DECEMBER 1946

25¢

Swing

Official world's record for ground handling of airmail, from post-office to airport. In a race that attracted national attention, Postmaster A. H. Gillis of Kansas City, Kansas, was clocked at 4:01. Close behind was Postmaster Alexander Graham of Kansas City, Missouri, with 4:22. Top picture shows Postmaster Graham being interviewed by WHB Newsman Dave Hodgins. Picture below at the finish line shows News Chief Dick Smith, Postmaster Al Gillis, the winnah, and Jack Tarbett, of Kansas City, Kansas.

IT PAYS TO BE SMART . . . Admiral Willia Halsey, abave, speaker at the Kansas American Legian Armistice Day program, w agree that it "Pays Ta Be Smart," as the U Navy demanstrated to the Japanese. Battam ture shaws cantestants in the WHB-Universit Kansas City schaal quiz shaw, "It Pays Ta Smart," in the first sessian af the yea Shawnee-Missian High.

VOL. 2 DECEMBER, 1946 NO. 12

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

IF AT Christmastime a miracle should happen at the foot of Petticoat Lane amid the ringing of Salvation Army bells and the echoing laughter of Emery Bird's Santa Claus; or among the Christmas trees shining along Park Avenue; or in La Salle Station swarming with Christmas; or at Hollywood and Vine or along the streetcar tracks of Telegraph Hill; if the miracle should happen at any of these places at Christmastime, perhaps no one would fall flat on his face or consider it too irregular. For Christmas is the time of miracles—the time of the walking of angels upon the earth, the time of a great rushing of wings, when blindness is healed and hearts made whole. And it is rumored that on Christmas Eve at twelve of the clock the animals kneel down in their stalls, moved by some urgent atavistic wonder that comes over them at that moment like a heavenly light. If the animals do kneel, it seems only natural.

Whether you hang your star on a cedar tree, a cocoanut palm, or a hickory limb, you —all of us—achieve a certain faith at Christmastime. And if we are to look for a miracle on this planet this year, we shall have to hold fast to that faith, keep it for use later when we've forgotten the words we spoke so brilliantly with the wine of Christmas upon us. If it can last the year, the miracle has a chance. Only, for miracle read something like "economic stabilization" or "disarmament" or "the equality of man." And for faith read "hope, energy, and justice." It is faith perhaps of this kind that shines around December like a halo, brief but very bright, because at this time we all want so desperately that life should all be good and beautiful. We hope it is for you, and that you see the animals kneel. And whether you call him Kriss Kringle, St. Nicholas, or Daddy, we hope that in your life there is a Santa Claus!

Jetta

Editor

ARTICLES

OUR TOWN TOPICS

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

PICTURES

Back Cover: Byron Wolfe's salon exhibit, "A Crisp Morning."

Photography: Harold Hahn, Dick Millard, Sol Studna, Clarence Wilborn, Brooks Crummett, Ray Farnan, Monty Montgomery.

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December's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Conventions

Dec. 5-6, Midwest Transit Association, Hotel President.
Dec. 5-9, Economic and Business Foundation, Hotel President.
Dec. 5-7, Conference on Home Canning Research, Hotel Continental.
Dec. 18-21, Hall Brothers, Hotel Muehlebach.
Dec. 27, 28, Phi Beta Pi, Hotel President.
Dec. 28, 29, Phi Omega, Hotel President.
Dec. 29-31, Phi Alpha Delta, Hotel President.

Dancing

(*Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main*)
Tuesday and Friday nights "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.
Dec. 1, Walter Bloom; Dec. 4, 5, George Tidona; Dec. 7, Chuck Foster; Dec. 8, 11, 12, Bob Alexander; Dec. 14, 15, 21, 22, 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, Ozzie Clark.
(*La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main*)
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. Old time dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night old time dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under same management.

Basketball

(*All games at Municipal Auditorium Arena*)
Dec. 12, Big Six game. Contestants to be selected.
Dec. 16, University of Missouri versus University of Illinois.
Dec. 17, Professional basketball, American League.
Dec. 20, University of Kansas versus University of Oklahoma.
Dec. 27, 28, N.A.I.B. basketball tournament.
Dec. 30, University of Kansas versus Stanford University.

Hockey

(*United States League. All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main*)
Dec. 1, Houston; Dec. 4, Minneapolis; Dec. 15, Houston; Dec. 18, Omaha; Dec. 22, Tulsa; Dec. 25, St. Paul; Dec. 29, Dallas.

Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tessman, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

Wrestling

Tuesdays: Scottish Rite Temple, Linwood Boulevard at Paseo.
Thursdays: Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas. Sponsored by the American Legion and Heart of America Sports.

Drama

Dec. 19, 20, 21, A. & N. Attractions present Maurice Evans in "Hamlet." Music Hall, Municipal Auditorium.

Music

(*Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, Conducting*)
Dec. 3, 4, Concert with Blanche Thebom, Mezzo-Soprano, guest artist.
Dec. 5, Suburban school concert.
Dec. 8, Pop Concert.
Dec. 9, School Concert.
Dec. 17, 18, Concert with Artur Schnabel, pianist, guest artist in return engagement.
Town Hall
Dec. 2, Vivian Della Chiesa, Lyric Soprano, Music Hall.
Dec. 23, Cochran School of Music recital, Music Hall.
Fritschy Concerts
Dec. 10, Eugene List, internationally famous pianist. Music Hall.
Dec. 22, Muehlebach Chorus Music Hall.

Art

(*William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art*)
Loan Galleries: Sixth Annual Missouri Exhibition.
Ceramics Room: Chronological Survey of English Pottery from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Burnap. Slip Ware of the 17th century, Lambeth Delf and Salt Glaze Wares.
Masterpiece of the month: Madonna and Child with Four Angels, attributed to Taddeo di Bartolo.
Lectures: Dec. 4, The Shosoin, by Mr. Sickman. Dec. 11, Discussion of Missouri Exhibition by Mr. Gardner.
Motion pictures: Dec. 6, Joan of Arc. Dec. 13, The Four Horsemen. (no admission).
Musical programs: Dec. 1, Sigma Alpha Iota concert; Dec. 8 Mu Phi Epsilon concert; Dec. 15, University of Kansas City Christmas Program.

Special Events

Dec. 6, Cub Scouts annual show Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Dec. 18, Boxing show for Mayor's Christmas Party, Arena.
Dec. 19, Advertising and Sales Executives' Club Christmas Party, Arena.
Dec. 22, Mayor's Christmas Party Arena.

STILWELL'S *Dream*

by ESTY MORRIS

Kansas City's great Union Station came to railroad builder in a dream!

THE year was 1902 and Arthur E. Stilwell paced the bedroom floor of his home at 720 E. Armour Boulevard. He walked to the window and looked out upon a motionless Kansas City. From the far distance he could hear the faint puffing of locomotives. He slammed the window to shut out any noise or suggestions of trains. He had enough for one day.

There had been a confused, wrangling discussion as to where the proposed new Union Station for Kansas City should be built. The Commercial Club favored the old Tenth and State Line location; another group wanted to build it in the west bottoms; the railroads wanted a new station, but they didn't want to move any more rails than they actually had to.

Stilwell, who had built the Kansas City, Gulf and Pittsburgh Railway, watched it grow into the Kansas City Southern, felt it slip away into receivership, and who was then working on organization of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient railway, was up to his neck in railroads.

Finally he left the window and dropped off to sleep. Two hours later, at five o'clock in the morning, he was busy at his desk with diagrams of tracks, trainsheds and ticket offices. A location between Main street and Broadway on 20th and 21st street had come to him in a *dream!*

He dreamed also of a company made up of the various railroads to operate the terminal. He put the results of his dream down on paper and presented them at the meeting of railroad executives the next day.

Not that year nor the next, but 12 years later, Stilwell's dream came true. Kansas City actually *did* build its new 10-million dollar terminal on the exact site where Stilwell had dreamed it should be.

History of railroads in eastern Missouri dates back to 1849 when wooden, hand-hewn rails were laid for the old Independence and Wayne City railroad, a distance of four miles. Its rolling stock consisted of rickety wooden cars towed by twenty mule teams. The redeeming feature was the depot, a neat two-story build-

ing. By 1855 came the first steam locomotive, and what an event that was! Hardy pioneers stood in awed fright as the thing chugged along the rails.

Between 1849 and 1856, when the old Independence railroad was abandoned, railroads of various names sprang up. There was the Nebraska, St. Joseph and Eastern Missouri, the Southern Iowa line, and several which died an economic death before they came to life.

Just prior to 1869, the Santa Fe, Missouri Pacific and Rock Island threaded thin strips of steel into Kansas City, over which wood-burning locomotives hauled creaking rickety cars. Three lines came down from the north, the Burlington, St. Joseph and Eastern Missouri, and the Wabash, terminating on the north banks of the Missouri river.

Then came the need for a bridge across the Missouri. On October 31, 1869 it was opened and christened the "Hannibal Bridge." The original superstructure still supports the bridge that connects Kansas City of 1946 with its Municipal airport, and part of North Kansas City.

Opening of the Hannibal Bridge was a great civic achievement and people flocked to Kansas City from miles around. The railroads, across the Missouri river at last, then built the "gooseneck" from the bridge along the river bank to the old depot at 10th Street and State Line.

Kansas City was rapidly becoming the gateway to the great unexplored West, and local people as well as railroad men felt that their depot was sadly inadequate.

In 1871, and at an expenditure of $300,000, the finest depot in the West was opened for business. Newspapers of that day described it as the "Handsomest depot in the world."

Hardly had the varnish been scuffed from the floors of the new depot before it became apparent that it was too small. As early as 1895 there was a strong move for a new Union Station. Kansas City councilmen talked of a million, maybe two million dollar station, but certainly no more.

From 1895 until 1911, when the work actually got under way, Kansas City was torn by railroad factions. The railroad men wanted the city to vacate a large number of streets. The city claimed the railroads were asking way too much. Finally enough of it was ironed out to frame a referendum for the voters. The issue passed by the overwhelming majority of 24,522 for, and only 708 against.

Times were hard and labor was plentiful as hundreds of men were put to work. The millions of yards of earth that had to be moved to make way for the vast area of trackage was excavated mostly by hand labor and horse-drawn scrapers.

Yes, after 14 years, Arthur E. Stilwell's dream of a Grand Union Station came true. It was officially opened on October 31, 1914. At the time it was the largest railway station in the world, with 144,150 square feet of floor space in the waiting room alone. However, the Grand Central Terminal in New York City was remodeled in 1924, and now has more floor space than Kansas City.

Soon after the Union Station was

completed and put to use, the Kansas City Terminal Railroad men realized that the long, weary flights of steps between the waiting room and the train sheds would some day have to be conquered. Delayed by poor financial condition of the railroads before the war, and then the war itself, escalators to replace the steps, have been a long time coming. However, the work is going on right now and the escalator system will probably be in operation by late spring or early summer.

During the war on busy days, the Kansas City Union Station handled more people than Grand Central Terminal in New York. A total of 465,578 passengers either arrived or departed during the year of 1945. These twelve major trunk line railroads use the terminal: Burlington, Alton, Wabash, Milwaukee, Great Western, Santa Fe, Rock Island, Kansas City Southern, Missouri-Kansas-Texas, Frisco, Missouri Pacific and Union Pacific.

While Kansas City is one of the nation's leading rail centers, it is also the hub of a great movement of automotive traffic. Normally, from half to three quarters of livestock shipped to this great packing center, is by truck. Moreover, more than 600 commercial trucks enter and depart from Kansas City daily. It is served by 126 truck lines, most of them large and connecting with Chicago, Minneapolis, Denver, Oklahoma City, St. Louis, and the east and west coasts. Twenty-five offer direct service from coast to coast. The movement of meat, food, drugs and other merchandise amounts to an inestimable tonnage. When added to the tremendous amount of building material, crushed stone and gravel not included in the records of the Associated Highway Carriers, the total would be staggering.

Trucks are the only form of transportation reaching some 2,500 towns in Missouri and Kansas, 949 in Oklahoma and 882 in Colorado. The business life and very existence of these communities are dependent upon movement of trucks from the great hub of the Southwest, Kansas City.

Bus lines, too, have kept pace with the progress of transportation in the Southwest. There are approximately 415 arrivals and departures of interstate, intra-state and commuter buses in Kansas City every day of the week. The number of people using buses in and out of Kansas City last year, exclusive of city buses, was 515,000—half again the size of the population of Kansas City, Mo.

Bus travel, like that of rail, has settled back into a comfortable rather than pack-jammed load factor. During the war the plight of weary bus and rail travelers beggared description.

While other forms of transportation have made steady progress up

through the years, the Missouri River, once the artery of life for this part of the country has slowly but surely given way to the trends of more rapid transportation.

Prior to 1875 practically all of the great Kansas wheat crop was moved on the Missouri River down to St. Louis and on down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From 1875 to 1900 there was a steady dropoff as the Santa Fe, Missouri Pacific and other lines proved the practicability of moving wheat by rail. Since 1900, river shipment of wheat has fallen off to a small fraction of rail shipments. During the shipping season the Federal Barge Lines send on the average of two loads of grain downriver. On the return trips heavy package goods, farm machinery and bulk coffee are brought back. During the war there was practically no river shipping but now, according to the federal navigation bureau and barge lines, it is on the way back and will probably approach a level that it will hold for many years to come.

In recent years a new and revolutionary mode of travel has been rushed through adolescence into a reliable and convenient service. It is the airplane, the propellor-driven projectile which plunges from Kansas City to St. Louis in a little under two hours; less time than it takes a barge to pull away from the wharf and get out of town. Of course, where the airplane load is measured in pounds, the barge captains count only in tons, hundreds of tons.

Kansas City is now the second largest air connecting point in the world. It has three municipal fields, four major airlines and over 10,000 aviation employes. Serving the city and the surrounding area are Braniff International Airlines, connecting the midwest cities with the Gulf and Old Mexico; TWA with its five-mile-a-minute Constellations serving the east and west coasts, points in between and an international route to Cairo, Egypt. Add this to Mid-Continent's service from Minnesota to New Orleans, and Continental's run into Denver, Albuquerque and the west, and it all sums up to make Kansas City the world's second largest airline headquarters.

In 80 years, Kansas City has grown from a struggling little village of 2,500 population, into a modern, thriving metropolis of nearly 600,000 people in the Greater Kansas City area. It is the transportation hub of the midwest at the crossroads of America.

In years gone by millions of travelers have stopped off at Kansas City. Many of them, probably impressed by the city's unlimited opportunities for business, industry and its fine facilities for enjoyable living, must have decided that they need go no farther . . . that this was what they had been looking for all along.

Visit to Moscow

by D. W. HODGINS

Only unofficial caller at the Red Capital in several years, Charles Tucker, surprised to see blondes!

IF the Russian people are plotting a war with the United States as some politicians scream far and wide that they are, it seems only fair that a certain group of people be told about it in advance, before they start something they can't finish!

And who is that certain group of people?

The group comprises the average people of Soviet Russia. The same people who manifest admiration rather than hate for America!

"Well," you ask, "whose ideas are you parroting? That certainly is not the trend of public opinion in America today. Who told you so?"

Here is the answer:

The information comes from a civilian, the only non-commissioned, no-axe-to-grind civilian to enter Russia since before World War Two. Many people have been on various missions to Moscow in the last few years, but all of them, mind you, were on official or semi-official assignments. Going to Russia as a civilian visitor is just not being done. The Russians are reluctant to lift the latch on their frontiers.

Yet they did in this one case. Through some stroke of luck, Charles Tucker of Kansas City, Kansas, became the first unofficial Russian visitor in several years. He bore no secret messages, he sought no official information. He went to Moscow to visit his son, Robert C. Tucker, an attache of the American Embassy, whom he hadn't seen in a number of years.

Since coming back, Tucker has received innumerable invitations as a speaker. Publications have besieged him for articles on this or that concerning

▲

Charles Tucker operates furniture stores in Kansas City, Kansas, and Independence, Missouri. He is a native of Kansas City and has been in business many years. He was formerly president of the Kansas City, Missouri, Board of Public Welfare, and is now president of the Community Welfare League of Eastern Jackson County.

Russia. However, he has turned down 99 per cent of them because the subject of Russia is a ticklish proposition. It is made more difficult by the fact that we, the American people, have as little conception of what the Russians are trying to do as the Russians have of what we are trying to do.

In Moscow, Tucker was not treated as a strange animal from another world, but as a guest from another country; a country which the Soviet people seem to look up to and respect.

To substantiate this trend in thinking, Tucker recalls an incident on a Russian train. The woman ticket-taker was not too polite to a Red Army officer. The officer promptly upbraided her, saying, "They don't do like that in America. Ticket takers are polite and courteous. We want to be like the Americans."

Many of the people Tucker met in Moscow expressed a desire to some day go to America. They would go not as invaders, but as visitors, to see some of the wonders that have trickled through the highly controlled Soviet press.

The Russians, Tucker reports, are surprisingly similar to Americans in general appearance. He was surprised to find so many blonde Russians, both men and women. Trimly dressed towheads with the upswept hair-do were something he had not expected to see on the streets of Moscow. From a distance they looked like American women, but up close one could easily detect the difference in manner of dress and carriage.

Russian businessmen dress well enough but not as flashily as the American office occupant. For some reason, probably the unavailability of cleaning fluids, there are no dry-cleaning establishments to speak of in the entire city of Moscow. Consequently, Russians must wear dark clothes and wear them longer.

By and large, the cost of every-day living in Moscow exceeds that of America. People pay as high as ten rubles ($2) for an ordinary candy bar. That, however, is inflation at its worst. The unrationed food and supply markets feature prices substantially higher than the rationed markets, where price and quantity are rigidly controlled. Meat, bread and potatoes are sold at rationed markets and are not out of reach of the workingman's budget. The store clerks in unrationed and rationed markets as well as in all department stores are predominantly older folks, from 60 through 65 years of age.

The Russian people, however, have figured out a way to beat the high cost of living,—and we'll have to admit it is the hard way. Their system is simple. *Work* and *more work*.

A school teacher is likely to be a file clerk or stenographer at night;

perhaps a streetcar motorman operates a small shoe repair shop during his off hours, and so on. Thus they reenforce their incomes sufficiently to buy the necessities of life.

For getting around Moscow, the average Russian uses the surface lines, buses and subways. Few of the working class can afford automobiles. Many cars, but not nearly so many as in America, roam the streets of Moscow. Various types include the Russian-made "Zis," a cross between a Lincoln and a Cadillac. They also have two cheaper models and now and then a German-made Mercedes can be seen. American cars are there but not in any great number. They all seem to belong to diplomatic or military people. Of course there are filling stations in Moscow but they are few and far between.

The Russians have licked the motor traffic problem in a manner that might possibly be a solution for our metropolitan street snarls. There is positively no parking or parking lots in downtown Moscow. Motorists drive in as close as they dare and then hop a street car or bus.

Their traffic control system is odd but it seems to work. There are stop-and-go-lights but they are hand operated, and usually by uniformed women. Moreover, Moscow swarms with traffic cops who enforce rules right down to the last letter.

