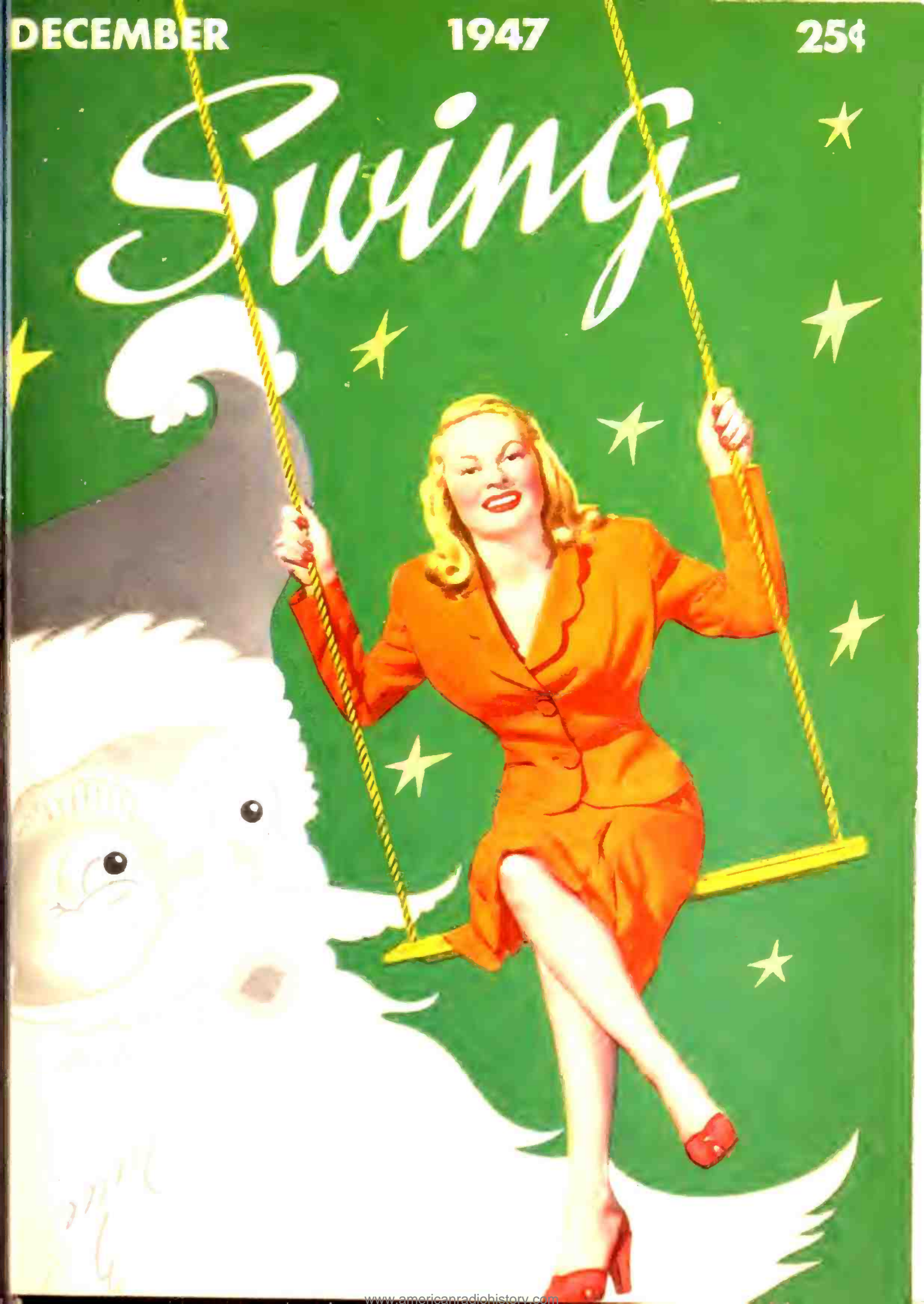


DECEMBER

1947

25¢

Swing





1. Governor Frank Carlson of Kansas addresses WHB listeners from the American Royal on Kansas Day. Left to right: Clint P. Anderson, U. S. Secretary of Agriculture; Harry Dart, president of the American Royal; Governor Carlson; and Di Smith, WHB Special Events Director.

2. Ice-Cycle stars Margaret Thompson and Nadine Fie highlight a WHB woman's program.

3. The return of American war dead is the subject of a talk by Homer Cope, chairman of the central committee of the American Legion.

4. Walter Dennis, radio director of Allied Purchasing Corporation, poses with Lee Hart of the National Association of Broadcasters following Miss Hart's address to broadcasters and retailers of the Kansas City area.

5. R. Crosby Kemper says a few words in connection with the opening of the new City National Bank of Kansas City.



foreword

YOU say to yourself it's not worth it. It's too much wear and tear, too commercial, too frantic, too sentimental. You can't be bothered with it this year. Besides, eggs just went up again, and Junior's braces haven't been paid for yet, and there isn't any peace on earth, anyway. Why don't they stop ringing those damn' bells!

And then the chimes ring a little louder and you begin to recognize the tune. You smell Christmas trees. Your own child looks up at you as if at Santa Claus and God, and you fall completely apart and buy a whole block of Christmas seals. The woodfire makes a soft uproar on the hearth, and you remember sleds and grandparents. Every church becomes a Christmas card. Your face begins to thaw. You find yourself patting backs and dropping quarters in cups. To hell with the budget! You shove your way into the glittering shops and snatch at stockings and ties with the rest of the mob, and puzzle over perfumes and maribou, and buy candy with sinful abandon!

What of those ancestral voices prophesying war? That's only Gro-myko exercising the veto again — or maybe a senator making a speech. What of Spain and Argentina and the town where Christmas began? Well, you can't dismiss them. They're part of your world . . . But no denial of Christmas is going to make the world any better. For Christmas is fundamentally a tribute to an ideology — to the supreme example of human kindness and love. There. You have it all figured out! So deck the hall and sing of the angels! Practice peace for the moment at least. Christmas has come and you're glad. *God rest ye merry, gentlemen!*

Jetta

Swing[®]

December, 1947 • Vol. 3 • No. 12

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DECEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Loan Exhibitions: Paintings, drawings and prints by the Mexican artist, Francisco Dosamantes. Also on exhibition, textiles from the permanent collection.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Madonna and Child" by the great Venetian painter, Giovanni Bellini, (Ca. 1430-1516).

Motion Pictures: Motion picture series sponsored by Fox Midwest Theatres, Incorporated, continues with "The Edge of the World," a documentary classic depicting the life of fishermen in the Shetland Islands. Friday evening, December 5, and Sunday afternoon, December 7.

Lectures: Wednesday evenings, 8 o'clock in the Gallery Auditorium, a continuation of a series by Paul Gardner on "Italian Painting." Admission free.

Dec. 3, "Florentine Painters Active to 1450."

Dec. 10, "The Florentine Scientific Experiments."

Dec. 17, "Florentine Painters of the Middle Renaissance."

Concerts: Dec. 14, 3:30 o'clock, A Christmas Concert given by the choir of Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral.

Drama . . .

Dec. 1-10, *Having A Wonderful Time*, with John Reeder and Betty Duncan. Resident Theater.

Dec. 25-29, *The Red Mill*. Music Hall.

Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Dec. 1-2, Philharmonic Matinee Concerts for Elementary School Pupils.

Dec. 2, *Madame Butterfly*.

Dec. 8, Christopher Lynch, tenor.

Dec. 9-10, Isaac Stern, violinist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Dec. 11, Philharmonic Matinee Concert for Suburban School Pupils.

Dec. 14, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Dec. 15-16, Margaret Truman, soprano.

Dec. 21, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Dec. 30-31, Fzio Pinza, bass baritone, and Whitney Tustin, oboe soloist, in concert with Philharmonic.



Special Events . . .

Dec. 1, Randolph Churchill, lecturer, Music Hall.

Dec. 4, Film, *The Lord's Footsteps*, with Don R. Catlin, author, Little Theater.

Dec. 5-6, Annual Cub Scout Show, Arena.

Dec. 9-11-12-13-14, Skating Vanities, Arena.

Dec. 12, Cochran Music Recital, Music Hall.

Dec. 17, Dicken's "Christmas Carol," Music Hall.

Dec. 21, Mayor's Christmas Tree Party, Arena.

Dec. 21, Vendo Company Christmas Party, Arena.

Dec. 22-23, Revival Service with Rev. J. Charles Jessup, Arena.

Ice Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games played at Pla-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main)

Dec. 7, St. Paul.

Dec. 10, Minneapolis.

Dec. 14, Omaha.

Dec. 21, Minneapolis.

Dec. 25, Tulsa.

Basketball . . .

Dec. 15, Kansas State vs. University of Indiana, Arena.

Dec. 18-20, Bix Six Tournament, afternoon and evening, Arena.

Dec. 26-27, Basketball, Arena.

Boxing . . .

Dec. 1, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Dec. 16, Amateur boxing, proceeds to annual Mayor's Christmas Tree Party, Arena.

Dec. 29, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Wrestling . . .

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

Dancing . . .

Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.

Conventions . . .

Dec. 1-3, S.A.E., National Air Transport Engineering Convention, Hotel Continental. American Alumni Council District VI.

Dec. 7-10, American College Public Relations Association, District VIII, Hotel President.

Dec. 12-13, Ark-Mo-Kan-Okla. Hotel Association.

Dec. 27-30, Luzier's, Incorporated, Hotel Phillips.

Dec. 28-30, Phi Delta Kappa Fraternity, Hotel President.

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A dread dealer of death becomes a saver of lives in a new and heroic chapter of modern medical history.



NEW HOPE FOR

DEEP SURGERY!

by WALT ANGRIST

HALF-NAKED Indians of certain South American tribes still observe the weird ritual of arrow dipping. They have built an elaborate ceremony around the arming of war shafts with a tip of deadly curare—the plant juice killer of the jungle.

But a far cry from the primitive savagery of that arrow dipping is the exquisite care with which purified doses of the same substance—curare—are measured out for a life-sustaining task in the gleaming whiteness of an American hospital operating room.

When a doctor-anesthetist recently declared that he sometimes “paralyzes his best friends,” he was referring seriously to surgery’s newest life preserving tool.

For curare is fast becoming a necessity in the medical profession for easing pain, producing sleep, and relaxing muscles while a patient undergoes lengthy and difficult surgery.

Though science has known of curare since Sir Walter Raleigh brought samples to England in the 16th Century, little use had been found for the bark, root and leaf brew until 1857.

In that year curare was successfully used to alleviate the convulsions which

occur in lockjaw (tetanus) and strychnine poisoning. But little was done to purify the plant substance until nine years ago. Then Richard C. Gill, an American, led an expedition into the wilds of inner Ecuador to obtain large amounts of curare and to gather knowledge of its preparation for use in the treatment of spastic diseases.

Others, as well as Gill, knew curare had a powerful effect on muscles. They knew what happens when a curare-tipped arrow hits a man.

The victim may be barely scratched, but the poison works its way into the blood stream. Soon vision becomes hazy. It becomes impossible to swallow or cough. A few minutes pass. Major muscles refuse to work. Finally the diaphragm, man’s breathing muscle, quits. Death is next.

Gill brought his curare back to American laboratories. Soon Professor A. E. Bennett of the University of Nebraska was using the substance to ease the effects of violent “fits” which usually followed modern shock treatment for mental disorders.

Squibb and Sons put refined curare on the market in time for its first use in surgical cases which had long needed some special drug to relax

muscles in deep and dangerous abdominal surgery.

Since 1942, curare has been used in a few advanced American hospitals to save lives—lives of those patients who might not have survived the shock of a six-hour operation under other types of anesthesia.

To the expert anesthetist-surgeon team today no operation is dangerous merely because it will take six or eight hours. Curare is the solution. The surgeon's scalpel must have complete muscular relaxation in the working zone. Other anesthetics could not guarantee that easing of the muscles without endangering the life of the patient. Now the once-feared Indian arrow poison is the surgeon's best friend.

Nineteen forty-seven is the year of biggest advance in this field. It has brought realization of the true worth of curare. Thousands of serious surgery cases have been successfully completed with its assistance.

Patients no longer remain under the effect of ether or its counterparts for hours after an operation. The expert who administers curare today can send his patient out of the operating room conscious, feeling no ill effects from "gas."

Doctors are coming to realize that curare, if used, is a major factor in speedy post-operative recovery.

Today, a patient probably doesn't even do his own breathing while on the operating table, getting a mixture of curare and "pain-killer." Enough curare is administered to paralyze even the diaphragm effectively, a tube is inserted into the trachea and a breathing machine takes over, operating the

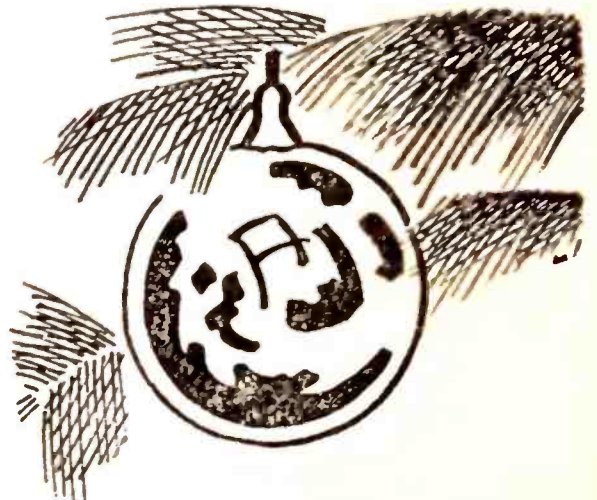
lungs of the patient while he is at "respiratory rest."

A machine supplies oxygen, removes carbon dioxide. The patient is more relaxed in the midst of scalpels and retractors than a well person asleep on an air mattress.

Two major curare problems still face the medical profession. Not enough men are trained in its proper use. Too many hospital chiefs of surgery are diehards for the deep anesthesia of older "gases."

Since its first use in lockjaw treatment, medical opinion has been split down the middle on whether or not curare had any limiting effect on functions of the brain and nervous system. Until that question could be effectively settled, curare had little chance of ever getting into the operating room.

Experiment on dogs left the controversy wide open. It became evident to a doctor foursome in Salt Lake City that a medically-trained investigator would have to be the ex-



perimental subject. One of the four became the center of intense scientific drama in the harsh, white light of an operating room in 1946.

Gradually increased doses of curare were administered while his three

colleagues stood by to record all recognizable effects.

When the subject was no longer able to reply verbally to questioning—as the curare effect advanced—pre-arranged signals were employed. These consisted of contraction of the eye-brow muscles. In addition, the unnamed medical volunteer made mental notes of all experiences, and these were dictated to a stenographer immediately after he recovered his speech.

When the curare finally brought about total muscular paralysis and the three observers could no longer get a muscle-twitch response, they administered a curare antidote and gradually brought the "guinea pig" doctor back to normalcy.

He declared that at no time during the experiment was he unable to think,

at no time was he unable to feel pain. Science settled once and for all the question of curare effect on mind and nerves.

This heroic tale of science went no further than the highly technical Journal of Anesthesiology, where the four doctors made their detailed report of the adventure into human paralysis.

There are still too few hospitals which permit the use of curare mixed with doses of more standard "sleep" and pain-killing substances. Only a comparative handful of doctors is qualified to use the curare when it is needed.

But the experiment stage is past. As young doctors specializing in anesthesiology complete their training, they will have been equipped with this added vital knowledge of curare. It will save the lives of millions.



Business is a curious mixture of human nature and arithmetic. Just when you begin to think arithmetic is the more important factor, you bump into human nature. And vice versa.



The young lady's expensively modish attire bespoke wealth, and the eager clerk, with visions of a large order, patiently put in a strenuous hour showing her the various rolls of linoleum in his stock.

At last he was obliged to report apologetically. "I am sorry, Madame, but that's all the linoleum we have in stock just now. But if you could wait, I could get some more pieces from the factory. Can you call again?"

"Yes, I'll do that," the young lady agreed, gathering up her belongings and rising from her chair. "Do try to find me something with a very small design—something suitable for putting in the bottom of a bird cage."



A girl of six went into a bank and asked to see the president. She was shown into his private office by a smiling clerk, and welcomed by the president. She explained solemnly that her girl's club was raising money, and would he please contribute?

The banker laid a dollar bill and a dime on the desk and told her to choose the one she wanted.

"My mother always taught me to take the smallest piece," she said, picking up the dime. Then she took the dollar bill, too, adding, "But so I won't lose this dime, I'll take this piece of paper to wrap it in."

Famous People

Milton Sperling tells about seeing a tiny brat on a fire escape in the Dead End district. The child was hurling debris and shouting abusive language at a passerby who finally shook his fist at the moppet and said: "C'mon down here and I'll beat the living daylight out of you."

"C'mon down?" shouted the tot. "Why, ya creep, are ya nuts? I can't even walk yet!"



John Kieran, of the Mutual network's *Information Please* program, once took lavish intellectual revenge on a snobbish headmaster who was vexed because the football coach had invited this newspaper sports person to address his exclusive prep schoolers.

The headmaster closed his introduction with an aside in Latin which brought a chuckle from the students. He said, in effect, "Let's make the best of this ordeal."

Mr. Kieran rose and replied, "Gentlemen, the only thing that outraged me more than the boorishness of your headmaster was his use of the present participle instead of the past pluperfect in that quotation."

He then delivered his speech in Latin instead of English and left.



At a party Beatrice Lillie slipped on the highly polished marble floor and sat down unexpectedly on a broken bottle. While more considerate guests rushed for iodine and adhesive tape, Gertrude Lawrence murmured, "At any cost, Bea always cuts a figure!"



"Some years ago," recounts Bing Crosby, "as I was putting out on a dog-leg hole, a ball came soaring out of the woods and rolled to within a few feet of the green. Just for good clean fun, I picked it up and dropped it into the cup. A moment later an elderly, perspiring golfer emerged from the woods. Informed that his shot had gone into the cup, he beamed. 'Wonderful!' he said. 'That gives me a twelve!'"



John Barrymore was once approached by a lady who complained that from where she sat in the theatre she couldn't hear most of his risqué lines. "Terrible," replied Barrymore. "I don't relish being obscene and not heard."



The Business World

Building contractors have their troubles nowadays, too, not the least of which is the poor quality of lumber frequently offered them. A despairing contractor recently dispatched this telegram to the mill that had just sent him a carload of lumber:

"Knot holes received. Send the knots."



An actor, not so well known as he thought he was, received an offer of a part in a new London show. He replied by telegram: "Will accept double what you offer. Otherwise count me out."

Next day he got a wire which read "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, OUT."



A reasonably well-known woman artist finally sold one of her paintings to a museum. The joy of her daughter knew no bounds. "Oh mother," she bubbled enthusiastically, "now you're an old mistress, aren't you?"

They were law unto themselves, those metal-mad men who made money and history in the untamed West!



THE FABULOUS

FORTY-NINERS!

by FRANK GILLIO

GHOSTS of the adventurous, gold mad Forty-Niners are said to be awake and walking. It's probably just publicity, but Californians swear that the old boys are stirring along the California Sierra where the lady known as "Mother Lode," keeper of America's treasure house, is rounding out a century of incredible life.

