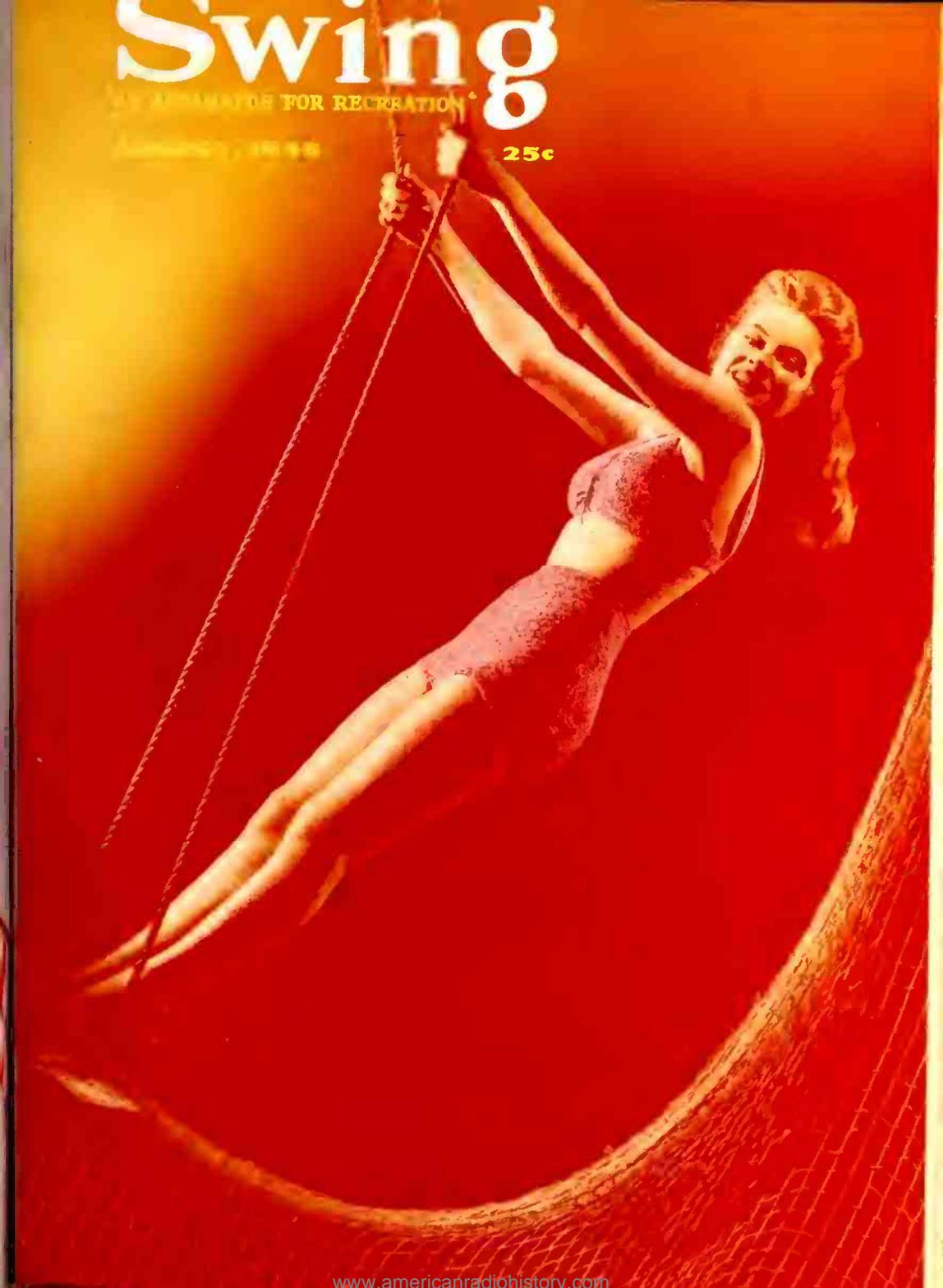


Swing

BY APPOINTMENT FOR RECREATION

August 27, 1948

25c



PRaise AGENTS . . . OF PICTURES, AND FOOD & WINE! . . .

Powers Model LAURA WELLS, beautiful, blonde and king-size, is enacting the role of a press agent in the interests of United Artists' forthcoming picture, "Coesar and Cleopatra," which will be released in Kansas City through Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her tour recently included some show-shop talk with WHB's Showtime Gal, Rosemary Howard.

ANDRE L. SIMON, president of the Wine and Food Society of London was interviewed on WHB in June, when he visited Kansas City to inaugurate a Branch of the Society here. Objects of the group are to advance the art of gracious living and the pleasures of the table—through better cooking of available foods and the proper choice of suitable wines. A. D. Eubank is president of the Kansas City Society; Harry J. Fowcett, vice-president and secretary; E. M. "Ted" Dodds treasurer. Other branches are in Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., Cincinnati, Milwaukee, U.S.A. Melbourne and Sydney, Australia.

"BIG LITTLE AMERICAN" James T. Hopkins of Independence, Missouri, was selected recently as a "Big Little American" on Morton Downey's "Coke Club" (WHB-Mutual 10:15 a.m.). Twenty-five years ago Hopkins rigged up a snow plow to clear the snow from yards of schools and churches and he has been doing it ever since . . . grotis.



HOPKINS was awarded the Coke Club Scroll and the broadcast was wire-recorded from the mayor's office to "Showtime With Rosemary" on WHB at 2:30 p.m. Left to right are WHB News-Chief Dick Smith; E. M. Neville, general manager of the Coco Cola Bottling Company, Kansas City; Mayor Roger T. Sermon of Independence, and Hopkins.



Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

ARTICLES

VACATION IN THE OZARKS.....	D. W. Hodgins	3
SALESMEN ARE BACK.....	John Warington	7
CARE AND FEEDING OF HUSBANDS.....	Norton Hughes Jonathan	11
FLY AWAY BABY.....	John Quinn	15
WAR DADS DON'T FORGET.....	Esty Morris	19
PENCIL PACKIN' MAMAS.....	Grier Lowry	23
FIVE O'CLOCK ALARM.....	R. B. Forsythe	27
VANITY THE VICTOR.....	Marion Odmark	31
FRATERNITY IN COWTOWN.....	Mori Greiner	41

MISCELLANIES

JEST A MINUTE.....	Tom Collins	10
AIR MADE HIM FAMOUS.....	E. M. Marshall	26

OUR TOWN TOPICS

AUGUST'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY.....	2
SWING'S MAN OF THE MONTH, FRANK E. WHALEN..	37
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY.....	61
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS.....	66
SWING AROUND.....	67

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

CHICAGO LETTER.....	Nort Jonathan	47
CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL.....	Marion Odmark	49
NEW YORK LETTER.....	Lucie Ingram	53
NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL.....	Jeanne Taylor	55

PICTURES

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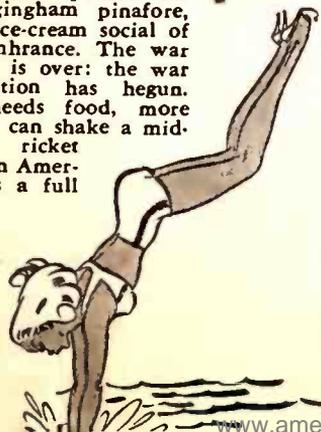
AUGUST is traditionally a fat, sleepy month of full-moon and full-bloom. It is Time in maturity, June grown older, all that Spring was striving to be. May was a maiden: August is the complete woman. The harvest and fulfillment.

Every side street is a verdant, mid-day cathedral this month; and, in patches of shimmering heat, children play desultory games of unrecorded device-ment. Night comes earlier now. In the twilight, voices edged with the dread of inexorable mutation hint the imminence of city, office, and schoolyard. Baseball is stretching at the end of the seventh. Furs and plaids appear in shop windows, and somewhere an air-conditioned account executive scans his annual cough syrup campaign and wonders if he can get to Fire Island for a weekend with the kids. August is rich, and robust, and irrevocably fading.

Fading, too, are the trouhous memories of a half-decade of wartime Augusts when time was the lapse between offensives, a tenuous something laid to gauge against homhing runs, target visibility, and units of magnetic fuse production.

Perhaps in this August, 1946, only the old will die. The foundation was laid with uranium, and the rest is up to UNRRA. Two years hack, Paris was liberated, and it was only a year ago that fourteen San Franciscans perished in an obvious overcelebration of Pacific victory. Now that Bikini is safely behind us, this year's harvest month is important far beyond the gingham pinafore, hayrack, and ice-cream social of popular remembrance. The war against people is over: the war against starvation has begun. The world needs food, more food than you can shake a middle-European ricket at. And, here in America, August is a full month.

Jetta
Editor



AUGUST'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

SWIMMING

(Public Swimming pools with diving boards—open daily when the Infantile Paralysis epidemic abates)

Swope Park Pool, in Swope Park (adm.)

Penn Valley, 26 and Summit (free).

Grove, Grove Park, 15 and Benton (free).

Paseo Community Center, 17th and Paseo. (Colored).

(Pools with no diving boards, all free).

Budd Park, Hardesty near St. John.

Heim Park, East Bottoms, Nicholson near Monroe.

Columbus, 5th and Charlotte. Swope Park, near Shelter No. 2.

(Wading Pools, for children 3-10)

Mulkey, 13th and Summit.

West Terrace, 17th and Jarboe.

Roanoke, 37th and Roanoke Road.

Loose Park, 55th and Wornall.

Sheffield Park, 12th and Ewing.

Garrison Square, 5th and Troost.

GOLF

Public Courses

Armour Fields, 69th & Ward Parkway.

Belle-Air, 93rd & Nall, Johnson County.

Old Mission, 48th & Washita, Johnson County.

St. Andrews, 8501 State Line, Johnson County.

Stayton Meadows, Blue Ridge, Highway 40.

Swope Park Golf Club, Swope Park.

Swope Park No. 2, Swope Park.

Victory Hills, 4 miles W. on 40.

Wyandotte County.

MUSIC

Kansas City Civic Orchestra, under direction of N. De Rubertis, each Sunday evening, 7:45 in Loose Park.

Band Concerts, Kansas City Municipal Band, under direction of N. De Rubertis; Tuesday nights, Budd Park; Wednesday nights, Penn Valley Park; Thursday nights, Troost Park; Friday nights, Swope Park.



ROD AND REEL

Lake of the Ozarks. For list of 112 resorts, write Lake of the Ozarks Association, Box 34, Gravois Mills, Mo.

Lake Venita. 35 miles East of Kansas City on Highway 40. No closed season. Open now. Bass, Crappies, Bluegills, Catfish.

Lake Remote. One mile north of Smithville race track on Highway F. No license required. \$1 per automobile.

Allendale Lakes. Good fishing 25 miles from downtown Kansas City. Follow Highway 71 bypass South to sign.

Pertle Springs Lakes. Fine Bass, Crappie and Bluegill fishing. One hour from Kansas City on 50. Warrensburg, Mo.

Lake Taneycomo. Fine Bass, Channel Cat, Crappie, Jack Salmon fishing. Write Bud Brown, Box 100, Branson, Mo.

Tonganoxie State Lake. Largest Bass, Crappie and Bluegill fishing within one hour of Kansas City, West.

Bean Lake, Keene's Camp. Only 40 miles north of Kansas City on Highway 45, Rushville, Mo.

BASEBALL

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

August 1, 2, 3, Columbus.
4, 5, 6, Louisville.
7, 8, 9, Indianapolis.
25, 26, St. Paul.
27, 28, Minneapolis.

ART

Kansas City Art Institute. Student show, exhibiting the work of all of the school's departments, at the school galleries. William Rockhill Nelson, Gallery of Art. Exhibit displaying the history of American water color painting.

DANCING

Pla-Mor Ballroom Outdoor Terrace, 32nd and Main

August 1, 3, 4, Joe Cappel; 7, Raymond Scott; 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, George Winslow; 10, Ray McKinley; 17, 18, Jack Staulcup; 21, 22, 25, Sharon Rogers; 24, Ted Weems; 31, Hal McIntyre.

MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM

August 2—Independent Voters Committee of American Veterans.

4—Evening, Stage show with Spike Jones and The City Slickers.

6—Sports Incorporated, wrestling.

10—Youth for Christ.

11—Dance (A & N).

15—Citywide Playground Program.

16—Dance (A & N).

18—Dance (A & N).

20—Sports Incorporated, wrestling.

20—Music Hall, Kansas City Apparel Association—Style Show.

22—Convention of Colored Elks.

24—Youth for Christ.

26—Dance (A & N).

27-31—Music Hall, Road Show (A & N).

31—Dance (A & N).

Vacation in the Ozarks

*From flower-strewn springtime
through mellow Indian summer.*

by D. W. HODGINS



THE man walked nervously into a neighborhood hardware store. While waiting for service he clinked his hand through an open keg of nails, scraunched the floor with a new garden hoe, and then grunted futilely as he tried to lift a five-gallon pail of paint.

Finally the clerk sidled over and asked the man what he wanted.

"A revolver," came the troubled reply. "Anything from a .22 to a .45 calibre, and a box of cartridges."

The clerk looked at the man thoughtfully. "Just a minute."

Two minutes later the clerk returned, not with a new .45 automatic, or the shells therewith, but carrying an armful of Ozark vacation folders.

What happened then?

Well, jarred off his suicidal course, the man went home, read the folders and began life anew. That was 15 years ago, and he has spent the last 15 summers going to, staying at, or coming from the Ozarks.

Perhaps you, too, have been looking for an escape from the burdens and stress of everyday city living. If that's your case, the Ozark country has all the makings for fishing, fun, beauty, and everything that rhymes, grows, or sings.

Just imagine! Countryside white with dogwood and apple blossoms in spring, followed by mile after mile of pillowy summer cloud patterns playing tag across valleys sleeping between majestic and purple-hewn mountains; shadows changing slowly through the lazy autumn hours, flowers and trees everywhere.

The Ozarks offer two excellent vacation areas. One, the White River and Lake Taneycomo country, is located in northwest Arkansas and southwestern Missouri, about 175 miles south of Kansas City. The other is the Lake of the Ozarks country, located 150 miles southeast of Kansas City, some 30 miles south of the state capital, Jefferson City.

The map-makers trace the meandering and temperamental White River from the Ozark National Forest in northern Arkansas, on a northward course up through the Mark Twain National Forest in southern Missouri. From there it winds its way east to

Lake Taneycomo. Taneycomo is an artificial widening of the White River, with the impatient waters held back by a large dam, just a short distance west of Forsyth. The lake is hair-pin shaped. Branson and Hollister, towns of 1,500 population, face each other across the lake. Rockaway Beach is on the north bend, and Forsyth is at the far east end. From the dam the river narrows and scampers to the Mississippi near a point where Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee borders join. All along the White River lies picturesque vacation country. It is known as the "Shepherd of the Hills" country which inspired Harold Bell Wright to write his masterpiece some years ago.

The village of Branson is the commercial hub of the White River country. Nestling on the west shore of Taneycomo, it maintains the region's largest and best-kept airport. Both Branson and Hollister may be reached by Highway 65 connecting with 71 from Kansas City, and Highway 80 from the St. Louis region. From Kansas City, a typical Missouri Pacific railway schedule looks like this: Leave Kansas City 7:30 a. m., arrive Branson, 1:40 p. m., and the round trip fare is \$10.50. By airline, Mid-Continent Airlines serves Joplin, Missouri, and Fort Smith, Arkansas, on the fringes of the Ozark vacation country.

Rockaway Beach, on the north side of Taneycomo, is a popular and pleasant place with swimming, fishing, boating, good hotels and cottages. And for you gals . . . collegiate bands appear nightly at the dance pavilion throughout the summer.

One of the wonderlands of the "Shepherd of the Hills" country is

Marvel Cave, on Highway 80, nine miles east of Branson. It's spooky but very intriguing. Stairways, with stalagmites poking at you, lead a mysterious pathway through ever changing scenes, down into the Cathedral Room, highest natural unsupported dome in the world. The place is visited by thousands of tourists every summer.

No trip to the Taneycomo and White River country would be complete without a fishing "float trip" down river. Float trips are from two to eight days and the boat is big enough to carry complete camping and cooking equipment. A trip like this has all the witchery of an adventure with Huckleberry Finn, coupled with bass fishing in its most exciting form.

You simply climb into the boat with all your paraphernalia, and float for hours, or days, down river, fishing as you go. At the end of your trip the boat is trucked back to the starting point and you and your fish are picked up by automobile. Probably the best equipped operator in the float business is Jim Owen, of Branson, Missouri.

The other phase of your Ozarks trip will probably wind up at the Lake



of the Ozarks, 150 miles southeast of Kansas City. A good motor route is Highway 50 from Kansas City to Tip-ton, and then south on Highway 5 to Gravois Mills. Or, you can take Highway 71 south from Kansas City and



cut over on Highway 35 to Warsaw, and you're right in the Lake of the Ozarks country.

Lake of the Ozarks has some 800 miles of shore line—with talons of wooded forest clutching the waters like the claws of a supernatural eagle. On the west side of this hodge-podge of woods, water and fishing haunts, is the city of Warsaw. On the north lies Versailles and Eldon, and on the south, Camdenton, Linn Creek, and Lebanon. Eldon, on the northeast shores, has one of the finest small-town air-parks in the nation, and has been set up as a Civil Aeronautics Administration pattern of what can be had in the way of an airport for \$25,000. The Lake of the Ozarks region, too, has excellent rail accommodations and can be reached by Missouri Pacific, Frisco and Rock Island lines from Kansas City or St. Louis.

The entire Ozark country is iso-

lated from the rest of the world by rugged hills. Sustained by the self-sufficiency of the region, customs of the people have been maintained very much as they were 60 to 80 years ago.

Grandmaw Jones, or Smith, or Carpenter sits on the sagging steps of a mountainside cabin. Inside, the hard-working lady of the house kneads cornbread, made from meal ground at the old water mill. Her hair, bun-topped and confined at the sides with high combs, is streaked with weary gray. Two or three ragged tots tug at her faded apron, begging for cornbread and butter, the staff of life in the Ozarks.

Country cured hams are supplemented with squirrel, rabbit and other wild game and fish to give a protein diet that makes city people envious. Fried chicken or frog-legs are commonplace to the natives, but make city slickers' mouths water.

City people often refer to the natives as "backwoods," or "hill-billies," but the native's reference to a city man as a "gosh-durned furriner" drips with even more disdain.

Residents of the area have an unbelievably small cash income. Our bar bills are probably equal to or more than the average \$300 per family. The city dweller, accustomed to paying plenty for everything except the air he breathes, finds it hard to believe that a family could exist on such a meager income.

In the Ozarks the visitor will see all the abundant beauties of nature, feel the solace of woods, streams, mountains and sparkling lakes, see the

quaint customs of the hills, and thrill to the new cities.

Move freely over paved highways in three states, to the haunting lake-side or brink of a silver stream. Relax

in clean, pleasant accommodations, or enjoy the atmosphere of farm homes or woodland camps. Ozark facilities will make your visit convenient, and the people will make it memorable.



Salesmen Are *Back*

*So that the consumer may profit,
in enjoyment, or better, in money*

YES, salesmen are back—better and more irresistible than ever. After Pearl Harbor the Nation's sales force was drastically reduced by almost 4,000,000. But now that the peace is won the salesmen are mushrooming back.

And don't groan when salesmen ring your doorbell. Selling was never more vital than now. Upon salesmen depend peacetime prosperity. They are the men who must persuade you to buy goods turned out on war-swollen assembly lines if we're even to approach our goal of 60,000,000 jobs and a \$150,000,000,000 national income.

Gone are the high-pressure salesmen of yesteryear—the glib talkers and gyp artists—the ones who'd fleece you and run for the next victim. An old story illustrates high-pressure salesmanship. It's the story of a hardware store with the back storage room lined with boxes of "Sure Swell Vacuum Bottles." A friend strolled in one day.

"Jeepers!" he said. "You must sell a lot of those Sure Swell Vacuums."

"No," said the hardware dealer sadly. "I don't but the salesman who sold them to me does."

That was salesmanship of a by-gone era. A modern salesman does not unload goods shortsightedly on a con-



by JOHN WARINGTON

sumer, or dealer who ultimately sells the consumer. A salesman of today makes sure that the consumer profits—in enjoyment or in money. Only thus will the consumer become a good advertiser. Only thus can industry keep the wheels of production spinning.

Salesmen of today are not only salesmen but psychologists as well. They know how to strut their stuff. Before a modern salesman attempts to sell you, say an electric roaster, he makes the transaction psychologically sound from your point of view. What is the size of your family? What kind of cooking do you do? Then he begins his story. He tells you specifically what the roaster can do for you with your individual set of conditions and problems. Everything else he skips.

But you aren't sold on the electric roaster yet. Next step for the salesman is to find out what you are thinking, even though you attempt to hide it under a bushel. By skillful questioning he puts his fingers on the sore spots—on any objections you may

have. Then he plunges into answering your objections.

Answering objections is the modern salesman's dish. In this he has been especially primed. You say, "I'm very busy today, call some other day."

Back he comes: "Yes, I realize that, Mrs. Whipple. But why wait several weeks before you can enjoy the advantages of an electric roaster." Again he enumerates the advantages. You squirm, and sign on the dotted line.

Or you may say: "I'm really not interested." And he'll come back with any one or more of the following, whichever fit your condition best.

"Do you mean you're not interested in better health, security in your old age, increased enjoyment, personal prestige, popularity, praise from others, greater efficiency, more comfort, social advancement, improved appearance?"

You're still adamant. You won't even listen. Before you buy you want everything on a practical bread and butter basis. What does a salesman have up his sleeve to meet such a tough situation? Watch out! Here he comes.

