

AUGUST

1948

25¢

Swing





1. Jack Karpertian of Iran, Olav Jakobsen of Norway and Edward Kwang of China meet before a WHB microphone to discuss free world trade and its importance to any workable plan for world unity. All three boys are exchange students at the University of Kansas City.

2. John Thornberry, whose 9:45 p.m. newscast is featured over WHB Sunday through Friday, interviews novelist Erskine Caldwell. Mr. Caldwell is the author of *Tobacco Road*, *The Journeyman*, *God's*

Little Acre and other best-sellers. In the past 1 years, four of his books in pocket-size edition he sold more than ten million copies.

3. The composer, conductor and generally c ceded originator of bebop, Dizzy Gillespie, d earphones at a Saturday afternoon Swing Sessi. The purpose is to listen to his own recordings they are being played, simultaneously explain the intricate or unusual passages.

foreword for August

SUMMER, that long easy slope, tops a gentle rise and August stretches out before us like a map. Following it we pass through curving yellow days and tunnels of star-pocked nights. The contours of August are smooth and the climate warm. Its resources are sunlight, vacations, picnic emotions, and summer loves, and all of them apparently inexhaustible.

The region of August has its landmark, too, a monument we call V-Day—though we have long since learned that victory was only relative or not at all. We wonder how many years yet it will be that anyone passing through August will take note of it. It was such a great big landmark; it was meant to last so long. Who would have thought that time, and so little time, would have diminished it this way? And as we contemplate, a column passes by. The boys are on the march again; an army is about to be amassed. For the second time within the decade, Johnny gets his gun. This is a most ironic salute to V-Day, 1948.

But we must hurry on. Over the ridge lies September and a new unpredictable season. No time to ponder old landmarks. Maybe when we pass this way again we'll find it has been restored, made firm again, the letters grooved and readable, as they were that day three years ago when peace was supposed to have come to stay.

Jetta

Swing

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AUGUST'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)
Loan Exhibitions: Paintings and Prints from the Upper Midwest.
Masterpiece of the Month: "Whiling Away the Summer," by Liu Kuan-tao; Yuan Dynasty (1280-1367).

Band Concerts . . .

Aug. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, Loose Park.
Aug. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Penn Valley Park.
Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, Troost Park.
Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, Budd Park.
Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, Central Park.
Aug. 6, 13, 20, 27, Swope Park.

Swimming . . .

Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Fairlyland Park Pool, open 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. 75th and Prospect.
Lake Quivira, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Four and one-half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cut-off road.
Lakewood Park, Bonner Springs, Kansas. Filtered pool, also dancing, rides, and picnic grounds.
Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., every day except Monday, when hours are 12 noon to 10 p.m.

Amusement Parks . . .

Fairlyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p.m., Saturday; 1 p.m., Sunday; 6 p.m., week days.
Blue Ridge Roller Rink and Park, 7600 Blue Ridge. Rink open to public Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, 7:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Sunday, 2:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.
Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road. Saturday, 12 noon to evening; Sunday, 10 a.m. to evening; Wednesday, 4:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.

Dancing . . .

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Wednesday and Friday.
Aug. 1, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 18, Don Ragon.
Aug. 7, Stan Kenton.
Aug. 17, 19-22, Bob Leighton.
Aug. 24, 26-29, 31, Hank Winder.

Conventions . . .

Aug. 2-6, Midwest Summer Conference Clinic, Hotel President.
Aug. 9-10, Culligan-Zeolite Company, Hotel Continental.
Aug. 9-11, Kansas City Apparel Association, Buyers' Convention, Hotel Muehlebach.
Aug. 12-13, Missouri Farm Bureau, Western Missouri Division, Hotel Continental.
Aug. 15-18, National Association of Broadcasters, Hotel Muehlebach.
Aug. 20-21, Missouri State Conclave, Order of DeMolay, Little Theatre.
Aug. 21-22, Military Order of the Cootie (Missouri), Hotel Continental.
Aug. 27-28, 89th Cavalry, Troop A, Reunion. Hotel Commonwealth.
Aug. 27-28 Missouri State Council of Painting and Decorating Contractors, Hotel Continental. (99's), Hotel Muehlebach.
Aug. 27-29, Universal Society of Pathometrists, Hotel Phillips.

Special Events . . .

Aug. 1-7, Kansas City Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Aug. 5-6, National Model Airplane Meet, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Aug. 8, Lionel Hampton dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
Aug. 14, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Aug. 15, American Kennel Club, Dog Show, Municipal Auditorium.
Aug. 21, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Aug. 28, Youth for Christ, Music Hall.
Aug. 30, Louis Jordan dance, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Baseball . . .

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
Aug. 10, 11, 12, Milwaukee.
Aug. 14, 15 (2), Toledo.
Aug. 16, 17, Columbus.
Aug. 18, 19 Indianapolis.
Aug. 21, 22 (2), Louisville.
Aug. 28, 29 (2), St. Paul.
Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, Minneapolis.

Bowling . . .

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.
Clifford & Tessman Recreation, 2629 Troost.
Cocked Hat Recreation, 4451 Troost.
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.
Esquire Bowling Lanes, 4040 Main.
Grindel-Lembke Recreation, 734 Minnesota.
Halin Bowl, 1610 West 39th.
Northeast Bowl, 112 N. Elmwood.
Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.
Palace Recreation, 1232 Broadway.
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.
Sackin's Recreation, 3212 Troost.
Tierney-Wheat Recreation, 3736 Main.
Veretta's, 5th and Walnut.



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WHAT COLOR IS

SEX?

There are hues that make you happy, hues that make you sad.

by JACOB LEESON

A PITTSBURGH woman, detecting signs of unfaithfulness and boredom in the husband who was ten years her junior, gloomily considered separation, divorce, suicide—in that order.

When in desperation she confided her matrimonial troubles to a psychiatrist, he snorted and declared: "I've been in your home and can sympathize with your husband! What he needs is a dash of red in his home life. I'll send you to a color consultant."

To her amazement, the color expert—a man who combined the ability of an interior decorator with the methodical approach of a scientist—insisted on viewing her home. After she had escorted him through her modest bungalow, he said:

"The trouble with this place is that it has too much blue. Blue is glacial and cooling. It's hard to stimulate emotion in a room which is drowning in blue. Do your living room over, use a crimson wallpaper, and you'll bring life, enthusiasm and warmth to this house."

She followed his counsel and was surprised by the uplift in her own spirit. Within weeks, her husband—

who had sought excuses for staying out nights—was cheerfully coming home to dinner. Soon, he was on the way to becoming an ardent, considerate spouse again, thanks to "color therapy."

Such incidents don't surprise Colonel George D. Gaw of Chicago, head of the Color Research Institute of America, whose job is to make colors produce greater happiness for people.

"I've written a book, *Courtship Colors*, which gives hints to girls on how to attract suitors, how to hold 'em, and how to make their husbands happy," booms the portly, jovial Gaw, for many years Chicago's official "greeter" of celebrities.

"You catch 'em with red—that's elemental. Red is animated, stimulates charm. Many a drab and timid girl has looked like Lana Turner to her boy friend, principally because she knew how and when to use red in her dresses, make-up, and living quarters!"

Since women have more moods than men do, according to psychologists, Colonel Gaw believes that the four walls of a home "can be heaven or hell, depending on the tints in the wallpaper, the color of the ceiling, the hue of the furniture. Husbands can be kept secure—and restless wives can be nailed down—all through the intelligent use of color."

Once, Gaw met an old business crony who wore the hangdog look associated with matrimonial woes.

"My wife has more temperament than an actress, and hasn't spoken to me in six months," he said. "I feel like a stranger in my own house. I'm afraid to ask her to pass the salt. In fact, I'm really worried that she's on the brink of insanity. Won't you come and visit her? She's always liked you and you can tell me privately if you think our life can be patched up again."

Gaw, even before sitting down to dinner, peered around and saw that the walls of the old apartment were a dull grayish-blue. The hue robbed him of his appetite and made him feel depressed and anxious to get away.

Casually, he asked his hostess how she liked the six-room apartment—a real find today—and she snapped:

"It's terrible. I can't stand it—the place gives me the creeps!"

The husband thought the visit was a flop and regretted subjecting Gaw to such a dull evening. Next day, the Chicago color expert cheerfully phoned his friend and said:

"There's nothing wrong with your wife or yourself. The apartment could be a wonderful place. But its colors are an abomination. No couple, however much in love, could be interested in each other in such a color scheme."

Then Gaw gave his prescription:

"Re-decorate the place with peach or orange walls. Apply a touch of red to either. Re-do the woodwork in white or ivory. Scatter vases and sculpture which are predominantly red throughout the living room. Then see what happens!"

The wife made the color changes at her husband's insistence—and within a week her spirits soared. Because the dashes of red made it difficult for her to feel depressed, her "blues" dis-



appeared and within a month the couple was romantically happy.

Color also can be harnessed to "cool off" intense, explosive temperaments. A Chicago career woman, after a hectic decade in the publicity business, married a volatile, fast-talking advertising man who, like herself, was always nervous and restless.

Though they knew they were in love, they were puzzled by the restlessness and impatience which afflicted both whenever they spent an evening in their home.

A color consultant who was a business friend of the husband visited their apartment one night and declared:

"It's a wonder you two haven't split up already! For two excitable, high-strung people, this apartment with its gay, warm tones is all wrong. The colors stimulate you—and that's the last thing you need!"

He then recommended that the apartment be done over in shady blues and greens. Within a short time, the restless pair had calmed down under the quieting influence of these colors

and their marriage was placed on an even keel.

A famous but aging beauty who had set out to capture a prominent clubman for her husband found that he was evasive about popping the matrimonial question.

One of her friends, a color scientist, suggested that she install magenta lighting in her apartment and watch for results. She did so and discovered that the red-purple rays erased her wrinkles magically and toned down the gray in her hair. As the color expert anticipated, the reluctant suitor was struck by her youthful beauty and soon after placed a ring on her finger.

Another woman complained that her husband was no companion at all

—"he just eats dinner, glances at the paper and falls asleep on the sofa!"

A color-alert friend inspected her house and warned: "Your blues in the wallpaper have a soporific effect. No wonder the poor man goes to sleep.

"Put several amber-colored lamps in the living room and your husband may not feel so tired. Amber stimulates and keeps people animated and cheerful. Night clubs use amber—why shouldn't you?"

The woman followed this advice and noticed a startling change in her mate. Instead of falling asleep, he became alert and peppy—so much so that he wanted to go out dancing three nights a week!



For many years the late Fiorello H. LaGuardia nourished a secret ambition to conduct an orchestra. Once, in New York's Carnegie Hall, his ambition was realized when he was asked to lead the fire department band in a concert.

The directors of the huge concert hall wanted to make a gala event out of His Honor's appearance. They made elaborate preparations, installed additional spotlights, hired extra ushers for the occasion. But LaGuardia would have none of the frills. He insisted that he be judged solely on his musical ability.

"Please, no fuss," he begged the director. "Treat me as you would treat Toscanini."



Washington had more ready wit than history seems inclined to credit to him, and he could very competently hold his own in the art of repartee.

One day, as he sat at the table after dinner, he complained that the fire burning on the hearth behind him was much too large and too hot.

"But, sir," rejoined a guest, "it behooves a general to stand fire."

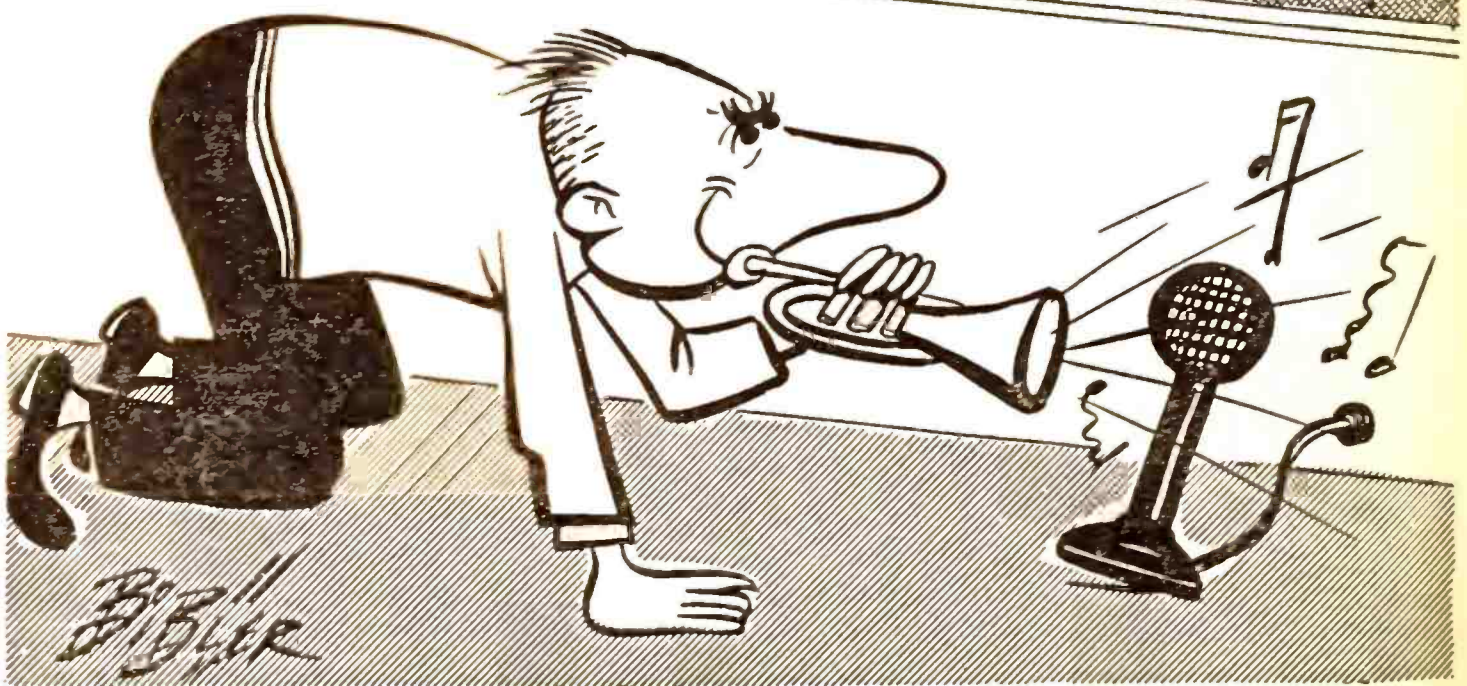
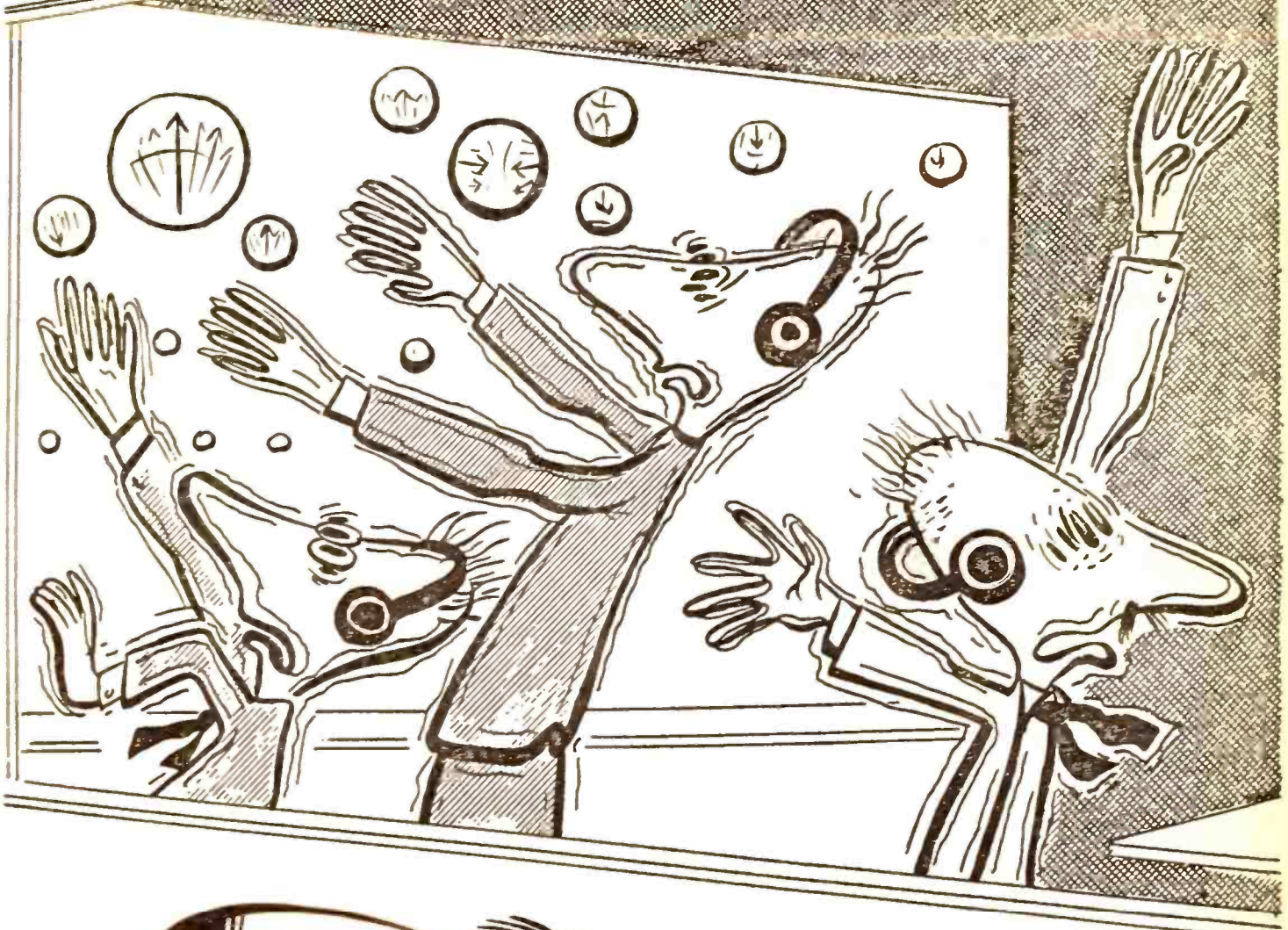
"But," came the instant reply, "it does not become a general to receive it from the rear."



Douglas Leigh, advertising firecracker who owns most of the spectacular electric signs on Times Square in New York, had a client up to his apartment one night to confer about a new sign. It came time to take his dog, Skippy, for his nightly constitutional, four turns around the block.

Still deep in conversation, Leigh and his client went around the block four times, then returned to the apartment. Skippy greeted them somewhat sulkily; they had forgotten to take him along.

CONTROL ROOM





friend

EARTHWORM



If everyone who ever felt like it went out in the garden to eat worms, there'd be no garden!

by MARION DUNCAN

DID IT ever occur to you, while looking across an expanse of ground, that every bit of that top soil has passed through the body of earthworms, and will so pass again, every few years?

Our friend, the earthworm, is really an amazing creature. Why he is called the "common" earthworm must be just one of those things, because the only common thing about him is his quantity. Specifically, he is a silent ploughman who works for us incessantly. He belongs to no union, and never collects a cent in wages. In fact, we ought to go even further and admit that because of his free labor, we are able to exist upon this earth.

By perforating and loosening the soil with his boring, by enriching it with the decayed leaves he pulls into his burrow, and by covering the ground with a fine manure of castings, the earthworm makes it possible for us to raise the crops which form so important a part of our food.

