

JULY

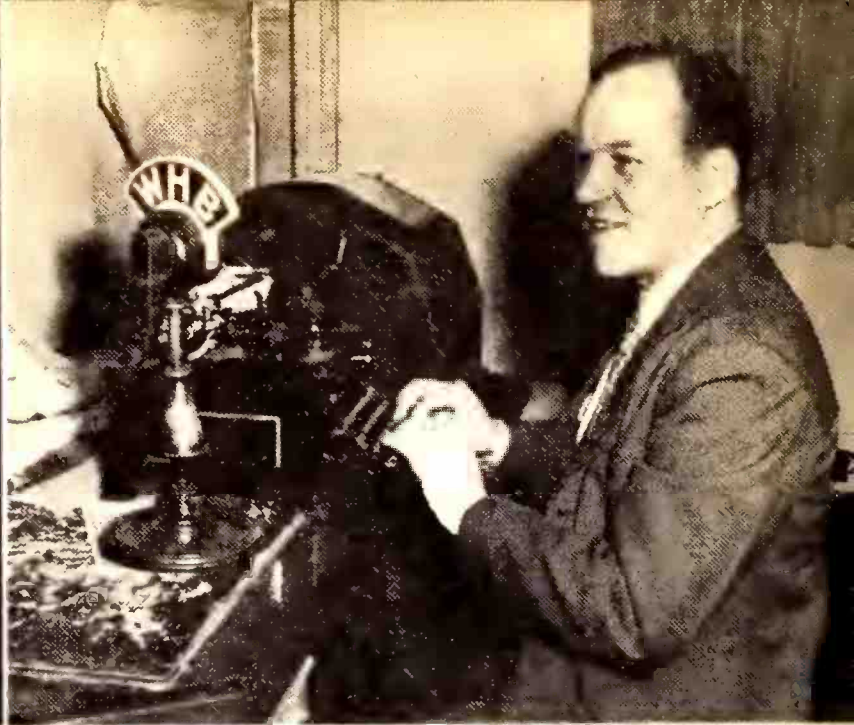
1947

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# Swinging





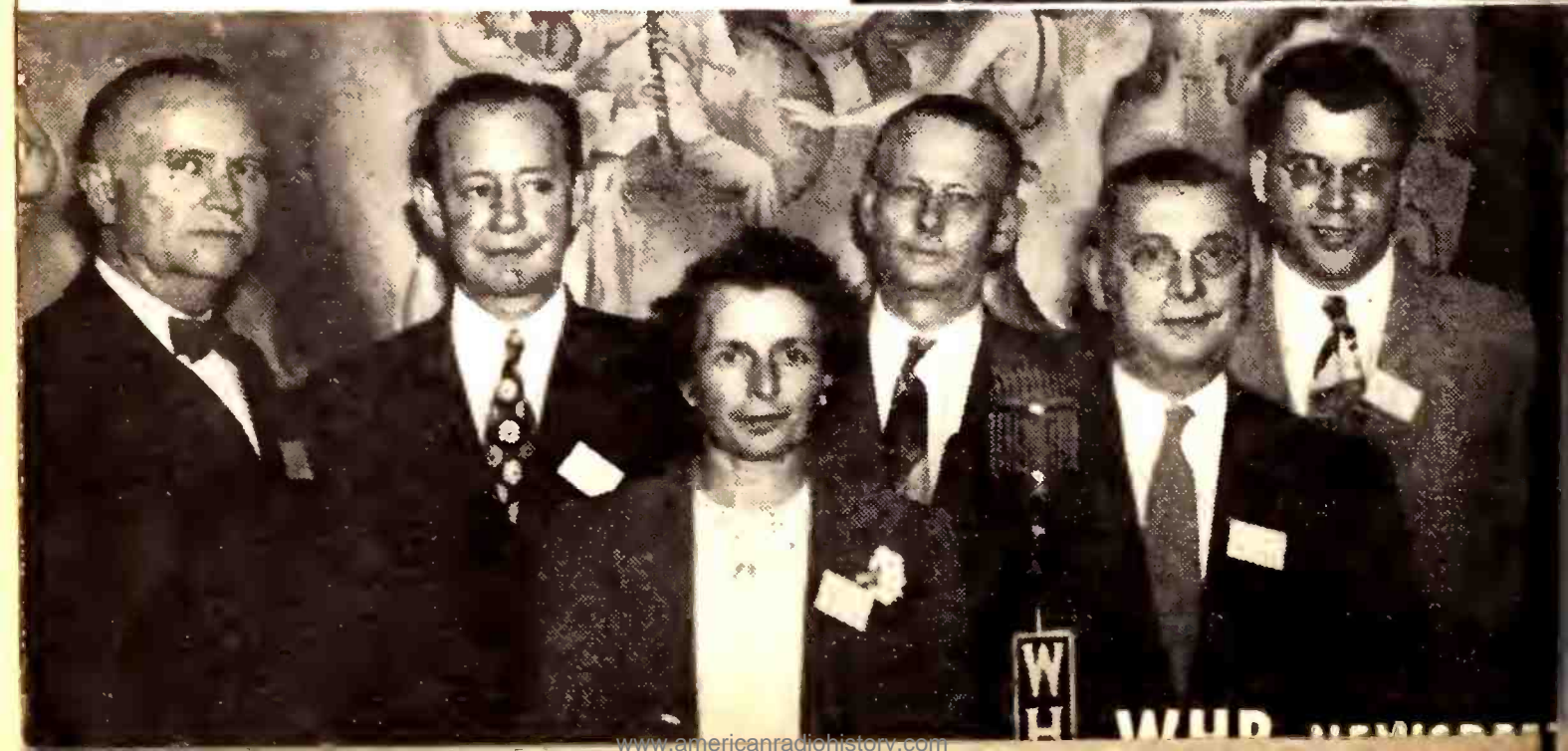


1. Tom Clark, Attorney General of the United States, as he appeared before the Mayor's Youth Conference in Kansas City.

2. Hal Boyle, Pulitzer Prize reporter, looking right at home in a corner of the WHB News-bureau.

3. Mabel Taliaferro of the *Bloomer Girl* cast clowns for a *Swing* photographer.

4. Six people responsible for the make-up of 30,000,000 loaves of bread per week recently addressed WHB listeners. The cereal chemists are, from the left: W. L. Haley, G. T. Carlin, Miss Elise Shover, Dr. Oscar Skovelt, George Garnatz, and Roland Selman.





# foreword for July . . .

WE like red, white, and blue better than just plain red. We'd like that to go on record—especially in the month of the Glorious Fourth in a summer when everything is rosy and that's not good. Red just isn't the color this season. Not many are wearing it—not on the outside, at least. But you know those things people wear underneath! The scarlet letter is no longer an A. It's a C. And we enjoin you to change your blood from red to blue if you would survive, and your name to plain Brown if you're our favorite columnist. Policemen, change the cover of your gazette! You never can tell what will touch off another Committee! And whether it acts as fire prevention or a match in a forest, the Committee is rampant this season.

Still . . . take any color, red or blue or anything else. Deepen it enough and it becomes natural black. All colors have a potential density of black. Which just goes to show that you can run anything into the ground, the blue the same as the red, the red the same as the blue. Any way you take it, the extremes look black! Which isn't much of an outlook for a handsome summer month the color of sails and flags and suntan. The outlook brightens only if the Fourth of July speeches are loud enough—those speeches concerning governments instituted among men for the express purpose of securing certain unalienable rights—among them, Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.

*Jetta*

# Swing

July, 1947 • Vol. 3 • No. 7

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# JULY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

## Art

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Exhibition: Eighteen paintings by Pedro Figari (1861-1928), circulated by the Council for Inter-America Cooperation.

Masterpiece of the Month: Alexandrian Portrait Head, marble, life size, executed in the second century A. D. and found in the Nile River at Alexandria.



## Conventions

July 4-6, 34th Troop Carrier Squadron, 9th Air Force.

July 6-9, Squibb & Sons, Hotel Muehlebach.

July 13-15, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips, and Aladdin.

July 16, 17, Metropolitan Life Insurance, Hotel Continental.

July 20-24, Kansas City Gift Show, Auditorium.

## Special Events

July 6, Erskine Hawkins Dance (Colored only). Municipal Auditorium Arena.

July 7-12, Kansas City Youth for Christ. Music Hall.

July 9, Women's National Aeronautical Association Picnic, Swope Park.



## Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.

Clifford & Tessman, 2629 Troost.

Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.

Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.

Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.

Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.

Palace, 1232 Broadway.

Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.

Sackin's, 3212 Troost.

Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main.

Veretta Amusement, 5th and Walnut.

Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th.

Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

## Midget Auto Racing

Every Sunday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River. Time trials, 6 p. m.; races, 7:30 p. m.

## Wrestling

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

## Boxing

July 8, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

## Dancing

Dancing every night but Monday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.

Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p. m., Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.

July 1-4, Leo Piper and Orchestra, Pla-Mor.

July 5, Les Brown and Orchestra, Pla-Mor.

July 22-31, Charlie Fiske and Orchestra, Pla-Mor.

## Amusement Parks

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p. m. Saturdays; 1 p. m., Sundays; 6 p. m. week days. Pool open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 7600 Blue Ridge.

Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road.

## Baseball

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All home games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

July 3 4 (2), Milwaukee.

July 19, 20 (2), 21, Louisville.

July 22, 23, 24, Indianapolis.

July 25, 26, 27 (2), Columbus.

July 28, 29, 30, 31, Toledo.

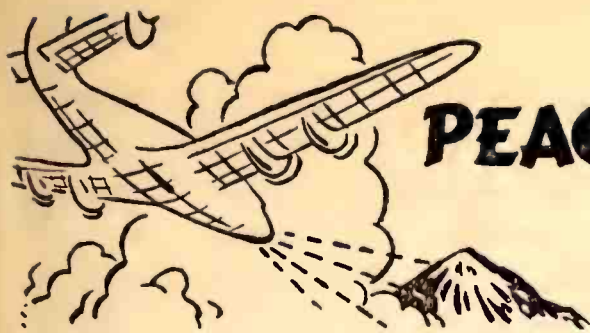


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# PEACETIME EMPLOYMENT

## for ELECTRONICS

*You can throw away that pencil stub—  
electronics has the situation well in hand!*

by LEW H. MORSE

**E**LECTRONICS does so many things now that it is almost impossible to keep up with all of them. Even the specialist in the field is baffled when he stops to realize how much his brain child is capable of doing. Electronics is growing up fast.

When you talk about radar, television, or radio, you are talking about some of the more obvious phases of this fascinating and comparatively new branch of physics. Some of the lesser known, but rapidly developing phases of electronics include wire and paper tape recorders which will give the conventional phonograph a run for its money, electronic control methods which will run elevators or printing presses, electronic heating devices which will cook a hot dog or dry paint, and an endless variety of counting, timing, recording, and measuring devices.

Does electronics do all of these things better than any other means? The answer to this question is not as simple as might be wished. Some things electronics accomplishes cannot be done in any other way, some things it does better—and in many cases the simple, straight-forward mechanical means of performing the

task is still the best. But there is one job that electronics does so much faster than it can be performed by any other means that the advisability of putting electrons to work on it is unquestioned. That job is the performance of long and laborious mathematical computations such as must be made to aim antiaircraft guns or find stars in the sky. Electronics gives the answers almost instantaneously. This is a pretty obvious advantage.

One of the most interesting applications of the principles of electronic computation is in the gun aiming computers found, for instance, on the B-29's which worked over a lot of enemy positions in the Pacific. Anyone who has ever fired a gun at a moving object, such as a bird in flight or one of those silly ducks that run along little tracks at the shooting gallery, knows something of the problem that is involved. You've got to track the moving object and pull the trigger at such a time that the bird and the bullet will collide in mid-air. This becomes a problem of no mean proportions when the "bird" is a rapidly moving enemy fighter, and when you are trying to fire the gun from a "platform" which itself

is moving through space at a rate of 350 or more miles per hour. Let's look into what electronic devices accomplish when they set out to solve the problem of making an enemy fighter meet a stream of lead coming from the opposite direction.

The mathematical formula which describes the path of the bullet through space in this particular instance is a fairly complicated one by standards of high school algebra. However, all formulae, no matter how complicated, can be set up to represent a series of simple addition, subtraction, multiplication problems—and electrons shine on those!

Granted, the humble adding machine found in every office can do the same thing, but not with the incredible speed that electricity does it. As a matter of fact, an electrical network can solve a problem with a dozen variables in it, and do it in less time than is taken by a flash of lightning to cross the sky. This is exactly what the electronic gunsight does when it aims a gun from a moving airplane.

Here is what is fed into the black box that "thinks" for the gunner. The first thing to go in is the direction from the gunner to the enemy aircraft; this is fed into the computer as the gunner follows the target in his ring sight for a few seconds before he actually pulls the trigger. Range, or distance, of the target is fed in by the gunner simply setting a small knob. The speed of the aircraft through the air must also be introduced into the computations if aiming is to be of high accuracy; this, however, is done

by the navigator from his position in the front of the ship. The gunner does not concern himself with the latter variable. The same is true of air density; the gunsight actually figures the effect that the rarified air, at whatever altitude the craft is flying, will have on the flight of the bullet in its deathly trajectory across the gap between the gun and the target!

Then, as if this weren't getting down to a fine enough point, the computer also figures in several other effects—such as the exact length of time the bullet will be in flight, the effect of the earth's gravity on the bullet, muzzle velocity for the particular type of gun being used, and an added factor for the particular type of ammunition. All this may sound a trifle complicated and might even sound as if it would have the gunner in quite a dither, but if you'll retrace the steps just gone over it will be clear that there is not too much for the gunner to do. He merely sets an estimated range, or distance to the target, on a knob; follows the target in his sight for a second or so; and then presses the trigger. In the mean-





time the computer has solved all the problems of "leading" the target.

Well, so much for that. The war is over. Do we need these complicated gunsights now? No, but the principles they operated on are being incorporated into devices which are doing vastly important research. Machines which are the grandchildren of the gunsight computer are putting their grandparents to shame. Modern lightning-like computers fill a whole room and solve problems for physicists. High speed computers solve problems in less than a second that a whole roomful of Ph. D.'s would spend a year on. They turn out insurance tables and banking tables, design aircraft and jet engines; in fact, it is quite safe to say that there is no field of advanced study which will not benefit from the application of computations made by electronic means.

A favorite way of feeding, or "programming," problems to these hungry machines is via the punched

card of much the same type found in ordinary business machines used by insurance firms.

Computers pick up information from these cards and solve all kinds of problems, and when the problem being solved from a particular set of cards needs to be worked out from several different angles, the machine can remember partial answers it has arrived at and combine them with other phases as it goes along—all in proper sequence!

All this adds up to another powerful tool for the inquisitive mind of science. There is only one loophole in the whole thing: the machines can't think up their own problems. The human touch is still necessary.

One more unfortunate fact—and that is that so far there are no reports that any one is working on a small electronic computer to help the seventh grader do his sums. When this has been accomplished, man's arithmetical worries are over for all time!

▲  
A minister came upon a member of his flock going home a little in his cups and gave him a helping hand. Pressed to enter the house, the minister demurred. "Come on in, man," he was urged. "Come on in and let the good wife see whom I've been out with tonight."

▲  
"Have you found a pianist yet?" inquired the theatre manager.  
"Yes," answered the booking agent, "a great virtuoso."  
"Never mind about his morals. Can he play?"

▲  
When Smith walked into his friend's office, he found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed.

"Hello, old man!" said Smith, "What's up?"

"Oh, just my wife," answered the friend sadly. "She's engaged a new secretary for me."

"Well, there's nothing wrong about that. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"He's bald!"

▲  
In 1878, Ambrose Bierce described peace in international affairs as a period of cheating between two wars.

# Hollywood's Infancy

**A**LTHOUGH most persons imagine that Hollywood has always been the world's film center, and that it has been supplying sensational newspaper headlines as well as entertainment to a shocked but interested public since its earliest days, this is a gross libel.

In its infancy the little community called Hollywood was vastly different from the hectic, though glamorous, place it has since become, and in those early days it drew its dignified skirts carefully away from its questionable next-door neighbor, the city of Los Angeles.

Not only were the first motion pictures made in New York City, on the roof of a business building, but the good folk of Hollywood considered these flickering shadows to be so sinful that they would not permit them to be shown in their innocent little town. At that time, circa 1900, Hollywood's population numbered a scant 500 persons, and when its township was incorporated in 1903, the place was still so bucolic that a law was passed forbidding anyone to drive more than 2000 sheep down Hollywood Boulevard at one time.

It is also a fact that almost every little town in America had a motion picture theatre long before a single film studio was built in what is now the world's film capital. But finally, in 1910, two daring young men calling themselves "producers," came out from New York, rented an old barn, and brazenly announced they were going to make movies. The entire population, then 7000 in number, protested vigorously. They protested just as bitterly when the highly respectable Hollywood Hotel timidly asked for a liquor license "as an accommodation to our winter tourists." The shocked city fathers flatly refused the petition. There is a record, too, of a previously respected city trustee who once incautiously admitted that he had voted in favor of licensing a poolroom. The godless wretch was overwhelmingly defeated when he ran for reelection.

That the citizenry behaved itself seems proved by the fact that for years Hollywood had no jail of any kind. The town marshal received no salary and he carried no arms. If, once in a blue moon, an erring soul had to be locked up, he or she was placed in the guest room of the marshal's home. Later these idyllic conditions changed, for as the town grew and increasing numbers of strangers of all sorts came to live in it, the marshal was granted a salary of ten dollars per month and a separate little bungalow was set aside to serve as the town clink.

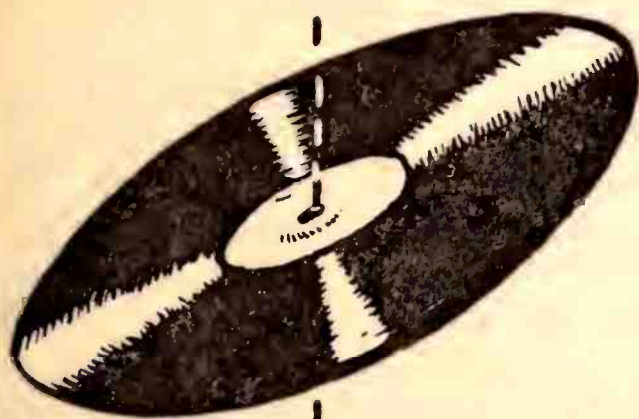
When the films began to flourish and indicated that motion pictures were here to stay, every tourist insisted on seeing the studios. That same desire still fills every tourist's heart, and though nowadays his ardor is quenched with scant courtesy, the studio heads of those early days were more than willing to cooperate. So very anxious were they to please the visitor from York Junction, Iowa, that they arranged that persons coming over from Los Angeles, via a veritable Toonerville trolley branch line, could be transferred to a horsedrawn vehicle, given a chicken dinner at the old Glen-Hollywood Hotel and then taken on a personally conducted tour of the studios—all for 75c.

Today? Alas, kiddies, no. Not today!

Today your best chance of getting into a motion picture studio is to be President of the United States or of a film corporation. Otherwise, don't bother to try. Hollywood is a big girl now!—*Beatrice Tresselt.*



disc  
jockey  
CHAMP



by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

*The king of the platter spinners started on twenty dollars a week with four phonograph records. But look at him now!*

EVERY morning except Sunday, promptly at ten o'clock more radio listeners in the New York area tune in the *Make Believe Ballroom* than any program then on the air. For an hour and a half thereafter, and again for two hours in the evening, they listen to the latest records, a few of the old tunes, and the super-smooth salesman's voice of Martin Block—America's Disc Jockey Number One.

This sort of thing has been going on for some time now, and the habit of "listening to Block" has become so entrenched that not long ago a few of broadcasting's smarter front office boys decided that the talents of the great platter spinner should not be confined to a single metropolitan area. Result: Martin Block is now heard on KFWB, Los Angeles, and on the Chesterfield Supper Club. And in mid-June he launched a full hour, five-day-a-week program on the world's largest network, the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Since the Mutual network show alone is worth \$300,000 a year to him, it may be said that Mr. Block is doing all right for himself. The story of his phenomenal rise from coffee-and-cakes to the six-digit income bracket is a Horatio Alger tale that could have happened nowhere but in the land of the Hucksters.

One of the first radiomen to become a disc jockey, Martin Block no doubt inherited his sense of showmanship from his concert-pianist father. From him, also, his ability to

write such popular songs as *Waitin' For the Train To Come In*. His father died when he was an infant, and the family went to live in Baltimore. There, early in his youth, Martin became known as a spellbinder. In school, he mowed his classmates down with his eloquence.

When Martin was thirteen, his family moved to New York and the lad found employment as Owen D. Young's office boy. Mr. Young, then vice-president of General Electric, took a fatherly interest in him. For two years, Martin listened to daily lectures on how to succeed. Then one morning Martin came to the conclusion that he knew the lectures backwards and forwards.

He quit his job, determined to make the art of salesmanship a career.

You've seen those fellows selling all sorts of wares on the streets of the city? Well, Martin Block once was one of them, a pitchman. During the period when Martin was a freelance salesman, he carried his stock in a portable stand and kept a weather eye out for unsympathetic flatfeet in bluecoats. But no ordinary pitchman was he! Martin's powers of persuasion were such that before long he was doing so well that he could afford to get married and have a child.

