The good word is that both replacements are excellent. Johnny Neblett, the boulevardier of the Wrigley Building may miss Betty Lawford, but Miss Vance is an expert "Olive." She is a tall comedienne with an upswept burst of curls and a rangy bounce that takes laughter in its stride. Miss Chambers, a hundred feet or so away at the Harris Theatre, makes a delightfully bewildered fiancée.

That just about covers the current Theatre. Late summer ought to provide a couple of musicals—Billy Rose's "Carmen Jones" and an as yet unidentified fiesta destined to launch the remodeled and rejuvenated Majestic Theatre. In Chicago we are waiting and hoping as we beat our hands together to drive away the July evening chill.

Incidentally, anybody who wants to enjoy a nautical day or evening can indulge himself in the windy **BOATING** city. Those two venerable tubs, the City of Grand Rapids and the Milwaukee Clipper, are now shuttling up and down the lake,



crowded with happy excursionists who are in turn crowded with hot dogs and beer. The ships have every modern convenience, including slot machines.

On the other amusement fronts, it's definitely a great summer. The Cubs are in first place in the National **NITE** League (subject to change with **LIFE** out notice) and Joe E. Lewis is back at the Chez Paree. Mr. Lewis is due to stay until evicted by Ray Bolger sometime in September. Chicago's favorite was never better—which means that Joe is tops as a night club comedian. And in addition to Joe E. there's a young Negro singer, Arthur Lee Simpkins, a holdover from Sophie Tucker's stay. You have to hear him to realize how good he is. The way he sings "On the Road to Mandalay" makes you wish Kipling were alive to hear his poem set to music—and that you hadn't heard half a hundred broken-down baritones ruin the same song.

Harry Cool's new band has already established itself in the Blackhawk. Harry himself is a friendly, big guy who looks like a stretched edition of Cary Grant and sings like Frank Sinatra with muscles. He first came to attention in Chicago with the Dick Jurgens band. Harry had the job of replacing Eddy Howard, who had built up a tremendous personal following at the Aragon and Trianon ballrooms. That Harry was highly successful in taking over a difficult spot is an indication

of his ability. You can hear him these summer nights over Mutual.

Lest this communique begin to sound like Downbeat, let's get on to the rest of the outstanding entertainment that's around right now. There's a riot going on in the Empire Room of the Palmer House that's well-worth coming all the way from Kansas City to see. "The Little Commander"—which is what they used to call Eddy Peabody when he was running the band out at Great Lakes—is out of uniform and bounding around on that midget-sized stool again—aided and abetted by Patsy Kelly and Barry Wood. The three of them have already shattered records hung up by Hildegarde—which is some shattering. Eddy, who has been playing the banjo ever since the great Chicago fire, is still the same expert showman who headed the Navy War Bond show at the Municipal Auditorium in Kansas City back in January of 1943. And if there's anybody in Kansas City who hasn't seen Patsy Kelly in action, she's a rough and ready comedian who rocks from ringside table to bandstand with her raucous antics. She's fast and funny—and gets wonderful support from Barry Wood and Eddie Oliver's fine orchestra. Oliver and his band certainly rate a deep bow from the waist for playing a superb show, and for keeping the floor crowded with dancers. It isn't a hard floor to keep crowded. The waiters are forever setting up another table for six in the diminishing dancing space.

We close the night life department with a salaam in the direction of the very pretty Joanell, who is singing again in the Buttery of the Ambassador West. She'll be there for a long time.

Another kind of musical night life is holding forth nightly in Grant Park. In spite of the cool weather,
CONCERTS the free concerts are again crowding all available listening space. The last concert we heard featured the Great Lakes Orchestra under the direction of Lieutenant Griff Williams and the incomparable comedy of Bluejacket Bill Thompson. You may not recognize the latter's name, but you've

probably missed him on the "Fibber McGee and Molly" show. Bill played the Wallace Wimple, Old Timer, Nick Depopulis and Horatio K. Boomer characters—now all retired from the airplanes until he returns to civilian life.

The dog days may be upon us, but club life is still flourishing. The latest popular hangout is the recently organized **MEMBERS ONLY** Actors' Club on Rush Street. About fifty of the town's most prominent radio actors have taken over one of those old houses dotting the near North Side and have turned it into an exclusive retreat. It is understood that negotiations are now under way to hoist Lou Harrington from behind the Wrigley Building bar and shanghai him to the Actors' Club. A committee of martini lovers is reported to have the situation well in hand.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan.



◆ DEFINITIONS

Every day is D-Day for mother. It's either dishes, dirt, diapers, disorder, or darned near everything.—Rotary Fellowe.

A pre-war gal turned in this description of a bolt and a nut: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratches going round and round the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little square of iron sawed off short with rings also around the inside of the hole."

The difference between a regular sailor and a Seabee is that while the sailor is looking for a park bench, the Seabee builds one.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

★ **BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL.** Cool and scenic Wayne King's music and revues designed and produced by Dorothy Hild, with her line of lovelies. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS.** Frankie Masters and his famous orchestra furnish background for the Dorothy Dorben production, "The Show." Clyde McCoy and orchestra take over August 17. In the **PARK ROW ROOM,** Adele Scott and organ melodies. Luncheon, dinner, supper, and a bar. (LOOP). 7th and Michigan. Wab. 4400.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL.** Plushy melee of pink satin, ruby velvet, chintz, 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.

