

FEBRUARY

1947

25¢

Swing





1. Helen Parke, president of Paramount's "Fred Astaire Fan Club," tells WHB's Bob Kennedy all about her dream man.

2. Dr. Clarence Decker, president of the University of Kansas City, awards a twenty-five dollar savings bond to the winner of "It Pays To Be Smart," a weekly high-school quiz program sponsored by the University and Station WHB.

3. "Come on Up," says curvaceous Mae West, quoting the title of her current play. Dick Smith, of WHB, seems to find the invitation interesting.



4. Fowler Barker, editor of Transport magazine, presents the annual aviation and transport award to John Collins, operations vice-president of Transcontinental Western Air. Joshua Le... member of the Civil Aeronautics Administration in Washington, looks on. The award is for outstanding excellence in maintaining airline planes.

5. John Wildberg, producer of Carmen Jones and Anna... casta, caught during an exclusive interview on WHB.



Swing

FEBRUARY, 1947

DL. 3 NO. 2

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THERE'S a whirligig of wind down the street; the slithery plip-clip of an icicle giving up under the eaves; deceptive sunlight one day, and on the next an anxious green leaf trapped in a globe of ice. Come now the afternoons of slanting sunshine moving north, the votive denials of Lent . . . hatchets and odes and prim little girls curtseying to little boys wearing cotton wigs and pained expressions. . . . This is February: February the quick-change artist, prologue and epilogue and entr'acte. The month comes out as the curtain falls on the Ibsen drama of January; it waves a flag, recites the Gettysburg Address, sings a sentimental ballad, does a spring dance, trips and falls, smiles bleakly, and vanishes as the angry comedy of March begins.

This is the way the month happens to us in a small section of the world, perhaps one-third of a nation as geography goes. We report its annual arrival as we know it in this region stretching from Kansas to the eastern seaboard, across Kentucky and Virginia, where February's favorite children were born. These were the two who had much to do with the shape and temperature and emotional climate of this country, and therefore of all the world, since each country, if ever so slightly, regulates the global temperature. And so from this region which includes the place where Mr. Lincoln used to read by candlelight, where young George Washington made his maps, where both of them suffered and won a war, and where both died, we send you this report. For us and for everyone we should like to forecast "fair and warmer." But the weather of the world is much like the nervous weather of February. You can't depend upon it. And all we know for sure is that it's time for fair and warmer. We could do with a lot of it. We've had enough black weather in the world and too much of it in our hearts. It wouldn't hurt a thing if for a little while all our hearts were edged with lace and filled with tender passions and vanilla creams.

Jetta
Editor.

Editor.....Jetta Carleton

Managing Editor.....Mori Greiner

Publisher.....Donald Dwight Davis

Business Manager.....Johnny Fraser, Jr.

Associate Editors, Rosemary Haward, Evelyn Nolt, Verna Dean Ferril; Chicago Editor, Norton Hughes Jonathan; New York Editor, Lucie Brion; Humor Editor, Tom Collins; Music Editor, Bob Kennedy; Circulation Manager, John T. Schilling.

Photography: Harold Hahn, Sol Studna, Brooks Crummett.

Art: Ewing Rankin, Don Fitzgerald, Rannie Miller, Flaucy Pearson, James Gantt, Frank Hensley.

Front cover: Harold Hahn and Ewing Rankin.

Back cover: Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad.

FEBRUARY'S HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY

Art

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Exhibitions: Paintings by members of the Ohio Water Colour Society.
Lectures: Feb. 5, T'ang Sculpture, Laurence Sickman; Feb. 12, Etruscan Art, Paul Gardner; Feb. 19, French Enamels, Paul Gardner; Feb. 26, Restoration, James Roth. (The Library at 8 p.m.)
Masterpiece of the Month: Marble Lion, 8th Century Chinese.
Motion Pictures (No admission charge): Feb. 7, 7:30 p.m., The Life of Emil Zola; Feb. 21, 8 p.m., Land of Enchantment, Tenderfoot Trail, Canadian Holiday—three color films produced by Clarence Simpson.



Music

Feb. 2, Pop Concert.
Feb. 3, Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 4, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 5, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 10, Metropolitan Opera Artists Ensemble; Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 11, Muriel Rahn.
Feb. 12, Rose Bampton.
Feb. 16, Pop Concert.
Feb. 17, Paul Draper and Larry Adler; Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 18, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 19, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 23, Pop Concert.
Feb. 24, Philharmonic concert for school children.
Feb. 25, Philharmonic concert for school children; Luboshutz and Nemenoff.
Feb. 27, Philharmonic Subscription Series.
Feb. 28, Philharmonic Subscription Series.

Conventions

Feb. 2-4, Fact Finding Congress, Institute of American Poultry Industries, Auditorium.
Feb. 8, Missouri Association of Republicans, Hotel Muehlebach.
Feb. 8-10, Midwest Circulation Managers, Hotel President.
Feb. 13-15, American Savings and Loan Institute, Hotel President.
Feb. 13-15, Eagle Picher Sales Meeting, Hotel Phillips.
Feb. 16-17, Midwest Newspaper Advertising Managers, Hotel President.
Feb. 17-22, American Association of Medical Records Librarians, Regional Institute, Hotel Bellevue.
Feb. 18-19, Southwest Conference Blue Cross and Medical Service Plans, Hotel President.
Feb. 20-21, Midwest Feed Manufacturers Association, Hotels Phillips and Muehlebach.
Feb. 22-25, Kansas City Gift Show, Auditorium.
Feb. 28, American Camping Association, Regional, Hotel President.

Dancing

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances on Tuesday and Friday.
(La Fiesta Ballroom, 41st and Main.)
Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday. "Oldtime" dance Wednesday nights. Saturday night "oldtime" dancing at Carpenter's Hall, 3114 The Paseo, under same management.

Drama

(Music Hall)
Feb. 6-9, State of the Union.
Feb. 13-15, Story of Mary Surratt.



Special Events

Feb. 17, Paul Draper, dancer and Larry Adler, harmonica virtuoso, at the Music Hall.
Feb. 21, Red and White Ball sponsored by Young Women's Philharmonic Committee, at the Hotel Continental.



Boxing

Golden Gloves, Feb. 10, 11, 12, 14.

Hockey

(United States Hockey League)
All games at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)
Feb. 2, Houston.
Feb. 9, Dallas.
Feb. 12, Saint Paul.
Feb. 16, Minneapolis.
Feb. 23, Tulsa.

Basketball

Feb. 4, M & O-Hollywood.
Feb. 5, High schools.
Feb. 6, Ponca City-Colorado.
Feb. 7, High schools.
Feb. 8, M & O-Salt Lake.
Feb. 13, M & O-Oklahoma City.
Feb. 14, High schools.
Feb. 17, High schools.
Feb. 18, M & O-Los Angeles.
Feb. 19, High schools.
Feb. 20, M & O-Sacramento.


Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford and Tessman, 26 Troost.
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st : McGee.
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.
Palace, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road
Shepherd's, 520 W. 75th.

It's Smart To Be Seen

at **ANTARCTICA!**

by JAMES McQUEENY



ANY time a penguin gets lost in Antarctica during the next few months all he will have to do is ask nearby explorer for directions.

No matter where the penguin is, it's an even money bet an explorer will be nearby. The seas leading to Antarctica are as crowded as Coney Island on an August Sunday.

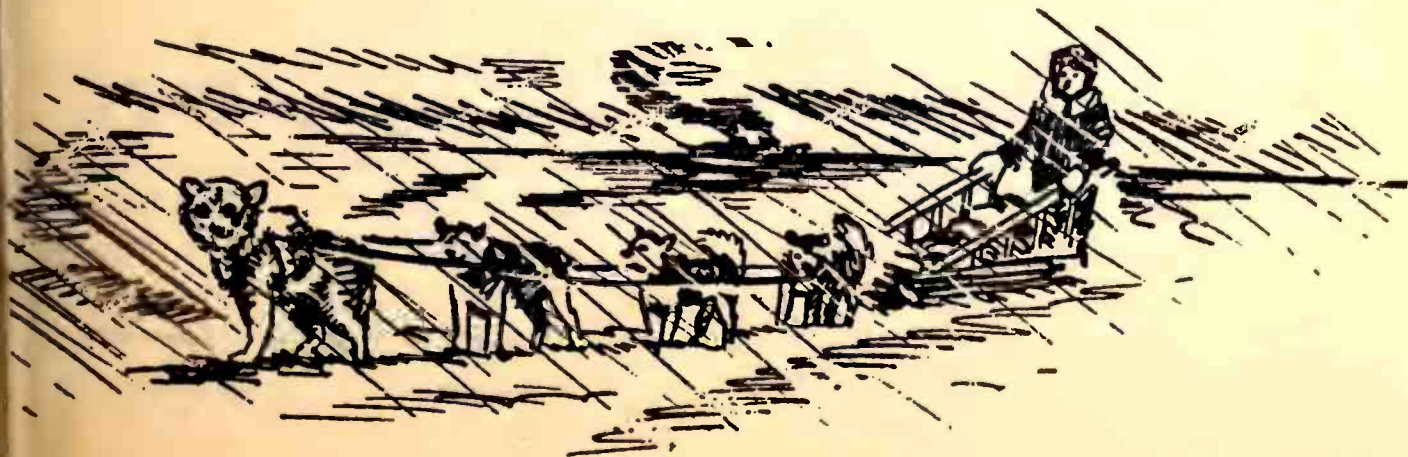
Penguins have been getting all the roughs in the Antarctic for years but they can expect a drop in their Hooper ratings because Bob Hope will be long any day. The navy is going there for uranium so Hope will probably go for irium.

The man who used to name Pullman cars has been hired by the navy to think up disarming names for its missions and he dubbed this one Operation High Jump. The admirals are delighted with the name but the general public has been reluctant to take up for fear it will turn out to be

a new moisturizing process for cigarettes.

When it's winter here it's summer in the South Pole region — but the navy may be too optimistic on this point because when the last of its thirteen ships departed from Norfolk recently they left several boxes of skis on the dock.

Our navy won't have the ice to themselves, however. The British have been there for some time, which may explain the whaleburgers that appeared in London recently. The Russians heard about the whaleburgers so now they have a 10-ship whaling flotilla en route to the Antarctic. For the last quarter century the Norwegians have been popping in there with the same frequency that *Blossom Time* has played Wichita. Australia, Chile, Argentina, France, and Belgium are shopping for snow suits; and another navy man, Commander Finn



Ronne, who accompanied Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd on his last trip, has struck out for himself with a conducted tour of scientists.

By the time noses are counted in the Bay of Whales a month or two hence, the assemblage probably will include, in addition to representatives from the various countries, four or five Hollywood adventurers, the younger Newport crowd, and—possibly—a misrouted company of *Ballet Russe*.

Burton Holmes is expected to add colored slides of Antarctica to his lecture series, and the Bermuda and Havana steamship lines that used to sell *Romance-In-A-Foreign-Country* to coeds and stenographers at fire sale prices are studying the market.

As far back as 1773 Captain Cook condemned the polar regions to everlasting frigidity. At that time he remarked there was a beautiful woman behind every tree there and the trees were only 10,000 miles apart. South polar exploration work has lagged ever since.

Recently, however, the frozen wastes have become frozen assets and uranium is the reason. The navy has issued statements to the effect it doesn't know there is uranium in Antarctica but the Russians and the rest, knowing uranium's propensity for popping up in desolate places, are taking a look for themselves.

The purpose of the trip, the navy blandly states, is the cold weather training of the 4,000 men, and the testing of ships, planes, and equipment, including the firing of various weapons. Admiral Byrd probably fathered this policy because he once

remarked Antarcticists should be trained in Antarctica. Although this policy may, on the surface, appear reasonable, it would be revolutionary for a navy that taught navigation in the desert. Should polar warfare loom likely, you can bet the obstacle courses will be set up in the Orange Bowl instead of the main coolers of Swift & Company.



Although I'm a man who can take his bergs or leave them alone, I feel very kindly toward Admiral Byrd from June of 1929, when I watched New York roll out the red carpet for him following one of his flights, unto some years later.

Being something of a wise guy even at this early date, I had a private theory I was anxious to share with segment of the newspaper readers that Admiral Byrd wasn't getting his full share of public acclaim. There was something about Admiral Byrd that seemed to cloud his popularity. It might have been that he always had his picture taken in white summertime uniform and people mistook him for Dick Powell in a Warner Brothers musical. But at any rate, the Na

York welcome seemed more synthetic than most and I set about to write my story along this line.

This was several years before the philosophic cab driver was introduced into daily newspapers, so in order to get someone to hang my story on I encountered two philosophic street cleaners who were only too anxious to prove the validity of my inference. The white wings outdid each other in supplying me with curbstone estimates of the amounts of ticker tape and telephone directories showered on Admiral Byrd as compared to channel swimmers and shop-worn queens, who were not even in the championship bracket.

These philosophic street cleaners gave me a lot of good stuff and I was a little surprised to hear later that the night editor failed to share my own high opinion of the final copy.

Admiral Byrd dropped out of sight for a time. I lost track of him during the war and figured he was stuck away in an igloo some place while BuPers kicked his file around, but it turned out he was right in the thick of things as a confidential adviser.

Back in the thirties, Admiral Byrd's Antarctic trips weren't at government expense, so he had to discover a sponsor before he could discover anything else. That's in the best tradition of the trade, of course. Columbus nor any of the Golden Age boys would turn a finger until they had negotiated a contract with a king or some private backers. Since Admiral Byrd couldn't get the ear of business with the mere promise of a cargo of ice cubes, he dreamed up a polar version

of the Good Housekeeping Institute. He told manufacturers he would test their products in the ice pack region if they'd give him the stuff to test. They were largely agreeable, and from packers, millers, food processors, and shoemakers he obtained some of the major necessities (sugar, 15 tons; flour, 30 tons; dehydrated vegetables, 30 tons).

But there were still hundreds of other items needed, 53 typewritten pages of them. There were 1,500 pounds of smoking tobacco, 100,000 feet of piano wire for ocean soundings, and 27,000 feet of rawhide for sledge lashings—to mention just a few. So in addition to borrowing a lot of scientific apparatus from college foundations and the government, he organized a varsity squad of contributors. This included such substantial backers as Thomas J. Watson (business machines), Jacob Ruppert (beer), the National Geographic Magazine, and William Horlick (malted milk).

By a fascinating coincidence, I was on Mr. Horlick's pay list at that time also, doing a six-day-a-week juvenile radio serial for him. Mr. Horlick was getting along in years then, and evidently he would occasionally get me mixed up with Admiral Byrd, because he kept sending me vast quantities of malted milk. All I really needed was a new typewriter ribbon and one or two fresh ideas.

Admiral Byrd showed his appreciation by naming the Curtiss Wright Condor plane that he took along the "William Horlick," and by mentioning it on his broadcasts. Competition

is stiff in an outfit like that, so not to be outdone, I called my radio program *Horlick's Circus*. Trouble was, I made a mistake. Mr. Horlick was a faithful listener and I still might be getting huge amounts of malted milk, except that I named an escaped python in one thrilling episode "Maybelle." It turned out that Maybelle was also the name of Mr. Horlick's favorite daughter. From that time on, Antarctic blasts were as zephyrs com-

pared to the chill I got from his advertising agency.

Naturally, under climatic conditions of that sort, my languishing love for the Admiral soon withered and died, since the thing had obviously been his fault. So if he should wonder why I'm not in the swim, so to speak, at Antarctica this season, just tell him that I can't abide an apple-polisher. You'll have to tell him: we're not speaking!



EVERYBODY'S AUTHOR

In the little French town of Dieppe, December 5, 1870, the church bells tolled for one of France's most notorious, if not famous, sons. Alexander Dumas passed from a world that he had peopled with romance and high adventure, dying after four years of abject poverty.

Dumas left behind him a galaxy of legendary heroes and heroines whose exploits have delighted the world for nearly a century, *The Count of Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, *The Man in the Iron Mask*, *Louise De La Valliere*, being just a few.

In his own day, this fabulous grandson of a French marquis did more than all his contemporaries combined to give French literature a world-wide audience. His works were avidly read both by the proletariat and great names of his day—among them Thackeray and Dickens. He was perhaps the most-read novelist of our grandmother's day. There is scarcely an old home-library that does not include a dusty set of his works.

Dumas was not over-scrupulous in his search for ideas. He took his material where he found it, but his ideas of literary property were vague, to say the least. He was notorious for his novel "factory" where he had a half hundred writers transforming works of unknown authors into Dumas masterpieces. As a result, Dumas was the "author" of 298 volumes. In 1832, he had to leave France due to charges of plagiarism.

Nevertheless old Dumas and his works are still tops in romantic thrills. He made millions from them, and as quickly lost his fortunes. He was thriftless and extravagant. On returns from *The Count of Monte Cristo* alone, he built a palace called "Monte Cristo," lived in it for a few years, and sold it at a fraction of its original five hundred thousand francs cost in order to pay his debtors. In 1851 Dumas fled his creditors and for the next nineteen years wandered in search of copy.

Despite the disrepute which has tinged his name and reputation, Dumas' works have done widespread good. As the defender of the people, even through such obvious devices as his "Robin Hood" heroes, he pointed the finger of public wrath at many public evils contemporary to his time. For this reason his champions have given him the paradoxical three-fold title: Alexander Dumas—Novelist, Plagiarist, Crusader!



by ROSEMARY HAWARD

As the Ides of March draw near, Americans take new interest in an old, old subject.

WITH the start of each new year and the attendant approach of income tax time, America becomes money-conscious on a grand scale. Financial experts and market analysts go off on a numerical field day. Graph-makers do a rush business, and the layman glances up from his personal budget sheet long enough to gasp at figures running into 12 digits.

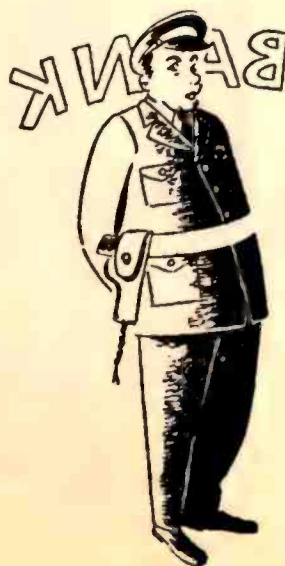
It is the season when Mr. Ordinary man becomes conscious of the intricate but massive machinery of production and finance, and of the ponderous banking system which serves him competently and quietly throughout all the seasons.

One area that is this year coming for more than its usual share of attention is the rich Marketland supplied by Kansas City.

To know banking in Kansas City is to know the Tenth Federal Reserve District. This district, with Kansas City, Missouri, as headquarters, is the second largest of twelve Federal Reserve Districts in the United States.

It covers a mere strip of western Missouri, portions of New Mexico and Oklahoma, and all of Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado and Kansas. During the last few years, it has become one of the richest in the country. And the banking industry in Kansas City has progressed proportionately.

The year 1946 brought unparalleled prosperity to Kansas City and the Tenth Federal Reserve District. With the dissolving of price controls, agriculture and livestock products of Kansas and Oklahoma, Colorado and Wyoming brought higher prices than at any other time in history. All-time highs were also recorded in Missouri and Nebraska. The people of the area found they had literally more money than they "knew what to do with." Wanted appliances, automobiles and other items were not available, so the newly found wealth was put to work



in government securities and savings in Federal Reserve member banks throughout the Tenth District. Since these member banks make up over half the volume of Kansas City banking establishments, most of the

wealth of the area centered in Kansas City. The annual bank statements for the year 1946 showed that the period had produced greater wealth, showed a greater flow of sums through the Kansas City clearing house, than at any other time in history.

