JANUARY 1948 25¢

Swing

WHB NEWSREEL

1. At a French aid dance, Dr. Clarence Decker, president of the University of Kansas City, speaks to students and WHB listeners on the needs of France.

2. Joe Kuhel, former Kansas City Blues first baseman and now manager of the Washington Senators, following an address over WHB in Kansas City.

3. Paramount star Virginia Mayo smiles for a Swing photographer.

4. Wally Forsberg, co-coach of the 1947 Kansas All-Star team, holds his head on the eve of the Mo-Kan Bowl game.

foreword

THE one thousand, nine hundred and forty-eighth New Year having come and gone, January settles down all over, bringing summer to Argentine and deep winter to our neighborhood. In Kansas City January brings another thing, by special delivery to you—and that's where WHB comes in, on airwaves, at 710 on your dial, reminding you that WHB, your Mutual friend, is keeping all its resolutions, New Year's and otherwise.

In 1948 and thereafter, WHB resolves: to be radio at its best, to bring you the best entertainment. This year WHB can carry out its resolutions better than ever before—for WHB's time is full time and all its time is your time.

In other words, WHB has night time, as well as day time, and that's a special New Year's gift to you—a full time schedule of programs, sunrise to midnight, bringing you all that's listenable and entertaining.

WHB resolves: to keep you up to date on who has split the latest atom, uncovered uranium in his own back yard, or killed Cock Robin; on who does what when Russia says yes; on which soap is best for life, and what happened when Mr. Bach or Hoagy Carmichael had a creative morning.

This year, beginning its second quarter-century, WHB broadcasts with increased power—10,000 watts day and 5,000 watts night! That is one reason folks are saying: "More power to you, WHB.".

Ring out the old—880! Ring in the new—710! That's where you'll find WHB on the dial, and—like the sun in the morning and the moon at night—WHB will be around to brighten your life. You may depend on it, rain or shine, day and night. And if you like WHB—remember, it's Mutual!

Jetta

Swing©

January, 1948 • Vol. 4 • No. 1

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Back Cover: Courtesy Union Pacific Railroad.

JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

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

Loan Exhibitions: Ohio Water-colours. Also on exhibition, paintings by Charles P. Gruppe.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Torso of Archibeios" in gray granite. Egyptian (Ptolemaic - Roman), Ca. 100 B. C.

Motion Pictures: Fox - Midwest Theaters, Incorporated, series continues. Admission free.

Jan. 9, "Wedding of Palo," evening.

Jan. 11, "Wedding of Palo," afternoon.

Jan. 23, "Don Quixote," evening.

Jan. 25, "Don Quixote," afternoon.

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

Jan. 7, "Florentine Painters of Full Renaissance."

Jan. 14, "Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo."

Jan. 21, "The Umbrian School."

Jan. 28, "The Florentine Mannerists."

Concerts: Fred Dufflemeyer, pianist, will appear in recital Friday evening, Jan. 30.

Special Events . . .

Jan. 5, "Hawaiian Paradise," travelogue by Colonel John D. Craig, 4 p.m. and 8:15 p.m., Little Theatre.

Jan. 11, KIBS Sisterhood Benefit, Music Hall.

Jan. 15, National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis March of Dimes Benefit, Arena.

Jan. 19, "Sunny South Africa," travel-lecture by Paul Wickman, 4 p.m. and 8:15 p.m., Little Theatre.

Jan. 26, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, "Mastering the Machine Age," Little Theatre.

Music . . .

(Music Hall)

Jan. 4, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Jan. 6, Menahem Pressler, pianist, and Joseph Fuchs, violinist, in joint concert.

Jan. 12, Jan Peerce, tenor.

Jan. 13-14, Artur Rubenstein, pianist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Jan. 18, Philharmonic Pop Concert.

Jan. 19, Philharmonic Matinee concert for Parochial School Pupils.

Jan. 20, Firkusny, pianist.

Jan. 27-28, Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, in concert with Philharmonic.

Basketball . . .

Jan. 9, High School Basketball, Arena.

Jan. 13-14, Southwest Missouri State College vs. Washburn; Missouri Valley vs. Ottawa, Arena.

Jan. 16-17, High School Basketball, Arena.

Jan. 24, High School Basketball, Arena.

Wrestling . . .

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

Jan. 6, Professional wrestling, Arena.

Dancing . . .

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

Jan. 3, Elliot Lawrence.

Jan. 31, Sam Donahue.

Conventions . . .

Jan. 5-6, International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Field Representatives, Hotel Continental.

Jan. 6-7, Western Association of Nurserymen, Hotel Muehlebach.

Jan. 8-9, Kansas Contractors Association, Hotel President.

Jan. 8-9, Missouri State Service Officers, Hotel Phillips.

Jan. 11-13, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.

Jan. 12-16, American National Red Cross, Hotel Continental.

Jan. 15-16, Missouri Ice Manufacturers' Association, Hotel Phillips.

Jan. 18-20, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotel Muehlebach.

Jan. 20-22, Western Retail Implement & Hardware Association and Show, Auditorium.

Jan. 24-25, Missouri Junior Chamber of Commerce, Board meeting, Hotel President.

Jan. 28-30, Southwestern Lumbermen's Association, Auditorium.

Ice Hockey . . .

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

Jan. 1, Minneapolis.

Jan. 4, Omaha.

Jan. 7, St. Paul.

Jan. 18, Minneapolis.

Jan. 25, Fort Worth

Jan. 28, Houston.

Boxing . . .

Jan. 5, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Jan. 12, Amateur boxing, Arena.

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1102 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. 'Phone Harrison 1161. 247 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York. 'Phone Plaza 3-9327. 333 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois. 'Phone Central 7980. Price 25c in United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, $3 a year; everywhere else, $4. Copyright 1947 by WHB Broadcasting Co.

WHY RUSSIA FEARS UNCLE SAM!

A leading aviation authority reveals the real secret of America's military strength.

by GILL ROBB WILSON

AND now comes Mr. Molotov rattling his saber and oratorically thumping his chest to celebrate 30 years of Soviet revolution. Mr. Molotov apparently has learned nothing in those 30 years. He threatens all whom he cannot convert. He frankly tells the world that the policy which the Bolsheviks have employed inside Russia is to be the policy which communism intends to employ outside Russia. The world is thus fairly warned as regards its freedom and its peace.

The Soviet Foreign Minister hints darkly that the free world had better start cringing because he has an atom bomb in his pocket. Mr. Molotov intended this half-truth concerning the atom bomb for those gullible Russians and Americans who imagined that the atom bomb would continue to remain the criterion of world politics.

All truly informed authority, of course, has taken it for granted for some time now that the mere secret of the thing had long ago been pilfered by the cloak-and-dagger clan.

The real security of the United States is in neither the atom bomb nor other unmentionables, but in the good, honest industrial know-how of air power, to which the atom bomb is but one arrow in its quiver. Anyone is free to copy this air power who can. All it takes is about 30 years of practice.

On the subject of air bases for purposes of aggression, the thunderer from the Kremlin forgot to mention the Soviet's frantic air efforts at Spitzbergen, its numerous fields on the Siberian peninsula, its airport pattern in northwestern Yugoslavia, its continual sneak flights over American occupation territory from its air bases in northern Korea and other such projects I might enumerate.

Mr. Molotov would be embarrassed to admit that Russia's secret efforts to bludgeon the air lines of the little nations of western Europe into becoming cat's-paws for its spy system did not scare the little fellows. He cannot be happy because the Communist infiltration of Iceland has not succeeded in electing its Minister of Aviation to the government, thus taking over Keflavik airport. He would give his shirt to get American weather stations

Reprinted from Gill Robb Wilson's column, "The Air World."

out of Greenland for reasons other than those stated. He is not happy about what he knows the United States knows about the north country.

But as for establishments geared to aggression, Mr. Molotov knows as well as the President of the United States that, while our air power is geared to kick the whey out of anyone who attacks us from any quarter and to retaliate on an aggressor, it is nowhere aimed at anyone.

The entire north country establishment is defensive in character. It is the fact that this defensive establishment is swiftly reaching an efficiency capable of checkmating Soviet aggression that has so angered Mr. Molotov. His airplanes prowling over American military establishments in the Aleutians and elsewhere have told him exactly how little aggression but how much defense the free world is erecting in the north.

Various other reasons, of course, are attributed for the bubblings of the little men who bounce around on the Soviet stage declaring war on everybody from the Creator to the reporter.

One group of political analysts always has it that such verbal fireworks are primarily designed to keep the pot boiling at home. Another group holds that the orations are the creakings of opposing parties within the Politburo in anticipation of the demise of the ailing Stalin. A third group pretends to find what they describe as the pattern of a war of nerves, a "cold war" they call it, of which the various speeches are the icebergs.

In addition, Mr. Molotov and his conferees are probably angered by the loyalty tests in the United States, the outcome of the recent elections in England and Scotland, the refusal of the United Nations to go along with the Soviet's Korean plot, the continuing status quo of Franco in Spain, the failure of France and Italy to capitulate to communism, the Rio pact for Western Hemisphere defense (inclusive of Greenland), the genius of which is American air power, and in an extensive sequence of events and attitudes revealing that the world is awake to its danger.

However, peace or war probably depends upon which set of influences within the Politburo succeeds to power upon the passing of Prime Minister Stalin. If the Soviet military group, with a true understanding of what constitutes air power, gains control, there very likely will be peace.

Russian air power, while extensive, is still largely tactical—that is, geared to ground force. The start of long-range strategic air power has been made in Russia, but this is not something to be accomplished over night, which fact Russian military authorities fully realize, if the politicians do not.

I would not be surprised if the Molotov speech were a side-swipe at the Russian Army. If the Soviet military viewpoint does not prevail after Stalin, then anything can happen immediately, or within five years, or a decade at the most.

This leaves the United States but one combination on which to put the chips—prayer and the best airplane. My reasoning tells me we will need both, but it may well be that if we have both the prayer alone will avail. There is nothing in Holy Writ against self-reliance.

CASE of the SINISTER SERVANT

by TED PETERSON

WHEN folks complain that the servant situation is bad these days, let them remember Mrs. Julia Thomas. Mrs. Thomas was a frail widow living in Richmond, near London, some years before the turn of the century.

None of her housemaids stayed long, and Mrs. Thomas probably thought the servant problem would be the death of her. Eventually it was. The last of her servants inconsiderately knocked her cold, hacked up her body, boiled it, cached the head so well it was never found, then impudently assumed the old lady's name. And you think you've got problems!

Life had been peaceful for Mrs. Thomas at 2 Mayfield Cottage until a few weeks before she was murdered. She had a little money, a little jewelry and silver, and a rented home of her own. Lodgers kept her company, and a servant did the housework. Her last servant ended that peace.

Kate Webster had more experience in thievery, perhaps, than in housework when she became general servant to Mrs. Thomas in January, 1879. Her string of aliases read like the name of a law firm—Shannon, Gibbs, Gibbons, Lawless, Lawler, Webb and Webster—and her criminal record could match it in length. Despite the "Miss" before her name, she was the mother of a boy of six who lived with friends. A fiery, dark, large-boned woman with sharp, hard eyes, she was the diametric opposite of timid little Mrs. Thomas.

After the first few days, they didn't get along. "I found her very trying," Kate later remarked, "and she used to do many things to annoy me during my work." Among other things, Mrs. Thomas would point out places Kate had missed while cleaning. This meticulousness caused Kate to regard her employer malevolently.

Others in the house kept Mrs. Thomas' fear of Kate within bounds. Emboldened by the presence of two lodgers, she gave Kate notice to leave. Then the lodgers left. The same day, the day Kate was to have gone, she asked to remain another three days. Out of kindness or fear, Mrs. Thomas said all right.

Terror must have bedeviled the old lady, alone at last with Kate. On the eve of Kate's departure, friends at church noticed that Mrs. Thomas sat close to the door instead of in her usual pew near the pulpit. Pale and anxious, she was so agitated she knocked off her bonnet. The last friends saw of her she was hurrying alone through the gloomy March

night for home. She must have known that something dreadful awaited her. Too frightened to do anything else, she walked into her cottage—and death.

No one knows exactly what happened in 2 Mayfield Cottage that night. Kate afterwards gave several versions. Truthfulness wasn't her strong point, however, and even her final confession may be inaccurate. In it, Kate said that Mrs. Thomas bustled upstairs on returning home. They had had words earlier in the day. Kate apparently wanted the last one, for she scurried after her mistress. They quarreled. Enraged, Kate threw the old lady downstairs, choked her to keep her from screaming, then dashed her to the floor.

"I determined to do away with the body as best I could," Kate said. "I chopped the head from the body with the assistance of a razor which I used to cut through the flesh afterwards. I also used the meat saw and the carving knife to cut the body up with. I prepared the copper with water to boil the body to prevent identity; and as soon as I had succeeded in cutting it up I placed it in the copper and boiled it. I opened the stomach with the carving knife, and burned up as much of the parts as I could."

Getting rid of the body kept Kate busy all night. Next morning neighbors heard the noise of washing and saw clothes on the line. They were vaguely disturbed by a strange odor. When a tradesman called at the house about 12:30, Kate, furtively opening the door, told him Mrs. Thomas wasn't in. She didn't know when her mistress would be back, she said excitedly, and slammed the door. Late that afternoon Kate knocked off for a drink at the Hole-in-the-Wall public house. She probably needed one.

The following day, Tuesday, neighbors saw her at one of the windows "with her sleeves rolled up as if engaged in cleaning." If they'd known what she was cleaning, they'd have been shocked witless. Early that evening the Henry Porters, living some distance away, were favored with a visit from Kate, whom they hadn't seen in six years. Since last seeing them, Kate said, she had married a Mr. Thomas. His death and the death of an aunt had brought her a bit of money and a house in Richmond. As she'd decided to go to Scotland to live with her parents, she wanted to dispose of her furniture.

Thus Kate chatted during tea. The Porters might have doubted Kate if they'd peeked into her black bag under the table. In it was the head of the real Mrs. Thomas.

The meal finished, Kate asked Porter and his 16-year-old son Robert to accompany her to Hammersmith Station. She wanted the boy to go to Richmond with her. When the three set out for the station, Robert

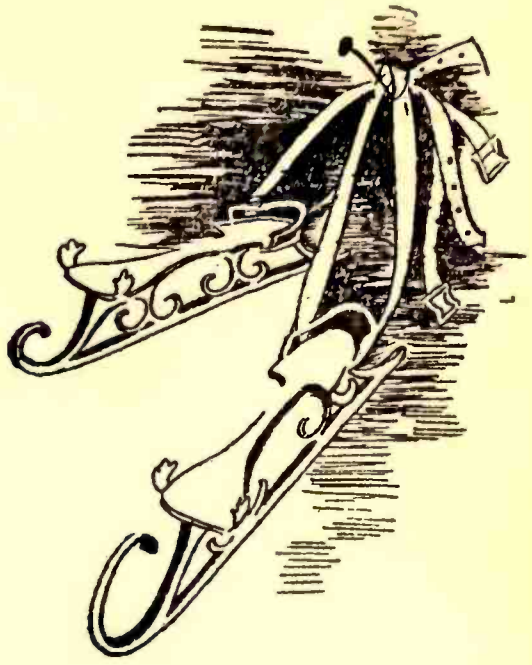
chivalrously lugged the heavy black bag. On the way he lagged behind—much, one supposes, to Kate's annoyance. The three caught their breath in a public house at the foot of Hammersmith Bridge. The men waited while Kate ducked out, as she said, to meet a friend. She took the black bag with her—she declined Porter's offer to carry it for her. When she returned 20 minutes later she was without the bag.

Later that evening Robert and Kate went alone to Mayfield Cottage, Richmond. Kate asked the boy to help her carry a box to Richmond Bridge, where a friend was to meet her for it. They toted the large box to the bridge and set it on a seat, which Kate explained was the meeting place. Then she sent the boy away to wait for her. Although Robert pretended to obey, he wasn't keen on venturing off alone into the darkness. He stayed within a short distance. While he waited he heard a splash. Kate, hurrying up a few moments later, announced that her friend had the box. They returned to Mayfield Cottage, where Robert spent the night.

In the days that followed, Kate saw a lot of the Porters, who didn't suspect what she'd been up to. She moved her son in with them. They introduced her to John Church, a publican, who offered to buy her furniture and gave her a payment on it.

Meanwhile a coalman had found a wooden box half cast ashore by the Thames. When he saw that it contained the hacked and boiled bits of a human body, he hustled to the police. No one linked the box in the Thames with Kate Webster until about three weeks after the murder.

One afternoon Church went to Mayfield Cottage with Kate and



Porter to get the furniture he had bought. Seeing a van at the cottage, Mrs. Thomas' neighbor and landlady became concerned; for she had received no notice that her tenant was leaving. She taxed Kate to divulge Mrs. Thomas' whereabouts.

"I don't know," Kate said with agitation. Retorting that she'd look into the matter, the landlady banged the door. Kate decided she'd better scram out of the country without further dallying.

She grabbed a cab, buzzed to Church's public house to borrow money from his wife, then sped to the Porters. There she swooped up her son. Next day she and the lad were at her uncle's home in her native Ireland. Two days later Church, who'd become worried, was on the track of unsnarling the case. Among possessions of the real Mrs. Thomas, he found the names of her friends.

Seeking them out, he discovered that the Mrs. Thomas he knew was not the Mrs. Thomas they knew. The matter, they decided, was one for the police.

The police found Kate easily enough. She had carelessly left them her forwarding address. It was a letter from her uncle which she'd forgotten in a dress left behind in her haste to depart the neighborhood. Brought back to England, Kate tried to implicate Church and Porter, but her stories wouldn't stand up. She herself stood trial for the murder of Mrs. Thomas. A jury took little more than an hour to decide that hanging served her right.

The day Kate was hanged, Mrs. Thomas' goods were put up for sale at 2 Mayfield Cottage. The principal buyer was Church, an exceedingly persistent fellow.

▲

A teen-age boy kept his seat when several women got aboard and stood in the aisle near him. One middle-aged school teacher glared at him and grumbled, "Hasn't anyone taught you not to sit down while ladies are standing?" "Oh, yes, ma'am," said the lad. "But that just means *old* ladies!" And he sat on while the school ma'am subsided.—*Denver Post.*

▲

A man who wanted to impress his wife with his knowledge of banking carefully explained the intricacies of high finance to her at length. After listening patiently for some time, she was moved to exclaim, "Isn't it wonderful, Henry, that a man with as little money as you have should know so much about it?"

▲

Returning to his Hollywood home from a recent tour, the great pianist Artur Rubinstein was asked by one of his two young daughters if he wouldn't please play something for her. Immensely flattered, he asked her what she'd like to hear. "Oh, daddy," she said, "you just pick out any record you want."

▲

In the days of the fight for women's suffrage, Kate Douglas Wiggin was asked how she stood on the vote for women. She answered that she "didn't stand at all," and told a story about a New England housewife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed, was asked if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't!" she snapped. "I say if there's one little thing that men folks can do alone, let 'em do it."

▲

The famous corporation lawyer, Elihu Root, was a cold, dignified man. He was not one who ever got slapped on the back. However, as he confessed, his armor was pierced by an office boy. One day he said to the boy, "Who's taken my wastepaper basket?"

"Mr. Johnson, sir, the caretaker."

Sometime later Mr. Root asked, "Who opened the window?"

To which the lad said, "Mr. Walters, sir, the window cleaner."

"Now, look here," said Mr. Root, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

The boy said yes, and apparently he did because ten minutes later he opened the office door and shrilled, "There's a man as wants to see you, Elihu!"

The "angels in blue" are pleasant, pert and—oh, brother!

SCHOOLED for the SKY

by JAN NORRIS

EIGHTEEN years ago, in the merry month of May, in the not so merry year of 1930, an air-minded young nurse named Ellen Church approached the officials of United Airlines with a suggestion. "The psychology of the presence of girls aboard your planes—and registered nurses, too—would sell more tickets than all the traffic representatives you could hire," she told the skeptical airline men.

Air travel was in its infancy, and skeptical or not, the airline officials decided to give her idea a try—and the air hostess was born. In those days, gals who took to the air were looked upon with awe. Today, thousands of young women know the fascination, as well as the hardships, of an air hostess career.

Already the country's second largest headquarters of major airlines, Kansas City also has become a headquarters for glamour girls of the airlines, the hostesses. All air hostesses complete an intensified course of training. Many are graduates of McConnell Schools, Incorporated, whose Kansas City branch trains hostesses exclusively for Trans World Airline.

