

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"



FEBRUARY
1946

25¢

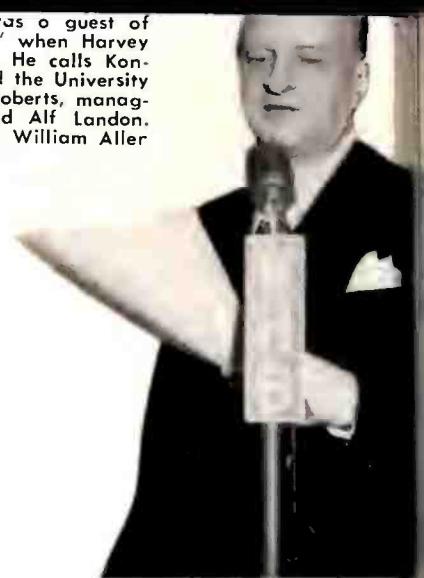
Where to Go . . . What to See
NEW YORK · CHICAGO · KANSAS CITY

WHD NEWS REEL

ducer of the record-smashing Horvey, was a guest of Rosemary Howard on WHB's "Showtime" when Harvey played to three capacity audiences here. He calls Kansas City one of his "homes". He attended the University of Kansas and was a classmate of Roy Roberts, managing editor of the Kansas City Star, and Alf Landon. Pemberton got his newspaper start under William Aller White of Emporia, Kansas.

PRACTICAL PLAN BY PRACTICAL MAN

Major General Lewis F. Pick, builder of the Ledo road in China and author of the Missouri River Plan, is pictured here as he tells WHB listeners and the Chamber of Commerce that the plan would utilize the Big Muddy river and all its tributaries for power, manufacturing, and flood control. It would be done by building dams, dykes and reservoirs to impound water for man's most advantageous uses.



COOL KUHEL

Probably the "hoodiest" first baseman in the business, Joe Kuhel at 39 is one of the American League's top bottlers. An insurance broker in Kansas City during the off season, Joe looks forward to another good year with the Washington Senators. He was a guest one afternoon on the WHB Sports Show.



Swing

'AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION'

LOOK quick—it's February! It's the year's scherzo, the short and merry little bridge between the andante of January and the crescendoes of March. In our part of the world, we can almost always count on February to give us a warm spell, with the honey-sweet taste of spring and a week or two of mild disarming weather that throws us off guard, melts our wintered hearts, and sets our fancies spinning lightly with thoughts of love. It's the month to bake a cherry pie, split a rail, recite the Gettysburg Address, and send your true-love violets with her valentine.

Time, too, when slander of a sort acquires legality, thanks to St. Valentine. A comic valentine is to that gentle saint as Spike Jones' Green Danube is to Strauss. But comic valentines we have, just the same, leering among the lace and forget-me-nots . . . And we'd like to send a few comics, ourselves. To certain members of Congress, for instance; to America Firstists; to the producers of flimsy expensive musicals; and to parents who think juvenile delinquency is cute. Also to Franco, Bilbo, and Hirohito—three O's that add up to naught—but a hunk of trouble. But we aren't concentrating on pet hates. We'd like to send a few hearts and flowers, too: To General Eisenhower, for one; to Li'l Abner; and to Charles G. Bolte and his New Veterans; to the manufacturers of Kleenex, the bakers of salt rising bread; to Ingrid Bergman; to Jimmy Stewart; to Bing Crosby; and to Mr. Kurtz of Kansas City. And to all of you who read SWING—we send greetings and the front cover—with the Swing Girl who, as you can very well see, has a heart and wears it on the right side.

Jetta

Editor



VOL. 2

FEBRUARY, 1946

NO. 2

ARTICLES

THIS IS PEACE.....	3
HI-JINKS AND LO-JACKS.....	5
DOGS ARE ALL RIGHT, BUT.....	James R. McQueeney 9
DECLARATION OF INTERDEPENDENCE ..	Frank Singiser 13
THE SINGING REED.....	Jetta Carleton 17
DATE EXCHANGES GROW UP.....	Grier Lowry 23
GESUNDHEIT	Charles Hogan 31
HOW TO BE AN OLD MAID..	Norton Hughes Jonathan 41
ENTER DURR, SWINGING.....	Clifford Durr 47

MISCELLANIES

GUN TO SHOOT DEAD CHICKENS.....	Blackburn Hall 12
NOW YOU TELL ONE.....	Harry S. Donen 15

OUR TOWN TOPICS

SWING'S MAN OF THE MONTH, Elmer F. Pierson	37
JANUARY'S HEAVY DATES.....	2
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY.....	63
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS.....	66
SWING AROUND.....	67

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO LETTER..... Norton Hughes Jonathan	54
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	56
NEW YORK LETTER..... Lucie Ingram	58
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL.....	60

PICTURES

(Center Section) Gayle Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore, by C. W. Mumaw • Back cover by Willard Kamberg • WHB News Reel, by WHB staff photographers.

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FEBRUARY'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

CONVENTIONS

Feb. 4-6, American Gas Association Home Service Workers. Muehlebach.

Feb. 10-12, Institute of American Poultry Industries. Auditorium and President.

Feb. 13-14, Missouri Valley Electric Association. Continental.

Feb. 13-14, Kansas Tax Agents. Hotel Phillips.

Feb. 14-16, American Federation of Grain Processors. Continental.

Feb. 17-18, Midwest Circulation Managers. Muehlebach.

Feb. 17-19, Allied Clothiers and Jobbers. Phillips.

Feb. 20-22, American Association of School Administrators. Auditorium.

Feb. 25-27, American Carnation Society. President and Auditorium.

HOCKEY

(Major League, 8:30, Pla-Mor)

Feb. 3, Omaha; Feb. 10, Dallas;

Feb. 13, Fort Worth; Feb. 17,

Tulsa; Feb. 20, Minneapolis;

Feb. 27, Dallas.

BOXING-WRESTLING

Wrestling, Arena, Feb. 5-19.

Boxing, Golden Gloves, Feb. 11, 12, 13 and 16 (finals).

MUSIC

Feb. 5, Philharmonic, Music Hall.

Feb. 6, Philharmonic, Music Hall.

Feb. 12, James Melton, Music Hall (Fritschy).

Feb. 14, Don Cossack Chorus, Music Hall (Town Hall).

Feb. 19, Philharmonic, Music Hall.

Feb. 24, Philharmonic, "Pop" Matinee.



BASKETBALL

(Interscholastic League)

Feb. 1—Southeast-Southwest Westport-Manual East-Paseo

Feb. 6—Southeast-Manual Central-Paseo Southwest-Northeast

Feb. 8—Southwest-Manual Northeast-Paseo East-Westport

Feb. 15—Central-Westport Southeast-East Northeast-Manual

Feb. 22—Paseo-Westport Southwest-East Central-Southeast

(American League)

Feb. 14—Sacramento Senators, M & O Cigars.

Feb. 18—Los Angeles Carrolls, M & O Cigars.

Heart of America Industrial League each Wednesday night at Redemptorist auditorium.



THEATRE

Feb. 1-2, "Oklahoma," Music Hall (A & N)

Feb. 4, Town Hall, Music Hall. Paul Draper and Larry Adler.

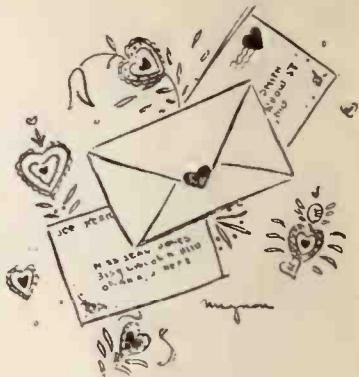
Feb. 8-9, New York Civic Opera, Music Hall.

Feb. 11, Town Hall, Guthrie Clinic, Music Hall.

Feb. 25, Town Hall, Charles Kullman, Music Hall.

Feb. 26, Isaac Stein (Fritschy), Music Hall.

Feb. 27, Blackstone, Music Hall (A & N).



ART EVENTS

Portrait of America, 150 paintings from 5,000 canvases. William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.

Kansas City Museum: Mrs. Jacob L. Loose room open to the public; new William Volker room on display. Costume wing enlarged and expanded.

DANCING

(Pla-Mor)

Feb. 2, Stan Kenton. Feb. 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14, 17, Teddy Phillips. Feb. 16, Tony Pastor. Feb. 20, 21, 23, 24, 27, 28, Chuck Hall. Tuesdays and Thursdays, "Over 30" dances, with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.



OTHER EVENTS

Feb. 7, Shrine Ball, Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

Feb. 10, City Veterans Show, Arena.

Feb. 17, Council of Churches, Stanley James, speaker, 4 p. m.



THIS Is Peace!

"Wartime economicitis" is a pleasant disease but in Peace it can be fatal. From the Gardner Advertising Company's News Letter, Swing reprints some thoughts on the need for a nationwide shift from the ways of war to the ways of peace.

This is Peace!

Four years ago we were forced into war. Starting from scratch, we trained and built the greatest striking force in military history.

We performed unprecedented feats. We paid unprecedented wages. We paid unprecedented taxes. We built up unprecedented savings. And we incurred unprecedented debts.

We submitted to Government domination of our business and private lives—for the duration. We did so willingly for Victory. Paradoxically, we gave up our freedom to preserve it for all time!

We saved our allies in their darkest hours. By combining our colossal strengths we hammered out global victory. No individual, no group, no nation can claim credit for this victory! Now, for practical purposes, the "duration" has ended. The need for Government domination has ended. The need for wartime economics has ended. The need for wartime thinking has ended. This is Peace.

We need to make this Peace official! We need a nationwide shift from the ways of war to the ways of Peace. Wartime standards and habits served their purpose. Today, they're obsolete. Once more, we need to work our way. Once more, we need to pay our way. Once more, we need to build our way on strictly American lines.

We need to recapture our traditional freedom. We need to unshackle Industry. We need open, competitive markets bulging with goods—for that is the only safeguard against inflation. We need peace and production from the worker-employer-investor relationship. We need the incentive of profit—AFTER taxes. This is Peace and prosperity is our goal!

What is prosperity?

Prosperity is a GOAL and not a gift. Prosperity can be achieved by economic means and not by socio-political pressure and legislation. Prosperity is elusive. We can have it today and lose it tomorrow. No indi-



vidual, no group, no Government can guarantee it—and remain free.

Prosperity is highly contagious. It lifts all groups simultaneously. To argue otherwise is to incite class warfare. Prosperity is relative. Prosperity for one man would be poverty for another. Like climbing a ladder, the rewards and hazards increase for those who reach the top. That's bait for ambition. That's why some men think harder, work harder, press harder to reach the top. They strive to win. That's the American way. That's how this nation rose to global leadership.

And here's the outstanding fact about prosperity as our system has proved: even those who live in relative poverty can eat better, dress better, live better, see more, play more, learn more, have more than nine-tenths of the rest of the people on earth! That's why prosperity is a social asset and not a liability.

Prosperity knows but one source—profit. Profit is an economic product. It must be manufactured. It comes after skillful management of men, money, materials and machines. Profit comes after wages and all other costs are paid. Profit is the source of taxes. And taxes are the source of Government's strength.

Profit is the proof of management's ability to produce efficiently and compete successfully in open, competitive

markets. The quest of profit is the source of jobs and wages—for free men. When that quest is futile, free men are idle. Profit is the promise of better products for more people at lower prices. Profit is the source of healthy growth for individuals, Industry and Government alike. And that's the essence of prosperity!

In the pent-up demands of our people and the pent-up money in their jeans, we have the basic ingredients of peacetime prosperity. But it will take more than buying power to sustain it. It will take peacetime prosperity thinking! Thinking in terms of free, competitive production . . . the free flow of goods . . . open competition in the market places . . . high-level employment based upon brisk demand and profitable production . . . wages based upon output and not upon some arbitrary estimate of what is "fair" . . . plus a national awakening to the uncontestable fact that survival of free men depends upon their participation in the production of profit!

We paid a stratospheric price to abolish totalitarianism—and not to perpetuate it. We fought a war to end the ways of war—not to inherit them in Peace. In the process, our people contracted wartime economicitis. It's a very pleasant disease. But in Peace it can be fatal—and this is Peace!



HI-JINKS AND *Lo-Jacks*

*Ripped stockings, Oriental rugs, too—
big marquees, take the fun and profit
out of running a show house.*

AT one time or another you have gone to a movie and noticed tremendous crowds milling about the boxoffice eager to gain admission. You might have joined the line and when you finally got into the theatre you probably were disappointed because you had to stand a long time before being ushered to a seat. At the same time, you may have thought what a profitable undertaking the movie business is; and you wouldn't mind operating a theatre of your own!

I've had that thought more times than I can count on both hands. But like any down-to-earth diehard, I've scurried around, surveyed and studied the general prospectus of the exhibitor—the owner or manager—and the results are anything but as they appear on the surface.

To begin with I should explain three terms employed in the motion picture industry. I've already mentioned "exhibitor." He is the man who owns or operates on a lease the theatre which exhibits the pictures. "Producer" is commonly used to denote an individual or company re-

by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN



sponsible for the finished product, and "distributor" is the agency through which pictures are handled, such as the setting up of release dates and shipping prints to theatres.

It is possible that one company can be all three of the terms mentioned. In fact there are five com-

panies which are producer, distributor and exhibitor. They are Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount, Warner Brothers, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, and Twentieth Century-Fox. Each produces, distributes and exhibits its own pictures. They even go so far as to distribute films made by other producers who have no regular distribution outlet. And they also exhibit pictures of other companies.

Now that this has been explained, I'd like to dwell on a few of the incidents which make life for the movie theatre owner, both large and small, a whirl of headaches of no mean proportion.

For instance, a large theatre in Brooklyn some time ago effected a tieup with a commercial establishment to donate an oriental rug to the cou-

ple who would agree to be married on the stage. Everything went off to perfection, as expected. But several weeks later the wedded blissfuls approached the theatre manager with a complaint. They threatened to file suit unless the matter was straightened out to *their satisfaction*. The complaint was that the rug given them as a gift was not a bona fide oriental. That hurt their dignity. They were fooled, they charged, and unless something was done about it the theatre would have a neat little legal action on its hands.

Needless to say this resulted in a lot of unexpected grief for the theatre manager. He had to go back to the rug concern, argue with them until finally it was agreed to exchange the rug for another. It developed later that the couple had a friend in the rug business who had told them the rug was a cheap one. Actually, the rug was an oriental, but the theatre manager did the smart thing by having it changed for another design. This seemed to satisfy the blissfuls.

Along the same lines, another theatre offered to give away a one story home. A contest was held and a young couple won it. Quite a publicity splurge heralded the presentation of the deed from the stage of the theatre. The couple took over occupancy and a short time later a sultry complaint was registered.

"The house wasn't completely furnished," the couple charged.

After checking into the matter, the manager found the couple had expected a few more floor lamps, a toaster, bed spreads, an iron and iron-

ing board and a number of other small appurtenances.

This again presented a problem. The manager insisted the house was completely furnished, but the complainants adamantly argued that it hadn't been. Yes, a suit was subsequently filed. Attorneys for both sides tried valiantly to settle it, but the plaintiffs stood firm, contending they had been misled. The case went to court and was thrown out. The judge upheld the defendant's contention of good faith, that the theatre had lived up to its obligation. But the whole matter was exasperating while it hung in the balance.

An exhibitor who operated two theatres in Lakewood, N. J., recently acquired another in a town nearby. Generally speaking, when a theatre owner adds to his holdings one of the first things he does is to renovate the acquired building to bring it as up-to-date as his resources will permit. He may even extend himself in order to do the job handsomely.

In this particular instance, the exhibitor erected a new marquee. He believed it was as important as his advertising for attracting business. While the sign was being built, he was faced with a suit instituted by the owner of a shoe store next door. The allegation was that the new marquee was ten inches longer than the one removed and this had the effect of blocking out the shoe sign. A preliminary injunction was sought to stop completion of the new fixture. This was denied. Then an action for \$10,000 in damages was launched. The sign ultimately was finished and many efforts to appease the shoe

store proprietor failed. When the case was ultimately tried the court handed down a decision in favor of the theatre. But it cost the exhibitor more than \$1,000 in legal fees. Also, the very important goodwill of his neighbor. He would have given another \$1,000 gladly to get that back; but as matters stand now they are not on speaking terms. The shoe man still feels he is in the right and it may take him a few years more to get over it.

Then there is the particular complaint against theatre owners by the public which is heard almost every day. It's about women ripping stockings. These rips usually result from splinters at the bottom of seats and from gum chewers who leave their wads all over the seats. Complainants with hosiery rips have made all kinds of threats and the best any manager can do is to try and have the hose repaired. There have been any number of cases where managers have paid for dry cleaning dresses and suits in order to maintain goodwill. It is for this reason that you find the sale of chewing gum forbidden at candy stands in theatres. The latest trend in theatre

seats should eliminate this type of complaint. Metal will replace wooden frames as fast as it is made available for theatres. It's an expensive job but one headache at least will be eliminated by the changeover.

All theatres play up to children, the well-founded theory being that they are the adult patrons of tomorrow. No one has successfully operated a theatre without children as potential customers. And rightly so. Which means that when children complain they must be handled carefully and with a smile of understanding.

The general complaint of youngsters is that they see certain scenes advertised in the lobby, some of which are not shown on the screen. "We've been cheated, gypped!" they will shout bitterly. "We didn't see that and we ought to get our money back!"

Very few refunds are given out when such squawks are made, but it makes the manager aware that something must be done right away. He usually changes the scene stills; that is if he has new pictures to replace those questioned in the frames. If no other stills are available, the manager



will say, "I'll try to do better next time," or "Can I help it if certain parts were cut out of the picture?"

As justice to the exhibitor, he isn't to blame. What happened is that some scenes had been deleted by the studio to step up the pace of the story, or by a local censor board, for one reason or another. Today, however, the tendency of distributors is to make sure all photographs sent to theatres are included in the film. But notwithstanding this precaution distributors can never tell what a local censor body will eliminate. There are seven state censor boards that have the power to cut scenes at will. So no matter how much the producer or distributor tries to prevent this type of complaint it will crop up every now and then.

There are also daily occasions when patrons unwittingly leave personal property behind. The first thing the manager or owner does is to keep a lost and found department for the return of these items, after proper identification. Whenever expensive wearing apparel has been left behind and not turned in, the manager is usually met by an irate patron who bellows that unless the item is returned the theatre will hear from his or her lawyer. Such cases, when filed, are called nuisance suits and are usually dismissed by the courts. Where property has been turned in and the owner doesn't call for it within a specified time the articles are frequently turned over to a local charity. Then again, lost articles might be stored away. I know of one case where a woman reclaimed a fur scarf three years after it was left behind.

Other types of nuisance cases deal with patrons falling because someone's leg was protruding in the aisle. The carpet may have been torn and during a fall an injury was sustained. Or the lighting on the stairs was poor and someone fell and broke an ankle or met with some other injury. Such cases cost theatre men more than \$1,000,000 a year to defend. This is exclusive of awards which have been made, primarily to take care of doctor and medical expenses of the complainant. In any number of cases theatre attorneys have proved that plaintiffs were never in the theatre at the time of the so-called accident. In other instances, persons claiming serious injuries necessitating hospitalization, or being in bed for weeks, have been found to be poor liars. Movies taken by special detectives hidden in doorways and apartment houses in the neighborhood and screened in court have proved some critically injured patients not to be so lame after all!

Years ago managers were harassed by patrons who claimed that they had been hit by spitballs and other objects from the balcony. Vandalism of this sort was not unusual. Of late, it seems to have petered out. Theatre owners and managers try hard to police balconies with as many ushers as there are aisles.

