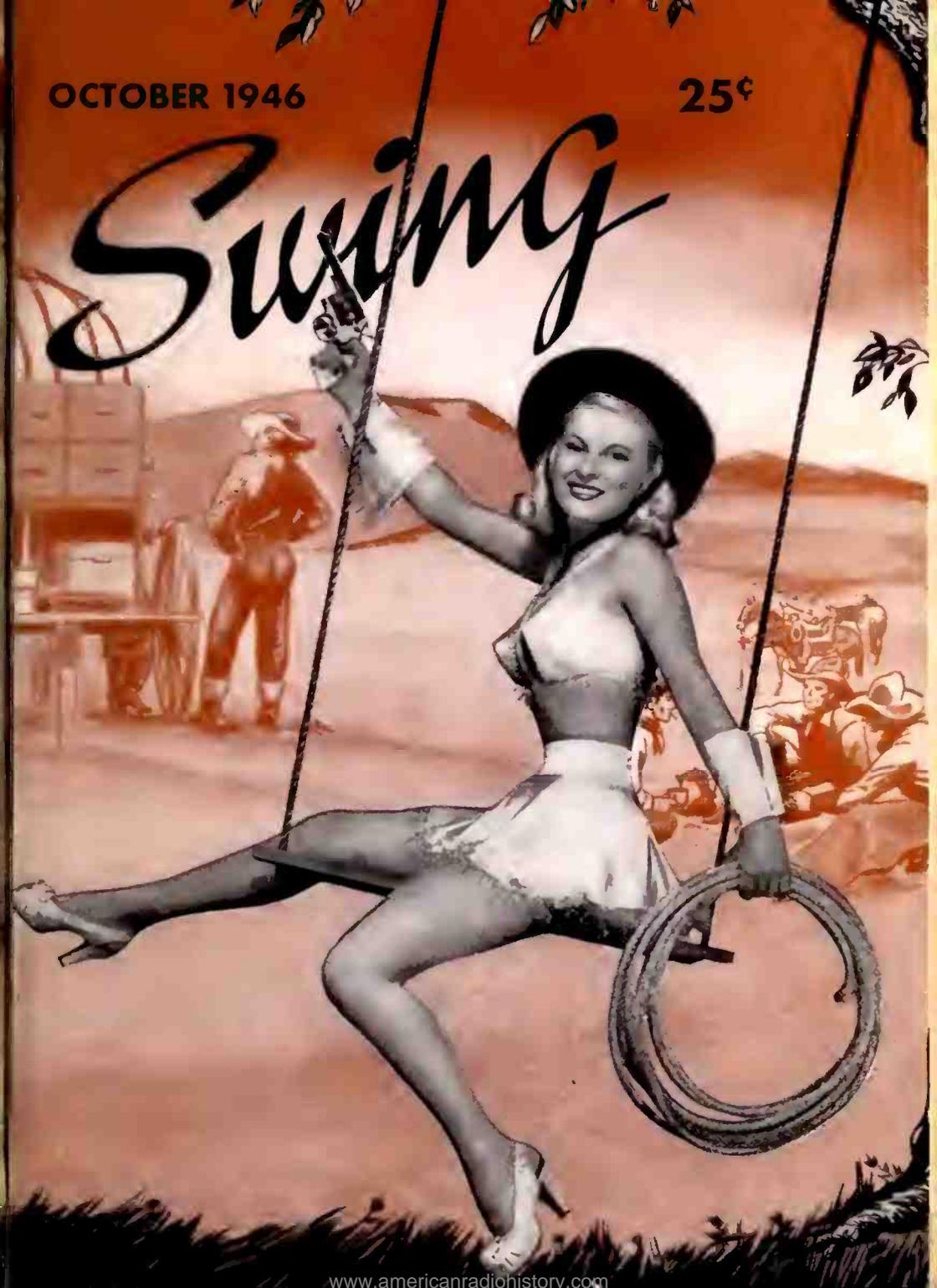


OCTOBER 1946

25¢

Swing



WHB NEWS REEL



ROBERT R. WASON, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, carried his nation-wide, running fight against the OPA into Kansas City recently. In a major address, Wason said that the country faces economic strangulation and chaos unless OPA is killed and business is allowed to operate under the free enterprise and competitive system. He said that government regulations have hindered, rather than helped, the veterans' housing problem. Most amazing, perhaps, was Wason's statement that the formula for OPA was brought over from Germany, where it had been used during World War and "sold" to the Roosevelt administration for use in this country.

WELCOME, WILBUR. Wilbur Evans, singing star of "Mexican Hayride" and "Up in Central Park," the latter which played in Kansas City recently, was a guest of Dick Smith on Showtime. Assisting Smith was Announcer Bab Kennedy, shown here (right) at the WHB mike. They talked about Evans' appearance with Alon Ladd in the Paramount production, "Right Kind of Man," and the forthcoming stage and cinema productions in which Evans is scheduled to appear. He is not only a good looking brute but he has a fine voice, too. In fact, Evans is regarded as Decca's Number One baritone. He has been heard on many platters and does all of the light opero work for that recording company.



CHAMPION SPEEDSTER. Gears Binnie, leading midget winner among all Kansas City midget racing drivers, was interviewed in the judges' box by Dave Hodgins, WHB's sports reporter. In the corner of the left is WHB News Chief Dick Smith, affable Olympic stadium announcer and author of the article in this issue of Swing titled "Midgets Are Big Business." Smith is on aural call his colling the cars and the positions since racing was organized at Olympic. Engineer Roy Braphy is shown at the WHB recorder. The racing season is closed for this year but Promat Dutch Miller promises that it will be back in 1947 with an improved track and additional seating capacity.

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

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WHAT'S to be said about October that wasn't said last year? The good and the bad we had then we have now. And we open our eyes on the bright blue weather of October wondering, "Where have I seen you before?"

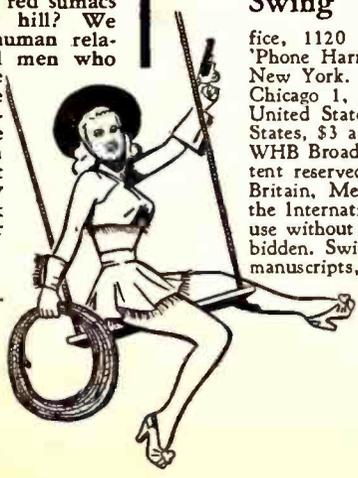
There still aren't enough houses nor enough food, not enough new cars to go around. There's still too much chauvinism on a neighborhood scale, too much propaganda and not enough truth; too much greed and too much blind hate; too many people who think Beethoven's Fifth is a racehorse and democracy a fine excuse for living in an ivory tower. Housing isn't that bad.

But on the other hand—there's still the transient and recurrent wonder of October, done up in the primary colors with skies by Maxfield Parrish and woods by Gauguin. October is still the leaves burning, the first bite out of the crisp apple, the lacquered clacking of blackbird wings. It's still (please forgive us) the sound of punting.

This year one thing new has been added, but it's an old tradition. It's the masquerade that prolongs Hallowe'en even beyond the Hallowe'en month. In Paris, the peace parley—and we do mean parlay—plays a monstrous game behind masks, while the threat of World War III fiddles a furious danse macabre over Europe.

There has been quite enough and then some of the masquerades in this time. Come out, come out, whoever you are! Do you want to miss the red sumacs smouldering on the hill? We think it would do human relations no harm if all men who make the rules came out and looked at the red sumacs, the October moon, and the little boys rolling in the raked leaves: It wouldn't do you any harm either, to look at all this—or your regional facsimile.

Jetta
Editor



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OCTOBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

SPECIAL EVENTS

- Sept. 29-Oct. 5, Kansas City Food Show. Arena and Little Theatre.
Oct. 9-17, Community Chest daily report meetings, noon, Arena.
Oct. 17, Dunninger. Music Hall. (Town Hall).
Oct. 19-26, American Royal Livestock and Horse Show.
Oct. 25, 26, 27, Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Music Hall.
Oct. 28-Nov. 3, Shrine Circus. Arena.

DANCING

- Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.
Oct. 2, Frankie Carle.
Oct. 3, 5, 6, Wayne Wills.
Oct. 9, 10, 13, 16, 17, 20, Leo Pieper.
Oct. 23, 24, 27, Don Glasser.
Oct. 30, 31, Lee Williams.
Tuesday and Friday nights. "Over 30 Dances" with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.

FOOTBALL

- (Interscholastic League. All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
Oct. 4, SE-Central, 8 p.m.
Oct. 5, Paseo-SW, 1 p.m.
NE-Westport, 3 p.m.
Manual-East, 8 p.m.
Oct. 11, NE-Paseo, 8 p.m.
Oct. 12, SE-SW, 1 p.m.
Manual-Central, 3 p.m.
E-Westport, 8 p.m.
Oct. 18, Central-SW, 8 p.m.
Oct. 19, Manual-Westport 1 p.m.
East-Paseo, 3 p.m.
SE-NE, 8 p.m.
Oct. 25, Westport-Paseo, 8 p.m.
Oct. 26, East-SE, 1 p.m.
Manual-SW, 3 p.m.
Central-NE, 8 p.m.

BASEBALL

- (Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
Oct. 3, Exhibition game, American and National League All Stars on nationwide tour. Featuring Vern (Holiday in Mexico) Stephens.
Oct. 15, Bob Feller's All Stars vs. Satchel Paige's Negros.



DRAMA

- Sept. 30, Oct. 1, 2, "The Glass Menagerie," with Pauline Lord. Music Hall. (A & N).
Oct. 10, 11, 12, "Life With Father," road show. Music Hall. (A & N).

LECTURES

- Oct. 21, Lewis Browne, speaker, author. Music Hall (Town Hall).

MUSIC

- Oct. 3, Eleanor Steber, lyric soprano, Metropolitan Opera. Music Hall. (Ruth Seufert Concerts).
Oct. 8, Concert of Modern Music. Atkin's Auditorium, Nelson Art Gallery.
Oct. 14, Gall' Rini, accordionist. Cochran Music Company. Music Hall.
Oct. 15-16, Opening concert, 1946-47, Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurta conducting. Arena.
Oct. 22, Albert Spalding, violinist; Jennie Tourel, soprano. Music Hall. (Fritschy Concerts).
Oct. 25, 26, Katz Drug Company concert. Arena.
Oct. 27, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra. Arena. (Pla-Mor).
Oct. 28, Jesus Maria Sanroma, pianist. Music Hall. (Ruth Seufert Concerts).
Oct. 28, (Afternoon) Philharmonic school concert. Arena.
Oct. 29, 30, Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra with Sylvia Zarembo, pianist.

CONVENTIONS

- Sept. 30-Oct. 4, American College of Osteopathic Surgeons, Hotel Continental.
Sept. 30-Oct. 1, Commonwealth Theatres, Hotel President.
Sept. 30, Oct 2, Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 1, 2, Missouri-Kansas Theatres. Hotel Muehlebach.
Oct. 2, 3, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers Association. Hotel President.
Oct. 5, 6, Boy Scout Regional Conference. Hotel President.
Oct. 7, 8, Avon Products. Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 7-10, Southwest Clinical Conference. Hotel President and Municipal Auditorium.
Oct. 9, 10, Missouri Fraternal Congress. Hotel Continental.
Oct. 10-12, Western Seedmen's Association. Hotel President.
Oct. 11, Missouri Bankers, Group 4.
Oct. 12-15, B'nai B'rith, Kansas State Group. Hotel Muehlebach.
Oct. 12-17, American Society of Civil Engineers. Hotel Continental.
Oct. 16, 17, United Daughters of the Confederacy. Hotel Phillips.
Oct. 19-23, American Royal 4-H Club Conference. Auditorium.
Oct. 21-24, Future Farmers of America. Auditorium.
Oct. 27-30, Central State Salesmen's Association. Hotel Muehlebach.
Oct. 31, Nov. 2, Missouri Valley Chapter of Radio Representatives. Hotel President.



*Where game wardens do not resemble
the mortgage holder with a black
look and a snapping blacksnake whip!*

by OLEVA JONES

Pheasant COUNTRY, U. S. A.

IF you're bothered with that autumn hunter's malady that makes your nose twitch, your feet itch and keeps your trigger finger jumping like a seismograph in an earthquake, take my word for it—the thing for you is a trip to the Dakotas, "Pheasant Country, U. S. A."

This is the home of the spectacular ring-neck pheasant, a gaudy gamester who attracts more hunters than any other American game bird.

There, in a section comprising roughly part of South Dakota, and reaching into North Dakota and northern Nebraska, literally millions of pheasants feed and roost in the thousands of acres of corn, cane and grain fields. Partridges, waterfowl and grouse also abound here to make this country a hunter's paradise.

The pheasant is built like a military fighter plane with short wings and a long tail and combines speed in the air and on the ground with cunning and courage. The hunter who brings him down is justified in bursting the buttons off his mackinaw when he toasts his exploits with a scotch and water.

The sartorial elegance of the male pheasant reminds you that he is a cousin—and not too distant—of the best dressed in birddom—the peacock.

The female's getup is a little on the mousy side, but her drabness serves as protection.

The ancestors of the American pheasant came from Asia by way of England, where different Asiatic pheasants were crossed for hunting birds.

The pheasant country is easy to get to by air, highway or rail. Mid-Continent Airlines flies direct to the hunting lands stopping at Sioux Falls, Huron, Watertown, Aberdeen, Bismarck and Minot. MCA skyliners will take you there quickly and in comfort, ready to bag your limit the first day, and the time saved will add many hours to your days in the field.

Now is the time to lay your plans and make your reservations.

The South Dakota pheasant season opens October 15 and lasts 60 days in 33 southern counties and 45 days in 10 eastern counties of the state. The pheasant season in south central and southwestern North Dakota, the only part of the state where any pheasant hunting is allowed this year opens October 5 and runs through November 30.

Special air travel provisions have been made for your dog and gun this year. Rover can go with you on the

same plane if arrangements are made for him with your local air express agency. And your gun travels the airways free now, under a new provision allowing ten extra pounds of free visible sports equipment.

Pheasant Country, U.S.A., is a friendly place where everyone goes all out to make your hunting pleasant.

The Dakota cities, hotels, chambers of commerce and many friendly farmers stand ready to find you a place to sleep, to hunt and plenty of good food. Each town has expert guide service to transport you to hunting areas where you are bound to find good hunting.

And if you had an idea that game wardens resemble the skulking mortgage holder with a black look and blacksnake whip—it just ain't true. The wardens of the Dakotas make it their business to help strangers obtain good hunting and pleasant accommodations wherever they are.

Eating, did you say! Well, if you haven't enjoyed the progress of one handsome pheasant from field, to steaming platter, to watering mouth (via very fine Dakota cookery methods) you just ain't lived.

When you go hunting this year there's even a provision for the folks you left at home—commonly known as scoffers. Just let them dare to doubt your worth as a huntsman, when you send them the proof of your skill—pheasants, cleaned, frozen and packed at special plants set up in each northern city and shipped home by air express. Said doubters will take a very happy beating when they shove your honest-to-pete friend pheasant down their gullets.

And now that you know the glories that you're going to reap as a result of your hunting, you should know how the job is done.

"Driving a field" is the most common method of bringing in the pheasants. All true hunters have their own special techniques and variations; and will defend them to the death. But all sportsmen agree that the first step is to select a field where a lot of pheasants are hiding—they hope.

Two groups cover a field. One remains at one end and another walks toward them from the opposite side, rustling the grass and attempting to flush the pheasants from their hiding places. A third group may patrol the outer edges of the field. (And when we say groups, we humbly bow before those sturdy individualists in the hunting world to whom any group larger than two is anathema.)

If everything goes according to Hoyle, the moving hunters (following a straight or zigzag course, depending on the individual's system) force the birds from their cover. In their effort to retreat, the pheasants rush toward the second group of hunters.

When the birds are confronted by their enemies, they thresh out in frantic flight. Then the barrage begins. Then, too, you hear those disgusted comments about guns that don't shoot straight, and people who get in other people's way, and some jubilant yells that attest success.

Then there are times when the hunters tell you the birds hold too tight to their cover—but we don't talk about that.

Another way that pheasants are hunted is called road hunting and is

done with faithful old Rover, whom you brought with you on the airplane. The hunters sit on the fender of a slowly moving car with the dog leading by a few lengths. When the dog points, the driver brings the car slowly to a halt, giving the men time to prepare for the kill.

The signal is then given for the dog to flush out the quarry, the birds are shot (or shot at, a small voice says) and Rover retrieves the kill. Road hunting is done at dusk when the pheasants come to the roadside to gather gravel.

All this hunting is great fun, but there are limits to how good you can let yourself get and still get along with those friendly game wardens.

In the 33 "most favored" counties of South Dakota, the daily bag limit

is five birds. In the North Dakota counties where there is an open season, three cocks a day is the limit in the south central section, and four cocks in the southwestern part of the state.

In South Dakota your hunting day will begin at noon and last until dark and you can ship and carry 25 birds back to the homefolks—enough to make my mouth water. But, only 10 shipping tags will be issued to each hunter.

Only one more catch—(ain't it always?)—money. The hunting license in South Dakota costs \$20 and in North Dakota \$25.

Now if you still want to go—you've had it—the hunting bug has you for sure.



FACTS OF LIFE

August: "Honey, will you marry me?"

June: "No, I never intend to get married."

August: "That's what they all say, but I notice they're still building school houses."



George had been to a stag dinner and his wife wanted to hear all about it when he got home.

"Well," he said, "one rather odd thing occurred. One of the guys got up and left the table because some one wanted to tell a risque story he did not approve of."

"How noble of him!" exclaimed the wife. "And what was the story, George?"

HOBBIES... BEANS TO BUDDHAS

THE other day, I put myself in a corner and took a long look. I saw a guy who did too much toe-tapping, finger strumming, and necktie-fiddling. It was then I realized that I was long overdue in using my leisure time for something other than reading the sports page or thinking up excuses for not helping my wife do the week-end household chores. So, I set about to have a hobby.

A lot of people before me have done the same thing.

For instance, Rudy Vallee took a hankering for amateur motion picture photography. Of course, Rudy had plenty of folding stuff with which to obtain all the necessary equipment—the average citizen can't always draw out of his spare sock to sink a couple hundred smackers in a movie camera. But, the important angle is that here was a man who found a great deal of fun in creating a hobby.

Then there was Ely Culbertson—the man who helped to make the game of bridge a national pastime. It wasn't

long before Culbertson was king high in the bridge racket. He forgot his other interests and really bore down on his hobby. It has become his business.

Fred Waring, the famous orchestra leader, doesn't smoke. It would seem that he would have no use for a cigarette lighter—yet, for a hobby, he collects them! All sizes, shapes, and some for very fancy prices. He also collects toy orchestras, phonograph records and watches.

Don Marquis was a playwright who had a very unusual hobby. It was Beans! When he wasn't making with the plays, he was looking for, testing, filing and sampling recipes for baked beans.

Tommy Dorsey, "sentimental gentleman of swing," plays with miniature trains to whittle away his leisure time . . . Collecting Dresden China is Kate Smith's idea of something to do in the line of hobbies . . . and Dunninger, mighty mystic, has 3,000 Buddhas.

Incidentally, what is your hobby?



ARE YOU RADIO WISE?

Below are listed characters that you may have heard on your radio recently. Each is merely an established character and not the actor's name. How many of their names do you know? A score of 7-10 is excellent; 5-6 is good.

ANSWERS ON PAGE 46

1. Pedro of the Judy Canova show.
2. Sadie Simpson on Amos and Andy.
3. Hubert Updike on the Alan Young show.
4. The Mayor of the Town.
5. Charlie McCarthy.
6. Senator Claghorn on the Fred Allen show.
7. Kay Kyser's Ish Kabibble.
8. Mr. Dithers in "Blondie."
9. Digby Digger O'Dell, the merry undertaker on "The Life of Riley."
10. Henry Aldrich.