It was just one hundred years ago that James Marshall stared into the race of his saw mill and gasped at the gleaming specks of gold which were to touch off one of the wealthiest and wildest gold rushes in history.

Although Marshall attempted to keep his find a secret, news of the strike spread, gathering momentum until it roared back six months later in a mob of gold-hungry men who stormed up the American River.

Old timers claim that a trader carried news of the discovery to San Francisco. There he rode up and down waving a whisky flask crammed with gold, shouting: "Gold, gold from the American River!"

However word spread, the town virtually emptied overnight. Soldiers stationed at the Presidio deserted, and troops sent in pursuit of them likewise deserted when they arrived at the diggings. No ship could clear port

until the captain first kidnapped a crew. The Gold Rush of Forty-Nine had begun!

To Jackass Gulch, Whisky Slide and a hundred equally colorfully named camps, came men from all over the world. Grasping at the chance for wealth in a new, lawless country, the Forty-Niner was a hard-living but often generous man who made gold his God. He was the drifter, the convict freed on condition he head for California, and he was the poor man who gambled on an outside chance. Whether he used pick and shovel or just dug with his fingernails, his was the miner's life — a never-ending search for elusive fortune. In one camp the miners prospected so diligently they neglected to build homes or to plant crops, and the entire town almost starved when bitter winter closed down.

The Forty-Niner's camp was a place called Poverty Flat, Shirt-Tail or Suckertown. He lived there on a steady diet of salt pork, beans and coffee, and never emptied a coffee pot until it was full of grounds. His was a town where you could stand in the middle of the street listening to a parson pounding on his whisky-barrel pulpit, while a few feet away stores and gambling houses carried

on night and day. The price of a drink was a pinch of gold dust, the amount depending on the size of the bartender's fingers, and miners poured



their dust onto store counters until buyer and seller agreed on a price.

Working where the atmosphere buzzed with tales of lucky strikes, the superstitious Forty-Niners prospected by hunch. Alvinza Hayward, who had stubbornly refused to abandon a claim everyone thought worthless, was a hero. For Hayward, aided by two loyal friends, worked until almost too weak from hunger to dig. Forcing himself to go on a little longer, Hayward hit pay dirt and a monthly income of \$50,000.

The stories of the Hangtown doctor who struck it rich digging up the floor of his cabin, and of the Grass Valley miner who stubbed his toe on a rich vein, were among the tales excitedly passed from camp to camp. Discouraged gold-seekers went back to work when they heard of the hunter who stumbled into a Downie Flat saloon and, throwing nuggets the size of pigeon's eggs on the bar, breathlessly told of finding a lake with golden pebbles strewn along the

shore. Although the entire camp hunted feverishly, no one ever found the golden lake. Likewise, no one doubted the hunter's story, for his golden pebbles were worn as though water had flowed over them for centuries.

The Forty-Niner had a gullible side which made him an easy mark for any device which promised to find gold. Metal discs guaranteed to produce electric shocks near gold if carried close to the heart; the Norwegian Telescope for exploring promising river bottoms; and a hazelwood divining rod which supposedly dipped in the direction of gold, found a ready market on the gold-mad Mother Lode.

When the first woman arrived during the middle Fifties, the miner suddenly remembered the long-absent feminine touch, and his chivalrous nature asserted itself. The women transformed the lawless camps into stable towns, and they were welcomed on a grand scale. The first woman to reach Canon Creek arrived on muleback. She was greeted enthusiastically and carried into town — mule and all. A visiting woman musician was welcomed by a delegation of Downieville miners who carried her and her piano up the steep grade leading to the camp.

Undisputed Queen of the Mother Lode was Lola Montez, the adventuress who was a royal mistress, a Bavarian baroness and reigning actress of her day. She eventually retired to Grass Valley, where her mad exploits are still legendary. When a local editor commented on the great lady's habit of keeping wild dogs and grizzly bears for pets, Lola horse-

whipped him and kept him dancing to the tempo of her stinging lash until she was disarmed.

The Forty-Niner, strangely enough, was a religious fellow, and a preacher who could take him to task in biting language won a following. Most mining camp parsons were also prospectors. One of them, busily writing on a scrap of paper while conducting a grave-side service near Sonora, finally dropped the paper and covered it with his foot. When the service was over, the clergyman calmly announced that he had staked a claim on the cemetery after noticing the high-grade nuggets turned up by the grave-diggers.

"Lynched by mistake — the joke's on us," was the Forty-Niner's terse way of noting on a tombstone that the wrong man had been hanged. But in a country where peace officers were few and outlaws were eager to prey on gold-heavy stages, stern and swift justice was needed. Justice was informal, and any man in camp who owned a white shirt was certain of being drafted as judge. Trials were to the point, and sentences were executed without delay.

Hangtown pioneered the lynch law early in 1849 after a vicious crime wave swept the camp. But executions were carried out in a holiday spirit, and invariably a band was on hand to serenade the condemned man and the onlookers. In San Andreas the sheriff issued black-bordered invitations "requesting the pleasure" of the townspeople at a hanging. Probably the only woman hanged on the Mother Lode was lynched in Downieville after she had stabbed a miner

for passing highly uncomplimentary remarks about her.

For all the unbelievable fortunes which made poor men rich with the turn of a shovel, the Forty-Niner only skimmed the surface of the Mother Lode treasure trove. Most miners knew little about hunting for gold, and their equipment was crude. Poorly trained assayers innocently led miners to invest too heavily in time and labor on poor claims, and the average miner soon discovered the meager return was not worth the endless toil it cost.

As quickly as he had come, the Forty-Niner deserted the diggings to follow his restless spirit, which whispered that new and better strikes lay elsewhere. Booming mountain camps emptied. They became ghost towns. Luckier camps settled down to ranching.

But although the colorful Rush petered out, the rich bounty of the Mother Lode continues unexhausted. After the Forty-Niner, the hydraulic miner, searching for more deeply concealed treasure with his high-powered



water hoses, turned whole parts of northern California into sterile rubble heaps. When he was curbed, the

dazzling hunt for gold became an impersonal business proposition, with mines being operated by large companies.

California again leads the nation in gold production, but the spirit of the Fifties, when nuggets weighing less than 20 pounds caused little comment, is gone. Poker Flat mines, which produced \$700,000 worth of gold in a single month, and Colum-



bia, called the "Gem of the Southern Mines" because she yielded the staggering total of \$87,000,000, belong to history.

Gone also is the casual value assigned to money in those palmy days.

Gold became so cheap then that San Franciscans on their way to hotel rooms which rented for up to \$250 per day ignored the golden trickle of dust spilled onto the mud streets by drunken miners. The price of food, especially scarce delicacies, soared until a jar of raisins brought \$4000 in Angel's Camp, and necessities like shovels sold for \$100 each.

The adventure of the Gold Rush is over, but the free-and-easy tradition of the Forty-Niner still clings to the crumbling ghost towns which mark time like silent sentinels along the Mother Lode. The adventure lives on in the ever-hopeful old-timers who plod along the asphalt trails marked "U. S. Highway" on their way to the golden lake or some other lost bonanza. For the lady known as the Mother Lode still rules the hearts and heads of many who have succumbed to her golden siren-song.



Have You Ever Thought That —

—In the words mortar, mother, elixir, motor and murmur the last syllable is pronounced the same way although spelled with five different vowels?

—The explanation of triumph is all in the first syllable?

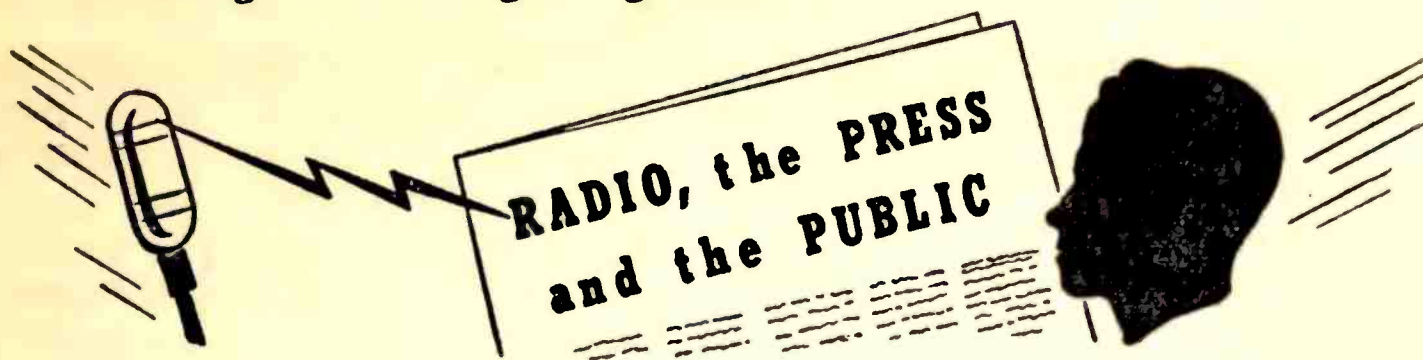
—There is no sense in advertising our troubles, because there is absolutely no market for them?

—"Don't worry" is a better motto if you add the word "others?"

—The most lovable and livable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance? Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another person's point of view. It is the generosity that concedes to others the right to their own opinions and their own peculiarities. It is the bigness that enables us to want those we love to be happy in their own way instead of ours.

—You save a lot of unnecessary conversation if you remember that people aren't going to take your advice unless you are a lawyer or a doctor and charge them for it?—Tom Collins.

Two great media get together to serve the same master.



WHEN radio first came into being, the press welcomed this infant wonder and lauded it in its news columns. But few of the people who played with radio in those days, before manufacturers were producing sets for home use, realized that radio was not a toy, but a powerful medium of communication to be respected. Nor did the press, so enthusiastic in its acclamation, expect the "infant" to mature and overlap the areas of first advertising, and then news. When those things happened, the press began to fight, and battled radio's invasion for many bitter years. But today, people in both factions have come to realize that both the press and the radio have their places in keeping our people informed, and that together they can serve the American public better than either can alone.

An interesting discussion of this change of attitude was held not long ago on Northwestern University's weekly radio program, *The Reviewing Stand*. This forum originates in the WGN studios in Chicago, and is carried by stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System, including WHB.

Because this is a subject which touches the life of every American, *Swing* presents the following condensation of that discussion. It includes the commentary of four distinguished

representatives of press and radio: Don Maxwell, city editor of the *Chicago Tribune*; Everett C. Norlander, managing editor of the *Chicago Daily News*; Frank B. Schreiber, manager of station WGN; and Baskett Mosse, former NBC news editor, now assistant professor in the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University. Kenneth E. Olson, dean of the School of Journalism, served as moderator.

DEAN OLSON: Mr. Schreiber, what do you think has come to be the province of radio in news dissemination?

MR. SCHREIBER: Dean Olson, I think radio and newspapers can live together. I think that radio stations have the advantage of speed and spontaneity in transmission of news. I think it has the advantage of on-the-scene coverage—interviews with people who make the news. I think that the clear channel stations deliver radio news to isolated rural areas where newspapers are slow, places that newspapers are slow in reaching because of the mail or the delivery systems. And I think that radio has turned the nation of radio listeners into headline readers, into headline listeners, and I think that radio is doing an outstanding job of news coverage.

MR. OLSON: How about the newspapers, Maxwell?

MR. MAXWELL: I agree with Mr. Schreiber, Dean Olson. I don't think there is a rivalry between the newspapers and the radio in disseminating information and news. They each have their field. I think radio supplements the newspapers. Undoubtedly they can come out faster than we can with the spot news announcements. A newspaper has to be running its presses and has to have delivery trucks and a distribution system. The radio can reach you if you are available to hear it. The newspaper has a great many advantages, it seems to me, over the radio in disseminating news, but I don't think there is any rivalry between the two.

MR. MOSSE: Well, Maxwell, I think the radio is more than just a supplement to the newspaper as far as news is concerned. I think one of our big advantages, in addition to this business of speed and our ability to get the news out first, hours before the newspapers, is our ability to comment and interpret the news as well as report the spot news.

MR. MAXWELL: Well, Mr. Mosse, there must be thousands and thousands of people who are working during the day, who don't have radios in their offices, who are not listening hour after hour to find out what news events are occurring, who do go home that evening and read their newspapers or get up in the morning and read their newspapers.

MR. MOSSE: That's very true. But, we have our big news programs, our

commentary programs, during the evening hours when the listener has a chance to get that interpretation as well as read his newspaper.

MR. NORLANDER: What are you speaking about? National, international news or community news? I



think in community news the newspapers have the advantage because there we do specialize: any great newspaper will specialize in community news.

MR. MOSSE: I think at the present time the newspapers definitely have an advantage over radio in reporting local community news, but more and more radio stations are hiring reporters to cover local news and do a job of local news for radio.

MR. MAXWELL: I am surprised that you say that one of the chief functions of the radio is to report the news. I thought radio was an entertainment factor.

MR. MOSSE: Well, radio is an entertainment medium, but it also certainly has a responsibility to report the news. I don't think we will argue about that. That is our field, too.

MR. SCHREIBER: Mr. Mosse, do you actually think that radio competes with the newspapers and that news-

papers compete with radio in the matter of news coverage? Don't you think that each has a separate function, that the radio reporters give you the news as it occurs and follow it up with further bulletins and repeat the news; whereas the newspaper gives you a complete story that you can read at your leisure, take your time about it, read whatever you choose?

MR. MOSSE: Well, I think that is very true.

MR. SCHREIBER: I think that radio and newspapers can live together very handily.

MR. MOSSE: Oh, very definitely. I don't say that radio is ever going to take the place of the newspaper or the newspaper the place of the radio.

MR. OLSON: One of the provinces of the newspaper is to give greater detail than radio can give. Now what about the relative accuracy between



these two media? Is radio accurate in having to work under such speed? What do you think?

MR. MOSSE: I think radio is just about as accurate as the newspaper is. We both make mistakes—we are only human. I do admit that the

newspaper has a more elaborate system of editing copy and should have fewer errors than we do in radio.

MR. MAXWELL: The man who goes out to get the newspaper story usually has served an apprenticeship of four or five years before he can even get a job as a reporter on a metropolitan newspaper. Before it gets into the newspaper, it has passed through the hands of five or ten trained men.

MR. OLSON: Norlander, does the press provide something, perhaps more in the way of interpretation and background than radio can give?

MR. NORLANDER: I think it does, Dean. And particularly in the newspaper we have a permanent record that the reader can consult if he missed it in its first reading. The spoken word comes so fast that a reader doesn't have time to think what he is hearing, but when he reads the account, if he misses a paragraph, he can go back to it.

MR. MAXWELL: It is rather interesting, isn't it, that with all the radio stations—well, say in this territory—broadcasting news 18 to 20 times a day, the circulation of the newspapers in this territory has increased steadily every year?

MR. OLSON: How do you account for that?

MR. MAXWELL: Well, because I don't think that radio is anything more than a supplementary news service.

MR. MOSSE: Probably it whets the appetite for details.

MR. SCHREIBER: By the same token, there has been an increase in the interest in news. Radio stations are scheduling more news every day.

From a commercial viewpoint a news program is the most salable type of program to the average advertiser. You can take a news program to an



agency and sell it with greater ease than anything else. It is a broad picture of increased interest in news. It may be born from the war. I don't know. But generally speaking I think there is a rising interest in news.

MR. MOSSE: I think we can take some of the credit in radio perhaps for increasing your circulations. I don't think we will ever take the place of the newspaper, but I think people out there are listening and are paying just as much attention to what we have to say as to what the newspaper has to say.

MR. OLSON: So far we have spoken only of news. Now, to what extent can these two media also perform an editorial function? Schreiber, do you think radio stations ought to editorialize the news, the same as newspapers?

MR. SCHREIBER: I don't think so. I am not in favor of a radio station editorializing. A station hasn't the right under its present license to editorialize. There is a big discussion going on now between the trade and the Federal Communications Commission as to whether or not a station does have a right to editorialize. But

the general rule now is that you shall give equal time to all sides of all controversial questions. And if you get into too many controversies I don't think your clock would run far enough to give you enough time to handle all of the arguments.

MR. MOSSE: Well, I disagree with Schreiber in this business of editorials on the air. I think that too many people—too many newspapers—feel they are the only ones qualified to write and circulate editorials. We admit that there is a need for editorials, and certainly in radio, why shouldn't we write them and present them—if they are properly labeled as editorials?

MR. MAXWELL: Whose opinion is the radio station going to reflect? The manager, the announcer?

MR. MOSSE: The same opinion that the newspaper reflects. Usually the owner of the station. I think that a lot of stations already are editorializing. As a matter of fact, I know that a number of stations are running editorials right now—station KFXJ in Grand Junction, Colorado, a member of the Mutual network, has been running editorials for a number of years. The F.C.C. has never said one thing about it. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be surprised if the F.C.C. didn't think this station was doing a pretty good job. I think the day is coming, when we get many FM stations out and new AM stations, when more channels are available, that we will have editorials on the air. I think we can do a good job here just as the newspaper has done a good job.

MR. OLSON: Norlander, do you think the newspapers can do a better job of editorial interpretation than the radio?

MR. NORLANDER: I think it can do a much better job, Dean. It is equipped to gather the facts, and once having gotten the facts, it has a board of editorial writers who consider those facts. They discuss them. They decide what stand to take with all those facts in front of them. And then one of them sits down and writes the editorial and it becomes the position of that paper. And I think because of the experience we have had, it is much better equipped for that job than radio.

MR. OLSON: Well, in this country probably the final test of public opinion is at the polls. To what extent do you men feel that the press and radio influence public opinion? Schreiber?

MR. SCHREIBER: I think in recent years the voice—the personal approach of a person speaking to a voter—has had a great deal to do with swinging votes. Certain candidates are far better speakers than others. I don't think that a newspaper can project that personality of the candi-

date with the straight stories that they print as well as radio does with its voice.

MR. NORLANDER: I think you have a point there, Mr. Schreiber, but many newspapers, including the *Daily News*, are trying to meet that by changing the type in the story itself, to go along with the inflections of the voice.

MR. OLSON: Well, isn't it true that the function of either press or radio is to give readers all the facts from which they can make up their minds and go to the polls and vote as their consciences dictate?

MR. SCHREIBER: That's correct.

MR. NORLANDER: I think that's true.

MR. OLSON: Well, I don't know that we have settled anything here today, but I think we have come to the conclusion that these two great media work together. They supplement each other. The old antagonisms are now gone; and we have learned that we each have a place in communications; that our big job is to keep the public informed; and that the two media together can probably serve the public better than if either one were going it alone.



At one time all card games were forbidden at the University of Georgia. The president, so the story goes, accosted one young man whom he was sure he had seen at a card game, and remarked, "Young man, I think I saw you playing cards last night."

Unabashed, the lad replied, "It couldn't have been me sir, for I don't know the ace of jacks from the nine of deuces."

The matter was dropped.



Two farmers were discussing modern education. "What do you think about it, Si?" asked one.

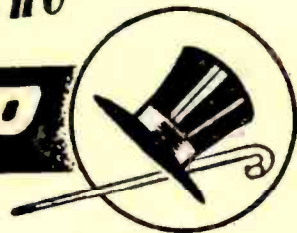
"Well, don't rightly know," Si answered, "but I'm kinda leery. They're teaching my boy to spell 'taters' with a 'P'."