The salesman asks for your opinion. "Okay! Mrs. Whipple," says the salesman. "I realize I can't sell you. But I have to make a living and I'd appreciate it if you'll tell me just what sales points you think will sell the most roasters."

What! Did you end up by selling yourself a roaster? Well, don't fret. Such is human nature.

Salesmen of today are helpful. They'll demonstrate, cook, or tend the baby. The other day, when I was in

a grocery store, a salesman was trying to get an order. Sleighing was bumpy, not because he was letting his mouth run like a cold water faucet, but because the shelves were full of Dr. Bright's Breakfast Cereal. The salesman thought a moment. Then he wrote a brief sales talk, gave it to the dealer's clerks and showed them how to use it over the telephone at odd moments on certain customers. A week later the dealer's shelves were empty, his cash register full and the salesman sold his carload.

Selling of today is scientific. Research specialists have probed the public—over the telephone, house to house, personal interview, catch as catch can. "What," the specialists asked the housewives, "is wrong with present day washing machines?"

Plenty was wrong. "I don't like to lift heavy wet clothes, makes my back ache," and "wringers must go. Susan's finger . . . Johnny . . .," and "cleaning tubs after washing is what I hate."

What was the result of this type of survey. Manufacturers knew exactly what type of washing machines consumers wanted.

You may think you're as practical as air. That you do things only for sound reasons. But the salesmen know better. They know you're human. Refrigerator salesmen sell long, cool drinks and the taste of tempting food. Once he has built up your desire, he knows you'll manage the financial part, somehow. Likewise automobile salesmen sell you delightful rides, comfort, personal prestige, popularity. The boy-conscious college coed buys a dress because it's stylish, because Betty Grable has one, because the boys will

like it; and not because the dress is durable as well as practical.

Salesmen of today are novel. A story I heard recently illustrates the point. A salesman who was trying to sell a new product to a busy executive was stymied by the old argument. "Your product may be good," said the executive. "Again it may not. I'll wait and see."

At that point the salesman walked over to a window, drew a silver dollar out of his pocket and threw it out. Thereupon he returned to the argu-

ment. Four minutes later he repeated the silver dollar routine. On the third toss-out, the executive's curiosity overflowed.

"What in the world," he demanded of the salesman, "are you doing?"

"Throwing money out the window," replied the salesman simply, "just as you are."

A grin spread over the executive's face. Then as he reached for his pen and order blank, he said: "Now I know the war is over for real salesmen are back."



HOLD THE PHONE!

Husband: "I suppose you are still angry with me because I came home last night with a black eye?"

Wife: "Maybe you've forgotten, but when you came home last night you didn't have that black eye."

▲

Farmer's wife to druggist: "I wish you'd be sure and write real plain on them labels which medicine is for the horse and which one is for my husband. I don't want anything to happen to that horse before spring plowing."

▲

Girdles should be issued for rumors—the way they spread.

▲

"This hat is like new," proudly declared the man, "despite that fact that I bought it six years ago, have had it cleaned four times and changed it in a restaurant twice."

▲

In just one month at the physical training school he picked up 100 pounds—with red hair.

▲

The makings of a perfect life are simple. After all, all you need to own is a comfortable bed and a comfortable pair of shoes because you're in one or the other practically all of your life.

Jest A MINUTE

(With Tom Collins)

"So you met your wife at a dance, did you? Gosh, that must have been romantic."

"Naw, embarrassing. I thought she was home taking care of the kids."



A serviceman stationed in the Philippines greatly admired an elaborately embroidered handkerchief which his laundress had made of white parachute silk. He engaged her to make two for girl friends at home, giving detailed instructions as to the embroidering. Since the Filipino matron had only a sketchy knowledge of English, the cautious soldier carefully printed on a bit of paper the names to be embroidered on each handkerchief.

In due time the laundress returned with the commission neatly executed. The work was beautifully done. She had followed instructions in precise detail. And each handkerchief was delicately embroidered, "To Mary and Helen."



Few could touch the late Harvey S. Firestone when it came to salesmanship. At one time, he was touring the West with Henry Ford and Thomas Edison. Ford, no mean salesman himself—challenged Firestone's ability. Edison set the terms; each man would try to sell his product to a certain wealthy Indian.

For an hour, Ford spoke eloquently about his car, but returned without making a sale. Since the Indian had no car and wouldn't buy one, Firestone's proposal to sell him a tire seemed futile. Undaunted, Firestone took the man aside and in a few minutes returned to his friends wearing a broad smile. He had sold the Indian a tire—to be used as a hoop by his son.

The director of an African firm took his native houseboy back to Europe with him. The first cold morning he was roused by the boy's cries. Rushing upstairs he found him in bed, wailing that he was on fire inside! But he was quite cool to the touch. "You haven't a fever," said the master. "Get up!"

"I can't sir. Oh, the fire! Don't you see the smoke coming out of my mouth?"

In tropical Africa the boy had never seen his breath, and not until he was dragged out to the yard and saw the horses happily puffing smoke from their nostrils was he able to overcome his fear.



If you teach 50 people to read and write in Mexico you will be given a medal by the President. You'd even have a chance in a raffle to win some land. If you teach 25 people, you may be given a year's pass to your favorite movie or may ride all the buses and street cars free for a year. If you teach 10 people, your name will be printed in gold letters in a book of honor. University students who teach 50 illiterates to read and write need not pay any more tuition to the school. And there are scores of minor awards such as books, food, clothing and merchandise.



In Minneapolis 250 pairs of nylons were handed out to members of a service club at their luncheon. Then this announcement was made: "Cards have been mailed to your wives announcing this event." From the back of the room came this request: "If that's so, change the size of mine from 9½ to 10½."

—Des Moines Register.

Care and *Feeding* of Husbands

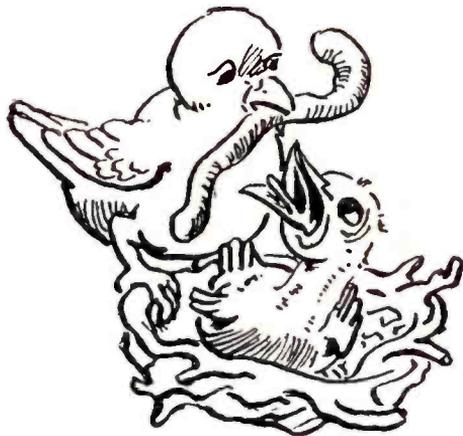
Wife's vocabulary should consist of two words only "Yes, Darling."

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

THE art of keeping Daddy from gayly running off to slide down some other gal's cellar door is sadly unappreciated and badly underestimated these days. Back in the days when Grandma was a belle, the female who had a matrimonial bust on her hands was considered a failure. If she ran through a whole string of husbands, she was thought pretty dumb, or worse.

Now all this seems changed. Three or four husbands are supposed to be proof of a woman's great appeal or charm. Our national heroines are often girls who have changed husbands so many times that Reno hotels are willing to make them a yearly rate. A siren's current candidate for alimony row at the county courthouse may be a freckled bumpkin with air-cooled teeth or a fortune-happy wolf, but if he happens to be her third or fourth victim a lot of citizens are willing to consider her a regular Cleopatra in nylons.

All the while whole platoons of less spectacular but more successful Eves manage to hold on to the same husband anniversary after anniversary without anyone offering to set off any fireworks or even lead a few well-deserved cheers. Contrary to some opinion, it's the successful wife who



deserves the applause—not the gal who changes her last name every time a cute new one comes along. If our heroine can keep her husband from straying off somewhere without clutching at his coat-tails, she's the girl who really has what it takes.

However, at plenty of country club dances this summer an Operator in a gown cut down to *there* will be found pointing a dainty finger of scorn at some Plain Jane and her happily domesticated spouse, demanding, "what on earth can he possibly see in *her*?"

The answer seems simple. It's what she makes him think he sees in her that keeps him close to the family fire-side and Junior's crib.

The technique of holding a man is not only a wife's most difficult accomplishment; it's also the most important. It requires an entirely new approach to the male ego because the very sweet

tricks which a gal successfully used to lure her quarry to the altar leave him cold after the wedding trip is just a lovely memory and a bunch of cancelled checks.

To illustrate, take the matter of looking at a man. When it comes to attracting an eligible male's attention, many knowing women will tell you there's no better way than gazing at him fondly with big, round, fascinated eyes. However, this doesn't work so well later on. A gal can't go through life staring fixedly at her husband. If she insists on doing so, one of two things will probably happen: (1) He will have a nervous collapse. (2) He will develop a guilty conscience and start looking around for a good reason for having one.

Similarly, the helpless-little-clinging-vinc act is bad. It works wonderfully well during courtship because many suitors are knocked all in a heap by girls who can appear prettily helpless. A man's heart starts tapping like a woodpecker gone berserk when some fragile little thing so sweetly depends on him. But it's another story when



the honeymoon is over and he is expected to continue playing the role of Sir Lancelot night and day. Buckling on his armor every time his gentle

bride thinks she sees something under the bed becomes somewhat tiresome.

So does going out on the town every night. Contrary to the opinion of some advice-to-the-lovelorn columnists, the average playboy, when he wants to settle down, usually doesn't marry the home girl who has been patiently waiting for him to tire out. Instead, he usually marries the gayest, most tireless Dawn Patrol maiden in his crowd. He marries her because after four-thirty in the morning—the hour when the yen to get married and stay home with a good book strikes him hardest—the playgirl is the only gal still up and about. Then after the ceremony she discovers too late that the fascinating fellow who was always willing to go to Pete's for another round of double bourbons now wants to stay home and listen to "One Man's Family." He claims he's tired out, expecting an ulcer, and bored with night life.

Freshets of tears usually won't hold a man either. Before marriage some men can be successfully wept into submission. Just the sight of swimming eyes and a tiny bit of hankie making ineffectual dabs will make them promise anything. Anything to head off their beloved's hearty sobs . . . But after marriage the same men will stand like granite before an outburst of feminine sniffing. When the tears start coursing, they head for the nearest exit.

Keeping a husband's romantic interest alive by building up the idea in his mind that other men find his wife entrancing is a theory long cherished by lady novelists of the Faith Baldwin-Kathleen Norris school. It's a theory easy to write about at twenty-five

cents a word, but most difficult to put into actual practice.

For one thing, being very pleased with themselves, most men have to be



confronted with damaging evidence before they'll believe that the girl they courted and married so successfully ever gives anyone else in trousers a serious thought.

For every male jealous of his wife's interest in another man there are at least a dozen who have been brought up by their mothers to believe that once they've married a girl it isn't necessary to worry about her. This dozen won't even notice the "competition" so carefully nurtured. They're too busy hoping they've made an impression on the blonde job in the bathing suit that fits like a sunburn.

So we come to the question of what does work. Some of the following suggestions, or observations, may be useful. They are to be considered only as suggestions or observations. Only the sonorous voices that advise on marital problems on the air dare to be dogmatic.

1. Try praising your husband—even if it does frighten him at first. Flattery has the great advantage of working on any man, both before and after marriage. If you can't think of any other way to flatter your husband,

tell him he's the kind of man who can't be flattered.

2. Remember that although during the happy days of courtship flattery could be laid on with a shovel, it must now be introduced with at least a little finesse. After a few months of married life that you-great-big-wonderful-hero act is taken for granted and no longer rivets the hero's attention. But an even more effective job can be done by a much more indirect attack. Sneak up on him with something like this: "I told the girls at bridge club this afternoon what you said to the magician in the floor show at the Banshee Club, when he wanted you in his act. They all screamed so hard we had to stop playing." This will subtly get across the idea that (a) you think he's clever (b) you think he's wonderful (c) your friends think so too. The oh so casual remark will seem to be an unconscious tribute.

(3) Lavish breathless interest on everything he does or says, but don't make the mistake of expecting him to be interested in anything you do. A man will happily talk for hours about what happened at the office—what the boss said to him, and, of course, what he told the boss. But if you so much as mention that you had a nice chat with Aunt Penelope while you were both standing in the same nylon line, a sort of glazed look will creep into his eyes. This indifference to what she does is a cross which the shrewd wife bears without a whimper. In the eyes of many a married male, a wife's vocabulary should be limited to a couple of words—Yes, darling!

4. Try not to give your husband a chance to put his foot down stub-

bornly and say, no! The average male feels that he is a traitor to his sex if he doesn't fold his arms and refuse to be budged when he is either asked for something or a suggestion is made which he feels he should have thought of himself.

The experienced wife makes her man believe that anything she really wants to do is an original idea of his own. And she gives him plenty of opportunities to reject ideas or suggestions which she cares nothing about. This humors him into believing he's making all the decisions, his way.

Men like to be persuaded. It makes them feel important. Witness their great reluctance to climb into formal clothes. However, once encased in black and white, they usually have a wonderful time.

5. Wear smart clothes, but have a small secret gold mine somewhere to pay for them. Men are far more clothes conscious than some women believe. They're proud of a wife who dresses unusually well but take a fiendish delight in not admitting it.

6. Be a good dancer . . . a sparkling conversationalist . . . a clever social politician, but be sure your hus-

band gets the credit for all your triumphs.

7. At no time do you shine so brightly that you dim your husband's glory. The gal who won't let Daddy feel important doesn't know much about strategy.

8. Good grooming and good house-keeping shouldn't have to be mentioned, but a look around at some housekeepers and some homes indicates that dropping a hint won't do any harm.

9. Invite your husband's business associates—plus their wives or a reasonable facsimile thereof—to a few bang-up parties. If you refuse to worry about the neighbors or the police, they'll probably have a wonderful time. The next day Daddy will hear about what a wonderful wife you are from one and all. What is more, he'll have to believe them because in business he respects their judgment.

10. A man will live happily with the woman who makes herself terribly important to him. He just has to have her around . . . And of course it helps somewhat if they happen to be in love with each other.



A filling station man answered the distress call of a stalled car some few miles down the road. Arriving at the scene, he found the fluttering female driver, pulling and jerking and peering, but to no avail.

His brief once-over revealed that the car was out of gas.

"Oh," sighed the lady with relief. "I'm so glad that's the only trouble. But do you suppose it would hurt the car if I drove home on an empty tank?"

Fly Away *Baby*

*An enterprise once too big
for its wheel pants, again
takes off in Kansas City!*

by JOHN QUINN



IF ANY of the many new enterprises started by veterans in Kansas City has a "sign-of-the-times" tag hung on it, it is the fly away baby of young Bill Saunders.

Bill is the scion of the family of auto rental fame, the Saunders Drive-It-Yourself System which once operated across the nation but now confines its business to eight agencies. When he went away to war Bill was too young for a very prominent part in the business, but when he recently returned he was ready for active participation. He was faced with multiple choices, whether to take his place in the firm and keep autos rolling, whether to set up a branch of his own, or something else.

An Air Corps man, he had a hard time seeing anything with a future that would not be connected with flying. With a heritage of transportation he reasoned there must be a profitable bridge between the well-established auto rental string built by his father and uncles and air traffic.

His first guess was that the bridge lay somewhere between limousine service from airport to town in a

number of principal cities and setting up car rental agencies at airports. But on surveying several larger cities Bill found more pilots who wanted planes to rent than they did autos to hire.

When he found the same story everywhere he investigated. Bill decided that the "something else" was for him, and that the fly away business was it. So he returned to Kansas City and in mid-April organized the Saunders Fly-It-Yourself System at the Municipal Airport—with 26-year-old Bill Saunders as president and with a silent partner.

The fly away agency began business with a pair of Ercoupes, and immediately placed an order for three more. These are one of the many types of post war light planes which can fly economically at about 100 m.p.h. for four or five hours. An Ercoupe holds only two persons, however, and Bill expects to acquire some four and five-place jobs as soon as they are available.

The rent it and fly it idea is not so new with Bill and the Saunders family, and this is actually the second time the Saunders name has

backed an airplane rental service in Kansas City.

The first time the idea was good for but a short spin in 1929. The Saunders brothers decided that private flying was the coming thing, and with the idea of being early in the game as they had been with auto rentals, they set up offices at the Fairfax Airport. Going full throttle, the company ordered 100 Sport Pursuit biplanes out of the Arrow Aircraft factory at Lincoln, Neb. The Arrows were the latest thing in their day, seating two persons tandem in open cockpits, flying at about 100 m.p.h. And at a cost of almost \$3,500 each the order for \$250,000 worth of planes was a monumental one for private planes in that day.

About the most that could be said for this venture was that it was ambitious—and premature. There simply weren't enough private pilots, the shiny new planes languished in the hangars and business lagged. But not for long. Seeing they were too far out in front, the Saunders brothers quickly closed up shop and sold their planes down the river, many of them without even turning a prop.

Edward C. Landon, who was branch manager at Fairfax, still is an active figure in the flying game in Kansas City today. The idea was good, he will tell you, but it was just too early by 17 years.

The way Bill Saunders looks at it there is a prophetic note between his father's entry into the auto rental business and his own entry into the airplane rental game. When the auto rental idea was born in 1915 the idea was little less than revolutionary, yet

there were many people who could drive but could not afford to own a car (about \$1,500 was required for a Ford touring car then).

Today there probably are more people without planes who can fly than there were carless drivers in 1915, Bill believes, and his business is proving it. The airplane possibly is even more accepted today than the automobile was then, at least the idea of plane rentals is not revolutionary.

The fact is the Saunders brothers were practically into the auto rental business before they knew it. It was in Omaha in 1915 that the brothers became the proud owners of a Ford touring car. When a friend offered to rent the car for \$10 for a few hours they were so astounded at the fabulous sum they let him have the car without even receiving the money first. Then they had to sweat out the return of the car, and out of that anxious wait was born the idea of insurance and deposits on auto rentals.

In a vague way the matter of rates and policies were thus pioneered for Bill. When he acquired his first Ercoupe from Parks Aircraft, he decided that ten dollars was a fair figure for the renting of an Ercoupe for an hour. He now has three Ercoupes and more are on order. Now the rate has been reduced to \$8.75 per hour, up to five hours. After that a flat figure of \$45 per 24 hours is available. If a pilot is needed the fee of \$8.75 per hour is jumped back to \$10 and the pilot is furnished. On a 24 hour basis the fee for pilot alone is \$15.

Ground time is assessed to guarantee \$4 per hour for the time the

plane is on rental. Liability insurance up to \$100,000 protects renter and passenger.

Saunders settled on the Ercoupe because it is the easiest of all light planes to fly. An all metal job except for outer wing panels, the ship is "characteristically incapable" of going into a tailspin, according to the CAA placard in each ship. Five hours of instruction are required to solo an Ercoupe, compared with an absolute minimum of eight in other types of aircraft. Moreover, it cruises about 25 miles an hour faster than most other light planes in its class, and a tricycle landing gear simplifies the job of landing.

Bill has not forgotten his ground schooling in auto transportation, for he is coordinating the flying service with auto service at destination airports. He has already arranged for auto service at some 270 airports within Ercoupe distance of Kansas City, thus making available door-to-door transportation.

A huge map, 15 feet long and 10

feet high, of the entire United States, is pasted on the east wall of the Saunders office. Centered by a protractor to which is attached a calibrated string, the mileage, direct route and compass heading is instantaneously available. For example, stretching the string from Kansas City to Green Bay, Wisconsin, it was found that the distance is 530 miles, the compass heading 43 north-east, and the route over Ottumwa and Dubuque, Iowa, and Wisconsin Dells.

Expansion, too, is on the books. A number of principal cities are possible targets for the fly away baby, possibly St. Louis, first.

Bill has had inquiries from as far away as Canada and Virginia wanting to know how to launch a fly yourself service.

Whether or not it is a success as yet, Bill isn't ready to say, but it has all the possibilities. It is transportation, it is in the air, it is lined up with his family firm, and it is his baby.



It's that comical Webster cartoon character, Mr. Milquetoast, who strikes my funnybone the quickest.

One in particular I have in mind. The meek little chap was standing on a street corner in a downpour of rain. His eyelashes were dripping, his moustache drooping and his clothes sodden. Finally his wet-spaghetti backbone stiffens and he looks at his watch.

"Well, I'll wait one more hour—and if he doesn't come by then he can go and borrow the hundred dollars from somebody else."



*"I was out with a big oil man last night
... and boy, was he crude!"*

War Dads Don't *Forget*

Every day, in a dozen different ways they prove they remember!

by ESTY MORRIS

IN MARCH of 1942 there was a very sad man in Kansas City. Nat Milgram, president of a large system of supermarkets, was back in town after having visited his son at Camp Lee, Virginia. Milgram wanted desperately to do something for his son, something to brighten his leisure hours, and to make him feel a little less lonesome at his new base, a thousand miles from home. But boy and father were separated by five States, a distance neither money nor paternal instincts could wholly bridge. So he was a sad man indeed.

And when Milgram returned to Kansas City, he became aware for the first time of the large number of servicemen there. The United States Army had set up a radio training school; the Navy was giving primary training to aviation cadets at nearby Olathe; Naval Air Transport Service and Army Transport Command had installed facilities; and, in addition, thousands of soldiers, sailors, and Marines were passing through this great rail center daily, en route to embarkation ports or other U. S. camps and bases.

Then Nat Milgram had an idea. He invited forty of his friends, all fathers of servicemen, to luncheon

at a downtown hotel. "Gentlemen," he said, "our sons are scattered all over the world, and there's nothing we can do about it. But right here in Kansas City are thousands of sons of other men, and there must be something we can do for *them*. How about it?"

The response was instantaneous. "We can be dads to them while they're here," someone suggested. Somebody else said, "We can play host and money-lender and advice-giver, and try to see that they have everything we'd want our own sons to have."