For thousands of young women, the blue sky has become not only a call to adventure, but the assurance of a job that is different. Although many answer the call, only a choice few are selected. There are very rigid qualifications to pass. A young woman deciding to enroll at McConnell in Kansas City must first be approved by an authorized representative of TWA, then meet these requirements: She must have had one year at an accredited college; be a registered nurse; or, have had at least three years' experience in a business requiring personal contact. The school recommends preliminary courses in public speaking, world geography, elementary psychology and French. Then, if the air-minded miss is between the ages of 21 and 28, weighs 100 to 130 pounds, stands 5 feet 2 to 5 feet 6 inches in her stocking feet, is well-groomed, pleasant, gracious and in perfect health, she's all set. To be an airline hostess? Not quite. She's all set for an eight weeks intensified course on everything from serving a meal to meteorology.

McConnell School diplomas do not come easily. When the TWA hostesses begin their schooling at McConnell, they study hostess procedures, ticketing, meal service, aircraft familiarization and first aid. In addition,

McConnell trainees are given two hours per day in self-improvement. This includes care of the skin and hair, reducing and building-up exercises, wardrobe planning, business and social mannerisms and corrective make-up.

However, none of this earnest training seems to discourage the girls who are determined to make a place for themselves in the progressive and constantly expanding air travel industry. In fact, these rigid qualifications seem to have the opposite effect. This is best illustrated by the long waiting list in the TWA personnel office containing the names of those who wish to enter the training school.

Young women from all parts of the United States and her possessions have been graduated from the course. By and large, they are not the "glamour" or "pin-up" types when they enter training. Special emphasis is placed on the development of individual qualities. Add to this poise and graciousness, and the result is the glamour girl who makes your air trips pleasant and comfortable.

After graduation, the fun and the work really begin. At the end of the training course, each girl is sent on a flight as a passenger to observe and assist the regular hostess. Then, qualified as a hostess on TWA's domestic route, these personality girls begin to fly approximately 110 hours per month. Hostesses are based in Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, New York and Boston. When away from their home base they receive a daily expense allowance, and the airline provides hotel accommodations at regular crew lay-over points.

Actually, the glamour of the profession sometimes seems to come in small doses. There is, however, time off to be enjoyed between the trips. The hostess based in Kansas City and flying a TWA Constellation to New York would leave Kansas City one day, return the next and then be off duty approximately two days.

To discharge her duties capably, the girl schooled for the sky must combine the talents of a nurse, ticket collector, check-room attendant, tourist guide, waitress and mistress of ceremonies. It is her responsibility to see that the passengers are comfortable from the minute they board the plane until they reach their destination.

The girl who dons TWA's blue gabardine uniform and perky hat must have a wide knowledge of the route, the country flown over, and the airplane itself, in order to answer the passenger's questions intelligently. And there aren't supposed to be too many questions that will stump the girl of the airways. She is expected to explain all about weather conditions, radio communications, air traffic control procedure and time changes en route.

McConnell graduates are also well-versed on the cities along TWA's 28,000 miles of routes, and can indicate points of interest in the cities stopped at and those flown over.

From knowing scenic points of interest to anticipating the needs of the small-fry is all in the day's work of an air hostess. When a two-year-old decides to do some cross-country flying, the hostess furnishes a special baby kit and assists the mother in every way possible, including the heating of baby's milk and food.

Compared to others, the airline hostess profession is itself just a baby. After Ellen Church had her say to the barely believing airline officials in 1930, the first air hostesses were appointed, eight young women who flew back and forth between Oakland, California, and Chicago. Today, TWA employs 492 hostesses on its domestic routes alone, with McConnell Air Schools graduating about 25 hostesses a month in Kansas City.

There's a very special reason for the constant openings for air hostesses. The marriage bureaus run stiff competition to the airlines for hostesses' services. Figures show about five per cent of the TWA McConnell trained hostesses resign each month to get married. The average length of service for the girls is about 20 months.

Grounded by matrimony, former TWA hostesses have scattered all over the country. In 1938, to keep in contact with each other, those hostesses forced down by marriage formed the "Clipped Wings Club" in Kansas City. One of its charter members is Velma Jean Harman of Kansas City, Kansas, the first TWA hostess in history. The club now has chapters in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York.

Nor do the girls forget their pleasant air experiences after marriage. When former Hostess Janet Ney presented a third daughter to her husband, TWA attorney Harry West, they remarked, "We've at least given TWA three future hostesses to take their mother's place."

For those who really want to make a career of it, the airlines offer eventual duty on overseas runs and qualifications as flight instructresses, regional superintendents of hostesses and chief hostesses. But whether a girl plans extended service with the airlines or relinquishes her career to make a home, she never forgets she was schooled for the sky, and retains those gracious qualities which gave her her name—the hostess.

▲

Private Jackson was on the carpet for the third time in as many days. The captain was very stern. "Did you call the sergeant a liar?" he demanded.

"I did, sir."

"And a louse?"

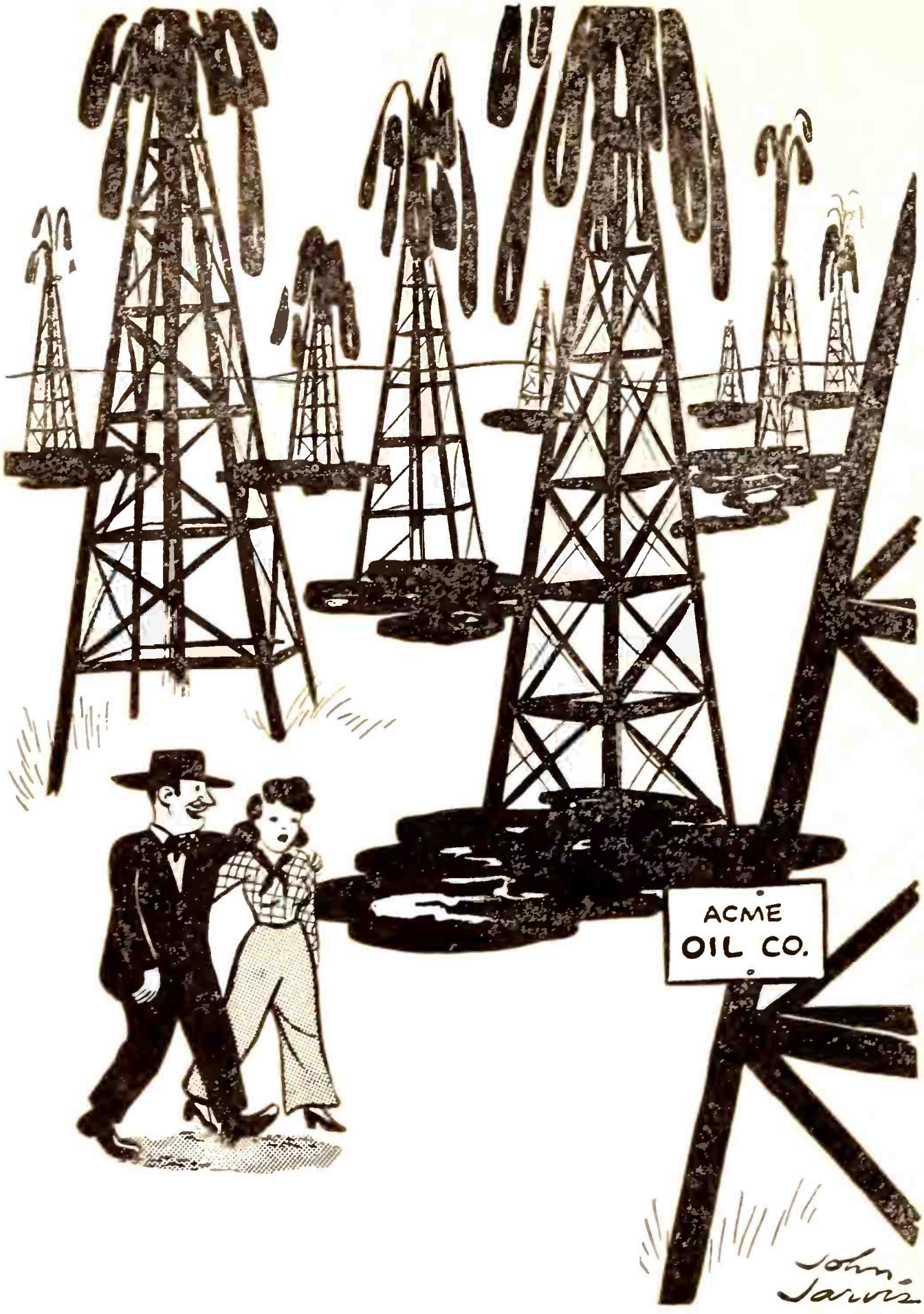
"Yes, sir."

"And did you also say he was a cockeyed, knock-kneed, dirty-tongued stooge?"

Jackson hesitated, then said regretfully, "No sir, I forgot that."

▲

The engagement of a young couple was nearly broken up by a florist who was not on his toes. On her birthday the young lady received a bouquet of roses. She opened the little envelope and found the message, "Mac—make it roses, but for Pete's sake don't go over $4.50!"



"Love you? Why I worship the very ground you walk on!"

Ordinary magicians scoff at coincidence—
but Thurston was no ordinary magician!

The UNSEEN HAND

by JACK STARK

HOWARD THURSTON'S death was even more mysterious than his life.

To those of us who knew the great magician it seemed as though he never could fully lay down his mystic wand. A certain "illusion" seemed to cloak him as completely in his private life as it did upon the stages of the world where 80,000,000 persons gasped at the skill of the calm, sure, deft-fingered man whose earliest ambition was to become a fine surgeon.

The wheels within the wheels never seem to turn for most men. They did for Thurston. In 1938 he passed away quietly in a small ocean front Miami Beach apartment following a stroke. The date of his death—April 13. A figure magicians scorn.

There are scores of incidents in his life that read like real magic. He was "The Great Illusionist," the man they claimed couldn't eat a soft-boiled egg without a string of silken flags flowing over the brim of the cup to the accompaniment of the Star Spangled Banner.

He was married late in life to Paula Marks—only 11 months before he died—although she and her sister, Irene, had worked and struggled with him from his earliest carnival days until he reached the dizziest heights of fame.

In direct contrast, *a boy*—a perfect stranger out of a million boys in New York City—was to prove the most weird factor in the great magician's life; like a small planet that is sucked into the orbit of a giant star and comes into view but twice during a lifetime.

Howard Thurston got his start in front of a railroad station ticket window. He was waiting patiently to buy a train reservation to Philadelphia and college. There he aimed to pursue his twin ambitions: first to become a skilled surgeon; and, secondly, a magician of sorts. As he stood silently in line, a tall man ahead of him ordered a one-way ticket to Syracuse and mentioned his name to the clerk.

That name electrified the youth behind him. The strings of magical fate already were beginning to weave their first tenuous cords about Howard Thurston. Young Thurston stumbled to the window and gave his order as the tall man turned away. One ticket to Syracuse! The man who had stood in front of him was Hermann the Great — the greatest magician who ever lived! Thurston had to watch him work.

That night, after drinking his fill of magic, he leaned down and carved his name with a knife on the bottom of his seat there in the balcony of a Syracuse theatre. He made a pledge. Surgery, hereafter, would follow magic.

At his greatest pinnacle of success he was the idol of kids all over the world. Tall, thin and kindly, he never let a child's scrawled letter go unanswered, or made a youngster frightened. His voice was husky, gentle and soothing when he performed before children, or used them in his act. Kids whooped and yelled and grew breathlessly silent during his matinees; or came at nights more subdued and holding their parents' hands.

It was through his affection for small children and their natural love of magic that he made some few enemies. Some societies for the protection of juveniles actually looked upon him as something of a sorcerer. He was constantly watched, guarded, spied upon. He was criticized openly.

It was in New York City during a night performance in 1923 that *the* boy first came into his life.

In the middle of Thurston's act—who knows what thought impulse prompted it—he gazed out over the audience and pointed to the nine-year-old youngster sitting midway in the center section, and beckoned him to come to the stage. Under prompting from his father the boy went hesitantly, fearing the worst. At the next to the top step the great magician leaned down and touched the lad on the shoulder.

"Come no farther, son," he said. "Don't step on the stage."

Then he proceeded to pick eggs, rabbits, cards and pinwheels out of the amazed boy's ears, pockets and hair. The theatre roared approval. Then a discordant shout went up. Down the aisle came several officious men who seized the boy and whisked him to the lobby.

There the boy protested that he hadn't been on the stage. The men were insistent. Howard Thurston left his act to defend the action. It was hopeless. A great deal of sentiment had been running against him lately. To avoid any ill effects to the youngster, Thurston put up bail guarantee that he would appear in court and proceeded with his show. The next day in court he paid a heavy fine, taking the blame himself instead of making the boy appear as a witness for him in a courtroom.

He was always that way. Paula Marks claimed he was always scrawling a thankful reply to "his kids," and after each show he always had a dozen or more of them backstage to appraise his act. Children, the Great Illusionist knew, were his severest critics.

Throughout his life he was unaffected and simple. He would give

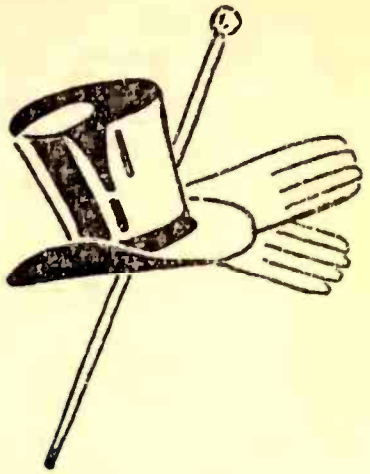
away anything. Once he sat down and wrote a long story. It was the complete story of his life. When it was finished he took it to the offices of a magazine publishing company and laid it on an executive's desk. It was a gift to humanity. And he walked out.

Thurston's greatest surprise came a few weeks later when the publisher mailed him a $7,000 check for his story. He could never quite conceive that he had written something worthwhile. To him it was "odd moment scribblings."

And millions read—*My Life of Magic!*

It was in Charleston, West Virginia, that the first stroke seized him. It was in a restaurant. He had played four entire shows that day at the start of a nationwide tour of triumph. The illness struck him swiftly and hard. He rallied and sought the South for a rest—he had never rested much. With one month of life on earth still remaining to him, he grew better and slipped by turns, to the wishes of some unseen guider.

Then on the 13th of April, the tall, kindly man who had baffled everything but death, went on his way to find Houdini.



Out of a score of reporters, a city editor on the Miami *Herald* called me to write the Great Man's last and final story. I wrote it that night of the same day he died. It was the story the wires picked up around the nation. And it wasn't easy.

We had met only once in our lifetime. That was in New York City when I had stood on the next to the last step of a great stage after being summoned from a vast audience to hear him say:

"Come no farther, son!"

▲

An Indian princess, on coming of age, was given a basket and told she might pick the finest ears of corn in a given row. The only condition being that she was to choose as she went along. She could not retrace her steps. She admired the fine quality of the corn before her; and as she felt one ear after the other she left them on the stalk, always thinking that better ears lay ahead. Suddenly, and to her dismay, she came to the end of the row—and she had gathered none.

▲

A Scotch farmer lived in a remote rural section where candles afforded the only means of light after sundown. The serious illness of his wife and a crippled horse added to his woes.

While aiding his wife one night at her bedside she suddenly suffered a sinking spell and the end seemed near. When she rallied a little later he seized the opportunity to attend his horse, but before leaving for the barn he left with her this parting injunction, "If ye' feel yarsel' a-goin'—blo' oot th' candle."—*Nashua Cavalier.*

Or So They Say

"No," said the club wit. "I never said he was conceited. All I said was that if I could buy him at my price and sell him at his own, I'd make a darned good profit."—*Financial Post.*

▲

A mother sat knitting one evening as her daughter was reading a book that gave the meaning of names. As the mother knitted she thought of all the young men who called on her daughter. "Mother," the daughter remarked, "it says that Philip means 'Lover of Horses,' and James means 'Beloved.' I wonder what George means?"

"I hope, dear, that George means business."—*Canning Trade.*

▲

The new Negro minister was coming to call and the mother gave Daisy some instructions. "If he asks your name, say Daisy Mae; if he asks how old you are, say you are six years old; if he asks who made you, say God did."

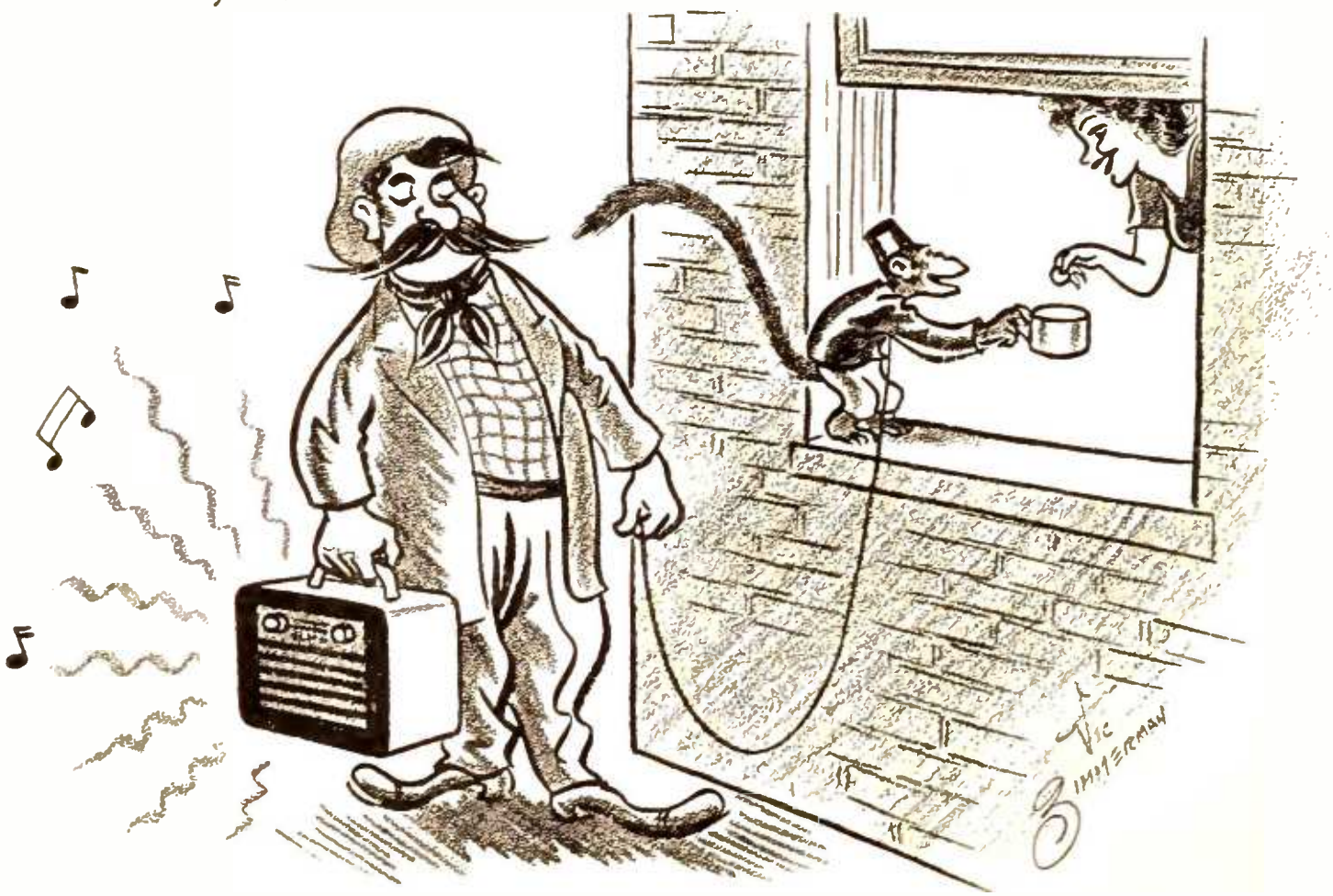
The minister did ask just those three questions and Daisy answered the first two correctly. But when he asked the third, as to her origin, the child hesitated, and then said, "Mamma did tell me the man's name, but I've gone and forgotten it!"—*Negro Digest.*

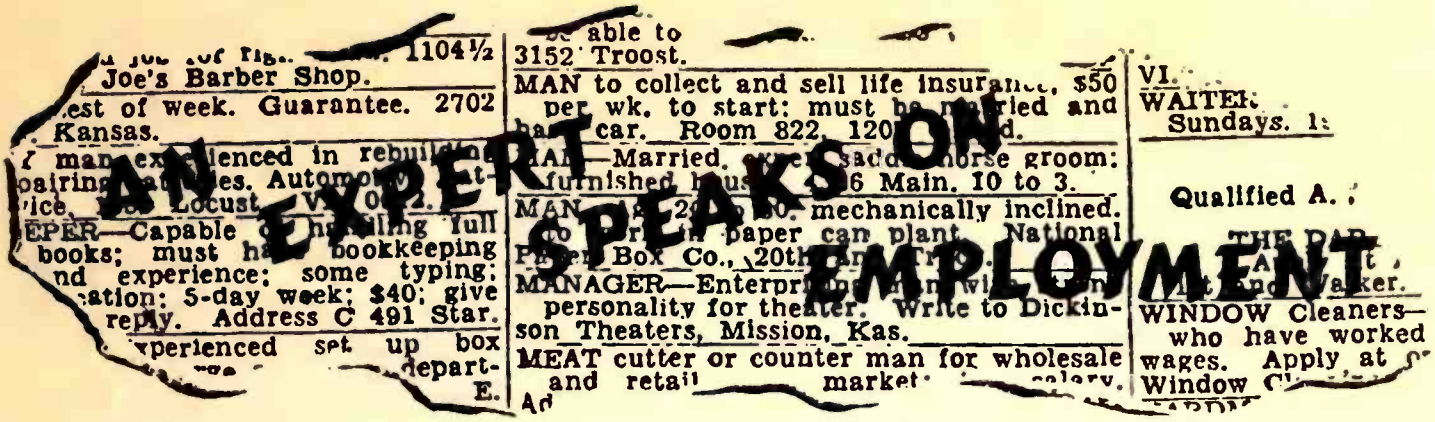
▲

A telephone operator in a Midwestern city answered an agitated signaling from a pay station, and heard a tearful feminine voice, "Operator, can I have my nickel back? Albert won't speak to me!"—*Telebriefs.*

▲

A letter writer in a local gazette defines democracy: Unity without uniformity.—*Walter Winchell.*





by ESTY MORRIS

Formula for job-getting, from the man who gets thousands of them.