"I got it from the man with the long, white whiskers . . . and the guilty conscience!"

He Danced a million steps to the

TOP



Tony De Marco has come a long way with infinite grace.

by HENRY CHARLES SUTER

SO, maybe you're walking down Fifth Avenue, or Broadway, and there, standing on the curb, waiting for the traffic light to change, a man breaks into a quiet tap routine. He may even tap his nimble feet right off the curb and across the street against the light, dodging taxicabs and trucks, executing a brilliant though hazardous solo of spontaneous variations. You might think him crazy, but New Yorkers don't. They know the dancing virtuoso is Tony De Marco, the male half of a dance team drawing around \$2,250 a week. This same Tony De Marco appeared in George White's *Scandals*, *The Greenwich Follies*, *Coconuts*, Ed Wynn's *Boys and Girls Together*, and Eddie Cantor's *Banjo Eyes*.

He was born Antonio De Marco, in Fredonia, New York, 50 miles from Buffalo, the son of an Italian immigrant who operated a small truck farm. Even before he was 16, Tony was making trips to Buffalo to dance in amateur contests. Pappa De Marco often urged Antonio at least to try to keep his feet on the ground, preferably the ground of the truck farm, but there was no stopping young Tony — whose feet did his thinking for him.

With high school and long trousers came three dollars a week making after school deliveries for a Fredonia butcher. During the summer, he made a full-time salary of eight dollars. One bright summer day, Tony took his entire week's salary and put it on a horse named Jim L, at the Fort Erie Race Track. A twenty-to-one shot, Jim L possessed nimble feet, too, and paid off to the tune of \$160. At that moment, Tony De Marco, delivery boy, died and was buried, and Tony De Marco, dancer, was born.

The next time Papa De Marco saw his agile son, Tony was whirling a buxom blond around the stage of a burlesque theatre in Wheeling, West Virginia. He was hustled back home to the pastoral atmosphere of a truck farm, where he stayed but long enough to obtain parental consent to his departure.

Now, at 47, with more than 30 years of professional ballroom dancing, millions of steps and numerous partners behind him, Tony De Marco might well be billed as the world's most tireless dancer. His stamina and endurance are apparently endless. He weighs 147 pounds, has legs and shoulders like steel, and doesn't really

worry too much about keeping in "condition." Tony smokes occasionally, drinks so moderately and infrequently he might be considered a teetotaler. He sleeps poorly, in spite of all his exercise, and stipulates his strength comes from eating. No epicurean, he still has more than an average appreciation for finely prepared foods.

Good health is not only requisite to a dancing career, but has another asset for Tony's ledger. By keeping his weight stable, he keeps his clothing bills low. This is no small consideration to a man whose professional outfit includes 25 dress shirts, 300 white ties and around 100 pairs of dancing shoes.

Tony's partner's weight is just as important. She possesses around 100 dancing dresses, keeping 35 in rotation during a six-weeks engagement. For her to gain or lose weight would be a financial calamity. In the meantime, her shoes, stockings, cosmetics and hairdressing add a pretty penny to the tremendous overhead.

The weight situation poses another problem. Exhibition ballroom dancing is an exact business, carefully planned, timed and executed to present an effortless and casually graceful performance to the audience. The acrobatic feat which is professionally called the "lift" must be performed with a minimum display of effort. One of Tony's early partnerships was dissolved when he found it increasingly difficult to get his partner off the floor

in a "lift." He found overeating had boosted her original dancing weight from 115 to 130 pounds.

Several years ago, Tony danced with Joan Crawford in a motion picture entitled *The Shining Hour*. This routine, which looked so graceful on celluloid, sent him to the hospital for a couple of weeks with a sprained shoulder and hip. Joan weighed 128 pounds. For his best dancing teamwork, Tony prefers his partner's weight to hover around the 105 mark on the scale.

His first partner was Mabel Hooper. His second, Mabel Scott, whom he married. Before Mabel's illness, Tony could enumerate 600 stands. Then the booking office sent him a new partner, Helen Kroner, whom he renamed Nina De Marco and billed as his sister. Mabel's objections resulted in divorce and Nina danced with him for seven years. Subsequent partners changed to the name De Marco: Renee, and later Sally Craven, in matrimonial ceremony; Maxine Arnold, Albertina Vitak, Patricia Bowman and Arline Langen for professional reasons.

To their audiences—night club, theatre, vaudeville, motion picture—everything the De Marcos do looks easy. Too easy, perhaps. Nothing suggests the long, grim rehearsals, the constant invention, the careful timing and, finally, the cost in dollars and cents to produce the act and keep it going. About \$10,000 is spent on the act before the public sees it. From then on about \$30,000 a year is needed to keep it at top billing. But the name De Marco has a repu-



tation, and that reputation pays off.

Take the story of the Hotel Plaza in New York and its Persian Room. When the Plaza opened its room for dinner and supper dancing, in 1934, band leader Emil Coleman suggested to the management that the De Marcos (then Tony and Renee) be engaged. Expert night-clubbers gave no thought to the Persian Room, and for three weeks most people stayed away. Then somebody heard about the De Marcos and attendance jumped. For the next four years, while Tony and Renee danced there, the Persian Room showed weekly receipts of \$23,000 or more, a total of nearly \$5,000,000 for the engagement.



Partners come and go, but Tony's nimble feet refuse to be slowed down by the passing years. In July, 1941, Tony and Sally De Marco made their first public appearance together at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. They danced for nearly 55 minutes with less rest than fighters get in a 15-round bout.

This is the man, who after more than three decades of professional dancing, continues to jump up in the middle of a conversation and move his feet in a tentative dance step as he talks. This is Tony De Marco, who never had a dancing lesson in his life, but whose talented feet have danced a million

steps straight to the top.



A gentle Quaker heard a strange noise in his house one night, which turned out to be a burglar busily at work. The Quaker raised his gun and said, "Friend, I would do thee no harm for the world, but thou standest where I am about to shoot." The burglar didn't linger.—*Santa Fe Magazine*.



Radio telephones speed up taxi service, but sometimes they give headaches to the cabbies. One driver received a message to pick up a fare at an address only a block from where he was cruising. Pulling up to the house, he gave the horn a brief tap.

"Young man," shouted a woman, sticking her head out the door, "you can go on about your business. I don't intend to ride with you!"

"But why?" the hackie asked. "Didn't you call a cab?"

"Yes," she declared crisply, "But you drive too fast. I happen to know the nearest cab stand is more than ten blocks from here."



One of the shortest letters on record was written by a New York renter in response to his landlord's notice to vacate the house at once. Aware of his rights under state regulations, the renter replied:

Sir:

I remain,

Yours truly,

Windfall for a Newsboy

FOR many years John Hollinger, a 60-year-old "newsboy," has been selling papers in front of one of New York's large downtown office buildings. Every day "Happy Jack"—as his customers call him—stands by his newspaper stand calling out his wares. And in fair weather or foul there is a smile on his face and a "thank you" for each customer.

But the Merchants Square Corporation, owners of the building, were not pleased with the unruly appearance of Happy Jack's stand. It was weatherbeaten and dull and certainly not in harmony with the trim appearance of the building.

One day Happy Jack noticed a streamlined newstand-cubicle planted in front of the door of the building. It was a gorgeous little home of green and white design constructed of wood and metal. "If that were only mine," thought the vendor wistfully.

Christmas Eve, as the employees of the building began to file out, Happy Jack greeted every one with a robust "Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Unterberg," he said, handing one of the gentlemen his evening paper. "Merry Christmas," replied Mr. Unterberg. They shook hands warmly. "How do you like that new little newsstand?" asked the customer.

"It's wonderful, sir!" answered the newsie.

"Well, it's yours. It's our Christmas reward to you for always being ready with a smile when you hand us the papers. You've certainly earned it!" And as David W. Unterberg, president of the Merchants Square Corporation, strode away, Happy Jack stood breathlessly, unable to imagine that a smile could ever bring such a remarkable Christmas windfall!—*Malcolm Hyatt.*



A dinner guest in a Virginia home was telling his host how to prepare ham that would put the famous Virginia ham to shame.

"Place the ham in a deep pan," said the guest, "and for one whole day soak it in rye whiskey. Then cook it just a little while. The second day, add a bottle of Jamaica rum and cook awhile. The third day, add a bottle of port wine, and on the fourth day, a bottle of bourbon."

The host turned to his Negro cook, who had been listening with great interest, and asked, "Sam, what do you think of that?"

"Ah don't know about de ham, boss," said Sam, "but it do sound like de makin's of mighty good gravy!"



Junior was invited to his friend's house for supper, but refused. When his mother asked him why, he sneered, "He just wants me to help him eat up his cereal so he can have the box tops!"—*Washington Post.*



The three ages of man are school tablet, aspirin tablet, and stone tablet.



Twenty-five to thirty are probably the most trying ten years of a woman's life.



Newspaper fame is a case of hero today and gone tomorrow.



Men usually become hard-boiled after they are in hot water a few times.



by D. FRENCH QUINN

HISTORY hangs in the balance whenever politicians congregate, and never more than in that dramatic hour when presidential candidates are chosen.

Party delegates from every state meet in national conclave to select the man for whom Joe Average will presently be privileged to vote. Opposing motives, purposes and ambitions haul this way and that. Surface excitement is tremendous. But beneath that surface, even greater things transpire.

The decision of the upcoming Democratic National Convention appears to be clear-cut — but not so the Republican. The several outstanding and loudly-bruited Republican candidates are scrapping toward what may well be a deadlock, and many old-time politicians are hinting that next summer's Republican Convention will perhaps run in striking parallel to a convention of 28 years ago, when a political nonentity won the nomination in a thirteenth hour decision.

A half-dozen strong aspirants had tossed their hats into the 1920 presi-

dential ring. Each was well-backed, and the steadfast refusal of the supporting delegates to concede in favor of any single candidate resulted in the nomination of a rank outsider — Warren G. Harding.

From the political chess game of that 1920 Republican convention — which witnessed such names as General Leonard Wood and Illinois' Governor Frank Lowden being used as pawns in the hands of a powerful behind-the-scenes oligarchy — came the legend of the "smoke-filled room" — the tale of the too-congenial Ohio Senator who became President of the United States by a series of incredible coincidences.

But rumbling beneath the discord of that convention, bubbling sporadically to the surface only to be suppressed by the powerful men who felt its eruption would be the end of their stranglehold on the party, were the hopes, dreams and expectations of an honored Republican progressive who might have swept the convention before him had his backers seized the opportunities presented them.

That man was Indiana's Senator Albert Beveridge. His keen political nose had scented the convention deadlock and he had journeyed to the convention as a delegate-at-large from Indiana, fully armed with the one weapon which he knew how to use with deadly efficiency, his remarkable and moving oratory.

Beveridge was perfectionist in every sense of the word, and nowhere was this more apparent than in his speeches. Every public utterance was carefully prepared beforehand and committed to memory right down to the last minute gesture. But the speech which Beveridge prepared with greatest care, the speech which he wrote, memorized, and perfected through seven sleepless days and nights preceding the 1920 Republican convention, was never uttered. It probably would have been the apogee of a remarkable public career — and it might have carried him into the White House. But the words were destined never to leave his lips.

Senator Beveridge had a strong following among the progressive element in the Republican Party. But he was an anathema to the "Old Guard" led by Boise Penrose and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge — the same Old Guard which had made a broken man of President Wilson when they blocked his dream of a League of Nations. Beveridge was an accomplished statesman, and the Old Guard Republicans feared him more than they did their political adversaries in the Democratic Party.

A week prior to the 1920 convention, Beveridge went to the office of

his personal physician, Dr. Carlton B. McCulloch of Indianapolis.

"I want a complete physical examination," said Beveridge, "and I want it right away."

The doctor demurred. He was in the midst of planning his own campaign for the governorship of Indiana, and he was busy.

At last Beveridge told him why he needed the examination. He was going to attend the Chicago convention, and he wanted to be in shape to go a week without sleep in order to prepare a speech for that occasion. Had it not been for the doc-



tor's reluctance, the story of the "lost speech" might never have become known.

The doctor examined Beveridge and found him in excellent condition.

The next seven days Beveridge spent at his home in absolute seclusion, painstakingly preparing his speech. He was gambling on a convention deadlock — and on the hope that his followers would carry him to the platform. If that happened, he would be ready.

At Chicago the following week, General Wood and Governor Lowden had the convention deadlocked. Ballot after ballot was taken with no result. Everyone knew that a dark horse had a chance. Just such a situation had been forecast by many poli-

tically-wise men, among them Senator Beveridge, before the convention had assembled. The conviction grew that Beveridge's chance might come.

The last day of the balloting the situation was tense. It was whispered that the Old Guard crowd was in session at one of the hotels, seeking to decide on the compromise candidate. Talk among the bewildered delegates was that it would be Sproul.

The convention was restless. The bands had played themselves out. Delegates were getting peevish. Many of them were angry because they knew they were not being consulted.

Beveridge sat with the Indiana delegation, nervous and restive. In all his brilliant career, his mind had never been more beautifully groomed, nor his striking qualities more at his command.

The convention was stalling. It's 15,000 disgruntled delegates grew more and more ill at ease.

At last someone, during a painful lull, shouted, "Beveridge!"

Immediately the shout was taken up from all parts of the vast hall. The crowd began to stamp its feet, and with each stamp they howled, "Beveridge!"

Senator Lodge was in the chair. He knew he dared not permit Beveridge the courtesy of the platform. Lodge was a fast thinker, and apparently was prepared for such an eventuality.

Great activity could be seen at the speaker's stand, and in a moment Lodge led former Speaker Joe Cannon to the front and introduced him with simply a wave of the hand.

The crowd went wild. Action was what they wanted. They loved Can-

non and the grand old man made a great speech, to the huge delight of the convention. But when he concluded, the cry came again, "Beveridge!" and again the shouts were caught up in every corner of the amphitheater, and in cadence to the stamping of feet.

But Lodge was equal to the occasion. This time he brought forth Chauncey M. Depew. The old war horse who had taken a prominent part in every Republican convention since Lincoln's time got a fine ovation, and delivered an impassioned speech. But when he stopped, the cry again went up for Beveridge, more insistently than before.

The wily Lodge had one more ace up his sleeve. Desperately, he brought the red-cloaked prelate, Cardinal Gibbons, to the rostrum. The well-loved Cardinal again silenced the malcontents with a moving oration. But when he finished, "Beveridge!" once more cascaded from thousands of throats.

Senator Beveridge sat stiffly in his seat with the Indiana delegation. He was tense, white as a sheet, and ready — oh, so ready — to make his move. But there was no way for him to get to the platform except upon invitation of Chairman Lodge—and Lodge would never invite him.

No move came from the other Indiana delegates. They were strange bedfellows of Beveridge. All of them were staunch Old Guardians, and they no more wanted to see Beveridge on the speaker's platform than did Senator Lodge. But Beveridge did have many friends there in the hall. If they had formed a parade and, seiz-

ing him, marched to the platform, they could have forced Lodge to act. Beveridge probably would have swept the convention before him.

Opportunity was there for a small moment, so evident as to be almost palpable. Then it was gone, for just then, messengers hurried toward Lodge with word that the committee was ready to report. Lodge quickly informed the convention, and the delegates strained forward in their seats to hear what the powers-that-be had decided. The name Warren G. Harding was introduced to the convention.

In a matter of moments, he was the nominee of the Republican Party for the office of President of the United States.

What might have happened if Beveridge had gotten the floor? Would he have swept that convention off its feet with his carefully prepared "lost speech?" How often in our country's history have the scales been so tremulously balanced that a breath might tip them one way or the other? And, most important, could that sort of thing happen again next summer?





ANGEL'S FLIGHT

*An incredible tale of the blithe
aerialist who cheated death
high above Niagara.*

by ALAN GOODRICH

IT happened long, long ago when the Vanderbilts, the Astors and the J. P. Morgans were the nouveau riche of a new country, when the tin-types were busy compiling a record of silken-clad ladies in the company of old time gamblers, garbed in traditional checkered suits. On one day, this long ago, a quarter of a million people lined both sides of the Niagara River to watch an inscrutable Frenchman with the professional name of Blondin walk a swaying rope across the rapids below the falls.

On hand that almost forgotten yesterday when Blondin essayed his initial crossing, was as gay a crowd as ever threw tickertape at Gertrude Ederle, or welcomed Charles Lindbergh, nearly a century later. World luminaries including the Prince of Wales and an ex-president of the United States touched elbows with the hoi polloi and the sporting crowd, the hangers-on and touts who had come from every whistlestop and wayward widening of the road in Amer-

ica and Canada to watch the gala event.

The crowd was all but hypnotized by an atmosphere electric with dramatic magnetism. They watched, spellbound, fascinated. Would they see a human body hurtling and twisting down, down into the boiling water and certain death on the jagged rocks below the falls? The possibility seemed almost certainty. The dizzily swaying rope appeared to present a challenge beyond human acceptance and accomplishment.

Probably the most charitable thought entertained by anyone present was a fervid well-wish that Blondin might not be killed. Nobody really believed the intrepid young man from La Belle France could really walk the thin skein which seemed fit only for the gossamer tread of angels. Cynical gamblers were openly wagering Blondin would not make the attempt. That he would show a last minute reluctance and renege. They understood neither the spirit, nor the ability of this steel-nerved virtuoso of the highwire.

Lack of confidence in his ability didn't bother Blondin. If others were fainthearted as to his prospects of success, his own confidence was su-

preme, serene and unshaken. A cheer went up as the crowd parted, and Blondin, dressed in professional tights and carrying a balancing pole, walked the aisle they made for him and took his first assured step on the hemp.

He took two steps and the cheers died on tongues silenced by fear. Three steps, then four, and the daring Frenchman was irrevocably on the way to his first momentous crossing. He reached the end of the securing guy ropes and started the downhill portion of his fabulous stroll. Now, he was on the center section, walking through the mists on the unguyed, free-swinging pendulum of rope. Using tricky, dancing steps to maintain his balance and cheat death on the waiting rocks below, Blondin's progress never faltered. Not only frail women, but strong men, fainted as he reached the midpoint and started the uphill portion of his journey leading to the opposite guy ropes. On and on he went. Inexorably on, his face betraying no emotion. He completed the last section of his journey and stepped safely on Canadian soil—where he received a rousing cheer for the miracle all assembled had seen, but still found difficult to believe.

In this particular year, anno Domini 1859, during the ever sultry month of July, the mercurial-footed speculator crossed and recrossed the river until this once incredible feat became, to him, as commonplace as a leisurely stroll down the Champs Elysees of his beloved Paris. The first trip was made on July 4th. Then, as if remembering his own country's struggle, the insouciant traveler again

crossed on the French day of freedom, Bastille Day. There were more crossings, with the added novelty of self-imposed handicaps. The peerless voyageur crossed at night. He crossed blindfolded. He crossed backwards, and once, probably for the sake of variety, made the journey on stilts.

Cynics might say Blondin negotiated these repeated perilous treks merely to satisfy an inflated ego, an oversized flair for commercialized exhibitionism. But the dreamers of that century, or this one, would understand the river's misty chasm presented a dare to the soaring spirit of Blondin, a dare he was never able to ignore, never able to accept passively.