So they did. On the spot, sufficient money was contributed to rent an office; and Milgram donated two trucks. Radio and newspapermen were asked to publicize the effort. Furniture, playing cards, radios, current magazines, and recreational equipment were donated by townspeople; and the self-appointed godfathers trucked it into the barren fourth and fifth rate hotels in which the servicemen were billeted. Game rooms, writing rooms, and lounges were fitted up in all the barracks. The boys were made welcome in every home in town. They could kick off their heavy shoes, discard

their ties, and loosen their belts over lots of good cooking "just like Mom's."

Word spread, and fathers all over the city began to join the group. Men who had daughters in uniform asked if they were eligible, and met a hearty, "Sure!"

The Dads organized a service at Kansas City's Union Station that took up where other volunteer units left off. They lent money, no questions asked. They located lost baggage, and straightened out hundreds of assorted problems. They stood treat to coffee and sandwiches, and always had at hand whatever a boy might need or want: stationery, needle and thread, fresh fruit, spare shaving equipment, books, most anything. They organized sightseeing tours and theater parties for units with layovers between trains, and they saw to it that every service boy and girl got a full share of Kansas City hospitality.

Then an amazing thing happened. From all over the United States, letters began pouring in. They all commenced: "My son has told me . . .," or, "While passing through Kansas City I saw . . ." All the writers had questions. "What kind of a club is it?" . . . "What do you call it?" . . . "How can I start a chapter in my town?"

Within a few weeks it became apparent that the movement was too large for a single city. The name "American War Dads" was chosen, and a chapter chartered in Racine, Wisconsin. Another was organized in Marshalltown, Iowa; then another, and another, and another sprang up.

In May of 1942, a national council of six members was elected. Nat Milgram was chosen first national presi-



dent, and H. Roe Bartle, well-known Boy Scout executive, was appointed national executive director. When the first national convention was held in Kansas City in October, 1943, there were 538 delegates from 241 chapters located in thirty States of the Union. Today the American War Dads are growing faster than at any time during the War. There are 892 chapters spread over 47 states, the District of Columbia, the Territory of Hawaii, and the Republic of Mexico.

Now that the War is over, the real work of the War Dads has begun. Since sixty-five percent of the members are veterans of World War I, they realize more fully than any other group the necessity for providing our new crop of veterans with jobs, homes, educational and rehabilitational opportunities, hospitalization, and adequate legislative protection. "Lots of promises were made to you boys while you were overseas," they say, "and we're going to see that they're kept—if we have to change every member of Congress to do it! People are beginning to forget. But,

by God, we're not going to let them forget!"

When War Dads petition the municipal, state, or national legislatures for action, they usually get it. They stand to gain nothing for themselves, and legislators realize that these men are working from sincere, unselfish motives. They work in behalf of World War II veterans, although they have no World War II veterans as members.

The Dads have their own method of expediting vital issues. When the G.I. Bill of Rights was being blocked in committee by Representative John E. Rankin of Mississippi, the War Dads' "inside man" in Washington discovered that Rankin had been given the proxy of another committee member, who was ill, and was using it to vote against the Bill, thus establishing a three-to-three tie. He learned, too, that the missing committeeman, who was actually in favor of the measure, was recuperating in Florida. So he telephoned the president of the Florida War Dads and explained the



situation. War Dads there hunted out the legislator, put him on a plane, and flew him to Washington, where he appeared in the committee meeting the following day to cast his vote

in favor of the G.I. Bill. The Bill was favorably reported to the House, and a few days later became law.

Many people have never heard of the American War Dads, because they seek no publicity. Their motto is: "We don't care who gets the credit, so long as we get results!" But there are many praiseworthy activities of these large-hearted men who have taken on the job of helping millions. A hundred and seven thousand children whose fathers were killed in the War will not be forgotten on birthdays or special holidays. They have been "adopted" by the War Dads, and will receive letters, gifts, and cards from them at Christmas, and on those other days so important to children.

The War Dads' kindness, and their ability to get things done, has been demonstrated repeatedly. A few months ago, a man prominent in the War Dads movement was visiting bilateral cases in Atlanta's Lawton General Hospital. He met a boy from Charlotte, North Carolina, who had left both legs in Europe. "I didn't lose my legs," the soldier told him, "I swapped them for a clear conscience." But he didn't know what he would do when released by the Army. He'd always wanted to work in a broadcast studio, and supposed that no one would hire him now. Much impressed, the Dad spent the remainder of the afternoon with the young man, doing his best to paint a bright picture of what might well be a grim future. Two days later the boy was wheeled into the hospital office to receive a long-distance call. The War Dad was on the other end

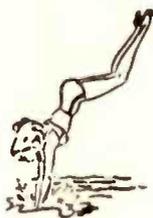
of the line, telephoning from the office of the president of a Charlotte radio station. "Son," he said, "when you get out of that hospital you've got a job waiting for you here as announcer on a four-hour daily program of recorded music. Do you want it?" The boy wanted it. When he left the hospital, Atlanta War Dads presented him with an airplane ticket; and, in Charlotte, War Dads welcomed him with a homecoming parade and banquet, and a substantial advance-publicity campaign for his new program. He's still announcing, by the way, and doing well at it.

War Dads don't forget, and they won't let us forget either. Much of their effort now is expended to convince employers that disabled veterans are actually the best men for many positions. At American colleges and universities, disabled veterans lead all other students in scholarship, and their intensive rehabilitation

training qualifies them for specialized jobs of all kinds.

In Kansas City, War Dads have set up a night school for G.I.'s who plan to open small businesses. The lecturers are successful businessmen, who explain in detail the many technicalities perplexing to neophytes. They advise the veterans, hold "problem clinics," inspect possible business sites, provide legal counsel, and actually work with beginners until the new business is prospering. Various "slick operators" who have tried to take financial advantage of returned G.I.'s know all about the American War Dads — to their considerable sorrow. For the Dads waste no time in handling unscrupulous dealers. "Everything for our boys," they keep saying, "don't forget it!"

Yes, every day, in a dozen different ways, the War Dads prove that they remember. They'll go on remembering. And they won't let us forget



SELECTIVE SERVICE

Only a few months after the war in Europe had roared to its tumultuous finale, a twenty year old soldier in a wheel-chair sat in a Detroit railway station. Both of his legs were missing, but his face was proud, and his left breast was bright with the decorations of three governments. He was on convalescent leave, and headed home for

the first time in many months. He smiled as an elderly lady approached him. After a moment's inspection she ventured: "Well, young man, have you been overseas?"

The boy turned up an impudent face. "No ma'am," he grinned, "they drafted me this way."

Pencil Packin' Mamas



by GRIER LOWRY

SWOONERS are organized. Bobby-soxers, the fabulous teen-agers of this era, have pooled their sighs and now, united, pay homage to their idols, be it Sinatra, Gene Kelley, June Allyson, Glenn Ford or Jimmy Dorsey.

With thick-skinned disregard for criticism heaped on them by long-hairs, who ridicule their garb, decry their rambunctious behavior in public, and point fingers of shame at the new low in buffoonery to which they assert the younger generation has fallen, the saddle oxford set continues to give vent to their emotions in their own unorthodox fashion.

Like their mothers, who in the roaring twenties, fell smack dab on their kissers with hubba-hubbas for Rudolph Valentino and John Gilbert, today's teen-age crop has a penchant to give outward expression to its idolatry.

In one mighty chorus, from Los Angeles to New York, the swooners have banded to pay vociferous genuflection to their favorites. Called "Fan

Fan club cuties deluge radio stations, movie studios with letters of sighs and "abs."

Clubs," the groups are star makers, a positive influence in the entertainment world.

In the Middle West, fan club membership tips the scales at slightly over one-quarter million. Frank Sinatra's satellites—the Semper Sinatras, the Frank-ly Impressed Club, Frankie's Followers, Slim's Swooners, Sinatra's Slick Chicks, and the House of Sinatra—are in most profuse evidence. But Nelson Eddy, June Allyson, Gene Autry, Van Johnson, Guy Madison, Lauren Bacall, Perry Como, Glenn Ford, Woody Herman, and Tex Ritter are other formidable fan club favorites.

Fan clubs are thickest in New York and Los Angeles, but the majority of the small and large clubs lie in the vast in-between area, with the exception of the Deep South, where youth hasn't embraced the fan club craze so enthusiastically.

Ninety per cent of the fan clubbers are teen-aged girls; however, glamour girls in their 20's, college co-eds, housewives, mothers and grandmothers, shop gals, artists, singers, feminine careerists of all types, and a small per cent of the male sex, are represented in the memberships.

Not all fan clubs are in America. In fact the largest club in the world is in

England — over 5,000 branches — is composed of Britains who revere Film Star James Mason.

Not all fan clubs support movie and radio stars. The Chopin Music Club (inspired by the movie on Frederic Chopin's life) and a group of followers of Neil Coleville, hockey star of the New York Rangers, are recent entries to the field.

Fan clubs! Kid stuff! the critics hoot. Fan club officials say their activities are composed principally of three ingredients—fun, fellowship and a fondness for a particular entertainer.

Their primary aim is to boost a favorite, i.e., if not popular, to make him popular; if popular to maintain and increase his popularity. Guy Madison and Peter Lawford, two young movie stars, owe most of their success to the fact that fan mail, swooning and magazine stories have made such terrific demand for their talents, Hollywood studios have been compelled to cast them in bigger and better parts.

Diligent pencil packing mamas, fan club cuties deluge radio stations, movie studios, movie magazines, with letters of approbation for their idol. Many publish their own journals. They also hold frequent fan-fests when they sometimes get a chance to meet their favorite personally. And, with a hitch to their bobby-sox, the fan clubbers use the club meetings as an opportunity in which to concoct new techniques destined to boost the popularity rating of their star a few more notches.

Clubs with well-heeled treasuries step out into the field of broader activity. Sinatra clubs adopt local and national charities, raise money to provide recreation for disabled war vet-

erans, help Sinatra to combat religious and racial intolerance, contribute funds to build therapeutic swimming pools for veterans, make other beneficial projects their "babies."

Less significant fan club activities include maintaining scrapbooks of information on their star, buying movie magazines which contain articles concerning HIM, collecting records and assembling portraits of their idol.

What is the average Sinatra fan club member like? A pretty typical American teenager, a cross-section poll of fan-clubbers reveals.

The Sinatra fan clubber is not, teenagers will have you know, a silly, swooning drip, who sits around drooling over Sinatra scrapbooks. No bird brain, she can, and does, hold her own in high school and college classrooms.

She decks herself out in bobby-sox, saddle shoes and American-style sweaters and skirts, because they're comfortable. Her hobbies: movies, radio, collecting records, dancing, making friends, and her fan club.



Favorite food: Popcorn, hamburgers, malteds and coke.

Favorite song by THAT MAN: "Old Man River," and "You Go to My Head."

What does she like about Sinatra: His sincerity, his ability to make each girl feel that he's singing to her.

Favorite Sinatra movie: "Anchors Aweigh." Because it was Frankie's first good role. One Sinatra idolizer saw it sixty-four times. Said one Sinatra fan clubber: "He wasn't Frank Sinatra, King of Swoon, in that movie. He was Clarence Doolittle, forgotten gob, and he was good!"

Should the occasion arise, would the average Sinatra-ite like to see Frankie in person? Obviously, but she is afraid she might faint dead away.

If extended the opportunity, what would she talk about? She would probably be hopelessly tongue-tied, but would ask him about his wife and daughter, Nancy, subjects on which he waxes very voluble.

Does she mind that her idol is married? Not at all, because his wife and

kids are the most important things in his life, and "what he wants, we want," said one loyal Sinatra-ite.

"Sure, he's skinny," summed up another self-appointed Sinatra impresario. "He's not handsome. He's no Charles Atlas. But he's got a head full of common sense, and a gilt-edged personality."

Regarded as fortunates among the Sinatra fan clubbers is the member who has a collection of 200 Sinatra records, an accumulation for which almost any teen-ager would trade all of her bobby-sox, and another who has a 15-by-25-foot photograph of Frank plastered across the outside of her home.

To fuddy-duddy standards, fan clubs may seem a little zany.

In reality, Aunt Suzie, they're not just added evidence that the squealing bobby-soxers are jitter-bugging to a spiritual downfall. They're merely a diverting hobby of really nice people who live in a wonderful, exciting world of their own.

Remember when you were sixteen?



A bore is a guy with a one-crack mind.



An optimist laughs to forget; a pessimist forgets to laugh.



Pat turned up in the office one morning with a large tear in the sleeve of his coat.

"Look here, Pat," said the boss, "why don't you get that hole mended?"

"Faith," replied Pat, "not Oi. A hole may be the result of an accident, but sure a patch is a sartin sign of poverty."

AIR MADE HIM FAMOUS

AN accident which occurred while he was travelling started a boy upon a career that made him one of the greatest successes in the world before he was twenty-two years old.

Two freight trains collided and no traffic could pass. Our passenger went outside to investigate and learned that lack of time for using brakes had caused the wreck. Both engineers had tried to stop and had whistled for the brakemen to set the hand brakes on each car. While the brakemen were rushing to do this, the wheels of the engines kept going, the engineers had to jump for their lives and the freight was struck and scattered.

The young investigator returned to his job in his father's factory in Schenectady and began spending his lunch hour tinkering instead of in eating. He wanted a better brake than those on the wrecked cars. Because of its power, he first tried to use steam but was not successful.

An advertisement for drills being used in building a tunnel in the Swiss Alps and operating by compressed air finally started him off right. He developed plans which were to save both the lives of countless railroad employees and passengers and also to prevent railroad companies from paying out huge damages and court fees.

Only no one would give his invention a trial. Even his father said, "It's a foolish idea, son." Railroad officials agreed it was insanity to consider air

capable of stopping a fast moving train. It was impractical. An ant couldn't be expected to move a church on its back. It was just as foolish to expect air to stop a train, were arguments of the wisecracs.

Commodore Vanderbilt was president of the New York Central and was considered a very shrewd business man and a great promoter. But when the young inventor tried to interest him, the Commodore said, "I've no time for fools, young man."

Such treatment might have defeated anyone else but this young visionary, who persisted in trying to market something he knew was too valuable to be ignored forever.

Andrew Carnegie, president of the United States Steel Company, saw the possibilities in the idea and produced enough money to equip one train with the air brake in September, 1868, 78 years ago.

On the trial trip, the engineer applied the new brakes when nearing the Union Station in Pittsburgh. The air which Commodore Vanderbilt had considered such "foolishness" halted the train so quickly that the passengers were pitched from their seats!

That is how George Westinghouse, then only twenty-two years old, became world famous overnight! He had found a new use for air, that cheap, yet necessary, element to which the whole human race owes its existence.

—E. M. Marshall



Philosophy—A study which enables man to be unhappy more intelligently.



Political war—One in which everybody shoots from the lip.



Five o'Clock *Alarm*

by R. B. FORSYTHE

A MAN popped his head out of a second story window and screamed "Murder." In a few seconds the palatial home of wealthy Charles Glover swarmed with hysterical, babbling neighbors.

And murder it was. Murder, perhaps, in the first degree. That's why Inspector Frank Jesse was called in on the case.

Throughout the night Inspector Jesse remained in the Glover household. The coroner's jury was impaneled, and as gray streaks of dawn crept over the Glover homestead, they had written a verdict of death at the hand of an unknown assailant.

By 11 o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Glover had gone to bed. Almost instantly Mrs. Glover fell asleep, so it seemed to her.

Suddenly as if in a dream she had heard angry voices, the sharp crack

*Beyond the powers of detection
is the depth of a woman's heart.*

of a gun in the night, and in a few moments an ear-piercing scream. Her hand explored the sheets where her husband should have been. They were still warm, but she was alone in the bed.

She arose, snapped on the light and beat on the unlocked door. Two women servants and the butler came, barefoot. They showed her, with terror filled eyes, what she had not seen before — the body of her husband lying in rivulets of blood.

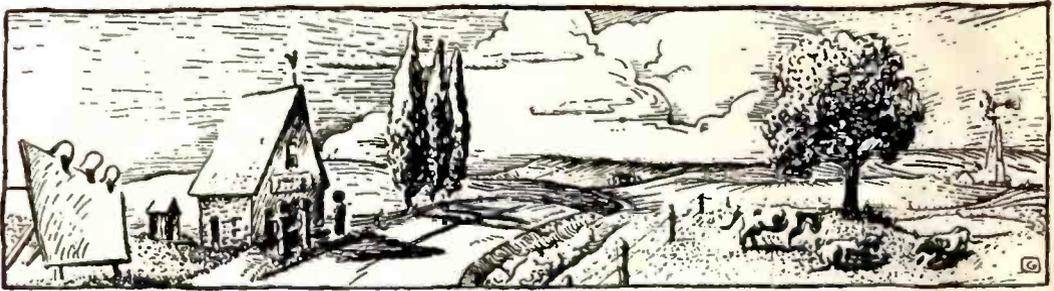
Inspector Jesse searched the room carefully but found no clues. Fingerprints were lifted but they turned out to be from members of the household.

Then he listened to the stories of neighbors, especially the folks next door, a remarkable couple. Dr. Evan Zochovay, blind Lithuanian pediatrician, whose expert diagnoses often astounded his colleagues, and his beautiful wife, Sylvia. She was obviously 15 years younger than he.

Their story was the same as the others. They heard the scream . . . yet Mrs. Glover had not screamed . . . she had been too stunned to utter a sound. Who was the woman who screamed *before* the butler appeared at the window?

For two weeks Jesse worked doggedly on the case. One night he suddenly sprang up in a cold sweat, remembering something that he had previously ignored.

Early the next morning Inspector Jesse called on Sylvia Zochovay. She



was even more lovely than he had remembered. He felt immediately that she was the kind of a woman whose love could be stronger than death. Had Dr. Zochovay aroused that love?

Then Inspector Jesse arose as if to leave. He turned quickly on Mrs. Zochovay with the accusing question: "Mrs. Zohovay, were you the woman who screamed?"

At that moment Dr. Zochovay came down the hall. Terror stricken, Mrs. Zochovay clutched the detective's arm . . . "Don't believe what he is going to say . . . he has delusions."

As though reciting a medical case history, Dr. Zochovay sat down and told the story of the murder. He recalled the days of romance in the lives of himself and his beautiful wife. Their devotion was seemingly intensified by his affliction. But lately there had been neighborhood whispers that it was a good thing the doctor could not see how attractive his wife was to other men.

Inspector Jesse then visualized the scene. With a pistol in his pocket, the doctor returned late the night of the murder. But in the dementia of his jealousy, he got into the house

next door instead of his own. The architecture was identical. He crept up the stairs and entered the bedroom. Awakened from a sound sleep, Glover thought the intruder was a burglar, and called out. Dr. Zochovay, taking Glover's voice for that of his wife's lover, fired in the direction of the voice.

With a blind-man's sure-footedness he hastened out, dropped the pistol into a catch-basin and rushed into his own home. One look at him and Mrs. Zochovay screamed. She knew that something terrible had happened.

On the morning that Inspector Jesse meant to formally accuse Dr. Zochovay of murder, he was ordered by the district attorney to take a group of observers and make tests of the blind man's skill with a pistol.

As the party drove through the quiet outskirts of town, the only sound was the monotonous ticking of an alarm clock that was to be the blind man's target. They stopped near a clearing and the party got out of the car. Inspector Jesse placed the ticking alarm clock on a tree stump. The hands were set at five minutes to five. At five o'clock the alarm bell would ring and the blind man would shoot. Pistol in hand, Dr.

Zochovay made ready to prove himself a criminal.

There were moments of expectant silence. Then the shrill sound of the alarm bell, followed by the flash of pistol fire, the clink of shattered glass, and a woman's scream.

On the tree stump the target clock ticked on undamaged, for it was not yet five o'clock, but the bullet had found another target.

The unhappy wife of Dr. Zochovay

sank, mortally wounded, to the ground, with the wreckage of another clock falling from her cape.

The doctor knelt to hear his dying wife say that he had erred in believing her faithless. Now, as they whispered together, they were making appointments in eternity.

"There are some things beyond the powers of detection," Inspector Jesse ruminated. "And one of them is the mystery of a woman's heart."



BARBARIC!

The absent minded professor walked into a barber shop and sat in a chair next to a woman who was having her hair bobbed. "Haircut, please," ordered the professor.

"Certainly, sir," said the barber, "but would you mind taking off your hat first, sir?"

The customer hurriedly removed his hat. "I'm sorry," he murmured apologetically as he looked around. "I didn't know there was a lady present."

The customer was being shaved in a country town where he was a visitor and the barber cut his cheek. The barber was all apologies and to stop the bleeding, he placed a piece of tissue paper over the cut.

When the shave was over, the customer surprisingly handed over a substantial tip.

"That's all right," said the victim with a smile of forgiveness. "I don't often get shaved by a man who deals in three trades."

"Three trades?" asked the puzzled barber.

"Yes," came the sarcastic reply, "Barber, butcher and paperhanger."

An Irish priest had been transferred from one parish to another. One of his old flock met one of the new.

"Well," he said, "and how do yez like Father Murphy, Dennis?"

"Ah, to be sure," murmured Dennis, "he's a fine man; a fine man, but a trifle bellicose."

"Bellicose, is it? Well, if that isn't queer. When we had him, he was as thin as a rail."

First Bride: Yes, I've got my husband where he eats out of my hand.

Second Bride: Saves a lot of dishwashing, doesn't it?

PLASTICS FROM GAS

MMAGIC from the chemist's laboratory has now made it possible for you to run, walk or sit down on gas.

Familiarly known as ethylene gas, with several uses in chemical industry, recent experiments uncovered an entirely new plastic until now undreamed of.

