



September 1946

25¢

BURLY BURLEIGH

Burleigh Grimes, manager of the Kansas City Blues of the American Association during Bill Meyer's recent illness, told WHB Sports Party listeners (Saturday 4:30 p.m.) that the spit-ball, which he made famous, was a dangerous and sometimes unruly weapon. It was abolished by organized baseball to avoid undue risk to batters. The pill, moistened with slippery elm, was liable to break wildly in any direction, and when moistened properly, it always did. Burleigh's greatest pitching effort was probably the near no-hitter he hurled for the St. Louis Cardinals in the 1931 World Series. It was spoiled when Bing Miller of the Athletics caught one on the handle and sent it just over the infield. Burleigh is now a part-time farmer on his 240 acres near Trenton, Missouri.



POLIO PARLEYS

Infantile Paralysis, its prevention and treatment, were discussed in two forum broadcasts on WHB, with nationally prominent figures participating. In the top picture, left to right, are Roe Bartle, Kansas City Boy Scout area executive; Dr. Harte Van Riper, medical director for the National Foundations; and James J. Rick, chairman of the Jackson County Foundation. Lower pictures, in another broadcast, shows Rick, Dr. Hugh S. Dwyer, Kansas City Health Director, and News Chief Dick Smith.

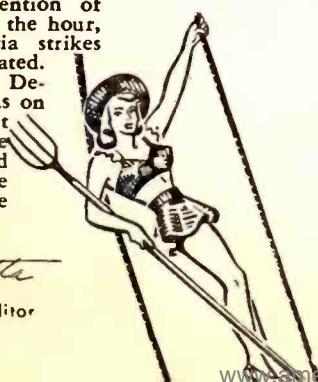
Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

THIRTY days hath September and everyone of them is something like a pecan praline—rich and sweet and sorta nuts, and crisp around the edge. September may feel like the middle of July or early November, depending on where you live and the whims of the season. But you can always recognize the month by black satin dresses, rush parties, dust on the goldenrods, the sound of recess, the sudden uptake in the sales of lead pencils and Parker 51's, and people falling off cliffs on Labor Day.

September is called September because in the old Roman calendar it was their lucky Septem. (Craps—to you). In our calendar it's the ninth month. But the Christians still went on calling it September, probably because they were afraid if they didn't they'd be meted out to the lions, and we do mean meated.

In September the sun moves through the signs of Virgo and Libra. It's a well balanced month. Mars, Jupiter, Venus and Mercury are wheeling around in orderly commotion in the sky. At the 59th minute of the 9th hour of the 11th day, the Harvest Moon appears. And on the 23rd, there's the Equinox. At a certain moment the center of the lonely terrible sun falls directly on the belt of the earth. And everywhere in our world, the night and day are of equal length. Then the insistent turning of the earth moves us into the third season, and the autumnal nostalgia sets in slowly—a gentle ache compounded of the remembrance of things past and a yearning for something that never was. But the almanac makes no mention of this. The day, the hour, when nostalgia strikes are not calculated. But it comes. Depend on it—as on the Harvest Moon, the Equinox, and the decline and fall of the year.



Jette
Editor

VOL. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1946 NO. 9

ARTICLES

COLORADO VACATION.....	D. W. Hodgins	3
THOSE INDEFATIGABLE SWISS.....	John W. Fraser, jr.	7
HUBBA HUBBA.....	Malcolm Hyatt	11
VALLEY OF THE CHURCHES.....	William Ornstein	13
"MR. WATSON, COME HERE".....	Don Fredericks	17
MURDER AND NO MARK.....	R. B. Forsythe	21
SO YOU WANT TO BE FUNNY?.....	Keith Wilson	25
THREE DIMENSIONAL PICTURES.....	Harry Van Demark	27
COMPOSER LAUREATE.....	Abner D. Klipstein	31
BENEFACTOR BARNARD.....	Joel Longacre	43
THEY CALL IT UNITY.....	Mori Greiner	47

MISCELLANIES

ATOMIC QUIZ.....		10
DEEPER AND DEEPER.....	Frank B. Taylor	50
COLLINSTUFF	Tom Collins	65

OUR TOWN TOPICS

SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY.....	2
SWING'S MAN OF THE MONTH, KEARNEY WORNALL.....	37
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY.....	61
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS.....	66
SWING AROUND.....	67

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO LETTER.....	Nort Jonatban	51
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	Marion Odmark	53
NEW YORK LETTER.....	Lucie Brion	55
NEW YORK PORTS OF CALL.....	Jeanne Taylor	57

PICTURES

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September's HEAVY DATES in KANSAS CITY



CONVENTIONS

- Sept. 1-3. Department of Missouri American Legion and Auxiliary, Municipal Auditorium, with a banquet in the arena Sept. 2.
- Sept. 6-7. Missouri Association of Insurance Agents, Muehlebach.
- Sept. 8-10. Heart of America Cosmetology Institute, Municipal Auditorium.
- Sept. 13-14. Independent Refiners, Hotel President.
- Sept. 15-16. Midwest Newspaper Advertising Executives, Hotel President.
- Sept. 15-18. American War Dads and Auxiliary, Gold Star Parents, War Dad Headquarters.
- Sept. 21-25. National Council of Catholic Women, Hotel Muehlebach and Municipal Auditorium.
- Sept. 26-28. Missouri Bar Association, Hotel Phillips.
- Sept. 30-Oct. 4. American College of Osteopathic surgeons, Hotel Continental.
- Sept. 2-Oct. 2. Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Hotel Continental.

THEATRE

- Sept. 1. "Up In Central Park", Music Hall.

SCHOOL OPENINGS

- Sept. 4 All Kansas City, Missouri and Kansas City, Kansas public and parochial schools, grades and high schools.
- Sept. 16. University of Kansas City registration.
- Sept. 16. Rockhurst University opening of classes.
- Sept. 17 University of Kansas City opening of classes.

ART

- Kansas City Art Institute
- Sept. 29. Reception and Open House from 4:00 to 7:00 p.m. at Vanderslice Hall.
- Sept. 30. Fall semester opens.
- Exhibitions: Faculty show in galleries of Vanderslice hall during entire month of October. William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.
- Loan Exhibitions: Latin-American Drawings.
- Special Feature: Burnap Collection of Pottery.

SPECIAL EVENTS

- Sept. 14. Antique Show, Little Theatre.
- Sept. 16. Mexican Fiesta, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Sept. 20. TWA's "Frantic Follies of 1946", Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Sept. 26. Congregation of B'nai Jeshudah, Music Hall.
- Sept. 29. Food Show, Municipal Auditorium Arena.
- Sept. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29. Midget Auto Racing, Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River.

DANCING

- Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
- Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Don Glaser.
- Sept. 11, 12, 14, 15. Mickey Bride.
- Sept. 18, 19, 21, 22, 25, 29. Ozzie Clark.
- Sept. 25, 29. Wayne Wills.
- Sept. 26. Jerry Wald.
- Sept. 28. Lawrence Welk.
- From Tuesday, Sept. 10, regular "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.

WRESTLING

- Sept. 3 and Sept. 17. Sponsored by American Legion and presented by Sports, Incorporated, Municipal Auditorium. Wrestling every Thursday night at Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

FOOTBALL

- Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
- Sept. 21. Annual clash between Texas Christian University and the University of Kansas.

GOLF

- Public Courses
- Armour Fields, 69th & Ward Parkway.
- Belle-Air, 93rd & Nall, Johnson County.
- Old Mission, 48th & Washita, Johnson County.
- St. Andrews, 8501 State Line, Johnson County.
- Stayton Meadows, Blue Ridge, Highway 40.
- Swope Park Golf Club, Swope Park.
- Swope Park No. 2, Swope Park, Victory Hills, 4 miles W. on 40, Wyandotte County.

BASEBALL

- Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
- Sept. 2 (double header), Milwaukee.
- Sept. 3 (single game), Milwaukee.



Colorado VACATION

Where to go and how to get there, and what you'll see.

by D. W. HODGINS

THERE you are in your one-shoulder dress motoring through the Colorado mountains. You were lucky enough to draw the front seat in the cool, colorful Colorado auto tour, and now all you have on your mind is getting both arms tanned without changing places with the driver or removing a sleeve.

Your whole trip had been planned in a feverish rush between 4:30 and 5 o'clock when the boss went out early and gave you an unexpected chance to get out. Then there was the mad dash to Continental Airlines ticket office where your space on a Skystreamer had already been confirmed. Mom and the kid brother packed your tennis racket, golf clubs, fishing rod, water wings, and yes, even a ski suit, for those cool Colorado evenings, while you tore around the house getting ready.

With the plane and your head in the clouds you paged idly through the Colorado pamphlets, and wondered where you would go first. But Continental Airlines had taken care of all of this, and reserved space for you in the Stanley Hotel at Estes Park.

Estes Park is in north central Colorado, in the heart of a rugged vaca-



tion area, joining Rocky Mountain National Park. It is really a gorgeous gorge in the center of 150 acres of tumbling foothills, cut through by the Big Thompson river. The Stanley has room for 300 guests who spend much of the evening sitting in the get-acquainted bar, and then tripping into the spacious dining room for steaks and trout.

It takes half a week to clue the curio shops of Estes, with a couple of days thrown in to make the restaurants and nocturnal amusement haunts. A theatre sits at the foot of the mountain by which an impatient little brook rattles along. You realize you're in the mountains and you're glad—especially for your wool shirt.

The next day you transfer to Estes Park Chalet, a huge mountain lodge parked beneath a big rock, with balconies, logs in the fireplace, and

the smell of the pines. You ride horses at the stables on the property. Then, you trek with a party of 20 towards Long Peak, 14,225 high. By that time you wish an ambulance would come along and pick you up, but it doesn't and you walk home for a night of refreshing slumber.

The next day you grab up a "convenient one-day tour" across the 12,000-foot trail, Ridge Road of the Continental Divide, to Grand Lake, a wonderful spot and the highest yachting point in the world. The lake swarms with boats all the year from oar jobs to high speed launches. In the afternoon you sit in varied establishments, one with a huge fireplace in the center of the room skirted by a smooth dance floor. And another with hugeous hamburgers and French-fried onions set before you.

You stay without an arm twisting at the Grand Lake Lodge, a two-room accommodation overlooking the lake. In the evening you gather with the other guests in the main lodge around a great open campfire of crackling logs and think up fish stories and multiple plain experiences to exchange.

The Rocky Mountain Motor company has convenient trips back to Denver on which you can catch connecting Continental flights for the Monday morning job, but for the twang of fresh air in your lungs, the feel of the softest soft water on your face, and the sake of our story, you stay on.

Turning to the more rugged life, you choose Rivercliff Ranch, 52 miles southwest of Denver, now open for

the first year since the war. The Pete Smythes beckon with an offer for a little trout fishing, horses, and excellent views of the cattle country in a genuine homey atmosphere.

Next is Saddle String Ranch, snuggled in the crook of a mountain's arm, under the shadow of Devil's Head Peak, just 50 miles from Denver. You have a colorful, rustic cabin and good wholesome food served ranch style. Your camera gets a sound workout on the spectacular scenery and wild life. The guests, including you, are right there for the supper parties and moonlight rides.

And then you find yourself at Shady Brook Guest Ranch in Deckers, an hour drive southwest of Denver—where your levis come in handy for the horseback rides up the valley past the beaver dams, and then back for a terrific meal.

So you can tell your friends how beef looks on the hoof, you check in at the Open Box C, to get some true western life. The ranch is located



in the Black Forest district with one of the largest herds of cattle in Colorado roaming the 5,000 acres.

You'll probably want to stay at Drowsy Water, Fisheraner, and the numerous other dude ranches sur-

rounding Denver, but the lure of city life is still in your veins and the next stop is in Colorado Springs at the Broadmoor Hotel. Located at the base of Pike's Peak, the Broadmoor is famous for top resort entertainment.

The hotel is a city within itself, offering golf, riding, football, tennis, ice skating, swimming, etc. It is a "you name it and it's yours" resort. There are horse shows, ice carnivals, golf tournaments, auto races, polo tournaments and rodeos to offset the Diesel cog train trips to the 14,110-foot summit of Pike's Peak, and all

of this plus the gorgeous red sandstone spires of the Garden of the Gods. The Will Rogers "Shrine of the Sun" is a must on Cheyenne Mountain, which also offers a spectacular view of the country.

And then it's all over. Continental Airlines arranges your flight back to Kansas City, Chicago, or wherever, and you go home with a beautiful tan on that sleeveless arm. Your mind is rested, you're happy, and you're convinced that vacations by air are wonderful, and you're going back to Colorado next year.



TALES FROM THE TOTS

The youngster had heard much about his little cousin Peter, although he had never seen him. At last Peter came for a visit and the excitement was intense.

When the meeting took place, nobody could understand when the lad took one look at his cousin and burst into tears of disappointment. When pressed for the reason for his tears, the boy sobbed, "I thought that Peter was a rabbit."—*Cappers Weekly*.



A middle aged man rescued a small boy from the teasing of some older children and gave the victim some cookies and two old tennis balls to take home. The next morning his doorbell rang and there stood the little boy beaming. He walked up to the nearest table and began to empty his pockets of keys. Hundreds of keys came out of his pockets—big keys, little keys, dozens of keys to nowhere. Keys on chains and in rings. Broken keys and rusted keys. "I came to tell you," said the lad, gravely, "that if you ever need any keys I can let you have some."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



*Who says an old dog can't pick up
new tricks?*

*The watch came from Geneva.
But it kept more than time—
it kept the faith.*

by JOHN W. FRASER, JR.

THOSE INDEFATIGABLE *Swiss*

THE year was 1919, and it was Paris in the spring. The war was over and gay crowds thronged the boulevards. American soldiers were strolling hand in hand with maids of gay Paree . . . whispering fond farewells and at the same time eyeing bulletins pasted on shop windows announcing the departure of troop ships for the United States. On a side street a young major ambled along and thought of his imminent voyage home. During his saunter he chanced upon an army surplus store. Turning in the doorway, the army man found counters and shelves piled high with the hundreds of little items that always accompany an army into battle. While browsing through the musty collection of knapsacks, razors, field boots and things found only in an army surplus outlet, he spied the watch. It was a massive thing—thick steel case, luminous numerals, and a stop watch attachment. The cover of the box containing the watch provided the information that the time-piece was one of a consignment purchased during the war from the Swiss government for use by our Corps of Engineers. It was a real he-man watch and the major, being a real he-man, promptly decided that this was the watch for him. He purchased it for the sum of thirty-five dollars, tucked it safely into his breast pocket and, whistling happily, he returned to

his billet in preparation for his voyage to the States.

Being an ambitious young man, the major resigned from the service and came west to Kansas City, Missouri. It is 1922 and our hero is managing a ten-cent store near 11th and Main. During the preceding three years the Swiss creation has kept excellent time and not once has the ex-army man been late for work. And then—catastrophe! A crowded store, a harried manager, a nervous gesture and the gleaming watch slips inadvertently to the floor. The crestfallen manager pried off the back cover of the time-piece to learn the extent of the damage. He found the name of a jeweler in Geneva stamped inside the cover and further investigation revealed that only the stop watch attachment had been damaged in the fall.

Happy coincidences are much more enjoyable when they occur in true stories. The watch lover learned through a family letter that his cousin, a bright young thing in her early twenties, was about to embark upon a scheduled tour of Europe. Wishing only the original maker to repair the watch, he wrote to the girl, who was in St. Louis, to determine whether or not her route took her through Geneva. He was delighted to find that it did and he requested that she take the watch

with her and deliver it to the jeweler upon reaching Geneva. He was a little apprehensive, of course, for the watch had never left his sight since its purchase. And then—once more fate cast a crooked shadow. The early summer of 1922 found the girl and her party in Florence, Italy. It was a sad and somber group, for four members of the entourage had become stricken with a serious stomach ailment. A short time later the agent conducting the tour informed the "bearer of the message to Garcia" that the swing through Geneva was to be cancelled and that the group would make all haste to return to the United States because of the illness. Being a resourceful lass and not wishing to come home with the broken time-piece, she carefully wrapped and mailed it to the address in Geneva. An accompanying letter painstakingly written in travel folder Swiss outlined instructions as to how the watch should be returned to America.

When the Kansas Citian learned of the illness that had befallen the group, and that his cousin had mailed the watch on from Florence, he donned his mourning clothes for he felt certain that he would never see his beloved watch again. But he was soon to learn that Swiss business ethics are not to be surpassed. Within three months he received a letter from Geneva in which the watchmaker stated that the watch was now repaired and in excellent running condition. He read joyfully on and learned that upon receipt of four dollars for repairs, the watch would be packed and shipped immediately. But our watch lover was a cautious

soul and wishing no harm to come to his precious timepiece, he sought out the customs officials and inquired about duty that might be charged against the incoming watch.



He was chagrined to learn that full duty, a matter of fifty dollars, would be charged. The sad young man listened patiently while the customs man explained that if he had registered the watch before sending it to Europe, it would be returned duty free. In his room that evening the watch lover counted his pennies. No! Fifty dollars was just too much. Besides, he had paid only thirty-five for it. Unhappily he made up his mind to ignore the watchmaker's letter.

Five long years pass and the scene shifts to an American Legion meeting in Kansas City. The delegate for the convention in Paris is being selected. Our former major is at the meeting and no sooner has the delegate been chosen than he is besieged by our hero who is by now mouthing incoherent sentences about watches, dime

stores, Geneva and travel tours. After all is quiet the watch lover learns that the convention delegate plans to take a brief tour through Europe before attending the convention and that yes, he will be passing through Geneva. A month later the delegate sailed from New York armed with the jeweler's letter which fortunately the major had kept, and the four dollars to cover the cost of repairs. Neither man dreamed that the time-piece would actually be at the watchmaker's after more than five years. Both recalled those little signs seen so often in American jewelry stores . . . "If not called for within sixty days this merchandise will be sold."