This prosperity was not the result of just one year's trade. It was the cumulative result of growing prosperity since 1939.

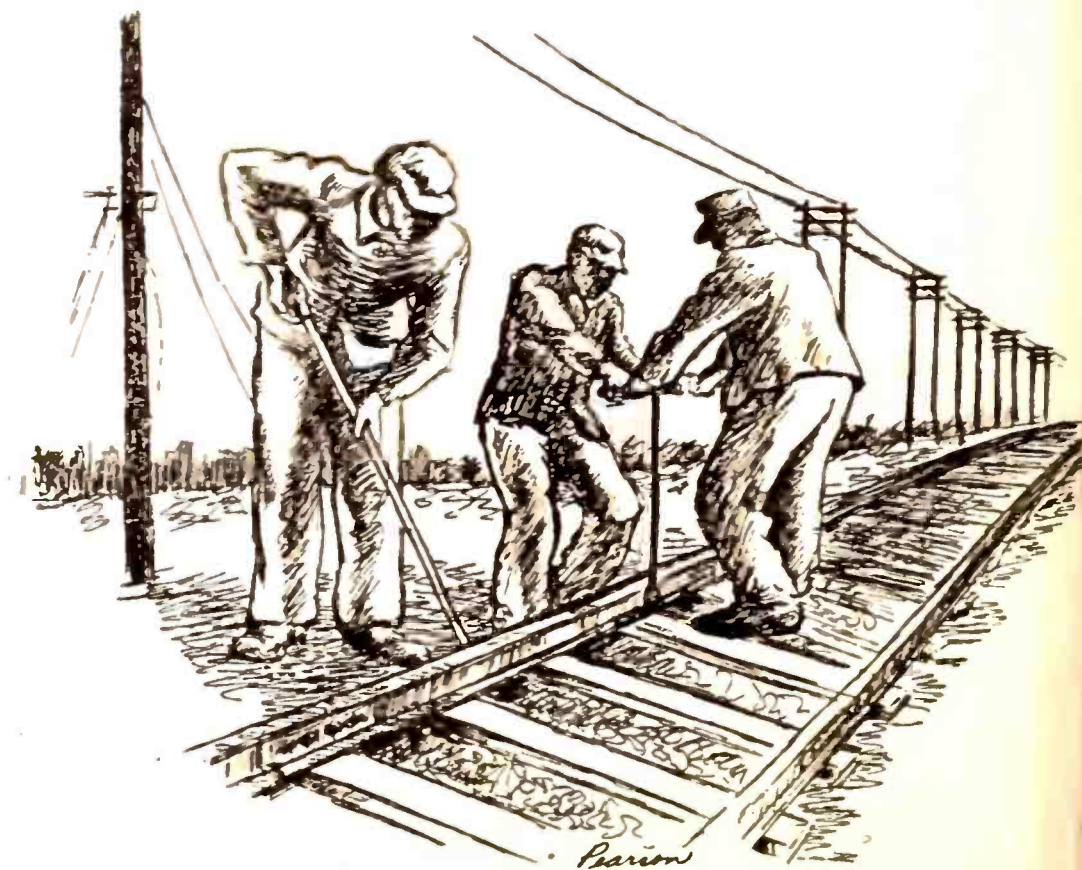
In the years previous to 1939, the trend was definitely away from prosperity. The stock market crash of 1929, the bank failures of '32, the subsequent recessions—all were ample evidence of an unprosperous era. The banks of Kansas City suffered relatively as much as did the farmers of the dust bowl wastes. Prosperity was always just around the corner, but the corner wasn't in sight.

When the war in Europe became an actuality instead of a long-dreaded possibility, a positive impetus to business was felt first in large industrial centers of the country. In the wake of this, Midwest business and agriculture awoke with a start from a ten-year lethargy. Preparedness was the byword, the order of the day. Under the goading of Uncle Sam, and with the

aid of his financial backing, industry throughout the nation took a lunge forward. And in the farm sections of the Middlewest, a surge of new life was felt. Government subsidies and higher prices made it worthwhile for the farmer to remain on his land, rather than to depart to the new jobs offered in city factories.

The years 1939 to 1941 saw what appeared to be a phenomenal increase in prosperity in the Tenth Federal Reserve District of the United States. But in subsequent years, this two-year increase proved to be amazingly small. Under the artificial stimulation of an impending world war, the area proved itself to be the bread basket of the nation, if not the world.

When the United States entered World War II at the end of 1941, the need for location of war industries in the Midwest, away from the more vulnerable coastal regions, became apparent. Tremendous amounts



of money began to pour into Kansas City and other spots in the Tenth District with the founding of plants and industries for the development of implements of war. Hand-in-hand with this gigantic influx of industry, money, and people came greater and more insistent urgings by the government upon the farmers and livestock men of the district. More grain. More cattle. More of everything raised on the farm. The people, who a few short years before had struggled to find the next meal, were caught up in this wave of insistence and grew the needed produce and grain.

Kansas City banks, which had heard the mutterings of a seemingly unending depression, became the focal point for prosperity of the area.

The reason Kansas City handles the wealth of the Midwest lies basically in the fact that it is a great transportation center. Both railroads and trucklines throughout the southwest and central United States converge in Kansas City, bringing with them their rich cargoes of area products. Business transactions are completed at the time of delivery, and since so many of the area products are marketed in Kansas City, a great need for interchangeable products logically arises. Just as the people of the area supply the nation, so they are supplied by the nation. It is an endless chain of commerce and agriculture.

One indication of prosperity is manifested in record bank deposits. During the years from 1939 to 1946, Kansas City averaged fourth among all Federal Reserve Districts in expan-

sion of bank deposit volume. During the war, bank deposits in Kansas City nearly doubled.

This upward spiral of bank deposit volume which had its beginning in 1939 reached a climax in 1945. Deposits in greater Kansas City banks at the beginning of that period totaled nearly 500 million dollars; at the end of that period, 1,300 million dollars. This was due largely to an increase in public credit.

The publication of the 1946 bank statement showed that 1946 had brought steady withdrawals by the Treasury to retire its debt of nearly twenty billion dollars. Loans, on the other hand, showed an increase, probably due to increased borrowing by business to maintain production at higher price levels.

The fact that the peak of bank deposits has been reached and passed should cause no alarm since the record, in large part, was a direct result of the retirement of debt by the United States Government.

"This reduction in bank deposits has been chiefly the result of the retirement of debt by the United States Government, although a contraction in interbank deposits has also been a factor. The Government has retired 113 billion dollars of debt since the beginning of March (1946). The funds used by the Treasury for this purpose have been its war loan accounts with banks, which have been reduced 14 billion dollars. In other words, the Treasury has been retiring debt with funds previously borrowed. Insofar as the Government securities paid off have been held by banks (including the Federal Reserve banks), the transactions have reduced

war loan deposits without any offsetting increase in other deposits. The net effect of the retirement of Government securities in the hands of nonbank holders has been a shift from war loan deposits to private deposits. Thus, it is the reduction in the Government security holdings of the banking system that has brought about the reduction in bank deposits.”

(1)

Record breaking was not limited to bank deposits alone. During 1946, department store trade showed a twenty-six per cent increase in dollar volume for the October period over that same period of the previous year. With suspension of price controls in the livestock field in October, a marked increase in industrial production was seen in that field. Flour milling operations in October were twelve per cent above those of September. Crude oil production in each of the six oil-producing states of the area showed five per cent over that of the same period for 1945. Increased employment was noted in nearly all fields.

In view of these facts, the logical question is, “Will Kansas City and the Tenth Federal Reserve District continue along this upward trend in prosperity?” According to predictions by the Department of Agriculture, this is very unlikely. Both prices and income are expected to decrease.

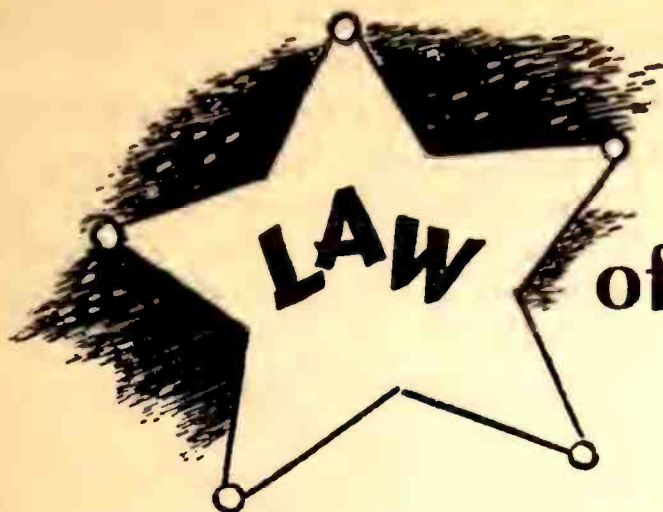
There will be a general shifting of funds to industrial sections, as the car-hungry and appliance-starved Mid-

westerners buy products produced in other industrial centers of the nation, which they have not been able to purchase for over five years. The general prediction for the whole nation can apply very well to the Kansas City area, however. According to present indications there will be a short recession caused by high costs and the price and labor situations, followed by an era of prosperity.

It looks like Mr. Ordinary Man has finally rounded that corner!



(1) “The Changing Volume and Regional Distribution of Bank Deposits” Clarence W. Tow.



of the LONE STAR

by VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

Roy Bean and his beer-drinking bear once dispensed drinks and justice west of the Pecos. The law was one-sided, but it was swift and sure!

NEVER one to let a penny, honest or otherwise, slip through his fingers, Roy Bean, erstwhile bullwhacker, blockade-runner, and at the moment saloon-keeper, got himself named justice of the peace at Langtry, Texas, in 1882. From then until his death in 1903 Roy Bean proclaimed himself, and was, the "Law West of the Pecos." His courtroom was the Jersey Lily, named for Lily Langtry, although Bean never saw the English actress upon whom was conferred the honor of having the town and saloon named for her.

Born in Old Kentucky, Bean was nearly sixty before he settled down to preside over the lawless Pecos country. His stiff neck with deep red rope burn carefully concealed by a bandana represented not only personal knowledge of the "judge, jury, and executioner, one and the same" school of law, but also his admission to the Texas Bar. It was his only evidence that he had ever encountered the law. His legal library, while not extensive, was adequate as well as convenient.

It consisted of the *Revised Statutes of Texas for 1876*, and was handily located beneath the bar for quick reference.

Judge Bean turned the pages of his reference library rapidly on the occasion when a man was brought before him charged with killing a Chinese railroad worker. Exhausted by his study, he intoned sentence: "This here is the complete statutes of this state from the Alamo on, and there ain't a damned line in it nowheres that makes killing a Chinaman illegal. The pris'ner is discharged on condition he pays for havin' the Chinaman buried."

On another occasion he was too busy to bother with the statute book. This was when a deputy constable, Reb Wise, who was a Pecos rancher, brought in a cattle rustler for trial. Business at the bar was rewardingly active, almost more than Roy and Oscar, his long-time assistant, could handle. Bean regarded the deputy and his prisoner with profound distaste, deeply resenting the intrusion.

Jerking his head toward the prisoner, the Judge asked, "What's the charge, Reb?" He continued methodically to open bottles of foaming Triple-X beer.

"Cattle rustlin'," Reb Wise said, adding after a slight pause which in no way implied disrespect, but merely forgetfulness, "Your Honor."

"Positive he's guilty?"

"I'll say I am. Caught him with a runnin' iron on one of my best calves, Judge." The rancher was emphatic.

Judge Bean, still busy at the bar, glanced at the unhappy prisoner and for the first time noticed that the prisoner's left ear was dripping blood. "Who plugged his ear?" he asked curiously.

"I did, Your Honor. He wouldn't stop till I shot at him."

"Next time don't shoot at the head," the Judge admonished. "Too easy for a prisoner to get killed that-a-way and get out of the punishment he deserves. You're real shore he's guilty?"

"Didn't I tell you, Judge, I caught him brandin' my calf?"

"All right, Reb, hold your horses," Bean said. To a new arrival at the bar he nodded. "Name your pizen, feller." As he reached for a bottle, the Judge continued. "All right. This court finds the accused guilty as charged. Rustlin's the worst crime there is, and the worst punishment I know of right handy is hanging. I hereby sentence him to be hanged. Reb, I'm busy as hell, so you and some of your compadres take this ornery guy out and hang him to the handiest tree, will you? Only instruc-

tions from the court is that you make sure it's some place where his cronies'll be damned shore to see him. That's my rulin'. Court's adjourned. What'll it be down there for you, Sam?"

When the bar business was thin, and Oscar could handle it alone, Judge Bean drew a nice distinction between the bar of justice and that of the saloon. On such occasions he pulled the judge's bench—a beer keg—up to a rickety table on which he placed the *Revised Statutes of Texas for 1876*. He would then announce in his stentorian voice:

"Hear ye! Hear ye! This honorable court is now in session. If anybody wants a snort before we start, step right over to the bar and name your pizen. Court's temporarily adjourned in favor of thirst."

It was Bean's solemn conviction that only good patrons of the Jersey Lily were suitable for jury duty. Such customers could be depended on to



transfer their attentions to the saloon bar during the frequent intermissions the Judge called, and thus profits were not interferred with because of justice. Non-drinking jurors were not worth a plugged nickel to the Judge, to whom financial rewards stuck as close as Texas mud. In proof of his economic acumen, Bean once "commuted" the sentence for horse-stealing from hanging to a \$300 fine, after he read over the prisoner's shoulder a last letter to his mother enclosing \$400. Another time, when an Easterner was found dead with a six-shooter and \$40 on his person, the man was brought to the saloon on a buckboard. Judgment was swift. "Wal, now," Bean said in his capacity as coroner, "I've got to bury this poor devil, and it's hard digging around here. I hereby fine this defendant forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon."

The only known occasions when any man ever tried to get the better of Judge Bean are two; in one case only was the Judge the loser. In the other case, a scalawag partner in a hog ranch deal did Bean out of considerable money. Bean sued the partner before himself. He issued a citation, and the partner duly appeared. Judge Bean spoke in his own behalf and testified before himself. The decision was brief and to the point. The court held that "the Plaintiff, who is the court itself, will take one-half the hogs; the other half the Constable will sell at public auction to pay Plaintiff's damages and the cost of suit."

His perplexed partner was, in truth, a silent partner in this deal.

It took a traveling whiskey sales-

man to put one over on Bean, and he did so with a vengeance. When the salesman was calling at the Jersey Lily, he naturally bought drinks for



the house. This included Bruno, Bean's pet bear, a character well known in the section. In totting up the salesman's drinks purchased, Bean slyly counted in a number of empty bottles, but his eyes bulged when the salesman brought out a new crisp twenty dollar bill. Bean put it reverently in the cash drawer.

"Don't I get any change, Judge?"

"The only change you got coming is a change of heart," the Judge replied. "And by God you need one. Now git."

The salesman left, pausing only to shake his fist at the bear. Bruno's eyes were innocent as he continued to enjoy his bottle of free suds.

A few weeks later Judge Bean was in San Antonio, bending elbows with some friends at a hotel bar. The whiskey salesman came in and joined them. He and the Judge exchanged

friendly greetings, ignoring their last meeting.

"Been in my town lately?" the Judge asked him.

"Sure have," the drummer replied.

"Everything all right?"

"Fine. Except Bruno. He's dead."

"The hell you say!" Judge Bean was profoundly shocked. He loved the bear, and besides, Bruno had always been very handy in helping sober up drunks. This was accomplished by the stake and chain method. A drunk was chained to a



stake, and so was the bear. When the drunk came to and discovered the bear, he usually sobered up completely before finding out that the chain on the bear was shorter than his own.

"Is your word still good?" the drummer asked.

"By God, you ever hear of Roy Bean going back on his word?"

"No, but you remember you prom-

ised me Bruno's hide if anything happened to him. Will you send a telegram to Oscar and tell him to ship the hide to me?"

"Yes, by God," Bean boomed, although he had no recollection of making such a promise. The telegram was written and signed right in the bar.

Oscar, back at Langtry, was greatly surprised, not to say pained, when he received the following telegram:

Skin Bruno and ship hide to Sam
Better at San Antonio.

ROY BEAN

But the Judge was law west of the Pecos, so Oscar dutifully followed instructions.

When the Judge returned, his first question was, "What did Bruno die of?"

"Buckshot, naturally," Oscar replied.

"You mean you killed him?" Bean asked.

"Sure."

"Why in tarnation did you do that?"

"I couldn't skin him alive, could I?"

This was the end of the conversation, and Bruno was never mentioned from that day until Judge Bean died. Not even by the whiskey salesman Sam Better, who eventually made another call at the Jersey Lily, on which occasion there was considerable change from a twenty dollar bill when he bought drinks for the house



During the Coolidge administration, an overnight guest at the White House found himself involved in a fine mesh of etiquette. At the family breakfast table he was seated at the President's right hand. To his surprise, he saw Coolidge take his coffee cup, pour the greater part of its contents into the deep saucer, and add cream and sugar. Hastily, the guest followed suit.

When he had accomplished this, he was suddenly frozen with horror to see Coolidge take his own saucer and place it on the floor for the cat!



by LEO FREEDMAN

WHEN Russel Crouse was sports columnist for the Kansas City Star—which he left when World War I beckoned—he had the reputation of being an individualist and a very funny fellow. The belief still persists that something new has been added. Editorial writers from coast to coast feel that Russel Crouse—and his co-author, Howard Lindsay—should be writing the nation's political platforms as well as shaping the nation's humor. It has been a long road from the sports column to political commentator, but anyone who knows "Buck" Crouse knows that it has always been an exciting road, and mainly a merry one.

Generally when two persons merge and coalesce their talents to form a partnership they lose some of their individuality. The Lindsay-Crouse combination is something different. Individually neither has suffered, and collectively they have achieved an outstanding position in the theatre and in the American scene. They are the

authors of the perennial *Life with Father* and the 1946 Pulitzer Prize play, *State of the Union*—a comedy that has been almost continuously commented upon in the press since it opened over a year ago, and which brought forth the suggestion, "Lindsay and Crouse, individually or collectively, should be asked to write the platforms of both major political parties."

After the first World War Russel Crouse found himself in New York. He remained there. Maybe he did not have the fare back to Kansas City. After working on the New York Globe and Evening Mail he joined the New York Post and from 1925 to 1931 wrote a column of humor for the Post. This was the book writing period of his career. In 1930 he published *Mr. Currier and Mr. Ives* and followed it the next year with *It Seems Like Yesterday*. In 1932 he authored *Murder Won't Out* and later the same year, *The American Keepsake*.

Up to 1930 Mr. Crouse's interest in the theatre was wholly as a member of the audience. In 1931, how-

ever, he wrote the book for the musical *The Gang's All Here* with Ted Healy in the cast, and later collaborated with Cory Ford on the Joe Cook musical *Hold Your Horses*. The same year he left the Post to become General Press Representative for the Theatre Guild. The theatre had snared another admirer, and claimed him for one of its own.



The Russel Crouse-Howard Lindsay collaboration began in 1934. Its first venture was *Anything Goes*, a Vinton Freedley produced musical comedy with William Gaxton, Victor Moore and Ethel Merman in the leading roles. It was the beginning of a writing and theatrical partnership that has been unequalled in theatrical history. True, there have been Gilbert and Sullivan and several other creative combinations, but where has there been one that worked in close harmony, with mutual respect, and turned out so many meritorious offerings? Gilbert and Sullivan refused to speak to one another, and collaborated by messenger.

After *Anything Goes*, the Lindsay-Crouse combination turned out *Red, Hot and Blue* and later *Hooray for What!* *Life with Father* followed, and then they made their debuts as

producers with the hit plays *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *The Hasty Heart*.