ABOLISH *War!*

If wars must be, Gold Star Parents would share dangers with their sons.

by C. R. MOONEY
Secretary, Gold Stars United

(Of course this article is strongly worded. Anything coming from the forceful pen of C. R. Mooney naturally would be. This man, to whom the world owes a great debt for the progress of private flying, has forsaken aviation to devote full time fighting for what his son died for—permanent peace. The former executive director of the National Aviation Trades Association writes this with authority, too, for somewhere in far away China is a white cross bearing the name of Lieutenant Robert Mooney, U. S. Army Air Forces.)

VICTORY in war costs too much. Let us make victory forever unnecessary by making this peace permanent.

We Gold Star parents know the terrible price of victory. The war widows also understand. Our war orphans, if too young now to comprehend, will learn. Already their mothers are learning how quickly an ungrateful nation forgets.

An enduring peace is the high ideal of Gold Stars United. Chamberlain's "peace in our time," even if realized, would not have been sufficient. We Gold Star parents insist upon war's abolishment—forever.

The atom-bomb alarmists seem determined to terrify mankind into willingness to accept peace. Their threats do not alarm Gold Star parents. What can remain frightening to us in the prospect that we on the home front may die by the thousands

in the next war? From 1941 to 1945, waiting, waiting, waiting in the agony of suspense, many war parents were plunged into greater agony by arrival of those dreaded telegrams.

If wars must be, we want to share the dangers with our fighting sons and daughters. But it is our faith that war can be abolished. So let us, all working together, do whatever is necessary to abolish war.

Let Benjamin F. Bowman tell why we Gold Star parents seek the active aid of all citizens in an organized movement to crush war. Particularly we appeal to the Blue Star parents, those whose soldier sons and daughters have returned home or are still in the armed forces.

Mr. and Mrs. Bowman reside in Muncie, Ind. They gave to our nation's defense the last of three sons. Two died years ago when a fire destroyed their home. Lieut. Daniel W.

Bowman, a pilot in the Army Air Forces, flew on a mission out over the English Channel. The message received at the Bowman home February 25, 1944, was "missing in action"; later confirmed as dead.

Some weeks after V-J Day, the father met a neighbor on a street corner. A merchant, he was, whose son had just returned home.

"Hey, Ben, did you hear about Bill?" this neighbor exulted. "He's home. Came in yesterday. Gosh, he looks great!"

"Sure is good news," responded Ben Bowman. "Congratulations! Bill made a marvelous record. You ought to be proud of him."

"Proud! I'll say I am . . . Well, Ben, guess I'll not be going to the War Dad meetings with you any more. Bill's home. War's over. Next meeting night, don't bother stopping by for me . . . Ben, it beats me why you keep on going to War Dad meetings. There's nothing there for you any more . . . Anyway, check me out from now on."

Ben Bowman, who stands 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 310 pounds of brawn, as his neighbor talked, had drawn himself up to full height. He said nothing. The other man sensed a change in demeanor. He looked up quizzically, and saw tears in Ben Bowman's eyes.

"Aw, say, Ben; I'm sorry—about Dan. Sorry as I can be."

Ben Bowman remained grimly silent.

"Look, Ben, I didn't mean to—really, Ben, I'm awful—"

"My friend," Ben Bowman finally spoke, "get this right. Those tears are not for Dan. I'm crying because I'm mad—clear through."

"Why, Ben, old timer, what have I—?"

"Listen to me. You own a big business here. You worked hard to build it up, didn't you? Best years of your life invested in this store, aren't they? You would go to any amount of trouble—wouldn't you?—to protect your investment here."

"Well, sure I would, Ben. What are you driving at?"

"Look at it this way: I have made the biggest investment of my life in this country of ours—my boy. Now I'm asking you to help me protect that investment."

"Of course I will, Ben. But what can I do? War's over—"

"You can keep on working with me in the American War Dads," said Ben Bowman.

This Gold Star father voiced the message of all Gold Star parents who



are loyal citizens. We want our America strong to uphold world peace. We ask all Americans—Gold Stars and Blue Stars alike; returned veterans and others—to join with us in self-dedicated labors to protect the investment in our nation which has totaled more than 300,000 lives expended to win victory.

There is no recompense that can cover the price represented in the lives of our sons and daughters who died to win victory. To us, their fathers and mothers, they were appraised beyond price. Yet that price now has been paid in, and victory is won. We ask our fellow Americans to help us protect that investment.

As Ben Bowman's merchant friend did, some readers may inquire: "But what can we do?"

The voters of some states, in primary elections, have defeated candidates for Congressional positions whose records marked them as isolationists. This writing is not a political screed. Gold Star parents, as such, do not divide by partisan alignment. In the past, unfortunately, we citizens have not concerned ourselves much about international affairs. We have been too engrossed in petty localized issues. By death's hand it is written into our hearts that international affairs are far more important to us, as citizens of the U. S. A., than are any city or township elections.

Gold Star parents have a right to be gratified that the voters, in certain "test" states, have nominated men who oppose isolationism.

Pearl Harbor was our country's worst military disaster. Both the na-

tional leaders in Washington, and our military leaders in command at that powerful military outpost, failed us. They were not alert on December 7, 1941. Despite repeated warnings, a surprise attack smashed our defenses.

We failed ourselves; we, the parents of this generation — **WE FAILED OUR SONS**. Blame for Pearl Harbor cannot rightly be imputed entirely to our national leaders. While a raging world conflict converged unmistakably toward America, we citizens bickered over trivialities. By only one Congressional vote was military training kept in force for our sons, who, in a few weeks, were destined to be enlisted to fight a desperate defensive war. That vote reflected the mood of our citizenry at the time.

The fault—Fundamentally yours and mine, Mr. and Mrs. America.

The penalty—More than 300,000 of our sons and daughters killed in what Winston Churchill has called "the unnecessary war."

The lesson—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," in Washington's day; in our day, the price of continuing peace.

The admonition—Having studied that lesson, we Americans all must accept it as our individual responsibility to prevent World War III.

The challenge—Every intelligent citizen not only remembers, but takes action on, the knowledge and experience in co-operative effort gained while we were at war.



"Let's get on with the game, Evans! Leave the selection of Homecoming Queen to someone else!"

Our boy Sam picks

MIZZOU AND OKLAHOMA

(Sam Smith, manager of the United Press bureau at Kansas City, earned his sports spurs as the editor of several metropolitan sports pages. With this solid declaration we are leaving Sam to his own devices to battle off University of Kansas hecklers.)

He always did have the bad (?) habit of monkeying around with saws when there's limbs around.

THE citizenry of the Midlands who like their football are in for a hallelujah season this Fall.

It looks as though the Big Six circuit—principal loop of the Midlands—is nearing big league status in coaching, players and the general adornments which go with the faster brands of the pigskin sport.

The colors of the Big Six schools will be seen this Fall from coast to coast, throughout the Big Ten country to the northeast, against Southwest Conference opponents down Texas way and into the Rocky Mountain precincts. The schools carded an ambitious extra-loop program which, among other dates, carries Oklahoma to West Point to play Army; Nebraska to Los Angeles to meet U. C. L. A., and Missouri to Ohio State and Texas.

Where during the war years a Big Six coach felt himself favored of Jehovah if he could muster two or three lettermen, the problem now appears to be what to do with all the

sweatered veterans ready to answer the call.

Take Missouri, for example. The Tigers of Headman Don Faurot were pushing into the top teams of the nation when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and knocked football into the corner. It's true the Tigers, without service help, managed to win the league last year and go to the Cotton Bowl.

That 1945 team might represent Tigertown in the "B" league this coming season. Faurot, back at coaching after a tour of duty in the Navy, has something like 44 lettermen due back. Many of them are veterans of the powerful 1941 eleven which went to the Sugar Bowl and lost a 2-0 game in the mud to Fordham.

Turn for a moment to Oklahoma, because right now it looks as if it should be Missouri and Oklahoma at the top of the league.

The Sooners have hired Jim Tatum, also an ex-navy man, to direct their destinies. Tatum served under Faurot at Jacksonville, incidentally. Advices from Soonerland say that there should be in the neighborhood of 39 lettermen back there.

When Faurot left for the Navy, he was regarded as the "youngster"

of the head coaches handling Big Six reins. He's now an "old man" in the ranks as the schools went out for hustling younger mentors. At Kansas there is George Sauer; at Nebraska, Bernie Masterson; at Iowa State College, Mike Michalske; at Kansas State, Hobbs Adams. All but Michalske were in the Navy.

For many years, Nebraska was the lone Big Six candidate for national honors. The Big Red Cornhuskers rolled easily through league opposition and into the bowl games but times grew tough and the corn remained green in Nebraska—so green that the Huskers dropped out of first place competition.

Masterson's job will be one of rebuilding. But he has a fine start with 34 veterans due back. Fifteen of those letter wearers will be men who played with Husker teams before the war. One will be Ed Schwartzkopf, a Rose Bowl team guard in 1941. Another enrollee at Lincoln is Sam Vacanti, a fine passer, who played with Iowa, Purdue and the Great Lakes naval elevens during the war.

Sauer up on Mount Oread appears to have some line worries. His backfield seems in good shape and K. U. will pose a threat to the powerful all-around elevens Missouri and Oklahoma will field.

Sauer has Ray Evans back, for one. Ray was a brilliant pre-war ballplayer on unimpressive Jayhawker teams. He's bigger, huskier and more experienced now and may be the stand-out back of the league.

Ray did a little selling for his Alma Mater while in service. He induced

Charley (Red) Hogan to attend K. U. and the veteran Hogan likely may prove to be the Number One signal caller this season.

In the forward wall, though, Kansas has little in the way of depth or experience and it takes a line to permit the razzle-dazzle backs to get away.

Down at the Athens of Missouri, where the ivy adorns Missouri's columns, such football greats as Fred Bouldin and Ed Hodges, Leo Milla and Wilbur Volz, Jim Austin and Bus Entsminger, Verlie Abrams, John Tarpoff and John Reginatto, are due to check out their pads. Bouldin played with the championship Seventh Army team in Germany last fall. Hodges was 1942 captain-elect with Bouldin and an all-American mention at tackle.

Jim Kekeris, the 285-pound hard-hitting tackle, will be back and Kekeris, vaguely reminiscent of an ice wagon, drew all-American mention last year.

The Tigers have a top center in Ralph (Boots) Stewart. Reports indicate Faurot would like to have a little more depth in the replacement ranks at the snapperback post. There are numerous state scholastic stars due in at Columbia this fall but generally Faurot kept his news to himself as the hot August days stretched into September.

Kansas State, downtrodden through the war years, is going to pack a potentially powerful wallop, too. Hobbs Adams is switching to the T formation to give his scamper backs a chance to break away. There's

strength at Manhattan, as there appears to be around the entire league.

Most of the coaches arrived on the home grounds in time to direct spring training. There also were some summer gridiron sessions as the drive for championship contenders stretched all the way around the league.

Some of the coaches already have their reputations, others see in their Big Six assignments the door to big things for they are young men.

And, unlike the time Frank Carideo came to Missouri and tried to do wonders with no playing personnel, there is plenty of help on the

campuses this year—tough, hardened and older men who spent years in the armed services.

It should be the best year of many in the Big Six. Certainly it will be a fine fall season for the fans; and stadiums from Ames to Norman should be well-filled.

How will they finish? Brother, we learned long ago to be careful with the saw when there was a limb around. But we'll take Mizzou and Oklahoma, then Kansas and Nebraska, finally Kansas State and Iowa State—just for the sake of discussion, of course.



COLLINSTATEMENTS

A pessimist is a fellow who pads the odds against himself.



Many of us spend half our time wishing for something we could get if we didn't spend half of our time wishing.



You may live a long time, but you'll never see a person lost on a straight road.



Always do right — it will gratify some and astonish the rest. — Mark Twain.



Don't blame a successful man for bragging a bit. When you catch a good string of fish, you don't go home by the back alley—do you?

Housing conditions are so bad that people are sleeping in churches on week days too.



It is better to think without talking than to talk without thinking.—Howard Newton.



By working faithfully eight hours a day you can get to be the boss and work for 12.



Education is not a destination. It is a journey and we are always enroute.



A lipstick is merely something to give new color to an old pastime.



Things could be worse. Suppose you were seasick and had lockjaw.



From Halligan to Halloween

As twilight closes in, the wind-blown shocks of corn are silhouetted against the horizon, the dry brown leaves rest lightly on the earth, a shift in the wind and the leaves dance like elves over and through the haze. Overhead billows of clouds bestow an air of expectancy. It is just the night for a party—a party where witches play host to ghosts and goblins masquerading on Halloween.

Halloween has come a long way in the thousand years since it was a Druid religious festival. The Druids of ancient Britian held their revels in sacred oak groves where the altars ran red with the blood of human sacrifices. The Druids believed in immortality of the soul and transmigration from one body to another. On the last night of the old year—according to ancient belief—Saman, the lord of death, gathered all the wicked souls and condemned them to inhabit the bodies of animals for the next twelve months. The Druids figured that Saman placed a price on their misdeeds, so if gifts and human sacrifices were given

to Saman, he might lighten the punishment—in fact it was thought that if the gifts and sacrifices pleased Saman enough he might even let the sinner's poor shivering soul enter the nice warm body of a human being.

When the Romans invaded Britian the Druid ceremonies were banished and the sacred oak groves destroyed. With the coming of Christianity the old gods were forsaken, but the changing customs led to a mingling of the old and the new. In some parts of Ireland, October 31st is still called: "Oidhche Shambna," or the vigil of Saman. It is also called: "Samhain," which means summer's end. It was at this turn of the season that the ancient Celts drove their flocks in from the pastures and fires were lighted on hilltops in honor of Baal, the sun god. In Great Britian the Christian festival of martyrs became associated with the old Druidic feast which at that time was known as Halligan. All Hallows was the next name, then it was called Eve of All Hallows, and finally Halloween.—Rowland G. Bird.



WHO'S THE DUMB ANIMAL?

Mr. Sardine suggested a weekend in the country, and at breakfast he and his wife discussed ways and means of getting there.

"Do you think I'm crazy?" shrilled Mrs. Sardine. "Ride for hours in that train packed in like people?"



Papa Hog, growing tired of the sty, wandered down to the brewery where he found a big puddle of sour beer that had been poured out. Staggering home later, his squealing could be heard for miles around.

Mama Hog, quickly shunted him around the barn, out of sight of the baby pigs, and with a furious grunt admonished: "You shameless thing! What do you mean by making such a human being of yourself in front of the children?"

WHO WANTS *Glamour?*

Let her hair down? . . . Why you couldn't even dent that lacquer with a pick-axe!

by ANN SEDGWICK

GLAMOUR is sure monotonous these days, and I don't mean it as sour grapes either.

I think glamour is great. It does things for a girl. For a fellow, too, for that matter. And at times it's a very pleasant distraction to have around, especially if you're stuck with conversation, the aesthetic diversissements of entertainment, or, say, a losing streak at cards. I'm for glamour all right. And don't think I don't appreciate it. I do. Right down to those \$32.50 custom-made wedgies, darling.

Sometime when you can out-brim the hat in front of you, take a good look around the night club, theatre, or restaurant. Get a load of all those Lana Turners.

See that upswept hair-do? You should know the trouble *that* is. Not only is it a darn hard work-out on those upper arm muscles, but it's a tricky job to get those assorted puffs (please, *not* rats) in their assorted places without the pin curls coming unpinned. Try it sometime. It goes without saying that with an upswept hair-do, you're not supposed to be cute, coy or kittenish, which is awfully hard for a really old-fashioned feminine young lady. At all times one



must maintain that disdainfully aloof look, that hauteur of head and chin line. You see the idea is to be classically chilled, in appearance at least. Naturally, the later the hour, the sterner the test this is. Anyway, the upswept hair-do is glamorous, particularly with six or seven jewelled combs scattered here and there, maybe a rose or two, and naturally, of course and by all means, large earrings.

I, personally, think one large economy size diamond shows up well, if I may be so clipped, but there are those who lobe, love, that is, multiple jewels in multiple colors. Either style is good taste, because this season it's fashionable to be flashy, it says here.

Incidentally, it is no longer considered considerate to invite a lady to let her hair down and relax, as the old saying goes, even in a joking way. Let it down, did you say? You couldn't chip that lacquer off with a pick-axe.

Which reminds me of a gal I saw one night in a fashionable supper

club. It was a very unusual sight. Here was this girl out in public, mind you. And you know what? Her hair was actually hanging straight down, just the way it grows. You couldn't even see her ears. Funniest thing I ever saw. And I'll never forget how self-conscious and embarrassed I was. For the girl, of course.

As for glamour in the gown, speaking of the gown per se, anything goes as long as it has a plunging neckline or a turtle-neck drape, no sleeves at all or very full, gravy-sweeping sleeves, bare mid-riff or a heavily swathed hip. Colors are glamorous this season and so is black. If you want my opinion, however, forget the gown in glamour importance. Nobody's going to see it, preoccupied as he is with head, first, and feet, second. That is, what passes for feet these days.

I can remember reading in history books, looking at the pictures is more like it, and seeing how women took their very life in their hands with slipper soles that weren't any thicker than a slice of leather. They actually walked out of doors in these flimsy footies, it is said. Of course they had toes and heels in their shoes then but what protection is that, I ask you? As proof of progress, times change and the gals have really made a step

upward. About an inch and a half upward.

Platforms are really wonderful, glamorous, too, and what is more, they are taking care of that nail-head surplus very nicely. It is very hard to get your feet wet in platforms. In fact, it is very hard to get your feet in platforms. I have heard of one girl who sleeps in her custom-made wedgies because she can't figure out the answer to the maze of straps.

It is also imperative with platforms that you wear nylons. Nylons look good in these elevated stations. Maybe legs do too. All I'm concerned with is platforms and the irresolute fact that they are glamorous and that they cost as high as \$32.50 for a custom-made job.

As for glamour in hats and make-up, the more of both the better. Just don't make the mistake of buying a hat that fits the lines of your head and lower anatomy, or using a make-up base that matches your own peculiar sallow skin tones. Dare to be an extremist, sister, and let the olive pits fall where they may.

That's why I'm pretty tired of this sameness of glamour. Maybe next week, though, I won't feel this way. Tuesday I get my custom-made wedgies. They cost \$32.50, just like yours.



IT'S IN THE *Cards!*



Al Wood's search for two disabled veterans opens bright new chapter.

by KARL KELLAR

FOR several months Al Wood, manager of the commercial department of the Kansas City Public Service Company, searched for a disabled veteran to take over his picture post card club business, which Al and Mrs. Wood had started as a mere hobby twelve years ago.

Wood never dreamed that his hobby would develop into a business of such scope that someday he would have to choose between it and his position with the street car company.

He decided that one or the other had to go, so he began casting around for a disabled veteran who would be willing to assume management of the Post Card Collectors Club of America with its 1400 members scattered throughout America and a few foreign countries.

But nowhere could he find such a veteran. As the weeks dragged on Wood's idea began to sour. One day, almost at the point of desperation, he called Mrs. Wood to report that he was about to give up. Wood was discussing the situation with his wife when Bernard J. Glynn, superintendent of overhead lines, stopped in to discuss company business.

"Pardon me," Glynn said, "but I couldn't help overhearing . . . I know just the man you want."

And as developments proved, Glynn did know the man Wood wanted. J. N. Markwell, an employee of the overhead lines, introduced Wood to his stepson, C. R. (Ray) Mitchell, 24 years old, who is paralyzed from the waist down from a mine wound he received in Italy in August, 1944.