Getting a driver's license in Moscow is not easy. Tucker's son, Bob, who thought all along he was a pretty good driver, was turned down flat on his first attempt to get a license. He studied the traffic manual a solid week before he was able to pass and get a certificate. Thus, by carefully marshalling traffic, an automobile accident in Moscow is an unusual rather than an every-day occurrence. Russian drivers do not employ the "hog" technique of nuzzling through traffic.

There is not the pushing and shoving to get on street cars and buses that there is in American cities. Surface line patrons wait in orderly queues of two abreast for their vehicle. When it comes along and there's room for only a few more, the others wait patiently in line for another that may have room for them.

It's not easy for a truck driver to commit a traffic violation and get away with it. On all trucks the license number is reproduced in huge block letters on the tail gate. Conspicuous, sure, but a cinch for the cops.

During Moscow's warm summer months, which compare in climate to any midwestern city, people come and go from the soccer fields and horse race tracks. The latter has the larger following. The American "Bookie" would find himself in a mutual paradise if he were assigned to place odds on the oat sniffers on Moscow tracks. It seems that there are no weight limitations on jockeys and the unfortunate nags carrying 160 pound jockeys have a distinct disadvantage. Pity the poor hoss, but spare a few tears for the parlay boys.

Quite unexpectedly, Tucker was permitted to come and go with absolute freedom. Naturally he refrained from questions which might provoke complicated answers. You probably would do the same.

Because he lived at the Spaso House, home of the American Ambas-

sador, he was not compelled to struggle with ration cards or the problem of buying in state controlled stores. Tucker visited one of Moscow's two ice cream parlors and was served red pop with each dish of ice cream. He did not drink the pop but found the ice cream comparable to the American product.

On casual strolls throughout the city he found clean and orderly streets, well-kept homes and neat rows of apartment houses. He said it was a common sight to see householders out in front of their places washing the sidewalk and adjacent street with a hose.

Tucker's visit to Moscow came to an almost anxiety-wrought conclusion when he discovered he had overstayed his two-week passport. He had premonitions of serious trouble. However, his passport was sent to the foreign office with explanations and was approved and returned immediately.

The Kansas City furniture man looks back on that long aerial jaunt to Moscow with some misgivings. He feels he was not only lucky in getting his passport, but equally lucky in having its conditions and privileges carried out. Not long after his return he was jolted one morning to learn that the American Overseas air liner, the very one on which he made the initial leg of his trip from New York to London, had crashed just a few days later in Newfoundland with all 39 passengers lost.

Childosophy

A little girl went to the wedding of a neighbor and as the bride walked slowly down the aisle in bridal gown and train, the child's clear voice broke the solemn moment with, "Carolyn, your dress is draggin'."

▲

A small girl in a progressive school stamped her foot and snarled at her teacher: "Do I have to do as I please again today?"

▲

One day I wanted to speak to Rosemary's mother on the phone but was thwarted by her five-year-old. "Mommy's in the garden," she said "and I can't call her to the phone for you. It's not 3 o'clock yet and I'm still asleep."

▲

A four-year-old attended prayer meeting not long ago with his parents. When he knelt to say his prayers before going to bed, he prayed: "Dear Lord, we had a good time at church tonight. I wish you could have been there."

▲

Two little boys were astride a none too large hobbyhorse. Things came to the point where one little rider said to the other: "If one of us would get off, I could ride better."

Christmas Tree

by

HAZEL SEQUIN

This tree, this young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree!

OUR custom of having a Christmas tree in every home as a part of the celebration of Christmas has much legendary sanction. Houses all over the world, since history began, have been adorned with boughs and green trees. The exact origin of the Christmas tree custom is not certain but each one of the many legends add to the beauty of our Christmas festivities.

A legend of Anglo-Saxon origin tells us that St. Boniface, in the midst of a crowd of converts, cut down a giant oak which had been an object of worship by the Druids. As the blade of the ax circled above his head and the flakes of wood flew from the deepening cut in the tree, a whirling wind passed through the forest. It tore the oak from its foundation. The tree fell backward groaning. Just behind it and unharmed, stood a young fir tree, its green spire pointing toward the stars.

St. Boniface dropped the ax, turned and speaking to his people said, "This little tree, the young child of the forest, shall be your holy tree tonight. It is the wood of peace, for your houses are built of its fir. It is the sign of endless life, for its leaves are evergreen. See how it points upwards to heaven. Let this be called the tree of the Christ-child. Gather around it. It will shelter no deeds of blood, but only loving gifts and rites of kindness."

An old German legend also tells how the pine became the Christmas tree. They tell us that long, long ago there were little pine trees in a forest in Germany and they were very unhappy because they had to stay out in the stormy weather, while all the flowers went to sleep and the birds flew away to the south. All the little pine trees wept and sighed until the wind heard them and carried their voices all the way to Judea where the Christ-Child lived.

When the wind told Him the trouble of the little trees, he was grieved because he loved to have all things happy. He said, "The little pine trees must help something else before they can be helped."

So the wind carried the message back to the little pine trees and they

began to try to help something. When a frost came, each tree spread out its branches as far as it could reach and they sheltered grass and ferns from the bitter cold. When a snow storm came, the little pine trees called to the snowbirds and said, "Come, little snowbirds, we have seeds for you to eat, and our arms shall protect you from the snow."

When the wind heard this, he flew back to Judea and told the Christ-Child how the pine trees were helping.

When the Christ-Child heard this, he was glad and came Himself to the little pine trees and blessed them. He said, "Dear little pine trees, you have tried to help others, and now you shall have the joy of always making happiness for little children. Every winter you shall have many beautiful things given you, to give away to little children, if they have tried throughout the year to be loving and good."

Then the little pine trees were glad, for they had learned how blessed a thing it is to give happiness. That is the way the pine trees became Christmas trees.

Still another legend tells us about the Christmas tree originating in Europe in the 16th century. A peasant and his wife were very poor. They lived in a hut in a lonely part of the country. One Christmas Eve there was a big blizzard and the wind blew the snow into huge drifts in front of their door. As they sat down to their simple supper they heard a knock at the door. When they opened the door, they found a small child standing there. The child was cold and hungry and the peasant and his wife gave their porridge to the child. After he had eaten they made a bed for him near the fireplace.

In the morning when they awakened the child was gone, but where he had slept there stood a tree. It was loaded with glistening stars and with gifts. The peasant told his wife that a miracle had happened, that their visitor must have been the Christ-Child and that the tree was the Tree of Life. The story goes that every year after that on Christmas Eve, he comes again; and that from that time forth, trees were put up in every home at Christmas time.

Many legends are told about how the Christmas tree, as we know it, all decorated in tinsel and gold, originated. A very old and oft repeated legend tells us that Martin Luther was wandering under a starry sky, through a snow covered country, one Christmas eve. As he looked up at the stars through the trees, he was struck by the wondrous beauty of the winter forest, snow-flaked and frost jeweled. He told his family about it, upon arriving home.

As he was telling them, an idea came to him. He went out into the yard, cut down a fir tree, brought it into the house, put candles on it and lit them. He added colored paper, apples, cookies and sweetmeats, to decorate the tree. Neighbors came in and marvelled at the beauty of the tree. After that everyone had a Christmas tree in his home.

The custom of Christmas trees was brought to our country by our earliest immigrants. Tinsel and colorful balls and gifts now decorate eight million trees in the United States every year. Surely no custom is dearer to our hearts than that of having a Christmas tree in our homes during the holiday season.

TAKING THE AIR

"NOW Mrs. Goonigle, before we go on the air, I want you to understand that we here at the radio station realize this is your first appearance on the ether waves, but, please remember, there is nothing to be afraid of. Just step up and speak into the mike . . . microphone . . . and . . . not yet Mrs. Goonigle, I'll tell you when. No, you don't have to shout Mrs. Goonigle, the microphone will carry your voice. If you will say just a few words so our engineer can get a voice level . . . just a few . . . that's enough . . . THAT'S ENOUGH . . . thank you, Mrs. Goonigle. Didja get it Ed? A little more? Mrs. Goonigle, just a couple of more words if you . . . thank you . . . ALL RIGHT, MRS. GOONIGLE. Don't hang onto me Mrs. Goonigle, and don't be nervous, just read what is written on your paper. Yes . . . into the micro . . . oh oh . . . fifteen seconds . . . ten seconds . . . get ready . . . five . . . quiet . . . we're on.

"Ladies and Gentlemen of the radio audience, tonight we have the privilege to present Mrs. Julius Goonigle, President of the Woman's League of Female Horticulturists and Botanists, who will speak on the subject, "Flowers, and How to Keep Them Smelling.' Ladies and Gentlemen, Mrs. Goonigle . . . uh . . . uh . . . Mrs. Goonigle. Psst, Mrs. Goonigle ,you're on the air . . . Uh, Ladies and gentlemen . . . Mrs. Goonigle . . . please Mrs. Goonigle . . . say something . . . anything . . . don't just stand there . . . I . . . uh . . . Ladies and gentlemen . . . uh . . . flowers . . . have . . . uh . . . stems and . . . psst, Mrs. Goonigle . . . your script . . . you've twisted it . . . I . . . Ed, cut her out . . . I . . . Ladies and gentlemen, due to circumstances over which we have no control, we are unable, at this time, to present the address, "Flowers and How to Keep Them Smelling," by Mrs. Julius Goonigle. We present instead, a recital of organ music played by Serge O'Brien on the studio organ. Thank you.

"Whew . . . that was close . . . did you cut it out in time, Ed? What happened, Mrs. Goonigle? Why didn't you say some . . . I . . . but . . . Mrs. Goonigle . . . why . . . I . . . you . . . PLEASE, MRS. GOONIGLE, WE'RE *OFF* THE AIR, NOW."

—Raymond J. Morin.

"I'd better think it over—after all, two dollars is a lot of money!"

Music is fine, declares our gal Miss Ward, but the lyrics are a conglomeration of gibberish!

by MURIEL WARD

The Verse Gets *Worse*

THERE was a time when the lyrics of popular songs made sense and employed fair grammar, but some of the hits of the past year or so make as much sense as gibberish, and others would fall flat on their faces if they depended on their grammar to hold them up.

Take the very romantic and successful recent ballad, "The More I See You." It contains this gem of phrasing:

"I know the only one for me can only be you."

That second "only" is about as useful as an electric fan at the North Pole, and was obviously just stuck in because a two-syllable word was needed at that point. One can imagine and approve of lovers cooing, "The only one for me is you," but not "The only one for me can only be you." Lovers say some foolish things but they're not quite that inane.

The song "More and More," extremely popular not long ago, endeavored to express a simple sentiment in a very complex way:

"More and more I'm less and less unwilling

To give up wanting more and more of you."

Those words were the climax of the song, which began by declaring that the singer's heart was being caught more and more in his (or her) sweetheart's caresses. After many phrases avowing passion, comes the above quotation. Now, if one keeps becoming "less unwilling" to do a thing, it means, in plainer language, that one is more willing to do that thing. Therefore, when singers (who evidently weren't listening to the lyrics themselves) sang that final sentence dreamily, they were saying, in effect, that it was becoming much easier for them to give up wanting more of their sweethearts, and intimating that love's flame was dying out instead of burning brighter. They were bestowing not a romantic compliment but a dirty dig.

"I Should Care" is another song with strange lyrics. It supposedly voices the thoughts of someone who has lost out in a love affair. You are led to believe that this someone is taking it quite casually. In one breath he says, "I sleep well," and in the next breath he says he counts his sheep well. If a person has to count sheep to induce slumber, then he isn't being truthful in saying, "I sleep well." He is evidently all fouled-up, though, because speaking again of his romantic misfortune he says, "It just doesn't get me," and after a few more words contradicts himself with "I should care—and I do."

Undoubtedly any hospital's psychopathic ward could produce lyrics that intelligible and probably more so.

Another popular song of fairly recent vintage begins:

"Love me a little, little, only a little, little.

That's all I'm asking you to do."

The composer of that lyric must have had a very limited vocabulary or an irrepressible urge to be coy, for "little, little" is used several times in it, and becomes "little, little" too much for anyone who likes good lyrics to bear.

"Can't You Read Between the Lines?" is worthy of mention in this unofficial indictment, on two counts. It expresses the feelings of a girl writing to her absent serviceman. She says to herself:

"It might worry you
If I told you I cried every night.
You tell me it won't,
But why take a chance that it might?"

That certainly takes the romance out of that ballad. You are treated to the silly spectacle of a girl wasting her time pining for and writing to a man so callous that he says it wouldn't worry him if she cried every night. In the words of W. C. Handy, a song writer really worthy of the name, "That man's got a heart like a rock cast in the sea."

The second jar this song lyric gives you is a grammatical one. The infatuated girl in her musings comes out with:

"I go dancing when I'm blue,
As you wrote me to do,
But it's not like with you."

What she is probably groping to say with "It's not like with you" is that it's not as nice as dancing with the object of her correspondence, despite his obvious stony-heartedness. The phrase won't win any English

medals for its creator, but it fits in with the rhythm of the music and rhymes with the previous two lines, so he is probably happy with it.

The same defect in "I'm Gonna Love That Guy" (*like* he's never been loved before) may as well be passed over because it's evident that its lyric writer doesn't know the meaning of the simplest words. His contribution to confusion is:

"And though I miss that guy,
He's the fellow I'm waiting for."

"Though" means "in spite of," so what the two lines convey is that in spite of the fact that the girl in the song misses a certain man, she's going to wait for him. It doesn't make sense. It would if "because" occupied the place of "and though," but it doesn't. It's another case where we can only wonder what the writer had in mind.

So is "If I Loved You," a soliloquy on how someone would act *if* he were

in love. Since it's all in the supposing state, how the person knows so definitely the way he would act is puzzling. Also to be wondered at is how he knows that

"Soon you'd leave me—off you would go in the midst of day."

How does he know his sweetheart (that is, *if* he were in love, of course) would leave "in the midst of day?" What's to prevent her from leaving in the morning, or late afternoon or evening? The midst of day, if the lyricist means "middle" by "midst," is twelve noon. Why would she necessarily run away at twelve noon? She could be one of those people who never eat breakfast, so at noon she'd be pretty hungry and have to go get something to eat. But all that is just conjecture—the rest of the words don't give a single clue that might point to the explanation of the mystery.

There is another mystery in "Out of This World," contained in the words:

"All at once from the long and lonely night time,

And despite time, here you are."

It sounds pretty, but what does it mean? One can come from Missouri, the other side of the railroad tracks, or Park Avenue, but how does one come from night time? And why "despite time"? Of course "despite time" rhymes with "night time," which in turn rhymes with "right time" preceding it. Perhaps that explains the whole thing: The words are supposed to rhyme, not make sense.

That, alas, seems to be the tendency with popular lyrics nowadays —to rhyme but to be sadly lacking in meaning and good grammar. Only a few lyric writers are putting words to music in a skillful way. The rest are out to imitate the village idiot with the rhyming dictionary.

KNOW YOUR SEXES

A MALE dog is just a dog, but a female dog is a bitch and their offspring is a pup or a whelp. The same applies to hyenas and to jackals.

A male tortoise is a bull, the female is a cow but the little tortoise is a turtlet.

The male antelope, chamoise, gazelle and reindeer are bucks, the females are does and their offspring are fawns.

The fallow deer, goat and kangaroo are also known as bucks and does but their little ones are kids. Hares are known as bucks and does but little hares are leverets.

Bears are just bear, she-bear and cub; cats are Tom-cat, she-cat and kitten; a fox according to gender is a stag, vixen or a cub and so the confusion among the sexes of many animals go; but when papa jackass and mama mare have a foal it is a mule with no hopes of posterity.

MONOCLED MONIKERS

By PAUL ROYSON

We of the United States have not had a king since 1776, yet the terms connected with nobility still seem to have their appeal. Witness such terms as they leap out at us from the advertisements and store counters all over America. Sixteen of them are numbered below. How many can you dub by matching with the lettered column? 14 to 16 is excellent, 11 to 13 good, 8 to 10 fair. Answers on page 65.

1. Royal Crown	a. Cigars
2. Little Countess	b. Blankets
3. Duke's Mixture	c. Baking Powder
4. Lady Seymour	d. Footwear
5. Prince Gardner	e. Cola
6. La Marquis	f. Coats
7. King	g. Syrup
8. Queens	h. Rayon Yarns
9. Le Roi	i. Hosiery
10. Crown	j. Furniture
11. Corona	k. Typewriters
12. Royal Swan	l. Shields
13. Empire	m. Bill Folds
14. Imperial	n. Pipe Tobacco
15. Royal	o. Pipes
16. Royal Demuth	p. Ribbons

Old man Brown made every moment pay on his big farm. One fine haying day he fell into the cistern and his wife hearing the splash came running. Poking her head over the rim she yelled, "That you Arthur?"

"Yup," came the answer. "I just fell in."

"Just hold your hosses!" she said, "I'll ring the dinner bell and get the hired men from the field to pull you out."

"Wait a minute, Mary, what time is it?"

"Just 11:30."

"No, Mary don't ring the bell yet. Water's cool and not so bad. I'll just swim around till dinner time."

▲

One of two women riding on a bus suddenly realized she hadn't paid her fare. "I'll go right up and pay it," she declared.

"Why bother?" her friend asked. "You got away with it—so what?"

"I've found that honesty always pays," the other said, virtuously, and went up front to pay the driver.

"See, I told you honesty always pays!" she said when she returned, "I handed the driver a quarter and he gave me change for fifty cents."

Amazing Ralph Slater finds lost brief cases; startles singer out of stage fright. It's remarkable!

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

Hypnotism *Grows Up*

WATCHING a professional hypnotist such as Ralph Slater, whose fascinating act recently was broadcast weekly over a coast-to-coast Mutual network, one comes to the conclusion that here at last hypnotism has come of age. The days when it was freely associated with charlatans and quacks, when phony vaudeville acts relied upon stooges and plants in the audience, definitely is a thing of the past. Hypnotism has hit the big time!

A handsome young man, Ralph Slater has spent sixteen years perfecting his art of mental suggestion, and today is billed as "the world's fastest hypnotist." It usually takes Slater a mere fifteen seconds (or less) to put his subjects into an hypnotic state—which is fast work, no matter how you look at it. His act has proved so interesting and entertaining that recently he made his fourth appearance this year in New York's Carnegie Hall. You've got to have what it takes for that—and you've got to be even better to earn the plaudits of such columnists as Danton Walker, Elsa Maxwell, Dorothy Kilgallen, and Earl Wilson. The latter, one of the Big Town's sauciest commentators, has termed Ralph Slater's act "remarkable!" The columnist scarcely was guilty of overstatement, as anyone who has seen Slater in action will testify. In the field of hypnotism, Ralph Slater simply is tops!

Take the case of the young singer, for instance. Reluctantly, she was brought to one of Mr. Slater's broadcasts by her father. As the latter explained the case, the young lady really was a good singer but every time she had to sing before an audience her vocal chords would freeze up. Undoubtedly, a bad case of stage-fright. Right then and there, the girl was asked to sing, and the results were pretty terrible. Her voice quavered badly. One almost could see her knees knocking together from nervousness. Thereupon the hypnotist, by a few quick gestures with his hands and very rapid speech suggesting sleep, put her into a hypnotic state. He asked

the young woman to sing—and the results were a revelation! She really was possessed of a fine voice. The hypnotist then told his subject that after she woke up she would never again suffer from stage-fright, that forever after she would sing in public with complete ease. Whether or not the cure was one hundred percent effective, we do not know—but to judge from Ralph Slater's previous success with post-hypnotic suggestion, as it is called, there was a better than even chance for a permanent cure.