FOR the more than a million Americans now looking for employment, there is definite hope—hope not only of finding a job, but hope of finding *the* job.

Present day personnel research proves that securing the proper sort of work is an easily solved problem, provided it is approached intelligently and confidently. Initiative and common sense are the only requirements.

But according to Arthur C. Haysler, the head of America's largest employment agency, there is one thought that must be held in mind. It is the secret and the explanation of successful job-hunting: *Getting a job is making a sale.*

"A job-seeker," says Haysler, "is a salesman attempting to market his own services, his own ability, background and personality."

Haysler knows. His Index Employment Company of Kansas City "places" more job applicants yearly than all other commercial employment agencies in the area combined, more than any other single agency in the United States.

"As with any salesman," he says, "the most important information with which a job-seeker must arm himself is a complete knowledge of his product. That product is himself, so he must analyze his capabilities carefully, weighing his skills and abilities to decide what work he wants to do and what work he is best fitted to do. That's awfully important. The woods are full of misfits, and full of people who make the mistake of applying for positions for which they are not suited."

Haysler admits that more is involved in the "job sale" than self-analysis. "The person looking for work has to know the market, too. That requires study of the employment field and selection of the company most apt to have openings for men with his qualifications."

The big test comes with an interview. The interview—which may be arranged by personal solicitation or through an agency, a friend, an advertisement or a letter—is the applicant's opportunity for personal sales contact. Likewise, it is the employer's chance to look over the merchandise being offered.

Haysler says, "Everything depends

on that interview. It's what the applicant builds toward from the beginning. That is when he either closes his sale or muffs it. Too often he muffs it, and for no reason except that he hasn't prepared himself properly."

The job-seeker has to present a neat, well-kept appearance. He needn't be handsomely dressed and he shouldn't be over-dressed. But he must be clean and pressed looking.

He should be poised and polite, sitting down when invited and smoking when given permission — not otherwise.

Very important, the applicant should state his facts briefly and in good order: who he is, why he is there, what he wants and what he has to offer. Then he should ask if the interviewer has any questions. That passes the buck and gives the interviewer a chance to run the show. It also allows the applicant a quick minute in which to catch his breath and see how things are going.

The applicant should speak sincerely and stick to the truth. Statements about past experience, last salary, and capabilities are easy things to check up on. And he should *never* try a hard luck story! He is selling himself, not his debts, his wife's invalidism, nor his son's educational aspirations.

One trick that comes in handy is a knowledge of the particular company granting the interview. A little time with *Moody's* or *Dun and Bradstreet* in the public library is not misspent, because any prospective employer is flattered and impressed when an applicant has accurate information about his company.

Personnel men agree that it is entirely possible to get jobs at any time —even in the depths of depression— if the simple rules are followed. But they are followed so seldom!

One young man applying for an engineering job in India was vague as to why he wanted that particular assignment, since his background didn't entirely qualify him for it. Finally he admitted that he had played polo in college. Polo was popular in India, and that's why he wanted the job! He was shown the door promptly, but more in resignation than rancor, because—sadly—his reason was as good as many, and better than having none.

Very often a youngster will seat himself in a personnel manager's office and say, "I don't know what I want to do, but you have a big organization here and there must be something for me."

There are 20,000 catalogued ways of earning a living in the United States, so probably there *is* something for him. But the personnel manager has problems of his own. He isn't paid to analyze applicants in order to offer counsel on their careers. And that is when the young man needs a reputable employment agency. Good agencies are fully equipped to handle job counselling, and they find it their biggest and most important field.

Ninety percent of the people who register with the Index Employment

Company, for instance, have no clear notion of the work they would like to undertake. Most of them are veterans who are badly in need of advice. Index to the rescue! There are 35 highly trained and fully competent counsellors at Index who specialize in advice. They spend their full time in screening applicants carefully, making job referrals from the information they obtain.

Index makes a great to-do over proper screening, because it is the basis of sound placement. The agency depends upon satisfied customers, and that means satisfied employers as well as satisfied employees. It means the right man in the right job.

The two-customer aspect of the employment business is interesting. Every placement has to please the man who takes the job and the man who offers it. Haysler's company strives for 100 percent success, but falls a little short because of the human element. "When you're dealing in personalities," Haysler says, "no one can be right all of the time."

The Index Employment Company, however, manages to be right most of the time, and its almost unbelievable growth proves that accuracy is a sure road to success.

Haysler started his service in 1940, with a tiny office, almost no capital, and a staff of four. Shortly after opening, he was the subject of a *Dun and Bradstreet* rating which observed that he was prompt in paying his small debts. However, the report continued, the business was little, new, and opening in the face of strongly entrenched competition. The total effect was that D & B wouldn't take an odds-on bet on Index's survival.

Two years later another report was requested. "The Index Employment Company," said the credit specialists, "is the largest employment agency in the Middle West."

Today, it is the largest in the country, and certainly the most elaborately equipped. The new Index office, which opens officially January 5th, occupies an entire floor at 1121-23 Grand Avenue in Kansas City. Thirty-five thousand dollars have been spent in remodeling the more than 5,000 square feet of floor space, and another $20,000 for new equipment.

The layout includes a general reception room, manager's office, credit manager's office and waiting room, a large file-lined work room where eight young women with private telephone trunk lines conduct quick research surveys, and 3 private offices for counsellors.

Part of the new set-up is an elaborate interoffice communications installation designed to speed up handling of applications and job orders. A master set in Haysler's office is hooked up to a wire recorder, so that he can not only hear what is going on in any part of the office, but preserve it for future reference. If he picks up a particularly good interview, for instance, he plays it back at training meetings to point out the highlights.

Presumably the wire recorder, unlike a sundial, is also capable of recording the cloudy hours, although Haysler doesn't say.

In its new quarters, Index achieves the maximum in departmentalized efficiency. That, Haysler feels, is

OUR BACK COVER is Trail Creek Cabin at Sun Valley, Idaho. *(Photo courtesy Union Pacific).*

significant, because it is there the average agency errs. When too few people attempt too many things—gathering applicants, interviewing them, contacting employers, effecting placements, collecting fees—there is so much confusion that organized planning and effort is impossible. He names departmentalization as an essential factor in the success of Index. As an honest man, he also credits luck.

"The job market is like a pendulum," he says. "Away up at the left there are a lot of jobs but no applicants. That was the situation during the war. Over at the right there are a lot of job-seekers but no jobs—depression."

"When I opened up, the pendulum was at dead center. There was an equal supply. I didn't know that then, of course, but I walked in and hit the market smack on the nose. I was lucky."

In 1940, the same year that Haysler opened shop, six other employment agencies were founded in Kansas City. Every one of them failed. So opportune timing is obviously not the only reason for the growth of Index. It is one factor, as is departmentalization, but two others are more important.

The first is that Haysler has found a business he loves, and he works at it seven days a week—six days at the office, Sunday at home. His wife Gerry, who was his original receptionist, has a desk adjoining his and works with him constantly. Haysler calls her his "right hand."

The other factor is that Haysler, formerly in the mail order business, is advertising-minded. His is the only employment company in the country that uses radio programs. Index has four a week. His is the only agency in the country to take full-page advertisements in a metropolitan newspaper. In addition, Index gets out a monthly, three-page *Letter to Employers;* and publishes a handsome, two-color magazine, called *Index to Employment.*

Both the letter and the magazine are distributed nationally, because Index is very much national in scope.

Job orders come in from every corner of the country, and Index places men everywhere. Several exceedingly large firms get all of their new Midwestern personnel from Index.

Recently, the representative of a big chemical company appeared in Haysler's office. He had come to hire a top-notch salesman. Haysler produced four men from which to make a selection, and they so pleased the representative that he called his home office for permission to hire three of them!

Index receives frequent requests for complete office staffs of 25 or 30. A corporation opening a branch can send one man to Kansas City, and in less than a month he can have office space rented, equipment installed, and an entire staff trained and ready for business.

Office, sales, technical and executive personnel are handled by Index —in every price range. Their placements go from hundred dollar a month beginners to executives at 30 thousand a year. Naturally, high bracket jobs are limited because there are not many of them, and not many people capable of filling them. Men in their early thirties, with college degrees and merchandising experience, command the largest salaries; but they get no more counselling time, no more attention at Index, than inexperienced youngsters looking for their first jobs.

The class of employers particularly dependent upon Index are those with employee groups of about 200. They have so much hiring to do that they can't handle it themselves, but not enough to warrant an expensive personnel staff of their own. Many of them would like contracts by which Index would furnish all of their employees. But so far, Haysler has shied away from such alliances.

"Market's too spotty," he says. "The pendulum is still left of center, with more jobs than applicants. We won't undertake anything unless we're sure we can do it satisfactorily. But the pendulum's swinging down. What I'm hoping for is a mild recession."

Meanwhile, Arthur C. Haysler is satisfied with life and with business. Things will work out for him, he's sure, so long as he puts his faith in organization and advertising.

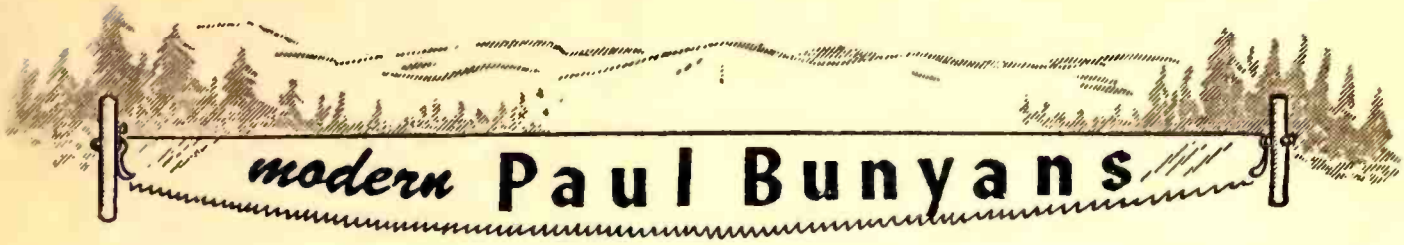
▲

Walter Damrosch, who recently retired at the age of 85, delights in telling this tale.

"Early in my career I had made what I fancied was remarkable progress as a conductor and came to consider myself the irreplaceable leader of my fine little orchestra. But one night I was disillusioned. I was preparing to conduct a particularly ambitious program when I discovered that I had forgotten my baton. I told my assistant to get it for me, but three violinists held up restraining hands. 'Don't mind,' each said, 'here's a baton.' And each produced one from an inner pocket. Never since that moment have I considered myself indispensable."

"And you said it would be safer to stay home on New Year's Eve!"

High-riggers play their song of the saw at dizzy heights!



modern Paul Bunyans

by JOHN WARINGTON

BESIDE a 250-foot giant evergreen stands high-rigger Pete Anderson, dressed with saw, axe, belt and rope for the grim business of the high climber. After strapping spurs to his legs, he snaps the climbing rope onto his heavy safety belt, throws the steel-cored manila line around the enormous, seven-foot trunk, digs his spurs into the bark of the giant evergreen, and starts his 175-foot scramble upward by leaning back at a 45-degree angle against his rope to brace himself. Up he goes a few feet, then loosens the rope, throws the slack higher, pulls the rope taut, walks up again. And so he goes up — walk, throw, brace, walk — with his axe and saw dragging and dangling below him.

Upon scrambling to a height of 125 feet, Pete encounters a branch as thick around as his body. Loosely he ties himself to the tree, reaches for his cross-cut saw, and begins the song of the saw. Soon the huge two-ton branch crashes to the earth.

Pete again braces himself, and continues his upward climb with digging spurs, chopping and sawing. More limbs weighing a ton each crash downward, until the ground at the base of the giant tree is completely matted with fir branches.

Higher and higher Pete struggles, becoming smaller and smaller to the eyes of observers below. Now he looks like a pygmy. He is up 175 feet, and he is about to begin the hazardous task of "topping off" the top 75 feet of the monarch of the forest. After lashing himself firmly to the trunk, he begins the ticklish job of making an undercut with his axe, working very carefully lest a wild stroke cut his slim rope and send him hurtling down. With the undercut made, he begins to saw, a task which requires an abundance of muscle and brawn in Pete's cramped position.

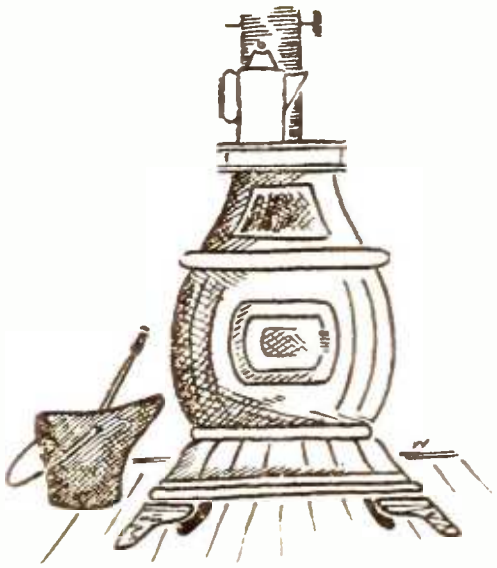
What is that? Pete stops sawing. The top of the giant tree wavers, then shudders, hangs motionless for a moment and goes over with a huge cyclonic roar. "Timmmmm-brrrrr!"

And Pete? For dear life he clings to the top of the 175-foot trunk, which now oscillates in a wicked 60-foot arc. Pete feels nauseated and faint; still he clings like a leech. When the trunk ceases to swing, he grabs some out-size doses of breath before he climbs the two feet to the

smooth top. There he sits and undoubtedly grins while he gets his second wind.

Getting down is easy. Pete drops the saw and axe. When he's ready to begin his flying leaps downward he drops his hat. Will Pete beat his hat? Necks stretch while Pete, in a series of 20-foot steps, leaps earthward, checking his descent momentarily with rope and spurs. Pete strikes the ground in less than two seconds, and ahead of his floating hat.

The next day Pete is at it again. Up and down the 175-foot spar he scrambles, sometimes hand over hand like a monkey. A small army of ground rigging men with Pete in charge succeed in placing a 2000-pound pulley to the spar's top. Through this pulley the men run a cable, the main line, then rig a loading boom to the spar. Over high cables Pete climbs, making fast the big blocks and other gear. On the



second day the tough job is completed.

Today every West Coast lumberjack would like to be a high-climber, but the occupation demands more than most men possess in physical stamina, courage, fearlessness, immunity to panic at dizzy heights, and presence of mind in the face of danger. Requirements are so exacting that few men can meet them.

High-riggers have a job in one of the world's most glamorous, most exciting, most dangerous trades. Strong men admire them and value their opinions highly. Lumberjacks envy them, yet idolize them. The prettiest, the most charming girls in camp become their wives. They receive an excellent wage. Insurance companies shy from them, it is true, but rest assured that boredom never undermines their manhood. Best of all, they are their own bosses. No one can tell them to go up against their wishes. For their own safety and welfare, high riggers obey two rules: they go up only in calm weather and stay up until they finish the job.

High-riggers secured their glamorous but often fatal jobs soon after the introduction of steam power machinery in lumbering. Early steam loggers used a cable with a pulley block close to the ground, a method superior to the old method of logging with stubborn oxen. But swinging logs frequently rammed into stumps and underbrush, breaking tackle and upsetting tempers.

One day a lumberjack had a bright idea. Why not hang the pulley on a tree? Result: now the tallest tree in each section of the forest is used as an improvised derrick with which logs are assembled in huge piles, and later hoisted onto flatcars or trucks. And this is where the high climbers come in, those prodigious men of phy-

sical stamina and sinew who can climb a 250-foot tree, trim its branches and remove the top 50 to 70 feet.

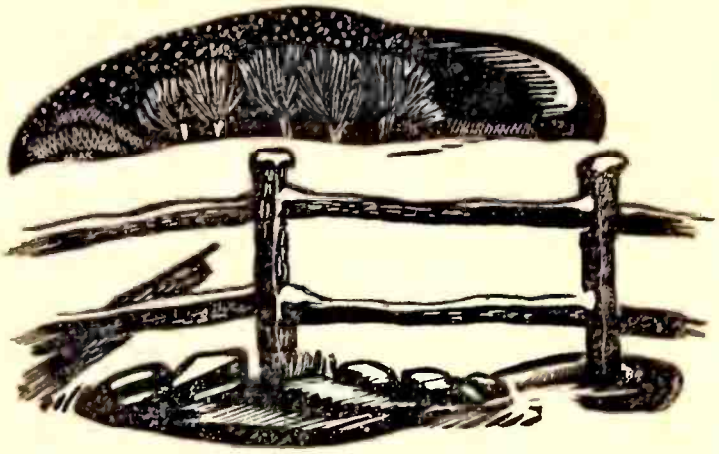
In the assembling and loading, two big donkey engines are used. One engine, which will pull the main line, will be used for "yarding" — assembling the logs in a pile near the base of the spar. The other engine, which will work the boom, will load the logs on flatcars or trucks.

Tall tales of the luck and valor of high-riggers are told in every bunkhouse. They even tell one about an indestructible Dane who outwitted the angel of death. Usually when a high-rigger falls, the only thing he needs is a pine box. But somehow, miraculously, Lars Jensen lived.

The incident happened near Bellingham, Washington. Lars had just topped a tree successfully. But the top wasn't smooth; in its center was an ugly knot. And Jensen, who was a man who believed in not only doing things but in doing things well, proceeded to whittle down the knot. Sturdily he swung the axe — and cut right through his safety rope. Desperately he clawed at the trunk, but his clutching fingers never even touched the bark. Instead he toppled backward and plunged to the ground.

The rigging crew leaped to the spot, expecting another candidate for burial. But Lars was already on his feet, rubbing a bruised hip, "Ay ain't hurt much," he whispered. "Ay little mite dizzy." Medical examination proved that he was right. And high-climber Lars Jensen continued high-rigging until age overtook him.