Ethylene gas can be obtained from petroleum, natural gas, coal and farm crops.

To discover further uses for this already well-known gas, a group of research chemists in England decided to study ethylene's behaviour when subjected to high pressures.

They devised new types of cylinders capable of standing enormous pressures. When they applied 20,000 pounds per square inch they were amazed to find the gas had completely disappeared.

They repeated the experiment several times before they found out what was happening. On the inside of the apparatus was discovered a coating of a strong, white, waxy substance. It resembled both rubber and plastic. The

chemists named it "polymerized ethylene" shortened to "polythene" for convenience.

Polythene is very different from other plastics. It is simple to produce and is very economical. By varying the pressure and other factors different products are obtained ranging from thick liquids, through rubbery films, up to hard lumps like metal.

So far polythene has been confined to military needs such as sheets, tubes, rods, tapes, wrappings and insulating material for telephone, radio and television equipment.

Due to extraordinary resistance to extreme cold and to submersion in water, and the fact it is one of the lightest plastics known, polythene is widely used in military aircraft.

Many uses will be found for polythene released for civilian use. From it can be made attractive modern furniture, for it is cheap, tough, light and moisture-proof.

Other uses will be women's handbags and shoes, jars and collapsible tubes and innumerable products yet undiscovered.

—Ernest Miles



A movie man hired a new Negro maid. On her first day at work her employer asked what her name was. She said: "Pislam, Siv."

"There can't be any such name as that."

"It's right out of the Bible," she vowed.

"Confronted with a Bible, she was asked to show just where such a name occurred. She turned to a certain page of the Old Testament and pointed to the words Psalm XIV.

A fellow was dragged from his wrecked car and taken to a nearby house. "I can't help you," said the householder, "I'm not an M.D., but a veterinarian."

"You're just the fellow for me," said the injured man, "because I was a jackass to think I could do fifty with those thin tires."

▲
Guide, lecturing—"We are now passing the largest distillery in the United States." Tourist—"Why?"

*Oldest of all industries
is the cosmetic business.*



Vanity the *Victor*

by MARION ODMARK

VANITY has been a long time growing since that Cro-Magnon woman strung herself a necklace of stag-teeth and fish vertebrae back in 50,000 B.C., fashioned herself a comb, the first of any kind, out of a fish's back-bone, and pioneered the road for woman's eternal search for glamour. Oldest of all industries, the cosmetic business and its magnetism in beauty preparation awareness have survived history and hysteria. And the cause is the effect.

Officially, the business of physical gilding began in 5,000 B.C. It was a red-letter era, for not only did Kohl eye-shadow come in along with henna, nail and toe paint, but face creams, rouges, perfume, wigs, cuticle sticks, eyebrow tweezers, razors and baths made their bow. The girls along the Nile very likely had many exhilarating moments in these successive innovations. And probably just as many of apprehension, because their only mirrors were in masculine response and the none too confiding polished metal. At any rate their new adorn-

ment encouraged progress and imagination that began working time and a half. For by 1,000 B.C. they had thought up meal masks to whiten the skin. They concocted chemical washes to bleach the hair blonde. And succeeded in popularizing false eyelashes, the first shower baths, and a white lead powder that turned out to be poisonous at first even though a good basic idea. Here was probably the beginning of the fair-haired, fair-faced fad and look how long it's lasted!

Toilette became more luxurious by 1 A.D. Madame soaked in asses' milk baths and spent many a nervous hour applying beauty patches here and there. She became tooth conscious for the first time and took to pumice for polishing. She found that oatmeal and lemon mixed by a recipe passed from courtyard to cottage would remove freckles. That a brassiere confining the bosom trimmed her figure. She used a depilatory made of psilothron for the first time. And most welcome of all, a little item called soap, made of tallow and ashes, that helped to remove dirt miraculously.

In spite of the fairly Dark Ages being in fullest confusion about 1,000

A.D., there was plenty of illumination for the ladies. Glass mirrors appeared on the market. What excitement that must have been! There was a trend, too, toward more genteel delicacies, like paper handkerchiefs from the Chinese, and finger bowls of rose water.

Five hundred years later false teeth made of porcelain were a Godsend. Hairnets were a boon for knee-length tresses. High heels were the latest thing, and in well-guarded privacy, hand-knitted silk stockings were a prize possession. What was next, the fair sex wondered. Most men, bewitched but bothered and bewildered, couldn't guess.

And then a new contributor entered

the field of face and figure refurbishing. Science. Nineteen hundred introduced the era of dazzling discoveries. Like electrolysis, permanent wave machines, marcel irons, plastic surgery, face lifting, vitamins, cosmetics tested in laboratories by scientists and degreed chemists no less, nail lacquers, and sun and anti-sun preparations. There were radical, sensational accessories. They boomed beauty into a major industry and its products shortly became priced for even the poorest pocketbook.

War or peace, there's no killing the feminine vanity nor what it feeds upon in the way of cosmetic diet. The record proves it. There is no priority on imagination.



DETECT AND COLLECT—\$10

Wouldn't it be ironical if a young lady in the industrial division of a scales manufacturing concern in Brooklyn were to be the first to guess beautiful Lenna Alexander's weight at 116 pounds? Call it coincidence, clairvoyance, connivery or what you may, but the weight of WHB's Swing Girl was guessed by Miss Betty Meisel, Industrial Division, Detecto Scales, Inc., Brooklyn, New York. Betty's was the only correct guess, out of hundreds received, up to August press time. Wrote Mr. Mack Rapp of Detecto: "As your little magazine, which we cannot compliment too highly, makes the rounds in our office, and we are in the scale business, you can imagine how many guesses we had on Lenna's weight. Of course the expected pun turned up more often than we care to mention. It was: "Do they mean on a Detecto Scale?" Betty's correct guess was included with others from the Detecto offices . . . and Swing sends her \$10.



**GOOD GOLF
IN KANSAS CITY**

QUIET PLEASE! . . . Lord Byron Nelson (above) took aim and ralled the pill for an 18-foot putt to give him a final 276 in Kansas City's \$20,000 Invitational golf tournament in mid-July. Nelson was a big favorite with the crowd, though everybody expected him to make about four consecutive holes-in-one. But champion Frank Stranahan had already come in with a 274. Nelson, McSpaden and Hines all tied at 276 and divided second and third prizes, amounting to \$1,400 each.

DOUBLE TROUBLE!

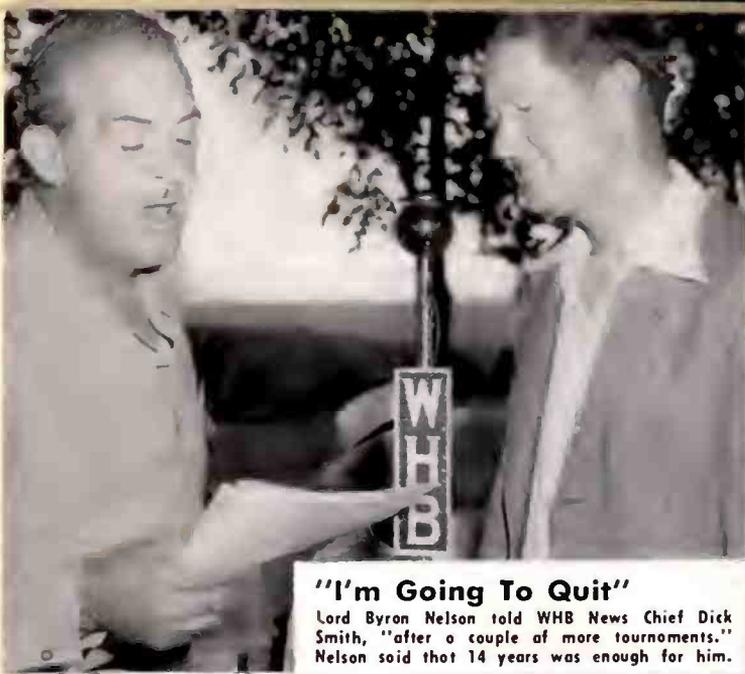
Leland (Duke) son, (left) Hills pro, was among Kan City play-for-boys with a good for \$, but the pitch shown here v sour. Scoreke: Mrs. Bob Ale der found foll ing the pros pretty tough ge her tootsies.



AHHHHHH! And Chicago's Jimmy Hines sunk the long putt that gave him a 66 for the first day's totals, and a temporary lead. Who couldn't sink a long putt with such a cheering section? (left). At the right a Kansas City gal, Bobby Brown, finds Hillcrest's \$75,000 swimming pool much more interesting.

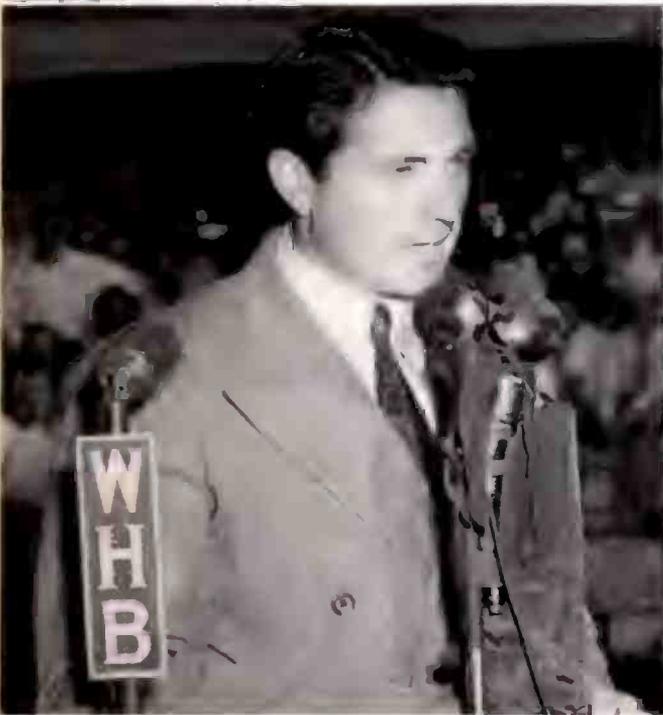


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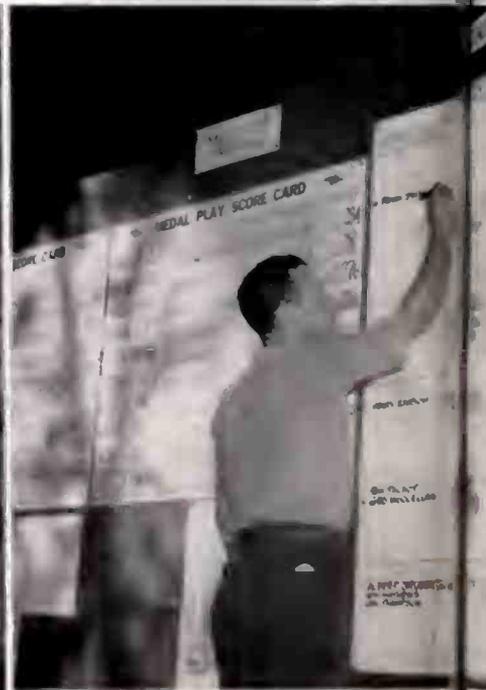
"I'm Going To Quit"

Lord Byron Nelson told WHB News Chief Dick Smith, "after a couple of more tournaments." Nelson said that 14 years was enough for him.



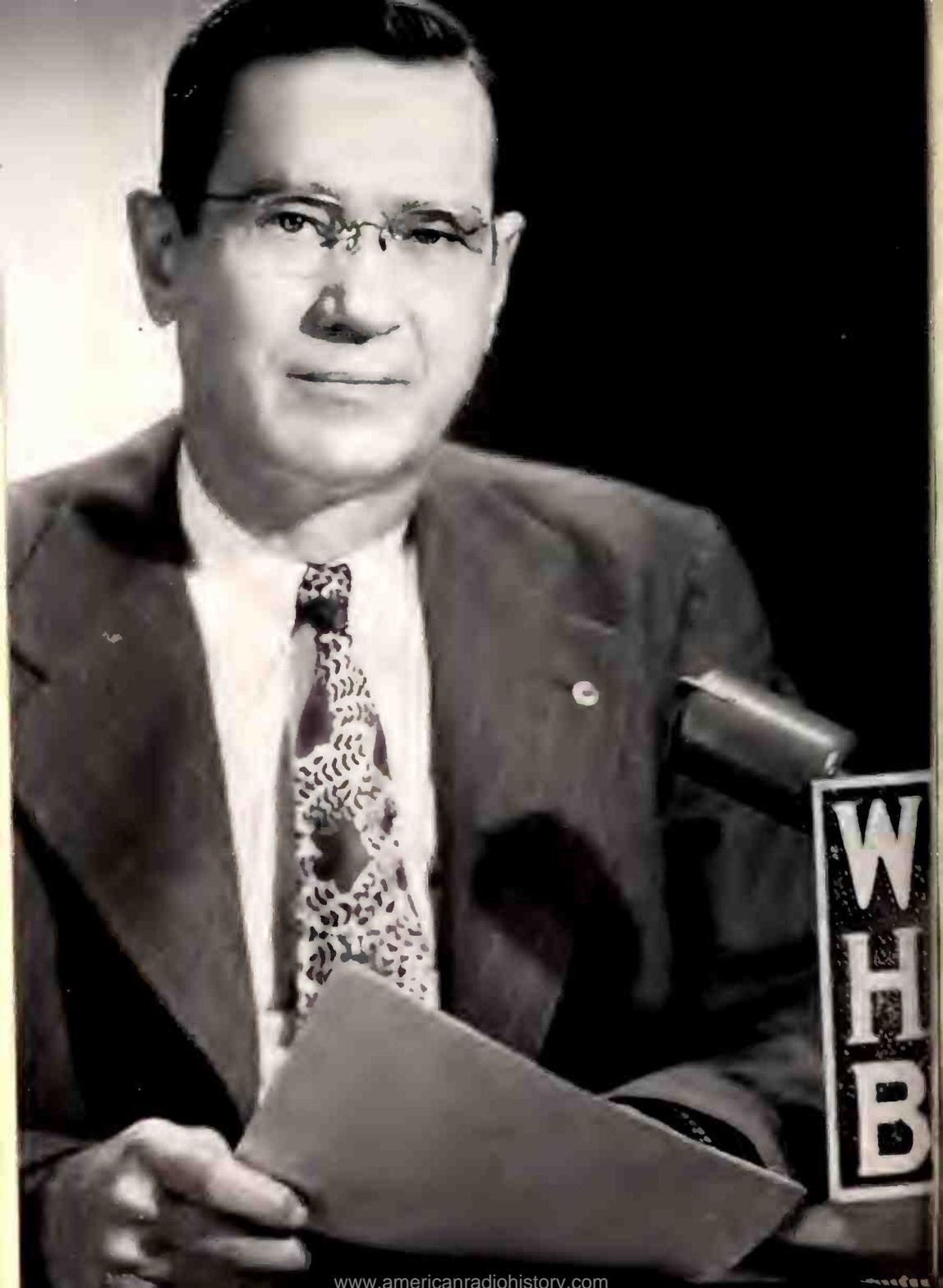
"Thank God For The Amateurs"

... said former Eastern Airlines pilot Johnny Bullo after he had won, yet lost, the \$20,000 Kansas City fairways marathon. Bullo was low among the pros with 275, but not as low as the winner, Frank Stronohon. Bullo received \$2,500 in cash, while Smilin' Frank was awarded a big silver loving cup to add to his growing collection.



THE WINNAH . . . "CHAMPION, C

HAN . . . Yes, that good looking muscle man Charley Kimmel, the official scorer. Frank made Kansas City. Legend has it that Frank's father Toledo, told the boy he could draw on any pe grooming himself as the notion's champion om



Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Frank E. Whalen

"I'll Take the Sirloin"

LOOKING right at you from his comfortable, albeit warm perch across on the opposite page, is Swing's Man of the Month, Frank E. Whalen, head of the Frank E. Whalen Advertising Agency, and president of the Saddle and Sirloin Club.

You can't tell it from here, but Mr. Whalen was enmeshed in a cruel commercial lesson at the moment the lens caught him in this position. About a dozen Klieg lights were blazing fiercely right at him. Messrs. Harold Hahn and Dick Millard were standing on chairs and stepladders shouting "hold your mouth straight, smile, sit up straight, hunch down, move that hand, unbutton your coat, look serious, smile, etc., etc., etc." Moreover, the temperature was 104 outside and gosh knows how hot inside, and there sat poor Mr. Whalen stewing in his own juice.

"My gawd," Frank exclaimed, fleeing from the scorching blaze of the lights. "That's murder, just plain murder under those blow torches."

Then came the cool and studied reply of Kansas City's panatomic Rembrandt, Mr. Harold Hahn:

"Mr. Whalen," he began. "I am glad this happened. Now, perhaps you will have a little mercy on those

poor models you send over here to simmer under the lights all day."

Everybody thought Mr. Hahn had Mr. Whalen in a tight crack.

"I'll agree with you, Harold," came back the resourceful Whalen with another swish across his steaming brow. "But remember, those models don't wear any clothes to speak of; and I do. They're dressed for this sort of thing."

Well, so much for Mr. Whalen's initiation into the Klieg light fraternity.

It was in the winter of 1894, January 4, to be exact, when a Chicago salesman received a hurry up call. He was to come home immediately, if not sooner, because the Whalen family had been increased by one squalling, black-haired infant named Frank.

Just like any other Chicago kid, young Frank ran the gamut of infantile and adolescent adventures. The family liked Chicago fairly well, but longed to be back around the old familiar stamping grounds of Kansas City, and Frank was the first to get his wish.

After completing school, Frank found himself in Kansas City, where he took a job as a newsboy with the old Kansas City World. On his first

day he stood on the corner of 12th and Main hawking his headline wares when he was approached by two larger and rough looking fellows. They edged over and asked whether or not he belonged to the Newsboys' Union. Frank told them he did not and they said he would have to join and pay dues of \$1 a year. Well, Frank hadn't had a chance to earn even a dollar, so the big boys took his papers and he was immediately out of that business. The next day or so he caught on as checking and order clerk with the Frank A. Gray advertising agency, and was still resolved to make a go of it in Kansas City.

Along about that time the lad was getting quite a reputation as a baseball pitcher. Working daytimes and semi-pro ball didn't go well together, so Mr. Gray made him a deal. He was to work in the advertising office during baseball's off seasons, but during the summer he could play with semi-pro teams around the country and take off all the time he needed for travel.

So, Frank toured the bush-league circuit, pitching with all the cunning of his ideal, Christy Mathewson. He played with Topeka, Lawrence, Pittsburg, in fact any town which had a ball team and the \$25 or \$50 to pay a good outside pitcher. Sports pages of the Kansas City Star still record the fact that Frank pitched 52 consecutive scoreless innings.

One time he was pitching for Topeka and it was a scoreless tie in the ninth inning. The batter was the big left fielder of their opponents that day, Wichita, and Frank meant to pitch carefully to that fellow. So, he

let go with an in-shoot and the big fellow had to hit the dirt to keep from going to a hospital.

Coming up out of the soil, the Wichita batter, war club in hand, started for the mound. He glowered at the pitcher, about a head and a half shorter than he was.

"Lissen, you punk, were you throwin' at me?"

Frank thought for a minute and then replied.

"No, you big punk, I just throw at the good hitters."

Taken back by that brave answer, the Wichita slugger walked quietly back to the plate and took his third strike as calm as a calf.

Frank reflects now that Mr. Gray made a good business deal in offering him an unleashed pitching career during the summer. It all developed that the more money he made in baseball during the summer, the less Mr. Gray felt obligated to pay him during the winter.

During his years with the Gray company, advertising agencies composed bales of copy for direct mail advertisers and Frank was right in the middle of it all. In fact, that's the way most advertising was done in those days. They wrote copy for mining stock, farm machinery, all by mail order. In addition, they wrote copy for correspondence schools that could teach a person to do anything except swim. For instance there was "How to Be a Detective," in ten easy lessons. "Be a Motorman or Conductor In Three Months," "Learn Dress-making at Home—Be Independent," and "Let Me Teach You How to

Make Hats." Yes, and they even had one fellow who wrote a twenty course lesson on "How to Drive a Milk Wagon." It seems that in those days the milkman came by with his fluid wares in tin cans. People wanting milk came out with their little pails and the milkman filled 'em up. The author of that prize educational pamphlet was J. B. Digman, who passed on without teaching millions of people how to drive milk wagons. Unfortunately for Mr. Digman, but possibly fortunately for the world at large, Digman was never able to get his proposition financed.

After seven years with Gray, Whalen entered the armed forces. He was commissioned at Camp Pike and retained there in officers' training school as an instructor in bayonet and gas work. At the time of the Armistice he was with the A.E.F., which the boys in his outfit nominated to call the "Arkansas Expeditionary Forces."

Frank returned to Kansas City and joined Potts-Turnbull Advertising agency. He worked up rapidly in the organization and held the position of account executive for a number of years. After leaving Potts-Turnbull he formed a partnership with Wesley H. Loomis, J. F. Baxter and Donald Dwight Davis under the firm name of Loomis, Baxter, Davis and Whalen. Later on this firm dissolved. Don Davis became president of WHB and it all wound up with a new firm of Loomis, Clapham and Whalen, with H. L. Clapham of Chicago, as the third man in the ring.

When Loomis decided to retire from advertising agency work and devote his time to the telephone direc-

tory business, Mr. Whalen took over the firm and named it the Frank E. Whalen Advertising Agency, which it is today, with offices in the Federal Land Bank Building, 10th near Baltimore.