And so Ray Mitchell was the man. He had had previous experience in club work and looked forward with enthusiasm to publishing the club paper—the Post Card Collectors Gazette.

But the first thing Mitchell did was to call his friend, Robert H. Miller, another wounded veteran with whom Ray had become acquainted while both were in Wadsworth hospital. Miller had been confined to a wheel chair since a German bullet smashed through his back as he stormed a Normandy beachhead on D-day. Miller agreed with Mitchell that here was a business made to order for veterans who would never walk again.

Oddly enough, both Miller and Mitchell are paralyzed from the waist down. They became buddies during their hospital days. Although they both went to Kansas City's Northeast High school they had never met prior

to being placed side by side at Wadsworth hospital.

Wood and the boys believe that the postcard club can become a \$10,000 a year business. The club receives from 50 to 100 letters a week. Nearly all of these must be answered. Members write in sending money for post card albums, filing cases, club pins and other articles which the club could not supply. However, from now on the boys will have these items for sale to post card collectors.

Wood estimates that there are 75,000 collectors of postcards in the country today. The club sells life memberships at \$1, which includes a collection of 24 assorted views, a roster of members, a membership card and a subscription to the club paper, a multigraphed monthly news sheet

containing items of interest to post card collectors.

At the rate they are going the business will soon outgrow its living room headquarters. An architect has already drawn plans for a building.

In a town like Wilmington, Delaware, an actual check was made and it was found that they sold 600,000 post cards a year in that town alone. Such figures definitely take the post card business out of the "needle and thread" class.

And so Al Wood has performed as great a service as though he had gone to war himself. He has given two disabled veterans a business capable of not only providing employment for themselves, but possibly others.



GREAT MINDS, ETC.

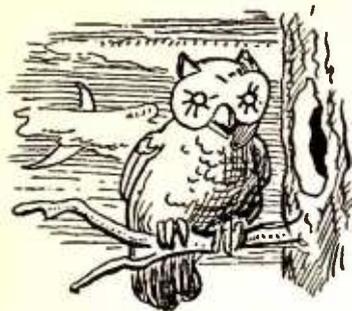
Lord Kelvin, the great physicist, once paid an unexpected visit to an extensive electrical plant. He had not disclosed his identity and was shown through the plant by a young foreman, who painstakingly explained all the rudiments of electrical science, as here manifested, to the great man.

When the tour was completed, Kelvin asked him quietly, "What then is electricity?" His guide was stumped.

"No matter," said Kelvin kindly, "that is the only thing about electricity which you and I don't know."



The wife of the great physicist, Robert A. Millikan, happened to pass through the hall of her home in time to hear the maid answer the telephone. "Yes," Mrs. Millikan overheard, "this is where Dr. Millikan lives but he's not the kind of a doctor that does anybody any good."



HOW TO *Live* IN A TRAILER

by JOSEPH W. BELL

*Or, to rephrase an old truism—
There's no place like a home!*

SOME fifty thousand ex-G.I.'s, most of them college students, the rest lost in the desperate shuffle for adequate housing, have discovered a facet of civilian living in which their war-time training is proving invaluable. Months or years of living in fox-holes, barracks, and quonset huts have enabled them to accept with equanimity the rigors of their first peacetime home, a house trailer.

The trailer market is booming. As housing becomes tighter, more and more people are investing their savings in a home on wheels. And in the months to come, until large-scale building is able to accommodate the swollen demand for housing, hardy pioneers will continue the trailer trek.

It is this group (the trailer uninitiates who are contemplating buying trailers and moving from the northeast corner of the third floor sewing room which they are renting for \$75 monthly) which should be particularly analytical of their qualifications for trailer life. For the people who are already living in trailers, it's too late. And for those who own a

home or are satisfied with a rental site—well, they'd damn sure better stay there.

Trailer living is not a dull, stodgy, stereotyped way of life. It is so chock full of surprises, so different from anything you've ever known, that you should certainly not plunge into the trailer housing pool without first carefully deciding whether or not you are capable of learning to live in one.

There are a few basic qualities of character which a trailer resident, in order to prevent premature encroachments of age, baldness or greying hair, and, in some cases, insanity, should have.

The first of these, and probably the most important, is patience. It is discouraging day-after-day to jar yourself to the heels by forgetting to duck when you enter or leave the front door. It is discouraging, too, to fall over the youngster's toys, or over the youngster himself, every time you get to your feet. Or to watch rain seep through an overhead vent onto a newly scrubbed floor. Or to shock hell out of yourself while washing a

window because the trailer hasn't been properly grounded.

Only by a quiet, abiding patience can you combat these irritations until you've licked them—until you learn to concentrate on the front door for five minutes each time you leave so that you'll be sure to lower your head as you go out. Or until you decide to hell with washing the windows—or find out what a ground wire is.

One chap who occupied a trailer skinned his leg for 27 consecutive days on a swinging step which protruded from beneath the front door. On the 28th day, he concentrated on nothing but that step. When he left the trailer, he remembered the step (which was just far enough under the trailer so that a grown man couldn't possibly use it) and blithely leaped over it. He landed in a drainage ditch which workmen were digging and broke his leg in two places. But by patience and perseverance, he had conquered his nemesis.

Secondly, a trailer resident should cultivate emotional stability. He should learn to control his temper, to shrug off minor irritations. Daily life in a trailer is replete with numerous small incidents whose quantitative results are likely to induce a roaring rage in a Casper Milquetoast. In a high-spirited person, the results are apt to be catastrophic.

Take, for example, the heating stove. On cold nights when heat in the trailer is essential, you are apt to awaken in the middle of the night, shivering, to find that the heater has gone out. The thought of arising and battling to relight it depresses you, and you attempt to go back to sleep,

only to be prodded into wakefulness by your wife who informs you that she thinks the stove has gone out.

You stifle a desire to tell her that you know damn good and well it has and climb out of bed to see what can be done. The kerosene has saturated the bottom of the stove, and each match you drop is immediately snuffed out.

Thirty minutes later, after throwing fourteen lighted pieces of rag into the bowels of the heater, you have a fire going. Then you need only wait



"Is this your idea of a gentle hint?"

another 45 minutes until the excess kerosene has burned out so you can turn on the stove again before going to bed.

You rise at 6 o'clock to pacify junior, who was awakened at 5:30 by the next-door neighbor—the chap who has a milk route and cooks his

breakfast about ten feet from junior's window.

You then wait for ten minutes at the community bath house for a bowl in which to shave. Upon returning to the trailer, you stow away the bedding and fold up the bed into a couch so that you may have room enough to open the dining table and eat breakfast on it.

Breakfast completed, you finish dressing, falling only twice over junior's toys which are now scattered the length and breadth of the trailer. Then you give your wife a hasty kiss, brush aside a nasty scalp wound inflicted as you bump your head on the front door, and go to work.

You return home for lunch, reasonably cheerful, and ready to make a clean start. At home, you find your wife in tears and a half-cooked meat loaf in the oven. The cooking stove, your wife explains, went out while she was giving junior a bath in the community laundry room. A strong, acrid odor of gas permeates the trailer.

So you sit down to a hastily prepared cheese sandwich and brood bitterly over the dreams you dreamed on Okinawa a year ago of the spacious home that would be yours after the war. Thus fortified with food, you duck through the front door, leap over the protruding step, and return to work.

In the evening you eat the meat loaf, which has had ample time to cook during the whole of the afternoon. Doing dishes entails three trips to the community house to procure hot water. Then into your work clothes to prune the front lawn. This consists of five minutes at pushing the community lawn mower and two hours of snipping with a pair of shears at grass which has grown under the edge of the trailer.

Tired from honest labor, you wait another ten minutes to get into a shower bath, and then return to the trailer to try to make yourself comfortable with a magazine on the studio couch until bedtime.

This procedure is repeated six days a week. On Sunday, you drive fifty miles to Aunt Minnie's and turn junior loose on the spacious front lawn while you spend most of the day operating the water taps in the bathroom, watching admiringly as hot and cold running water come gushing forth at your touch.

Trailers, of course, differ radically in size, shape, and number of conveniences offered. But, in spite of these differences, they all have a great deal in common. They are, in large measure, alleviating housing shortages, especially on college campuses. But, to rephrase an old truism, there's no place like a home.



A hard working farmer hired a gangling city youth as a hand. Getting the lad out of bed at 3 a.m. one morning the farmer said—"Better get into the kitchen and eat now, if you want anything."

"Not me," replied the lad. "I never eat before I get to bed."



*"I'm crazy about men's clothes, too...
if there's a man in them!"*

MIDGETS ARE *Big Business*

Roar of the Offys and sputter of the "clunkers" echoes over the Cliffs of old Blue River.

by DICK SMITH

(Half of the fun of taking in the auto races at Blue River is listening to the rhetorical sidelights by Announcer Dick Smith, WHB's News Chief. When he speaks of Tiny Wainwright needing a can opener to get into his midget, it's always good for a chuckle.)

WHEN seven thousand blood thirsty individuals part with \$1.10 every Sunday night from the middle of June to the middle of October to watch a small group of dirt track hellcats risk their necks—that's big business. That's what's happened in Kansas City this summer, and is happening in half a hundred big and middle sized cities all over the country. Thrills, spills and chills, that's midget auto racing.

The popularity of midget racing didn't mushroom over night. It has taken ten years to achieve its present proportions. The history of the sport in Kansas City is typical of the national diary.

Back in 1934 six or seven mechanically minded lads started building pint-sized racers. Some used powerful outboard motors, some used motorcycle engines, some experimented with motor-driven propellers, and a few built their cars around Model A Fords. There was one midget powered with one of the famous Marchesi-Miller Special motors that had won an Indianapolis race or two, and there were many others.

These intrepid souls, imbued with

the spirit of competition, wanted a place to race against each other. They approached George Miller, who operated a barely paying softball park out at 15th and Blue River, near Kansas City, and Miller saw things their way. George figured he had not much to lose, so he laid out a sixth of a mile track around the outfield of the ball diamond. The track was outlined with bails of hay, spotted about ten yards apart on the outside and inside of the oval. Hay was used to soften the frequent crashes into the out of bounds districts.

However, at one spot, and one spot only around the track was a large pole that held a cluster of lights. One driver, Joe Anello, crashed into that pole and became the first casualty at Olympic Stadium.

Some of the other pioneers in the game, a little more fortunate than Anello, were Carlo Badami, Tudy Galleta, Scrappy Saluzi, Eddie Bearn, Phil Catalina, Danny McClusky, Roy Pierce, Larry Bunch, Vito Calia, Swede Larson, Roy Mansell, plus the grimy individuals who made up the pit crews. Most of these boys are still driving midgets, while others gave up

the game, probably at the insistence of their wives.

As the records will show, attendance for the first advertised midget auto race drew two hundred and seventy-five at fifty cents a head. Compare this figure with the seven thousand who pay a dollar ten each Sunday night throughout the summer to watch the midgets tear around the oval.

The program in the early days was much the same as today, with time trials, a couple of heat races, a handicap race, novelty race, consolation event and the Class "A" feature,

which was a rip-roaring eight laps with hay flying in all directions.

The novelty race was for laughs. Four or five of the drivers would line up without their cars on the opposite side of the track. At the green flag they would remove their trousers to display some of the wildest ideas in male lingerie, and hot-foot it around the track to their cars. They would put on their pants, which had been delivered by special messenger, get in their cars and race a couple of laps.

Another favorite was for the drivers to eat a hot dog and drink

Is owning or driving a midget profitable? Well, yes and no. Take that yellow and blue No. 58 for example. It is owned by Carlo Badami, once the crack driver at Olympic, who no doubt could still give today's drivers a run for their money, if mama would allow. Carlo is a motion picture projector operator by trade, but he loves midgets and has sunk no less than six thousand dollars in his Offenhauser. You could buy a couple or three Buicks for that amount of money. George Binnie, Carlo Badami and Tiny Wainwright, who drives Binnie's not-so-fast Offy, have a three-man team. In a house-sized trailer they make the rounds of the tracks at Wichita, St. Louis, Farmington and Kansas City. Racing four nights a week and splitting the winnings they end up with a pretty fair weekly take. Purses have grown so that forty per cent of the gate goes to the drivers at Olympic. This often runs as high as \$2,000 on a Sunday night.

Of course the gate isn't the only source of revenue for Promoter "Dutch" Miller and his associates. On

an average Sunday night they sell thousands and thousands of bags and bottles of refreshments. They rent chairs to reserved box seat holders and pillows to occupants of the hard wooden seats, and they sell thousands of lucky number programs. If that's hay it's baled, but good.

The dyed-in-the-wool midget fan is as rabid as the driver is daring. Let a driver show an indication of a "feather foot" (light on the accelerator); let the announcer (that's me), make just one mistake; let a driver show signs of unsportsmanship, and you'll hear howls and boos that make wrestling matches sound like a YMCA party.

If you have an idea that midget races are "fixed," forget it. Those drivers are hungry, they want the dough. Many of them need it badly and they'll drive their fool heads off to get it. But the fans love it and they keep coming. A few years back they came in hundreds . . . now they come in thousands . . . and with the new stadium completed they will probably come in tens of thousands.

a bottle of pop before entering their cars. It was fun and the crowd liked it and came back for more. There was plenty of spins and flips in those



early days. It wasn't fun but it appealed to the same morbid instinct that made Roman gladiators and Spanish bullfights such terrific drawing cards. The fans loved it, they told their friends, and it wasn't long before the capacity of the grandstand was reached, a bulging five hundred.

Midget racing needed a promoter, so Miller engaged Frank Murphy to exploit the show, to import drivers from other tracks, and to keep the local boys happy.

The next season found additional seating capacity with new grandstands, but still a flat dirt track that required constant soaking to lay the dust, plus a lot of "ironing out" between races.

Well, so it went. Each summer the crowds increased, purses got larger, and more and better midgets were

built. Frank Aylward, a Kansas City lawyer, promoted races at the American Royal arena one winter, but the noise, smallness of the track and the smoke proved too much of a problem.

In 1940, George Miller's son, "Dutch," who had grown up running errands for his dad, helping around the track and getting wise in the ways of midget racing, decided to promote the races himself. The track was changed and lengthened to a fifth of a mile with banked turns and a special kind of clay track. New stands were built to accommodate five thousand. And the five thousand came every Sunday night to watch faster midgets, more daring drivers and imported stars perform on a faster and better track. They came from Chicago, Los Angeles and St. Louis—such stars as Wally Sale, Harry McQuinn, Cowboy Roarke, Eddie Krachek and Tony Bentonhauser. However, Eddie Krachek became the second casualty at Olympic Stadium when his midget spun into the north wall, did a couple of flips and mangled Eddie so badly that he died as a result. But that only served to stimulate bigger gates, bigger purses, better cars and faster drivers.

Then came the war. Drivers couldn't get tires. Rationing boards scowled on using gasoline for such non-essential purposes, and the drivers were entering the armed forces in herds and droves. The mighty midgets were holed up, waiting for V-Day.

But many of the car builders weren't idle. They worked on those cars, built sturdier frames, employed aircraft-type superchargers and generally "hopped up" the midgets. When

V-Day came they were ready. Three weeks after August 14, 1945, they were thrilling, spilling and chilling once again at Olympic Stadium.

The last spring snow of 1946 had hardly melted before the scream of the Eltos, the throaty roar of the Offys and sputter of the "clunkers" could be heard echoing over the cliffs of Blue River. The first race meeting had the thrill seekers hanging on the rafters with hundreds turned away. And there to thrill were George Binnie, Tiny Wainwright, Ben Harle-

man, Phil Catalina, George Smith, Deo Bruce, and many others fresh out of service. The crowds kept coming and the Millers built an additional thousand seats but still the walls bulged. So what?

Next year will probably see another big addition to the stadium. Plans have been drawn to build a complete bowl, with more tiers of seats so that more blood-thirsty individuals can come to watch more and rugged individuals risk their necks when the starter cries "Roll 'em."



RICH LITTLE POOR SCHOOLS

TWO THOUSAND acres of "worthless" land in Texas were deeded by the state many years ago to the University of Texas, and the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College.

Today the schools don't like to estimate the value of this land, for it runs into millions. Income from it alone ran almost \$200,000 during a recent single month.

The royalty from oil producing wells accounted for \$179,353 of this amount; \$2,185 came from gas royalty and \$8,665 from rentals on oil and gas leases.

This huge income keeps growing, for during this same month locations for thirteen new oil or gas tests were made; forty-eight more wells were already being drilled, two being completed for good producers.

With all these millions of dollars in assets, one might think that certainly these schools have no financial problems. When this land was deeded to these institutions, however, a provision was written in restricting them to use of the INCOME only from the land.

The University of Texas, which owns two-thirds, estimates the income from the property takes care of less than 11 per cent of its operating costs. The State Legislature appropriates money from taxes to take care of the remainder.

Informed of this unique situation whereby a school is worth millions of dollars, yet being unable to pay its operating overhead, philosophically remarked: "Well, you can't get all your coons up one tree!"

—Garland Farmer.



WELCOME
MISSOURI DAY

AMERICAN ROYAL
LIVESTOCK AND HORSE SHOW
48th Annual Showing
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI
OCTOBER 19-26



WELCOME
OKLAHOMA DAY

As its part in this great livestock event, Swing devotes an entire section to the American Royal, including pictures and stories of three typical farmer exhibitors

MERRYVALE

How an amateur became one of the nation's outstanding breeders in six short years.

IN 1939 THE breeding of Purebred Shorthorns was probably the furthest thing from L. Russell Kelce's mind. In 1940 he purchased Merryvale Farm at Grandview, Missouri, and in that same year he attended the International Livestock Show at Chicago. The Sinclair Coal Co. executive, a rank amateur in livestock circles, took one look at Royal Lady VI, a fine purebred calf, and purchased her on the spot. This move was prophetic of things to come in Kelce's career as a breeder of Champions. For the ensuing two years Royal Lady VI was defeated but once in the numerous shows at which she was entered! An interesting sidelight is the fact that Royal Lady was mated to an outstanding Merryvale bull and in 1943 she and her calf competed against one another for Grand Champion at several shows.

Merryvale Farm, founded in 1916 by Mr. Fred Merry, has been a breeding ground for Purebred Shorthorns since that time. The rolling, limestone soil of the 650 acre farm, verdant pastures and scattered, living springs furnish an ideal home for Merryvale's 200 Purebreds. William Milne, Jr., farm manager, and Glen Fronk, chief herdsman, maintain the establishment and keep things on an even keel while Kelce is attending to his coal business. The owner and his associates are constantly receiving visitors to the farm from such far away spots as Scotland and Australia. This spring Kelce entertained

twenty-one Chinese Nationalists, ample proof that Merryvale is known the world over for its superior Shorthorns. Kelce has entered shows all over the United States and Canada.

The backbone of the Merryvale herd rests on four outstanding animals. The first, Calrossie Prince Peter was purchased at Perth, Scotland in 1940. Second on the list of well-known Merryvale stock is Supreme Goldfinder. Purchased in Iowa in 1941 for \$7000, (at that time the highest price ever paid for a bull in the United States), his get won more first prizes and Champion awards than any other bull at the last International Livestock Show. This included Grand Champion Bull, Reserve Champion Female, Champion Bull and Female and Get of Sire. One of Supreme Goldfinder's sons, M. F. Goldfinder, is being retained at Merryvale and has won seven Grand Championships this year in the United States and Canada. Mr. Kelce's latest purchase of note is Calrossie Supreme, bought for \$14,000 in 1945 at Perth. Cattlemen say he is one of the finest bulls ever brought to this country.

At the Merryvale sale in December, 1944, fifty animals brought an average of \$1285 per head! At the International Show in 1945, five head averaged over \$1925. The writer asked Mr. Kelce if Merryvale was a paying proposition. The answer—"Are you kidding?"