Typical of the breathtaking hazards that face the high-climbers is that which happened to Jan. Modern Paul Bunyans still talk about his incredible escape. No sooner had the 70-foot top of the giant fir crashed



than the tree's trunk split half its length, bulging out and taking up the slack safety rope. Tighter and tighter the safety rope pulled; it was on the point of breaking Jan's back. Any moment the rope would snap and Jan would fall to his death. With great effort Jan managed to swing his axe and cut the rope. Deeper he dug in his spurs, and with his left hand he clawed the bark like a cat, while with his right he swung his axe upward, cutting the safety belt. Anxiously the men below watched him until the great tree stopped swinging.

Jan was still clinging to the trunk, safe but by no means safe on terra-firma. He had no safety belt, no rope. Would he be able to clamber to the smooth top? Somehow, with the strength given to men in time of life or death, he managed to inch his way to the top, where he lay like a limp cat, gasping for breath.

So far, so good. But Jan was still 170 feet from the ground, and the nearest high-rigger was at a logging

camp ten miles distant. What if a high wind should come up? The foreman jumped onto a logging locomotive and set out at breakneck speed. Jolting to a stop at the camp, he yelled for their high-climber. After a wild, reckless ride up the mountain, the rescue rigger threw his rope around the massive trunk and began his walk, throw, brace, walk up the trunk. Behind him he was dragging a new belt and rope to put around Jan's waist.

Slowly Jan made the descent. For three days he slept. Then he was a lumberjack, and within three weeks he was again a high-rigger.

Sam almost got his when the top of the tree he was topping did not go over cleanly, but slid backwards over the trunk toward him while he was clinging there. In a lightning quick maneuver Sam circled to the right, out of the way of the crashing, lethal log. His agility and strength had saved him, or those tons of stiff limbs would have clawed him, snapped his safety belt, and sent him hurtling to the ground.

Such incidents are typical of the terrifying hazards that face the high-climbers when they make their dizzy ascents to prune branches and tops from trees. But not one of these modern Paul Bunyans would give up his job. Strong men take great delight in tough, dangerous work.

▲

The average man can detect a rattle in his car a lot quicker than one in his head.—*Western Builder.*

▲

Agricultural scientists reveal that some 50 gallons of water are required to produce one ear of corn. However, many public speakers frequently come up with a lot more than that on just one pitcher.—*N. Y. World Telegram.*

▲

Marriage is an arrangement like the block booking of motion pictures, in which a number of less desirable features must be accepted in order to obtain one or two major attractions.—*Today's Woman.*

▲

She was a well known hypochondriac and inclined to describe her symptoms at great length to any who would listen, so her friends were astonished when she sat through a recent dinner party without saying a word. "What's wrong, dear?" asked the hostess. "Are you too ill even to talk?"

"Oh, no," replied the guest sadly. "I went to a new doctor and he cured all my topics of conversation."

▲

It's a lot better to drive one thought home than to let three die on base.—*Advertising and Selling.*

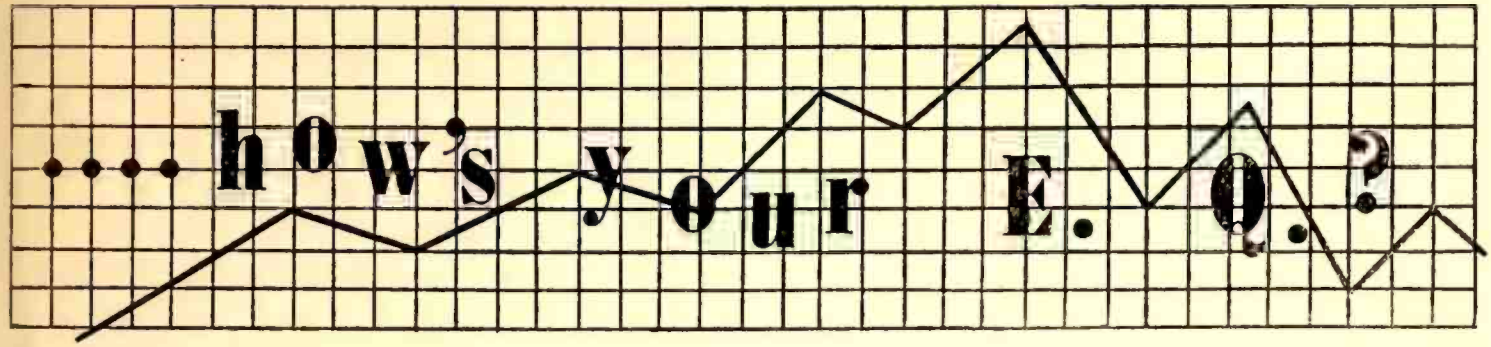
▲

The longer I live, the more impressed I am that if you give the other fellow a chance to talk first, you avoid many mistakes and much embarrassment.—*Brake Shoe's Private Wire.*

▲

Everybody wants something. The practical man knows how to get what he wants. The philosopher knows what people ought to want and the ideal man is he who knows how to get what he ought to want.—*Young America.*

What do radio listeners like? What do they dislike? Dr. Gallup claims to have the answer.



by JOHN CROSBY

DR. GEORGE GALLUP, the man who assesses our opinions on the Marshall plan and Senator Taft, has now invaded radio where he plans to measure scientifically our opinions on Jack Benny, Art Linkletter and the rest of the mob. "We plan," said Dr. Gallup's head man in charge of radio research, "to explore in a more or less systematic manner a good many of the qualitative aspects of radio."

Clearly, the twilight of the radio critic is at hand. Up to now the "qualitative exploration of radio" has been the function of the critic but none of them has ever attacked the task in anything like a systematic manner. We are all, I'm afraid, as unmethodical and disorderly as an attic; our opinions as messy and unscientific as a blacksmith shop. In approaching this primitive field, Dr. Gallup brings along not only scientific methodology but also scientific phraseology. He plans to rate each actor, comedian, singer or commentator according to what he terms an "enthusiasm quotient" or E. Q. The "enthusiasm quotient" will be charted on a graph —one line for the percentage of people who have heard the radio performer, another line for the amount of enthusiasm he has generated in them. Where the two lines meet on a graph, that's the enthusiasm quotient. (For the mathematically minded the equation is M over E equals E. Q. "He'll never get it off the ground," was my wife's reaction to this, but then she has an untidy, unscientific mind.)

In addition to the graph, Dr. Gallup will evaluate various radio programs by means of the Hopkins Televote Machine which has been used for the last seven years in pre-testing movies. In these tests, each member of a selected audience is given a knob on which he expresses what Dr. Gallup refers to as his "relative enjoyment level" by turning the knob to the right when he likes the program, left when he doesn't. The reaction of the audience is recorded continuously and automatically on a moving tape so that each "component part" of the program can be studied objectively and, according to its enjoyment rating, be

discarded or retained.

Here again the critic is in the horse-and-buggy stage of qualitative exploration. My own relative enjoyment level is inscribed, usually illegibly, on a non-moving piece of paper. I tried a moving tape once but it kept continuously and automatically recording cuss words—I was listening to Skelton—which were neither scientific nor illuminating.

No. Obviously the old-fashioned radio critic can't compete with these gadgets. However, before I pass into limbo, in a spirit of friendly co-operation, as the icebox industry might pass on its few pathetic trade secrets to Frigidaire, I'd like to turn over to Dr. Gallup a few of my own findings based on a good deal of unsystematic experience in qualitative exploration. Ready, Gallup? No, you needn't record it on that continuously moving tape. It won't take that long.

In the first place, Gallup, one's relative enjoyment level—or E. L.—depends on a lot of things besides the intrinsic value of the radio program in question. It can fluctuate wildly and inaccurately according to the number of Martinis in the listener. (On two Martinis, E. L. rockets; on four it plummets. Or: E. L. equals one over the square of the Martinis.) The state of the digestion, the state of the world, the state of one's finances, the state of one's mind, the state of one's blood pressure—they all affect the enjoyment level, no matter how funny or unfunny the comedian is.

The fact is, Gallup, that people are as variable and unpredictable as the winds in their enjoyment levels. One night they laugh. The next they don't. The jokes are constants in this game; the people are the variables. The task of judging entertainment and entertainers exactly on their merits, uninfluenced by any personal considerations, unswayed by prior convictions, unmoved by the opinions and prejudices of friends, other critics or press agents; in short, the forming of an opinion based solely on one's discrimination, taste and experience—that is the goal of all honest critics, and none has ever attained it — though, of course, none of them ever went at it scientifically.

Best of luck, Gallup.

I had a horrible dream about that Televote Machine last night. They were testing Betty Grable with it, exposing her component parts to the audience gradually. First the feet, then the legs, the hips and so on. The audience was registering approval or disapproval on that continuously moving tape. After the test was recorded and analyzed Miss Grable was removed to the Enthusiasm Reconstruction Department (E. R. D.), where those components which had a low E. L. were eliminated, the components with a high E. L. were expanded.

The result should have been pure, unalloyed beauty, but it wasn't. The new, reconstructed, scientifically explored Miss Grable was—to borrow a phrase from the teen-agers—simply gruesome.

▲

MAN—How do you feel this morning?
VOICE ON PHONE—Fine.
MAN—Sorry, wrong number.

GLAD HAND IN THE HILLS!

Big doings in the Ozarks—Land of a Million Smiles.

by RICHARD AND LOUISE McCUE

ONE of the louder complaints of travelers the world over is that they can't get simple answers to simple questions. It has probably been your own bitter experience that the girl who pours your coffee doesn't know the whereabouts of the nearest tourist camp, the man at the gas station has not the haziest idea where you can go fishing, and the woman who rents you a cottage "couldn't tell you" where to swim, play golf, or buy a newspaper.

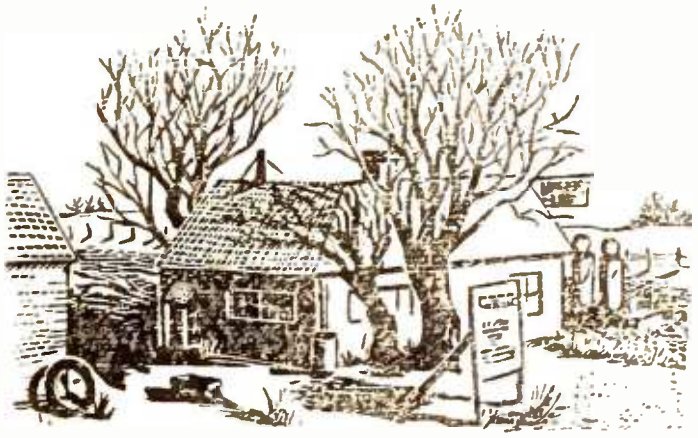
Down in the Ozarks people became aware that this inhospitable state of affairs *could* exist in their own scenic highlands, and resolved to do something about it. So now waitresses are going to school, and their seatmates are service station attendants, hotel clerks, tourist camp operators, clerks who work behind the counters of drug stores, dime stores, and hamburger haciendas, little old ladies who preside over antique bazaars and pottery marts—in short, anyone who is likely to come in contact with that demanding creature who asks questions, the Tourist. No ponderous volumes their textbooks, but rather maps of their own familiar hills and lakes, folders and pamphlets setting forth the facilities for sleeping, eating, playing and just plain looking around offered in the community. They hold classes wherever there's room for 40 people and a blackboard—the city hall, the courthouse, or Legion Hut.

The objective: To master the complex business of answering questions and become adept in the other niceties of hospitality. The ultimate, bald intention, of course, is to entice you and your holiday spending money back to the Ozarks again and again by the entirely legitimate device of making your vacation there the most satisfying you have ever known.

This be-kind-to-visitors program began last April in the Arkansas section of the Ozarks and spread from town to town until by late autumn the Tourist Courtesy Training Course had been given, free of charge, to 400 people in nearly a dozen localities, with numerous other towns on the waiting list. Tourist-wise neighbors across the line in Missouri and Oklahoma got wind of the program and are pushing plans for similar classes in their own Ozarks. In Arkansas the State Department of Education is doing the tutoring as an offshoot of its vocational training activities; in Missouri and Oklahoma the glad-hand training will probably be dis-

pensed by instructors sent out from the state universities.

Education, the hill folks are finding, pays off handsomely. The madonna of the coffee urn who helps a wistful fisherman from the city turn up a pot of trout at the end of his 300-mile rainbow finds folding-size tips under the saucer. There's new gold in the tills of innkeepers qualified to hand their guests some-



thing more than a blank look when queried as to the location of a well-broiled steak or a dance floor. And the man with the hose discovers that motorists drive miles out of their way to give him their gas and oil trade for no other reason than the fact that he once supplied them with the correct dope on deer-hunting licenses.

Catering to tourists in the "land of a million smiles" is big business—a $90,000,000 industry, to quote the Ozark Playgrounds Association, which arrived at this figure as a conservative estimate of the amount spent by visitors to the Ozarks in 1946, the first postwar year. Where does all this money come from, and what are the chances that it will continue to roll into the hills?

The Association, a cooperative, non-profit group organized in 1919 to publicize the recreational glories of the Ozark region, operates from headquarters in Joplin. It points out that one out of six persons in the United States lives within a single day's drive of the Ozarks. In other words, some 24 million people are logical customers for the area's hotels, restaurants, fishing, boating, swimming, horseback riding, breathtaking vistas and other offerings.

Students in Tourist Courtesy training come to regard The 24 Million as their own special responsibility. As the instructor puts it when each class settles down for its opening session: "All of you have contacts with the traveling public. You are in a better position than anyone else to tell tourists what the Ozarks have to offer and get them in the notion of spending their vacation here instead of going somewhere else. In other words, you are the hosts and hostesses of the Ozarks."

Seen in that light, the training stands out as important stuff, and the students avidly get down to work. They relish straight-from-the-shoulder discussions of their shortcomings and problems, and are eager to pool experiences. In the first of the five class periods of two hours each, held at a time of the day when the boss can spare them, they plunge into the topic of desirable personality traits for work involving public contacts. They talk frankly about the effect upon a customer of an indifferent or belligerent attitude, a uniform suffering from battle fatigue, or a posture like a tired meringue. Such homey virtues as cleanliness, honesty, knowing one's business, and a smile that doesn't mind working overtime all step up to

the position of importance which they deserve.

Midway through the session the instructor turns down the lights and shows a film called "Hashslinger or Food Server?" which, as its title might indicate, helps drive home the idea that good personality characteristics play more than a walk-on role in keeping the patrons coming back.

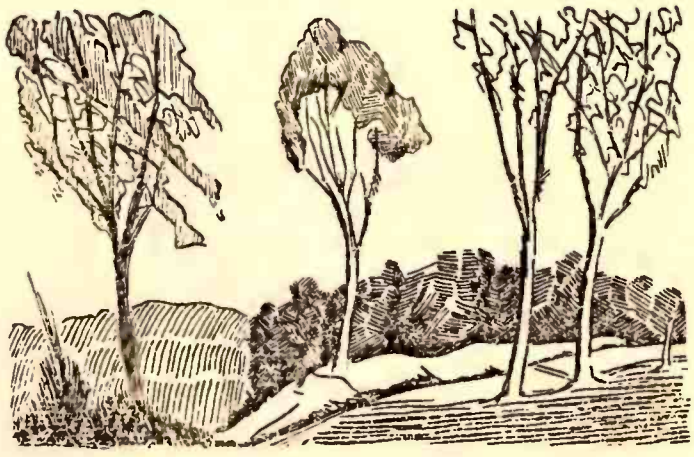
On the second day, the students, their interest whetted, set about acquiring specific know-where for answering tourists' questions. Working with blank forms designed to be filled in during class, they conjure up lists of the hotels, tourist courts, restaurants, drug stores, novelty and gift shops and kindred establishments in their community. Assembling this information—mistakenly thought to be common knowledge—calls for the concerted head-scratching and wits-needling of the entire group. When completed, these lists find their way into a safe repository at the student's job where he can lay his hands on them in a hurry.

To spare vacationers from the foolish feeling that comes from being all dressed up in golf clubs or tennis rackets with no place to play, Tourist Courtesy scholars get themselves hep to golf links and tennis courts in the vicinity, not to mention facilities for swimming and boating, horse-back riding, baseball and softball. Just in case there are visitors with less muscular leanings, they also bone up on local theatres, churches, civic clubs, and historic or scenic points of interest.

An there's none of this "Well, now, I reckon it's down the road quite a fur piece!" The students learn exactly *where* the place is and *how* to get there.

Nearly everyone who visits the Ozarks goes fishing—or would if he could find a place to buy bait, locate a stream containing at least one gullible jack salmon of photogenic dimensions, and get a straight story on license requirements, creel limits and minimum lengths. For one whole session our industrious students become earnest devotees of Izaak Walton and put themselves in possession of all sorts of esoteric lore, from where to buy tackle and minnows to the approximate home address of Old Methuselah, the perch as big as a pullman.

Special teaching talent is requisitioned in the person of some local expert fisherman who knows all the secrets and has the philanthropist spirit about sharing them. In one town this exacting position was filled admirably by the leading banker, a



lifelong angler equally at home with the roll and the troll. To round out his information and enable him to save visitors from vacation-curdling bouts with the law, each student is presented with pamphlets containing all state game and fish regulations.

As with other "literature," he receives enough copies to deal liberal hand-outs.

One of the most important sessions is spent learning about tourist attractions in the region as a whole—lakes, caves, state and national parks, where they are and how to reach them. This benefits the roving vacationer who prefers to go places and see things rather than stay in one locality, but doesn't know how to plan his itinerary. The Tourist Courtesy student learns how to draw up a travel log to fit the motorist's yearnings and his allotted time—one that will perhaps bring him back for a longer stay next year. Again the student lugs an armload of expendable folders, pamphlets, and maps to his place of employment for future reference.

Somewhere along the line his informational cache acquires a valuable "emergency list," containing such hurry-up items as the address and telephone numbers of doctors, hospitals, the fire department, the police station and the telegraph office.

On "graduation day" certificates are awarded all persons completing the course, together with a placard to be displayed where they work. The placard has TOURIST INFORMATION on it in big black letters and means what it says.

The brunt of the teaching load is carried by traveling pedagogs from the Arkansas State Department of Education, specifically Milburn Adams, district supervisor of distributive education, and Miss Rose M. Clark, instructor in food service training. Mr. Adams, whose amiable manner enables him to make friends readily, infiltrates the various communities beforehand to talk up the program with employers and prospective students. He is aided bountifully in establishing contacts by the Ozarks Playgrounds Association, which has smiled warmly on the project since its inception.

Pleasure, like gold, happiness *et al*, is where you find it. Ozark's Tourist Courtesy graduates are standing ready to point the way—and furnish you with a map to make sure you get there!

▲

Centerpiece

ANGELA LANSBURY was one of a shipload of British children lucky enough to get passage to America in 1940 and escape the London blitz. After a brief Canadian nightclub engagement she was tested and signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is blonde, 21 years old, five feet seven inches tall and weighs 130 highly interesting pounds. You'll find her by turning the page.

SWINGSHOTS

1

2

3

1. Skating Vanities star Gloria Nord looks lovely during an exclusive WHB interview.

2. Glenn Davis, West Point's ex-football great, speaks in behalf of Army recruiting and finds time to autograph a pigskin.

3. Tom Slater, Ruthrauff and Ryan executive acting as publicity director of the Friendship Train, and Drew Pearson, originator of the Train, at a WHB mike in Pearson's drawing room.

4. Dick Bartell, new manager of the Kansas City Blues, demonstrates his own type of "swing".

5. In one of his first none-picketed appearances, Congressman Hartley explains the purposes and workings of the Taft-Hartley Act.

. . . *presenting* L. P. COOKINGHAM

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

FOREMOST among Kansas Citians starting the new year with substantial wage increases is L. P. Cookingham, the indefatigable administrator who supervises 3,500 employees, spends 17 million dollars a year, sells goods, rents space, buys materials, directs maintenance crews and is answerable to half a million stockholders. Mr. Cookingham is an energetic but surprisingly human executive with a big, big job. His directors have decided to make his 1948 pay envelope fatter by 7,000 dollars, and they're sure he will earn every penny of it.

The corporation employing Mr. Cookingham is Kansas City, Missouri, a large-scale operation in anybody's book. Just now, Kansas City covers 62½ square miles, every inch of which is the responsibility of the municipal government. The 450,000 people who live and work there drive 90,000 vehicles over 810 miles of streets—all built and maintained by the city. They consume 60,000,000 gallons of pure, softened water daily, which they get from the city Water Department, and their waste products are drawn off through 867 miles of sewers. They need fire, police and health protection, transportation facilities, parks and playgrounds. Their garbage must be collected, their traffic must be directed, their community buildings and property must be kept up. They require a lot of looking after, those 450,000 people, and they're getting it.