In looking back over the years, Frank reflects that he might now be permanently rooted in professional baseball, probably in an administrative position by this time, had it not been for a certain little dimpled blonde by the name of Jaunita Woods. Jaunita didn't like baseball and all the traveling that went with it, and since 1917 Frank has been taking orders from her instead of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, or the present commissioner of baseball, Happy Chandler.

The Whalens live out on the southwest side of town during the summer months, but hie themselves away from the wilderness (so-called) to the convenience and warmth of the Sophian Plaza apartments during the cold spell. Their summer home is out on "Razberry Hill," in Wyandotte County, Kansas. This place has always been a favorite with their daughter, Betty Ellen, too.

Before the hill became populated with pioneering Kansas Citians, the place was known around among the farm neighborhoods as "Raspberry Hill," and they say the place used to fairly run with the juice of raspberries. "But," as Frank put it, "they razzed us so much about living out there that we finally changed the name to Razberry Hill. It sticks because it fits."

Looking back over the years, Mr. Whalen points to the vast changes

that have overtaken the advertising business. Years ago display advertising was considered a gift, or a dole, something to keep the publication alive as a sort of a community institution. Merchants expected no return, and advertised accordingly.

But now, advertising is something different again. It is a dollar for dollar proposition, with the resultant growth of advertising pacing Kansas City as one of the nation's leading manufacturing and merchandising centers. As a result, the Whalen firm is kept busy hatching new sales and advertising ideas day in and day out. Mr. Whalen adds that direct mail advertising has dropped off almost to a small trickle.

Frank is a casual and chummy sort of a fellow, and there's nothing stiff or stilted about him. His kindly, yet sure blue eyes, have the knack of putting you immediately at ease. He is an excellent organizer and a good community worker.

Mr. Whalen is a member of the Kansas City Club, Tavern of Chicago, Rotary International and the American Legion. Naturally, like most of us, his favorite food is a big 16 ounce Kansas City steak. He smokes a moderate number of Old Gold cigarettes. He prefers coffee before five in the afternoon, but after that you

can make it Scotch. His favorite sport is baseball.

He was one of the first members of the Saddle and Sirloin Club and served as secretary in 1943 and 1944. In 1945 he was elevated to vice-president and this year he was the logical choice for president. For something more about the Saddle and Sirloin Club, we suggest that you read Mori Greiner's fine story "Fraternity In Cowtown," which follows in the pages just ahead.

If Frank had the time, he would like to divide his daylight hours searching for authentic French Provisional furniture, and trying to figure out what makes the American people do the things they do, and why. To top it all off, he'd like to sit down and whack out a book on advertisers and their unexplainable capers over a period of 30 years.

It seemed a foregone conclusion that Mr. Whalen, as president of the Saddle and Sirloin Club should be an expert horseman.

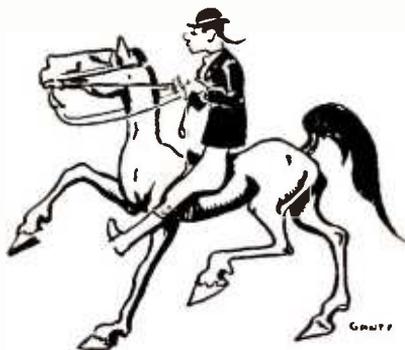
"That's what you think, and that's what many people think," he remarked. "But after our trail ride in the fall of the year, I am a fit candidate for a hospital. Let's put it this way. You take the saddle and I'll take the sirloin."



Fraternity in *Cowtown*

*Not horseflesh alone—but
steaks, flap-jacks, man-size.*

by MORI GREINER



EVER see a bank president on horseback? Ever see a western-style polo match starring a mayor, a city manager, a city counselor, councilman, and fire chief? Ever see a broker wrestling a circuit judge for possession of a prize bit of barbecued beef, or hear a top radio executive playing a harmonium in a hayloft? It has happened, and goes right on happening, at Kansas City's unique Saddle and Sirloin Club. And it proves not only that boys will be boys; but that men will be boys, too, given half an opportunity.

Every Autumn more than a hundred leaders in Kansas City's business, professional, and official life don cowboy togs, saddle up, and—amidst the shouts of the trail boss, the rolling creak of the chuck wagon, the anxious imprecation of worried wives—swirl off for a two-day ride over historic Missouri and Kansas trails. From that moment on, a man's no better than the songs he sings, the horse he rides, and the bottle which may be tucked in his blanket roll. For the less expert horsemen in the group, the long trek means merciless ribbing now and aching muscles Monday, but the warm camaraderie of the trail is more than

ample compensation for the "tender-foot's price."

As their name suggests, Saddle and Sirloiners love not horseflesh alone, and the two-day jaunt which starts with a 7 a. m. breakfast of flapjacks and sausage includes such bygone mouthwaterers as charcoal grilled steaks a la Man Size, lumpy beef stew simmered for hours, baked pork chops, and whole barbecued American Royal steers. Some of the members supervise the preparation of "chuck," and it is not unusual to see a retired general carefully turning a spitted side of beef, or brewing coffee in a smoky kettle.

Twilight finds the group at some hospitable ranch, with their bedrolls stretched out in a barn or bunkhouse or previously pitched tent, their campfires kindled, and their voices and spirits warming to the songs that settle down as naturally as nightfall. There are spontaneous jokes and answering laughter, and much jostling when the dinner gong sounds its long-awaited call. The men eat on tin mess gear and drink from tin cups, range style. There's no limit on seconds, nor western music, nor the tunes everyone remembers and can sing tenor to. No

matter how grueling the day's ride, it is midnight before the last hoarse voice is supplanted by the full breathing of exhausted slumber.

One thing tenderfoot members learn early is the cardinal rule of good horsemen everywhere: "A man's mount comes first." During the day, when a leg-stretching halt is called, or in the evening, when the tired caravan reaches its campsite, the horses receive immediate attention. They are fed, rubbed, and watered before thought is given to other matters. The instinct to give animals proper care is natural in Saddle and Sirloin members, but



they also know that it doesn't pay to gamble with your only means of transportation, few things being so ludicrous as a horseman on foot.

Morning finds the Trail Blazers sloshing sleep from their eyes over troughs of hot and cold water, rubbing up saddles and equipment, and losing their healthy out-of-doors appetites on a seemingly limitless supply of ham, bacon, and eggs. The last leg of the journey is usually a short one, and a leisurely ride brings the party to their beautiful home ranch at 103rd and Mission Road, where families and friends in buckskin and plaid wait to welcome them with games, stunts,

races, and a late-afternoon ranch dinner.

The Saddle and Sirloin Club is exclusive socially, but it is a hard-working organization with definite objectives of service to the community. Its primary goals are the improvement and perpetuation of the American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, and the improvement and promotion of livestock and agriculture in the territory tributary to Kansas City. Membership in the club comes only as recognition of meritorious service in behalf of these aims, so there is no room for loafers or "social members only."

This policy has welded a fraternity of livestock men, business executives, doctors, lawyers, and city officials whose spirit and energy is unparalleled by any other civic group. In Kansas City there is never any doubt as to the success of the American Royal, because under the sponsorship of Saddle and Sirloin each annual show is as good as careful planning and concentrated effort can make it, and each year sees the Royal grow in importance as one of America's outstanding exhibitions of thoroughbred horses and purebred livestock. It was with this object that the club was born, when a number of veteran committeemen felt the need of an activity to hold the workers together throughout the year. The proposal by Elmer Rhoden of Fox Midwest Theatres, to band in permanent form met enthusiastic response from all those joined in the common cause of promoting the Royal; and on December 10, 1940, Dan L. Fennell, vice president of the Kansas City Public Serv-

ice Company, took office as the Saddle and Sirloin Club's first president. From the beginning, the spirit of the club has been remarkable. It is unwritten law that no member declines an assignment, whether it be judging poultry, soliciting program-advertising, or digging post-holes. Much of the work on the club's buildings and grounds has been done by members, and at show time their energy is prodigious.

Now in its sixth year, the Saddle and Sirloin Club has a membership of nearly two hundred. It sponsors a Spring "roundup," and a Summer horse show which this year attracted 260 ribbon-winning animals from the entire Midwest.

Just southwest of the city is the Saddle and Sirloin Ranch, with tennis courts, trapshooting facilities, bar-cue ovens, show ring, a large spring-fed lake with sandy beach, a weekend house, and a clubhouse complete with bar, dining room, and rustic dance hall. Here new members are initiated at the annual "dogie brandings," and here Saddle and Sirloiners entertain colorfully and hospitably in the tradition of the West.

But the club isn't through growing. A polo field is planned, and a seventy-five box-stall stable and tack room will be built when materials are available. Like the activities it supports, the Saddle and Sirloin Club has a bright, happy future!



Sandy bought two tickets to a raffle and won a \$1,500 car.

His friends rushed up to his house to congratulate him, but found him looking miserable as could be.

"Why, mon, what's the matter wi' ye?" they asked.

"It's that second ticket. Why I ever bought it I canna imagine."



"Was your husband badly hurt when he was struck by a car, Liza?"

"Yassuh, he suffered from conclusion of the brain."

"You mean concussion of the brain, don't you?"

"No suh, ah means conclusion. He's daid."

A businessman had in his employ an office boy who was addicted to the bad habit of telling the other officers of the company what happened in the office of his employer. The boss decided to fire him, and in doing so, gave him this advice:

"Johnny, you must never hear anything that is said in your boss' office. You must always do as you are told, but turn a deaf ear to all conversations that do not concern you."

The boss thought that his stenographer might learn the same worthy lesson. He turned to her and said, "Miss Smith, did you just hear what I said to Johnny?"

"No, sir," she replied promptly.

SVELTE FIGURE PAYS

THAT well-worn epigram, "Virtue is its own reward" is only partially applicable in the case of Mrs. Marie Wilson, 29-year-old Kansas City housewife and mother of two.

Shedding 60 of her 180 pounds through dieting, which was primarily inspired by the nation's cry to pull in our belts to help our less fortunate brothers in Europe and Asia, paid off for Mrs. Wilson with a streamlined and glamorous figure with which she won the nationwide "Beautify Your Figure" contest.

Virtue's reward in this case not only was a svelte figure, but a 10-day, all-expense trip to New York where she was feted royally. Mrs. Wilson visited all the famous Broadway night spots and restaurants; she attended the hit plays and musicals; and hobnobbed with stars of stage, screen and radio.

Mrs. Wilson, herself, became somewhat of a radio figure by appearing in a guest capacity on Mutual network's "Married for Life" program. The radio show which was broadcast from the stage of the Longacre Theatre before an audience of over a thousand, heard Mrs. Wilson advise the prospective bride and groom how to stay married.

"A woman should make every attempt to keep her girlhood figure

right through life," Mrs. Wilson told the radio audience. "The marriage ring and vow are not the signals for a girl to relax her efforts to look glamorous."

The Kansas City beauty went on to say that a woman had a two-fold purpose these days to keep her figure streamlined and fit. It was an asset to good health as well as the keynote to a happily married life. "Nowadays the word mother does not end with kitchen sink and dirty dishes. It should also mean a fresh appearance and a youthful outlook on life," concluded Mrs. Wilson, who presented gifts to the prospective bride and groom: a year's subscription to "Beautify Your Figure" for the former and a "Mini-Gym," the home gymnasium, for the latter.

Mrs. Wilson also received a bouquet of flowers from Larry Brooks, handsome singing star of Mutual's musical show, "Passport to Romance," for obtaining her own passport to romance—a beautiful figure.

It was indeed another triumph for Missouri, and as the popular newspaper columnist, Nick Kenny, was inspired to write: "Kansas City should be proud of Mrs. Marie Wilson, housewife and mother of two, who won a ten-day Cinderella trip to New York City and captivated radio row with her charm and beauty."



An old colored farmer was asked by an evangelist what denomination he belonged to. He did not reply directly, but said, "Bress yc, sah, dah's t'ree roads leading from hyah ter town—de long road, de sho' road, and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter town wid er load er grain dey don't say ter me, 'Uncle Calhoun, which road did you come by?' but, 'Cal, is yo' wheat good?'"



*"Taking the census is the government's idea.
Taking your phone number is my own."*

HOW TO WAIT IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

BE sure and walk right in and take a chair (if you can find one.) The receptionist doesn't care who you are. Besides you were there once seven years ago and she probably remembers you (unless, of course, it's a different girl.) She looks up from the desk and smiles inquiringly. Well, if she wants to know who you are, let her come over and ask you. (She does). You try patiently to explain to her that she doesn't need to know your name. The doctor will remember you. She says she wants to get your file. (Now, isn't that silly? Last time you were here, it was for your nerves and now you're just sure it's your heart. Why, it's not the same ailment at all!)

A patient returns from a mysterious door down the long white corridor and claims your chair for his own. You try, oh so patiently, to explain to him that he left it. The office nurse interrupts at this point and asks you to follow her. (My! They treat you just like cattle!) She is just too, too business like, and seems not the tiniest bit interested in the fact that you have actually lost one-quarter of a pound recently. And you just knew you were ailing. In fact, she has the audacity to suggest that you lose twenty-seven and three-quarters more pounds! You explain confidentially that what you really came for was the pain in the region of your heart to which she inquires

impudently as to what you have been eating!

You return to the waiting room to find all the chairs filled, and you start a search for that office nurse to ask what you are supposed to sit on, and she gives you a look that answers your question with profanity, but you see that she has a chair in her hand—a wretched, stiff backed thing—ama-jig, and you volunteer you hope you won't have to wait long as you simply must be at the beauty parlor at four o'clock and you show her it is three o'clock already. She says the doctor is doing the best he can during some emergency or other. You realize everyone is looking at you, and you glare at them right back. You'll show them who you are. Just wait until Doctor Brown sees you. He was so nice to you seven years ago!

Only one ahead of you now, and that girl has better not try any fancy tricks! What's this? That man just came, and she's taking him right in! She won't get away with that! You were next! You ask her why she wasn't shown in before that man in the overalls? She replies in a tone that would melt butter that he smashed his hand on some kind of engine or other—that it was an emergency. You tell her if she's going to let every Tom, Dick and Harry in ahead of you, you'll find another doctor.

But where?



"What kept you so long, Arthur?" asked the woman in waiting.

"I met Grandmother Stinsen and asked about her family and she told me," sighed the man who was late for supper.

Chicago Letter . . .



by NORT JONATHAN

THE favorite outdoor sport in Chicago these days, and indoor, too, for that matter, is identifying the characters in that satirical novel of radio advertising, "The Hucksters." Practically everybody along Radio Row—from the Actors' Club to the Wrigley Building Bar—has managed to nail a real life identity to at least one "character" in Fred Wakeman's novel. And of course the "No! No! It isn't us!" protestations of the boys and girls in Foot, Cone and Belding's ivory tower haven't been helped by the fact that the author of the book used to work for that agency.

Some of the criticisms of this readable but not too well done novel have a slightly sour sound. On every hand, ever since the first Account Executive drank the first double Martini, advertising guys and gals have been telling anybody who would listen that someday, somewhere they would take time off, renounce security and the weekly pay check, and write a true expose of advertising that would singe the binding off the book. At last the real truth would be revealed! At last they would write about advertising—particularly radio advertising—as it really exists. At last the awful truth would be known!

Well, whatever you may think of Mr. Wakeman's novel, he got there first. He actually wrote a novel about radio advertising, sold it, and had it published. All this and Hollywood, too, while his contemporaries kept right on talking great advertising novels. So up and down Michigan Boulevard the receptionists have tucked away "Forever Amber" under last month's telephone messages and are reading "The Hucksters" instead — hoping that one of the characters from the book will come along and whisk them off into the never-never land of radio and Hollywood.

Perhaps delayed by "The Hucksters," the coal shortage, the railroad strike and the OPA, the majority of Chicagoans seem to be just getting around to discovering the artistry of a young man named Phil Gordon. Mr. Gordon, who played Navy war bond shows as Phil Gulley, is the happy discovery of Frank Casey, the poor man's Admiral, and comedian Bill Thompson, who on the "Fibber McGee and Molly" shows portrays Wallace Wimple, the Old Timer, and other assorted characters. To those who have seen and heard him in The Buttery of the Ambassador West hotel, Phil is the Chicago discovery of the year. He has been in that lush spot for some twenty-three weeks, something of a record—and in that time has tripled the room's business. Something of an accomplishment for a young man just seven months out of the Navy. What's more The Buttery engagement is his first job as a professional entertainer.

When you go to see Phil, don't expect to discover a great singer, or a great pianist. He is neither—but he is rapidly becoming a great entertainer. His material consists mainly of original songs, some of them written by himself. The material is average, but it's his way of putting it across that is crowding The Buttery every night. He can sing "Zing Went the Strings of My Heart" with so much happy enthusiasm that tired busi-

nessmen beat time like hepcats and forget to worry about the size of the check.

Phil was in Chicago doing hospital shows with Bill Thompson when Jimmy Hart, the Ambassador's manager, heard him perform at a Navy party in the Polo Room. On the spot Hart offered him a post-war contract; Gordon accepted on the spot—and went right on entertaining, for free. And now the next stop on the road to fame and fortune is the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman, another Bering-Byfield stronghold of swing and sway. So he'll still be around—and well worth looking up—well into September.

Another Chicago show that will be around for years and years, literally, is the Museum of Science and Industry out in Jackson Park on the south side. For ten cents—the price of a suburban train ticket to 57th Street on the electrified Illinois Central—you can spend hours in the most fascinating displays, modern and ancient, dreamed up since the World's Fair closed.

The most miscading thing about the place is its name. Instead of being a "museum" in the usual sense of the word, it is a well-organized, well staged "Century of Progress" in miniature. In addition to the model coal mine, which actually operates, there are displays of old and new machines, methods of transportation, and scientific devices. Old cars galore dot period settings that are correct in every detail. Ancient locomotives stand on real rails. An actual replica of Main Street, 1905, leads to a real old-time movie theatre—complete to Fatty Arbuckle films and a tin pan piano which accompanies the actors during their dramatically silent breast-beatings. The whole family will have a wonderful time.

Other hot weather diversions include dunking the body in the lake and running out to Ravinia for what is fondly known in these parts as "the Mosquito Symphony." Both at Ravinia and at Grant

Park there are symphony concerts to delight the most exacting music-lover. At Ravinia the hazard is mosquitos — huge, fearsome things which are as big as flies. At Grant Park the hazard is the elements. With adequate shelter blocks away, a sudden squall blown in from the lake can reduce Petticoat Lane's most expensive finery to a damp rag. Don't say we didn't warn you.

If you're looking for Summer Theatre dramatics, look up the Actors Company, which is roosting in the Town Hall in suburban Riverside this summer. A twenty-five minute train ride from the Loop on the CB&Q will take you to Noel Coward and Rose Franken, well done. Don't be frightened if sirens begin to wail and bells begin to clang in the middle of a performance. The Actors Company has chosen to set up its scenery directly above the village fire house.

"Henry the Fifth" — the technicolor English movie starring Laurence Olivier — has taken over the air-conditioned Civic Theatre following the departure of "Anna Lucasta." The film was originally scheduled to open late in July, but the ads now mention August 5th. It seems someone thought to inspect the long unused projection booth in the theatre. No movie machines were visible.

On a summer night there's Henri Rose and his wonderful piano playing in the New Horizon Room at the Continental Hotel. And there's that spaghetti sauce and lots of Italian music, classical and otherwise, at Riccardo's artists and writers restaurant on Rush Street in the shadow of the Wrigley building. And there's a sweet Irish collcen named Maurcen Cannon making male hearts from sixteen or so on up beat faster in "Up in Central Park" at the Shubert Theatre.

Also there's Mae West in something that no less than four authors couldn't make into a play. But don't worry. This heat rash will soon pass.

Some ingenious Yankee should invent an automatic chairman with knees instantly folding up whenever it says, "Our speaker needs no introduction."

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

By MARION ODMARK



Elegant Leisure

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Orrin Tucker's new and enlarged orchestra is a honey and Dorothy Dornben's mid-summer revue a new high in frivolous diversion.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cozy, colorful and rewarding smart spot to dine, dance, cocktail and be seen.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Cool and inviting in its green and white Federal stripes and Ramon Ramos and his orchestra to encourage the light fantastic.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, (State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Don't miss this mad satirist, Imogene Coca, who heads the new "Vacation-Time Revue," with stellar acts and Ted Straeter's delightful music.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). Best in rumba-samba rhythms by the famed South American outfit of Gonsalves and Menconi.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan and 7th (Har. 4300). Mel Cooper's society orchestra is the new rave of the first families and as usual there's a choice single act or two.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 North Michigan (Whi. 4100). Joe Vera's band is the big surprise of the season and the feature attraction is Henri Rose, a keyboard magician of the first order.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). David LeWinter and his tempo-tricky orchestra will stay on till October, which is happy news for his faithful following.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Sherman Hayes and his

band is scoring a neat hit and the show with him combines ballroom dancing with impressions.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Newly reopened following mid-summer clean-up job, with the fabulous Colonel Yaschenko and maestro George Scherban back on the scene.

Sky Top Settings

★ Dancing under the stars on the romantic lake-front is afforded on the **BEACH WALK**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000), with Henry Brandon's music and Dorothy Hild's revue . . . Dining in the garden of **JACQUES FRENCH RESTAURANT**, 900 N. Michigan Ave. (Del. 0904) is very continental and rewarding in fine Parisian cuisine . . . And in the patio of the very new, very swank **IMPERIAL HOUSE**, 50 East Walton Place (Whi. 5301), is Chicago's loveliest summer evening rendezvous.

Majors In Show-Fare

★ Cream of cafe-entertainment honors go to **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Sup. 3700).