Days stretched into weeks and weeks into months. Finally, his trip to Europe completed, the Legionnaire reached New York and began the trek west to his home, Kansas City. There were tears in the watch fancier's eyes as he greeted his friend at the station—for the man possessed

THE watch. The delegate related his story. He had walked into the little Geneva shop and presented the jeweler's letter that had been written five and a half years before. Without a moment's hesitation the old watchmaker spun on his heel and deftly plucked the watch from a board upon which there had been hanging at least a hundred watches! The little gray haired man's bright blue eyes twinkled as he carefully wrapped the heavy timepiece, and this prompted the delegate to ask how he was able to pick the watch without hesitation from a selection of so many. The little gentleman replied in broken English that he always knew his "own work." And then the delegate asked how much longer he would have held the watch. He chuckled and said, "I knew someone would come after it some day—people just don't forget my watches."

Now there was a man who had faith—in his own craft.



A little boy was trying to lead a large dog. "Where are you trying to take that big dog?" asked a passerby.

"I'm waiting to see where he wants to go and then I'll take him there," replied the boy.

ATOMIC QUIZ

To celebrate the world's successful entry into the year 2 A. A. (After Atom), here is a quiz to end all. Test yourself for susceptibility, character, personality, sex appeal, B. O., dandruff and falling hair. There are eight questions. A score of five is passing; seven, red hot; and nine, unbelievable. Ready? You're on your own.

1. In Shakespeare's immortal play, Juliet peers wistfully down from the balcony and cries out to her approaching lover, "Romeo, oh Romeo."
 - A. "Let's neck!"
 - B. "Didja bring the booze?"
 - C. "Evenin' Folks, How yo' all?"
 - D. "Wherfore art thou Romeo?"
2. Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, at the battle of Mobile Bay, calmly surveys the situation and remarks bombastically:
 - A. "Don't put bananas in the refrigerator."
 - B. "Let's get the hell outa here."
 - C. "Schenectady was never like this."
 - D. "Damn the torpedoes . . . full speed ahead!"
3. Paul Revere, riding like mad, enters a small village and exclaims:
 - A. "Rags . . . I buy old rags!"
 - B. "Medical Science now offers Proof Positive!"
 - C. "Hi-Ho Silver!"
 - D. "The British are coming!"
4. Julius Caesar, gasping for breath, looks up at the men who have just stabbed him fatally and cries out:
 - A. "Ouch!"
 - B. "Now what will happen to OPA!"
 - C. "Wait 'til my mob hears about this."
 - D. "Et tu Brute!"
5. In Shakespeare's Hamlet, the lonely Dane stands by himself on the empty stage and cries out in his famous soliloquy:
 - A. "Why didn't I use Mum?"
 - B. "I do not choose to run."
 - C. "Sighted Sub, Sank Same."
 - D. "To be or not to be . . ."
6. Henry M. Stanley, plodding through the wilds of darkest Africa, suddenly comes upon a ragged white man in a forgotten village. He exclaims:
 - A. "Beat it bud. This is my territory!"
 - B. "Got a match chum!"
 - C. "Get your clothes and let's blow this joint."
 - D. "Dr. Livingston, I presume."
7. Col. William Prescott in command of the revolutionary troops at the battle of Bunker Hill, peers at the enemy and commands:
 - A. "Whereinhell is the air sup- port?"
 - B. "Does your cigarette taste different lately?"
 - C. "Let's scram outa here!"
 - D. "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!"
8. In Kansas City the Swing is to:
 - A. The basements when the wind is from the stock-yards.
 - B. Herman Hoffelheimer's bar on Saturday night.
 - C. The streetcars at five o'clock.
 - D. WHB.

*Not a tail gunner—but a dancer
brought these words to our shores.*



HUBBA HUBBA"—the modern American call of the wolves—did not originate in the land of jive and bobby-soxers but came out of the darkest jungles of Africa. The man credited with bringing these strange words to our shores is a dancer, known professionally as Lesar, but whose real name is Nat Lincoln.

It seems that years ago Mr. Lincoln, who was born in Johannesburg, Africa, decided to do research on dancing techniques so he went exploring into the deepest parts of Africa's Bechuanaland. There he discovered a tribe known as the Bantus whose dances appealed to him considerably. At first the tribesmen weren't too friendly toward this

HUBBA HUBBA

by MALCOLM HYATT

stranger, but later, to prove that he had been accepted amongst them, they performed a dance which was so wild and wierd that it actually staggered his imagination.

As part of the ceremony, Mr. Lincoln was painted in native colors and placed in the center of a small ring of fires. A circle of bones from a sheep foot and a human skull were placed around him. Then a native girl began to dance. She danced for hours, her movements getting wilder with every passing second. The sweat on her body made her gleam in the fire-light while drums beat savagely through the jungle. Hours passed when suddenly the dancer fell exhausted, and lay in a deathlike trance. Mr. Lincoln was led by the natives to the girl's prostate form. A witch doctor appeared and commanded her to revive and speak. Drums were muffled while the doctor chanted strange melodies. Soon the girl stirred and spoke softly, almost inaudibly. She spoke the words "haba hubba." The witch doctor then turned to Mr. Lincoln and said: "Son, the Spirit has given you a word—take it and give it meaning. You will travel far and 'haba hubba' will bring you good will."

Since that unforgettable moment, "Habba Hubba" has lingered in Mr.

Lincoln's mind constantly. When he arrived in America in 1923, he secured an engagement as dancer at the Old Palace on Broadway, using the name of Chief Sakabona-Sonki. It launched his American theatrical career. But no matter where he performed, he always passed the words "Haba Hubba" along to his companions and stage colleagues as an expression of good-will and friendship. By 1930 he was paying members of night-club orchestras 25 cents a head to yell "Haba Hubba." In 1934 children in Hempstead, Long Island, were playing leapfrog and squealing "haba hubba" as they flew over one another. During the year 1935, Mr. Lincoln met several young American aviators who were on their way to China to become Flying Tigers, and from him they learned to say these words.

Mr. Lincoln continued to promote "Haba Hubba" dauntlessly. He wrote a song in 1938 and titled it after those strange jungle words. He bought 40 acres of land and named it "Haba Hubba." He did everything in his power to spread the words and,

finally, the United States Patent Office granted Mr. Lincoln exclusive rights to the trade name of "Haba Hubba."

"I used the words for years but they wouldn't catch on," explains Mr. Lincoln. "Then the war came and suddenly everybody began saying the words. I couldn't quite understand the suddenness of it all. But during the last five years my wife and I, known professionally as Lesar and Fedora, have danced the "Haba Hubba" before two million Allied soldiers and sailors. And while it is not a sexy dance, people take it that way. To most people it is a wolf call," declares Mr. Lincoln, smilingly, "but it doesn't mean that to me."

Many years ago Eddie Cantor introduced a new word, "whoopee," into the language. Clara Bow brought greater meaning to "It" and it looks very much like "Haba Hubba" is due for a long American engagement thanks to Nat Lincoln's consistently effective methods in promoting his words of good-will.



A salesman who had a long run of bad luck suddenly rushed home and began to turn his room upside down.

"What have you lost, dear?" asked his wife.

"I've taken an order today," replied her husband, "and now I've misplaced the address of my firm."—Banking.

*"All souls must find their way
Into one of these synagogues."*

VALLEY OF THE *Churches*

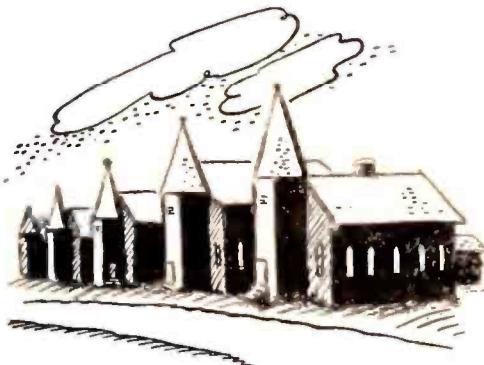
by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

NO matter where I go for a vacation there's one thing I invariably do. As soon as I get off the train or bus, I take a quick look and then decide to come back again later to spend an hour or two in the heart of the town, studying its people, their habits, and eke out something of more than casual interest to talk about when I return home to the routine of a rather prosaic job.

It might be Pine Hill, Fleischmann's, Liberty, Monticello, or Spring Valley in the upstate regions of New York. I remember having visited these places. They all had something to bring back fond memories. But there is one town that will remain with me long after I've forgotten the others.

That town is Spring Valley. And oddly enough it is a valley without a spring. I would rather call it the Valley of the Churches.

Known for its climate, any number of physicians have sent patients to Spring Valley. Its low altitude offers relief from a varied assortment of ailments, including arthritis and heart trouble. Many who have gone there for two or three weeks have found a



cure-all and settled there, relinquishing prosperous businesses and breaking ties with friends of long standing.

But what impressed me was not so much the climate as the row of churches on both sides of Main Street in this little town hidden away among the lush Ramapo mountains.

One doesn't have to be steeped in architectural lore or the pulpit to appreciate The House of Sanctuary and what it stands for. A layman like myself cannot but be immediately imbued with a new spirit when he passes through the row in Spring Valley. There is something—an intangible something—that lifts him from the ordinary and makes him feel like a new person.

The hotel where I stopped is located on what is called The Hill. From this vantage point in summer, you can look down upon a bustling, thriving town. All the hotels are not on The

Hill, but the one where I spent my vacation is propped five hundred feet above the pivotal point of activity.

The first House of Meditation and Prayer is about 100 feet from the business section toward Hillcrest. It is the Church of the Nazarene and is perched on a bank nine steps above street level. The one-story wooden frame could very well be mistaken for a barn, if it were not for its colored windows. They are spear shaped, seven to the west and six to the east. The missing window on the east is not an accident, for in its place has been substituted an entrance. The tops of the spears are either sea green or grape juice in color, contrasted with muddy brown or light green stems.

On the same side of the street but a little further down stands the Jewish Community Center. It was built along the same line as its neighbor, with a dull coating of gray paint.

One has to walk up five steps before reaching the slate path leading to the entrance. Two large cement lions guard the entrance, resting on their hind- and fore-legs as if in anticipation of events to come.

The windows here are not stained or colored. And I wondered if this Center has ever been converted into a House of solemn prayer for the High Holy days. From the outside, there is no way of telling. Yet I am inclined to believe these two holiday observances each year attract more penitents than can comfortably fill its seating capacity.

Further ahead there is another church. It rests on a stone base and is situated on a bank two feet high

with rows of tall and stately pine trees—front and back. The pines stand out as silent sentinels, day and night, through the four seasons of the year.

Its roof converges and there are five small windows peeking out. They are milky white shields, one for each window below. The larger windows are mixed with a light shade of tan.

The belfry was open but nowhere could I see a bell. I would like to know what has happened to the bell, but it isn't for me to find out. Its stone base is covered with clinging vines which reminded me of thin black snakes crawling up the building, winding their long slimy bodies around the stones for protection from a preying enemy.

There is no identification on this imposing structure, but being hard by St. Vincent de Paul's Summer Home I wonder if they aren't connected, for the exclusive use of the sisters who dwell in the two-story frame buildings a stone's throw away.

Opposite the Church of the Nazarene is another House of Worship—a two-story affair—dressed up in gray stucco with a parochial school as an adjunct. Here again there is no way of identifying its sect. Its doors were closed. There wasn't any sign of life to give me the faintest clue.

The nearest House of Worship to Main Street is the First Congregational Church. It is a one-story building which seemingly cries out for a new coat of paint. It has five stained windows on each side of the building and two entrances off the street. There is no indication who the pastor

might be and somehow I wondered why the secrecy.

Farther down the same street is the most imposing church in the valley. Built of rich red brick, its two stories transmit an apparent exclusiveness you are not aware of when passing the other churches. A stately belfry projects on another story and overlooks a wooden canopy in the circular driveway. After a closer inspection, I saw the bell was missing and I drew the conclusion there must be a reason for its absence.

This is a reformed church. It is L shaped with five colored windows facing west and two to the south. The three missing windows have made way for the vertical part of the L. There are no trees, front or back, but from a patio in the rear you can look down on a sweeping landscape of the Ramapo mountains.

I retraced my steps back to The Hill, imbued with a feeling that all souls must find their way to one of these churches and synagogues in spirit or in the flesh. Whichever way it turns out, he will be well served.



TALL TALES

Exaggeration is a favored fountain of American humor. There is the dust-bowl story of the farmer, who feeling some drops of rain after a long drought, fainted, and had to be revived by having a couple of buckets of dust thrown in his face.



The lady was looking over some field glasses. "And are you certain this is a high powered pair?" she inquired of the salesman. "Madam," was the suave assurance she received, "if you should look at anything less than ten miles away with those glasses, it would appear to be behind you."

An old farmer was telling a neighbor about the loss of his peach crop. "Every peach we had blew off the trees," he recounted. "Were they a dead loss?" inquired the neighbor. "No," replied the victim. "My wife ate one and I ate t'other."



Two farmers were discussing the poorness of their wheat crop. "My wheat was so short I had to lower my reaper to the last notch to harvest it," one recounted. "That's nothing," the other replied. "Mine was so short I had to lather it to mow it."

B 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

AND ANOTHER
THING—BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH—



There's one in every office.

*He had a bell of a time making
the world believe wire could talk.*

by DON FREDERICKS

“MR. WATSON, *Come Here*”

“WHAT hath God wrought,” can verily be said of Bell’s telephone invention. And to this can be added—what change hath come about.

It all started on a hot afternoon in June, 1875, when the full twang of the clock spring came over the wire. More weeks passed, more experiments, and on March 7, 1876, the telephone talked. Thomas A. Watson, Bell’s assistant, who was at the lower end of the wire, in the basement, heard Bell distinctly say, “Mr. Watson, come here; I want you.” Watson dropped the receiver and dashed madly up three flights of stairs to tell Bell the good news.

And patent, number 174,465—“the most valuable single patent ever issued”—was awarded to Alexander Graham Bell. What was the patent like? Practically like that part of the telephone we call the receiver. Yet, it was then, and is now, the most sensitive instrument that has ever been put to general use. It opened a new world to sound.

The first telephone lines were as simple as clotheslines. Each short little wire hung by itself, with one instrument at each end. The first line in the world connected the Williams Electric Shop in Boston (where Bell

had his workshop) and the Williams’ home in Somerville.

The first exchange had its birth in the merry month of May, 1877. A young man named E. T. Holmes, who was a friend and customer of Williams and who ran a burglar-alarm business, proposed half in jest and half in earnest that a few telephones be linked to his wires. Bell and his associates jumped at the idea. Without asking permission, Holmes went into six banks and nailed up a telephone in each. Five bankers made no protest; the sixth ordered “that playtoy” removed. The five telephones were connected by a switch in Holmes’ office and the first, crude exchange came into existence.

Most people shared the protesting banker’s views. The public pelted Bell with a hailstorm of ridicule. People called him an “impostor,” a “ventriloquist,” “a crank who says he can talk through a wire.” In Salem, where Bell perfected his idea in a cellar, one editor displayed the headline, “Salem Witchcraft.” The Providence Press said: “It is hard to resist the notion that the powers of darkness are somehow in league with it.” The New York Herald said: “The effect is weird and almost supernatural.” In an editorial of bantering

ridicule, the Boston Times said: "A fellow can now court his girl in China as well as in East Boston; but the most serious aspect of this invention is the awful and irresponsible power it will give to the average mother-in-law, who will be able to send her voice around the habitable globe."

Poor Bell! As he ran the gauntlet of public scoffing and adversity, he learned to sympathize with Howe, whose first sewing machine was smashed by a Boston mob; with McCormick, whose first reaper was dubbed "a cross between an Astley chariot, a wheelbarrow, and a flying machine;" with Morse, whose invention ten Congresses regarded as a nuisance; with Cyrus Field, whose Atlantic cable was denounced as "a mad freak of stubborn ignorance;" and with Westinghouse, who was promptly dubbed a "fool" for proposing "to stop a railroad train with wind."

Amid all ridicule Bell went blithely on his way. To him the idea of talking at a piece of sheetiron was a natural one. To him the idea wasn't too freakish, too bizarre, to be used outside the museum. Bell understood how it worked. Mostly because he knew much about sound, and just enough about electricity.

Skeptically, as the infant telephone industry was greeted in America, in Europe it met downright open hostility. Saturday Review said: "The telephone is little better than a toy . . . it is inferior to the well-established system of airtubes." The London Times alluded pompously to it as the latest "American humbug" and

gave many profound reasons why speech could not be sent over a wire.

In the beginning, boy operators often aroused the public ire. In 1879, an editor who visited the Chicago



exchange said of it: "The racket is almost deafening. Boys are rushing madly hither and thither, while others are putting in or taking out pegs from a central framework as if they were lunatics engaged in a game of fox and geese."

An exchange in those days was a frantic place. Teen age boys yelled to one another. From two to six were needed to complete each call, what with playing tricks with the wires, fist fighting, whittling switchboards, and swearing at subscribers. Squabbling and fighting, a sort of cat and dog affair, between the boys and the public was common. There is a story that tells how a young New York minister attempted to dissuade a boy from profanity. From then on all the boys ganged up on him, and whenever he tried to place a call he was promptly connected with the saloon.

The boys were incorrigible; nothing could be done with them. Often

telephone service was stopped completely while the boys slugged it out. They were immune to all schemes of discipline. By general consent and with many "hurrahs" from the public, all the boys were fired.

Docile, soft-voiced girl operators replaced the fist-heaving boys. At once the feminine touch—deft fingers, patient courtesy and attentiveness—permeated the exchanges, which was precisely what the gentle telephone required of its attendants.

Today when a man starts a business the first thing he installs is a telephone. But this was not always true. Business men were slow to accept the telephone as an article of commerce. "That toy, that plaything, that scientific wonder." It just wasn't practicable. Business men wanted everything in writing. Competitors could listen in. Operators could disclose their conversation to business competitors. Many executives used

with a snail-like pace. Most officials frowned upon the gadget and were slow to change from the old-fashioned and more dignified use of written documents and uniformed messengers.