Nineteen hundred twenty-nine was a black-and-blue year to many an American, but it was then that Martin took his first big leap into the future. He bought a car and installed a loud-speaker on top. Thus equipped, he set out in search of new horizons.

Learning that the officials of the

Choco-Yeast Company were holding their annual director's meeting in Springfield, Massachusetts, Martin hied himself to that city. First, he bought two loud-mouthed signs which he affixed to his car. Then he bought a phonograph and some records.

Let's re-create the scene: Around a conference table there sits a group of dignified executives—the board of directors—discussing financial affairs of the company. Then, suddenly, they are interrupted by the raucous sound of martial music. They open the windows. *The Stars and Stripes Forever* hits their ears, then subsides. From the loudspeaker comes Martin Block's mellifluous voice—advertising to everyone within earshot the merits of Choco-Yeast!

Martin got the job and at 400 bucks a week, which in 1929 certainly wasn't hay!

Martin now was a glorified pitchman, to be sure. All he had to do was wend his way through New York, literally praising Choco-Yeast to the skies. It was a nice racket, but did not last long. One Sunday morning he made the mistake of parking outside the Riverside Church, one of the city's swankiest. The churchgoers were of the unanimous opinion that this was a conspicuous violation of good taste. As a result, the police banned sound trucks from the streets—and Martin was a pitchman without a pitch.

Undaunted, he packed his family into the car, and headed, in the Greeley tradition, due west. Arriving in California, he set up shop again, portable stand and all. However, the loudspeaker was too good an idea



to leave idle. Martin used it as often as he could get by the city father's anti-noise edicts. During this time, he had one job after another. Besides being a pitchman, he announced motorcycle races, sold advertising, was a door-to-door salesman, and prospected for gold in the hills.

It was a tough life, but eventually the gloom lifted. Martin went across the border to Tiajuana, where he found employment as an announcer for station XEFD. It was his start in radio, and it was to be his career.

After a while, Martin tired of enchiladas, and returned to the States. He became an announcer for KMPC, in Beverly Hills. Late in 1934 he decided on another change. He bundled his wife and children (by this time there were two) into a train, and returned to New York, where he applied for a job as an announcer with WNEW and got the job for 20 bucks a week on the night shift. A few weeks later, due to the strain on the station's facilities presented by the trial of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnapper, he was transferred to the day shift.

It was Martin's job to fill in time whenever A. L. Alexander, the staff announcer at the trial, found a lull in the proceedings. Martin decided that what had been good enough for Choco-Yeast was good enough for metropolitan radio listeners. He bought four Clyde McCoy records, dreamed up the *Make Believe Ballroom* idea on the spur of the moment, and went on the air.

From that day forward, Martin was on the upgrade. The station, it is true, did not give his idea much

encouragement. But like many another innovator, Martin was sold on his own idea. He went out and obtained a sponsor for himself, and his first commercial "spot" went over so well that he had very little trouble lining up other advertisers for his new air show.

From then on, it's been pretty clear sailing for Martin Block. *Variety* some time ago called him "America's Super Radio Salesman." Definitely he's all of that, and more, as his astronomical income attests.



In addition to his broadcasting activities, Martin has his own music publishing outfit, Martin Block Music Incorporated, which has a few successful songs to its credit, and one or two hits.

Ever since he had a hand in the creation of his *Make Believe Ballroom* theme-song—music by Harold Green, lyrics by Mickey Stoner and Martin Block—he has been bitten by the songwriting bug. *Waitin' For the Train To Come In* probably gave him more personal satisfaction than a lot of his other activities. It was his first hit and he revelled in it.

A very popular guy in Tin Pan Alley and radio circles, Martin has discovered many a comer in the orchestra field. By plugging the records of those he believes have what it takes, Martin is responsible for giving many a bandleader or singer a boost toward fame and fortune.

One of these was an old pal from his California days, Spike Jones.

When Spike had just recorded *Der Fuhrer's Face* some years ago, he happened to bump into Martin Block in New York. Martin listened to the zany ditty, liked it, and characteristically offered to plug it for his friend.

Martin put it on his WNEW show, offering a free record to every listener who would buy a \$50 war bond. It went over with a bang. The first day, Martin gave away 289 records; within two weeks, Martin had sold \$60,000 worth of war bonds—and Spike Jones was well on his way to becoming the King of Corn!

Martin is 43 years old, with thinning hair, an Irium smile, and sparkling eyes. Optimism is his keynote. It is doubtful that even in his lowliest days in California, or when he panned gold in them thar hills for

a dollar a day, he ever lost faith in himself or his fellowmen.

Today, he stands at the top of his profession. But, what's more unusual, has a host of friends and admirers in Mazda Lane, where feuds are more frequent than friendships. It may be hard to admire a guy who is a world-beater, but there's something so likeable about this disc jockey with the toothbrush mustache that he has innumerable friends.

His *Make Believe Ballroom* show year-in and year-out has been a tremendous success in every way, and has more listeners at the hours of the day that it is on than any other radio program within hearing distance.

His other shows are coming up fast. He works hard, and watches the money roll in. It's mighty nice work, and it couldn't have happened to a nicer guy!

▲  
A young lawyer represented a share-cropper's widow in one of his first cases. His opponents were two dapper city attorneys who worked in shifts. They put on an impressive show.

He was well satisfied with the way things were going when the court recessed for lunch. Therefore, he was shocked when his client insisted on getting another lawyer to aid in the trial.

"I'm doing all right," he protested. "Why do you want another lawyer?"

"Well, I been watchin' them other lawyers," the woman said. "When one of 'em is up speakin', the other'n is sitting there thinking. And when you're speaking, they ain't nobody thinkin'."

▲  
A woman returned a smart pair of shoes to the exclusive shop where she had purchased them. "They won't do," she announced. "I simply can't walk in them."

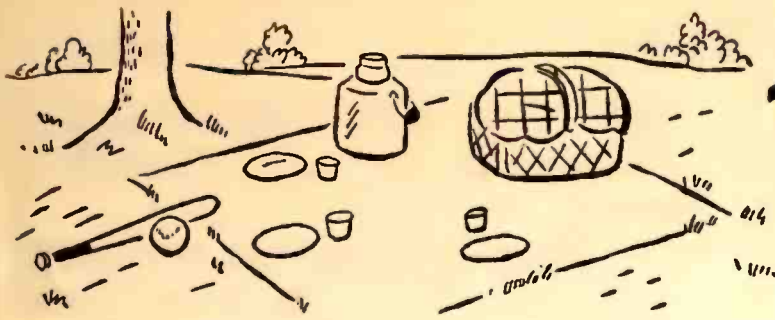
"Madam," the clerk replied, looking down his nose, "People who have to walk don't shop here."

▲  
The young man finally redeemed his best suit of clothes, and brought them home from the pawnshop in a suitcase. While he was busy in his room, his mother started to unpack the suitcase. She found the pawn ticket on the coat and said, "John, what is this tag on your coat?"

John lost very little time. "Oh, I was at a dance last night, mother, and checked my coat."

A moment later, mother came across the trousers similarly tagged. With a puzzled tone she asked, "John, what kind of a dance was that?"





# THE BEST THINGS

*The out-of-doors, the ants,  
the sunburn and the rain,  
all of them are free.*

by DELMAR JACKSON

“AND NOW,” said McGuffy, “you can see that what I have told you is true. The best things in life are free.”

“The picnic you mean,” said Leroy.

“I do,” McGuffy said. “What is finer than a picnic? What is finer than lying on your back in the shade and your stomach full and the sweet breezes smelling of the flowers of the field?”

“It is not the flowers I smell on the sweet breezes,” said Leroy. “We should have gone farther from that farmer’s barn.”

“Ah, the cool, cool shade,” said McGuffy.

“It moves,” Leroy said. “It moves with the sun. We should have found a bigger tree. Twice since we finished eating I have had to move.”

“The best things in life,” McGuffy said dreamily, “are free.”

“Not the hamburgers we ate,” said Leroy. “They each one cost ten cents.”

“That is another matter,” said McGuffy. “Is it costing us even one cent to lie here peacefully?”

“To lie here with a full stomach,” said Leroy, “is ten cents each.”

“Look at the clouds,” said McGuffy, “see the beauty of them floating in the sky.”

“It could rain,” Leroy said. “With so many clouds in the sky, it could rain.”

“See the shapes of the little ones,” said McGuffy. “Like fluffy little lambs.”

“It’s time to move again,” Leroy said. “The shade of this tree is like a matchstick. Such a little one you had to pick.”

“Ah, but notice the shape of it,” said McGuffy. “It has character, this tree.”

“Character, yes,” Leroy said, “but a few leaves would be better.”

“You have no contact with nature,” said McGuffy.

“I am having contact now,” Leroy said. “I am having contact with the sun. Please move over and let me in the shade.”

“Close your eyes,” said McGuffy. “Close your eyes and feel the pulse of the land. Look, I can feel the soft grass caressing my ear.”

“It is not the grass caressing your ear,” Leroy said, “it is an ant. In fact, it is two ants.”

“Brush them away,” said McGuffy. “Quick. Brush them away.”

“I haven’t the strength,” Leroy said, “I am overcome by the sun. You will please move over and let me in the shade.”

"I shall brush them away myself," said McGuffy, "and I shall move, but you are disturbing me, Leroy, you are disturbing me greatly."

"For you that is unfortunate," Leroy said, "but I cannot sit all day in the sun. My head would be a blister where the hair isn't."

"You are too much concerned with the trivial," said McGuffy, "and you disturb me greatly."

"There is something that disturbs me, also," Leroy said, "and that is the farmer I see coming this way."

"Perhaps he wishes to join us," said McGuffy. "He has a right to go where he chooses."

"It is not his right that disturbs me," Leroy said, "it is our right."

"Our right is also to go where we choose," said McGuffy. "Is it not a free country?"

"At fifty dollars an acre, yes," Leroy said.

"Nature is free to every man," said McGuffy.

"You should tell that to the farmer," Leroy said.

"Your fears are groundless," said McGuffy. "We shall talk as one nature lover to another."

"Then talk," Leroy said.

"I don't allow picnickers on my land," the farmer said.

"Picnickers indeed," said McGuffy. "We are enjoying the privilege of every man. The privilege of communing unmolested with nature."

"You'll have to do your communing somewhere else," said the farmer.

"Your tone is not pleasing to me," said McGuffy: "We shall commune where we see fit to commune."

"Perhaps it is time we left any-

way," Leroy said. "The little fluffy lambs in the sky are becoming black sheep."

"This man antagonizes me, Leroy," said McGuffy. "He disturbs me greatly."

"I'll disturb you to get off my land," said the farmer.

"To that extent I refuse to be disturbed," said McGuffy.

"But McGuffy," Leroy said, "take notice of what the man says. He is bigger than you and me and this tree all together."

"And I'm telling you to get," the farmer said.

"Having been so disturbed," said McGuffy, "I wouldn't stay if you begged me."

"Well, I'm not begging you," the farmer said.

"The lunch-box, Leroy," said McGuffy, "bring the lunch-box and help me through the fence."

"And don't come back again," said the farmer.

"Why does he keep shouting?" said McGuffy. "We are on the state highway, are we not?"

"We are," Leroy said.

"Then tell him to close his mouth," said McGuffy.

"I prefer to wait," Leroy said.





"We are only a step from the fence."

"This is better anyway," said McGuffy. "It is better to be up and moving. We should keep in step with nature."

"Nature should step faster," Leroy said, "or we will all be wet. It is starting to rain."

"You are right," said McGuffy, "I feel the cool, refreshing drops on my face."

"On me I feel them everywhere," Leroy said. "They are soaking through my clothes to the skin."

"I am dripping," said McGuffy, "and I am chilled to the bone."

"This, too, is free," Leroy said.

"This, too, is costing us nothing."

"Do not joke," said McGuffy. "Can't you see I am catching my death of cold?"

"There is beer in my ice-box," Leroy said. "That will drive the cold from your bones."

"Ah," said McGuffy, "the thought of it warms me."

"It did not grow in my ice-box," Leroy said. "I put it there. Each bottle at twenty cents."

"You are disturbing me, Leroy," said McGuffy, "you are disturbing me greatly."



## The Lost Formula

EMPEROR TIBERIUS of Rome was astonished. He could scarcely believe what he saw. Acting on a whim, he had granted the plea of the man before him for an interview when the fellow, a glass blower, had said he had something important to disclose to his ruler. Tiberius had actually expected to be bored; but instead he was amazed.

After having handed the Emperor what appeared to be an ordinary glass cup, the inventor had snatched it back and flung it to the floor. The cup lay there, unbroken.

Picking it up again, the man showed Tiberius that the only damage to it was a small dent. The fellow produced a wooden hammer and tapped the glass back to its original shape.

Tiberius plied the glass blower with questions; but the man answered warily. He wasn't going to give away his secret. Not yet! The ruler asked him if there were others who knew how to make glass of this kind, and the inventor proudly declared that he, and he alone, knew the formula.

The Emperor was thoughtful for a moment, and the man knew from his expression that the experiment was a great success. He pictured himself becoming famous throughout the land. Expectantly he waited.

But when Tiberius spoke, his words sentenced the glass blower to death by beheading; for Tiberius feared that the new unbreakable product, if news of it leaked out, would cause gold to become worthless and thus wreck his own personal fortune.

It happened about 34 A. D.—*Beatrice Truemper.*



A young man had ridden over a mile in a taxi when he suddenly discovered that he had no money with him. He tapped the window and told the driver, "Stop at this cigar store a minute. I want to get matches so I can look for a \$10 bill I lost in the cab somewhere."

When he emerged from the cigar store, there was no taxi in sight.

# The Silly Story of the Uneducated Centipede

THIS is the story of Lefty Centipede, who lived in the hills of West Virginia. He was called Lefty because his 24 left legs were so much longer than his 24 right legs. Lefty's legs developed in this strange manner because he always walked with the peaks of the hill at his right, thus compressing his right legs. He had a terrible time walking on level ground, always rolling over because his right legs were so much shorter.

Lefty was quite unhappy about this state of affairs until he had a talk with his friend, the Wise Owl, who told him that Centipede was a very important name; that *centi* was taken from a latin word meaning one hundred and that *pede* meant foot. Rushing home with this startling news, Lefty was very careful to keep the peaks of the hills to his right.

"Mom! Oh, Mom," he yelled as he entered the house. "Mom! Guess what?"

"What?" asked his mother in a tired voice. She was very busy putting nail polish on her many toes.

"We have one hundred feet. The Wise Owl told me all about it. He read about it in a big book. Just think: one hundred feet." He was very happy.

"Lefty," said his mother. "Why don't you go to visit Lord Centipede, your city cousin. He could teach you to count and then you could check and find out if the big book was right."

"That's a swell idea, but I know the book was right. It was a big book." Lefty began to pack.

As Lefty went out the door his mother called to him, "Lefty, now watch your manners, and before you get to Lord's home buy yourself some shoes. And for heaven's sake get those new-fangled shoes for your right feet. You know what kind I mean. The kind they advertise over the radio as making you taller than she is. Just make your right legs as long as your left."

Giddy with happiness, Lefty forgot all about keeping the peaks on his right side, and at the first hill he rolled all the way to the bottom. Dirty and bruised, but still in high spirits, he limped into town. It was just growing dark when he entered a shoe shop.

"What will it be?" asked the clerk as he rubbed his hands greedily.

"One hundred shoes," ordered Lefty, trying to appear casual.

"One hundred shoes," echoed the clerk, "Oh, you mean fifty pairs."

"That's right."

"I notice," said the clerk, after he had measured one of Lefty's feet, "that your right legs are much shorter than your left. Would you like shoes which will make your right legs appear as long as your left?"

"Yes," answered Lefty happily. "Yes."

Lefty didn't want to put the shoes on in the store, so after paying for them he went down to the park where he started to put them on. Finally he had all his feet covered with shoes—but there were 52 shoes left over. Startled, Lefty examined all his feet again and found that every foot was encased in a shoe.

"Gosh, what's happened?" murmured Lefty. He swallowed hard and blinked.

"Oh. No! No!" he groaned. "When I fell down the hill I lost more than half my feet. Oh!"

Unhappy, thinking he had lost 26 pairs of feet, Lefty walked down to the river and drowned himself.

So you think you have foot troubles!—Cappy Granny.



*Sundry ailments masquerade as heart trouble  
and prey upon the mind.*

IT'S NOT THE



HEART

by MARION ODMARK

**T**HERE'S only one thing to do if you think you have heart trouble. See your doctor at once. Chances are, the disturbance you think is the kiss of death may not be associated with any demonstrable disease of that organ. The knowledge of the upset and the relief of knowing the heart itself is not to blame give a new lease on life you owe yourself.

Of common heart disorders, palpitation is perhaps the most widespread worrier. Palpitation is a term used to describe cardiac action which is noticeable to the individual. When mild, the beats are felt within the chest without other sensations. The more aggravated forms of palpitation may be accompanied by real distress. The beat of the heart is forcible, often pounding, and the rate may be increased. Irregularities may be observed.

By far the most common cause is digestive disturbance, although chronic constipation, over-eating, or too rapid eating with insufficient mastication are frequent factors. It may also occur when the nervous system is unduly excitable; it is often present in hysteria and neurasthenia, at puberty, during menstruation and the menopause. Females are more liable to be

affected than males.

In another group of individuals, the symptoms of palpitation are caused by various toxic substances such as tea, coffee, tobacco, or alcohol, and certain drugs. It is also associated with organic disease of the heart, but even then it may be of purely nervous origin. It may be a symptom of thyroid overactivity. The condition calls for treatment of the underlying cause, if possible. Massage, tepid baths, and sedatives are often helpful. Most important, the patient must be made to understand that there is no actual danger, and, in most instances, there is nothing wrong with the heart.

Then there is heart pain. This, too, may be purely symptomatic and be occasioned by digestive disturbances, such as distention of stomach or colon, or overindulgence in tobacco or coffee. In nervous persons, and in women at the time of the menopause, heart pain may be an annoying symptom. Pain of this nature also occurs where there is actual heart disease, such as angina pectoris, aoritis, aneurysm, and less frequently, myo-carditis. If these diseases are ruled out by a careful examination, then heart pain is to be treated and considered in the same light as palpitation. Removal of the

underlying trouble, if determined, is necessary.

A frequent complaint is tachycardia, or fast pulse. It develops after active exercise or prolonged effort, with most fevers, in tuberculosis, overactive thyroid, emotional excitement, nervous conditions, tobacco poisoning, and physical or nervous exhaustion. It may be transitory, prolonged, or recurrent. Simple tachycardia of itself demands no treatment. Of importance, however, is the diagnosis and treatment of the underlying condition if such can be detected.

Extrasystoles, called also premature contractions and dropped or missed beats, appears often in neurotic young adults. The irregularity depends on an increased irritability of the heart muscle and this irritability may be due to a variety of causes: nervous system disorders, toxic influences

(pneumonia, influenza, tobacco, coffee), drugs, and nutritional changes in the heart muscle. Under certain other circumstances, premature contractions are frequent, notably during hypertension, pregnancy, fatigue, emotional stress, and disease of the gall bladder. In some cases, no cause can be determined.

Where possible, the aim should be to remove the cause. Except where actual heart disease is known to exist, this symptom is not to be viewed with alarm. Treatment depends on the cause, but in functional disorders, no treatment is necessary. Sedatives are helpful in cases of nervousness. Progressive exercises and calisthenics are useful.

The main thing to remember in any of these common heart complaints is that there's nothing wrong with the heart. And stop worrying.



## The World's Most Beautiful Sunset

THE world's most beautiful sunset came not at the close of a peaceful summer day, as one would think, but at the end of one of the most tragic days in history—August 27, 1883, the day the huge volcano on Krakatoa erupted.

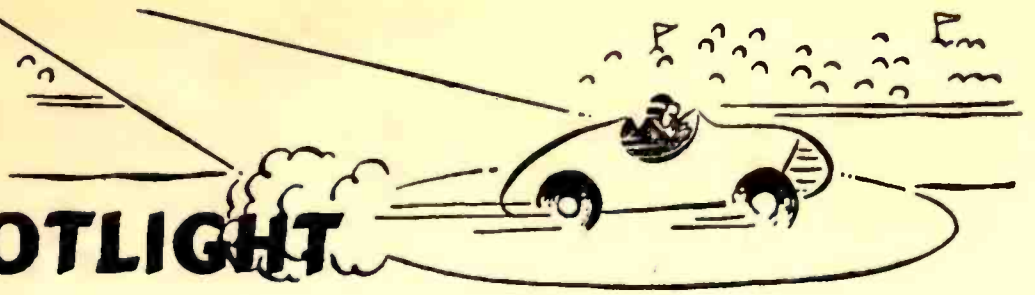
Krakatoa, a small island in the Dutch East Indies, was almost completely torn away by the blast and the roar of the explosion was so loud that in Australia, more than two thousand miles away, it was heard distinctly.

The sky over the island was covered so thickly with clouds of pulverized rock and lava that lamps had to be burned on the neighboring islands in midday. It was these clouds which were responsible for the glorious red, gold, and green sunset that followed in the evening. Nor was this sunset the only one to occur. Within a few days the volcanic ashes had spread to all parts of the world and people everywhere witnessed a series of magnificent sunsets that continued into the late spring of the next year.—*Lillian Desmond.*



# Speedsters

## IN THE SPOTLIGHT



*The orange crate and the wagon wheel come into their own.*

by GEORGE STATLER

“IT’S Derby-Racing Day — and here they come!”

