

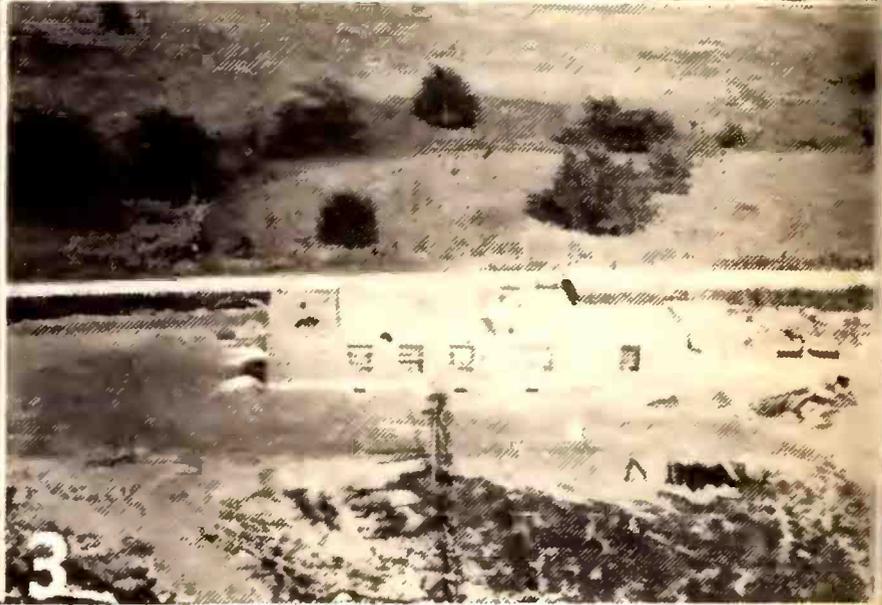
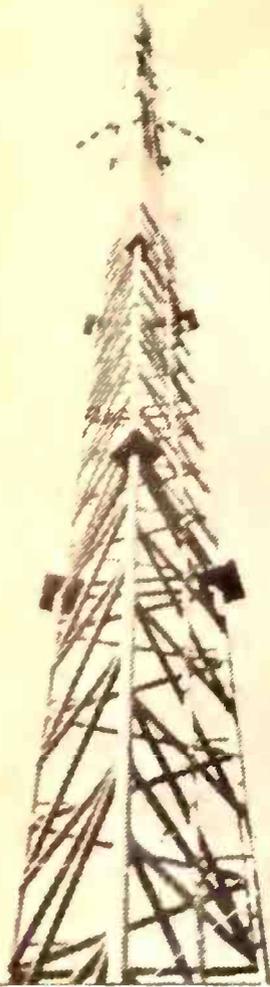
SEPTEMBER

1947

25¢

# Swing





**WHB GOES FORWARD** with its new quarter-million-dollar broadcasting installation scheduled for Oct completion. Next month the station will commence full time operation on 710 kilocycles with 5000 w power.

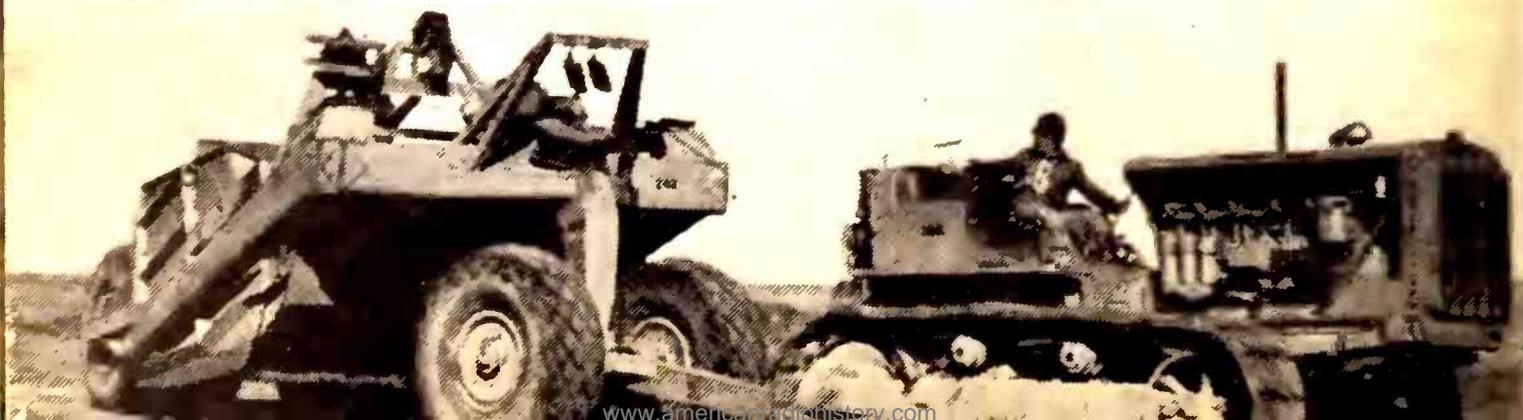
1—Looking up at the new transmitter tower—all 350 feet of it! It is located near Liberty, Miss

2—This structure will house the transmitter, auxiliary transmitter, auxiliary power supply, engineer's slu room, bath and shower, completely equipped kitchenette, and a two-car garage.

3—The transmitter house in panorama, a rigger's-eye view from the top of the tower.

4—A bulldozer rumbles about its business, which is the moving of approximately 80,000 cubic yard dirt—enough for one Missouri farm, or 27 California "ranches."

*Remember, coming soon—WHB with 5000 watts at 710 on your radio dial, night and day!*



# foreword

HERE in this tintinnabular month as we listen to the bells ringing the children in from the country and the corner drug, we have an uneasy feeling . . . as if the schoolbell held overtones of deeper urgency, its clapper swinging *doom, doom, doom*, making a mockery of the bell's traditional intent, and calling out the futility of grammar against the atomic bomb and deadlocked ideologies.

So it's time for school again. Education, that great cure-all, seems not to have kept us out of the mess we're in. Any minute now the volcano may erupt and that will be that. What good will the multiplication tables be then, or the alphabet?

And yet—some may survive, as Mr. Wilder intimates, by the skin of their teeth. Against that possibility it may be well to educate the children to the point. We recommend that they be taught to forage for themselves, to live in caves, to make a dibble stick and cultivate the soil—wherever it isn't radioactive. That should serve them better than the rules of grammar. That should be all they need—unless it's a little astronomy, some chemistry, perhaps a little music, and some knowledge of the world as Shakespeare taught it, or James Thurber, or the old Chinese. That might come in handy. But in order to retain this knowledge, they'll need the rules of grammar, after all, and the multiplication table, and all those things education is made of. It may not be a dead loss, after all. So let all students partake. Those who survive will need it, and by some miracle we may all survive. *Ring those bells a little louder, there!*

*Jetta*

# Swing

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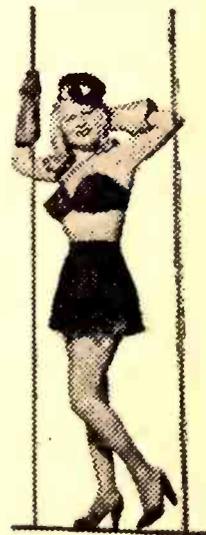
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# SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

## Art

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)  
Exhibition: Paintings looted from Holland and returned through the efforts of United States Armed Forces. By courtesy of the Netherlands government.  
Masterpiece of the Month: "Madonna and Child With The Infant St. John," by Pier Francesco Fiorentino (ca. 1444-1500). Italian (Florentine).

## Special Events

Sept. 1, C.I.O. Meeting, Municipal Auditorium.  
Sept. 6, Dixie Keefer Post (American Legion) Show, Music Hall.  
Sept. 20-23, Antique Show, Municipal Auditorium.  
Sept. 26-27, *Pirates of Penzance*, performed by Kansas City Light Opera Company, Music Hall.  
Sept. 27-28, Missouri Valley Dahlia Society Show, Little Theatre.  
Sept. 30, America's Town Meeting of the Air, Music Hall.

## Swimming

Boulevard Manor Hotel, 1115 East Armour, indoor pool, open daily 1 p. m. to 9 p. m.  
Fairyland Park pool open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. 75th and Prospect.  
Lake Quivira, open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. daily. Four and one-half miles from Shawnee, Kansas, on Quivira Cutoff road.  
Swope Park, outdoor pool, open 10 a. m. to 10 p. m., every day except Monday when hours are 12 noon to 10 p. m.  
Winnwood Beach, spring-fed lake with sand beach open until 10 p. m. daily. Also skating, dancing, fishing, and picnic grounds. Five miles northeast of Kansas City on Highway 10.

## Wrestling

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

## Midget Auto Racing

Every Sunday evening at Olympic Stadium, 15th and Blue River. Time trials, 6 p. m.; races 7:30 p. m.

## Conventions

Sept. 2-4, Sigma Phi Epsilon Fraternity, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Sept. 6-7, Independent Refinery Service Corporation, Hotel Continental.  
Sept. 7-13, Fall Market Week, Merchandise Mart.  
Sept. 8-9, Carnation Company, Hotel Phillips.  
Sept. 8-9, Missouri Farm Bureau, Special Conference, Hotel Continental.  
Sept. 8-9, Kansas R.E.A. Managers Association, Hotel President.  
Sept. 8-10, Fox-Midwest Film Distributing Company, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Sept. 9-14, National Baptist Convention (Negro), Municipal Auditorium.  
Sept. 11-13, Thirty-first Railway Engineers, Hotel Continental.  
Sept. 11-13, 713th Railway Operating Battalion, Hotel President.  
Sept. 14-15, Associated Credit Bureaus of Missouri and Kansas, Hotel Phillips.  
Sept. 18-19, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Hotel Muehlebach.  
Sept. 18-19, Water Conservation Conference, Hotel Phillips.  
Sept. 22-26, National Frozen Food Locker Association, Municipal Auditorium.  
Sept. 26-27, Missouri R.E.A. Bookkeepers and Accountants, Hotel Phillips.  
Sept. 27-28, Missouri Association of Chiropodists, Hotel Continental.  
Sept. 28-29, Midwest Newspaper Advertising Managers Association, Hotel President.  
Sept. 29, Missouri Association of Osteopathic Physicians and Surgeons, Hotel Continental.



## Baseball

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All home game played at Ruppert Stadium 22nd and Brooklyn.  
Sept. 1 (2), 2, Milwaukee.  
Sept. 3, 4, 5, St. Paul.  
Sept. 6, 7 (2), Minneapolis.

## Bowling

Armour Lanes, 3523 Troost.  
Clifford & Tessman, 2629 Troost.  
Cocked Hat, 4451 Troost.  
Country Club Bowl, 71st and McGee.  
Esquire Lanes, 4040 Main.  
Oak Park Bowl, 4940 Prospect.  
Palace, 1232 Broadway.  
Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.  
Plaza Bowl, 430 Alameda Road.  
Sackin's, 3212 Troost.  
Tierney-Wheat, 3736 Main.  
Veretta Amusement, 5th and Walnut.  
Waldo Recreation, 520 W. 75th.  
Walnut Bowl, 104 E. 14th.

## Amusement Parks

Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect. Concessions open 2 p. m. Saturdays; 1 p. m., Sunday 6 p. m., week days.  
Blue Ridge Roller Rink, 760 Blue Ridge.  
Elliott's Shooting Park, Highway 50 and Raytown Road.

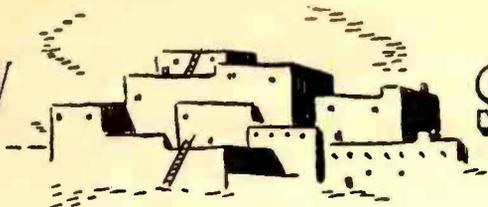
## Dancing

Dancing every night but Monday "Over 30" dances every Tuesday and Friday. Pla-Mor Ball room, 32nd and Main.  
Dancing Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, 9 to 12 p. m. Fairyland Park, 75th and Prospect.

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# OPERATION



# SANTA FE

*With chaperjos, sombreros and timetables, they're off for the great Southwest!*

by ESTY MORRIS

WITH buckskin shirts, \$35 Stetson hats, and spurs that jingle-jangle in two-four time, 110 lovers of livestock and all things Western will leave Kansas City on the morning of August 28th, following an evening of entertainment by the City of Independence, original shoving off point of the Santa Fe Trail.

The hardy band, completely composed of members and wives of members of the unique Saddle and Sirloin Club, will ride southwest with horses, wagons, and a tally-ho. They will be heavily laden with baggage and equipment.

Nevertheless, at five that afternoon they will reach Fort Dodge, Kansas, and ride in parade formation to famous Boot Hill Cemetery.

And the following day the colorful cowboy caravan will clatter through the ancient New Mexican streets of Santa Fe, having made the 850 mile trip from their home ranch in only 24 hours of actual traveling time—several weeks less than once was required for completion of the grueling trek across the Santa Fe Trail.

Supermen? Twentieth Century horse handlers *par excellence*? Well, maybe. However, Saddle and Sirloiners modestly admit that it is not altogether their superior stamina and Spartan disregard of hardship that

will make this wondrously rapid journey possible. They are quick to give some measure of credit to the Santa Fe Railroad, a latter day invention which has promised them the absolutely finest special train ever assembled in the United States!

That is why the voyagers are more concerned with watering tanks than with water holes, more with brake shoes than with horseshoes, and more with hotboxes and correct Diesel oil mixture than with sore hooves. Not only they, but their mounts and equipment, are riding the rails to romance in an all compartment, air conditioned train.

The deluxe rig will be made up of seven compartment cars, two diners, one rumpus car, and four cars adequate for accommodation of the horses, tally-ho, mountain and Conestoga wagons. No pains will be spared to make the trip pleasant, comfortable, and swift. In all, Hollywood at its height would be hard-pressed to equal the production job which has been done by the Santa Fe Chamber of Commerce and the special Saddle and Sirloin committee under the chairmanship of Judge Henry Bundschu.

Actually, the purposes underlying the spectacular five-day jaunt are many-fold. It is, primarily, well-organized advance publicity for Kansas City's tremendous American Royal Livestock and Horse Show, which is

promoted by the Saddle and Sirloin Club. But it is more, too. It is a magnificent goodwill gesture tying together the Midwest and Southwest, the cities of Independence, Kansas City and Santa Fe, whose trade bonds were forged more than a century ago when Captain William Becknell pioneered the Santa Fe Trail.

That trail is being marked this year by civic groups and school children, and the Saddle and Sirloin pilgrimage is calling attention to the project, and is stimulating interest in it.

Beyond these things, of course, lies the thrill of actual participation in the nation's oldest historic pageant, the 235th celebration of the bloodless reconquest of Santa Fe by Don De Vargas in 1692. That incident was proclaimed worthy of annual celebration "for all time to come" by Marquest de la Penuela, governor and captain-general of the province of New Mexico, in 1712. His edict has been faithfully carried out.

In its present form, the Santa Fe Fiesta lasts three days. This year it will commence Friday evening, August 29th, with the crowning of the Fiesta Queen. The coronation of the lovely lady designated to reign over the entire celebration is an elaborate ceremony attended with a considerable amount of pomp. It is climaxed by Her Majesty's first official act, a decree ordering the burning of Zozobra—a huge, fabricated figure

representing Old Man Gloom.

Getting Gloom out of the way is quite an incident in itself. His last agonies are accompanied by moans, groans, and fireworks. When Zozobra's destruction is accomplished, the assembled company feels free to enter into the many revelries which follow, and the extensive merry-making for which Santa Fe is famous.

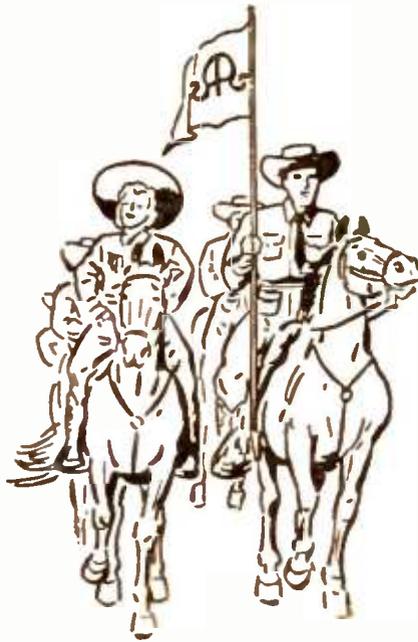
The party spirit will undoubtedly reach its zenith on Saturday night, following the parade listed on official programs as "Entrada del Club Saddle & Sirloin," at which time the

Kansas City contingent will display itself to the citizenry of Santa Fe. That evening, the two principal Fiesta balls will be given, the Baile de los Conquistadores and the Baile de la Jente. Saddle and Sirloiners will attend both, a double undertaking which may bring Sunday morning regrets to some.

Sunday will be the most colorful day. It will begin with the Pontifical Procession and High Mass. In the afternoon, De Vargas' entrance into the city will be re-enacted in front of the Palace of the Governors exactly as it occurred 255 years ago.

Following that there will be Indian dances; the Merienda, or period fashion show; and a Spanish tea.

The festivities will draw to a close with Sunday evening vespers and a candlelight procession from St. Francis Cathedral to the Cross of the



Martyrs.

During the entire Fiesta, the Saddle and Sirloin group will make use of its special train for sleeping, dining, and as a principal base of operations.

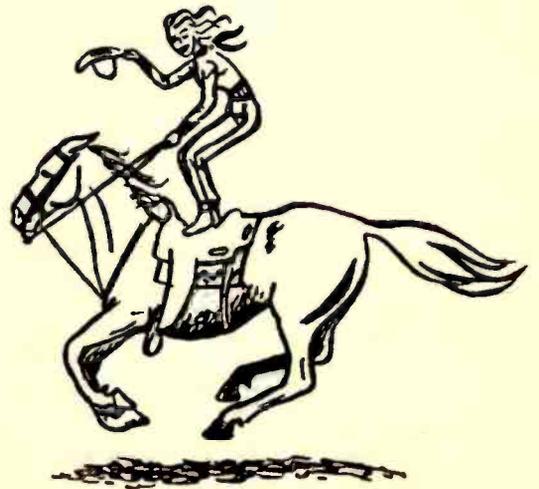
Santa Fe is without passenger railway service, but arrangements have been made to bring the Saddle and Sirloin train to a siding only seven blocks from the heart of town. Hourly bus service will be available, and power and water lines will insure continuous air conditioning and water service. Telephone calls and telegrams will be relayed to the train, and Fred Harvey meals will be served on board.

So it is plain that the modern day Trail Blazers will not exactly be roughing it. Their comfortable quarters will be a far cry from the prairie schooner of a century back, and their trip will lack the earnestness of purpose which attended the trek of the mule-drivers and traders. They may, in spirit, travel the Independence-Santa Fe Trail as of old, but their flesh will rest upon air-foam cushions; a nice compromise for which Don Diego de Vargas himself would not blame them.

At midnight Sunday, the Saddle and Sirloiners will head for home, arriving in Kansas City only five

days after their colorful departure. Stetsons will give way to Panamas; levis and plaid shirts to the conservative sack suits of city wear. It will be back to the office and Tuesday luncheon club, back to tending families. The little hour of Southwestern glamour will be over.

But there is a future. Plans for the American Royal are going forward. The 1947 show will be the biggest, best and most successful yet, Saddle and Sirloiners agree. Cowboy garb need be laid aside only for six short weeks, then it may be donned again in all its splendor. And from every fold of it will fall memories of Santa Fe—the march by candlelight, the statue of the Blessed Virgin, the laughter and cocktails and costumes of a strange and wonderful faraway place where 110 comrades shared a summertime adventure.



▲  
Showing off his native Boston to a visiting Englishman, the Bostonian paused at a Revolutionary War landmark and explained, "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where General Warren fell."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully and said, "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course?"

▲  
Two buzzards soared lazily over the desert when a jet propelled plane zipped by them, its exhausts throwing flame and smoke. As it whizzed out of sight, one of the buzzards remarked, "That bird was really in a hurry."

"You'd be in a hurry, too," said his companion, "if your tail was on fire!"

# "To Horse and Away . . ."

**N**INETY-NINE years ago, Francis Xavier Aubry rode the Santa Fe Trail, the whole 855 miles of it from Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri, in five days and sixteen hours.

Aubry did it just to prove it could be done, but his was a pace-setting ride which was to prove valuable. Twelve years later the famous Pony Express adopted his method of fast riding. And some historians have held that the Pony Express was the tenuous, essential link which held California with its gold to the Union during the first months of the outbreak of the War Between the States.

Aubry made two great rides up the Santa Fe Trail in the year 1848. His first one covered the distance in eight days. He won \$1,000 in a wager by that ride.

But the Canadian wasn't satisfied. He was certain he could slice the time with improved planning. It was a time when speed was much sought after on the long trail of commerce.

On September 12, 1848, Aubry swung into the saddle of a swift horse at Santa Fe. Relays of fresh horses were stationed along the more than 850 miles of trail. During his famous ride he found hundreds of miles of mud and flood-swollen streams. For 24 hours he rode in a driving rain. He slept only two-and-one-half hours and ate just six meals. He rode his horses to death.

But five days and sixteen hours later he slipped from the saddle in Independence. It was one of the greatest feats of the saddle in Western history. Aubry then was about 23 years old and he had been freighting over the trail for about four years.

Two years after his feat of horsemanship and endurance, Aubry made a round trip freighting in 77 days. That sliced 21 days off the previous mark. He drove sheep from Santa Fe to California, and those trips, along with his trail freighting, apparently netted him a fortune.

He didn't live to see the Pony Express use his relay horse method for speed on the plains. In 1854 he and Major R. H. Weightman got into a conversation of the wrong kind at Santa Fe.

Weightman took offense. In the subsequent fight, Aubry was stabbed to death. Weightman was acquitted on the grounds of self defense.

But for his famous ride up the Trail, Aubry had written himself into the history of the West and had patterned a fast method of communication between the Missouri River and California.—*Joel Longacre.*



A gentleman who went into a bird store to buy a canary spotted a bright looking bird that was singing merrily and told the clerk: "I'll take that bird, please."

"That's fine," replied the clerk, "but you'll have to take the one in the cage below, too."

The customer looked at the bird in the cage below to find a battered, broken-down, tired canary. "But I don't want the bird in the cage below," the customer told the clerk, "I want the singing bird above."

"Nope, I'm sorry," the clerk countered. "If you take the one above you have to take the other one, too."