Or take the case of the man who couldn't remember where he had left his brief case. The brief case had contained building plans—the man was an architect—and its loss was a serious one. Under hypnosis, this man was led to remember where he had been on the day the brief case was mislaid. By a process of elimination, Mr. Slater led his subject to remember that he had inadvertently left his briefcase at the Astor Hotel. When the subject was snapped out of his trance, Mr. Slater suggested to him that he call the hotel, and ask if they had found his briefcase. Skeptically, the man did call the hotel—and, sure enough, they had found the brief case where he had left it!

Such stunts as these have entertained and amused the radio audience, as well as those who have been fortunate enough to be in the theatre from which the broadcasts emanated. But there is a more serious side to hypnotism, and Ralph Slater has been exceedingly active in this work, also. Psychiatrists have found hypnosis frequently effective in treating those suffering from alcoholism, stuttering and stammering, and various psychological disorders. For example, amnesia—loss of memory of one's self—used to baffle the psychiatrist. Nowadays, under hypnosis the patient readily is led to remember his name and other details of his life. Likewise, insomnia—inability to fall asleep—is a fairly common complaint. Many people resort to sleeping pills, in an effort to find relief—and sleeping pills, as we know, are dangerous things in the layman's hands. So Ralph Slater decided that he would try to do something about it. If by the magic of his voice he could put people to sleep, he reasoned, why couldn't he help those who suffer from insomnia? The result was the new "Time To Sleep" records recently put on the market. People suffering from insomnia may now expect relief in a harmless way. All they have to

do is put one of Ralph Slater's records on their phonograph turntables, relax, and fall fast asleep!

The lighter side of Ralph Slater's activities more or less comes under the heading of "anything can happen." On one of his broadcasts the audience was regaled with the childish antics of a group of servicemen. Under hypnosis, the boys took an imaginary shower on the stage, reverted to their three year old days and lisped and talked baby-talk, and went through some other unsoldierly antics. One fellow, who previously had told the audience that if there was one thing in the world he hated it was K. P.—this very same fellow begged for K. P. when he was hypnotized! When aroused from the hypnotic state he was astounded to learn that before all those people he had expressed a burning desire to peel potatoes! Another soldier, while under hypnosis, was led to believe that he was a bird. A nest was all ready for him on the stage. He sat in the nest, flapped his wings, and cackled like a bird! That soldier's face was redder than a summer's sunset when he was told later on what had happened.

But this, of course, all comes under the heading of good clean fun—and it is far from Mr. Slater's intention to embarrass anyone. All these stunts are designed to prove to people that hypnotism, which can be fun, also has its practical side. For this reason, members of the medical profession have shown extraordinary interest in Ralph Slater's performances. More than one thousand physicians attended one of his demonstrations, including members of the staffs of several hospitals. At Fort Jay, N. Y., Slater hypnotized a whole platoon of soldiers at the count of six. Another time, in a radio studio, Slater went into the control room where the audience could not possibly see him, spoke through a microphone—and put his subjects to sleep! Of course, some after-dinner speakers have been known to do the same thing, but that's not hypnotism—or is it?

One of Slater's more spectacular exhibitions was an attempt to hypnotize an entire band. The band was Tony Pastor's, then playing at the "400 Club" in New York. Slater succeeded in putting seven of the musicians into the hypnotic state. The rest evidently were immune, for not everyone can be hypnotized. Only those who are willing can be put into the hyponotic state, and no one under hypnosis will obey a command which is contrary to his fundamental moral beliefs. There is nothing to fear from hyponotism, no adverse after-effects, and nothing sinister about it. As Ralph Slater has proved with his entertaining act, hypnotism is of great psychological benefit—and it *can* be fun!

When a doctor called to a house to attend a confinement had been upstairs a few minutes he came down and said to the husband, "Have you got a corkscrew?" He was given one and went upstairs. A few minutes elapsed . . . he came down and said, "Got a screwdriver?" He was given one. Again he went up. A few minutes and he was down for a third time, asking for a chisel and mallet. "Good gracious, doctor," the worried husband said, "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"Don't know yet," replied the doctor. "Can't get my medicine case open."

Speaking of Speakers

A lady came into a room in a well known hotel and saw a government official whom she recognized pacing up and down. The lady asked what he was doing there.

"I'm going to deliver a speech," she was told.

"Do you usually find that you get very nervous before addressing a large audience?"

"Nervous? No I never get nervous," he said.

"In that case," demanded the lady, "What are you doing in the Ladies' Room?"

▲

"People used to listen to me with open mouths, which seemed to me a tribute . . . until I noticed that their eyes had a tendency to close at the same time," remarked Parke Cummings once, telling of his experiences as a speaker.

▲

Many a man who is proud of his right to say what he pleases, wishes he had the courage to do so.

▲

The sermon will be better if you listen as a Christian rather than as a critic.

▲

If an angel brought a message containing all wisdom, few would be impressed. A great speech is one that tells us what we wish to hear and already know.

▲

The average public speaker is not only loquacious, but he also talks too much.

At the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, Scientist Albert Einstein tries to impress upon his students the importance of learning the fundamentals of mathematics. One afternoon a student remaining after the last class watched the professor set his desk in order before leaving for the day.

After he had sorted his papers and replaced his books, Einstein walked over to a blackboard on which was written a profoundly complicated mathematical equation, and scrawled the word, "Erase," his instruction to the charwoman. Then the scientist stopped before another blackboard and reprinted in heavy letters, "Do Not Erase."

On the second blackboard was written: "Two plus two equal four."

▲

Jones was a family man who had been inveigled into a poker game. He experienced growing apprehension as the hands of the clock moved relentlessly on toward morning. Finally at 3 a.m. he had a sudden inspiration. He called his home and when finally the little woman answered the phone, he shouted in frenzied haste, "Don't pay the ransom; I'm back."

Everything went well until Paul's imported bumblebees began to fall in love with and marry mosquitoes!

by ERIC JENSEN

MIGHTY *Paul Bunyan*

PAUL BUNYAN, legendary superwoodsman, hero and patron saint among the loggers of the early Northwest, was the mightiest man who ever lived. No feat of strength or courage was beyond his power, no obstacle ever stopped his work of logging off the Great Northwest.

Paul's size and power can be visualized best by the fact that every time he sneezed he blew the roof off the bunkhouse. His booming voice made it necessary for his lumberjacks to wear earmuffs the year around—to preserve their eardrums. He used pine saw-logs for toothpicks and a logging chain for a watchfob. Bunyan is said to have dug and built Niagara Falls so that he could take a shower bath. He also dug Lake Superior as a permanent watering trough for Babe, his big blue ox.

Paul could cut down acres of timber singlehanded in a few minutes by tying his big axe to a long rope and swinging it in circles. His lung power was so great that he called his logging crews together by blowing through a hollow tree. Once he blew too hard and uprooted 12 acres of jackpine. To save the timber he tried blowing upwards, but this caused destructive cyclones.

To keep his pipe filled required the full time of one man using a scoop shovel. The smoke he blew out kept all the loggers believing there was a forest fire in the vicinity.

The winter of the blue snow was a great mystery until someone discovered that it was caused when Paul hit his thumb with a hundred pound hammer. He cursed the air blue and the snow became saturated. Babe got his color by rolling in the snow.

And Paul was not without his rugged assistants, either. Sourdough Sam supervised the camp kitchen. With hundreds of helpers he brewed great tanks of pea soup, made cakes on a griddle so large it had to be greased by two boys with slabs of bacon tied

to their feet as skates. Big Ole, the camp blacksmith, was kept busy punching holes in doughnuts so large that two men could carry only three of them suspended on a pole over their shoulders. Big Ole originated the North Star, too, as one of the sparks from his mighty forge flew up there and stuck.

Shot Gunderson, the giant camp foreman, once had a fight with Paul. They fought all over South Dakota, kicked up dirt and knocked down all the trees. They now call the area the Black Hills.

Johnny Inkslinger, camp bookkeeper, invented the fountain pen by running a hose from a barrel of ink in his pen. He saved five barrels of ink one winter by omitting the dots over his "i"s.

Chris Crosshaul was the straw boss. Once he made a mistake and took the wrong logs to New Orleans. Paul solved the problem by having Babe drink from the Mississippi as fast as he could. The tremendous suction upstream caused the river to flow backwards, carrying the logs back to the north country on the swift northbound current.

Babe was a remarkable animal. Paul raised him from infancy and he grew up to be seven axehandles between the eyes. The camp laundryman hung out the wash on Babe's horns. Babe stamped around so much that his hoofprints filled up with rainwater, thus creating millions of lakes in Northern Minnesota.

Paul's loggers had to be supplied with drinking water from Lake Superior. No other lake was big enough. On one of the frequent trips in which Babe hauled the camp tankwagon, the wagon sprung a leak. This created Lake Michigan and the overflow trickled to New Orleans to form the Mississippi.

Babe refused to haul logs unless there was snow on the ground, so Paul fooled him by whitewashing all the logging roads in the summer. A new mine had to be opened up every time Babe needed new shoes.

Mosquitoes were really whoppers in Paul's time. Some of them had wingspreads of three feet. The men fought them off with poles and axes. Paul imported some giant bumblebees hoping they would kill off the mosquitoes. However, the bees fell in love with the mosquitoes, intermarried, and their offsprings had stingers fore and aft. They got their victims coming and going. Afterwards Paul tamed a couple to drill holes in his sugar maple trees.

During the winter of the Blue Snow, it was so cold that conversation froze in mid air before it could reach the listener. In the spring when the words thawed out the din was terrific.

In Paul's time the timber was so dense that when he trimmed his beard he had to haul the trimmings north in search of a clearing where the hair could be burned. He found one near the north pole and the remains of his beard are still burning. People call it the Northern Lights.

Kansas was once covered with Whiskey trees so naturally Paul's men were anxious to go down there and spend a winter cutting logs. They cut down all the Whiskey trees—between drinks—and Kansas has been dry ever since.

For 15 years, railroading has earned him title of "White House Ambassador."

by JOSEPH N. BELL

HE MOVES *Presidents*

THE reporter figeted nervously in front of the small railroad station at Jefferson City, Missouri. Before him, the placid waters of the Missouri River rippled, unagitated and unmindful of the great occasion. Behind him, the hills which drop precipitously to the river bottom of the Missouri capital city were dotted with crowds of the curious. To his right, the railroad tracks wound their ubiquitous way, disappearing around a curve a mile in the distance. The reporter peered intently along the line of tracks, and, seeing nothing, began to pace the platform.

Realizing that he was holding an unlighted cigarette in his mouth, the reporter sought a match from a grizzled old man who stood nearby, calmly smoking his pipe.

"Looks like the President's going to be late," remarked the reporter.

The old man consulted his watch.

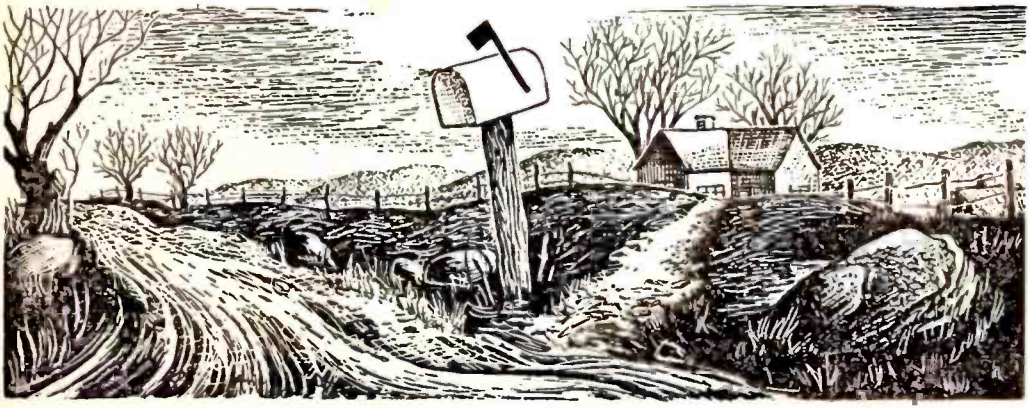
"Three minutes, yet," he answered. "They'll be in on time."

"You seem pretty sure," said the reporter.

"Well, sonny," replied the old man, "I've been working for this railroad for thirty-five years, now, and I've seen lots of Presidential trains come and go. There's no room for mistakes on those trips. They'll be here on time."

And three minutes later, the train carrying President Truman and Winston Churchill to the Missouri hinterlands for Mr. Churchill's speech at Westminster College in Fulton, Missouri pulled into the station.

"No room for mistakes," the old man said. And his words might well be echoed through all the vast levels of railroad employees who work feverishly to see that there are no mistakes



when the President of the United States travels by rail. At the top of this mighty group of railroad workers, pulling the scattered strings which coordinate their activities and oiling the wheels of operation, is the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad's General Passenger Agent, Mr. Daniel Moorman, who, the past fifteen years, has earned the sobriquet of railroading's "White House Ambassador."

Mr. Moorman, slight, bespectacled, with slowly thinning hair the only indication of advancing middle age, today is in full charge of a majority of the Presidential trips by rail. It is perhaps peculiar that this responsibility should fall to an official of a particular railroad when sometimes the facilities of as many of 25 different railroads are used on a single trip.

The explanation lies in an Executive Mansion mandate which states that when a railroad is called upon by the White House to handle a Presidential trip which originates on its lines, that railroad is officially in charge of the entire trip, even though it may extend beyond the limits of its own track. The Baltimore and Ohio is the only railroad maintaining east-west service through the nation's capital. Thus has Mr. Moorman become a specialist in the handling of Presidential trains.

Dan Moorman began moving Presidents during the Hoover administration, but he received his real baptism under fire when Franklin Roosevelt took over as chief executive. During his twelve years in office, President Roosevelt traveled 243,827 miles, or more than ten times the distance around the earth, by rail alone. During this time, Dan Moorman became a familiar White House figure and a personal friend of President Roosevelt. On April 12, 1945, when the world was saddened by the death of FDR, Mr. Moorman received the news as he sat at his Washington desk laying detailed plans for the trip which would have carried Mr. Roosevelt to San Francisco for the opening of the World Security Conference.

Today, Dan Moorman can recall numerous instances of FDR's camaraderies and his genuine appreciation of a job well done. He was introduced to the President by Marvin McIntyre, former White House secretary, who admonished Mr. Roosevelt, "I don't know whether to bring this fellow in here or not. He's been running around the country with Hoover." The presidential response was a warm handclasp.

He likes to remember, too, that President Roosevelt wanted his train to travel slowly during the daytime. He often said to Dan Moorman, "I love this country of ours—every inch of it, and I want to take the time to really see it."

Two of Dan Moorman's most prized possessions are proudly dis-

played in his office. One is a picture, autographed "For Daniel L. Moorman, from his friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt," which rests, enshrined, on his desk. The other is a letter, written by FDR to the president of the B & O, which reads in part, "In fact, whenever I see Dan Moorman in the offing, I know everything is going to be all right."

Dan Moorman, in his tenure as Presidential rail advisor, has had a wealth of precedent to aid him in meeting the problems of moving Presidents. Ever since Andrew Jackson took the first Presidential train ride on June 6, 1833, railroads have been fulfilling most of the traveling needs of our chief executives. Today, the airplane is playing an ever more important part in transporting the President. But the railroads still offer two important advantages, namely the necessary consideration of greater safety and the opportunity for the vast entourage, which must needs accompany the President when he travels officially, to be with him throughout the trip.

Before the Franklin Roosevelt administration, the railroads served almost exclusively as the medium of Presidential travel. And every President had his own train-riding quirks and foibles which posed problems for the Dan Moormans of bygone days to handle. Calvin Coolidge, for example, quite often refused to travel in a private car and would occupy a drawing room on a regular Pullman. He might frequently be seen stoically climbing into an upper berth for his afternoon nap.

Down through the years, the Presidents have shown one common tendency in their traveling habits. They have, almost without exception, been lovers of fine cuisine, and as a rule they haven't been disappointed by the culinary masterpieces set before them by specifically selected corps of chefs and waiters. President Arthur was, indeed, so enamored with the service given him that he prevailed upon his personal waiter, Hames Norfolk, to forsake the railroad for a position in the White House.

Before President Roosevelt made his first trip under the watchful eye of Dan Moorman et al, Mr. Moorman consulted at some length with Mrs. Roosevelt and daughter Anna on the eating habits of the President.

Says Mr. Moorman, "No effort was spared to serve Mr. Roosevelt's favorite dishes to his liking. We had friends all up and down the line on the lookout for good fish and game, and our most talented chefs were used to prepare them."

President Truman also likes a well-turned vitamin. During the Fulton trip, Mr. Churchill expressed pleasure with some excellent roast beef, and asked the President to what he attributed the tenderness of American beef. The prompt reply from ex-Missourian Truman was, "Why it's that good Missouri corn our cows are fed on."

Reporters covering the Fulton trip had a field day when they discovered that the two most important cogs in the machine which handled the meals for the Presidential party were named, respectively, Dasch and Rush.

Mr. Moorman administers his dynasty under a set of rules as inflexible as our own Constitution. For security reasons, many of these must remain the exclusive property of Mr. Moorman and his associates, but a few will illustrate the elaborate precautions which presage the moving of a Presidential party.

The Presidential train is given absolute right of way over all other trains. The best equipment is used and carefully inspected beforehand. Selected men are placed in charge of the train and an operating officer always accompanies it. Emphasis is never placed on speed, but always on safety.

At cuts or fills, watchmen and track-walkers are provided to further insure safety. No switching is permitted on tracks adjacent to the main track for a period of 30 minutes prior to the passage of the train carrying the President. When the train is parked, other trains are not permitted to pass at a speed exceeding 30 miles an hour.

These things are only segments of the Bill of Rights of Dan Moorman's Constitution. His Congress and Cabinet are the people with whom he works and who help him to administer his laws. His Supreme Court is the Presidential party, and they have yet to send down an unfavorable verdict.

Today, sitting in his office two blocks from the White House which he serves so well, Dan Moorman is probably making plans for another Presidential junket. And another President may be saying as did Franklin Roosevelt of this man who moves Presidents, "Whenever Dan Moorman is on the job I know everything is going to be all right."

Famous People

Barbara Stanwyck tells this on her twelve year old son, Tony, who is a bit careless about spilling food on the tablecloth.

Barbara made a ruling that he would have to pay a fine from his weekly allowance for each spot he caused. Some days later she noticed him briskly rubbing the table linen with his napkin. She told him he was wasting his time, that spots can't be removed with rubbing.

"Yeah," Tony agreed. "I know that, but I can rub two spots into one, can't I?"

Irvin S. Cobb once said, "No speech can be entirely bad if it is brief enough."