These are only some of the headaches of theatre owners—large and small. Do you still want to own and operate a movie theatre?

Or would you rather stand in line patiently, buy your ticket and enjoy the show, now that you know some of the goings-on behind the scenes?

DOGS ARE ALL RIGHT—*But—*

*See, I like dogs, in their place, but
here is the other side of the picture.*

by

JAMES R. McQUEENY

UNDERSTAND, I like dogs as well as the next fellow. In my earlier days, an endless parade of them, mostly mutts, found their way to my door, and eventually into my heart.

Perry was my favorite. He was a well-bred, perfectly trained English bull, the gift of a salesman at the plant where my father worked. He became the light of my life. I would go to the butcher shop, personally select the meat for his meals, and he would carry the package home in his mouth without disturbing the wrappings.

One morning while I was at the dentist, Perry was struck by a small truck, ironically enough, one fitted up as a miniature hearse by a veterinarian.

Heartsick, I called the dog hospital several times daily without getting much satisfaction. On the second day my father told me Perry had died on the way to the hospital. I was inconsolable for a week.



Upon hearing of Perry's death, the salesmanager at my father's office lost no time in translating my sorrow into a red hot sales campaign for a dog biscuit handled by the company. If every salesman hit his quota I would be presented with another dog to fill the void in my life. The salesmanager's enthusiasm left the men cold and the campaign failed. Somehow, I was glad.

Subsequently, I—and the rest of the family—acquired other dogs, Airedales, Wire-haired Terriers, Collies, and Irish Setters but none was my dog in the sense Perry had been.

There was always high excitement when my father brought home a new dog. For a week or so, he'd be over-

fed and overhandled but after that the dog would be compelled to look after himself.

Invariably the dog would die of distemper, a brush with a grocery truck, or in mortal combat. Our family spent as much for dog medicines and professional services as we did on the children but no one begrimed the expense; the dog was always considered one of the family.

During the years I was in college, dogs assumed a minor place in my orbit. All except one. A girl I was escorting to a dance saw him in the window of a pet shop, stepped inside and bought him.

She grew very fond of him and did me the honor of making him my namesake. He went the way of most city dogs and the girl married me out of respect to his memory, I think.

A few months after we were married, we bought a Cocker Spaniel, Lady. She was our first joint responsibility. She had an elfin streak in her that expressed itself in a thousand ways.

A \$100 hooked rug, a Cape Cod chair, and a pair of chintz drapes were sacrificed in Lady's training. We would purchase a wicker sleeping bunk for her and after one night, it would be reduced to shreds.

The problem of house-breaking Lady was particularly discouraging. At the time I was writing radio scripts in our small apartment, and during my recesses from the typewriter, would take Lady for a walk. She never fully grasped the significance of the missions. She spent the time in frolicksome reconnoitering as

far as the limitations of the leash permitted. Upon our return to the apartment she would plop herself into a chair. There she'd remain for a few minutes and then the futility of our trying to prep her would evince itself. Either by nature or environment, Lady was incorrigible.

Life in a three room apartment with Lady as a boarder became too complicated so we were constrained to ship her to my wife's home where she



could romp and play in the back yard until we were in a position to buy a home of our own. For several days, the apartment seemed dreary and desolate and we were on the point of bringing her back when we learned of her death. Lady, it seems, wasn't cut out for a natural life. She was more at home in an overstuffed chair than amid nature and had died of a kidney ailment in the first week she'd been given the run of the yard.

We didn't acquire another dog until our children were two and five, respectively, and we had taken up residence on a suburban place suitable for the raising of children and dogs. Our choice this time was a Collie puppy which we named Pat.

At the outset, Pat and my least one hit it off rather badly and three or four times a day I would be compelled to leave the typewriter to make Pat release his grip on the seat of my son's trousers.

Pat developed into a good watch dog and a fine companion for the children. He slept outdoors, even in the coldest weather, and left our yard only once, and then to meet his death.

It was two days before Christmas and the children and I were ready to go on a shopping trip when the milk man told us that Pat had been crushed under the wheels of a sand truck. We buried Pat that afternoon, and none of us, even the younger boy, could whip up much enthusiasm for Christmas.

See, I like dogs . . . in their place. But here's the other side of the picture.

For many years, a world famous hotel in Southern California maintained a strict ban against dogs; guests were not permitted to bring them into the rooms, lobby or patio. Special quarters were provided for them in a remote part of the grounds near the tool sheds.

Business slackened, and a new manager took over. The first thing he did was to rescind the rule against dogs. Business boomed and the place assumed the characteristics of a pound.

One dowager, who became a permanent guest, spent \$125 having a special seat built into her limousine for a Chow. Another put on an elaborate display of Fourth of July fireworks for the exclusive benefit of a Pekingese. Every Christmas she also

had a room-high tree, decorated exclusively with dog biscuits and bones.

The widow of an oil man, who made her home at the hotel, paid \$65 for Christmas cards for her dog.

My children were playing in the patio one day when a middle-aged woman appeared at one of the first floor windows with her finger to her lips.

"Quiet, children," she said. "Dogie's asleep."

Another suite housed a young woman who employed a white uniformed nurse to minister to her Schipperke. One day I happened to be on the lawn of the hotel when the woman called to the dog's nurse, "Bring Charles in now, Miss Adams. He's had enough sun for today and it's time for his bath."

A Poodle intruded on our family gathering at the swimming pool one afternoon. He had a peculiar look and my young, who, ordinarily, are bubbling over with affection for dogs of any description, wanted no part of him.

The Poodle stood staring into space when one of my youngsters went "Boo!" at him.

A woman sitting under a beach umbrella bolted upright and began upbraiding my son.

"Don't ever do that again, young man," she concluded. "It's bad for Taffy's nerves."

A heated bridge game was brought to a standstill one night while one of the opponents placed a long distance call to her home three hundred miles away. When the connection was

made, the woman made exhaustive inquiries of the maid about her dog's cold. At length she instructed her maid to hold the dog near the telephone so she might pour endearments into his ear.

A few years ago I stopped at a hotel in New York and in an unguarded moment the manager told me an unusual experience he'd had in this connection.

The hotel was owned by a famed publisher and when he came out of the West for a stay, a movie actress and a dog named Queenie were in his entourage.

A day or two after his arrival, the manager was summoned to the penthouse occupied by the publisher.

"Queenie's having trouble with her bowels," the publisher said.

"Feigning the proper amount of alarm, the manager recommended the professional services of a veterinarian in the neighborhood.

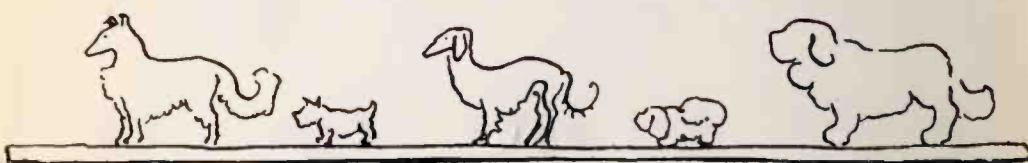
The Great One shook his head.

The manager tried another approach. He suggested a detail of bell-boys walk Queenie in the park. That didn't ring the bell, either.

"See that porch out there," the publisher said, pointing to the veranda adjoining the penthouse. "Queenie's used to flowers and trees. See if you can't fix up a place for her out there."

The upshot of the conference was that a landscape gardener was called in immediately and \$1,200 spent on grass and shrubs for the veranda so Queenie might join the regulars.

See what I mean?



MORE DARN FUN

A fellow has to be somewhat of a contortionist to get by these days, observes a local industrialist. First of all he's got to have his eye on the ball, his back to the wall, and his ear to the ground. Then he's expected to put his shoulder to the wheel, his nose to the grindstone, keep a level head and both feet on the ground, and at the same time look for the silver lining with his head in the clouds.

"I would take these pants," said the discharged sergeant to the distraught clothing store clerk, "but I am afraid they would chafe under the arms."

Our flying instructor once said: There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old, bold pilots.

DECLARATION OF *Interdependence*

Prudence will dictate that our separate governments shall not be abolished for some ideal but impractical government, under which only the name of tyranny is changed.

by FRANK SINGISER

(Suggested by an original manuscript of Thomas Jefferson's now on view in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.)

WHEN in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to abolish the political barriers which have separated them from other peoples, and to establish among the Capital powers of the earth that united and common strength to which necessity and destiny have led them, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the reasons which impel them to such unity.

We hold these truths to be unchanged from the time of their first declaration: that all men are created equal in God's sight, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness; that to secure these rights, democratic governments have been instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the government.

We hold these further truths to be self-evident: that whenever any form of Government has become destructive of these ends, such a Government has become a threat to the self-government of all peoples; that

whenever such threats have become unbearable, war between nations has ensued to determine whether free men shall continue to govern themselves; that such recurring wars between nations have grown in intensity and scope until they now threaten the survival of mankind itself; that through Science and its discoveries, men everywhere are dependent on each other for peace and the means of transportation and communication. The world indeed has become one Neighborhood in space and time.

Prudence will dictate that our separate Governments should not be abolished for some ideal but impractical super-government under which only the name of tyranny is changed. All experience has shown that mankind is more disposed to suffer under outmoded forms of government to which they are accustomed rather than to create new forms of government under which they have only the Hope of progress.

But when a long series of disputes and wars between peoples and nations, resulting invariably from the ambition and despotism of various tyrannical governments, shows clearly

the dangers of such political barriers which have separated mankind into rival nationalities, it is the right of like-minded, sovereign, self-governing nations, it is their duty to their own peoples to abolish such barriers, and to provide a common strength to protect themselves from the recurring threat of war and sudden attack.

Such is the demand of self-governing peoples throughout the world. Such is now the necessity which constrains us to urge our separate governments to establish together a new government of the Nations themselves. The history of the present United Nations organization is a history of repeated combinations and joining together of military and civilian efforts, all having as their direct object, the defeat of the Axis powers. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

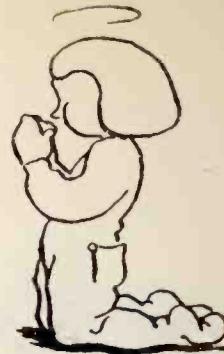
1. Our leaders of the individual governments have crossed national and continental frontiers to confer with each other in person, and to agree on a common World Strategy for waging War.

2. Our separate governments have shared in exchange of goods and munitions of war under lend-lease agreements.

3. Our various sea routes and air lanes have been traveled under the joint protection of United Nations escorts.

4. Our separate harbors and air bases and army posts have been made available for the use of the military of all our forces.

5. Our national military coman-



ders have been interchanged in the various war theatres so as better to wage war against the Axis.

6. Our soldiers and sailors and fliers of all the United Nations are welcomed as friends in uniform by the peoples of those lands where men seek to preserve freedom.

In these our combined war efforts, we have acted as one people with one mind: to resist aggression. This common struggle, whose final victory must belong to the peoples of the world, demands a common effort to secure the Peace.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to the peoples of the Axis nations. We have warned them from time to time of the consequences of their governments' actions. We have reminded them of the irreconcilability of their Totalitarian dictatorships with freedom-loving Democracies. We have appealed to their past greatness and their common humanity, to disavow their despotic rulers who are the instruments of their own destruc-

tion. The Axis peoples have been too deaf or too weak to heed the voice of Justice and humanity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which holds them on probation before world opinion until such time as we can be sure of their sincere desire to participate as equals, not as inferiors or superiors, with the other peoples who march toward a common and free society of man.

We, therefore, the people of the United Nations, appeal to the Supreme Judge of the world, for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name and by the Authority of the

good People of all nations, solemnly publish and declare, That these Nations united in War, are and of Right ought to be united in Peace. That our heretofore sovereign governments are joined to share those national rights to wage War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent Nations alone in the past have been allowed to do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Nations' lives, our Nations' Fortunes, and our Sacred National Honor.



NOW YOU TELL ONE

An old Hebrew couple had been having a few harsh words and the scene had been particularly unpleasant for the last few hours. Finally, the old woman with a cross look at her husband sighed and said mournfully:

"Vell, I wish I vas in heaven."

"And I wish I was in a bar and grill," groaned her husband.

"Ach," cried the wife, "always you pick the best for yourself."

"I believe there is an error in this part of your will," said the lawyer. "You leave your wife \$1,000 a year so long as she remains unmarried, and \$2,000 a year if she marries again."

"That's quite all right," was the reply. "The man who marries her will deserve it."

Two men had talked for a time on the train. "Are you going to hear Milberry's lecture today?" said one.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Take my advice, and don't . . . I hear that he is an awful bore."

"I must go," said the other, "I'm Milberry."

—Harry S. Donen.



*She perches on a kitchen stool, smiles
slowly around at the nightclub crowd,
and says, "This is a zither"—then
proceeds to give with the finest ballad
singing New York—and SWING'S ed—
have ever heard.*

by JETTA CARLETON

The Singing Reed

IF you drop in on New York's Cafe Society Uptown around dinner time, you'll quite likely see her sitting toward the back in one of the semi-circular booths, having dinner with someone young and handsome. Or she may be teetering around casually in her little brown mouton coat (if it's winter time) and flinging her golden hair around. "Golden" sounds trite, but there's no other word for it. Most people call it red, but it looks gold to us. Where have you seen that face before? Quite likely in Vogue or Harper's Bazaar, or any New York newspaper, or on a full page of Life magazine. This is the source of the ballad singing that has been charming New York for some six or seven months now. The face is familiar and the name is Susan Reed.

You've heard about this one. Susan is the young thing—the one who sits on a kitchen stool, looks around at her audience with a cool, smiling prescience, relaxed and controlled as a dancer about to move—and announces simply, "This is a zither." And then she sings.

She's one of the nicer things about New York. Susan is still news, though hardly new news. Since the moment she opened her pretty pink mouth in Cafe Society Downtown, she's been the toast of New York nightlife. And toasted Susie—as Gertrude hath it—is our ice cream. She's our ice cream with marshmallow sauce.

Not that there's anything syrupy about Susan. That's just our own gourmetrical way of putting Susan Reed in a class with our particular special favorites. And don't get us wrong. This young balladeer is as far from schmaltz as Peoria is from Petregrad by kiddie-car. She's direct and clean in her style, with the intuitive editing that marks a natural like some visible aura of light.

She's just eighteen. And that's just about what she looks. Along back in the roaring and poetic twenties, there was an illustrator who used to do water colors of lovely young girls. H. L. Webster, we believe it was. Susan Reed might very well be the statue to his Pygmalion, except that she's distinctly not of the nineteen-



twenties, and she's probably a little more sophisticated—in the real sense of the word—than Webster's water colors.

Susan's sophistication is that of wise children. There's nothing about her that you'll find in a thousand other nightclub singers. None of the rhinestone glitter, the waxed hair, or the brash cute manner. As she appears in performance, she might almost have stepped right out of a piece of stained glass. She has a somewhat medieval quality. The soft hair, the white throat, the cool detachment: Essences of Guinevere and Christobel.

Yet, with all this, she has more substance, more of delight. She has humor and sense. That's what makes it so easy for her to handle a crowd. We sometimes think she must be quite a shock to the unwitting John Ordinary, accustomed as he is to the usual run of nightclub entertainment. He focuses his whirling gaze upon the show, and then suddenly comes upon this cool, un-lacquered girl who does not shout, strip, nor croon naughty little songs . . . but who hooks her heels on the rungs of the kitchen stool and sings of love and woe in the authentic words of old folk tunes. Consider the surprise of the average nightclub prowler who's a sot in his ways. It's a bit of a blow to the expected routine.

But then, Cafe Society—Uptown or Downtown—is not the routine sort of night spot. The two establishments, owned by the brothers Josephson, Barney and Leon (after an idea by Clare Luce), have a reputation as

proving-ground for some of the theatre's best talent.

The entertainers selected by the Josephsons have something more than the mere ability to sing or dance or tell funny jokes. They have something more than sex appeal—although they may have that, too, and in quantities; but not that alone. The mere surface ability to entertain isn't enough to attract Barney Josephson and get him to ask you in. We've thought it over and decided that what Cafe Society entertainers must have is something like—soul. Artistic soul. Is that too precious? We can't think of another word for it. Their talent is individual, genuine, and fresh. That applies to such people as Hazel Scott, Josh White (although Josh is overdoing things a bit), Burl Ives, and Mary Lou Williams; to the perennially pleasing musicianship of Ed Hall and his men; to dancers like Beatrice Kraft and Katharine Dunham's people, and to comedians like Paula Lawrence and Imogene Coca. It applies best of all, we think, to Susan Reed.

It was only a few months ago that someone heard Susan sing at a party and got her an audition before Barney Josephson. That did it. Now besides Cafe Society Up- and Downtown, Susan has radio appearances and a Town Hall concert to her credit.

She's been singing all her life. Some good voice teachers have brushed up on a naturally good voice and today she has three lessons a week with Joseph Regneas. She's been playing the zither, of all things, since she was eight. That's a flat stringed instrument that you hold in your lap and

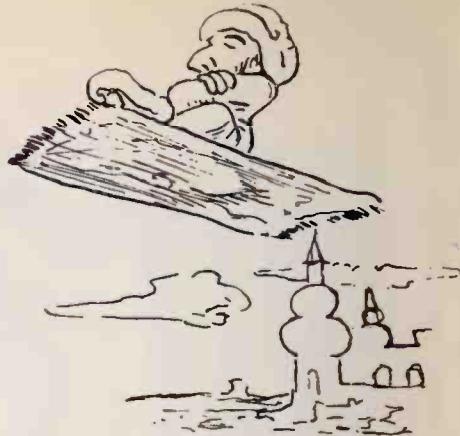
pick at. Something like a cross between weaving a rug and shelling peas. Only—it makes music of a sedately elfin sort.

The Irish harp—in relation to Susan—dates from two years ago. Somebody gave her one of these small traditional lap-size affairs and she says it was easy as anything to pick out a tune on that. She also plays a lute, and a guitar. But the Irish harp and the zither are the two instruments she uses in performance to accompany her songs—which are always old ballads and folk songs, gathered out of the Carolina mountains, from Ireland or Scotland or the American West. Susan carries on her research faithfully, always looking and listening for another old song that may have been the communal property of mountaineers or woods dwellers for the last several hundred years.

There's the one about Jennie Jenkins, an obstinate redheaded baggage who refused to settle on any color for wearing at her own nuptials, and who finally flounced out of the picture with "Oh, whatta you care if I just go bare?"

And there's the gay and naive little song about the girl who wanted to marry the soldier, even if he didn't have coat or shoes to put on, and had a wife and three children at home. And then, there's our favorite, a low sweet song, nostalgic and tender . . . "Black, Black Is My True Love's Hair."

There are sad songs and amusing ones. And Susan's singing of them has a sort of fairy-tale quality, the substantial wonder of folk-fairy-tales



that were structural and functional in a people's daily living. She learned some of them in Negro churches in Carolina, or from old mountain people.

Susan was born in South Carolina—in Columbia. She came to New York with her family six years ago. The family isn't exactly unknown, either. Father Daniel A. Reed is a director, an actor, and a playwright. Mother, Isadora Bennet, is press director for the American Theatre Wing. Her mother, says Susan, was born between acts at a performance of "Faust." So it isn't as if Susan broke into the theatre rashly, like a variable. She comes by it naturally. And you can take that "naturally" any way you want to; it still covers Susan.

We caught her between ballads and ballet. She was just dashing out between her eight-thirty and midnight appearances at Cafe Uptown, for a date with a likely-looking young lieutenant or ensign or something. They were going to the ballet, but Susan kindly took time to tell us things.