Neither Cleveland nor Harrison used the magic wire very often. Under their regime, there was one lonely idle telephone in the White House, used only by the servants several times during the week. Garfield was the first American president to possess a telephone, and his was a gift. In 1878, when he was a member of Congress, an exhibition instrument was placed in his house.

McKinley gave the telephone business a terrific boost. With him the instrument was more than a necessity; it was an exhilarating pastime and sport. Over its wires in 1895, he heard the cheers of the Chicago Convention. Later, it served as his mouth-piece, when he ran the first presidential telephone campaign. On many public occasions, he eulogized the telephone by saying, "It is bringing us all closer together."

Streets in the larger cities became black with wires. Poles had risen to fifty feet in height, then sixty, seventy, eighty. Along West Street, New York, the highest of all pole lines was built, every pole a huge towering Norway pine, with its top ninety feet above the street, and carrying thirty crossarms and three hundred wires.

People objected to darkened streets, to roofs of buildings covered with dangling wires. Chimneys, the deadly enemies of iron wires, rusted them to merest shreds in two or three years.

private-code gibberish for fear of information leakage.

Today in Washington, D. C., the slogan goes, "Don't write, telephone." But government by telephone came in



Windstorms, blizzards, sleet-storms sometimes wiped out a years' revenue in a single day. Wires weighted down with ice, often three pounds of ice per foot of wire, disrupted telephone service for days. Engineers set to work and wires went underground. Today the only place open wires are still in evidence is in the country and in small towns.

Back in the old days salesmen tramped from door to door (Fuller Brush fashion), soliciting subscribers. When the war ended, according to Mark R. Sullivan, vice-president of the Bell System, there was a long

waiting list of more than two million applicants.

What hath God wrought? In seventy short years! Today Bell and his experts would be lost in the mazes of later telephone inventions and expansions. In 1910, there were seven million telephone subscribers in the land of its birth and three million scattered abroad in foreign countries. Today there is instant communication over millions of miles with 26,960,000 subscribers (March, 1945) in the United States, and 22,261,487, subscribers (January, 1941) in foreign countries.



FROM THE MARTS OF TRADE

"But, I thought," said the typist, meekly.

"It's not your business to think," snapped the boss. "Just take down what I say word for word, and keep your own ideas to yourself."

So that afternoon a letter was brought to him to sign. It read:

"Dear Mr. Browne—Write it with an 'e'. Pure swank. His father was a gardener. With regard to your letter of whatever date it was, I can quote you the following prices. Hey, Thompson! It's that outsider Browne. How much shall we stick on? Twenty per cent? Make it thirty. Righto. Thirty dollars a ton. Awaiting your esteemed order, I am yours truly. That'll settle that old fool."



A young man of burning ambition approached a great merchant and begged of him the secret of success. "There is no easy secret," replied the great merchant. "You must just jump at your opportunity."

"But, sir, how can I tell when my opportunity comes?"

"You can't," said the merchant. "You've just got to keep on jumping."



"So you and your son are carrying on the business together, huh?"

"Sort of. I run the business and my son does the carrying on."

Murder—AND NO MARK!

*Nobody would believe the old
night watchman, but they had to!*

by R. B. FORSYTHE

OLD Mark Hesselman had been a night watchman for the Conners Detective Service for many years. His job was to patrol a two-square block area of Chicago's Mulberry Street industrial district, checking unlocked doors and peeking in windows. He reported into the central office every hour, usually that all was quiet on the beat.

Old Mark was a frustrated soul. He tried for years to get on the Chicago detective force, and he studied hard for a promotion to the status of a private detective in his own organization. But the answer was always the same. "Mark, you're all right where you are."

One night the beams of Old Mark's flashlight caught a man in the act of jimmying the safe of the Perfex Camera Company. It was not money the man was after, but the treasure in Zeiss and Bausch and Lomb lenses concealed in the camera company's safe. Old Mark picked up a brick and heaved it through the window. Then he climbed through the scallops of broken glass, with gun drawn. Blood rushed from a bad cut on his arm as he held the gun two feet from the burglar's head and shouted at the top of his voice. Help came in the form of a district patrol car. Two



husky policemen collared the burglar and whisked him away, not even bothering to ask Old Mark his name.

Next day it was discovered that the burglar was wanted in several states for many crimes. His capture was a feather in somebody's cap, but unfortunately not the one that fit the head of Old Mark Hesselman.

"We saw the man through the window. Murphy here broke the window and I went in with both guns drawn," the officers told the precinct captain.

"Old Mark? Why yes, I guess he was around there somewhere. Anyhow he came running up all out of breath when we were taking our bird to the coop. He mumbled something about cutting his arm."

And that same day Old Mark Hesselman was fired for not having been on the job. Evening papers came out with pictures of the two cops and their prize catch, but no mention of Old Mark. He was heartbroken.

For two weeks the old bachelor made the rounds of all the detective

agencies and watch services in town. But the old man was washed up, and they told him so.

Early one morning came a persistent knock on Old Mark's rooming house door. In the threshold stood a woman in a dither of alarm and tears. It was Mrs. Thompson who kept a down-at-the-heels rooming house just across the street.

"Oh, Mr. Hesselman," the landlady wailed, "come over to my house. Poor Mr. St. George must be dead."

Old Mark expressed annoyance at being aroused. He doubted if he could be of much help; a doctor, or maybe an undertaker . . .

Finally he consented. Gratefully Mrs. Thompson dried her eyes and crossed the street to wait on the porch —afraid to enter her own house.

When the grizzled old watchman was at her side, Mrs. Thompson explained that Jim St. George always got up at 6 o'clock. He was a round-house foreman for the Illinois Central and was out of the house every morning at 6:15. You could set your clock by his departure.

That morning she did not hear him stir, yet she knew he had been there the evening before. She knocked quietly on the door, then hammered with her fists; she rattled the knob and called his name at the top of her voice. No answer.

And now Hesselman, too, began to knock with his balled hands. Then he hurled himself against the door, and little by little the woodwork enclosing the lock ripped and splintered. As Hesselman entered he warned the

woman back and she turned away in horror.

Hesselman pointed out, after covering the distorted face of the corpse, that they were in the presence of a



dastardly crime. The unhappy lodger was lying on his back in bed with his hands over his head. There was a gaping red wound in his throat from which blood still oozed. He had been mortally slashed, probably with a razor.

Yet, no razor could be found and the only door had been locked. The windows, too, were firmly locked and the fireplace chimney was too narrow to admit the passage of even a child.

Murder? How would the murderer get in and out?

Suicide? If Jim St. George had taken his own life, how could his arms be folded above his head with no knife or razor in sight?

Soon Chicago detectives were swarming all over the place. Old Mark had ideas but the big boys snickered and turned away. The police probed into the past of the murdered man. They learned all about

his romantic meetings with a married woman, and the jealousy between the woman and her estranged husband. The former husband, Al Van Alstine, was arrested for murder and brought to trial. The circumstantial evidence was convincing to the jury and the man was sentenced to the electric chair.

Hesselman flew into a rage in the court room. What could you expect of 12 tradesmen in a jury box? Only experts like himself could hope to find the truth. But the authorities would not listen to Hesselman. They had him thrown out, bodily.

Hesselman then became the leader of a move to free Van Alstine. He got some mention in the papers and built up quite a following. Up to the very last night he worked for a reprieve and a new trial for the prisoner, but still nobody would listen.

As the hour of execution drew near, all hope seemed lost.

As the legal witnesses and newspapermen were being searched in the warden's office before going into the death chamber, Hesselman entered the room. Facing the warden he demanded the prisoner's immediate release.

"When the bedroom door flew open and I looked in," he began, "Jim St. George was sleeping peacefully."

"Then," asked the warden, "when was the man murdered?"

"Immediately afterward," replied Hesselman, drawing a blood-stained razor from his coat pocket.

"You mean to say Mrs. Thompson—" "

"No," replied Hesselman steadily, "I did it—with this!"

Then Hesselman told the grisly truth. Thrown out of his job because two policemen had taken credit for a capture he had really performed, he planned a unique revenge, a crime that police would never be able to solve.

He had made friends with Jim St. George and the night before had visited the man in his own room. They both had a couple of drinks, but St. George's drinks were heavily drugged and he went to sleep.

The next morning when Mrs. Thompson came running for him, as he knew she would, he waved her back before he entered the room. He shielded himself with a towel from the red geyser of the jugular vein and made one slash.

While newsmen and witnesses gasped in amazement and horror, Hesselman pulled a gun and shot himself through the heart, just as sure and just as scientifically as he had planned and executed the murder of Jim St. George.



QUESTION OF PROOF

Two men sat fishing on a river bank when one suddenly dropped his line and sprang to his feet. "Did you see that, Bill?" he cried, excitedly. "A fellow just fell off that cliff into the river."

"Don't get worked up," advised Bill. "Maybe it's just a stunt man making a movie."

"How can we tell?" asked the first.

"Well," said Bill. "Let's wait and see what happens to him. If he drowns, then he wasn't making a picture."



"Now William," questioned the teacher in a geography lesson, "How do you know the world is round and hangs suspended in space? How can you prove it?"

"Hell, teacher, I don't have to prove it," replied William. "I never said it was."

A doctor was presenting his bill to the executor of the estate of a deceased patient. "Would you prefer that I have this bill sworn to?" he asked. "No, that's not necessary," replied the executor. "The mere fact of the death of the deceased is ample proof that you attended him professionally."



Two politicians got into a heated argument and one shouted angrily, "You're crazy." The second denied the charge and the first insisted. Finally the second politician said, "I can prove I'm not crazy and I'll bet that's more than you can do." Whereupon he produced his discharge papers from the state insane asylum.



If you don't think people think and act alike, examine the wedding presents next time you go to a wedding.



My Gawd! Paint!

So You Want To Be a *Funnyman*?



*Raconteurs resort to rules
to rouse roars.*

by KEITH WILSON

SCIENCE, which is entering every field of human endeavor nowadays, has finally outdone itself. Joke writing has become scientific. Don't jump to conclusions, however, and assume that radio gagwriters spend hours in steaming laboratories before coming up with a side-splitter. They haven't reached that stage yet. However, veteran funnymen have devised certain empirical rules for rolling the audiences in the aisles.

Veteran laugh-producer Robert Davis of New York City was one of the leaders of this strange procession. Bob has been concocting rib-ticklers since he was knee high to a pun. As he rounded out his millionth joke, Bob noticed that all jokes conformed to certain like standards. Frightened by the idea of becoming trite, he decided to do a little research into the subject. He wondered why it is that some jokes shake the house and others go over like a lead balloon.

After several months of deep and intensive thought on the matter Bob devised a formula for being funny. All jokes, according to Mr. Davis, fall into four categories: 1. The action of the joke moves from the abstract to the concrete. 2. It moves from the concrete to the abstract. 3. The action

is gross exaggeration. 4. It is gross understatement. Once one becomes familiar with these four categories it is easy to write jokes. It seems hard at first to believe that all the jokes we have heard including the thousand and one about the traveling salesman all come under four simple rules. However, when you start testing your favorite after-dinner story, you will find that it fits one of the four.

Mr. Davis says that he owes most of his success to the discovery of these four yard sticks for measuring laughs. If he hadn't found out this method of being a riot, he might have gone stale years ago, and that is the worst fate that could befall a gag man. After schooling yourself on the four situations it becomes easy to make up your own jokes and be original.

For instance take the first situation. It might be worked into a joke like this: A sweet young thing entered a flower shop and began to look around. After carefully examining the show window for several minutes, she inquired of the elderly old gentleman who was tending the flowers, "Haven't you got any passion poppy?" The old man slammed down his trowel and glared at her. "You

just wait til I'm through and I'll show ye!" he yelled.

This prize gem from Max Schulman's book, "Zebra Derby," illustrate the second category. Two tree worshippers were setting out to say high mass before a large oak one summer evening. As usual the sacred rites were written on a scroll buried in the ground. When one of the worshippers dug up the scroll and started to read the service he found that worms had eaten the scroll and obscured the writing. The other worshipper became infuriated at the halt in the service and cried out, "Good heavens, Herman, don't you know your mass from a scroll in the ground?"

We have all heard stories exemplifying gross exaggeration. This is probably the most used of any of the four categories. You might work up a little gag like this: "Come down from the goal post Grandma! The quarterback isn't making passes at you."

The fourth category, calling for

understatement, is widely used by cartoonists for gags. The New Yorker magazine is famous for its sophisticated cartoons which poke satirical fingers at staid New York society. Most of these gags get their laughs from understatements. Into this last group falls the sweetheart of the raconteur—the Shaggy Dog story. Try this one: A man rushed into a hardware store and pounded frantically on the counter. "Quick, give me three pounds of rat poison," he shouted at the clerk. "Shall I wrap it for you?" the clerk replied. "No," said the man, "I'll eat it here."

It is rumored in some circles that the scientific approach to the joke is only equaled by the Atomic Bomb in importance to mankind. Think what this will mean to the common man! Every man a potential Benny or Hope! Now every shy, henpecked husband can become a sparkling wit, a master of repartee, the life of the party. Now we can forget Social Security and Sixty Million Jobs, for the millenium is on its way. Truly there is a great day coming!



THREE DIMENSIONAL *Pictures*

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

100-year-old stereoscope develops into instrument that measures the actual height of hills and buildings.

FEW youngsters of this generation, though they live in a scientific age, greater than any other period of world history, have ever had the pleasure and delight of peeking into a stereoscope to behold the magic of the third dimension.

This amazing little contrivance was considered one of the wonders of the world when it came into existence more than one hundred years ago. Yet in all the years which have elapsed since then, little forward progress has been made in perfecting the device so that it may have some value other than living room entertainment.

The result was that after the novelty wore off, the stereoscope found its way to the attic, only to be rediscovered and resurrected as a rainy day toy by youngsters forced to remain in from play because of the elements. Those same youngsters are today's grandmothers and grandfathers and if any stereoscopes are in existence now, it is only because they kept them for sentimental reasons.

Since the war, however, three-dimensional pictures have returned in a new form known as vectographs. And because vectography gives the third dimension of depth, its importance in aerial photography has been of untold value.



Photographs made by reconnaissance planes over enemy territory can be made into vectographs in as little time as thirty minutes, once the original negatives are developed and dried. The results will reveal the height of buildings or hills or the depths of valleys.

No cumbersome apparatus is necessary to view the vectographs—only a pair of polarizing glasses, known as Polaroid 3-D viewers.

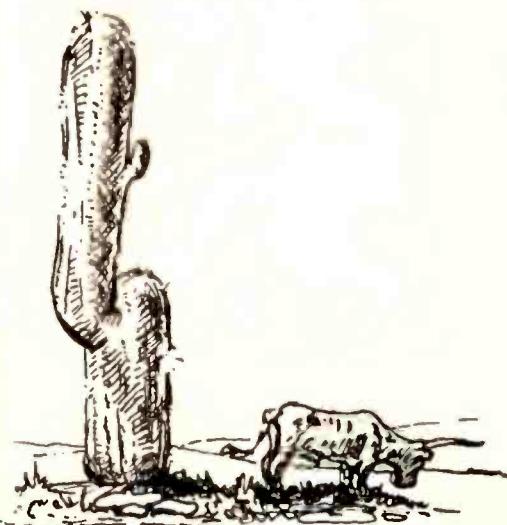
Unlike the original stereoscope, where one had to await his turn to see what the little magic box brought forth, several people may look upon a vectograph at the same time.

They can be made into lantern slides as rapidly as they can be made

into prints, thereby allowing a whole roomful of people to witness the projection at a glance.

If viewed without the aid of Polaroid glasses, the pictures seem to be badly out-of-focus prints, or double-exposure prints. Actually they are double exposures with the image of one negative printed on the front and the image of another on the back of a transparent Polaroid vectograph sheet. Through the medium of Polaroid viewers, however, this sad looking print to which you would not ordinarily give album room, is transformed into a spectacular three-dimensional picture.

Like a great many other scientific discoveries made at the time of war, vectography will be eagerly awaited by civilians. What its full potentialities will be in the fields of science, technology, education, adver-



tising and entertainment, only time will tell.

Already X-ray plates are being

made into vectographs, giving technicians and surgeons an entirely new perception of bone structure, never before revealed by the flat two-dimensional plates.

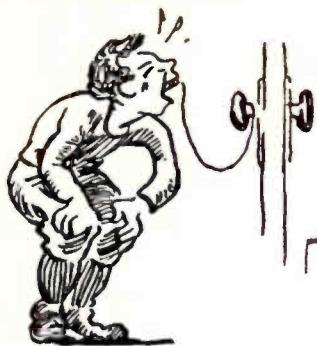
Tests have been made in photographing machinery and transferring the images to vectograph sheets. The results have been astounding. Instead of the flat print, which is ordinarily produced, showing the width and height of the apparatus, one gets the impression that he is looking at the machinery as if it were actually set up in front of him. The depth of the third dimension separates each part to such an extent that it appears as if you could reach out with your fingers and feel each piece of metal.

Army and navy instructors in celestial navigation have had their numerous charts made into vectograph lantern slides, and find that because of the third dimension, which they reveal, the students have been able to catch on to the tricky problems in much faster time than ever before; the reason for this being that when a chart or globe is viewed via vectograph it stands out upon the screen with all sides visible. The process has speeded the study of celestial navigation.

The process of making vectographs is so simple and so rapid that any photographer, amateur or professional, can master it after a few lessons. Army and navy personnel emerge from a vectograph school as accomplished technicians in two weeks' time.

As all photographers know, it takes two different images to make a three-

dimensional picture, one for the right eye and one for the left eye of the observer. Because the human eyes are accustomed to working as a team



and normally look at the same place at the same time, the two different views should be ideally one over the other. Practically, it has always been impossible to place them so, because both eyes insist on seeing both images.

For one hundred years or more scientists have found that every escape from this technical trap has required a cumbersome optical device, such as a stereoscope, for making the two images appear to exist at the same place at the same time without actually being there, or has involved a discouraging impairment in image quality.