They didn't always. For 14 sad, long and unbelievably lurid years the government ran the people of Kansas City. In one of the most notorious political debaucheries of all time, Kansas Citians were swindled, victimized, over-taxed and under-serviced. They watched, helpless, as their town was turned over to vice and violence. Ten years ago, a teacher who assigned his pupils an essay on "Clean Government" found that 80 per cent of the papers were turned in unsigned. Even school children were afraid to speak out because their fathers' businesses would suffer stern reprisals from the savage machine which held the city in thrall. Thugs and strong-arm experts took over the polling places on election day. In 1934, three men were killed while trying to vote.

Eventually, the federal government succeeded in pinning fraud counts on the top dogs of the Pendergast regime, including Boss Tom. That was in 1939, and it broke up the fabulous plunder-party. A year later the Charter party, the Republicans and anti-machine Democrats joined to form the United Campaign Committee. The Committee won seven of eight city council seats, and elected its candidate

for mayor, John B. Gage.

Kansas City finally had an honest government. It also had a tremendous deficit, a pocketful of criminals ranging from petty grafters up through white-slavers and murderers, a police force composed of a high percentage of ex-convicts, and the most utterly confused set of financial records imaginable.

The men in the new government weren't experienced in politics. But they knew what they wanted, and looked around for a capable city manager. They figured the best one they could get might not be good enough. Finally they fixed upon Perry Cookingham, then president of the International City Managers' Association.

It was with definite misgivings that Cookingham accepted the job. The Kansas City situation stank, and administrative experts were agreed that the billet might be a one-way ticket to professional annihilation. Cookingham, who had already earned a splendid national reputation by his management of Saginaw, Michigan, was risking a great deal in accepting the appointment. But the challenge was so compelling that he felt he had to take a whack at it.

With splendid cooperation from Mayor Gage, the city council and the citizens, miracles were worked. A new police chief, Lear Reed, was appointed and undertook sweeping reforms. By early 1941 there were no brothels or gambling houses left in Kansas City. Robberies had been reduced by 75 percent, burglaries by 78 percent. Auto thefts, which had averaged 186 a month, were down to 18. Forty-seven new playgrounds had been opened, all of them properly staffed and closely supervised. Juvenile delinquency was 80 percent less.

Under Cookingham's leadership, huge forward strides had been taken in the field of public health. New fire fighting equipment had been purchased—the first the city had got in ten years. Annual fire loss had been lowered a third from the 1939 level, from $2.41 per capita to $1.67. The city won the Grand Award of the National Safety Council for traffic safety. Street repairs were underway.

Had this cost money? No. Incredible as it may seem, Kansas City emerged with a year-end cash surplus in all funds of $1,503,820!

This financial wizardry was the result of an administrative purge which removed 600 kept-men from the city payroll; a 50 percent reduction of the gasoline bill; a 20 percent reduction in the operating costs of the Water Department; recovery of $200,000 illegally expended from the city manager's "emergency fund," numerous other coups of good management. Kansas City, for the first time in a decade and a half, could hold its head up in polite society.

Cookingham's share in the renovation work was large. The citizens furnished the good intentions; Mayor Gage and the council, the policies; and Cookingham, the executive ability and the public administration experience to make advances possible.

Today, Kansas City is advancing still, and Cookingham is apparently as tireless as ever. He gets to his office early and stays late, working from nine to ten hours a day, six days a

week. In the evenings, he makes speeches.

A schedule like that would find the ordinary man looking around for another job before a month had gone by. Not Cookingham. He is wed to his work. In his words: "Mrs. Cookingham has been a widow ever since she married me."

Most of his enthusiasm stems from his love of people, all kinds of people. He is extremely gregarious, and two consecutive nights at home find him pacing his Sophian Plaza apartment like a caged lion. Even there he is followed by business calls and all-hours pleas from stray acquaintances, most of whom want intervention with the police in traffic violation matters. Recently a man who had met the city manager only once telephoned after midnight. He had been clapped in the local bastile for drunken driving, and wanted help. Cookingham declined to use his influence, of course, but he did get up, dress, and go down to the city jail to get the whole story first-hand, and to see that the prisoner was comfortable.

At 51, Perry Cookingham is the nation's top-rated municipal administrator. He says it happened because he was brought up in a "lousy little Illinois town where the administration collected taxes and did nothing else. We didn't see a city employee—except for three inefficient flatfeet who hung out along Main Street—until the day before an election. That day they collected garbage, and aside from that rendered no visible service."

Young Perry, who was named for a great-aunt and never uses his first name, first heard about city managers in a high school civics class. They were an innovation then, and only one paragraph in the textbook made reference to them at all. The idea sounded so wonderful, in comparison to the government to which he had been exposed, that it made a deep impression on him. But he forgot it, mostly, when he was graduated from high school and went to work as a rodman for a railroad.

He spent 14 months overseas in World War I, a lot of them playing football on the 4th Army Corps team in the army of occupation. He was offered several football scholarships but refused them. Instead he went back to running a level and transit for the railroad, with the idea that he would earn the money for college. In April of 1920 he went to work in the public works department of the city of Flint, promising himself he would enter the University of Michigan in the fall.

But by fall he had advanced so rapidly that he postponed college for another year, and after that another, then another.

During his fourth year at Flint his interest in city government was rekindled with growing realization of

the importance of centralized control to avoid duplication. He began to study, and when he felt he was quali-

fied, he looked around for a small city he could manage. He found it, and 21 years ago this month became the first city manager of Clawson, Michigan.

Clawson was a city of only 3,600, but because it was a Detroit suburb it had metropolitan problems. It was a splendid training ground. Cookingham did almost all of the work himself, from surveying to bookkeeping. He learned a number of important things in Clawson. For the first time he got a comprehensive picture of municipal government and the relative importance of various departments. He found out, from long hours over his drawing board, how to plan a city for future expansion. And, because he personally saw everyone who called at the city hall, he learned the value of public relations.

After four and a half years, he became city manager of Plymouth, another suburban Michigan town. While there, he decided to try for the college education he had missed. So he began night school at the Detroit Institute of Technology. He attended classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights; worked on home assignments the other nights and Saturday and Sunday afternoons. He got his bachelor's degree in 1936, and was awarded an honorary master's at the same time.

The Cookinghams will never forget the night Saginaw, Michigan, hired Perry. Mrs. Cookingham was at the movies with a friend. In the middle of the feature, her husband came in and slumped into the seat beside her. "Well," he announced, "I got it."

Mrs. Cookingham had last seen her husband poring over a night school

assignment—structural design of an eight story building. She was familiar with his enthusiasm, and assumed he had finished the drawing. "Fine," she said. "Shhhhhh!"

"Aren't you interested?"

"Of course, dear, but please be quiet. I'm trying to watch the picture."

"Picture hell!" he bellowed. "Come outside where I can talk to you."

In the lobby, he explained that the Saginaw council had approved his appointment. It was more money, and a swell opportunity.

What Cookingham accomplished in Saginaw is pretty much municipal managerial history. He raised wages, lowered taxes, slashed expenditures, cleared back debts, erected new buildings, augmented the police and fire departments, built parks, playgrounds, and miles of new water mains, sewers and pavement. Two years after his arrival, the per capita cost of government was $17.15 as against $45.83 in other cities of the same population class. That was sound management, a recommendation not only for Cookingham, but for the city manager form of government.

In 1938, 500 cities used the city manager form. Today 830 use it, and new cities are adopting it at the rate of about 75 a year. By 1950, a thou-

sand American cities will have city managers—if they can find them. Demand is outstripping supply. Last year, for instance, there were 212 vacancies but only 25 trained men to fill them. At present, Cincinnati is the largest city manager city. But Washington and Boston are giving serious thought to change, and should they decide in favor of it, they will set a pattern for cities of over a million population.

Because of Cookingham's reputation based on accomplishment, he is often sought out by other municipalities. He has turned down several attractive offers in favor of his Kansas City post, which he says is the most interesting and enjoyable he has ever held. The latest bid came last month from Hartford, Connecticut. It was $25,000—a tempting sum and one not easy to walk away from. The Kansas City council met the offer almost immediately. They didn't want to lose Cookingham, because they know now the value of an experienced administrator.

The same week his salary was upped, Cookingham saved the city a flat $20,000 in negotiations with a local utility—enough to pay his wage increase for the next three years!

That saving isn't an isolated instance, because daily decisions on expenditures ranging from $10,000 to $15,000 come from the city manager's office. In addition to the annual $17,000,000 budget, the office will also be indispensable in carrying out the $41,000,000 improvement expenditures voted by the city.

Work is Cookingham's hobby as well as his occupation. In Saginaw, he used to carry ice skates in his car, and stop en route to the office each morning for a few laps around a frozen pond. While he loves the outdoors as much as ever, he finds little time for it now. He gave up golf a few years back because it cut into his schedule, abandoned his victory garden at the war's end, and now his only athletic exertion is his annual two days on horseback at the Saddle and Sirloin Club Trail Ride.

Under his managership, Kansas City has progressed from a state of virtual bankruptcy to the very highest bracket of credit risks. Within the last two years municipal bonds have been sold at an interest rate of less than one percent. In following his theory of getting the financial burden of city government off real estate, Cookingham has done handsomely. Most major cities derive 60 to 80 percent of their income from real estate: Kansas City, less than 30 percent He has reduced real estate taxes from $1.50 per hundred dollars assessed value to $1.39 a hundred, with valuation approximately the same.

On the other hand, he has been able to arrange a five percent public utilities tax to gain additional revenue. The utilities absorb the tax, without passing it on to consumers.

A merit system for employees has been instituted. It is good for morale and for efficiency—the money it saves is beyond estimation.

In all, government economies have made possible the raising of city employees' salaries by 71 3/10 percent over the 1938 level. Now the general manager is getting a raise, and the councilmen who serve as directors and

the citizens who serve as stockholders feel convinced that he will earn it.

"What we do from day to day is important," says Cookingham, "but the most important thing is not to let the future of the city escape us. We've got to plan for that future, and go out to meet it."

Cookingham would like to help Kansas City do that, half a million strong!

▲

A famous artist was painting in the mountains and wanted a live subject for one of his sketches.

"I'll give you five dollars," said he to a languid native, "if you'll let me paint you."

The mountain girl paused a moment before answering. Then she said, "That's easy money, stranger, I'll have to admit. I was just wonderin' how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

▲

The Viennese tell this story about the last London Conference, which was attended by Austrian Chancellor Figl. When the conference ended and the delegates were ready to leave, the doorman started to summon their conveyances. "Mr. Bevin's Rolls Royce," he called. "General Clark's Cadillac . . . Mr. Guysey's Packard." Finally, when the Austrian appeared, "Mr. Figl's galoshes."

▲

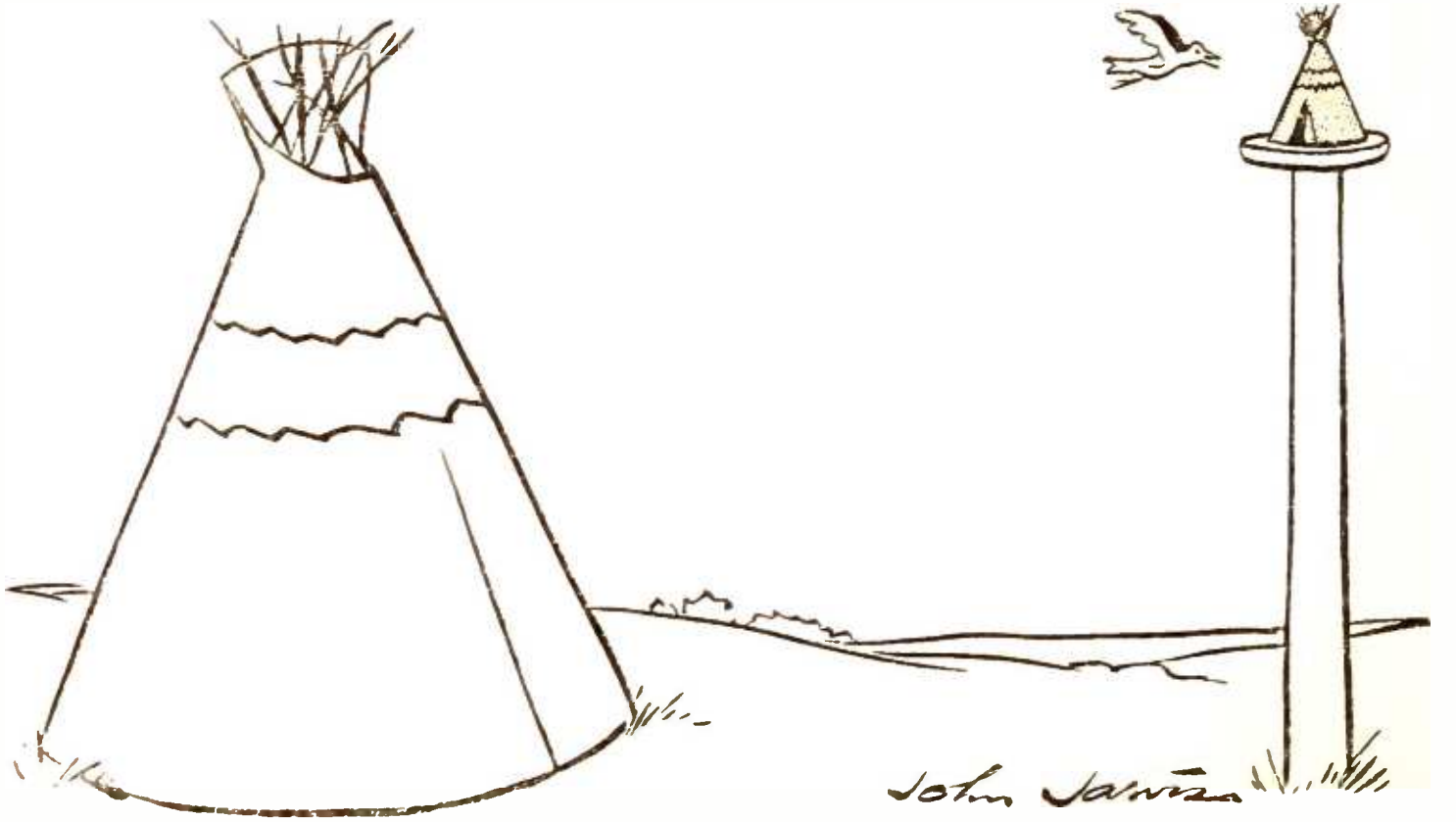
Most auto accidents occur on Saturday and Sunday, proving it's a great life if you don't weekend.

▲

Critics are people who hiss and tell.

▲

Platonic love is like being invited down to the cellar for a bottle of ginger ale.



THE MAN BEHIND THE MUSHROOM!

Hideous . . .
lovely . . .
shocking . . .
but all of it different,
different from anything
you have ever seen!

by J. M. GRANT

WHEN the first customer walked into Sam Kramer's studio in Greenwich Village ten years ago, she took one quick glance at an object in his showcase and said, "What is it?" She was, of course, referring to his jewelry, but ever since then people have been asking that same question and no one has been able to provide an answer.

Sam Kramer labels his creations "objects," because, "they are not what people have been wearing and calling jewelry for the past thousand years." And he is right! When we think of jewelry, we certainly do not think of a donkey's jawbone, mummified beetles, tigers' teeth, petrified brains of fish or fossilized wood. Yet all these unique materials and countless others are incorporated into the silver objects that come from the Kramer studio.

Tall and lean, with a crop of unruly black hair and a full-sized beard to match, Sam is a soft-spoken silversmith with an imagination reminiscent of H. G. Wells. At his studio workbench alongside his blonde and beautiful wife, Carol, he fashions lumps of silver into shapes and forms that may well be called "a new art." After ten years of experimentation, he is still struggling to reach an even higher level of perfection, which, after seeing his work, you would hardly think possible.

Like all trailblazers, Sam has disciples, his apprentice-assistants, two girls and a boy. They affectionately call him "boss" and wait patiently their turns for guidance and instruction as problems arise, and they constantly do arise. Sam is grateful for the fact that his wife still loves him, because, he shyly but happily admits, "She is my only serious competitor."

However, the respect and affection he has gained from those around him is understandable. He possesses what may be truly called a magnetic personality, and his sympathetic disposition has won him many friends among his customers.

Sam describes his objects as "basic ideas, tortured into sculptural form, bearing an emotional impact." Perhaps this is as close and accurate a description as can be made. There are protozoa-like pins designed for either wearing or exhibition in a picture frame, huge pendants of grotesque skeleton figures that can be worn on a ribbon around the neck or placed like a statue upon desk or pedestal, bird-like earrings that make the ear

look as though it were a "living creature," tie clasps resembling flying fish, hair combs approximating octopuses and cuff links that show an affinity to tropical beetles.

At 34, Kramer is today a pioneer whose work is gaining for him a unique reputation and a steadily increasing number of "object enthusiasts." He subscribes to the theory that "the war has jolted many people out of their conventional patterns of taste," and that "they are coming to realize and appreciate many more nuances of modern art."

Although 60 percent of his customers are artists, sculptors, musicians and writers, the others represent almost every trade and profession. Psychiatrists, psycho-analysts and psychologists head the list. There are plumbers, private detectives, fashion models, butchers, architects, lawyers and students. Sam believes that "as more people become reconciled to having modern paintings and sculpture in their homes, they will soon become accustomed to wearing modern jewelry."

Some of the more notable among his customers are conductor Robert Shaw, actors Vincent Price and Jose Ferrer, actresses Judith Evelyn and Judy Holliday, sculptor Chaim Gross and painter Yasuo Kuniyoshi, ballerina Sono Osato, writer S. J. Perelman and Frank "Bring Em Back Alive" Buck. He has customers in all the 48 states, Mexico, Canada, Sweden, France, England, China and India. Many of them are people he has never seen. The morning mail brings money orders with requests for objects, the sight of which would paralyze any postal inspector.

Salesmen use his rings to start conversations with prospective buyers and a woman in Brooklyn used a Kramer bracelet to attract the attention of a landlord interviewing apartment seekers. "She got the apartment," Sam says, "but we can't guarantee an apartment with every bracelet."

Born and educated in Pittsburgh, the lure of Hollywood and dreams of a high-salaried job as a scenario writer drove him to California, but the studio walls were "too high and much too thick." The few dollars a week he saved from his salary as womens' club and police reporter for a Santa Monica paper finally mounted to the total of his bus fare to New York. Having served "a very conventional apprenticeship" in a New York jewelry firm, the seed that was planted in a jewelry making class in a Pittsburgh high school soon blossomed into a new form of expression for Sam Kramer.

In the late 1930's, when people weren't buying much jewelry, Sam's objects proved very useful in supporting himself and his young wife. Reverting to the barter system, he gave his landlord a ring in lieu of a month's rent and traded necklaces and pins for food and an occasional bottle of brandy.

"If prices today continue to soar," he says, "and inflation destroys our economic structure, it's very likely that everyone will return to the barter system, using jewelry instead of money."

Kramer's creations have unpredictable effects upon people. Many are

simply stunned and others get red in the face and storm out of his studio. One young woman sprained her ankle in her haste to escape a silvery serpent she imagined gliding toward her across a showcase. An amateur baritone sang three choruses of *Stardust* after trying on a massive ring that projected backward across the top of his hand. An elderly Midwestern farmer pulled Sam's beard to see if it were "as phony as this crazy stuff," and an advertising executive was hypnotized by the glass eye embedded in his psychoanalyst's tie clasp. "Many people," Sam says, "become so distracted that they leave the studio forgetting everything from umbrellas to their own jewelry."

"However," he explains, "they do like the authentic Village atmosphere. People seem to enjoy the fact that we ignore them while they look around, and when we talk to them, we talk to them as human beings, not as customers." A large buxom woman unwittingly added to the decor of his studio by leaning too heavily upon the top of a showcase. It broke, leaving a large jagged hole in the center and fragments of glass scattered about. This evoked the immediate response from people of, "Aha, you've even got a surrealistic showcase."