▲

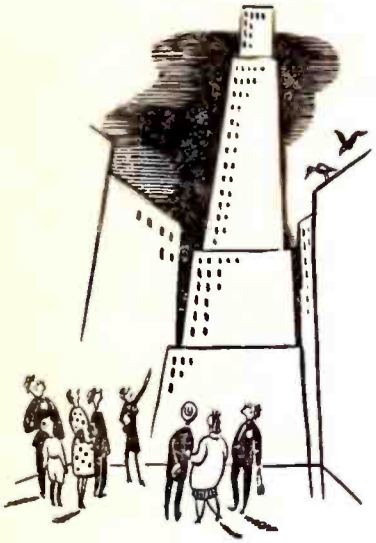
Hildegarde, the radio singer, was attending a banquet recently, given for Greek heroes. A Hellenic American told a joke in his native tongue that made the guests roar with laughter. Observing Hildegarde chuckling too, George Skuras, the showman, leaned over and whispered, "I didn't know you understood Greek, Hildy."

"I don't," she whispered back, "but I have confidence in the audience!"

War was hell—clear down to the damage it did your household goods even when a bomb never got near them.

by ROBERT LANKFORD

Please, MR. QUARTERMASTER!



(Ed's note: For a number of years people all over the country have been carting their furniture and household belongings off to the warehouse and trooping about the country, mostly out of necessity, because of the war and the housing shortage. Naturally, a good many of these people were servicemen, and for some time now the process of removing the goods from storage and moving them elsewhere has been going on. As you know, if you are or have been in the service, and may not know, otherwise, the Army Quartermaster Corps will pack and ship household goods for servicemen and veterans free of charge. It's a decent thing for the Corps to do, and quite a job. But accidents will happen. They always have. And in one particular case we happen to know of, the victim wasn't going to take it lying down on the bare floor of his unfurnished apartment. Hence—the following letter, a copy of one which the Claims department received some weeks ago. We present it not to frighten you—in case you have some goods to be shipped this way—but in hopes you'll get a laugh out of it—even if an uneasy laugh.)

▲

The Quartermaster General
Claims Department
Arlington, Virginia

SUBJECT: CLAIM

Dear Sir:

I am not by nature a Terrible Tempered Mr. Bangs. I am, unfortunately, the exact opposite—a sort of Casper Milquetoast, Jr. You might say—one of the Terrible Meek. But when I got home last night I found just cause for outrage and this letter. In one end of my living room was heaped what looked to my suddenly jaundiced eye like the contents of Fibber McGee's closet, the H & J Sloane Auc-

tion House, the corner drugstore, and a few odds and ends I had never seen before.

There, scattered before my own eyes, was what we tenderly referred to as "Our Household Goods." There, too, was my poor dejected mother who had been waiting not weeks but months for the Sunday china, the good silver, the radio, her best blue dress, and her ironing board—the *homey* things! I tried to cheer her up by saying, "There, there, old girl, it isn't as bad as all that." But it was *quite* as bad as all that.

For one thing, the cat must have been away. The mice had obviously been at play. And included in the contents were moths, no end of bookworms, a few spiders—and likely Miss Muffet herself if we'd had the heart to dig deeper. As for other effects we did dig for and couldn't find—here's the list:

1. Two card tables and four chairs. Yes, they're listed on the bill of lading, but evidently the engineer had a fourth in for bridge—at our table. Meanwhile, we're still having dinner at the coffee table. You know what a useful thing a card table is in a small apartment.

2. Our "Hoover"—vintage 1941—has all its fancy attachments (I'm happy to report), and looks spanking new. But at this moment it is standing by my side with its bare bottom exposed, minus a dust-bag and, of course, the handle. Now I have never objected too strenuously to sweeping the rugs, cleaning the Venetian blinds, and emptying the old bag. But I must say it's a helluva lot cleaner to push a vacuum cleaner with a pole and a handle *and* a bag, than to go traipsing across the room kicking a piece of metal that keeps spitting up its inards in your face.

3. Mr. Quartermaster, have you ever tried to iron a week's wash on the kitchen table? Well, neither have I. But I've had to slick up a couple of summer tans that the laundry couldn't get out fast enough—and I ironed them on the kitchen table because our ironing board wasn't here. It still isn't. It's probably in Cincinnati—they change trains there.

4. And another thing: I expect to go home tonight and find my good mother flipping sheets from her open window, hoping to lure in some obliging sailor who can tie up a line. For, of course, our clothes rack is not among the stuff present in our household shipment.

And now to get down to the more serious items—those we did find—and how!

1. The Sunday china—a service for eight, complete from soup to nuts. Lovely delicate ivory, with a gold band bordering the edges. Now I'm

not saying it was the gold plate special or anything like that. But it was our best and we used to be rather attached to it. Would that it were attached to us at this moment—intact. We now have *six* dinner plates, the lid to the sugar bowl, and one goddam cup.

2. My most priceless item—my phonograph records. I never exactly went hungry to buy them, but many's the time I've settled for a ham on rye and a five-cent coke—so I could buy a Bach fugue or a collector's item in jazz. When I left for the Army I stacked the records—150 of them—in neat stacks. I was assured by the Army Transportation Office at Camp ————, Missouri, that they would be individually packed, crated, and shipped, and would reach me safely. Now as you know, records are fragile things and nothing to play tiddle-de-winks with. You know it, and I know it, but did the movers know it? I now have less than fifty records left, and of that number there are only ten that I wouldn't gladly break over the nearest station agent's head. They were marked, as everything else was, "repacked in Chicago." They must have done it with a steam shovel.

3. Four years ago I purchased a Wilcox-Gay Recording machine. It did everything—made records, played them back, belched forth Tchaikowsky's 6th and Sinatra's eighth, recorded my favorite radio shows and a few soap operas when I forgot to turn it off. As of today, all I have is a case with its entrails of glass and wire shoved, as by a fireman's fist, smack through its bottom and pushing against the top. It won't even play the Flower Song from "Faust." Which is O. K. by me, but I *would* like to hear "Stone Cold Dead in the Market."

4. The boys who put a kick in their work when shoveling in this mess (hitherto referred to, facetiously as "Our Household Goods") evidently played end against center for dear old State. They laughingly told my mother, "Your springs are broken, lady. [Sir! *Bed* springs!] Might as well leave them in the basement." We did.

5. Luggage at Christmastime was extremely hard to find. But since last Christmas was my first in the States for three years, I wanted to present my mother with something special—and I did: a right sharp matching set of luggage. Now it's a sort of mis-match. The luggage was included with our household goods, shipped to Washington from Missouri. In my own two-suiter, the mice have had a field day. My two suits will probably never see civilian life again—even if I do.

6. The electric clock—that practically irreplacable gadget—won't run at all. It gives off tinkling noises when you shake it, not unlike the sounds made by a cocktail shaker. Unfortunately, the clock won't double as a shaker.

7. Then there is the matter of a plastic record holder. Used to hold one hundred records at a sitting. Busted, plumb busted, beyond all recognition. So is "Beat Me, Daddy, with a Broken Beat." And Shubert's Fifth is now a finished symphony as far as that record is concerned.

This, then, is the present condition of the Lankford goods and chattels. I wouldn't bring it up—except that everything is in such a sorry state, and I'm afraid I do mean everything.

Now please, Mr. Quartermaster, just what in the hell am I supposed to do?

Sincerely yours,
Robert Lankford
Captain, AUS.

P. S. I neglected to mention our sterling tea set with its one hung low lid. But I can fix that myself.

(Ed.'s P. S. The Quartermaster Corps responded favorably.)

Definitions . . .

The measure of a happy person—His ability to be tough with himself and tender with others.

▲

Kindness—The inability to remain at ease in the presence of another person who is ill at ease, the inability to remain comfortable in the presence of another who is uncomfortable, the inability to have peace of mind when one's neighbor is troubled.

▲

Middle age—That interlude of disturbing doubts when the thumping sound could be a loose fan belt in the car, or your heart.

Home—A place where a man is free to say anything he pleases, because no one will pay the slightest attention to him.

▲

Growth—A hard and painful process for ourselves. It is much simpler to attempt to reduce others to our dimensions.

▲

The largest room in the world—The room for self-improvement.

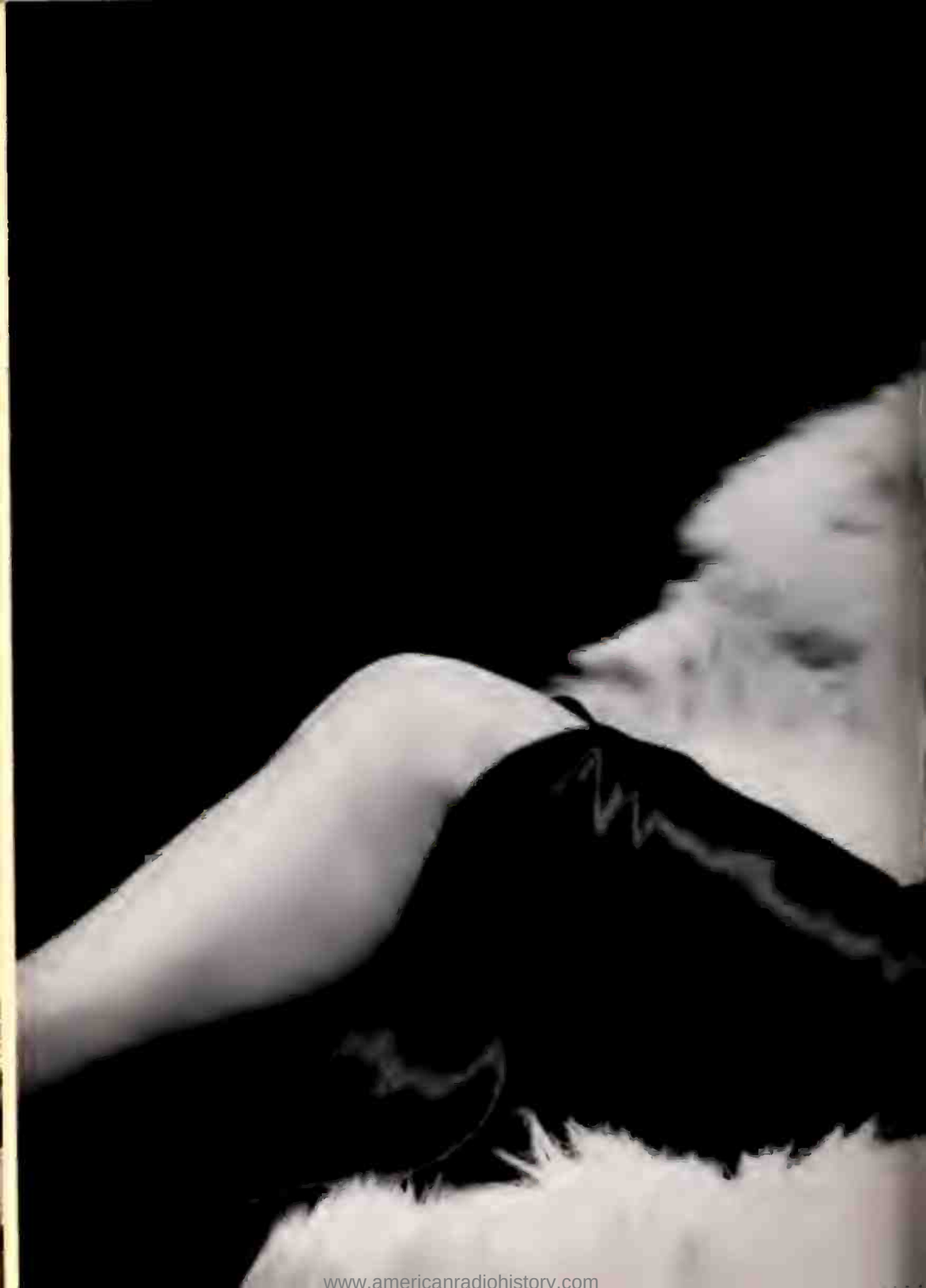
▲

Preference—Becomes prejudice when we refuse to see the good in anything we happen to dislike.

"Shadow of a Woman"

Who said that? Surely nobody in his right mind! They couldn't mean the lovely shadow that stretches across Swing's center pages for December. Oh, no, they must be talking about the new picture in which the lovely Warner Brothers star Andrea King, is soon to appear.

WHB's passing parade during the post few wee included stors of the ice, screen, and Cawtown onnuol sawdust extravagonza, the American Roy Livestock ond Horse Show. Top left shows blo stors of Ice-Cycles Ann Rodgers ond Johnny Mc being interviewed by News Chief Dick Smith; upp right is where youthful Lan McAllister tells Wh Stoffer Bab Kennedy what 20th Century-Fax hos store for him; left center, 20th Century-Fox Storl Vivion Blaine lets out her life secrets to Kenne ond 20-billion WHB listeners; below, WHB's Swi Girl, Lenna Alexander, rides the WHB Magic Corp with Dick Smith in the Americon Royol Livesto ond Horse Show porode.



Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Efrem Kurtz

"The Sissy Is Gone . . ."

by MORI GREINER

M. L. HENDERSON, manager of the Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, swivelled his office chair and gazed across the rooftops of three cities. One Kansas City spilled over the rim of a line of low Kansas hills and piled up along the banks of the Kaw. Across the turgid Missouri, North Kansas City belched quiet smoke and seemed to pulse with a regular flow of commerce-carrying trucks and trains.

"This town," he said, rolling them into an all-inclusive singular—"this sprawling, hustling, overgrown town. There's nothing sissy about it!"

He waved a cigarette westward. "Stockyards there—see them? Factories. And—down there—look at that airport. Pretty close to two hundred passenger flights a day, I guess. Growing — everything young and growing."

He swung back to his desk—lean, keen, efficient-looking. "Kansas City's full of cattlemen. Full of wholesalers and businessmen and builders. They're regular guys, and very active, but you wouldn't think they'd be interested in symphony music. Symphony-listening is an acquired taste. As an ex-college trumpet-player, I had to be dragged to my first concert. It was about the same with most Kansas City businessmen. But after a few trials they got really enthusiastic. Now they're out in force for every concert, and our Philharmonic has the second best financial record in the country. Efrem has done it. He's taken the 'sissy' out of symphony."

"Efrem," of course, is spare, vital Efrem Kurtz, whose fiery enthusiasm on the podium has made him one of the world's most sought-after conductors. In his four seasons before the Kansas City Philharmonic, Mr. Kurtz has programmed for the people, beginning with light stuff and gradually increasing the dose. Now he can see the educational fruits of his labors. "When I come here," he says, "they tell me: 'No modern music, please. Our audiences do not understand.' Now I can give them anything and they like it. Already this season, Shostakowitch's Ninth. Many, many people write to say they enjoyed it and, please, to repeat it. I cannot say too much for this audience, they learn good music so fast."

Box office receipts show that the audience has a high opinion of Mr. Kurtz, too. Each concert at the Music Hall draws a near-capacity crowd for each of its two performances. The Sunday afternoon "pop" concert series

is a pre-season sell-out. Kansas Citians have discovered good music, and they won't let it go.

Efrem Kurtz is a "white" Russian, the grandson of the conductor of Czar Nicholas I's Imperial Army Band. He began his musical study under Tchereprine, Glazounow, and Vitol, at the conservatory in his native St. Petersburg, and made an early decision to become a conductor. When the Revolution drove the Kurtzes from Russia, young Efrem went to Berlin to study under Carl Schroeder at the Stern Conservatorio. Apparently he was an able student, because he attended special classes and progressed rapidly.

His first opportunity to appear publicly was a story-book sort of thing. Isadora Duncan, famous barefoot dancer, was touring the Continent, and Artur Nikisch was to conduct for her Berlin recital. But a last minute illness prevented Nikisch from appearing. Somehow Kurtz, only twenty-one, was summoned and asked to take over in the baton-wielding department. He did so, performing with such fervor and brilliance as to be immediately engaged to conduct the Berlin Philharmonic for a series of concerts. A tour of Germany, Poland, and Italy followed; and in 1924 Efrem Kurtz was appointed first conductor of the Stuttgart Philharmonic. The same year he was placed in charge of musical direction for the broadcasting station servicing Southern Germany. Kurtz had definitely "arrived" on the German scene.

In 1927 the renowned Anna Pavlova came to Stuttgart. She saw Kurtz conduct, and was so impressed that she invited him to conduct for her ballet company in Covent Garden, London, and on her South American tour. Kurtz accepted, but left the company at Rio for an extensive series of Australian performances.

Australia liked the Kurtz style, the dramatic podium-manner. Three cities down-under bid for his services. But Kurtz declined graciously, and returned to fulfill engagements at Stuttgart. For several years he appeared with various European orchestras, and in 1931 and 1932 he conducted at the Salzburg festival in Austria.

Then another unusual incident occurred. It was in Paris in 1933, and the Ballet Russe, scheduled for an immediate performance, was sadly *sans* conductor. Colonel DeBasil, director of the troupe, asked Kurtz if he would aid in the emergency by taking the stand. There was no time

for rehearsal; he must proceed to the hall and do his best. He did it, and completed the unorthodox assignment so well that he was appointed musical director of the Ballet Russe, a position he held for nine years, with time out for special engagements in Europe, South America, and the United States.

Gradually his fame spread. He was popular with audiences everywhere,

and was in increasing demand as a guest conductor. Only forty-six, Kurtz now has an impressive list of performances to his credit. He has won laurels with every major symphony orchestra in the United States, and in almost all the countries of the world—including the Fiji Islands. He has frequently conducted the New York Philharmonic, the N.B.C., Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Lewisohn Stadium, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles and Portland Symphonies. Naturally, Mr. Kurtz has done a great deal of recording work. He was musical director for two motion pictures, *Catherine the Great* and *As You Like It*, both London productions with Elizabeth Bergner, and has done some conducting for Warner Brothers.

What goes toward success of that sort? Just the thing you were afraid of—work. "Every child," says Efrem, "is born with a special talent of some sort. Success is how he develops his talent. Always there are difficulties. If, to him, the difficulties are more important than his art, he fails. But if the art is more important, he goes on. He succeeds, he is happy."

It is discovering young talent, and giving it an opportunity to develop, that now occupies Mr. Kurtz. At present, every young American who aspires to a future on the concert stage migrates to New York. If he has no money, he slowly withers there, blooming all unseen. Otherwise, he buys a concert at Town Hall and distributes complimentary tickets to every music critic within long-range commuting distance. Then he proceeds to give an inferior performance before the toughest audience in the world, because he lacks the stage presence necessary to free his mind for complete devotion to virtuosity.

Mr. Kurtz' plan, now in execution, is to select deserving hopefuls and present them to less critical, more enthusiastic audiences in other cities. Here they can develop self-assurance and build reputations, and eventually be in all respects ready for New York debuts.

To this end, he spent two weeks in New York auditioning young artists. His one stipulation: they must not have made a New York appearance. Finally he selected eight of them to make their bows to Kansas City audiences during the current season. The first to appear was Jacob Lateiner, an eighteen year-old pianist. To say that Lateiner scored a sensational success would be to understate the matter. Critics raved. They said he played "with a mature mastery and serious devotion to . . . melodic structure." They compared him with Horowitz and Gabrilowitsch. His descending two-hand octaves were "unbelievable and unforgettable."