The vectograph is a successful solution of the problem. By means of it, the two images required for the three-dimensional picture can occupy the same sheet of vectograph film, one over the other, without interfering with each other in the slightest degree when they are viewed through three-dimensional viewing spectacles.

The extraordinary properties of the vectograph are all based on the fact that the vectographic image renders

the image in terms of degree of polarization. The conception of such an image is the invention of Edwin H. Land, president and director of research for the Polaroid Corporation and Joseph Mahler, a specialist in three-dimensional presentation.

There are a number of different ways of setting up the polarizing images of the vectograph, just as there are a number of ways in making a photographic print. It is easy and quick. Its most elaborate piece of equipment is a clothes-wringer.

To make a vectograph print you start with a pair of stereoscope negatives. These may be made either with a stereoscopic camera or with a single lens camera. In making the negatives with a single lens camera extreme care must be taken when moving the camera from one position to the other that is strictly on line with the first negative and that the exposure of both films is identical.

After the negatives are prepared and dried as done ordinarily, they are printed photographically on wash-off relief film. This part of the process is much like making a regular paper print, except that a wash-off bath replaces the usual fixing bath and the operation is reduced by about five minutes.

On the finished relief films, the picture images appear in relief on the gelatin surfaces. Where the picture is to be light the gelatin is thin; where it is to be dark, the gelatin is thick.

While the reliefs are still wet the tricky part of the whole process takes place. This is in matching the two

reliefs. Once matched they are slithered off at an angle just a fraction of an inch and then hinged together, with the emulsion sides face to face.

When the relief negatives are hinged, the most difficult part of the operation is completed. This is performed in daylight, as are all succeeding operations. The reliefs are next bleached and washed, which consumes only about a minute, and are ready for printing.

They are next soaked in a printing solution and allowed to stand anywhere from half a minute to two minutes—even a little longer. A sheet of vectograph film is then inserted between the two reliefs and the whole business is run sandwich-like through the clothes-wringer. It is at this point that the essential phenomenon of the process occurs. Emerging from the wringer a pale yellow, the "sandwich" instantly starts to change to a blue-black. The images begin to appear and in a few seconds are complete.

The relief films have given up all their printing solution to the two thirsty sides of the vectograph film. They are then stripped off, and placed back in the solution to soak for the next print. As many as 2,000 vectographs can be squeezed through the wringer from the same set of relief films.

You finish the vectograph by washing it for a minute or so in a special fixing bath, run through a squeegee, and dry it with a towel in the same manner as you would dry a dish. To preserve it, the surface is painted with clear lacquer. If it is intended for a transparency, both sides are lacquered. If intended for a print, one side is coated with clear lacquer while the opposite side is covered with aluminum lacquer.

Army and navy photographers who have attended a vectograph school have been able to produce finished vectographs in thirty minutes after only two practice runs through the process.



FRED VINSON'S FAVORITE STORY

The minister of a little backwoods hill community finally got his chance to move to a larger big city congregation. He made a trip to the metropolis to look over his congregation and during the course of the inspection he was invited to a dinner given by the church elders.

A few days later he returned to the hills a sadly disillusioned man. "I guess I committed a social error," he reported sadly. "When the host asked if I wanted more corn, I absent-mindedly passed my glass."

COMPOSER LAUREATE

by ABNER D. KLIPSTEIN

Berlin, writer of ragtime, earns more money than a prime minister.

If there were such a title as "composer laureate," it should be bestowed upon Irving Berlin, who has richly deserved it by contributing more of his works for the benefit of his country than any writer of music in history. In the first World War, he wrote "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" and in the second "This Is the Army," both of them complete and eminently successful musical revues; for the Treasury Department he wrote "Any Bonds Today" and "I Paid My Income Tax Today;" he did "Arms for the Love of America" for Army Ordnance and "I Threw a Kiss Into the Ocean" for Navy Relief. In addition, he wrote "The President's Birthday Ball" in aid of the late President Roosevelt's Infantile Paralysis Fund and allocated the proceeds of "God Bless America" to several youth organizations.

After all these patriotic activities, which have produced astounding fortunes for the various causes to which they were devoted, Mr. Berlin has finally returned to the theatre with the lyrics and music for a rootin', tootin', shootin' Broadway musical, "Annie Get Your Gun," starring Ethel Merman. The last time he was represented on Broadway was with "Louisiana Purchase."

The best-known, most prolific and successful of American song writers, Berlin is an extremely modest, shy,



sentimental and somewhat nervous person. He abhors crowds, and speech-making frightens him to such an extent that once, when he was suddenly called upon to give a talk, he composed a song on the spot and sang it instead.

Berlin's first tunes were written for Nigger Mike's restaurant, on Pell Street in New York's Chinatown, where, many years ago, he worked as a singing waiter. His maiden effort was made when a competing restaurant owner's employee wrote a song. Nigger Mike handed his employees an ultimatum—someone in his establishment would have to do something about it or the whole bunch would be fired. What Berlin turned out was not an especially good song but it was better than no ditty at all. It was called "Marie from Sunny Italy" and it was the first of hundreds to bear his signature.

Hearing that Irving Berlin cannot read or transcribe music has made many people wonder how he has managed all these years. The secret is a battered old piano, now thirty-seven years old, whose original cost was \$100. The instrument has a special attachment to compensate for Mr. Berlin's technical incapacities. The composer writes everything in the Key of F Sharp. In case of tunes that don't adapt themselves to this key, the little gadget comes to the rescue. By means of a lever, Berlin can transpose any tune into the key that is suited for it. A musical secretary takes down every note while Berlin thinks in F Sharp.

Berlin doesn't consider inspiration an important factor in creative work. "Inspiration," he says, "seems to mean a special mood a person has to get himself into to do what is, after all, just a job. Most of my songs have been written deliberately, a little sulkily, while my business associates have stood around me in a circle, assuring me that if I didn't come through with a hit soon, our publishing business would go on the rocks."

Probably no other modern American song has enjoyed the long life of "Alexander's Ragtime Band," which was written by Berlin as an instrumental melody called "Alexander and His Clarinet," and which incidently did not achieve popularity. Several years later, when Berlin had begun to devote all his time to song writing, he was elected a member of the Friars' Club. For his initiation he was asked to have a song ready. He wrote a set of lyrics for the old tune and changed its title to "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Some years ago in London, some newspapermen deplored the fact that a writer of ragtime was earning more money than the Prime Minister, and also scoffed at Berlin's claim that he could write at will. One evening, he invited a group of them to come to his hotel suite and asked them for a title to which he would write words and music while they waited. One of the carping critics, none too subtly, suggested "The Humbug Rag." In exactly twenty-nine minutes, Berlin played and sang words of a catchy, thoroughly acceptable ballad.

Words For Our Pictures

"CONNIE" CONFERENCE . . . Jack Frye, left, president of Trans World Airlines, told WHB listeners that the *Canstellation* will be back on many runs by September 10. As far as grounding of the *Canstellation*, Frye told News Chief Dick Smith that many of the changes ordered by CAA, his company had been in the process of doing anyway. Frye said that when flights of the big three-finned ships are resumed, they will be as safe and fireproof as any transport in the air today. With Frye is Rear Admiral H. B. Miller, right,

new vice-president in charge of public relations for TWA.

EASY TO WED? . . . Wouldn't a guy like ta think sa . . . but that happens ta be the title of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture upcoming this month in which lovely Esther Williams, *Swing's* luscious center spread girl, is starred. She will fallow in "Fiesta," as a female matador, and don't you envy the bull?

MAN-OF-THE-MONTH . . . Korney Warnoll, chairman of Kansas City's Community Chest Drive, October 9-18, is *Swing's* Man-of-the-Month.









Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Kearney Wornall

"Mr. Energy Himself"

DAVID BEALL says: "Kearney Wornall has the most completely unbounded energy of any man I've ever seen."

Morton Jones adds: "Kearney throws all of himself into everything he does, working or playing. His enthusiasm is amazing."

"It's surprising," remarks George Catts, "the amount of work Kearney Wornall can get out of people. He can pile it on and make them like it. I guess it's because his own tremendous effort is a challenge to anyone working with him."

And those are a few, just a very few, of the nice things people are saying about Swing's Man of the Month. Kearney Wornall is a much discussed figure these days, having recently been named chairman of Kansas City's Community Chest Fund Drive, and smart money about town is of the opinion that his leadership will carry the drive well over the top.

Mr. Wornall is no novice as a fundraiser. He's been badgering Kansas Citians for money for a long time. Good thing he's a banker, because if Kearney were the type to get his personal dubbies on only ten per cent of the Kaysee cash he's raised for first one good cause and then another, it would amount to right serious wam-

pum. He could probably buy the town and sell it to Kansas for a state capital. He was chairman of Special Gifts for the 1945 War Chest, and Director of the Special Sales Division during seven War loans and the Victory Loan Drive. He has given his own time unstintingly, and has expected others to do the same. They have done the same, and the success of the campaigns has been remarkable.

One way and other, Mr. Wornall's forebears all were active in local life. Four generations of them have contributed to the settling, founding, building, growth, and advancement of Kansas City.

Great-grandfather Thomas Johnson was a Methodist preacher who founded the 2,240-acre Shawnee Mission, and undertook the task of civilizing Indians. He rode an ox. Kearney thinks of that ox every Fall when he climbs into a saddle for the annual "Trail Ride" of the Saddle and Sirloin Club. He says that each autumn brings increased respect for his ancestors.

One of them, another great-grandfather named Colonel John Harris, came from Kentucky with his wife and seven daughters. He built the three-story "Harris House," largest hotel west of the Mississippi and

oldest in Westport. His home at 40th and Main was preserved as a museum for many years after his death. It has been moved to make way for encroaching business, but still stands intact.

Richard B. Wornall, still another great-grandfather, had a large estate south of Westport Landing. In 1858, his son, John Bristow Wornall, who was a Missouri state senator, used bricks burned on his own farm to build the lovely southern colonial home at what is now 61st Terrace and Wornall road.

During the Civil War, Confederates looted the house and were in the act of hanging John Wornall when a company of Union cavalry intervened with split second timing that would bring a blush to the cheek of modern Hollywood. To this day, Kearney won't wear gray.

Kearney is named for his maternal grandfather, Colonel Charles E. Kearney, who was a big wheel in the development of Kansas City as one of the world's great rail centers. Colonel Kearney and Colonel Kersey Coates built the first railway bridge across the Missouri River, an accomplishment that attracted wide attention when the Hannibal Bridge, as it was called, was opened for traffic on the Fourth of July, 1869. A balloon ascension was the feature attraction that day, and there were fire-crackers a foot long.

So runs the pattern of achievement in the Wornall family. Kearney's late uncle, T. J. was also a state senator. His father, Frank, still active at 91, is widely quoted as the outstand-

ing authority on the history of Old Westport.

It was in the Old Westport district that Kearney Wornall was born in the spring of 1891, in a large Victorian house at 39th and Baltimore. At that time, a plain stretched out from 20th Street, where Kansas City proper ended. The oldest of three



sons, Kearney attended Allen School, and went on to Westport High, from which he was graduated in 1909.

At eighteen, Kearney enrolled in night classes at the Kansas City Law School. By day he worked for the Dean S. Kelly Abstract Company. Later he was employed by the Union Abstract and Guaranty Company, but continued his studies. It was undoubtedly a tough two years, but with the energy friends now remark in him, young Wornall breezed through and on to the University of Missouri.

At Missouri, Kearney played football. He earned the nickname of "Slick," and used to delight in the claim that he and Mort Jones were the ugliest boys in school. He was a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, and was elected to Phi Alpha Delta and Mystical Seven, an honorary organization for outstanding senior men.

During his last year, the SAE's played the Beta's in the finals of the interfraternity baseball tournament at Rollins Field. It was a hotly contested game, and in the seventh inning Kearney broke his foot on a hook slide back to second base. The foot was set and put in a cast, and he was able to attend classes on crutches the following morning. But before leaving the fraternity house, Kearney spent an hour and a half closeted with his typewriter. Then he set out across campus. One after another, his friends stopped him to inquire as to the nature and cause of his injury. To each one, Kearney said not a word, but handed him a typewritten statement describing the accident in detail, giving the doctor's diagnosis, and concluding with the final score of the game. By noon, there were fifty copies in circulation.



In 1915 Kearney received his L.L.B. degree. That was 31 years ago, but he has never forgotten M. U. He's past president of the Missouri Alumni Association, and has been active in all graduate groups to the point of being characterized by Tom Collins as a "professional alumnus." Interviewers find that, whatever his achievements, Kearney's Missouri af-

filiations are still his proudest boast.

From school, Kearney went to the legal department of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, now the Kansas City Public Service Company. In less than two years, he was general claims attorney.

The war came, and with it the most spectacular chapter in the life of Kearney Wornall. It was a gruesome, bloody event that might well have shattered the mind and spirit of a less resilient individual. The incident, beloved by crime-historians, became notorious as the "Camp Funston Bank Robbery."

It happened on a bitter cold night in 1918. Kearney, ineligible for military service because of weak eyesight, had taken a job as cashier of the Army bank at Camp Funston, Kansas. This was a branch of the Huttig Bank in Kansas City, and was located in a one-story frame building in the center of the military cantonment. On January 11th, the editor of the camp newspaper sat by the stove chatting with Kearney, a vice-president of the bank, and two employees who were working late on the books. It was seven-thirty in the evening. Outside, a howling wind blasted down the frozen street and rattled clapboard sidings. Sentries clumped their feet, cursed a useless watch, and tucked their ears more deeply into woolen mufflers.

The bank door rattled, opened. An Army captain came in. He was a depositor, and had been in previously to discuss his mess account. At pistol point, he forced the bankers and the newspaperman to lie on the floor

while he tied them with a length of tent rope. Then he systematically packed \$62,000 in a bag and started off. When he'd reached the door, someone made a remark indicating



that the robber would be recognized.

"You know me, do you?" asked the captain.

"You bet I do, you black scoundrel!" answered the vice-president.

The captain stood a moment, one hand on the door. Then he closed it, and produced a short hand-axe from beneath his coat. He started toward the men on the floor. No one ever remembered anything beyond that except Kearney, who came to in a pool of blood, and staggered into the night to spread the alarm.

The hatchet hold-up almost succeeded. During the twenty-hour period which followed, Kearney was intermittently delirious and unconscious. No one suspected the guilty captain. He had planned carefully. No traces were left to point him out. Four witnesses were dead and one was dying.

But at noon on the twelfth came word that Kearney was coming out of his coma. He'd told the investigating officers appointed by General Leonard Wood that he could identify the name of the bandit from a list of bank depositors. When that rumor reached the camp, Captain Lewis Whisler stepped into a closet and shot himself. Later, a note and the missing currency were found in his quarters, and Kearney positively identified Captain Whisler's body.

It was five and a half months before Kearney was released from the hospital. Friends feared the grisly experience might have affected his ability, but it hadn't in the least. He went to the Army National Bank at Fort Leavenworth as cashier, and on to Kansas City as manager of the new business department of the National City Bank. With others, he organized the Broadway Bank in 1920. He was vice-president, and was president for several years before its merger with the City National Bank and Trust Company in 1933. He has been vice-president of the City National ever since, and is known and liked in the country's highest banking circles. He is a member of the Reserve City Bankers Association, has served on the executive council of the American Bankers Association, and is a past president of the Missouri Bankers Association.

Mr. Wornall especially likes, and is liked by, the bankers in the southwestern territory. They consider him their personal representative in Kansas City. And at the Chamber of Commerce, where he was a director

and treasurer for four years, Kearney is referred to as "our ambassador to the Southwest." Perhaps this is because he doesn't put the lug on southwesterners for funds as often as on the homefolk.

Kearney belongs to the University Club, the Advertising and Sales Executives Club, Mission Hills Country Club, and the Saddle and Sirloin Club. He and his wife Berenice, are a popular couple about town.

It all adds up: the background, the personality, and the experience. People say nice things about Kearney Wornall because they like him, and because they have confidence in his ability to discharge this new obligation as creditably as those previously placed upon him by his community. It's an important job, and it takes an important man. Let Swing add its voice to the others: "Good luck, Kearney Wornall!"



SILLIES FROM THE VALLEY

African hunter: "While wandering around a native village I spotted a leopard."

Sweet girl: "Don't be silly. They grow that way."



The stingiest man we ever heard about bought his bride a nickel's worth of peppermint candy and took her on a trolley ride for her honeymoon. He gave her one piece of the candy and said, "Honey, let's save the rest of the candy for the children."



Cannibal cook: "Shall I boil the missionary, chief?"

Chief: "Don't be silly. That's not a missionary, that's a friar."



A traveling salesman, reading a message from his wife was startled to get this information: "Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."



Wife (trying on hats): "Do you like this turned down, dear?"

Husband: "How much is it?"

Wife: "Twenty-five dollars."

Husband: "Yes, turn it down."



Then there was the Chinaman who said: "Lighthouse no good for fog. Lighthouse he shine. Whistle he blow. Bell he ring, but fog he come just the same."



*"Makes ya kinda impatient to grow
up, don't it?"*

*He has spent a lifetime giving
LaCrosse, Kansas, children something greater than toys or candy.*

BENEFACCTOR *Barnard*

by JOEL LONGACRE

TO many children in LaCrosse, Kansas, the elderly man with the felt boots, the wool cardigan and the cane is known as "Santa Claus." The reason the children call him that is obvious for few men these days wear long white beards.

But Howard R. Barnard isn't the kind of a Santa Claus that climbs into a red suit, stuffs himself into a roly-poly shape with pillows, and distributes presents at Christmas time.

Barnard has spent a lifetime giving Rush County children something greater than toys and candy canes. He's given them education and instilled in them his love of books, and it's books and knowing how to use them which waters education and understanding into a flourishing plant.

His has been a long lifetime spent working with two great loves—books and children—for Barnard will be 83 years old in September. He was born while the Civil War still was a potent threat to the unity of the world's great democracy.

You can find him a good part of the time in the Barnard Library in LaCrosse. He's proud of the recognition members of the library board paid him when they decided to carve his name in stone above the doorway.