Scientists have long realized the enormous value of earthworms to agriculture; but average citizens usually consider earthworms as mere fish bait.

A famous scientist once estimated that there are 50,000 earthworms in the average acre of garden soil; while another scientist actually gathered and weighed the castings (those coils of earth you see on lawns and garden paths), and found that the castings from just one acre of ground weighed 14 tons, and could in ten years time, if spread evenly over the surface, amount to an acre of soil one inch thick.

If you are one of those squeamish persons who shudders at the very sight of a worm, you might not like to examine an earthworm; but let us assume that your curiosity is paramount.

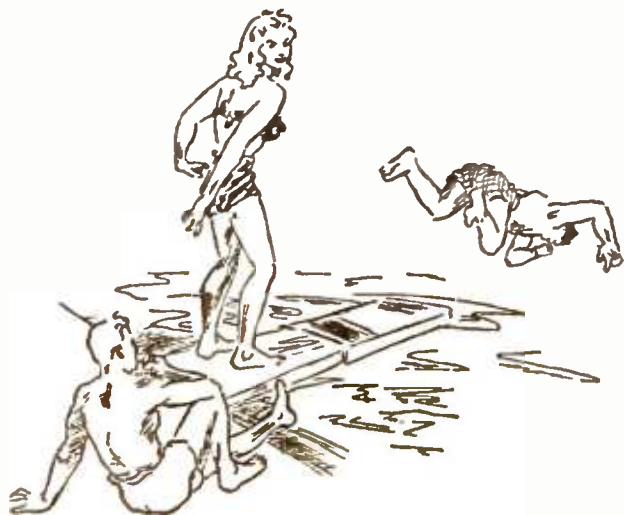
Upon examination you will readily see why he is called an annelid, provided you remember that *anellus* means "a little ring" in Latin. His body is composed of rings—150 to 200 of them, in case you care. Each ring, except the first and last, is fitted with a double row of bristles (too minute to be seen with the eye, but evident to the fingers) fixed into tiny sacs, and moved by muscles at their bases. These bristles furnish the grip which enables the worm to move along the ground. The muscles are so wonderful in their operation that by contracting the lengthwise muscle, he can pull himself forward; then by contracting the circular muscle, he narrows his body and forces that part forward for a fresh ground-grip. A bit complicated

you think? Well, it is; but on him it looks simple.

You will likewise see that the cylindrical end contains the mouth, which is covered by a sensitive hood. When boring into the ground, the earthworm shovels the earth into his mouth by means of the hood, passes it through his body to extract the nutrient, and finally sends it out the other end as a coiled casting. You can understand why there is no malnutrition among earthworms. As long as they have a wiggle left, it would be difficult for them to starve.

The earthworm's burrow, a foot or two deep, is partly lined with dead leaves, and is generally enlarged at the bottom so that he can turn around. He often covers the mouth of his tunnel with leaves or pebbles, probably to serve the double purpose of keeping out enemies besides any surplus water. Nevertheless, after heavy rains, he is often flushed from his burrow, which is good news for fishermen.

Because the earthworm has no sense organs in the usual category, noises do not disturb him. However, he is a kind of natural seismograph, curling up when approached. It is thought



that the cells of his skin are sensitive to light, and to the very slightest vibration, which probably explains the dexterity one must employ in order to snatch the "night-crawler" who has ventured part way out of his burrow. That takes timing and accuracy, as you know if you have ever tried it.

In the burrow, the young are left to hatch as cocoons. The glandular band near the earthworm's head contains the eggs and exudes them into a mucous-covered sac that is later cast off. From this cocoon the baby worm eventually emerges to begin his own burrowing, thus completing the two stages in the earthworm's life history. No seven stages for him, since efficiency is his motto.

Earthworms are found in all but the coldest regions of the earth; even on high mountain stretches. The noted mountaineer, Edward Whymper, found them more than 15,000 feet up in the Andes.

Although earthworms actually cannot be said to level mountains by their excavating proclivities, scientists consider them as very effective levelers of the terrain in general. Have you ever wondered why flagstones, for instance, sink lower and lower into the ground as the years pass? Darwin, with infinite patience, once made a very interesting experiment along these lines while studying the earthworm. Upon a field near his home, he laid broken pieces of chalk, which he left undisturbed for 30 years. In that length of time, due to the excavating work of the earthworms, the chalk was found to be buried seven inches below the surface. This experiment gave Darwin

(Continued on Page 52)



Eddie Guest's

Pot of Gold!

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

WHEN Edgar Guest hears of poets shivering in garrets and scrounging for bread and cast-off clothing, he gets frightened and holds his own rabbit's foot charm a little tighter.

For it is versifying—traditionally the poorest-paid job in this realistic world—which showers incredible dividends on Eddie. More than \$100,000 a year, roughly, which is a lot of moola, come inflation or deflation or split the income for tax purposes.

In the South Seas, there is a native who has an Edgar Guest poem tattooed on his back, according to a Chicago Marine who claims to have seen this bit of fan loyalty.

Children in thousands of schools recite Eddie Guest's salutes to Mother, Charity, Kindliness and Cleanliness.

And in scores of churches, his verses—which have a moral as lofty as Mount Everest—are distributed on little cards for Sunday School pupils to memorize.

Some intellectuals snicker at Guest's verse mill. They look down their noses at the millions of folks who hail him as philosopher, friend, guide and comforter. But lately—the world being what it is—educators, clergymen and psychologists have boomed the sale of his books by urging people to shake their postwar jitters with

heady draughts of Edgar Guest philosophy.

Guest's homely, whimsical verses have been turned out by the world's most singular literary sausage machine. For almost 50 years the slender, retiring ex-Detroit news-hawk has been pounding out verses on subjects ranging from a baby's smile to a grandmother's white hair.

Each day, 3,500,000 people smile or shed a tear upon reading the newest Guest rhymes. From radios without number, his works are intoned to impart a sentimental glow to the housewives who swear by Guest's philosophy.

Although he lives a chrome-plated existence in a \$100,000 house, surrounded by all the gadgets of luxury, you'll find Eddie at his happiest when fashioning a nostalgic poem saluting some tumble down hovel "where real folks live!"

He rides in the sleekest motor cars, yet he writes longingly of Old Dobbin, causing middle-aged folk to remember the Livery Stable Age fondly.

Back of Guest's mind lurks a little hobgoblin who murmurs:

"Remember, kid, your own days of want. Pretty grim, weren't they? It was awfully tough living on \$1.50 a week. Don't you ever forget it and go literary!"

Guest never has forgotten the curse of extreme poverty. He knows it too well. As the jack-of-all-trades son of a penniless family in Birmingham, England, Eddie Guest was happy when he had a bowl of soup and a pair of pants without holes.

Today, earning more annually than the President of the United States, he still can't believe his great good fortune and has a compulsion to rehash in memory the days when a nickel loomed as big as a ten dollar bill.

He needn't worry. His writings have been translated into 20 tongues. You'll find them on ash trays, pillow slips, blankets, postcards, watches, souvenir spoons, stationery and on advertising posters. With royalties gushing like Old Faithful, Edgar Guest can shove aside his battered typewriter any day and live in the style of a maharajah.

His career as the mass production bard began when Eddie—a sallow urchin—crossed the Atlantic with his parents to find the break they were denied in England. As the Guest family stepped off the boat, newsboys ran through the streets shouting about the terrible financial panic whistling like a hurricane through the United States.

From then on, life for the Guest brood was a repetition of existence in England—a succession of menial jobs, patched clothes, borrowed dimes and frugal meals. In Detroit, Eddie stoically said goodbye to his high school pals and started jerking sodas in order to put food on the family's table.

Luck finally caught up with the hard-pressed youngster. Eddie bash-

fully showed a few of his scribbled verses to a family friend. Impressed, the man hauled him to the *Detroit Free Press* to ask for a job.



The editor, after much badgering, placed Edgar Guest's name on the payroll—at \$1.50 a week. But young Guest fairly rolled in catnip at the thought of rubbing shoulders with working newspapermen, even though he was the lowliest of office boys.

"My next step up was the post of exchange editor," he recalls. "This was a fancy title for the fellow who clipped humorous or timely paragraphs from other journals. It didn't make me a writer, but it made me feel wanted!"

Young Guest wasn't content to snip the words of other scribblers. He burned to see his own rhymed thoughts in type. Soon, the youngster was slipping his own unsigned verses into the exchange column and letters flooded in, complimenting the paper for these warm, simple verses by an unidentified poet.

When the editor finally tumbled to Eddie Guest's little stratagem, he gave the shy youth his blessing and the Guest name started appearing regularly in the newspaper. Before

long, Eddie had burgeoned into a columnist. His first pillar was called *Chaff*, then re-christened *Blue Monday*.

IT WAS on a decrepit hand press in his brother's attic that Guest printed his first volume of verse, *Home Rhymes*, in 1910. Timidly, he ran off 800 copies, wondering fearfully if he would recoup the few dollars he had risked on the venture.

But book stores, stationers, drug stores and friends begged for more copies. Encouraged, but still afraid of his own good luck, Guest printed another book—*Just Glad Things*.

Then a Detroit service club paid hard cash for 3,000 copies of a third volume of cheerful poems. And in 1916, his most famous book, *A Heap o'Living*, was written—and piled up a million-plus sales record. From then on, Eddie Guest was the "household poet" of millions of families throughout the globe.

In the years since, his books have continued to pour forth royalties which make oil wells look like small change. He has netted more than a million dollars from the 15,000 "pomes" he has penned.

Network broadcasts brought in ad-

ditional treasure. And Hollywood paid him fabulously one year to act in a movie that was never made. When the right story for him didn't jell in the script department, Guest wasn't sorry.

He hot-footed it back to Detroit and his trusty old typewriter, his head whirling with new verses as simple and friendly as a gingham apron. These, he ~~knows~~ were his real gilt-edged securities.

Never a shrewd business man, Guest cheerily admits he knows little of stock market fluctuations, world trade, or the vagaries of the bond market. His friends tell of the time when Guest, as a young man, had a chance to buy some stock peddled by an inventor with a crazy idea.

The inventor's name was Henry Ford. He said he could make a self-propelled vehicle. Eddie couldn't see the proposition. But his grocer invested \$1,200 and netted \$12,000,000 on the deal.

But Guest now smiles quizzically when you mention it, and never thinks of this lost gold. For as long as human hearts can be stirred by cheerful thoughts in verse, Eddie knows he has a job!



"I can't pay you the \$25 on this money order," said the clerk, "until you are identified."

"That's tough," said the man. "There's only one man in this town who can identify me, and I owe him \$20."



A small boy watched a telephone repairman climb a pole and connect a test set. He rushed into the house and squealed, "Mamma, come out here! There's a man up on the telephone pole calling heaven!"

"What makes you think so?" asked the mother.

"Because he hollered, 'Hello, hello!—Good Lord, can't you hear?'"



You never realize how fortunate you are until you enter a gift shop and see how many things your friends haven't sent you.

Woman With Wings

WHO is the American globe-trotter? It is none other than the American housewife, who flies more overseas miles than anyone else.

In a recent survey, Trans World Airline, which flies from California to Bombay, set out to determine its typical overseas passenger.

The survey covered routes to Europe, North Africa, the Near East, and India; and in all those far places where TWA flies, the American housewife numerically outdistanced all other passengers. She was the overseas pin-up girl.

Of the 280 occupations and the 49 nationalities revealed in the check of passengers flying TWA's 21,000 miles of overseas routes, merchants ran a close second to the housewife. Students, technical workers and skilled laborers accounted for a high percentage

But the housewife, bless her heart, topped the field.

▲
A newly married doctor was complaining to a friend. "I'm quite puzzled as to what I should call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'Mother-in-law' because of the jokes concerning that name. But there is a certain sacredness about the word 'Mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to anyone but my own."

"Well," said the friend, "I can tell you my own experience. The first year we were married, I addressed my wife's mother as, 'Say,' and after that we called her 'Grandma'."

▲
A family who moved from town to the suburbs decided they needed a watchdog to guard the house at night. So they bought the largest dog they could find in the kennel of a nearby dealer. Not long afterwards burglars broke into the house. They were not disturbed at all by the dog who slept soundly throughout the burglary. The head of the house went to the dealer and complained.

"Well," explained the dealer, "what you need now is a little dog to wake up the big dog."

▲
The elderly couple had saved for years to buy an automobile. Finally they had their car and set out for a long-planned trip to the West.

Before traveling many miles, they began experiencing a succession of mishaps. Every time, the wife noticed that her husband took out his driver's license and examined it carefully before proceeding on their way.

"Dad, why do you keep looking at your license?" she asked him, after this had happened several times.

"For reassurance, Mary, for reassurance," he explained. "This here license states that I'm competent to drive a car."—*Wall Street Journal*

▲
The school principal was trying to make the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence clear to his class.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first as representing Life; the second as representing Liberty; and the third as representing the Pursuit of Happiness. Next Monday I will ask you each to produce the three buttons and tell what they stand for."

On Monday the teacher said to the youngest member: "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons and tell what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," the boy replied, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's Life and here's Liberty, but Mama sewed the Pursuit of Happiness on my pants."



THE OVERLAND

by FRANK MAGUIRE

POP loved the Overland more than his family, Mom said. But it was costing too much. So during our two weeks at Lake Quanapowett in the summer of 1924 she finally decided it would have to go. In spite of the rest of us. Including Eleanor.

"Oh, but Mom—" Sheila began.

"You're ashamed to be seen in it, Sheila," Mom interrupted. "You told me so yourself."

"But it's better than *nothing*! And if Pop would only take off the top and let me whitewash the rest and paint How Dry I Am and It Ain't Gonna Rain No More and things like that on it, it'd look col-leege!"

There was a gasp from Pop. "Nobody will paint How Dry I Am on the Overland," he said.

"If you want that new dress for school it's going to cost money," Mom told Sheila. "Where else will we get it?"

That silenced Sheila. Clothes always did.

"But, gosh, Mom, we *need* it!" I took up. "Without it how'd we ever get up here to Lake Quanapowett?"

"If your father didn't have to buy a new carburetor or something every week, maybe we could go to a *real* resort sometime—and not just to a

moth-eaten pine grove at the end of nowhere!"

That stopped me. I loved our two weeks at Lake Quanapowett the way Pop loved the Overland.

"Don't sell the car," Eleanor said.

We all looked at her. Eleanor was 11 then, a skinny, big-eyed kid who never fought for things the way Sheila and I did, but she had a funny look sometimes which made you wonder what she'd do if there ever was anything she really wanted. "Why not?" Mom demanded.

"Because—because Pop likes it."

"Well! Listen to that!" Mom's round face tightened and her eyes seemed to throw off sparks. "That from the girl who gets sick every time she rides in it! Not that I blame you, the way it bounces over the washboards they call roads around here!"

"Please don't sell it," Eleanor repeated.

"Humph!" Mom answered.

Eleanor looked at Pop for a moment, then turned away. Pop loved the Overland and Mom loved bossing us. Sheila was crazy about clothes, the way I was about Lake Quanapowett. But what Eleanor loved most, and all the time, I guess, was Pop.

Mr. Freeman in Bide-a-Wee Cottage on the other side of the lake

wanted to buy the Overland. Pop told him about the carburetor and the starter and about the oil it used, but he still wanted it. The deal was to go through on Wednesday afternoon. Wednesday morning we went fishing, and Eleanor was upset.

I think she understood something then I didn't understand until later—that the car, somehow, was necessary for Pop's self-respect. You see, Pop was absolutely wonderful to us, but he wasn't very good at making money, and Mom had a way of making him feel cheap. She didn't mean to, I suppose, but she did. The Overland helped even things up. He liked driving it, and it was something to tinker with, but it was more than that. Most of the people we knew didn't own cars, and it was a sort of symbol he hadn't done so badly by his family after all.

We were fishing from the end of Hawkins' pier. I'd caught a pickerel with a baited line, but neither Pop nor Eleanor had had any luck.

"Pop," Eleanor said, "don't you like the Overland any more?"

"Of course I do, Lady." Pop always called her Lady. "I'll always like the Overland."

"Then why're you selling it?"

"Oh—so I can get other things. A real fish pole for Arthur, perhaps. And pretty things for you and Sheila. Dresses, and a new coat, maybe." He gave his usual chuckle, but it didn't sound very happy today. "Wouldn't you like that?"

"No!"

"A nice plaid dress when you go back to school—?"

"Oh, no, Pop! I don't like new dresses—honestly, Pop, I don't want any! Please—don't sell the Overland. Please keep it."

Pop just rubbed the back of her head for a minute and looked out at the sun on the water. "Lady, Lady," he murmured. "She gets car-sick every time she rides in it, yet now . . .



She should have a *real* father instead of . . ." And his voice ran down.

"But you don't have to sell it! We've got lots of money, and—"

Pop stood up. "No," he said. "Your mother's right. It's costing too much. Especially when—when I've such a wonderful family to think about."

We had the pickerel at noon. Sheila wasn't there—she'd gone on an all-day hike with some other big kids—and none of the rest of us really enjoyed it. Even Mom wasn't herself. I don't think she stopped talking during the whole meal.

"Stop bolting your food!" she ordered me. "Do you want to choke? I don't know, I *try* to bring you up to be a gentleman, but what good does it do? Do you want to be a savage *all* your life?"

"No, Mom."

"Mind your manners, then. And Eleanor, don't dawdle! If there's anything I can't stand, it's a girl who picks at her food! Eat it up or else leave the table. Are you sick?"

"No, Mom."

"Eat it up, then, if you expect any dessert. Oh, I hope Sheila's all right! I can't for the life of me see why they couldn't have had something to eat first and then gone on their hike afterwards. They'll be all in—"

We heard a strangled cough, and Eleanor jumped up, her face so red it seemed ready to burst. She pointed to her throat, and there was the hideous sound of choked breathing.

"A fish bone! Oh, I knew it'd happen to someone!" Mom shrieked. She pounded Eleanor on the back, and when that didn't work she began crying and screaming. Pop tried to put his finger down Eleanor's throat, but that didn't do any good either. Mom started shouting for Mrs. Golden, our nearest neighbor, but Mrs. Golden lived almost half a mile away.

"Not even a telephone to call the doctor!" Mom was wailing. "Oh, I knew something would happen if we came out here on the edge of nowhere—!" Without a word Pop picked Eleanor up and carried her out to the Overland.

Normally it took 40 minutes to cover the narrow dirt road to town. It was ribbed like my corduroy pants, and the springs of the Overland weren't much good anyway, so Pop usually liked to take it easy. But now we bounced and flew.

Mom, next to Eleanor in the back seat, kept pounding her on the back. She gave a little squeal each time we skidded round a curve, but she never told Pop to slow down.

Pop was hunched over the steering wheel, his mouth looking awfully

wide and drawn. Over the sound of the gravel against the mudguards I could hear his breathing. It was deep and trembling.

We were nearly in town when we saw the other car. It was a big, square Packard, and it was coming toward us. The road was straight just then, and Pop held his hand on the horn till the other driver pulled over to the side of the road. Pop may have slowed down a little. I don't know. All I know is I could hear Mom screaming as we got into the rough dirt inches away from the Packard. There was a sharp burst as a tire blew out, and Pop was holding onto the steering wheel for dear life.

He didn't stop, though. He just slowed down. I could see he was going to drive to town on the rim. Then I looked in the back seat.