Such as—she dreams when she sleeps, she has lots of energy, she paints for relaxation, doesn't like semi-classics, and she likes to cook. One of her specialties is lemon pie—complete with crust. And cookies are among her repertoire.

She attended a couple of progressive schools—the Little Red School House, and the Dalton School for Girls. Last year she painted on a scholarship at the Brooklyn Museum, and took a couple of night courses at New York University.

She likes to make her own Christmas gifts. She paints buttons and earrings. And she sews a bit. "A bit" includes making most of her own dresses. No mean feat, if you ask anyone whose manual activities are mostly confined to punching a typewriter. She'd just got around, when we talked to her, to having some clothes designed. A designer was whipping up four dresses for the spotlight. But we doubt that they could be much more effective than the singularly "right" things Susan makes for herself.

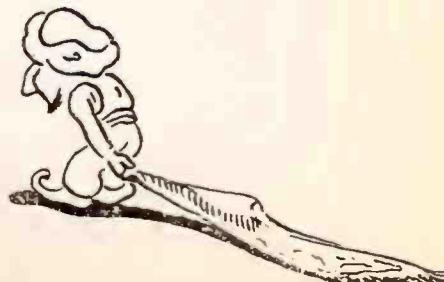
There again, she's consistent in her style. A singer of folk songs might come out in sequins and manage to outshine them. But we doubt it. It wouldn't be in character. Susan chooses to wear soft vague blue things that costume her particular quaint charm exactly right. They aren't smart dresses; they're better than that. We saw her first in a little-girl affair of sky-blue dotted swiss, or some such innocuous fabric. And next, in a deeper blue velveteen, with a wide off-the-shoulder neckline, a tight

bodice over her rather substantial little middle, and a hemline that struck her just half-way between knee and ankle. Beat that for quaint simplicity. And yet—it was completely right. Blue is her favorite color, and she wears it in performance almost always. It matches her blue eyes.

She'd been through a pretty grilling session when we snagged her for an interview. Some dinner guests who had drunk not wisely but too well were seated down front and none of Susan's serene poise and graciousness could quiet them. We were at point of using a plate, but not so Susan. She sang, instead. And you'd never have known a couple of rude inebriates—the kind the world is all too full of—were trying to talk to her all the way through the song.

"Gosh," she sighed later, "I sure laid an egg tonight." But she hadn't. That's just one of the things entertainers have to put up with, we suppose, as long as human nature is at large. And she puts up with it better than most. She was tired that night, too, she said. She'd been down in South Carolina until the wee hours the night before, singing for nine thousand marines.

What do you do all day, Susan?



Oh, she sleeps until noon. Then there are interviews and photographers or recording sessions. (Columbia recordings, if you are wondering.) And what do you do when you play? Oh, she bicycles; she's not much on sports, though. And she has dates for dinner and between shows . . . where's home? Home's down in the village. She lives with her mother and father in a flat on Charleton Street. "Looks like a tenement," she explains. She has one brother. He's in the Marines.

What's next in your life, Susan? Oh, she'd like to do a show. And she might even consider the movies some day. Leon Josephson told us there was just a possibility that Susan might play Ophelia to Maurice Evans' Hamlet. It had been suggested. We'd like to see this; it's a good idea.

But for awhile yet, at least, Susan will hold forth at Cafe Uptown, between the two long walls peopled with Lucille Coreas' quaintly mad Coney Islanders, looking like blown-up covers of "The New Yorker." The din will be loud, there will be the

usual tumult and shouting and the exaggerated laughter of customers making *toujours gai*. Easy-mannered Ed Hall will gather his men together and white-hot rhythm will come boiling out of horns and piano and the double bass; there'll be a dancer or a comedian; then Ed Hall will say, "And now, Cafe Society Uptown takes pleasure in presenting—Miss Susan Reed." And a girl in a blue dress will come skipping out into the spotlight and settle herself on the kitchen stool. She'll take that long, half-smiling look around the room, and say, "This is a zither . . . and I should like to sing—" And then she will. And even the people who are habitually rudest, because they are fools or ignorant, listen more than they mean to, because even they sense dimly that here is something genuine. It's more than the song or the singer. It's their synthesis into a certain quality. And in the midst of a big noisy nightclub the people at play put down the glass a moment and listen with their hearts.

FAMOUS—BUT UNKNOWN

ONE of the most famous composers in the United States is practically unknown; unknown, that is, to the average radio listener.

This is strange, for this man has written songs which have been hummed, whistled and sung for years. Among the 450 songs he has written are: "In Spain They Say Si Si," "Always In My Heart," "The Breeze and I" and "Dust On the Moon." He has also written 40 operettas, two symphonies, a great many concertos and rhapsodies. He wrote his first piece at the age of eleven and at fifteen won the highest award—a gold medal—of the National Conservatory in Havana. He received this award for playing the Schuman A Minor Concerto, one of the most difficult compositions, from which most brilliant musicians shy away. This man not only writes great music but he has something in common with a master of another day. He composes not only the melody for a composition, but does the score for the complete orchestration. The only other man who was able to do this was Beethoven.

Date EXCHANGES GROW UP

by GRIER LOWRY

Wartime shortages included dates—as well as nylons, steaks, etc. Reason enough for the sudden flourishing of dating bureaus who made romance their business—and business was good.



REMEMBER, fella, when you waited until the last minute to ask a girl for a date for the Prom and then discovered that as far as the eye could see, all of the eligible girls had already wangled invitations? Someone suggested that you pay a call on the enterprising group of kids who garnered pin money from the not-very-profitable pastime of keeping names of dating prospects on file.

You advised the operators of the college dating bureau that you had a weakness for blondes (pretty, of course), skilled dancers, and let's see, you mused, she must have a lush personality. Of course, you know that

if such a divine number existed at all she would have been grabbed off for the Prom long ago, but you could dream, couldn't you? Anyway, you got a brunette who wasn't any great shakes as a dancer, and was a little too morbid to be very personable.

The college date bureau was a useful little institution—served a fairly valuable purpose in getting dates for the procrastinators, and acted as John Alden for the bashful souls.

Came the war and the date bureau went into the big time and became a paying proposition for those with a flair for promoting their clubs with well placed advertising and keeping matters on a dignified and decent



level. Many such organizations sprang up in war plant towns and cities and aided the war effort by offering lonely war workers companionship, kept many from slipping back to their home towns. Thousands of servicemen have spent pleasant evenings in strange cities through the facilities of dating bureaus.

The title assumed by one such bureau is "Introduction, Please," sponsored by Mrs. Irene Hofer, a pleasant middle-aged woman, who operates an inexpensive and simplified dating bureau in the Shukert Building in downtown Kansas City. The majority of these organizations are directed by woman, which is as it should be, because a motherly type is desirable if the activities of such an organization are to flourish.

Over four thousand members are tabbed in the files of the quick-date bureau operated by Mrs. Hofer. All members fill out cards answering questions pertaining to age, religion, color of hair and eyes, social proclivities, vocation, and whether the prospective member is single, divorced, widowed. References are listed. Mrs. Hofer, like the sponsors of many such dating bureaus, operates on the theory that there is a companion for each and every registrant, and amazingly enough, she usually comes through with companionship for all enrollees.

Regulations at "Introduction, Please" require that each applicant come to the office for a personal interview before the matriculation can finally be clinched. If the sponsor's stamp of approval is assured, then

boy meets girl at the bureau office. Or in some cases he may telephone her, and if the girl likes his voice and telephone manners, then matters are arranged in that fashion. Only two feminine members of the club have flatly called matters off after seeing dates face-to-face for the first time.

War plant workers, office and factory employees, clerks, stenographers, nurses, and railroad workers make up an overwhelming percentage of the membership of "Introduction Please." End of the war saw a few war plant workers, who were returning to home towns, dropping their membership, but ample replacements have come from returning war veterans who find "Introduction, Please" the answer to their prayers of getting back on a happy social footing.

Oldest member of this club is in his eighties (a gentleman who lists his favorite recreation as bowling) and the youngest a trick of eighteen who



requests a date "who can talk about books."

A neat percentage of the masculine members of a Chicago dating bureau have gone on record as favoring brunettes. Reason advanced by several was that too many blondes weren't the McCoy. "Not necessarily so," was the answer of many male members when asked whether or not their partners for the evening had to be terpsichorean experts. "Well balanced women," was a request put through by many of the men of this bureau. "Not too studious looking," said others.

Feminine clientele of another Mid-Western bureau have a well-defined penchant for tall men of the basketball center variety, and in order of importance listed sincerity, neatness, and cleanliness as other pleasing attributes in their favorite type of man. Ideal Man, incidentally, doesn't have to be prosperous if he is a pretty nice sort of a chap in other respects.

Three out of five servicemen members express a preference for non-drinking companions, according to the results of a survey of five managers of Middle Western dating bureaus, but many amend their statements to the effect that it's "okay if she just takes a highball or two."

Out of the two-year social-fostering activities of the Chicago bureau, which has a membership of over seven thousand members, one hundred marriages have been consummated. To date, only three of these couples have secured divorces.



Main criticism of the dating bureaus have come from men overseas who complain that they have lost some very attractive feminine friends to men recommended by dating bureaus.

What do the ladies think of their jobs—these who have operated the war-gearied version of the outmoded college dating bureaus? A few reply in very flowery language that they consider their careers inspirational, inasmuch as it includes making people happy. One operator, a cosmetic jobber before the war limited supplies of this commodity, says she gets a kick out of beating the taverns out of some business. She features picnics, parties, and dances for the entire membership of her Date Exchange.

Many sponsors, like Mrs. Hofer of the Kansas City dating bureau, feel that they have a special niche in aiding servicemen to become readjusted socially. This, they feel, is just as important as rehabilitating the men physically and financially.

A GUN TO SHOOT DEAD CHICKENS

THE Civil Aeronautics Administration has been working on a strange type of gun—it is designed to shoot dead chickens!

There are a surprising number of freak accidents caused by large birds colliding with planes in flight. Not so long ago, a buzzard crashed into an Eastern Airline plane en route to Miami. Fortunately, the bird struck the wing between two ribs.

The plane landed safely. When the wing was examined, they found a large hole in the leading edge. The buzzard had crashed through that thick leading edge, and was inside the metal wing. Temporary repairs were made and the plane took off again.

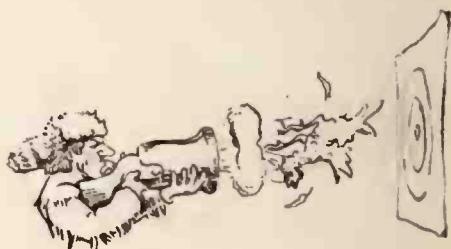
The Civil Air Regulations control the flight of planes, but the birds fly where they please. A large bird flying along a Civil Airway is a menace, like an uncharted mine in the harbor. For if the bird struck the windshield, it would be shattered into bits. The only solution to this problem is to develop a windshield structure that will take it.

The Technical Division of the Civil Aeronautical Administration has been experimenting with various kinds of windshields to find one that will withstand a head-on collision with a large bird in flight.

To determine the amount of shock under these conditions, a bird gun was invented by the technicians to shoot the carcasses of chickens against the different windshield structures. With chickens selling at 60c a pound!

This curious gun was recently demonstrated at Indianapolis during a C.A.A. exhibit. A gun to shoot dead chickens!

—Blackburn Hall.



HEAVEN'S "HONORABLE ATTENTION"

SINTOISM, the religion of the emperor, and the court of Japan, is not a religion at all, but a cult of ancestors derived from the ancient worship of the land.

The gaily attired geisha, and the hardworking coolie women stop alike at the gate of the temple, to enter, to pull the altar bell, to mutter the little devout prayer, with closed eyes and head bent down, and then to drop into the temple chest the hard-earned coin, while the small palms are clapped together to let heaven know that its "honorable attention" is no longer requested.

—A. W. Speaks.

Says the Society of *Sentinels*, of Detroit

*Here's an open letter to President Truman
published January 6 in many American newspapers.
What do YOU think of it? Swing will pay \$25
for the best reply in 2,000 words or less.*

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: As stockholders in the great corporation of which you are President, we desire to help in whatever way we can to promote the successful operation of that great enterprise known as the United States of America. We understand that you will soon advise our Board of Directors, the Congress, on the condition of our enterprise.

For what it may be worth to you, we have drawn up a suggested draft of your forthcoming message to Congress on the state of the union, which represents, we believe, the views of many of your stockholders.

TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES:

1. We have successfully concluded two great wars, which have been enormously costly in lives and treasure. I urge you to pass immediately a resolution declaring that the state of war has ended, and that we are now at peace with the world. In the conduct of war, it is necessary to concentrate enormous powers in the Chief Executive. I now desire to be relieved of these great powers. I desire that the division of powers between the Congress and the President, as set forth in the United States Constitution, shall be restored without unnecessary delay.

2. The production of goods and services is being restrained by strikes and industrial turmoil. It is my belief that the National Industrial Relations Act passed by Congress in 1935 is largely responsible for the present

turmoil. Experience has shown that the objective of this Act—the relief of commerce from the burdens due to strikes and industrial strife—has not been achieved. Instead, the Wagner Act has been used to bring about a great concentration of economic power, so that single individuals can determine whether we can have coal, steel and automobiles. It has given certain individuals the power to shut off essential services, such as telephone and telegraph service, radio music, truck and bus transportation, the loading and unloading of ships. I ask for the immediate repeal of the National Labor Relations Act, because it is a proven failure, because it gives the protection of the federal government to economic dictators, and because the United States Constitution does not authorize Congress to

legislate on matters pertaining to employer-employee relations. The labor laws passed by Congress are a usurpation of powers which our Constitution reserves to the States. Our States differ greatly in soil, industries, climate, racial stock and urbanization. Let each State enact whatever labor laws are required to meet local conditions and the desires of the citizens.

3. I ask for the repeal of the Fair Labor Standards Act, because the Constitution gives Congress no authority to determine the hours a citizen shall labor or the wages he shall receive. The number of hours that a citizen works is a personal matter which depends on his age, health, ambition and circumstances. This law which tends to restrict the hours of labor, necessarily restricts production and lowers the standard of living of our citizens. I suggest the repeal of The Wages and Hours law.

4. I ask that you repeal all federal laws for the control of prices, production, and the allocation of materials. These controls are unnecessary and are opposed to the principle of free competitive enterprise. A large proportion of the war expenditures were financed by the printing of government bonds and other promises of the government to pay dollars at some future time. This enormous supply of paper-promises to pay dollars, which now exceeds the nominal value of all the physical wealth of the people, has greatly depreciated the value of our paper dollars. The operations of the OPA are designed to maintain a fictitious value for our paper dol-



lars and to deceive the people in regard to the true worth of our paper money. If the elimination of price controls results in a great rise in prices, then we will know the true value of our money and we can then base our actions on the facts. Little or nothing can be gained by substituting deception for truth. To continue price controls is to make the federal government a party to the dubious procedure of perpetuating a colossal deception. A rise in prices is the inevitable consequence whenever any government pays its bills by printing money rather than by levying taxes. It is impossible, by devious monetary manipulations, to escape the necessity of paying for governmental extravagance and the enormous costs of the war.

5. It is only a corrupt and dishonest government that destroys the value of the peoples' money. It is the duty of Congress to maintain the integrity of the American dollar. To restore the value of the dollar and to prevent further inflation, Congress should increase taxes and drastically reduce federal expenditures so that

there may be no further increase in the federal debt, and so that in the near future the debt may be progressively reduced. Such action is needed to convince our people that Congress is determined to preserve and not to destroy our monetary system.

6. I do not look with favor on laws which tend to nationalize agriculture. I ask for the repeal of all laws designed to influence the prices or the production of farm products. Our farmers are not incompetent. They should be free to operate their farms without help or hindrance from the federal government. Serfdom is out-moded, and we should not replace the lords of the manor, who enslaved those who toiled on the land in feudal times, with modern lords of the manor operating from the nation's capital.

7. As a result of war, there is much misery, hunger and suffering in other lands. The American people are generous and relatively prosperous. I suggest that nations which need capital to restore their productive machinery be encouraged to sell bonds to those Americans who desire to help them in the tasks of rehabilitation. I hope that private organizations like the Red Cross will disclose to us the needs of those who suffer and will collect funds for the relief of the suffering which is the aftermath of war. I have been unable to find in our Constitution any article which authorizes Congress to levy taxes on American citizens in order to make loans or gifts to other nations or to aliens residing in other lands.

8. I ask for the repeal of the So-

cial Security Act as of June 30, 1947. Legislation should be enacted to distribute to the States on that date any funds which have been accumulated as the result of this Act, on an equitable basis. The relief of poverty and destitution should be handled by State and local governmental agencies as was our practice for 150 years. I fail to find in the United States Constitution any article which authorizes Congress to care for destitute citizens, or to establish compulsory and discriminatory systems of insurance, or to pay money to citizens because they are not working.

9. I suggest that no appropriations be passed for federal housing. It is not the function of the federal government to build houses for the people to live in, any more than it is the function of the government to make shoes for them to wear or to bake bread for them to eat. It is pure hypocrisy for Congress to give lip service to free competitive enterprise and at the same time engage in all kinds of business undertakings.

10. There may be certain cases in which federal aid to the States is necessary and desirable. But in most cases, federal aid to the States should not be granted. There should not be divided responsibility and authority. The plea that the States are too poor to engage in certain activities, and that they must receive help from the federal government, is specious. The total wealth and resources of the citizens of the States are exactly the same as their wealth and resources as citizens of the United States.

11. This great nation is at the crossroads of destiny. All over the world, nations are floundering in the quicksands of socialism and communism. We ourselves have gotten off the main highway of economic freedom and constitutional government. I ask that Congress repeal all existing laws which do not have unequivocal constitutional authority, thus undoing some of the mischief done in the past. Respect for law cannot be inculcated in our citizens unless the lawmakers themselves obey the law. For you,

that law is the Constitution of the United States, which you have taken an oath to preserve, protect and defend. I, also, took that oath. I ask you to restore the United States Constitution, under which we became prosperous, great and strong, so that our children's children may have the great privilege of living in a free America. Whatever others may do, let us preserve this nation as an island of freedom, so that liberty may not everywhere perish from this earth.—Society of Sentinels, Detroit.



THE NAKED TRUTH

WHEN the networks were young, there was a good deal of horseplay among the actors, announcers, and technicians. One afternoon at a Chicago station, a guileless, eager young announcer was informed by a studio wag that he had been assigned to introduce a Miss Betsy Northrup who was going to give a 15-minute broadcast on Nudism.

Inasmuch as the broadcast was his first network assignment, the young announcer was anxious to do a good job.

When Miss Northrup was introduced to him, he ushered her into the studio. Engineers went through the motions of setting up the program.

The light flashed and the announcer stepped to the microphone to read his opening announcement, Miss Northup standing behind him.

"And now, Miss Northup," he concluded, and the young woman stepped to the microphone stark naked.

The announcer fainted.

Of course, the program wasn't on the air. The young woman, a professional model who was paid \$10 for the job, had slipped out of her clothes behind his back.

"Gesundheit!!"

by CHARLES H. HOGAN

*bis old Louisville Slugger baseball bat.
And your commentator burries to resurrect*

ONCE again we are in the sneezing middle of the period known to medicos as "the season of the common cold." Your Commentator, along with most of the citizenry, is wandering through his alleged career with bloodshot eyes and a pounding skull.

The common cold is a very hilarious affair for them as ain't got it! They are full of wisecracks of a particularly dejected caliber and, worst of all, those hale and hearty specimens who sympathize so leeringly are full of remedies and variegated advices.