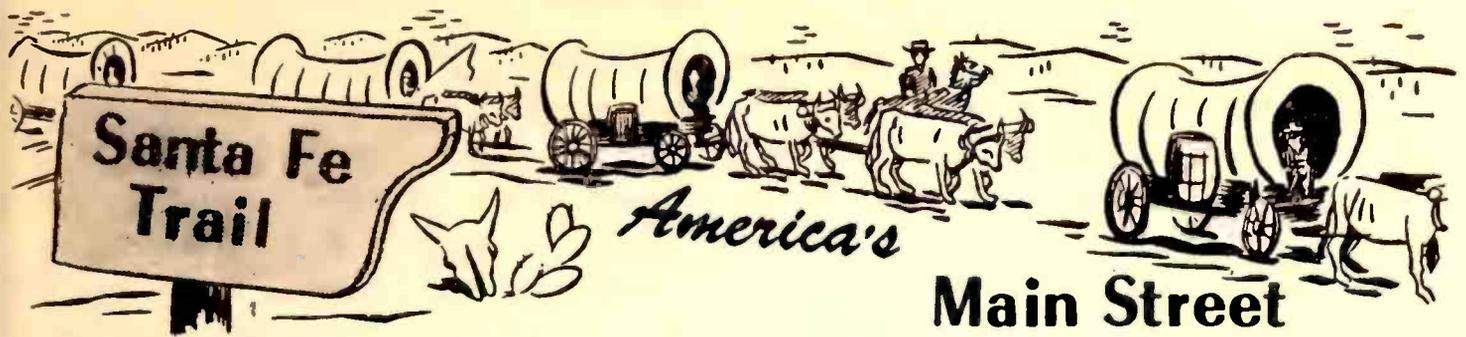
"But I haven't any use for the sad-looking creature. I'll be glad to pay you for the bird, but I don't want to take it with me," the customer said.

"Look," shot back the clerk, "you can't take the one above without the one below."

"Why?" exclaimed the customer in exasperation. "Why the one below?"

"Because," explained the clerk, "he's the arranger."

*The commerce of the prairies was a fabulous procession*



by FRANK GLENN

**S**ANTA Fe Trail, trail of history, trail of commerce, trail of warriors, Indians, Spaniards and Americans; trail of hardships, massacres, and famine—this was once the Main Street of America. A deep rutted, dusty roadway of fire and blood and buffalo stampedes, its history is as fascinating as a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

Santa Fe of Nuevo Mejico was a magic name to all America during the early part of the past century. That was the city at the end of the long trail which called Americans with exploring blood in their veins. Rich rewards awaited those with courage to blaze the trail. Here the trader could make a fabulous profit on his merchandise. Here he found gaiety and life, rugged and lustful, as compensation for weeks of loneliness and deprivation on the trail. Here at last was security from the vicissitudes of weather and hostile savages, a lazy way of life after weeks of hard work.

The modern traveler going over the trail on ribbons of steel or concrete at 60 miles an hour would enjoy his trip more if he would reflect on those who had previously passed this way. He would realize he was on one of the most important roads in the world, at least from an historical

standpoint. The cliff-dwelling Pueblos travelled it, as did other migrants, long before recorded history; and it was first followed by a white man when Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca made the perilous journey in the first decade of the 16th Century.

Bison grazed along the route, and war-whoops echoed from the Kiowa, Pawnee, Comanche, and Arapahoe.

But what, exactly, was the trail? Physically, it was the shortest and most practical route from Fort Osage in Missouri to the northernmost city in Spanish America, a city that was then a miserable collection of sun-baked hovels housing 2,000 people. It ran southwest from Independence, Missouri, across 110 Mile Creek, Fish Creek, the Neosho River, Cottonwood Creek, and the Little Arkansas River. In mid-Kansas, near what is now Hutchinson, it reached the Arkansas River, and ran along the northern bank to Fort Dodge.

Originally, it proceeded directly west from that point to the mountains, thence south via a circuitous route through Taos.

Later, however, when the volume of traffic increased, it crossed the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge and ran sharply southwest again, joining the Cimarron River at the headwaters. It held its course then, crossing the

Canadian and Ocate Rivers in New Mexico, until bending almost south at Las Vegas. Slightly below Las Vegas, at Ojo de Vernal, it swung due west, crossed the Pecos River, then headed northwest through Apache Canyon to Santa Fe.

So far as anyone knows, a French creole named La Lande was the first American adventurer to enter into trade with the people of Santa Fe. As an agent for a merchant in Kaskaskia, Illinois, he journeyed alone across the wilderness in 1804. He never returned. At his destination he was able to sell his employer's merchandise for enough money to set himself up as a prosperous and influential citizen of Santa Fe. So he stayed and did just that.

The following year, another American made the pilgrimage. He, too, remained in New Mexico. He was James Pursley of Bardstown, Kentucky, and the first discoverer of gold in California. He found the precious metal in abundance near the headwaters of the Platte River, where his party had been driven in order to escape a band of Sioux Indians.

When Pursley reached Santa Fe he told his story to the Mexicans, who attempted to persuade him to show them the place. He refused, because he was under the erroneous impression that the land on which he had found the gold belonged to the United States. So the Mexicans kept him in Santa Fe, hoping he would eventually weaken and divulge his secret. He never did.

The patriotism of Pursley changed the course of history and the political

geography of North America. Had he yielded to the pressure of the Mexicans, the gold would have been found on the Spanish soil, and Spain would very likely have retained possession of California. The wealth which came to the United States in the Gold Rush of 1849 would have poured instead into the coffers of Spain, increasing her stature and influence both in European and world affairs.

Eight years after Pursley reached Santa Fe, a party of 15 made the journey. They were arrested as spies and their wares were confiscated. All but two of them were incarcerated at Chihuahua for nearly a decade. But the pair that escaped told such glowing tales of trade prospects that they were able to interest private investors in sending merchandise to New Mexico. And so traffic on the Trail commenced, in 1822.

For the next two years, goods were transported by mule and burro caravans. The most common domestic cloth brought from two to three dollars a yard at Santa Fe.

In 1824, two important things happened to the Trail. First, Thomas Hart Benton, United States Senator from Missouri, introduced a bill authorizing a government survey and marking of the Santa Fe Trail. Second, wheeled vehicles were used on the Trail for the first time, and with complete success.

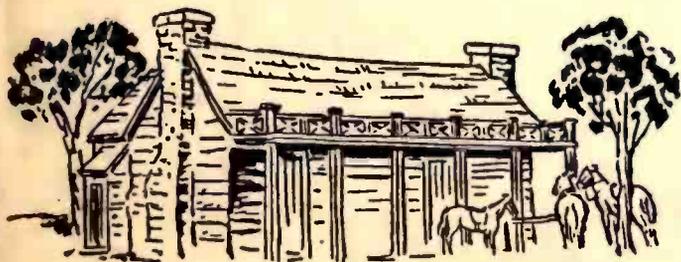
Thereupon, trade with Spanish America entered a new era. Danger and privation could no longer hold back the horde of traders and frontiersmen who moved onto the Trail.

It became a living thing. As one writer says, "It was not names on a map, as modern fixed highways are. It was people; people traveling, singing, swearing, sweating, fearing, fighting, going in clouds of dust by day, ploughing through quicksand and mud, sitting around great fires at night. Hunters, trappers, soldiers, emigrants of all degrees of intelligence, virtue and vice, of most races, bound together only by a common hardihood and a common exposure to the vastness and desolation and beauty of the trans-Missouri wilderness . . . a fabulous procession!"

From that procession emerged individuals whose names will live forever in Americana: Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Uncle Dick Wooton, Tom Tobin, Jim Baker, many more.

The muddy Missouri River played an important part in the development of the Trail. In 1833, only six years after the town of Independence was founded, its steamboat landing was washed away by high water, making it necessary for boats to unload farther upstream.

A suitable landing was found at Westport, so that town — later engulfed by Kansas City — became the



center of activity at the eastern end of the Trail. It was a raw, rowdy, wideopen frontier town, roistering with merchants, gamblers, Indians, drivers, river men, saloonkeepers,

whores, soldiers, blacksmiths — all the characters attracted to the rugged, uninhibited life of new horizons.

It was over the Santa Fe Trail that the United States Army of the West marched in 1847 enroute to Mexico. It traveled 2,000 miles farther than Xenophon in his retreat from Persia, and succeeded in greatly expanding territorial boundaries with but relatively slight personnel losses.

With the discovery of gold in California in 1849, the same gold Pursley had found 44 years before, a new impetus was added to westward travel. Thousands of prospectors and emigrants in search of new homes took to the Trail. Regular stage schedules were set up and eventually the Pony Express came into being. That was the heyday of the traffic-way.

But death came to the Old Santa Fe Trail. Following the Civil War, the railroads began to stretch farther and farther west. And on the ninth of February, 1880, the first train over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe chugged into Santa Fe. It was the end of an era.

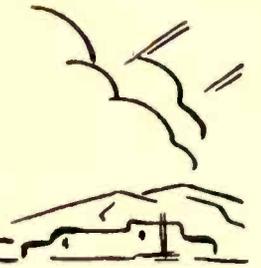
The advent of the railroads wrought wonderful changes in the town at the end of the Trail. Santa Fe grew, prospered, modernized, cleaned herself up. She became in time the lovely and gracious lady she is today.

The Trail? Well, it changed, too, of course. It became but a memory in the minds of the rugged pioneers who had traversed it. In a few places there remain tracks rutted deep in the prairie, and these, like the buffalo of the plains, are fenced in for protection and preservation.





## *End of the TRAIL!*



*All out for Fiesta!*

by HANNAH FRY

**A**N OLD buffalo trail defined by concrete and steel connects a county seat with a capital city, a president's home with the City of St. Francis, a prim, upright Missouri town with a sensuous, sprawling Spanish village that lies at the end of the Santa Fe Trail and bears its name.

It's 850 miles from Independence to Santa Fe. It always has been and it always will be. Time, however, that flexible dimension, has contracted from a few months to a few hours the source and the goal of the Santa Fe Trail. But the emotional distance between the two points is as fixed as the mileage and more extensive.

Independence inherits the temper of its early settlers—a blend of the vertical north and pre-bellum south with its steadfast traditions and principles. Santa Fe is a composite of Indian and Spanish, with distinguishable strata of Artist and Dilettante.

Independence has a city square, New England style courthouse, clapboard bungalows. Santa Fe has its central plaza, its old cathedral, huts and studios of russet 'dobe and mud. Independence is circumspect, quiet in a well-bred way. Santa Fe is quiet—but provocatively so. Independence is the serviceable blue serge to Santa

Fe's Spanish shawl, it's the place from which people were always pushing off. Santa Fe is the place where they stayed.

Santa Fe is full of lotus-eaters. It has been since the Spanish won it from the Indians a second time, and the town began to bloom like a successful hybrid of two established cultures, with a character of its own.

First it was the traders who came and stayed. Most of Santa Fe's early trading was done with Mexico. But the French from Illinois used to hit the trail from time to time, and often these men from the North fell victim to the town's easy Latin charm. The wines here were good and plentiful; the women were gay and kind. Life was real but not too earnest. The trader took a Spanish wife and stayed.

Santa Fe in apogee was Santa Fe in the mid-eighteen-hundreds with overland trade in its golden age. Then the railroad laid the dust on the Santa Fe Trail, and the village yawned once or twice and settled into a long siesta. Then came the first World War, and the end of the war, and after that the renaissance. The artists discovered Santa Fe. Like the traders, like countless others, they came to stay.

The town which began as an Indian village is today one of America's famous art colonies, shaped and colored by all the influences accumulated over more than five hundred years. This is the town whose mood runs a daily gamut—and whose history has run the gamut—from siesta to fiesta. And in this town fiesta takes over in earnest at a certain time each year. This is Labor Day, and a couple of days before and after, when Santa Fe commemorates the second Spanish occupation of the city.

In the early 17th Century, the Spaniards captured from the Indians a village high in the Sangre de Cristo mountains, as they came to be called. There the Conquistadores, soldiers of fortune, and Franciscan friars, soldiers of God, established *La Villa Real de Santa Fe de San Francisco de Assisi*—the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis.

In not many years the Rio Grande Pueblos rose in rebellion and drove

ish-Indian peace should be thus celebrated "throughout eternity."

The Fiesta in something like its present form began in 1712. For many years it covered an entire week, but in the early 1900's shaped into what it is today—a three to five day affair.

Like many celebrations in the Southwest, the Santa Fe Fiesta is a curious blend of bacchanal and religious ritual. It begins with a costume ball, proceeds with mass at the Cathedral of St. Francis, and a pageant reproducing the triumphal *entrada* of De Vargas. This pageant follows the form of that original occasion, using the same words De Vargas spoke and carrying the same *bulto* (a carved figure of the Virgin) which De Vargas carried 255 years ago.

Part of the Sunday ritual is the march to the Cross of the Martyrs, just north of town. Here the priest delivers a short sermon, as De Vargas specified. The rest of the Fiesta is given over to parades and parties, theatricals, dances, the Indian Fair and the Spanish Market. When the last bottle is emptied and the last guitar string snaps, Santa Fe and its guests fold up to sleep it off.

So it goes—siesta, fiesta, and back again. This is life in the Southwest's oldest, most glamorous city.

Some 15,000 people live in Santa Fe the year 'round. Others pour in during the tourist season, which is also the year 'round—for Santa Fe in the snow is quite as quaint and fascinating as Santa Fe in the sun.

All who visit Santa Fe arrive by bus, by plane, or by private car. The city for which a railroad was named



out the conquerors. A dozen years later—in 1692—Don Diego de Vargas returned to Santa Fe, and bearing the image of the Blessed Virgin before him, made peace with the Indians and won the city back to Spain and the Franciscans. Then and there, de Vargas gave elaborate thanks to heaven, and decreed that the Span-

has no passenger railroad running through it. Neither does it have streetcars. But it does have burros. Not just for color, they are functional. Most of the wood that burns in Santa Fe's round plastered fireplaces is brought down from the mountains on burro back.

Part of the atmosphere so rampant in Santa Fe is genuine. Part of it is deliberate. Santa Fe knows a good thing when it has it, and it does what's necessary to retain it. Therefore, the original and the copy stand together, and if you can tell the difference, you just don't much care. The copy has charm of its own. Even the five-and-ten foregoes its raucous red and gold front and glitters inside a 'dobe structure.

If you're a Tourist—the guide book, fact-avid, see-everything kind—your tour of Santa Fe will include a number of solid, celebrated attractions such as statues, monuments, and old churches. You'll see San Miguel, a church built in 1636 for the use of Indian slaves of the Spanish colonists; and across the street, the oldest house in the United States. You'll visit the Cathedral of St. Francis, built by Archbishop John B. Lamy, Willa Cather's hero. And of course you'll spend some time in the Palace of the Governors, where between 1610 and 1910 more than a hundred governors lived under three flags, and where General Lew Wallace wrote *Ben Hur*. The original edifice has been renovated and rebuilt a number of times, but it's still the oldest public building in the United States. Before you see the Palace, read the five exquisite stories in Paul

Horgan's *From the Royal City*. That will prove time well-spent.

You'll see the Museum of New Mexico Art Gallery down the street from the Governors' Palace, and the



state capitol on Don Gaspar Street. And there's the Kit Carson monument, the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, and the valuable collection of artifacts in the National Public Service Building and Rockefeller Laboratory of Anthropology.

And the shops, of course—you can't miss them. Every other pigeon-hole is full of carved *santos* and *bultos*, strange bells, pottery and rugs and the inevitable silver jewelry. Several of the shops you'll find in Sena Plaza, once a Spanish residence. This is a business unit typical of the Southwest. The street door is more or less the back door—or maybe there won't be a street door at all. From the sidewalk you pass through a breezeway into a pleasant patio entirely surrounded by offices and shops. And there are your entrances. Very neighborly, very casual.

Santa Fe's chief charm, however, lies not so much in shrines and shops as along its narrow dirt roads and behind its high adobe walls that shut the houses from the street. Back of these walls you'll catch fleeting

glimpses of patios and big windows, fireplaces with sculptured chimneys, all the expected and unexpected signs of arty—and artistic—people.

Perhaps the most famous street is an old Indian trail winding along the Santa Fe River and known now as Canyon Road. This and Camino del Monte Sol which cuts off to the south are the trunk lines of the art colony. You hardly need a guide book to tell you this. You can tell it by its artlessness, its self-conscious shabbiness. This is Greenwich Village, Southwestern style.

Behind the walls and inside the skylighted, picture-hung rooms live the people who read *View* and *Angry Penguins*, Anais Nin, Kafka, and Einstein's theory, Jung and the philosophers, Chinese in the original, and music by sight. These are the ones who show up at parties in orange trousers, who may produce books, but more likely may not; who have time to compose music for the flute and contemplate the navel or the pattern

alone, but for its complement to their own inherent nature and their needs.

At Fiesta time the beautiful homes of Santa Fe usually hold open house. And if some bright mountain morning you wake up between a bottle and an apple core under a Portrait of a Ravaged Nude Kissing Her Elbow, and with your head in a hand-carved ash tray, never give it a second thought. You've just had a slice of life in Santa Fe.

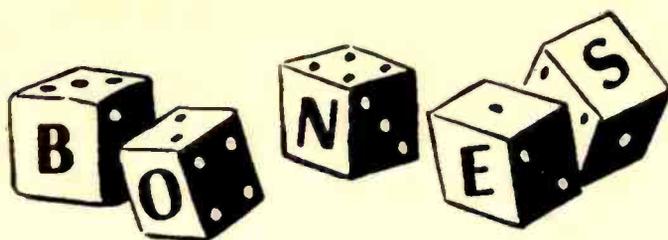
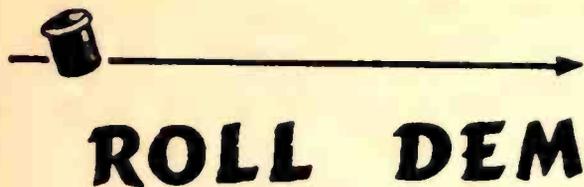
But this is only a slice, and one comparatively isolated in this city and this region. Contrasts are everywhere. In town are 14 colleges, academies, and private schools in addition to the public schools. Up Agua Fria Road they still thresh dried *frijoles* and winnow them by hand. Beyond not many hills lies hidden but suspected the Penitente country where, it is whispered, any alien caught spying on the mysterious awful rites of the Penitente Indians is cruelly put to death.

Of these many qualities, then, Santa Fe became—pressed and tempered by Indian taciturnity and refractoriness, by Spanish cruelty and charm, religious faith and intellectual disbelief, high seriousness and hilarious irony. Indian, Spanish, Artist—these three are the races of Santa Fe, each borrowing from and lending to the other, each retaining its identity—and each no time so evident in full color as in the fall when in the football field beyond the town they burn Zozobra, the symbol of gloom, and it's Fiesta time in Santa Fe!



of a rug. Their houses are ingenuity and intellectual anarchy made palpable. These are the ones who most appreciate the Indian and the Spanish culture—not for its own sake

*Have faith in your power of concentration.  
You'll find that it pays off!*



by HARRY VAN DEMARK

**I**F YOU have long suspected that tossing "Little Joe" the hard way is a thing that takes considerable concentration, there is now scientific proof that you are oh, so right.

Recently, Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University announced the results of a careful study of African dominoes—purely in the interests of science, of course!

And, stripped of scientific language, charts, tables and mathematical equations, Dr. Rhine contends that some people seem to be able to get an edge on the law of averages by sheer effort of will.

Dr. Rhine, a tall, gray-haired researcher, is no devotee of the galloping bones in the crass sense of the word. He is head of the university's department of—hang on now!—parapsychology. He has been experimenting for years in what scientists call extra-sensory perception—more popularly known as telepathy.

Dr. Rhine became interested in what is vulgarly known as "shooting craps" back in 1934, when a young gambler came to see him. This fortunate young gentleman claimed he was able to influence dice simply by getting the "right mental attitude" before entering a game.

Intrigued at the thought, Dr.

Rhine immediately started a game, using his own dice. Now, you and I—sometimes to our borrow—have met gentlemen who "just knew" they were going to make their point. And just did! Usually this happens too often for coincidence—and more often than not there is no possibility of crooked dice being used.

Here, thought, Dr. Rhine, is the chance of a lifetime to make a careful study of what is called "luck."

In other words, could will power help you in a dice game, or couldn't it?

The professor, his wife and his staff set up one of the greatest scientific dice-rolling experiments in history. Picked men rolled the dice, always mentally "willing" them to come up high dice—some combination of eight or better.

Now, according to the law of averages, you should get eight or higher on the cubes five times in every twelve rolls. But the doctor's "concentration" team was able to roll eight or higher nearly six times in every twelve. A very nice edge over the law of averages.

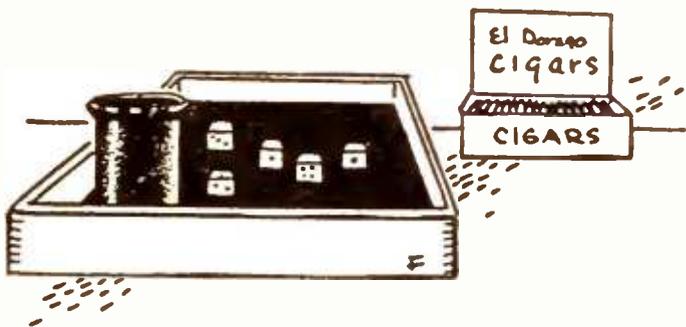
Dr. Rhine continued his study for years. He tried to eliminate all physical means of controlling the dice by releasing them down corrugated

boards, or spinning them in electrically controlled cages.

He first used ordinary dime store dice, then tried cubes of other material from balsa wood to lead. Still the rollers beat the law of averages when they concentrated.

Then Dr. Rhine had a new thought. Maybe there were flaws in the dice that he could not detect. He had his concentrators switch to plugging for six or lower. The dice obediently switched, too.

The doctor found another proof that mere chance was not controlling the cubes. Looking over his records



of old experiments, he noticed that the success his subjects had with the dice was not constant.

He discovered that of those who could control the dice by will power—and some could do it much better than others—those who could exert the best control started off strong.

Here's the pay-off: sometimes their luck averaged twice what it should have according to the law of averages. But then their power faded. It fell off sharply after the first dozen rolls of the dice. Sometimes it would rise sharply after that first fall. But never during a session did these concentrations do as well as that first dozen.

Proving what? Well, proving that Lady Luck is like any other woman—you can dominate her if you have the will power.

But not for long!

## Coeds on Wall Street

WHEN college girls take it into their heads to enter big business, that is news.

And when the "big business" happens to be the stock market, and when the reason is purely educational, that is really unique!