State of the Union, their latest offering, is in a class all by itself. Not only because it is a Pulitzer Prize play and one of the most successful comedies to appear on Broadway in the past decade, but because it is an American play which is as up-to-the-minute as today's newspaper. There has never been a play like it; there has never been a play that has been—and is being—constantly rewritten to keep its comedy sparkling and its action pertinent to the American scene. With the possible exception of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, there has never been a play which has been the subject of as many editorials; nor ever before in the history of the American Theatre has it been suggested that playwrights write the political platforms—if they would not consider running for the presidency. And it has not been a gag. Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have been proposed by several political commentators to head a presidential ticket. It is a flattering suggestion, but the Lindsay-Crouse heads have not been turned; Buck and Howard would rather write the nation's plays than head the nation's government.

The uniqueness of the Lindsay and Crouse writing combination rests in their peculiar ability to blend their personalities—each of which is distinctive—into a combination that is greater than either one of them. In every partnership that has existed heretofore it has been comparatively easy to assay the contribution of each member of the writing team. Not so with Howard Lindsay and Russel

Crouse! Their plays are a joint output and not even the authors are able to tell what each has contributed to the finished product.

Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse never work alone. They discuss a play for months before sitting down to write. *Life with Father* was a subject for discussion for two years before the first word was written. *State of the Union* was in the "talking" stage for 18 months before Buck touched the typewriter. By that time it was impossible for either of them to remember which one had made any certain suggestion. The truth of the matter is that the suggestions and lines had almost joint origination, for they talk out the scenes, lines and even words until they come to an agreement.

Buck does the typing, the same one-finger technique he employed in his days on the Kansas City Star. Howard Lindsay does the pacing. It is estimated that Howard has covered more than 38,000 miles in their thirteen years of partnership. Up to the actual time of writing they are accessible to all and the Hoyle Poker Club. Once they begin the tedious task of setting words down on paper they hide away in Howard Lindsay's Greenwich Village house and no one can reach them.

On various occasions they have been called upon to state their individual

contributions to each play. They don't know. Buck claims that Howard Lindsay has a greater knowledge of the theatre, but he bases this statement on the fact that Mr. Lindsay is an actor and director as well as an author and therefore he assumes that Howard must know more about the theatre. Howard Lindsay says that Russel Crouse has a sharper sense of comedy, but this belief is founded on the fact that Buck has conducted a column of humor and has a reputation of being a wit which should give him greater claim to knowing a laugh when he meets one on a dark night. But Howard Lindsay has pulled many a "nifty" on his own, and Buck has shown on many occasions a keen theatrical sense. Who contributes what is the Lindsay-Crouse mystery that not even the authors can solve. Nor do they care to do so. A combination that can create a *State of the Union* and a *Life with Father*—not to mention their other triumphs—need not explain itself.

At the present time they are discussing *Life with Mother*. It has been in the talking stage for years. Any day now they will disappear from their offices in the Hudson Theatre in New York City, where the Broadway company of *State of the Union* is housed, and will not appear again until they have a script under their collective arm.



DARTS and

FLOWERS

by EVELYN NOLT

Dear Bing:

Though you think you can sing,
When your vocal cords ping,
I think you should swing
for it!

Lanky,

Frankie

Dear Bow-Tie:

You may be thin as a rail
And get more fan mail
than I do,
But how's about confessin'
You could do with a lesson
maybe two!

The crooning' king,

Bing

Dear Portia:

If while you're bravely
Facing life
In the darkness
You should grope
And would like
To end it all
I will gladly
Furnish rope!

The Complete Listener!

Dear Sponsor:

Everyone knows I get paid
By a Schick Razor Blade
Push—Pull—Click, Clack and Ted
Husing.

But unless some knave
Wants a darned close shave
We'd better start being amusing!

Your mouth-organ,

Morgan



Henry:

From my offices on the Razor's
Edge
I've listened to your air parade.
In the future our slogan
will be repeated 3 times every
3 minutes:
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade"
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade"
"A Schick Injector Razor for every
gay blade."
Check, Chick?
Push—Pull—Click—Click,

Schick



Dear Hillbilly:

Although you play the git-tar
And sing of Kaintuck Hills,
Of ropings past and roundups last
And Tipton's tonic pills,
You foully murder every song
By yodeling through your nose.
This valentine to thee and thine—
A thorn encircled rose!

Fondly,

Earmuffs

Dear Mr. Anthony:

Seven years ago
My husband left me
With six small children
The oldest, nine!
Now, here's my problem:
Do you think
I should send
That B——d a Valentine?

The heart that couldn't be broken.

Dear Mr. Hope:

Hearts and flowers are all right for
you
But I'd like a Valentine six foot two!

Not so Vera,

Vague

Chase:

I think we have grounds for a
partnership!

Completely pulverized,

Sanborn

Allen:

In spite of all
Your hy-bred corn
You'd be in a spot
Without Claghorn.
Also,
If you'd stop eating
Those eggs on your show,
Your eyes would lose
Their yellow glow.

Wish I had lots more,

Jack

Pinch-penny Benny:

You needn't worry
About old-age,
And don't say I'm not pally—
There's a violin
And music-stand
For you in Allen's Alley!

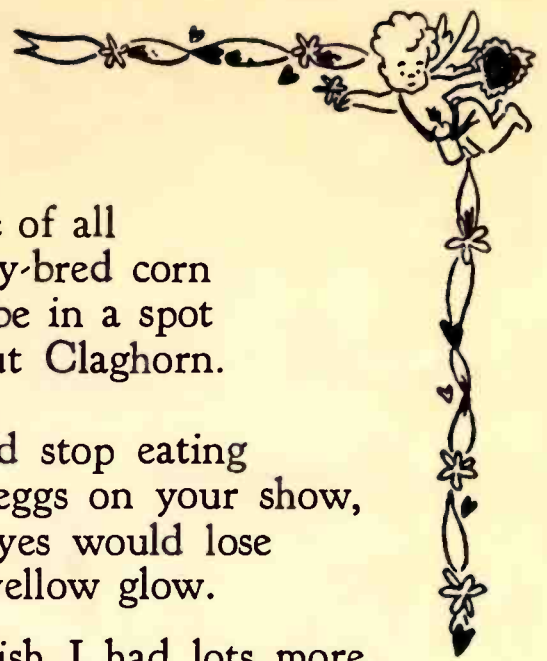
Raisin Bread,

Fred

Dear "I Dood It:"

Instead of a lace-trimmed heart
I'm sending you this coffin
Because you've done it
Once too often!

It's not Cupid, kiddies!





• DON
FITZGERALD

"The boss was paying her \$35 a week, but his wife gives her \$60 to stay home!"

Jack, move ova—
Here comes Pavlova!



Queens of the DANCE!

by GRIER LOWRY

IN THE glassed-in cubicle an ex-gunner on a Super Fortress was gracefully executing the intricate steps of the rumba. Across the way, a tall red-head in uniform was dancing with a shapely young woman who smiled approvingly up at him as he smoothly moved his feet to the soft strains of a waltz.

"He spent a year in a Japanese prison camp," explained our pretty pin-up guide. "When he came to us he was shy and morose. Doesn't he look fine?" We looked at the youth again. A good-looking guy—a woman might be inclined to call him "cute"—he looked in the pink. Small wonder—with a queen like that in his arms!

The Queen was an Arthur Murray girl; she has dozens of queenly counterparts in studios dotting the country.

Since 1921, when Arthur Murray began to pioneer dance instruction, dancing schools have become big business; a flock of other big-name dance purveyors have penetrated the field. Many of Murray's competitors are successful and prosperous and turn out superior instruction, but Arthur

Murray continues to be a magic name in the industry, his studios lure an ever-increasing number of citizens who, for a wide assortment of reasons, decide to take up dancing.

When Arthur Murray studios came on the dancing horizon, few people danced after they were married. Marriage was the signal to abandon such frivolous nonsense. The Castle Walk, the one-step, the two-step, the Bunny Hug, and the Tango were all the rage. Fellows and their gals were humming such popular arias as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "I Want to be Happy," "Somebody Stole My Gal," "Barney Google," and "Tea for Two."

The boys around the poolrooms joked about girls who walked back from buggy rides. A girl was reported smoking at a college sorority house and the rest of the girls threatened to leave unless she was put out.

The Corn Belt came in for some torrid criticism from *The Ladies Home Journal*, which said that Midwesterners were "trotting to perdition." Supposed to be a citadel of righteousness, shamed *The Journal*, the Midwest was

"jazzing" itself into "moral smallpox." Jazz bands were drowning out the noise of the threshing machine.

Jiving Jacks who patronized dancing salons of 1921 wore striped silk shirts, pepper and salt mixture suits, fastened their ties in tight little knots.

Girls of dancing age encased themselves in flesh-colored hose, petticoats, bust-confiners, ruffled skirts and square-necked blouses. Bobbed-hair devotees wore hair clipped page-boy fashion, pulled brim hats over their eyes.

It was an interesting era in which Arthur Murray quietly launched his modest venture which soon was to enliven the dancing scene with its streamlined instruction and the alert Arthur Murray girl, who, then as now, was a girl any American young man could proudly escort to the movies, a dance, or home to meet his mother.

A striking combination of beauty, personality, intelligence and grace, the Arthur Murray girl jitterbugs, rumbas and fox-trots eighteen miles a day, as checked by a pedometer. She undergoes rigid personality, I.Q., and diacritical tests before being placed on the faculty. She is selected for such characteristics as height, her ability to get along with people, sincerity and dancing prowess. Snobbishness is taboo. At dance elimination tryouts, she is screened with hundreds of applicants who yearn for the advantages of the Arthur Murray girl—the lush salary checks and the opportunity to imbue in others the enjoyment of dancing.

Her terpsichorean repertoire includes 112 variations of dance steps.

She teaches fourteen pupils daily, starts her day at 1 p.m., ends it at 10:00. From one until two, she attends sales meetings which put sorority Truth Meetings to shame for the critical analysis she receives from her teaching comrades, dance supervisors,



and the studio manager. Hair-styling, clothing, and her dancing faults are sharply criticized. B.O. or halitosis victims are informed of their imperfections, asked to eliminate them forthwith.

From two until five p.m., she swirls around the studio with pupils with whom she has been matched because their personalities and traits resemble hers. A shy pupil is matched with a shy teacher; the pupil improves more quickly with a partner of like characteristics, tastes, etc. At five, she goes to dinner, and upon return is given a scalp rub and other refresher treatments. From 6 p.m. until 10:00, she teaches.

She wears out eight pairs of play shoes (standard equipment for dance teachers) every year. Her most constant fear is that one of her pupils will get fresh; yet one studio manager has had to reprimand only two pupils

in the past five years for making passes at the pretty dancing instructors. The thousands of others who have curbed their impulses deserve the orchids they get from this masculine observer.

As she expounds the intricacies of *la danse*, the instructor seeks topics for conversation that will relax her partner. Average student is an inhibited, frustrated, shy, individual with a defeatist complex. Building up his confidence is perhaps the most important part of the teachers' job. But in the arms of the competent girls, dancing novices usually warm up to the task.

How does an Arthur Murray girl spend her nights? She goes dancing, frequently dances until dawn. But not with her pupils. Often she dates male members of the faculty. It is an unwritten law of the Murray system that teachers cannot go out with pupils; hence, no marriages between teachers and pupils are recorded. But marriages between members of the faculty abound, and the common interest on which such marital ties are founded is dancing.

What is the trend in dancing? It is simply to learn to dance, according to one handsome studio manager. Eighty percent of Americans have not discovered the sheer enjoyment that can come from the one-two-three kick of the conga, or the swingy zest of the rumba, currently favorite dances.

On the West Coast, dance studios cater to sophisticates, who must learn every tricky, transitory dance fad in their endeavors to keep up with the Joneses. In other parts of the coun-

try, students are quite content to undergo tutelage in the more lasting steps. Not quite so polished, they are more sensible about their dancing education.

A personable young lady, the typical Murray girl is 22 years of age, well above par in looks, possesses an attractive figure and a wonderful sense of humor. Financially independent, her weekly salary ranges from \$67.50 upward.

Queried regarding the favorable aspects of her job, she is very likely to launch forth on a testimonial tangent that makes a Florida Chamber of Commerce brochure sound rather timid.

. . . the fascinating people she meets . . . the beautiful figures on her salary check . . . the chance she has to rehabilitate the boys . . . the lively parties given by Arthur Murray personnel (Arthur Murray people are chronic party-throwers) . . . etc., etc., etc.



A fun-loving sort, America's dance studio girls are steadfast in one resolve—showing others the way to more enjoyment from living through learning how to dance.

ACCORDING TO THE *Stars*

*For Those Born
January 20 to February 19*



by NELLE CARTER

IF YOU were born January 20 to February 19, your sun is in Aquarius, the sign of the water-bearer, ruled by the planet Uranus.

Aquarius people possess great magnetism and strong personality, often being endowed with remarkable talents. Many whose names appear in the Hall of Fame were born in this highly gifted sign. Among others, we find Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Horace Greeley, and Thomas Edison.

People born under this sign are deep thinkers and are interested in new ideas, often rendering great service to humanity through their efforts along social, fraternal or political lines. In business or professional fields they are successful in any department where their original and progressive ideas can be utilized. Many inventors, explorers, fliers, personnel directors, as well as those interested in scientific research or in social service, are born under this sign.

It has been said that Aquarius is the only sign in the Zodiac that produces women who are capable of a purely Platonic friendship. These

women are idealistic and individualistic, and while they are greatly interested in people, usually have an untouchable, "hands off" quality. They are very devoted mothers, but unlike the Cancer mother, never seek to tie their offspring to themselves. They love gay, stimulating color in their clothing, but due to their artistic taste, never appear gaudy. The amethyst and sapphire are their talismanic gems.

The most harmonious mate for a native of Aquarius is one with sun in Gemini (May 21 to June 21), Libra (September 23 to October 23), or Leo (July 23 to August 23).

If you are an Aquarian, Saturn is now transiting that department of your chart dealing with other people in business or personal life, partnerships or marriages; and as he opposes your sun, it may seem to you that people are less sympathetic and understanding than usual. You must adjust yourself to facts as you find them, tactfully and graciously. Or if the adjustment requires too great a sacrifice, you may have to make changes, but be sure they are justified.

Until October 24, Jupiter will lend support in gaining prestige and public recognition, and along lines of business or professional expansion.

With Neptune stimulating the "higher mind," this year should also bring a chance to gain through writing, publishing, traveling and distant contacts.

The mad monk of Moscow had nine lives. Could he really have ten?



No Disputin'— *it ain't* Rasputin!

by JOHN BROBERG

A SHORT time ago, a press service filed a story—with an Anchorage, Alaska, dateline—giving evidence that Rasputin, the so-called “Mad Monk of Russia” might still be alive. The service didn't vouch for the truthfulness of the tale . . . it simply reported what natives of an island off Kodiak, in the barren Aleutian chain, are whispering among themselves about a monk named Schmaltz, whom they say is Rasputin. This mysterious figure now stands guard over the frozen tomb of a Russian priest called “Father Herman.”

Father Herman left Moscow exactly 148 years ago, way back in 1799. But before he left, he told his congregation he would return in 150 years. He then took to the road as a wanderer, and that same year died at Kodiak and was buried in a tomb on the island. Since that time, priests of the Greek Orthodox church have kept a constant vigil at the tomb of Father Herman.

Rasputin, as history records, was murdered in the underground rooms of the Tsarist palace in Leningrad in 1917. But two years later, in 1919—and this, history does not record—a Russian Monk, calling himself Gera-

sim Schmaltz, turned up at Kodiak, and without being asked, became the self-appointed guardian of Father Herman's tomb. Nobody knew anything about Schmaltz. He was a large man with a frowzy beard and long black hair slicked down with grease. His eyes were blue, deep-set and compelling, as Rasputin's were—the eyes of a hypnotist. The man resembled Rasputin, but if anyone asked him about it, he became angry and refused to talk.

The famed Alaskan artist, Eustace Ziegler, his interest piqued, took up his camera and headed for Kodiak. Schmaltz shut up like a clam and glowered. But Ziegler snapped a picture of him, took it back to Anchorage and developed it. Then he opened his paints, and with historical photos to guide him, painted onto the picture the gaudy ceremonial robes Rasputin had worn on occasion. Ziegler reported the astounding result—his retouched photo amazingly resembled the old pictures of the mad Monk.

To lend credence to the story, the press service points out that were Rasputin living, he would be only 73 years old, and that's just about the age of Schmaltz, the monk, who keeps

his stubborn and lonely vigil at the tomb of Father Herman.

All of which makes a good story. But there are certain facts in the case of Rasputin that cannot be overlooked, and when you add them up there's no disputin' — Schmaltz ain't Rasputin!

Grigori Efimovich Rasputin was born a peasant in the northern Russian province of Pokrovskoe. There was nothing unusual about him until his elder brother died of pneumonia. Mischa had fallen into the icy waters of a stream, Grigori had saved him, but the brother suffered an inflammation of the lungs from exposure and died a few hours later. It was then Grigori underwent a curious change. For weeks he lay in his bed—his eyes burning with fever. One evening a group of neighbors gathered in the Rasputin kitchen, where Grigori slept close to the warmth of the fireplace. They were discussing the theft of a horse, and who the possible culprit might be.

Suddenly the sick child rose from his bed and walked over to the peasants. His cheeks were pale as death. His eyes glittered. He sprang onto the shoulders of one giant of a fellow, and shrieked, "Ha! Petr Alexandrovich, you stole the horse! You are the thief!" The little group laughed at the antics of the delirious child, but later when Petr was caught with the horse and beaten senseless, Grigori's words were remembered, and he was looked upon as one with "mysterious power."

Rasputin grew up following his father's trade of transporting passengers and goods over the long roads to

neighboring villages. One of the passengers convinced Rasputin of his sinful life, whereupon the young man promptly entered a monastery instead of going home. He subscribed to the strange sect of the Khlysty, which teaches a mystical resurrection, salvation through sin, and countless other unorthodox beliefs. Then, after a few months, he shouldered his bread sack, said goodby to all his friends, and took to the road becoming a lonely "starets," or wandering holy man. He lived the life of a vagabond for many years, wandering among many peoples and initiating himself into the deep mysteries of the Khlysty.

Strange tales came back to his family of a large bearded man with deep-set mysterious eyes, who had great power over everyone he met, particularly women. There were tales of weird orgies in the forests, and rites more in keeping with the mythical Dionysus and the Bacchanals than a so-called holy man. There were stories of drunkenness and debauchery, and some even whispered that Rasputin was "AntiChrist," the devil come back to earth. But there were also stories of miracles, in which the sick were healed. Priests and peasants alike argued whether this man was saint or satyr.

Rasputin finally came home to his family, but instead of greeting his wife and children happily, he went to the cellar and prostrated himself in prayer. He remained there for three weeks, groaning and shrieking in self-abnegation and utter humility, occasionally bursting into a wild psalm, then resuming his awesome display of abasement and remorse. The word

traveled fast — Rasputin had been transformed into a saint! People came from far and near to be blessed. The "holy man" chose a comely group of women disciples, uttered a solemn prayer, took the road to the deep forest rising behind the steppes, and disappeared.



ALMOST by accident, Rasputin ingratiated himself with the royal family. The young Tsar, afflicted with an hereditary disease, hemophilia, in which the blood fails to clot, had bruised himself while playing. Famed doctors and surgeons were called in without result. Miracle workers had no effect on young Nicholas, and it was as he lay almost dead that Rasputin arrived. He looked deeply into the boy's eyes, stroked him from head to foot, and talked softly to him. The little boy, whose knees had been drawn up to his chest for days in extreme pain, relaxed and went to sleep. In a few days he was well, and Rasputin's fame was established. The Tsarina worshiped him and wanted him near her side always. Whenever the boy was ill, Rasputin was called

in, and Nicholas recovered miraculously. Even in the Monk's absence, a few words spoken to the boy over the phone sufficed. There was no explanation for it other than "miraculous."