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

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL.** Ultra-ultra, to the tune of Dick LaSalle and his orchestra. Current feature is Carl Brisson, heart-throb. (LOOP). Michigan at 7th. Har. 7300.

★ **PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL.** (EAST). White and blue retreat after the manner of the famous pub at Bath. Flaming sword dinners, if you choose; dancing, if you don't mind rubbing elbows—and we mean it literally—with the rest of the crowd which often includes many celebrities. (NEAR-NORTH). 1300 North State. Sup. 7200.

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.** In the Walnut Room—Emile Petti and his orchestra, with Linda Larkin and a revue. Featured are Doraïne and Ellis, who sing, and the Spanish dancer, Mata Monteria. In the Tavern Room, continuous dancing and entertainment with Earl Roth's orchestra. The Mel-O-Dears and lovely Virginia Marsh furnish the vocals. (LOOP). Randolph & LaSalle. Cen. 0123.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT.** "The New Romantic Singing Personality"—Harry Cool, his songs and his new orchestra. Dancing and entertainment nightly. Tea-dancing Sunday afternoons. (LOOP). Randolph & Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ **LA SALLE HOTEL.** For dining and dancing—the newly decorated American Room, where the White House, Liberty Bell and the Statue of Liberty are among the replicas of famous American landmarks and symbols. Carl Schreiber and his violin make music, Glover and La Mae dance,

and song stylings are by Rita and Marvin. (LOOP). LaSalle and Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ **SHERMAN HOTEL.** Charlie Spivak to August 9. From August 10 to 23, the band of Jerry Walk, then featuring to September 6, the orchestra of George Paxton. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ **TRADE WINDS.** Hy Ginnis keeps one of the preferred cafes in the town. From 6 p. m. there's organ and piano music as obbligato for eating. Menu offers such items as barbecued ribs, charcoal broiled steaks and chops, shrimp, and onion soup; and the drinks are always good. Open at 5 p. m. Stays open all night. 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.

★ **DON THE BEACHCOMBER.** 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.

★ **EL GROTTO.** Ten acts in a bar room! An all-Negro show, and all good. Sunny Thompson's orchestra, with Ivy Anderson who used to be with Duke Ellington's group. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

★ **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 Devil-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.** Excellent Cantonese cookery and tall cool tropical drinks, in this tropical paradise where some of the recipes 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 Larry Ross for laughs (and music); Deane Carroll, Carole Singer, and others for loveliness. Jerry Salone's orchestra and the Carmen Nappo Trio, for more music. (LOOP). Wabash & Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ **CHEZ PAREE.** Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson present Joe E. Lewis with Austin Mack at the piano, and the popular sepia singer, Arthur Lee Simpkins. A show that's outstandingly different. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ **CLUB ALABAMA.** 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.** Beautiful girls in a sophisticated revue. 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, your bosom friend; 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 Resy is the dynamo; Al Samuels, the 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. The Averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ **LATIN QUARTER.** Ted Lewis—and everybody's happy. 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. The McGovern's proudly present Pat Perry's pretty girls. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Edie. 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. New review headed by Jackie Miles, and Jayne Manners. (GOLD COAST). 400 N. Wabash. Del. 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. (WEST). 1124 W. Madison.

★ **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. Mich. 5106.

★ **51 HUNDRED CLUB.** Frantic pianistics of Maurice Rocco and his Rocking Rhythm headline a good strong show. Shows at 9 and 11:30 p. m. and 2 a. m. Dinner around 7. 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. Gladys Keyes lends a hand, too. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ **CRYSTAL TAP.** In Hotel Brevoort. Here's probably the town's most famous musical bar, where Al Davis' Trio, Bob Billings at the organ, Madeline Chance and Marion Carter, fill in the gaps when the whole crowd isn't singing. (LOOP). Madison East of LaSalle. 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. Wab. 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.

★ **THE TROPICS.** In Hotel Chicagoan. The bamboozed 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 smorgasbord, 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 gourmet. Henri Charpentier does the food honors here, offering some of the finest French cuisine this side of France. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Whi. 5620.

★ **DUFFY'S TAVERN.** Sure, and it's a bit of old Ireland—even if the chef is French! 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 wonder-

ful 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. Graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and candlelight add up to simple enchantment, and the food is delicious. Courses are priced separately. 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 smorgasbord, 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. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Charming affair about a little girl who writes letters to service men and signs her sister's name. With Leona Powers, William Harrigan, and Herbert Evers.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Lovely comedy based on the late Clarence Day's account of home life in which every Day's a holiday and everyone has fun. With Carl Benton Reid as Father, Betty Linley as Mother. Nightly except Sunday. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe, and Vivian Vance are the entire cast of this tender comedy concerning a soldier who gets jilted right into true love. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

DANCING

★ **ARAGON BALLROOM.** (1100 Lawrence Ave.) Art Kassel's Orchestra.