Mom was holding Eleanor's head over the side of the car. Eleanor was sick.

After a few minutes Mom touched Pop on the back and shouted something to him. At first he didn't understand, and she shouted once more. He stopped the car and looked in back.

Mom was holding Eleanor in her arms now. Eleanor was breathing all right again.

"The bone must have come out with everything else," Mom said.

"She's—all right?"

Mom nodded. "It was the car. She gets sick—and it bounced so." She touched the back seat gently, as you'd touch a dog you wanted to make friends with, and when she looked at Pop again for the first time in my life I saw her looking really humble.

"And I wanted to get rid of it," she added.

I never got Eleanor to admit the fish bone was a fake. To this day I'm not absolutely sure. I think she was so frightened by the other car and the blow-out and everything, she didn't want to admit, even to herself,

she'd deliberately started the whole thing.

But she couldn't hide the look of satisfaction that came into her eyes sometimes when she saw Pop at the steering wheel of the Overland. Even if she still got car-sick every time we went on a long ride.



Two partners were arguing about what they should do to increase business in their theatre. One maintained that the people would come to sit in their seats if they were re-covered with red leather; another thought mohair more appropriate. Finally they turned to the third partner who was standing by silently.

"Joe, you're not saying a word. What do you think about it?"

"If you ask me," he replied, "I think we should cut the admission price and cover the seats with people."



A young college graduate asked a successful business leader for some good advice. "Tell me, sir, how can I make a good start in the great game of business?"

The business man offered curtly, "Sell your wrist watch, young man, and purchase an alarm clock."



A hot summer sun was beating down on the old Kansas rancher, as he was hoeing his corn. "Why don't you hitch up the team and plow those weeds with a cultivator?" asked his more energetic brother-in-law.

"Oh, I dunno," replied the rancher, "It's so easy to quit this way."



If you wish to be happy for an hour, says a Chinese proverb, get drunk. If you wish to be happy for three days, get married. If you wish to be happy for eight days, kill your pig and eat it. But if you wish to be happy forever, become a gardener.



It happened back in the dust bowl era.

"How are things with you?" asked the first cattleman.

"Tough," said the second cattleman, "mighty tough. Why, my critters are so thin that by using carbon paper I can brand two at a time."



Two elderly Negro women were discussing a younger member of their congregation when one of them said, "She's got jes' enuf 'ligion to make her mis'able—too much too be happy dancin', drinkin', and carryin' on but too little to be right happy at prayer meetin'."



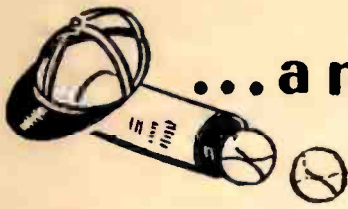
"I see you're interested in this stuffed bird," said the ornithologist.

"Yes," said the aviation expert, "I think its steering gear infringes on one of my patents."

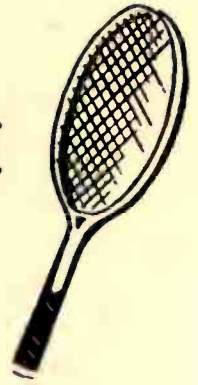


Only a woman in love can do this: Look up at us wonderingly and admiringly and look down on us kindly.

Welfare is swell fare for Kansas Citians!



...and for the **PEOPLE**



by **PATTI KENNARD**

THE old gentleman sits listlessly on a bench in the deserted park. Each day he is back at the same spot, alone and forgotten. Employers have decided he is too old to work, and since the day of his retirement he has been completely lost. Realization that he is unwanted and apparently useless has sapped away most of his interest in life.

In too many communities today, this scene is a sad reality. But one city is giving its old people something to live for. Through its recreation division, the welfare department of Kansas City, Missouri, draws oldsters together and promotes their mutual interests. At the local Golden Age center, which is exclusively theirs, the old people don't mind being a little slow on their feet at a dance; 'most everyone else is, too. They are all there for companionship, to compare remembrances, to talk with someone who understands little things in the same light of old age, to overcome the feeling that they are a handicap to society. During the first six months of its existence, the club attracted 5,487 people to its ranks!

In tackling this and its many other problems, the Kansas City Welfare Department uses the positive approach. According to Dr. Hayes A.

Richardson, director, welfare should concern good living for everybody, not just those already in trouble. Handing out Thanksgiving baskets and Christmas packages is no solution for social ills; but warm, personal guidance hits the problem at its roots. He believes in halting unsocial activities before they ever get a start.

The oldest, and the only one of its kind in this country, the Kansas City Welfare Department was launched in 1906. As their primary aim, department members determined to stay close to the people. They put emphasis upon cooperation and coordination within their department, and got off to a smooth and efficient start. But their history was marked for turbulence.

The political machine which was riding roughshod over city government added the welfare department to its spoils in 1918. At that time the department was active in licensing amusements, in providing playgrounds and baseball diamonds, and in making loans and offering relief work. Politicians quickly realized the lucrative possibilities such activities offered, and they moved in for a prolonged stay.

When a reform government swept into office in 1940, citizen morale was almost nonexistent. Conditions were

deplorable at the Municipal Farm and the Women's Reformatory. The doors were rotting off the buildings—which were periodically on fire. The prisoners sat on grimy, trash-littered floors, for all practical purposes, unsupervised.

Then Dr. Hayes Richardson was brought in from the University of Kansas City, where he had been a member of the faculty, to head the newly-liberated welfare department. The city desperately needed social and civic guidance—not in the lower income groups alone, but in all brackets. Immediately, a year-round recreation program was set up to include everyone, regardless of age, color, religion, or financial status.

Standards had fallen miserably below normal for playgrounds and community centers, but under a creative, active public recreation department, they improved month by month. School and church gymnasiums were used to supplement the public play areas. Park lawns were opened to the public and soon became smooth from wear; even private properties were leased. The attractive playgrounds gradually lured youngsters off the streets and away from sources of trouble. During the 1947-48 fiscal year, Kansas City was one of very few major cities to show a decrease in the number of juvenile delinquencies.

The recreation program has grown to include such outstanding features as day and year-round resident camps; teen clubs; talent shows; two all-city bands, an orchestra and chorus; an extensive athletic program made up of 500 baseball, football and basketball teams; an organized Knot Hole Gang

which is admitted free to professional baseball games; and grade and high school theatre groups. Last year, 1,939,850 people took advantage of these opportunities!

This summer, the department's ambitious projects include two large historical pageants. Approximately 3,500 children will participate in the exhibitions portraying the development of Kansas City.

Commercial recreation is also under the supervision of the welfare department. Since a large majority of people use some sort of commercial recreation at least once a week, and pay for it, this is the most important kind to them. The plan is to work with, rather than against, the pool-room operators, theatre owners and the rest. The scheme baffled commercial amusement interests at first, but when inspectors showed them how to raise industry standards and backed them with friendly support, the owners chorused approval. During the 1947-48 year, the department issued 522 pool hall, night club and dance hall permits.

The importance of the recreation program and the results of its influence can't be measured on a graph; it would be impossible to ask each of the thousands participating how much it has changed his life. But certainly childhood days should be as bright as possible and point the way to a promising future. And it's equally important, Dr. Richardson's staff feels, that aged people be given the chance to look forward to each new day with eagerness instead of dread.

Their aim is to keep Kansas City residents and visitors occupied and

happy, on the theory that happiness is important in its own right.

The recreational program in Kansas City could not have fulfilled its purposes so well in the past eight



years without the background provided by the other divisions of the welfare department. But these divisions are more than simply the background for recreation, since each is important within itself.

Among Dr. Richardson's innovations is the community service division, which was formed in 1942 to recruit community resources against juvenile delinquency. Today it is an automat of solutions for various community needs.

Community councils were organized to integrate the recreation program with the needs of the community. To cut the city down to the average citizen's size, high school districts were selected as units, and a community worker was provided in each district to work directly with the citizens, who hold their own meetings, thresh out their particular problems, and often take local action which may not need the intervention of the city at all.

Constant war is waged by the welfare department against political apathy and ignorance. As a weapon in this fight, a junior officer program was instituted to promote citizenship and interest in city government. Youngsters in schools run junior cities and conduct their own elections. They have worked with local theatres to cure bad manners and vandalism at the movies, packed boxes for foreign relief, sponsored courtesy and cleanup campaigns, conducted radio broadcasts and held picnics and summer camps in the parks. All these local cities meet regularly in a super-council at City Hall, run exactly like the adult ones.

When a man is sentenced to the Municipal Farm or a woman to the Women's Reformatory, the picture is vastly different from what it once was.

The social service division of the welfare department works with the Municipal Court to try to instill in the individual a pride in his ability to be independent. To punish a drunkard by confining him to the Municipal Farm may be just, but is it right to punish his family by depriving them of his income—erratic as it may be?

Problems of this nature are carefully considered, and when a municipal judge passes a prison sentence, he sincerely hopes that good food, clean surroundings and a work program fitted to special needs will prove an environment resulting in a desirable social readjustment. Along with the work program, prisoners have the benefit of extensive recreational facilities — softball, basketball, music and discussions of current events. But most important, the officers make

each person realize that they are personally interested in his welfare, happy when he shows a consistent desire to rebuild his life.

The casework and parole sections under social service have turned in an admirable record. Highly trained professional workers in the casework division deal chiefly with domestic and neighborhood tangles. And they solve their problems largely by helping people help themselves. These men have made detailed studies of housing, alcoholism and even of their own reporting system; they inspected and set standards in convalescent and nursing home operation. During last year alone, they handled 3,124 cases.

The city counselor's office will not issue a warrant for desertion or non-support, for instance, if there is any possibility of reconciliation, until the casework section has given its ap-



proval. As a result, only two per cent of the steady flow of people appealing for assistance find it necessary to take court action.

In the parole division, the typical officer is a college graduate, hand-picked for qualities of stability and

judgment. Strong legs also prove helpful—21,121 contacts were made last year. The officer uses every facility Kansas City has to offer—clinics, social agencies, psychiatric hospitals, the Juvenile Court and a dozen more—as tools of his profession.

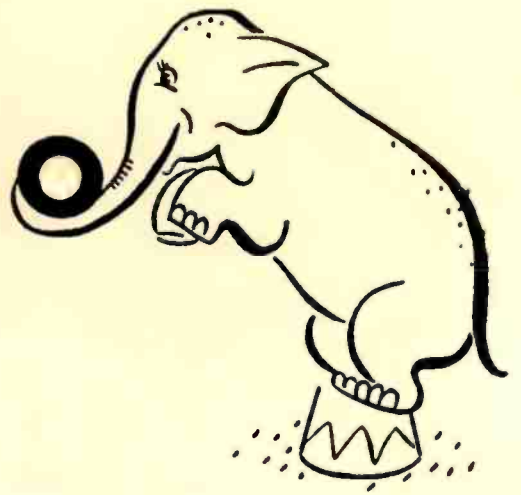
If a person runs into a legal jam and can't afford a lawyer, and if his trouble is a minor one (a civil case, with court claims \$75 or below) he will find the welfare department's legal aid division can give him advice that is informal, to the point, and based on practical experience in social work. The two attorneys in the legal aid office handled 3,355 applications for aid during the 1947-48 year.

A car selling for \$25 couldn't amount to much these days, but one legal aid petitioner stated he had made a down payment of \$10 on just such a vehicle. When he went to the owner with the remainder, the price had been upped—to \$175. And the owner wouldn't return the down payment. Not caring about the car but wanting his ten spot, the would-be car owner came to the city for aid. Prevailed upon by the legal aid counselor, after much dickering, the owner returned the \$10.

Once an important device enabling the farmer to sell directly to the consumer, the City Market section is divided now into farmer, retail and wholesale units handling many truck-loads of fresh garden products daily. Not only does the market pay its costs, but it manages to build up a sizable financial reserve. It's a vital influence in the fruit and produce

(Continued on Page 43)

The REAL JUMBO



*Step right up, folks!
The one, the only, the original!*

by CLAY PITMAN

ON THE doleful afternoon of what was practically a national day of mourning in Great Britain, a tearful baroness with a party of lords and ladies carried a huge tub of sweet rolls aboard a ship named the *Assyrian Monarch*.

Aboard the vessel, unaware that his leave-taking had precipitated heated debates in Parliament and fist-fights in pubs, was the elephant called Jumbo, for 17 years the main attraction of London's Royal Zoological Gardens.

Jumbo, swigging whiskey and munching tobacco unconcernedly, shifted his seven tons and nuzzled the boxes of hay, confections, biscuits, beer, blankets and other farewell gifts from his admirers throughout the empire.

These extravagant and lachrymose goodbyes to an elephant were no publicity conjured up by a press agent. They were the real thing. Jumbo had so endeared himself to Britons that a London newspaper suggested the British coat-of-arms be altered with the

substitution of Jumbo's image for the traditional lion.

"It is urged that our national motto read henceforth, 'Dieu et mon Jumbo,'" the paper editorialized.

For Jumbo was leaving England for good. A smart American showman named Phineas Barnum had purchased him for a paltry \$10,000, and all of Britain smarted at the loss. Overnight, the British erupted in an orgy of acclaim for the beast.

"Jumbo" cigars were manufactured hastily; Jumbo earrings, fans, hats, neckties, pencils, boots, perfumes and overcoats sold like hot cakes. London hotels served Jumbo soups and hash, Jumbo fritters, Jumbo ice cream. A titled poet, Lord Winchelsea, wrote a paean to Jumbo in which he asked Barnum to take Mr. Gladstone to America but to leave the elephant where he was.

But Barnum, sensing the publicity value of this hubbub over his purchase of Jumbo, smiled benignly and refused to return the beast to the royal zoo for any consideration. In the end, the pachyderm he bought at a bargain price was to earn half a million dollars for the astute Barnum. More important, at least to posterity, the word "Jumbo" became synony-

mous with anything king-sized, from peanuts to Billy Rose extravaganzas.

The animal's career began inauspiciously in 1861 when he was captured by Arab elephant hunters on the banks of the Settite River in Abyssinia. He was only 3½ feet high, and nobody ticketed him as a show-stopper. His first public appearance was at a Paris zoo which gladly swapped the runty elephant to the London zoo for a rhinoceros with more box office appeal.

In the ensuing 17 years, Jumbo thrived and grew until he weighed seven tons and stood 12 feet high. He became 14 feet long and sported an 18-foot waistline. But his gentleness with children was proverbial throughout England.

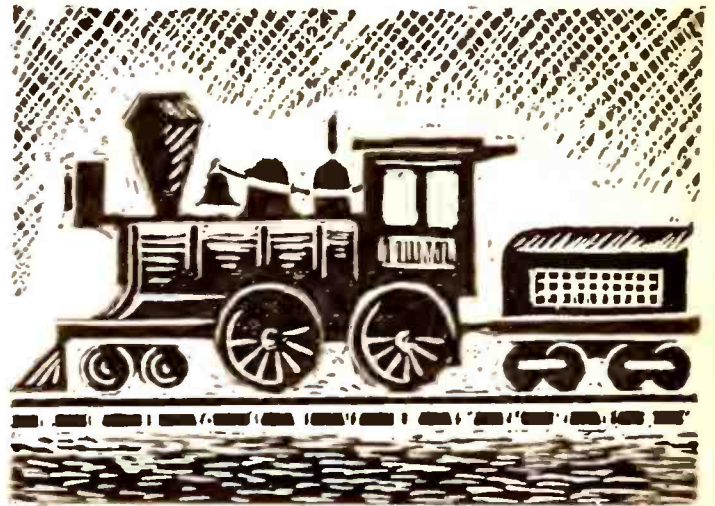
"Down, Jumbo!" a moppet would cry, and the big fellow would promptly sink to his knees, ready to give a free ride around his compound. Jumbo accommodated as many as five children at one time on his head, happy and grateful for their affection.

In 1881, when Barnum first glimpsed Jumbo, the animal was the London zoo's mainstay. Quietly, the American contracted with zoo officials to buy the animal, little anticipating the public agitation which was to greet the sale.

Newspapers started a huge public subscription fund to buy Jumbo back from Barnum at a fabulous profit to the showman. The Prince of Wales announced that he was outraged by the transaction. Queen Victoria herself stated that the government would safeguard the zoo against any financial damages resulting from a cancellation of the sale.

But Barnum proclaimed that he wouldn't sell Jumbo back for \$500,000, and to foil any Londoners who might try to kidnap the elephant, he hired a goon squad to guard Jumbo on his march to the docks.

That trip from zoo to ship was filled with difficulties which cost Barnum \$20,000. At the last minute, Jumbo went on a sit-down strike in the zoo



while Barnum's agents prodded him vainly.

"Jumbo will not stir from the Garden. What shall we do?" they frantically cabled the American circus king.

"Do nothing!" the ballyhoo master cabled back. "Let him lie there as long as he wants to. The publicity is worth it!"

Finally, Jumbo was coaxed to his feet and reluctantly lumbered into the street. There he saw a horse for the first time in his life. The big fellow again refused to budge. Naturally, such troubles were promptly cabled to American newspapers, and public interest in Jumbo soared on this side of the Atlantic.

On the nine-mile trip to the docks, thousands of men, women and chil-

dren trailed Jumbo through the grimy streets, chanting their protests at Barnum's grab.

At last, Jumbo was pushed aboard a lighter ballasted with 16 tons of iron. The lighter was floated down the Thames to the *Assyrian Monarch*, the only ship with a hatchway large enough to admit Jumbo.

As the ship steamed into the ocean, crews of His Majesty's warships stood rigidly at attention and mounted the yards in respect to Jumbo. By semaphore, news of Jumbo's health and spirits was passed from ship to ship and thence to shore for more than 24 hours after the *Assyrian Monarch* had passed Dover.

Once at sea, the ship's officers wrote dispatches about Jumbo's behavior and antics which they dropped overboard in large elastic bags. Many of these were retrieved by fishing trawlers whose crews turned them over to British newspapers for publication.

Jumbo arrived in New York harbor on Sunday morning, April 9, 1882. Barnum went aboard the ship and proudly introduced his famous acquisition to Manhattan reporters.

One journalist asked how high Jumbo could reach with his trunk.

"Forty-nine feet, my dear sir," purred Barnum.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barnum," said a keeper. "It's only 26 feet."

P. T. Barnum looked pityingly at the fellow. "Thank you!" he rasped. "If I were a showman, I probably would have exaggerated, but there's nothing like always telling the truth!"

As Jumbo was led up Broadway to Madison Square Garden, where the

Barnum & Bailey Circus was playing, thousands of bug-eyed New Yorkers turned out to gape at the strange Sunday spectacle. In six weeks, Jumbo had earned \$336,000 in additional ticket sales for the circus, and Barnum crowed over his shrewdness in acquiring the elephant.

For several years, Jumbo paid Jumbo-sized dividends to Barnum and captivated the American public with his size and gentleness.

His special friend was "Tom Thumb," a baby elephant always displayed next to Jumbo for the sake of contrast. But Jumbo's end came in 1885 near St. Thomas, Ontario, when a freight train struck him and pinned the elephant against a string of circus cars.

Quickly, Barnum summoned newsmen and told them a tearful story. Jumbo had perished while vainly seeking to save Tom Thumb from an on-rushing locomotive. The lurid yarn made headlines throughout the world, and papers quoted Barnum as saying:

"The leviathan of the rails and the mountain of bone and brawn came together with a crash that made the solid roadbed quake! The heavy iron bars of the engine's pilot were broken and twisted as if they had been grapevines, and the engine's front was stripped as by an explosion of dynamite.