Rasputin continued his orgies and debaucheries. He practically took over the government, appointing ministers by looking deeply into their eyes for a few moments—"into their soul" as he called it. As a result, the government was in the hands of schemers and dishonest men. The Tsar and Tsarina refused to hear any scandal, and they continued to think Rasputin above reproach. They may have been influenced by Rasputin's warning, "If I die, the Emperor will soon after lose his crown."

So, a plot was born among the relatives of the royal family to do away with this charlatan. Prince Yusopov, a bored young man who had tired of almost everything in his life of luxury, elected himself to do it. To commit a crime and once more taste a new, still unknown excitement, was his dream. And in the murder of Rasputin, he saw a worthy victim and cause. At once he set upon elaborate plans. There followed plot and counterplot. Rasputin was warned, but he didn't take the warnings seriously. He continued with his debauchery as before, and the scandal grew. Even the name of the Empress was heard in the whisperings.

Meanwhile, Russia had her troubles, and revolution was about to split the old regime wide-open. Prince Yusopov, after failing repeatedly in his efforts to destroy Rasputin, invited him to an elaborate dinner in the

cellar of the royal palace. Everything had been planned carefully. A plate of chocolate cakes had been loaded with enough potassium cyanide to kill a half dozen men. The wine had been poisoned. This time the charlatan couldn't escape. Rasputin arrived, ate a number of the cakes and drank copious draughts of the wine, but neither had the slightest effect on him. The prince, unnerved by the failure of his subtleties—drew a gun and shot Rasputin several times.

The next day, police found bloody footprints leading up the stairs and into a court. They broke the thick ice on the Neva river, and sent down divers who found Rasputin's body, tied hand and foot. On examination, it was found that the Monk had been alive even after he had been stuffed under the ice. His lungs were filled with water, and one arm had worked itself loose from the ropes. There were dozens of bullet holes in him, and knife gashes.

The funeral took place on December 21st, 1917, on a cold, foggy, winter morning, in the park of Tsarskoe Selo. The Empress ordered the body interred there, for she wanted Rasputin near her, even in death. But the people were still angered by the deeds

of this holy devil who contributed much toward the Revolution by his hold over the royal family and political machinations. The Emperor was forced to abdicate, and he and his family lived as prisoners in the palace at Tsarskoe Selo.

On the night of March 22nd, a crowd of rebel soldiers broke into the park of the palace, dug up the decomposing body of Rasputin, soaked it in oil, and burned it on a great funeral pyre. An official record of this burning is still in existence. The report is confirmed by the signatures of six army officers of the Archangel Regiment.

A few months later the saga of Russian royalty came to its horrible close when the royal family was murdered.

So, according to all available historical records, and there are many of them in existence, the diabolical reign of Rasputin ended once and for all on December 21st, 1917. We can safely conclude that the mysterious monk on Kodiak, who keeps his self-appointed vigil by the tomb of Father Herman, is really Gerasim Schmaltz. There's no disputin' — it ain't Rasputin!

▲ THAT LITTLE BLACK BAG

A colored woman seeking admission to a hospital was asked her name, age, number of children, and something of her previous medical history. The house officer then asked if she had ever been X-rayed.

"No, suh," she replied. "I ain't never been X-rayed, but I been ultra-violated a number of times."

▲
"Did you say anything to encourage your patient?" asked one interne of another.

"Yes, I told him it would be months before he'd be well enough for his relatives to call on him."

You Can Play

for **PAY!**



by VERNA DEAN FERRIL

*Be it bottle-caps, book matches, or odd bits of string, you can probably build it into a profitable collection. Oh, yes, one thing more—
it isn't always easy!*

YOU'VE probably heard about Baroness Evelina Maydell. No, she didn't give up her title for the man she loved! Nor did she marry a peer and live happily ever after. As a matter of fact, Baroness Maydell acquired fame even as you and I could do—she merely turned a hobby into a paying proposition!

Now, don't shrug your shoulders, lick your index finger and turn the page. Maybe you *don't* have a hobby—but that doesn't mean you can't have one! (Though — granted — you probably wouldn't want one if you happened to see this definition of a hobby: "something in which one takes an extravagant interest.") But let's don't be hasty! After all—"extravagant" doesn't necessarily mean you have to give up your regular occupation and spend all of your time and money on your hobby! Though it would help!

No, a hobby requires merely a normal amount of time, something like one hundred per cent of your leisure hours; a reasonable amount of energy, your last ounce of breath will do; and a large amount of interest, such as being willing to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge to get a photograph of a man dying. Needless to say, the interest is of paramount importance. And we're not referring to the interest on your money, but rather to your enthusiasm!

Contrary to the normal conception, a hobby doesn't have to be unusual to be interesting, or to be interest-making. Which brings us back to Baroness Evelina Maydell and her hobby: doll collecting. This certainly isn't a unique hobby; it's not even a particularly unusual one. The people in the United States who collect dolls number in the thousands. But the list would undoubtedly be greatly de-

creased if you limited it to those persons who make all the dolls in their collections, as Baroness Maydell does!

The Baroness started her collection about six years ago when she was forced to earn her own living. Today the Baroness is noted for her collection, and her one-hundred-piece doll and miniature exhibit has been featured throughout the United States.

Maybe you're not interested in doll collecting, but there are scores of other items you can collect! Stamps is one of the most popular and, if you really make a business of it, one of the most expensive hobbies.

Book collecting is a favorite hobby of many. The ones we hear the most about are the spectacular collectors who, having considerable wealth, have amassed a valuable collection of books, usually first or rare editions. We hear little about the small book hobbyist who quietly and inexpensively gathers within a little cabinet a unique and interesting group of books. At times, these books have been the portals to fame, and in other instances, have indirectly led the hobbyist into the world of the great! I am referring to the men who have collected and read so many books on a particular subject that they have become authorities.

Don't get the idea you're going to have to build an extra room on to your home if you decide to take up a hobby. If you have an aversion to collecting objects, maybe you'd prefer a hobby that allows you to acquire knowledge. (Sounds pretty gruesome, but it can be interesting.) For example, there are countless men in the country who like to torture their

minds by reading philosophies prevalent in the past centuries.

Then there are countless other men who like to putter around in the kitchen, concocting new dishes with which to torture their stomachs. And whatever other name it may go by, it's also a hobby!

Incidentally, if you've been murmuring to yourself, "I'm much too old for a hobby," don't you believe it! Age is no obstacle! Proof of this fact is the story of 86-year-old Anna Mary Robertson Moses, better known as Grandma Moses.

Six years ago Grandma Moses was a nobody in the art world. Today she is one of the talked-about contemporary American artists! And it all began with a hobby she started when she was over seventy years of age. Several years ago, Mrs. Moses did some small pictures in colored yarn. Her sister saw them and urged her to try painting. Grandma Moses had plenty of time on her hands, a lot of energy—and just incidentally,



quite a bit of talent. The result was she enjoyed painting her first picture so much that she adopted it more or less as a hobby.

A New York art collector happened to see some of her paintings in a drug store in Hoosick Falls, New York, and that was the beginning of the "paying proposition."

Today Grandma Moses' pictures are in such permanent collections as the Duncan Phillips Gallery, the Los Angeles Museum, the Pasadena Art

Institute and the Providence Museum of Art.

We don't recommend you wait until you're seventy to start a hobby, but if you are seventy, don't let it stop you. You may not go down in the annals of the art world, and your collection may not be exhibited throughout the United States. But chances are you'll have loads of fun. And if you work hard enough (say, twenty-three hours a day), you might even have a "paying proposition."



THE WALKING TOWN

Jerome, Arizona, started moving in 1930, and has been on the move ever since at the rate of eighteen inches a month, which means that by the end of this year the entire town will have moved almost 100 yards.

Jerome was born when copper was found in the vicinity. The miners wanted to live near their work so they built their homes near the entry shafts. For a number of years everyone was happy. The miners worked diligently, running their tunnels *under the town*. Then one day the tunnels started to collapse. And Jerome started to move downhill!

Engineers couldn't stop the movement. A few of the buildings stayed in their original locations, but had to be torn down to make way for other buildings which couldn't stay in one spot.

Today, only 300 of the original 8,500 citizens are left. The others have moved on to more substantial towns. These 300 die-hards, who are sticking with the Walking Town even if it slides into the next county, expect it to settle down some day, because the tunnels are gradually filling. So someday in the near future Jerome may stop slipping, and become just another dot on the map of Arizona.—Stanley J. Meyer.



ATTENTION, HUCKSTERS!

Don't get the foolish idea that you can get ulcers for nothing. They are never free gifts. If you want them, you've got to work for them.

They tell us that in research on ulcers, scientists had to give up the use of dogs in conducting experiments. There was nothing they could do to make the dogs worry. And, so the specialists say, you've got to worry if you want to acquire a set of ulcers

in your tummy, or if you want to keep those alive which may be there now.

The experts did learn how to inflict ulcers on dogs by artificial methods, but the uncooperative dogs, having no interest in science, sat right down and placidly cured themselves. All that was mighty discouraging to the researchers.—Thomas Dreier in *Your Life*.

MEMORY QUIZ FOR MODERNS

Like its one thousand, nine hundred and forty-five predecessors in the Christian calendar, the year 1946 was eventful and history-making in various ways. There were government upheavals, bizarre killings, athletic upsets, and theatrical triumphs which demanded attention in the nation's press. Now that the shouting has died away, just how much of what took place do you remember? Credit yourself with five points for each question answered correctly. A score of 75 is passing.

Sports

1. Which teams played in the 1946 Rose Bowl, and what was the outcome?
2. What horse won the Kentucky Derby?
3. World Series saw which two teams play, and how many games did each team win?
4. Who was golf's leading money winner?
5. Joe Louis was declared "winnah and still champ" in what round of his fight with Billy Conn?

Arts

6. Who won last year's Oscars for best actor and actress?
7. What was the outstanding non-fiction book of the year?
8. Pulitzer Prize play of the year dealt with a presidential campaign. Can you name the play and the authors?
9. Which outstanding American painter (famous for "Line Storm") died last year?
10. Name the outstanding ballerina of today, and the group with which she performs.

Government

11. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court died in April, and his successor

was named in June. Do you recall their names?

12. What exiled ruler of a small Mediterranean country returned to his old job?
13. The United Nations named what man from which nation as its secretary general?
14. As a result of Henry Wallace's criticism of Byrnes's foreign policy, he was replaced by whom, and in which cabinet position?
15. Which Midwestern Congressman was purged in the primaries through the efforts of President Truman?

Headlines

16. Who was the confessed killer of Suzanne Degnan, and what sentence did he draw?
17. Planes of which country shot down two U. S. transports?
18. The author of *Forever Amber* made the newspapers when she married a well-known band leader. Both names, please.
19. Veterans of which American town resorted to gunfire to overthrow the local political machine?
20. A navy plane, the Truculent Turtle, set a non-stop record of 11,236 miles. Where did the flight begin and end?

(Answers on page 63.)

Centerpiece

Swing's valentine is Yvonne De Carlo, whose heart is bigger than she is. The lush beauty was featured in *Salome, Where She Danced*, and is now appearing in the Universal technicolor film *Frontier Gal*.



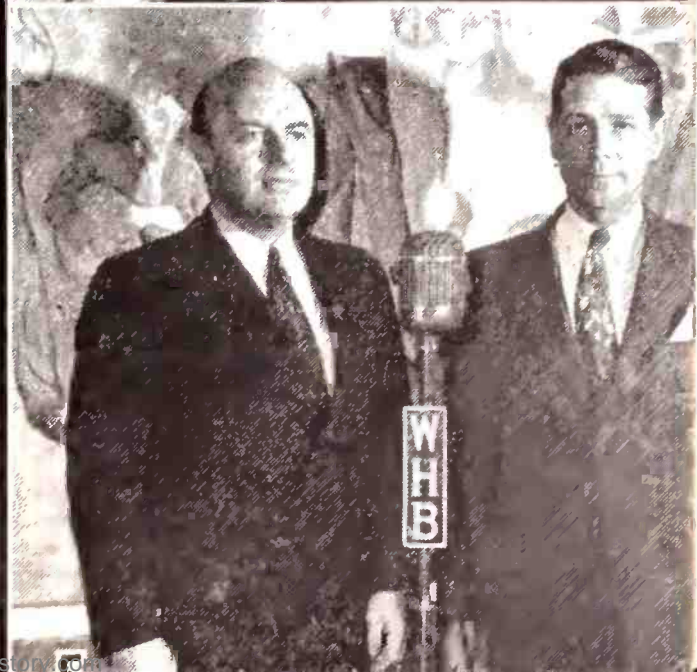
1. Julia Lee, Capitol recording artist and Kansas City entertainer, "sends" WHB listeners during a Saturday afternoon Swing Session.

2. Minnie Pearl and Ernest Tubb, hifalutin' hill-billy stars of "Grand Old Op'ry."

3. Louis A. Rothschi'd in a serious moment before the WHB microphone at the Kansas City Advertising and Sales Executives Club. Mr. Rothschild is chairman of the City Planning Commission.

4. Powell C. Groner, president of the Kansas City Public Service Company, Mayor William E. Kemp, and Dick Smith of WHB's Special Events Department.

5. Andre Kostelanetz poses with Morton L. Henderson, business manager of the Kansas City Philharmonic.









. . . presenting HARRY GAMBREL

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by Mori Greiner

THE new presiding judge of the county court, Jackson County, Missouri, has been on the bench only a month. It is his first elective office. But already he is making his presence felt, and things are happening in the court. Unquestionably they'll go right on happening, because the new judge is Harry Gambrel, who is definitely a doer.

There is no actual proof that Horatio Alger based his writings upon the personal history of Harry M. Gambrel. Indeed, there is almost equal reason to believe that it is the other way around. Whatever the connection between the two, it is certain that they collaborated pretty closely.

Alger, who earned fame and a substantial fortune in fashioning the success stories of which Americans are so inordinately fond, had essentially but one plot. He would introduce his hero at the age of twelve, say — a slender boy, tall for his years. The lad would be selling magazines, carrying a morning and evening paper route, delivering telegrams.

Later, the Alger character would work his way through college. In spite of studying hard and holding an after-hours job, he would probably find time to play football, star on the track

team, and be active in a fraternity.

If there were a war, of course, the hero would enlist. He would win a commission, be wounded in battle, and have at least one foreign decoration bestowed upon him.

Then, the war behind, he would embark on a variegated career in business. He might do some ranching, a little advertising, perhaps selling of some sort.

Throughout the years, he would steadily increase in stature. His success pattern would include a number of friends in addition to financial achievements and public honors. That's the thing about the Alger hero. He's always such a nice guy you can't help liking him, no matter how hard he works or how successful he becomes. Eventually, the friends are an important part of the story, too. They call on him when they're in trouble and want a specific job done, or they all get together and elect him to an office. Or maybe both.

That's the basic Horatio Alger plot. That is also the personal history of Harry Gambrel, roughly sketched. Gambrel's life, from his boyhood in El Paso through the present, reads like fiction, except that he has been

busier than most story-book people, and probably has accomplished more.

In some ways, he is a mystery man. It is a mystery to his associates, for instance, where he finds time for his multitudinous activities. Some have suggested that perhaps he has some special celestial arrangement granting him an 11-day week. It doesn't sound logical, but neither does the fact that in addition to his judgeship he partners a flourishing insurance agency and is an officer or enthusiastic member of twenty different organizations—according to the current edition of *Who's Who in America*.

The organization which interests him most is the Boy's State, of which he is a founder, director, and official. This is an activity of the American Legion designed to promote ideals of orderly self-government by educating youth in the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of American citizenship.



Harry Gambrel is an intense advocate of good government, and always has been. It is easy to achieve, he says. "The laws are simple. Clean, efficient government means inherent honesty, common decency, and horse sense." That's the sort of thing he preaches to the boys, and that's the sort of talk that got him elected to the county court.

The Boy's State project was initiated by the American Legion Department of Illinois at Springfield in 1935. The experiment was successful, and drew immediate praise from prominent educators, statesmen, and civic leaders.

The following year the plan was adopted by the national organization and in the spring of 1938 was introduced to the State of Missouri.

Mr. Gambrel had been a founder of the original Boy's State, and helped start the Missouri branch. He was active in creating interest, making plans, recruiting students and faculty members. He arranged for use of the campus at the Missouri School for the Deaf. He became "Dean of Counselors," and published a 51-page "Counselor's Manual" for the guidance of instructors.

That summer, 160 boys in their late 'teens attended the school. Succeeding years have seen enrollment triple, and the program spread to include 41 states.

Boy's State is a period of practical training in city, county, and state government. Every student is a citizen who has the right of franchise and eligible to hold office. It is pure democracy based upon the constitution of the state in which it convenes, at

upon the Constitution of the United States.



The boys are assigned to political parties arbitrarily. They are not allowed to pattern after existing state or national groups. They develop their own party platforms and controversial issues, and go on to elect public officials to administer the laws which they themselves set up. Law-breakers are tried and punished by their peers in the legally prescribed manner.

It isn't play, but the boys enjoy it. For the first time, they get a close-up of governmental workings. They learn that there is nothing mysterious or godlike about government: it is not only of, by, and for the people—it is the people. The youngsters learn that *they* are government. They learn by doing, and they learn about local government because that is the type they will most often participate in. Also, if they become interested in the

working of local government, an understanding of national affairs will follow naturally.

"Frankly, it is an Americanism propaganda," Judge Gambrel says. "Its purpose is to teach the youth of high school age that there is nothing wrong with our form of government, that it has not outworn its usefulness, that it is just as useful and just as practical as the day it was founded; that all it needs is an intelligent citizenry and a clean, honest, impartial and fair administration."

Judge Gambrel has been stumping for honest, wide-awake government for some time now. In 1934 he joined the Youth Movement in Kansas City, a sort of coalition of all factions opposing the Boss Pendergast machine; and he served for a while as Republican organization chairman of precinct captains in the toughest ward in town.

His first public office came in 1941, when the state governor appointed him to the Kansas City Board of Police Commissioners. Four months later he became president of the board.

Gambrel had a theory. It was a simple one. He figured that a policeman who earned a decent wage should be far less susceptible to bribery than one who didn't. Accordingly, he set out to negotiate a wage increase for his police force.

The plan was not without opposition because money was scarce. It always is. But apparently enough money was coming in: it just wasn't going to the right places. A good fight ensued, with Harry Gambrel whacking away at the budget and running down unnecessary expenditures.

He did a good job of it, and the force got a raise. They would have gotten more, but war called Gambrel to other duties.

He had originally enlisted in the Colorado National Guard at 14, served through the Mexican border troubles, and worked his way up to 1st lieutenant. United States entry into World War I was imminent when Harry was 19 and in line for a captaincy. It was then that his true age was discovered, and he was promptly mustered out of the service. Harry took it well. He immediately enlisted in his old company as a private. When war did come, he advanced rapidly to 1st sergeant, and was granted a commission before sailing.

Eventually, he attained the rank of captain, but not until he had been wounded at St. Mihiel, wounded and gassed in the Argonne, cited for bravery, and decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

Through the years following the war, Gambrel maintained an interest in the Army Reserve, and steadily advanced in rank. A colonel in 1940, he and Colonel William Spann organized the 3rd Missouri State Guard Regiment, with Gambrel as commanding officer. The unit soon won national recognition. Federal inspectors from Washington rated it "superior" in staff organization and as an operating unit.