The advice ranges from putting a blister plaster on the old torso to eating two or three pecks of onions per diem. The latter treatment doesn't stop the sniffles but does cause the Little Helpmeet to adjourn to mother's—sine die!

(Editor's note—So now it gives Latin, yet!)

(Author's note—This is a scientific treatise and shut up!)

At any rate, it's not enough for your Rasping Cough Editor to be gasping and snorting around the apartment. Who should drop in last night but Clarence and Myrtle, the folks who live upstairs.

Clarence is one of those guys who can best be described as even more gruesome than a common cold. He is a yuck from Yuckville.

For instance, every time I sneeze old Clarence bellers—"Gesundheit!"—which for no reason known to man lays him and Myrtle in the aisles. By 9 o'clock 75 "Gesundheits" have been tallied on the score sheet and Clarence has got himself into a rut! The comedy patter, one might say, has become monotonous for everybody concerned, with the exception of the Bob Hope of the Wistful View apartments and his rapturous stooge.

Your Commentator cuts loose with blast No. 76, Clarence roars "Gesundheit" and the Myrtle part of the happy little assemblage is wilting with laughter. Personally, I wonder what ever became of that Louisville Slugger ball bat I used to own.

In addition to his snappy line of gags that killed vaudeville, Clarence carries in stock a full array of cold treatments which, to a weakened man, are plain poisonous. Interspersed with this sage advice is a running commentary on my affliction.

"It's a funny thing about a cold," the drip philosophizes. "Some folks say they are caused by a draft but of course you couldn't of got it that way on account of you've always been one of them draft dodgers, haw! haw! haw!"

For no known reason this sockeroo sends Myrtle into a panic. When she gets through wiping her eyes for the last time she looks at Clarence and

coos: "Honest, I don't know how Clarence thinks them jokes up all the time! Why, I keep tellin' him he oughta be on the radio on account of he's 10 times funnier than a lot of these guys like Jack Benny, don't you think so?"

"That wheeze has got me in stitches—and Ah, CHOO!"

"What you oughta be doin' is eatin' a lot," quips Clarence. "'Feed a cold and starve a fever,' they say. Besides, I'm hungry myself."

He launches an off-tackle rush to the refrigerator with Myrtle playing blocking back.

"Come on, folks, let's raid the icebox," she screeches. Well, Myrtle's idea of raiding the icebox was Sherman's idea of raiding Georgia.

Of course, when you go up to their joint and try to come even, why it turns out they are only using the refrigerator as a warehouse for a couple of toothpicks and an olive.

Then Clarence decides to mix up a toddy which is a remedy his grandmother taught him would not only work on the sufferer but on any stray friends who wander in. As a friend, he mixed himself three of the potions just as a starter.

"I ain't had a cold in years, and you know why?" he snorts. "I take care of myself, that's why!"

He explains that in the summertime he goes in for golf and tennis and "cool drinks but not ice cold." In the winter, it seems, Clarence is one of these kind of citizens who gets up in the morning, sashays over to the window, and beats his chest and waggles his arms while the blizzards roar against him.

"I simply lie there and shiver, just watching him," Myrtle avers.

"Then you know what I do?" Clarence demands.

"I don't even care and—ah, CHOO!"

"I go in and take me a cold bath—sometimes a shower and sometimes a tub, but cold, see? It builds up the old resistance."

"Well, Clarence, just suppose you do get a cold, what do you do for it?" the Little Roommate asks.

"Nothin'! It never done nothin' for me! haw! haw!"

With that merry sally he quaffs another toddy to cure my cold and he and his enraptured cheering section meander on up to their own igloo.

Some fun, eh, kids—and ah, CHOO!

Words for our Pictures — 33-36

"HARVEY'S" NEW PAL . . . A serious and slightly nervous Joe E. Brown emerged from his dressing room. It was a first night for Harvey in Kansas City, in fact a first night for the show everywhere west of the Mississippi. "I should stand there? Okay. Where's my little hat?" He stepped before the WHB microphone as the Joe E. Brown with the silly pan, a man whom millions have seen and laughed with and admired for the last 15 years. . . . An amazing transformation from the serious businessman to Joe E. Brown the actor. (Page 33.)

PRETTY GIRL, JUVENILE . . . On our center pages

is a pin-up photograph of Gayle Frances Moore, 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Moore of Kansas City, photographed last year by C. W. Mumaw. Gayle used to appear an WHB's "Kansas City Kiddies" Revue. Her Dad and Photographer Mumaw are pilots for Mid-Continent Airlines.

MAN OF THE MONTH . . . Elmer F. Pierson, genius of Coca Cola vending machines and radar umbrellas, and a master at getting things done, has taken the helm of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce. He is Swing's Man of the Month. (Page 36.)



W
H
B







Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Elmer F. Pierson

"They'll know by his works"

"What we need is a joint committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Real Estate Board, the city, the county and a few skilled industrialists to survey the city; to determine the ideal city, and to make Kansas City live up to those ideals."

Who said that?

Sounds like Elmer F. Pierson, Kansas City's new Chamber of Commerce president. The man is virtually a stack of workable ideas, all of which have panned out very well for himself, the Vendo Company which he heads, and the greatest beneficiaries—Kansas City and its people.

Directors of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce probably reasoned that Pierson's creative and executive ability is just what this community needs in the days ahead to give this community that "extra step" in the race for industrial and peacetime expansion.

Elmer F. Pierson is as native to Kansas City as historic Penn Valley. He was born here just before the turn of the 20th century to John G. and Anna L. Pierson. He attended local schools and earned his L.L.B. degree at the Kansas City School of Law. He was married to Marie Wal-

ton Kahmann on December 27, 1922, and they have two children, Marilyn Cecilia and Martha Ann.

Pierson began his business career as an office boy for the Ridenour-Baker Wholesale Grocery Company. His later successes conventionally followed his teen-age driving of his father's grocery wagon; and he earned his law degree attending night classes at the Kansas City School of Law.

He entered real estate and insurance in 1922, and 11 years later became the youngest president in the history of the Kansas City Real Estate Board. He, his brother, and associates organized the Vendo company in 1937.

Among official and civic assignments given Pierson are these: Trustee Philharmonic association, trustee Art Institute, president Kansas City Real Estate Board, 1933-34, member of American Institute of Real Estate Appraisers, director, and now president, of the Kansas City Chamber of Commerce, member Native Sons of Kansas City, president of Kansas City Mercury Club in its last year as the "Lions," past president of Mission Hills country club, vice-president of the National Automatic Merchandis-

ing association, director of National Association of Manufacturers, member of the Saddle and Sirloin club, where he occasionally rides his pet horse, "Coca Cola." Too busy for many hours of diversion, Pierson manages to find a little time to play golf. Most of the time he is too busy doing something for his country, his home town, and his company.

The story which follows is one of Mr. Pierson's success—as a businessman and civic leader:

THOSE dreaded words, "Prepare to ditch," had been communicated to the B-29 crew. Homeward bound from a mission over Tokyo, the big silvery plane had encountered adverse headwinds, and the Tinian base was far beyond the supply of gas in the tanks.

Eleven crewmen scrambled through escape hatches as the big ship hit water. They inflated their Mae West life jackets and began swimming in the 10-foot swell.

But before the plane sank the men had inflated life rafts. Alone on the Pacific, they could only wait and hope to be found by search planes or ships.

Then the men raised a strange contraption. An amazing network of wires, resembling the framework of a box kite, was mounted to an oar handle. The radar reflector was ready to work.

An amphibian plane ten miles away picked up the radar beam from the life raft. A seaplane tender detected the beam five miles away and the men were soon picked up.

And this life-saving device was developed and manufactured in Kansas City—by a man and his company who was much fonder of manufacturing life-saving equipment than making tools of death and destruction. The man? Elmer F. Pierson, talented and ingenious head of the Vendo Company of Kansas City.

Graphic, also, is the fact that the Vendo Company began with a staff of five persons less than ten years ago, and expanded to a peak of 1,650 at the height of war production.

Pierson's company manufactured Coca Cola vending machines up to the time they converted to 100-percent war production. It was the first locally-owned Missouri corporation to receive the Army-Navy "E."

Although the Jack and Heintz company of Cleveland caught the world spotlight for employee benefits, the Vendo company does as well, and perhaps better, in more practical ways. A Vendo employee is not an employee, but an "associate." "Associates" get a one-day vacation on their birthdays. Every three months a cash bonus is distributed, based on length of service, base pay, and profits. Each fiscal year a sum is placed in trust equal to a month's salary, as an educational annuity for the associates' children. Amounts are increased with years of service. The company also provides life, hospitalization and accident insurance on a cooperative basis.

"As industry spends money for research, so should business and professional men spend to better their community," Pierson believes.

Another of Pierson's pet ideas is to raze the blighted downtown areas for manufacturing sites . . . a healthy condition for the manufacturers, who want close-in locations, and the merchants, who need the trade.

Probably Pierson's greatest asset, as a businessman and community benefactor, is his ability to see and understand the problems of others. His fine physical stature is enhanced by a pair of sharp, Swedish blue eyes that seem to look into the future and beyond.

The world would know more about Elmer Pierson that it does now, were it not for one person—Elmer Pierson. Stories of the amazing things he has done, how he did them, and why, have brought feature writers to Kansas City from far and wide.

But, respecting Pierson's wishes, press and magazine editors have killed many Pierson success stories after be-

ing asked by their subject himself—"Please, boys, don't run that story . . . I don't think it is necessary at all."

Nineteen forty-six is a challenging year in which to be president of the Chamber of Commerce. The opportunities are vast: To create and guide the community survey which Pierson believes should be made . . . to develop an "Area Plan" which will enable the city to develop in manifold ways . . . to clinch Kansas City's position in the Air Age . . . to tell the nation of Kansas City's advantages through the \$150,000 national advertising campaign proposed by leading bankers and businessmen.

Nineteen forty-six is the year—and Swing is ready to bet that a year from now the natives won't be saying: "Where's Elmer?" They'll know him by his works!



FABLE

McGinnis was a baseball manager. He was one of hustling, bustling "pep 'er up in there, you guys," type of managers. He liked to stress over and over again that a ball game never was ended until the last out was made. "I don't care," he would tell his players, "if we go into the last half of the ninth inning fifteen runs behind and they get two outs and two strikes on the third batter. Keep hustling! No ball game is over until the last man is out!"

One day his club went into the last half of the ninth trailing by fifteen runs. After two men were out and the opposing pitcher had two strikes on the third batsman the club scored sixteen runs and won the game.

JOURNALISTIC CONQUEST—OF A TYPE

High pressure journalism is not the parent of the news beat or, as they say in movies, the scoop. It is as old as the profession itself. Even before the telegraph, news expresses made it possible for journals to publish accounts of current happenings in advance of the mails. The New York Journal of Commerce regularly received its news from Washington by its own express, beating the mail by many hours. As a rule, twenty-four relays of horses were used on the run.

For a time the idea was allowed to languish but when Horace Greeley entered the penny press field in 1841 with The Tribune it again became a practice. So intense did the rivalry become that a vessel was fitted out for a European voyage just to bring back news for The Tribune and associated journals.

Editor Greeley's paper scored its greatest news beat when Henry J. Raymond, first assistant editor, was sent to Boston to report a speech of Daniel Webster who was then at the peak of his popularity. Rival newspapers sent their best shorthand reporters to cover the assignment.

Mr. Webster was in fine fettle, delivering one of the best speeches of his career. The group of New York reporters took the night boat back and all except Raymond joined in the ship's festivities. He was in a back cabin, writing furiously. His suspicions aroused, one reporter went to investigate. To his dismay he discovered that his enterprising rival had taken on board a small printing office, fully equipped. Page by page his manuscript was handed to the compositors to be set up in type.

When the boat docked at New York at 5 o'clock in the morning, Raymond's story, making several columns of The Tribune, was all in type and ready to be put in the forms. An hour later, the readers of that journal were served with a detailed report of Daniel Webster's speech delivered in Boston the previous afternoon.

This, at the time, was regarded as one of the greatest journalistic feats on record. So astonished were The Tribune's rivals that they failed to publish the stories turned in by their shorthand writers, and acknowledge themselves fairly beaten.



DEFINITIONS

Compliment—Something you say to another which both of you know is not true.



Hobo—A Road's scholar.



Matrimony—An institution of learning in which a man loses his bachelor's degree and a woman acquires a master's.



Economist—Somebody who has a plan to do something with somebody else's money.



Corkscrews—The best thing with which to open a conversation.

"How TO BE AN OLD MAID"

Or, "Women Who Irk," or, women who say "I'll Go With You If" and then proceed to name so many there's no point in going at all.

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

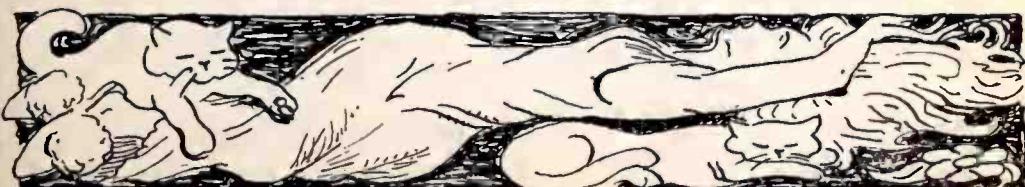
LATINS may be lousy lovers, but according to many gals who claim to get around, and who can be found perched on stools from Mocambo to the Stork Club, the home-grown romancers are still worse. In fact, the girls have made a great commotion, both privately and over the radio, about a lack of gallantry and Great Lover technique on the part of the average male who is solvent and on the agile side of thirty-five. There has been an unhappy wailing and a tearful wringing of hands over the allegedly barbarian social conduct of American men—from lieutenants to radio announcers. And there has also been a furious gnashing of typewriters on the same subject.

This tumult is getting rather tiresome. The average guy is well aware that he can't kiss like a refugee, or rhumba like somebody whom Arthur Murray didn't teach in a hurry. But at the same time, while admitting his shortcomings, he would like to point

out to the Pride of American Womanhood that they aren't perfect either. He would like to remind his critics that it takes more than equal parts of Van Johnson, Tommy Manville, and Charles Boyer, well mixed, to make a big evening. The feminine half of any date must do her share toward making the evening a success. Too many girls seldom bother.

Of course, there are exceptions. (A) If a girl has one eye on her man's bank account, with the other eye firmly fixed on the altar, an evening spent in the balcony of Loew's Midland will be fine with her. (B) If a girl is waging a war with another female over some hapless creature in the male costume, civilian or military, she'll be equally easy to please.

However, if an escort is just another man who asked for a date on a night when she contemplated doing nothing more socially significant than writing home to Mother, a girl will be likely to give him only average





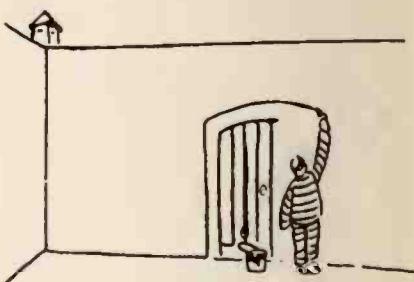
consideration. Just ask any bachelor how low that average is. He is often made to realize that he's just an animated movie pass.

Just as men like to play Santa Claus, women like to get something for nothing. This may explain why they're such rabid bargain hunters and rabid movie fans. The man pays so often.

But don't get the wrong idea. Men—the majority of them anyway—don't expect to score like the hero in a Soap Opera every time they ring a belle. Although they have hopes, being human, they don't expect a great romance to blossom out of every dinner date. They're mostly interested in providing a good time for their "date." Gratitude is not expected, but enjoyment is. Men, being both sentimental and pleased with themselves, like to put on a lavish show. They like to be a generous giver of wonderful things. When their audience lets them down, the whole performance falls flat.

Kindness and appreciation make more of a hit with them than a whole wardrobe of evening gowns which appear to be held up by faith alone. All the average attractive girl has to do to make a hit with most men is

indicate she's having a good time in one or more of the subtle ways women always have used so well. Even though the current candidate may be a social mess, she can give him the social recognition he longs for and make him happy. Effusion isn't necessary. She doesn't have to scream with joy or continually throw her arms around his neck—but she can exhibit a few of the sweet traits



which are supposed to make a man stop wanting to remain a bachelor. Women demand chivalry as a right, yet they seldom help a man buckle on his armor.

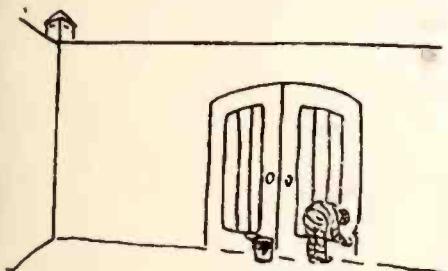
Since the maidens have sounded off so loudly on what they think of masculine behavior, drinking, bus chivalry, rumble seat technique, haircuts, clothes, and practically everything else under the sun, they shouldn't mind listening for a change while the other sex unburdens itself of a few critical comments. The general subject will be—"Women Who Irk."

High on the list there's the restless girl who doesn't announce her engagement to an overseas male, or the fact that she's in that sad state of suspended animation known as "going steady." Instead she encourages the

local talent to waste time, devotion, and emotion on her. All this and flowers too because she's tired of sitting at home working on her hope chest. A variation of this type is the versatile glamour girl who manages to be faithful to three or four men at the same time.

When a choice must finally be made, this type of girl often sees herself as the heroine of *A Situation*. She is touched by the devotion which she must ask the wrong man to shower elsewhere. She glories in the stiff upper lip, the silent sorrow, and the generous gesture. All this, of course, on the part of the poor stiff who won't have to support her. Perhaps she can even work up a good cry over his predicament—as long as he doesn't get in the way.

Let us move on to the teaser who invites a man into a dark room,



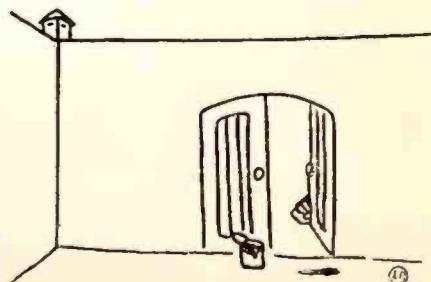
changes into something which would make a cigar store Indian wilt, cuddles a little closer—and then lets out a shriek in an outraged contralto loud enough to shake the family tree and bring Father stumbling downstairs. She enjoys starting something she knows she can finish with either a yell of purity or a sob of strictly-in-advance regret.

Women have often wondered out loud why men make passes. The answer: Men get invitations to make them. For one thing, natural feminine curiosity has been the basic reason for many a pass. Women have listened to "Portia Faces Life" for so long, and have seen so many Lana Turner movies, that they want to discover what Little Lucy goes through after the discreet butler is told he may have the rest of the night off. Perhaps they're curious about their own reactions, as well of those of a man who previously has appeared satisfied with that sterilized social gesture known as the goodnight kiss.

However, if a choice must be made, most men do prefer the Teaser to the Puritan. To the latter they would like to point out twin facts of life: (1) Wearing glasses won't prevent passes. They just make them less satisfactory. (2) If a man describes a girl as being "smooth," he does not mean she is one jump ahead of the vice squad.

Men are usually willing to let the Puritan have her fun. If it makes her happy to believe that single-handed she's standing off the entire male sex, they won't spoil her pleasant dream.

Next on the list of Women Who



Irk are the imitation actresses who pose without invitation or warning. All a man has to do to start them emoting is to put a cocktail glass in their hand.

Often when making a big entrance, a woman will plunge ahead of her escort. Men resent being made to tag along like a caboose. They have a strong aversion to Stork Club emoting and would like to remind the would-be glamour girls that constantly raising their eyebrows to register blase indifference will eventually give them wrinkles.