"With his mighty tusks driven clear back into his brain and his massive skull crushed in, Jumbo gave but one groan after being struck and then assumed an attitude of determination and composed himself to meet death with becoming dignity and fortitude."

But "P. T." quickly rallied from his grief over Jumbo's demise. He reaped new profits by billing Tom Thumb as "the elephant who was saved by the heroic Jumbo!"

A trustee of Tufts College, Barnum ordered Henry Hard, a Rochester taxidermist, to stuff the elephant's hide, which was placed ceremoniously in the Barnum Museum on the Tufts campus. The elephant's bones were turned over to the New York City Museum with appropriate fanfare.

Several years later, the people of

England once again turned out to pay homage to Jumbo. Mr. Barnum had sent back his remains to be viewed in the country which loved the animal.

This time, there were no shouts and cheers and flag-waving. The people stood silently and morosely, staring at the stuffed elephant. Strong men dabbed their eyes and women wept openly. As one man summed up the British reaction:

"Instead of Jumbo's, I wish it was the stuffed figure of that Mr. Barnum we was lookin' at!"



Donald and Mary MacTavish decided to adopt a child, and asked at the orphanage for a little girl. One was produced, and Mary was about to close the deal when Donald tapped her shoulder.

"Mary," he whispered, "let's take a wee lad. Hae ye forgotten the lad's cap we found on the train?"



Interviewer: What made you a multi-millionaire?

Multi-millionaire: My wife.

Interviewer: Ah, her loyal help?

Multi-millionaire: No, no. I was simply curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond.



Little Johnny brought home his report card, and with it was a note from the teacher. "Dear Mrs. Jones:" said the note. "Johnny is a bright boy, but he spends all his time with the girls. I'm trying to think of a way to cure him."

Mrs. Jones studied the note, then answered, "Dear Miss Smith: If you find a way to cure him, please let me know. I'm having the same trouble with his old man."



The constable in a country town was also a veterinarian.

One night the telephone rang, and the constable's wife answered.

"Is Mr. Jenkins there?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as veterinarian or as constable?"

"Both, madame," came the reply. "We can't get our dog's mouth open, and there's a burglar in it."



When loyalty check questionnaires had to be filled out by government workers all over the country, a rugged individualist in San Francisco—so the story goes—put down some information that gave the examiners something to think about. In the space devoted to foreign activities the young lady wrote: "Before the war I spent one year in Germany. Does that make me a Nazi? I also spent one year in Russia. Does this make me a Communist? I also own a piece of property in the Virgin Islands. Period."—*Reader's Scope*.

EVERYTHING'S in a

NAME

The rose would smell as sweet—but it might develop a complex!

by MORTON TRENT

WHEN W. $\frac{5}{8}$ ths Smith of Homersville, Georgia, tells his name, people sniff suspiciously and inevitably ask if he's had a drink too many.

For W. $\frac{5}{8}$ ths has the only fractional name in the country. It's inscribed on his birth certificate, stationery, bank checks, driver's license, and all other vital papers.

As with $\frac{5}{8}$ ths Smith, our names are serious business to us. So says the former Edward L. Hayes, a California shipyard worker. He went to court and had his name changed to Tharnmidsbe L. Praghustpondgifsem, because the longer handle "is sure to bring me luck."

Recognizing that foreign names are considered liabilities in many fields, a Chicago club composed chiefly of foreign-born people has a special committee which concocts sound Americanized names for members who are ready for the switch in nomenclature.

But one member, whose name was Garbac, came a cropper when he insisted on doing things himself. He picked the name "Garbage," which he had seen on cans and trucks, having concluded that it was unusually popular in the New World!

Today psychiatrists and educators are making a serious study of un-

usually long, hard-to-pronounce names which may have crippling effects on personality and health. One expert, Professor William E. Walton of the University of Nebraska, thinks that business success, love life, social advancement and community status may depend on euphony and the easy-to-remember quality of a person's full name.

A filling station attendant named Gass was constantly embarrassed by the confusion inherent in his name and the product he sold. When he became Gorman, the jibes of fellow workers ceased and he is now a well-adjusted employee.

A Cleveland schoolteacher named Fussie, tired of jests because of her maladroit handle, was irritable and chronically fatigued. She confided her woes to a consulting psychologist who immediately suggested a change in name.

When she switched to a name which didn't connote a crotchety, stern old maid, the children quit their heckling and everything is now serene in her classroom.

A New York psychiatrist tells of a strange experience with a tough kid who smoked, swore, drank and gambled at the age of ten. The boy

was unmoved and unrepentant after several brushes with the law.

"His given name was Shirley, a name not often given to boys," the doctor explained. "To prove his strength and the fact that he was no sissy, Shirley felt a compulsion to out-fight and out-steal the other fellows in his gang."

A new name was found for him—Robert, shortened to Bob. He moved with his family to a new neighborhood where the kids didn't know his original name. One year later, he was an excellent student and every Sunday was attending church, where he was a popular class leader.

In America's largest factories, personnel managers and vocational psychologists are getting wise to the misery and frustration caused by awkward names.

Typical is the case of Ladislav Wrebinski, an optical worker in Rochester, whose production record was spotty and erratic after six months on the job.

The foreman talked with him but got evasive answers and excuses for his poor work and frequent absences. Acting on a hunch, the foreman sent him to the plant psychologist, who finally established rapport with the embarrassed Wrebinski.

Then the truth was blurted out. "I hate my name — Wrebinski — and shrink every time it's called out in the shop or at union meetings!"

"How about calling yourself Larry Williams?" the psychologist suggested. "You can keep your old initials and have a new, Americanized name to boot."

So, Wrebinski became Williams

and the foreman and the psychologist waited for results. Within three months, Williams' production record was tops in the shop; his absences were reduced to zero; and he had received two wage increases.

Recognizing that bizarre or unusual names sound awkward and can prove a liability, our courts take a kindly view toward the 50,000 people who each year change their names.

In many states, only your affidavit of notification of change in name has to be filed in order to make the switch legal and binding. In other states, you must petition a county judge to approve the change, and he will decide if your reasons are valid.

For most rights of citizenship, the name by which a man is commonly known in the community is okay for voting, making a will and getting a marriage license. The only requirement is that the adopted or manufactured name must not have been chosen in order to break the law or evade previous obligations.

Hollywood teems with celebrities who have changed their names for the better. An obscure juggler named Claude Dukenfield concluded he didn't have a chance with his name. But when he became W. C. Fields, his fortunes changed for the better almost overnight. Similarly, a pleasant but desperate young actor named Arlington Brugh found casting offices were cool until he became Robert Taylor.

Thousands of Americans are learning there is no need to be upset because of a wrong name. It's easy to borrow or coin a new handle, one which may mean everything!

*They're mining precious gems in America these days, —
mining them in the chemistry laboratory and factory!*

CUSTOM BUILT CARATS

by E. J. CRANE

THE most important advancement in the manufacture of man-made gems—perfect synthetic star rubies and star sapphires, the rarest of all natural stones—has been achieved by modern industrial science.

The stones range in size from ten carats upwards, and each has been made to look so real and natural that it surpasses in beauty and perfection its natural counterpart. The manufactured stones are bigger, too. For instance, the largest synthetic star ruby is 109.25 carats, whereas the largest natural star ruby—the Edith Haggin De Long—is only 100 carats.

Even an expert would experience difficulty in determining the natural from the synthetic. However, he would merely have to turn the stone over, and there on the bottom would be the visible evidence of its built-up process.

The secret of this process is controlled heat which transforms a feathery powder into beautiful crystals, red rubies or sapphires of many colors. Both of these fine stones are made of powdered aluminum which gleams like snow. For the blue sapphire, the white is colored with cobalt or iron. For the red of rubies the coloring metal is chromium.

Alchemists of the Middle Ages searched for centuries to find the “philosopher’s stone,” a synthetic substance that would transform everyday materials into gold and silver. But where alchemy failed, modern industrial science has triumphed. Today, synthetic sapphires and rubies, identical in physical and chemical properties with natural gems, are being produced in commercial quantities in America.

The war compelled America to manufacture her own synthetic jewelry. Before that, Switzerland supplied this country with finished jewel bearings at the rate of 30 million a year. But when Hitler took over Europe, this source of supply ended and the War Department frantically made demands on American industry to produce synthetic sapphires quickly for bombsights, speedometers, chronometers, gyroscopes and a number of other precision instruments. Within two years, engineers and chemists developed and produced synthetic corundum, a mineral family which includes sapphires, rubies and common emery. Following that significant discovery, it was a relatively simple matter to turn out synthetic jewels, and a steady stream of man-made gems

poured from the ovens of the Linde Air Products Company, a unit of the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

Pure alum crystals are roasted at temperatures of 2,400 degrees Fahrenheit. The resultant product is a feathery white powder which melts at 3,750 degrees Fahrenheit, and the temperature range in which it can be worked is quite narrow.

The quality of milady's beautiful trinkets is wholly dependent on the size of the powder particles, which now measure one-tenth micron. These particles are so small that if one of them were enlarged 50,000 times, it would be no larger than a pinhead. Fusion of the powder results in a mass of molten material which is deposited on a fire-clay pedestal. Here the mixture piles up, shimmering with its own intense heat, and forms a boule, which is actually a single crystal.

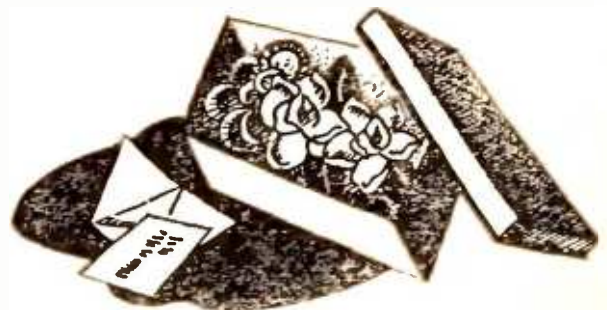
The ordinary boule weighs about 300 carats, although some have been known to weigh up to 800 carats. It is three-fourths of an inch in diameter and two inches long. However, in order to relieve the stresses resulting from the over-expanding crystal, the boule is split up.

Jewelers everywhere are cognizant of the tremendous influence that man-made gems will have on their business. Synthetic sapphire and the closely related spinel, are made in deep colors and delicate tints to form attractive accessory jewelry, and soon will be available in any desired color. And these stones have a superior hardness that permits them to keep a brilliant polish.

For years the jewelry trade has been in need of stones that were above the level of glass or imitation jewelry and still within the reach of those for whom natural stones are financially unattainable. These man-made gems admirably fill the bill. Although they are physically and chemically identical with the natural jewels and are far superior to the ordinary run of costume jewelry, these synthetics can be purchased for a fraction of the cost of the real thing. Whereas the real star sapphires cost \$100 to \$3,000 a carat, the synthetics are priced at \$10 to \$30 a carat.

Today, in the United States, the jewelry business amounts to \$1,300,000 a year. Not since the Middle Ages have women been so laden down with precious gems. Business is three times what it was in 1939, and it could be double this staggering total were it not for the shortage of materials and skilled workers.

The development of man-made sapphire is significant to industry as well as to the jewelry trade because the substance has the combination of hardness and uniformity of structure which makes it ideal for bearings that



wear indefinitely. Even before the war, every Army and Navy plane required between 75 and 100 sapphires for instrument bearings. Range find-

ers and other military instruments that had to be accurate contained large numbers of sapphire bearings.

In hardness, synthetic sapphire ranks next to the diamond. It has a tensile strength equal to that of mild steel, and resistance to crushing loads exceeding that of steel. It takes a more than mirror-like polish, does not scratch easily, and is not subject to the corrosive effects of most acids.

Medical science will also benefit from this amazing discovery. Syn-

thetic sapphire aids in the ultra-violet treatment of blood plasma and serums because it transmits ultra-violet rays more efficiently than any other known material.

Wherever a smooth, ultra-hard, long-lasting, wear-resistant substance is needed, you'll find synthetic sapphire. There is only one thing that might replace it, an article not now in existence, but one that someday might be. You guessed it—a man-made diamond!



Beyond the Call of Booty

A poor but ambitious Frenchman wanted to marry the daughter of a certain rather wealthy gentleman. He consulted a lawyer friend for some advice.

"Just leave the matter in my hands," the lawyer advised. "I've been invited to his house for dinner next week, and I'll fix everything for you. But just one question. Would you permit someone to cut off your nose if he would offer you one hundred thousand francs for it?"

"Of course not," replied the young man.

"Then," said the lawyer, "that's all I want to know."

At the dinner the attorney brought the conversation around to the young suitor.

"By the way," said the rich host, "can you tell me whether he has any money?"

"Well," said the lawyer, "I understand he has little ready cash at present, but I know for a fact that he has at least one asset for which he has been offered, and for which he refused a hundred thousand francs."

The young man got the girl—and a dowry too.



From the Arkansas hill country: "The new, silly dresses affect fellows like green persimmons. They really put a stop to the whistling."



The Army claims to have developed a pill that will combat hunger by destroying the appetite. This is merely an improvement over the old days when plain Army chow could do the same thing.



In a county where traffic regulations are stringent, police officers stopped a truck. They inspected the brakes, lights, and the equipment required by law. Apparently everything was okay. One officer pulled a cigarette out of his pocket and asked the truck driver for a light. The driver replied, "I don't smoke, so I don't carry matches or a cigarette lighter." He was promptly booked and taken to the police station for not having the means of lighting his road flares.



*"He said yesterday that he'd give me a raise
if I would play ball with him."*

Gone, gone is the fire—and only the ice remains.

IS THE RING



Really Yours ?

by JANE BIXBY

OF ALL pre-matrimonial problems of engaged couples, none is so fraught with argument as the woman's irate protest, "My engagement ring is *mine*—and I won't give it back!"

Sometimes the gal is right, but often she is wrong, as court battles have proved. True, the majority of girls voluntarily surrender their diamond rings when ardor cools and engagements are dissolved. But judges say that ownership of the ring usually hinges on the question: "Who broke the engagement—and why?"

In Louisville, Kentucky, an eager swain bought his betrothed a \$500 diamond ring which sent ripples of envy up the spines of her less fortunate girl friends. But when she brought up the subject of matrimony after two years of engagement had dragged on, the man became evasive and showed that he had changed his mind about a permanent alliance.

Still, he didn't ask for return of the ring until two more years elapsed. Then, during a hunting trip with the old girl friend, he spoke warmly of his love while she fiddled blissfully with the ring, taking it on and off her finger.

When it dropped to the ground, the sly hunter grabbed it and tri-

umphantly pocketed it, announcing that the engagement definitely was *kaput!*

The aggrieved girl took her story to court instead of to Dorothy Dix. The result was that the judge ruled, "If an engaged man without justification refuses to fulfill his pledge of marriage, then he cannot insist that the engagement ring be returned!"

Whereupon the laggard lover returned the \$500 sparkler to the jilted one, fuming at the "injustice of it all."

But, you ask, "What if it's the girl herself who reneges on her promise to marry? Can she keep the engagement ring, nevertheless?"

Legal pundits say that in most states her title to the ring may hang upon the reasons behind her refusal to go through with a marriage ceremony.

In Louisiana, it appears, the man may recover his engagement ring regardless of which party backtracks on the path to wedlock. Indeed, one Louisianan—who had borrowed from his sweetheart to pay for her ring—still managed to regain the ring legally after he found another girl more to his liking.

Another Louisiana man—no Loch-invar—sued for the return of his \$200 ring after a bitter round of quarrels

with his sweetheart. Though she snapped, "I won't marry you—ever!" she insisted that the ring was her property. But the judge ruled in favor of the man, quoting a Louisiana statute, "Every donation in favor of marriage fails if the marriage does not take place."

But virtually all courts allow a man to regain his ring—or its cash value—if his fiancée loses it, hocks it, or gives it away after breaking her betrothal without valid reasons.

What are "valid" reasons?

In one court, the judge heard a pretty blonde tearfully testify, "He told me that he earned \$200 a week, had no obligations, and had never been married before.

"But I discovered he only makes \$40 a week, was married twice, and is supporting two children. I broke the engagement, but I feel that I deserve the ring." The court sided with her, after rebuking the plaintiff for being a blowhard and a deceiver.

In another case, an attractive widow flashed a \$1,000 ring at the judge and explained, "That man has gone with me for seven long years. For the last five years, on an average of once a month, he has promised to marry me. I'm tired of his stalling and called the engagement off. Who gets the ring?"

"You!" said the judge, ruling that unreasonable delay and avoidance of a date with the parson constitutes grounds for keeping the ring after shelving the romance.

As usually happens, engaged people who fall out agree mutually that it's better to forget their pledge to wed. In such cases, courts generally hold that since the twain have agreed to return to their status-before-the-engagement, as if they had never intended to wed, the man should regain the ring which was his property in the first place.

But listen to the words of one prominent lawyer, "The sharp-witted girl doesn't agree mutually to call the whole thing off if she wants to keep the ring.

"Instead, she forces the boy into a corner in which he becomes the party who breaks the engagement. In such circumstances, she usually is entitled to the ring, even though her maneuvering of the man into a one-sided declaration against marriage smacks of intellectual dishonesty!"



Centerpiece

FOR that day at the beach, all a man really needs is a towel, trunks, sun oil, dark glasses and a companion like *Swing's* August pin-up girl, Esther Williams. Then he can throw away the dark glasses. You can see even more of Miss Williams in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's, *On An Island With You*.

Swingshots



1. Englishwoman Marjorie Scott, author and actress, visits WHB in Kansas City to make a guest appearance on the *Sandra Lea* program (11 a.m., Monday through Friday). During the war, Miss Scott was in charge of troop entertainment in the northwest of Europe. Later she served as an English housing director and as an administrator of displaced persons. She writes under four pen names; has two books, *Yesterday Is Tomorrow* and *I Have Almost Forgotten*, scheduled for fall publication.

2. Ray Halloran of Cincinnati won a recent contest as the country's most fervent "Texas-hater," was feted for a week in the Lone Star State. En route to the land he scorns, Halloran paused to transcribe excerpts from his prize-winning letter for presentation on a WHB news broadcast.

3. Sending *Swing Session* cats their jollies is versatile Lionel Hampton, whose *Lionel Hampton Show* is heard over WHB every Wednesday evening at 8:30.







... *presenting* H. ROE BARTLE

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

SOMETIMES called the biggest man in Kansas City, Roe Bartle stands six two and a half, weighs two-ninety, and raises Percheron horses because he says they're in keeping with his size.

The front seat of his automobile is set back an extra ten inches to make room for him and the steering wheel, too.

Manufacturers of khaki would rather see Roe Bartle walk in the front door than one of the Ringling Brothers.

What's more, he's all man!

Roe Bartle's got a voice that is heard in Canada through the facilities of Bartle himself. He has 10,000-watt lungs, clear channel, and a built-in amplifying system.

That voice—rich, heavy and somehow completely round-sounding—is his chief source of income. This spring he used it before the graduating classes of 21 colleges and universities; and in 1943, his peak year, he made 791 formal addresses—exclusive of short speeches and "talks."

He schedules 20 hours of work a day, plans to sleep four, usually settles for three.

By the use of Stenograph machines and records from a Sound-scriber that goes with him in train or car, six stenographers and a personal secretary can almost keep up with his

correspondence, which is dictated at a speed of 240 to 260 words per minute. Walter Winchell, with the fastest delivery in radio, raps out 215 words in a minute's time, but Bartle occasionally pushes beyond the 300 mark.