Toward the stifling end of that fateful, long ago July, Blondin reached an impasse. He had exhausted all variations in accomplishing the feat extraordinaire. But had he exhausted all possibilities? His agile brain gave him no rest. It told him no. Emphatically no. And now was conceived the most daring plan yet. It was simple. Blondin would find someone who shared implacable faith in his ability. He would take a passenger!

Many heard the call, but none were chosen. Prospective customers took one frightened look at the rapids far below and quite suddenly developed more faith in terra firma than in Blondin. He finally settled upon an expedient substitute. A faithful assistant, whose name is now somewhat obscured by time, was pressed into service. The fact that the assistant showed small enthusiasm for the proposed venture was of slight mo-

ment to the French commuter.

Came the eventful day. The assistant was mounted in a special harness and clung frantically to his liege and master. Then Blondin started the cakewalk destined to be a farewell tour. As they reached the first junction of the guy ropes, with noblesse oblige the imperturbable aerialist demanded his partner in adventure dismount. The host of spectators immediately judged him to be in trouble. But no.

Casually Blondin doffed the cha peau with which he had so thoughtfully equipped himself, and triumphantly held it aloft. There was a whistle and gasp as his hat was neatly perforated by a well-placed pistol ball fired from a cork-bobbing rowboat moored in the rapids. This was the *coup de fion*. Calmly replacing first his headgear, then his unwilling passenger, Blondin resumed the hazardous trek.

Then, for the first time in his many gambols across the deadly canyon, he was in serious trouble. The additional weight of his passenger was tiring him. He staggered, then started running for the safety of the distant guy ropes. The pendulum of hemp swung more and more wildly, but if Blondin could gain the guyed portion, he might still have a chance.

But, now, a new factor entered the picture. The gambling gentry were highly indignant at his repeated successes. Time after time they had wagered against him and lost. Here was an opportunity to take matters in hand and perhaps aid and abet the laws of chance. They pulled and

hauled viciously on the securing guy ropes, causing Blondin's boulevard to writhe and whip. It was murder, cruel, vicious and calculated. No one

could reach safety over that swaying, lashing wire!

The crowd waited for the worst. They keyed themselves against it, expecting to see not one, but two, spinning bodies twisting into the frothy hell below. But again Blondin,



with an exhibition of ability, iron courage and fatalistic sang froid, won from death and the gamblers, and achieved the safety and sanctuary of the Canadian shore.

It has never been coldly stated that Blondin's equanimity was disturbed by this joust with the grisly spectre of death, but it may well be significant that a short time later he returned to the adulation of Europe and the sunny climes of France.

It might also be pertinent to mention that the fiery Blondin, indomitable to the last, completed his final performance while carrying the weight of 70 summers on his shoulders, a weight far more tiring than that of the faithful assistant who rode to Canada with him. In the land of the Orange Irishman, he walked a tightwire more lofty than the one over which he had walked to fame

by crossing the Niagara Rapids so many years before. He strode briskly along on stilts, a blithe oldster, stopping now and again to do a clever somersault. Then, like a dignified old actor bowing gracefully from the scene of his former triumphs, Blondin announced his retirement.

A very few years later he died quite placidly in bed. The thought will always remain that even in death Blondin was somewhat unconquerable, for he met the Grim Reaper when he had a moment to spare. And—who knows—perhaps the two of them came to an agreement about a tightrope over the River Styx.

▲
A vacation consists of 2 weeks which are 2 short, after which you are 2 tired 2 return 2 work and 2 broke not 2.

▲
The pastor appeared in the pulpit with a bandaged finger. "What's the matter with the preacher's hand this morning?" whispered one of the flock.

A neighbor leaned over and hissed, "Shaving. Had his mind on his sermon and cut his finger."

"Oh," grunted the inquirer. "Wish he'd keep his mind on his finger and cut his sermon!"

▲
Two farmers liked to grumble to each other. "Never did I see hay grow so short as mine did this summer," sighed one.

"Ha!" answered the other, "You think yours is short. I had to lather mine to mow it!"

▲
"Five cents, sir, for a cup of coffee?" the beggar whined.

The passerby turned to survey him. "Why should I give you five cents? What brought you to this sad plight?"

"A terrible catastrophe, sir," the beggar replied. "Two years ago, like you, I enjoyed business prosperity. I worked industriously. On the wall above my desk was the motto: 'Think Constructively. Act Decisively.' Wealth poured my way. And then — then —"

"Yes, and then?"

The beggar's frame shook convulsively. "The scrub lady burned my motto!"

▲
A loud-mouthed character actor was trying to show his linguistic talents by ordering his dinner from the French menu. Finally, the embarrassed captain had to tell him that he had just ordered the chef!

▲
A tourist visiting an out of the way spot in the Ozarks was talking to an old man who had lived there 40 years. "For the life of me," he commented, "I don't see how you can keep busy around this forsaken place."

"I can't either," replied the old man. "That's why I always liked it so well."

▲
An ambitious young movie actress complained to a declining star, "It irks me to think that I get only \$100,000 a picture."

To which the has-been rejoined, "Nice irk if you can get it."

▲
If he removes his hat in an elevator it means that he has: (1) good manners; (2) hair.



THE BLACK PRINT

by B. J. BENSON

BEFORE he turned the key in the lock he knew just what he was going to say. He opened the door and saw her in the kitchen over the white and black stove. She turned when she heard his footsteps and blew a wisp of hair from her eyes.

Whatever else she is, he said to himself, she's pretty. Trim and pretty. And when she came into the hall and he bent over automatically to brush her forehead with his lips, he knew that it wasn't going to be as easy as he had thought.

"I'll have supper in a minute, dear," she said. She turned and went back to the kitchen, her high heels clicking on the swirled asphalt linoleum.

He put his brief case down on the reception hall bookcase, picked up the evening paper and went into the living room.

The room was bright, cheery and immaculately kept, and he saw the fresh flowers in the wall sconces on either side of the bleached mahogany desk.

I'll say that much for her, he thought as he unfolded the paper, she's neat and clean and she uses the right perfume. She cooks well and she knows how to take care of an apartment. And she has nice taste in clothes and furniture and she's agree-

able to live with. Then he glanced at the headlines without really looking at them and lit a cigarette and snuffed it out. He knew that it could not be delayed any longer and the time was now.

After he called her and they were sitting in the living room, he lit another cigarette and looked at her face. He suddenly became confused because he didn't know how he was going to start. He had prepared it carefully enough on the way home, threading the car subconsciously through five o'clock traffic. He was going to be very casual and very modern and sophisticated about it, like one of those overdone people of Noel Coward's. But now that he saw her sitting across from him he knew that he couldn't bring it out that way at all.

"I'm going to tell you a little story," he said, "and you can stop me if I'm wrong."

She sat there silently, and now her face was serious and her heavily lip-sticked mouth was compressed.

"Mr. Tesserow came in today from the home office," he went on, "rather unexpectedly. He put up at the Bay Stater and he called me up this afternoon and told me to drop over to his room and go over something with him

before he came down to the office." He stopped and looked at her and there were tiny lines in her forehead as if she were puzzled.

"I spent an hour with him," he went on, "and at about three-thirty I left his room and went to the elevator and pushed the button. Just as I did, the elevator arrived and the door opened. A man and a woman came out.

"The man was Roger Byfield and the woman with him wasn't his wife. It was you."

He looked up at her again. Her expression hadn't changed. She was staring at the wall directly above his head.

"I said, Hello, Roger," he continued, and he noticed how flat his voice was. "And Roger said, Hello, Mike, but he stammered and turned very red, and you had your face turned away and you ran past me. Then I got into the elevator and went down."

"Oh, Mike, Mike," she said, and she twisted the apron between her fingers.

"It was one of those chance meetings. One of those things that might never happen again in a thousand years. If Tesserow hadn't put up on the eleventh floor of the Bay Stater and I hadn't left at precisely the time I did and if you and Roger hadn't chosen a room at the same hotel and

you hadn't come up ——"

"Mike, please, Mike!"

"I didn't see your face. But you were wearing your black flowered print and those white gloves and your platform shoes. And the way you ran out of the elevator ——"

"And that made it perfect," she said in a low voice that was scarcely audible.

"Yes, that made it perfect. Because, you see, as I went back to the office I started to think of a lot of things that I had never thought of before. First I thought of the two years we were married. The two years before the war. And how every time there was a party, somehow Roger was there and he always had his arm around you. Then that New Year's party at the Ellis's when you were both very drunk and he was pawing you and I got mad and there was a little trouble. And all the side remarks about his own wife. Little things like that.

"I remember when I went into the army. There were no dramatics. I didn't ask anything of you. And while I was gone I didn't ask any questions and I didn't ask any when I came back. All right, neither did you."

"We've been married eight years, Mike," she said. "Eight years and no questions in all that time. Not once."

"I'm still not asking questions," he said. "I'm stating facts. I'm no returned war hero with a psychosis. I was in the Air Corps as an administrative officer. I did what they told me to do and went where they sent me. When I returned I went back to the desk in the insurance company



and took up where I left off. Roger stayed home and he made a lot of money in steel tubing. I don't begrudge it to him because that's the way things go. But I might have had women in Miami and London and Paris and Frankfurt. I might have had. And you might have had men. You kept the apartment up and you went back to your old job in the agency. You were never worried about money, and when I came home there were lots of new clothes and shoes and even some jewelry, and I know that there were lonesome nights and that Roger was around. Maybe there were many Rogers and maybe there was a great deal of money around and everybody was very gay and trying very hard to forget the war. Maybe you did, too."

"And you've been thinking about these things all the time," she said.

"The war years were a vacuum," he said. "I came back and took up where I left off. You quit your job and stayed home and we went to the movies again and we bowled and we subscribed again to the New York Times and again bought season tickets to the Theater Guild. What went on during the war was dead and buried. Whatever you or I might have done was erased."

"But you've been thinking about me and things like that," she said. "All this time."

"I saw Roger come out of that elevator," he said stubbornly. "I saw him and I spoke to him and I saw you and tried to speak to you but

you turned and ran and the elevator was waiting. So I did a stupid thing, I suppose. I took it. We should have settled it right then, right there." He looked up again. He had been speaking with his face down toward the gray twist broadloom rug, and suddenly he was angry with himself because he seemed to be on the defensive and he knew that he shouldn't be.

"I guess that's all there is to it." He stood up.

She sat there looking through him and her eyes were glazed as if she had started to cry but somehow the tears had stayed there and become frozen.

He went into the bedroom and reached up into the top shelf of the closet and pulled down his pigskin traveling bag. Then he went over and opened the drawers of the Hepplewhite chest and began to pack. First his shirts, with the laundry cardboard in them and the blue tape neatly encompassing their folded form.

She could have tried to explain, he said to himself. I might not have listened but she could have tried to. She could have cried and denied it. I might not have believed her but I might have listened.

He took out the neatly folded handkerchiefs and the carefully rolled socks. As he did he felt the color coming to his face and his hand seemed to tremble, and he thought it best to sit down on the bed for a moment. He thought of all the time they had been together and little



things kept popping up in his mind, like the sunburn at Old Orchard Beach and the little cottage that summer at Plymouth. He thought of the house they had planned when prices were better, and also the family. One boy and one girl. There were little things like her bobby pins on the wash bowl in the bathroom, and familiar things like the smell of fresh coffee in the morning and the Sundays when they would lie in their beds until almost noon and swap sections of the paper and smoke one cigarette after another.

I didn't actually see her face, he thought desperately. It was a day of coincidences and it could have been another woman, perhaps someone who knew him. She might have been wearing the same print dress and the same gloves and shoes. She might even have had a figure similar to Joan's. Such things were possible. Now he would really never know.

He went over to the tie rack and slipped the ties off into his hand and suddenly he dropped them to the floor because he wanted very badly to go back into the living room and take her into his arms.

Then he heard the sound of the door buzzer and he waited a moment

for footsteps. There was no sound from Joan, so he started for the door. As he passed the living room he saw her huddled in a ball on the sofa with her face buried in her arms.

He opened the door. The man from the cleaners stood there with two long brown bags that crackled when he moved.

"Oh, Mr. Scorby," the man said. "I'm sorry about your things here. I promised Mrs. Scorby to have them here this morning. But they've been awfully busy down at the plant. I have your glenn plaid suit and Mrs. Scorby's black print dress."

"Her black print?"

"Yes. I'm sorry about that. She gave it to me last week and she wanted it by this morning because she had a tea to go to. One of those things, you know. Happens in the best of cleaners."

When the cleaner left Mike took the two huge bags and closed the door and dropped them onto the chair in the hall. Then he went back into the bedroom, bent down and picked the ties up one by one very slowly and put them into the bag.

He knew it was too late now. It was too late for anything.

Centerpiece

YOU'VE heard the one about the traveling salesman, but have you heard about the traveling farmer's daughter? And have you ever heard of a girl who turned down a movie contract because she wanted to be a stenographer?

Donna Reed, 115 pound, five foot three and a half inch bundle of allure, was an Iowa farm girl who went to Los Angeles to study at secretarial college. She refused three screen offers before being tested by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is currently appearing in *Green Dolphin Street*, and alone is worth the price of admission. Turn the page and you'll see what we mean.



1. WHB airs opening ceremonies of the huge new Sears, Roebuck retail store on Kansas City's Country Club Plaza. Here are J. C. Nichols, dean of American city-builders; Kenneth F. Cast, Sears, Roebuck retail group manager; General Robert E. Wood, chairman of the board of directors, Sears, Roebuck; Robert LaFollette, Sr., trustee of the Sears, Roebuck Foundation; and Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper.

2. The Marshall Plan receives a warm endorsement from V. Averell Harriman, U. S. Secretary of Commerce.

3. Ray Fitzgerald of Lever Brothers tells listeners and WHB's Sandra Lea about a happy little washday song.

4. In behalf of Donald Dwight Davis, president of WHB, special events chief Dick Smith accepts an Army Air Forces citation for "patriotic service in a position of trust and responsibility." Major Edwin H. Garrison makes the presentation.









... *presenting* EDWARD W. TANNER

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

ED TANNER has been called "Kansas City's best press agent." A strange sobriquet, because Mr. Tanner is an architect!

Nonetheless, the label is apt. Although he has never issued a news bulletin, planned a publicity stunt or posed a "cheesecake" photograph, Ed Tanner has spread the name and fame of Kansas City throughout the world.

Think, now. That man from Boston who spent two days in Kansas City six years ago, the lady from Orlando who drove through town en route to her son's wedding in Sioux Falls, the salesman who works out of Minneapolis—what do they know about Kansas City? What do they remember and tell their friends?

Or, take it this way: what impresses any traveler or sightseer most about Kansas City?

You can bet it isn't the cattle receipts, the annual flour shipments, the garment industry or the steel production. Those are facets of business life that the ordinary visitor doesn't encounter.

It's what he sees. It's boulevards and buildings. It is the Country Club District, the tremendously ambitious real estate development acknowledged to be America's most beautiful residential district. It is the streets and

structures that once were blank pieces of paper on the drawing boards of Edward W. Tanner and Associates.

The entrepreneur of the Country Club District is J. C. Nichols, the amazing real estate genius who envisioned and built it. The development was begun in 1907, with the aid of the man who is now president of the Nichols Company, J. C. Taylor. It has been 40 years in the building. Today the district covers 5,000 rolling, wooded acres with lovely homes, fine apartments, parks, boulevards, golf courses and shopping centers. And the hand of Tanner is everywhere evident.

Nichols would be no less a genius without Tanner: Tanner would be one of the nation's leading architects without Nichols. But the fact that the two long ago combined talents is a particularly happy coincidence for Kansas City.

Realtors and city-planners from every country on earth make special trips to Kansas City to study the Nichols technique and the Tanner architecture. Country Club business centers, for instance, called by the National Real Estate Journal, "the best developed shopping areas in the world," have set a pattern that is being widely copied, but nowhere equalled.

These shopping centers represent some of Tanner's best work. There are ten of them at present. An eleventh is being erected in the newest subdivision, Prairie Village, and a twelfth is in the planning stage.

The centers consist of a number of widely diversified shops, including branches of the largest and most fashionable downtown stores. A customer can park once, and find everything he wants within easy walking distance—including theatres, professional offices, restaurants and bowling alleys. The areas are centers of friendly community spirit, as well as of commerce.

Each of the shopping centers blends with the architecture of the subdivision surrounding it, while following a uniform architectural theme of its own.

Largest and best-known of the areas is the Country Club Plaza, gateway to the entire Country Club District.

The Plaza is Spanish in design, and has a grace and singular charm seldom found in America. Tanner says the Spanish motif was selected because it has humor. "There's nothing austere about it," he explains. "It is light and colorful; gay, playful, and a little bit bawdy. Most Americans are bawdy, you know, and they like it."

In designing the Plaza, Tanner has made extensive use of bright ornamental tiles. He traveled great distances in search of them, and was eventually able to develop sources of supply in Mexico. Most of the tile he is using in current building is from Puebla, a city in the state of Puebla,

Mexico.

The Plaza covers ten square blocks, and houses nearly 400 shops and offices. From an architectural point of view, it is outstanding because of its distinctive towers, which have a special appeal to nearly everyone who sees them. In the building trade, they are called "Nichols towers with that Tanner wham."

The Tanner "wham" is something architects mention frequently, but find hard to explain. They say there is something different about buildings designed by the Tanner Associates, there is a special flair—an extra flavor—that is unmistakable even though it escapes precise definition.

Edward W. Tanner & Associates includes some 20 people. It is a loyal, well-knit, hard-working group, and a tribute to Tanner's organizational ability. Several of the architects and engineers, like Frank MacArthur, Earl Allen, Earl W. Horter, Henry D. Krug, Jr., Herbert V. Pennington and Guy Sumner, have been with the company for 18 or 20 years. Margaret Wheeler, a draftsman and delineator, has been there as long. Tanner credits his success to them, and—in his modesty—would disclaim all personal responsibility for it if he were able.

The Sears, Roebuck store which opened on the Plaza November 20th is Tanner's work. The most up-to-date retail store in America, it is five stories high, windowless, and beautiful in its clean lines and complete simplicity.

Two other Tanner-designed Plaza Buildings are nearing completion.

One of them, the Plaza Time Building, has the well-known "wham" in abundance, although the job posed several special problems. To accommodate the mass of cabling and plumbing necessary for X-ray machines and other medical equipment in the second floor offices of doctors, the floor was raised 13 inches. All possible outlets and connections have been provided, and an over-all floor covering has been laid. Hence it will be possible to rearrange offices any time in the future merely by wiping out partitions and putting up new ones.



Plaza Time Building

There were other considerations. The corner of the building which logically demanded a tower could not be square because the streets there did not meet at right angles. Also, the store windows in that corner were especially valuable as display space, and their area would be substantially reduced by the heavy vertical members required for support of a tower.

But those obstacles were overcome and, as sometimes happens, the conquest of them produced a building more interesting in appearance than would have resulted had all been clear sailing from the start. The Time Building has taken its place as one of the loveliest and most striking structures on the Plaza.

The other current Plaza project is a three-level free parking station which may well be the most signifi-

cant work Tanner has ever done. It is something that has never been done before, it embodies a number of completely new ideas, and it will probably set a pattern for parking station design.