That cry in August will happily announce the 10th anniversary this year of the national championship All-American Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio. This internationally-known coaster wagon race for boys, sponsored by the Chevrolet Motor Division of General Motors and the nation’s leading newspapers and Chevrolet dealers, has come to be acknowledged as America’s greatest teen-age sports event. Crowds aggregating more than 100,000 people gathered in Akron at Derby Downs when the event was resumed last year, and interest is growing all the time.

But during June and July, before the national finals, excitement and activity are centered around the local races, not the big one. In 133 cities of 33 states and Canada, preliminary races must decide the fastest competitors for the Akron speed carnival. Businessmen and newspapers, auto dealers and service groups in these towns cooperate in promoting the local affairs, which are held according to official rules of the National Technical Committee. They involve more participants and are arousing more curiosity this year than at any time since the first derby in 1934.

None was held during the four war years.

The day of the race means a holiday in every one of the 133 towns. The steepest paved street is made into a speedway—but it must not be too steep! Flags fly. Crowds of excited fans gather. Band music blares over the loudspeakers as every would-be speed demon in town pulls his racer to the starting line. Each is usually allowed two preliminary runs, and his best time taken. Garage mechanics who helped supply axles and streamlining for bodies, plus lots of free advice on the best way to rig a steering gear or mount friction-free wheels, watch anxiously.

All they can do is advise, however. Rules insist that every entrant must make his own racer. All entrants must be between the ages of 11 and 15. So that every boy is on an equal footing with the others regardless of family background, the rules also state that no more than ten dollars may be spent on any car. Inspection of cars takes place two weeks before the race, so that their builders will have time to make changes called for by officials, and again on the day of the event.

Merchants close their shops and come forth with prizes for the winners, runners-up, “best looking racer,”

and so on. Also for the winner is reserved the M. E. Coyle Trophy, a handsome medal presented by Chevrolet's local general manager. This sponsor provides the boys with rules, tips on car-building, and "crash helmets." Fountain pens, sweaters, wrist-watches and other prizes provide added incentive. Parents in the crowd reminisce about what the big-car races were like at Indianapolis (whether they've been there or not) and older fellows back from the Army tell of the fast machines they've seen in action.

Sometimes the local fire company holds a carnival or an ice-cream festival. Flash bulbs pop. Pretty girls smile for their favorites, and maybe blow a kiss for luck. These tens of thousands of boys who can use tools and their imaginations are the center of interest. Eagerly the crowd presses forward when the cars come out. Seldom do any two models look alike as they line up and wait for the gun. All are differently colored. Some bear such nicknames as "Flash" or "Comet" or "Thunderbolt." Others have painted on them the names of their backers: "Steve's Service Station," or "Dormeyer's Grocery—Fresh Meats Always." At least one is bound to resemble Sir Malcolm Campbell's "Bluebird." Some are crude, of course. But all in all, most of them look like the real thing—the kind of high-powered car Wilbur Shaw or the late George Robson might drive.

From the cheering crowd to the checkered flag, it's like a big-car race all the way, with only one exception. No roar of motors fills the air. In

some towns, the timers keep in contact via special telephone or walkie-talkie radio. A first aid station is ready for spills, just in case. The prizes and the thrills make the risk worthwhile. For, after the local races, the winners will pack their bags and head for Akron on August 17th. There awaits the really big race at Derby Downs. Boys from all parts of America compete for a four-year scholarship at any approved state college or university. Runner-up gets a new 1947 Chevrolet. In addition, there are trophy awards for the best designed car, the best designed brakes, the best upholstered car, and the winners of the fastest heat.

While the dozen or so nervous drivers hunch over their steering wheels for the first heat and the loudspeaker blares the names and numbers, they're hoping for a chance at Akron. Family and pals line the curb, shouting encouragement. Then—crack! One big push and they're off! They rumble down the 1200 to 1600 foot course at about 37 feet per second, depending on the grade. That amounts to about 25 miles per hour, not bad for a car without a motor—and home-made, too!

Recently, many towns have discovered that a soapbox derby can be more than just a stunt. In Burbank, California, the first in that area was held last year. Doubtfully sponsored, to begin with, by the Y. M. C. A. and the city schools, the event drew the enthusiastic support of everyone who had a hand in it. Movies of other races, trophy displays, and talks by shop teachers encouraged interest among the boys. Newspapers



gave the race wide publicity. The Hi-Y sold advertising space in the race program to merchants. Carpenters donated time and materials, building a special ramp that could launch three racers at once. The speed of the course and the racers was attested to when a motorcycle cop



paced the winner at 29.2 miles an hour.

The whole thing was "terrific" and "colossal" (Burbank is close to Hollywood) and the people of that town advise all others, by all means, to hold a derby. For when it was over, they realized that besides providing recreation for the boys as well as the spectators, the soap box derby gave an excellent chance to boys for developing their skill in craftsmanship. With this came better father-son relationships. The sons asked advice, and the fathers gave it at the drop of

a monkey wrench. City agencies and departments found they could cooperate. That was something they had never known before! Police, street, public-service and school departments pitched in as one. Group morale in the sponsoring club got new life. In short, the adults of Burbank discovered they had benefited as much as or more than the boys.

In promotion of such local races, New York leads all the other states with 16 qualifying events. Ohio, home of the derby, is second with 13. Pennsylvania has twelve, North Carolina and Indiana have seven each. Illinois has six, while Wisconsin, Nebraska and California trail with five races apiece. Michigan, the state in which nearly all automobiles are made, is 'way down on the list.

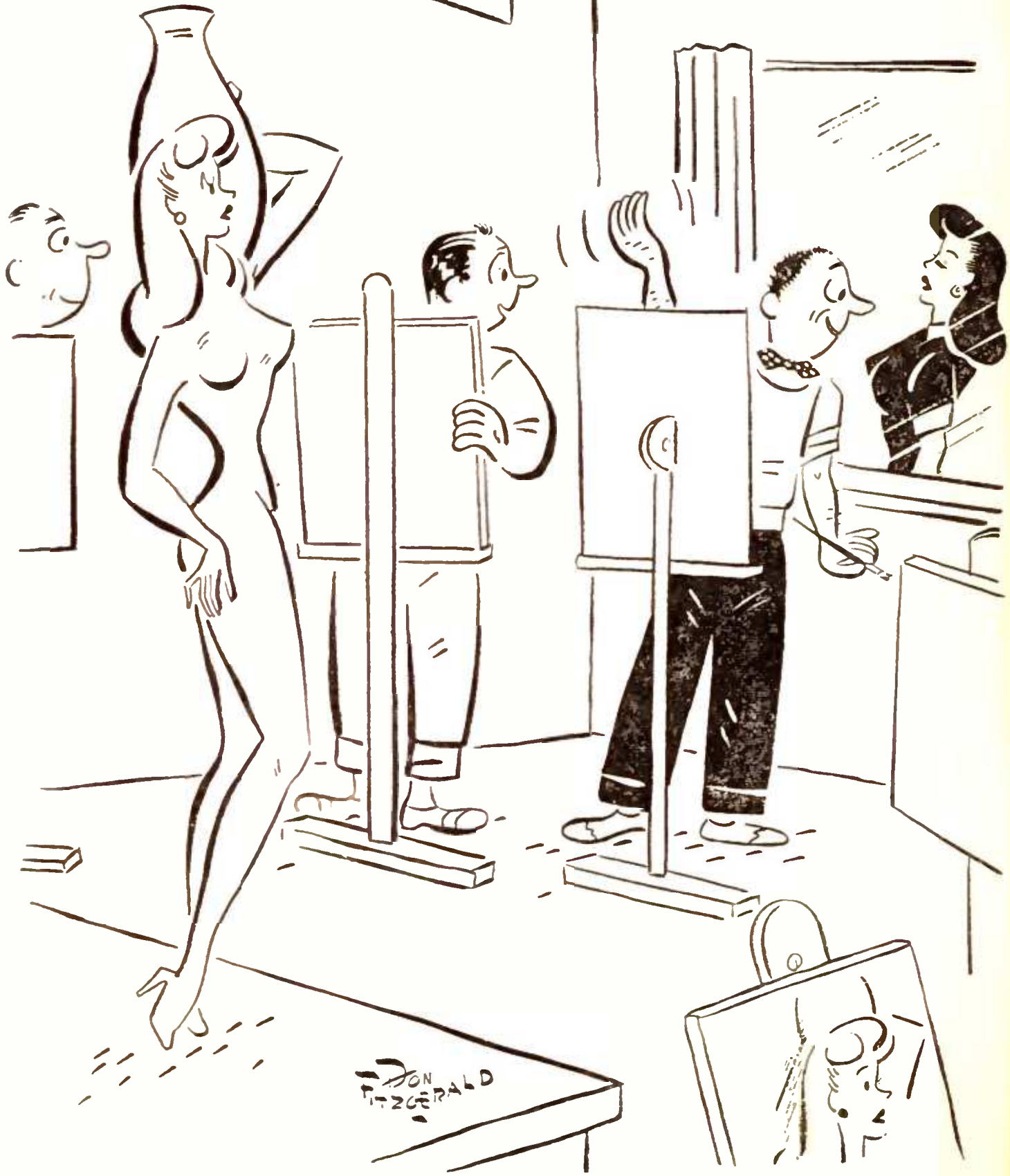
Most important is the fact that Derby Day, whether in a small town like Bangor, Pennsylvania, or city like Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is one day in the year that belongs to mechanical-minded boys. For here is young America in action. Once again comes heartening proof that the American people can find the time and the enthusiasm to put the spotlight of fame on the boys who build their own soap box racers. So—

"Look out—here they come!"



It's a law of nature that the fittest survive. The strongest trees grow where storms rage hardest. The finest game—the biggest deer and bear and living things—grows where handicaps are heavy. Catch them, put them in a zoo, take away the need to search for food, put a fence around them to safeguard them from their natural enemies, and watch them grow soft. Watch them lose the alertness and the strength which enabled them to live free in their natural surroundings. Give them everything but freedom. Take that away and soon they become wholly dependent, lacking even the incentive to be free again. That's a law of nature.—Tom Collins.

SCHOOL OF ART



DON TIGER



the

GROWTH...

...of...

PRINTING

*The graphic arts support  
15,000 Kansas Citizens!*

by ROSEMARY HAWARD

WHEN the covered wagons went a-rolling over the prairies back in the 1830's, many of them may have chanced upon a small print shop in Independence, Missouri, or upon another one in Shawnee Mission, Kansas. Records do not show that any of the pioneers stopped in to have a fresh batch of calling cards printed, though they do show that these two shops with their single crude hand presses became the joint daddy of the printing industry in the Greater Kansas City area. Prolific sires they proved themselves to be, too. Although the printing industry today does not take win, place or show in either the local or national scene, it does take an important sixth place in both.

Some five thousand people ply the trade of Johannes Gutenberg and Benjamin Franklin in Greater Kansas City today, and thrice that number are dependent upon the industry for a livelihood. In big and little shops all over the city, in basements and back rooms, in homes and narrow store rooms, in leased floors and towering buildings, the clank-clanging printing presses send up their mingled sounds, their mingled odors of ink and paper.

The printing industry, as such, is divided into sixteen branches, each dependent upon the other: printers, commercial relief and offset lithographers); book binders; paper suppliers; steel die engravers; stereotypers; stationers; electro-typers; paper rulers; roller manufacturers; typographers; ink makers; letter service; photo-engravers; rubber plate manufacturers; and various suppliers of machinery and equipment. These work as a single unit under the guiding light of such industry groups as the Graphic Arts Organization, the Kansas City Club of Printing House Craftsmen, the Young Printing Executives, and various trade unions.

Perhaps no industry has seen greater changes in the past half century than has the printing business. Fifty years ago it was possible for a printer to set up a shop for himself on a minimum of capital. He needed to invest only in one or two second- or third-hand presses and hang out his shingle. He was in business. As the industry grew, and new methods and equipment became necessary, many of these small shops were forced to close their doors. Thus, the high mortality rate for print shops noted in the annals of thirty or forty years ago. As a result, bankers grew to shake their heads over the printer. They came to realize the truth of the old saw that the best craftsmen are not necessarily the best businessmen.

An early directory of printing shops and printers would show such names as Tiernan Dart, Hudson Kimberly (later Franklin-Hudson), R. M. Rigby, Lechtman Printing Company, Burd and Fletcher, Ackerman Quigley, Frank T. Riley, Joseph D. Havens, Union Bank Note Company, Tony Duke, Archie Lewis, Robert Salmon, Ellis Jones, William Creed, John Smith, Joseph H. Frame and scores of others. It was on the foundation of these names that the present day printing industry was laid.

W. T. Fletcher, together with Benjamin Franklin Burd, in 1886 founded the Burd and Fletcher Printing Company, a one-room shop in the neighborhood of Fifth and Delaware. In the course of the years, the shop moved to two or three locations, and finally to the present plant at Seventh and May Streets. Fletcher was a commanding figure in the printing field until his death in 1936. He was a hard worker, shrewd, exacting to work for, and well liked. It was through his efforts and those of L. J. Navran, the present head of the company, that Burd and Fletcher developed a huge paper box division that today composes half its volume of business, and it was their initiative and planning that made the company the largest printing house between Chicago and the West Coast.

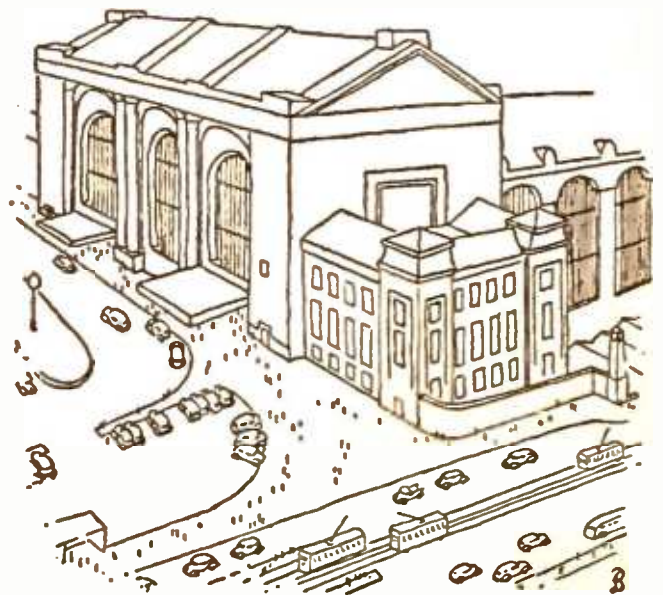
Colonel Cusil Lechtman won his title and the respect of his men in the old Third Regiment of the National Guard. Like all the early day founders of printing houses, he was a practical printer himself—presenting a colorful, handsome figure, and

winning a reputation for being a good business man.

Charles Demaree was a stationer by career and a politician by hobby. He mixed his commercial accounts with midnight printing of handbills and dodgers for his party faction. However, Demaree conceded the title of dean of stationers in Kansas City to T. E. Bryant, who saw more than sixty years in that branch of the industry.

During the first decade of the twentieth century it became apparent that a printing plant must be founded on a firm financial basis in order to succeed. New and modern equipment became increasingly expensive, and an even greater challenge was presented to the rising young aspirants who wanted to go into business for themselves. Many tried and failed, but a surprisingly large number of them succeeded.

In the success stories associated with people of the printing industry in Kansas City are many nationally familiar names. There was J. B. Irving, for one, a printing salesman who had an idea that the bound ledgers





of the day were a nuisance. He had a better idea for a loose leaf binder. One day during his rounds to drum up business, he wandered into the shop of William Pitt, machinist and pattern maker. With Irving's ideas for the loose leaf binder and his abilities as a salesman, and with Pitt's facilities for making those plans reality, the business of Irving-Pitt was established, which, prior to Irving's death, was a leader in the national loose leaf industry.

Don A. Davis, another printing salesman, found customers in out-of-the-way spots. One of these was George Peperdine, who had a small motor supply mail order business called Western Auto. Davis joined Peperdine in 1909, and by 1915 bought the controlling interest in the firm that later grew to have a twenty million dollar annual volume.

Barney Allis graduated from feeding job presses to selling printing. Not content to sell for someone else's firm, Allis conceived an idea for a hotel menu printing establishment. Through this, he became a student of hotel operations, a job which fitted him for his later position as head of a large hotel chain, including Kansas City's own Hotel Muehlebach.

Channing Folsom left printing to take up writing and for several years was employed as a financial reporter for the *Kansas City Star*. The next step was a natural one—to founding the brokerage firm of Folsom, Wheeler and Company.

The ledgers of printing companies during the last fifty years contain numerous items of all-but forgotten commercial history with many past

and lost industries on them. These ledgers clearly show the change, growth and expansion of Kansas City business. The era has come and gone when whiskey and brewery printing was one of the largest commercial accounts; when millinery catalogues, harness catalogues, gold mine promotions and the like streamed through the presses. In the days of Model T's, automotive parts catalogues became a tremendous item. Loose Brothers became the National Biscuit Company on local printing ledgers. Still later a competitor, Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company (now the Sunshine Biscuit Company, Incorporated), appeared.

Just as there has been a vast change in the kinds of industries thriving in Kansas City through the years, so the printing business itself has kept pace with the times. Today, automatic equipment accomplishes present-day marvels; rotary presses print, fold and stitch whole catalogues; multi-color presses run as many as six colors at one time; paper cutters trim four sides of a book in one operation; high speed vertical and horizontal presses have an increased capacity of five thousand impressions an hour; and monotype machines make and set individual type.

The Western Typesetting Company, which was founded at the turn of the century, is an outstanding example of Kansas City pace-setters in the graphic arts. The Western plant, oldest west of the Mississippi River, is also the largest and most completely equipped.

Some specialized plants in Kansas City have found publishing a lucra-

tive line. Trade papers, magazines, pamphlets, and literature of all kinds are printed for distribution throughout the country. Two church printer-publishers rank foremost in this particular phase of the industry, the Unity School of Christianity and the Nazarene Publishing House. The large shops of both these organizations are devoted entirely to church printing — everything from business cards to Bibles.

Punton Brothers Publishing Company, Union Labor Publishers, and others have aided in making Kansas City the Midwest's largest publishing center. Grimes-Joyce Printing Company has won nation-wide praise for fine color printing in specialized publications.

Paper box printing also deserves an important position in the volume output of Kansas City printing. Burd and Fletcher Printing Company has a capacity for printing two million cartons a day and is responsible for the impressions found on butter cartons, medicine, salt, macaroni and spaghetti, pop corn, spark plugs, hair tonic containers, and cartons for many other products.

In reviewing the local printing industry it is impossible to overlook

the tremendous printing facilities of the *Kansas City Star*, the nation's fifth largest newspaper, nor the jobs commanded by Hall Brothers, one of the largest greeting card firms in the world. A good percentage of the detailed and excellent Hall Brothers work is farmed out to local printers throughout the city.

Kansas City's larger printing plants are among the most well-equipped in the country, surpassing even plants of greater size in larger cities in modern letterpress and lithograph facilities. The reputation for excellent workmanship in these fields is well known throughout the nation, the reason why a large volume of business comes from near and far points in the 48 states.

The present day plant is infinitely better equipped and better managed than shops of fifty years ago, achieving a balance between good business methods and good craftsmanship. With the increasing thirst for knowledge and new methods, with the continual adaptation of new and modern equipment, all indications show that the Kansas City printing industry will rise to greater heights in the future—serving the city, the state and the nation.

▲  
Two men were sitting in a taproom. The older one ordered a beer and tossed it off in one gulp. Another was ordered and drunk in a single lightning gesture.

"Do you always drink your beer like that?" asked his amazed companion.

"Oh, yes," said the other. "Ever since my accident."

"What accident?"

"Why, the day I had a beer knocked over."

▲  
Once, years ago, when a Chicago heiress was engaging Fritz Kreisler to perform for a party for a \$3,000 fee, she explained somewhat loftily that he would not be expected to mingle with the guests.

Mr. Kreisler instantly replied, "In that case, Madam, the fee will be only \$2,000."





# IT HAPPENED IN LAS VEGAS

by JAY M. GOLDBERG

ON THURSDAY afternoon, December 6, 1946, Ed Scofield and Sam Taylor checked into the El Rancho Vegas Hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada, with \$2400 between them. By 7:30 a. m., Saturday, December 8, the "Four-Leaf Clover Boys"—as the press nicknamed them—checked out of the same hostelry with \$103,700! That they were able to accomplish this near magic is attributable to their luck and a carefully worked-out system to beat roulette.

Scofield, tall, well-built, 30-year-old ex-press agent, learned his system while studying at the University of Paris in 1937. When he lost twice with it on gambling ships, he surrendered it temporarily. Distinguished-appearing, prematurely gray Taylor, former radio writer and commentator, secured his combination from a great-uncle who once had a famous saloon at Jimtown, Colorado, the place where Bob Ford was killed. Ford was the hombre who slew Jesse James.

They joined their two systems and practiced on a small roulette wheel at home. Two months before their historic "coup" at Las Vegas, the boys met a smaller, older and wiser gentleman from Montreal named Bert Harrison. A manufacturer of textiles and plastics in Canada, Harrison's

hobby had long been mathematics. He supplied the spark to make the thing really go.