His trademark, the mushroom, is perhaps the only prosaic design in the studio, but he feels, "it is a symbol that represents the mysterious and evolutionary forces of life." After long seeking a mark that had never been used by any other silversmith, he finally hit upon the idea when one day he pulled a mushroom from the earth, mistaking it for his golf ball which had rolled into the rough.

Although a great many of his "basic ideas" are molded from preconceived designs, some of his objects have come to life only because his imagination has played curious tricks on him. A silver cutting machine fastened to his workbench evolved into the figure of a brontosaurian female cuddling its offspring. An ancient wire-drawing mechanism developed into a giraffe-like pendant with glass eyes. A diminutive ring-bending apparatus turned into a monstrous scorpion pin.

In casting many of his "more controlled and less amorphous" figures, Sam uses a technique practiced by ancient Egyptians and modern dentists. It's known as the "lost wax process" because when a model is made in wax and then buried in plaster, the mold is baked and the wax runs out and gets lost. He completes the object by dexterously forcing molten metal into the mold. When it has cooled and the mold has been destroyed, the figure emerges, ready to be tooled and carved. Before perfecting this technique, he made more than 100 experiments and started two fires in the cellar of his home.

Of all that he creates, Kramer is most partial to his rings. His "less imaginative" customers refer to them as "brass knuckles." A woman writer in Hollywood was married, divorced and re-married, all without a wedding ring because she was unable to get to New York and pick one from the Kramer studio.

Sam frowns upon rings that are conventional bands with only tops

to them. "A ring," he explains, "is an object in space that must represent a structural whole, something that can be viewed from any angle like a piece of sculpture." His rings have tops and bottoms and sides, weird projections that make the fingers "come alive in crawling, creeping movements." He never sets a stone "smack in the center" of a ring, but employs it in such a way so that "it bears a psychological relationship" to the silver or gold in which it is set.

Because women have clamored for wider and wider bands, Sam has designed what he believes to be the widest wedding ring in existence. It's a highly polished gold cylinder measuring a full inch in width, yet so constructed as to permit bending of the finger. On its bottom, or shank, is a small appendage symbolizing the sprouting of a seed.

When he's not at his workbench or soloing in a spin-proof plane, his chief occupation and hobby is sorting, classifying and admiring his collection of 50,000 stones. This includes an emerald and a sapphire, each weighing 300 karats, and a pair of sphenes, one of the rarest and most beautiful gems in the world.

Sam prefers stones and minerals that "suggest the veiled and mysterious elements of nature." He also owns a whale's tooth which is so large that he hasn't quite figured out a setting for it.

Not long ago occurred the strangest experience of his life. A well-dressed, mild-mannered young man came into the studio and asked to have a ring made, for which he produced an intricate design. It was only after he explained that he was a voodoo priest and that he had to have the ring as a wedding band for his bride that Sam consented to execute the strange triangular object. When the ring was completed, Mr. and Mrs. Kramer were invited to be best man and maid of honor at the ceremony, which was performed in a Presbyterian church on Fifth Avenue. Before leaving on his honeymoon, the bridegroom had somehow talked the silversmith into surrendering a lock of his hair and a clipping from each of his fingernails. Sam has never felt quite secure since then.

Hazarding a prediction, he imagines that in a hundred years machine-designed jewelry will be as "aesthetically conceived" as that which he today creates by hand, and that hand-made jewelry a century from now "will reach its highest form of artistic expression."

People have said many things about his objects. "Hand-made silver slightly on the mad side . . . protoplasm and germs arranged artistically . . . there's never been anything so repulsive . . . amoebas plus and nightmarish figures."

"Modern art enthusiasts," Sam admits, "call my objects 'Henry Moore-ish, Dali-esque and Picasso-ish'."

But Sam Kramer is not trying to sell "art with a message" or "mumbo-jumbo jewelry with hidden connotations." He makes no other claim to distinction than that his work is "different, delightful, and often shocking." At the end of a day he often says, "Gosh, it's sad to see you get sold, fellows. But, we're glad!"

The mighty Missouri River is a potential cornucopia!

Horn-rimmed HARVEST!

by SAM SMITH

LOOKING at it on a map of the United States, the Missouri River basin resembles a great horn, starting in the northern Rocky Mountain states, and tilting southeastward some 2,400 miles to its tip in eastern Missouri. Sketched against the boundary lines of nine states, it brings to mind the proverbial horn of plenty. In some respects it is.

Lewis and Clark worked their way up the tawny stream, breaking a trail the fur traders soon followed, and thus, the Missouri became a great avenue of commerce more than a century ago. The furs of the wilderness rode the horn down to St. Louis, and that city became the greatest fur market in the world. Its preeminence as a focal point of commerce still continues.

Then, as now, floods raged through the lower valley. There was little in the way of those walls of water in pioneer days. A monument in the Howard County Bottoms marks the spot of a one-time town called Franklin. It was washed out by the granddaddy of all floods in 1843.

The waters of the Big Muddy continue to be as wild as the wilderness that once lined its shores. Last June, six successive crests came down the lower Missouri, and the coffee-colored flood washed out farm levees and carried off millions of tons of precious topsoil. In Nodaway County alone, it was estimated that 13,000,000 tons of topsoil had been torn away by the torrential rains.

To assemble within one work the whole picture of the basin, the Midwest Research Institute of Kansas City has prepared a detailed summary for the Army corps of engineers, pointing out the plenty in some areas, the deficits in others. The basin includes parts of Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas. It includes the land drained by the tributaries of the 2,400 mile river from its point of origin at Three Forks, Montana, where the Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin rivers join, to St. Louis.

There are some who believe the overall development of the great valley must be found in a Missouri Valley Authority. Others just as strongly oppose such control. Congress has approved the MVA program, but it is lifeless without appropriations. Although the MVA idea is highly controversial, there is no controversy over the fact that development is needed in the basin.

The basin is perhaps the greatest

agricultural region in the United States from the standpoints of size, soil, topography and climate. A large part of the nation's small grains, corn, sugar beets, potatoes, hay and livestock are raised there. At the same time, the basin is deficient in most manufactured goods as well as raw products from forests and mines. But here too, within the basin or in contiguous areas, are tremendous solid fuel reserves. The report states that the basin's importance in oil and natural gas will continue to advance with the discovery of additional crude oil reserves, mainly in Wyoming, and natural gas reserves, chiefly in Kansas.

Paradoxically, one of the basin's major shortages is water, which is why the report's map of the basin shows reservoirs for flood control, irrigation and allied purposes as included in the 1944 Flood Control Act. One hundred and five proposed reservoirs are listed.

The Midwest Research Institute report continues: "Industrially, the outlook for the basin is good. Establishment of a few major basic industries will attract many secondary industries." National forecasts for 1960 show an increase of about 92 percent in industrial production over the 1935-1939 average. In the basin, "it could easily be more than 92 percent.

"Profitable livestock and crop production and efficient industrial development have much in common," the report goes on. Canneries, dairy products, dressed poultry, leather, insulating board manufacture, wool scouring plants, alfalfa dehydrators, industrial alcohol plants, flax straw, beet sugar, poultry grit, sorgo syrup, soybean processing and malt liquor are potentials within the basin, for "with the development of the river and proposed irrigation projects, there should be an increase of processing plants, in the production of special crops and in the population of the region.

"It is not suggested that the basin will become self-sufficient, or even approach it. There must and will be a continual movement of agricultural products going out, and manufactured goods coming in.

"But there will be increased variety in the basin's exports. The region's imports also will increase in variety and will come to include intermediate and semi-finished products of other regions, to be finally processed within the basin for the use of its people. Thus the total resources of the basin will increase."

The summary points out that the basin proper contains unlimited reserves of non-metallic mineral resources, while the adjoining areas have metallic mined resources. Clay suitable for brick, tile and pottery manufacture is abundant in all of the basin states. Missouri possesses the only known commercial deposits of high alumina diaspore and burley clay in the nation. Feldspar and mica are found in South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado. There are inexhaustible reserves of phosphate rock, potash and salt in parts of the basin, and an unlimited supply of manganese is to be found in the shales along the Missouri's South Dakota banks.

The future development of basin

solid fuel production is closely related to fuel technology. "These coals may indeed be considered our ultimate future sources of synthetic liquid fuels, gasoline, diesel and fuel

oils and of raw materials for chemical industry."

As for agriculture, the principal business of the basin: "It is expected that with development of the possibilities of the river there will be an increase in the number of processing plants and in production of special crops. No marked change in the type of farming will occur. It is anticipated that more vegetable oils will be produced within the basin and plants to process seeds will be constructed. In addition, processing of farm products for the preparation of fats, proteins, and carbohydrates in pure form will increase as the technology of chemurgy develops."

This is the picture of things to come as the experts at the Midwest Research Institute see it: a tremendous basin, stretching from the clear bass streams of south Missouri and the hills of the northern Ozarks northwestward over the plains into the Rockies, with its tremendous potentials developed and directed to benefit the people in the area and around it. But the tricky river from which the basin takes its name still laughs at man, just as it laughed at the swearing flatboatmen and fur traders of the 19th Century. It laughed in June, 1947, just as it did in 1843. But development of the river means taming its capricious temperament. Irrigation, flood control, soil and water conservation and hydro-electric power form the gateway of a new era.

For a hundred years man has been stymied by the whims of a river. He has fought droughts on the basin's plains and floods in its valleys. Scientific development of the river will bring changes. The unpredictable tyranny of the Big Muddy will be exchanged for a true horn of plenty extending the length and breadth of the great Missouri River Basin.

Thomas Hart Benton, son of Missouri and of the Missouri River, has recently completed a mural based upon an ancient Greek legend. Wrestling with an ox, a man sheers off one of its horns. The horn becomes the horn of plenty.

In Benton's version, the struggle is set against the Missouri Valley background he knows so well. The man is the farmer, builder, worker: the ox is the mighty river whose rent horn spills forth all the dazzling wealth of an intrinsically rich area.

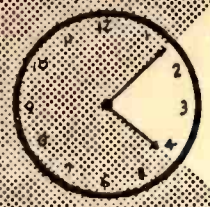
It can happen.

▲

Progress is mostly a matter of exchanging old worries for new ones.

"If I'm not back in five minutes, come after me!"

WORRY YOUR WORRIES AWAY



by LOVERNE WILSON BROWN

Organize your worries, ponder and fret on schedule — there's nothing like it to tear down worry and build up health!

DO you worry?

Practically everyone does. It is one of the less attractive habits that distinguishes human beings from animals! Wrinkles of worry may even have furrowed the scanty brow of Piltdown man—a crease, perhaps, for every crease of thought on his budding brain.

For worry is really the obverse side of thought.

Faced with a situation that cannot be immediately resolved by formula, the human mind thinks its way logically toward a solution. Arriving at none, it switches automatically to worry, just as a man who has tried unsuccessfully to inflate a ruined tire will end up by kicking it.

Of course, worry doesn't solve the problem. How can it? But it gives one the sensation of *trying* to solve it; and this sensation is so convincing that many people honestly do not know when they are worrying and when they are thinking.

But their bodies know. Thinking is a natural function of the healthy human being. It is not wasteful of bodily energy. But worry tears down tissues, clogs the heart, compresses the lungs, and brings on premature old age.

One immediate effect is to make the confirmed worrier inefficient in his or her work, thus decreasing earnings, and so giving the worried mind something even more serious to fret about.

You don't worry, you say? You sleep well and do not waken till the alarm clock rings?

But many, perhaps the majority, of people, do their worrying entirely by daylight.

Neither does worry affect all people in the same way. Consider two young women whose families, because of the housing shortage, are forced to share a one-family apartment.

Mary goes about her work in a dreamy, dawdling manner. She piles glasses in the dish pan, lets the water run cold, as she stares out the window. She empties the dish water but forgets to clean the sink. She leans on her broom, dusts only half the chairs, leaves her dust cloth on the living room radio.

Her sister-in-law, on the other hand, breezes through her duties with a fierce energy bred of nervous tension. Dishes are fairly yanked off the table; long before the two hus-

bands have finished their coffee, glasses and silverware clatter in the sink; ash trays are emptied and the half-finished cigars go with them.

The distraught husbands may privately agree that Mary is a poor housekeeper, and Jane too good a one for comfort. They have no idea that both women are driven to extremes of conduct by the same force—a consuming worry over when and where they can find a home for themselves.

Of course, their worrying will never find them a home. It will never do anything but make themselves and their husbands more miserable.

But it does give them a sense of doing something. Because they are content with this self-deceit, they really believe they are thinking. "I lie awake all night, *thinking,*" says Mary. "I *think* better when busy," says Jane. But their tight, compressed lips, their tense movements and weary bodies, tell the tale. They are heading toward nervous breakdowns, and

worry is the power that drives them.

If you are one of America's thousands of Marys or Janes, what can you do about it?

It is foolish to say only, "I will stop worrying." It isn't that easy. Worry is a habit of the mind, just as smoking is a habit of the body, and if you have ever tried to quit smoking, you will know it is easier said than done.

You might try my plan, though—that of worrying on an established schedule.

Sounds silly? Try it before you decide. It worked for me, and until I tried it I was a worrier par excellence.

This is the way you go about it:

First, make a list of your worries. If you have a lot of them, allot an hour of your day to their consideration; but for the average worrier, half an hour should suffice. Of course, as these problems resolve themselves (anyone's problems usually do in time, for the human spirit has a God-given quality of landing on its feet after almost any fall), you must be conscientious about cutting down on your worry-time.

Suppose, now, your worries add up like this:

Worry 1: Does my husband love me as much as he did when we were married? (This is a major worry for many women and deserves a full ten minutes for itself).

Worry 2: How shall I pay my bills? (With some people, this rates before husbands; adjust your time accordingly).

Worry 3: Will the cat have kittens and how will I dispose of them?

Worry 4: Should I have Junior's tonsils removed?

Worry 5: What about that new boy Daughter is running around with these days? (This worry should be divided into sections—his morals; the

way he drives his car; his ability to support her; the question of whether he wants to undertake her support—and each section allotted one minute of concentrated worry).

Worry 6: Will prices *ever* come down?

Worry 7 (after all, you must be patriotic): Is our country getting a fair break in world politics?

Worry 8: What about the atomic bomb?

Now you have your list. Next you must decide in what time of the day you best can do your worrying.

To some people the temptation to worry after retiring will have an almost irresistible attraction; after all, they reason, that time is more or less wasted, anyway! But you must firmly banish that thought. Steel yourself to allot some part of your daylight hours to this duty.

From ten to eleven in the morning is a good time for housewives. It may tear you away from some of the soap operas, but their tortured heroines would appear to have worries of their own, and will no doubt appreciate your problem. For the office worker, the hours between five and six in the evening, riding on bus or subway or waiting in a restaurant for the disinterested waitress to bring some nourishment, may prove the best.

At any rate, pick your hour; take your worries in hand; and go at them like crazy. If you find your mind wandering, call it back. Reprove it sharply. Your worries are important to you. They deserve your concentration.

Again, if your sense of humor interferes and you find yourself laughing out loud—take care! One good belly laugh has blown more than one major worry out of sight; and out of sight, out of mind—you know the saying. If you do not take the greatest care, you may find yourself, a few days from now, with nothing in the world to worry about.

Not even the atomic bomb! Because there is another facet of thinking, one that has fallen into disrepute in modern times, but which nevertheless still has magic to sooth the fevered brow. It will work wonders, move mountains, perhaps even reassemble the atom.

It is that little matter of human faith.

▲

The professor of a journalism class in a Midwestern school was annoyed at a coed who turned in an inaccurate news story. Drawing a red line across the paper he threw it away. "Young lady," he lectured, "you must learn the necessity of getting things right. Remember that Joseph Pulitzer once said accuracy is to a newspaper what virtue is to a woman."

"Yes," the girl blurted out bitterly, "but a newspaper can print a retraction."

Smile Awhile

Most Japanese in Tokyo make an effort to learn English, and they enjoy every opportunity they get to show off their knowledge. The other day a newly employed Japanese bellboy in a Tokyo hotel knocked on a door on which a sign was suspended. When the American occupant of the room opened the door, the beaming bellboy proudly greeted him, "Good morning, Mister Wet Paint."

▲

Bridget was applying for the position of maid. "Have you any references?" asked her prospective employer. "Yes, ma'am," Bridget answered, "I've lots of them."

"Then why didn't you bring them with you?" she was asked.

"They're like my photographs—none of them does me justice."

▲

A Kentucky Colonel always closed his eyes when he took a drink and one day someone asked him why.

"The sight of good likkah, suh," the colonel explained, "always makes my mouth watah, suh, and Ah do not care to dilute mah drink."

▲

The day before a big college game a bombshell burst on the coach with the dean's announcement that the star player had been disqualified. The coach hurried to the dean to ask why.

The dean explained, "We caught him cheating yesterday."

"I don't believe my player would cheat," the coach blustered. "What evidence do you have?"

"The star athlete sat right across from the star student. When their exam papers were compared, it was found the two were identical on the first nine questions."

"But," said the coach, "that doesn't prove anything. Maybe the player crammed."

"I can answer that best," said the dean, "by the manner in which they replied to the last question. The A student wrote, "I don't know." The player wrote, "I don't know either."

▲

Those in Hollywood who know Father McDonald of Notre Dame are exceedingly fond of him.

"You know, Father," a press agent out there said to him recently, "I'm sick of the problems of these $3,000 a week actors. I have ten of them under contract and every day they come in my office to tell me their troubles. I don't know how I stand it."

"Do you think that's tough?" the priest asked. "How'd you like to be one of God's press agents?"

▲

A young minister had been called shortly before the funeral to conduct last rites for a member of an out-of-town church. Hurriedly he picked up his prayerbook and arrived at the mortuary just as the service started. Soon after the readings began he came to the phrase "brother (or sister)." But the casket was closed and he had forgotten to ask the undertaker the sex of the deceased.

Quickly he leaned over and asked a nearby mourner: "Brother or sister?"

"Neither," came the whispered reply. "Cousin."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

"Runaway prices — where will they stop?" So goes the 64 dollar question Americans are asking themselves this month as events continue to carry them toward that end product of all booms— a bust.

Right now, more than half the population is feeling the pinch of inflationary pressure. Some of our people have long known what it means to buy double-priced consumer goods on half-priced salaries. Others are experiencing the zestful sensation of higher wages. Of this group, the farmers have fared best, enjoying an income boost of about 400 percent. Between the years 1939 and 1947, farm income jumped from 4½ billion dollars to 18 billion dollars. In the same period, the cost of living rose 61 percent. Not far behind the farmers, business and professional income upped itself 300 percent.

Lewis's bituminous coal miners lead the wage earners, having received wage boosts amounting to 120 percent of their 1939 income. Textile mill workers received a 112 percent raise.

On the other side of the ledger, government employees received wage boosts amounting to only 52 percent. People employed in public education and allied fields, medical and health service, workers engaged in finance and real estate work received additional compensation well under the 61 percent inflationary margin. To this group, then, comes the sharpest realization of the inflationary pinch.

For some time, inflation has appeared to be a runaway noticed only by those in its immediate path. But if the groans of the trampled haven't been heard, the groans of those about to be seem to have reached the ears of Washington at last. In November, the Administration produced a behind the scenes plan to stop inflation. There will be little said to the public concerning this new scheme. There will be whispers and backstage planning, but very little information will be allowed to reach the nation's front pages. The reason is obvious. Boom-busters are never very popular, and strangely, the idea of being unpopular around election time is not the accepted campaign for winning same.

• • •

Inflation is created by a merry-go-round of too-much money and too-little goods. These continue to chase each other in a circle until, literally, the merry-go-round breaks down. The simple solution is to place more goods on the market. Because of present production limitations, this solution is impossible to achieve. The only alternative is to control the supply of money. There are three ways by which this can be accomplished, all of which are unpopular with one group or another.

First, the Federal Reserve Board might raise the rediscount rate. In other words, raise the interest on borrowed money. This would tend to discourage borrowing just as high prices on merchandise discourage buying. In 1919, the Federal Reserve actually applied such a control, and prices did fall, but they fell so fast the net result was a depression. This reason, plus the fact that the government itself is very much in the bond market at present, means increasing interest rates would tend to distort government economy.

A second possible step would depend upon Congress authorizing the Federal Reserve Board to raise reserve requirements of the banks. Right now, the majority of banking institutions must retain a 20 percent reserve. This money is held as a backlog for demand deposits which cannot be loaned out to earn interest. New

legislation might raise this reserve requirement as much as 45 percent. This would have to be accomplished slowly, jeopardizing neither the banks nor business.