Parking, of course, is the worry of every city-planner. There is never ample provision for it. Business volume in a shopping district is limited by it, and the size of the district itself may depend on the number of cars which can be accommodated.

In Country Club shopping centers, enough free parking space has always been provided.

However, with an increase of population and automobiles, and a decrease of vacant property, parking has become a greater problem.

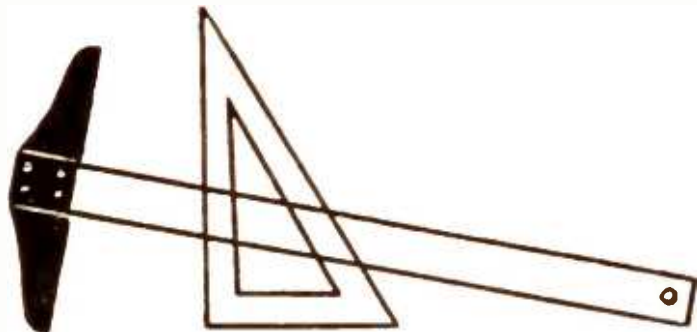
By careful planning and a utilization of every possible facility, it has been possible to meet the challenge. At the Plaza, more off-street parking has been added since the war than the prewar total of both on and off street!

Tanner's new parking station has furnished part of that answer. Given a quarter of a block with which to work, it was his problem to figure out a way to park the greatest number of cars at the lowest possible cost.

He started out by making a survey of other parking stations and garages. He went the length and breadth of the continent to make notes and sketch ideas. The results were nil.

The sorrowful fact is that no one had built a parking station worth the paper it was drawn on. Those he saw were poorly planned, expensive, and often even dangerous.

He wanted a design that was fool-proof, a building in which shoppers could park their own cars easily, quickly and safely—without the aid



of an attendant. He had little space on which to erect it, and the height was definitely limited. In order to fit in with its surroundings, it could be no higher than a two-story building!

Since he found no ideas that could be adapted to fit his requirements, he started from scratch. By careful experimentation, he determined the amount of space necessary for the turning of various makes of automobiles, and the space each occupied when parked at a 90 degree angle, a 45 degree angle, and so forth.

Finally it was decided that 61 degrees was the easiest angle at which to park economically.

At that angle, the normal car can turn and park on either side of a 52½ foot space, while 65 feet is required for two rows of cars parked at 90 degree angles. The slant settled upon consumes eight and a half feet of parking frontage per car instead of the eight taken up by a car parked at a right angle, but the big saving in turning space outweighs that loss.

It was apparent, then, that a structure 105 feet deep could handle four rows of cars. However, only 99 feet were available. Tanner went to city officials, and got what amounted to a six foot easement on the street side. He obtained permission to build only eight feet back from the curbing, instead of the fourteen stipulated in city regulations. That gave him enough space.

Then he found that bracing the building in the middle would result in two 52½ foot spans, the cost of which would be prohibitive. He balked at the idea of using a number of supporting columns. They are dangerous, and besides—as any wife who has ever crumpled a fender can tell you—there are psychological considerations involved in the parking of an automobile. Tanner wanted his parking station to have an “open” look. He wanted it to appear uncluttered, so that drivers wouldn’t be afraid to maneuver in it.

Finally he worked out an answer. On a small car, it is five feet from the front bumper to the front door. By using pillars five feet in from each outside wall, and five feet on either side of the center line, they wouldn’t interfere with opening doors and he could reduce each span by ten feet—a full 20 percent. Further, he could drop the horizontal beams lower in those five foot spaces, to make use of the cantilever principle. And haunches could be built to cut the stress down still more.

That wasn’t exactly a surrendering of his original idea. The pillars are small, and canted at the same angle as the parked cars. They don’t in-

terfere with parking, or with getting in or out of an automobile, so—strangely—it is almost as if they weren't there at all, and the illusion of openness is maintained.

On two sides of the station are buildings which must be serviced by alleyways, so in construction over the alleys Tanner had to allow plenty of headroom for big trucks. That was a further limitation. The depth to which he could go was determined by the minimum level at which the sewer could be reached. Ramps had to be planned to afford easy climbing and easy turning. Added up, there were literally dozens and dozens of factors which had to be considered.

He did add them up, and consider them, and eventually he and his associates came up with the simple-looking three-level station which meets all needs and holds 700 cars. Most important, the final building cost per car is about half the amount normally spent on comparable off-street parking space!

But all is not parking angles and turning circles with the Tanner Associates. Much of their work is in residential design, and in that field they have had a tremendous influence on the community. Their homes, generally built by the Nichols Company, range through every price field, and they have won national architectural awards in almost every bracket. One of them, a low-cost house, was voted the best designed small house of 1940 by *Better Homes and Gardens*.

During the war, Nichols decided that particular house would be ideal for returning veterans, so Tanner

hauled out the plans and tried to improve them. Exhaustive study showed there was not much to be done; it was the best house that could be built for the money. So he worked out several variations of the original plan, and as soon as materials became available the houses were put into extensive production.

That was one of the few civilian jobs Ed Tanner undertook during that period, because he was completely converted to wartime production. His first government contract was to build O'Reilly Hospital in Springfield. Then came an airfield at Knobnoster, Missouri. After that, the government jobs came in a steady stream, and in all he built 18 or 20 airfields and hospitals, and did several million dollars worth of government building a year. In War Department files in Washington, Edward W. Tanner is listed as having the best building record in the Middle West.

Tanner's output has nothing if not variety. Thirteen years ago he designed the entire town of Fort Peck, Montana, and he is still advising on it. He is currently engaged in completion of the Time Building and the parking station, and work on an underground cafeteria, a farm store, a church, a gymnasium, an Army BOQ, a grocery and some apartments. He is making "studies" for two new shop and office buildings at the Plaza.

To him, all construction problems and planning are essentially alike, whether the project is an airfield or a beauty salon. "Your components are always the same," he says, "You've

got lumber and concrete and machines and men. Once you're used to working with them, you can build anything."

As a matter of fact, working with men is Ed Tanner's primary professional asset. He has been able to build and hold together a friendly, highly-competent organization of topnotch architects. But he also gets on well with important clients, carpenters, and the guy who pours cement.

There is a simple dignity to the man that compels respect, and a complete, open sincerity. He inspires confidence.

During the war, when it was necessary for him to meet heavy payrolls on government construction jobs, he had to go to a local bank to borrow money. The War Department checks were slow in coming, so he got to be a rather frequent visitor in the loan department. At one point, he owed \$100,000, and the pressure of that meant sleepless nights.

Later, when he paid off in full, he dropped around to see the bank's vice-president, A. B. Eisenhower, to thank him for the courtesy he'd extended. "Frankly," he confessed, "there was a time when the checks weren't coming in the way they should have. I lost an awful lot of sleep."

"I know it," Eisenhower told him. "That's why I didn't. As long as I could see how worried you were, I knew I didn't have to worry a bit!"

Tanner is erect, slender, impressively gray and carefully dressed. He has a blend of artistic ability and fine, down-to-earth practicality that serves him well in his profession. He's friendly, easy to talk to.

Ed's wife sets him up as an exemplary husband and father; and since she has been married to him for 30 years, she can easily qualify as an authority. She was Katherine Keizer, from Topeka, when she met Ed at the University of Kansas just before the first World War. Their daughter Mary is now the wife of an instructor at K. U., and their son Ned, back from the Navy, is a student there.

Tanner, a native of Lawrence, was a Phi Kappa Psi at the University, and was a member of Sigma Tau and Tau Beta Pi—both honorary engineering fraternities — and Scarab, honorary architectural society. He and Mrs. Tanner miss no Kansas football games, and are actively interested in all phases of the University. He is a director of the Morrow Committee there, and contributed the design of the Danforth Chapel.

Although not the joining type, Tanner holds a number of membership cards. He was a captain in the field artillery in World War I, so belongs to a couple of military organizations. He is a director of the University Club, chancellor of Dine and Discus, a member of the American Institute of Architects, the Art Institute and the Municipal Art Commission.

"A man's got to do at least one thing just for the goodness of it," Tanner says. "He has to have one activity he really believes in and works on."

With him, that activity is a charity, the Jackson County Society for Crippled Children. He devotes a great deal of time to the Society, and serves

(Continued on page 46)

Marriage and the MAN from



*What kind of marriage partner
would you make?*

Here is a way to find out.

THE Visitor from Mars said: What do you consider the most important institution in your culture? Well, we said, most people consider marriage pretty important. Then, said the Visitor from Mars, you must surely spend much time preparing for marriage? We shook our heads sorrowfully. No, we said. No, not much time in preparation.

The Visitor from Mars looked startled. You still subscribe to the basic principles of logic? he asked. Oh yes, we said eagerly. Undoubtedly. Absolutely. Oh heavens yes, we said.

Then, he said, is it logical not to prepare for something so important?

We shook our heads again, bowed them in shame, and slunk away. He went back to Mars. Of course.

That being the peculiar state of affairs in the present world — that we prepare for everything else in the scheme of living but marriage — how prepared are you? How fitted are you for marriage, the full-time career without time-limit for husband and wife. You don't know? Well, put yourself through this five-minute course, and if you answer the questions honestly, maybe you'll find out.

Are you tolerant? Yes, we know you read a lot about it in the papers, and tell yourself that when you're married, you'll be the most tolerant marriage partner ever had. But are you tolerant now? With your parents; with Aunt Agnes, who's very deaf and peculiarly narrow-minded; with your sister-in-law who has a passion for those bright red pullovers you detest? With your brother-in-law who thinks he's the life of every party? Are you tolerant of your fellow-workers, realizing that you probably have just as many faults as the average, and that you expect tolerance from them? That's the crux of the matter. If you're tolerant now, you won't have much difficulty adjusting yourself to a husband or wife. If you're not — better start working on it.

If you're the gal in the picture, can you cook? What a silly question! But *can* you? Not scrambled eggs, which is your specialty, and which the boyfriend can probably cook anyway; not grilled chops, which are easy; but unusual, tempting dishes that will put an edge on a tired appetite? Are the cries of de-
rision fainter? Is it that we have too

many "good plain cooks?" We thought so. It will pay you well to learn to cook. The way to a man's heart may not be strictly through the stomach, but a husband's satisfied appetite never harmed a marriage.

Can you entertain? Entertaining doesn't mean setting up a few cups or bottles in front of assorted people, and leaving the two to get together. It means being a good host or hostess, a good mixer. It means tact, the ability to say the right thing at the right moment. It means the knack of handling people so they don't realize they're being handled. Can you do all these things? Are you at ease in a crowd, or do you sit back and wait to be asked to join in the fun? If you do, snap out of it. When you're married, you'll have to turn on a party now and again, a party at which you will be the motive force. How good will you be at that?

How sincere are you? Have you ever really loved anyone more than yourself? Are you capable of an enduring affection after the years have stripped the tinsel glory from fresh romance? Or are you a butterfly, never happier than when you're making a date with somebody for the first time? Assess yourself honestly — making allowances for your age, of course — but honestly nevertheless. But do it before, not after, marriage.

How do you show up under responsibility? Do you welcome it, or do you hide behind others while it's being handed out? Remember—when you're married, you'll have no choice — you'll just have to take it. Although marriage belongs to the both

of you, a certain section of married life will be your affair. Are you fitted to take it on, or does the thought of it dismay you? That's important. Answer it honestly before you marry.

How's your sense of proportion? Do you look at things in their proper perspective, or do you tend to exaggerate the minor events to suit your own convenience or self-conceit? A sense of proportion is one of the most important attributes in marriage. It's the counterweight that stops a wife from getting the sulks for a week because her husband brings his partner home to dinner unexpectedly. It stops a husband from blowing his top because his wife has been using his creel for clothespins again. It's the still, calm voice telling you that just as the first fine frenzy of love cannot last forever, so the abiding affection and respect replacing it are as precious as gold. It is the instrument by which children can be brought up properly, and developed into sensible, self-reliant human beings. How's your sense of proportion? It's important that you know.



Do you harbor grudges? Figures show that harboring a grudge has killed more marriages than any other

single failing. When someone does something that displeases you, do you mark him down with a mental black



cross? It's a pity if you do — because your "true love" will be bound to do quite a lot of things you won't like — and if it's a black cross every time, what chance do you think either of you will have?

How do you rate on tact? Tact is the oil making the wheels of marriage turn smoothly. There's never been a marriage yet that hasn't needed it, right from the start. Plain speaking is all very well in its place, but there are times — many times — when a soft answer turneth away a terrible lot of trouble. Are you good at soft answers, or do you plough your way through life like a Roman road, straight and unbending? If you do, remember this: that might be good enough when you're single and independent, but it's not good enough when you join your life with that of

someone else. Treat yourself to a practice course in tact. You'll never regret it.

Finally, how's your loyalty? Will you stick to the person of your choice through thick and thin, provided he or she plays the game with you? Or are there a couple of mental reservations you'll make concerning the possibility of someone else coming along, or of life getting too monotonous? If there are, think twice before you marry. Those mental reservations show that you're not yet prepared for marriage. If you're young, they'll probably disappear—but make sure they have before you finally say yes. It will save two people a lot of unhappiness later on.

Well, how do you score on the test? Are there some points on which you need a little brushing up? There are? Good! If you admit that, you're already a few steps along the road to a happy marriage, for you have one big asset that's worth any other two combined. That asset is honesty.

The man from Mars may return. If you have assayed yourself honestly — facing your flaws, striving to correct them, carefully weighing your chances for a successful marriage — you will be able to look straight into his electronic eye. To his logical query, "Have you prepared for marriage?" you may return a logical, "Yes!"



BRAZIL is the only country in the world that has a law protecting butterflies. A few years ago, the gorgeously iridescent blue Morpho butterflies were threatened with extinction because of their popularity as collectors' items and their use in handicraft of various types. The government passed the law in time to save these brilliant insects, and now the number that can be hunted is strictly limited.

Or So They Say

A noted scientist was queried by a society matron, "Doctor, can science give us any assurance that the split atom can be controlled?"

"It is doubtful," he said. "In six thousand years we have failed to control the animated rib, resulting from the split Adam."—*Advance*.

Irving Bacheller, following his doctor's orders, went down to a little Pennsylvania village for a rest. Horseback riding was part of the prescription, but he found it difficult to hire a suitable mount. So he bought a handsome horse from an elderly man who wore the regulation long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat of the old-fashioned Quaker. But before Bacheller had ridden a mile, the horse developed a bad limp.

Turning back, he soon met the Quaker. As he started to speak, the old man held up both hands and protested, "No, no, thee must not ask me to take back the horse."

"Oh, I wasn't going to," returned Bacheller loftily. "All I want is to borrow your hat and coat till I can sell him to someone else."

Man of the Month

(Continued from page 42)

as its president.

His hobby is woodworking, and he likes nothing better than to refinish beautiful old furniture.

Architectural ideas and tastes are changing, Tanner thinks. The old entrance hall and other relics of a bygone era are gone for good. Simple modern that is progressive and utilitarian is the coming thing for normal living. That doesn't mean fadist designs that aren't actually functional. That doesn't mean the flat roof, for instance, which is impractical in most sections of America and more expensive to build than the conventional, sloped roof. It does mean that there is a definite trend toward sensibleness, and a growing desire for comfort and simplicity.

And how does it feel to be an architect? Is it deeply satisfying to be able to look around you and see the tangible, standing proof of your handiwork?

Tanner says no. He says that an architect looks at a building he has

designed and sees only its bad features. Every time he looks at it, he wishes he had done something different. And every time he looks at it he is struck by the awful realization that all of his life that building will be standing there, reminding him of his mistakes.

But the mistakes Ed Tanner sees must be few, and must not be very bad ones, because no one else sees them at all. He is highly regarded by other architects, and laymen are delighted with his work.

In Kansas City, this is his month, for it is this month that Christmas decorations go up on the Country Club Plaza, and colored lights are strung along the outlines of the buildings. At night, every approach is jammed with automobiles, and from the throats of thousands come oh's and ah's, gasps of joy and delicious surprise as in red and blue and green they see etched against the black December sky the Nichols towers—with the famous Tanner "wham."



VERY NEAR TO PARADISE!

by JETTA CARLETON

CALIFORNIA is the country where they make snow out of cornflakes; where airplanes plant the rice, and the swallows come back to Capistrano; where an enterprising salesman once stuck oranges on the Joshua trees and sold an orange grove; where a pre-historic tooth was pumped up through 17,000 feet of pipe line from the mud of San Francisco Bay. California includes the Union's highest point and the continent's lowest. It is inhabited by retired bankers, immigrants from all nations, artists and parasites and hucksters, messiahs, prophets, and Bing Crosby. It produces oranges, oil, gold and movies, and grows commercially every crop grown in the United States except tobacco. It has snow-capped mountains, miles of desert, fertile valleys, and 1200 miles of coast line. In short, California is, like Gargantua's wife, the most this, the most that, that ever was in the world. But don't tell Texas we said so.

When the Spaniards first set out to find California they weren't looking for the western edge of a mainland. They were in search of an is-

A gross understatement — if you ask any native son of the nation's almost-largest state.

land said to be peopled entirely with women — handsome Amazonians whose armor was solid gold. Marco Polo may have started the rumor; he gets the credit for it, at any rate. And the word was further spread around when, in 1510, a Spanish writer, Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, published a romance (the early equivalent of a novel) called *Las Sergas de Esplandianfi* in which was included the following passage: "Know that, on the right hand of the Indies, there is an island called California very near to the Terrestrial Paradise, which was peopled with black women . . . Their arms were all of gold." Just where Montalvo picked up the name California is not certain, but it is thought that he adapted it from a name, "Califerne," which appeared in an older French romance, *Chanson de Roland*.

As early as 1493 Columbus had ventured into the Caribbean, looking for this island. Spanish navigators kept on looking for almost another half century, and in 1535, Hernando Cortes had found an island off the mainland of America which he called



California. Then in 1543, Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, a Portuguese, discovered the California coast and named it after the island and the legend.



Though California did not turn out to be the fabulous Amazonian island, it still is fabulous and it has its share or maybe more of beautiful women and gold. The gold comes in two forms — solids and liquids. The liquid is orange juice. By degrees, the country has come to have two or three primary connotations. When you think of California you think of Hollywood — of sunshine — and of oranges. The orange itself, almost, has come to be the symbol of the good rich life under a merciful sun — the symbol of a land flowing with milk and honey. And in a sense, that's what California is. The state produces one-half the entire fruit output of the United States; almost all the dried fruit; one-third of the truck crops; and one-half the canned fruit and vegetables. And most of this produce is grown in Southern California. Southern Cal grows everything — from fruit and flowers to ostriches and Arabian horses.

It may be disputable just how far north Southern California extends. But one thing is sure—its boundaries lie quite some distance south of San Francisco. San Francisco, the aristocrat, is definitely north. Los Angeles, the *nouveau riche*, is south — and both the city and the country around it are comparatively new developments. San Francisco came of age and flourished during the days of that first mass migration from east to west — the gold rush of '49. Southern California has come into its own more recently, and its great *raison d'être* is agriculture, the state's number one industry today, outstripping the combined income of oil and mining.