During the second war, Harry directed 1200 auxiliary policemen in the Kansas City area. He was co-ordinator of the Office of Civilian Defense for Western Missouri.

His Guard regiment, with a turnover of twelve and a half percent a month, provided the Army with 20,000 men, many of whom became officers. It drew high praise from the Seventh Service Command, because it handled all emergencies with dispatch, never once calling for Federal aid.

Then, in 1943, Gambrel was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general. He became brigade commander, and shortly thereafter was appointed Commanding General of the State of Missouri.

He was back in politics, because the supervisory officer of the state's reserve military force wielded considerable power, and had great sums of money at his disposal. Once again, Gambrel demonstrated his ability to combine efficiency and economy. For after a recent audit of wartime expenditures, Clifford Gaylord, former adjutant-general, sent Gambrel this message:

"... In excess of 45 percent of all state appropriations were returned to the state treasurer. This return was a sizable amount, reaching a peak of \$900,000 in the year 1944, and has been repeatedly cited as an outstanding record in Missouri executive departments where complete freedom of action was given by the Legislature and all emergency charges were included. The record of the Missouri State Guard as one of the outstanding state military establishments in the nation is evidence of the effectiveness of expenditures made. You have every reason to be justly proud of your supervision of this organization which was maintained so efficiently and yet with such unprecedented conservation of state money."

In recognition of "outstanding performance of duty during his period of service, and for meritorious military service which reflects honorably and creditably upon the State of Missouri," Governor Donnelly awarded a Meritorious Service Medal to Brigadier-General Harry M. Gambrel on November 23, 1946.



Just prior to election time, this story of Gambrel's second success as an administrator of public funds reached Jackson County, where Republican chieftains felt their chances of placing a number of key men in office were good, provided they could find the right men. One of the most important posts was that of presiding judge of the county court—the man who controlled the purse-strings. So they asked Harry if he'd go after the job.

It was no battle to get him to say "yes." For quite some time he had entertained very definite ideas as to the changes necessary in county administration. He maintained that there were a lot of unnecessary employees, and that over half the money allocated for road and bridge repair was being expended on payroll. His pet peeve was that, because the county wasn't collecting taxes until November, it had to borrow two million dollars every January and pay interest on it for 11 months.

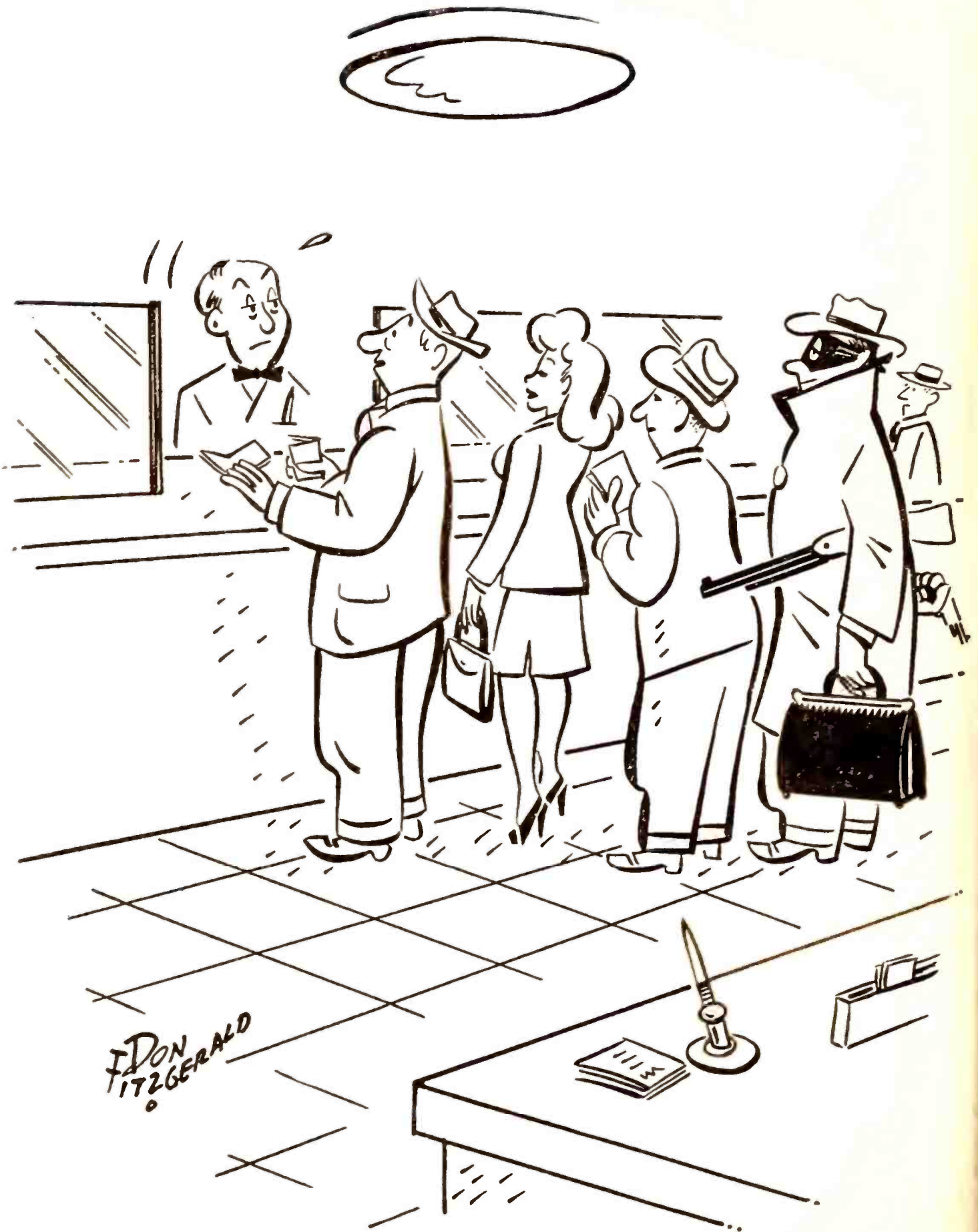
So he got into the fight. His whole life had been made up of fighting, helping other people, and making or managing money. This presented an opportunity to do all those things—and he loved it!

Locally, Harry Gambrel is well-known. You'd think a man stretching six feet, two and a half inches up into the air would look over the heads of a lot of people. But that's never been his policy. He seems to have a raft of friends from every walk of life—newsboys, cops, cattlemen, merchants, reporters, and assorted tycoons.

Last fall saw all those friends out in force, each of them doing his bit of personal campaigning for candidate Gambrel. And—strangely enough—politics scarcely figured in their arguments. In fact, you could hardly call them arguments, because they consisted largely of "Harry's a nice guy. Capable. He's a hell of a nice guy!"

That sort of thing may not be logical, but it's good publicity, and Harry Gambrel nosed out his opponent. Most Jackson Countians are quite pleased, because already he is working on a new budget, and going about it in a new way. Instead of asking for a maximum tax return, and then apportioning it among the departments, he is setting out to discover the minimum amount each department requires for efficient operation, and from the total will decide how much should be asked of the taxpayers.

Complicated? No. Mysterious? No. It's probably inherent honesty, common decency and horse sense.



F. DON
FITZGERALD

Great **BIG**

The river be dammed, said the government! So they built Boulder Dam.



teaspoon...

by JETTA CARLETON

THERE are a number of types of dams in the world, including the earth dam, timber dam, rock-fill, movable, metal, masonry, and the great god. This last type originated heaven knows where and is used all over. The others came along in logical order as man developed ways and means of controlling nature. The apogee in the development of dams is the high masonry dam, originated in Spain some three centuries ago. The finest example of the high masonry is that hunk of concrete and steel intricately established between two canyon walls and called Boulder Dam.

Across the Colorado River between Arizona and Nevada rises the tallest dam in the world—726.4 feet of it, weighing so many millions of tons it makes you tired to think about it. It contains six and one-half million tons of concrete alone, to say nothing of the 8 million tons of sand, gravel, and cobbles, 45 million pounds of reinforcement steel, 18 million pounds of structural steel, 21 million pounds of gates and valves, and a lot of other stuff—all used in the first four years of construction. Since then it has no doubt put on a lot of weight.

Boulder Dam has a base thickness wider than the length of two residential blocks. It has a crest length of

1,244 feet, with room for four lanes of traffic.

The only larger dams in this country and the entire world are the Grand Coulee on the Columbia River in Washington, and the Shasta Dam on the Sacramento River in California. Both these structures surpass Boulder Dam in sheer massiveness, but neither is as high. Boulder Dam is more than half as tall as the Empire State Building, and that's getting up in the world. If on New Year's Eve you got only as high as Boulder Dam and not as high as the E. S. B., you still should have let the other fella drive.

In 1940, the last great tourist season, 600,000 people visited Boulder Dam. They came from all over, by bus, by plane, by private car; on bicycles or in air-conditioned coaches on the Union Pacific lines; they came on everything short of pogo sticks to see this functional monument to American engineering. With the end of the war, they came again. At the height of the next season, the guest list should number into the hundreds of thousands again. And with good reason. There's no experience quite like the first visit to Boulder Dam.

You may climb an Alp if you will, or dive into an Aztec pool; scale a glacier, or drop paper bags of water from tall buildings. But the experience just won't be the same. There may be scenes grander than Boulder Dam and there are a lot of them less grand. But nothing just like it. It's just one of the things people naturally want to see—like the Washington Monument, the geysers of Yellowstone, the Statue of Liberty, and any of several "original" Faces on the Barroom Floor.

Behind the building of Boulder Dam lie a few hundred years of tragedy and romance, and the drama of courage and urgency. The dam wouldn't exist in all its mechanized glory if it weren't for the human angle behind it. Somebody lost his life in a flood; a whole village was wiped out; an entire rich valley lay in ruins. Then for a year or two, the river would run dry and for more than 200,000 square miles around there would be drouth and famine. This is a cross-section of the history of the Colorado River. Because that history repeated itself so many times, Boulder Dam exists today. They finally found a teaspoon big enough to dam the river.

One of the Conquistadores first discovered the Colorado. Considering the trouble it caused, maybe he should have stood in that old four-poster canopied bed such as they may have had in 1540. But Conquistador Alarcon poked around in the Southwest, found the river, and explored it for some distance. A couple of years later, Cardenas, another of the boys, found the Grand Canyon. Imagine his surprise!

The Spaniards were antedated in that region by the Indians, who already had tapped the river for water supply. They had their own irrigation system. Through the ensuing years this system was developed and enlarged upon as more settlers moved west. Seven states depended on the Colorado. It was their blood stream. The fat years and the lean struck Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, California, Colorado, and Wyoming according to the whims of the river. It rises in Colorado and Wyoming and bites through mountains and deserts to empty at last into the Gulf of California, below the border. It is the third longest river in the United States, and drains 244,000 square miles.

In 1905 the Colorado burst its banks and completely flooded the Imperial Valley. The water hung around for a couple of years and when it finally receded, left that rich cultivated valley in pig-wallow condition. It also left the Salton Sea actually a lake some three hundred square miles in area.

Levees continually built along the river did little good. Even if they could help control the flood waters they couldn't keep the river from drying up when it took a notion. A whole lot of people had a right to sing the blues down around that river.

The idea for a gigantic dam was first conceived by Arthur P. Davis along about 1918. Davis was at the time United States Reclamation Director and Chief Engineer. Investigations of the river had been underway almost since the turn of the century.

In 1922 the seven states concerne

over water rights got together and formed the Colorado River Compact. But since Arizona and California couldn't agree on certain points, operations all but ceased until 1928. That year, Congress passed the Boulder Canyon Project Act. In June of the following year, President Hoover authorized construction. Congress appropriated \$165,000,000 and on September 17, 1930, the ground was broken and construction formally begun on Boulder Dam.

You may remember how they planned to call it Hoover Dam. But Mr. Roosevelt came into power soon after construction began, and somehow the working name for the dam stuck. In the beginning, engineers had spent several years testing and surveying along the Colorado to determine the best site for the dam. They narrowed the choice down to two canyons, Black and Boulder. And although the dam finally went in in Black Canyon for some reason it was always referred to as Boulder Dam.

On March 4, 1931, the Reclamation Bureau opened contract bids for the Boulder Canyon Project, and awarded to the lowest bidder the

largest contract ever let until that time by the United States government. Six Companies, Inc., of San Francisco figured they could do the job for \$48,890,995.50. The government gave them seven years to get it done. Six Companies finished two years ahead of schedule.

The work wasn't child's play. Black Canyon is subject to frequent spasms of weather. Sometimes the temperature reached 130 degrees in the shade, such shade as there was. Then along came a cloudburst and washed out the roads. Or a high wind to blow down tents. Or a sudden flood to wreck the drill barges.

Electricity for the project had to be piped in from San Bernardino, 222 miles across the desert. More tangible supplies arrived on railroads specially built for the purpose. And when the need arose for a certain kind of steel pipe too large to be shipped on railroad cars, they simply built a plant on the spot and manufactured their own pipes.

Sometimes more than five thousand men were on the job at once. They dug deep and they swung high. Those steep canyon walls dropped 800 feet



OUR BACK COVER . . . Boulder Dam, one of the greatest engineering masterpieces of our day, holds back the rushing waters of the Colorado River to form the world's largest artificial lake—in the middle of a desert!

from the rim to the canyon floor, and the engineers blocked off the river and bored another 135 feet into the solid rock below the river bottom. They removed more than half a million cubic yards of muck, sand, and gravel from the river bed, and blasted almost a million cubic yards of rock from the canyon walls. Then into place they poured some five million barrels of concrete, laced with steel, building it up, little by little, sure and methodical, into an enormous beautiful wall to hold back a river and house the apparatus to manipulate it at will.

If the concrete had been poured all at one time, it would have taken it more than a century to cool and set. Obviously, nobody had time to wait for that. Six Companies stepped up the process by pouring the dam in great blocks in which steel pipes were embedded. Through the pipes they ran icy water. The blocks cooled and set, did what shrinking they meant to do, and the builders filled in the crevices with a sealer cement called grout, then and there. *Voila!*

In October, 1936, the first generator went into full operation.

Meanwhile, seven miles from the dam, the government had built Boulder City to house the project workers. In the fall of 1931 the sagebrush and cactus grew up grim and independent in the sandy wastes. By the next fall, a complete model city had grown up. Five thousand people lived in its neat Colonial homes, shopped in its smart modern stores, went to its theaters, and sat in its parks.

Today that region conditioned by Boulder Dam is one of the popular

playgrounds of America. Lake Mead, the reservoir formed by the dam, stretches 115 miles through the mountains, offering the usual lake delights, fishing, swimming and boating.

Lake Mead, named for Dr. Elwood Mead, Commissioner for the Bureau of Reclamation, 1924-36, will store more than two years of the Colorado's average flow. That, the statisticians tell us, is enough water to give every person in the United States eighty thousand gallons each. Where do you want it?

The water supply can now be controlled for the irrigation of more than two million acres. The hydro-electric plant, the largest in the world, sends electricity as far away as Los Angeles.

But no amount of facts and figures can put across the full realization of the power and mass and intricacy of Boulder Dam. To have this realization get inside you, shrink you down like Alice-in-Wonderland, you need to take an elevator that travels the height and depth of one of the concrete towers into the viscera of the dam. There you stand under several million tons of stuff, with perhaps as much as 45,000 pounds of water pushing against every square foot of the base of the dam, in the midst of the Faustian apparatus that can generate almost two million horse power. There you are, "unaccommodated man," armed only with the dubious protection of penknife and guide book, surrounded by the titanic result of man's welding of the force of nature and science, and so dwarfed by it that a blade of grass might cover you. *How now, you image of God!*



with **BOB KENNEDY**

"It's only the beginning" — of a new year, that is, and you're probably saying, "Thank Heaven for '47." You are so-o-o right! With the beginning of a new year, one is inclined to swing to the optimistic side and hope for better things. Here are some items to look forward to: better quality records plus lower prices. And if that isn't enough, well, with the return of talent from overseas, the boys are running into competition and consequently will blow harder, sing better and turn out their best work. Time and the listeners will soon cull out all second-rate talent. Perhaps this will be the biggest year in our nation's history for innovations in the music industry. Indications are that the style of popular music is undergoing a metamorphosis, and you and I can only wait to see what will emerge.

Vital Statistics: "They're the Tops"

Here are the year's top retail record sellers for 1946 as compiled by *Billboard*:

POPULAR: *Prisoner of Love* by Perry Como.

CLASSICAL: Chopin's *Polonaise* by Jose Iturbi.

BAND: Frankie Carle.

MALE VOCALIST: Perry Como.

SINGING AND INSTRUMENTAL GROUP: Ink Spots.

FEMALE VOCALIST: Dinah Shore.

Platter Chatter:

At latest count, bands reorganizing are: W. Herman, L. Brown, Goodman, H. James, B. Carter—that's just a foo . . . Vaughn Monroe has accepted musical directorship of the Girl Scouts—woo! . . . 'Tis rumored that Julia Lee, Capitol star, will make a duo recording set with Johnny Mercer . . . Bing has a new album, *'Til the Clouds Roll By*, a duet featuring none other than Dixie Lee . . . Many recording artists are switching labels . . . Phil Harris has signed a new contract with Victor . . . For the newest and most revolutionary bit of piano playing, we nominate Jan August. If you can pick up one of his new records, you're lucky! . . . Frankie Laine is a new Mercury singing discovery. He is currently appearing in Hollywood . . . The King Cole Trio and Sam Donahue are starting a nationwide theatre-tour.

Reviews and Previews:

SIGNATURE 90001-B — Coleman Hawkins' Swing Four: *The Man I Love* and *Sweet Lorraine* (12 inch). *Man I Love* will definitely become a collectors' item—one of E. Heywood's finest piano passages. Oscar Pettiford's bass really works with Shelly Manne's solid drums, and Hawkins' smooth tenorwork com-

pletes the terrific quartet. The flip-over is easy going, but rates no cheers.

COLUMBIA 37194 — Frankie Carle and Orchestra, Marjorie Hughes vocal. *What've You Got to Lose* and *Easy Pickin's*. The latter is strictly an instrumental riff and Carle's piano passages are not up to par. However, *What've You Got to Lose* should please Frankie Carle fans — a good rhythm tune with Carle's daughter doing the vocal. Nice results.

CAPITOL 348—Jessie Price: *I Ain't Mad at You (and you ain't mad at me)* and *The Drummer Man*. The first is a shufflin' rhythm number featuring a former Kansas City 12th Streeter. Low down vocal by Jessie with some fancy guitar work. Throughout this number, you'll have trouble keeping your feet still. The reverse side is strictly blues.

Highly Recommended:

CAPITOL 334—Johnny Mercer and Pied Pipers: *Huggin' and Chalkin'* and *Take Me Back to Little Rock (Arkansas)*.

COLUMBIA 37194—Frankie Carle and Orchestra with vocalist Marjorie Hughes: *What've You Got to Lose* and *Easy Pickin's*.

★Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

DECCA 23769—Hoagy Carmichael vocal with Lou Bring's Orchestra: *Ole Buttermilk Sky* plus *Talking Is a Woman*.

CAPITOL 304 — King Cole Trio: *For Sentimental Reasons* plus *The Best Man*.

★Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza. JA 5200.

VICTOR 20-1608-B—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra: *Opus No. 1. Flip-over, I Dream of You*. Vocal by Freddie Stewart.

VICTOR 20-1737-A—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra: *At the Fat Man's*. Vocal Charlie Shavers. Plus *Chloe* (instrumental).

★Melody Lane Record Shop, 1109 Broadway, GR 2005.