Scofield and Taylor, with Harrison at their side, started winning immediately within an hour after their arrival in Las Vegas. By 3:30 Friday morning, the next day, they were ahead \$10,000. They slept a few winks; and after breakfast, renewed play at the hotel's casino, which never closes. Their luck and calculations held out; by dinner they had \$20,000.

At 11:30 p. m., with \$22,000 in their jeans, they went outside to confer. The boys had been working on a story about Las Vegas for possible sale to motion pictures. Then and there they decided to keep going and try to win enough to set up their own concern. They returned to the casino and prevailed on owner Charles Resnick to raise the price of chips to \$50, after they deposited \$10,000.

"The croupiers made it as tough for us as they could," Scofield recalls. "They started spinning the wheel again as soon as it stopped. That gave us only 80 seconds—the time it takes for the wheel to spin—to get the board covered again. Since our system is based on averages and mathematics, if we stayed out once or twice it would have upset calculations. We play many numbers each

time, plus a certain pattern of key numbers surrounding them. Our big wins come on key numbers, while the others surrounding them bring in the steady dough. In this manner we protect our investment."

By 3:30 a. m., Saturday, a mob of spectators, 400 strong, was following the scene, since word had spread like wildfire about the "Four-Leaf Clover



Boys." Even when Scofield and Taylor exited for coffee, the onlookers stayed glued to their seats and standing room. Six-thirty found the team at their high-water mark, \$120,000 in front. The croupiers were changing off periodically, with three working shifts, to tire out the boys. At 6:30, their luck started going sour. Suddenly, at 7:30, one hour later, adviser Harrison said, "Let's quit after the next roll." To the surprise of the enthralled audience, they did just that, walking away with \$103,700.

They returned to Hollywood and found themselves newly-rich also in publicity and chances to make more money. All the wire services were sending the astounding news coast-to-coast; the columnists spread the word in their news outlets and on the air. Three companies were after them to produce the picture. Offers were made for financial backing for future

films. Night clubs asked the boys in on the cuff, for their publicity value. A big horse racing syndicate wanted them as partners. People who had ignored them now rushed up with a big hello.

Ed and Sam kept their heads, which is amazing in itself. While keeping his head, Ed, however, couldn't keep the court from granting his wife a divorce in which she won over half of his possessions, including a Montana ranch and his share of the Las Vegas booty.

Scofield and Taylor formed Four-Leaf Clover Productions and effected tie-ups with manufacturers of novelty sports wear, Western-type clothes, cufflinks and clips. On all these items the four-leaf clover prominently appears, and the firm that owes its genesis to Las Vegas gets a percentage on each item.

Then they wrote a story, fast like, called *The Four-Leaf Clover Boys*, which is being purchased by a film studio. The yarn on which they were collaborating before Lady Luck smiled so broadly is to be the first production of their own picture company.

Ironically, these lucky characters know just how far their good fortune will stretch. Actress Marsha Hunt, signed for the feminine lead in *Las Vegas*, their new picture, unexpectedly became pregnant. The boys shrugged their shoulders and set out to get a replacement to join the cast that includes the most unorthodox group of thespians ever put together. Arthur Treacher, for the first time, will *not* play a butler; Frankie Parker, the tennis champ, will make his debut; six-foot, four-inch Dorothy



Ford will exhibit her Amazon charms; and Buster Keaton will deadpan it with the exuberant Max Baer! Virtually all of the film will be shot in Las Vegas.

Their second picture will be made with the Braille Institute, and to prove that gamblers have soft hearts, 50 per cent of the profits will go to that worthy organization.

Naturally, such a feat could not go unchallenged. *Life* was the first to try to call the boys' bluff. They set up a reenactment of the scene on a studio set, with Andre Marsaudon, veteran Monte Carlo croupier of 30 years' experience, presiding. Ed and Sam, accompanied by brilliant Bert, arrived at 2:30 in the afternoon. Starting with \$500, within an hour they took \$29,050 of *Life's* stage mazzuma as Marsaudon spun the wheel. Later, the croupier admitted that he had never seen anything like it.

Then came Ely Culbertson, who offered to set up a roulette wheel to "teach the suckers a lesson." Scofield's reply was succinct: "Mr. Culbertson talks like a man with rocks in his head." Ed and Sam plan to accept Culbertson's challenge for three days' steady play following the American premiere of their picture in Las Vegas. The foreign premiere will naturally be in Monte Carlo.

Ed Scofield still finds time to retain his post as a professor of public relations and cinematography at the University of Southern California. A brilliant man who can speak five languages, the sandy-haired, fast-talk-

ing Scofield is modest, with it all.

"We don't claim our system is infallible," he says. "You need even luck or better."

Sam Taylor, who is tall and slender and just a year short of 40, has written scores of detective stories, mostly for radio. Despite his newly-found affluence, he is managing to finish a mystery novel, *Rhapsody in Red*.

Both of the "Four-Leaf Clover Boys" will serve as m. c.'s on a radio show they've readied for national consumption called *Four-Leaf Clover Club*. An audience-participation program, people will be invited to take a turn at roulette, cards or dice. Those lucky participants will get a chance at an easy question, while the unfortunate gamblers will have a tough baby hurled at them.

Since the Las Vegas episode, it seems that anything is possible for the amazing duo. Songs have been written—one is a hill-billy ballad entitled *Four-Leaf Clover in the Sky*—and national hookups have carried the boys' story cross-country. The White House even entered the scene briefly when Margaret Truman declined an offer to sing in *Las Vegas*.

The best incident, though, came when they made a search for a "Four-Leaf Clover Girl" via a national beauty contest. The boys' luck was epitomized by the winner in San Francisco, an extremely Jane Russellish young lady who had previously insured her bosom for \$50,000 with Lloyds of London!

▲

A bargain is a transaction where each person is convinced that he got the better of the other.

# The Shadow Knows

SOME guys in the occupation forces would mail home the Eiffel Tower if they could.

Not that any have tried. But they've tried just about everything else. One sent four cases of C-rations. Another shipped his fond parents a bundle of twenty-four jerry rifles as his part of the loot. More than one live hand-grenade has come back from abroad, and not all were discovered before they exploded, judging from reports! But the most ambitious ex-G.I. to date is the sergeant from Philadelphia who tried to send piecemeal one jeep, one motor-cycle, and enough motor pool tools for a large machine shop. The "Shadow" found him out.

These and countless other nice tries at getting contraband into the United States were literally brought to light by the magic eye "inspectoscope," an X-Ray device installed by the Army provost marshal in cooperation with the Customs Department at New York, Philadelphia, and other ports of entry which must handle the flood of overseas mail.

Originally designed to detect metal in packages, this machine has made unnecessary the unpacking of every shipment from overseas personnel under military jurisdiction, thus saving 80 percent of the time formerly spent on inspection. The operator merely sits before a screen, and as each box passes through a wooden tunnel under the eyes of this "detective," he sees a clear image of the contents. If he suspects somebody is cheating uncle, he buzzes twice; and if he is positive the stuff is illegal, he buzzes thrice. The "hot" stuff is removed, and the package resealed and put back into the mail, with a letter enclosed breaking the sad news that Mother will not get her tommy-gun.

Of the two most frequent violations—sending of war trophies not conforming to regulations, and illegal mailing of G. I. equipment—the former is main *raison d'être* of the inspectoscope. Military personnel overseas are allowed by the War Department to send one foreign non-automatic weapon, carbine or rifle. Those automatics and pistols captured from the enemy do not go. When two or more rifles come in the same box, an Army weapons expert passes what he thinks is the best trophy, and sends the others to the Aberdeen Proving Grounds.

Guns come through with live ammo still in the chambers. One pistol in a holster was loaded and would have gone off if it hadn't jammed. All G. I. property must be accompanied by a certified bill of sale. All but the guns, that is, and they are strictly unlawful. But the guys in the occupation forces keep on trying. Since the first of the year, more than two thousand violations have been discovered in one inspection station alone. These included misappropriated American pistols, clothing, radio and radar parts, narcotics, G. I. surgical and dental tools, and rations.

One box contained, besides trophies from the ETO, a family of foreign mice, twelve in all. Not illegal, strictly speaking, but confiscated anyway to save some G. I.'s womenfolk from hysterics.

Now you know what became of your best souvenir. It was probably loaded.—George Statler.



During a recent title search on a piece of property that had been in the family for a number of decades, an old mortgage was found. There were no receipts for payment of interest or principal; but on the back of the mortgage, in blurred letters, was penciled, "Out of debt by gosh," and the mortgagee's initials. A clear title was established.



*Flowers for milady will sometimes do wonders.*



by R. L. LEE

**Y**ES, you can say it with flowers—but not just any way, with any flowers. In order to express with posies those delicate thoughts and sentiments that get bungled up with words, you need to know your friends and your flowers and mix them tactfully and with taste.

Chet Holchester, Hollywood's favorite florist, knows flower language. And the movie stars, male and female, as well as directors and production magnates, swarm over his place to ask his advice about flowers. They are probably the most fastidious and exacting customers in the world, and they ask Chet what to buy for the most momentous occasions. He knows. And he never lets them down. He's a magician with flowers.

Long ago he realized that his business has super feminine appeal. Back of 99 orders out of 100 there's a *femme*—sweetheart, wife, sister, mother, maiden aunt, girl friend, if the customer is a man. A lot of his callers are women, shopping on their own for themselves or other women. Less frequently they may buy for men. So Chet has learned about women, and how and when to say it with flowers from their angle.

For years he has followed courtships and marriages, philanderings and divorces, film hits and flops, through the orders that come over his desk and the questions he is asked about what flowers to send. He can make invaluable suggestions to husbands and lovers in difficult situations. Any number of tottering romances have been saved by his wise choice of flowers for the lady involved.

"Hi, Chet, I'm late for a date," announced a leading juvenile star breezing in. "Come on, think up something that'll keep me out of the dog house."

Chet looked around his fragrant, colorful shop. "Try these on her," he ventured, selecting a corsage of small, ethereal white orchids, as eerie and delicate as frail butterfly ghosts. Rare, and daintily exotic.

"Just the thing!" agreed the worried young man, grabbing the flowers and dashing out into the night. Later he informed Chet that the girl was so delighted with his offering that she forgot all about his tardiness. She had never seen anything like them before and she was thrilled at his perfect choice.

Chet advises wives to let their husbands send them flowers regularly and generously and not to object to such expenditures as senseless extravagance. By hard-headed economy in such matters, a woman may lose more than she imagines, he points out. She may indeed lose everything. To husbands he suggests that it is best to use some imagination and not get into a mere convenient routine of sending the same identical blossoms at the same given time. Women like variety, he observes. And they adore the subtle flattery of flowers that have been selected with care and appreciation of their own individual tastes.

Smart women choose flowers that bring out their personalities, suggest subtly the spiritual qualities of the wearer. And men who want to please them are learning the psychology involved. Chet, the florist, knows which flowers the Hollywood stars prefer and what combinations and arrangements will flatter them adroitly. Barbara Stanwyck, for instance, is crazy about roses—all kinds—and they underscore her glowing, dramatic beauty. She never tires of them. But, no lilies, please. They do not suit her personality, and she can't bear a lily around.

Incidentally, Miss Stanwyck, who likes to do things for her friends, arranged for Chet to send a fresh rose every day to a handicapped girl who is confined indoors. It does wonders for the girl's morale.

Dorothy Lamour, logically enough, wears heavily-scented, exotic blooms which intensify her sultry sex appeal. A scarlet hibiscus behind her ear

doesn't look sentimental or affected, but blends right in with her seductive warmth. Jasmine and orchids suit her type and her surroundings. Girls of the Lamour type may intensify their charm by choosing flowers to match. Men will readily recognize the suitability of the combination.

Chet advises delicate pastel flowers for the Olivia de Havilland types, showy ones for the Paulette Goddard



girls. Simple garden varieties are the instinctive choice of graciously natural Ingrid Bergman. They are like Ingrid, unaffectedly beautiful and friendly. Orchids appeal most to Veronica Lake and other "incendiary" blondes.

With Chet's help, sophisticated Hollywood husbands have learned to please their wives with appropriate floral gifts. Gary Cooper sends his lovely Missus tuberoses in season. She adores them. Phil Reed sends roses and gardenias.

James Cagney keeps a standing order for flowers to mark the wedding anniversaries of his friends. Chet chooses the blooms and gets them off at the proper time. Being continually posted on affairs matrimonial, he steers clear of divorced



couples, who would not be pleased to have their old discarded romances remembered. Directors drop in to talk over flowers for social functions and temperamental leading ladies, as well as for the screen.

Resourceful Bob Hutton sent dozens of baby sweetheart roses to tiny blonde June Haver, and for her they were right as rain. Victor Mature sent her pink and white roses hiding a small gift. And Bob Stack chose baby green orchids, which she likes best of all. But all of these flowers suit June's delicate, miniature self. And they're not just flowers, but the special, individual choice of a tactful, appreciative suitor.

Mitchel Leisen likes green orchids and is one of Chet's most discriminating customers. Parties given by this popular director are always notable for the flower effects, worked out minutely in color and design.

Everybody feels at home with Chet, the specialist in hearts and flowers. The stars like to come in and view the array of blooms he collects on his five-o'clock-in-the-morning visits to the famous Los Angeles flower market. Half an hour in the Holches-ter shop reveals some of the real behind-the-scenes Hollywood heart throbs.

Flowers for the screen must be selected to meet exacting and specific requirements and, of course, must photograph effectively. It may be a huge bank of roses, just a certain size and color, that a director wants, to emphasize an important romantic scene. Orchids and other luscious blooms may be required for a sensu-

ous background and mood. With the new developments now taking place in technicolor, flowers will become increasingly important in the films.

Many artificial flowers are kept on hand at the studio prop rooms, but these cannot be used for bouquets that are to be worn and handled, for they make a faint rustling which the sound machines catch up and magnify, with just the wrong effect. So fresh flowers are in constant demand on the sets.

Chet says that Hollywood people are wonderful to work for. He doesn't find them difficult or unreasonably temperamental.

His place isn't plushy. Just a cool, fragrant corner with a pool and trailing vines. Starting out as delivery boy for a Los Angeles florist, Chet just grew up with flowers, learning about them as he went. While still a youngster he opened his own shop and attracted customers at once by his uncanny understanding of his wares and the cheerful pains he took with each visitor, old or young.

He has been fifteen years at his present location and has most of the help he started with. His wife is his assistant in the shop, and he says she does most of the work. He would, for he is always saying the generous, appreciative thing. Often he says it with flowers. And he knows the precise psychological moment to pin a gardenia on the shoulder of a disgruntled lady who has dropped in to pay her bill and is a bit astonished at its size. Chet produces the gardenia, and she goes out wreathed in smiles.

# Steel Bridge Buster

**T**HEY'VE got a machine that can twist a bridge. Just completed is the most powerful squeezer, bender, stretcher, twister of steel ever developed.

Engineers at Northwestern University's technological institute will put this 30-ton giant "fatigue tester" to work helping to solve engineering's age-old mystery, measuring the strength of riveted and bolted connections. It can punish the beam of a bridge to the equivalent of 50 years of wear and tear in four days, and can simulate 250,000 repetitions of stress in one day.

For a long time, engineers have had to rely on rules based on theory rather than proven knowledge in the use of bolts and rivets in all types of construction. So, the question of how bolted and riveted joints would act under continuous stress has become the most important problem in engineering research.

The machine can test two specimens at the same time. Patterned after a similar one at the University of Illinois, it stands nine feet high and is 25 feet long. The tremendous power of its operation is absorbed by 12 oversized automobile springs without which it would drive itself through the concrete floor.

With its help, 15 companies and government agencies hope to develop stronger and cheaper materials, bridges, railroad coaches, and other steel products that are twisted and beaten every working day.



## That Puzzling Octahedron

**N**OT only is the birthplace and parentage of the aristocratic diamond shrouded in mystery, but it also has more plebeian relatives than any other gem stone. One of its brothers is a lump of coal; another is a greasy mass of lubricating material; while its twin sister is a three-for-a-nickel lead pencil.

Many scientists think that the diamond is born deep in the Stygian realm of the earth, where its father is pressure and its mother is heat. But nobody knows. No human accoucheur ever attended at the birth of a diamond; no human nurse ever bathed the sparkling baby. And if the gem really is conceived far down in the bowels of the earth, what potent assortment of genes must operate to cause the rearrangement of the molecules of the common element, carbon, into the geometric perfection of an eight-faced crystal?

High though the diamond's station is, it can descend with speed to the level of its lowliest relatives. If placed in a container from which the oxygen has been exhausted and held in the flame of a blow torch, it quickly changes into a lump of amorphous graphite. One moment it is an adamantine, colorless, transparent, highly refractive, actively dispersive crystal, glowing with the colors of the rainbow; the next, it, like its three-for-a-nickel twin, has but one use in the world—that of making another pencil smudge.—*Leslie J. Housel.*



## *No Hands!*

For the notoriously hot month of July, *Swing* offers the perfect antidotes in its centerspread picture. What finer things for midsummer than water, a motorboat, and lovely Jean Porter, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star?





**THE PRESIDENT AND GENERAL IKE  
ADDRESS WHB LISTENERS**

*35th Division and Kansas Citizens  
Boost American-Aid-to-France*

Above, left — WHB's Sandra Lea and Marcelle Denya, Paris Opera soprano, chat during an exclusive radio interview preceding Mme. Denya's appearance at the American-Aid-to-France benefit, staged in cooperation with the 35th Division.

Above, right — No stranger to WHB microphones, President Harry Truman comes home to address fellow members of the famous 35th and urge approval of administration appropriations requests.



Below, left — General Dwight Eisenhower tells listeners America must remain strong because of "one large power" which is unwilling to cooperate.

Below, right — Mrs. Edward Keith, Kansas City publicity chairman of American-Aid-to-France; General Maurice Matheney, French Military Attache to Ambassador Henri Bonnet; and screen star Rhonda Fleming appear in a special WHB broadcast from El Casbah at Hotel Bellerive. Orchestra leader Wayne Muir is in background at left.













*The modern conception of beautiful women  
minimizes the classic standards of height and other  
physical measurements for beauty plus brains!*



by JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

**T**HIS is the season when a great portion of America's female population delves into the moth balls to give last season's swim suit the once-over. If the handkerchief-like garment is brief enough it will do for this summer. If the trunks show the slightest indication of covering a pore more than the minimum amount of flesh, however, they'll get the pitch. This also means that the girls who went into paroxysms of joy over the calf-length skirt last fall will probably mourn the beach season and show up at the water's edge in a pair of concealing slacks.

To many American girls, especially those who look better in bathing suits than in pseudo bustles and long skirts, the coming season means days of frolic at the nation's swimming pools and beaches while revelling in adulatory male glances. To the girl between the ages of 18 and 28 the season means the time for the 1947 Miss America Pageant preliminary contests

which are being held throughout the country. The fame and fortune of beautiful, talented Esther Williams, whose picture appears opposite this page, is the kind of goal coveted by these young ladies. Miss Williams has had the good looks and ability to stretch a brief bathing suit into a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen career and a lush income. Innumerable other girls would like to do the same.

With all expenses paid by civic and business organizations sponsoring the preliminary winners, contestants converge upon Atlantic City the first week in September for the Miss America Pageant finals. They come bearing the names of the states and key cities which they have been chosen to represent. The beautiful, talented young women vie for \$25,000 in scholarship awards. The first prize, awarded to the girl chosen Miss America, is \$5,000 to be used solely for educational purposes. Miss America may attend any of the nation's

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The author of this article on the Miss America Pageant is Johnny Fraser, Jr. The many-titled Mr. Fraser is business manager of *Swing*, exploitation manager of radio station WHB, and official chairman of the preliminary Miss America contest for the state of Kansas.

colleges, universities or private schools. She may even have a private tutor, if she so desires. The remaining \$20,000 in scholarships is divided among the 14 next ranking contestants. A



small portion of the Miss America prize money may be spent in training for immediate personal appearances in the event she chooses a stage, radio or screen career. The remainder of the money, however, must be spent in education or further training. These strict rules apply to all entrants receiving prize money. If Miss America does not wish to continue her education, she receives \$1,000 in cash and the balance of her prize money reverts to the scholarship fund.

Each contestant is judged for six different characteristics. They are:

1. Beauty of face.
2. Voice, manner of speaking, intellect.
3. Wholesomeness, general disposition, culture.
4. Special talents.
5. Health, care of the body, dress.
6. Personality.

During each contest day, entrants appear before the judges' committee three times: once in bathing suit, once

in evening dress and once to display special talent. Talent is as important as beauty. In fact, this is stressed to such a degree that a thousand dollar award is made to the most talented entrant who does not reach the finals. A girl may sing, dance, act or play a musical instrument—she may even display her skill as a sculptress! Those who do not possess any special talent may give a three minute talk on the "Career I Wish to Pursue." The reason that talent is emphasized so strongly lies in the opening paragraph of the judges' instructions. "The Miss America Pageant, aside from serving as a worthwhile civic event, offers the young women of America real opportunity to attain recognition of their natural beauty and their acquired talents through college scholarships and special training awards amounting to \$25,000, donated by Joseph Bancroft and Sons, Catalina, Incorporated, and F. L. Jacobs Company. Most of the girls who compete in the Miss America contest are seriously interested in a career on the stage, screen, radio or in some profession in which they can adapt their beauty and personality." The old bromide "beautiful but dumb" has no place at the Miss America Pageant!