The library is housed in a native-stone building erected in 1937 and is a combination of the library he himself started, the rural high school library and the LaCrosse Library Association.

The New York-born Barnard, a son of some wealth, became a pioneer school teacher in the days when classes were held in sod houses on the plains. In each school in which he taught, Barnard installed a library for the use of the pupils, for books were scarce. Many pupils came to his schools because they were drawn by the magnet of his libraries.

It is for his books that Barnard is perhaps best known but there was another side to him, too, that made his work doubly important. He was an educator years ahead of his time.

Even in the days of the sod house schools, he realized the importance of sports and games and did his best to see that his pupils had the best in equipment and opportunity. He tried many years ago to "help the child find out for himself," for that, he held, was what really counted.

In the early 1900s, he inherited a lump sum from his father's estate and was informed he would be paid annually a similar amount. He decided to build a school of his own. It be-

came the most unique educational experiment in Western Kansas.

He bought ten acres of land—"Why in the world don't all high schools buy ten acres of land rather than a city block and then have room for athletic fields and future expansion?" he asks—and built on it a large frame building for his "Entre Nous School."

Barnard established his school as a private institution, equipped it with every facility for better education that he could find. He employed an excellent faculty, even to a physical education instructor.

Then he opened the doors of his school free to every child in a radius of 30 miles and sent horse-drawn busses through the farm districts to bring pupils to their classes and return them to their homes.

Entre Nous school operated in fine shape for eight years and then Barnard's income vanished as an estate fight tangled his source of money. Creditors were unsympathetic. All that remains today to commemorate his unique school is a flag pole—unless you count the Rush County citizens who obtained their educations there.

Barnard went back to teaching, for opportunities for him were plentiful. He went back to putting much of his meager income into books, riding on wheat wagons to Hays 26 miles away or to Great Bend 40 miles distant to buy the precious volumes.

Strangely enough, he has never appeared to buy books for his own enjoyment. He's been more of a book collector than a reader.

"I've always been too busy with the library and the children to read much," he says.

He has been so busy these last fifty



years with his libraries and his pupils that he says he just never thought about getting married. And, as for children, he says he has had more than anyone he knows. In a way, he explains, every child he has known was his, in that he influenced him through his books.

It has been estimated that in those years he purchased some 10,000 books. He's still buying them from the small annual salary he receives as the LaCrosse librarian.

His progressive ideas didn't always meet with school board approval but generally Barnard came out on top because the pupils—and their parents—were strongly behind him. Today he looks back and allows he certainly has been a crank at times "because it takes a crank to get things started."

Barnard ran away from school at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1883 and, penniless, started walking west. He drove barge horses along the Erie canal, then walked on into Ohio where he worked as a farm hand.

Later, at Indianapolis, he hooked up with a wagon train leaving for Kansas and in 1884 reached Fort Scott.

From there his travels took him to Wichita, Great Bend and on to Rush county. His shoes were worn through so he took a job at a molasses mill. He worked for a time for Mike Curry, an Irish cattleman. It was 1886, the year of "the terrible Kansas blizzard," and Barnard froze both feet. Ever since, winter and summer, he has worn knee-high felt boots.

Looking back on his long life, Barnard says he thinks youth of today "is the most wonderful thing on earth," for he believes that the greatest potential in the world is locked within man's brain. Children should be given every opportunity to develop the best that is within them.

Feeling that way, the venerable educator and book lover says that all schools should be loved by pupils who attend them. Such a hookey-



less state can be reached, he believes, if teachers will learn to search for and find the latent talents in young people, then allow those talents to

develop along whatever line they may take.

"Young people are not wild," he'll tell you. "They're just full of life and that's what we must have for progress."

He seems to regret that he no longer can teach for he says teachers nowadays are doing what he wanted to do forty years ago and couldn't.

He still has the grand dreams of his youth but his money can't match them. Now that his library has been established as one of the more important centers of community interest, he says that "we should have a big, fine high school building with plenty of room for vocational work and an athletic field and stadium close to it. It should have trees around it and be out at the edge of town."

But, as far as his own resources go, it can be only a dream. He has drawn a will leaving all his books to the LaCrosse library association in the hope that they will long be a joy to the children of Rush county.

In each of them is stamped, in purple ink, the name of H. R. Barnard, the recluse-like man who lived only for children and for their better education through methods years ahead of his time and through the ageless medium of excellent books.

Rush county children as yet unborn will study in his books. He could have no finer memorial than his name above the door and within those thousands of books.



When you have a fight with your conscience and get licked, you win.

THE MARRIAGE RELATIONS

One tried and sure method of getting your wife home soon from an out of town vacation is to send her a copy of the local paper with one item cut out.



During the course of his pastoral visits, a white haired minister called on one of his parishioners, who in recounting his blessings, said that his little family had lived together for many years without a single quarrel or difference.

Replied the wise old minister, "If there never was a difference, there must have been a vast amount of indifference."—*Better Homes and Gardens.*



"Honey, said the young man, "if you will marry me, I'll put electricity in my farmhouse, get new kitchen equipment and paint the house inside and out. Also I'll buy a milking machine."

"Honey," sighed the wise young

woman, "Suppose you do all those things—and then ask me."



A minister was asking a confirmation class to define matrimony. "Matrimony," recited one lad, "is a place of punishment where some weak souls must suffer for awhile before they can go to heaven."

The minister thought a minute and said, "you have given the definition for purgatory, but I think maybe it'll do very well for what I had in mind also."



"Hiya, Jim," cried Sam, meeting a crony for the first time since the end of the war. "Did you marry that girl you used to go with or are you still doing your own cooking and darning."

"Yes," replied Jim.



A few girls want to remain single, but most of them would rather knot.



A wedding shower symbolizes the beginning of a reign.



"When oneness has been attained,
good health, prosperity and
happiness follow naturally."

by MORI GREINER

THEY CALL IT *Unity*

FROM West Virginia, west Texas, and Nigerian West Africa, the letters pour in. They come from England, France, Sweden, Russia, Rumania, Panama, and Paducah. They're letters of praise, letters of doubt, and letters from people with problems. Throughout the world a consciousness is growing, an awareness of a religious philosophy called Unity. And men and women everywhere are wondering what Unity has to offer them.

To answer these questions, the Unity School of Christianity publishes monthly a million and a half copies of seven magazines in nine languages, and many books from its library of 35 titles. These go to every country in the world, bar none. Unity's "Wee Wisdom," for boys and girls from five to thirteen, is the oldest and second largest magazine for children in the world.

Unity was founded 57 years ago by a Kansas City real estate man and his wife at a time when both were tubercular and expected to die. Myrtle Fillmore did die, but not until 45 years later. At 92 her husband, Charles, is still the actual and active head of the Unity movement.

The theory of metaphysics evolved by the Fillmores in their hour of distress was not original in its components. It was based upon the teach-

ings of Jesus, and upon the writings of various religious philosophers. The Fillmores, however, gave new interpretations to a number of accepted values and couched their teachings in terms that could be understood easily. Essentially, Unity presents God as Spirit, Principle, the fount of love and all things good. Man reflects and inherits these qualities of perfection. Through positive affirmations of belief and faith, he manifests oneness with his Creator. When oneness has been attained, good health, prosperity, and happiness follow naturally.

Originally, Unity was conceived as a school of practical Christianity to be studied by members of any denomination or by persons with no church affiliation. It was not intended to develop into a sect with regularly ordained ministers and other symbols of ecclesiasticism. This is something that has been brought about by Unity students, much against the will of the founders. Charles Fillmore refuses to join a Unity church. "I am a teacher," he says, "not a preacher." He is president of the Unity School, and continues to spread his doctrine of non-denominationalism.

By publications, personal letters, study classes, lectures, correspondence courses, local centers, movies, street-

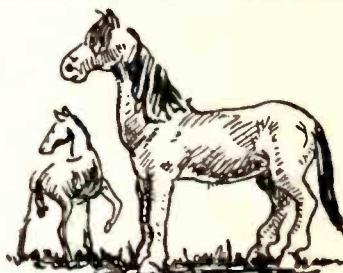
car cards, and personal interviews, the Unity word is being projected; but the greatest number of people is reached through radio. On 37 American stations, and others in Australia and New Zealand, Unity conducts 200 broadcasts a week. The scripts for all programs are prepared at the School headquarters. Carl Frangkiser broadcasts "The Unity Viewpoint" each weekday morning over WHB in Kansas City, and the scripts are sent to other stations for radio delivery by staff announcers.

Through these publicity channels, great interest in the movement is aroused. Particularly notable has been the tremendous volume of requests for help by "Silent Unity," a group of 100 workers who maintain a 24-hour-a-day prayer service. This group is specially trained, and is ready at any time to undertake prayerful action on problems that reach it by mail, telegraph, and telephone. Each year some 600,000 telephone calls alone are received from persons in mental, physical, or financial distress; and all of them receive prompt and careful consideration. Letters are answered individually. Perhaps literature is enclosed, or cheering metaphysical advice. Naturally, this requires a large staff, and, at its main offices, Unity employs more than 500 people.

Because of the manner in which affiliated Unity societies are organized, operating under a variety of names, it is impossible to ascertain with exactness the number of adherents the philosophy has today. It is estimated, however, that the figure may now approach five million, hav-

ing doubled in the last half-decade. This is predicated on the belief that there are five readers for each name on Unity's mailing list of one million. It is certain, at least, that the Unity idea is catching on, since every succeeding day brings new subscribers.

The present Unity headquarters occupy nearly one square block in downtown Kansas City, but the group is soon to relocate 14 miles out of town on its 1,300-acre farm, which is now devoted to the training of Unity students. The farm produces quantities of fruit and vegetables, but it is really more a campus than an agricultural venture. There are classrooms, dormitories, houses, apartments, lounges—and more being built. The farm has a tea room, an amphitheater, golf course, swimming pool, and tennis courts. Its 165-foot campanile is a well-known landmark.



Present plans are to center all Unity activities there: publishing, training, and administration. As a convenience, houses will be built to accommodate workers who may wish to live on the farm, but no religious colony is planned.

Rickert Fillmore, son of the founder, manages the farm. A former architect and art student, he also plans and executes all buildings. This

is a boon to the movement, because Rickert's ideas are definitely progressive. His houses, for instance, will be



four five-room units laid out in the shape of a cross around a central pre-fabricated heating and plumbing plant. Time and expense will be saved, yet each house will be a separate dwelling, with privacy, sunlight, and fresh air. In accordance with Rickert's scheme of things, all Unity buildings are built of pre-cast concrete. Flooring is concrete blocks, and siding is two two-inch concrete slabs insulated with four inches of rock wool. Fountains, balustrades, friezes are all pre-cast in the Farm's moulding room, later to be hoisted into their proper places. The architecture is modified Italian Renaissance, but methods have been evolved to color and "age" concrete pieces while still in the mould; so Unity Farm buildings, though new, will have a 15th century flavor despite discreet use of glass brick and precipitron-equipped air-conditioners.

All wood used for furniture and doors is walnut grown on the Farm and cut in the Farm's sawmill. The Farm has its own dairy, flour mill, cold storage plant, sewage system, reservoir, quarry, water tank, oil and gas wells, repair shops, and power supply. It has street, fire, and police departments, and is definitely a growing organization.

Lowell, another of the Fillmore sons, is treasurer and manager of the School, and edits "Weekly Unity." He, too, is considered an outstanding progressive leader, guiding the thirty-five departments under him with a firm but sensitive hand.

He has been active in the work since childhood, and has literally "grown up" with Unity. He is said to have witnessed many miraculous healings and demonstrations over want, among both his own family and its many followers. He saw his mother overcome her seemingly incurable affliction and set about to share her discovery of efficacious metaphysical principles with their neighbors. In 1889, when his father and mother decided to devote their lives to religious teachings, and began publication of their first magazine, "Modern Thought," Lowell was on hand to cut paper, set type, and run errands.

Every day Unity grows and spreads. New study groups and churches are forming all over the world, in alliance with the 200 already established. In Kansas City, the Unity Society of Practical Christianity is building a four-story, \$500,000 temple.

And every day, from everywhere, the letters pour in.

DEEPER AND DEEPER

THE deepest man-made hole in the world is located in Brazos County, Texas. The drill reached 16,655 feet, but the hole was finally abandoned when no commercial production was obtained.

Both the public and those in the industry have frequently speculated as to just how deep it might be possible to drill a well. No one can give a decisive answer to this question, but the trend of drilling has been toward greater depths ever since Drake drilled the world's first oil well in Pennsylvania to 69½ feet. By 1920, a 3,000 foot well was considered "deep," but in the early 30's the drill had made 10,000 feet an obtainable depth, and now the drill has taken an even greater bite into the earth's crust.

In all the discussion about depth of drilling for oil, two factors are usually ignored, yet these factors will determine to a great extent the ultimate depth of oil well drilling. Oil and gas are only found in the sediments of the earth, never in the complex structure of granite or igneous rocks, commonly referred to by geologists as "Basement"

rock, which is believed impenetrable. There is, consequently, no reason to drill further than to the top of this rock, whether it is 100 or 10,000 feet beneath the earth's surface.

The other factor has to do with the type of oil or gas to be found at extreme depths. Deep drilling has proven that the farther down into the earth the drill is carried, the less chance there is of getting fluid oil. Instead, if any petroleum is encountered, it is most likely to be distillate or natural gas. This also tends to reduce the reason for extremely deep drilling.

Tremendous pressures have been encountered in the deeper wells, and temperatures above the boiling point of water have been recorded. New alloys and better equipment by the steel and manufacturing industries could be used to drill to 20,000 feet, but to drill such a well there would have to be good reason to believe that sediments were that deep at the proposed location, and that petroleum might be found in amounts which would make the venture economically justifiable.

—Frank B. Taylor.



Two Americans stood at the edge of New Guinea's jungle watching a land crab drag over the ground. From its path a myriad of ants swarmed to seek cover beneath leaves.

"It's mighty ugly," one of the watchers said, looking upon the grayish body and stem-like eyes, "but it isn't dangerous."

"I guess not," his companion admitted, "but I'm just thinking what a hell of a monster it must be to those ants."

Chicago Letter . . .



by NORT JONATHAN

THIS is the year of the great blight. Radio blight, that is.

For the better part of a year now, Chicago's most important radio programs have been packing their scripts and shoving off for either New York or Hollywood. Principally the latter. The sunny clime of California seems to have a peculiar attraction for Soap Opera actors.

Most of the big night-time shows moved some months—or even years—ago. For instance, "Fibber McGee and Molly," which first took to the air from Chicago's Merchandise Mart studios, has been a west coast origination for more than a decade. On the other hand, the "Contented Hour" stuck around until just recently, moving to New York a few months

ago. In most cases, the better established actors, writers, and producers have followed the shows.

The greatest blow of all fell when the four programs written by Irna Phillips and produced by veteran Carl Wester moved to Hollywood in a block. Chicago is now **IT STARTED AS A JOKE** the origination point for only one coast-to-coast soap opera—the venerable "Ma Perkins."

It started out as a joke. Marvin Miller, who has done right well for himself in both radio and pictures, started the parade. He was closely followed by John Hodiak, who hasn't done badly either. Then, before you could say "Control Room" the big migration began—out of the Actors Club and onto the Super Chief and the 20th Century. Actors suddenly began looking at timetables and talking about buying a house in the Hollywood Hills. The fever swept through the Wrigley bar and up the Chicago river to Henrici's.

The strange fact is that most of the advertisers and agencies controlling the "bread and butter" programs in radio will remain in Chicago.

For the most part, they have merely moved production details to New York or the west coast. Naturally actors and producers, catching the fever, have quickly followed. Programs planned and developed by Chicago brains have been snatched away by the more glamorous production centers. As one radio executive put it recently, "You can't beat a sun tan and a chance at the movies."

The attempts to combat the blight have been few and feeble. There have been several committee meetings. A few attempts have been made to generate interest in new programs. NBC has moved several low-budget sustaining programs to the Chicago River front. But, for the most part, no real attempt has been made to develop Chicago anew as a radio production center. The town which once origi-

nated forty to fifty dramatic and musical commercial programs a day, in addition to many sustaining shows, is practically existing on a few strictly local crumbs. And the crumbs are fewer every week.

Wholly unaware of this debacle in our midst are the college girls happily planning their back to school wardrobes. One can always tell that **SCHOOL FASHIONS** the summer is practically over when **PROMOTION IS ON** when Marshall Field and

Company unleashes its annual "back to school" fashion promotion. The faces of beaming undergrads pop out from the advertising pages of the papers. Each store has its scholastic Fashion Board, with all kinds of advice handed out on what to wear and how to wear it. Being a mere male who merely likes to look at feminine clothes—and at what's in them—your correspondent doesn't feel qualified to talk about what's going to deplete Papa's bank account this September. However, we have it on the very good authority of Miss Kay Daly, the extremely decorative fashion editor of the Herald-American, that this September will really be a honey on the fashion front. You'll be able to spend all of Daddy's money without half trying, right in one store!

There's nothing that can be said here that can add to the out-of-town understanding of the William Heirens case. It is to be hoped that by the time this issue of **SWING** reaches the stands, the whole unsavory mess will be well in the past and on its way toward being forgotten—probably pushed out of the limelight by some new horror. However, it's only fair to say that most Chicagoans are thoroughly disgusted with the way the entire case has been handled by police, the press, and the State's Attorney's office. The tendency of one and all involved to run into the spotlight on the drop of a clue has done little to help Chicago's already none too sweet reputation.

On the far more pleasant side of the entertainment ledger is Joe E. Brown's

performance in "Harvey." If you haven't had an opportunity to see the show in New York, experts declare that the Chicago version is a worthy substitute.

Performances also worth seeing when you're in town are the almost nightly television shows at station WBKB in the State-Lake building. Reservations are necessary, but easy to make by mail or telephone. The same know-how that made Chicago the center of Navy radar instruction during the war under the direction of Bill Eddy produces television shows of the highest calibre. Visitors may watch both the production and screening of complete programs and are gladly shown the equipment which makes video possible.