California has about 30 million tillable acres of land. Two-thirds of this acreage lies in what John Steinbeck calls "The Long Valley" — the level stretch between California's two long ranges, the coastal mountains, and the Sierra Nevada on the east. The south end of this long valley is subdivided into other valleys by still more and smaller ranges, whose direction is often east and west. These are the San Bernardino, the San Jacintos, the Sierra Madres, and others. And between these ranges lie the rich valleys of Southern California, where oranges and lemons flourish in all their tropical luxuriance against the chill blue and white of snow-topped mountains.

Oranges did not originate in California, as some of the natives may insist. They were known first in China, introduced from there into Spain, and brought to America by the Franciscan padres who entered California by way of Lower Cali-

fornia. The early Mission farms served as working models for today's great modern commercial farms.

The first orchard big enough to be called a grove was planted around 1804 at San Gabriel Mission, near Los Angeles. In 1841 a Kentucky trapper obtained some trees from San Gabriel and set out the first commercial grove. Other farmers continually experimented with orange orchards on an increasingly larger scale, but the citrus industry really developed from two seedless orange trees set out in the new farming colony called Riverside in 1873. In that year, the United States Department of Agriculture sent to Eliza C. Tibbetts at Riverside a couple of trees of the "Washington Navel" variety, originally from Brazil. That was the beginning. Today, California's oranges net the greatest income of any single crop in the state.

The growers do nothing haphazardly in producing this mammoth crop. Oranges are a lot of work. To begin with, every tree in all the important groves comes of pedigreed stock. The grower keeps a record of his trees the way somebody else might keep records on a good horse or a show dog, and the care he takes of them is meticulous. He may cover a tree with cheesecloth to prevent cross-

pollinization. He may man a smudge crew all night long to heat up the orchards and protect them from frost. During the summers, orchards must be irrigated, and there is constant attention given such matters as fertilization, soil testing, cover crops, wind-breaks, and pest control — not to mention the business of harvesting, sorting, and shipping the fruit. If all goes well, the orange tree begins to produce commercially at about six years, reaching its full bearing age at ten. Then if all continues to go well, it will yield fruit for 50 years or more.

The center of the Orange Empire is a county so big you could set Rhode Island down in it 20 times. San Bernardino County covers 20,000 square miles, one-eighth of the entire area of California. It is large enough to encompass deserts, high mountains, and rich valleys. The Indians used to call the San Bernardino Valley *Guachama*, "place of plenty to eat." Its present name stems from San Bernardino de Sienna, on whose feast day the valley was entered in 1776 by one of the Spanish padres. The county seat is the town of San Bernardino, originally laid out by Mormon settlers who were recalled to Zion in the 1850's. San Bernardino stages the National Orange Show



each year during the third week of February.

Southern California's gold is assuredly in oranges. But it produces other things as well. Lemons, for instance; grapes for the vast California wine industry; two-thirds of the state's walnut crop; and pomegranates, limes, figs, avocados, guavas, almonds, and prunes. A land of milk and honey, yes—the stuff grows on trees! But never think that it springs



OUR BACK COVER shows Southern California orange groves in full blossom, while a snowcapped mountain looks on regally. (Photo Courtesy Union Pacific).

spontaneously from the soil in a Garden of Eden sort of way. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there such efficiently organized farming as in Southern California, nor such tremendous investment in power, water, machinery, irrigation, and all the other myriad things it takes to produce on such a scale.

The farms of this region are either extremely large and commercial, or extremely small. The small places usually are owned by retired professional people or someone who doesn't have to depend on the soil for subsistence. The old family-style farm is scarce, or if it still exists, may very likely be growing a specialized crop for some large company.

If you took away Southern Cali-

fornia's oranges, its vineyards and lettuce fields, and its other growing crops, the region still would be far from bankrupt. Take away all else and its scenery and its climate still remain. Even without orange groves, Southern California would no doubt continue to function as resort country. A few of the reasons why are: Arrowhead Mountain (with the arrowhead emblazoned across more than a thousand feet of the mountainside)

and Lake Arrowhead with its smart summer colony and its Mile High Regatta; Lake Elsinore, largest freshwater lake in the southern part of the state, and Big Bear Lake; Temecula, in the Ramona country; the famous Rim o' the World Drive, 36 miles along the crest of the San Bernardino, from where, on the clear day, you can see Los Angeles, the Pacific, and the peaks of Catalina; dude ranches and resorts of every size and description, including Palm Springs, the playground of the stink-in'-rich, and Twenty-Nine Palms, of which you've heard a good bit recently. Of course, Southern California includes the deserts to the east.

The southernmost desert is the Colorado, whose southern end has

been reclaimed to form the Imperial Valley. (Victor Hugo said, "Give man to the desert and make both happy." It seems to have worked out in this case.) The Imperial Valley includes the Salton Sea, the last of a sea thought to have been part of the Gulf of California, which once covered the entire Colorado Desert. It now lies 202 feet below sea level, and is evaporating at such a clip that engineers give it only about a hundred years more.

Above the Colorado lies the Mojave Desert, composed of stunted mountain ranges, dried beds of ancient lakes, and miles of sand in between. Above this desert is Death Valley, 130 miles of desolation, six to fourteen miles across, stretched between the bare crags of the Panamint and Amargos Ranges. Within Death Val-

ley is the continent's lowest point — 276 feet below sea level. Sixty miles away, Mount Whitney rises 14,496 feet into the air.

The high and the low of Southern California are typical of the contrasts all over the state. Skiing and ocean swimming — glaciers and deserts — snow-caps and orange groves — this is California! But unfortunately the millionaires and the itinerant pickers — retired reactionaries and political crack-pots — this, too, is California. The state simply can't help itself. In the south, at least, it is too rich, too warm, too flowered and fruitful! Nobody can stay away! Neither the very rich nor the very poor. Prospector, beauty contest winner, Oakie, or tourist, sooner or later they all get to Californy with — or without — the banjo on the knee.

Laughs on the Ladies

A glamorous Hollywood actress had her picture taken, and fumed at the result. "I can't understand it," she said. "The last time I posed for you, the photographs were heavenly."

"Ah, yes," the cameraman sighed. "But you must remember that I was eight years younger then."

▲
A farm woman telephoned the ticket agent of the rural bus line. "Why didn't the bus stop for me a while ago?" she demanded.

"Did you flag the driver, Madam?"

"Why, of course not!" was the astonished reply. Upon the agent's assurance that that was the reason the driver failed to stop, the woman gasped. "My word! He could see I was dressed to go to town!"

▲
A certain small town judge was noted for his reticence. One day a woman entered the front room of his house, which served as his office, and asked if his wife were home.

"No, she ain't home," the judge said.

"Do you mind if I wait?" his visitor asked.

"Nope, have a chair."

After a full hour of waiting, the woman asked, "Where is your wife?"

"She went to the cemetery."

"How long do you think she'll be gone?"

"Well, I don't know," said the judge deliberately, "but she's been there 11 years now."



"Not conventional, no. But profitable as hell!"



ONE - FINGER

ARTIST



by WILLIAM WALLER

BANK presidents and porters, executives and errand boys, sculptors and secretaries have sung, whistled and hummed the tunes of Johnny Mercer. He is one of America's most successful songwriters, and his lyrics have been on the lips of everyone at one time or another. He lives in a modest white bungalow on a quiet street in Hollywood, but he is the epitome of the modern songsmith who has achieved success in a big way.

Genial Johnny authored *The Atchison*, *Topeka and Santa Fe*, *Accentuate the Positive*, *That Old Black Magic*, and about 250 other published songs. The wide variety of ideas, melody structures and moods evident in his work proves that the illiterate, flashily-dressed character who rhymed moon and June for big dough is strictly a creature of the past — if, indeed, he ever existed outside Ring Lardner's fertile imagination.

Johnny was born in Savannah, and 15 years ago he wrote his first song. It was called *Sister Susie Strut Your Stuff*. It wasn't half bad, either. Mercer will admit that, looking back on it. But he'll also admit that he thought then it was wonderful. Even so, he didn't take his talent too seriously. He went to a prep school in

Virginia, and returned to Savannah to join a little theatre group.

Becoming a lyricist and composer was far from Johnny Mercer's thoughts when first he journeyed to New York. The theatre group with which he was acting was invited to participate in a one-act play competition staged by the late David Belasco, outstanding producer of that day. Johnny's group won, and young Mercer was so fired with enthusiasm that he remained in New York—determined to make the grade on Broadway as an actor.

The would-be actor turned songwriter more or less by accident. When the Theatre Guild was auditioning for the annual revue, *Garrick Gaieties*, Johnny tried out for a role. He didn't get it. But the show still lacked material, so he knocked out a song in short order. It was *Out of Breath and Scared to Death of You*, which is still a pretty nice number.

That song, which was sung in the *Gaieties* by Sterling Holloway, influenced the entire course of Johnny's life. For one thing, it helped him become acquainted with a girl named Ginger Meehan, a dancer in the show, whom he married a year later. For another, it convinced him he should become a professional songwriter.

Johnny never starved in a garret, but like every aspiring songwriter he

found the going tough for quite some time. To keep the wolf away from his door, he worked as a runner in Wall Street. As such, he was merely another errand boy who carried millions of dollars in stock and bond certificates from one brokerage house to another in New York's financial district.

Johnny, though, wasn't destined to remain a glorified messenger for long. Learning that Paul Whiteman was holding auditions for a new warbler, he applied for the job. His southern-style singing pleased the King of Jazz, and Johnny was hired. What's more, Whiteman must have realized Mercer's potentialities from the very start, for he gave him every encouragement. Johnny wrote more and more songs, Whiteman played them—and the rest is musical history.

Starting with *Here Come the British With a Bang, Bang and Goody, Goody*, Johnny Mercer displayed an aptitude for turning out original songs which climbed to the Hit Parade ranks. Generally, they led the parade for weeks to come. He had the good fortune, also, to work with some of the country's best tune-smiths. Whiteman introduced him to Hoagy Carmichael, who was then working on a tune called *Snowball*. One word in Hoagy's verse caught Mercer's sensitive ear. It was "lazy-bones"—and Johnny turned it into a smash hit. It ranks among the best popular songs ever written, and has a folk-tune quality that is particularly appealing.

What distinguished Mercer in the very beginning from the run-of-the-mill songwriters encountered in Tin

Pan Alley could be summed up in one word: originality. Other writers recognized it, too. Composers who worked with him included Jerome Kern, Rube Bloom, Harry Warren, Matty Malneck, Harold Arlen, Richard Whiting, and Vernon Duke—all topnotchers. But Mercer often composed his own tunes, as well as writing the lyrics. *Blues in the Night*, *That Old Black Magic*, *Tangerine*, *Skylark*, *I'm an Old Cowhand*, *G.I. Jive*, *Accentuate the Positive*, *Atchison*, *Topeka & Santa Fe*, and other top hits were his own handiwork.

But although he has written some of the most successful songs of the last decade, he's had his failures, too. One was a resounding flop, the musical, *St. Louis Woman*, which he wrote with Harold Arlen. Despite some of the bawdiest numbers ever to hit Broadway, the show soon folded, leaving everyone concerned sadder but wiser. His other songs have been far more successful in every way. Usually, he gets a title or simple idea first, and goes to work on the lyric.

When he composes music, he's strictly a one-finger man. From time to time he hires himself an expensive teacher with the self-conscious idea that he really ought to learn to play the piano with the customary ten digits. Before long, he throws it up as a bad idea. It's the one finger method, or none at all. And with his record, he can prove that it's hardly been a handicap.

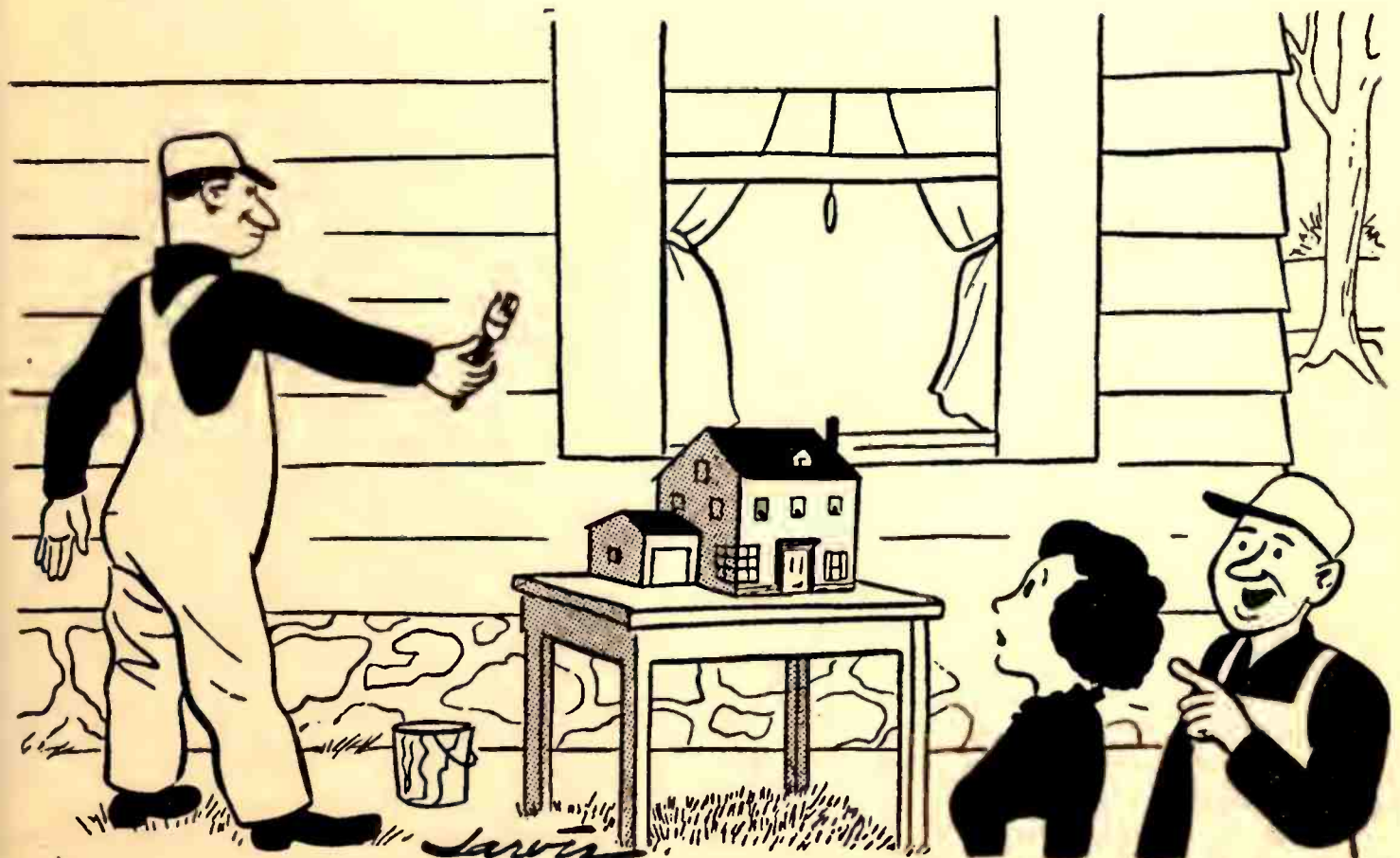
Not content with being a success as both songwriter and radio entertainer, five years ago Johnny decided to enter the recording business, too. He talked it over with his friend,

Glenn Wallich, who was then running a record shop at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood. Buddy DeSylva, Paramount producer and former songwriter, soon joined in the discussions—and out of it all came Capitol Records. Until his recent resignation, Mercer was president of the company. He had much to do with discovering the King Cole Trio, Peggy Lee, Andy Russell, Jo Stafford, Margaret Whiting and other recording stars. Capitol Records also became the parent of Capitol Transcriptions, which now services many radio stations throughout the country.

But at heart Johnny Mercer is a songwriter. When he found the record business interfering with his writing, he chose the latter, although still

retaining his financial interest in the company. He feels that working on movie scores and doing a new musical for Broadway is quite enough activity for one man.

How all this activity leaves him with any spare time is an unsolved mystery, but Mercer is also an accomplished artist. The walls of his house are covered with his water colors. His two youngsters add spice to his life, too, and sometimes provide inspiration. *Mandy is Two*, a Mercer opus, was written in honor of daughter Amanda's second birthday. As usual, the tune was composed with one finger. A questionable method, perhaps, but profitable. If you ask Johnny Mercer, there are worse ways of earning a living.



"He can't paint without a model."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The Big Four Conference that started November 25th is again underlining the impossibility of collaboration with Russia. There is every indication of a break with the Soviet. The German and Austrian peace treaties, which were to be written in concerted agreement, may be completed by the United States, Britain and France. There is a certain finality, or sense of completeness, in the fact that the Big Four is holding what appears to be its last conference in London, the locale of the first meeting two optimistic years ago. Many well-informed people believe it is too late to win this "cold war" with Russia. The idealistic One World has become Two Worlds in reality.

• • •

The Marshall Plan, now officially named the European Recovery Program — which alphabetizes euphoniously into ERP—gives preview promise of emerging from Congress completely malformed. Mr. Truman has been challenged by a Republican Congress to make the first affirmative move — a positive move to save Europe. This will quite possibly be checkmated by a negative move stimulated by Senate Boss Bob Taft, who is already busy on proposed legislation to limit the appropriations asked for by the Marshall Plan.

The Marshall Plan must go through. Economists know it. Foresighted government officials know it. Smart business men are sure of it. In 1939, our exports amounted to 2.8 billions of dollars. Today, our exports average around 14 billion, a terrific increase brought about by the present world condition. The increase in revenue to United States industry, far from being healthy, is termed "artificial" by economists. Already this inflationary buying by foreign powers is beginning to

slack off because they are running out of American dollars with which to make their purchases. If the United States would wash its hands of the whole European affair, aside from the political consequences, our foreign trade would collapse like a punctured balloon. Our entire economy is delicately balanced on the knife edge of foreign exports — a knife which is being held by nothing so solid as a hand. Therefore, the Marshall Plan is a "must" for the United States as well as for Europe.

• • •

The Save Food for Europe Program, produced by Charles Luckman and blessed by the White House, remains a dubious measure at best. Conceived on the spur of the moment in order to present the over-fed public with some more or less tangible means for combatting the world food shortage, voluntary food rationing meets with no one's wholehearted endorsement, not even that section of the public most likely to protest the return of official rationing. For political reasons, Senator Taft's "eat less plan" detracted from, rather than contributed to, the nebulous solution. The Tuesday-Thursday plan is an infinitesimal answer to an overwhelming problem. Whereas voluntary rationing would turn the trick if honestly adhered to, too many over-weight Americans are letting their neighbors save that all-important slice of bread a day. By the way, if every American did eat one less slice of bread a day — it would result in a daily saving of 3,000,000 loaves of bread all over the country.

Although not even the Sunshine Class expects the voluntary food conservation plan to fill the pantries of Europe, United States' officials hope that it will condition

the American public for official food restrictions in the future. Just when that "future" will be, no one is willing to say. Of course, the smaller the living population of Europe, the less we will have to deprive ourselves. Meanwhile, the world starves, while Americans are gently conditioned.