Although the Miss America Pageant is not held until the first of September, there is much work to be done during the preceding months of June, July and August. Franchises giving permission to Chamber of Commerce organizations, radio stations, movie theatres and civic clubs to hold official preliminary contests, are granted early in the



spring. Using rules and regulations similar to those used at Atlantic City, the sponsoring organizations holding franchises are at present in the midst of recruiting entrants for preliminary contests.

Applicants must be single and never married or divorced, must be citizens of the city, state or community in which the contest is held, must be in good health and must possess special talents. Contestants may be either amateur or professional.

Further breakdowns of the contests to determine state and key city winners are held in outlying villages and towns. It is the responsibility of the organization holding the state franchise to see that these contests are conducted prior to the official preliminary contest. Thus any girl, regardless of where she lives, may enter the preliminary contests held to determine representatives for the Atlantic City finals.

Efforts are continually being made by all connected with the Miss America Pageant to stress talent, so that the public will realize that Miss America possesses not only great beauty of face and figure, but also that the lady has brains! State preliminary officials screen applicants for talent long before they consider beauty and general appearance. Harried contest directors are often prone to remark, "The Lord was a lot more generous in passing out looks than he was brains!"

Interest is widespread in the greater Kansas City area at the present time. Station WHB has been granted the Kansas state franchise and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling,

under the direction of Margaret Christian and Nadienne Tolin, has the Missouri state franchise. Recruiting plans are underway and the Kansas and Missouri contests will be held jointly under the direction of the Stevens School and WHB.

Out of the estimated 50-60 entrants from each state, Miss Kansas and Miss Missouri will be selected. The contests will be held each Saturday afternoon in Kansas City for a five week period beginning July 19th. Letters have been sent to Chamber of Commerce presidents in numerous Kansas and Missouri towns inviting them to organize local contests to select a representative for the official preliminary contest in Kansas City.

Because there will be a great many more entrants from the greater Kansas City area than from outstate, four sessions will be utilized for local entries and the fifth for outstate entries and the finals. The final contest to determine Miss Missouri and Miss Kansas will be held Saturday afternoon, August 16th.



All of these Saturday contests will be held at the Hotel Bellerive in Kansas City. The procession of

young, hopeful, and lovely ladies will parade before the public and the judges in the smart El Casbah—the famous Midwestern night club currently featuring the fine two piano orchestra of Wayne Muir. From their ranks will be selected two young ladies privileged to carry the banners of Kansas and Missouri before the entire nation.

Applications from the entire Kansas City area are being received at the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling at 3605 Broadway in Kansas City, Missouri, and ambitious aspirants are practicing turns, buying bathing suits, and deluging hairdressers with appointments. But all of them must remember the most important thing of all: to bring brains along with their beauty!

## Night Sight

NOT only cats can see better than human beings in the dark. Many other animals—birds, too—that wander in search of food at night have eyes that are equipped with a crystalline layer in the back of them. This functions like the polished reflector of an automobile headlight. It “throws back” the rays that strike it, so that they pass *twice* through the lens of the eye, giving it the ability to see dim images more clearly.

Riding along a country road at night, have you seen the eyes of a cat or dog, or a deer, or some unknown creature, glowing like coals? That glow, which can be seen long before the animal itself, is the light being reflected from the crystalline layer of the eye.

Different animals have different amounts of crystalline. Human beings have hardly any. But owls, who are up all night, have a great deal. So do moths and spiders, whose eyes shine ruby-red. And there is a wide variety of colors found in the night eyes of the animals.

Opossum eyes show as dull orange, the timber wolf's eyes appear green and silver, the eyes of a deer like diamonds.

In the beam of a flashlight, the forest sparkles after dark.

## TRUISMS

Ex-Governor Harold Hoffman of New Jersey believes that the most observant person he knew was the historian who noticed that Lady Godiva had a horse with her.

The difference between war and peace for a good many GI's is that they have to pay rent for their Quonset huts now.

A pessimist is one who would commit suicide if he could do it without killing himself.

Marriage is a wonderful thing. No family is complete without it.

One Quaker was addressing another. “William, thee knows that I do not believe in calling anyone names; but, William, if the mayor of the town should come to me and say, ‘Joshua, I want thee to bring to me the greatest liar in this city,’ I would come to thee, William, and I would lay my hand on thy shoulder and I would say to thee, ‘William, the mayor wants to see thee.’”



# Oh, Mr. Greeley what you said !

*So many Easterners took his advice—  
and dudes became an industry in the West.*

by JETTA CARLETON

**A** DUDE RANCH is a place where school teachers fall off horses in the summertime; where cowboys meet young heiresses who refuse to go home with mama and papa; where a station wagon spearheads pack trips into the wilderness, and dowagers of dirigible dimensions appear in *chaparejos*. It is a costume party, a cowboy ballad with gestures. It is a long recess and an attitude.

Without that attitude, you can leave the "e" off "dude" and that's the kind of a ranch you'll have. It must be the kind of a place—even if it's an operating ranch—where every day's a holiday and every girl the Girl of the Golden West. And every man, even if he doesn't know his lasso from a hole in the ground, must feel like the sum and total of Buffalo Bill, the Virginian, and the Riders of the Purple Sage. That's what a good dude ranch does to people. That's what they want it to do.

A dude ranch is because people have a need for release, change of scenery, change of mood and costume. The dude ranch gives them the color and drama and the glamour of the world on the other side of the tracks—buffalo tracks.

The dude ranch was not superimposed upon non-Westerners by high pressure advertising. It evolved to meet a demand created by Easterners themselves. They wanted scenery. The West has more scenery than Orson Welles' late production, *Around the World*. They wanted an invigorating atmosphere. You can't beat the atmosphere of the West outside a benzedrine inhaler. Or even inside. And the romance of history brought them and still brings them to the old stamping grounds of Indians, explorers, and fabulous mountain outlaws. Not that dudes are always from the East. They come from all directions, including west. Some take it in quick sniffs, rushing through in their automobiles. Others want to stay awhile. And that's where the dude ranch comes in.

It came in first in the 1880's, when the brothers Eaton—Howard, Alden, and Willis—owned the Custer Trail Ranch in South Dakota. The Eatons invited some friends out for a visit. Friends kept coming back bringing more friends. Pretty soon the friends began to pay their own expenses. The Eaton brothers found themselves with a brand new industry on their hands.

In 1904 they moved down into Wyoming, where they bought seven thousand acres in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains. Eaton Ranch is still one of the biggest dude ranches in the country. For the accommodation of as many as one hundred and fifty guests, it has its own post office, telephone system, general store, and hotel, besides any number of cottages and cabins.

Wyoming and Montana remain the leading dude ranch states, but hundreds more are found in Arizona and New Mexico and Texas, in Utah, Nevada, and California, and in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Colorado. By 1936 the country's dude ranches were accommodating something like ten thousand guests annually. Now that the war is over business is picking up again.

To make a dude ranch you need some scenery, a horse, and a good-looking cowboy. That isn't all it takes, but these ingredients multiplied and amplified and abetted by a quantity of hard work are the basic elements, materially speaking. And if you happen to have a concrete pool, some tennis courts, and an old golf course lying around handy, they help, too. A dude ranch may look like any other ranch that specializes in horses, cattle, or sheep. It may also look like a cross between a country club and the country estate of a retired gangster. You may, as a participating guest, wash in the creek, eat in the kitchen with the rest of the outfit, and pitch in and help with the hayin' or round-up. Or, at another ranch, you may breakfast in bed, dawdle for an hour in a bubble bath, and charter a plane for an after-

noon's sightseeing trip. East is East, and in some cases so is the West. You pay your money and you take your choice. Or vice-versa. And you do pay your money. Don't expect to vacation on a dude ranch otherwise; it may have gold doorknobs.

You'll pay from around \$25 a week to \$25 a day. This may or may not include horse fees, transportation from the nearest railway point or air field, pack trips, and the like. But you can expect to get your money's worth. Several thousand dudes couldn't be so wrong.

Dude ranchers work hard at their profession. For the most part, everything is done to make the guest happy. If the guest isn't, nine times out of ten, it's his own fault. But such faulty patrons don't too often show up on the ranches. That's something the managers try to avoid. They have a sort of talent for bringing to-



gether people who will be congenial and get out of ranch life all its potential pleasure. Most ranches require references from their guests and offer references in return.

So you visit a railway office or two



and study the dude ranch bulletins they conveniently supply. You choose a locale that sounds like your dish. Maybe you'll settle on the high mountainous regions of the Northwest or the Grand Teton country, or the not so high regions of California. Maybe if Sigmund Romberg echoes in your ears, you'll choose the desert and the sunburnt Southwest. Or, if you can't make up your mind, you can throw a dart at the map. If it lands in the West—north, south, or far—you can't go wrong. There'll be a dude ranch somewhere behind the next hill.

Then to boil it down to a specific ranch: type and tariff will tell you which one. At some you'll live in the ranch house or a bunk house, at others, in a private cottage. Some will be populous—forty to a hundred or more guests; some, more exclusive, accommodate only five to ten. Choice depends also on the season, which varies with various ranches. Some stay open the year 'round for winter sports as well as summer. Others open in late May and close in September. Some specialize in entertaining the kids. Some are plain, some are fancy.

Or, perhaps the name will cinch it for you: a name like Bear Paw Ranch or Gros Ventre; Sky Meadows or the Flying A; or Methow Valley, Bishop's Lodge, Hacienda de Los Cerros, or Thunder Bird Ranch.

Then you read a book about Western life, learn a bunch of words in what some handbook calls the Western idiom, and head for your first round-up. You show up at the corral the first morning in your best Central Park get-up and call a saddle a kack and nonchalantly get on your

horse backwards. You sit on the top rail and chew a straw and toss off Western slang like the mother-tongue—till you find out it must be the dialect of some other section, because the cowboys don't know what you're talking about. And in about one day you learn that no tailored togs are half so smart and practical as a pair of levis (blue jeans to you; overall pants to somebody else); and that the wrangler *did* know where the trail led, after all; and that horse sense isn't just a couple of syllables. You get the hang of it pretty quick, if you're any sort of a dude at all.

It is quite possible to spend your entire ranch vacation behind a bridge hand. Most dudes prefer a cowhand—and a horse. The Horse is one thing all dude ranches have in common. He serves as a sort of common leveler to all guests—and a leveler literally to some who over-estimate themselves. Not that ranch horses are dangerous; they are not that, although the correct number are spirited beasts to be ridden by those who know how. The dude wranglers see to it that horses and their riders, however inexperienced, are compatible. That's part of their job.

Aside from The Horse, dude ranches offer innumerable other recreational facilities, ranging from fishin' tackle to basketball courts, from banjos to billiards. Golf, tennis, and badminton; croquet, campfire sings, and dancing—square or otherwise; fishing, boating, swimming—in anything from an irrigation ditch to a pool a la Hollywood back yards; skeet-shooting, big game hunting, skiing, rodeos, picnics, pack trips—all these

are features of most of the ranches, varying according to the size of the ranch and its location.

Guests at certain Montana ranches may indulge in placer mining, equipped with a pan and long-handled shovel. A few hours out of Pendleton, Oregon, guests of the Lazy



T Ranch may hunt on a game preserve, provided they stick to a bow and arrow. At the S L W Ranch in Colorado, you drive such comparative rarities as a London four-in-hand tallyho coach or a cabriolet. And at many of the larger ranches you may even play polo. Which brings us back to The Horse. We always get back to The Horse. He is as essential to the dude ranch as a boat to a cruise.

Considering the patterns of human nature, it isn't surprising that dude ranching has become one of the West's major industries within a little less than fifty years. When any industry begins to organize, you know it has arrived. There is now a Dude Ranchers' Association, and an official publication called *The Dude Rancher*, as well as the Colorado Dude and Guest Ranch Association. These are the people who are doing their best to preserve the color of the uncommercialized West, while at the same time

they commercialize it enough to satisfy the Easterners. People like roughing it, but they'd just as soon rough it with hot and cold running water and an innerspring mattress. And the rancher on the *qui vive* will bring certain comforts, even luxuries, into the wilderness to soften the blow.

Many ranch owners have a keen sense of responsibility toward their region, its wild life, forests, and natural beauty. Besides, it is to their own advantage to preserve the natural beauty of the West. The dudes like it.

They usually like it even if it's fabricated, and even if they know it's fabricated. A number of dude ranches throughout the West aren't adverse to touching up the local color a bit if they think it's necessary. And some ranches don't even bother to camouflage the make-up job. They're the ranches that look like a Hollywood set and carry on much in the manner of a Roy Rogers movie. The horses will be hand-picked for charm and appearance: they've gotta be pretty and they must not run off with the widows. The same thing goes for the cowboys. The cowboys may, however, get ostensibly lost in the forest with a cavvy of fillies—preferably blonde ones, inevitably of wealthy families. The deb-age daughters expect it. They come out to expensive ranches with their parents and fall flat on their faces for the young wranglers who guide them around on horses, and take them on picnics and dance with them on Saturday nights.

Three or four of the regular outfit may gang up to form an orchestra for these Saturday night barn dances. When they get thirsty, there's a bunch



of Gene Autry records to spell them, and a loud speaker hidden in the hay.

Before professional rodeo companies began stealing their stuff, the ranch outfit used to stage its own rodeos on Saturday afternoons. The ranch generally kept a small supply of rodeo stock, not too formidable for the casual cowboys. The boys would rope calves and ride broncos and put on a good show for the ga-ga girls on the corral fence. If the horses failed to buck 'em off, they'd fall off. The show had to go on. And likely as not, the prize money would be turned back to the manager each Saturday after the performance. One young wrangler—one of the hand-picked ones—once won the same fifty dollars three or four times in a single summer.

If the guests at such ranches suspect that their local color is being slapped on like grease-paint, they don't seem to mind. It's still a good show. If they do mind — they can find the genuine article not far away. There is a dependable amount of sincerity in dude ranching. The ranch came first, and in many cases it still does.

And another thing: You won't find too many of the encroachments

of civilization in mountains or wooded or desert states where the population density is still little more than 2.6 to 4.4 per square mile. That isn't very many people. There are, for instance, 97,914 square miles in Wyoming, and not quite three hundred thousand people scattered over all that space. That leaves plenty of room for the dudes to get back to nature among the Tetons, among the pine forests, and along the streams and lakes of Jackson Hole. And cattle are still rounded up as in the old days, and the woolies driven across the Divide to summer range. The West isn't old yet.

And that's why when the season approaches, when it's getting on toward May and June, the dudes in the Eastern cities begin to sing about tumblin' tumbleweed and a home where the buffalo roam. They know the chinook will be blowing across the snowfields, melting them down, and the summer wranglers shaking out their bright silk shirts, and there'll be silver on the sage tonight.

It's about that time they begin to think Mr. Greeley's classic imperative was meant just for them. *Horace, I hear you talking! He sends 'em!* And the dude ranch station wagon will be waiting at the station.



OUR BACK COVER depicts a typical dude ranch scene in the historic Jackson Hole region of western Wyoming. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)



*"I've a letter to dictate. Any volunteers?"*



# Million Dollar



## Plane Ticket

*About a guy named Dick Haymes,  
who turned out to be a pretty  
sound investment.*

by FAVIUS FRIEDMAN

FOUR years ago, at New York's La Guardia Field, a be-mustached little talent agent named Bill Burton stood watching a California airliner arrive with a potential gold mine in which the Burton investment totalled all of \$175. The stake itself had been little more than a casual speculation; the money just peanuts to this one-time fiddle player from the bayous of Louisiana. And yet, the vagaries of Lady Luck and show business being what they are, this toss-away bet by Bill Burton has already brought him—and the man on whom he gambled the \$175—Midas-like riches and just about all the kudos Hollywood can bestow.

What the shrewd talent agent had risked was only the price of a plane ticket for a broke and discouraged crooner with a baritone voice no one else would buy. Today you probably know this singer as a young, pug-nosed chap named Dick Haymes.

Ironically enough, that particular Burton gamble probably hung up some sort of record because of its fly-speck size, since the loss of \$175—had the dice turned up craps—would have meant nothing to this man who, during his fifty-odd years, had watched thousands of dollars go down the drain on also-rans, on

inside straights the hard way, on singers, bands and vaudeville acts which had both made and lost him fortunes.

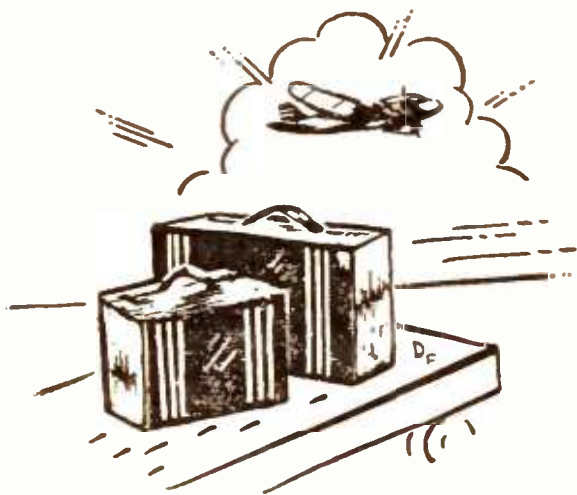
Yet if ever a man pulled a gold mine out of a hat, that was Bill Burton when he saw that plane ticket transmuted within a comparatively short time into a million golden dollars.

Actually, as Burton views it today, the Haymes gamble was giving him better odds than he could get in a horse race. The little manager, over a smoked salmon sandwich at the Brown Derby, was explaining why he had wired Haymes that money. "Yes," he said, reminiscing, "the odds were a hell of a lot better. Besides that, it gave me a chance to see what La Guardia Field looked like in the daytime."

That happened to be the anything-for-a-gag Burton talking. In his serious moments—and he's pretty serious 95 per cent of the time—he'll reveal the real reason for advancing that \$175. "One of my clients then was Helen O'Connell, the singer," he said. "She was also a close friend of Joanne Haymes, Dick's wife. Helen needed me so much that I finally agreed to handle Haymes' career—what there was of it."

Both Burton and Haymes will admit that there was little that looked promising in the singer's career back in 1943. Haymes was ill, without funds, virtually a failure. Joanne and Skipper, his baby son, were in New York, living in a furnished room. He himself had flopped as a song writer. His ventures in organizing and leading a band had led nowhere. As for singing with a band, with its topsy-turvy life of one-night stands, little sleep and separation from his family, he wanted no part of it. Haymes, with the same baritone voice that was one day to bring him close to half million a year out of pictures, the radio and records, was ready to take a job driving a truck.

That was the moment when Bill Burton, in New York, fished out \$175 from among the fifties and C-notes in his pocket, tossed the bills onto a Western Union counter and bought himself a winning ticket on a million dollar property.



Call it acumen, luck, the gambling instinct or anything you like; one guess is as good as another. Burton himself isn't sure. "Maybe it was because I admired the way the guy wore a knit tie around his pants as

a belt; maybe it was because Dick and his wife used to leave Skipper with me of an evening when they wanted to go out. They lived next door to me in Hollywood and they made me an involuntary sitter. Or it could even be"—and right here Burton got in a characteristic chuckle—"it could even be that I believed the big lug could really sing. The reason doesn't matter. Besides, what good is money if you never take chances?"

The point is that the little manager did take a chance, first with the plane fare, later with around \$9000 which he tossed into the pot. That money went toward paying some of Haymes' debts, into publicity, into a nice apartment for Joanne and the baby. Haymes' new career, Burton decided, was going to get started right or not at all.

Meanwhile, there wasn't even a signed contract between the two.

Within a few weeks Burton had Haymes booked for personal appearances at theatres in Newark and Hartford. The salary was \$350 a week. That was still small potatoes for Bill Burton. His sights were on bigger things. Burton, still grooming Haymes, put his client into La Martinique, famed New York night club and a great showcase for singers. Dick was signed for two weeks; he stayed on three months. Burton began button-holing Hollywood talent scouts and talking about screen tests. Twentieth-Century Fox made a test of Haymes and sent the film on to the Coast, while Burton and his protege waited impatiently for the verdict.



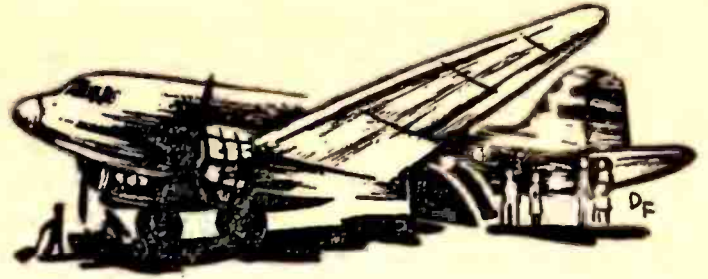
And then the little manager came up with an idea that still has insiders talking.

That was the time the orchestra recording ban was on and the country's juke-box operators were hungry for new records. Burton walked into Jack Kapp's office at Decca and startled everyone with the suggestion that Haymes record *You'll Never Know* with only a vocal background. Doing it that way, there would be no need for an orchestra. Decca went for the plan, had Haymes make the recording and rushed the platters off to the juke-boxes.

"That record went out so fast, it was still sizzling," Burton recalls, "*You'll Never Know* hit a sale of 1,600,000 platters and earned us about \$40,000 in royalties. I told Dick to go out and buy himself a new belt with his lousy 90 per cent—he still wore that tie around his middle—while I camped on Decca's doorstep until they threw me out. But when they gave me the heave-ho, I was pretty well protected. I had Haymes' new recording contract wrapped around me."