Another show well-worth taking in—and one which has been running for years—is the National Barn Dance, broadcast every Saturday night from the 8th Street Theatre over a nationwide network.

If food is on your mind, try one of the less well-known restaurants—popular with Chicagoans but off the beaten track for most visitors.

Over on Dearborn street, for example, there's "Ding Dong" Gus' restaurant. It's a good spot to take a buyer from Council Bluffs when he wants to whoop it up. The Italian cuisine features steaks and chops in addition to the usual spaghetti and chicken dishes.

While we're talking about extroverts in the restaurant business, there's Barney's Market Club in the heart of the Chicago wholesale produce district. Barney had a little trouble with the OPA during the war, but things are now back on the old standard. Barney himself will probably be on hand to greet you with a hearty, "Hello, Senator."

With football in the air and sunburns forgotten, it looks like September will be a happy event—for everybody but starving radio actors. Some of them are down to their last singing commercial.



One improvement that is badly needed on automobiles is a device to make brakes tight when the driver becomes so.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK



Exclusives

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan. (Wab. 4400). Clyde McCoy and his orchestra set the musical background for dancing and Dorothy Dorben's wild west extravaganza called "Yippee."

★ BUTTERY, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 North State Parkway. (Sup. 7200). Very chic and cozy in the order of New York's smartest and most intimate rooms. Excellent food and dancing if you like.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton. (Sup. 2200). Ramon Ramos stays on till October to insure tangy rhumbas for another month.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, Palmer House, State and Monroe. (Ran. 7500). Evelyn Knight tops off a rich and handsome Merriel Abbott Revue and Freddy Nagel is the new maestro, beginning September 12th.

★ GLASS HAT, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress. (Har. 3800). Matinee dancing, evening band attractions and Fashion luncheons every Wednesday and Friday make up a full and rewarding program.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th. (Har. 4300). Mel Cooper's great band is here for the season and the booking continues to be one, sometimes two, star acts.

★ MARINE DINING ROOM, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road. (Lon. 6000). Henry Brandon's 19-piece orchestra, eye-filling Dorothy Dild revue and traditional Edgewater service and cuisine.

★ NEW HORIZON ROOM, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan. (Whi. 4100). Joe Vera's band is scoring a big success and is augmented by Karen Ford, vocalist, and a solo pianist.

★ PUMP ROOM, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Last month of David LeWinter's Kirby-like-classics, but more celebrities on hand than ever.

★ WALNUT ROOM, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle. (Cen. 0123). Sherman Hayes and his orchestra and a brace of acts strike the fancy of a conservative clientele.

★ YAR RESTAURANT, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. (Del. 9300). The season starts off with plenty of gayety and color with Colonel Yaschenko again hosting, and George Scherban as maestro. Louis Steffen is the suave, handsome maitre d'hotel.

Star Acts

★ The big three of night clubs with name acts, three or four supplementary numbers, lines of girls and standard dance bands are policy programming at CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court. (Del. 3434) . . . RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . And LATIN QUARTER, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544).

★ Not so expensive but informal fun are COLOSIMO'S, 2126 South Wabash (Vic. 9259) . . . and VINE GARDENS, 614 W. North Avenue. (Div. 5106).

Dancing

★ Dancing is the main interest at the BLACK-HAWK RESTAURANT, Wabash and Randolph. (Ran. 2822), to Del Courtney's music . . . PANTHER ROOM, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and Clark (Fra. 2100), to swing parade leaders.

Atmosphere Counts

★ Tropical teasing at DON THE BEACH-COMBER'S, 101 E. Walton Place. (Sup. 8812) . . . SHANGRI-LA, 222 N. State. (Dea. 9733) . . . BAMBOO ROOM, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West. (Div. 5000).

★ Old English charm at IVANHOE, 300 N. Clark. (Gra. 2771) and OLD ENGLISH ROOM, Hotel Pearson, 190 E. Pearson. (Sup. 8200) . . . Parisian Victorian at L'AIGLON, 22 E. Ontario. (Del. 6070) . . . Austrian background at OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph. (Fra. 1892).

Cues to Cuisine

★ AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State. (Del. 9862), for roast beef, spaghetti and seafoods . . . STEAK HOUSE, 744 N. Rush. (Del. 5930), for all kinds of thick, juicy steaks . . . BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North (Mic. 5988) for Hungarian food . . . SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) for mouth-watering barbecued ribs . . . CHEZ PAUL, 180 E. Delaware (Del. 9713) for continental bill of fare . . . KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) and A BIT OF SWEDEN,

1015 Rush (Del. 1492) for smorgasboard and Scandinavian specialties . . . IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) for 50 varieties of seafoods . . . And for chop suey you won't go wrong at HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton (Del. 7194), HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505) and the NANKIN, 66 W. Randolph (Sta. 1900).

La Strip Tease

★ The girls take it off at BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson Ave., CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison, L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison, CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison and the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark . . . No reservations necessary.

The Stage

★ "BLOOMER GIRL" at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). Ingenious musical about the

bloomer era with Nanette Fabray the daring star.

★ "DREAM GIRL" at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Judith Parrish plays the light-headed darling in this Elmer Rice play.

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). The Pulitzer Prize Winner with James Rennie, Neil Hamilton and Judith Evelyn is "must see" entertainment.

★ "HARVEY" at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown plays the lovable alcoholic and Marion Lorne just about steals the show.

★ "LUTE SONG" at the Studebaker, 410 S. Michigan (Cen. 8240). Play with music adapted from the Chinese. Beginning Sept. 16.

★ "OKLAHOMA" at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Return engagement of the perennial hit. Beginning Sept. 16.



WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?

AN enterprising writer, James C. Adams of Bernardsville, N. J., recently conceived the idea to write an article called "How Gullible Is the American Public?" Whereupon, selecting some 200 names from metropolitan telephone books, he addressed a number of letters to unsuspecting citizens. One hapless individual, a 79-year old White Plains, N. Y., housewife, was completely baffled when she received the following communication in her morning's mail:

"We recently received an inquiry from a party with a name similar to yours, but without an address, requesting that we send them one of our educated apes for a thirty-day free trial.

"You ask if our apes can be used

in housework, table-waiting, etc. Definitely, yes. Our apes are in service now in many homes. Their initial cost is low, they require little food and practically no clothes. They make ideal servants.

"Unless we hear from you to the contrary, we will send your ape, together with an instructor, in the near future. The instructor will live with you for a week to orient your ape in his new environment."

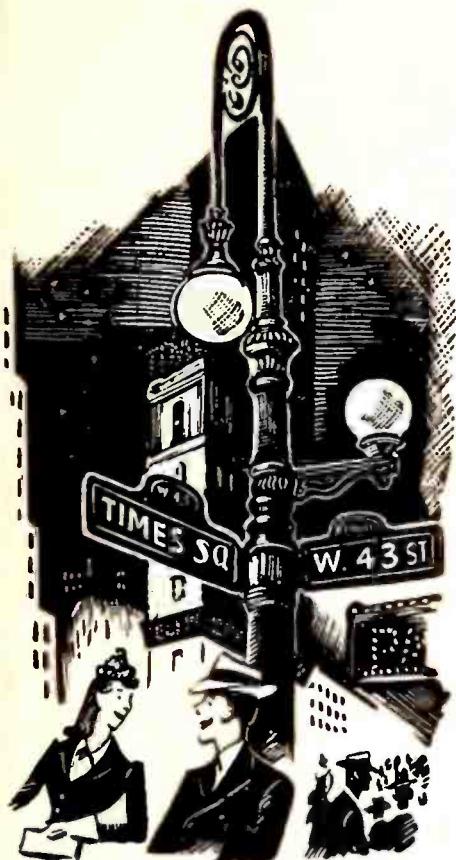
At her wits end, the recipient of the letter called the police, who, together with the FBI, immediately began an investigation of the case. Needless to say, the "ape" has not yet put in an appearance at the distraught lady's house.

—Betty Waller.



If you must worry, always do your worrying in advance. Otherwise you will miss most of the chances.—Construction digest.

New York COMMUNIQUE



by LUCIE BRION

MANHATTAN gayety hits a low spot in August and September. This means that one doesn't have to elbow a way in and out of the usual popular places; and also is evidence of the fact that Manhattanites and visitors alike seek the good earth during these months. As October approaches we all can prepare for the biggest season of the year . . . that which precedes and includes the Yuletide holidays. Hints are already in the air about new shows, new fashions

and new decorations in the old familiar places. And when this fall season arrives all indications are that hotel reservations and all factors of moving about and having a "being" in Manhattan will be as difficult as they have been for the past several years. It's hard to plan very far in advance these days but for anything in Manhattan it's a case of, "Gad, you'd better."

No matter how valiantly women attempt to prove the equality of the sexes there always remain a few typically feminine traits that lend EQUALITY credence to the title, OF SEXES "Weaker Sex." For example: using a husband's name under the stress of getting something done. An instance which will ring a familiar bell to wives happened here recently. For sometime the service in a certain apartment building was getting steadily worse. A doctor's wife complained on her own but to no avail. At last she resorted to the old weapon of saying: "Doctor Doe will certainly see about this." Service improved instantly so she continued to use this weapon day after day. Now the doctor thinks she has overdone it a bit. After all, he is a man of slight build with a most gentle bearing and appearance, and has no taint of violence in his entire make-up. The resultant cap-touching and general scrambling about when he appears has left him a little bewildered and a mite terrified. His only hope is that "service" won't discover the fallacy of his wife's threats.

Sailing on Long Island Sound is not only one of the most beautiful sights in the world but one of the most exciting sports as well. Races go on continuously during the summer months with all types of boats competing according to class. The winds, the tides, the sails, all demand expert understanding and handling. And the element of chance in which way the wind will blow and where, keeps everyone on the alert until the finish line is reached. Night races are even more thrilling than the day. With a full moon silver-

ing the water where little puffs of wind ruffle the surface, sails full and ghostly white against the darkness, lights flickering along the shore-line, it's an experience never to be forgotten. And there is such a quietness about a night race. Everyone whispers so that their voices won't skip across the water and give away the crew's secrets. The East is more boat-minded than ever this year and boat manufacturers are swamped with orders for next year . . . there were very few deliveries this year due to production difficulties.

Here is a factual case of pinning one's ears back: A young lady employed by Saks Fifth Ave. likes to wear her hair up. But, her ears have

PINNING ONE'S EARS BACK sticking out and ruining the contour of her

head. So, what does she do? She puts liquid adhesive on the backs of her ears, holds them tight to her head for a moment and then goes merrily on her way with a stream-lined contour. This might be an idea for mothers to use on small children in training unruly ears.

New York newspapers and radio commentators had a real old-fashioned field day over the recent Kansas City political

campaign. Few people understood what was going on other than a good hot fight. Nevertheless, it was a most popular topic of conversation. Kansas City has always been intense, to say the least, over politics but when its proceedings are reported back here one would call Bikini a quiet spot in comparison.

The Long Island railroad system, never known to be anything more than barel adequate, is now seriously falling apart

RAIL SYSTEM FALLING APART . . . not for higher

wages but for new equipment. It has really become a matter of chance for commuters to get back and forth on the same day. For a great many years residents out on Long Island have discouraged any means of transportation that would bring an influx of population out to the treasured country-side. Electric engines have not as yet made an appearance even though they are the most logical types of all for this run. However, many new settlements are cropping up in spite of the bad transportation and now that new equipment has become a "must" old residents are trying to resign themselves to the acceptance of hundreds of new neighbors.



The visitor was trying to make friends with the young son of the house as he waited for the older sister to finish dressing. "I think I have met all of your family but your uncle Henry," he said. "How does he look? I mean what side of the house does he resemble?"

The little boy considered and thought of his fleshy uncle. "The side with the bay window," he said.

"What's the idea," demanded the irate wife of her husband the morning after, "of telling me that last night you were at the Grand Inn with George Baker? I just met Mr. Baker and he told me you were at the Trocadaro Tropical Paradise."

"My dear," replied the husband, "last night when I phoned you I was in no condition to say Trocadaro Tropical Paradise."

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JEANNE TAYLOR



Show Cases

★ AMBASSADOR GARDEN. Park at 51 (WI 2-1000): A cool, deep and leafy catacomb with music by Jules Lande's unobtrusive orchestra.

★ BILTMORE. Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): This is where Dunninger, the mental maestro, performs his black magic. Musical maestros are Nat Brandwynne and Ralph Font, the latter an addict of the rhumba.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. 2 Sheridan Square (CH 2-2737): A night club devoted to torrid tempos and folk songs. J. C. Heard's band and pianist Cliff Jackson.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Humor of a very exceptional quality by Bernie West and Patty Bright. Ed Hall's band is danceable.

★ LARUE. 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374): A very good facsimile of upper-bracket grandeur, greatly enhanced by the chipper music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

★ MONTE CARLO. Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400): This fancy restaurant-night club is like a strip out of the movies. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Alberto's rhumbas top it all off.

★ EL MOROCCO. 154 E. 54 (EI 5-8769): A gilt-edged goldfish bowl, magnificent dining and chi-chi atmosphere. For music it is Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rhumba band.

★ PLAZA. 5 Ave. at 58. (PL 3-1740): Rosario and Antonio with their highly decorative dancing in the Persian Room at dinner and supper. In

the background Pancho and Mark Monte orchestras provide very satisfactory dance music.

★ PIERRE. 5 Ave. at 61. (RE 4-5900): If you've been snitching lately, Myrus, the talented mind reader, may catch you in the baroque Cotillion room. If he doesn't, Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band will.

★ ST. REGIS ROOF. 5 Ave. at 55. (PL 3-4500): A glamorous spot that would speed anybody's romancing along to a nifty tempo. Paul Sparre's and Theodora Brooks' casual orchestras for dancing.

★ SAVOY PLAZA. 5 Ave. at 59. (VO 5-2600): The sweet music of Barry Winton's orchestra in the worldly Cafe Lounge, plus Clemente's Marimba band.

★ STORK CLUB. 3 E. 53. (PL 3-1940): The years cannot stale the fascinating sameness of this ancient hideaway. Lester Lanin's orchestra and a rhumba band play appropriate music.

★ VERSAILLES. 151 E. 50. (PL 8-0310): Carl Ravazza, one of the more recent meadow larks, is always in a lilting mood. Joel Herron's orchestra and Panchito's rhumba band provide heartier music.

★ WALDORF ASTORIA. Park at 49 (EL 5-3000): The cats call it "schmaltz," but Guy Lombardo's brand of music continues to take well year in and year out. The Starlight Roof (stars by Commonwealth Edison) also has Mischa Boris' band helping out at the after-theatre hour, and Michal Zarin's orchestra in the Flamingo Room.

Wee and Bright

★ COQ ROUGE. 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): A bustling little establishment with music by Dick Wilson's orchestra heard across the street . . . CASINO RUSSE. 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Soviet song and dance acts but done with such an enthusiasm that they are forgivable; dance music, ancient and modern . . . DRAKE. 71 E. 56 (WI 2-0600): Subdued and elegant, with stylish musical nourishment by Cy Walter at cocktails and supper and by Paul Berlin in between . . . MADISON. Lackadaisical atmosphere and music for dancing by Irving Roberts and his orchestra . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD. 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Hank Duncan's hot trio, with Freddie Moore and his hot drums and Don Frye's hot piano is enough to fry you . . . EL CHICO. 80 Grove at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A very pleasant and un-Sheridan square mixture of Latin atmosphere and music . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE. 5 Ave at 8 (SP 7-7000): Here is where Hope Emerson takes a leather-lunged view of life.

The Trumpets Blare

★ CARNIVAL. 8 Ave. at 51. (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle, plus an upsadaisy trapeze act by Elly Ardely. Lots of more interesting stuff in-

cluding dancing by the customers . . . ZANZIBAR. B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Big and barny but softened somewhat by Pearl Bailey, Claude Hopkins band and Cab Calloway's orchestra. COPA-CABANA, 10 E. 60. (PL 8-1060): Show personalities plus a line of dancing girls are handsome accessories to Ernie Holst's orchestra and Desi Arnaz's rhumba band . . . LATIN QUARTER. B'way at 48. (CI 6-1737): Ted Lewis ("When mah bebbey smahles at me") in as Broadway a setting as you could (or could not) want.

But No Dancing

★ SPIVY'S ROOF. 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy's musings on the problems of fissionable life about town, and flamboyant music by the Three Flames . . . RUBAN BLEU. 4 E. 56. (EL 5-9787): Just reopened with Ruby Hill, one of the pleasanter memories of "St. Louis Woman" at the head of a useful collection of entertainers, including the Cedric Wallace Trio.

Music, Maestro Please

★ EDIE CONDON'S. 47 W. 3. (GR 3-8736): The patter of James P. Johnson's mighty fingers on the local Steinway, plus hot music in its finest flower by Dave Trough, Joe Dixon, et al . . . NICK'S. 7 Ave. S. at 10. (CH 2-6683): Miss Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Peewee Russell and their compatriots take you back, way back . . . JIMMY RYAN'S. 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Rough and ready jazz with George Brunis, Tony Parenti and others whipping up a brisk blaze . . . KEYBOARD. 54 W. 52. (PL 9-6043): One of the newer leatherette lounges manned by Wild Bill Davison, one of the more creative trumpeters of this era . . . THREE DEUCES. 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's quartette, while the pie-eyed pipers look on, in this not-too-prepossessing former store front . . . SPOTLITE. 56 W. 52 (EL 5-8148): This makes three in a row, and this time it's Coleman Hawkins and his war-weary trio, but still very good.

A Waltz, Please

★ ASTOR ROOF. B'way at 44. (CI 6-6000): Tommy Tucker's orchestra are the workmen in this huge and usually crowded but generally merry rooftop . . . ESSEX HOUSE. 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Hal Saunders orchestra in this sometimes crowded and always noisy hoof emporium . . . PENNSYLVANIA. 7 Ave. at 33. (PE 6-5000): Spacious, beautiful and a bit too swank for casual going, with Ellio Lawrence and his good band . . . ROOSEVELT. Madison at 45. (MU 6-9200): Joe Reichman, keyboard strategist, and his not too bouncy orchestra hold forth here.