He has a ranch, three farms and two full-time jobs.

His first job, and the one for which he is best-known, is as chief executive of the Kansas City Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

The record of Kansas City Scouting is as fabulous as Bartle himself. While most councils throughout the nation struggle to reach the national membership standard, which is to have 25 per cent of all boys aged nine to seventeen in either the Cub or Boy Scouts, Bartle's area boasts a 52 per cent membership. In the 11 Missouri and Kansas counties making up the Kansas City Council, 78 per cent of all boys are affiliated with Scouting at one time or another.

Last year, 40.8 per cent of all Boy Scouts in the Kansas City area, nearly twice the national average, attended summer camp—and they stayed twice as long!

Boston advanced 35 Scouts to the rank of Eagle in 1947. Baltimore elevated 27; San Francisco, 62; Pittsburgh, 54; Chicago, 125; and New York, 170. In that same year, Kansas

City pinned the badge of Scoutdom's highest rank on 342 boys!

But the Chief, as the 30,000 active Scouts and Scouters of the district call him, doesn't dare rest on his laurels. Every second, the Seattle Council under T. B. Hunt and Joe Scanlon is breathing down his neck. Both Hunt and Scanlon trained in Kansas City under Bartle, and they are his fiercest rivals.

At various times, Bartle has declined leadership of the Chicago, Detroit and New York Councils. He now has the longest tenure of any Scout executive in America, save one.

"Make it tough," Bartle says. "That's the way to make Scouting attractive. Kids don't like to be handed anything on a platter. Every extra requirement you set up, every obstacle in the way of their advancement, acts as a challenge.

"We've done that, and right now we've got more Scouts of First Class rank and above than any other city in America."

Bartle wages a constant war against what he likes to call "consecrated ignorance."

"Every man working with boys regards his job as consecrated," he says "and nearly every one is ignorant of the technique needed."

As a long step forward in his fight, Bartle set up a training school at Camp White, Missouri, which last year turned out 1,600 "competent, volunteer adult leaders."

His other job, claiming an almost equal share of time, is as national executive director of the American War Dads, an organization with 856 chapters and 180,000 members.

The War Dads are a powerful lobbying force working toward the three broad ends of world peace, full veteran employment and adequate hospitalization. They have assumed, in addition, the unofficial guardianship of the 108,721 Gold Star orphans of World War II, whom they remember with gifts and letters on birthdays and at Christmas.

Bartle, a veteran of the Mexican Border and a major in the first World War, accepted his War Dad post six years ago with the understanding that the organization's aims would be long-range, and that it would stick with them—war or peace. As a second stipulation, he receives no pay for his services.

During the war, Bartle adopted a pair of English children, whom he kept for five years. In recognition of his war work at home and overseas, Great Britain awarded him His Majesty's Medal for Service in the Cause of Freedom.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, Bartle is very conscious of religion, and alludes frequently to the grace of the Almighty. Next to God, he places Mother, always pronouncing the word with a capital "M."

When one of his Scouts was severely injured in a vacation accident several years ago, Bartle broke all speed laws getting to the hospital. There he took the parents in hand, staying with them all night and most of the following day.

The boy, miraculously, recovered. But his father will never recover from the impression Bartle's depth of understanding made on him in the course of those long, stricken hours.

"Roe is the greatest guy I've ever known," he says. "Terrific. He knew just what to say and when to keep quiet. He saw us over the hump, all right. Without him, we would have gone crazy from worry."

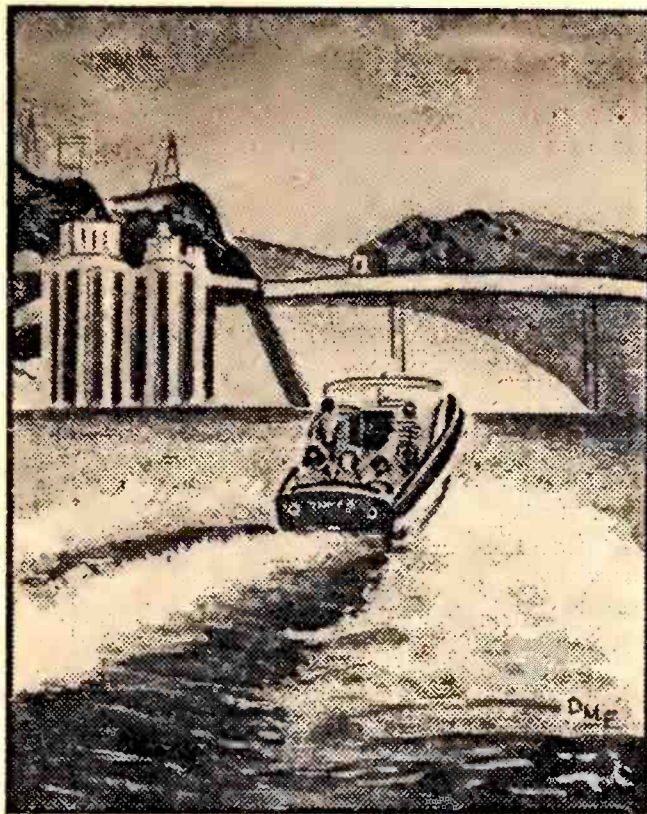
Bartle is concerned with all youth. As chairman of a Rotary committee, he organized the Kansas City Boy's Club. He gives a great deal of leadership to 4-H Clubs and the Future Farmers of America. Recently he

and Mrs. Bartle, both Southerners, donated a camp for colored Scouts to the Kansas City Council.

Back in 1930, the Chief decided there should be some bond which would keep boys interested in Scouting during their college years, so that they would return to the movement as leaders.

With that in mind, he founded Alpha Phi Omega, a national service fraternity which now has more active members than any other Greek letter organization in America. In total number of chapters, it is second only to Phi Beta Kappa. He served as its national president for 16 years.

Bartle looks back on his own school days with a certain amount of amaze-



OUR BACK COVER shows lucky vacationers keeping cool on the blue waters of Lake Mead, reservoir of Boulder Dam, and the largest artificial lake in the world. (Photo courtesy of Union Pacific.)

ment—particularly his early ones at Fork Union Military Academy in Virginia.

At Fork Union, new cadets were placed arbitrarily in literary clubs, and each was required to prepare orations, declamations and debates for the edification of the student body.

Cadet Bartle drew a debating assignment. He worked hard gathering material, but when his moment for glory arrived on Saturday night, he bolted for the

barracks and hid under a bed.

For that, he got ten hours of extra duty and an order to debate the following week. This time, in a fit of fright, he went AWOL, taking refuge in a grove of trees just off campus.

When he crept back to his room after taps, the headmaster was waiting for him. "Bartle," he said, "that's another ten hours on the guard-walk with full equipment. Saturday you debate, or Sunday you go home."

Young Roe debated. He was scared, and probably not very good. But the instructor who served as critic was a fine psychologist. He lauded Bartle's speech and predicted, not believing a word of it, that he would one day be Fork Union's greatest debater. The

only person he convinced was Roe Bartle.

In his senior year, Bartle won the state debating championship and the Southern prep school championship.

Today, that boy who hid under the bed is nationally famous for "wind-jamming," and awards an annual prize and medal to the Fork Union cadet making throughout the year the greatest progress in debating.

From military school, Bartle went to the University of Chattanooga. He lettered in baseball, football and track (as a javelin and shot-put man) while paying his own way by working as a newspaper reporter. He took an LL.B. degree, went off to the wars, and on his return earned a doctorate in jurisprudence at the Hamilton College of Law.

The practice of law in Marion County, Kentucky, was successful financially, and brought Bartle two unlooked-for acquisitions. The first was a wife, the daughter of his choicest client; the second, a new job.

He was drafted by a group of boys in search of a Scoutmaster. They would hear none of his protests, so Scoutmaster he became. In 1921, he

received his first certificate as a Scout executive, and went to Wyoming to set up a Boy Scout organization in that state.

Roe Bartle appeared on the Kansas City scene in 1928. In the two decades since, he has made himself felt in every phase of community life. He is a past president of the Rotary Club of Kansas City, past district governor and international committeeman of that organization. He served more than three years as chairman of the Jackson County Board of Visitors, is a past president of the Juvenile Improvement Association. For 15 years he directed the annual finance campaigns of the Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls.

He is a trustee of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, and president of the board of trustees of Missouri Valley College.

He has just been named general chairman of the 1948 Kansas City Community Chest campaign.

It was 20 years ago this month, August, that Roe Bartle became a Kansas Citian. But in much less time than that his townsmen learned that, big as Bartle is, he isn't half so big as his heart.

A Way With Words

The mayor of a French town, in accordance with the regulations, had to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable woman of his acquaintance who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. After a moment's reflection, he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes dark, beautiful, tender, expressive; but one of them is missing."

War with Russia is something about which we would prefer not to think. It would be too eerie meeting our lend-lease equipment coming back.

From out of the wilderness, water.

V A L L E Y O F

V I T A L I T Y

by PAT DENNIHAN

PONCE DE LEON thought he had found it. Others followed, spending lifetimes searching for the ever-evasive fountain of youth. For all, there was failure.

The formula for the eternal vitality of youth may still be contained in some mysterious, future event, but for the present, one city is managing very well with the most reasonable facsimile to turn up so far.

Excelsior Springs, a small, quiet town, almost hidden among the rolling hills of western Missouri, is sitting on top of an endless flow of health and wealth. Deep in the earth beneath it, in a half-mile radius, is the largest group of natural mineral waters in the world. The four distinct types of water, Ferro-Manganese, Saline Laxative, Soda-Bicarbonate and Calcium, are not found together in any other American or European spa.

Around these springs and the natural beauty of the area, a vacation and health resort has grown so rapidly that it now attracts 250,000 people annually. They arrive from every state in the union, and visitors from ten foreign countries have come back repeatedly to drink toasts to their good health.

The resort with its luxurious hotels is also a strong drawing card as a na-

tional convention center—30 requests for accommodations had to be rejected during last May alone. The chamber of commerce receives an average of 1,300 inquiries each month from people anxious to learn more about the springs.

The town and its resort centers cover four square miles of land once clothed only in wheat. Until 1880, nothing was known of the valuable secret held beneath the fertile acres of farmland. Only an iron-rust red, caused by overflow of the water in a nearby stream, aroused any suspicion—the farmers thought it was poison.

But during that year, the daughter of a local farmer, Travis Mellion, began bathing herself in the rust-colored spring. She suffered from scrofula, an unpleasant skin disease, and was desperately trying everything she could find for relief. The neighbors were amazed when, a few weeks later, the girl had completely recovered. Others from surrounding sections came to the spring afflicted with rheumatism and arthritis, and went away cured. The news traveled rapidly, and soon the fame of the medicinal water had spread widely.

People moved their household belongings to be near the spring; and before the year had passed, surveyors

had plotted a townsite and 200 houses were standing in the little valley.

Other springs along the stream were inspected, the water analyzed, and a high mineral content was found. Hundreds of jugs and bottles were dipped into the precious water as sick people flocked to the springs.

The town expanded rapidly, and in 1887 the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad opened its line between Chicago and Kansas City, through Excelsior Springs. Churches, school buildings, a music hall and hotels were erected and readied for service.

While drilling an artesian well, saline water was discovered in 1888. This new type of water immediately replaced salts and imported laxative waters. Analyses were again made of the water in the other springs. Two of the waters contained the association of bicarbonate of iron and manganese—a combination so rare that it is found in only four springs in all of Europe. Excelsior Springs possesses the only two commercial springs of this type known in the United States.

As more visitors arrived every season, the facilities of the resort were made more extensive. Among the wooded hills and rich green terraces, the expensive and ornate Elms Hotel took shape. Every possibility was utilized to make the resort a haven for the vacationer.

A Scotsman, Alex Ross, designed an 18-hole natural hazard golf course, patterned after the famous St. Anne's course in Scotland. Missouri thoroughbreds became the featured attraction in the new riding stables. Hiking trails wound over the shady hillsides, and

the mineral waters of Lake Maurer became a popular combination for an afternoon of swimming and a health treatment. Sanitariums and hospitals were built to combine the efficiency of the mineral springs with competent medical knowledge.

Amazingly enough, despite rapid growth, Excelsior Springs has never lost its quaint and delightful small-town air. The narrow and quiet streets retain the magic which never fails to bring vacationers back once they have known it.

During the early '30s, the city recognized the need for centralizing the mineral water system. It was felt that modern, sanitary conditions would expand and improve the health services of the resort. They secured the necessary legislation in 1933, and Excelsior Springs petitioned the government for a loan and grant. With the million dollars that was raised, the city purchased the springs and wells from their private owners and reconditioned them. Four miles of pipe were installed to bring the various mineral waters to a centrally located point.

The building which housed the central unit was completed in 1936 and named the Hall of Waters, bringing the greatest group of mineral waters in the world under one roof. All the water is dispensed from one beautifully decorated room, the Hall of Springs, under perfect sanitary conditions and according to strict ethical standards.

There is a pure mineral water swimming pool in the Hall of Waters. The water is perfectly conditioned

and tempered, undergoing 32 complete changes daily. Modern bath departments offer the best in hydrotherapy equipment.

The million dollar building is a symbol of the new era marking Excelsior Springs as one of America's finest mineral water health resorts. But when it was completed, the alert little town didn't take time to sit back and admire itself. Plans were drawn up and construction began on a \$90,000 bottling plant. A 275-bed veteran's hospital was finished and is affording the best possible care to World War II tubercular patients. The chamber

of commerce is now considering an airport with commercial airline service.

During the 60 years of its life, Excelsior Springs has dedicated itself to the work of bringing better health and recreation service to the world. The millions of people who have benefitted by its services can't begin to express their appreciation. But their heartfelt thanks help to make up the richness of the human story the town holds in its grasp. To all those who have stepped inside, Excelsior Springs will always be the valley of vitality and youth.

AND FOR THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 20)

industry of Kansas City. Last year the market earned a total revenue of \$85,000, and distributed government surplus food to 36,000 school children and 5,000 people in institutions.

The business side of the welfare department is housed in the administration division. Permits are issued for charitable, philanthropic and religious solicitations when the cause is proved to be worthwhile and financially sound. Investigations conducted by the division save thousands of dollars for Kansas City each year, by protecting its citizens from any fraudulent fund campaigns.

During the past eight years, Kansas City's welfare department has progressed rapidly. It is now on solid ground, Richardson points out, because it assiduously avoids failure caused by an excess of theory and a deficiency of understanding of human beings.

In everything it does, the department concentrates on such things as close contact with the average citizen, practical common sense, a positive



point of view, a knowledge of Kansas City and a spirit of cooperation. The city has taken on a new meaning; no longer is it made up solely of streets, parks and buildings. The people, happy people, give it life.

Trivia In Transit

The manager of a New York hotel was impressed with the courtesy of a new elevator boy who invariably greeted him in the lobby with a loud "Hello!" When they met on the street, however, the boy just nodded. Upon being told that politeness should extend outside the hotel also, he replied thoughtfully, "I guess you're right, but they didn't say anything about that. The other operators just told me to yell 'Hello' good and loud so they'd know when you were around."

▲
Alexander Dumas was a master at making pretty speeches. After witnessing a performance by Adelina Patti, he went backstage to greet the opera singer.

"Miss Patti, your voice is a dangerous thing. Don't ever sing out-of-doors," he cautioned.

"What a thing to say!" cried the insulted prima donna.

"Ah, you don't understand," explained the author, "as a man, I'm thrilled by your beautiful singing, but if I were a bird I'd die of envy."

▲
A patient young shoe salesman went to considerable trouble to satisfy the whims of an attractive woman customer. He continued to smile pleasantly as she tried on one pair of shoes after another.

"They fit perfectly," she admitted at long last.

The young man beamed, congratulating himself on a job well done. But his joy was short-lived, for the customer asked brightly, "Haven't you a smaller size that fits just as well?"—*Tom Breneman's Magazine*.

▲
Senator Vandenberg has a droll wit. Recently I was at his Washington home waiting for him to return from a formal dinner to which he had gone grudgingly, as he says he can do without that phase of Washington life. His wife, having a cold, had not gone, and, on his return, I heard her ask him, "How was the dinner?"

"Oh, all right," growled the Senator.

"You're not sorry you went?"

"No," the Senator lied.

"What did the women wear?"

"Well," said the Senator, "nothing above the table, and I didn't look under."—*True*.

▲
A little girl was proudly showing her playmate her new home.

"This is my daddy's den," she said. "Does your daddy have a den?"

"No," was the answer. "He just growls all over the house."

▲
Puncture: A little hole in a tire, found at a great distance from the garage.

▲
Mother: Who is that new young man that is calling on you?

Daughter: He is practicing to be a magician.

Mother: Is he doing very well at it?

Daughter: Very well. Often he takes out a quarter and makes brother Johnnie disappear completely.

▲
The boss and clerks had gone out to lunch, leaving only a pretty female bookkeeper in charge of the store. A handsome young man entered the store and asked, "Do you keep auto accessories?"

The young lady smiled her prettiest and replied, "Only me."

*Foe of the sneeze and swollen eye
is a wonder drug called "benadryl."*



NEW HOPE FOR HAY FEVER SUFFERERS

by MORTON LANSING

IF YOU'VE sniffled and gasped your way through a hay fever attack, in common with 4,000,000 other bedeviled Americans, a mild-mannered associate professor of pharmacology at the University of Illinois may have good news for you!

His name is Dr. Earl Loew, and the relief for hay fever which Dr. Loew has tested is called benadryl. Before long, hay fever victims will be able to buy benadryl in capsules, take two or three a day, and go through the daily job routine with little or no discomfort.

Like most scientists, Dr. Loew is a cautious man and doesn't like to make expansive claims for benadryl. But he'll show you the reports from the Mayo Clinic — and they're mighty convincing.

For example, 12 patients who were practically knocked out from hay fever were brought to Mayo's. The majority blamed ragweed for their predicament.

The Mayo doctors began popping benadryl capsules into their mouths. In nine patients, relief thus afforded was "excellent" or "good." One patient's record was inconclusive, and

the drug in the 12th man showed no effect.

That's nine out of twelve. On such a batting average, most hay fever victims gladly would take a chance on benadryl.

Another triumph for the Loew drug centered around a two-year-old boy at Mayo's who suffered tortures from urticaria, commonly known as hives. The doctors gave him ten milligrams of benadryl. Within 15 minutes, the harried little fellow was relieved, and inside of half an hour his redness and itching had vanished.

The doctors kept up the benadryl treatment for two days. He remained free from hives. Then they discontinued the treatment, and within 24 hours the tiny patient was again suffering from hives.

Such reports of relief hearten Dr. Loew and his associates, for they tend to prove that benadryl can help innumerable victims of hay fever and other allergies. They emphasize, however, that the drug is not a *cure*; it merely alleviates stuffy noses, watery eyes, sneezing, itching and other allergic discomfort. Even so, most sufferers will welcome an opportunity to

try benadryl, for what have they to lose?

Right now, hay fever victims pay a high price for their seasonal pollen inoculations. With some, such treatments bring fair relief. With many others, the expensive inoculations produce no relief at all.

Although benadryl is not yet available in large commercial quantities, it is economical to produce and will prove a blessing to thousands of allergy victims unable to afford the costly inoculation series.