From Pittsburgh, Fritz Reiner wired that he would like to have Lateiner appear with his orchestra as soon as possible. Cincinnati made a bid. Others followed. Kurtz' judgment had been sound, and Lateiner was launched on an otherwise unattainable career . . . Even if Kurtz discovers only one good concert artist a season and helps him toward success, his percentage will be high, and his contribution to music a very real one.

Efrem Kurtz lives in a comfortable

apartment at a southside hotel with his charming wife, Katherine, whom he married in Germany fourteen years ago. She is his sternest critic, and his best one. This is because she has no technical knowledge of music, Efrem says. "She doesn't pick apart. She criticizes a performance as a whole. From her I know how people who hear me feel. That is, after all, the one important thing—the audience."

Efrem rises at seven and utilizes the first morning hours for study. At nine-fifteen he breakfasts, and from ten to twelve-thirty conducts a rehearsal of the entire orchestra. He lunches downtown with the musicians, because he feels it is important that he should know them all personally. From one-thirty to four-thirty he rehearses individual sections.

So the Kurtzes live a quiet, industrious life. Katherine cooks beautifully and is an expert ceramist. Efrem does caricatures and water colors, and collects stamps. They don't play golf, but often they drive to some nearby course merely to walk around, usually with Dandy, their huge white French poodle. They share a similar enthusiasm for painting and fine music, and are currently very excited about Efrem's new program for introducing unknown performers.

The program was born partly of necessity and partly of stubbornness. In 1941, Kurtz was to conduct the New York Philharmonic. He wanted to do Khatchaturian's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, and asked a celebrated pianist to play the solo passages. The artist refused. It was too difficult; he was not in the mood. Offended, Kurtz began to speculate on the number of young pianists, quite good, who would leap at such an opportunity. After all, he reasoned, established performers do not

need the support of conductors and managers, but beginners do. Introducing new artists would show the world that America produces great musicians.

So he auditioned a number of unknows, and discovered a seventeen year-old boy whose musicianship was sound, and who showed great promise. He asked the lad to prepare the Concerto within the next few weeks. Six days later the boy returned. He was ready. Kurtz was convinced he had a find.

A battle with the New York Philharmonic ensued; but Kurtz can be stubborn, and was. Young William Kappell made his debut. He was good but not sensational. Then Kurtz wired Montreal, his next engagement, that he was bringing with him a pianist named Kappell. Montreal wired that they'd never heard of Kappell, and didn't want him. Kurtz wired back: "No Kappell: no Kurtz."

So the boy appeared in Montreal, and really scored this time. Kurtz took him to Chicago, and there waged the stiffest fight of all to arrange a performance for his protege. He won, and Kappell was given a tremendous

ovation. Today, William Kappell is well on his way to national fame, and Kurtz can turn his attention to other musicians who only need a public hearing in order to make their starts.

Meanwhile, he has advanced the Kansas City Philharmonic in the ranks of major American symphony orchestras. On the basis of quality, size of the orchestra, and size of the budget, the Kansas City Orchestra rates very high nationally, and is still climbing. In addition to its subscription and "pop" concerts in Kansas City, the orchestra tours Missouri and Kansas. At every stop they play a special children's matinee. They give concerts for forty-five thousand Kansas City public school children, with special performances for suburban and parochial schools.

Always, Mr. Kurtz is listening to young ones who think they may have talent. "I never refuse to listen," he says. "Who knows when or where another genius will appear? All he will need is an opportunity, his art and hard work will do the rest."

Words of Wisdom

Virtues are learned at mother's knee, vices at some other joint.

▲

History still seems to be the study from which we learn the least.

▲

The best way to get a cold shoulder is to start a hot argument.

▲

A really great man is the man who makes every man feel great.

▲

What you hear never sounds half so important as what you overhear.

▲

We learn more wisdom from failure than we learn from success.

▲

Well arranged time is a sure mark of a well arranged mind.

Tenacity is more important than brilliancy.

▲

As the hours, so the days; as the days, so the life.

▲

Successful men follow the advice they prescribe for others.

▲

The law of averages pays extra for overtime.

▲

The best heads aren't headstrong.

▲

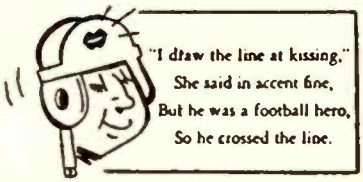
Wear a smile and have friends; wear a scowl and have wrinkles.

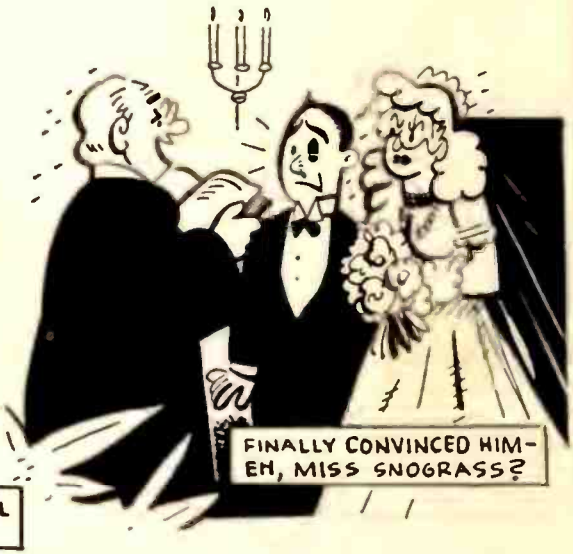
▲

A great leader never sets himself above his followers except in carrying responsibilities.

Swing Presents "K.C. KITTIES"

TWO PAGES OF GAGS AND GALS BY SWING CARTOONIST DON FITZGERALD





Decemberemarks

by TOM COLLINS

The club bore was boasting of his ability to distinguish between different beverages. Finally one of the listeners took a flask from his pocket and asked the connoisseur to taste it and tell him what it was. The man tasted a mouthful and promptly spit it out. "Great Scott!" he cried, "That's gasoline."

"I know," came the bland reply, "But what brand?"

▲

A New Yorker went to the mountains for the first time. He left the hotel one morning to view the countryside. In a few minutes he returned, his clothes torn, his face and arms bleeding.

"What happened to you?" the hotel clerk asked.

"A little black snake chased me!" the visitor cried breathlessly.

"But that little snake isn't poisonous!"

"Listen," the man replied, "if he can make you jump off a 60-foot cliff he doesn't have to be poisonous."

▲

The directions that come with a well known brand of fountain pen say, "When this pen runs too freely, it is a sign that it is nearly empty."

Is there an application here for us, when our tongues get to running too freely?

▲

A steamboat captain was seeking a pilot. "Do you know where all the snags are in this river?" he asked.

"No sir," was the answer, "I don't know where all the snags are but I reckon I do know where they are not and that's where I do my sailing."

▲

An immigrant just stepping off the dock saw a half dollar lying at his feet; started to pick it up. "No," he said straightening up. "This is the land of opportunity. I'll wait until I find them lying thicker."

A sailor in a chapel was seen to bow silently whenever the name of Satan was mentioned. One day the minister met him and asked him to explain.

"Well," the lad answered, "politeness costs nothing — and you never know."

▲

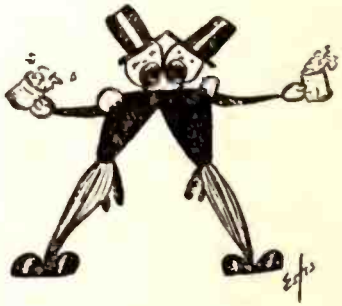
A shop in Mexico City had a little sign on display in its window which read: "All languages spoken here."

A curious friend asked the proprietor: "Do you really have that many interpreters?"

"Why no," the man answered, "I don't have any at all."

"But who speaks all those languages?"

"What a foolish question, my foreign customers, of course."



This is the saga of Jefferson Jones, gourmet and worshiper at the shrine of feminine pulchritude. It came to pass that Jones had his choice of marriage to either of two maidens. One was fair to look upon, but couldn't cook; the other, ugly but superlatively gifted in culinary arts.

Finally young Jefferson married the good cook. The morning after the wedding he awoke, took one penetrating look at his sleeping wife. Then in frenzied haste he shook her. "Wake up!" he shouted. "Wake up and cook something quick."

A CENTURY OF *Greetings*

Friendly custom of sending Christmas cards originated just a century ago.

by JOHN QUINN

IF you want to make like an astronomer and doodle with big figures, have a guess at how many Christmas cards will be sent through the mails this holiday season. But before you start get yourself a plentiful supply of ciphers. You'll need them.

Would you guess the number is a million? A billion? A trillion? Your guess is as good as ours, for we're only guessing, too. Some mightier brains than ours have had a fling at this and come up with estimates like 3,000,000,000 or 4,000,000,000.

If you estimate that 15,000,000 to 25,000,000 people send Christmas cards and each one sends a conservative average of 10, the huge estimates fall in line. Such a figure is pretty well in line, too, with the estimate of total production given by the greeting card industry.

When you look around for your share of the printed Yule sentiments, you'll find plenty from which to choose. This year's cards are brighter and better because many of the limiting conditions of wartime are gone.

The traditional Christmas card subjects and themes have become well established within the last decade or so. The list includes Santas, snow scenes, snowmen, sprites, elfs, fawns, reindeer, holly, tinsel, bells, candles, Christmas trees, poinsettias, the cuties such as children, teddy bears, puppies, kittens and pandas, and the ever-reliable religious themes.

As with most lines there is always room for new themes or ideas, but generally the public's taste is pretty well defined. Thus the creative departments are limited to proven ideas dolled up in new frills.

Whatever your choice may be from this year's generous selection, you'll be carrying on a custom which is just 100 years old.

It was in England in 1846 that Henry Cole, later knighted, first ordered up greeting cards in a special design and sent them to a large circle of friends. He had the design done by J. C. Horsely, a friend in the Royal Academy, and the card printed in considerable quantity.

At one time Sir Henry was accredited as the originator of the Christmas card. One of the authorities who most dogmatically makes this claim is Ernest Dudley Chase, ironically enough an American, a Boston printer whose book, "The Romance of Greeting Cards," was published in 1926.

British journals are more likely to claim W. M. Egley, jr., another Englishman, as the originator in 1842.

They cite his original card now in the British Museum as proof positive. Christmas cards undoubtedly went back beyond either of these dates, although there are few on record.

Artists, painters, printers and others particularly interested are known to have made up an occasional original for a friend or two at Christmas time in the early 1800's. A collection in the Wisconsin State Historical Museum, for example, includes a card made by hand, as were most early ones by an Ohio girl and sent to a friend about 1800.

Whatever the nationality of its origin, the German influence on the Christmas cards can't be discounted. The fact that the art of printing was well developed in Germany early in the 19th century, coupled with the fact that the Germans were also avid followers of Kris Kringle and fond of celebrators of the Yuletide, establishes their interest.

One German in particular, Albert, Victoria's Prince Consort, had certain influence on Christmas cards. It was he who brought about the joyous "Weihnachfest" observances, and it was the idea of this celebration which many of the early Christmas cards sought to portray.

There are many others who had early influence on Christmas cards, a principal one being Charles Dickens and his many writings beginning with "A Christmas Carol" in 1843. Another was Kate Greenaway, who came 25 years later, the designer of the cute children sets, which were tops in greeting cards in the 1880's.

The German influence reached America in about 1870. Louis Prang, a refugee from the German revolution of 1846, settled in Boston. An excellent craftsman, Prang perfected the process of multi-color lithography to the point where his reproductions were unexcelled in either England or America.

In the early '70s, Prang sold his cards in England, but he dropped that market completely to concentrate on America. Five years later he was leading the industry, and held the upper hand in greeting cards well into the 1890's. The paintings of Elihu Vedder, whose murals grace the Library of Congress in Washington, served as designs for Prang's first cards.

About the turn of the century the greeting card craze gripped the public. By 1908 the greeting card had developed into somewhat the same form as we now know it. The public craze gave way to a new demand for quality cards, and the opening of a vest new industry.

The interest in greetings cards swept Kansas City just about that same time. A young man named Joyce C. Hall had come to Kansas City from Nebraska to establish himself in the postcard business. He found, instead, new fervor for the greeting card and turned to develop it. Two brothers, Rollie B. and William F., came on from Nebraska, and soon Hall Brothers, Inc., was formed.

However, despite brighter and better Christmas cards this year, the cards which prove most popular year after year are those which stick to the tried and true Christmas greeting . . . "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Successor to Robert M. LaFollette hopped through high school in one year and won a "post-card" election!

Jumping JOE McCARTHY

by RODGER EBBINGTON

WHEN the United States Senate convenes early in January, the name of La Follette will be absent from the rolls for the first time in 45 years. A new voice, that of 37-year-old Joseph R. McCarthy, will answer from Wisconsin.

From the turn of the century until his heart-breaking bid for the presidency in 1924, old Bob La Follette was the iron man of the Senate. He battled trusts, the railroads, industry, everybody who didn't believe as La Follette believed.

Old Bob died following his last and unsuccessful political lunge. The next term saw the Wisconsin Senatorial seat being taken over by his son, Robert Marion La Follette, jr., a prototype of the old fighter in many ways, but a far better strategist.

Young Bob was a good Senator, nobody can deny that. His brother, Phillip Fox La Follette was a good governor of Wisconsin, too, but the mistake they made in trying to launch a third party, the Progressives, eventually proved politically fatal. It rose and fell within ten years, and with it, the La Follettes.

Without a political party, Senator La Follette entered the Wisconsin primaries this fall attached to the Republicans. They didn't want him and they beat him. Thus entered Joseph R. McCarthy.

The son of Tim McCarthy, a farmer, was graduated from grade school in 1922. He worked on his dad's farm, as a construction foreman, and finally wound up managing a chain grocery store in Manawa, Wisconsin. At the age of 21 he decided he needed a high school education, and with the aid of the Manawa high school principal, hurdled the four year course in exactly 11 months, working in the store daytimes and studying nights.

From there he went to Marquette University law school at Milwaukee and worked his way through as a boxing instructor. The odd part of it was, Joe had never boxed a lick before in his life. It was tough going all the way, but by 1934 he was

through law school and a graduate practicing attorney.

In 1936 McCarthy ran for District Attorney of Shawano county, Wisconsin, as a Democrat. The Republicans were starting to come back in that area after the 1932 upset and Joe was defeated.

From then on McCarthy began to lay the groundwork for the impossible . . . that of becoming a 30-year-old circuit judge. Judge Edgar V. Werner had been on the bench 24 years and wanted to make it 30. There was no good reason for voting him out and nobody but a McCarthy would have tried.

For a year and a half Joe visited around the circuit. He walked with farmers in the fields, played ball with the youngsters and chatted with the housewives with never a word that he was running for office. His announcement came in due time and nobody was surprised.

And then came the master stroke! Two days before election every family, every voter in the three county district received a picture postcard with a friendly message. One of them read:

"Dear Ken: Tell Junior next time I'm around I'll teach him how to throw a curve. I hope you and Norma can get out and vote next Tuesday. Tell Doug hello. Your friend, Joe McCarthy."

And what did the voters do? They trooped to the polls and put their friend Joe McCarthy in as circuit judge.

As a judge McCarthy was an irritating red-tape cutter. Irritating, that is, to the lawyers. Cases which had been hanging fire for months were called to immediate trial. In two hair-raising days McCarthy disposed of exactly 204 cases and brought the calendar up to date.

Then came the war and Judge McCarthy made a quiet announcement

that he was taking a leave of absence and enlisting in the Marines as a private. Nine months later he came out of Cherry Point, N. C., as a captain. He went to the Pacific area, rode tail gunner on a dive bomber, commanded a group in the toughest part of Bougainville, and the war correspondents ate it up. McCarthy's friends back in Wisconsin ran him against Alexander Wiley for United States Senator in 1944. He was defeated by a narrow margin.

Back home this past year, and still as a judge, McCarthy launched another unusual campaign. He chatted, visited, shook hands and debated. He

defeated an over-confident Bob La-Follette by a comfortable margin, and in the general election ran over his Democratic opponent rough shod.

The Democrat was Howard J. McMurray, brother of Fred McMurray, the movie actor. The influential Milwaukee Journal joined Secretary of State Fred R. Zimmerman and State Treasurer John M. Smith in contending that McCarthy could not legally run for the Senate and still hold his job as judge. But Joe replied that he needed the money.

McMurray plastered the state with full-page newspaper advertisements beginning with "Not On Our Money —Two-Job Joe."

But the Wisconsin people obviously didn't care whether Joe had two jobs or six, they wanted him for United States Senator and got him.

And now, as Senator, has McCarthy reached the end of his rope? A large number of his followers believe that Joe just has a good start. They wouldn't be surprised to see him the dark-horse Republican nominee for vice-president in 1948, and there are some who believe that by 1952 Wisconsin may have a man in the White House.

Now You Tell One

Inquisitive people are the funnels of conversation; they do not take anything for their own use, but merely to pass it on to others.

▲

"My stenographer sleeps at her desk. What can I do, the help situation being what it is?" inquired an insurance man of an efficiency expert he was consulting.

"Hang a placard on her while she sleeps, which reads, "When you have insurance, you'll sleep this way too."

▲

"Let me kiss the tears away, Sweetheart," he begged tenderly. She fell into his arms, but the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No," she murmured. "It's hay fever, but go on with the treatment."

Young Smithers was feeling not too well and consulted a specialist, who examined him and said:

"All that's wrong with you, young fellow, is that you smoke too many cigarettes. Here is a way to cure yourself of the habit . . . whenever you light a cigarette, put a stone in your pocket. Soon the discomfort of carrying the stones will cure you."

Young Smithers nodded and departed. Three days later the specialist received a postcard from him, saying:

"Dear Doctor, I am following your advice but I look darn funny pushing this wheelbarrow."

▲

He who would be well taken care of must take care of himself.

It's "Habitdashery"

THAT man is a creature of habit, and very often for no good reason, is no better proved than by his attire. Or are you forgetting a silly little bow in the back of your inside hat band? Next time you fellows wax eloquent on the nonsense of Nancy's new hat or gown, hold it a minute.

Let's get back to that bow in your hat band. Back in the days of livery, daily hunting, hats for the occasion had an inside buffer or band laced with a narrow ribbon, tied in the back with a bow. Thus, hat size could be adjusted and tightened when riding a stiff course. There isn't any reason for the bow in hats these days. But there it is.

Why that notch in your lapel? It's a hang-over from those days when a high collar and broad, exaggerated lapels necessitated a large notch. Nowadays, proportions are down to a fraction of the former size, but the lapel is strictly ornamental.

Sleeve buttons are another gimmick that affords no function. You can take your pick of two sources authorities credit this habit. According to one, cuffs were once buttoned back to protect rich and costly fabrics. Another says that the custom originated with an edict once given by a certain English monarch. Annoyed because his troops persisted in wiping their noses with the sleeves of their resplendent uniforms, he ordered rows of ten buttons sewn around every sleeve.

Why cuffs on trousers? When men first went from knee breeches to long trousers, bottoms were turned up to keep them out of the mud. One of the early Beaux fancied this as a becoming touch and had his cuffs made permanent. When he was copied, the cuff became a fashion.