That's just Burton reaching for a gag again. Actually the Decca deal was a certainty because of Haymes' sensational success with *You'll Never Know*. On top of that came a wire from Twentieth Century-Fox, asking Haymes and Burton to report on the Coast for the start of a new picture.

Once in Hollywood, Burton wangled a seven-year contract for Haymes and a coast-to-coast radio show, all on the same day. Meanwhile Haymes' records were selling in such volume that he was already



being tabbed king of juke-boxes. Soon Burton had Dick in starring roles at the studio, getting his boy equal billing with the lot's biggest money-maker, Betty Grable. There were more records, there were guest shots on other radio programs, there were personal appearances at New York's Roxy, at the Oriental in Chicago, at the Palace in Cleveland. That plane ticket was really paying off.

Today, with a number of big Twentieth Century Fox musicals to his credit, with his own radio show and with a fabulous record sale—as many as 8,000,000 in a year—Haymes is established as a million dollar business. And Bill Burton, the man who staked the singer to that plane fare, is a very important part of that business.

Only once has the Haymes-Burton relationship been disturbed by a major disagreement. That occurred when Burton and his then new client decided that it was time to get their working arrangement down in writing. Haymes insisted that the management deal continue for life; Burton just as vehemently maintained that the contract run for four days short of life. "Listen, Haymes," roared the talent agent, "nobody's going to call me a Simon Legree. I insist that you have some time for yourself!"

The little man, it seems, wasn't taking any more chances.

# Wolf in Storage

ROME, GEORGIA, like Rome, Italy, has its Capitoline Wolf, but the Georgian wolf is in storage and there is some uncertainty as to whether it will ever again take up its stand in front of the City Hall.

Back in 1929, when Benito Mussolini heard of the city in Georgia which was named for the original Rome, he decided the national compliment should be personally acknowledged. The American city's likeness to the illustrious Italian city should not be limited to its seven hills, its ambitious name, and its growing importance in the world of affairs; it should have its Romulus and Remus, too. And so *il duce* dispatched to the astonished Georgians his infant ambassadors with their fostering she-wolf, a replica of the famous Capitoline bronze.

The statue was ceremoniously unveiled in front of the City Hall on July 19, 1929, and was an object of much interest, some friendly, some sharply critical.

For fifteen years it stood, though not without a share of the indignities that was the legendary heritage of the infants. One of the twins was stolen and all efforts to find it were as fruitless as though in strict Georgian reality it had been thrown into the Tiber. A replacement was sent from Italy and the group, again complete but becoming more and more an object of local uneasiness, continued to look out on the neighboring hills.

Then came the war, and with it a growing coolness toward the statues that held so much of Italian symbolism up to the American gaze. Finally, in June, 1942, the city fathers yielded to a demand that it be removed. And so *il duce's* gift rests in the friendly obscurity of the storage room while the seven hills look down on a vacant spot in front of the City Hall. Whether or not the wolf will come out of storage is something the natives of Georgia's Rome have not yet decided.—*Florence Jansson.*



## TALKING STONE

More than one hundred years ago, on the banks of the Tennessee River, there lived an American who made an interesting contribution to American history: a unique alphabet. He was George Guess, a Cherokee Indian whose tribal name was Sequoia. This self-tutored man presented his race with the phonetic characters that form one of the most beautiful languages ever spoken. With only the help of his daughter, Eye-O-kah, he labored for twelve years to produce the musical cadences which make it possible for anyone to read Cherokee after studying the alphabet for just one day. George Guess listened to the sounds of birds and animals, then created 86 symbols on rocks and called them "talking stone." His statue is in

the national capitol and the oldest living things in the entire world are named after him, the giant redwoods of the Yosemite Valley of California—the Sequoias.







*Fallible, fanciful, and occasionally profitable,  
the old pastime is as intriguing as ever!*

by D. R. LINSON

**S**PELLED O-U-I-J-A, the word is pronounced weegee or weega. It's a combination of *oui* from the French and *ja* from the German, both of which mean "yes." Regardless of the way you pronounce it, however, weegee is more fun than a drunken baboon.

The original answer man, ouija, has been carrying on brilliantly ever since 1892 when the Fuld Brothers of Baltimore invented the board and thereby instituted the first quiz program. Ask it what you will, there is no stopping ouija. Beside its vast fund of knowledge, the quiz kids become as mute as Dead Enders discussing Picasso.

Briefly, the ouija is a smooth board with the letters of the alphabet extending across it. On top of this is a small, triangular table. Placing your hands upon the small table, you merely pop the question. Ouija then darts from one letter to another and spells out the answer.

When it comes to the discovery of lost, mislaid, or stolen articles, the ouija has no peer. Recently a dog was stolen from a woman living on Long Island. Frantically, this woman searched every nook and cranny of the neighborhood but without success. Three days later someone suggested she present the question to the ouija board. She did, and fifteen minutes

later the dog was back in her possession. As ouija had informed her, the dog had been tied up in a deserted shack not more than five blocks from her home.

Several months ago Ruth Lecord suddenly missed her engagement ring while shopping in a large department store. She tried to recall when she had it last and remembered slipping it on her finger after washing that morning. But when or where she lost it, she had no idea. Inquiry at the lost and found department in the store proved futile, as did her attempts to recall each little incident that led up to the moment she missed the ring.

When the ouija board gave the message, "You lost it in the taxi," Miss Lecord scoffed at the answer. Nevertheless, on a long chance she called the taxi company and sighed with relief when told that a ring similar to the one she described had been turned in by one of the drivers. Calling for the ring, it proved to be hers. And she concluded it must have slipped off when she removed her gloves to dig into her purse for her fare.

In the world of music those who love classical selections are tremendously indebted to the ouija. According to Baron Erik Palstierna, in his book *Horizons of Immortality*, written

while he was Swedish Minister to Great Britain, credit for the recovery of the lost Schumann Concerto must go to the ouija board. In this instance the ouija told a young violinist just where the manuscript had been hidden in a Berlin library.

A few persons claim they have received invaluable tips from the ouija with reference to horse racing, speculation in Wall Street and other forms of gambling. Take this, however, with a grain of salt. Generally speaking the ouija is loathe to discuss this type of activity and even goes so far as to condemn it. Considerable personal experience with the operations of the ouija over a long period of years has led to no instances in which such tips have come through. Whether you can wheedle such information from ouija is another story. And more power to you if you can.

Love is one phase of life that the ouija is always vitally concerned about. Perhaps that explains its popularity with the fair sex. Questions such as, When will I marry, whom will I marry, will my boy friend return to me and what is he doing at this moment, are constantly being pitched at the ouija. The answers sometimes are amazing — as witness the answer given to a girl who had quarrelled and parted with her beloved. "Will he return to me?" the girl asked. The response, like a slap in the face, was, "No. Your boy friend is already married."

"You're crazy!" the girl flung at the ouija. "That's what you think," was the retort followed by the date of the alleged marriage. Subsequent

investigation proved the ouija was correct.

It is particularly in the realm of literature, however, that the ouija has gained an excellent reputation for itself. True, there have been occasions where the ouija has sent through merely a collection of incoherent words and terminology. But there are many cases where the opposite obtains.

Among these is the testimony of the well-known author, Hamlin Garland. In his autobiography he reveals how a woman friend of his received most of her ideas, her plots and even her entire stories directly from the ouija.

But even more incredible is the case of the poet, Pearl Curran. Pearl was playing with the ouija one night when it suddenly halted in the middle of an answer to her question and sent through a piece of verse! Every night thereafter for twenty-five years, ouija sent through prodigious amounts of poetry and prose. While the novels did not make the best-seller lists, they were certainly as good as some of those you see in the bookstores today. And as for the poetry, most of that was excellent.

What causes the ouija to operate? That question has been a bone of contention for years. In fact, it even stumps the ouija. So your explanation is as good as anyone else's.

One thing is certain. The ouija can add no end of fun to a gathering that is beginning to bore and to pall. But if you use it, employ it sensibly. Don't take it too seriously and don't, above all, consider it as infallible. That is, unless you can coax it to grind out a best seller for you.



# SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS



## Imported

**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN** — David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. An engaging fantasy demonstrating in full Technicolor the power of love. A British flier, scheduled by the Almighty to die in the English Channel, reaches shore alive because one of the heavenly messengers slipped up on his job. The celestial courier attempts to entice the errant corpse up the stairway to heaven, but in vain. It seems that in his brief 12 hours of borrowed time he has contrived to fall in love and is reluctant to leave earth and his new found fiancée; pointing out that, after all, it was heaven's mistake in the first place. A jury trial ensues, studied with flashes of British wit at its best. And the happy ending you knew was coming is apt to leave you choked up a bit, even so.

## Warner Brothers

**THE BEAST WITH FIVE FINGERS**—Robert Alda, Andrea King, Peter Lorre, J. Carrol Naish. You'll go home and have nightmares after seeing this chill-filled movie! When her employer, a half-paralyzed concert pianist, dies suddenly and violently, a young nurse-companion is bequeathed his entire fortune. When others seek to contest the will, strange piano-playing is heard echoing through the old mansion in the precise style used by the dead man. Each time it is heard, it accompanies murder or attempted murder. As a final note of terror, the hand of the dead man (cut off after his interment) crawls through bookcases, wall safes, and desk drawers, in a determined effort to see that the will is enforced. Recommended as a hair-raiser for all except bald-headed men.

**LOVE AND LEARN**—Jack Carson, Robert Hutton, Martha Vickers, Janis Paige. A wacky, mixed-up modern comedy set in New York, in which an heiress, posing as a dance hall hostess, attempts to help a song-writing team get their music published. The boys jump to a decidedly wrong conclusion as to the young lady's ethics and morals, young love goes astray, there is an elopement, a chase, a wedding with substitute groom, an automobile accident, and a wedding night spent in the local hospital. Rather strenuous and typically Carson.

**THE UNFAITHFUL**—Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, Zachary Scott. Returning alone from a party, Chris Hunter (Miss Sheridan) kills a man who had followed her into her house. She tells police that he had demanded her jewels, and that she had killed in self-defense. When an art shop proprietor shows her lawyer (Ayres) a head of Chris sculptured by the dead man, it disproves her statement that she didn't know him. She finally tells her husband of the affair which occurred while he was in the Pacific. Chris, on trial for murder, is acquitted, and goes home to pack, thinking her husband wants a divorce. The lawyer turns up to urge them to try to forget and make a go of their marriage. The outcome? What do you think?

**POSSESSED** — Joan Crawford, Van Heflin, Raymond Massey. Another thriller-chiller in the psychological trend that moviegoers have been gulping down without bicarbonate for the past three years. Joan Crawford is the one possessed in this film—in turns by love, hate, jealousy, Van Heflin and Raymond Massey. After pursuing a futile love for Mr. Heflin to its bitter end, Miss Crawford marries Mr. Massey, whose wife, it seems, conveniently drowned so Miss C. could become the second Mrs. M. Crawford's schizophrenia rears its ugly head when her former paramour, Heflin, becomes enamoured with Massey's daughter. Just goes to show what can happen when the movie script boys are let loose in the corridors of psychiatry.

## Paramount

**DEAR RUTH**—William Holden, Joan Caulfield, Billy De Wolfe, Edward Arnold, Mona Freeman.

Broadway successes have been cropping up on celluloid by the scores lately. The newest one to join the ranks is Paramount's picturization of the Norman Krasna hit comedy which ran two and a half years in New York. The story revolves about the hilariously tangled web woven by a sixteen-year-old girl who has been writing flaming love letters to an unknown soldier, in her sister's name. The young man comes home, making a bee-line for his "Dear Ruth," who happens to be in the midst of plans to marry someone else. With his immediate departure overseas in mind, the family endeavors to keep up the deception, but when he is assigned Stateside duty, a show-down is unavoidable. Light stuff, but fun!

## Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

**FIESTA**—Esther Williams, Akim Tamiroff, John Carroll, Mary Astor, Ricardo Montalban. The Morales twins, Mario (Montalban) and Maria (Miss Williams) grow up receiving instruction in bull-fighting, but it is Maria who has inherited her father's love of the sport. Mario is interested only in music. Facing his first official bull, he learns that his father has sent away the symphony conductor under whom he hoped to study, and this knowledge drives him to leave the ring in fury and be branded a coward. To bring him back, Maria fights in the bull ring under her brother's name. The conductor, impressed by one of Mario's compositions, presents it in a radio performance, which Mario hears. In an action-packed climax, he returns, finds his sister engaged in another fight, and saves her life. Excellent entertainment.



# Trivia

The average American husband is the greatest labor saving device the American housewife has.

Many people make the mistake of developing their opinions in the dark-room of prejudice.

All men are born equal, but it is what they are equal to that counts.

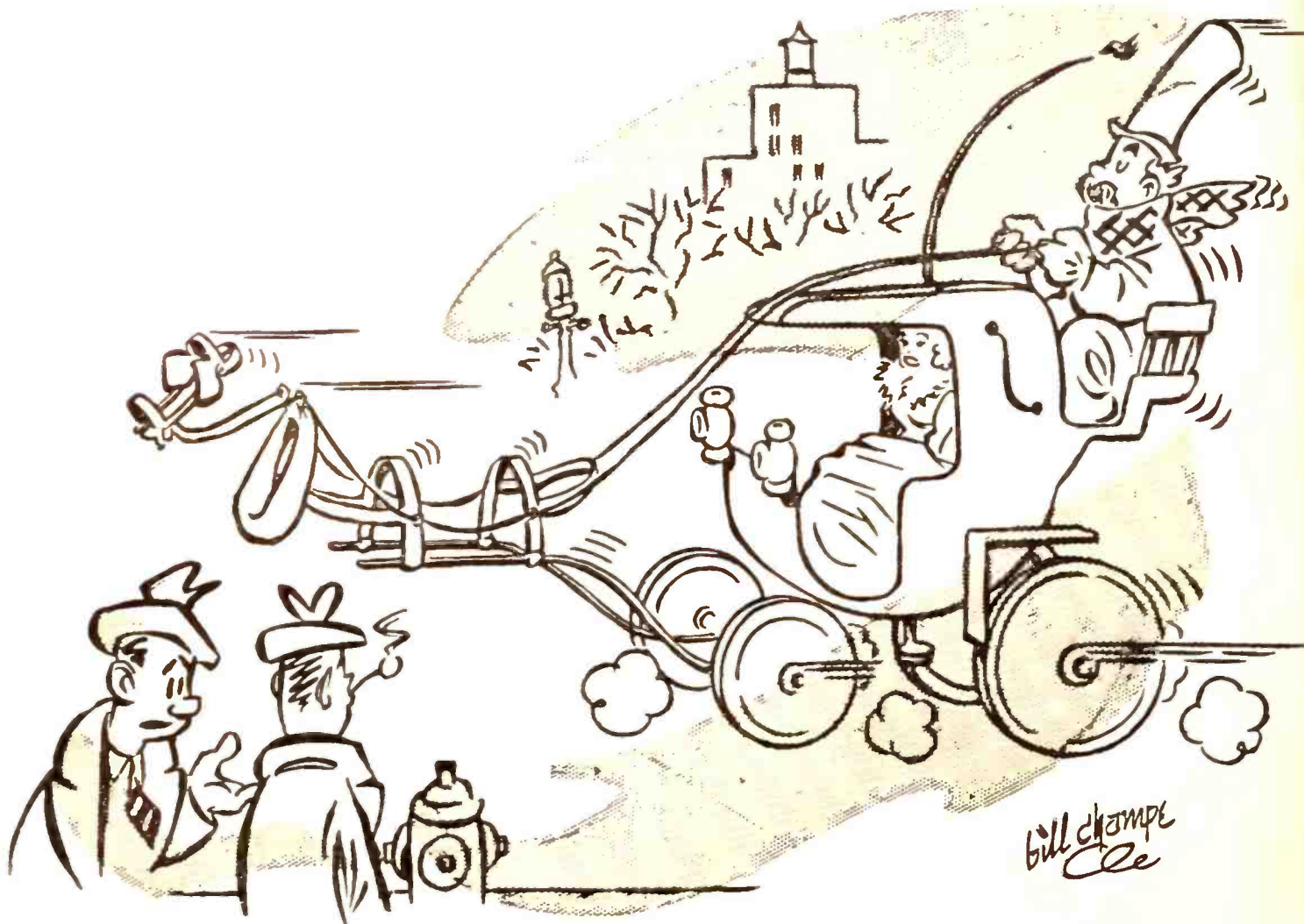
At twenty, a man thinks he can save the world; at thirty, he would settle to save part of his own salary.

A man hopes that his lean years are behind him; a woman, that hers are ahead.

A gold-digger is a human gimme pig.

A jury is twelve persons chosen to determine which side has the best lawyer.

A ballet dancer is a jitterbug with a Russian accent.



*"So it's done with mirrors! I still say it's good publicity."*



## On the Record

**A** NNOUNCEMENT of the release, June 23rd, of the Duke Ellington album has created quite a stir. Being able to get eight previously unreleased Ellingtons is big news for fans and collectors, as well as for those unfortunates who weren't around in the middle thirties to hear the greatest band the Duke ever had.

RCA Victor has decided that 50 million Frenchmen can't be wrong and has signed up two singing stars. Maurice Chevalier and Jean Sablon. Chevalier is an old timer who knows the ins and outs and in betweens of show business. Sablon is comparatively new in this country but a recent success. You're going to be compelled to brush up on your French, however, if you want to pronounce such things as Sablon's newest record title, *Vous Qui Passez Sans Me Voir*. Oo, la, la!

The Brown Dots have shifted from Manor to Majestic Records. Dots nice, kiddies!

### Platter Chatter

Joshua Johnson (Kansas City 88'er) has just completed a recording date with Decca. Watch for *Gypsy Blues*, the first release. They're trying to make a vocal star out of a grand boogie player. Too bad! . . . Beryl Davis, the sensational British singing importation, has been signed by Victor for her first American platters . . . Red Norvo, now resting in Hollywood, will make a special xylophone solo for Capitol . . . Claude Thornhill has just finished a successful tour of college campuses . . . Harry James has a winner in his new disc, *Moten Swing* . . . New Majestic releases feature an album by Nat Brandywynne and the new crooner find, Dick Farney . . . The biggest Big Names reported to be launching disc jockey shows are Paul Whiteman and Tommy Dorsey . . . Charlie Barnet and crew have now reorganized, with their initial appearance in Los Angeles . . . Count Basie's tour of Europe has been cancelled. Reason? Too much business in the United States . . . Freddy Martin and his orchestra open in the East with theatre dates this month . . . Singer Margaret Whiting is set to invade the music pub-



with BOB KENNEDY

lishing business . . . The late Thomas "Fats" Waller's first serious work, *Harlem Living Room Suite*, will be waxed by an all-star orchestra . . . Stan Kenton, recuperating from a nervous breakdown, should be raring to go on band dates next month.

### Highly Recommended

VICTOR 20-2272 — The Three Suns. *Peg O' My Heart* plus *Across the Alley from the Alamo*. The old ballad, first heard in World War I days, has been enjoying a tremendous renaissance. The unique instrumental effect which makes The Three Suns one of the nation's most popular combos is an ideal medium for the tune. The flipover novelty features Artie Dunn on vocal, backed by steady beat of guitar, accordion, and organ.

VICTOR 20-2287 — Charlie Spivak and Orchestra. *Tomorrow* and *There's That Lonely Feeling Again*. The former is a lively jump tune with brightly etched solo chorus by the "sweetest trumpet in the world." The reverse is a slow ballad which again features Charlie's horn and the promising voice of Tommy Mercer. Plenty danceable!

\*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE. 1718.