★ **TRIANON BALLROOM.** (6201 S. Cottage Grove Ave.) Benny Strong, followed at the end of the month by Henry King.



New York Communique . . .

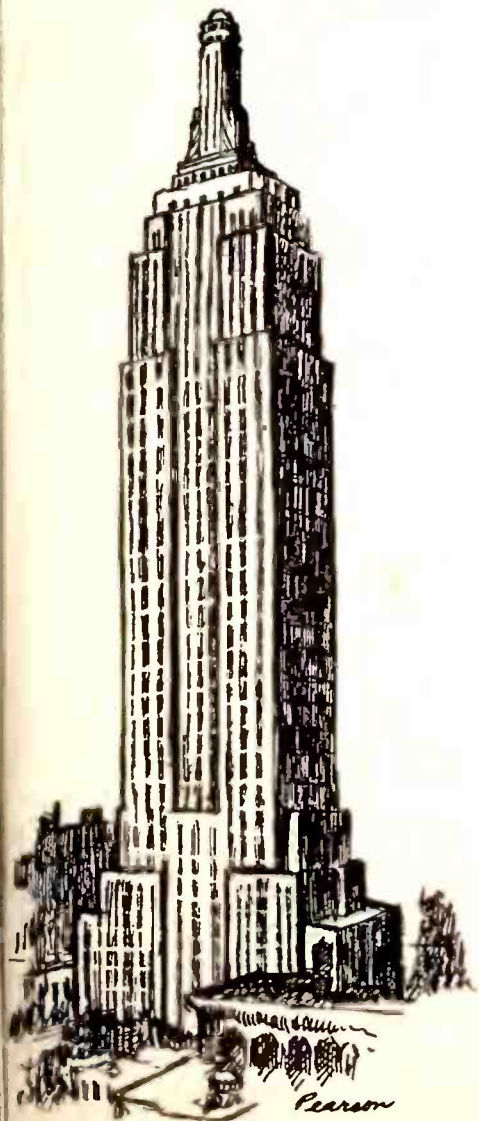
THE Newspaper Distributor's strike in Manhattan did more than ruin the breakfast hour. It left everyone feeling as if he'd just lost the use of his right hand, or suddenly couldn't hear. As days went by, the situation grew worse. Newspapers are just something one doesn't live

without. Some ambitious souls who were seriously addicted to newsprint went to the newspaper offices, bought a copy of the latest, and returned to their homes or offices in a manner royal. No single copies have ever been read by so many before. Radio stations crowded their programs with news; and one station even went so far as to relate the latest on Dick Tracy and his comic companions. After all, the harrowing escapes of Breathless Mahoney, the wicked intentions of Wetwash, the exploits of Superman and all the various other high deeds of the comics mustn't be withheld from the public, strike or no strike! This is life, my son.

Interesting quote from an overseas letter: "We've five thousand troops aboard, the first contingent of American

PASTIME soldiers to go direct from the European to the Pacific theatre, and so far they've been a very well behaved bunch. Their only vice (if it is such) is gambling. I've never seen so many crap, poker, roulette and black jack games in my life. They were all paid in Marseilles before they came aboard, they know they won't have any place to spend it, and they're all trying to get rich or lose it. Some of the games are fantastically big. One negro sergeant took twenty-five hundred dollars to our disbursing officer for safe keeping yesterday, and another poor guy, engrossed in a big crap game on the fan tail, took his knee off his bills for a second to reach for the dice, and three hundred dollars blew overboard in a puff of breeze. He screamed bloody murder, but the money belongs to Davey Jones!" Poor guy . . . we see the same type of thing happen here in Manhattan only the "ready" usually goes faster and always lands in someone else's pocket.

The West River daily welcomes more ships loaded with returning troops. In one week the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth **HOME COMING** landed about thirty-three thousand. The boys shout, whistle, and wave as they



come up the river to dock. But do they get into the big town for a spree? No! They are taken immediately by ferry boat or other devices to New Jersey and sent from there to selected camps. The ships are terribly crowded but that's the way the boys prefer it. They don't care if they have to sleep on a post—just so they get back. With the exception of the working crew, all passengers are given only two meals a day; and the kitchens do well to handle that many. Add up the passenger lists, multiply it by two or three, and see what a pain in the pot that is for any chef. All along the West River drive people stand and watch the ships come in . . . a good sight, with more and more to come.

A new project is being developed on Long Island called Airology. It is an effort to make visible an invisible subject . . . atmosphere. **AIR- OLOGY** Various cloud formations are being constructed which show the condensation of air at different altitudes. Fine wires and electrical effects show the currents of air . . . warm fronts moving out, cold fronts moving in, lows and highs and so forth. It's fascinating to students of meteorology and also to those who have always considered air as just something to have around in case of a breath. These models may become a part of education generally. Certainly they will be of tremendous importance in the instructing of young pilots to whom weather with its vagaries is an ever-present problem.