CALROSSIE PRINCE PETER

Supreme Champion at a show in Perth, Scotland, in 1940, Calrossie Prince Peter is without doubt one of the finest bulls in the world today. He is "excellent in the head, wide, level on top of great depth, remarkably smooth, with perfect quarters and tailhead," according to the best judges of stock. Bulls of this type have contributed much to the fame of Merryvale Farm. A son, Prince Peter, sired an undefeated get of sire in eight shows throughout the middle west in 1944. It would be a strange American Royal Show indeed in which many of the Kelce livestock exhibit would not walk off with a great number of honors. All of this would seem to make the job of being a judge a rather hair-splitting assignment.

ROYAL LADY VI

An amateur purchase, Royal Lady VI was indicative of the fame that was to befall L. Russell Kelce as a breeder of Purebred Shorthorns. Royal Lady VI is a handsome red with a well-nigh perfect head and quarters. In the stiffest of competition, she was defeated only once in two years, taking all the leading honors, including several supreme championships. By scientific breeding alone is it possible to develop animals of the type of Royal Lady VI. If you see a large group gathered around any one animal at the Royal, the animal will probably be Kelce's Royal Lady VI.



BEAUTIFUL MERRYVALE

This scenic, sylvan driveway leading into the Kelce Merryvale Farm, is lined with two perfect rows of maples. They were planted in 1916 by Merryvale's founder, Fred Merry. At the end of the drive lies Mr. Kelce's English style home, replete with indoor and outdoor barbecue facilities and all the conveniences of a city mansion. This is a far cry from the old farmhouse you and I knew as boys and girls, isn't it? Doesn't it sort of make you lonesome for the old outside, er, ah, smokehouse?

STAR LANE

*Champions from E. C. Rhoden's
Star Lane Farm are known the
country over.*

YOU'LL have to search far and wide before finding finer horse flesh than the golden colts born at Star Lane. Mr. Elmer C. Rhoden, president of Fox Midwest theaters in Kansas City, has been closely connected with the equine world ever since he was old enough to grasp a stirrup while standing on his tip toes. Star Lane, a spacious, grassy, five hundred acre farm is located five miles west of Overland Park, Kansas. The back bone of Rhoden's breeding establishment is Herman Affalter, veteran trainer and showman. With Affalter in managerial capacity Star Lane has become the largest and most outstanding breeding farm of saddle bred horses in the country, running over thirty head of fashionably bred brood mares. Generously equipped with five barns containing sixty box stalls, the farm lacks nothing that goes to make up a complete breeding grounds.

Rhoden became deeply interested in the American Royal in 1939 and has worked untiringly in cementing downtown business relationships with stock yard interests. Pride and joy of the Star Lane Farm is the Champion Sire and five-gaited stud, Sunkist Peavine. The ancestry of this famous golden horse goes back to the immortal Rex McDonald on both his sire's and dam's side. Sunkist Peavine is known by thousands who have admired his pomp and glamour when

shown in parade classes. Sunkist Peavine has captured the Parade Class at the Saddle and Sirloin Club for the past two seasons and has also triumphed at St. Joseph. Standing sixteen hands high with a pure white mane and tail, seventy to eighty percent of the five year old's colts are pure gold in color.

Each year Rhoden holds a sale at Star Lane. This year's sale was held on May 2nd. Buyers from all over the country attended and eighty horses were sold. To give you an idea of the popularity of Star Lane stock, horses were sold and shipped as far north as Canada, east to Ohio, south to San Antonio and west to California! An example of the outstanding quality of the Rhoden colts lies in the fact that three of the youngsters averaged over two thousand dollars a piece at the sale. One little golden beauty went to a California buyer for three thousand dollars. Star Lane is indeed appropriately named. For many "stars" owe their background to the scientific breeding and excellent care afforded them during their early days at Rhoden's magnificent farm.

Mr. Rhoden is president of the American Golden Saddle Horse Association and each year the organization sponsors a golden horse show. Last year's event was held at Platte City, Nebraska and Sunkist Peavine's get won both the Yearling Champion-



ship and the Reserve Championship. At this year's show in Springfield, Missouri, Sunkist Peavine's get made a clean sweep of the colt class. The master himself won the stallion and two get class and the Parade Class. One golden beauty went for three thousand dollars to a lady in California. Rhoden is holding the check! He says he wants the horse back now!

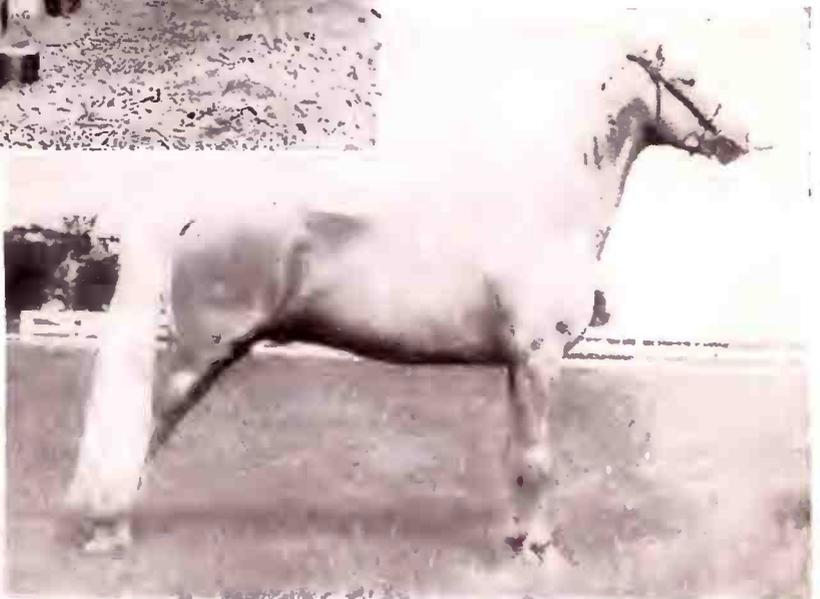
As long as Missouri can boast of horsemen like Elmer Rhoden and his trainer, Herman Affalter, there need be no fear of competition from anyone—anywhere.



SUNKIST PEAVINE

Sunkist Peavine, with trainer Herman Affalter astride, is shown just after the Champion five-gaited stud had captured the Parade Class at the Saddle & Sirloin Club in June, 1946.

With the grassy pastures of Star Lane farm in the background, this flanking photograph portrays the full beauty and grace of E. C. Rhoden's registered American saddle bred gold horse, Sunkist Peavine.



THE O'BRYAN RANCH

*Joe says—"Let's have more
of the 'meat type' hogs!"*

IN 1921 when Joe O'Bryan was a lad in his early teens, he acquired two bred sows. Several years later, with the profits gained from this youthful enterprise, Joe paid all his expenses for a four-year stay at Notre Dame. Such industriousness breeds the kind of success that has followed him ever since. Incidentally, after becoming owner of the two sows, Joe decided that a boar was needed to increase production. He went to a friend and asked for a loan of fifty dollars. The friend said, "Joe my boy, go see the banker. You'd better become friendly with him right now because you'll be seeing a lot of him for the next thirty or forty years!"

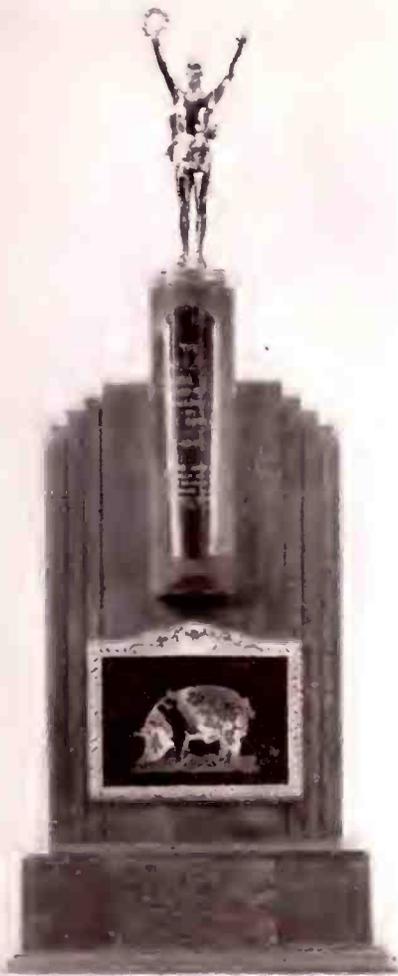
The 16,000 acre O'Bryan Ranch at Hiattville, Kansas, one of the largest hog breeding establishments in America, is known the country over for its superior Hampshire herd. Joe is not interested in the show world for the glory or glamour attached. He is striving to perfect the breeding of an unsurpassed market type of hog. In selecting the Hampshire for this purpose, he has taken into consideration not only his own profits as a breeder and seller, but also the packer and the housewife. O'Bryan has inaugurated what he calls a "balanced program." He is producing a hog that for the farmer will be the healthiest, most prolific, have greatest amount of milk to feed large litters, easiest to maintain and will grow to market size

quickly; for the packer it will be the easiest type to handle and kill, will produce the greatest amount of the highest priced pork, ham and bacon, and have the least amount of lard; for the housewife leaner bacon, plumper ham and less fat. O'Bryan terms this the "meat type" of hog. He believes that one of the prime factors necessary to such a program is the use of strictly registered stock. With registered swine a breeder can maintain more accurate records, keeping close track of each litter as it progresses towards market size. Another vital reason is that the men charged with the responsibility of caring for the herd will take better care of it as they realize that a detailed record is kept of each animal. The pork eating public will heartily endorse Mr. O'Bryan's "meat type" breeding program and it is gratifying to know that there are men in the industry who are producing hogs with an eye towards benefiting the packer and also the housewife, who first sets eyes on her bacon and ham at the corner grocery store.

In 1945 Joe O'Bryan won the John H. Oliver Memorial Trophy for the second time in five years! This beautiful trophy is awarded each year for the most significant barrow winnings for the year. It is by far the most important honor to befall a Hampshire.

Keep up the grand work, Joe, and let's have more of the "meat type" hogs!

NATIONALLY KNOWN . . . one of the nation's foremost breeders of Hampshires, is the youthful Joe O'Bryon, owner of the 16,000 acre O'Bryon Ranch, at Hiottville, Kansas, who will be one of the prominent exhibitors of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show. Joe's story of success was built upon two broad sows he ocquired as a youth, and a loon of \$50.



OLIVER MEMORIAL . . . At the left is the John Oliver Memorial, awarded the O'Bryon Ranch the second time for Borrow Supremacy. The award was made on the basis of unusual significant records of Hampshire Borrow wirnings. The magnificent trophy was donated to the breed in 1941 by E. C. Quigley, a director of Swine Registry, to honor the memory of the much-loved Dr. John H. Oliver. For the past year it has been in possession of Purdue University, Lofoyette, Indiono. Photo below is a view of the O'Bryon Homphshires rooming the fields of one of the largest hog breeding establishments in the world. Perhaps some of these fine hogs will go to make up onothe grand chompion corlood for Mr. O'Bryon o the American Royal, October 19-26.





Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Harry Darby

"The Hardest Trying"

DYNAMIC Harry Darby has spark-plugged production of Kansas City's annual American Royal Livestock and Horse Show for a considerable time now. For many years he served as vice-president of the Royal; and this year in the president's saddle, he promises the biggest and best show ever.

Harry Darby is the man's name. Not Henry T., or Harold W., or even Harry anything. Just plain Harry Darby. It's quick to say and easy to remember, but probably that has nothing to do with the fact it is one of the best-known of midwestern monickers.

The name gained attention first as a student; second as a major and hero of World War I; third as an industrial builder, and prolific producer of combat equipment for the globe's most recent fracas; fourth as a leader in raising, racing, and showing fine horses; and fifth, finally, and foremost as a friend—everybody's friend, everywhere.

To begin way back, Harry Darby captained a field artillery battery in the second battle of the Marne. That was 1918 and he was 23 then, just out of the University of Illinois, where he'd been an honor student, member of Phi Delta Theta, and

president of the student body. He had acquired a wife upon graduation, and his daughter—who was to be the first of several—was born while he was in France.

The battle baptismal came at Chateau Thierry. It was a far cry from the campus, a muddy death-struggle in a tiny town no one had ever heard of. The streets and bridges were paved with the bodies of Marines. Captain Darby's battery was badly mauled, but fought brilliantly throughout the action and on to the Soissons-Rheims line, where the entire German salient was wiped out. Every man remaining received the Croix de Guerre.

Captain Darby was detached then, and sent to the United States for duty as an instructor. However, his war was not over. The ship he was on was torpedoed. Eventually, on another ship, Darby reached the States. Shortly thereafter he was promoted to the rank of major.

The war ended, and Harry Darby returned to Kansas City with his wife and small daughter. He took a job in the Missouri Boiler Works as a mechanic. He worked up to foreman, then to superintendent of the little company with its 20-odd employees. He was a repairman, really, and a

good one; but he wanted something more. So he went back to Illinois to study construction engineering, and returned in 1923 to buy the Missouri Boiler Works for \$40,000, mostly borrowed. He hung the name "Harry Darby Corporation" over the door, and started doing things *his way*.

Over its average life, the Harry Darby Corporation expanded, arithmetically, at the rate of three hundred and thirty percent a year. In twenty years it became 70 times its original size!

Partly, it came about like this: Harry Darby had always been enthusiastic about the American Navy, and was vice president and a director of the Navy League of the United States. He did outstanding work in promoting public interest in the Navy, and fought bitterly to prevent the scrapping of ships. From this position, he realized the gravity of impending events. Long before Pearl Harbor he began the manufacture of various structural and protective devices for the Panama Canal. Came the war, and he wanted to build ships. Sitting right smack out in the middle of the continent, he wanted to construct landing craft! He proposed to float them down the Missouri to the Mississippi, and thence to the Gulf and the wide open sea. This was early 1942, you'll recall, and that sort of thing sounded pretty fabulous then.

But he did it! By hundreds, LCT's slid down his ways. They were completely outfitted, manned by skeleton crews, and able to sail off under their own power. LCM's were produced in even greater quantities, and hauled cross country on flat cars.

Better than most, Harry Darby had grasped the importance of full production. His factories began turning out 1000 lb. semi-armor piercing bombs and 4000 lb. blockbusters. For the Army, he built locomotive boilers (which are locomotives *sans* driving gears) for use in Russia; and retractable aluminum landing gear for aircraft.

Most of the work was new to his crews, but they caught on quickly, worked hard, and brought ingenuity of their own to bear on rapidly improving production methods. Darby held conferences with his foremen; he talked and listened. He was everywhere: in Washington unsnarling contracts, at the forges, in his office, along the Kaw Riverfront, on the telephone, beside the drawing board. He was a driving force. "We're not the biggest outfit," he would say, "but we're the hardest trying."

The attitude brought results: to the initial-less head of the Darby Corporation came five E's—Army-Navy awards for efficiency and excellence.

The Darby Shipyards occupy the point of land where Lewis and Clark



camped on their trek to the Northwest. The people of Kansas City, Kansas, had long planned to erect a monument of some sort on the spot; something fitting in size and shape, with a few bronze or chiseled lines of commemoration. But Harry Darby gave them a memorial in production lines, and Kansans felt the all-out production said more in the causes of freedom, progress, and America than any bit of delicate verse. Boats built on this spot were going out across the seas of the earth, and were carrying new bands of young adventurers to the shores of Los Negros, Tarawa, Salerno, Iwo Jima. Lots of little places no one had heard of.

Throughout the war, the Women's Chamber of Commerce sold war bonds to purchase invasion vessels. Elaborate ceremonies were held at the Darby Shipyards as another and another squat bearer of warriors would sail off to join its comrades.

The steady flow of equipment amazed even those who knew Harry Darby and the capabilities of his employees. The answer lay in improvisation, creative imagination, and the spirit of trying the hardest. Whatever credit was forthcoming, Harry Darby passed on to his men. They have a 'know-how,' he would say. Or, "They understand trick welding and the use of new metals. They're hard workers.

Harry Darby's willingness to share credit has always stood him in good stead with his employees, his friends, his co-workers on civic projects. In an era of industrial strife and flaming labor-managerial relations, the record of the Darby Corporation is almost

incredible. There has never been a work stoppage, the threat of a stoppage, or even a misunderstanding in any of the Darby ventures.

When Harry Darby walks through one of his plants, word doesn't spread: "Pssst! The boss is coming!" Men don't scatter back to their machines and get to work. Chances are they're already working, because Mr. Darby is a severe taskmaster. But if they're at the fountain, or gathered for a smoke, they stay where they are. The boss understands.

They might ask Harry Darby how to perform a certain task; beginning, "Say, Harry—" If they don't ask, he probably won't advise them: but you can bet he knows!

On these little strolls, Harry may pause beside a lathe to chat with the operator. Farther on, he'll stop to talk to a Negro janitor. He knows every man by his first name. He knows who his wife is, how many children he has and where he lives. This adds the personal touch.

Professionally, Harry Darby knows the value of every man he employs. He knows because he can personally supplant any one of them: he can take over and operate any machine he owns.

Charles MacGowan, President of the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, which is the bargaining agent for Darby plants, says that there would be no labor trouble anywhere if all industrial leaders were like Harry Darby. He has praised Mr. Darby in public speeches, and in editorials in the union trade paper.

Now that the war contracts are completed, the Darby Corporation is

turning its attention to agricultural equipment and farm implements for the West and Southwest. This is an expression of one of Harry Darby's favorite bits of economic philosophy, which runs: "Kansas City has too long been a back door to the East. Its future growth and development lie in the fact that it is now the front door to the West."

The "know-how" with new metals is still evident. Only recently, Mr. Darby was handed contracts for three one million dollar metal towers to be used in the manufacture of granulated soap. There wasn't even the formality of requesting bids. A soap executive explained this by saying: "Harry's got the only outfit in the country that can do the job. One tower goes in New Jersey, one in Indiana, and one in Kansas. His roving field crews can get them up with a minimum expenditure of time and money."

Mr. Darby and his wife, Edith, have now increased the number of their daughters to four. Two of the girls are married, and both their husbands were in the Navy.

Horses are Harry Darby's hobby. On his farms in Southern Missouri and Edwardsville, Kansas, he has more than a hundred of them. For a time he bred race horses, but he foreswore it because a number of his friends were kept broke betting on them out of loyalty. Now he raises show horses, hunters, and cow ponies. One friend remarked: "Harry gave up slow horses for show horses. Now I can eat!"

The appeal of the West is strong in Harry. He raises white-faced Here-

fords and markets a lot of products under the "Cowboy Brand" trademark. He's active in Kansas City's Saddle and Sirloin Club, and considers organizing a similar group in Platte County,—to be called "Saddle and Sore Loin."

What Harry Darby has most of is friends. He's sincere, plain-spoken, a two-fisted guy with a drink. When he grabs your hand you know you've got hold of something. He looks right at you; says what's on his mind; and five-gets-you-ten he remembers your name next time around, even if it's three years from now.

His name mnemonics come in handy, politically. He knows by name thousands of midwesterners and hundreds of New Yorkers and Washingtonians and Mexicans and Canadians. For years past counting he's been Republican National Committeeman from Kansas, and rumor has it he has more than once been unofficially offered the national chairmanship. He was Kansas State Highway Director for four years under Alf Landon.

Harry is a Kansan, by birth and by preference. The boundary line dividing Kansas City rankles some of his associates, but for him it doesn't exist. His home and his office are on the Kansas Side, but his clubs and many of his activities are in Missouri. He participates in everything concerning Greater Kansas City, and thinks no more about it.