CAPITOL 408 — Stan Kenton and Orchestra. *Collaboration* plus *Machito*. Another in a series of Kenton's *Artistry in Jazz*. The first tune was penned by Stan and his arranger, Pete Rugolo. Phrasing and shading is superb, and one of the outstanding trombone solos ever put on wax is per-

- formed by Kai Winding with his valve trombone. *Machito* is somewhat wilder in movement with a terrific ending... a Buddy Childers-Skip Layton duet. A must for jazz fans.
- COLUMBIA 37329** — Woody Herman accompanied by The Four Chips. *That's My Desire* and *Ivy*, two terrific tunes performed by master Herman in his inimitable style. Woody croons ably and is backed up by an unusual instrumental group, in which he gets in a few licks with his own licorice stick. Woody is still good, even without the band.
- \*Linwood Record Shop, 1213 Linwood, VA. 0676.
- DECCA 23879** — Lionel Hampton and his Hamptonians. *I Want to be Loved* plus *Limehouse Blues*. You know if it's Hampton it's got to be good. We could stop there, but to be more specific the first side features superb vocal work with a slow ballad that's terrific. The reverse picks up the beat and Hampton nearly runs away with a vibe solo. A solid sender!
- MGM 10017**—Slim Gaillard and his Trio. *Tip Light* backed up by *Arabian Boogie*. Our re-bop boy and his trio have calmed down and in these two sides give out with unadulterated rhythm. They're both Gaillard originals and feature vocals by him. Should be in your library.
- \*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas. AT. 1206.
- MAJESTIC 7225** — Dick Farney with Paul Baron and Orchestra. *My Young and Foolish Heart* over *I Wish I Didn't Love You So*. Farney is one of the newest crooners to enter the ranks, and Majestic didn't waste wax when they signed the contract. Resembling the Haymes voice, his baritone lends itself nicely to these slow, beautiful ballads.
- COLUMBIA 37351**—Harry James and his Orchestra. *Moten Swing* (two sides). Harry James turns out a real production on these two sides. The tune is a solid jump that goes back to the days of Benny and Buzz Moten. Sparkling solos by Lou Fromm on drums, and Corky Corcoran and Willie Smith on sax. Whether you're a dance bug or a James fan, you'll go for this record. **Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI. 9430.**
- COLUMBIA 37354** — Gene Krupa and Orchestra. *Dreams Are a Dime a Dozen* plus *Yes, Yes, Honey*. Here's a swell pair of ballads featuring Tom Berry and Carolyn Grey in the vocal department. Quite a change of beat for Krupa but he handles it nicely. Both splendid tunes for dancing!
- COLUMBIA 37338**—Kay Kyser and his Orchestra, with Jane Russell. *Boin-n-g* and *If My Heart Had a Window*. "The Outlaw," recently attached to Mr. Kyser as vocalist, presents a piquant little novelty tune called *Boin-n-g* which relates just what happened to a certain gal's heart when she met a certain guy. Jane carries her curves up through the voice box and that probably won't hurt the sales of the disc. Harry Babbitt handles the vocal on the latter.
- \*Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA. 5200.
- MAJESTIC 1124**—Eddy Howard and his Orchestra. *Ask Anyone Who Knows* plus *I Wonder, I Wonder, I Wonder*. Eddy Howard and crew continue to put out one fine record after another and this one is no exception. Both slow ballads, they get the sweet and mellow treatment with masterful phrasing by the orchestra. Eddy and the trio make vocal appearances on both sides. *I Wonder* is the hit of the West Coast and is moving east rapidly.
- VICTOR 20-2267** — Freddy Martin and Orchestra. *Things Are No Different Now* with *I Won't Be Home Anymore When You Call*. Ideal for the smooth swing addicts, with outstanding blend of sax and violin with piano sparkings. Stuart Wade is our vocal man on this side. The plattermate, *I Won't Be Home*, features group singing and whistling with Martin bounce tempo. Tee-tapping rhythm that's well worth the money.
- \*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE. 6540.



# New York LETTER

by LUCIE BRION



THERE are those who claim that Manhattan is the best summer resort in the country. And here are a few of the reasons: roof gardens are open, particularly the Waldorf and the St. Regis, where one can dine and dance and view the sparkle of the city with cool breezes and with elbow room. There are boat trips around the island which are not only comfortable but educational. They afford a long view of the world's most famous sky line coupled with a close view of freighters and ocean liners from all parts of the world. Stores and shops are much less crowded during the summer months. Delightful little street cafes are open down along lower Fifth Avenue or up at the Sulgrave at 67th and Park. Most cocktail bars worth visiting are air conditioned, as are most of the summer-run theatres. Hotel service is much quicker and taxis cruise around actually looking for passengers. Evening walks and window shopping are casual and delightful. If all these things become tiring, there is always a quick train to the country—in any direction.

• • •

We in Manhattan are already beginning to feel the dread pressure of a coming election year. It is sort of like a big family fight which clears up the moment

it is over. But it confuses and frightens the by-standing foreign nations. It's too bad we have to go through it but perhaps it is a good clearer of the atmosphere. Every move the party in power makes from now on will be attributed to vote-getting. Every gathering, social or otherwise, will take as its main topic The Election. From now on in Manhattan, and no doubt everywhere, there will be so much political proselyting, to the point of temper, that compiling guest lists will be a macabre undertaking. New Year's resolutions are anemic compared to the "I won't be drawn into any political discussion" vow. Some things are impossible. No one can resist throwing in his two-bits when it comes to politics. It's hectic and disturbing and a glorious privilege. After all it is America—and we still have it!

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Dogs are an awful nuisance but practically everyone loves them. Maybe it is because they are so foolish and affectionate. Whatever the reason, they are most certainly all over the place. In crowded quarters a dog-bed for one dog presents a problem, and if a master or mistress is susceptible to the idea of two dogs the problem is doubled.

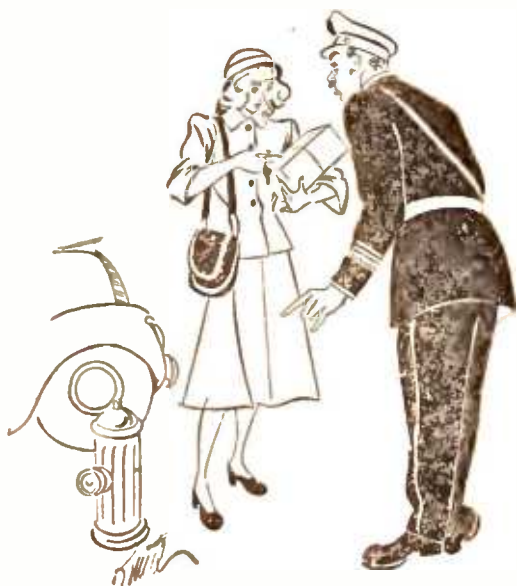
A friend of ours who has two wire-haired terriers has designed a double-decker bed which fits into any small corner. The younger dog gets the upper and the older gets the lower, and with very little training all is compact and serene.

• • •

Dress designers and dress manufacturers are frantically busy in Manhattan preparing for the fall season. Buyers from various stores all over the country are here and all seem to be in somewhat of a dilemma. It's the same with fur dealers. What women will buy and how much they will pay is anybody's guess, and the buyers had better guess right or

their particular departments will take an awful beating.

Public spending for clothes isn't as free as it was a short time ago, although the cost of materials and labor remains the same. It's a jittery condition. As for the fashion angle, skirts are definitely on the longish side, and there is a trend away from the "fitted" look, with full backs and full sleeves. For the past few years most new-season fashions have been impractical to the point of being party costumes. Now, most garments must serve not only a dual but a practical role. A fur coat must be able to brave the winds during daytime jaunts and yet lend



glamour to a dinner dress. Dresses must be able to serve a multitude of occasions. Some designers are holding to the very broad shoulder lines, some are tapering them down to almost nothing. Apparently anything goes except the short

skirt. Hats continue to be whimsical. Any old bit of junk with a veil on it will do.

• • •

Sailing is an occupation, engrossing and demanding. That goes for motor boats, too. Don't let anyone tell you that getting a new boat isn't like taking on a new member of the family. It has to be taken out or put to bed like a baby, and you almost have a sitter for it. Long Island Sound is full of boats—as is Long Island conversation. On a decent day the Sound is dotted with boats of all descriptions; some cruising, some racing, some fishing. It's a beautiful sight. There aren't very many new boats this year, since production came to a stand-still during the war and so far hasn't gained much momentum. So, everything with a round bottom to it appears to have been painted and put in the water. And, anyone who can talk wind and tide and weather is welcome in any harbor.

• • •

Most parents of college age boys are in a quandary. It isn't over the question of the family car or the telephone or girls, but over the difficulty of getting the boys into a reputable college or university. After the painful process of graduating them from high school or prep school, there seems to be no place to send them. Some parents are advocating a year with a job, others favor a post-grad course at the old school. At any rate it seems likely that we will have a mass of college-bent youths floundering around for the next year while waiting for further exposure to education.



The sales manager's wife walked into her husband's private office unannounced. She discovered her husband eating his lunch at his desk, while his beautiful secretary was parked on his lap.

"Charley!" stormed his wife. "What is that girl doing on your lap?"

The guilty husband almost choked on a piece of pie. He pointed to the food.

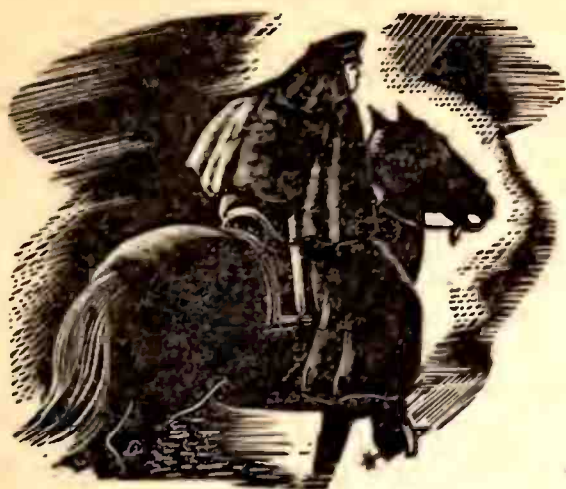
"I had to do something, darling. The waiter forgot to send up a napkin."



Integrity is that thing which keeps you from turning to the last page to see how the story ends.



# NEW YORK THEATRE



## Plays . . .

★**Alice in Wonderland.** (International). Charming, flaxen-haired, and unusually sprightly Bambi Linn plays Alice in this beautiful Eva LaGallienne production. The piece is a trifle long, by reason of the inclusion of much of *Through the Looking Glass*, but it is well acted and handsomely done up. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★**All My Sons.** (Coronet). Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award, *ALL MY SONS* was written by Arthur Miller and stars Ed Begley and Beth Merrill. The story concerns a war profiteer who loses one son and earns the animosity of another. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**Born Yesterday.** (Lyceum). Garson Kanin wrote and directed the wonderful comedy about a crooked junk dealer and a girl with a Pure Heart. In the leading roles, Paul Douglas and Judy Holiday are unsurpassable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**Burlesque.** (Belasco). Pathos and high humor mingle freely at the Belasco, as Bert Lahr and handsome Jean Parker play to the hilt this revival from the late Twenties. It's about a comedian of variable fortunes, and his loyal wife. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**Happy Birthday.** (Broadhurst). An Anita Loos comedy presenting Helen Hayes as a mousy librarian who just happens to tangle with one too many Pink Ladies on a rainy afternoon—to the amazement of the players and the delight of the audience. Miss Hayes is outstanding, even for Miss Hayes. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**Harvey.** (48th Street). Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are still happily and hilariously contending with the six-foot rabbit—invisible, of course—as this grand Pulitzer Prize winner continues its long run. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**John Loves Mary.** (Music Box). A Norman Krasna farce produced by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and expertly directed by Joshua Logan. Despite flimsy framework, the finished product is smooth and sure-fire. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**Life with Father.** (Bijou). Clearly established as the all-time long-run champion with 3200 performances, *FATHER* is still doing nicely, thank you. The Lindsay-Crouse comedy based on the book by Clarence Day now stars Brandon Peters and Mary Loane. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★**Love for Love.** (Royale). John Gielgud and his remarkable troupe of British thespians play Congreve's 250-year-old Restoration comedy with intelligence, charm, and freshness. With Cyril Ritchard, Robert Flemyng, Pamela Brown, Richard Wordsworth, and Jessie Evans. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**Portrait in Black.** (Booth). Claire Luce, Donald Cook, and Sidney Blackmer in a weak melodrama posing as a "psychological thriller." Regrettably, the type is not uncommon. Mrs. Luce, however, is the prettiest paranoid of the season. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**State of the Union.** (Hudson). Ralph Belamy and Kay Frances are again playing the leads in the Lindsay-Crouse commentary on Republican politics and presidential campaigns. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★**The Voice of the Turtle.** (Morosco). A recent cast change makes a sergeant of Boyd Crawford. Louisa Horton and Peggy French are the girls he plays with. It's a comedy by John van Druten, and has been around for a long, long time. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★**The Whole World Over.** (Biltmore). Konstantine Simonov has written gaily of reconversion in Russia. Expert acting by Joseph Buloff, Stephen Bekassy, Uta Hagen, and Sanford Meisner. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**A Young Man's Fancy.** (Plymouth). Somehow still around is this not-very-good play about a summer camp for boys and the reformation of a sissy. The direction and pacing are poor, but a few of the actors do rather well even against what would seem to be overpowering odds. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

## Musicals . . .

★**Annie Get Your Gun.** (Imperial). Book by Herbert and Dorothy Fields, score by Irving Berlin, and the inimitable talents of Ethel Merman in the role of Annie Oakley add up to an almost unbeatable evening in the theatre. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK.** (Martin Beck). Heavy-handed college humor by Max Shulman, based upon his best-selling book of the same name. Nancy Walker and Billy Redfield head a whole stageful of people. Thanks to their talents and those of producer George Abbott, the University of Minnesota needn't pull the hole in after. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). A handsome singing and dancing musical with good music, sprightly performers, every plaid pattern known to man, and a bucketful of burrs—Scottish variety. The story is richly reminiscent of the Garmelshausen legend, but what's so awful about that? With David Brooks, Pamela Britton, and Marion Bell. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.



★**CALL ME MISTER.** (National). Ex-GI's and overseas entertainers have banded together to write, score, direct, sing, dance, act, and produce this outstanding revue. Their talents make it obvious that not one of them will experience employment difficulties in this post-war world. Evenings, 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★**FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A gay fantasy, up to its pointed little ears in whimsy, revolving around a leprechaun transported from Eire to Tobacco Road. Excellent and tuneful performances by Dorothy Claire and David Wayne. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★**THE MEDIUM AND THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). A pair of short operas by Gian-Carlo Menotti, done with a considerable amount of charm and ingenuity. **THE MEDIUM**, in two acts, has occasional flashes of great power. Marie Powers, Evelyn Keller, Marilyn Cotlow, and Frank Rogier are the principals. They sing and act simultaneously and skillfully. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). Word is out that this Rodgers and Hammerstein II hit, based upon **GREEN GROW THE LILACS**, is dickering for a 99-year lease. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★**SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). Bobby Clark, one of the world's funniest men, romps through, over, and around the creaky old operetta by Victor Herbert. It's his show all the way, which is exactly as it should be. Bobby Clark by any other name would be Bobby Clark. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

## NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
International, Columbus Circle.....	CO 5-1173	
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Morocco, 217 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Royale, 242 W. 45th.....	CI 5-5760	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....	CI 5-5200	

▲  
A Southern storekeeper who was also justice of the peace was sitting in front of his store when Mose drove up.

"Say, Squiah," the latter said, "Dat woman you married me to las' week has ten chillun, an' every one of dem plays some kin' ob musical instrument."

"Why that's a regular band, Mose," replied the justice. "Do you want me to send off and get you a horn, too?"

"No, suh," was the dismal answer. "Ah wants to git disbanded."

▲  
At the end of an evening some people are so tired they can hardly keep their mouths open.

▲  
The reason so many marriages are failures is that so many inexperienced people go into it.



# NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by KAY and JIMMIE BEISTON

★**ASTOR.** What could be nicer than Carmen Cavallaro and Lenny Herman? They're both terrific. You can sip a cocktail or two before dinner in a clever little outdoor cocktail lounge. Adequate air conditioning by Dame Nature. Times Square. CI. 6-6000.

★**BAGATELLE.** The murals by Lamotte are perfectly gorgeous. This attractive supper room boasts Wally Griffin and the inimitable Dorothy Ross with her risqué ditties. Buck fifty minimum week nights. 3 E. 52nd. PL. 3-9632.

★**BARNEY GALLANT'S.** When gentle readers were in tri-cornered panties, Barney was serving the finest of mixed drinks and hearty food. Enjoy yourself with a background of quiet pianistics and accordion melodies. There's a palmist to help you while away the time and her name is Mme. Era. 86 University Place. ST. 9-0209.

★**BEEKMAN TOWER.** Wholesome American cooking on the first floor. A cozy and terribly friendly bar named the Elbow Room. Up in the blue is the Top O' the Tower. Pleasant cocktail lounge and terrace with a beautiful view. 49th and 1st Avenue. EL. 5-7300.

★**BILTMORE.** Ray Heatherton's and Arthur Ravel's bands. The delightful supper show features Borrah Minevitch and his Rascals. There's the Madison Room for luncheon and dinner, the Men's Bar for harried males and the Famous Cocktail Lounge. Mischa Raginsky's ensemble. Madison at 43rd. MU. 7-7000.

★**BRASS RAIL.** A haven for Broadwayites and you too, stranger. The food helpings are simply enormous and very, very inexpensive. You can eat lunch for six bits! Don't miss the pastrami nor the cheesecake. 745 7th Avenue. CO. 5-3515.

★**CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** A boogie bootin' jazz emporium nowadays with James McCall, Mary Lou Williams, Ann Hathaway, Buck Clayton's band and piano man Cliff Jackson. If you've got rhythm in your bones this is the place to rattle 'em. 2 Sheridan Square. CH. 2-2737.

★**CHATEAUBRIAND.** Undoubtedly one of the finest French restaurants in the USA. Your host keeps an eye on the kitchen and things are very smooth, including that foie gras. Ah, those Frenchies! How they can cook! 148 E. 56th. PL. 9-6544.

★**COMMODORE.** Nick Perita in the Century Room with dancing after ten to Bobby Byrnes. Good food in the Tudor Room. Lexington at 42nd. MU. 6-6000.

★**DON JULIO'S.** Arroz con pollo. Si, si! Souse of ze bordair weath hat dances and all. The place is charming and the atmosphere carries your wandering spirit to old Taxco or maybe Acapulco. Dinner to nine p. m. and a la carte afterwards. 40 W. 8th. GR. 7-0753.

★**DRAKE.** Are you a blue blood? See 'em and be seen at the sophisticated and elegant Drake Room. The food is fine in the main dining room with a very moderate a la carte. 440 Park. WI. 2-0600.

★**EDDIE CONDON'S.** Ever hear an honest-to-gosh jam session? Drop around any Tuesday about nine chimes. Peewee Russell, George Brunis, Gene Schroeder, Bill Davison, Sid Weiss and George Wettling. Two buck minimum week days. 47 W. 3rd. GR. 3-8736.

★**FISHERMAN'S NET.** Lobster Newburg that melts in your little pink mouth. Ah, and the red snapper saute Armandine! Beer before dinner and hearty wines with your seafood selection. Cute, friendly and cozy. Between 33rd and 34th on 3rd Avenue. MU. 4-8911.

★**JACK DEMPSEY'S.** Ole Jackson plays to a mighty big crowd. The Mauler attracts a great many himself, the rest come to enjoy the food. The Korn Kobbler performs clever antics for your entertainment. Broadway at 49th. CO. 5-7875.

★**LAFAYETTE.** Another Parisian paradise with a food reputation that stretches back through the years. Cafe opens every day at 11:30 a. m. and stays that way 'til midnight. Luncheon and dinner a la carte. University Place at 9th. ST. 9-7500.

★**LATIN QUARTER.** Four buck minimum but gosh, with Sophie Tucker and Pinky Lee that's a real bargain! We don't know how they got Sophie away from San Francisco. Guess she got the yen for Broadway mazdas. Dance to Vincent Travers and Buddy Harlow. Week day shows at eight and twelve. The finale at two on Saturdays. 48th and Broadway. CI. 6-1737.

★**LEON AND EDDIE'S.** Eddie Davis heads a sidesplitting show packed with goils, gimmicks and guffaws. Dinner from \$1.50 to \$4.50 with a \$3.50 minimum after ten. A peach of a bar opened at four p. m. There's celebrity night after the stroke of 12 Sundays. 33 W. 52nd. EL. 5-9514.

★**LUM FONG.** We said "ding how" to a bunch of Chinese air cadets once and they all turned around and smiled. Must mean something good, so try it here. Wonderful Chinese food and also a cocktail lounge open at three p. m. 150 W. 52nd. CI. 6-2123.

★**SAVOY PLAZA.** Irving Conn and Clemente's marimba band in the Cafe Lounge makes for a very pleasant evening. The drinks here are particularly good; and, incidentally, you can find a keen breakfast at the Savoy Room. Plaza Circle at 58th. VO. 5-2600.



★**VERSAILLES.** Myrus and Lisa Kirk provide entertainment at two shows during the evening. Dancing to Bob Grant's Orchestra and Panchito's rumbas. Food fine, and the place is always filled with the right people. 151 E. 50th. PL. 8-0310.

★**WHITE TURKEY 49TH STREET.** Homey atmosphere and home-cooked meals. Traditional American dishes with delightful specialties like Maryland fried chicken and roast Connecticut turkey. 12 E. 49th. PL. 3-1181.

# CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

## *Gay and Glamorous*

★**BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Henry Brandon's big band, Dorothy Dorben's big revue and the magnificence of the room itself adds up to a big evening.

★**BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A sleekly elegant room to nudge the smart set, dance, and pay attention to a single act twice a night. Wonderful cuisine.

★**CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Ron Perry's Orchestra goes in for society tempos nicely turned, and the burgundy back drops have been replaced with the green and white stripes of summer habiliment.

★**EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Whatever you do in Chicago, don't miss one evening here—elaborate food, service, decor, orchestra and show-fare.

★**GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Convivial address of the Avenue for matinee cocktails and dancing and more of the same in the evening.

★**MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th St. (Har. 4300). Bill Snyder's band is back to pull you floorwards and one impeccable act is presented twice a night. Standby of the snob mob.

★**PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Anybody that's anybody congregates here, ostensibly to dine and wine well and dance to David LeWinter's band; the Pump has the jump on celebrities and that's for sure.

★**WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle Sts. (Cen. 0123). Entertainment has been cut down to Friday and Saturday only, but other nights there's pleasant concert tune-fare.

★**YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Closed during July so everybody on the staff can vacation.