With the exception of the regular show hits that have continued to run through the summer season, new **THEATRE** shows are anybody's guess. Usually, if a production has big backing and great promise, it doesn't open until the theatre is ripe . . . from September through March. But a great many experimental plays are presented during the summer. If they survive they are sure of a successful winter run; if they don't . . . well, that's nothing new on Broadway. And we now have the usual flock of summer try-outs. Some of the senseless, expensive, flop productions along

the Great White Way are known as the "gravy ride." Choose your shows carefully, and if you have only a few days in town (how did you get here?) better stick to the hits.

No new gay spots opening this summer. Air conditioning is still the prime conditioner of where you go and how long you sit. Don't let that taxi go until you're sure you've got the right place. Can't say enough for the Roof Gardens . . . they really are stuff . . . especially the St. Regis.

Bets on V-J Day are centered mostly on November 11th and January 1st. Some of the pessimists are holding **V-J** to a two or three year tussle . . . but let's bet with the cheer guys.

One of the horses who patiently pulls passengers around Central Park in a cab, decided very suddenly the **HOLIDAY** other day that his patience had come to an end and that he would have a glorious dash down Fifth Avenue. Off he started. No one could stop him. For the first few blocks he made all the green lights. Then came a red light. He stopped. There was great commotion, trying to calm him down . . . bystanders attempting to help the driver. But when the light turned green again, off he went. For blocks down the avenue he stopped his flight only when the lights turned red. At last he wearied of his fling, turned around and docilely walked back to the park. No Easter, no bonnet, not even a wild oat. He was just tired of it all and wanted to express himself. And he wasn't without human sympathy.
—Lucie Ingram.



NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

Dining, Dancing, Entertainment . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR.** Jules Lande's orchestra beside a babbling brook. William Adler's concert music at luncheon and cocktails except Sunday. Dinner from \$2.50. Minimum, Saturday after 10, \$2.00. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** Gene Krupa and his orchestra play for dancing on the roof. They'll be followed near the end of the month by Sammy Kaye. Cover after 10 p. m., \$1.00; Friday and Saturday, \$1.25. Closed Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** The Glass Hat features excellent food and a revue including the rollicking Kathryn Duffy Dancers and a collection of pleasing acts, on view at 8:30 and 12:00. Minimum after 10 p. m., \$2.00; week-ends and holiday eves, \$2.50. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ **BILTMORE ROOF.** Henry King's orchestra, alternating with the rumba rhythms of Mario Hurtada. A show at 7:45 and 11:45 p. m., and extra-special summer menus at luncheon and dinner. Cover after 10 p. m., \$1.00; Saturdays, \$1.50. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ **BLUE ANGEL.** Gay party—with Eddie Mayehoff, Mildred Bailey, the Delta Rhythm Boys, and the Chittison Trio. Entertainment starts at 9:45. Minimum \$3.00; Friday and Saturday, \$3.50. 152 E. 55. PL 3-0626.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Shows at 8:30, midnite, and 2:15 give you the comedy of Imogene Coca, the pianistics of Mary Lou Williams, plus Cliff Jackson, the music of John Kirby's band, and ballads by Susan Reed, the young folksinger with a zither and an Irish harp. Dancing. Minimum, \$2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. CH. 2-2737.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** A lot of excellent song and dance by people like Georgia Gibbs, Josh White, Beatrice Kraft, Paula Lawrence, Gene Field's Trio, and Ed Hall's band. Minimum \$3.50. Closed Sunday. 128 E. 58. PL 5-9223.

★ **CASINO RUSSE.** Cornelius Codolban's orchestra; entertainment featuring Sarah Gorby, Adia Kuznetzoff, and dancers from the Russian Ballet. Menu offers both Russian and American dishes. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday and holidays, \$3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. 6-6116.

★ **CLAREMONT INN.** Dining and dancing indoors or in the outdoor garden. Music by Ron Perry's or Pedro's orchestras from 6:45 p. m. Dinner from 5 p. m., from \$2.00. Minimum after 9, \$1.00. Riverside Drive & 124th St. MO 2-8600.

★ **EL MOROCCO.** Chauncey Gray's music accompanies the super-fine food. There's a cover after 7 p. m.—\$2.00. Saturday and Sunday cocktail dancing, 5-7 p. m. 154 E. 54. EL 5-8769.

★ **ESSEX HOUSE.** In Casino-on-the-park, Stan Keller's orchestra sounds to the dance all evening long. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p. m., \$2.00. No dancing or entertainment on Monday. 100 Central Park S. CI 7-0300.

★ **LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Sophisticated revues, 8, 10, and 2:30, with Eddie Davis. Minimum after 10, \$3.50; Saturday and holidays, \$4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

★ **LEXINGTON.** In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloma's orchestra for dancing, and a Hawaiian revue at 7:45, 10, and midnight, except on Monday, when Jenó Bartal's orchestra takes over and the shows show at 7:45 and 11:30. Cover 75c after 9; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

★ **NICK'S.** Famous for its jazzworthy gentlemen—Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Muggsie Spanier and some others. Minimum after 9, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10. CH 2-6683.