★ For trim little show-pieces try "Crazy House Revue" at the **BROWN DERBY**, Wabash and Monroe (Sta. 1307) . . . Hospitable **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106) . . . **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash (Vic. 9259) . . . or **CLUB MOROCCO**, 11 N. Clark (Sta. 3430), where the famed Carrie Finnell is firmly entrenched.

Music Counts Most

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Del Courtney and his orchestra and the vivacious Dottie Dotson have the summer spotlight here and a two-act show-piece.

★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Hot and modern music by the country's leading swing bands make this a love of the bobby-soxers.

That Unusual Touch

★ It's easy to go native in spirit at **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 East Walton Place (Sup. 8812) with superb Cantonese cuisine and imaginative rum drinks . . . Go back to the medieval ages at Ralph Jansen's romantic **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . Victorian at Teddy's **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) with Creole cooking and rare old wines . . . Relish continental elegance in the main dining room of **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892) or laugh your head off at Louie and his Gang in the Rathskeller . . . Reminiscence of another world at **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), and come back to earth with delicious oriental delicacies.

For Palate Pleasure

★ For steaks and roast beef and all the trimmings, your best bets are the STEAK HOUSE, 744 Rush (Del. 5930) . . . AGOSTINO'S, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862) . . . NORMANDY RESTAURANT, 1110 Lawrence Ave. (Lon. 5031) . . . GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark (And. 8177).

★ For seafoods, IRELAND'S, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020) . . . For smorgasbord, A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492) and KUNGSHOLM, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868) . . . For barbecued ribs, SINGAPORE, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414) and TRADE WINDS, 867 Rush (Whi. 9054) . . . For Chinese dishes, HOE SAI GAI, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505), HOUSE OF ENG, 110 E. Walton Place (Del. 7194) . . . And for Hungarian goulash, BLUE DANUBE CAFE, 500 W. North Ave. (Mic. 5988).

Exotica

★ Take-it-off is the theme song of the BACK STAGE CLUB, 935 Wilson Ave. (Rav. 10077) . . . CLUB FLAMINGO, 1359 W. Madison (Can. 9230) . . . L & L CAFE, 1316 W. Madison

(Sec. 9344) . . . CLUB SO-HO, 1124 W. Madison (Can. 9260) . . . PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark (Whi. 9615).

Theatres

★ "UP IN CENTRAL PARK" at the Shubert theatre, 22 West Monroe (Cen. 8240). Michael Todd's engaging musical hit of the Boss Tweed era in New York with the devastating Maureen Cannon.

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone theatre, 7th near Michigan (Har. 8880). Judith Evelyn, Neil Hamilton and James Rennie are the handsome trio of stars in this stirring contemporary comedy-drama.

★ "OBSESSION" at the Erlanger theatre, 127 N. Clark St. (Sta. 2459). Eugenie Leontovich and Basil Rathbone comprise this two-star revival of an old favorite play.

★ "HARVEY" at the Harris theatre, 170 N. Dearborn (Cen. 8240). Joe E. Brown plays THE role in this nationally famed Mary Chase comedy that people have been talking about all year.



A Dutchman was recently expatiating on the folly of giving women the vote. He declared that in Holland there was greater efficiency among the female sex where they did not possess that doubtful privilege. He pointed to the fact that the Dutch woman sits with one foot on the spinning wheel or churn, and with the other she rocks the cradle containing the twins. With her hands she knits socks for her husband, while on her knee rests a book from which she is improving her mind. And all the while she sits on a cheese, pressing it for market.

▲
Dick, aged three, did not like soap and water. One day his mother was trying to reason with him.

"Surely you want to be a clean little boy, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes," tearfully agreed Dick, "but can't you just dust me?"

▲
Housing conditions are getting so bad that people are sleeping in churches on week days, too."

According to the present-day legend, Diogenes met a war veteran on the street. "What were you in the war?" Diogenes asked.

"A private," the vet replied.

Whereupon, Diogenes blew out his lantern and went home.

▲
"That's a hard working little wife you've got," said the customer to the small shopkeeper as he watched the man's busy wife.

"Gosh, yes," he answered, "I wish I had a couple more like her."

▲
She: I hear the chief of police is going to try and stop necking.

He: I should think he would—a man his age.

▲
Love is the delusion that one woman differs from another.

▲
A revised slogan: Tax the man who owns one.

AUGUSTICKLERS

Two men were arrested for brawling and the judge charged them by asking them if they were not guilty of fighting in the street.

One had a novel defense. "We were not fighting when the officer arrived, Judge. We were trying to separate each other."



There are two valid reasons why some people don't mind their own business—they haven't any mind and they haven't any business.



Mr. Humphrey Ward once wrote a letter to a member of Parliament in behalf of a needy family in his district. The lawmaker replied: "I am so busy with plans for the race that I have no time for the individual."—*Charles T. Holman.*



A fellow insisted always that he was very optimistic about the future and his prospects for business.

"Then why," someone asked him, "do you look so worried all the time when you're so optimistic?"

"Oh, that," he replied. "Well, to tell you the truth, I'm worried about my optimism."—*Farm Journal.*



"I guess I've lost another pupil," said the professor as his glass eye rolled down the drain.



More things would come to him who waits if they were not captured by him who waits not.



Mrs. Jones cautioned her maid that when waiting on the guests to be careful and not spill anything. To which the maid replied:

"Don't worry, ma'am, I know when to keep my mouth shut."



A woman in the center seat of a parlor car heard the request of a female passenger sitting opposite asking the porter to open a window. Anticipating a draft, she snapped, testily:

"Porter, if that window is opened, I shall freeze to death."

"And if the window is kept closed," said the other, "I shall suffocate."

The porter stood between the two, puzzled and uncertain.

"Say, boss," he said finally to a traveling salesman seated nearby, "what would you do?"

"That's a simple matter," replied the salesman. "Open the window and freeze one woman. Then close it and suffocate the other."



Electric light bills rarely worry Mexicans living along the Gulf. They have the cucuji, a greenish black beetle that produces a phosphorescent light. Half a dozen in a bamboo cage will provide as much light as a 15-watt bulb. Men who must go abroad nights frequently tie two or three cucuji to each ankle to illuminate their path.



"And are you really content to spend your life walking around the country, begging?"

"No, lady, not at all. Many's the time I wished I had a car."

"Yes," said the old man. "I have had some terrible disappointments but none stands out over the years like the one that came to me when I was a boy."

"And what was it?"

"When I was a boy I crawled under a tent to see a circus and discovered it was a revival meeting."



If a man could have half his wishes, he would usually double his troubles.



It is told that a group of citizens in Lancaster, Ohio, a little over a century ago, petitioned the school board for the use of the schoolhouse for a discussion of the new invention, the steam locomotive. The school board gave careful consideration to the petition and gave this decision: "If God in His infinite wisdom had intended mankind to be hurtled through space at the outrageous speed of fifteen miles an hour He would have said so in His Holy Scripture."



Along a western highway is a billboard plugging Smith Bros. Cough Drops with this catch line: "Take one to bed with you." Across the bottom of the board some local wag has written: "I wouldn't sleep with either one of 'em."



Move upon a man's mind and you will produce an opinion; move upon his emotions and you will produce action.



Advice to loose talkers: Build a better mouth trap.



Two ants were racing at great speed across a cracker box.

"Why are we running so fast?" asked the first ant.

"Don't you see—it says tear along this dotted line," replied the second one.



Very frequently a fight for what is right degenerates into a quarrel for what is left.



Depend on the rabbit's foot if you will, but remember it didn't work for the rabbit.



Don't ask a horse with blinkers to describe the landscape.



A man visiting General Robert E. Lee went into a local store to make some purchases, but when he came to pay for them he discovered that he had left his wallet back at the General's house. He was about to send for it when the proprietor of the store said: "You needn't do that. We'll be glad to charge your purchases. "But you don't know me," the customer answered. "That's all right," said the merchant. "I saw you walking with General Lee yesterday and he doesn't walk the streets with men who don't pay their bills."



The other fellow's sins, like the other fellow's car lights, always appear more glaring than our own.



When I was a boy I bought two rabbits. Two years later I still had two rabbits. How was I to know they were brothers?

New York Letter . . .

By LUCIE INGRAM

AUGUST is the most popular vacation month in the East . . . as it is in most parts of the country. Holiday-bound vacationists jam Grand Central and Penn Stations, the bridges and highways, which all lead to the water in some direction like a huge wagon wheel. The faces and luggage always look so neat at the departure and so sun-burned and ragged on the return. It's easy to tell which way they're going. But, no matter how many Manhattanites leave town, the streets and parks still remain crowded to capacity. In the evenings all the walks and benches along the East and Hudson rivers are filled with dogs, children, parents, lovers, and lonely souls looking for a bit of conversation. It's quite a sight . . . and proof that everyone must satisfy that urge for the water, the earth and sky whether it be for only an hour or for a glorious week.

"Dog Bites Man," in the original form, was presented on Madison Avenue the other day. The dog, one of those shaggy affairs that looks like a bathroom rug thrown over a stick, was being dragged down the street by a leash. He wasn't even allowed to investigate his favorite water plug and it was evident that he was getting pretty burned up about his lack of canine rights. Just at his breaking point a man started to pass him. The man had the look of one just showered and changed and his lively stride bespoke of a pleasant and important appointment. But the dog didn't give a wag about that. He was sore. So, as that well-creased trouser leg swung by his left ear he relieved his emotions by taking a healthy nip of material and holding on until a neat but ample strip of gabardine lay on the pavement. The man was speechless . . . plunged from a high sense of well-being into complete chaos. His problem was painfully plain. Should he go back home, change and be late or continue on and be the victim of hard glances and

disparaging remarks? As we passed the trio the dog's master and the man were trying to adjust the irreparable situation. They seemed rather unfriendly. The dog? He just relaxed on his haunches . . . a job well done. And no newcomers to the scene would ever dream that he had just committed a crime of passion.

When the lid blew off the OPA Manhattanites wondered what would happen. But they didn't wonder very long. With few exceptions there was no change at all. Large businesses ran advertisements stating their their prices would remain the same and small businesses stated verbally that they welcomed the relief and return to competitive selling. The general opinion was that anyone who abused the return to freedom would blow up by their own petards very shortly. The U. S. still can go on the honor system.

June Havoc went through the "works" at Elizabeth Arden's just before she left for a run with a summer stock company. We spotted her in the hair salon under a dryer. She was swathed in one of those big, white, body massage coats with her sun-tanned legs and bare feet extended to a shelf higher than her head. The body massage had been interrupted for the hair-do. Needless to say, her posture as well as her name caused considerable curiosity. When she emerged from the dryer and had her long, golden hair combed out she was really something delectable to see. She is as blond as her famous sister, Gypsy Rose Lee, is brunette. She has an inviting smile and pleasant manner. As she skidded back to the massage salon in her paper scuffies it was delightfully obvious that the big, white coat was her only piece of raiment. Maybe her sister could have made more out of it . . . we don't know.

One of the greatest temper tests in Manhattan today is waiting to be waited on in the stores. It happens to all alike; the famous and the small fry. In W.&J. Sloane and Co. on Fifth Ave. we saw Cornelia Otis Skinner wafting up and

down the aisles of the lampshade department clutching a large lamp-shade in her hands in quest of someone to make her "find" legal. She wasn't having much luck but her patience seemed well in hand. One wondered how such a brilliant wit, author, actress and worthy challenger to the erudite minds on INFORMATION PLEASE could ever lack for attention. But then, anything can happen in New York.

Authors who have taken a lashing under the pen of the New Yorker's book critic, Edmund Wilson, can now chuckle in their garrets. Mr. Wilson's new book "Hegate County," has been pulled off the shelves by the vice squad. They say its obscene and stuff. If you have a copy, hold on to it . . . it's likely to become a collector's item. One wonders how the New Yorker Magazine will step around this charge of shame to one of its staff.

Let's hope they don't try to make face by running recipes for casseroles or the bright sayings of children (for five dollars).

Why in the world doesn't LUCKY STRIKE change their ad. That ungainly man with the tremendous leaf of tobacco is enough to make an inveterate chain smoker simmer down to a link. And we have to look at him month after month. Maybe he does all his own work . . . we don't know . . . but it seems as though there should be SOMETHING else around the plantation to take a pitcher of.

Hint for summer theatre-goers in New York: Call the theatre and find out if it is air-conditioned. No matter how good the show, it is almost impossible to sit for two hours or so in a steamy, sticky seat and keep track of what's going on. And it's surprising how many theatres are not air-conditioned.



The well-known American conductor, Edwin McArthur, was directing one of the rehearsals of the Summer Symphony not long ago when to his amazement one of the French horns suddenly sounded a prolonged blare during a long pause in the music. With a quick gesture McArthur halted the players and strode over to the culprit with a demand for an explanation.

"Ach, Maestro" explained the horn player in some embarrassment, "It was a fly on my score—and I played him."

▲
There are two kinds of people—those who own the earth, and the 98 per cent who spend their lives paying interest.

"I suppose, Uncle Jim, you remember a good deal about the politics of the early days?"

"Well, I never tuk much int'rest in pollytics, but I kin recollect when John C. Fremont was 'lected President."

"Fremont? Why, Fremont was never elected."

"He wun't? Well, now that gets me. I heerd a leadin' speaker talk the night 'fore 'lection, an' he said if John C. Freemont wun't 'lected the country would fall to ruin an' everybody would have to shut up shop. Course, I didn't take the papers; but noticin' thet things went on 'bout same as before, I calculated John won. So he wun't 'lected? Well, 'byjinks! Thet gits me!"

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

Some Summer Things To See

by JEANNE TAYLOR

DOG DAYS are growling just around the corner and the days ahead will be hotter than Mrs. Murphy's laundry, but sultry New Yorkers and eager heavers from the Hinterlands still muster enough ambition to prowl around Peter Stuyvesant's old cow pasture.

Nothing seems to enrich a tan as much as a touch of gold against bronzed skin, and if you possess \$23.49 for sun glasses, go and try on a pair of gold-plated specs by Suray at Macey's.

You'll see plenty of good-looking bathing suits, slacks, pedal pushers, et al, but we suggest that you stick to tall buildings. After all, isn't that what you came to New York for?

Now for that sightseeing business. If you're staying midtown, take a double decker bus down Fifth Avenue. Take the El to Staten Island ferry, and ferry across. It's particular fun after you've had a wet, late evening and you're full of cigarette smoke and booze. Go over and come back on the same ferry (there's nothing to do on the island except eat stale frankfurters and drink awful coffee) and manage to come back at dawn. Success of this trip depends upon the company you keep. Never anything better—with the Statue of Liberty coming out of the mist; the lights going on in the big Wall street buildings as charwomen start to work.

The most exciting trip to take is the boat around the island. Takes around four hours and you sail from Pier 1 or 2 and go around the Battery and up the East River, across the Bronx River and down the Hudson. Really fun and you see more this way than any other way, I believe.

Don't miss Wall Street and Pine Street. Go on Saturday or Sunday when you won't get pushed around. On this trip go to Washington Market and guess you'd better make it Saturday. The market is exciting and surrounding streets have all the flower carts in the world. Also nice places to pop into for hot shrimp and beer.

Bleeker Street is also for Saturday fun. Go on the El to Delancey street and look over what's happened to Hell's Kitchen. All nice and clean. But the push carts on Orchard Street are fun to see and there are some super Jewish dairy lunch places where the coffee is superh and cheese hintzes melt in your mouth. You can watch the Italian boys play hocky in the playgrounds. That's a wonderful game.

Have cocktails on the roof of the RCA building but plan to go at least by 4:30 so you can get a table next to the windows. Nice, dreamy music. Good drinks. The Rainhow room isn't open but it's practically in the same lounge.

Don't ever discount the Empire State building. It's fun and it's good to have tea up there and I

mean tea! You can get drinks, of course. The Observatory is open from morning until midnight and the tariff for going up there is a dollar twenty for adults, sprouts under 16 years, 45 cents. However, it's free from Saturday noon through Sunday.

After you've been on a conducted tour of Rockefeller Center, ending on RCA observation roof, why not take a ride on the Long Island Railroad? Spend a full day going out to Montauk Point. Or, take a train to Bay Shore, then a boat to Fire Island to the most wonderful beach in the world. As you know, New York is the greatest summer resort in the country. (And our office boy says to include the cities, too.) Try the Fire Island trip on week days, and be sure to check your boat schedules. Weekend boat schedules are heavy and always crowded. There are fewer boats during the week but you can at least get on.

New York churches are wonderful, but we advise getting a guide book for these. There are good guide books that tell you, too, where the different nationality sections are located. Greeks, Italians, Armenians, etc., and the shops are terrific.

The theater section looks shoddy in the daytime, so why go through all the bother of being pushed around?

Doing Sixth Avenue is exciting, and another grand street is 38th, northside between 5th and 6th. Millinery section and fun. It's interesting to watch the diamond hoys work, too. Mostly curbstone business.

Third Avenue or Second Avenue in the 50s and 60s is for antique shops. Wonderful, exciting and noisy. Madison is the best shopping street, for little things, jewelry and clothes, and probably just as expensive as

Fifth, too.

If the kids keep tugging at your elbows and you still have enough physical stamina for another day of it, the Bronx Zoo is good for an all day whirl. However, if they're scholastic little squirts and like the finer things of life, the Children's Museum at Brooklyn Avenue and Park is unexcelled. They have special movies for kids Wednesday and Sunday at 4:30 p.m. Then there's the Gilbert Hall of Science at 25th and 5th Avenue, with a number of mechanical exhibits which children may operate, and to top it all off, go to McCreery's Big Top Restaurant, 34th and 5th Avenue. The place is entirely given over to the whimsies of the youngest generation.

By the time you get back to your hotel and the bank has been calling long distance all day about that overdraft, brother it's time to pack up and hit for the tall timber. Tired and winded as a glass hlower after a long day's stint, it may be that the boss will give you a few days off to rest up from your vacation.



NEW YORK THEATRES

(Addresses and telephone numbers listed at the end)

Plays

- ★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield) A thrilling all-negro play about a determined young woman of poor reputation, which is fast earning a reputation for director Harry Wagstaff Gribble as it rolls into its second year on Broadway. Valerie Black, Charles Swain, and Claire Jay have the leads. Nightly except Monday. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.
- ★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum) A fast moving comedy about a lady tramp who gets religion and double crosses her racketeer boy friend. Paul Douglas is a bit as the nimble fingered gentleman of devious dealings. Judy Holliday turns out a great performance also. Nightly except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.
- ★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton) The authors of "Tomorrow the World" present their plea for racial tolerance under guise of drama. The play is more successful as melodrama than as social discussion, but it's worth seeing at any rate. It is the story of a negro veteran and a lovely young white girl who fall in love. Barbara Bel Geddes, daughter of the famous architect, turns out a brilliant performance. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.
- ★ **THE GLASS MENAGERIE.** (Royale) The winner of the 1945 Drama Critic's Award continues to win the plaudits of the New York audience. Laurette Taylor is magnificent as the matron who wants to get her daughter married. Julie Haydon, Eddie Dowling and Anthony Ross also turn out excellent performances in Tennessee William's uneven but effective play. Nightly except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.
- ★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street Theatre) A side splitting story about a likable old rounder who usually rounds out the evenings hoh-nobbing with his close friend, a six foot bunny, at the local bar. Winner of the 1945 Pulitzer Prize, Harvey is still a four bell favorite with Frank Fay taking most of the honors as the contented alcoholic. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.
- ★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou) Father's whiskers may be streaked with grey as this lively play enters its seventh continuous year, but his dialogue is just as sparkling as it ever was. Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family continues to prove its merits. Donald Randolph and Mary Loane play Father and Mother. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.
- ★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire) Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine very capably portray the eternal triangle. The show was written by the young Englishman, Terrance Rattigan, and was formerly called "Love In Idleness." Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:40. Re-opens August 26. Tickets now available at box office.
- ★ **ON WHITMAN AVENUE.** (Cort) This play makes a stab at portraying the problems of a negro family moving into a white neighborhood, but is not quite eloquent or dramatic enough to do the situation full justice. Canada Lee heads the cast. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinee Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson) Ralph Bellamy gets caught in an attempt to get into the White House and stay in his own at the same time. Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay are the authors of this Pulitzer Prize winning play, whose cast includes Ruth Hussey, Myron McCormick and Margalo Gillmore. Nightly, except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **SWAN SONG.** (Booth) Another addition to the growing list of psychological melodramas. Though the play is written by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, there is little to draw your attention except a twelve-year-old piano prodigy called Jacqueline Horner. The story is about murder among musicians. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco) A lively comedy by John Van Druten about an innocent working girl who refuses to face the facts (of life) squarely. Now in its third year, the cast consists of Vicki Cummings, Beatrice Pearson and Alan Baxter. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