CAPITOL 340—Julia Lee and her Boy Friends: *Oh, Marie!* plus *On My Way Out*.

VICTOR 20-2064—Tommy Dorsey and Orchestra: *At Sundown*. Flip-over, *To Me*. Vocal by Stuart Foster.

★Linwood Record Shop, 1213a Linwood, VA 0676.

MERCURY 5007 — Frankie Laine and Mannie Klein's All Stars: *That's My Desire* plus *By the River Sainte Marie*. Vocal with orchestra.

MERCURY 8025-A—Myra Taylor and Jimmy Keith's Orchestra: *The Spider and the Fly* plus *Still Blue Water*.

★Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

CAPITOL 20086—Stan Kenton and his orchestra . . . *Come Back to Sorrento* and *Artistry in Bolero* (from *Artistry in Rhythm* Album BD-39).

DECCA 25015—Henry Busse and his Orchestra (new release of old cut) *Hot Lips* and *Wang Wang Blues*.

★Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue (Kansas), AT. 1206



A lot of people are talking about labor-management relations. But Father Friedl is taking positive action!

by SAM SMITH

FOR many years Father John C. Friedl, S.J., has believed that one of the major problems of industrial relations stems from the inability of labor and management to "talk the same language."

Today the search for the answer to that lingual equation is assuming monumental proportions. Under his direction a master key is taking form which may possibly unlock that door.

It is a *Handbook of Industrial and Labor Relations Terminology*. Soon the final preliminary draft of the first section of a contemplated eight-section work will be in the mails from Rockhurst College in Kansas City to approximately one hundred and fifty co-operating specialists in the field of industrial relations.

Father Friedl is no mere theorist in the field of labor relations. For years during the war he was active on the regional War Labor Board, and there his facile mind and depth of understanding were of great value. There he applied what he teaches.

Already, before he launched the tremendous job of preparing the first

comprehensive "bible" of industrial relations terminology, his Institute of Social Order at Rockhurst and his work in establishing the first collegiate four-year course leading to a degree in industrial relations had attracted national attention.

Nine years ago Father Friedl established a forum for the clergy at the college. Seven years ago he established a labor school and interested labor union leaders of Kansas City in attending. A year later, he set up a school for employers.

Gradually, the two groups were fitted together—no simple task, either—and management and labor in the Kansas City area came to know each other and to have a mutual understanding of the other's problems. That relationship has done much to limit labor strife in the city.

The white-haired but still youngish Jesuit set the labor-management school to work drafting a model contract. It was slow work but the school kept plugging away. Father Friedl got the seminar started on a "union security" clause and left for a five-month tour

of South America with his bishop.

When he came back, the seminar hadn't made an inch of progress. It still was debating terminology and what it meant.



"We started a local project then to set down the meaning of the terms," he recounted while sitting in his cluttered college office.

"One thing led to another. A year ago in Cincinnati at a Jesuit meeting I mentioned we were contemplating this handbook. They wanted the work done and wanted to help. The thing grew until we have almost 150 technical experts throughout the country eager to assist.

"These are educators in industrial relations, men in government, research experts of the big union groups and business leaders and labor writers."

Right now it appears the work will be translated into French and into Spanish and Portuguese. Father Friedl said the International Labor Organization, when contacted about the project by the University of Montreal, asked for a complete French translation. The labor departments of all South and Central American countries are going to supply their particular terminology and its meaning

for translation of the work into languages used there.

It all started because the Jesuit teacher thought if he could get management and labor to talk the same language they'd work out their own salvations around the conference table instead of around poker tables and in the arenas.

Throughout his years on the regional War Labor Board, he noticed that even high-paid legal talent appeared to have no definite concept of the meaning of industrial relations terminology.

He noted the same difficulty in his labor-management group at Rockhurst. The answer appeared to be a handbook—not merely a dictionary, but a practical workbook listing the principal labor legislation, for example, as well as defining terms in common but misunderstood use.

A reporter writing in a national magazine last summer said he found, after interviewing labor and management leaders, that the principal trouble-maker in labor-industry relations was what actually had been agreed to in a contract—what the wording meant, in other words.

When the handbook is completed, it is Father Friedl's plan to have it published—already several publishing houses have asked about it—and made available as a guide in writing contracts. A contract clause accepting its definitions could eliminate considerable conflict.

Phillips Bradley, of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois, wrote Father Friedl the other day: "I am deeply interested in your project and trust

that you will keep me posted as to its future development. It is, I think, one of the most valuable projects now going on in the field."

Ruth Taylor, one of the compilers of an important new volume, *Who's Who in Labor*, wrote: "The completeness of your preliminary draft overwhelms me."

Lloyd Weber of the International Association of Machinists wrote: "I am of the opinion this type of work is of the utmost importance and should be well received by those whose business is industrial and labor relations."

While the technical experts around the country are vitally important contributors, the fact remains that the work is being done by a group of Kansas City labor and business men—a part-time work by men who began as amateurs and are becoming experts.

When the flood of suggestions on the semi-final preliminary draft of section one came back, they were turned over to the seminar group for debate, then finally to a seven-man board of editorial review, and the final preliminary draft was underway. When the section is completed, its terms will have been through the wringer scores of times.

Father Friedl believes it will require another year to complete the entire job. The work is being done, too, on a financial shoestring. But the Jesuit who is behind it is a dynamic man who gets things done.

He came to Rockhurst after having served as principal of a Jesuit high school in Wisconsin. He'd pondered the mysteries of an educational system which tried to mold all of its students to the white-collar pattern. He became interested first in the so-called "hand-minded" one-third of the students and finally found himself entering into the general picture of our cities and of labor.

Besides his Institute work, Father Friedl was instrumental three years ago in the establishment at Rockhurst of the first four-year college course for a degree of Bachelor of Science in Industrial Relations. He started with four students, all mature men. Now the course has twenty-five students.

His pioneering has become something of a beacon light to educators throughout the country. Bradley, then an official of the New York State Ives Committee, two years ago took the Jesuit's model back to his state and established at Cornell a new school of industrial relations, with a statewide extension service.

So the man who during years on the regional War Labor Board was a balance wheel in the settlement of hundreds of dispute cases finds his field of work ever expanding as more people become conscious of the possibility for positive action on the labor scene.

"The tail is wagging the dog," he grins—happily.



THE CHAMP

I stepped on his foot as the usher showed me to my seat. I turned to apologize, but he beat me to it, begging my pardon in a deep, quiet tone that you wouldn't expect to hear at a wrestling match. I muttered something about it being all my fault, but with the mental reservation that he was taking up a hell of a lot of room.

Just then the gong rang and I turned my attention to the ring. The room darkened except for the spotlights focused on the arena. The referee climbed into the ring, followed by the contestants. A tidal wave of mingled boos and cheers ran over the crowd. The referee announced, "Dynamite Joe Somebody from Wheeling at 216 pounds, versus Blockbuster Beals from Argentine, 209 pounds." He stepped back and the two strong men stood face to face.

That was the first and last conventional wrestling gesture we were to see all evening. A second later Blockbuster had one hand locked in his opponent's hair and with the other was trying to gouge his eyes out. The referee rushed in to separate them. As he did so the Blockbuster brought his knee up into Dynamite Joe's stomach and Joe sank groaning to the mat. Again the referee waved the aggressor back but not until the Blockbuster had managed to kick his prostrate enemy in the face.

I shot a glance at my neighbor. He was sprawled in his chair the way tall men do, and seemed to be watching the crowd rather than the grapplers. He murmured something about the Lord loving the common people, he made so many of them.

Well, you've seen those things; I needn't describe it. The two grapplers proceeded to kick, punch, gouge, knee and slap, throwing each other out of the ring, jumping on the other fellow's chest, using every foul barroom trick ever devised. Dynamite Joe finally won.

The lights came on for the intermission and I made my way to the lobby, followed by my long-legged neighbor. We discussed the bout and I tried to place him. His homely face seemed strangely familiar. The black beard, the mole beside his mouth—where had I seen him?

"You've done a bit of wrestling yourself, haven't you?" I asked. He fingered his cauliflower ear and admitted he had "rassled some" in his day.

"But never in a smoke-filled hall like this," he said. "In my time every man was out to win, but we'd kill a man for the foul tactics they use here," he said.

"I've seen most of the top-notch wrestlers of the past twenty-five years, sir," I said, "but I can't quite seem to place you."

"You'll have to go back further, son," he said. "I really date back into another century. Look up Honest Abe sometime."

Just then the gong announced the semi-finals and we started back to our seats. That is, I did. My tall friend didn't follow.

At home that night I dug into the old record books, but nowhere was an "Honest Abe" mentioned. The truth dawned and I got out the history book and the biographies.

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

No wonder his face was familiar. It's on every five-dollar bill.

—George F. McGill.

THREE MEN on a LADDER

A man has to consider things like women—and cockroaches!

by MARIE KESHLEAR

TO AVID followers of the comic strips, whether the indulgence is public or behind locked doors, the name of Raeburn Van Buren, creator of *Abbie & Slats*, surely rings a familiar note. And any motion picture fan will raise an alert and appreciative ear at the mention of William Powell. But very few people would ever couple the two in the same thought, or consider them as having the slightest connection. They have, and it's quite a story.

To add another character, let's throw in Ralph Barton, master caricaturist—shake them all together—turn the hands of time back to 1912—and imagine them leaving their hometown of Kansas City with ambition in their hearts and holes in their shoes, bound for the artistic mecca of this country, New York. For that is exactly what they were doing then.

Their fine talents, of course, won recognition, but only after they had weathered a number of rough innings did they go from the minor to the major leagues. Lady Luck, hovering somewhere near, might have given them a nudge or a wink—but could you blame her when three such gifted young men were concerned?

Raeburn Van Buren, William Powell, and Ralph Barton met while they were students at Central High School in Kansas City. All were aspiring artists, with larger ideas than their area could then handle. New York, however, could provide opportunities aplenty, and that's just where they planned on going, broke as they were. Barton was married to the most beautiful girl in Kansas City at the time—and Van Buren says of him: "Barton had a baby, so his 'poor' was a little more real than Powell's or mine."

The trio stayed poor for quite some time, and on several occasions very nearly decided to



"scram home to mother." But they were young and ambitious and could stand a lot of knocking around.

Eventually they took a studio in the Lincoln Arcade at 65th and Broadway. This they did for two reasons: First, the studios were large and cheap; second, at one time or another nearly every successful artist had rented or begged a studio in that building. There they met another Missouri boy who was dabbling in art, Thomas Hart Benton.

On the whole, the occupants of the Lincoln Arcade were a strange conglomeration living in a strange structure. The building caught fire at least once a week, and on one occasion when melting snow dripped through the ceiling and made sleeping impossible, they had quite a novel party. For the seeping water also drove out a nest of unwelcome cockroaches. That night undoubtedly produced, for the first and probably the last time, the world's wildest roach hunt. Van Buren, Powell and Barton picked out the driest spot in the studio and spent the remainder of the night shooting cockroaches with an air rifle.



Bill Powell's several jobs as an artist lasted no longer than tryouts, and he was finally convinced that art was not for him. So he took to the stage as a last resort to earn grocery money, entering the American Academy of Dramatic Art. Inadvisable as it might have been, he also took a wife, Eileen Wilson.

Powell found immediate success on the stage in *The Ne'er Do Well*, and appeared from then on in a string of well known plays. Powell and his wife separated shortly after he went to Hollywood, and were later divorced. That William Powell found the proper outlet for his talent need not be said. His comedy has amused millions. He was the first of the adventurers to hit the big-time and he hit it flying!

In the meantime, however, Barton and Van Buren were not idle in their fields. They had just started breaking into the "slicks" when the first World War broke out.

Rae enlisted in the Old Seventh Regiment and went overseas as an automatic rifleman, and Barton took a second wife. This girl was a New York model (the most attractive girl he knew at the time). A divorce, however, followed soon after the birth of their child, and the irresistible Don Juan picked himself another "lovely"—actress Carlotta Monterey. She was another gorgeous addition to his collection of beauties. Ralph Barton in those years was enjoying fame and fortune. He became renowned for his satiric cartoons and caricatures. After finishing his famous curtain for the Chauve Souris Company, which caricatured New York's most prominent

First Nighters, he was acclaimed one of the best artists this country had produced.

Sometime later Barton moved to Paris. There he married his fourth wife, Germaine Tailleferre.

In 1929 he returned to New York, but his work seemed to lack the "Barton touch" critics had come to expect. He was dissatisfied and deeply unhappy. On May 20th, 1931, he shot and killed himself in his apartment on East 57th Street.

He has often been called the "restless spirit of the art world." Brilliant but moody, he lived intensely, impetuously, until the end. Life had absorbed him too completely.

Van Buren, back in New York after two years in the service, resumed his art work, and a year later married Fern Ringo, a Kansas City girl, whose dark beauty became the recognized "Van Buren Girl." Although sometimes pictured in sordid surroundings, the elusive sweetness of face and grace of body are always there. For Van Buren wields a versatile pen, depicting the beautiful, the dowdy and the ludicrous with equal skill.

Rae did regular work for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, *Red Book*, *McClure's*, *The New Yorker*, *Esquire* and *McCalls*. He illustrated over seven hundred stories for these magazines.

But that was not enough. Realizing he was in some sort of a slot, he decided to try comic strips. The result of this move is, of course, his now



famous *Abbie & Slats*, cleverly written, graphically illustrated story that has been universally welcomed and syndicated in over two hundred newspapers in the United States, South America, Mexico, Canada and Hawaii.

Raeburn Van Buren has rare charm. He is excellent company, not alone for his vast store of humor, but also for his ability to be an appreciative listener. He was the last of the adventurers to reach the top of the ladder, but his success has a quality of permanence which indicates he will stay at the top.

So that is the story of three boys who started together on the ladder to prominence, from a high school in Kansas City. Throughout the climb no one of them outstripped the others. And it was a long, long ladder!



Man in the wrong is inclined to lay the blame on someone else, not unlike the boy who was reprimanded for pulling the tail of a cat.

"I'm not pulling it," he replied. "I'm standing on it. He's the one who's doin' the pullin'."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE SECRET HEART—Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Sterling. Miss Colbert, as the step-mother of two small children, devotes herself to them and to paying off her husband's debts, after the gentleman commits suicide. Later, the neurotic daughter (June Allyson) becomes infatuated with her brother's employer. When she discovers that what he feels for her is only fatherly interest, that it is her stepmother whom he loves, she attempts to throw herself from a cliff. Foiled in this, she finally learns the truth about the father whose memory she had idolized, and a happy ending is effected, with romances blooming profusely.

Warner Brothers

HUMORESQUE—Joan Crawford, John Garfield, Oscar Levant, J. Carrol Naish. Fannie Hurst's ever-popular story gives Joan Crawford her first role since academy award-winner *Mildred Pierce*. She is cast as a wealthy patroness of the arts, who tries to forget her unsuccessful marriage by sponsoring unrecognized talent. At one of her parties, she meets a young violinist (John Garfield), becomes more than usually interested, and sets him up to a concert debut. Things progress rapidly to the point where she has an opportunity to marry him, but hesitates, knowing that she might ruin his career. The film's climax occurs when she realizes that suicide offers the only solution.

THE TIME, THE PLACE AND THE GIRL—Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Janis Paige, Martha Vickers. Two personable young chaps, a singer (Dennis Morgan) and an orchestra leader (Jack Carson), face innumerable difficulties in opening a night club. The club has a very short life, through the efforts of the hoity wife of a nice old symphony conductor, but not before the couple's granddaughter is exposed to the charms of the singer. Next item of business on the boys' agenda is the production of a Broadway musical show. All manner of events occur when the Madame learns that her granddaughter is

to appear in it. But you guessed it—when the finale curtain goes up, all problems have vanished, and ain't life grand! The movie is in technicolor, and features such tuneful numbers as *Oh, But I Do* and *A Gal in Calico*.

20th Century Fox

THE SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM—Betty Grable, Dick Haymes, Anne Revere. The year is 1874, and Miss Cynthia Pilgrim (Betty Grable), champion operator of the newly invented typewriter, sets out to invade the 100%-male precincts of the business world. A militant suffragette who owns a Boston shipping concern demands that Cynthia be given a fair trial, though company president John Pritchard (Dick Haymes) protests vigorously. However, he hires her permanently after seeing that she turns out neat, efficient work. Soon, John asks Cynthia to marry him; but makes the mistake of mentioning that, as his wife, she will no longer work. She refuses to renounce "equal rights," and quits her job. After hiring and firing a series of typists, the unhappy John finally goes to the agency, and gets its head—the shocking Miss Pilgrim, herself.



WAKE UP AND DREAM—John Payne, June Haver, Charlotte Greenwood. The "Sara March," a land-bound, home-made sloop, has never left anchorage in Widow March's backyard before, but

when it is about to be taken away for back board, its owner, Mr. Peckett, decides to save it by taking it to sea. As companions, he has Jenny (June Haver) and little Nella. The child is hoping to find her brother Jeff (John Payne), who is listed as missing by the War Department. After they leave, Jeff turns up, finds them gone, and contacts the Coast Guard for help in locating them. At the propitious moment, Jeff is reunited with his sister and sweetheart, and the picture ends with the Coast Guard commander offering a toast to Little Nella.

Paramount

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE—Loretta Young, David Niven, Eddie Albert, Charlie Ruggles, Virginia Field. Exponents of the perfect marriage, Maggie and Dale Williams, decide that the magic is all gone from their own marriage. And all this in the middle of their tenth anniversary, yet! Maggie is on the verge of divorce, but she and Dale are finally reunited by all the small things they don't like about one another. Again, the Williamses are representative of "a perfect marriage." You'll like this picture for its pleasant treatment of an old plot, sound dialogue, and the style-show calibre of the clothes which Edith Head has designed. All this and Loretta Young, too. Better see this one.

CROSS MY HEART—Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts, Michael Chekhov. To help her lawyer fiance, whose excessive honesty interferes with his career, showgirl Peggy Harper confesses to a murder she didn't commit. Peggy is sure he will get her free and make a name for himself. However, as evidence piles up against her, she tells her fiance the truth. He wins her an acquittal on defense-of-virtue grounds, but can't forgive her for having committed perjury. They split. Unhappy without him, she confesses to the prosecuting attorney that honest, she didn't kill the man at all. Oliver forgives her, and sets about to find the real murderer. In a tense close, in which he is almost massacred, himself, the murderer turns out to be—oops! We almost told.

New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION



REPORTS of the difficulties of travel in Europe have increased the travel trend to South America. Tours are now being arranged as far south as Buenos Aires by boat, plane, or both. And the demand is rapidly growing beyond the available accommodations. Flying time from La Guardia Field to Nassau is now five hours and the planes are constantly booked to capacity, as are classes in learn-to-speak-Spanish. With a little Spanish at the tip of the tongue one can move about the whole of South America and our close neighbor Mexico, with a certain amount of ease. Flying Down to Rio is no longer a dramatized dream, it's a casual matter of standing in line for a ticket. And "South America Take It Away" may be interpreted as, "Don't bother to bring it up here because we'll be down to get it." South American fashions and color combinations are featured in all the best shops and it

looks as though they're here to stay for a long, long time. This popular trend to the Latin South may take some of the tourist traffic away from Florida, but that winter haven has been getting too much of a Coney Island reputation during the past few years anyway. And, to break into the South American routine for a moment, don't forget that the delightful little spot in the sea called Bermuda is only a two hour jaunt from La Guardia Field. Your Spanish won't do you much good there but your South American costumes will be jolly-well admired. The old saying, "Americans are always going somewhere," is truer now than ever and with travel conveniences improving daily it's likely to stay true.