Also, constant demands for fuel or refreshments can be awfully wearing, especially at a football game when one and all possess frozen hands and are strait-jacketed within three or four blankets. And sending a "date" out for coffee or hot dogs when his team is battling on Notre Dame's one-yard line is the quickest possible way to start him wondering whether it's all worthwhile.

Another unwanted glamour girl is the type who struggles to impress men. She doesn't realize that men are seldom taken in by feminine chatter about family position, wealth, schools, the things she's done (invariably amusing), or the places she's been (invariably expensive). Men are seldom fooled by prattle of this kind because they hand out so much of it themselves.

Other assorted aversions of the average male—free, slightly solvent, and fairly slim:

The pest who badgers a man with telephone calls. (This is the girl who

can't be in the same room with a telephone without wanting to use it.)

Amateur crooners who must moan lyrics in their partner's ear in an off-key soprano.

Gals who are well aware that their "date" has little more than the price of a short beer in his pants, yet meet him at the door wearing a hat and coat, clearly indicating they expect to be taken somewhere.

Maidens who can never decide what to order. (The ideal dinner date glances at the menu—then lets her mind, her stomach and her conscience confer on the matter, also briefly.)

Glamour girls who say, "My best friend will be in town for the dance. I have a date, but it would be awfully sweet of you to take Imogene."

Women who take years to dress. (Men have never been able to understand why girls can take two hours to dress when they have so little to put on.)

Weak women who seemingly are incapable of carrying their own things. (This type of female delights in stuffing an escort's pockets so full of assorted objects that they look as though they were loaded with Easter eggs.)

Girls who beg for a candid opinion —then become all hurt and quiet when they really get one.

Athletic women who boast about how strong they are.

Dawn patrol maidens who never want to go home.

Movie fans who sigh and yearn after watching some Hollywooden-head take the heroine in his arms—

then inquire sweetly, "Why can't you learn to kiss like Van Johnson?"

Women who say, "I'll go with you if—" and then proceed to name so many "ifs" there's no point in going out at all. A variation of this type is the girl who says, "Well, I don't know but—" This is the preamble to four or five excellent reasons why the poor guy at the other end of the telephone probably won't be able to make a date.

The chronically late.

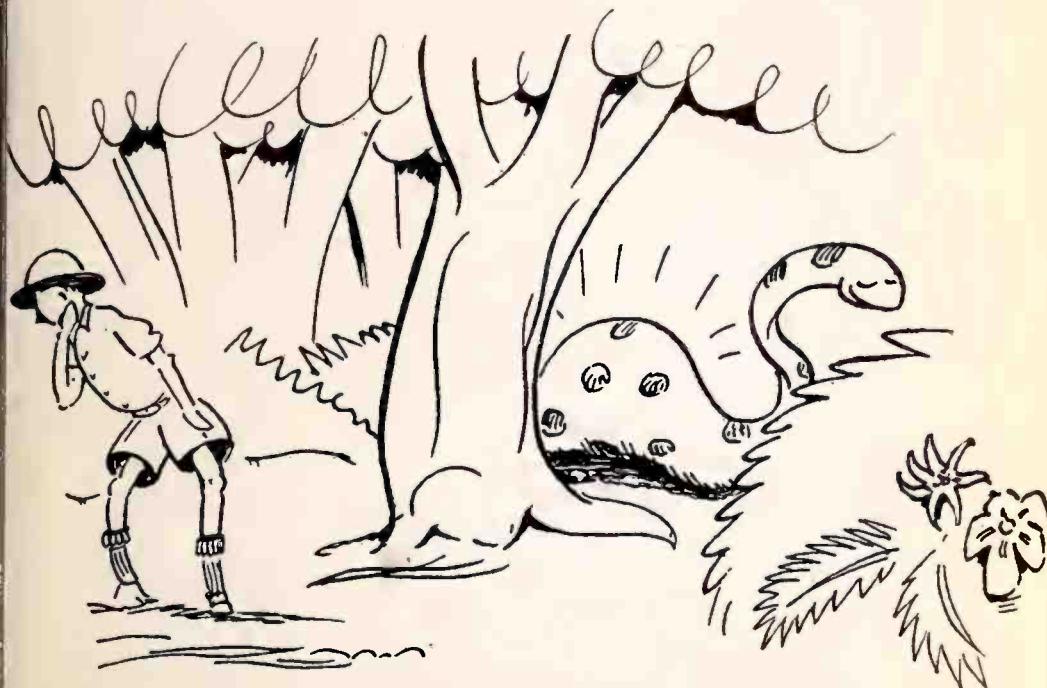
Habitual date-breakers who usually telephone at the last minute.

The too eager who ask, "When am I going to see you again?"

Misunderstood maidens who say, "Men just don't seem to understand me, but I'm sure you do." (Usually men understand her all too well.)

Glamour girls who prattle constantly of other men, their love life, and what they did last night, the night before, and the night before that (with somebody else), leaving little doubt in their escort's mind how wonderful it all was, and that nothing can ever, ever be as wonderful again.

All this is just a start, but why go on? What would even the most critical male do without these darlings?



*That's funny, McSneep was here
a minute ago.*

LET'S SETTLE THIS AMECH-ABLY

DON AMECHE, when he was spending several hours a day before Chicago microphones prior to his Hollywood career, had a reputation for being one of the best all-round performers in the business. He was particularly adept at ad-libbing when an actor dropped his script or lost his place. There was one occasion when his quick-wittedness was embarrassing.

He was working in a dramatic script and the script called for Ameche to shoot the villain. The sound department with their fanatical zeal for perfection had arranged a real pistol set-up. The pistol shot had challenged their ingenuity. They had not been able to reproduce it properly.

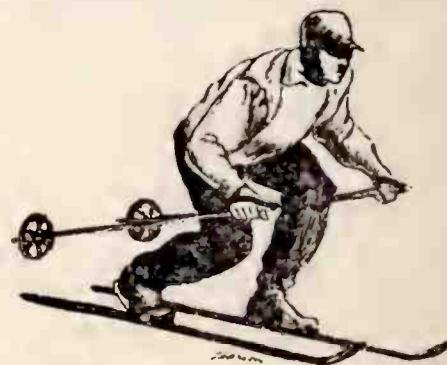
So they worked out a foolproof set-up. A mike was placed near a door leading out onto the roof and at a cue, the sound engineer would fire the gun into the night.

"Get ready to meet your maker," thundered Killer Ameche, "I'm going to kill you right now—"

That was the sound man's cue but nothing happened. Ameche ad-libbed for a second or two but there still was no sound from the gun. The sound engineer was staring intently at his script—his mind apparently miles off.

With a bit of hair trigger, Ameche shouted, "There's something the matter with this gun—it's jammed—but I've got my knife . . ."

He didn't care how he killed the villian just so he got it over with. With high dramatics, Ameche ad-libbed the opening of his knife and just as he was stabbing his enemy the sound effects man came to life and fired off the gun.



NOT EASY FOR A POLITICIAN

The Senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and asked the minister about some of his old acquaintances.

"How is old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him today?"

"You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "He has gone to heaven."

ENTER DURR, *Swinging!*

This "Challenge to Radio" is, in substance, a speech delivered by Federal Communications Commissioner Clifford Durr before the Independent Citizens' Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. The comments on FM have been added in the light of recent developments. We're indebted to "Theatre Arts" magazine for permission to reprint Mr. Durr's article.

by CLIFFORD DURR

SINCE the first commercial radio broadcasts were initiated a quarter of a century ago, two different philosophies about broadcasting have been in conflict. In this conflict, radio writers and artists cannot afford to be mere sideline spectators, for no group has a greater or more direct interest in its outcome than they.

The first of these philosophies has been expressed as follows:

The ether is a public medium, and its use must be for public benefit. The use of radio channels is justified only if there is public benefit. The dominant element for consideration in the radio field is, and always will be, the great body of the listening public, millions in number, country-wide in distribution.

This, the "public medium" philosophy, was laid down by Herbert Hoover in 1925, when he was Secretary of Commerce, and I believe it embodied the best thinking of that time on the subject.

I believe it was the intention of Congress to incorporate this philosophy into law when it expressly reserved to the people title to all radio channels; when it directed that licenses

be granted only to applicants who demonstrate their qualifications and their intention of using the publicly-owned channels in the "public interest, convenience and necessity"; when it provided that no broadcasting license should ever be granted for a period longer than three years, and that every application for renewal of license "shall be limited to and governed by the same considerations and practices which affect the granting of original applications"; and when it provided that every applicant for a license must sign a waiver of any claim to the use of the ether "as against regulatory power of the United States".

However, as radio demonstrated its possibilities, a second philosophy began to arise, which has in recent years been asserted with increasing frankness and vigor. This second philosophy is exemplified in the statement of a recent president of the National Association of Broadcasters, an association which represents some two-thirds of the broadcasting stations of this country:

One must consider balance sheets to measure the progress of radio.

For balance sheets represent an index to the medium's effectiveness.

The "balance sheet" philosophy was more fully developed by the former president of the NAB in an address delivered before the Kiwanis Club of Omaha, Nebraska. He posed this question:

Do you regard it (radio) purely as a miracle, as a flash of inventive genius—a discovery in electronics beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals—or do you associate it with bookkeeping, clerks, secretaries, bank balances, customers, pay checks and janitors—in short, the product of American business?

The question would seem to provide its own answer. But lest some of his listeners might associate radio in their own minds with writers and musicians, dramatists, producers, actors, educators and those in public life who are struggling with the vital economic, political and social issues of the day—or even with listeners—the speaker answered himself:

American radio today is the product of American business! It is just as much that kind of product as the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the automobile and the airplane. . . .

Going back to the cruder days of broadcasting, the NAB president reminded us of the time when station operators "had a sort of 'artistic personality'". "Many a station operator," he pointed out, "who might have had a personal preference for poetry and the opera learned some sound lessons in selling and merchandising under the tutelage of America's good, hard-

headed businessmen, and it was the best thing that could have happened to him." Coming forward to more recent years, the speaker informed his audience: "In 1935 radio and its advertisers really began to get together. Advertising agencies had learned how to produce successful programs with some degree of regularity" and, may we not assume, they had also learned how to submerge effectively the "artistic personality" of those station operators who might be swayed by their "personal preference for poetry and the opera".

Earlier, during the period of dominance of the "public medium" philosophy, many broadcasters felt it was their opportunity, as well as their responsibility, first, to encourage and to serve as an outlet for the local talent available in their communities; and second, to make available to their communities, by means of networks or transcriptions, the cultural and entertainment resources of the entire nation. But, as the NAB president pointed out, the emphasis has now shifted to another contribution the radio station brings to its local community:

If we look no further than the income which the radio station brings to town from national advertising, this is a considerable item which, after taxes, goes into local salaries, programs and general development.

Broadcasting today is of course a product of both the "public medium" philosophy and the "balance sheet" philosophy. But let us look at the over-all picture and see where artists,

scientists and professional people fit into the scheme of things when broadcasting becomes associated with "book-keeping, clerks, secretaries, bank balances, customers, pay checks and janitors".

The employment figures of 834 standard broadcast stations for the week beginning October 15, 1944, show a total of 20,452 full-time employees and executives. Only 863 of the employees were writers; 1,195 were outside salesmen. The average writer received \$40.14 per week; the average salesman, \$95.92 per week. There were 820 actors and other artists and more than three times that many accountants, clerks and stenographers. There was, however, no shortage of executives. These numbered 2,780, which is more than all the musicians and writers combined.

Four hundred and fifteen local channel stations got along with only 259 full-time writers, but they employed 409 outside salesmen. The writers received an average of \$31.87 per week while the salesmen received \$68.85. The average local channel station employed less than one-third of a full-time musician and about one-sixth of a full-time actor.

As for scientists, the 834 stations reported a total of 60 people engaged in research and development.

The figures for the networks are more encouraging, but even here the salesmen outweigh the writers. The four big networks and their ten key stations employed only 122 full-time writers, as compared with 135 salesmen. The writers averaged \$64.58 per week and the salesmen, \$128.56.

Since programming is the essence of broadcasting, the figures I have given would seem to indicate a struggling and impoverished industry. Few broadcasters, however, are impoverished and most of them are doing quite well. While I cannot talk about their individual fortunes, the story as a whole is available and a few of the figures are interesting.

During the year 1944, 836 standard broadcast stations reporting to the Federal Communications Commission earned net profits before federal income taxes of nearly \$69,000,000. This represented an increase of 47 per cent over their profits for 1943 and an increase of 125 per cent over 1942. The 1944 net income represented a return of 194 per cent on their investment in tangible broadcast property at the start of the year.

The 1944 figures on program expenses are not yet published, but in 1943, the station reporting to the FCC showed \$1.30 in profits before taxes for every \$1.00 they spent on programming. The station which earns 300 per cent, or 400 per cent, or even 500 per cent a year is no longer a rarity; and many of those who make the largest profit make it the easiest way—by becoming little more than platter players and relay stations for national news tickers and networks, while avoiding the troublesome job of producing programs through the use of local talent.

It is only fair to say that the figures which I have given with reference to the employment of talent by broadcasting stations themselves do not tell the whole story. Far from it. They

only tell the story of those to whom we have entrusted the public's radio channels and whom we have charged with the responsibility of operating them in the public interest. Let us look at the rest of the picture.

Broadcasting magazine, a weekly journal of the industry, has recently carried a series of articles about one of the industry's major customers, Procter & Gamble. According to the story, Procter & Gamble spent some \$11,000,000 last year for radio time alone and an equal amount for talent, or a total of \$22,000,000, more or less. This one advertiser spent four times the entire annual budget of the networks and stations operated by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, three and a half times as much as the entire program expense of 341 local stations in 1943, nearly again as much as the program expense that year of 316 regional stations and more than twice as much as was spent by 41 clear channel stations; enough to pay the operating expenses of Iowa State College of Agriculture's very useful Station WOI for 700 years at the rate of its present budget.

Procter & Gamble, it appears, is as considerate of its listeners, who are the customers or potential customers for its products, as it is lavish in its expenditures for time and talent. According to the story: "P. & G. has a policy never to offend a single listener." Another customer which has recently been the subject of attention by the press is the American Tobacco Company. The New York Times for Sunday, April 22, quotes

the president of this company to the following effect:

We have some funny thinking here about radio, and we have been criticized for it. Taking 100 per cent as the total radio value, we give 90 per cent to commercials, to what's said for the product, and we give 10 per cent to the show.

We are commercial and we cannot afford to be anything else. I don't have the right to spend the stockholders' money just to entertain the public.

Is this the function of radio which the former president of the NAB had in mind when he ended his speech with a reminder of radio's solemn responsibility and a prophecy of its future:

Radio has become a recognized guardian of the public interest. American business, with its own principles of freedom and public service and a war record which places it high among the glorious institutions of this earth, likewise has become a guardian of the public interest.

It is my prophecy that American business will want to use radio in the perpetuation of this trust, that it will find new ways to sell itself and its products to the American public through radio, that it will share more fully in radio's recognition as a guest in the American home—and whether this develops in the form of television, FM or the radio of the past twenty-five years, there shall be stronger safeguards of free expression and a greater ful-

fillment of public service by means of the union of broadcasting and the businessman.

This union of broadcasting and the businessman is, of course, a tremendous source of employment for writers, actors and musicians who can find the fulfillment of their artistic ambitions in their pay envelopes and who are willing not to offend.

The problem of broadcasting, as I see it, is not what we hear over the air—there are sufficient safeguards against obscenity, profanity and the like. The problem lies in what we do not hear. Censorship by overloading the air with programs which sell goods, to the exclusion of programs which do not, may be as effective as a complete denial of access to the air or censorship by the blue pencil.

Never to offend anyone may be good salesmanship, but is it good radio? Is it good sense in times such as these in which we are living? The best in literature and drama, and even art and music has offended. Milton offended in his time. So did Shakespeare and Victor Hugo and Voltaire and Moliere, and even Galileo, in theirs; but their works have survived long after the even the names of those whom they offended were forgotten. Tom Paine and Sam Adams and Jefferson and Hamilton and Madison and many others whose names we honor today did a lot of offensive speaking and writing in their time, but it was a time which required a challenge to greatness and a big challenge cannot be made without offending prejudices and vanities and fixed habits of thought. Out of their courage to

offend came a Declaration of Independence and a Constitution and a Bill of Rights.

Our day is no less a time for a big challenge, but it hasn't been very long since the late Alexander Woollcott came to the parting of the ways with his sponsor because he offended by making uncomplimentary remarks about two world statesmen, whom we have since come to regard as rather unsavory characters—Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini. Big challenges are being made today, and they are being made by radio, not only through speeches but through dramatizations such as "On a Note of Triumph" which reach the emotions as well as the mind. We must not let such stirring appeals to our generation be overwhelmed or crowded out by the sheer volume of exhortations to buy commercial products; nor must we permit the commercial reiteration of broadcasting to anaesthetize us against the mighty challenges which radio on occasion can deliver.

The problems of broadcasting are, therefore, far greater than the questions of whether the commercial shall come at the beginning, the middle or the end of the newscast, or at all three places, or what we should do about cowcatchers, hitchhikers and singing commercials, or even the direct employment which postwar broadcasting will provide for talent. Which of the basic philosophies gains the ascendancy may well determine whether our children and our children's children will find their employment as artists, scientists, professional people, me-

chanics or farmers—or as soldiers or sailors.

The exponents of both philosophies of broadcasting pay full deference to the symbols of public interest and democracy. They say we must have a "free radio". I agree. Let us have a radio that is truly free—as free from economic domination and overweening greed as from government censorship; that is free for the fullest expression of ideas and music and art; that is free to dramatize ideas as well as mystery stories or soap or laxatives; that is free even for the indulgence of "personal preferences for poetry and the opera"; that is free from fear of offending, except through vulgarity and cheapness and obscenity and insincerity; that is free for the writer, the producer and the actor to give the best that is in him regardless of the effect upon the sale of commercial products.

They say we must have a competitive radio. I agree. Let us have a radio that is competitive for listeners as well as for advertising accounts; that competes for the quality and sincerity of programs as well as for listener ratings; that competes for the privilege of using the people's frequencies in the best interests of the people and on the basis of public service promised and rendered; that grants free competition to ideas and music and all other forms of human expression and that provides a free outlet for such expression in every community in the nation.

They say we must have a democratic radio, regulated by the people, that gives the people what they want.

I agree. Let us have a radio that is regulated by the people and that gives the people full access to all information needed for intelligent regulation. Let us have organizations through which the people can speak in making their regulation effective; let us have a democratic radio that is scrupulous in its regard for minority rights, which are as sacred to our form of democracy as majority rule. Above all, let us have a radio which recognizes that the essence of democracy is the maximum participation by the people in its processes; which recognizes that democracy is not merely a form of government but a way of life, and that music and drama and making a living and playing, as well as voting, are among its important ingredients.

Until a short time ago, it was believed by many that the arrival of FM (frequency modulation) broadcasting would automatically bring new life and new freedom to the American system of broadcasting, for FM provides not only higher fidelity and greater freedom from static but, more important, opens up new spaces on the crowded broadcasting spectrum, making room for many new stations. The very number of stations, it was felt, would open wide the door to both free expression and artistic talent.

More recently, however, those of us who have pinned our hopes on FM have suffered several disappointments. It is true that it has made room for many new stations, but it now appears that the number will be far more limited than had at one time been thought. Already in some of our larger communities, particularly in the north-

eastern part of the country, the demand for FM channels exceeds the supply and in other sections few of the more desirable channels will be left after the present applicants are taken care of.