Buttons on the tail coat survive from the time of the Peninsular War. At this time British uniforms served both is the field and on dress occasions. At the battle of Salamanca, upon going into action with the French, the Britishers found movement seriously hampered by their long coat tails. A resourceful officer had two buttons sewn on the back of his coat at the waistline so that he could turn up and button the tails out of the way. The simple expedient saved many casualties, and the two buttons, though useless appendages, are on tail coats to this day.

So, habit is the thing in haberdashery that women find as silly as men do women's hats. And the score is tied.

—*Marion Odmark*

"I'll have to have a raise, sir," said the bookkeeper. "There are three companies after me."

"What three?" demanded his boss.

"Light, telephone and water," was the reply.

◆

Like many tourists, Lewis Cotlow, president of the Adventurers' Club, wondered why Mexican peons always ride on a burro while their wives walk along behind. Finally he stopped a peasant and asked him the reason. The Mexican, looking very surprised answered, "But senor, my wife doesn't own a burro."

Holiday IN TAXCO

The Colonel knew what he wanted but Hope got what neither she nor the Colonel had hardly expected!

by JAY WOODMAN

IT was in Acapulco and the army colonel was on leave. He sat at a little corner table peering intently across the room at a handsome girl whose companion appeared to be a little drunk. The colonel sighed once and turned his pale blue eyes to the lieutenant and his wife who sat idly toying with their scotch highballs. "Jim," he said, "it's about time you and Toni start for the airport. Your plane leaves in about half an hour." The young couple voiced their assent and were about to leave with the colonel when the drunk at the far table suddenly lurched to his feet and came toward them. He sidled up to the group and lisped, "C'mon over to our table fr'a drink!" Once more the colonel's eyes strayed to the drunken man's lovely companion. Golden hair framed and oval face of exquisite beauty. Tearing his eyes from this vision of loveliness the colonel murmered, "Don't you think you had better take your wife upstairs?" And with that he steered the lieutenant and his wife from the room, unwilling to play the part of a romeo in front of a junior officer.

With the army couple enscounced aboard their plane to the United States the colonel made haste in returning to the little Mexican bar. His second visit was rewarded with an empty room. For the first time the colonel was aware of the Christmas trimmings in the cantina. Mexican style of course, but yet faintly suggestive of the holiday decorations so abundant in the States. He sought the head-waiter and quietly inquired if the tipsy gentleman and his companion were staying at the hotel. The waiter hesitated and said, "I do not know, Senor. The Senorita, she left, pouf! like that. The gentleman with too much tequila stayed on. I think he go to the cock fight." The colonel voiced his appreciation, pressed a bill into the waiter's hand and walked upstairs. "Senorita," he mused, "How could the waiter know that? Of course, she wore no rings!"

The colonel's room was located just above the patio and opened on to a portico that ran along all four sides of the enclosed court yard. All the second floor rooms opened on to this balcony and some of the guests were warming themselves in the holiday sun. The colonel strolled aimlessly through his balcony door and sank into a deck chair. He had played 36 holes of golf that morning in defiance of his fifty years and was a

little weary. His temples were etched with grey and in the evening sun they glistened with little drops of prespiration. On the whole he was a handsome chap and his looks belied a half century of life. He glanced idly over the potted hedges at the occupant of the adjacent *aposento*. The man's weariness left him in a flash and he became joyfully aware of the quickened pulse and shortness of breath that takes place in one who finds himself gazing at a beautiful woman. The girl looked sad and lonely. At least the colonel *hoped* the expression absorbing her features could be classed as such. He was used to making quick decisions and the one he was in the process of making could have been measured with the second hand of any watch. He ventured a tentative cough and spoke in a low, cultured voice, "Your husband—does he need any assistance? I noticed he was a little under the weather when I saw you downstairs in the bar." "Oh goodness," came the startled reply, "that man isn't my husband. He was aboard the plane on my flight from Chicago and when we landed here he offered to buy me a drink. I don't think he can hold his liquor very well, do you?" "I can't say that he does," was the colonel's rejoinder and that evening found the two dining together at a quaint Mexican *fonda*.

During the evening the colonel learned that the lady's name was Hope Kennedy, that she was a New York fashion designer on Christmas vacation in Mexico and that she was as gay and charming as she was beautiful. "A lovely friendship has begun," the colonel reflected, "and it will have to end so soon—much too soon." "My leave is up tomorrow, Hope," the colonel began, "I must go to Cuernavaca to meet an officer from the Mexican government. We are to confer on lease-lend supplies." The girl was pensive for a moment and then offered, "I'm going to Taxco the 24th as I cannot keep my room here beyond that date. Maybe we could meet there Christmas Eve . . . surely you won't be working Christmas Day." The colonel pondered the invitation for a moment—but only for a moment—before heartily agreeing that such a meeting could be arranged. Taxco was fifty miles from Cuernavaca but knowing the ways of the Mexicanos he knew there would be no business transacted on Christmas Day—even in war time.

The army man paced the floor of the shabby little inn at Cuernavaca. He was considering the problem of transportation from Cuernavaca to Taxco. No trains, planes or busses. A knock on the door disrupted the colonel's rumination. The door creaked open to disclose a tattered child with a telegram in his outstretched hand. The wire was from Hope. It read, "Reservations, Rancho Telva, Taxco, December 24, arrive midnight." It was now the afternoon of the 24th. The girl was coming and he wasn't even in Taxco. "Holiday in Taxco—hmph!" brooded the colonel.

He donned his jacket and walked out into the dusty street. It was a sultry afternoon and not a soul stirred. A mangy little dog whined and brushed past his leg as he strode down the board walk that served as a

sidewalk. And then fortune smiled. At an intersection a large tree protected the driver of a worn out taxi from the hot sun. He lay curled in the back seat snoring noisily. Rudely awakened the man sleepily declined a paid fare to Taxco, "Ah but mebbe no one come back with me. I take you to Taxco—20 pesos. I come back alone—no pesos. No, no Senor!" "I'll pay you forty pesos, then," said the colonel. "Weell," replied the driver, "you get two more fellas, 40 pesos each—then we go to Taxco!" "Where will I find you?" asked the colonel. "Right here, Senor," and the reply drifted into a loud snore.

Quickly the colonel returned to the inn, checked out and on his way through the entrance bumped right into his quarry . . . a painter and a writer whom he had met earlier in the day. "Say boys," queried the colonel, "how would you like to go to Taxco? There'll be a big fiesta there tonight. Wine, women and music!" At nine that evening the trio arrived in Taxco. The colonel parted company with his friends and marched up to the Rancho Telva to ask for his reservations. "But Senor Colonel," protested the clerk, "we have no reservations for you. "This wire," exclaimed the colonel, "See, it says 'reservations December 24th'." "Oh Senor, the lady, she meant MAKE reservations — you think she say HAVE reservations. We have no room. You try someplace else—but wait! A little room just beeg enough for one—no bath." "I'll take it," sighed the colonel. Fortune smiled again in the form of another room, this one with bath, in a dilapidated hotel on the outskirts of Taxco. "Not as romantic as it might have been," contemplated the colonel, "but at least I have accommodations."

The colonel had a couple of hours to kill before Hope's arrival on the only transportation from Acapulco, a rumbling old bus. He borrowed Hope's room for a bath and change of clothes and then took all his gear to the little garret room at the Rancho Telva. After dinner he went for a stroll. The sound of tinkling laughter and much merrymaking came from a villa down the street. A posada was in full swing in the patio of the spacious house. The artist and writer seemed to be the center of attraction for at least eight pretty senoritas. He watched the dancing and festivities and at quarter of twelve decided to walk over to the bus depot. He found the shanty that served as a bus station. He stood restlessly fingering his pocket watch. The bus was late. It was now 12:30 and the strains of the Spanish guitars gradually faded into the night. Candles were snuffed out here and there and the town drifted

into slumber. The army man became impatient. The hot night seeped into his clothes as he sat on a splintery bench outside the shanty. On a hill overlooking the village a church bell peeled out the hour. It was two o'clock. As the tones of the bell faded away the bus came lumbering into view. The bus pulled up to the curb and the passengers alighted. The last person finally stepped off and no Hope Kennedy. The colonel was crestfallen. An anxious question to the driver revealed that another bus was due in an hour or so. The colonel sat dejectedly on the bench.

At three o'clock the colonel left the depot and walked sadly to the Rancho Telva. A janitor lay sprawled against a pillar in the lobby. The colonel handed him a note and a bill. "A golden haired Senorita," the colonel said, "If she comes, give her this note." The colonel went to his garret room, left another note on the bed, picked up his gear and went to the hotel where Hope was to have stayed. "Might as well sleep comfortably," the colonel decided.

Hope walked into the lobby five minutes after the colonel had left. The janitor handed her the note and showed her to the garret room.

An hour later the German agent from Rio stole into the lobby. He glanced at the still form of the janitor-night clerk wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. A swift perusal of the register revealed the fact that the colonel occupied room 304 in the tower. It was a hot night and the door of 304 was open. He crept in. Once, twice, thrice he plunged the knife into the sleeping figure. "And now," muttered the agent, "the United States Army has one less supply expert! Heil!"

The colonel waited until eleven the next morning for a call from Hope. He was an unhappy man. "And she was very beautiful," he thought. "I wonder why she gave me the gate." "Holiday in Taxco—hmph! Nothing ever happens to me," he brooded as he climbed into a taxi bound for Cuernavaca.

At a local first aid class, the question of fainting came up. The instructor explained to the class that the cause of fainting was primarily a fault of circulation and that it could be prevented by getting the head lower than the heart.

"For instance," he said, if you feel faint, and don't want to call attention to the fact, just lean down and tie your shoe lace over again."

A woman in the front row raised her hand and asked timidly," "What sort of a knot is used?"

Chicago Letter . . .

by NORT JONATHAN

THE boys in the back room have picked themselves up off the floor, slinking off to French Lick Springs, Eagle River, Wisconsin, and other favorite political watering places to lick their wounds. The Democrats are pulling themselves together for another try in the spring, when they'll try to hold the line for Mayor Kelly; the Republicans are jubilantly giving credit to practically everybody and everything for their victory—with even Colonel McCormack, the "white knight" of the Tribune Tower, getting some of the credit.

Anyway, the election is over and all those fifteen minute political periods of heated air are gone from the broadcasting schedules. Both parties whacked away at each other on the kilocycles—probably losing more votes, and listeners, than they gained. Intelligent use of the radio for political purpose by local candidates is apparently impossible—in Chicago anyway.

However, there was one bright spot. This was the television coverage of the election by WBKB, Captain Bill Eddy's pioneer viedo station which continues to go places in that field. Refusing to be discouraged by either technical difficulties or a lack of ready cash, Bill Eddy and his staff have brought to the local television station the same "know how" which marked Eddy's radio technician training program for the Navy during the war years. While New York television stations controlled by the networks and the big electric companies garner the major share of the publicity, Bill goes right on televising on an eight to ten hour daily schedule. Coverage this fall in addition to the election has included baseball, football, and several outdoor public meetings.

Bill Eddy is a tireless inventor, a great improviser, and a happy gadgeteer. Hard of hearing since a hitch in the submarine service years ago, he has been a pioneer in the field of electronics nevertheless. His cluttered office on the top of the State-Lake Theatre building is full of home-made devices to make the Eddy life more simple. One is an ingenious hearing device built into the bowl of an ordinary pipe. When listening to somebody speak, Bill inserts the stem of the lightless pipe in his mouth and literally listens through his teeth.

The world of television will hear a lot more about Bill Eddy of Chicago. The thousands of men who received electronic training in the Navy under his direction weren't kidding when they fondly nicknamed him "Captain Radar." He is never bothered by opinions, either critical or laudatory. He delights in showing his friends the report of the Naval Laboratory in Washington on one of his earlier inventions. "Undoubtedly," the report states, "this device is the product of an unsound mind."

The "unsound mind" goes right on seeing to it that the windy city stays well up in the television sweepstakes. A recent addition to the schedule was several hours of sponsored programs—among the first in the field.

One of the other recent events to attract a lot of attention locally was the 3rd Annual Chicago Horse Show. Coming close on the heels of Kansas City's great American Royal, it attracted many of the same exhibitors and a lot of strictly local

talent. Staged again in the crummy old Coliseum, this equine "beauty contest" drew some ninety thousand nag-lovers in nine days. Chicago sports who previously had confined their appraisal of horse flesh to pilgrimages to Washington Park and even less exhausting trips to the nearest bookie showed up in sufficient numbers to bring a happy smile to the usually dour face of Colonel A. P. Fleming, manager of the show. The only jarring comment overheard was made by Seymour Rudolph, the crack International News Pictures photographer. After vainly trying to get a good shot of an agitated mount, he was heard to remark, "If I had enough money to support a horse like that I'd buy a motor boat."

By the time you read this the Chicago Business Men's Orchestra will have announced the winner of the State Street Music competition for the best serious work based on the sounds and color of that remarkable shopping thoroughfare. The winning composition, "State Street Symphony," by talented Chicago Earl Hoffman will soon be played over the Mutual network. One of the judges was Henry Weber, conductor of "Chicago Theatre of the Air" and top music man for Mutual in Chicago. The composer is the happy recipient of a thousand dollar prize.

Mr. Hoffman in his symphony, which takes some thirty minutes to play, covers State Street from the honky-tonks down around Harrison Street to the highly respectable stores in the middle of the Loop, from the cheap beaneries and movies near the Dearborn station to the plush Shangra-La restaurant and B and K's over-decorated Chicago Theatre. The symphony is reputed to musically depict everything on State Street except the traffic snarls. The noise will be in it, though.

Two and a half blocks away from State Street the exclusive members of the Tavern Club dedicated their lushly redecorated clubrooms high in the sky. After the opening party the place almost had to be decorated all over again.

One event missing from the fall calendar of special-special events was the yearly combination ball and brawl known locally as the AFRA Antics. AFRA stands for the local chapter of the American Federation of Radio artists; Antics stands for the largest outpouring of thirsty radio talent in the middlewest plus a few thousand non-professionals who show up to pack the Stevens Hotel ballroom to capacity. The yearly Antics was put off until the first of February this year, until the actors have had a chance to replenish ranks sadly depleted by Hollywood and New York. So this winter there will be two great dark 'til dawn endurance contests—the Antics and, of course, the equally noisy press photographer's ball.

Marshall Field came to town before election day, apparently to take a firm grip on his noble journalistic experiment, the Chicago Sun. Colonel McCormack's competition has lost money steadily since it began publication five years ago. Mr. Field went into action on November 6th. No less than three dozen editorial department employees found themselves with severance pay. To a man they had stoutly supported Mr. Field's new deal editorial doctrine of security and prosperity for all; to a man they were out of a job. On the morning of November 7th, the city room looked as empty and grim as Democratic headquarters. In fact, a shocked and frightened member of the Sun's Washington staff wired in over the teletype, "Is anybody there?"

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK

Show-Off

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Ted Weems and his band and a happy "Holidaze" production are a festive winter salute.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Take a good look and listen to Jeanne Shirley, the young singer who's going places fast.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Your mink will never look lovelier than against the plush background of this society mirror.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Reopening Dec. 26 with Dorothy Shay and Griff Williams. Meanwhile have your cocktails in the chic Town and Country Room, lower level.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Lots of cushions and mirrors and high ceilings to enhance dancing to the Milt Herth Trio.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). Very expensive but a value in fine food and clientele. Max is the host-owner.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Holiday hit with the college kids and the excellent dance fare of Stephen Kisley, show by Dorothy Hild.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Dress to the teeth when you go there, the room demands it, and the patronage expects it. Mel Cooper's music, one star act.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Incomparable as the Stork Club to see stars—gourmet quality in food and drinks—and don't think you don't pay for it.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Music by Joseph Sudy is the new attraction and a surprise sensation at that!

★ YAR RESTAURANT, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Wonderful Russian food, continental atmosphere and gypsy music to create a fine romantic mood.

Show-Time

If it's a big night club show you want to see, you'll go first to CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . Second to RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . Third to the LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . And you know what to expect: one star, two or three supplementary acts, line of girls, dance band. Best to make reservations, and for a table not near the kitchen, a five to the waiter will help.

Show-Cases

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S, 101 E. Walton (Sup. 8812), trader tantalizing . . . IVANHOE, 3000 N. Clark, (Gra. 2771), throw another log on the fire . . . L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 7060), rambling mansion of the mauve days . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892), colorful as the "Student Prince" . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), right out of "Lost Horizon."

Food

Any restaurant you choose these days has plenty of steaks, roast beef, or what have you . . . Prices have gone up a little (not too much to scare away business), and you won't go wrong at any of the following . . . STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177) . . . Seafoods at IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) . . . KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT, 900 N. Michigan (Del. 9040) . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0417), for barbecued ribs . . . HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton Place (Del. 7194), for Chinese delicacies.

Theatres

★ "SWEETHEARTS" at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive (Fra. 7800). Bobby Clark does a wonderful job at the main interest in this revival of the Victor Herbert operetta.

★ "HAMLET" at the Erlanger theatre, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). This is the GI production of Shakespeare's play that added to the laurels of star Maurice Evans.

★ "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" at the Shubert theatre, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Gertrude Niesen is the girl to watch in this robust laugh-spree of a musical.

★ "I REMEMBER MAMA" at the Studebaker theatre, 418 S. Michigan Ave. (Cen. 8240). Mady Christians heads the company of this John van Druten masterpiece here from a two-year Broadway run.

★ "DREAM GIRL" at the Selwyn theatre, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Judy Parrish has the title role in this new Elmer Rice comedy with Richard Widmark and Ann Andrews.

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone theatre, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Top new play of the year with Judith Evelyn, Neil Hamilton and James Rennie, written by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.

★ "HARVEY" at the Harris theatre, 170 N. Dearborn St. (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown plays the lovable alcoholic in this very famous Mary Chase comedy, produced by Brock Pemberton.

New York Letter . . .

by LUCIE BRION

IT'S GREAT to have ocean liners and freighters plowing through the waters of the North river (West river to us as it flows along the West side of Manhattan), and again mooring in the comb of docks. Makes us seem more a part of the world. The Mormacisle sailed the other day for South America . . . Moore-McCormack Lines. Though it is a freighter it carries eighteen passengers in quite a super style. In fact, if one doesn't care for pomp and ceremony these freighters offer a most comfortable and interesting way to travel. The Mormacisle was loaded to the brim with cars, buses, petrol, a locomotive and various other supplies for our Latin neighbors, which they have been waiting for for months. The luxury liners won't be ready for the South American cruise much before next May, and, as that is the beginning of the winter season down there, tourist trade probably won't ripen until next fall. The delay in shipping and pleasure trips is, of course, due to strikes. During the strikes it was interesting, if not irksome, to find that a majority of pickets could neither read nor speak English . . . made one wonder how they could help us run the country.

The five day hotel reservation limit in Manhattan is not to be taken lightly. They really mean five days. And it is no uncommon occurrence for visitors to find themselves suddenly without a room and no place to go. It's no fun moving from place to place anyway and if one dosen't know where to go, it's grim. So, either confine your visit to five days or have another reservation ready. Everything has to be signed on the dotted line in Manhattan . . . no favors being passed out now. Some people attribute this deplorable lack of space to the U. N. as it has brought nearly ten-thousand representatives to the city. This may be so but regardless of the why or wherefore, the situation is drastic.