This plan may well be the big news at the beginning of the year. It will certainly precipitate heated debate in Congress. It will probably be passed sometime in March, and March may be too late. In the meantime, the government, by clucking its disapproving tongue, is trying to discourage another round of wage increases. An added factor further complicating the situation is the apparent unwillingness of management to resist labor's demands for higher wages. It is apparently a policy of production at any price, as inaugurated by steel and coal in their last negotiations.

A third measure which will be considered by Congress, and probably passed, will be a restoration of control power over consumer credit expansion. As before, this will be handled by the Federal Reserve Board. The Board will prescribe the cash down payment required and how long payments will be allowed to run. Controls will not be as rigid as before. The government, in general, recognizes that consumer credit expansion makes no excessive contribution to the inflationary spiral.

• • •

The main task of the Federal Reserve Board is to stabilize the unwieldy U. S. economic system. The inevitable repercussions of drastic economic action make this a thankless task. The party in power necessarily loses some votes. If remedial legislation is passed, and there is every reason to believe it will be, the Administration will have to face the consequences. Businesses operating on a small inflationary margin will fold up. They will be unable to refinance themselves through bank credit because bank credit will be hard to get. Many people, veterans included, will be unable to buy homes under the new restrictions, as larger down payments will be required.

The Administration's idea is to produce an artificial recession directed toward taking some of the steam out of the bust. This, if pushed too far, could lead to disastrous collapse, as in depression years; on the other hand, it could have a quietly sobering effect on the wildcat economic activity running rampant at present.

• • •

The problem of inflation could be solved very simply by national cooperation—theoretically, at least. The President's Council on Economic Affairs has elaborated a three-fold plan: 1) The consumer should restrain himself from buying overpriced commodities. 2) Labor should not ask for more wages. 3) The manufacturer should charge only a fair price for his product instead of all the traffic will bear. These three points could turn the trick, if stringently adhered to. However, the prevailing attitude of "let George do it" makes this theoretical solution unfeasible.

A politician once wished for ten fingers on each hand so he could scornfully point, with twice as much effectiveness, at the other party. Even with five-fingered hands, there will be a high quota of finger pointing in 1948. Everyone will go on asking who is to blame for high prices, and everyone will continue to point in a direction away from himself. Actually, the nation as a whole is responsible to a certain extent. Inflation is caused by the spending habits of the group, not by economic policies alone. Blunders have been made, but these are certainly non-partisan blunders. Both political parties as parties, and we as citizens, must accept our share of the responsibility for high prices, and shoulder our personal and political responsibilities in effecting stabilization.

▲

A man who had inherited a house put a mortgage against it in order to buy a car. Having a car, he went to a loan broker to try to get a mortgage on it to build a garage.

"But if I make you the loan," asked the broker, "how will you buy gas for the car?"

"It seems to me," replied the man with dignity, "that if I own a house, car, and garage, I should be able to get credit for gas."

ILLINOIS Jacquet blew in from the Windy City a few days ago. Jacquet (rhymes with racquet) is known as the "Dynamo of the Saxaphone"—and is a fast moving guy! Appearing in as many cities as there are days in the week is nothing for his crew. He admits that if he stays put any length of time, he is bound to get stale; consequently he keeps as busy as a flea in a dog kennel. Illinois Jacquet was not born in the state whose name he bears, but in Houston, Texas, 25 years ago. He grew up with an intense interest in music, and soon found himself blowing tenor with such bands as those of Count Basie, Lionel Hampton, and Cab Calloway. He organized his own unit about a year ago, selecting seven top sidemen who were formerly part of such organizations as Ellington's and Basie's. The Jacquet combo plays all types of jazz, including bebop. Concerning this bebop style of music, he explains that it is not new, but merely an improvisation of the jazz with which we are familiar, and will gradually replace our present jazz. After appearing in Kansas City, Illinois left for New York, where he is to play an engagement on 52nd Street. Future plans indicate a trip to Europe. So, bon voyage and good luck, Illinois Jacquet! (Jacquet may be heard on Apollo and Aladdin records.)

Platter Chatter

Wayne Muir and his recording dance orchestra are bringing in the crowds at Kansas City's El Casbah . . . Butch Stone, formerly with Les Brown's band, is now recording for Majestic . . . Tex Beneke and the Miller orchestra follow Elliot Lawrence's band at the Palladium in Hollywood. Lawrence, by the way, is being screen-tested by Fox studios . . . Herb Jeffries, Exclusive recording star, is scheduled to play the lead in the musical, *Camille* . . . Julia Lee is back at her home stomping grounds after a recording date in California . . . New guitarist with the King Cole Trio is Irving Ashby. Oscar Moore, ex-King Coler, has joined his brother's group, Johnny Moore's Blazers . . . Tony Martin, Victor star, is now appearing at Slapsy Maxy's West Coast night club . . . Latest addition to the Sammy Kaye aggregation is a 19-year-old maracca-shaking import from Rio . . .

with BOB KENNEDY

Guy Lombardo recently offered Vaughn Monroe speedboat lessons in return for some expert flying lessons . . . You would never imagine that Percy Faith's favorite pastime is boxing, but it's true! . . . Frankie Carle is trying out a new all-plastic piano . . . Woody Herman is booked as far ahead as May, when he'll appear at New York's Capitol Theatre . . . Ray Noble's new Columbia platter with Buddy Clark (*I'll Dance At Your Wedding*) opens with actual tap dancing . . . Ted Weems now has five singers with his unit . . . Dick Haymes will follow in the footsteps of other crooners by opening his own publishing house soon . . . Kate Smith finds herself being romanced by one of the big movie companies, which wants her to appear before the cameras in some of the roles made famous by the late Marie Dressler . . . Monica Lewis is now recording for Decca . . . Betty Rhodes, Victor star, may be heard each Sunday evening on the *Meet Me At Parky's* program over Mutual.

Highly Recommended

CAPITOL 15010—Margaret Whiting with the Crew Chiefs and Frank Devol and his orchestra. *Pass That Peace Pipe* plus *Let's Be Sweethearts Again.* Margaret Whiting sounds better than ever on two sides that are winners. You'll enjoy the novelty modern Indian love call, *Pass That Peace Pipe,* and the smooth vocal on the flipover. Frank Devol's background music is perfect.

CAPITOL 15008—Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour and his orchestra. *I'll Dance*

At Your Wedding and *Golden Earrings*. Peggy has turned out to be one fine singer of ballads and this new platter proves that point. The *Wedding* side is free and easy, while the reverse is a serious, successful attempt to create a gypsy mood. Dave Barbour and orchestra are up to their usual top standard.

COLUMBIA 37973—Tony Pastor and his orchestra. *Your Red Wagon* and *Gonna Get A Girl*. This is typical Pastor material with a flavor of fun and whimsy. *Red Wagon* plugs the moral of lying in your bed after you've made it. The reverse is a revival with the entire orchestra participating. It features Tony's unique singing plus fine arrangements behind the vocal. Danceable—but definitely!

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

VICTOR 20-2523—Vaughn Monroe and orchestra. *How Soon* and *True*. Here are a pair of melodic ditties ideally suited to maestro Monroe's style of delivery. The singing bandleader gives with full-voiced renditions of these ear-pleasing ballads, both of which are given strong orchestral backing. The Moon Maids contribute their harmonies, and the whole platter is good listening!

VICTOR 20-2557—Freddy Martin and orchestra. *Why Does It Have To Rain On Sunday* plus *Beginner's Boogie*. Clyde Rogers wistfully sings the common complaint that it always turns cloudy on the one day when "Baby's all yours." You'll marvel at Barclay Allen's keyboard capers on the reverse side, with the tune adapted from the familiar *Chopsticks*, but presented here with an amazing boogie beat. Strictly A-1!

MUSICRAFT 494—Sarah Vaughn with orchestra. *Body and Soul* plus *Everything I Have Is Yours*. This is the most popular Vaughn record to date. The tunes are old standards but Sarah's unusual vocal interpretations make them outstandingly different. Especially on the *Body and Soul* side, you'll find a certain freshness, originality, and inspiration in her singing.

***Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE 6540.**

CAPITOL 15000—Johnny Mercer with the King Cole Trio. *Save The Bones For Henry Jones* and *Harmony*. Definitely a double feature for record buyers who get, for the price of one, Mr. Mercer and that well known trio. The tunes are fresh and different. Nat Cole shares dual vocal honors with Mercer and what an entertaining blend! Fine entertainment!

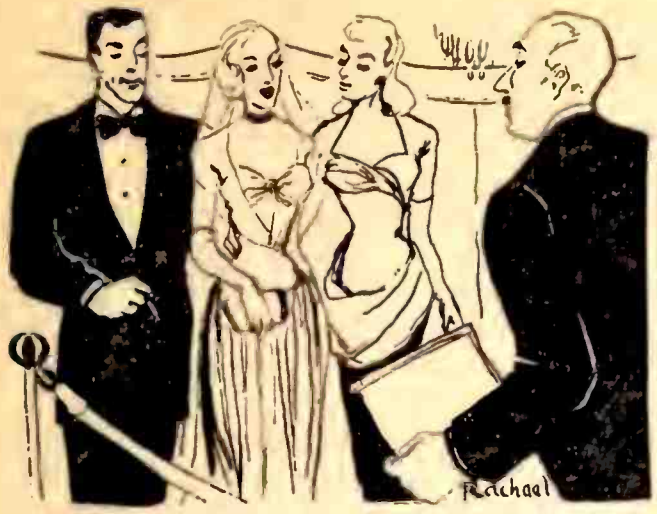
DECCA 24257—Carmen Cavallaro and his orchestra. *Malaguena* plus *Nostalgias*. Cavallaro continues his series of adaptations of popular classics by giving two top Latin tunes the treatment for which he is famous. Lecuona's beautiful *Malaguena* is done in fox trot tempo with some nice piano passages. The reverse, a tango, sparkles with imaginative right-hand piano work. Pianistics at their best!

DECCA 23940—The Mills Brothers. *I'm Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry* and *I'll Never Make The Same Mistake Again*. The ever-popular Mills Brothers herewith present two fine ballads. The first side is the lachrymose type of song that brought them to fame, with sharp feeling and fine rhythm. The reverse is another tune in an apologetic mood, the rendition of which is smooth, polished, and, of course, sentimental.

***Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

MAJESTIC 7275—Ray McKinley and his orchestra. *A Man's Best Friend Is His Bed* plus *Your Red Wagon*. Ray has a versatile band and proves it on this disc. The first side offers the mattress manufacturers a great theme song, and the reverse offers novelty blues with Ray's comedy licks for good measure.

DECCA 24266—Jeanie Leitt with Billy Kyle quartet. *I'll Dance At Your Wedding* plus *Please Don't Play Number Six Tonight*. Here's Kansas City's own versatile singing star with her initial disc for Decca. You'll recognize Jeanie's unique voice immediately, but her piano work is absent on this first platter as all the instrumental work is done by Kyle's quartet. The tunes are right for Jeanie, and Jeanie does right by them!



New York LETTER

by ELIZABETH ROBERTS

WHATEVER Congress does about inflation is too late for New Year's Eve in New York. The Versailles, which is plush and lush and has currently presented Dunninger in his mental marvels, hangs out a price tag of $35 per couple (plus tax) and expects to do the usual business from the see-and-be-seen crowd. The Plaza, with Hildegarde returning for her tenth consecutive engagement in five years, has a $20 charge. That's almost a bargain, considering that an ordinary evening at an extraordinary spot like the Latin Quarter will come to $20 for two. And more—if you're a push-over for the gardenia and doll salesgirls, or the gals who take your picture at your table. Those horrible pictures!

It's a lot simpler, and more in keeping with the state of the world, to greet the New Year with proper solemnity and a prayer for peace. For this purpose, *Swing* suggests a visit to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, at 112th and Amsterdam Avenue. The service is Episcopal—but you don't need to go for a service. Drop in anytime, walk silently up and down the great nave, catch the sunlight streaming in through the stained glass windows on those great, grey columns. It'll do you more good than any other sort of New Year celebration!

Or, if you want to see true artistry come to a night club, catch Peter Lind Hayes and his wife, Mary Healy, in their act at the Copacabana. He's billed as a comic—but he is far more than that. He's an actor whose precise diction and fine material enable him to capture the essence of comedy while injecting pathos that brings tears mid the laughs. Opening night, Peter's mother, Grace Hayes pulled all the stops with her reminiscences of show business, and a sensational rendition of Irving Berlin's *There's No Business Like Show Business.* A blase crowd of Broadwayites, Hollywood tourists and "first nighters" were in tears when she finished. And it's easy to see that Peter Lind Hayes inherits his ability from mom, who probably has coached him from boyhood.

Over at Nicky Blair's Carnival on Broadway, who should turn up as the star (following Ray Bolger's tremendous success there) but that ex-minstrel-singer-gone-Hollywood, Georgie Jessel. Vacationing from the 20th Century-Fox studios, where the next pictures he will direct will be *Burlesque* and *Call Me Mister,* Georgie is back behind the footlights doing routines that made him famous—and probably made Jolson and Cantor just a little jealous! All the gang from 21 and Toot Shor's were there to make Jessel's opening a heart-warming affair. The producer-actor proved once again that his is the skill born of know-how, hard work and experience.

When the bistros trot out names like Jessel and Hayes, it's a sign that business is bad. *Life* magazine wasn't kidding when it reported New York nightery operators as suffering from "snow blindness"—an occupational disease caused from looking at the white tops of empty tables. Maybe it's a sign that this part of the nation is returning to its senses.

But there are some great shows on Broadway! Tennessee Williams, whose *Glass Menagerie* was one of the finest plays in recent years, has turned in another solid click with *A Streetcar Named Desire,* in spite of the fact that some critics consider the play too long. Williams' writing is hailed as the product of discipline, integrity and experience; more mature and far more heroic than *Menagerie;* a play of "high dramatic imagination and craftsmanship." Kansas Citians will be interested to know that Margaret Hillias, formerly active in the Resident Theatre and in Kansas

City radio, is a member of the cast, billed as "Peg Hillias" in the role of Eunice Hubbel.

Gilbert and Sullivan fans (and who isn't!) welcome the return to America, opening December 29th at the Century Theatre, of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company with all the old favorites: *Pirates of Penzance, H.M.S. Pinafore, Gondoliers* and *The Mikado.* See them—or "make the punishment fit the crime." The New Opera Company opened the 27th with Oscar Karlweis, Clarence Derwent, Tilly Losch and others in a production of *Topaze.*

To those considerable millions of us who begin each New Year in New York, January is a rather special month. In that phrase—those "considerable millions of us"—somewhat lies the whole answer. Where are the New York visitors? Except for travelers on business, buyers whose seasonable products are now available, the stream of visitors appears to reach the year's low mark. Its effect is felt wherever one goes during this entire month. It's the calendar to count one's years on. If it is a dull month, one is very young. But if January—in spite of or because of the lack of visiting fireman—if January is pleasant and satisfactory and a time of renewed ambitions, plans and achievement, it's because one is older and there's time, this month, to devote to the complex business of simple living.

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PORTS OF CALL

NEW YORK CITY

★ ALGONQUIN. EVERYONE is in town the beginning of the year. To see the intelligentsia assembled, for good food as well as talk, have a cocktail in the lobby and leave your name for a table with the headwaiter. 59 W. 44th. MU 2-0101.

★ BLUE ANGEL. Can't stop listing this amazing little night club. Consistently distinctive, original, polished entertainment. For sophisticated tastes and an ample purse. Pearl Bailey is back—and that's enough if you like the way she throws away a line in a song! But there are also Elizabeth Talbot Martin, Robert Maxwell, Jay Marshall and the Ellis Larkin Trio—coming up in 15-minute rounds, twice an hour. The other two rounds are the waiters'. 152 E. 55th. PL 3-5998.

★ DIVAN PARISIEN. Lunch and dinner perennial favorites of patrons here are the excellent Chicken Divan with an endive salad. The spun sugar "bird's nest" ice cream dessert is irresistible to eye and palate. 17 E. 45th. MU 2-8795.

★ DORSET. This "discovery" has been with us for years, but each new customer would lead you to believe it is his own. For dinner, quiet conversation it is perfect. Piano during the evening. 30 W. 54th. CI 7-7300.

★ GOLDEN HORN. The favorite here is shashlik with rice pilaf—a happy combination of Armenian skewered lamb and fried rice. A moderately priced meal you will remember until you return again. 31 W. 51st. EL 5-8900.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. Now the old Chelsea section has added one more attraction for gourmets. Try any fresh fish on the menu, ask them to broil it. For dessert, pecan pie is best known. 226 W. 23rd. WA 9-4733.

★ MAISONETTE—The ST. REGIS. A jewel box of a room yet not overcrowded—if you can get in at all! Delightfully semi-formal, music for dancing, entertainment. Fine wines and cuisine. 5th Ave. at 55th. PL 3-4500.

★ LUCHOW'S. If you missed this most famous Christmas tree and the holiday joy of dining here, try the same fine German dishes this month to renew your holiday spirit. 110 E. 14th. GR 7-4860.

★ CAFE SOCIETY, UPTOWN. If you missed him in Kansas City at the Katz concert, this is where you can hear Larry Adler and his harmonica, plus some unnecessary chit-chat he throws in between numbers. 128 E. 58th. PL 5-9223.

★ LARUE. Fine food and continuous dance music, in a smart atmosphere to match. But don't expect to get in and out with a modest check! 45 E. 58th. VO 5-6374.

★ DOGWOOD ROOM. Delicious American food—southern style, which means wonderful fried chicken and real corn bread, among other things. Lottie makes the most of a charming, gracious setting with colored waiters who are actually polite. Entertainment nightly in the bar. And a fine spot to give a private party! 50 E. 58th. PL 9-1710.

★ RUBAN BLEU. Maxine Sullivan's over here now—on that shuttle service from the Blue Angel. Also Connie Sawyer and the Norman Paris Trio. Sometimes when you think these supper clubs are all alike—try a restful meal at Luchow's. 4 E. 56th. EL 5-9787.

★ OLDE CHOP HOUSE. In olde New York this is one of the oldest. Those who work downtown eat there but visitors may overlook eating in this interesting part of town until learning of Ye Chop House. Especially for lunch. 118 Cedar. WO 2-8061.

★ SALVIN'S. In the old tradition of superlative food in spacious setting, this is the town's newest restaurant of elegance. The name, known for two generations, means quality of food and service. Park Ave. at 57th. PL 9-5400.

★ STORK CLUB. If you must wait for someone, it'll be much more fun here. For those who linger—good, if expensive, food. Uniquely enough there is room to dance. 3 E. 53rd. PL 3-1940.

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 YESTERAY. (Lyceum). Still drawing loud huzzahs of acclaim is this engaging and wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. As exchorine 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 2:40.

★ 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 8:40.

★ 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 Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday 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.

★ THE GENTLEMAN FROM ATHENS. (Mansfield). Emmet Lavery's play, directed by Sam Wanamaker. The cast includes Edith Atwater and Anthony Quinn. Evenings, except Monday, 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 crocked 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 whimsey 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 skilful sense of good theatre. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ MEDEA. (Nation). 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.

★ A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE. (Ethel Barrymore). Tennessee Williams' latest and probably his greatest. Produced by Irene M. Selznick, directed by Elia Kazan. Marlon Brandon, Kim Hunter and Jessica Tandy take it from there. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ 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, Frank Allenby and Valerie White in Terrence Rattigan's intelligent, eloquent and moving drama about a middleclass 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.

★ ANGEL IN THE WINGS. (Coronet). Robert Hilliard and Carl Sigman turned out the music and lyrics for this revue, spotlighting the talents of Paul and Grace Hartman. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday 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 Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:45.

★ 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 mercilessly 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 THEATRES

("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
Empire, Broadway at 40th	PE 6-9540	
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
International, 5 Columbus Circle	CI 5-4884	
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
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd	BR 9-3970	E
Morosco, 217 W. 45th	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st	PE 6-8220	W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th	CI 5-6060	E
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

Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

THERE is an alarming segment of the local population which somehow, and of its own free will, manages to get out of bed at six o'clock in the morning and down to the Merchandise Mart by eight. As the hour strikes, a hush falls briefly over the biggest studio at ABC—and Don McNeil and his *Breakfast Club* are on the air. Believe it or not, people get up as early as two in the morning and drive 150 miles to hear a radio show which has been on the air for years—and will probably stick around for another decade or so.