Out in the Open

★ TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Central Park W at 67. (RH 4-4700): A good replica of God's half acre, full of fresh air, greenery and easygoing dance music . . . CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124. (MO 2-8600): Nice for a sobering-off dance or two at the end of the evening . . . BOSSERT. Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100): Tiz here that Brooklyn dons party clothes. Provincial but very pleasant.

NEW YORK THEATRE

(Addresses and telephone numbers listed at the end)

Plays

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Mansfield) The old story of a bad girl whose heart is pure—a sort of "Anna Christie" transplanted into a Pennsylvania Negro home and played by an all-Negro cast. They're all good. Ruby Dee is Anna and as beautiful as the play is sad and funny.

★ BORN YESTERDAY. (Lyceum) And a joy forever. Judy Holliday as the young thing who unwittingly proves to her protector, Paul Douglas, that crime, even on an oblique and international scale, doesn't pay—even if it is the medium through which the young thing has her fur coats and culture. Garson Kanin wrote and directed this very deft, sometimes daffy comedy. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEEP ARE THE ROOTS. (Fulton) About love which recognizes no color lines. An expert melodrama about which Bilbo, Talmadge and Rankin could find nothing good. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DREAM GIRL. (Coronet) The Elmer Rice comedy starring Mrs. Elmer Rice—Betty Field to you. It's about a girl who day dreams a lot and it's awfully entertaining. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HARVEY. (48th Street Theatre) Frank Fay in a psychiatrist's wonderland with a big white rabbit. Last year's Pulitzer Prize play and you can see why—providing you know a good scalper. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER. (Bijou) Father's whiskers should be streaked with gray as this high-spirited comedy rounds the corner into its seventh year. Clarence Day's rich and affectionate book continues to prove its merits. Nightly except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ MAID IN THE OZARKS. (Belasco) "I love you. Sex is here to stay . . . bless it . . ." That should give you some idea. Evenings except Monday at 8:45. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:45. Milkmaid's Matinee Wednesday 2:30.

★ O MISTRESS MINE. (Empire) They wouldn't have to because they've been married for years, but Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine do a very nice job with this adultery yarn of British origin. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ ON WHITMAN AVENUE. (Cort) Canada Lee heads the cast which portrays a Negro family moving into a white neighborhood. They move right out again, of course, and that's why plays like this are written. Nightly except Monday at 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:30.

★ STATE OF THE UNION. (Hudson) Kay Francis takes over for Ruth Hussey in this year's

Pulitzer Prize about a man torn between two women and a Presidential campaign. Ralph Bellamy heads the cast of this Lindsay-Crouse comedy. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ SWAN SONG. (Booth) Patrons have been waiting for this psychological melodrama to re-enact its own title, but the 12-year-old piano prodigy, Jacqueline Horner, and others of the cast keep it alive. Nightly except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco) John Van Druten's skillful play is set in three rooms, with a cast of three, in three delicious acts. It's about a young actress who lets a nice young sergeant stay overnight on the living room couch. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

Musicals

★ ANNIE GET YOUR GUN. (Imperial) Someone once advanced the theory that when a woman is out to get her man, she either sings to him or shoots him. In this ear-splitting saga, Ethel Merman does both, although she admits (with Mr. Berlin's help), that "you can't shoot a male in the tail like a quail." In other words, she shoots from the lip as well as the hip. Nightly except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday, 2:35.

★ CALL ME MISTER. (National) A few good things were accomplished by the war. At least it gave some G. I.'s something to write a show about and the show is something to shout about. With Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ CAROUSEL. (Majestic) A sweet, sad, funny little story of an incurable rascal written by Ferenc Molnar, who called it "Liliom." It was given a New England setting, some songs and some dances, and it's now well along in the second year. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ OKLAHOMA. (St. James) Like a good wine, it improves with age. Though heaven knows there wasn't anything wrong with it in the first place. It's now in its fourth year. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ THE RED MILL. (46th Street Theatre) This one didn't go so well as "Oklahoma," but after all, it is a lot older. If you like 'em nostalgic and if you still swoon over Victor Herbert, this is your dish. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SHOW BOAT. (Ziegfeld) Edna Ferber, the Appleton, Wisconsin novelist, can count among her laurels the great wearing qualities of this once unobtrusive little book. With music it's terrific and the old songs are lovelier than ever. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ THREE TO MAKE READY. (Broadhurst) Ray Bolger is darn near the whole show, but anybody who can dance like that and have such fun at it deserves to be. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

Miscellany

★ ICE TIME. (Center) Another of those musical revues on ice. We don't know how they do it but each one seems to top the last one in lavishness, comedy and ingenuity. Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz are the producers. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Sunday evening, 8:15. Matinee Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday at 3 p.m.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Belasco.....	115 W.	44th	CO. 5-8215	W
Bijou.....	209 W.	45th	CL 6-5969	W
Booth.....	222 W.	45th	CL 6-6699	W
Broadhurst.....	235 W.	44th	BR. 9-2067	E
Center.Ave. of Americas &.....	49th		CO. 5-5474	
Coronet.....	203 W.	49th	CL 6-8870	W
Cort.....	138 W.	48th	BR. 9-0046	E
Empire.....	B way	at 40th	PE. 6-9540	
Fulton.....	201 W.	46th	CL 6-6380	W
Forty-Sixth.....	226 W.	46th	CL 6-6075	W
Forty-Eighth St.....	157 W.	48th	BR. 9-4566	E
Hudson.....	141 W.	44th	BR. 9-5641	E
Imperial.....	249 W.	45th	CO. 5-2412	W
Lyceum.....	149 W.	45th	CH. 4-4256	E
Majestic.....	245 W.	44th	CI. 6-0730	W
Mansfield.....	256 W.	47th	CL 6-9056	W
Morosco.....	217 W.	45th	CI. 6-6230	W
National.....	208 W.	41st	PE. 6-8220	W
St. James.....	246 W.	44th	LA. 4-4664	
Ziegfeld.....	6 Ave.	& 54th	CI. 5-5200	



One shiftless farmer had an enormous appetite and some of his neighbors determined to test the limit of his capacity. Accordingly they staged a trial and baked wheatcakes, of which the fellow ate forty-nine. "Go ahead and eat one more," they urged. "Make it an even fifty and that'll be a record for these parts."

"Not me," replied the eater. "I'm durned if I'll make a hog of myself for one cake."

WISE TO WOOLENS?

IT'S the smart shopper these days who knows the difference between woolen and worsted. Identifying the two by sight and touch is to know the story of their basic variances. It's the yarn that counts in judging qualities, in making the best buy in woolen materials. And here's why.

Your favorite suit had its beginning when the wool was sheared from the sheep and shipped cross-country, no doubt, to a scouring mill. Here grease and foreign matter clinging to fleece are removed in a thorough cleansing operation that paves the way for carding and spinning. Carding is the process that separates the fibers into a thin web. If a woolen or worsted yarn is to be made, carding and spinning vary.

What is worsted yarn? It's the spinning of long, fine wool fibers that have been carded straight and separated

from short, broken or imperfect fibers. Spun or twisted, they produce a compact, smooth yarn.

What is woolen yarn? Shorter wool fibers left criss-cross in every direction in the carding process. Compared to worsted yarn, it is softer and fuzzier.

Only a slight nap, or no nap at all on the surface, is one way to know worsted fabrics. The texture is smooth and clear. And in wearing experience, you'll find them handsomely resistant to dirt and wrinkles. Serge, gabardine, covert, light-weight suiting and dress-weight woolens are for the most part worsteds.

Woolen fabrics are noticeably more loosely woven and heavier in weight. Tweeds, flannels, novelties and homespuns come under this particular bracket.

Being bested by worsteds and woolens is to know this short story.

—Marion Odmark.



ABOUT POOR FARMERS

A wealthy farmer was having a lot of trouble because one of his shiftless tenants stole his hogs. One day he made a deal with the fellow, promising him two hogs for himself, free, if the tenant would promise never to steal another hog from his landlord. "All right," agreed the tenant, "But I'll tell you one thing. I'm going to lose an awful lot of good meat by that deal."



One Christmas season a benevolent landholder gave one of his tenants a 30-gallon keg of whiskey of his own distilling. In a few days the tenant was back hinting that he was out of liquor and that he'd like another bequest.

"Why, man alive," said the farmer, "It's not been a week since I gave you a barrel of whiskey."

"That's true, Squire," replied the tenant, "But you know a keg of liquor don't last long in a family that's too poor to keep a cow."



American Royal Coronation Ball, Saturday, October 19

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

Just for Food . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP . . .** Just a step up from the Hotel Phillips lobby into a colorful, low-ceilinged little cranny with red leather chairs and maple sugar walls. The service is quick and the food is strictly big league. Priced right, too. If you look closely you can detect a life-like mural of the Kansas City skyline hiding behind some potted plants. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT . . .** Growing in popularity among discriminating Kansas Citians is this busy bite shop in one of the nation's busiest air terminals. The tempting dishes are served in an atmosphere of glamour and excitement. Dapper pilots, uniformed crews, and pretty hostesses are your eating companions as you have breakfast, luncheon, or dinner amidst the roar of engines on the line. Twenty-four hour service. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA . . .** Fresh vegetables and man-sized salads make summer eating a pleasure at this long-time favorite in the Linwood-Troost area. There's a wide assortment of pastries, and a fine choice of meats. Usually crowded, but the line marches on. Plenty of parking space in the rear. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL . . .** Cool, casual and quiet. This family-size dining room in the popular Brookside Hotel has long been a favorite with Sunday diners. It's a nice place to have banquets and big parties too. The service is fleet footed and the food is like Mother used to cook, but doesn't any more. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S . . .** Booths, tables, and fast service are available from 11 a.m. until midnight, in this bright, glassy, and attractive eating edifice. Fresh sea food isn't just an expression here, jumbo shrimps and fresh fish are air-expressed in from the Gulf every day. Closed Mondays. Brush Creek and the Paseo. VA. 9757.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE . . .** One of those crowded little hip-pocket places that always seem to make culinary mountains in mole-hill kitchens. Always packed to the rafters around noon with sea food devotees clamoring for Glenn's piscatorial delicacies. For those who have been initiated

into the mysteries of fish and chips, there are those wonderful black walnut waffles. Open 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed Saturday and Sunday. 819 Walnut Street. Scarritt Arcade. HA. 9176.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE . . .** A modernistic catacomb of richly furnished rooms enclosed in blue mirrors and autographed portraits of celebrities who have eaten there in the past. The neon sign says, "Just good food," but that isn't half the story. You may also look forward to quick service, varied menus, and air-conditioned atmosphere. In the B. M. A. Building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **NU-WAY DRIVE IN . . .** Midnight snack rendezvous for all of the after-theatre, night club, dance, bridge game, and bowling alley set. Nearly everyone in Kansas City ends up here sooner or later munching one of those tasty Nu-Way hamburgers after the big event. The service is fast too. Linwood at Main, and Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP . . .** Red and beige ten-pin tavern, just a step away from the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys, featuring home-made pies, cakes, and tender, luscious steaks. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ **UNITY INN . . .** The accent is on large salads and amazingly tasty vegetarian dinners served in a cool green latticed room spiced by an occasional box of flowers. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheons and dinners Monday through Fridays. Sunday 11:30 til 2:00. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE IN . . .** Where the cliff dwellers from the Locarno, Biarritz, and the rest of the tall Plaza apartments gather nightly for sandwiches and late snacks. A beautiful circular place with golden oak and red leather booths and tables. Home of Z-Lan rabbit dinners and fried chicken. Air conditioned. Week days 11:30 to 1 a.m. Sunday, noon to midnight. Closed Mondays. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA . . .** Three steps down from either the lobby or the cocktail lounge to big juicy steaks and fried chicken served in a subdued atmosphere faintly reminiscent of those quaint little cafes on Chicago's famous Rush

Street. The flashy El Bolero cocktail lounge is just two fingers away for those that like a nip with their noodles. Hotel Ambassador. 3560 Broadway, VA. 5040.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT . . . A rangy lounge turned into a dining room on one side where you'll find talented Alma Hatten playing for your supper . . . the piano, that is. The drinks and the music are intoxicating, and the food has long been a favorite of south side night crawlers. Convenient parking next door at the Congress garage. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ DIERK'S TAVERN . . . A cozy, dark timbered, little bistro just off of Tenth street where you can



wine, dine, and soak up the atmosphere. Plenty of mahogany booths to match the paneled walls which are lined with rare vintage wine bottles. A fine place for an intimate evening. It's also popular for luncheons. 113 E. 10th. VI. 4352.

★ GUS' RESTAURANT . . . A sparkling, neon-lit glass bar, live lobsters cavitating in window boxes, intimate atmosphere, and the liveliest crowds in town that pack the place nightly to listen to that grand old man of boogie, Joshua Johnson. Joshua's nimble fingers continue to beckon to all of Kansas City's sun dodgers except the stone deaf and the infants. Gus Fitch is the genial genie who created the place. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS . . . There has been more spaghetti and ravioli served here in the last twenty years than you can shake an oversized bambino at. Signora Teresa is a past master at composing melodies in meat balls, and as a result celebrities the world over have beaten a path to the door to partake. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT . . . Plenty of fancy chicken for dinner and plenty of slick chicks for entertainment afterwards in the sightly and shapely evening revue. Weekdays the first floor show is at 10:30. Charley Rankin is M. C. 2240 Blue Ridge, IND. 5702.

★ PLAZA ROYALE . . . The attractive big sister of the Town Royale complete with horseshoe bar, hospitable service, and a glistening Hammond organ that is put through its paces every evening by fascinating Mary Dale. It's a spacious room but always filled with enough people to make it close and cozy. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER . . . Luncheon, dinner, drinks, noise, music, and everybody you know. If they made the place any bigger it wouldn't be as cozy. People love its crowded atmosphere. The steaks are big and juicy and the salads . . . hubba hubba. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM . . . A comfortable south side cuisine corner where they serve the steaks that made Kansas City famous. Fast service is not just a slogan here, and those

famous Pusateri salads are the real McCoy. Wonderful drinks and smooth music add to your enjoyment. Hyde Park Hotel. Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT . . . A beautiful modern bar highlighted with indirect lighting and touched off with some masterful murals. Surround this with a spacious dining room, noise, smoke, and lots and lots of people and you have a full evening. 405 W. 75th. JA. 9796.

★ SAVOY GRILL . . . A deep, dark, mahogany and green tile room that has been left over from the halcyon days of Sarah Bernhardt and T. R. A tradition in Kansas City, the venerable colored retainers that serve you have been there since the place was built. Temptingly cooked sea food is the piece de resistance here. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ TOWN ROYALE . . . A chummy little nook just off of the sidewalk, outfitted with trailing draperies, tall mirrors, and fascinating murals. Red divans line the walls surrounding a magnificently mirrored bar. Music by Zena and Zola add to the intimate atmosphere and make your afternoon or evening complete. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE . . . A friendly, low-ceilinged drinking nook just off the Hotel Continental lobby. Walls are forest green and there are comfortable chairs and divans spotted around a huge "Purgatory red" juke box. Small change goes a long way during the "two for one" cocktail hour every day from 3 to 5. You get two drinks for the price of one. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ THE ASSEMBLY . . . One of those colorful spots on colorful Twelfth street. The old time piano stylings of Hugh Voss are a nostalgic delight right out of the days of mustache cups and bustles. The place is loud, smoky, and crowded, but on Twelfth street that's atmosphere. 7 W. 12th. GR. 9877.



★ CABANA . . . The atmosphere is Latin—right down to the amber-eyed natives who serve your drinks. The colorfully muralled bar and the spacious divans offer a cool escape from the heat. Alberta Bird, popular WHB organist, offers smooth renditions of requested tunes on the Novachord. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ OMAR ROOM . . . "A book of verse beneath the bough" . . . The bough in this case is a beautiful set of mirrors that overhang the circular bar, giving patrons the feeling of sitting under a

arge tree. The room is dim, cushiony, and equally filled with smoke and beautiful women. The big fellow behind the bar with OMAR written across his shirt—His name is Smith not Kbayyam. Hotel continental. 11tb and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ LA CANTINA . . . A large downstairs room with bright red and white decor. The bar is extra long to accommodate the usual week-end rush. Ward Perry entertains the crowd nightly with his modern piano stylings. There is always plenty of room and the atmosphere is inviting. Hotel Belle- rive. Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ THE TROPICS . . . The Phillips has imported a slice of the south seas and set it up on their third floor. The accent is on swaying palms, soft lights, cool breezes, and believe it or not, an amazing tropical storm which blows up every hour on the hour, when the barkeep turns the



right switch. This cool green spot continues to be one of the most popular places in town. Lovely Mary Jean Miller entertains at the Hammond organ and the Steinway. Open every evening at 5. Saturdays at 1. Hotel Phillips. 12tb and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM . . . A soft green hideaway just around the corner from the famous El Casbah. The deep green walls and the soft amber tables make this a good place for summer afternoon fun. Dorothy Enslen and Norman Turner entertain in the evenings with romantic songs and smooth piano melodies and Fleurette sings 'em on the slightly naughty side. Opens at 11 a.m. with entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive. Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ BLUE HILLS . . . A colorful catacomb done over in dark blue and silver on the edge of town. The beautiful new Amber room (not from the book of the same name), is now open for the pleasure of southside sunbathers. The barbecued ribs and fried chicken are traditionally tasty. Tony Carraci will be the musical attraction during September. Eddie Cross is your host. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ BOWMAN'S RESTAURANT . . . Elections come and go, but Bowman's continues to win the nominations of smart city dwellers for dinner and dancing. Dine on tasty Southern fried chicken in the air-cooled dining room and then a quick dash into the colorful canopied cocktail lounge for a bout with Bacchus before tripping the light fantastic to the rhythmic arrangements of the Three Sharps. Open nightly. 3210 E. 15th. BE. 9399.