Since, up to now, any education gained on Wall Street by nervous investors has been via the hard way, officials of the Securities and Exchange Commission were amazed to receive a request from 18 Smith College girls for permission to operate an investment corporation to give them practical aid in their study of economics.

Calling themselves "Eccllyco, Incorporated," the girls plan to enter the stock market to buy and sell securities, just for the education. Their corporation is authorized 500 shares of capital stock (at no par value), and they expect to issue 1,500 shares of Class B non-voting and 500 shares of Class A voting stock, at a dollar each.

What stock is not bought by members of their class in economics will be offered to other members of the student body and the faculty at Smith. And they promise the SEC they won't buy on margin, and they won't sell short. Even though such a thing has never been done before, puzzled officials admit the coeds would probably be allowed to do business.

The girls say they expect no dividends in the near future, and no large amount of dividends at any time except the experience on The Street—and a passing grade.—George Statler.

*A Midwestern upstart has made the entire steel industry sit up and take notice!*



## *Department Store* **of STEEL!**

By JAMES McQUEENY

ONE afternoon in 1917, the small group of stockholders of the Kansas City Bolt and Nut Company held a meeting to discuss the future of the corporation.

The company's history dated back to 1887 when the redoubtable Wil- lard E. Winner, a land developer, talked with James H. Sternbergh, a Pennsylvania capitalist with iron and steel interests, about locating in the valley of the Blue river.

"Think of the business you can get from the railroads," Winner ex- claimed.

Sternbergh gave serious thought to the railroads and their expansion plans, and promptly bought a 12-acre tract in Sheffield as a site for a bolt and nut plant.

Among the products produced was a patented grip thread bolt that the railroads purchased in quantity. The plant prospered.

Soon an iron mill was added, so scrap iron obtained from the railroads could be rolled into iron bars and then fashioned into bolts and nuts without ever being remelted.

Sternbergh died and Kansas City men acquired the property in 1915.

Although the operating statement of the company had shown a healthful, prosperous glow in their two years of ownership, the stockholders were uneasy.

George T. Cook, shrewd, ex-rail- road official who was then the sales manager, arose and told the group that the end of the war meant the end of their company.

Steel was becoming the fair-haired metal. Iron's day was over in many fields.

He said they'd find themselves where the buggy whip makers did when the horseless carriage was in- vented, if they didn't keep abreast of developments.

"Our interest," Cook concluded, "should go beyond the protection of our ventured capital. We must give some consideration to our 200 em- ployees. Many of them have never worked anywhere but here.

"We'd better give some serious thought to getting into the steel business."

An inland steel plant didn't ap- pear plausible then. Kansas City, as every school child knew, was a grain and cattle market, a distributing

point, not an ore-producing center.

You couldn't make steel without iron ore any more than you could whip up a batch of fudge without chocolate.

"How about making steel from scrap iron?" Solomon Stoddard, head of the firm, asked.

The stockholders shrugged dubiously. They weren't steel men, didn't know much about it. But why not have someone find out if it were feasible? Lewis L. Middleton, a newcomer to the organization, was given the assignment. He was the only man in the company who'd had any steel experience. He had started out as a mill hand in St. Louis 14 years before and had worked his way into a front office job.

On his exploratory trip, Middleton didn't get any encouragement from steel men in the ore-producing regions. However, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, he visited a mill that was making steel with 60 percent pig iron and 40 percent stove plate. Room stoves were used extensively there, hence stove plate was plentiful.

But this didn't help much as far as the Kansas City plant was concerned, as he was sure discarded stove plate couldn't be found in quantity in the Midwest.

The last lap of his search took him to Midvale, Utah, where, in an old, converted copper smelter, steel was being produced from 10 percent cast iron and 90 percent steel scap.

Confident he was on the right track, Middleton hurried back to Kansas City in order to find out how much scrap iron was available in the territory. A check of sources in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Oklahoma and Texas in-

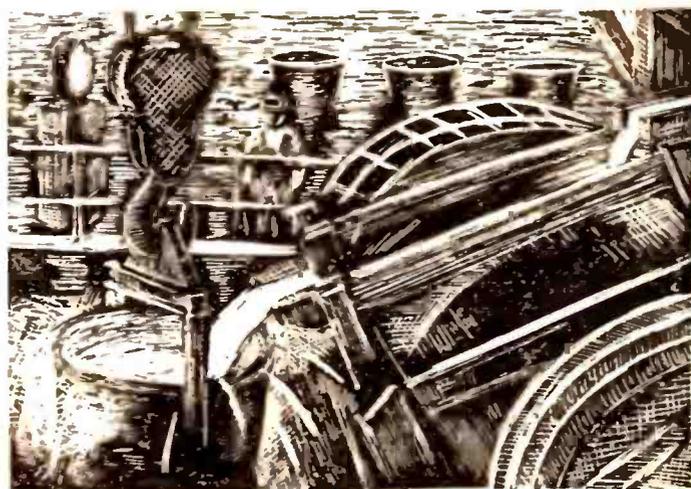
dicated approximately 65,000 tons could be collected annually, which was but twice the previous annual tonnage of the bolt and nut plant.

"We had no business starting a steel mill," Middleton recalls. "We were far removed from the iron mines of the Lake Superior region, and there wasn't much scrap iron around when we started.

"You see, the railroads were the only important source for scrap. The farm machinery field was just getting started and there weren't any quantities of washing machines or motor cars—

"Let me tell you about motor cars in 1917. You know how many there were in our entire organization? Three and one truck. When we built a garage we added a fourth stall so we could take care of any visitor who might drive out to the plant in his car.

"We weren't smart—just lucky in hitting upon an idea that was ripe for development."



Sheffield has come a long way since 1917. There are now 3200 employees, and at the 125-acre plant—half of which is under roof—approximately

360,000 tons of scrap iron are used annually in making steel for almost 100 products, ranging from structurals to carpet tacks. The company is known as the "steel department store." Scrap iron has become a multimillion dollar business. On a recent afternoon, Middleton, who is now vice-president in charge of purchases, bought \$2,400,000 worth of scrap iron.

Currently the price of scrap is above \$45 a ton delivered, but it wasn't so many years ago that Middleton bought a large shipment of railroad scrap iron, which normally carries a premium, for \$2.75 a ton.

"And caught hell for paying that," he says. "Our business was off and the stockpile heavy. But we had money for investment and scrap iron at that price was a better buy than low interest bearing bonds."

There are 63 grades of scrap iron, and Sheffield's experts can tell at a glance if a shipment measures up to the dealer's description of it.

A recent carload shipment didn't, and when the nearby Missouri dealer was advised of a penalty of 50 cents a ton for its deficiencies, he replied, ruefully, "I realize you gotta educate us, but confidentially, I could be just as well educated for 25 cents a ton as 50."

Middleton buys scrap iron not only for the Kansas City plant, but also for Sheffield's relatively new 35-million dollar operation at Houston and a smaller plant at Sand Springs, near Tulsa.

The three plants employ about 6,500 persons, and scrap consumption for the three projects is approximately

800,000 tons annually.

Kansas City steel was tough to sell at first. Salesmen for Eastern mills could kill a Sheffield sale in many instances by whispering into the prospective purchaser's ear, "You know Sheffield makes its steel out of junk, don't you?"

Effective harpooning, this, but actually it didn't mean a thing. Competent tests showed that scrap metal retained the same qualities when melted down that it had when first refined.

Resistance remained, until one day at a builder's meeting a steel salesman made a slurring remark about "junk steel."

The president of the salesman's company called him on his remark.

"Soft pedal that talk," he said. "There's more to making steel out of scrap iron than most of us realize, and we'll all be doing it some day."

He was right. Virtually every steel mill now uses scrap iron in the production of steel.

While steel interests in this country were inclined to ignore their country cousin in its infancy, foreign powers did not. Striped pants delegations from Australia, Japan, Belgium, and several South American countries made special trips to Kansas City to study the new steel making process. Their visits culminated in the establishment of open hearth steel mills in Australia and Japan, and in one South American country.

In the middle twenties—with the arrival of W. L. Allen, R. L. Gray, J. C. Shepherd, F. E. Finley, and H. W. Gronemeyer—Sheffield began an expansion program that has continued

without interruption to the present. Ordinarily, there's been overlapping on building programs, with a new one starting before an old one is finished.

There was a flurry of excitement at the mills on the morning of April 1, 1925, when steel officials and heads of fabricating firms of the area gathered to see the results of Sheffield's biggest gamble up to that time, an expenditure of \$300,000 in equipment and buildings and the training of several hundred new employees.

They watched a "heat" being "tapped" and "teemed" into molds; and then they followed the processing of a one-ton ingot through blooming mills, a series of furnaces, and a maze of rollers until the first sheet of steel was made.

It was sent to Columbian Steel Tank, fashioned into a vase and then presented to the wife of Sheffield's president.

Andy Kramer, who died last month, had plumped for this development. To his Columbian Steel Tank and the other fabricators in the territory a local supply of sheet steel meant a saving in freight rates, speedier deliveries, and freeing of capital tied up in inventories.

Two weeks after the first sheet was rolled, plans were made for quadrupling the capacity of the sheet rolling mills.

Bankers who have a natural fondness for steel mills became madly infatuated with Sheffield. It became Kansas City's hottest industrial romance. One week 17 bankers arrived from the East to study the property.

Sheffield was a catch. It had a big market to itself and enjoyed a favor-

able freight rate spread between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, from Minnesota to the Gulf. In 1924, when the industry as a whole was operating at only 35 percent of capacity, Sheffield was operating at 100 percent capacity; and the same the following year, when the industry edged up to 65 percent capacity.

In good years and bad it had maintained a high record of earnings, so W. L. Allen, the president, decided if anyone was going to buy out Sheffield he'd do it himself. He financed the purchase locally, the five and a half million dollar deal being the largest single transaction made by Kansas City bankers up until that time. Allen retained the presidency; Gray became vice-president; Ernest Baxter, general salesmanager; Middleton, secretary; and H. R. Warren, treasurer.

By 1929 the expanding Sheffield plant had become, in effect, the department store of the steel industry with a more diversified line of products than any mill in the country. The following year the company became a wholly owned subsidiary of the American Rolling Mill Company with Allen and Gray continuing in the top positions. J. C. Shepherd became vice-president in charge of sales. Baxter became secretary of the president, and J. W. Anderson became general manager of sales. Middleton and Warren retained their previous posts. Gray became president when Allen moved up to board chairman in 1931.

Sheffield moved into other markets, leasing part of the Scullin mills in St. Louis for ten years in 1934 and ef-

fecting a similar arrangement with the plant at Sand Springs two years later. The latter plant was subsequently purchased.

The Houston plant was planned in 1936, but the three open hearth furnaces and rolling and finishing mills were not put in until the spring of 1942.



Shipbuilders needed steel, and to the 12 million dollar plant the Defense Plant Corporation added 23 million dollars worth of new facilities, including coke ovens, an additional open hearth furnace, and a huge blast furnace. The Texas plant concluded its war work in October of 1945, but it wasn't until two months ago that Sheffield succeeded in leasing the war-built facilities from the War Assets Administration.

A new process for supplying molten metal to the open hearth furnaces was developed in 1938 and widely heralded in the industry inasmuch as it increased production of the furnaces by approximately 30 per cent.

During the war Sheffield turned out one and one-half million tons of material that went into tanks, bombs, landing craft, barges, pontoons, air-

craft, ships, jeeps, war plants, military establishments, arsenals, shells, landing mats, pipe lines, and other war items.

For several years the Kansas City plant had been turning out alloy steel grinding balls that ranged from one-half to twelve inches in diameter for use in industrial grinding processes. With few refinements, this metal was made into armor piercing projectiles with cavities for high explosive charges.

Annealing facilities were limited at Sheffield, as it had never gone in for alloy steel production to any extent. New equipment was out of the question. But with characteristic Midwestern ingenuity the research men developed an annealing practice that conditioned the armor piercing shot for ease in machining, yet having characteristics which made it possible to later heat treat it for high penetration through armor plate.

As a substitute for annealing furnaces, Sheffield engineers fashioned welded steel boxes and lined them with Zonolite, a mica insulating material which served to retard the cooling of the metal. This simple procedure made it possible for the Kansas City company to become the largest single source for armor piercing shot steel in the army's seventh corps area. Approximately 60,000 tons of bars were turned out, but without the annealing boxes no more than 25,000 could have been handled.

Though a wholly owned subsidiary of American Rolling Mills, Sheffield has lost none of its independence of spirit through the years.

"And why should it?" a banker who knows steel asks. "The top men at Sheffield, Gray and his executive vice-president, Shepherd, and the three other vice-presidents—Middleton, Baxter, and Anderson—are men of competence. They can hold their own in any company.

"Sheffield is a commercial miracle and these men, with the cooperation of their associates, have made it possible."

The company's production has made possible the establishment and rapid growth of a number of steel fabricating plants in the Heart of America—fully a thousand miles from the nation's recognized steel center!

It constitutes an amazing success story which is far from conclusion as the Midwest's Number One department store of steel plans ahead for improvements and an unending program of building and expansion.

## Oh, Mister President!

LINCOLN, the tallest president, was 6 feet, 4 inches tall, one foot taller than Madison, who weighed less than 100 pounds. Madison, who was the shortest and lightest president, was the first president to wear long trousers. Taft, who weighed 332 pounds, was embarrassed once when he got stuck in the White House bathtub.

Grover Cleveland was the first president to leave the United States, as he often fished outside the three mile limit, but Theodore Roosevelt was the first president to leave the jurisdiction of the United States when he visited the Panama Canal Zone in 1906.

Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest president, moving into the White House before he was 43 years old. Andrew Jackson was the oldest president, celebrating his seventieth birthday 11 days after leaving office.

William H. Harrison, the ninth president, was also the grandfather of a president when Benjamin Harrison became the twenty-third president.

John Adams was the father of John Quincy Adams, who was the only bald-headed president. He was also the worst dressed Chief Executive, wearing the same hat for ten years. Chester A. Arthur was the best dressed president. He had 80 pairs of trousers and was an authority on etiquette.

Only two presidents were bachelors when elected—James Buchanan and Grover Cleveland. But Cleveland married during his first term, so Buchanan, who never married, was the only bachelor President.—Cappy Granny.

Successful bridge is the triumph of mind over chatter.

When an Eastern firm received word that one of its salesmen had been found dead in San Francisco, it wired:

"Send samples back by freight and search body for orders."

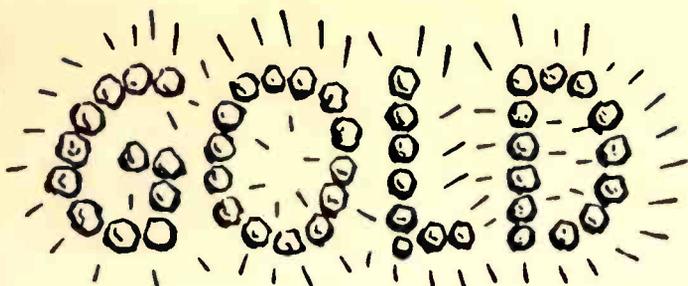
Two cockroaches lunched in a dirty sewer, and excitedly discussed the spotless glistening new restaurant in the next block.

"I hear," said one, "that the refrigerators shine like polished silver. The floor sparkles like diamonds. It's so clean."

"Please," said the second cockroach in disgust, "not while I'm eating!"

*Moss Hart is the triple threat man of the theatre.*

**THE**



*kid!*

by ABNER D. KLIPSTEIN

**T**O THE average theatre-goer, the name Moss Hart conjures up visions of a playwright, director and actor—a veritable triple-threat man of the theatre. To his intimates, Mr. Hart is simply known as “The Gold Kid.”

Both reputations were well-earned by Hart. His first effort in the theatre lost for a producer the round sum of \$40,000. Since then he has gone on to earn fabulous amounts in show business, as collaborator with George S. Kaufman, with whom he won a Pulitzer Prize, and on his own. The gold era naturally followed his first effort.

Contrary to popular belief, Hart was not born in Brooklyn, it was just his idea at the time of where one went to get away from the Bronx. His life actually began in the upper reaches of Manhattan. A little later the family moved to the Bronx and then finally to Sea Gate, near Coney Island. Although the family lived in the five boroughs of New York, it wasn't until Moss was nearly fifteen that he first glimpsed Broadway.

After school, Moss was employed by a music store to make deliveries. Sent downtown one day with a package, he stepped out of the subway into Times Square and ran smack into a

scene of gaiety and crowds such as he had never seen before. He has probably never recovered from its impact. He describes it best as “New Year's Eve continuously.” Thousands of good-natured people were all going someplace. Everyone seemed to know one another. People were dancing and hugging in the streets: policemen were walking around beaming. Taxi-drivers were singing. Small Moss stood it for as long as he could and then tore himself away to go home. It wasn't until he had conclusively decided that Broadway was the place for him that he learned that the street was not always so exuberant. He had walked out of the subway right in the middle of an extraordinary celebration. A false report of the Armistice of 1918 had just reached Times Square. The memory, however, lingered on.

Once Hart had decided on a career on Broadway, he made the rounds of the theatrical offices to find some sort of a job. He finally landed one as office boy to Augustus Pitou, the producer. It was the era of the ten-twenty-third drama. The stage-struck office boy received passes to most of the current shows and secretly decided that he could write things as good.

One of Hart's chores was to read some of the plays which were sub-

mitted to the office. One day, after plowing through a particularly big, but not good, pile of manuscripts, Moss decided that the time was ripe to begin his writing career.

His maiden opus was a romance, *The Beloved Bandit*. When the first act was finished, he signed it with a pseudonym and submitted it to Pitou, who read it and asked to see a completed script. Hart worked furiously for several days and nights and brought in the remaining two acts, which so delighted Pitou that he demanded to see the author.

Fearful that the hoax might cost him his \$15 a week job, Hart began hedging—the author was a very busy lawyer, he said, and couldn't find time to come to the office. It was only when the playwright answered none of Pitou's letters and the determined manager announced his intention to pay him a visit at the address given by Hart, that the real author confessed.

The play was rechristened *The Hold-Up Man*; was produced in Chicago, where it ran six weeks and lost \$40,000. Hart went back to his job as office boy, but with a burning ambition to be an author.

The next several years were lean ones for Moss Hart. He left his job as office boy in order to devote himself entirely to writing. For a number of summers he served as a director of entertainment in the "borsht circuit" and with settlement houses in New York City. Both jobs kept him constantly writing, directing and acting. He was acquiring the experience he sought. Finally he managed to turn out a script for what was to become

*Once In a Lifetime*.

*Once In a Lifetime* made the rounds of several producers before it came to the attention of the late Sam H. Harris. Harris asked to see the author, and whether or not he would consent to the play being used as the book of a musical. Moss was indignant that his serious effort should be relegated to an impotent background for a music and girlie show. He left the office in a huff but returned a few days later. Harris had sent word that he would like to have the young man work with George S. Kaufman on the play. Hart was terribly flattered. Kaufman was at the top rung of his success as a playwright and director. For many years afterward Hart was so awed by Kaufman that he could not call him George to his face.

On opening night in New York, Hart was assured by the producer and his associates that the play was a smash hit. He immediately rented a suite at the Astor and had a barber and manicurist come up to give him "the works." The following day, he rented a lavish apartment for his parents and ordered them to take no furnishings or clothing except what they were wearing and move in with him. To this day Hart often wonders what the neighbors and the landlord of that apartment in Sea Gate think.

With success, Hart suddenly became aware of gold. Almost everything he bought was made of gold. Among his new assets were a Bucks County farm, gold gadgets like electric toothbrushes, a psychoanalyst, and a valet, Charles. Charles is an unusual servant.

Once an actor friend approached Hart. He wished to borrow some sports clothes for a week's engagement. "Go ahead," replied the author, "and pick out anything you need." A few weeks later he witnessed his friend's appearance in a play and noticed that he wore some very elegant tweeds which, though familiar, were definitely not Hart's. Backstage the actor apologized. "I looked over your clothes and they weren't good enough, so Charles loaned me some of his."

With George S. Kaufman, Hart went on to write *Merrily We Roll Along*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *I'd Rather Be Right*, *The Fabulous Invalid*, *The American Way*, *The Man Who Came to Dinner* and *George Washington Slept Here*.

Cole Porter invited Hart to take a trip around the world with him. The results were visibly displayed in *Jubilee*. Soon afterwards Irving Berlin asked him to contribute the sketches for another revue, *As Thousands Cheer*.

These collaborations brought some satisfaction to Hart, but he yearned to write something on his own. About this time he was consulting with a psychoanalyst. He conceived the idea of writing a play about a frustrated

magazine editor and revealing her dreams to the audience. The play, *Lady in the Dark*, starring Gertrude Lawrence, was his first serious success.

Before Hart could go further, the United States was involved in World War II. Because of his age, he was not draft material, but he desperately tried to get into some part of the war service. He finally applied to the Navy for a commission, but was turned down because he had not attended school beyond the eighth grade!

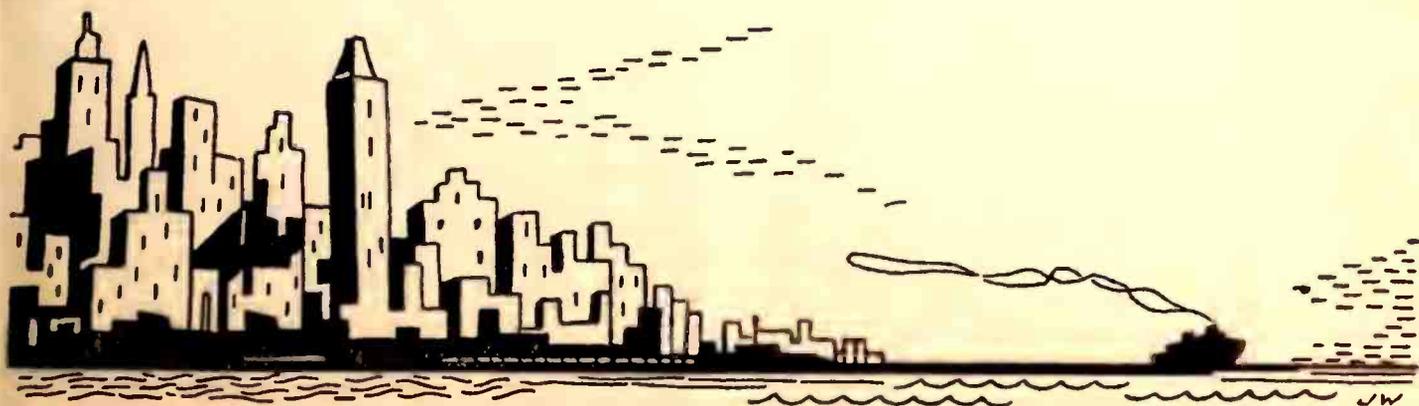
One evening when Hart was dining out, a young army lieutenant approached his table.