The bottom dropped out of the fur market in Manhattan just a couple of days after Christmas. It was totally unexpected and caught a great many dealers with tremendous stocks on hand. It was a case of a sudden oversupply suffocating the market. This has been followed by a wild advertising campaign of cut prices which may benefit and attract the buying public on one hand but which is more likely to make it distrustful on the other. Prices have been advertised as being cut fifty per cent or more and this is not conducive to patron confidence. A fur coat is too much of an investment to be put on a rack of worn-out raptures. Imagine how one would feel to have bought a coat in the middle of December and pledged payments for a year or so, only to find that two weeks later the same

thing could be purchased at half the price. Most persons would gladly shiver for a couple of weeks for several hundred dollars. Perhaps these fur merchants have been unsmart in making like a panic . . . the response to their ads hasn't been too hot and it may be a long time before they can regain public confidence to the extent of selling at a profit.

Manhattan is in the throes of a yogurt fad. Yogurt is a sort of buttermilk junket which has arrived at that state through a process of nature. One has to eat it with a spoon, as it is much too thick to drink. It can be served with jams or fresh fruits if one doesn't like the taste of buttermilk. Doctors are praising it highly and restaurants find it in great demand. It has been a favorite in Europe for years, but has only recently made its debut here—that is, with the exception of a few diet specialists in the know who were fortunate enough to get a bit shipped over. It keeps in a refrigerator for ten days. Now, with the U. N. in full swing here, a plant has been established and there will soon be a plentiful supply. Try some when you come to town . . . it's supposed to prolong that bloom of youth.

Ingrid Bergman, currently playing Joan in *Joan of Lorraine*, and doing a superb job of it, is a regular patron

at the Elizabeth Arden exercise and massage salon. There, they can't say enough nice things about her. She is shy, usually walks with eyes cast down, and speaks in her native Swedish tongue whenever possible. She seems much taller in real life, is five feet eight and a half and has a healthy, slender figure. She doesn't exercise or have massages to reduce, just to keep in condition. She complains that one cannot get proper exercise walking Manhattan streets, or relax properly under the strain of a Broadway hit. Her little eight year old daughter has just returned to school in California after spending the holidays here and her husband, formerly a dentist, is now a surgeon with great promise. Miss Bergman has a radiance in her face that's all hers. She never uses make-up off-stage.

Atop Fifth Avenue buses, in subways, up and down the streets, there seems to be a growing tendency for talking. Not talking to anyone, just talking away like so many radio announcers with invisible microphones. This could be pure imagination, and since the thought of a city of seven million habitual solo-talkers is overwhelming, to say the least, let's pray that there's no real basis for worry. Babel would be as nothing compared to all those New Yorkers speaking their minds.



NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ **AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE.** (International). The company including Walter Hampton, Eva LeGallienne, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex is still at work hard by Columbus Circle with rotating performances of *John Gabriel Borkman*, *Henry VIII*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *Found on Demand*, and *Androcles and the Lion*. Everyone is rooting for a successful repertory troupe on native soil, but unfortunately these productions have something to be desired. Evenings, except Monday. Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Curtain times differ according to the play being presented.

★ **ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.** (Fulton). The Hubbard family, which theatergoers came to know and loathe in *The Little Foxes*, has returned to the stage in an earlier chapter from its history. They are not so obnoxious now and are far less convincing, despite excellent performances by Patricia Neal, Leo Genn, and Margaret Phillips. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). A wonderfully funny play written and directed by Garson Kanin and produced by Max Gordon. Paul Douglas is a big time racketeer and Judy Holliday is the well-intentioned tomato who causes no end of complications when she attempts to reform him. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). From the late '20's comes this revival which stars Bert Lahr as an old-time comedian whose moral vicissitudes bring eventual physical and professional collapse, and Jean Harlow as his handsome and long-suffering wife. There are moments of pathos and hilarity before the final redemption scene—something which takes a good bit of bringing about. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CHRISTOPHER BLAKE.** (Music Box). In his first attempt at a "serious" play, Moss Hart acquits himself creditably. The piece is concerned with the effect of divorce upon a twelve-year-old, and is chiefly notable for some first-class flights of fancy and an outstanding performance by Richard Tyler. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **CYRANO DE BERGERAC.** (Ethel Barrymore). While critics split hairs and heads in heated arguments over the performances of Jose Ferrer (the present Cyrano) and Walter Hampden (last great actor to play the role), playgoers flock to the Ethel Barrymore and come away quite pleased. Apparently the answer is that, whatever the histrionic nuances involved, Mr. Ferrer is rousing satisfactory. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **THE FATAL WEAKNESS.** (Royale). Ina Claire sparkles in the midst of dull surroundings and much bondage devoted to middle-aged divorce. Howard St. John and Margaret Douglass are there to assist. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Frank Fay, the theater's most charming personality, is still delighting packed houses with the aid of Josephine Hull, a prima, and Mary Chase's Pulitzer Prize play of 10 years back. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). High on everyone's must list is the new Anita Loos comedy starring Helen Hayes as a mousy librarian who discovers a brave new world with the aid of a few Pink Ladies. The cast is superb and the entire production is too good to miss! Evenings, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.



★ **THE ICEMAN COMETH.** (Martin Beck). Eugene O'Neill demonstrates his ability to present in four hours what another dramatist could present in two and a half—provided the other could present it at all. This time he speaks of illusions, and their efficacy in stuffing up hollow lives. The cast is excellent, and the direction of Eddie Dowling is quite perfect. Evenings at 7:30.

★ **JOAN OF LORRAINE.** (Alvin). Ingrid Bergman has scored a triumph in this version of the Maid of Orleans legend. The play is by Maxwell Anderson, and an entirely adequate vehicle for Miss Bergman's talents. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.** (Cort). Cornelia Otis Skinner and Penelope Ward are all right in this Oscar Wilde comedy, but Cecil Beaton's settings and costumes are really tops. It's a little tedious, but well worth the viewing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou). The inimitable Lindsay and Crouse dramatization of the inimitable book by Clarence Day, now in its seventy-fifth year—or thereabouts. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **LITTLE A.** (Henry Miller). The play is by Lou White, and stars Otto Kruger, Jesse Royce Landis, and Wallis Clark. Melville Burke directs. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire). The Lunts, who would draw a capacity crowd for a recitation of the alphabet, have only slightly heavier material to work with here; but needless to say they make the evening eminently worthwhile. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **PRESENT LAUGHTER.** (Plymouth). Admirers of Noel Coward will probably be disappointed in his latest dissertation upon adultery, but everyone will find much to commend in the deft performances of Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Balton, and Marta Linden. Evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). A wonderfully funny play about a man who really ought to be elected president. It isn't exactly new, but it is constantly rewritten to keep it as timely as to-night's headline. Well rewritten, we hasten to add! Ralph Bellamy, Minor Watson, and Edith Atwater are the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). That sergeant is still on leave! The cast of three is now composed of Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **YEARS AGO.** (Mansfield). A witty memory-book of Ruth Gordon at sixteen, when she lived in Boston and longed to be an actress. Frederic March, Patricia Kirkland, and Florence Eldridge turn in uniformly excellent performances. The whole thing may be unequivocally recommended. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

Musicals

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). As Annie Oakley, Ethel Merman is rootin', tootin', and high-falutin' as only she can be. The music is by Irving Berlin and the book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, which makes it 100 per cent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BEGGAR'S HOLIDAY.** (Broadway). Alfred Drake, once of *Oklahoma!* heads a large and lively cast through an adaption of the *Beggar's Opera*. The book and lyrics are by John Latouche and the musical score is by Duke Ellington. Considering the people involved, it really ought to be better. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). This revue prepared and presented by veterans and overseas entertainers could hardly be better or funnier. Among other things, it's the source of that "South America" song which seems to be damn' near inescapable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic). The Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II rewrite of *Liliom*. Ferenc Molnar originally penned it as a present to his wife, who exacted a promise from him never to write anything more like it. Seems a pity. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). Ella Logan in what is really a musical play by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saily, with the score by Burton Lane. Jo Mielziner's settings are excellent. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). There'll never be a revival of *Oklahoma!*—it will just keep on running. And that's all right by us. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **STREET SCENE.** (Adelphi). Elmer Rice has rewritten his old play of this name, and Kurt Weill has supplied it with music. Norman Condon and Anne Jeffreys head the competent cast. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). The Victor Herbert operetta, rewritten by John Cecil Holm and produced by Paula Stone and Michael Sloane. All you really need to know is that it stars Bobby Clark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **TOPLITSKY OF NOTRE DAME.** (Century). George Marion, Jr., apparently started with the idea that it might be funny if an angel on furlough could play in Notre Dame's backfield during the Army game. Then he loused it up by having the celestial visitor fall in love with a mortal girl. Things straighten themselves out, but by that time no one cares. The music isn't so hot either. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5097	E	Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	J
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W	Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	V
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	International, Columbus Circle.....	CO 5-1173	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	J
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	V
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	V
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	V
Broadway, 227 W. 45th.....	CI 6-0300	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CL 6-6230	V
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	W	Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	V
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W	National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	V
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....	BR 9-3565	
Empire, B'way & 40th.....	PE 6-9540		Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	V
Fulton, 201 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CL 5-5760	
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	V
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E	St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	V
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd.....	BR 9-3970	E			

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by ELINORE CUMBERLAND



★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** William Scotti and Alfred Mendez furnish quiet music in this dignified spot. Enjoy a rhumba if you don't feel too formal. Park Avenue at 51st St. WI 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** You just can't concentrate on your excellent drink and Lenny Herman's music at the same time. Nights, listen and dance to Sande Williams and his band. Reasonably priced food, ala carte. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ **BLACK ANGUS.** A modern restaurant dedicated to Aberdeen Angus beef served any way you like it. There's a keen steak and a big baked potato or three samoleons. 148 E. 50th. PL 9-7454.

★ **BILTMORE.** Ted Straeter's Orchestra is in the Bowman Room for dinner and supper dancing, and Mischa Raginsky makes nice but largely unnoticed music in the Cocktail Lounge from four 'til seven every afternoon. Madison at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ **BOAR'S HEAD CHOP HOUSE.** Mutton chops done to a turn, and tasty sea food. Yummy! 490 Lexington. PL 8-0354.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Imogene Coca, Roberta Lee, Pete Johnson, Jules Munshin, Django Reinhardt with Edmond Hall's orchestra and Dave Martin's trio. A houseful of merry entertainment. 28 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ **CHATEAUBRIAND.** The finest of French cuisine and vintage wines. A delightful retreat for the real connoisseur. Try the imported foie gras. 148 E. 56th. PL 9-6544.

★ **COPACABANA.** A gay, new show starring Sid Caesar, Gayle Robbins, dancers Raye & Naldi. Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rhumbas. 10 E. 60th. PL 8-1060.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Sweetest and hottest jazz in the Village, where jazz just seems to flourish. Drivers, come listen to the fanciest guitar in town. 7 W. 3rd St. GR 3-8736.

★ **ENRICO AND PAGLIERI.** Don't miss this long established place when you're in the Village. One little whiff of the delightful odors emanating from the doorway will whip the faintest appetite into a frenzy of hunger. 66 W. 11th. AL 4-4658.

★ **HEADQUARTERS.** Campaign hats off to the two G.I.s who disguised spam for SHEAF during the war. The food's good. 108 W. 49th. BR 9-0728.

★ **LEXINGTON.** Harry Owens should live so long! Seriously, the strains of the Hawaiian guitars and the all-island revue carry you right back to Ole Waikiki, which sometimes seems highly desirable. Dining Sundays. Lexington at 48th. WI 2-4400.

★ **MONKEY BAR.** A hilarious spot where waiters join in the festivities at the slightest provocation. Don't take your aunt from Great Neck. 60 E. 54th. PL 3-1066.

★ **MONTE CARLO.** A very fancy restaurant — just like in the movies. Dick Gasparre's orchestra combines with Alberto's rhumbas for an evening of good music. Fine food. Madison at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ **NINO'S.** Chic decor provides the setting for the best of French cooking. There's a cozy cocktail lounge with quiet piano music in the background, too. 10 E. 52nd. PL 3-9014.

★ **REUBEN'S.** A favorite of the celebs, sandwiches along the Dagwood line are the house's specialty. You'll find the names of well-knowns tacked onto a number of these multi-meated delights. 6 E. 58th. VO 5-7420.

★ **RITZ-CARLETON.** A host of places here. The Oval Room filled with sophisticates, the "Ladies' Bar" and George's "Little Bar" downstairs. They're each a treat. Madison at 46th. PL 3-4600.

★ **ROSE.** Friendliest restaurant in town. They make you eat more than you really should, so don't forget to fasten your belt before leaving the table. 109 W. 51st. LO 3-8997.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Barry Winston alternates with Clemente's marimba band. Try the Savoy Room for an excellent breakfast. Blue bloods hang from the chandeliers in the Cafe Lounge. Fifth Avenue at 59th St. VO 5-2600.

★ **SARDI'S.** Theatrical celebrities on the walls and in the chairs, too. The gawker lets his food grow cold while theater people enjoy medium-priced roast beef and steaks. 234 W. 44th. LA 4-5785.

★ **SHERRY NETHERLAND.** An excellent view of Central Park afforded from the mezzanine. Quiet cocktail lounge. Excellent food. 5th Avenue at 59th. VO 5-2800.

★ **STORK CLUB.** If you've seen the movie you've seen the Stork Club. Billingsley is still the smartest club owner in town. 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1940.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Chicken, duck, steak and roast beef in the traditional Shor manner. Entrees a buck sixty and up. 51 W. 51st. PL 3-9000.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Jean Sablon entertains nightly. Emil Petti and Panchito's rhumbas for dancing at dinner and supper. The chef knows his onions — and steaks. 151 E. 50th. PL 8-0310.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** The Wedgewood Room boasts Emil Coleman's orchestra and Mischa Borr's group. The Flamingo Room is livened by the music of Michael Zarin's orchestra. Park Avenue at 49th St. EL 5-3000.

★ **WIVEL.** Strictly Scandinavian. Friendly, informal gatherings. Smorgasbord. 254 W. 54th Street. CI 7-9800.

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN



THE slush days have followed the lush days in the Windy City. By "lush days" we mean the ten days around the holidays when little or no work was done on advertising and radio row, nor in most other businesses. The hucksters, particularly, were busy with parties and office martini sessions from the Ad Club benefit party the Thursday before Christmas until unconscious — sometime after New Year's day.

This year the celebrations were bigger and better than ever. Most of the stalwarts were back from the war and all of the usual characters were seen chasing the pretty secretaries around desks at office parties.

The new year arrived none too soon to stave off utter exhaustion. A large segment of the population crawled home to recuperate over the following weekend. The Friday night after New Year's found Lou Harrington practically alone in the Wrigley Building bar. That usually noisy spot was quiet as a grave at nine o'clock — something practically unheard of since CBS, J. Walter Thompson, and the Art Meyerhoff agency moved into the building. Polishing a martini glass (something he hadn't had time to do in weeks) Lou was heard to remark, "Well, the boys have gone home to Winnetka to rest up."

However, now that most New Year's resolutions have been happily shattered, night life is looking up again. With slush on the streets, the family fireside is again being neglected in the usual big January-February rush of things to do and places

to go. Again it's a bright, happy town — what with the furniture men in for another big market spree. The furniture men have jammed the hotels again to the bursting point and have rescued the night clubs and just plain joints from the sad nights that followed the holidays. Things are fast snapping back to normal.

For one thing, *The Student Prince* is here again for its umpteenth revival. It's the same old *Student Prince*. Frank Hornaday is a little blonder this trip, the costumes still look as though they'd been dry-cleaned once too often, and Nina Varela is still getting her part mixed up with Marjorie Main, but on the whole it's a heartwarming show. All's well with the world — *The Student Prince* is on tour again!

However, all is not well with the radio business. The Actor's Club held another of those "wakes" for a show leaving the city. This time it was for *Ma Perkins* and Virginia Payne, who has long played the title role and is also the president of AFRA's Chicago local. Everybody kept a stiff upper lip but it was a pretty sad occasion nevertheless. *Ma Perkins* happened to be Chicago's one remaining soap opera. With its departure, the cupboard is bare. Only kid shows, some dramatic half hours, and odd jobs here and there remain to sustain a growing group of hungry thespians who either can't or won't depart for either coast.

WGN, Mutual's Chicago flagship, alone of all the stations in town offers a substantial number of "live" shows to help the local talent keep body and soul together. No matter what you may think about the Chicago Tribune, it still runs a great radio station. In addition to the biggest staff and the biggest audience studio it continues to put on expensive local shows year after year. It originates a healthy portion of the Mutual schedule but still retains its identity as an individual station. With network production and

programming standards, and with at least a dozen "live" shows a week calling for casts of from ten to twenty people, it's the one bright spot on the dial from the employment standpoint. Its music and production departments are the largest in town, and when *Chicago Theatre of the Air* goes on the air Saturday nights about a hundred and fifty people get paychecks. This is probably why most actors walk reverently past the WGN studios close by the Tribune tower.

An interesting visitor in our town just previous to the launching of his new comic strip was Mr. Milton Caniff, the eminent creator of Miss Lace, Terry, Burma, and—now—Steve Canyon. Mr. Caniff arrived in Chicago to face a schedule which called for the stamina possessed by all his virile characters put together. For five days, he hopped from school to luncheon, from dinner to broadcast. Hanging onto his coat-tails was a lovely and sultry young beauty named Alice Boyd whose job it was to get into her working clothes and pose whenever Mr. Caniff paused long enough to deliver a lecture or chalk talk. Miss Boyd had the assignment of representing Copper Calhoun—heroine of the new Caniff strip. She filled it very well, with her working



clothes consisting mostly of one slinky black evening gown cut down to here. This considerable exhibition of a very nice figure worried some of the more academic minds at such places as New Trier high school. It can be reliably reported that neither the teachers or the students have completely recovered.

Return to normalcy note: An announcement has just arrived stating that male and female escorts are now available for day and night work for a reasonable fee. References are necessary, but for as little as a crisp new twenty the jaded tourist in our midst can enjoy the bright conversation of a blonde or brunette. And the lonely lady who finds time hanging heavily on her hands can hire a pair of built up shoulders or a crew haircut for the same price.

Final return to normalcy note: Griff Williams is back at the Palmer House playing that wonderful music, which, incidentally, Mutual features. Henry Brandon is back in the Marine Dining Room of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The Chicago Blackhawks are back in the cellar of the National Hockey League.



Answers to Memory Quiz:

1. Alabama beat Southern California, 34 to 14.
2. Assault.
3. St. Louis Cardinals beat the Boston Red Sox, 4 games to 3.
4. Ben Hogan.
5. Eighth round.
6. Ray Milland and Joan Crawford.
7. *The Egg and I*.
8. *State of the Union* by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse.
9. John Stewart Curry.
10. Alicia Markova, with the Ballet Russe.
11. Harlan Stone died; Fred Vinson replaced him.
12. King George of Greece.
13. Trygve Lie of Norway.
14. Averill Harriman, Secretary of Commerce.
15. Roger Slaughter of Missouri.
16. William Heirens, who was sentenced to life imprisonment.
17. Tito's planes in Yugoslavia.
18. Kathleen Winsor and Artie Shaw.
19. Athens, Georgia.
20. Australia to Ohio.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK



Worth the Price . . .