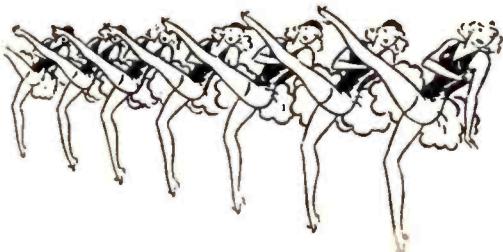
★ CROSSROADS INN . . . A neighborly ole place where you don't need a tie and if you have one you'll probably take it off. The food and atmosphere is typically Kansas City, and you'll be surprised at whom you bump into in the dark corners. A gaudy little cocktail lounge free from tax is located within easy reach. The Swope Park street car brings you right up to the door. Closed Wednesdays until 4:30. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA. 9699.

★ CROWN ROOM . . . A comfortable room of no definite shape, but offering hootches, tables, and a postage stamp dance floor for your enjoyment. Judy Conrad's orchestra offers distinctive music featuring Billy Snyder, the smallest trumpeter in the world. If you look hard you can see the Glass Bar glistening through the smoke beyond the dance floor. Hotel LaSalle. 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ CLUB FIESTA . . . Always plenty of fun in this boomey baven for ex-air raid wardens. Needless to say the atmosphere is dim, and packed with friendly crowds. Larry Phillips and his orchestra add music to the melee from a corner surrounded by an amazingly large dance floor. Those smooth drinks are concocted by that old master, Hubert Jenkins. 12 E. 39th St. For reservations call VA. 9597.

★ EL CASBAH . . . Great goings on in Barney Goodman's ornate night club, where they'll be celebrating their second anniversary come the 14th. After the big birthday party Don Richards, the singing star of Winged Victory, will entertain. There's a cover charge of \$1.00, except at the bar. Dinners are from \$1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants from 12:30 til 4:30 when there's no cover, plenty of entertainment and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ MARY'S . . . Newly remodeled in sparkling colors, this popular night club is broad and brimming with happy mobs of collegians who flock in to laugh, quaff, and listen to the imitable music of Bert Mader and his orchestra. The dance floor is extra large and the atmosphere is extra ro-



mantic. No reservations. Setups and beer only. 2013 Wornall Road. JA. 9441.

★ PENGUIN ROOM . . . A cozy inviting little room where you see yourself in the mirrored walls and your best friends at the small tables. Roy Mack and his popular orchestra hold sway over the junior sized dance floor. No music for luncheon, but you'll find the customary good food and service. Hotel Continental. 11tb and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ OLD PLANTATION . . . A large rambling old southern colonial style mansion just a short drive

east of town. Accentuated by massive columns on the outside and spacious rooms on the inside, the cool crowded atmosphere is ideal for dancing. The floor is large and the music good. Al Duke and his Irish songs are currently featured along with the rippling rhythms of Jerry Gilbert and his orchestra. Highway 40. East of Kansas City. FL. 1307.

★ SOUTHERN MANSION . . . Walls lined with large white columns, smooth music by Dee Peterson, and tall iced drinks in the best tradition of the Old South. Long a favorite with Kansas City society, the food will make you a life-time devotee of Dixie. The extra large dance floor makes dancing a pleasure for those who are tired of the midget variety. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.

★ SKY-HIGH ROOF . . . Wonderful week-end dancing high above Kansas City's sparkling sky line. The glassed-in walls offer an impressive view of the glistening panorama that is Kansas City at night. Kenny Whyte plays twinkling melodies for your enjoyment. Week nights the roof is available for parties. Call Mr. McEachin at the Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ TERRACE GRILL . . . Pink and plushy, with music at noon and night. Bob Berkely and his orchestra play for your noonday and evening enjoyment. Hotel Mueblebach, 12th and Baltimore GR. 1400.

★ STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA . . . This dark, pleasant, tavern harbors some of the bouncin'est boogie in ole K. C., dished out by talented Jeanie Leitt (as in light) who features cute little songs accompanied by the strongest base hand we've heard in a long time. The atmosphere is intimate and the crowds are friendly. It's usually packed to the rafters, but there's always room for one more. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR . . . A big barn-like place on the south side of town featuring a king sized dance floor, drinks, music, and a racy floor show which keeps the crowds yelling for more until something like four a.m. Max Bicknell and his orchestra have control of the down beats during September. Plenty of tables, ringside and otherwise, take care of the usual week-end crowds. The cover charge is one buck. 79th and Wornall. DE. 1253.



Two weeks before Christmas, Ingrid Bergman made a personal appearance at a benefit and told this story:

"A rich man said to his minister, 'Why is it that everybody is always criticising me for being miserly, when everybody knows that I have made provision to leave everything I possess to charity when I die?'

"Well," said the minister, "let me tell you a story about a pig and a cow. The pig was lamenting to the cow one day about how unpopular he was. He complained that people were always talking about the cow's gentleness and kind eyes. He admitted that the cow gave milk and cream, but maintained the pigs gave more. He asserted that pigs gave bacon and ham and bristles and people even pickled their feet. He demanded the reason for such lack of appreciation."

"The cow thought awhile and said, 'Maybe it's because I give while I'm still living.'"

"I've been asked to get married plenty of times," declared the plain girl of middle age.

"Yeh?" replied the skeptic, "Who asked you?"

"My mother and father."

❖
Pessimist: A person that builds dungeons in the air."

A farmer was troubled every year by picnickers from the city who helped themselves to so many of his hazelnuts that he never had a decent crop for himself. When his son came home from the agricultural college he put up the following sign: "Rattlesnakes are never found here, but Corylus Avellana abound generally. Tramps enter here at their own risk." That season the farmer had all his hazelnuts to himself. His son, who had studied botany, enjoyed a good laugh that the picnickers didn't know Corylus Avellana is the Latin for hazelnuts.

—Jos. Spurgeon.

COLLINSTUFF

Most of us think we could move mountains, if somebody would only clear the hills out of the way—*Sunshine Magazine*.

Some men blaze a way, while others merely blaze away.—*Coal-Getter*.

One drunk came across another on the sidewalk, looked over the victim and said: "I can't help you up, but I can lie down with you."

A pessimist is a man who looks at the world through morose colored glasses.—*Counterpoints*.

A little boy complained: "Mamma, make Bobby behave himself. He makes faces at me every time I hit him with a stick."

Engagement is that period when a girl is placed in solitaire confinement.—*Des Moines Register*.



The teacher had spent most of the morning telling the class something of the wonders of nature. At the finish she said—"And isn't it wonderful how the little chickens get out of their shells?"

One quick-witted lad went her one better. "Teacher, I think it's far more wonderful how they get in the shells."

It was quite an important preview of a new film adapted from a novel by a popular writer. Afterwards the author was asked what he thought of it.

"Excellent," he replied. "Who wrote the story?"

"You did," was the answer, "We got it from your book."

"I wouldn't have known it," said the author. "But, it would make an excellent novel. Mind if I use it?"

"Of course not, as long as you give us the film rights."

"We must go to Stratford," an American on a visit to England said to his wife. "What's the use of that?" she inquired. "We can buy Stratford postcards in London."

"My dear," replied the husband, "One travels for more than just to send postcards. I want to carve my name on Shakespeare's tomb."—*Christian Observer*.

"That girl certainly is disliked. Why is she so unpopular?"

"She won last year's popularity contest."

"I'm the kind of a boy," explained the youngster, "that my mother doesn't want me to go out with."

The old narrow trails where two cars could barely pass without colliding are being replaced by wide highways on which six or eight cars can collide at one time.—*Erie Magazine*.

An irate lady of the house called the police department and complained that there had been a dead horse in front of her house for three days. She was more than surprised to receive the reply, "Lady, take it down to the lost and found department of the police station and if nobody calls for it in five days it's your property."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

COURAGE OF LASSIE — Tom Drake, Frank Morgan, Elizabeth Taylor, David Holt. Hollywood has finally outdone itself in psychological films, this time Lassie is the unfortunate victim of neuroses and phobias. Though we heartily expected to see Lassie undergo psychoanalysis, the picture never quite reached that point. The plot is bolstered, however, by the magnificent performances of the stars, especially young Elizabeth Taylor, fresh from her triumph in *National Velvet*. Tom Drake gathers several laurels for himself for his memorable role as the infantry sergeant in charge of Lassie on Attu. In the story Lassie gets lost from his mistress (Elizabeth Taylor) and becomes a war dog with a record for bravery. He gets war nerves, however, and runs away to the hills, becoming a killer of sheep. He is apprehended by the neighboring ranchers and put on trial for his life. He is saved from execution the last minute by an appeal of his young mistress, and per usual the ending is happy.



EASY TO WED—Van Johnson, Esther Williams, Keenan Wynn, Lucille Ball. A fast, screamingly funny farce-comedy with music—and it is rated among the best of the year. Based on the old hit show, "Liberated Lady," it is jammed with laughs, and acted to the hilt by the above foursome.



BOYS RANCH—Jackie Jenkins, James Craig, Skippy Homeier, Dorothy Patrick. Jackie "Butch" Jenkins tops his previous performances in his first starring role. James Craig plays the part of the organizer of a ranch for orphaned boys, very much like Father Flanagan's "Boys Town, Nebraska." Skippy plays the unrepentant juvenile delinquent who is determined to see the ranch fail. In a fast moving climax, disaster is barely averted as Skippy repents and the ranch is saved.

Warner Brothers

ONE MORE TOMORROW — Based on a Philip Barry play, "One More Tomorrow" tells the story, sometimes gay, sometimes poignant, of a handful of bright young people who go about to publish a liberal magazine. Their problems, both professional and amorous, are many, and it is only after near failure that the publishing venture and the tangled romantic affairs are satisfactorily ironed out. Co-starring with Ann Sheridan are Dennis Morgan, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith and Jack Carson. Supporting the five stars is an excellent company of players including John Lodcr, Reginald Gardiner, Marjorie Gateson, Thurston Hall, John Abbott and others.



Twentieth Century Fox

ANNA & THE KING OF SIAM — Irene Dunne, Rex Harrison, Lee Cobb, Linda Darnell, Gale Sondergaard. A stunningly beautiful utterly delightful version of Margaret Landon's entertaining book about an Englishwoman at the court of Siam in 1862. The story is complete with laughs and tears as Anna masters many difficult situations.



Tentative Schedule for Films Showing in September In Kansas City

LOEW'S MIDLAND

EASY TO WED
COURAGE OF LASSIE
BOYS RANCH

NEWMAN

STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE

RKO ORPHEUM

NOTORIOUS
MAKE MINE MUSIC

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY

BLACK BEAUTY
ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM
CLAUDIA AND DAVID
TIME OF THEIR LIVES

RKO Pictures

MAKE MINE MUSIC—Dinah Shore, Nelson Eddy, Andrews Sisters, Jerry Colonna, Lichine & Riabouchinska, Sterling Holloway, Andy Russell. Magnificent Walt Disney musical and cartoon, Technicolor revue. Ten items, every one a delight, with Benny Goodman, his orchestra and quartette, and the whole crew doing "Peter & The Wolf," "Casey at the Bat," etc. Don't miss it.



NOTORIOUS—Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, Louise Calhern, Leopoldine Konstantin, Lenore Ulric. Ingrid Bergman, daughter of a convicted German spy, falls in love with a G-man who takes her on a dangerous mission to South America. To break a German spy ring, the G-man, Cary Grant, allows her to marry one of the spies. Claude Rains, Ingrid's mother-in-law discovers her duplicity and orders her executed, but the G-man shows up in time to liquidate the would-be murderers, rescue the magic sand containing uranium, and marry Ingrid. Like all Alfred Hitchcock pictures, a revue cannot possibly scratch the surface. The only remedy is to see it, and by all means do.



Paramount

O.S.S.—Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Patric Knowles, John Hoyt . . . Continuing in the role of the steely-eyed tough guy, **THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS** — Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin, Kirk Douglas. A murderess, a gambler and a dipsomaniac, none of them what you'd call exactly charming, whirl through this one with the greatest possible violence. All three contribute handsomely toward making the film a taut melodrama.

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Bob Hope, Joan Caulfield, Patric Knowles, Marjorie Reynolds. Bob Hope plays the part of the dashing Monsieur Beaucaire in this playful burlesque of Booth Tarkington's novel of the Louis XV era. Last time Rudolph Valentino had the leading part, so that gives you an idea of how much bringing up to date the movie makers had to do.

Swing Around

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY . . .

One day while the boss was gone from one of Kansas City's leading hotels, a fella called up for some information. The sweet voice at the other end hummed merrily as she laid the telephone down and thumbed through records.

All of a sudden, and while the fella on the other end still hung on to the phone, there came a shrill screech, followed by the admonition . . . "Joe, keep our mind on your business."



PAGE MR. SINGER . . . A lieutenant colonel we know decided that a career in the regular army was for him, and a couple of weeks after his terminal leave expired he applied for a commission. It seems that his age of 27 made it necessary for him to start back up the ladder as a first lieutenant. A lieutenant colonel in the regular army must be no younger than 48.

Pretty soon his papers came back saying that he was disqualified because of physical disability. Believing himself sound of mind and body he tried, not once, but four more times. The last time came a curt note to the effect that he was physically unfit, and that a careful review of his case had been made by all concerned. For the fifth try he went directly to the War Department in Washington to track it all down.

He found, according to army records, that he was only 15 inches high.

UNCONVENTIONAL ENDING . . .

Our friend, and the humor editor of this magazine, Tom Collins, was the featured speaker at a Montana convention recently. As the 17th orator took his seat a sigh of expectation filled the room as Tom was introduced.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am reminded of the story of two skeletons. For several days they had been imprisoned in a musty old closet. Finally, one skeleton said to the other: 'What are we doing in here anyway?' Whereupon the other skeleton replied: 'Darned if I know, but if we had any guts we'd get the hell out of here.'"

THE GRACIOUS TOUCH . . . They attribute this one to the successful candidate for Congress in the Fifth District of Missouri. The office seeker, who, incidentally held a pat hand with the chief occupant of the White House (now you can guess), had just completed an address before a group of Kansas City society women out in the southwest. Impulsively one of the ladies, who had grown grandchildren and freely admitted being past 70 said: "I was encouraged to speak to you because somebody said you loved old ladies. "Yes," replied the candidate. "I do! But I also like them your age."

AN ART . . .

Although she knows its useless,
When sitting she will seize,
Her dress and make an effort—
To hide those pretty knees.
And I sit there puzzled, wondering,
If she honestly and true—
Doesn't want me to see them,
Or makes darn sure I do!



THE NOE\$ HAVE IT . . . Joe Sunnen of the Sunnen Automotive Products of St. Louis received the following letter from his daughter in college:

"Dear Dad: Gue\$\$ what I need mo\$t of? That\$ right. \$end it along. Be\$t Wi\$\$he\$, Your\$, Ruthie."

To which Uncle Joe answered:

"Dear Ruthie: I am glad to kNOW that you are NOt doing badly in college. NOthing pleases me more. Write aNOther letter soon. As I have NO news I must close NOW . . . Dad.

GOING MY WAY? . . . People who know Traffic Patrolman Roy Pierce of Kansas City are going to be surprised, especially those who thought they knew Roy real well.

It seems that one night on his motor-bike, Roy followed a weaving, irregular driver for several blocks, wondering what was coming next. Finally he pulled alongside, flagged the guy to the curb and said: "Pardon me sir, but do you have any particular plans?"

LAMENT . . .

I bought a dress on the installment plan,

The reason of course was to please a man;

The dress is worn out and the man is gone—

But those damn installments go on and on!

Tomorrow: That day that comes when you have given up trying to figure out today's problems.

TACT . . . Discouraged by a laundry that kept sending his clothes back so shrunk out of shape he could hardly get them on, a customer finally got mad and sent them a large railroad spike. To it he wired a note saying: "I'll bet you can't shrink this."

Eventually the laundry returned to him a small package and a note. In the package was a carpet tack. The note said: "The heck we can't."

FRIGHTFUL FINALE . . .

With graceful feet, the shapely gal Was tripping the light fantastic. When all of a sudden she tore— For the powder room door! "Damn this post-war elastic!"

MISS OPA OF 1946 . . . The Kansas City Grocer Magazine, displayed this little boxed-in announcement on Page 25 of their August issue:

"Readers of the 'Little Abner' comic strip will be interested in knowing that a report is being widely circulated that 'Lena The Hyena,' alleged to be the most horrible monster ever created, has just been unofficially named 'Miss OPA of 1946.' In the contest, Gravel Gertie was runnerup."



TARGET FOR THAT NIGHT . . . A Kansas City ex-bombardier was rummaging through his collection of war souvenirs when he ran across the picture of a gal. "There," he said, "was one of my near Mrs."

For WHB
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KANSAS CITY

Let's Face Figures!

IN THE
FIRST HALF OF
1946
KANSAS CITY
SUPPLIED:

1,067,760,000
bushels of wheat

133,773,000
bushels of corn

7,804,000
bushels of oats

3,648,000
bushels of barley

EVERY YEAR
KANSAS CITY
SLAUGHTERS:

1,000,000 cattle

400,000 calves

2,267,000 hogs

1,500,000 sheep



The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



WE WILL COME REJOICING . . .

In the "bread-basket-of-the-nation" states served by Kansas City, harvest time means a cash farm income of *seven billion dollars*. And, brother, that ain't hay! Already this year, Kansas City has shipped *one-eighth of the world's total wheat supply!* Cattle, hogs, sheep, bran, barley, rye, kaffir and milo stream in for translation into consumer cash. We live from the earth and we're proud of it! Here at the gateway to the southwest, through which billions of farm dollars pour annually, stands

W.H.B., speaking the language of the people in Kansas City Marketland—introducing supply to demand . . . The Marketland *consumer crop* is ready to harvest, so select a medium that reaches the people. Choose W.H.B., Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station. We will come rejoicing, bringing in your sheaves.

DON DAVIS President-National Advertising Representative
JOHN SCHILLING Vice President-General Manager

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