Breakfast Club is an old-timer in radio. The list of performers who have won favor on it over the last 15 years is long and glittering—Johnny Johnston, Durward Kirby, Jack Baker among them. McNeil himself rounded out his first decade on the show before it really caught on as a commercial feature. In the old days local stations cut in and out of the program at will. They had the option of carrying the full hour, or dropping off the network any time a local commercial came along.

Over the years McNeil has used performers whom he felt couldn't be replaced, but this has not been the case. At least 20 girl singers have been featured on *Breakfast Club* since its inception. Most of them are now happy wives and mothers. When the popular Jack Baker left the program a few years back, Radio Row predicted that McNeil wouldn't be able to replace him. So along came the equally popular Jack Owens, the Cruising Crooner, who combines songwriting with singing. Among other things, Jack must be credited with being the first radio singer to use a hand "mike" while strolling among the audience and singing to the girls—a dubious distinction, we'll admit. He is also the author of the *Hut Sut Song* and the current ballad *How Soon*—which will either make him a hero in your eyes or a public enemy.

Getting up so early in the morning day after day seems to have no ill effect on the performers. Some of them, notably Fran Allison and Sam Cowling, have been on the show for ten years. Both started as straight singers and developed a flair for comedy in the free and easy atmosphere that McNeil encouraged in the old days. The whole hour was usually done without script of any kind, with McNeil using only a music clearance sheet as a guide.

Times have changed, however. *Breakfast Club* has evolved gradually from a strictly off-the-cuff affair to one of the slickest production jobs of its kind in radio, without its audience being aware of the evolution. That's really conversion! And *Breakfast Club* remains as popular as ever. No one quite seems to know why.

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One of the many people who just has to visit *Breakfast Club* when in Chicago is Judge Camille Kelley, the distinguished juvenile court judge from Memphis. One of the pioneer woman judges, and the first below the Mason-Dixon line, Judge Kelley combines considerable stamina with a big sense of humor and a bigger heart. When her new book, *Delinquent Angels,* was published recently by the Brown-White-Lowell Press of Kansas City, the judge embarked on a three day blitzkrieg tour of Chicago bookstores, radio stations and book reviewers which left her entourage with flattened arches and no wind. Her description of Chicago on a dirty, wet winter day bears repeating—

"It needs to have its face washed and its nose blown."

The judge's ideas on juvenile delinquency are worth repeating, too. After trying about 40,000 cases her views should carry some weight. "Stop making heroines of the Scarlet O'Haras," she suggests. "Instead, make good as attractive and interesting as evil and play up the Florence Nightingales. Children can't be selective. They haven't the experience. They need help from us all. Most of all from their parents."

The good judge just missed making a personal appearance at the Actors' Club Gaieties—a happy benefit affair which this year honored Mrs. Tillie Majczek, the Chicago mother who worked for more than ten years as a scrubwoman to earn the money to free her teen-age son of a false murder charge. In a Chicago *Times* want ad she offered $5,000 as a reward for information which would lead to the arrest of the real killer. The *Times* investigated, became convinced that her son was innocent, and proved that he was to the satisfaction of the parole board and

Governor Green. Judge Kelley and Mrs. Majczek would have become good friends in practically no time at all.

The evening also featured the fastest personal appearance on record. After being heralded as the star of the benefit, Billy Gilbert just bobbed up and down again at his table, not even bothering with his famous sneeze.

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Chicago is soon to have another eating place worthy of note. Joe Jacobson and Mike Fritzel, who have siphoned many a dollar out of the pockets of fun-happy nightlifers, are opening a new restaurant to be called "Mike Fritzel's." The spot will differ from their Chez Paree in that there will be no plush entertainment. Also it won't be necessary to make a trip to the bank after paying the check. Good food and a sort of modern Rector's atmosphere will be the thing, say Fritzel and Jacobson.

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This is the time of the year when the Curtiss Candy people hold their annual 4-H Sale on one of their big farms. The fledgling farmer can purchase fine stock at fantastically low prices at an auction limited to 4-H Club members. Even with prices held to rock bottom, the bidding sometimes gets up into the thousands. One rural moppet surprised the earphones off an engineer who was monitoring a broadcast of the auction, by calmly pulling the rubber band from a roll of hundred dollar bills and peeling off a dozen of them to buy a baby bull three times his size.

• • •

What will happen to the Chicago Rockets of the All-American football league is the current subject up for discussion by the hot stove quarterbacks. After winning only one game of their 14-game schedule, Chicago's third professional football team is in a bad way.

After only two seasons—both mediocre—the Rockets are on the rocks. Anybody want to buy a slightly used football team?

▲

A bill collector found a bachelor farmer milking his cow. While he waited, the farmer finished his milking, lifted the pail to his mouth and drank deeply, poured the remaining milk on the ground, and hung up the pail.

"Now," he said, "the milking's done, supper's over and the dishes washed. What do you want?"

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by JOAN FORTUNE

Higher Finance

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). It's a big room and a big show. The check is likely to be big, too. Dorothy Dorben stages great shows and Orrin Tucker currently proves that his band and arrangements haven't changed much since Wee Bonnie Baker.

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Lots of people like it better than the Pump Room across the street in the Ambassador East. Good food and interesting entertainment.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). This beautiful room deservedly ranks high on anybody's list of preferred places to go. Bob McGrew's fine orchestra plays for dancing.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Fritz Hagner, the town's most distinguished-looking host, presides over this striking room. Griff Williams is back to play for dancing. Enough said.

★ IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton (Whi 5301). The emphasis is on fine food and service, and on beautiful setting. No entertainment, except an occasional visiting movie star downing a few fingers between trains.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). The years haven't dimmed the splendor of this famous dining room. The food, the music, and the shows are invariably good—often outstanding.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). Ilona Massey from Hollywood and a small band provide the entertainment. It's one of the most elegantly beautiful dining rooms in Chicago.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). They bring in everything but the waiter's thumb on a flaming sword and serve numb celebrities along with the hors d'oeuvre. The menus are written in old English script, which is somewhat baffling but bearable — if you like noise, color, and a midget-sized dance floor.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at LaSalle (Cen. 0123). It's the quietest and most pleasant hotel dining room in town. The heavy German food is in the great Eitel tradition, and you can dance comfortably to Tony Di Pardo's music.

★ YAR, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Russian food. Russian charm. Russian music. Capitalistic prices. You won't find Vishinsky dining here, but there's likely to be an impoverished prince hanging around.

Food With a Difference

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT, 410 N. Michigan (Whi. 7600). The favorite drinking and dining spot of the Hucksters in town. A fine cuisine moderately priced, believe it or not. Lou Harrington makes the best Martini in town.

★ GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark St. (And. 8817). Excellent moderately priced luncheons and dinners. It's a favorite hangout with the working press and showfolks.

★ IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark St. (Del. 2020). An oyster house in the old tradition. Superlative fish, lobster, and oysters.

★ ST. HUBERT OLD ENGLISH GRILL, 316 S. Federal St. (Web. 0770). Hearty "pre-austerity" English food, magnificently prepared, and served in a setting which makes you think of an old English inn. Famous far and wide for steaks and chops.

★ BARNEY'S RESTAURANT, 741 W. Randolph St. (And. 9795). You'll like this huge, barn-like room in the heart of the market district. There's sawdust on the floor, and Barney himself waddles around in an apron the size of a tent. The menu is expansive but not expensive.

Highlife Highlights

(Any Cabby can make the rounds)

The CHEZ PAREE for big and expensive shows . . . Ditto the LATIN QUARTER on Randolph Street . . . For girls and girls and a maximum of exposure, as well as convention hilarity, try the RIO CABANA on upper Wabash Avenue. If you're a tired businessman, you may also try the PLAY-HOUSE on North Clark Street—but don't say we didn't warn you!

Mostly Dancing

The COLLEGE INN of the Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), rides with the disc jockeys. Here you will find the younger set, a good small band, and lots of noise.

The BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash at Randolph (Ran. 2822), specializes in danceable music. Phil Levant is currently the bandstand attraction and looks like he is set for a long run.

Something Different

The famous GLASS HOUSE of the Graemere Hotel, Washington Boulevard at Homan Avenue, for cocktail hour atmosphere and slick dance music by Don Orlando after nine . . . Barbecued ribs at the SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush Street, where the stay-up-lates get together at dawning . . . The old world atmosphere at the CZECH LODGE on Desplaines Avenue in suburban North Riverside — plus roast duck and saurkraut and dumplings . . . The twinkling lights of Chicago viewed from the cozy bar atop the Allerton Hotel on North Michigan Avenue.

KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

The Magnificent Meal . . .

★ BRETTON'S. Ample proof of the versatility of Max Bretton's chef is his ability to handle holiday goodies in a superior fashion. Famous for continental specialties, he can also turn out traditional American cooking — and does. In St. Louis stop at the new Bretton establishment on the street level of the Hotel Kings Way. 1215 Baltimore in Kansas City. HA 5773.

★ ADRIAN'S. This restaurant bears the given name of an experienced gentleman who charmed the tummies of Hotel President gourmets for almost a generation. Mr. Hooper, purveyor of good eats, has a nice long bar along a partitioned wall. Back of the bar stand figurines and novelties from the stocks of Mart building lessees. Building inhabitants will tell you that the place belongs to them, but they've an argument on their hands because this is one act everyone wants to get into. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. "B" for Baltimore and "B" for beef! "F" for Fanny Anderson and "F" for French fried onions! "BF" for best food in town! We *like* it! It isn't news, but you should know that the dry Martinis and the salads are keen. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Perhaps the city's finest dining room is this nationally famous restaurant and bar, rich with tradition, a model of perfect service and outstanding cookery. Sizzling steaks, absolutely without peer, and beautifully prepared lobster are the star attractions, but the cuisine is uniformly excellent. Brown, who remembers when Methuselah was a little boy, is the name to know. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA. Jolly, rotund "Pop" Wormington is a walking advertisement for the delectable dishes to be found in his immaculate Troost Town cafeteria. The eye appeal of red, yellow and green salads make tasty dishes even more tempting as you slide your tray along the gleaming rail. Your knife and fork come wrapped in a nice linen napkin instead of the usual paper one—little touches to embellish the best cafeteria food to be had. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.

★ PATSY'S CHOPHOUSE. Patsy's new slogan is "distinctive but not expensive." The phrase fits like size 8 pinkies in a size 8 glove. Chicken tetrazzini, thick steaks, roast beef and Italian salads will fill the aching void brought on by a couple of Scotch and sparkles. The shrimpers are fit for the palate of an Oriental potentate. Lou Ventola and his buddy, Vince White, are always on hand to proffer a friendly greeting. They never forget a name once they've heard it! East end of 6th St. Trafficway. HA 8795.

Class With a Glass . . .

★ PUTSCH'S. This exquisitely decorated bar and restaurant is one of the most beautiful places in the United States. From the gorgeous glass mural extending the length of the bar to the quaint wrought iron and rose effect in the large dining room, the restaurant is superbly styled and delicately designed. The effectively lighted Victorian Lounge may be reserved for noonday luncheons—but reserve a day or two ahead! Soft musical background by Dorothy Hacker and Henry O'Neill.

Lobster, steak, roast beef, air-expressed Colorado trout and other delightful treats are to be found on the handsome menu. Kansas Citians are proud of the 210 and it is a "must" on every visitor's list. Hats off to owner Putsch. The 210 is tops! 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ CABANA. That cowpoke at the bar may look out of place in the chic Cabana but he's got an oil well or two tucked in the back pocket of those Levi's, pardner! Filled with interesting people and the strains of Alberta Bird's Hammond hits, you can grab a noonday snack here while sipping a smooth cocktail. Cozy, comfortable and right in the heart of Kansas City. Thirty-seven feet east of the Cabana marks the spot where the entrance to Harry's ill-fated haberdashery was located, if you're interested. Hotel Phillips, 12 & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. In Italian it means cellar and in French it means cafe and in English it's a place where soldiers can get food. All meanings apply regardless of the original intention! A red-and-white hideaway just downstairs from El Casbah, you can get drinks and snacks without the tax! The comely ayahs (which means waitress if you're an Indian) are decked out in quaint costumes and the room is filled with collegiates on perpetual weekends. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ OMAR ROOM. Cares and worries disappear, if you'll spend an hour or two in here! Bar for men only, but surrounded by leather seats for adoring femmes. A deck up is Charlie Gray, ivory manipulator supreme, and tables for parties—or—just you and a her! Very popular with the soldier boys during the war, the place is frequented by the same boys in their civvies—as indicated by the paucity of tan suits. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

★ RENDEZVOUS. Meeting place of the Baltimore biggies, who see fit to grace the panelled splendor of the Rendezvous daily. Maybe that's why the highball glasses are made of crystal. The casual wave of a pink, pudgy, well-manicured paw will bring a waiter scurrying with snowy tablecloth if you've a mind to dine. Good Scotch. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ THE TROPICS. A melee of palms and bamboo with an occasional tropical storm "bustin' out all over." Tall, cool concoctions, soft background

nusic and softer seats. We like the idea of going o the third floor in order to get in the place. Reminds us of days of yore, somehow. Clever gift ounter just outside the door in case you'd like o buy your lady a pretty. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A small bar surrounded by ounge type seats and a piano. Dim and comfy, ut with an air conditioning system that keeps the moke out of your eyes. The barkeeps have that uave touch with a cocktail. Out the door to the ight is El Casbah and to the left is the 'phone ooth and other conveniences. Verrry nice! Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. This popular place has taken on a slightly different atmosphere since the MU-KU football game. The place reverberates nightly o the "Rock chalk, Jayhawk" cheer. Nowadays, reet the maitre de with "Rock-chalky, Pierre" nstead of "good evening." If you'd like a quiet drink you'll have to come before noon. The yells, heers and college songs are always a treat, though, nd mom and pop are often on hand to join in ostalgically, Big, strong drinks. 614 W. 48th. O 3393.

Good Taste . . .

★ FRANK J. MARSHALL'S. A new twist at rank's downtown place is complete fountain serv-ce. As crowded and popular as ever, the business nen's luncheons are surprisingly inexpensive. We ay surprisingly because any morning you can find he door to Frank's office filled with salesmen eddling the city's finest foods. In case you didn't now it, the Brush Creek restaurant serves more han a quarter of a million chickens a year. Have our next bridge luncheon at the southtown Marshall's. 917 Grand and Brush Creek at Paseo. A 9757.

★ ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP. Mostly for ood, but you can have a drink sent in if you vish. Late mimeo news flash by your table, and Alberta's remote Hammond music, make it possible o enjoy a well-prepared snack in all the comfort f your own breakfast room. Hotel Phillips, 12th Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Joe Gilbert's multi-ighted push button board (it's used to inform aitresses that their orders are ready and waiting n the steam table) looks like the dual control anel of a Flying Fortress. Joe is a good pilot, nd everybody gets served in a hurry. 24-hour serv-ce, and just as popular with paddlefeet as fly oys. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. Oh, that lemon ie! Oysters, shrimp and clams done any way ou want. Clean and neat as a pin. The kitchen is ight in front of you so you don't have to wonder bout it's cleanliness. Duncan Hines, where art hou? Scarritt Arcade. HA 9176.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Very excellent otel food served with dispatch. Paneled walls add o the atmosphere and the big leather seats and ide counter are real luxuries. Just the place to rowse through your morning paper. Hotel Muehle-ach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

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

★ THE PEANUT. Friendliest little place this side of Pilsener Park. Ice cold brew in a glass frosty with dew. And we dew mean Louis Stone's excellent draught beer. The beer makes you just hungry enough to murder a steamy platterful of barbecued ribs. They are nopareil! Bring your own meat and Louis will have his chef fix it up real tasty and nice. Keen place. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ PINK ELEPHANT. On the street level at Frank Logan's Hotel State you'll find a cute, cozy, clever, and colorful bar room. Small as that bug in your ear! Although the elephants on the wall and in the name are not intended to denote the size of the drinks, they do serve as a hint. FFFT—fun, friendly, frivolous, and tipsy. Between Wyandotte and Baltimore on 12th. GR 5310.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. A great big old board proclaims the fact that the talented prodigal, Joshua Johnson, is back! When Josh left the Interlude some many months ago, it was like the day in Mudville for the Uptowners. But he's back and is as good as ever. And so is the food at the Broadway Interlude. Dale Overfelt specializes in chicken, steak and businessmen's luncheons—all good! And you can lave away that Sunday thirst by ambling over after midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ DUFFY'S TAVERN. Ask Little Buck to sing *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*—it'll send you right after the tingles that crept up your back and flew away to the heavens. If you can play the piano, they'll let you; if you can sing, they'll let you; they'll let you do anything you want. That's why this rollicking bar is such a wonderful fun spot. It's just the place to take that stuffy client from Oshkosh: he'll let his briefcases down ere long. 218 W. 12th. GR. 8964.

Drive-Ins . . .

★ ALLEN'S. Honestly, they serve the most beautiful frankfurters you've ever seen. They're barbecued and they're thick, fat, juicy, tender and strictly

palatable. They serve barbecued ribs, beef and ham in a very delicious setting of slaw and fried 'taters. Clean, very good service, attractive surroundings. 63rd & Paseo, Missouri; 14th & State, Kansas. AT 4528 or JA 9534.

★ NU-WAYS. Ricky-ticky, there's the car hop! That quick. C. L. Duncan features a whole sign-

board full of sandwiches, soft drinks and ice cream. His chopped meat sandwiches are distinctive and excellent! After you Pla-Mor, eat more at the Nu-Way! Main at Linwood and Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ EL CASBAH. Wayne Muir keeps packing them in at the Middle West's most famous supper club —and how the people love him! Always an entertaining floor show enhanced by superior cuisine and service. Maitre d' hotel Jerry Engle is responsible for the smooth, satisfactory operation of this beautiful club and he rates a nod of congratulation. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION. Yes, it's still amiable Dee Peterson and his band with vocals by Ken Smith. Dee furnishes music to talk over and dance by, and host Johnny Franklin meets, greets and seats you. Dignified. Good steak and chicken, the nicest of clientele. You'll like it! 1425 Baltimore. GR 5129.

★ DRUM ROOM. Don't throw your nickels on that big red drum outside, sir! Go inside and toss them on the bar. Down a flight of steps you'll find the Drum Room proper. Good music, good food. What else? 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ TERRACE GRILL. With successful engagements at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe, and more recently at the Stevens' Boulevard Room in Chicago and New York's Latin Quarter, master violinist Don McGrane and his orchestra return to the Muehlebach. Kansas Citians will remember Don's former appearance and will no doubt be flocking to the Grill. Excellent food and service as usual. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

▲

The famous Chickasaw Indian painter, Red Feather Colbert, was the chief attraction at a club dinner, and was dressed in tribal costume, complete with a necklace of cruel-looking teeth.

"What kind of teeth are they?" asked a feminine admirer.

"Alligator teeth," she was told.

"No doubt," the enlightened guest said, "they mean the same to you as pearls do to us."

The chief smiled. "Well, not quite," he said. "Any man can extract a pearl from an oyster."

▲

Louise Baker, one-legged humorist who wrote the rollicking *Out on a Limb*, shared a cabin on one Atlantic crossing with a lady who thought Louise needed supervision. Miss Baker had a fine time on board and invariably retired very late. The lady, considerably upset, demanded, "Will you tell me what a young lady on crutches does on shipboard until one o'clock in the morning?"

"What do you think young ladies without crutches do?" asked Louise.

"Mercy, goodness!" gasped the lady. "You don't do that, do you?"

▲

A school in one of the poorer districts of a big city sent questionnaires to the pupils' homes, requesting information regarding the home environment, number of brothers and sisters, and father's occupation.

The next day one child returned with a scrap of paper on which was the following:

"We have 18 children. My husband can also do plumbing and carpentry work."

▲

Rabbi Cohen, one of the most respected citizens of Texas, who has devoted his life to aiding people too poor to afford decent medical care, once told a friend: "There is no such thing as Jewish mumps, Catholic measles, or Protestant pneumonia!"

▲

"Johnny," Dad admonished, "it was very wrong of you and the boy next door to fight. Couldn't you have settled your difference by a peaceful discussion of the matter, calling in the assistance of unprejudiced opinion, if need be?"

"Oh, no, Dad," Johnny retorted. "He was sure he could whip me, and I was sure I could whip him, and there was only one way to find out."

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