★ **PENNSYLVANIA.** In the Cafe Rouge, Woody Hermann and his orchestra play for dancing. Dinner, \$2.50-\$3.50. Cover \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. Closed Sunday. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

★ **PLAZA.** Persian Room—Garwood Van and his orchestra, with Mark Monte as alternate. Star entertainment nightly at 9:30 and 12:30. Cover after 9:30, \$1.50. Closed Sunday. . . . In the Palm Court Lounge, cocktail dancing, 5-8 p. m. Minimum \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.25. Also closed Sunday. 5th at 59. PL 3-1740.

★ **ROOSEVELT.** In the Grill, dancing to the music of Eddie Stone and his orchestra daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30, \$1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, \$1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ **ST. REGIS.** Dancing to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra, alternating with Theodore Brooks at the organ. At luncheon (from \$1.85) the music of Maximilian's Ensemble. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturdays, \$2.50. For cocktails at noon or night, the Penthouse; for lone wolves, the King Cole Bar till 4. After that, the ladies may come along. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE.** Dinner and supper dancing; music by Roy Fox and his orchestra or Clemente's Marimba Band. Minimum, 5-9, \$1.50; Saturday and holidays, \$2.00. Cover, 9 to closing, \$1.00; Saturday and holidays, \$2.00. 5th Ave. at 58. VO 5-2600.

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** And make no mistake, it's definitely hers! Spivy sings off and on after 12. Dinner from 8-9, with entertainment of some form going on all the time. Liquor minimum, \$1.50; Friday and Saturday, \$2.25. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

★ **STORK CLUB.** The one you're always hearing about. Ernie Holat and Alberto Linno and their respective bands play for dancing. Lunch and dinner come a la carte. Cover after 10, \$2.00. Saturday and holidays, \$3.00. 3 East 53. PL 3-1940.

★ **TAFT.** In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except Sunday, when they skip the midday stint. Lunch from 65c; dinner from \$1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.

★ **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN.** With dancing indoors or on the Outdoor Terrace, Lenny Herman's orchestra and Buddy Harlow's Trio furnish the wherewithal, 6:45 on. Minimum after 9, \$1.00; Saturday and holiday eves., \$1.50. Central Park West at 67. RH 4-4700.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Distinguished mostly for superlative food, thanks to the chef, M. Alfred La Grange; and for its line of stately, shapely, and sleepy show girls who are probably the most beautiful in the town. Revue stars Jerry Cooper—8, 12:30 and 2. Dancing to music by Joe Ricardel's orchestra and the rumbas of Lopez. Minimum after 10, \$2.50; Saturday and holiday eves, \$3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ **VILLAGE BARN.** Hey-hey day every night—with square dancing and games and Tiny Clark. Revue, with Eddie Ashman's orchestra, 8, 11, and 2. Minimum \$1.50; Friday and holiday eves, \$2.00; Saturday, \$2.50. Opens at 6; dinner from 8. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ **VILLAGE VANGUARD.** A musical cellar, with the Art Hodes Trio, (including Fred Moore and Max Kaminsky); Don Frye's piano playing; and The Lion, a Calypso singer. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturday and holidays, \$2.00. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** On the Starlight Roof, George Olsen's orchestra alternates with Mischa Borr at supper. There's a show at 12, with Jane Pickens and her songs, and Paul Winchell, the ventriloquist. Cover after 10:30, \$1.00; Friday and Saturday, \$2.00. No cover for Service men and women. Sunday dancing, 7:30-10. No show, no cover. Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

★ **ZANZIBAR.** Furious and dazzling revue, starring Cab Calloway, Pearl and Bill Bailey, the Berry Brothers, who dance terrifically, and a whole flock of others. Claude Hopkins' band alternates with the Calloway aggregation to play for dancing. Minimum after 10, \$3.50. Broadway at 49. CI 7-7380.

Tummy Stuff . . .

★ **ALGONQUIN.** As famous for its clientele as for its very fine food. Something about it draws actors and writers—and others who like to watch them feed. Lunch from \$1.15; dinner from \$1.75. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 W. 44. MU 2-0100.

★ **AUX STEAKS MINUTE.** French food, inexpensive and good, and accompanied by beer and wines. Closed Tuesday. 41 W. 52. EL 5-9187.

★ **BREVOORT.** French cuisine at its finest—in a sidewalk cafe just this side of Washington Square. 5th Ave. at 8. ST 9-7300.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** American dishes in the first floor restaurant; drinks in the downstairs bar which they call Elhow Room and mean it; or in the Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge, 26th floor, which is open from 5 till midnight. 49 and 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ **CHAMPS ELYSEES.** Generous helpings of French food well prepared. Lunch a la carte; dinner from \$1.35. There's a bar, too. Closed 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 Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9557.

★ **DICK THE OYSTERMAN.** Besides seafoods, there are steaks and chops, and everything is delicious. A la carte. Entrees 85c to \$2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8. ST 9-8046.

★ **GRIPSHOLM.** Swedish food the way it ought to be. Luncheon, \$1.00-\$1.25; at dinner, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee for \$1.50, or regular dinner at \$1.75. Pleasantly cool here, too. 324 E. 57. EL 5-8476.