Moreover, it is becoming obvious that new stations do not necessarily mean new controls over broadcasting, or even new programs. The new blood which is so badly needed has, so far, been merely a trickle. Of the 634 applications for FM stations filed with the Commission as of October 8, 452 were from present broadcasting interests, and of the 182 newcomers half were newspaper owners. Prior to the war, the FCC adopted a rule requiring every FM licensee to program his station independently for at least part of the day. Recently this rule has been repealed and a standard broadcaster who obtains an FM license may now program his FM station throughout the day merely by piping in the programs carried over his standard broadcast station. He gets the free use of the new channel without being required to give the public a single new program in return.

Radio cannot rise above the level of those who control its programs. What it is to become depends upon the opportunity and freedom allowed to the writers and artists who actually

produce the programs. It is therefore suggested that the time has come for writers, producers and artists of the theater and radio to consider expanding their roles and becoming broadcast licensees as well. There is no reason why groups of writers and artists are not as well qualified to operate broadcast stations as are department store operators, newspaper owners, filling station operators and others.

Private Ted Kehoe was thinking primarily of the theater when he wrote to *Theater Arts*:

Today most of us march in the ranks of the Army, but we are looking over our shoulders, watching our oldsters play out their string—watching them, learning, even as we march in war. . . .

We shall steal their foundations, brick by brick, until the American Theater means something more than Broadway, New York City—until it means Cleveland, Pasadena, Houston, New Orleans, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Pittsburgh and Seattle and Atlanta—until the term “American Theater” brings to mind the playhouses and the artists of a nation.

That is the spirit we also need in broadcasting.



Chicago Letter . . .



by NORT JONATHAN

Getting somewhere by train doesn't exactly come under the heading of good, clean fun these days—unless one enjoys feeling like a sardine in an overcrowded can. Trains, stations, and hotels are all displaying SRO signs—and they mean it. Having explored the hotel situation in the last Chicago Letter, let's take just a few paragraphs to detail what happens when you want to go somewhere by train.

First, you must have a reservation, unless spending the night sitting on your suitcase in a vestibule with a large portion of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe blowing in on you is your idea of the ideal way to get from Kansas City to Chicago. This means haunting the ticket offices either in person or by telephone. Then, the necessary space reserved (if you're lucky), you pluck one of those

numbered cards from a pile and wait for awhile.

Ticket purchased at last, you confidently set forth for the station. Upon arrival, you shove your way through a mass of humanity which probably is still waiting for yesterday's trains and look hopefully at the departure board, only to discover that your train isn't even marked up yet. It seems to be lost somewhere west of Albuquerque. So you join the waiters and perhaps camp out for the night on a station bench, if you can find a few square feet not covered with grimy pop corn or spilled orange crush.

Once this ordeal has been survived, and you are safely in your Chicago hotel room (which you providentially reserved a month in advance), you'll probably find the struggle well worth the wear and tear. For Chicago is popping with enough activity, night life, theatrical and otherwise, to make the visitor from afar forget the bumps and bruises acquired on the way.

For one thing, "The Cab" is back in town. He's back, as you might suppose, in that temple of jitter and jive, the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman. Cab Calloway is again kicking the gong around. As caloric as ever, as glib with the jive patter as he was back in the days when most of his admiring young hepcat fans were listening to nursery tunes, his show is what the Coca Cola set calls "solid." When Cab wails about St. James Infirmary and laments over characters named Minnie the Moocher and Smoky Joe, his audience is all ears, and they gratefully accept their beating. It's hard to believe that these standbys of Mr. Calloway date back to the early nineteen-thirties, well before the day of the jitterbug and "swing." Still with Cab Calloway for his umteenth Windy City appearance is what he calls his "intimate ensemble." Its members are about as intimate as a camp meeting, and three or four times as exciting.

Kitty Carlisle is back in town again at

her usual hang-out, the Mayfair Room of the Blackstone Hotel. Kitty was a sudden replacement for Burl Ives, the wandering minstrel, who wasn't able to stick around as long as the management had hoped. Miss Carlisle is the lovely thrush whose warblings have brightened many a stage musical and film. Her audience is reported to had calloused palms from hand-clapping.

While we're talking about the smart supper rooms, let's not forget an old Kansas City boy who's doing all right for himself in the smart Camellia House at the Drake Hotel. Bob McGrew and his fine band, late of WHB and the Kansas City Club, are going into their fourth month in this swank spot which ranks with the best in town. Bob does a grand job of music-making and is always pleased to see Kansas City friends on the dance floor.

Two new night clubs have made an appearance since the first of the year. The new Continental Hotel, after many delays, has built itself a lovely spot called the New Horizon Room. There isn't a more attractive room in town, and the music of Charles Victor's orchestra compliments the good taste displayed by those who planned the place. There's a gray-green motif, with pastel murals, indirect lighting and tables which, for once, aren't too small. It's a perfect setting for relaxing over a dry martini, or whatever it is you like to relax over.

The other new spot is a glitter joint called the Frolics—this being the fortieth or so night club to be given that name in Chicago since the speakeasy days. If you like tinsel, long girly shows, and little or no lighting, the Frolics is your dish. They say there's room for more than six hundred people in this walk-up rendezvous, but if half that many ever get in at one time, they'll be the most uncomfortable citizens outside of the subway. The show features Harry Jarkey, a comedian who unfortunately believes that references to the more utilitarian parts of the human anatomy are screamingly funny when served with the soup. By far the best part of

the show is the singing of lovely Gloria Van, who looks and sings like a dream. Her beauty gives the show an attractiveness it badly needs.

ANNA LUCASTA BREAKS ALL RECORDS Over at the Civic Theater, the management is proudly announcing that "Anna Lucasta" has broken all long records for that house. The all-Negro dramatic hit is entering its fifth capacity month, and will undoubtedly be around for a year or so to come. It's the first play housed in the Civic to stick around for more than a month or so. That house has been inhabited by so many turkeys that Ashton Stevens wondered out loud in his column why the actors ever bothered to unpack their bags.

"Dear Ruth" and "The Voice of the Turtle" have both disappeared from the local scene after long runs. The bored faces of K. T. Stevens and Hugh Marlowe are no longer to be seen in Booth No. 1 in the Pump Room or languidly drooping over the bar at the Actors Club. They will be missed, chiefly because they got around more than any other theatrical stars to hit town since Skeets Gallagher and Stu Erwin, thus lending the Hollywood-New York touch to this theatrical way station midway as the streamliners fly between the Stork Club and the Trocadero.

The boys in the white hats have been taking some pot shots at each other. This is distressing to the Chamber of Commerce but a matter of indifference to the average Chicagoan. After a decade or so of Ed Kelly's rule the man in the street feels that if the boys get too troublesome over whatever it is they're shooting each other about, Ed will knock their heads together and tell them to behave. The situation, as the police would say, will soon be well in hand. Don't let it spoil a contemplated trip to Chicago, because life in the Dearborn Street station is more hazardous than a trip through the badlands of Cicero.

There are four types of girls: mental, temperamental, accidental and experimental.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

★ BAL MASQUE. An oasis of informal magnificence, where food and service vie for top honors. Always a celestial array of entertainment. (GOLD COAST) Hotel Continental. 505 N. Mich. Whi. 4100.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. The policy here is to follow one of the biggest and most glamorous shows in town with one of the biggest and most glamorous shows in town. It's a pleasing habit. The Stevens is the world's largest hotel and Boulevard Room shows are worthy of it! 7th and Mich. Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. An ornate, plushy, old English setting wherein a select clientele fashions an evening around "society" music played at the moment by WHB alumnus Bob McGrew. It's very danceable, yet lustrous and refined. (GOLD COAST) Michigan at Walton Place. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Spacious, traditional, somewhat showy, yet convivial and friendly is this solid cornerstone of hospitality in the very center of the Loop. Always a fine orchestra and interesting show. (LOOP) State and Monroe. Ran. 7500.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. When society selects a place to hold something super special, the Mayfair Room usually gets unanimous votes. One of Chicago's most richly appointed dining rooms, it attracts many Chicago visitors. And prices are not unreasonable, considering the setting and the entertainment. (SOUTH) Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL. Jimmy Hart, one of Chicago's most lavish showmen, and on top of that a heckuva swell fella, features many Hart "built-ins" at the Pump Room. These include colorful silver and blue decor, fine food and regal service. (NEAR NORTH) 1300 N. State. Sup. 5000.

★ YAR. If somebody leaps at you with a tendon-pulling handshake, it is probably Colonel Yaschenko extending a usual, casual greeting. From the music round and round the red oak tables to the kitchen, this place is as Russian as stroganov, shashlik and blinchiki. (GOLD COAST) 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

Colorful . . .

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. No entertainment, but it's worth its weight in bamboo in atmosphere of far-away places. Mixed drinks are wonderful and so are prices; just about the best bargain in town. (WEST) 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARCK HOTEL. Old rose and silver, thick carpets, lots of room for people but not much for dancing, and usually a first rate band. For a kicker, try the tavern room. Randolph and LaSalle. (LOOP) Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Probably one of the most popular, not-too-high-priced spots in the Loop where you can go and cut loose. Floor

shows are always bright and interesting and there's somebody like Harry Cool, Eddie Howard, or other such musical craftsmen on the bandstand. (LOOP) Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. Unless a band jumps, its tenure is short in the Panther Room. This place is the unofficial headquarters of that segment of young voters who would put a hep-cat in the White House and make this strictly a two-beat democracy. (LOOP) Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

Casuals . . .

★ BLUE DANUBE. Classic southern European atmosphere with all the fittings, trimmings and surroundings necessary to attain the net result. Wonderful Gypsy music. Open late. (GOLD COAST) 500 W. North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. An enchanting sea-island refuge with straw-mat-covered walls, glass floats in knotted straw-stacks, huge shells, soft lights and rum-based cocktails. (GOLD COAST) 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ CLUB EL GROTTO. A sepia theme and music supply a solid foundation for a takeoff into Startime. Nothing pretentious, no fancy flummery, but what terrific shows! The food is probably the best in that part of town. (SOUTH) 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9174.

★ IVANHOE. Ralph Jensen's Ivanhoe on the North Side is open daily at five, good food and drinks, atmosphere and decor in the mood of old England, and always a good orchestra. (NORTH) 3000 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ L'AIGLON. People who have been coming to Chicago for years and sorting out the town's finest restaurants, know all about Teddy Maeruz' L'Aiglon. French Creole cooking and ornate Victorian atmosphere. 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ SINGAPORE. Malayan background, featuring pit-barbecued ribs and chicken, and steaks you wouldn't believe possible in this day and age. (GOLD COAST) 1011 N. Rush. Del. 9451.

★ SARONG ROOM. Practically the only place in the midwest featuring Bali-Java menus, and where native dishes are prepared by authentic cooks. (GOLD COAST) 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI LA. America's most romantic restaurant. A new-world spot in an old-world setting. Open at 4, with dinner at 5. (LOOP) 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ AMERICAN ROOM, HOTEL LA SALLE. Food is again a feature in a hotel dining room. Proudly on display in the American Room is an array of fine foods and delectable beverages, reminiscent of banquets and dinners ten years ago. (LOOP) LaSalle at Madison. Fra. 0700.

★ BROWN DERBY. Super-sophisticated shows attract a steady clientele, including a sizeable proportion of the celebrity trade. Nice and dim and friendly. (LOOP) Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CHEZ PAREE. As brighties go, this is no place to lay up a few nickels for a rainy day. (Of course, you can get lucky.) But the food, the

bands, and such top-liners as Joe E. Lewis and Danny Thomas, and those luscious Chez Paree Adorables are all worth it, and then some. (GOLD COAST) 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. One of the best buys in sun-dodger circles is the Club Alabam, with its famed flaming crater dinners and intimate shows. (GOLD COAST) 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. It's a big place, with an equally big show, and a bunch of boogie-beaters you can hear way outside. Very reasonable, with no minimum or cover. (WEST) 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. A noisy, lively place with a large circular bar and fast and frequent entertainment from then on. A small jump band perched over in the corner all but rattles the chandeliers. (LOOP) 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Latin-American frivolities, with the signals called by a sharp emcee. For a Havana quickie, this place is pretty hard to beat. Showtime 10, 12 and 2. (NORTH) 715 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. Under new management and presenting bigger shows is this North Side club. Always a snappy revue. (UPTOWN) 5100 Broadway. Lon. 5111.

★ LATIN QUARTER. It's typically Broadway in character, with some solid stuff from there on in. All of this plus a line of lovelies. (LOOP) 23 W. Randolph. Ran. 5544.

★ L & L. One of the girliest places in the Windy City, all very much in the informal and undressed manner. (WEST) 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ LIBERTY INN. A steady stream of conventioners and visitors make this one of the brightest spots on the Gold Coast. 70 W. Erie. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. One of Chicago's largest and liveliest arrays of femininity can be seen here nightly. A gay collection of dolls, folks! (GOLD COAST) 550 N. Clark. Del. 0173.

★ OLD HEIDELBERG. With the beer capital of the world, Milwaukee, not far away, much of it tours the spigots of this famous old Bavarian inn. The Rathskeller, downstairs, is interesting, too. (LOOP) Randolph near State. Fra. 1892.

★ CLOVER BAR. One of the town's most popular sip spots, beautiful and bountiful in musical sessions. Under Glavin-Collins management. (LOOP) 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ CRYSTAL TAP, BREVOORT HOTEL. Very much in the informal manner, with continuous Novachord music and a group of singing instrumentalists. (LOOP) 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Highly regarded for its spaghetti, sea food and steaks. It's a happy, hospitable favorite with Chicagoans and visitors. (NEAR NORTH) 1121 N. State. Del. 9862.

★ COLONY CLUB. Delicious foods, lovely decor and a new show policy that everybody seems to like. Not inexpensive. (GOLD COAST) 744 Rush. Del. 5930.

★ GUEY SAM. Delicious and authentic Chinese foods, gay hospitality in the warmest of Oriental tradition. And all very reasonable. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

★ HENRICI'S. French in name but in the universal language of good food you can make your self understood. Try the Merchandise Mart Henrici's for lunch when you're over that way. Crowded always—but deservedly. (LOOP) 75 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNGSHOLM. The royal lead for Scandinavian food—handsome smorgasbord in the distinguished setting of a one-time millionaire's home. And not nearly as expensive as it looks! (GOLD COAST) Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT. Colorful and smart. Parisian delicacies highlight the menus. (NEAR NORTH) 900 N. Michigan. Del. 0904.

★ NANKIN RESTAURANT. A wise choice if you're headed for a Loop theater. Chinese and American food. (LOOP) 66 W. Randolph. Sta. 1900.

★ TRADE WINDS. Barbecued meats, ribs, chops and steaks. The choice of dining that has made Hy Ginnis' place a national institution. Open all night. (GOLD COAST) 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Theatre . . .

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theatre, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Fra. 7818.) Original New York cast, all Negro, is in this fine Broadway hit that has been described as the best in many seasons.

★ LAFFING ROOM ONLY. (Shubert, 22 W. Monroe. Cen. 8240.) Olsen and Johnson's staff of fun-makers all but rip the place to pieces in their latest laugh riot with an all star cast.

★ ST. LAZARE'S PHARMACY. (Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan. Cen. 8240.) Marian Hopkins has the focal role in a new drama by Miklos Laszlo and Eddie Dowling.

★ THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS. (Great Northern, 26 W. Jackson Blvd. Wab. 6197.) Elizabeth Bergner is starred in this thrilling psychological drama.

★ THE DESERT SONG. (Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Ran. 9242.) Romberg's glorious operetta in a new production with Walter Cassel and Dorothy Sandlin heading a company of 115.

★ THE HASTY HEART. (Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Har. 8880.) John Dall plays the sensitive Scot in this popular New York production, sponsored by American Theatre Society.

The trouble with the law of supply and demand is that those who have the supply do the demanding.

New York Letter



by LUCIE INGRAM

Manhattan roars on . . . stuff and junk . . . the best and the worst. You can take your choice. It isn't a matter of what you want here . . . practically everything in the world is here on this little pile of stone . . . it's in knowing where or how to get it. The best way to search for that antique or trinket or what-have-you is to have a taxi drop you at some unfashionable spot and then walk, walk, walk. There are miles of shops on Lexington Avenue and Second Avenue that are never advertised in magazines. They are as remote and bucolic as any little small town shop and just as willing to come to terms. It is true that when one buys an antique or curio one wants a name and security behind it. But, as W. Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" And if you will just walk up these "off" avenues, you'll have human interest plus

adventure plus money well spent. Try a jaunt from 42nd to 75th and see what we mean.

Isn't it funny that no one outside of the theatrical profession will admit that they are superstitious? It's like denying that one is asleep when the telephone catches one deep in slumber at a supposedly awake hour. The answer on such occasions is always, "Oh, no, I wasn't asleep." And so it is with various little superstitions close to the heart that are

frowned upon socially as
COULD USE much as loosening the
ROOM NOW belt or waistcoat after
an impossibly heavy

meal. But in Manhattan, suave as it is, men have built buildings and created masterpieces of stone and with no fan-fare deleted the thirteenth floor. It's interesting to note. Some business buildings and a few hotel list a thirteenth floor but on the whole . . . no. Even in medical buildings this is so. Just a quiet way of protecting a sensitive idea. It makes one wonder if the thirteenth floor would have been taboo during the "have you got a room" era. Probably not as no stalking ghost or dire prognostication could be as bad as a flea-bag room on West Broadway or a bench in Central Park. Anyway, Manhattan hasn't changed in this respect and most buildings will carry on with no thirteenth floor.

Kitchen or kitchenless the "what do we eat" problem is always paramount. Proving that there is an answer to everything, and backed with evidence, casserole kitchens have offered their bit in Manhattan. The Casserole Kitchen at 782 Madison Ave. cooks and delivers a delicious casserole with two vegetables and a salad (dessert extra) for \$1.65. The chef was formerly with Jack and Charlie's (Twenty-One Club) and you know it must be good. Sadie Selner on Lexington Ave. between 65th and 66th does the same. They have attractive little apple baskets lined with straw which cradle the casseroles and make the whole thing very attractive. Delivered right to your door, sir, and no reason for the little woman to complain. This same idea might be kind of super for the Country Club Plaza.

If the weather is at all reasonable in Manhattan taxis aren't as scarce as their reputation. However, getting in a taxi here and getting out of one are two different things entirely. All taxis here are about as tidy as an eight-year-old boy's room and the equipment such as seats, doors

and so forth, is just about as dilapidated. You may not be able to get out the same door you got in . . .

you may have to crawl over the driver's seat or get a screw driver, but you'll make it with patience. Just put everything back where you found it. And don't ever fail to keep on that treasure hunt once you get in. You're likely to find anything from a dime to a quarter to a lipstick to nail polish once you settle down and give an address. And you won't have to worry about the O.P.A. or F.B.I. either. All you have to worry about is "will it hold together" and everything else is on the house. We must say, on the whole, taxi drivers are most courteous and helpful. And like barbers they like to talk . . . and their talk is often very indicative of what's cookin'.

As we mentioned some months ago in SWING, dogs is people in Manhattan. During the winter months they can get on some of the most fantastic costumes imaginable. If they look silly one doesn't dare mention it . . . not because of a slight to the master or mistress but because the dog himself would take it so to heart and grieve so. We met a Boston bull dog the other day on Madison Ave. He was wearing a scarlet, turtle-neck sweater. Remarking about how the sweater became him, we were told that he only wears that on rainy days. He looked up with inquiring brown eyes as if to say, "Do you mean this old rag?" Every dog has to be on a leash in Manhattan . . . there's no wonder they think so much about clothes.