"Mr. Hart," he said, "I am a special services officer of a nearby airbase. We have been asked by General Arnold to produce a play about the Air Force for Air Forces' charities. My colleagues and myself wish to invite you to write such a play."

Hart was sure that he was being made the victim of some sort of a joke. He told the officer to have General Arnold contact him directly.

Three days later another officer appeared at Hart's front door. He told Hart that an airplane was waiting to take him to General Arnold in Washington.

In Washington, the Chief of the



A. A. F. outlined to Hart the kind of a story that he wished.

Hart replied that he had no idea of what went on to make a pilot, bombardier or navigator, and that he would have to spend a little time at an airfield for background material. He concluded that if the General would give him a pass to a base, he would look the situation over and see what he could do.

The General told Hart that he thought he could do better than that. In a few days, Mr. Hart would hear from him. Three days later a bomber stripped of all its implements of warfare, and equipped with desk and files, was placed at the playwright's disposal. He was whisked on a flight of 28,000 miles. From induction depot through basic training and qualification centers, he was shown how men were selected for technical training to become crew and maintenance men. He wore the uniform of a cadet and went through the vigorous training and tests himself. His bomber flew him through all the training stages up to and including the California port of embarkation, where the plane and crew he had trained with went to battle in the South Pacific. Then, armed with copious notes, Hart retired to his farm to write *Winged Victory*.

With the help of the Air Force, Hart selected the cast, stage technicians and musicians to give life to his play. Without a cent of compensation he wrote and directed the stage spectacle and then went to Hollywood to write the movie script.

After he had launched the play, Hart gathered together an all-star

cast of actors and, with himself playing the role of Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, he toured the Pacific islands.

Following the war, Hart retired to his farm to rest and write. A confirmed bachelor, he invited a friend for a weekend. His friend was infatuated with Kitty Carlisle, a musical comedy star. He begged Moss to have her out during the same weekend. Three months later, Hart married Miss Carlisle.

Last fall Moss Hart was represented on Broadway with a play dealing with the home wrecking upheaval of divorce as seen through the eyes of its victim, an adolescent boy. *Christopher Blake* was even more elaborate than *Lady in the Dark*. It involved a company of fifty players, four revolving stages and a number of novel theatrical devices. Mr. Hart, himself, directed *Christopher Blake*, which was greeted by so-so reviews and closed after 114 performances. In spite of this, Warner Brothers purchased the film rights for \$310,000 plus a considerable percentage of the gross.

Immediately following the opening, Moss and Kitty went to the West Coast to fulfill a screen writing commitment for Twentieth-Century-Fox. Hart has never been dazzled by "the most beautiful slave quarters in the world"—his description of Hollywood, where he is currently at work adapting *Gentlemen's Agreement* for the movies. He simply goes on with his writing tasks—as he would in Bucks County or in Manhattan—and gathers here and there a few more golden gadgets to add to his collection.

# AGGIE

had a



by EDWARD COPPLESTONE

MATTIE, intent on the evening meal, already belated, gave no sign that she knew John was behind her, until he folded one arm about her slender torso and moulded her body to him and tried to force her dry lips to his. Then she tore herself free.

"I suppose," she flared, "you call that affection!"

"Aw, Mattie! Don't be like that."

"Don't you be like that—all the time."

"Gosh, Mattie, don't you like me to come near you no more?"

"Course I do, but not like that. If you would just put some of your youth into your job—you haven't had a raise since we've been married."

"I know, but . . ." Fired with determination, he faced his wife. "Look, Mattie, we've only been married 'bout two years—seems, though . . ."

"I'd like it a lot better if you would help with supper; hugging and kissing don't mean a thing."

"Wasn't thinking 'bout kissing—much. 'Course I was thinking about it some, but . . ."

"But, what?"

His wife slatted the water from her hands and swung about, but in spite of the glare in her greenish-blue eyes he did not look away from her as he ordinarily would. She still held

her tongue. "Why don't you be like other men? All the time you're just thinking of yourself . . . One-track mind, if you ask me. You should have married the other kind, anyway."

Mattie paused just long enough for John to mumble that he knew some of "the other kind" that were not too bad.

"Besides," she carried on, "who wants kids?"

"You don't. Don't worry, the way you deal you haven't a thing to worry about. Gosh, Mattie."

"I wish Aggie Snow could see you now—wish you had picked her instead of me."

As bits of the fun he had had with Aggie Snow flitted across his mind, before Mattie broke into their set, before a half-year of bewilderment after which he had found himself married, he was tempted to ask who did the picking. He said, "What about Aggie?"

"Nothing, just thinking about her."

"The old stock answer, 'Nothing.' Why did you just happen to be thinking about her, I mean?"

"I wonder why she sent me her picture, today."

John could feel her eyes, trying to draw his. He wondered if his lips were really blanched or just felt that way. He knew his heart was thumping and was glad she couldn't see it. "So?" he managed to get out, as he edged toward the adjacent room,

where they usually put the mail.

Bending over the table, John hesitated a moment before reaching for the semblance that was looking straight into his hungry eyes. Didn't seem to have changed in the two years — wasn't too dumb — Aggie knew a lot of answers. Tilting the picture so that the waning light fell full on her almost black hair and eyes he knew were brown, all his thoughts on the way home, even his hope as he entered the kitchen, were gone. Even greenish eyes he knew were on his back did not matter.

"John!"

"Yep?" He leaned the picture against a vase and turned around.

"I suppose you would stay in there all night and dry up—and let the lawn and garden dry up, too—just to gape at that picture. Try putting some of your young ideas into your yardwork . . ."

Shuffling dutifully away from the table, John was just through the doorway when he was seized with a desire to kiss his wife. Thrown off balance, Mattie clutched at the sink as his ravenous arms wrapped around her torso. Too surprised to offer resistance to this sudden burst of enthusiasm she stood still until a loose fist under her chin lifted dry, thin lips toward his. Then, as his head dipped, she squirmed so that his blind moment would have ended by a brush of her cool cheek had he not, suddenly, turned his head aside in disgust.

As his arm about her body slumped, he stepped backwards and gazed off into the twilight, beyond the adjoining room. Suddenly, he stalked

through the doorway, straight to the table where Aggie was still leaning against the vase.

As he let the eyes in the photograph hold him, just as they did at that last party at Tony's, he heard a voice, a musical, rippling voice, he had not known since Aggie held his hand a moment after the wedding. "If," there had been earnestness in her brown eyes, "she abuses you, or any little thing like that, don't forget that Aggie has a telephone."

Staring after her spouse, Mattie dried her hands on her apron. Something about his attitude—or was it that likeness of his earlier flame?—seemed to dissipate the wrath in her eyes.

John felt her eyes on his back but made no move, even when he heard a door slam, and her heels pounding the back stairs to the yard. But, when the throbbing tick from the water meter came up from the basement, he realized that Mattie would not return for some minutes. He smiled, wryly, and reached for the telephone.

"Hello!"

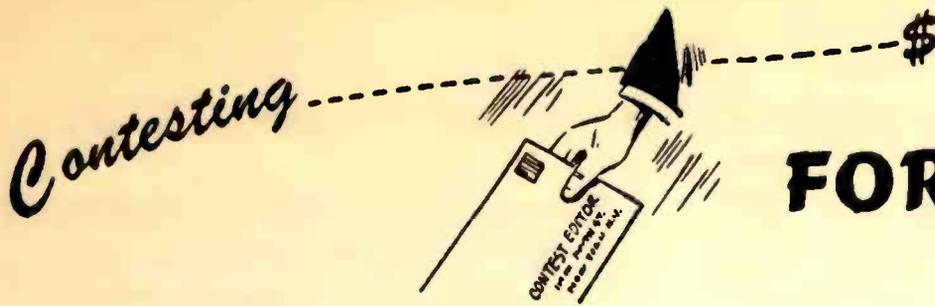
As the word rippled in his ear he was seized with a strange confusion. He was wordless, just as he had been that last night at Tony's.

The telephone rippled again. "Hello!"

He watched the lips in the picture curl a bit, just as they curled the night he told her about Mattie. His wife's splashing sounds at the rear of the house caught his ear.

"Nobody on the line," he heard Aggie say, as she clicked off.

John Olden hung up and started for the back yard.



## FOR KEEPS!

by GIL SONASTINE

*Here are some words of advice on the art of boxtopping by one of the nation's outstanding "professional" testers. Mr. Sonastine rates a position on the roster of All America Contest Winners.*

“**C**ONGRATULATIONS! We are happy to inform you that the judges have chosen your entry as the first prize winner in our recent nationwide contest. Our representative will call on you in a few days to make arrangements for the delivery of your new 1948 Chevrolet.”

Many people throughout the country are receiving telegrams similar to this one every day. They do deliver those cars and homes that are offered as contest prizes. And the money, too. It isn't a gag.

Before the war, most of the prizes in national contests were won by a few hundred regular entrants. These people were called “professionals” by the judges and sponsors, and whenever it was possible, their entries were weeded out along with the non-winners. Contest judges prefer their prizes to go to people who have never won before.

This is one of the only two forms of unjust discrimination I have ever discovered in contest judging; the other is the sometimes obvious practice of distributing prizes according

to geographical or population patterns.

These methods, however, have never dampened the ardor of regular testers. They circumvent such practices by sending their entries in the names of friends or relatives who live in the preferred localities.

This practice of using proxies continues, but the regular winners of a few years ago are not getting all the prize-money these days. This is due to the fact that more people are entering contests than ever before, and more of those who do enter are learning the tricks of the trade from contest schools. There are several of these schools throughout the country, but the most prominent one is the Wilmer Shepherd's School of Contesting in Philadelphia. Mr. Shepherd was formerly a big-time winner, but he stopped entering contests in 1936 and began to teach others how to win. He has written several books on the subject, but his correspondence course is truly a masterpiece. It contains an “idea incubator,” lists of rhyming words, trick phrases, coined words,

and numerous other eye-catching devices. Many ad writers use this course to obtain dynamic ideas for their daily copy. Contesters who take Shepherd's course also receive a bi-weekly bulletin containing information and winning ideas on all current contests.

The use of proxies in contesting often produces some interesting situations. Not long ago, an Illinois contestant submitted an entry in the name of "Tippy Irwin." The entrant was awarded a lovely corsage, but when it was delivered, "Tippy" turned out to be a big English bulldog who lived next door to the contestant.

Another prize chaser used her sister's name on an entry and was awarded an automobile. When the car was delivered, the sister's husband refused to let her turn the car over to the woman who wrote the entry. Nothing could be done about it, for the prize was delivered in the sister's own name. Moral: Pick proxies properly.

Another service that is available to aspiring prize hunters is a "qualifier" market from which box tops and labels can be obtained for every type of contest. A man in Enterprise, New York, operates this unique market. You may think this practice is unfair to sponsors, but few of the advertisers, themselves, consider it unfair. You see, the qualifier salesman buys box tops and labels from church and charity groups and then, in turn, sells them to contesters. This means of raising money stimulates interest in the sponsor's product even more than when the merchandise is purchased by contesters alone. Most sponsors say this helps their advertis-

ing campaigns rather than hindering them.

Once you are bitten by the contest bug, an affliction accompanying your first prize, it is almost impossible to quit the hobby. I was bitten back in 1934. During my first year of sending in entries, I won only about ten prizes; but during the next five years I received over a thousand awards. The best year was 1938, when my winnings amounted to \$2300. The biggest cash prize I ever won was a \$750 award in a limerick contest. On one occasion, I had the unusual thrill of winning two cars in one week. To date, I have won approximately \$11,000.

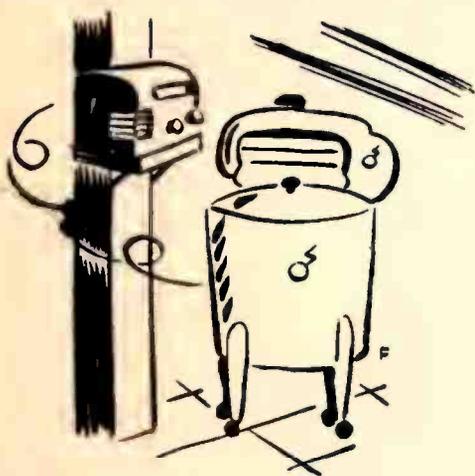
These figures may sound impressive, but there are many people who have been far more successful at contesting than I have. A man in Ohio has won over \$30,000 in 14 years. During the three worst depression years, he supported his wife and four children on contest winnings. More than a score of well-known contestants have won over \$20,000. Some folks have won more than this in a single prize, but few of these people have won more than a half-dozen other prizes in their whole lives. Really successful contestants win small prizes regularly. Anyone might accidentally bump into a big one, but it takes talent to win consistently.

The largest prize ever awarded in a commercial contest was the \$100,000 given by Old Gold cigarettes in 1937. This one was copped by a sailor in the United States Navy. There have been a number of \$25,000 prizes awarded in the past. *Liberty* magazine paid this amount for its

name and slogan in a contest back in 1924.

There were almost no commercial contests during the war, but they are back again now, bigger and better than ever. Homes and cars seem to be the big attraction on prize menus this season. Close to half a million dollars will be given in cash and merchandise to contesters this year.

Do you ever have the urge to try for some of these prizes? Well, you



have just as much chance of winning as anyone else does. Records prove that winners come from every walk of life. If you have the ability to write clever and attractive phrases, your chances of winning are better than average. If you don't have this ability, you can acquire it through practice. Start entering local contests first. This competition is not so keen, and the experience you gain will help you immeasurably. If you fail to win at first, keep at it anyway. Every entry you write increases your ability to write better ones in the future.

Here are some general ideas that should help you get your entries among the winners: of my own 1200 winning entries, 90 per cent have

been typewritten; 60 per cent were written on official blanks and the other 40 per cent on plain paper. Nearly one-half of all contest entries are eliminated because of rule infractions. The most common of these infractions are: neglecting to enclose the proper qualifier, using too many words or insufficient postage, and mailing after deadline.

Avoid the obvious when composing a contest entry. Hundreds or perhaps thousands of people are almost certain to send in the thing you think of first; so give your entry some careful thought. Coin new words and phrases of your own; use contrasting words and alliteration, anything to make your entry different. Work out some clever devices that have eye-appeal and then use them over and over again in different contests. If they don't win in one, they may click in another. Here are a few coined words that have earned several hundred dollars for me in prize money: "Buy-ology," "See-worthy," "Check-nique," and "Cents-ation." These word combinations brought the best results when they were used in slogans or jingles.

When you start entering contests, don't be too anxious about winning at first. Enter just for fun, and funds will follow later. Make a study of the game; keep your eye open for catchy phrases in magazine advertisements. If you think this hobby is childish, just remember that college professors, writers, lawyers and many other professional people work at it constantly during their spare time.

I have found contesting to be educational as well as entertaining and profitable.

When entering a slogan contest, don't send in anything like the commercial slogans you read every day in newspapers and magazines: "It Floats," "They Satisfy," "Eventually—why not now?" Such slogans as these would be thrown out on the first round of judging in a contest. They have only become popular through constant publicity, not because they are particularly clever. A prize-winning entry in a slogan contest must contain something that will catch the eye of the judges at first glance. Here are a few that have won prizes in the past: "More pickup per cup," "Exactly right to write exactly," "The wash-word of the nation."

Decorated entries and appendages are taboo in national contests. Ornate entries may sometimes win in local competition, but never in nationwide contests. The judges in the big contests look upon embellishments as attempts to bribe them. And if you want to have your entry thrown out immediately, just send along a note to the judges telling them about your "poor, sick mother who needs an operation," or your "seven children who need new shoes." Such pleas, even if they are true, are considered ridiculous by contest judges. They do receive them, though, in nearly every

big contest.

Here is a note the judges received from a woman in a recent toothpaste contest: "We've been wanting to have a baby but couldn't afford it. If we win one of the wonderful prizes in your contest, we could become happy parents." The most famous of all "illustrated" entries ever received in a national contest came when the entrant was supposed to give five reasons why he liked Dr. Blank's corn remover. A woman from Idaho wrote, "Here are my five reasons for liking Dr. Blank's corn remover." Below the note, she had pasted five real corns which she evidently had removed from her own toes.

The average person is convinced that most major contest prizes go to friends of the judges or sponsors. This is not true. From my own observations, plus the opinions of many other experienced contestants, I have found that at least 95 per cent of all commercial contests are conducted honestly.

You can win if you stick with it. Send in plenty of entries, and don't sit around waiting for prize checks to come in. They usually come when you are not looking for them. Give some time to developing winsome ways, and you are bound to attract the judges' attention sooner or later. You'll find enjoyment, and probably profit, in the ranks of the boxtoppers.

## Centerpiece

As Miss Kansas, 21 year old Ruth Richmond will compete in the 1947 Miss America Pageant at Atlantic City. She won the Sunflower State title in a contest sponsored jointly by station WHB in Kansas City and the Patricia Stevens School of Modeling.



1—"Queen For a Day" emcee Jack Baile poses with Kansas City Queen, Mrs. Virginia Steele.



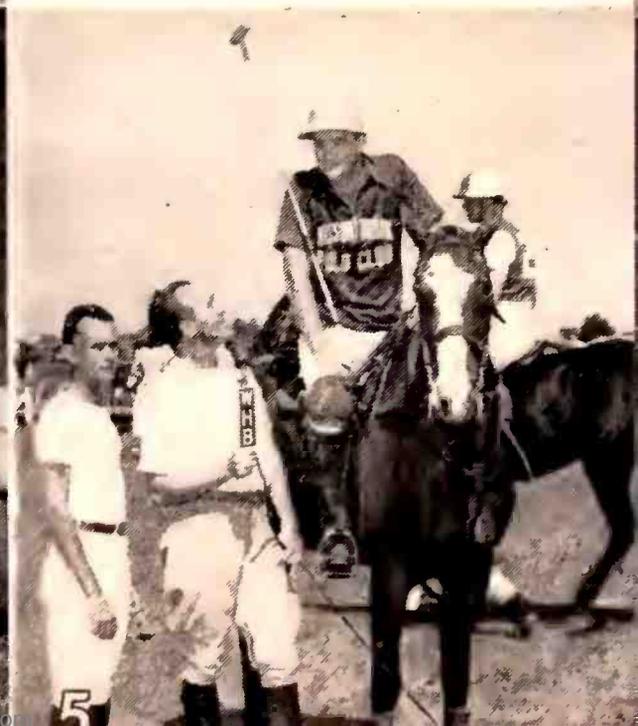
2—A new product is taking the test tower of Kansas City "at a breeze," A. B. Peterson, divisional manager of Lever Brothers informs WHB's Sandra Lea. President of Lever Brothers is Charles Luckman, a former Kansas Citian who is personally tabbing sales results of the new detergent.



3—Escalators for the Kansas City Union Station are opened with fitting ceremony. Left to right: William E. Kemp, mayor of Kansas City, Missouri; A. K. Atkinson, president of the Wabash Railway; Clark E. Tucker, mayor of Kansas City, Kansas; Dorothy Duffy; J. W. Beal, assistant chief engineer of the Kansas City Terminal Railway; and B. J. Duffy, president of the Kansas City Terminal Railway.

4—John Batson, F. M. McKim and John Hainje, members of the Amvet baseball team sponsored by WHB, in a pre-game conference.

5—WHB promotes "Polo for Polio" with a few words from Jack Goodman, Dan Duran, and Jim Kemper, Jr.









... presenting E. W. PHELPS

*Swing nominee for*

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

WHEN, on the last Saturday of August, more than a hundred colorfully-attired Kansas Citians ride the last few miles of the Santa Fe Trail in company with a hundred of New Mexico's finest horsemen and a United States Army detachment in the uniforms of their conquering predecessors of 1847, at the head of the column will be Ed Phelps, president of the unusual and exclusive Kansas City Saddle and Sirloin Club. The small, compact, mildly explosive Phelps will be having the time of his life. He always enjoys himself, and does so with a vigor.

It will be an historic ride that day, the culmination of an ambitious trip involving the transportation of a Conestoga wagon, a mountain wagon, a tally-ho, two score horses and 110 people a distance of 855 miles by special train. Its success will be due to the organization and hard work of a Saddle and Sirloin committee under the enthusiastic ex-officio leadership of Ed Phelps.

That caravan will feature more than beautiful horseflesh and quaint costumes. It will boast the highest-priced bunch of cowboys who ever swung gruntingly across a croup and into the saddle. Riding for Kansas City will be judges, bankers, a railroad president, a city manager, at least two mayors, broadcasters, law-

yers, publishers and an assortment of business executives and tycoons. The men are the brains and the motivating force of one of the world's largest and loveliest livestock and horse shows, the annual American Royal. They will be riding for the glory of the Royal.

And how about Ed Phelps, the man at the head of the column? Well, Ed is part of the Royal, too. Very much a part of it. As manager of Swift & Company's Kansas City plant, he heads up one of the largest and most widely diversified meat packing establishments in the United States. Naturally, he is interested in good livestock and better breeding. He has been working on the Royal ever since his arrival in Kansas City ten years ago. He is one of the founders of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, and is, in a way, responsible for its origination.

It happened like this: Swift & Company are purveyors of nutrition: first, through fertilizers, to the soil; second, through feeds, to livestock; and, third, through meat products, to human beings. Ed Phelps, as promoter of Swift & Company policies and products in the Kansas City area, was anxious to get that Swift story across to the public.

So he scheduled a series of packing plant open houses in conjunction with

the 1938 American Royal Week. An unhopd for total of 43,000 people came to hear the three-way nutritional story, and made a one-hour conducted tour through the plant.

Later, to celebrate the success of the open houses and of the Royal, Phelps invited 60 or so men who had worked on the Royal to a steak dinner in the Swift cafeteria. It was there that the suggestion to band American Royal workers together into some sort of a permanent social group was made, acclaimed, and was acted upon. The Saddle and Sirloin Club is the result.

Phelps early established a reputation in the Club. When the group decided to set off on a two-day cross-country trail ride, he volunteered to handle the chuck wagon. He did so to his everlasting glory, although some few carpers pointed out that there was a noticeable scarcity of the meats of Swift competitors.

At breakfast on the second day out, Ed Phelps was supervising the preparation of coffee. Rain was coming down in driving sheets, so he had pulled his black sombrero low over his forehead and wrapped a poncho around his shoulders. He was munching a piece of cheese.

Just then, two club members came up to tell him they were going home. The rain was too much for them.

Phelps swung around with a glare. "You call yourselves 'Trail Blazers,'" he growled. "Go home? Go home and be the laughing stock of Kansas City? No! We will ride if we all get pneumonia!"