There's some after-effect from taking the drug, but it is unimportant compared with the discomfort experienced in acute hay fever. After taking benadryl, many patients are sleepy, a little dizzy, and complain of a dry mouth. But these effects disappear within an hour at the longest.

Back of benadryl is the work of Dr. George Rieveschl, Jr., of the



Parke, Davis and Company laboratories in Detroit. He was the scientist who first synthesized the drug. Dr. Loew picked it up from there, because for five years he had experimented with countless drugs, none of which

offered much promise to the chronic hay fever sneezer.

But Loew and his associates were sure that the root of the hay fever malady lay in a chemical called histamine. They describe it this way:

“Histamine is a normal constituent of body cells, and is innocuous until released from the tissues. Many investigators and clinicians believe that the major symptoms of allergy are caused by histamine which is liberated when antigens—such as pollens and proteins—combine with antibodies in sensitive individuals.”

Obviously, Dr. Loew reckoned, an anti-histamine drug might well bring an end to the discomfort of hay fever and other allergies. In the laboratory, employing the old reliable guinea pigs, Loew found that Dr. Rieveschl's drug, benadryl, worked very well in decreasing the effect of histamine in the animals.

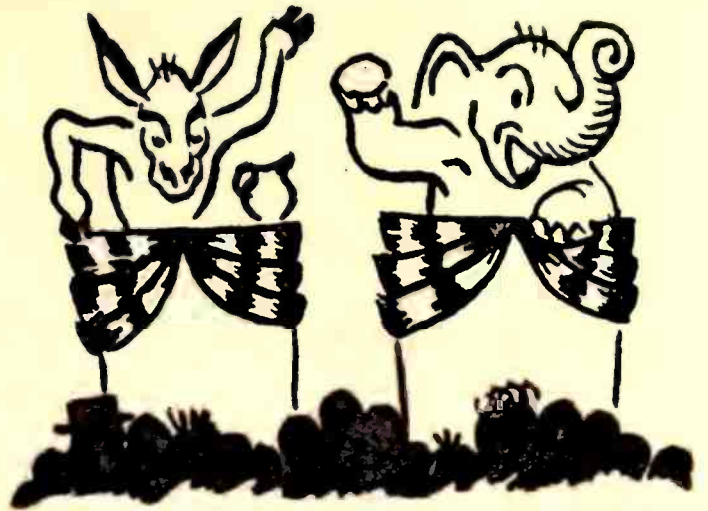
The work with benadryl was carried to other animals. The researchers took pigs, for example, and sensitized them to egg albumin. (Many human beings can't abide the stuff in their systems.) Promptly, benadryl banished the allergy symptoms.

This success led Dr. Loew to reason that many people—who now can't tolerate chocolate, shrimps or strawberries because of allergies to these foods—may again enjoy them after taking benadryl to ward off allergic distress.

Ever hear of *Meniere's disease*? It's a fairly common trouble, distinguished by severe vertigo. Its victims become giddy and sick, and clutch for support to keep from falling.

At Mayo's, a young man who experienced this terrible dizziness every day was given 150 milligrams of benadryl. Within 24 hours, he reported complete relief. Taking the drug every day, he was completely free from the threat of dizzy spells. But if he abandoned benadryl for even one day, the vertigo swiftly returned to torture him.

Some asthma patients, too, are helped by benadryl. But much experimentation remains to be done with the drug before careful Dr. Loew and his associates will make any far-reaching claims for it in connection with asthma.



Meanwhile, if you're a garden-variety hay fever victim, see your doctor about benadryl. It may work wonders for you—and may not. Anyway, the encouraging Mayo results with it warrant that old college try!

Cool Coolidge Conclusion

STRICT economy was a necessary keynote in the early married years of the Calvin Coolidges, but Mrs. Coolidge one day listened to a persistent salesman and bought a book for eight dollars. The title: *Remedy for Family Ills*.

Seeing it, her husband said nothing, began reading it with tacit interest. He seemed thoroughly absorbed in the contents, utilizing every moment of his spare time until he had completed a cover-to-cover perusal.

Then, without flourish, the president-to-be wrote in the fly-leaf: "I see a remedy here for everything but a sucker."—Barney Schwartz.

A man filling out a job application blank came to the question: "Have you ever been arrested?" His answer was, "No." The next question, asking, "Why?" was meant for those who answered the first part in the affirmative. Nevertheless he answered it with, "Never got caught."

Every time you talk your mind is on parade.

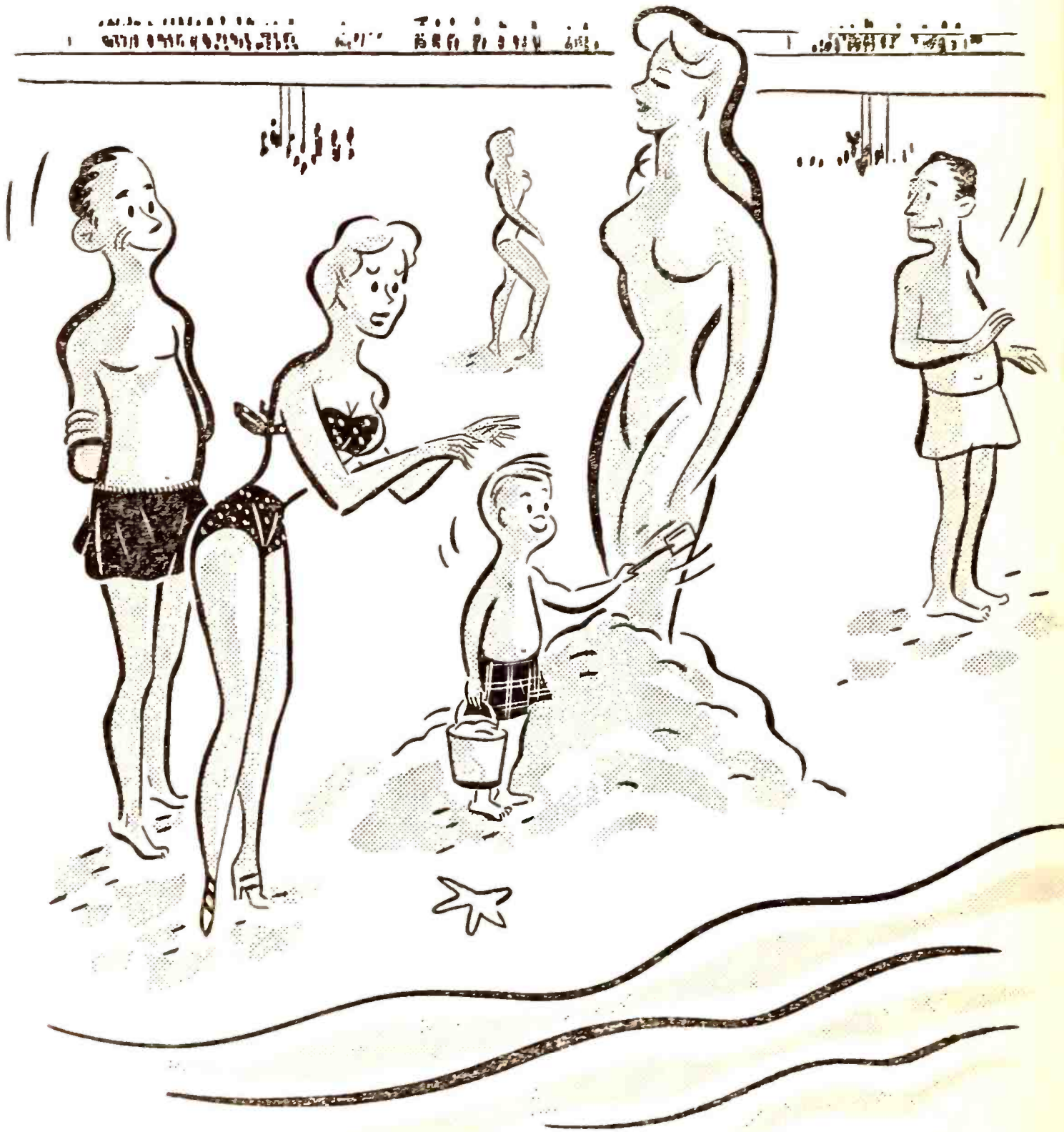
Bright eyes indicate curiosity. Black eyes indicate too much.

An egotist is a man who tells you things about himself which you had intended to tell him about yourself.

Gossip has been defined as the art of saying nothing in a way that leaves practically nothing unsaid.

Sign in a California store: "We buy old furniture. We sell antiques."

Another Communist dream is that everyone eats but no one cooks.



"Why can't you just build castles like other little boys?"

*"I love your hair, your lips, your eyes . . ."
And two-bits pays for all these lies!*

REAMS OF



Sentiment

by ROBERT M. HYATT

EACH year, Americans clutter the mails with a billion greeting cards, expressing words of cheer, congratulations, comradeship, or sympathy. Besides birthday wishes and baby announcements, there are a half dozen holidays for which cards are sent.

Who writes these cards? Most of the verses are written by women, many of whom live in small towns far removed from the factories where the cards are printed.

Card publishers receive thousands of greetings every week, and each verse is carefully read in the hope that it may be a big seller, a jewel of cleverness which will find a ready market year after year.

Unfortunately, for every gem there are hundreds of verses without merit, as, for example:

Merry Christmas to My Man

*O Father of my children,
O Male I up and wed,
I sometimes stop and realize
I did not use my head!*

The author expected to receive 50 cents a line, which is more or less the standard pay for verse.

Some writers make the verse rhyme regardless of sense, like this one:

For a Wife

*Christmas should be a cheerful time
Without one blot to dim it;
So poison James! 'Twould be no
crime!
He's always been the limit.*

Trying to be original, this writer ends up being ridiculous:

For Grandfather's Birthday

*May Time with his glass and scythe
Glide gently o'er your head.*

Who originated the idea of sending a word of greeting? Probably the early cave man sent symbolic messages in the form of a leaf, flower, stone or bird's feather. Then later, as man began to fashion for himself tools and weapons, and to cut and carve in a crude way, he probably scratched his message on a piece of bark.

The Egyptians probably sent their messages written in hieroglyphics on greeting card "rolls," by means of special courier.

Even in the dark ages, it is certain that letters and messages of good cheer were exchanged all over Europe. When knights rode forth, they often carried gloves, garters, bits of

ribbon, or other trinkets from their ladies.

The greeting card has an historic background of invention, originality, romance and inspiration.

Love, the greatest force in the world, according to poets and versifiers, caused the first greeting cards to be made, and since they were for conveying tender messages on St. Valentine's Day, they were known as Valentines.

Not all persons who wanted to send Valentines could write poetry or rhymes, and so booklets were published, back in the 18th Century, which were filled with all sorts of messages for exchange on Valentine's Day. Love-sick swains and maids copied them on cards, often decorating them with cut-out lace and ribbon.

Every conceivable condition, trade and profession seemed to be covered in these "canned" verses. For instance, the following was intended to be sent by a stone-mason:

To My Valentine

*With mortar and trowel,
You know I do no ill,
But a mansion can raise very high;
Then, sweet Valentine,
If you will be mine
You shall have a fine house by and by.*

Of slams there were plenty in those days, many of which must have caused heartache or anger. Here is a sample, lifted from one of those quaint English booklets:

Shocking

*Much thought on dress you do bestow
Yet only are for outside show,
And wear without disgust or loathing
Ragged and dirty underclothing.*

By 1847 the custom of sending cards had become so general in America that Louis Prang, pioneer lithographer and printer of Roxbury, Massachusetts, began to publish cards and in a few years he led the world in the production of Christmas cards.

Later he issued Easter cards and then a few birthday cards. But by 1890 cheap cards began to come from Germany and Austria, with the result that Prang lost interest and gave up his card business.

Valentine wishes are very old, but no one knows who composed the first one. So persistent has been the interest in St. Valentine himself that antiquarians have delved into endless and remote sources in search of material which would shed some light upon his personality. The closest probability is that the Saint Valentine honored as the patron of lovers may have been the Bishop Valentine of the 3rd Century, of whom the poet Donne wrote in his epithalamium on the marriage of Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, which took place on Valentine's Day in 1614:

*"Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day
this is;*

*All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping Choristers
And other birds thy parishioners."*

If so, the good bishop was a sad and sorry patron for the joyous heritage that is his. He wrote no love songs. During the reign of Emperor Claudius II, this valorous Christian Valentine was thrown summarily into prison. There, the legends record, he cured the keeper's daughter of blindness. Not even this miracle of faith

kept Bishop Valentine from suffering a cruel martyrdom. He was beaten, beheaded, and part of his remains buried in what is now the Church of Prexedes in Rome, where the Porta del Popolo was once known as the Porta Valentini.

Today, as a sad commentary on the lack of personal originality in our era, you may purchase greeting cards



for every occasion, member of the family, friend or sweetheart. It is almost unnecessary to write letters because there is an appropriate card available—even to “let’s make up” cards for lovers who have had a spat.

In spite of the great number of special title greetings already published, there are always some doughty creators who can dream up new titles. Curiously enough, many of the requests which seemed unusual several years ago have now been filled. Among these are Thank You For Acting As Pallbearer, Greetings to My Brother-in-Law, or Mother-in-Law, Twin Birth Announcements, Birthday Greetings to One Who Is Ill, and countless others.

A New York shop reports a request for a graduation card for someone who did *not* graduate, also a request by a girl for a card to send to one of her friends with whom she

had quarreled—not to make up the quarrel, but to let her friend know she was still angry.

A storekeeper in Elkhart, Indiana, tells about the gentleman who had been looking over Valentines when the saleslady remarked, “Here’s a lovely sentiment: To the Only Girl I Ever Loved.”

“That’s fine,” the man said. “I’ll take six of those.”

A Bostonian recently requested a sympathy card which should be a bit more cheerful than those in the display, because he wished to send it to his lady friend who had just lost her husband.

Unusual events in recent years have inspired card publishers to issue special designs and sentiments to meet the current fancy. The Lindbergh Birthday Card was an outstanding number. Lindbergh, as you know, started suddenly for France on a Friday morning, May 20, 1927. Having a hunch on Saturday morning that the flier would be successful, a certain publisher got busy. Before the aviator stepped from his plane at Le Bourget, 5000 cards had been run off. Hundreds of thousands were sold in the next two or three months.

The popularity of Amos ‘n’ Andy brought forth a multitude of ideas built around their stock sayings. More recently, such popular fads as crossword puzzles, “Confucius say,” and the quiz programs have been adapted to greeting card use.

Sentiment rules the card industry, for while cards must be beautiful to attract the eye, greeters have learned that if the sentiment is wrong, the

prettiest card in the world will not sell. Publishers, therefore, strive to produce a card with eye-appeal and the desired message in plain and understandable language.

Mother's Day and Father's Day cards are both large sellers. To Mary Towles Sasseen, a schoolmarm of Henderson, Kentucky, goes the credit for establishing Mother's Day. It was back in 1887 that Miss Sasseen began setting apart one day in each school year honoring Mother. It was not until nearly 1906 that the day began to get national observation.

Father's Day, according to the most authentic information, first celebrated in Spokane, Washington, in 1910, was originated by Mrs. John B. Dodd, and sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. It became more general in 1922 when

the Associated Mens' Neckwear Industries sponsored and promoted it.

Some time prior to this, Lions International had recommended the observance of a Father's Day and done a great deal toward developing one; reaching the point in June, 1923, when they passed a resolution during an Atlantic City convention designating a Father's Day.

Sentiment has been commercialized, and now gives employment to many thousands of workers, while the greeting card itself has earned an indispensable place in the lives of all those who use ready-made poetry to keep their friendships in good repair.

*It's such a cheerful messenger,
This symbol of regard,
That more and more I find I need
My friend, the Greeting Card.*

FRIEND EARTHWORM

(Continued from Page 8)

a clear measurement of the soil brought to the surface over an exact period of time.

The fineness of the soil in the wormcasts, Sir J. Arthur Thomson tells us, is due to the hard-walled gizzard of the earthworm, which incidentally is one of the best grinding mills in the world.

Thus it becomes easier to understand how these astonishing creatures can plough, cultivate and even fertilize the earth, promoting vegetation and increasing the arable value of its acreage.

Because the earthworm can grow a new end at either extremity after being mutilated by a bird or by a gardener's spade, we need have no fear that our universal ploughman ever will be exterminated.

It is fortunate for human beings that these regenerative powers belong to the friend of man rather than to the monsters which preceded him upon the earth. How would you like to watch a mutilated dinosaur, let us say, grow new ends?

Maybe we ought to settle for the earthworm.

▲
Before leaving his office to go out to lunch, a real estate dealer, who was building a little house at the edge of a small New England town, sent a painter to find out when the interior decorating could be started. Returning from lunch, he found a note on his desk reading, "On account of Joe and Fred was, your house is not plastered yet . . . Sam."

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Republican victory in November seems practically assured. Although the Democrats, "Dixiecrats" excepted, will try to assume the mask of unity, it is not going to fool the voters.

The Republicans, on the other hand, have shown a businesslike approach to the procedure of nominating and electing a president. In Mr. Warren, they have an exceptionally strong vice-presidential candidate, who will bring in votes on his own.

In Birmingham, the Southern Democrats, standing for "segregation of the races and the racial integrity of each race," named two Southern governors to run against Mr. Truman. Governor J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina and Fielding L. Wright of Mississippi will undoubtedly pull some Southern votes away from the regular party candidate, but probably not enough to affect the outcome. Thurmond, though a bitter foe of federal anti-poll tax and anti-lynch legislation on grounds of unconstitutionality, has consistently urged abolition of the state's poll tax, legislation to provide secret ballots in general elections and creation of a personnel merit system for state government. He is known as a bitter foe of lynching. After the Willie Earle lynching, he told his chief constable not to report back until the case was cracked. With him, it's just a case of preferring state over federal control.

• • •

President Truman's call for a special session of Congress, though anticipated by some people, and believed to be a smart political move by many, is actually nothing but that—a political move. It will cost the American taxpayers at least \$222,000—the cost of paying each senator and representative 20 cents a mile for transportation from his home to Washington and back.

After taking a second look at the situation, some observers claim that President Truman can't possibly make any political hay from his action in calling the session (ostensibly for legislation on the issues of prices, civil rights, education and social benefits).

If Mr. Truman doesn't like the Republican bills and vetoes them, the Republicans will yell for a Republican president to prevent further obstruction.

If he approves the legislation, the credit may be divided equally, but Mr. Truman will no longer be able to hurl the charge of "do-nothing" at the 80th Congress.

If there is a filibuster on civil rights, as there probably will be, it will further publicize the split in the Democratic party, and the need for more Republican votes in Congress to outvote the Southern Democrats.

At any rate, it is fairly certain that the President's own economic advisers were caught flat-footed. They believe that the best weapons against run-away inflation are: careful spending, careful timing in spending, government cooperation with industry, and industry-labor cooperation. These government economists aren't sure that this is the time to launch many phases of Mr. Truman's economic and social program, and are suggesting that the best way to deal with inflation lies in careful action by the administration, instead of more legislation.

• • •

Federal aid to education almost came to a showdown just before Congress adjourned in June.

During the closing days of the last session of Congress, small, retiring Representative Edward O. McCowan of Ohio arose in a special meeting of the House Labor and Education Committee. Across

his mind were running thoughts of the months of work he had put in on his House bill, HR2953, Federal Aid to Education. If passed, it would mean an allocation of \$300,000,000 annually to be distributed among the states according to need, for the purpose of improving the educational facilities of our public schools. Thousands of teachers would begin to get decent salaries. McCowan reflected on these things as he stood to move that his bill be removed from committee to the floor of the House where it could be put to a vote. The Senate had earlier passed the bill by a vote of 58 to 22. It had then been stowed away in the House committee, where it remained for weeks.