★ **HAPSBURG HOUSE.** Viennese food out of doors. What gets us is the zither music! It's quaint and right charming. Food is good. Luncheon at \$1.25; dinner, 6-10, from \$2.35. Closed Saturday and Sunday. 313 E. 55. PL 3-5169.

★ **JACK DEMPSEY'S.** Of the heavyweight champion Dempseys. The connotations, plus excellent food, draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but there's entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49. CO 5-7875.

★ **JUMBLE SHOP.** Backed by MacDougal's Alley, and populated by Villagers and visitors who enjoy the changing art exhibits (usually by struggling young geniuses) and the general friendliness of the place. Lunch from 55c; dinner from 70c. 28 W 8. SP 7-2540.

★ **L'AIGLON.** Cool and scenic setting for French cookery. Lunch, \$1.35; dinner, \$2.25 if you have a drink with it; \$2.50 if you've already stopped in at the Cocktail Lounge. Closed Monday. 13 E. 55. PL 3-7296.

★ **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART.** Care and feeding of soul and body. Luncheon and tea (no Sunday luncheon) in the spacious garden out back, amid sculpture more or less abstract and quite fascinating. Menus are designed with skill, served huffer and simply. Entrance to the Museum proper is 30c. Luncheon in the garden is \$1.25; tea, 40c. 11 W. 53.

★ **ST. MORITZ—CAFE DE LA PAIX.** On the walk, and very pleasant for food and drink. A la carte, not too expensive. 59 Central Park S. WI 2-5800.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** A room with a view—Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. They're a la carte, beginning around 80c and \$1.85. Cocktails in the lounge. 5th Ave. at 59. VO 5-2800.

★ **TOOTS SHOR'S.** Situation all fowled up—and Toots does all right with chicken and duck! And with steaks and beef too when they're available. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. 51 W. 51. PL 3-9000.

★ **WHITE TURKEY TOWN HOUSE.** Excellent American cookery, served out of doors down in the Village. Luncheon \$1.10-\$2.00; dinner to \$3.50. Sunday dinner from 1 till 9, \$2.00-\$3.50. 1 University Place. AL 4-1677.

★ **ZUCCA'S.** Italian foods for luncheon and dinner, in the Venetian and Garden Rooms and the Grill. 118 W. 49. BR 9-5511.

New York Theatre PLAYS

★ **ANNA LUCASTA—**(Mansfield, 47, West. CI 6-9056). An all-Negro cast deftly portrays this rather poignant story of a beautiful prostitute. With Hilda Simms. Directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **A BELL FOR ADANO—**(Cort, 48, West. BR 9-0046). Reopens August 13, with Fredric March and Margo in a dramatization of the year's Pulitzer Prize novel. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DARK OF THE MOON**—(46th Street Theatre, 46 W. CI 6-6075). Carol Stone as a Smoky Mountain gal and Richard Hart as a witch boy rollick around in a folksy and musical fantasy that's really rather charming. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DEAR RUTH**—(Henry Miller, 43, East. BR 9-3970). Lenore Loncrigan's show, but the rest of the cast, including Virginia Gilmore, Robert Road, and Phyllis Povah are very nice, too. Concerns a little sister's letters to service men, with big sister's name attached. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR**—(Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363). Reopens August 6. Montgomery Clift as a returning service man, with Grace Coppen as a sister who gums up the works a little too often. Problem play about a problem that will be familiar. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ **THE GLASS MENAGERIE**—(Playhouse, 48, East. BR 9-3565). Laurette Taylor is magnificent as the mother of a ne'er-do-well son and a delicate dramatic daughter—played by Eddie Dowling and Julie Haydon, respectively. Tennessee Williams wrote it; the Drama Critics gave it their award. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HARVEY**—(48th Street Theatre, 48, East. BR 9-4566). Amiably uproarious comedy about a charming tippler and a big white rabbit. Mary Chase wrote it, won the Pulitzer Prize for drama. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are superlative. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA**—(Music Box, 45th, West. CI 6-4636). Kathryn Forbes' novel dramatized by John Van Druten, and refreshingly acted by Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, and a good supporting cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER**—(Empire, Broadway at 40th, PE 6-9540). Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill become yet another Father and Mother in this rich, amusing account of the late Clarence Day's family. In its 6th year. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE LATE GEORGE APLEY**—(Lyceum, 45, East. CH 4-4256). J. P. Marquand wrote the book, George Kaufman dramatized it, and Leo G. Carroll is starred. The atmosphere is very Back Bay Boston, and it's a very fine play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE OVERTONS**—(National, 41, West. PE 6-8220). Reopens August 12. June Knight, Judith Evelyn, Jack Whiting, and Walter Greaza in something about a happy marriage that almost gets done in by meddling friends. Often amusing. Nightly except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE**—(Morosco, 45, West. CI 6-6230). Reopens last week of August. Martha Scott takes on the part originated by Margaret Sullivan. Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie complete the cast of this light-hearted comedy. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ **BLOOMER GIRL**—(Shubert, 44, West. CI 6-5990). Very pretty period piece with some pretty songs and a lot of pretty people—including Joan McCracken and Nanette Fabray. Agnes de Mille ballets. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CAROUSEL**—(Majestic, 44th, West. CI 6-0730). "Liliom" again, this time set in New England, to music by Rodgers and Hammerstein II. And a very satisfactory arrangement is it, too. Jan Clayton and John Raitt sing delightfully, and Agnes de Mille has designed some more delightful dances. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **FOLLOW THE GIRLS**—(Broadhurst, 44th West. CI 6-6699). Lots of sailors following lots of girls—Gertrude Niesen being the flashiest and most fetching one, as she shouts her songs to Tim Herbert, Jackie Gleason, Norman Lawrence, and others. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HATS OFF TO ICE**—(Center Theatre, 6th Ave. & 49th, CO 5-5474). Big, dazzling ice show, offering ballet, pageantry, tricks, and hi-jinks. Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40; Sunday, 3:00.