It was at that precise moment, in that exact costume and pose — with

slouched sombrero, dripping poncho, cheekful of cheese, glaring eyes and set lips — that someone took a picture of Ed Phelps.

The cowed Trail Blazers stayed and completed the ride, but during the ensuing year, revenge was plotted.

So it was that the following fall found pictures of Ed Phelps in the office of the Kansas City chief of detectives, in the *Kansas City Star*, and all along the trail Saddle and Sirloin members would ride.

It was the picture taken that morning in the rain, made into a handbill captioned, "WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE — \$5,000 Reward for the Apprehension or Liquidation of WAHSE-MO-KAW, HALF-BREED CREEK, Cattle Rustler, Pig Purloiner, and Accused of Selling Contraband Beef to the Kansas City TRAIL BLAZERS."

It was a good joke, and Phelps laughed as hard as anyone. Only the plotters went a step further. They planned, in order to brighten campfire festivities on the trail, to capture Phelps as he sat with them during the evening, and try him for his crimes. They even went so far as to rig an electric chair for the occasion.

They were destined for disappointment, because it rained on that trail ride, too; and because when Ed Phelps got on his horse the second morning of the ride and backed it out of the picket line, the animal slipped and fell, rolling completely over the rider.

Phelps had to return to town, and someone else was captured and subjected to a mock trial. But before Ed left for the hospital, another picture was taken. His hat was cocked at a

jaunty angle, and his fingers touched the brim of it in salute. He was smiling, but he held one arm at his side in a peculiar position. There was good reason: he had seven broken ribs.

Anyhow, rainstorms, insults or injuries have never stopped Ed Phelps. He has made every single trail ride, and has taken a position of active leadership in the Saddle and Sirloin Club since its inception.

He has always been determined, he has always been a leader, and he has always been enthusiastic. Business associates who watched him start with Swift & Co. in Chicago at \$15 a week, climb up through the Edmonton and Winnipeg plants in Canada to managerships at Harrisburg, then Cleveland, then Kansas City, will testify to that.

Friendly competitors will admit it, too. Ed Phelps is an outstanding athlete. As a boy he was All Michigan quarterback, and rode a bicycle 2,700 miles in 62 days — including arduous climbs through the Jura Mountains, the Apennines and the Alps.

Then, in 1914, he decided to take up golf. He bought a book on the subject. The first year his best score was 105. The next year it came down to 90. By his fourth season on the links, he was breaking 80.

He kept on improving. After 12 years of golf, he sank his first hole-in-one. Soon after, he won the Westwood Country Club Championship. He was four times champion in the

Cleveland Athletic Club tournament, and twice runner-up. The day he won his first tournament with a 78 and a 73, he won seven other prizes. When he turned 50 years old, he promptly captured the Ohio Senior Men's Championship.

As president of the Cleveland District Golf Association in 1934, Phelps introduced and promoted a game which he and several others had been working on for quite awhile. It was "archery golf," and was devised in an effort to make use of golf courses the year around, and give golfers exercise in winter as well as summer. The game is played with bow, arrows, and double-sided targets on each green.



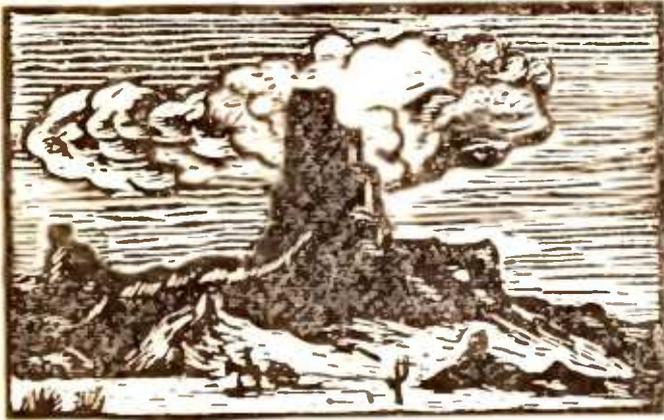
Until then, Phelps had never had a bow in hand. However, he went at it with a will, and set a course record at his own country club within a year. He wrote the original rules of the game, and later revised them. It is said that had little to do with the fact that he nearly always won.

Every successful man may be forgiven an idiosyncrasy or two. With Ed Phelps, it is golf wagers. He used to collect a dime a hole, and would accept only dimes. He has a white golf sock stuffed to overflowing with ten-cent pieces.

Now, however, he will accept nothing but checks in payment of golf debts. These he never cashes, but stacks neatly in a drawer of his desk. He was horrified recently, when the wife of a friend of his got hold of an

Ed Phelps check for 30 cents and actually *cash*ed it!

When Ed Phelps rides into Santa Fe, he will not be alone. Beside him will be dynamic wife Tete, his constant companion. She has been beside him since 1910, when a Phi Delt with whom she had a date for a University of Chicago prom turned up with a broken ankle. The boy was



extremely apologetic, and promised she wouldn't be stood up.

"I'll send one of my fraternity brothers," the boy said, "the best guy in the house! He's a second-year medical student and works all the time. He's so busy studying that he never goes anywhere or has any dates. But I'll send him around."

He was as good as his word. As Tete says, "He was talking about Phelpsie. They fixed Phelpsie up with a borrowed dress suit and a plug hat and sent him around. He's been around ever since!"

Mrs. Phelps, incidentally, is no mean athlete herself, and is quite accustomed to sharing sports page headlines with her husband. For a number of years she was ranked as one of Cleveland's top ten women golfers. She has won nine golfing titles, and has bagged the women's crown at Mission Hills Country Club in Kan-

sas City three times.

Beyond business and athletics, Ed Phelps (whose real name is Elmore) has found time for a number of civic activities. He was leader of the Cleveland Community Fund, director and president of Rotary there. In Kansas City, he has been vice-president and director of the Chamber of Commerce for two terms, a director of the American Royal Association and of the Community Chest, and a member of the War Manpower Commission. He is on the advisory board of the Future Farmers of America, and accomplished an especially neat bit of work for that organization last fall.

The Future Farmers wanted to hold their annual convention in Kansas City during American Royal Week, a particularly crowded time when hotel space is at a premium.

So Ed Phelps took charge of housing and feeding the 4,000 boys. He built an outstanding organization, with such men as John B. Gage, Herold C. Hunt, Judge Harry Gambrel, Harry Mansfield, and Police Chief Harold Anderson. With their help he procured vacant buildings; got cots and blankets; obtained use of the Kansas City Power and Light Company Garage as a mess hall, and contracted for cafeteria service and equipment. Then he enlisted the support of eight Kansas City civic luncheon clubs to set up cots, supervise the boys and generally act as hosts.

It was a magnificent example of complete community cooperation. The cafeteria worked so smoothly that it fed 60 men a minute, or all 4,000 in about an hour.

In all, 1536 Kansas City men cooperated with Phelps on the project. They were organized into divisions commanded by colonels. Each division comprised four areas commanded by majors; each area contained four camps commanded by captains. Every captain was assisted by four lieutenants who worked six-hour duty shifts in their camp of 50 to 60 boys. In that way, all 4,000 boys were well cared for, and things went without a hitch.

The Phelps' plan was beautiful in two respects: first, it worked; and second, everybody got to be an officer.

Phelps says his own military experience extended only to a second lieutenancy in the Boys' Brigade of the Hammond Baptist Church, where his father was minister. Still, he has always had a penchant for the military, and for clean, efficient organization.

Since his incumbency as president of the Saddle and Sirloin Club, Ed has had opportunity to combine his recreational and organizational tendencies. In addition to the ordinary legal, finance, and membership committees, the Club has 15 others — all functioning smoothly. The result is a wider appeal to members and increasing use of Club facilities, which include swimming, baitcasting, badminton, trap shooting, riding, archery golf, and card tournaments. In addition, Sunday evening Town Meetings are held every three weeks, for purposes of debate and open discussion of current topics. They have been an unqualified success.

One of the things for which Ed Phelps is best known is his memory. He has given several lectures on the subject of mnemonics, accompanying them with demonstrations. He says his memory is not unusual, merely well trained, as one might train the sense of sight, smell, touch, taste, or hearing.

He became interested in his memory a few years ago when he stepped on an elevator in Banff. A lady smiled at him and, without knowing why, he asked, "Aren't you Mrs. Matthews?" The lady said yes, she was. With a terrific mental wrench, he asked a second question. "And isn't your husband manager of Canadian Pacific dining service?"

Mrs. Matthews beamed! "He was," she said, "twenty years ago. Now he is manager of all Canadian Pacific Hotels."

The Matthewses took excellent care of the Phelpses during their stay at Banff, but Ed was puzzled as to why he would remember a face, a name and an occupation for 20 years. And he was impressed with the pleasure the Matthewses had felt upon being remembered.

So he got out a college psychology book and began to study the science of remembering. Then he practiced training his memory.

Today he can place a deck of cards, one at a time, in face down positions all about a room. Later he can go to any one asked for, or can name any one indicated before turning it up. He can perform several other amazing memory feats. "Practice," he says. "Just a hobby."

But that is the way Ed Phelps goes into everything, with complete thoroughness. Once, when pork at the Swift & Company plant in Edmonton wouldn't cut properly, Phelps challenged the company blueprints; made a trip to Chicago to learn he was wrong; went back to Canada to find he was right after all and that the blueprints were wrong; and finally undertook an investigation which revealed that Canadian hogs have developed 15 ribs — one more than the standard American hog. That was something no one had discovered before. His thoroughness always pays off!

Phelps' thoroughness was everywhere evident in planning the Saddle and Sirloin's Operation Santa Fe, and included an advance visit to New Mexico with chairman Henry Bund-

schu and other members of the Operation Santa Fe Committee.

And Phelps' thoroughness and enthusiasm will be apparent again this fall, when his brothers of the leather and steak swing into action on the 1947 edition of the American Royal. They will be promoting it and working on it from this time forward, and promise that it will be the most all around successful Royal to date.

At Royal time, the Saddle and Sirloin activities will reach their high peak of the year. That means, of course, that prexy Ed Phelps will be a mighty busy man. But he is actually looking forward to it! That's why he is a good man for the job, and why *Swing* doffs its ten-gallon fedora to Ed Phelps, Man of the Month!

## Identity Known

OF THE more than 150 million sets of fingerprints, including those of more than 10 million criminals, assembled in Washington, no two have been found to be identical—not even those of two different fingers on the same hand. And the basic pattern remains the same from childhood to old age. Even after death, when bodies are protected, as in the case of mummies, the fingers retain the same outer skin design for centuries.

When prints are submitted to Washington for matching, an almost miraculous machine can locate them or indicate their absence in a matter of minutes.

It is not practicable to fingerprint infants, but a satisfactory substitute has been developed in the form of footprints. They are taken in many hospitals as a matter of routine shortly after the stork completes his mission.

Animal identification is also frequently an important consideration, and is becoming more and more a common practice. When, during the war, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to fingerprint employees as a precaution in case of air raids, Cheetah, star chimpanzee, went through the mill with the other actors.

Dogs are commonly noseprinted. The intricate pattern of grooves and "islands" makes a satisfactory design for the purpose. Such prints are sometimes placed on identification cards attached to the canine's collar.

It has been much more difficult to meet the requirement for horses. However, lip tattooing has recently come into vogue, primarily to counter the substitution of "ringers" in the "fixing" of races.—Arthur H. Joel.

*It is continuous, accurate, almost unknown, and important to you. What is it?*

## The Dull Spot **WWV** ... On Your Dial



by LEW H. MORSE, JR.

**C**HANCES are you have never heard of radio station WWV, yet it is on the air continuously, 24 hours a day, year in and year out. This unique radio station carries no commercials, platter shows, or symphonies, yet it affects the lives of all of us.

What kind of a station is it? Well, it is operated by the National Bureau of Standards, a bureau within the United States Department of Commerce, and it provides a half dozen services which affect remote corners of your life in unexpected ways.

If you own a radio set of recent enough vintage to possess a good short wave band, you can hear WWV for yourself at any time. Some evening, tune the short wave band of your receiver to 2, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 or 35 megacycles. You'll hear the following: a tick marking every second which sounds much like the ticking of a piano student's metronome; a musical note which is exactly A above middle C; and, behind that, another higher pitched musical note. Periodically, these sounds will be interrupted while other announcements are made either by voice or in the characteristic dots and dashes of International

Morse Code. All of these sounds are directly related to your daily existence.

Primarily, WWV is a source of highly accurate time services. As such, its signals were used by the armed services all over the world during the recent war. Marine chronometers were checked against them, and watches were set to split-second accuracy. The navigator of a lone B-29, winging its way across the incredibly wide and trackless Pacific, depended upon correct time to "shoot" the stars and find his way to a tiny island somewhere over the horizon. And absolutely accurate time is also imperative for men who are on surveying parties cut off from civilization. The time is furnished by WWV.

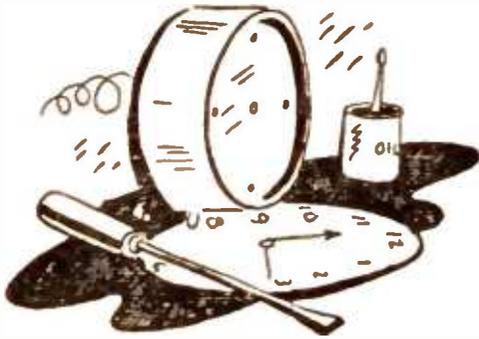
Broadcast stations stay on the wavelength assigned to them by the Federal Communications Commission by means of frequent reference to the WWV standard frequency. Your power company keeps your kitchen clock, if it is electric, running on correct time by reference to the signals emanating from WWV.

Finally, even your piano is tuned by reference to the piano tuner's pitch fork which the manufacturer origi-

nally matched against the highly accurate musical pitch generated at the Bureau of Standards.

Eight separate transmitters at the Bureau of Standards radiate these signals. Seven of them operate twenty-four hours a day, and one additional transmitter goes on at night. As a result, WWV can be heard anywhere in the United States at any time, and strong signals are usually received over all of Canada and all the way across the North Atlantic.

The primary source of both the radio "carrier waves" and the time



signals is a quartz crystal, popularly referred to as "the beating heart" of the transmitter, which is sealed in an insulated box and buried in a vault 25 feet below the surface of the earth. Here, under conditions of constant temperature and humidity, the crystal heart beats with an accuracy greater than one part in fifty million. Translated into ordinary terms, that means that the tiny signal generated by this pampered piece of quartz doesn't get out of step more than one whole beat for every fifty million beats it makes. It's like counting a half million dollars worth of pennies and not making a mistake of more than one penny in the process. Then, as if the crystal were not enough, the Bureau of Standards checks it with the Washington Naval

Observatory which computes time by painstaking observation of the path of stars across the sky.

Heard as faint "ticks" in the background of the WWV broadcast are the standard one second intervals which are accurate to one-millionth of a second. These ticks also originate from vibrations of the quartz crystal. A crystal-driven clock is utilized in the process of superimposing the one second ticks on the transmitted frequency, and it is here that an exactness of a most amazing order is encountered. The equipment which the Bureau of Standards uses to compare its several crystal clocks with each other can detect a difference in the rate of these clocks of one second in fifty years!

Standard musical pitch is A above middle C, and here again WWV broadcasts a note that is accurate to one part in fifty million. The note is generated by the same quartz crystal that generates the time signals. It is broadcast continuously for a period of four minutes and then interrupted for a full minute. Thus, the musical note is heard until four minutes after the hour and then is off for one minute; then it is heard again until nine minutes after the hour, and so on around the clock. Incidentally, the exact moment at which the tone goes off the air is in precise agreement with the basic time service of the United States Naval Observatory. Needless to say, the generation of a standard musical pitch is an invaluable service to manufacturers of musical instruments, and to musicians themselves.

Other services of this station are equally important to scientific work-

ers, but are more difficult for laymen to understand. For instance, WWV broadcasts periodical warnings to trans-Atlantic communications companies, advising when they should change their frequency of operation in order to give more reliable service. This is important to anyone who has frequent occasion to talk via trans-Atlantic telephone. During the next few years, when sunspot activities reach maximum activity for their eleven year cycle, this service will become increasingly valuable in maintaining radio links with other nations of the world.

These are only the more important of the services supplied by this unique radio station, and only scratch the surface insofar as the work of the government's Central Radio Propagation Laboratory or the Bureau of Standards itself is concerned.

The work of these groups is the work of quiet, diligent scientists and engineers who seek the satisfaction of constantly refining their methods of measurement in the vast and expanding fields of chemistry, physics, and electronics. Theirs is an unassuming but substantial contribution toward raising the standard of living of the people of our nation.

## ▲ Bobby-Pin Coach

**B**ETTY DAVIS hopes for another undefeated season this fall in a rough and tumble sport—football. This quiet, dark-haired miss coached her boisterous grade-schoolers through last season's whole schedule without a loss, and inspired Philadelphia's Chestnutwold School aggregation to cop the township championship from a confident bunch which had held it for three straight years.

She is the only woman football coach in her bailiwick, having gotten the job during the war when men were scarce. When she took over in 1942, she was a constant visitor at University of Pennsylvania football practice, learning the fundamentals. Then she studied the rule book. It was confusing at first, especially when she watched other teams running through their double reverses and their end-around plays from single and double wingback formation. But she took the pigskin in hand so to speak, and after that first nerve-racking season, her enthusiastic charges would run an off-tackle thrust through city hall if she told them to.

A native of New York state, graduate of Syracuse High School and the University of Pennsylvania, Betty Davis holds faint hopes for her job and the future for women football coaches, now that the men are back. When her crew of 80-pounders won that crucial game, though, she gave Philadelphia sports fans something to mull over. While the crowd cheered, the goal posts tumbled, and her star quarterback valiantly struggled to hold up his pants, reporters rushed to where the smiling girl coach sat on the bench.

"What system do you use, Miss Davis?" they chorused.

"Well," she said thoughtfully. "I guess I just use whatever seems best at the time. Nothing special, and sort of a combination of everything." She grinned. "I call it—the Bobby-Pin System!"—George Statler.

▲

Adolescence is the period in which children begin to question answers.



TED DUCHAC

*"That's what your grandchildren will look like!"*



# RIVER



# of the WEST

*It took a few centuries to find it—less than one and a half to exploit it.*

by JETTA CARLETON

ONE day when Paul Bunyan was working Babe, his big blue ox, to the plow, the blue ox took a powder. Tossing his horns, he capered off down from the mountains to the sea, dragging the plow behind him. The result was the Columbia River.

Or so the story goes. And so the river goes, as crooked as if a rebellious ox had patterned it, and as great big and powerful as it would have to be if Paul Bunyan had anything to do with it. The Columbia is a whole lot of river. Rising high in the Canadian Rockies, it bulldozes its way a thousand miles or so to the Pacific. At the juncture of Washington and Oregon it forms the only fresh water harbor on the Pacific Coast.

Even more than the climate, more than the snowy chain of the Cascades, more than any other physical factor, the Columbia has shaped the history of Oregon and a great part of our Northwest. Its history begins with furs and fish, comes up to date with hydroelectric power. That history has not been long. It began a little less than a couple of hundred years ago when restive explorers began to sense the somewhere presence of a great river

of the West.

This river was one of the rumors that precede most of the world's discoveries. It was a legend long before any white man had ever seen it. The rumor might have been carried like pollen on the wind. Out of the forbidding mass of forests it came, a mere whisper echoing around mountain walls. But the ears of adventurers are remarkably attuned. The whisper was heard in Spain, in Portugal and England, in Russia and France, and along the eastern seaboard of North America. The great river had a name. Frenchmen called it *riviere de l'ouest*. But the Indians called it *Ouragon*—or *Oregon*, *Origan*, or *Oregan*. The explorers weren't quite sure. The name seemed to have come from the Indian word *oragan*, which means a birchbark dish. But the name was not important; it was the river itself that mattered, and all the countries were in an unacknowledged race to find the river and lay claim to its territory.

The first trace was discovered by sea. In 1775 a Spaniard, Bruno Heceta, creeping northward along the Pacific Coast, found what he considered to be the mouth of a large river. He was right, although he never managed to get into the river because of the current. For perhaps 20 years then, ships flying the flags of various nations sailed back and forth

past the mouth of the great river, deceived or repelled by the current sweeping across its harbor. It took a Yankee from Boston to make the actual discovery, at the very time when the British captain, George Vancouver, was floating blithely past the entrance without a flicker of recognition.

On May 11, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, sailing the *Columbia Rediviva*, got into the great river, after nine previous attempts to buck the current. It was one of those fateful coincidences history is full of: the weather on May 11 was right; Captain Gray was prepared. By ten o'clock that morning he had sailed 20 miles up a large stream of fresh water. The next day he proceeded an additional 15 miles, made some fur trades with the Indians, and turned back to the ocean. But first he named the river. He called it the Columbia, in honor of the first ship to anchor in those inland waters.

This American claim to discovery struck a snag about five months later. Captain Vancouver had been in special search of that river, and he wasn't taking defeat lying down—especially since he had been almost at the mouth of the river when he met Captain Gray and learned of his intentions to try the harbor once more. As soon as possible, Vancouver sent Lieutenant William R. Broughton, an English naval officer under his command, to the Columbia. Broughton traveled almost a hundred miles inland, discovered and named Mount Hood, and staked the claim for Great Britain.

By way of belittling the American discovery, Broughton reported the river to be much narrower than Gray had described it, and really not much of a waterway, after all. Nevertheless, Britain would claim it. Thus began the British-American struggle for the ownership of the River of the West.

Though Captain Gray had named the river the Columbia, its original name held on for some time. The entire section was known as the Oregon country. Just how they settled on this particular spelling of the Indian name is not known. However, it first appeared in print, in its present spelling, in William Cullen Bryant's well-known poem, "Thanatopsis." This was published in 1817, and included these lines:

Or lose thyself in the continuous woods

Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

Save its own dashings.

That the name should appear in a poem of this sort serves as some evidence of the river's powerful attraction. Before Mr. Bryant's indirect press agency, the general public knew relatively little about the Oregon country. But the more adventure-bitten knew about it well—those



to whom a frontier was a challenge as direct as a glove across the cheek.

After the discovery by sea, there remained the discovery of the great river by land. Lewis and Clark made it in 1805 on their famous expedition authorized by Thomas Jefferson. They entered the Columbia in October, reached Cape Disappointment (named by an earlier English explorer who failed to recognize the river mouth) in November.