McCowan started to speak. He was halfway through his motion when the bells began to ring, giving notice that Congress had convened. It is the prevailing custom for Congressional committees to finish the business at hand before adjourning, but theoretically no committee session should be in progress while Congress is convened.

Capitalizing on this parliamentary point, big Max Schwabe of Missouri jumped to his feet shouting, "Mr. Chairman, the House is now in session. It is illegal for the committee to sit while the House is in session. I move that we adjourn."

With that single parliamentary maneuver, all hope was ended for passage of the Federal Aid to Education bill in the past session of Congress. It ended an interlude of buck-passing seldom equalled in Congressional history. Speaker of the House Martin and Majority Leader Halleck were primarily responsible for blocking the bill in committee. These men were yielding to pressure from powerful tax-fighting lobbies sponsored by several state chambers of commerce, various real estate groups and many others. The states of

California and Indiana were especially active in lobbying.

The bill specifically required the more wealthy states—such as California, Indiana and New York—to pay out more to the program than they would have gotten back in federal aid. Thus the have-not states, where the educational slums exist, would have a chance to educate their children properly. But, seeing nothing but state sovereignty and dollar marks, richer states fail to realize that what is good for a neighbor state is good for them.

The appalling conditions in the educational situation throughout the United States reveal a shameful picture. Look at the American educational program as it exists today:

1. While some school systems expend as much as \$200 per child during the school year, there are other states which can afford no more than \$3.70 per child.

2. In 1940, there were 2,000,000 children between the ages of five and seventeen who were not enrolled in any school!

3. That same year, more than 1,175,000 children were enrolled in systems which spent less than \$18.50 per child, although the minimum expenditure per child has been set by Columbia University as \$200. This is the lowest any school system can go, says the University, without jeopardizing the learning process of the child.

4. There are now 10,000,000 adult citizens of the United States who have so little education as to be considered illiterate.

5. During the last war, more than 5,000,000 men were rejected for physical, mental and educational limitations.

These are just a few of the important facts which reveal the desperate plight into which our educational system has fallen. It must be salvaged by some means.

Federal aid is one answer.

Kid Stuff

LITTLE Allen had been using swear words and his mother packed his toy suitcase and told him to march on. The child was pondering his situation on the porch when a neighbor approached. "Is your mother in?" queried the woman.

"Damned if I know," replied Allen, "I don't live here."—*David Deutsch.*

Platter Chatter

EDEN AHBEZ, song writer and nature lover, with enough lettuce now to buy his own forest, has written several other songs which he has given to Nat King Cole. Nat has them securely locked away, ready to record (when the ban is lifted) as follow-up hits to *Nature Boy* . . . Skitch Henderson is now playing to capacity crowds at the Hotel Pennsylvania . . . Decca's recording stars, the Andrews Sisters, appear at the London Palladium starting this month . . . Peggy Lee and Dave Barbour are dickering for a radio show this fall . . . Sammy Kaye, RCA Victor star, has added a new male vocalist to his swing and sway band—Lloyd Roberts, hails from Jack Benny's home town . . . Recording artists have their favorite recordings, too. Kate Smith lists as her all-time favorite, *God Bless America* . . . Opera lovers especially will appreciate Columbia's latest item on the market. It's a micro-groove recording, played at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm. Home sets can now play 45 minutes of music on one 12-inch platter! . . . Metropolitan Opera star Robert Merrill and the cast of the Victor show will tour the United States in the fall . . . Erskine Hawkins is now in New York, after a long tour of one-nighters . . . Betty Hutton has her own desk now, with lettering on the door, in her husband's camera plant. Betty has the official title of vice-president . . . The latest oldie being plugged to the top is, *Don't Blame Me* (we'll take Sarah Vaughn's unusual version) . . . Arnett Cobb, the wildman of the tenor sax, will be able to re-form his band and go back to work in September . . . MGM recording star Blue Barron and his orchestra will return to New York, opening at the Hotel Astor this month . . . Bing Crosby celebrated his 44th birthday in New York recently . . . Charlie Shavers appears again in the TD brass section . . . Hoagy Carmichael is scheduled into the London Palladium August 9th . . . Benny Carter is still reorganizing in Los Angeles . . . Butch Stone, after a trial alone, is back with Les Brown and his fine band . . . MGM has signed Perry Como to a film-a-year contract, scheduled to run for seven years. That's good news



with **BOB KENNEDY**

for Como fans—who like to see as well as hear him.

Betcha Didn't Know . . .

. . . One of the best singers to record with the Harry James band is none other than Betty Grable, who appears under the alias of Betty Haag . . . That Eddy Howard was a medical student at San Jose College in California before starting his singing career . . . That Sunny Skylar, composer of *Atlanta, Ga., Besame Mucho, Love Is So Terrific* can't read a note of music or play the 88.

Highly Recommended

VICTOR 20-2912—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, *Judaline and Baby, Baby All the Time*, with vocalists Stuart Foster and Lucy Ann Polk. Herewith we find one of the most exciting discs TD has put out for some time. The band seems to be playing more of that type of music Dorsey is noted for. *Judaline* is handled nicely by Stuart Foster with fine backing by the band. The flip is a neat package with slow blues, ably sung by Lucy Ann Polk. Altogether, you'll enjoy this new and splendid cutting.

CAPITOL 15056—Mel Powell with orchestra accompaniment. *That Old Black Magic plus Anything Goes.* Youthful Mel, with a world of experience under such a jazz star as Benny Goodman, gets off to a good start on his first Capitol release. Clear, precise

notes with modern chords mark this as one to buy. *Back Magic* is treated in a most unusual style with a fine rhythm background. The reverse, *Anything Goes*, in fret and easy styling, is fun for all. An amusing duo, Mel with the sax man, is thrown in for good measure. You can't miss!

COLUMBIA 38202—Kay Kyser and his orchestra. *Takin' Miss Mary to the Ball* and *Little Girl* with vocal by Harry Babbitt and the Campus Kids. Big doin's in town tonight; Miss Mary's going out on our first date. Babbitt is the excited gent, singing this charming ditty over a happy backing by the Campus Kids. *Little Girl* is an oldie you'll recognize even with its New Look arrangement. The same vocalists perform this, and its bouncy rhythm will have you toe-tappin' in no time. Amusing—and good for listening and dancing.

SIGNATURE 15185—Anita O'Day with Ralph Burns and orchestra. *How High The Moon* plus *Key Largo*. For jazz fans, this is a must. Here we find Anita doing all the vocal antics that have made her popular. *How High* starts with a medium tempo and works up to bop lyrics. *Largo* is a new ballad that has very promising hit potentialities. Written and scored by Benny Carter, it's tops. A good buy for those who like a solid beat!

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

VICTOR 20-2888—Perry Como with Russ Case and the orchestra. *It Only Happens When I Dance With You* and *Better Luck Next Time*. Here is Perry with another superb twosome. *It Only Happens* is perhaps the finest new tune on the market — and with the Russ Case arrangement, you

can't beat it for smooth platter work. The reverse is another Berlin tune from *Easter Parade*; and Perry does equally well on this side. Top croonin'—top platter!

COLUMBIA 38225—Frank Sinatra and orchestra under the direction of Axel Stordahl. *Just For Now* and *Everybody Loves Somebody*. The first is one of those dreamy melodies with easy-going lyrics that is a Sinatra natural. It's from the forthcoming flicker *Whiplash*, and is superbly recorded by Frankie. The flip is a wistful ballad finding Sinatra right in there all the way. *Everybody Loves Somebody*, and everybody will love this twosome.

DECCA ALBUM A-620—Bing Crosby in selections from the *Emperor Waltz*, with orchestra under the direction of Victor Young. From the picture of the same name, Bing has compiled some smooth numbers that are just the ticket for your Crosby library. Included: *Friendly Mountains*, *The Kiss in Your Eyes*, *I Kiss Your Hand*, *Madame*, and the title tune, *Emperor Waltz*. It's Crosby and its good!

MERCURY 5123—Vic Damone with orchestra accompaniment. *A Boy From Texas* (*A Girl From Tennessee*) plus *Spring in December*. The boy side is a novelty tune with a Western flavor, written by Joe McCarthy, Jr. (his dad wrote *Alice Blue Gown*). Vic sings it nicely, but the star of this dinking is the reverse, *Spring in December*. On this, Vic is right at home with his favorite beat—and he sings the lovely ballad with delicate feeling. Fine warbling!

*Jenkins Music Company, 1212 Walnut, VI 9430.

▲
A person can't change the past by all his worrying, but he sure can ruin a perfectly good present by stewing about the future.

▲
The answer which a large Midwestern paper gave to the question of a young girl is not mere sentimentality. She wrote, "What must I do to win and hold a man?" The newspaper replied, "Learn 400 ways of saying, 'I think you are wonderful!'" The psychology of that answer is correct. She had to learn to forget herself for the sake of another.—*Take a Look at Yourself*.

CHICAGO Letter

by NORT JONATHAN

THAT steamboat is back again! The annual appearance of the ancient but valiant tub, SS City of Grand Rapids, means that Commander Tom McGuire, the Michigan avenue shipping magnate, is back on Lake Michigan and once more in the excursion boat business. From now until Labor Day, the City of Grand Rapids will waddle back and forth between the Link bridge and St. Joseph, Michigan, transporting thousands of happy one-day vacationers. Then, after a day's load of excursionists has been unloaded, Tom's busy boat will take on a load of romantically inclined couples for a moonlight cruise.

Commander Tom McGuire has long been noted in local shipping circles for his unrivaled ability to wring the last possible fat dollar out of his tired but willing craft. Two cruises a day are not enough for the City of Grand Rapids. Commander McGuire adds an extra mid-night cruise when business gets really good. And then, when a hotel room shortage threatens, the tiny staterooms of the Grand Rapids are made available at three bucks a night to weary tourists who have the privilege of occupancy from midnight until seven-thirty a. m. After that hour the trippers take over again for the daily cruise to St. Joseph. Any foolhardy occupant of a stateroom sleeping later than nine o'clock is likely to find himself on his way to Michigan.

The City of Grand Rapids, in addition to photo concessions, a cocktail lounge, and numerous nickel traps, also has on board a number of on-armed bandits. These are carefully unveiled when the ship is a safe distance away from the Illinois shore. Some fascinated slot machine addicts have been known to keep right on inserting coin all the way across the lake, thus missing completely the benefits of a fresh-water voyage.

Commander Tom bought the excursion ship five years ago. She was once a proud member of the Goodrich Line fleet of ships, all of which made regular overnight runs to cities on the Michigan shore. Vacationers made the eastbound trip, and huge loads of Michigan fruit came back as freight on the westbound run. The Goodrich Line ships eventually were scrapped when highway trucks and automobiles proved to be ruinous competition. Only the SS City of Grand Rapids remains of a once proud fleet of lake passenger ships.

Commander Tom McGuire believes in keeping "the old lady of the lake" very busy during the excursion season. He can't bear the thought of having her inactive, even on bad days when it's not profitable to send her across the lake. Once when his publicity man pointed out to him that he was losing money by operating the steamer on chilly weekdays in June, a look of pain crossed the Commander's face. "Why, he wouldn't be taking in a dime!" he cried out in horror. "She would just be sitting there at the dock."

While we're being nautical, it's a good time to mention that two famous Great Lakes ships which led extremely useful and colorful double lives are now just a memory to thousands of honeymooners and Navy men. Since this combination may seem a little strange to you, here's the story in brief:

In 1942 and 1943 the Navy bought two venerable Great Lakes cruise ships, the SS Seandbee and SSGreater Buffalo, from private companies. Both ships were



popular with honeymooners on their way to Niagara Falls. The Navy stripped away their top deck, converting them into very reasonable facimiles of aircraft carriers. Renamed the Sable and the Wolverine, they trained thousands of Navy combat pilots before the end of the war in 1945. Two months ago the Wolverine was sold for junk; this month the USS Sable will be towed away from the Navy pier to join her sister ship in the scrap pile.



To get away from sadder things, let's hasten to say here that the happy vacation season around the Windy City is really going strong. Led by the semi-annual invasion of the furniture and home furnishing men, the tourists have really taken over. For one thing, there's the Railroad Fair in Burnham Park, which is attracting all the rail fans from nine to ninety. For another, Cook County is getting ready to put on a show at a nearby site which threatens to make all other county fairs throughout the land look like street-corner carnivals. Come see for yourself!

The after-dark entertainment boys are preparing to snare any dollars that manage to get away from the large operators on the lake front. Never has the Saloon Set seemed more confident of a big August. Even while keeping one eye cautiously fixed on the City Hall, the Operators are training a fresh crew of strippers and dice girls and hoping for the best.

Incidentally, we have often wondered how the girls who take off their clothes in Chicago night spots choose those exotic names which appear in electric letters and in the newspaper ads. You will look in vain for a Sally, Laine, or Mary. To

a woman, the practitioners of the strip-tease have monikers like Marlene, Sherry Dee, Angel Drake, Tangara, Madelon, Sharon Lovelace. There is one exception. Out at the Club Holiday in Calumet City there is a girl dancer named Margie Lacey.

A new switch has taken place in some of the hot spots. Instead of the girls taking their clothes off, they are putting them on. Two or three night clubs have initiated a policy of fashion shows for the customers.



It's good news to everybody in town who likes to eat well that Frederick Kramer's Kungsholm Restaurant is open again. Badly damaged by fire more than a year ago, the rebuilding has been slow and painstaking. Mr. Kramer seemed to seize upon the misfortune of the fire to build the dream restaurant he had had in his mind for a long time. Although the shell of the building was not badly damaged by the fire, a complete remodeling job has been done both inside and out. On the outside, the place now resembles a Danish castle. Everything is there but the moat.

One sad fact remains however. It will take Frederick Kramer years to rebuild his famous puppet opera to its previous perfection. In addition to the stage and equipment, hundreds of costumed puppets and recordings of complete operas were lost in the fire.

But the food is as fine as ever, and the smorgasbord as overwhelming. Eating at the Kungsholm is an adventure which should be spread over several hours. Plan to take a cab home. You won't be able to walk.



One of the amusing stories in Lee Allen's book, *The Cincinnati Reds* (Putnam), is a supposed encounter between Tip O'Neill, Red outfielder, and a Cincinnati preacher one Sunday. Tip asked whether the preacher was going to the ball game, and the following conversation ensued:

"No," replied the minister, "I don't go to ball games on Sunday. Sunday is my busiest day."

"I know," said Tip, "It's my busiest day, too."

"Yes," said the preacher, "But I'm in the right field."

"So am I," Tip came back. "Ain't that sun terrible?"

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*



by JOAN FORTUNE

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). The ice show continues into August, with Chuck Foster playing the music for skating and dancing.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). It's a warmly intimate room, just across the street from the Pump Room. Patricia Betz, a socialite who apparently likes to sing just for fun, entertains with a small, sweet band.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Ron Perry plays out the summer in this spot that rates at the top of anybody's list. You can't go wrong here, whether you want a tall, cool one, dinner, and/or a dance.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). Hildegard is the Hilton Hotels' entry in the mid-summer sweepstakes for the top "take" of the month. We had better add, however, that she's ahead by a hankie's breadth only because she's playing in the biggest dining room in town. (See notes further on regarding Chez Paree and Mayfair Room competition.)

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). This is a good bet if a cocktail hour dance is what you're seeking. Jerry Glidden's band continues to be suave and unassuming. The fact that you see so many of the

same faces on the dance floor night after night speaks well for Jerry's popularity.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Kay Thompson is back in this top spot. Result: you have to be at least a member of Congress, or 'way up in the upper-spending brackets before they'll hold your reservation after seven o'clock. The newest, freshest night club comedy act is better than ever, if that's possible. This trip is Kay's second with the versatile Williams Brothers. We hope it's the second of at least a couple of dozen return engagements.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (SUP 7200). Since you undoubtedly know by now that this is a spot where you either want to see or be seen, let's change the tune by mentioning that David LeWinter has one of the best small bands of its kind. It's not David's fault if the customers, the food, and Ernie Byfield grab the center of the stage every night from six o'clock until closing.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0123). After five or six years of playing mostly ballroom dance music, Will Back and his orchestra are firmly entrenched in this pleasant room for the duration of the hot weather season. It's a nice break for a nice guy with a nice band.

★ **GLASS HOUSE**, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan (VAN 7600). Ricky Barbosa has moved out to this west side spot. If you don't like that rumba beat, you probably will like the highly potent concoctions mixed behind the bar by Ralph and George.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). Russian food, Russian atmosphere, Russian music. Good for romance. Not so good if you're trying to stay within your expense account or budget.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). Romance takes over here on the night they open the Beachwalk. You and your date may get a little chilly if a good

stiff breeze starts blowing in from Lake Michigan, but thousands of happy couples attest that there's nothing like the moonlit or lanternlit Beachwalk on an August night. Orrin Tucker plays the music. There's a show, too.

★ **CELTIC ROOM**, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). Dinner and supper music and dancing nightly in an effective setting. You'll like the room, as well as Gloria Van and her Vanguarders.

The Show's the Thing . . .

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Joe E. Lewis is the Fritzel-Jacobson entry in the Let's-not-let-Hildegard-grab-all-the-business Sweepstakes. The favorite of the Randolph Street Set packs 'em in as well as ever. Fortunately for Joe, you like his stories better every time you hear them.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). Take-it-off entertainment is the tried and true policy here. Take along a full pocketbook.

★ **VINE GARDENS**, 616 W. North Avenue (MIC 5106). A new night spot on the near-northwest side that's very much worth a visit. You won't find a star-studded show here, but the entertainment is plentiful and well-paced. The check won't bother you, either.

★ **JAZZ, LTD.**, 11 E. Grand Avenue. The joint jumps from ten o'clock until the hot band currently on the premise becomes exhausted. This usually happens around four or five in the morning.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Sherman Hotel, Randolph at Clark (FRA 2100). The granddaddy of Windy City night spots keeps right on attracting the customers. Brighteries may come and go but this oldtime joint in the Sherman House keeps right on hauling in its share of after-dark business.

Strictly for Stripping . . .

These north and west side flesh joints thrive on the theory that when boys leave home to visit the big city they want to see girls with as little on as Mayor Ken-

nelly will allow. For the absolute minimum in attire we direct your attention to the following night spots, all of them very familiar to any night shift cab driver: **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark Street . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 West Madison Street . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . **L and L CAFE**, 1315 West Madison Street . . . **606 CLUB**, 606 S. Wabash . . . **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 S. State Street.

Gourmet's Delight

★ **MIKE FRITZEL'S**, State at Lake Streets. New and popular. The food is good and the service is sometimes positively overwhelming.

★ **WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT**, 410 N. Michigan. You can't go wrong here, for either lunch or dinner, drinks or food.

★ **BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB**, 741 W. Randolph Street. Past experience has shown that it's a good idea to take along a megaphone if you plan to carry on any kind of conversation at all with the people sharing your table. Noisy, hilarious—and good food.

★ **CIRO'S**, 816 N. Wabash. Good food—if you feel like eating around two or three in the morning.

★ **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark Street. Good spot. Excellent cuisine.