Maurice Evans and his HAMLET have become almost a tradition in the theatre. Slight of build but so powerful of voice, intonation and understanding, he captures his audience entirely. He may leave the

Columbus Circle Theatre soon and with regrets from the public in general. Rarely a performance passes but what some celebrity is there silently taking a

lesson in voice control, freedom of movement and the "give." Note . . . not taking a lesson but enjoying themselves thoroughly one night were Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Gee, they looked swell . . . and so young and everything. By the way . . . Dorothy Gish is coming soon to the Royale with Louis Calhern in "The Magnificent Yankee."

Shop windows are full of summer clothes now. You can call them "Southern Wear" if you like . . . and if you have a ticket to the sun somewhere . . . and a pretty little bank balance. But to most of us they are just plain summer clothes. It is always true that the first productions of these crisp cottons and gay prints are much more attractive than those offered when the local seasons really begin and no doubt it is a good idea to gather up a few for future glamour. But, frankly, we have enough trouble keeping up with what we needed yesterday without trying to figure out what we may need four months from now. Too, that waistline isn't to be trusted too far. Usually one square meal is enough to split a seam, so pardon us if we seem a bit disagreeable about the whole thing. Of course there are many, many figure conditioning salons up and down the avenue and they are expert at bulge breaking . . . and for thirty dollars plus one can slim it down. But there is no security that it will survive a cocktail and beefsteak. And one is very likely to spend more on conquering the bulge than on the garment to cover it. Well, anyway, we've talked ourselves out of that and the shop windows are still full of "Southern Wear" and we'll march right along to the back of the shop where the "drastic reduction" racks offer something to bolster the body tonight.

New strike slogan for those of us who are left out . . . UNFAIR . . . I'M BEING UNFAIR TO MYSELF . . . (at bottom of placard) . . . I'll picket you if you'll picket me.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

For Festive Fun . . .

★ ADMIRAL. Spacious, modern setting. Specialties: fish, oysters, clam chowder and baked Idaho potatoes. Open daily from noon, and there's a bar. 250 W. 57th. Ci. 7-8415.

★ ASTOR. Columbia Room with Jose Morand's orchestra for dancing during cocktails. Ron Perry's band for supper dancing. Closed Monday. Times Square. Ci. 6-6000.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Elbow Room, a cozy little bar, from which you work your way up to the top of the tower, 26th floor for good American cooking, moderately priced. 49th and First Ave. El. 5-7300.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the Glass Hat, Payson Re's orchestra and Nino's Rhumba band, also the Kathryn Duffy Dancers and Bert Stanley. Good food. Lexington at 49th. Wi. 2-1200.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. In the Josephsons' Sheridan Square one-flight walk-down, Josh White continues to top the list of distinctive entertainers. There's none like him when he sings the plaintive old folk song about "I Gave My Love a Chicken." Imogene Coca carries on with her zany commentary on the passing scene, and Cliff Jackson plays some mighty fine piano. Benny Morton's band beats out the rhythm for dancing and good listening. Minimum, \$2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Off Park Avenue, the Josephsons present another distinguished show whose best feature is Susan Reed. She's the young ballad singer who perches on a high kitchen stool, turns her calm but sentient blue eyes upon her audience and announces simply, "This is a zither." Or it may be "This is an Irish harp." Then she sings and the audience invariably clamors for more. Also on the bill, Beatrice Kraft, a pixie with a prim and sexy little face, who burlesques Oriental dancing; and Mary Lou Williams, from Kansas City, whose piano playing is pretty superlative. Ed Hall's orchestra, likewise. We might suggest that you ask them to play, "You Go to My Head," if you want to bear honey out of a horn. Minimum \$3.50. Closed Sunday. 128 E. 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

★ ASTI'S. Everybody sings for your supper. The bartender, the hat check girl, and assorted others wander in and out with songs ranging from Paglicci to Jerome Kern, and it's all kinda nice. It's a little old room about two jumps from the street and usually crowded. Dinner from \$1.50. Closed on Monday. 79 W. 12th. Gr. 5-9334.

★ CAFE TOKAY. Strictly from Hungary. The food and gipsy music are both authentic and they're both fine. There's a dark and handsome man who plays dream nostalgia on his violin. That's his son at the piano. Any time after nine you're quite likely to see some honest-to-God carding, and it's delightful. Dinner from 5 to 9. Dancing after that. Closed Monday. 2nd Ave. between 82nd and 83rd. Re. 4-9441.

★ 400 CLUB. Woody Herman and his orchestra sound to the dance amid the tumult and shouting

of this very gay spot. They're on from 6:30 each evening. Cover after 9 is \$1. Saturday, \$1.50. One East 43rd. Mu. 2-3423.

★ EBERHARDT'S CAFE GRINZING. Gay, cozy Continental atmosphere. Viennese-Hungarian cooking. Bela Villanyi ensemble from 7:30. Continuous entertainment with Carlo Hatvany and Meta Korbitzki. Bar closed Mondays. 323 E. 79th. Re. 4-9117.

★ LEXINGTON. In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloha's orchestra and a pleasant Oahu revue. \$1.75 cover after ten. Higher weekends. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.

★ HELEN LANE'S RESTAURANT. Well edited New England, in the heart of the Village. It's a clean, relaxed and gracious room with scrubbed oak tables and old burnished copper, Audubon prints, and maybe the handsomest and most genial colored service in the city. The food is plain American, and superb. Lunch and dinner around 85 cents and \$1.50, respectively. Closed on Sunday. The tall, well-groomed person around up front is probably Helen Lane. And this is where we came in. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square.

★ LEE CHUMLEY'S. A dim old one-time speak, lined with boot jackets hinting of the glory that was Greenwich in the Golden Twenties. Around an open fireplace and the bar, chess, backgammon, bridge, and gin rummy can always find a taker or a fourth. The waiters are Oriental and the food is mostly American and pretty good. 86 Bedford. Ch. 2-9512.

★ ROOSEVELT. In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's dreamy music for dancing daily except Sunday. Also Mr. and Mrs. Melody's piano interludes. Palm Room for tea or cocktails with music by Esther Vela's string ensemble. Madison at 45th. Ci. 5-6150.

★ RUSSIAN YAR. Wherein Muscovites gather it's bound to be fun. George Magiloff's Balalaika band is better than you expect, and Zachar, the dagger dancer, is killing. Specialties, beef Stroganov shashlik and blinchiki. 38 W. 52nd. El. 5-9746.

★ TOOTS SHOR. Beyond the neat brick facade is a more or less circular bar and a big dining room where Toots does some fine things with steaks and roast beef, and the fowl is more than fair. Our favorite boy back of the bar is Chippy. Lunch and dinner come ala carte. Entrees from \$1.60. Opens Sunday at 4 p. m. 51 W. 51st. Pl. 3-9000.

★ TOWN AND COUNTRY. Enormous elegance, even to the chandeliers. In both the Town Room and the Regional Room really superior American cooking, with the same thing in the Country Room where men can dine in peace without females around. (The girl friend may go there for lunch if she's with an escort.) There's a thing inelegantly called a peanut Ball which tastes pretty gooey and wonderful for dessert. And the T & C bot' popovers are probably among the dreamiest things in the culinary world. Dinner from \$1.65. Sunday brunch, noon to four, \$1.10-\$1.65. Cocktails in the front lounge while you wait for a table. 284 Park, at 49th. Vo. 5-5639.

★ WHALER BAR. So authentic you may get seasick just sitting there. The portholes are alarmingly realistic; so are the old salts who serve the drinks. They wear sloppy blue middies and look kinda charming, even at that. The cushions on the side-wall benches could stand some new upholstering, but maybe you'd rather sit in the little back room anyway. It's darker, there. Lunch ala carte, except on Sundays. Open noon until two a. m. Madison at 38th. Ca. 5-3700.

★ WALDORF ASTORIA. Frank Sinatra has taken over in the Wedgewood Room where Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dancing, relieved around supper time by Mischa Borr. There's a two buck cover beginning around mid-evening. Park at 49th. El. 5-3000.

★ VERSAILLES. Dwight Fiske, of the kingly leer and fiendish delight, sits down at his piano nightly around 8, 12:30 and 2. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday, holidays and opening nights, \$3.50. 151 E. 50th. Pl. 8-0310.

★ TAVERN ON THE GREEN. Walter Perner's orchestra specializes in sweet tunes, varying them with an unusually good collection of Latin-American rhythms. Art Baker's trio takes over from time to time. Minimum after nine, \$1; Saturday, \$1.50. Central Park West at 67th. Re. 4-4700.

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9056). Sensational drama played by an all-Negro cast. Valerie Black, Charles Swain, and Claire Jay. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ ART AND MRS. BOTTLE. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. Ca. 6-9042). Second production by a new cast at this old Greenwich Village theatre. Good entertainment at modest cost. Evenings except Monday, 8:40.

★ BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN. (Coronet, 49th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-8870). Paul Kelly portrays an ex-bootlegger who comes back after 14 years in prison and expects to begin where he left off. He doesn't. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ BRIGHTEN THE CORNER. (Lyceum, 45th, East. Ch. 4-4256). New comedy by John Cecil Holm, presented by Jean Dalrymple, with a cast including Charles Butterworth, Lenore Lonergan, and Phyllis Avery. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Miller, 43rd E. of B'way. Br. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiers and signs the name of her older sister. You can imagine what happened, and it did.

★ DEEP ARE THE ROOTS. (Fulton, 46th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6380). A new play by authors of "Tomorrow, the World." A bit controversial and possibly inconsistent in telling of racial prejudices in the South. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DREAM GIRL. (Coronet, 49th, West. Ci. 6-8870). Prolific playwright Elmer Rice turns out

another vehicle for his wife, Betty Field, an uncommonly good actress. This time it's a comedy about a career girl who daydreams too much. This dreaming means a field day for fantasy, and it's all good fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ DUNNIGAN'S DAUGHTER. (Golden, 45th, West. Ci. 6-6740.) S. N. Behrman's new play starring Dennis King and June Havoc, and presented by the Theatre Guild. Cast includes Luther Adler, and the staging is by Elia Kazan. Such a bevy of good names should indicate a hit. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ GLASS MENAGERIE. (Playhouse, 48th E. of B'way. Br. 9-3565). A moving and beautiful play from the pen of a young author, Tennessee Williams. Laurette Taylor plays the lead. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HAMLET. (Columbus Circle Theatre, Broadway at 59th. Co. 5-1173.) Shakespeare as the GI's saw it overseas. Maurice Evans, under the aegis of Mister Michael Todd, presents the tragedy of the gloomy Dane in mid-Victorian costumes, and sans a few scenes which we've grown used to in this particular play. The gravediggers are out. They say the fellas in uniform considered them corny, and anyway, says Mr. Evans, the play moves better without them. It's a great show. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HARVEY. (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Br. 9-4566). Delightful comedy fantasy about a genial boozier and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA. (Music Box, 48th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-4636). A hilariously funny, yet tenderly touching story about a Norwegian family and its lovable Mama. With Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY. (Lyceum, 45th E. of B'way. Ch. 4-4256). The story of the Back Bay Boston Apley family makes a thoroughly entertaining evening with Leo G. Carroll superb as the late George. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou, 45th W. of B'way. Co. 5-8215). An immensely amusing play based on Clarence Day's book. With Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ MERMAIDS SINGING, THE. (Empire Theatre, B'way at 40th. Pe. 6-9540). An entirely new show with a prominent cast. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ PYGMALION. (Barrymore, 47th, West. Ci. 4-4499.) Gertie Lawrence (the Star Who Danced), having herself a time as the little cockney who turns into a lady, thanks to the efforts of the professor, played this time by Raymond Massey. With Melville Cooper and Cecil Humphries, and staged by Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ RICH, FULL LIFE. (Golden, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6740). Modern melodrama with Judith Evelyn, Frederick Tozer, and Virginia Weidler. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson Theatre, 44th E. of B'way. Br. 9-5641). Best thing of the new season. Lively, timely and telling comedy-drama concerning liberal industrialist who takes to politics but not to politicos, and his wife who likes to tell the truth, never mind who is listening. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ SECRET ROOM. (Royale, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 5-5760). As you can imagine, a hair-chilling mystery with Frances Dee, Eleanor Mendelsohn and Reed Brown, jr. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SKYDRIFT. (Belasco, 44th E. of B'way. Br. 9-2067). A new play by Harry Kleiner with Olive Deering, Robert Breton, and Paul Crabtree. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ STRANGE FRUIT. (Royale Theatre, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 5-5760). An amazing story of Negro life in a small town in Georgia. Twelve scenes, with seven different locales, presents a moving problem alone. They say the whole business is rather slow, due to its size. Evening except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THERESE. (Biltmore, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-9353). Dame May Whitty gives a superb performance in this drama about two lovers who murder in order to get married. With Eva La Gallienne and Victor Jory. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE WINTER'S TALE. (Cort, 48th E. of B'way. Br. 9-0046.) Shakespeare's comedy with Henry Daniell, Florence Reed, and Jessie Royce Landis.

★ THE MERMAIDS SINGING. (Empire, Broadway at 40th. Pe. 6-9540.) A light thing about a playwright in his autumn season who falls in love, almost, with a young girl. John Van Druten, who hardly ever misses, got a bit precious in this one, and although those mermaids (cf. the last part of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock") may sing melodiously, their song barely extends beyond the footlights. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco, 45th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6230). John Van Druten's witty and chuckling comedy about a soldier on leave and two girls. Principals played by Martha Scott, Elliot Nugent and Vicki Cummings. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

Musicals

★ BLOOMER GIRL. (Shubert, 44th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-5990). A nice musical conjured up out of the darkened old question of women's suffrage. With Nanette Fabray, Joan (Oklahoma) McCracken and Dooley Wilson. Evenings except Sunday, 2:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ CAROUSEL. (Majestic, 44th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-0730). A fine musical set in a New England seacoast town in 1870. Fine music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ DARK OF THE MOON. (46th St. Theater, W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6075). Musical drama based on the Barbara Allen folk song—about a witch boy who loved a Smoky Mountain gal. Evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS. (Broadhurst, 44th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-6699). Fast, rowdy, showy, filled with girls, dancing, singing. Stars Gertrude Niesen and Norman Lawrence. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ NELLIE BLY. (Adelphi, 54th E. of 7th Ave. Ci. 6-5097.) A musical comedy with William Gaxton, Victor Moore, Marilyn Maxwell, Benay Venuta.

★ HATS OFF TO ICE. (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. Co. 5-5474). A gala ice extravaganza with all the blade stars you can think of, including Carol Lunne, Geoff Stevens and the Brundt sisters. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ MARINKA. (Barrymore, 47th W. of B'way. Ci. 6-0390). A musical comedy version of Mayerling, but with a happy ending. Jerry Wayne, Luba Malina, Romo Vincent, Edith Fellows and Doodles Weaver. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA. (St. James, 44th W. of B'way. La. 4-4664). So much has been said and written about this show, and the best of it is, it's all true. By all means, don't miss it. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ ON THE TOWN. (Martin Beck, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Ci. 6-6363). The year's best revue with wonderful music, dancing and comedy. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

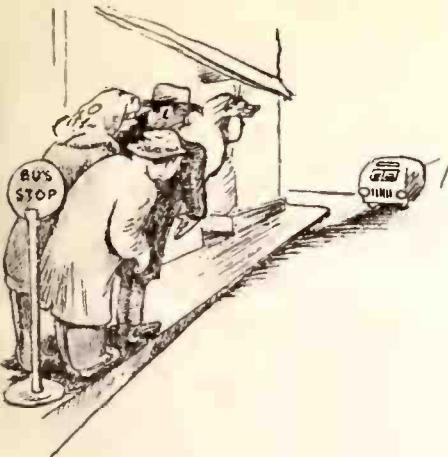
★ POLANAISE. (Adelphi, 54th E. of B'way. Ci. 5-6868). Some Chopin music, lots of singing by Jan Kipura, Marta Eggerth and Rose Ingraham. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ THE RED MILL. (Ziegfeld, 54th and 6th Ave. Ci. 5-5200). Revival of Victor Herbert operetta is made lively and amusing by Eddie Foy, jr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. Herbert music sounds grand. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE THREE GIFTS. (Yiddish Art Theater, 2nd Ave. at 4th St. Gr. 5-5970). A musical fantasy with a wandering musician as the leading character, with Maurice Schwartz, Berta Gersten, Muriel Gruber and Luba Ladison. Evenings, including Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:30.

★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK. (Broadway, 53rd and B'way. Ci. 7-2887). Pretty, lively entertaining musical more in the operetta than comedy vein. With Wilbur Evans, Maureen Cannon, Noah Beery, sr., and Betty Bruce. Evenings except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. Air farers describe this place as the finest among many of the big airports in the country. Food and surroundings are excellent. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE. Reproductions on the walls of Paul Wellman's famous book, and quite in keeping with the spirit of the Ranchhouse. Likewise the food. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ EL NOPAL. Genuine Mexican food served by petite Mexican misses. Open 6 p. m. to 2:30 a. m., Friday, Saturday and Sunday only. 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. All the comforts of home—and then some. Mrs. Dowd serves some of the finest fried chicken in these parts, in a gracious atmosphere. Better have reservations. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ KING JOY LO. Who chops your suey when the wife is out of town? Don Toy is your man. A spacious upstairs restaurant convenient to everything downtown. Luncheon and dinner. 8 W. 12th. HA. 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Just a good jump from the lobby. Busy and bright; probably as good service as you'll find anywhere. Open all night, too. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ LUPE'S MEXICAN FOOD. For those like it hot, Lupe's torrid, tempestuous Mexican dishes are heartily recommended. But all Mexican cooking is not hot . . . and here's the place to find out how good it really can be. On the Plaza. 618 W. 48th St. VA. 9611.

★ GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE. One of the few restaurants in these parts specializing in sea food. Fish and chips for lunch is the favorite of many down-towners. And they have a big variety of other sea-foods, too. Open 11 a. m. to 8 p. m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ MARTIN'S. One of the largest and finest places in Kansas City, with two large bars, a night club and "Chicken In The Rough" table and booth service. All of which is very fine. Joe Meyers' trio turn out the most polished jazz this town has heard in a decade. On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. Myron Green won't let you forget that you can't beat a woman's cooking. He offers fine food in two neatly appointed establishments. 1115 Walnut (VI. 8960) and on the Plaza, 4700 Wyandotte (WE. 8310).

★ NANCE'S CAFE. Large enough to accommodate the 17th precinct of the 11th ward all at one sitting, but small enough to give individualized attention to your culinary whims. In the B. M. A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP. A nice blonde room where you can get a wonderful cheese and nut sandwich, in case you're interested, and some very substantial food, too. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. A large pleasant room serving luncheon only and featuring Wolferman's famous food. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. Meatless meals done up in unbelievable style with accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30, Monday through Friday. Sunday 11:30-2:00. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Kosher style cookery and the town's most varied menu. The food is rich and there's lots of it. Harry Weiss has spared no effort in making this one of the most satisfying places in town. Whole families like it for Sunday dinner pow-wows. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN. It's a little too chilly to take your food ala-automobile, but there are plenty of nice red and blonde booths and tables inside. Good food, excellent service. On the Plaza, 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. A luxurious dining room featuring de luxe dinners. Martin Weiss has made this place hard to match for variety, quality and quantity. What a spot to get yourself locked in for the night! Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ BLUE HILLS BARBECUE. The ideal place for a perfect evening, what with barbecued ribs, beef and chicken for dinner or supper. Then to top it all off, step into the cocktail lounge where the Clef Dwellers entertain nightly from 9 to 1:30 a. m. Eddie Cross, well known for making a distinctive place of Jan's Grill on the Plaza, is your host at

Blue Hills. For a perfect evening, here is a place made to order. Closed Sundays. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ ATER-HORN MUSEUM. Worth a full evening to wander around among the clutter of curios, including the two-headed calf, powder horns, stuffed alligators and longhorn heads. George Ater's Old Fashions and luscious steaks call for repeat performances. 1307 Main. HA. 9469.