Upon this journey the United States based most of its solid claims to the Oregon Territory in later years—when the struggle between British fur companies and Oregon settlers finally came to a head. The United States Government was forced to end its indifference toward Oregon and either settle the question of sovereignty once and for all, or give the country back to the Indians. Or worse still, to England. The missionaries and other idealists who had settled Oregon brought their pressure to bear; “54:40 or fight!” was a handy slogan for Polk’s presidential campaign; and the issue was resolved in 1846.

Spain had bowed out of the Columbia River fight in 1819, with the signing of the Florida Treaty which set the southern boundary of Oregon Territory at the 42nd parallel. Russia renounced her rights in that section in 1825. Now in 1846 Britain and the United States finally agreed on a boundary line of 49 degrees, and thus divided the great river almost equally between them. A little less than half lay in Canada; the rest, including the wide harbor, lay on the American side.

The Columbia River is of tremendous importance to the Northwest on at least four counts—transportation, hydroelectric power, fish, and scenery. Agriculturally it has a certain inevitable importance, since it drains, altogether, around 350,000 square miles. Something like 11,000 of these square miles belong to the rich warm valley of the Willamette, a peaceful tributary ambling through a bowl of country between the Cascades and the Coast Range, to empty into the Columbia near Portland.

The Columbia has commercial importance because ocean vessels can travel upriver almost 200 miles. The fresh water port of Portland is Oregon’s chief terminal—a hundred miles inland.

As for water power, the Army engineers announced several years ago that the Columbia is the nation’s number one source of hydroelectricity. This was brought home emphatically during the war. During 1944, 40 percent of all the aluminum used in the war effort was produced with power from the big Columbia River dams. A man named Kaiser took advantage of this power, also, and you’ve heard about *that*.

The two important dams on the Columbia are the Bonneville, 40 miles east of Portland, and Grand Coulee, 400 miles upstream. Grand Coulee is the highest dam in the world, rising 550 feet above the granite bed of the river. Bonneville has the world’s largest single-lift lock which allows ships to pass up the river as far as The Dalles. Postwar plans of the United States Army Engineers include the building of eight

more dams on the Columbia, to produce five times the amount of power produced in the entire TVA.

The very magnitude of this potential hydroelectric power is responsible for a great potential catastrophe on the river. The fishing industry faces a crisis.

The story goes that the first man to discover Chinook salmon in the Columbia caught 264 in one day and walked across the river on the backs of other fish. The truth was only slightly enlarged upon. Lewis and Clark had reported that the river held enough fish to feed America for generations. That report might have been true enough if it had not been for the growth of industries other than fishing. Since birch-bark canoes gave way to sailing vessels, and sailing vessels to steamships; since fish ladders have replaced fish wheels, and the river's value has come to be measured in kilowatts instead of salmon—the picture has changed.

Not only have several generations of fishermen taken their toll, but the pollution of the war years has seriously depleted the supply. Now the nation's largest fish run is in danger of eclipse because of the building of the dams. The dams alone would not, perhaps, destroy the fish, if it were not for the peculiar life cycle of the river's most valuable fish, the Chinook salmon. The Chinook and great dams are not compatible because the Chinook has a way of life unique among all the creatures of earth, air, and water.

The salmon is born far back in the mountain ranges in a shallow creek, where the female has laid her

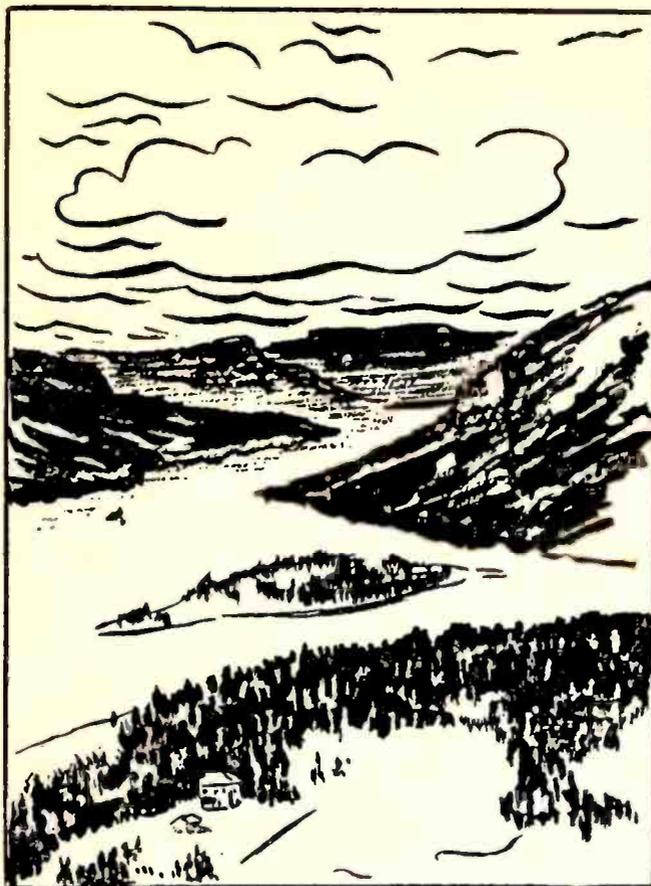
eggs—10,000 of them per fish—and the male has fertilized them. The baby salmon emerge four or five months after the laying of the eggs. After a year in what is called the parent stream, they have become fingerlings, five or six inches in length. Now begins their drift down the tributaries to the main stream of the Columbia and from there to the Pacific. For the next three years they virtually disappear. No one knows exactly where they spend that time. But at the end of the three years, the salmon appears again—a powerful fish now, a fighter, with one great motivating force—the urge to get back up the river and find the parent stream.

So he swims back into the Columbia in a school, and fights his way across rapids, up 20-foot falls, across the fish ladders of Bonneville Dam, and into any of the ten thousand tributary streams. It may take him four or five years to find the right one, but the salmon never gives up the search. Biologists have clipped the fins of fingerlings, and five years later, fish with those same markings will have come back, 1500 miles upstream, to the place where they were spawned.

Once the salmon has crossed the Columbia's bar into fresh water he never feeds again. He is evidently kept alive by the oily tissue under his scales. This is the fuel for his long journey back to the parent stream. Once the stream is reached, the female lays her eggs, the male fertilizes them, and the life cycle of these fish is completed. They drift downstream, tail first, and die within 24 hours.

Unless the actual parent stream is found, the salmon does not spawn. It dies in the search.

This curious inherent urge of the salmon comes to deadlock with the great dams across the Columbia. Although salmon spawned above Bonneville have a good chance of returning to the parent streams via the fish ladders, not even the strongest salmon can pass Grand Coulee. The progeny of these fish, then, is totally lost, and at this rate the salmon will soon die out. This possibility has moved the United States Fish and Wildlife Service to make experiments in saving the Chinook. By means of special traps, tank trucks, and hatcheries, they have been able to transplant fish so that they grow to fingerlings in a sort of foster-parent



OUR BACK COVER is the wide, rich valley of the Columbia River in Oregon. (Photo courtesy of Union Pacific).

stream below. Grand Coulee instead of the upper tributaries which were the ancestral spawning grounds. So far the experiments have been successful, but it remains a question whether transplanting on the much larger scale necessary will save the Columbia River fishing industry.

Still, until more dams do more damage, horses will continue to draw in the great seines near Astoria; and at Celillo Falls the Indians will keep on spearing fish. The Indians there have a pact with the government, drawn up in 1885, whereby they may fish in the Columbia for "as long as grass shall grow on the hills and the sun set in the sky." And for just that long the Columbia will remain a powerful, beautiful river. Its beauty is perhaps its most unalterable value.

▲  
The town's most indefatigable housekeeper invited guests for dinner. Missing one of them, her husband asked, "Where did Dave go?"

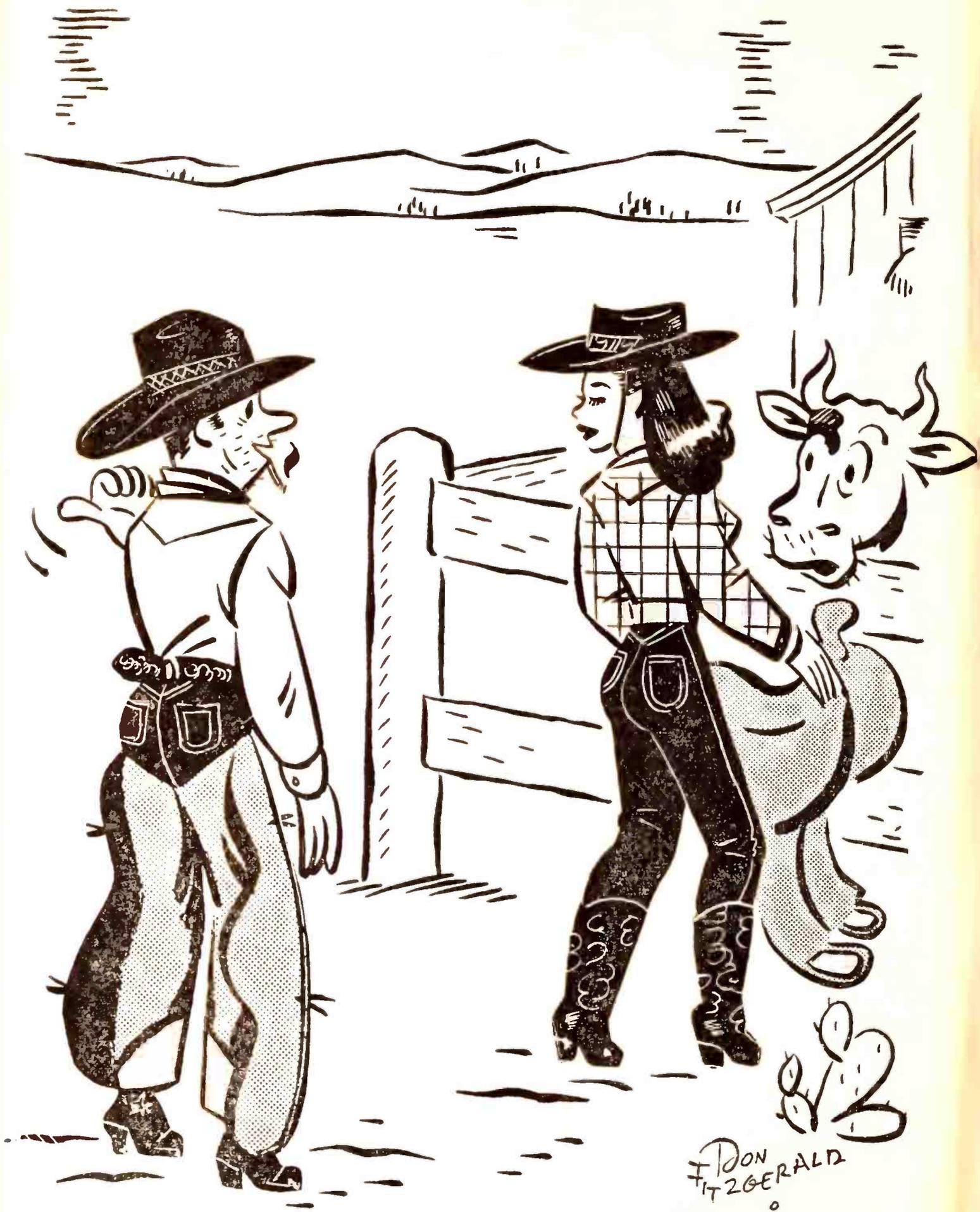
"He got something in his eye," explained another guest. "He's trying to get it out."

"Gosh," said the worried husband. "If he gets it out and lets it drop on the floor, there's going to be the devil to pay!"

▲  
During the war, Louis Mountbatten conducted an inspection tour of his command, the China-Burma-India theatre. At one of the outposts, he stopped to talk to a colored soldier.

"Are you Indo-Chinese?" asked Lord Louis.

"No, suh," replied the GI, "Ah's outdoah Alabaman."



*"Honest, Ma'am, those are the hosses over there."*

*Golden Wells*

*Golden Rivers*



*A glance at the production figures proves that oil's well in Kansas City!*

by JACK STALEY

**I**N long, continuous, 24-hour streams, rivers of black gold from the wells of Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas are pumped into the Heart of America for refining, processing, and distribution. There have been two notable developments in the last year which reveal the importance of the Greater Kansas City area in the nation's petroleum picture — and which tell graphically the importance of oil to Kansas City.

The Standard Oil Company is constructing a catalytic cracking unit which will have a daily capacity of 25,000 barrels of gas oil at its Sugar Creek refinery.

And the Phillips Petroleum Company recently announced it would spend more than four million dollars in constructing a lubricating oil compounding plant on acreage adjoining its present Fairfax district refinery. The Phillips announcement said it hoped the plant would be ready in a year.

The lubricating oil compounding plant will make Marketland one of the most important centers of that phase of the oil industry, and the planned construction is but the beginning of a long-range ten million dollar expansion and modernization

development of the Phillips operations in Kansas City.

The third big refinery operating in the Greater Kansas City area is—like Phillips—in Kansas City, Kansas. It is the Sinclair refinery. So important do the city officials of that community regard the refinery that they twice have granted it immunity from city taxes, although it is within the limits of the city.

The first such grant of immunity was made in 1932 and Sinclair responded by spending a million dollars to modernize the refinery. At that time it was estimated the city gave up about \$12,000 a year in taxes. When the ten-year grant expired five years ago, it was renewed quickly, although the immunity by then was costing the city a great deal more.

In addition to these three big refineries — which by the end of this year are expected to have a rated capacity of about 70,000 barrels daily — six oil companies maintain district offices in Kansas City, and five pipelines pump either crude or petroleum products in for processing.

Add to that growing array the Consumers Cooperative Association, headquartered in Kansas City. The big CCA operates refineries at Cof-

feyville and Phillipsburg, in Kansas; railroads which pull long lines of tank cars in and out; and huge fleets of highway carriers. Then you begin to understand that the oil of Texas, Kansas and Oklahoma plays an im-



portant part in the economy of Kansas City.

The two refineries on the Kansas side have between them about 1,000 employees. The Great Lakes and Socony-Vacuum distribution centers employ another 100. The great Standard Oil refinery at Sugar Creek employs about 950.

Workers in the district offices of the six companies, and in the smaller lubricating oil plants of the metropolitan area raise to an estimated 3,000 the number of Kansas Citians drawing their livelihood from the "black gold" phases of the oil industry.

However, the number of employees in the industry in Greater Kansas City does not mirror accurately the importance of the oil business to the city. The two big developments, however, tell it in no uncertain terms.

The Phillips announcement indicated that the company's new lubricating oil compounding plant will be one of the most extensive plants of

its kind in the country.

There Phillips will blend base oil stocks and additives and package its finished products for shipment throughout the Midwest. Several grades of oils will be produced. Plans call for a complete layout with storage tanks, sidings and warehousing space.

The present Phillips refinery, established less than a quarter of a century ago, is the second largest owned by the company. The Borger, Texas, refinery is its largest. The Kansas City, Kansas, refinery is rated as the largest in the entire Sunflower state.

The Standard Oil refinery at Sugar Creek, on the south bank of the Missouri River between Kansas City and Independence, was begun in 1904, and at the present time the plant covers about 350 acres.

When it first was placed in operation, the Sugar Creek plant handled about 6,000 barrels of crude daily. By 1913, the figure was up to 14,000 barrels, and now the refinery has a rated capacity of 26,500 barrels. Changes are under consideration to raise that to 34,000 or 35,000 barrels per day by the end of this year.

The catalytic cracking unit, combined with vapor recovery and polymerization units, will represent the latest development in petroleum technology in the production of higher quality gasoline.

The new unit, thrusting to the height of a 16-story building, also will produce higher yields of quality gasoline from gaseous hydrocarbons normally burned under the boilers, thus representing another step in

crude oil conservation.

The refineries send out their products — gasoline, fuel oils and other petroleum derivatives — through the central states. From the crude comes aviation gasoline, naphthas, tractor and Diesel fuels, kerosene, heating fuels, asphalt products, coke and even wax.

Thus, though located many miles

from the derricks marking the nearest central Kansas oil fields, Kansas City is an essential part of America's petroleum picture.

You may mark it down. The city variously known as Cowtown and the Nation's Breadbasket has riches beyond livestock and grain. It is doing all right with oil, too!

## The Isle of Sark

THE only purely feudal state in the world lies among the Channel Islands only 70 miles off the coast of England. It is the tiny Isle of Sark, approximately three and a half miles long and a mile and a half wide, and it is ruled by a Seigneur by letters patent under the Seal of England originally granted to Sir Helier de Carteret by Queen Elizabeth in 1565.

This royal grant gave the Seigneur and his successors almost unlimited powers upon the condition that he would colonize the island with 40 families and allot a portion of land to each. He complied, and the grants have remained unchanged.

The laws and regulations of this minute feudal state are made by the Chief Pleas, or parliament, the members being the holders of the 40 pieces of land allotted in 1565, and 12 deputies elected from the balance of the population. The parliament is called to session and presided over by the Seigneur.

All grain on the island is subject to Seigneurial tithes. There are also tithes of cattle, cider, wool and minerals. Ground rent is paid by each of the 40 landowners, who are also subject to the ancient Norman chimney tax. Only the Seigneur has the privilege of grinding grain.

The Isle of Sark is unique in that the laws and customs follow those of Normandy in the 16th Century. The Channel Islands were never actually a part of England, but were a part of the Duchy of Normandy and participated in the conquest of England under William the Conqueror. Inhabitants of Sark still refer to England's king as the Duke of Normandy.

Sark is the smallest self-governing part of the British Empire. It has no public debt. Its people pay no income tax, nor are they subject to imperial taxation.

The official language of the island is French, although English is most commonly spoken. Sark was the first unit of the British Empire to adopt compulsory education. It has no towns, only a postoffice, a chapel, and a few tourist hotels. Motor vehicles are not permitted on the island. The total population is less than a thousand.

International crises and wars on a worldwide scale come and go. But the Isle of Sark for four centuries has remained a feudal paradise of peace and quiet.—O. H. Hampsch.



It may be true that a man never gets too old to learn. But that is no good reason for continuing to put it off.—*Fifth Wheel.*

# The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

THE future is still uncertain, but the remaining months of 1947 look very encouraging. There will be a slight spiral but not a runaway. The reasons for this are many and varied but easily understood.

The export market is still very good. Foreign countries are buying goods from the United States in great quantity. The main export item is, of course, food. We are shipping out all that we can. Other important lines are agricultural, transportation and electrical equipment, all kinds of machinery, coal, oil and important consumer items.

Construction of new houses and commercial buildings is coming along nicely. Building is up sufficiently high that the national economy is feeling no drag from a letdown in the field of new construction.

Consumer goods are moving right through the stores for the most part. There are no outstanding lines that do not move quickly. This is greatly to be desired. When merchants build up a large inventory of goods that will not move, the national economy is usually sliding into a trough of recession or depression.

Another thing that has served to strengthen the economy to a limited extent is the fact that many businesses, looking toward a business recession, have set their houses in order. Activity of this nature can do nothing but good for the country as a whole. It is much, much better to be safe than sorry.

If the graph of business activity starts pointing skyward again, and wages and prices begin another dizzy spiral, the chances are that government wage and price controls will be dusted off for further use. This is a real trend developing in Washington right now.

In order to dramatize and gain public sympathy for the increase in coal prices, a few companies will ask to re-open negotiations with Lewis this fall, asking for a lowering of wages. They will not get their point—lower wages—but will win public sympathy for higher prices. A shrewd move.

The whole economic situation is the result of squeeze play on the part of business and labor. John L. Lewis, labor's most powerful leader, and Benjamin Fairless, business' most potent representative, did the negotiating. This set a precedent. Steel wants labor at any price just as coal wants labor. Both are willing to pay the piper in order to produce.

United States Steel economists, according to many sources, have predicted a severe depression within the next two years. Big steel now denies that it has any such ideas, but the majority of the evidence does not support such a claim. Going on the assumption that we will have a depression in two years, steel and coal are trying to produce and sell while the market is still at the present high. We have here the picture of a labor monopoly refusing to function unless a manufacturing monopoly pays off. The public lies somewhere in between—paying the price.



Industrial mobilization will be in the news after Army-Navy unification is well under way. Under the new program, plants will be dispersed throughout this country and possessions in strategic locations. Many new factories will be built underground. These will manufacture key war materials—new weapons, some never heard of before, none of them used in the last war at all.

Stockpiling of materials that would be



made scarce by war will be accelerated. It is reported that \$300,000,000 will be spent next year to lay by much needed war time products, such as tin, copper and the like.

The Army will ask business to set up reserves within itself to provide manpower to operate essential industries in case of armed conflict. Over 300,000 men allocated to 2500 units will be set up. Industry has already volunteered to mobilize in many instances and is doing a creditable job. These men will be specially trained to operate new manufacturing units which will do many essential things to bolster a possible war effort which would involve all-out mobilization. There will be units trained to take over meat packing, laundries, dairies, any number of things. Such preparations indicate foresight and are not out-and-out war mongerings, as many will accuse.



Indications are that there will not be a CIO-AFL merger before the end of this year but chances for merger next year are increasing day by day. A merger will probably be effected in '48 for political reasons if for no others.

Labor is preparing to fight and defeat every Congressman who voted for the labor bill. Concentration, however, will be on those members of Congress who were elected to office by small majorities. Many legislators will be shaking in their boots come next election, for labor's campaign will be felt—millions of dollars will be poured into it to defeat labor's antagonists.

The unions will be behind President Truman in 1948. This is the pay-off for Truman's pro-labor attitude.

On the Republican side of the fence, both Taft and Stassen will find it very tough indeed when it comes to gathering labor votes. Right now, the man in the Republican ranks who has labor's approval is Dewey.

In fact, Dewey is in the forefront as a possible choice to head up the '48 Republican ticket. Many say that they cannot get excited over Dewey as a standard bearer and that they see other candidates in the offing. Vandenberg could very well be a compromise candidate if the GOP

cannot agree on Dewey or Taft. He would be an excellent choice.

MacArthur stands a chance of being nominated but politicians say this is unlikely. Eisenhower stands a much better chance of making the grade. His star is rising—there is no doubt about that.

Wallace is now definitely out of the picture. He has talked too much. It will be a third party or nothing for him. This third party movement might catch on in several states but not on a national scale, that would be too difficult to maneuver.



It is expected that American troops will be returned to China before fall. The communists are now controlling Manchuria and will soon overcome Chiang. The United States will not stand idly by. Troops will re-enter and more support will be given to Chiang's forces. This will be another phase of the program to stop Russia.

The beginning of the new year will find that Russia has withdrawn from the United Nations altogether. There will be two worlds, one dominated by the United States and the other by Russia. The United States will have its Marshall plan and Russia will have what will be dubbed the Molotov plan.