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Palatial is the word for this mammoth room and its show-time bounty of a Dorothy Dorben production and music by veteran Clyde McCoy and his "Sugar Blues" boys.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A chic and cheerful little nook given over to quality food and interesting small bands.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). This is one of Dorothy Draper's wonderful creations, with Drake excellency of food, cocktails, service and the dance music of Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Many-faceted emerald, ebony, gold and crystal make this new decor of a historic room fabulous indeed. Fabulous is the show, too, with that Park Avenue hillbilly, Dorothy Shay; Griff Williams, the radiating maestro; and the dancing Barrys from *Up in Central Park*.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Reflections are the mood—in mirrors, gay spirits, and the dancing fare both matinee and evening.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). Something extra-special in interior charm, wonderful food and service, and a sleek patronage.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Definitely a place to see and be seen, not to mention enjoying a Dorothy Hild revue of rare creative talent and the dancing melodies of genial Henry Brandon and his orchestra.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel (Har. 4300). Second headquarters for Chicago's smart society and a becoming show-case for the occasion. Ramon Ramos and his rumba-conscious band and a select act or two.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Definitely in a class with Hollywood's *Ciro's* or Manhattan's *Stork*

with its stage and screen celebrities and cream of local-ites. Dream music by David LeWinter's society band.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Traditional meeting place of the Loop, and a worthwhile one with Joseph Sudy's music and a trim opus of entertainment.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Very Russian, very elegant, and very continental in spirit, spearheaded by the famous Colonel Yaschenko, host, and maestro George Scherban, virtuoso of the violin.

Worth Attention . . .

★ Number one on Chicago's night club list is **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), with a jackpot of stars including Tony Martin, Pearl Bailey and the Jack Cole Dancers, plus others . . . **COPACABANA**, State and Lake (Dea. 5151), is brand new and exciting, large and handsome with a bouncing revue called "Michigan Boulevard" . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has Jerry Lester, comedian, and a popular company . . . And at the **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), it's Ted Lewis and his production that make reservations a necessity.

Dinner Dating . . .

★ Keep these reputable restaurants in mind for a dinner worth remembering . . . **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 East Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 7060) . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 N. Rush (Del. 5930) . . . **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177) . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 N. Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan (Del. 9040) . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0417).

Theatres . . .

★ **SONG OF NORWAY** at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Edvard Grieg comes to life in this delightful operetta with Irra Petina at the top of a notable cast of singers and dancers.

★ **HARVEY** at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown and his rabbit are staggering on to new box office records and popularity.

★ **THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE** at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Louis Calhern turns in a prize winning performance as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

★ **LUTE SONG** at the Studebaker, 418 S. Michigan (Cen. 8240). This extraordinary and beautiful masterpiece of drama and music of Chinese heritage is back for a return engagement. Doll Haas again the star.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY** at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Ray Bolger is the mainstay of Nancy Hamilton's hilarious musical revue and an able cast with him. Morgan Lewis wrote the music.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Experienced dietitian W. W. Wormington operates one of the finest cafeterias in which you'll ever have the pleasure of dining. You'd swear you were sampling Mother's home cooking when dining at the Bluebird. Snowy napkins, immaculate dishes and cutlery are a feature not found often these days. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ **BRETTON'S.** Food that is positively terrific! It ranges from smoked lox and gefilte fish to prime ribs of beef, turkey, and lobster. The Czechoslovakian chef was two years a medical student, and no one knows where he learned so much about food. But he learned it, as his delicate Napoleon Slices and splendid shortcakes will testify. Max Bretton is a sincerely accommodating host. Five course dinners from \$1.45. 1215 Baltimore. GR 8999.

★ **GUS' COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Joshua Johnson is far and away the best boogie artist in the game. Funny thing about old Josh—you couldn't entice him to Hollywood or N. Y. with a diamond-studded piano as bait. Friendly Gus Fitch has a right arm like a prize fighter—it's from shaking a million hands a day. Magnificent steaks. 1106 Baltimore. GR 5120.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** Like meatballs and spaghetti? The Ross' have been serving the finest in Italian fare for twenty-five years. Frank will see that you're seated and make certain your slightest gastronomic whim is satisfied. There's a glittery bar at one end of the room, and as you walk into the bar take a good look at the little figure of Il Pagliaccio occupying a wall niche. Dave McClain gives with a mighty fine brand of piano music during your meal. 600 East 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ **KELLEHER'S MART.** Smorgasbord for your appetizer—just load up! Then go back to your table for the entree. Choice of wine on the house. The whole set-up rocks you for only two bucks or so. The menu carries a note something like this: "If you don't see your favorite dish, call the manager. He'll discuss it with the chef and they'll do their best to produce it for you." Norman Turner at the keyboard. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587. Insert in CLASS WITH A GLASS

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Frank has been a master chef for more years than he'll admit. At his Brush Creek place he features fresh seafood, air-expressed from the Gulf, and the tastiest chicken ever. Over a quarter of a million chickens prepared annually attest this fact. In the corner are a number of high chairs to accommodate the kiddies for that family dinner. Plate luncheons with a drink for 35c and up are also a specialty. Private rooms for parties and bridge luncheons available. Drop in for a business luncheon or breakfast at Frank's new place on 917 Grand. Brush Creek and the Paseo. VA 9757.

★ **PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** Kansas City's newest restaurant and bar. Bright red leather booths along the wall, and two quaint oaken tables beside a shiny bar for the express convenience of imbibers. Patsy and Lou Ventola have purloined a chef and cooking crew who can turn out steaks, chops and other vittles just the way you like 'em. What's more, you'll never be a stranger here because Lou never forgets a name. Inexpensive beer with good whiskey

scaled down proportionately makes a mighty attractive feature, too. East end of 6th Street Trafficway. HA 8795.

★ **PUSATARI'S NEW YORKER.** It may not be in the dictionary, but "splendiferous" is the word for Puasteri's roast beef flanked by a side order of French fried onions. The steaks and salad bowls are yummy, too. Host Jerry guides you to a seat at the bar, a booth or a table. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** A genial carry-over from days gone by. If you're looking for bankers and business executives at noon time you'll find them gorging themselves on the Savoy's *piece de resistance*, lobster, or on other tasty seafoods. Wholesome, delicious, appetizing food prepared just as it was years and years ago. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **CABANA.** Gay Latins in black-and-gold mess jackets are drink whisk-ers and WHB's Alberta Bird Hammondizes the top ten and any other tunes you care to request. You'll manage to lend an ear to her music, even over the festive furore. Luncheon only. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** It's a South-of-the-Borderish hideaway just downstairs from El Casbah and the Zephyr Room—gay, bright, and guaranteed to be easy on the pocketbook. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Lush, plush, and musical. There's very competent pianoing in the background, the kind that can be listened to or talked over but is good either way. The circular drink counter is surrounded by a leather davenportish sort of thing, and there are tables for two, three, and more on an upper deck. The management has the jug of wine, but you'll have to bring your own bread. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** On the Country Club Plaza, the southside sister of the Town Royale features a horseshoe bar, hospitable service and Hammond





music by Mary Dale. The talk is even-Stephen late dates and new babies when the campus queens of the last two decades hold regular Saturday night court at this popular gathering place. Go early. You're bound to see everybody you know. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ **RENDEVOUS.** The mink you rub elbows with at the bar won't rub off. Well-mixed drinks are a pleasure to sip while eyeing the throng at the bar and at the little tables across the room. All the right people. You can have your dinner right there. Just signal the waiter for dinner service. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** On the site of the grandeur that was the old Baltimore Hotel stands this casually comfortable cocktail lounge. Harry Newstreet's snow-topped thatch bobs up and down as he bustles about seating people. House specialty, aside from good drink, is filet mignon. Zena and Zola take turns at the Hammond. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7161.

★ **THE TROPICS.** It could be Trader Vic's in Honolulu with no stretch of the imagination. South Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloud burst with lightning, thunder and all. The drinks are good and the tropical concoctions are particularly smooth. Hammond music in the background and a sophisticated clientele. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** It's cozy and quiet. There's a little round bar on one side tenanted by two black-haired, white-jacketed bartenders who dispense

their wares quickly and efficiently. Quiet piano music pervades the atmosphere, adding to a sense of comfort and well-being. No food or dancing. Bellerive Hotel, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Playhouses . . .

★ **BLUE HILLS.** The name is synonymous with fine barbecue. Ed Cross' new trio, featuring a couple of screwballs named Bob and Jack, practically knock you out with their antics. There's a peach of a dance floor and the music is continuous from 6:30. Go over to Troost and head south—you can't miss it. 6015 Troost. JA 4316.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Impresario D. T. Turner, discoverer of first-rate musicians, has done it again. This time he's come up with one Bob Greene, a young man who is competent on classics and really knockdown on eight-to-the-bar stuff. Lovely Juliette is charming as ever as she plays her eminently listenable music on piano and solovox. Oldtime films above the bar round out the Turner policy of continuous entertainment. If Sunday seems long, whip over to the Broadway Interlude at midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Good old Alma. The fly boys from Olathe used to plague the gal to play all their ribald ditties—she did and now she has a repertoire of clever pieces eight fathoms long. The legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Convenient parking next door. 3539 Broadway. WE 5115.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** Delicious chicken, barbecue, and a variety of sandwiches at pre-war prices. There are all kinds of attractions at this English-style inn. A bar, spacious dance floor, and juke box jive add to an evening of food and fun. The Swope Park car takes you right to the doorway. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA 9699.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Joe Nauser packs 'em in here. The place is bedecked with luscious, life-size Varga beauties who beckon in a most becoming way. During the cocktail hour, from two 'til five, Joe hands you a free copy of the expertly mixed drink you're holding whenever the alarm clock buzzes. Judy Conrad has a well-blended musical group who give with that satisfying swing. Park for free in the La Salle Hotel garage. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.

★ **DUFFEY'S TAVERN.** "Be Good or Be Gone." That's what the sign on the door says, at any rate. Joe Hamm has his own barbecue pit but he's prouder of his histrionic talents. He'll warble you a tune at the drop of a hat. The place is big, noisy, a trifle untidy and loads of fun. Little Buck will sing either way you want it—for his supper or yours. Mac, Johnny and Red mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There's a nostalgic quality about Eddie Harris and the rest of the songsters as they break into old favorites from time to time. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ **LA FIESTA BALLROOM.** The place is always chockful of honest-to-goodness dance fans. Just step into the center of the floor and yell "Arthur Murray" and everyone there will execute a neat pirouette. Dancing every night except Monday and Thursday at La Fiesta. Each Wednesday 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 Sunday only 45 cents. Plenty of soft drinks, ice cream and sandwiches. Stag or drag at La Fiesta any time. 41st & Main. VA 9759.

★ **MARY'S.** Dance to name bands like Claude Thornhill on one of the biggest and best dance floors around. Now inside city limits and completely redecorated, mixed drinks are available at your table or in the cocktail lounge. Frolickers remember that Mary's now observes city closing laws. 8013 Wornall. JA 9441.
Insert in GOOD TASTE—

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Milt calls us the stretch runner because we never seem to make his place 'til closing time. But that's no slur! Julia Lee has cut for Decca a dozen times in the past few years and the lady is good! The caricatures of well-knowns around the walls are very effective when viewed through the dim, cozy atmosphere. 3511 Troost. VA 9256.

★ **NEW ORLEANS ROOM.** Dave Mitchell's new place is a huge success. It ought to be, because he has the right combination—mighty fine drinks and mighty fine music. Howard Parker, his piano and his orchestra, turn out "sweet swing" in a highly professional manner. An unusual feature is a dance floor that's big enough to make dancing a pleasure instead of a task. Park right next door. On Wyandotte just north of 12th Street. GR 9207.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** Jerry Gilbert's Trio provides quiet dance music at this lovely old Colonial mansion. Waiters in starched white linen coats complete the picture and the drinks seem to have a Southern tang. A few miles east on Highway 40. FL 1307.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** It doesn't take an elephant's memory to remember this cozy cranny. Max mixes nice, strong drinks and the little pink pachyderms, entwined trunk and tail above the bar, will join you in a dance at your request. At one end of the little room are amusing Charlie Chaplin films viewed on a small white screen. If you don't start a conversation with the people next to you, they'll start one with you. The place is that friendly! Hotel State, between Baltimore and Wyandotte on 12th Street. GR 5310.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Stubb thinks his excellent barbecue is the feature that draws the never-ending crowd. But people have been coming in droves to see Jeannie Leitt and to hear those risqué songs—they don't have food on their minds, either! We say it every time—we'll say it again: The girl is simply terrific! 3314 Gillham Plaza. VA 9911.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A friendly after hours spot. Lively floor shows and plenty of opportunity to swing the light fantastic yourself. For fun in the hours wee, Tootie's is the place to be. 79th & Wornall Road. DE 1253.

Good Taste . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Filled with busy people, this cheery place puts you in a mood to go back to the office and tackle that pile of correspondence you've been dreading. Latest tunes by

remote control from the Cabana, and latest news flashes with your menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Partners Milleman and Gilbert are past masters at providing dishes that keep the "Connie" crews, air passengers and townspeople in a happy mood. They're at it twenty-four hours a day and you don't have to be a flyer to enjoy the food here. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** A down-the-stairs room presided over by genial Martin Weiss and a retinue of courteous helpers. Name and decor are Souse of Ze Bordair but you'll find everything from kreplock to borscht on the varied menu. You'll like those tall green water bottles. They seem to do something to the water. A stumble up the steps will land you right smack in the El Bolero for an apertif or liqueur. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA 5040.

★ **BARREL BUFFET.** The Accurso brothers' newly decorated bar and restaurant specializes in scrumptious barbecued ribs. A good-looking bar is set off by little wine kegs placed on a shelf above the barkeep's noggin. Beef, pork and ham sandwiches are always on the menu but if you're really hungry try one of those sizzling steaks! Not seen often these days is an immaculate, post-war stainless steel kitchen boasting the latest culinary gadgets. The place is air-conditioned, too. 12th & Central. GR 9400.

★ **BILL'S LUNCH.** A wee diner just big enough to squeeze your—well, just big enough to squeeze into. Hamburgers 'n' chili 'n' good coffee. That's about all but you get your money's worth in friendly talk with Martha and Bill over your ham and eggs. If you live in the Scarritt Building they'll even let you put that 'burger on the cuff until pay day. Scarritt Building.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A quiet, dignified dining room catering to families. The prices are very reasonable, the service efficient. Plan a visit to the Brookside next Sunday for a well-balanced, home-cooked meal. 54th & Brookside. HI 4100.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** Tucked away in the side of a big stone building on 10th Street is this banker's hideout which features Yvonne Morgan at the piano. But the highest finance discussed here is the very reasonable total of your food and drink. The noon



day luncheons are gastronomic treats. Maurice Bell also operates a pleasant restaurant and cocktail lounge on the Brookside Plaza. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th Street. VI 4352.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** One of the highest tributes to Glenn's seafood is the fact that among his patrons are a great many experts on just that item. It's fun to order a steamy oyster stew, close your eyes and imagine yourself at a little wharf cafe in Provincetown. The realistic result is ample proof that Glenn serves the best seafood in the Midlewest. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** It's hard to describe the color scheme because the walls are literally covered with photos of visiting celebs, and mmmh!—those meatballs and spaghetti! Hie yourself to the Gardens any time of the day or night. Try one of those little beakers of wine that are served with meals. It's a cinch you won't leave hungry! 1110 Baltimore. HA 8861.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND GRILL.** Kenn Praeter got tired of running one of the town's most popular luncheon spots so he turned it over to Mr. Kimber. Ed behind the bar looks 65 but he's actually 75. He knows his customers not only by name but by drink. You'll always find the bank, real estate, law and radio crowd there. These guys like quality food and drink and that's exactly what they get. Kimber's got some good deals in bottled goods but if we tell you, there won't be any left for us. 9th and Walnut. GR 2680.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Hotel food at its best. And you don't have to pay for the frills. Swift service, a rarity these days, and a well-balanced menu leave you in a happy mood. Try that strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.



★ **NU-WAY DRIVE-INS.** Besides featuring about the best sandwiches to be had in Kansas City, the Nu-Ways offer speedy curb service. It's a two-to-one bet that the car hop will be at your window before you can get the ignition turned off. Reasonable prices add to the enjoyment of your snack. Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ **POOR MAN'S KANSAS CITY CLUB.** With an authentic mahogany bar salvaged from the World's Fair in St. Louis, 1904, five booths seating four diners each, and a fine chef named "Eddie," George Coleman and Stan McCollum operate a fine bistro

worthy of the discriminating patronage it gets—on the northwest corner of 11th and Wyandotte. McCollum just recently returned from the Army, where he was a field artilleryman. One of his specialties is "Filet of New Deal"—consisting of two aspirins and coffee.

★ **STROUD'S.** Best chicken in these parts, partner. Attractive, vivacious Helen Stroud is loads of fun to talk to and is a gracious hostess. Brother Roy is always doing interesting things behind the newly-opened bar. He'll fill your cigarette lighter or tell you about the time he worked on the Frisco Chronicle and got rained out after 12 days—didn't even wait to collect his pay. They're good people and you'll really enjoy your chicken dinner. The place is on 85th and Troost and hidden by that nasty old viaduct. JA 9500.

★ **UNITY INN.** Operated by the Unity School of Christianity, the restaurant is a vegetarian's delight. Decorated in a cool shade of green, you get your meal in a hurry, cafeteria style. The tossed green salads are delicious. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** René is maitre de hotel. Ask him to repeat the phrase, "Come weeth me to the Casbah." You'll swear it's Boyer himself. Handsome, Latin Alexiou stands regally behind the bar. He can mix five drinks and light the cigarettes of seven patrons simultaneously. Kansas Citians will be delighted to learn that the cover and minimum have been removed and that their old favorite, Bill Snyder, is back in the Casbah's tranquil, polished setting. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** You can't miss the entrance because it's highlighted by a large red drum. Inside you'll find a circular bar with barmen Harding and Gordon well-versed in mixing drinks to your specifications. Down a flight of steps is the Drum Room proper—delicious food, the quiet music of Gordon Dudero and Winhold Reiss' splendid murals. Reiss is the man who did the country's largest—those at Cincinnati's Union Station. It's fun to play with the photo-electrically operated door, too. \$1 minimum week days. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Good old Dee Peterson continues one of the longest and most successful stands in town. Johnny Franklin is the ever-watchful host, and owner Phil Maggio seems to be mighty pleased with his efforts in making guests happy. Savor chicken, steak and other items from a fine bill of fare. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Head man Gordon hovers attentively at the entrance of this artistically decorated supper club and always manages to find you a table. Will Back's music is polite and pleasant. The Grill is the place for those seeking the finest in music and dancing. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Colorful and busy cocktail lounge and restaurant. The amusing pioneer murals are by Mildred Heire of New York. Bar-keeps Joe, Danny and Andy make darned sure you get your full ounce and a half in each and every drink. The adjoining restaurant needs no description . . . it's Fred Harvey. Union Station. GR 1100.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

Let's Face Figures

Here are the bank deposit increases in the Marketland served by the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, from 1939 through 1945:

Colorado	\$ 770,839,000
Kansas	1,167,787,000
Missouri	1,022,495,000
Nebraska	980,098,000
New Mexico.....	117,980,000
Oklahoma	988,305,000
Wyoming	147,152,000
TOTAL	5,194,655,000



THE CHIPS ARE DOWN!

Banks, strong-boxes, and even porcelain pigs are bulging with receipts from an era of high income. In the rich Marketland served by America's second largest Federal Reserve Bank, located in Kansas City, personal deposits have increased 245 percent during the 1940's! Wise people are saving for the lay when the consumer goods they want will once more be obtainable. That lay is drawing near. So wise advertisers, planning

ahead to capture their share of the market, are swinging to WHB in Kansas City. They know it to be a sound investment. For WHB, long Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, will this Spring commence full time operation with greater power on a better frequency. With 5000 watts, 710 kilocycles, WHB will serve seller and buyer alike. It will continue to reach effectively the greatest number of listeners per advertising dollar.

DON DAVIS
President
JOHN T. SCHILLING
General Manager

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