★ **MARINKA**—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50, CI 7-5161). "Mayerling," the poignant old Hapsburg tragedy, redone with music and a happy ending. Joan Roberts and Harry Stockwell are in it; also Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

★ **ON THE TOWN**—(Martin Beck, 45, West. CI 6-6363). A lot of resilient boys and girls romp through some ballets by Jerome Robbins, to music by Leonard Bernstein, and it's all pretty terrific. With Sono Osato, Nancy Walker, and Betty Comden and Adolf Green who wrote the book. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY**—(Imperial, 45, West. CO 5-2412). Grieg's life set to his own music, and handsomely presented. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. Nightly except Sunday, 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.

The War—and Allied Matters

Every hour in the United States, more than one and a half million letters are mailed. Is your V-MAIL letter among them?

Writing space in V-Mail stationery measures about $7\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. It doesn't take but a coupla minutes or so to fill that space with love and kisses, or news of the new baby, or various delightful trivia, whether beat out on a typewriter or writ by hand. . . . It doesn't matter how much or how little you write—just so it's often. Like every day, say. That V-Mail letter—which flies—which always gets there safely and gets there first—is $57\frac{3}{4}$ square inches* of home to a homesick guy or gal overseas.

*Okay—figure it out for yourself.

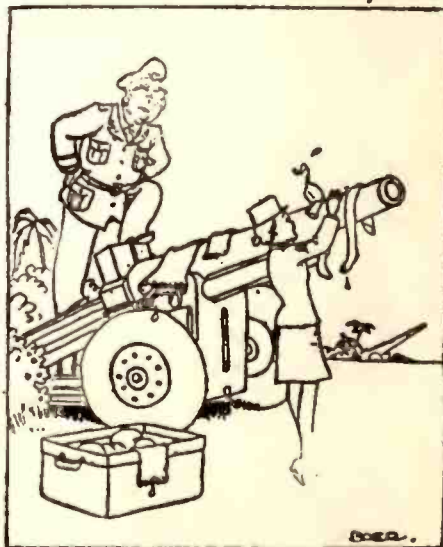
Into forward air strips in the Pacific battle areas go Australia's "Flying Sisters." This is the most respected branch of the Royal Australian Air Force Nursing Service. The first unit, based in northern New Guinea, is comprised of 15 girls; the second unit numbers only ten. Their job is to pick up casualties of all United Nations and transport them back by plane to base hospitals. . . . Training for this service is strict. It includes instructions in ocean and jungle survival, tropical hygiene, aviation, medicine, and dinghy drill. Girls also receive a compression chamber test. No girl may weigh more than 130 pounds nor be less than 5' 4" tall. If she were shorter, she could not reach the top stretchers. Flying Sisters wear drab slacks, shirt and gaiters, boots, forage caps, and navy blue wool lined flying jackets.

STOP! Don't toss this mag in the wastebasket! Add it to that stack of papers and stuff you're saving for salvage. Don't think it won't be welcome—for with all the needs both military and civilian, every scrap of paper (except waxed paper or cellophane) is needed urgently—until such time as the pulp wood supply increases and gets back to normal.

The Kansas City Canteen is still located at 1021 McGee. The phone number is still VI. 9266. And it still offers men and women in uniform all the comforts of home! YOU CAN HELP—by donating cakes and pies to the Canteen. Or by sending them a wastebasket! Honest, they need 'em, and preferably metal baskets, so they won't catch fire in case of a stray cigarette. And if you'd like to operate an elevator for them in your spare time, you're just the person they'd like to see! Give them a ring—and help the Canteen continue giving its smooth, efficient, friendly service to service men and women.

QUICK TAKES

by Baer



"But, corporal, maybe General MacArthur and Imogene Wolcott* may not see eye to eye on hanging out wash."

*of "What's Your Idea?"

Swing Around



ANY NEWS IS GOOD NEWS . . .
On the day Hitler's death was reported—the first time—the newsie on the corner of 10th and Grand was selling papers like hot cakes. It was only a matter of minutes before his noon edition of *The Star* had evaporated. But was he stymied? Not for one moment.

"Piper! Piper!" he shouted on the streets of Kansas City. "Get your Chicago Daily News." And in sotto voce added, "It's just as good."