America's plan for western Europe will involve reconstruction of Germany. This is a must, the lesser of two evils. Trade barriers between European nations under the Marshall plan will be torn down. Tariff walls will crumble. The bill for all this activity will be given to Congress this fall or next year. It will be staggering, but Congress will gulp and pass it. There will be many complaints but not enough. Events in Europe will have taken a critical turn by that time and Congress will be wary—and fearful.

The crisis in the Balkans is building up slowly but surely. It will probably break this fall. The Greek situation is red hot right now and will get white hot when Greece and Macedonia send representatives to Tito's Balkan conference in September. This conference may be a turning point in Eastern affairs—may serve to clarify some issues.

## Platter Chatter

**S**PIKE JONES and crew are angling for a radio spot with Morton Downey this fall . . . Tommy Dorsey's 96-foot yacht, the "Sentimentalist," is now sailing for New York . . . Wayne King and orchestra will start on a concert tour this month . . . Even Capitol got confused over Matt and Clark Dennis, so Matt is leaving . . . Young Jimmy Liggins, brother of the popular Joe of "Honey-drippers" fame, is rehearsing a new outfit in San Diego . . . Eddy Howard, Majestic's pride, is proving highly successful at the Coconut Grove in L. A. . . . Lena Horne's next M-G-M flick will be *Words and Music*, based on the careers of Rodgers and Hart . . . Al Jolson finally succumbed to radio with a weekly Kraft Music Hall stint. And the price? Just \$7500 weekly! . . . Frank Sinatra also returns to radio this month with the Hit Parade Show . . . Frankie Laine will open at Dixon's Club 18 next month . . . Mercury Records signed up Barry Sullivan for an album of Christmas stories . . . A new leader will be selected for Jimmy Lunceford's band in New York. From now on the outfit will be known as "Jimmie Lunceford's orchestra, conducted by —." . . . Hal Derwin is now fronting at dances for the band he uses with Capitol . . . Xavier Cugat vacationing in Mexico this fall . . . Jan August, Diamond record star, is appearing at New York's swank Astor Room . . . Watch for Julia Lee's new releases. They're sensational! Julia had the help of some of the country's top musicians, including Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Bobby Sherwood, Dave Cavanaugh, Red Callender, Kansas City's own Baby Lovett, and many others . . . Johnny Long and orchestra are just completing a tour of colleges . . . Back in Hollywood is Bob Hope, who will star in a new picture with Jane Russell . . . Bobby Sherwood is reorganizing a new band in New York.

## Highly Recommended

**COLUMBIA 37543**—Kay Kyser and his Orchestra. *On the Old Spanish Trail* plus *What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?* Kyser and his famous group turn out two more good records for dancing and listening. Both sides are smooth,



with **BOB KENNEDY**

medium-tempo renditions with sentimental themes. Harry Babbitt sings the vocals, and the Campus Kids supply interesting background harmonies. *New Year's Eve* should prove to be a hit.

**CAPITOL B440**—Martha Tilton, with accompaniment by Ernie Filice. *All of Me* and *Every So Often*. On the first side, Martha sings a tune that has passed its fifteenth birthday. The reverse, *Every So Often*, is another one of Tilton's best waxings to date. If you listen, you'll notice that Martha sings with greater ease than she's sung before.

**\*Fiesta Music Den, 4013 Troost, WE. 6540.**

**MAJESTIC 7244**—Dick Farney with Orchestra directed by Paul Baron. *Somebody Loves Me* plus *My Melancholy Baby*. Just close your eyes and you'd swear you're listening to Bing. He's billed as the "Crosby of South America" and well deserves the title. Two old favorite numbers, and certainly ones you'll want in your library.

**MAJESTIC 12011**—Georgia Gibbs with Orchestra directed by Glenn Osser. *You Do* (from the picture *Mother Wore Tights*) and *Feudin' and Fightin'*. Her nibbs, Miss Gibbs, gives with another solid disk. The first is a ballad that is soon to become popular, and Georgia certainly sells the merchandise. *Feudin'* is a smooth swing version with no corny variations. Georgia sticks to

the melody and superb background by Glenn Osser and Orchestra.

\*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI. 9430.

M-G-M ALBUM 3—David Rose and Orchestra. *Holiday for Strings*. In this album, Rose has put together a thrilling combination of originals and all-time favorites that should be a part of your collection. Included are such well-known melodies as *Intermezzo*, *Estrelita*, *Laura*, *Sweet Sue*, and two originals, the famous *Holiday for Strings* and *4:20 A. M.* It's tops in violin music.

M-G-M 10047—Ziggy Elman and his Orchestra. *And the Angels Sing* plus *Three Little Words*. The first side belongs in the list of hits made famous by Ziggy, and the trumpeter records it for the first time under his own name. Virginia Maxey does the vocal. The reverse is an old standard with Ziggy showing some fancy trumpet work. Don't miss it!

\*Brown Music Company, 514 Minnesota Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas, AT. 1206.

VICTOR 20-2341—Tex Beneke with the Miller Orchestra. (*How I'll Miss You*) *When Summer Is Gone* and *Without Music*. The first is the famous Hal Kemp theme song which is done up with expressive feeling by the Beneke band's rich brasses, plus smooth vocalizing by Garry Stevens and the Moonlight Serenaders. The latter side is a bouncy rhythm tune with clever lyrics. Both are swell for listening and dancing.

▲  
Parson Howard, though poorly paid, always appeared well-fed. One day a friend asked him how he managed so well.

"Oh, it's quite simple," explained the reverend. "As I go about my daily calls, I always drive up on a hill as noon approaches. I survey the smoke issuing from the kitchen chimneys. The highest smoke rises from the largest fire, which boils the biggest pot, which holds the most food. Where the highest smoke is seen, that's where I dine!"

▲  
Papa Hog wandered down to the brewery and found a big puddle of sour beer that had been poured out. When he staggered home, Mama Hog met him and quickly shunted him around the barn, out of sight of the baby pigs. With a furious grunt, she exclaimed, "You shameless thing! What do you mean by making such a human being of yourself before the children?"  
—Good Business.

RAINBOW ALBUM 310—*Romeo Loves Juliet*, featuring Marshall Young, Janette Davis, and the ToonTimers. Music by Larry Clinton. This is a dramatic story, set to music, a story which is told in eight sides. A verse and tick-tock effect segues the closing seconds of each disk. Clinton's music is exceptionally good with three possible hit tunes, *For a Penny*, *The Wheels Keep Turning Around*, and *Walk Before You Run*. It's worth while!

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

DECCA 23956—Ella Fitzgerald with Bob Haggart and his Orchestra. *Oh, Lady Be Good* plus *Flying Home*. The "tisket tasket" girl really goes to town on these two. Ella has long been on top of the heap when it comes to jazz singing. On these two she uses her voice like a musical instrument, and on the *Lady Be Good* side even imitates Slam Stewart. Unusual jazz singing and if your tastes are so inclined, this is a very definite "must."

COLUMBIA 37588—Harry James and his Orchestra. *Love and the Weather* and *Forgiving You*. The first tune draws a clever parallel between the changeability of love and the uncertainty of the elements (Maybe flyin' saucers, too!). Lyrics sung by Marion Morgan. The flipover is sung by Buddy DiVito and of course on both sides you'll hear that grand James trumpet.

\*Music Mart, 3933 Main, WE. 1718.

# NEW YORK *Letter*

by TRUDGE WARREN



**D**RAMA critics, theoretically rested and refreshed after a couple of months of theatrical inactivity, are drifting back to town, sharpening barbs and unpacking adjectives in preparation for a new season.

Chances are, they feel a little like college football players who have just learned they are scheduled to open against Notre Dame, because one of the first items the gentlemen of the dramatic press will be asked to consider is *Allegro*.

*Allegro* is a Theatre Guild offering which went into rehearsal the first Monday in August, and it has been Manhattan's favorite conversational subject for a considerable time now. Not without good reason, either. To begin with, Richard Rodgers wrote the music and Oscar Hammerstein II did the book and lyrics. It is the first entirely original musical upon which they have ever collaborated, inasmuch as *Oklahoma!* was a rewrite of *Green Grow the Lilacs* and *Carousel* was a rather loose adaptation of *Liliom*.

The score is said to be Dick Rodgers' finest, and those few who know anything about the book say it is topnotch, although they aren't commenting beyond that.

In any event, the Guild is taking no chances with the production. Agnes DeMille is staging the dances, musical numbers and the production. She began with the dancers back in mid-July. Jo Mielziner is doing the settings; Lucinda Ballard, the costumes; and Jerome Whyte, Guild Musical production manager, will be in charge of backstage activities.

Altogether, 150 people are mixed up in *Allegro*, including 35 musicians, 40 stagehands, a ballet corps of 25, and

a singing chorus of 40. There are more than 80 members of the actual cast, so many that three theatres—the Amsterdam Roof, St. James, and Majestic—were necessary for rehearsals.

The production will be on a grander scale than *Lady in the Dark*, with 42 scenes in the first two acts and a total of more than 500 light cues. Five stage managers will be required.

So, it is understandable that critics are viewing the New York opening—now scheduled for mid-October—with some concern. *Allegro* is obviously in the extravaganza class, and a man wants to be in top form when tackling an extravaganza. Even at his best, he is apt to feel like a one-eyed man at a five-ring circus, what with so many facets of theatre art on simultaneous display.

However, the engagement will not be without its bright side, even showing some promise of turning into a critic's field day.

Playwrights notwithstanding, it is an established fact that critics are human. They like to back a winner as well as any man, and occasionally carp on some detail of a sure hit in order to prove their artistic discrimination.

In *Allegro*, it is likely opportunities for both courses will be present. The show opens September 4th in New Haven, then moves to Boston for three weeks. So most of the kinks should be ironed out by the time it reaches Mazda Lane.

Still, there are enough things going on so that a critic can safely say nasty things about the pink spot in the first border that came on in the eighth scene of Act II, while making no noticeable sound discordant to the glad paeans of popular praise which will probably be forthcoming.



A Navy lieutenant has reported to us that he doesn't know what to make of the religious indoctrination of the new crop of youngsters. Apparently in the minds of some of them the Almighty is

all mixed up with modern plumbing.

The other Sunday morning he was headed uptown on a Fifth Avenue bus when a governess got on with two small children. The girl was well-mannered and demure, but the little boy was fidgety and insisted on singing in a tiny, true voice. The melody was an old-time hymn, with

lyrics of his own devisement. For several blocks he chanted over and over, "Lordy, Lordy, Lordy, bathroom, bathroom; Lordy, bathroom; Lordy, Lordy . . ."

Finally, the trio disembarked and headed off briskly, presumably in search of salvation or a men's room.

## NEW YORK THEATRE

### Plays . . .

★ **ALL MY SONS.** (Coronet). Ed Begley and Beth Merrill are starred in this story of the war profiteer who sends a number of defective airplanes and two sons off to war. One son is killed, and the brother doesn't think so much of his old man after that. The plot is far from flawless and the dialogue might be better, but still the play is well worth seeing. Winner of this year's Drama Critics Circle Award. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum). A hilarious comedy written and directed by Garson Kanin, starring Paul Douglas as a crook and Judy Holliday as an ex-chorine who demolishes a pretty good racket. Couldn't be funnier. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **BURLESQUE.** (Belasco). Bert Lahr portrays a comedian who can't stand prosperity, and does a bang-up job of it. There are laughs aplenty and—more unusual—pathos that is real and touching. Jean Parker is handsome and able as the comedian's loyal wife. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HAPPY BIRTHDAY.** (Broadhurst). Helen Hayes is magnificent as a mousy librarian who tangles with just a few too many Pink Ladies one rainy afternoon. She has the support of an excellent cast, and manages to make Anita Loos' ordinary little comedy into something that is extra special. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th Street). Jimmie Stewart, of Hollywood and the AAF, is an entirely satisfactory substitute for Frank Fay, who is currently on tour with another company. The engaging fantasy involving a lovable drunk and an invisible rabbit has lost none of its charm. Pulitzer Prize, 1945. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOHN LOVES MARY.** (Music Box). A lot of sure-fire theatre but not much substance in this expertly directed and paced piece with Loring Smith, Nina Foch, and William Prince. Roughly, it concerns a returned soldier who has married his best friend's sweetheart as a favor and doesn't know how to explain it to his fiancée, a rather nice girl whose father is a United States Senator. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson). A Russell Crouse-Howard Lindsay political satire which is entirely *en rapport* with the times. Ralph Bellamy, Kay Francis, and Minor Watson are competent and funny as the principals. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco). An institution in New York is this John Van Druten story of a sergeant on a weekend pass. Boyd Crawford, Louisa Horton and Peggy French constitute the entire cast. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:35.

★ **A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.** (Plymouth). The reformation of a sissy at summer camp necessitates three acts which are dull and at least eons long. It obviously isn't worth it. With Ronnie Jacoby, Lenore Lonergan, and Bill Talman. Evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

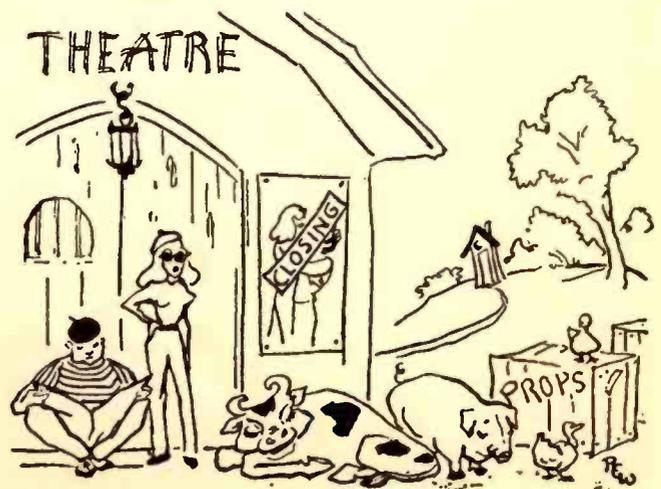
### Musicals . . .

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial). A lively, lovely and loud show featuring the shouting and the shooting of Ethel Merman as Annie Oakley. The music is Irving Berlin's and the book and lyrics are by Herbert and Dorothy Fields. With Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Belaver. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **BRIGADOON.** (Ziegfeld). David Brooks and Pamela Britton spearhead a talented company which makes the most of fine material. The setting is a Scotch hamlet circa 1750; and, naturally, plaids and burrs abound. Fine singing and dancing but not much humor. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National). An all ex-GI revue with life, gay music, and some splendid comedy sketches. Arnold Auerbach is responsible for the latter, and the score is by Harold Rome. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35.

★ **FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (46th Street). The plot, which isn't important at all, is more or less



a speculation as to what might go on if a leprechaun were to turn up in Dixie. Apparently the answer is that a fairly gay time would be had by Ella Logan, David Wayne, Donald Richards and Anita Alvarez. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE MEDIUM and THE TELEPHONE.** (Ethel Barrymore). Two short, powerful operas by Gian-Carlo Menotti. *The Medium*, in two acts, is especially fine. The simultaneous acting and singing of Marie Powers, Frank Rogier and Marilyn Cotlow is outstanding. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA!** (St. James). An adaptation of *Green Grow the Lilacs*, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics and book by Oscar Hammerstein II. It is the pair's oldest hit, firmly established as a classic of the American stage. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SWEETHEARTS.** (Shubert). The world's funniest man, Bobby Clark, romping through, over, and around the creaking Victor Herbert operetta. He is

on stage nearly 100 percent of the time, causing Clark lovers to agree that it is nearly perfect. Evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

### NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	I
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	CI 6-6699	I
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	I
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	I
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	I
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave & 54th.....	CI 5-5200	

## NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

By KAY and JIMMIE BERSTON

★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** Away from the heat of old Sol, and lavishly decorated with plant life, you'll enjoy your repast and also the music of Basil Fomeen's orchestra. Park Avenue at 51st. WI 2-1000.

★ **BILTMORE.** Dinner or supper with clever dance numbers by Rosario and Antonio. Dance or converse to Ray Heatheron's orchestra. Madison Avenue at 43rd. MU 7-7000.

★ **MONTE CARLO.** Peter Walters aids your digestion with his excellent piano music. Dance afterwards to Joel Shaw's orchestra. Gorgeous decor. Madison Avenue at 54th. PL 5-3400.

★ **EL MOROCCO.** Gourmets always come early for the good tables, but no matter where you sit, you'll enjoy Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. 154 E 54th St. EL 5-8769.

★ **ST. REGIS ROOF.** Let the dusk fade into night while twirling an excellently concocted cocktail 'tween your pinkies or shuffling lazily to the strains of Paul Sparr's orchestra. 5th Avenue at 55th St. PL 3-4500.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** Irving Conn's orchestra in the cosmopolitan Cafe Lounge alternating with Clemente's marimba band. There's a tea dance afternoons. VO 5-2600.

★ **STORK CLUB.** If you've seen the movie you've been to the Stork but it's still a lot of fun. As usual, the food is out of this world. Payson Re's orchestra for dancing. 3 E 53rd. PL 3-1940.

★ **VERSAILLES.** 151 E 50th. The servings are big enough for two here. Be entertained by Dean Murphy, master imitator, and dance to Bob Grant's orchestra. PL 8-0310.

★ **WALDORF-ASTORIA.** More entertainment than you can shake a lognette at. Jack Finn's orchestra on the Starlight Roof, and Ginny Simms sings for your supper and hers. There's also Mischa Borr's rumba band, and Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Park Avenue at 49th. EL 5-3000.

★ **DRAKE.** No dancing but loads of fun. Good food and cocktails. Les Crosley and Cy Walter keep you happy with their piano rhythms. 71 E 56th St. WI 2-0600.

★ **COQ ROUGE.** Tiny but terrific. Dick Wilson's orchestra alternates with Ralph Rotgers' rumba band for dancing made pleasantly intimate by the crowd. 65 E 56 St. PL 3-8887.

★ **1-2-3 CLUB.** The proprietors feel that it's a sin to work Saturdays and Sundays during the summer—so they don't. Weekdays listen to Roger Stearne at the piano and sip your drink. 123 E. 54th St. PL 3-9131.

★ **CARNIVAL.** A star-studded (poddenn the cliche) floor show with Bert Wheeler, Lou Holtz, Barry Wood and Patsy Kelly. Diosa Costello, too. You'll have a big night here. 8th Avenue at 51st St. CI 6-4122.

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** Terribly funny comedy act by Louise Howard and some gay monologue by Lady Spivy, too. Fine food. 139 E. 57th St. EL 5-9887.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** An honest-to-goodness jazz emporium inhabited by George Brunis, Wild Bill Davison and Pee Wee Russell. Come Tuesdays and see the jive celebs. 47 W 3rd St. GR 3-8736.

★ **NICK'S.** Another jazz joint playing host to horn tooters on Thursdays. Hear the famous Muggsy Spanier, Ernie Caceres and Freddie Ohms, trilling the red hot jive like mad. 7th Avenue South at 10th St. CH 2-6683.

★ **ASTOR ROOF.** If it's dancing you and your girlie desire, go here. Skinnay Ennis will put you both in a very romantic mood. Yowsah! Broadway at 44th St. CI 6-6000.

★ **ST. MORITZ ROOF.** Up thirty-one flights to a balcony affording a lovely view of Central Park. Cooled by the high altitude you'll be in great shape to trip the light fantastic to the strains of Alfred Menconi's orchestra. 50 Central Park South. WI 2-5800.

# Chicago LETTER

by NORT JONATHAN

**I**F IT'S a life on the rolling waves that you want, Chicago, is your town. You can buy a ticket for a one-day cruise, or a stateroom for a week-long trip on the Great Lakes. Either way you'll be lulled to sleep by gently slapping waves.

That venerable tub, City of Grand Rapids, waddles its way over to St. Joe every day, jammed to the boiler-room with more or less happy landlocked sailors. The degree of happiness depends on the state of the lake. If Lake Michigan is rolling somewhat, the good old C of GR rolls right with it, thus considerably lessening the enjoyment of many passengers.

This old bucket is also doing its bit to relieve the shortage of hotel rooms. It went into the Room for Rent business last summer when Commodore Tom McGuire, its doughty owner, saw still another opportunity to pick up a fast buck. Last summer you couldn't even get into a cell in a police station overnight without committing arson, bank robbery, or a combination of both. So the Grand Rapids went into the hotel business following its daily workout with the peanut and hot dog crowd.

This may seem just dandy to the weary traveler seeking a place to lay his head, but there are, however, certain flaws which

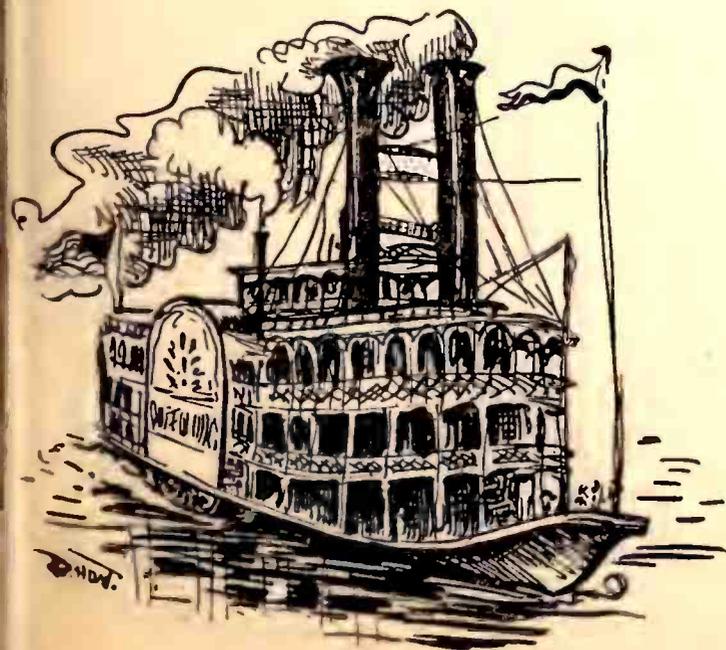
should be mentioned here. An overnight guest is welcome to come aboard with his baggage as early as nine p. m. to register. But if he's looking forward to hitting the sack, that's just too bad. He'll find himself on deck with about a thousand or so happy Chicagoans bound for a moonlight cruise—fun, frolic, romance, beer and bourbon. This is the nightly shoreline cruise, which takes the old girl back to "sea" until after midnight. It can be counted upon in hot weather to attract plenty of temporary sailors and their girls, who are largely devoted to looking at the moon and holding hands. Also it is possible on this "owl cruise" to have your fortune told, have your handwriting pored over, consume tepid orange juice, and listen to the music of a band that seems to earn its pay on volume alone. This scarcely adds up to a weekend at Atlantic City, but it costs only \$1.50, so what can you expect?