Winter wheat will likely be short next year. Rain in the wheat belt has been slight. Added to this factor is a threat of the reappearance of the dust bowl. Dust has already begun blowing over western Kansas — the scene of this year's stellar wheat crop. This is bad news indeed. The world needs all the food that can possibly be produced.



The Supreme Court of the United States is once again in session, this time for one of its most vitally important terms. Chief Justice Vinson, along with Justices Rutledge, Murphy, Frankfurter, Black, Reed, Douglas, Jackson and Burton have some knotty problems of constitutionality on the docket. Of the nine justices, seven are liberal Roosevelt appointees and two have been appointed by President Truman. The biggest question of the term is what the Court will do regarding labor legislation, especially the Taft-Hartley Act. The best way to direct the conjecture is to examine previous decisions of the Court. Always the Court has attempted to discover what Congress actually wanted to do in passing a given piece of legislation — they want to know the "spirit" of the law. By and large, the Court feels that Congress is still pro-labor, and therefore Court decisions will, in most instances, parallel this pro-labor feeling. On the other hand, the Court upheld the Lea and Hatch Acts, both anti-labor legislation. All of which proves the nine men of the Supreme Court try to maintain an unbiased attitude toward the problems brought before them, the better to dispense true justice. (The Judicial part of our Government remains a vitally important instrument in the interpretation of our own kind of democratic system.)



Retail credit is the new kind of economic

fire the nation interested itself in November 1. Government controls on retail credit died on that date, and liberated credit terms, leaning in the direction of getting more liberal as time goes by, were put into effect by the nation's merchants. Credit on automobiles will involve no more than 25% down with as long as two years to pay, in some markets. Most household appliances will require about 20%, with three years to pay. The government may reimpose controls if things get out of hand, but some believe that once the credit ball starts rolling it will be hard to stop.

The most elementary economic laws are based on the premise that in time of inflation the best measure is to take money out of circulation. Economists recommend such measures as enforced savings, higher taxes, and other stringent measures to keep the amount of money in circulation down to the barest minimum. Economic facts are being ignored for temporary financial gain. Senator Taft has gone all out to back those policies directed toward increasing the supply of money in circulation by throwing his support behind bills reducing income and corporate tax rates. The more money in circulation, the higher prices go. This is the vicious circle of our present economy.



In domestic issues, the Government's bureaucratic right hand displays evidence of not knowing what the bureaucratic left hand is doing. This is best illustrated by a recent story from Washington. What with the return of a more plentiful supply of sugar, the moonshiners are hard at it again. As a result, the United States Revenue Bureau is very much on the alert to catch those individuals who brew their own. On the other hand, another government bureau, whose duty it is to dispose of war surplus items, recently put on the market a large number of stills used during the war for the distillation of drinking water. This government agency in its advertising made it very clear that these stills were ideally suited for the distilling of corn mash. Further, "They do not even smoke," says the government, the better to prevent detection by another government agency, no doubt.

Recently I talked to a well-known musical figure who has most unusual ideas, Stan Kenton. Stan, who is no newcomer to anyone who follows popular music, had a stroke of bad luck a short time ago—his health went back on him. When a fellow finds that he can't take the strenuous life of a band-leader, he might take up wood-carving or ceramics, but not Stan! After recovering from a nervous breakdown, he has come bouncing back, stronger than ever. Stan believes that, since the war, the public has craved a new type of music — a new rhythm which he calls "progressive jazz." The key to this new music, as Stan explains it, is in the rhythm section. Present there will be his regular star performer, Shelly Manne, plus two bongo drummers. Stan claims that the difficult part is to mesh the remainder of the band with the rhythm section. However, the Kenton crew is optimistic and will launch a series of concerts in Chicago and Eastern cities. Best of luck to you, Stan! Meantime, for a sneak preview of this new music, look for the name Stan Kenton on Capitol labels.

Platter Chatter

Another Kansas City musician makes good! Pianist-vocalist Jeannie Leitt, backed by the Billy Kyle Quartet, has cut four sides for Decca which will be out December 8. Listen especially for *Please Don't Play Number Six Tonight ('Cause Six Was Meant For Two)* and *You Know What You Got But You Don't Know What You're Gettin'*. The latter was written just for Jeannie . . . Louie Armstrong and his small jazz combo (Barney Bigard, "Big Sid" Catlett, and Jack Teagarden) will move into the Chicago Opera House and the Cleveland Auditorium for concert dates this month . . . Sammy Kaye is interested in buying into the Brooklyn Dodgers pro football team . . . Billy Eckstine, MGM recording star, has decided against reorganizing his band and will continue strictly as a singer . . . Undoubtedly setting a record for guest appearances, the Page Cavanaugh Trio is now busy making its fourth picture . . . Ted Weems' *Heartaches* has passed the three million mark. Decca's next reissue



with BOB KENNEDY

will be his eight-year-old platter, *There'll Be Some Changes Made* . . . After all the rumors to the contrary, Frank Sinatra will sing in *The Miracle Of The Bells* . . . Arthur Godfrey has made his record debut on Columbia . . . Watch for a new Count Basie album (Victor) which should be out soon . . . Johnny Moore's *Three Blazers* will start on a nation-wide tour early this month after waxing new sides for Exclusive . . . Myra Taylor, Kansas City sepia star, will leave soon for theatre appearances in Detroit . . . Mel Torme, Signature crooner, is losing his radio show . . . Sam Donahue and his young band have been booked for 38 leading college proms . . . Be-bopper Dizzy Gillespie has signed with Victor . . . Eddy Howard is trying to revive that old Gene Austin favorite, *My Blue Heaven* . . . Joshua Johnson has a terrific boogie album which will be released by Decca soon. Josh is currently appearing at the Broadway Interlude in Kansas City.

Highly Recommended

DECCA 24154—Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. *Ain'tcha Ever Comin' Back* plus *I Have But One Heart (O Marenariello)*. It's a question here which side is the "A" as both are plenty danceable and listenable. Both tunes are entering the hit parade list. On this platter you'll find the usual superb Cavallaro solos, plus smooth vocals by Bob Allen.

DECCA 25080—Russ Morgan and his orchestra. *Does Your Heart Beat For Me* and *So Long*. One from the "Collectors' Series" put out by Decca. Long associated with Russ Morgan and featuring the Morgan trio, *Does Your Heart Beat* is easily worth the pesos. The flip is another old favorite done up in true Morgan style. Your record library should have it.

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

VICTOR 20-2512—Tony Martin with Earle Hagen and his orchestra. *I'll Dance At Your Wedding* with *Carolina In The Morning*. The wedding tune gets its initial release in Tony's version, and it's full of bounce. The reverse, *Carolina*, should bring the tune back in the limelight. Here's a platter to please everyone!

VICTOR 20-2513—The Three Suns, with vocal refrain. *Sleepy Time Gal* and *That Old Gang Of Mine*. Here's that smooth trio with another fine disc. The same echo chamber effect of *Peg O' My Heart* is used on *Sleepy Time*, while the reverse has a barbershop quartette type vocal which gives it great nostalgic appeal. Easy listening!

*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.

COLUMBIA 37930—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *Peggy O'Neil* plus *I'll Hate Myself In The Morning*. *Peggy*, you'll remember, is the famous Irish lassie who's been sung about from year to year. Gregg Lawrence does the vo-

cals, backed by Carle's inimitable piano. Flip it over for a less romantic theme, which is nicely handled by Marj Hughes and Lawrence. Both sides make for fine entertainment.

COLUMBIA 37933—Les Brown and orchestra. *Dardanella* and *After You*. The first is a famous old song, and Les gives it rich orchestral arrangement a la medium tempo. You'll enjoy the fine alto sax work on this side. The reverse is a lovely ballad sung by Eileen Wilson, who achieves an unusual tonal effect by humming an obligato to the soprano sax. Les Brown fans won't be disappointed with this new release.

*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.

MGM 10086—Raymond Scott and his orchestra. *Mountain High*, *Valley Low* plus *Two Guitars*. Scott again proves he is number one interpreter of modern music. The first side is an oriental number from the hit stage production *Lute Song*, and is perfect for Scott's special blend of music. The reverse is in faster tempo. It has long been famous as a Russian folk song, but with the Scott treatment, it's Russian music with a St. Louis beat.

CAPITOL 15008—Benny Goodman Sextet. *Nagasaki* and *Gonna Get A Girl*. Appearing with the maestro are Red Norvo, Mel Powell, Tommy Romersa, Joe Mandragon, and Al Hendrickson, all stars. The tunes are both oldies, but with the Goodman method of handling, they're shiny as a new dime.

▲
A small boy was trying to save all his pennies to buy a baseball bat, but it was a hard task. One night his mother heard him praying fervently, "Lord, please help me save my money for a bat, and Lord, don't let the ice cream man come down this street."

▲
A nice old lady smiled at the little girl who had been left in charge of the cake shop.

"Don't you sometimes feel tempted to eat one of the cream puffs, my dear?"

The child was shocked. "Of course not," she replied. "That would be stealing. I only lick them."

▲
A Negro lad, going through a cemetery, read the inscription on a tombstone, "Not dead, but sleeping." He scratched his head, then slowly drawled, "He sho' ain't foolin' nobody but hisself!"

New York Theatre

Plays . . .

★ **ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.** (Martin Beck). A Katharine Cornell production starring Miss Cornell supported by Godfrey Tearle, Kent Smith and Lenore Ulric. Guthrie McClintic directed. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:15.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). Still drawing loud huzzahs of acclaim is this engaging and wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. As ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas are unbeatable. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Handsome Jean Parker competently assists Bert Lahr in getting the most out of this hit revived from the twenties. "The most" includes tears as well as bellylaughs. There's no business like show business. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3.

★ **COMMAND DECISION.** (Fulton). A forceful, expert drama by William Wister Haines about the AAF in England and over Europe. So far, the best theatre fare to come out of World War II. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath and Edmond Ryan. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE DRUID CIRCLE.** (Morosco). Leo G. Carroll, Boyd Crawford and Neva Patterson head the superb cast in this intensely dramatic but weakly motivated new play by John Van Druten. The story concerns young love and bitter, middle-aged frustration in a provincial English university, and comes close to discouraging higher education — at least in Britain. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.



★ **THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** (Shubert). Modern treatment of a dated plot. The play is a revival of St. John Ervine's 1929 comedy of manners revolving around divorce. Polished dialogue by Mr. Ervine, and distinguished performances by Jane Cowl and Henry Daniell combine to produce an evening of pleasant entertainment. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **FOR LOVE OR MONEY.** (Henry Miller). A highly unbelievable and only occasionally funny comedy by F. Hugh Herbert. Almost knee-deep in double entendre are John Loder, Vicki Cummings and a pretty little girl named June Lockhart. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). Anita Loos comedy notable for one thing: Helen Hayes. The story concerns a librarian of the standard, inconspicuous type who gets crooked to the ears one rainy afternoon. It proves, if anything, the efficacy of a few Pink Ladies in revealing unsuspected depths of character. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Charming as ever are Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and their pooka friend, Harvey. Here is whimsy that doesn't misfire, a rare and precious thing. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE HEIRESS.** (Biltmore). Wendy Hiller in a distinguished and penetrating performance that is beautifully supported by Basil Rathbone and several other gifted actors. The play is a Ruth and Augustus Goetz adaptation of *Washington Square*, by Henry James, and is admirably directed by Jed Harris. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **AN INSPECTOR CALLS.** (Booth). For two and a half acts, a very fine play. Then comes a confusing denouement, a trick ending, and the urge to stand up and shout "What the hell is going on?" With Thomas Mitchell, Melville Cooper and John Buckmaster. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). As a rather special favor, an engaged soldier marries the girl of his buddy. That's the sort of situation that can get complicated, and it does in this slightly hysterical bromide with Loring Smith, Nina Foch and William Prince. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MAN AND SUPERMAN.** (Alvin). It is Maurice Evans all the way, playing the lead in the GBS comedy which he has revived, produced and directed with his usual skillful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MEDEA.** (National). The Euripides' tragedy, as adapted by Robinson Jeffers and produced by John Gielgud. There are outstanding performances by Mr. Gielgud, Florence Reed and — especially — Judith Anderson. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Hudson). Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French stay on in the cast of three, and Harvey Stephens steps into the sergeant's role as naturally as if he had been born with three stripes on him. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **THE WINSLOW BOY.** (Empire). Alan Webb, Madge Compton, Valerie White and Michael Newell in Terence Rattigan's intelligent, eloquent and moving drama about a middle-class English family attempting to clear its son of a petty thievery charge. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Cort). Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan and Bill Talman in what may well be the dullest play still running. It's about children at a summer camp. Summer, of course, is gone. It should happen to this. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ **ALLEGRO.** (Majestic). An involved and probably over-ambitious offering by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Critical opinion is divided, but it is unlikely that the "long run boys" will improve either their purses or reputations with this one. With John Conte and Annamary Dickey. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial) Ethel Merman in the title role of the rootin', tootin' and shootin' Irving Berlin musical which has a book and lyrics by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. It couldn't possibly be finer. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). A dancing, singing musical with not much humor but plenty of warmth and color. David Brooks and Pamela Britton do handsomely. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (Plymouth). An outstanding revue written, scored, produced, directed and played by ex-GI's and a few feminine overseas entertainers. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **EDITH PIAF AND CONTINENTAL REVUE.** (Playhouse). "Les Compagnons de la Chanson," a number of young men given to broad burlesques of the Don Cossack Chorus and the Hour of Charm, are the unquestionable standouts of this evening of vaudeville. Edith Piaf is probably fine, too, but — unless you understand French perfectly — not recommended. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). A leprechaun lands in Dixie, and what follows is pretty gay fantasy involving songs, dances, Dorothy Claire, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HIGH BUTTON SHOES.** (Century). Phil Silvers and lovely Nanette Fabray in a new show directed by George Abbott. The book is by Stephen Longstreet, music and lyrics by Jule Styne and Sammy Cahn. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MUSIC IN MY HEART.** (Adelphi). A mercifully mediocre bit, helped but unsaved by the music of Tschaikowsky. With Charles Fredericks, Vivienne Segal and Martha Wright. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). *Green Grow the Lilacs* set to music. And what music! Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.



NEW YORK THEATRE

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....	CI 6-5969	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	CI 6-6699	E
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	CI 5-4289	E
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	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
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....	CI 5-5200	
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W



NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

By KAY AND JIMMIE BERSTON

★ **AL SCHACHT'S.** "Take me out to the ball game" is a feeling adequately described by the cute baseball decor—albeit a little out of season. Marvelous steaks and chops and not too expensive. Entrees from a buck seventy-five. 137 E. 52nd. PL 9-4753.

★ **BAL TABARIN.** Very informal and loads of fun here at this Parisian spot. Lou Harold's orchestra with the Montemartre Girls and a host of others. Late show at 1:30. 225 W. 46th. CI 6-0949.

★ **BARNEY GALLANT'S.** Barney has about as varied a stock of spirits as you'll find anywhere—all excellent, too. There's a palmist and quiet piano and accordion music in the background. 86 University Place. GR 3-0209.

★ **BRASS RAIL.** A veritable landmark in the Broadway district with huge helpings of inexpensive chow. Very hospitable place and the codfish balls and lemon tarts to be had on Friday are scrumptuous. The hot pastrami and cheesecake may likewise be unequivocally recommended. 745 7th Avenue. CO 5-3515.

★ **CARNIVAL.** Ray Bolger is the feature, and his rubber-legged interpretations of the dance will hold you spellbound. There's Beatrice Kraft and a very gay show. Minimum \$3.50 per show. 8th Avenue at 51st. CI 6-4122.

★ **CERUTTI.** An Italian place with a marvelous table d'hote menu, quite reasonably priced. Very clever music from two pianos by Carter and Bowie. 643 Madison. EL 5-4194.

★ **CHATHAM.** The Chatham Room boasts savory French cuisine with luncheon snacks from \$1.50. You'll find writers and arteests at the Tudor Grille. Vanderbilt at 48th. VO 5-5400.

★ **ELIZABETH NORMAN.** Just like Merrie Ole England, with a fine chophouse menu. The home-baked pies and cakes are delicious. Open on Sundays. A fine place for private parties. 1043 Madison. RE 4-9622.

★ **GARRISON'S.** The air wave kids are always on hand here and if you'd like to see what that nice-sounding announcer looks like, why come on over. Piano music to soothe the jangled nerves of the radio celebs. Good food; bar and cocktail lounge. 122 W. 50th. CI 7-8862.

★ **HEADQUARTERS.** Did you see the SEP photo of John and Marty hanging a big "Ike for President" sign above their marquee? These chaps were the General's former chefs and are his most ardent supporters. Headquarters' food is hearty, well-prepared and easy on the wallet. 108 W. 49th. CI 5-4790.

★ **HUTTON'S.** Attractive, plushy dining room with a beautiful bar. Charcoal broiler steaks that make you wish you were back on the range. Bring an Englishman here and make him jealous! Lexington Avenue and 47th. PL 8-0354.

★ **RUBY FOO'S.** Ding ho! And all that sort of stuff. Delicious Chinese provincial food in a very swanky place. Open from noon until 3 a.m. 240 W. 52nd. CO 5-0705.

★ **JOE KING'S FRATERNITY HOUSE.** Filled to the proverbial rafters with Joe collegiates, artists, writers and their hanger-on friends. A Continental menu with delicious sauerbraten. Nice bar. 190 3rd Avenue. ST 9-9603.

★ **LE BEAUJOLAIS.** Charming decor in this small French restaurant serving excellent meals. Certainly not too expensive considering the marvelous service. Wonderful mussels *martiniere* and tripe *a la mode de Caen!* 17 E. 60th. RH 4-9459.

★ **LEON & EDDIE'S.** A whole night club full of beautiful femmes in a gay show starring the incomparable Eddie Davis. Food very good. Celebs on Sunday after midnight. 33 W. 52nd. EL 5-9414.

★ **MOM'S IN THE KITCHEN.** A quaint title for a very quaint and cute little place. No liquor allowed but you forget the appetizer when you smell the aroma of good old home-cooked food. Imagine a tasty dinner for only 85c. 47 W. 55th. CI 7-9544.

★ **PADDY'S CLAM HOUSE.** Full of sea atmosphere and a place to warm the cockles of a man's heart. A sea food bar for those who really want it in a rush. Succulent lobster. 214 W. 34th. CH 4-9123.

★ **PLAZA.** Marge and Gower Champion, and Liberace the pianist in the Persian Room with Phil Regan's orchestra. Leo Lefleur's orchestra at luncheon. Tea and cocktails in the Palm Lounge daily from 4:30 to 7:30. Dancing in the Rendezvous with cover after 10. Buffet lunch at the Oak Bar and luncheon, dinner and supper in the Oak Room . . . men only to 3 p.m. 5th Avenue at 59th. PL 3-1740.

★ **SUSAN PALMER.** Very nice cocktail lounge and bar and super grade A steaks and chops. There's a seafood bar down a flight of stairs serving yummy soft shell crabs and clams on the half shell. Also oyster and clam stews. 4 W. 49th Street. CI 5-6770.



Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN



Make no mistake about it. The gal who qualifies as an airline stewardess these days has a number of qualities that shrink the heroic proportions of the pioneer woman down to natural size. True, she isn't called upon to fight off the Indians, but there can be other perils between Chicago and L. A. The wolf menace, for instance.