Right now Harry Darby is concerned with the 1946 American Royal. He says it's going to be the finest yet. And if you don't believe that, then you don't know Harry!

McCARTHY! *Be Careful!*

Don't you dare get slivers in that fine specimen of cowhood!

(Okay, now you know all about the Royal President . . . Harry Darby! Now how's for something on the Royal itself?)

FOR MANY years the International Livestock Show in Chicago has been one of the outstanding pure-bred animal exhibitions in the world. The Holsteins and Herefords, Palominos and Percherons exhibited at the International have distinguished their owners as great stockmen, and helped to make the entire nation conscious of better livestock practices.

But throughout the years a great challenger to the International has been growing out of the Southwest. It is a livestock show that will eventually clinch Kansas City's position as the greatest cattle marketing and breeding center of the nation. It is the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show at Kansas City, October 19-26, 1946.

With Edgar Bergen and his little fugitive from a picket fence looking on, Royal Judges will distribute more than \$100,000 in premiums, stakes and prizes at this, the 48th annual American Royal in Kansas City.

During the war years, the Royal was limited to a marketable fat stock show. This commendable effort was in keeping with the program of American producers to keep not only



ourselves and our allies, but conquered countries as well, supplied with the energy of life . . . meat. It was still a great show, but in battle dress it lacked the fanfare and color of the years that had gone before, and the years to come.

But in 1946 the American Royal is coming back with all the drama, glamor and showmanship of years gone by, plus the promise and enthusiasm of a nation once more at peace.

Entries in livestock, horse show and other divisions have been phenomenally heavy. For years the outstanding breeding stock of the nation has come to the Royal, and this year it will be in numbers greater than ever. Junior activities, Future Farmers of America, Smith-Hughes voca-

tional agriculture students, and 4-H clubs have always been an important part of the show and this year will be no exception. College and high school judging teams, educational exhibits, and the newest innovations in improved livestock farming will be features of the 1946 Royal. Special "State" days and awarding of the "Star Farmer" designation, flashy high school bands, parades of sleek livestock, prancing, finely drawn horses, fluffy, billowy sheep and fine specimens of curly-tailed pork chops on the hoof will all be part of the general pageantry.

The subject of shapely calves will not be confined to the mooing variety either, because a young lady who will reign for seven glorious days as Queen of the American Royal will be chosen. She will be adulated, adored, waited on and treated in full accordance with American Royal tradition. More than 75 cities in six states have been invited to submit candidates for Queen of the Royal. Young ladies between the ages of 18 and 25, and whose names are prefixed with a "Miss" are eligible.

Queen contestants will arrive in Kansas City on Friday morning, October 18. They will be feted for two days while the judges (those lucky dogs) make their selection. All candidates will attend the Coronation Ball at the Municipal Auditorium the evening of the 19th, when the judges will announce their decision.

The queen and her princesses will remain in Kansas City for the entire week, on a continuous round of fun, festivities and entertainment.

As if the Coronation Ball wasn't big and glamorous enough as it is, who should volunteer to come but Edgar Bergen and Charley McCarthy, 21 Bergen entertainers, Singer Anita Gordon and Ray Noble. Bergen, a midwesterner, is interested in this sort of thing and will come to Kansas City and the Coronation Ball for rail and hotel expenses only. Ray Noble will direct the band, but because of travel inconveniences it will not be his own band. An hour's entertainment by the Bergen troupe, together with the pageantry accompanying the Coronation, will be followed by an evening of dancing.

History of the American Royal dates back to 1899. Prior to that time American Royal shows were held irregularly. They had shows, of course, but very often there were not enough good animals to make a good showing. The first show was a Hereford cattle exhibition and was held in a tent on the grounds of the present Royal building. More than 500 Herefords were shown, but the exhibitors were so hard pressed for money that about two thirds of the animals had to be sold so that their owners could get home. Since 1899, the show has been an annual affair.

In 1900 the Shorthorn men came in and they used the Stockyards Company horse barns. In 1901 Galloway cattle were added, in 1902 Aberdeen Angus cattle, and in 1903 came the swine. A Drovers Telegram editorial by Walter Neff suggested the name of American Royal. The name immediately caught on.

A one-story building was erected in 1908 at the corner of 20th and

Genessee. By 1906 the show had grown so large that it had to move to Convention Hall. Next year it went out to Electric Park at 45th and the Paseo, and finally ended up back at Convention Hall in 1919 . . . and still growing.

The Stockyards Company put up a building on the present location in 1921. However, it was swept by fire in the summer of 1925 and prospects for a show that year seemed dark. But civic-minded Kansas City took a hammer, saw and a few boards, and had the building ready by showtime that fall.

The Royal stayed on at that location but continued to grow. To relieve congestion two auxiliary barns have been added to house other lines of cattle, horses and sheep that have been added.

Present officers of the American Royal represent a cross-section of forward-minded Kansas City people. Assisting Mr. Darby are Vice-Presidents Dallas R. Alderman, J. C. Cash, W. A. Cochel, John B. Gage, Dan L. Fennell, Elmer C. Rhoden, R. Crosby Kemper, treasurer and A. M. Paterson, secretary.

Directors are John C. Cash, Harry Darby, E. M. Dodds, L. R. Kelce, R. J. Kinzer, James E. Nugent, Joseph O'Bryan, Elmer C. Rhoden,

Louis S. Rothschild, and R. A. Willis. Karl Koerper is publicity chairman and John S. McDermott is publicity director.

The American Royal Livestock and Horse Show seems to be part of a great, diversified quality improvement program. Years ago if a farmer had a herd of 40 scrub cattle, he had a hard time getting \$4 or \$5 a hundredweight. But now, with new strains, better breeding and scientific feeding, the old-time farmer's grandson can get as much for five of his purebred cattle as his grandfather did for a whole herd.

The object of the present day program is to send good, prime cattle to market . . . the kind of cattle that will net best results for producer, packer and the housewife. The best breeding stock is held back and improved from one generation to the other, and it is this type of livestock that is exhibited at the American Royal.

Livestock, superior and improved livestock, serves as an inspiration to all purebred breeders, and an incentive to all cattlemen to constantly improve their stock. This will mean bigger and greater American Royal Livestock shows, more money in the producers', packers' and retailers' pockets, and a vastly superior brand of meat products for all America!



IT'S A *Ladies'* ROYAL, TOO!



THE men haven't got the American Royal hog-tied and roped in spite of the fine fund-raising job they've been doing to bring back the 1946 show in all its glory. No sir! Not by a long sight are the ladies out of the picture, either as spectators or participants.

It may be the Queen, the Coronation Ball, the chance to dress up for society night, or, this year at least, just the chance to see a real piece of meat—but whatever the reason, women total about fifty percent of the American Royal attendance according to conservative estimators. And each year finds additional entries in the various ladies classes in the horseshow; in the educational 4-H farm and home divisions, and in visitors alike.

Take Mrs. Loula Long Combs, first lady of the Royal by all counts,

Crowds are for her the minute she enters the ring. They like her fine showmanship and sportsmanship, attributes which have endeared her to show crowds all over America. She is always a favorite—in fact, you could safely call her the Sweetheart of the Horseshows.

Mrs. Combs has herself expressed the opinion that Royal hometown audiences are the best in the country. Incidentally, she has written a book which should make most interesting reading, not only to horse lovers, but to Kansas City audiences who have thrilled to her Longview exhibits at the Royal for a good many years.

Another consistent winner and Royal favorite is Carol Hagerman. Carol will exhibit her own horses again this year after spending several war years in India with the Red Cross. She has been winning show audiences—and blue ribbons as well—since she was knee-high to a grasshopper.

Today, the American Royal is a complete family affair—each October a Mecca to thousands of men, women and children. A great exhibit of every type of farm animal; a thrilling horseshow with the country's outstanding entries; a diversified display of educational and industrial farm and home exhibits, the Royal touches every phase of farm life. Just take your county fair—multiply it many times—and you have some idea of the atmosphere of a typical Royal scene. And a pretty definite idea of how well the ladies fit that scene!

*A mountain of discrepancies surrounds
man credited with discovering America.*



COLUMBUS— THE *Mystery* MAN

By JOHN WARINGTON

TODAY, after an elapse of four and a half centuries, mystery surrounds the life and career of Christopher Columbus, the amazing and elusive discoverer of America. Today scholars are still trying to pierce the mystery which surrounds his birth, place of birth, nationality, burial place, and much more.

For example, just where was Columbus born? In school we learned Genoa, Italy. But it is not certain Columbus was actually born in that city. Research reveals that 23 cities, scattered over the map of Europe, have claimed the honor of being the birthplace of America's discoverer.

And isn't it strange everything Columbus supposedly wrote is in Spanish? If he had been born in Italy and grown to manhood in Genoa, as the Genoese hold, wouldn't he have been most familiar with Italian?

Now let us consider the year Columbus was born . . . and even that date is enshrouded in mystery. Some scholars hold out for 1430, some for 1436, others for 1440, and still more for 1451. You can take your choice with assurance of contradiction.

What did Columbus look like? When one starts looking for a portrait of Columbus he must go through an assortment of nearly 500 . . . and not one is like the other.

Exactly where is he buried? True, his tomb is on the island of Santo Domingo, whence his body was brought across the sea from Seville, Spain. Prior to Seville his remains had rested in Valladolid. From Santo Domingo his remains had supposedly been transferred to Havana, but later it was discovered that the ashes transported were really those of his son.

Somewhere out of all that moving back and forth there has been a slip. Now it is generally assumed that the remains are in the Dominican Republic. But historians will not vouch for that fact. More than four and a half centuries have elapsed since the death of Columbus. A lot could happen to the body, and very obviously a lot has.

But what are some of the points concerning Columbus which historians do agree upon? Although they do not agree on the question of his parentage, there is strong evidence that he was a devout communicant of the Catholic Church. They agree, too, that 453 years ago a courageous

mariner by the name of Christopher Columbus landed on the shores of the New World. But just where is still a mystery. They agree, too, that he came on an expedition sponsored by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

But most historians agree that Columbus was not the first, nor anywhere near the first, to set foot on the New World. They say that Leif, son of Eric, landed on Newfoundland, Laborador or Nova Scotia, sometime during the year 1,000 A.D.

Other history scholars hold that Columbus had entered the New World long before 1492, but that it was the sponsored trip that rang the bell. One professor claims he has "documentary evidence" that Colum-

bus had been in America around the year of 1477. According to some highly disputed claims for the birth-date of Columbus, our discoverer would have been only five or six years old at the time . . . pretty young for such a bold undertaking.

But insofar as the development of America was concerned, those early voyages meant nothing. In the year 1492 Europe was budding; man was looking longingly toward all new and far horizons—in art, in literature, in learning, and in the physical dimensions of the world. The discovery of America climaxed that tremendously important era, and started the ball rolling upon which the modern world is still rolling.



WHO ARE THEY?

When it comes to writers' names, both past and present, there are many that are familiar to you. Yet, just how familiar are they? Here are 10 well known writers who are famous for various kinds of work. How many of them do these sentences make you think of? (Answers on Page 49)

1. Irvin always liked his corn on the cob.
2. Although it was stormy Edgar had many guests during the day.
3. Ernest is hemming away on his bathrobe.
4. "East is East and West is West," but mark my word, "never the twain shall meet."
5. Oliver built many homes before he made one that pleased.
6. She had faith that her husband's bald head would win the prize.
7. Even though he was not hungry George ate his O. Henry candy bar.
8. Wealthy as he was, Stephen never helped his foster parents.
9. Oh! Oh! How hard it was for Mac to put the tube in the tire.
10. To conceal his age Zane dyed his grey hair.

SWINGIGGLES

A father was buying his son a fountain pen for a graduation gift.

"It's to be a surprise, I suppose," said the clerk.

"I'll say it is," replied the father. "He's expecting a convertible coupe."



If you persist in driving with your head in the clouds, you are due to find a permanent home there.

Men have from time to time proposed the axiom, "No work, no bread!" But no man has ever dared to threaten the calamity of "No thought, no talk."

"Now, gentlemen," said the president of the Honey Baby Bottle Co., "we have 50,000 of these feeding bottles in stock and the company expects you salesmen to go out and create the demand."

In San Antonio recently a police car cruising the street received the following radio call: "Calling Car 13. Car 13. Go to Broadway at Houston street. Nude woman running down the street. That is all."

There was a pause. Then came the after-thought: "All other cars stay on your beats. That is all."

A distinguished actor had a large photo of Wordsworth prominently displayed in his dressing room. A friend, surprised at the picture, remarked, "I see where you are an admirer of Wordsworth."

"Who's Wordsworth?" demanded the actor.

"Why that's his picture. That's Wordsworth, the poet."

The actor regarded the photograph with renewed interest. "Is that old fellow a poet? I got him for a study in wrinkles."

Many people are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.

Texas Pete: "What happened to that tenderfoot who was out here last week?"

Badger Joe: "Oh, he was brushing his teeth with some of that new-fangled tooth paste and one of the boys thought he had hydrophoby and shot him."

Our language must be confusing to a foreigner. How can he understand that applesauce comes from a fruit and baloney from a meat, and yet they both mean the same thing?

A woman rushed into the local Red Cross and handed over two letters and exclaimed, "I came in just as soon as I could."

The secretary opened the letters and found they were from the woman's two sons in the service.

"These are for you personally," she explained. "Is the trouble that you can't read and want me to read them to you?"

"I can read all right," replied the mother, "But on the outside of the envelopes it is stamped "Give to the Red Cross" and I hurried down as fast as I could to give them to you."

That's What They Say!



A lady from a large house, very class conscious, called on another lady who lived in a small house. "We are troubled with rats at home," she said. "I suppose you are similarly troubled with mice."—Des Moines Register.

▲

If all the neglected Bibles were dusted simultaneously, we would have a dust storm of such magnitude that the sun would be obscured for an entire week.—Watchman-Examiner.

▲

The only thing more expensive than education is ignorance. — Banking Magazine.

▲

What this country needs is dirtier fingernails and cleaner minds.—Edgar (Wis.) News.

▲

Old Rastus settled himself in his chair and addressed his good wife: "De boss done cut wages half in two again. Some of the boys is kicking mighty powerful agin it. But I ain't goin' to kick none. Way I figures it—half of somethin' is better than all o' nuffin." —Santa Fe Magazine

▲

One way Americans could make more bread available to the starving people would be to eat only buttered bread.—Nashville Tennessean.

▲

"Not a man exists who talks bravely against the church, but does not owe it to the church that he can talk at all."

—Cardinal Newman.

▲

"With the high building costs, every house now constructed will be a house that jack built."—Banking.

"Prices are born here—and raised elsewhere."

Sign in Tucson Grocery.

▲

"Artful dressing and a smooth paint job will take 20 years off her true age. But, you can't fool a long flight of stairs."

—Chicago Daily News.

▲

A New York night club performer squelched a heckler with this nifty—"You now have 32 teeth. Would you like to try for none?"

—Elmira News.

▲

"If an auditorium is stuffy, a window may be opened. If the speaker is stuffy, better use the door."

—John Holmes.

▲

"Pedestrian: A guy with three good tires."

—Journeyman Barber.

▲

"America: A land where people in one generation can rise from a plain cabin to a cabin plane."—

—Coal-Getter.

ANSWERS

1. Mel Blanc.
2. Hattie McDaniels.
3. James Gilmore Buckus.
4. Lionel Barrymore.
5. Edgar Bergen.
6. Ken Delmar.
7. Merwyn Bogue.
8. Hanley Stafford.
9. John Brown.
10. Ezra Stone.

Assistant manager of the Pla-Mor Bowling Alleys ranks with Christy Matbewson as a great pitcher.

by JACK STALEY



THE *Kid* FROM KANSAS CITY

OCTOBER is the month of Indian Summer haze on the hills, of a new-born football season with its roaring crowds, of corn in the shock midst pumpkins glowing richly in the fields.

To a large part of the population it's more than that. It's the climax of another baseball season. It's the month of the world series. It's a time when a white-haired old man looks back across the years and wishes there might have been such great series in his time.

He's Charles A. (Kid) Nichols of Kansas City. Nichols, now 77 years old, is assistant manager of the Pla-Mor bowling alleys. Meeting him and talking with him, you'd think he was perhaps 60.

Kid Nichols wrote into baseball's records one of the great stories of the mound. Yet today there is no niche for him in the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y. He says that "us old codgers" have been forgotten.

There were no world series when Kid Nichols broke in with the Boston Nationals in 1890. The series dates back to 1904, the year he was managing the St. Louis Cardinals. By then his days in the big time were numbered.

Had there been the world series during the Nineties, Kid Nichols

would have pitched in five of them for his great mound work helped his team to five pennants during that decade.

Figures generally make dull reading but a few totals from Kid Nichols' record for fifteen years in the majors reveals:

That he pitched in 582 games in fifteen years.

That he won 360 and lost 202 for a .641 percentage.

That he worked a total of 5,015 innings, allowed 4,861 hits, walked 1,230 and struck out 1,845.

Stop and study those figures. You'll see that he failed to get credit, either for wins or loses, in only 20 of the games in which he pitched. You'll see, too, that he lacked only 23 innings of pitching 582 nine inning games.

Kid Nichols says that in his day "we went the route." They went all the way with very little rest between starts. And in a year's time their pay was far below that which even the losers get for their series' share.

"We played for the glory of the game," he said.

Nichols served twelves seasons with Boston. The first ten of those years he won at least 20 games a year and

for seven straight years in that decade hit 30 or more victories for his win column. In the years 1891, 1892 and 1893, he won a total of 100 games.

Nichols was born September 14, 1869, at Madison, Wisconsin. He moved with his parents to Kansas City in 1881 and played ball on the corner lots. In 1887, when he was 18 years old, he played with the Kansas City team, then in the old Western League.

He was a stripling, weighing in at 135 pounds and standing about five feet ten inches tall. The old-timers called him "the batboy." Then someone hooked onto him the nickname he still bears proudly. They called him "Kid."

In 1890 he signed on with Omaha. Frank Selee was managing that team,



a break for Kid Nichols. The Kid won 36 games in 48 starts that year and he cut down the amazing total of 357 men by the strikeout route.

Selee figured the boy was ready for major league ball and recommended to Boston that they take him. Boston paid \$3,000 for Nichols' contract.

For three straight years under the big tent, the kid from Kansas City

struck out at least 200 hitters per season. He pitched right-handed, without a swing. It was a simple overhand motion from the chest but he had a dazzling hop on his fast ball.

He mixed it up with a good curve and a change of pace ball. As he learned the tricks of the trade, he conserved the arm and pitched more and more with the head—hitting the spots where the batters liked his offerings the least.

The Kid never roughed the ball with emery, nor spit a coating of slippery elm on it. He'll give you a look today that indicates he believes even the question was unnecessary.

One of the last of the greats of the Nineties still living, Kid Nichols ranks with Amos Rusie and Christy Mathewson as one of the mightiest chuckers of all time in the game. His was the era of John McGraw, Wee Willie Keeler, Dan Brouthers, Rusie, and Hugh Duffy—who hit for an all-time National league record of .438 in 1894 as a Boston outfielder.

While Kid Nichols never knew the thrill of a world series, there was something akin to it in the National circuit during the Nineties. It was then that the old Baltimore Orioles were at their peak, a tough, battling ball club.

Five years saw Boston win the pennant. The other five years of the decade saw the Orioles, playing for Baltimore and then at Brooklyn, finish on top. The competition of the two clubs was, in its way, the world series of its time.

If you want another idea of the "iron man" stuff of which pitchers

were made in those days, here's one for you and for the books:

Nichols pitched and won games on three successive days in three different towns.

It was in 1892. Nichols won a game from St. Louis, played in the old ball yard at Fifteenth and Montgall in Kansas City as a part of a big con-



vention program in the city. The next day he beat St. Louis again in St. Louis and on the third day beat Louisville in Louisville.