The overnight hotel guest finds that life aboard can be somewhat less than ideal. For one thing, he can't get into his stateroom. The rooms remain locked during the moonlight cruise, which leaves him the choice of hanging by his heels from a ventilator to escape the crowd, or prudently anesthetising himself in what passes for a cocktail lounge.

At 12:30 a. m., he is admitted to his room at long last. Then he can sleep in peace with the aroma of the Chicago River drifting gently across his nostrils. But he'd better be up and about in the morning, or else he'll wake up and find himself "at sea" again—on his way to St. Joseph, Michigan, with another crowd of champion hot dog consumers. It's pretty rugged, but it's a bed—which really is something these crowded days and nights.

• • •

This is also the season of the year when the football fans start cheering again. With the All Star Game out of the way, the Bears and the Rockets take over the local sport stage. Also the Chicago Cardinals, a veteran professional team too often overlooked by football fans. This



year all three top pro teams are getting the arnica out—preparing for a wild and bruising season. You won't make a mistake if you take in any of their games.

• • •

We had always thought of Chicago as a pretty fair place to spend a vacation until we were taken by the arm, figuratively speaking, by Fred Heuchling of the Chicago Park District and conducted on a special tour of Chicago's year-round attractions. So we've changed our mind. Our word for the town as a playground—*sensational*.

For instance, if you like to see water tossed into the air, thousands of gallons an hour, complete with technicolor, the world famous Buckingham fountain is your dish. It casts forth torrents of water nightly.

If zoological life is what you want, there are four or five zoos from which to choose. In one of them, the Lincoln Park zoo, you'll find Bushman, the largest and most perfect gorilla in captivity. After having Bushman glare at you, it's hardly a four-bit cab ride to the Lincoln Park Gun Club, where you're welcome to fire away until exhausted.

Among other things, there are the famous Grant Park concerts under the stars, ice skating in season, horseback riding, flower shows at the conservatories in several parks, and specially conducted tours through such world famous museums as the Museum of Science and Industry, the Oriental Institute, and the Chicago Historical Society.

If these sound dull, may it be added here that the opposite is true. For instance, the Museum of Science and Industry boasts constantly changing exhibits of Americana as well as a real operating model of a coal mine and an oil well. Even if you succeed in getting Junior past these star attractions you'll have to yank extra hard when he sees the complete model railroad and the replica of an 1890 street scene, including a real nickelodeon devoted to Fatty Arbuckle films and ancient melodramas.

Then there's the Adler Planetarium, the Shedd Aquarium, and 50 or so parks and fieldhouses. So come to town and see for yourself what a wonderful vacation spot Chicago can be. And if you are hard up for a room, remember, there's always the City of Grand Rapids. Just remember to leave an early call with the purser, or you will find yourself in mid-Lake Michigan



*"Maybe you're wearing the suspenders too tight!"*

# CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL



## Le Beau Monde

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Easy to forget that summer's on its way out in this palatial play spot with Benny Strong's danceable band and a very fetching production keyed to the Boulevard-Dears.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Caribbean tunes get a big play here, and seem to be what the social set favors at the moment. Excellent dining and wining, for a price.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Every woman looks a beauty here, and every gentleman a tycoon, the setting is that flattering. Superb cuisine and dancing to Ron Perry's society band.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). By far the best entertainment in town with Liberace, Gower and Bell, Michael Douglas and the cute young things known as the Abbott Dancers. Dance, if you can't resist, to Freddy Nagel's music.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan and Congress (Har. 3800). In the afternoon there's rumba music for dancing; in the evening, more domestic dance fare; and every Wednesday, fashion parades at luncheon.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Every way a big value, in room distinction, clientele, Dorothy Hild's floor shows, and name bands. Only fifteen minutes from downtown.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Open again for the season with Bill Snyder's orchestra and one incomparable star entertainer. Emile is the handsome maitre-d'hotel.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). New ideas in room decor, with special emphasis on sweet dance music and popular dishes for the luncheon or dinner.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Far and away the most arrogant room in the city, a snob-appeal based on celebrated people, suavity of service, and interesting musical attractions.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Benno Delson's music, a small but delightful floor show, and a becoming informality of room.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Exclusively

Russian rendezvous presided over by host-owner Colonel Yaschenko, maestro George Scherban, and maitre d'hotel Louis Steffen.

## Cafe Firsts

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) rates first position for stellar entertainment in the cabaret bracket, with Carmen Miranda headlining . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), is a close second . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), like as not will have some Hollywood personality sparking its floor shows.

## Hep Heavens

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Ray Pearl's band is set in an extended engagement and the younger crowd is happy.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Disc jockeys and up and coming musical outfits share the stage limelight here.

## Cantonese Classics

Popularity of dining a la Cantonese, credited largely to **DON THE BEACHCOMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812), has been encouraged notably by **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733), **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505), **BAMBOO INN** 11 N. Clark (And. 2666) and **ONG LOK YUN**, 105 N. Dearborn (Sta. 9375) . . . Better insure accommodations by reservations in advance.

## Appetizers

★ **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 N. State (Del. 9862), for Italian specialties and a worthwhile steak . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930), for quality meats and supplementary dishes . . . **BLUE DANUBE CAFE**, 500 W. North (Mic. 5988), tops for Hungarian goulash . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414), leads in barbecued ribs . . . **MANN'S RAINBO RESTAURANT**, Lake near Michigan (Cen. 7479), can't be surpassed for seafoods . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492), has a nationally noted smorgasbord . . . **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892), is a great out-of-towners favorite, with the Weasel headlining in the Rathskeller . . . **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario, has a Creole fashion to cooking that's endearing . . . and **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771), enhances the dining hour with the gimmicks of Old England.

## Exotica

Very much an important part of Chicago's night-life directory is its strip-tease divertissement, eye-opening stage-fare to be found at the **BACK STAGE CLUB**, 935 Wilson Ave. . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 500 N. Clark . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison . . . **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark.

## Sightseeing

Where to go, what to see and how to get there in Chicago's sightseeing adventures, illustrated with 123 pictures, is the handy new guide to Chicago called *This Is Chicago*. Look for it at any hotel newsstand. It makes a super-souvenir of your trip to the Windy City.

# SANTA FE PORTS OF CALL

★ **LA FONDA.** This you can't miss. Fred Harvey built one of his most elegant hotels on the site of the old Exchange Hotel, a hostelry famous in the covered wagon days. Today it's a large creamy building, complete with vigas (those wooden logs sticking out of Santa Fe walls) and patio, great fire-places, and the famous Harvey food. The chef is Konrad—or Conrad—whose repertoire includes everything from planked steak to humming-bird wings, and pies that poets should write about. The bar is excellent and generous . . . The hotel is full of celebrities, including the local ones. There's Joe, the beautiful San Felipe Indian, who sells jewelry in the lobby. And in the patio you're likely to find B. B. Dunn, editor of the society column for the *Santa Fe New Mexican*. You'll recognize him by his white hair, tennis shoes, seersucker pants, and exemplary English. When he isn't on the desk or at La Fonda, he's probably comin' 'round the mountain on his motor scooter.

★ **THE CANTON CAFE.** Otherwise known as the Chinaman's. This is an establishment run by George Park and his family. They also own the Park Laundry and are one of Santa Fe's best loved and most gracious families. The restaurant is on San Francisco Street, offers excellent Chinese foods as well as others, and has the sort of hospitality that only the cold-blooded could resist. No bar. Warm your blood before you get there.

★ **TONY RAFAEL'S.** On the north side as you go up Canyon Road. This is another family affair, and so clean you feel you should leave your shoes at the door. Tony serves Mexican food at its best and that's wonderful. Don't miss the *posole*. In plain English



that's hominy, but in any language you've eaten nothing like this. No bar.

★ **EL NIDO.** This one is in Tesuque, six miles north of Santa Fe, where Bishop's Lodge Road meets Taos Road. It's run by a Frenchman who cooks up some of the best food in the Southwest: fried chicken, for instance. A bar, yes.

★ **LA PLACITA.** An old ranch house turned restaurant at 526 Cerrillos Road, on Route 85. Opened by the Browns, whose *La Placita* in Albuquerque topped Duncan Hines' list in a recent issue of *Saturday Evening Post*. With engaging simplicity, they serve Mexican and American foods at simple prices. Be sure to choose *sopaipillos*. And, unless you must have coffee, try their creamy, nutmeggy chocolate.

# KANSAS CITY PORTS OF CALL

## *The Magnificent Meal . . .*

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** The bus boys and food servers are decked out in spotless linen in this popular midtown cafeteria. Cleanliness and sanitation add immeasurably to the enjoyment of the many excellent dishes served by owner W. W. Wormington. There's always a line but it moves swiftly. Try the Bluebird on your next night out—we guarantee you'll not regret it. 3215 Troost. VA 8982.



★ **BRETTON'S.** While perusing the excellent bill of fare, ask the waitress for a very dry Martini—a real treat and a mighty fine appetizer. Take your pick of continental specialties or a thick, juicy Kansas City steak. Max Bretton has opened a new place in St. Louis at the Kingsway Hotel, and those who have visited there say that it equals the Kansas City restaurant's fine food and drink. 1215 Baltimore. HA 5773.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** This is one of the oldest Italian restaurants in Kansas City. Mr. Ross was serving meatballs and spaghetti when most of us were in tri-cornered pants! It's cooler than a cucumber and Betty Rogers aids your digestion with smooth music on the piano and solovox. There's a superb wine list to choose from and the decor is colorful and attractive. Take your next party to Il Pagliaccio for the best in Italian foods. 600 E 6th Street. HA 8441.

★ **ADRIAN'S.** Restaurateur Adrian Hooper brings years of experience from the President Hotel to the operation of the Mart Cafe. The food attests the skill and finished technique of preparation that comes only from long practice. There's a clever bar featuring clocks, statuettes and other gadgets from the show rooms of building lessees. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** (Sung to the tune of *Oh Dem Golden Slippers*) "Oh those french-fried onions, oh those french-fried onions, french-fried onions and roast prime ribs to make your meal complete!" Yes, and a host of other delectables all excellently prepared by Fanny Anderson. Whatta cook! Sit at the bar first and coddle your thirst with a bourbon and soda. Jerry will seat you when you're ready. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Shrimpers 'n' rice. And oh, that lobster! The Savoy has a celebrated past as venerable as any institution in the Middle West. The traditionally fine service combined with good food and drink keep the Savoy at the top of the list. If any of your Eastern friends are visiting in Kansas City, you'd be doing them a great injustice if you skipped the Savoy. 9th and Central. VI 3980.

### *Class with a Glass . . .*

★ **PUTSCH'S 210.** Shades of New Orleans! Here is the most sumptuously and attractively decorated restaurant in the Midwest. A beautifully appointed bar room on one side with a muralled mirror highlighting green-jacketed bar men; a dining room done in a white brick effect with elegant wrought-iron trimmings; and a cozy, dim, floral-patterned room decorated with huge brass candelabra complete the restaurant. Owner Putsch is featuring steak, lobster, chicken a la king cooked with sherry, tasty buffet dishes and many other attractive summer menu offerings. My, those cold prime ribs of beef! Soft dinner music is furnished by Kay Hill and Vic Colin. There's a keen cafeteria on the Wyandotte side, too. 210 Ward Parkway. LO 2000.

★ **CABANA.** WHB's Alberta Bird plays the top ten upon request while you sip your excellently mixed cocktail. Handsome Latins in gaudy black-and-gold mess jackets will serve you a noonday luncheon and ply you with drink. Read the mimeo'd news sheet furnished by the management each noon. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** No cover and no tax in this gay little room down the stairs in the Bellerive. Have a pleasant, inexpensive evening of drinking and munching. Excellent sandwiches from the kitchen upstairs. JB music only. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Only men can sit at the bar, but there's a soft leather seat surrounding it from which femmes can ogle the fellas. Up a flight is a cool, dim room with tables and chairs for your party. Charlie Gray, king of the keyboard, has a repertoire to please the most discriminating listener. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. GR 6040.

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** Lush, plush surroundings—with a clientele that feels at home in them. If the waiter knows your name, you must have an office on Baltimore with a wall-to-wall carpet! The drinks are strong and the bartenders in their red English jackets with the brass buttons add just the right touch to the dark paneling. The ice in your drink, if you're curious, has that hollow, cylindrical shape because they freeze it on pipes. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **THE TROPICS.** It's on the third floor of the Phillips Hotel, but when you enter the place you're whisked to the South Seas. Cool, tropical,

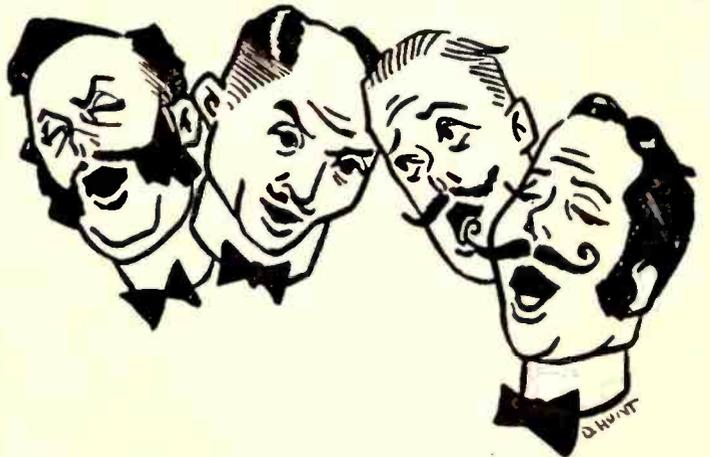
and featuring tall concoctions that are a sort of beautiful liquid dynamite. Background music, thunder and lightning periodically highlighting little Hawaiian dancers in niches by the bar, and lots of nice people. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Eddie Oyer is still burning up the keyboard with his youthful but highly professional interpretations of J. S. Bach and E. Duchin. Alternating with the carrot-thatched genius is Adeline Cruse on the Hammond organ. The little bar is well tended by white-jacketed, dark-haired barkeeps who know their olives and their onions. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

### *Playhouses . . .*

★ **THE PEANUT.** Louis Stone has been satisfying Southtowners with his cold beer and delicious bar-becue for 14 years at the same location. There's a cool, delightful beer garden in the rear that is cooled by Mother Nature. For privacy there's a tall hedge that surrounds the garden and the whole place is friendly and very informal. Wear your sport shirt and slacks. 5000 Main. VA 9499.

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Joe Nauser has turned the Crown Room into one of the most popular clubs in town. Voluptuous decorations in the form of life-sized Varga girls and smooth music by Judy Conrad. Games in the evening and free drinks during the cocktail hour from two until five whenever the bell rings. Parking next door at the LaSalle garage. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO 5262.



★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** If you're "doing the town," the best place to start (and to finish up) is this diminutive bar embellished with pink pachyderms. The size of the place belies the strength of the drinks—they're man-sized, bub! The people inside are friendlier than a pack of lap dogs and it's loads of fun. Hotel State, 12th and Wyandotte. GR 5310.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** This serene and lovely old mansion is just a short, cool drive east on highway 40. Ken Porter features steaks, chicken and delicious frog legs. Lively dance music is furnished by Will McPherson, Don Ross and Ray Duggan. The drinks are just the kind you'd get if you visited a real Southern "colonel." Just the place to be on a warm summer's night. Highway 40, East. FL 1307.

★ **TRALLE'S HILLSIDE TAVERN.** Just a few short miles east on Highway 50. Two very sweet ladies by the name of Tralle and Martin operate this friendly tavern. Located at the base of a ver-

dant, cool hill, the Hillside Tavern specializes in chicken and steak. They have a pretty warbler by the name of Dorothy Harris who is well-known to many Kansas Citians. There are lots of good people out there and, remember, they serve the coldest beer in the whole darn county! Open week nights until 4 a. m. Dancing. 50 Highway and Belmont. WA 9622.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Lots of people don't know that the Interlude serves a swell business luncheon—now you know it! Bus Moten manipulates the 88 in a most satisfying manner and he keeps your music buds in the jivey groove. Plenty of steak and fried chicken to take care of the appetite brought on by a few of the good drinks you'll find there. Slake your Sunday thirst by paying Dale Overfelt's place a visit after midnight. 3535 Broadway. WE 9630.

### Drive-Ins . . .

★ **NU-WAYS.** It's cool inside but you can stay in your automobile if you wish. Pert and perky car hops will bring your soft drink and sandwich quicker than the proverbial wink. And speaking of winks, the car hops get plenty, 'cause they're all cute! Owner Duncan makes it his business to see that each and every sandwich is prepared in the same appetizing manner. The Nu-Ways are the perfect places for after the theater or before. Midtown it's Linwood at Main and out south it's Meyer at Troost. VA 8916.

★ **WHITE HOUSE DRIVE-IN.** New, air conditioned, and as lively a place as you'll find in these parts. A slick dance floor, a big shiny juke box, and loaded with teen-agers. It's away from the heat of the city and they don't serve liquor so that makes a fine place for an afternoon or evening of healthy fun. Managed by vivacious Jackie Forman, the food and sandwiches are terrific! Your school pennant hangs on the wall if you're searching for a memory or two. Mighty fine pie! 85th and Wornall. JA 9564.

### Good Taste . . .

★ **FRANK J. MARSHALL'S.** We had the best filet of sole at Frank's Brush Creek place the other night. And the next day we were served a mighty fine bowl of soup with a drink and a big sandwich for only 35 cents! Owner Marshall bakes all his own pastry and his specialty is chicken. As a matter of fact, he serves several hundred thousand of the barnyard fowl each year. The Southtown place is perfect for family dinners and private parties. Brush Creek and Paseo and 917 Grand. VA 9757.

★ **BARREL BUFFET.** Roll out the barrel, and roll on over to Jack Accurso's newly decorated restaurant at 12th and Central. Air conditioned, a stainless steel kitchen, and the best barbecue this side of Hereford heaven. Next time you take in an event at the Municipal Auditorium, park in front of the Barrel Buffet so you can saunter in for a snack and a great big drink or three. 12th and Central. GR 9400.

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** Busy, bustling businessmen and busy, bustling waitresses give you the feeling that everyone is about to put over that million dollar deal. Alberta Bird's Hammondizing comes by remote from the Cabana as you tackle your noonday snack. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Joe Gilbert and True Milleman are as well-known to air travelers as TWA. Their restaurant is open 24 hours a day and serves just as many local gourmets as fliers. If you walk through the air terminal without a stop at Milleman-Gilbert, your trip will be lacking. Municipal Airport. NO 4490.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** There's no "r" in August, and, sadly enough, that means no oysters. But there's plenty of "that lemon pie" and the waffles are a treat you shouldn't miss. You can have your waffle with jelly, sorghum, powdered sugar or any sweetening you can name. The waitresses are always dressed in snowy white and the whole place just smacks of cleanliness. Scarritt Arcade. HA 9716.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** The seats at the dining bar are as soft and comfy as those in your living room. A big, wide counter to accommodate your dishes and prevent the juggling that often accompanies a counter meal. Booths and tables, too. All in all, these little conveniences add up to a very enjoyable meal. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **UNITY INN.** An unusual vegetarian cafeteria operated by the Unity School of Christianity. You'd be surprised at the crowds each noon which come to enjoy crispy salads, magnificent pastry and a meal devoid of meat. Everyone is courteous and friendly and we guarantee you'll thoroughly enjoy your luncheon. 901 Tracy. VA 8916.

★ **VILLAGE INN.** The new group of store buildings erected at the corner of 85th and Wornall boasts a mighty fine restaurant and bar. Operated by partners Hughes and Waken, the place is modern to the Nth degree. A beautiful bar trimmed in rattlesnake leather presents a unique appearance on one side of the room. The other side is arranged with tables for your meals. Delicious steak, chicken, barbecued ribs, French fried shrimp and other specialties are all to be had. Southtowners must put this delightful place on their list for a visit. 85th and Wornall. JA 9950.

### To See and Be Seen . . .

★ **EL CASBAH.** El Casbah dinners, prepared from recipes over 100 years old, are nationally famed for their sumptuous elegance. For a superb treat, order the flaming sword dinner. Maitre d'hotel Jerry Engle will see to it that you're seated and that each course is served to your complete satisfaction. There's always an entertaining floor show and the music of Wayne Muir and his popular two-piano orchestra. Come at one o'clock Saturdays for the dansant. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** The music emanating from the bandstand is furnished by Dee Peterson. Ken Smith handles the vocals in a very adequate fashion and host Johnny Franklin will seat you and see that you're served in a gracious and efficient manner. Fine steak and chicken dinners. GR 5129.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** The Grill's musical attraction for September is the ever popular Bobby Meeker. Fine food, dancing and friendly people total to an evening of real pleasure. Host Gordon will see that you are happy during your evening's visit. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



**LET'S FACE FIGURES!**

Here are the facts on two Kansas City industries:

**PETROLEUM REFINING AND MANUFACTURING**

Factories 11  
 Wage earners 1,389  
 Annual wages \$3,664,508  
 Annual volume \$49,549,557

**IRON AND STEEL MANUFACTURING**

Factories 13  
 Wage earners 3,149  
 Annual wages \$11,221,380  
 Annual volume \$60,879,100

**TOTAL VOLUME \$110,428,657**

**THE BARE BEGINNING**

Kansas City is the world's largest inland steel center, and a tremendous petroleum refining territory. Steel and oil industries in Marketland do an annual business of more than *one hundred million* dollars! Surprising? Not to Kansas Citians! They're used to seeing things grow to

serve the needs of this rich area. Take their favorite radio station, WHB. It's expanding to more power, 5000 watts; a better frequency, 710 kilocycles; and full time operation. If you have a sales message to project in Marketland, better entrust it to WHB, the result-getting station that is growing with the community.

**DON DAVIS**  
*President*  
**JOHN T. SCHILLING**  
*General Manager*  
 Represented by  
**JOHN BLAIR & COMPANY**

**NEW YORK**  
 341 Madison Avenue (Zone 17)  
 Murray Hill 9-6084

**CHICAGO**  
 520 N. Michigan Ave. (Zone 11)  
 Superior 8659

**DETROIT**  
 1114 Book Building (Zone 26)  
 Randolph 5257

**LOS ANGELES**  
 6331 Hollywood Blvd. (Zone 28)  
 Granite 6103

**SAN FRANCISCO**  
 603 Russ Building (Zone 4)  
 Douglas 3188

**ST. LOUIS**  
 1148 Paul Brown Bldg. (Zone 1)  
 Chestnut 5688