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Fillum Fun and Joshua Johnson fill a mighty fine bill here. One on the screen above the piano and the other on the illuminated keyboard of the piano. Weird Black Light accentuate the tuneful fingers of OJsh. It's worth a full evening. Food, service and drinks are top drawer. 3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Legislation here is for big Congress steaks and really good dinner salads. Bet both houses would agree on that measure. Alma Hatten is caressing the keyboard for the fourth straight month. 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE. Something new has been added and this is it. A bright new spot, exquisite in decor, and with Rocco Ray, boogie pianist, working with Black Light. Hotel Robert E. Lee, 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. A big and chummy place with a couple of enormous circular booths for larger parties. Harry Turner keeps a busy and interesting place. The lovely, blonde Pauline Neece entertains nightly at the Hammond organ. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ GUS' RESTAURANT. The newest entry in the Downtown District Derby. The former "Colony" has been redecorated in grand style—modern and cozy—with a spectacular entrance and a cute bar. Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, is on hand to welcome you . . . and the food is rather special. Nice gypsy music, too!

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. A fine array of genuine Italian dishes served at tables or latticed booths by young ladies in native Italian attire. They also feature fine steaks and American cooking. Service from 4 p. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. An attractive blue and gold room with bar, tables and booths, and capably managed by Glenn E. Wood. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Every noon it becomes a branch office of WHB, KCMO, and KCKN, mainly because of good food, reasonable prices and excellent service. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. Could be a taxidermy school, but no—you are the one who gets stuffed with fine food and inspiring mixed drinks. 314 W. 12th. HA. 9224.

★ PHIL TRIPP'S. A quick one at the bar in front, and then step right back to the dining room for spaghetti, steaks or delicious meatball sandwiches. Across from the Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ PICADILLY ROOM. A friendly little silver and blue room downstairs from the bus station, frequented by radio people, actors and writers. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Food and drinks to the tune of crashing pins. The cocktail lounge is small and tidy; so is the dining room and both are usually crowded. On the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Attractive lounge, the South Side sister of the Town Royale. Mary Dale takes over at the Console of the Hammond organ while Zola Palmer moves over to the Town Royale. 614 W. 48th. GR. 0800.

★ PIONEER ROOM. A pastel and old rose room in the new Westport Arms hotel. A divan all the way around makes it cozy and convivial. Happy Stilts is your host. Westport Arms Hotel, 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT. Excellent food, fine service in this roomy, convenient down-town oasis. Cocktails, those great levelers, are superb in the downstairs grill. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. An extremely comfortable and inviting dining room offering booths, tables and bar stools for your comfort. Piano melodies during the dinner and supper hour offer a pleasant and inspiring obligato. Opens at 4 p. m. Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks, music and everybody you know. It's one of those places always crowded for very obvious reasons. Alene Johnson, piano stylist, now featured. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT. In the heart of Waldo is a gathering place for the kind of folks you like to meet. A large place with a modernistic bar and off to the side, an attractive dining room. Above the bar are some interesting murals on the canopy, accentuated by fluorescent and indirect lighting. 405-07 West 75th st., in the heart of Waldo. JA. 9796.

★ SAVOY GRILL. Dim, historic and dignified with the finest foods and drinks. Opens 10 a. m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA. Friendly, neighborly place where the chief attraction is the pretty gal at the piano who plays loud boogie and sings in a big, deep voice. She reminds you of Lauren Bacall. The name is Jeannie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ TOWN ROYALE. This beautifully appointed, dimly lit downtown spot is mighty popular with the younger set. Mary Dale plays piano and solo-vox. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. Old Romanic architecture, historic appointments, plus expertly prepared food and incidental piano music. A nice place to go for a quiet, restful dinner. Armour, west of Troost. VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Favorite waiting place for people getting on or leaving a train. Next door is the big Fred Harvey dining room which, too, is usually crowded. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★**ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A diminutive little place tucked away in the Continental Hotel where your greenbacks do double duty. The bargain "two-for-one" cocktail hour from 3 to 5 each afternoon is something worth battling crowds to get into. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★**CABANA.** Latin-American in decor, with a large circular bar with comfortable stools, booths and tables. Hazel Smith at the Novachord afternoons and in the evenings the charming and talented Alberta Bird. Hotel Phillips. GR. 5020.

★**OMAR ROOM.** A dim and inviting room, famous for its vintage of the grape and singing in the wilderness. A fine place to get acquainted. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★**PINK ELEPHANT.** A tiny room just off the walk where there are pink elephants on the walls and old two-reel comedies on a center screen from time to time. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★**THE TROPICS.** A melee of palms and bamboo with an occasional tropical storm bursting out all over the place. Mary Jean Miller entertains at the Hammond and the Seinway, separately and together. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★**ZEPHYR ROOM.** A soft green lounge with amber mirror tables, deep in the heart of the magnificent Bellerive Hotel. Entertainment top-liners this month are Seers and Haymer, pianistic clowns; Wayne Muir, impressionistic and boogey pianist; and Sandvol, the Latin Troubadour. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★**CROWN ROOM.** Judy Conrad's Beguine Rhythm, featuring Billy Snyder, the world's smallest trumpet player, begins around six. Dancing till 1:30. The new Russian Room is a wonderful glass house. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★**CUBAN ROOM.** Hangout for the gentry who dig the jumping jive. The Herman Walder trio bounce this bistro nightly from 7 p. m. until the legal curfew. If you work up an appetite, the kitchen dishes out dinner. 5 West Linwood (just off Main). VA. 4634.

★**DRUM ROOM.** You can't beat it. Of course, you can't dance much, either, because the junior size floor is always jammed. But it's one of our favorite plushy places for luncheon, dinner or supper. Gene Pringle and his orchestra have moved in for a stay of at least two months. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★**EL CASBAH.** One of the classiest places in the midwest, featuring the stars of the Zephyr Room as well as Arthur Blake, popular impressionist, playing a return engagement, and Charley Wright's smooth orchestra. Saturday afternoon cocktail danc-sants, no minimum or cover, and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★**MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** An amiable place where lots of people dance with lots of other people to Julia Lee's music, and the rest sit, sip and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★**PLANTATION.** Vic Colan and his Chicagoans have been held over for several more weeks at this popular rural supper club. Highway 40, East.

★**PENGUIN ROOM.** It will be homecoming this month for Constance Duin and her all-girl orchestra, at this smart downtown spot. No minimum or cover. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★**SOUTHERN MANSION.** One of the more ultra downtown spots, done up to live up to its name. Dee Peterson and the boys play for dinner and supper dancing. They're smooth and unobtrusive. No bar, but excellent drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★**TERRACE GRILL.** Chaiparelli pink walls, mirrors refracting the glow of cleverly concealed lights. Dim, not too noisy, yet cozy and congenial. Anson Weeks and his new band come in January for a four-weeks stay. Call Gordon Ewing for reservations. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★**TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** There are only three or four B-Flat trumpets in the world and Dale Jones pumps the valves of this amazing instrument nightly at one of the near suburban spots on the south side. Dale has one of the bounciest bands for six pieces you ever heard. Food, drinks and dancing until way late. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★**TROCADERO.** A chummy cocktail lounge just off Main west on 39th. No orchestra but all the latest platters are served from a jute box.



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

PICTURES EXPECTED IN KANSAS CITY IN FEBRUARY

(Tentative Schedule)

NEWMAN

CONFIDENTIAL AGENT—A rehash of the Spanish Civil War intrigues and the part they played in bringing about World War II. Charles Boyer portrays an ex-concert pianist detailed by Spanish republicans to obtain coal from the British. Lauren Bacall is the daughter of the English coal tycoon. From here on out, it's Boyer and Baby against the fascists. With Katina Paxinou, Peter Lorre, George Coulouris and Victor Francen.

LOST WEEKEND—Based on the Charles Jackson novel of the experiences of an alcoholic. The saloons and hock-shops of New York's Third Avenue are all there. Ray Milland, as the alcoholic, gives the best characterization of his career. Jane Wyman, as his girl, gives a delicate and moving performance. **LOST WEEKEND** is definitely one of the "must-see" pictures of the year.

RKO ORPHEUM

THE UNSEEN—From the novel by Ethel Lina White. A thriller-circumstances under which three pretty ladies get their necks broken. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall and Richard Lyon. (Companion Picture) **TOO YOUNG TO KNOW**. A pleasant legend about a boy and a girl and you-know-what. Joan Leslie and Robert Hutton.

CORNERED—Yarn of the post-war hunt of a Canadian flier for the collaborationist responsible for the death of his French bride. Suspense and thrills all over France, Belgium, Switzerland and Argentina. Dick Powell as the flier, of course; Nina Vale as the slinky, unscrupulous femme menace. With Walter Slezak, Micheline Cheirel, Edgar Barrier and Jack LaRue. (Companion Picture) **RIVERBOAT RHYTHM**. With Leon Harold.

UPTOWN, FAIRWAY, ESQUIRE

SCARLET STREET—Starring the same team we liked so well in "Woman in the Window"—Edward G. Robinson and Joan Bennett. With Dan Duryea, Jess Barker and Margaret Lindsay.

BECAUSE OF HIM—Deanna Durbin, Charles Laughton and Franchot Tone—with Donald Meek, Helen Broderick and Stanley Ridges.

DAKOTA—A familiar land-grab story dressed up with knock-down fights and John Wayne. Story deals with the difficulties encountered by early Dakota settlers in battling black hearted men (blacker than the Black Hills, egad), who try to swindle said farmers' land from them. With his customary nonchalance, Wayne plays a gambler; Vera Hruba Ralston is his bride. With Walter Brennan, Nicodemus Stewart, Ward Bond and Mike Mazurki.

LOEW'S MIDLAND

SPELLBOUND—Alfred Hitchcock mixes psychoanalysis and suspense in this tale of a woman doctor who attempts to straighten out the mental twists of a man who thinks he has committed murder. Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck are convincing as the starring twosome. Watch for excellent performances by Michael Chekhov and Wallace Ford, the dream sets designed by Salvador Dali, and the magnificent background music by Miklos Rosza.

UP GOES MAISIE—The irrepressible Ann Sothern does another of her boisterous, bouncy Maisie roles.

THE HARVEY GIRLS—A flamboyant technicolor musical, based on the Samuel Hopkins Adams novel. Harvey Girl Judy Garland turns out a fistfull of songs, including the notable "On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe". Among other doin's, she battles a dance hall queen, Angels Lansbury, to purify a Western town and win the affections of a saloon-keeper. The film is longer on singing, dancing and romancing than it is on history—but altogether, mighty entertaining.



THE TOWER

Stage and screen: Always a triple-decker (2 screen features and a stage revue) with garnishes of newsreel, comedy, etc. Just one way to while away five or six hours. (Features not posted in advance.)

FOLLY THEATRE

Vaudeville and girlie shows of the semi-lusty sort. (Features not posted in advance.)

Swing Around

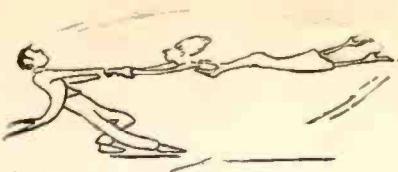
HOLMES' HOME . . . Chief Deputy Holmes of the sheriff's office stayed home a few days not long ago and it wasn't until somebody brought up the subject of weather that his absence was definitely accounted for.

One morning, following a night of meteorological refrigeration the chief ventured out on his front porch for a preliminary survey. Everywhere the landscape was ideal for hockey practice. Trees snipped and snapped and a car was crossways the road spinning its wheels. The chief stood there a few minutes and watched the progress of a young lady skittering along the sidewalk and decided he had a fine test case right there in front of him.

Finally the gal slipped out of sight, and the chief decided he would slip back in the house and crawl in for the day.

While in the physical act of turning around to go back inside, the chief's landing gear buckled. In a flat spin, he went down as hard as a horse being thrown out a third story window.

It was small comfort to the chief, propped up in a chair, swimming in liniment and arnica, to call up the boss and hazard the assertion that perhaps it was too slippery for major crimes to be committed, so he guessed he'd stay home.



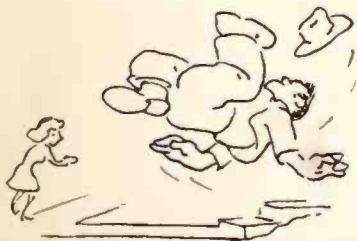
AND WE'RE STILL WONDERING . . .

Friend of ours invited a lady friend to Sunday dinner a few weeks ago, and supplied the main course himself—having it cooked by one of the town's best chefs at a downtown restaurant. It was obviously game of some kind, which he served in grand style after carving it expertly. Pheasant? Seemed too big. Duck? Maybe—but it didn't look like a duck. So we asked him. "Owl," he said . . . and we're still wondering. Any owl-eaters in the house?

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NEW HONORS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

If want to become an ace photographer, the way to do it is to sell subscriptions to the "Youth's Companion," earn a box camera at the age of nine, make a fortune, retire, and pursue camera work as a hobby. That's the story of William H. McCrum, Kansas City oilman, whose hobby is photography, and who has made a number of Swing's back covers. He has just been awarded second prize in a nation-wide contest for his photo of the "Old Watts Mill," Dallas, Missouri, which appeared on our September back cover. The competition is sponsored annually by Pillsbury Mills, was judged this year by Ivan Dmitri. In London, five out of six subjects submitted by Mr. McCrum have been selected for exhibition at the London Salon . . . Last month's Swing cover, by the way—a rainy-snowy shot of the corner at Tenth and Grand in Kansas City —was a McCrum photo. At the right is the Long-Bell Building, to which Crosby Kemper will this year move his City National Bank and Trust Company. You're right! The folks are already beginning to call it "Crosby's Corner."

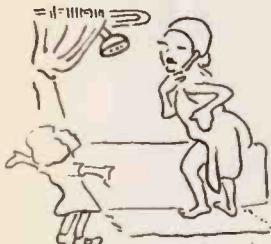


DOUBLETALK . . . It consists of a skillful blending of sense and nonsense that produces in the victim upon which it is worked a strong suspicion that he is either hard of hearing or slowly going mad.

BATH BURGLAR . . . In still another part of this great and undependable universe, a willowy young thing was going through the preliminaries of a shower. Nearby stood her two and a half year old sprig, Judy. A precocious child, Judy thought the entire procedure was pretty fine entertainment.

For the sake of conversation the mother asked: "Judy, did you ever take a shower bath?"

"No," replied Judy with a childish wince—"Is there one missing?"



CHEM-MYSTERY . . . Over at the University of Kansas City a professor watched his students in a chemistry class, and was told they were looking for a universal solvent . . . something that would dissolve anything.

"I think it is a great idea," the professor offered. "When you find it, what are you going to keep it in?"

•

HIS CUT . . . Every workday evening about 400 young thrushes pile on a groaning Sunset Hill in front of the Hallmark greeting card company at 26th and Grand avenue here in Kansas City. How they all get on is a traction company miracle and at the same time a lesson in proper folding.

The other evening standees obstructed the motorman's vision and as he pulled the lever to close the rear door he caught a young lady right in the coat.

No damage was done, but a standee remarked: "You might have cut her in two."

The motorman quipped: "I wouldn't want to do that, madam, there's enough women around here now without slicing them up to make more."

MOVE, OR WE WON'T . . . With exasperation running out of both ears, a motorman on one of those fish-shaped Troost avenue street cars implored his passengers to "Move back in the cah, please."

But the weary standees continued to do what weary standees usually continue to do under such circumstances, merely shifting their weight from one foot to the other.

But more and more customers climbed aboard as the tram threaded its way out of the downtown section. "Move to the back of the cah, puhleeze," the rail navigator implored.

Finally he stopped the car in the middle of a block, leaned on his crank handle with all the ease of a rehearsed performance, turned around and announced loudly:

"Well, it looks as though you people don't want to go home at all." And he stood there.

In a few seconds there was enough room in the front of that car for two Holsteins and a Brown Swiss.

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ONE FOR D. DIX . . . Judge Cowan has his troubles over in the divorce court, too.

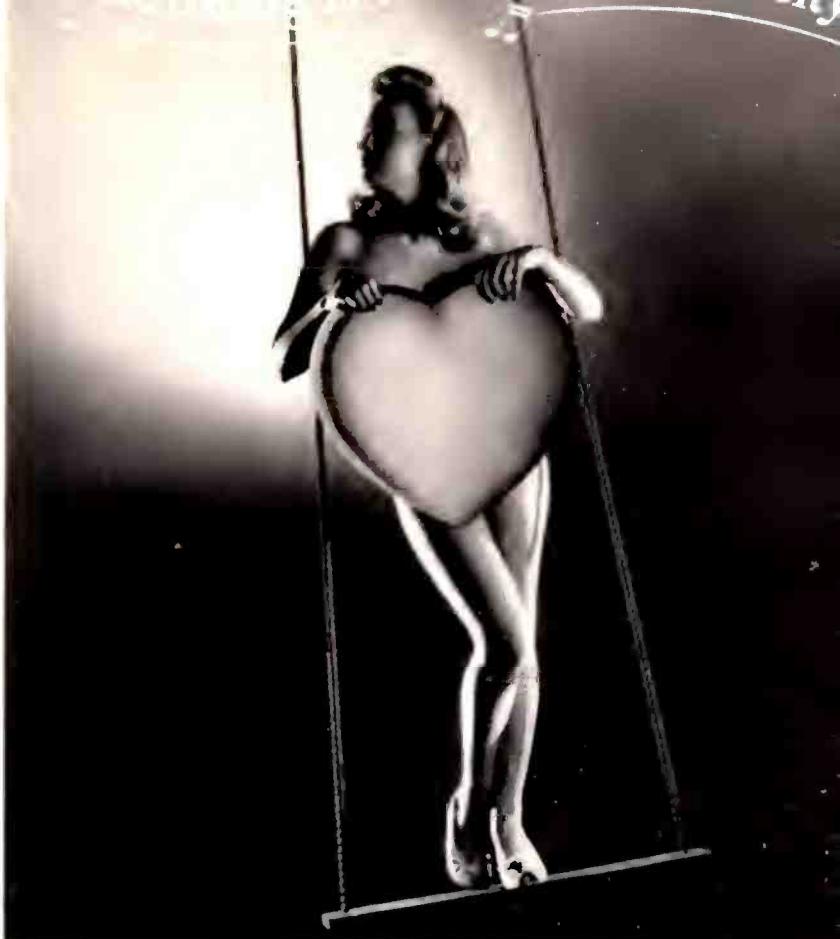
The other day an attorney in a divorce suit asked the plaintiff: "Do you doubt your wife's veracity?"

"Well, no," the man hesitated. "At least I have never heard of her going out with any other man."



A POLITICAL UNDRESS . . . A well known judge, speaking before a Kansas City civic group on the antiquated 1825 Missouri constitution, put it this way:

"This antiquated program is not suited to the nudes of any community."



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KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX NOVEMBER '45	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A.M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A.M.—12 Noon	27.2	21.7	18.6	12.3	15.7	3.4
WEEKDAYS P.M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P.M.	28.2	22.6	26.7	15.9	8.8	2.4
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P.M.	10.7	37.0	27.0	14.5	9.0	3.8
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A.M.—6 P.M.	31.8	28.8	26.7	12.6	2.1	0.0

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