Nichols pitched for and managed the Kansas City Western Association club in 1902 and 1903 while it was engaged in a bitter fight with American Association interests sponsoring its own ball team. Ahead of him, if his club won, was stock in the club.

But the American Association entry won out and Nichols in 1904 went to work managing the St. Louis Cardinals. He pitched and won 21 games that year and was hired for the 1905 season.

He balked one day in Cincinnati at an order from the club owners that he work on one of the gates to the park. For that he was fired. He finished the year with Philadelphia

and went out again in 1906 but the ginger was gone. He started in four games, then gave it up.

Kid Nichols returned to Kansas City. He worked with real estate, with motion pictures and as an automobile salesman. But bowling always had been his hobby. In 1892 he organized the first league in Kansas City.

So it was a "natural" that he should gravitate to the alleys. For years he managed the Pla-Mor alleys. Nowadays he is assistant manager. He's been one of the top bowlers in the city and today he still is limber and trim.

He still can swing his arms smoothly into the old pitching motion.

You watch him and you think back to the days of the bunt, the hit-and-run, and the place hitters. It was an art in his day to play for one run and the ball game.

Now they swing from taws at a livelier ball and aim for the fences. Today's players draw salaries that would have had Keeler and McGraw bug-eyed back there in the Nineties.

Yet talking to Kid Nichols you know his great legion of old-timers had a wonderful time—"for the glory of playing."



Answers

1. Irvin S. Cobb.
2. Edgar Guest.
3. Ernest Hemingway.
4. Mark Twain.
5. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
6. Faith Baldwin.
7. O. Henry.
8. Stephen Foster.
9. O. O. McIntyre.
10. Zane Grey.

STINGERS

The previous generation wasn't so righteous. It just pulled down the shades.



Don't ever cry over spilt milk, it was probably full of germs anyway.



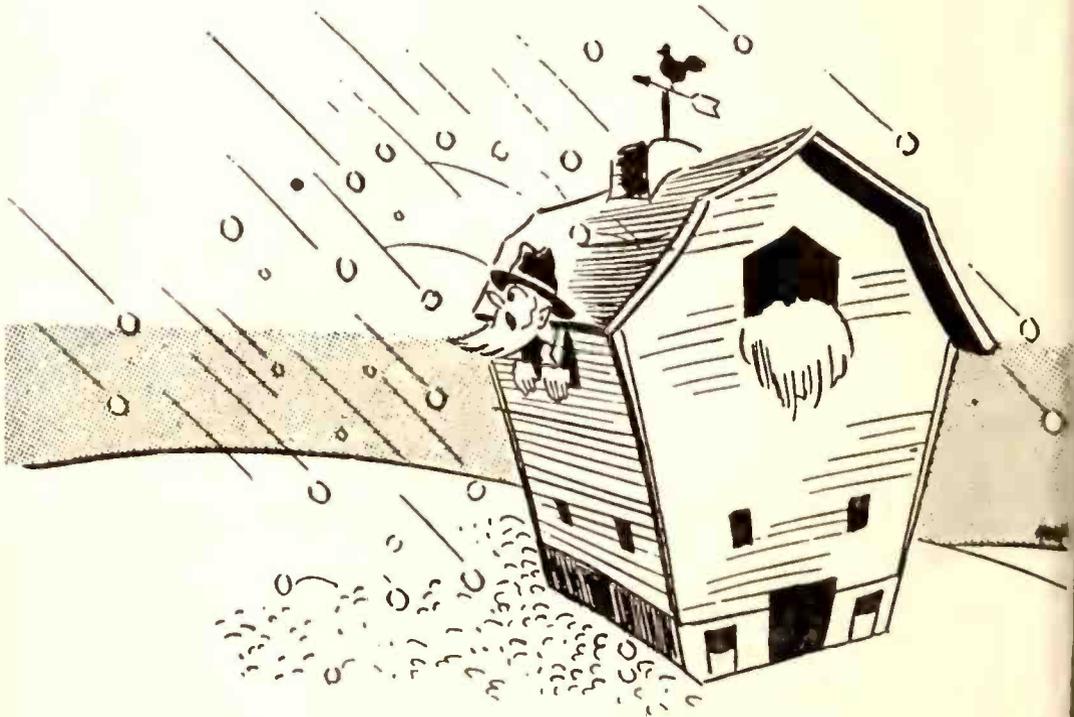
There is one good thing about being in a rut—you can't skid.



If you paddle your own canoe, you don't have to worry about gasoline.



MODERN PROVERB—"The early bird," has to get his own breakfast.



"Yep, this looks like Election Day!"

THEY SEE *Everything!*

That's produced on the Silver Screen!
Good, bad, indifferent or horrible—

By Jack Andrews

HAVE you ever taken time out and tried to think how many people go to see motion pictures regardless of the nature of the film as long as they go to the movies? The pictures may be good, bad or indifferent, but nevertheless there are five and a half million people who want to see everything that is produced on celluloid, believe it or not.

These figures, as well as others to be mentioned, are based on an actual survey made by *Audience Research Institute* over a period of three years. The survey was an arduous one and thousands of research workers covered thousands of miles to bring many interesting facts to the fore.

For instance, for years it was believed that 80 to 90 million people attended the movies every week. Now it is revealed by ARI that only 56 million go to a picture show each week. The way the 56 million was computed is as follows: There are 139,000,000 inhabitants in the United States. Deducting the millions in hospitals, insane institutions, in jail, incapacitated for one reason or another, and blind the number is whittled down to 91 million. It is estimated that there are between 9 and 10 million in the 5-to-15 age group and they are not included in the 56 million. This leaves a potential market for getting 81 million into the movies, but

only 55 million can be counted on as sure-fire customers.

New York City is the most potential area for attendance and revenue. The next nine important revenue bearing cities are Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Baltimore, St. Louis, Boston, and Pittsburgh, in the order named.

There are in all 116 cities which make up the bulk of box-office revenue for film producers, the populations in those cities averaging from 250,000 to more than half a million. Of the 116 cities, 16 are listed with populations of more than 500,000, 20 cities with populations from 250,000 to 500,000, and 80 cities from 75,000 to 250,000 population.

It wasn't until "The Bells of St. Marys" came along that the attendance record achieved by "Gone With the Wind" was shattered. According to ARI, 41 million patrons paid to see Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald emote in "The Bells of St. Marys." This total was four million more than the number which saw Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in the film version of Margaret Mitchell's best seller. It is estimated that two per cent of the total that saw "The Bells of St. Marys" made a second visit to the movie, while 15 per cent of the 37 million saw "Gone With the Wind" twice.

An average "A" picture, it is

stated, will gross from two million to two million one hundred thousand dollars, and in order to achieve this gross 18,400,000 people must pay admission to see the film. Of the 400 pictures made each year for the past few years not more than 100 can be classified each year as an "A" or double "A" attraction.

During the past three years of the ARI survey, it was found that 70 per cent of those attending movies knew in advance what they were going to see. Compare this with seven years ago when the percentage of "want to see" was 30. The increase of 40 per cent is attributed to substantial increases in national and local advertising as well as the adoption of a new approach in advertising to the film-going audience.

It is interesting to note that the 5,400,000 people who see every movie only represent half a million dollars of the nation's box-office returns. These people came from small towns as well as big towns. However, in 116 "key" towns where the important

money comes from, the people in those towns represent 35 to 45 per cent of all the money taken in.

Admission prices have gone up everywhere, as you no doubt know. In the overall picture, it is striking to observe that in 1940 the average admission price was 34½ cents. Today, the average admission price is 45 cents. These figures do not take in the 116 key towns mentioned, for the admission price average for these towns for May, 1946 was 68½ cents.

In the last three months, ARI reports a noticeable trend toward "travel on wheels," now that all traveling restrictions have been lifted. More people are flocking to the big cities from the hinterlands and smaller towns. This trend, no doubt, will have a beneficial effect on the motion picture theatre box-office. Just how long this trend will continue no one knows, but it is a good sign, for it means that when people travel they are going to do a lot of things they couldn't have done before, and taking in a big town movie is one of them.



"Shortly before our son was born," wrote Walter Winchell, "I remarked in the newspaper that if our new baby was a boy he would be named Reid Winchell, and if a girl, Sue Winchell. To which a reader heckler telegraphed; "Boy or girl, it should be called Lynch Winchell."

Dr. Abernathy, a famous London diagnostician, was once approached at a social function by a dowager who tried to wangle free medical advice. "Oh, Dr. Abernathy," she said, "If a patient came to you with such and such a symptom, what would you recommend?"

"Why, I would recommend Dr. Abernathy," he answered.

Chicago Letter . . .



by NORT JONATHAN

YOU can say what you will about the Chicago Tribune's editorial policies—its various and sundry prejudices, and so on, but when it comes to comic strips and getting out a big crowd, the "World's Greatest Newspaper" has no peer. Some eighty-five thousand music-loving souls jammed Soldier's Field for the Trib's annual music festival. Little more than a week later, just a little short of a hundred thousand hysterical football fans witnessed the All-Star Game—won 16-0 by the All-Star players in a continuously exciting battle with the Los Angeles Rams.

At some date after they won the National Football League title last winter the Rams moved from Cleveland to California—taking the championship along with them. In the words of Jimmy Segretti, the sports oracle—"They should have stood in Cleveland."

The game served as a kick-off for the local "big time" season. This year Chicago will be blessed by three top-rank profes-

sional teams—the long-established Bears and Cardinals—around since the days of Red Grange and Bronco Nagurski—and the neophyte Chicago Rockets. No matter what turns up in the way of college football (and the prospects look particularly promising), our town can look forward to some great professional games. And just a few hundred miles to the north, the bone-crushing Green Bay Packers—another pioneer pro team—will rush into action in the most violently partisan professional football town in the United States. In Green Bay if you're not a Packer fan, you might just as well move to a less robust community. Green Bay—to almost the youngest citizen—lives and breathes football from October to January.

On the college gridiron there's Northwestern and old reliable Notre Dame. Northwestern will battle Wisconsin, Minnesota, Ohio State, Indiana and Illinois in that order. On November 16th Northwestern meets Notre Dame at South Bend for one of the biggest local games of the 1946 season.

Miss Jane Russell, the full blown brunette whose married name is Mrs. Bob Waterfield, was one of the extra attractions at the All-
THE FORTUNATE Star game. Mrs.
MR. WATERFIELD Waterfield accepted a trophy for her husband, who was unable to be present at the moment—being involved in a half-time conference. Subject of the conference: How to stop the All-Stars.

Other signs of autumn, in addition to the usual mass of dead leaves in the suburbs, include oratorical maneuvers on the part of politicians and the finale of the Lake Michigan yachting season. The politicians are getting ready to run again and the boat-owners are regretfully laying up their craft until next season. During October the "jack-knife" bridges which are as much a part of Chicago as the Loop will rear up on their haunches to permit the passing of sailing craft on their way to snug moorings. Downtown traffic will be backed up for blocks while the yachtsmen calmly sail up (or is it down?) the

only river in the United States that flows backwards. That's Chicago!

The political situation is rapidly becoming noisy, with both the Republicans and the Democrats working up a fine frenzy. The November campaign started out with "No mud-slinging" promises on both sides. Having soberly made the promise, both parties have started in slugging, heatedly accusing each other of (A) Mud-slinging; (B) Assault and battery; (C) Dishonesty; (D) Bribery; (E) Mayhem. In fact everything but Arson and Wife-beating, so the November campaign and election should be pretty entertaining in itself—the best show in town.

All the while the Herald-American—Mr. Hearst's local sheet—is happily carrying on a campaign against "dirty" books. Someone at San Simeon must have read "The Hucksters" because the local Hearst editors have been grinding out an almost daily editorial and quoting the platoon of Chicago citizens, well-known and otherwise, who seem to like to be quoted on practically any subject under the sun. The last Herald-American campaign was in support on anti-vivisection, and only a few weeks ago the boys in Hearst Square dug up a crime "expert" who was sure William Heirens was just a nice boy, and an innocent nice boy at that. Better luck this time!

The hotel situation has been eased somewhat by the conversion of the excursion steamer "City of Grand Rapids" into a

STEAMER NOW FLOATING HOTEL

210-room hotel. During the next eight or nine months, this vener-

able tub will remain open for business at the Michigan Avenue bridge. Its state-rooms will be ready for occupancy by homeless tourists and advertising executives who can't face the long trip to Winnetka or Lake Forest from the Tavern Club and the Wrigley building bar. If you can't find a room anywhere else in town, there's always the "Grand Rapids" and the dubious advantage of being rocked to sleep by the gentle Chicago River.

The closing of the twin Servicemen's Centers, operated for the past five years by Mayor and Mrs. Kelly with the whole-hearted cooperation of most of Chicago, marks the official end of the city's hospitality lavishly extended to soldiers, sailors and marines. With the Kansas City Canteen (which your Chicago correspondent remembers with particular pleasure), the huge Servicemen's Centers entertained thousands of G. I. guys and gals during training, on travel orders, and on furlough. From now on, the peacetime Army and Navy will have to shift for themselves on Randolph street. The free entertainment is back in the night clubs; the volunteer hostesses have other interests—now that "ruptured ducks" outnumber khaki and blue.

It looks like a happy October. With the big hotels and Jimmy Petrillo getting together, it may even be a musical October.

AUTOMATIC BOMBS

Angry motorist: "Say, this car you sold me can't climb a hill. You swore up and down that it was a good car."

Dealer: "I didn't swear up and down. I said on the level it was a good car."

A rich man on his death bed called his chauffeur, who had been in his service for years and said:

"Ah, Sykes, I am going on a long and rugged journey, worse than you ever drove me."

"Well," consoled the chauffeur, "there's one comfort—it's all downhill and you won't need any gasoline."

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL



Name Brands

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Between Clyde McCoy's augmented orchestra and a smash hit Dorothy Dorben revue, dinner and supper diversion is decidedly on the lavish side.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Nino Nanni and his satires in song have replaced Phil Gordon and very well at that.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Bob McGrew and his orchestra are back and so are the winter decor and appointments of abundant burgundy.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Freddy Nagel and his orchestra and Merriel Abbott's bright fall revue starring the singing sensation Evelyn Knight make most rewarding entertainment.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Milt Herth's Trio in the evening, Kiki Ochart's rumba band for matinees and fashion luncheons every Wednesday and Friday should prove a satisfying policy.

★ **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301). A very unusual residence dedicated to ultra-chic interiors, fine food and celebrity patronage.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Stephen Kisley's orchestra and a romantic Dorothy Hild production introduce the new season in this spacious landmark of the northside.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Mel Cooper's orchestra is inspiration for dancing, a select act for attention, and society in attendance all you need for fashion-wise ogling.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). Joe Vera's band and sweet singing Karen Ford will stay on for some time, which is reassuring news indeed.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). David LeWinter is another popular maestro whose contract has been extended for many weeks.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). It's handsome Sherman Hayes, a petite floor show, and pre-war service for hearty dining and wining that keep this room a constant favorite.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). A very handsome continental rendezvous enhanced more than a little by suave host and owner Colonel Yaschenko, maestro George Scherban and pianist Boris Romanoff in the lounge.

Stars in the Spotlight

★ Sophie Tucker is doing two shows only a night at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . Comedian Jackie Miles does three at **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . And a very trim variety hit is the loop attention-getter at the **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544). Other suggestions for show-fare: **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Ave. (Div. 5106), **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash (Vic. 9259), and **CLUB MOROCCO**, 11 N. Clark (Sta. 3430).

Dance This One?

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Saxie Dowell is leading a great sweet and swing band and for extra measure there's a two-act revue in support.

★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Swing swings out here to a mostly adolescent crowd, by the nation's number one exponents of modern music.

The View in the Room

★ Easier than going 'round the Cape, **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812), very Tahitian-terrific . . . England in the days of Sir Walter Scott, **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . Primly Victorian with a soupçon of Parisian color, **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . Old world camaraderie, **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) . . . Dream-scene romance, **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733).

The Inner Cry

★ Tops for steaks, **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . For roast beef, **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) . . . For Chateaubriand, **GIBBY'S**, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177) . . . Seafoods get the nod at **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . Swedish cooking at **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) and **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . Barbecued ribs are piece de resistance at **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) . . . And plain and

fancy chop suey make the bill of fare at HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505), HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton (Del. 7194).

For the Tired Businessman

★ Sophistication of the blusless burlesque variety abounds at the BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson (Rav. 10077) . . . CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison (Can. 9230) . . . L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison (See. 9344) . . . CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison (Can. 9260) . . . and the PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark (Whi. 9615).

Theatres

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Judith Evelyn, Neil Hamilton and James Rennie add their smart

performances to this hit play of how to be nominated for the Presidency.

★ "HARVEY" at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown plays the rabbit-seeing alcoholic who has his share of trouble. Nothing funnier has ever hit Chicago.

★ "BLOOMER GIRL" at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe (Cen. 8240). What happened when women got tired of skirts in the last century makes a very handsome musical and Nanette Fabray an exciting stage personality.

★ "DREAM GIRL" at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Judy Parrish is the wandering-minded young beauty in this attractive Elmer Rice comedy and Richard Witmark, a becoming foil.

★ "OKLAHOMA" at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark (Sta. 2459). Return engagement of this Americana hit of all times with many of the original company still with it.



Hotel Keeper: "Here are some good views of our hotel to take with you, sir."

Tourist: "Thanks, but I have my own views of your hotel."

▲
About the only business that makes money without advertising is the Mint.—*Workman*.

▲
Was a day when the first question in business life was "how much?" Now it's "how soon?"

▲
Teach your children to stick to the job until it is finished and to pick up after themselves, and you'll never have to worry about their characters.—*Cooper*.

▲
The Daniel Boone of today is a fellow who can bag a 5-room apartment at ten miles with a telephone slug.—*Boston Globe*.

▲
The faith that really moves mountains believes in using steam shovels and dynamite.

How a minority, reaching majority, seizing authority, hates a minority.—*H. J. Robbins*.

▲
Only a woman would or could manage to make a man think she is fascinated by his talk about himself and at the same time plan her new spring wardrobe.—*Gas Flame*.

▲
A Hollywood star astonished at the high price on a new hat, commented, "why there's nothing to this hat. Why should it cost so much?" The saleswoman replied: "Madam, nowadays you must pay for the restraint."

▲
"Waiter, I ordered one egg. Now why did you bring me two?"

"Sir, I hated to separate them after all these months."

▲
Papa: "I'm not arguing with you—I'm keeping my mouth shut."

Mama: "No, but you were listening in a very unpleasant manner."

New York Letter . . .



by LUCIE BRION

MANHATTAN has its foot in the door of what always has been, and which should be, the biggest season of the year. It's the time when fashion presents new ideas, theatres present new productions and all gaiety is in full swing. In view of repeated strikes however, this season's promise lacks confidence. People are leary of new enterprises and expansion. It seems, in this crowded little Isle, that each strike, no matter the type, drastically affects the city as a whole. And, it seems that no sooner is one dispute settled than another crops up. This makes for a general feeling of uneasiness. A current verbal fear is that the unions will strike us into a depression. When the stock market is jumpy one may be sure that nerves are jumpy, too, and everyone is watching the market these days as a forecast of what conditions are likely to be for the next few months. When the market breaks shivers run up the avenues

from the Battery to the Bronx and everyone sits tight waiting to see what will happen. However, and whatever happens, Manhattan will be one of the most exciting spots in the country for some time to come. Hotel reservations may not be quite so difficult to obtain as in previous seasons . . . but don't take a chance on waiting.