Some of the girls who fly for TWA and American, and who live in what has become almost a dormitory for airline personnel, the Cornell Towers, have made an interesting compilation of the "lines" dangled at them by the more amorous male passengers. If ever published, it should become a best-seller. It would certainly make a lot of well-shaven faces red.

The gals certainly don't have the idea that their job is heroic — or even glamorous. They're mostly concerned with getting 50-odd passengers across the country in practically nothing flat — feeding them, flattering them, and leaving them dazed but cheerful on the ramp at the other end of the flight.

The stewardesses usually limp off the plane dog-tired at the end of a run. They claim that their occupational disease is the "charley-horse," acquired by charging up and down the aisle while loaded down like pack mules.



The name of Patric Krueger must be added to the list of Chicago gals who are going places. Miss Krueger is not only young and beautiful but also extremely talented as a designer — which is somewhat overwhelming. She specializes in creating suede clothes, which she recommends for softer, more feminine fashions. In a few short months she has attracted the attention of the Chicago dress mar-



THERE is a natural hazard coiled around downtown Chicago which is unhappily familiar to most of the population. It's called the Chicago River. It flows backward, and is contrary in a number of other ways.

Take, for example, the plight of the poor radio announcer, already late for a broadcast. With less than five minutes until air time, he arrives panting at the Michigan Bridge — which happens to be up. No broadcast!

The skippers of lake boats using the Chicago River seem to wait fiendishly until they can block the most traffic before blowing their whistles to raise the first jack-knife bridge. Two of the worst offenders are the captains of a couple of old tubs called the Rockwood and the Gilbert. The two boats are unglamorous work-horses, both being what are known as sand-suckers. They gather up a couple of thousand dollars worth of sand and waddle back into port at least once a day — thus causing the Loop bridges to be raised often and for long periods of time. One harried radio character, often caught between the Loop and the network studios on the north bank of the river, even considered starting a water taxi service.

Of course, there's always the sane thing to do — allow an extra ten or fifteen minutes for bridge and traffic delays, but after all that's asking too much of the radio crowd. The gang is too busy worrying about where their next spot announcement is coming from.

ket. When she isn't busy designing or whipping a few little numbers out of a bolt of suede, she makes guest appearances on the radio and does a little modeling on the side — just to keep her hand in. This amazing maiden financed her way through the American Academy of Fine Arts and an assortment of other schools by modeling.

• • •

We move on now to another success story — the recent appearance of the San Carlo Grand Opera Company in Chicago's Civic Opera House. The amazing thing about it all is that only a year ago the finances of the now defunct Chicago Opera Company were a deeper red than a brakeman's lantern. When the men who rule opera in Chicago announced that, alas, there could be no opera this year, San Carlo jumped into town with a highly profitable three week season made up of all the tried and true operatic standbys.



San Carlo cleaned up in the very same theatre where for years opera has been an overly-expensive plaything of the rich. No one seems to know quite what the answer is, but perhaps a happy medium can be struck between San Carlo's competent and successful road-company opera and the costly, deficit-ridden performances of the Chicago Opera Company.

San Carlo used a company of adequate, if unremarkable, singers, plus a padding of a few medium-priced names like Martinelli. But for almost the first time in the history of opera in Chicago, the chorus actually acted and sang as though they knew what the plot was all about. During other years, members of the chorus conducted themselves like a bunch of guys named Joe, expecting to be picked up on vagrancy charges at any moment.

• • •

Spike Jones has loosed something called "The Musical Depreciation Revue" at the Studebaker. Now, at long last, we in Chicago know what happened to vaudeville.

There's one very excellent thing about the Jones invasion, however. Spike does his radio show in Chicago now, and Dorothy Shay, the Park Avenue Hillbilly, is part of the show.

• • •

We saw Mr. Petrillo ducking out of a restaurant the other day. He seemed to have a worried look on his face. Maybe somebody told him that the radio is here to stay.

▲

Showers of Blood

SUPERSTITIOUS 18th Century France was locally and periodically terrified by "Showers of Blood" which left walls of buildings splashed with drops of red. These were regarded as an evil omen, and were responsible for extensive mass hysteria.

Upon scientific investigation, they were shown to be due to the simultaneous emergence of dozens or even hundreds of Tortoise-shell butterflies. Unnoticed, the cocoons incubated while attached to the walls. When this species of butterfly emerges, it clings to the cocoon while its wings are unfolded and dried. During this process it ejects several drops of blood-red fluid. Because of the former prevalence of the Tortoise-shell butterfly, the walls looked as if they had been splashed with blood.—*Dorothy Tooker.*

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL



by MARION ODMARK

Richer Life

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Matching the magnificence of this room in showfare is no trouble for impresario Dorothy Dorben with dancing beauties, name acts and a band favorite like Orrin Tucker.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Not the flash showcase, as its sister Pump Room, but a charming rendezvous with good food, small but able dance bands, and a pretty, young clientele.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan Avenue at Walton (Sup. 2200). The last word in social elegance, backed up by quality food and wine delights, dancing to Bob McGrew's orchestra.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Every production here is bountiful in entertainment, holiday *joie de vivre*, and the trimmings of Hilton service.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Except for morning hours, dancing is a 'round the clock pastime here: rumba bands for matinee, hit paraders for evening.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Winter wonderland in setting, this room is a spell-binding combination of good music, shows and food and drink necessities.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). Here the bluebloods parade — and celebrities, too. They practically steal show honors from the society band and the single act.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Sheraton Hotel (formerly Continental), 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Beige and muted colors and some new twists in designing flatter the diner, dancer, or the lounge lizard.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). This is the room that rated a three-part serial in *Saturday Evening Post*, if you need reminding of its celebrity significance.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Old-time faithfulness to food and service, but the modern approach in dancing fare and entertainment.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 East Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Very Russian, very dramatic and as good a stimulus to the palate as to romance. Gypsy tunes by George Scherban's ensemble are definitely tops.

Laughs and Specialties

Best bet for big night club shows is **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) with a policy that covers a Broadway name, one worthwhile featured act, two lesser entertainers, a line of dancing girls and a good dance band . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), runs a not too close second in the same format . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), has gone in for the all-girl revue on a lavish scale.

More for Music

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Reliable dance bands have been the policy here for the past 25 years.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Best in the market of modern music-makers, with sometimes a featured vocalist who is on the way up.

View in the Room

Tropics transplanted at **DON THE BEACH-COMBER**, 101 E. Walton Place . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State . . . **BAMBOO ROOM**, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West.

Eerie and Old English background at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark . . . French Victorian at **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario . . . Bavarian beauty at **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph.

Choice in Cuisine

French bill of fare at **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan, and **CAFE DE PARIS**, 1260 N. Dearborn . . . Italian-style vitamins at **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State . . . Hungarian feasting at **BLUE DANUBE CAFE**, 500 W. North Avenue . . . Barbecued delicacies at **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush . . . Seafoods at **CAPE COD ROOM**, Drake Hotel, and **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark . . . Smorgasbord at **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush . . . Chinese mixtures at **HOUSE OF ENG**, 110 E. Walton Place . . . Typical American steaks at the **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush.

Theatre

★ **ERLANGER**—All My Sons, Arthur Miller's commendable drama with Beth Merrill and Sidney Blackmer the starring protagonists.

★ **SHUBERT**—Annie Get Your Gun, smash musical success with Irving Berlin's tunes and winsome Mary Martin.

★ **HARRIS**—Private Lives, Noel Coward's urbane *tete-a-tete* with Tallulah Bankhead and Donald Cook battling for honors. For other possible attractions in the December running, check with local newspapers or *This Week in Chicago*, free publication available at all hotels.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL



The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ **BRETTON'S.** Max Bretton keeps busy hopping back and forth from Kansas City to St. Louis since opening his new place in the Lindy City. But the hired hands at the Baltimore address have learned their lessons well and the only thing you miss is Max's friendly greeting. Even the steaks have a Continental savor. Hotel Kings Way in St. Louis and 1215 Baltimore in Kansas City. HA 5773.

★ **ADRIAN'S.** Adrian Hooper brings many years of experience in preparing fine food to the Mart Cafe and Cocktail Lounge. If you don't find Mart building inhabitants in their glass enclosed cubicles you're sure to find them down in the Mart Cafe. Adrian is featuring complete dinners with chicken and steak. Two free parking lots on Grand just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Amiable Jerry meets, greets and seats you, and chef Fanny Anderson treats you. A terrific combination, especially if Fanny's roast beef is prefaced by one of Jim Pusateri's very dry Martini's. The nicest way we know to spend a Friday afternoon is to go over to Pusateri's at lunch time and just stay there! 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** The waiters at the Savoy are as much a Kansas City landmark as the Savoy itself. These beaming, white-jacketed butlers are all running Methuselah a close race. But they're still courteous and spry and they serve your food and drink in the finest tradition. The lobster is perfect, but if you're not that hungry, try the fillet of sole or red snapper. A glance at the polite, well-dressed patrons assures the newcomer that the Savoy enjoys the finest possible reputation. If you don't believe it, ask your great, great grandfather! 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Be sure that your stomach's as big as your eyes, because everything looks so delectable you're liable to overload the tray. The Bluebird is air conditioned the year around, and "Pop" Wormington spares no effort in seeing that this attractively decorated place remains as clean and sanitary as your own home. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ **PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE.** Patsy and Lou Ventola, ably assisted by Vince White, have done a grand job with the Chophouse. If you want a taste thrill supreme, just order that chicken tetrazini! Whatta dish! Lou has still to forget a name after hearing it just once, and the whole place is as friendly as Lou is. Do come down! East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** Among the many gastronomic treats in store for you at the 210 are Colorado rainbow trout, air expressed in every other day, and succulent Maine lobster! The steak is the finest to be had in the Midwest, and what's more, complete dinners begin as low as two dollars. The Victorian Lounge in this chic, New Orleans style paradise is completely reserved at luncheon time for private parties . . . but call in your reservations a day ahead! Suave entertainment is furnished by Henry O'Neill on the piano and Dorothy Hacker at the organ. The glass be-muralled bar is a gorgeous sight and somehow the drinks take on a delightful Southern flavor. Owner Putsch has a real showplace and he's to be congratulated for a fine job of management. Drop in at the cafeteria on the Wyandotte side on maid's night out. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ **CABANA.** The Cabana's drinks and noontday luncheons are a real attraction, but so is pert and pretty Alberta Bird, WHB's staff organist. Alberta's superb musicianship and smooth stylings make her one of the Midwest's outstanding entertainers. The room bustles with Latins dressed in glittering uniforms, but they never spill a drink! Cozy. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore, GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** A South-of-the-Borderish hide-away just downstairs from glamorous El Casbah. Gay and bright with JB music and no tax. The college set can always be seen here on the weekends, snatching a pleasant evening away from the rigors and pitfalls of the campus. Hotel Bellevue, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Give a frill a thrill! Take your lady love to the Omar's lush, plush surroundings. Or if you're a rugged he-man trying to get away from it all, sit at the circular bar where the girls aren't allowed. There are comfortable leather seats surrounding the bar, and a deck up you'll find tables for two, three—or, make it a party! Charlie Gray does extraordinary things to the piano. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** If they ever start a Baltimore social register, they'll find plenty of prospects draped suavely over the bar sipping "Scotch ands" in regal fashion. The "elite of the street" (and we do mean Baltimore) have made the Rendezvous their favorite lair. If you're planning to swing a hundred thousand dollar deal over a drink, do it here and your business etiquette will be impeccable. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** It could be Trader Vic's in Honolulu with no stretch of the imagination. South

Sea murals are periodically drenched in a cloud-burst—with lightning, thunder and all. The drinks are good and the tropical concoctions are smooth, smooth, slick, slick. Hammond music in the background and a sophisticated clientele. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore, GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. Piano music and sometimes a song or two. There's a minute bar presided over by gentlemen in white jackets who know how to mix drinks . . . a rarity these days. Seats as comfy as the davenport in your living room. If you don't have a living room that's all the more reason for trying the Zephyr. A step away from El Casbah if you care to trip a trot. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. On the Country Club Plaza, you could land on the roof of this popular south-side restaurant and bar if you jumped from the top of Sears' new building. But why not go in the door with all the college kids and their moms and pops who come to sit on the sidelines and watch them cavort? If you like to sing and are over 50, there's still fun for you because the kids will be most happy to have you join in their songs. The man at the piano-solovox knows all the oldies and will gladly accompany any barbershop quartet. Fine steak . . . drinks are very, very strong. 614 W. 48th. LO 3393.

★ TOWN ROYALE. Downtown sister of the Plaza Royale. A mite more quiet and dignified, but boasting the same good food and drinks. Just the place for a lonely guy to spend an evening of fun. Music by Muzak. 1119 Baltimore. VI 7167.

Good Taste . . .

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. Frank's downtown place is completely remodeled since the unfortunate fire of several weeks ago. An attractive and useful addition has been made. Frank now offers complete fountain service and those white collar guys and gals who are too busy to settle down to a nice luncheon can grab a sandwich and malt on the run. The Brush Creek place is still serving delicious fried chicken and is one of the very few fried chicken establishments in Kansas City that stays open the year around. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Filled with busy people, this cheery place puts you in the mood to go back to the office and tackle that pile of correspondence you've been dreading. Latest hit tunes by remote and by Alberta from the Cabana, and latest news by mimeo and by your plate. Just look like you're in a hurry and the waitress will come a-runnin'. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Joe Gilbert stands at the service window where chefs push the food through to the waitresses. He has a little control panel dotted with switches. These light multi-colored bulbs off to one side. A very complicated procedure, but the waitresses all seem to know what the pitch is, and when a certain combination of lights flashes on, you'll see one of them tear over to the window. Joe gives each plate his personal attention—even to the proper placement of a sprig of parsley. We let our excellent food grow cold the other night watching the deal. Good food,

good service and 24 hours a day. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. Scarritt people don't even have to venture out of the building on these cold blustery days . . . they just take the elevator down to the annex. Not only does Mr. Glenn serve the finest oyster stew in town, but the thing we particularly like is the spotless, sanitary condition of the place. You watch your stew or chowder being prepared before your very eyes and the utensils and soup bowls are absolutely immaculate. Oh! That lemon pie! Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Very excellent hotel food served with dispatch. Paneled walls add to the atmosphere and the big leather seats and wide counter are real luxuries. Just the place to browse through your morning paper. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ UNITY INN. A unique and excellent eating place, surprisingly inexpensive. Meatless meals are almost miraculously prepared with the emphasis on tasty salads and incomparable pastries. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheons and dinners. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

Playhouses . . .

★ THE PEANUT. Draught and bottled beer kept cold and served properly! The bartender has a little black mustache that deserves mention 'cause it's always so trim. Owner Louis Stone has a host of friends in Southtown who have been patronizing the place for 15 years. Try his delicious barbecue, or have wifey stop by with the ribs she just bought at the grocery, and Louis will have them barbecued by that out-of-this-world chef of his. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. Pinky pachys above the bar really look like they're dancing when the shadows from the old time movies thrown against one wall fall upon them. A diminutive spot and as friendly as a cocker puppy. The room size belies the drinks, because—as we've often said before—they're man-sized, brother! If you're staying at Frank Logan's State Hotel you'll certainly be in the vicinity of the Pink Elephant! A keen little place. Hotel State, between Wyandotte and Baltimore on 12th. GR 5310.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Joshua Johnson is king of the keys here—and for that matter, any



place else in town you might name! He plays a rooty tooty boogy with a reat pleat that can't be beat. Dale Overfelt can provide delicious steak and chicken for your stomach's delight while Josh takes care of that blue mood. And when you get thirsty on Sunday, don't despair—hie out to Broadway and down a couple after midnight so you can face that horrid old desk come Monday morn. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **DUFFY'S TAVERN.** Joe Hamm has a nice barbecue pit but he'd much rather sing you a song. The place is noisy, a little untidy and barrels of fun. Little Buck will sing for your supper or his—either way you want it. Two or three fellows mix drinks and break glasses behind the bar. There's a nostalgic quality about the songsters as they swing into old favorites from time to time. A hilarious evening and easy on the purse. 218 W. 12th. GR 8964.

★ **MARY'S.** Name bands are a regular feature here. Claude Thornhill and others of his class often stop for a night or two on their way across the country. This newly decorated dance mecca is now inside the city limits and observes the closing laws. But that doesn't mean you can't have plenty of fun before one-thirty. Try the clever Alibi cocktail lounge. 8013 Wornall Road. JA 9441.

Drive-Ins . . .

★ **ALLEN'S DRIVE-INS.** Young and old, makes no difference—the hickory-smoked barbecued ribs at Allen's are absolutely terrific. They're cooked to perfection and they're topped with that wonderful barbecue sauce. Mmmmmmm! And we always order a dish of ice cream to top off our barbecued ham or beef. Flip your lights for outdoor service—or sit in a nice leather booth in air conditioned comfort if you prefer. 63rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas. AT 4528 or JA 9534.

★ **NU-WAYS.** During these times of rising prices, C. L. Duncan has been doing a grand job of hold-

ing the line. His soft drinks and delicious sandwiches are as reasonable as ever. And they're doggoned good, to boot! The car hops are as perky and pretty as KC lasses should be and they are always Jonathan on the spot. A fine place for after the theatre—before, too! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** This famous supper club has offered the musical wares of many nationally known dance bands. Wayne Muir and his versatile, two-piano orchestra is the current attraction and has been since 'way last spring. Kansas Citians keep flocking to hear this outstanding band, and there's no doubt that the boys are on their way to the tip-top. An entertaining floor show and never a cover or minimum. The outstanding culinary treat is the Flaming Sword Dinner. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Kansas Citians call it "Dee Peterson's Place," because the tow-headed boy has had such a long, successful engagement there. Host Johnny Franklin is Johnny-on-the-spot as you enter the door and he'll take care of you first rate. The Mansion is the perfect place for the perfect evening. Excellent food. 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Just inside the door that's highlighted with a big, red drum you'll find a circular bar inhabited by two cylindrical barmen who know the tricks of the mix. Down a stumble or two is the Drum Room proper which is always pleasantly saturated with good music. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** December musical attraction at the Grill is Billy Bishop and his "Music from Mayfair." Billy has had many successful engagements at the world famous Mayfair in London, and also at the Savoy. Sophisticated, aristocratic and beautifully decorated. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

Geomancy

A SPECIAL profession known as geomancy has been the main reason why Koreans have not taken full advantage of the mining possibilities in the rugged hills and mountains of their country.

The selection of a proper grave for the deceased is in the hands of the geomancers. Because the graves are considered sacred, and because most of them are high in the hills, little mining could be done. The Korean landowners did not want to disturb the quiet of the graves and annoy the spirits of their forefathers.

Much thought is given to the selection of the proper place for burial, and a Korean will spend a large sum of money to hire geomancers to aid him in making this selection.

The mourning color of Korea is white, and the mourning period for a son is three years. It has been suggested that Koreans always wear white because of these long mourning periods. They last so long that the end of one period usually runs into another just starting.

But since 1933 things have changed and geomancy is having an increasingly tough time of it. Koreans have started to mine in the hills and mountains. The fever for gold has slowly grown stronger than the fear of the spirits who protect the graves of their forefathers.—*Fred Fritch.*

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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