Theatres are offering some exceptionally good shows this season. One of the most outstanding is Lady Windemere's Fan. The play itself is perhaps Oscar Wilde at his best . . . each line packed with wit and keen philosophy. The sets and costumes are breath-taking and the whole play seems to be over before one can drop a glove. Cecil Beaton, famous as a photographer, artist and author, designed the sets and costumes and also acts in the play. His acting adds a new laurel to his career. He is so agile and at ease on the stage that it is hard to believe he is a neophyte. The stage sets are so perfect in every detail that one is torn between listening and observing. The entire cast performs with perfection . . . Cornelia Otis Skinner as Mrs. Erlynne is superb. As all hit shows, tickets are a struggle to get . . . but have a try at it if you come this way. It's worth it.

There is a French poodle living in town by the name of Cyrano de Bergerac (same nose, no doubt), who is the constant companion and light of his mistress' life. He is a dog of no mean proportions and as sentimental as his namesake. When guests arrive he is the first to receive them and insists that they take their hats off and stay a while. With two enormous paws placed on the guests chest he gives a fond kiss of welcome (just like his mistress), and then goes for the hat. Gentlemen may relinquish their hats, straighten their collars and appreciate the service, but with the ladies its different. They, too, love a

warm welcome but their hats were put on to stay; and Cyrano's welcome means twenty minutes in the boudoir to repair the damage. Apparently nothing can be done to remedy the situation for to Cyrano a hat is a hat, and on the head it means that one is going somewhere. Ladies protestations to the point of screams have no effect whatsoever. Well, Cyrano's mistress still has a few friends left.

Christmas shopping has been going on since the middle of October. Evidently people are more serious this year about avoiding that last minute rush. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could all take Christmas calmly and have everything in order? Don't forget to have an extra gift or two tucked away for the friend you forgot or the present you didn't expect.

Traffic congestion has eased noticeably with the new parking bans. Now, it is not only possible to get a cab but also to go somewhere in it. When private cars were parked along the streets trucks pulled along side and parked double to unload . . . all of which took from five to fifteen minutes. With barely enough room for one small car to pass round them you can imagine what happened; traffic piled up for blocks in every direction. And dispositions became very horny. It was necessary to enlarge the police force suddenly to meet the emergency of traffic . . . so suddenly that the new recruits began serving before uniforms were available. All they had, and have, is an arm ban for distinction, But, this also has been a great help.

Garage space in Manhattan is as difficult to get as a roof over the head. Recently a family here received a new Cadillac which they had been waiting for for months and months. They were thrilled beyond words with this new dream of a car and, in a rosy glow, drove it to their garage, fully expecting the men there to be no end pleased to couch this lovely thing. But, they were greeted with snarls and disparagement. It seems that this lovely dream is a little wider and longer than former vehicles and takes up more space . . . and space in Manhattan is something there just isn't any of. There was even a veiled threat that the dream couldn't stay there. Well, someone's always taking the joy out of life.

"Ah, well," moralized the moralizer, "somewhere behind the clouds the sun is shining."

"Maybe," demoralized the demoralizer, "And under the sea is land, but that doesn't help a guy when he falls overboard."

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There's an old story going around about the man on the flying trapeze who caught his wife in the act.

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"Does your husband kick about getting his dinner so late?" asked one Bridge Fiend of another.

"No, he just kicks about having to get it."

The following notice was inserted in the columns of a country weekly: "Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there in the morning."

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Friends, it is said, are the thieves of time.

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On the morning that the sophisticated man was told of the birth of his first grandchild, a friend asked how it felt to be a grandfather.

"I don't object to being a grandfather," he answered, "but I can't say I feel so good about being married to a grandmother."

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JEANNE TAYLOR

★ ADMIRAL. A spacious restaurant-bar featuring big baked potatoes in company with fish, oysters, chowder, steaks, or whaddya want? Open daily from noon. 250 W. 57th St. CI 7-8145.

★ ASTI'S. Two jumps from the street is this crowded little room where everybody sings for your supper, including the bartender, hatcheck girl, and an assortment of others. Kinda fun. Dinner from $1.50. Closed Mondays. 97 W. 12th St. GR 5-9334.

★ ASTOR. A more famous meeting place than St. Louis, blow though this might be to some of you. Lenny Herman's band in the Broadway Cocktail Lounge, and Edith Lorand's Eensemble making dinner music in the Columbia Room. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAGATELLE. Expert French cuisine in a charming atmosphere, inspired by Lamotte's beautiful murals of prewar Paris. Dinner to $4.75, 3 E. 52nd St. PL 3-9632.

★ BILL'S GAY NINETIES. A two-story bistro packed to capacity with nostalgia and out-of-city merrymakers wearing cardboard mustaches. The entertainment is continuous and loud. 57 E. 54th St. EL 5-8231.

★ BLUE ANGEL. The town's top entertainers spin a long and pleasant evening with a show headlined by Irwin Corey and the Golden Gate Quartette. No dancing. $3.50 minimum. 152 E. 55th St. PL 3-5998.

★ BOB OLIN'S. Excellent steaks and really incredible slabs of prime roast beef served with huge Idaho baked potatoes. Should you have room for dessert, the pie is well worth your attention. Table d'hote to $3.00. Open until 3 a. m. daily. 128 W. 58th St. CI 7-0652.

★ BRASS RAIL. A three-tiered eatery featuring hearty fare. Hot pastrami that's out of this universe, and the finest cheesecake around. Drinks, except at the sandwich bar. 745 7th Ave. CO 5-3515.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Pete Johnson, Susan Reed, Timmie Rogers, Cliff Jackson, and J. C. Heard's orchestra blend folk music and hot jazz at this traditional mecca for supper club goers. Minimum $2.50. 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Barney Josephson's big brother to the down-island establishment has Alberto Soccaro's rumba band backgrounding an entertaining show which features Jack Gilford, Patricia Bright, David Brooks, Hope Foye, and Dorothy Jarnac (successor to Celeste Holm in "Bloomer Girl"). Dancing. Minimum $3.50. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ CARNIVAL. The big theater-restaurant still has Milton Berle, who occasionally says very funny things. and a dinger of a trapeze act by Elly Ardelty. All lavish, with a minimum charge for each show. Eighth Ave. at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ CAFE TOKAY. Fine food and dreamy gypsy music strictly from Hungary. If your wine tastes salty, blame the sobbing violin. Dinner 5 to 9, dancing after that. Closed Monday. 2nd Ave., between 82nd and 83rd. RE 4-9441.

★ COPACABANA. Girls, girls, girls! Also Joe E. Lewis, Michael Durso's orchestra, and Frank Marti's rumba band. Piano music in the cocktail lounge. $3.00 minimum weeknights; $4.00, weekends and holidays. 10 E. 60th St. PL 8-1060.

★ HELEN LANE'S RESTAURANT. Greenwich Village can thank well-bred New England for scrubbed oak, burnished copper, and superb American cookery. Lunch and dinner from 85c and $1.50, respectively. Closed Sundays. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square. SP 7-0303.

★ HAPSBURG HOUSE. An extensive cellar amusingly decorated by Bemelmans. The food is Viennese and the music is zither, of all things! Both are different, and pretty good. 313 E. 55th St. PL 3-5169.

★ STORK CLUB. The establishment of Mr. Sherman Billingsly, who by now must be the most highly publicized saloonkeeper in the world, is still doing nicely. Payson Re's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing. Perhaps you haven't heard, but they have food at the Stork, too, and very good. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1740.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Known far and wide as an entirely creditable eatery. Toots, himself, has gained some reputation as a character, and seems to collect celebrities like the Queen Mary gathers barnacles at dock. Late afternoon is the best time of day to glimpse well-knowns. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

NEW YORK THEATRES

(Names and telephone numbers listed at the end)

Plays

★ A FLAG IS BORN. (Broadway) Probably the best things about this are its intentions and the Kurt Weill music. Otherwise, it's a lugubrious appeal for justice, humanity, and a free Palestine —causes good enough to warrant a better play than Ben Hecht has concocted. Alexander Scourbi

has succeeded Quentin Reynolds as narrator, but Luther Adler and Celia Adler are still around. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.

★ AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE, INC. (International) Sparked by the incomparable Laurence Olivier, London's Old Viv players have set a high mark for repertory companies to draw bead on. If the present American group does half so well as its British cousin, it will be doing all right. However, present indications are that the rotating productions of *Henry VIII*, essentially a dull play; *What Every Woman Knows;* and Henrik Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman*, leave something to be desired. This despite such names as Eva LeGallienne, Victory Jory, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, Ernest Truex, and June Duprez. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Mansfield) The problem play about a Negro prostitute redeemed through true love is still playing. Harry Wagstaff Gribble's directing is careful and sound, and the all-Negro cast is excellent. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. (Fulton) A brand-new Lillian Hellman play with Percy Waram, Leo Genn, and Mildred Dunnock. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum) A selfmade gangster trying to get on in the world is bollixed up by a little ex-chorine just because her heart happens to be pure. Paul Douglas is the junkyard king; Judy Holliday, his girl friend. And if anybody could do better with these two superb parts, we just don't give a damn. We'll settle for it the way it is. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ CYRANO DE BERGERAC. (Barrymore) Jose Ferrer in a putty proboscis, starring in that old French play about the man with the nose. A schmaltzy number to be sure, full of sword play and romantic verses, but the accomplished Mr. Ferrer and his cast (including Paula Laurence and Frances Reid), have done it no harm, and perhaps vice versa. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ DREAM GIRL. (Coronet) June Havoc takes her turn in this fanciful and funny comedy by Elmer Rice, who turns the lady's dreams inside out for an admiring public. Many scenes, large cast, and imaginative settings by Jo Mielziner. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HAPPY BIRTHDAY. (Broadhurst) The long-run boys, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, are the producers of this new play by Anita Loos. Helen Hayes, who hasn't been around since her summer performance of *Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire*, is superb as a mousy librarian who gets stewed to the ears in a Jersey barroom, and it's highly advisable that you rush right down and see her. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street) Even the entrancing vehicle by Mary Chase and the stellar performance of Josephine Hull take back seats to Frank Fay's magic personality. He is almost unquestionably the most charming person on the American stage—and never more so than when talking things over with the audience after the sixth or seventh curtain call. Harvey's there, too, of course; but you can't see him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ JOAN OF LORRAINE. (Alvin) Friend Maxwell Anderson seems to have regained his stride and his pride with a drama whose merits won't have to be haggled with the critics. It's a play within a play thing about a girl rehearsing for a Joan of Arc role, and gives gifted Ingrid Bergman a full range for her talents. She's an attractive and well-scrubbed as ever, and is truly splendid as the humble queen. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN. (Cort) The old thing still stirs up quite a breeze in the capable hands of Cornelia Otis Skinner, Estelle Winwood, Henry Daniell, and a few others. It's the satire by Oscar Wilde, you remember, dressed up in new costumes and sets by Cecil Beaton, and it couldn't look more elegant. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou) If you haven't heard about this one, you've been in a coma for the last seven years plus. This season Donald Randolph and Mary Loane, in that order, are playing father and mother. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ MADE IN HEAVEN. (Henry Miller) A new play by Hagar Wilde about a ten year-old marriage which gets tired and dies. It's later revivified and re-established as a semi-going concern, but you're apt to wonder why they bothered. Donald Cook and his associates on the boards hide their dismay well, but are certainly deserving of better things. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire) A cozy, if not so eternal, triangle composed of a cabinet minister, a charming and vacuous lady, and the lady's son—an *enfant terrible* when it comes to politics and social consciousness. The three are played by the Lunts, of course, and by Dick Van Patten, in a style completely right and often uproarious. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ PRESENT LAUGHTER. (Plymouth) Another Noel Coward play about his favorite subject, adultery, but this time something's missing. And without a lot of expert dialogue, even the Ancient Sin can get pretty boring after a couple of acts. Clifton Webb is in there pitching, though, and any bad notices are not even remotely his fault. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. This year's Pulitzer Prize play, and deservedly so. Written by Lindsay and Crouse, it's a fine satire on presidential campaigns, and a very funny play. Two movie people, names of Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis, are currently starred. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ THE FATAL WEAKNESS. (Royale) A comedy by George Kelly, spanking-new and starring Ina Claire, Margaret Douglass, and Howard St. John. Miss Claire is well-worth watching. Evenings, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ THE ICEMAN COMETH. (Martin Beck) Around the clock (or thereabouts) with Eugene O'Neill. The foremost American playwright returns

to the theatre after a twelve-year absence with a play that makes up for lost time, literally if not figuratively. Even though it may not be up to O'Neill's best, it's still powerful good theatre, and the imaginative directing by Eddie Dowling hasn't hurt it a bit. The whole thing takes place in a waterfront saloon—which isn't the only thing it has in common with Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*. The cast includes James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid and Nicholas Joy—an unusually competent group of performers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 7:30.

★ THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. (Booth) Theatre Incorported presents a revival of J. M. Synge's familiar play about an Irish lad who murders his father—or says as much, at least. It's a satire, comic and poetic and purely Irish, with Burgess Meredith as the Playboy (although that word may not mean what you think). Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco) Still piping sweetly on West 45th Street, through the medium of John Van Druten's little play. Strictly for those who love love, and if you don't, we don't want to know you. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial) Ethel Merman looses at least thousands of inimitable decibels on current Irving Berlin, and it's entertainment you can't top nohow! This is the show where they sing that song about doin' what comes natcherly. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ CALL ME MISTER. (National) A very rosy revue with overtones of khaki. It was turned out by ex-GI's and is performed with the help of some lively and engaging young women. Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin are prominent in the activities. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ CAROUSEL. (Majestic) Molnar's *Liliom* renamed and set in New England instead of Vienna. A pretty show indeed, distinquished by Agnes de Mille ballets and a sound score by Oscar Hammerstein II. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ GYPSY LADY. (Century) Helena Bliss struggles valiantly with the most viscous book of the season; but even her heroic work and tunes from two Victor Herbert operettas aren't sufficient to save the evening, which may be conservatively described as deadly. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ NAUGHTY-NAUGHT. (Old Knickerbocker Music Hall) A burlesque, but not of the strip-act type. This concerns Yale men of the Class of '00 (pronounced "double aught"). The audience sits at tables, well-plied with drink, and is encouraged to heckle the players after the fashion of *The Drunkard*. Things you'd like to say in other theatres can be said here in loud tones. Sunday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 9; Friday and Saturday evenings at 8 and 11.

★ OKLAHOMA! (St. James) If things keep up this way, you can see Oklahoma! over and over again every few months for years and years—and you'll want to. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ PARK AVENUE. (Shubert) Involving a list of people that reads like a theatrical social register. Max Gordon produced it, George S. Kaufman and Nunnally Johnson wrote the book, Ira Gershwin wrote the lyrics, and Arthur Schwartz turned out the music. The cast is headed by Leonora Corbett (Mrs. John F. Royal of the vice-president of NBC Royals), and Arthur Margetson, who made that brief but praiseworthy trip *Around the World* with Orson Welles. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ SHOW BOAT. (Ziegfeld) A lavish and spare-no-expense revival of the grand-daddy of all musical comedies, a product of the talents of Edna Ferber, Jerome Kern, and Oscar Hammerstein II. Everything is wonderful, and it's hard to see how it could possibly be improved in any department. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ THE RED MILL. (46th Street) A revival of the tremendous hit of forty years back, and still an exceedingly pleasant evening in the theater, by almost any standards. The Victor Herbert music is as beautiful as ever, and the production is top-notch throughout. Evenings, except Mondsy, at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2:30 and Sunday matinee at 3.

★ THREE TO MAKE READY. (Adelphi) A rather wilted series of sketches, enlivened by Ray Bolger who is good enough not to be touched by the rest of the show. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

("W" or "E" denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th	CO 5-8215	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th	CI 6-9353	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th	BR 9-2067	E
Broadway, 227 W. 45th	CI 6-0300	W
Center, Rockefeller Center	CO 5-5474	
Century, 932 7th Ave.	CI 7-3121	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th	BR 9-0046	E
Empire, B'way & 40th	PE 6-9540	
Fulton, 201 W. 46th	CI 6-6380	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th	BR 9-4566	E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th	CO 5-2412	W
International, Columbus Circle	CO 5-1173	
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th	CI 6-6363	W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th	CL 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st	PE 6-8220	W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th	BR 9-3565	E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th	CI 6-9156	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th	CI 5-5200	

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JIMMY TALBOT

Just for Food

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. A nice blond room equipped with those swing-around tables, made to order for busy business people. Pleasant food, fast service, and organ music piped in from the Cabana all combine for an interesting lunch or dinner. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Air travel may be comparatively new, but the kind of cooking they serve here has been practiced for a long time. Your eating companions are not only those of the flying fraternity, but townspeople who know good food and service and where to get it. Twenty-four hour service. Newsstand in connection. Operated by Milleman and Gilbert. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Despite a large clientele, this is one cafeteria where you will be served very quickly. Food is first quality and service is excellent. Plenty of tables on the first floor, and if not a waitress will carry your tray to the mezzanine. Parking space in the rear. You'll spot the place immediately because of its aureate exterior. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ BROOKSIDE HOTEL. Emphasis here is on atmosphere of the quiet and restful variety. The family-size dining room will probably be full of people you know. Fleet-footed service and high quality food. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. Around a roomy horseshoe counter they serve authentic and tasty sea food. One of the cleanest places you ever saw, and you'll agree that the black walnut waffles and lemon pie are probably the best you ever tasted. Open 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. weekdays. Closes 5 p.m. Saturday, all day Sunday. Scarritt Arcade. 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ NU-WAY DRIVE-INS. People are talking about these brand-new twins. Inside or carside, you'll find quick service and good food ranging from sandwiches to full-course dinners. Main at Linwood, and Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★ PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP. Ten-pin topplers consider a big hunk of home-made pie as necessary fortification for a 280 game. And here's where they get it. Full meals or snacks during any hours the bowling alleys are open. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ UNITY INN. The accent is on large luscious salads and tasty vegetarian dinners served in a latticed green room, pleasantly decorated with potted flowers. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheons and dinners Monday through Fridays. Sunday dinners 11:30 to 2 p.m. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE IN. This nippy weather should remind you that Z-Lan is the home of wonderful fried rabbit and chicken dinners. Hamburgers, too, and nothing prosaic about them. Week days, 11:30 to 1 a.m. Sunday, noon to midnight. 48th and Main, on the Country Club Plaza. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA. An underground hideaway hosted by the genial Mr. Weiss and a hospitable retinue of helpers. The decor is Latin-American, but you'll find gefultafish, borscht, and kreplock on the widely varied menu. Everything always seems to be just right. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. D. T. Turner, popular night club impressario, has acquired a vast following of southtowners since he took over the Interlude some months ago. Chief reasons for his success here are Eddie Oyer, phenomenal 17-year-old pianist, and Eddie's capable reliefers Juliette and Eugene Smith. Also, look up from your work at the old time silent pictures flickering over the bar. 3535 Broadway. WE. 9630.

★ DIERK'S TAVERN. Lots of booths and a bar tucked away on the downhill side of 10th Street where noonday lunches are probably the best in the neighborhood and afternoon snacks and drinks are a real delight. Unsophisticated, friendly atmosphere. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th. VI. 4352.