★ **HENRICI'S**, 71 W. Randolph. You'd never know that this justly popular eating house in the old tradition is actually owned and operated by the Thompson chain of restaurants.

★ **JACQUES**, 900 N. Michigan. A bit of France in Chicago.

Other Top Choices . . .

★ **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . **SHANGRI LA**, 222 N. State Street . . . **SINGAPORE PIT** (for ribs) 1011 Rush Street . . . **ST. HUBERT'S GRILL**, 316 S. Federal Street . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street . . . **SINGERS' RENDEZVOUS**, Rush at Superior . . . **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 E. Walton Place.



After watching the squabbles that often develop in the splitting up of estates, we can sympathize with the old fellow whose will contained just the following: "Being of sound mind, I spent every darn' cent I had!"

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION



of the press began speculating upon the feminine chest measurements. They picked orchids, which were almost "uniform of the day" adornment for ladies, as their criterion for measurement. Thus, each speaker was referred to—privately—as a "one" to "five orchid" gal!

• • •

Long Island Sound is now full of boats of all description, from outboards to luxurious yachts. Sailboat racing is in full bloom, and is taken very seriously by skipper and crews. Most motor-propelled boats respect the races and keep well clear of the sailboat courses. But occasionally some landlubber with a new cruiser cuts across the racing course and creates unwelcome waves along with much ill-will. These waves can cost a sailboat many feet of progress and affect the score at the finish line. So, to the racers, it becomes a serious offense. As for mooring to a course buoy for a little peaceful fishing, that is not only against the law but likely to result in swamping, since all race courses are charted according to buoys, and at times it is necessary for sailboats to pass them with no inches to spare. Week ends on Long Island, on land or water, are hectic, but somehow, one always wants to try it again.

• • •

Summer home parties are all over the countryside. With summer foliage, a starlit sky, a bar and a buffet spread, almost any party is certain of success. Of course, music adds to the glamour. Around New York, the most popular small combinations contain an accordion, bass viol, and saxophone.

For really plush events, a dance floor is definitely an addition. If one is not available to rent, the answer is to have one made by a local carpenter. This sounds like an expensive order, but isn't. A floor can be made in sections which bolt together and can be stored in almost any garage. With a screwdriver, anyone can take it apart or put it together. It is easily transportable and likely to be borrowed, but that doesn't matter as the

MANHATTANITES never cease to be grateful for Central Park. Despite its vastness, it is packed with people all during the summer months. It offers many of them an only chance to get the feel of earth and sun, to see long vistas of green, and to row about on a lagoon. Band concerts fill the air with romance and the benches with eager listeners. There are bridle paths and bicycle paths and walking paths and roads which wind around the low hills like a maze.

The Zoo, with its outdoor cafe, is perhaps the most popular spot of all, especially with the children. On the whole, the animals are very well kept and are well-behaved. However, several young mothers have voiced a complaint recently. A few of the chimpanzees have learned to spit, a real Texas patooie, and it isn't confined to their own quarters. They get on a swing, pump until they are at the nearest point to the spectator, and then let go! The complaints about this habit aren't based upon its general repulsiveness as much as upon the fact that it so delights the children that they take the idea home for further development.

Anyway, there is no place like Central Park!

• • •

One of the least publicized stories arising from the recent Republican convention concerns the press section. Unable to hear more than a blur of sound from most of the women speakers, members

owner is always invited, too!

• • •

Short, short is the new hair-do, and it must be a feathered cut which follows the contour of the head. No straight cut will do. Long hair on the loose has definitely lost its appeal. The upswept coiffure is still good, providing all rebellious wisps are held in tow.

Fall fashion shows take their colors from the rich silks of the 1880's, with their wonderful muted shades. Grays of all tones, from slatey Oxford to light dove are much seen, as is the whole range of browns. Navy, usually top color for spring, is very good this fall. Deep bottle green, wine red and gold vie for honors with Persian and teal blue. The return of

more natural silhouettes is anticipated in the earliest showings of fall fashions. Last year's excess yardage is pared off, leaving natural shoulders, hips rounded but not padded, with the very snug waist line still in vogue. Cuffs have come back, in suits, and the Norfolk jacket effect seems bound to catch on. With finer fabrics and less figure distortion, the new fall styles should please most women.

• • •

There is talk about town that the new taxicabs will be much smaller. Even though the more diminutive models are intended to help solve traffic problems, the new cabs won't be much fun for tired travelers, jammed in with bag and baggage. The bright side of the picture is that they ought to be cozy on a date!

NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

Eating . . .

★ **BARBERRY ROOM.** Luxurious, deep seats in a big, star-ceilinged room are the visitor's first impression. Subtly soft lighting and perfect food and drink at lunch and dinner. As if this weren't enough, even more has been added—namely Addison Bailey, one of the town's most versatile pianists, who plays after 10 p.m. 19 E. 52. PL 3-5800.

★ **GIOVANNI.** Excellent Italian food is assured for luncheon or dinner. You'll enjoy it the more because the setting is a most attractive house, a relief from restaurant environment. 66 E. 55. PL 3-1230.



★ **HARVEY'S.** In the Murray Hill section, this picturesque old seafood restaurant has no peer. Plain, scrubbed board floors, scrubbed oak tables, and—if you're alone—the wonderful counter where you can watch all the interesting preparations. Mighty inexpensive too. 509 3rd Ave. MU 3-7587.

★ **LE GOURMET.** There wouldn't be a complete New York restaurant list which didn't include a "good little French restaurant." By all definitions here's one to be included. Delicious, cooked-to-order summer menus with the deft touch of real French chefs. 49 W. 55. CI 7-8651.

★ **SIXTY-EIGHT.** Quiet, lower Fifth Avenue offers this unique and pleasant place for noon or evening meals. The food is exceptionally well prepared, and at cocktail time there are hot hors d'oeuvres capable of inspiring lyrics. 59 5th Ave. GR 3-8960.

★ **WHITE TURKEY.** There are three of these fine offshoots of the original Danbury, Connecticut, Inn, and all of them are handy to midtown. Just happens our favorite is the Madison branch. 12 E. 49, Madison at 37, and 1 University Place.

Out of Town . . .

★ **GLEN ISLAND CASINO.** As sure as there's an August there's a new generation dancing at the Casino. A few of us who started there feel slightly obsolete, but wouldn't miss a summer without going back. Lots of room, always fine dance music, and the fun is chiefly in watching the younger set. New Rochelle, New York, Route 1 B. Phone 6-6500.

★ **TAPPAN HILL.** What a drive up the Hudson! It's through the Sleepy Hollow country, and winds up at this look-out on the river's edge. Once an impressive country estate, Tappan Hill has been transformed into a fine Inn. It is wise to reserve your meal over week ends, but during the week it should not be necessary. Tarrytown, New York. Phone 4-3031.

★ **RIVIERA ON MANHASSET BAY.** The veranda of this charming restaurant is over the water of Manhasset Bay. For many years a yacht club, it now is one of the Island's favorite night spots. The food is uniformly good, with a leisurely atmosphere in which to enjoy it. At cocktail time there is a pianist, and with dinner an orchestra and dancing. Port Washington, Long Island. Orchard Beach Blvd. Phone 354.

Music and Dancing . . .

★ **ASTOR ROOF.** If Carmen Cavallero still plays here when you're in town, don't pass it by. In any event, this cool, famous spot on top of the Great White Way should not be overlooked. Times Square. CI 6-6000.



★ **BOSSERT ROOF.** Every summer there is an exodus from Manhattan to Brooklyn along about sundown. This delightful rooftop serves good food and danceable music, but the view of New York harbor is the irresistible magnet, of course. If you're unable to put out to sea for an evening, this seems the most practical substitute. Montague and Hicks, Brooklyn. MA 4-8100.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Tuesday night here is the hottest one in the week—musically speaking, that is. Air conditioning will keep the room temperature down, but no one will be responsible for those of you who get in the groove when the boys cut loose. 47 W. 3. GR 5-8639.

★ **COQ ROUGE.** They come and they go, but this landmark is entrenched forever. Sophisticated, gay and an ideal, cool nook for forgetting all else except being entertained and well fed. 65 E. 56. PL 3-8887.

▲
There is an unwritten law requiring that you leave livestock gates as you find them—generally closed. My dad, who travels the ranch country, was approaching the gateway to a big ranch when he noticed that a tombstone had been erected nearby. Wondering which of his friends had died since his last visit, dad hurried up to the stone and read the inscription, "Here lies the body of the last man who left this gate open."—*True.*

▲
Matrimony: An institution of learning in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and his wife acquires a master's.

▲
Correction printed in Vineland (New Jersey) Rotary Club Bulletin: "We had H. K. listed as absent last week. He was present and we're sorry."

NEW YORK Theatre

Current Plays . . .

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). A war story which is funny and at the same time piercing in its forcefulness. This comedy by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen is the finest of many seasons. Henry Fonda is at the top of the excellent cast which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE PLAY'S THE THING.** (Apr. 28, 1948). A very satisfactory revival of Molnar's ideas on what to do at the Italian Riviera. In the fine cast are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart and Claud Allister. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Mar. 16, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre's effective melodrama is by no means the first of its kind, but certainly is much clearer than many similar attempts to portray race hatred. Meg Mundy gives a splendid performance in the lead role. *The Happy Journey*, Thornton Wilder's confusing one-acter, serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb. 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and John Alexander as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **COMMAND DECISION.** (Oct. 1, 1947). An expertly written drama concerning our Air Force in England. The all-male cast includes Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). James Dunn, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **THE HEIRESS.** (Sept. 27, 1947). Beatrice Straight supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz



adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). Something about some suffragettes that is a little short of hilarious. With Joan Tetzl, Richard Coogan and Carl Benton Reid. Morosco, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . . **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). The toast of Broadway, this Tennessee Williams Pulitzer Prize winner mirrors the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **INSIDE U.S.A.** (May 3, 1948). Beatrice Lillie stars in this gay and lavish revue. A lucky thing, too, because her extremely comic performance is adept enough to draw attention away from the rather weak material. With Jack Haley and an exceptionally good dancer, Valerie Bettis. The music is by Arthur Schwartz, and Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Comedians Julie Oshins and Sid Caesar provide the entertainment in this revue and a couple of Arnold B.

Horwitt's sketches are fine. Altogether, they make up a delightful evening. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ANGEL IN THE WINGS. (Dec. 11, 1947.) A rather average revue held together by Paul and Grace Hartman. Their six very amusing numbers make up for everything else, including sketches by Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 10, 1946). Mary Walsh is doing her best while Ethel Merman is on vacation. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday,

at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . BRIGADOON. (Mar. 13, 1947). A musical fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinees Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3 . . . FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Nanette Fabray at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday 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	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CO 5-1173	
Barrymore, 243 W. 47th....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....BR 9-0046	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th..CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....BR 9-2200	E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Gulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-5990	W
Imperial, 249 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	



A wealthy man wanted a quiet place, away from cities and noise. He selected the site for a luxurious lodge deep in the Tennessee hills, had a topnotch architect draw up the plans, and then dispatched them to the local carpenter with instructions to follow the blueprints exactly.

After a few months, the tycoon went to see what progress had been made, only to find that not a single plank had been cut. The distracted man turned to the carpenter for an explanation.

"Them blueprints was done by a crazy man," the carpenter informed him angrily. "Why, if I was to build that house the way it's laid out, you'd have two bathrooms!"

KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .



★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** "There'll be some changes made," as the song goes, and soon. A fine hotel and a beautiful new bar and restaurant are in the final

stages of completion right next to the present 1104 address. We'll keep you posted! In the meantime, come to Pusateri's for roast beef, steak, cool crispy salads and fine drinks. Jerry's the host, food by Fanny, moosic by Muzak. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Like tender, mouth-watering filet mignon? Mmmmmh? Get it at the Savoy. It will be served midst cool, quiet surroundings by a snow-jacketed waiter who knows how to "buttle," but good. Gorgeous, buttery lobster, of course, and other seafood specialties to tickle even the faintest summer palate. Show your out-of-town buddies the Kansas City of yesteryear by taking them to the Savoy! 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ **WEISS' CAFE.** Menus here range from live Maine lobster, choice steaks and roast duckling to excellent capon. Always crowded; so be sure to come early, especially at lunch time. Incidentally, the Weiss salad bowl is a grand luncheon suggestion. An ornate fireplace at the north end of this cafe dates back to 1867 when the Coates House was in its hey-day. Be sure to look it over. We like to go to perfectly air conditioned Weiss' for cocktails. You'll like it too! Plenty of parking space! Coates House. VI 6904.

Class With A Glass . . .

★ **BLUE DAHLIA ROOM.** This excellent cocktail lounge is adjacent to the wholesale and downtown shopping districts and is just one block from the Municipal Auditorium—centrally located is



the phrase for it. Charles Phil Provost combines the Solovox with his piano and the result is slightly terrific! Prominent sports figures are always among the well-dressed clients, and the conversation sparkles like a new penny. Air cooled, and serving good strong drinks. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** When from your nerveless hands shall fall the working tools of human existence, and the little day of labor comes to an end, hie on over to the Rendezvous and envy the suave Baltimoreites who have been there since lunch time. The bourbon and soda is wrapped in a crystal tumbler which rings when rubbed with the tip of a moist pinky. Snacks or full meals. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Lovely Betty Rogers at the piano, Vic Colin and Kay Hill with accordion-Hammond harmony, plushy seating, little round bar serving cool drinks—tempting and delightful! (A pirouette down the hall from El Casbah). Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **PUTSCH'S.** Putsch's serves truly distinguished food—excellent dinners as low as \$1.65. Choice steaks, air-expressed Colorado mountain trout and roast prime ribs of beef are dinner suggestions. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and is priced at a dollar. A typical luncheon includes short ribs of beef, a nice salad, rolls and coffee. If you're taking visitors on a tour of the city, Putsch's 210 is a must. It is one of America's most elegant dining rooms. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

In A Class by Itself . . .

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** A clean, attractive restaurant, a beautiful cocktail lounge and 32 super-smooth bowling alleys are a combination hard to beat! Restaurant features include a tender, juicy filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for \$1.25 (Imagine!); huge, green salad bowls with a variety of tasty ingredients and a list of "super-sandwiches" as long as your arm. The kitchen is immaculate

Upstairs, the lovely Green Room is the very ticket for private meetings, luncheons and dinner parties. The cocktail lounge has soft seating, and a beautiful pioneer mural edged with mirrors makes a background for the bar and lounge. Prices are very reasonable in both restaurant and bar. The cocktail lounge and restaurant are soundproofed against noise from the bowling alleys, and music is furnished by Musak. Good food, good drinks and fine exercise—all under the same roof—what could be nicer? 430 Alameda Road. LO 6658.

To See and Be Seen . . .



★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Jimmy Featherstone and his orchestra will provide summer dance tunes for Grill patrons in August. And—food at the Grill is now back to its high, pre-war standards. So have your next party in this beautifully appointed room. Gordon is head

man and will take expert care of you and your friends, Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** We're beatin' the drum for the Drum Room! A block away from the center of town hustle and bustle and yet in the downtown area. Drumbar on the corner at the sign of the big red you-know-what, and down a deck is the Drum Room proper with music for dancing. Luncheon, dinner and supper. And say, try the President coffee shop of a summer's morn. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Who's doin' the music at El Casbah? Bill Snyder, "dramatist of the piano," an old-time Kansas City favorite! And say, during the first two weeks in August, you can catch up on your French and Spanish by listening to the clever songs of Diane Adrian, Continental chanteuse. Flaming sword dinners, flaming desserts, lots of nice people and oh, such courteous service! No cover minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** "It's smart to dine at the Mart!" That's a fact. Air conditioned, attractively decorated and just a timetable's throw from Union Station. Hubbies and



wives are often seen meeting here at the stroke of the dinner bell for cocktails and then a dollar dinner of delicious fried chicken replete with hot biscuits 'n honey. Have smorgasbord with your dinner—or all by its lonesome for only half a buck! Parking just south of the building. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Golden fried chicken, tender roast beef are just two of the grand menu features at the Broadway Interlude. Inexpensive businessmen's luncheons and green salads are a treat. Bartender Riley Thompson always gives you a full measure of whiskey in your drink and boogie beater Joshua Johnson always gives you a full measure of reaty pleaty jazz—expertly banged out on his pyanna. Come over Sunday night at the stroke of twelve and chase those blues away! Yowsah! WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** WHB's staff organist, pretty Alberta Bird, makes her Hammond (and the patrons) hum for cocktails and in the evenings. A late mimeo'd news flash accompanies your noonday snack or drink. Luncheon specialties, by the way, include tender little steaks tucked in a bun. Keen cocktail lounge and if you're a wee bit vain, you can preen with the aid of the glass-muralled walls. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** The perfect place for a quiet drink. Smartly and colorfully decorated, this cozy place is really soothing after a warm day. Delightful snacks may be ordered from a special La Cantina menu. The "jb" music is tuned sweet and low. Just down a flight of carpeted stairs from the glamorous Casbah and Zephyr Room. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ **BIRCHWOOD GRILL.** Dining is a pleasure in this attractive, air conditioned restaurant which is conveniently located in downtown Kansas City. Sixteen ounce steaks are the chef's

treat here—and that beef is straight from the Heart of America! Long branch potatoes, Birchwood's Chef's Salad, bread and butter are all welcome additions to your steak—and the complete dinner can be had for \$2.50. House specialties include prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh fish and filet mignon. The service is always quick and courteous! Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ **KING JOY LO.** In San Francisco the crowd goes to the Lamps of China; in Honolulu it's P. Y. Chong's; in Kansas

City everyone goes to King Joy Lo's and has the most delightful Chinese food you can imagine! Succulent chow mein and chop suey combinations, hot, dry rice, excellent tea and specialties like egg foo young are enough to make anyone's mouth water. American food is also served, and you can find lobster, chicken and steaks on the menu. There are booths for privacy or you can sit by a huge picture window and watch humanity bustle along on the street below. It's a grand restaurant, completely air cooled. 8 West 12th Street (2nd Floor). HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** You don't have to be a vegetarian to enjoy the meatless meals served in this cool, green-latticed cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. The atmosphere is relaxed, restful, and the food is topflight—especially the salads and incredibly wonderful pastries. Just a brisk walk from downtown Kansas City. 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

▲
An inebriate staggered out of a night club into a highway patrol car. Finally discovering whose car he was in, he began to offer excuses to the patrolmen. When asked about his occupation, the stranger tipsily offered: "I work for the local paper."

"What's your position on the paper?" he was queried.

"Oh," he responded airily, "I'm a subscriber."

▲
Last spring three six-year-old girls rang the doorbell. When the lady opened the door, the little blonde spokesman of the group asked, "Would you care if we pulled some dandelion greens in your yard?"

She told them to take all they wanted.

A half-hour passed and the doorbell rang again. The door was opened and the little blonde stepped forward again, holding a bag. "Lady," she asked, "would you like to buy some dandelion greens?"

▲
One of the greatest marksmen of the FBI was passing through a small town, and everywhere he saw evidences of amazing shooting. On the trees, on walls, and on fences were numberless bullseyes with the bullet hole in the exact center. He asked to meet the person responsible for this great marksmanship.

The man turned out to be the village idiot.

"This is the most wonderful marksmanship I have ever seen," said the FBI man. "How in the world do you do it?"

"Easy as pie," said the village idiot. "I shoot first and draw the circles afterward."—*Pageant*.

▲
Historians say that women in the Middle Ages used cosmetics. And women in the middle ages still use them.

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