Musicals

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial) Ethel Merman, of the brass coated lungs, plays the part of sharpshooting Annie Oakley, in this boisterous comedy, who tosses targets into turmoil and the audience into the aisles. Irving Berlin wrote the music, and the two Fields wrote the book. The whole thing is presented by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **AROUND THE WORLD.** (Adelphi) A simple novel by Jules Verne has been made over by the wonder boy, Orson Welles, into a riotous conglomeration of silent movies, burlesque melodrama, and assorted vaudeville numbers which rocks the audience in their seats. Arthur Margetson and Mr. Welles head the enormous cast. Cole Porter wrote the music. Nightly, except Friday, at 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National) A parting shot at army life by an all-vet troupe, proves to be one of the best finds of the current season. Songs by Harold Rome, sketches by Arnold Auerbach, and



a magnificent cast headed by Betty Garrett and Jules Munshin make this show a "Must" in New York. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic) Rodgers and Hammerstein have turned out another hit in this moralistic story set in 19th century New England. Agnes de Mille arranged the fascinating dance sequences, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. It is in its second year. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James) No longer a show, but an institution. This marvelous musical portrayal of "Green Grow the Lilacs" is in its fourth year. By all means don't miss it. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th St. Theatre) A lively revival starring Eddie Foy Jr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. The music by Victor Herbert is just as good as it was forty years ago. The plot is lively though it is a bit creaky in the joints. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld) By now a classic, this great show continues to pack in the crowds nightly. Heart-warming music by the late Jerome Kern and book by Edna Ferber. The cast includes Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, Charles Fredericks, and Buddy Ebsen, all of whom rival their famous predecessors. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Broadway) A musical masterpiece based upon the life of Edvard Grieg

and set to his music. The book is a little unwieldy but is carried on magnificently by Grieg's music. Lawrence Brooks and Robert Shafer play the leading roles. It is in its second year. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY.** (Broadhurst) Funnyman Ray Bolger's hilarious clowning and his soft shoe dancing will make you glad you saw this chummy revue. The young and lively cast includes Brenda Forbes, Jane Deering, and Rose Inghram. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

NEW YORK THEATRES

(“W” or “E” Denotes West or East of Broadway)

Adelphi.....	160 W.	44th	CI.	6-5097	E
Bijou.....	209 W.	45th	CO.	5-8215	W
Broadhurst.....	235 W.	44th	CI.	6-6699	W
Broadway.....	B'way	at 53rd	CI.	7-2887	
Cort.....	118 W.	48th	BR.	9-0046	E
Empire.....	B'way	at 40th	PE	6-9540	
Fulton.....	201 W.	46th	CI.	6-6380	W
Forty-Sixth St.....	226 W.	46th	CI.	6-6075	W
Forty-Eighth St.....	177 W.	48th	BR.	9-4566	E
Henry Miller.....	124 W.	43rd	BR.	9-3970	E
Hudson.....	141 W.	44th	BR.	9-5641	E
Imperial.....	249 W.	45th	CO.	5-2412	W
Lyceum.....	149 W.	45th	CH.	4-4256	E
Mansfield.....	256 W.	47th	CI.	6-9056	W
Morosco.....	217 W.	45th	CI.	6-6230	W
Majestic.....	245 W.	44th	CI.	6-0730	W
National.....	208 W.	41st	PE.	6-8220	W
Royale.....	242 W.	45th	CI.	5-5760	W
St. James.....	246 W.	44th	LA.	4-4664	W
Ziegfeld.....	6 Ave. &	54th	CI.	5-5200	E

SUMMER THEATRE

NEW YORK

- BLAUVELT—Green Bush Theatre.
- BRIDGEHAMTON, L. I.—Hampton Playhouse.
- CHAUTAUQUA—Chautauqua Theatre.
- CLINTON HOLLOW—Goode Theatre.
- CRAGSMOOR—Cragsmoor Theatre.
- EAST HAMPTON, L. I.—Drew Theatre.
- FISHKILL—Van Wyck Playhouse.
- GREAT NECK, L. I.—Chapel Theatre.
- HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—Art Theatre.
- LONG BEACH, L. I.—Crest Theatre.
- MALDEN BRIDGE—Malden Bridge Playhouse.
- MT. KISCO—Westchester Playhouse.
- PAWLING—Starlight Theatre.
- SARATOGA SPRINGS—Spa Theatre.
- SMITHTOWN, L. I.—Old Town Theatre.
- SUFFERN—County Theatre.
- WHITE PLAINS—Playhouse.
- WOODSTOCK—Woodstock Playhouse.

CONNECTICUT

- BRANFORD—Montwese Playhouse.
- CANTON—Show Shop.
- GREENWICH—Greenwich Playhouse.
- GUILFORD—Chapel Playhouse.
- IVORYTON—Ivoryton Playhouse.
- LITCHFIELD—Litchfield Theatre.
- NEW MILFORD—Theatre-in-the-Dale.
- STAMFORD—Guild Playhouse.
- WESTPORT—Westport Playhouse.

NEW JERSEY

- CAPE MAY—Cape Theatre.
- CLINTON—Music Hall Theatre.
- JUTLAND—Hunterdon Hills Playhouse.

- MILLBURN—Paper Mill Playhouse.
- TEANECK—Little Barn Theatre.
- UPPER MONTCLAIR—Studio Playhouse.

MASSACHUSETTS

- BEVERLY—High School Auditorium.
- BOSTON—Boston Summer Theatre.
- CAMBRIDGE—Brattle Hall.
- COHASSET—Town Hall.
- DENNIS—Cape Playhouse.
- FITCHBURG—Lake Whalom Playhouse.
- GLOUCESTER—Bass Rocks Theatre.
- PROVINCETOWN—Town Hall.
- STOCKBRIDGE—Berkshire Playhouse.
- WESTBORO—Red Barn Theatre.
- WORCESTER—The Playhouse.

MAINE

- BOOTHBAY—Boothbay Playhouse.
- BRIOGTON—Riverside Theatre.
- HARRISON—Deertrees Theatre.
- KENNEBUNKPORT—Kennebunkport Playhouse.
- LAKEWOOD—Summer Theatre.
- OCUNQUIT—Ogunquit Playhouse.
- SKOWHEGAN—Lakewood Theatre.
- SURRY—Surry Theatre.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

- KEENE—Keene Summer Theatre.

PENNSYLVANIA

- JENNERSTOWN—Mountain Playhouse.
- MT. GRETNA—Playhouse.
- MOYLAN—Hedgerow Theatre.
- NEW HOPE—Bucks County Playhouse.
- NUANGOLA—Grove Theatre.
- READING—Green Hills Playhouse.

RAMIFICATIONS

The local athletic champion had been holding forth as usual at great length about his strength. None of the club members could do anything about it. Presently one of the visitors looked up.

"I'll bet you ten dollars," he said, "that I can wheel something in a wheel barrow from one street lamp to the next and you can't wheel it back."

The local champion looked him over—not a hefty sort of a guy. He thought of bags of cement, bricks and old iron, and concluded that whatever the stranger could wheel, he could do better.

"Bet taken," he said.

The stranger smiled and with a couple of witnesses they set out. A wheel barrow was borrowed and taken to the nearest street lamp. "Get in, old man," he said to the boasting fellow.



The new minister was enthusiastic about foreign missions and one of his first tasks was to call on parishioners he knew would have money to enlist their support. "I'm sorry," said one wealthy farmer, "but I don't approve of foreign missions."

"But surely," the minister persisted, "you know that we are commanded to feed the hungry?"

"That may be," came the grim reply. "But couldn't we feed 'em on something cheaper than missionaries?"

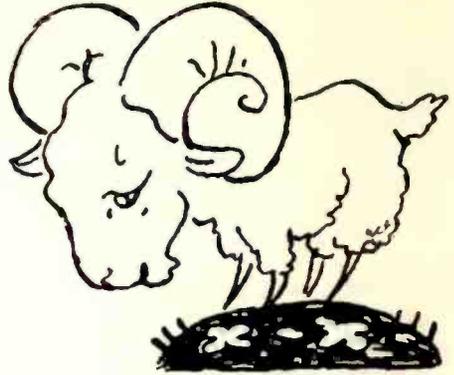


The work relief interviewer looked the applicant squarely in the eye. "You have a wife and family?"

"Yes, lady," was the reply, "I must have a job. I'm in so much trouble. My wife has gone to her folks and the children are all in the orphans' home. If I don't get a job I'll lose my car."



The way girls appear in slacks on the streets nowadays it's hard to know whether it's a girl walking ahead or a man with a grapefruit in each hip pocket.



A man entered a big store and made his way to the gardening department. "I want three lawnmowers," he said.

The assistant stared hard and said, "You must have a large estate, sir."

"Not at all," replied the man, "I have two neighbors."



"What's wrong with a fellow asking you if you can dance?"

"I was dancing with him when he asked me."



When Joe's dog tipped over a table in a cafe, four waiters dropped their trays at the same time and two couples got up to dance, thinking it was a new swing tune.



The screwball entered the drug store. "Do you handle pills that contain vitamins A, B, C, D, and G?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said the druggist.

"And guaranteed to give you pep and energy," persisted the nut. "Will they make a man of you and supply you with nerve and bounce and energy and wit?"

"Oh, yes," assented the druggist, seeing a large sale coming up.

The screwball sighed. "Gosh," he said wistfully. "How I wish I needed them."

Advice to young women. Don't marry a man to reform him. The rites never right him and the altar won't alter him.

Everyone can give pleasure in some way. Some by coming into a room and others by going out.

The bride tottered down the aisle. Her hair was gray and thin, and her sunken cheeks cracked in smiles as she nodded to friends and relatives. The groom was able to walk with the assistance of two younger groomsmen. His head was bald and shining and his store teeth chattered and clicked as he walked. These were the two who waited until they could afford to get married.

We grow neither better nor worse as we grow old, only more like ourselves.

She said: "Don't you love an evening like this?" And he replied, "Yes, but I usually wait, until we get a little farther out in the country."

An Irishman was relating his adventures in the jungle. "Ammunition, food and whisky had all run out," he said, "and we were parched with thirst."

"Wasn't there any water?"

"Sure, but it was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."

An angry wife accosted her late returning husband at the door. "Well, what's your excuse for coming in at this time of the night?"

"Well, my dear, I was playing golf with some friends—"

"A likely story, playing golf at 2 a.m.!"

"We certainly were. We were using night clubs."

Far out on a western gas station is a sign—"Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything we wouldn't live here."

A bus driver in Chattanooga gets results by calling out—"All right folks, fill up the back. Act like you're in church."

First Aid Instructor: "Let us assume you are driving along a country highway at night. Suddenly the car ahead of you skids into a ditch and turns over. As you approach, a man crawls out of the wreck and collapses on the ground with one leg twisted under him. What would you do?"

Star Pupil: "First I'd make sure he was unconscious and then I'd swipe his tires."

An old Negro was asked which breed of chicken he liked best. "All kinds has merits," he replied. "De white ones is de easiest to find in de dark, but de black ones is de easiest to hide after you finds 'em."

"And now," said the teacher, "give me a sentence using the word 'candor.'"

"Please mam," said the bright boy, "my father had a very pretty stenographer, but after ma saw her he candor."

"I want you to vaccinate me where it won't show."

"All right and my fee is ten dollars in advance."

"Why in advance?"

"Because after I start to work, I often weaken and don't charge anything."

Judge: "Do you wish to challenge anyone on the jury?"

Prisoner: "Well. I think I could lick that little guy on the end."

"It's not only the work I enjoy," said the taxi driver, "but, it's the people I run into."

"I married a man in the fire department."

"Volunteer?"

"No. Pa made him."

A mother asked a new nurse how she tested the temperature of the baby's bath. The new nurse replied: "You fill the bath with water and put the baby in. If the baby turns red, it's too hot; if the baby turns purple, it's too cold; and if the baby turns white, it needed a bath."



The diner who had done himself extremely well, called for the manager of the restaurant.

"Do you know," he asked genially, "that I dined here five years ago, and you had me thrown out because I couldn't pay?"

"Indeed, sir?" laughed the manager. "Well, well; please accept my apologies." "Don't mention it," laughed the diner. "Do it again."



Maybe you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, but many a woman has gotten a mink coat out of an old goat.



A man walked into a hat shop. "I've just lost a bet," he said, "and I want a soft hat."

The salesman, selecting a hat from the shelf, handed it to the customer with a remark:

"This is the softest hat we have."

The customer gazed at it speculatively. "What I want, is something a little more tender. You see I have to eat it."



A comment on the housing problem is included in this story of an inspector who found four families living in one room of a tenement house. Chalk lines had been drawn in such a manner as to mark a quarter of the room for each family.

"How do you get along here?" asked the inspector.

"Pretty well," was the reply, "except for that family in the corner. They keep borders."



The boss was sore. "You've already had leave," he shouted, "to see your wife off on a trip, for your mother-in-law's funeral, for your daughter's measles and your son's christening. What is the excuse for time off this time?"

"I want to get married, sir."



Their cars having collided, Sandy and Pat were surveying the wreckage. Sandy offered Pat a drink. Pat drank deeply of the liquor and Sandy returned the bottle to his pocket.

"Thank ye," said Pat, "but aren't ye going to have a nip yourself?"

"Aye," said Sandy, "but not until the police have come and smelled liquor on your breath and not on mine."



A Washington hostess phoned a friend and said: "I hear your husband is about to be appointed to a cabinet post. If that is true, won't you please come to dinner Tuesday evening. If it isn't true, do come in for coffee afterwards."—Washington Tapestry.



An undertaker found a donkey dead in front of his premises and went to inform the police. The officer had a sense of humor.

"Go ahead and bury it," said the officer. "You're an undertaker, aren't you?"

"Yes," said the undertaker, "but I thought it only right to come around and inform the relatives first."

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** For the best in atmosphere of drama, the airport restaurant is unsurpassed. Breeze through breakfast, luncheon or dinner as you watch through glassed-in walls the big airliners taking off for distant cities. Beautiful hostesses, fascinating murals, dapper pilots, busy crews, are all part of the 24-hour show at the Airport restaurant. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Tasty dinners served in cool air-conditioned comfort keynote this colorful eating spot. Crisp garden vegetables and enticing salads are summer eating features. There's a wide assortment of pastries, and fine choice of meats. Good food and prompt service are bywords. Plenty of parking space in rear. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** Beautiful dining room famous for tempting dinners. The casual quietness of the atmosphere makes it an ideal spot for family and Sunday dinners. Facilities for banquets and large dinner parties available. The popularity of this place make reservations a swell idea. Excellent food and quick service receive top billing. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ **COMMERCE GRILL.** Generous helpings of home-cooked food and fast service punctuate the atmosphere at the Commerce. Tasty bread and sweet rolls are featured. 917 Grand. VI. 1448.

★ **ED'S LUNCH.** If you have nostalgia for the newspaper world and its people, you'll find plenty of company here. Frequently inhabited by the Kansas City Star bunch. Tasty food at reasonable prices. Closed Sundays. 1713 Grand Ave. GR. 9732.

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** Fresh sea food is not just an expression here. Tasty shrimp and fish arrive daily by air express from the Gulf. Cozy booths, quick service, from 11 a.m. until midnight. Closed Mondays. Brush Creek and the Paseo. VA. 9757.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Catering to devotees of fine sea food. Glenn offers the most delicious black walnut waffles, too. Quick service for busy business-people in this spotless, newly redecorated eating place. Open from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. Closed Saturday and Sunday. 819 Walnut. Scarritt Arcade. HA. 9716.

★ **MAYFAIR COFFEE SHOP.** Comfortable red and black leather upholstered booths trimmed with chrome. Choice steaks and chops. Breakfast, luncheon and dinner. Opens 7 a.m., closes 9 p.m. In the Mayfair Apartment Hotel. Linwood and Tracy. VA. 3870.

★ **MILANO'S.** If you're raving for ravioli and sighing for spaghetti, here is the answer to your prayers. For a melody in meat balls this place is hard to beat. Colorful surroundings and fast service. Closed Sundays. 31st and Campbell. VA. 9662.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** Long famous in Kansas City for food. The walls of the place are crowded with photographs of celebrities who have eaten there. Parking just across the street. In the B.M.A. building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **NU-WAY DRIVE IN.** Largest in the city. Specializing in fine sandwiches, which are honestly and truly different, and refreshing fountain drinks. Here is the spot for that evening snack. Nu-Way caters to the evening crowds, and summer formals and off-the-shoulder gowns can be seen any night while their owners munch tasty hamburgers. A pre-war feature is prompt curb service to your car. Linwood at Main, Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★ **PHILLIPS HOTEL COFFEE SHOP.** An oasis for busy shoppers and a wise choice for luncheon or dinner. Tables and booths in cool air-conditioned surroundings. Just a step up from the Phillips lobby. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** Just around the corner from the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys. An ideal place to get a snack after bowling, or roller skating on the big Pla-Mor rink. Home-made pies and cakes are a featured specialty. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

★ **UNITY INN.** One of the most unique spots in the middle west. Meatless meals are almost miraculously prepared with the emphasis on big, cool salads, ideal for summer eating. It's the nationally known vegetarian cafeteria of the Unity School of Christianity. Luncheons and dinners Monday through Friday. Sunday 11:30-2:00. Closed Saturdays. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **VERDI'S.** Famous Italian food in a cool downstairs setting, artfully decorated by massive stone pillars. Formerly the Rathskeller. Complete dinners from \$1, and a fine choice of chicken, prime ribs and turkey. Dinner music by lovely Monica Triska. 1115 E. Armour. VA. 9388.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** One of the most popular spots on the County Club Plaza. The most beautiful drive-in spot in the city, with its circular architecture and colorful interior. Prompt service always, inside and out. The home of Z-Lan rabbit dinners and fine fried chicken. Air-conditioned. Weekdays 11:30 to 1 a.m.; Sunday, noon to midnight. Closed Mondays. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** A long-time favorite with south side diners, an attractive dining room, an ideal place for your date. Tempting summer dinners, and the colorful El Bolero cocktail lounge is conveniently near for those who prefer an appetizer before dinner. Prices are very reasonable. Hotel Ambassador. 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** An intimate south side spot featuring talented Alma Hatten at the piano. A versatile expressionist of the keyboard, Miss Hatten's nostalgic and sometimes breezy renditions, attract admiring crowds each night. Food and service are exceptional. Convenient parking next door at the Congress garage. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** An ideal choice for cool, comfortable summer dining. Excellent food served in a smart setting of oak paneled walls. Finest of foreign and domestic liquors. A fine place to start the evening off. It is also a popular noonday luncheon spot, too. Under the same management as Maurice's on Brookside Plaza. 113 E. 10th. VI. 4352.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** One of Kansas City's newest restaurants is cheerfully dominated by Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach. The former Colony Club has been completely redecorated under Gus' guiding hand. A new star has arisen in the Kansas City entertainment sky. Johnny Barnett, brilliant young piano stylist, offers fascinating rhythm for dinner or cocktails. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** A popular spot for many years, and distinguished for serving the best in Italian foods, choice, ancient vintage wines, by pretty girls in gay and colorful costumes. Spaghetti and ravioli, of course. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Friendly meeting place of radio actors, writers and announcers. Roomy and high-ceilinged and congenial atmosphere always. A sound choice for late afternoons. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MARTIN'S.** Missouri and Kansas homemakers alike are taking it easy these days while the whole family eats out at this inviting spot. Choice T-bone steaks, barbecued ribs and fried chicken are featured. Dancing and entertainment on Friday and Saturday nights. Air-conditioning and plenty of good cold beer go hand in hand to make this a stop on your "must" list. 41st and State, New Highway 40, Kansas City, Kansas. DR. 9588.

★ **PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT.** A cozy supper club just East of the city limits where you may see a shapely and sightly floor show. Southern fried chicken dinners. 2240 Blue Ridge. IND. 5702.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** Favorite first stopping place for all Plaza sundodgers. Good food and liquor coupled with hospitable service never fails to draw crowds. Tables and booths, or you can sit at the attractive horseshoe bar. Fascinating Mary Dale

entertains at the Solovox. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Willie Weber packs the place nightly with his popular piano capers. Good food and cozy atmosphere add to your pleasure, and those famous Pusateri steaks with garlic sauce are the answer to a gourmet's dreams and prayers. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** A casual dining room which usually wins the nomination of as many southsiders who can get in. Famous Pusateri food, and the salads are wonderful. Don't miss those French fried onions. Piano rhythms in the evening. Opens 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel. Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Modernistic fixtures and indirect lighting provide an intimate atmosphere for this favorite Waldo meeting place. Excellent food served in a dining room apart from the cocktail lounge, making it ideal for family luncheons or dinners. Ala carte after nine. 405 W. 75th. JA. 9796.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Eating here is a remembrance. Richly furnished with dark mahogany paneled walls brings on nostalgic aches for the good old days. The food is traditionally the best, and there is a fine assortment of imported and domestic liquors. 9th and Central. CI. 3890.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** One of the more popular downtown spots where there is always plenty of people—yet plenty of room. Twinkling Zola Palmer and sparkling Zena Shenk entertain with beautiful arrangements on the Hammond organ. Conveniently located, it is a fine choice for late afternoon as well as evening. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A small, cozy downtown stopover for the late afternoon cocktail hour. Best place in town to make small change go a long way. The bargain "two for one" cocktail hour is featured daily from 3 to 5. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Alberta Bird, popular WHB organist, is the musical magnet with her popular rendition of requested tunes. Quaintly South American and beautifully decorated in Latin murals by Mig-non Worley, popular Kansas City artist. Conven-



ient sanctuary from the summer heat. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Followers of the mystic grape will find a pleasant haven in this smartly decorated room, inspired by the poetry of the famous Persian philosopher, Omar Khayyam. Hot evenings are eased by cool drinks and the music of lovely Lois Ellen at the organ. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **LA CANTINA.** The perfect place for a quiet drink. Smartly decorated in colorful red and white, this cozy place is really soothing after a hot day. Ward Perry enhances the calm atmosphere with distinctive piano stylings. Hotel Bellerive, Armour boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Soft lights, deep green walls, palm fronds, tall iced drinks, and smooth music—a busy man's dream of a summer paradise, that's the Tropics. This popular oasis on the third floor of Hotel Phillips is always amply peopled. Careys float away as you listen to soft melodies by Mary Anne Garwood and Eleanore Roberts. Phillips Hotel, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A cool green room just off the famous El Casbah. The dark green walls together with soft lights makes this another slick summer hideaway. You'll see and hear many name acts of the El Casbah. Excellent food and drinks. Opens 11 a.m. with entertainment from 3 p.m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **BLUE HILLS.** A place you'll go back to again and again. Colorfully decorated in blue and silver, Blue Hills has long been famous in Kansas City for its tasty barbecued ribs, flavorful steaks and fried chicken. Spacious and beautiful Amber room is now open and entertainment is continuous from 7:30 to 1:30. Tony Carraci offers scintillating Latin rhythms nightly. Eddie Cross is your host. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **BOWMAN'S RESTAURANT.** One of Kansas City's newest spots. For excellent east side dining and drinking, Bowman's is first choice. Tasty Southern fried chicken and juicy steaks in an air-conditioned dining room next to a canopied cocktail lounge. Orchestra and dancing nightly. 3210 E. 15th. BE. 9399.