## *Star-Light*

★Outdoor dancing and entertainment on the Beach Walk of the **EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL**, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000) . . . luncheon and dinner in the garden patio of **JACQUES' FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 9040) . . . Cocktails or dinner in the petite walled garden of **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301) . . . Early dinners in the courtyard of **LE PETIT GOURMET**, 619 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 9701).

## *Gaudy Shows*

★Night club extravaganzas of entertainment at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . **COPACABANA**, State and Lake Sts. (Dea. 5151).

## *Younger Spas*

★**BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Ray Pearl's Orchestra and two-act floor shows.

★**COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Top recording artists in person, bands, vocalists and combos.

## *Dining Delights*

★In the Cantonese manner, **DON THE BEACHCOMBER**, 101 E. Walton Place, **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State Street, **BAMBOO ROOM**, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West, **ONG LOK YUN**, 105 N. Dearborn, **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph, and **BAMBOO INN**, 11 North Clark St. . . . Revelation of old world color at **IVANHOE**, 3100 N. Clark St., with its catacombs 300 feet underground . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph . . . Wonderful steaks at the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush St., **FOLEY'S STEAK HOUSE**, 71 East Adams St. . . Barbecued ribs at **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush . . . Smorgasbord at **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush St. . . Seafoods at the **CAPE COD ROOM**, Drake Hotel . . . French cuisine at **CAFE DE PARIS**, 1260 N. Dearborn . . . Oysters Rockefeller at **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario . . . Choice entrées at **Joe Miller's 885 CLUB**, 885 Rush.

## *Sexphistication*

★The all-girl revelries go on and off at the **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison . . . **PLAYHOSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison.

## *Theatre*

★There's no way of telling what may happen but the following shows expect to run through July . . . **CALL ME MISTER** at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan, hit G. I. musical revue . . . **THE RED MILL** at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive, revival of the famed operetta, and a delight it is . . . **CAROUSEL** at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe, the Theatre Guild's successor to **OKLAHOMA** and just about as good . . . **BORN YESTERDAY** at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark, impertinent comedy with a lively cast . . . **LAURA** at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn, thrill drama with K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe and Otto Kruger.





# Chicago LETTER



by NORT JONATHAN

CONTRARY to the opinion held in some quarters that opera is for the Mink and Sable Set rather than the masses, several Chicago groups have come forward recently with extremely creditable performances of such standard works as *La Traviata* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. This is known in the Windy City as "L Opera"—so called because the performers and the audience ride the elevated system or the street cars to get to the theatre. There are no town cars, no high-priced tenors from the Metropolitan.

The theatre most popular with two-bit opera companies is the dingy "8th Street" just back of the Stevens Hotel. For years the 8th Street Theatre has made a slim profit renting its aged facilities to lady book reviewers, virile male lecturers just back from the Congo, with or without hair on their chests, and touring radio troupes. For several decades this old theatre has been the regular Saturday night home of the *National Barn Dance*. An important play with what is laughingly known in these parts as "the original Broadway cast" hasn't played the "8th Street" since De Wolf Hopper gave up reciting "Casey at the Bat." . . . But the place is enormously popular with amateur and semi-pro musical and dramatic organizations. The rent is reasonable and the acoustics are wonderful. Even the thinnest soprano can be heard in the back of the hall.

The latest musical production outfit to occupy the 8th Street Theatre has been the Midwest Opera Company. Its motto

of "opera at popular prices" is somewhat over-ambitious because neither the orchestra nor the cast can compare professionally with what is heard over at the Civic Opera House during the regular season. However, everybody works hard and, after all, if you love opera as opera rather than as a social event, you don't care too much if the scenery looks as though it had been around since *East Lynne* and the chorus shows a remarkable talent for drowning out the principals. It's opera and it's more than good enough to attract a sizable following of opera-lovers. The casts are about evenly divided between radio singers who like to get out from behind the microphone, voice students and their teachers. The tenor may be a street car inspector during the week but on Sunday night he can sail into the sextette from *Lucia* on the stage of the venerable 8th Street Theatre. He may never sing with the Met, but the thrill of singing opera and hearing thunderous applause is there just the same.

• • •

While we're talking about music, it should be reported here that the *State Street Symphony* was a great success when played by the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra at the Medinah Temple. Young Earl Hoffman, the composer, was properly modest when introduced from the stage by Henry Weber, conductor of the orchestra. Mr. Hoffman answered some questions about how he came to write the symphony but was not called upon to render *The Flight of the Bumblebee* on the slide trombone. As was mentioned a couple of months ago, Mr. Hoffman is practically the only trombone player in existence who can accomplish this difficult feat.

A week later in the same spot the local chapter of the American Federation of Radio Artists staged its annual *AFRA Antics*, with Gary Moore as master of ceremonies. For the first time in the memory of the oldest living inhabitant of Radio Row, the *Antics* was really a good show, rather than a customer-

gouging contest or a rat-race. For the first time in years, everybody could see, hear, and enjoy the high-priced union members who had been called upon by the very persuasive entertainment committee to appear for free. Although the guest artist list ranged from the Harmonicats to Lena Horne and from Don McNeil



to Rudy Vallee, the most outstanding job of all was done by young Mr. Moore himself in the role of emcee. He kept the name-heavy show rolling at a fast clip for the better part of four hours. Nothing was too much work for Mr. Moore. When a lady in the balcony won a door prize, Mr. Moore presented it in person, clambering from the stage up into the balcony, aided of course by willing hands, with all the agility of a circus acrobat.

Rudy Vallee stopped the show cold with a strictly local gag. Since we wrote so gaily last month about Mr. Vallee filling the Copacabana to the doors, it should now be explained that this happy state of affairs did not continue too long. Alas, the Copacabana, crowded or not, couldn't meet the terrific overhead occasioned by the Vagabond Lover's presence. And so shortly before the *Antics*, Vallee found himself catching a bouncing check for sixteen thousand dollars for the second or third time. When he got tired of playing catch with the management, he complained loudly and bitterly in the press and his lawyers quickly went to work. It was Mr. Vallee's plaintive question, "Would anybody here like to cash a check for sixteen thousand dollars?" that brought the *Antics* to a hilarious stop.

The empty tables in the nightclubs have continued. In fact, several of the better known clubs have taken to bouncing checks around like rubber balls. One worried performer, inquiring as to when the NSF check he was holding might be made good, was told, "When it gets dirty or mutilated from going through the banks, bring it back and we'll give you a clean one."

There is good cheer around, though. The summer concert series at Ravinia by the Chicago Symphony will be in full swing when you read this, and so will the long-famed midsummer flower show at the Garfield and Lincoln Park Conservatories. Those venerable tubs, the City of Grand Rapids and the Teddy Roosevelt, will be waddling out into the lake daily and nightly on special cruises. In all parts of town, the girl baseball players (professional variety) will be yelling, "We was robbed!" with soprano ferocity. If you think there's anything feminine or ladylike about a girls' pro ball club, you just haven't watched some one hundred and fifty pound darling slide into home plate and then begin to upbraid the umpire and the members of *both* teams with all the shrillness of a fishwife. On second thought, the fishwife is getting the worst of the comparison.

And of course there will be the free outdoor concerts in Grant Park, and the not-so-free baseball games played by the Chicago Cubs and the White Sox. If it's theater you want, the legitimate houses have air conditioning, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

All should be well in Chicago in July.





## Magnificent Meal . . .

★**BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Be sure that your stomach's as big as your eyes because everything looks so delectable you're liable to overload your tray. Such crispy, tasty salads! And the tenderest of meat dishes. Of course the Bluebird is air conditioned, and owner W. W. Wormington spares no efforts in seeing that this attractively decorated place remains as clean and sanitary as your own kitchen. 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★**BRETTON'S.** Take a gastronomic trip abroad by dining at Bretton's. The continental specialties are a delight to the uninitiated. Such things as chicken kasha and kreplik are a must. Max will see to it that you are comfortably seated and will promptly tend to your slightest desire. The martinis are very dry and very good. 1215 Baltimore. HA. 5773.

★**PUTSCH'S 210.** Owner Putsch offers the finest in steaks and complete dinners. Smartly-attired bar-men prepare your favorite drinks, backgrounded by a beautiful glass mural. The plushy wall seats in the barroom have little armrests that pull out like the one in your Cadillac. There's a dining room with wrought-iron trimmings, glass lanterns and a rose covered white brick effect that takes you right to New Orleans. The lounge proper is highlighted by floral walls and gorgeous brass candelabra. You'd have to go to New York to find a place as smartly decorated. There's also a fine cafeteria on the Wyandotte side. Excellent food and drink. Kansas City's elite are all to be found at the "210." Entrancing dinner music by Vic Colin and Kay Hill. 210 W. 47th St. LO. 2000.

★**PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** "F" stands for fried onions and Fanny Anderson. How that woman can cook your vittles. Mmmmmmmh! Baltimore tycoons have been royally entertaining their chums for years at the New Yorker. You've arrived, friend, when host Jerry greets you by name—but even strangers get the best in food, drink and service here! 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★**SAVOY GRILL.** The menu features tasty seafood and, say, you must try one of their chicken sandwiches—really a treat. Waiters in starchy white coats whisk your food to you in a jiffy; but if you have a few minutes to spare, a before-dinner drink while contemplating the gay nineties surroundings will put you in a peaceful mood. 9th and Central. VI. 3980.

## Good Taste . . .

★**IL PAGLIACCIO.** Like great big thick steaks? You do? Well then, hop into the old bus and scoot down to Il Pagliaccio. Not only do they serve good steaks, but you can have your meatballs and spaghetti any way you want 'em. And brother, they're serving the kind of man-sized drinks at that attractively decorated bar that makes you wonder if you'd be safe drinking more than two. The gals eye handsome Frank Ross while Dave McClain tickles the ivories for soft dinner music. 600 E. 6th. HA. 8441.

★**ADRIAN'S MART CAFE.** After twenty years in charge of cuisine at the President, Adrian Hooper brings a wealth of experience in preparing fine food to the Mart Cafe and Cocktail Lounge. If you can't find Mart building inhabitants in their offices, you're sure to find them down in the Mart Cafe! Adrian is featuring complete dinners with chicken or steak. There are two free parking lots on Grand just south of the building for patrons' convenience. Merchandise Mart. VI. 6587.

# KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



★**FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** We like to talk about genial Frank Marshall's Brush Creek place and we often do—mmm!—that lovely chicken he serves out there. But this month we'll talk about those inexpensive and soul-satisfying business men's luncheons and breakfasts over at 917 Grand. The place is packed to the rafters every day and you just know the food is good because you see the same faces. My, how those perky waitresses scurry about, balancing traysfuls of home-cooked dishes. You don't have to ask Frank if business is good. In fact you can't even see through the crowd to ask him! Brush Creek at the Paseo and 917 Grand. VA. 9757.

★**BARREL BUFFET.** Not only is this popular place newly redecorated, but it's just the place for these hot summer afternoons. The Accurso brothers have installed a brand new air conditioning system that cools you off in a hurry. Jack boasts about his barbecued sandwiches and he certainly has the right because they're scrumptious. The place is always filled with good people and if you're lonely, strike up a conversation with the guy next to you and enjoy yourself. 12th and Central. GR. 9400.

★**ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Bedecked with murals, business men and bustling waitresses, you can grab your luncheon snack while reading a mimeo news sheet. Savor your meal to the strains of Alberta Bird's Hammond organ by remote from the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★**AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** We can't fly either, but we still enjoy that 24-hour-a-day service here. You do get a little envious of all those glamorous fly boys with their silver wings and petite stewardesses, but even a paddlefoot can get served and enjoy a mighty good meal. No, the airlines aren't crowded, those are local people you see hanging from the rafters. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★**AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** A step down from the El Bolero bar and you find yourself in a long, cool room with snow-topped tables decorated with tall green water bottles. You know, the kind you get down at Hot Springs with the mineral water in them. Good food, a choice of continental specialties, and quiet, efficient service. 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.



★**BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** A very refined and dignified dining room is featured in this lovely Southside hotel. Get away from the din and bustle of city life and relax before a home-cooked meal. The service is courteous and efficient and the kitchen is immaculate. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★**GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Gosh! Glenn's is so popular they've had to open an overflow restaurant down the street. No more "r" months, so no more oysters; but those waffles are back and there's still plenty of "that lemon pie!" The waitresses dress in starchy white and the place is just immaculate. To add to the general sanitation, smokers are requested not to light up until they leave. Scarritt Arcade. HA. 9716.

★**MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Pleasant hotel food prepared in the finest traditions of the profession. The leather seats at the counter remind you of home and incidentally, so does the strawberry shortcake. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★**NU WAY DRIVE-INS.** Mr. Duncan has the two finest drive-ins in the city and nobody knows it better than his customers, of which he has a great many. There's a special talent needed for operating a good drive-in and Duncan has just that. A variety of delicious sandwiches, soft drinks, and

atomic car hops to wait upon you at the flick of a light are things that keep people coming back in droves. Midtown it's Linwood at Main; and out south, Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★**UNITY INN.** An unusual vegetarian cafeteria decorated in cool green with white latticework and tile floor. The food is delicious, and the pastry is the town's finest. A pleasant, restful atmosphere. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

### To See and be Seen

★**EL CASBAH.** Wayne Muir, his two pianos and his orchestra, has been the feature attraction here for the last month. Piano-mate Ted Dreher has done some terrific arranging for this outstanding band, and beautiful Beverly Cassidy will play upon your heartstrings with her melodic vocals. An entertaining floor show and no cover or minimum. Jerry Engle, formerly of the Pump Room, is the maitre d' hotel. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★**SOUTHERN MANSION.** Host Johnny Franklin will see that you're happy with your seating arrangement, and Dee Peterson will keep you happy with his music. The vocals are sung in a most captivating manner by Bob Smith. Take your next party to the Mansion for good food, good drink and a good time. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.



bill hampel  
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"They're making the most of their twenty paces!"



★**TERRACE GRILL.** This month's musical attraction at the Grill is society bandsman Ramon Ramos and his orchestra. Ramos comes to Kansas City from Chicago's Blackstone Hotel. The Grill serves an elite clientele which is ably accommodated by host Gordon. The two-level room is handsomely decorated, quiet and refined. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

### *Class with a Glass . . .*

★**CABANA.** WHB's Alberta Bird will play the top ten—or any other tune that you can hum—while you sip your cocktail in this chatty lounge. You can get a snack at noontime and an earful of cheerful conversation while listening to pretty Alberta. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★**LA CANTINA.** The waitresses are all decked out in embroidered shirtwaists and colorful skirts to lend atmosphere to this downstairs bar and snack room. The music comes from a buffalodeon, so there's no tax. Mount the stairs to the Casbah for a dance or two if you've a mind. Hotel Belle-rive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★**OMAR ROOM.** There's a bar for "boys only," but there's also a circular seat surrounding the bar for winsome women to sit upon and gaze at the masculinity draped on the bar stools. Charlie Gray performs amazing things on the "88" and there are tables on the upper deck for parties. Fine drinks containing plenty of fire power. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★**RENDEZVOUS.** Jack Benny drank here. He sat on the third stool from the left end of the highly polished bar. We won't tell you what he ordered but it was no doubt the best—of which they have aplenty. Sophisticated and cosmopolitan are the words for this place. A gesture will bring a waiter, tablecloth and food from the main kitchen. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★**THE TROPICS.** Kansas Citians flock to this cool, tropical haven in the summertime. Even if you've never been to Bali you'll get a kick out of the simulated thunderstorms and lightning flashes. You'll also get a boot from the South Sea concoctions made with a dozen kinds of rum. Soft background music and soft talk. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★**ZEPHYR ROOM.** One of the town's smartest and pleasantest rooms, the Zephyr specializes in excellent drinks and outstanding entertainment. In the first category, the "Casbah Cooler" may be unequivocally recommended. In the second, organ music by Mary Ann Garwood and the flashy piano-ings of redheaded Eddie Oyer. Hotel Belle-rive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

### *Playhouses . . .*

★**BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Bus Moten, Broadway jump king, is the center of attraction here. Gad, how that man can play the pyanna! Aside from Bus, Dale Overfelt offers mighty fine food, a wealth of specialties, and big, strong drinks. If you want to find us after midnight on Sundays, we'll be at the Broadway Interlude quenching our Sunday thirst. There are sports reels to be seen on a

screen above the bar, and plenty of good people to talk to in this cozy place. Meet at the Inter-lude for fun and frolic! 3535 Broadway. WE. 9630.

★**PINK ELEPHANT.** If you're the gregarious type you'll be in an extrovert's heaven in this cute little room decorated with dancing pachyderms. More darn fun than a barrel of monkeys—we mean elephants! Terrific drinks at low cost and oldies are screened at one end of the room. Hotel State, 12th and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★**THE PEANUT.** Louis Stone has been on the same corner for 14 years and has a list of friends a mile long, too. Out back there's a quaint little beer garden with bright red tables and chairs. The vine covered trellis surrounding the yard keeps it nice and cool. Nature does the air conditioning and it's most satisfactory. Come out on a warm summer's night for a few cold beers and some of Louis' delicious barbecue. The oven is right out back and you can watch the spit turn. The Peanut boasts one of the only beer gardens in these parts, so you must come on out and have a few! 5000 Main. VA. 9499.

★**HILL SIDE TAVERN.** Nestled at the base of a cool, green hill, this friendly place boasts the coldest beer in the county. And that's not all—the chicken and steak are simply scrumptious! There's a polished bar highlighted with a little balcony, and a glance out the window reveals a bubbling, pebbly brook that adds a touch of serenity to your dinner and drinks. Dorothy Harris warbles the latest love ballads nightly to the accompaniment of magic-fingered Merle Stewart. Night owls will be glad to learn that partners Tralle and Martin stay open till 4 a.m. For highway travelers, there are air conditioned cabins next door. Dancing. 50 Highway & Belmont. WA. 9622.

★**WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN.** Hey, kids — and grown-ups, too! A neat place to cut a rug, or to guzzle cokes, 'burgers and other drive-in delicacies from your rumble seat. Manager Jackie Forman is featuring the best pies this side of the rainbow along with her delicious sandwiches and soft drinks. Inside there's a counter and lots of blue leather and chromium tables and chairs. On the far side is the slickest dance floor ever — and there's a huge jingle-jangle box containing all the latest dance tunes. The whole place is air conditioned, too. Or stay in your car if you wish and receive speedy, efficient car-hop service. You just can't miss here. 85th & Wornall. JA. 9565.

★**VILLAGE INN.** The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in rattlesnake leather presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. South towners must put this delightful place on their list for a visit. The Inn is so new that they've been unable to get their sign in place, but once you find it you will enjoy good food and drink. 85th and Wornall. JA. 9950.

# Not Yeggs—The Postoffice

SOME years ago a New York policeman on midnight patrol stopped to try the door of a bank. Suddenly he caught a strange sound—something like the smothered blows of a sledge hammer. "Somebody cutting an underground passage into the bank vault," he told himself. He ran for the nearest callbox and telephoned headquarters. "Yeggs trying to break into the bank. Send the reserves!"

Detectives and uniformed men were rushed to the scene. The bank was surrounded but no attempt at entry was discovered anywhere, although the hammer blows continued. In the midst of the excitement a policeman who had formerly patrolled that particular beat happened along. He listened for a moment and then laughed. "That's not yeggs drilling their way into the bank. It's the United States Mail," he said.

And so it was. The New York postoffice has the greatest pneumatic-tube system in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the United States. It has been in operation for nearly fifty years, and through it over 5,000,000 pieces of mail are speeded to delivery every day. During the war it handled an even greater volume and made new records for the safe and speedy transportation of letters.

The tubes in this great underground system, mammoth replicas of the pneumatic cash carriers seen in some department stores, tunnel from four to six feet below the street surface and link almost all of New York's postoffices. In some places the "underground" comes close to the surface or swings around a corner. Beneath the site of this particular bank it does both, and every time the container rounds a corner it strikes the outer edge of the tube and makes the "hammer blows" which the new policeman mistook for yeggs trying to force an entrance into the bank. At the Brooklyn Bridge the tubes emerge to cross the bridge into Brooklyn, thus affording that thorough the same swift and efficient mail service enjoyed by Manhattan.

The "containers" are steel cylinders which hold about five hundred letters, and they carry mail through nearly thirty miles of double-tube lines. These containers are twenty-two inches long and seven inches in diameter, a trifle smaller than the tubes. They are shot forward by compressed air from colossal pumps. The Government does not own this pneumatic-tube system. It is a private enterprise and is leased annually. The owner-company keeps it in order but the manpower which operates it is supplied by the postoffice.

The pneumatic-tube system of the New York postoffice was inaugurated in 1899. Chauncey M. Depew was the principal speaker at the celebration. When he opened the first "carrier," or container, a bewildered kitten jumped out. Someone at the other end had placed it there as a joke. The celebrated orator took the kitten, stroked its fur and remarked: "Well, what can I say? The cat is out of the bag."—*Katherine Dangerfield*.



During a New York visit, the great British architect, Sir Edward Lutyens, inspected the spectacular Wrigley sign on Broadway in company with a chewing gum executive. The Wrigley man kept up a running commentary. "It's the largest sign in the world," he said, and gave dimensions. Sir Edward nodded.

"It has the largest automatic switchboard in the world, too." All sorts of detailed statistics followed.

"To be sure," Sir Edward finally broke in, "It's very nice. But don't you think it's a bit obtrusive?"



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