Charlotte Greenwood rushed into Elizabeth Arden's the other day for a quick wave-set. She had just arrived from the West Coast. Her droll way of expressing herself, the twinkle in her eye and her friendliness radiated throughout the salon. She had a healthy golden tan which made her eyes seem bluer than ever and her evident vitality was the answer to her youthful appearance. She has put on a few pounds since the high kick days of "So Long Letty," but she is ready for a new show . . . and she'll be good. She is still one of Broadway's favorites.

There is always room for a new idea. And with all the returned veterans one may be sure that there will be plenty of new ideas about. One **ALWAYS ROOM** returned veteran has **FOR NEW IDEAS** hit on a new advertising slant which is startling, to say the least, and may become the beginning of a new advertising era. He has taken a blimp and installed lengthwise an electrical sign which runs sentences like the Times Square Building on Broadway. He may waltz through the air over Manhattan . . . we don't know . . . but we saw him far out on Long Island. From a distance he looked like a strange apparition in the sky and everyone took to the open spaces to see what it was all about. As he passed over we read, "Come to the Capitol Theatre . . ." and a whole lot of information about the stars and the pictures then showing. It was a most startling sight. Soon we expect to read in the sky not only where to go but how to regulate our lives and whom to vote for.

Longer skirts are definitely here for a span. Some old sages say that when skirts

go down it means a depression. But, whatever it means, here they are. If they drop slowly, by inches, the old wardrobe may be able to handle the situation with a little adjustment of hems; but if they skid to the ankles we're lost. Those OPA hems won't stand much pushing. It's really a man's world.

Seaplane service from Long Island towns to lower Manhattan is making progress. Private planes have been making the run for some time, and now commercial lines are eager to start a schedule. The weather back here is variable and during the winter months may be quite a handicap. But enthusiasts for the service claim that most weather vagaries have been conquered with wartime gadgets, and that it is a coming and certain means of transportation. Getting in and out of Manhattan is something everyone has to work out for himself. Some rural residents are dead set against plane service; partly because it makes their sheltered locales too convenient for too many people, and partly because tired business men, charming as they can be at times, wouldn't be any fun at all mixed up on a roof-top. That there will be a commuting air service into Manhattan from all nearby points, however, is a certainty. And one not too far in the future.

It is no uncommon sight now to see pheasant running across the roads out in rural Long Island. A great many motorists are complaining of an **ITCH ON THE TRIGGER FINGER.** **WHY GO TO S. DAKOTA?** Outside of a few sections reserved especially for pheasant and duck shooting, each village has its own regulations. On Centre Island, for instance, the **FORBIDDEN** ban is lifted for only one day. And the pheasant are thick there. No doubt that day will be one in which residents and non-shooters will take to shelter.

Ray Van Buren, a former Kansas Citian now drawing and composing the comic strip of "Abbie and Slat," says that there



is a lot more to the job than meets the eye. While fan followers of Slat and his experiences aren't as prolific writers as fans for the radio and movies, their response is something to be reckoned with. Some letters are congratulatory and enthusiastic; others have their own ideas about what Slat should be doing. And, if there is the slightest discrepancy as to story or wearing apparel, a howl goes up. Mr. Van Buren says that the strain of remembering what each character is wearing, or has worn, as the strip progresses, is one of the biggest parts of his work. He is supposed to keep six weeks ahead of the published strip but finds that his average output runs about three. Fan mail is no burden to Mr. Van Buren; rather, he says, it lends pep and makes the whole thing seem worth while.

Hildegard is singing between shows at the Roxy movie theatre. Maybe it's a good idea . . . or good business. We don't know. But, somehow it doesn't seem quite in keeping with the Hildy of the Persian Room that we've all grown to know and enjoy for the past few years. Not much doubt about her being invited back, however. So perhaps we shouldn't worry.

A girl should hold onto her youth—but not while he is driving.

—A. W. Speaks.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JEANNE TAYLOR

For Festive Fun

★ **ADMIRAL.** Spacious, modern setting. Specialties fish, oysters, clam chowder and baked Idaho potatoes. Open daily from noon and there's a bar. 250 W. 57th. (CI 7-8145)

★ **ASTOR.** Columbia Room features Sammy Kaye's band for dancing from 7 p.m. to closing. Closed Monday. Times Square. (CI 6-6000)

★ **BARBERRY ROOM.** Dim lights and fat comfortable chairs, plus good food. Luncheon and dinner rather expensive. 19 E. 52. (PL 3-5800)

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

★ **BELMONT PLAZA.** In the Glass Hat it's Eddie Stone's orchestra and Curbelo's rhumbas and a brand new show starring Russell Swann. Lexington at 49th. (WI 2-1200)

★ **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** In the Josephson's Sheridan Square one-flight walk-down, Pete Johnson, Sarah Vaughn, Timmie Rogers and J. C. Heard's band rank high on the list of distinctive entertainers. Minimum \$2.50. Closed Mondays. 2 Sheridan Square. (CH 2-2737)

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Off Park Avenue the Josephsons present another distinguished show headed by Patricia Bright. Ed Hall's band is still around and popular as ever. Minimum \$3.50. Closed Sundays. 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-9223)

★ **ASTI'S.** Everybody sings for your supper including the bartender, the hat-check girl, and assorted others who wander in and out with songs ranging from Pagliacci to Jerome Kern, and it's all kinda nice. It's a little old room about two jumps from the street and usually crowded. Dinner from \$1.50. Closed Mondays. 97 W. 12th. (GR 5-9334)

★ **CAFE TOKAY.** Strictly from Hungary. The food and gypsy music are both authentic and both fine. There's a dark and handsome man who plays dream nostalgia on his violin. Dinner from 5 to 9. Dancing after that. Closed Mondays. 2nd Ave. between 82nd and 83rd. (RE 4-9441)

★ **COPACABANA.** Popular night club with gay show starring Phil Silvers and of course the beautiful Samba Sirens. Minimum \$3 except Saturdays and holidays, \$4. Cocktail lounge has piano music. 10 E. 60th. (PL 8-1060)

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** What you can hear in full dress in Town Hall on certain Saturday afternoons you can hear informally at Eddie Condon's hangout for hot musicians. The place draws a clientele that listens intellectually to the pure emotion flowing from horns and drums. In the meantime the kitchen sends out some pretty decent food. Eddie's band has Dave Tough, Gene Schroeder, Max Kaminsky, Joe Dixon, Jack Lesberg, and Freddie Ohms. 47 W. Third. (GR 308736)

★ **EBERHARDT'S CAFE GRINZING.** Gay, cozy continental atmosphere. Viennese-Hungarian cooking. Bela Villanyi ensemble from 7:30. Continuous entertainment. Bar closed Mondays. 323 E. 79th. (RE 4-9117)

★ **HELEN LANE'S RESTAURANT.** Well bred New England in the heart of the village. It's clean, relaxed and gracious with scrubbed oak tables and old burnished copper. The food is plain American and superb. Lunch and dinner from 85 cents and \$1.50, respectively. Closed Sundays. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square.

★ **LEXINGTON.** Johnny Pineapple's orchestra in the Hawaiian room plus a shapely Hawaiian revue. Room open for dining Sunday but no music or shows. Lexington at 48th. (WI 2-4400)

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

★ **OLD HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT.** In the market section, for gorgeous steaks. Used to be for men only but now they let the ladies share the wealth. Prices from \$2.50 for food that would cost twice as much at some of the better known restaurants. 56 Ninth Ave. (CH 3-3346)

★ **ROOSEVELT.** In the Grill, Henry King's orchestra with Phil Darcy's band at intermission. Palm Room for tea or cocktails with music by Esther Vela's string ensemble. Madison at 45th. (CI 5-6150)

★ **RUSSIAN YAR.** Where Muscovites gather it's bound to be fun. George Magiloff's orchestra is better than you expect and Zachar, the dagger dancer, is killing. Specialties, beef Stroganov shashlik and blinchiki. 38 W. 52nd. (EL 5-9746)

★ **STORK CLUB.** A fashionable finishing school with some rather interesting courses in the social sciences. Payson Re's orchestra and a Rhumba band alternate for dancing. If you can get in, the Cub room is unusual. 3 E. 53rd. (PL 3-1740)

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** A blithe little bird's nest in which Spivy presents her findings on the love life of the higher mammals. 139 E. 57th. (EL 5-9215)

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Beyond the neat brick facade is a more or less circular bar and a big dining room where Toots does some fine things with steaks and roast beef. Lunch and dinner come ala cart. Entrees from \$1.60. Opens Sunday at 4 p.m. 51 W. 51st. (PL 3-9000)

★ **WHALER BAR.** So authentic you may get seasick just sitting there. The portholes are alarmingly realistic; so are the old salts who serve your drinks. They wear sloppy blue middies and look kinda cute, even at that. Lunch ala carte, except on Sundays. Open noon until 2 a.m. Madison at 38th. (CA 5-3700)

★ **WALDORF ASTORIA.** Griff Williams orchestra alternates with Mischa Borr's for dinner and supper. There's a two buck cover charge beginning around 9 o'clock. Park at 49th. (EL 5-3000)

★ **VERSAILLES.** Two shows a night with Carl Ravazza's orchestra and the GI Showcase winner, Rufus Smith. Fine food but rather expensive. Minimum \$2.50 weeknights, \$3.50 weekends. 151 E. 50th. (PL 8-0310)

NEW YORK THEATRE

(Addresses and telephone numbers
listed at one end)

Plays

★ **A FLAG IS BORN.** (Alvin) It's Paul Muni again, this time carrying the ball for a free Palestine. Of course the show is slanted to certain ends but that does not detract from the acting. Evenings except Monday, 8:35. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:35.

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield) Philip Yordan's stirring play is now in its third year and for good reason. It's a show you shouldn't miss. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum) Judy Holliday is the young thing who unwittingly proves to her protector Paul Douglas, that crime, even on an international scale, cannot possibly pay. Written and directed by Garson Kanin. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton) The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have given the Negro problem the treatment, but the patient, we're unhappy to report, is improved very little. But nevertheless it's a highly satisfactory melodrama. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet) The Elmer Rice comedy starring Mrs. Elmer Rice—Betty Field to you—is about a girl who day dreams a lot and is awfully entertaining. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (Forty Eight St. Theatre) About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull are magnificent. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **HIDDEN HORIZON.** (Plymouth) Agatha Christie's adaptation of her own mystery novel "Murder On The Nile," is produced by the Shuberts and Albert de Courville. Cast is headed by Diana Barrymore and Halliwell Hobbles and is directed by Mr. de Courville. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou) This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its seventh year. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane play Father and Mother. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire) The Lunts are superb in this slight play by Terrance Rattigan. The plot has to do with one of those fashionable British adulteries, but you can just forget about it. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson) Kay Francis takes over for Ruth Hussey in this year's Pulitzer Prizer about a man torn between two women and a presidential campaign. Ralph Bellamy heads the cast. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **SWAN SONG.** (Booth) You might call this Hccht-MacArthur piece about dark doings a psycho-

logical thriller, but you'd be pretty optimistic. The redeeming feature is 12-year-old Jacqueline Horner's piano playing. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **THE FRONT PAGE.** (Royale) Arnold Moss and Lew Parker are never going to replace Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins in the affections of those who saw this comedy-melodrama back in 1928, but it is still a very expert and exciting show. Evenings except Sunday at 8:25. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE BEES AND THE FLOWERS.** (Cort) Replaces "On Whitman Avenue" and it's probably a good thing for general morale. It's a new comedy by Frederick Kohner and Albert Mannheimer. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **THE MAGNIFICENT HEEL.** (Henry Miller) Peggy Wood and Bert Lytell in a new play by Constance O'Hare. Produced and directed by Brock Pemberton with a setting by John Root. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morocco) John Van Druten's skillful play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass, is now in its third deserving year. Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter and Vicki Cummings are the whole case. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

Musicals

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial) Ethel Merman is an carsplitting delight in this saga of Little Sureshot. Berlin wrote appropriate music and lyrics. Herbert and Dorothy Fields did the book, and the very competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National) A resourceful group of GI's and their gals have put together the happiest military offering since "This Is The Army." Arnold Aucrbach wrote the sketches and Harold Rome provided the songs. With Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **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 new songs and dances, and now it's well along in the second year. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **GYPSY GIRL.** (Century) An operetta set to a composite of Victor Herbert scores with new lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest. The book is by Henry Myers and Melville Cooper heads the cast along with Helena Bliss and Clarence Derwent. Directed by Wright and Forrest and produced by Edwin Lester. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James) This splendid musical version of "Green Grow The Lilacs," which was

also contrived by Rodgers and Hammerstein, is rollicking in its fourth year with no sign of a letup. The road show unit hit Des Moines, Iowa, recently and was completely sold out for one solid week, three weeks prior to the engagement. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (Forty Sixth Street Theatre) This one isn't going 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, bring your crying towels and come on along. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld) Edna Ferber's book turns up again, this time in a very fast moving revival with Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Ralph Dumke, Charles Fredericks and Buddy Ebsen. The physical production is brilliant and the old songs are lovelier than ever. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY.** (Broadhurst) Ray Bolger does his nimble best but even he is not quite up to redeeming this successor to "One For The Money," and "Two For The Show." The cast includes Jane Deering, Brenda Forbes and Rose Inghram. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **YOURS IS MY HEART.** (Shubert) Richard Tabuer's magnificent voice and Lehar's lovely songs are almost lost in this rather flimsy operetta. With Stella Andrevá and Fred Keating, Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

Miscellany

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

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Alvin.....	250 W.	52nd	CI.	5-6868	W
Bijou.....	209 W.	45th	CI.	6-5969	W
Booth.....	222 W.	45th	CI.	6-6699	W
Broadhurst.....	235 W.	44th	BR.	9-2067	E
Center.....	Rockefeller	Center	CO.	5-5474	
Century.....	932	7th Ave.	CI.	7-3121	W
Coronet.....	203 W.	49th	CI.	6-8870	W
Cort.....	138 W.	48th	BR.	9-0046	E
Empire.....	B'way	at 40th	PE.	6-9540	
Fulton.....	201 W.	46th	CI.	6-6380	W
Forty Sixth.....	226 W.	46th	CI.	6-6075	W
Forty Eighth.....	157 W.	48th	BR.	9-4566	E
Henry Miller.....	124 W.	43rd	BR.	9-3970	E
Hudson.....	141 W.	44th	BR.	9-5641	E
Imperial.....	209 W.	45th	CO.	5-2412	W
Lyceum.....	149 W.	45th	CH.	4-4256	E
Majestic.....	245 W.	44th	CI.	6-0730	W
Mansfield.....	256 W.	47th	CI.	6-9056	W
Morosco.....	217 W.	45th	CL.	6-6230	W
National.....	208 W.	41st	PE.	6-8220	W
Plymouth.....	236 W.	45th	CI.	6-9156	W
Royale.....	242 W.	45th	CI.	5-5760	W
Shubert.....	225 W.	44th	CI.	6-9500	W
St. James.....	246 W.	44th	LA.	4-4664	W
Ziegfeld.....	6 Ave. &	54th	CI.	5-5200	



FAMOUS PEOPLE

George Washington once lost a pie-eating contest by one pie. The winner ate 15.

▲
Mark Twain once remarked that he was going to live within his income for one year, even if he had to borrow money to do it.

▲
"There are two ways of meeting a rotten situation," opined Robert W. Chambers.

"One way is to pull the covers over your head, and try to forget about it. The other is to get up, put on your pants, and go out to meet it."

▲
The late H. G. Wells had such a big head that he had trouble getting his hats to fit. Once when he found one that balanced nicely on his head he just walked off with it, and blandly penned a note to its owner, the mayor of Cambridge, Massachusetts. "I stole your hat," wrote Wells, "I like your hat. I shall keep your hat. Whenever I look inside it, I shall think of you and your excellent sherry and the town of Cambridge. I take off your hat to you."



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

"My husband's face dropped a mile when we first visited the Grand Canyon."

"Was he disappointed?"

"No he fell over the rim."



"How much are your \$6 shoes?" asked the young smart Alec.

"Three dollars a foot," was the alert reply.



"Well, son, what have you been doing all afternoon?"

"Shooting dice, mother."

"That must stop. Those little things have as much right to live as you do."



"Why is your flivver painted blue on one side and red on the other?"

"It's a swell trick. You should hear the witnesses contradicting each other."



"Number, please?"

"Number nothing. I just put a nickel in here. Where's my chewing gum?"



"May I have next Wednesday off?" asked the timid clerk.

"Why?" barked the boss.

"It's my silver wedding anniversary and my wife and I would like to celebrate."

"Good gosh", his boss grumbled back. "Am I going to have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"



"I was a fool when I married you," complained the Missus bitterly.

"I guess you were, but I was so infatuated at the time I didn't notice it."

"'Tis a fine lad you have there," said one Irishman to another who was walking with a child. "A magnificent head and a noble look. Say, could you lend me a couple of dollars?"

"I could not. 'Tis my wife's child by her first husband."



"Are you a self-made man?"

"No, I'm the revised work of a wife and three daughters."



"If molecules can be split into atoms and atoms broken up into electrons, can electrons be split up any further?" queried the professor.

"Well professor, you might try mailing them to someone in a package marked 'Fragile'."



"What are you doing with all those cuspidors?"

"I'm taking them home for my dog."

"What kind of a dog have you?"

"Spitz."



"Befo' Ah finishes rolling up my sleeves and sails into yo' has you any mo' questions to ask?"

"Jes' onc, big boy, jes' one. Is you-all leaving a wife an' chillun?"



"Whatever induccd you to strike your wife?"

"Well, your honor, she had her back to me, the broom was handy and the back door open. So I thought I would take a chance."



A man is like a tack; he can go only as far as his head will let him.



PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just For Food . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** The finer things of life in Kansas City can be enjoyed here, including good service and food to go with it. It's a low-ceilinged little nook with red leather chairs and maple sugar walls. A life-like mural of the Kansas City skyline hides behind an array of potted plants. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Cozy and orderly as the cabin of a Constellation, as neat and well groomed as the pretty airline hostesses who drop in for sandwiches between hops, and just as popular with the Kansas City land lubbers as it is with the flying clientele. Stopover celebrities may be your eating companions at breakfast, lunch or dinner. Twenty-four hour service. Newstand in connection. Operated by Millemann and Gilbert. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Probably one of the nation's finest cafeterias, featuring an amazing assortment of excellent food. Prices are very reasonable and there are plenty of tables on the main floor as well as the mezzanine. It's a place you'll be proud to take your dinner guests. Plenty of parking space in the rear. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** This family-size dining room in the Brookside hotel is an ideal spot for a Sunday family dinner; or any other day of the week for that matter. Fleet-footed service and the quality of food that even the most meticulous gourmet would find above criticism. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Bright, glassy and attractive eating place out southeast. Fresh seafood is flown in daily from the Gulf. Booths, tables

and fast service are available. Closed Mondays. Brush Creek and the Paseo. VA. 9757.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** If fish is the brain food some people claim it is, scores and scores of people are getting physical and mental nourishment at this seafood specialty house. Scallops, fried oysters, fish and chips, the works. For a delightful change a black walnut waffle is wonderful. Open 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed Saturday and Sunday. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A large place of blue rooms and many mirrors that features good food at modest prices. In the neighborhood of the Union Station, it's probably one of your best bets. Located in the B.M.A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **NU-WAY-DRIVE-INS.** Two of the newer places on the southwest side that have already earned popularity spurs with excellent food and service. Everything from a tasty NU-Way hamburger to a full course meal, and the service is fast, too. Linwood at Main and Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** Red and beige cuisine corner of the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys, featuring home-made pies, cakes and meat dishes. If you can spare the time from your game, this is the place to strike. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ **UNITY INN.** The accent is on large, luscious salads and tasty vegetarian dinners served in a latticed green room, pleasantly decorated with potted flowers. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Lunches and dinners Monday through Fridays. Sunday dinners 11:30 to 2 p.m. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE IN.** A beautiful circular eating palace 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, on the Country Club Plaza. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** Subdued atmosphere, faintly reminiscent of those quaint little cafes on Chicago's famous Rush street. Latin-American in decor. The El Bolero cocktail lounge is just a few steps away for those who like a nip with their noodles. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Under new management with new entertainment, new faces, new policies, new everything. The accent is on good food and entertainment. They have been known to have steaks when other places far and wide did not. Entertainment features the talented 17-year-old Eddie Oyer, Kansas City piano marvel, and Juliette, who fills in during the cocktail hour. Their capable reliefer is Eugene Smith, the quick-fingered keyboard wizard. 3535 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** An attractive lounge with a dining room off to one side, where talented Alma Hatten plays the Hit Parade and your request tunes. The food is something nice to

think about as well as eat and there's service to go with it. Convenient parking at the Congress garage. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** As popular among hungry businessmen at noon as it is with the evening bar crawlers. An unsophisticated, friendly place where the watchwords are good food, good drinks and congeniality. Mahogany booths and dark paneled walls. Between Walnut and Grand on 10th Street. VI. 4352.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** In addition to the friendliness of Gus Fitch, there's the liveliest crowds in town, thoughtfully prepared food and drink, and the resourceful piano music of Joshua Johnson. Decorative emphasis is on the neon-lit glass bar. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Italian meatballs and spaghetti lack their magic unless served with the authenticity of the people who created these delicious dishes. In this respect, Italian Gardens really have the "know how." A pretty place with latticed booths, and your food is served by chic young ladies in native costumes. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT.** Plenty of fancy fried chicken for dinner to inspire you for the evening shows of shapely revues and everything that goes to make up an exciting night club. That hilarious emcee, Charley Rankin is still around. First show at 10:30. 2240 Blue Ridge. IND. 5702.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** The attractive big sister of the Town Royale features a horseshoe bar, hospitable service and a glistening Hammond organ that is put through its paces every evening by the fascinating Mary Dale. A very popular spot among the Plaza people. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** An extremely popular downtown spot, always crowded with people you know. The food couldn't be better, and the steaks, when available, are among the best you've ever tasted. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** A highly respected south side cuisine corner where big steaks, when available, are of the first order. Other reasons for coming back are the excellent drinks and friendly service. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel. Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** In the historic section of Kansas City, and not far from the main business section is a restaurant solidly grounded on the tradition of good food and genuine hospitality. Its grand reputation harkens back to the days of Sarah Bernhardt and Teddy Roosevelt. The kindly old colored waiters have been there many, many years. That's why people are stomping to eat at the Savoy. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** A chummy little nook just off the sidewalk, outfitted with trailing draperies, tall mirrors and fascinating murals. Red divans line the walls, and there's a magnificently mirrored bar. Music by Zena and Zola. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

Just For a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A friendly, low-ceilinged coasting nook just off the lobby of the Continental Hotel. Walls are forest green and there are strategically spotted chairs and divans. A flaming red juke box is nearby. Greenbacks do

double duty here, especially at the "two-for-one" cocktail hour every day from 3 to 5. You get two drinks for the price of one. Hotel Continental. HA. 6040.

★ **THE ASSEMBLY.** A colorful Twelfth Street bar which seems to bring along just a little bit of days gone by in Kansas City. Adding to this are the homesick, old time piano tunes ragtimed by Hugh Voss. 7 W. 12th. GR. 9877.

★ **CABANA.** From the cigarette girl to the man at the amber fluid spigots, the atmosphere here is strictly Chiquita Banana. The colorfully muraled bar and spacious divans are sip spots for Kansas City's smart set. The ever popular Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, plays requested tunes on the Novachord. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.



★ **OMAR ROOM.** Unique decor, with a beautiful set of mirrors overhanging the circular bar, giving patrons the pleasant sensation of sitting under a large tree. Dim, cushiony and there's lotsa beautiful gals. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **LA CANTINA.** An auxiliary room to the Zephyr Room and El Casbah where the diversion is informal drinking at a red and white bar with matters helped along by Ward Perry and his modern piano stylings. Hotel Bellerive. Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** An intimate little cocktail lounge, bright and cheerful, yet dim and subdued enough for your particular occasion. When the parade of little pink elephants above the bar pulls up into double file, it's time to go home. Max, the friendly bartender is the official greeter, and for your extra-curricular diversion there's the old time movies. In the State Hotel on 12th Street. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Swaying palms, soft lights, tropical breezes, lots of greenery, low glass tables, comfortable divans, everything in fact to simulate a south sea oasis. It's even authentic to the tropical typhoons that happen every hour on the hour. (Push button control). Tommy Ott, well known Mutual Broadcasting System organist, comes in October 6 until mid-November. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **BLUE HILLS.** Dark blue and silver cozy spot out in the district famous for a golf course of the same name, Eddie Cross has built a quality clientele

on good drinks, cordial bartenders, tasty fried chicken, and barbecued ribs. In the cocktail lounge Tony Carraci and his musicians continue to charm. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **BOWMAN'S RESTAURANT.** Popular dine and dance restaurant on the east side, featuring the Three Sharps. Open nightly. 3210 E. 15th. BE. 9399.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** Spacious oaken hooths upon which they set one of the nicest chicken dinners in town. Replica of an old country inn, furnished copper lamps and enough antiques to start a collection in business, make it all very interesting. The cocktail lounge, free from tax, features dancing nightly. Closed Wednesdays until 4:30 p.m. Swope Park street car right to the door. Swope Parkway and Benton Boulevard. WA. 9699.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** People who like to get away from the smoke nuisance of most night clubs, are flocking to the Crown Room. A new modern mechanism floods the place with sterilized air and healthful sun rays. Popular Judy Conrad gives forth from the handstand with the kind of music Kansas City consistently likes. Must be, cause Judy is in his second big year. Foods and drinks are of the first order. Hotel La Salle. 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CLUB FIESTA.** A spacious night club with a large dance floor and good solid music by Joe Meyers. Those smooth drinks are concocted by that old master, Hubert Jenkins. 12 E. 39th. For reservations call VA. 9597.

★ **EL CASBAH.** It's an understatement to call this room merely ornate. It's something entirely modern in plan and appointments and embellishes the beauty with tasty food, good orchestras and name acts. There's a cover of \$1 except at the bar. Dinners are from \$1.50. Saturday from 12:30 to 4:30 features cocktail dansants when there's no cover, plenty of entertainment and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive. Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MARY'S.** Newly remodeled in sparkling colors, this popular night club is brimming with hilarious groups of collegians who flock in to laugh, quaff, and listen to music by the country's name bands. The dance floor is extra large and the atmosphere is romantic. No reservations. Setups and beer only. 8013 Wornall Road. JA. 9441.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** A cozy and inviting little

room where you see yourself in the mirrored walls and your best friends at the tables. Roy Mack and his popular orchestra are proving that popularity can be a lasting and wonderful thing. No music for luncheon, but you'll find the customary good food and service. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** A large rambling southern colonial style mansion just outside the east city limits. Yes, and like Senator Claghorn, it even faces the south. Massive columns, spacious rooms and convivial atmosphere. Al Duke and his Irish songs are currently featured, along with the Jerry Gilbert trio. Highway 40, East. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Walls lined with large white columns, smooth music by Dee Peterson's orchestra, and tall iced drinks in the best tradition of the south. Large dance floor, the best of food, and all combining for a very pleasant evening. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.

★ **SKY-HIGH ROOF.** Weekend dancing high above the noise and confusion of a big city. Glassed-in walls offer a striking view of the twinkling panorama of streets far below. Kenny Whyte provides the musical inspiration. Week nights the roof is available for parties. Call Mr. McEachin at the Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Schiaparelli pink walls with strategic mirrors refracting the glow of artfully concealed lighting. Dim, not too noisy, yet cozy and congenial. It's on the circuit for some of the best known hotel hands. Hotel Muehlebach. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Kansas City's highest paid night club entertainer is Jeannie Leitt, boogie pianist who magnetizes crowds to this friendly place every night of the week. She has a terrific heat and an "educated" left hand. To make it still more intriguing, Jeannie comes out now and then with cute little songs in her "Lauren Bacall" voice. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** Almost as big as Ringling's big-top is this night club on the south side, but the popularity of the place keeps it crowded every night until real late—something like 4 a.m. Max Bicknell's hand is still featured. Plenty of tables. Cover charge is \$1. 79th and Wornall Road. DE. 1253.



Grandpa and Grandma strolled down the street windowshopping. Finally they came to a dentist's showcase. Grandpa, pointing, said: "I'd like to have that nice new set."

"Hesh up, paw," replied Grandma. "How often have I told you not to pick your teeth in public."

Bridget, our maid, had just been fired for general incompetence. Going out the door she extracted a five dollar bill from her purse and threw it to Joc, the faithful Scottie. "Sur'n I niver forget a friend. That's for helpin' me wash the dishes."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER—Paul Muni, Ann Baxter, Claude Rains. A gangster dies and goes where you'd expect him to go, and persuades the Devil to come back to earth. The duo raises havoc with a judge and his pretty daughter, but the judge outwits the devil and sends the loathsome pair back to where they're supposed to be. Now you have the ball.

BOYS' RANCH—Jackie Jenkins, James Craig, Skippy Homeier, Dorothy Patrick, Jackie (Butch) Jenkins. A heartwarming story of another Father Flanagan. Skippy is the unrepentent juvenile delinquent who is determined to see the ranch fail. In a fast moving climax, disaster is averted. Skippy repents and the ranch is saved.

FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION—Donna Reed, Tom Drake, Edward Evert Horton, Spring Byington. Tom Drake, a returning soldier, seeks out his pre-war heart-throb, but is mistaken in believing her love is equal to his own. (He thought). But, after much travail, they discover each other from adjoining windows.

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO—Walter Pidgeon, Jose Iturbi, Roddy McDowall, Ilona Massey, Jane Powell, Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Romantic as a Mexican moon, tuneful as a troubadour, colorful as a serape. Pidgeon is the American Ambassador to Mexico who turns his talents toward cementing the good neighbor policy. Probably the most lavish musical of the year.

Twentieth Century Fox

IF I'M LUCKY—Vivian Blaine, Perry Como, Harry James, Carmen Miranda. Tells the gay story of a girl who couldn't make up her mind, a shy crooner and a sly trumpeter who find that love and politics mix with a vengeance. Harry James of course is the guy with the hot horn and burning ambition.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE—June Haver, Vera Ellen, Vivian Blaine, George Montgomery. A satisfying musical, an original romantic comedy of three girls on "the makc." It's Mack Gordon's first production and should take very well, too. Music and lyrics by Myrow brothers.

Universal

BLACK ANGEL—Dan Duryea, June Vincent, Peter Lorre, Broderick Crawford, Wallace Ford, Hobart Cavanaugh, Constance Dowling. Dan Duryea, vaudeville headliner, degenerates to a Los Angeles ski-row bar. There's a murder, drunken interlude, and an innocent man about to be executed for a murder he did not commit. But as usual there's an "O. Henry" twist at the end.

THE KILLERS—Edmond O'Brien, Ava Gardner, Albert Dekker, Sam Levene, John Miljan, Burt Lancaster. The peaceful routine of a small village is violently interrupted when two killers ride in and machine gun Swede Lunn (Burt Lancaster). It all adds up to a super-duper of a double-cross, loaded with all the melodrama Mark Hellinger could possibly pile on. Directed by Robert Diodmak who also directed "The Spiral Staircase."

Warner Brothers

ONE MORE TOMORROW—Ann Sheridan, Dennis Morgan, Jane Wyman, Alexis Smith, Jack Carson. Based on a Philip Barry play, it tells the sometimes gay, sometimes discouraging experiences of a group of young people who invade the magazine publishing field. The tangled romantic affairs are eventually ironed out.

Tentative Schedule for Films Showing in Octo- ber in Kansas City.

Loew's Midland

ANGEL ON MY SHOULDER
LITTLE IODINE, (COMIC)
BOYS' RANCH
FAITHFUL IN MY FASHION
HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

Newman

**OUR HEARTS WERE GROW-
ING UP**
ONE MORE TOMORROW
OSS
BIG SLEEP

RKO Orpheum

MAKE MINE MUSIC
THE STRANGER
TILL THE END OF TIME

Uptown, Esquire

Fairway

IF I'M LUCKY
BLACK ANGEL
**THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN
BLUE**
THE KILLERS

RKO Pictures

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

TILL THE END OF TIME—Dorothy McGuire, Guy Madison, Robert Mitchum, Bill Williams. A moving story of how three ex-Marines solve the problems of readjustment to peacetime life. Love interest is high, with Miss McGuire, as a young war widow, falling in love on sight with Guy Madison. With patience and understanding she steers him into clear waters.

THE STRANGER—Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, Orson Welles, Philip Merivale, Richard Long, Billy House. A fetching story centered upon a dangerous criminal, his innocent bride, and a relentless sleuth trailing the suspect to his doom. Naturally Edward G. is the villain and this time Welles is cast in an entirely new role, that of a sleuth. A suspenseful drama.

Paramount

THE BIG SLEEP—Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall. Brandy, bullets and banter between Bogart and Bacall are plentiful in this exciting blackmail story by Raymond Chandler. Mr. Bogart, who plays in his admirable early style, is backed up by an excellent cast.

OSS—Alan Ladd, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Patric Knowles, John Hoyt. Continuing in the role of the steely-eyed tough guy, Ladd does a remarkable job. The story is about the undercover activities of the Office of Strategic Services during the war. Exciting, and a very good performance.

**OUR HEARTS WERE GROW-
ING UP**—Gail Russell, Diana Lynn, Billy De Wolfe, William Demarest, James Brown, Bill Edwards. A lively affair, with amusing mix-ups and tangled romances. Gail and Diana, two mad-cap sophisticates, become careerists to win back their wayward boy-friends. They also adopt a boot-legger with a yen for culture. It's well worth the seeing.

Swing Around

PRECIPITATORY EVENTS . . . Out in Salina, Kansas, where it doesn't rain sometimes quite as often as Weatherman Flora over at Topeka says it might, a visitor from the east was complaining to one of the natives.

"Doesn't it ever rain out here?"

"Oh, yes," replied the native. "They had a good rain about fifteen miles north-east of here night-before-last, but I was busy and couldn't go."



EQUANAMITY OF EQUALITY . . .

The other day Robert R. Wason, the OPA-battling head of the National Manufacturers Association, told a press conference that this country would never get along with itself until there was an equality between manufacturers and labor unions. That night, at home, we finally caught on what he meant.

Four of five owners of new houses in one block in a Kansas City suburb got together to compare prices on their freshly built hovels. We concluded, after adding this and that, that the electricians, carpenters and paperhangers were bigger wage earners than the guys who owned the houses.



ONE THING OR ANOTHER . . . If the state of Pennsylvania is unable to pin income tax raps on the Ku Klux Klan they might try to nail them on the federal textile limitation order.



POLICE, SIR, A DIME! . . . A very new policeman got on a street car and neglected to show the motorman his street car pass. Instead he walked past the coin box and seemed to ignore it completely.

The elderly, track-wise motorman yelled at him to make with a dime. The newly fledged cop snarled "Can't you see my pistol?"

At that the motorman replied, "Even a rabbit hunter carries a gun . . . fork over a dime."



ALMOST EMBARRASSING . . . A group of gals were giving a shower for one of their friends. The guest of honor was thrilled as she gleefully looked over the assortment of booties, blankets, little sweaters and the like. About nine thirty, just as the party was well under way, she asked to be excused. Nobody thought much about it when she failed to return right away.

About 11 o'clock the lady's husband called up and asked if the guest of honor had returned, and then added. "I guess you'll have to excuse her for now because she just had an eight pound baby boy."



IN HIS BONNET . . . Don Walker, Warner Brothers' long-legged fast traveling publicity representative in the Kansas City area, was daubing honey on his hot muffin the other evening, and then announced: "You know, I like this stuff so well I think I'll keep a bee myself next summer."

MR. PORTER, PLEASE . . . A business survey here indicates that the people are not saving as much money as they did a year ago. It seems that the citizenry is showing a deplorable tendency to deposit their earnings in grocery stores instead of banks.



EXCEPTIONALLY BRIGHT . . . A fella we know has sent on, more in sorrow than in anger, a letter received from his son Keith.

It reads:

"Dear Dad: I guess you will be surprised to hear that the University of Kansas has finally excepted me."



STORY OF THE WEEK . . . (The following item is reprinted in its entirety from the Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Record)

KANSAS CITY (AP)—A nurse entered the first floor surgery at St. Mary's Hospital and noticed a queer bulge on the operating table. She pulled back the sheet—and screamed.



SOUTHERN BRAWL . . . A lonesome-looking soldier, who said he was from Memphis, dropped in at the La Cantina room of the Bellerive hotel, set up a cupcake with one candle on it and started singing "Happy Birthday To Me," at the top of his voice. He was showered with drinks the rest of the night.



RELATIVITY OF SPEED . . . A flight on Pennsylvania Central Airlines leaves Grand Rapids, Michigan at 9 a.m. and arrives in Milwaukee at 8:50 a.m.

THE ZOMBIE ROOM

We see it every morning;
It happens every day;
A double file of pretty gals
Meander on their way.

A thing that puzzles all us men
And gives the gals gray hair,
Is when they go to the Powder Room—
They always go in pairs.

Perhaps the trip is long and rough;
The hall is dark and lonely;
But two by two they always go
To the room marked "Ladies Only."

The bosses stand and pull their hair;
And simply boil with grief.
The day's production goes to pot
While the girls go on relief.

At two o'clock each afternoon
The march begins once more;
Just what the heck goes on out there
That cannot wait 'til four?

The only way that we can see
To make production boom—
Is to move the whole damned office
Into the Ladies' Room.



ONE FOR THE CAA . . . In civilian air circles a "short" is a non-priority person, usually a company employe riding on a "space available" basis, and who must be removed if a paying passenger comes along. If possible, what is known as "protection" is given him; arrangements to continue the journey on a later flight, by train, pony cart, dog sled, or whatever is available.

Recently a young hostess, unfamiliar with airline vernacular, went to work for a large airline. An hour out of Chicago she received by radio the following instructions:

Prepare to remove shorts at Detroit. No protection."

For a while she was quite unhappy about it all.



SIGN IN A LOCAL RESTAURANT . . . "Try our hamburgers. God hates a coward."

For WHB

Availabilities

'Phone

DON DAVIS

at any

ADAM YOUNG

office:

NEW YORK CITY

CHICAGO

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

KANSAS CITY



**Let's Face
Figures!**

**FIRST SEVEN MONTHS
OF THIS YEAR, KAN-
SAS CITY:**

RECEIVED . . .

3,970,057 head of
livestack, at a value
of \$1,000,000 per
day.

SHIPPED . . .

2,199,355 head of
livestack, at a value
of \$700,000 per day.

SLAUGHTERED . . .

2,083,643 head of
livestock, at a value
of \$505,000 per day.



COWTOWN, U.S.A.

When it's roundup time in Texas, it's market time in Kansas City, the world's largest source of stocker and feeder cattle. We handle four million head annually, and that's a lot of beef, Chief! That's a lot of dollars, too, in the pockets of Kansas City consumers. And if you're considering a roundup, via advertising, of Kansas City consumer cash, select a medium that will rope, tie, and put your brand on the whole herd quicker than you can clog out a chorus of "El Rancho Grande." Choose WHB, Kansas City's Dominant Daytime Station, and rest assured of a full corral . . .



DON DAVIS President-National Advertising Representative

JOHN SCHILLING Vice-President-General Manager

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