★ **CLUB FIESTA.** If you want to dance to music by one of the smoothest bands in town you'll not want to miss Larry Phillips and his five piece orchestra. A spacious dance floor with air conditioned atmosphere contributes to an enjoyable evening. Another feature is fine drinks mixed exactly to your specifications by that old master, Hubert Jenkins. Your host is Russ Wassweiler. 12 East 39th St. For reservations call VA. 9579.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** Barbecued ribs, crisp fried chicken and juicy steaks served on big scrubbed oak tables in an old world setting of beaten copper lamps and antiques in this amazing replica of an old half-way house. An attractive cocktail lounge in connection is free of the cabaret tax. Dance in air-conditioned comfort every night. The Swope Park street car brings you right to the door. Closed Wednesdays until 4:30. Swope Parkway and Benton. WA. 9699.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Judy Conrad's popular band entertains nightly with Billy Snyder, the world's smallest trumpeter, stopping the show with his musical capers. Popular with south side dayhater,

it is just beyond the Russian Room with the dazzling glass bar. A good place for a full evening of entertainment. Dancing from 6 to 1:30 | LaSalle Hotel. 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Mecca for all those who long for the famous entertainment characteristic of Chicago's Pump Room and New York's Plaza. Paul Reagan, widely lauded comedian and mimic, will be the featured entertainer during August. Saturday afternoon is very popular, with a cocktail Dansant and free rhumba lessons by Arthur Murray teachers, and no cover charge. The cuisine and liquors served are only the best. Hotel Bellerive. Armour Boulevard at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MARY'S.** One of the most popular night spots in Kansas City. The consistently good music and spacious dance floor never fails to draw large crowds. Newly remodeled with romantic soft lighting arrangement. An ideal choice for weekends. "Name" bands change every two weeks. No reservations. Setups and beer only. Easily reached, at 8013 Wornall Road. JA. 9441.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Walls are lined with drawings of famous people, and the room is filled with the sure-beat rhythms of Pianist Julia Lee. Good food and drinks. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Cool and inviting as the name implies, the Penguin Room is artistically mirrored. Roy Mack and his orchestra are being held over indefinitely by popular demand. No music for luncheon, but you will find the customary excellent food and service. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** An attractive supper club located in a spacious colonial style mansion just a short drive east of town on Highway 40. Al Duke, famous singer of Irish songs, will be the featured entertainer during August. The dinner menu includes chicken, steak and delicious frog legs. Dance to Jerry Gilbert's lilting melodies. Weekend reservations assure you a table. Highway 40. East of Kansas City. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Long a favorite dinner dancing spot of Kansas City society. Recently redecorated, the Mansion turns out some of the most tempting steak dinners in town. Sweet, yet swingy dance music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **SKY-HIGH ROOF.** Wonderful weekend dancing in the outdoors, atop one of Kansas City's most popular hotels. Kenny White and his orchestra offer smooth dance music Friday and Saturday nights. Other nights the roof is available for parties. Call Mr. McEachin at the Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Traditionally the finest in these parts for many years. Name hotel bands change every four weeks. Noonday luncheons are tasty and reasonable, and usually no reservation is needed. Evenings, however, it is a different story. Hotel Muchlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Jeannie Leitt continues to wow the loud, chummy crowd with her heavy-beat boogies and cute little songs. She is one of the highest paid entertainers in Kansas City and worth it. The food is good, prices reasonable and service efficient. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A roomy night club with all around entertainment until the wee hours. Currently featured is Max Bicknell's orchestra, with emphasis on smooth dance music. Floor shows at 11:30 p.m. and 2:30 a.m. with a new show every

week. There's something about Tootie's that always makes a party feel welcome. 79th and Wornall Road, DE. 1253.

For the Week-End . . .

★ **BELLA VISTA.** One of the most fashionable spots in the Ozarks. Beautiful Sunset Hotel overlooking the valley. American plan. The prices are very reasonable. Farm fresh foods from the land of milk and honey are on hand for all meals. All summer amusements are available for the guest—swimming, either in the pool or lake, boating, fishing, hiking, riding. Dancing nightly in the cool underground night club. Long famous as a vacationer's paradise, Bella Vista is the ideal spot to spend a pleasant week-end or vacation. Write or wire Lineharger Brothers, Bella Vista, Ark.

★ **THE ELMS.** Picturesquely set in the cool green hills of Excelsior Springs, this massive resort hotel offers the most complete facilities in the mid-west for a pleasure-filled week-end. Horseback riding, cycling, hiking, swimming, tennis—all may be found on the beautiful grounds surrounding the Elms. Dining and dancing in the cool evenings to the music of Ray Drake and his orchestra. Spacious and beautiful rooms, good meals, and pleasant atmosphere make the week-end at the Elms one to remember always. American Plan. Weekly rates from \$10. The Elms Hotel. Excelsior Springs, Mo.

★ **FAIRYLAND PARK.** Everything to make the day enjoyable. Swim in the crystal pool or dance on the spacious dance floor. Rides for the kiddies—from seven to seventy. There are excellent facilities for week-end picnics. Dancing to "name" bands every Friday, Saturday and Sunday evening.

The swimming pool opens at 10 a.m. Fairyland Park. 7501 Prospect. DE. 2040.

★ **THE OAKS HOTEL.** One of the newest resorts in famous Excelsior Springs, adjoining the million dollar Hall of Waters with its huge swimming pool. All rooms have private bath. Excellent food is served in the beautiful Java dining room. It's easy to relax in the fascinating Coon Hunt Room, one of the most quaintly decorated cocktail lounges in the mid-west. American plan. Weekly rates from \$35. European plan optional. The Oaks Hotel. Excelsior Springs, Mo.

★ **ROCKAWAY BEACH.** One of the most popular resorts in the Ozarks, on beautiful Lake Taneycomo. Easily reached by bus, train, or auto, Rockaway Beach features the finest of accommodations at rates which are easy on your pocketbook. A thousand and one things to do for the week-end vacationer. Swim, fish, boat, surfboard, golf, ride, tennis, dancing. Relax and play at Rockaway. Write—The Merriam Co., Rockaway Beach, Mo.

★ **TRAILS END RANCH.** A beautiful four thousand acre guest ranch in the heart of the Missouri Ozarks. Near luxurious Bennett Springs State Park. Moderate rates that easily fit your budget. All summer sports are available to the guest. Horseback riding, swimming, boating, fishing, hiking, tennis, and many others. Good home-cooked meals in a restful atmosphere. Write P. O. Box 783, Kansas City Mo., or Trails End Ranch, Lebanon, Mo.

★ **WILDWOOD LAKES.** An ideal place to spend the day. All the facilities are available for cool summer picnicking. The picturesque lake is an excellent place to swim. Dancing on the modern pavilion until midnight to the smooth music of Curtis Foster and his orchestra. Only eight minutes from Swope Park. 63rd street through Raytown.



Producer Joe Pasternak was getting shaved on the Chief as it roared toward Chicago. With the ease of one trained to his job the barber slashed away contentedly to the rhythm of the swaying train. Shortly the train came to a stop and the barber laid down his razor. "What's wrong?" asked Pasternak. "Why don't you finish the job while the train is standing still?"

"Not on your life," replied the barber. "Do you think I'm going to take a chance on cutting you?"—*Santa Fe Magazine.*

A small boy quarreled with his playmate across the street. The neighbor boy went home in a huff. "All right with me," said the first lad. "Let him go home. I don't need him. I can play by myself."

"Fine," said his father. "Now let's see you go out into the yard and play on your teeter-totter."



Love starts when a woman sinks into a man's arms but it winds up with her arms in a sink.

COLLINS STUFF

The average person probably considers the jitterbug the most floor-rending of dances. The old-fashioned polka is regarded as proper and sedate. Yet a study of the vibrations set up in floors by various dances, the tango, fox trot and rhumba, as well as the jitterbug and polka, has shown that the polka beats all the rest and is far ahead of the pneumatic jack drill used to break up asphalt pavements in its power to cause vibrations.



She—"How about a diamond bracelet?"

He—"My dear, extenuating circumstances perforce me to exclude you from such a bauble of extravagance."

She—"I don't get it."

He—"That's just what I said."



Men who drive one-handed are headed for church. Some will walk down the aisle—others will be carried.



One day an Indian came into the store of a Gallup trader, blinking from the brilliant noonday sun. The trader sold him a pair of black sunglasses.

After the usual dallying for an hour or so and the usual bottle of pop the Indian started home. Almost at once he was back. He hadn't realized it was getting dark outside; he was a long way from home, in a strange country. Whereupon the trader said a few well chosen words of comfort and sold him a lantern and a quart of kerosene.



The celebrated English clergyman and wit, Sidney Smith, was discussing the relative importance of two prominent men. "There is the same difference between their tongues," he observed, "as between the hour and the minute hand on a clock. The one goes 12 times as fast, the other signifies 12 times as much.

Two men left a banquet together after they had dined too well. "When you get home," advised one, "if you don't want to disturb your family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly and creep up stairs and into bed. It's the undressing in your room that awakens the wife."

Next day they met at lunch. "How did you get along?" asked the one. "Rotten," said the other. "I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me and folded them neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I got to the top of the stairs, I found it was the L-station."



An Englishman and an American were traveling in the same compartment on the Liverpool Express. The former spoke not a word to his companion, who was the only other occupant of the compartment. Only when the train was crossing Runcorn Bridge did the American speak:

"Excuse me, sir, but your tie is riding up over your collar."

"Well, what of it?" curtly demanded the Englishman. "Your coat pocket has been smoldering with fire for five minutes and I haven't bothered you."



A man is like a tack. He will only get as far as his head will let him.



Money may not make you happy but it will enable you to be miserable in comfort.



"Say, Jim, where did you get that beautiful blonde I saw you with last night?"

"I dunno. I just opened my pocket-book and there she was."



Philosophy is the discovery that you might be worse off than you are.

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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

Warner Brothers

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Paul Henreid, Alexis Smith, Eleanor Parker, Patric Knowles. In a magnificent screen portrayal of Somerset Maugham's prize-winning novel, Paul Henreid is the hypersensitive artist who decides to study medicine. By chance he meets and falls madly in love with a cheap and vulgar young woman of questionable reputation (Eleanor Parker). Throughout the remainder of the story Paul tries to shake off the stagnant hold of this woman, but time and again he succumbs to her deadly attraction for him and is drawn into the depths. In the end she dies, a lonely and despoised thing, but still holding Paul in her grasp. Freed by her death Paul marries, and somehow the screen's traditional happy ending is wrested from the chaotic turmoil. Though some of the thought-provoking sequences of the book are discarded, the film preserves much of the unforgettable irony of Maugham's masterpiece.

NIGHT AND DAY—Cary Grant, Alexis Smith, Monty Woolley, Jane Wyman.



Another addition to the growing list of biographical films about great composers, this musical film based on the career of songwriter Cole Porter is a bit uneven but is bolstered by the unforgettable music. Cary Grant portrays the composer, with Alexis Smith cast as his faithful wife. Ginny Simms, Mary Martin, and Carlos Ramirez add color to the film with their magnificent renditions of a magnificent cavalcade of Porter music. It is a pleasant, but unprepossessing musical.

Tentative Schedule of Pictures Expected in Kansas City in August

NEWMAN
NIGHT AND DAY
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE
LOEW'S MIDLAND
GREEN YEARS
 (The Walls Came Tumbling Down)
BOYS' RANCH
COURAGE OF LASSIE
RKO ORPHEUM
NOTORIOUS
KID FROM BROOKLYN
 (Falcon's Alibi)
TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE
 (Bedlam)
ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY
CENTENNIAL SUMMER
CANYON PASSAGE
ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM

Paramount

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Bob Hope, Joan Caulfield, Patric Knowles, Marjorie Reynolds. Bob Hope plays the part of dashing, slashing Monsieur Beaucaire in this playful hurlesque of Booth Tarkington's novel of intrigue during the days of Louis XV. The last time the story was presented on the screen, Rudolph Valentino had the leading part. Hope is cast as a barber to King Louis of France. He incurs the King's wrath and is sentenced to be beheaded, but he escapes to Spain and poses as a Duke. Disguised as a nobleman, Boh meets with many dangerous situations which demand his prowess as a swordsman. In the end, however, he proves that the wise-crack is a more dangerous weapon than the rapier, and walks triumphantly off with the scene and the girl—Joan Caulfield.

Twentieth Century Fox

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM—Irene Dunne, Linda Darnell, Rex Harrison, Mikhail Rasumny. Margaret Landon's best selling book has been made into a colorful extravaganza about the young widowed school teacher who suddenly finds herself in the midst of a heavy of harem hussies. Irene Dunne's sharp wit and excellent acting makes her performance as Anna, the western schoolmarm lost in the riches and mystery of the east, especially noteworthy.

RKO Radio Pictures

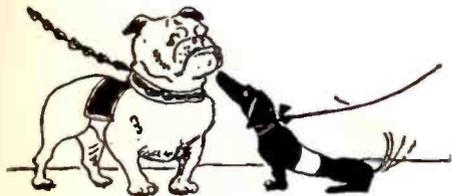
THE KID FROM BROOKLYN—Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, The Goldwyn Girls. Danny Kaye walks off with the show in his part of a zany mill wagon jockey who gets mixed up with prize fighting and become champion. Another Sam Goldwyn production in the same vein o Wonder Man and Up in Arms. Virginia Mayo proves her prowess at pulchritude in her part a the little woman who spurs Danny on to greater efforts. Nimble Vera-Ellen as Danny's sister, gets in some very good dance sequences. The story centers around Danny's efforts after he accidentally gets talked into becoming a prize fighter and participating in a number of fix fights.

Swing Around . . .

The young army wife was standing in her doorway one bright sunny morning. She watched the neighbor's youngster, a sturdy lad of two, digging in the sand-pile and babbling to himself as all youngsters do.

As she stood thus, the man from the gas company walked into the yard to read the meter. Having finished his task he approached the lady of the house ostensibly to pass pleasantries of the day. He opened the conversation with a glance at the neighbor's tot: "Say, I have a little boy about that age but I think mine's a little stronger looking."

"Oh, is that so?" replied the army wife, "and do you have other children?" This was the question the meter man had obviously been waiting for. "Oh, yes, my wife presented me with identical twin girls, just night before last. I have three sons and two daughters, now." He paused as if to ponder the enormity of that last statement and then added, "Say, three jacks and a pair of queens . . . that's a full house in any man's language."



AND DUCKS, TOO . . . Mayor William E. Kemp has always manifested a bland disregard for airline schedules, and his habit of catching planes by the skin of his teeth has always been an anxiety to all of his traveling companions.

A friend once mentioned this to Councilman Paul Koonz, a longtime friend of Mayor Kemp's.

"Mayor Kemp is such a sportsman," explained Mr. Koonz, "that he always gives the plane a chance to get away."

PAGING DR. WEST . . . There was a little boy in our neighborhood who had the annoying habit of throwing things down a certain piece of bathroom equipment, and it usually resulted in an inch of water on the floor and a hurry-up trip by the plumber.

One evening while a cocktail party was going full tilt at his parents' home, Junior grabbed up a handful of sliced lemons and deposited them in the forbidden instrument. Immediately alarmed, and visualizing the paddling he was bound to get, Junior went to the basement hallway and obtained a pair of pliers.

When his dad popped into the bathroom and caught Junior in the act, Junior was scolded for doing such a naughty trick, but dad was inwardly pleased to think the boy had enough genius about him to use pliers.

"What made you think of using the pliers, Sonny?"

"Well," the boy replied, "that's how I fished out mamma's toothbrush yesterday."

P(L)AIN ADVERTISING . . . In the offices of Drs. Ferrell Webb and Franklyn Klee, at 320 W. 47th in Kansas City, hangs a poem which was carefully framed and given a place of prominence above the reception desk. From a former patient, it reads like this:

There was a Doc with an old pair of pliers.

He was one of the world's biggest liars.
He'd say, "This won't hurt," and give a jerk,

That pained like the flame of hell fires.

BUT

There was a young Doc named Ferrell Webb,

Who really meant it when he said—
"Now relax, and this won't hurt,"

Then he'd give you a squirt,
And the tooth floated out of your head!

THAT'S OIL, BROTHER . . . Two well known local men had \$4.88 season tickets to the \$20,000 Kansas City Invitational golf tournament at Hillcrest. When they turned up for the last round of play Sunday morning, it was found that one of them had lost his ticket.

"Tell you what," suggested the other, "you carry this can of motor oil, and the gateman will think you have some business inside and may let you get through."

"Tickets please," said the gateman.

"I have a truck inside, etc, etc." and the man faded his conversation into almost unintelligible gibberish.

The gateman examined the can of oil thoughtfully and then said:

"Look, mister, this oil is guaranteed to go through 2,000 miles. But I'll guarantee that it won't get you five feet through this gate."



AND LOADED, TOO . . . The best story of the golf tournament concerns the bronzed, shorted and haltered beauty who stood on the crest of No. 18 green and surveyed the distance back to the tee, some 409 yards.

"Jeez," she remarked to her boyfriend, "It's sure a long ways between bases."

LAWN ORDER . . . A home owner, wearing his oldest clothes, was mowing his lawn when a woman in an expensive car stopped and asked him, "What do you get for mowing lawns."

"The lady who lives here lets me sleep with her," replied the home owner, and the lady in the car drove away without comment.



A SHORT SHORT . . . Dewey Short, Missouri congressman, says that he owes his success in politics to a close study he had made of the old Dominick rooster, back home on the farm, years ago.

"He could out-shuffle any rooster in the township, and he could fly higher and cut deeper than any other fighting cock I ever saw. Only he couldn't keep his mind on his business. Right in the middle of a fight he'd stop and crow."

WHY, MR. EVANS . . . Bernie Evans, publicity man for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, tells this one:

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

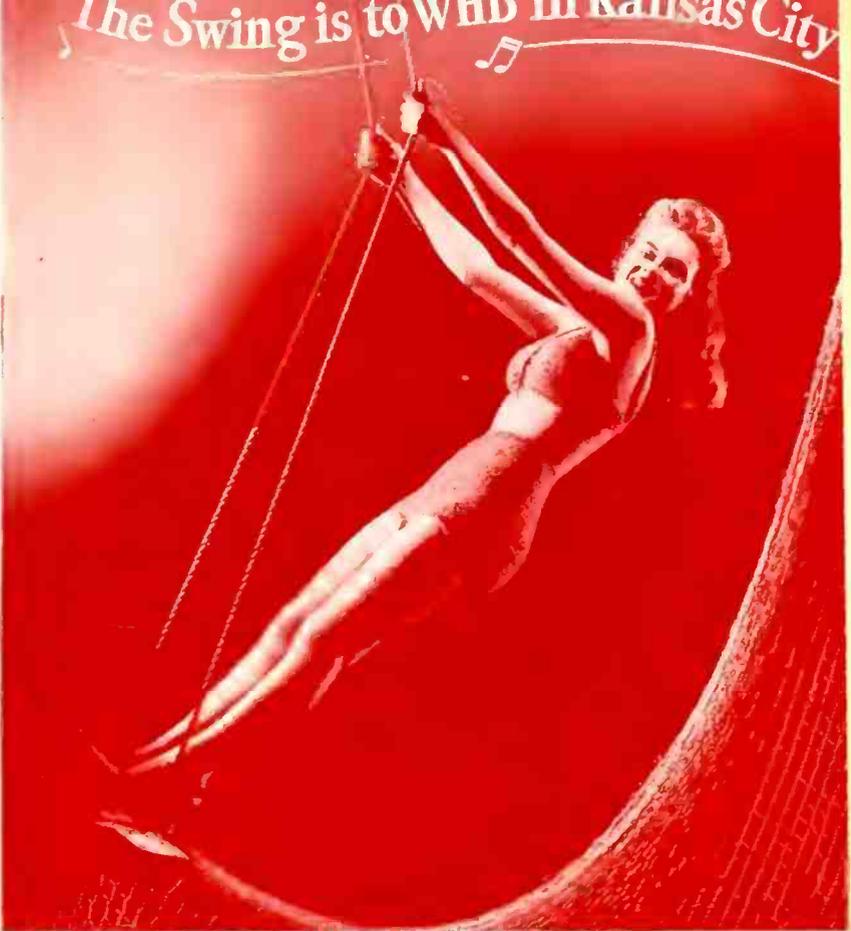
"Excellent," he replied. "Who wrote the story?"

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

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

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

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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48 South Hill St.
Alchigon 6203
KANSAS CITY 6
Corritt Building
Harrison 1161

KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX APRIL-MAY '46	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A.M.—12 Noon	24.6	24.0	14.6	19.5	12.7	3.4
WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P.M.	25.4	20.7	25.8	10.3	14.9	1.3
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P.M.	17.7	28.3	27.4	10.8	12.2	3.0
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.	30.4	28.9	13.7	7.6	17.0	0.6



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

WHB, KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