★ GUS' RESTAURANT. Where the lively, careless crowds gather and eat big steaks at not too modest prices, and where friendly Gus makes it a point to shake hands with everybody who comes in. In the background there's the established boogie of Joshua Everett Johnson, which many, many people like. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Spaghetti and meatballs in a setting that looks like an ad for Swiss Colony Wine. In the latticed booths under the autographed pictures of various celebrities, don't be surprised to find those celebrities. The Gardens is a habit with show people who pass this way. Closed on Sunday. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Famous for salads, steaks, French fried onions, and especially roast beef. High in the not-to-be-missed category is Gene's adroit Martinis. Although the room is small, Jerry will find a place for you. Willie Weber conducts a very commendable operation on the keyboard. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Like the Blue Fox in San Francisco, Christ Celle's in New York, and Antoine's in New Orleans, the Savoy has a reputation dating back to Prestolite days. This venerable chophouse has been culinary tops in the midwest since before you were horn, and the quality of food and service hasn't skidded one millimeter. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ CABANA. From the cryptic peon on the door of the gent's room to the tamale-skinned drink bearers, this Twelfth Street retreat is all-out Latin. But we'll thank you, South America, not to take it away. Alherta Bird, talented WHB staff organist, is at the Hammond from early evening until closing. Lunch, hut no dinners. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ OMAR ROOM. Unique decor with a heautiful arrangement of mirrors over the har, giving the patrons an idea how they look to a spider. Casual and friendly because of the large circular divan around the har. The cute little things you see around there aren't built in, either. Dim, cushiony and the drinks are fine. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ THE TROPICS. A smooth distinctive lounge on the third floor of the Hotel Phillips. You'd never find it unless someone told you, and now someone's told you. South sea atmosphere in a melee of palm fronds, grass skirts and hamboo, with a tropical storm breaking out at intervals during the evening. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Intimate little cocktail lounge where you can always elhow your way in somehow. Once inside, you'll stay until the place closes. When the parade of little pink elephants parading around above the har pull up into double file, then it's time to go home. Max, the friendly hartender, is the official greeter. Extra attention is given the quality of drinks, and there's the old time movies to watch in case you come alone. In the State Hotel, 12th Street. GR. 5310.

With Dancing . . .

★ BLUE HILLS. Eddie Cross' hospitable hangout is still the long range favorite of the southtown crowd, and small wonder. Barhecue is the chief drawing card hut don't sell short the drink-and-dance music of homho-heating Tony Caracci. Continuous music from 6:30. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ CROWN ROOM. A clever innovation dreamed up by Joe Nauser adds to the attractiveness of this popular night spot. Behind the har stands a large clock. During the cocktail hour from two to five daily an alarm is sounded at various intervals. When that happens, everyone in the place receives a duplicate of the drink he has at the moment for free. Smooth music emanates nightly from Judy Conrad's handstand and the drinks are especially good when one realizes there has been no increase in prices. Free parking in the La Salle garage. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ CROSSROADS INN. Sort of a dollhouse affair with antiques galore, that has grown popular for dinners and end-of-the-evening feasting on chicken, harhecue or thick sandwiches. There's a small bar and a large dance floor where the music is tax-free because it's served up on platters. The Swope Park car runs right to the door. Swope Parkway and Benton, WA. 9699.

★ LA FIESTA BALLROOM. Put those Arthur Murray steps into practice. There's dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday night at La Fiesta there's an old Time Dance. Saturday night old time dancing holds forth at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 Paseo, under the same management. Old time matinee dance at La Fiesta every Sunday from 3 p.m. to 8 p.m. After this period regular dancing is resumed. Admission before 4:30 on Sunday is only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks and delicious sandwiches. Ice cream and cake' available. 41st and Main. VA. 9759.

★ MARY'S. Certainly the higgest and hest floor around, and uniformly excellent dance music. The best dance bands in the country are a regular feature since the place was enlarged. It's "out in the country," so the place jumps after hours, especially on Saturday. All newly decorated, hy the way, and looking mighty pert. Setups only. 8013 Wornall Road. JA. 9441.

★ NEW ORLEANS ROOM. The newest place in town. This spacious room with wine and pearl decor is rapidly drawing the crowds. The drinks are good, too, served at that extra long bar that used to he Jeh Stuart's favorite. Howard Parker, his piano and his orchestra, make with the "sweetest swing" in town. Vocals are more than adequately handled by Jack Teagarden's former crooner, Kenny Field. The dance floor, ringed with a quaint brass railing, is hig enough to make dancing a real pleasure. Parking right next door. On Wyandotte, just north of 12th street. GR. 9207.

★ OLD PLANTATION. Al Duke, the Irish balladier, is still around because the folks won't let him leave. And the same goes for the Jerry Gilbert Trio. This beautiful colonial mansion is just a few minutes east. Massive columns, spacious rooms and convivial atmosphere. Highway 40, East. FL. 1307.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. The traditional choice for a full evening of fine eating, drinking and dancing—this last to the compctent rhythms of Dee Peterson's orchestra. It's all quietly exciting and very pleasant. John is the sitter-downer, under Mr. Maggio's watchful eye. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. The kitchen is open again and the barbecue you love is hack. Love barbecue or not, hut we'll bet you'll love Jeannie Leitt's solid beat on the piano. Now and then she comes out with a nice naughty little song, all to the obvious delight of a packed house. 3114 Gillham Plaza. BA. 9911.

★ TERRACE GRILL. They get a stinkeroo hand in this basement bistro occasionally, and the food is certainly not hack to its pre-war quality. But, Gordon has an engaging personality; and the spot, because of its location and long-standing prestige, is still an ohvious stop. Hotel Muehlehach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR. There's a floor show, a hig band, and lots of dancing room at this huge, hut friendly after-hours spot just south of the city limits. $1 couvert. 79th and Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

Ports of Call from All Over

What's YOUR Favorite?

(How about putting in a good word for your favorite Port of Call, no matter where it is—in any town, state or country? Beat out a blurb about that Greasy Spoon in Vulture Gulch, or that exclusive saloon in Butte, Montana. Tell us something about the food, the service, the decor, the entertainment, the people who run the place and the people you meet there. Dash off a description in one hundred words or less and send it to SWING, 1120 Scarritt Building, Kansas City, Mo. For each Port of Call printed, SWING will send you one buck.)

* BUFFALO. On a recent visit to Buffalo a spot which impressed me as a "pass-on" suggestion to other tourists was the "CHEZ AMI," a darb of a place for dining and dancing. Originally a theatre, the building was transformed into a night club by five brothers. They installed a revolving bar, mirrored walls, thus enabling guests to see the floor show from all angles. The food, floor show and music were of excellent quality. All this on a very reasonable budget. Therefore, in Buffalo, we nominate "CHEZ AMI" as the place to go.—Christy R. Stewart.

* ST. LOUIS. Lika da spaghett; or mebbe you preferra chef salad wid anchovies? Brother, don't try to consume a large order of each. It ain't advisable. But they're both good. The spaghetti without garlic contains only five per cent of the stuff by weight. In the various types "with garlic" it varies from 20 to 50 per cent. Chef salad? Boy, you muttered something that time. This place is located in the lush low-end time-payment furniture and clothing store neighborhood, but that seems to make it all the more fun. We nominate ROSE'S, 925 Franklin, St. Louis.—Paul D. Kranzberg of "Padco."

▲

Answers to MONOCLED MONIKERS:

1, e—2, f—3, n—4, b—5, m—6, d—7, g—8, a—9, i—10, h—11, k—12, p—13, l—14, j—15, c—16, o.

▲

"You're an apt boy. Is your sister apt, too?"

"If she gets a chance, she's apt to."

▲

"Johnnie, do you want to leave the room?"

"Say, teacher, you don't think I'm standing here hitchhiking, do you?"

"You told me how good you were when I hired you two weeks ago," said a foreman to one of his men. "Now tell me all over again, I'm getting discouraged."

▲

The best way to open a conversation is with a corkscrew.

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

RKO Radio

SINBAD THE SAILOR—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, Anthony Quinn, George Tobias, Jane Greer, Mike Mazurki, Sheldon Leonard, Alan Napier, John Miljan, Barry Mitchell. A ship founders in a storm off the coast. Sinbad (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) and Abbu (George Tobias) his first mate, get aboard and find the crew all dead from poisoned water. When the ship is put up for auction, Sinbad finds competition from a lovely adventuress, Shireen, (Maureen O'Hara). She bids against Sinbad until she sees a certain locket around his neck. Sinbad falls in love with her and a series of romantic intrigue follows, involving a treasure. Sinbad eventually proves that true treasure lies only in the hearts of people, and sweeps Shireen into his arms.

NOCTURNE—George Raft, Lynn Bari, Virginia Huston, Joseph Pevney, Myrna Dell, Edward Ashley, Mahle Paige, Bernard Hoffman, Queenie Smith. Keith Vincent (Edward Ashley) composer, is found dead in his luxurious home; shot while finishing his latest song, "Nocturne." Only witness is a beautiful, unidentified girl, "Dolores," whom he had been trying to discard in his usual manner. George Raft as Lt. Joe Warne, is the suave, hard-boiled detective. He studies the pictures of ten women, and finally falls in love with Frances (Lynn Bari) whom he chiefly suspects. Before he successfully traps the real murderer, Frances is nearly killed. Finally, he confronts four women with the evidence and the murderer is apprehended. Thus the case of the philandering composer is closed.

20th Century-Fox

THE RAZOR'S EDGE—Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, John Payne, Anne Baxter, Clifton Webb, Herbert Marshall. Cinema masterpiece of William Somerset Maugham's novel of the same name. Power, as the dashing Larry Darrell, tangles with the covetous Isabel (Gene Tierney), a fascinating as well as dangerous woman. The role of Sophie, the loveable girl who became a dipsomaniac and ended her life in the lowest of Paris dives, went to Ann Baxter, whom Producer Darryl Zanuck chose after 90 days of tests during which virtually every young actress in Hollywood went before the cameras.

Tentative Schedule for Films Showing in K. C. in December

MIDLAND

UNDERCURRENT
TWO SMART PEOPLE

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY

MARGIE
RAZOR'S EDGE

NEWMAN

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST
OF HUMAN BONDAGE
BLUE SKIES

ORPHEUM

CLOAK AND DAGGER
NOCTURNE
SINBAD THE SAILOR

Warner Brothers

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Eleanor Parker, Paul Henreid, Alexis Smith, Edmund Gwenn, Janis Paige, Patric Knowles, Henry Stephenson, Marten Lamont, Isabel Elsom, Una O'Connor, Eva Moore, Richard Nugent, Doris Lloyd. In Paris, Philip Carey (Paul Henreid) is told that he lacks talent and will never be a painter. Hypersensative, Philip realizes the truth of the statement and returns to London to study medicine. He meets Mildred Rodgers (Eleanor Parker) a Cockney waitress at a London shop. Cheap and rude, yet she is a girl of strange magnetism, and, despite himself, Philip is drawn back to the tea shop. Philip's work in the hospital suffers after he learns that Mildred has married another man. Nora Neshit (Alexis Smith), comes to London to write her novel and becomes devoted to Philip. In the meantime Mildred gets into difficulties with her husband, leaves him and becomes destitute. He engages her as a housekeeper and on Christmas even she slashes and breaks everything in sight. Finally freed from Mildred's fatal fascination, Philip marries another girl, Sally Anthelny.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

TWO SMART PEOPLE—Lucille Ball, John Hodiak, Lloyd Nolan, Hugo Haas, Lenore Ulric, Elish Cook, jr., Lloyd Corrigan, Vladimir Sokoloff, David Cota, Clarence Muse. Smooth swindler Ace Connors, (John Hodiak) made a killing in gilt-edge certificates, and interests Dwight Chandwick (Lloyd Corrigan) in an oil investment. Ace finds a lovely redhead, Ricki Woodner (Lucille Ball), at Chandwick's table and things start from there. Ace follows the way of all transgressors and ends up on a train bound for New York and Sing Sing. Ricki, the second of the two smart people twosome, turns away to another train for Little Rock, where she, too, owes a jail term. Quite naturally, Chandwick doesn't come out too well on the oil investment deal.

UNDERCURRENT — Katharine Hepburn, Robert Taylor, Robert Mitchum, Edmund Gwenn, Marjorie Main, Jayne Meadows, Clinton Sundberg, Dan Tobin, Kathryn Card, Leigh Whipper, Charles Trowbridge, James Westerfield, Billy McLain. The story of two people whose martial happiness was blighted by the mysterious shadow of an unseen rival. Unfolded step by step and mounting to a terrific climax, it ends in a surge of dramatic power. Miss Hepburn plays Ann Hamilton, small town girl, who is swept off her feet by the whirlwind courtship of Alan Garroway, (Robert Taylor), the mysterious Michael, Robert Mitchum, throws a constant shadow of suspicion and distrust between husband and wife. It would be unfair to give away the story's ending, but it can be stated that it comes as a complete surprise.

Paramount

BLUE SKIES—Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield, Billy De Wolfe, Olga San Juan, Frank Faylen, Victoria Horne, Karolyn Grimes. Jed Potter (Fred Astaire), popular radio commentator, has a certain lovely lady listener. She is Mary (Joan Caulfield). With her one evening they stop at a little nightcluh, the Flapjack, where Johnny Adams (Bing Crosby), is the featured singer. Although Jed and Mary go down the aisle together, Mary's heart still beats for the nightclub singer. Throughout the picture, in various scenes, Astaire's dancing ability is brought into play. Jed (Astaire), is tight when he does a sensational dance to the song, "Heat Wave."

Swing Around

One of the outstanding musical events of Kansas City's first post-war season will take place on Monday evening, December 2, when Vivian Della Chiesa, youthful, American-born lyric soprano, is presented in concert by the Town Hall Series.

The charming prima donna, whose musical career began in radio when she sky-rocketed to fame as winner of a contest conducted by a Chicago radio station (WBBM), will be heard on the "Treasury Hour of Song" on the Mutual network beginning January second.

Her home town of Chicago was also the scene of Della Chiesa's operatic debut when she scored a sensational success with the Chicago Opera Company as Mimi in "La Boheme." Coast-to-coast broadcasts and extensive concert tours, appearing with such leading orchestras as the Detroit, San Francisco, Toronto, Los Angeles, Chicago and Rochester symphonies, have established her fine reputation as an artist. The great Arturo Toscanini recently paid her an unprecedented tribute when he presented her as soloist in two successive Sunday broadcasts. Less musical compliments paid the vivacious blonde singer include being twice listed as one of the "ten-best-dressed women of the year," as well as being named "one of the ten most glamorous women in America."

HIS MONEY'S WORTH . . . Fred Cooper, a Kansas City police officer who trundles around town on a three-legged motorbike, tells this one as gospel.

The elderly farmer came out of a hardware store on Walnut street, dumped several packages on the seat of his car and then scrutinized the parking meter. There were 15 minutes left.

Buying a newspaper from the little old lady who vends the city's only product of that kind in front of Kenn's Grill, the farmer leaned on the meter and began to read. Alternately looking at the dial, he stayed there until the red indicator showed that his hour was up. At once he tucked the paper under his arm, got into the car and drove off, on his face the contented look of a thrifty man who has had his full nickel's worth.

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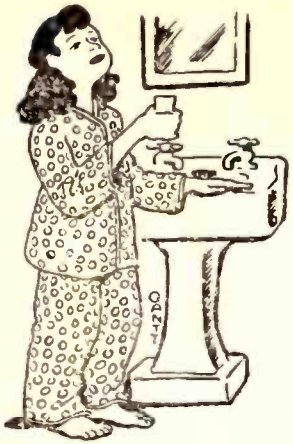
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR . . . In the window of a Wyandotte county, Kansas, home was observed a sign. "Trumpet for Sale."

In the window next door appeared another card with just one word: "Hurrah."

HOW'S YOUR AVERAGE? . . . A well known businessman of Kansas City was on a rail trip to Chicago not long ago. Just out of curiosity he asked the Pullman porter: "What is the average tip you get from a passenger on this run?"

"One dollar, suh," was the reply.

The traveler handed over a dollar bill and the porter immediately broke into profuse thanks. "Suh," he said, "you are the first man who ever come up to my average."



THAT'S DIFFERENT . . . In Jackson county, Missouri, it has been only through a recent enactment of a state law that women were called up for jury duty. A bailiff tells this one.

A woman called up for jury duty declined to serve because she didn't believe in capital punishment. Trying to persuade her the judge explained, "This is merely a case where a wife is suing her husband for divorce because she gave him a thousand dollars to pay down on a fur coat and he lost the money in a poker game."

"I'll serve," said the woman. "I could be wrong about capital punishment."

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MODERN LEGEND . . . The boss called one of his clerks into his private office. "I have noticed Jones," he began, "that you, of all my clerks, seem to put your whole life and soul into your work. No detail is too small to escape your attention. No detail is too small to escape your attention. No hours are too long for you."

Jones glowed with pride and anticipation of the promotion and salary increase welled up within him.

"And so, Jones," his employer went on, "I'm forced, against my better judgment, to fire you. It is such men as you who go out and start rival establishments."

START EATING, BUD . . . A house to house salesman rang the bell of a suburban house. As the door opened he tossed in a carefully prepared mudball which splattered in the middle of the living room rug. "Now don't get excited, lady," he said. "I'm demonstrating this new Super Duper vacuum cleaner. If this little wonder doesn't remove every trace of dirt on your rug, I'll eat the whole mudball."

The indignant housewife left for the kitchen, returning in a few minutes with a bottle of catsup, jar of mustard, salt, pepper and a rolling pin." She deposited the condiments with elaborate care on the carpet, and then hefted the rolling pin. "Start eating," she commanded, "we ain't got no electricity."

▲

COMPANY POLICY . . . A public relations man for an airline, who can remember back to the days of the old tin goose (Ford Tri-Motor), as if it were this noon, said that when the air lines were young and people were wary of flying, a promotion man suggested to one of the lines that they permit wives of businessmen to accompany their husbands free. The idea was to prove that flying was safe. The plan was quickly adopted and a record kept of the names of those who accepted the proposition. In due time the air line sent a letter to those wives, asking how they enjoyed the trip. From 90 per cent of them came the baffled reply, "What airplane trip?"

SHOCKING ASSIGNMENT . . . Many, many years ago when I was a cub reporter on a small newspaper, a live wire fell across a street during a storm. People feared to touch it. The city editor assigned two reporters to the story.

"One to touch the wire," he directed, "and the other to write the story."

Let's Face Figures!

Major Trunk Lines:

4 air
12 rail
13 bus
126 truck

Daily Passenger Movements:

164 air
170 rail
218 bus

Daily Freight Movements:

20 air
163 rail
612 truck
Missouri River Barges

▼

GOING AND COMING

From East to West, North to South, or back again—Kansas City is a gateway. It's the back door of the East, the front door of the West; open to every form of modern transportation. Every week, millions of tons of utilitarian riches stream to or through our city by wheel, wing, or rudder . . . In this vast Marketland, there's an audience waiting to hear *your* message. Use a carrier you can count on. To send it swiftly, surely, to the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar, select a dependable medium. Choose WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station! WHB always delivers the goods!

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