FORTRESS . . . In an age when tin helmets and silver plates in scalps or knee caps are an accepted phenomenon, it is not too surprising to find that similar fortification has been given to a light pole. On the south side of 47th Street at Rockhill Road stands an erstwhile giant of the north woods, presenting a brave

front to the world, thanks to the electric light company. It seems the road mounds quite a lot from the curb at the intersection and there is a stop sign halting the east bound traffic. When the street is icy, each car

from the west attempts to halt and, of course, slips none too gently down the slope and comes to a stop against the stalwart pole. Even if they'd engineered it, they couldn't have placed the pole in a better position to catch a skidding auto. It bore so many scars it had begun to look like a shaggy bark oak. So the utility company tacked up two wide strips of plate, and now the light pole stands well armored against all side-swiping autos and all woodpeckers.

COSMIC COMICS . . . Don't be surprised if Junior suddenly starts telling you what world security looks like—in colors. He will have found out by reading his comic books. The American Association for the United Nations is distributing an 8-page feature prepared by "True Comics" Magazine—whose staff drew pictures of cooperation from the stone age down through to the San Francisco Conference; blocked out the Plan in a simple diagram, and painted in primary colors what will happen to countries who won't play ball. Presented to the world on that special soft casual paper, it's a true comic book with a direct message. We think this is indicative of something or other. . . . It's a bird! It's a plane! Huh-uh. It's world organization!

SOAP OPERETTA . . . We know a girl who makes an almost daily report to us on her unintentional eavesdropping. Apropos of the current soap shortage which has us all in a lather theoretically, and we do mean theoretically and you know darn well we do—our girl overheard this one on the Troost car the other morning: A rather gaunt lady of the Somerset Maugham missionary type was saying, "It was all right so long as we had to skimp a little on food and gasoline and things like that. But when it comes to soap—well, really! Those people have been dirty for years, and I don't see why they can't go right on being dirty!"

A MUSICIAN TO REMEMBER . . .
If you have a passion for Carmen Cavallaro's "Voodoo Moon," stop in at the California Ranch House and put a nickel in the juke box and out will come Chopin's "Polonaise." That's the other side of the record. We found this out by personal

research. And also heard, during said "Polonaise," which we've always found very pleasant listening, a conversation from the next booth. Participants were a foursome of middle-aged people who probably had just come from the double feature at the Apollo . . . "What is this thing?" one of the ladies asked.

"I don't know, it's awfully familiar," another one said.

"It was in 'A Song to Remember,' Barbara Joe saw it."

"Oh, yes, wasn't that the picture about a musician or a piano player that went crazy in the end?"

"No, he died of t.b."

"Oh, yes! Tuberculosis."

"What was his name? That's funny, I had it on the tip of my tongue."

"Polish fellow, wasn't he?"

"Every time I think of musicians I always think of Rudolph Friml. My cousin lived right across the street from him and they used to have cocktails together."

"I believe it was Tschaikowsky. Sure, that's who it was."

"Oh, no, honey, that man's still living. This fellow is dead."

About that time Carmen had finished with Chopin, and the rest of the conversation was drowned in "Bell Bottom Trousers."

OPTIMIST . . . Honestly, it did arrive at the Post Office—a letter addressed to Kansas City from a soldier overseas: "Mabel, North End."



ANSWERS TO "FUNNY MONEY"

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WONDER MAN

All these faces belong to Danny Kaye. He's RKO Orpheum's blond bonanza, star of their current musical, "Wonder Man," in which he plays both himself and his twin brother, and the wonder is, how he does it! But he does it—and we love it.

SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

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Editor

JETTA CARLETON

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS

Contributing Staff

CHICAGO:

Norton Hughes Jonathan

NEW YORK:

Lucie Ingram

ART:

Flaucy Pearson · Doris Brown · Jane Edmiston · Ferdinand E. Warren · Tyke Van Kirk · Eyleen Richards · Audre Harris · Mignon Beyer · James B. Gantt · Lois Jean Ambrose · Marion Punched · Lucille Staver · Betty Schultheis · Bill Champe · Darrel Porter · David Bray.



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a Cover Girl—
be a back-cover girl"

IN three and a half years at WHB, Jetta has written copy for butchers, garages, grocery stores, maternity shops, theatres, and refineries... came in as a continuity writer, became continuity chief, the original "Mary Jane on Petticoat Lane," the Girl in Aisle 3, and finally, managing editor of SWING....

Jetta lists as one of her high points in radio an interview with Errol Flynn at the Darby Corporation where hers was (unofficially) "the face that launched a thousand tank-landing craft" ... or the time she ad libbed the same interview twice with Dick Powell because somebody sat down on the program they had

just transcribed on a glass record.

She graduated a few times from the University of Missouri, headed a drama department in a Junior College for 2 years ... hangs notes to herself from a Phi Beta key ... she's a dancer, too; intends to be discovered by Agnes de Mille any minute now ... and write a prize short story next Sunday morning ... used to win poetry prizes in college,

and that's how she became writer of copy for butcher garages, grocery stores, maternity shops, theatres and refineries...

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